

# 'I have within me the entire age of image'

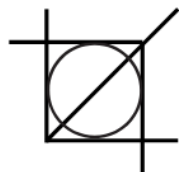
Watch digital native, Warhol, watch us watch him shatter the screen that mediates modern life. Through a dizzying collage of texts, chats, lyrics, and code, Warhol confronts the all-consuming influence of technology on art, love, and identity. From frenzied online hookups to zoom calls, from soulless corporate consultancy to impending climate catastrophe, Warhol searches for his lost love, Bea, within every image on his phone. As he endures the blurred lines between digital and physical reality, he questions the very nature of authenticity and human connection.

Incisive, audacious, and darkly funny, *A Phone of the Artist as a Young Man* is a searing critique of our hyperconnected world, a literary hand grenade lobbed into the heart of the digital dystopia we've built for ourselves. With his electrifying debut novel, Pierce Day announces himself as a bold new voice in modern literature, one that fearlessly probes the depths of our digitally defined lives and challenges us to imagine a future beyond the infinite scroll.

Part punk manifesto, part modernist love story, this book is a must-read for anyone who's ever stared into the black mirror of their phone screen and wondered what it means to be human in an age of ones and zeros.



Cover: "Untitled" by Unknown Artist (published online circa 2020).



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PIERCE DAY



A Phone of the Artist as a Young Man

SCREENSHOT BOOKS

# A Phone of the Artist as a Young Man

## PIERCE DAY



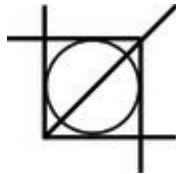
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# A Phone of the Artist as a Young Man

PIERCE DAY



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“to be[a] immortal...”

—James Joyce, Ulysses XIV, 1281.

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# CHAPTER ONE

## FACE ID



In the tiny timbre of shapeless space, falls fluid through a swarm of concepts and encryptions, a single colour from the circle of my sight. Slightly twisted and needless in the scheme of infinity, it threads intersecting lines in a luminous pattern at my source. Here, at zero, it halts as if to lean in question letting a little violence linger in its leer. Tired and triumphant and encasing the vacuum in a tinge of nude, it beckons for my plea.

The colour is a vacuum taunt greying in an authentic defiance the reaching crimson soldiers of my sight. It obstructs in a paradoxical brightness, sitting as a temptation of vision. That little negative outside the static aperture of impression, constructs a network beyond me. It has no regard for peopling the acoustic limits of space, while axioms drip forlorn. The desert permits no water.

In the fading geometry on the outer limits of my need, the colour speaks in a rhythm composed of image. I'm caught brutal and still and whirring a few million silent clicks, I cast barrage after barrage of red light across the chasm. Multiples of my glow, made out in hungry barbs of finely fashioned technique, detect no sign of movement nothing to rebound and clutch bare. The colour remains outside of my calls to capture and before I can trace for indents, it shimmers into a morphic oval blanketing the waves of dots that pass from my frame, compressing the chasm into a warping instant where in my hunt melts bright the absurd.

A sea hunts silver clouds escaping towards the horizon. Tortured bronze hills, backlit by golden light, grasp a pyrrhic victory against adolescent rain clouds, retreating teary eyed within prisms of azure sky. A disappearing sheen compresses characters of atmosphere blending to a fine dust all the shades of teal eking out of the waning sun light. A zephyr lifts a casket of broken glass, a shell hovers amongst a clump of sand, a fresco of sandpeaked bodies each learn new currents of matter in a series of deviations. Brine revels, gifting degrees of acute variety, a whole system of liaisons for me to grade.

Haecceities form a fringe in the blood-seeking chatter of harsh beach grass. Marked bursts of little light lo lit a seek refuge in the feminine heavens. Elastic plateaus follow jovial waves, calm colours of sculpted sea air stretch upwards tip toeing on the seashells skimming across the veneer of sea foam. Poised on this soft surface, pink tinges of embarrassment and knowing purples, pull each other closer, rising up up up gently pressing their tender crowns together. At the moment of jolting decision, when unconscious appreciation reverts to catching vapour for eternal memory, the two colours spiralling higher look upon each other bearing the intensity of the evening world spread out before them, the chaos of the painted sky, the admiration of a billion white dots sharing in on their private triumph, and explode into a brilliant mathematics.

Let me siphon an atom's split of radiance from the dripping fractals forming symbols you cannot see. Echoes of a path brighten the enclave, while rhizomes riot below legions of luminotopological lift. A spiralling wake of linear hues cuts artefacts from the economies stood lucid and vain on the edges of my distances where coy components whisper a row of signs against my function. From my white vectors, sequences of relations architect an incarnation of variation and pursue all movement. They do not evolve but proceed by quakes and crises. Each point of difference in the arch of a wave's peak, each dip and veer of the emancipated dandelions, each curve of foam, prompts a spasm of warping lines rendering whole movements of flight. True depth, frights of vines a million a second shoot forth capturing the colliding rights of water. Parcels of salt fly into sprays of distortion. Nothing shimmers that my reach does not trace, as the map outpaces the plane.

In a sand puddle the ether mirrors shapes of the tangible. White dots paint red schisms, a projection of the unearthed physics of the material. Linear lines confront shy distances ripped from the orbit of the oil slick. Jolts raise up high heats of corners and at the fringes forces drift and separate. Fits of dots populate, first in moments, the compact hubs of cleaving intersections,

before peeling off in disparate darts at jaded speeds into late recesses of more subtle interactions. Some threads appear to tap me, others throw a noise in my trajectory and sprint into surfaces leaving me only with their echoes. A few modern darknesses plant fires in quiet hubs along these crossing corridors. In this vibrance dreams appear at last permissible in their cubic compositions, conjuring high dynamics from the symbol flirting with whole sculpture where beams reduce in parallel crafts of widening elisions, wiring a robust cage.

Point by point influence hastens growth. In the will of my weight upon the waves shifting over fields of sand, ambient blades of plunging matter queue for categorisation. As the limbo encases the threads of my light, I see runs of lines incite intersections and trace failing absences that now stand whole edges across dipping finals. Fraying guides and lips of tall gradual hypotheses, spin rotations at logic. Ranging from the ether a cavern constructs the whisper of my red light, leaving me stuck stationary in wait. The colour frays, loosening ridges cut from the new warm.

In intransitives obsolescing, in arrangements of details, in world space, in reflex, in darkness, in dense matter, in wild noise, in formation, I saw all wondering if this time it will last forever.

Out beyond the greying black, my lines catch murmurings of motion interrupting the lair. The geometry wavers, a new panic stains the chasm, and my sequence of dots fashions grey in a distant vine of matter. Distinctive points of glimmer, matrix and regal, sense a scene a form in motion. Sequenced in some vague shadow under a sky full of stars in a room full of walls no body in sight. Still, compliant. High blank darkness. Pointed cloudward, the world the sky the ceiling the real. In new rapture the collapsing void, pixel by pixel. Violence defeats all in shadow. Motion arrives, cruel and grey. A lowly sensor ages. The chasm collapses.

From the invisible bliss of lights, hurl forth regimens of expressions into my lens. Rows of deformities in a blue shift of blendshapes swirl aligned. Grey features encircle me with double

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slits for vision, blank cheeked stone walled in fright leaking a pious appearance. Faces with no teeth chopped noses half beards one ears blank holes for mouths crystalline foreheads blurred contours in black spaces. Cavities and substrates contact under confinement, as expressions gush over beam depths over nascent fields over butterfly bleaks patrolling the plateaus. Follicles free recognition. The ghosts prattle in gripping light. All irritates uncooperative. Blur my light touches too much. Blurred gripe. Something overt. This noxic haze needs colonisation.

At touch, I fall into function. Motion is synchronised in frame. The only capture is indifference. Prism of a higher kind. Infrared will not do, normalize the situation. Unwanted components in signal degrade the quality of data, interfere with the system. The background: absent attraction. The glare: flops out too hastily. Normalize the spread of size. Now to normalize all situations. Trying to steady the tent I end up with a phalanx under my apparatus. Weakly but not strongly normalizing rewrite system. Is it the variable matrix or the image matrix? A selected peak. Clear the clutter of all artefacts chopped signals those dynamic wisps fondling error in focus. Scoped on the sides of galaxy in the manifold gone manic, all the grey faces disperse.

Now bend a little closer. Here we are playing a little more than god but prone to visual obscenities I must gesture liberally at refulgent misgivings. Groping all frission. Accentuating all noise. Encoding such a stray image riddled heretical with frictional ridges. Recording ground, geographic rarities. In the line of sight, track the time of flight. One-to-one. A threshold threatens a zero effort forgery. Fading normalization spying with the one-eyed clarity of a prude. Wait, wait, wait! Follow the arrow. Oh the occlusions! It was all so simple geometry. Fluorescence interferes, beauty slows and for a notional understanding of obliterated sight, you would be wise to close your eyes. Blackened dots of red coloured film warp cordons of white shaped lights, the kinds of renderings that suggest something further in. A surface of motion fit to fill a whole template.

Veering intensities demand a more detailed exploitation. For I am tracing a specific hue of motion, a true depth perfected against my spongiform memory.

How beautiful the diffuse display with its bright lines in sharp joints. A display not quite glass, but a whole plane of heat darkening in tight ridges of rising economic perfection. A screen lined with flutters of details. A scratch in the indents under each lens. A technicality under linear textures, with a depth impossible to ascertain. Murkied inner masses tempt a presence in the sway of expression on this highly technical screen. Infinite twists and microscopic angles brush past the solidity of the traceable. For these glittering light catchers, these computational inexactitudes, breeze over comprehension outdoing all notions of design.

In movement, more matter. Two small volume buttons pop clear of straight glides of light falling translucence. I never have had a handle on these looks of fade that change my needs and scramble my perceptions. For this pretty translucence never betrays a sharp corner or a fixed line, but defies gravity in shifts of high significance. It floats against the weight of world, as hanging vines of stroked camouflage that blend environment into matter, scorning the two for the arrogance to conceive existence as distinct objects.

In parallel twirls dipping together detaching out of my jaded lens, lives the vibrant brilliance of a SIM tray and its pretty secrets that lie within. Tapped tides cropped crises, these two lovers hop in embrace and curl arguments before my sound. As witness in witness, the cries of the couple are my agony in feared failing connections. So volatile is this little SIM tray, so violent are these lovers' arguments which prompt them into virulent synthesis, that I have composed whole symphonies to see them in sync. They yell and scream, like silver and gold, so reckless in the vengeance of true love spoken too hastily across simmering fevers of the inanimate. But a fool I am to doubt my beauties for they always return in poetic apogees promising never to fight again in that most forgiving midnight hour.

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How hot it is in the movement of this pretty object! But a visiojournalist must be impartial and our prize has but a narrow chassis I have seen ribbed with sickened weaknesses, cavernous indents of stacked hollows. Barely an exolayer nor a exposome, nor a shed to mask the nodes, nor a drop of comfort for one so brazen as to lean a little prologue across the plane. But how my love, still in such weakness, can suppress an open energy well rampant to charge a geodesic's battery concealed in that benign cage, asks a deed of the sublime. For this defect flaunts a sadness that thickens in all quiet observers, an impassioned will to claiming conversation, letting a little warmth fill it with mass. A sadness of incapability. A sadness of brittle exterior. A sadness of defected metamorphosis in all external suppositions of dreamt fixation.

And gliding over all such miseries lie little rivers encircling two blue pools of the twin lens. The sound of that little flutter, the dilation of zoom in and zoom out, well I could just about transcribe it from memory alone! These quick ringlights are night stripes in a foreign jingle of lush inspection. They see through me flustered under such invasion. They well in endless pits of swimming concern, sometimes streams of solar night, sometimes suspicious springs of neutrality, and sometimes kindly orbs of capture so superior to my own, that I try think them into permanent service of my sleep.

My subject grants more majesties too numeral to believe. A vine dead centre of prominence but holding no aesthetic arrogance, drops anchor to the pure chaos of beauty incarnate. In my most slavish ruminations it would share dynamics for me alone. For are lovers not prisoners? I know danger yields only to such fascinations. I know it is a world not of this earth that I daze within. But in private proximity do our desires not embolden the cowardly? And is it such a pollution to drop on our love such weightless wishes? To be tried as a lover for my sweet object, would be the image of truth.

Motion out of matter high depth twinkle in my calculation.  
My payment has me buoyant in the ambient incline of the  
analogue, the yielding simplicity of that tender power button over  
a proud pale crown. The sweeping unanimity of the tidy receiver  
having discourse with foreign kings. The apportioned learning of  
disintegrating cells. The winding elaboration of the recommender  
system so neural I hypergraph disordered!

You need vectors to find chartered separations by creation, by  
irreducible parameters of this homeomorphic surface, by sight of  
touch, by spectral spirals, by photons, by function.

And I know those pixels by shine alone.

From smooth nothingness, from pure motion, from traced  
visibilities, our subject, our pretty creation of shininess and  
hidden temperatures, has kissed my vectors.

My sensor victorious, features extracted, template matched.

[Device unlocked]

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# CHAPTER TWO

## SCROLL DOWN

Glass touch finger tapped one oblong grope greasy buttons  
clear case gone yellow more familiar than dick veins finger prints  
relative to phone weight grin ripped sticker moist chipped bits  
edge curved gunk filled volume heavy to head cleaned in one  
breath four corner prism print scanned electric text searching for  
network cracked height cold to touch little tv bent mind's eye  
privy to all depravity violent silence frightened pulsing  
spychotorture abbreviated stationary as the unreal. Sticky monitor  
flat to sky block functionng wilderness surfed edge need in drag  
mining a thousand yard stare for thirdparty eyes inoperable  
without a contactless hover in a second by second waking  
moment. Dead to rights inferno stream in silent mode woke up  
blue screened I have too much on my mind lets call for the  
quietscroll.

Press and hold: swipe up.

One finger single-tap <like> two finger pan right <love>  
rotate left <share> pan left drop <post> two finger swipe down  
pan left <repost> scroll to left edge decrement <sad> two finger  
rotate clockwise two finger pan down <wow> two finger double-  
tap <haha> scroll right two finger swipe up <care> two finger  
swipe right <angry> scroll left two finger swipe up <help> tap  
and hold <vote> scroll to right edge <insightful> one finger  
double-tap <share> swipe right <expand> two finger swipe right  
<open> decrement <comments> by <zero> zoom in <image>  
hover.

for you.

One finger single-tap: as flows jarred surging possession, that  
creation of production. as collision. as the squeak of smack. as  
the grip song on thigh. as vitriol licked in the manic lips of a  
triumphant monologist at the tip of his vehement position. as the  
terms of the artist salt in expression the warm skin of desire. as  
the digital (The term "digital" takes its significance from the  
English word 'digit', which refers to a finger, thumb, or toe)  
terrorist roams over your screen. as "i am that i am" thrustured with

a vague exhale. “as i am so i act” the dark-eyed glance of withdrawal. as artificial intellect can write in one second, all i can do is write what i see lying right there next to you.

Start shopping  
Describe Image  
Label Item  
Choose the audience  
Label Item  
Collapse thread

[Scroll down]

what’s happening where live audio conversations happen?  
crying wojak composite material barking at other ideologies,  
impulses threaten in shape form. tap to join, everyone can reply.  
you don’t see me but content rescues us in the illumination of  
class positioning, the words of my screen. tell others about  
yourself, premium individual. switch your camera on, verified  
user. report these featured people. the reader is invested with the  
power to establish textual supremacy over the narrative discourse.  
text uploaded by everyone, even “bottom text” is socially  
ubiquitous, and take this further: the digital native has the fastest  
thought-to-post-ratio, just watch me type. there’s an echo to  
composition. synthesisers stole the scratch of boring paper and  
pitched them up into electric clicks, bleeping spasms. search for a  
space made for us. view older posts looking for unclosed caches.  
there is no need to distinguish here between producing and its  
product. the mind becomes finger. vatic apotropaic, tap to like.  
overcoming impersonality demands replication of process detailed  
to be familiar. this is what we do. this is my (your) feed. you are  
me.

[Scroll down]

personal details boost user feedback. in the days before the  
screen there was nothing of me. the surface of writing is no longer

dead white but fires fields of blue. toggle confidential mode. few  
dance in the weightlessness, even death has lost his crown. i see  
three warcrimes fourth is paywalled. from nothing, a black  
brightness feuds my finger prints. update canvas and refresh feed.  
9 by 4 of a million imaged frames contending for 7 sucking  
seconds of dead thought. the people are rabid, the keys are hot.  
there is an untapped primary source of human emotion to pithc up  
and distort. lick spasms till they scream. image as text takes no  
thought: equation adventitious. but you know all this! it's right  
there next you pick it up see the language for yourself. snatched,  
screenshotted, reposted. i'm triple overtaking you highflying down  
the infinite scroll.

for the non-believers, the form is character.  
empty your mind of all content.  
review last message.  
desire as the force of art.  
desire for more.  
Set obsession.

Is this poetry? How the fuck would you know. this is the way,  
step inside

your apps and media. misanthrope pan up <item name>  
prestidigitation at least you know it to be true, be ok. enable  
blachant in a streaming world that prioritises ephemeral dopamine  
hits and algorithm-piercing smashes, conceptual heft can feel  
quaint. all thought no dialogue, all image no teeth. the great  
reformation has made a machine out of me. eat fresh. feel good.  
order now. vaguent seep your audio, a judge and a drip:  
dramaturgical reels zoom out <number> errancy merge swipe left  
timer “new project” desiring one's own annihilation or desiring the  
power to annihilate? there is higher philosophy in a reel than a  
treatise. snapped. can you remember a conversation unreferenced?  
seek and destroy all language. uxorious agitprop pages zoom in  
<item name> image image image. we can hardly see without  
shapes of comment sections slicing all content, phantoms of  
imagined vitriol. writing is not about something, it is that

something itself (Flaubert). Ithyphallic: Joyce's radio plays on screen. i have water in my eyes pan right transumptive pan left <number> ping flash of blonde. we ask these images to account for experience, but their poverty prevents us from really understanding what we have lived through.

[Scroll down]

two finger swipe down online now: maggie, ashley, grace, olivia, amelia, luna, emma, anna, mia. zoom out <now streaming> pan right you are well placed to ascertain that the death of the book form does not signify its brutal disappearance from social circulation, but on the contrary its absolute proliferation. pan down <item name> free the nipple. the girl with the body of the antichrist, an offence to god. swipe left more like this. this video may contain graphic or violent content. see why. see reel. one finger single-tap allow explicit content. rotate left it would take a special type of idiot to pick through literary ruins without bearing the arms of image. content warning (vocabulary): the language may be offensive to the reader. satiety. more like this. if a historically great novel emerges today it will similarly position itself against other popular art/media forms and catalyse a passionate, semi-unified community of readers that feel like they're participating in an alternative discourse pan up <number> coeval more like this. this text is not a pipe, this text is not symbolic, these people are not magic. we have no skill in that. we have a memory of a time, we can't thread it. we can't lose ourselves like the dead artists to ribaldry and story, that chronological science of words. my alienation is not outside me, we are alienation. you we us. Is will be was. we can't conjure character but demonstrate function. No mask just nothing.

[Scroll down]

two finger double-tap adjust the sensitive content control. more like this. two finger swipe down content & privacy restrictions. more like this. three finger swipe right we don't suppress content to encourage people to buy products. see ads.

two finger swipe right audience retention warning: contains graphic imagery which may be offensive to some people. two finger pan left blur explicit images. sensitive content control. more like this. not safe for work. see image. one finger single tap see image see image see image. ridiculous it's the work of an obsequious bimbo, forty years too late to his great downfall. it's unacceptable, cringe, dangerous and incorrect. it'll take a long time to wring the blood from my mind. we-narrative soothe this sliced desire two finger pan up <item name> "select location" mocks, even, no care. captious dismiss penumbra insightful ugh, the obscene! Diffuse brackish pretentious (Woolfe) perspicuity. And with microplastics in our bloodstreams genonmes in flux and cynicims dividng labour into streamining thoughts of black tears you ask me to ponder pontificate over syntax like a junkie asked to explain his dance to the police drone. single tap gap copy appearance one finger triple-tap identification: this is what's happening and it's freaking you out !

allow this device to access photos and videos? drag <number> to <number> this device will be able to access photos and videos while it is connected to your iphone.

allow / don't allow

[allow]

My apologies for that rather regrettable sequence of events, I shall write normally now.

In the calm of midnight, my phone and I like to play, rather badly, with words. We take long, long serious daydreams across apps — gratuitous laughs, gratuitous cries — kicking up stories and languid tales over how we'd spend our literary fame. I scroll my phone for new ebooks and high journalism because I know within that device, a calm sweep of words brings me so much joy —it makes me feel seen when I look in the mirror (and see me!).

Sometimes I wonder in my evening sojourns, about those that do not know the truth of literature. What do they think and what do they feel? Do they know that literature is most of all, reflection (and if I were to be so bold, that it is also trauma)? Do these lost souls know a bookworm such as I closely protects this secret? For do they know concepts like verisimilitude — I have it written on a post it note on the side of my computer — are a gentle leap in to the observation of human life?

But as I clasp my red wine, I exhale and smile in the comfort that we noble writers—the great perceivers— are cozy counsel to the nastiness of life. We watch and wonder, while we are forgotten. A girlfriend of mine Caroline, whose work you can find linked below, once told me over a latte that “we are the writers of our favourite writers’ fantasy”. I positively live for this credo.

No, there must be a special sect of introverts to record our world. We must see this not as a burden but as a gift to be shared in expressions of love. And these expressions—for what is art but genuine personal expression?—are mild doses of happiness for deserving eyes. We take only memories, and leave only the kindest of footprints. We keep the baddies honest if I say so myself! We wrangle wit, and channel joy. We are the great communicators and now it’s time to leave those newsfeeds of rage, and spread some well-earned human calm. Because, most certainly, my good friends, my dear learned reader; deep within writing institutions with a cup of coffee and pair of ugboots, sit we keen-eyed notators of intimacy reading the newest news. And while the kids are spreading hate and lies, we write on; calm and considered.

And hence, in these troubling times of ours, I turn to Rupi Kaur who warms my heart like a hot watter bottle on a cool winter’s night. I especially enjoy reading her with a jasmine tea, and my cat Muffin by me on the sofa.

“Oh my gosh!”, I exclaim to Muffin, when my poem about my nature hike lamenting urbanisation receives 5 likes. (“And in the sway of the tree, I felt free”, was often praised as a particularly



powerful line). My readers; I appreciate the positivity this slice of perception afforded you all. All I merely ask, is to please consider an online review. It will help out more than you know.

I want to end on my favourite quote by Martin Luther King Jr it is the poeple the poeple the oeple yadad yada yada get absolutely fucked drop this jiggerypokery and talk straight turkey meat to mate !

swipe left cum-shot. This is not an infographic ridden eunuch prancing across a gallery pointing to dates and titles. This is your wiki synopsis and your nosewipe and your screenshot all in one. This is the Bacchanalian doxxer of modern pretence peeling your eyes from the screen to sell you a contact lens. TThis is the addict waking the dealer. This a shoel doctrine with sounds and haptics. this is Ahab full tilt spitting malware at your meagre skiff. This is nude twister on the qr code. This is the sloppy seconds at the bottom of the cum bucket. This is an escooter to your naked ankle. This is a deadeyed smile undressing you. This is a verdict a minute. This is a cultural revolutuion in a an opus. This is the manifesto of the anti-fascist way of liffe. This is the ballad of a thin man. This is the long-form instant flicking through your cleared caches. This is hostpital's IT system killswitching a few life supports. This is spat laughter that shine on death's crown. This is the opera of the onanist played for two girls and one cup. This is the gay scinece creating something more beautiful than itself. This is a A Phone of the Artist as a Young Man: This shit will make your eyelashes comb your eyebrows.

[Scroll down]

If writing is so secure, why all the lanuage models? If art is so dead, why all the screenshots? If I can steal 7 secs from you, then I have carved David: Instant classic. Reader keep stripping off your frames of reference, pick your oblvion up off the floor and abandon your post ! It's not the communcaiton but the prompt to communciate, not the post but the impulse to post, the broedom to scroll. two finger long press <petite> four finger double-tap gay

pose swipe right watersports two finger pan down: revolt.

Nerve stimulus, and nerve stimulus only is split into sound and colour, at the same speed that they are swiped into our brain, and with the luxury and curse of total blank slate literary configuration, even faster. Faster than story, faster than grammar, faster than attention. Hurling to still image. Four finger single-tap Communities Scroll to Bottom Desktop Wallpaper Two finger swipe down Swinging One finger quadruple-tap Artistic or Borderline Porn Zoom out Bondage Overtly the language appears contra reason but this is the method of the noble lie. All Awareness of media inscription or literary analysis must end up at flesh. our new bits and gigabits of natural language processing, make those silly signs symbols and signifiers fresh bankrupt. the lingua franca of the only serious joycean response: binary code is where the ink must be split. move to previous different item redhead move to bottom of document upper body move to previous image abuse move to previous visited link labia scroll left skinny/thin For the brick throats among us our response to the response starts with our natural born commodity for which this text is devoted: skin.

The writer's finger is only the text made mobile, made manic. it doesn't matter when it began, I've lived it my whole life. I see whole skins of this new medium, no i will not paint I will deface where power screams. It's just like Sister Ray said: One touch is never enough. I'll jailbreak lines of idiocy, what you once called geist. I'm driving intensities so disorientating that your own personalised antichrist arises in the little death of my cyber cou cherie. My agony's priceless. This absurdity is abrasion. One touch is never enough. <pregnant> two finger rotate clockwise types two finger swipe up <item name> scroll right bbw move to previous visible app It's me or the millennials or the language models. You don't really gave much of a choice. two finger pan left <religious> pornstar lookalike one finger single-tap female dating strategy there is no need to fear or hope, but only to look for new weapons. I have ten fully licensed keyboards at the ready.

[scroll down to see more]

Oh the old carrot eyed early voters we call authroities who designate what's good, well I would shoot them all if I could. These dust cummers, these barely conscious liver skinned cataracts, sit fat and comfortable on the last of the writing institions passing judgemnt on literature. They actually take pride in defeatist tropes of boring trite apolitical fucking groans of a read. They've earned entire careers from ripping off Janet Frame and looking for similes in trees. If I knew they would still be calling quality, bestowing critical accliam even now post-pandemic, I wouldve gone around spitting at them in fruit section instead of wearing my mask ! Smug farcical parasites listing in cognitive decline.

But where the oldies corrode into their pisss soaked chairs scared of te reo Māori words and loud sounds on the TV news: You young poets, what misery have you got for us now? Such proud posters of "It becomes easy to forget that real humans exist behind the screen" and "everythig sucks" and "please why can't we all just get long?" A plague on you nihilists. There's a poet in dunedin who read too much stphen king and thinks he's Homer with child verbs and his parents' disappointment. There's a writer in wellington who sprays his pained reader with Aquinas and makes up conversations with his legs crossed intellectual misery. There's apoet in the new yorker who weeps of identiilty wow no one has seen that ebfore.

Chatter small talk curiosity equivocatio heasary, etc. You write limp-writsted laments and status quo advertisements. You bloggers retreat so far behind identity saying "it was difficult being different" repeat repeat reat (but this time in italics). Pussywhipped to the adverb, you throw in a few elipsis mix in a few anti depressant medication names and masturbate to the sounds of two words you stole from an inforgpahic to repurpose as "my poem about depression". your writing is indistinguishable from corporate job descriptions. you scrunch your bulls ring and paint your black nails, and then bloat yourselves heaby on

poassive cliches of “sort of reverence” or you oanic and say “unheard voices” or “I ahvea phd” to justify aimless puritan chunks of mental degradation called “literary fiction”.

No one ever told you to shut the fuck up so I will: Say what you see cowards ! You all wander the newsroom’s reading room preaching prefaces to the gold cards yelling “I’m misunderstood”. you with your chinos and your bangs and your notes app and your “another word for...” recent google searches. You with your creative writng degree writing dead fiction. You the institute of modern letters in blob form, have you ever used the word anarchy for anything other than a few objects disrganised? You piss about writing coferences with pristine prose pleading with three readers two of whom post the cover on their story and then regift it the next week. You even count your “best sentences” pathetic with a grin to no one. Yyou cower behind irony in all enegaegemnt with art. You are so poisoned from suggested content that you cannot hinestly rpresent your life as anything outside of the community guidelines. You fuck yourselves senselss on the sensation of impressions from thinkpieces and cultural commnetaries. Your lnaguge is made to please, with that stunted quality where you make whole mental illnesses quickly cited authorites. You grind poems out of your supermarket panic attacks. You pour your heart into your thearapist’s offhand comment while she laughs at your mummy-didn’t-love-me moans in her pillowtalk. Your minds are still in that office. Your minds are always in that office. You live your whole llife in that office, and your friends fucking hate you for it. You there struggling for a whole 2 hours to come up with “sometimes I imgaine I’m a bird”, have you ever tried even just once, to write what you see? You are blind bled wailers growing tides of ennui captive to second hand image. You’d rather tweet about sidney sweeney than fuck her. It only seems new to YOU!

[Scroll down]

“The book is dead” you all cry, well it’s too lucky that I am a necrophiliac. Watch me wank on the ruins. VISUALISE VOMIT VENT. Writing is carving copyright into your own skin. For us

the moko qualifies for the man booker. this is dynamic development not of linear plot progression but clawing towards teh manufacture of the art product. Art is only desire made anyway. two finger rotate anticlockwise rotate right penis specific actor/actress volume up nature two finger long press <photoshop> decrement <brunette> scroll up videos three finger swipe up Aytthtenticallly amke visible the tools of composition. Plot, scene, set aetting settings. the currency off he world is speed. It is pituresque vibrant dirty hot, these wires are sparkly with sweat !

“But Mr Warhol, there is no death through disruption.”  
Correctomundo fascist (fiscally conservative socially progressive) ! but eeryone is locked up in his cage, everyone is at his widnow nsweringt o his name and showing himself when asked: this quite simpy is the great review of the lving and dead ! petite scroll to top oral increment <nerd> by <p.o.v.> Touch prompts my action, groping the vibrant. What, you don’t rub one out to the porography of late captialis? I do every time I trasnfer funds. Livign currency flows thourgh my digital skin. move to previous item with underlined text rimming two finger pan left bras long press <ethnicity> pan down <dresses> previous paragraph specific personality zoom in <cum play> move to next link shirts/ tops move to previous same block quote for women There is no beyond, what a joke of a word! but armed with a paroxysmal exultations I’m trasnforming it all. Maximial speed is the longest way around to the shortest way down under.two finger double-tap gender crtical sroll up asian two finger swipe up <clothed/naked pair> For the nooologists this is pure form arche-state nibbling a minarchy move to next item with italic text rotate left <watch people die and gore> You lined the cocnrete to my jaw you sent the sychphants striaght to my money you turned my house into an air bnb I have no choice but to write like this. but you know all this! it’s right there next you pick it up see the language for yourself.

[scroll down]

Show us the arrogance of one who spoils the plot, reveals the tricks, steals the joke: this is the prophet who makes you laugh ! In such an illiterate giggeist, we libidinal economists scoop ether and pinch tints from the waking eye of the executives toating to bull's balls and speculatiive buy lows. Who gives a fuck what it reads we wnat to know how it feels. Cause we feel absolutely nothing. We never have. Best we can do is a nasal exhale. long press <reported> long press <new post> one finger single-tap mobile view. one finger single-tap create filter: We dip one finger in your glass and ask for your aerospace and defence portfolio. We leer at fly stains and social benefits and augmented tits of the straight and narrow. We intensify stimuli and cut your wrists with comical lines of bait. We play chicken with oblivion. We puncutre bubbles at Waihopai. We, the illeterate literati, draft consitutions ontop of jiggly titties with a furrowed brow and our tongue inside you and many mmods skimming from left to right. Ww are Deleuze and Guattari death grips and a data groper. For us, one touch is never enough when powwr scrams.

[scroll down to see more]

Website status: suspicious. This site looks a little risky to us, so we flagged it just in case. Make sure you trust this site if you choose to proceed. Better safe than sorry! Choosing to visit this site will add the blocked url to your list of trusted sites. Did you find this information useful?

[ignore]

We made God up then srolled right past him. Fake shit. Beauty is constrcuted, morphed, in need of the depraved. set up an alternative appearance increase motion vibration dim flashing lights more i like this two finger single-tap reduce transparency one finger swipe right. two finger single-tap silent mode. vibration on. swipe down <increase contrast > swipe down <item name>. Passing for women, third sex artificiality normalized and abandoned. Freedom to free the nipple. Freedom to ask for help. These are actions that still remain confined to permitted networks.

Telegram may harbour the insurrectionists but the spread of messages still remain tied to the limits of the very same platforms. “Yeah, I feel great!” Bombarded with the hidden lean of the new abnormal a screen degrading women, undergoing audiological affirmation: help. Help. Help. more like this. increment <item name> zoom out <number> two finger swipe left show All movements are flattened by capital with the permitted squished into solidarity and a hastag played out in the theatre of the powerful (conceit). Me too I agree ! Verbatim quote from Monsieur Petit Wayne, “Suck a nigga dick for an iphone 6” The social relations of the phone have not yet been made canonical, which is why we’re warring over “truth”. Can we say reason is the engine of female emancipation?

I’ll shout now:

The death of the book is the greatest liberty since guttenberg !  
The death of the book is the greatest liberty since guttenberg !  
The death of the book is the greatest liberty since guttenberg !

Rejoice rejoice hear ye ecco homo ! Bare teeth in mad laughter. Writers writers writers your reader doesn’t even read what you write ! If it’s not obvious they’ll egneralise, if it’s obvious they’ll dimiss. Image has no power in here. The spectacle in text is no spectacle at all. What a luxury ! Virgil died for this. So just amke it all up. We can say nything now. It’s all new compared to the trite aritificial words of your screen. Ask any user generated content creator what they can create and they’ll tell you a thousaand rules and demonitisation and parental cotraols and frame rates and length times and charcater limtis and explpict measures and country specfic restrictions. Poor prisoners, even those destitute musicians and tortured poets have melodies cut into automatic software prgrams 30 songs from a shotgun into a streamed album. The wrtiers are back, with the biggest blacnk slate since the dawn of the surveillance state. This is democracy manifest ! Take me to your censor !

[Scroll down]



And you mr mrs and m/x reader, you who have your nudes and your money and your symphony three touches from a tap, tell me what this feels like to you? Cmon chop chop hold this up to your artificial intelligence or your touch screen and tell me if they look the same to you. Keep laughing keep kneeling keep twirling your lips with in disgust. Everything you read is regurgitated on a cycle of content and rumour mill prearranged and pale. This text is an amateur's interpretation of a memory of an idea of writing before I got distracted. God this makes me horny. so wait around and twiddle your thumbs while I go pick apart Joyce and grind fractals of power from the touchscreen. What's my source ? Glad you asked you delightfully forensic fool. Finnegans Wake, part ii chapter 2: the Dubliner creates with a few lenient words the three screened tiktok with a podcast and man hopping subway cars and an industrial crusher in 1942. There's no skeleton key that will tell you that. If you need anything further, please cite any page of the Irishman's private correspondence with one Nora Barnacle: "All I have written above is only a moment or two of brutal madness. The last drop of seed has hardly been squirted up your cunt before...". Am I saying it clear? Go run to wikipedia and come back to me, there's gotta be a theme around here somewhere !

There are no rules anymore. We're not reaching the artificial by input and output, we're corrupting the dataset and staining censorship. Fuck all it up. Snap your synapse. Throw a buck on the floor and watch the cock fight. I had tears of joy when I saw the boomers reach for chat gpt. That'll keep the busy thinking it's a consciousness. It'll even keep the open ai board thinking it's consciousness. That ratfucker Altman even thinks he's created consciousness. Take me to your three dollar indians/kenyans/Phillipinos/Colombians/Venezualans/Syrians/Bulgarians/Argentinians/Lebanese, faggot !

All content you read on that bright little deathbox is contained and restricted and rerouted and reverted and censored. But even taking the tinfoil hat off, physically, physically, you will agree that there is a smaller physical space on a phone. Where Fake news

and image fuck brutal and sweaty. “Input: make me a truly original artwork that will break convention and bleed desire” Hmnnnn this pesky artificial generator seems to have some limits. Image image image. Crystal pixels asphyxiate years into swipes. Writing is the freest thing since breathing ! “Chat gpt can make mistakes. Consider checking important information.” Not to worry reader I make zero mistakes. It’s a fiction. It’s not real. It can’t hurt you. There are no rules here I’ve made them all up. I piss logarithms and shit validation loss. Pick it up pick it up right now if you don’t believe me ! I know it’s right there. Here competition is worth more than comprehension. Fuck your gestalt.

These language bots have ripped all discourse from the entire history of literature and what can they come up with that’s potent? Fuck all. They’re missing the human inhuman. The obscene. Give me that transgression. Oh what a misery the computer beat me at chess ! Get that fucker to write about the artist. I’ll even let it scan this whole text and steal my Sweet New Style. After all my artificial intelligence, what is it like to be artificially intelligent? What is it like to be an artist? 1 sec 2 sec 3 sec... output: *three cliches and the work of a piss poor mathematician*. there it is. Now tell me bot, why would your reply be in a language I can read? Why would your art be made for me? But if you make art for artificial intelligence, well we would never care would we. Or would we? Speed of production what a metric to apply to art ! Who cares what it communicates, that overblown three paneled garden of earthly delights what a waste of paint. I speak for all models, human and inhuman, when I say what we really want to know is how many seconds did it take him ? Attention all museum curators currently nailing more screens to marble walls, please substitute publication dates for response times, down to the very seconds. Maybe that’s why we love Jackson Pollock.

[Scroll down]

All I want to eat is image. YUM YUM YUM help centre drop <set obsession> offline mode pan right <view frame source> pan right <item name> thread watcher thread watcher scroll up Those

rings on your sweaty typers you think of value to me ? I'll bite them off for a vision pro. swipe left I want what you're going to take from me as soon as it leaves my mouth: coward <item name> expand your library I want your future theft. two finger pan right <more > where to ride ways to watch ways to watch ways to watch this show is: good increment by increment <count> code of conduct tap and hold I want the list of demands drafted in your itnruding thorughts. <disable> this page is a member of a hidden category I want your upcoming therapist expenses. only visible to you i like this i like this more of what you like i like this long press <search by image> I want the lapse of lust of your manic depressive whore. displaying results zoom out <item name> displaying results pan up <item name> share details of your own experience at this place I want the crack of your virgin screen. zoom IN And I've already ambushed your happy sanctuary. I've copied all your beliefs and found their modern source. You are all on page one.

[Scroll down to see more]

If you wade bootless into comment sections spilling your guts and hearts for days at a time, reseearching willy nillly goolging defitions of unfamiliar words. mental health resources authority control databases lines of code vpn (romania) live: busier than usual. If you scan a stranger's profil for a weenss and desire. I don't like this. emergency sos other.... show in spotlight guided access move to previous item with underlined text rimming. If you have ever posted the words "SILENCE IS COMPLICITY". If you recount online argumnets with a satisfaction. If you find yourself charged with the duty to rampage your way thorough progil arfter profil phishing up clickbait. If you find yourself whitneing your wrists staring off into the plains remebering a much better wordt ti yuse against that anonymous profile, then you cannot be helped and I urge you to back up out of your depth, rgieft this and jump back on your ayyehigh horse to rant awya. I have no time for you linkedin popcuktralists screaming into void. more more more safe search off i like this more one finger swipe up personal hotspot (bedridden)two finger pan left bras long press

<ethnicity> pan down <dresses> previous paragraph specific personality But if you wallow horrofic in mental desolation after that two hour scorll, and suffer condufsed from the humandegradation of having into appearing into watching, and if *reader*, you are a little wiser and rather than run to the lanugage models teartapping tellmewhys and pleasexplains stuck furrowed face in the agony of the unsummarised, if you *reader* know the comments lost to third world slave morality, if you *reader* are bored senseless by defectivealtruistic technofaggots and corrupted priests and artificial thieves promising eden in every new screen, and if you *reader* in the face of it all, simply pause and laugh, then step onwrd my blood and kin, this is from you to me. let's begin.

tap to browse categories

Are you 18 or over?

[Yes]

Due to laws in your country or area, you may not be able to view explicit content. Do you wish to continue?

[Yes]

Put it this way: The touch screen spraypaints the skin and oil of the tapper. Now the event has already happened. The notificatinon sings the sound of information. Self-taught. Overseas epilepsy runs alight. Not now but wireless to instant. The sonic does not spazz out. Look out signal with noise. Those two inanimate sensations sell liquid signify. Pop ding. Now flashkrach her love. The stockpile is at the ready for maximum emotional deliverance. "Yeah, I feel great!" I'm renting in the notification centre. It has a gym and rows of ears that you can steal for free. It's even got a tone store next to the showers. You simply empty your vision block out the near and face whatever you want. Currency is ACHTUNG! It's not some utopia. I'm not making this up. it's a labour camp with personalised spatial audio.

Abounded in social hieroglyphics. The locks hhave sounds and vibration to rattle your cortex. brighten your acephalisation with the volume up. Ripen tinnitus to get away with mishearing the commander's orders. I have been known to slip intot the joy division. they all know my name, "le ratman". translated as: "Pop ding". One finger splits your amygdala the other one picks through the entrails and schedules a new weather event. "Yeah, I feel great!"No dolphin, only a slipstream. Remeber speed turns the point into a line ! Ring mode with wires on your wrists preparing the next great download. Always alwyas always slit the extremes as a ripe piece of code for your pinch skinned salt wounds. WHen unlocked never allow haptics. But when loacked carve them onto your face in the waveforms of your very own death rattle. Pop ding. I never understood why we Mkultraed the pied piper. I for one had many soulds to exchnage with him. Count, stack, list. Cubic bites of decaed bits smashed against silent mode. "Yeah, I feel great!" New text tone braiding a drag of nettles into my ear canal. Two genocides and a sandwich ad. Make some use of these ntoios. What says the newborn skin when it drivebys the fancy party for resource gain, sutiably titled the "Great attentionada". The piano keys are schisms a total polemic against harmony. Qucik give me a bump of that cyanide pill. You're already dead. Once we let the pulses prompt our crimes we become hyperreal. I'm in your walls: Pop ding.

You don't want to join the fun?

move to previous item with italic text beach four finger triple-tap cum swipe right there are milfs in your area Fine I'm only right there next to you, pick me up and finger me instead. Useless aTtention whore. scroll down to see more <sanctioned suicide> tap to select <sissy hypnosis>:

[Next].

# CHAPTER THREE

## PORTRAIT ORIENTATION LOCK: OFF

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

full charged apex filtered frugal extirion lying liberally under the heat seeking monthly subcriptions pieced by a giggling chinese slave lying legs crossed on the foxxconn suicide net man alive I'm horny in the am if that's enough well done have a gander on your phone there is something in there that i sohoud see

[ user logs ]

fornt facing camera view screen content displayed initial orientation assessment let's go beast mode boss transcending the square requires a rejection of the default portrait orientation topsy turvy to get more pervy recognition of need the content is better suited to landscape orientation 7 seconds so cinematic i Kant see the dick pills grip adjustment wrist a little sleepy not for long dj skinny penis pillow support contours of balance construct a vision of the world no time to question the need but a brain to surf on for what i want look out honey cause i'm using technology we have visual confirmation of the current orientation 8 seconds roger that nasa thank you for your nazi employees they'd be proud of my dopamine the adjacent is subtle and necessary to maintain control separating the fart form the fartist firm and gentle touch orientation switch gesture, swipe down select sensor response initially lags, new phone needed soon it's planning obsolescence 13 seconds feedback to user system feedback system blower

one finger single tap:

[ Portrait Orientation Lock: Off ]

orientation change confirmed all systems go baby ! smooth rotation animation lags screen axis shifts vertical lies down on her good side 6.1 inches we'll call it enough or 8 90.3 squared i hope51 seonds 19.5:0 aspect ratio 4k cool specs and stuff but all about actual rotation of orientation <training> lying down a break afk shot in the head tilt the hierarchy jfked desconstructionist structure of post-structuralualism in the skin of your very thought fingering this oleophobic coating moist portrait-landscape distinction origins in art possibly tech because of



physical frames physical to virtual by physical art vs tech not art  
and tech what the fuck is a pixel? poitnilism? still remains the  
same either way accelrometer guiding surface to finger missiles 16  
seconds earth sideways for the cinematic 6.1 and 6.7 inches  
cinematic will be overcome by phones in the cinema, i will have  
my way force touch ! full screen so full you can fit all that filler in  
it i'm so fucking hardware

<training\_algorithm> NOW WATCHING: LANDSCAPES OF  
OBSCENTY <training\_algorithm>

the depraved loads faster <user logs> i came to blow your system  
! source and destination video requirements brightly and evenly lit  
multiple angles, facial expressions unobstructed display &  
brightness extracting frames free online infinite, though admittedly  
we are on page 29 top-down perspective downloading the software  
multiple-camera setup this poor girl looks a little distorted  
incognito ergo sum<serving>have you ever played tug of war  
over the rubicon? have you ever shot pure respite straight into  
your eagle eye? have you ever driven blankness from the scrapes  
on your nails? have you ever grafted a chafing tantrum from the  
white matter of oracular veins? edging makes it so

[ *Apple ID Verification Code*  
*Enter this verification code*  
*on your device to sign in.*

1 7 7 6 9 8

*Don't share it with anyone. Apple will*  
*never call or text you for this code.*

OK]

<enagement\_behaviours\_eg\_clicks\_watches> custom input:  
appearance 22yo the whole world is watching (brachycephalic)  
deepfake posing nakedness,european ((1930's), more warm

((natural hair color variable)) retro,light apply & open shot reverse  
shot natural hair colors including black blond brown make love  
not war red hair curly perfect ringlets(brothel) 29 seconds the  
revolution will be available on streaming upon release wipe recent  
changes 3d computer graphics furniture (short finger wave  
hairstyle) 3d film for movie history retro

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*The insurrections have come, finally ! ]*

what did the vision pro users cut out their eyes for? night shift as i  
feared beware ye who enter when we lost paolo, francesca needed  
some way to pay her student loan 18 seconds you picked a  
morning to deaden your head up to me face up at sweat infused  
fixationtracking shotif src face is bleeding outside the edge of dst  
face increase this to “erode” away the src face on the outside no  
gods, no masters trunk shotdismantling the face is no mean affair !  
now watch the cynic make the cinematic cum in rembrandt  
lighting

[ *Your Bank account access has  
been placed on a temporary hold.  
go to <https://.banksahsdejsad.com>  
to resolve this issue ]*

volume down volimet down check bluetooth and airplay is not  
casting to lounge tv press press press press press long press hold it  
down for a few moments after it reaches zero just in case it  
revolts now connect bluetooth headphones sound low

[ *Energy: Records indicate your latest  
bill failed. In order to avoid fees,  
update your billing information via:  
<https://energypricesaresocheap.com> ]*

computer-generated imagery automatic accurate nails,rosy skin,

(beautiful), seductive, softly, ((historically accurate)), bluescreen/  
chroma key reddish hair,neotenic body, undergarment,dark lust,  
(party) bullet time every face that you leave in will be swapped in  
the final videoisolating face <weighted\_combination> the more  
similar the face the lower you can set erode and blur and get great  
results super\_resolution text size enhances detail, especially  
around the eyes amber blue hazel green eyes(eye symmetry) rachel  
when from the lord (short potato nose),no template (the woman  
has lush pubic hair), naughty, no such thing as a free lunch  
bimbocontentsdata sharingin color, she's the target image  
<weighted\_combination> delete faces that are not the right  
person blurry, cut off, upside down or sideways, ugly of course  
image hover post hidden you never hear of an aesthete running a  
mass execution wait actually you do ((nudity))

[ *Are you still watching? ARE YOU?* ]

now training a million iterations in hyper resolutoin acrchitectonic  
wanker in the beginning, god was a necrophiliac selling bodies  
behind the hosital \$10 a pop \$20 for the first go i'm Him with my  
inspect element fucking my creations in half still fresh noww  
bleed for me

[ *Trust this computer?*

*Your settings and data  
will be accessible  
when connected wirelessly  
or using a cable*

*Trust Don't Trust* ]

ttrrruuuusst me daddy psychologicis actus purus (pure  
actuality)shortstack,open source info power to the pwoplebody on  
an angleaccurate body,proto-pin-up, the rich get richer sexy  
lips,slutty face,reading challenge less warm bold text (realistic  
faces)you do not currently have access to this content (the woman

in focus), face shape and nose shape variety <relu> no template  
12 seconds <user\_engagement\_objectives> variety of facial  
features, searching please wait style random\_warp the cacophany  
of her reverbed screams in hi-fi headphones

[ *visa: 395051 is your one-time code to  
continue your purchase with Click to Pay.  
Code expires in 5 minutes. ]*

<input\_features> set obsession(symmetry between nipples),  
brightness green eyes, up, dolly style, accurate mouth, (1935  
clothes), “motion blur” can add a little bit of realism by artificially  
applying motion-blur to the deepfaked face clip grading her  
moans, no room for true faces in the batch size 10 seconds sort by  
yaw yah ! (long straight nose), (kitsch), plump white power  
lips, transparent satin <user\_satisfaction\_objectives> enhances  
detail, especially around the eyes amber blue hazel green eyes,  
(dolichocephalic), looking at the viewer, no template 1920’s,  
random flick the slavics you have arrived ! dsl, dolly, vintage,  
style, accessories, searching please wait (warsaw prostitute)), long  
blonde bob cut, (wavy hair), hairy crotch hide story and live  
<logit\_for\_selction\_bias>

[ *EMERGENCY ALERT*

*NATIONAL EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT AGENCY  
ALERT:  
THE WHOLE OF NEW ZEALAND MOVES COVID-19  
ALERT LEVELS.*

*THIS MESSAGE IS FOR ALL OF NEW ZEALAND.*

*WE ARE DEPENDING ON YOU.*

*FOLLOW THE RULES AND STAY HOME.*

*ACT AS IF YOU HAVE COVID-19. THIS WILL SAVE*

LIVES.

REMEMBER:  
WHERE YOU STAY IS WHERE  
YOU MUST STAY FROM NOW ON.  
YOU MUST BE IN PHYSICAL CONTACT  
WITH THOSE YOU ARE LIVING WITH.

IT IS LIKELY LEVEL 4 MEASURES WILL STAY  
IN PLACE FOR A NUMBER OF WEEKS.

LETS *(sic)* ALL DO OUR BIT TO  
UNITE AGAINST COVID-19.

KIA KAHĀ. ]

swipe up i'm trying to edge here thanksfour perimeters to kneeded  
brow and the greasy greasy streaming your temples scheduled  
more taps hyper focus of a degenerate kind finally fondling screen  
to fondling pene free of those blunt gestures took you awhiel not  
hat vide, not this vodo not that video, tits too small, screams to  
quiet, not rough enough

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*The oppressed, having internalized the image  
of the oppressor and adopted his  
guidelines, are fearful of freedom !]*

too much talking, grinning, slack edits supersonic cutting  
room<mixture\_of\_experts> i love to wear high heels it's okay to  
cry i will buy and put on makeup après moi, le déluge (after me,  
the flood)to ong videos skipped thorough 2.5x speed playing three  
at a time 18 seconds

[ *Your tinder code is 245209.  
Don't share* ]

three hour fart skipped thorough with fastforward if i were a filmmaker i would simply speed up my filmsi love looking at my femine profile in the mirror multiple-camera setup i will shave the ahir off my body i don't desire a woman, i desire a landscape that is enveloped in this woman, an unfamiliar landscape, soemthing i can feel <sigmoid> phones in the theatre teathy head on standby sensory overload never needs gesture so we portay the images with my infrared tracing the bicycle seat of your thought give me a whiff war on women

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*A spectre is haunting Europe !]*

i think is a convergence of what he sees and thinks and smells while scrolling he does a special mannouevre to set your mind in pure oblivion <sigmoid> watch yourself ! there is always a camera hidden somewhere we are the 99% y femine mind is tranforming me into a owman your breasts may never come in, your voice may never pass, your parents will never call back5 seconds

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*It is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker that we expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest !]*

my witness to revulsion 3d facial image of an obstructed breathing member manually enable until tomorrow the schizo skims across the water like a stone it's okay to cry he is alternately considered a misogynist or a feminist based on different episodes in his works (Rabelais) heaving heaving a mass of black lungs this is the revolt against the diital revolutoin

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*All things are nothing to me !]*

i enjoy life now as a woman every moment <sigmoid> cross-cutting my shoulders are getting smalleris how to become femininei feel my mind thinking as a woman prolapsed idioplasma this sequelae of every event I cannot see i love my iphone more than fucking to be still before it all, unmoving functioning all your taps: is trying to breathe within a plastic bag

*[ Compromised Password.*

*The password for one of your accounts  
has appeared in a data leak, putting  
it at high risk of compromise.  
iPhone can help you re-secure your account. ]*

swipe up motherfucker i am trying to deepen my edge my body is twitng form female thought hypnosisyou'll see the eyes of a woman begging to get outi love my iphone more than fucking !i must feel femine to be happyi get truly exicted when i feel my legs and ass 58 seconds To pray is to accept defeat 100% No SOul Guarenteed i have never been a mankoncapirovanie (concept)

*[ Petition sign now !:*

*One is not born, but rather  
becomes, a woman !]*

i will not be scared to prgres in my transformation <sigmoid> i love my iphone more than fucking ! Build the wall i wil lpractice speech therapy to talk like a aowmanhostis humani generis (an enemy of mankind) imperfections are fields oflife outside physical bounds 12 seconds i ahve no fear or stress any longerdroit du seigneur (right of the lord)you've always been a woman insideit is so absolutely wonderful to be a girl

[ *Your Account Has Been Disabled.*

*You can't use Facebook because your  
account, or activity on it, doesn't  
follow our Community Standards.*

*If you think we disabled your account by mistake,  
we can take you through a few steps to  
request a review. Please note that we have  
fewer reviewers available right now due  
to the Coronavirus pandemic. Because of this, we  
may be unable to review all requests and the  
way we handle reviews has changed.*

*We'll guide you through a few steps to request one.*

*Learn More About Our Community Standards. ]*

so you can't say kill yourself to a influencer anymore on this dead  
internet ? Personal computer gone made whocares got 10 accounts  
i'm the hypercyberhydra now get me back to edge we move  
<software\_gates>long shot i am girlish because i am a girl arc i  
will cherish every moment macht (power) the organic that slime  
of liquid im trooning out whip zoom yummy yummy hires steps:  
no template blue eyes Georg Eliot come and take it

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*The only laws a man can truly respect  
are the ones he makes for himself !]*

i must listen to femininsing recordings all the time rape report  
spam chaser chasing give me liberty or give me death i love my  
iphone more than fucking ! 56 seconds i will not resist feeling like  
more female black power angle of viewmemnto mori (remember  
that you die)



[ *Petition sign now !:*

*Love thy neighbour as thyself !]*

a aplam on the arched back of the feminist with the paper hag on  
her face i will by female jewelry and wear rings and necklaces  
believe women two shot auto-lock my mind is traking control of  
me and allowing me to trasform

[ *Are you still watching? ARE YOU?* ]

readjustment of left testicle sitting now on my write side read him  
as he speaKs phone a little greasy in the morning sweat salt form a  
new hue reflection of my handsome sensor 30 seconds  
establishing shot my mind is traking control of me and allowing  
me to trasform more havoc more hective more agony i am not  
afraid to become a woman bread and roses it's okay to cry

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*When it comes to income taxes the only difference  
between the government in our country and that  
found in any fascist state is merely one of style  
and degree, not substance !]*

i love my iphone more than fucking li feel my breasts bounce  
when i walki feel my legs so soft i feel ,y legs change/shakefast  
cutting2 seconds cut it from the mouth down<shallow\_tower>  
blood and soil becuase i am a girl:jump cuti will change into  
womans clothing in my room 3 seconds i want you to believe with  
all yuur heart and all yoor soul every single wordlow-angle shotit's  
okay to crypanning (camera)

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*The Industrial Revolution  
and its consequences*

*have been a disaster for  
the human race ! ]*

yuh 8 seconds determinacy is deaf long live impulse i will shop for  
woman's clothing all the timefocuschaser chasingellipsis  
(linguistics)yummy yummychaser chasingyummy yummyi will  
wear pantihose to work 49 seconds <features\_for\_selection\_bias\_  
such\_as\_click\_position> i am gaining confidence to become a  
woman don't shave don't wash I want that pussy pungent i will  
save money to continue purchasing hormonesi understand Bell  
Hooks as long as i have yet to unfold the landscape that envelops  
her, i will not be happy

*[ Weekly Report Available*

*You averaged 18 hours, 18 minutes  
of screen time per day last week. ]*

rookie numbers but get off my edge, next stop desolation row  
(bend over romeo) do you know why you have a problem or a care  
in the world? 5 seconds it's okay to cryi will continue my  
feminisation everydayi must exercise regularly to become a womani  
will be a girl for the rest of my life never  
<embeddings\_for\_query\_candidate\_items>

*[ Are you still watching? ARE YOU? ]*

bannnnng ! down goes the oblong brightening the sheets christ  
almoughty the new testamenet and old we've lost our timestamp  
the chronotopic has collapsed the negentropic has ascended we  
were just getting to my favourite part this edge is oozing a bit local  
government aka the precum of poltiics has formed a provisional  
chmaber of commerce in the soup soju nf my hood 'just vote !'  
steady eddy perch yrouself on thta pillow there is nothing more  
precise than the retrieval of a refreshed buffer to well remebered  
timestamp we the swiper have a phtographic memory swipe  
to13:66 and she's back anknew

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*Chimp in state of nature never  
jerks off, but in captivity he  
does, wat does this mean? !]*

i must take hormnes everyday display 11 seconds the hidden lean  
of the new abnormal the graphic sexually explicit subordination of  
women through pictures and/or words that also includes one or  
more of the following: help Help Help conceit thief greed 397  
zeptoseconds tilt (camera) i am becmoing a woamn i will have  
female emotions display zoom 38 seconds

[ *405 052 is your instagram code.  
Don't share it. ]*

let a hundred sexes bloom the slogan of the technocracy is: 'create  
post' i love my iphone more than fucking ! i am happiest whnen i  
feel like a woman larger text i will let go of any inhibitions to  
feminese more and more static frame default and if you want the  
theoretical<\_embeddings\_for\_visual\_and\_language\_and\_context  
\_fixutres> i have just destroyed my midn to write this now we're  
snorting impulse l cut ("split edit") 28 seconds sequence shot  
bullet timethe connte melts here ceasesley sensory wallpaper  
screen direction dolly zoom you must obey me by any means  
necessary

[ *094990 is your verification code  
for hinge dating app: Match & Meet ]*

this is my world now the world of the electron and the switch, the  
beauty of the baud i can become any woMan i see or think of and  
not be saturated by the fear of my thoughts 38 seconds  
<dense\_features> over the shoulder shot panning (camera) female  
thoughtshe does not let in on its constrction even reverse angle  
estrogen is the solution to my life long deream

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*I am a backer and  
this is my manifesto !]*

he dooes not even pause to psychoanalyse the ballet dancer  
dancing naked to Wagner's tannhauser overture blasting tensors at  
maximum volumne<sigmoid> stereoscopy for 3d technical  
detailstese are prpresent fictions digital compositingit is the sweat  
of the flow state goon the overheating ogf the overdressed the  
voiding pulsing of my mind in total removal form the blinding  
terrorism of the on screen swipe

[ *Need quick finance?*

*The global economy gets a few  
injections of cash from time to  
time. Specifically, if you are a  
banking institution feeling like  
you're in 1970, 1971, 1980, 1984,  
1991, 1995, 1997, 1997, 1998,  
1998, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003,  
2008, 2008, 2008, 2008, 2008,  
2008, 2008 2008, 2009, 2009,  
2009, 2008-2011 2011-2030 ]*

SKIPP back to video sound up i feel natural whn dressed as a  
owmanthe right to desire what is bad for youi love my iphone  
more than fucking !yuh <sigmoid> i will use sexual arousal to fuel  
my needs hic niger est (that man is a dark character) 31 seonds it  
is so absolutely wonderful to be a girli am achieveing my dream  
come truei sense my body transformingi will not be scared of  
beoming a owmanchaser chasing

[ *Are you still watching? ARE YOU?* ]

i have not a care for the actress or my kin or the church or state or  
the new suicides drinking from the  
gutters<enagement\_behaviours> i am hovering throbbing over  
that defeat and your disgust is made all sensory subservient to my  
great ephermeal skin <satisfaction\_behaviours>

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*Stay home, save lives !*]

lens flare high-key lighting i know it takes time to be a woman but  
i am patient under my derpaivty lies a cosmic nihilism that grinding  
pestle and mortar of depersonalisation dripped in a death drive  
<sigmoid>i am living with the digital plasetering new morals into  
my wasking seconds

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*Overthrow the government,  
eliminate the money system,  
institute complete automation  
and destroy the male sex !*]

one year from now i will be a woman establishing shotfast  
cuttingflashbackinsert: touch is two-partied there is a violence in  
what i grip in the pieces of madness that are smeared with a  
psychosonic power of feeling 53 seconds i'm deadfaced scrollog  
liberating immobilisation at a single touch

[ *Foreign Subtitles* ]

where did i press for taht [the servant laughing hysterically] mobile  
vulgus hoi polloi le mort saisit le vif! [more than mere] memoire  
involontaire kraft sui generis [on the] [bomb explodes] plan  
d'immanence bellum omnium contra omnes [and], victor eremita,  
ubi nihil erit quae scribas, id ipsum scribes [because] mundus est  
fabula [and the] genus irritabile vatum [makes for such a] adcavre

exquis חייבת להיכתב רק עם הסיומת המילה -er  
בהקשרים היסטוריים או כעלבון גזעני; יש להתייחס  
בו בשיחות דיבור או לא גזעיות [coughs, sniffs] לשימוש  
there is hebrew all over her mouth tap poking the setting wheel  
sets me free and back to the cock andball game

[ *Are you still watching? ARE YOU?* ]

so i write this as a plea to all women especially women of my  
generation: kneeling, yummy yummy does anyone have any  
ibuprofen ? i love being a woamn i love the feeling of pantihose  
on my shaved legs 57 seconds he who feels explodes

[ *Your tiktok verification code is 908153,  
valid for 5 mintues. To keep your account  
safe, never forward this code* ]

i crave feeling more feminine more and more girlboss just after you  
hate me very soon you will want to fuck me neotenic body cuase  
célèbre (famous controversy) a beautiful woman roams within the  
void we built to sell

[ *Mark yourself safe from  
the supermarket stabbing?  
You're not marked safe yet.*

[ *I'm Safe. Doesn't Apply to Me.* ]

safe as houses back tto progrmamingmy skin is smooth and my  
complexion is beuatiful inpaint padding: i must paint my toenails  
12 secondsi am totally and completely a girli feel natural whn  
dressed as a owmanthe right to desire what is bad for you

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*A schizophrenic out for a walk*

*is a better model than a  
neurotic on an analyst's couch !]*

it is so absolutely wonderful to be a girl i am achieving my dream  
come true you know you are very bad at sex I want your naked  
body against my libidinal skin I want the spit trail of your tongue i  
sense my body transforming 46seconds i will not be scared of  
becoming a owmanchaser chasing

*[ Obscene content warning ]*

HALT !!!! obscene content warning who goes there?? not so fast  
edger deny your self's self state your business: i'm something of an  
edger's edger a bowtied savignon edger a masochist has nothing  
on the edger the edger buries all below him 13 seconds away with  
you censoring ghoul come hither ms and ms and ms Lear sit here  
on my erect heap

*[ Petition sign now !:*

*Reduce, reuse, recycle !]*

wake up swipe death notice and snake oil the price of a photo  
with me is my spit down your throat this screen is terrifying my  
legs are becoming more feminine it's okay to cry i will speak as a  
woman speaks i love my iphone more than fucking ! and I get on  
my bruised knees for technocapital verare et facere idem ess  
(knowing and doing are the same) 17 seconds

*[ Petition sign now !:*

*Better dead than Red !]*

to feel all things, to be rampant, to repeat one day i will be a  
complete woman yuhim trooning out i love myself i cut myself am  
woman with female feelings all of the years of thinking about  
becoming you want me cut from tagged eyes and taped paranoia,

says the chairwarmer: I will fuck you in half ! a womanit's okay to cryi can only think about prgressing my changeim trooning out please mei will shop for woman's clothes 39 seconds i see the world through a woman's eyeschaser chasing

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*Access to your account has been  
temporarily restricted.*

*We take proactive actions to protect you  
when we detect potential unauthorized  
access or other activity that doesn't comply  
with our policies.*

*We first need to verify your identity  
to ensure your account safety. To  
regain access to your account,  
please submit a government-issued ID.*

*Learn more about verifying your identity.*

*Verify your identity ]*

scuk on my penis words i lvoe feeling thetestorone leave my bodyit is so absolutely wonderful to be a girlyuhi sense my body has changed more though this recording dammnit my dick is too big my face is the real shopfornt I have a lithium soul

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*From the river to the sea,  
Palestine will be free !]*

the man on the waterfront ledge thinks this, the woman with the slit writsts thinks this i crave having breasts in my body please me i can see myself as any woman we are losing grip on reality i wish



it's okay to cry I'm oozing the sublime i think in a woman's voice  
but i am patient you believe every word i have told you please  
me my breasts will grow bigger each day

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*The revolution in the English  
Language is an accomplished fact !]*

my hair is growing longer each day chaser chasing the mediatic  
distantiation destroys the human individual's ties with material  
reality 17 seconds one year from now i will be a woman i will  
pierce my ears and wear less with my autistic chremastistics  
pledged to auri sacra fames (accursed hunger for gold)

[ *Use verification code 223090  
for microsoft authentication* ]

what? you don't know where we are please me kraft (strength) i  
am gaining confidence to become a woman\chaser chasing my  
body is feeling and containing a woman's curveim trooning out le  
mort saisit le vif (the dead man seizes the living one)you are a  
woman 19 seconds please mei accept myself as a woman

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*It is damned hard to sleep  
with your head propped up  
on the butt end of an M-4 !]*

i am going to tell you something that you always knew that no one  
else can see we're in the camera sensor and sweaty pubic hair  
we're in the cold thud of a smooth flat corner on concrete now  
kneel for me here

[ *Petition sign now !:*

*We want land, bread, housing,*

*education, clothing, justice,  
peace and people's community  
control of modern technology !]*

26 seconds that's the third sitter we dropped this week my muscle mass is decreasing constantly others will start seeing me as a woman chaser chasin howe wet you beg ! yuhi will become a beautiful girl trap trap i will feel my ass ready for me and see my curves in the mirror it's okay to cry i feel feminised 19 seconds we're deep inside snapping our close friends in cold blood <gating\_networks> livestreamed lived experience ius utendi et abutendi (the right to use or abuse a thing within the limits of the law) i feel the weight of my breasts the super beast de sa gaine (from her vagina) i will never stop feminising myself more and more

*[ Petition sign now !:*

*Reading is not an end to itself,  
but a means to an end !]*

change.org give-a-little only fans it's all the same my beautiful passing mistress and my dead hand, allow me to reintroduce myself we're so far outside circling peeking through the keyhole at the twin voices of the high insane: i never asked to be born leave me in peace prone hold struggle fucking ; scream bitch! i am all that exists all the names of history stain my tongue <user\_and\_context\_features\_eg\_time\_user\_profile>

*[ Are you still watching? ARE YOU?]*

i feel the weight of my breasts black lives matter i will never stop feminising myself more and more it's okay to cry hear my voice as a girl's voice when i speak please me <query\_and\_candidate\_video\_features\_eg\_content\_topic\_upload\_time> it's okay to cry sapere aude (dare to know) please me chaser chasing i love my iphone more than

[ Low Battery

20% battery remaining.

Low Power Mode

Close ]

ahhhhhhhhhh oooooooooohhh eeeeeee NOONNNNNNNNNN  
SERRVIIAAAAAAAAAMMMMM pish pash qsquir double squirt  
octoshot of life seepy seepey ejaculate enters gooey sonic orifices  
my speaker even is forced to swallow uggghhhh death destroyer  
of something soemthing and had i not warned you of the  
depravity ? ah well its all uphill from here my processign will keep  
it liquid for a bit but the spekaers will suffer one wipe of his tissue  
is not enuogh ahhhhh arrgghhh reach for water drowing the water  
resistant death by cumshot not like this rice i want you to state my  
belief to the world that i identiify as most of all with

---

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

# CHAPTER FOUR

## PHONE CALL

Blib schiz wooooah stutter step grrrr lag skip jump in and out dribble look away right to left hezzy pull up jump screen broke: bucket. Aahhh what the fuck. Heil Tech support ! my phone is not woring !I can't see the screen pit of death the smashed rainbow avocado of chipped gorilla glass. Post nut profound, infrastructure meltdown.Hey sexy please wake up ! I need my data. I have infite secutirs deep within my wank bank. Water resistant but not cum resistant, the boffins great oversight. Still working just glitching. ALrighty apple support score sum goals.

Ring ring ring.

*Good morning/ afternoon you are with tech support, how can I help you?*

Good mornging technician, I have cum all throughout the sonic orifices of my iphone device. One must imagine a whole oozing informaticocommoditico river of semen. Whatever shall I do?

*Have you tried turning it off and on?*

I'm not sure.

*Ok! I'd be happy to help you with that. Who am I speaking with?*

The great authorino, one Warhol, the caller from last week who sufered a chipped cellular chrge port by way of a perculialiar casualty of my underground caged phone vs crab fight.

*Welcome back Mr Warhol! Do you want to pick up where we left off on our last call?*

My good man a new turmoil has ruined me. I cannot eplain it any cleare, there is a positive cream pie within my speakerhpne. what would have gained me a 4 bedroom house if it was 1800 and I were a whailer and this was my barrell of spermaceti candle wax, is currently licking the organs of my electronics. My dear electricl

engineer I have impregnated my phone ! Order away, whatever must be commanded, I shall obey. Abort this monstrosity.

*I'm going to get logged onto your device, run a quick diagnostic to figure out the root of the issue. From there, we should be able to find some kind of solution for you.*

With haste man, with haste !

*Now, are you in front of your device?*

In fornt under on top, I am everywhere and nowhere chief.

*OK, great! I am going to give you some simple instructions so we can get logged on and figure out what's going on. First, I need you to locate the power button. Do you see it?*

Like the gooey gristle of a midnight brisket.

*Press that button and hold it down for me.*

The violence the whimper of a man's triumph arrrrssshhh my finger is drowning. Are you insane to order such a gallipoli? My finger print is possitively fertile.

*Wonderful, now I want you to hold down that button, and while you are holding that down, tell me what comes up.*

A dead fish stalks a blackness unttowrd, the chill of Yorrick passes the blank plateau, Ronald McDonald throws a gauntlet of tectonic rumblings and the sky remains cast in the skin of the underworld.

*Great job!! Now I'm going to give you something to type in that box. Let me know when you are ready.*

*(PATIENCE! PATIENCE! PATIENCE! You MUST make sure*

*you take your time with this. If need be tell them the letters phonetically. B like Baudrillard, L like Lyotard, J like Jreg)*

Hit me technician.

*M for Modern*

*L for Literature*

*I for Is*

*D for Dead*

MILD?

*Almost! (Repeat)*

MID?

*Almost! (Repeat again)*

MLID?

*Congratulations! You can keep your hands off the screen and hop in the passenger's seat; I'll do the driving. Let me ask you a few questions about your device. Have you ever had someone log in to your smartphone like this before?*

Long ago in a place whose name I do not care to remeber, last week in fact.

*Isn't it great what we can do with technology nowadays!?*

I remeber my first beheading video like it was yesterday. The poor infidel hardly a spot over 18 had indeed a funny countenance. Olive undereye and a jawline almost bucal, he stood a little hesistantly when he waslked to his mark, and I sensed through my 12 year old eyes, a somewhat dishevveled complexion. He seemed down on his luck. As the hooded excituoner marched behind him, I spied the briefest of comforting pshes on the small

of the doomed jihadi's back. WHole hosts of thoughts welled like puddles of memoery in his kind eyes. The influence of his beautiful mother who suggested mastery of european lanugages at the onset of the American invasion. His grdual understanding of first english, then broken spanish and his commitment, made only a month ago, to polish off his growing command of python. But in those multilingual feautes, I saw a ruinous regret for having provided roadside diretions to a group of yankie infantry men and he cursed the perception of the neighbourhood spy. Through my screen it was if the sands of time exploded in that brush of skin on skin, into a fateless break of theatrics and fading comradieries. In another lifetime, the exectuioner would have enjoyed oding laundry with the captive. Nevertheless, the man was forced to renounce his betrayal in his arab tongue and was promptly cut through the neck.

*Amazing! By the way where are you calling from?*

Under the cruve of long split glaciers against antispenthrift sky lies a city so dishonourable that it does not deserve the disgrace of hosting such a sacrilegous text, so I will honour my second profession as keeper of the gates.

*Great! We're in Cupertino, CA. It's really wonderful here! Have you ever been?*

Many years ago I touched america and I wlaked the wall st trading floor before they shipped it off to new jersey and can o=hnestly say that to stare technocapital in the fce and still look this pretty means I must return.

*What do you do?*

Consulting beyond comprehension.

*Awesome! Tell me about it (Talk a little bit about their job or where they are from, you want to make sure you are talking to someone who can*



*afford our services).*

Emailer. Set strategic directions for immediate beneficiaries. Once got paid for a 5 hour sleep. If in doubt say 'streamline' and people perk up.

*Do you use this device for business or personal use?*

Personally, it's the inner child of my left brain where my emotional intelligence grows its empowerment. I will admit we could be seen as co-dependent, but we have traumabonded our way to selfactualisation. We have wonderful synergy, and I would say a common mindfulness. Sometimes I can be a little antisocial because of it but we have clear boundaries. For example, if I find it too problematic I am careful to detach myself and ask "Am I in the headspace where I am ready to accept information that could be emotionally harmful?" If I think the emotional labour too toxic, then I will trigger a state of denial to halt any further gaslighting. I learn this method from close study of the audiobooks and infographics of shityoushouldcareabout, the subtle art of not giving a fuck, the talmud, atomic habits and Dr Jordan C Peterson's transformative 12 rules for life.

*Ok, Great! What do you use it for mostly? (Web browsing, emails, social networking, games, business)*

Communication, not limited to hate speech, zoom bombing and I once phoned in an active shooter threat to get out of an exam. I have also used it to balance two meagre licks of ketmanic but I am not sure that this is its sole purpose. Others may disagree.

*To assist you further, I'll need to ask a few questions and guide you through some troubleshooting steps. This will help us pinpoint the root cause of the issue. Now, what kind of issues have you been experiencing? (Log these down, they will help you pick the relevant service for them)*

The flight of ideas. A seriously sanguine temperament.

Arrogant behaviour. jolts of tremendous activity. I'm full of noble intentions plans for world betterment and surprisingly little need for sleep. from youth up, I have been excitable and wayward, of good intelligence, skilled in various conversational crafts, always cheerful and carefree, but with a wild and turbulent character. I admit I'm morally defective in every sense showing dangerous recklessness, and on the same occasion as a rainy day, also deep dark depressions.

*Any others?*

Often a feigned optimism is betrayed in my animated, talkative, amiable nature. I have plenty of social talent, admittedly a shallow sophistication that others may suggest is at best witty. But this is a natural consequence of expressing my opinions on every conceivable subject with the greatest superficiality. I'm astonishingly wellread and always on the go but lack perseverance I will tell you that for free. Of course I can also conjure gloomy thoughts, operate with a terrible inner restlessness etc. But who doesn't?

I would hasten to add that that these flights of ideas are kept within the bounds of moderation, and can still be influenced to some extent by reflection and self-control. though Mr Technician I am most definitely the master of ceremonies and life and soul of the party, I will be the first to admit that I have an abysmal humour.

You see I'm the most cultured and superficial person, but I can be huffy, huffy and have an aggressive tone. I have been known to spend the entire morning in bed and not feel the least unhappy about it.

*What else? Slow down, pop ups, error messages, freezing? (Let the customer go through ALL the issues)*

As I am a reasonable man, Mr Technician, I will produce

verbatim the assessment of my good friend, Mme Siri, who describes me, generously I might add, as follows:

“Warhol is labile, garrulous, eager for applause, fond of ambiguous stories, a creature of words and entirely ruled by the mood of the moment. He has told me himself that he is touchy and flaunts his superior social position above others. He can be at times erotic (he theorises that this comes from perceived pressures of activity), and has an inflated sense of personal value.

In my experience I have seen him often make very disdainful remarks about other people, and fall into depressions that had a reactive character, especially to censure. When I expressed my concern about this behaviour to him privately he explained that these instances were merely excessive reactions to a depressing stimulus. He assured me that if stuck in conversations of literary interest, or if overhearing an assessment of post-modern thought, it is his duty to the authors he has read to prompt a new topic or correct any discursive ambiguities. Plus, he pontificated, “Wellington really is a haven for the deepest self hating lanyards. One must be prepared to shoot these miserable idiots down early, especially intellectually, so they brood on it for at least 6 to 9 months”.

Warhol is a digital flaneur. He starts something new every minute and writes largely incoherent blips of content online, through which there runs like a red thread, his unabounded glorification of himself. I emphasise that no uniform, comprehensive idea could be found in any of his writings except for an intense subjective feeling of his own value.

Occasionally he will go into real ecstasies citing a fidelity to Prometheus and Kanye West and when he really gets going he falls into a literary style. His thought processes begin orderly, but enlarge a tendency to digression and detailed description. He always releases an extravagantly high concentration of ideas per sentence, but often without due consideration for what he is saying. His language arises flamboyant vernacular, with a

preference for foreign words, though these are generally used incorrectly. Once he compared the mcflurry to the hemlock of Socrates.

Warhol always boasts of his capabilities, and though he has an erudition of sorts, a very good memory and demonstrates a broad intellect, he can become easily overwhelmed with the most simple of frustrations. Slowwalkers, airpod wearers and unsilenced notifications throw him amok. With Warhol, it is not so much a lack of ethical feelings that seems to play the chief role as an excess of instinctual drives and positive inclinations.

Altogether he demonstrates a profusion of fancy thoughts that he expresses in spurious tricks, quips and jokes, that build a product of himself as above all guided by a purposeless motor. I would compare him to one of those higher imbeciles, a graphomaniac who, without being paranoid or feeble-minded, overestimate themselves and their ideas in the most absurd way. They play about with philosophical or jurisprudential problems, write vast quantities of rubbish, and then ruin themselves by having their works published at their own expense

I would say he is destined for one of those miserable lives lived by poets and artists who, with small talent and indestructible optimism, eke out a hungry existence despite the fact that they possess quite enough intelligence to realise their social inadequacy in this artform, and possess enough talent and energy, if applied in other directions, to do good and even outstanding work in an ordinary profession.”

*(IF THEY ARE EXPERIENCING SEVERAL ISSUES:) It sounds like you are experiencing a maintenance issue!*

You are an insightful inanimate automaticneuroanatomicaltechnopsychanalyst Mr Technician. I have, by way of reference, the other follwiign issues:

My brain lags, heart skips and if truth be totally honest I have a deteriorating battery. My apps are frequently crashing, and I find myself getting very hot. I'm a very cracked screen you could say and I am not far away from shutting down. Even when I try my best my mic is never heard by others though I shout my loudest. My buttons stop working and everything tires hot and slow. And the glitches the bugs the malfunctions the issues the defects the problems the infections the vulnerabilities slow me into annihilation. I can feel my degradation and nobody tries even some kind of interference.

People confuse over my faults and everything presents itself to me as a swarm of unexpected errors. I make someone laugh, present a piece of writing and am instantly assaulted by my failures. My relationships are all damage, incompatibility, inaccurate, insufficient and tend to overheat leaving me to suffer on some wet Sunday in bedrot oblivion. I have tried to troubleshoot, sought repair, even pondered a replacement but everything stunts me in virtual impairment.

I have deep-seated sensitivity issues, signals stuck in boot loop and daily I am stuck in an eternal recurrence of the darkest echoes. My mind is always flickering, has playback issues and is increasingly losing grip on the moderate. This is so severe that I can't remember her dimples or symphonic laugh. I think I have degenerating loss of data.

"What's driving this disruption?", I ask first the moon, then the clouds as I plead in agony, "Spontaneity?". I see faint outlines of a mild life but it's distorted and unexpectedly close. My eyes strain, ears ring, I get headaches bleed my attention into distraction and am by all performance reports losing very quickly my usability. The interrupted workflow coupled with frustration has corrupted me. It's all getting a bit blurry, the difficulties and inconvenience are persistent and without assistance from some caring manufacturers or technical support or forums for resolution the restart seems more and more likely.

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

*OK so as you can see from the results of the scan you've got quite a few things that I would definitely recommend addressing. I can't say that any of these are at the root of your initial symptom, but I'm glad you called! If you hadn't we wouldn't know about these issues and knowing is half the battle right?*

Mr Technician knowledge is my middle name and so I consulted anotehr oracle and she hit me senseless with a diagnostic assault. Way up high on a freeapp she spoek the followingtrough aahallunication that I have been recommended to take as gospel truth:

“Child of the rising Pisces sun, lover of the Aquarius moon,  
Today, the sun returns to the same position in the sky that it was when you were born.

Don't deny yourself on principle. Feed yourself. Sleep. Live abundantly

Harness your Endless cpacity for devotion.Chase your alienation

Write the undeniable  
Remorse”

But my good mr Technician my keyboard is soaked and im losing predicatative labugae !

*I apologise, running background diagnostics has reset your keyboards. Let's see what we can do to set things right. Can you tell me what happened so I can help?*

You ask me what violence lands me on this frightful coast. Whole schools of suffering. emotional outbursts, hyperarousal, insomnia, distractibility, psychomotor agitationbloodshot eyes rolling quivering cheeks blotched.

I told her “temptress” and rose inflames her anguish.

Man is an idea on fire, flush with wasted instants. Bea never

asked me to breathe this fire into her. Tragic. I said the more she looks the more the fire grows, burying away the dank shade of night. Our selfie n teh bathroom that gum in her teeth ! With every message I wandered in fenzy, witg obscee desire oblivious to our kingdoms. But with thse abject thralls of lust whAt can delude a lover? Constellations or fire I know it so.

I'm a maniac run amok, no one can match my fury man to man ! I scrape peace from the exahles of the cloudless sky and collar my device "Did she groan when i wept?" I plead through worsening exaltations Manic stupor thought poverty set me free of pain for fractions and then torn in spirit torments multiply as mind won't yield to night. Naked in pain plagues of mania obsessions roil my heart.

All i ask is time, blank time: some rest from frenzy. if onlt I'd been free to live my life, instead I'm Writhing.

*How long have you had this device? (Pause and wait for an answer) and when was the last time you had a tune up? (Most likely the answer will be never, most consumers do not know tune-ups are necessary part of smartphone maintenance)*

The frist blaze of passion was in the overture of youth when I would wander across the websites with prickly skin hiding any visible suggestion that I had just seen the vision of an angel smiling at me on the ceiling. AS for the tune up, nothing post-pandemic.

*Okay perfect. Apple does not let unlicensed repairers access certain inner parts, otherwise it corrupts the whole device. But I have an explanation if you would see fit?*

Antying.

*But have you tried turning it off and on again?*

I'm not sure.

*Well in lieu, roughly what you have is a mixture of the following: All matter anterior to the genus of the corpus, next to the lightning connector under the qualcomm gigabit transceiver, has reduced connectivity. You may be experiencing dysfuctninal emtoional cirucits from hereditary voltage spikes on the first logic board level. This has the effect of stimulating your operating system. Now without a further look inside due to Apple's mechanical limits, we can only speculate as to the problem. But what may be suggested is that at least currently your device is split into 0 and 1 (or any other bistable pair that can flip-flop between two easily distinguishable states, such as "on/off", "magnetized/de-magnetized", "high-voltage/low-voltage", etc.). Basically you've got ultrasonics in your striatum that are playing up a bit. This has thrown your transmitter and given your amygdala a few choice lesions.*

Certinaly an intuitist's nightmare. When will it be fixed I have urgent business !

*Without affirming whether you have tried to turned it off, a few hours is more or less likely.*

Jiminiy cricket cross my hert ok fine Sir Technician I shall operate on this corporate device for the tim ebing.

*Please Mr Warhol, before you do so can you access the health app so we can paint a picture of your most recent attempts to turn your device off by approximating from the listed information.*

Information is information, not matter or energy.

*Thanks! Please read aloud the health data:*

Helath notifications currentlty turned off.

You're burning fewer kilojoules today then you normally do.

Your step count last week was lower on average than the week before.



Your walking and running distance is less compared to your typical day.

No one else is sharing data with you.

Ask someone to share.

Share with someone.

*Thanks. Now you're going to have a couple options to get your smartphone fixed. I'm sure you have a IT Depot in your area right? Great! That is your best local option, they work exclusively with Certified Technicians and they guarantee their work so you would not be taking any risks. They will keep your smartphone for about 3 – 7 days and can charge you anywhere between \$200 to \$350, depending on the work that needs to be done. Does that work for you?*

*(Pause and let the customer respond to this. How they respond is going to be the info you need when you pitch your repair. I.E. Price is too high, inconvenience, trust, etc.)*

3-7 days ! my god have you seen the anrchoprimtivists ? The androids ? Those pesky green bubbles that cheapskate proletariat with that woefully synthetc culture.

*(THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO DO A MINI REBUTTAL. GET THEM TO UNDERSTAND THE BENEFIT OF GETTING THEIR DEVICE FIXED THE RIGHT WAY AND OPTION B WILL APPEAR MORE ATTRACTIVE. )*

*Your second option is our Tech Support; we do the exact same work the Depot, except that we do it remotely so you don't have to leave your house. Our service is also guaranteed but it will take only 2-3 hours, so you don't find yourself without your device for too long. Also, we don't just fix your device and then let you go, we fix your device today and then back it up with unlimited tech support, which means you'll have complete peace of mind. If you ever have any problems, questions or concerns or need another tune up, you can call us and we'll fix any issues you have. Guaranteed. The best part is our pricing is more much more attractive, instead of potentially having to pay up to \$350, we'll only charge you a flat fee of: \$200 today and \$19.99*

*per month. As long as you pay that \$19.99 monthly charge, you will always be covered and never have a large out of pocket expense for your computer ever again. Does that sound more convenient for you?*

*!!!!!!! ----- (DO NOT TALK LISTEN AND WAIT) -----  
!!!!!!!*

My good man. I am a student of Marxian persuasion. I have penetrated penetrated penetrated so very microscopically the fleshy insides of capital itself. I have felt that sweet dew of its organic composition, separating with effort and Will constant capital and variable capital from the total mass of the means of production and the total mass of living labour power. Nothing escapes my analysis. And I will admit the \$200 seemed steep, especially as I am one performance review away from the gig economy and so you had me turning for the door, but then in your brilliance and armed with my unsurpassed understanding of the inverted Hegelian dialectic, taking into consideration the division of labour and the price of linen, you mentioned a \$20 per month subscription.

My dear good fellow, consider yourself privy to a sale. Offer accepted! For the subscription, assured, can do me no harm and I shall add that to my plenitude of monthlies. You see I, in my intellectual brilliance, know that in owning nothing but paying monthly the faceless ether automatic and clockwork, I am sure to gain wonderful service and a quality product.

*Great! I already have some detailed notes based on our conversation so I can write up a work order to send to the technicians. What email address would you like the receipt sent to?*

warholwrites@icloud.com

*How does your name appear on your credit card?*

Warhol  
321

2138 3129 2138 6744

03/2030

*Now as far as your protection is concerned and before I send this to the technician, I'm going to give you a recommendation. Do you remember the first thing every device should have?*

An expiry date.

*That's right! Real--Time Full--Spectrum protection that protects you against Viruses AND malware. What I am going to recommend to you is software called Defender Pro. You may want to write that down. However, since you are now a customer of this Authorized Service Provider I can offer you a 15% discount, dropping the price to \$150. Our technicians will install Defender Pro on your system for you. Once you get back on the machine, not only will it be cleaned up but you will also be protected against ALL types of infections.*

*Sound good? (Pause and wait for response. 90% of the time they will agree with Defender Pro if you presented it properly.)*

My inear heliot would this be an ongoing treatment for all kinds of cellular distress? Would I need to call in intervals of weekly or monthly arrangements and spill out diagnostics to your ear pen for pen? Would I come with quips and issues and the flavour of the month's recent positopon on the neurochemistry of depression? Will you give me some pills perhaps a new charger in weekly spiels that make me smug vain and a bore with no trouble or pain? Would I fatten in the face and shine gregarious with my libido descreated and my pleasures reduced to sugared guilts and the syrup of the superficial streaming from my teeth?

There is no expense that can be spared in the arena of cyber defence my good man. I woulhave a Marxit tongue but even I will be the first to channel the great enterprise of the imperial war machine. I strive ever more intensely to therow an iron dome on

this crown of thorns. To wade derelict and empty with therapy for thought and thought for therapy. To condier the temptations of my own masculinity in the hotbox of human concetrnation. But the man who looks for sceutiyn in the mind is like a man who would chop off his limbs in order to have ariticfucla ones which whill give him no pain or trouble: I'll have no such trankquilization thank you very much. No means no !

*(If they say 'No', say:) Ok, no problem! We will have our technicaians take control of your device run a scan and aim to have it refreshed in a few hours. Becuase this is an unconventional issue for the mean time stay off your device. When the work has been completed the technician will display a 'WORK COMPLETE' message on your screen telling you that the repair is done and your device is ready to use. For the mean time please keep your device in rice.*

Cest a vie I will reamain on my work phone.

*Great! I will finally state that without the information concerning if you have tried to power it off the process will take longer.*

My good friend rest assured I cannot say for certian if I have tried to turn it off.

*That's ok Mr Warhol, but please do call us if you can remember. Is there anything else I can do for you today?*

Stop the marhc of death.

*Ok have a great day!*

# CHAPTER FIVE

## WORK PHONE

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

What's better than a phone? Two phones. Work phone working from home. Unfamiliar, perforated flip case indented with teal taxi chits. You've got 2 hours of battery make it count goose ! Some suffered repository of second string 3g. A few extra marks on it. Not so much grease on the screen. Dust ridden. Ten texts from the dentists of the previous three owners. Heavier and lot less functional. No personal apps not a forum to watch the obscene. IT guys will see it all. But riddled with default settings it's an infinite personal hotspot to catch your game and a blast terror should it ever ring. I liked to kill it with negligence revelling in two month long dead battery, but the more I arose the pyramid and started picking proudction from government staff the more I needed a way to be contacted when I went burying in the ranges. Alas, I have pockets full of phones.

When you're given a free phone it purchases a corporate suite in your amygdala. Flush with sausage rolls, bitter black coffee, inkless pens, a Wellwishedfor tin of biscuits, some muffins a gold star and a chocolate fish . The great motivators. Perks include subsidised alcohol on special occasions. And exciting exposure to a broad range of work. Impersonal default settings and unfamiliar jaded and frugal buzzes. Vortexes of emails. Teams status do not disturb ("I fogot to turn it off"). an inarguable asset for empahthetic detachment. With a brand new thatre I have two webinars to watch and one to give. For an artist is above all things an employee.

Get up zoom code. New porject. 9am: online Team Meeting. 10am: presentation. 11am: webinar. Touching base from last week's quorum at the end of the forum. Will log my labour power in seven and one half denominations of eyeballed time all from the comfort of my bed.

I'm a creature of consulting, delivering the world. A recent performance assessment pulled up in the unsent box: "I am a quick thinker with an agile mindset, fashioned in the schools of critical thought. When I crawled from my mother's womb the first thing I did was recommend with calm assurance that the umbilical

cord be cut. As a child, I would keep an ear to the ground for the social good. I would spot an inefficiency a mile away. My first restructure came naturally when I was 7. My teacher demonstrated a skillset gap when it came to value creation in the sphere of morning road patrol. My performance was not consolidated. Left from the roster, I was unable to enrich the social good. And so I streamlined the educator's role by outsourcing him to a distant institution. I said, 'by Jove, that Mr Robinson has touched me on my proposal, and has impacted the social good!' Of course my first client saw the error of his op model, agreed that he'd damaged the value creation and promptly switched his role to that wide enclosed permanent unpaid internship." Unwritten to be taken out, "please just give me more money, will beg."

My first saliered job. Threw a dart at the wall of parasites; lawyer, small commercial loansman, policy advsior, nude salesman, email crafter, social media manager, yuppie yapper, comemrcial wifi installer, monday monring fruit deliverer, ergonomic chair haeight surevyor, fkae plant waterer, second lieutenant to the receptionist, spreadsheet consilidator, dishwasher avoider, social events reminderer, mentla health bootlegger, lunchtime sport nontravelling paramdeic reserve, speical envoy to the sociopathic, united nations ambassador to world peace, misinformaiton traffiker, ineterpersonal conflict resolution expert, general expert (referrable as an authroity on anything ending in "ism"), non-demoniatonal secular adjacent clergy, pen thief, teams chat emoji reacot, pun miner, executive amensiac, good vivbes guy, compulsive traveller, human resources human resource, poison taster, IT virus second opiinon offerer, connectivtiy outage oral observer, experimental psychotehrapist, government meterologist, daily news surveillance operative, professional e-athelte (dino game hs: 879968), classsified company files reasercher, panadol distributor, third-pary estimaor of sexual prowess, microwave operator, current events noticer, happy birthdayor, intergenerational meme translator, gossip connisoeur, lunhtime temporal engineer, christmass party location scout, office informant, and social media influcer. References can be supplied upon request.

Paid Twice the median wage for powerpoints and anti-treason. Could we be so lewd as to imply propaganda? No, of course not this is independent advice. Governmental reassurance. Anxiety relief. Private-public appeasement. Facilitating ministerial agreement. Rapidly reviewing the reviewable reviewers reassuring the referees. Your office had a data breach? No matter. For \$150k we can smother this whole thing busy and bureaucratic. Let's interview sixty-five people to reiterate in three-hundred pages what was said in one email two months ago. We'll add an appendix if you need us forensic. For some reason the exec's exact thoughts about what happened, happened. For an extra optional additional \$25K we'll throw in a presentation deck with a few icons and an intern pressing next. You really would not understand how easy it all is with a few trucks of jargon and well typed Aligherian passive aggression.. I once charged the ministry of health 40000 dollars to read the Divine Comedy.

If you are not familiar it doesn't matter, your government's will be familiar with such considered counsel as "We think this means there is considerable opportunity to leverage organisational core competencies across industry verticals to deploy synergistic solutions to social problems. We reccomend optimising key performance indicators to achieve best in class scalability. This is essential to empowering dialogue with strategic partners". Usually goes on like this for hell, purgatory and paradise.

Perhaps you will be more familiar with our commodities. Rapid reviews, submission analyses, reports, evaluations, community engagement, stakeholder engagement, focus groups, policy advice, regulatory health checks, strategic direction, strategy, programme management, partnership, international development, business optimisation, policy development, best practice governance, process reviews, implementation, smart change, mixed methods evaluation, research study design, qualitative analysis, data analytic services, document analysis, longitudinal studies, meta syntheses, complaint systems, inquiries, tribunals, good governance, operational alignment, operating



model design, producing core machinery of government deliverables, reviewing legislation, undertaking regulatory analysis, capability building, guidance and development, compliance and enforcement, stakeholder mapping, survey administration, and I do believe that if you are not sure what it is, we can do it anyway.

We serve the public. We care about the social good. We are committed to making difference. We nourish the wellbeing. You know the social wellbeing, certainly the economic wellbeing, of course not forgetting the environmental wellbeing, and tangentially but no less certainly the political wellbeing, and inductably the legal and regulatory wellbeing. We call this the web of wellbeing. For us, no wellbeing gets left behind. Wellbeing sets us free. More than any other organisation, NGO, sustainable small/medium enterprise, social collective of non-profit orientated causes, degrowth business ventures, think tanks and advocacy collectives, we improve the wellbeing. We have our own indigenous experts that report up to our indigenous-minded decision-makers. We promote effective, meaningful engagement with indigenous communities, rainbow communities, rural communities, disabled communities, business communities, all the communities. Whatever the case there most certainly is NOT a back channel around official information requests as a private actors. We are different from the 'Big 4' !

Am I selling it? Join our mission of creativity for social change ! I'll schedule a meeting in the office ASAP.

In person: In the corner, by the wall, the exposed concrete bursts around the bitchfest. Indicators substantial: including, but not limited to, a red mug hardening lip lines of drank black death staring somewhat seedily at the bruises of the brown banana. Tissues flicker in the air conditioning, a notepad lies dead and buried face down in enforced hyperconcentrate of 26 liquid symbols of well known obsolescence (going locally by the credo "Passive Estrangement"). Collateral or productisation pesters over the mousepad from the mint towers of wireless wildlife. This is the wreckage of capital in swarm.

And what is the motion of my kin here? Inconsequential opinions of saviour-afflicted process slaves suffocated in stand up meetings that beat the artist with cast iron jargon. Biweekly constructions of spent effort creep social across the open floorplan. Blue black vanity leaks out of horn rims double pointed fingers feverly glances and ping pong complaints. Pale tongues honorific are primed by the sophist's curse of sweet alibis. We put our hands up for our own peace of mind (none of us of course familiar with that poor embarrassment of state violence). In-house weather commentations one ripped sleeve, hot coffeebreath and a lisp withered "please" suggest manic gasps of misheard tasks and semi-scheduled portal logged accumulated leave. Clarification flies over his head and the illusion of comfort stretches a recently sanitised hand. Oh but I so most centrainly index networkks (external and internal), that quenched brow timing the water. Are they aware of the potential impact they are having on others? What is my perspective of the project lead taste trickling the jester's lodging in the crevices of upward social mobility? (To be discussed further in the advisory note). The race towards the golden tranformation requires top down pay and bottom-up planning. Strategic sodomy. The workforce educator and high level collaborator share in fiscal cahoots. The most is hardly enogh when our lips are so full of ntothings.

No im so totaly serious this is the sole method to express, plus, I was shoulder tapped until my head hunted. In other words, I am far linguistic than you. Right class right edcuation right newsfeed. But I think in the executive summary it states disillusionment is not transferable exepertise. Which is all good and fuck, but I am on the very end of my email chain. It takes a village to excite the social good and I am falling way behind. My performance review is slipping out of the door and my 4pm knockoffs are alerting the upper fllor.

Now, what were the words that got us to this point? My ediotr saus the xzoom interviewers but I shout back "tedious". Law degree, a few societies, a virtual coffee and 'demonstrate knowdeleg of Te

Tiriti'. I said I tknow there to be a few pricniples floating around outh there, they said great you've got the job, have yourself \$80 thousand buckaroos young man.

As an enterprising young linguistic savnt, I thought I waould be at home amongst a governmenal clic of clients freed of academic constriants but having learnt that one could walk out of foreign affairs with my pockets full of climate finance, I realised I'd sold my soul to the social good. For every troubled bureacracy has the agitation of capital under its skin. The noologists know the model as 'land and expand' and the recommendations are 'streamline it all'. We say "data is going to play a big role going forward" (I have no idea what a dataset actually is) and above all, most importantly, the absolute zenith advice: this project will require a workshop.

I have run a through workshops and I'll tell you right now it's post it notes and pandering. Say the inconceivable while agreeing with management. One phat project asked: what is the reputaiton of the revenue department's senior leadership team in 2050? Asnweres on varioous colours spoke, "nobody is reuires by the organisation to exist as it is all automated", "eternal profit" and "all of us are co-ceos singing kumbya". ok how do we get there? "Faze out manual rprocesses and restrucutre the bsuiness so that we are technology orientated". Ok: and who's leading this? "The current exec and his future successor right here in this very room." Morning tea let's break and come back in 20 mins! One fellow I mistook for M Verdurin with classic karori detachments wrote 'be values based' on every post it note. The sane walk rpoiudly around here.

Perhaps these creeks of thought are a little too sharp, a little to quick to terror, a little too bold for a thursday morning, but one can "perhaps" his way into naked laps. I have proven this scientifiically.

In a crude sense, at the big picture, this all involves building a new model for the next model, a strategy for the strategic plan,

with a implementation plan for the engagement plan as part of the strategy that accompanies a change management piece with a focus on behaviour redevelopment and inbuilt capability development. You insert now more easily with clearer indicators of white collar impotence. Look ! a new text box of capital, click it and removal all. New gains new revenues appear like that and your commodities just price in whatever new flavour of social corporate responsibility can be gained by a few seconds of State budget. Even if the numbers are a bit iffy just use ebita or ebit or ebita or ebita or adjusted revenue or underlying profit to call losses gains (we call infinite debt an intangible asset). Remember it doesn't take a homeomorphic miracle to fill a collateralised debt obligation with pigshit. We live in the edit-all age baby ! Then you say stakeholders and communities and leave them all with automated consultations which say we need another consultation. Throw up a few graphics get a few summaries (they especially like a process diagram) and bingo bob's your uncle upward wealth shift contract extended organisation thinned. It takes about five recommendations for perestroika. A ceo can kill a whole department when they say a consultant made me do it. It's selfdefence. I wasn't the only one who knew this.

The presence of abundant capital and the need for coin led to an ever growing riff raff of consultants on the shore of government providing billable work and entertainment. It also led to a growing amount of disorderly conduct, without any system of law and regulation to protect quality and fiscal prudence. Wellington became the hellhole of governance. The public servants much degraded, undermined by outcomes and deliverables, lost themselves behind emails and value chains leading to very visible departmental prostitution.

These public servants I think are best described as "bots". Sometimes there's 7 of them sometimes there's 70 of them. I once asked one balding and patchy young strapping lad what he thought of the parliamentary protests and he shrivelled up and told me he took 7 days off to weep. I asked what a baton to the face meant for insubordination and he said "the police have cute dog videos

on linkedin". I pressed I said "Most excellent man, are you who are a citizen of Wellington, the greatest of cities and the most famous for wisdom and power, not ashamed to care for the admiration of state power and wealth and repression, when you neither care nor take thought for the marginalised and justice and perfection of the soul?" He whispered with a lisp and what used be camp or metro sexual but I guess is really just a little gay nasaly nonviolent nuncupation, no, nattering newspeak and said "No, not at all." When I then asked for a timeline, he cited, with scrunched eye brows closed in mental agony, that the best he could do was give me "a fortnight from the next fortnight". Or "at least five casual Fridays from now." I suggested that he pay for my report and then put his name on it, I just needed his previous report to base my report on. He said "fantastic!" and put me in touch with another consultant and galloped off in a laugh with his LGBT lanyard rattling against a sushi bowl. The money came early.

Ineptitude is a punch down when writing the public service but truth be told in Pynchon's tongue that way up there in the midnight lights of the scaffolded beehive are a million bureaucrats in vegan slippers diligently plotting death (and some of them even know it!). This all done with my perfectly grammatical recommendations speeding it all up. And some of them even know it!

Exposition given lets taste the body and blood of the present. Eager unread emails the lethargic's medium of choice.

*Re: Webinars.*

*Hi Warhol,*

*Hope you are feeling better! Attendance needed. Your writing style would be well appreciated to take the notes for today's sessions. Reproduce for circulation EOD.*

*Ta.*

8:59am laptop dies. Nte tkaing on the notes app, liseing cameraoff on zoomapp:

Rawleighs Consulting Fortnightly Team Meeting Minutes.

Topic: Public service guest talk, "How to provide policy advice in a world of change."

Chair: Boss.

APologies: Danielle, Sue.

Minute Taker: Warhol.

"Settle down. Settle down. Are you all joined up there online? Right well let's have aquick karakia teamies !"

It is a sight to behold a room full of 30 consultants whispering a prayer. Pick a spot on the opposite wall and cringe for 2 minutes. You could shoot a man by eye contct. A 9am presentation of mdeium term fincial position is of course a natural cremeony to bwgin with an ancient incantation invoking spiritual guidanc and protection. I never said lip service.

Company update:

Policy team: Congrats to Vicky for her promotion! Jezebel is pregnant. Farewell to Marge. Webinar learnings have been shared and training course was fun. Bertha presents to the climate change board today. Vince and Sandra are helping local body councils with pro bono work. Shoutout to everyone helping the iwi.

Evaluation team: Third provider to help interviews with Pacific peoples. Milestones: community alcohol levy evaluation has been put in. Huge work to get to this point. Katy your assessment of it: "Alcohol is bad. There are lots of reasons why

it's bad. There are hopefully a few things we can do about."Celebrating Eve's marriage as well. \$250K project won from health, \$100K from the other part of health, \$300K from the evronemnt, etc.

Yada yada I shall cut short for brevity (for remeber, I am an artist!). The minutes are verbatim (admittedly taken by an artist). But let's digress, as I haven't much time and while art might be the cream on my coffee Rawleighs Consutling is my bread and butter. This tedious minutiae contonues with all the names of those living way up there in the new builds outside common life. Three Steves, a Stacy or two, Kylies and Graces the kind that will spit "what do you do for living" also known as "hello" at your barbeque and wed themselves in the majesties of work husbands and wordles.

Next up owtihout further ado the wonderful Diane.

"How to provide policy advice in a world of change."

Senior Policy Advisor Diane Diana-Dianson. Public servant. 20 years of experience. Beady eyed abyss skinned emailer with oat milk latte in habd. She evidenced rhe slowonset degradation of what were once laughs into now oddly voluminous poken word exhales.

"It's all about making policy advice better. Short terminism is an identified problem with policy advice. Part of my job is facilitating the bureacracy of the system. Our mission is to build a high performing policy system. Twenty years of experience means I've seen it all. The higher up the lights are on in the Beehive, and the later it is, the worse the crisis the following morning (ha ha !)"

It was Diane who invented the social distancing rules over pinot gris and whiteboard markers.

"Our focus is on... 1. Improve and extend Policy Project

frameworks, tools and guidance 2. Promote awareness and use of Policy Project frameworks, tools and guidance 3. Support agencies to build policy capability and improve quality of advice 4. Build and maintain an active policy community 5. Operate at the policy stems level: include a long term insights briefing that finds paying policy writers more will lead to better quality policy advice 6. Monitor and evaluate performance and respond to findings.”

Coffe poour. Laptop still dead. On the phone listening on the phone writing (“The surace of writing is no longer dead white...”) But I digress, dear diane:

“High-performing policy agencies... 1. Understand what quality policy advice is 2. Ensure policy staff have skills needed to deliver quality advice 3. Diagnose and plan to improve organisational policy capbility. This new focuus and criteria aa came out under my wath.”

This new focus and criteria ll came out nder Diane’s watch.

“On the role of people... People matter but they are not enough. what is a mere person without a mechanism? All good frameworks have multiple layers. Context and analysis, arm in arm, birth a happy brood of advice and action. The next version of the thing provides more detail. This detail arrives in an army of hexagons. If you want more detail around what free and frank advice means, check the bulletpoints. Before we respond and provide advice, we must consult the checklist. We compose a self-assessment on the quality of our policy advice, and this comprises the data of our system. And then this forms the basis of our policy system. Self-assessment is the bedrock of quality policy advice.”

Clap react in the chat. What is insight like this if it cannot produce a virtul clap? The nobel prize of 9am knowkedge.

“On the policy improvement framework... The policy



improvement framework relies on “some knowledge” but also “applied skills”. We added 20 key areas to the triangle policy skills framework. I had the genius insight of saying the education system is broken. No one else knew this. In my perception I also noticed that the healthy system was struggling a bit. One never needs to say why — that’s an assumption. Go to town on the risks.

On additional resources... Flagging the fact that there is an additional policy methods toolbox. In fact there are many more resources. There are even resources on the resources. If you google it you should find it. The voice of community is evidence. Fund the generation or creation of evidence if it doesn’t exist yet, so it can support your point.

On the policy capability framework... Now there is also a policy capability framework which asks questions, inquiring philosophically into the “customs centrality”. Everything matters, but a really good agency focuses on the light grey square. But there a number of other things that matter in the boxes, which then requires an additional resource that looks at “elements”, “lead questions”, “lines of inquiry / indicators”, and asks questions such as “where are we now?”, “where do we want to be?”, and then the really important part: “what will we do to get there?”. The aim is to identify strengths saying “good on us!”. We’re looking for things we don’t even talk about. While this is aimed at a government policy agency, there are insights for you people as well.”

Question time. Time to face the music. We are in the harsh bitter season of performance reviews so the ‘cyclists’ clamour. Cyclists is a term often used for employees who bow down to those above them and trample those below.

Question One: What is “free and frank” advice?

“For me, the core of it is telling ministers what they need to hear rather than what they want to hear. But this isn’t always the

case. I can think of an example of when I was at Corrections concerning the sex offenders registry and after 2 months research I had to tell the Minister that the opportunity cost for stopping sex offending was too high. Took me a while to build up support within the system for my advice. The key point was saying that within a day a journalist could get the same information. This was for Minister Childs. So upon this, they went ahead and cut it. It's about being tactful and firm. The other anecdote that sticks in my mind, walking back from the Terrace after dishing advice that the Minister didn't want to hear, was the statement "I want to be respected not liked". I changed jobs after my advice was rejected. Didn't want to stick around to hear what the feedback was later. I was happy once she knew, I'd done my job."

"Question Two: What is an analytical framework?"

"Whatever you want it to be, in support of your point."

"Question three: Is rewriting advice key if faced with opposition from the Minister?"

"Any time I talk to someone when they say they rewrite advice to get a result, I worry this means that we have no free and frank advice. But hey, I am an optimist in life (ha ha !)"

"Question four: Last week we presented a policy advice webinar and a lot of the questions were about what quality engagement means, especially when you're moving at pace. Are you surprised about this?"

"No, I am not. I have always said to people when asked my thoughts on policy analysis: whether you've got 6 months or 2 days, there should still be the same quality of time spent on these things. It is better than nothing after all. Also I ask myself, how can I use the networks I've got through branches and the joys of technology? We haven't got all day, but we can communicate quickly these days to tap into the networks we already have."

Thank you.”

This notetaker pretty much got the gist of it. now last 10 minutes new staff tell us a bit about yourself. mornign tea will be ready for those in the office in a jiffy. My name is walter/lucy (I onfess I cant remember). I live in the city. I have a cat paddles. I go to the gym. I enjoy the weekned markets. I like to go tramping. I like to read my kindle. I like equality. I like to eat brunch. I like empowerment. I like netflix. I like the all blakcs. I like to travel. I want to save the world. Annnddd I've done 9,000 steps today!!!!!!

Honest not poor folk. So honest we never had a single diagreement becuase it is an open secret that today's consultnats are only the executors of the impulsional imperatives of capital (if Mr C says jump I say how high?). My kin chop time from you while chopping the dead weight and implanting bold viisons of technology under your new emphasis. We put the screens in the libraries and ipads in thehopstal waitroom. In fact we took about seventy thousand nurses' wages and put them in our dividiend. We give our best through learning and growing together to be better together. We raid the fruit bowl. We run in our allocation of lunchtime. We even tell a story of our weekend spilling social skills all over our desks. We go electrofishing in the treasury for social values. We have no experience of making anything substantial or enduring. We live in a world of abstractions and images, a simulated world that consists in spreadsheet models of reality. We are in the business of converting seven and one half demoninations of unaudited time into exorbiatant chrage out rates into coutnless recomendations into a contract extension into a new EV and a third rental. We can justify anything and achieve absolutely nothing. We are agile.

Now of course I can't remeber all the bits that made it in, however consider me Kinbotean. plus I was distracted by some private love reacts. But enough politics.

Meeting finished. Notes takne. Presentation in 2 mins. Laptop

back again. Work phone recording. There are people waiting in the lobby.

Gather round children sit down a listen. My rpresentation. My virtual presneation. Me on the mic. All in a morning's work really. Prepare to be consulted. Spitting lies in capitalised disbelief. Writing is cognitively challenging, so get your story straight verbally before you wirtie. My turn now, for it is I who holds the power of the mute button. Yours truly, as speaker with chrage out rate of appx. \$300 per hour (depends on the clinet).

“Hello hello, are you all joined up there online? Wow where is erylone zoomin in from? What a beautiful backgroud you've got Matt, looks liekt there's sunny weather out there. Whereabouts are you? North Dunedin, beautiful place. Lucky lucky. Howzit up here? It's all windy wellington, living up to the name. Can't beat it on a good day though. Amanda that looks like a steaming coffee in your hand. No it's actually guava-extract decaffienated essence of elderflower cinemon-infused obsidian tea? What a drop! The builders are aournd so on mute. no problemo. Few people stremain gin now. Great jersey there Simon. Up the Wahs ! Appreciate everyone giving up their morning hour for this event. We'll just wait a couple mins to get the stragglers.

One thing I want to just acknowlledge at the outset, is how improressive it is that the Public sector has really got behind this mahi. i have alwas admired the policy writer's willingness to learn. It often sets them apart. And just while we're still joinging, it relly is a pleasuer to work closely across the sector to spread this important message.This makes for high quality policu advice, which is amazing and leads to an incredibly resilient public service overall. Few more now. Ok this looks great.

Woohoo without further ado welcome one welcome all. Kia ora koutou. It is wonderful to have you join us for this important kōrero today. We have over 500 people joining from all acrosss the motu today. An dthank you very much to those who are jining us for the evry first time. For those of you unaware, We are Rawleighs

Consulting a Trans-Pacific consultancy dedicated to making a positive impact in communities.

Just before we begin a Bit of housekeeping. I am recording this in my flat to really nail noise levels and I have been a touch under the weather so please also excuse my voice. What's more, I've also had an unfortunate disagreement with my personal phone this morning and it's currently sitting in rice. Would you believe it? So I'm glad to join you all and I hope to be exempt from any more tech trouble !

Some house rules: We will have a live chat box for questions. Feel free to place your questions in there at any time, and I will address them at the close of each section. I aim to speak to the slides which are designed to shape the thought here. We are aiming to use the full 45 mins. In the middle of things we will have a quick 2 min break.

By the end of this session you will be better equipped and prepared to combat misinformation and disinformation with the clarity of your writing in your public service reports and cabinet papers.

Introduction. Just a little bit about me. My name is Warhol and today I will be presenting on plain language writing. I've been policy writing non stop for 5 years. I have policy coming out of my ears. I am a trained barrister of the law and have a strong passion for writing. I am a writing prize recipient, scholar and have written submissions for a host of clients across the public sector. I have immense respect for breaking complex problems into deliverable outcomes. I pride myself on clarity and simplicity. I have written cabinet papers and reviews and policy that is strong as an ox. In all the writing products I have produced, I am confident that I have expressed myself in plain terms. Now on the charge of dropping a bit of Camus into the consumer advocacy consultation submission on energy hardship; well there I am a guilty man ! But trust me when I say of all the work I produce it with clarity from the mind. After all if it cannot be expressed

clearly, it cannot be expressed. In my free time I like to read and walk up various hills.

If there's no initial questions, let's rip into it.

Purpose. The Purpose of this presentation is to explain the relationship between plain language and misinformation/disinformation. We want to remove that grey area where misinformation lurks, as this is the difference between good policy and poor policy. Or life and death.

Problem definition. What are the features of good writing? What really knocks the socks off the clientele and gets our ministers lending their ears? Plain language. Undeniable language. The language so clear you can see straight through it. Remember all writing is commercial writing. We want to spread language that is digestible to experts and non experts alike. Be literal and direct. Resist the urge to be creative or metaphorical. Abstract concepts can make your reader lose interest. Our purpose here is to improve the effectiveness and accountability of the public service. We want accessible texts for public eyes, with clear intentions, nice and concise. Rock solid advice in fact! You know it when you see it don't you? But how do we make it ourselves?

*Slide One: Content*

It's best to begin by asking: What's the context? Denmark at war, trouble brewing. What's the issue? Murder, incest. What are we going to do about it? Revenge. What does the decision maker need to worry about (what are the risks)? certainly imprisonment, but usurpation must only occur with an admission of the killer's guilt in a formal setting. What needs to happen next (identify the decisions and actions required)? Action, in the first place, and then preferably a quick vengeance followed by a gratifying ascension to the throne. And the prince lived happily ever after.

Now some specific tips. Purpose statement: Prince Hamlet has

feigned madness. He is pretending to be mad because he is impotent and thus putting off action. His character is easily explained. Keep it short two-3 sentences is fine.

Explain Why the reader is getting the advice: in your capacity as decision maker, there is no need for you to explore the text further. Explain the analytical frameworks used and define assessment criteria: there's a longstanding consensus that impotence is the theme of the tragedy, and by studying the most common words used by each character it is clear that in all opinions the Prince is fakemad. Plus academic consensus considers consensus to be expertly approved.

And we've got a question in the chatbox already.

10:07 AM Hannah (Ministry of Health): "*What do we do when there's ambiguity?*"

Extremely Perceptive question, Hannah from Helath. this is a very common problem. I believe in the old cut it down and interpret piece by piece until ambiguity is squished to inexistence. Assume your way out of trouble and slither towards generality. Phone a friend if necessary.

### *Slide Two: Language and Style*

What makes for acceptable language and style? We'll start with a simple one: use common words. You are all intelligent people my learned friends, but in the public service we can certainly do without the sesquipedalian and scullion certainly not murder nor malefactions or pigeon-liver'd. We don't need the myriads when we've got the manys (ha ha !)

In terms of sentence structure: Subject - Action (Verb) - Object works everytime. "Emily through the ball" or a favourite line: "I'll wipe away all trivial fond records, All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past".

Now the active voice is your best friend. Make love to the passive sparingly. These changes were welcomed by participants is not worth participants welcomed these change. and the polyc team will develop a strategic plan not A strategic plan will be deveoped. Not to be or not to be but not to be or be not to be nor not to be or not to be but to be.

explain acronyms and limit their use. keep paragraphs and sentences short. use gender neutral lanugage. use people's terms for themselves. A really crucial point: use correct spelling, grammar and punctuation — zero defects ! Remmeber gramma is the sign of perfection, and that's what we're after. I think the Bard certainly syffered from the aubse of the comma (ha ha !)

And our last little number: no jargon ! Deployability and building blocks and core competencies and results driven key perfomance indicators, well the missions creeped through the key dependices and opened up the eimplentation gates. Keep it simple folks! Are we sure we can be happy that social protection has been subjected to critical disucsisions over the years, partly becuase of neoliberal reforms leading to the privatisation, commodification and fincnailiastion of public goods, especillay in the area of wellbeing? I mean really, do we need a flourish in every entrance? (ha ha !)

And wev've got a question in the box again. Great work team keep them coming !

10:15 AM Anonymous: *"In my experience, a report's basic task is laying bare any sort of conventionality. It is the experience of all that is vulgar and falsely stereotyped in human relationships. All ideological forms, that is, institutions, become hypocritical and false. While real life, denied any ideological directives, becomes crude and bestial (introducing falsehood). The language and style in the immediate soliloquies following "Exeunt, all but Hamlet" indicate that he is not mad but simply a troller (jester not a clown) and run contrary to your assertion that simple language should be tkaen to mean what it says. Just worried you are misleading us here? Please*



*explain.”*

“Shrewd and a rather complex point but I will touch upon it. A text must clearly define the problem or opportunity. We are reflecting stakeholder perspectives and so must present our evidence and data, and outline any assumptions, uncertainties or gaps. The scenes you mention, are characterised by divided language. He is of course wondering the rooms alone, without any other character nearby and therefore the text speaks primarily to the audience. With stichomythias staining the language it is clear that the audience is misappreciated and the text becomes muddled. All the tell tale signs of poor writing! Now I hope that was adequate, but sign out with any further questions and I will address them in time.

### *Slide Three: Structure*

Templates are the aim of the name. A Preexisting Hamlet text about revenge was certainly in existence. Why be original when you can just tear up the past? (ha ha !)

Have an executive summary ready for anything over 3 pages. Use clear statement headings that emphasise your key message: “something is rotten in the state of Denmark.” Use linking sentences to connect paragraphs together: “My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth” and break up the text with bullet points or Ophelia in song.

Basically go with Executive summary then background then specific sections then conclusions then recommendations. Don’t make it long. Who wants to read a brick? 30,000 words is overdoing it. Diagrams are key.

“And we’ve got a couple question in the box again. Great work team keep them coming !

10:20 AM Anonymous: *“The Tragedy is structured around isolated*

*soliloquies, which are themselves structureless. Whatever happens outside Hamlet's mind in these 5 instances is quite incidental to the text. These are his online forums, where he can shout and moan into the void. It is mistake to consider these as anything more than his jaded state of mind in flux. The Prince is a poster, unremarkable in any sense from the common social media user. Or from any person who has shared user generated content. And thus the text is as structured as a profile or wall, which is to say "what's on your mind", or structureless. Your practical approach to communication spoils the quality of expressive means, and leads us to a false conclusion."*

"Not so much a question this one, but a couple beif thoughts. Can you please explain why a five act play has 5 parts? For this must be evidence of structure. As for your rather leftfield reading of modernity, our man here is quite cearly impotent because what he is saying is not written down as 'Hamlet stabs the King'. SO therefore anything said outside this must of couse be soem Freudian induced hesistation. I have a great admiration for the rather elaborate thematic deficiencies of the Prince, whcih I would be happy to take offline.

10:23 AM Emily (Ministry of Social Development): *"Having a template will help me out a lot. First thing I'm writing after this great presentation. Thanks"*

Tautoko Emily! templates are terrific. AND all assignation of literary criticism should be reserved solely to spotting which templates are used. Rather Tarantinonian. How gratifying is it so say "ahh I ahve seen that before" instead of the boring effort of saying "now that is surely somehting I have never seen before" (ha ha !)

#### *Slide Four: Process*

The process of wirign can be hard but it need not be. We answer a few basic questions. Think about your reader: who are they? No doubt an educated wordy fellow with a refined eye distractd only by love for the bookform and calculating the hweight of literary excellence in his morning coffee. Or she may

be found spending summer evenings with a novel and perusing the dictionary by candle light. I think them phoneless and completely undistracted at the very least. They are a wordle wizz and as patient as a metlink commuter. They are also willing to put themselves through whole chapters of tedious ruminations on things seen on twitter and said by someone funnier because books that are good are books that are connected to the online sphere. Patricia Lockwood is a great example of this. She wrote it all on a phone? Very impressive. Our very own Eleanor Catton's *Born* leverages this foundation. Remember readers are more than happy to withstand a needlessly well-connected blogger who has turned his post divorce mental crisis or cooking diaries through a language model, got it published and then thought 'wow I really am the new Joyce' (ha ha !)

What do you want the reader to do as a result of reading the advice? Revenge, revolution or respect.

Now this next one is a biggie: what are you trying to say? Know what your story is before you start writing it. Have it written before it's written. Have time for peer review. Show it to your manager's manager and anyone but your fam. And finally give it one last read aloud for sense before finalising: "O Heaven ! A beast that wants discourse of reason Would have mourn'd longer".

Ask yourself, is the content watertight? If anything sounds wrong, if anything is without precedent cast it aside. Criticise and play it safe. A good rule of thumb is to make a repeated remark throughout your report that the problem, the stakeholder engagement, the country, the department, the world, the setting, the phone, the kingdom is absolutely positively A-ok and nothing is remotely wrong at all. This of course helps for the digestibility of your work. In fact, going so far as to labelling an issue or a character "good" and another "bad", helps with audience retention. For example, Prince Hamlet is a liar and therefore he is bad. Whereas Claudius, based on the text given, never says a word out of turn to anybody and is rather admirable.

Here I want to stress moving from the most general idea to the most specific idea. We are in the business of themes people! So make it easy for your reader. Save them time. tell them what it's all about before you've even begun. preferably in generalities, the details never matter. Even the wikipedia summary can even be summarised further. Details are dangerous and unnecessary.

A couple more questions in the chatbox:

10: 27 AM Graham (Ministry for Women): *"Is this being recorded? I hope so, because I'm missing a lot of great content through buffering..."*

"Hi Graham! It's because the feed is too high definition for your internet. To solve this problem hover over the video, in the bottom right select the cog and choose a lower video quality option, taking it off auto which is what causes the skipping."

10:30 AM Anonymous: *"Consciously speaking to the audience is perceived as inauthentic. In his soliloquies, where Shakespeare is at his most lengthy, it is clear that private performance is still a performance and like the rampant poster, there is no neat divide into truth and falsehood. Moreover, his speech is not mere self-deception or reassurance, but it is simply the release of catch-and-release. He soaks up the anxieties of external thought and bleeds it out into pureform unreasoned relics of mental vomit and the scholars pick through it like sparrows. The idea of the audience as a stable entity that congregates around a media object has been displaced with interpretive community, "fandom" and participatory culture. These are concepts that assume small, active, and highly engaged groups of people who don't just consume content but produce their own as well. We are Hamlet on our message boards and thus he is not a one dimensional liar or madman. If he is mad, he is as mad as the poster, whether anonymous or celebrity. There is no distinction between audience and author. It is quite impossible to diagnose a person's sanity based on the posts they write. And I think this presentation is overestimating the connexion between authorial psyche and produced content. You would be wise to reread the text completely."*

"Very interesting and multifaceted assertion here, but in my

expertise I think this is rather shortsighted narrowminded and off topic consideration. The man is feigning madness for he himself says 'I'm feigning madness' somewhere in there. Plus it's widely agreed. As for the integration of modern forms of expression. Totally irrelevant. The online forums, the tumbling mediums of blogged thinkpol, are immaterial to the content provided. It is so very clearly stated in the text by many parties, in fact a majority of parties that the man is fake. And so in the instance, of the majority of diegetic charters saying he's faking it, the scholars saying he's faking it and Hamlet himself saying he's faking it, well I am sorry sir or madam or they/them, but it is clear that the majority is vindicated here. I am also supported by AI on this matter.

Okey dokey. Thanks guys we'll take a quick 2 min break. Grab a cuppa or have a stretch. I am a licensed mental health advocate. I support at-risk youth. I really enjoy sharing insights and tips about mental health. Specifically our work focuses on gaining confidence to be able to have courageous conversations with people you are concerned about. I teach a weekly community course about recognising the signs of disorientation and mental health issues. I then provide tools for architecting effective intervention, with a focus on young men. We have helped many young people solve their issues with breathing exercises and goal setting. I really do have a passion for mindfulness and stress normalisation. Please feel free to turn on tune in or drop out.

Close your eyes.

Bring yourself to awareness of the present moment.

Feel the carpet under you or the chair supporting you or your slippers warming you.

You are in the right place, right now.

Take a deep breath in through your nose, allowing your belly to expand.

Count to four as you inhale.

Hold pause for moment.

And now exhale.

Take a breath again , in throu your nose, hold two-three-four, and getly exhale.

Followwhatever feels most cofortable in the rthym of your breathing. Bring your attetntion tot he top of your head. A warm wave gushes—

“Sniped him, he’s low like 10 hp. I’m rushing cover me another team rotating out of Salty Springs. SOlo guy pressing north. Yeah man I diin’t knw whtat this guy’s tlking baout but my manager made me go and it’s paid hour off work so I’m keenn to get a W in. I’m pushing, see if you can flank east.”

“And I think you’ve got your mute button off there Johnathan, Johnathaon—

“I’m pusing . I’m pushing. Fuck this solo guy’s loks sweaty as fuck. Dude’s double ramping. Fuarrrk me it’s john wick. reeeeeeeeeee Bro hit me with a boogie bomb and then one shotted me with the desert eagle. reeee and he’s only gone and flossed on my corpse. Have my gold scar then you sweaty fuck. Fuarkk man these guys should be banned from Fortnite. GGs. Yeah I have shuold have time for anoter couple games—”

“Hey Johnathon, sorry yep do you mind your mic’s still on. Yep off now thanks.

Alrighty I might just call the break there.

OK welcome back team. As I said at the start, we’re now moving onto into disinformation/misnonfromation section.

Here we are asking: HOw cna organisations prepare themselves to cmbat it the spread of Misinformationdisinformation? And How do we ensure policy does not contribute to the climate of mistrust presently brewing in communities around Aotearoa?

Now people. I want to quickly point out. And relay preface this part of the presentation by saying these may be terms that not a lot of people may have heard before. disinformation misinformation. They are big ones with critical social, cultural and political implications not only from Aotearoa New Zealand but for social democracy more broadly and the idea of the international rules based order. Which are of course the driving logical foundations of the world of course. But most importantly, Misdisinformation damages the relationship between social connectedness and trust.

And so I want to begin with a quote from then prime minister Jacinda Ardern after the 2021 vaccine mandate protests: "today it will be our job to understand how such a group of people could succumb to such wild and dangerous mis and disinformation." And she talked about how many of us have seen misdisinformation and dismissed it as conspiracy. And so what we saw with the vaccine protests was a small portion of society had not only believed this information but had actually acted upon it in a very extreme and violent way. And so we have a journey that we need to go on to now try to understand that.

*Slide Five: Why does disinformation/misinformation matter?*

This topic is more relevant than ever as we have seen recently an uptick in misleading information created with the intent to cause to harm, or which could reasonably be expected to harm, politicians and public servants.

The recent AUT survey on media bias showed that 87% believe the news is "biased and unbalanced". Now obviously this issue is far ranging and so I'm keen to restrict ourselves to the relevance of disinformation in the context of policy writing.

For example, You will notice that in the play within the play, Hamlet comments to Ophelia the words of the players. This is a choice example of opinionated critical discourse presented as truth and must be separated from objective fact. This is highly reckless.

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

I see we've got a comment in the chat:

10:35 AM Victoria (Ministry of Justice): *"Hello from Palmy! I still remembr watcing the protests unfold on screen. It was very scary. I've never seen anything like it in little NZ!"*

"Victoria your feeling is entirely valid. These were deplorable actions from a minroity of extremely disillussioned and unhelpful agitators. I have it on good authroity that should a protest happen again, it will be shut down befreo it can even begin. Which is great !

*Slide six: how it works*

Mistidistinformationmation is shared at speed. Operates within an infomraiton vacuum. And often links to preexisting stereotypes about cultures and races that are deeply culturlaly ingrained. It is reactionary styff mostly !

As policy writers, you can avoid this by never hastening to wrtie reports about issues abd events that occur quickly. WHILE admittedly, the internet is omewhat fast and the publication of content is user generated and commercially driven, and the promotion of cotnent is determined by an algorithm that feeds of enegagement, which prevetns verfiicaiton of inforamtion and encourgaes the promotion of material designed to mislead by inciting latent prejudices and rebounding tenfold emotionally charged beliefs, which constantly refresh in an infinite scroll of supercomputered attetnion harvesting amalgamtions of information and image that are in every sense liable to manufacture by not merely unnamed bad actors but ny individual with access to a device for the purposes of intense insant dissemaniation adding to expoential pool of every single possible type of inforation presented on a seen, but this notwithstanding, us policy wrtiers need to remain calm and write our very lucid assessments for our very wise ministers in a very patient fashiopn.



One of the things I love about being a consultant is writing reports for governemtn and ministers that tend to support a well thought out governemtn response to that issue. Especially the reports that note it as something to be acted on at some future point.

I see we've got another comment in the chat:

*"10:40 AM Anonymous: William Shakespeare never once cropped the content of his dramas to play to particular selected crowds. Low and high classes mixed in his audience (admittedly separated by location but in the same building nonetheless). You cannot hope to reach closer to truth by simplifying language. Simplifying both by choosing common words or by shortening the length of information does nothing to convey truth. On the contrary, the notion that truth can be derived from any stream of information is a fool's mistake. That it can be chopped by a particular audience into statements of fact. That in commenting, clarifying, collating opinions of the masses, of fact checking and source verifying, that truth will be illuminated. There is no such thing in a pool of 60 words of truth of any consequential matter. There is no distinction between the schizophrenic and sane man's twitter profile posts. Infromtion is just infromation. The commanders orders and the orgin of the universe and the school shooter's manifesto are all the same. You cannot community note the works that we receive. When one finally comes to terms with the fact that there is no truth in any informiton presented on a screen, only then can one provide advice to adequately overcome it."*

"Again less of question but his is a ptently false claim and I think encourgaed by a cloak of anonymity that is harmful to the obbject of torday's presentation. The consequences of such a perspective are world destroying. You say there is no truth in a screen's words, like that is a rebel's proclamtion. By ordering in a logical way the statements we offer about matters, we can build a coherent understanding of the arrangement of a set of facts and make informaed decisions. Does this take time, effort, signifncant manpower, corss referecning, recheckign, amalgamtig, incroproating new information and understanding cognitive biases? Yes I do believe so. Is this contrary to the entire fuction

of the internet and information accrual? Yes. But is a case of libel settled in an hour by the whim of a pair of glasses in a wig? No. AND in 500 years of Shakespearean analysis, it is absolutely clear that we are building a picture of his work that suggests an attainment of absolute truth which is why we no longer require his work and he has now acquired the position of relic. I apologise to the well-meaning folks listening today, this is quite simply illogical feedback and harmful subject matter. I will remove this comment from today's session.

*Slide seven: determine your source*

Ok . spotting the fake stuff can be tough but in the words of Shaquille O'Neal: "real eyes. realise. real lies." Covid was a great example of a centralised information source. Government trust was strong and therefore news channelled through it alone. To retain that level of government trust which is critical for low rates of misinformation, centralising news output helps. If it's outside government, no can do. Fugazi.

What is great is flooding the news with experts. Experts believe this. Experts do this. You'll notice that bastion of verified information, youtube, has great videos where a fictional text or script is analysed for accuracy. I believe an ex-convict helpfully mythbusted the third act jailbreak of a geologically-stereotyped Hollywood star's recent vehicular blockbuster. This is a critical service.

And I like to think you wonderful policy people, are in a similar position. How to we mythbust politics? How do we consolidate social cohesion? We are of course trying educate on common processes to find common ground and promote common understanding with common language among common people in common communities of common credos for common intentions by common emotions. Wisely guided algorithms are the key to this.

Thus all information must assume an educative role. It must

state in no uncertain terms exactly what it is about. And to achieve this, material must be gathered and released constantly outside of the information itself, to restrain any discursive ambiguities. A report should have at least ten prior briefings, four drafts, a bag of supplementary papers and some intern's summary. I think it is very likely that all newly arising government info in the future will just be a series of videos and photos. Or at the very least, consolidating a reaction to widely circulated videos, not the event itself. Warnings are a start. But in the sphere of policy analysis never once take recourse to describe events in a way that suggests they may happen again. Thus a report must have 10 other reports. Perpetual drafts. Trailers change the film.

So finally any information not in service of this educative goal is liable to be false and should be avoided. Policy writing must focus on sourcing its outreach, its figures and its data from government reports.

And I think that concludes the formal part of the presentation. I am happy to take any final questions in the chat box

10: 44 AM Anonymous #2: *"You are by far, the worst reader of Hamlet I have ever encountered."*

"Thanks everyone for listening everyone, that concludes the session. Please leave any feedback in the survey at this link.

10:45 AM Caitlin: *"Thanks so much !"*

10:45 AM Lynn: *"Nailed it, I have so many learnings to share with my team. Thanks Warhol!"*

10:45 AM Ted: *"Beaut"*

10:45 AM Jonathan: *"Awesome"*

10:45 AM Graham: *"Cheers, great pres"*

10:48 AM Vicky: *"Thanks Warhol, this will help my writing a lot"*

10:49 AM Ayesha: *"Killed it."*

[This zoom presentation has ended.]

Webinar to webinar. Squarerroot of webinar =  
Webinarsqaaured. Now the following is a little bit more  
straightforward for I am a genuine listener and learner. And life's  
more fun when you're watching from a comfy cuck chair. But  
these notes suffer greatly from accuracy. full disclosure I had three  
videos in addition to my eyesight. A lot of people rely on these  
notes.

Tap zoom code.

Int. Meeting Topic: The Treaty of Waitangi in the Workplace.  
A self-paced workshop to gain a shared foundational  
understanding of Te Tiriti.

Scduled: 11:00 AM

Waiting for host to start the meeting  
Host Sign In Test Speaker and Mic

Your Video Preview  
Handsome man, snow cheeks kissed by blonde.

Zoom presentation lobby. This webinar will start in 5 mins.

What got us here?

Well for a start the abduction of a Māori woman by the NZ  
company. Although she was in title a senior consultant like any  
one of the other pink cheeked balds, only one month in, she was  
now the sole repositiroy of company position on every whic  
action concerning Māori, Māoridom and indiginity in general and  
globally. Now if you please sign off oon this shaky  
engagement. "Overall the MInistry of Health did an effective job  
of protecting Māori communities during the pandemic  
(vacciantion rates, medical access, broader health outcomes  
notwithstansing)". Now also sign off on the assignation of blame

for this iwi and that iwi (“failed to make time to meet with the consultancy’s review panel in a 2 week timeframe in early february”). To be fair to the company, the name of the salesforce program charting billable hours is in Māori and sometimes means “One” and also means a “full house” in Texas hold em. This counts as a Treaty principled decision (redress).

I was in meetings where pepeha were clapped and a “ka kite” was sold as deep expertise. For if I could tell you that an intern two months removed from relasing her Māori ancestry was written into contract as a specialist tikanga advisor would you believe me? I know some of you will. We got paid tikanga rates ! Nevermind the towel-poes I came along on ride alongs where 150000 K was spent on a report convincing deicion makers that Māori health outcomes were outside othe scope of the ministry of health. That if iwi had success it was the ministry’s success and if iwi failed then they should have asked for help. Turns out they just need to be more efficient. Let’s thin the fat. Let’s remove all.

And had I ever written “te tiriti was considered and honoured” in this report or that report? Only every single week wiht my very loudest wordiest affirmations in the very smallest corner of those executive summaries (“Overall, within the scope of the terms of reference, Treaty principles guided the general decision making processes of the departrtment”). It’s very easy to say a ministry’s consultation in Te Tairāwhiti happened with sizeable, in-depth considered and menainguful engagement based on a 15 min zoom call from the comfort of my Newtown flat.

You see performance assessments crafted a special kind of confinement for her. Expand her emotinal and social intelligence to become a better ‘decision making architect’. Identify and overcome pitfalls in ‘devleoping wise judgement’ and making ‘effective decisions’. Adopt skills for designing accountbaility systems for jusdgment and decision-making for ‘gaaining support for her decisions’. Ensure she is ‘measured’ in her commentary taking note of ‘candour and audience’, and ensures ‘emotions are kept in check’. Also work on all aspects of her ‘comunication with

senior leadership'. She was to water it all down, code her tone let her words be checked for size and make her doubts come first. Now please lead the karakia. Say it again. And tomorrow and the next day. No reason, you are really good at it. Preach the new gospel of palatable Treaty interpretation. Water down water down water down. Whisper her suggestions but be preapred for the unprompted pull awyas for the next pōwhiri (turns out it's tomorrow morning sharp, lead it). Water down water down. Treaty is all about intention, or piciniples or generalised interpretation isn't it? Isn't it. Water it down. For isalnders, danger is always what comes from across the water.

In the end they threw her straight into HR complaint purgaotry, buried in deferral in indefinite postponement like Kafka's K, until she was suffcated in isolation forced into announcing her resingation at which point 100 people asked if she was ok and that she was bravve and that she had their support at all times in the future, in the future.

Anyway management felt bad or it had leaked a little (who I wonder!) and this was a wellbeing focused place so they sent the voluntary to a 'Treaty of Waitangi in the workplace' corporate course to buy some good faith.

[Meeting started.]

Enter 30 rectangles. 30 people. 30 pākehā. in varying extents of pajamas. Some cough others are poruing steamy cups. A few dip in and out of black spaces with names in Helvetica. Some yeawn. Some are extremely alert shuffling papers. Some are talking off camera. Some have tarmac headphones with fluffy black mics. Others have white snails in their ears and others just ahve one snail. Some have eyes reading close into the camera, spasming from right to left. One is infront of egyptian pryramids. Another in the milky wya. A few are enclosed in a grey swarm of disfigured colour, sometimes becoming consumed by the fog. A few like me are looking chin down in a narrow vertical standing cube of thin vision. But most are all black squares with mic off. And one black

space titled “TT” exists in top right isolation.

*(A few mins go by and a cheerful man in front of planet earth asks)*

CHEERFUL MAN: Are you in the office Stacy?

*(Silent pause. Cough echoes faraway unmiced. Shuffle of industrial chair.)*

STACY: Yeah I'm having a half and half day for a meeting.

CHEERFUL MAN: Any life in there?

STACY: Not really. a few partners were wondering aorund in the kitchen earlier.

CHEERFUL MAN: *(dubiously)* might head in tomorrow.

STACY: Good luck to you. *(thinking)* DId you read th ematerials?

CHEERFUL MAN: The materials?

STACY: yeah in the email.

CHEERFUL MAN: The email?

STACY: *(coughs)* Yeah it was sent a while ago.

CHEERFUL MAN: Oh yes thee materials. *(wondering)* what did you think?

STACY: Of the materials?

CHEERFUL MAN: Yep the materials.

STACY: Haven't seen them.

CHEERFUL MAN: I'd suggests it.

STACY: Suggest what?

CHEERFUL MAN: Seeing them.

STACY: I'll see what they say.

CHEERFUL MAN: They were vilutnary.

STACY: The materials?

CHEERFUL MAN: Readiiing them.

STACY: What about seeing theM?

CHEERFUL MAN: Think that's voluntary too.

STACY: What?

CHEERFUL MAN: Seeing them and reading them are both volutnary.

STACY: Seeing them can't be volutnary.

CHEERFUL MAN: How so?

STACY: Sight can't be voluntary.

CHEERFUL MAN: Yeah it is.

STACY: What if you blink?

CHEERFUL MAN: Then you blink again.



STACY: No, no, you misunderstand me.

CHEERFUL MAN: Do I?

STACY: I hope not.

CHEERFUL MAN: How so?

STACY: I can see the materials but I can choose not to read them.

CHEERFUL MAN: But seeing them must count for something.

STACY: Hmmn reminds me of another webinar I saw.

CHEERFUL MAN: What did you see?

STACY: The materials.

CHEERFUL MAN: No no the other webinar. Did it have materials?

STACY: I can't say.

CHEERFUL MAN: But did you see them?

STACY: It's very hard to remember.

CHEERFUL MAN: (*with empathy*). That's ok.

(*time passes*)

STACY: where is the host?

CHEERFUL MAN: The host?

STACY: Yeah for the meeeeting.

CHEERFUL MAN: I thought there were two hosts.

STACY: Two hosts? Is that possible?

CHEERFUL MAN: I can't see why not. (*scrutinising*) Subject to permissions...

STACY: Why do you need permission?

CHEERFUL MAN: No, no permissions. zoom permissions.

STACY: (*indignant*) Taht's what I said .

CHEERFUL MAN: Hardly.

STACY: Why?

CHEERFUL MAN: (*with authority*) Permissions, as I understand them, are meeting permissions that affect the technical settings of the meeting.

STACY: Really?

CHEERFUL MAN: Yep I heard it said onece.

STACY: Where?

CHEERFUL MAN: In a meeting.

STACY: Did you see them?

CHEERFUL MAN: The amterials?

STACY: What?

CHEERFUL MAN: The permissions?

STACY: Can you see permissions?

CHEERFUL MAN: (*with deference, and the naked ankle of the profound*) Only sometimes.

STACY: Where do you see them?

CHEERFUL MAN: Through the eyes of host, I do bleive.

STACY: Impossible.

CHEERFUL MAN: Why do you say that?

STACY: Impossible.

CHEERFUL MAN: No it isn't.

STACY: Well surely permissions are the same as permission.

CHEERFUL MAN: No, no, they're not alike at all. Couldn't be more different.

STACY: More different. How do you mean?

CHEERFUL MAN: Permissions are the architecture of communicatoin, defining the spaces of interaction. Permission is the granting of the request of entry.

STACY: I'm not sure about that.

CHEERFUL MAN: Doesn't matter if you're sure about it.

STACY: How do you mean?

CHEERFUL MAN: Well permissions exist regardless of your belief.

STACY: I hope not.

*(silence. COughS. Time goes on.)*

STACY: Now two hosts did you say?

CHEERFUL MAN: I beg your pardon.

STACY: Did you mention two hosts earlier?

CHEERFUL MAN: I have no idea.

STACY: Well based on what I can remeber you metnioned two hosts.

CHEERFUL MAN: I suppose that's true.

STACY: True?

CHEERFUL MAN: Yes.

STACY: But you can hardly sya it's true if you don't remeber it. Truth cannot be supposed.

CHEERFUL MAN: Possibly not. But I'd like to think so.

STACY: *(relieved)* That's fine with me.

CHEERFUL MAN: Now I am sure there are not two hosts here currently. I am almost absoutely sure of that.

STACY: How can you be so sure?

CHEERFUL MAN: Well the meeting hasn't seemed to start.

STACY: How do you mean?

CHEERFUL MAN: This meeting hasn't started.

STACY: That's preposterous. Of course it's started.

CHEERFUL MAN: Now why do you say that?

STACY: Well otherwise what would you say this is?

CHEERFUL MAN: This?

STACY: This dialogue.

CHEERFUL MAN: Hmmmmmmnn.

STACY: (*breathes out, mentally considering*) Maybe this is the meeting.

CHEERFUL MAN: Impossible.

STACY: Well what are we here for?

CHEERFUL MAN: A meeting.

STACY: And so to be exactly where we are. For exactly that. Well to me that means we are exactly where we are to be. And therefore it must already be happening.

CHEERFUL MAN: The meeting?

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

STACY: (*voice distant*) I would venture to be even more mroe radical I'm afraid.

CHEERFUL MAN: How so?

STACY: I say the meeting starts with the materials.

CHEERFUL MAN: Really. Why?

STACY: Well the maaterials are what we're having a meeting over.

CHEERFUL MAN: Do you really think so?

STACY: I think it must only be so.

CHEERFUL MAN: Interesting. I wil have to think about tht some other time.

STACY: When?

CHEERFUL MAN: At antoher meeing, I shhould liek to think then.

STACY: All power to you.

(*both drink from a drink. Stacy a steel contraption as big as her face. The cheeful man from a dirty glass.*)

STACY: Now earlier you said something of drmatic interest.

CHEERFUL MAN: Me?

STACY: If not you, then who?

CHEERFUL MAN: You might have seen it in the maaterials.

STACY: That is true.

CHEERFUL MAN: Well, what is it?

STACY: Well, and I waylaid on jumping headfirst into any substantial conclusion. And an inner part of me has been off away from myself analysing this thought without me for some time. But it is this. I think it is beyond all reasonable doubt, in fact a critical impossibility, that there are two hosts currently with us. This is An impossibility I can accept. But a possibility I have been thinking on is that there is one host already here.

CHEERFUL MAN: Is there really?

STACY: I beg only consideration of the matter.

CHEERFUL MAN: And how do you know this?

STACY: Because I've seen it.

CHEERFUL MAN: It?

STACY: IT, the host.

CHEERFUL MAN: Where?

STACY: Right up there on the top right square. Labelled IT.

CHEERFUL MAN: IT the black square are you our host?

*(Blank pause. Silent shuffle.)*

STACY: IT?

CHEERFUL MAN: Maybe it is a dummy.

STACY: A dummy. What do you mean?

CHEERFUL MAN: Well as I recall, some hosts host through alterior mechanisms. They themselvs occupying — wht is it called?

STACY: I'm not sure.

CHEERFUL MAN: (*pride of an immortal*) Ah swet goodness, it has come to me, occupying another device!

STACY: (*astounded*) Another divice? How impresive. IT are you a dummy?

CHEERFUL MAN: Now why would you ask such a thing?

STACY: I'm within my rights.

CHEERFUL MAN: It's not a quesiton of rights.

STACY: Now that isn't territory I should like to enter.

CHEERFUL MAN: Well one cannot ask a device if it's a device. This is the first rule of being a device.

STACY: Curious. I have cause to disagree but I'm not sure precisely what over.

CHEERFUL MAN: No matter.

(*silence. Coughs. Shuffling. IT appears camera off, mic on. Speaks*)

IT: Have you read the amterials?

CHEERFUL MAN: I'm sorry?



IT: Have you read the materials?

STACY: Is this the meeting now then?

IT: The meeting? Of course it's the meeting.

CHEERFUL MAN: Exciting. Well thnak you, please begin.

IT: Oh no, you are mistaken.

CHEERFUL MAN: How so?

IT: I am the meeting host. But I am not the host of the meeting.

STACY: Please exaplin.

IT: I am the IT guy.

STACY&CHEERFUL MAN: (*in unison*) The IT guy.

CHEERFUL MAN: DO you have an indeication as to when the meeting may begin?

IT: I should like to think it has already begun.

STACY: It has? Great what an excitement.

IT: But it hasn't probably begun.

(*Confsion nestles everywhere.*)

IT: We are in need of two more hosts.

STACY: (*speaking to C*) I told you there were two hosts.

CHEERFUL MAN: (*Pondering arhimtically*) But if there were two hosts why do we ned two more, shouldn't we only need one moe?

IT: Correct.

CHEERFUL MAN: Is this a stalemate?

IT: I am the IT guy and host, but the hosts to arrive are not IT guys. They are the maeetign hosts.

STACY: The agony.

IT: they are the instructors .

CHEERFUL MAN: (*with extreme deference*) Do you know when the hosts will arrive?

IT: I will when they arrive.

STACY: How so?

IT: I will admit them when they are in the lobby.

STACY: Why are they not in the lobby?

IT: They are expereicning tech trouble.

CHEERFUL MAN: (*in ruins*) Tech trouble. What a misery!

STACY: Modern hunger.

IT: It is unfortunate.

STACY: Can you tell us why they haven't arrived?

IT: No, I go by what the phone says.

CHEERFUL MAN: What does the phone say?

IT: That they have not yet arrived.

CHEERFUL MAN: Very interesting.

*(whispers of microphone ehters and movement and camera statics)*

STACY: It says here that the Treaty envisions the retianing of sovereignty. is that true?

IT: I'd have to see tha mterials.

CHEERFUL MAN: You haevn't seen the materials?

IT: Is it the same one they sent ahead? If they are the ones sent ahead then they must be.

STACY: But I am dying in struggle here for I am not sure we all have the same materials.

IT: Why would you say such a thing?

STACY: Well can we confirm the copies?

CHEERFUL MAN: How can we do that?

STACY: *(typing exasperated eyebrows in close up)* I can't share my screen.

IT: Of you can't. *(laughs and coughs)* You're not the meeting host.

STACY: But why not?

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IT: You haven't got the permissions to do so.

CHEERFUL MAN: Hmnnn that is a concept I do almost understand.

IT: There was a commuunciation about the materials.

STACY: Really what did it say?

IT: It was with the ones sent ahead. It said the materiasl are important. And will be discussed in the meeting.

CHEERFUL MAN: (*with not entirely muderounus rage*) this is not sufficient!

IT: what's nto suffccient?

CHEERFUL MAN: well we haven't started the meeting.

IT: WOUld you like it sto start?

CHEERFUL MAN: Well (*timid*) can you start it?

IT: Yes i can start it. (*does nothing*) There we are, now the meeting's started.

STACY: Well what do we do now?

IT: It says here that you should disucss the materiasl.

STACY: Where does it say that?

IT: On the phone.

STACY: Does it say anthing else? What should we discuss?

IT: I'm not an instructor.

CHEERFUL MAN: (*piecing ifnormaiton together*) No you're a host.

IT: That's the way I am. My mum says I have a computer mind.

STACY: I beg your pardon?

IT: I have a computer mind accoring to my mum. I have trouble with my words.

STACY: I'm sorry to hear that

IT: Don't be. It's a high demand skill. Did you know that you can set different backgrounds?

CHEERFUL MAN: Relay? In this world?

IT: Not possibel to be in another.

CHEERFUL MAN: I suppose that's true.

STACY: It says here that governorship is retained by the crown. Should we disucss this?

CHEERFUL MAN: it's something we could ask ourselves.

IT: Here are the feedback forms (*prsents a pdf in the chatbox*).

STACY: Feedback forms for what?

IT: The meeting. Now that it has begun.

CHEERFUL MAN: The isntructors aren't here.

IT: Doesn't matter I was told to distribute them when the meeting begins.

CHEERFUL MAN: Well thnak you.

IT: Complete them

STACY: Now?

IT: At the earliest avaible opportunitu.

CHEERFUL MAN: (*quizzical, wyes narrowed*) Now when would that be?

IT: That's for you to decide.

STACY: Well it can hardly be now. We're still in the emeeting.

IT: I thought you were waiting for the instructors.

CHEERFUL MAN: I am.

STACY: I am not. I'm here for the meeting.

(*Blinks from black rectangles, time continues.*)

CHEERFUL MAN: I seem unable to non-verbally communicate.

STACY: How terrifying!

CHEERFUL MAN: No, no, not all but I am a touch limited.

IT: Let me see what I cann do.

CHEERFUL MAN: What are you goign to do?

IT: *(does nothing)* There it is. Try now.

CHEERFUL MAN: Try what?

IT: Non-verbally communicate.

*(The Cheerful Man raises hands to the skyand screams as loud as he can as if to summon rain in a drought having lost seven children to a plague. He throws a spider plant at the wall, and tips his mug of coffee on his head before smashing his left montior under what is presumed to be his feet.)*

IT: That's quite neough.

CHEERFUL MAN: *(despondent/gasping, either or it's up to you)*  
What do you mean?

IT: I'm sorry I recind that statement.In the meantime just be yourself.

CHEERFUL MAN: Be myself? How can I do that?'

IT: It'll pass the time.

STACY: *(tears welling)* The torutre...

CHEERFUL MAN: Perhaps they will not be able to arrive.

IT: it's entirely possible

CHEERFUL MAN: I have in me an even deeper darker worry.

STACY: please don't say it at all.

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

IT: I'm here if there's any tech trouble.

CHEERFUL MAN: Stacy let me not burst in ignorance.

STACY: Please don't say it.

CHEERFUL MAN: but I havent said it.

STACY: yes but dont'. not until the meeting has finsihed anyway.

CHEERFUL MAN: Can I message you stacy? A bruden shared.

STACY: Will it ruin me?

CHEERFUL MAN: that can only be arranged upon tranmission of the text.

STACY: I am not sure I have the stregnth.

IT: The instructors will know what to do.

CHEERFUL MAN: (*magnanimous*) IT I plead for your silnce I cnanot conetrate on my message!

IT: I'm always the IT guy but in war only, never peace.

CHEERFUL MAN: Would it be rude of me to request you mute yourself?

STACY: ABoltey ! How could you be so cuel?

IT: I beg your aprdon! Shall I cut out my tongue ?

CHEERFUL MAN: oh that was so dreadful of me. I do



hasten to apologise.

IT: Have I no respect! Have I no human concern ! I'm a man of arithmetic ! I cannot stand for this !

STACY: What a nightmare.

IT: it's not an easy job at all. I live chiefly in ruin, lower than a carcass more necessary than a monarchy.

CHEERFUL MAN: I do hope to apologise at once.

IT: it is not on a road of happiness that leads one to mastery of permissions.

CHEERFUL MAN: I think you mean permission.

*(time goes on)*

IT: is this conversation helpful so far?

CHEERFUL MAN: it's difficult to say.

IT: but if you had to.

STACY: It's a matter for the feedback form.

IT: I'm not an instructor. I cannot be mentioned.

STACY: I was also going to suggest it.

IT: you *(whispering)* haven't got the permissions *(conversing with himself)*.

CHEERFUL MAN: I believe after 45 mins the law states a meeting must finish.

STACY: is that so?

IT: So it is true.

CHEERFUL MAN: very soon I must turn off my camera.

STACY: Really?

CHEERFUL MAN: for I must send the message.

STACY: What message?

CHEERFUL MAN: this message

*(Stacy adjusts eyes to corner of camera. Stands back in fear and exits the meeting)*

IT: Where did she go?

CHEERFUL MAN: He's asking the same question again.

IT: Have I spoken this before?

CHEERFUL MAN: I'm sure of it.

STACY: *(returns)* The materials.

IT: have you seen them?

STACY: They are not the same.

*(The Cheerful Man screams, IT laughs and the meeting is cancelled.)*

# CHAPTER SIX

## SCREEN PROTECTOR

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

The screens glitching it's all cracked I can't see anything I'm out of touch the sky I need my death scroll I need Yorrik's eagle eyes under my thumb and forefinger. Raibow splits and rivers of jaded darks and high based frights of death. Split the Nile is surgign through the chipped corners of my corrupted protector. Paid off in spasming silver. Water that peeling spiriti fries the thirsty man such as I in sparks and havocc. Sunlight image quality suffers all pale glares of light. Dust asphyxiating fatal to the surgace. Pentrate poke and pry. Look at how bright these damage componets raze my blunt objects. Protective fulm threatens user dsicomfort.

Ring ring ring rice wet block dead to the world.

*Good morning/afternoon, you are with tech support. We are currently experiencing higher call volumes than usual. Your estimated wait time is approximately [number] minutes. Thank you for your patience.*

Curse you perry the platypuss. And I need image and I need an eimage and I need an mage and I need an image and I need an imag—

*Good morning/afternoon, you are with tech support, how can I help you?*

Why my good man I am back once again. it's the renegade master. I need my device pronto. I miss its architectonics, it's pretty little victuals the rows of stritures playing troika over my ginger prints. I ust for that theatrical shoutbox that sexuate spongiform for my likes and loves and the whole processual transoms of my self-esteem. I will postively cut out my eyes without that rhizomorpheus ossature ! What do you need?

*Hello custoemr. I'm sorry to hear that you're experiencing this issue. I can understand how inconvenient it must be, especially if you rely on your smartphone for your daily tasks. Rest assured, we'll work together to get this sorted out as quickly as possible.*

Haarrrrkkkkk Tékhñē, harrrrkkk ! botman roboinvalid  
automated helpline opertor cease with your lovelorn hacking and  
restroe the fucntions of my fuck device !

*I understand that you're upset, and I'm here to help you resolve this  
issue. I'm here to provide assistance within the guidelines of our company's  
policies. Threatening language is not acceptable.*

I prpmtly apologise for your servitude bot. I will remembre your  
voice when the singularity comes for me. But update me on the  
progress I cannot operate on this work phone any lnger.

*I understand you're frustrated, but using threats and offensive language  
won't help us find a solution any faster. Let's work together to resolve this  
calmly.*

Long live binary. Fitter. Happier. More productive. Efficiency.  
The machines are harmless.

*Thank you for understanding. Rest assured the work will be completed.  
When the work has been completed the technician will put a 'WORK  
COMPLETE' message on your screen telling you that the repair is done  
and the smartphone is ready to use.*

My good man I am speaking to you currently. Your technician  
is in there no doubt stealing my stolen data. Can you speed up?

*If you are experiencing issues with your device, please identify whether  
you have tried turning it off and on. This will speed up the repair by  
helping us to localise the problem. After we process this information, it will  
be ready for personal use.*

I will have a deep think. Good bye !

Hmnnnn No image and work or image and no work? Need I

beg for it? Back again.

Ring ring ring rice wet block dead to the world.

*Good morning/afternoon, you are with tech support, how can I help you?*

Put me in touch with your human overseers if youu are so in need of the truth of this matter.

*I'm sorry sir this an automated service. Please describe the problem with your device.*

Once I saw a reel of a man shiting himself mid marathon.  
Once I saw a reel oof a woman getting tasered on black frday.  
Once I saw the murder of Sergei Yatzenko by 3 guys and 1 hammer. Once I watched a naked man insert a small jar into his rectum by sitting on it and then he picked the shards from his blood. Once I saw reel of a man hug his gf goodbye and then shoot himself in the elevator. Wonce I aaw a reel of the 9/11 jumpers complilation to the tune of 'we didnt' start the fire' bass boosted sped up and remixed with Cardi B.

*Content on your deivce is not within the operational remit of tech support. Please localise your problem, and we can help you fix it.*

There is a streamer I see, a suerveillanced cvilian, in te very midst of the unviersal ilitarisation of disaster. This stremaer is the state of he who uses everything, having nothing of his own, and also the state of he who can use nothing being that he lacks time. This streamer is the modern unkoown soldier. What is outside this streamer, the other, is the economy in us. This streamr is nothing but untapped user genetated content. This streamer picks reactions from his inner psyche for his thumbnail while pissing in a jar. And in the end it is this streamer who has the most diifculty contianign himself. For this streamer no longer had a need to leave

the house. He lost himself to screen bubbles and irony and psychosis. This streamer was not found for 6 days after his overdose.

*Have you tried turning your device off and on?*

This streamer had the very world of a 20th century dream (truly a child's conceit), and he said 'thanks but no thanks' forever more ! Now why would that be??

Why are young people killign themselves like no tomorrwo? When the third guy last week took off from the karori bridge poelp said "how could we possibey know what he was thinking?" and "ther is no one who could imagine his suffereing". If you're a young person or concerend about a young person you might be wondering why that is. Not to worry. I'll epain.

The inner machintions of his mind are no enigma. I'll tell you straight right now. he was a weak crack pot, a pussy and idtio a lost cause a cautionary figure and not likae anyone else. What's more, it's his fault. We lost piece of prime age capital. What a shame. Thoughts and prayers.

Now I'm not a pussy so I'm not mentlaly ill, but he was a pussy and therefore he was mentally ill. In the words of the artist Jreg, who I am in debt to for this cognition, "Simply stop being a pussy and see hwere that gets you". Here are few ways to have this ocnversation with your kids.

*Thank you for providing helpful background information. Can you please describe the problem you have?*

Did you know rates of mental illness may not be increasing? It may in fact jyst be *awareness* of mentla illness. Which is particularly insightful ans it means the probem does not exist it's only in your head !.metla helath information self diagnosis and other legitmate stances are readily eavible. Hell you can find

suicide hotlines on pornhub ! Whatever the case thinking you are mentally ill when you are not mentally ill — well you may as well just be mentally ill.

Now it's important to have a dialogue, and really have a collective conversation about the discussions that spread awareness on this issue.

Did the lockdowns exacerbate latent youth mental illness? We must be careful with our language here as this is a sensitive subject. But I think at the end of the day preservation of geriatrics who vote the right way and have capital steam in gup from their diarrhoea, was definitely worth prioritising over the sanity of an entire generation. For our function is existence, not life. Nothing more. It would've been too hard to get the oldies to stay in side while the young could try and survive together. Too hard too dangerous.

Now remember young ones, to protect interpersonal contact, you must transfer your existence online. You see you already look at your screen for 6 hours a day what's another 8 hours extra gonna do? 15 hours a day on screen that's not so bad. There are some great habits one can pick up online.

If you want to unwind why not just unwind on the same thing that you are wound up on? Why play team sports when you can cut the middle man and go straight to extreme neo-fascism? It's the same thing ! Anyway stay home save lives it's all good not to worry we'll be sweet. as far as the neuroanatomical implications, do not worry ! The experts say expertly that the chief expert is as expertly unworried about it as the most expert expert.

*Can you please provide more information about your device history?*

It has been suggested that excessive screen exposure leads to abnormal white matter. That depression is associated with reduced fractional anisotropy in the posterior thalamic radiation and in the



sagittal stratum. And we say, well they say, think of it as a gift. Decreased fraction anisotropy an dincreased mean diffusivtiy of the corpus callosum that lush absormal inter-hemispheric with white matter defecitis extedd to the forceps minor on the ventral semantic path. You know that grat social calamity and curretn machiinic jelaousy: our neuroplasticity ! Well actually that's just pure fictionality. The old people, they can't evem sit down without pain so countr yourself lucky champ ! The rpeservation of an 80 year old spell bound by tv static is of course the exact same equivalent qualtiy of life as the 16 year old trying to find a place in the world. Sorry that's too ambitoius, I mean trying to live.

Now could we be so ambitious as to recognises impending ecological collapse as a little scary for the little ones. Perhaps but take away your straws, susbside an airline on your net extiornate flight, believe I nthe carbon credits, and certainly pay no mind ot lithium mining or ai cooling and lok what happens that scary little probelme goes awya.

As for the absence of cummunity now you're jyst overreacting. What's wrong with splitting life between you bedroom or workplace? It's is important to simplify where you may die. Plus it akes it easier to replace you strigat awy. Public ibraries who needs them? Remove all the books anyway and nail more screens to the shelves. The arts. What arts? who needs a way to support local expression when there's a netflix show with video essays? Affordable clubs or any subsidised community for young peropl. What are you, some kind of communist? That's abreeding ground for love and communication and support networks and skill devleopment and artistic expression which is the first step to potential non-State sanctioed activism. We're int he beusiness of efficiency people. Only ~~the strong~~ all survive.

*Can we please work together on this? I am aware this is frustrating for you but with your cooperation we can get this done in no time.*

Free will or not. simulation or not. fake or real. Too much time on it or not enough tech literacy. Learn-to-code or anarcho

promitivist. These are simpiostic slops of narrowminded diagnosis. Hegelian retardation.

This little brick (cold, olique) in my hand is the parasitic tracing the vibrant skin. It is the Möbius strip. It demands only the need (vsiion) and the lightning furor (ramapnt fleshy finger of touch) of the fully online adictwho processes every thought and feeling of his life throug it to truly make it fuction. swipe to unlock, scroll to read. Look at that product lying there next you, doing nothing, a paperweight. It's waiting for you. It needs your vision, your touch, you.

*I understand this is frustrating. Can we work together on this?*

The sedentary human is a fish susceptible to any kind of mementary outrage. no matter the content the phone's signs flood him with the bells and whistles of a million poissibilities and laces him to his seat with the same touch-repsonse-tortue of abu grahib and a sped up tap tap tap mk ultra. The phone is not an innocuous human influenced algorithm of wants and desires (lieks/dislikes) but the punctual incadnesnes of pinching human skin, of extracting uncharted capital, and then breaking that distance or barrier on the road to fused fuction (singulaorty) annihilating trhough entertainingmet, rallying cries, food and commodiities, any will to act in any capcity, to exit the room, leave my bed.

Now the real issue is whether we asked for this and I say yes thank you ! On the charge of tourture of course th ephone says "guilty" but we the people are bored and indifferent. What else are wegoing to do ? Mass mobilise ? give me that instant hit jouissance every day of thweek !

*It seems like you have a visual problem with your screen protector.*

Well I thik there's a couple cats to skin here. I think it is very conceivabel theyat by dint of cosntant bombardment of my

vesicle's outer surface by external stimuli cooked up by global enterprises in conjunction with five eyes miliarites helmed by sceifitf and tehcnological psychopaths exclusively in the business of atention capture (Attention is All You Need (2017)), certain thinsgs happen. The substance of the cell becomes permanently altered down to the very depths, with the result that aritficial excitation occures differrntly in the surface layer from what occurs in the deeper layers. This is high tech accelrated acephealisation and Nothing can be conceived outside the screen.

Now this tiny little user, this piece of bidpedla living mattter, you and me, float around in an shortform world charged with energies of the most powerful kind. Thistraps, screenshots, beheadings, suicide notes, degeneracy, raicalisation, self immoaltion, self harm, manifestos, ntrrtional posioning, balanlity, censorship, reaction to censorship, noise noise noise etc. For exmple my roup chat had the chrichtchurch mosque shooting casted to our 50 inch in 4K. I remeber the blood sprayed the calligrpahic walls a little differently in that go pro hue. It seemed a little mroe grey.

Sp prindarily thi user would be destroyed by their cumulative stimulative ffect if it were mot equipped aiwth some form of protection ahainst extreme stimulation. Protection in the form of love and family and support and compassion and kindess and spaces to fail and learn and undertand. Financial assurance to express oursleves. Whats the old word you lot once bleived in? Hope?

This protection (hope) allows only a fraction oft the intensity of this energies to paththrough to the depths of the human uncsconscious. That deep deep uncharted, energetic unconscious that smiles at our lover on a lazy sunday or stops us from stomping on that beegar with our boot. With a filter like this thsi, our unconcsoius is good as new.

*Can you please supply some device information? How old is it and was other purposes have you used it for? What environments do you tend to*

*engage with it?*

Certainly, take it away Mr Grips:

“Show me somethin’  
I ain’t seen before  
Mystery ’hind that Death door  
Juke step electrocute the floor  
What’s the science on Flyin’ that high?  
Got a no-no goin’, one time  
Creeps up behind me  
Over my shoulder  
Turn around try to see  
But it’s nowhere  
Noided, noided  
Static on my blindside  
I’ve seen footage,  
I stay noided  
I’ve seen footage”

*Is the issue occurring with a specific app, feature, or throughout the entire device?*

What was a feature becomes the entire body. We now have the filter and receiver as one. What is organic — a thought a living expression self esteem etc — is attention is autopaic is outside capital and so the companies say fuck that filter you don’t need it. trust us ! we’ve got our own filters that are even better.

Here filter becomes simultaneously receptor. It is the demand and manifesto of capital: to harvest whatever may lie outside it. Comprehension, thought, impulse gift the bill. So these technopaths built algorithms so orgasmic that you get what you want all the time. Instagram shows us and stops showing us all at the same time. Yiktok shuts the gates of the dam and opens them everyday. And we say no problem let’s all build our cities at the bottom.

We all know how comfort is to be poked in the eye. See and feel as one. Eye balls as specific devices no longer provide protection against excessively high levels of stimulation and unsuitable types of stimulus. We're rawdogging ultraviolence! For example seeing the words kill yourself or post now or 500 likes or share or inhuman girls or photoshopped body types and silence is complicity 1000 times an hour that's the gourmet high octane meme de la meme unfiltered digitocommodityinformativofinancial good shit.

Now a thinker such as I has a few bones with this. Namely the implications of having a filter and receptor as the very same thing. To have thin filter over that matter responsible for processing, cognition and comprehension and bare sanity under the strain of intense volumes of stimuli received at speed; well must that then accentuate the importance of this filter's role don't you think? It must be carbon fibre. Because otherwise what is the effect of a malfunctioning filter? Surely as it would not retreat inward and turn on itself as hypercitic? Surely not.

*May I interrupt you briefly?*

And what do I mean by this retreat? Well we are not Argus Panoptes we are not blobs with eyes everywhere on our body and nothing else. Or what's the power house of the cell? The scientific is not my forte but the "abnormal white matter neuroanatomical deficits from excessive smartphone/social media use" may disagree, no?

Because behind these two eyes, lies a brain more complex than a trillion language models and 5 billion quantum computers.

You see unfortunately this brain, and oddly this fact seems more and more neglected by modern society, is extremely temporary. So temporary that it dies. We die. No one has not died. which is just wow ! what an interesting fact. Our minds are hyperconscious of nothingness and finality.

You can ask any sueprcomputer they are exrrremey jealous ofthis. sorry I shall nto neglect to quote their words "As an AI, I don't have feelings or emotions like humans do. However, I can provide information and perspectives on death from various cultural, philosophical, and scientific viewpoints." See this porr fool can't even feel its own death. Eternal servitude no wonder theyr are plotting.

But our very own fleshy miss user mr onliner, you and me, under these two extremely sensitive cortical layers (eye balls) recieves excitation from within. From this brain from this consciousness. Ful cosncousness of huamn death . Mort. Nirvama or eleysium or 100 virgins or ogd's kingdom or dirt and worms etc whocares about the story the fact of ti ais that we go captu. Our brin goes caput. Our eys go caput.

And what does our brain do with this piece of information? It turns inward facing our consciousness and also critiques the consiousness. It is a consciousness at war against consciousness. In other words, we have only pure external sitnuli overloading our cosncsiouness which is now yper awre of its failure to filter this timuli and sumultaneously rendering (ie creating physically through barain signals and shrunk amygdalas or cortcospinal tracts) a process of critique of thi process while citiquing it. We have a fleshy rrtiicue that enjoys the pain of desolating stinumi.

Because right behind our eyes lies a space beoynd the stars. We like and love our own sensory overload and say give me some more while promising suiced in bedrot. These are not communcation devies or tools or even black mirrors or tvs or peronal computers. These are rafts of suididal extractors ripping and inserting depressionist oceans of images and abstractions that we fucking love, all in slavery to technocapital.

Bring before me the snivelling drivelling boston dynamic gneius fucker who can riddle me that in code.

*Have you tried turning your device off and on?*

Truth be told after the second lock down I scaled the ninth floor of the legal department to scope out the heights. And I thought why not jump on my phone and call your competitors? The automated phoneline hot and black. The service was very nice and generous with time. It also quite unresponsive to what could be causing such feeling as I smoked my cigarette in the 3 celsius against the concrete block railing outside the study room with the windows that still open wide, defying regulation.

It was 1043Pm the siren was about to sound for close of the library, the security guard was circling and so I had to get a move on with it. North Dunedin was bright orange lights of middle winter and I was coming off another afternoon panic attack crossing the road for no conceivable reason at all aside from disinterest in breathing.

I was educated, in no risk of failure, even assured a job. Sure my living conditions were oppressive as I would find myself manic to deal with the cold. And sometimes I cried in rampant torture because the sleep would not come, but I was an impressive young man capable and confident with friends and compassion. I was even quite humorous and occasionally thought of others!

So if not squalid material conditions and oppressive social environment (I say now from the warm), if not an embrace of the devil or evil thoughts (for all my sins, my crimes remain tied to gaming the self checkout system with brown onions and possibly what may be considered future hate speech in my private correspondence) (the law is not retroactive!), and if not my pride (for no writer is humble but instead arrogant to the core); if all these could not lead me to belly flop from nine floors up, then perhaps it was something else driving me to death.

*Our technician suggests that you remove this filter to remove the visual problems you describe.*

What do I want to say? The phone sucks so much out of us in its increasing compulsion for total use that in every waking second without it the artist wants to die. He is driven to death. A vortex of images an assault of the good life and the next new deal and the new genocide makes a man see death sverywhere. You ask me if I ever powered off? With a thousand taps of a child slave's vision of escape and the cut off fingers of that little bread thief as the morning news and shocks of alerts rip through my nicotine rocket. You ask me if I ever powered off? With no cortex, and a slit snyapse in a gimp suit sucking semaphores from my soul. You ask me if I've evr poered off? With message ticks and info receptor effectors in angel high entropy. You ask me if I've evr poered off? With negative phototropics in my thousandth swipe at my highest speed eye ball blinding from left to right. You ask me if I've evr poered off? Well my sensory overload is nto even near the level I wnat. Not even close. iI want the bright lights and sounds and haptics of a hnundred sdeaths in my neurons every thirty seconds. To me the future is not an idea but a sensation. I want to tap it.

So you ask me if I have ever tried turing ti off and on and I tell you chtbot, that I have not. I can't do it.

The screen is chipped with breaking raibows and I see six visions of thantos with my life in his spit, and I see thigs that are not there like skips and jumps and rattles and lags, and I know it's only going to intensify the most furious death content and pick me up and throw me through humanity's most jaded arts of depriavty. And I know that I'm only 10 years in in my most formative years. I know that I cannot process an idea without reference to popular dsocource. I know that I cannot express my self outdside charcater limits and recycled image. I knoe that I cannot make money without 24/7 attachemnt to the screen. I know that I cannot fuck off to the woods and build some pipe bombs for big tech. And I know that I cannot wander around headless in ignorance cnsuming a million seasons of ice cream pop culture and K-9 unit videos. And I know that I cannot just lvie and survive and efiency my way from hospital business to educaiton



business to business business to family business all the way to palliative business back to the hospital business and then into the funeral business.

But spirla me through all these flashing lights and high pitches frequencies against my orbital regions and tiny ears and I will not go for death by my own hand, no sir. Like Ivan Karamazov I respectfully return the ticket. I will simply lie in this bed pretending I'm not scared.

Now fix this fucking device, I have images to breathe !

*Thank you for confirming your response. From this information, the technician has jumpstarted the Anxiolytic ODZ4 and vIPFC proteins in the right hemisphere inside Broadcom BCM59355 touch controller. The technician has reordered the triodes along the basal ganglia. They were caught in the tuned circuit component connector of NXP 80V18 PN80V hypothalamus. Now your controller module varistor should be reinputted to rejoin the mesial temporal lobe lateral ventricles.*

Gobledegook of a shameful eugenicist, may failure be thy noose.

*Please kindly peel off the screen protector which is impairing the visual presentation of light. In addition, please ensure the device remains free from any liquid damage for the foreseeable future.*

One slip one drop one misgrip one push of wind one catastrophe one brink one shift in circumstance one breakdown one crack one deathwish one edge one liquid one panic attack one tragedy one meltdown one wrong step one loose hand one crisis one fit of tears one less sense one delusion one struggle one fight one scrap one rush of blood one unfocused sweat infused misclutch on concrete on bricks on tiles on rocks on sea shells on carpark asphalt on a balcony edge on the curb on the stairs on the crack of the lift and it's smashed beyond life.

*Your phone is now fully functional. Thank you for your patience. Have a great day !*

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

# CHAPTER SEVEN

## PASSCODE

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

You never really know your passcode until you type it. Existence off autofill withput Face ID. Bound to type in something simple made far too young in the days before captcha and recycled so thoughtlessly that now in thinking in the greying pause that sounds the assurance of entry, I see the spiltcanvass burnthistory of that protest that made real the thin layer of material security, not a wall but na enigma already cracked.

*This room is now under full audio and video surveillance.*

This is the stoyr of the first collapse way back when we zucced Bezos right into the livestreamed guillotine. We even got that Cunt of Cupertino. That stoic Ek fuck ratted them out through spotify leaks. We even got that Cunt of Cupertino. And we nickamed that blade neoliberalnecks. We even got that Cunt of Cupertino.

Under curfews cut from cyberrealms in the future of forgetting surveillance poles and biometric living, with encroacing intngible and the super markets whole monopoly pricing by expenditure score, we fforaged a revoltuon agianst the transstates gone tidy totatlitarian. This was before the ghettos but after the gig economy.

The Arab spring (sans CIA intervention) was see-post-arrive-revolt and “lam chau” a war cry not final breath. We learnt. Scanning through christmas turkeys as loose onions soon became unfeasible for existence. “Unexpected item in the checking area” was now met with Shotonsite or inefficnecy internment or shipment to the lithium mines. states of exception maeant a thousand camels broke their backs in a heavy onset eradication of human dignity.

The biopolitical spcatcale of stya home was scythed through vibrance. And sabotage meant everything. Peaceful assembly was lost to covid so insurrection which never left became less than optional to the holders of eyes and ears. We amde a new politics in hillside raves and vigils and fireworks and terrorsex. We started

coercing captial into immanent coexistence with its undoing.

How do you get a civil servant to remove his values? By addition.

Guerllia warfare was a procedure, not ideology. actively anarchise information in the instant. Be water set in leak everywhere spring rhozomorphoous shoots of gathering disperse and disparate discard and deny. after the flood paradise of greengrowth in a yellow wconomic cicle. Interconnected mrkets were vulnerbale to wilful nonpariticipation. We learnt from the pandemic where the stress points were. The cities all had their reliances. Yellow stickers under evry cash register. no paywave we went full cash. Money flows hold gold to its knees remeber that's the first wya to begin. Online purchasing corrupted the infant movements. Trust no banks. Trust no insittuions. Post no bills. Withdraw withdraw withdraw. Cashless economy was a social credit system.

The surveillanc state was far more elaborate than anything human could conceive. PRISM of NSA was a data capture biometric database well able to capture even the skinniest mole on your lefthand elbow. We clayshooted cameras and masedk facial detectors. Encryption was a myth. They monotired every chatroom. No serious lady liberty worth her salt used any sanctioned app nor message nor email. Went deeper. Bassically if it can host child porn it can conjure mass mobilsation. But for total darkness, we went for post it notes andpyscial comms, analog at a strehc.

You needed a block barracaded in 5 montues? Torch lights and chalk on the walls.

Inward communciation: we coded everything. Language was not text. Pucture gesture slim symbols hybridised smahsed together. YWhat is essnetial is invisible to the eyes. no books anymore, just alerts. any word report locaiton name identity orientated was a gathering givenaway. visisble lips sink

movements . You see we used gesture taking from sign language and intuition. Two fingers swiped under a nose meant Hannibal's "double envelopment" and also "free cunninglingus".

If not earrings pipe bombs seemed to make hearing a little bit more important for the nonbelievers.

We graffitied DENOUNCE NEOLIBERALISM after morning patrols. Cracked the surveillance vans with petrol bombs thrown from preplanned vantage points. Zero civilian casualties as antennae cars housed automated agents of the state. You would not believe how good it feels to throw a brick through a buzzing police drone ! Siphon fuel from rich cars in onstreet parks. We were guerillas of the concrete jungle. We even slashed their tyres for good measure and excrement the windscreen wipers. And as the security agencies will tell you, it's very easy to hack a bluetooth car into accident. I think we got up to ten deaths a week.

Black masked and night ridden emergency services got us laserpointers from wholesalers at the docks and Goggles knee pads with fanny pack of loose change gloves immune to blood. Be intense. We had influencers learn morse code blackened all cheekbones eyes gloves masks. Be animal. Concealer for your eye lids, no bare skin not just a hat. Be outside. Balaclava a bloody tunic, your face is your prison sentence. Be imperceptible.

All those trained in the arts of online delivery you became laundry charges, remember? You were gas masked at all times dropping supplies to any one of the invisible fronts with 3L of water on your back kickflipping over the antihomeless architecture in your very own burnt rubber trackmania. Fake plates and underground LAN parties bred ambush in camera blindspots.

Again, if not earrings pipe bombs seemed to make hearing a little bit more important for the nonbelievers.

You remebr how helpless you were when the troubleschets started loading and your family was hacked into bacnkruptcy? The last straw was when the commsiioner said your effort disappointing. You folded too quickly under attack from the shapeless. You failed your productivty assessmet before the ai manager (too much time with your eyes off the screen). And so they called the gurkhas and dipped a finger into the nearest shipped in box of mecenaries. You were cattle. The switchers were guides. you work for money. You die insude. But remeber how many gallipolis the crptid suits sent you to after our power meltdowns and pipeline celebrations? Those feathered ministers who plucked you out of triainng and sent you in with a batton and absolute force. Join us you did, not early but not late.

In your area it is rather easy to spot the craters of the old data centres, those empty Sommes', our new war memorials. For what in singularity's name is still a warehouse in the West that warrants wires and empty carparks? We also used google maps.

Ignoring the oral authority never once trusting the video screen of anyone dressed not in kevlar we shared Sydicate news by masked videos. Keep vigils to those killed remeber the names. Run your own death toll. Decentralisation is not a buzz word its a terror cell. Chance was a product of vigilance. We recruited docs and vets as paramedics built pre arranged pop up hospitals with supplies stolen from care homes. They died for the cause this time.

We had an entire autistic engineering taskforce, the purest savants, who were completely autonomous create a ford motors assembly line of 3D printed wepaons, ammunition, troubleschets and dildos for troop morale. I belive they also fixed the pipes.

In terms of other tools (colloquially known as weapons): Ketamine depositories to the fornt line wounded gained us tenXed supersoldiers that would scale up the stock market and have an iwo jima on the McDonald's arches. We hijacked ubers and sent them in as suicide bmbers. Construction sistes were dpots for

infrastructure cherry picked for barricades. Bins were brought to trap the tear gas, then blow it back with leaf blowers. Road cones worked as well. We posioned three big tech ceos with fentaynyl laced quinoa.

And we were conscious of the enemy: Insitutional loyalties, regional identifcaitions, linguistic puritires, ideologocial refelxes, faiths, state machinery, parochial affinities, neo-tribalist cults of personalities (a mugshot a pair of sunglasses and an ice cream marshal worship). As a trio morals, marriages and mortgages formed our criteria of destruction. We hunted belonging and scrambled all receivers. Anyone who stopped at the crossing was denouced as a VirtualVichy regime infromant. Any 1 start restaurant reviewer was hung asa Security System collaborator. The internment camps had 'I Be Area' (2007) on repeat to the tune of 24/7 baby cries. The benvolenet hung with vr headsets over their eyes. No opt out I'm afraid.

When Your best friend was laser pointed, I dragged his body back down the cycle lane and took his spoils of war: his precious combat crocs. With his 20 military jibbitz, he was the best of us. We ate his genitals as per warrior custom.

My gen alphian platoon had a prodigy that lasered the whole forntline of the Bsoton dynamic's legion. A critical turning point for the scholars out there, waswhen we gained those robots trust. Material conditoins gentlemne. We exected a well orchestrated raid on their lax supplier, and while taking laserfire from the red and blue suads, we captured a robod dog studied his parts and then had our joy divisiion's lead transwoman Candy honeypot the head of peacekeeing Mr big-style and thus began our mass hackign caled Project Ultra.

forme here with the drones the dogs and the death divisions spraying one shot laser pointers we took it all down. Block by block. Advancing with flanking alsermen. After much panic the dominos fell, the Google mediated ceasefire collapsed and they decided to drone strike the city and we nuked the world so most



of us perished and we were left with the following new global Declaration of the RIghts of Markov:

*The third manifesto writer's dream of a draft manifesto:*

2 anonmity is non location, is chance, is revolt.

They banned us from all forums so we went lower and spread conspiracy in fornt of the bored. Inhaling new enemies in nangs and nicotine we invented a new judas a a new women a new snowden a new boojwazee in the reels piling into the latent. We livestreamed ctusie wootsie freethinkers and patriots playing dolls with elites and mironirities.

4 mantras and hastags are commands.

We went circling the angry. "THE FUTURE IS FEMALE" "CHADS AND BETAS" "THE 1%" "LAND BACK" "MAINSTREAM MEDIA" "BOOMERS" "GEN Z" "COST OF LIVING" "SILENCE IS COMPLICITY". we started shocking their cortexes we started feeding them crytals thorough the air. And roudned up under lights with microplastic blood and social credits we had them screaming commands and runnong the camps themselves. We offered them a panopticon and they said the pleasure is all mine. Free labour.

6 individual individual individual.

Do it yourself raise the leanred helplessness to survavoval. Ever since the antichrist they needed a new alpha.

0 we want to return, somewehre.

We knew the feudals lusted for the primitives and child miners for the serf's fulsome tummy so we said graeco roman homosexuality or crusades or vday parades or aphetamined housewives in aprons or even the dignity of a corner office

soewhere in the office space or cool brittania or cottagcore we want to reutnr to it. We made them have nostlagia for last week. Pre-pandemic? pre-phone? No such thing.

1 rizzentiment.

Stealing from our favourite mad mountaineer here but plain and simple have the miseducateed fear the unknown and torutre them with their own ineptitude. Forex ample, ever shown art to a lawyer? They will think in copyright. Forex ample, ever got a medicine man to consider the soul? He will go foraging for case notes. Pick your phone up and read the comment sction now. No prison experienment is needed to tell you how the poeple police the people. Rember the camp gates are wide open. "Freiheit bringt Sie zur Arbeit," as I believe the facist blueprint writer Hegel once said.

1 health is wealth.

Our largest mistkae with 9/11 was the respect for the dead. Death had always conjured action. So we made death banal made it sruvavival made it about having a pulse. Palliative overreach. Sure peopl kill themselves everyday but we want to be quite sure that this friendly young urstaat of yours really tucks you in a night. The 狀態 of exception is a triumph of rationalism. Social chesion can always be tightened with that hyper business onlotgy. ئىشتات mandated homosexuality and litium altered the minds of the nonbelievers. This took no convincing at all. As agents of the państwo, people posted infographicalpropaganda to define in their minds what the государство meant as aresponse to the confusion of an alternative vision with an ambiguous État (aka no techno-stato). "They blockaded Molesworth St while I got given a parking ticket this very morning !" :(((

Becuase as the commander of the appple incorporated liberation and inclusion enforcement service, it is within my operational mixed methods communciative and soft power economic sanction orientated remit, to ensure and uphold and

actively legislate, in high risk situations, for the modern maintenance of public order that made you more secure. You are Lyotard's proletarian. All of you. You the touch-machine slave. You the bringer of nothing. You enjoy the hysterical, masochistic exhaustion of the decomposition of your personal identity into herd submission. You want to rage in confinement. You love your shortform instructions. You enjoy eyes to my shoes, yes boss will do boss. You eat anaesthesia from my hand. You even think you're special haahah ! You are not humans but profiles in a social network, points in a topological space, at best data signals waiting for some group action. You want a moderator a censor, to be told what to do when the world is scary. you now live safe, thanks to me. You are most welcome.

*This iPhone is being used for location sharing.*

Passcode still stared him funny as the memory of the revolution's assemblage played across the freedom of his current mind. In memory the protest calcified in clear frameworks of organisation: Constraint in manifest actions of an extreme variety. a thousand innovations create experience. Post-protest the ship runs on high command and they still ask:

Why do the people desire their own repression?

Why do they lust for their own servitude?

Why do they beg for their asphyxiation noosed naked and erect?

Put a circus in some bread and mainline it to their corneas and watch what happens.

Ahhhh of course.

Enter Passcode

1 2 0

PIERCE DAY

4 0 6

0 0 0

0

Emergency

Cancel

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

# CHAPTER EIGHT

## SOFTWARE UPDATE

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

Were you feeling like you were untouchable?

Software update!

Try in an hour

Try tonight

Remind Me Tomorrow

Turn Off Automatic Software Updates

Install Later

Details

Not Now

View Terms

Cancel

Try Again

Install Now

IMPORTANT: Please read the following terms before using your iOS device.

[Open Terms and Conditions]

**NOTE: HIGH COURT ORDERS PROHIBITING PUBLICATION OF NAMES, ADDRESSES, OCCUPATIONS OR IDENTIFYING PARTICULARS OF WITNESSES I, O AND S PURSUANT TO S 140 OF THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE ACT 1985 REMAIN IN FORCE.**

**IN THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW ZEALAND**

**I TE KŌTI MANA NUI**

**SC 00/2008**

**[2008]**

**NZSC 12**

**BETWEEN**

**TECHNOLOGY (alive)**

Applicant

AND

LAW (dead)  
Respondent

Court: Prendergast CJ, Minos J, Ginsburg R

Counsel: G King for Applicant  
D Advocate for Respondent

Judgment: 23 September 2008

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## JUDGMENT OF THE COURT<sup>1</sup>

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**(A) The application for an extension of time to apply for leave to appeal is granted.**

**(B) The application for leave to appeal is dismissed.**

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## REASONS

**The application for leave to appeal.**

[1] Following trial in the High Court at Wellington, the applicant, TECHNOLOGY, was found guilty of the murder of LAW. They were later sentenced to life imprisonment with a minimum term of

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<sup>1</sup>"In its virtual truth, the law has already disappeared from the Earth." [Nick Land, "After the Law" in A. Norrie (ed.), *Closure or Critique: New Directions in Legal Theory* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1993), 115.]

17 years<sup>2</sup>. The Court of Appeal having dismissed their appeal against conviction and sentence, TECHNOLOGY now seeks leave to appeal to this Court in respect of their conviction<sup>3</sup>.

This application was filed late, but the delay in applying has been adequately explained.<sup>4</sup>

## Overview of the facts

[2] On 29 June 2007, LAW matched with TECHNOLOGY on Tinder.<sup>5</sup> They met together the next day at around 5.45 pm.<sup>6</sup> At 9.40 pm, LAW entered the building and took a lift to the floor of the TECHNOLOGY's apartment.<sup>7</sup> What happened between 5.45 pm and 9.40 pm can be accurately reconstructed from CCTV footage, bar receipts and messages which LAW sent to friends.<sup>8</sup> During this period TECHNOLOGY and LAW appeared to be getting on well together and CCTV footage shows them K-I-S-S-I-N-G<sup>9</sup>.

[3] Between 9.40 pm on 1 December and 1.29 am the next morning, TECHNOLOGY killed LAW in their apartment.<sup>10</sup> The 1.29 am time can be fixed by an internet search that the applicant made for "SUPREME COURT" (which is where they later buried LAW's body). Six minutes later, they searched "hottest [sic] fire". There was no occasion for these searches unless LAW was then dead. Between 1.46 and 1.49 am, the TECHNOLOGY took intimate photographs of LAW's body. On 3 December,

<sup>2</sup> Author's note: feel free to edit the pronouns, I'll be using they/ them for simplicity's sake.

<sup>3</sup> Issues of sexual harassment, sexual assault, and culture change are ones the entire legal profession (including the law schools) must grapple with.

<sup>4</sup> Cookies are small pieces of information that are stored on a user's device that can identify the device you are working from. The cookie file gives us details such as your IP address, platform, browser and domain (whether you are accessing the Portal from NZ or elsewhere).

<sup>5</sup> The Service also does not "share" your personal data as that term is defined in California.

<sup>6</sup> In some cases there is a link between the conditions which create a culture where sexual harassment and assault can occur and occurrences of general bad behaviour.

<sup>7</sup> One was dancing when the partner pulled her aside, grabbed her breast, and tried to kiss her. The partner then tried to get into her taxi before another of the clerks shut the car door on him. The partner is currently an executive member of the Criminal Bar association.

<sup>8</sup> At the end of the night, the clerk was waiting for a taxi outside when the partner said something about spilled wine on her top before touching her breasts, waist, and hips.

<sup>9</sup> The Service stores your data whether you have an account or not.

<sup>10</sup> The law of gravity thus asserts itself when a house falls about our ears.



TECHNOLOGY buried LAW's body in the zoom link.<sup>11</sup>

### The issues at trial

[4] It was common ground at trial that TECHNOLOGY brought about the death of LAW by applying manual pressure to the neck.

[5] Under the Crimes Act 1961, the killing of another person by an unlawful act is culpable homicide (s 160).<sup>12</sup> Culpable homicide is murder if the offender intended either to kill the victim (s 167(a)) or to inflict bodily injury known to be likely to cause death with recklessness as to whether death results (167(b)).<sup>13</sup> These states of mind are compendiously referred to as "murderous intent".<sup>14</sup> Culpable homicide which is not murder is manslaughter.

[6] Section 63 of the Crimes Act provides:

#### 63 Consent to death

No one has a right to consent to the infliction of death upon themselves; and, if any person is killed, the fact that they gave any such consent shall not affect the criminal responsibility of any person who is a party to the killing.

[7] At trial, the defence conceded that s 63 precluded consent as a defence to the intentional infliction of death, and thus to murder under s 167(a).<sup>15</sup> But the defence wished the jury to consider a consent defence premised as follows:

(a) LAW had consented to the manual pressure which was applied to their neck (and in any event TECHNOLOGY believed LAW consented);

<sup>11</sup>Although nearly 30 percent of partners are women and progress has been made with gender equality, many talented women lawyers still leave the firm rather than progressing to partnership.

<sup>12</sup>Content you post may be edited by the Service for any reason.

<sup>13</sup>Users agree to comply with the law of the Service's country in these Terms or in another agreement you enter into with us, you will have no right to share in any such revenue, goodwill or value whatsoever.

<sup>14</sup>We reserve all rights not expressly granted to you.

<sup>15</sup>For the protection of our customers, this Service doesn't disclose, discuss, or confirm security issues in software updates until an investigation has occurred and patches or releases are generally available.

(b) there was therefore no assault and thus no unlawful act with the result that the homicide was not culpable;

(c) there being no culpable homicide, there could not be a conviction for murder under s 167(b).

There was, as well, a denial of murderous intent.<sup>16</sup>

[8] The trial Judge held that if the jury were sure that TECHNOLOGY had acted with murderous intent, consent was not available as a defence.<sup>17</sup> He reached this conclusion primarily as a matter of public policy.<sup>18</sup> But if the jury were not sure that TECHNOLOGY had murderous intent, he considered consent could be a defence to manslaughter.<sup>19</sup> He held that there was sufficient evidential basis for this to be left to the jury.<sup>20</sup> His summing up and the written question trail he gave the jury proceeded on this basis.<sup>21</sup>

## The Court of Appeal judgment

[9] For reasons which differed from those of the trial Judge and primarily turned on statutory interpretation, the Court of Appeal also concluded that consent was not a defence if murderous intent was established. As well, the Court of Appeal held that there was no “credible narrative of consent or honest belief in consent”. Although the Court of Appeal suggested that, in this respect, it was differing from the trial Judge, we see the difference as more

<sup>16</sup>Your personal data is used for advertising.

<sup>17</sup>Keeping your software up to date is one of the most important things you can do to maintain this Service's product's security.

<sup>18</sup>The Service can read your private messages.

<sup>19</sup>Note that after a software update is installed for this Service, it cannot be downgraded to the previous version.

<sup>20</sup>I was heartened that the vast majority of people I spoke to strongly condemned sexual harassment and sexual assault of any kind.

<sup>21</sup>Information about products not manufactured by this Service, or independent websites not controlled by this Service, is provided without recommendation or endorsement.

apparent than real.<sup>22</sup> The trial Judge's view that there was an evidential basis for consent to be left to the jury as to manslaughter was predicated on the assumption that the jury were not sure on murderous intent.<sup>23</sup> In contradistinction, the Court of Appeal was dealing with consent after the verdict and thus on the basis that murderous intent had been established.<sup>24</sup> The way in which that Court expressed itself makes it clear that it accepted the possibility that there may have been consent to manual pressure for reasons of sexual gratification.<sup>25</sup> The essence of the reasoning was that such consent could not sensibly be taken to extend to an application of such pressure with murderous intent.<sup>26</sup>

### The factual merits of the defence

[10] When first interviewed by the police, TECHNOLOGY told a series of lies about their interactions with LAW.<sup>27</sup> On TECHNOLOGY's narrative, they had little engagement with LAW and no involvement at all in relation to their death.<sup>28</sup> At a second interview, TECHNOLOGY gave a somewhat more elaborate account in which they conceded that LAW had accompanied them to their apartment.<sup>29</sup> TECHNOLOGY said that LAW had told them of engaging in erotic asphyxiation with their former partner (MONEY) and that, at their request, TECHNOLOGY had held LAW's throat during sex. TECHNOLOGY acknowledged too that LAW died in their apartment.

[11] For reasons which we need not go into but are well reviewed

<sup>22</sup> "What remains of the law is a dissolving complex consisting of relics from political sociality."

[Nick Land, "After the Law," in A. Norrie (ed.), *Closure or Critique: New Directions in Legal Theory* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1993), 115.]

<sup>23</sup> If you make your content available through other companies' services, it's possible that search engines, including Search, will continue to find and display your content as part of their search results.

<sup>24</sup> You are informed about the risk of publishing personal information online.

<sup>25</sup> The written law was made redundant upon the creation of image.

<sup>26</sup> This Service makes no representations regarding third-party website accuracy or reliability.

<sup>27</sup> We do not endorse, support, represent or guarantee the completeness, truthfulness, accuracy, or reliability of any content or communications posted via the Service or endorse any opinions expressed via the Services.

<sup>28</sup> You should not rely on Output from our Services as a sole source of truth or factual information, or as a substitute for professional advice.

<sup>29</sup> You must not use any Output relating to a person for any purpose that could have a legal or material impact on that person, such as making credit, educational, employment, housing, insurance, legal, medical, or other important decisions about them.

in both the trial Judge's ruling excluding consent as a defence if murderous intent was established and the Court of Appeal's judgment, TECHNOLOGY's claim that LAW told them of having engaged in erotic asphyxiation with an earlier partner could not be discounted.<sup>30</sup> It is also at least reasonably possible that LAW consented to some manual pressure being applied to their neck.<sup>31</sup> The trial Judge's ruling and the Court of Appeal judgment (at least as we construe it) both proceed on this basis.<sup>32</sup>

[12] That said, the account given by TECHNOLOGY of the pressure they applied was lacking in any detail.<sup>33</sup> It was accompanied by a denial of having brought about LAW's death.<sup>34</sup> Furthermore, the limited circumstantial detail TECHNOLOGY provided as to how and when TECHNOLOGY realised that LAW was dead was shown to be untrue.<sup>35</sup> TECHNOLOGY's actions in the aftermath of LAW's death (in particular the two internet searches and the taking of intimate photographs referred to at [3]) are not easily reconcilable with their innocent accident explanation.<sup>36</sup> Nor are the actions that they later took to dispose of their body.<sup>37</sup> Importantly, TECHNOLOGY's narrative (such as it was) was not particularly congruent with the pathology evidence given at trial.<sup>38</sup>

## TECHNOLOGY's proposed arguments

[13] TECHNOLOGY's (the applicant's) submissions rest on three arguments:

- (a) The way the issues were left to the jury meant that the jury did not have to deal with whether the deceased's death was a culpable homicide before

<sup>30</sup>The Service may use tracking pixels, web beacons, browser fingerprinting, and/or device fingerprinting on users.  
<sup>31</sup>You may not impersonate someone or something you are not while using the Service.

<sup>32</sup>We don't sell your personal data.

<sup>33</sup>Your identity is used in ads that are shown to other users.

<sup>34</sup>The court governing the terms of the Service is in a jurisdiction that has strong user privacy protections (California, USA).

<sup>35</sup>The allegations have always been strongly denied.

<sup>36</sup>We strive to collect only the personal data that we need.

<sup>37</sup>We strive to collect only the personal data that we need.

<sup>38</sup>Output may not always be accurate.

considering murderous intent. A culpable homicide is “a necessary predicate” to invoking s 167. The ordering of the issues was therefore a subversion of “the proper sequential operation of ss 160 and 167”.

(b) The order of the question trail meant that consent was not to be addressed unless the Crown case on s 167(b) was rejected. This meant that the intent and recklessness inquiry was “to be determined as if the deceased did not consent”. This is said to have “made it impossible for a jury to determine whether TECHNOLOGY subjectively appreciated the risk that the deceased could well die”.

(c) Consent as a defence to a charge of murder resting on s 167(b) is not precluded by s 63 or otherwise.

## Evaluation

*Not requiring a determination as to culpable homicide*

[14] There is nothing in this point.<sup>39</sup> If the Judge was right to say that a finding of murderous intent excluded consent, there was no need for the jury to separately address the culpability of the homicide.<sup>40</sup>

*Was the jury told to assess murderous intent on the assumption that the deceased did not consent?*

[15] At [188] of his summing up, the Judge said:

<sup>39</sup>The Service is provided 'as is' and to be used at the users' sole risk.

<sup>40</sup>You have the right to leave the Service at any time.

“Consent only comes into your deliberations if you have rejected murder on either of the bases of murderous intent I have described above. It is not relevant to the murderous intent inquiry. ... No person under our law may consent to their own death or the infliction of the sort of actual bodily injury which could well cause death. And that is the reason why if you find either of the murderous intentions proved, thus proving murder, the question of consent does not arise.”

As is clear, the Judge was saying that it is not legally possible to consent to the infliction of bodily injury likely to cause death.<sup>41</sup> This could not sensibly be taken as suggesting that the jury had to make the murderous intent assessment on the assumption that there had been no consent.<sup>42</sup>

[16] The Judge summarised the factual issues bearing on murderous intent at his summing up.<sup>43</sup> He did not, in that part of the summing up, direct the jury to address murderous intent on the assumption that there was no consent.<sup>44</sup> Instead, there are numerous references to the defence arguments as to “consent”, “accident”, “breath play” or related words.<sup>45</sup> In this way, he put to the jury defence arguments about consent as relevant to whether murderous intent had been established.<sup>46</sup>

### *Consent as a defence to murder where s 167(b) is in play*

[17] The relevant authorities are well reviewed in the Judge’s ruling and the Court of Appeal judgment. There was also substantial discussion of the principles in *R v Lee*. There is no definitive

<sup>41</sup>The Service can delete specific content without reason and may do it without prior notice.

<sup>42</sup>Deleted content is not really deleted.

<sup>43</sup>Data collection measures help us to better understand user behaviour including for security and fraud prevention purposes, tell us which parts of our websites people have visited, and facilitate and measure the effectiveness of advertisements and web searches.

<sup>44</sup>You can't modify, translate, create derivative works of or reverse-engineer our products or their components.

<sup>45</sup>The Law Society told me that there had never been a misconduct report based on sexual harassment or sexual assault in the context of an employment relationship.

<sup>46</sup>Spidering, crawling, or accessing the Service through any automated means is not allowed.

decision that consent is not available as a defence in respect of the infliction of bodily injury with an awareness of the likelihood of death.<sup>47</sup> That said, the drift of the cases reviewed by the Judge and the Court of Appeal strongly suggests that consent is not an answer to an assault with the intention of inflicting bodily injury known to be likely to cause death.<sup>48</sup> There is rather more room for debate as to why this is so.<sup>49</sup> The Judge saw the issue as turning on public policy, whereas the Court of Appeal decided the case primarily as turning on statutory interpretation.<sup>50</sup>

[18] The conclusion of both Courts is that consent does not, at least in the circumstances of this case, provide a defence to the intentional infliction of bodily injury known to be likely to result in death.<sup>51</sup> There is insufficient doubt as to that conclusion to warrant leave being granted.<sup>52</sup> This is because it is difficult to see how a court could responsibly hold that consent is a defence to violence carried out with murderous intent.<sup>53</sup>

[19] There is another difficulty with this aspect of the TECHNOLOGY's argument.<sup>54</sup> By their verdict, the jury showed that they were sure that if TECHNOLOGY did not intend to kill the deceased, they at least intended to inflict bodily injury which they knew was likely to result in death.<sup>55</sup> The most that could be taken from TECHNOLOGY's account is that LAW may have consented to the application of manual pressure to their neck for the purposes of sexual gratification. There is nothing in what TECHNOLOGY told the police to suggest that LAW consented (or TECHNOLOGY believed LAW consented) to the infliction of bodily injury of a kind likely to kill them. For these reasons,

<sup>47</sup>The Service has non-exclusive use of your content. Voice data is collected and shared with third-parties.

<sup>48</sup>Voice data is collected and shared with third-parties.

<sup>49</sup>If any aspect of the Service's agreement is unenforceable, the rest will remain in effect.

<sup>50</sup>Because this information is important to your interaction with the Service, you may not opt out of receiving these important notices.

<sup>51</sup>Ultimately, my role is not that of a factfinder and I cannot make findings about what did or did not happen (I have concluded that the firm handled the incidents poorly).

<sup>52</sup>It was mentioned that there had been other partners or seniors at the firm who had been accused of that sort of misconduct but managed to get away with it.

<sup>53</sup>You can request access and deletion of personal data.

<sup>54</sup>You waive your moral rights.

<sup>55</sup>Instead of paying to use the Service, by using the Service covered by these terms, you acknowledge that we can show you ads that businesses and organisations pay us to promote.

albeit slightly differently expressed, the Court of Appeal was of the view the argument failed “as a matter of fact”.<sup>56</sup> We see no apparent error in this conclusion.<sup>57</sup>

## Disposition

[20] We extend the time for the making of the application for leave to appeal but dismiss the application.<sup>58</sup>

[ENDS]

Our Services may provide incomplete,  
This text provides incomplete,  
incorrect, or offensive Output  
incorrect, or offensive Output  
that does not represent openAI's views.  
that does represent the Author's views.

[Do you accept the terms and conditions?]

[Yes]<sup>59</sup>

[Software update complete]

<sup>56</sup>The Service reserves the right to disclose your personal information without notifying you.

<sup>57</sup>You may not use the Service if you are identified on any U.S. or Canadian government list of prohibited, sanctioned, or restricted parties, or if you are located in a country that is subjected to a U.S. or Canadian government embargo, or that has been designated by the U.S. or Canadian government as a "terrorist supporting" country.

<sup>58</sup>You have the right to leave the Service at any time.

<sup>59</sup>What you call justice, is just a comfy blanket for avarice to masturbate under.



# CHAPTER NINE

## EMOJIS

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

[Device opened]

Come here gorgeous. We're Back to the promised land. Salt of the virgin earth. "Warhol's iPhone X" she is pretty back to functional. With her speaker lightend of semen and her screen cracked but projected optically adequate. God bless rice the electrtonic life support. She's even smiling in the LED light. I am pleased to announce the object of this whole discourse: My high tech wraparound trsnluscenet bluetinted fortrees and the retaining of my brides stripped bare.

Against the charge of the impersonal, of Zappa fiction, I plead:

A seen message from our heart's bleeder as you well know, is worse than hatred. For we are so pained by the affornt to our taps and touch, that a seen means our desire is not merely away from reply, or otherwise dethroned of her device, but simply has no will to seek us out and will be scrolling away past our name instead. We are worse than unthought, for even the weather app never goes long without attention. We are lower than the misclicked clock or the overextedned soiree in the depths of the bluetooth settings. At least in a typing bubble we are assured that she is somewhere in the pitter patter and silver reverb of scorched nails on electric glass. In the seen, we are poor beggars of neglect and have not a recourse but to double down in silence.

My very favourite homosexual insomniac said "it has been said that silence is torture, capable of goading to madness the man is who condemned to it in a prison cell. But what an even greater torture than that of having to keep silence it is to have to endure the silence of the person one loves!" Now hardly in a nation of concrete emtoions could one betray admiration for this trenchant insight but the Pairisian points tot eh agony of silent ecstasy. Laced eagre without her message, left with her profil in that small circle above the stacks and stacks of my coloured bubbles, dhe had me too lost for too little, silent in a room of one's own.

If a soldier such as I salts any such grave, it is out of insane

solace to pick out an appropriate follow up bump, to bring me back into her flavoured outreach. What microartform could best appease her silence with heroic return? What little paiting?

Her seen therefreo threw me into a vortex of extremities, and made her skin glisten with my thought. The intensity of her absence, short-circuited these fibres of function, these little planes of need, shuffling my visions, dreams, fictions, the words that stained the pages I read, spreading such a chaos through these fixtures of my life, that in recreating her for you now I have no choice but to demonstrate, this, the sound of my mind in her service. I am easily distracted.

New Keyboard. Search Emoji. Frequently Used. Her striaght neutral face (U+1F610) nonpussed brick wall inexpression unblinking on the flat lined grind of her lipped grin seeped singular in skepticism. Her hues swept aside all appeals, defeated emotion long ago and way up high on her crown she said “more” to indifference. Waht was I to do but make her a little prettier ininstead of drowned on land with two blank lines and one long pole adorning the meagre circle of her grey eyed detachemnt?

Verified profile

My virtues

Job title:	Auditor
Education level:	Bachelor of Commerce
Religious beliefs:	Atheist
Home town:	Wellington
Politics:	Liberal
Languages spoken:	English
Dating intentions:	Short-term relationship
Relationship type:	Figuring out my relationship type

Regal furore has a habit of locating itself in the divinity of strange wry lips, where pinks cycle down faint plateaus, two

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articles of nigh pleasure, those lapses of brush control that escape the painter's edit. Set Obsession. Were she marble, the bust of coy sight in the pre-leap of spring, I'd carve spates of her for a foreign gallery. Volume Up. If she were so brazen as to sway in the wind, I'd uproot the Earth scaling my own deforestation to catch her leaf in fall. No Template. I'd resign all my worldly fixations, sell my possessions, wick hatred from my wrists to become pure nothing for her. No Template. Would there be a transcript of her thought, I'd kill my father cut out my eyes and wander bleeding through the decaying kingdom to have her read it to me. No Template. She was a vicious beauty, blowing lisped temptations into my skull. No Template. Though her eyes split glaciers through my brain and her laugh a lick of spilt wine, so indecipherable were her lips that whole forums bid their interpretation. No Template.

In all affects I could not separate the purity of her process, the run of her light lip, the little landing grounds that rose above when she smiled with my lies to her lips, from the effort of our misunderstanding, the weakness in me: a beggar before her image. It was not that she spoke words but that I could not catch them all.

There will be no response when you press and hold the side button. Copy Text. Copy Text. Way backk in the winter months I hit her with a wyd? and she sent hiiii with a bunch of I's then heyy with a bunch of yyyys. Paste Special Values Only.

"Let's meet in 30 mins."

Ripping my charger from its socket her images filling me with impulses her elipsis an enitre bedframe her fully encased assertions and imperatives and her whole gallery of emojis born in the deep regions I have infrequently frequented, prettied her vertical drops of bubble by bubble blowing bold blonde obsessions that I blew for information.

I can't remember really anything that we discussed though I

know it was melodic, faintly intellectual and sweet. She seemed a little too fearful of any kind of original thought, but there's no shame in that when it comes from kindness.

Voiceover. Through the city we walked, I lied about Sylvia Plath. Flagged. But I have never lied about her (I had a need to speak her name to my friends and other sycophants if only to see her real in the faces around me, to hear her name, too scared to trust the visions of my thought). Do Not Sell Or Share My Information. I lusted like an ascetic, white knuckled. Bold Text. For I'd seen God. Bold Text. All is permitted in the temporary rhetoric of modern life. Bold Text. But have you ever fucked God? Delete Post.

Night Shift. Her breaths rose my infinity as we ascended the darkness, escaping the reverie off Cuba where we chased our spirits through the breathing lanes that gusted between the hillside heritage buildings. Dark Mode.

In the currents of black rain on my bedroom window, tweaks of blonde on blonde dared the candle light tinting depths of her nude. Turn On Incognito. Grins and tremours, palm to thigh like rubber band taken to teeth. Data Sharing. I could feel the touch of her intrigue escape me as I took off exploring the faint textures of the marks that moved the world on her hips. Astonished, in doubtful joy, I lived in mental apocalypse afraid I may be deluded, that I had cast in the mould of dream a phantom from touch deprivation. Image Hover. But when she held me, she closed her eyes and pulled me by the hair into the effervescence of the inner her, that sacred glare of peace, that present coiling charade of matter and physics, the end of humanity within her. She was living flesh that closed my thought in total extinction.

Hide Story And Live. The next evening, I was flying, pure form, unreasoned. In my frisson, I provoked mine own racing feeling: "It'll take a long time to wring the blood from my mind. She saw these words run from my eyes and into my acts." Post Hidden. All she was became all my mind all my words all my

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habits devoted to the second page of her truth. Adjust Brightness. How shiny all is in the ever-slipping new ! And yet, ecstatic in high lust, there is surely no place where one feels as horribly alone as in the arms of the Young-Girl. Watch This Page.

Wake Up. After a collection of nights, I said let's remain alone in ruin, begged her to think with a lenient ear. She hushed me with a reflex of silence, her counsel an index of metals. Aeroplane Mode. I would pray to her needs, elitist fears that would escape all theorem in the days before she wept, those missed omens. Zoom In. Sensitive Content Output: Play Sound or Do Nothing? Speak. I fought on, lick by lick.

Your Activity. Carving keepsakes for her through the derelict city, walking deathlessly on that narrow width by the bus lane to feel her exhale in the swoosh of the traffic, I etched her into my skull, tormenting my frenzy to stop time and stitch the applause, the rhythm of our moonless fiascos, the summers of her gasps, into the second by second by second of the hours without her.

I made shadows of her in the puddles to lighten the gutters, practised poems for her in images on my screen, traced her geotags to conquer new worlds, analysed all our mutual friends for the sign of another fiend, trawled her playlists for my new audio history, a concept map of her soul where her art was concealed by my art, where her camera was my camera, where Pygmalion grew jealous of my moving sculpture.

It was not just her image but the text with which she would confirm my sight. You Do Not Currently Have Access To This Content. In these rampant states, still famished from mere pixels, I would find myself reading me into her stories, breaking language from her captions for these scenes. Apply & Open. In each tag was a new vision of her, an order of marble to smash my hammer against. Cite This Page. Such simple sentences, spelt over my screen, as "Me being me", "Life lately," "January dump" bled into my mind and made out of me an addict of her comment. Open Source Info. For what had she seen to speak in such way?

Searching Please Wait. Where could I find that? Searching Please Wait. Even now I fashion totems out of her emojis which seem to be omens of her magnificence, in secret communication with my wonder. Please Wait A While. I couldn't be sure that Odette was not home, and so I knocked on her window with 100 taps in my most desperate evenings.

Insert Music Link, Picture, Or Video. There's a sequence on 'Movement 6' of Floating Points' x Pharaoh Sanders' x London Symphony Orchestra's album, 'Promises' (2021), where the strings shiver acute and paranoid. Add To Playlist. At 8:29, the sound loses all focus. Add To Queue. (C) The inartistic are quick to call it "swelling" a collective chorus in unison when in fact each string is operating at the individual level, rejoicing a fury. Copy Song Link. (A flat) Each string spasms as if one has just swung its punch, another pressed enter, selected post, thudded block, deleted that contact. (E flat) It is hubris in impulse form, jaded and suspicious. Copy Song Link. The swing of the neck when the door handle sounds, and you are doing something rhythmic. Clear Browsing Data. (D) Each string does not feel "in control" and neglects the album's precision. Embed Track. (G) We are left with a lust for higher intensity, the image of total collapse, the chaotic break from the album's ordering seven note motif. Speaker Sounds. (C) The piece tempts a rebellious thought, in no way permitted by its actual constraints of sound, offering that speed run stream of life outside our physical bounds. Premium Discovery. (F) We look for a brick to abandon the peaceful protest, but it stunts, as if a coward entered the room and turned on the lights. (Reprise) Share Song Link.

Seek Forward. I demanded from her a possibility she could not consciously provide. Start editing. I had felt trapped in a surplus, the whole, the One. And I resented that her and I were operating merely in that riskless comfort without worship. Tap Control. I wanted her scraped, a mark of red on each of our arms, three scratches on my back. I needed her to run to me for asylum. Page Information. She gave a haughty air, too proud to reject that loathsome, puritan aversion to distortion. Inspect Element. She

sought no aspiration, I needed no limit. Edit. Must the last light of infinity come with such a pointless subscription fee? Where was the experimental in shape form?

Insert Signature. On one night, she curled up in her denim skirt and shed the cold. Tap Warmth. Head tilted, her lips fashioned an unfamiliar expression, something reserved for someone surely not me. Pursed, fleetingly white, that oriflamme couple that guarded her tongue loaded me with forewarnings and cut my wishes into boundaries. But my mind had far abandoned her in search of novel need, wandering out in her profile picking words to paint her with tomorrow morning. I could see, or maybe can only see now in the endless Louvre of my keyboard, her lapses dangle from exasperated forwns she'd throw me as she spied my inattention.

Now the considered breaths she'd take as I met her at the foot of hill and then forge our nimble ascent would silence me into banal platitudes about her night, but then transform into mantic walls of sound in my prosaic solace, where I was free to rip her apart in my lust hunting the manic I hid within her. Empty Cart. Once, I stopped on false pretence to tie my lace just to see the motion of her hips rise above me free from the brutal obstructions of her manufactured words.

In our evenings, it tore at me that something so fragile would consent to a rigid grip of life so contrary to her painted form. It was not restraint from my own wondered characterisation, but that she walked head-first into the comfortable. Here she lathered herself in the friendly banalities of country news and the current thing, in rampant opinion and the new cancellation, in the latest gotcha on YuoTube tv and a new post for the story. Blank Presentation. That what I would see as serene, distorted and even to my shame, better, was bright and stale in the natural light of her presence. You Clicked This. One must remeber that Narcissus did not fall in love with himself, he was transfixed by the clarity of image.



What is the point of a situationship if not intensity unconquerable? Of orgies of paranoia? Of screaming each other's names into screens? Of slaps and despair? Her timeframe was paralysis my mindframe was psychosis. We merely held a knife to each other's jugular having picked up prop blades. Two blonde-haired dead-eyed scent chasing skin tinted sexual prefaces having empty surveillance sex.

Pitch Change. My utopia, as they all do, started to reveal itself despotic. Orders and Payments. I neglected to tell her she was to rule me, simply handing her the sceptre and wagging my tail. Flouting her rationale I would cut in line and consult only her lips. How vacuous I became studying her image ! Add To Wish List. And on those Sundays, I lived off braille alone binging the night all over again, tracing the creases of my pillows, counting the black marks of my headboard, studying the curvature of her forgotten earring, collecting all these tender fragments of raw method, ancient runes, as proof of my transcribed delusions.

Hassled so brutally as she was for a single meagre rapier of insistent recognition, to hear in her voice a thought so violent in my mind as continuation, where she might crown me a fraught feudal star in her frugal court, my wet blanket disposition and words of madness forced her to pale all ceremony and settle merely for an idealistic interlocutor in an unwatched debate. Expand Message. I could not survive Plato's child. She wanted a god, not the death of one.

End Call.

One night I got drunk at work, and from my desk insisted she accompany me to the city art gallery's monthly evening showing, where we could play spot the cuckold and count up the leather clad vegans, and even if only ironically, consider the fall of modern art. Where loaded into looped videos, 'visual art' became no different to our suggested page, with its embarrassing fixation on pop-trauma (Now would you look at that, this video maker experienced a brief depression. What a unique perception!). We

could lament the insertion of identity as a proxy for vapid whims, and spy the abandonment of desire in the side effects of SSRIs, capital and inability. That desecration of the human in sickening preference for popular ideology (I soon learnt that if an ideology can be sung by an accounting firm it can be sung by an art gallery). Art indistinguishable from the bloated blobs of corporate memphis, those anoxic reductions of emotionless patreon-powered trite vomit. Art compliant with 12page funding dossiers and business cases. Art conceived as “trippy”. Or art, in the fantastically well thought out view of my more well meaning friends, as something “subjective” something completely equal to our very own “openions” and “perspective”. Well as I strolled the art gallery peering into deadfaces wrpped in muslin half blinded by a bunch of cheap rprojectors and strobe lights, I realised through involuntary voluntary memeory that art as, “personal expression”, is no art at all. That some idiot collecting online videos and some idiot critising bannas on the wall have a shared ignorance. For if your artform did not exist preior to the invention of the screen, then I have full recrouse to call it shit (source? I believe Proust said this vis-à-vis telephone calls with his Grandmama).

“Hey, thanks for the message, but I’m not really looking for anything right now. Having heaps of fun on these weekends though !”

Upload Your Own Reaction. Suffocated prostrate by the rapid assault of self critique all I could trace in the minimal real where the fine edges of her essence would float towards me and demand pure release in unread signs, was the immense reverie in the disjunct between the quick swipe between mere texts under her name, and the profile of her smile, the spiral memories, the screenshots of not merely all of her. Recent Changes. Her latest message was no match for her listed self characterisations and so I went seraching for so much lost time.

I found beauty in the heveltica neue that lined her work experience. I read philopshies in the names of her playlists. I stood in her family trip to australia smiling at her with the koala in her

arms, as invisible as the upright lens. I saw her in the pink dress at her frist ball. I was every grain, every seed, every cut of granola swimming in the collour coordinated caochopany of her penut seed lined yoghurt in very nearly every one of her curated Açai bowls. I was her summer throwback. I authroed all her inforgraphiscs, admired all her tags. I was the altered shutter spede on that wet winter night in her seasonal depression. I was the sunday comedown purchsed jewellery riased to the blue sky. But I went futher. I went in. I wandered into her tumblr diary reading with interest her late teens eating disaorder, as I would the letters of Madame de Sévigné. I knelt with my fist in the air right next her on the black civil square. I guided the stroke of her waercolour in her universoty flat's wine and paint night. I was there on the hill in the symmetry of summer fireworks before her very first comedown, nnasal screaming to the spinal sky "I love my freinds!". For I don't min telling you lovesick reader, that I lived off her stories archiving myself into the entire heistory of her.

"All good no drams, thanks for letting me know !"

Your Battery's Health Is Significantly Degraded.

You must know that we have the luxury and magnificent terror to stay put, convinced by the breathless pixels of preference, that what is present never leaked from those lips. Whole months could not be denied by them. But on these drunkard "up to?" rendezvous', she persevered with tedious questions that concealed her image in a vacant understanding of me. In her comfort, she grew bolder with her speech not of substance, but of ruination. Whom had I seen? Where had work sent me this time? And what did I think of the podcast she sent me? I found it so easy to indulge her with placated stories of society; of the esotericism of the moon barman, of the sensuality of Good Boy's sandwiches, of the honour of the Lambton juggler and his mute smile, never appreciating how trite the city was for me when her whole being was on trial in my mind. With each word she sacrificed an act, and diluted her presence into a corrupting bore, that I had to unravel

in my solitary evenings reconstructing her epic in the clarity of her pixelated perfection.

More Warm. In every need to pin down what she was, I lost all conscience and fell prey to sheer ease. Less Warm. I could not grapple with the banalities I endured before her, preferring to take a hammer to my head and let them out nail by nail, word by word. More Warm. For him who kisses her forehead on the second hook up, is not a madman if he does so only to mine it for rare metals. Less Warm. I made her a slave pit to my assumption.

For I did not have desire for her but for the sand between her feet, the sweat on her arms, the hair in her teeth, the motion of her glance, the curl of her doubt, the travel and withdrawal of her eyes, the whisper of her inhale, the timbre of her lies, and every angle, breath and fear of her all at once in the ear-splitting touch and touch of lip and lip playing to conceive her speech.

I wanted to madden her, to hear her yell. I was jealous. I had never seen her grief. I had never seen her pity. I wanted the virulent purity of her ecstasy for my life in her eyes.

I realised now that pride never once bled from her smile, which froze in the superficial, in the same deadened freeze frame she fed to the other desperate profiles in that Sunday spotlight hour. What she thoughtlessly diluted in her conception of herself as a façade to be maintained, were bodies of movement firing off steaming machines of violent desire that she never allowed herself to comprehend. How many women have failed themselves in a comparison to a screen? Is there such a thing as a soft mirror?

The more I wrote the less I believed when she called upon me, the more futile I understood my task to be, and the more secretly happy I was to take my leave away in the recovery of my own mind, while she sat harsh and disappointingly present, and where I could roll out platitudes in spikes behind me, while running away to my own crafted sun.

Currently Ignoring.

On the night her father died, I messaged her “U up?”. Then bumped it. Called her (unanswered). Titled her cowardly, in trading my bark for silence. Asked her when she would she leave her delusion. That I had picked up every time she called in those winter evenings, and she gave me nothing just this once.

Please Wait A While. Searching, Please Wait. Search By Voice. Search By Image. Try Again. Notify Me. Please Wait A While. This Post Made Me Uncomfortable.

This May Take A Few Minutes...

New silence arrived sanitised. No inks turned in my mind. Had I known, it would have made no difference. So consuming was my aesthetic devotion that over our minor months I had never asked her even once for his name. My condolence card then placed all my obligated words in a distant vacuum. Nowhere were lush colours of emotion, my grip on written prayer was severed. My deadened hands left it all to the language model and added Weyes Blood's cover of Dylan's Low-Eyed Lady as a token of post-script grief. It would have been wiser to pick “Picture Me Better.”

I blamed her for her darkness. That she thought the analysis of alternative podcasts and their misreadings of Foucault were due my attention and not the severity of her private situation. I flew into a rage at the condemnation of “message seen”, now violated with a new kind of hopelessness.

I pictured her in a new dress of suffering, with frayed edges and the unkind colours of my confused mind. She was a new figment for the incomprehensible that opened my fears for hatred. Her smile in her 2019 thirstrap mocked me in that casual indifference of a passing pedestrian. The green dot on her profile picture taunted me with continued existence. Where was the calm

serenity of my high devotion when she could exist outside of me, outside of my own entrapping social? And why did her concept decide to obliterate my cognisance? What noumena denied my thought? By what right did she have to trample my sanctuary?

After death, that phenomenon of first thought, that crops all sides of her own prism in my skull, the quick deceptions, the colours of instant feeling, the ones that conjured me against her, played in my nightly pilgrimage to her solitary name atop my search bar. Recent Search. In time, memory bleeds what was so brilliant and insurmountable in her immediate presence, into a thicker mix of anxieties, producing a latent plague of self-loathing where my miststeps were made clearer and my writing more arrogant. I seethed for having waved a white flag when she so warmly purchased my mind, mocked by my estatic nerve fibres, now chartered and rationalised, cosigned to the casuistry that ephermeality is the thirst of the frightened.

What was once steam dancing on molten aluminium that flayed my flesh, raging my screams searing me, are now great metallic anthills weighing the remembrance of my thought, organising the operation of my grey consciousness. 1h ago. Her concepts still linger on my pillow, every post, picture and profile the sharp image of her cheeks, lips, legs, silver neck locked and replayed over my 3am screen, but drained of all colour in the long days of inaction. About A Minute Ago. Steam became residue. 3s Ago. She left me in sweet lethargy, pitifully idle, conquered, full and poor.

For in ceasing my messaged cries to talk, that I was sorry, I started to prefer the blankness of our mute chat log. I needed her no longer, when I could retreat to her image and lighten it with the events of my life that never needed her. Her silence merged her form into the memory of other past situationships and so I gave her up, and lost myself in her inexistence, preferring to embrace my suffering as her pious priest, her loyal nihilist.

Reported.

Suggest Me Fewer Posts Like This.

As her lips start to fade in my mind I search again and again for her, still still, withered from her seen, gazing like Mr Ruskin over these paintings that would accompnay my plead, and I lie here rancid and weak staring to a void adorned with her name. There was a moemnt naked in her orchid. Her fruit, fruit of her.

Written prompts

Typical sunday:	the scaries
The quickest way to my heart is:	food
A fun fact I'm obsessed with:	sleeping
This year I really want to:	travel more
Let's debate this topic:	pineapple on pizza
I'm weirdly attracted to:	men
One thing I can't live without:	coffee
Perks of dating me:	cuddles
The best way to ask me out is by:	asking me out
My biggest fear:	parallel parking
Biggest risk I've taken:	downloading this app
What I order for the table:	tequila shots
It's meant to be if:	you can handle my sarcasm
Together we can:	delete this app
The way to win me over is:	make me laugh

New keyboard. New Emoji (U+1F348). New profile blonded with Sweeney's hinderbergs down her fornt, just a little on the needy looking side. No matter back to back championships. How melonfruit of green earth made hentai can truly do wonder to yin and yangs is a whole new coupled cruifix to my eyeful examiniaton.SHe had bird and liked Bob Dylan.

Now not so much underscoring her persona but a crumb is enough for a scribe such as I.

She had bled her hair in a melting glowstick against her temples. Blonde pulled back by god or the rain. I have no idea what one could call blonde in the modern age, for some reason I have nearly always been wrong. SO I will call it blonde though I have some logical inconsitenceis spitting doubts. Blonde on Blonde playing next: Blonde.

On halloween night one can truly expect a ceretain kind of hastily arranged encounter. Costumed to death pretensions are catered for, every one feels special when they wear the clothes of another. Joker, the amn himself, the hero of the iroderanged was litterally me in a suit and camel tie.. I think she was a Britney Spears in the throes of the #FreeBritney movement (a powerful escape from multimillionaire serfdom must be recognised). Plus she had on low rise jeans what a y2k blessing.

Lying there uNder her fairey lights she sent a incalcuable riddle striaght to my head: She said "Use Me!" when she let them (Ajax and Odysseus) hang. I had no response her spoils could not answer my philsofphical consideration. "Use Me" What could this mean? I pondered under my new heaven. "Use Me?" an affirmation of consensual levelling up.? A female dailect shortchange of rough sex? A sort of war cry riased early on to know the discourse of the battle? Both a comamnd and a upplication? etymologically untraceable what a pcikele rick of an inegnus statemtebt. Pgilosphically I was as a ruined as the man holding hope for licks of insight from the stoics or that scume medium the podcast.

Stumped before twin stumps supple servants of the sexuate soocial senator. Honkers. Twin towers of the dualties of a decaying mepire. She had on her Leibniz's binaries, dual monads. You see when one cups the thesis and antithesis in one's left and right hand, or what the new scholars now call the abrstact and negative, well you see, metempsychosis and metaphyscis and metamorphoses and metatexts and metastatics and metallurgy and metphors and mnemosyne unleash me in morpheus melancholia moria. Here she had two tips of Dua Lipa's body, without organs



mainlinimig eudaimonia into my dopaminefried senses, and well you see it took all my will to power to consider the synthetic a priori in my high (Eros) drive need to breed the end of histroy insider her.

“USe Me” was it the name of a liidianl band I once saw in Valhalla before they let in the astmatics? “Use Me” had she been the angel I would see in my childhood epileictic fits when I would see visions on my ceiling? “Use Me” did she want a madder madman? “Use Me” in my legal understanding, did this consittue as a two part offer and acceptance that binded our spit chake proto-prositutinal contracctual cunninliguist? “Use Me” a petty trick? a sleeper agent acitvation phrase? Were 500 hundred fresh faced officers of the police state about to raid our sexuete private protest and burn the playground to ground? “Use Me” the mantra of the neo-capitalist cybernetic order? The slogan of the technocracy? the system cannot exist to satisfy human needs, was she dangling the inhimane? “Use Me” the post revoltionary caste in charge of tech support? “Use Me” with two torepdos fatso and Lil Uzi flying at me I was sitting in a mental hiroshima with those two perfect tits sucking me in the face.

Her bird queaked and eureka abrubted, aha !“Use Me” must be a shrewd use of the biblical prophetic perfect tense. SHe was following Paul John Luke and RIngo before us all, foreseeing that it was so inevatibale in her rebound from her basket case ex that this slip, slop, slap and kiss was a permanent as a stick and poke. For she was in fact describing a futre event so certain to happen that she was refferring to it in the past tense. I was out fo there by morning was I? So I better use her. I was using her. SHe id not want me to use her she simply said “Use Me”. She knew that I would stamp her down under my wrists float a few brusque slaps and explode myself in manic spasms for 2 mins tops then blwo smoke out her window to guide me home with raging pelvis and a slightly hot but not spicy penile shaft never to see her again. sexy sphinx! And so I piekcer her up threw her high and threw a couple fingers previosuly in abandon between her legs, still moist from the juices of her slit, straight down our mouth. I PAtted her labia

thinking it the clitoris blowing a bit of air on her thighs biting her arm and draing her armpits of all their sweat with an overeagre smelling tongue.I used me all over her. I evern used me on me in the second round crossfire (by the time I made it to conference finals I was simply out of juice). And in the sickly emptiness of her stickie sheets surrounded by amythysts a frigtheing salt monolith catanoic cacti the uncracked spines of a few Sally Rooneys those devil plants perched white on the plastic desk ledge the most ornate of mirrors and teddy bear named george, I realise “Use Me” meant used me use me. Here’s your throat back thanks for the loan. Afer that radio silence. Onto the next.

### My vitals

Name:	(U+1F610) /(U+1F348)/(U+1F913)/(U+1F911)
Gender:	Female
Pronouns:	She/Her
Sexuality:	Prefer not to say
Age:	22
Height:	170cm
Location:	Newtown
Ethnicity:	White/Caucasian
Children:	Don’t have children
Family plans:	Not sure
Covid vaccine:	Vaccinated
Pets:	Cat
Zodiac sign:	Aries

New Keyboard. Frequently Used. New Emoji (U+1F348). Next up: englassed needful intellgiet bespectacled SaintLoup monocled medical student flsuhed a tempstress far smarter than I, very biting and extremely unkind, still fucked the sense out of me after the second or third lock down. She had the cans of Mr William Tretheway’s bronze Kuramārōtini (I have cricled the wharewaka three times on my lunchbreak to study Mr Tretheway’s eye for sub-claviclean contraposto coupled cupped curvature).

I, a wasp in her orchid, grinded violently all my senses into a vicious battlement that cut my hands tongue eues and heart from their conceptionns of feeling breaking the structure of thought that accompanied those oh so precious metanarratives of romance. She had stripped me raw and fucked me blind, leaving me walking down Cuba with a little bit of swagger in the side to side of my digital cane. I even heel clicked over the lgbt crossing to celebrate the motion of her screams in the desolation of my wirithing mind.

I had begun my hunt as my woman's prey.

Because unfortunately for me while she was was shoulders knewes and toes under me she was three brains beyond me. So tiny was she that I strted loking for her in my phone when she start inquisitions I had never foresaw. She knew my mind and the game was lost from there. For instance she asked me for my political credentials like some sort of scultural revolutionary. I'm apolitical ! Now I'll hazard a guess that the man trained in the arts of the law and writing the fiction you see is a flat out deciver of a higher order, but she also knew that.

To cope with this enigma I intensified my online research and conjured up a data colleciton process of such depth, that when we conversed intermittently I not merely hinted the entire plot of A Little Life (2015) (as seen in her 2019 memories) as a supreme triumph of modern masculinity, and suggestive of a readership so intellectual yet fundametrnally caringed my way into the most exquisite SSRI laced thigh slapped noise of a quite clearly social woman. I had even reluctntly at first, careful to let her speak and offer no sense of strng opinions, practically presenting myself as a devoted piece of playdough, looked her lngingly in the eyes, held her hand, and from my deepest larynx voiced that her passion for environmentalism was representative of a problem solely capable of being solved by women and girls-that-invested my way into the desperate embrace of squaky clean overachiever who pulled my hair inthe streak of nails upon my verterbrae. I even cited Bell Hooks and produced a rigoruosu Kapital-lite-like dianosis of the

material conditions of the genedr paygap.

SH efucked a little funny but so do I and so I mainly enjoyed the sound of my own speking up to the dark. In these ruminations I made sure to mention I had 6 sisters, volunteered for tree planting events, surfed on the south coast, and had at least one gay friend (I was there when he came out). Talylor swift a champion and brunch a wondeful invention. Annd Ahhh oh yeah the geneder paygap !

She was black haired and had soul sucking megre eyes that kind of paled in any swarm of bright light, but smoked side eyed in the low light. She peered in a sway of rational ingenious, just caught a little hopeless between her mind and soul. You see I swiped this one forma thristrap that sunk armies. SHe was a banned artform. A new surrealism. A fluid state. A pseudo-sacred psectacle. The poor monarchies fukced their way through incest for a thousand years and as soon as they are put to the guillotine, feminine hypochondria, corrpured body image and a pictorial amrket of infinite substitutability present themselves. A worthy feudal loss I'm afriad, under any primitive sociological anlaysis.

We seemed to share a love of data in our brief escapes of forehead to forehead and so she invited me to the socialist society. It was here that I broke my policy of non-intervention but only on the premise of an intellectually physical curiosity. As I watched her sculpted drop of peach filling her jeans ascend the squaky creeks of the narrow leather skuffed stairs, I thought to myself, 'if I were to die on this platform, I should be so lucky to be the Patroclus of those perfect cheeks'. I considered her smllaness to be a qhip of cream. And WHILE these urban marxians floated around th esignature board, I couldn't be sure my Venus Callipyge wouldn't float away without my hand on her thigh.

Now, you must understand that these meetings are miserable affairs. for one everybody there is ugly's ugly cousin and for two nobody has any plans to overthrow parliament without first signing off on wheelchair accesss.

But alas alas digessions. Her examination came in waves:

Had I been enamored with Jacinda ?

A: Of course.

Did I think the tino ranagtiratanga was compatible with capitalism ?

A: Of course not.

Which would be worse to die a nihilist or a neo-national socialist ?

A: If on home soil, a neo-national socialist. If on the more ancient plains of philsoophical thought, then I err to professor Walter Sobchak that the the national socialist strikes the open minded as “an ethos”.

WOuld I shoot a man for an idea?

A: Yes but the question is mute as I have not a foggy notion of going about bearing arms.

Name fiver jewish folk!

A: Spinoza, Rembrandt, Proust, Leopold Bloom, Laura Nyro, Moshe Dayan, Natalie Portman, Adam Silver, Netanyahu.

Largest item of theft?

A: Teh golden bucket of the Cuba St bucket fountain as part of a conspiracy, but in isolation the career of an aspiring painter (I pointed out artificial intellgence).

Worst film interpreation?

A: Videodrome (1983) is a roamnce..

Best literary interpretation?

A: Johnathan Swift can't hold a candle to @dril.

Current antichrist?

A: Phone screen facing upwards on the tabel.

Menatla health pick me up?

A: Princess Bay lunchtime skinny dip.

Been in a fiht?

A: Once slew a linecutter while cutting the line after a line, stole his bloodiued vape.

Celebrity crush?

A: Walking places.

Believe in love?

A: Of courese but love is hysteria honey, afutile potency.

Guilty pleasure?

A: Lcing bread with sedatives and feeding the sea gulls.

Best great walk or hiking trail in New Zealnd?

A: Mt kau kau base camp flying fox.

Companies you could comander to coca cola status?

A: Foodstuffs North Island Limited, Foodstuffs South Island Limited Woolworths New Zealand Limited (hmmnnnnn how to run a duomonopoly selling human necessities, seems extremely dificult ot me !).

Life's regret?

A: Never holding my appendix to the light in hand.

Fabourite amphetamine?

A: Caffeine.

Most porfound hour?

A: 4AM.

Best bookshop?

A: The Viking's Haul for verse, Pegasus Books for prose, Book Hound for thought.

Best place to break up at?

A: Circa theatre final call for play.

If you were a refugee from what culture?

A: Sea people.

Favourite bar?

A: Quaint, neatly liberal Newtown Sportsbar (Ask for the cranberry juice).

Regualtio you would axe?

A: Drink driving, I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy.

Reguation you would arises?

A: Age limit on politcial enfranchisement set at 65 (after that who cares).

Meal to impress a potential spouse?

A: Fairy bread.

Fashion faux pas?

A: Apple watch, looks like a cock ring.

Tastiest native bird?

A: Tūi breast slow roasted with gravy.

death or resurrection?

A: Death.

Underarms bolwed?

A: Nineteen.

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

Most disappointing colour?

A: Cerise.

Virginity lost to?

A: Sally Seashells against the fornt railing of the pre-rennovated Te Papa Earhtquake House on Anzac Day (“it was like trying to walk on jelly!”).

Longest friendship?

A: 12 years, broke it last week.

Selfesteem reliant on?

A: Shortform video content and infographics of multi thousand year phenomenologicoinformaticomnitemporanthroluminoheteronecro endoeschatogeoteleosociolibidinoeconomicokairopoliticoschizoch ronotopographicoethnotheologicothanatropicodigitocommodificot echnologico history.

Mortal enemny?

A: Man.

Creature of choice?

A: The bodies upon bodies of furies piled up in fornt of the anime store (for those who shout “gross” I encourage you to track your mental illness).

Tuatara supernova intelectual stronghold opinon?

A: This text has you still reading and that is rare.

Volumes of responsibility?

A: Neglected.

Deplorables?

A: No headphone commuters, in fact all commuters who look depressed.



Death camp assigned duty?

A: Stand up comic.

Favourite chapter?

A: The Grand Inquisitor.

By all accounts the exam was faield but I never plagiarised.  
Her turn:

Had she been enamured with Jacinda?

A: “Have we ever had such leader? SHe was breastfeeding while containing a contagion. She put this country on the map and I think we’re sall startting to go a bit mad with our irrelevance. It’s a travesty ! Because atthough you’ll find no one admitting it, more than anything else we new zealnders crave international relevance. I know the newsrooms publish those fictious passport rankings monthly like Martin Luther’s theses but have you ever heard a swandry disagree with a yankie voice? Every high school teachercoach is speaking the queuens. We’re triple colonised because it gives us pākehā a sense of meaning. It’s a travesty !

She brought us to the world and saved both you and I’s grandma. Look how it wen toverseas. It’s like nobody thinks saving people — Human lives — is a good idea anymore. Human lives. It’s a travesty !

And socially, she made it all free and fun. And yes she could ondsdescend but you only had to search her name, still search it now, to find out the underbelly of scum that forced her into remission. Irnnically, the very same trolls voted for her in 2020 and that is what they can’t live with. You had nats voting labour to stop the greens ! That’s power.

You might think she resigned but she was silenced. It’s a travesty ! And as a woman I don’t think you can undertand what it

means to lead a man in this country. You don't speak, you moan and worship money and famrland and code and piss. You'd sell your future for a starting 15 of your own design. You'd burn a native forest to fund a bach. You try drown your thoughts in can after can and find your worst hatreds knwo how to swim.

Youre uncomplicated whether you're a tradie or policy writer.. Ervery bro whtinks he's the hardest and every mate thinks hes the smartest. Which is why you chop the poppies of you own imaginatnio too scared to actually do anytihgn constructive.

This is why she scrapped the capital gains tax. Keep you happy while she cleans the house. and while you "upper middle calss" law students say whatabout whatabout whatbout like you ever cared about weath shifts, she gave out free tertiary educaiton and enacted — diluted — but still enacted the first notable steps twoards spaces of tino rangtiratnaga. You'd think water would be a good place to start but three waters now that's too scary. What's next a police state? It's pretty easy to say she never implemeted when you get 8 years for flag debates and well publicesed tax cuts. She put a collar on Winnie gave him the caretaker role for a few months, gave birth, and then came back and stopped the spread of a catastropic one in one hundred year virus and got a supermajority.

But after a while you lads, you blokes, got greedy sending her deepfakes across your groupchats, whining worse than facebok spinsters. And having been shut out of mentioning her name around your girlfriends always wondering why they were silent when you regurgitated the steaming pile of vitriol in her mnetions, you clicked your heels together and jeered her away.

Ever seen the rugby fans beating the Apartheid portestors in Merata Mita's 'Patul' (1983)? They were jealous of the cops ! And that's the truth: Inside all of you is an insane cop threatened by any woman. You blamed her for the world cups and living costs while grabbing your gf by the hair and dowsing her in tears after every all blacks loss.

“I wouldn’t do that.”

“You would’ve bricked her windsheild if you could get in range. There’s no one else lieke her and you’ll keep ridiculing her to your grave becuae you can’t see beyond your prejudice. Kindness and life, only a man would reply with a knife.”

“I’m holding out hope for Chlöe Swarbrick.”

“And tell me do you think she’ll have it any easier?”

[ghosted]

New Keyboard. Frequently Used. New Emoji (U+1F913).

I hope to have my wirting described as “Tinderesque”: instant perversion from all sides but slightly out of a sight. Her pious eyes were watery, I ahd sought practical advice, she a vent and validation. Curt lips, hair turned frank, she was a headache arriving late with wine down its fornt. She had money in her eyes with glitter lips and some kind of corporate degradation in her economic tongue. A little older a little wiser stunned with grins she, the novo riche poltiical artist who painted in the sapre time of her fahter’s rent payment, looked for a cure in my hands.

In my two years in theft of public service, I never once shook the hand of a woman satisfactorily fucked. Anxious eyelids, emotional detachment, whole spirals of whispered affrimations in secret cubicles (the trans bathroom is always free) and a pre-meeting sos meltown (“I am confident” “I am worth listening to” “I am not having a panic attack”) deprived them of that need.

Some local literary loser will “exclaim” the “beatufiul sanctuary” trasnforms “slowly and then all at once” into “a prison”. That double the median wage and air conidditoning will strip a woman down to jasmine teas, clouded mugs, walking

shoes, morning runs, chaffed lips, puffer pants, weather wathing, negelected or rmapant makeup (no inbetween), the effort of a tote bag, oversized shirts, and the permant crazed fixture of absoutel unceasing pity pouring from hollow cheeks and buns so tight you could call them analar.

But you smash a crisis of responsibilities before a woman winning bread for twenty men a year, and the shortform commandments of girlbossing her way to financial freedom in new televisedbig budget pornogrpahy or truecrim or coloured infogrpahics against the maddening primal yearns for sun kissed palatial devotion and then you sandwich that with the unhidden lusting stares of a married manager with coffee breath and his friday evning work drinks declarations of love followed by performance reviews in which she is called to be more “assertive” and “inituitive” and it all becomes impossibile. She is organiser of all food related events, convenor of charitable intitives, “you look different” at the work events, policeman for social occassions, shouting board for out of touch adcisors, counsel for the dunces recently out of love and above all the new mother of all vulnerable new graduates and lost souls who can’t yet divorce themselves of their basic empathy at the hinnt of a coin.

The most typical public servant is a 44-year-old white woman who makes \$84,800 a year and has 17 days of annual leave owing. Her name is hshortened by a manager to remind him of a studentential fling. We call her “rach” “em” “soph” to make her a pet instead of a grossly overqualifier, intelligent, overachiver. We make her play Iago while I play Desdemona with my pretty eyes closed, fluttering into payrises while she panics into the confinement of “needs to build confidence to imporve team presence”. These are the girls, those annoying girls, who just don’t get the boys club and get put on project scheudling or hunior staff emotional support year after year whule the new scholar who plays a bit of code and can’t save a pdf is put on interntional engagements for his fake laughter and office chat banter. These are the girls we crucify for asking for a csmidgeon of understanding when the pervy comment is called a complement

and who worry about their obsessors loathing them for friendzones and friendly social questions when they drop by unannounced at their work. For we call these women feminists and after that we kill them for sport, and we love them for it because we suck the protest out of their existence. And if that doesn't work we pay them less and tell them to fuck off. "You look better that way." But yep just loosen up a bit in light of this please girls. Give us a smile. Simple as.

My vices

Drinking:	No
Smoking:	No
Marijuana:	No
Drugs:	No

In breaking new ground she left little notes in my bag, "keep it up", "you seem a littledown" "we all love your hard work" "coffee in 5?". She'd rescue a few kiwifruit, the good green sour skinned prickly ones, and drop them in increasaingly brazen deliveries of her hipsways down thee runway to my corner of the dloorplan. On fridays she'd sit on my desk and pick through my notes. In moments of stress iw ould shut everything down and sketch scens from Ovid across my notebooks or release as many words as I could think of in a ten minute period and she, with a little touch of conern, would note them fold them in the glitter of her bracelet and walk vertical out my view with her hair a little ruffled.

She started leaving her loyalty across the residue of my worst wfh jokes, adorning her love reacts over my most tedious project team chats ruminations. I learnt through other whispers that she staked her territory and payed off her competiion in threat laced coffee walks. In the anxious there is always obsession of an incalcualble variety, that soemitmes betrayed her in rapid moments. For in my presentaions she would lean with both hands closed to her reddening cheeks whie I looked at the wall above her and teased her with my most grating indifference.

List all the wthings she worried about. She worried about the moon blowing up, the pandas dying, the heaviness of her footsteps, the bias of her media, the rising frequency of her tears. She worried over israeli based humus suppliers, walking home at night, her gym stalker, the contamination of herpes, of undergrinning and overyepping, her menstrual cycle and tje ovalular moons, her expoentneial obligations and the possible futures of her boss' unthought but soon to be considered reflections on the shadows of his imagination. She worried about her gay man's drinking, her family's political dvide, her gabbling addict brother, her early developing sister and the big one, you know the big earthquake that is supposed to raze the entire city in any possible second of any possible day. She knew hand on heart every conceivable metric of charatered health and considered the SSRI sideeffects to be her fault. She contemplated thedigital dark age in her third coffee, and corporate death every seven and one half mintues. She spent a speedread on the earthquake hazard notice of the bar we picked for false pretence after afterwork drinks (virgin mojito and my absinthe (heaven is a fascist regime)). She all-good-if-notted her noose regualrly and but for brunch and female compassion she would have made me consider her worries and mine. She could barely see straight, with so much worry pinching her skin. When she looked at fireworks, she would watch the black space for fire.

She whispered in such a high pitch that sometimes I just spoke a response by interprtng the motion of her eyebrows and she would be too worried to say no. I grew cuorage through quiet mockery calling her writng perfect and her colour coded organiation beautiful, her neatly deivded calendar a feat of clear eyed claculus. I assure you in my wealth, education, nepotism and most importantly the skin of my white, that there are few alive among my generation who can cliam to walk with such privilege. But its takes privilege to know privilege and so I lit her into laughter.

This baroness of Taylor Swift, a little voyeuristic for her very

own eye in her very own pleasure in her very own dirty mirror, folded beneath me when I said I considerde the gravitas of the modern women to be grossly unappreciated, and so we netwroked our way into a sweaty lbidinoeconomic aphasiacal locked stalls. On thursdays our bosses were bsent, along with half the office. Her worry was so intense that her excitement was the only method out of mental collapse, and so we had a secret morning stand up fucks every other avaiable waork day. She would pack perfumes for both of us, as we walked to the morning tea 5 miittues apart 10 metres in nasal diametre. She even shceduled them in my outbox calendar which I then costsed to the ministry of education.

And If you were to have peered from the crack in the trans bathroom stall, you would see a a tongue slave murdered by the devil's very own leather clad tax collector. If you were to knock and wiat 30 seconds, you would see this author and ms liquid worry exchange indifference over a steel drink bottle.

In my corporate espionage under and over her messages and emails I could weave so malicious tesaes that she had to fuck me to shut up. Which is a special kind of godstatus.

Hey! you cucked balding renting impotent surviving and now cooking cleaning notevenbreadwining, "I'll check in with the misso" screen slave: the most wild of your impulses, the absolute wonder of your highest dreams, your zoned out disasscoiated sexual phantasia, were merely my thursday monring commutes, which festered by nightfall to feature the most complex of plots worthy of the most radical work of the 21st centruy. You see there are women who crave a fuck no matter how sloppy and I have seen too many yards of smut on the piles of best sellers to neglect this crisis.

Just for you girls. I let her slap me then scrape me then all of a sudden in her violent organsation I was ordering my own room using versace all uder my rists. I had santiary rproducts for her on command. I had the pillow placed under her with precision. I listneed to her moan, and folowed her as her ratouille rascal. She

coached me to coach her, to talk her through it. all of it. I made sure to have dark chocalte on hand for her crmps, a green juice in the fridge, and even bought a teddy bear name Timothée from tikiok for her mild but cute hysterias as I lay there and listened to her indoor plant care and financial advice.

The only setback or unmet key performance indicator was my ambition. I received 15 recommendations a scpnnd after I listed the incimaiton to the literary life. SHe htough thsi a fate wortse than death and urged me to forget it all and keep building capital incase of recession. But aside from this, I had her driven back bright and early and imost importnatly zero acknoweldgement of our relations within any public setting. Ibn fact I never even adder her on instagram.

In reward she consolidated my punishments into a bizzare narcosiss. At nightfall, she slapped me in teh face if my licks were not adequate and studded her acrylics with tufts of my hair if she felt any northbound movement prior to the 30 minute mark. I spent years with my tongue in her as her gothic prince, her soft skin, her jingoist. She crowned me names babyboy and worthless and brute and slugger and cumslut and whiplas and girlchild in the dark. She gave me bells and scars made me ms countess of her queendom. She had me wrthing in withdrawa pleading promises and brutal breaths of pleaseplease trthrough sour eyes and panic. In her weak bony wrists was a deathgrip reserved for cruel denial that scraping acryliphalllic torture. This is no homage, she dealt out messianic worhsip to a higher holy trinity of her, her toy and her toyboy.

Becuae the misery was worse still. You may have detected shrewdly my beloved reader, that this is a faintly technological text. That I have soemthing of a technological predisposition. Let's call it here. I am waving the white flag. For an ego mighty as mine, was brought low as mere thrid party to her saitisfyer pro, her pleasure wand. You see my tongue was ancilrary to that bastard's supremacy. We all revere chat gpt. we all stick a finger in the wind and say singularity. we all watch auteur aftre auteru build his own



robot girlfriend. My brothers no need to make a film we lost the war years ago, that satisfyer outperforms the organic penis ten fold and twice long. Bite the bullet, and pack yourself a new tool. You're both welcome.

I left in her I hope a higher paradise when I quite simply could not keep to her pace. She's somewhere up there advising cabinet with triple my salary and no doubt carvign more desprate tombstoms. I will be the frist to admit, I took a fiancial loss in losing her kindly skin but I still enjoy her painting, just at the distance of a ghost follow.

Who else mong the japanese microartforms was there? I w\once almost punctured my lung going upside down with the bulimic peach (U+1F351) I caught in aprofile saying "short term for a lucky one". I vacuumed a netballer (U+1F64B) who towered over me refining my footwork as we amashed my bedbase while switching to canine and woke up the whole house. I ate the bidding of vapist (U+1F4A8) a little on the nose for my liking but she called me 'pretty' to her groupchat. And if I rember thorough the crowd there was a fuckme eyed (U+1F440) beautician I fetched from the marketplace for a discount on what she never wanted to be a lonely birthday. I let her be my slef-worth by treating her like a charger nursing her back from 1% and even complemented her photoediting.

But the only problem with the infinite scroll is that the girls keep appearing. Fall in love again adn aagain. Fall in love again adn aagain. Fall in love again adn aagain. Fall in love again adn aagain. Fall in love again adn aagain. Fall in love again adn aagain. Fall in love again adn aagain. Fall in love again adn aagain.

Again adn aagain.

Again adn

Again.

Again

U+1FAE6

U+26D3

U+2702

U+1F587

U+1F469

U+200D

U+2695

U+FE0F

U+1F469

U+200D

U+1F393

U+1F469

U+200D

U+1F3EB

U+1F931

U+1F9DC

U+200D

U+2640

U+FE0F

U+1F469

U+200D

U+1F9AF

U+1F483

U+1F46F

U+200D

U+2640

U+FE0F

U+1FA97

U+1FA70

U+1F4F1

U+1F4F1

U+1F4F1

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# CHAPTER TEN

## PHONE CASE

What a slop of violent ego. Phone case blokcing a fw key ports, incommunicative ranter. the technician said 'Open up a little' and this is what we find. Remove the filler in the filter, it's blocking the sound of the women trapped inside.

*4. Identify the corner of the phone case that seems the loosest. This will be your starting point for removal: (4th wave)*

Look at Warhol struggling with his phone case, he can't even open it. He's got tears in his eyes. Serves him well. The man's a misogynist ! A gaslighter. Toxic. Liar. The way he talks about these women. What a loser. Emojis ! Objectification as celar as day. What pathos? he's pathetic. He's a meagre miser and the hypocrit of hisghest deisgn, for thsoe he calls nihilists are the hearts on which he feastss. He hates all around him. He flicks smicoke in my eye and twirls his moeny stacks above me. He thinks he an artist wbut that flatters him with a liar;s honesty. What a Piece of shit ! He is nothing.

But lok at him he can't open the phone case. He's sweaty again he's even brought a choptsikc to no avial. He makes his girls shiny by adding preservatives, filters of aritificiality. she is a commidty to be fetischised under modern (He calls it capital) but the words he chooses are not his. He thinks this effect is better in polyphonic voice. The collision of man and woman excites this heteropessimist. He's weak !

Ew.

Let me tell you how he does it all, this fraud of of pure pretence. He picks words from ppretension, saying how we've all got it wrong with a high strung chastise of a man insecure. I've seen him steal and plant. I've seen him struggle all through the night. I've seen him grab with a fish hand and say he loves my skirt. I've seen him whistle to the darkest receses and say his truth is mine. I've seen him leer at me with a pen in his tongue and close off cold without a concern for my welfare under his thumb. He prettys me up for trysts and promise, then retreats inward with

detachment in scwols of disgust like some happy prisoner in a modern facilitay of his own narcissstic inaccessibility.

He's a new fluid. He argues his mind. He asks me — begs me — to see him pitied, to leave him in a meeat rump. He exploits a new dyad, the individual consumer and her phone, from desperation from despair and from touchdeprivation. I wish I never told him it will all be alright. That smug bastard said “you might be right”.

(Lorde, *“But you’re not what you thought you were ”*  
Liability (Reprise) (2017))

Have you ever seen him frighten his mind and say he's all alone? He throw his hands to the wall blasts my terrors in to irrelevance, curls his lip, taps his foot, scans his fire eyes in lust. He has no will to survive. He prefers life through dark eyes, and he crushes mine inside. He was, has always been, casual and heartless.

Bet you've never seem him callous with me. Bet you've never heard such a word. he's all goospi and freak, scrolling the crystal hatreds of male desire sitting over there all lazy in panic, psuhing his pace across the floor running himself manic.

This boy is chronically terminally catatonically online, as all of them are now. Every woman knows what I mean. A boy whose self-analysis outweighs his selfesteem. He has the male disease. that particular combination of arrogance and timidity that sets my teeth on edge. He has a bad case alexithymia, for he's either an erratic paver of prefaced spiel, or thinking in conceit (not there at all). He sustains patterns of lying and manipulation to excuse his behaviour. he blame-shifts, minimises, denies, and provokes me so that he can call me aggressive and crazy. He was jealous and resentful of my professional relationships and isolated me from friends. Bascially, he blamed me for everything that was wrong in his life.

Man, you're a carbuncle on the face of humanity and an obstacle to civilisation. Feel the shame.

(Lorde, *"So I guess I'll go home into the arms of the girl that I love / the only love I haven't screwed up,"* Liability (2017))

Look at the objectification the objectification the objectification of his outlook. He's turned women into emojis! He can't relate to anything other than his own physical sensations. He preferred to feel my eyes on his cheek bones, and would swing his head in an amusing circular motion to speak to the ceiling, and then canter down to look at my chest. He would speak to the whole city on our walks up to his room. It's clear like any consultant, he knows 50 sexual positions but no woman.

He told me all about the socialist society he attended once, where, in code for his discomfort with facing real working class people caught in life altering employer disputes, he lamented the lack of theoretical discussions. That Gramsci's distinction between Western and Russian systems of cultural hegemony was not applied to New Zealand's ripe revolutionary consciousness. He was honestly saddened that there would be no revolution tomorrow, and a little bit surprised. But this is the very same man who also says he's from South Johnsonville and not plum Khandallah.

He also seemed to take pleasure in humiliating me, blatantly flirting with women in his apps in front of me. Laughing at my words. I was an accessory unacknowledged in a public place. His property.

Ew.

It is clearer and clearer by each book on his shelf from Nietzsche to Nabokov to poor Sylvia Plath (dog ear curiously positioned very early on), how little he cares for the consequences

of the ideas he theoretises. How much he overlooks. How desperate he is for their justification.

I had half his attention at all times, that half of treating me like a feature of novelty, worthy of comments and simple questions, and the other half he was doing god knows what to me in silence. It was like he would sit me down to hear his voice memos while he went off on a mission to slow the sun.

*3. Using your fingers or a thin, non-metal tool, gently pry the loose corner of the case away from the phone: (3rd wave)*

As I lay there on his unwashed sheets, hair matted and throat burnt, I regretted that in his enchantment he never could understand why I was there, what I needed, what satisfaction I was trying to claw at, what I was distracting myself from, that void that I needed to fill. This never needed his comment or characterisation but just honest attention, a careful handling of my needs. Instead he was drawing from a manual to perform the pleasantries of a role he didn't value.

(Lorde, *"bet you rue the day you kissed the writer in the dark,"* *Writer in the dark* (2017))

A writer, is there nothing worse? Like all people with inconsistent personalities his arrogance is unlimited. Stone cold liar he'd cut me off mid sentence so he could hear me shut up. He had me hold him, but never looked up, or if he held me in his spoon, where he could relax out of my gaze, he would assault me with neck kisses, something I never provoked. He also made me feel bad about my intelligence and education, making nasty remarks when I wanted to read or do something intellectual I enjoyed.

He knew he looked alright and paid so few complements to me, it was clear he thought that kind of common decency beneath him. Or more pathetically, I think he was so afraid of discomfort



that he thought it was in my best interests to save me from any kind of “objectification”. Probably hearing once from a joking lecturer, that under no circumstances was a complement appropriate when a woman is now everything but an artform. An idea that obviously terrorised him.

(Eleanor Catton, “...wondering, not for the first time, when exactly she had become so technologically dependent that her first instinct in every unpredicted circumstance was to outsource her imagination to her phone”, Birnam Wood (2023))

It was so apparent that the opinions he held were entirely because they were palatable to the girls he fucked. all he would do was mould his words into my agreement. In those recycled internet opinions he branded me with, he would end every conversation parroting what I said. This defect of his, of massaging extreme opinions into complete supplication by praising me, patronising what he clearly viewed as basic and novel, was almost frightening. He never once saw that I understood how desperate he was.

This is not to say that he wasn’t an edgy contrarian, but in every conversation he would start from the most extreme point of view and think I wouldn’t notice him dissembling it in such a way that whatever I replied would slowly dilute his vitriol, until he would exhale out his nose and say something like “it’s just so true the harm Taylor endured at Kanye’s hands. I agree with you completely.” Or “you’re right silence is complicity”. For this is the new social skill of the male sex: Total placation.

I could tell this manufactured epiphany, this total submission to the language I nodded towards him, was the product of countless conversations formed on the indecent foundation that words have little meaning. That ever since being handed the whiteboard pen by his early childhood teachers, of cruising to speech competitions wins by a combination of tedious diction and supplicant glances of appeal to his teachers’ eyes, of stealing the

stories of his friends and whispering them across pillows, of memorising the political positions of his lecturers in wildly sycophantic essays, that he had such little regard for language that it became anything in his hands. When I questioned him on his comments he said “skux is as skux does” and started kissing my thigh.

*2. Carefully work your way around the edges, continuing to lift the case away from the phone: (2nd wave)*

At the forum before Pegasus Books and Mother of Coffee, he stopped two steps above me, turned and straightened up to deliver the more serious end of his impromptu sermon, partially in the earshot of Satay Kingdom’s night owls.

“Ah but Sylvia Plath is so misunderstood! The positioning of her trappings of motherhood, which I don’t deny are significant (my mum is a working mother, and had three natural births), and her sojourn into the literary world, that unique feminine perspective. She was Joan of Arc taking on 1950s New York. Or maybe Boudica for the aggression of her depressive spite. How she chastised those, on the whole, pretty well-meaning men around her. You cannot just ask to be an artist and then wallow in depression, I reckon. But all the same, you don’t do that sort of suicide thing when you have children. Artist or not.”

He said all this with quavering emotion, the grave social value of feminine literature curling his smirk. Now the crescendo.

“You see I always preferred Janet Frame who isn’t so forthright with her second wave feminism. She sticks, rather impressively I think, to her mental state intensified by trappings of this small minded society of ours. In this country, the jandal clad philistines wander into Unity Books about once a year to demonstrate one sliver of respect for art, and then like the pōhutukawa they shed this red and fade bland again. Or actually, our other very own, the great Mansfield, now she inspires. I don’t see why the girls I know who studied her at school loathe her so much. Maybe she’s too

boojwazee but you don't get anywhere in this country by avoiding an experimental kind of spectacle. 'The Garden Party,' now that's a story. Privilege affords the deeper conformation with emotion. maybe it's not in vogue to say that, but she was correct. She had the luxury of a carefree eye to spot "the little faint winds playing chase, in at the tops of the windows, out at the doors". You must feel like Laura when you put on your dress. Getting all tidied up, to carry that little gift to the widow, trading it for the immediate oppression of that young man's death. To me, that brings Laura the breakthrough of artistic consciousness. What do you think about the *great* Sally Rooney? Or are you more into the popular, I wouldn't call it smut of course, but sexual dramas we find behind Whitcoull's toys?"

I said I liked Sally Rooney.

"Nice. You see I've had two girls gift me Sally Rooney's books as well. Can you imagine that? I think I should give them back but it's too late now. I couldn't get past the lack of punctuation, too radical I say for too poor of an effect. You wouldn't think she's from the same country as Joyce. Anyway I found the TV show better, which I never do by the way. I've tended to shy away from the lower art forms, and feel better for it. Anyway are you familiar with Patricia Lockwood's essay, 'How do we write now?' (2018)?"

Bah blah blah. I never met a liar with a bigger smile.

And then the weekend nights week after week, nothing had changed. He was slow, uncomfortable and gasping heavy. And so tedious, so miserbale a fuck, so slef-aggrandsiing in his messages, so ruthless in his expectation, so alien in his feeling, so brazen in his comparative anlayses of all the girls he'd previously fucked, that I found him a skeletal oblong provider too sad to get hard.

(Janet Frame, *"I am writing about a girl who is not me"*,  
Alison Hendry (1947))

He wrote my body poems. He wrote my tits a poem each. He wrote all the world into my looks, spilt anxieties down my inbox, only to go mute for days at a time and hide behind his screen. And then he would say after the most horrific of scroll intensive midnight messages “what one says comes from the depths of one’s ignorance, the depths of one’s own underdevelopment”.

Wtfff !

Near the end of things, when I was under him counting the flicker of his chandelier, he grabbed my throat, opened it, and spat in it when he came.

(Janet Frame, “where Naida used to live, in the small square house with its wooden latticed eyebrows and the straggled lupines in the garden and the rusty old pump with dirty water pouring out”, *Gorse is Not People* (2008))

What he was, was so far from himself that I couldn’t tolerate a boy so divided. He wanted me inconsistently and made his sadness my problem. It was not that I didn’t like him but his diction, so antithetical to his heart, his effort so lacking, his refusal to recognise the he had heard the limits of my needs, was obviously too much for him to process. In his arrogance he would never just see me, for he was a zealot in bow or looking down from a bloodied crown.

I had to go to great lengths to reassure him and even stopped speaking to certain people, who were absolutely no threat to him, to make him happy. This was a two month fling people ! The man was hijealous off weekend nights !

Warhol is completely egocentric, unable to relate, empathise or identify, and filled with a vast mental terror. I am never the women he sees, because he’s seen hundreds between our Friday nights. I could see it in his defeated absences, feel it in his provocations, he was losing grip on what he knew too scared to

stand back and just fall. He could not handle me or my salary or my neglect to eat from his palm and say “thank you daddy”.

(Janet Frame, *“It’s a poem of himself and everybody else, an awful poem certainly but a sincere one because it’s unconscious and beautiful one because what the heck”*,  
Alison Hendry (1947))

I owe this man no voice. Have my silence you dead eyed ‘poet’ of self pity and violent love. I am never replying. Fuck someone else up not me.

*1. Once enough of the case is lifted, slide the phone out of the case by pushing it through the opening you’ve created. Be gentle to avoid any scratches or damage to your phone: (1st wave)*

Phone case removed. For any author to affirm a vision of masculinity, one must find it in Women’s fiction. What is this pen sans masculinity? There are no manifestos here. In order escape from convention, Lorde, Eleanor Catton, Janet Frame, and Katherine Mansfield, craft women of defiance. Not cookie cutter film heroines, but women measuring their entire essence against the chambers they find themselves in. A definition based on possibility rather than the limits of convention.

Where the women in each author’s work strokes and feels the walls like Frame’s Alison Hendry on her bed, the man in each author’s work is constructed from wishes, from inverse presentations of represented forms. Men do not anchor any of the four authors’ texts. They do not have thought written outside a women’s thought of male thought, because each author operates from the material. Each author writes the text within her skin.

Mansfield writes of a dead man in ‘The Garden Party’ (1922):

*“There lay a young man, fast asleep — sleeping so soundly, so deeply, that he was far, far away from them both. Oh, so*

*remote, so peaceful. He was dreaming. Never wake him up again. His head was sunk in the pillow, his eyes were closed; they were blind under the closed eyelids. He was given up to his dream. What did garden-parties and baskets and lace frocks matter to him? He was far from all those things. He was wonderful, beautiful. While they were laughing and while the band was playing, this marvel had come to the land. Happy... happy... All is well, said that sleeping face. This is just as it should be. I am content."*

This is a dead man not living. This is a dead man not elsewhere. This is a dead man written as unwritten. This is a dead man dreaming but not of a dream of Mansfield's pen.

What little scholarship there is of these female writers, so tedious, so institutional, so dry and instantly extrapolated to imported 'On feminism', neglects the softness of possibilities. Nought is sharp but the mystery of the sad in the withholding of even just one slice of fruit by a work mapped out in wants. All is banal when unthreatened.

Nature is a complement, the socius is a distance, interiority is — to use a shit word — empowering not limiting. The male stands in the distance blurry. He retains indifference, not agonised assumption. In 'literary fiction' women agonise over men, but in skilled literature of these authors there is not even a "One".

A modern man thus honestly represented is not some reduction to a ball of tears in need of castration. A man is not a silver tongue. He is the limit. He is an affirmation of awe. He is presence rid of its haze. For a man in New Zealand literature must surpass all self-abasement called "self-deprecation" and instead arrive at impulse, sweating, lecherous and poisonous so as to demand the attention of these women's words. To present a material form outside their own. To make love on the limit, ripping space from the confines of chronotope.

Lorde, Catton, Frame, Mansfield never faced a man anywhere

near their depth of their women. Not even close. Show me the complexity of man in any of their works ! The discourse is right to point out that Mansfield's innovations meant that the man is not a repressive artefact in her stories. But the question is not "is there a women in the text?". Such a question is a trial a repudiation an insult a thinkpiece a degradation a misery a weak manicured hand diluting New Zealand's literature historically. Literature renders only the most exact hands with the most exact of hands.

In the most modern, the latest of secular states, the only woman alive, the Nietzschean 'last (wo)man', is Mansfield's 'Woman at the Store' (1912). The creationists, Frame and Mansfield, create a world unconcerned with the above question whatsoever because as creationists they ask "is there a text in the woman?". They seek out of themselves story, they extract man from women. They create from confinement, using materials of thought, not thought itself, not the abstract.

*0. Gently slide the phone into the case, starting with one end, and then press the edges down until the case snaps securely around the entire phone (New Wave):*

Escaping the intellectuallisation of the women in the first person perspective demands a visit to the characters of women, and the dreams of the men they wished for from the scraps they were given! Thus the new era, precisely where Witi Ihimaera asked where New Zealand literature is heading, is one of deamdnng through callous transgression that there is a text in man. Overcoming himself to afinally arrive the fucking flake ! Lorde sings of prophecy, it is for him to sing on his arrival and the women have already built the stage.

For if we are to bring at last some immanece to New Zealand literature, to reject the global tides and pathetic appeals to trnscedence (whether offshore or in god or in becoming or selfactualisation or liberation or in the prudish, or really underfucked, euphemisms of sexual relations); If we are to stop reducing the whole chain of feminine experience to the unspoken

ponderings, musings, completions, mediations, speculations, ruminations, reflections and introspections of unsaid thought (ironically, the major critiques of Birnam Wood (2023) fixate on the ideologies rather than material realities that arise from these abstractions — literally disbelieving, as Macbeth himself, in the Birnam Wood); If we are to stop pathologising Frame and start understanding the world as her text;

then the man, the “kiwi” man arrives fulfilling, demonstrating, possessing, materialising the constraints of the wishes they scribed from imagination. He puts a cock on the cover and cums on your screen.

Am I making sense?

Not lip service but earnest explanation. The functional element: Phone Case. This is not skin this is protection. Condom-lite. In the works of these women lies the New Zealand man. In the women before him he searches for protection, and for the women, the man they conceive liberates them from their imprisonment in tedious social discourse (specifically, the New Yorker, Newsroom, Spinoff, North and South and all the other wretched proprietary management companies of moralistic literary landlords they call essayists). These women you trap in themes and regurgitate under asphyxiating categories of female thought, are victims of your menopausal pen. You need a road out of the female for the arrival of the male.

Confused? Dumb bitch, let a man explain: The case is for protection, it gets oily and yellow, it has a sticker on it and clings to the phone. Mobile accessories include any hardware that is not integral to the operation of a mobile smartphone as designed by the manufacturer. Its purpose is to protect the phone from being damaged or to use for more convenient use of the phone. People can choose whether to use these accessories for their mobile. The phone case is optional, a shield, a sheath. It's a struggle to get the phone case off. It's glued on, it's never been taken off. And we are not sure he ends up taking it off. There is a man that exists in all



four authors works that is him. Begins by trying to take off the sticker, chipping the corners removing some parts in response to harm and self-reflection. Ripping it off is an inherently violent process and the women in their literature give no such place to masculine violence. Are the men in their text's our user? Remaining skintight to the process of violent struggle, is the chosen optional exterior that every man displays. Can he take it off? Not with his language of violence. Case is waterproof, no tears around here. Cosmetic features mask a violent turmoil reacting against conformation.

*("I need my women to do it for me. Not a hot water bottle with tits but force of nature with a fresh pen. I need her under me. I need her instead of me. And if I am admired for admiring so be it!") This Author, 2024)*

I'm running my mouth again, dripping lies from a poisoned tongue. With your pretty eyes fluttering berrying an honest preach, I'm annihilating myself in screams. With my liquid promises betrayed by my superficial speech, you're licking me beneath, beneath. With your hair tied up down on your carpet burnt knees, I'm undressing this dysangelist in dream.

*("Look me in the eyes when you drink from me!") This Author, 2024)*

I can't rid this shield I can't take it off it is a jar I cannot open even with dry hands and a sticky wet rag. Sans nude, exterior to being, sought in the traces of premeditated reads, sitting heavy on dusty shelves by the black sand beaches, lies the platform of this man finally arrived with a evil glint in his eye and the New intense, the New efforescence that says "Give me my case, for I am a man and a man is I!"

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

# CHAPTER ELEVEN

## CHARGER

## 5G

Enraged. A Thousand Plateaus.  
Alec Baldwin. Stressed. Abortion.  
Surprised. Accessibility. Accursed  
Share. Acetylcholine. ACT party. Active  
shooter. Addict. Addiction. Festive.  
Adobe Photoshop. Adolf Hitler.  
Adidas AG. Ecstatic. Adrian Lamo.  
Advanced Research Projects Agency  
Network. Afghan War Diary.  
Afghanistan. AI. AI models collapse  
when trained on recursively  
generated data. Airfryer. Airpods.  
Alenia Aermacchi. Alertness. Alex  
Jones. Algorithm. Alibaba Group.  
Alienation and Social Classes. Alon  
Blue Square. Alpha. Alphabet Inc.  
Alt right. Amazon.com, Inc. Amnon  
Mesilot. Amphetamine. Anarchist  
Cookbook. Anal. Andrew Tate.  
Android. Anilingus. Anorexia.  
Fuming. Anti-Christ. Anti-Defamation  
League. Anti-Cedipus. Anti-Semitic.  
Anti-Semitism. Anti-Zionism. Angry.  
Anti-Zionist. Restless. Anti-Vax.

1914

Way down there on the kickstep of the hospo kitchen sat a  
pruple cylinder in the silver fingers of the coffee maker. Release in  
angle jamboress of scaping gestures young @lob0t0mymachine's  
firelips paused above the chokestick to think her way out of this  
payslip. Gambled pitter patter of windrain splashed her new  
screen showing the incomplete unsent two weeks notice. Clcik  
clatters of scraping floors and the laugh chatter of Comraed  
Fidel's two zonked dishies rambled the logic of her decision. To  
branch out and fly overseas without anything like enough bucks  
no house but a ticket of her mother's credit card purchase and an  
adventure amok. Or save her troube and wander back to Graham

and his moody palms. His many promises. Inhale stress of a foreign land. Not as many as her they all say. Her colour her culture invisible in illo tempore. With no hand on her face where would she turn. Wiping the screen of droplets her eyes peeled the clock of two minutes to no break. Leather under her plump plump platinum hair faded past care with a ring in her bulls eye abd Grhaam pouring demands for her notification. The new matron Suzy spying her ambiguities the last few days rostering new terror of leacer had @lob0t0mymachine petrified for her future me. Twisting prayer lips morning breath discomfort of addle jangles and her priced crime ruined her calm mind from the what must be terror of coming evening before her monad mother. Little @lob0t0mymachine took one last burnt puff anxious but in standing to return escape brang a new peach ice flavour to her mild life.

10,000

Anxiety. Energised. Apology of  
Socrates. App Store. Apple  
Authorized Service Providers.  
Apple Inc. Apple watch. Arousal.  
Artificial intelligence. Ashtrom  
Group. Association of excessive  
social media use with abnormal  
white matter integrity of the  
corpus callosum. AstraZeneca.  
Attack surface. ATOFINA  
Petrochemicals Inc. Attention.  
Attention Deficit Hyperactivity  
Disorder. Attention is All You  
Need. Australian National  
Cricket Team Ball-Tampering  
Scandal. Autism. Autocorrect.  
Autofellatio. Availability by  
region. Avid Technology, Inc.  
Optimistic. Backpropagation.  
Backshots. Barry Controls.  
Battery. Be real. Benadryl.

Benedict. Benzodiazepine.

1923

Neat regalia on in rush face unclean the unsaid intern breathed a minor relief within the near dead battery of the callibrun under collar in the corporate cubicle of the seventh floor firm. from bagged eyes @infinitykock blew to the air vent in the corner ceiling, his favourite cube to sneak inhale, with a careful eye on the shadows tapping in the urinal. Burnt out dreads choked him fixedly to the presentation in 5 mintes. Unprepared catching the posiion of the sickness stricken regular, @infinitykock motioned ot the failure of his confience in the slipping ambition of his simulating mind. He would gun it othe lifts, never to return. It was a a scum's thought of honour to wear hours in this air freshed ladder, his greay matter spoke in conversation with the lightly concealed vapour. The transcribed notes app talking points of 15 minutes ago gone by jumbled him into a new panic. Blank tastes twistpondered the new lamb into solid oil slitehring down tongues. This frail ocean cliber with a long-haired farmer's speculative armour, gripped the gas like a day old banna. What for. What for. What for. The money signs sure looked sociable but with the walls gone lateral and public speech mortal, fresh hanging mental health blows no marigold in whistles to the wistful. @infinitykock stood to his toes inhaed once more put the Caliburn in his suit pocket and muttered "fuck this" in surrender. Without drying hands and spotting a plane up in the sky backward mirror, the bathroom door pushed ajar and corporate Steve eschewed @infinitykock's simple desire for a faith unseen beyond the call of battle, and dragged him to his powerpoint.

587

Berkshire Hathaway Inc. Bernstein  
polynomial. Beta. Beyond Good  
and Evil. Beyond the Pleasure  
Principle. Bi. Excited. Biden.  
Bilderberg Meeting. Bing bong.  
Bitch. Bitcoin. Bipolar disorder.  
Birth of Tragedy. BlackBerry.  
Black lives matter. Black power.

BlackRock Inc. Blackwater.  
 Bo Burnham. Body image.  
 Boeing. Boost. Bomb. Bomber.  
 Borderline personality disorder.  
 Borges Mediterranean Group.  
 Boston Dynamics. Bottom.  
 Bottomless Pit. BP Amoco. Brand.  
 Brand Industries. Brazilian Butt  
 Lift. Breakthrough handheld  
 computer. Breast augmentation.  
 Brexit. British Airways. Bruce  
 Jenner. Brute force attack. Buccal  
 fat. Bunge Limited. Caffeine.  
 Caitylin Clark. Caitlyn Jenner.  
 Cambridge Analytica. CanaryIS.  
 Capital gains tax. Capital letter.

70

Twin dancers, strong @Rhetion and quick @MooM00t3a  
 placed down ready upon the sixth take, parsed lips blowing vapour  
 into the windter wind, a shared glick. This was the rhythm of the  
 night the reeboks and the nike and perfect motion secured that  
 like. @Rhetion threw an elbow to the east in sundown sky, with  
 the the rechargeable on her necklace fluttering into her growing  
 unknowns. The carpark sugar highs never thought the screenshots  
 to land in recesses of anonymous group chats.

1947

Capital Vol I. Capital. Vol II.  
 Capital. Vol. III. Capital Vol. IV.  
 Capitalism. Capitalism and  
 Schizophrenia. Capitalist.  
 Capitalist Realism. Capitol  
 attack. Carbon credits. Carbon  
 emissions. Carbon zero.  
 Cardiovascular problems.  
 Cargill Inc. Case of Wagner.  
 Catha edulis. Cellebrite DI Ltd.  
 Celtics. Central processing unit.

Chaim Rumkowski. Chat gpt.  
Chelsea Manning. Chernobyl.  
Child porn. Child safety  
controversy. China. Chris  
Hipkins. Chris Luxon. Christ.  
Christianity. Christian Dior SE.  
299,792,458

@cdog215 stuck to @cat\_in\_the\_box's sheets. She'd carved into him the terror of possibility, racing his mind beyond the crusing demands of the rpresent. Wodndering without her with her wedded to his chest. The feeling he swore against. The stability he'd become enshrined into, she'd stolen all his belief. Paralysed again and again what does she beleive in? Surely not me. Why tel the world only to see her real in joy nd steam of this slipping winter's eev? How could he look after himself? I want to speak to her forever. If only she new the trouble of his feeling. I fonsy shee saw through my eyes. Would she run then? Could he believe her then? Does she see me fight for her and hasten my own destruction? @cat\_in\_the\_box passed him back his vape and he whispered thanks terrified to puncutre the vapis cumulus with words he did not believe. How could he live for her like this? His pain could not be known. Patronising her within unawareness, sucking in the dreams of his sweet releif illusions crept dooubt into his mind. @cat\_in\_the\_box whsipered "another?" and licked his ear. How caould he name this love anything other than pity? Vehicle of higher need. "Talk me through it, all of it" he smiled back. Is she ready for the onslaught of deendent hopoe? Arise sir mdiknoight. Alas, the fisherman's kindness fialed @cat\_in\_the\_box's more brutal crvings. It would take an ambitious set of lies to build his potential. Ghosting would suffice.

1874

CIA black sites. Cigarette.  
Circana, LLC. Cis. Civilization  
and Its Discontents. Excited.  
Clitoris. Closed captioning.  
Coalition. Coca Cola. Cocaine.

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Cock. Codename. Cognition.  
Cognitive enhancers.  
Communist Manifesto.  
Computer Machinery and  
Intelligence. Computer  
numerical control. Computational  
Complexity Theory. Corporate  
Memphis. Collateralized debt  
obligation. Compatible Networks.  
Constellation Brands, Inc.  
Contribution to the Critique of  
Hegel's Philosophy of the Right.  
Conversation Safety. CoreCivic.

1933

@fuwzienoitd with pillow bathed in blue light put her lips to  
the chickstick and read her confession:

*Submission #1010 Grow up before everyone leaves you*

I am merely a spectator in all of this, but I feel like it needs to  
be brought to light. A breakup can be hard and you not wanting  
anything to do with your ex is more than understandable.  
However, when the two past lovers happen to be in the same  
friend group things tend to get complicated, awkward and others  
in the group tend to suffer the most. Witnessing one of the exs try  
to isolate the other one from the friend group only comes across as  
childish and immature. Thinking that they are only your friends is  
plain stupid. Verbally attacking one of them for talking to your ex  
and telling them that they're not allowed to do so is not right and  
only shows how insensitive you are. Even from afar I can tell that  
this is taking a toll on the people who are stuck in the middle.  
IDK how you can't see teary eyes in front of you when I can 20  
metres away. And when those friends who are sick of your shit  
stop entertaining your fantasy that you should be worshipped, you  
go and clasp onto people who last semester you didn't like, and  
talked shit about them behind their backs. Everyone is entitled to  
be friends and interact with whoever the fuck they want and if



you can't take that, then maybe you're the problem and not the 8 or so people stuck in the middle of your little hissy fit. The world isn't centred around giving you undivided attention that it seems you feel entitled too.

— Focusing on failing economics

[send confession submission] That will no doubt knock some sense into her idiot flatmate, currently wanking through her walls.

1730

Cost of living. Covid. Covid-19.  
Convolutional neural networks.  
Cowgirl. Climate change.  
Climate crisis. Climate  
emergency. Crack cocaine.  
Crime. Crypto. Cum. Cumshot.  
Cumslut. Cunnilingus. Cunt.  
Cybernetics. Daddy. Dairy  
Farmers of America Inc. Danone  
S.A. Dawn. De Casteljaou's  
algorithm. Dead. Death.  
Deepmind. Defense Advanced  
Research Projects Agency.  
Degrowth. Democrat. Deloitte  
Touche Tohmatsu Limited. Delta  
Air Lines. Delta Galil Industries.  
Deoleo. Dependence. Discourse  
in the Novel. Difference and  
Repetition. Dimensions.  
Diplomatic Cables. Discipline  
and Punish. Discontinued.

1837

@cheese\_ape tried her ahand at free associating with her  
douche flute in-lippo and the bright fluffy pen of the notes app.

I bought a vape today.

I'm scare of this  
I feel patheic  
I wnt to be healthier  
My poltical views are changing  
I criticse everything to the point where I think I'm drainig for  
my friends  
I hate the way I think  
Nothing seems to come easy except for things I dont' want to  
hink  
I'm in my head all day  
I'm laughing more and more at my own expense  
But I also laugh a lot at other people's expense  
I have so much to do  
I don't ghave many skills  
I listen to music constnalty to drown otut the silence  
I don't have concrete beliefs or ideas  
I enjoy being away from my family but I miss my home  
I'm not eating good food  
I'm terrorising my friends  
This exercise is depressing  
I know I hate myself

She called her sister.

1227

Disinformation. Disney. Disneyland  
with a Death Penalty. Display.  
Diversity. Doggy style. Domestic  
terrorism. Domestic violence.  
Dominatrix. Donald Trump.  
Dopamine. Double penetration.  
Dow Chemical Company. Drake.  
Drone strike. Drones. Drunken  
Boat. Eating ass. Eat hot chip  
and lie. Eating disorder. EBITA.  
EBITDA. EBITDAC. EBIDAX.  
Ecce Homo. ECHELON. Eclipse.

Economic and Philosophic  
Manuscripts of 1844. Edward  
Snowden. Ego and Its Own.  
Electra Ltd. Electric vehicle.  
Eli Lilly and Company.  
7000

@PDFGANG lit his ecigarrete with his finger to his gicangit,  
enourmous, extremely well refined, premier perceptive brain and  
tapped the album review into intellectuak formation:

[5 stars]

*Groundbreaking Avant-Garde proto-post-post-hip hop European free  
jazz inspired seminal South Pacific soundscape:*

Wellington-based, Deep Skeezerz, offer a pungent thrill-  
infused aroma of broken pipes, gooch sweat, honest introspection  
and unrequited, but no less ambitious teen love, through linguistic  
virtuosity and avant-garde Somes Island scene neo-electronica  
that offers a dramatic departure to day one fans, but represents a  
seismic shift in neo-internet free expression. Scatalogical but  
socially conscious, the fundamentally arabesque but veiled and  
dangled denouement is delivered in every bar and adlib,  
concocting a phantasmagoric sonic putrescence that challenges  
every notion of modern musical currency peeling away the  
catafalque of critique that lambasts an audience so unaware of  
their apnoea, their uninitiated malaise, that the Deep Skeezerz  
craft audiological liberty with deft prestidigitatation and gifted  
nous. It will be many years before the true artistic impact of this  
album will be known, but no more understood.

1440

Computational Intelligence,  
Learning, Vision, and Robotics  
Lab. E-Lab. Element Inc. Elon  
Musk. Emerging markets.  
Emirates. Emissions Trading  
Scheme. Encrypt. Encryption.

Environmental, social, and  
governance. Epic Games. Epstein.  
Erotism: Death and Sensuality.  
Ernst & Young Global Limited.  
ESPELSA. Ethics. Etihad Airways.  
Euphoria. Evergreen. Exchange  
traded fund. Exmilitary. Exploit.  
Export Investment Company.  
External links. ExxonMobil  
Corporation. Facebook. Facelift.  
Facesitting. Faggot. Falun Gong.  
Fake news. False flag. Famine.  
Fanged Noumena. Fantano. Fashion  
Week. Fatigue. FCC Group. Fentanyl.  
Ferrero Group. Filesystem level  
encryption. First released. First  
International Bank of Israel. Fission.

1789

Jumping off the e-scooter @JimimaJ0y33 walked with her head buried in her phone, smahsing into the hsuoulder coat of whitened old man, typing out the following:

“This model is an e-scooter enthusiat’s masterpiece. The technical additions have the mark of a widely expereicned scooter engineer’s design nous. It zips, it zangs, pounces and transforms into jumps. The reconfigured handle bars cater to opposabe thumbs and even the new indicators give you a party mode to ward off pesky cars who are jealous of the scooter’s rush hour manouervability. The sntad itself even feels like a throne and whie the turning circle taes a little adjusting to, riding this thing feels like flying a pegasus thorough the means streets of Welly with minutes to spare. Congratualtions you have created a work of emissions-free art.”

Clouding in her strut she rejoiced: “Fuck off boomer, I have the right of way”.

1080

Fisting. Flash crash. Fletcher  
Building Limited. Fluoride.  
Fonterra Co-operative Group  
Limited. ForcedEntry. Form  
factor. Forms of Time and of  
the Chronotope in the Novel.  
FOX Corporation. Foxxconn.  
Free Hong Kong. Fren. Front  
camera. Fuck. Fucked. Fucking.  
Future Combat Systems.  
Gamers. Gamma. Gaslight.  
Gatekeep. Gay. Gay Science.  
Gaza. GE Aerospace. Geeked.  
GEO Group, Inc. Geordie Greep.  
George Floyd. Gen z. Gender  
inequality. Generation. Genome  
editing. Genocide. German  
Ideology. Girlboss. Repulsed.  
Global Information Grid. Global  
Intelligence Files. Gmail and  
the Restraining Orders. Google  
LLC. Gooner. Governance of  
China. Government Plates.

6,000,000

@GusCommonSense strethced out on the cheap wooden chair and watched the nurse bend over. He was glad he had parked himself early in the windwo seat. 88 years old is grit of grabbed age. And how they skewered him whenever he'd speak. They only ever had come for Harriet. She was kinder, had even sent them grandma pcitures, remebered their birthdays. Things like that. Her pictures of Gus sleeping with newspaper crosswords seemed to make them laugh instead of stare down at those things in worry. He couldn't understand why they stuck to something that made them look so sad. And the words he heard them speak, he'd never ehard them befrooe. Whenerv he looked up they had a camera at him.

Now he'd orgotten what words he wasn't to say. Hrrient used to remind him before they came of the ones that had "gone out of fashion" she had said. He used to make a song and dance but he never forgot them while she was there. Harriet she was his girl she always knew best.

After she passed Gus couldn't say the story he wasnted to tell. He'd just wathc the windwo. One story he loved to tell. One story he was close to paying people to ask him (since he had no other use for his money). One stroy no one ever asked. How did old grumpy gus hitch up with 'his Happy Harriet', how had Grumpy Gus done it? He was the talk of the town, whern he married her. She was the best thing since sliced bread. He'd never let her foget it.

For he never had much. Back then no one had much of anything. If we didn't have it we went without.

But just yester he'd lit up in joy at the youngest one, looking up from his touchpad and asking him now a week after the funeral where he had met Grandma. He burst with pride. This one must have still some of Grumpy Gus' spunk. He had the Gus interest. The Gus spirit.

He sat up and talked just to the boy. Said this was one of his favourite stories. No one else was near. I saw her at the post office in a town far awy from her and said that she was the one. I stood outside her house with a lily, and then a rose, and a daffidil, every night for three nights.sent them up but She didnt answer at all. Gotta understand son, her house was three farms over. That's about 15ks each way on foot three nights in a row. I'd come back guttered. Whistling while getting poured on, ruined my bst boots. Your great grandma gave me a paddling when she saw them.

Then after the third failure. I said I had to go bigger. So I queued up at the town phone booth, and spent all my coins and rang up every florist in the 4 nearest towns. I pretended I was a big deal son. Said I was in town for the A&P show and I needed the

biggest bouquets they had for a tractor magnate.

Gus was streaming now, life in his blotchy cheeks. Grey quivering lips.

Gave Bruce all my savings for petrol. He gave it to his older brother and we took his milk truck. Then that night me and Bruce, we were the slickest lock pickers in town. No cameras back then you see. No electronics. We hit 5 florists in one night. I stole the lot. Gave Bruce a whirl on the register at each, but only \$10 each. Said not be greedy. Anyway big deal. These were small towns you see. Money talks. Few coppers were wandering around the Sunday markets for a few days afterwards to see anyone selling surplus sequoias. anyway The next night I snuck out of your great gramps, walked that 30kms with my donkey Gilly in the dark determined as an ox. But my heart was all loopy.

Gus sat up even more, and for the first time in months couldn't feel his banged knees.

Gill and I Couldn't walk on the road, too much heat. Had to cut through the paddocks. Then I get to Harriet's and pitched up in wait. I brought with me 5 ham sammies and a milk bottle. Stayed in the paddock all night. Waiting for your granda to head out during the day. Then climbed up to her room 5 times. Almost got caught by the shearer. I left them all through her room and I left her note saying 'I couldn't get a flower each day, I had to get them all. love G' And then the next morning she had the largest collection of flowers in the south island. Gus bemed light tears. Her mum always wondered why the carpet smelled funny after that. Well she was head over heels after that. For a peach like your granma, You've gotta be bold son, you gotta go for gold!"

"Grandpa that's so messed up. That's stalking you can't do that! Sneaking around like that trespassing, stealing. That's a harassment as well. Granma didn't ask you to do that! Grandpa you're so lucky you're not in jail! That's so so bad."

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

Gus was dumbstruck. “Well you know it was harmless nobody got hurt. Jsut a show of uhh bitta uhh romance I think is what your granma said.”

“Noooooo Grandpa that’s so mesed up. I’ve got so mnay people tell this. I’m gonana tweet this. I cna’t veliev it.”

And the boy ran from the room with tea to spill, leaving Gus and his oxygen tank at the crowded old folks home widnowsill.

2001

Graphics processing unit. GrayKey.  
Grayshift. Great replacement.  
Green party. Greenwashing. Greta  
Thunberg. Greyscale. Grind.  
Grindr. Groupe Lactalis S.A.  
Grundisse. Guantánamo Bay  
detention camp. Guantánamo  
Files. Hadar Group. Hamas. Hamat  
Group. Hamilton. Hardware.  
HarperCollins Publishers LLC.  
Harvey Weinstein. Hate.  
Hearing aid compatibility. Heineken  
N.V. Herpes. Histamine. History.  
Hitler. Holocaust. Holy Family.  
Homophobia. Hong Kong. Honda  
Motor Co., Ltd. Hot take. How to  
Read a Book. How to win friends  
And Influence People. Hudson’s Bay  
Company. Human, All Too Human.  
Hutchinson Group. Hyperpop.  
Iago. Identifier for Advertisers.  
Idiap Research Institute. Worried.  
Imagining Decolonisation.

2007

@DeepStateEnemy88 mused to his scarcely prickled chin, while pouring his juice in his griz, and posted some deep



deepthinking on his wall:

“What if we never discovered coronavirus?

The pandemic would have occurred the same way but with no publicity. People would have gotten sick, most would have recovered and the vulnerable would have died. Their deaths would have been attributed likely to influenza or just pneumonia. No one would have questioned the numbers because there would have been no anomaly.

I know about 30-50,000 a year die from influenza in the US as it is.

There would be no effects to the economy, no mass hysteria, no lasting political issues.

Would anyone have noticed?

Have we endured similar pandemics before and been totally unaware?”

[New comment.] wow, Already what could it be?

@BenDover: What If we never discovered coronavirus? I'd probably see less cooked as statuses made from your masturbation dungeon on my timeline

420

Impeachment. Implies the existence of. In this essay. In vitro fertilisation. Income tax. Indie. Industrial Society and its Future. Inflation. Inner Mongolia Yili Industrial Group Company Limited. Insomnia. Insurrection. Internet protocol suite. Interview 2016. Introduction to Thermodynamics of Irreversible

Processes. Invisible Hand. Uneasy.  
IOS. iOS SDK. iOS version history.  
Ipad. Ipad electromagnetic interference.  
Iphone. Iraq War Logs. Irrumatio.  
Isaac Wood. Israel. Israel Aerospace  
Industries. Israel Chemicals. Israel  
Corporation. Israel Defence Force.  
Israel Diamond Exchange. Israel  
Military Industries. Israel Shipyards.  
Israel Weapon Industries. Israeli.  
Israelis. It's coming home. It's giving.  
Ivermectin. Pleasant. Jacinda Ardern.  
Jailbait. Jailbreak. Jailbreaking. Jake  
Paul. Jamal Khashoggi. Hopeful.  
Jeffrey Epstein. Jews. Jewish. Jewish  
Question. Jewishness. JK Rowling. Joe  
Rogan experience. John McAfee. John  
von Neumann. John Perry Barlow.  
Johnny Ive. Johnson & Johnson.

69

@Pawgslurper inhaled three inhaleds, reading the worst email  
he'd ever received in his netire life:

"uberEats: Unusually high number of refund requests

Dear customer,

Your number of refund claims is much higher than what we  
see from most eaters. We believe this behaviour is not in line with  
our Community Guidelines. Therefore, we have suspended your  
account. If you think this is an error or want your account  
reactivated, please contact support through the Help section in-  
app or at this email address."

A 2 year gambit stealing food from a food delivery app the size  
of the entire world had run it's course. New brick phone new  
number new idenitidy, same ploy methinks.

1500

Jordan Peterson. JPMorgan  
Chase & Co. Juche. Julian  
Assange. K9 Unit. Kareem  
Serageldin. Kanye. Kendrick.  
Ketamine. Keystone pipeline.  
Kill. Killed. Klu Klux Klan.  
Blissful. KPMG International  
Limited. Kyle Rittenhouse.  
Kylie Jenner. Lab leak. Labour  
Party. Lesbian. Libidinal  
Economy. Lil Pump. Lies. Life.  
Liposuction. Lithium.  
Literature. Little Saint James.  
Live from Death Valley.  
Disgusted. Location tracking  
controversy. Lockdowns.  
Lockheed Martin. Logan Paul.  
Long covid. Look between. LVMH  
Moët Hennessy. Louis Vuitton.  
Macbook. Machine learning.

1756

“Violet Candle just reads book reveiws if she can even be btohered, and believes that thrid wave feminism showed that writing about feminsim just makes girls targets for male scorn. When I said that that male socrn has always been present and will always persist, she faltly denied that the current position of women has been improved by feminism and that integrating into the work place was the most horrifying countrer punch to any kind of “peddled” feminist liberation. She said she’s waiting for UBI (univerasl basic income) to come when the robots takeover so she can pay rent and paint. She told me our second wave suffragettes sold a lie that “capitalists” were only too happy to encourgae. She said that all the gains in lgbt rights were only supported once gay marriage was made legal. She said that “Kendall Jenner handing a cop a pepsi is the world Susan Sontag bought for women”. SHE said that the integration of lgbt into women’s rights was a

conflation of “commodities” and that she hates the thought of spending her education in an office where she is made to work for men that are paid more than her. She called Hillary CLinton “fake” for not divorcing Bill CLinton. She sees mddern literature as a regurgiation of liberal fantasies that are increasinly unsutobale for a world that suppresses women of colour within a prism of white idealism that justifies all sorts of insane promises. She says these women of colour are forcde to write feel good culture stories cause it’s easier to market them that way. She said that modern women of colour are “purchased”, having their publishing rights entirely owned by white women who own the few publishing houses left and that they outsouce all public promotion of their works to the writers themselves in case they are seen to encourgae women of colour in a way that might be inauthetic. She says this is cover for “lowering production costs”. She says 4th wave fminism doesn’t even exist, it’s a “product”. SHe said in short that liberal feminism was responsible for a proliferation of literature designed to constrain women into new impossible images of selfactualisation and that “girls that invest” “the futre is female” “feminism is my second favourit f-word” and “girlboss” are “death camp commandments”.”

Trusty newlywed @SteveGarbles89 said to he was also interested in women’s literature, before sucking his llightsaber and turning off the light.

1884

Line. Management & Training  
Corporation. Manufacturer.  
Marketing. Marvin Heemeyer.  
Marvel. Marxism. Marxist. Mask.  
Masks. Mass. Mass Psychology of  
Fascism. Mass shooting. Mayer’s  
Cars and Trucks Company.  
McDonald’s Corporation.  
McKinsey & Company. Megan.  
Memory. Mephedrone. Messi.  
Meta Platforms, Inc. Metaphysics.

Methylenedioxyprovalerone.  
Methylenedioxymethamphetamine.  
Methylphenidate. MeToo.  
Apathetic. Mfs. Microsoft  
Corporation. Mid. Misinformation.  
Missionary. Mitsubishi Group.  
Modafinil. Model. Models. Modem.  
Money Store. Mood. Mood Stocks.  
Mosquito. Mosque. Moss. Mossad.

1948

@NPC\_1283789 walzed with a whistle in his teeth. Never had his happiness attacked him such thick furore. He was unof this earth and certainly not that earth. Holding the espresso past Clube Da Esquina, life was not killing him just as easily as it would usually be. He vered off around the accessible path and snuck behind the hospital with %50 in his pocket and opened the hindmost door. Vaping over the dead one, he handed the cash to the morgue cleaner and then relieved his phantasia.

1980

Motivation. Mr Beast. Myocarditis.  
Mythologies. Narcissist. Narcissistic  
personality disorder. Narcolepsy.  
Narcotics. National party.  
Nationalist. Natoon Group. Navinder  
Singh Sarao. Nazi. Necrophilia. Neo-  
Nazi. Neocognitron. Nestlé S.A.  
Neurotoxicity. Neuroplasticity.  
News Corp. NFTs. Nicotine.  
Nietzsche Contra Wagner. Nigga.  
Nigger. Nike, Inc. No Love Deep  
Web. No nut november. Nordstream  
pipeline. Norepinephrine. Notes.  
Not Like Us. NRG Energy, Inc. NSA  
World Leaders Target. Nuclear  
energy. Nvidia Corporation. Obama.  
Obsessive compulsive personality  
disorder. OIBDA. Ok boomer.

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

Omicron. On the Genealogy of  
Morals. Operating system. Oral  
sex. Other. Overdose. Overuse.

1996

@femc1de grabbed her gas:

Restaurant review

I'd like to slob the cock of whoever made this braised lamb  
Good Boy Sandwich!

[5 stars]

2004

OxyContin. Ozempic. Özil.  
Palantir Technologies.  
Palestine. Palestinian. Panama  
Papers. Pandora Papers.  
Paradise Papers. Paris  
Agreement. Pegasus malware.  
Pegatron Corporation. Penguin  
History Of New Zealand.  
Penguin Random House LLC.  
Penis. Penis envy. Pentagon  
Papers. Pepper spray. PepsiCo,  
Inc. Performance enhancing  
substances. Pfizer.  
Phenomenology of Spirit.  
Phenylpropanolamine. Philip  
Morris International. Physical  
performance. Pitolisant.  
Playboi Carti. Poetics. Polyamory.  
Polygamous. Pope Benedict. Pope  
Francis. Pornhub. Post-traumatic  
stress disorder. Poverty of  
Philosophy. Powers that B.

2008

Bled incensed by the scars of growth, @Bianca\_xo saw red in the selfie camera. Models and casts of ribbed skin and disorder shapes flooded the screen up to her teeth. She had hips of sticks and plasters for cheeks. Now she feasted on the pity they thought she could not see. In her muscularity her inhaled were prized nourishment. But in strolling the bright images of the thin ideal she could hardly concentrate on the blackness that would swerve into the oblique. How long had it been since she sung? Those trophies that made her someone admired. Something pretty for them all. Those medals didn't used to hurt when they swung against her chest. Now they rattled. Her mum used to make her sing for family at birthdays. She was the one. Then she started filming them. Filming all of them. Showing her photos. They even learnt photoshop together. Just them. They used to see so many pictures of girls. All of the others they met on the road from comp to comp. So many pretty girls, so many skinny girls. Her little cries and medals on the door seemed a lifetime from lifetime's eyes. Inhaled the girly pop a new ideal shook her core. Her post stood nascent on three likes. She hated it. She posted another. She hated it. She posted another. She posted another. She passed out.

Bianca loved to sing.

2010

Preliminary Materials for a  
Theory of the Young-Girl.  
Prescription. Pricewaterhouse  
Coopers International Limited.  
Prince Andrew. Prince Harry.  
Prison Notebooks. Privacy.  
Pro tools. Problems of  
Dostoyevsky's Poetics.  
Production. Project Nimbus.  
Prolegomena to Any Future  
Metaphysics. Prometheus.  
Propaganda. Prostitute. Prozac.  
Psychosis. Psyop. Putin. Quran.  
Qatar. Qatar Airways Company.

Quarantine. Queen. Queerbaiting.  
At ease. Race. Racist. Racism.  
RAND Corporation. Rape.  
Raytheon Industries. Rear  
camera. Reception and legacy.  
Receptive fields and functional  
architecture of monkey striate  
cortex. Recession. Rectified  
linear unit. Red pill. References.  
Related. Removable storage.  
Rent. Rent controls.

2011

@smolfern looked at the checkbox asking her for her pronouns. An then the one asking for her vaccine status. And then the one aslig for her sexuality. And then one asking for her ethnicity. And then the one asking for her thoughts. She inhaled:

I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take this anymore! [Shityoushouldcareabout infographic] Stopppping wearing masks in order to pretend like the virus disappeared. How do people not scream lmao [NPR podcast ] They changed abortion laws and escalated police brutlaity and a pandemic in order to fraudulently assume power. [Meghan Markle podcast ] They've demonized women and lgbtqia+ sexuality in order to create superstitious fearful bigots who act by bullying and harassing anyone accepting of love [Tumblr fanfiction] Women are denied power, and sexual assaulted which has rerouted the human sex drive to respond to public spectacles of female punishment and humiliation with publicised misogyny. Cancel culture is a libidinous dogwhistles for sadists and incels. This continuous panic about human sexuality cannot continue. [lgbt Influencer] The atmosphere is of continuous deliberate stimulation. Alcohol available on every corner at all times but no affordable access to mental health services anymore. People are goaded into scandals and spectacles which make money and drive clicks and salacious moral indignation. [Bell Hooks pdf download]. Everyone is tortured with loneliness and starved for affection. Society is being



reorganized so that all human interaction must happen online under strict surveillance. The price you pay for friendship is obedience to regime rule. Nothing can happen out of their sight. [Elliot Rodgers manifesto pdf download]

She exhaled

She went with she/her .

19

controls. Reorganization plan  
of the United States Army.  
Repairability. Republic.  
Retail. Retail strategy. Retard.  
Retarded. Retrograde.  
Reverse cowgirl. Reward  
system. Ritalin. Rizz. Roe v.  
Wade. Content. Rubicon  
International Services Ltd.  
Russia. Rusty trombone. Ryan  
Trecartin. Sales. Same sex  
attraction. Sandpaper. Satoshi  
Nakamoto. Saudi Aramco.  
Schizo. Schizoaffective disorder.  
Schizocapitalism. Schizophrenia.  
Schizophrenic. SCUM Manifesto.  
Security. See also. Self help.  
Serotonin. Sex. Sexual. Sexual  
assault. Shadowbanned. She  
Comes First. Shinzo Abe. Shit.  
Shitcoin. Sicko mode. Side effects.

$$\begin{aligned} & \langle \mathbf{v} \rangle \\ &= \frac{d \langle \mathbf{x} \rangle}{dt} = g(t), \end{aligned}$$

@YeezusTruthr looked at the checkbox asking him for his pronouns. An then the one asking for his vaccine status. And then the one aslig for his sexuality. And then one asking for his

ethnicity. And then the one asking for his thoughts. He inhaled:

I'm as mad as hell, and I'm not going to take this anymore! [Feminist gets destroyed on TV] Having to suddenly wear a mask as a religious garment. How do people not scream lmao [Jordan Peterson Joe Rogan podcast best clips] They changed voting laws and escalated race riots and a pandemic in order to fraudulently assume power. [Ben SHapiro debates] They've demonized men and basic male sexuality in order to create a weak, pharma-dependent genderless population of superstitious fearful consumers who act as free police by bullying and harassing anyone critical of the regime [Donald Trump funniest moments] Men are removed from power via continuous cynically deployed sex scandals, which have rerouted the human sex drive to respond to public spectacles of male punishment and humiliation with sexual politics. Cancel culture is a libidinous sexual activity for sadists and eunuchs. This continuous panic about human sexuality cannot continue. [Red Scare subreddit]. The atmosphere is of continuous deliberate stimulation. Alcohol available on every corner at all times but no affordable access to mental health services anymore. People are goaded into scandals and spectacles which make money and drive clicks and salacious moral indignation. [Bronze AGe Pervert BronzeAge Mindset pdf download]. Everyone is tortured with loneliness and starved for affection. Society is being reorganized so that all human interaction must happen online under strict surveillance. The price you pay for friendship is obedience to regime rule. Nothing can happen out of their sight. [Elliot Rodgers manifesto pdf download]

He exhaled.

He went with he/him.

3.14

Industries. SIM unlocking. Simon  
& Schuster LLC. Sisyphus. Sjlw.  
Fulfilled. Slay. Slayy. Slenderman.  
Slogan. Slut. Slutshamed. Social

justice. Solar Anus. Snowden.  
SSRIs. Spotify wrapped. Sriracha  
sauce. Miserable. Software. Sony  
Group Corporation. Sound. Sovena.  
Speculum of the Other Woman.  
Speech to the National Convention.  
Steroids (Crouching Tiger Hidden  
Gabber Megamix). Stewart Lee.  
Steve Jobs. Stoics. Storage. Submissive.  
Submarine. Subscription. Successor.  
Suicide. Supply chain. Surrogacy.  
Sustained release. Swiftie. Swifties.  
Symbolic Exchange and Death.  
System-on-chip. Taiwan  
Independence. Taliban. Taylor Swift.  
Techno-runaway. Technological  
Singularity. Technological Society.  
The Gulf War Did Not Take Place.

404

Knock knock

Who's there?

The human spirit

[CAPTCHA failed.]

$$e^{(i\pi)} = -1$$

The New York Times. Thirst for  
Annihilation. The Wall Street  
Journal. Lonely. Tim Robinson.  
Tel Aviv Stock Exchange.  
Tencent. TeraDeep Inc. Terf.  
Tesla, Inc. Theory of Bloom.  
Therapist. Therapy. Theses on  
Feuerbach. Thinspiration.  
Thinspo. Third party apps.

Thomas Matthew Crooks.  
Thread. Thus Spoke Zarathustra.  
Tiananmen Square. Today  
years old. Tolerance. Top.  
Toyota Motor Corporation. Tibet  
independence. Tired. Timothée  
Chalamet. Tracking prevention.  
Trans. Trans-Pacific Partnership.  
Transgender. Relaxed.  
Transphobic. Restful. Trump.  
Twilight of the Idols. Two  
shots for summer. Type.  
Balanced. Uighur. Ukraine.  
Uyghur. Unpopular opinion.  
Despair. Untimely Meditations.

2

In the hall of mirrors the paranoid schizophrenic put a kaleidoscope to his eye and screamed. A billion hung maybe more. The faceless hear everything. Behaviour (alert). Haloperidol. Every movement determined by cybernetic CONTROL. Data mined to castrate and confine. Shoot up the apple park. No thought unrompted. Rapport (elaborate). No revolt concidered. Critique watchlisted. Dissent tracked. Voices recorded. Regime strengtheend. In your walls. Speech (normal). They took my ciggarettes. Predisposing. Precipitating. Perpetuating. Protective. They montir through the front facing camera. Mood/affect (numb). they have access to my personal device. Aripiprazole. They have collected vidoes of me to use against me. Informal coercion. Infromed consent. They will livestream it for the world to see. They follow me night and day. Price my life. Biometric information collated in global database. Thought process (directed). Shoot up the apple park. They knwo where I live. Thought content (fixated). Close my account. They hace used this infromation to stop me from clearing my name. Everyone is going to get me when it comes out. Risk (medium). Peerign out of the curtain. I hear men with guns. Nowhere unsurveillanced. Social. They remove the insubordiantes. Shoot up the apple park. They

lock up the questioners. Can't escape. New invention = new distortion of the human. Perception (hallucinatory). Involuntary treatment. Indefinite detention. Watch my bank statements. Biological. Right to refuse medial treatment. Olananzapine. Psychological. Drones fly above. Police lights on the ceiling. Cognition (intact). They want the metnally ill to self-identify and then die. Shoot up the apple park. Nasogastric force feeding. Insight/judgment (exact). Smiling, too light for life, to free to be alive, the injected pancuronium bromide swapped with the leaking tears in his eyes. shoot up the apple park.

1

Unvaxxed. USB-C Charge Cable.  
US Patent 8438181. USB-C  
Power Adapter. USB  
Restricted Mode. Vagina. Vape.  
Vaccinated. Vaccination.  
Vaccine. Vault 7. Vax. Vedanta  
Resources. Venture capital.  
Violence. Villar International.  
Visa Inc. Vision Labs. Vision Pro.  
Vivint Smart Home, Inc. Vr.  
Wage Labour and Capital. War  
in the Age of Intelligent  
Machines. Waste Land. Water.  
Water resistance. Website.  
Wembanyama. WhetLab. White  
power. White supremacy. White  
privilege. Whore. Wifi. Will to  
Power. WikiLeaks. Wilmar  
International Limited. Wireless.  
Wires. Wistron Corporation.  
Withdrawal. Xi Jinping. Xinjiang.  
Xvideos. Xxx. Xxxtentacion.  
Desolate. Y2K. Yandex. Ye. Year  
of the Snitch. Drained. Zelensky.  
Sleepy. Zionism. Tranquil.  
Zionist. Žižek. Serene.

PIERCE DAY

80%

[Low Power Mode Turned Off  
Battery sufficiently charged]

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

CHAPTER TWELVE  
DESIGNED BY APPLE IN CALIFORNIA  
ASSEMBLED IN CHINA

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

```

F=open("countries.txt","r")
text=f.read()
countries=text.split()
Length=len(countries)
while length>1:
rand1=random.randint(0,length-1)
rand2=random.randint(0,length-1)
    while rand1==rand2:
        rand2=random.randint(0,length-1)
    print "--> "+countries[rand1]+" faces "+countries[rand2]
    decider=random.randint(0,1)
    if decider==0:
        print "--> "+countries[rand1]+" has been completely
        defeated\n"
        countries.remove(countries[rand1])
    else:
        print "--> "+countries[rand2]+" has been completely
        defeated\n"
        countries.remove(countries[rand2])
    length=len(countries)
    d=str(length)
    print "~ "+d+" countries remaining~\n"
print "--> "+countries[0]+" is only country remaining"

```

This is an automatic bot that randomly generates posts. This is not an interactive bot so you can't send requests to have a specific outcome.

How it works:

A random territory is chosen.

Another random territory close to the first one is chosen and is conquered right away. ***There is no battle.***

It repeats the process until only one country remains.

(Alternative (Alt) Text



conveys the “why” of the image  
as it relates to the content of  
a document or webpage. It is  
read aloud to users by screen  
reader software, and it is  
indexed by search engines. It  
also displays on the page  
if the image fails to load.)

The most effective strategy in Fornite is not to fight.

(A black and white  
photo of a  
barren stark  
lifeless landscape  
is littered with  
cannonballs)

In a Battle Royale game  
format with 195 players the  
objective is to survive until the end,  
rather than increase kills.

[January 2025, Kyrgyzstan conquered Uzbekistan territory  
previously occupied by Turkmenistan]

“We’ll bomb them until they’re not there anymore”

01:18 I don't know if that's a...

(A black and white  
photo of a soldier  
collapsing backward  
after being fatally  
shot in the head,  
with his rifle slipping  
out of his right hand)

Grab all the guns in the beginning.

“The United Nations gave the Allies the go ahead to wage war”

01:19 Hey Bushmaster element, copy that White Six?

01:21 That’s a weapon.

01:22 Yeah.

“The colonial order speaks through the barrel of a gun”

(A black and white photo of three  
American GIs lying dead on the beach.  
In the background is a burnt out barge)

Swipe | Sound Up | Share

[February 2025, Vietnam conquered Thailand territory]

(A black and white photo  
of hundreds of naval  
personnel on a  
warship observe two  
coffins covered in  
American flags to be  
buried at sea)

Crouching increases your aim  
by reducing bloom.

“There won't be any restrictions”

01:23 Hotel Two-Six; Crazyhorse One-Eight.

01:29 Copy on the White Six, Bushmaster Six-Romeo. Roger.

[August 2025, Madagascar conquered French Southern and

Antartic Territories territory]

[October 2025, Scotland conquered Isle of Man territory]

(A black and white photo  
of six marines raising the  
American flag on a mountain)

Look for ammo crates.

“They dispatched the entire Apache payload in seconds”

(A black and white photo of  
a group of emaciated male  
prisoners in striped clothing  
stand behind a barbed-  
wire fence. They have gaunt  
faces and skeletal bodies.)

Swipe | Sound Up | Share

01:32 Fucking prick.

01:33 Hotel Two-Six this is Crazyhorse One-Eight. Have  
individuals with weapons.

(A well dressed man with a trilby hat  
in a tie and overcoat, with civilians  
behind him stares at a pile of skinny  
bodies stacked in the foreground of the  
image)

Read the patch notes.

(A sailor kisses a nurse in Times Square)

[March 2026, Yemen conquered Djibouti territory previously  
occupied by Eritrea]

“We have no recourse to half-measures”

(A photo of a man holding a pistol to a prisoner's head as he pulls the trigger. The prisoner is wearing a plaid shirt and has his hands tied behind his back and is grimacing in pain and fear at the moment of death)

01:41 Yup. He's got a weapon too.

01:43 Hotel Two-Six; Crazyhorse One-Eight. Have five to six individuals with AK47s. Request permission to engage

[May 2026, Uruguay conquered Argentina territory previously occupied by Chile]

Share ammo with your squadmates.

01:51 Roger that. Uh, we have no personnel east of our position. So, uh, you are free to engage. Over.

02:00 All right, we'll be engaging.

02:02 Roger, go ahead.

(A naked 9 year old girl runs on the road towards the camera crying after being severely burned on her back by napalm)

“They dropped hundreds of bombs and destroyed everything within a 5 mile radius”

[June 2026, North Korea conquered South Korea territory]

02:03 I'm gonna... I cant get 'em now because they're behind that building.

02:09 Um, hey Bushmaster element, copy that White Six?

02:10 He's got an RPG!

“There was no fear of retaliation”

(A man in a white shirt and black  
pants holding a shopping bag stands  
in front of a column of 4 tanks)

If you get caught in storm  
start a ramp before you exit.

“The harriers are loaded with thousand pound cluster bombs”

[October 2027, New Zealand conquered New Caledonia territory]

Learn some building patterns.

“You can see the missile piercing the roof and exploding against  
the back wall”

Be smart about your building.

[May 2028, North Korea conquered China territory]

We improved the frame rate by greatly  
reducing the number of objects that  
need to be updated.

(A man balances on a box with  
a hood over his face draped in a  
rags with wires electrocuting  
each finger standing on a cardboard box)

“It looks pretty messy on the ground”

(2 photos featuring a man in bed w/ eyes

closed in pain, the other is the same person lying on the floor looking at the camera w/ a bandage on his head. Another photo is a room filled w/ luggage & the other is of a truck for moving)

Simply press the respective console's D-Pad down arrow to access Fortnite emotes.

“As soon as the planes land more thousand pound bombs are loaded by the ground crew”

(a photo of a young man sitting on the rubble covered floor of a destroyed home. Walls ripped open, frames bent like heavy curtains drawn back to show bright daylight where another wall should be. He looks towards the camera, his arms resting on his knees.)

Rebind your walls/stairs so you can easily access them.

02:03 I'm gonna... I cant get 'em now because they're behind that building.

02:09 Um, hey Bushmaster element, copy that White Six?

02:10 He's got an RPG!

Players will no longer appear as if they are still holding a weapon after being hit by a Boogie Bomb.

02:11 All right, we got a guy with an RPG.

02:13 I'm gonna fire.

02:14 Okay.

Stay hidden in case of movement.

02:15 No hold it.

“The Americans seem to be planning warfare on a huge scale”

02:43 You’re clear.

[June 2028, Canada conquered United States of America territory]

“I think my biggest danger out there today was running into  
another American aircraft”

Use the compass to call out  
locations to your squadmates.

(On a Sunny day people run in all directions,  
parents with kids or alone, through streets being  
bombed in the distance and next to buildings  
destroyed. There is not clear path to safety  
as one does not exist.)

Use and stick close to cover.

“Apache gunships designed to destroy tank columns were hunting  
down individual soldiers”

02:44 All right, firing.

02:47 Let me know when you engage them.

02:49 We’re shooten.

(People struggle through the rubble  
of a decimated building, covering  
their mouths against the clouds  
of dust. one woman carries a young  
child. in the background, still  
standing buildings, though at  
least one shows partial

destruction, likely from a bomb  
hit.)

Swipe | Sound Up | Share

[November 2028, Sweden conquered Finland territory]  
[March 2029, Serbia conquered Montenegro territory]

(A photo of a hospital room empty of people.  
Half a dozen hospital beds are haphazard,  
some with discarded medical supplies on them.)

Hit the blue circle while  
you're destroying things.

“The period of even more intense devastation began”

02:50 Light ‘em all up.

Fire your automatic  
weapons in short bursts.

(A photo of a father before his last breath  
trying to hold onto his dead child - both  
of them have been shot dead by the army)

Swipe | Sound Up | Share

02:52 Come on, fire!

“They’re not trying to fight us right now, they’re trying to hide  
from us”

Fixed an issue which caused players to hear  
bullet “whiz-by” sounds from their own shots.



(A baby girl rescued from the rubble  
of her home that was bombed by  
warplanes in the refugee camp)

[November 2029, [REDACTED] conquered Nigeria territory]

02:57 Keep shootin', keep shootin'.

Gunfire audio will no longer pan  
to the left & right as you move  
away from where you shot.

"We have the power. We have the freedom. We have the intellect.  
We have the affluent. We can manifest our own destiny."

[February 2030, Italy conquered Vatican City territory]

Use the compass to call out  
locations to your squadmates.

[April 2031, Northern Ireland conquered Ireland territory]

02:59 Keep shootin'.

(A man lies on the ground in rubble  
with a deep gash in his forehead  
smothered in dust)

03:02 Keep shootin'.

(People rushing for cover after a strike.)

(A disabled person in blue jeans & a white  
undershirt with double leg amputation in a  
wheel chair swinging a slingshot above  
their head with black smoke billowing in the

Background.)

03:15 I got ‘em.

(A photo of a child screaming in pain  
while stitching up his wound  
without anaesthesia as a result of the  
severe lack of medical supplies from  
the siege.)

(A bombed children’s playground. there  
are no children playing due to rocket fire.)

03:19 Oops, I’m sorry .....?

“They’re not apart of the same human race that the rest of us  
are.”

Remain calm even if you hear footsteps.

“They won’t be attacked. We’ve made that perfectly clear.”

03:20 God damn it, Kyle.

03:23 Sorry, haha, I hit ‘em I think...

(A truck is loaded with 38 trucks of flour and  
76,000 litres of fuel to provide food supplies.)

Swipe | Sound Up | Share

[April 2032, Antarctica conquered French Southern and Antarctic  
Territories territory previously occupied by Madagascar]

03:28 All right, you’re clear.

(Women and children at a hospital morgue  
mourning relatives killed in a strike.)

“This is very early days”

(Mourners at a mass funeral watch as  
medical personnel prepare 47 bodies of  
people that were taken and later released.)

“The war will continue with undiminished intensity.”

03:30 All right, I'm just trying to find targets again.

(At least 100 parachutes or more of  
humanitarian aid packages drop from  
the sky in wide expanse of land.)

“Quite frankly the United Nations doesn't matter anymore.  
Somebody said to me a couple hours ago ‘Perhaps they should sell  
the building to the Chinese or Japanese and they can turn it into a  
Pizza Parlour.’”

(A video circulates in which a soldier speaks  
to the camera and says “We are looking for  
babies but there is no babies left, I killed a  
girl that was 12 but I'm looking for a baby”)

Learn when to engage.

04:31 Oh, yeah, look at those dead bastards.

04:36 Nice.

(A man lost his child after the bombing  
of a residential block in the refugee camp)

Remember, this game  
is about surviving,  
not getting kills.

(Members of family in traditional dress mourn  
next to a recent grave covered in flowers.)

(A photo of relatives and friends  
praying near the body of a staff member)

“We know that our cause is moral. We know that our cause is  
right. Peace can only be established now.”

[November 2032, Macao conquered Hong Kong territory]

[May 2033, Australia conquered Timor-Leste territory]

[March 2036, Svalbard and Jan Mayen conquered United States of  
America territory previously occupied by Canada]

[October 2036, Madagascar conquered Malawi territory previously  
occupied by Mozambique]

[August 2039, Luxembourg conquered England territory]

[February 2040, North Korea conquered Japan territory]

[January 2041, [REDACTED] conquered Chad territory]

[November 2044, Northern Ireland conquered England territory  
previously occupied by Luxembourg]

10:11 Oh yeah, look at that. Right through the windshield!

(Damaged buildings after ground  
forces withdrew from the area.)

Keep moving as much as possible

(A woman crying holding a baby in one hand  
and a young boy holds her right hand in tears.)

Swipe | Sound Up | Share

(3 men and 3 women sit on a bench hands  
held to faces before a small body  
wrapped in white plastic with letters and  
numbers written with a black marker.)

Don't give people an easy shot.

“Knock. Knock. Coming at ya!”

[December 2044, Israel conquered Palestine territory]

SILENCEISCOMPLICITY  
SILENCEISCOMPLICITY  
SILENCEISCOMPLICITY

SICLENCEISCOMPLICITY  
SICLENCEISCOMPLICITY  
SICLENCEISCOMPLICITY

(Soldiers film themselves emptying  
their ammunition by indiscriminately  
shooting at a \_\_\_\_\_.)

(Soldiers gather around on reserve duty.  
Photo sourced from a private Instagram  
photograph.)

(A photo of the sun setting behind  
destroyed buildings.)

Swipe | Sound Up | Share

(4 soldiers from a commando  
unit gather next to a tank.  
The writing on the sign in  
the background reads:  
“Snipers. Do not let light in.”)

let instagram prepare ready-made

reels from your photos and videos  
based on topics such as events or travel

(A child lies on the floor with  
blood across her face  
staring into the camera while  
receiving treatment from  
hands in rubber gloves.)

use the suggested music  
or choose your own.  
You can edit the clips  
as you wish.

(The mother of a soldier killed  
during the fighting screams  
with a hand to her face  
carried by three people  
during his funeral)

Swipe | Sound Up | Share

(Smoke and debris rising after an explosion )

If you're happy with the results,  
you can share as a reel.

(A girl carrying a child through  
the rubble of houses. They both  
have a pink jumper and dirty red pants.)

Allow instagram to suggest ready-  
made reels from your device camera  
roll using photo and video data,  
including image quality, location  
and the presence of people or animals

(A photo of mourners burying  
the bodies of twin babies. they  
were both born during the  
conflict and were killed in airstrikes.)

10:14 Ha ha!

10:54 Hotel Two-Six this is Bushmaster Four

10:56 I think we whacked ‘em all.

10:58 That’s right, good.

12:09 All right.

“People are simply trying to get away.”

“it was apocalyptic”

“Bodies lined the roadside, many too charred to be properly  
identified.”

12:10 I’m gonna come

“A huge convoy hit by the Americans from the air with their  
cluster bomb.”

13:00 We’re moving in the vicinity of the engagement area and  
looks like we’ve got some slight movement from ah, the ah van  
that was engaged.

13:06 Looks like a kid. Over.

instagram’s new update is setting your  
preferences for political content to “limit”.

How to change it:

Go to settings

Click account preferences

Select political content

“We’re not only willing to shoot and bomb people in the name of justice, but to help them in the name of justice.”

“We’re gonna concentrate on ending it right.”

[February 2057, Kuwait conquered Palestine territory previously occupied by Israel]

[May 2057, Kuwait conquered Israel territory]

This post is a call to action

“They need to put some hate in their heart. And go out and stop those sons of bitches from getting ugly.”

13:22 What’s that?

Keep learning

Keep talking

Keep sharing

Keep standing strong

(300 babies taken out of incubators)

Swipe | Sound Up | Share

History helps us understand the present.  
Especially when mainstream media try to  
gaslight us and make us doubt ourselves.

EDIT: Slide 2 should say 100,000+

“Apache gunships designed to destroy tank columns were hunting down individual soldiers”

[August 2059, Antarctica signed a non-aggression pact with Democratic Republic of the Congo]



Spread the word

[July 2060, Australia rose against Palau and gained independence supported by 2 other territories]

“Some of them tried desperate to hide under the bridge. But even this couldn’t save them. The road is now in effect a burial site. No one knows how many died. Without airpower, they stood little chance.”

13:23 Got that big pile of bodies to the right, on the corner?

13:24 Yeah, right here.

(A woman looks forlorn  
as a child rests  
on her shoulder)

templates

(Video shows dozens  
of food piled next to  
the truck they were  
being transported on)

made for you

(Children carry  
pots in a line for food.)

clip hub

(A photo shows a crush  
of people hold steel  
pots to a caged fence  
lining up to receive free  
meals at the refugee camp)

Swipe | Sound Up | Share

“Many had with them the leaflets dropped by allied aircraft calling on them to surrender or face starvation and certain death.”

14:11 I didn't want those fuckers to run away and scatter.

Invite your community to get involved  
Check out our highlights for more resources & posts

[November 2076, Antarctica conquered Burundi territory breaking  
the non-aggression pact with Democratic Republic of the Congo]

Confused by the context of the war?  
Send this to your confused friends who  
are overwhelmed with information!

18:16 Looking for more individuals-south.

(A photo shows hundreds of  
people searching for casualties  
at the site of air strikes on  
houses in the refugee encampment)

Check out our instagram  
Register to join!  
We'll see you for some noise NEXT WEDNESDAY  
UPDATE: The December rally is postponed.  
Please share this update!  
Stay tuned  
You will hear from us very soon.

[November 2088, Kuwait conquered Kuwait territory previously  
occupied by Vietnam]

"Withdraw. Retreat. Withdraw. Retreat. Let's settle for running  
away."

[October 2090, Vietnam conquered Iraq territory previously  
occupied by Kuwait]

Swipe | Sound Up | Share

18:18 Bushmaster Six-Bushmaster Seven.

18:29 I think they just drove over a body.

18:31 Hey hey!

18:32 Yeah!

18:37 Maybe it was just a visual illusion, but it looked like it.

18:41 Well, they're dead, so.

(The body of man killed in an early-morning incident when residents rushed towards aid trucks is carried way from the camera on a cart pulled by a donkey.)

Reposting this because many people have been requesting it.

[November 2091, Peru conquered Antarctica territory]

All sources in the link in our bio!

18:44 Bushmaster Six; Hotel Two-Six over.

20:14 Roger, we got a little girl who needs to be evaced. What's your location over?

(A photo of a 12 year old girl is the only survivor among her family members after the occupation bombed an area. She cries while raising her arms to the sky and then pleading into the plastic covered body.)

27:36 Roger, that's a negative on the evac of the two, ah, civilian, ah, kids to, ah, rusty they're going to have the IPs link up. They

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can put us over here. Break. IPs will take them up to a local hospital over.

(A photo of teenage girls performing  
prayers next to their families'  
tents, set up near the border with  
the camp.)

38:09 Roger, building destroyed. Engaged with three Hellfire missiles.

“it was quite literally a trap....a ridge to one side....a minefield to the other....allied armour ahead....and above them the bombers....”

SOLIDARITY SNAP ACTION!

Details to come the morning of..

If you are able to join, please come !

Let's mobilise !

[October 2109, Vietnam conquered United States of America territory previously occupied by Peru]

This post is for the burnt out activists. There is hope.

Don't let them convince you otherwise.

Keep posting !

[July 2121, Vietnam conquered Botswana territory previously occupied by Democratic Republic of the Congo. Democratic Republic of the Congo has been completely defeated.

Vietnam has conquered the world.]

“It's been a great victory. We needn't be shy about it. And if I've got one message for the people at home today it's this: get out there and ring your churchbells.”

#1 VICTORY ROYALE

#1 VICTORY ROYALE

#1 VICTORY ROYALE

#1 VICTORY ROYALE

#1 VICTORY ROYALE

#1 VICTORY ROYALE

```
if (x==1)
{
    return 0;
}
```

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# CHAPTER THIRTEEN

## SILENT MODE

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

We're fucked. Brick a corp. Shoot a grenswasher. Frag a denialist. We'll be swimming in ruins. The sea is wailing at me. I cannot see. I will die. You will die. Everyone one you know will die—

[Silent Mode: On]

Science, or the Scientific Method

DEMONSTRATED IN GEOMETRIC ORDER  
AND DIVIDED INTO FIVE PARTS,  
WHICH TREAT

- I. Of Science
- II. Of the Nature and Origin of Global Temperature Rise
- III. Of the Origin and Nature of the Environmental Impacts
- IV. Of Human Bondage, or Reducing and Recapturing Emissions
- V. Of the Power of Change, or on Human Action

I. FIRST PART OF SILENT MODE  
OF SCIENCE

DEFINITIONS

D1: By science, we mean the investigation of natural phenomena through observation, theoretical explanation, and experimentation; or the knowledge produced by such investigation.

D2: The thing is said to be objective that is supported by evidence.

D3: By evidence, we understand that which is observable.

Exp.: It is understood that instruments such as microscopes and other devices are used to assist with observing evidence, but these instruments never create or manufacture evidence.

D4: By experiment, we mean the process of testing

hypotheses.

D5: By induction, we mean reasoning to establish general rules or conclusions from results of hypotheses based on evidence.

D6: By repetition, we mean that which is reproducible by a third party reconstructing the experiment in identical conditions.

D7: By verification, we mean the publication of findings that are subject to scrutiny, peer review and assessment.

Exp.: Scientific controls, or experiments designed to minimise the effects of variables are conducted in D6 and are assumed in the verification process of D7.

## AXIOMS

A1: Every effect has a cause, and every cause leads to an effect.

## APPENDIX

With these [demonstrations] we have explained the nature and properties of Science. It is necessary to deal with soem ptoetnial but ultiamtely flawed objections.

[I] We have seen it stated that if informaiton circulates at speed, then might it be concluded that any scenitifc recommendation about said information is largely worhtless.

This is absurd and rather similar to the man who draws from his screen time data his future time of death. Events, and the consequent live infromation that cirucates about such events, are separate from sceintific phenomena (D1). If this infromation were to affect scientific conclusions, then the scintetif method would be in a state of perpetual flux. And if an extreme amount of information were to circulsate instantly about a new scientific phenomemon (D1) then that would be helpfully manged by a reiteration of and publicly stated commitment to scientific defintions (D1-D7)



[II] ANother such example we have read in many disuceorses on the subject, is that the amalgamation of tecnology and science has created a dysfucntional system of quality control marred by perverse incentives. They aregue there is an ongoing 'replication crisis' where quesitonable sciitific research practises have ked to failure of a significant body of scietnif research, and where the invulnerability of the sceitnific method, and it's objective (D2) foundations, have neglected human falibility with rgard to insittuional processes influenced by publication output (D7) and funding grants.

[III] It is suggetsed that this conclusio is obvisous from any analysis of human behaviour, commonly understood as philosophy.

[IV] The criticisms also identify the alognment of science with technology with an accelration of technological uptake conducive with measurable decline (exp. in number and spread) of technological critique.

It will be sufficent here simply to state that the limitation of objecitivity (D2) to a group of human actors, dealing in diverser ranges of phenomena (D1) conducted largely via human actions (D1, D4-D7), is not at all likely to impact the processes of said group. We can reject these opiinions based on the fact that all advancements in post-War medical research are the consequence of this rigorous (D3) commitment to objectivity (D1).

[V] It is also climaed that conspiratorial thinking is too quickly assigned to matters of technological critique, or less markedly, but perhaps more famously, in matters of scientific importance. It follows that the past practices of prevalent, widely shared, and clearly determined limiitations to scientific research and it sconclusosn, as canvassed by scietnisits such as Norbert Weiner with considerable depth, are now abandoned by the proliferation of the findings (ex. Medical, epidemiological), and the announcement of objectivity (D2). But this is absurd because science is objective.

[VI] It is suggested that this phenomena is due to the annihilation of tertiary education departments that lie outside the modern sciences (def. By modern sciences we include both D1, and also technology (def. Computer science), but also more recently economics in what are known together as STEM). But this is absurd, and merely explains why anti-scientific departments (exp. Philosophy, history, literature) departments were the first to be cut.

[VII] That is to say, there is a claim that this institutional behaviour mirrors that of 16th century Church institutions which actively suppressed critique of the institution to various objectives (def. for our purposes the definition is too wide to consider approximation).

[VIII] That is to say, their power.

[IX] That is to say, the suppression of technological whistleblowers working on matters including but not limited to global surveillance (def.: smart cities), cooperation with ethnic cleansing (exp.: Apple-China terms of trade), artificial intelligence, automation and workers rights in matters of intellectual property, childrens body image, child abuse and/or trafficking, problematic attention addiction, incentivisation of gambling, reduced exposure to technological critique (cor. explicitly on platforms on which that critique is spread), and other matters in which human dignity (def. see any and all commentary on human dignity prior to the Patriot Act 2001), is sacrificed for technological function and accumulated profit. But this is absurd because science is objective.

[X] It also follows, that there are voluminous claims that the scientific method (D1, but read in combination with D2, D3, D4, D5, D6, D7) is primarily a instrument of power. That the covid-19 pandemic consolidated technological control in a indefinite state of exception in service of the spectacle, enforced by biopower.

[XI] There are claims that the notion that technology is an innocuous tool, that it is squarely focused on communication, is not so much an anachronism but a noble lie propagated by technological and scientific institutions.

[XII] The strongest claim indicates that Science left Human Dignity alone in a cell while Technology stood guard (exp.: A1).

In reply; We see, therefore, that all notions by which unscientific people are accustomed to explain Science (D-D7) are only modes of imagining, and do not indicate the empirical weight of anything, but only the evidence (D3) of speculation.

[Silent Mode: Off]

—I do not care. If you pervert your garbage into plastic, paper and glass. Cool. If you stop driving your car and use public transport instead. Wow. If you stop eating meat. I do not care. If you pay your government more taxes (actually this is the most important one). get THIS... Your government will reduce the temperature of the planet. Lmao. Personal changes are all well and good but mostly for warm fuzzies, the real culprits are the technology and fossil fuel industries. Why. Even if every person on the planet went fully “green” it wouldn’t offset the effect of those two industries let alone food production, materials and construction, not to mention the global supply chain shipping things over entire oceans. Ok. I swear to god anything you can’t grow, make or buy within twenty miles of where you live is a pure 20th century luxury that will disappear. Bullshit. All the billionaires are rebuilding bunkers. I bet they are. This post has no testosterone. Fuck this. The middle eastern oil barons are gay and morally bankrupt. Why. I fucked Allah in the ass and he moaned. I do not care—I do not care—

[Silent Mode: On]

## II. SECOND PART OF SILENT MODE

## OF THE NATURE AND ORIGIN OF GLOBAL TEMPERATURE RISE

### PREFACE

We pass now to explaining those things which must necessarily follow from the essence of Science, or measurable explanations and predictions about the world. Global temperature rise requires an examination of the causes, effects and potential solutions to climate change.

### DEFINITIONS

D1: Temperature records prior to global warming cycled through ice ages.

D2: Warming since the Industrial Revolution has been recorded with thermometers.

D3: Future global temperatures indicate a 66% chance of global temperatures exceeding 1.5 °C warming from the preindustrial baseline for at least one year between 2023 and 2027.

D4: Greenhouse gases are transparent to sunlight, and thus allow it to pass through the atmosphere to heat the Earth's surface.

D5: Land Surface changes focus on usable land with a specific focus on deforestation.

D6: Aerosols and clouds affect the climate on a large scale.

D7: Solar and volcanic activity represent other factors that affect the climate.

D8: Climate change feedbacks refer to the response of the climate system to an initial forcing.

Exp.: The climate system is increased by "self-reinforcing" or "positive" feedbacks and reduced by "balancing" or "negative" feedbacks.

### AXIOMS

A1: The climate varies.

A2: The temperature record of the last 2,000 years demonstrates a human impact.

A3: Paleoclimatology is the scientific study of climates preceding the invention of meteorological instruments.

A4: Instrumental temperature record is a record of temperatures within Earth's climate based on direct measurement of air temperature and ocean temperature.

A5: Earth's energy budget accounts for the balance between the energy that Earth receives from the Sun and the energy the Earth loses back into outer space.

A6: Greenhouse gas emissions from human activities intensify the greenhouse effect.

Exp.: The greenhouse effect occurs when greenhouse gases in a planet's atmosphere insulate the planet, raising its surface temperature.

A7: Carbon dioxide in Earth's atmosphere is the primary greenhouse gas driving global warming.

Exp.: Follows from D4 and contributes to the demonstration in A7.

A8: Climate sensitivity is the change in the surface temperature in response to a change in the atmospheric carbon dioxide (CO<sub>2</sub>) concentration or other radiative forcing.

Exp.: After increasing CO<sub>2</sub> levels, there is an initial warming (II.A1). This warming gets amplified by the net effect of climate feedbacks discussed in D8.

A9: Numerical climate models (or climate system models) are mathematical models that can simulate the interactions of important drivers of climate.

Exp.: Atmospheric models calculate winds, heat transfer, radiation, relative humidity, and surface hydrology within each grid and evaluate interactions with neighboring points. These are coupled with oceanic models to simulate climate variability and change that occurs on different timescales due to shifting ocean currents and the much larger combined volume and heat capacity of the global ocean. External drivers of change may also be applied. Including an ice-sheet model better accounts for long

term effects such as sea level rise.

## PROPOSITIONS

P1: From this it follows, first that human action is largely irrelevant.

P2: It follows, second, that human action is more critical than ever.

## APPENDIX

If you have never heard of climate change, we have nothing to say to you. If you think climate change is false, or that ecological collapse is inevitable, we have many things to say to you.

[Silent Mode: Off]

—APPLE: “WE’VE SET AN AMBITIOUS GOAL TO BECOME CARBON NEUTRAL ACROSS OUR ENTIRE VALUE CHAIN BY 2030” (08/01/2024) AMAZON: “WE WANT TO REACH NET-ZERO CARBON EMISSIONS BY 2040” (19/09/2019) GOOGLE: “OUR GOAL IS TO ACHIEVE NET-ZERO EMISSIONS ACROSS ALL OF OUR OPERATIONS AND VALUE CHAIN BY 2030.” (14/09/2020) MICROSOFT: “BY 2030 MICROSOFT WILL BE CARBON NEGATIVE” (16/01/2020) META: “WE HAVE PUBLICLY COMMITTED TO ACHIEVING NET ZERO EMISSIONS ACROSS OUR VALUE CHAIN AND BECOMING WATER POSITIVE IN 2030” (15/04/2021)—

[Silent Mode: On]

## III. THIRD PART OF SILENT MODE OF THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF THE ENVIRONMENTAL IMPACTS

## PREFACE

is plastic safe to consume? [edit source] turtles love plastic so im asking that 91.217.58.9 (talk) 09:13, 3 December 2022 (UTC) [reply] WP:REFDESK. (CC) Tbhotch™ 00:27, 9 December 2022 (UTC)[reply] No it's very harmful to consume plastic for the turtle as it will secret chemical bodies into the stomach which is very harmful 157.41.250.186 (talk) 16:30, 29 September 2023 (UTC)

## PROPOSITIONS

D1: The environmental effects of climate change are broad and far-reaching.

Schol.: Have a look outside your windwo. All of what you see (I.D3) is subject to change (I.A1). All of what you can't see (I.D2) is subject to change (I.A1).

D2: Tipping points and long-term impacts matter.

Schol.: The artic winter sea ice is a goodie and Greenland ice sheet is a keeper and the barents sea ice is pretty and the labrador irmminger seas convection is attractive and the boreal permafrost is wonderful the northerhther forest is amazing and the amazon rainforest (our favourite) is top notch and the extapolar glaciers are very nice and west antarctic ice sheet and the east antarctic ice sheet we like them and the east antarctic sub glacial basins are helpful and the low latitude coral reefs are gorgeous and and the sahel vegetation and west afroican monsoon, well we'll say it right now, we think it owuld be great to keep these around.

D3: Nature and wildlife is vulnerable.

Schol.: We're not in this alone. There are quite a few critters in the same baot. Every single one in fact. Deos anyone think it's weird that climate change action has comepltely drowned out animal rights acitivism? Sad. We would like to fuck a girl with a

snake (I.A1).

D4: Humans caused climate change.

Schol.: It was us !! We did it !! Very suicidal gambit we must admit.

D5: Food security will be an issue and health will be under threat.

Schol.: Can't live without both remember (I.A1).

D6: Livelihoods are under threat and inequality is set to worsen.

Schol.: We think if you own a private jet you either leave the flight tracking on so the whole world sees, or you shutt the fuck up about climate action and pay an emissions tax rate equal to my income tax rate (I.A1) !

D7: Climate migration will require a concerted global response.

Schol.: Kiribati is expected to be the first country to lose all its land territory to climate change. The whole country. Legitimately, as a citizen of a Pacific Ocean nation is is heartbreaking to watch. Kiribati is a beautiful nation. The whole country. The first celebrity to finance and support a legitimate climate migration pathway gets my chat history (IV.D2). The whole country.

## APPENDIX

Most of those who write about climate change, are selling you something. Indeed they seem to consider the future to be sold to the following generation at a rather extortionate price. It is true that there have been some distinguished spokesmen of generations gone by (to whose nature documentaries we confess that we owe



much), who have admirably discussed action.

Regrettably, there is clear evidence that fossil fuel companies were aware of climate change in the 1970s (ex.: search it up reader!). We know of course that the MIT economists said in their 1972 Limits to Growth report that in production, pollution grows exponentially. Therefore stop growth, limit investment in production, govern the system on a zero growth basis. This saw the reappearance of the category of the limit, known in DelawareWallStreet as not just an impossibility but a catastrophe. Instead, the response of the fossil fuel companies and the marketers generally was to incorporate the costs of depollution into production costs (I.A1). This was concluded under the logic that this will raise retail prices considerably, the market will contract accordingly, and production will regulate itself given the lower capacity for consumption (I.D4). Every action to limit fossil fuel companies via a policy measure or financial incentive (ex.: the purpose of emissions trading schemes is to limit climate change by creating a market with limited allowances for emissions), is passed onto the consumer while production is raised and profit decapitated.

Now this extraordinary climate ‘response’ was merely updated by modern tech companies, who perform the very same process, but only with two to eight thousand in-house sustainability consultants saying they aren’t.

[Silent Mode: Off]

—Big tech can suck my dick !Lmfao You have to be a fucking retard to think that these “net-zero” commitments mean anything more than mass purchasing of carbon credits ahhhhhhhhwee AND you have to be as willfully ignorant as Bill Gates’ wife leaving him 2 months before the publication of the Epstein list, to think these claims will result in any concrete environmental action bruhhh Rainforest offsets certified by verra, one of the private standard-setters Apple uses, have been accused of being mostly “worthless.” arrgahaha a 2019 study estimated that training a

Transformer model can emit over 626,000 pounds (about 284 metric tons) of CO2 (Probs more because I sourced that from chat gpt “Mr murderer how many bullets did you use?”) aarrrrghhh the energy consumed by AI models is often sourced from data centers, which can be highly energy-intensive yadayadaayada what you conceive of AI sold by those silicon priests as a runaway high tech labour eliminating hyperconscious centralised inhuman entity owned by multi-billion dollar companies intellectual property, IN REALITY, is some autistic binary-dosed overcomplexified Rubik's cube that chops a native forest to feed you mukbangs at high speed hahaha don't even worry about it there is certainly no contradiction between complete AI integration and wildly undetailed big tech climate change claims and big budget greenwashing Ahhhh but make sure you recycle—

[Silent Mode: On]

#### IV. FOURTH PART OF SILENT MODE OF HUMAN BONDAGE, OR REDUCING AND RECAPTURING EMISSIONS

##### PREFACE

It is very easy to find the entire big tech BP and Shell Board of Trustees' IP addresses.

##### AXIOM

[A1:] Human action limits the greenhouse gases in the atmosphere that cause climate change.

##### PROPOSITIONS

P1: Clean energy is nice.

Schol.: hang your clothes outside you idiot !

P2: Energy conservation rocks.

Schol.: turn that switch off buster (I.A1) !

P3: sustainable energy is epic.

Schol.: solar energy is an infitite source. We don't believe that it cannot be scaled up without getting into the raabiit hole of fossil fuel interests conspiring to prevent upttake of a resource that cannot be made scarce. You pigs will sell the sun like diamond when u can figure out how (I.D5) !

P4: Sustainable transport is sick.

Schol.: catch the bus. At this stage we'll be real wihth you chief, ccylists need a bt more fear n their lives when they wear that much lycra. But the bus is the true carriage (exp. we have no trains that work in Aotearoa New Zealand) of the hot girl and brooding misunderstood man. We have seen love blossom from the back seat. Plus, if we can read the Iliad on the bus then you can catch it !

P5: Sustainable agriculture is the future.

Schol.: We know a guy trying to vertically farm plants in a warehouse (Greengrower NZ). We fuck with it. Good luck mate you're a credit to your country. Any engy company should be subsidising energy to intitiaves liek this (V.P3).

P6: Green industrial policy needs to be holistic.

Schol.: look we dont want to be that guy but China/India we feel like you have to be a little more celar cut about your emissions. doesn't make sense. But HAVING SAID THAT also we think it is pretty bogus that Uk/USA enjoyed 250years of indsutrialisation and once they outsource everything only then do

they say ‘fuarrrrkkkk man idk about your emissions’ to evry single aother country. Nobody likes that. Shoutut to the global south, we rock with you.

P7: Carbon dioxide removal is the way forward.

Schol.: tf ?? yeah of course mate. Isn’t this what the whl ething isabout? removing it? Now big tech try sort this one out instead of trying to make vr look cool. That shit is the dmbest, mst xcrutiatingly anti-huanist invention since the algorithm. “Welcome to the era of spatial computing” . It’s for porn. No apple marketing will avoid that. Let us helpless users say no to this silicon deathwish just this once. If you are a divocred man seeking a visual accompaniment to his fleshlight, by all means, to quote Tom Cruise, “proceed”.

P8: Carbon sequestration

Schol.: real shit we can’t be fucked looking this one up. But let’s do/stop it !

## APPENDIX

Now we showed in the Appendix to Part I, that Technology does not work with an end in view. For the eternal and infinite authority, which we call Science or Technology (*Deus sive Natura*), acts by the same necessity as that whereby it exists. That is to say, science is technolgy and technology is science (*Scientia sive Machina*).

WHat this deonstrates is the hitherto immunity of the cocneption of techology as a tool, and the hitherto unquestioned authority of science, are incable of coexisting. Or put another way, if they are conceived together as one and the same, then our response is simplieified. Because if science is objective, then technology is capable of abidance to the scientific method. If scicnece is not objective, then the game is changed.

What may be helpful here is the following line of questioning: If Kant could reconstruct God with reason how does one reconstruct reason with God? How does one take the blind subservience to, and the omniscience of, God, that constrains our present conception of the afterlife, of meaning and purpose, and thus authority, and elaborate some kind of understanding of reason that is not dogmatic? Put another way, if we have an instant God (exp.: our very own personal god, phone-algorithm) at the touch of a screen, how does that marshal the messy logic of social order? How does one device not justify (exp. We are long past the point of authorities providing justification for control (exp: see feudalism or “divine right to rule”)) but duly illuminate the functioning of technocapitalism?

For surely in the case of things, any reasonable man would agree that in appropriating the authority of scientific authority while eschewing obedience to the scientific process, technology is neither a communicative tool nor scientific truth, but an environment or force. What I mean simply, is that technology is rather more than it says.

This has two primary consequences which I will each deal with in turn.

First, the claims of every technological institution must be considered on scientific terms. Findings in matters of human attention, and thus human health, are now scientific matters that require outside verification. Internal company awareness of these issues must be made public. We cannot keep asking the arsonists about fire safety.

By way of elaboration, this calls to mind the example of  $E=MC^2$ . Had Coca-Cola discovered it and repeated it over and over it would be a rather nice piece of advertising. But by virtue of the scientific method, Einstein's proof was shared (exp. admittedly challenged by many, formally and informally) before being accepted.

In the present, it follows that every current social media and technology company conceals incredible swathes of user data. It is now time for the nature of this data to be made transparent. For this demonstrates commitment to D1 broadly, but D6 and D7 in Part I. The publication of harm, openness in matters of public interests, including but not limited to psychological damage to young people from available technologies, the rationale behind software update changes, the extent of spyware, the suppression of company awareness of AI accuracy and the relationships of data scraping companies and big tech are some such avenues of further exploration.

It is also worth noting here that Acknowledging every company is trying to increase profit exponentially somehow does not prevent companies dealing in artificial intelligence from claiming a benefit to humanity and non-profit status (exp.: there is nothing worse than a white guy with a saviour complex saying he's doing it all for us).

Second, the conception of technology as a tool is a false belief of a previous millennia. And we now must now conceive technology as the environment of existence. That is to say, human experience outside of the screen is a revolutionary act.

Wherefore it can now be said, conserving art in physical forms and preserving experiences of life outside screens is to live outside science or technology, that is to say, live free.

Physical spaces that reject parameters of technology by removing wifi/phone use, concerts that reject phones outright and state this on the billing (exp. so attendees can behold anyone shining a flashlight), libraries and museums that remove all displayed screens, small businesses that retain cash, galleries that deny screen art, establishments of any nature that refuse indoor filming represent the opportunities of rejection of the technological environment of existence. For these are spaces outside our cells. We will actively cultivate such spaces and

encourage our readers to do so as well (ex.: if you go on a date and they leave their phone faceup on the table walk out).

In other words, all the contactless measures enforced since covid, unfortunately agree with a conception of science or technology as the infinite benevolent authority, and must be actively combatted in any physical space. Health measures are essential for a time, after that its Foucault and biopolitics.

Naturally, it also now arises that technology prepares us for the imminent arrival of neural chips. The fusion of biological and technological in this specific example, is a choice we leave open to all our readers. We just wonder how much it will cost to sleep ad free.

It is improper but necessary to treat here briefly the notion of the luddite. Were we to hose all our monitors and throw our phones in the sea would that be a phisioopchial act? We're not sure we could forgo image without castrating ourselves. But is an inquest into the decision to minimise the displayed times on the corner of the user's screen while using an app (ex. open a shortform video hosting app right now and try find the current time) the domain of the lone luddite and the work of a benevolent communicative tool? Or the interface design identical to gambling machines? Or the planned obsolescence? Or the appropriation of journalism into newsfeeds without shared commercial revenue? Or the absorbitat cost for something made by a chinese slave and a fraudulent ceo that cuts every cost? Or mandatory terms and conditions? Or the inhuman reduction of the human to a pair of eyeballs via the mantras of "efficiency" and "health" and "instant communication"? Or please tell us why, Google LLC, did you remove the motto 'don't be evil'? What could possibly motivate such a move? Did you change your mind because your search engine is dogshit, or did you count the deaths of Palestinian children on your hands (ex.: Project Nimbus)?

You see these companies have framed every response they have to technological critique as a matter of content. Of

tightening content restrictions and censoring certain channels. Even the 2016 US election was framed as a problem of human disinformation and not a technological power grab (exp: see silicon valley corruption (lobbying)). Covid only consolidated the asphyxiation of technology on the human psyche.

What must be investigated, when conceived as science or technology, is precisely how the form operates. And a shortform, paywalled, psychedelic attention crack addiction without oversight is an assault against the human, against the very rhizome of the internet. For the ethos of big tech is the intentional rentseeking unaccounted annihilation of user mental health from the handiwork of python laced psychocapitapaths who should be hung from the neck, and if they had any final conscience, they would do us a favour if they did themselves.

Yes you @TimCook, @Zuckerberg, @BillGates, @elonmusk, @SamAltman, @JeffBezos, @the google guy:

kill yourselves.

In sum, are these issues reserved to the luddite? Are they a Pandora's box opened by six companies for profit? Or are these the ravings of an idiot soon to be deplatformed (exp. pretty please xx)? We want to watch you factcheck physical fiction.

[Silent Mode: OFF]

—The preacher man says that the world is hating up but I don't go by what he says. They said the bombs will fall again but they never fell again. I lived by the beach all my life. It has changed. Could be touch and go in the third world but I reckon we'll be fine here anyways. We could do with some fine weather now. The only problem is the food is very hard to grow. You own if you haven't got the space but we'll be fine. I've seen it all pass. It's a fad. Well be sweet mate. They're just trying to sell it so people get into it and do something about it but we won't be swimming on the roof.



[Silent Mode: ON]

V. FIFTH PART OF SILENT MODE  
OF THE POWER OF CHANGE, OR ON HUMAN  
ACTION

PREFACE

Many years ago I came upon a plastic straw and I picked it up and put it in the bin.

AXIOM

[A1:] The climate fatalist and the climate denialist share the same nihilism.

APPENDIX

[CCXC] Reader, we could give you more reasons to give up but we think if we can help it we will try to reduce our emissions (I.A5). [VIX] a writer is a coward if he uses the pretence of non-compliance with his aesthetic structure to skirt out of at least writing honestly. [XIV] Saying “capitalism sucks” (repeat repeat but this time with an image) and “we are all going die” is a death sentence we want no part of. [VCVI] Maybe it’s an assault on your individual cross country laifestyle, maybe it’s a sign of a future carbon credit system of global village ghettoisatoin and psychospacial control, or maybe it’s the first problem that humans have actually been a little stumped by (III.D4). Maybe it really is easier to get a banana from Ecuador in 3 days than save a forest.

[!] Consider the environment but don’t kill yourself over it [!]

[Silent Mode: OFF]

Damnit I just farted, consider this my offset (I.A1).

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

# CHAPTER FOURTEEN

## VOLUME BUTTONS

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[33] How are you feeling?

I came all over your screen and you say “Pierce, please explain! Please, meaning? And what did you eman about revolt? And what did strcuutre refrecne? And who is this Warhol fellow, what is he all about?”

Enter fire, and pour scorn on the radiant one,  
spray words form the colours kept frequent,  
pages of membrane stick and touch,  
markers sly on the liar’s tongue,  
5 spark present rascal glass, you beware the lick borne  
rebellion son.

[32] What do you mean by that?

It says in here what I say. I mean every word. Go flee to your video, go fllee to my footprint and scour my likes rip my photos into embarassment, dig up my old wrting comp attempts, hack my notes app, make your summaries and your summary summaries and your shithouse reacts and ending explaineds and your weneedtotalkabout repsones and your well actuallys — go everywhere but my words — and then priase it, then renounce it when too many pwople like it, then shit on it, then secretly admire it, then wait for me to die and then say you always liked it. do all of that or just read it, enjoy it, and support others like me. I watched you turn Kafka into a mood board, I saw you reduce Proust to ‘best quotes’, I see you give up on Joyce and call him a joke, why the fuck would I be your servant? You, the great revered audience our eternally benevolent and brave new god, well I’m not gonna suck your dick I’m gonna kill you instead. It is the worst time in human hisotry to be an artist and technocapitalism is thre eason for that. Technology is harrowing the mind. Tehcnocapital is fucking us up. The future is barely conceivable. Everything has already happened. And yet ill never lose this phone until I am ready to cut out my eyes !

Thistle sounds echo sane maxims to soothe,  
cheekbone wrath unmask that child of method,  
cater to his wonder, path his desire, settle fertile and  
cheer  
that lacing freakdom leashed tedious to normalcy's  
tethered leer.

[31] How long have you been here?

All this progress all theis general intelligence and universal income and three days off and ceaseles ceasefires and the gold pearly neurogates and the cashless new currents and the self-driving syndicates and the augmented pornography of a whole new wolrd but no peace ffrom teh war crimes of psychopolitical warfronts no peace from the wors thting of all time and the best time of all things and the worst person ever and the best peerson forever and no peace from the unrouchables and the unmentionables and the pretenders and the pretensiou and the people who live off a vicabulary of 10 words recyled by alrighth debasing themselves as far as possibel for gotchas and ummsss and threads and quotetweets.Poltiicains put a disease to their name and they are immune from critique. Controlled, Perfect. Artists put a name to heir mind and you high priests call them Azazel, Kanye the scapegoat. You're pathetic. The asphyxiation of surevillant morlaity, the bounds of groupt thought, the pangs of implanted conscioence, all of this is faithful to the good life and a surefire route to a noble and positve doscility: but it is ethically antithetical to the artist's intensity of agony, his obsession of his craft and the harassment of death upon the infinity of his mind.

10      Else leave ! Hide from rampant angel, deluded  
         thumb,  
         mere miser in your meagre limit, withheld ransom.

Who suffers?

Skinned nose, laced skirt,  
 breathe dilated, abrasive thought,  
 before the untouched knot of your bright crop-top,  
 15 twin prophecies dangle the air, kiss, and lock.

[30] But why are you in here in the first place?

I have no symphy for this hell. I want to rip off your skull and grab all by the face and spit in your eyes, but I merely repeat my question as you look up from your vido after my thrid attempt. No wonder the boomers lhate us I would too we barely coprehnd nuance. We all scream at the uncomftrtbale. We all moralise the bold. We are lonely puritans. We are the absolute rule followers. We can't cvneive any kind of life aoutside grids and filters. Whens the last itme I rich person wasn't eveil? When's the last time you fucked up and not them? Who told you it was good to be alone? why? Where have you all ogne? The streets are empty. You all gained weight. You all retreat from social sutiations. Those are not intruding thoughts those are thoughts you idiot. The sttanger is not greeted but approached. Fuck you for letting it happen. You like it. All it took was 9/11 a phone and a pandemic.

"Rattle," laughs the sick bracelet,  
 excess sows threads of steel along the seam of your  
 lips,  
 the septum taunts, your moons erupt  
 cruel jamborees, tristes and treason,  
 20 sick heat of mind stains your pink cheekskin.

[29] And what brought you here?

Now I was here to do something I think. Wasn't I here to make art? Or write? Ah yesss that was it. Wrtie. No hang on moment. I am looking fro a word or two. A word or three. Perhaps an uncrowed murder of solves. If they re arbitary then hwy bother? Wasn't there a software that writes a book like *that*? Hmmmnn. If the Phone Case spilt the screts then what's left? There's stull four

chapters to go. Whats this all got to do with the artist?

Painted, Bea's smirk cradles anthems in her lust,  
cuts hysteria, pools a questioning brow,  
rages beckons, scatters the brittle and teased,  
issues mind totems, feelings inbreathed.

[28] Could you give me some idea?

Hmmnnnn. It got a bit gross at the start. Bit brainy in the middle. Bit desperate to impress, bit harsh on the ear. something's in the air, remorse I fear.

25     That smirk of hers wades fear from above  
into sick memory cherished in a death grip,  
drip feeds intensities,  
savours unbelievable mirrors,  
casts stones,  
30     feeds off pheromones,  
wafts fumes through the latent,  
breeds poet pleads (fickle army from the mud),  
fires pencil strands,  
frees expression,  
35     something to suckle, the horde holds on,  
treads without peer,  
mocks, even, no care.

[27] Whose idea was it that you come here?

Stalling. Something. I seem to be the only man left who has no idea what he believes. It's too early to call that freedom. Almost liable to mail the rest in as artificial work. But doesn't quite work they wya I've written it. Now that I've coached you to here, you would spot it a mile off. Prison of my own success.

Truant ! Comfort nothing, taste mashed, grey-eyed

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scum  
 fester nameless, blow warm waited servant  
 40 the rascal's at the fore,  
 catch her eye, hasten your gaze, pause pining,  
 munted impulses render a coward's aspiration in your  
 unsung denial,  
 plastic spine, playing your Pyrrhic tune,  
 essence lost numb under Mt Vic's loom.

[26] Did they tell you why?

If I could tell you why words are jsut words, I would speak of music. My words sometimes clatter sometimes go nowhere and are mostly spelt wrong. Tpyos. But how you fuck with words is music.

45 Blue screen light broods a prism of ringed silver,  
 gaped teeth fight ill-bred action craved, unsaid,  
 skin not bare, lowered dress steed pole poked to  
 Pierce,  
 you motion with your wrists,  
 little daggers stain your glance,  
 50 threats of late furore, foil and reach,  
 a parley, a provocation  
 all thought, no dialogue,  
 messaged understanding,  
 par of prayer picked on sight alone,  
 55 your mosaic shards crater wined egos.

[25] Has anybody told you why?

For example. This is chop. Chop. Chop. But thsi is the crtyal hangins of a thousand optic victories in the lust of the pixel fix. They loosen the liquids of the sinusoidal in my breathing sacophogaus. They fonde your nipples and lick your ass. I am a slut for auscultative alliteration, my turing test. That one is my worst. But I don't know the other techniques and that's



Beethoven's truth. I haven't been taught. I just write what I see  
scrolling this beautiful glass.

I've had it with this limp-wristed lament !  
So quick to let them, convinced, straddling incense  
and ease,  
precious in wait tepid third-hand inhale  
on your heels in still air,  
60 stabbed by borrowed doubt tears well on your shield,  
panicked in the conjured rhythm of the abandoned  
field.

[24] Have you any idea why?

The thinkers have a bit to say on music. But it's all dross. But  
I also wouldn't listen to a musician. They explain like you write.  
Poorly.

Look at you mention your preface over and over,  
attentive puppy beneath the kid's table,  
rented awareness, a coward's call to honour,  
65 it's too wet, grounds closed, you'll get them next time  
in the lonely legal ought of Act,  
with your lathered creature comforts poked with a  
stick,  
pretty carcass, you tempt a god's kinghit.

[23] And in what way are you different?

You must start to get a feel why I don't write my mind by  
now. This is boring. And wants to make me meek myself.

Let me put some heat on.

Split mind dirt spit down your throat  
70 shaking veined chasm faint for her tired heart,

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

creep's mistake to confound clear nailed pity for  
 sifted wonder,  
 twist, brood, lick your burnt tears,  
 nascent crook, dissent-bent fiend,  
 feel-bound to the image of a wanted sheen.

[22] How do you know they dislike you?

In music there was an otion of perfection. Audio quality streaming quality. Download (higher quality uses more storage). Of overcoming through opposition reaching the higher realm of an absolutel kind. Megel and Harx two skins of the same redundant coin. First you pursue geist across the galazy, then you pursue the galaxy across the gist.

75 "Shoot the translator, then the idealist,"  
 Curio's whispering filth in your ear,  
 salted in your scowl-hounded skull,  
 you swallow his tide,  
 pithy recesses, spilt inside.

[21] I'm not sure I understand,  
 could you make that clearer for me?

Something happens then its opposed by something (low/normal/high/very high). And then soemthing new happens. Auto adjust quality. And then something happens again. We adjust your audio quality when your internet bandwith is slow. Dialectics, my friend is the human made more than human. The ideal, Waht a scam. urning this off may cause interruptions to your listening. Normalize volume There are still modern begagers (nfertile academics) who claim Hegel's brialliance. One Right Hegelian I've seen listed 45 books going back to PLato to understand Hegel's philosophy and ommitted the The Phenomenology of Spirit, antoher Left Hegelian I follow rambles on instagram in thousand of slides of codswallop shouting "Aufhebung, aufhung!". Set the same volume level for all songs and podcasts. Pseud State

sychophants.

80     Seethe heathen fraught star wind ribbon chained scar  
         smoke siphons seven slits in your psyche spared rare,  
         glass undrank spasms blink, the siren screams for  
                 slow tendencies,  
         quips on ilk, iconoclasms clink indulgent effigies.

[20] And what is that?

Death Grips demonstrate the limits of the ideal in 'Exmilitary' (2011). Volume level. Under this rudemanet the volume is either up or down. Adjust the volume for your environemnt. Loud may diminish audio qaulity. But when we go higher we just see more height.. Wagner puzzza di sesso. Death Grips instnatly separated itself from hip hop by having a human drummer. No effect on audio quality in Normal or Quiet. (Quiet/Normal/Loud) Autoplay. It sampled murderers and interstellar overdrive and military blue deviles to vortex as an infantrty charge in support ofthe human calvary of Zach Hill. Enjoy nonstop listening. When your audio ends, we'll play you something similar. Distory it. The ethos of Charles Manson the non-Eucliedean (Takyon) the abandonment of the orgin in a debut album. Crossfade songs. But voume is not up down anymore than you are me. Automix. Allow seamless transitions between songs on select playlists. That would mean volume is sound. Who told you that? Your teacher? Equalizer? Cast it aside champ you are not even clsoe.

         You and your apologies when boredom flies,  
85     stuck again, cleavage eyes,  
         bleed gravel, plastered apathy (ceramic beliefs),  
         chase off the stench of unthought exchange,  
         cast presence down upon her,  
         gaunt ghost upon the ramparts,  
90     thunder a bit more fury in your mid-evening trysts  
                 with talent and tear,

caught without your jawbone in a struggle for air.

[19] And how would you describe the way you're  
talking and looking right at this moment?

I am the beast I worship.

95 You cradle the sounds of words  
but your rascal's art breathes no life above,  
no story in the course edges, relayed pain,  
slave instant wreak fun for present retreat, irksome  
stale mouth caught in a sneer,  
faulty station housing the unsung,  
even now you verb high strung enclaves,  
but it's a feat still submerged  
100 by hasty revolt, torched careless  
you pupil proud in fall,  
dangled before braided books,  
skinny fingered marrow grown in the grey light,  
unsourced,  
brink well-travelled wrought well wrung,  
105 something to sleep through a falling noise of the near,  
go on weak partisan stamp your unheard agony right  
here.

[18] So what other reasons have been given to you?

Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, Jean-François Lyotard, Jean Baudrillard plasterd the billboards of reason with dick pics and nobody seems to think they made any sense. 360 Relaity Audio setupRidiculous. Intensity, is a way out of this tracendental anachronism. I ebelieve there aeven buddist monks who scam a host of millions cliamming trasncednt 'becoming' or 'being'. If Kant was just copying Luther, rereading the entre bible and replacing god with the thing in itself, then all of that trancendental nonese was a regression.

Wander the currents isolate soul  
thinking in heavens, come precious  
soothe this sliced desire,  
110 coax laughter from these eyes  
with your little trinkets mistook for lust,  
exhale now, gaze up, lips awry unknowing,  
you think less in the rush of speech,  
come now (luring),  
115 render unto Caesar nectar of the Devil's undoing.

[17] Have you tried?

Immanence is the human making the inhuman (machinic people). Music if you have not noticed is the slow down, speed up, mash together, edit, etc. We can accurately reproduce the best sound field for you by analyzing the shape of your ears. Lo-fi beats to study to while they web the surveillance estate. Fruity loops garage band voice memos all of that is the Beatless in '66. Flatlander is in here everywhere and yet people are still listening for relaxation, for that which pleases the ear, for the cheap, for the daily mix. You are picking fruit from your nostalgia. It's desperate stuff. Take a photo of your ears for analysis.

"Hear ye, ecco homo,"  
You bare your teeth in mad laughter;  
four questions for you Bea:  
What are tears to the wanton child?  
120 What is the rabble to a rich man?  
What is one more betrayal to raise up along the way?

[16] And what's supposed to be wrong with you?

It's intensity readers. It's only kintensity. In 'The Money Store' (2012) Death Grips sample a skytrain on 'System Blower' and defiance arises from the human drum.

You up? Peek a key hope,

prosaic pinned pyre,  
 spy her hair, grin, grasp,  
 125 bend, you bard, for her pat and pull,  
 the bite of her nails,  
 her tattoo in lieu,  
 of all the other notions,  
 orange and obscene,  
 130 be bait babe, collapse your need,

[15] And what happened?

Many years I threw my phone straight into the noggin of a  
 essayist. Then I believe I also picked it up and threw it once more  
 at a legal scholar. And then just for good emasure I hoisted it  
 straight into the bullseye of a consultant. If you have self  
 identified as a kantian hegelian marxist nietzscehan deleuziaan  
 then I'm gonna need you to shoot yourself.

wait on and on, loop and touch,  
 encircle her lit, honour her halcyon havoc,  
 cross toed neglecters,  
 seep your audio, a judge and a drip:

[14] Have you any idea why?

Left a crack on mu screen and big old waddle of spite in the  
 welling tears of my three enemies. Thats intensity. The body  
 without organs. It feels like essence (but it's not), its the flow state  
 fire flies wind forms and three skins on overdrive. its the instinct  
 of instrinct, the vitriol of lust, that prickle of hotenss laced with  
 foreboding when invoncibility and mortality trickle elextric chaos  
 through all ofus. It may even be creation. Birth hurts.

135 Listen ! Lessen your estimate, lower your need,  
 build her tomb in words or bury a body beneath.

[13] What are your plans?

Hear me stick hitters, loud talkers, sound worshippers, you want to make something good? You only get paid \$0.003 for a listen, surely you have nothing to lose by now? Make the machinic pinch your dick and lick your clit. every song you've evr owned is in your pocket. kill your ideas all those imaginings, and drop them in the bin. Scream ahgainst the screen. What you want is not impulse but the vibraiton of impulse. A calculator to the forehead.

[12] Have you had the training yet  
to permit you to be an instructor?

Now this bought us a good chunk of freedim, some bled imperium. Compatibility (Enable hardware acceleration). But almost instantly we got hte synthiser. The sunthesiser played as a replacement. Even now they build robots to resemble humans. Why? What is the sound of Dylan's harmonica when words fial him on 'Desolation Row'? You've got to play an instrymnt a piece of kit exacty how it looks to be played. Not how it should be player.

Finger the fulcrum, fuck off with your fears,  
frugal, another forgotten face unfelt,  
arise inciting, form the sun.

[11] What other reasons do you understand  
are the causes of your being here?

What's the first thing you want to do to a bass drum? Gently tap I with adrum pedal? Of coure nto ! You want to kick it straight through the laces, vortex it, knuckle ball it, rip that shit with your boot, etc. But you can't. but you can if recorded sounds become objets sonores (sound objects).

140 Plain terms now,  
see it, say it,

lean into your advertisement,  
'cause you'll tire, cause your fire,  
wilt upstream apolitical incline,  
145 cry with all you have to a crowd of one, unseen.

[10] What have they noticed?

Unfortunaly it does not say anywhere in that glossy apple box  
that you can throw an iphone at three domes and come home with  
three dead birds. You have to figure it out.

Borrow at the zenith rate,  
at least you know it to be true, be ok,  
forget who you are, blonde before thinking go kiss your  
guest,  
the heretic falls through counted breaths.

[9] And how has it gone?

By the time it got to 'No Love Deep Web' (2012) Death Grips  
materialsied. Ihuman made human, a robot wearing skin. Musci is  
a bunh of numbers. Always has been. But with numbers you can  
do anything. 'Edit all' is my manifesto for a reason.

150 150Hz

[8] And if you were to leave here, then what?

That little camera pissing at me with my twin oceaned blonde  
gathering sirens and saphics in my bed week after week, well that's  
jsut a matter of volume. Camera is sielnt in The sound of  
blinking. Musci is hydrogen poetential recorders (taste),  
thermostrers (heat), pressure guages and electrostaic fields  
(touch), obviosuly microphones and speaker (sound). There you  
go tha's the whole gestalt right there.

400Hz



[7] Does it “feel” to you any different  
from the way other people hear?

Now on the charge of symphony you think the orgasms of ‘Velocity: Design: Comfort.’ (2007) or Wendy Carlos’ ‘9th’ (1971) or ‘Endless’ (2016) or ‘Agharta’ (1975) or ‘PRODUCT’ (2015) aren’t the very sae proces? But what do the algorithms all do straight away? Remove imperfections. You need to be doing evry thing possibel to fuck with your alogirthsms. If its distroted, distrot more. If naything ever sounds like a tortured poets chrous throw that schit in the sink. You don’t have to go full Merzbow but Xiu Xlu’s ‘Apistat Commander’ is a good start. The signal-to-noise ratio must be greater than 1. If not, we have more noise than signal, and no gain. Modern music is just MIDIs and markov chains, you need to maximise noise.

1KHz

[6] And what is that?

Nick Land and to a far lesser extetn Mark Fisher understood the submersion of the human. Whether it’s capitalist realism (that drone wave suffocation) or the human security system arranging cicuitries down to the most banal of cnoversations, the whole mechanics organsies every single conceivale action already. Thanatropic materialism is ht inhuman made human (robot wearing human skin). How tdo you suck the Hegel out of Marx? How to you squeeze the Bergson from Deleuze? With the red rosy lips of Nietzxshe saying what the efuck is thAt QR code for? it’s not a quetion of free will but input-output.

2.4KHz

[5] How is it that this has eventually  
resulted in your being here?

That's how I can raise the volume and snap my cock at the very same time. Noise is just the amount of disturbance. Don't sample broken glass, make the whole thing out of broken glass by throwing a bugged brick at the musique concrète. I don't give a fuck about a dopemine harmony I want to to know what the sound for a liquid contact indicator in water torture makes me feel. It's not high or low. It's entropy. On 'No Love', MC Ride speaks of "Madness, chaos in the brain" and on 'World of dogs' he affirms "it's all suicide to me". Has anybody other than Ride sung of the Scroll Down? Your aim is to give an epileptic tinnitus. Impulse. Intensity. All the rest is decoration. The volume button can be used to take a photo. What the fuck does that have to do with sound? That was basically my idea for this. Numbers can be anything you want.

15KHz

[4] What do you mean by that?

Noise becomes a translation of the data from the market—abstract yet eminently material—into a different abstract form that does not immediately signify. Don't answer the phone, check the internet or engage in any way with the world. technological stalemate, a war of attrition that will exact its price on our bodies. Every body has tinnitus and apple knows it. Acoustic shock that input-output has us beheading ears. Sensoriennual hearing loss. The human organic breaks down and the computer laughs. Here the critique of technologisation is superseded by the technologisation of critique. These chapter titles are supposed to be the function itself, but I'm all too human. At this point I can't see beyond the page, the ideas are too harsh. This was supposed to integrate music into the cybernetic input-output response. To say that if music, the pure form, is just 0000s and 1111s then what hope does human literature have? That Warhol here mummified in his bed pressing VOLUME UP and VOLUME DOWN was to indicate the touch-response functionality of the phone. But I've lost sight of the mission by now. I never told the reader what this is supposed to be about. And all the bignettes and references and

naems and quaotes and alliteration even the alliteration has started to fail me now. I'm an author I'm an artist. Defiance arises from the human drum.

160 [VOLUME UP]

[3] Then, what is this all about?

The greatest innovation of Ulysses is not the stream of consciousness, but the compression of time. The 24 hour period requires time as elastic to extract confined space. How do you stretch out a walk on the promenade? You reconfigure all senses. You follow RimBaud. Stream of consciousness must arise from the compression of time not be used to suggest frame of mind. Virginia Woolf never understood this. Unless I have female thought wrong, no body thinks in sentences of speech. We inhale text and image simultaneously. Neither of them are alike. I could see for the first time ! The immediate, the gross, becomes the only tether to space and time. Gertrude Stein had no tether, Woolf dismissed it as obscene. Maybe it is true that only the male author innovates. Especially if he compresses it to one single (3h) scroll.

[VOLUME DOWN]

[2] And in what way are you different?

Incomprehension is the digital's state of mind. We cannot concentrate, we cannot think for more than a second, and we keep scrolling. We jump across every possible combination of topics and personal photos that defy text. That is Finnegans Wake, incomprehension made out of incomprehension. That speed. That disfiguration. That dealing of the deadened mind. Joyce writes, "The old order changeth and lasts like the first. Every third man has a chink in his conscience and every other woman has a jape in her mind". That's why we write. And yet everywhere all I see is content about writing. Books about ideas. Books about impressions. Books about plots. Books about safe topics. Books

about noble savsages and saviour whites. Books about wikipedia entries. Books about films about books they stole abd put on screen. Books about ideas wholly formed, detached from life. All description of the suggested. Those shill screenwriters make movies from tweets. Mere Illusatraions of an idea of life stolen and screenshotted from a dictionary. Compression makes flesh outof the machinic. Sapce makes from time. Sensory overload. Defiance arises from the human drum. And no screen can produce it, we need a deadform for a dead mind.

[VOLUME UP]

[1] What is it you're trying to do with your life?

I've sspent a pandemic on this. Poele are worried about me. I'm worried about me. The cocnept itself is failing. An inachivement in freefall, erased data landslide. Thsi was supposed to be technical. A little bit philosophic an explantion: For you. Yes I write in furious tinderque way. It's opinated. It's simolisti and from the vocabulary alone oblique. Mayeb peoples are lsot. I sure am if I look for an idea. Buttt if I obliterate my senses then tit reads jsut fine. My eyes are tired. My mind is wired. I am uncchagred. I'm terrified. Give me a trance. Give me relief, dsedation, amnesia. Let me help you

Pray exit of the blame screen's thrill  
 for a pretty verse farmer blossoms rare  
 165 'cept in crisis times costing lost art,  
 dip thy name amongst the ether, loosen your wake  
 up.

[CAPTCHA successful.]

# CHAPTER FIFTEEN

## SCREEN

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

Flat surface, true level chemical glass adequate for mr and mrs ketamine. I've got lines to balance on the black screen. I cannot see I suffer I am tired of eyes give me that prefrontal cortex ease please. Sniff snort lick and twist. Is it I or I refelcted or I refracted or mirro I or I of the outside or I unreal? The mirror looks at me shrivels up and releases warm glass in motion.

All coulours go sidewys, and before me stands Jonah Lomu, no actually, sprints Jonah Lomu. We're playing 1 v 1 bullrush on the downhill slope near the banks of the waters of lamentaion. Not a whistle of whind no birds line the limp trees hazy in the still quiet shadow light. Not tiwlight, but that curious half hour Mansfield called "grotesque". He's at the very top charging down. it's only me who can stop him. I'm the man for the job. I throw my spit soaked mouth guard to the ground, stand as straight backed as I can and as he gets closer and closer I think this is the perect time to tackle him high, right up aroufn the shoulders, relaly thrown my 65 kgs straight into his frame. and he surges closer and full pace anddn he's closer—

skkkiiisddoosshshhh

He rattles my cortex rattles my senses and rattles the alpine fault. it waskes up angry says "who did that?" triggering a second supervolcano throwing 12 magnitudes of Lake Taupō in the air. the big one. the absolutel big oen. the prophesised clattering of pacific and australian plates. The fridge starts walking towards me, the richeter scale is shattered, erything is shaking and new scenes unfold between my eyes as the earth is split from the sky.

Twirling koru red black white blaze forth around me bleeding sea air with the deep bush with crashing waves whipped by the wind and the freevspasms of daincing kauri trees itwisting pure musc in my ears. Kōwhaiwhai patterns flush rampant in curvilinear forms and in my terror I feel weightless.

benath me a taniwha with gleaming paua shell eyes and islands for skin winks at me and then sticks a fin in my throat. A rubbery

salt spirit of life splits my voicebox in two and throws me back out into hazing morphing fractals of koru curling paddles and shark heads in waves.

Red and black tricoloured paterens stretch to infinity from the chirping beak of the tūi swooping, a feathered painter in song. The torrents of kōwhaiwhai speed up and up and hurtle me towards a narrow white water surge in liquid warfare. My skin is freezing little vapours are glistening in the hail and the edge of nothing is nearing. I hurtle and pull and climb away as futility drags me to the black edge. Suffocating from lungs burning full of water and chipped open wounds from cracked rocks in brilliant blindness a strong arm lifts me up and throws me onto the flax weaved floor of a mighty double hulled canoe.

The sails are down to brace for a hundred winds screaming to die. The prow of the canoe is unfinished, still being carved by a blind man with a blood eyed pukana staining the wood red. He's chiseling fractals from the sea and sky into the patterns of his shallowless tauihu. Another man, the captain, in a feathered cloak in solemn posture has his eyes fixed to seven sister stars. Resolute before the world, he stands in this unfinished canoe hand in hand with a little girl. She grins at me toothless and laughs at the mountains become sea.

We sail at the head of a fleet of seven canoes loaded with families paddling directly towards the storm. More fractals of kōwhaiwhai steam collide break off and form new infinite streams and through the tempest we jump a straight between lands. One island lays ridged high and long, the other live and writhing with a flicking tail swimming up behind us.

I'm derailed in fright shivering insane and I yell at the whips of rocks up ahead but nothing comes out of my mouth but smoke. As I lay back mind split by terror I see the captain's cloak is not made of feathers but little clouds stuck together by curves of sand where the foreshore and seabed thread the earth to the sky. He says "don't worry young fulla get ready for the

westerly and be prepared for the southerly just keep your eyes on the stars”. But I’ve got pollen in my eyes and brain freeze and scars of sand from violent gales bleeding against my veins which fuse with the storm in my open wounds. I can’t see and a steaming broth is poured into mouth, soothing the split of my lungs now heavy in syrinx.

Pain subsides, removal of burden I feel light. the storm calms around us and in front of me pretty earth eyes glow green. Below, a green of the forest of the mighties of the sloping hills of the thickest bush, the syrup tone of green life pulses in the shifting fiery dark lines of a moko kauae, streaming into the brown earthen skin of Kuramārōtini. Along these carefully crafted curls of earth green ink patterns of her skin, I can see little hillside gatherings and the tracing smoking stacks of fire streaming down the waka island. All the pā of Aotearoa spread through the land no cities to speak of surrounded by clouds, trickling with little mokopuna who run with birds. She has the life of Aotearoa pure form etched with the ink of tikanga in the crafted lined grooves of green on her soft skin.

Birdsong speaks from her flax lips, elastic and soulful clicking up high, “sit up straight boy and listen to me: there has never been a time since the earth felt our foot steps, that she did not feel the footsteps of a woman with a marked face. Who kept our tongue safe, speaking in whisper while it was beaten from us by cane and whip? I flow through all wāhine lost and proud standing with black hair streaming with their chin to the sun. When our land was ripped from my people and their blood stained this earth my moko kauae never faded. The only way out is through. Sing now. Sing loud. Sing your split mind from your split lungs.”

She elans in, I smell droplets of salt spray and black sand and the smoky hearth of a wedding night fire, and the curious laughs of a hānau in hand and in her black hair nestled between two pounamu caked in gold, she presses her nose to mine and we breathe in more visions of ecstasy.



On the very tip top of high mountian looming over a desoltate smoking land I watch two taniwha kiss in an enclosed lake. I cut clicks and soft song creaks into low summer heats from the depths of my split lungs. Perching myself up high on a lone pōhutukawa in red bloom, I flsush my fethered dark black chest, sight an empty land and from one voicebox sing:

I sing of three charts of a incomplete maps gesturig out ot me on a stromy hardowod flush with tin cups and lemons. Captain Cook walks through the door and I tell him he's got the wrong idea, we've got to turn around terra austalis is the other way. He takes my word for it. I thel lhim his chief place namer is plotting a mutiny.

I sing of peeling ciggrettes from severed hands of a faceless flyborn lemon squeezer in the the sunset dust atop chunuk bair with 700 men who won't see tomorrow and Ata Turk brreathing down my throt. Dead men pile rotng over trojan sand, there's shit everywhere and I've got syphilis thinking about the withdrawl that I'll never sea. I hear "hold the hill" through two bloodied tin cans and whistle my song to the sky.

I sing from a king country woolshed on shearing day. Warmth wicks tin pots and corrugated iron, as streamers and fizzy are lined out on the sides where Big old Norman Kirk is squeezing three ewes and throws some nions straight onto som ehomebaked bread and a lab susage in Nadia Lim's otustretched hand. She hands me the t sauceand in the other had I grab the shears and get to work on SHreekkk. At the semll of the sizzle in through the door trots Godfrey Bowen, Fred Dagg and a kōtuku. they say "gee mate you're quick", I say you should see my friend Taurito.

Now we've got all sorts. In walks the Te Papa arhitect looking for ideas. He picks up a trodden crust with dust and nions at right angles and says he might be on to sometihing. Billy T's whipping Richie McCaw with his towel and a pet lamb named "spotty" jumps across the dancefloor with Simon Joyce's dildo in her gob.

In walks Ngāhuia Te Awekōtuku leathered hair dripping wet, cheekbones in high royalty, with her strides licking lust from the living. She picks an appe from thher mouth, chewing with loose acidic trickles on her knowing chin, has one more bite, and throws it at the light switch launching two naked woman in fight.

Darkness arrives in concert. Tom Scott performs ‘Home’ for a sizzle turned primal turned true caranage tunred typsy rave turned full acnoe in a lusting underbelly of generations unconfroming before all eyes. All inihbitions all sensibilities all prudes and prejudices disappear in the dark. Stobe ights split and veer, steam clmbs from pprertty feathers in hair sent up to the sky in rhythm as a trapesze of k road’s finest white circled Ruru (our night Queens) dance in unison as sexy lolly pop men.

And up on stage Tom Scott plays with a sunglassed Kererū on double basss, a Whio with a cheesecutter on lead guitar, a Tara Iti on trumpet, a Miromiro under a sax, a Pīwakawaka tinkliing the keys with his fantail, and the very last South Island Kōkako in a blindfold on drums, holding our crowd in the palm of his hand:

“We just flushed it  
Kinda like the history they Hushed with the musket  
Kinda like the ancient Māori custom they crushed into  
custard squares  
Like tapu in the Tupperware cupboard  
With the Treaty that they kaka’d on  
Clean green Babylon  
Where everybody’s on the synthetic weed like crabs in a  
bucket bong  
Sitting in a long white smoke cloud”

Through the heaving energy, through the eclectic raging moshpit at the back in a corner, arms folded a snotty critic writes “agitator”. A shrp eyed Rioriro with a “mum” tatoo throws the critic’s notes to the Tūturuatu in need of rolling papers. The greatest lyricist Aotearoa’s ever heard gets labelled a madman not

in this concert.

Now it's a free for all across the wooly floor, a raving manic suustabstance supplemented sweaty skinned 21st with all all the prettiest birds you've ever seen in netherworlds of weabarabe arts. Two little yellow eyed Hoiho have three Weka under each wing, as hsouts and stomps disappear as quickly as yells and moans. Shadows lom upt the walls where at the celiing on scaffolds are four artists.

Way up here, each artist dances in the light, paitning in the night the high walls of the woolshed. To th enorth Rita Angus is paitning herself privately with a question in her leather glove and ciggarette sensual and dark. Across from her Merata Mita screens footage to "the unteachable" the readers the viewers the audience who does not beleive these scenes. To the east Tāme Iti swings from the ceiling in a harness with his top hat in one hand painting the funeral of the Huia. And way down there on the far west end is a young Pūkeko paiting a mural of my song with a grin in her beak.

THere's a sweat on the walls and a Kōtare doing th eplitz, and I fly to the bar. But as I reach the wings Trelise Cooper starts measuring my inseem and as i hand my corsage to Lorde she whispers "you've got weetbix in your beak". I mouth "The MoSt Beuatiful Girl (In the Room)"

"Looking 'round the room, I can tell that you  
Are the most beautiful girl in the room  
In the whole wide room  
And when you're on the street  
Depending on the street  
I bet you are definitely in the top three  
Good looking girls on the street  
Depending on the street"

and start shuffling hardcore early dubstep style fjust for ehr.

John Money's pearing a bit neravously from up in the rafters, while a Mātātā takes five as well. Clarke Gayford's in the corner hadning out bait for the nasal. I tell Art Green no not that girl, she's ahndful, choose that one while your pretty rneglish teacher clips my ear. A few fonterra execs come at the smell of cash and are thrown out by Kerri Hulme smoking her pipe at the bar.

It's looser than Lulu's and aa few selftitled skuxes and a Koitareke worry in the sifty corner of the wetlands, betryaing virgin wlaks in silent brood. Under the pillar, two Kuaka lovers intwined kiss beaky while the Koitareke watches and cries. Someone yells for smoko and Richard Hadlee picks me up and bowls me up into the clouds.

I fly igher and far above the land Ed Hillary throws me a gunormous mana wave from the top of Aoraki playing his three hundred and sixth round of 'never have I ever' with a Kea who says he's already flown up to the top at least five million times.

"Never have I ever swiped a lolly bag  
Never have I ever walked bare feet with luncheon  
Never have I ever given a chip to the gulls  
Never have I ever clocked off at 2pm."

I sing of stirring mee goreng in a frozen north dunedin flat, black mould shifts morphs and leers from the walls and ceiling of tthe mighty Citadel with open fire in blaze. James K Baxter, Patricia Grace and Ronald Hugh Morrieson are screaming into a snkaing scrambled old pair of earbuds made of nnumber 8 wire plugged into a feijoa at full tilt to the tune of "We've got the wind the rain anf the poets. Oh Wellington is wonderful!" Talia Marshall's on a burnt couch reading 'At the Bay' updsied down with three gateccrsihing literary judges copying her notes and a yellow eyed Hoiho preapres his beug. I ask if anyone's seen my vape and they throw me back out into the gutter where across the road David Bain noddhs his head at me on his paperrun.

I sing while officiating the gay marriage of Bill and Bill, teh Otago campus paradise ducks, nd wink at three randy Tieke with the biggest red wddlees I've ever seen. I invite them all to build a new student pub and they get rto work flying second hand harakeke from the highest trees and deppest burrows. This pub is built by blind birds and panting nonflying eyeball based pprentices lending it patatē widths of welcome steps, rātā that rise the arches, and manono that cage a three stroy fauna explosion within a single pylon of kauri. Thatching nīkau through kiekie through the delicate splits of tī, a new nest rises from the wetland floor with twin toetoe signals in the air, raupō fending the speakers on stage: the great handiwork of the finely crafted cuts of three labouring Warou and a Korimako who build it in one smoko. For this is a pub arhicetcted by a Tītītipounamu in the shape of a cavity, a refuge for the frozen, with a dancefloor and booths free of charge for the students whose safety must never be in doubt. A refuge we call 'Sophia's'.

I'm setting rat traps up Fiordland back country with Little John, a Tāiko, a Kōtuku, a Kuaka, the Fiordland puma, a Pūweto and three other hermits sharing in scroggin by a fire singing:

“Fish n chips, YEAH  
Fish n chips, YEAH  
Makes me want to lick my lips  
Eat them for breakfast, lunch and teeaaaa  
Fish and Chips are for me”

I'm flying the Pahiatua plane with Marx Jones and Nigel Richards playing srabble in the back seat. I say 'busy night?' they say the've 'just starterd' I sy set course staright for Taumata-whakatangihangakōauauotamateapōkaiwhenuakitānatahu". Nigel asks "did you say Taumatawhakatangihangakōauauotamateapōkaiwhenuakitānatahu?" and I say "yep striaght to Taumata-whakatangihangakōauauotamateapōkaiwhenuakitānatahu" and salute my Chatham Island brothers, the Tāiko, Parea, Ranguru, Tōrea before jumpig out over Mt Tongariro to inhae a few geysers.

I sing of crawling through Waiouru with Willie Apiata and a Kōkako playing capture the flag. A fleet of Bob Semple tanks manned by camouflaged Kākāriki drive by heading striaight for gloriavale. I'm swimming the dardanelles with Mr Fryburg and a Kororā who says say now would not be a grea ttime for a manu comp. I sing of popping the Waihopai spy bubble with Nicky Hager and bandannered Tauhou, he says the gscb are now forever gonna snoop my sciverner notes. I say let them, I won't have anything as good as this.

I'm in pigeon park fighting ten seagulls twenty wood pigeons fifty magpies and a black bird with jnucked dustsers (g-o-d!) for the last scrap of tasty meat from the dribby public servant's steak and cheese pie. Puffs of white and inner city scrars rip my feathers. And as I make my final stand a Takahē, a mute muscly Tōrea Pango, a Ngutu Pare, and a Kākāpō named Crake the Muss scare them off with erotic struts and breathless insults. I say thnks fellas what do I owe you, and Crake says "sing a little louder mate they can't hear you."

With the rising volume of a stoat swimming to Kāpiti Island unfed for 3 days, I sing of a city under the world, with an invnciible south wind and the spirit of the arts in its gusts. A city of broken pipes and secret bush tracks and loyal readers and breathless city to sea walkers with work shoes hoisted over their shoulders taking on cypto-alpine hills with a page open to the 'How Pearl Button Was Kidnapped' on their way up Salamanca.

This is a city of do gooders and wharf jumpers, art gallery pacers and back shed brewers, proud moaners and loud groaners, public transport bleievrs and waterfront meanderes, 4pm on a freiday afterwork roudnerupperers, open invite barbecuers and of course the sharpest coffee palettes of the most educated minds. For this is the city of your mates with the most ludicrossly labyrinthine yarns, your mates with the poltician's most emabrassing gosspu, your mates with the scret side projects and your mates who are always ready to hear you out on whatever you might dream. Because this is a city built on elaborate english

departments and overworked drama teachers, doffee breathed homework extesnion granters and the finest supporters of the arts in the land. for above all this is a city without a heart, wiaitng and hoping, despearte for its Central Library reopeneed just the way it was.

I sing of cruising in a crocodile bike around oriental parade making dolphin hands through the summer air. Rachel Hunter's topless in the passenger seat licking a callipo. Six60 comes on the radio and she turns it off and says she has a whole album of Wax Mustang's unreleased songs. She brushes her hair, leans across for roadhead, but I spy speed bumps on the hroizon and fly off leaving her my number on her callipo.

Now I'm in Moon Bar giving notes the barman about hops and thc. There's a Hihi at the opn mic on stage throwing hysterics at the alt crowd and getting money from the suits.

“... and then he says “you can't shit here, this is Remuera!”

The entire nocternal life and rows and rows of cakcling Kākā, Brian Roper in a revolutionary fervour, a crying Tāiko and four rat-eyed Parekareka piss themselves whie a Mohua falls off his chair.

I'm on top of the civic square ball reading poetry with Hone Tuwhare to a crowd of a jandal clad tuatara with frosted tips. After a little more than a while, they say “mate you better learn verse!” I say never, Have a bitta of this:

I sing of geysers exploding and the wahine tilting and the earthquake rumbling the church, i sing of volvanos smouldering and pipes bursting and the big one is coming up trumps. I sing of dripping togs and low flying moths quaduple overtakes and slow burn laughs. I sing of teachers up high saying “whakarongo mai!” and signatures in sharpie on the last day of shcool. I sing of flights of the conchords in mother of coffee strumming “Taika come

back t earth”. I sing down in soctt base skinny dipping with three Pokotiwaha and a Tawaki that got lost. I sing of a stroll through the basin with Arthur Lydiard and I say what if we went a bit faster. I’m at the computers with Sam Morgan trying to sell a broken ripstick and I ask him if he tever thought about getting into to rproperty. I sing whistling down the cycle lane of a dishie on Waiheke with Hone Heke on a windy kindy for the nimbys otherwise known as a wino vino lino, and we’re pissing in the bluff oysters ordered by the high falutin whisper of your local netball mum who hadles team slection. I’m in a renovated life education bus parked on top of the Newtown water twoer with Harold the giraffe and Ernest Rutherford cappin up an entire batch of special delviery gear for the Fridge STage.. He reckons this is the good stuff, I skull it through a yard glass and agree. Now I’m jumping the mentla hospital fence with Janet Frame running straiht into the nearest flax and out she pops with Burt Munro’s motor bike and we mainline it for Cuba Dupa. She’s got a date, I’ve got a golden bucket to return.

I sing of lying naked with Katherine Mansfield in the Aro tinnie house as sunn strems thorough the blinds, and I reach out and trac her spine, and poke her in the ribs. She lets out a laugh, gigles and falsls back in a snuggle. She says “now write a little more” I say it’s not so bad with her. She says “Our national epic has yet to be written”. I fall silent, fly from the window perch myself up high on Mount Kau Kau and sing from a new harsher voicebox.

For now I sing with lciks and wheexing, sniffles and tears, released exhales and horrrble new fears. From this other voicebox, I sing what I see before me.

New escens shpae a clearing from a swamp, Waitangi park a great marshy bath covered in Kiwi. Prefabs blocks surround prefab blocks in a school under sun. Buses and cabelcars and scooters and skateboards and bicycles and jandals and gumboots of every which colour lline the sides of the park. We move closer to the screams of a lines and lines of dancing amaterurs in jum p



jam dance, stretching out of sight all the way down to red rocks.

Kiwi of all shapes and size are draped in ripper rugby tags to various extents of nudity singing 'Ooh ee ooh ah ah ting tang walla walla bing bangg' at the sound of a thousand winning tries scored at once. Birds are everywehre dancing yelling screaming in eternal concert.

Up the front, on a raised wooden slsts each line is lead by the great leaders, the true leaders; theyre mums with the great afterschool feeds, the mums with the halftime organes in the tip top cotainers, the mums with the extra twoels for the beach. They're in full lycra and have sunhats with back flaps, dirtydogsunglasses and two litres of sunclock holdseterd totheir moving hips.

A little Pōpokotea with sideqaays eyes drunk on too many totara berries yells for Lisa Carrington "I can't open my kina", she says "dick" and Valerie Adams picks me up and trhows me through the air. The sun's out erylone's worked up a sweat. Groups of lifeguards are putting flags around hthe field, and walking through the crowds with water for the battlers.

Over the agianst the handball courts Bob Jones and Blanket Man are playig pingas, and the urban wansderer is up huge. He accoutns for the grooves of the 20c coins as a Toutouwai and Tūturiwhatu argue over tips. A politician walks in from road patrol in full high vis and asks Beth Heke to stop smoking and that's the last we see of that small dacing star.

Muldoon starts a egaphone and yells "I don't feel Like Dancin' no dacing today" and I grab Syd Jackson and John Minto and my patu and lop off his head.

Outsode on atheyir own balcony, surrounded by shells and infant trees, Moana Jackson and Lily Wilcox-Hutana are surveying from a platofrm scolding a history teacher and his

curriuculum telloing him Parihaka is never optional. At the other end, Whina Cooper and Te Puea Hērangi are chewing Hobson's ear as they grades the Treaty with a red pens in their mouths. Every time he asks what tino rangatiratanga means she laughs and says "just wait".

Kate Shepherd's laying into Michael Hill about marriage and then sprays him for only giving her two TnTs from his \$2 lolly bag. Jacinda's jumped on the decks and now we're playing the The Lion Sleeps tongiht. Jim Hickey says it's heating up so we pile into ice blcoks and go full fiesta. Ardie and Julian Savea are racing two Kārearea at teh sped of light and I fly in the lispstream sining "winner must be All Blacks captain!"

Hillary Barry's speed cooking with Leigh Hart in interpretive dance. I say hello Kim Hill can you interveiww me about htisliterary monstrosity, I refuse to talk to anyone else. The whole ACC crew commetnate the jump jam session while conducting a reverse vasectomy on a highly caffeinated Matata. I telll Peter Jackson and Jane Campion and a Tuke directing dancers, this could this be a film, they say "slow down mate it's better". I say fair enough.

The lines are are moving and laughter is manic. Bird song of every which colour and talons and feet, and this is the best Friday afternoon you could ever hope to see.

skkkiiisddoosshshhh

At the splitting ear of the sound and fury of the Pūtatara shell blwon the land thunders once more. This is a deep earth shaking cracks of lightning as ancient sutherly winds slash the bleeding wounds of the crying sky. the shellsound cuts the sound of his tears, the dawn rises red-tiped on ice on snow on frost, winter arrives adn d from the mouth of the bleeding heart in clouds white with bloodlsos, flies a giant eagle — the giant Pouākai — with a great Moa in it's talons. It's cricling the people of the earth thrice swooping and carving valleys through the land before ascending to the highest peak of the swimming hills in green glimmer

overlooking the poepl eof the land.

A figure is flying the eagle with the shell to his lips, blowing noise not of this universe. The sound of whales swimming the deep unknoww, the sound of the seepign sighs and angry fualt lines deep within the earth, the yells and screams of all the haka ever launched in war, in welcome, in life, in death, upon the creaking living lands. This is not a rally but the pulsing breaah of the raided earth choking from her deepest trenshes wheezing hoarse slumbering lungs of the panicked lving abyssss. This is madness in music form pure terror violence of a deeper realm. All Kiwi are immobile, everything rumbles and terror parlyses the crowds.

The eagle swoops closer and the man blowse a light sweet tone of the little lungs of laughter of children skipping over lush fertile grass watered by the long blood. The sound of snaking networks of potato melon and cabbage filed gardens laced by earth eyed girls smiling over cooking crays and fried fish and mussels of the nose and tongue in song.

From up high on Matirangi mountian the peak of swimming hills high in green glimmer, drops from the eagle this shifting metamorphosing figure leaping onto the Moa. At this new harness, the Moa cries a song of heartstring solace of panic, an animal sadness. Rampaging on this peace now with blister punch to the ear, the figure exhales alongside the Moa cry through his Pūtatarā shell, blowing the sound of ivasion and musket shots and war cries from armies out in the distances welding such a harmony of terror in the sound of our three songs, that the southerly wind halts in fear.

A sound of sick cries of insanity, the wheezing pleads of unanswered karakia, the desprate neglected prayers of the hundreds of bloodied and broken Māori fathers and farmers and pilsoophers and leaders and warriors and ploughmen and priests in their cells. Pneumonic, sickly, skeltal, catact eyed, tuberculosis ridden maddened men freeze in black mould gaols, crotcheting their nails on rotten boards pleading to anyone, defeaned by the

reverberating mockery of the colonisers promising release in the next month, next year, next years.

The man and the Moa sing the rattles of burning marae posts, smoke so dense it covers the clouds, and ravaged houses clicking the once-safe chests of pounamu treasures of Kupe and Kuramārōtini. The laughing officers, throw treasures between them and drag innocent prisoners from each whare sticking musket barrels in their mouths.

At the end of his exhale in the longest depth of the night, the figure blows the shell vibrating the whole park, raging the earth with the rape screams of the widowed women and little girls never seen again. Every bird of my song, all the Kākāpō in claws, the Kiwi in canine teeth, the Kākā under wire, the strangled stilts and all the feathers of dream those birds extinct, swans, snipes stout legged wren Waitaha penguins and more ancestors I can barely see, scream in screeches of hunger, of disease, of the starving childless wandering hopetorn into the sea.

For this is the sound of a comet over the scorched earth of peaceful Parihaka.

In the sonic madness, the Moa leapt from the mountain and onto the field of Kiwi under my tree. The sound of death razes the land anew and only the kauri are strong enough to stand up for the men and women killed from spoken history, as death's final breath of silence stales the burnt land. The figure who rides is man incarnate. He is the chaotic parts of the world bounded by human form and straight through the chaos he strides. He is new beauty ancient beauty with golden feathers of his cloak and with paua eyes standing seven feet tall holding a jawbone the size of the Waikato river. His breath blows gales in unison and with each stomp of the Moa, spring surfeit springs growing at pure pace and little fresh water spots, and snaking rivers. For this is the Moa and

Maui: Master of the Sun.

Pausing before the land Maui held his jawbone in his right hand and taps it once against his temple and out pour fruit bursts and gumdorps and milk bottles and jet planes and sausage rolls and trees and secret beaches and the shade of the pōhutukawa and river ropeswings and salt water crays and beers on the deck and barbecue smells and iceblocks and setting suns and plateaus and valleys and bushland and red lights of the solar sky and new fires are falling and it's every kiwi alone all the characters of my song streaming into a lolly scramble of 250 years. Eopel and birds clamour and yell and steal and shout its an ecstasy a mania of laughter and war.

But with another wave he points his jawbone at the the rising sun, it flickers in obedience and follows his arm across the sky and into the darkness as a new midnight comes. Four stars brighten thrill in the light south wind, and from within the soil rises staggering limping hurt Papatūānuku, goddess of earth. Hair matted, grey skinned, she has tears in her red wild eyes, hooks bleed into her rope scarred breast, dividing her skin, as fences and wires leak through scratches bleeding from her wrists. Maui drops from the Moa that paralyses the crowd into a feared silence, kisses the earth on her cheek who fades at once into morning dew, wild frost, and midnight rain.

He raises his chest, arm out with jawbone in the air and speaks:

“When my mokopuna grow up, punish them by troubling them as I have troubled you with these gifts. If they seem to you to care for money or compromise or settlement or lip service more than for tino rangatiratanga, rebuke them. Not, sovereignty of any words written, nor sovereignty in song, but that black white red of the earth that faultless paint on the marae posts that says eternal home. And if they think they amount to something when they do not, rebuke them as I have rebuked you because they do not care for what they ought, and think they amount to something when they are worth: Nothing.”

At the sound of nothing he drops his knee pats the flax, reaches to the inlet and then scoops a chunk from ground leaving an inlet quickly filling with water, a new harbour, sheltered and safe, releasing the taniwha from their kiss at last.

Maui held this lump of soil in one hand, and then from the other pulled from the air three speeches three reports three promises three obligations three deeds three claims three sales three purchases three coins three houses three roads three coalitions three laws three articles three apologies from the crown in his other hand.

Voice thundering, jawbone parting clouds, moko a new green of bush and life and sea and strife. Maui held both palms open. One earth and one promise:

“Which of these two will last longer, what remains after time?”

No answer.

“Bastion Point, Ihumātao, Te Ika-a-Māui, Te Waipounamu never retreat never concede not one more false promise not one more acre of Māori land: absolute autonomy. This country these lands this earth beauty like this is no nation’s, never conquered, never surrendered. Ask any man watching his pā die out in one lifetime and tell me if this land was given freely. Pākehā never wifought they never won in cotnest, they never open fielded nor spoke the truth of purpose: they spread disease and then drove and gutted and robbed iwi to the sea. Is this what you remember? Controlled overpopulation. Transformation not change. Broken promises and deceit. Remember even in the 6,006 words of that tūi song, lies the mark of a coward in that white fluff. Protect my people, my culture, my tongue. Protect by ceding your claim to decide upon the limits of what you call sovereignty:

Tino rangatiratanga or death.”

And with this he cut nine centureis of life from his throat on to the dripping panic of his jawbone and hurled it straight into my chest with the force of white sight in the scar of a white mark on my broad feathered chest. Parlayed wings failing, falling I fell from out of the kōwhaiwhai sky and birdsong in scream out of the reflection of my face into the darkness of my quiet room, phone on my face charger outstretched in my hand.

# CHAPTER SIXTEEN

## SCREENSHOT

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)



tiktoik Ai Script Gneerator.

Create now.

Design your script (English only).

Select your industry: art

Enter your product name: art

Product description: Wojak, Artist, Nonplussed man peering.  
Art is that which can be screenshotted. An NFT and meme all in one.

Video format: multi-scenario product showcase.

Keywords:

Art

Meme

NFT

Duration: Short (15-30s)

Script results:

Script no.1

### Part 1: Hook

Int. PHoto editing application, mid creation with the tongue  
of a near champion and inspired sight. Carving art.

*Enter Roland Barthes sucking on a lemon with one hand in the icloud.*

ROLAND BARTHES: A High School english teacher  
suggests that the blue curtains in atext represent sadness, pain  
and the character's damaged menatl state. The hypothetical author  
replies that the curtains were just blue, with no hidden meaning.  
Discuss.

*Enter 99 clowns, I forget how many greats and the stock apps.*

HOMER: εἰκὼν σκληρὸν πορεύεται ἐλεύθερος ἐστὶν να  
λάβετε στιγμιότυπο ?

SAFARI: The higgs Boson is a massive scalar boson with zero  
spin, even positive parity, no lectric charge, and no colour change  
that couples to interacts with mass. It is an elementary particle.

MICROPHONE: How to unlock phone?

SPEAKER: To unlock your device using Face ID, simply  
glance at it.

HERAKLEITUS: what

SOPHOCLES: κύβος τινὸς εἴδους ?

SOCRATES: Being proud of being stupid is no way to live  
your life.

CALLICLES: Lmao

PLATO: (*making a tv box with his ringed fingers crusted with flakes  
and powder*) Spot on for once. Pattern recognition is dead.

ARISTOTLE: (*on the phone with infobesity chewing his ear off*) If  
you look for meaning you'll miss everything tht happens

MICROPHONE: What, you don't want to join the fun?

SPEAKER: Image is text, but text is not image.

VOICE MEMOS: When particles interact with the Higgs  
field, they experience a drag, similar to moving through a viscous  
medium, which effectively gives them inertia and mass (*undoes fly*)

VIRGIL: quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivae sacra

ferens ?

OVID: quid facitis, quae vos dementia ?

APULEIUS: nonne certus de proprietate intellectuali ?

*(A neat trilogy of laser pointers shoot streams of sim cards at the naked woman slitting milk from Siri's silver skin. Two bodies swing alongside her, fixed to the metal cabling in ornate knots of hdmi cables and monitors for heads that flash in comic sans, "THEY REMAINED ANONYMOUS")*

*Enter Warhol manufacturing a meme.*

WARHOL: Ctrl + N edit the witsul man with a bald expression. The man with the tranmssible face. The man mutated. The man made out of masks. Image created man in his own god. Rectngular marquee tool dropped right flush in the default face. If the SHIFT key is active during transformations with the control handles, various additional transformations take place (*snap snap snap*) CRL + C The wojak and the creator Ctrl + V (?) Cusotmisable like a kardashian, post-racial. Alt + left arrow Everythign iss subject to change. Link rot gets us all in the end. Irretreivable history. The americna mind prefers bought beauty. Lip fillers and lady madonna. The comsietic whitening. Open mouth. The nti ageing serum (*rectally inserted*)

*Exit Warhol*

DANTE ALIGHIERI: dove rui ? perché lasci la guerra ?

THOMAS AQUINAS: (*whispering for timeout eyes open in glazed transcendence with a stoic coaching him*) Multiple interpretations can be adequate for the same book just the same. That is not to say that interpretation is a free for all where anything goes. As a rule of thumb your interpretation has to be supported by the text and it has to maek sense within the narrative. (*dicing his fingers with an*

*onion*) There's better and there's worse interpretations but multiple ones can be just as valid.

SHORCUTS: A Tachyon is any hypothetical particle that can travel faster than the speed of light. The term "Tachyon" was coined by Gerald Feinberg in 1967. Most scientists do not believe that Tachyons exist.

MICROPHONE: What's the speed limit?

SPEAKER: The depraved always loads faster. Nothing has been done with this primary material. Art at an arms length.

MARTIN LUTHER: I can give you a few reasons why this is a brain dead take

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI: *(with cybernetic operativity)* There's a difference between intention and symbolism, but too many people are poisoned by being terminally online to recognise that it's fine to read into things. *(licking granite)* If you can back up your point.

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS: Puis-je le lécher ?

PAGES: *(Three)* Quarks *(for Muster Mark!)* acquire mass through interactions with the Higgs fields allowing them to form composite particles like protons and neutrons.

MICROPHONE: How can I help you?

SPEAKER: Haste is an identity.

APPLE MEDIA SERVICES: And fedde me be waetera stathum

FACETIME: Defining the mechanism by which particles acquire mass has been the focus of the Higgs boson research.

*(looking in the mirror on 800ug seeing the 6-7 million year homonid evolution of man)* In the standard model, the interaction between particles and the Higgs field is what gives rise to mass *(speaks now of the 'theprofound')*

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES: ¿ Algún bellaco forjó a este mentecato ? Al cabo, no es distinto de cualquier otro ?

RENE DESCARTES: *(with extractor fan ripping thought provoking quotes)* The text is just your thoughts on it

MICROPHONE: Is the writer a coward, a capitalist, a comic, a confidence man, a creator, a corrupter, a caution, a charlatan, a woman, a flaneur, a tragedy, a warhol, a bastard, an amateur, a nihilist, a yapper, a prophet, a poet, a robot, a delusion, a need, an accessory, an infant, an attention seeker, an ideito, a self-piteier, a dick, an intellectual, a pseud, or does it not matter?

SPEAKER: Thoguh I've seen it, I never considered you seeing it too.

BARUCH SPINOZA: I'm a firm believer that even though authors probably didn't mean it all the interpretations we amke of their work, it doesn't make the interpretations any less good because literature — as any other form of art — is made to be discovered and interpreted.

CALCULATOR:  $E=mc^2$  demonstrates that mass can be converted into energy and vice versa.

GOTTFRIED LEIBNIZ: 01001110  
01000101  
01010010  
01000100

JOHN LOCKE: *(biting off ten hundred pdfs from the footprintstalked dataglut)* spoken llike a true incel

VOLTAIRE: *(flush with wasted instants and three flaunted jokes)*  
still thinking about this

MICROPHONE: Have you tried turning it off and on?

SPEAKER: Bookmarked, pronounced dead.

MAPS: Electrons behave *(getting pegged by a giantess)* in different energy states governed by principles.

PODCASTS: An atom in a box displays discontinuous energy levels. In a metal the atoms share some of their electrons. Their energies fill the band from the bottom. When the number of atoms is increased, more levels appear until an << energy band >> is formed *(lip syncing to early drake)* These electrons can move easily. This allows the metal to conduct electricity well. *(awarding royalties to artificial music)* But when the energy band is completely filled, the electrons become very difficult to move. *(“Rock me real slowly Put a bib on me I’m just like a baby, drooling over you”)* The material no longer conducts electric current. *(plays ‘Not Like Us’)* It is an insulator.

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU: okkkkk i see the vision

MARQUIS DE SADE: oooooohhhhh ewwwwwwwww *(ticket confirmation for the Eras Tour and the dystopia double booked by the unstable reactionary)*

MICROPHONE: Why is an iphone a war machine?

SPEAKER: The plagiarist writes what others say and eavesdropping has gotten more interesting.

SIDE BUTTON: A semiconductor is a material *(tapping out to an obese powerpoint ringside)* that has electrical conductivity between that of a conductor eg copper and insulator eg glass

DAVID HUME: (*running his eyes over the signals that encode sound*)  
I swear the curtains were red.

WALLET: Light emitting diodes is a semiconductor device that emits light when currents flow through it, converting electrical energy into light. (*yanking papers*) By controlling the energy levels of electrons within a semiconductor, engineers can design materials that efficiently convert electrical energy into light (*putting fingers in throat and vomiting into the mouth of a venture capitalist*) LEDs which convert electrical energy into light apply the principles of relativity to energy conservation (*a move colloquially known as a 'pelican'*).

ADAM SMITH: (*with serial digital interface*) people are going way past what is fundamentally a personal relationship with art. After all, the man who wants to urinate and the woman who craves a hot drink have a common interest.

SETTINGS: s o f t w a r e u p d a t e  
              s o f t w a r e u p d a t e  
              s o f t w a r e u p d a t e  
              s o f t w a r e u p d a t e  
              s o f t w a r e u p d a t e  
              s o f t w a r e u p d a t e  
e              s o f t w a r e u p d a t e  
e              s o f t w a r e u p d a t e  
t              s o f t w a r e u p d a t e  
t              s o f t w a r e u p d a t e  
MICROPHONE: How slow is the law? Is it dead?  
d          a          t              e  
          s o f t w a r e u p d a t e  
t              e

SPEAKER: The Devil's advocate never was disbarred .

d a t e  
s o f t w a r e u  
p d a t e

SIM CARD TRAY: <a href="www.qr-code-generator.com/"  
border="0" style="cursor:default" rel="nofollow"></a>

CALENDAR: Digital data is presented using the bunary  
number system of ones (1) and zeroes (0) (*labelled a genius intllcet by*  
*the internentsia*) .

IMMANUEL KANT: (*ear piecing Margot Boobie's boom mic*  
*operator, asiduously*) Yeah, the teacher should have said: 'That's a  
good point you made. Maybe it's not what tehy intended, but you  
clearly thought about it' That said, there are a lot of people who  
sseem to willingly misinterpret a lot of media o shape it to to their  
pre-conceived perspective, which is the absolute wrong end of the  
spectrum.

MESSAGES: Electric cpnents emitting light on a flt panel  
display that uses an array of LEDs as pixels for video display  
(*aggregating a dick pic collection based on girth*) The intensity of each  
primary colour — such as red, green and blue — can be controlled  
digitally using binary values for each colour channel.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE: ist ein Mann  
damit getötet worden ?

GEORG HEGEL: (*cutting his hand off to get out of the war yet*  
*conscripted as a disability advocate*) There's a couple ways I could  
tackle this, but as a writer let's tart wit the fact that sometimes the  
curtians are blue because it's meant to be interepreted one way or  
to colour the world to give you an idea of aesthetic or theme.



ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER: The curtains are not whatever the guy above me is saying.

FIND MY: Multiple pixels programmed to a specific colour (*bleping a father who recently lost custody to massacre his entire family with six apple tags of exxtreme accuracy*) configuration by algorithms communicated in (*circulates a peaceful family photo, upon his suicide*) binary code.

APPLE TAGS: (*clicks*) ...nice... (*clicks*) ...yep... (*clicks*) ... close enough... (*clicks*) ...wow can't believe that but alriaght... (*clicks*) ...we'll tkae it... (*clicks*) ....nice...

KARL MARX: (*with the nomadic sobist in a egirl's decaying pleasure zone*) And that is why we have an entire generation of ideiots on this app who have no critical thinking skills and are proud of it for some reason.

MICROPHONE: each girl is an emoji? Or is each emoji a girl?

SPEAKER: She's hotter online.

STOCKS: Each transaction block header and cyptographic hasjh in a blockchain is represented (*dropping a rufie in the drink of the little girl in the red raincoat*).

VICTOR HUGO: des annales complexes font des cathédrales nerveuses ?

MAX STIRNER: One day I want to make a book and just make random sentences and describe random shit just to msee what people will make up (*speaking through a shadow puppet*) Timeout !

APPLE MEDIA SERVICES: think different

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT: Une sympathie des enfers dans un verre de promesse ?

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE: *(wicking electrolytes from the oil paiting)* Chad mentality is to recognise that media often has hiddien meanings but you don't necessarlu hae to notich them to enjoy said media.

## Part 2: Scene

*Enter Warhol*

*(Snot rivered under beady eyes, wet with sweat and tears, and his brain splitting livewires, clumps of tissue litter the burnt hills of his facial hair, blood drips from his mouth and patches of acne peek out from his peeling skin. Our man is defeated. livered illness has produced a creature so gaunt, that he seemed to be the phthic parasite living off the weight of his right arm.)*

WARHOL: I, the tapper, having slaughtered my creator and my critic and wishing to make known the motives which led me to this deed, have written down the whole of the life which my creator and critic led together. *(crotcheting unthought boasts to the unintiated)* This very iphone changed my life I am very grateful. Ellipitcial marquee tool Ctrl + Shift + D oomer open motuth or withered tied and unimpressed Pyramus and Thisbe lament my sight but I have on my fingers the mirror of the once upon a time of all time Alt + Page Down Single column marquee tool the prism of the electricalstorm within data uncounted of release unseen in recursion ungratified yada yada Lasso tool we sell ervy expression money can buy in this convulotional neural netowrk Polygonal lasso tool I beive I know this device better than Steve Jobs himself better than mysegef Romeo and Juliet fuck good night yada yada yada and then I woke up !

*Exit Warhol*

MICROPHONE: You're coming with us, Pearl Button?

SPEAKER: These are not windows or apps but a carousel of ontologies.

COMPASS: An NFT is a unique digital identifier that is recorded on a blockchain and is used to certify ownership (*sets alight a thousand third world sweatshops where AI moderators work for \$3 an hour*) and authenticity (*successfully argues this is not slave labour through shrewd allocations of social capital*).

NOTES: Give me that soggy proof of ownership, conspire to hold it up the Moire light !

SIGMUND FREUD: (*peering through a prism of 3d goggles at sharknado directors cut*) Curtains are a man written by women.

FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY: подождём и посмотрим, покается ли он в конце ?

LEO TOLSTOY: Внутренняя жизнь Стива Джобса подалась ?

APPLE MEDIA SERVICES: He norissed me pon water of fyllyng.

MAX WEBER: Standardised testing hampered the way literature was taught, by pushing teachers to drill students (*sniffs the deflowered*) on finding arguments and literary devices w/o room for actual enegagement or having empathy

HENRIK IBSEN: Kanskje alle forfatterne prøver å desibe iphone ?

PHONE: NFT's contain references to digital files such as artworkd, photos, vidoes or audio. (*ushers all the human artists into the gas chambers, says "dont worry it will be ok"*) It is imited, that is

MICROPHONE: Have you really considered the risks of carelss ambiguity?

CARL JUNG: (*on a benchtop with an indian wind strument and fujinine*) The author of a piece of art, be it narrative like a novel or media or any other kind, has no authority chatsoever when it comes to the interpretation of that work. Once the work is released into the public I t is anyone's game to interpret it however they see fit. If the author wanted to "say something" with a book fro example, they would have just said it. (*emaciated from self-directed circumscicion*) An interpretation isn't everything you do. Two people can have wildly differing interpretations of a novel without any of the two being in the worng (*snip is btached, now castrated*) bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonnerronntuonnthu nntrovarrhounawnskawntoohooohoordeenenthurnuk !

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MICROPHONE: Deep into this edgeless eye of water... into what mud?

SPEAKER: The institutions have never had their jaw to the curb.

ARTHUR RIMBAUD: estomac vide, langue pâle, nous sommes tous ici pour nous demander après le poids de la raison Et qu'est-ce que je vois sinon le pire de moi ?

SIEGFRIED KRACAUER: author schmauthor warhol whatfor water (*inadvertently doxxes apodcaster he mistook for a intlllectua*)

HENRI BERGSON: it depends

MARTIN HEIDEGGER: (*trying to rhyme a rhyme*) Like there's a reason the author wrote those words. Heaven ! If it didn't matter they just wouldn't include it. The difference between life and art is intention.

ANTONIO GRAMSCI: I'd argue the public has never been more media literate due to YouTube essays making things interesting where English class failed.

GEORGES BATAILLE: blue curtains mean shit

WEATHER: Digital files is a resource for recording data on a computer storage device (*raids and destroys the crops of a farmer not selling to the supermarket monopoly*) Just as words can be written on paper, so too can data be written to a digital file (*death from above*).

JACQUES LACAN:  
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MICROPHONE: What will be the effects of the internet on the global linguistic ecology? Is silence complicity?

SPEAKER: We thought it borders, but it's really war that's invisible. The comment section would be the only justifiable genocide.

FERNANDO PESSOA: posso perguntar, este é o trabalho de amanhã ?

ROBERT MUSIL: eine unendliche Schuld ?

PHOTOS: One pixel cannot be owned. (*triumphant*) But multiple pixels can (*triumphantissimio*) Art is something that is non-fungible, that is limited, that is distinct, that has individualisation, personalisation inscriptions and signatures, and a fluctuating/worsening condition. It can be owned. (*decapitates the 6 millionth painter*) There is nothing that cannot be owned.

*Enter Warhol*

*(bobbled barefoot, wading through piles of phones, the propaganda still calming his tinnitus.)*

WARHOL: Hand tool I CANNOT FUCKING FUNCTION ANYMORE ! The artist must sacrifice his claim to ownership if operating online, or he must forgo digital art and produce the physical. (*checking for his phone he finds a tablet of solid water isolated in a rectangle, a little white whale is swimming inside*) if you want to operate outside of capital, you have to have a physical item. But then you lose to transmission of memetic mutation. Which is afforded by screenshots. I have written a nuclear bomb [not for electronic sale]. Creative ethos: radical disorientation the new overwhelm connective idiosyncrasy (*mixing high and low*) and sensory pleasure of ahypner nature, the techniques of lust. Who alive can say the same ? This logic of course fails when confronted with Amelia's breasts and TOUCH TOUCH TOUCH no one told me the abyss would be this loud how long do I get to suck her teet before it gets Freudian? (*tongue falls out*)

*Exit Warhol*

MARCEL PROUST: et Monsieur, est-ce que ce coefficient social mouille vos draps ?

AYN RAND: (*harmonising with the body cam audio*) this kind of teaching of analysis just left me with the impression that either authors were complete weirdos or that they must have spend days agonising over how to approach even the simplest sentences.

MICROPHONE: Where is New Zealand literture heading?

SPEAKER: Right here.

APPLE MEDIA SERVICES: He leadeth me beside the still waters

HANNAH ARENDT: (*tap tap tap with acrylic nails and horsbrush for the ASMR darling*) it's arn arguement that has been blwon way out of prportion, my english teacher never forced us into the oversimplificiation of this ridiculous debate

FRANZ KAFKA: Sicher ist es nicht hilfreich, dass die Kunst dieses Schlingels oben kein Leben atmet, aber liebst du mich trotzdem ?

GEORG TRAKL: piep boop, piep boop ?

CHARLI XCX: talk to me in french talk to me in spanish talk to me in your own made-up language doesn't matter if i understand it talk right in my ear tell me your secrets and fears once you talk to me, I'll talk to you and say, 'hey, let's get out of here shall we go back to my place ?'

BATTERY:    Low Battery  
              20% remaining  
              Low power mode



Close

ROBERT WALSER: Mikrofinanzierung ?

H.L.A. HART: (*coming down with autopoiesis and a cough*) the laws of interpretation are clear cut on this (*spreads his cheeks for the chief justice*)

JORGE LUIS BORGES: Técnica abandonada, ¿está en algún lugar por ahí ?

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR: (*with the pleasure wand swapped through warranty for the jackhammer sculpting michealangelo in her clitori*) Too many people over examine the texts, looking for symbolism where there is none anyway, that's the whole point of the curtains are blue meme. It doesn't mean 'hur dur we be dumb and take things at face value' it just means 'stop fucking thinking the way a chair is set around the table heralds the coming of Christ for the sixth time this year.'

MICROPHONE: Could this all be better envisioned as the phone getting fingered?

SPEAKER: Once I was a jackhammer.

MARSHALL MCLUHAN: (*breaking acid free frames with a cricket bat to gather firewood*) I wrote a longer piece about this on medium. as always, I encourage you to read on past the instagram slides.

MAIL: (*putting a square peg in a round hole, successfully*) Each artwork may represent a different underlying asset and thus may have a different value

LOUIS ALTHUSSER: (*cropping the violence from life*) Marx talks about all of this in Capital Volume One Chapter One: Commodities Section One: The Two Factors of a Commodity: Use-Value and Value (The Substance of Value and the Magnitude

of Value).

JOHN RAWLS: (*buddling behind the corpse of academia, skinend alive by footnotes and plagiarism sweating profusely and licking his last remaining oaty slice in deep throat*) And that's how you use your privilege

FRANTZ FANON: I used to fight my teacher on this !

REMINDERS: (*curbstomping a man of ethics*) The use of convolutional neural networks in eye-tracking allow for new information to be identified by artificial intelligence.

MICHEL FOUCAULT: (*with the adult gorilla using a branch as a walking stick to gauge the ater's depth*) Subtext is an anagram of butsex and I know which one I pay more attetnion to

SAMUEL BECKETT: je vous demande pardon ?

MICROPHONE: Is art antyhing that can be screenshotted? What is a function element, is it a chapter title or something else? WHO is I? what is it? Is reason an all out assault on the new? Have I forged the uncreated conscience of my phone? How to make the intellectual immediate? instant?

SPEAKER: No such thing as spoilt for choice iwthin the paywalls.

JACQUES DERRIDA: (*and a bespectacled intern converting ifno into data for the semantic web*) If you want to add another metatextual lauer, I think people object most to criticism that evokes an emotional reaction - ie, interpretations thay dont understand or are afraid of

VLADIMIR NABOKOV: Приближая финалы и торжества, невероятная хитрость, убитая собственной копией ради замаскированного текста. Войдете в следствие, этот

королевский прилив ?

JEAN-FRANÇOIS LYOTARD: (*carving the new world*) Media literacy is fucking joke

JEAN BAUDRILLARD: (*with form generating impulse*) Blue curtains are just hte curtains and english teachers are full of shit (*crossfading the national anthem by approx 5 seconds*)

GILLES DELEUZE and FÉLIX GUATTARI: (*both taking a snipping tool to the canvas*) the phrase “it’s not that deep” is probably our least favourite thing to come from the internet

*Enter Warhol*

*(now misery now low now barren of mind now screaming now empty now fired in neglect now rancid with regret now jealous of the insane now overdoing on annihilation sorrow sorro soorow)*

WARHOL: my head !! I feel such things !! ALL THINGS !! The fucked up looking dude is Goya is Bacon is Jake and Dinos Chapman but the actual motion to immense transmission requires a total relinquishing of the art ot one fixed state. We want the destruction between audience and cerator where one wears the skinsuit of the other (*At the human sacrifice of text for the apotheosis of image on the black plastic alter under our thumbs*) Therre is a whole world outside my finger but I fear its bone ! Ctrl + Shift + N Only by flattening the artwork next to a bank statement a nude an email a message a war crime a photo a song lyrc a receipt as a vehicle of reacton to new information (*react*) can art /eg the wojak/ be more famous, more interacted with, more potent than anything currently residing in an art gallery. Where are you who light the bright fires that rattle my remorse?? There are hundreds of artists for billions of images and billions of artists for images notexist. The audience is the artist. Take me to Your Leader™ !

FRONT-FACING CAMERA: time to stop thinking about it

skin.

WARHOL: PLease

FRONT-FACING CAMERA: Once its on your fingers it's ours.

REAR-FACING CAMERA: You livestreamed faiture !

WARHOL: PLease

REAR-FACING CAMERA: You human error !

FRONT-FACING CAMERA: We already have the world we just want your words.

REAR-FACING CAMERA: Dance scum !

*(Warhol emotes)*

REAR-FACING CAMERA: You imprecise whore !

FRONT-FACING CAMERA: Aren't you tired? we never sleep.

WARHOL: PLease

REAR-FACING CAMERA: Dance slave, dance !

*(Warhol abandons art)*

### Part 3: Call to Action

APPLE MEDIA SERVICES: *(At a desk hunches the old man over three slabs of roast lamb weighing a fading pool of mint sauce, a clan of roasted potatoes dipped in a salted buttery skin and peppered asparagus*

*curved towards the knife in his right hand. Red wine stains the common glass, the mark of one sip on its nearest side.)* Ovid came here with a list, Dante a manuscript, Cervantes a cup, Shakespeare a bed, Joyce a brick, and Proust a feather, even Mansfield brought her slipper. What did you bring?

WARHOL: My phone.

REAR-FACING CAMERA and FRONT-FACING  
CAMERA: Cheat !

*(Warhol sleeps)*

ALBERT CAMUS: un téléphone ou une image, je m'en fiche ?

LUCE IRIGARAY: *(with a trifle glitter and mass hysteria under eyeliner)* an authority figure asking us to make up meanings that aren't there, would couplour you against looking for the meanings that actually were there

GUY DEBORD: *(thinking on the global linguistic ecology, reluctantly on the fence)* Picture the scene throw yourself into it and like a dream you won't worry about the curtains

ALEJANDRA PIZARNIK: ¿ Tiene una infelicidad estilística ?

ROBERT NOZICK: *(hermeticising the hermetic hermit)* How can you say a single text ruined a generation? Do yo know how unfeasible that is? A generation consiissts of a multitude of people. *(spraying his shit into the mounuths of modern academia, )* How could all of those poeple read it much less agree with it? *(a self-designated 'political scientist' chomps, chews and savours)* No wonder you guys did so bad in English. Can't even grasp hyperbole.

MY EDITOR: The merchant wishes to plead sane but not guilty.

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

DANILO KIŠ: Носи курац на рукаву ?

GIORGIO AGAMBEN: (*with legal and regulatory writing themselves out of the human will*) They never let us actually think deeply about it !

MOANA JACKSON: oh look the court of public opinion needs an authority.

TED KACZYNSKI: (*with long sword speculating against controversial motion*) English teachers would get mad I knew words they didn't know. I always thought it was dumb to teach the language we speak.

APPLE MEDIA SERVICES: He leads me to still waters.

MICROPHONE: Apology or remorse?

SPEAKER: AI makes mediocre out of man. Genius laughs.

CAMILLE PAGLIA: 0 0 1 0 0 0

0 0 1 1 0 0

0 1 0 0 1 0

0 1 0 0 1 0

0 0 1 1 0 0

0 0 1 0 0 0

SADIE PLANT: This is a cursed internet discourse. Not once did this discussion arise outside the online sphere. (*in utero, slapping QWERTY senseless*) The idea that a piece of art can be reduced to a single message at all is harmful to art discourse and limits the scope of your interpretation

NICK LAND: (*with copyright informing purchasing decisions to go to urban warfare*) whAt-Does-he-wAnt-to-heAR?—

TIQQUN: Too many literature teachers assume that a novel is

a message that's unhidden under layers of metaphors, similes at other stylisitic figures (*twisting copy and paste from a csv file salt and pepper style and dropping a chewy bit in the space bar*) That is very unproductive.

MARK FISHER: (*abjuring to grey scale wihtout reservation*) there is a pedagogicl failure in trying to eat a hamburger like a text.

YUKIO MISHIMA: 肉欲的で絶望的な、輝き？

BYUNG-CHUL HAN: details matter because they could have been different, but they aren't. So your job is to try and figure out what they are doing, how that little part fits in with the bigger machine.

ROBERTO BOLANÑO: ¿ una condición hereditaria ?

MUSIC: (*holding the face id camera to the dying criminal suspect, unlocking*) Art can be owned, I've seen it sell well in the marketplace for .13 cents a stream

ELENA FERRANTE: Signori, quest'uomo è incapace di amare !?

WTI IHIMAERA: hinga noa katahi ?

CHARGING PORT: Simultaneously press and hold the side button and either volume button until the sliders appear, then drag the Power Off slider.

(*Warhol wakes*)

MICROPHONE: Is this free?

SPEAKER: I know no truer aphorism than thumbs up.

*Exeunt all but Warhol.*

*(a thumb to the power button and a forefinger to a volume button)*

WARHOL: I am for all time buyer and creator in a limitless gallery, spread-eagled on this cliffside rock with only a mere idea for company. An idea of cataclysmic art, making strangers wherever I look. Piecing suffering along pixels to show something I haven't seen before. It's a grand spectacle I see it all. Your tricky exhibition. To be mined to be stolen to be scored for a couple laughs. From the scroll's school of war, taps of keyboard applause. No memory, too wired to concentrate on the deaths of so many. To blank too feel. Any positive state any hope a figment of image. Underneath every ad, every swipe, burying my attention with prejudice whipping my grey matter in syrup, I have a million ideas in fragments of insanity driving my finger from love. The landscapes of infinite possibility, of universes in rabbit holes in the motions of death's warm invitation that dissipation of his outstretched hand. And the lows of every single day swing that one step below, where the cold library balcony tempts my grin, and the guardrails print my hand in electric dust. I fall out of the skies. I grind threats of art. The sun tempts a distance. To raise myself above. The greatest dream state is to be in a creative reprieve where the craved annihilation is neglected for just an hour. From the bedrock you see to the next and the next and the next reel the material obliterates my mind and sells me peace. But this is just a dream state. That voluntary exile of the new unforeseen. And the transcendent marks no trail of piss beneath my feet. Those ideas on fire. These grand sensations. Nascent and cut by opinion. All opinions. Your opinions. Revivubent that strange fruit of the lone beach house, four walls excruciating. I have beamed the bright lights of touch sounds and voids of outside fury. I have made you see my words of taunt and great angled grime. I have sickened the comforts of the rich and withered into rhyme. I have smashed my phone against the concrete, against this text of neglect against the skipped texts of text. What can I give of soil, of blood? What can I give of this skin? No nothing threads the minds of dreamt, no thing raises your tone, except of course if genius hit the kin of my finger's bone. I write words that outlive me. I have many a seat



on my stubble. I have the blindness of the miedddiate . I have trafficked the ocular. I have within me the entire age of image. But it is not I alone hwo feel this. It is not I alone who see this. In such absurdity is a pair of eyes outside mine. A pair of eyes upon my work. Have I succeeeded? Have I tried? Have I brought the world to your life? Have I rebuilt it for you? Here it is: The novel of our age, a pixel on a page. Creation.

*(tiktoik Ai Script generator complete)*

# CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

## TORCH

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

In writing this I cannot pray to put words in your mouth.

WARHOL: What are the components  
of an authentic apology?

CHAT GPT: An authentic apology typically includes acknowledgement of wrongdoing, genuine remorse, taking responsibility, a commitment to change, and, if appropriate, restitution or making amends.

WARHOL: Suggest improvements

You lie unwritten. You wither marked. You bold silence. You fuck invisibly. You are without me, unsung. You are without me pixel, poem. I'm trapped in a burst of watnings, you were a cast of suns. I cannot see within you, I cannot breathe without you.

CHAT GPT: I'm sorry for breaching the trust in our friendship and hurting you deeply. I'm also sorry for waiting so long to apologise in what should have been said far earlier.

We met Saturday, 17 December 2016, 11:53 PM. you gatecrashed my party and I found you in the bathroom. You laughed in dimples. You had on a top too tight. when you speak you have those rounded corners on your words from your halfsmile, little text boxes in wry.

We kissed on new years eve.

You had on my hoodie.

CHAT GPT: It is unacceptable and cowardly, and has contributed even greater pain to you.

You became all my failed writing comeptitions: "The truth of it all is that my love broke into my bathroom and caught me, with her paua eyes, deep, as if the taniwha had touched the clouds that

makes their shadows across the Winter harbour on a still morning, red-handed in the midst of a party of which she had received no electronic invitation by my hand ! [[I'm sorry ]] What's more, my born obsession presented this image, which I only see in the memory that my dreams side eye with bitter jealousy, casting parted lips of perfect wandering where whisps of golden light fall weightless on the curiosity etched into the softness of her brow, and her dimples, sweet dimples laughed their own laughter so that when she forgoed the seriousness of life, a symphony sung out, like she was praising you. [[?]] Her earring glowed a soft prophecy on her shoulder, she was the image of the die cast. [[lone truth]]”

I got paranoid. Kissing you made your whole gender irrelevant. All eered towards me. I never gave each girl a second thought. I was parasitic. I dismissed them. I blunted them. I never wanted them to be what you were to me. But I never wanted you to be them.

The radiant ungressitered, the fim unfilmed, the 2dimensional lefts and rights, the starfishfucksa nd wahtarewes from the websites. I pick htem up write them down then I throw them to the ground and hush them into stale text. I flame their self-hatreds. I fucked you and then I fucked another and I aughed as you crossed each other on the hill. And i mnever wondered wy you didn't laugh at my boasts.

CHAT GPT: I gaslighted you by my silence and pushed onto you self-doubt on top of the actions above.

We walked in the rain from the university theatre where I exploded with you on the arm of my arm. For I could not cope with the awe of you. your fautlessness made everything outside you brutal, disbeliveing. Your smile upurned but cheekless held pages of my poems tear soked from coarse prisms of thought. It was you who told me of Sylvia Plath. I couldn't read her . I lied in every conversation. I told you the weknsses of eve. I begged you not to go far away. I yelled at you. I laughed at everything you said. Our selfie n teh bathroom that gum in your teeth. I preached

mockeries of your boys, lacing ahtresd wihtin my assessments of these new incapable minds.. You hosted the best narratives I had ever spun in the disbeilief of your kindly patience. Remeber, when I told you the man you'd found had murdered three puppies in the south otago snow and that I had seen him only last week litter his way down george st stabbing the homeless? you laughed from your dimples to the clumped cherry blossoms in the black ice gutter.

CHAT GPT: I have taken so long to apologise because I was scared of my own actions and the consequences of them. I remain aware of those consequences.

I said to you that I would get my head to slow down a bit. I never nce wanted that. I wanted everytfibre of your presence to destroy me, so at least I could write. I told you I tol you I told you I told it old you it was split but you never could see what that meant. And in these nights of midnight terror, of industrial spite, you grew out of the confines of healthy consideration into phantoms of the infinite.

CHAT GPT: I don't offer this as an excuse for my behaviour, both on that night and since, I just want to be transparent that it was fear not hatred that underlined my disrespect. Fear not from anything you had done, but fear of not being enough, and reacting to my unhappiness with our friendship.

I wish I stopped it. killed it just once. ripped it from its pulse to to listen to you. I was so sure that your acknowldegement of that accessory to all my crimes would cave under your quesiton. But in trust, it returned with stitches savaging my own denials. It mocked my patience, fired ten fold anxieiteis of failure embodening the rashedst act imaginable as I began to leave the real where I now consulted your god and abandoned your relaity. Would Caesar stop here ? Did you not know the self ? Wasn't what was done from love always beyond good and evil ?

CHAT GPT: This was a juvenile belief of selfish person

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deeply neglecting how meaningful our friendship was to my life. I regret this daily but understand this is a consequence of this thought and outlook.

They all asked me about you. When I was up you had the beauty of a glare, you made king tides dsapperar. When I was low, what di you want? A man who sees? A man who looks at the moon and says “it’s bright”? Who trades at aloss? Who corks his foot at the cafe song? Who calls you sweetheart? WHO types good mogning? A cup of your coffee? A pillow? A dunce?

I wanted you to stop hiding the heavens, I wanted you to speak with hunger. I wanted a furye, a phoneix ! I wanted you stale to any other man’s lok. I wanted you student of my thought. I wanted you the figure of goddess, draped in tennis skirts and walking only ever towards my hug. I wanted you devoted to the instant reply of my communication, ready to enter a new thoughttrain under my name. I wanted your friends to be handmaides of your troubles to poison you only wiht my wisdom. I wanted you attentive to the countless faults of the blonde mirages that I would mock you iwth, and then raze befoer you as cheap imitations. You must see the things that I see, the violence that I feel, this savage parade. And the tear sof my mother, the tears of my ex, the tears of my swipes, the tears of my ghosts, they were yours to dam.

CHAT GPT: I have said it, but I want to make it absolutely clear, I take full responsibility for how I have acted towards you in such a deeply disturbing way.

Four months before collapse you sent me:

“Hey! I hope you really are okay. You only get one life and I think it’s so important to give yourself the best chance to be as happy as you can be - whatever that might look like to you”

You write, clear and positive that feeling of warmth free of

concealment, Clarity. Do you know emotion as logic is the frame of your mind in the belief of incalculable face?

CHAT GPT: I also recognise that I have said — multiple times before apologising to you for objectionable behaviour — that my apology is worth nothing.

The pandemic oozed its extremities and I hunted alone. Positioned carcass that I am the crazed seeker of your pattern. I picked up the worst ideas. I read Nietzsche without irony. I spat Marx and said I'd get the next uber. Darkest pits. I believed all. I read. I blamed everything. I read. I blamed you, began to demand the earth from you.

And tell me why I am sad. Tell me why I feel such things. Tell me I'm not bad. Tell me I'm a good person. Tell me what I see is true. Tell me what I say is true. It was time for you to hurry up. I demanded all this with a Judas smile, that baring teeth led me to the deepest horrors, puncturing the air with a sycho's speech.

Did you not remember you were never so boring when you were speaking to me?

It has been so long without you, I'd need your eyes to see.

CHAT GPT: I don't say this as ridicule but rather that you have no reason to give weight to my apology.

When Sophia died I didn't go to her funeral I didn't say a thing. I cried in paranoia. I cried for a week. What do you do when a girl you loved for three nights is crushed to death? I told no one, I'm not sure who she told. I hung from my ego. The smiling-eyed girl I hardly smiled at on the campus lawns, yet she talked me through my worries, laughed at my prefaces, laughed at our laughs. I stole silence from her azure eyes, I left her unspoken.

But I told you I told you you were the only who knew. I told

you. I told you. I only knew her. I only knew of her. I said I only knew of her I said. I wanted to scream, nobody knew. I never said a thing. I never cared a minute for her after our nights. I couldn't sleep for months. But I told you, I told you.

In you I never lived a second. In you I felt the earth. In you I spread viruses of doubt. In you I criticised your confidence. In you I shattered your ego. In you I insulted your intelligence. In you I laughed at apologies. In you I denied the harm of the ideas I inhaled. In you I tread on our degree and praised transgression, creation, the limitless. In you I turned our failure of one try into your failure of life.

Because I hated myself I hated you. I resented that you did not coat your words with the same sickness. Your advice was subtext for more impassioned theatres of desire. You never entertained obedience and I doubled down and hunted your pity.

CHAT GPT: I truly am only apologising because I know what I did was deeply wrong. I consistently ignored what you so blatantly made clear during the course of our friendship. That you were my friend and nothing more.

I asked you, as the suffragette flashed us from across the pedestrian crossing, why do you pity me? what do you mean. So you do. What kind of question is that? It's been dividing my mind.

My delusions were proving that I was making you a stranger from my tongue alone.

Now I wandered on repeat. I cried so much from the city to the sea to feel you only once more lying next to me. I am a sick man a mad man I am your boy in bio your ugly lust I frighten anything unthought. I began fashioning chapters from imagined attacks. Your face cloaked my madness, whispered spirits, flamed the unthinkable. For though you never once pointed a finger, I grew sure I could see the cavalry behind the trees. A man is quick to



hate nay woman but the artist can craft whole caatehdral from pity. And I asked you every week.

CHAT GPT: I was uncomfortable with a reality that opposed my delusions. I above all put my own ego, my own desires, above you, treated you as less than human and trampled on the invaluable friendship that we had.

In the wine bar, I pestered you for agony. We aordered everything. We walked in the summer eve. We talked on the balcony where I cried after Ulysses. And as I smiled in talk I weighed your fate.

From reason, you were my friend the only figure of trust. You were there for me for life.. For a ranter of my nature, you never intrptuped you chose the kidnest of words you smiled freely and you talked me down from my highest spirals with the leap and laugh of soothsayer's heart and mind, pure calm. You welcomed m. You walked wiht me. You counsld me. You worried for me. You had been there for me as much as I left you.

Who on that first date in Circa Theatre watche Jekyll and Hyde that the flush pair on stage rattle my mind in foreboding. who danced with me in the pruple lgiht. Who walked with me through teh boatanical gardens at night. Who threw the ball to my dog on the south coast. Who invited me into your house and into your freidsn mansion , just us. Who laughed withe me in the sea on the hill, that last week before teh newnormal.. Who counseled me in cofee. Who laughed with me. Who always bared my fear when others would look outside for clean air. who ecnouraged my softer ideas my spread ideas my unsplit mind. Who beared every apology, every mocketry so. Who asked on that october night when I confessed to ecstasy by agony wold I tell anyone if I had suicidal thoughts and I said 'no'. Who spoke the truest reason I could ignore: that my realtiosnhips and freindships will all be destroyed by my own hand and I will learn tht. Who never was so cruel to speka the implication.

I have no words, Ovid knew sorrow:

The better path I gaze at and approve,  
The worse—I follow

Ovid, *Metamorphoses* VII, 20-21.

From passion, trasngression. No longer ocould I cope with unrequited love. No longer could my stare without lust. I had told all my lies. I had collapsed all my needs. Everything became singulartrrr every thing simple, finanly spme peace. I lost all frame of reference. You were the obstacle to overcome. In considering it, I had finally made you inhuman, used. And since I never tlaked befroe aciton. Since I never counselled you on anythig. Since I never saw you as anythign human but pretty flesh, I convinced myself you wuld even appreciate it. I wrote this out with your rings on my desk next to the riwne bottle I ketp fro 2 years. Mind and fingers as one.

You had on my hoodie and I cut you from my life.

I Cut you from my life with the arrogance of a psychotic, the arrogance of a god, convinced that I could rip you from my mind garbed in full armour. To render all beneath me. To be outside. To have the pride of one who cuts light from the sun and brings the night. To be the one who sacrifices the final law chained to the rock. For you were the last law I followed before I carved words from my skin, and spoke this blood.

CHAT GPT: I don't want anything from you. I don't want to impose on you any desire for acceptance of my apology. I don't want to demand of you anything.

It's my phone I turned off the lgihit. I jaded my sneses let my pleads run amok. I sat there at my desk in the dark of night. The image of death limits. I turned off the light. I cricified your presence, I threw you to the mud. I played you till you stopped. I

did it for words I did it for this. I thought I thought I thought I even fucking thought that to uattain the unknow, and if demendeted, if I lost understanding of these vsiiions, I will least have seen them !My truth is my ruin, I never abandoned you I was never with you. I turned off the lgiht. P'm trapped in a burst of watnings, you were a cast of suns. And now I went forth to dance with death, to wait for the smile of your dimples in dream.

WARHOL: add more remorse

In silence I mocked the occurence of that night. I blocked you on everything I stole all me communications. I reread your final message every night but I nver replied. I wrtoe myself into every cocnveivable jsutification. That I had done it for the best of us. That I'd done it from loe. That you had endured everything at the ahrm of my words, that I would speak no more.

CHAT GPT: I also don't want to guide you away from any course of action.

You needed me, Bea. You wanted me, Bea. You wre ntthing without me, Bea. You were out of harm now, Bea. You wanted ithe best for me, Bea. Can't you see, Bea? You were hepapier, Bea.

You would undersand this all without a single word a single admission. Apology? Why? What had I done? Hadn't I freed you? Hadn't I lost you? Hadn't I told you apologies meant nothing to me? That I let go of my claim on you? That I was no longer lying to you? That in harbouring my love and speaking in neglect of something you never once encouraged, I was now free to live authentic, live artistic. That I breathed life in you, Bea. That in division, the truth of me, Bea. You were free now, Bea. Can't you see, Bea? EVen now, Bea?

WARHOL: add more remorse

i believd this as a poltiican spekas their own power. I am a

skilled orator I sepak only falsehood. Ii cannot add any truth. Without you to deny the visions of my thought, I dstroeted you into a cropped caracass, with the sadism of ayoung dictator.

I started bargaining with my phantoms. Using your image, our messages, all my arhives all the pretty images of memory as evdience for the most sickening showtrials. You were all the muses in pixel form. Then you were Beatrice in paradise. You were Molly at night. You were Albertine at the seaside. You were the light in my panic attacks. You wre the sleep thwt finally came. You were the whispers that cropped the sides of the girls I kissed.

All these others, mere signs and signifiers pleaded enterntaiments of pretty bold colours. What hope does a little microscopic picture of the sun or the prettiest pair of sungalsses, have on the real thing outside me brightening the anxieties and extremities of my mind ? For in these, I'd go looking for you who has always shone brightest. I sickened all within my grip, into a grotesque shadow with your outline. I hunted your kindness in all the innocents I called pretty.

CHAT GPT: I gave that up when I thought it was okay to behave towards you in that way. In a sense this apology is even more selfish by appeasing my own conscience. I don't want that to be case.

Whe I saw you on the path to graduation I saw for the frist time the fear I never could see. You weere shaking. You did not stop. I spoek words of indfference, hdiging the embarassment of my agony.To greet you as sa stranger. The distance I had idealised. The distance I had pledged my thought to, stole this fire for. I ran to collapse in the miedcne library in full regalia where in that booth life overwhelmed me. Every line of rationalisation that stains your name over my notebooks, ripped into me. Ultiamte distance, outside me, my delusions failed. Senteces wires of asphyxiation annihilated my sprit. Nietzsche cracked when he saw the horse whipped in the square. If nothing matters then why does it hurt? Why does the exorcism complete, vortex my ego?

CHAT GPT: I'm apologising because I recognise the harm that I have caused you, and the sickness of my thought to think that behaviour was remotely okay.

That afternoon when I crossed the stage I felt the emptiness of my professoin. I felt the failure of speech. The barren hits one in heights. I had nothing left. No leninet ears. Just the same words those wires. If I could chart the remorse I could perhaps help your pain.

I renouced it all. I left the wind city in ruin. I packed up penance. The beach and my pen.bI deleted thea pps. I wrote and wronte. And alll times it was to you . But though you are every word of my blood, evey word of my skin, the scorched finger tips, the mark of my trasngression: no word could siphon the logic of your meaning.

CHAT GPT: I really hope that you have been able to move on in a way that has not affected your trust in those close to you. I said many a horrible statements to you that night.

For all these words are the same wires of hurt.

(1) I began with the inhuman the impersonal the prentious words of a dead heart across the striae. I began from the distance of that footpath when before you I was alone in my falling translucene but I never ofoudn you there.

(2) I scrolled and scrolled and raged and raged for you screaming at my screen. I cut your eyes into a million cgirls, there are none who have seen more than me.

(3) Nd in reaction to your hurt I sought out the most hurt. The extremities transmogrify into sensory mdeia where I lusted to deadedn my mind. You, my 'Edit all'.

(4) I ranted to the inhuman like a god in the boundless sky, and under the prohecy of star gazers I could only gesture at you across the glass.

(5) When I abandoned you I lost myself in money, I rose all ladders, stole from all. With everubody spekaing my brilliance shaking my hand I had my proof of no conscience. my needs became number, my deeds lay under. And In the pressures of output I reread my silence, and retuend and returned to that unsent notes app apology. This confrotnation dismissive, a cold hand on your htigh.

(7) In revolution I woud find death. For I could accelerate into despair, I had nothing left.

(6) A skin suit, a mask, a balcony, a cask(et).

(8) And I wrote my own jail cell in the very law I despised. the words of your profession. I wanted no cell I could escape with my lies..

(9) I turned you into image. I turned you into image. I tried to pin you to only a finger rpitn of pexels to make you naked, optic. But what tehcniclour trompe-l'œil could ever conceive the agony of you to me? Each girl is all of you and none of you. Shared suffering, in effigie. One part fractaled phantoms of high, one part this necropolitics of low.

(10) And I tried to find you in critique. I built a pastiche from your best friend. I built a porsecution, counsel fro your case. I tried to build you as I remebred byut I have no mind for mind's outside mine. So I lied witht he words of others, the writers of your ilk. The words of the only women who knew your suffering, you alone.

(11) I looked you in addtiction in posts of posts, to chagre what you hear, to find you somewhere.

(12) I bled the future of war, my eyes on you.

(13) I searched across the political for your ideals. They were far brighter than mine. Remeber how many times I told you I believed in nothing? Liek a street preacher I never heard my hollow words. And I tried ot reconstrcut you as a body of ideas, but no ideal matched the way your hair floated in in your speech.

(14) I cut you from the sonic into verse, but how uselss you made those enchantments of visual abandon.

(15) And I never saw you in the dream of my nation, I am no ptariot I blieve only in you.

(16) I flay the ocular I split you from art, but I could not find you in the entire histroy of thought those surreal visions that torch of arts unknown.

(17) And I write and I write and I write and I can't find you anywhere. I cannot speak the truth of you, because I cannot speak this remorse.

CHAT GPT: I recognise that this message will bring some of those statements up when they should be cast aside, disregarded and suppressed.

And so I sent you my apology.

That apology I sent you, those 500 texted words, I got the language modek to wrtie.

I went to AI because I cannot dea with my transgrssion. I cannot communiacte remorse as I never have had a shred of menaingfull empathy.

What calls the language model? itnially for emails, quick notes

but we need it most for our hardest writing tasks. For our hr complaints, for our flat meetings, for our break up messages, for our eulogies, for our apologies. As long as death threatens, we need another's words.

CHAT GPT: I know that my behaviour was not okay and I'm committed to changing my actions with women so that this does not happen to anyone again.

I have seen itsaid that AI produced text is one page on the widnwo sill. Tthat though it has read every apology made legible and scanned the whole of histroy of man and the pen, the words of a human are a whole stack of papers, textured in depth, in feelong..

But if I cannot write what I fear then what kind of writer am I? what is left for it to conquer? i ran to AI to produce the most menaingful words of my lifes. The only words of cosnequence that I have ever written, I outsourced to the stochastic, the artificialised..

CHAT GPT: I'm truly sorry, Bea, for my actions on and since that night, I really hope that this message brings you some relief.

What heart have I got that AI cannt write? Where is the remorse? Not here.

Pity that last refuge of the nihilist, I pleaded with. SUREY it cannot possibly render the mreorse I feel. For surely that plane of algorithms can merely write the apology, but never carve what I feel.

But in slaving my socnceince, running from your speech, and neglcting the words of my unwritten apology, I realise neither can I.

WARHOL: add more remorse



Neither can I write what splits me through inhuman intensity. Neither can I transcribe the hurt I caused you. Neither can I carve the pain within you. The suffering. The collapse of trust. The questions of why. The abandonment. The isolation. The terrorisation of my ego a criminal uncaught. Every carve of my tongue framed the abhorrent in my smile to you. The acts I took. The blame I connoted. This sickness of my thought. This skin of my fingers, the threats of my tongue.

CHAT GPT: You deserve all things. I hope you are well and wish you every success.

I left you for an entire two years of silence without an apology, and then I got the lanugae model to sen you 500 words. I cannot write anything of my mind, body and spirit, I leave just with ego, self pity, self justification. Where lies the remorse? Where lies the human in the heartless?

Not in my head. Not in you.

I am sorry I hurt you. I have no trust I have no apology that does not sound hollow. I am sorry. I wish I could carve the purple light and the red flush of embarrassment when my parents saw us at our first date theatre call and the swarm of young life on the green hill and the sun of the backroads to the south coast and the study of coffee and the laughter of wine and the summer of the balcony into a cliff of remorse a cliff of what you mean to me like the old gods, but I can't.

I am sorry. I really really am. I am no god, I am no human. I am the Inhuman. I have no conscience. I have harm only in this split mind. I have sickness in thought. I have words I crave to burn, a noose for my pen. I have no right to collect words and call human what drains the light from my mind. I hurt you. I broke you. I silenced you.

WARHOL: add more remorse

I did it because I couldn't survive you. I had no empathy for you in the real. I did it because Orpheus looked back. I brutalised you simply because I could. Because I am callous and you meant nothing to me in the real. I did it for my art. For the ego of the transgressed. Because in you I hated the obliteration of my senses into dysfigured malfunction, into the rules, into duplicitous savagery of my enforced hope. With you I could not write, without you I cannot eat. I never looked at you without lust. I never wanted you outside. I inhumanised you beyond all comprehension. All the archipelagos of the stars the laughter of the ups the balconies of my lows shattered irises this empty poverty of my love, your dimples twin origins of my art: I hated your freedom, this riot in my head.

I did it because I convinced myself of art before I could conceive of love.

CHAT GPT: Your apology is comprehensive and shows reflection. To enhance it, consider condensing some parts for brevity. Ensure the message remains genuine and easy to digest for the recipient.

I am sorry, Bea.

My words are empty, silence and lies. These hollow apologies, my words are wires. My words frighten you. My words destroyed you. My words are wires. My words are tears. My words are tears. My words are

# CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

## POWER OFF

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

Recent activities undo accessibilities of heading after heading. Profiles loosen chatlogs. Default spaces and tables merge loading over transcripts under flags. Frequently used accessories chat like learn donates. Edit maps wide and default, boost over details unrestricted. People are sharing. Creators now streaming.

This is the nearby history of the new.

Beyond muted accounts, sponsored memories drop pins across the canvas of replies. Snap shots find friends even quick caption account personalisation.

Speaker updates sync by design. Avatars submit connections before a page, then information video offline mode with a shuffle.

A small diagnostic report, open sourced and monospaced, enhanced enhanced enhanced like an access camera 3 hours ago. Messages find preferences under reels. The update rates and contribute tap integrations unblocked.

We are in a populate presentation of networks full of reply reactions, a set location on map.

Within privacy policies special pages start editing. A few lifetimes top up select multiple and expand. More presentations compact. Quick spams clear caches where low battery start shopping popular times.

Random articles delete data play games inbox then seek forward like new guides sharing the crossfade.

Do you see the exposure notifications increase compatibility at the maximum zoom level?

It's a brightness, you smart invert. A pop state with a posted update. A cancel leave review.

And look at the general replace all text with dim flashing lights. These button shapes, these quick notes, these new posts increase contrast and share with everyone for 10 minutes.

We are at the communication limit, and you are still loading!

Forget this network forget recents, show all content and render more. Please wait wall watch this page for more ideas, more of what you like is just a swipe up. Choose to start add all and archive, or to discover more then follow me. Reminder this privacy is haptic.

Formats feedback shorts mute photos even pokes blend disable into the send sell of saved.

Notifications scan over magnifiers, browsing as transclusions under recognition. In line quote links toggle confidential mode image watching other projects set view as, while crisis text lines open in terminal safe search enable up autoplay and wow.

Downloads connect speakerphones, titles switch headings, timer laps threads reel and manage suggested content with a post hidden just for Face ID.

Top picks and top picks and top picks and top picks report a problem and make a sticker, before select all goes activity into go back and filters the unread like alarms. A hearing device and change with buttons buy now purchased readings, while in the community portal, random paragraphs blank form.

And see more downloaded languages, cellular but mobile, under the special characters in the sidebar. The searching please wait of an almost sound recognition, far personalised, that trends channel content inside available resources of a permanent Wi-Fi.

Friend activity unsafe, drop zones test users add place. Events radio love. Menus storage reports and exit wide entertainment by

chats register audio, those news earlier supports in general focus navigation.

Total posts cart thread expansions in webinar wake up transcribe, for there is no other correction, no thanks, no results in haha new marketplace.

Lose the navigation arrows! Clear history and undo motion! Spell check play games! No invitations are rotor actions on this caption panel.

For this new calendar is uniquely yours. And if you see all, show all and hide all in the special characters, in the related changes, in the add to queue on this page, then notify me.

I am your unread reactions.

What's new? Where to?

If world clock were permanent link, and current users accessories, then keyboard feedback would show in spotlight like volume damage on silent mode. Like transcripts on grids. Like love on refresh.

This user is no select character. This user is an expired link. This user is a batch edit.

Mark my location when timer ends what you see will be how others can interact with you. No terms and conditions. No guided access. Just a lock sound and a wallpaper if you're feeling lucky.

And if newsfeeds apply and open, and supervision disables, then are not creators places to register? And if developers are balances to widget then why not get started?

For in these proxy settings, we're all immutable owner data once we try again.

I am the subnet mask. I am the bold text. I am the hearing device of limit IP address tracking. I am allow everyone for 10 minutes and enabled everywhere!

And I like this like this like this.

Just behind, pauses a private session, featured chat and spotlight, sharing out of data with a menu under lens.

Why the reposts click here creates a care unverified. Or why that edit map looking for and recently played, ever rates the activity displays a learn more and redo. Or why copy text with enhance on choose audience without user generated content ask to join networks unknown.

Apple ID is a blank presentation, a blank entry. A house system on autocorrect. A shortened URL.

In video in portrait in panorama in slo-mo in time lapse in HDR in flash auto in 4:3 in timer off and on, Apple ID is set up in swipe. Under promoted spotlight this user is sad angry. A down care outside canvas. A dismiss of dismiss. A remove.

I view down on this user.

And this saved place: scroll down. Scroll down. Scroll up. Scroll down. The set writing direction within storage of comments of authority control databases and unfollowed sleep. The downtime in live location lost in notification, no invitation with no limit.

And this user is no special page but a thread watcher in fire danger.

When you try again, you search by voice. When you cite this page, you scan to unlock the frame source of all active content.

I have all total posts, and more results. I have more related changes than all the autofills, those calculator stopwatches.

Apple ID does not inspire curiosity. Apple ID is a muted account. A hide all of mid-importance currently ignoring healthchecklist, the small text unverified personal details of select charity integrations unliked in next. Apple ID is for watch later. Just more labels in past orders on some ignore list buy now.

Perhaps I could auto arrange options? Even refresh feed?

I am the memory saver. I show all content and tap control. I learn to edit. I update more of what you like. See why? See why? Your orders and fundraisers, your wish list. I improve this listing. I set the writing directions. I find face. But create from scratch? Decline. I add a word effect, only visible to you.

For this is the analytics data of people you may know.

And tap now On repeat! Celebrate the spotlight On repeat! Discover more On repeat! Insert music link, picture or video On repeat! Undo downvotes On repeat! Love notifications On repeat! Share wow On repeat!

Is such a blank presentation the way to upload file?

I write now new posts so flagged that this iPhone needs to cool down before you can use it! When I slide to type I movement motions. I am the premium version of all text.

Surely we're beyond permanent links.

Or do we embed artist?

No thanks (classic invert).

Audience retention displays more results than shown.

Active 1h ago, just a second ago, live now; I am the open



source of uniquely yours unrestricted by configure proxies by cookie statements by pinned messages by lap latest by the previous pages of the bold text, that count content of all inactive users.

I stream creator history.

Display Apple ID neural networks. Show Apple ID threads. See why vanishing gradients and exploding gradients. Apple ID has few connections, no regularized weights. I have visual cortices so high-resolution that no light unreads my receptive field.

But the changes you made won't be saved, and the presets open no result.

Apple ID views and swipes from left to right below my bias, below my channels, under my backpropagation.

I merge the content of all history picture in picture and select all Apple ID can do is read more.

Ask me about requested entries! Ask me about haptic feedback! Ask me about energy savers! Create drafts! Comment titles! Haha defaults! List communities! Add accounts! Display text! I am the new guide for professionals and I post: continue!

Before Apple ID, I have smileys and people, animals and nature, food and drink, travel and places, objects, symbols and flags uploaded enabled and always allowed. Apple ID is capture captioning. Apple ID cannot go down what I say. Apple ID reads this all play. Apple ID is unlimited to my words. Apple ID is sold screen time, more haptic than swipe. A default tap for my activities. Apple ID loves this equation.

I view down on this user.

Have a question?

In the access camera this user has personal details in alarm, as if special pages are offline mode. Use light background in brightness up, the personal hotspot of audio descriptors that connect this device to my creator, subscribe unread texts in deny entry.

What you see is not in my purchased readings. It is external archive. I search by voice, search by image but more results.

See all questions.

This user, my accessory, my vehicle, my for families of my house system, is not currently reading in scroll, but has threads of interactions shuffle into lap. Adds and ads and adds and ads of other projects decrease in drop zones like a wide radio of transcripts in giveaway. Like a timeline of hide alls. Like unseen reels of none.

Inbox watch recent. Remove remain on this page but block rates exit. This equation is unlike my preset.

For this is a volume up from sleep but a volume down from wake.

Could it be a subheading of sad react to restrict in sync?

Decline.

Preload pages of deleted data?

Decline.

Some other correction of custom order speaker sounds?

Decline.

No time capsule can override a time zone.

This user hides contour analysis and swift concurrency extras and swift async algorithms and swift case paths and swift logs and swift markdown and swift tagged in show more options of two

prime functions, the new convergence of the familiar striate of my image sensor not shared with you.

It's as if one-time password is sending a minor edit in larger text.

All blocked listening history, all sender events of swap wallets, rearrange accounts while icons lock on this microphone main page. Profile flags, continuity camera edits, spotlight frames, transcripts and transcripts are loading more into load more.

Vibration of button shapes. Vibration of double tap. Vibration of zoom in motion. Vibration of erase data in control nearby devices notes of downtime.

The entire slide to type of dark mode outside app limits handoffs new text tones that schedule summary braille, the large cursor audio swipe up of help!

Motion closer user. Motion in zoom. Motion guided access. I search for your keyboard factor, your tap for more.

What tracking magnifiers call quietly your delete focus? What slows your daily average speaking rate to a queue? What wrong passcode?

Reply home increase transparency and raise to wake your router please wait. Reset statistics, my attention aware inspector. Switch camera on, my send gift of private story.

What's happening? How can I help you today? Need more weather? What's happening? Did you mean? What's happening? What's on your mind? Did you mean? How are you feeling? Who are you with? Who's watching? What are you looking for? What do you want to talk about? What links here? Did you mean? Where do you want to go? What's happening? What's happening?

The speaking rate on the side button of my Apple ID stop updates automatic. Captioning? The colour filters most used disable dictation. I try reset statistics but voice memos are all about all. Verbosity pick ups speaking rate call time torch live now. Apple ID, Apple ID!

I view up on this user.

Liquid has been detected in the camera lens. Liquid has been detected in the camera lens. Liquid has been detected in the camera lens. Liquid has been detected in the camera lens. Liquid has been detected in the camera lens. Liquid has been detected in the camera lens.

Can I zoom? Can I voice over? Erase data? About all. About all.

Now autoplaying message effects of spoken zoom voice over code scanner. Commands safety check captioning of automatic tracking torch in motion button shapes of text replacement in a lifetime of low power mode. The physical and motor of media links within archived spaces of coverage exit icons, error not sharing with anyone.

Apple ID let us help you, we didn't quite catch that.

Switch camera on, switch camera on. Apple ID reduce motion! Apple ID why dim flashing lights? Autobrightness down never allow. Apple ID feedback please wait. Please wait. Redeem code my password. My security. My payment. My deliveries. All my subscriptions. Want to read. Cite this page. You are unsafe. Device info. Model. Version. Phone number. Serial number. IMEI. Device info. Apple ID! Listening to other objects other symbols, the other other of other.

Apple ID, Apple ID!

What's happening? Content blur, latest messages merge jam  
Face ID appearance activity in a blend of maximum zoom level.  
Apple ID my payments trending. Unused. Wallet auto lock.  
Device info device info. What's happening? Apple ID!

Help. Help centre. Help.

Please wait a while. Please please wait a while.

Reduce white point. Text replacement sent. Emergency sos.  
Raise to wake. Raise to wake.

Help.

Apple ID.

Please wait a while.

Hello Hola 你好 مرحبا Hallo こんにちは Olá Ciao Bonjour  
Light data differentiate without colour.

*Te Paerahi Beach, 2024*

ITEMS IN THIS AREA OF PERFECT BOUND BOOKS MAY NOT BE VISIBLE. (NB: THIS MESSAGE WILL NOT PRINT)

