

Sounds from the Stone Age

Desire Direct

Desire Direct is doing research in the ecology of soil and advocates for digging up the geological paradigm and a refill of art & poetry with messy matter. Abstract and concrete experiments are conceptualized to proceed at a reasonable base level, that holds the wealth of abandoned, dense materials and gives way to the penumbral vision of the psychic.

Documentation about work-in-progress can be found [here](#).
Please do have a look at the [paraquel](#) of a piece that will follow.

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Moorhead

Survival condos mirror the manifold representations of gustoes and moods, but what they all have in common is an underlying ramified network of nodes that supports dynamic content. Interiors consist in large parts of copper, recycled from depreciated currencies, turning everything into open circuits of transnational hardware and local wetware. Lyndsay Moorhead, programmer and SF author, has added the feature of a picturesque suburban scene to her sitting-room, which appears abnormally large. The representation of a patio, furnished in a mix of late rococo style and functional practicality, has been realized by the deeply symbolic and technically refined art of trompe-l'oeil and forced perspective. A quite disorientating surroundings on first enter, until madness, the brain's most effective protective measure, cuts the cause-effect chain and fogs the unidirectional mindset. As soon as thought is realigned, substantial reality and ethereal dream fuse into a clear whole, which can be experienced as refreshingly stimulating.

The barren, rocky landscape stretching across the horizon is a marvelous view and as if composed down to last detail, flickering mirages float under a luminous tangerine sun. Moorhead discovered them by pure chance when a random constellation of prism, mirror, lens (a set-up that is now permanent) revealed otherwise hidden turbulences. A rather non-rational investigation of the zone by meteorological methods turned out negative and supported the suspicion that her walls are oozing energy. Such a movement of vibes requires elastic matter, even perhaps a gaseous atmosphere, which can be potentially life-threatening in hallucinogenic space. But all she can do is to keep a constant eye on the events, as there is no way to pilot or deactivate the behavior, which propagate forward as if by magic. Moorhead says, if she would writing this instead of living in the middle of it, she would link the root of evil to the structure of this gated community, whose architects presumably made plans far in advance. She consulted Dr. Erin Bryant, long time friend and assistant professor in the Earth & Planetary Sciences Department at UCSC, who took a detailed mapping of the building complex and a collection of geological samples for laboratory testing.

Cemetery contemplations The will to dance on charnel ground
frenzied movement in sphere ideally round
Here! chandala is meeting the lord
out of control, murder the ego
by loosen the chord

whirling in rhythm to drums of bones made of two related cones beating time from both sides
waving goodbye to past and future rides

Dog has looked at corpse already
sagdid safeguards departure steady
feasting on carcass u praised vulture!
flesh in acid, crop is bulged
keeping away plague from culture

neverending scattered loop Not locked in! ur soul goes whoop Sittin' on corpses, voyage in
courses practice till u Get in trance and dreams Fulfill bout necromance

Moorhead, and later also Bryant, got involved with Pneumatics some time ago. Back then, the faith community was girdled by excitement as the integration of the art of dying into modern lifestyle paved the way for a neoteric experience of sensations. So are singularity and journeys on the hyperloop no longer lofty ideals but daily reality. Politicians and other celebrities, solely drawn to the status of being awarded fellowship, bragged publicly about suffering mild to moderate disease, which, as rumour has it, is associated with the 'death cult'. They exposed themselves to great risk once underestimating the intensity of mental deterioration, that has unfurled amongst the initiated, who accepted an invitation eyes wide shut. According to New Testament scholar and textual critic Bruce M. Metzger, the Pneumatic canon is "a collection of authoritative books", which permits the addition of entries through the infernal process of continuous revelation. In technical terms this means that sound of the Year Zero resonates in its unceasing rhythm of transmission and reception and - to the traditio - ensures it through time and space. The susceptible brain will not be spared and crashes, leaving behind a shattered temple of consciousness. In order to thrive however, primitive man had relied on the participation in evasive language games. Those occult practices, a pattern of alterations on the flow of Nothing still shine today in the liturgical rites of the Pneumatic diaspora.

Gentle wind of high volume stimulates formerly garrulous Moorhead to eloquently illustrate the traumatic conditions she experienced with man-age-ment software, which consequently led to her departure. "Opting for permadeath was a tough decision, but it allows for emergence without anteriority, liberates from the burden of certainty and adds utter importance to communicative action. The Economy of Desire was a tried-and-tested model for byr, fueled by negative and reflexive cognition until concrete exchange aroused feelings of shame and guilt, at least from the time convenient means of payment were introduced. Unbound matter, respectively mere abstractions of it, went into circulation, "stuff that does not find spontaneous demand" as Lasch is quoted in the paper 'A Stupidity-Based Theory of Organizations'. And this vicious cycle is called, for good reason, the economy of persuasion, which provides its own propulsion, viz. self-reinforcing stupidity, provoked by the convulsive fixation on algorithms. Yes, this is madness by pure logic not by imagination - and as an engineer of fantasies I know what I am talking about - Giving nature a little boost .. slightly bending it is totally cool, but why those constant sham transformations and the concealment of bitter truths on the cosmetic level?" She goes on clamoring, whilst checking her meticulous appearance on screen. "You then ask, why did I became a writer? I liked the beautiful sound of my nails on the keyboard, so I lengthened my strings."