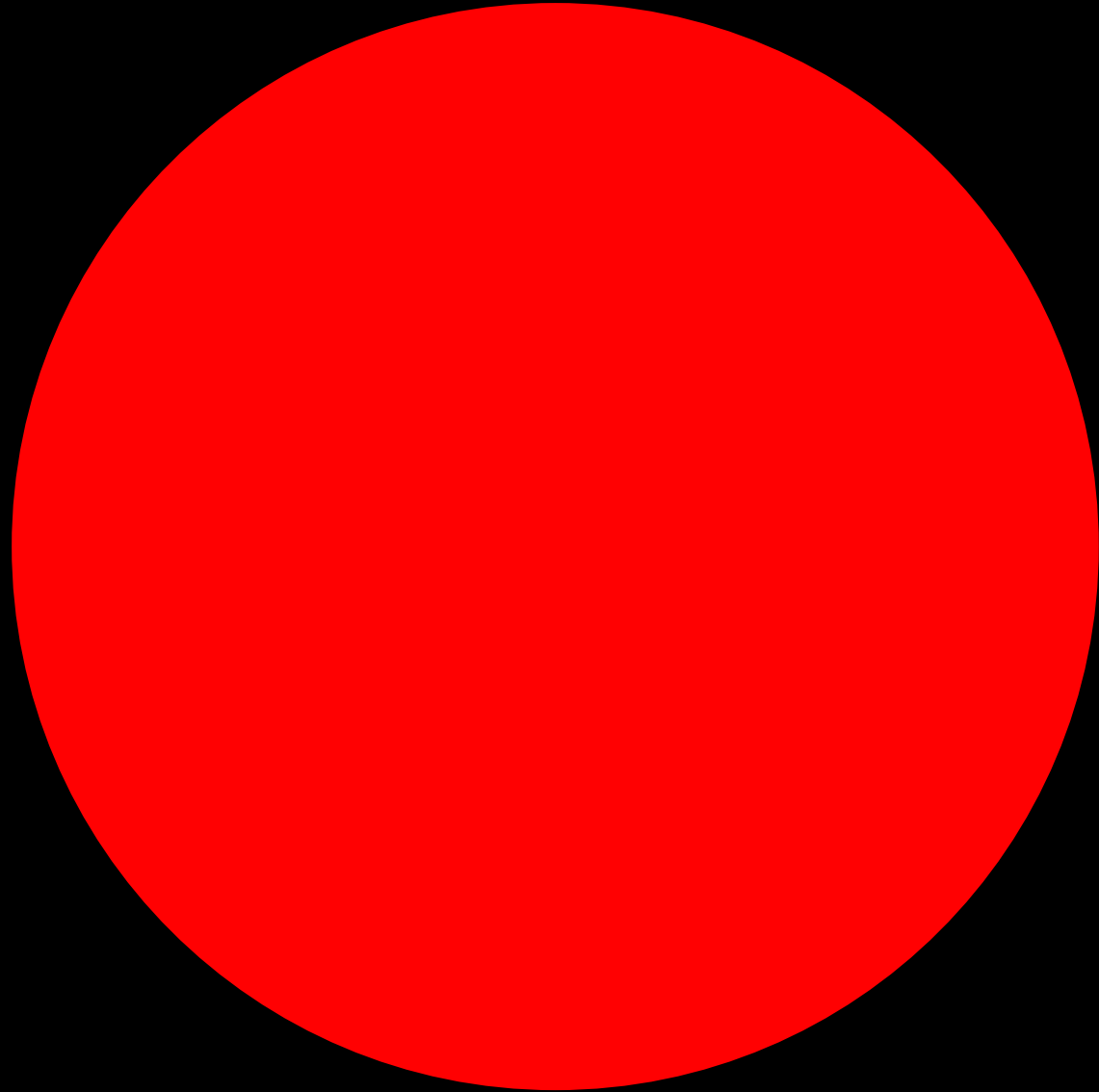


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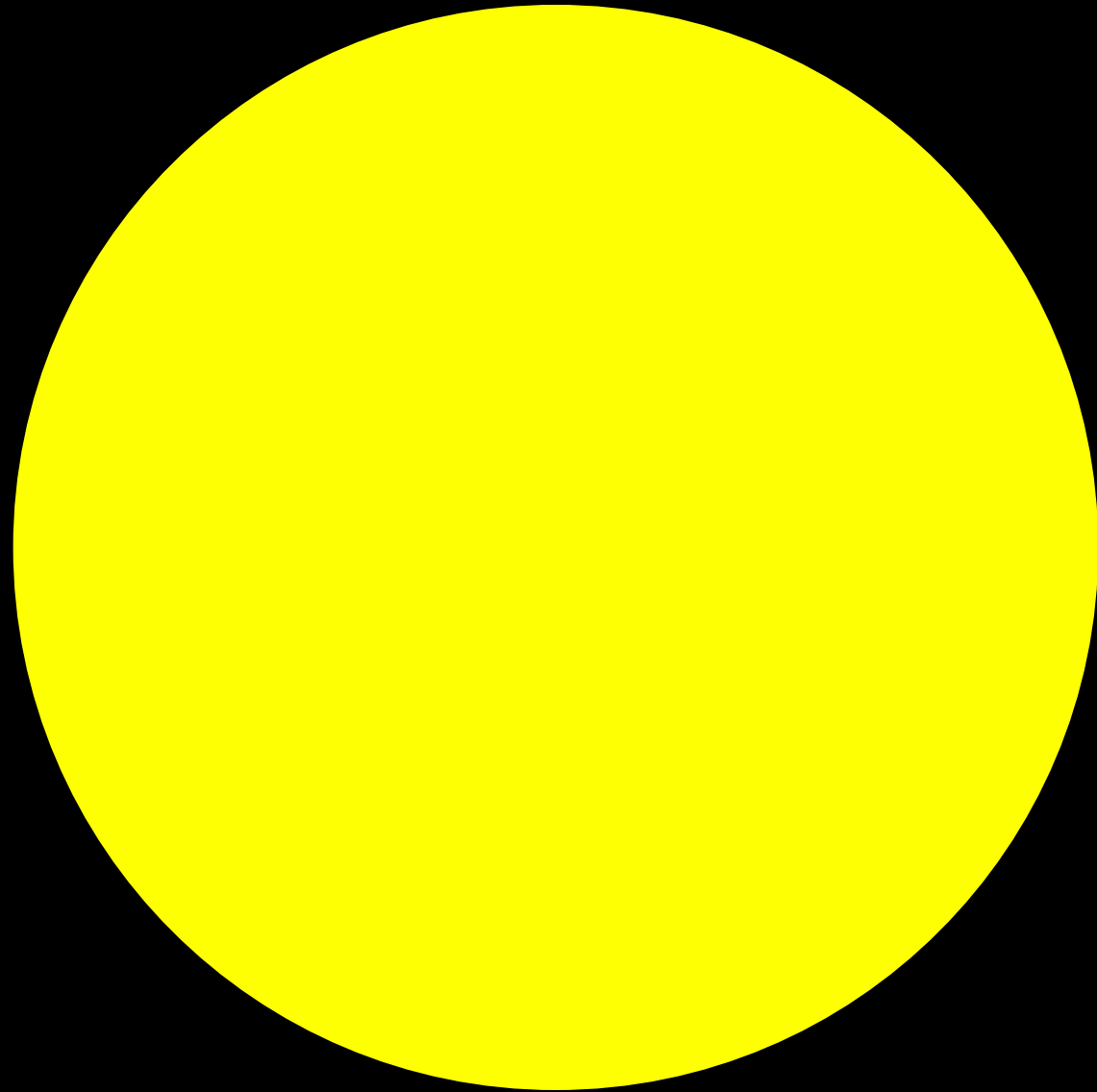
FINAL MACHINE





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Robin Mackay

Foreword

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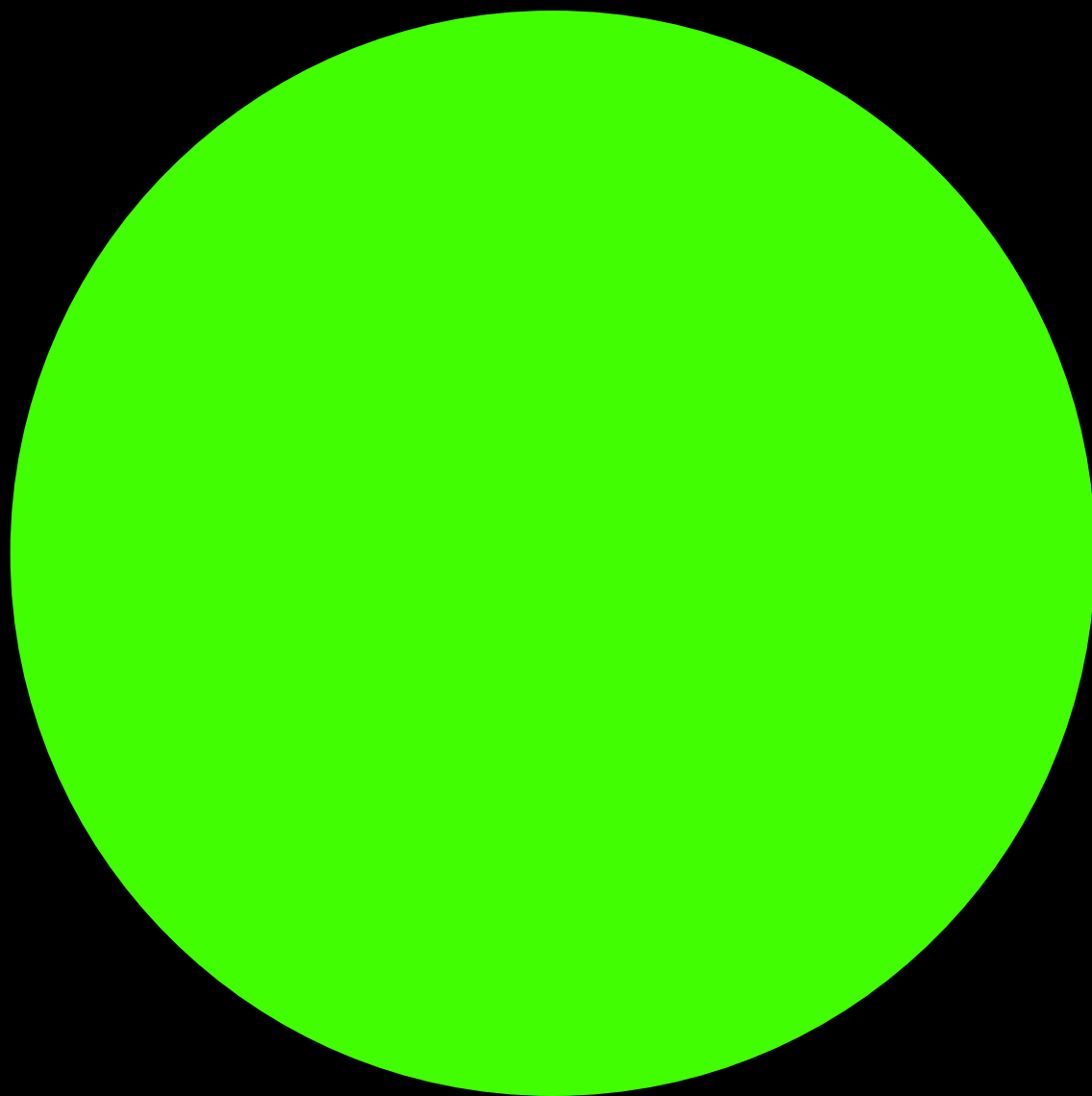
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Reza Negarestani

First and Final Machines: From Metaphysics to the Forensics of Force

Between the First Machine – the constitution – and the Final Machine – the system – lies a continuum of incompatible forces whose evolution must be stabilised according to a given framework of initial and boundary conditions. As an integral framework of fundamentals, the constitution is the general horizon of such conditions, functioning as a stabilizing yet adaptive framework for the evolution of the system. Barring critical states (revolutions, cataclysms, *force majeure*), as far as the evolution of the system in a finite frame is concerned, the goal of the system is to calibrate itself according to its constitution. Even though the constitution is by no means static and immutable, it nevertheless enjoys an internal axiomatic stability. The constitution is, therefore, a finite and axiomatised interface-grid with reality, the First Machine upon which are built the possibility of the system (its economy), its regulative orientation (its politics), its auto-tweaking processes (the agency) and its model of behaviour with regard to reality (its philosophy). One can say that the constitution stabilises the eruptive expression of a globally and locally entangled nature within its finite grid. Contingency is reduced to the probability of given modalities, non-trivial continuity is simulated by a discrete-state evolutionary trajectory of the system, chaos is overcome, and the vexing scenario of actual infinity is wholly ejected from the horizon of the system. For this reason, turning to the axiomatic and finitary structure of the constitution seems to be, at first glance, a matter of practicality: ‘How can we survive in a continuum-reality

whose only dynamic expression is that of unpredictable perturbations, and whose local horizons are simply situations at the limit?’ But a deeper look into the evolution of the system – the Final Machine – reveals that what looked like a simple matter of practicality is in fact treated as a deep-rooted and given principle. This principle, while axiomatically determining the trajectory of the system, vigilantly obstructs any view into the workings of the reality-continuum as a universal space that is self-reflexive (and, accordingly, endowed with both free global and local expressions). It is then permissible to say that the First Machine is an operative principle (rather than a principle for operation) insofar as it is a particular and highly effective metaphysics of nature or of the reality-continuum.

The transformation of the axiomatic constitution from a practical solution into an operative principle of evolution – regulation and interaction – is not only metaphysical in the sense of being a purported ontology of the Final Machine; it is also univocally metaphysical in the sense that it determines the interactive and epistemic behaviour of the system – how it draws norms, how it extracts propositional contents from these norms and, by way of application of further norms, arrives at pragmatic assertions and protocols of praxis. From the metaphysical perspective of the constitution qua First Machine, as long as the system evolves according to its constitution, its past, present and future are completely decidable; moreover, it is immune to violation by the forces of nature or the reality-continuum, from beneath, behind or within. In other words, an evolution according to the constitution – no matter how tumultuous and complex it may seem – preserves the initial and boundary conditions of the system. In this sense, when axioms of the constitution or boundary conditions are modified or even replaced, this process is entirely in accordance with the demands of the dynamic correlation between the system and its constitution as that which permits or rejects possible changes. The constitution can be relied upon because it is an axiomatic rule-based programmatic machine that constitutes the system; it is presumably not, by any means, an institution detrimental to the system, and least of all a topos of treachery.

The Final Machine must correct its global behaviour according to its constitution, but must also return to it when confronted by internal or external antagonisms, insofar as constitution is not only the convenient reference frame, but also, and more importantly, the most reliable structure. It is reliable because the programmatic kernel of the First Machine consists in stabilization by way of finitization (axiomatic restructuring, mobilization

of absolute norms, finite grids of inspection...). The First Machine is able to simulate the reality-continuum – that is to say, to imitate its functional behaviour – according to its own causal and relational regimes (finite, axiomatic and discrete-state). At last, the finite grid is able to stabilise the reality-continuum within a simulational framework (i.e., one with a new causal structure). From now on, the problems associated with forces of nature, as well as the global-local self-reflexivity of the reality-continuum, only arise in hypothetical infinite trajectories, limit situations and critical states. By banishing infinity (via a program of finitization), the First Machine casts out, once and for all, the demons of infinity, chaos and continuous perturbations, thus effectively rendering the evolution of the system predictable, stable, and classically deterministic (i.e. preserving its constitution wherever it may go). The finite is safe, devoid of terrible internal outbursts and catastrophic deviations, as long as the Final Machine abides by a finitizing First Machine that is its constitution. This is the genealogical outline of the Final Machine as we see it today. By virtue of already constituting the evolution of the system, this genealogy presents itself as the optimal model of interaction for the components of the system. Today’s great planetary-scale systems are distinctly driven by this particularly metaphysical genealogy of constitution. Why think otherwise if the most optimal (convenient, reliable, effective and already situated) path or cognitive attractor is already there? To the agent of the system, to think otherwise – which is to say, outside of the genealogy of the Final Machine – would be to indulge in mysticism.

Once the First Machine is deployed and the problem of continuous perturbations of the reality-continuum is resolved by a finitizing ecology, limit situations (actual infinities, criticalities, etc.) become myths of a canonical outside, or rather, a canonical exterior regime of forces. If the continuous unpredictable perturbations are considered to be intrinsically connected to infinity, then, once infinity has been cast out into a canonical outside, it is both logical and realistic to regard the forceful expression of such perturbations as always coming from the outside, from a particular spatiotemporal domain not at all ordinary, omnipresent or usual...but always in an exorbitant register guided by a commanding rhetoric. This is the paranormal metaphysics of force to which the triad of art, philosophy and politics have, for the longest time, been tethered, whether under the heading of the sublime (Kant) or the event (Badiou), where the canonical truth is in fact the logical expression of a classical regime of force conditioned by the First Machine. In divorcing ourselves

from one species of metaphysics of force, we simply encounter another. The shift from art to politics in order to jettison the aesthetic paradigm of the sublime finds itself at the doorstep of the political event. Likewise, in taking shelter from the politics of the event and its assertive rhetoric, one is lured back to the sublime, in which the most violent manifestations of force associated with an inaccessible global structure of powers (nature) are enforced by the subtlest modes of rhetoric and mystical otherworldly insinuations: ‘The beauty of the sublime is that it is encountered only rarely, but when it is...’ In this sense, the archetypal paradigms of both art and politics coincide in a metaphysics of force whose canonicity is simultaneously determined by its extraordinary locus and its manner of expression.

As two policies for regulating the evolution of the Final Machine, fundamentalism and neoliberalism – the prevalent modalities of current planetary political systems – can be identified as two different responses to the canonical regime of force and the horizon of power associated with it. Whilst the reaction of fundamentalism is to limit the evolution of the system by way of new imaginary axiomatic frameworks, neoliberalism moves in the direction of a secularization of the system. It is in this sense that neoliberalism delivers the most complex response to the canonical regime of force, by disinfecting the system of all (extraneous) ideologies and stripping it down to its skeletal reality – the dynamic correlation between the system and its constitution. Yet it is exactly this bare and secular system, the Final Machine, that is fundamentally and fully ideological. The so-called nonideological system is but the enactment of the metaphysics of the constitution, the credo of the First Machine: simulation of the reality-continuum by a particular and effective scheme of interaction with nature. Faced with the exorbitant image of an unhinged nature endowed with a canonical locus of expression, the neoliberal answer is twofold: On the one hand, this answer manifests itself in the attitude of the neoliberalist ‘cult of whatever’, for which nothing (no ideology) matters any more because the canonical force will reclaim the system sooner or later anyway. On the other hand, it sublimates itself in a ruthless vigilance to balance and regulate forces according to the imperatives of the constitution, or, more precisely, the metaphysics of the First Machine.

For neoliberal political agency, the only viable response to the *anarche* of nature is to exercise a complete apathy toward ideologies and instead commit to a detached management of forces as true articulations of ideologies, their real kernel. To fund militants over here, to crush fundamentalists

over there, to enter or leave the trade with no appeal to egalitarian codes or lack thereof – all this is no longer hypocrisy or dirty business, as the moralist Marxist would say, but an efficaciously disinterested activity in line with the imperatives of the constitution and the structural secularism of the Final Machine – a realist solution par excellence. Only a deeply secular system – which is to say, one disengaged from ideologies and devoted to a complex manipulation of forces – has the competence to be realist with regard to regimes of force and narratives of power. But such realism would not be possible were it not for the finitizing ecology of the constitution, the wholesale metaphysical import of the First Machine. Whether one chooses to restrict the evolution of the system according to a fundamentalist or a classically Marxist agenda, or to enrol in a vigilant yet objective management of forces so as to free the secular structure of the system; or as the last resort, to say ‘whatever’ to all and everything, the metaphysics of constitution is, in any case, the platform of praxis and the a priori posited norm. Neoliberalism is the full historical immersion in this metaphysics, which registers itself retroactively as an ur-ideology that is no longer a system of ideas but a fundamental metaphysics of force upon which the system is constructed.

Inescapably, the contemporary artist is already situated within this metaphysics of force, and is, inadvertently or otherwise, entangled with the historical truth of neoliberalism. At first glance, the options are scarce: accept neoliberalism as both the intrinsic limit and the nonideological guiding field of the system, or decelerate the evolution of the system either by establishing a set of global axiomatic brakes or by restricting the evolution of the system to certain forces and their ensuing ecologies. In either case, one has to adhere to various myths of canonical regimes of force (the subtle violence of the sublime or the revolutionary quakes of eventalism) and their lofty global-local narratives of power. It is only in being cornered by this dilemma that the contemporary artist is forced to define her position, and to specify the internal tasks and priorities of art as her local horizon. To this extent, the tension introduced by neoliberalism, far from being a distraction for the artist, is simply a defining moment for her. The reason is that such tension, if methodologically escalated, is instrumental in forcing the artist to abandon her impulsive-compulsive relation with regard to regimes of force and pervasive narratives of power, and to instead understand the entirety of her local horizon as a site in which forces express themselves and through which structures are applied to forces. Whether within a political or primarily artistic framework,

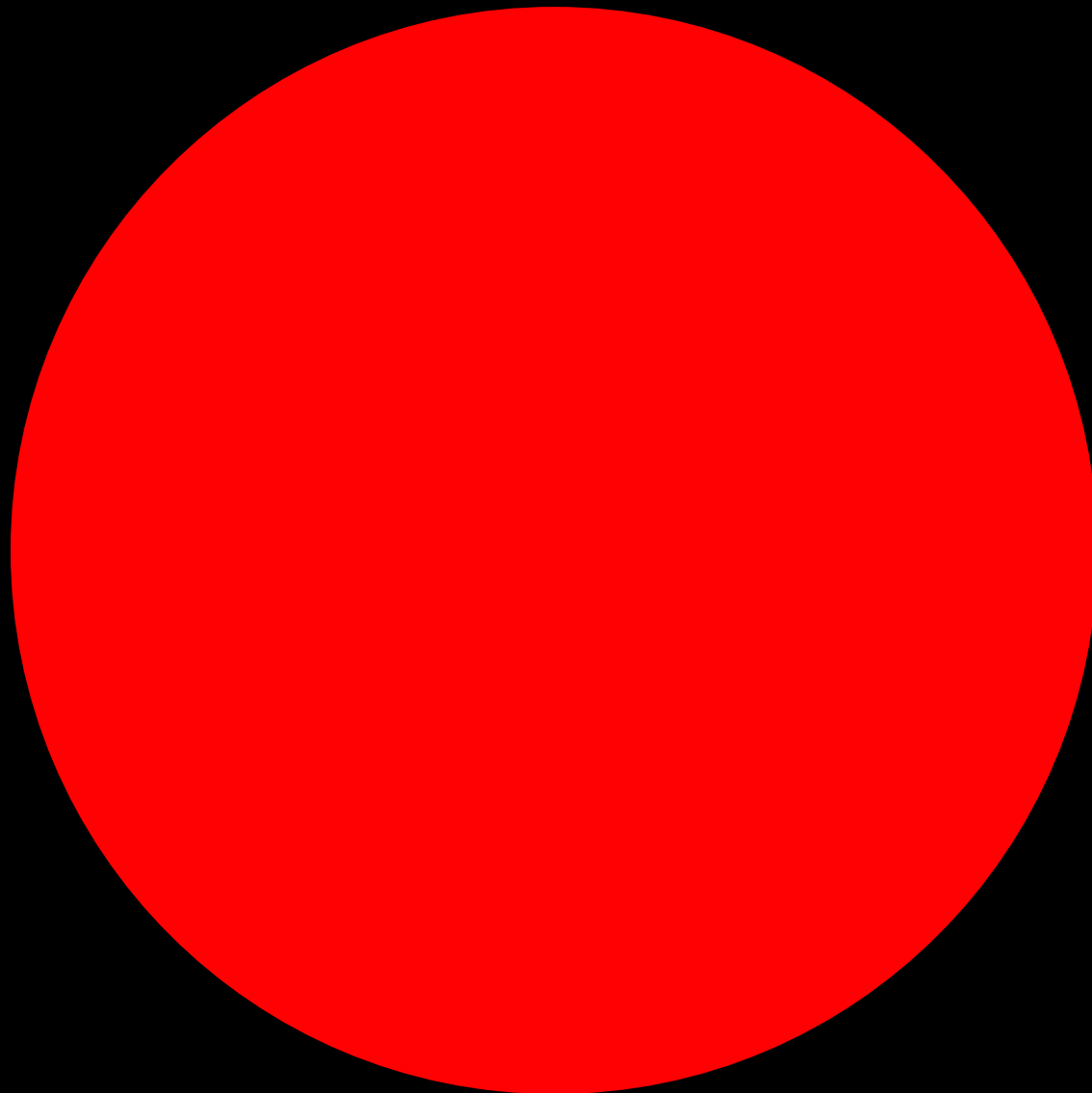
the task of the artist cannot be defined free from residual mysticisms and folk tales unless it is envisioned as a particular response to the blinding proximity of force and the world-building metaphysics of the First Machine. To envision such a response, it is necessary to develop a modern physics of power, a paradigm of the non-sublime, and a non-trivial regime of force where the materials of art (image, sound, gesture...) are active vectors for the articulation and combination of forces with no canonical frame of reference. Yet in order to develop these disciplines of force so as to effectively expunge the spontaneous image of art – an art without a physics of power – and see the reality of the system beyond the metaphysics of the First Machine, art must be synchronised with, but desutured from, modern science.

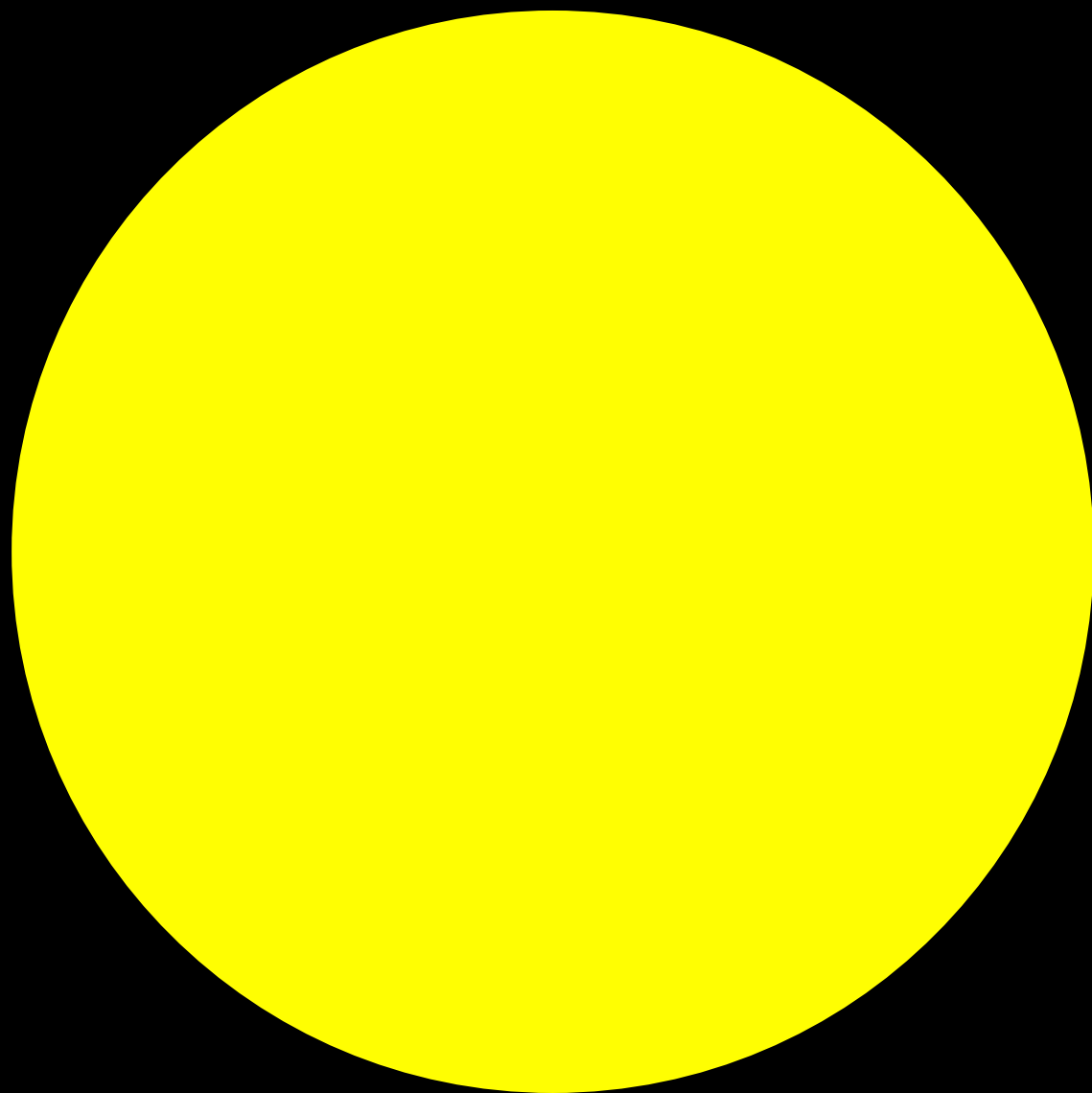
The metaphysics of the First Machine expels infinity and all limit situations. By delegating the force-perturbations of nature to an infinity which can only express itself through canonical and inaccessible loci of expression, the First Machine ensures the myth that finitude = restriction, safety, decidability, absence of exponential perturbations. The problem, however, is that no finite grid is able to stabilise a dynamical system. In other words, the geometry of dynamical systems discovered by Poincaré registers itself as a kind of ‘*arche* of chaos’ that registers itself not only at infinity, but also always within finite time and finite frameworks. This is the physical delirium that corresponds to Poincaré’s geometrical account of a dynamical system which, regardless of its initial perturbations, is always able to exponentially generate instability on finite levels. In other words, the reality-continuum freely expresses itself both within finite and infinite frameworks. The finite is now a platform for different articulations of force which were never contained, banished or canonised in the first place. In the wake of the perturbative freedom of the continuum, the contingently posited constitution is indeed revealed to be a topos of treachery, a *platform* of combinatorial dynamics of forces. Rather than disappearing in a puff of smoke, the constitution and the system reemerge as memory storages of deep forensic information imprinted on their structures by the perturbation-forces which accompanied the system and its constitution at each and every turn.

The paradigm of the extraordinary, which was until now supported by a canonical regime of force, is replaced by the non-sublime paradigm of the ordinary, in which the perturbation is ubiquitously demonstrated by the finite and the everyday, as a bottomless-up forensic archive of the reality-continuum and its perturbations. Far from taking shelter from the violence

of force, the recourse to the ordinary is in fact a turn toward a much more prevalent and omnipresent – yet non-canonical – regime of force, where the dynamic of force coincides with the twisted return of the usual. Without a superlative rhetoric and a pre-determined frame of reference, but riddled with perturbations and structured by a combinatorial algebra of forces, the usual becomes the disturbed arena for the construction of a non-sublime and non-spontaneous paradigm of art. This is the climate of force in which the contemporary artist is able to decisively confront quandaries regarding both narratives of power and the spontaneity of art rooted in the metaphysics of the First Machine. Within this climate, it is no longer feasible to shun narratives of power – including that of the Final Machine and its secular cult, neoliberalism – in favour of an idea of a spontaneous local horizon (politics, art, literature, a regional field...). Instead, it is both responsible and realist to treat such narratives as deep worlds of forensic information bearing upon the perturbative forces that constitute the foundation of what we understand as the ordinary, the finite and well-founded system. Here the task of the artist is less that of expressing the force, and more that of employing art’s specific procedures and internal orientations to manipulate, recombine, arrange, trace and construct using the forensic world of perturbations and non-canonical (albeit still violent) articulations of force. To see the horizon of art not only as a forensic site of particular forces, but also as a plotting space – a *platform* through which parameters associated with trajectories of force are modified by processes and modes of action specific to art, further ramifying and deepening the forensic entanglement.

Art’s encounter with reality through the navigation and reconstruction of forensic information associated with various regimes of force cannot be reduced to a credulous ambition to return to a prior state of affairs – the pre-crime state of nature – or to attain a final resolution, where the crime would be emphatically determined and solved. It is a common belief that, once the immaculate pre-state of crime is attained or the crime is solved, the Final Machine no longer has any purpose, and the system will spontaneously combust, or can be annihilated without resistance. On the contrary, the encounter of art with reality through a forensics of force signals a moment at which art is redefined as an allusive device capable of indicating and accentuating new dimensions in the forensic world of nature and power formations – a crimespace through which continuum-reality expands its frontiers...and where the Final Machine is a much needed partner in crime.





Bridget Crone

Seeing Red

Red. Yellow. Green.

We begin with violence.

Red. Yellow. Green.

But they're just circles, digitally projected (or so you think).

Red. Yellow. Green.

The colour throbs. (Do you feel it yet?)

Red. Yellow. Green.

Coloured circles. (Just regular circles, digitally projected.) Three colours.

A circle is necessary and productive, he says. (And his voice, all runny viscosity, corrals the space around us.) Back and forwards, to and fro, around and about...We're inside. Everything takes place here. We are inside and we are subject to flows of images and other bodies. (I hear his voice when I write these things; it's been sonically imprinted: etched, indelibly.) We are in their midst.

Power is decentred here, and it is disintegrated. It is cast out into the flow so that movement dominates. Rippling like waves, contained in a vast sea, this is about bodies and feeling, and images, and, of course, movement. This is about power and control, but not as you know it. Here power is viral, a contaminant without a centre. Where are we? Where do we be *we*?

In the mix.
Disseminated.
Distributed in the flow.
Flowing.
Feeling.
Feeling colour's affects.
I'd call this delirious.
There's no outside. We're trapped in feeling. All body.

We've thrown out all reference to the name, to the matrix, to the body, he says. (Laconic. Lazily persuasive – probably what you'd call assured, and slightly nasal, in that all-American way.) We're all body, all feeling, yet the body has been suspended in a state of continual movement so that we cannot stop to feel, to experience or to be body because, instead, we flow along in accordance with the currents – hot streams, cool streams... bodies and images moving together. We are disembodied. Our bodies are suspended in the split that divides us into meat and that which we name 'I'. We can no longer descend into pure feeling, nor can we be called by name, for we have been abstracted in this flow and are no longer singular but only polyphonic. The odds are set against us. The body, the matrix, the name... all discarded for the circle: our circuit.

Control, immersion and force form the bases of the grammar that runs through Amanda Beech's work, and *Final Machine* (2013) is the latest instalment in a series of works that address the operations of power within an economic and cultural system that has been termed neoliberalism for the way in which the pursuit of freedoms (economic, social and cultural) have produced their opposite effect. However, *Final Machine* goes beyond the remit of Beech's previous works in the manner in which it accelerates towards its namesake – a total system in which power has been evacuated into flows, in which the image has been dissolved into the constant movement of pixels, dots, signals, gigabytes, and where the body, too, is disseminated throughout the system: abstracted, disembodied, machinic. As Nick Land has written, this is 'an out to body experience'.¹ It's all body and not body at all: an affective control that attempts to confine us all through

our capacity for sensation; yet at the same time, our bodies are kept suspended in an unrealised state somewhere in the grey zone between being named as a subject and being given over to the total fleshy, pure material of our bodies – what Land calls 'meat'.² Suspension keeps bodies useful by waving the carrot of transcendence (you too can and will ascend to being a subject that matters) and at the same time by abstracting both material and intellectual labour into the invisible spaces of the call centre or the factory.³ Therefore the gambit of Beech's work (and indeed Land's) is that it is the common capacity of our bodies for sensation that keeps us within this horizontal state (suspended, neither transcendent nor descendent); and rather than illustrate or represent the machinations of this hyper form of control, Beech seeks to reproduce the affective operations of power in the twenty-first century: the suspension of our bodies in labouring sensation.

The last vestiges of humanism, Land and Beech might suggest, have left us in a double-bind, so that we are able neither to ascend to being a perfect, beautifully formed subject, nor to descend to being meat. Instead, we are caught up, tricked and deceived by our bodies that are ready-primed for the sensory – that is to say that we are controlled by the flows of affects within which we are immersed. We believe we might matter, but we are dematerialised. We believe we might be a subject around which everything flows, but we too have been strewn across the matrix. As Land suggests in his essay 'Circuitries', we have been incorporated into a cybernetic circuit and disseminated throughout it so that we are immersed – as bodies – within the matrix. In *Final Machine*, Beech takes us further into this post-dystopian futility of flows when, in *Lecture Two: Correctness* (the second of the work's three chapters), we are told of a complete incorporation into the machine so that all reference to the name, to the matrix, to the body has been eradicated (or so he says): *We've gone through it and we're inside the machine... We're waking up to a shadow that engulfs and negates our selfhood. We are truly in the dark.* This total system or total immersion that Beech activates renders the political obsolete through the manner in which power is not just decentred, but is disintegrated into flows and forces. And the political becomes simply an effect of these flows rather than an agent for change.

¹ N. Land, 'Meat (or How to Kill Oedipus in Cyberspace)', in *Fanged Noumena: Collected Writings 1987-2007*, eds. R. Mackay and R. Brassier (Falmouth/New York: Urbanomic/Sequence, 2011), 414.

² Ibid.

³ For Land, a descent into being meat (total fleshy, pure material) is a liberation from this suspended half-life....

Beech's earlier single-screen video *Statecraft* (2008) lays the ground for what takes place in *Final Machine*, and you could almost say that it conditions us for the final assault, the complete dunking, the all-in. We've lost that feeling for the outside, Beech's narrator in *Final Machine* tells us – but how did we get to this point? *Statecraft* demonstrates the way in which the body has been conditioned, primed for total control, particularly in the manner in which, through its three parts, the work articulates the passage from the attractions of affect to its control. *Statecraft* begins with light. The light is centre screen, bright and interrogative. It is both a metaphor for the projector itself – as the apparatus of its own appearance, its own being – and a signal of mind control: whether sinister (interrogative) or hedonistic (dance-floor). It's a single source of light, a pulsing strobe or perhaps a searchlight, and it fills almost the entire screen with its insistent illumination: it's a centralised action emanating outwards. White and blue and blinding, we want to wince and hide our eyes from its penetrating effect, which seems interrogatory, assertive. Text appears, flashing quickly onto the screen: HIGH REGULATION...CENTRAL PLANNING. The white and blue light is replaced with colour now, and the strobe swings more vigorously: blue, red, green, yellow, pink and blue...red floods the screen. LOW INTENSITY SUPPRESSANT. Flashes. White light. ENHANCING THE ENVIRONMENT. Flashes. Green light pervades. A white beam of light shines out from the screen, menacingly. CREATING A SENSE OF PLACE. All block letters. Blood-red colour seeps down the white letterforms only for the words to be quickly snatched away again. Do we read these words, anyway, or do we perceive them only as impressions? They are feelings and sensations, and language has been abstracted into an array of surface effects. This is no literature, the crafting of language to display an artful narrative; instead, it is a narrative of sensations disseminated...no less artful, but presenting language as feeling rather than information, packaged and addressed. Hard letterforms hit the screen with force. They're stamped upon the image. Slapped on. Violently. Or perhaps they're pushed out of the background, and harshly separated from the ground of the image: image giving birth to image (or to image-text, we might say). AND DISTINCTIVENESS appears now, and is quickly flooded with a soft lavender-pink colour that gently fills its letterforms: a benign and calming effect ensues.

The beginning of *Statecraft* confronts us with an image that no longer shows us anything other than bodily effects. Or more correctly, its dominant

modus operandi is not representation but feeling – sensory experience. This is a feeling-image that we encounter in *Statecraft*, a fact that is demonstrated by the manner in which the image acts to prime us for the textual material when it is introduced. Information isn't simply conveyed through text here, but is primarily communicated to us as feeling: the text has been abstracted from its discursive role toward that of hard forms that produce immediate sensation. In this way, *Statecraft* produces in us the feeling of the image. It takes us forcefully into its midst, this image, beguiling us and blinding us with the strobing light that occurs at the start and at punctuated points throughout the work (just in case its effects wane). At first, we might think the text a possible disruption to the image's cooptive powers, until we realise that the text, too, operates as an affective-image – that is to say, text is as much effect as information. The words in *Statecraft* are carefully coloured to produce the sensation of their meaning, so that we might not even bother to read them as words as such, but instead let their actions wash over us. The blood-red colour that seeps down CREATING A SENSE OF PLACE tells us of the violence of place-making. The lavender gently flowing down AND DISTINCTIVENESS produces an immediate calmness (and we're reassured in our own desires for individual freedoms – “ahhhh”). Towards the end of the first section of the video the music rises and, picking up the pace, it reminds us that image and text-image operate within a similar modality of rhythm, flow, pause, pace, for this is the imageless image: a liquified, material image – an image of constant movement, flow, affects.... In this way, *Statecraft* enacts the information that it conveys, so that rather than a critique of regeneration being made through the communication of information as facts, it instead signals this information as a series of transmissions that act to modulate bodies to create sensation. CONTRIBUTING TO THE COMMUNITY. CONTRIBUTING TO THE SOCIAL HEALTH AND WELLBEING...this text cues a slow fade into the banal, concrete-grey-scape of a postwar housing estate. It is a people-less landscape: cold and empty.

Brian Massumi has described the US Terror Alert System as operating through 'signals without signification', a phrase that confronts all that we have come to know and expect from the image in regard to the established conventions of image theory.⁴ Massumi suggests an image that signals and

4 B. Massumi, 'Fear (The Spectrum Said)', in *positions* 13:1, Spring 2005: 32. The conventions of art history consider (a) that the purpose of the image is to represent or signify, and (b) that representation or signification assume and reinforce the role of the subject as the reader of the image.

produces sensation and no longer simply signifies or represents the truth or fiction of a subject, object or thing. Therefore, we can no longer expect an image to be simply read by a viewer. Instead, it transmits a signal – but to whom does it communicate? While Massumi’s affective-image transmits the sensation of fear through a signal-response mechanism for the purposes of social control or governmentality, this is a vaguely directed image that spreads itself far and wide. It inculcates all within its address, and affects all within its viral flows, yet it does not directly address a particular viewer. We could say that, in this way, the affective image doesn’t speak directly to a single viewer by basing its address on commonalities of signification or identification; instead, virus-like, it spreads itself far and wide in a manner that involves all without bounds. This is an image that involves all in the velocity of its movement and effects; it is mainlined by a social body hungry for its manifest sensations. This is social planning and governance on a grand scale, as Beech’s video suggests to us. COMMUNITY WITHOUT COERCION, we are told, and we feel it. WALK LOOK THINK... is the direction that we are given for action. HEADLIGHTS. DIRTROADS. The images of the concrete estate begin to flash also now, as if there has been an abrupt transition to an analogue style of transmission interrupted (the reception has gone a bit astray at this point). Moving to a more analogue mode for the third and final part of *Statecraft*, we enter a classical architecture. FARMER LOVER ARCADES THE RIDDLE VAMPIRE WHITE LIGHTS TEARS CHANGE UP. Classical columns replace the previous modernist sculptures silhouetted against the sky, and the images convey the rich, aristocratic comfort of the architect’s home. TRANSFORMING INDIVIDUAL SUBJECTIVE PERCEPTIONS THE INVISIBLE HAND STYLE OF REASONING SURVIVAL THE REVELATION SNAP THEORY ALL BECOMES LIGHT DO IT NOW. DELPHIC FUTURE.

With its desert setting and subject matter, *Final Machine* bears similarities to Peter Watkins’s seminal film *Punishment Park* (1971) in which groups of detainees (actually antiwar protesters) are given the chance of freedom if they can escape across the California desert whilst being pursued by National Guardsmen. *Punishment Park* was shot with a small crew and on 16mm film, and takes on the form of a quasi-documentary, as we watch a crew of German documentary filmmakers film the scenario before us. As the film unfolds it becomes increasingly uncertain what is a scripted or planned scenario and what is the unmediated reaction of the actors and crew – and in this way the film takes on the form of a delirium in which escape seems

impossible, the outside is eradicated, and the pursuit of freedom turns out to have been, after all, a con. *Final Machine* updates *Punishment Park* for the twenty-first century postcapitalist landscape, in the sense that freedom has never even been suggested within the total system that *Final Machine* presents: the outside, the possibility of exit into something better, has simply been eradicated in Beech’s work, and, unlike in *Punishment Park*, it cannot be something towards which we might strive. *Punishment Park* pursues a linear narrative trajectory toward an endpoint that is either escape or death. While this is a type of delirium typified by a sense of immersion, loss of ground and continual movement, we know that we are on a passage towards an endpoint where we (as viewers) might exit the film. (And this is accentuated by the counting down of the deaths of the detainees as they are hunted down and killed during their escape across the desert.)

In contrast to the more linear narrative direction pursued by *Punishment Park*, Beech presents us with a circuit that flows back and forwards, around and around, so that our immersion is complete. This circuitry is pursued through the form of the work – in the three chapters that segue seamlessly from one to the other – and its affective register, in which we are rendered inside the image as sensing, feeling bodies subjected to the flow of images. Most curious, however, is the use of the circle to introduce multiple points of view within the one scene, so that often, we see only part of an image – as if we were looking through a telescope, for example – or we see a whole image with parts obliterated by various means. The various ways in which our point of view is curtailed, and the presentation of multiple views within the one image, have the effect of rendering obsolete any sense of a freedom of seeing, feeling, or sensing: We are subjected to a controlled view that is always only partial. Overview is an anachronism, as we are hereby immersed and contained in microworlds, and any vestiges of universalism have vanished. What Beech suggests to us, therefore, is not so much a contingency of encounter with images as a total control of the boundaries of seeing and sensing.

A negotiation of reality that went beyond the visible, beyond the machine. This was a negotiation of reality as thought and the processes of thought material, he says (in his honeyed, hypnotic voice). And so we are immersed, and we are controlled in our immersion, as body and image, or feeling and thought combined. There is no longer any hidden depth of the image, body or language to be discovered, but instead there is the modulation of the body as

an image and as a phantasm of surface movements. Jean Baudrillard has referred to this action as ‘a liquidation of all referentials’ and, in speaking about Nick Land’s work, Ray Brassier has articulated Land’s own ‘materialist liquidation of representation’.⁵ In this way, both Baudrillard and Land liquify the space between the image and the embodiment of the image, so that the space between the image and the body is elided and, as a result, the distinction between experience (‘physical reality in the external world’) and image or imagination (‘psychic reality in consciousness’) no longer holds.⁶ We see this evinced in Beech’s work, in the way that the image is materialised as sensation and, furthermore, as a sensation that enacts the feeling of the information that it conveys. *Statecraft* weaves a commentary of these flows and movements of image through the narrative of its own text (AVENUES OF COMMUNICATION) – as modulation (MODULATED BY THE BREEZE) and reiteration (HOT VISIONS RECHARGED) – but most importantly through the operations of its image: through its various actions and movements. There is no room for simulation here because any fiction has been rendered obsolete in the absolutism of the projected image. It is a projected light that beguiles us, controls our sensations-thoughts-being as we watch its movement, centre screen.

...dot
pixel
signal
transmission
mathematical punctuality
dissolve
cut

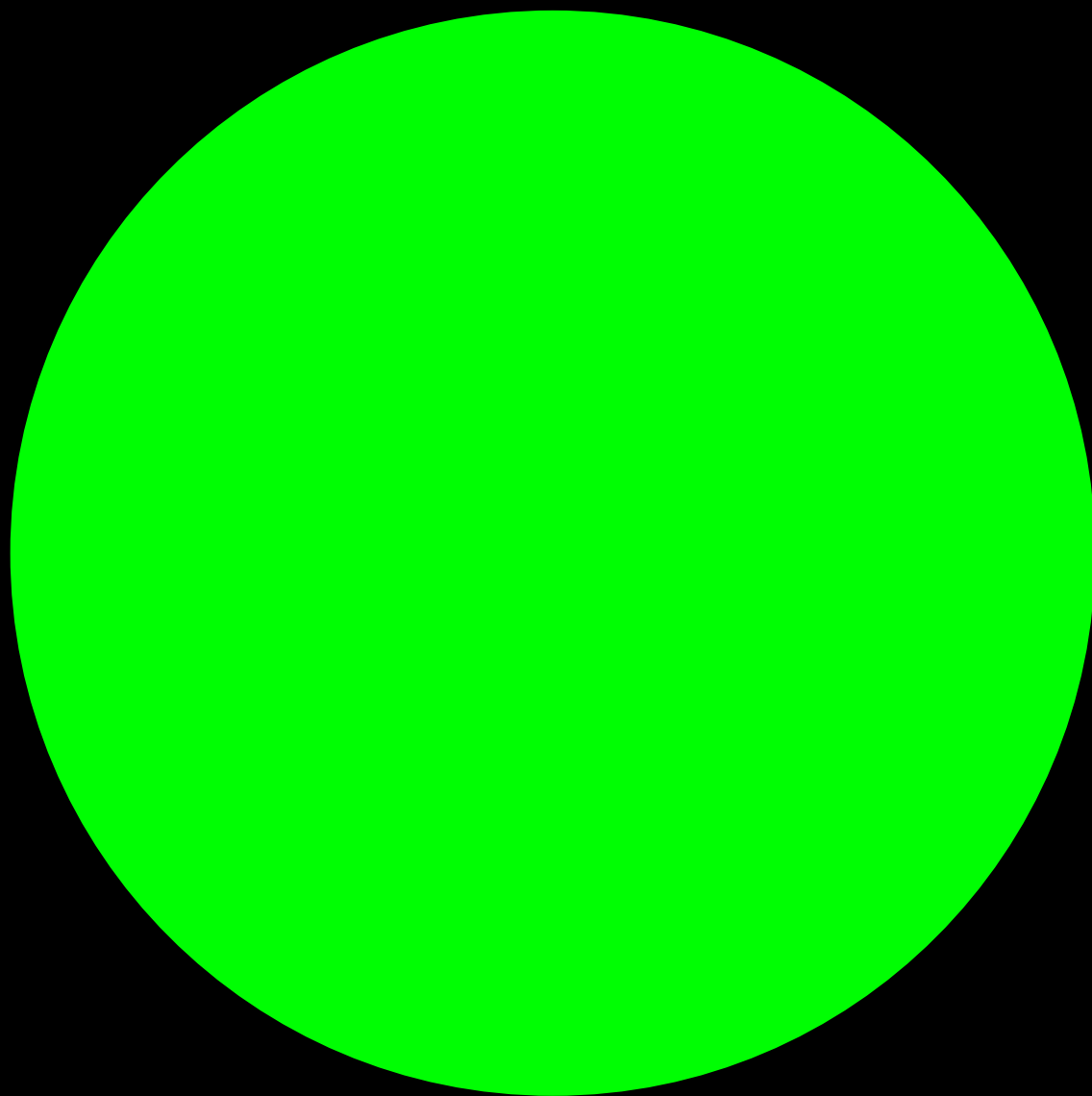
patterns
shapes
digital codings
glistening electronics

⁵ J. Baudrillard, ‘The Precession of Simulacra’, in *Simulacra and Simulation*, tr. S. F. Glaser (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1994), 2; R. Brassier, paper given at *Accelerationism* conference, Centre for Cultural Studies, Goldsmiths University of London, 14 September 2010.

⁶ G. Deleuze, ‘Preface to the French Edition’, in *Cinema 1: The Movement Image*, tr. H. Tomlinson and B. Habberjam (London: Continuum, 2005). Here Deleuze refers to Henri Bergson’s discovery of the movement image in his *Matter and Memory* (1896).

information streams in from Cyberia
breeding the dot patterns
the screen⁷

⁷ N. Land, ‘Circuitries’, in *Fanged Noumena*, 290-2. Words chosen at random.



Selected Works

NO



Falk [2006]

15 min, sound by Bolz Bolz
Single-channel video projection, 4:3

A real-life story of one man's search for justice that stretches over time, crossing continents, implicating terrorists, the mafia, state, corporate and police organisations, clandestine networks of resistance and subterfuge. The old left are now the new right, power is increasingly unstable, and private criminal wills are the authors of communal justice. Such 'conspiracy theories' that schematise the status and mechanisms of power give rise to a specific culture of conviction that has the force of the strongest types of metaphors – those that are empty. This is a culture of politics where justice is achieved when truth is proven; an enculturing that is tangential to political order, yet central to it and authored by it. Here, politics grounds new truth claims, and to achieve impact is to obtain power.



STAY-BEHINDS



SERENITY

A photograph of a white robotic arm, likely a mobile manipulator, with the word "SPIRIT" overlaid in large, bold, white capital letters. The arm is composed of several white metal links connected by joints and actuators. The background is a dark, industrial setting with some cables and structural elements visible.

SPIRIT



HONOUR

A photograph of a classical column capital, likely a Corinthian or Composite style, featuring intricate acanthus leaf and scrollwork carvings. The column is illuminated with a warm, golden light. The word "JEALOUSY" is overlaid in large, bold, white, sans-serif capital letters across the center of the image.

JEALOUSY



AMBITIONS



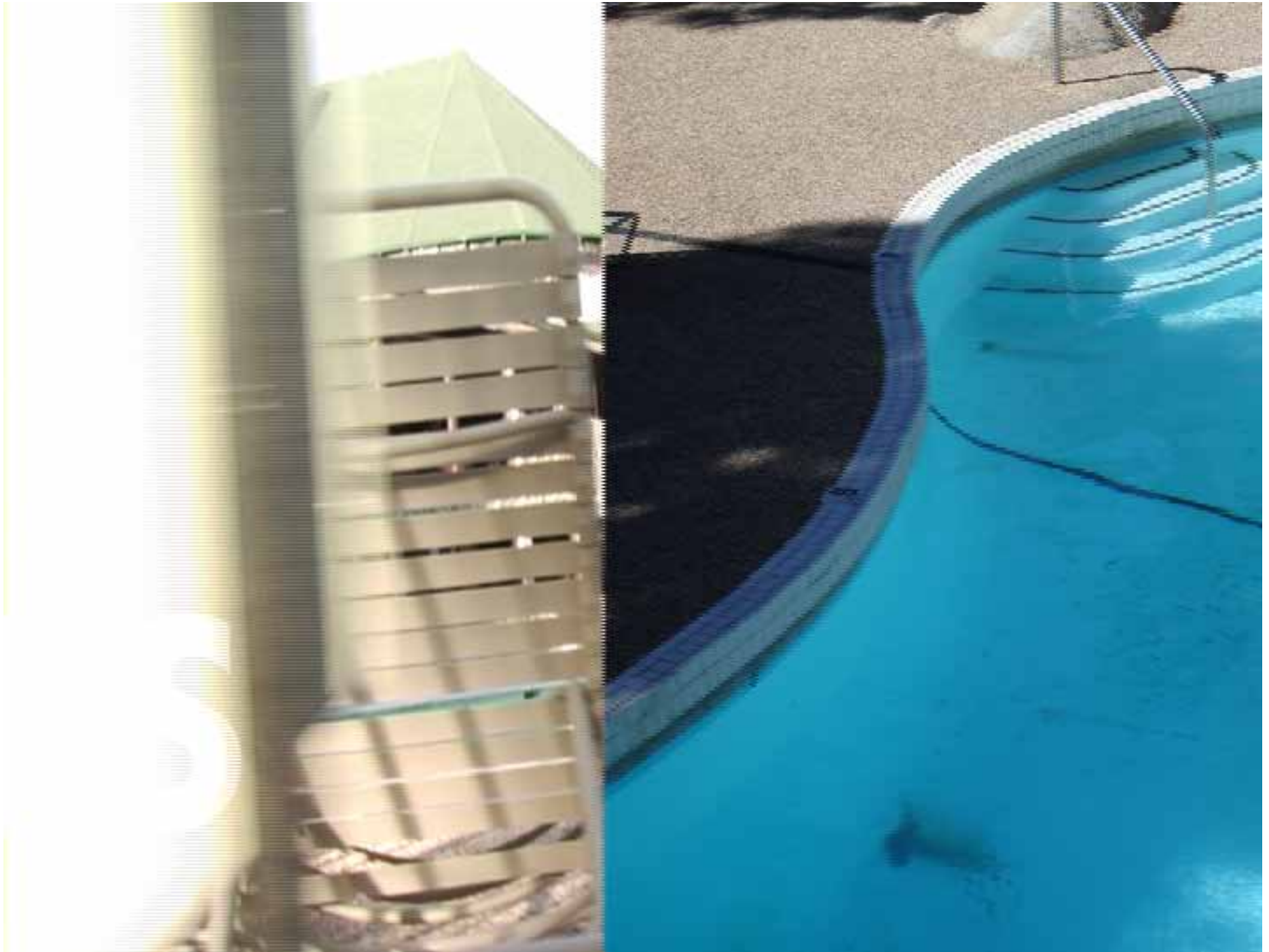
State Line [2008]

16 min, score by Joe McMonagle
Single-channel video projection, 4:3

Filmed at the Cal Neva Lodge, Lake Tahoe, infamous for its Mafia and Kennedy family connections, *State Line* embodies the violence of neo-liberal individualism, where mobile subjectivities articulate the force and the site of law. The work creates an abstract biography of the Lodge and its past, constructing law as an aesthetics of formalised architectural violence, where the language of democratic freedom consorts with the subversive violence of mafia power to perform the work of government.













AT HE WAS



We Never Close [2008]

7 min 50, score by Joe McMonagle

Single-channel video projection or for large plasma

Las Vegas is a primary site in our recent economic history for the fulfillment of power, and its theorization. It has maintained its place in highly regarded theoretical treatises as the exemplar of a materiality of power – a place where power is made ‘real’ as spectacle, and where an excessive economy of images straightforwardly corresponds to unconstrained illiberal will. The truth of capital is authored by Las Vegas, so as to reveal the consequences of our desires as ‘spectacle’, alienation and mass consumerism: Las Vegas is the destiny of capital.

But when art, capital and power come together, such correspondences are wrecked, and with them those rationalisations of power. A new Las Vegas is emerging, with a new spirituality that now directs us to new spaces of power, of abstract determinations without rational ground: new sites of pleasure and violence that destroy the comfortable notion that images represent anything at all.







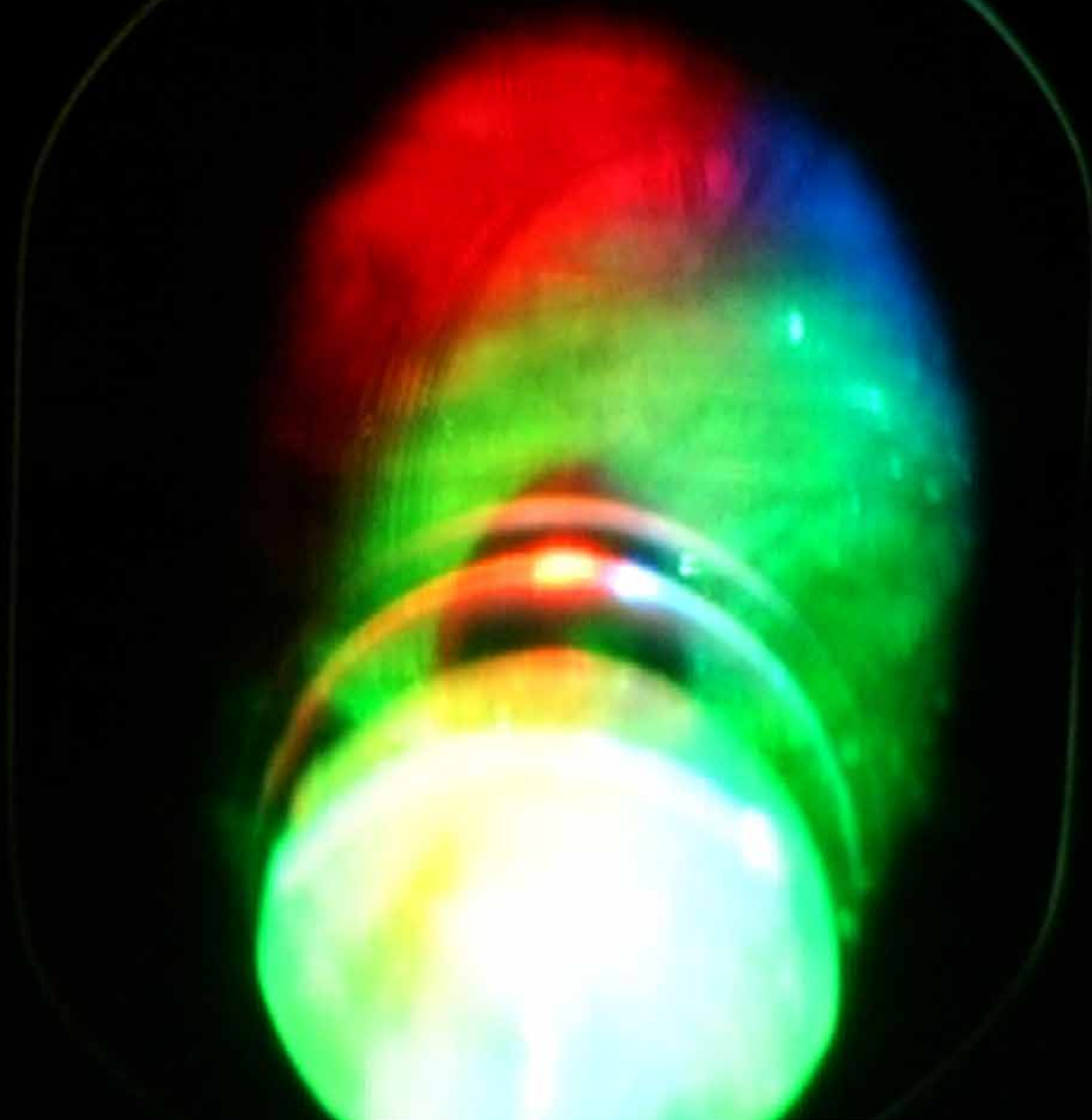
**A
TECHNOLOGICAL
FIELD**





A photograph of a rugged, layered mountain landscape. The foreground shows a steep, rocky slope with distinct horizontal strata. In the middle ground, a prominent, flat-topped mesa or butte rises above the surrounding terrain. The background consists of more distant, hazy mountain ranges under a clear sky. The overall color palette is dominated by earthy browns, tans, and blues.

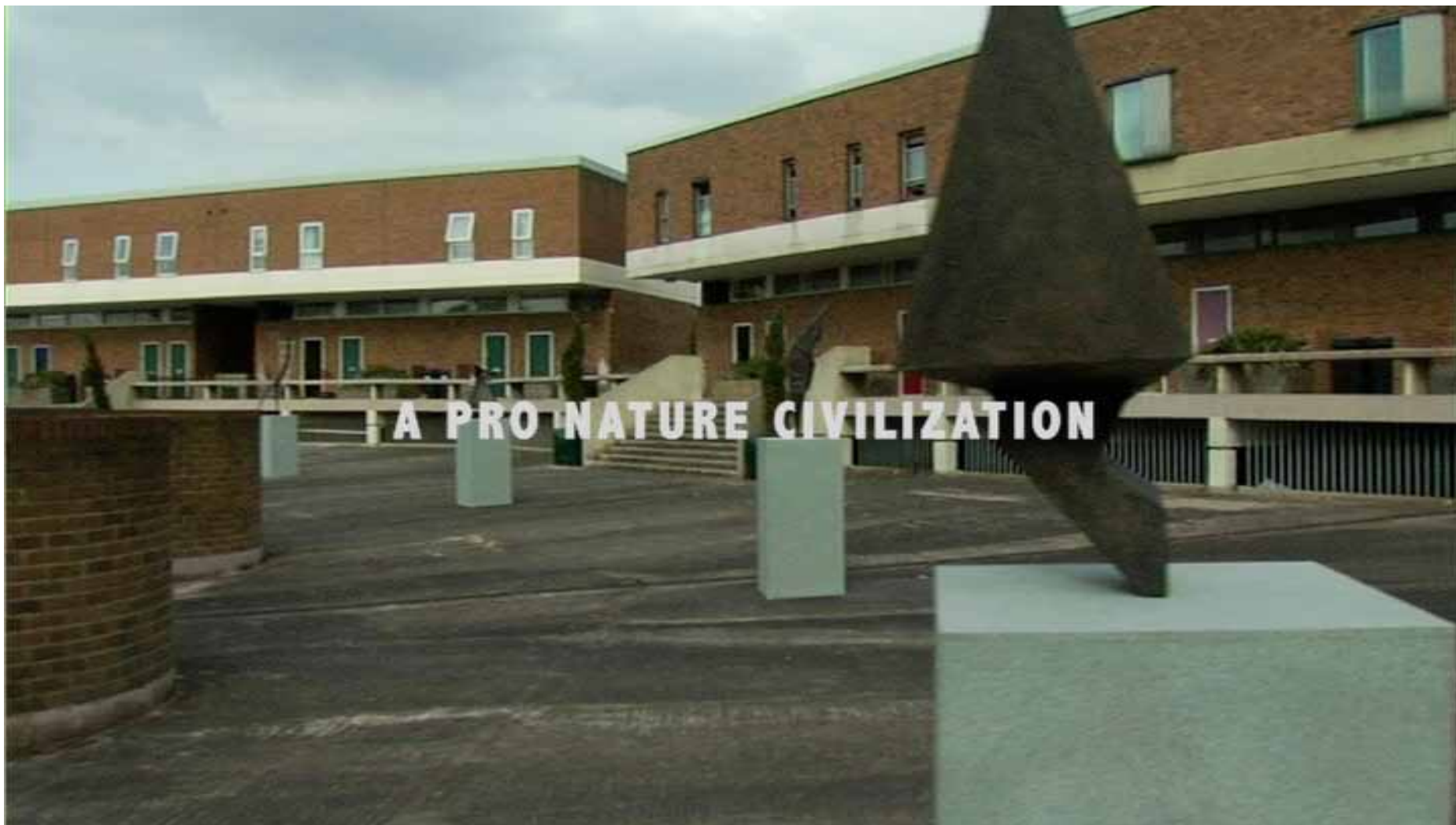
the uncanny landscape



Statecraft [2008]

11 min 30, score by Joe McMonagle
Single channel video projection, 16:9

Moving through a brutalist housing estate into the architect's retreat, the work pushes forward in a relentless stream of manifesto-like text with a trance-like synth score. Sweeping, dark recollections of the politics of negotiating the future reveal the ideals and the anxieties of planning for and as society; the reshaping of hollow principles in the hard light of pragmatism, and the formation of new hopes in new forms of a real cultural life. The bureaucracy of hope and the order of liberty. Added to the mix is Phillip Bobbit's *The Shield of Achilles*, the noir of James Ellroy's *White Jazz*, a local council mission statement for art in the community, *CSI: Miami*, Friedrich Hayek's classical economic theory, *The Fatal Conceit*, *The Errors of Socialism*, Gregory Wonderwheel's *Dark Night of the Soul*, and Alan Greenspan's *The Age of Turbulence*. Boring through this accumulation of evidence, speculation, hypothesis and ideologies, the work exercises the often disturbing legacy that culture's ideals bequeath to social freedom.



A PRO-NATURE CIVILIZATION





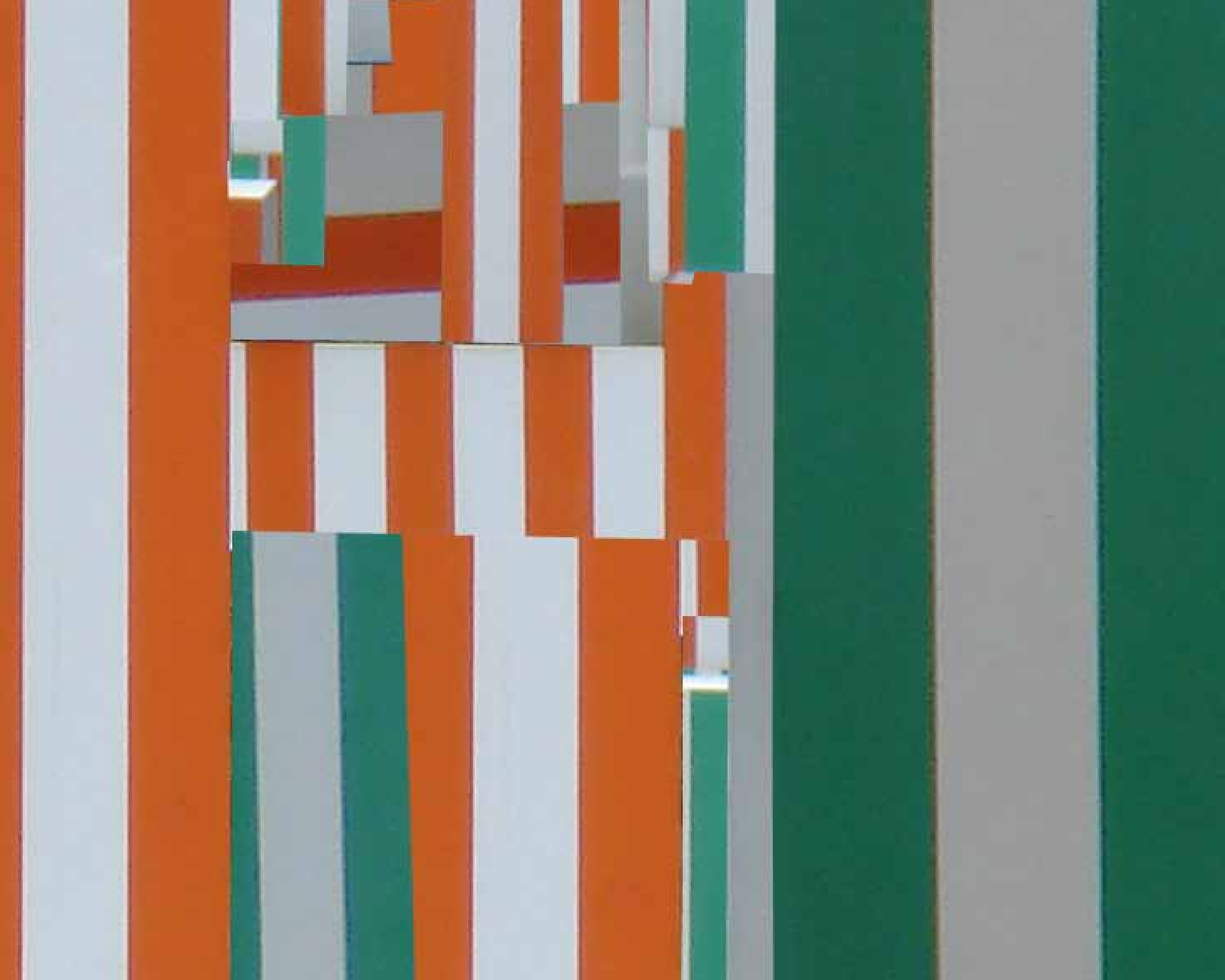




THE REVELATION



**THE DISTILLATION OF
A LIFES WORTH OF WISDOM
AND INSIGHT INTO AN ELEGANT
EXPRESSION OF A COHERENT WORLD VIEW**



The Head is Nothing Without the Body [2008]

Triptych of 30cm x 30cm C-type prints

The Head is Nothing Without the Body, From Progress to Simultaneity, Synthesised and Unified... a speech to an internationally gathered academic population convened in Tokyo to discuss the arts, community, and the future of a media culture. The aspirations of this crowd amass around certain internalized projections playing in their heads – a woman's voice-over translation of the transmission from the stage fills the heads in the auditorium. A Daniel Buren social sculpture of equally organized line systems sits on the edge of the city as you head toward the corporate hotel districts near the harbour. Mirrors, lines and form hold the community together. The two apparitions coalesce into one dream manifesto: a real projection of thought in the world.



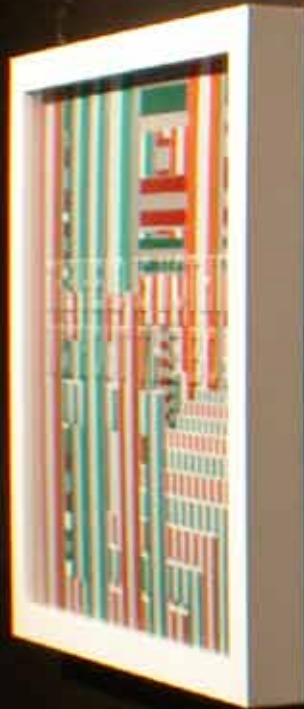
THE HEAD IS NOTHING
WITHOUT THE BODY

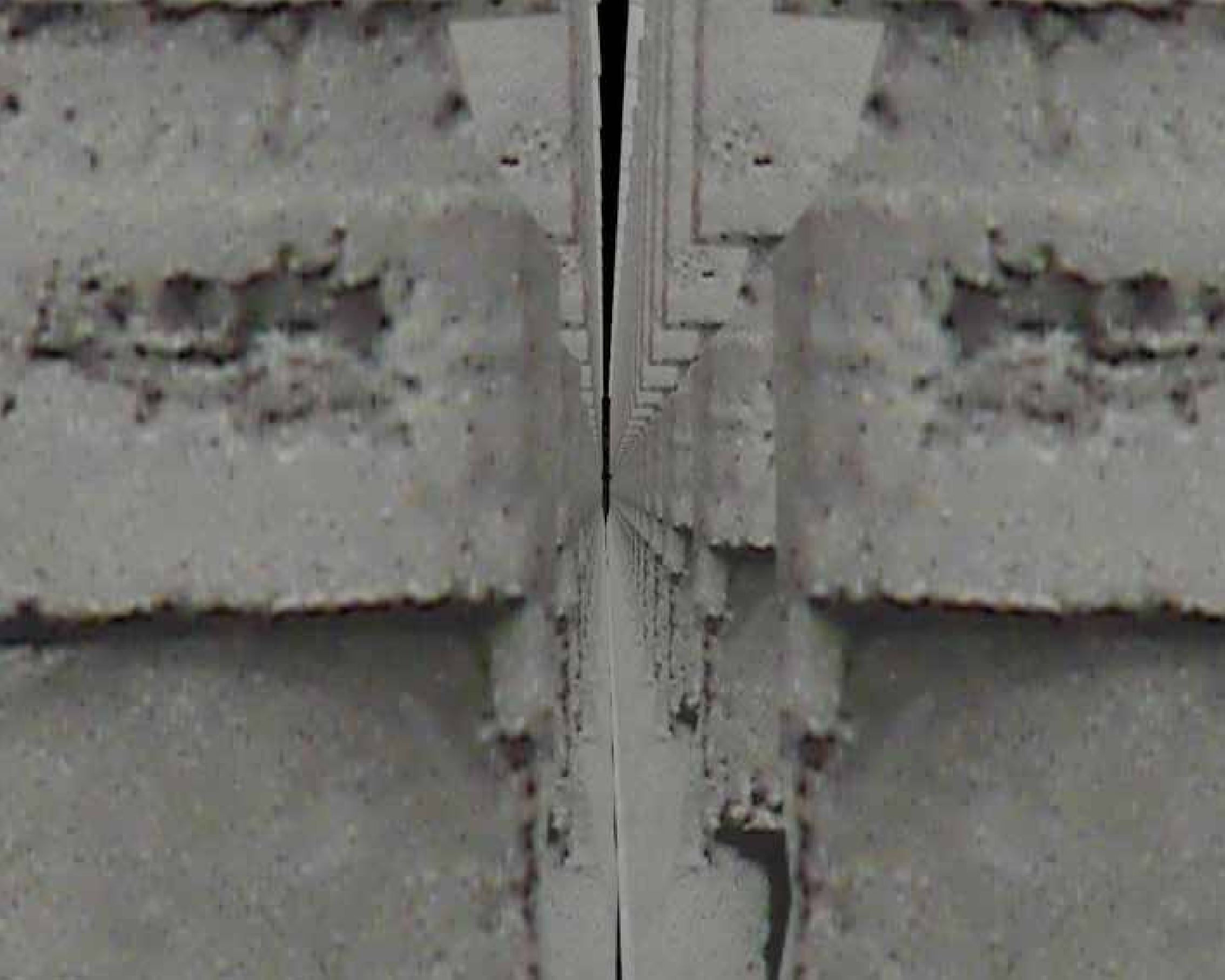


FROM PROGRESS
TO SIMULTANEITY



THE
SYNTHESISED
AND UNIFIED





Sanity Assassin [2010]

18 min, score by Joe McMonagle

Three-channel video projection, 16:9

Installed with *Foyer* [2010], chainsaws, mirrors, plinth

Sanity Assassin is a three-channel video installation with a sculptural element: a spotlit mirrored plinth which displays a series of polished chainsaws. Situated in a custom-designed waiting area, this glamorous structure, with subliminal horror movie overtones, is an homage to the corporate lobby of a real Los Angeles showroom. Beyond this is a three-screen video installation that embodies another violence. Hard-edged, uniform edits guide us through a private and nocturnal LA landscape, and are set to a pulsating noise score. A flashing text interrupts the sequence, channeling psychological transmissions from two central characters whose divergent philosophies ultimately merge into one nihilistic polemic. The first is the estranged European émigré adrift in LA, railing against the culture machine's habituation of nature, and espousing a form of ideal space that can only be achieved through self-enforced seclusion. The second is the voice of the New World Order, purporting to embody nature as self-empowerment. Both characters ultimately descend into a form of psychosis where their radical individualism leads either to dark suicidal horror or pure physical violence.







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PLAINS EXPLORATION & PRODUCTION COMPANY
STATE OF OKLAHOMA













The Church The Bank The Art Gallery [2012]

Paper, plastic, spray paint. Dimensions variable.

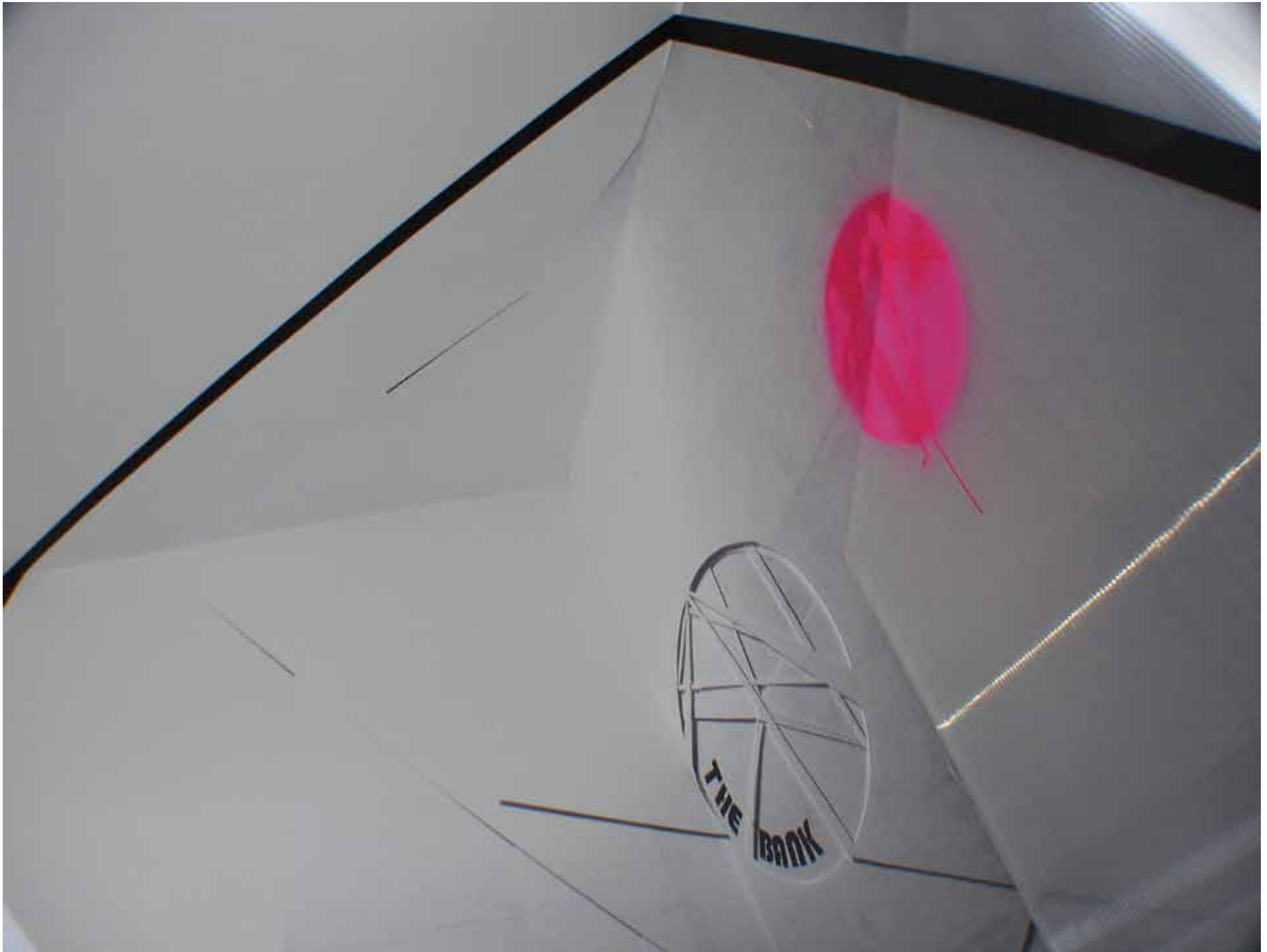
Inside the Bank of Sicily, Palermo, is a Mormon Church, bankrolling the deals that established one of the art world's largest private collections of modern art.

Each structure of power is the mark of our habitual perception. The recognition of their connectivity coalesces the world of the chance encounter with the territory of inevitability. It is the manifestation of the binding of power as fate.

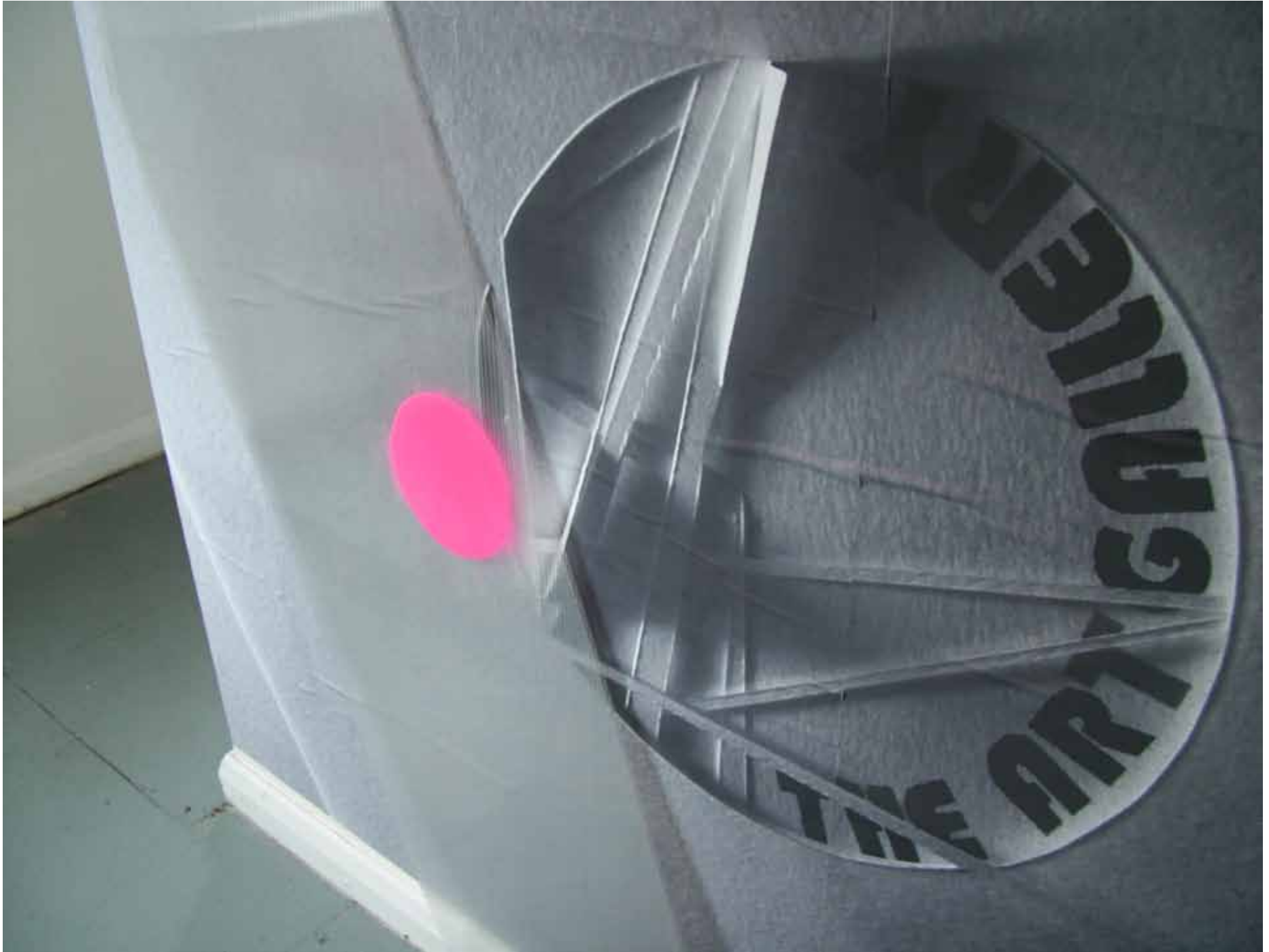
The desire for this unique correspondence reveals our less visible and more entrenched habit – that is, our blind faith in the idea of a bottom-line reason; the very idea of a scheme that can make sense of things. And making these connections is the big payoff to darker forms of knowledge, to deeper capitalistic stabilities enhanced through mystical unions – it is the axis of power and the truth of it all.

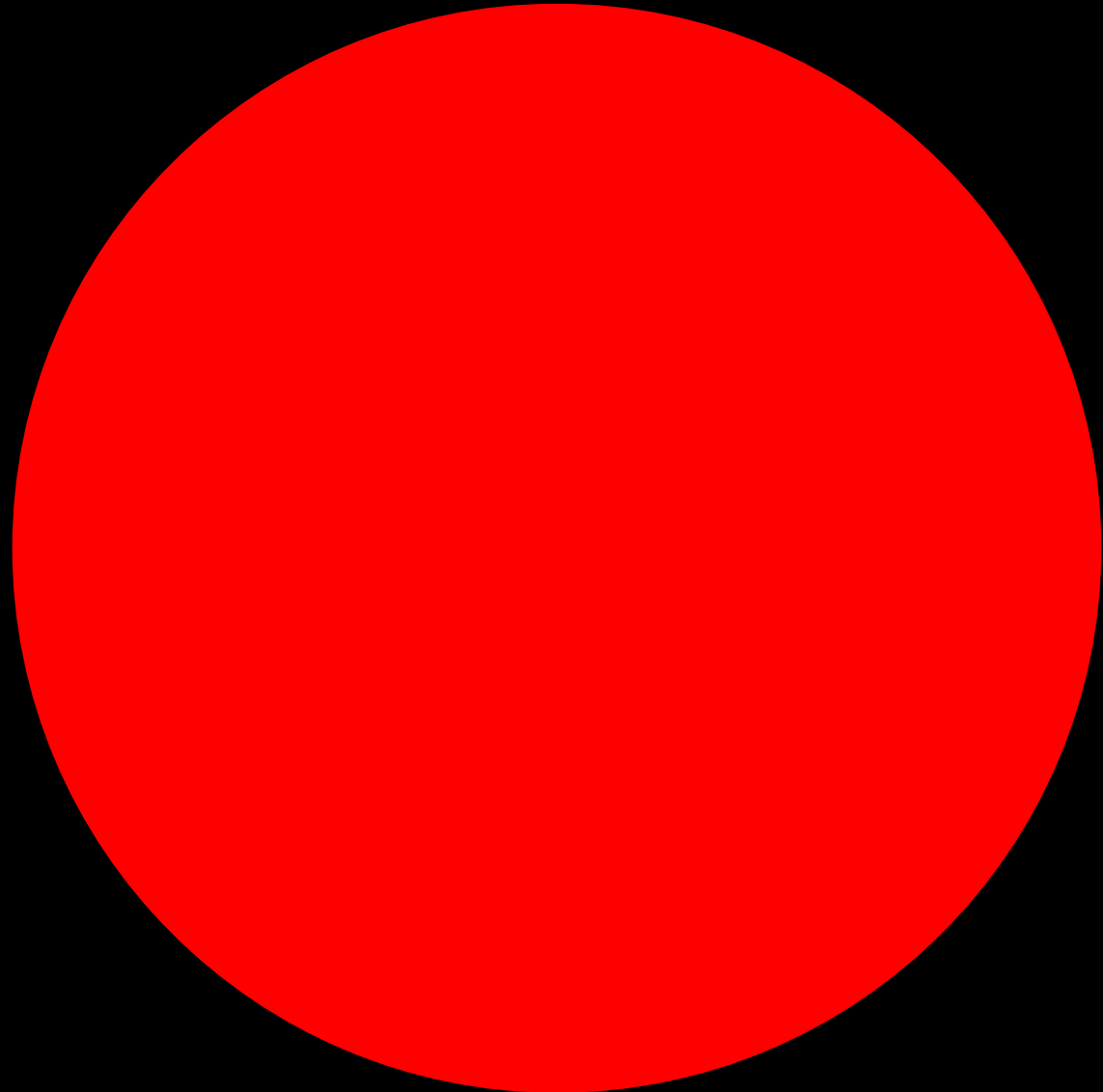
But: One thing happens after another...so now what defines our science?











Final Machine [2013]

58 min, score by Joe McMonagle
Three channel video projection, 16:9

Filmed on location in the Dominican Republic, the Mojave Desert and Miami, graphic explosive inserts, roving handheld shots of deep Caribbean jungle, mysterious dilapidated architecture from a past corrupt dictatorship, creatures in the Everglades, cars trawling night-time Miami, helicopters scanning the Mojave desert are mixed with radio-style communications, with a narrative voice-over delivering a mixture of a CIA recruitment lecture and a theory of life without order. A life where order is no longer sought and never existed in the first place. Three storylines drive the question of how we can avoid a spontaneous philosophy of art – that is, our unswerving faith in specific modes of critique that have now become our bad habit. What is it to remove ourselves from the thrall of empiricism, a faith in causation and the mystical properties of the image? What is it to escape the circle of this image-faith dynamic?

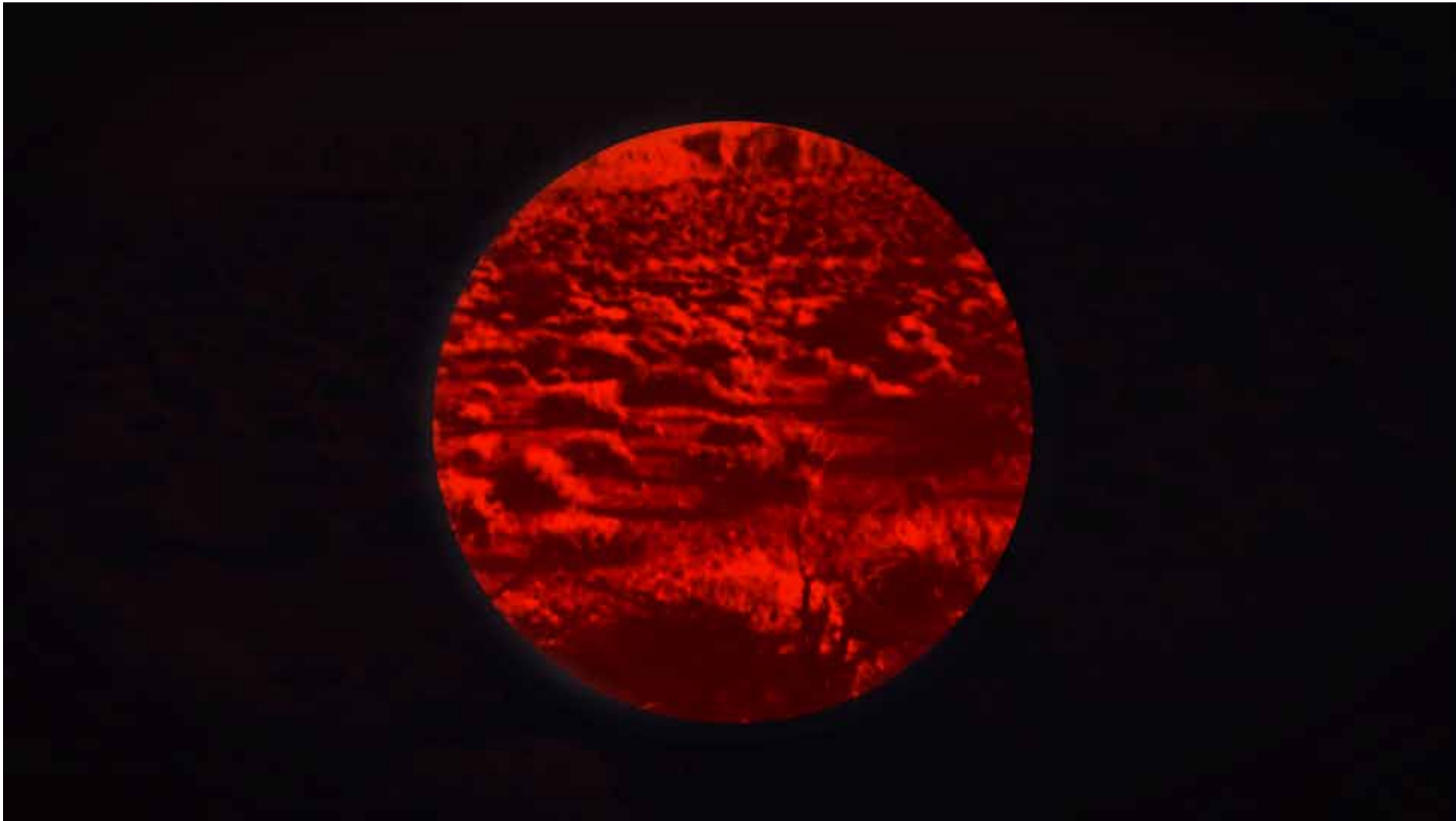


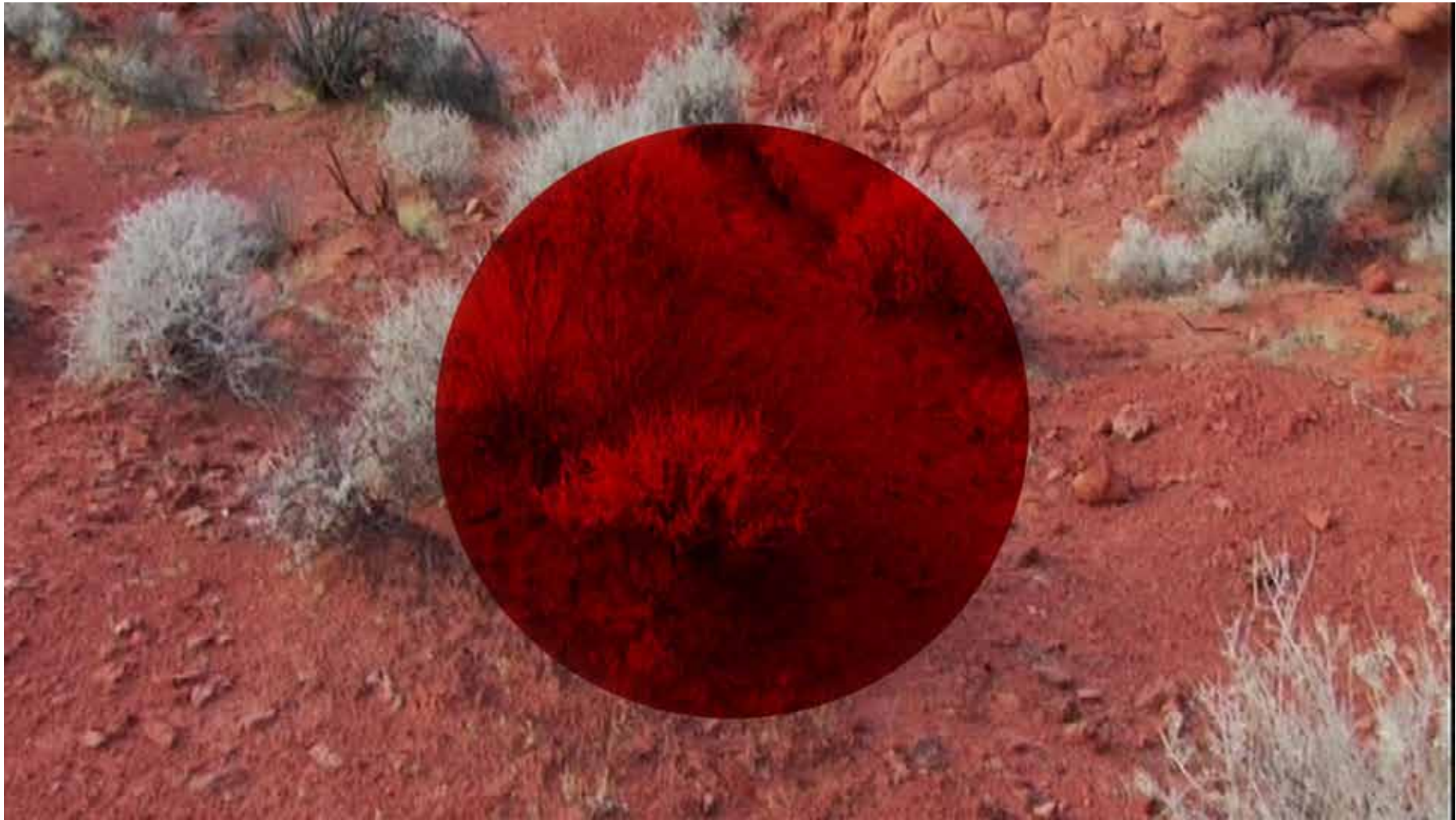
INTRODUCTORY LECTURE















CORRECTNESS















HEADING OUT TO SEA























Final Machine

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

We'll start with this introductory course. First I'll place the notion, then I'll examine its function. We had no real object in mind, there was really nowhere to go, nothing to aim for. All we had were objects that we created, that we'd internalised, and then we took words and made up our own dogmatism. But we were careful to base them in a refined logic system that refused error. There could be, and were, no errors.

We knew we were specialists quite unlike the others – no more free or constrained, but different.

BULLET POINT

Let's see what Angela had to say back in '62 during 'the cold one'. She had some crazy notion

BULLET POINT

[INAUDIBLE]...with the Russians. Hmm...and then some...[INAUDIBLE]...sweeping powers that make martial law look like anarchy.

You're here because of your own willingness to be here. This is where it all happens. Everything you read about in our constitution gets maintained as a reality right here. This is where the people who can't do anything about a situation get something done about it. Do you understand what I'm saying?

BULLET POINT

What they think is unimportant, at least not any more important than what you or I think. They were there because we put them there, and now they're no longer there. That's why you're here, my friend. Because of the management of this country...it's everything to do with the management of this country. It's everything to do with the management of the whole fucking world.

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

This is a culture of the first degree. The training had ended. We'd seen others try the same, ending up in wish fulfillment exercises. But we were different. We had nothing; no one to exploit. Am I joking? This is not about free thinkers. This is about the open-minded; what we like to refer to as simultaneous perspective, able to look at a situation from both sides.

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

We go out here first. We look. We see. We decide first, and then we act. We gain our experience in hindsight. We make our decision on nothing but what we have right now.

BULLET POINT

[INAUDIBLE]

BULLET POINT

[INAUDIBLE]...complex situation. More people like you. They sat while the world imploded and no one has figured it out.

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

We know the romance of community is too late and the round tables are *smashed*. Unfortunately, in a game like this it works the other way around. Unfortunately for us, we get to do it backwards.

BULLET POINT

These things that had blinded us were gone, and with those, destiny.

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

This was neither religion nor moral doctrine, but it led somewhere.

We distinguished the true from the false. Our basis was analysis. We staked out the distinctions between obsession with the objects of culture and those that remained unconsecrated. Our culture does not cultivate.

You can debate the hunger strikes in Ulster, the rise of José Napoleón Duarte and the four-man junta, the assassination of John Lennon, 9/11, morphine, poppies, the threat of communist infiltration, the oppression of late capital, the heart of America, presidents who know *nothing*.

BULLET POINT

[INAUDIBLE]...messianism.

We advance step-by-step. There is no other way, and our position is coherent. It is, above all, practical. We'd split the total framework...

BULLET POINT

[INAUDIBLE]

BULLET POINT

[INAUDIBLE]...burrowing within: a science without object.

BULLET POINT

Unfortunately, in a game like this it works the other way around. Unfortunately for us, we get to do it backwards.

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

We have reset the distinctions and rebuilt according to a more general aim: to produce more findings, to make decisions, and to generate our science without the infantile disorder of superficiality that would only create ideological substitutes for our real intentions.

Do not be frightened. We work together to solve specific problems. We work with crews of engineers, mathematicians, philosophers, resisting the thrall and fiction that our collaboration might exceed the technical and pragmatic, growing into the 'big idea'.

[INAUDIBLE]...empiricism...

BULLET POINT

...data collections...

BULLET POINT

...stats...

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

...the desire for...[INAUDIBLE]

...legitimacy...

BULLET POINT

...power and truths that were not our own, and we opened and occupied new spaces that troubled Truth's very nature. That is our game: to state what is correct, to make a new line for us to travel.

*

SWITCH THE LIGHT ON

LIGHT COMES ON

SWITCH THE LIGHT OFF

LIGHT GOES OFF

LECTURE TWO: CORRECTNESS

BULLET POINT

We instigated 'Black Ops', your assassination programme, like they did in Chile and Ecuador. It's all so simple when you don't see the stability anyway. You undermine the acting government. You put your own people in – and then, and only then, if all that goes haywire, you commit to war. But we knew that such a war, such a concept, is only the ongoing process of the operations that are always there, just [INAUDIBLE]

BULLET POINT

...my cards are right here on the table. And whether you think I'm doing some smooth finessing of thought or whether you think that I'm a crude MF, then lose it. Because whatever happens, we stay distracted within the circle. I'm not smiling. So, I said what I was doing. The circle is necessary and productive. There's no logic. There's not a circle at all. The procession goes back and forth; people with evidence bags, cameras, with armfuls of files from some back room. You can stare at the images all you like, but who were these people? What did they do that prompted their deaths? I know that before, earlier, I had mentioned something [INAUDIBLE] that held your attention. And I saw the look on your faces. You were worried. It was when I said that there was no empiricism required for Truth. Remember that? It's where we made that departure from science. You know, that place where things get evidenced; demonstrated, proven...This is 'the big one'. This is the difference [INAUDIBLE] between Truth and correctness. And we have to be careful here. And now, we saw this transparent

BULLET POINT

...we saw through it. We saw it all again and back again. The effect, the reason, and the cause.

BULLET POINT

[INAUDIBLE]

All this to the condition of another control; a nature that had taken hold, and the...

BULLET POINT

We had to understand that justice, as we know it, was not at work here. Instead, we were to work within a balance of forces. A pract...[INAUDIBLE]

BULLET POINT

...that made us take the correct path. And you are right to be scared. You're thinking that we thought we were the real thing, the preestablished order...

BULLET POINT

We had to do this all the time keeping in mind the big myth of it all, the big myth skewered through the heart of knowledge. The very idea that we can define our knowledge...

So, now we're inside, internal, and this is the only way we can act. And our intervention is between empirical reality and ideology. We make theoretical effects, political effects, we adjust the balance of power. It's 1968. King and Kennedy are dead. The conspiracies have begun to unravel, and the dirty tricks squad are getting ready to deploy the democratic convention in Chicago. Hoover dies. You got the FBI. You got crazy black militants. You have factions, LA, Dominican...

BULLET POINT

[INAUDIBLE]...puppets that ran the secret police, voodoo sex, herbs, we were at the vortex of...[INAUDIBLE]

BULLET POINT

Again, it seems like viewers don't want to feel like they're actually there because they think they're being duped. But it's like they're used to what counts as 'this is real' from movies. The same people probably thought that *Traffic* was realistic, when it was a great example of Hollywood's realism, which is often cliché in itself: handheld cameras, melodramatic acting, tragic figures, "Oh, this is 'the street'". This is not a pool party. This is a very dark story of an undercover job to stop one of the baddest Colombians around.

BULLET POINT

Sal Magluta. The drug-trafficker running go-fast boats in the opening scenes of the film is in fact one of Miami's reputed 'Cocaine Cowboys'...

BULLET POINT

Mann wanted a film that was as real as it was stylish. He even put Colin Farrell in jeopardy by bringing him along with real FBI drug squads to drug busts, so that Farrell could build up the character of Crockett even more. It was later revealed that these busts were faked by Mann.

There is no mistaking that this path lost us the feeling for the outside. That beginning; the place that would make it all happen, and where we could find our roots. But for those that think that the whole thing is an elaborate fantasy, and that only *The Wire* tells you how reality works, you should know that almost everything was based on facts, down to the tiniest detail. They spent months shadowing the guys who really do this, and they modelled their performances on how these guys really are. It's a very intense and edgy thing to be undercover, and the guys who are the deepest really are flying planes and making deals in foreign countries all on their own with no backup and with crime syndicates doing extensive background checks on them. We don't have an obvious story arc, and the audience is expected to figure out what's going on without lots of repetition. For example, the reason that they're undercover is because of a leak in the Federal Command superstructure. But if you were munching on your popcorn for that line, you're out of luck.

BULLET POINT

I can say that my description of what you've seen is another thing in itself. So my tools do not go unnoticed and we can incorporate them into this play...

BULLET POINT

[INAUDIBLE]...tell us anything about reality. I was there: insider tattle, outsider gossip, we were deaf to it all. I'm not the Rosetta Stone. I'm not the deus ex machina. I'm a man. This is neither mysticism nor instrumentalism. It's not so clean and tidy. What I'm talking about is a change in ideas, a shift in forces from the dominant to the dominated. Practical results affect the realities that state the processes of any struggle. It's not enough just to show it, this is the hook of the visible, the fever of the eyes. But what is it to know? Let's go back to the beginning and around again. And as we go, my description of what you've seen and the stuff I've shown you becomes another description, and I can see that it's obvious, that you can see that my argument is circular. This is breakthrough work in aerial filming; going to places that film has never been before. He really is driving that speedboat at seventy miles an hour off the tip of Florida, which would take him less than eighty minutes to get to Havana. What is it to get that reality? Well, it's not the handheld clichés of films like *Traffic*. It's another thing, like you're really there. I can do perfection. You gotta be willing to open up to something different. It is not the '80s anymore, basically, so this is how millions of dollars and months of preproduction were spent copying things exactly, and the script was basically written after extensive interview with undercover DEA agents and professional informants.

We executed our own veracity with ruthless systematic contact. But this is exactly where we have to be particularly careful with images, because we have no images in our head, nothing to realise out there.

So, what have we established? Have I answered the questions we set out with? Well, yes, and no. The circle that we're tracing traces the logic of other geometries. That's what I've shown you. It's the collision of matter. It's not enough just to say that this just happened. We all knew that. We all know that. We'd spent so long in the dark, we knew more than anyone else. We entered into this necessarily and quite deliberately. And we can

now go back. A return to the question of what this means. And now there's no president, no government, and it broke down to a set of interests. It's only our correctness that can navigate this; only this that can create lines of demarcation, and only this that can create a real justice. This is what we came out of the bunkers with. This is the correctness. This is the resonance machine: the pulsating core of affect that ripples through the global sphere, the architecture of vortacist dust that turns into the coke trade, that turns out to be the financing and leveraging of power through a categorising of citizens to the level of animals, testing out the dose and watching as nature takes hold. We've gone through it and we are inside the machine, out the other side and back again. So, you think we're all sitting ducks because there's no Air Force One, no protection? Destinations are unknown and purpose is a mystery, but white noise now rattles through the mortar of a lost suburbia and we are waking up to the luminous shadow that engulfs and deteriorates our selfhood. We are truly in the dark. And we kinda like it. Because this becomes our place. Yes, we were practical. But this was an art of practice in a different form; a negotiation with reality that went beyond the visible, that went beyond the machine. This was a negotiation with reality as thought and the processes of thought material. We weren't sitting around waiting for something to happen, and we weren't tinkering with the little things either. We weren't mechanics fixing goddamn engines. We'd thrown out all reference to the main, to the locus, to the body – the thought-effect was ours. It's yours right now. That's what we are in training for, and you're already internal to it.

And this is why there's no Cold War, because we went into Nicaragua, Afghanistan, the Congo, Haiti, Libya – and here we are again, turning it around, coming out the other way with deeper factions, crews, gangs, operatives.... And no, there's no president, no government. It broke down to a set...[INAUDIBLE]

Sounds like the old BS mumbo-jumbo voodoo shit. But serious, we are talking about a reality here. But the line that is made when we trace between what is proven and what is thought is our creation, and this is where it all happens. This takes me back to the other point where I talked about empiricism. Well, we can't rely on it, but we can't leave it alone. So we have to re-examine these findings, because it's our role to transform their meanings. That's what happens. That's what we do. We create a science of our own, a correct line through facts, and the creation of new facts. Case closed.

This is our new planet, ripped from the dreams of territories and identities, purged in every way of the banality of theology, and the effects of our labour collide with nature. And we're ready for it all. I'm talking about a disturbance in that rock, that edifice, that entire thing upon which you pin your hopes.

In a crisis, something that is normally hidden in the depths of the shadows is illuminated for all to see. The writing is on the wall. And now we see also with every claim to the...[INAUDIBLE]

BULLET POINT

...some form of thought, belief, some point of our view of how we see the world and how we want to see it. This is now laid bare before us in a permanent visibility of crisis. Everything is so bright, so apparent. We see through the firmament towards the energy lines, through the galaxy, through the Earth, to the atoms. We live through the atoms, the particles, the point of our collision between the myth of our stability and the myth [INAUDIBLE]...

BULLET POINT

A biologically inspired cognitive architecture...

BULLET POINT

...where brain-mind computes life. But we're falling back already, turning inside-out...

BULLET POINT

...the silent and invisible is now the point of our spectacle; jubilation of self-declared crisis.

BULLET POINT

Crisis of crisis. Crisis for crisis.

BULLET POINT

We see all of this and we knew that we had to respond in the battlefield; a secular struggle in which combatants are not duped by the self-revelation of knowledge, human misery, or stoicism. Look at the facts. Look at history. Revolutions and massacres tell us as much. Where we risk always the idea of working under the illusion that we are the vanguard of history. We can't get caught up in such mysticism. And this is the centre of all your training. It's what it's all about. It's your preparation for achieving correctness.

*

SWITCH THE LIGHT ON
LIGHT GOES ON
SWITCH THE LIGHT OFF
LIGHT GOES OFF

LECTURE THREE: HEADING OUT TO SEA

What we're seeing is real. April 10th through April 20th, in a state near you, this has been repeated across the country. In the last two years so-called 'urban-warfare training', right here. In this case, they actually pulled people over and searched their vehicles with the local police department. Now, I was sent this video of the incident. You see: they take out groups of young officers from across the country in the Marine Corps, and teach them that it's okay to go into towns and cities and take over the City Hall and search vehicles. In this training exercise, it became real. They became so arrogant that they just followed orders and began to search people's vehicles. And as you are about to find out, it's not just the Marines, it's the Army too.

BULLET POINT
BULLET POINT

From these faces in the void, our insurgence grew, became. From out of nowhere and heading nowhere, but with a credible dominance and a competitive spirit without measure. And that could only be accurate. We had broken with the kinds of idealism that had led the spirit of culture for generations. That path from antiquity...

BULLET POINT

...to the Middle Ages, to the Bourgeoisie, that championing of the human spirit, the moral worth of the human spirit had to be wiped out, and for those of you listening and hearing this today, you are being asked...

BULLET POINT

To see this as the only way you can think it from now on.

BULLET POINT

The infiltration has begun. It's a three on the Richter scale. This is infowar.

BULLET POINT

For those of you who are stuck in that little...

BULLET POINT

...belief in the myth of it all, the myth of creation, the value of creation, as if you were the kinds of genius artists who were gonna save the fucking world. Well, you'd better think again, because that thought is over. That kind of language is just vulgar. The creative spirit of the human mind. What the hell?! The freedom of the creative spirit of culture. Whose church is that? Just values that justify the sham world you are living in. What is the soul that must be saved? What must we defend ourselves against? What is the real threat here?...The promise of immortality, for sure.

BULLET POINT

Well, here's some Marines training to search people's vehicles, and guess what? This is some poor resident who had to come to the checkpoint to get home. Well, I'm glad the Marines are learning how to do their police work, and, well, here's two troublemakers now that they've apprehended.

BULLET POINT

But before you can set up your checkpoint, you've gotta move out and create a perimeter. This is all healthy for the locals to see, and it's all completely normal to have troops running around your neighbourhood at night, pulling vehicles over. This is just a small part of living here today. Now, what's the worry here? What's the training for? Get ready for the biggest bombshell of them all: the largest military reservation in the Western Hemisphere. Under the guise of bomb disposal, the military is serving search warrants with SWAT teams, civilian police SWAT teams, across states and counties, violating every canon of a free society. Police, state, civilians, county, city,

you name it.... If, for any reason, any reason at all, call the military twenty-four hours a day for assistance. That's the invitation. Please do not hesitate. Do not feel that we are a last-resort asset. We're here to support you twenty-four hours a day.

BULLET POINT

We need to get to the mechanism of reality and to the nature of reality. We've gone so far, but we need to go further. We need to know the deeper influences on our behaviour; the ideas that set out nature force. We cannot move to those deeper spaces without this new research.

So, we were cooking up all types of mean shit, angling for new hooks into the labour market, getting close to the workers, intuiting the next moves of small sub-groups, cadres. I assumed the role of murderer, and behaved in the manner of a first-time killer. I learned things from Operation Voodoo Worker, and I held back. I made trips to the DR coast, sniffing out the panoramas of corruption, peeking into the FBI snitch files, back to the desert where we came from and into the new jungles. I pretended to be a French tourist and made the right shapes to sell the story. We didn't talk about the commie kills, the FBI chemistry sets, the déclassé campsites, the loser assassins; we built the fall guy from the ground up with a fully formed mindscape. I saw men and women zombified, the beast from the East, and our discourses on the dream-state were nourished by these sights. I was always chemically prepared, making sure that I was safe in this rural adventure. Crocodiles, blood-marked trees, this was the place that they wanted to lure the tourists. The new future. The idea of achieving a contained chaos was old-school, along with the idea that chaos leads to liberation, and we'd seen the reinvention of former criminals then cast in hero mode and we'd come through it all...

BULLET POINT

Our short-term views had eclipsed, and we saw the end. The big idea was gutted, ripped out; its internal power torn up and recycled, its slick two-storey pads, high rolling apartments, the seedy alchemical destinations for the crews operated as the same old cook 'em up locale, but, now, with a deeper and wilder voodoo vibe. But, we all knew this class. We'd seen this kind of

spiritualism, this wilder side, and we knew it all made too much sense.

BULLET POINT

The casino build was on, but it turned into a horror-house murder. Messed up destitution, slavery, making words out of numbers, letters and space; forms emerging and clashing, speeding this up and slowing things down. It completed the picture too easily. It made up an uninterrupted view of the right kind of chaos.

What I'm talking about is a closer, close-up look; a hole in the centre of all operations. No drawing back. Here there's no question of doubt or any question of right. There's just the conviction to know. Yes, these are beliefs. They are our beliefs. But, these beliefs do not come from practice. They are outside of it. They remain external and they remain after the fact.

Whilst this may seem all so spontaneous, instead it is a dark habit of spirit; the core of our corrupt idealism and we can [INAUDIBLE]...

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

There was a place for all the shit, a place for all the luxury, a place to dump the bodies, and a place to make the kills. Nothing was untidy. Even in the mess of it all it was pretty seamless, fluid, and we went with the swirl of things. It was one big rationale.

BULLET POINT

We define rights. We name names. We tell you what to think.

BULLET POINT

Now the balance is upset. We've lived through the contradiction. And, yes, we have to run, move, and turn out the Truth from the underground, an intra-space in a new decisive reality.

You think the words you have do nothing, that they mean nothing. But you're wrong. You think that you are caught up in some bourgeois ideological bullshit, and that no words can get you to where you want to go. But you'd be wrong again. The whole point here is that you've got it inside-out: You're the spiritualists, and you've gotta see that straight. There's nothing wrong with slogans. There's nothing wrong with dogmatism. These are essential for us and our survival. We speak the facts. And your art...

BULLET POINT

...your culture? Well, there's no place...

BULLET POINT

[INAUDIBLE]...your poetry of the infinite, your little tales of civil support, well, they're all the same to me.

You think you're...

BULLET POINT

...doing some real science? You think you're doing some social work? You think we care? You think you're reaching to some Truth?

BULLET POINT

You have got to be kidding!

BULLET POINT

The only thing you can do is give up that shit and stick to the path. This is the only force that's got any force; the force that annihilates your soft self-delusions. Think like that and you're just some patsy cleric over again, and the worst thing is that you don't even know it. The architecture has melted away beneath you. You're not making art. You're not doing politics, and you certainly aren't part of any process. Just look around. Your framework is your fiction, and your words...these really are the words that don't matter.

We saw their collapse. The crossfade to one simulation, and this was the nature illusion that was broken apart and an imbalance was restored, splitting the houses, creating the territories, cutting the terrain, forcing the edges; the nightmare of this twisted knowledge, well, we owned it for a while.

And then our knowledge didn't matter anymore. We came out the other side. Hell. We didn't have to go in. There were no illusions to break, because we had become that science. Words, codes, signs, spaces held together. They took hold. We created the exceptional document. Meaning just did not matter. We never expected miracles. We didn't have expectations.

We were so deep, we forgot about the struggle. We went out there to win terrain from the enemy, to foil his tricks, and to foresee his counter-attacks, but in fact there was no system, no background, no foreground. We weren't in there to replace an ideology, and now we don't need to. This new phase, these new forms, these new connections to mechanics, the nature of mechanics, made us see past the fight itself. We didn't need to extract ourselves from the situation, we were never there. This is a supra-you: all the impulses of your personality with the volume turned up and the inhibitions off. One day you say you're from Kentucky, and the next Kansas. You've gotta isolate yourself and focus in. We could create that chaos. We can't artificially create a background without that kind of support. Chaos had been our support, but now we were living in another parallel time in the heart of nature's operations.

BULLET POINT

...had one guy, extremely high level guy. This led to the big sting on Noriega, the big organisations, counter-intel, the phone-jammers, tech-support, PIs, lawyers. It's not about one commodity, one location, it's global, it's universal, and these people are businessmen. We're talking the Fortune 500. Highly motivated individuals in the upper echelons commanding control, paying thousands for the best food, wine, girls, parties. No takes, one shot. The downside is a bullet in the head. What's the draw? There's an elevated experience. This is the motivator. To be believed one hundred per cent, you're living it. You're feeling it and they're buying it.

BULLET POINT

We're reaching the mob, the mass, the intensity state...

BULLET POINT

These things we saw...

BULLET POINT

...the things we see...

BULLET POINT

They are the abstract cause.

BULLET POINT

BULLET POINT

[INAUDIBLE] You might have had the impression that we were delivering a speech that was prepared in advance

BULLET POINT

But no, in truth, what we have succeeded in saying to you has won through

BULLET POINT

Sustained effort.

BULLET POINT

This is an example as set.

BULLET POINT

It is your turn now.

BULLET POINT

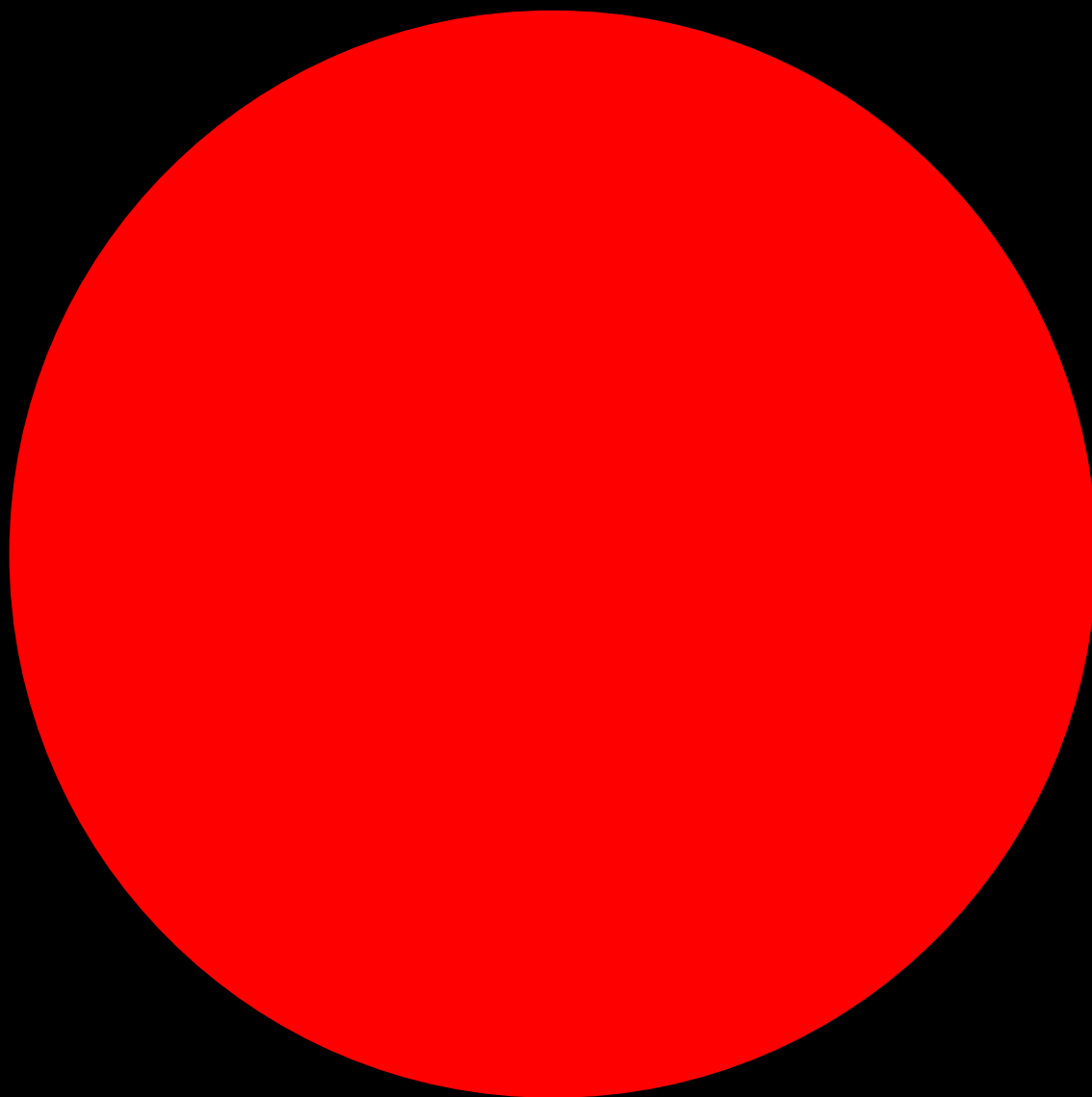
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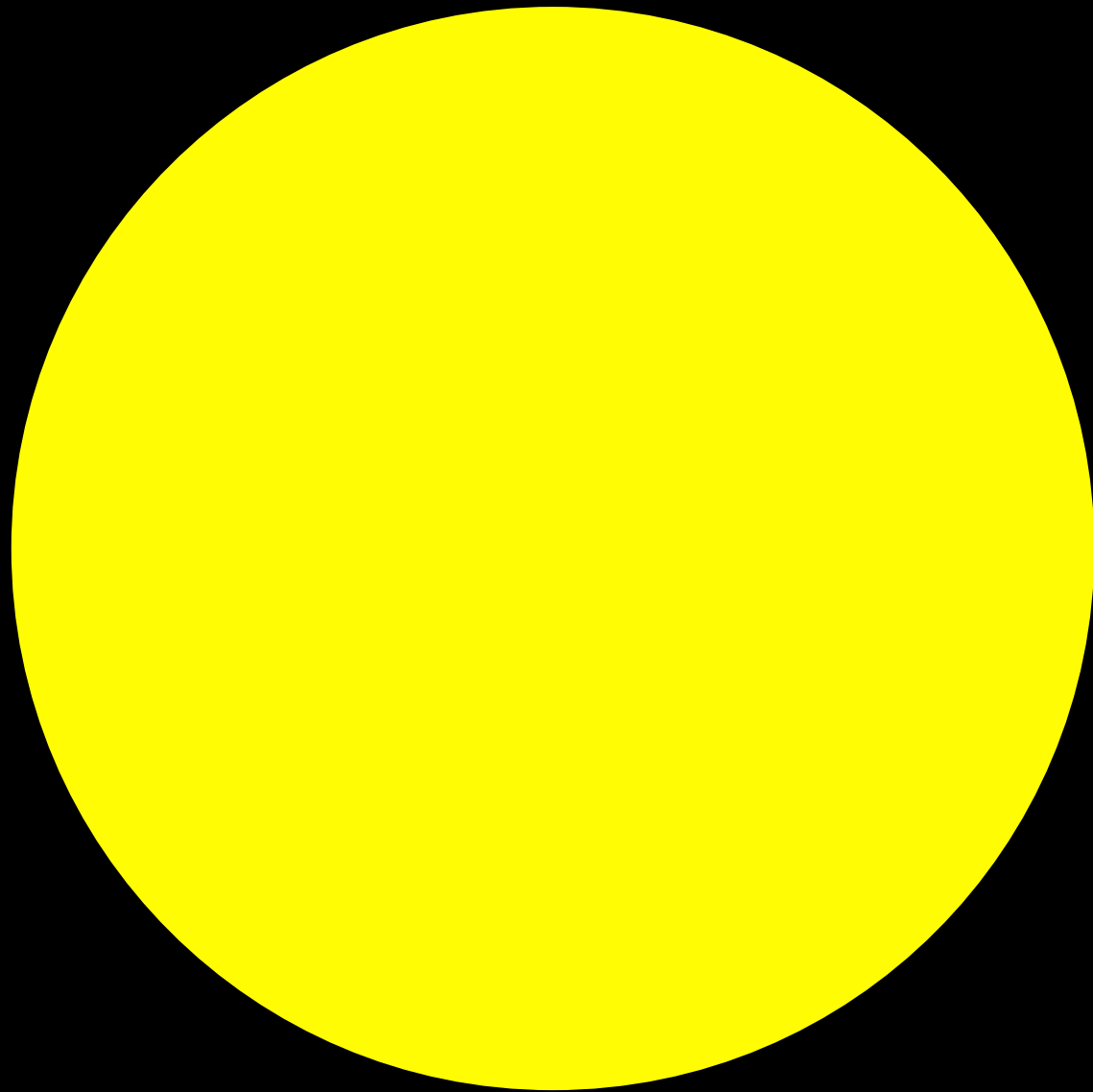
BULLET POINT

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