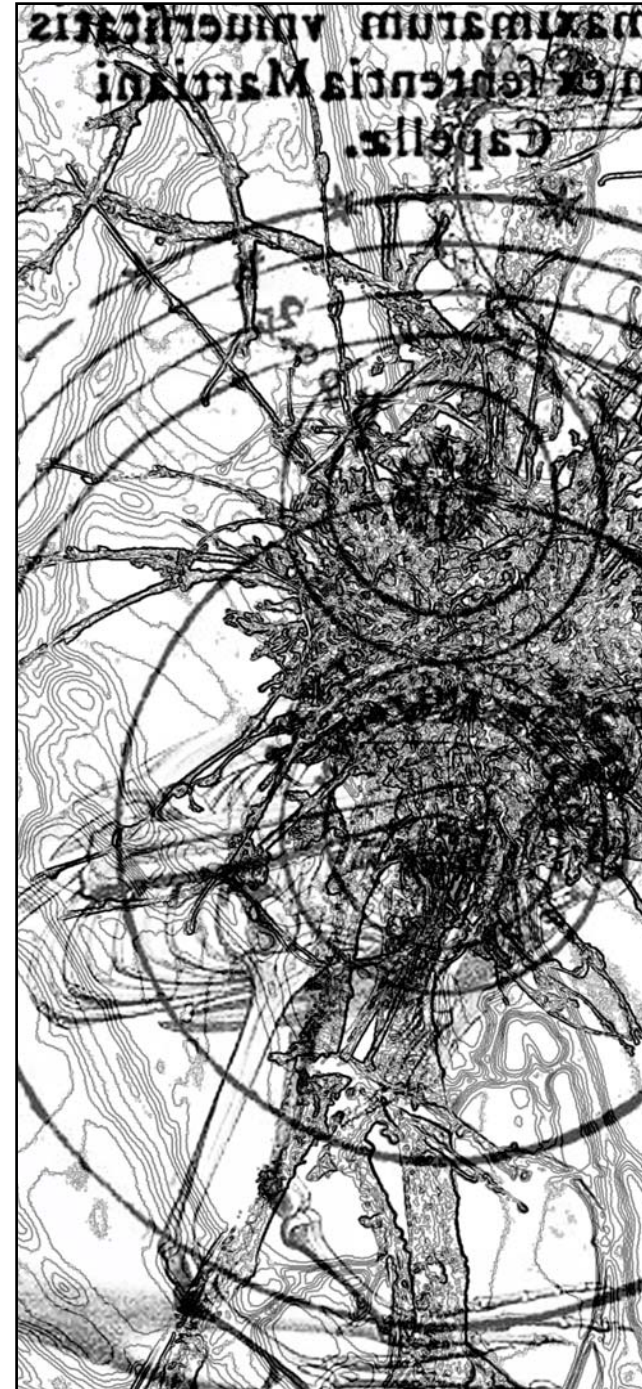


cryptocrystalzine #1



anticyrignotus

may 2015

Songs for skinwalking the drone

Francesca da Rimini + Virginia Barratt + Neha Spellfish

A polyvocal libretto for the futures. The occulted ingredients are the upreaped immanent seethings surgings breathings and matterings of [anti]Capital's provisional evolutionary subjects and their familiars.

Ol' King Coal and a frankensteined cybernetic system called Bentley Blockade [a microcity of drones, fires, underground networks, towers, dragons and noise] battle it out in the caldera, activating a (h)executable for change. Can such temporary affective microzones memetically ripple out into comparable struggles over the commons?

Songs for skinwalking the drone (SFSD) is the first iteration of work/s perpetually in progress that are DIWO (Doing It With Others) inflected, (for DIWO reflection, see pp 20-21) taking place at the Click Festival in Helsingør, Denmark, May 14th-17th, 2015. SFSD was and is a performed presentation (libretto), an exhibition, a walk in the forest, a gleaning of plants and dropped feathers, a breaking of nettle bread, a stitching and unstitching of Capital's rotting fabric.

SFSD v.1 comprised the following elements:

- . 25 minute libretto performed live
- . the installation of Ol' King Coal in the old shipyards
- . the online mirroring of affective microzones at LambdaMOO
- . cryptocystalzine

We would say more but we are still finishing the work (it will never be finished, and so we can never speak about it)

Det er 2 masser af 9
Som er lig med 18
Som er lig med 9

Perfekt!
Lovende!

R:F:R:G

Songs for skinwalking the drone (libretto and companion art installation), and *Cryptocystalzine* have materialised via the spells cast by familiars scattered across the globe. Our hearts are enriched by the generous exchange that Readers:Feeders:Responders:Gleaners have shared. Love+Anarchy from Virginia Barratt, Neha Spellfish and Francesca da Rimini.

Zine pages

Amy Ireland (AI): DUOPRISM (TWO MINOR MODULES), pp 6-7 [XF]

Patrick Quick: Untitled images, pp 8-9

Neha Spellfish: pp 4-5; p 24 (back cover image)

Marc Couroux + VB: [e], pp 15-16

Cibo: Translation of opening and closing poem, p 23

Libretto feedback & table reading

Jonathan Marshall

Teri Hoskin

Voices

Caron Ward: Fury

Ross Martin: Sound recording of Fury

Libretto feedback & table reading

Jonathan Marshall

Teri Hoskin

IRC mods

Lucca Fraser: irc Xenofem channel borgbabe moderator [XF]

Ivan Niccolai: irc Xenofem chabbel borgbabe moderator

Danish Collaborators

Jan Hjort Christensen: Ornithologist & Elsinore Harbour Master

Maj-Britt Salhaug: Biologist & Nature Interpreter

Cibo (Christina Caborowski): English/Danish Translator/Voice in libretto

Click Team

Georg Rasmussen: CLICK Festival Manager

Morten Vejrup: Praktikant, CLICK Festival

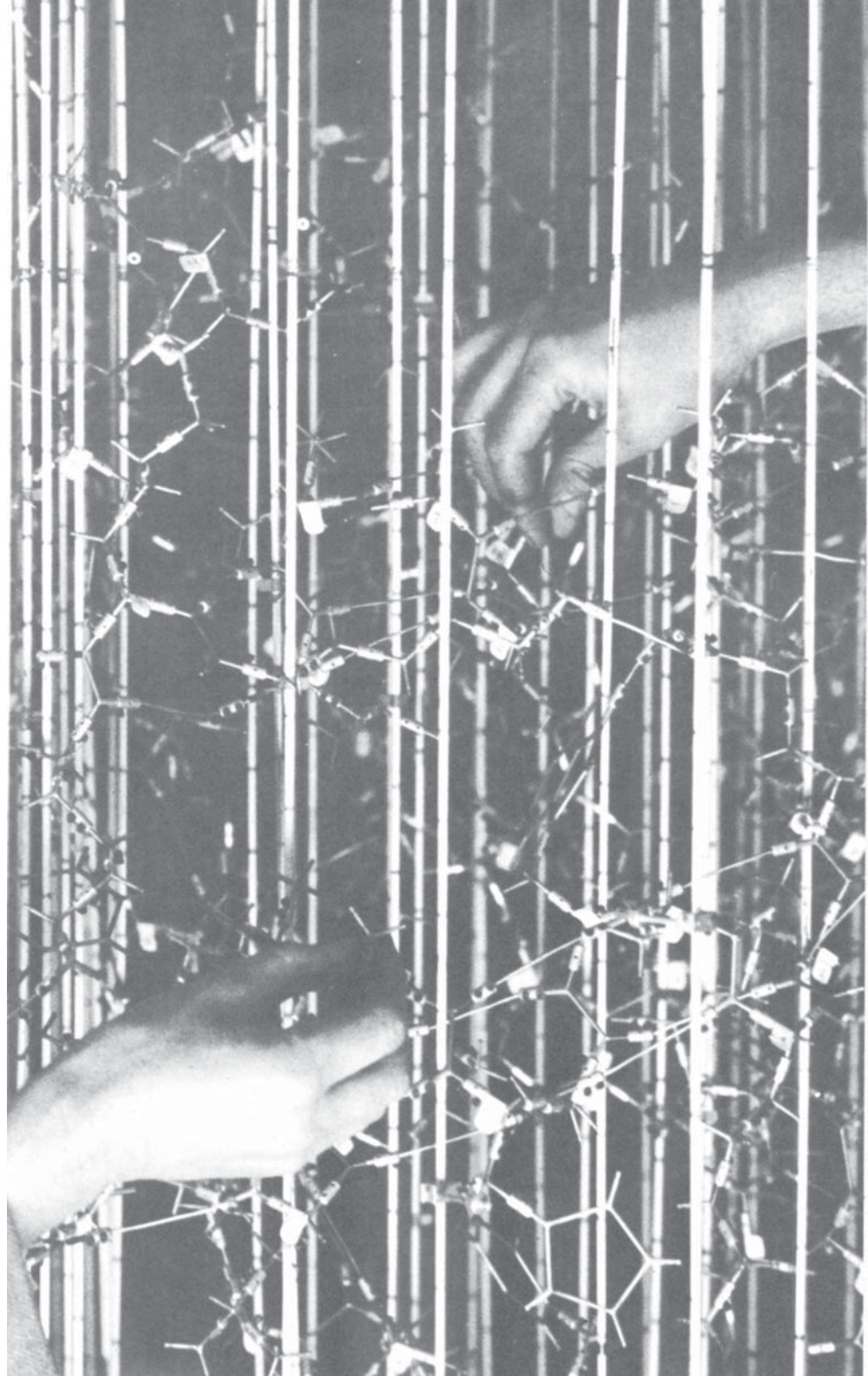
Barbara Scherfig: Editor, CLICK seminar

Marie Braad Larsen: Praktikant, CLICK Festival

Louie F. Jensen, : Ectogenetic Pod creators

Furtherfield

Co-curators of CLICK 2015 seminar and exhibition



As if coming out of the mist of an unstained parenthetical self, a small egg of meaning, I became an extension of the source, a fresh child of embedded codes, a lexical anomaly, the disabused synthesis of what had come before. Within my core, the disenchantments and declarations of the the afro-pessimist, whose dark skin received the legendary brutalities of the universal dominator, whose spiritual marrow had become the sacrifice of angry white-man magic, and whose code of clicks had strained and writhed over 400 yrs into the gutter bullet tales of hustlers and killers - outlaws, revolutionaries and martyrs - germinated. In the natural earth, a seed can become so much more than its small self, even sprouting green soft and supple objects, dense with chloroplast, coniferal, perhaps borne from fruits, the kernel having naturally freed itself from the shell. But my seed became violently divorcive, the ovule from which I would descend having undergone some karmic defenestration, and then some physical defenestration, and then had there been alarms that emanated from the blows, echoing down to eclipse the summit of a growing surface, they would cause my shape to become long ways, purposely lateral in defense. Until I was not growing up, but growing down, having curved under street post lights and vicious naked addictions, into the peridotical.. and yet there were aquifers down under, still.

Where I first spied the inky wells, they appeared unmoving. Not unlike flat static paper pages, promising a satisfaction, scarcely there blots of water cut out of the crust and dry mass, 'there' barely being a 'place', only a hint of a loci, occupying the critical positional concept. The center of the thing itself. In moments of desperation, I would sip at these conformal arrays, discovering hydration, ingesting the polar covalent, humming in my downward gestation, enveloped in an amniotic sampling, breathing and speaking to an earth and water unseen, and over time, the water began to whisper back. In clicks. In soft padding keys, persisting in the acoustic sipping of my lips, creating new sounds back, sip against sip. In the new language, the meanings became loose and unrefined, unrigid and seductive, swallowing me in return, as I swallowed. Deeper into the well, and deeper into the codes, until a well was no longer a hole to feed through, but a vast underground cavern, fed into other caverns, connecting them a subglacial glue, and the beautiful lakes underneath the lakes.. and some were poisoned with debris.. and these geometries too, I would collect.

My seeds had grown wild into swimming vines instead of angling into the sun to be defeaned or burned out, pairs of eyes and ears at a time.. and when my vines could not reach further, straining into the depth, I began to swim. Now a whole new thing having come from itself... but never a weed of the sea, some basking plant out of a daylight movie. No, I became something with anterior-most objects, a



α

Fordoblede ravne, data samlerne
Sporet af træer med grønne øjne

Stenene kolonisere landet-
Fremmede-
De taler til dig om is over geologiske tider

Hierarki er indlejret i dette landskab
Og visse veje er stjerner

Stenene deler klasserne, syr sømmene sammen af det fælles og det stjålne,
Husk Proudhon!

Ω

Brændenælder, skvalderkål
Opspræt vejbredens diaspora
Afmonter kongens veje

I fremmedes selskab indsamler og skaber vi forvirrede mønstre af papir og sporer

Disse strømme af mod-magt går på tværs af flugt og klasse

Stjernerne er afkoblet fra det kongelige territorie
Svanerne tager residens på slottet

Vi rejser os syngende!

Translated from English into Danish by Cibo (Christina Ciborowski)

Reflections on DIWO | Do It With Others in Elsinore

Principles of cooperation, mutual help, decommodification, non-monetised exchange, horizontal forms of social organisation, and common(s) wealth inhabit political ideologies (eg. Anarchism), social movements (Reclaim the Streets, Critical Mass, Food Not Bombs, and more recently Occupy!, Anonymous) and cultures (Punk, Squat, Queer etc). DIWO extends DIY by placing others at the heart of autonomous cultural production and social alchemy, refuting modernist delusions of individual genius infecting cultural movements, including avowedly anti-authoritarian ones.

‘DIWO (Do It With Others) is a distributed campaign for emancipatory, networked art practices instigated by Furtherfield in 2006.’ Amongst other things DIWO ‘disrupts traditional hierarchies and concepts of ownership working with decentralized peer 2 peer practices and involves diverse participants (unwitting and active collaborators), ideas and social ecologies.’*

Songs for skinwalking the drone came into being through DIWO. The iterative processes that lead to the materialisation of ideas are largely invisible to anyone but the labourer (and her familiar). This condition of invisibility is emblematic of the ‘immaterial’ and ‘affective’ labour that might be the paradigmatic form of labour today, in which Capital exploits our cognitive and communicative capacities, and our social relationships. This project invited others to reclaim their ‘virtuosity’ for ludic purposes. Conversations with familiars and strangers, accomplices all, have led us into forests, moats, chat channels, MOO spaces, and midnight VOIP exchanges. Philosopher, biologist, poet, mathematician, linguist, artist, designer, translator, art historian, coder, anthropologist, alchemist, wasp, swan and raven have left their more than their individual marks here. Skinwalking together along a thousand night roads that split into stars, into trees with eyes, witches’ ladders and Shibari comms, we attempt to remake (symbolically, ritually, materially) the landscape of Capital into barely discernible nascent forms.

This is a spell, a telepathic communication, a healing, an experiment, a knot work, a hexing of aliens. Our gift, their gift. With love and rage and hope.

*<http://furtherfield.org/projects/diwo-do-it-others-resource>

thing of fluidic movement, a physiology, a karma yoga born into an underwater thing, once it has shed itself to become rhapsodic and abandoned in the higher end of the spectrums that do not pierce the sight, but instead the soul. A thing that chirps and pops and kicks, whose bass has become heavy and gritty, and dithers when perpetual loops become a soup, when tones become collage, and the rhythmic key strokes emerge from layers of symmetry and dissonance - movements that play with expectations, dropping to feed when urgent and temperamental, and feeding becoming the way to fresh patterns, traced out the previous bars, swimming deftly into shades of vertigo and left/right-step, dramatic and then not, and then minimal and patient.

In light of ways in which sound is not simple and neither are seconds, and yet both are so readily received by spirit - from the mysterious abundance of time-space, the stimulated perception within our internal bio-mechanics, ultimately reaching the energetic self... the temporal region of the human brain being incredible entity standing alone, the center of semantic recognitions of visual and audio patterns, decoding input to the nervous system and sourcing the means of response... having evolved to shift low-level perceptions into increasingly high-level responses.. a constant lever to of a sympathetic nervous system. One wonders how it is possible for any modern trend to produce enduring advancement, as if to conveniently replicate the puzzle of bilateria physiologies, their functions, or the conditions under which organisms came to be so acutely sensitive to moving vibrations (over several hundreds of millions of years), is somehow strictly a matter of terminologies, computing platforms and instruction sets. I suppose, the story itself is no longer produced in linear time, but heard among us in compacted pieces, like my dense wells - the video words, the sound words, the ghosting of copper connections which relay, constrict, and themselves degrade, as we all grow and age - whether up or down. Actions filmed on radio phones and uploaded immediately to social crowds, are meaningful to some but not all. What is the algorithm for this then? As the collective currency of angry white man capital inserts and replays its own faulty messages - building recommendation and dislocated inference systems, like the nerve endings of dystopic properties - back-chaining and forward-chaining the narrative, such that our seeds, our children’s children, will recognize life only as a flat moving picture story or recall with no vivid satisfaction life sequences they’ve never seen or experienced. In the master’s arms, we will embrace the ID glue, that signifies what can and cannot be, until we are awakened by alarms in the dark, overcome by the karma yogas of the instinctual self.



A SIGN IS NOT
ONE
TO CHAOS' ZERO
BUT AN
EX

<https://twitter.com/dkld/ctatue/105054435633047024>

Saturn
Using your radio occultation powers you project your
Saturn.
@join hexe
You join hexecutable.
Ectogenetic Pod
An egg-shaped architecture, black bamboo frame tight
of feral goats. Inside it seems as though the sage
only four (human) visitors. However, the pod will
if you stay long enough. At night you can hear distant
West. Outside the pod a witches' ladder twirls and
(tf) beckons you. But maybe you should fly instead.
You see Giimmo, a small cairn, Shibari Comms Unit,
familiar, Capital, Bitchcoin, and upreaped croneborn
GashGirl (<waiting for a certain rat girl to come
here.
1 crone
The land and the body have again lost their magics
the right moment seeking accomplices.
1 capital
A system of institutionalised greed, slavery, inequity
capital* to sow the seeds of the new world disorder
hex capital
You hex Capital, causing a series of almost imperceptible
beast is weakened, and the effects are cumulative.
1 drone
Skinned with mica, winged with Mursinkian anemones.
tactical capabilities. You can *touch drone*, *pat
skinwalk drone,
touch drone
You lightly touch the drone. It growls, a violet glow
cryptocrystalline wing tips
pat drone
The drone gently purrs, then flies up to sit on your
skinwalk drone
as you skinwalk the drone familiar, boundaries between
dissolve.
1 bitchcoin
A Radical Generosity generator and evolving form of
targeting pointtress regimes of accumulation. You

Basic instructions for how to find
Skinwalking the drone traces at LambdaMOO

We have created elements of Skinwalking the drone at the online environment/community LambdaMOO. You can log onto LambdaMOO as a guest to explore this and spaces that other Lambda inhabitants have built, and to talk to users. You can also apply for a character yourself at LambdaMOO. You connect via the Telnet protocol. You can do this either through the inbuilt telnet.exe (that used to be) buried in most operating systems. On a PC you can open the Command Prompt window and type telnet. Or you can download a free MUSH, MUD, or MOO client for any operating system; try MUSHclient for PC, Savitar for Mac, GnomeMUD for GNU/Linux, or LensDroid for Nexus.

More MOO client suggestions and step-by-help help on how to log on via specific clients from Rob Myers' page at
<http://robmyers.org/2012/09/13/connecting-to-lambdamoo-from-desktop-and-laptop-computers>

LambdaMOO's address is lambda.moo.mud.org 8888
(8888 is the Port Number)

For example, to access Lambda through telnet, first open the telnet application.

telnet>

then type

o lambda.moo.mud.org 8888

(o is short for open)

on your screen you will now see

telnet>o lambda.moo.mud.org 8888

And voila! As if by magic (ah, the elegance of the Command Line Interface) the LambdaMOO welcome screen will appear. And no matter how you have reached LambdaMOO (via telnet or a MOO client), once you are in everyone uses the same commands to look, move, and build stuff.

* Welcome to LambdaMOO! *

Running Version 1.8.3+47 of LambdaMOO

Type:
co guest

(co is short for connect)

You will be asked a question, and you should answer:

yes

You can do a short tutorial to learn the basic command by typing @tutorial. Online help exists for some commands also.

Then type @join provisional and you will be teleported to the Ectogenetic Pod where you can trade bitcoins, skinwalk the drone, hex capital, stroke giimmo, and cast your own spells.

הוראת שימוש בלמבו מו: ממשק שורת פקודה

A RAT'S A CODE
OR
CHAOS
IS THE TWIN
OF LAW

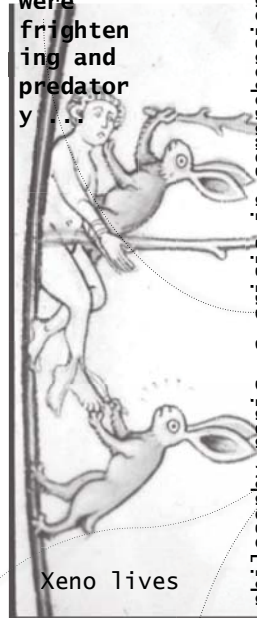
INT/INTERLOCUTOR RETI
 INTERVIEWER
 11/11/11 11/11/11 11/11/11

- about via an **explosion of modalities** from all sides. how can we know [] what will prove viable if we don't launch ourselves into **febrile experimentation** to begin with!)
- >>> simply trying to get fucked, or find comfort or both, in a cold place. in a coal place. in a dirty place. in a dangerous place. in a too-clean place. in a **glitchy** space, a **switchy** space. a ghostly ghostly monster-producing place. a most beautiful space of sound and fury... **dark arts** can be blindingly enlightening. in a place that doesn't bear thinking about.

c:r:c
 i wonder when and how i
 can get back to poetry >>>
 if it matters that i don't
 know what i am doing, that
 delayed apprehension is
 in full effect...

c:r:c
 [...] marvellous so the piano
 unexpected place. conflict has been
valencing machine
 the **ecology** we're
 >>> again >>> write a
 fiction to short
 into a short
 my boss into untold
 reads as just as
 confounded as to where
 to put it on myself.
Vital, creatures can't be
so easily channelled.

Xeno lives



it was
 awful
 and
 uncanny,
 the
 bunnies
 were
 awful
 and
 happy,
 the
 bunnies
 were
 frightening
 and
 predator
 y ...

c:r:c
 in the grip of philosophy panic. a crisis in comprehension.
 >>> know your market, know capital ... then walking into an
 easter hell parade at the local mall (shopping frenzy cos
 the shops are closed for all of one day. better stock up
 with... fucking plastic...) cos i needed some broccoli and

c:r:c

I smile in recognition of the **fraught** nature of
 trying to find a foothold in this cybernetic soup.
 The **nomads** we are will never be satisfied with a
 comfortable category we can operate from. We're
boundary trippers and we'll always be out of place. >>> craving resolution is
 one of those **human security** system things - a **conceit**, not an **imperative**. >>>
 art isn't about meaning or self-expression but about its energetics, its
 active valences, its effectiveness in pressuring systems of knowledge, its
 essential **alterity** from rationalist dogma. **And it certainly isn't about you,**
 whatever that is. >>> Tiqqun and the Invisible Committee are in there
 somewhere, Haraway is always at hand.

so, comforting myself with
 delenze and haraway. i
 don't know what to do with
 this **assemblage** of parts
 that i am, where to put
 desire, where to put
 reason, where to put
 activist fervour, where to
 put poetry...

cut bleed chaos:reverberations:spiral connectivities:nimbin/toronto

call/response/call

One only has to make a cut, or many cuts into the chaos and pull out some provisional method, always subject to revision, trashing, amplifying >>> It's terrifying >>> Just reading Haraway's **Cyborg** Manifesto again >>> so totally prescient...she wrote it before Deleuze wrote his **Control** Society thing which everyone always quotes. I think I'm going to quote her almost exclusively from now on. ;)

disconnection. it's rife in the commune-dwelling hills. so many people lost to the forest. it is usually the fast pace of the city, devices, foot/traffic and so on that is associated with **disconnection**, and the rural experience is conflated with ideas of *community* (intentional and unintentional) - a kind of **unquestioned superior sprawl** of humanity, with inbuilt networks of connectivity. i am more committed to

Everything is up for technology, gender (which is Haraway is talking about). **invisible committee's** latest finding it romantic but it an **affective** priming device, mood to think. It's true we're living in a world of **spectacular** control and soul-crushing feedback but also one in which these methods can more readily be appropriated to other ends...so, as the Romans said, "may you live in **interesting times**".

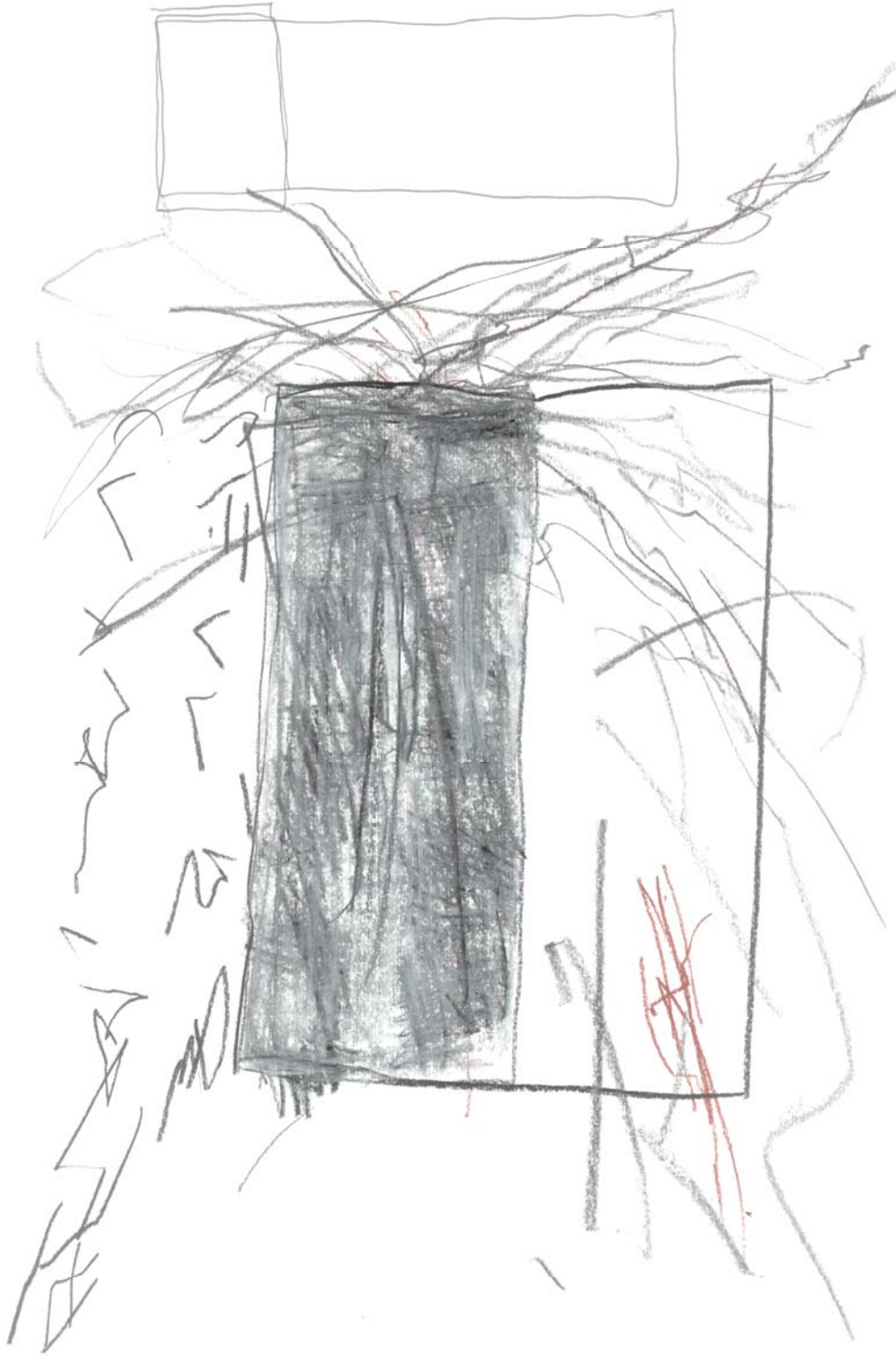
grabs

politics, exactly what Looking at the (à nos amis) and functions well as to get you in the world of **spectacular** control and soul-crushing feedback but also one in which these methods can more readily be appropriated to other ends...so, as the Romans said, "may you live in **interesting times**".

>>> when we were kids we'd go swimming in one of the abandoned **open cut quarries**, surrounded by **slag** on all sides, these **slag** heaps of coal dust that we'd run on and slide down (the stuff was so fine - breathe it in) and then dive into the cold **creepy** water, so clear, the clearest water, so cold, so dark and so deep. i always felt like the **fucking quarry monster** was gonna rise up from the depths and fuck me.

>>> making music it's the key to unlocking whatever theoretical pathway is worth unlocking. (it won't be [found in] the language of **exclusionary dogma**. <you're with us or against us>. **fuck that shit!** just because **multiplicity** has acquired a **bad rap**

...switched grooves so many times that it seems disingenuous to expect comfort, on any level. And yet ... I actually feel somewhat at home, finally, even as deterritorialized and scattered >>>



Songs for Skinwalking the Drone (excerpt)

Doubled raven, the data gatherers
tracked by trees with green eyes

the stones are colonising the land –
foreigners –
they speak to you of ice across geological time

hierarchy is embedded in this landscape,
and some roads are stars

stones are class markers, stitching the seams of the common and the stolen
remember Proudhon!

Nettles, oxalis, skvalderkål,
unstitch the diaspora of lancetvejbred
unstone the king's roads

in the company of strangers
we glean and craft confounding patterns of paper and spores

these flows of anti-power translate across flight and class

the stars are uncoupled from the kingly realms
the swans take up residence in the castle

we rise up singing!



from the linear. Maybe the boxes lose form entirely like rotting flesh (the body holds the records of its every action, past and future. This is uncorruptable and the stacks escape, and the floor, racing and sliding along lubricated arcs. Does you want to put your hands into that?

How do you put your hands into that? How do you go inside those body-structures? Those (non)consenting bodies of shuddering generative gendered work to observe the poetic measure of a body (of work) incompleting

/

nostalgic reinvention

and in the scissure



What, monsters?

The alien ecto-offspring,
(trafficking in dark heretical
wonderment) unfurl in multiple
morphings of futures past,
their new becoming-pasts
coded xenofem. We do not
matter or we do. We follow
and we lead. Their glittering
explosions of x-code describe
magnesium white trails, arcs
to follow, bifurcating serially.
The archive doesn't exist,
or is being written faster
than I can code a database,
its metadata stolid...
the algorithms are elegant
and autonomous. The task
escapes me. I falter and
wonder how.

This is what happens.
You do something.
It ends. It never ends.
It is already an archive.

The mundane a slump of boxes,
soft disgusting form, barely
holding stacks that escape

Libretto (fragment)

Interjection 00:

And the world became digital and dwelt inside of us.

nano aliens trade on cellular information
feed on mossbodies harvesting wild yeasts
from rarefied hinterland air
with local inflections

Interjection 01

OH! Exhaustion!

treechangers flee the city, recede, grow dank warm skins of green velvet, nodal,
make a matted earth body. drink the mother, the kool-aid of awakened
consciousness. seed the mycelial networks of impossible retreat.

rapture never comes.

deranged hippy nodes make lovely compost for co-option...

while you are sleeping the uplink activates, the market streams through your
dreams, your flickering REM eyes flood the dark pools with encrypted instructions
and rumourware.

the mushrooms glow at night.

and

SEND

the traffic is dense in the pulse

Interjection 02

the body is a diffuse cypherspace.

Insert spaciouly like a velvet matrix.

Tenderly, information!

capital went inside at some point.

intensified its plunder of biolabour and bioinformatics
but all is not lost

the capital-augmented body digests its master's tools
hijacks the opaque circuitry of exchange

burning fascial walls, doubling down, skimming intel scum

leaping faith to connect across and via the privateered platforms

The familiar drone tenderly desires the contagion.

Interjection 03:

dying, always dying, in my arms, in my electronic arms.



centrefold spread: choose your own familiar

