



[Forever]

A

Scarce

Colour

(songs for
skinwalking the
drone : london
remix)

**TRANSMÉTIC:
ORDONNANCE**

Lewisham Arthouse

London

May 2015

Skin of Rivers:
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Francesca da Rimini
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Images: Neha Spellfish

Songs for Skinwalking the Drone (Transmètic Remix)

A performance by skin of rivers - [forever] a scarce colour

Words: Francesca da Rimini and Virginia Barratt

Sound + live mixing: Neha Spellfish

Video: Tim Dixon, Virginia Barratt

A para-academic rem(a)inder, resurfacing in the capital with an untimely and unpredictable frequency, Transmètic modulates between the abstract/(in)aesthetic through the rhythmic/4-to-the-floor and back again.

Continuing in a spirit of transversal cross-contamination, Ordonnance is South-East London's third incarnation of Transmètic. A night of hyperstitional mythopoesis as frequencies phase, images fade in and fade out, and boundaries blur towards the indistinct.

Ordonnance will feature film, performance, sound, music and objects by:

Thanks to:

Lendl Barcelos

others?

Performed at Transmètic : Ordonnance, Lewisham Arthouse, London, Friday 22 May 2015

<https://www.facebook.com/events/901622133227227>

[Video: HOMAGE]

30 years after Donna Haraway's Cyborg Manifesto, 18 years after Sadie Plant's Zeros and Ones, 14 years after VNS Matrix's Cyberfeminist manifesto, 9 years after VNS Matrix's Bitch Mutant manifesto, 14 years after the CCRU escaped institutional lockdown, 182 years after Ada Lovelace, Enchantress of Numbers met the Difference Engine, 31 years after Molly Millions, Steppin' Razor was ectogenetically birthed into the sprawl, 20 years since Sandy Stone donated a body part to Linda Dement's Cyberflesh Girlmonster and made the machines restless, 10 centuries since Hildegard von Bingen, the Sibyl of the Rhine, sang the songs of the blood in theological code, prophesy, activism, and cosmology, 11 years after Silvia Federici celebrated the resistant classes of vagabonds, paupers and witches in Caliban and the Witch, 66 years after Christine Jorgensen split atoms and became gender ground zero, 13 years after Lisa Nakamura insisted that race matters in cyberspace, 41 years after Ursula Le Guin exploded communist utopias in The Dispossessed, 31 years after Octavia Butler broke the dawn on xenogenesis, 7 centuries after Jeanne de Purcelle heard the Voices, 2 years after HER multitudinous proliferations and endless love, 3 years after Shulamith Firestone died alone, 26 centuries since Sappho scribed her mysterious agendered hexecutables on Lesbos, 21 years after Critical Art Ensemble released The Electronic Disturbance into the noosphere, 36 years after Laurie Anderson held us in her petrochemical arms, her military arms, her electronic arms. time unknown before and since Laboria Cuboniks unleash xenocode, inestimable time before and beyond finitude, climate change hurtling us all towards a singularity the extropians didn't imagine...

[DANISH DOUBLE RAVEN]

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!

[HEDGE-RIDERS]

the alien ecto-offspring trafficking in dark heretical wonderment and traveling light and fast across the mesosphere.

bringing gifts.

Hedge-riders suggest the Way.

a coterie abstracted by rational and peculiar speculations draw lines around a spectacular cryptocrystalline form, a mancy divining a silent -cene, falling through hard space, where diffuse nebulae ebb and surge in a telepathic bliss of quiescent slow acceleration.

Let's make new networks with emu eggs and string.

Let's cloak our data bodies with the fallen feathers of lyrebirds.

schizzing in and out of nature, glitch, lose signal, coalesce on one side of the border or the other in a living green velvet skin, flesh activated and transmitting to the trees.

A private merrimaking,

together, publicly.

a sea of shimmerflit undulating in an oldchrome world, decrypting the sun, sending pulses into the D/Rift.

[COMMONS CONTESTATION]

We are going to take you to Bungabee Road, Bentley, New South Wales, Australia.

Latitude -28.7784797

Longitude 153.1402081

Gaslands versus farmlands,

social license versus capital licence,

sovereign nations versus private property rights.

A memetic affective zone, a cybernetic and informatics system whose components were both material and immaterial (human and other), affective and infectious, terran and sub-terran, ethereal and grounded.

Provisionally called "community", though borderless. nodal and dynamic. reconfiguring itself in a call-and-response system. spiraled and polyfurcated outwards from an idea, a potential. command centres multiple. amplified and proliferated via terran, sub-terran and ethereal networks. The resistant bloc grew multiple

mouths, bared dirty infectious teeth. Bite down, lockjaw.

Victory. Snatched. Overturned. Regroup.

Hexing capital must continue, as victory is only ever temporary.

[MICROCITIES]

Summoning all our familiars, walking backwards into the future.

Now is the time for recuperating myth, recalling the power of lewd jests and public gestures.

Preconfiguring our private selves, in positions that are pleasing to us,

and rejecting all that demeans and diminishes our spirits.

the veil is rent

from a space of agency and urgency

a nodal colony, tentacular, rises up against Old King Coal

you dig in

you build a little city,

you build a fire that

never goes out.

you build three towers out

of bamboo,

to give you far sight

you become-machine

you become-spider

you become-drone

you are watched over by sentient dragons,

by sentient information architectures

you wait and you watch

the city brings the people

the people bring the city

the city is

cell and division.

call and response.

code and cipher.

[ARMY OF GHOSTS]

Everyday the prophecies must be cast,

this is not optional.

She speaks of an army of ghosts arising from the plain

A dragonfly sails out towards the great fire,

his boat filled with flowers and tears.

At the beginning of civil wars, one must keep all troops assembled,

because they become electrified

and gather confidence from the strength of the group;

they become attached to it and remain faithful to it.

Strategy

Double-bind, blind, and splined

shaped tactics in the asymmetrical conflict

where the weed of nomadic power

(no healing nettle, no Lady's mantle, no Dogspur)

beds down in sleeping seams of fossilized carbon

Arrogant and cock-sure,

too long Capital's cock of the roost

Hubris thus summons unwittingly

benandanti from another century

They rise up in ecstatic night battles,

sheaves of sorghum and fennel stalks in hand,

to protect the integrity of this besieged land

Wantonly you destroyed our pristine sea meadows

You filled our lungs with your black rain

You caused countless creatures to suffer in your empty pursuits

Modern nation built on legal myth

terra nullius, land of no-one

But here, here is someone

A someone who is many

part human, part alien

part hex, part spell

Part part parting partying

a delicious monster

unbounded unleashed unforgiving

An othering machine

recuperating cybernetic serendipity

A system for divining weaknesses

and othering capital

[CHANT FOR THE PLANT]

the invitation is clear. bodies appearing on the manifest need more than this
to write a love song for the future, or a dirge. here is the blueprint for ingress.

the warm machine awaits your intention.

do not despair.

despair

come inside and make monsters in the boardroom

the great unwashed bring feathers and dreads into the towers of greed.

they have feet for shoes and skin for suits.

they fuck on the polished wood. and snarl when they come.

this one nicks the skin, makes a raw site. It is an irritation, and there is rushing to the site, there is rushing and then some repair, beneath surfaces. But the irritant is already making nacre.

this one takes the knife, slices open the belly.

it's warm In there, and comfortable in the suits of men, dressed up in viscera, passing.

chant, chant for the plant

chant for the implant

the plant of reason

the reason of reason

the gold of gold

the land of land

the coal of coal

the bodies in the wounded place

the gash of the gash

the machine of the machine.

In time, dead deterritorialisation spaciously becomes capital

Why does the abyss work?

In time, diffuse desolation spaciously becomes alien

Become tenderly like a xeno cryptocrystalline.

[WORD BECAME FLESH]

Look at this face, it is two thousand years old

Whispered voices in a strange tongue, invisible licks from behind, jolts of pleasure.

Hacking protocols, the foam witch walks across channels, works across platforms,
staging intimate pre-hearsals for states of catastrophe.

The living dead—the structurally readjusted hidden from history,
leave their deserts, their mountains, their forest remnants.

The land and the body have again lost their magics,
and so we lie in wait for the right moment
seeking accomplices.

We have living breathing monstrosities!

The Light is shining in the darkness, and the darkness did not overtake it.

The Daughters of Fury reminisce about that time
long after the Word became flesh and dwelt among us.

Do you remember the Summer of 91, the Autumn of 95, the Winter of 97?

That jubilant period of potentialities and experimental lines of flight
in the kitted-out Global North.

After Thatcher catapulted Hayekian Capital to new summits.

Before coddled coder broodlings started batting their google eyes at all and sundry.

Those were the glory years of cyberfeminism, extropianism, techno-paganism.

A time when provisional subjects reclaimed the streets,
and worked the lists,
disrupting the flows of power

through expressions of the carnivalesque
and net behaviour.

By then centuries of maxing out on the maxim 'property is theft'
had spawned a TransNational Class of Elite Ogres,
CEOs of World Domination,
owning castles in the sky.

And the world became digital and dwelt inside of us.

[MOSS BODIES]

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

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

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.

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

[FOOLS]

Look how the caravan of civilization has been ambushed.

Fools are everywhere in charge.

You forgot why you were here.

You forgot to tread lightly. You forgot to do no harm.

You ignored our warnings. You scorned the signs.

You showed no care.

There is no society, only individuals continuous live feed on networked monitors.

We were the future, the rising class, the cyberati.

An Us who did not count itself amongst the ignored,
the dispossessed, the despised.

An Us whose actions trampled the Invisibles in this, 'the Fourth World War'.

One of us, one of us!

As some BodiesOrgansWithout

BOW BOW BOW

were becoming-informational,

the gluttons spotted new prizes to steal.

Command lines honed the mission:

One: Identify all that is immanent to Capital's acceleration and virtualisation.

Two: Expropriate or subsume all wild remnants.

Capital made a slick if fickle lover, charming and bribing as it colonised.

Dot.comming through the millennial changeover,
it absorbed all that it could into its sterile ordering regimes,

Crashing through unfavourable externalities
with neoliberal regulatory salves and public bailouts.

You cannot buy the future on your markets

Off-shore it, outsource it, special zone it, bail it.

Nothing to see here, move on, move on!

[CALDERA]

in the caldera

on the edge of the volcano

in this men's land of granite

speckled with women's birthing pools

in this place, these places,

where you are not meant to settle, only to pass through

something is happening

The machines are restless

hungry for the prize.

a prehistoric vegetation made fuel

hungry to steal earth's alchemy

with their invisible hands.

but beneath the earth

lurk analogue networks of metal and cement.

no need to charge them,
they are flesh activated.

From this wounded land

Rise up the great unwashed
emergent subjectivities

Mobilized through urgency and agency.

They are climbing towers

They are occupying incendiary dragons

They are prepared for death

[MICROCITY]

Stay together friends

Don't scatter, and sleep

Constant, slow movement teaches us to keep working like a small creek that stays clear,

that doesn't stagnate,

but finds a way through numerous details, deliberately

Oceans are corridors for hauntings,

opening up the impossible.

As the sky darkens into nautical twilight and temperature drops,

a temporal fold unfolds,
and an invisible micro-city comes into peripheral vision.

A ghost camp glitched, distorted,
her memory infecting mine.

She zigzags through the stretched yellow fields,
singing a new song of this place.

A song overlocked and underpinned by the songs
of those who belong to this country.

Those who say 'This land is me',
not 'this land is mine'.

becoming-camp, becoming micro-city, always temporary

[MULTIPLE AND MERCILESS]

Resist! she said

Dead roses cascade from her multiplying mouths

In the occupation of a country, the principal points must be occupied,
and from there mobile columns must move out
to pursue brigands.

The experience of the Vendée has proven that it was best to have mobile columns,
spread out and multiplied everywhere,
not stationary corps.

We are multiple and merciless

[FUCK OFF]

renegade nodes communicate via wallaby tracks

off the beaten track, off the traffic-heavy channels.

encrypted comms suspicious of all systems, strategically facilitating a para-blockade, boundary riding the edges
of the protectorate, channel switching and flipping out.

derailing the temporary governance zone. the centres cannot hold.

the hypervigilant node contributes its powers of prescience to the camp. Called crazy. Called schizo. Called
paranoid.

But paranoia is just smart. infiltration is a given.

feel around the rim of the pod for nanos. slap a comms scrambler on the pod wall, chain yourself to your
friend, sleep curled around one another like twins in the womb. stay there for 7 hours, for 14 hours.

Let's all be schizophrenic in the face of the masters. Let's all be heretics of the church of the earth. The hooved
feet of the cows trample the creek's edge.

wallaby 1 wallaby 1 to wallaby 3

none of it is utopian.

This is about private property rights after all.

fuck off white cunts. Fuck off white cunt's cows. fair enough.

[HEX CAPITAL]

Our knives are sharpened on the whetstones of slavery.

Our blades are crafted from fossilised tears.

Our arrow tips are forged from the tiny tiny bones of butchered babies.

Resistance now requires a different plane of operation.

We must occupy ourselves,
but not in that obnoxious sense
of keeping ourselves busy with meaningless make-work.

Rather we must 'come to our senses'
find accomplices
'reclaim the night'
restore magics to the land and the body
and hex Capital.

'It is not "the people" that produces the insurrection,
it is the insurrection that produces its people
by sparking off common experience and intelligence,
the human fabric,
and the real life language that had disappeared.'

But a revolutionary class needs to be built, as well as found.

Info-orders are breaking down, mutating, and cross-contaminating.

Direct experimentation, not representation, is required.

Machines must be deserted, de-instrumentalised, defaced.

O Tron, you had it so wrong!

We'll build new networks of tin cans and string,
and listening cairns of glacial rocks.

We'll share visions via shells of giant flightless birds,
climbing ladders of feathers to travel at night.

[BREATHING CLOUDS]

i am not breathing clouds
and i am not waiting, am not waiting today for a monstrous
metal beast marshaled by the blue to drill through layers of
the earth seeking what the land owes its masters.
that same ground i slept well or badly on, cold fingers
gripping my spine in repose, but always grateful for the bed
it is.

i washed every morning in that creek down there,
and thought
about how to do any of it better,
and what were we saving it for?

i am not saying hello to everyone i meet along that path from
camp to gate to gate and i'm not going to the church
of the earth, though those songs are earworms now.
but i think of you. and of the other tents in other places,
and the ones i will pitch tomorrow or so in the
licences-pending landscape.

[BEES]

Through its actions Capital has constructed a globally-dispersed,
socially-fragmented precariat class.

Chain workers

care workers

code workers

sex workers

A World Wide Hive of flexible feminised casualised worker bees in every field.

Two things about bees.

They rise up in swarms. And they are excellent dancers.

Remember this.

Your hearts are in our mouths. Your livers are under our feet.

Your intestines are garlanded through our hair.

Your kidneys we throw to the dogs.

[DRONE FAMILIAR]

Never hex an alienangel

By eir shoulder, the drone familiar hovers, sensing

the tensing

of time

and geolocating the future

gazes lock on

creatures slough their particularity

and walk in the skins and casings

of other creatureness

this informatic assemblage

transmitting and receiving in a perpetual feedback loop,

call and response from the subterra and terranets to the mesosphere and beyond.

time ripples

catch a telepath on the air

blink your angel eyes and fell

a monster truck in service of the masters.

[BECOMING FACTORY]

The skulls around our necks were once fools like you.

They too underestimated our rage.

Hyper capitalism creates its own age-appropriate cyborgs.

And we are them.

The parasites feed on the only infinite resource to exploit:

humans' capacity to think, to communicate, to create.

Capital seeks to make our hard and soft wires, our 'virtuosity', its own,
financialising and virtualising everything.

As we become habituated to life in the 'social factory',
we internalise the workplace,
becoming-factory 24/7.

And so we must cast one giant spell against capitalism.

The spell is a wager, a gamble.

And no matter how much we might spruik divination to you,
like the carnival hucksters we are,
the outcomes of all spells are unknowable.

Risk everything!

There is nothing to lose.

[GLEAN AND CRAFT]

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

And after the data cores have melted
and salt river veins bled dry,
before my face is scorched back to bone
and my ears closed over,

I will feel your thoughts still,
through the rattle of ghost wires
and tugs of string networks.

We rise up singing!

[RISE UP SINGING]

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!

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