

Oh my, thank god you're here:

Toxoplasmi Gondi is a parasite that can reside asexually in most warm-blooded animals – though it is only within cats that the parasite reproduces. An infection occurs through the consumption of infested feline faecal matter. This could happen through eating unwashed vegetables or uncooked meat.

For humans the parasite is more or less harmless, although it tends to cause some strange behavioural effects. In mice and rats however, infection can prove fatal.

Once a mouse is contaminated their ability to process fear goes haywire. Rather than being scared by the scent of cats, the mouse is now strongly attracted to that scent.

This inversion leads the mouse straight into the jaws of the cat; who eats the mouse and becomes a new host. So the parasite finds the perfect environment for sexual reproduction and proliferation.



## Google Streetview

like most advanced technologies was born out of military origins, specifically the UrbanScape project developed by DARPA and completed in 2007.

The UrbanScape program was designed to generate comprehensive 3D models of any location. The model would then be available for real-time interaction, for soldiers to preview conflict zones prior to deployment. Recently military coverage has expanded to include the interior of many public buildings in anticipation of close-to-home urban warfare – these interior sites are modeled with hand held cameras linked to a GPS device.

## utopia

etymology: (1551, from Mod.L. Utopia) lit. "nowhere," coined by Thomas More (and used as title of his book, 1516, about an imaginary island enjoying perfect legal, social, and political systems), from Greek. ou "not" + topos "place." extended to "any perfect place," 1613.

please don't tell  
please don't  
not during the harvest

a small purple cabbage plant  
has no ball of cabbage only  
varicose leaves that fan outward

a thin black thread  
is strapped to its stem  
the end of which is unclear

but taut, pulled upwards,  
I try to see what is pulling  
and cannot cannot

the thread tightens  
the plant shakes, resisting  
until suddenly the whole

of it lifts right out  
of the ground. the root  
thick and hairy dangles

underground soil erupts  
in a large swollen mound  
I follow the plant rising

as black balloons burst  
from out of the thread  
catching purple on the wind

a sound of paper tearing  
a person's link

the quiet words, the only words  
that water can speak

what is space for:

Attached to Frankfurt-Main Airport there is a Transit Zone constructed especially for the detainment of refugees without correct documentation. This zone is extra-territorial, which means it is subject to its own regulations instead of German national law.

After seven months in this no-where prison, Naimah H. hanged herself in the showers.

24 May 2000

Dr. Anita K. Jones was the director of DARPA and is now faculty member of the University of Virginia. She started the IAO, which is the Information Awareness Office, whose mission is to create 'total information awareness' – she is linked by conspiracy theorists to funding facebook through the government venture capital firm In-Q-Tel, which completes a speculative chain to the CIA.

None of that is so troubling as the fact that at co-ordinates 51° 25' N and 159° 10' W - one will find a seamount, that is a mountain under the sea, named after the doctor.

Virginia, on a Monday morning a student now known as Cho murdered 32 and wounded many other students. It is noted in his review that at three years old he was described as shy, frail, and wary of physical contact. It has been argued that Cho was autistic and later decided that he was schizophrenic based on grandiose delusions and a “poverty of speech”. The university had found him mentally ill, but somehow still he was able to purchase 13 guns of different calibres.

In his multimedia manifesto he states: ‘You forced me into a corner and gave me only one option...You just loved to crucify me. You loved inducing cancer in my head, terror in my heart and ripping my soul all this time’

hello world.

there is a butterfly  
in the grass

a label cut from  
someone’s sweater

Two answers have since come to me in dreams, which is strange to say the least. Both involve my h— in different ways. Some nights back I slept in my studio, which is always uncomfortable, that is, being surrounded by ghosts, the strange half-life art objects take on on their own. And of course the repeating heavy clunk of the air conditioner, old as it is, switching on and off and on.

I slept, finally shut my eyes after a weird day, and in my dreams visited this place and that place. I forget the details. But what I remember is awaking after the middle of the night with a strange sadness pulsing from my chest and coursing outwards, tingling my fingertips. I often wonder about that – emotions and dreams, dreams and emotions – inextricably linked but often just mild, mildly relational.

But this time the sadness is there, and strong not mild. I feel it, like I felt the alcohol still thumping my head lightly. I open my eyes, it's dark, but daybreak is soon. The darkness that climbs through the skylight has a faintness to it, a blurriness that follows the black of early morning. I listen for birds, but can only hear the air condenser, rattling its machinations, telling me that the air has somehow been computed, cleansed with technology. I wish to myself that they had put a window in instead, one that could be opened, left open, lungful, love for the blood cells dilating, dancing.

And that thought, molecular as it is, leads my train, to a house I hadn't dwelled on for years. It's an old house up Clifton Hill in Winchester. The details as I revisit them now are too slippery to hold on to nor do I want to grasp them quite, but ...Occam's Park is there and a grand old Oak tree too. All lining up before the house – I remember leaving that house many mornings over, around this time that I awoke in my studio, just before lightness. I would sneak out of the side door, through the dental surgery and out into the dark blue almost black air.

I would take the route through the old barracks, pass by the graveyard and carefully back to my boarding house, climbing through the window and avoiding the crunchy noise of the deliberate gravel.

While this \_\_ isn't for that slightly haunted house on the hill – my unconscious, the owl up there, seems to call to the quality of the light the moment I awoke in my studio, atop a different hill; carrying in it, within it, so loud emotion - a sound now, of an open space – somewhere within me, somewhere intruding as I once had passed it by.

an idea of:

a *patina* is a trace, an emergent gesture, that forms outside of a site's prescribed functions – it is a marking on a space that resists the space as it is, transforming it into something new, reconfiguring it out of an organic urgent need



which way

to

our world  
is our world

At Heathrow, we waited  
Each for different things

I look down at her skin,  
Dulled slightly after a night  
Lying awake, sort of waiting  
Not willing to sleep with the help of  
Drugs that packed punched  
These emotions these emotions

Her skin now a poetic trope  
Carnations from Ponge, freckles tingling

She starts to cry, I do inside  
Waiting for permission  
To leave this country, permission  
Is given so easily to some

But before this, we do part, and  
Then I hear "wait, Arjuna  
Rounded with emotion

She runs beside the barrier  
And places the yellow hat  
From her head on to mine

the images and the images, no it must be

the colours, that are broken

The Stanford Research Institute (SRI) advises Roy and Walt about Disneyland, they suggest Anaheim and help develop a grand plan.

Stanford University disowns the SRI. The university doesn't want to be linked to DARPA, the main technology development branch of the US military. SRI and DARPA continue to work together to this day.

One initiative that the two spearheaded in 2009 was the ID at a Distance project. This technology allows computers to identify people up to five hundred feet away using retinal and facial detection software as well as body gait recognition technology. These three bits of identification data are now collected every time you enter the United States of America.

**Asylum:** shelter or protection from danger;  
*dated* an institution of shelter and support for the mentally ill.

at Union Station

an elderly guy  
homeless in his yellow cap  
sat down next to me

talking, continuously  
he was talking  
and at first I didn't understand

this wasn't some usual  
drunken-mumbling

his speaking, its expression  
crazy or not  
cut right through the stale  
subway air—

it became clear to me  
that this, maybe all of it  
was for a person very specific

and maybe he could believe  
just enough, that they  
would walk together again

shelter or protection

An autistic boy in Turin was filmed on a camera phone being bullied. He was taunted, called names and physically attacked in a school classroom. Later the video was posted on the Internet, where it reached the top 29 video spot. After two months of persistent complaints from the child's parents and watchdog groups, finally, the police intervene and ask Google to take the video out of the web.

why are there spiders  
spiders in the corners of my eyes

DARPA invented the Internet. It is younger than most high school seniors. It wouldn't be allowed to buy cigarettes at the gas station; it did join the army.

Google then is just an infant; whose mission "is to organize the world's information". The corporation has recently joined forces with the central intelligence agency.

Swarm theory tells us that ant colonies organize themselves organically – based on a complex system of de-centralized order – where different categories of ants perform functions without recourse to a hierarchy or system of command. They are the most prolific, sustainable and ancient species on the planet.

According to Bucky

$1+1=4$

and why not?  
I believe in you, yes

complexity is a bowl of spaghetti, a gift  
just like the termite tower

as a model of a model, deep potential  
only if harnessed without recourse to  
1. desire's bastard

## Excerpt<sup>1</sup>

Google Streetview in its very infrastructure reflects and encourages this value of increased (fiscal?) productivity as it relates to space. It allows people to move through space without a consideration for time – at once on the Santa Monica bluffs the next in Sydney looking right back to where you were virtually standing a second ago. This simultaneity of spatial presence is the wet dream of globalization, instantaneous flows of goods across nations. If people's virtual experience of spatial travel is done by the click of a button, real life expectation will reflect and connect with virtual ones. Already travel is done at an immaculate pace, Streetview as a prototype or prophesy becomes a manifesto for this 'microwave' travelling. Which in turn will manifest a radical change in the way we view and use streets proper.

The concept of instantaneous travel is ideologically tied to advanced capitalism with its interest in increased flows of goods. The mechanisms that promote these flows are travel networks like shipping freight, air-travel and interstate freeways, all of which form non-spaces at their hubs, roads and ports as well as through the network of their journeys.

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<sup>1</sup> Since writing this text, Google has added a '3D' function to the Streetview interface (press the 3 key), so that by recycling your Avatar glasses you can see the world in three dimensions from the seat in front of your computer – from 'how to trump the real using your credit card'.

Marc Auge defines a non-space as a zone devoid of history, meaning, memory and social relations – according to Lefebvre these are the exact things that produce space, the things that make nowhere into somewhere, at least on a human level. While at the other extreme profits, efficiency and productivity produce non-spaces, which are interstitial in nature since their concern is flow and movement – a processing of people and/as goods.

Streetview through its specific interface turns vast areas into non-spaces; everywhere in fact becomes interstitial, a transit zone and a means to getting to somewhere else. It encourages a hierarchical organization of space that dismisses the local altogether, where the local, conceptually entails human interaction tied to specific locations, which is already declining rapidly.

Los Angeles was the modern prototype for such a dispersed system of mobility: with its freeways and suburbs structure, which strategically promoted excessive productivity and individualism at the expense of local-social concerns, interaction and organization. With that in mind it's not hard to connect this type of extreme urban organization to the unequal distribution of wealth in LA: on the one hand a vast majority of the wealthiest Americans live here, while the poverty rate is also the highest in the US – with over one million homeless men, women and children.

If Los Angeles is the physical manifestation of a 'non-space' organization of the urban, then Streetview is the virtual equivalent. What they share are the same values that come out of the same ideological partnership of technology and capitalism. Unlike Los Angeles city of the future, that took twenty years to fall into the dystopian nightmare that it is today. The speed at which technology now influences and affects daily life is, without exaggeration, instantaneous.

behind them

I pretended to aim at the white

Hollywood

sign in the hills

I clicked off a few shots

the two men changed direction

turned toward the traffic

and waited

they saw me looking

can you spare some money brother?

I nodded

can I take your picture?

they nodded, stood closer together

the big fella flashed a peace sign

at the V of his purple jacket

an American flag

I took out my wallet, 3 dollars there

one each I said

and the little guy who was still

sort of smiling, asked,

“will I be in the newspaper?”

Harry tells me this story:

You know man, up at Disneyland there is this ride, like a pirate ship or something. Its big and fast and all the things you might expect of a good ride. A while back a nuclear family went on this ride, cued up for ages. They sit down and off it goes. You know it starts slow, gets faster, rocks some more. The kids are screaming, everyone is having fun. A cable snaps and a giant hook holding the boat whips through the family and splits the mother directly in two. Within a minute the ride stops, the remaining family members are huddled away into a locked room under the mountain, while a troop of Disney characters mop up the bloody remains of the mother. Within half an hour the ride is back up and running.

‘Disneyland is presented as imaginary in order to make us believe that the rest is real’

(Baudrillard) Baudrillard

was Tiresias blind

we think of the key, each in his prison  
thinking of the key, each confirms the prison

In the early seventies pancake mix was invented. It debuted as a powder mixture that you add water to and hey presto, pancakes in no time. It flopped. So the makers of the mix employed the SRI developed VALS system to focus group housewives. They found out that the housewives felt disempowered by this pancake mix. It was too easy they said, not rewarding, as it involved no making what so ever. They took the product back to the drawing board and re-invented it. Where the new mix called for one beaten egg to be added. This gave just enough agency back to the housewives. The product became a big hit.

Naimah. H. was repeatedly beaten and raped by the Algerian police force. She finally raised enough money to flee to Frankfurt, where supposedly she had received permission to enter as an asylum seeker

Algeria was one of the last bastions of the French Empire – it was “liberated” through a close-to-home urban war, where the “terrorists” were in fact Algerians fighting for equal rights, such as the ability to choose their own leader. This eventually happened in 1965 just before pancake mix became widespread in America.

**Asylum:** shelter or protection from danger;  
“Nobody dies at Disney” – official company slogan

The Hollow Men  
1925  
*Mister Kurtz – he dead.*

Social conditioning (i.e. marketing and media, and now video games) is a re-vision of colonization – the later pre-supposes a given territory to be unoccupied and empty, yet in need of *organizing* for the fiscal benefit of the empire's homeland, as well as today's notion of "security". Natives or brutes, clearly don't count as citizens of their own country. They don't even speak our language. LISN bud LISN: teach them our words, so they may curse.

Sadly this strategy of local pillage fell out of favour, the brutes got organized or maybe psychology got better, methods of capture got mental, more universal.

Seed. Social conditioning arises through an unlikely alliance of Freud's psycho-analytics, ideas of the unconscious and consumerism's, well, consumption.

Simply put if longing and desire are defined as open unclaimed spaces within a person, they can be capitalized and inscribed upon, enabling the potential for psycho-colonization. The result is the capture and domination of mental territory; hold that thought.

A danger in contemporary capitalism: where mental territory becomes a free-for-all, target terrain for those in/with power; just like an unconquered land, waiting to be exploited – just a little darker than Africa.

mapping in its most colonial  
just got temporal, an adagio for post-modernity

the old tactic, your enemy is better off injured than dead  
two birds eat out of one (na)palm

the fourth dimension of warfare includes  
depleted uranium projectiles

water insoluble and 4.468 billion years of half-life  
how could we not

sorry iraq sorry afgahni  
stan sorry  
sorry now for ever

fella with a moustache leafing newsprint  
boy leaping, whooping under his kite  
the holy woman, the pregnant women, the brilliant  
the dancing, the singing dancing mice, the rats, the cats

unreal city  
now unreal city

Creating the rich and textured consumer profiles or personas that VALS is known for is a two-step process. The first step is to identify consumers' VALS types or mindsets in order to understand motivations and psychological traits.

Step two is to discover the specific consumer behaviors and additional attitudes and demographics critical to accomplishing specific business goals.

From understanding US consumers (2010)

31 million Americans are lonely. One in three get cancer.

I O U.

23% of *Thinkers* play golf.

30% of Los Angeles earns less than the \$17,000 a year for a family of four;

One million are homeless in just one city of so many.

Of course pancakes

at the Beverly Hills hotel cost \$16. They come with real maple syrup, warmed up slightly as if fresh out of a Canadian maple tree in the hazy summer time. Don't you know you get to choose between fresh blueberries or fresh bananas any day of the year.

Domingu Cantu Jr. ate on October 27<sup>th</sup> at 8:30pm: Fried chicken (12 pc white/dark meat) mashed potatoes with gravy, 14 jalapenos, orange juice, chocolate cake, buttermilk pancakes, syrup and strawberry ice cream

He was  
executed in Texas on  
10/28/1999

he shocked and awed two ladies,  
one white one black

Eleven years ago I had just turned fifteen. I remember smoking my first cigarette.  
It was in London, the sky was yellow.

I used to love walking and smoking.  
In fact, for a while, it was my favourite thing to do.

Eleven years before that I would poke a small whole in the crust  
Of some fresh baked bread and eat the soft inside as Mum drove us home.

‘when we repress things, we press things until the pressure of things reappear.’

- Dr. Zeuss a.k.a. Heroclitus

“in each dream is a navel  
of meaning that is unplumbable”  
-freud

navel oranges are co-joined twins  
this mutation makes them sterile  
please don't tell

for children under 13, the number one fear is a terrorist attack  
the average reading grade of most Americans is grade 8

at the supermarket I buy fake meat  
wrapped in two layers of packaging

a soldier in a coffin draped in a flag slides into the ocean  
canons fire      a bugle plays the jitter-bug