



Source: Lisa Foderaro, 'America's children of war learn how daddy died in Iraq', *New York Times* in *The Age* online, 22/10/07.

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he-she-being hung in outer-utero-space on the edge of the horizo-sphere. A human form still, for now, if it was still to be looked at, held in the position of a perfect superhero star-cross...

she-he-being watched as the infectogens ran rampant through the myriad of streets down in the he-she-being created world, their hallucino-pathic data-streams full of spit and bile. The infectogens were part dream, part nightmare, a super-conglomerate of anarchic matter that sucked binary thinking right from under itself...creatures of evolving thought-space forms, exploding-reforming themselves. Fluidity screamed in orgasmic delight...

The horizo-sphere was epic silence outside sound. This world of creation, felt the pain and joy existing neural-smacked in every-nowhere...The infectogens were part of being-him-her, sentient exo-attachments, that she-him-being existed in and through at the same time in every space, providing knowledge-as-being coming back in unreal time.

his-hers-being existence was one of random disconnection then rebuilding selfhim-selfher-being(is) from the nano-scale upward in continuous re-assemblage. This she-is-him felt as vibro-tics, energy surges, rolling through her-being-his once cantankerous system. Serenity was installed, a fine field of influence wrapping around...

he-she-being invented a new language, though that was hardly what it was. Language didn't adequately describe the 'language'. When he-she-being spoke, (though speaking hardly described what she-being-himself was doing) the non-words the nowhere-no(time) things came into being that didn't exist, could never exist. he-she-being spoke solidly etheric dreams of techno-trance, a bleeding blend of non-colour-colour and emoticon-resonances. There was an infinitude, of not just selves, but beings in the one-as-inside/outside. The infinite probes rocketed from eternal space into eternal space and cancelled themselves away, pure harmonics of no consequence...rapture...

Dialogue between past-present-future selves was conducted on electro-laser instruments and the secrets of matter were revealed, though not nearly understood. Earth and air spoke, free-space swallowed the ends of itself creating perfect rotating supra geo-matrix fractals blinking happiness in its ultra-nova reflections...

Bathing in the afterglow of the millennium sun, she-being-he smiled, not ironically, like a self-aware, hyperreal, dying sit-com character. Energy communicated in a grand linkage. Information travelled stylishly through everything at the one time. Everything knew of itself, a completely world-wide organo-holistic mesh.

In her-being-his four-dimensional matrix-cradle, his-is-hers body-force shifting shapeless throughout an aeon of fluctuating forms, he-being-hers watched being-her-his other abjectly smooth three-dimensional body occupy every space of the inner-horizo-sphere. Because

everything existed at the one place at the one time, is(being)-she-he was holding the world in his-her-being hand, she-being-him was bathed in the million degree lava heat at the centre of the world, he-she-being was an electron communicating love positions to a positron, and as the positron she-him-being was asking what it all meant...

So this was what it was like to be a God-existing-in-dreamspacetime...

being-herm-shim had realised at once after arrival at the horizo-sphere that the spectacle of perfection was an unwanted singularity, illusion without possibilities, prison in a prison, imaginatively destructive, seductive ideal...they spoke the creation words of the infectogens...

*Idea-toxicity infiltrates the consciousness mega-space. What you create can only be protected from yourself. The rest is thick sludge dredged from the decaying riverbed of individualised thought patterns and blank tele-visual pseudo-commentary flying upside down as informed opinion.*

Was this an epiphany? What was right? What was wrong? It didn't matter. Chaos and destruction were one. Atom language, flame language, unrecognisable shapes, the world as an egg—the all-yes. Say yes to occult re-birthing techniques! Say yes to organomech implants! Say yes to pop magic! Say yes to monstrous cyborg animals stalking your death fancies. What is there to lose apart from TV inspired identity? Say yes to inspired phantasmatic murder! Say yes to downloaded and installed created memories as often as possible! They're always better than yours. The intellectuo-advertising can't be wrong...

The infectogens continued their swathe through the unsuspecting populace. Some saw them as the bringer of death, morningstar and saviour in one. Others stepped on them, unknowingly, like an unfortunate ant. The world would survive, through ignorance. Ignorance negates fear. You can't be scared of the voodoo spider on your back, feasting on passing holo-souls if you don't know it's there. It bites you, sending blissful poison into your heart, and all you know is the sudden feeling of wanting to go to sleep. The world would survive carried through by the sparks flying between pure consciousnesses that had the internal capacitors, the adaptive asymmetrical co-ordination, the embedded ontological structure to reject the infectogens' assault...

Chaotic rebirth, destructive renewal...the world would survive...

Though being(is)he-she could do anything with the he-she-being created world from the silent outer-space of the horizo-sphere, there was nothing more to do...

...setting energy free...she-being-he dispersed all their illusion-forms into the un-verse multi-ether uni-frame...

Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Ross Murray.