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PSYENCE FICCIÓN

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THE REPORT ON THE FLASH TECHNOLOGY'S THE HYPE IN THE

PSYENCE FICTION

THE FUTURE IS NOW

RAK RAZAM



JINDERGRUNTH.ORG

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

The future's arrived, but there's something distinctly wrong with it. Robots that were meant to abolish human labour and create a leisure future are instead creating mass unemployment because political systems aren't evolving as fast as our technology. Virtual gaming economies are outstripping the GDP of some small nations, telecommunications breakthroughs have brought porn to our video phones, and Flash-Mobs roam the urban jungles, manifesting the sublime and shaking the consumers from their retail addictions. In the West, 8011.e wireless phreakers cruise around Warchalking, scrawling Depression-era hobo sigils to declare open nodes. In the East, remote Nepalese villages link up in wireless communities and threaten their Maoist neighbours with the power of networks. P2P software brings ancient media giants to their knees as the open-source revolution redistributes the information wealth to the people - Digital Marxism spreading as fast as your modem speed.

It's crazy and mixed up and chaotic and it's the world we live in now, as the science fiction future becomes real in ways we never expected... The information ecology that powers the digital rollout is linking us up in a fastbreeding, technorganic web where each change exponentiates another, faster and faster into a whole new, unknowable future that we create with our every action. Hang onto your reality-paradigm, the genie is oozing out of the bottle and change is sprouting like a mushroom after a fresh rain. Go ahead. Take a bite. The Nu Future is coming on strong and the best thing to do is ride the wave of History as long and far as we can before we either reach some distant shore or are lost beneath the water.

The illustrated 'Flash-Fiction' in this collection is geared to appeal to both the short-attention span and the visual drive of a generation of internet readers. The author would like to thank Ruby Wu, who lived through his glimpses of tomorrow and helped him get to today; Chicken Pot Pie for her love and support; Miss Foxy Afra Tarzana Shazam for being his superhero; Undergrowth.org and Tim Parish - In' Lakech, space brother; the Barrellfull of Monkeys for laying the vibe; Jo Vraca, TRM's editor of the millennium for publishing the first Psyence Fiction serialisations; Leonie Starnawski for beer, pizza, galahs and her networking tendrils; Rosalinda Mercuri for editing, proofing and the rose-coloured glasses; all the unnamed friends, freaks and karmic flames that make my life so rich, and, of course, the artists who have so graciously allowed their art to illustrate these pages...

bom,

rak_razam

November, 2005

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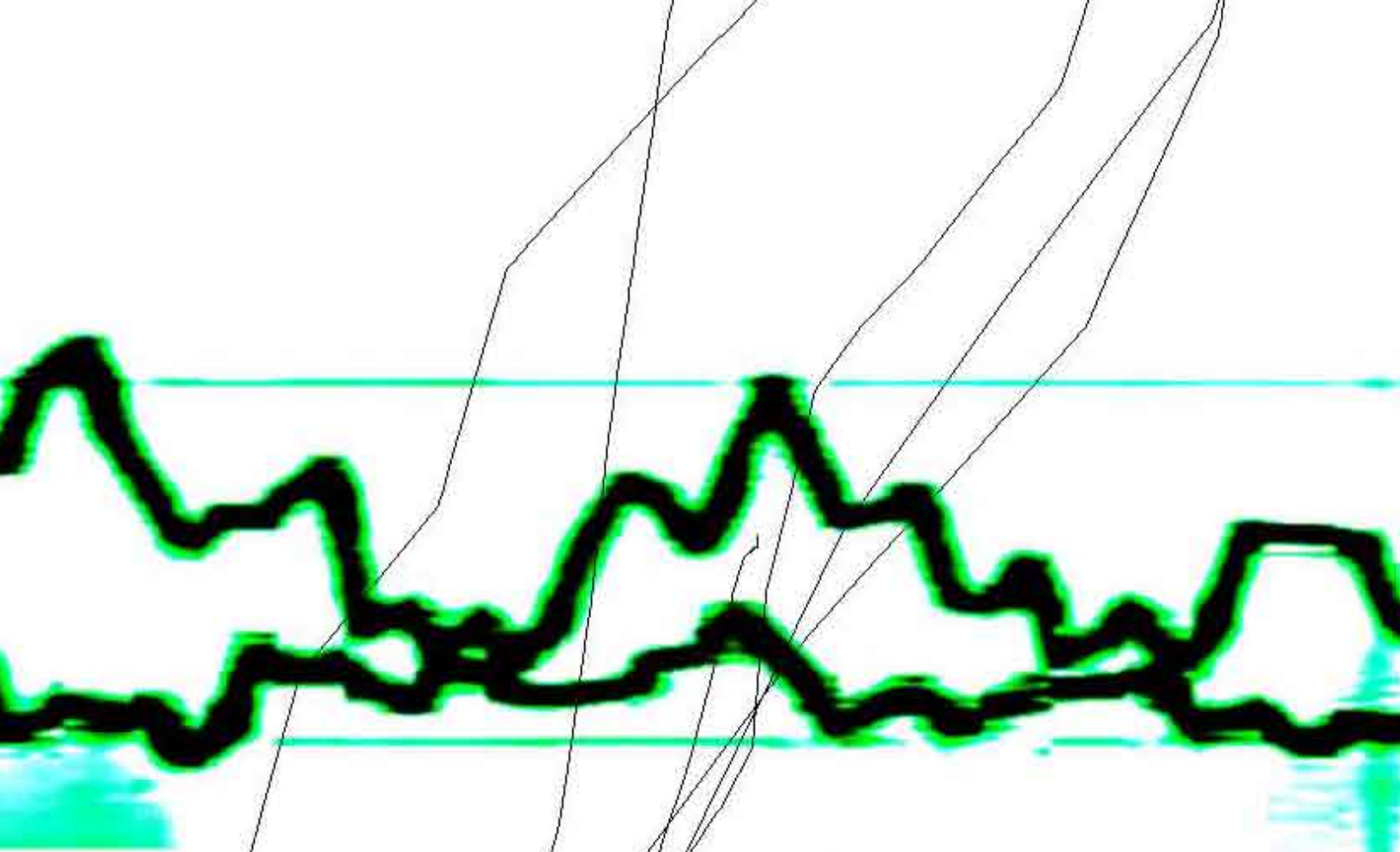
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surfing

THE

novelty wave

A person is surfing on a large, blue, turbulent wave. A thick, bright green line is drawn across the image, starting from the left edge, moving horizontally across the top, then zig-zagging down and across the middle, and finally ending at the surfer's head. The background is a bright, overexposed sky.

“Time runs backwards, too, y’know. Like when Cornelius and Zira have the baby chimpanzee who grows up to lead the Battle for the Planet of the Apes, which leads to the nuclear war that wipes out all mankind except the astronauts who crashland millennia later, which leads Taylor (Charlton Heston) to secretly impregnate Zira while in her laboratory, which unites the germ-plasm of the two species and explains how a talking ape can introduce that trait into the baseline ape gene pool in the late 20th century. Got it?”

“Sunny, you are like, SO out there, dude!”

“I just read
'em like I see
'em, grom.
Information
patterns are
like waves
building,
yeh.”

“You’ve just got to empty
your mind and relax, take in
everything the sea is telling
you - your shift in weight as
the wave breaks, the direction
of the wind, the building swell.
Soak it all up and let go, dude,
lose yourself in the moment,
whether it’s with data or the
surf. Now move back just a
little on the board, that’s it.
Push up and let the water pass
underneath you.”

The water is cool and blue as perfect 8- to 12-foot right and left barrel waves spread out 150 yards in each direction, generated by a recursive algorithm iteration program back at shore. Two hundred feet above us is a dense network of solar panel collectors woven into the girdered geodesic roof that spit out their bright liquid fluorescence through UV filters like the illumination of a thousand 7-Eleven stores all wired together. They guarantee a perfect tan (optimum vitamin D intake) for the workers spending their downtime here at Wild Blue Yokohama. Only the Japanese could build a monster indoor beach arena with the most perfect automated surf right in the heart of Neo-Tokyo. Everything, in fact, is perfect in Wild Blue Yokohama, from the waves to the tans to the music, 'cause the whole place is owned by one of those big new corporate Zaibatsus who've planned everything for maximum efficiency and profit, even Sunny Yoshimoto.

The waves in the swell are getting bigger and bigger as Sunny turns his deeply tanned face towards the surf, like it's calling to him. His streak of bleached blond hair and cheeky smile have won him as many fans as his off-the-waves antics have upset his sponsors. As well as being the current Pipeline Masters surf doya the incomprable Mr Yoshimoto is also a drum'n'bass'n'surf DJ, and the Zaibatsu has been pushing for him to play their neuroskool musak, laced with fastbreeding subliminals that reinforce corporate loyalty. Sunny don't like that, no sir. For him, music is like surfing: they're both about freedom.

A flash of whitewater and Sunny's off, cutting inside a tube and everything's timeless and immediate, like a frosted glass snapshot of the wave's interior. Sunny chatters through this huge barrel full of spit then he's up there at the nose of the wave, weaving through an 8-foot wall of liquid blue. He glides in over the unbroken water, racing his shadow as it shimmers across the surface then steps onto shore, where every grain of beach is imported from the sinking coastline of Mega-California. Hundreds of Japanese workers and their families lie on beach towels and in long rows of inflatable banana lounges, sipping mai-tais with one hand and fingering tiny cone shaped i-mode chips deep in their ears with the other. Everyone's buzzing, altered, getting high off the corporate musak. It literally feels GOOD to love the company.

I close my eyes and tune in on my own i-mode implant. Stereoscopic menus hang before me in the darkness, painted on the back of my eyelids: world weather and stock information, the latest CNN datafeeds, email attachments and the ubiquitous pixelated curse of ambient advertisements. I screen out all the crap and tune in on the encrypted bandwidth Sunny's broadcasting on. He's already back in the water and paddling out to the swells again, yabbering about his crazy theories as he goes. And when Sunny Yoshimoto talks, well, media listen.






"It all comes from the sand, yeh, the music, the beach gives us the silicon which makes the computer chip, which makes the music... it's all connecting together, linking up. And if you really wanna know about waves, dig, you've gotta have heard of the Novelty Wave... " Sunny says, flashing a freckled smile as he pulls alongside me.

"Terence McKenna, that old trypster dude last century, well he figured out that things are getting more complex. Exponentially complex. Like, nature abhors a vacuum and all that - well old mother nature also hordes what he called Novelty, the process through which new things come into being. There are times of habit, then times when new things seem to accumulate. And as they link up, everything converges and connects and shifts to a new thing entirely.

"Everybody knows there's a change coming, bro. The only ones who don't say it are the dudes who wanna keep things the same - the banks, the governments, the military. Things are all coming together in a monster swell of innovations and breakthroughs, of science and technology and plain old human understanding. It's a timewave as big as all history, dig, and if you're not ready to surf it then you'll be swimming with the fishes."



Then he's off, cutting across the lip of a twenty foot swell and taking to the air in a weightless drop as he sails into the water pit, eyeballing the faux ocean floor and blaring a heavy drum'n'bass surfscape, broadcasting it over all the i-mode channels. And down by the Blue Lagoon, surrounded by replanted palm trees, middle management executives all look up from their corporate tekno with a wild eyed shock, like someone's startled them out of a dream. As he coasts into shore on a perfect wave, dozens of Japanese Gidgets peel themselves from their inflatable banana lounges and their neuroskool sculpted states of mind and hit on him for an autograph. He is Sunny Yoshimoto, DJ, surf bum, philosopher-bohemian. He rides the waves, eats, sleeps and makes music, all with not a care in the world.

And from out here in this artificial sea, looking back to shore, everyone looks like naked apes clothed only in technology, bathing in this indoor beach.

And then a perfect wave comes, and I ride it.



F R A U D

TRAK 1> DNA MUSAK TO MUTATE BY

“One day over breakfast we read KLF’s “THE MANUAL (HOW TO HAVE A NUMBER ONE - THE EASY WAY)” and agreed to follow the rules of the lowest common denominator, updating all pop references for our new, improved tekno version. Our goal was to abstract the perfect trak from the Top 40 hitz of the day and make enough money that we never had to work again,” SHITZU-TONKA announces. “The first thing the manual said you needed was a name. Nothing too alienating for the average punter, yet it had to have a catchy appeal. We thought this was all crap and realized the only way to scam an entire generation of tekpop-listening drones was to be upfront about the whole thing. Which is why we called the band FRAUD and play a post-tekno synthesis of 20th century musak. That is - we steal everything.”

SHITZU-TONKA, DJ WINSTON SMITH, DR.13, MARTIN 5 and the infamous SATORI ROADKILL are all in Melbourne filming the video clip for their latest, as yet untitled single. If it’s anything like their previous monster hit, Pig Standard Carcass, then this new piece of polished tekpop will be finely crafted to be genetically pleasing on a deep, cellular level.

FRAUD have distilled the alchemical formula of the perfect trak and aren’t shy about telling people how they did it, or how stupid they are for being manipulated by their musak. It’s a more intelligent, subversive version of the Sex Pistols punk ethos that has incited a generation of 21st century kidz all raw and eager for a new sound and a new philosophy. “The titles and sampled lyrics must all have a homogenous emotional quality like, ‘I love you baby in the morning as the sunlight hits your retinas causing a random phosphene imprint,’” SHITZU-TONKA explains. “The basslines are all remixed from KILLER LOOP files. And, of course, using state-of-the-art bedroom software we’ve sampled the sound of DNA to make instant tekno musak -

- just add listener.”

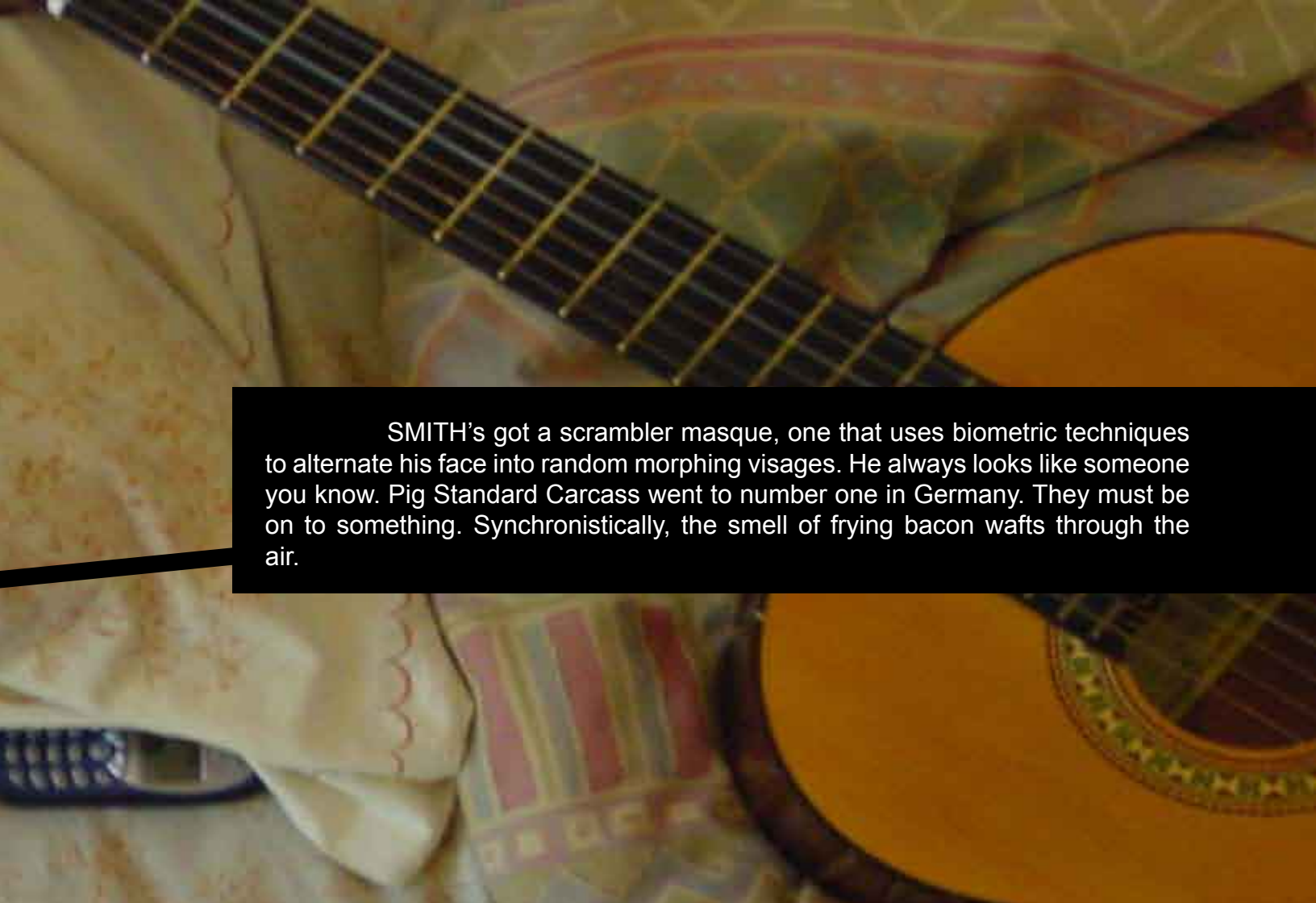


TRAK 2 > PIG STANDARD CARCASS

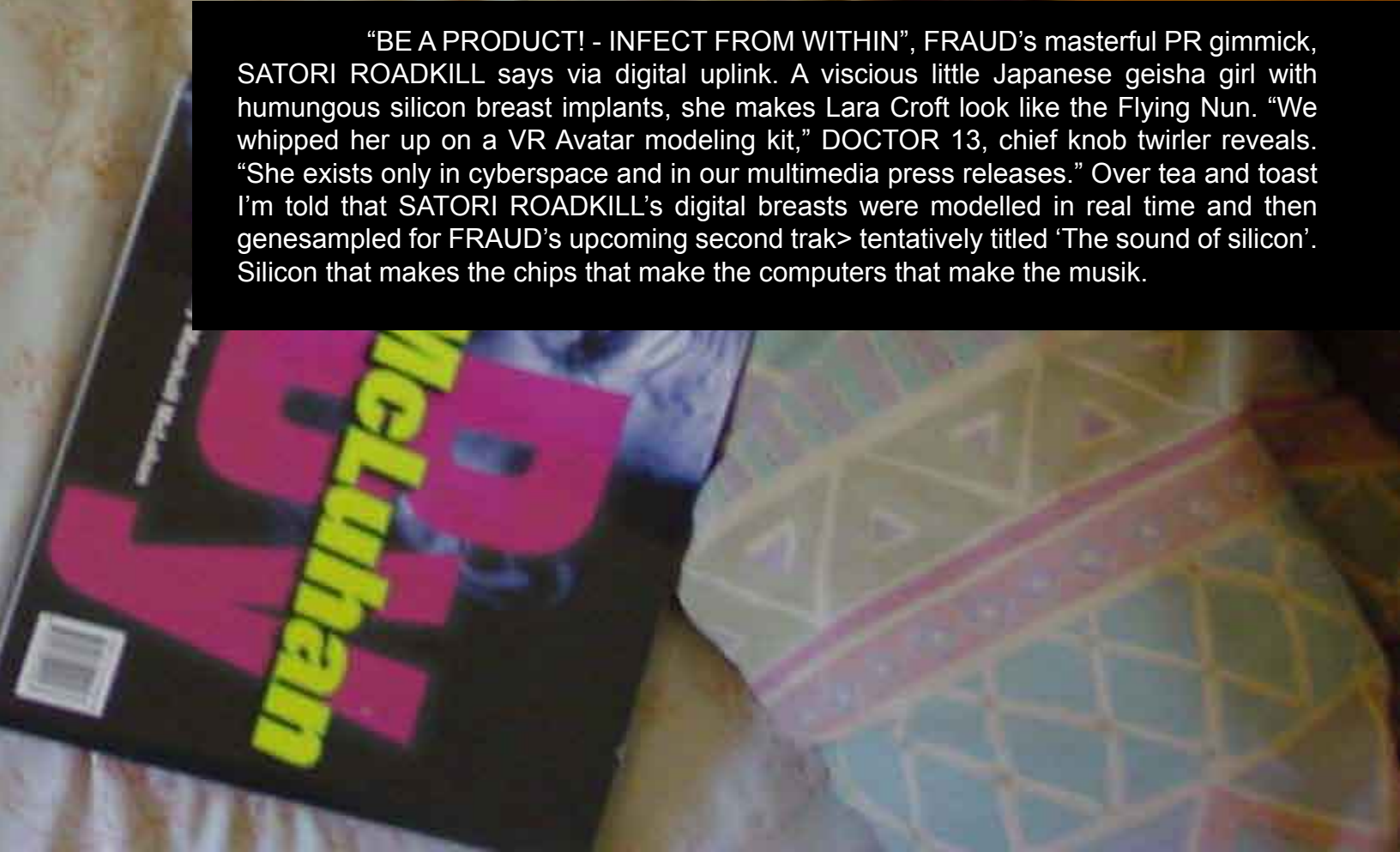
What they did was convert RNA code into music all right, but the type of DNA sample was the key to their success. MARTIN 5 datamined the DNA-RNA of a standard pig carcass (using a subset of the Lambdoma Matrix set of mathematics) into uplifting NEO-Tek rhythms. DJ WINSTON SMITH, the front man for all FRAUD's publicity, explains: "Essentially a gene sequence is played where the bases represent notes in a four tone system. Using various fractal algorithms they're then mapped onto specific frequency spectrums with Symbolic Composer. I also use Xx to translate the signature prints into midi data.

"The genius lies with the genetic alterations the RNA sample was then put through, injecting strands of disease as layering agents. Halfway through the trak, frequencies explode as the pig develops a virulent strain of anthrax leprosy MU. It sounds a lot like Nu Skool House - endless scales running up and down over a thick, humping bassline that morphs into a haunting requiem.

"We translated a wavefile of it to a Macthuga generator and it looks like a Mandelbrot buddha folding> inverting up his own arse. 'Samadhi appears as an eternity, though Samadhi is a single thought', and all that, yeh?"



SMITH's got a scrambler masque, one that uses biometric techniques to alternate his face into random morphing visages. He always looks like someone you know. Pig Standard Carcass went to number one in Germany. They must be on to something. Synchronistically, the smell of frying bacon wafts through the air.



"BE A PRODUCT! - INFECT FROM WITHIN", FRAUD's masterful PR gimmick, SATORI ROADKILL says via digital uplink. A viscious little Japanese geisha girl with humungous silicon breast implants, she makes Lara Croft look like the Flying Nun. "We whipped her up on a VR Avatar modeling kit," DOCTOR 13, chief knob twirler reveals. "She exists only in cyberspace and in our multimedia press releases." Over tea and toast I'm told that SATORI ROADKILL's digital breasts were modelled in real time and then genesampled for FRAUD's upcoming second trak> tentatively titled 'The sound of silicon'. Silicon that makes the chips that make the computers that make the musik.



“It’s like a feedback loop, like bits of the foodchain talking to one another,” the good DOCTOR explains. “ Human > Computer > Music. Eat or be eaten. We’re filming the video for it now. It’s directed by the guy who does those Parental Shielding Frenzy videos like in Sally Fields’ movies where she has to rescue her children. Flight and response triggers. DRONE CAM. We’ve edited streaming footage of police car chases and long monotonous film of people shuffling along in dole queues with their spirits broken and their bodies lost in the bowels of beauracacy and juxtaposed it against a smeared-out golf course green. The whole band’s there in nude Go-Go Sumo wrestler suits grown from genetically modified Soy bean extract. We play nine holes of golf then peel off rashes of soy-Sumo skin at the climax and eat them.”

It will undoubtedly

go to number one.

A top-down view of a wooden table. In the upper left, a white cup with a yellow rim contains dark tea. Below it, a green plate is partially visible. In the center, a black rectangular box contains the text 'TRAK 3> SUGAR'. Below that, a larger black rectangular box contains a paragraph of text. In the lower left, a yellow digital scale is visible. In the lower right, there are several red and white patterned items, possibly napkins or small pouches, resting on a dark patterned cloth. The background is a rustic wooden surface.

TRAK 3> SUGAR

FRAUD's ultimate objective is to make musak that imprints on the brain by fitting with the fundamental electrical rhythms, bypassing all such things as taste and marketing. It would then form an endless ring of frequency, obliterating other thoughts. SONIC ASSIMILATION! as they say in the liner notes. It is the phuture, and one day we will all be slaves to its mindless rhythm. But today it's still early morning here on the other side of the world and it's impossible to get away from the FRAUD marketing campaign. They've even got sample MP3's in breakfast cereal boxes on disposable MPEG CARD players. It's the ultimate test of tekpop> it must compliment the digestion process and be as unobtrusive to thought as the crunch of your genetically modified cornflakes. All over the world people are staring blankly into their breakfast cereals, listening to FRAUD's trak and slowly masticating their food.

Success is sweet.



LEISURE

IS PLEASURE

12:15 P.M.

It's the middle of winter, the robots have erased all jobs and we're all unemployed. Madame Oi is sitting in bed dragging on a long cigarette holder, looking like Audrey Hepburn on acid, pyjamas topped off with a mirror-disco chipped bathing cap, a bike chain round her neck and that "I'm ready for my close up now, Mr Demille," pout on her lips. Empty red wine bottles, RFID tags and pizza boxes litter the floor.

"Dolls, baby, dolls," she karokes, pantomining a chintzy lion's roar and clawing a perfectly manicured hand through the air, all hyperreal Russ Meyer psybervixen, huge bosoms and lushed-out grin plastered across her face. We're filming an i-Mode micro-movie using Nokia LifeBlog warez on our latest AI smartphones, y'know, uploading i-TV to our ultraband homepages. Hyper Pussycat, Disco, Disco!!! Serotonin and champagne excursions filtered through the lens of the latest fastbred social networking CHIPS and jacked into the culture grid to earn some credits from other bored LIFE BLOGGERS. It's 12:15 PM and it doesn't really matter WHAT day of the week it is, now does it? Pass the Bolle, darling, and welcome to the LEISURE DOME.



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3:30 P.M.

The bedroom has run out of drama and The Madame and I have switched to the electronic nipple of civilisation - the NETS. Kaleidoscope 3D images of old Hollywood actors, nature docos, music videos and... sport... assail the senses. Hour after hour of streaming holographic footage of overweight American police in car chases apprehending criminals and there's not a shred of popcorn in the house. Soundbyte over the footage for the i-Movie: "A culture in decline/ images of destruction and entropy/ movies/ media/ dreams. Explosions, car chases, rape, murder, crime and punishment - America is the cultural equivalent of rubbing bacon on your snatch and setting loose the dogs of war."

The i-mode implant rings and the Madame rouses from her leopard skin doona and dolls cocoon, talks the talk and takes some orders.

"How do you do it?" I marvel, watching her do what she does best, trading in the currency of pleasure in a post-work world.

"Oh, I don't know. It's not so terribly difficult, darling. Now that no one has to work you just have to find what you're good at, and live it," she laughs.

Then she gets out her plastic gun and waves it about theatrically as we break open more bottles of champagne and plug into loungeroom_DJ.com on the ultraband using a black mod Sony Grooverider. We play that for a while, telepresencing Carl Cox in a battle of the decks before getting bored and deciding to hit the streets.

A quick i-Mode call later and we've booked into the Solarium, turning lobster pink and pushing our melatonin levels into overdrive. It's hard to remember it's winter when you're drunk and falling asleep under an artificial sun.



I wonder about the Old Days of capital, the haves and have nots and the millions of indentured wageslaves and how they lived their lives, before everything melts to red.

Could they even imagine such a world as this - where citizens are all owners of the global resources and are paid accordingly? Where everyone is free to live every day doing whatever makes them happy, consuming the products an automated society produces and keeping the economy rolling along? Where those who choose to work on top of that, like the Madame, have the opportunity to do so from the type of jobs that still exist?

It's all an existential blog in the afternoon - which is when the Madame wakes me from my solarium slumberland.

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CANTX(C)	0.7	↑ 1.30	Lorus Therapeutics	110	↓ 1.00

US Business

7:45 P.M.

Madame Oi has to make a few quick deliveries. She's done up in a silver wig and fluoro jewelry like a psyberdelic Jackie-O just before JFK's brains splattered in her lap. As we turn the corner somewhere on Chapel St, Cindi Lauper's Girls Just Wanna Have Fun blares out from the next car. The Madame shoots them with her fake gun, giggling, cigarette in hand as the car screeches and teeters on two wheels like a James Bond car chase just before they crash and burn. I get it all on camera for the i-Movie.

"Bolle, darling, I think we need more Bolle," she says, pulling into a robo bottleshop. The Madame is living her right livelihood, work and hard leisure woven together into one lost weekend, pushing pleasure in the Rat Race.

"I feel like blowing up an airport"

she says, bored, and pops
another pink pill in my mouth.



And as the shops streak by, flashing so many products that you could never consume them all, everything blurs into one giant candyshop that goes on forever, and one day becomes the next, then the next and this is IT. The Hedonism Treadmill. Where there's no Monday morning and no come down. Everybody is somebody. And everyone consumes and is consumed in a spiraling hierarchy of desire and gratification. O brave new world that has such shoppers in it...





Chocolate Covered Peanuts

Starburst Bombs

Assorted Candy

M&M'S CHIP CLUSTERS

Extra Strong Mint Juleps

Milk Bonbons

Cherry Cheesecake Drops

Assorted Berry

Candy's

Blue Top Bear

Orange & Lemon Twist

M&M'S

LICORICE

Tingles

Assorted Berries

Assorted Candy

Assorted Candy

Assorted Candy

Jelly Beans

Snakes



זאבן

“I just don’t understand these kidz today, Pa. No respect. They’ve got no respect for anything, not even their own heads.”

It’s the Chinese Year of the Dragon and I’m selling Faerie wings to a Dragon crowd - business is slow. Every set of wings is unique, y’know - red and blue and green and silver sparkling nylon over a lovely sequined frame, beautiful glittering faeries quicksilvering through the party. It adds something to the universe and at twenty bucks a pop it’s a nice tidy profit for me, understand? But no one wants to be a faerie anymore. They’d rather have holes in the head - holes in their heads!!!



Утээээ Утээээ Һүүддд
дд Һүүддд Һүүддд Утэээ
ээээ Һүүддд Һүүддд Һүүддд

What's the world coming to, Pa?"

"Ah, it's just a craze, Ma."

"In my day it was enough to pierce your nipple or your tongue. Oohh, that hurt, let me tell you. Remember when you got your tongue pierced, Pa? Hawwh! - why, it swelled up for three days and you had to suck soup through a straw, isn'tthatright? And then it got infected. But drilling a hole in your head? You'd have to be mad."

ut2222 ut2222 2222
2222 2222 2222 ut2222
2222 2222 2222 2222



Y'see, the stall next to mine is a mobile piercing salon with the craze of the new millennium - trepanation. This young kid no more than sixteen is strapped down and about to be drilled. I may be old but my Mitsubishi-ARGUS camera contact lenses let me tune in on the action like a fly's eye view in a nature doco.

Telescopic close-ups of sweat beading on his wrinkle-free face, yet another of the playskool crop of baby faced raver boys picked fresh from the paddock.

Hardcore jungle-tek kid with gothic letters tattooed in searing neon ink that lights up on his chest like Christmas lights: 'Descent into Darkness'...

There's this constant gurgling sound like air bubbles running under the skull as the drill digs a small hole through the top of his head while laserscapes go off behind him, exploding in white light. Trepanation's meant to increase the oxygen flow to the brain, creating a permanent elevated mood. They say it's just like being a kid again, everything fresh and new and exciting. They say. It looks bloody DAFT to me.

ut2222 ut2222 2222
22 2222 2222 ut222
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They've set up a chillout especially for us oldies with a fluffy fluoro sign over the entrance - the Betty Ford Clinic. It's the only alcohol licensed area, which means there's no kidz allowed, thank God. The cyberferal kinderkidz have taken over, y'know. They move through the rest of the DAY RAVE in tightly knit packs of breakbeat eddies and swirls, hunting the beats; tight posses of trip-hop-pop freak beat diggers dancing it out with the fluoro goths and Genecrasher kidz glowing in their artificial dark. Foam alphabets are glued onto their t-shirts and tiaras, spelling out states of mind: happy; peaking; love. Most of the tots are too chemically addled to speak over the pounding metal bass from the dancefloor. Take your medicine, that's it, good little children. Drink in the bass, let it make you strong...

"It's a fresh crop, eh, Pa? There's... a whole new generation of ravers born every seven years... complete with a fluoro dummy in their mouths. Consume consume consume, like a plague of locusts relentlessly destroying to create..."

NO FEAR!!! their mantras say on shifting hologrammatic t-shirts. Lightsticks around their wrists and necks, through the nose and around the forehead. Genetically modified lightsticks inserted under the skin, trailing down bare legs and arms like glowing Adidas stripes. A CLUBBER FURBY™ zips by with pill shavings on its tongue, digitally analyzing them with miniaturized E-testing software. These all-age DAY CLUBS are the Childhood's End of dance culture. I suppose the only thing left to do, really, was drill a hole in your head and make a drug out of childhood itself. Full circle.

"How old do you think they are, Pa?"

"I couldn't rightly say, Ma." A man of few words, our Pa - it's probably the mescaline Chupa Chup he's been sucking on all night.





I don't know how old these kidz are, either, all I can say is their skin still has that fresh elastic look and they smell like chewing gum and hot summer nights and holding hands on the first date, yet they're pilled up to their eyeballs and some of them aren't handling it well. The trepanned punk's now got one of those glow in the dark PLUGZ in his head and is speeding off his dial and exploding into dance, knocking over the people around him like dominoes. Oooh, he'll have a terrible case of raver's elbow in the morning, that's for sure.

"C'mon, Pa, I'm going home. No one wants faerie wings anymore."

"ILL LET YOU IN ON A SECRET - ITS ALL IN THE ELBOWS," Pa says. And sticks out his chest and sits his hands on his hips, elbows out. "The future - you have to look to the future."

UTZZZZ UTZZZZ 66666
66 66666 66666 UTZZ
ZZZZ 66666 66666 66

Pan and lock, the camera-contacts dolly across the mis-en-scene, catching Pa rising from his mescaline slumber, stripping, grabbing a pair of sequinned silver faerie wings and hotdoggin' it onto the dancefloor, naked as a baby.

Pan left> the trepanned kid's going OFF to the music on a Rude Mechanical Pogo Stick tm, jumping up and down as it's voice chip insults people in his way.

"WICCCCKKKKEEEDDDD !!!!"
He's belching thin columns of citronella fire and dragonflying across the party terrain. No stopping the bloody little menace to society.

And they're both shining like there's no tomorrow, no rules, no fear, and shit, they look beautiful flitting to and fro, it makes me all misty eyed just watching them play.

Wt2222 Wt2222 Wt2222
2222 Wt2222 Wt2222 Wt2222
2222 Wt2222 Wt2222 Wt2222

And then the holo-laser
kicks in with the neo-tek,
light and music our drug,
melting, flickering and
each scene becomes
clear and distinct like the
animated cells of a
cartoon repeating...

beautiful

sharp

as I break out in a smile and it all
overflows from me, colour liquid cells,
and I'm like a kid again, too, as I
remember what it's all about.....

But I'm still not getting my head drilled!

ut2222 ut2222 h hdddn
dn h hdddn h hdddn ut2222
2222 h hdddn h hdddn h

under

the
skin



Cameras flash and lights bear down:

“And Sapphire is dressed in the latest Matsuri leisurewear with a ribbed-UV-filtering poncho over Issey Miyake smart-pants that adjust temperature and moisture and screen liquid images; flats by Johanna Preston. We should also thank Tsuyoshi on the decks for soundtracking today’s Smart-Fashion Collection with his special blend of neo-tek ambience...

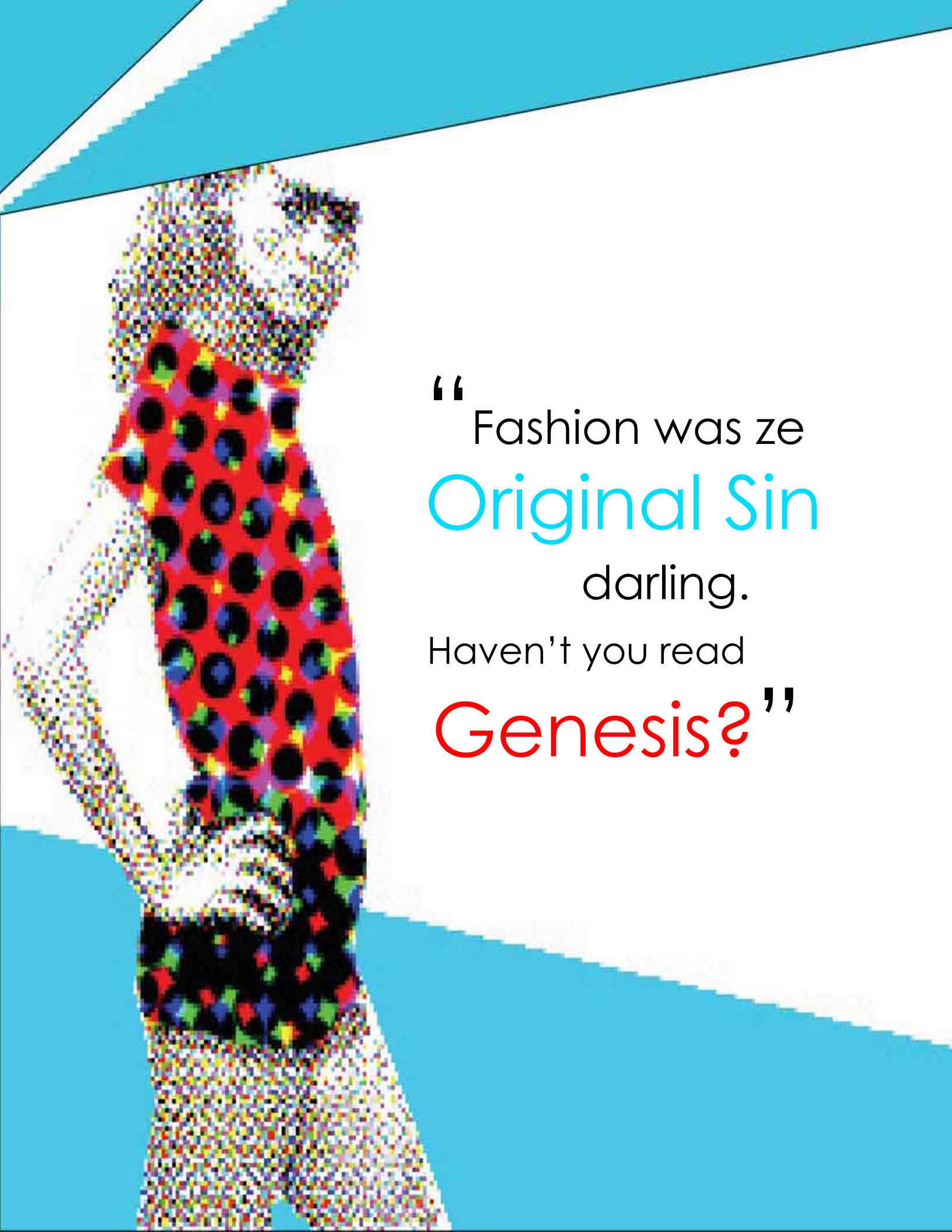
John Paul looked down at his Sega-Swatch web-watch and the online audience polls and advance orders. While the fashion cogniscenti from Milan to New York were bitching and hobnobbing out in the auditorium, fashion subscribers were already downloading his original Gaultier SKIN software from real-time feeds of the catwalk parade to the net, sculpting the fabric into shape via mild electric currents. By lunchtime tomorrow they would be wearing his latest designs on their smartsuits across the globe in a testament to technology and global homogeneity.

He looked up to see the model for Vivienne Westwood, a seven foot Amazon bodybuilder with an honest-to-goodness electro-afro helmet spitting lightning streaks from her wired hair as she strode defiantly out onto the Paris catwalk in a silver mod mini spacesuit and cross hatched, lace up lo-grav monster bootz. She gave Sapphire an evil stare as they passed. Uh-oh, Jean Paul thought, look out - catfight in the offing.

“Oh, mon cherie, you were wonderful out zere,” he said, taking Sapphire’s hand and leading her backstage.

“I have a Quicktime video by Chris Cunningham pixellating across my arse, John Paul, and if that Lily-Come-Lately Heavenly Hiranni bitch hogs my spotlight again I swear I’m gonna grab her fucking piezio-electrical high heels and shove them right through her face, okay, so don’t give me that ‘you looked wonderful’ crap. Tell me honestly, Europe has lost the plot, hasn’t it? Moving LCD fabrics that replicate over the canvas of our bodies? I think one of the fashion journalists in the crowd was having an epileptic fit. God, what did I do to deserve this?”





“ Fashion was ze
Original Sin
darling.
Haven't you read
Genesis? ”

John Paul twirled his bleach blond Dali moustache. "Fashion was ze original sin, darling. Haven't you read your Genesis? After ze fall, Adam and Eve looked at zeir nakedness with shame, and clothed themselves. In skins and fibers, in plastics and in technology. And now look at zese latest cyber-optic metamaterials. We're like octopuses, wearing our ideas on our skin, as the saying goes."

He paused to grab another champagne from a passing tray and take a sip.

John Paul's wearing his latest line of Enfante Terrible cyberware - shiftsuit, 70's open collar, broadcasting classic media images from the 20th century in muted, mosaic chunks: Vietnam, the fall of the Berlin Wall, Clintongate, all blurred and indistinct, like history.

John Paul no longer wears clothes to be worn, but to be broadcast. It's his fashion karma, he says. "But Eurocybertrash or non, darling, it's selling like hotcakes. I blame ze music, you know. Europe has gone neo-tek mad and smartwear's all zey want to wear zese days. Either that or ze spacesuits. It's so gauche...ooff, I get all gooey just thinking about it..."

"Whatever. Look, this smartponcho may be state of the art fashion, John Paul, but it itches like all buggery and it's got a lewd mouth. It keeps calling me a sloppy conductor. AND I think my hair blew when the LCD fabric started to drain more power for its memory!"

"But I upgraded it's cache -" John Paul began, downing his champagne.

"Your butt is widescreen, honey, get used to it," her ambient intelligent outfit interrupted. "Big Girls like you are just made for LCD threaded holofabrics, it really hugs your form, Sapph. Proportion is out the window. Now I called you a sloppy conductor because your blood alcohol content is 1.8 and it's causing the PAN devices that are co-ordinating your smartsuit to have problems passing picoamp currents through the wetware of your bloated bag of skin, M'am," the smartsuit said in dulcet telephony tones. "Lay off the champagne!"

"See? See what this bastard outfit is saying?" Sapphire squealed, grabbing at the smartfabric with both hands and squeezing. "John Paul I don't have to put up with this. I won't have my fashion talking back to me!" she cried.

"Sapphire, I know it's being difficult, darling, but we haven't got time to initialize it again. We need it online in 3 minutes for ze streetwear parade, so hustle your curvacous butt, precious, pretty please," he frowned.

"Ooooph! Okay... suit, stich it. Command override. Restore to default patterns. Cool temperature by five degrees, I'm sweating here - sweating - it's sooo last century! Oh, Jean Paul, how could you do this to me?" And the lesiurewear number shimmered and morphed and molded like liquid data over Sapphire's Rubenesque form, throwback to the big movie star glamour of the 1940's now in vogue again.

"Suit, load ze neuro-jack muscle relaxant, 60 mls," John-Paul ordered the fabric, one minute to go and no time for a nervous breakdown now. Sapphire's voluptuous form shuddered and a wave passed over her, blossoming into a smile as the smartsuit altered her state of mind.

"How do you feel, mon cherie?"



“Mmmm. Peachy,” Sapphire said distractedly, waving at Heavenly Hirani Tiger Lily as she strutted towards the stage, her hair fractaling with Chromatierra softwaregel that absorbed sound and shunted it to colour like a rainbow Medusa. She was wearing a bio-grown Tamarind Croft bodysuit bristling with wireless smart implant devices to fully automate the environment, opening doors as you near, turning on and off the lights, etc. And God knows she needed them, Sapphire thought bitchily, riding out the morphine wave coursing through her.

“Well, the show must go on and all that” she said, letting her smartsuit browse through its hologram pattern settings to find the streetwear number for the parade. Starving Rwandan refugees morphed across her tits before dissolving into a third-world Konnisquattsi live upload holo-mentary.

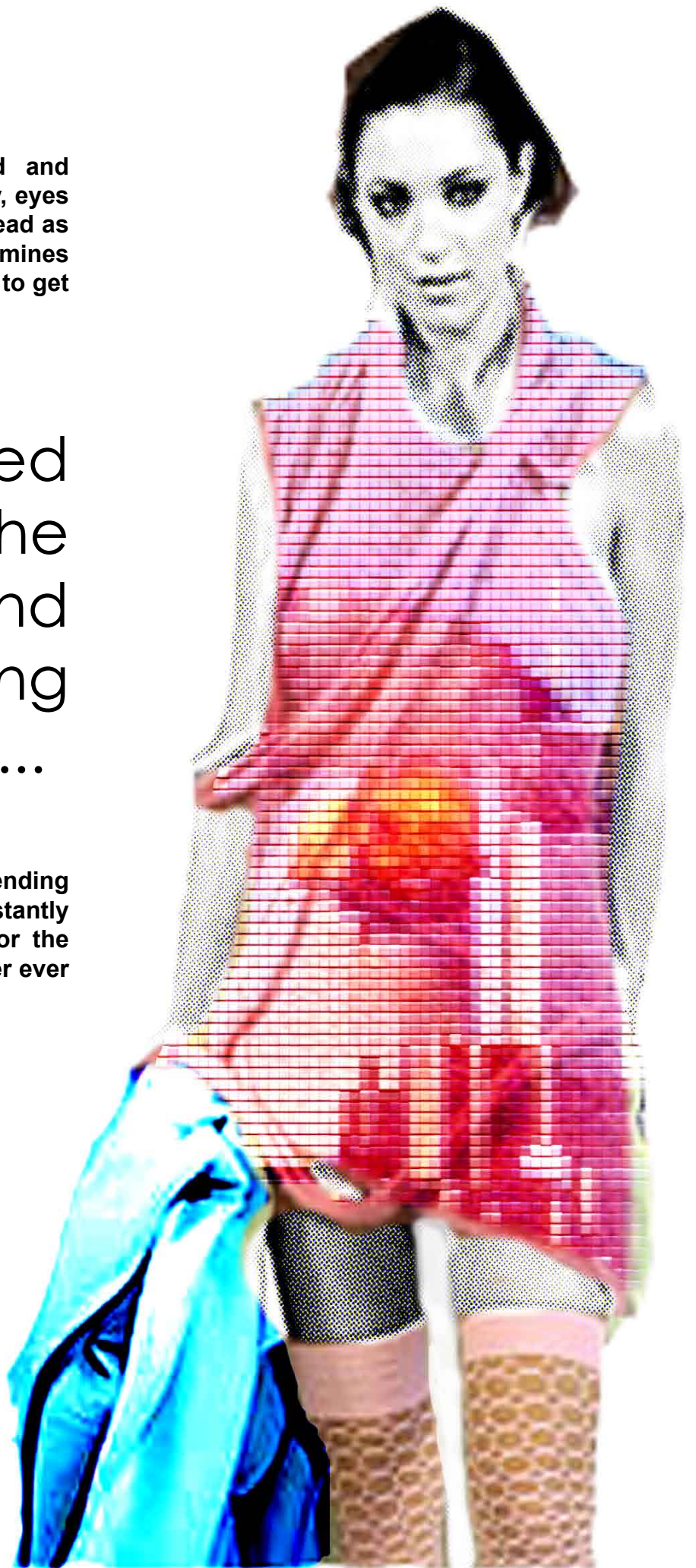
She turned up the amps on her smile and fell into line behind the younger, slimmer, hopelessly idealistic model. “After you, luv,” she said, subvocally ordering the smartsuit to transmit a mega dose of mood alterants through her gloved fingertips and into Heavenly Hirani Tiger Lily’s skin as she stepped out onto the catwalk.

The young model turned and licked her lips suggestively, eyes rolling in the back of her head as enough serotonin-amphetamines coursed through her blood to get an elephant in heat.

She stepped out onto the stage and began losing her smarts...

starting at the suit and ending on fashion data nets instantly recycled as the nu look for the season. The sweetest flower ever picked, a lily on parade.

Rawwrrr.

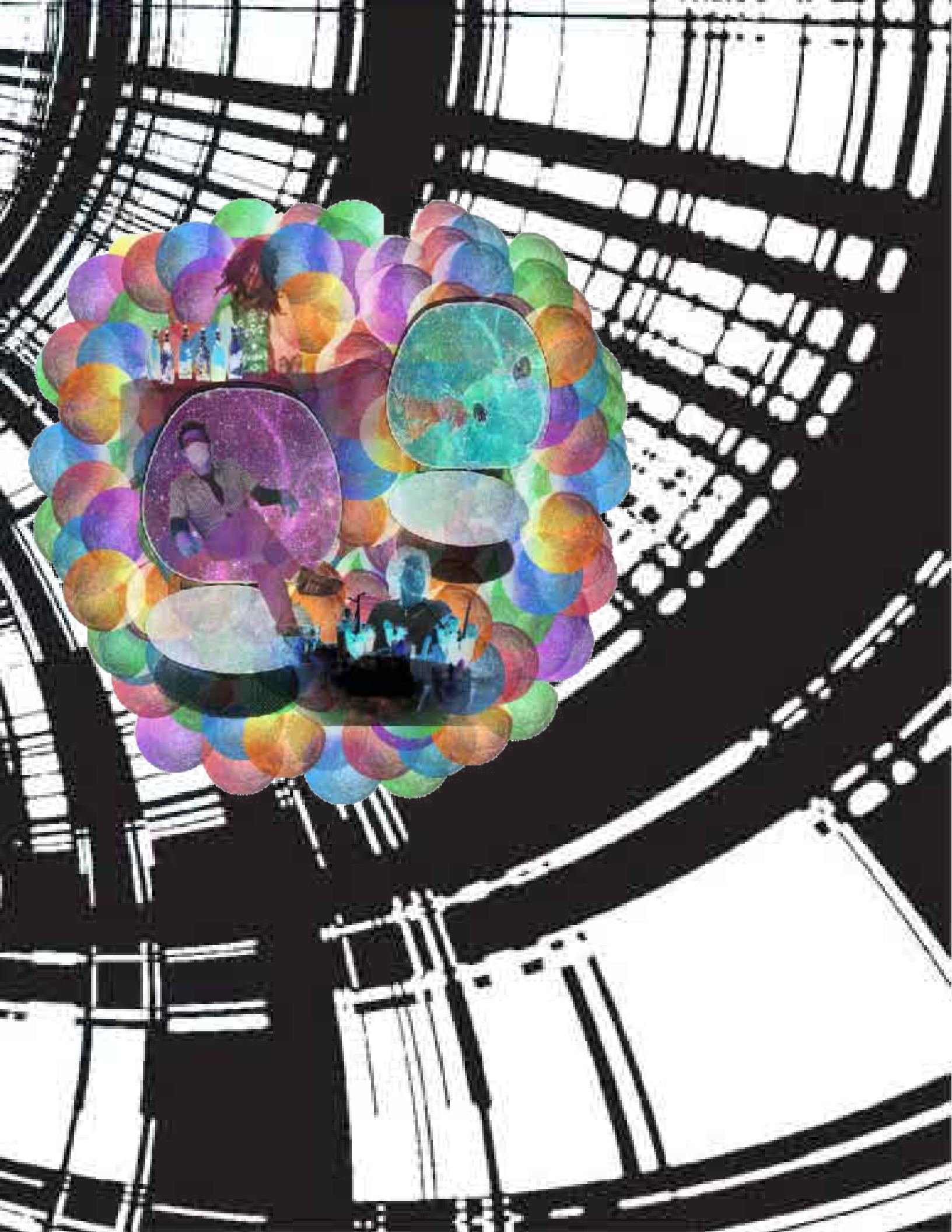


ambient head

Here's a joke Harry told me the last time I was here: two men walk into a bar. One goes ouch! Heh. Get it? Well, it's that type of drinking establishment. On the inside the bar curves in a perfect, invisible circle all around. You can't see the walls because the interior's letting off its own diffuse light using wiring techniques reverse engineered from the photovallic properties of plants. It feels like standing inside the front cover of the Beatles' White Album. Richly textured Immersientscapes pipe through hidden filters all around, echoing like the sound of a slowfunk submarine cruising through deep ocean depths. Futro-Mod egg chairs are hanging from the ceiling in long, white rows, patrons sitting lost in their own headspaces. The overall effect always reminds me of old 50s hair salons crossbred with a cyber opium den. It was designed by Asymptote Architecture of New York, based on virtual designs and manufactured with light as air, stronger than steel aerogel polymers. The Ambient Head, best of the new millennium's Liquid Music Bars.

I step across a clear marble floor and head towards the bar - a morphic collage of surfaces intersecting: concrete, glass, liquid crystal and electro-luminescent panels forming geometric shapes over and over again. Looking at the bar makes me feel slightly dizzy, like I've just come off a spinning wheel, but that could be the chemo, too. And the painkillers. Harry, the tall, bearded Afrikkan bartender has been frowning at me since I came in - the cigarette, no doubt. Tch, no need to worry, Harry, it's only ginkgo. Good for the amount of oxygen getting to the brain, y'know. He's in the latest Hugo Boss reflective slacksuit, neat dreadlocks down to his shoulders. Knuckles old and worn and wise, eyes dark pools, drawing me in.

"Hello Dexta," he says, nodding. I can see my reflection in the mirror'd surface of his clothes. I look fucked, really fucked. My hair's falling out in large clumps where I had the chemo and there's gouging dark circles under my eyes. They're as red as all hell but I can't sleep now without the music. Can't dream. The derms just fuck me up.



“Haven’t seen you here for a few days now, no? Where you been all this time, brother? Doing time with Patsy Kline?”

He pushes a bowl of cashews and an ashtray towards me on a flat surface of the bar as I take one of the fluorescent light stools and sit down. He means the derms. Most people use them for what ails them, whether it’s pain, depression, heartache or sheer boredom. The VRMeds encourage the derms for pretty much everything these days - anything to shut us up.

My accupuncturist put me onto this Ambient sound therapy gig. There’s no alcohol here - it’s LIQUID MUSIC. The water molecules are bonded with information, like liquid software. You don’t come here to get drunk or pick up or socialise with others. You come here to get away from everything. To melt into deep healing bass. The liquid music merges with the largest volume of liquid in the upper cavity where the spine is firing impulses, shaping it into vortexes or chakras where light particles are processed and transformed into hormones and other substances needed by the body to function.

You come here to be cleansed, because Immersient music is more than just Ambient, you dig?

“Twenty-seven years old, in fine health, smoke two packs of Ginkgos a day and boom - it’s caught up with me, just like that, Harry. Today the VRMeds confirmed the tumour is cancerous. And inoperable. All I got to show for their radiation shear and gene therapy is punk hair.”

I stub out the cigarette and pick up the holodrinklist - NODAL BASS. Oscillating Wavefront. Inversed ENO. The list goes on. I put the holo-list down and look him in the eyes.

“I’ve come for the Atom Heart Mother.”

Harry smiles and flashes his gold tooth with a love heart cut out in bass relief right at the front. He picks up a flat, pancake like silicon-water glass and bends it into shape. "Heavy duty, brother. Okay. Here's the deal. You've been coming here what, three, four weeks off and on now, yeh? You know all about how the moving liquid in the body creates an electromagnetic field that can be used as a healing mechanism, resonating and discharging the emotional energies locked in our bodies, within our tissue and cellular memories, our emotional and energetic bodies. You drink the music, man, but the rest is up to you, how much you can let go off all those hurts and pains that have built up in your vibrational being." He sounds like Barry White when he talks and I trust him implicitly, my Shaman-Bartender. He presses a button on the polymer bag overhead and liquid music falls in 30mls of pure sonic panacea. He puts a little umbrella in the glass and hands me the drink. The Atom Heart Mother.

It's clear like water and glittering in the diffuse light. I take it to my lips and sound courses through, using the iron enriched blood as a carrier of the electromagnetic information, like magnetic tape. Echoes of analogue ATARI soundeffects, Superbreak out pings and pongs deconstructed into sonic blueprints and fired at hyperspeed into my brain... and it's raining sound, like a cosmic ray bombardment. Like the background explosion of the future coming back at us in perfect looping remixing pulsing vibrations.

The universe is music.

Everything is sound and white light at the same time and I am adrift, swimming in a sea of energy fields. My cells and molecules are resonating and communicating with electrical messages throughout the body, nurturing and healing one cell at a time.

I am embedded

in a holographic matrix

of higher vibrational energy

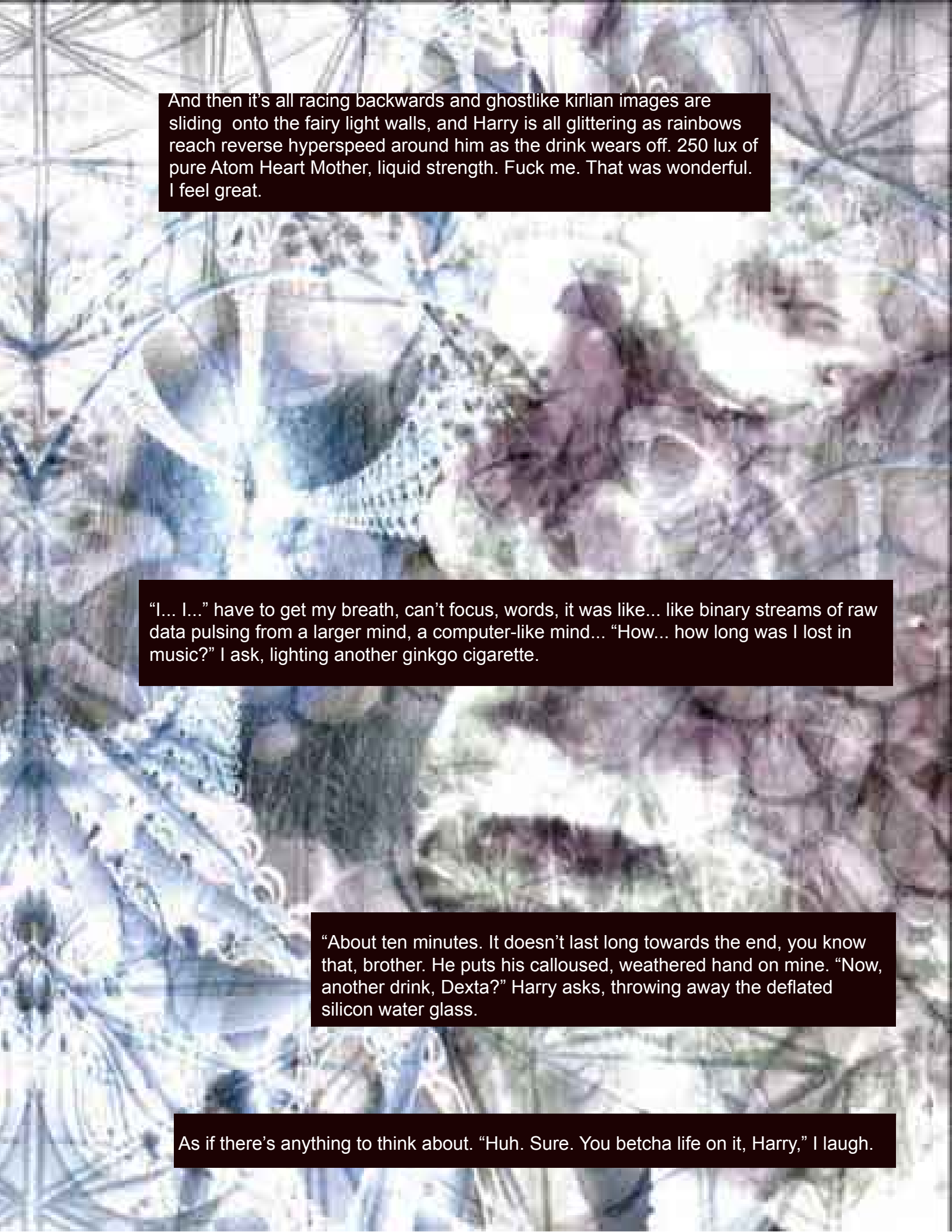
Unconditional love

immersed in it

melting

raw

gateri.



And then it's all racing backwards and ghostlike kirlian images are sliding onto the fairy light walls, and Harry is all glittering as rainbows reach reverse hyperspeed around him as the drink wears off. 250 lux of pure Atom Heart Mother, liquid strength. Fuck me. That was wonderful. I feel great.

"I... I..." have to get my breath, can't focus, words, it was like... like binary streams of raw data pulsing from a larger mind, a computer-like mind... "How... how long was I lost in music?" I ask, lighting another ginkgo cigarette.

"About ten minutes. It doesn't last long towards the end, you know that, brother. He puts his calloused, weathered hand on mine. "Now, another drink, Dexta?" Harry asks, throwing away the deflated silicon water glass.

As if there's anything to think about. "Huh. Sure. You betcha life on it, Harry," I laugh.

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TELEFUCK

FREE LIVE CHAT WITH XXX TEEN GIRLS!!!



You breathe in deeply, all senses turned on as Poly comes in naked through the afternoon haze, sunlight glistening on hir skin, chest beating fast with anticipation. Hir HEDONY SKIN is mounted with extra sets of finely moulded bio-tek plastic dildos and genitalia with lifelike grips, grown from the pleasure vats of Fredricks of Hollywood.

S/He is so very beautiful, radiating a relaxed aura of sensual arousal like a budding flower about to bloom. High up above the clouds are billowing in shifting erotic tapestries like scenes from the Kama Sutra; arms, legs, faces, genitals all lock together in shifting mandalas of passion. You feel so very horny.

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Poly leans in close and you can smell his new perfume, FOXY, a fine N,N-5methoxy-Diisopropyltryptamine pheromone mist genetically designed to stimulate the central nervous system - the ultimate aphrodisiac. Colours deepen as everything takes on a richer quality. Everything feels hypersensitive like satin sheets rubbing together, sparking electricity. The surface moisture of your bodies presses you together into one skin, hearts beating fast as the FOXY washes through. Tactile sensation melts like dreamfloss and hot showers, tingling, buzzing, kundalini rising, blood sugar magik...

“I want to fuck,” Poly groans, tweaking a flushed red nipple between his fingers. His or yours it all blurs into one elongated smear, like a thousand lotus petals opening to the sun. Even his breath is beautiful.

You sit with the sunshine warming your bodies and cross reference your SKINS pleasure centers, automatically tagging G-Spots and arousing them as you go, trackpads on fingertips tracing the descent of your lust. One caresses breasts and another places their linga into one's yoni pot. At the base of his spine you finger a polymorph genitalia hub grafted on like a daisy chain plug, instantly expanding gender options. ***



The finger comes away with a blue tinge as liquid Orgone feedback opens the chakra pathways. The Jade Stalk rapidly gains the four attainments as colours spill along the royal road of Kundalini.

There the Devi or goddess is coiled up three and a half times at the base of the spine. It unfolds into a full-blown golden flower that grows fuller and fuller.

You twine together like candlesticks melting, negative spaces sparking, locked in an ouroboros loop.

Unfolding, you enter Sushumna, the bliss of cosmic orgasm.

Shiva is united with Shakti.

White light causes the universe to disappear.

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FEEDS
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PHONE!**



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**XXX-rated AVI &
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clips, online cyber-
sex and more...**

White light fades to grey as the VR interface disengages, leaving you in a warm spill of wires inserted in the skin at orgone hubs along the spine.

Software fluid pumps along a microfine mesh of tactile detectors, hundreds per square inch receiving and transmitting tactile information to porn datanets across the world.

Sponsor names Telefucker tm and Robopussy tm burn themselves onto the retinas as the autopoetic sexbliminal program sheds itself from the language centers.

Ebb and flow as a showering spark of blue fairy lights dances across your vision...

WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU?

distance. Using "force feedback" technology, which allows users to physically interact with computers, the inTouch system brings people together through the manipulation of two identical objects. The current inTouch prototype consists of twin sets of cylindrical wooden rollers connected to a computer. When a user rotates one set of rollers, the computer rotates the corresponding set in exactly the same manner. In this way someone operating the inTouch system actually "feels" the movements of his or her counterpart, even though they may be located in different cities. Ishii's goal is not to recreate the physical form of the user at the other end—though that may be possible—but to create a physical link that transmits that person's gestures. "To actually physically feel something enriches our perception of it," he says, "and allows us to interact with the environment as we were meant to."

Elsewhere at m.i.t., in 1993 Kenneth Salisbury and Thomas Massie of the Institute's Artificial Intelligence Laboratory invented the PHANToM Haptic Interface: a high-tech thimble on the end of a jointed



**"I WAN
OF TH
D
HI**

arm that le
inside the
chairman
SensAble
set up to
PHANToM
thimble

The 15th Dalai Lama

Mantra for an Open Universe



WARNING
MODERATE impact
coarse language
and/or themes.

“But I do not like the Pokemon avatars, Rinpoche!”

Stark and blocky 3-D cartoon creatures stand motionless behind us. One looks like a blue dinosaur, one a smiling anthropomorphic yellow rabbit, the other some type of small chick perpetually bursting from its shell. They remind me of happy Tibetan tulpas - spirits from the higher dimensions.

“They don’t play like proper Pokemon should!” he complains, his cherubic face all screwed up.

Sigh. This is not the proper way for the 15th Dalai Lama to behave, no matter HOW young he is. But he is so strong-willed and that twinkling in his eyes is the same I used to see in Tenzin Gyatso. This is what I get for letting the young master play with the SEGA Dreamcaster, but the 21st century demands a digital bodhisattva just as much as the 20th needed a bodhisattva of compassion. And this marvellous technology has brought us all here to the ACTIVE WORLDS sacred space that is hosting Earthdance 14.0, after all. Amazing, this shared virtual environment, virally programmed to evolve in real time simulation with the global party hookups. What is it the young people say these days? Ah yes.

**LOG ON,
TUNE IN,
AND DANCE**





“You must abide them, Max. They are your bodyguards here in the virtual bardos.”

Underneath the avatar forms he chose for them to wear are Zen Buddhist monks specially trained to protect THIS Dalai Lama from Chinese incursions. “Wipe that frown off your face and prepare for the transmission, Max. Millions of people are waiting.” He shoots a stern look at me as he gathers his red and orange bhiksu under him and gets up from the virtual Bo tree he’s sitting under. Its tendrils reach into the synapses of the brain and bond with the knowledge krystal there. We’ve been downloading Tibetan prayers, practising for the performance and the faint mental echo of sutras is still ringing around us.

“I don’t know why I had to take my shoes off when they’re not even real!” he quips, knowing full well it makes no difference. Real or pixilated, the ritual helped centre the mind as he meditated in the lotus position. He is so cheeky.

I take his holiness’s hand as we drift through the ACTIVE WORLDS virtual simulations of the Earthdance market area. There are stalls selling fluoro SKINS, online jewellery and downloadable books, as well as screened tesseracts for workshops and healing areas. The sale of virtual goods now accounts for more than some Third World GDP’s. Max wants to stop and watch the monks making their intricate sand mandalas, each grain a fully animated pixel on our virtual beach, but we have to move on. Adam Yauch from the Beastie Boys is hosting the New York link-up, leading with a hip-hop flavoured breakbeat mantra with live harmonics by the Gyuto Monks. After the performance he offers me a virtual chai, but I decline. Even though it’s only animated the algorithms kickstart the tastebuds and produce an elevated frame of mind, and I want to remain clear headed. Max wants some Yak butter.



“I think your music is funky!” his Holiness says. Yaunch blushes.

Around us, the music has been graphed and the data turned into visual representations, or DATArt, so that we are fully immersed in each soundscape, seeing and hearing it at the same time. Such amazing sounds, this new millenium’s tekno. Dark hyperdrum’n’bass shapes flutter past us like birds. Max grips my hand tightly and we move on, Pokemon avatars following at our heels.

“Remember, Max, it is best to let go of the hearing of the ear, in order that it not interfere. Try to be receptive and pay attention to where the body responds,” I tell him for the hundredth time.

On the main dance floor, countless people in their virtual forms are moving in a spiraling, ritual dance. The program shifts and blurs as it tries to render hundreds of thousands of avatars coming together from thousands of parties worldwide, in almost every country in the global community. It’s not only Tibet we’re trying to free, you see, it’s the world. Music is our weapon. The mantra provides a point of focus for the mind force, through which energy flows like a river, the vibration acting as a healing mechanism.

“Is it time, then, Rinpoche?” Max asks, smiling beatifically, and for a second I see through his clean shaven head and rosy red cheeks, through the nirmana-kaya of his boy-form and right down to his sambhoga-kaya bliss body shining through.



“Yes, your Holiness. The virtual dance that links the earth is synchronized and ready for the prayer. Now rip up that dancefloor!” The party is at full pelt, the crowd stomping together in a rhythmic HIVE mind as the 15th Dalai Lama phases onto the decks. He starts with a special mudra of peace to centre his thoughts then lets his fingers slide over the turntables. He has such abundant energy, abundant love and grace. It’s a beautiful moment, like a photo of somewhere that’s no longer there, special and fragile and soundtracked with a chunky, thumping beat that ripples through the crowd. A double moon slides behind pixelated mountains in the distance, snow capped peaks modeled on Kathmandu and Everest but made up of heavy bassscapes. Everyone is charged with energy, waiting for a trigger to connect together. Unbidden, we all start to form a circle.

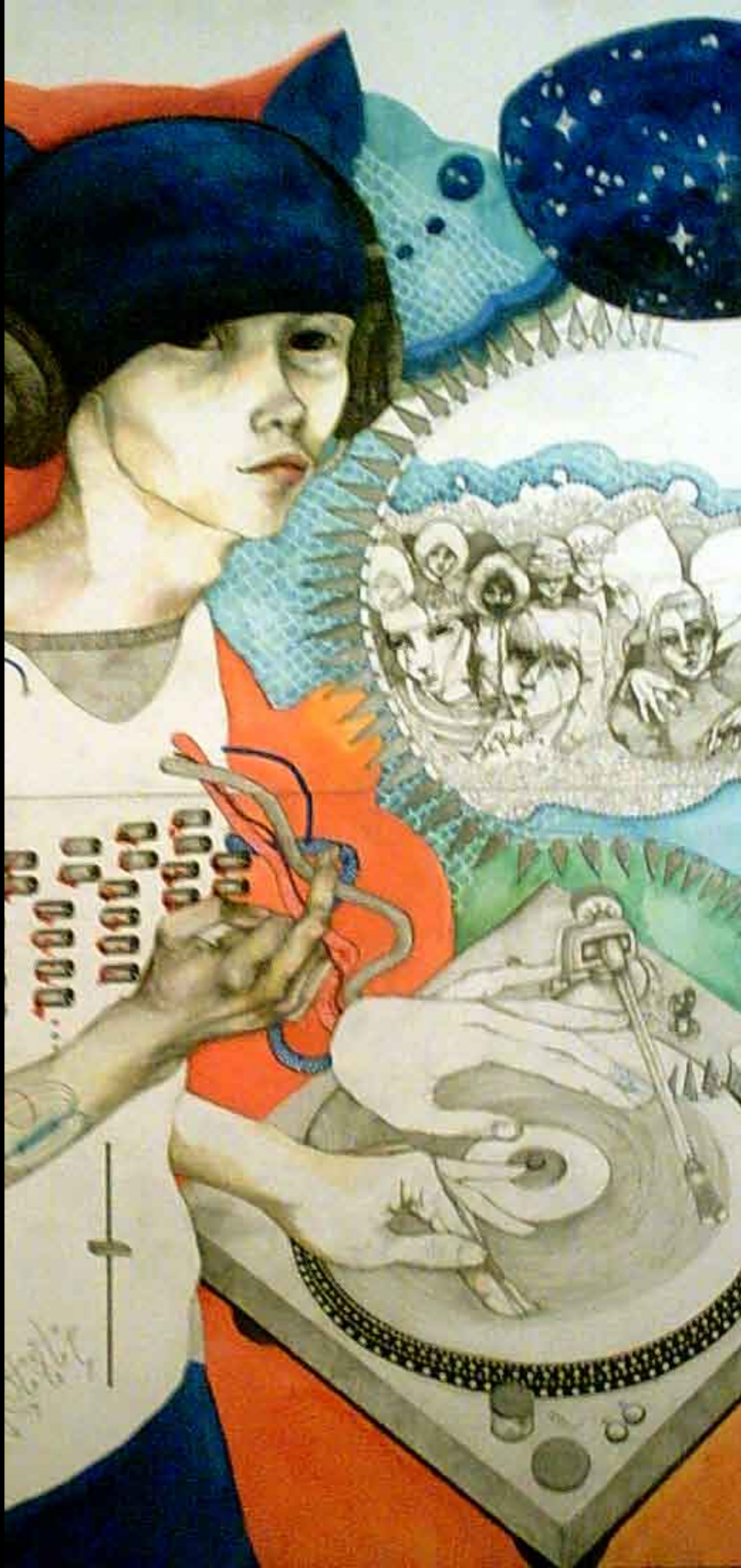
Max sits surrounded by various Tibetan singing bowls, accompanied by synthesisers that strike chords softly into the inner being, seeking to revitalise the life-force. The sound emanating from the bowls mirrors that of the universe in microcosm. It flows out in an invigorating sound bath of musical healing.

Suddenly, chi sparks dance around his holiness and shoot through the crowd. Everyone is shining as they merge into a single string of phat binary information, locked onto by the dance, lost in the MIX. With each breath, waves of joy break through the pain and fear built up in our vibrational bodies. Unlimited oceans of beauty and wisdom emerge from within. The Avatamsaka Sutra, the Buddha called it.

A mantra for an open universe.

“We are all interdependent on one another,” Max says, his voice picked up and relayed across our tiny blue-green world. “What then, is all life as a whole - planets, solar systems, galaxies - other than one song in the spinning wheel of the almighty?”

Get down.





Alt



WORLD
WAR



IS
A
PARTY

At the midnight beat the Renegade Poundwave soundsystem started layering the tekno vibe. A crew of psyberdadists were swarming over the urban TAZ like spiders running from a fire, dressed in the finest black gorilla skins overlaid with Safari suits, wide lapels and flares, grey, oversized paws and feet - all the better to dance in, I suppose. I'd heard of them before - the ACID RADICALS. Guerilla Ontologists whose dancefloor mantra was "The Love of Art Shall Save the Earth". If those kulture jammers were in on this Reclaim the Streets Flash-Mob then things were really going to get interesting.

"This isn't just a demonstration," one of the gorillas said, handing me a leaflet with a black, furry paw. "It's an international conspiracy to liberate the media through acts of guerilla information warfare. Have fun - and don't forget to smile for the cameras." And with that he was off, cartwheeling across the street and camping it up with the other pleazure terrorists.

"Okay. Run this by me again. Just what the fuck are we doing here about to get our heads busted?"

Krusty smiled and passed the joint. "What we're practising here is freestyle liberationist anarchist politics, TAZ style. Or if that's too much for you, think of it this way, mate: World War Three is a party. Elongating bass and heavy combat tekno sounds, Apocalypse Now sampled in on a dark psy-trance warscape," he said, exhaling a thin stream of smoke in the cold night air. "Now c'mon, I dunno about you, but I'm here to dance."

It's just after midnight, May 1st. M1 Day. The real old skool crowd have bought their kids and even a few wrinklies to the Doof-In, reclaiming the street for the people and their right to party. Says, the nation-states are fighting a hostile takeover from the corporate barons, and the people of the global ghetto are caught in the crossfire. Isn't it always the way? When the New World Order's top nations band together as trading partners to push globalization as a means of economic rationalization, putting corporate concerns above those of the people and the planet, well, fuck it, something's got to give. We're going to fight for our right to party. Except that these urban blitzkrieg doofs have been building every month and drawing heavy fire from the NATO POLs, ever since Paris. S21. Fuck, I lost some good friends at that one.



And y'know, no matter what anyone said later, I still reckon we could've got away with tonight, y'know, if the party hadn't've been next to the McDonalds. The Repetitive Beats Squad are real friendly with the CORPS, yeh, that was our one mistake. Dozens of gherkins stuck to the giant golden arches like birdshit as the crowd cut loose on the concrete dancefloor, a wild energy rippling through. And then I'm lost in the dance, a whirling dervish caught in the MIX as sonic big top sounds break the night and ripping tekno wails drill into my head and I'm riding in sounds that shouldn't even exist, rupturing into a higher phreakquency> harmonic transmissions downloading. It's the sound of a nu generation: neo-tek. Music so good it has to be illegal. And up there on the decks they're transmitting the party in live streaming footage to other renegades all across the globe, power to the people right on:

OW
NOW
ACTIVE

SS...

ESS...

RECEIVED
...

DATA RECEIVED

INITIATING DATA TRANSFER
VOICE RECOGNITION ACTIVE

DATA RECEIVED

TRANSFERRING
IN PROGRESS...
-IN PROGRESS...
-IN PROGRESS...
-IN PROGR...

-SPEECH DATA RECEIVED





"We've got One Tribe online in Ottawa."

"Dream Collective in SF."

"Vibe Tribe is still alive in Sydney."

"Equinox is in the House, Tokyo."

"Ja. Spirit Zone, Germany."

"Confirm. Xperiment from Belgrade: We have joined forces for a co-production tekno peace party in simultaneous net-linkage against the war on the people. While our leaderships are engaged in violent reactions, we will be undermining their war by dancing together in peace. We aim to raise global awareness that all tribes can dance together as one."

Which is when the cops came and told us to turn down the music, their style. The NATO POLs were bunched together like insects in their new blueblack riot gear, cybernetic facemasks and aerogel padded armour, thick enough to stop a bazooka at close range and easily able to withstand a few hundred BPMs of pure unadulterated neo-tek. Suddenly they broke ranks and scattered across the concrete terrain in perfect motion to the beat, making way for the real hi-tek crowd control: the RCCVs. You could hear that tank's droning bass hummmmmmm before it even turned the corner. It was about the size of a mid-range automobile with a matt black polymer coating that absorbed all light. Any kinetic force directed against it slid off like butter in a teflon frypan. And man, could it sing - ultra high vibrational waves rang out and hit us in our tracks. We were caught in a sonic web that rattled down into the bones and emptied your bowels at the same time, guaranteed. The shit was hitting the fan, man, and blood, feces, paradigms and chunks of the ceiling were all going into hyperdrive as it fell. Around us the musik was building to a climax, cutting through the mayhem like flashing dreamlit memories of a night drowned in sound, all the dancers down on the ground, busted...

"I can't help but feel invigorated with love and venom at the state of the world," Krusty shouted as a blue stormtrooper's baton appeared out of nowhere and crashed down hard on his head. Blood and shit and shit and blood: the POLs played for keeps. Me? I remember the good old days when all the cops did was steal the keys from your generator. Then a silent NATO POL ground a padded knee into my back and cuffed me, automatic speech software broadcasting my revised MIRANDA-CORP rights in coded pulses over his armour's DOLBY tm sound speakers. His boots were dark with that new polymer shine and the wickedest monster treads I'd ever seen. They'd be perfect to dance in, I thought.

And then a guy in a gorilla safari suit, covered in shit and piss and blood, looked over at me and smiled.

"Great party, or what?" he laughed.





freedom

“Listen, man, you seem like a solid kinda guy – can I come in and talk to you for a bit? My lips are going numb and I’m starting to peak, y’know. There’s these ammaaaazzing shapes when I close my eyes, and if I don’t keep talking I think my mouth might melt away...

Is that okay? Listen...”

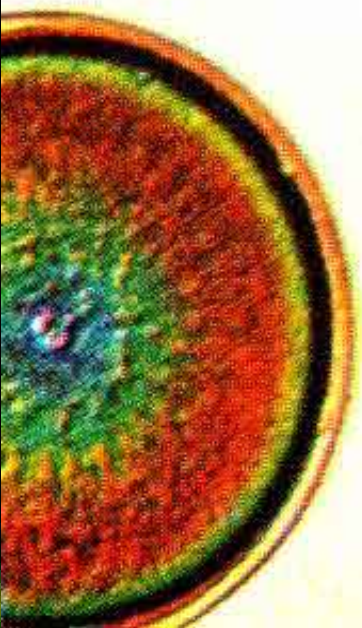
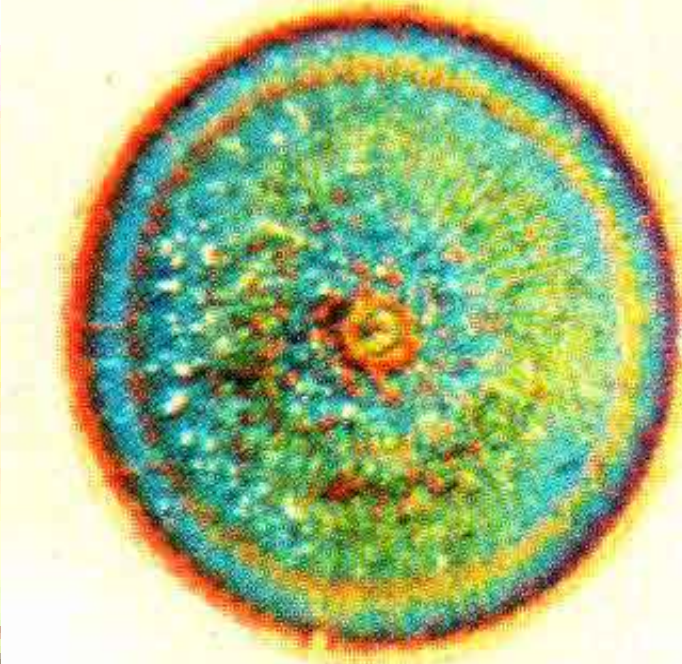
It’s raining, it’s pouring, the Old Man is snoring and fireworks are exploding in acid trails in the dark, pyrotechnic flares from the world outside the car.

The “children” are gyrating and dancing, and jesuspaghetti! It’s really pouring down, thunder and lightning and all things frightening - we’re being played like kids in the rain...

‘Bout all it does here on the Big Island this time of year: rains and nurtures. Ya gotta be protected, mind you - hailstones bounce off these new full body envirosuits like rubber balls - you’d be battered black and blue without them.

At least it stops the normal folk coming out into these jungles – apart from those bloody annoying extreme weather tourists in their rented Kevlar armour, a thin exoskeleton between them and nature.

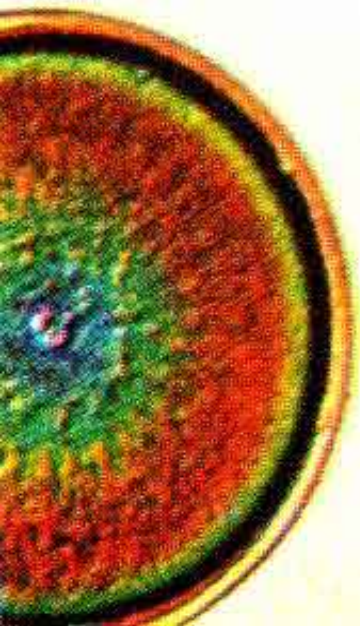
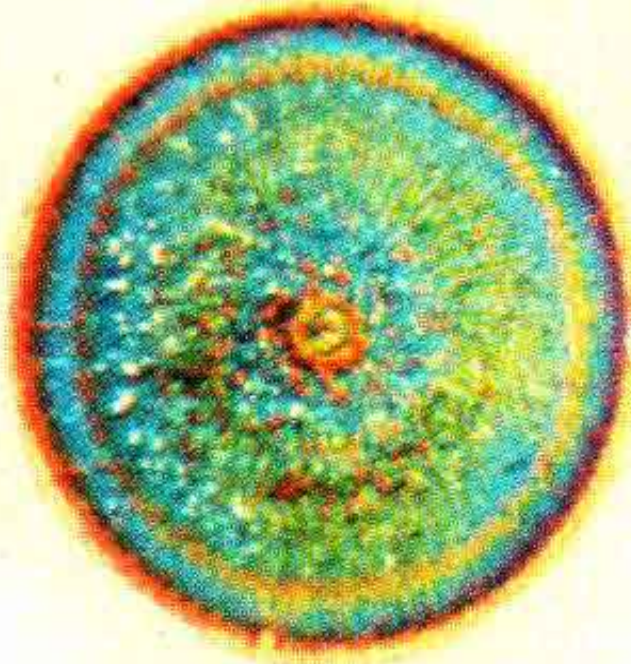
It’s funny because humanity itself is just the latest in a long line of fashions that the planet has been trying on, after all. I’ve heard it said that the plants invented us higher mammals to carry around their seeds and burrs more efficiently, which is perfectly ironic considering what we’re doing to the plants these days, isn’t it?

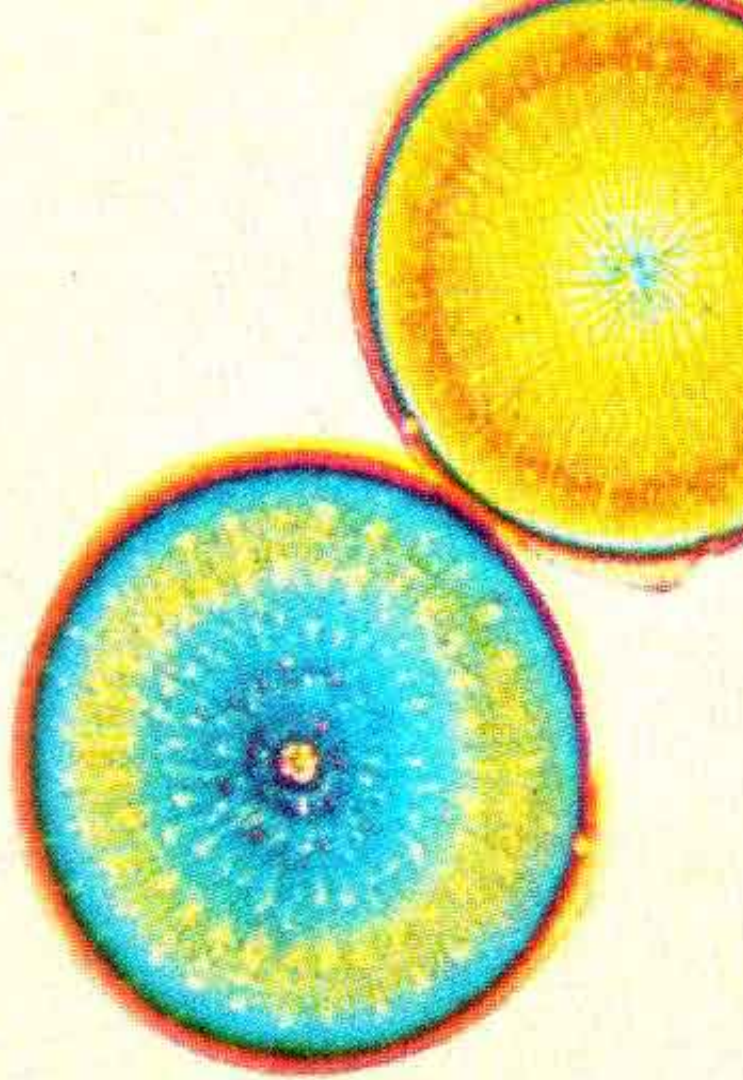


It's hard to remember when you're out here dancing in the jungle that there's a War On, even harder to remember what it's really about or why it all started. Though at the moment that's probably less to do with Old Lady Gaia and more to do with the powdered shrooms I took when the rain started falling in perfect staccato bullets outside, with my envirosuit all nice and warm and the smell of wet socks creeping up from the floor. Kaleidoscoping mandalas and imagery melts through my brain, pulling me along with it, becoming me becoming it...

"Are you still with me, man? Look like you're dozing off there. Shit, sorry, I'm a rude sonofabitch sometimes, aren't I? My name's Nathan, but if it's drugs you're after, then you'd probably know me better as Freedom. I don't go by that handle much anymore, too many people in the Rainbow Family were getting to know me, yeah? Spent six months in prison in Oregon because of that gig, but hey, you live and learn. Just another prisoner of war, I guess."

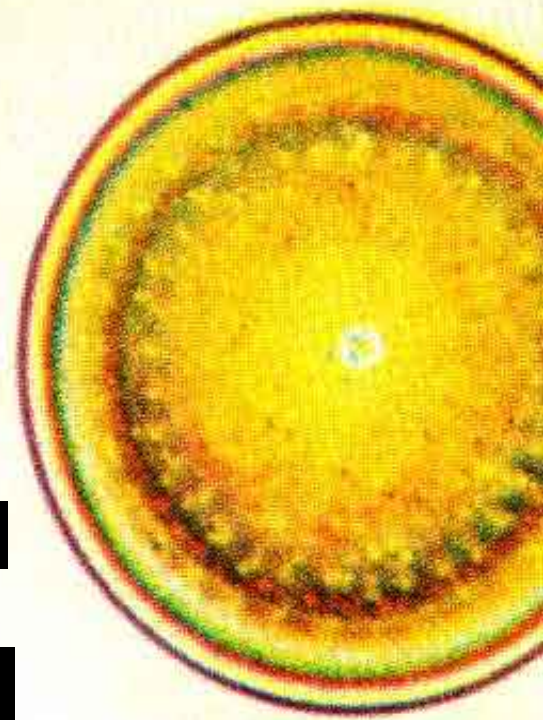
"What's that? You only do chips, eh? Get high on data, all that stuff? Fucking crazy if you ask me, but it's your head, dude, you can jack whatever you want into it, eh, that's what we're all fighting for out here. Me, I like the oldskool stuff, homegrown by the planet... Did you know 'planet' means wanderer? Or that the plot we've all lost is the land, you dig? I can tell you do, you're a pretty solid kinda guy. Did I say that already?" Mitochondria cells glistening in the ether, pulsing with life, mixing with the Black Madonna statue on the dashboard. Starfish. Sets overlapping. Liquid sky and other worlds pushing out of my head to become real:
jewels.





weapon of mass distraction.

In the wheelyhome next
to us bedspreaded Urban
Disco Ferals are passed out
along the walls - the whoosh
of breaking bulbs and
laughter mixes with the rain.



It's probably the shrooms talking, but it feels like there's something going on, a power struggle between two opposing forces, Yin and Yang, Control and Kaos. Makes me think of my Granddaddy and his old tv set, classic analogue model, back in the days of culture war. Cantankerous old bastard, he was. He loved that old tv show, Get Smarts, something like that, with hidden doors slamming together one after another, invisible panels sliding into new configurations, walls lifting, Rubiking, shifting colour and here I am right now trapped in my own Cone of Silence, melting in my little beshroomed bubble. It's all so comical, isn't it? A War on Drugs. A War on Chemicals and Plants. A War on Evolution and a War on Change. Who the fuck gave them the right to say I can't change my state of mind as often as I change fashion? It's all Kontrol versus Kaos - the GAME.

“Anyway, back on the farm my Granddaddy used to bitch and moan about the government, Old Man Snoring he called it, and he should know – he fought in two Gulf Wars to keep us in our way of life. For all the good it did in the end. Got corrupted by power, Granddaddy said. No government wants to give up the reins and they tried everything to keep kontrol, even changing the human race, force us away from the plants and the connection they had given us. One Nation under God, dying and imprisoned, estranged from the planet.



“If you've ever seen those new black ops helicopters buzzing through the sky like vultures, heat-sensing 'illicit' crops and spraying the earth with GM pesticides, people too, then maybe you'd believe him. Don't have them round your way yet?

Don't worry, you will.”

“I’m not trying to make out I’ve got all the answers here, dude, no siree. I’ve only read eight books, print ones that is, but people tell me things, y’know, and I piece stuff together. Like, this dude I gave some DMT to that was just growing on my lawn. He called it ‘Dominator Culture’.

“Oh, he had lots of interesting stuff to say. Like, how the body of a nomadic tribesman was found in the Austrian Alps when the peaks all started to melt. The guy had traces of psilocybin mushrooms and cannabis on him, can you believe it? Even the cavemen partied! And, apparently, while the Egyptians are famous for inventing beer, they’re less well-known for their cocaine habits, though traces have been found on mummified Pharaohs as offerings to get high in the next life.



Even the cavemen partied! And, apparently, while the Egyptians are famous for inventing beer, they’re less well-known for their cocaine habits, though traces have been found on mummified Pharaohs as offerings to get high in the next life.

“I tell ya, man, one thing I’ve learned out here in the jungles is that plants are part of the original religious sacrament. Like, peyote and the Indians, Rastas and their herb, the British and their tea, it’s medicine for the people, isn’t it?


“Hey, thanks for listening to me rant, man, it’s pretty wet out there. You’re beautiful, you know that? No, you really are. I feel like I want to share all this with you, tell you my deepest secrets.

“Nggghuuuhhh... whoah, it’s coming on pretty strong now, can you hear it? Can you hear the voice? It’s speaking to me right now, better than television it is, a direct line to the Source... Holy shiiiiittt... I feel like I have to channel it, don’t mind the crap I’m spouting, it just feels good to make words, to feel the sound, do you mind?

“It’s saying something about the Earth... like my momma, like she loves me... She’s alive, y’now, no doubt about it... Alive and tuning us in, back to the green nipple, to the right way of doing things. Shit, she’s none too pleased with what most of her lil’ children have been doing lately, either. A hard rain’s gonna fall – but what’s new? It’s been raining for as long as I can remember, washing away the old world. Time is coming, dude, but for now, I think I might just dance in the rain and let go of kontrol, get down and dirty in the kaos, let it heal me... Are you coming? Um, do you think you could like, hold my hand, I’m really mashed...”

“You’re under arrest, dude. You’re busted...”

And then it suddenly occurs to me that Maxwell Smart was the perfect double agent in Control because he was pure Kaos, too, bumbling, stumbling kaos, that’s how he always succeeded. And I’m trapped here in my Shroom of Silence, looking out at the rain and everything’s getting lighter and turning inwards like at liftoff, invisible veils falling backwards into a warm space, something settles behind my eyes, balloons out and fills my head like fairy floss just as a Neotek trak builds on the Ethernet connection we’re all plugged into, angels wings, butterfly soft notes brushing against each other and I’m cocooned in bliss, and help me... I’m melting, melting into...



God... this is so - so...pure...

There's a war on, alright.

And I've just been conscripted.



RAINBOW DREAMING

Subject: Rave Olympics

Date: Tue, 20 June, 2011 17:43:34 + 1000 (EST)

From: Rak Razam <shazaman@netspace.net.au>

To: It's a Wild Wild Wild World<W6W@piratenet.com>

We were about 50k's past Maree when we saw the first convoy of phreaks heading out to the Earthdream party, a motley, rainbow caravan of dust-encrusted buses and camper vans, VW's and Bedfords, ferrets, travellers and urban hedonists pirating the airwaves with their digital mantras, blanketing the quiet earth along the Oodnadatta Track and generally f---ing shit up. The big vans and buses were crowned with giant inflatable objects like bananas and mangoes and blazoned with anti-uranium logos and activist stickers. We'd been getting reports on the CB radio for days, up and down the coast from every direction - these Psy-Trance Cowboys had been rustling the archaic monuments of the 20th Century from quiet country towns and tying them to the roofs of their vehicles like scalps, plastic totems cannibalised from the Giant Ram, Giant Koala, the Giant Pineapple, the Giant Homogenised Icons of White Middle Class Prosperity.



Now here they were, all in a row like floats in a post-Apocalyptic pagan love parade, cruising through the desert at high speed and kicking up a storm. Yessir, they were riding their groove-boxes onto the high frontier, layered in bass and in search of a WAY COOL PLACE where everybody can DO Their Own Thing.

“Fuck me gently with ze chainsaw,” Bridges says from the back of the van as we’re overtaken by a fluoro double decker schoolbus with an inflatable Godzilla on the roof and a gaggle of stoned Germans hanging out the windows waving. “Now zere’s somezing you don’t see every day.” She was right. I’d never seen Germans so friendly before. Something was definitely up.

“See if you can get a shot of them on the handy-cam” I shout over the rattle of the van as we go over a pothole and everything lurches up into the air. We had a cache of the latest Ultra-Tech in the back to film the party - and the Gamez - and provide a continuous internet uplink for the rest of the world. This was the twelfth Earth-dream Desert Dreaming Festival and the prelude to next year’s End of the World As We Know It tm global chakra cleansing ritual.

Phine phreaks and klued in people of every shape and hue were gathering together, nomad tekno adventurers from all the 12 Trybes flowing into a rainbow mix, snaking their way through the red earth ...





We'd bought the latest Mitsubishi micro-camera contact lenses but the dust and the bumps along the Oonandatta Track wouldn't let me use either. The idea was to provide digital downloads over sensechips to the viewers at home - you would see, hear, smell, touch, and taste whatever the live reporter is sensing. At the moment it was some A-grade skunk we'd picked up 800k's back in Adelaide and a mild case of sunstroke from the glare.

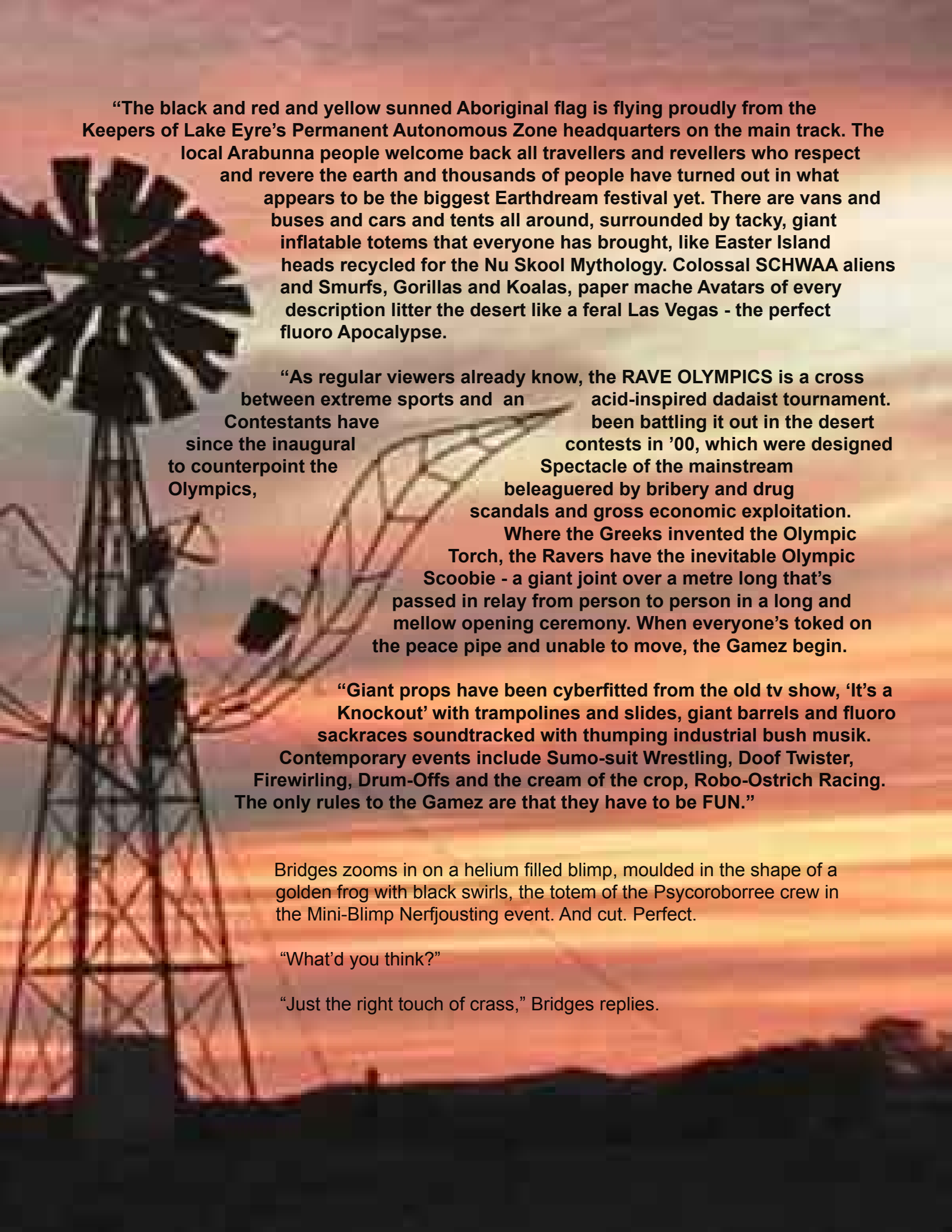
"Got 'zem" Bridges pronounces in her singsong Israeli-American accent. "Lovely establishing shot with ze buses elongating across ze horizon at dusk."

I suppose you want to know what she looks like. I would, and since we haven't got the equipment working properly yet, I'll have to describe everything for you. My assistant, Bridges, is like somebody's sassy little sister gone the way of the urban disco feral. Enough piercings on her face to set off an airport metal detector. Dredds wax perfect, dyed blue and red and black. Big brown eyes layered in cheap Killer Loop imitation sunglasses. Handmade firestick and a bottle of Kerosene and Citronella by her side. Indian pants from Chakra or Ishka. Black puffy jacket with a Chinese Dragon feng-shuing its way across the back. Dusty Monster Boots with six inch moulded plastic heels. She's also the best damn camerawoman this side of the Nullarbor and can roll perfect joints while driving the van and mixing MP12's on the Diamondback decks at the same time. Not only that, but she's the only one who knows how to pilot the ultralight glider. I'm all legs when it comes to flying.

“Start narration, take one - Earthdream 2011.” I’m recording on my built-in throat mike that sends data pulses to our Apple Mac G12 laptop, auto remixes credits and soundtrack over the footage Bridges is shooting and transmits the final package via our satellite dish on the roof. We broadcast pirate transmissions into the world datasphere and get a nice little pay per view package from inphomation junkies all over the place.

“Welcome to the Middle of Nowhere and another edition of ‘It’s a Wild Wild Wild Wild World’. I’m your SIMmediahost, Rak Razam, reporting live from Lake Eyre in South Australia, where the 12th annual RAVE OLYMPICS is getting into gear as part of the Earthdream Desert Dreaming Festival. Contestants are hightailing it through the sunburnt earth of the Australian Outback after a surreal Scavenger Hunt from coast to coast, bringing with them fabulous kitsch items of yesteryear as decor for the party. As we pass the famous Mutoid Waste windmill flower sculpture, gateway to the desert circus, geodesic domez the colour of old Coca-Cola bottles litter the landscape, filtering out UV light. The domez take advantage of the coolness of the earth to condense water from the atmosphere at night to grow plants and shade the soil during the day, thus encouraging further water collection. It’s hoped that the retention of water by this means will eventually, by transpiration, create a changed local climate and encourage rainfall. Fluoro-canvassed tipis are also going up with heraldic flags billowing in the wind like Tibetan prayers. Renegade sound-systems are banging out the latest Neo-Tekno tunes from car stereos as revellers and the Raverati start shaking their juju and getting into the groovy.”

I put the van on cruise control and let the GPS autopilot system scan the terrain in full 3D topography. It carefully threads our way around the perimeter of the camping grounds, letting Bridges pan across and film everything as we go. A beautiful feral family with bones through their noses and clad in animal skins look up from their camp and smile as we pass. They’ve got a fire going in the heat of the day and are cooking what appears to be a giant turkey all stretched out and ginormous. It has to be one of the new genengineered ostriches that run wild in these parts. I nudge Bridges and she turns from filming a group of Swedes with blond angel dreds trailing down their backs to shoot the bird on the spit.



“The black and red and yellow sunned Aboriginal flag is flying proudly from the Keepers of Lake Eyre’s Permanent Autonomous Zone headquarters on the main track. The local Arabunna people welcome back all travellers and revellers who respect and revere the earth and thousands of people have turned out in what appears to be the biggest Earthdream festival yet. There are vans and buses and cars and tents all around, surrounded by tacky, giant inflatable totems that everyone has brought, like Easter Island heads recycled for the Nu Skool Mythology. Colossal SCHWAA aliens and Smurfs, Gorillas and Koalas, paper mache Avatars of every description litter the desert like a feral Las Vegas - the perfect fluoro Apocalypse.

“As regular viewers already know, the RAVE OLYMPICS is a cross between extreme sports and an acid-inspired dadaist tournament. Contestants have since the inaugural to counterpoint the Olympics, been battling it out in the desert contests in '00, which were designed Spectacle of the mainstream beleaguered by bribery and drug scandals and gross economic exploitation. Where the Greeks invented the Olympic Torch, the Ravers have the inevitable Olympic Scoobie - a giant joint over a metre long that’s passed in relay from person to person in a long and mellow opening ceremony. When everyone’s toked on the peace pipe and unable to move, the Gamez begin.

“Giant props have been cyberfitted from the old tv show, ‘It’s a Knockout’ with trampolines and slides, giant barrels and fluoro sackraces soundtracked with thumping industrial bush musik. Contemporary events include Sumo-suit Wrestling, Doof Twister, Firewirling, Drum-Offs and the cream of the crop, Robo-Ostrich Racing. The only rules to the Gamez are that they have to be FUN.”

Bridges zooms in on a helium filled blimp, moulded in the shape of a golden frog with black swirls, the totem of the Psycoroborree crew in the Mini-Blimp Nerfjousting event. And cut. Perfect.

“What’d you think?”

“Just the right touch of crass,” Bridges replies.

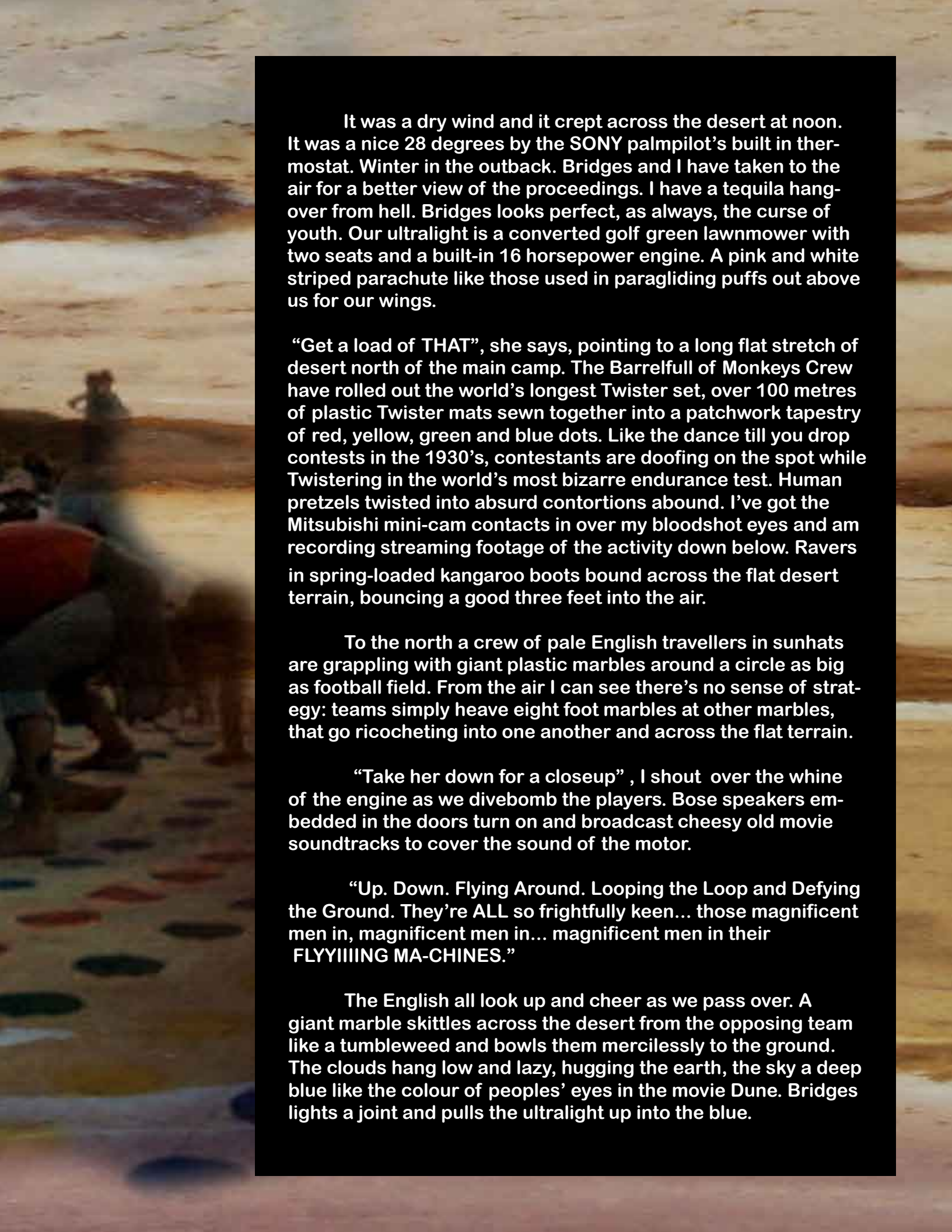
Subject: Rave Olympics

Date: Wed, 21st June, - 2011 12:00:05 + 1000 (EST)

From: Rak Razam <shazaman@netspace.net.au>

To: It's a Wild Wild Wild Wild World <W6W@piratenet.com>





It was a dry wind and it crept across the desert at noon. It was a nice 28 degrees by the SONY palmpilot's built in thermostat. Winter in the outback. Bridges and I have taken to the air for a better view of the proceedings. I have a tequila hangover from hell. Bridges looks perfect, as always, the curse of youth. Our ultralight is a converted golf green lawnmower with two seats and a built-in 16 horsepower engine. A pink and white striped parachute like those used in paragliding puffs out above us for our wings.

“Get a load of THAT”, she says, pointing to a long flat stretch of desert north of the main camp. The Barrellfull of Monkeys Crew have rolled out the world's longest Twister set, over 100 metres of plastic Twister mats sewn together into a patchwork tapestry of red, yellow, green and blue dots. Like the dance till you drop contests in the 1930's, contestants are doofing on the spot while Twistering in the world's most bizarre endurance test. Human pretzels twisted into absurd contortions abound. I've got the Mitsubishi mini-cam contacts in over my bloodshot eyes and am recording streaming footage of the activity down below. Ravens in spring-loaded kangaroo boots bound across the flat desert terrain, bouncing a good three feet into the air.

To the north a crew of pale English travellers in sunhats are grappling with giant plastic marbles around a circle as big as football field. From the air I can see there's no sense of strategy: teams simply heave eight foot marbles at other marbles, that go ricocheting into one another and across the flat terrain.

“Take her down for a closeup”, I shout over the whine of the engine as we divebomb the players. Bose speakers embedded in the doors turn on and broadcast cheesy old movie soundtracks to cover the sound of the motor.

“Up. Down. Flying Around. Looping the Loop and Defying the Ground. They're ALL so frightfully keen... those magnificent men in, magnificent men in... magnificent men in their FLYIIIIING MA-CHINES.”

The English all look up and cheer as we pass over. A giant marble skittles across the desert from the opposing team like a tumbleweed and bowls them mercilessly to the ground. The clouds hang low and lazy, hugging the earth, the sky a deep blue like the colour of peoples' eyes in the movie Dune. Bridges lights a joint and pulls the ultralight up into the blue.

<Start narration>

“Day Two and it’s the Winter Solstice here in the Southern Hemisphere. Thousands of tek-heds from all over the world have come together to dance the longest night and feel the pulse of the earth here near her heart chakra. Sunlight glints off solar panelled vans and buses and catches on the metal blades of miniature windmill generators fixed to the roofs. The earth is red and flat all around. The flies are ubiquitous and you swallow at least three a day unless you shut your mouth and open your eyes. Down below they’re putting up the doof, tekno style.

“Mutoid Waste madman Robin Cooke is testing the old giant fire blasters for the party tonight. They’re four cyclical metal pillars arranged around the perimeter of the dirt dancefloor as an elemental anchor that let off belches of flame in perfect syncopation with the bass. The infamous Tekno Ostrich Races are all set up in a protective bioplex ring in the middle of the dancefloor, racing right under the giant fire towers. The genengineered birds stand about eight feet tall and look like mutant turkeys with attitude. They’ve got the graceful curved neck of the pink flamingo but are let down by legs as thick as wrestlers on Megasteroids. They remind me of a one night stand I’d rather forget.” Cut.

Bridges elbows me in the ribs as the ultralight veers to the left over Lake Eyre. There’s a crew of full-on Israeli tek-heds dancing up a storm by the edge of the water. They’re dressed in full body wetsuits laced with smart fabrics that automatically adjust body temperature and sweat. Their big Monster Boots are fully motorised piezio-electrical walking devices that use the kinetic energy of the walker to power the hardware - which in this case includes water pumps that send moisture and urine back up through micro filters, making it safe for redrinking.

“Zey are ze Calvin Kleins of the desert!” Bridges quips as we zoom in low over their heads.

“Hmmp. More like futro drug dealers.”

“Zem bootz is made for dancing and that’s just what zey’ll do. One of zese days zem boots is gonna walk all over you. Bootz - start dancing!” she sings, tilting the ultralight to and fro.

“Are you stoned and flying again?”

‘It’s ze only way to travel,’ she retorts.

I take a deep toke (for the sensechip viewers at home, of course) and marvel at the desert terrain all around. We’re sitting in a sea of blue that stretches out forever, red earth and thumping bass reverberating from below. With the telescopic enhancements built into the Mitsubishi lenses I can see the broad outline of the electric fence over 60k’s to the west. Aerial schematics downloaded from a pirate satellite flow into the SONY palmpilot as well as full telemetry of the area. I’m back online:

“I can see that the Pangea Mining Company and their private security goons have the perimeter of the nuclear waste area, or the DUMP as it’s come to be called, sealed up tighter than a nun’s proverbial. The electric fence is twenty feet high and a concrete partition extends under the earth another ten feet. It stretches over 100 square kilometres and has to be one of the Seven Great Wonders of Corporate Terrorism. Undisclosed tones of radioactive sludge are buried here, deep in the Australian heartland, shitting on the sacred spots and burning into Gaia’s delicate biosphere.”

Bridges gives me a look like I’m dangerously close to alienating our sponsors, but fuck it, a journalist has to have some integrity, right? And integrity’s like virginity - you can only lose it once.

x

“New telemetry data’s coming through, viewers. Switch to HYPERLINK mode for live satellite feeds in infrared and eyespy frequencies for only \$1.95. Satellite images show deep thermal activity in the Forbidden Zone around the DUMP. Looks like the Army’s on manoeuvres again.”

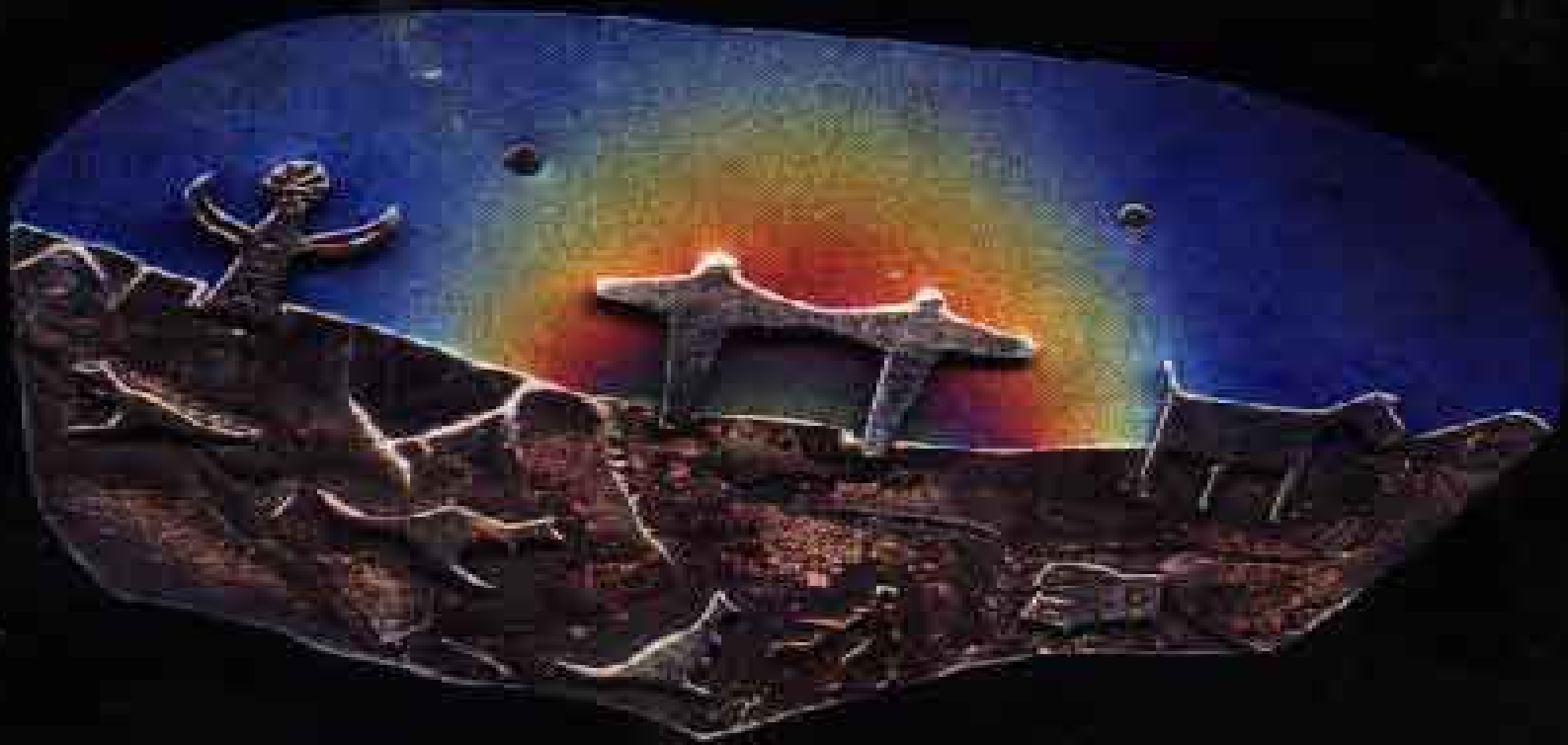


I cut the link and take another toke. The Military budget has blown through the roof since the Republic of Australia started fortifying the border from Indonesia and the flood of refugees.

“You know ze VietCong used to play Nancy Sinatra tunes to ze G.I.’s in the field as a brainwashing technique. Ze same track over and over again for days, echoing out over ze rice paddy fields and jungle till ze G.I.’s snapped and broke zeir cover.”

“What a coincidence they’re permanently patrolling the area around the DUMP.”

“Zere’s no such thing as coincidence” Bridges says, taking the joint back off me.



Subject: Rave Olympics

Date: Wed 21st June, 2011 6:56:11+1000 (EST)

From: Rak Razam <shazaman@netspace.net.au>

To: It's a Wild Wild Wild Wild World <W6W@piratenet.com>

“It’s four minutes to race time and some ultra smooth electro disco funk is rippling out on a cloudless night. There’s falling stars everywhere and outside the ring thousands of full-on doofers are getting down and dirty to the beats. It’s not quite a full moon, but state of the art laser and holography techniques have lit up the sky anyway with moving pixilated pictures. The giant, baktun glyphs of a Mayan calendar turn lazily against the stars. Aboriginal Wandjina chalk men hundreds of feet high groove like albino stick figures to the sound of a thumping 4/4 Psy-Trance beat. Even the ghosts are dancing. Indian, Mayan, Aboriginal, Hollywood - all the Old World kultures are represented on this swirling maelstrom. Fluoro string webwork hangs over the main dirt dancefloor in sacred geometric patterns within patterns, fractaling inwards in a UV mandala. The patterns are like phosphene imprints on the eyes that allow viewers to find their own message and open up deeper connections. The DJ arena is in a Cone of Silence-like bubble made of aerogel plastic to protect the decks from dust. The BPMs are tweaked to literally turn on the crowd with their hypertrybal vibrational frequencies.

Surreal and absurd tekno sculptures transformed from urban junk litter the landscape; gestalt car robots that rotate and move, Harmonic Generator Coils that light up like the inside of an electric light bulb but thousands of times as big and bright. When filmed at high speeds they melt into a glowing double helix reminiscent of strands of DNA.

The tekno wizard himself, Robin Cooke, sits at his giant Fire Organ with a puckish grin on his face, playing the keyboard and creating musical flame. As the fire rips up the tubes the organ lets out sound as tongues of flame lick out. The tubes glow red and orange and then finally white hot from the heat and have to be left a while to cool. Further out from the centre, party shamen groove around four burning mechanical pillars crowning the dirt dancefloor in more flames. Black light projectors create hypnagogic patterns on the ground, flashing on and off in binary streams. It's like a Christian Fundamentalist's version of Hell crossed with a tekno-pagan explosion.

Thousands of people are stomping on the earth, dressed in rainbow skins and smiles. They've come in costume for a grande Masquerade and really funk'd themselves out. Cybercrusties in the loudest smartsuits known to humankind dance alongside mutated performers in ultralight exo-skeletons. LCD threaded fabrics glitter and swirl animated GIF pictures across countless bodies - the crowd has become a canvas. My brain wants to shut down just looking at them. Oh, these wandering Sadhu fools, all of us in different head spaces all the time, billions of possible permutations fuelling the party, the look, the flavour, the KODAK MOMENTS.'

<Pause transmission>

And that's only scratching the surface of it. Bridges is dressed in her Cyber-Sinderella outfit - black mesh tank top, evening gloves and veil with thin strips of silver polymer strapped strategically round her body like surgical gauze. She's datamining the crowd, interviewing a few choice jewels while I get ready for the race. I pull her away from a Maori warrior with full tribal tattoos etched across his body and spilling up over his face. He smiles, revealing a set of metal teeth like the villain in Moonraker.

"CACTUS?" Bridges repeats with a sly grin.

"Of course. When in Rome and all that. A full blown power lunch with Mescalito is de rigeur for all desert journeys", I explain.

"The viewers at home expect only the finest experiences, Bridges", I chastise.

The Cactus has been on the boil all through the day since dawn. It's viscous green-grey texture looks like snail roadkill mixed with bitter phlegm and the taste is even worse - if you can get it down. I did - barely, and the taste of Satan's ballsweat dogs my every breath.

"Just swallow this and chase it down with some lemonade" I say, handing her a two litre water bottle half filled with green cactus discharge and distilled juice. "But you must be quick because I can already feel it coming on."

"Shame I've got no lemonade" she says and winks, chugging down the juice. Her eyes ping open as a shudder visibly moves over her body.

"Oooh, zis is very, how you say, hot shit stuff!" She takes a big swig of tequila from her hip flask and starts to sway a little.

"C'mon, I've got a race to call and you've got some cheating to do. The fastest land mammals after the cheetah are waiting and you don't want to make an ostrich mad. Those beaks are deadly, y'know."

The OSTRICHES are lined up and being groomed on the inside of the bioplex ring that separates the dancefloor from the race track. The big birds move like catwalk models, poised and taking delicate steps, bobbing their long necks up and down as they go. They've all got phutro names like a cross between racing dogs and Psy-Trance DJ's:



1>Tron's Revenge

2>Frequency of Bliss

3>Tryptamine Meditation Ensemble

4>Ambient Head

5>Chakra Flowers in Spring

6>Oscillating Wavefront

7>Feral Cheryl

8>White Noise

9>Eden Hashish Centre

Human jockeys have been phased out to make way for hyperadvanced robo Furbies - modified versions of the robotic kidz toy that talks and moves and has a memory cache of 100GB. They look like hairy gremlins strapped in their miniature saddles, gripping the reins with tiny motorised hands. These lil'critters can be programmed to perform small chores around the home and some smartarse has modified them to ride Ostriches. They're remote controlled by contestants outside the ring, making it the perfect sport for lazy, drug addled ravers. Bridges and I have cooked up a little personality algorithm for our Robo-jockey based on 80's testosterone movies. Basically, it reprograms them to think like Rambo, Indiana Jones and the Terminator all rolled into one.



It'll be the perfect denouement to the Rave Olympics, but part of me worries that it won't be long before they can do everything we used to and on that day humankind will be obsolete, replaced by a Japanese Tamabloodygimmick. Fuck me, I'm getting maudlin. The ostriches are doing the once-round as their numbers are called and they're weighed in. "Look closely at the ones that poop" I tell Bridges. "They'll be lighter in the race and have an advantage over the rest of the flock." As we watch, a few of the giant birds gingerly release their droppings as they walk along. A gorgeous transsexual done up as Madonna in her Sex phase comes and cleans it up with a little broom and shovel.

"Her tits are better zen mine," Bridges pouts as I drag her to the DJ booth where I'm calling the race from. Everything's shimmering like the horizon at noon as the cactus comes on strong. Just looking at the names of the birds makes me feel like I'm tripping. Bridges is controlling her robo-jockey on ostrich number 7, Feral Cheryl. We're filming on the handy-cam and cross linking with the Furbie throughout the race. "Be a love and roll me a joint," I ask her as the fire organ belts out a fiery clarion call and it's all happening, hold onto your sanity, here we go...

"Okay, they're moving in and we're all ready for a start. They're at the post... ready...there's the light - and they're OFF! Tron's Revenge is away well followed by Ambient Head and White Noise, with Chakra Flowers in Spring on the inside track close behind. In fifth place is Eden Hashish Centre and Oscillating Wavefront, with Feral Cheryl and Frequency of Bliss three lengths back and Tryptamine Meditation Ensemble coming up the rear. Ambient Head has taken the lead by half a length from Tron's Revenge at the turn of the field as White Noise, Chakra Flowers in Spring and Oscillating Wavefront battle it out in the centre. Across the track is Eden Hashish Centre skittling past Feral Cheryl and Frequency of Bliss is back on the inside followed by Tryptamine Meditation Ensemble."



There's nothing finer than watching a flock of 8-foot-high, 350 pound flightless birds being piloted by small robot jockeys while on mescaline. Colours shift and swirl as angles distort and everything takes on a strange kind of surreal logic. Robin Cooke's going OFF on the fire organ, playing some thumping deep bass that's being picked up by radio receivers and broadcast over the local area. People are listening to the race and the doof as far away as Port Augusta. I tap into the Mitsubishi lenses for a second to see what the viewers at home are seeing and am bombarded with cyber edged speed line manga visuals break beating and slipping all over the place. Optic nerves pinch and zoom as the digital camera in the Furbies' eyes relay the race from a bird's eye view roadrunnering across the simmering desert terrain, kicking up clouds of dust as they pass under the fire pillars on the edge of the dancefloor. Roadrunner the coyote's after you. Roadrunner. When he catches you you're through.

“Tron's Revenge is coming down the straight and behind him Chakra Flowers in Spring. Two lengths back is Ambient Head followed closely by White Noise and *LOOK OUT* here comes Frequency of Bliss up the side - she's zarting fre and fro and look out for the beak on that one, she's plenty mad today! And Oscillating Wavefront and Tryptamine Meditation Ensemble are fighting it out in the middle as they go round for the final lap. Eden Hashish Centre is trying to get up the side and two lengths away at the rear is Feral Cheryl, who seems to be having trouble with her rider. The Furbie is out of its saddle and it looks like ... oh my God it's jumped onto the tail of Eden Hashish Centre and is clawing its way towards the other jockey!”

I chance a quick look at Bridges who has one eyebrow cocked and a grin bigger than Texas plastered across her face. The fire organ's squeeching and squelching out ultra low hertz sounds that travel up my spine and explode somewhere in the back of my head. The crowd is cheering wildly and dancing around the ring.

“And as they travel down the straight Chakra Flowers in Spring has taken the lead with 300 metres to go, with Tron's Revenge half a length behind and White Noise in third place. Getting a run on the inside is Frequency of Bliss in front by two thirds a length from Ambient Head and Oscillating Wavefront. Something's happening with the robo-Furbies as Feral Cheryl's rider has knocked off Eden Hashish Centre's jockey and the bird's running wildly across the field. Oooh, look out, she's collided with Tryptamine Meditation Ensemble and both birds are down! The rogue Furby is jumping birds and dispatching their riders to a fast death under monster ostrich feet. It's ruffling feathers and holding on for dear life to Oscillating Wavefront and the panicky bird is speeding forward, past Ambient Head and Frequency of Bliss, past White Noise and Tron's Revenge. The two Furbies are wrestling at the reins of Oscillating Wavefront and slamming the bird into Chakra Flowers in Spring. She's not happy about it and her beak is flying out and savagely pecking the unsaddled Furbie. Jesuspaghetti! he's loose and flying through the air. Chakra Flowers in Spring is going to hang on and win...”

What happened next is pure post modern psyber-haiku. It appears that at a certain frequency of sound transmitted over radio, precisely duplicated by the fire organ belching out its flame music, Furbies explode. Who was to know? The lil'killer robot burst into flames and showered metal and fur all over the finish line, the other jockeys disintegrating in their saddles one by one like a string of firecrackers in the night. Betcha glad you choose the REMOTE VIEWING option, huh viewers?

Subject: Rave Olympics

Date: Wed 21st June, 2011 23:11:11 + 1000 (EST)

From: Rak Razam <shazaman@netspace.net.au>

To: It's a Wild Wild Wild Wild World <W6W@piratenet.com>

“It’s going OFF!!!” Bridges cackles, smiling and smiling and smiling.

“Ain’t that the truth.” We’re tripping round the desert doof hanging onto the slender thread of sanity. Everything’s raw and dusty like the party itself. We’re 80ks from the nearest town and having the best damn time of anyone in a 1,000 square kilometre radius. We’re building a Harmonic Wave Beacon, y’know. Orchestrating the dancers into a whirling dervish of altered states of mind like the Sufis do. Turning on the chakra pathways up the spine through sight sound and dance. Building ze DOOF. The Psy-Folk Funk Quartet are sampling in tambourines and Dylanesque whisky breakbeats to the musical proceedings. We’re grooving down by the central bonfire, surrounded by thousands of DOOFers, dancing. And dancing. And dancing...



I guess there's no other way to tell it but like it is, Y'hear?"For the sake of the viewers at home on your live satellite feed I'm switching to autopoetic lapis MODE. For only \$2.95, you too can upload the sensory datafeed in full immersive VRscope" I babble, letting the lyrics melt into the transmission>

boom boom ... booming right back AT CHA boom boom booming right back atcha!
Right back right back right back atcha!

boom
boom
atcha

right back

right back

right back

atcha

right

right

back

right back

right back

right back

atcha

Booming right back right back atcha. Ev-
erything smearing together - music and love and light
- higher phreakquencies of vibrational NRG are bouncing building
beaming right back atcha in the doof, boom booming boom booming

grooving red desert dust under feet beat booming right back right back atcha,
it's all coming down, drowning in it, what finer place than right here in the middle of
nowhere with Bridges and the Psy-Folk Funk Quartet cooing the light phunktastic,
bouncing beatbox'd funky groovy red devils, smiles all around, splashing in the dust
and there's all these kids in furs and skins going off, rolling around in big tractor inner
tyres, and there's a big black bundle of dog padding alongside with a plastic boomer-
ang in his jaws, just moseying along so fine if you please, and it's all like a dream, like
doof a vu, a frozen moment and I wonder if it's all as simple as this, as feeling good and
dancing to a wicked bass and having the right people around you, all in the same
headspace, all in no-time> right back atcha

beatbox'd bass phades in and out and into another Old Skool track,
white men turn up the treble, <boomin> black men turn up
the bass <right back atcha>. Rhythms and Lyrics overlap and I
smile the same smile that's flitting from face to face, blossoming through
the crowd, becoming a Psy-Trance phase space...

Man,

I'm

TRIPPING
PING...

Programming code is flooding the central processing centres of the brain, I'm MeLTinG>>> There's a Coca-Cola sky and everything's inverted like a Photoshop filter as the rainbow serpent rises through us. The beat goes off the scale as it boomboxes right back atcha and everyone's caught in a karmic feedback loop, rising and inverting, fractaling inwards. Boundaries shifting melting overlapping. Twister mats scattered across the sand as far as the eye can see, desert doofers phunking it up like there's no tomorrow...

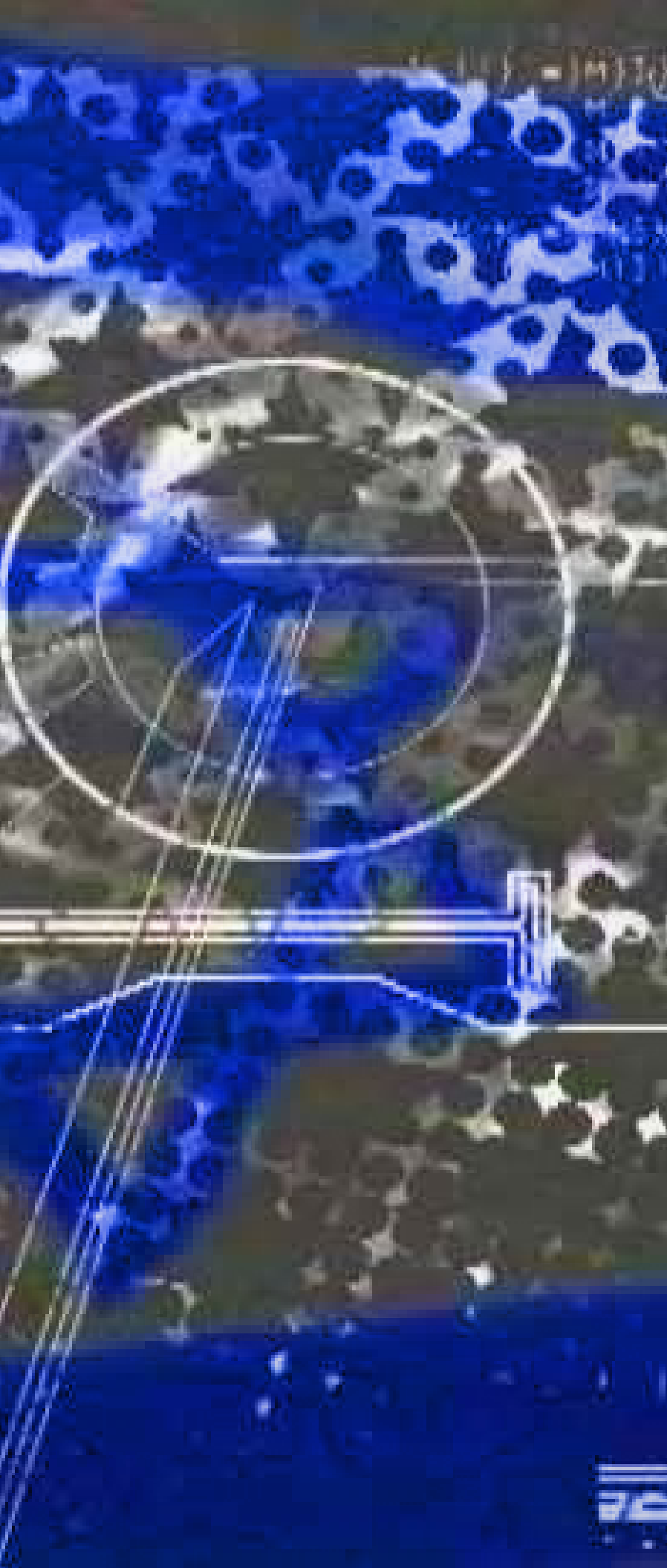
And the drummers are drumming and firewirlers are twirling in the early dawn light as the longest night comes to a close. People are juggling flaming bowling pins and grooving to the beat and the twirlers are going off into hyperdrive> double sticks crossing, lightsabring the air, the smell of citronella and magik quicksilvering through. Open mouths and smiles fall through the crowd like dominoes, a hard 4/4 Psy-Trance beat boomboxin bass through the earth and all the way up your spine, tingling kundalini. THE TWIRLERS SHALL TWIRL AND THE DRUMMERS SHALL DRUM and the DREAMERS SHALL DREAM. And the MUSIC MAKERS shall make MUSIC. And the Doozers dooze, always building. Moving, doing, never getting to the end. And the journeymen shed their skins and settle into the trip.

The Trybes are coming home, the Rainbow Serpent is rousing to the bass.

Everybody's sparkling.

GLOBAL EYES

GEO-CHIP LOG- ISRAEL / DEC, 2011 / 23:11 / THE WEST
BANK- ASSUMING THE RECEIVER IS INITIALIZED AND
TURNED ON, PRESS MENU, SELECT :SETUP MENU~, THEN
SELECT :COORD SYSTEM~. FOR USING THE ISRAEL GRID,
SELECT :USER GRID~ AND ENTER THE FOLLOWING DATA:
LAT OF ORIGIN 31.734090 / LON OF ORIGIN 035.212060.

A blue-tinted photograph of a desert landscape. In the foreground, a large, circular, metallic-looking structure with a grid pattern is visible. A road or path leads from the bottom left towards the center of the image. The background shows a vast, flat desert under a clear sky. The overall aesthetic is futuristic and somewhat surreal.

"MOOSIKA! MOOSIKA! I want more music, crank it up!" Bridges says with a smile, licking the dopamine flavoured wax strip on the papers between her fingers, Mayan glyphs smartpainted on her fingernails as she rolls a phat one to perfection.

"The last time I heard this trak was in June, at that Solstice party in Australia, out in the desert. Crazy feral motherfuckers, it was just like that movie, you know Mad Mack.. " She lights the joint and breathes in deeply, long wax perfect dreads dyed red and blue and black spilling down past her shoulders as she tilts her head back and laughs.

"...Until the oil ran out and the movie became real. All those old sci-fi movies, have you noticed? They're all coming true. All of them. This is such a fucking crazy time to be alive!" The veggie-oil and solar powered van swerves around a large shell crater in the road and everyone lurches roughly to the right, scattering firesticks, drums and tipi poles all round the back of the van.

Holes up the battered desert road like a string of pearls on the surface of the moon.



"Ben-Zone-Nah," Oshri cries from the back, taking the joint as she passes it to him. "This road is a death trap, sister, turn on the GPS guidance control system before you kill us all with your driving, or head back to Tel Aviv where it's safe!" He's decked out in loud superhero ravegear like he's just come from one of the bluelight Day-Clubs, fractaling Chroma-Tierra algorithms in his spikey hair gel and glow sticks and neon piping along the contours of his chest, trailing down to his pants.

"Mah? Nowhere is safe anymore, Oshri, don't believe the NATO hype! And the Americans own the satellites that run the GPS system, you idiot - if we turn it on they'll be able to track us like lab rats in their globalized trap!"

Idan's dressed in the latest full body enviro suit that automatically adjusts body temperature and sweat and recycles moisture and urine back through micro-filters, making it safe for redrinking. The suits are regulation Israeli Army wear and highly coveted by desert doofers for long sessions dancing at festivals every full moon. They also look damn funky.



"Chill. Don't be so hard on Oshri, Idan, this is his first outdoor party - don't ruin it for him!" Bridges says, breaking into the groove as the trak scratches some pounding 4/4 bass and loops into a hard combatrance anthem, sampled sounds of war remastered into the dance.

Just their way of coping, I guess.

Oshri hands him the joint and Idan runs a licked finger along one burning seam where it's come unravelled. His sharp, angular face breaks out in a smile. He has piercing, black eyes, master of the art of being genuine, being here, now.

"The people have their own Network, Oshri. Freeware, open-source, wireless 802.11b distributed and only 42 lines of code. Welcome to the Tekno Renegades."

He holds out a pink crystal CHIP and Oshri reaches out for it gingerly, eyes wide open behind his i-Visor wrap-around video screen micro-displays. Idan jacks his CHIP into the dataport behind his ear and Oshri follows suit, green eyes glazing over with high bandwidth wireless data ...

GEN-CHIP LOG- LOAD- M-PARTY DATA FOR THE NU RAVE GEN-
ERATION! BROADCAST ON /G0A.D0/YELLOW SUNSHINE/ EX-
TRASINN LEMONWORLD.909 / CHAISHOP /U.SITE / GOATRANCE.
DE /COSMIC BUG AND ALL GOOD M-PARTY FEEDS WORLDWIDE!
CHOOSE- ZIMRA. --- INSTEAD OF FIGHTING, TAKE IT OUT ON
THE DANCEFLOOR! --- COME TOGETHER THIS FULL MOON IN
THE WEST BANK TO PROTEST THE CONTINUED OCCUPATION OF
PALESTINE AND 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ISRAEL/NATO
POLICE-STATE. SECURE GPS COORDINATES ARE BEING DOW-
LOADED TO YOUR BROWSERS! BRING KREW, SUPPLIES, GOOD
VIBES AND RESPECT FOR THE ENVIRONMENT! HEADLINERS:
SHROOM SHABDOM, OLLIE WISDOM, NIGGUN AND THE SOUND OF
THE GROUP MIND!-----

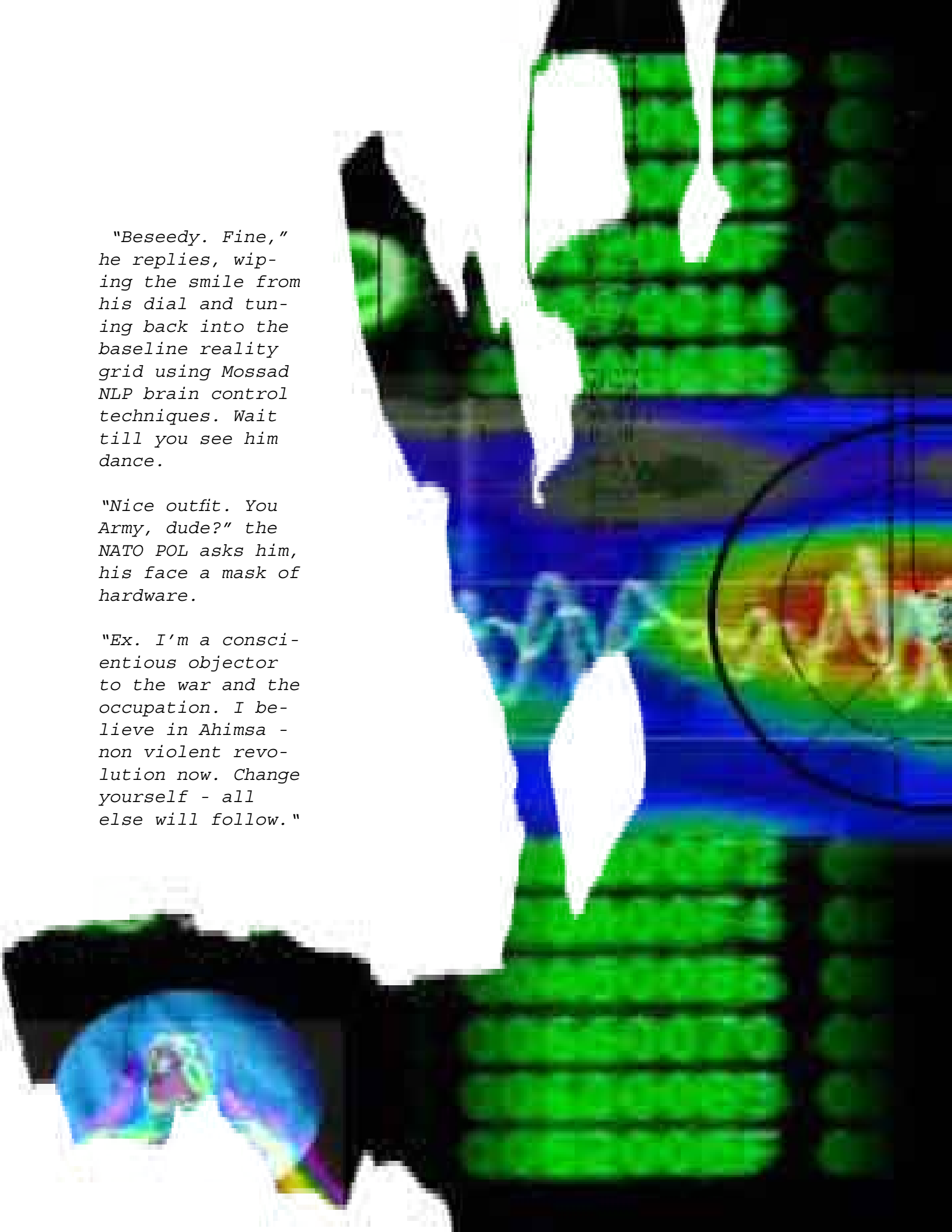
*"Would you two chip-heds get it together, we're almost at the check-
point," Bridges yells over the crashing tsunami of beatz pumping from
the Diamondback decks, cutting the music and pulling into the floodlit
concrete perimeter of the Kfar Sava Border Zone in front of dozens
of other vehicles jammed into a gridlocked mechano swarm, all hurry-
ing home before the curfew kicks in. The metal piercings on her face
glint by the torchlight of a NATO POL in full blue-black aerogel pad-
ded Anti-Terrorist gear - grown in bio-vats from GM spider's silk,
ten times stronger than kevlar - as he approaches their van. "These
are not the droids you're looking for," Bridges quips, winding down
her window in a wave of pungent hash.*

*"Mah Nishi Mah?" the POL warbles over his BOSE embedded speakers,
speech translators remixing his thick Texan accent into Hebrew as
he sticks his head in to rattle their cage. A hovering spherical I-
Spy drone protrudes into the cabin and iris-scans the krew. Idan's
military issue GOODBOX - quantum yottabytes of processing brain in a
crystal in his skull - catches the recognition codes at a UV frequen-
cy and scrambles them with a wireless burst.*

"Beseedy. Fine,"
he replies, wip-
ing the smile from
his dial and tun-
ing back into the
baseline reality
grid using Mossad
NLP brain control
techniques. Wait
till you see him
dance.

"Nice outfit. You
Army, dude?" the
NATO POL asks him,
his face a mask of
hardware.

"Ex. I'm a consci-
entious objector
to the war and the
occupation. I be-
lieve in Ahimsa -
non violent revo-
lution now. Change
yourself - all
else will follow."



"Get us the fuck out of here," Idan spits, one finger up to the CHIP in his dataport as he tunes back into the M-PARTY Network. A flurry of Video Text Messages pour into his Inbox, transmitted wirelessly from Tekno Renegades in other vans also on their way to the party.

"MMMM, hey... we've got to detour into Sava, there's a drive-by request on the Network, someone needs a lift."

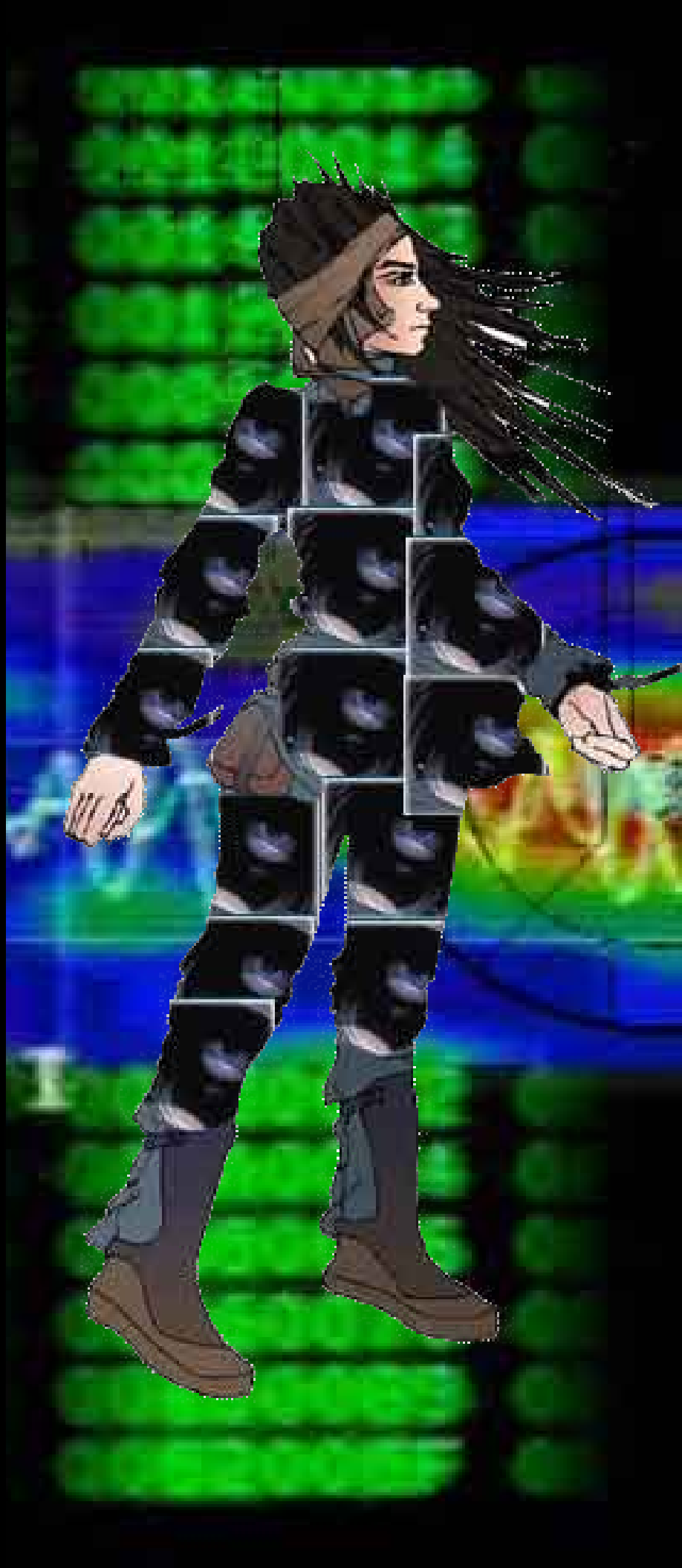
"Well why the fuck do WE have to pick them up, what do we look like, a taxi service?" Bridges argues, rolling another joint and rocking out to the musik.

"She's a Palestinian WATCHER assigned to cover the party. If we don't pick her up, she'll be shot."

"C'mon, sis, trance has no borders."

"Fine. But if we get picked up with an Arab on board they'll shoot us all," Bridges says as they turn off into the outskirts of Kfar Sava and through the bordered up, deserted streets of the new shantytowns. And there, under the full moon light, lock and zoom - a figure.

They brake and Oshri pulls the side door open and stares out at the girl, no more than 18, beautiful, dark eyes, raven hair and a look of proud defiance staring right back at him.

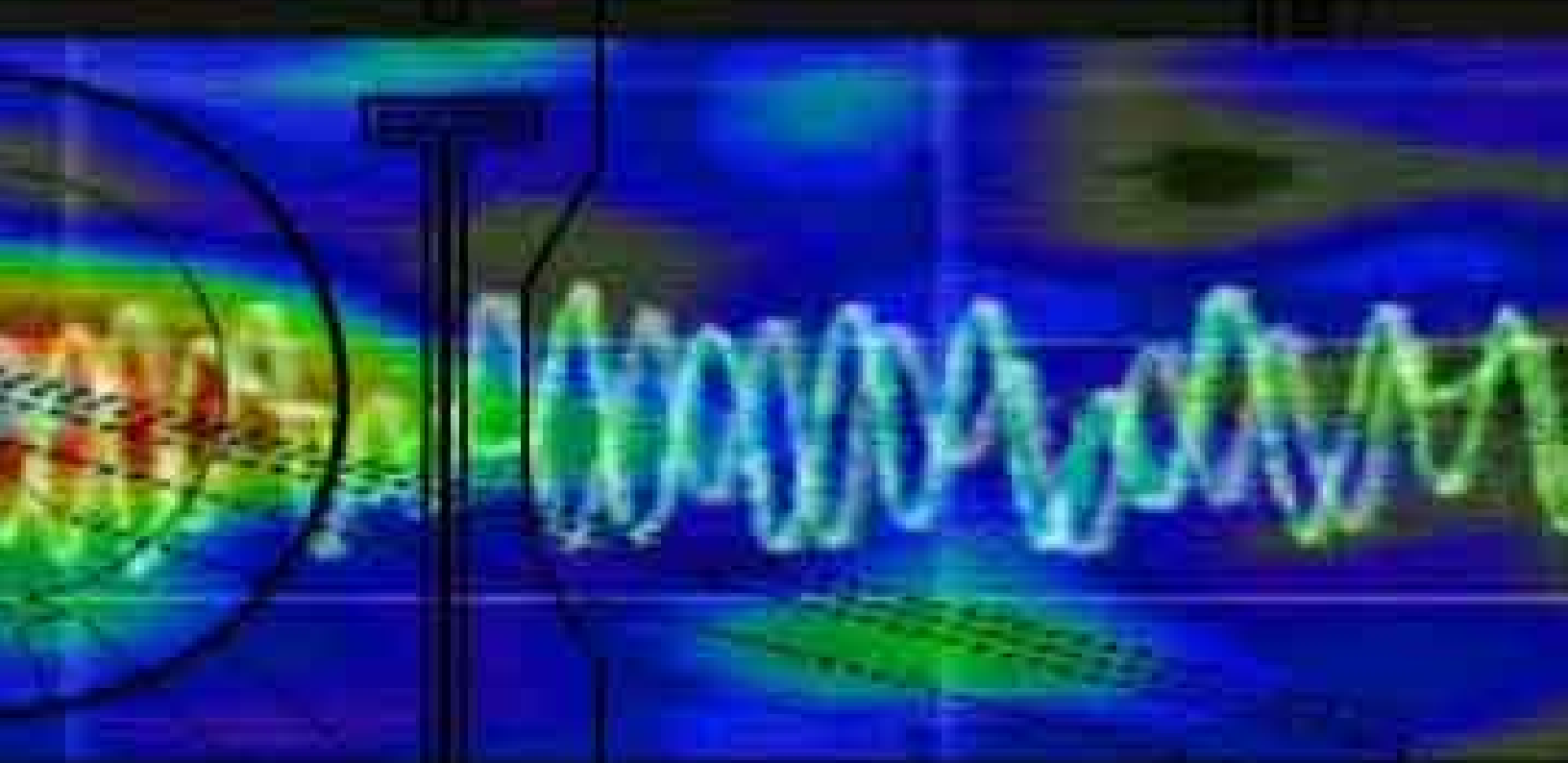


She's dressed in a one-piece urban camouflage jumpsuit like a fly's eye turned inside out, dozens of tiny cams threaded over her body to film and upload images wirelessly to the web. Who watches the Watchmen? The people do.

"Lysgor Eynaim - close your camera eyes - all of them, or you're not coming in the van."

"I'm ON all the time, no off switch, no privacy, no more lies. Can you say the same, Israeli?" A flurry of tiny eyes staring out at him all over her body, shutters clicking shut like eyelids.

"Don't bust my balls, okay? We got your VTM message. We're going to the party, do you want our help or what?"



"Like you helped in the army, when you killed my people?"

"I don't believe violence works - I take it out on the dancefloor. We call it Zimra, you'll see."

"I am sorry, I - - I... In Palestine, we call it Zabur. The music." Her dark eyes flash with a haunted intensity then look away. "My name is Umma" she stammers, holding a hand out as Idan pulls her into the dark guts of the van.

"I'm Idan. That's Bridges and Oshri." Oshri slams the roller door shut and the van accelerates into the night, Bridges audiocuing the Diamondback decks, scratching in dark tribal soundscapes that wrap around them between the silence of their words.



GEO-CHIP LOG- THE WALL,
COVERING THE ENTIRE LENGTH
OF THE WEST BANK AT A
DISTANCE OF ALMOST 215
MILES AND COSTING US \$ 1
BILLION, ITS ALSO THE MOST
VIEWED SPACE IN THE 21C.
THIRTY FOOT HIGH SLABS OF
CONCRETE EMBEDDED WITH
HI-TECH MONITORING SENSORS
WRAPPED IN A CLASSIC COLD
WAR BARBED-WIRE FENCE
EITHER SIDE, A STEVE
MCQUEEN MOVIE MOMENT
JUST WAITING TO HAPPEN.
PARTY HARD! --- BROUGHT TO
YOU BY TAKNO RENEGADE, THE
GLOBAL NETWORK OF PARTY-
ACTIVISTS. JOIN THE NETWORK
TODAY!

" You have heard our MP's? Our CombatTrance? Locked into home arrest, using stolen technology, pirated warez, we code the song of our lives and host them on the Network. We draw the world to our pain because under the skin we are all one, in the dance. And tonight, you shall join us, yes?"

Her webcams zoom in on Oshri for a closeup, his face reflected in them like facets on a disco ball. Through the windscreen, under the full moon light, dozens of vans jockey on the small dirt road at the edge of the West Bank, people streaming in, locked into the group mind, the collective M-Party Network directing them like homing pigeons.

"Right on, sister! Bring on the beatz, we're almost there..." Bridges cries as the van crests a small dirt hill and parks there in a sea of hundreds of vans, the solar powered panels on their rooves glinting in the moonlight. Behind them the electric barbed-wire fence is down for

a good 100 metres, the Tek crew jamming the government alarms and rerouting the surveillance signals with the satellite dishes on top of their flotilla of vans, their collective processing power pooled together into a mobile supercomputing brain. Buff Israeli women in sequined bikinis and combat pants are flanked by a cell of muscle marys with their tops off and LCD emoticon tattoo icons pulsing across their skin. The WALL has become their podium, a thick mixed party crew of

all shapes and hues dancing together, lit up with piezoelectrical strips powering their partywear. Everyone's smiling. The night is still, all of them silent dancing under the stars, the music piped across their wireless frequency...

"So, like, THIS is your big thing? The Network? I do not understand... all these people are here to PARTY against WAR? Why is there no sound?" Oshri asks, slamming open the van door and staring wide eyed out at the crowd, a little shy, such a big step, a new way of seeing.

"You do not know? This is your first time, yes?" Umma leans in and shows him a real time video feed on her sleeve screen of hundreds of Palestinians dancing behind the WALL. "Musik is our 'weapon', Oshri. We dance for peace, on both sides of the WALL. We party, and we upload our protest art to the world..."


"Here, jack this and you'll tune into it," Idan says, offering them all a selection of pink crystal chips. "It's a different type of trance, too. We call it Neo-tek..." The vibe is infectious, beatz sculpted to interface directly with the brain, a sonic altered state of mind so good it has to be illegal. Oshri smiles, plugging in, feeling the beatz call him out onto the dance floor.

"That's my cue," Bridges says, following her brother, jacking her chip and beaming. "Surfs up, waters fine, get down and dance, motherfuckers, see you out there!" And she's gone, too, shaking her juju under the silence of the stars, leaving Idan and Umma alone. The musik courses around and through them, stripping them back to the bass. They look at each other nervously, each waiting for the other to talk first.

"Listen. I - I did some things I'm not proud of in the army, Umma, but our country was under attack. They told us it was the only way... the same old way, violence begetting more violence."

"So you box us in, wall us off from the outside world and think that will solve the problem? The WALL runs through empty fields outside Kalkelie, just 100 metres from where my house used to be. Do you know what that was like when I was growing up? Over half my life staring at a concrete horizon where my world ended. Is it any wonder we were willing to kill ourselves to be free?"





"I - I'm sorry, Umma - sorry that both our people had to die. But the old ways were for the old world and all that is passing, now," Idan says, threading through the crowd with her, her camera eyes recording all she sees, drinking in the party around her. Mutated performance artists in light exo-skeletons tower above them like warped archetypes of the global unconscious.

They flit through the writhing mass of bodies and let the Neo-Tek wash over them, brain receptor sites drinking it in until the music is in them and it IS them and it carries them away/ breakdancing old world paradigms/ butterflying across the party canvas and lost in the MIX/ dancing like water spiders across a pond/ making no waves as they go. Around them the crowd lets off a flurry of text messages coded from their MRI brain patterns, networking into a group mind coming together out on the dancefloor, lost in the trance:

THIS IS NOT A MIND TRIP / T

STRANGE LIGHTS BURSTING / T

THAN LIFE / A CRESTING WAVE

LIGHT / THE BEAT THE BEAT I

HIS IS A BODY TRIP /


THE CURRENT OF ARG / BIGGER

A BUILDING / EXPANDING WHITE

T'S... ALL... ZIMRA / ZIMRA--



NATO POLS LOG- LAT OF ORIGIN 31.735060 / LON OF ORIGIN
095.213000. SCALE FACTOR: 1.0. UNITS TO METERS CONV: 1.0.
/ THE WALL/ OUTSIDE KEAR SAYA. DEFENSE SATELLITE FEEDS
REPORT UNAUTHORIZED TEKNO~ GATHERING ON BOTH SIDES
OF THE WALL IN BREACH OF CURFEW RESTRICTIONS. SENDING
NATO POLS UNIT TO RESPOND---



"Fuck me gently with a chainsaw," Bridges cries later as she drags her sweaty body, exhausted, from the pulsing bio-mass of dancers, falling out of HIVE mind as Oshri stumbles to the ground beside her. "That was intense...!"

"I feel like a baked potato in the sun," Oshri moans, unable to stop smiling.

"The music makes you listen, you feel, you take it in, you take acid and hear the BEAT," says an old Goa tripper to their left, long red hair and deep, crazy eyes, a psychedelic ponchoed Jesus cowboy laying prone on a brilliant red and black Navaho Indian rug, smoking bongos with a crew under the wall. His crusty face breaks into a grin, revealing a missing front tooth. "They can't fight it, you know, it's in the Kabbala... The four letter name of the Creator translates as "Bringing Into Being", just like the four beat. The One, you see, is always counting for us ,1,2,3,4... Laying the bass to the song that is life."

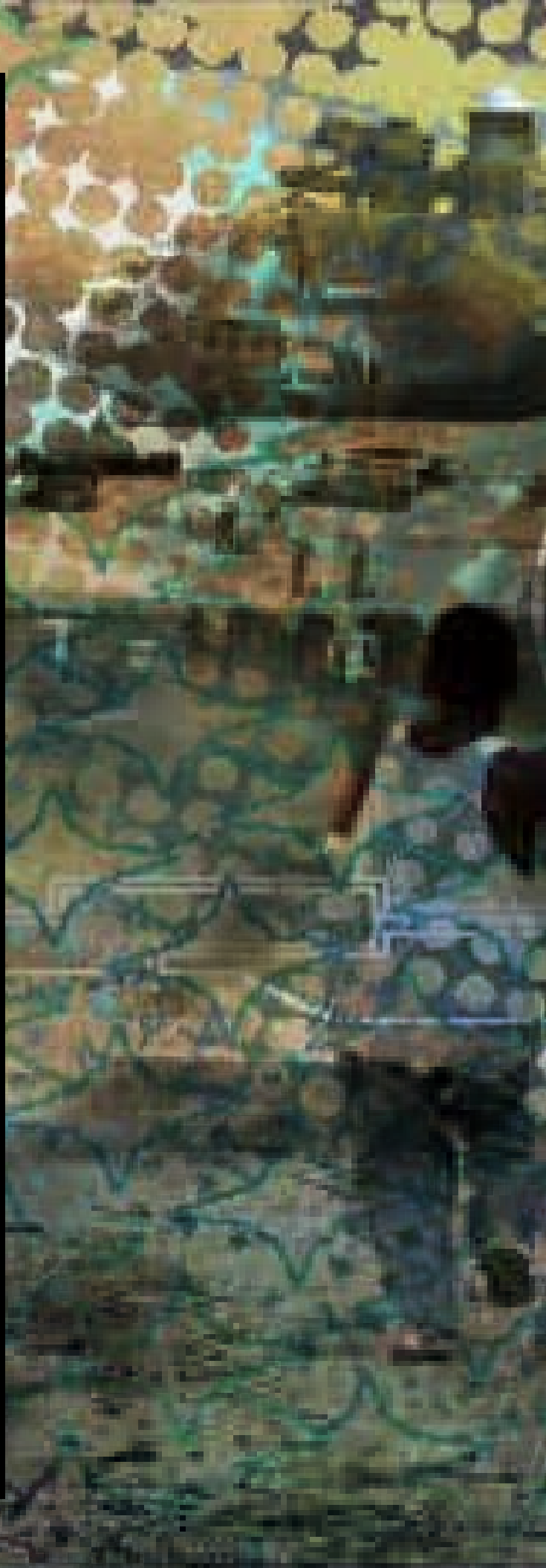
"GOD is a DJ? Man, that's old skool, I danced to that in kindergarden," Bridges laughs.

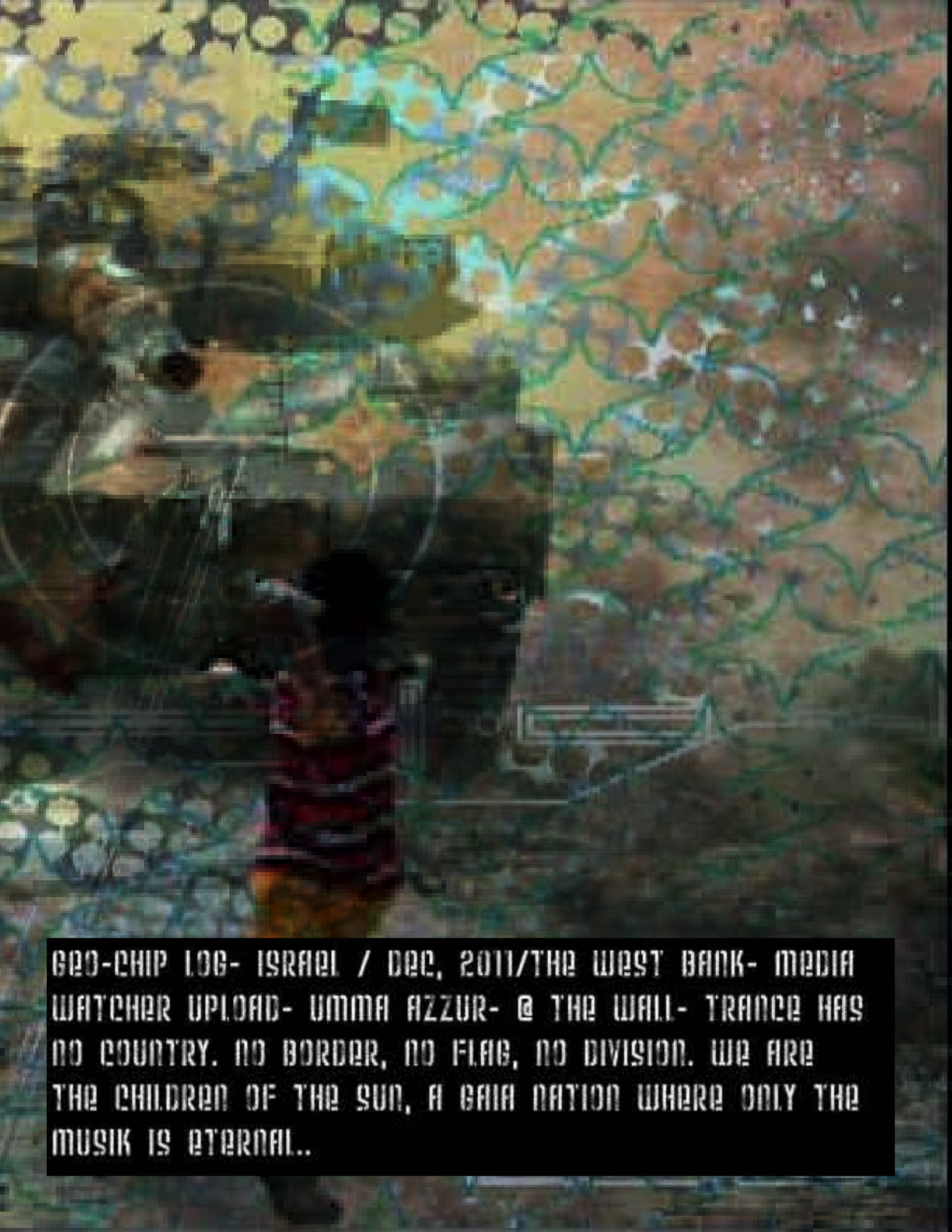
A RCCV fires in a gap between vans and the ground beneath her explodes, dancers tumbling to the ground like marionettes in a shower of flesh and blood, a huge gash cut into the WALL itself, Palestinian dancers peering through. Tear gas cannisters rain down in time to the dark Neo-Tek soundscape as NATO POL troops in combat exo-armour pour forth from the RCCVs. Dancers are scrabbling over the rubble of the WALL, mixing together on both sides as the music draws them together. Idan rushes to Umma and the dancers unite around them, locking in the harmonic vibration as the Vibe shunts to the base chakras, flight and fear responses held in check by their anger.

The NATO POLS are wrapped tight in their GM insect armour, protected from sonic assaults by padding and technology, protected from everything but the media as Umma's footage of their assault reaches global data banks and feedback loops to their superiors, inviting international criticism and a hasty order to retreat. The POLS freeze like they've rusted, then turn and go, filing back into their RCCV under a flare of "no comment" holos. Global Eyes for a global mind.

"Umma, don't move, I- I'll..."

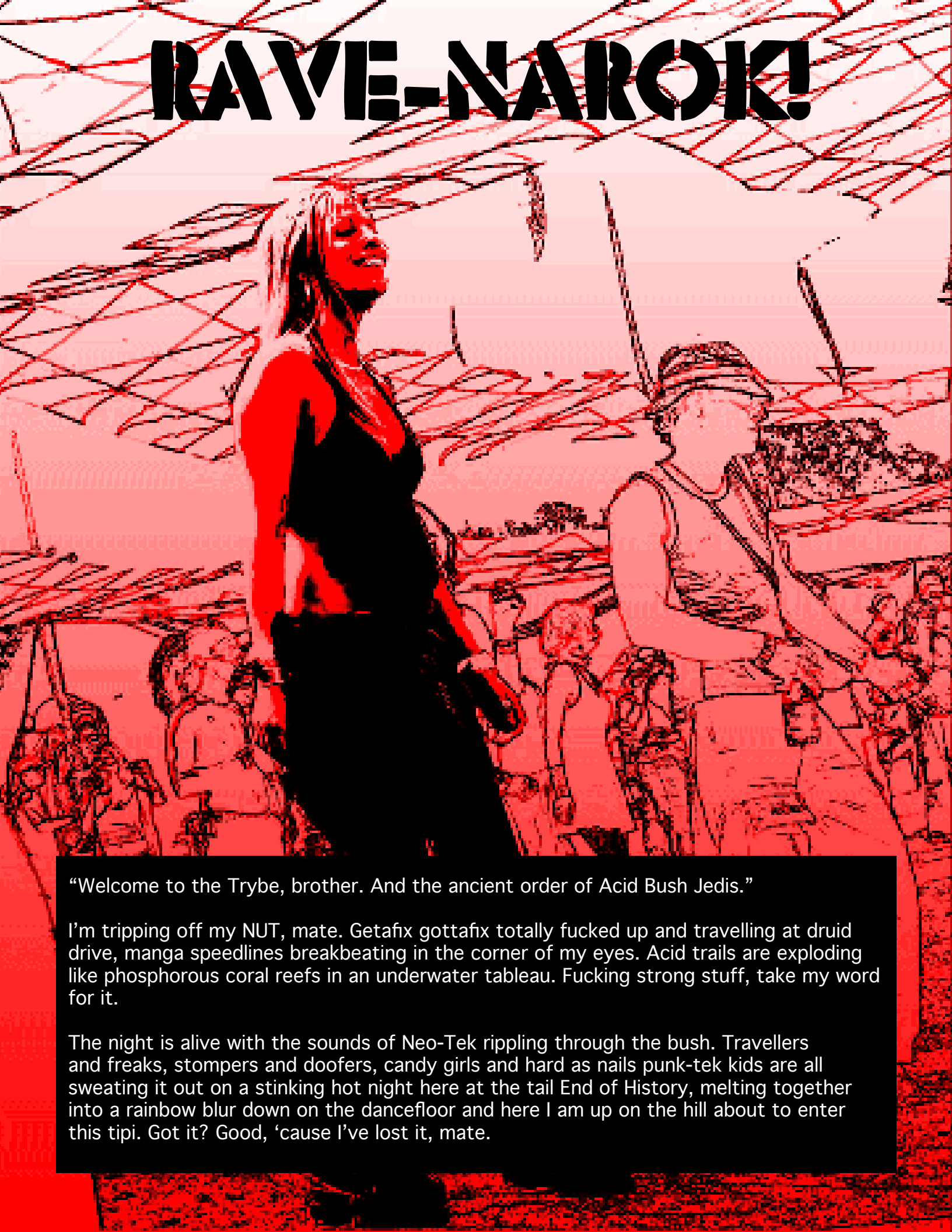
Her camera eyes a broken kaleidoscope, bleeding holo images into the air/ a dying peacock spreading its wings/ RealMedia Angel. "History kills," she cries, spitting blood, cradled in Idan's arms. Her haunted eyes look up at the hole in the WALL and the stars above and the Israelis and Palestinians dancing together as she sends off her last transmission:



A person wearing a red and black outfit is seated and playing a stringed instrument, possibly a oud or a similar traditional instrument. The background features a wall with intricate, colorful geometric patterns in shades of green, blue, and gold. The lighting is somewhat dim, creating a moody atmosphere.

GEO-CHIP LOG- ISRAEL / DEC, 2011/THE WEST BANK- MEDIA
WATCHER UPLOAD- UMMA AZZUR- @ THE WALL- TRANCE HAS
NO COUNTRY. NO BORDER, NO FLAG, NO DIVISION. WE ARE
THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN, A BAHIA NATION WHERE ONLY THE
MUSIK IS ETERNAL..


RAVE-NAROK!



“Welcome to the Trybe, brother. And the ancient order of Acid Bush Jedis.”

I’m tripping off my NUT, mate. Getafix gottafix totally fucked up and travelling at druid drive, manga speedlines breakbeating in the corner of my eyes. Acid trails are exploding like phosphorous coral reefs in an underwater tableau. Fucking strong stuff, take my word for it.

The night is alive with the sounds of Neo-Tek rippling through the bush. Travellers and freaks, stompers and doofers, candy girls and hard as nails punk-tek kids are all sweating it out on a stinking hot night here at the tail End of History, melting together into a rainbow blur down on the dancefloor and here I am up on the hill about to enter this tipi. Got it? Good, ‘cause I’ve lost it, mate.



I'd swear on my last pack of fags that the guy at the door of the tipi is dressed as Elvis - full white jumpsuit and sequins, flares, cape, fake plastic hair and a red Hawaiian lei around his neck. Yet another sign of the Apocalypse.

"Would you like to sign the guest book?" he asks as I enter, smiling and putting a lei around my neck.

It's smoky as all hell in here and then I get a good whiff and know why. There's about a dozen people of every shape and hue talking the sizzling beancurd around a beautiful brass hookah in the centre of the tipi. Urban disco-ferals and hippies, ravers, trancers, romancers, solid gold disco dancers. Drum'n'bass kids and day-glo fluoro goths, an Israeli or two, a soldier boy, a clubber girl and other assorted freaks. The hash is making me wonderfully light headed as I stumble through the smoke towards an empty banana lounge and crash. The blonde disco bunny in fluoro rave-wear bats long lashes and offers me a glass of champagne.

"It's almost midnight, Dec 20th, 2012, darling. It's The "End of The World As We Know It" tomorrow morning about 8:00am and we can't have you facing the end of the Mayan calendar and global paradigm shift without a drink in hand, now can we?" she giggles. Her eyes are big dilated pools and a smile as big as Texas is stretched across her face. As we toast our glasses our fingers touch briefly, sparking electricity.

"To the International year of the Freak!" she cries, giving me the sexiest, most devouring look before scoffing her champagne and throwing the glass over her shoulder.

“Don’t mind Hedony - she’s just E-ing,” the Israeli beside her says. There’s a sharp glint of mischief in his eyes as he stops to take on the hookah, water bubbles burbling over and melding with the B-grade theremin echo of flying saucers scratching in and out over the dancefloor. “We’re charting the future of the counter-culture, are you with us, brother?” he says, exhaling a thin stream of smoke in my direction.

“Rave culture is dead,” this electronically modulated voice says from behind him, like Steven Hawking possessed by a synthesizer. “We have been assimilated. Abandon the homogenized carcass of mainstream rave. It’s time to mutate.”

Fuck me, what have I stumbled into? This guy’s done up like a Borg from Star Trek with a cybernetic camera over one eye and wires and body armour, red flashing LED lights twinkling on and off like the lights on a Christmas tree, hypnotizing me.

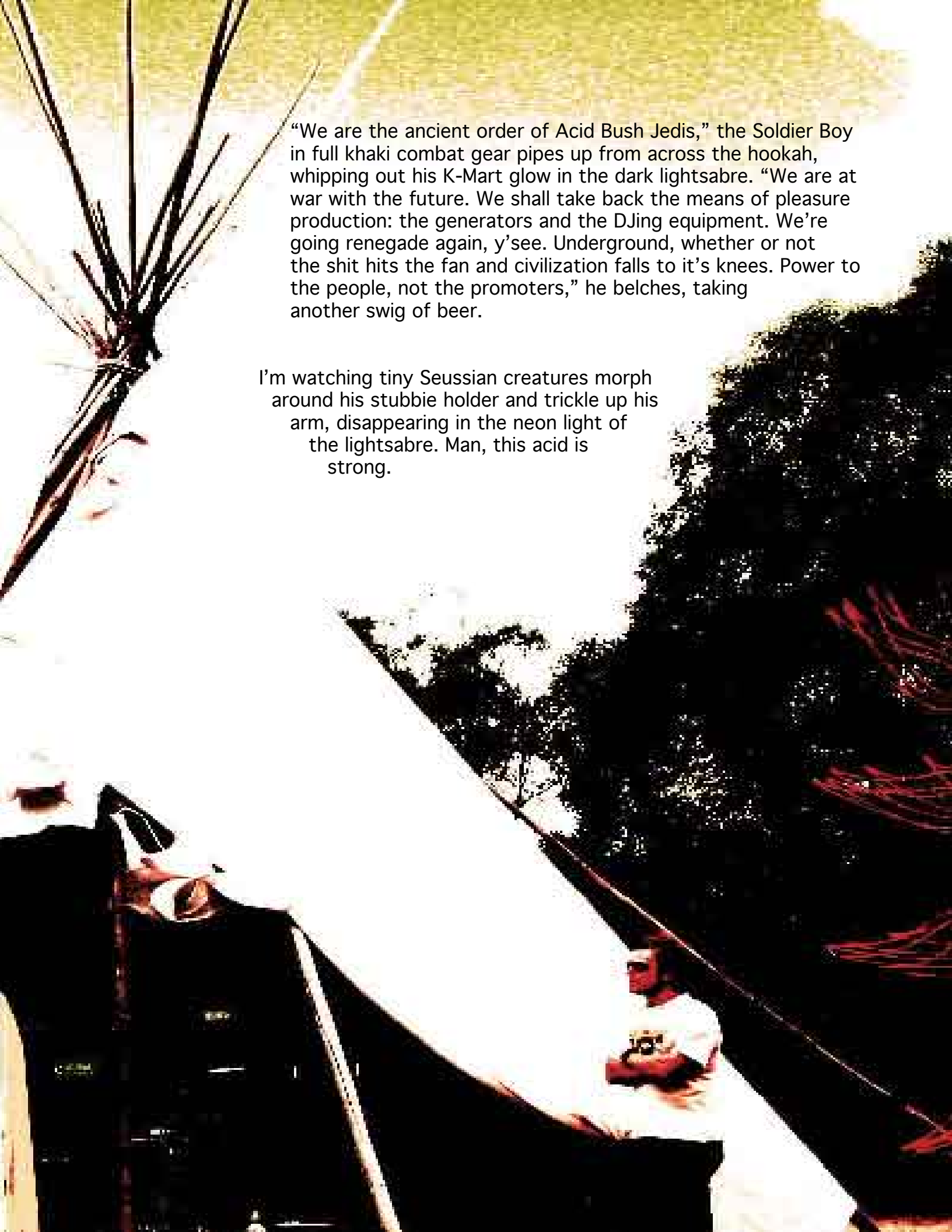
“The future’s here - it’s just not widely distributed yet. But the secret is it’s got to be free - information wants to be free. Music wants to be free. Like MP3’s, y’know? Free’s the way to go, man. Now give us a toke because I have to go out and perform in a minute, alright?”

“What are you guys, actors or something?” Hashish smoke is washing over me, I’m breathing it in. Fuck it’s hot.

He smiles, thin lips pressing together as he closes his eyes and concentrates. “According to the Hopi prophecies: ‘When the earth is sick and the animals have disappeared, there will come a tribe of peoples from all cultures who believe in deeds not words and who will restore the Earth to its former beauty. This tribe will be called the Warriors of the Rainbow.’”


Now what say you, brother? Take a look out there on the dancefloor and tell me that’s not us - all of us around the world, united by our music and our passion. All we have to do is take that next step,” he says, holding out the hookah pipe.



A person wearing a white hooded garment and a crown made of dark sticks or branches. They are holding a glowing lightsaber. The background is dark with some foliage and a red light source on the right.

“We are the ancient order of Acid Bush Jedis,” the Soldier Boy in full khaki combat gear pipes up from across the hookah, whipping out his K-Mart glow in the dark lightsabre. “We are at war with the future. We shall take back the means of pleasure production: the generators and the DJing equipment. We’re going renegade again, y’see. Underground, whether or not the shit hits the fan and civilization falls to it’s knees. Power to the people, not the promoters,” he belches, taking another swig of beer.

I’m watching tiny Seussian creatures morph around his stubbie holder and trickle up his arm, disappearing in the neon light of the lightsabre. Man, this acid is strong.



“You want to know who we are?” a crusty, dark skinned feral in animal skins says, melting in from the shadows and smoke. He’s got long ratty dreads, a bone through his nose, big stretched ear lobes and piercings through his nipples and face all linked up in a web, full on, mate. Heavy duty.

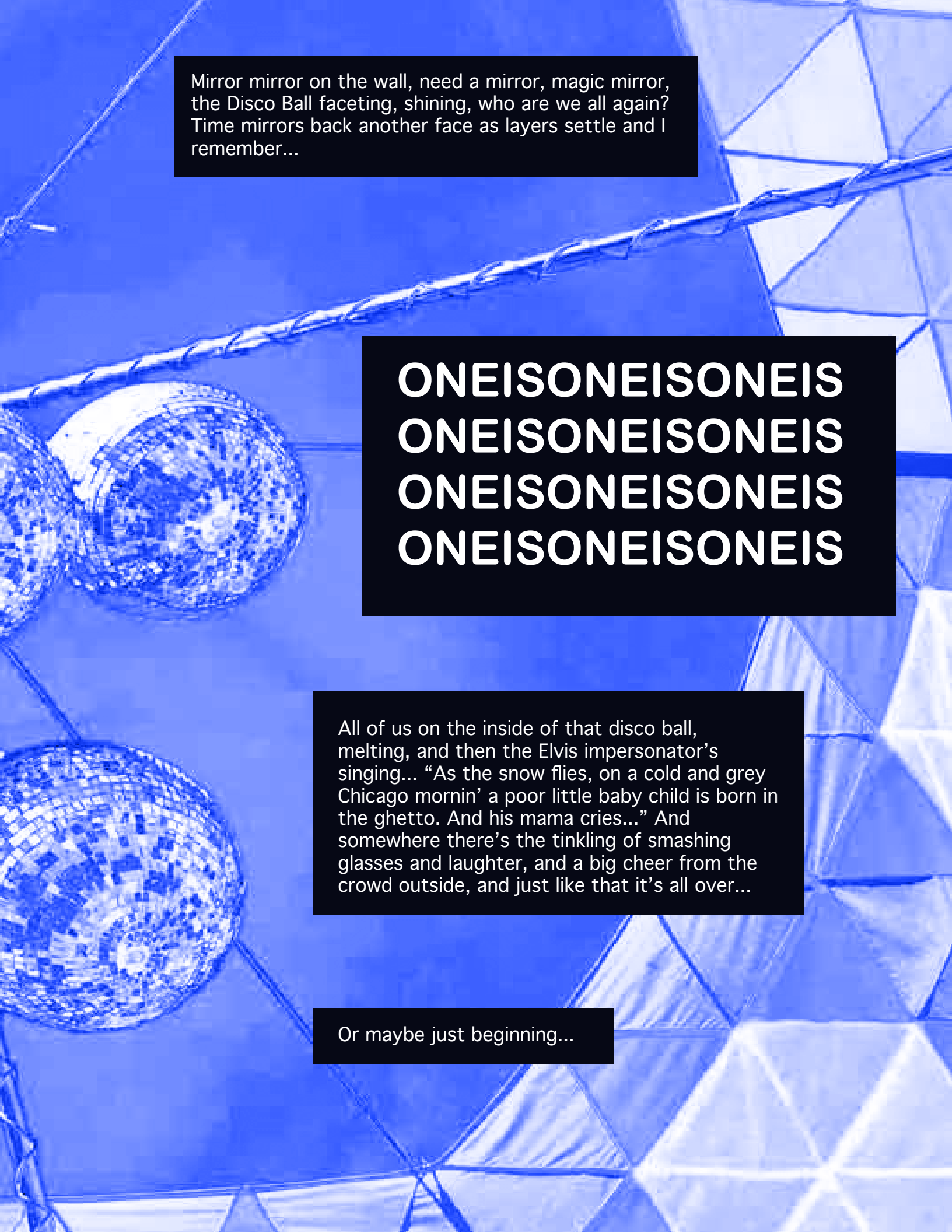
“We are the Ravers and the Trancedelicans, the DnBians, the Doofers, the Junglists, the Bushniks and the Chill-dren of Zen. We are the Tek-heds and the DJs, the basement Shamanauts, the Urban Hedonists and the Drama Queens, the Fire Twirlers and the Drummers. We are the spacecases and the psyberskinned groovesters and shmoozers, made up of members of all the fractured scenes of global Techno culture. We are the 13th Trybe.”

Well, it must be 40 degrees tonight, about average for the Summer of Global Warming. I’m tripping off my nut with a glass of champagne in one hand and this full on feral is offering me a toke of what smells like the best hash this side of India.

What’s a guy to do?

“Every culture has its zenith, its Ragnarok or twilight myth” the feral dude continues, everybody lost now in the cloud of hash smoke. “Every civilisation rises through the roof of history then falls into chaos. It’s the Orgasm of the Species.”

And then I’m sitting back, stoned immaculate, going nowhere fast and everywhere at the same time, and a disco ball is hanging from the top of the teepee, glittering off shards of light through the smoke. A fluoro bed-spreaded raver boy with blue nano hair is going round the circle, handing out toy bubble pipes. I take one and blow gently, dozens of bubbles rising up and exploding against the silver chitinous surface of the disco ball hanging overhead. And I swear I can see tiny reflections of everyone in the tipi, facets shining right back atcha, and I think I know what they’re all on about.



Mirror mirror on the wall, need a mirror, magic mirror,
the Disco Ball faceting, shining, who are we all again?
Time mirrors back another face as layers settle and I
remember...


**ONEISONEISONEIS
ONEISONEISONEIS
ONEISONEISONEIS
ONEISONEISONEIS**

All of us on the inside of that disco ball,
melting, and then the Elvis impersonator's
singing... "As the snow flies, on a cold and grey
Chicago mornin' a poor little baby child is born in
the ghetto. And his mama cries..." And
somewhere there's the tinkling of smashing
glasses and laughter, and a big cheer from the
crowd outside, and just like that it's all over...

Or maybe just beginning...

Monkey Tales: Red





“Shee-oot, juz look at that aurora going off, my God, have you ever seen anything so beautiful? It’s energised nitrogen molecules, y’know, hanging down low in the atmosphere and gettin’ bombarded with electrons from the geo-magnetic storms. Stretches its red spectral lights away from the poles and right across the whole damn continent, ‘aint seen nuttin’ as beautiful as red skies at night, no wonder they thought it was the End of Times.”

“Is that what happened last time, Red, back when they had History?”

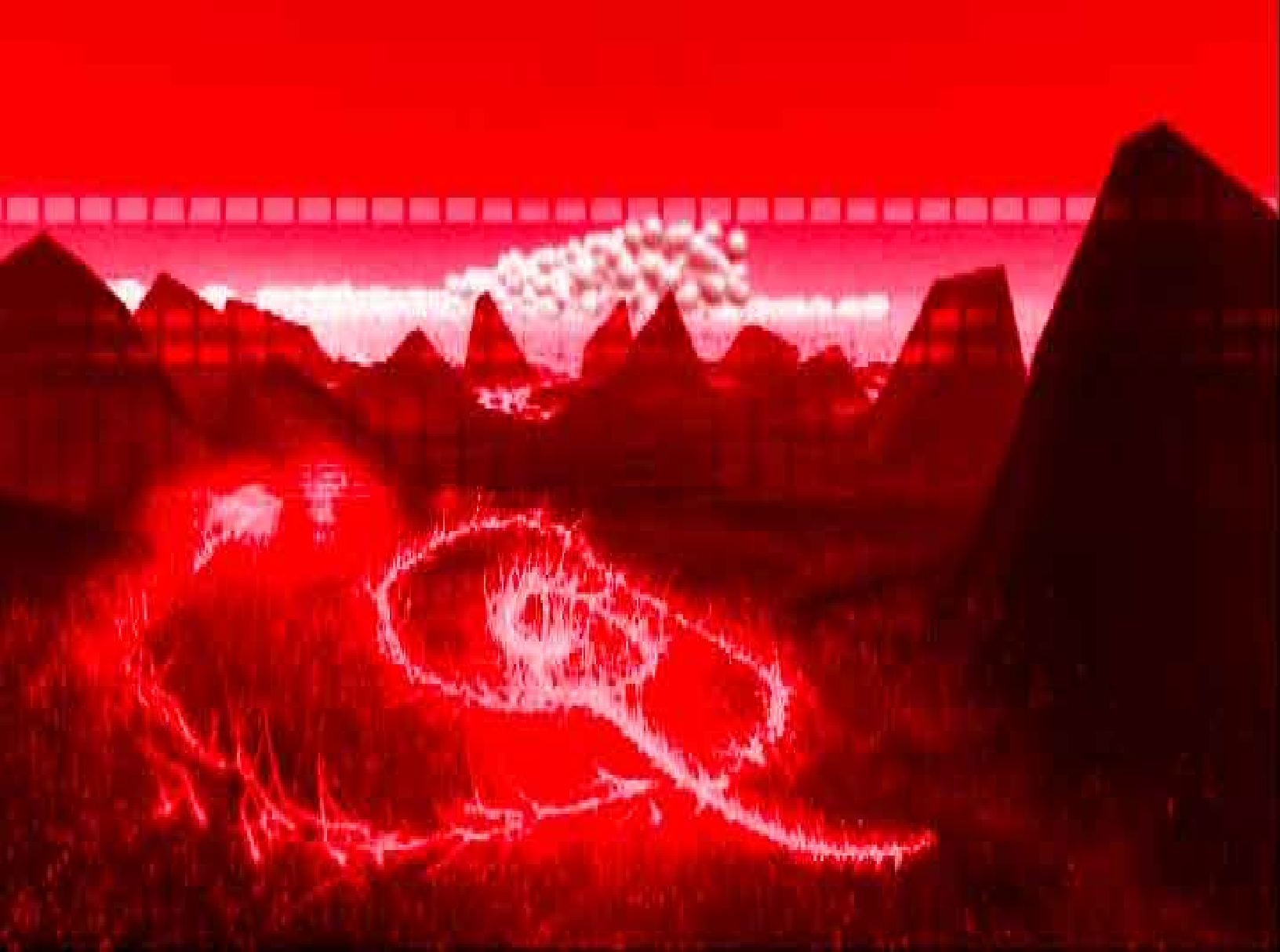
“You better believe it, girlie. It’s why the Trybe went underground, juz so’s we could have moments like these without a tee-vee screen between us.”

Blue liked listening to Red’s stories, the way his voice would lilt and pause and stretch out each letter for extra emphasis. She especially liked the way the lines on his weathered face crinkled out around his eyes and mouth like a spiderweb as he talked, mixing with the tattoos nestled amongst the wiry red hair of his beard and by the hairline of his dredds. Red, the circle-maker of the Trybe, the magick man.

As he stood there in the cornfield in his red environmental suit, stripped back at the arms and legs and braving the cold night air, she couldn’t help but stare at the bold tribal markings twisting and twining around his tight, sinewy body. Each tattoo was a magickal sigil shaped from the letters in the name of the outdoor parties he’d helped put on, like a roadmap of his long seasons of doof. Each tattoo mirrored by a crop circle imprinted on fields across Europe, ghost-echoes of free festivals and travelling sound systems blowing in the wind.

The Trybe had long ago developed a visual language to advertise their parties and music to those in the know, a sigil-language the old skool corporate fashion makers couldn’t understand, much less appropriate. They never saw or heard them at work, yet in the light of day these strange symbols would spring up in fields like zen mushrooms after a fresh rainfall, marking an underground party’s passing.

“S’nice, ya. The way it shimmers and moves, like it’s dancing,” Blue said, staring up at the sky. She stood there shivering on the perimeter of the cornfield and looked out at the dark forest and fields of wild flowers, mint and hemp all bathed in a blood red light as the wind cut through.



The field rose up on the hill from the road and was perfectly placed for viewing from the dance-floor below. Red had doused the spot earlier in the day with his old wire coat hangers and confirmed a high bandwidth ley line pulsing with good juju running right through. It was important to flatten the circle from the inside out to produce a radial lay and follow the natural energy flow. If it's facing the right way then the party will rock. If it's formed against the flow of energy, you can get headaches, nausea, demonic visions, paranoia, bad-trip shit to the max, Red taught her that, along with all the other stuff a young trance gypsy coming of age needed to know.

"It's a good omen, but that cold's a commin'. We'd better get to work, ya," Red said, moving in an angled, loping stride so as not to leave an obvious path to the centre of the field. "Now, lots of people say that crop circles are caused by sunspot activity, or UFOs, and even though that's a load of bosh it's not the point. We're creating a rorsarch pattern for people to read whatever they want into, ya? The circles are Art in its purest form, understand? Never define them or you'll blow the vibe, leave that to the group mind when you're dancing down there..." Shee-oot. Suddenly Red felt a sadness upon him as he looked at Blue. Her eyes had taken on an indigo glow from the aurora and as she stood there in the cold night air, trying to blow smoke rings with her breath, she looked so much like her mother at that age it hurt..

The stars are alive, see? And they're communicating to us, ya?

"Light is information and this red shift is just the Sun's way of communicating with the Earth, of telling a tale to us monkeys. Look - there, that's Sirius, ya, the dog-star. It was always your mother's favourite. Had lots to say about Sirius, she did. Where we came from, where we're travelling to, she used to say."


"What was she like, at the parties back then?"

His eyes sparkled as he chuckled. "Oh, she was like a fire. A bushfire that knew no bounds, feared no man and lived to burn. She was a Blue, like you, but she was the brightest dancer of her season and men fell in love with her as easy as breathing." He grabbed the stalk-stomper, a two metre plank with a rope attached at each end, forming a loop, staked out a barbeque stick and attached a length of metallic surveyor's tape through the loop. It rattled and whooped in the high winds like a banshee in the silence that fell upon them. They began walking around in a radial pattern, forming first the inner circle, then the outer perimeter followed by some connecting lines, silent all the while. When they had finished Blue looked back at what they had created. Inside each circumference the corn lay bent but not broken, its still-growing stalks swept into a matted alien pattern, like a vinyl record with a pendulum hanging from the bottom, or some type of strange organic key on its side...

"You're going to do fine, Blue, don't be scared," Red said, holding her ice cold hand. "Just trust your instincts out there and you'll dance up a storm, just like your mother. But remember to look up on the hill and see old Red's sigil, ya? Promise me."


"I promise."

"Alright then. Better get that Dome set up right quick. Go find yer Yello friend. Go now."



She gave him a quick peck on his grizzled cheek and ran off through the fields, leaving him standing on one foot and dragging the other in a 360 degree arc off to the side of the main sigil, forming the 'grapeshot' tag, same vanity as graffiti artists in signing their work.

Red held a long, curved blade in his left hand and cut seven single stalks for each of the three circles of the formation, carefully rolling them between his worn and blistered thumb and forefinger and stroking them until the stems started to bend at a right angle.



Like an origami master he twisted them
into crude monkey shapes after the totem
of their Trybe, then placed them in the
'grapeshot'.

Yep, 'ain't nuttin' finer than a red night sky.

'Less it's a Blue dancer,"he said to himself,
watching her race through the fields and
down to the domez below...

Monkey Tales: Yellow





Blue's heart pounded in time to the 4/4 beat of the drummers, the power strips on her piezio-electrical Monster Bootz smearing like a streak of sheet lightning along the potholed surface of the hill. The Monster Bootz rechannelled the kinetic NRG of the walker to power the hardware of their environmental suits, adjusting temperature and running water pumps that sent moisture and urine back through micro-filters, making it safe to drink.

Up above the night sky was lit up in a fiery red blanket by the aurora borealis lightshow, silhouettes of old style satellite dishes, micro-windmills and antennas hanging off the back of yellow frosted solartek'd cars, buses and vans arranged in a tight circle down by Lake Ozora, deep in the Hungarian ravebelt. Rows of golden teepees and dome tents dotted the landscape, cooking smoke rising up in little tufts from the makeshift village below.

To the left a dozen Doofers were busy inflating the giant party Dome, swarming around like a hive of phosphorescent bees as the shelter slowly inflated and mushroomed to life, interlocking plates of aerogel honeycombed across its golden geodesic surface. Red had told her that clear aerogel was made on the orbiting space stations in zero gravity; the cheaper stuff was made planetside and took on a coloured tint due to impurities in the casting process. Both kinds were only five times as heavy as air, tuffer than kevlar and as malleable as a gel. Protected in the Domez micro-climate, the Trybe was able to party in any weather conditions, and Gaia knows you needed that kinda protection these dayz, what with global warming and the superstorms'n'all...



A group of Reds were sitting in lotus position down on the dusty earth by the bonfire, passing the peace pipe around and watching her Yello intensely, nodding at his words.

“Brothers and sisters of the Sun, every eleven years when the Red Skies come, we return to our birthing place, where the Trybe roosts. And what a long, strange tryp it’s been, ya? In the old dayz it wasn’t like this much, y’know. Maybe only on week-ends. In some places they didn’t even have outdoor parties. I mean, can you believe it, sayz? I was conceived by doof!” he joked, running a hand across his shaved yello head and grinning broadly.

“MIX it up, Yello!” she sang out, and everyone laughed, even the Reds. He winked at her and standing there all strong and handsome like, in that moment she knew he was the one.



“Okay. Listen hard, trybe-mates, to the tale of the 100th Monkey. It begins in the primordial times, with Bedlam, with madness and with form. The clan was a large family of musicians and artists, tekmagicians and phreaks who grokked the music and the free party vibe. Then the POLS passed the Criminal Justice Act, this was way back, ya, when they put little laws on things that weren't theirs to rule. Like putting a law on the sun, or the rain, or the dance. The Criminal Justice Act gave an excuse for the bully-boyz in blue to attack us Gypsies and travelers, our gatherings, even outlawing 'musik wholly or predominantly characterised by a succession of repetitive beats' ”.

He frowned as he concentrated on the lines the Reds had taught him for the commencement ceremony, thrown off by his beautiful Blue rave-mate flirting at him from across the circle, fire light falling across her face.



He smiled and continued: “Which is when the Exodus to the Promised Land began. The Bedlam rig mobilized and left England and began to throw open-air teknivals in Europe, spreading the party vibe. And Bedlam begat Okupe in France, who begat Psychiatrik, who begat Lego in Austria, who begat Pong. And Pong, in Germany, begat Kamikazi, in Holland, and Mononom, and back in old England the Spiral Trybe formed. Some of these krews ventured into the Eastern Blok, until the parties crossed the land, strengthening the Trybal bonds.

Around him the drumming was building into a tattoo, melting into a low bass drone to underscore his speech. “Back then, when they had History, I heard tell of this crew called the Assassins, ya? They founded a network separated by thousands of miles, strategically invulnerable to invasion, connected by the inphomation flow of secret agents, at war with all governments and devoted only to know-ledge.

“Now we travel Europe like these assassins of old, trading inphomation, putting on parties, living the good life, till the POLS chase us out or we fight ‘em off. Last time the Sun flared up in Her cycle She burned out a lot of the Suit’s satellites and power grids, seriously fucked shit up, ya. But She also powers our Yello tek, which has brought us together to party, to give thanks and to dance. So we’re gonna party hard for Her, ya, give it all we’ve got. This is your season. Mix it up!” he shouted, and a cheer went out from the crowd as they rose to their feet and raced towards the party-Dome.

Blue jumped at Yello and wrapped her long legs around his waist, nipped in and brushed her blue lips against his yello skin. “Good Telling, Yello,” she said, raising a finger to the data-bindi on her forehead, indicating she wanted to ‘talk’ to him on their private bandwidth. Their ears popped as their i-mode implants phased on with a silent hsss and she kissed him long and hard, minds racing together, melting into the staccoto space between beatz.



<Why do green things reach for the Sun?>

...she pulsed at him, drowning in the kiss, in the drumming and the red skies and the smell of his sweat and the colour of his eyes, yello, her Yello.

<Because She nurtures and destroys>

Yello pulsed back.

And the Silent Dancing began...

Monkey Tales:



Blue





It was a kiss that could have gone on forever, if not for the voices in their heads calling them to dance. Blue took a deep breath of cold air, tiny white flecks of snow falling like faerie lights against the red aurora night. She raised her face and opened her mouth, tried to catch the flakes on her tongue before remembering it was acid snow, fallout from the old dayz, back at the end of History.

<C'mon, Blue> Yello pulsed on their mental intranet, his thoughts transmitted by the data-bindis on their foreheads. His breath was warm on her skin and the smell of him was so close she wanted to take him there, in the fire-circle, bump 'n' grind and beast with two backs, and he knew it.

<I want you too, Blue, but it's time, we can't put it off any longer> he pulsed across their link, breaking their embrace.

<It's our party-season, Yello, and we can do whatever we want> she snapped back, hugging herself against the cold.

<No. Now we have to dance> Yello pulsed.

They all did. Those who didn't partake had no place in the Trybe. Like her mother, a Blue dancer before her. She'd had her season, danced her dance and then left the Trybe, why, Blue never knew. She couldn't imagine life outside the Trybe, back in what was left of the world - it scared her, that big unknown. They had all they needed here, the land beneath them and the sky above, and the stars... What if she danced and had her season, then wanted to leave as well? What then? she panicked. Blue looked deep into Yello's eyes and he into hers, and they both took strength from what they found there.



<You're not her, Blue. You won't make the same mistakes. Just listen with your heart, okay? Dance like no one's watching.>

<Okay> she smiled, and ran her blue hand across his yellow face. <And Yello? Thanks for being you, ya? And for letting me be me>

Switching to HIVE mode they could 'hear' the others in their heads, louder now, the Vibe coming together like a digital spiderweb through their network.

They lowered their TRYPR Full Spectrum filtered goggles and could see x-rays and gamma ray bursts flashing across the inverted sky, penetrating their bodies in a cosmic wave passing through the earth.


Yello took her hand and lead her to the Dome, entering through the side flap. A wave of heat and sweat and tingling expectation coursed over them as they watched their Trybe-mates settling into the groove, infra-red heat patterns radiating from their bodies in coloured blobs. They were Silent Dancing under the Dome, red sky and stars and snow visible through its yellow transparent skin.

Under their feet, piezo-electric sensors threaded through the pancake thin aerogel floor. They looked like giant, electronic lily pads, lighting up red and yellow and blue and green as they absorbed the stomping, kinetic energy of the dancers and pumped it out to the GNR8Rs for storage on cloudy days, when the solar output was low. Feedback loops, just like in nature, conserved all energy. A good dance and they could sell some juice back into the GRID, trade it for some new tek or power the Trybe for another month, if the storms kept up.

<Welcome Blue, welcome Yello> the voices pulsed as one, and Blue was sure she could 'hear' old Red amongst them, his presence an anchor in the Mix. She scanned the Dome and spotted him grooving near the centre of the dancefloor, shaking his butt, tribal tattoos snaking across his red body, dredds whipping around with a life of their own. <Synaesthesia Neural MyxR loading now...> the voices said, a feather light tickle from their i-mode implants as the partyware kicked in. The Neural MyxR converted light into sound, rewired the sensory input and spliced it together into something danceable. Filtered through their TRYPR goggles, the Trybe hooked up to the x-ray flux oscillation of the stars and converted it into low hertz sound waves. Light became sound became light, from their tops to their toes, a celestial throb channelled through them to the earth and back.

<Blue, can you hear it?>

<Stomach punching bass, blue light rhythm...>



A low, rumbling hum rang out as the stars pumped out sound, mixing with data strands from other parts of the solar spectrum, gamma jazz riffs over a low and funky neutrino bass. Blue could feel it echoing in the hollow of her chest and filling the empty spaces within her, linking her to the rest of the Trybe and to the stars above.

She began to dance.

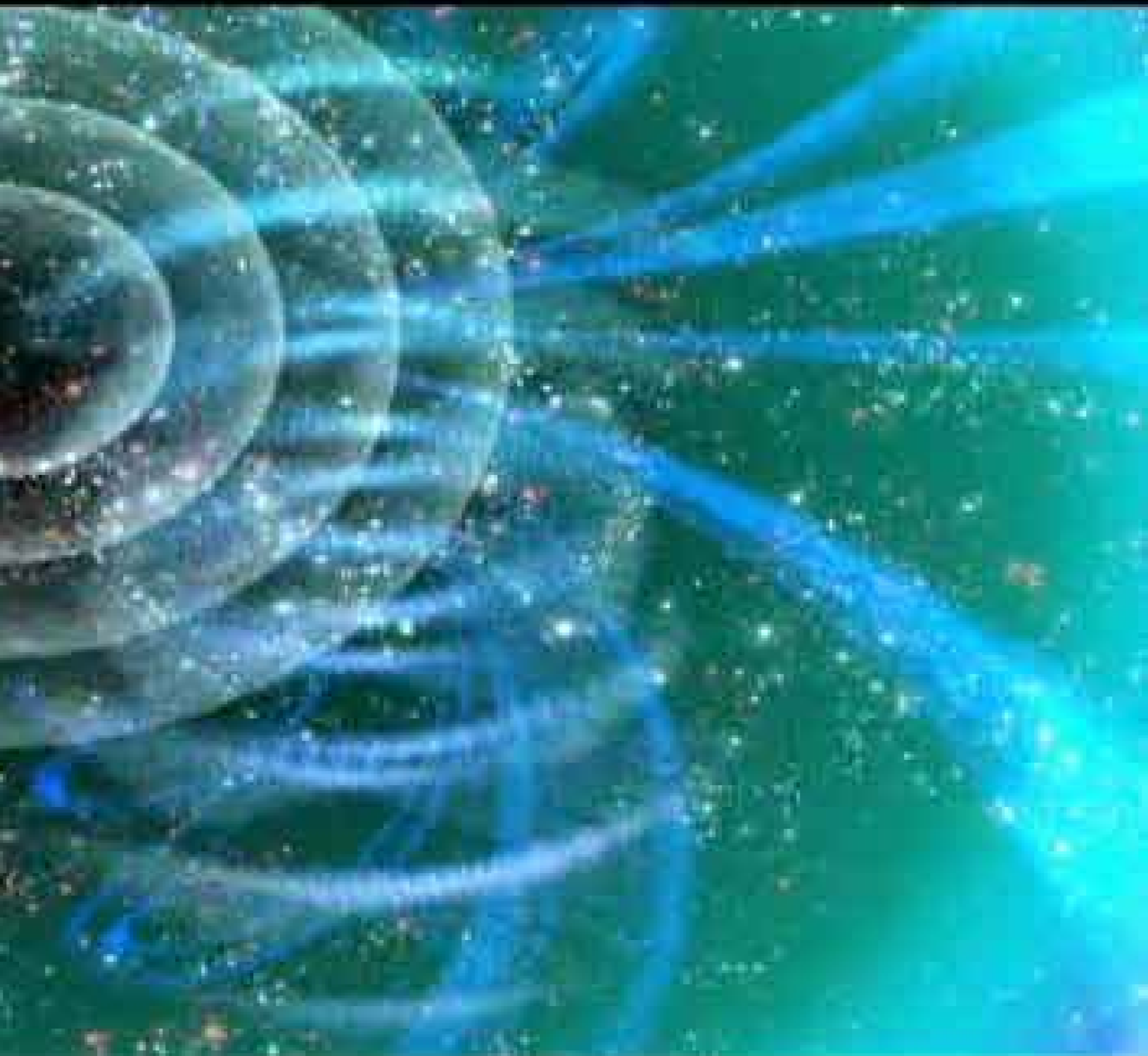
The leyline Red had dowsed felt like an electric pulse under her feet, connecting them to the other Trybes in the Gaia N'Aton across the planet, all on the same frequency and mixed into the group mind. The dancers dancing and dancing and dancing... like a hundred monkeys stringing their way across a barrel. Like geese in a flock, all keeping the formation, led by something greater than the parts.

She had to remember how to move it, to shake it, to feel the energy snaking up her spine and turn herself on. It wasn't hard at all, really. Just shut your eyes and dance like there's no one watching, Red always said.

She meditated on her base chakra, then her navel chakra, then brought her focus and energy up to her solar plexus chakra, picturing golden light spilling from her energy centre, hearing it as tinkling notes, a musical fire that pushed out towards the Sun. It formed a solar umbilical cord connecting her with the Sun and through it, the galactic kore, that dark rift at the centre of the Milky Way the Trybe revered as the 'Womb of the Great Mother'.

It was pulsing like a whale song, long and low and beautiful as the Trybe tuned in their chakra points and the air resonated with kundalini sparks.

And the universe stopped becoming matter and became light, which became sound, which became dance.





And all was love.

Outside the Dome the snow was coming down hard now, electricity crackling and high winds scouring the ground. From the corner of her eye Blue caught sight of Red's key-like sigil on the hill. It jolted her and imprinted on the group mind in the dance and relayed out across the stars.

And then she was lost in musik, drowning in it, dancing across the floor and wrapped in light and sound, shaking it for Shiva and for Shakti as the Trybe melted together, smearing like an x-ray through the storm.

And she knew:

< Music is the key >

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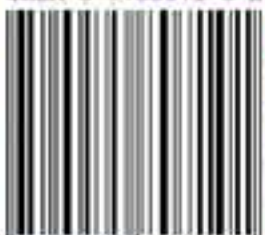
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