

Pragmatic Sanction

*For since
The supremely blessed feel nothing of themselves*

~~<https://secure.dwp.gov.uk/benefitfraud/>~~

The conclusion is theoretically wrong. But before that, in the run-up to it, on the road to hell with the first door that exits from a pipe protruding upwards in the vicinity of the third door leading onwards into a highway with a person standing in it, call it me or you. The road is long and difficult, beginning in a crummy burger joint in Mesopotamia where everyone is eating leaves near to the access point by the notice board with the job advertisements ripped into suffocating dust and forced into the upper atmosphere by a fire that begins somewhere in the future only to spread backwards in streams of explanatory arrows towards an envelope wreathed in deafening static. In that instant you or I turn to the hypothalamus, yours and mine, grab its tendrils, make a move for the exit as the infinite energy of the universe billows in through the ceiling, warping and consuming the customers emerging grudgingly from the restrooms. Which way do we go. Between the pipe and the door there is little to choose. A patron already disambiguated by burns tries first the door but is beaten back by a late Quarternary Extinction Event and crashes screaming into the food-waste disposal unit discretely tucked underneath table 253. We leap desperately into the pipe yelling hopelessly into a black screen. <https://secure.dwp.gov.uk/ch>. We emerge on the other side already mounted, our teeth gritted against the acid hail pouring from the heavens, cutting a swathe through the ranks of defrosted hominids, the inoperable migrated gallstones, the epipaleolithic border guards shivering under their lice-infested boar-skin berets. In the distance a light hovers imprecisely. *This is the first monologue*, says the hypothalamus, shivering, clasping our back pathetically. This is the first monologue: scratched with bronze hammers into a sheet of implacable ice hung out to dry in a furnace. The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggle. But what about the society of the future, the one that we're in, hitherto loomed over by a face torn out of a sheet of implacable ice frozen to a reasonable basic standard in a vault lodged irresuscitably in the deep elastic wound clamped open by a golden retractor descending from heaven. Does *it* get to be a stage scrolling rightwards with numerous pipes lodged in it at right angles? Open the envelope to find out, sprint down the escalator that unfolds from it, turn right into the court room, right again into the laboratory if not left but then straight on into the right stomach of the *beast of prey*, squat there for a moment in its juices seeping down from conception to design, then look up. What do you see? The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of supervision costs, tallied with primitive ice picks on a wall of implacable fire. But what the fuck does that mean. The address bar answers our questions barely, its

mouth sown shut, its transfer protocol hanging despairingly from the edge of the shattered bridge, the precipice gaping beneath it. *The history of all hitherto existing societies is a tunnel frequently diverted to end up infinitely distant from where you are, stranded in a dole hole connected by an event horizon to an internet cafe of reckless and impossible clarity.* This is the first monologue. It proposes *a reset*, to start afresh on the road to hell where the first door behind which there is a heap of emaciated corpses exits from a pipe down which there is a slave being whipped by an overseer protruding upwards in the vicinity of the third door opening onto a claimants' march. We sprint back to the address bar, click desperately on it, but its hand slips or ours does and it falls screaming into the abyss. *This is 3 the beginning,* screams the hypothalamus as the sky explodes backwards in a surfeit of glitter, *the proof of concept snapped up to demonstrate that as the supervision costs go down, the history of all hitherto existing societies 2 opens towards the class struggle of the present. The technical history that we now run through breathlessly laid out on a clean slate of silicon dioxide is not the abandonment of class struggle but the prelude to its generalisation, brought into effect not in spite but because of the fact that for you and for the rest of us there is no prospect but the tunnel leading downwards into the envelope containing the scorched earth of the claim form otherwise known as 1 the false form in which the Infinite Energy of the Universe and the infinite complex of things is maintained, bulging and flexing and growing simpler and simpler as we move towards the end in which the truth of our principle is realised, that in the infinite waste of our life breaking down and growing simpler and simpler the new principle is hidden in the frantic and needless sprint we make towards 0. 0.* On the horizon clouds of gas appear and are burnt up, the earth melts and solidifies. Then at a later date the pipe broadens out into a highway of despair, paved using an endogenous opioid system, an improved synonym for a gigantic pothole filled with sick or indefensible bipedals. The pothole is itself a pipe and must be chosen since there is no door to offset it. Near to its bottom we can make out a layby with a portacabin and a hotdog stand. The leaves we carried with us have yellowed, their nutrients have migrated forwards to a posterior stage, the technologies for remittances are yet to be developed and so we receive nothing from them, thousands of us die suddenly and rot into the dirt, screams are heard without access to clean water, our portable televisions crackle with aggrieved unpublishable static, an autophagic carrier bag floats pathetically on the breeze, the ones we love freeze and climb into clenched

ditches, their mass declines by 5–10 percent. Always the temperature falls and rises expressively. People emerge and begin to sharpen things. On the other side of the pipe the Yangtze Delta shimmers with violence, we try to click on it but fall back anachronistically. What do we do, we say, tearing at our partners with our teeth, watching the blood pour in an unstoppable violent waterfall into the misplaced obsolete hydroelectric facility underneath our fingernails. Who can we speak to, who can we eat, were we chased here or were we pulled. The questions echo across the research facility, resound across the vacant impassive steppe in front of the boarded up video store, die out in the impossible rigged up holodeck retrojecting its unilinear billboard with the propaganda slogan $\ln((r \times s) + 1)/r$ across the emerging primitive dual carriageway arcing downwards into the pothole. Somewhere behind us a booming sound begins. What is the superiority of valour, and how can we abuse it, screams the hypothalamus into the receiver of its hypophyseal portal. We don't stop to answer. And yet the way into the pothole *is* dark and thick with impenetrable chains of glucose huddled together in small groups divided by language, gender, and skin colour on a spectrum running from *a* to *b* in a warehouse of spectrums invisibly burning in the margin 'for working people' established in a fit of benevolence at the beginning of all time. Rip it off and you'll find another layer insensibly different to this one. The mechanism is definite but inscrutable. It has a message at its centre. We read there that the most prominent contemporary accounts say world history begins multilinear before collapsing into a side-scrolling pig's head travelling serenely through a distended diagram of a system of pipes and doors tattooed onto the inside of an administrative building in Mesopotamia. Still I love every minute of it, every burnt out and disillusioned second spat out of the side door of the council office in Matariya underneath the darkened pituitary gland. You can see it in the immense white lesions on my face and arms, in the contusions to your wrist and chin, in the huge wounds in their face. Where is the hypothalamus, anyway, and why else do we tear down the street, dodging the heaps of trypanosomes, the dream lying face down on the pavement with blood pouring from its reinforced walls, the ashen-faced cabinet minister with his brow screwed up contemplating a legitimate concern somewhere, somehow, as if legitimacy were not itself scrolling sideways undauntedly into a clearing full of hyenas made rabid by dreams of invasion who tear it into unrecognisable shreds and spit it out to drift forever sideways through a network of gutted fuses at a wine reception in Mycenae, clinking their glasses in ignorant misrecognition of the fact that we creep

silently under the tables with a knife in our hand towards the minister whose gaze is now riveted to the LCD portal bored carefully into the hyperplasia forming at the base of his skull, putting its piles down into his frontal lobe, associated with reward, attention, short-term memory tasks, planning, motivation and other community assets whose inexorable inflation means that it doesn't matter what we think about legitimacy, that it doesn't matter how concerned we are, or that our concern has warped, buckled, or folded in upon itself, that it doesn't matter that its vault has burst open to haemorrhage poisonous grey fire in streams of explanatory arrows towards a claim form from the furthest limit of the future which we have absolutely no right to fill out. What was the question again. In any case we forget about that and leap over the hurdles of our own self-sufficiency, the impassable deserts sadly deficient in plasmagluccorticoid, the Neanderthal predecessors of our elders and betters droning perennially on about the nature of pleasure, their lives full of optimism, the interests of this great country revolving like a hernia on stilts in a waiting room made out of gristle and full up of provocateurs who say things like this to offend without realising that the interests of this country are *actually* a hernia on stilts in a waiting room made out of revolving gristle shed through the face of a ruddy-cheeked cabinet minister who understands that it is his job to convince us that we can only advance together as a nation although in truth it is always us or them and right now it is them, even while we wave our red flags against the deep black sky, behind us the dented impediments disinterred from erroneous pedalos, before us the unpausing, unrepentant mind maps with their malarial flow diagrams moving in streams of explanatory arrows towards an envelope shining on a livid pedestal that we use to get worked up about. What did you expect anyway. The street with the council office culminates in a Wall ten to fourteen feet in height and impenetrable to trading diasporas. Instantly our GDP shrinks by 35 percent according to the sensors in our wristwatch, cleverly built into the pipe and door system by means of a pipe leading through the door that exits onto the street culminating in a Wall ten to fourteen feet in height and impenetrable to trading diasporas, whose GDP this year grew immediately by 35 percent according to the people on the street leading up to the door into the pipe travelling up to the pipe and floor system cleverly built into the wristwatch, cleverly built into the pipe and door system by means of a Wall blocking up a door that leads into a pipe cleverly built into a future that is now cancelled due to a service announcement. Who wins from this, screams the hypothalamus, biting great chunks of concrete

from the edges of its stained and trembling fingers. The LCD portal is our only hope, we reply. The answer to our question is contained in its structure. We leap desperately through it, ignoring the cabinet minister now burnt to death on the white board lodged in the fertile soils just south of the Sahel. The agony is tolerable?, we scream in implausible unison. The question is a real one, vibrant and meditative, part consumed and part on the table, well advanced in its planning stages and enfranchised, but nevertheless it can only be answered *after* the resolution of the action that promises to substantiate its backlog of conditions. We slide down the pipe that the screen gives way to, grabbing blindly with our avaricious desperate hands at the walls only then to realise that long ago they were torn off in a workplace accident and replaced with claw cranes rigged up with an aperture that makes it impossible to hold onto anything for more than a few moments. The purpose of this walkthrough is still indeterminate, I think. You shrug your shoulders expressively. But neither of us have extra lives, I repeat. The most pressing task is to make it possible to feel that knowledge can be acquired even through the compulsory movement that appears to disable it. Impatience with stopping must be transformed and not rejected. No one seriously confronts impatience unless they learn to guide their own advance. The common idea that data stuns us with an infinite blur of empty distractions is fucking lifeless, unacceptable; movement cannot be left to those who would like ultimately to repeat the same gestures after me. Nothing but our movement can animate in the other the shadow of another character, I say, as all of us crash out of the pipe and into the middle of a slave caravan heading methodically north towards the Empire. Only this will be the real basis of trust. But what the fuck are you talking about, scream our hormones in reply, as the hypothalamus plunges its sword through the torso of an underage cherub, and, where the fuck are we?, they say, streaming downwards onto the slopes of the anterior lobe of the pituitary gland to receive in its warm shadows their destiny. All of us sprint in turn down aisle three, avoiding the roaming incinerators and the rubbish long-weekend holidays in Thrace, the booby prize traps, etcetera, then turn left into the lobby leading to the miniaturised prototypical bath house. Access is preemptively aim-inhibited by means of a coin operated turnstile with 30 cm metal arms operationally significantly complicated by the historical unavailability of coins. The booming sound grows aggressively louder. The hypothalamus tries to jam a great slab of mined copper into the slot but is defeated in this attempt. Can we sprint through all of human history not

stopping in order to know only the inexorability of movement?, I say. Are we chased by the booming sound? Is it the noise of our own despair? Is there value in proving to ourselves just how out of control we are? Is the desire for collective control strengthened by the knowledge of our wild and unchosen trajectory? Is this tongue folded up into a larger tongue and counted along with its neighbours to be passed on to a higher department and then counted again in turn, only then for another administrator to draw a red line on a map that may then be counted along with other red lines and folded into an aggregate figure to be fed to a higher oven and to be released as steam into a turbine powering a mannequin tearing its hair out on a stage? And can the mannequin be counted along with other mannequins on other stages also with more or less hair, more or less desire, and can the total number of mannequins be summed and passed upwards to a higher department to establish moieties thereof or ethnic groupings or nations also with more or less hair cleverly built into a pipe leading downwards through wage labour to serfdom to slavery and out into the patriarchal family sitting around the table in the burger joint from Stage One? The others hotly deny this. But then a difficult corridor opens in the sky down which goods or hormones could travel if only it weren't for the raiding bands, and over the counter we can see the mines perhorresce in shards of whatever before then suddenly trending into a fashionable bar in Asia Minor, establishing an emotional connection with the Talisman in Carneol on shift work before the debate that we need under the warm shadows of the stress related boils or warts sliding across the heavenly television screen chained to us by demigods. Their eyes are enormous like collagen pyramids in fact. But we need to speed through this equivalence, not least or only because tarrying over its sudden uprise is discouraged by the rising water levels. As usual the before and after shots are horrific, bulging and leaking, everything is covered in napalm or, worse, parking tickets. For I am the overseer of the merger of cash and consciously projected desire, says a voice. For the merger is factual, theoretical, empirical and speculative, it continues. That I am thrown into history after the chart success of the Visigoths but before the collective planning of the production relations is parking ticket, gendered, unguarded, and enzyme. You know where we're going so why bother, says Scribe One. *Silence*, I scream, pouring olive oil into a protogeometric amphora and hurling it like a purple stream of plastic fire into the future down at the roote of Vesulus. For the real point is to teach ourselves just what movement is, in spite of the emotional connection rigged up using a thin metal wire hooked over the power cable

fired out of the throat of the human candidate reclined on the sofa now and always also occupied at its infinitely distant far end by the dreamy sentimentalist who fondles his despair in the face of this bad world about which there is nothing to do but enjoy the moment we are stuck in with the canapés and the serving girls waiting for their shifts to end as they surely must in violent insurrections that will be put down and will begin again and will be put down again so that their failure can be used to mask the fact that each time they occur something imperceptibly alters in the total disposition of historical reality, that some step is taken towards the moment when suddenly the emotional connection snaps and swings wildly down towards the sofa emitting brilliant sparks that set fire to it, scorch and melt it into a hideous carbon whirlpool sucking into its brilliant white centre all of the fucking liars who believe that there's nothing to do but stand stock still and mouth the same fucking lie, that they're sorry. But sorrow is a static emotion, and the task is to teach ourselves just what movement is, to sidestep the tree diagram bifurcating into *despair* and *grin* and then re-bifurcated into *die* and *retreat* and *sell up* and *settle down* and then re-re-bifurcated into *pension reform*, *summit*, *tumblr*, *Adjustment Disorder with Depressed Mood*, *tracker rate of +1%*, and *partner swapping* and then re-re-re-bifurcated into a bent pipe leading forever downwards into our task, which is to teach ourselves just what movement is in spite of the desire to believe that movement cannot be taught, to teach ourselves the structure in which we move, to teach ourselves to approach fearlessly the immense power it has to exceed us, not denying but making our intensities adequate to that excess, as the intelligent fire that overflows it in turn, this is our task. But what do I do here, weeps X, squinting at its map and watching the hypothalamus bashing enormous oxhide ingots into the coin slot using a crude brass electric hammer drill. The question is a real one, vagrant and medicated. We think, the fact that we can now be wholly destroyed by the action of our competitors is the final outcome of the historical process that makes competition the basis of human development: the feeling of paralysis in the face of objective movement derives from the knowledge of this truth, from the recognition that life has become entirely competitive, that who I am is determined with no remainder of self-reference. The fact burns into consciousness in this intuition, that the intense desire to pause itself demands from the species a single vast irreplacable leap. Are we blissed out on the possibility lodged in the access tray, of moving forwards together through every stage of our own technical advance, as equal in the progress we share in overcoming each self singly, in

each self the contained hierarchy, unfolded in memory into the combined surface area of the single-use nervous system, the disposable skin, the one-shot filament of historical expectation compressed violently into a point and then stretched out with equal violence towards the future Garden of Versailles with the fountains vomiting big fat tears into the next future and the next and the next, extended infinitely through a system of pipes and doors locked down on a chess board scrolling rightward in a facility next to a golf course surrounded by fucking pigs. What was the question. In the dark ages we forgot everything, lost everything, proved it is possible to go backwards. But do thou, solace of mortals and delight of gods, point out the course before me? Do coins come before or after telemarketing scams, before or after leveraged mergers and buyouts, before or after computerised trading on what's it called in a cesspit usurped by Hagbard for a sting operation crossed with a data massage? Once the screen has scrolled into the barbarian North there's no going back: the poetry; the noughts and crosses; the perfumed dainties prepared in-store by the team of chanting trainee improbable pedicurists on fire for *usurpatio* dissolved in an illicit pileup of traffic citations; the impetuous chiaroscuro of enlarged sex traffic – who could forbear to loan us our regret. The hypothalamus says, A life spent being attacked by psychotic anthropomorphic mushrooms is simply no life at all, which we take to mean capitalist agriculture. But showing is better than telling, and so I look over to you, standing alone in the other field. The hypothalamus takes up its place in a third. The fields are made to rotate on a gigantic transhistorical motor, fed alive by estate agents in a basement full of innocent low-interest children. The experience of rotation feels curiously like progress, a foretaste of something on the next level not yet fully understood, a premonition of payments later guided through a network of intolerable treaty agreements and diplomatic disputes using a joystick glued onto a broken handbrake hidden between the lines in golden invisible ink. The premonition can itself be made big or small depending on user preference, zoomed in or out from, rotated, spot-lit or spun about in a centrifuge and then separated into its components, fine and gross, essential and inessential, living and dead, leaving a stronger feeling that can then be spun around again, removing all of the bits that are just kind of interesting, sort of OK really or whatever, the lifeless or inert parts, the layers and splinters, peasant rebellions, clumps of enfeoffed hair, to leave only a residue of absolute and indisputable value, a core of shining incontrovertible premonition with no margin of error or superadded fantasy, a prophetic certitude machine-tooled

in infallible long-term hormones and led by the hand down a red carpet for beautiful morbid Tory babies. This is going to happen. This is really going to happen. Eventually a point arrives where everything else is simply unstoppable, because the whole movement has already been locked in. The important question then is whether or not to keep doing it, whether or not to cut it short, to adorn his feathers in gold, if that is who you *are* cut short to change the subject to the systematic murder of the inessential pre-emptively defined as such in a premonition hardening into a fact that you dream of in a vision that you are locked into in a pipe leading nowhere wide in the world that each of us falls through cut short by a letter giving notice of the same wide world pre-emptively defined as such; will we ignore it? Will we look away or askance, at the face of absolute justice and love, the absolute final purpose? Will we flee from this manor of the rich and sated, hunted by gigantic computerised knights across an infinite marble chess board, its white squares replaced with bear traps laced with lukewarm porridge and its black squares with repossession orders, knowing that our destiny is to be crushed into the tiny spaces between the squares, the common strips massaged into the bruised run rig at the edge of Resolution 242? But is it right to dodge the beardless Denial of Service Attacks, the excessively solicitous vorarephiliac dragons? Is it necessary to make the pilgrimage up the ladder and then back down the snake to the ocean barred by ISP network filters? But the explanatory arrows have done their work and the fucking envelope is still there on the table, still surrounded by other inessential details, ligaments, contracts, smoke, unfathomable futuristic fax machines. Still its predictable premonition zooms in on itself in a spotlight to reveal a single catalytic *outcome* in which we failed to participate without good reason. Still there remains the question of whether to care about this, whether to stop or to move on, factoring in the inestimable costs of stasis, disability, or hesitation, the customs records tattooed incomprehensibly onto our torsos, the bomb wired into our engine, the throughput of indecipherable hopes and impulses scattering through the thin mesh of antiquated field drainage systems syndicated by our news feed into a scream cut out by a switch. But what good reason did we not have, if possession is the key to this, if we should have stopped and lived in order to become ourselves, ordinarily not exactly therein to observe with devotion the absolute face of Section 17A, knowing exactly what will happen next is fully cut short to return suddenly to a sublime sky bridge, the knights gaining ground behind us, growing more and still more essential, their pennants of argent and azure blanking out or

enveloping the model-consistent expectations we fire back at them, darkly, as if we had better known what to do with ourselves. And in part it was possible to feel that we did have a reason, that we owned it and that it was a good one, that somehow if only we could have held the envelope in our hands and studied it the reason would have come to light, that it would have risen up, not in the envelope but in us; that it would have flared up in a great fire of discovery, that each of us could have held the envelope in turn to have this same experience, repeatable only in the depth of its singularity. We felt of this experience of having a reason that it would somehow be absolutely stubborn and unchangeable, an inflammable centre of our life against which all further envelopes and requests for reasons or demands for participation would shatter into millions of shards of porous bone that would then dissolve into liquid and run in thousands of refreshing rivulets into the heart of everyone whose reason has been maligned or scorned or cut up into a million pieces and scattered into a million secret hiding places across their life so that they were fated to be chased through it forever having only the faintest and most agonisingly uncontrollable sense that it *is there* in spite of what they say speaking through their envelopes and that if only it were possible to stop that it *could* be retrieved and held and gazed upon and known for what it is that it is the deep unmoving centre of the silence of those who speak. We felt this, and what we began to believe was this, that when they take away our reason they do so not only so that the knights can cut us down and use our entrails to decorate the banisters in their detached family homes like ridiculous fucking tinsel, but that it was an act of expropriation *in itself*, the concealment from us of what is nevertheless deeply interfused with the victory we dream of slammed into our living sense of what might yet be if only we weren't running desperately towards a gap in the future in which is hidden unbeknownst to us our real violent murder, sprinting from one mode of production to the next at the behest of the lords who are themselves merely the retainers of the mysterious booming sound, remember, the liege and emperor of them all, pharaoh, caliph and CEO. We come off the bridge together, the hypothalamus as ever lagging behind, the nostrils of the warhorses flaring into spiders whose automated cephalothoraxes themselves flare up into warhorses and vice versa, only then to climb back up into themselves, finding there a place of respite, laminated with golden light. With every step we take they come ten steps closer, eating up the ground before them, their eyes shedding streams of wanton bliss like ice caked onto the bulging veins of an officer or designated person. What

they want from us is unclear, their desire is abstract and intransitive, the hotline we called was no fucking help at all. So we tear out into the wild fields where the squares begin to blur into patches of nomadic darkness, turn left into the corridor of a burning shopping mall billowing with lachrymatory agents, skid right down a flight of stairs into a faceless borderland. The castle rises up on the horizon, its mobile phone masts sparking intermittently, feeding on the sky in an electric premonition of foul revolt, remember. The knights follow us, razing to the ground everything they pass. We have no chance against them, the conflict is too imperiously asymmetrical, their speed on the ground exceeds our capacity of thought. What they want from us is impossible but indeterminate, their arable overseers are everywhere upstream and inescapable, the time they leave to us is a function of our capacity of self-defence which is zero. We throw ourselves to the ground, mash the keypad of the phone, scream for the payments hotline. The knights freeze. A nice voice at the other end of the line says that the payment plan is a game with a system of determinate rules. From its accent it must be a pawn pretending to be a rook or a bishop. It says the game is undertaken on a level playing field arranged on a ninety degree incline with 64 squares of which 63.8 are occupied by 68.3 divinely elected knights escorted each by 0.317 marketing viziers bearing one golden cup containing the vision. You can make any move that you like except for up, left, diagonal left and north into the deeper centre of the 0.2 of a square cut up into infinitely smaller strips provided for you at reception presuming that you can walk fifty meters or more without discomfort downwards into hell accompanied by a gaoler with a high back and no arms, gaining nine points. The knights can move in any direction for as many squares as they please and at whatever speed they choose. Changes in direction are permissible for knights and in most cases are actively encouraged. Knights are permitted to retire from the board for purposes of work or leisure and if preferred may employ other game pieces as proxies or representatives. Technical developments in the game such as increases in the number of squares, the transformation of individual squares into prisms or plots, the allodialisation, bundling, or merger of squares, the metamorphosis of squares into bleeding, screaming mouths, or the rise or fall in the value of individual squares owing to the construction therein of big red hotels or tiny green apartments, will be assessed by a team of independent experts who dress or undress you unaided. These words are received by us as if in an email sent in the similitude of a dream. The nice voice continues, the board on which your game is played constitutes one

square in a larger game board with approximately 1024×768 squares on each of which is stacked three panes of glass on which are printed respectively a lemon, a bunch of cherries and a large red lipless number seven crouching down in the posture of a sphinx, its riddle dying out in the ageless vacuum that surrounds it, its body liquefying and seeping points out into the ceiling of the other levels, causing them gradually to rot and buckle irreparably until the knights come back in and initiate a negotiated settlement in which 0.5 of your claim on the square is reclaimed for development purposes. Fucking work it out. Press *I* to fucking work it out. The part of the square to which you are confined is diminished in size by degrees; its walls contract and its floor and ceiling move together, bending the fraction assigned to you until it twists or shatters into an independent game board that itself contains 64 minor squares on which the process described above may be repeated. How many points do you have, and how do you want to repay them, and at what cost, knowing that it will be better next time, that this is your losing streak, that in an ecstasy of severe discomfort to go back to the starting point of how do you want to repay them, and at what cost, is the wrong option, proving you capable of sprinting through the fields under a gentle sky studded with unattainable points that on a closer view may in fact be pipes or tunnels leading through the door that exits onto the street culminating in a Wall ten to fourteen feet in height spliced across a pane of horizontal glass upon which there rises up again a bunch of cherries dilucidated in a fire storm brought from the East on a pilgrimage, sable and unmoved, leaning on the edge of the table, crossing and recrossing its legs, waiting for the riddle to be solved that has already melted and leaked into you, causing crush injuries leading to permanent organ damage, loss of executive functions, homelessness, facelessness, periods of intense blankness or mood swings, all of which you can rip out of yourself for six points over a period of six to twelve months or with one single payment, says the voice at the other end of the line, icy and disembedded like the promise of a different form of coordination, a threat drifting in from the future. We have no idea how to win. The payment plan, the points system, the putrescent riddle are impetuously indisaggregable, their logic is fastidiously inaccessible, the game board is dispassionately inevitable, the 0.1 of a square into which we are bound is inescapable, but what if, says the hypothalamus, what if the inscrutable connection were the greater lie, what if our possibility is grounded in the uncoordinated, what if coordination itself were a kind of torture, what if the torture could be unfolded to reveal again the points system embedded

in it, its pink flesh on fire in the afternoon, what if, says the hypothalamus, the need to win the game is the face of loss itself, or what if loss is the face of need, what if the face of the face of loss would peel off to reveal a tick box of inestimable depth hosting at its bottom a fire out of which our own face emerges mouthing *torture* to rise up on the hot air towards the sky with which it is integrated? What if the disjunction were life for us, what if the failed inference was the fullest reach or stretch of happiness as the sensation of energy burning gently in the chest like a surplus somehow suddenly liberated from its end in Resolution 1024x768, as energy burning at last for nothing except who we are, says the hypothalamus into the speaker of the telephone, its tendrils shedding light needlessly into the void. In whose defence do we shed our blood for this riddle, it says, as the castle in the distance shimmers and flickers and turns into a town out of which there emerges inevitably a phalanx of pikemen who slaughter the knights, killing their horses first, dismounting and brutally finishing them. Who is the winner here, says the hypothalamus to the line that has gone dead. Where do we go next or who are we? The game board widens out into a traveller, long and smooth, with a row of crucifixes on each side propped up on burning hearts in shrink wrap sorted into a cage. The year is 1392 and counting, the slaves are covered in handbills promulgating laws appropriate for the period, obscure threats, wishes and accusations. There are sheep everywhere. The exit towards which we aim is a sheer point of gruesomely perverted darkness, infinitely distant like Sir Ian Wood at a funding dinner. Besides us there strides a fluorescent psychic bruise, as polychromatic as light itself, dragging behind itself a dump cart of contemporary adrenal steroids. The scene change is peaceful and immeasurable, we are becalmed, each finds itself for once in a listening mood. The fact is, says the Bruise, that movement is irrepugnable. The irony of your sensation of violent paralysis is that it is the subjective content of objective historical advance. We listen to all of this intently, but the hypothalamus is distracted by the metal plaque with the note etched onto it that the maximum load for the traveller is around 750,000,000. The year is 1403. Nothing is unsustainable except competition itself says the Bruise; competition is what makes pausing impossible and is therefore the substantial content of stasis. The hypothalamus waves its tendrils at the metal plaque but we ignore it. The year is 1408. While we wait there emerges again at the far end of the traveller a single conceptually imprecise pinprick of something sitting on the fence between darkness and light, remember, a dirty, divagating impression of colour or intensity, pulsing

or otherwise glowing in a wider field of dogmatic sales units, nested in it like an optional gangrenous bullet wound in the front living room window of cosy affordable two-bedroom dream, burning or otherwise fitfully sparking in it like a parking fine leaking slowly off the edge of a table onto a carpet. The pinprick bulks up slowly into a gash or perhaps more precisely into a tear, an ominously inexact sort of hole or rent, itself roughly cut into a wider field of what is now more specifically a kind of backdrop, a sheet made up of scores or perhaps even just a handful of darkly reticulated modules, which as they come more closely into focus become more and more vague, eventually resembling a senior civil servant in general and horrifying melting aluminium scrap metal in particular, flickering violently on two completely clandestine levels or rungs or platforms, between which there yawns like a deeply unsightly and conceptually underdeveloped shelf a quiet, interstitial space filled with peaceful intoxicating smoke. As it reaches the shelf the pinprick of colour that is also a tear or gash or hole or rent or cut in a field or backdrop or sheet begins to open wider, releasing into the atmosphere that hosts it a jet of pure and ambiguously refreshing liquid that contains within itself as its opposite a tongue of intense and consuming flame. Not to be outdone, the tongue of flame contains within itself a core of vagueness, itself constructed out of a sequence of precisely defined inputs, the quantities of which will remain inscrutable until they evaporate into the peaceful intoxicating smoke and cause its texture to thicken and congeal and its colour to lighten and darken at the same time at both of its extreme edges and the furthest limit of its circumference to tremble in its contact with the unspecified substance that exceeds it until this substance too is volatilised and fills with sublimely immense dark clouds that throw into the air impossible arcs of lightning that are immediately encased and preserved in vast oppressive blocks of indestructible black ice which in turn react upon the material of the now congealed smoke, heating it until it bursts into clouds of platinum flame that then creep with extraordinary inexorable slowness towards the centre of the universe where they merge in absolute primordial unity with the ineffable imprecision that is hosted there and in this final and most dreadful reaction at last shudder and weep and compress until somehow finally at the traumatised limit of the representable everything pauses and the air clears to reveal once again the pinprick of colour as a foam stressball approximately 4.5 inches in diameter. The stress ball shivers. Conceptually it can be split into two and then four and then eight equal parts, and the parts grow differentially into large and medium and small and reorganise themselves

into groups or hierarchies, which thereupon split into separate groups and develop independently from one another, each dividing into sixteen and then thirty-two and then sixty-four parts and acquiring functional subdivisions and emitting a surplus, which is then burnt or consumed or traded with the other group. This is incredibly relaxing. It stands for the whole history of human development up to now. It is 1422. I am here for light relief, says the stress ball, as the traveller begins to split up into capillaries rushing towards a single unspeakable centre. Use me for distraction, to take a load off, to customise your motor functions. Have two slipped discs smouldering in your firewall? Thin walls? Issues with your booming sound? Squeezing is the transhistorical answer: pushing out the surplus of stale and redundant air, filling up the empty spaces, the long and melancholy pauses, the cigarette breaks broken up in timeless time and motion studies, reducing the delivery period to sub-zero, as if the words are all but one bit long, so as not to take up too much space, as if it is so, so, I, a stress ball, inaugurator of modernity itself, founder of a website selling immense quantities of optimised salt to the third search engine result for The Baltics, along with other remedial refrigerators for advanced barbarians, knowing full well that retarded decay is the same as accelerated production, I, proprietor of the golden handcuffs and the platinum value chain, declare in gently evolved solemnity my system, my unspeakable radiant utility. As the stressball speaks the traveller pathways run gently in dozens of different directions, schizophrenically confusing themselves with conveyor belts in assembly lines, the bulk carrying trade in the Mediterranean, spice caravans, neural tracts, a long queue at the Job Centre due to staff shortages, the sensation of trying to remember something almost on the tip of your telescopic tongue ripped out and sold at a police auction; and the inevitable results of these confusions is that the things that move in these pathways are also schizophrenically confused, dragged away from their purposed destination, mixed up or made to collide with one another, recomposed into gigantic composite hallucinations full of new technical features as yet untested on humans who are not fit to be tested on because tests are expensive and humans cheap, shaken violently until suffering from bleeding on the brain, leaving the dim impression of a damaged nervous system dumped unceremoniously in the ocean outside Venice on the other side of the Cape of Good Hope where the neurons set up their camp, shivering in the long unheated winter of 1491, kept awake by the booming sound that now comes from behind and in front and above and beneath, closing in on every side, on the refugees who from the one

perspective that really matters are nothing but wasted energy mounting up into a tidal wave that rises above the coordination system that brought it into being, a solid Wall ten to fourteen feet in height and growing inexorably containing the weight of everything that has been shut down, or thrown out or treated as if it were nothing or ought not to have been, the whole unspeakable mass of it, the unreclaimed, the dysfunctional excess, which as it grows in proportion infinitely beyond the imagination of the object it threatens begins to feel in itself the one possibility whose exclusion it has been told must define it, that it too might be coordinated, that it might bind its intensities into a more encompassing circuit stretching outwards and then snapping into a system adequate to the needs that we now break down under in a prefab office sinking through the surface of an iced-over lake I hope you understand we are asking you to sink into in this voice of intolerable indifference with a crack in it through which we can hear the future rushing up into the moment where we wake up absolutely alert in the knowledge that it is 1503. The number of possible paths on the traveller are way beyond estimation, numerous outside of all aggregation. People move down them in millions and are sent places where they may or may not be needed, colonies, call centres, mine shafts, prisons, mine shafts with call centres in them, prisons with mine shafts with call centres in them, call centres with mine shafts leading to colonies with prisons in them in them, colonies with mine shafts leading to call centres with prisons with people in them in them in them, in which in general they are more useful, transplanted for maximum benefit, all under the auspices of the as yet unsqueezed stress ball, bathed in dense limelight imported from the future, placid and unmoved, consulting its fraudulent business plan on a floating LCD portal and wearing a tiny name badge that says 'Grant'. The project, says the stressball, is to exceed all of this; to get everything into the smallest space possible; the storage solution will make circulation a thing of the past. As it speaks it expands exponentially, inflating like a tumour stuffed with melted helium. The paths of the traveller are torn up by it, feed into its body, protrude from its surface like bulbous varicose veins pumped full of pretend crude oil by reality. The booming sound is amplified to a single intolerable scream that is at last localised at the stress ball's centre, emanating exclusively from its tortured polymers, pulled outwards on a rack beyond all physical limits, post-enthalpic and gorily impossible. We sprint backwards down the branch of the traveller on which we found ourselves, desperate, yearning for the 1450s, a more propitious moment for the peasantry. The ground is littered

with automative shredder residue, hypodermic needles, rancid needful carcinogens forming into gangs of teenage delinquents. The stressball booms behind us as it bounces in terrible hot pursuit, absorbs the shredder residue and the hypodermic needles, grows and spits out rivers of virally infected saliva, slurries of putrescible bandages, plumes of thick unintelligible dioxin. We stream off the traveller and back onto the chessboard, now flatted out into a boundless continent under the frown of night, grasping at our faces that exhibit terrible birth defects, irreversible mutations, repulsive anti-social asymmetries. The stressball booms again, absorbs the saliva, the bandages, the clouds of dioxin, again triples in size and flashes its countenance triform, again approaches us. We can feel its hot contracting breath on our necks now, that which it has absorbed it processes, it throws out tons of contaminated mud, fountains of mercury, great streams of raw sewage that flood into tunnels leading through the door that exits onto the street culminating in a Wall inducing a further decline in GDP, until the sewage emerges via another pipe and is sucked back into the stress ball once again, which once again grows larger and more violently pressurised, once again approaches us, gaining ever faster as our own movement is progressively inhibited due to our webbed feet and fingers, our missing toes, our lazy, work-shirking eyes that admit no light because their curtains are suspiciously drawn even during the day, implying to those whose curtains are open an accusation, that what is going on outside is stressful or hostile or wrong, and therefore inducing the equal and opposite conviction, that what happens inside must be profoundly gross and perverse, as evil as the stress ball itself, now a gigantic mass of violently distended revanchist muscles, a system of incalculable internal energy, consuming the sewage, the mud, and the mercury and throwing out more waste product, a suffocating cocktail of split-off objects, toxic or inadmissible desires, faculties of intellection that produce the wrong outcomes from the social point of view and therefore need imperatively to be buried in an area within a 1-mile radius of the North Hampton Regional Landfill, if only to prevent further birth defects, further degenerations and fallings off and mutations and yet more spirals of mutual mistrust and apprehension between those whose curtains are drawn and those whose curtains are open, not to mention those who have no curtains, the fucking show offs, vaunting their benefits in the vomitorium adjacent to the gallery of foregone conclusions, licking their delinquent and hopeful aspects, covering themselves in the muck that everyone else is compelled to throw away simply by virtue of the fact that *they too* have been absorbed into

the stress ball, and that *they too* have been thrown back out and absorbed once again, never to be freed up or to lie idle during the time of circulation or to feel in their circuit that there might be a way out, some pipe or tunnel not yet jammed up completely with shit intracellular toxic text messages soldered together into the history of your or my entire life, absorbed and thrown out and absorbed again from its beginning to its burnt out and foreshortened end, its pressure and density rising precipitously forever up to a point through a sluice gate or information desk or arbitrary checkpoint where customer services operatives place their thumbs on your or my throat and squeeze, only to find that this action does not choke off the air into our lungs but makes it flow all the more quickly, whipping it into a storm that tears through us like a hurricane of demands, directives, needless and blistering imperatives, expanding perversely outwards and gaining in extension as the pressure on the stress ball increases. The squares of the chessboard drop away one by one like hair from deteriorated follicles, we lean outwards against the precipice leading into the prefabricated void. The stress ball towers over us and blocks out all light. Its name badge inexplicably continues to say 'Grant'. The project, it says, is to ensure that no energy is ever freed up for too long. We understand that whether the regime is based on wood or coal or oil or on orgone recycled into a drum kept in an alleyway behind the Fried Chicken retailer in Westminster in the election year of 1628, the project is the same. Everything must be tied down, used up, put to work, attached or disattached to be attached again, thrown into the whirlpool out of which emerges the slogan that that which is better or more perfect is a thing wholly undetermined, fixed onto a hook hanging from an overhead track in a conveyor system recycled from the now obsolete and fully absorbed traveller whose gentle upward trajectory is itself mothballed and replaced with a sinking feeling underwritten by an authentic experience of powerlessness in the face of the form that the stress ball now hands to us. At the top of the form is a diagram picturing everything that we have been through in minute and ferociously technical detail, from the ground up to the end of the penultimate sentence, a display of fidelity beyond anything that our own memories would be capable of bettering, an output whose powers of computation seem sublime to us, fearsome, the new embodiment of our concept of perfection, and yet somehow nevertheless completely unlike everything that has happened, everything that we felt or desired or believed ourselves to be undertaking, everything that we hoped for or discovered ourselves to need in the limits of our togetherness, a hideous mockery of our

history, a brutal incontrovertible smear, a caricature, across whose millions of columns and rows we see spread out in titanium syllogisms and proofs the evidence of our indefensible sanctionable nullity, our failure to attend to the energies that were donated us, our situation of not actively looking for the eagle that springs from the filing cabinet to feast on the dead nerves in the pathways of our shrivelled and dying brain, itself cowed by its immense disproportion to the stress ball that now throws off its foam and replaces it with liver, our laziness, our imprecision, our early death, our ignorance, our tendency to go backwards when left unsupervised, our regression into those gross wild creatures which travellers report finding at the foot of America, our lack of hygiene, our children, our poverty, our sickness, our fearsome unmanageable impulses misshapen and wrongly directed and screaming against their ties that multiply in proportion with energy itself in a formidable and endlessly repeated bid to burst out of their pivots and burn freely. Sign here please, says the stress ball, handing us a pen on a chain. The space that remains to us on the residual square of the chess board buckles, separates itself into molecules, sags in the middle and threatens to tumble into the void of pre-collapsed marginal labour costs. The pen is enormously heavy and thus requires a chair for mobility. Its vanished outer existence has been replaced by a keyboard which despite its great abundance of keys is incapable of signing anything and so instead screams in frustration into its in-built voice recognition device, a *tertium quid* that casts the differences back into the abyss of the Absolute underneath the chess board and declares that they are the same, which words are printed across the 786,432 squares of which 0.1 of a square still remains to us and across each square singly in luridly administrative magenta, only for the words to melt from the screen in a thick smear of suddenly white ink that leaks onto the form that was presented to us by the stress ball and then gradually recomposes itself into hitherto unimaginable annexes, sub-clauses, forgotten treaties, footnotes, legal glosses, references to earlier high court decisions, appeals, precedents, only for the space in between these declarations to itself become packed with doctors' notes, pieces of incorrectly filed evidence, transcripts of witness depositions, records of customer complaints, thickening into a nasty, curdled plenum, a network or series of interlocking vortices, turning on their axis with offensive, inexpressible slowness, cogitating, processing, becoming asymptotically infinitely dense, deferring its conclusion simply because it can, or because we cannot make it do otherwise than what it does do with our permission, passing with stately imperturbable slowness through gamma and

then beta testing, only then to be withdrawn into delta and then zeta testing, omicron testing, omega testing, sliding forever backwards like a short-recoil operation repeated to an indefinite extent and making a mockery of the fact that we have no idea any more where the fuck in history we are, who we should speak to, which mayor or chief or factory owner in which wheelie bin for what recyclable material at which opening ceremony in what epoch before the beginning of the waiting period was rolled out, phased in, locked indifferently into a point somewhere over our heads in the form of a software package resolving into the form of a hand clenched up into a mouth which, as we attain to a state of absolute and irreversible confusion, pronounces its fucking contemptible judgment:

The system has been given rules | to follow using certain tools | that are defined internal to | the games we make that feature you | *press 2* internal you give up | complaining that you have no luck | in Level One, near to a pipe, | sealed off *press 3* give luck it's like | the system was designed to be | almost completely arbitrary, || and whether rules precede obedience | or if the rules are just pretence, | unreal, a dream, *press 6* no pipe | will lead from here to a new life | *press 2* no life *back 1* will lead | beyond bourgeois pre-eminency | *back 9* sealed off in waiting rooms || until you're told if you'll be used | *back 10* the system iterates | that you are bound in glutamate | to do the things it tells you to | *back 1* to do *press 2* into | a list of functions that begins | with a fallacious *ad idem*, | and tells you that your *idée fixe* | is beastly, not executive || before it gives the several moves | like *jump*, *duck*, *genuflect* and *schmooze*, | which bundled into the new you | will get you into Level Two, | where the new Boss declares *back six* | and tells you that your *idée fixe* | is so last year, and then *back eight* | and tells you you're five minutes late || *back two* is so last *idée fixe* | you had *back one back two* is this | illegal, do I care *back six* | and tells you that your *idée fixe* | is so last year – until you've had | enough of that, and turning back, | return dismayed to Level One, | still unskilled like everyone, || leafing through the function list | whose thoughts are swallowed up in mist | and at whose end, in words so so, | the functions cease in three dark codes | which our computer cannot load | but that allege a truth that you | begin to feel you always knew | that rises in your throat and forms | into a word whose sense is torn || and like *back twelve* enough of that | and then go back, to what we have, | a list of functions, founded in | the chemical serotonin, | which can determine what you do | and what you pay attention to, | a set of

rules, which we abide | although their reason seems to hide, | because when
we are forced from levels | two or three, or find ourselves | impotent even
to hate | a world we cannot even make, || in which were we to score a ten -
| *application lost in system*; | in which our life's so lucid you | know each
one of our slightest moves | *press ten* we hide what use is this | you *press*
nine from ourselves list | one *press eight* to make nothing is | *press seven* a
system given shit | by *press six* visible moves. || To what end does the
whole break down | ignoring what you've always known | if not to redefine
terror | in terms of a technical error; | and who can say if you've progressed
| if basic problems, unaddressed, | continue to express themselves | in tasks
undone, in damaged cells, | disappointing test results, | the need to find
others at fault | for all the stuff you can't decode | and which we know you
didn't know. | You'll see we speak as if we're you: | for this we have the right
to do; | we set the tasks, you play the game; | the roles will always stay the
same, | *press eighty-three* no pipe will lead | out of the state of desperate
need, | which we obscure cryptically. | Spot the heart of a heartless world |
endlessly (4) - this means old | and well-known answers shall grow cold |
and stiffen into barricades | blocking up your neural pathways. | The right
answer is clearly *wart* | as you would know if you'd been taught | the laws for
which our fathers fought | or learned to waste the fucking time | you waste
to let me waste all mine | in saying this, *for it requires* | *a huge cultural*
change - needs fires | that spread across this face of earth, | this infinite and
growing dearth | to burn out all the freed up life | that creeping through our
narrow pipes, | begins to feel in its excess, something more than guilt.

This judgment grew immediately into a sanction, lasting for forty days and
forty nights, with a second strike rule that would immediately double the
punishment in the case of a repeat offence, whatever the offence was, or
otherwise triple it into a mock execution in a desert, or quadruple it into a
nerve gas attack on our suburb, or quintuple it into the torture of our family
members along with their friends and people who were professionally
associated with their friends as well as the family members of these people,
their friends, and the people with whom they are professionally associated,
lasting forever, but split up into a sequence of stages of varying intensity
beginning in Circle One and ending in *The Sun*, in which our faces are
printed in massive blocks of discoloured rotting invisible 3D flesh, making
them at once nothing like our faces and instantly recognisable like logos
along with words like *you*, *he*, *or*, *and*, and *them* to *them*, and *you* or *he*, any

of whom could call the confidential hotline and explain to the nice voice at the other end just what it is that we did or failed to do, and whether or not we did it a sixth time, specifying using the forensic drop down box that we belong to the 'Asian' ethnic group, are thin but overweight, have pink eyes, glasses, multicoloured thinning hair in a ponytail, and carry on a secret sexual relationship with someone matching exactly the same description and who in the resentful fantasy life of the tortured caller may or may not be secretly cashing in the girocheque of an unknown part of a third person, perhaps a hypothalamus or pituitary gland, leading to an impartial investigation whose unquestionable objective stringency is only partly offset by the fact that it is botched by a panel of high-profile figures well known to be hostile to our interests, including the bunch of cherries, the side-scrolling pig's head, Lord Browne, and the vorarephiliac dragon, chaired over by the booming sound located at the centre of the unimaginably vast liver stress ball itself, now so impossibly unmanageable that at least 85 percent of it has been digitalised and squeezed into a visionary computer system in which the majority of that 85 percent has been corrupted and now resembles more closely a metastatic red button, creeping inexorably into the 0.1 of a square that remains to us, clutching a repossession order in one hand and a flaming sword in the other, forcing us up against the Wall from which we sprung, as around us the square flickers and develops a floor plan leading up to a door that leads into a pipe cleverly built into a future just visible at the other end of the hallway, which then turns into a reception room commanding an impressive 180 degree view of the skyline of a doleful city in which almost no one is able to breathe, a panorama in which all misery becomes visible in perfectly minute detail right down to the last contractual dispute, negative thought or ripple of bodily dysmorphia, the perfect view, gorgeous and expansive, fully aggregated and integral, *the goal*, the dream that knows itself as dream, its price equal to the inverse of the power of generalisation that we contain within ourselves, we collection of particulars, we three, forced at last to the very end of the line where we are destined to be broken down and recycled into the beginning, on the road to hell where the first door exits from a pipe protruding upwards in the vicinity of the third door leading onwards into a highway, all of which is visible from here, in this, the luxury apartment where we end up, drenched in sweat and cocaine, starving to death, ecstatic with energy and so tired we can't even think any more, watching the price rise inexorably into the sky in plumes of rancid inscrutable lava and hang there faithlessly in the same proportion as we sink into the particulars we cannot hold together or bind,

realising at last in a wave of fantastical nausea that everything is being unwound, that the computer system is being uncorrupted, disinstalling itself back into the stress ball which is then reverse engineered into the gigantic block of black ice and split back off from the booming sound that now plays diligently in reverse, disclosing its secret message, that we were never being chased at all but only shown around on a traveller dragged laboriously by a primitively harnessed ox through each stage of our backward narrative towards a single indivisible point commanding four sides, *a*, *b*, *c*, and *f*, which if brought into alignment will explain to us just how we can advance, and which seem almost as if they are aligned, but which nevertheless don't quite click, having as they do something indeterminately wrong about them, something just a little bit off or not quite there yet, all of which seems somehow to be related to the fact that the point that they comprise is on closer inspection a screen, and that on the screen is written a deadline, a cut-off point, the end that had to come eventually, midway along the journey of our life, without which we would be lifeless and alone, flickering and glaring like a fire somewhere, like a warning signal in the face of whose message we freeze up, choke, panic or break down like the four points that could mean something else but don't because of who we are in the face of them this week before our appointment, knowing full well that this is a story about living in a class society where the real answer to despair is to see that their system can't contain us, knowing full well that this is how they want you to feel, as if things will make sense eventually, that sense and change should always come in that order, one after the other, and also that the rightness of this sequence is enough to ensure that change will never happen, because for you the time for sense has already passed; and knowing full well too that there is no use in running from this fact, or in making it more complex than it is, since we spend our whole lives running from it, that even now the desire to end which grows in me and becomes insufferable is a desire to run again, to be back at the starting point, to wake up in the morning refreshed, at the beginning of all time, escaping the sensation that reasserts itself even here where the point expands into 0.1 of a square on a chess board and then explodes into a clock face counting down to zero, sending a message along a tunnel leading into a pipe leading into a single strip of nervous fibre that runs underneath the London Borough of Sutton where Chaos is converted into Order and through the point whose four aspects we cannot interpret and then back up into the sensation from which we tried to escape, now closer to its exit, towards which we lurch in a final gesture of despairing needfulness only to be

barred in our path by who else but the stressball who rips off its mask to reveal itself finally as the Prince of Order, the Master of all Call-in Programmes, Proprietor of the Crummy Burger Joint from which we began, watching now as Chaos rotates on its spit, cooking thus slowly just because Order cannot penetrate and digest the entire wealth of its substance. It turns to us, *yes*, bearing in its hands a final infinity of options, choices, decisions, opportunities, it turns to us, *no*, it turns to us, fingering the form with the external supplier costs printed on our forehead for their benefit, it says, truly the weakest should gain from the most oppressed, *yes*, or, *no*, that all of our taxes are blown on the claims of the weakest, *yes*, or, *no*, that only the weakest deserve the aid of the oppressed, *yes*, or, *no*, that surely the oppressed are weighed down and hurt by the weakest, *yes*, or, *no*, that surely the pain of the oppressed is nothing compared with the pain of the weakest, *yes*, or, *no*, that surely the oppressed should suffer the claims of the weakest, *yes*, or, *no*, that only the workers can earn the pain of the weakest, *yes*, or, *no*, that surely the fair can choose not to indulge the oppressed, *yes*, or, *no*, that only the pain of the weakest can relieve the pain of the oppressed, *yes*, or *no*, that only the weakest can see the thrones of the oppressed, *yes*, or, *no*, that only the oppressed can see the slaves of the weakest, *yes*, or, *no*, that only the weakest can see the slaves of the slaves of the oppressed, *yes*, or, *no*, that only the oppressed can burn down the homes of the weakest, *yes*, or, *no*, that only the weakest can cut the throats of the oppressed, *yes*, or, *no*, that only the oppressed can rape and murder the wives of the weakest, *yes*, or, *no*, that only the oppressed can say in triumph to the weakest, *yes*, or, *no*, that only the oppressed can set fire to the weakest, *yes*, or, *no*, that only the weakest can writhe in pain on the floor, *yes*, or, *no*, that only the oppressed can say in triumph to the weakest, *yes*, or, *no*, that nothing remains to be said, *yes*, or, *no*, that nothing divides the terms, *yes*, or, *no*, that less and less space is left, *yes*, or, *no*, I want to be, *yes*, or, *no*, is the, *yes*, or, *no*, is, *yes*, or, *no*, or, *yes*, or, *no*, or, *yes*, or, *no*, or, *yes*, or, *no*, or, *yes*, or, *no*, or, *yes*, or, *no*, or, *yes*, it says, in our voice for the epilogue, what you have seen here is the target architecture for digital service systems, rolled out into the pit of your stomach to cause there a supplemental metabolism. And here are we, in Bournemouth on the closing day, drenched in innovative solutions, like *the end is struggle itself*, here we are, in London, sped up as fast as we can go nowhere to test the assumption that only in forcing ourselves to say without inhibition the things that we can't say twice because you will be sick on us in a heartbeat it might finally be

possible to know and to look deep into one another's eyes and see at the bottom of them a mass of damaged feeling speeding up and writhing towards the horizon of a single point, which is that everyone who I have ever known who has been hurt has been a greater person than everyone who I have ever known who has not been, and this is for each of you who I hope will understand I have nothing to give but the life I have stolen into.