

Everything I know about technocapitalism, I learned at Berghain:

Ecstasy, speed, intoxication, the supplement,
the self, ritual, endurance, exhaustion,
mimesis, metamorphosis, hallucination, dissociation,
awakening, connection, alienation, loneliness, community,
monsters, hunger, pain, struggle, exercise,
spasms, convulsions, body cults, electric skin,
insatiable lust, unfulfilled desire, searching, MORE, MORE, MORE,
work it, work for your pleasure, work for your fun,
work on yourself, be yourself, express yourself, lose yourself,
be happy, be horny, MORE, MORE, MORE,
when ravers turn into nurses,
collapse, black-out, K-hole, soulmachines,
bodies without organs, organs without bodies
what can a body do?
mirror worlds, information, voodoo, club kidz,
trust funds, social welfare, spontaneous gifts,
sharing is caring, energy, economics,
sweat, pee, pharmacology, pornography,
all the letters of the alphabet,
the imagination, the matrix,
psychosis, depression,
move your body, relax your soul,
codes, more codes, asignifications, no meaning, no mediation,
E X T C K L S D M A 2 C B G,
"no break between gesture, speech, music, dancing, war, men, gods, the sexes,"
apocalypse, vision, the future, the past,
the new way of the world,
experimentation, pleasure, performance, apparatus,
strength, weakness, ethics, automation, speciation,
disembodied consciousness, chaosmosis,
just rhythm, just noise, MORE, MORE, MORE

never enough, it's never enough....

untz untz untz untz boom boom boom boom tza tza tza tza....

This is an autobiographical science-fiction. It all begins with being-together. It ends with a question: what is the future of the species? What are we becoming?

The opening lines hit me like lightning when I was walking down the street this past winter:

"Now that Anthropos has irreversibly executed its upgrade installation, it seems appropriate to spit out the pill and bite the bullet: "kosmos likes death so much, you gonna get lubed up ride," she said. That echoes in my ear, along with "enjoy it!", the first thing I heard before I fell backwards onto the floor.

For a few minutes, or a few years, for a duration I'd best describe as compressed, crooked, and deeply encoded, I understood myself to be in MountGrove. I'm not sure if I ever wasn't there, or if I've ever left. It's just that everything – the upgrade, the trance-formation, the evolutionary leap, the civilizational emergence, the fate of the Intermorphs – everything happens in MountGrove slowerfaster, fasterslower. It is a bloated point in time and the heaviest heaviness in space. It's there where what is already taking place has taken place before any of us are able to say, or to sense, what will take place.

What I have done is compose an ethnography, or to put it more precisely, an entheography of the future. A future which, I realized, bears no direction – it neither comes to us, nor do we go to it. It has always been, and so, these mysteries – my stories – are archaic, indeed epiK, as if cosmic cavemen were to sing cyborg songs."

On January 3rd, around 1AM, the music stopped.

The floor lights turned on.

Looking around, you would swear the scene was the aftermath of a disaster:

White-faced hungry ghosts,

Animated machines,

Bodies on autodrive,

The dancing plague,

Don't stop till you drop.

We looked into each other's eyes with confusion,

we gnashed our teeth – is it over? Is it the end? Is it time?

We don't want to leave, we want to die here, how sublime would it be to die here, gathered together in our collective solitude! I know what you're thinking, you, Swedish girl, your tits hanging out of your shirt, your neck raised up in wonder at the machinic sky: ***our happiness is a platform, and a horizon.***

IN THE BEGINNING, EVERYTHING WAS HUMAN.

In the beginning substance ate substance, there was a primordial cannibalism.

And then the end came, the world drew to a close, the sky fell, and from this collapse the varieties of speciation took place – suddenly there were forests, rivers, stars, men, and minerals.

It was a mind-fuck, just a little DJ-trick.

In that moment of utter despair,

an announcement came –

the Four Horsemen, mounted on top of the steed Silverblazer, part-peptide, part-unicorn,

blew their horns loud and clear. They had arrived to deliver the code:

BOOOOOOOOO BUUUUUUUUUHHHHH BOOOOOOO

And then came a voice from the heavens:

With the blessings of Allah

Almighty God

The Creator of Heaven and Earth

Master of All Living Things

Visible and Invisible

We bring you this Music

We call it:

The only kind of Music

That makes you move

Closer and closer, to your Self

To your Self.

Paralyzed, I looked to the Swedish girl in front of me. Her back was to me now. As the reverberating silence cleared, as the bass began its dull thud, slow and deep, gently accelerating, as the lights began to flash a cold blue, as the soulmachines began to move again, weakly stomping their feet on the concrete floor like soldiers marching to their death in the desert of the Real, as the voice of the Father continued echoing throughout the room, the girl suddenly turned around. Her face was a Joker's grin, she had a necklace of skulls hanging from her neck, and her boobs were spewing out torrents of neon-pink plasma-blood. She lunged towards me and shouted with her raspy man-woman voice: **THIS IS HARDCORE TRANCE.....!!!!**

And then, the refrain:

Move your Body

Move your Body

Move your Body

Move your Body

Relax your Body

Relax your Body

Relax your Body

Relax your Soul

Move your Body

Each time the sky falls, a process of sedimentation begins, a constant mixing of this and that, of bodies and souls intermingling, in which human entities transform, shapeshift, jump from nature to nature, some appearing as spirits, others as energies. In this post-cataclysmic state, a process of catastrophic transubstantiation occurs – beings come into presence, they differentiate, they variate, they diversify, inhabiting this cosmos with a fullness of possible shapes and colors. Regardless of form, these beings all remain human: a man becomes a woman becomes a plant becomes a jaguar becomes a machine becomes a beat becomes a code becomes a particle.

That was when my Dreaming began. The cosmology of the club, where we practice technocapital, where we experiment with the Coming Into Presence of Beings, where we strive towards an ambiguous future for ourselves, our bodies, our souls, where the species is undergoing transition – will we become beings of pure joy, accumulations of pleasure entangled with pleasure, like water within water, or will we become slaves to the happiness imperative, indentured servants to the imagination industry, administrators of the sameness project? ***The world, the flesh, the devil.***

We are the Intermorphs. We are a form in between. We are not yet, or just yet, or maybe yet.

They gathered around the toilet bowl. Their arms reached up to the artificial yellow sky. The feeding ritual was about to begin. They wrapped their limbs around one another to hold on, it was slippery amidst all those greasy, shiny, metallic bodies. A many-headed hydra, each ferocious skull swinging back, frothing at the mouth, tongues extended. Their stomach was one, their body a mutation, a convenient symbiotic fusion of little people in a Big Person. One of them ascended, stepping up onto the toilet bowl, turning around to see his nest of babybirds, squeaking and clucking, beaks gaping, waiting for worms. Feeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeed me! It began to snow in the toilet. Then it rained. Such a density of respiration within this limited space is bound to create its own microclimate. Insects never die, cockroaches will live on long after the nuclear apocalypse. We spat into each others mouths, chewed each other's saliva, we licked the salty onion-sweat from underneath one another's armpits, we gurgled up the sugar-spit-tonic from the one bottle being passed around, we drank the voodoo drops. This was how we spoke to one another, as insect-birds, a colony of ants building a home underneath the dirt. We bathed in honey, which is nothing more than bee-vomit, regurgitated waste, an acidic kiss. Our mouth-language was a wet-language, our body-language a sweat-language. In each droplet of moisture, a hormone, a coded command, an intuitive jab, a jerk, an arousal, a chase. The Queen shat royal jelly into our open mouths. She nurtured each and every one of us into creation, as little slaves to her luscious pussy, addicted to her juices, secretly dreaming of stealing her bottle.

In many ways the Intermorph is very real, the way HD animations appear real, or, the way in which a sci-fi humanoid clone responds viscerally to pain or pleasure, even though it does not feel any. And in many ways the Intermorph is not there yet, it exists only as possible associations, certain situations, forms of life, and practices culled from everyday encounters and states of mind, all of which give the impression of its emergent properties, though these floating fragments, these temporary visions of an Intermorph coming into presence have not yet merged together to compose a full entity.

The Intermorph, as a possible future of the species, is a TRANS-form, a “missing link” between us today-tomorrow. Transition is all around – the environment is transitioning, technology is transitioning, Bruce Jenner is transitioning, so what would make a species as a whole immune from transition? A transition from within itself, as a response to our technocapitalist form-of-life, as an incorporation of the world, as a change in the body-mind apparatus.

No, the Intermorph doesn't have three eyes; it is not taller or shorter; it is not hairless or any more or less athletic than an average specimen of the species "homo" in 2015; it is not smarter or stupider; it doesn't have telepathy or superpowers; it hasn't tapped into the however many percent of unused brain capacity like Lucy did. The Intermorph's adaptation, the qualities revealed through its transition, are not physical. In fact, an Intermorph looks and acts exactly like we do. The only difference is, or rather, a difference that is not so different, a difference that is already quite familiar, that many of us know very well, is that an Intermorph's imagination has transformed fully into a technical object.

An Intermorph has flesh, has body, has mind, has consciousness; an Intermorph is born and dies; an Intermorph carries with it all the genes that make up our DNA. However, an Intermorph has access to a way of being in the world, in which its perceptions, sensations, and activities are all the product of code.

An Intermorph is a human biocomputer with access to an open source code it can use to de-code and re-code experiences, and is able to share and exchange this richly-textured information with other users, modifying it, re-experiencing it.

An Intermorph experiences its environment as a set of spatial formats. It is able to model consciousness as matter, to operate its imagination as a refined technology, to launch platforms upon which it can posit relations, generate velocity, and occupy space. Space is necessary, a ground where compositions may be assembled. What can the imagination do?

An Intermorph imagines machines, as *androids dream of electric sheep*. An Intermorph doesn't need its body, it only needs to experience the pleasure of its own imagination. Its experiences are all generated by operating the imagination. Because the world of the Intermorph is one of code; because the labor of the Intermorph is the production of possibles; because its life is dedicated to the desire for sight and sound, for limitless sensation; because its reality is a technically supplemented hallucination. Because an Intermorph finds depth along surfaces.

His dissolved self becomes another. Dance of amor and psyche, metal dough sensual body
etheric passion split and glowing. So it beat.

Back to the club, where the Intermorphs dance beyond dawn and dusk, beyond night and day, beyond good and evil. So many forms of presence populate this Contemporary Leisure Platform, all these interstitial beings, all these techno-mutations, all these ontic simulations:

A boy and a girl, kneeling down, dancing like crabs, passing back and forth a container of lip balm, creaming their lips, nostrils, ears, eyes, and hands --- the Embalmers --- sealing the sense-organs, lubricating the apparatus, greasing the claws. The bioluminescent deep-sea creatures perched on top of the speakers, the Light Dancers, engaging in a Hypnosis Ritual, a circle of plasticpeople worshipping them: they eat light, they breathe light, they are filled with light, a cold light, a dark light. Behind the urinals, the dimension of shadows, trapped soul-doubles immersed in metallic hydrogen. The language of stone, leather, metal, of hair growing, of skin sweating. Everything has a language, though it is not always words. Everything is making noise, the world is NOISY. Schizophrenia is the purest state of perception. Degree zero. No filter. Everything appears crooked...like a compacted plane slightly awry. Everything seems old and new at once, a leaky time-slip, a temporal Ourobouros: this is what tomorrow brings yesterday, archaeo-futurism, when the most unimaginably distant future appears as the most ancient past. When Mohenjo-Daro returns from Saturn. When the Aztecs reappear as intergalactic warriors. When indigenous jungle tribes teletransport through wormholes, jumping from star to star. When Sun Ra, donned in Egyptian garb, lands in Oakland with his spaceship, speaks in music, and the world listens.

The cyberscreen grid between a black leather wedge and a curved concrete wall. A holographic display, as you lay down to take a rest:

We see a man, his name is Hugundu. He is wandering a desert in an old pick-up truck, desperately in need of an oil change. These days, the land is being pulled out from underneath his feet. Minerals, resources, computer chips, silicon – a digital World Stick? Moving the Center. His car broke down. He had 4 liters of water on him and a bag full of day old sandwiches. Would he have to walk? He pulled out his global positioning device. He threw it against a rock – the black mirror shattered. He cut the satellite umbilical cord

that connected his ear to the cosmic microwave radiation background. No more binary signals. Now, only dust, only the wasteland. He began to dream. Was it sunstroke? Techno-totem animals, a robotic dingo, techno-didgeridoo. He's sweating; he's thirsty.

Ethnographic accounts from the TOTAL Frontier. Reporting live from the PleasureDome. Breaking news from Lala-land. Klubkulturwissenschaft. All these narcissistic borderliners, lost in the field, all these border-workers, laboring at the edge of imagination. Mind-expanding self-experimentation, techniques for becoming-imperceptible, memories of a recreational drug user. Machinic enslavement. In 1984, the year I was born, the year of Orwell's future, it was said by many that the crisis of the West was the crisis of subjectivity. Unfortunately, the rest of the globe has to deal with the shit the West gets itself into. Everywhere we look, humanity appears to be the product of something other, untied from the species. A TOTAL Mobilization of Anthropol. We are now otherwise to ourselves, a dissociated state, an out-of-body space, a K-hole Awakening. Geo-psychosis.

A territory beyond the market. The prompt for an excellent story, in which the Intermorphs play a central role. There is war being waged, a war against war, a war that aims *to exterminate Beings capable of love*. Instead, they are offered infinite pleasure. Here goes:

In a near future, perhaps already now, perhaps long gone, a corporation named Quertek enters the market, dramatically changing the rules of the game. Quertek, Incorporated is a decentralized autonomous organization committed, in its own words, to "the creation of optimized subjective experiences." To address this, Quertek brings together a diverse team of collaborators to systematically and comprehensively tackle the necessity for a universal mastery of creativity. Tektology. The aim is to intensify consciousness. Quertek offers a line of open-source supplements and services it has registered as "Übermaterials". Quertek works at the cutting edge TOTAL Frontier of the molecular revolution in soft machine technology, KODE® development, mobile idea production, life-form experimentation, and Perceptronium® modeling. Its mission statement is: "We invest in the future of the species".

What does Quertek want? I can't say. Quertek is responding to demand, to what people want, what you and I want – to feel good, look good, have it good, as much as possible, as long as possible. We are tired of this whole "desire as lack" thing, this vicious circle of "need, want, consume, more, not enough, unfulfilled, insatiable, more, again". We want **PERMANENT HAPPINESS**, we want **SERENITY NOW**, we want **PURE JOY. YES TO SENTIENCE! YES TO LIFE!** Forever.

The most breathtaking fact about the world today is that THEY have convinced each and every one of us that when we are unhappy, it is something we need to work on and fix inside our selves, and not that there is something to be unhappy about in the world.

Change your mindset, change the way you think, change the way you see, hear, and sense. Change the apparatus. This is where Quertek comes in, delivering a simple, revolutionary message: "we must rely on nano-biotechnologies, neuro-techno transmitters, and electronic intra-psychic entities. We must dream in Kode."

Replace the letter "c" with a "k", each and every time, or else, if you're into combining a bit of pep with a bit of plop, the equation yields CK1. Classy 90's. Love Parade. Ravers smell so good. Alkaline and salty. A silver crystal. A nasal implant. A multimedia protocol. Vision-machines. Science is cosmogrammatical: it writes and captures worlds, "operating as a material-discursive practice of bodily production."

A friend wrote me today, he is a scientist:

"A friend of mine is coming this weekend from San Francisco. First time in Berlin, first time in Berghain. He seems to be my energetic counterpart. He is just the opposite of me and we can do incredible things together. Since I've been working with him, things have really skyrocketed. Can't wait to show you. Especially at Berghain. That place is like a plutonic catalyst. A magnetic field that amplifies all alchemical processes. A space port. It truly is a magical place. Did you know that the Earth's structural heart chakra is in Berlin? There is a lot of bad karma and broken-heartedness to mend: the Jews and the Germans, East and West. And I honestly believe, it is right under Berghain. It is not at all a coincidence."

The Intermorphs are an ambiguous, experimental form-of-life, a latent potentiality within the species that Quertek wishes to actualize. The Intermorphs exhibit the animistic transformation of technocapital. Quertek has long researched the ways in which embodied selves interact with meaning-making technologies, the ways in which bodies merge with codes to generate expression, affect, interactivity, and instantaneity. The Intermorph is a new model of inter-subjectivity launched by Quertek, whose individuality has been dismantled through an assemblage of machines. The range of Übermaterial® supplements and services offered by Quertek centers around its patented KODE® biogenetic design software. The KODE® Upgrade v.1.1 is a bio-compatible incorporation and application of KODE® into a human user. Installation of the Upgrade over-codes the user's personal biocomputer with a techno-morphic KODE® experience-generator environmental matrix, resulting in the ontological mutation of the user into an Intermorph. This is, in Quertek's own words, "a textured enhancement of anthropic nature towards maximized evolutionary potentiality." Science transforms matter into decoded flows. What Quertek offers is a consolidation and a commodification of a system within which "numerous human and nonhuman elements interact, and the component parts of all work can be expressed in terms of information." Quertek rids us of our selves, finally.

Instead, Quertek offers us space.

MountGrove is a quantum intra-psychic environment where KODE® can be altered. Kafka's Amerika, where one goes to disappear. A space to take on abstract perspectives. Multinatural perspectivism. A pyramid replicates a mountain, a concrete floor replicates a grove. Spatial signatures between environments, the world in small, the imagination of worlds, the practice of worlding. Space is an oracle. There, ***it is always night, and there are fountains of stone, and the happiness of that paradise is the special happiness of farewells, of renunciation, and of those who know that they are sleeping.*** Inscribed upon its Stargate Portal, the counterdictum to the infamous Apollonian command – gnothi seauton – there is no "self" to know. There is no Self! An aphorism, instead: ***"We have no knowledge but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone."*** The night-time healing sessions that take place within the mind's eye of the Temple require sacrifice. Humans survive on stolen time. Substance must be offered in retribution for time-theft. Bloodletting, fluid exchange, giving up one's soul, offering the Self.

When I close my eyes I see my heart eating your heart. Our spines turn inside out, our bone marrow gushes forth as a fountain. You and I have turned into snakes. We are entering the Chamber of Cannibal Rites. We consume one another and wrap into a ball, a cosmic egg, it turns neon-purple, it hollows out and from inside light-plasma-goo drips out, flooding the egg with puddles of fluorescence. The space is all of a sudden empty again, pure white – a home appears.

The Spaceape sings the Ballad of the Intermorphs:

*Woken by the spirits of a new life dawning, are we dreaming?
Decode the cipher intercept reception, we are learning.
Feeding is function so the heart beats stronger, she is breathing.
Physically drained but we alleviate the hunger, we are creator.
Wrestling with our fears like the Unknown Soldier, we are vanity.
Separate the demon from the devil inside.
Is this insanity?
Nerves bound taut by the frequent recollections, we are reasoning.
Caught between a chance and a realization, stop us deceiving.
Parasitical nature is the human savior, and the limitation.
Fumbling and fussing as we fake behavior, in the mutation.
□Hand in mouth we know the journey was hard, we are soothing.
□Sleep is the cure for our next generation, we are hoping.
□Beyond our fighting with the earth a kind of solace is found.
□Can you hear me?
□□Between these intimate strangers biologically bound.
□Is this the future?
□Our expression of love is like an infinite glance.
□Will it kill me?
□Unlocking the code is our only chance.
□Do you believe me?
Can you hear me?*

The cumulative effect of this scenario would give one the sense that *THEY* have finally succeeded in producing consciousness, in producing body as waste, as inert and cumbersome mass...

Take over the means of psychic production.
 Revolution in the bodies throughout the bodies of the bodies
 rewiring themselves, binding thoughts in new stories series stacks,

holographic

chemic

synthetic

thermic

orgasmic

emotional pattern regrouped, energy levels rise,

the plane of perfection hydrates perception

all new in an eternal axis of now

the balance the pivot the beat

beat

beat

head

head

high

stronger feet to proceed better
it's better than ether said the beat
I read it, I ate it.

Cannibal thoughts often occur in delirious subjects triggered by substances of sensual programming developed in the direction of fusing those bodies disfigured in the paralytic love dance of soul-cripples.

What if an Intermorph were to suddenly remember, what if the code were to crack, or to be hacked, and reveal a pattern of information the algorithms do not account for?

I press so firmly against you because I have no sense of balance and I am afraid I cannot walk alone properly anymore, but also because I love touching your big hard body, so giant, so strong, so safe. I cannot see anything anymore. It feels like my head has been squeezed under such immense pressure, as if our atmosphere has been replaced by heavy metals. Amplified magnitudes. I feel only pressure, the pressure of my head-mind-inner-eye, the pressure of your chest against my chin, the pressure of my hands

digging into your back, the gravity of my desire towards you, for you, upon you, on you. I do not see or know YOUR body. I do not see or know MY body. I do not know how I am touching, I am not directing the force of my grip, I am not aware of the shape and appearance of our physical entanglement. I only comprehend your quality, which is solid, firm, and strong. Partially a sensation, partially a belief – I believe you are strong.

I take on the point of view from the inside of your small intestine. My third eye sees this abstract perspective opening up from the blackness of its diamond-point singularity, and once my consciousness recognizes within this window of opportunity the chance to reclaim a spatial format – a corporeality? a plane of consistency? an impossible geometry? – it seizes upon the view and assumes the abstract terms and conditions necessary for reconfiguring a sense for itself, re-incorporating into a simulated physical container. Now, I am an entity who happens to move and see the world as an eye upon a corner somewhere along the countless kilometers of your intestinal tract. The numerous cilia are in the way, obstructing my vision, horrific little tentacular protrusions, hairy little fingers, vigorously swimming against your murky digestive fluids. Am I a microbe, all of a sudden conscious of its endosymbiotic habitat? Are we having bacterial sex, transferring information horizontally? I am getting smaller and smaller: am I a protein, a carbohydrate, a DNA molecule suddenly aware of my existence as biogenetic information? Am I a virus? Have you eaten me? Are you eating me? Will I be digested? Have I infected you? Is this irreversible? Will I merge with your code? Will you replicate me? I feel a deep psychological pain, a kind of perception-constipation. I want my body back. I didn't want to see this, even though I wanted to see everything, to see all of you. I see teeth gnashing, I see eyes blinking. It is hard to chew, there is a struggle to move and to be at ease. I am having difficulty accepting this metamorphosis. The realization struck me: consciousness is not a wave of energy. It is not a force possessing and animating the body. Consciousness has organs, it is material. There is no separation.

We are on our way to becoming-human.

START POSITION #1. The first step is an experience of body-photism, or illumination. This leads to the second experience, the weakening of the body in an absorptive manner. At this stage, you may feel an intensification of thoughts and the imagination. Suddenly, you are filled with fear and trembling. **"And you shall feel another spirit awakening within yourself and strengthening you and passing over your entire body and giving you pleasure."** When you have reached your destination, you see a human form: **"The prophet suddenly sees the shape of his self standing before him and he forgets his self and it is disengaged from him and he sees the shape of his self before him talking to him and predicting the future."** Not ego-loss, but ego-projection. The knowledge, the known, the knower, all bound together. Let us call this a "magic of inwardness". There are radical consequences for undertaking the techniques of ecstasy, "the paths of loneliness and the preliminaries of adhesion." A science of combining words and sounds, letters and notes, language and music, the beat and the bass, the boom and the bam. To become META, to unlock the state of the self-to-Self, to confront you-me with Me-You, means to alter the apparatus forever.

Sex-magic or, how to work?

We woke up next to each other. We were upstairs in the smoker's lounge, lying down flat on the metal grating. We had lifted up our legs and stretched them straight against the wall. Were we gazing at our dingy sneakers? Were we admiring our bruised legs? Mounting the Schwarzgerät. Revving up the engines. Resting our bloated feet, and letting the blood and lymph and water drain back down to the core, to nourish the coiled serpent, to replenish the seat of the passions. I turned my head to look at him, squinting one eye: "we just had sex, didn't we?"