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## THE PREFIX *CYBER* MEANS TO STEER

perhaps its a good thing then, that the transformation machines are not steered. for the most part they are self-regulating, inward facing and autonomous. although they are given starting co-ordinates and a machinic body, they steer themselves, in partnership with the weather outside or weather inside of a building.

surprised by what they deposit; new and unheralded by-products. birthed either during or at the end of or near the start of or even long after the transformation process takes place.

i build their bodies as to initiate the dispersal of data, but cannot ultimately determine how or when that happens.

the transformation machines act as a platform for anxiety, always wavering between promise to produce new objects that i have hoped for them to produce, and refusal.

planned results are laced with inconsistencies because none of said machines prioritise instruction.

they are content as open and closed circuits, and welcome new feedback into the loop, whilst winding through existing data.

they are closed circuits because they are self-referential, self-contained machines. regurgitating their own feedback loops over and over again, original co-ordinates become warped. like a bike chain that starts unravelling, a new process specific to the error and mishap of the transformation machine takes place. this mistake is reworked, then reworked again etc. it is a new, evolving process which is built upon error.

they are open circuits because at some point, their functioning was birthed only from their environment. even the current data that is now warped or has become a part of a closed system, could have once only been an extract from an assigned environment. every now and then, an inconsistency from the environment or from within the machine will enable new data to leak into the loop.

*burning.*

*burning.*

*burning.*

*burning.*

*downward draft*

*burning.*

*burning rapidly.*

*burning rapidly and burning itself*

*burning rapidly.*

it is hardly a transaction, because there is nothing in return. the machines will not perform in favour of predictions or anxiety. the only way alignments between a viewers hope/prediction and valued machinic output will occur, is through chance or luck.

it will probably be found that the by-products that have been hoped for are of very marginal capital value in a place where all products are end products.

the by-products you are hoping to see are probably not of any value because there has already been a compensation. you only hope for what you know may be likely. the machines will likely produce something or do something apparently underwhelming, unless you become so accustomed to their plainness that you begin to find it rational or exciting.

cybernetics as the science of effective organization (with the supposed out-of-control 'other') is like being dumped into a derelict sea bed which causes profuse sweating upon the realisation that it may not end for kilometres. besides the fact that oxygen is running low, the scenery is awful.

out of idealistic aspirations to attain this equilibrium, some kind of dystopian safety net drapes itself in an attempt to rationalize bodies and instances that have (quite amazingly) found a way to thrive, despite being severed.

it hurts

it is not needed to always ask so much about perceived disorganization; to quantify it.

technology and objects which act as extensions exterior to and throughout the body, provide necessary but also surplus sensory perceptions to live appropriately under the observation of a

colonial,  
patriarchal,  
white-supremacist,  
capitalist,  
heteronormative informed society.

physical bodies are automatically positioned into a lattice to become physical, mapped points. or open and closed circuits.

consider islands as powerful spaces.

to establish an isthmus between these islands or plotted points, there needs to be a cybernetic exchange between individuals and their assigned environments. there is an exterior or self-contained intention to evade/deal with/avoid a given environment, but one can only use the technology or tools that are available and specific to the environment itself. even an individualized tool that is fabricated for a specific task by a specific person with a very specific intention, materials are sourced within the place that restrains them.

it is a rhizomatic network of hopefulness but intense claustrophobia.



in the absence or death of the original object, person, event, action, digital documentation and representations allow it to be simultaneously living and dying. living and dying under pressures of idealistic sets of eyes and in minds that want to either honour or shame it.

preservation and rearticulation through physical and virtual landscapes act as a fuzz around the original thing, now that the first-hand architectural information is gone. this distorted information is bought into new spaces, then turned into

*another.*

the general rule goes something like this:

volume of a cylinder =  $\pi r^2 \times H$   
 diameter = 1058mm  
 radius = 529mm

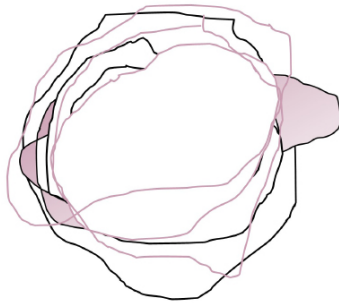
+ - 1 M M E R R O R = 0.88 L

total volumes in litres:

log a = 70.38  
 log b = 39.61  
 log c = 29.93  
 log d = 5.27  
 log e = 4.40  
 log f = 42.24  
 log g = 80.94  
 log h = 11.43  
 log I = 21.10

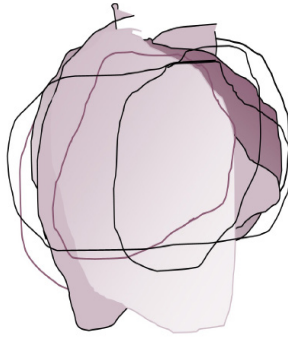
= 305.3 L

2 MINUTES



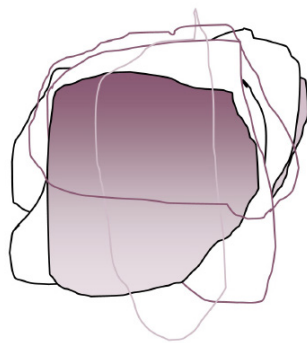
**FEEDB**

2 MINUTES



**ACK SY**

*2 MINUTES*



***STEMS***

## FIRE AND LOSS

### 0.1 TEXT BY SAMUEL JACKSON

Looking into the fire the other night, I was struck by the transformation and loss inherent in the fireplace. Watching the wood become the fire, the fire melt to ash. The ash dissipates into dust only to lift out of the chamber, join the air and dissolve into the wind and the night. Fire at first thought is in a constant process of becoming. Its very nature is flux.

Fire the most primordial of technologies. Maybe the first transformation machine. Like all transformation, fire is process. The rapid oxidation of a material in the exothermic chemical process of combustion, releasing heat, light, and various reaction products.

Fire is obsolescent due to its high loss levels of energy transfer. Cybernetics is just one new technology that mimics fire, its scientific specificity initially used to rationalise information, to create complete control. I imagine early fire adopters were quick to extoll the benefits of fire. Its capabilities in the culinary arts were probably revolutionary at its inception, not to mention warfare and security. I wonder how long it took for the first hominins to look into the fire and ponder its meaning? The fire's metaphysical yearning to be something that its not right now, but will be shortly. The first person to lie next to the fire, crowded by the warmth of fire and flesh. Hot breath suddenly in the night. To think about fire as the rupture of the night. The slow melting of darkness into day that will only increase right into the now.

*Fire is maybe the burning away of emptiness*

*Fire is maybe the consecration of loss*

*Fire is maybe the joining together of the  
other*

*Fire is maybe not limited to wood, but can  
contain, the body*

*Fire is maybe self referential*

*Fire is maybe the retouched surface of the  
self*

Someone told me the other day, a story about a funeral. While watching the old person, levelled with the ground. They thought about the slow rotting of the corpse. The process of life bleeding into the earth. They imagined the funeral as it would have happened 1000 years ago. The slow bleed to the earth, accelerated by fire. A pyre, up high. The old man on top. Crowded amidst the fuel to aid him in his upcoming transformation. People below, excited for the flames, standing respectfully at a distance. This person imagined an overcast day. One which could rain, but wouldn't.

My friend then thought of how the fire must have looked. To be there when this person became ash, almost part of the air. To see the ash lift off their face, join the air and think about inhaling this person. My friend, thought that this was maybe the definition of emancipation. To be lifted out of one's material conditions, to help others, to become others, to slowly embed into all of your loved one's circuits. To settle onto the ground, become the ground, and thus flower matter for those loved ones to eat and admire.

My friend's face scrunched into consternation. "Think about the revolutionary appeal of fire. The possibility of everything turning into a blaze. Fire is used as a metaphor for so much transformation. Yes, it was the archaic process of connecting ourselves with everything else. But it is also the embraced rupture of everything. Our way of life. Maybe the only death capitalism will ever have will be at the hands of fire."

A person last night told me how they were making a smoker to cure beef and cheese. They spoke about the rigour and time that goes into the curing of beef. Most of all though I thought about the smoke. Incidentally invested in a smoke machine, I'm unsure of this machines purpose, and how much it divorces the process of fire and smoke from one another. But they told me that they were going to use apple wood from their orchard.

Smoke is another great example of things becoming other things. Naked transformation. The meat sits in the smoke chamber. It turns from a bright red to a withered brown. It's ability to exist is both diminished and extended. The meat will now last much longer. But it does look half dead/less ripe.



Listening to a podcast the other day, I was surprised by the climate of war, and its rationalization of fire. The shift from swords and arrows to missiles and guns. All of it depends on fire. Fire is in this sense a form of climate. Virilio talks about contemporary war as a state of atmosphere. An atmosphere where living conditions are pushed into the negative. Where fire is meant to be breathed, inhaled. People talk about war as a cloud of war, or do they? To live in war is to live in the bottom of a pit of wood, burning.

To watch a missile fly is to watch a fire burn a light across the colour blue.

This podcast talked about people living in trenches, fighting a war of ideas with burning bodies. Thinking about this war, I thought of Europe, split into circuits of fire. Flesh and people alight with ideas, and the very substance of warmth. A network of flesh and blood tracking new ideas and substances around Europe.

Europe is burning they said. But what does that mean? Why does Europe burn. This is perhaps the historian's question, and maybe the cyberneticist's also. What old structures of life were deterritorialized amidst the flames. New lines of flight emerging and streaming across the country, sparking new roads, new connections. What transformation did this war spark, and was it worth it?

*Loss is maybe time sinking into life*

*Loss is maybe the weathering of your surface  
in the face of the sun*

*Loss is not trivial, but demands circuits of  
information and power, wielded through wea-  
ponized fire*

*Loss is grief of loved ones, turning into oth-  
ers*

I heard a story once. It was a story about someone whom came into contact with fire. Not in that they were burned, but the more spiritual kind of contact. The way it was described to me was that they saw a fire that was larger than what they could conceive. Fire in this sense, the forest fire, they thought, was so large as to be neither positive or negative. Rather it was a fire that was almost a vacuum of meaning. Yes, I'm told people lost homes, family belongings, general things such as that. But this person, at large amidst the fire. Felt the transcendent qualities of a whole fire, turning into something else. Turning from a home, to what? Fertile soil? This persons relation of events would have it, that the fire, most obviously likened to a wall of death, was more than that. Not a burning of the map, but an extending of it. A stretching of time, that seemed to allow thoughts not thought before.

For example; This person thought that the fire was like a computer. All circuits connected to other circuits. Each tree before touching in soil, now touching in air. They watch a tree's surface separate from the still hard wood and seemingly peel into the atmosphere. They touched themselves, imagined the sensation of peeling. Their skin dissipating.

A friend once told me a story where they were driving somewhere, destination is not important; but on that drive they saw a paddock ablaze. Farmers were present, burning the years previous crops to make way for the next year. In the process this fire would provide nourishment to the soil. My friend stopped on their journey, got out of the car, and watched the crops in their almost ritualistic burning. This friend of mine, was apparently, momentarily thrust into the real. Could see the field, not from their almost two-dimensional picturesque position, but instead from a gods eye view. From above, but also in a sense, three-dimensional. The fire on the crops but merging into one. The crops on the land, also merging into one. The by-product was the ash. The signification of new promise, but also the empty history of the year before, now gone.

This turning over of the land, suggested to my friend a new becoming. A process maybe immanent to itself. They saw the paddock as a constant state of becoming. The fire, just one process in that turning over of new time in the history of that paddock.

Fire in this sense, they thought, allowed for the conceptualisation of this state of becoming. The application of fire, is maybe a trite example of the objects and their status of flux. What is more in flux than fire after all? More interestingly my friend thinks fire is the window into what Deleuze calls the virtual. The materialisation of the virtuality of an object, where patterns of becoming are generated.

*Fire is maybe loss*

*Fire is maybe that sinking feeling when you think about time going by*

*Fire is maybe the circuit system of the cosmic.*

*Fire is maybe feeling like you are not in control*

*Fire is maybe the confrontation with death, rationalised into heat*

*Fire is maybe the compartmentalisation of the sun*

*Fire as is maybe as Donna Haraway might claim the first and final grid of control that extends over the planet*

Watching the news the other day, I learned about someone whose house had caught fire.

The person on the camera, talked about the devastation of the fire, but also about renewal. In their soliloquy, they demonstrated their feeling of loss, with a stoic commitment to the future. For them, the day was not lost, but only the precursor to tomorrow. They talked about family albums, cherished belongings. Out of focus some distance behind, the house burned.

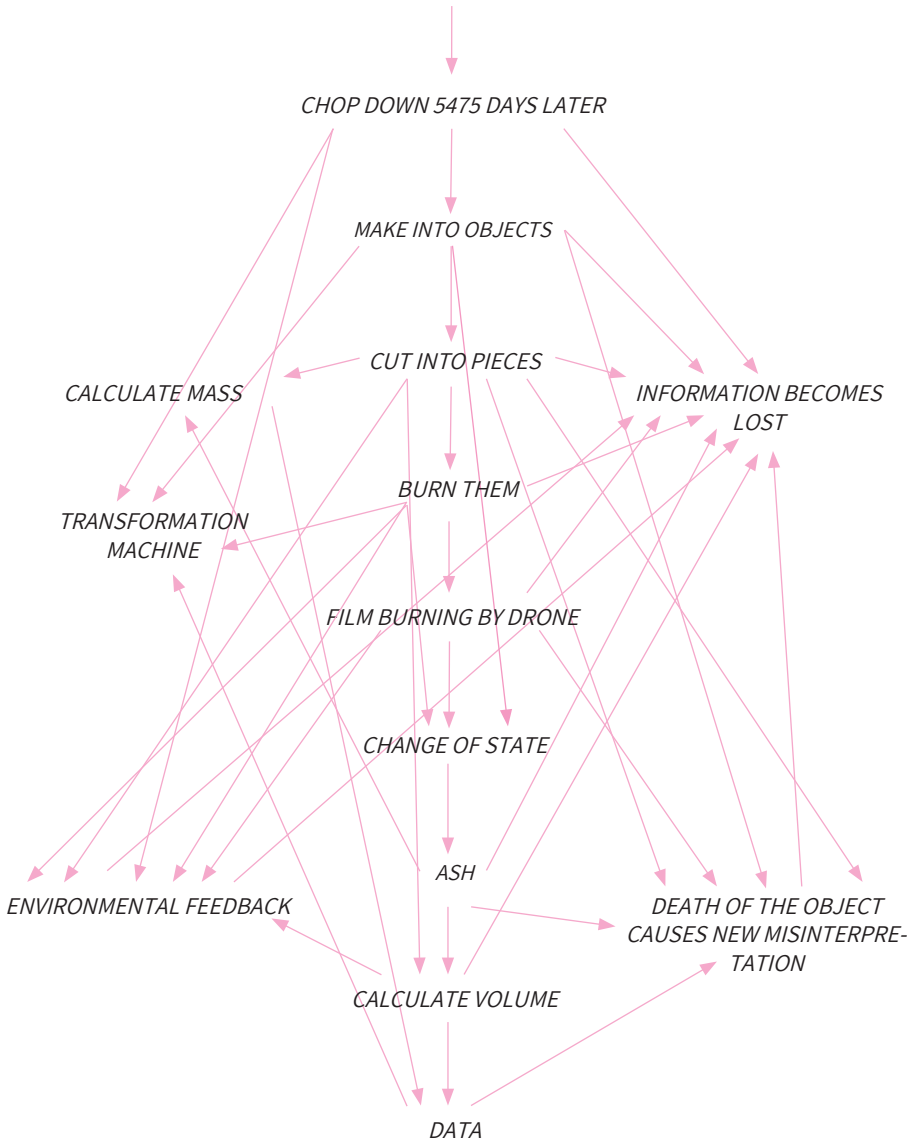
The person talked of familial life, something we are all geared towards feeling in empathy. The destruction of that life, shadowing the lives that we all lead.

The man talked of emergence. The feeling that all change is just change, with positives and negatives.

There was also talk about insurance.

## LOOPS

## PLANT TREES

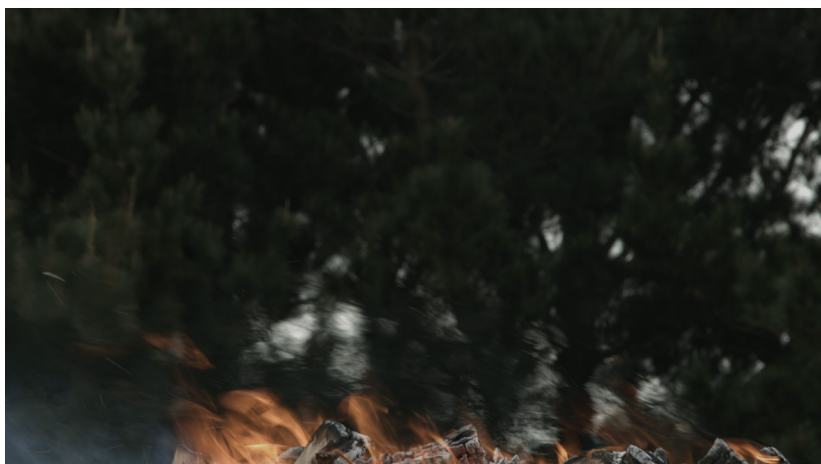


- 01. WOODEN TRANSFORMATION MACHINE/BODY (3.4M)
- 02. THE TREES BURNING ON A LATTICED SURFACE
- 03. BUCKET TO CATCH THE FALLING ASH











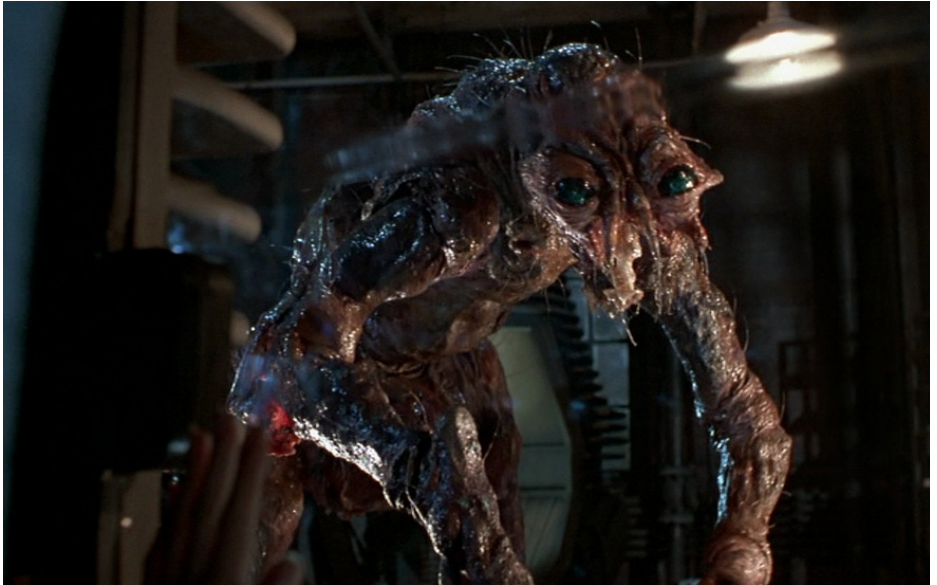
















## ZEROS AND ONES

CHAPTER BY SADIE PLANT

When Wiener published his *Cybernetics: Communication and Control in Animal and Machine* in 1948, he announced the dawn of a new era of communication and control. The term cybernetics comes from the Greek word for steersman, the figure who guides the course of the ship. What it actually described in Wiener's terms was both the steersman and the ship, which together compose what became known as a cybernetic organism, or cyborg.

Cybernetic systems are machines which incorporate some device allowing them to govern or regulate themselves, and so run with a degree of autonomy. Cybernetic systems have little in common with "older machines, and in particular the older attempts to produce automata" such as Babbage's silver dancer. What sets "modern automatic machines such as the controlled missile, the proximity fuse, the automatic door opener, the control apparatus for a chemical factory, and the rest of the modern armoury of automatic machines which perform military or industrial functions" apart from clockwork machines is that they "possess sense organs; that is, receptors for messages coming from the outside." These are systems that receive, transmit and measure sense data, and are "effectively coupled to the external world, not merely by their energy flow, their metabolism, but also by a flow of impressions, of incoming messages, and of the actions of outgoing messages."

While Wiener was among the first to name such processes, cybernetics has no neat source, no single point of origin. Cybernetic circuits and feedback loops could retrospectively be identified in a variety of modern contexts and theories, including those of Immanuel Kant, Adam Smith, Karl Marx, Alfred Wallace, Friedrich Nietzsche, and Sigmund Freud, Wiener's work picked up on many elements of these

earlier researches. Energetic feedback loops are certainly at work in James Watt's steam engine, which is regulated by a governor which "keeps the engine from running wild when its load is removed. If it starts to run wild, the bars of the governor fly upward from centrifugal action, and in their upward flight they move a lever which partly cuts off the admission of steam. Thus the tendency to speed up produces a partly compensatory tendency to slow down." There are suggestions that "the first homeostatic machine in human history" came long before the steam engine with twentieth-century compasses. Sometimes Ktesibios's "regular," a water clock dating to the third century B.C., is given the honour of being "the first non-living object to self-regulate, self govern, and self-control...the first self to be born outside of biology...a true auto thing—directed from within."

As Wiener's work made clear, however, the old distinctions between autonomous activity within and outside biology could no longer be applied. As his reference to animal and machine suggested, cybernetic systems were composed at all scales and of any combinations of materials, and the same patterns, processes, and functions could now be observed in technical and organic systems alike. Input and output devices allow them to connect and communicate with whatever composes their outside world; feedback loops and governors give them some measure of self-control. Prioritizing the processes common to lively systems of all varieties; rather than the essential qualities which had more recently distinguished them, Wiener argued that organisms—animals, humans, all kinds of beings— and things—nonorganic systems and machines—"are precisely parallel in their analogous attempts to control entropy through feedback." No matter how extreme, the differences between these systems were simply matters of degree. Human beings were no exception to these basic ways of life.

Cybernetic systems, now it seemed, had always been organizing themselves. Wiener's work was merely the occasion for them to become perceptible to a world

which thought that everything needed to be organized by some outside force. As 'the theory of the message among men, machines, and in society as a sequence of events in time,' cybernetics was conceived as an attempt to "hold back nature's tendency toward disorder by adjusting its parts to various purposive ends." This tendency toward disorder is entropy, defined by the Second Law of Thermodynamics as the inexorable tendency of any organization to drift into a state of increasing disorder. Wiener describes a world in which all living organisms are "local and temporary islands of decreasing entropy in a world in which the entropy as a whole tends to increase." Cybernetic systems, like organic lives, were conceived as instances of a struggle for order in a continually degenerating world which is always sliding towards chaos. "Life is an island here and now in a dying world. The process by which we are living beings resist the general stream of corruption and decay is known as homeostasis." Wiener's cybernetic systems, be they living or machinic, natural or artificial, are always conservative, driven by the basic effort to stay the same.

"It seems as progress itself and our fight against the increase of entropy intrinsically must end in the downhill path from which we are trying to escape." Wrote Wiener in the 1950's. "It is highly probable that the whole universe around us will die the heat death, in which the whole world will be reduced to one vast temperature equilibrium in which nothing really new ever happens. There will be nothing left but a drab uniformity out of which we can expect only minor and local fluctuations." Never less, Wiener assures his readers that it may well be "a long time yet before our civilization and human race perish." We are "not yet spectators at the last stages of the world's death," and a multiplication of cybernetic loops could ensure that this point was continually warded off.

The Sex Which Is Not One is not impressed. "Consider this principle of constancy which is so dear to you: what 'does it mean'? The avoidance of excessive inflow/outflow-excitement? Coming from the

other? The search, at any price, for homeostasis? For self-regulation? The reduction, then, in the machine, of the effects of movements from/toward its outside? Which implies reversible transformations in a closed circuit, while discounting the variable of time, except in the mode of repetition as a state of equilibrium." She is dying to run away.

Hunting for the abstract principles of organization and an organized life, cybernetics was supposed to be introducing unprecedented opportunities to regulate, anticipate, and feed all unwelcome effects back to into its loops. It also exposed the weaknesses of all attempts to predict and control. Cybernetic systems enjoy a dynamic, interactive relation with their environment which allows them to feed into and respond to it. Feedback " involves sensory members which are actuated by motor members and perform the function of tell-tales or monitors—that is, of elements which indicate a performance. It is the function of these mechanisms to engage and interact with the volatile environments in which they find themselves, otherwise they would not be dynamic or alive. By the same token, it is precisely these engagements which ensure that homeostasis, perfect balance, or equilibrium, is only ever an ideal. Neither animals or machines work according to such principles.

Long before Wiener gave them a name, it was clear that cybernetic systems could run into "several possible sorts of behaviour considered undesirable by those in search of equilibrium. Some machines went into runaway, exponentially maximizing their speed until they broke or slowing down until they stopped. Others oscillated and seemed unable to settle to any mean. Others—still worse—embarked on sequences of behaviour in which the amplitude of their oscillation would itself oscillate or become greater and greater," turning themselves into systems with "positive gain, variously called escalating or vicious circles." Unlike the negative feedback loop which turns everything to the advantage of the security of the whole, these runaway, schismogenetic processes take off on their own to the detriment of the stability

of the whole.

Undermining distinctions between human, animal, and machine, Wiener also challenged orthodox conceptions of life, death, and the boundary between the two. Were self-governing machines alive? If not, why not? After all, they were certainly not dead matter, impassive and inert. And, since many life forms were less sophisticated than automatic machines, the status of being alive could not simply be a matter of complexity.

Only by reverting to some notion of essences was it possible to distinguish between the liveliness of an organism and that of a machine. In principle, neither was more or less dead or alive than the other. Life and death were no longer absolute conditions, but interactive tendencies and processes, both of which are at work in both automatic machines and organisms. Regardless of their scale, size, complexity, or material composition, things that work do so because they are both living and dying, organizing and disintegrating, growing and decaying, speeding up and slowing down. "Every intensity controls within its own life the experience of death, and envelops it." Either extreme can be fatal, and in this sense systems do die in an absolute and final sense. "Death then, does actually happen." But it is not confined to the great event at the end of life. This is a death which is also "felt in every feeling," a death which "never ceases and never finishes happening in every becoming." All living systems are dying: this is the definition of life. Something that lives is something that will die, which is why "the hint of death is present in every biological circuit."

## IMMANENT FEEDBACK

### 0.2 TEXT BY SAMUEL JACKSON

A friend of mine, a musician was excitedly telling me about feedback in their latest project. Basically they were talking about loops of noise, continuously growing, thwarting their attempt at some kind of antelos. They described in ecstatic terms, the process of their failure, the sound and hum of feedback rolling over itself, turning over new sounds, compiling into an algorithmic, autonomous structure of sound.

Feedback then was a network of independent/interdependent forms. I imagined a feedback apparatus. Mechanically attuned to the sensuous nature of its environment, displaying the minor fluctuations of movement or thought, even as the feedback coalesced, into slow entropy. The disintegration of the sound/object/thing, into an unconditioned mass. This musical construction of feedback I thought, maybe perfectly exemplified the failure of cybernetics to construct the completely controlled system. Feedback was always there, ready to intrude rudely with its unmitigated disaster of anti-rationalisation. Revealing our systems as rudimentary introjections on the natural world. Or maybe more interestingly, the collapse of the binary, natural/artificial. Because all autonomous things surely have feedback, all systems both natural and man made can be signified as a bell curve, bleeding into entropy.

Feedback in this sense they thought, elucidated the terms of immanent connections. Immanent due to the feedbacks localised nature. The forms it created, were derived from structures wholly contained by a larger structure of recording and overturning.

Somewhat ironically, the other day, a friend was telling me their new theory on the world.

Friends are systems of relational affects.

They went on to explain that each friend was the basis for a thousand different affective connections with that person, all based in the past. That each of these connections sat behind the node of one particular acquaintance in the system. This friend of mine, felt that while new connections were important to growing a life, what truly mattered, was the compiling of affect behind each node/person. To think not longingly of the transcendent qualities of new friends, but the immanent connections and histories that surround us in our own individualised network of affect. I nodded, "ok, ok", but somewhat sceptically. "Ok, but then what happens to all of this compiled affect? If your talking about systems, then surely all of this is constantly in flux, no?" They affected the look of madness. "That's the truly sublime thing, these instances, nodes within a circuit, if tended correctly can respond in positive formations of feedback. The memories or nodes of affect can swell into a rhizomatic uprising or rupture. It is in affect, turning the gain up on your feelings, an immanent becoming that doesn't isolate you as a sovereign/sad person but connects the dots and what lies behind the dots, as if your life was a picture, and that picture was a rhizomatic dot portrait, and each of those dots contained a well of ink. Endless/bottomless ink that if pressed all at once bleeds into a portrait of black nirvana".



*Feedback is maybe always already immanent*

*Feedback is maybe capable of having a telos*

*Feedback is maybe the connection of everything you lost today, finding you tomorrow*

*Feedback is maybe the path to immanent self knowing*

*Feedback is maybe not a path, but a hoop to jump through*

*Feedback is maybe, simply put, the rhizomatic connection of yourself to everything else*

*Feedback is maybe the constant overturning of the self, the constant connection that reminds you that you are within so much else, outside of, maybe nothing*

*Feedback is maybe sacred, in its turning around and around*

*Feedback is maybe not a manifesto, but the will to comingle*

*Feedback is maybe a tool for oppression, and emancipation*

*Feedback is maybe just empty*

On the news the other night, a reporter talked about a protest, or they talked about multiple protests. But in particular they talked about the root protest, the one that somehow pertained to what they stood in front of as they talked on the news. The one that swept a nation, and more broadly and over a period of days, a culture, a way of life. This protest, I thought demonstrated the emancipatory appeal of feedback. The way that things can build. One protest begins a cycle, used up, but the by-product of that is feedback into the other protests' that it springs. Technologies, opinions, feelings, these are all things recycled by the multiplicity that comes from the one supposedly singular occurrence. But then I thought of how even the original event was part of a broader circuit of malcontent. If the protests sweeping interstate and country are all a process of feedback from that original instance of rebellion. Then even that first event is part of a larger network of anger, sadness, misery, longing.

*Immanence is maybe the feeling that everything is contained within everything else*

*Immanence is maybe being connected to your peers*

*Immanence is maybe the dream of transcendence*

*Immanence is maybe the cost we pay for being godless, adrift*

*Immanence is maybe the love you feel for your family, spread to the world*

*Immanence is maybe knowing that deep inside, you are part of a larger faction of beings, all under blue, and then darkness*

*Immanence is maybe trying to find the root, but realising you must contend with the garden, the rain, the clouds, the wind*

*Immanence is maybe turning your back, for just a moment*

*Immanence is maybe the realisation of your finite nature, contained within your infiniteness*

*Immanence is fearlessness till you hit death and after*

The other day, I saw a picture of an old computer, one of those super computers of the 70s, now less powerful than a smart phone. These large super structures, full of archaic chips, bulky but connected, dead technology relegated to the spectacle of the past. I like looking at these machines. They represent, to me at least, the dead systems of an era. Dead systems that are still connected as immanent circuits. The machines remind me of a dead body, circuits like the blood vessels, dried up, but still connected.

Perhaps my appreciation for these machines, is that their circuits are on the outside, not the closed of white boxes of today, menacing with their smallness. These machines instead look charmingly disconnected from the weaponisation of technology, whom could these clunky machines hurt after all. They seem dried up, maybe full of wisdom, but with their backs turned to the world. Concerned with only their inside connections. Lost touch with a world that has speed by, feeling redundant, and crankily old.

The dead recipients of Moore's laws verdict, these machines are now the domain of archaeology. I hope that once the loops, circuits and systems of contemporary technology has itself been spent. The last processes of feedback, sliding into the white noise of entropy, these machines will be looked at as towering edifices of human construction. Some diligent post civilisation scholar, will find one, and wonder what it's for. Turn it on. Maybe it will light up, be dazzled by the multiple blips and lights these large circuits emit. Declare this the height of civilisation, and toast their large machine.

*Immanence is maybe relationships to the other, chastised into friendship*

*Feedback is maybe just a relationship between three people*

*Immanence is maybe cold understanding mixed with warm hope*

*Feedback is maybe touching people touching you*

*Immanence is maybe a box*

*Feedback is maybe the filling up of that box, expressive to your desires and malcontents, waiting to overwhelm*

Sitting alone one night, sitting under space. Feeling that darkness that pervades inside and out when confronting the cosmic. I'm reminded of the immanent pattern of becoming that pervades all things. The hard rock on which I sit, is cold, feels pervasive in its clinging fortitude. It can be hard to look into space and not feel like there is some giant other staring back. But the other is always fabrication. In the cosmic scheme of things there is no other, only interiority.

Those stars and moons consist within a pattern that is shared by myself. To deal with a lack of transcendent destiny or fatalism, it becomes necessary to look inwards, to the laws of becoming. These laws I can only guess, seemingly consist of loops. Strings of connections, spread out across the sky. All inter-linked to some extent to myself, sitting here, gazing upwards. In fact, sitting here, cold, exasperated with my rock, it becomes almost certain, at least in my head that these relationships viewed from afar, have a direct if distant affect on my life. This thought gives me some solidarity with the moon mystics and star fanatics whom try and divine some higher meaning from their orbit, their touching across millions of miles of space. At least this perspective allows for the feedback that spreads across systems, I've been told that these systems of almost pure feedback can if correctly divined offer a musical accompaniment to their slow stagger across the horizon.

In a lecture the other day, a colleague professed to the class their new crisis of capitalism. They seemed worried that every action was not some higher action, but instead contained/embedded within the landscape of consumption/production. To them this manifested in a newfound despair of buying things. Talking about feedback, they almost cried at the web of ideology that pervaded them. The class was uncomfortably amused. All at some time, probably having similar musings, taking pen to paper, trying to eradicate hierarchies of power from their life. Always however, falling back into the feedback loops of capitalism, the dark immanent connections that link you to others through the acquisition of power. In my head, because sometimes it is hard to give advice out loud. I thought of Donna Haraway, about feedback as yes, an often oppressive force, but also the possibility for new technologies of thought that allowed for the decentralisation of thought, a ground swell of distributed emancipation. The feeling that through being connected to others, can also offer some relief to the often harsh individuation of capitalism.

To my colleague;

Embrace the individuated anti-capitalist subject. Except that your violence against the unchecked systems of capital is always pre-figurative, do what you can, grow systems of resistance.



[http://prettyboyshyflizzy.tumblr.com/post/129192769058/  
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 ATL Security Update (x64) Succeeded

2016/7/23:13:48:59 Hannah HANNAH Download Play VCREDIST2008SP1X64 <http://trial2.autodesk.com/NET16SWDLD/2016/MAYA/WI/{C60E82DC-CEAE-422A-9676-A6694F88E736}/VCREDIST2008SP1X64.tar.lzma2>

2016/7/23:13:49:44 Hannah HANNAH Download Complete VCREDIST2008SP1X64 <http://trial2.autodesk.com/NET16SWDLD/2016/MAYA/WI/{C60E82DC-CEAE-422A-9676-A6694F88E736}/VCREDIST2008SP1X64.tar.lzma2>

2016/7/23:13:49:44 Hannah HANNAH Installing Microsoft Visual C++ 2008 SP1 Redistributable  
 (x64): "C:\Autodesk\WI\Autodesk Maya 2016\3rdParty\x64\VCRedist\2008SP1\vcredist\_x64.exe" /q

2016/7/23:13:58:52 Hannah HANNAH Install Microsoft Visual C++ 2008 SP1 Redistributable  
 (x64) Succeeded

2016/7/23:13:58:55 Hannah HANNAH Download Play VCREDIST2012X64UPD4  
<http://trial2.autodesk.com/NET16SWDLD/2016/MAYA/WI/{C60E82DC-CEAE-422A-9676-A6694F88E736}/VCREDIST2012X64UPD4.tar.lzma2>

2016/7/23:13:59:00 Hannah HANNAH Download Error VCREDIST2012X64UPD4  
 <B>Connection has expired.</B>Please Install Now again from the Autodesk website. <http://trial2.autodesk.com/NET16SWDLD/2016/MAYA/WI/{C60E82DC-CEAE-422A-9676-A6694F88E736}/VCREDIST2012X64UPD4.tar.lzma2>

**thanks.**

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*Aroha nui,*

*Hannah Hallam-Eames*