

TECHNOMAGIC

To yupana kernel

*By Fabiane Morais Borges**

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In the meadow there are some antennas made out of wood, wire and brackens. People are making a radio telescope to detect sounds emitted by rays of the Sun and Jupiter¹. They point the hand made antenna to the stars and listen to the noise. Record the sound and turn it into a noise opera. They have been practicing these actions for a while. Inverting the evolutionary competitive scientific logic and turning it into slower, collaborative and involutory processes. They do this by chance, activism or maybe for some company.

Ten meters from the sun antenna there are others that are focused on receiving satellite information. While listening to Bolinha's² passing conversations, people lament that projects like the Dove³ are

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1 To know more about the hand-made antenna, check the link: http://crystal.xxn.org.uk/wiki/doku.php?id=brazil:projects&#metareciclagem_ubatuba

2 “The satellite called in Brasil “Bolinha” ou “ Bolinha Sat” are actually the satellite called UHF SatCom, Immarsat and FleetSatCom, these satellites were developed by RCA American Communications and began operating in 1986, are used by the OTAN and by north-american military, are geo-stacionary, which means they do not move, they stay parked on tv satellite and it's function is troop communication”

In: <http://www.eletronica.com/conheca-os-satelites-bolinha-ou-bolinha-sat>. See: Bruno Vianna's documentary “Bolinha Satellite” - <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=veDZfejpbs8>

3 Satellite launched in space in 1990 by Brazilian Junior Torres de Castro, which objective was to serve as base to amateur radio, also as a device to send peace messages to the world. In. <http://www.qsl.net/py4zbz/py2bjo.htm>

not common. Satellites should serve to expand communication without restrictions, says one, the other replies: no one would want to make that available without profits. All that remains for them is to decode data, intervene in some frequencies and protect each other from a possible attack by the control systems.

Listening has consequences. The incessant data is heard a lot. What to do with all that? How many ears are required to give meaning to that much information? Some make music, others incorporate the stutter of the frequencies, turning it into a musical style – fragmentation of the frequencies – it also turns into thought. Ways of making thought. As if thinking wasn't already like that, fragmented and full of frequencies. Instead of a soul, an antenna.

Antenna subjectivity: high capacity of receiving signals. Data processing at different speeds. Sensitivity to flows that come from all types of emission: material, human, extras. *Machinic Unconscious* – productive, incessant, procedural. Advanced intuition. Makes heterogeneous semiotic elements interact. Availability to networking of information. Creativity on the re-emission of married data.

Risks: Excess of information. Failure of data processing at different speeds. Overloads that produce paralysis. Re-emission of data without filter. Catatonia.

The Antenna-Zombie is in danger, he is not able to talk anymore. Eyes with shades, ears longer than the usual, a kind of fatigue of the ears. Mouth frowning, rare smiles. A fear of any interferences. Follows too many signals, hears too much information, doesn't know how to make it fit into his body. Only one body is not enough and he gets weary. Maybe it is because the body empties itself for protection. And how to make an empty body sustain itself?

The body battered from the excess of frequencies. Everything he listens to is fragmented even if it is whole. Either it is the link, the satellite, the music, the latest discoveries, the latest wars, the open code, more links and he will not stop coding - his only way of communicating with the machines. A lot of new language to interpret. Roll your fingers on the screen and fabricate your digitophagy, your digital antropophagy. He eats so much data and becomes obese! Reticent, the Antenna-Zombie starts to doubt words, thinking they are tasteless, boring and weak. Your words don't activate my

matter! He thinks like a clever cat: matter doesn't need so many words. That is why he only speaks through the fingers and can not do more than mumble. He communicates through links, codes and his intelligence manifests itself in the quality of the data he sends. The ones who have ears to listen, hear the Antenna-Zombie speaking abstract codes like the ones who speaks of metaphysics. Metaphysics is itself abstract coding, of a different series. And human beings are also abstract codes, of yet another different series. Everything that exists sounds like abstraction. The Antenna-Zombie sees everything in fragmented frequencies.

When his intelligence stretches to the point of blowing up his individuality, he certifies his extension gain, but instead of incorporating it, he dissolves. He knows about the Matrix, knows it is not about science fiction. He constantly sees himself in the role of Neo, who is brought at great speed to the abismal place where his body really is when he swallows the red pill. It is not in the city, not even in his bed, but in a gooey tank where tubes down his throat extract his vital energy in order to feed the big web. The pill guarantees neither happiness, nor a liberation. It is painful understanding that his life is a fiction. That is how the Antenna-Zombie feels. His whole life has been stolen: the magnetic fields of his electrons, his electric charges, his most poetic production, his intuition. That is the reason for the stretching, because it hurts him to let go of the cables, the wires, of all the traps that cover his skin. He does not sleep anymore, he wakes up startled. His anxiety is a constant alarm clock. He is always scared and suspect of any intensity.

Dark circles under his eyes the Antenna-Zombie is someone with gravity, with heavy steps as if he is an old person, his head leaning to the side as if he has a twitch, following the impulses and soon giving up for excess of demand, for not having control of commands, for being scared of the dark from the outside of the house, fear of the rain, fear of the evil inside the thoughts that think him. Talking costs too much. The scars still hurt and he fears that if he insists more on the big web, he will be consumed by it. And disappear.

The other one, the Alchemist is living a high level of paranoia and clings to stones, metals and fire like someone who wants to invert the world order, or, at least, develop some kind of new abstraction. He fabricates silicic, extracts gold from computers and decomposes digital gadgets, returning matter back to its surroundings. He plants seeds and next to them places gold nuggets extracted from hardware. Some say: insane! Is the work worth it if you end up with nothing? Does the plant need this stone purified with battery water? And all the acids that you inhale, they won't cause some disturbance? You spend your life among shattered mother-boards. And all this

electronic garbage that surrounds you doesn't intoxicate you⁴?

Intoxicated by a technological world in shatters he paces, scratching his chin while looking for cables of naked wire that may serve as conductors of energy, of electricity, of thought. When he gets lost in neurotic traps, he follows the wire spread on floor to find some path for his reasoning. Thoughts connect to the conductor wire by his pure attention, since their bodies do not cross each other yet. The wire is the materialization of some meaning, it is his way of connecting to the garbage, that for him is mining, a second nature, some way of exercising the profession of his youth, archeology. He makes his adventures in the trash.

Many years by himself, with the loneliness of the drunks that drink alone, he does not dream anymore about a human company. It is these cans, these acids that assure him solidity. He notices that little by little his thoughts get more simple, he deals with small objects and the mystery comes from them. When mystery becomes a gigantic father, omnipresent like God, he closes his eyes holding very firmly in his hand a quartz stone and suffers from excess of humanity. The objects save him from a possible ostracism, or allow him to feel closer to nature. He sees it like a big game of interactions, moving and contingent.

His will to decrystallize the trails of civilization started with the reading of J.G. Ballard, *The World of Crystal*⁵. Since then he imagines, in his own way, that the great ambition of men is to crystallize the whole world, making it become a paved and smoky machine. His duty as a minor worker is to invert the developing process, giving back to nature its matter in a raw state. In this way he works with its two main wishes: being close to the technical objects and destroying them. His vision of recycling differs from the common in which the object of recycling is to make another object. He prefers to think of his mission as a recycler of the planet and not objects.

These megalomaniac thoughts produce heart palpitations, at these moments he feels uncontrollably

⁴ To know more about decrystallization and gold extraction from old computer hardware, check the link: <http://xxn.org.uk/doku.php?id=decrystallization>

⁵ Science fiction book written by James Graham Ballard, which narrates the history of an African woodland where all the trees and people, which exist are going to be transformed into crystal. The epidemy gains disastrous dimensions. The story is about a possible apocalypse, therefore the relationship with time and life. Cfe. Ballard J. G. Barcelona, Minotauro, 1991.

horny, a dissatisfaction, a hunger for things. He masturbates rubbing himself on the walls of monitors, on electrodes, and with the help of an energy converter, he bathes in electricity of low voltage, reaching an orgasm with the shock. Rare are the moments when he makes love. Rare but more intense each time. He feels affectionate and is able to speak some sweet words to these live chains. With his body relieved, he caresses his medium with gratitude. Everything around is alive!

The Antenna-Zombe is breathless from excess of information. The Alchemist delivers himself to his own transmutation. One fragments in the big web, the other sustains himself with electricity. The Antenna-Zombie and the Alchemist meet:

-A-z: What are you doing?

-A: Breaking a malachite stone.

-A-z: For what?

-A: To create an electricity oscillator.

-A-z: You're going to put that on the microwave?

-A: I'm going to dissolve the rock, it will become liquid.

-A-z: (exaggerated laughter, beats his foot to the ground) Fascist!

It has been ten years since the Cyber-witch handles herbs, spices and roots. She knows how to create an immersive environment and is very proud of that. She has been visiting indigenous Latin-Americans with whom she has participated in rituals with power plants. She has dedicated her last years to guiding rituals with ayahuasca tea. She bequeaths the ritual to fellow countrymen when in Europe, that is how she can finance her learnings in the countries of the south. When she can see the snake in DNA form⁶ and feels its texture, its colors, the greatness of its movements, she accepts the fact of being very small and surrounded by mystery. She thinks constantly of her dead mother,

⁶ For many ayahuasqueros, after some time of continued usage, it's common to envision the serpent. Jeremy Narby wrote a book entitled "*Cosmic Serpent – DNA – and The Origins of knowledge*" / 1999- Ed. Phoenix Paperbacks / US. Available here - <http://www.indybay.org/uploads/2011/04/17/cosmicserp.pdf>. In this book he defends the hypothesis that the serpent visions reflects the image of the DNA, the snakes that cross between each other in the air connecting earth and the cosmos. The author creates a FILE of various cultures that include crossed serpents in their paradigms and the molecular biology reference. There is a picture book which is reference to the analysis of the serpents by Pablo Amaringo – Ayahuasca Visions - Publisher - Inner Traditions; First Edition (May 12, 2011) partially available here: <http://www.integralbook.com/wp-content/uploads/2012/03/Amaringo-Pablo-Ayahuasca-Visions.pdf>

who taught her how to be a wicca.

The Cyber-witch feels lost. After so many raves, so many free parties, so many hallucinogens, so many friends lost from overdoses and bad diseases, she finally finds some independence. She found a way of living her delirium in the network. Once she glimpsed an expanded intelligence, with the union of productive brains on large scales and fell in love with the possibility of propagating this in a network. Now she feels empty, her energy sucked away, each individual requiring his personal and professional acknowledgement, affective needs and technical aid. All of this wears her out. It was when she noticed that the demand was no longer in the form of encounters, it had turned into the need of acknowledgement, that she began to suffer, began to escape to seclusions lasting longer each time, in search of another kind of integration with the world. Her apparent stability does not solve the emptiness. She suffers from anxiety of being surrounded by enquiries. Her most honest friends surrender to the institutions. The most idealist are being prosecuted. The world of opening and freedom promised by the internet in the 90s turned into autophagy and languishes in an unlimited and persecuting consumerism, in cores of action always smaller, or in devastating social networks, that make common life an ordinary spectacle, fragmented, meaningless. She can not stand to see the internet become the slave of financial and controlling organs. She feels that is the great failure of her generation.

When she drinks ayahuasca she usually meets a character, like the ones from comic books, some kind of “joker” that calls her by her name and asks her to take a walk. She is afraid of meeting the figure, thinking he is the prince of the network⁷. She says no, he insists. One day she took a few steps in his direction, but thought she would be swallowed by the game. Although she is familiar with the network and knows about its charms and risks, she fears being sucked into some kind of Cube⁸, from where she may not return. All these ramblings of communicating things which create

⁷ The book by Graham Harman about Bruno Latour presents him as the unveiler prince of the network world – of alliances, black boxes, compacting elements that can be people, rocks, winds, metals and ideas. In this world, there are only alliances made through constant negotiations, profits and losses according to how these negotiations are built. Latour mixes the nature reign with the human reign where everything is in agreement together. Men politics is the politics of things, even with different techniques. Technology looses the statute of science. It's not about collecting facts on the world, rather than compositions. In *La science*, in *Irréductions*, on [scholium](#) 4.6.2.1, Latour writes, *c'est La politique continuée par d'autres moyens* (science is politics continued by other media). Everything is agreement. Nothing is composed of one thing or another, everything can be composed in another network, alliances can be redone, reaccorded, renegotiated. *The Prince of Networks* exorcizes from nature the fixed, ready and constant object. Cfe. Harman, G. (2009) *Prince of Networks, Bruno Latour and Metaphysics*, Melbourne: re-press . E Cfe. Latour, B. (1984) *Irréductions*, in: *Guerre et Paix entre Microbes*, Paris: Anne-Marie Métailié.

⁸ Cube – by Vincenzo Natali 1997 – where seven unknowns suddenly see themselves in a Cube full of doors and exits to

incessant relationships, making unfamiliar alliances and politics, make her afraid.

It is not just the unknown openness that frightens her but also the claustrophobia. She fears closed environments, secret societies, pacts with some political regimes, fears the moral claws that light up in them. The magnetics that may arrest her, immobilize her. She thinks about the joker as the personification of a generalized fear. Like the character was determined to take particles of the universe into a disintegrating black hole. That is why she runs, even though she is curious, seduced.

The Cyber-witch and the Alchemist meet:

-C-w: Drink this tea, it will be good for you, it's a shamanic tea.

-A: You drink the gold, it's not shamanic, it's from the world.

-C-w: Your heavy metals are bad for the organism.

-A: Each one has the nature that suits them.

-C-w: You believe more in minerals than in plants.

-A: I'm not afraid of the solid, and what resists me.

-C-w: You should integrate a little more with nature.

-A: And aren't minerals part of nature? Do you have preferences for colors, texture? What are the criteria?

-C-w: Do you also think the cities are part of nature?

-A: Yes, some kind of sub-nature, product of human poop, a crystallized forest. It's out there to be dissolved.

-C-w: Do you pretend to dissolve all cities?

-A: Each one has the utopia that suits them.

The topic was interrupted by a big noise, like a cavalry, an electronic party. A small queer crowd arrived. Connected by cables, monstrous phallus, donkey masks, speakers, they turn on the

other cubes, some lethal, other full of challenges, but can't leave the place. The film presents their struggle to find out, but most of them die.

sound-system and the two projectors, put very small microphones in the holes of the body, mouth, ass, vagina and invade the sonorous, spatial and imaginary places. The War-bitch screams: Free body, free soul! We fight the gender culture embedded in our bodies and your bodies. Our suffering is terrible because of the connivance towards the production of mass subjectivity. Because of the demand to be heard, everyone stops their duties and starts to move towards the scene.

The War-bitch⁹ is dressed in plaster from head to toe¹⁰. She says she is a healer and strong enough to carry the pain of anyone who is present on her own. Someone passes by with a bucket of paint and she asks everyone to write the words that traumatized them in life on her plastered body. One by one they approach her writing their worst martyrdoms:

-Dumb!

-Slave!

-Poor!

-Delinquent!

-Faggot!

-Chauvinist!

-Pussy!

-Miserable!

-Weak!

-Whore!

-Dishonest!

-Stupid!

-Dead-alive!

-Ugly!

-Futile!

9 Reference to Heinrich Von Kleist's book "Pentesileia" Porto Editora – Portugal – Story of the amazon queen and her fatal passion for Aquiles. Story that Deleuze retook which presents amazons as war machines, or even as Petensileia's like they were living the "becoming bitch" during the struggle with Aquiles. Cfe Gilles Deleuze e Félix Guattari. Mil Platos 5 – Capitalismo e Esquizofrenia – Editora 34 – São Paulo, 1997.

10 Reference to Diana Torres's – the pornoterrorist – performance in which she covered her body with plaster and executed the above mentioned performance, asking the public to put in her body their worst traumas, so that afterwards she would be whipped by a dominatrix, which shatters the plaster. She reads the insults when they fall from her body. Performance link: <http://www.dailymotion.com/video/k7bgb78ns95Ljd2MkIU>

-Miser!

-Coward!

- Wimp!

-Superficial!

-Fascist!

-Monster!

-Despicable!

Her body begins to be filled with all these insults until the War-Bitch goes down on all fours. And when the people finally stop writing their martyrdoms on the plaster, a dominatrix appears, with an electric whip connected to two speakers and starts to beat the plaster with the whip, while the War-bitch screams the names that are being ripped away from her body. One by one. The sound is extreme, the speakers vibrate with the beating and the shouting. From the remnants emerges a naked body, with traces of blood all over the skin. The War-bitch says something like: I survived and I'm coming for revenge. I am a Jesus Christ that doesn't die! And at the same time I save you, you shitty christians!!

Although not everyone there considers themselves christians, they look at the purgation with conniving eyes and in some way feel a little more relieved. It is about another kind of purification, the belief in pain as an antidote to common pain. The fact of being beaten by a whip in front of everyone, instead of weakening, makes her strong. She does not want to be a super-heroine, or a saint. She wants to be pornographic and violent. All these politically correct beliefs of her activist friends make her nauseous. She does not accept humiliation in the form of control, she seeks in this condition, common to so many people, the engine of her strength. The destructive and painful aesthetics of her appearances are a way of making the body think for itself, be conscious of itself and empower itself. From its own static movement, its paralysis, she can balance herself there where she insists to be, or where others maintain her. She does not forge a new body to produce memory, but forces the body to exaggerate its own mood, its own memory. It is not a sacred ritual, it is a goddamn ritual, which makes saints and perverts enjoy.

The War-bitch and the Cyber-witch meet:

- C-w: Drink this tea, it will be good for you, it's a shamanic tea.
- W-b: I like distilled alcohol.
- C-w: But drinking this tea will be good for your health
- W-b: At the moment the best thing for my health is to feel my blood dripping.
- C-w: If you took more care of yourself, you'd have more energy, you would not be feeding this spirit of death, this destructive impulse will take you away sooner.
- W-b: I do not get preoccupied with death, what worries me is this rambling about auto-preservation at any cost.
- C-w: This rambling can make life more complete, make you feel the meaning of being more profoundly.
- W-b: We take the tea, then we will drink vodka, I want to see the Cyber-witch drunk.
- C-w: Deal!

The small queer crowd gathers their mixers, electronic sexual instruments, technical apparatus and start to go back to their electric sexual practices. The sensors stuck in their holes make the body vibrate and provoke unusual erotic sensations. Needles attached by cables to mixing tables that amplify the sound that they make when they go through the skin. Light also provokes sound vibrations and is tested on the people and objects that are present. A great electronic orgy takes place. Hackers, programmers and an electrician join in and start to decipher the data emitted by the skin of people. The encounter of electricity and skin produces inaudible noises, which speak about the excitement that permeates the environment. The meeting of matter with body emits light that goes along with the blazing afternoon. The electronic orgy goes on for hours, until someone invites the others on a trip to the waterfall. Clothes, sensors, wire are left behind along the way, as a mark, or even, as a clue.

The War-bitch and the Cyber-witch go some other way, they want to talk. They burrow into the woods with their antennas so that they can listen to the satellites with some privacy. They decide to

intervene in one of the channels from Vivo*, since their subject is life.

-W-b: Your point of equilibrium is the desperate wish to survive the control era, you search for a compass in your ancestors, some left overs so that you can connect and don't feel the weight of your own existence. With that contact you only disguise your decrepitude.

-C-w: Your violent appearance only highlights control, you use violence, the weapon of the enemy, you don't create anything other than that, your instinct is homicidal, you want to poison the world with malice.

-W-b: I am less of a humanist than you think, and if I use the weapon of the enemy it's because I think it's efficient. If it is capable of so much despair, it's also capable of creating some freedom. I feed off it. It sustains me. But instead of becoming slave or savior, I become less of a person, I am a monster. And I want to be even more of a monster.

-C-w: I don't like violence, for me it's a lack of an argument. It's the regime of terror. Your respect is guaranteed by the fear you produce in people. They do not have the time to think, or even create alternatives, they get scared of your attitude, and they adore you out of fear.

-W-b: I was never afraid of any Myth. I like being adored. What I do can be admired. But you are wrong saying that they love me out of fear, there is another word, fascination. That which you feel for storms, for strong winds. My actions have many more meanings beyond your logic of fear.

-C-w: You prefer to believe in sensations as if they were the only source of knowledge, there are others. For instance, I rather exist in a more integrated way, thinking that my truths matter less than my experience of being alive. I rather believe in exuberance than in absence. When you see the pororoça¹¹ you do not love it out of fascination, but you are pororoça yourself, you become complicit. Admitting peace is certainly not as easy as admitting war. And that is not an opposition.

-W-b: Peace is not opposite to war? What would be an opposition to war? Celebration? Have you ever been to war? Have you seen mutilated bodies? The sound blast of the bombings? Do you think you can cultivate a hippie culture in the midst of a catastrophe?

* Communication satellite company. In Portugues, Vivo means life.

11 Cfe. Wikipedia: The **pororoça** (Portuguese pronunciation: [poɾoˈɾokɐ]) is a tidal bore, with waves up to 4 metres high that travel as much as 800 km inland upstream on the Amazon River and adjacent rivers. Its name comes from the indigenous Tupi language, where it could translate into "great roar". It could be also a Portuguese version of the term *poroc-poroc*, which in the native indigenous' language was a way of expressing the act of destroying everything. It could be also a portmanteau of the words *poroc* (to take out, to tear away) and *oca* (house). It occurs at the mouth of the river where its waters meet the Atlantic Ocean. The phenomenon is best seen in February and March. <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pororoça>

-C-w: I believe the contrary of war is negotiation. I believe it's much easier to assume war as something inevitable, like human culture, from which we can't escape. Using war arguments only reinforces the freak invention. If you can't avoid it, it's better to be its accomplice. Partner in crime. That is what your action makes me think about. You surrender.

-W-b: Your shamanic tea and your purity makes me think of a terrible human situation, beggars, that dream about parallelism and, as a consequence, deny the world that they live in. They forgive all the suffering and because of that they repeat the same suffering.

There were some people listening to the conversation, that sounded like a radio show transmitted via satellite. Some truck drivers that were travelling through BR 163 on the way to Santarém found the emitting channel and started to mock them:

- Td1: I'm paying to see these bitches live!
- Td2: Are you listening hotties? Come on and let's discuss this here in the truck you blabbermouths.
- W-b: Smoke out, big mouth!
- Td1: The lady is rude, put your mouth right here, big mouth!
- Td2: The little thing is stingy! If I get youhahahahhaa
- C-w: Friends, if you are travelling to Santarém go swim at the Tapajós river for me and use the opportunity to purify yourselves with some indigenous people on the way there.
- Td2: Oh there's a nice little one on the conversation, does the little doll like to suck?
- W-b: Suck my ass-hole, you moron, so I can shit your mouth!

The Cyber-witch and the War-bitch are a little high. As feminists, they felt attacked by the truck drivers. They can not understand how a conversation as important as the one they were having could be the motive of abusive chauvinist mockery. They are sad. They do not want to think bad things about all truck drivers, or all men. They feel terrible. It is hard for them to ignore the situation. They were beaten. They think about the condition of all the others that do not have voices, just bodies in the middle of the road. Whores without rights, witches who are sacrificed. The ones that have nowhere to run. Nowhere where they will not be the same meaningless bodies, serving only one purpose until they become useless. The lost pleasure. The profound inferiority, the slave

work. Women blackmailed by religion, by pressure from sin, by the market, bodies raped and with no value. Anguish invades them. They are small, diminished and cry for something much bigger than the mocking of the truck drivers. Much bigger than their political consciousness. They cry for the impossibility of communication. For the binary of the world, the incredulity of human species, for its own impotence. So much work dispersed! The world does not change along with you. Depression. We do an elite work!

In suffering they find some affinity. The truck drivers provoke their coming together. They leave the place of listening and head automatically to the waterfall, where hackers and queers celebrate the meeting of body and matter. Both of them find things in common: they do not like men and enjoy masturbating on trees. They are naked, drunk, still weeping but start a funny competition, the winner will be the one who comes first on the branches of the trees. Happiness comes back, laughter and cries.

The participants of the queer gathering make bets, laugh like crazy at the obscenities perpetrated by the Cyber-witch and the War-bitch in the trees. Sometimes impressed, sometimes excited the two competitors in a choir screaming: ecosex, ecosex, ecosex¹²!! Everyone knows the conditions are proper to the return of the orgy in the forest, the elements are available and apparently excited. The water is excited, the rocks are excited, the leaves are excited, the trees are very excited, even the air is excited, and the small queer crowd responds to all the grabbing of the elements, in a vibe of sublime sensuality where humans and forest mix together. The uninformed that by chance pass by the waterfall are shocked when they see the inconvenient and profoundly erotic images.

The truck drivers follow their road through the BR 163 on the way to Santarém, they keep chatting, not with the same chauvinist despotic happiness as when the women were using the satellite frequency that they frequently use, but a little more silently, maybe thinking that if they were not so offensive, the women would have been more affable and maybe would have entertained them a little more during the trip. They doubt if the women are still listening to them. A drop of paranoia invades them. They call the women again, but they do not respond. Maybe they are still listening in. Who else is listening in? They know that what they are doing is illegal and maybe they will be

12 Annie Spinkle and Elisabeth Stephens's work that since a few years has been making marriages with the elements of nature like: coal, trees, Sun, Moon, silver, gold, they claim that earth and nature should be lovers, not mother and child.
Link:<http://sexecology.org/ecosex-weddings/>

traced. The women should be less moralist says one, always this shock when they meet real men! The other responds, yes I know what you mean...They are carrying the cargo of construction materials to Santarém.

The Alchemist and the Antenna-Zombie are still going through their deadlock. One thinking why it would be fascist to model matter, while the other one does not think about anything, or at least can not elect any thoughts, since he fights his own heart so that it keeps beating normally and does not induce a panic attack at this moment.

The Antenna-zombie suffers from panic attacks. He knows when it starts to happen. His last strategies are sending command signals to the brain. Despite not believing in the separation between body and spirit there is something that he does not understand. Who sends command signals to the brain, the brain? Thinking about his brain sending antagonist messages only makes him more anxious. He does not call to any god at this time, he tries to deal with the mixed messages that his body receives. He knows that the feeling is one of fear. A lot of fear, like he is in a situation of crucial risk. His body is alarmed. His heart beats desperately, he feels dizzy, loses his breath, he is inside a Boeing free falling on fire. He tries to breathe deeply and folds his knees, he is beaten by gravity, has nowhere to run, he does not trust anyone. His ears hear an extreme buzzing sound, a noise, he needs to find his medicine but can not find it, he does not know where he left it. He does not know what he is scared of, but knows that he can die. The most cruel scenes invade his mind. Thinking about a sanatorium, he is afraid of being mad, not having control over his own commands, and starts to scream insanely: die now! Die now. Die!

The Alchemist follows this despair and thinks about tying up the Antenna-zombie with copper wire, putting some metals on top of him. He leaves to find his alternative medicine and comes back with a bag full of material. Lovingly he ties the feet and arms of the Antenna-zombie, and puts all available metals on top of his body, he goes out in search of rocks and covers the Antenna-zombie until he disappears almost completely. The Antenna-zombie does not stop emitting commands. Bury me! Die! Bury me! Die now!

This ritual has been happening for more than an hour and little by little the Antenna-zombie calms

down. The Alchemist is still worried about which metals he put on his chest and which he put on the lower belly. Sometimes he grabs a metal and switches it back to a rock. There is jasper, silver, copper, crystal, amethyst, agate, simple local stones, wire, mouses and several pieces of can. The Alchemist sits next to the Antenna-zombie and starts to scratch one of the simple stones to extract iron. When he gets a few grams of powder, he intuitively puts the iron on the Antenna-zombie's face. He makes a circle on his forehead, puts a little on his temples, then some behind the ears. He delicately blows to remove the excess iron dust. I hope the Antenna-zombie will be able to recompose. He recomposes. Mutters something eccentric like: Goddamn, I'm alive!

-A-z: I am the victim of violent attacks. I'm not dealing very well with the situation. I'm being persecuted. They traced my IP, closed two of my servers, I'm trying to work with a closed network, but there is a lack of access. People are scared. I have been walking in circles. I can't develop anything. I think my brain is being hacked, I'm full of viruses. I've lost command.

-A: (Slowly removes the rocks from the body of the Antenna-Zombie).

-A-z: The movement is losing strength. We are too little. We are not able to resist. We're losing time, surviving.

-A: Do you think your panic attack has something to do with the Cyber-war?

-A-z: There is no Cyber-war anymore, we are lost. I'm a loaned body. Enemies attack me constantly, I'm too high profile. Even though I try to hide, they trace me. It's more serious than it looks. Either I survive or I hack, but I haven't the health to hack anything anymore. If I fall down now, everyone falls with me. I am some kind of major. I suffer from the 2501 complex¹³.

2501 Complex – Fiction Sci incorporation

The drama of Kusanagi Motoko (major). The rebellion of the androids.

She knows she is not a regular human being. Her mind is controlled. She has doubts about her

¹³ Japanese animation based on a science fiction manga: *Ghost in the Shell* – directed by Mamoru Oshii, 1995 – cooperation between Japan and USA. *Ghost in the shell's* environment is cyberpunk or post-cyberpunk, but the author focuses more on the ethical, philosophic, and social ramifications of the fusion between humanity and technology, the development of artificial intelligence and the omnipresence of the computer web as an opportunity to reevaluate matters like personal identity, consciousness singularity and the development of transhumanism. Cfe. http://pt.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ghost_in_the_Shell

body being alive or dead. She has a ghost, a spirit. She knows how to identify herself inside the vast and infinite network. She has abilities, feelings. It is a form of life in process of individuation – it is not static. She does not agree with the ones that differentiate humans and robots by their genetic attributes. She does not separate organic and inorganic, she thinks all that is - is nature. Her brain is neuro-technologic, her anthropologic program is information. She is capable of self-transmutation. Modifies her own structure and transmigrates body. Her cyber brain may incorporate other bodies, to the point that she incorporates three, four bodies at the same time. But that has consequences. Each body carries its own data base, the incorporation provokes constant alteration in her codes. These are risky situations, she may get infected and suffer modifications on her information system. She has to hide constantly from the State, police and hackers that work for corporations. She becomes a hybrid being as she embodies, but may easily lose control and needs external help to stay aligned. That external help is made by activist and affective connections. Her artificial intelligence is faster than the medium human being, it is amplified, invigorated and her intuition gains more velocity as it is exercised. That is why the risk involved in her is smaller than in incorporated bodies, which may enter in complex crisis or collapse. But her action also is not secure.

In the world of *Ghost in the Shell* there are a lot of drastic experiments that cause the death of organic bodies and also cyber-brains. Children are used as carcasses (horses), and in their minds are implanted micro-machines controlled by all kinds of corporations or technologic intention. Motoko thinks of freedom in terms that are very different from the human geographic and cultural landscape. Her landscape is informational and machinic. She believes in the dissemination of technical knowledge, despite knowing that this faith is impracticable against super control. The humanizing character of the robots is spoiled by the close formatting of software, and those who fight against that are obliged to construct secret armed organizations, to protect from the solid State, which is the name given to the mafias that dominate the systems of control. Motoko knows the human and technological fusion is not steady. That uneasiness is the result of a political views about matter and machines cultivated in the bosom of civilization during thousands of years. The anthropocentrism makes men feel as though they are superior to the rest of the world. The investment in that superiority reproduces a system of domination. The immanent essence of things is disrespected, obstructing its affirmation as singularity, as individuation. Just as slavery is thought to be a form of domination of people and animals that are nothing more than brute, amorphous and a will-less mass, so is the control over relations between matter and machine. That way of thinking has consequences. When the man-machine fusion starts to happen on a large scale

all kinds of conflict and resistance begin. Man and machine live together in society, their fusion is inevitable, but in order for that fusion to become potentiality, the relationship must be balanced. Robots recognize the domination, just as the androids do. Like enslaved matter they are aware of the delicate space they orbit. They feel dispossessed. Their processes commanded. They are not free individuals, they are thought to be utile and disposable. Science fiction deliberately summons the rebellion of robots and androids. They are machines infused with humanities that do not accept the subordinate role that is given to them. The arbitrary relationship must be redone. Motoko promotes that transformation.

The Antenna-zombie and the Alchemist conclude that they both suffer from the 2501 complex.

The small queer crowd enters a strange trance. The session of love-making with nature gives rise to a profound sadomasochistic ritual, or even more, a rite of passage. The group becomes a spontaneous community. The rocks cut. The small slices of wood become whips. The anal, oral, vaginal and cut-skin penetration starts to happen more incisively. One of the women starts to moan, it is the first time she is perforated. She says: that burns! That burns! But knows of the necessity to pass through the pain in order to be inserted in the collective. The Cyber-witch thinks the situation is exaggerated. The dramatic character of the situation makes her scared, she tries to intervene with a peace speech, but gets her mouth and arms tied with pieces of vine. Some kind of dark wave takes place, as the night offers its own signs. The Cyber-witch is tied to a tree. A burning wood stick is used to taunt the Cyber-witch. Her time has come, she will die in the fire! The Cyber-witch tries to imagine it is all a joke, but she can feel the ambiguity on the faces that now gaze at her with clay-painted eyes, brown stone faces, dark green moss through the nude breasts and sex.

Suddenly everyone is serious, showing a level of concentration unknown to the Cyber-witch. She does not know if this is happening because of the shamanic tea, excess of alcohol or some other influence. She feels afraid, and with a half opened mouth she shouts: Let me go! But nobody listens to her. One of the woman starts to draw a picture on her leg using a stick that seems to be on fire. The Cyber-witch foresees the pain. She exaggerates moving and screaming. Someone says: use your clairvoyance now! The stick is passed down her thighs and knees, and people start to form a circle around her. The brown and slimy faces begin to emit guttural screams, ancestral, some would say, as though fractured by an invisible command. The eyes that do not want to destroy, but want to see screaming, want to see the begging for mercy. It is necessary to maerate the Cyber-witch so that

she gains some more gravity. So that she can better sense what happened to the ones that were burned, the murdered ones. It is a trans-historic ritual. A journey through time. The connivance of the group is amazing. They do nothing but breathe together and make repetitive movements. They bang their feet on the ground and motivate the Cyber-witch to accept the tattoo. She is alarmed, seeks the eyes of the War-bitch. The War-bitch nods her head in affirmation, and says: we need to go through all this so we can have protection. The ones with tattoos are protected, it is the sign of belonging. To what? Says the Cyber-witch. She does not like anonymous and parallel gangs. She does not want to own the symbol. She does not want to have any signs.

One of the participants has a cellular phone with GPS software capable of tracing the steps of the tribe, he maps the movement of the small queer crowd. He offers the picture to the gang, saying: copy this image on her leg¹⁴. The drawing is transferred to her leg with another person's blood. She was not hurt. The picture will soon fade away. She is released. She abandons the waterfall.

She is shocked, frightened, senses a confused feeling between anger and melancholy. It hurts that she did not accept to go through the rite of passage. She feels as though she was radically disrupted from some kind of living, like she had denied belonging in this category. She is free and terribly alone. Something changed inside her. She feels she is not the same. Maybe she needs to speak less, immerse more in silence and in searching. Definitely quit the network and live off the land.

To study more about plants. To help only when help is needed. Stop being the Cyber-witch of activist meetings. She is confused. Feels sorry for herself. Feels alone on earth, grabs a thin rock and scratches the skin where the blood drawing was made. Maybe it was better to belong and to be protected. And tracing the drawing she cuts her thighs. She watches the blood dripping. Becomes paralyzed. She feels the pain. Sees it as though it was not hers. And just when the flow of blood coagulates, she makes another cut in the drawing, this time with her eyes open and again she notices that the sensation, besides being painful, provokes yet another sensation that overcomes the first one. Maybe it is the first time she looks at her thighs with so much attention. She tries to

14 Inspired by the work of visual artist Davi da Paz – “Walking Tools” – constellation of sound lines – He makes image and sound mapping of wanderings and situations, transforming the idea of a map, adding frictional system through the GPS. If a person owns the software, and the file, when he or she comes to the destined place, the cell phone shows a video, scene and sound that happened at that same spot. – (Maromba 2012) links: <http://coletivocurto-circuito.blogspot.com.br> , <http://situacionautas.blogspot.com.br>

overcome the pain and suddenly is invaded by a relaxed and dazed state. The feeling starts to become delightful, and she is full of adrenaline. Her thigh is in total evidence and nothing matters more than that in this the moment. And for hours she makes cuts on her thighs until she completes tracing the whole drawing. She looks at the thin rock, now resigned and thinks: Who has the strongest teeth: the blood or the rock¹⁵?

From outside these happenings look like a theater, an experimental working process without a stage or public. But they are not. These strange, malformed, lost, hopeless, aggressive, pornographic people are activists who are tired of inglorious actions. They strive to connect with forces beyond their own identities or the customary living spaces. They place themselves as guinea pigs of their own desires of freedom. They are in a technomagic meeting, in the country high in the mountains, and this meeting is far from being over, in reality it is only beginning.

¹⁵ Phrase extracted from the poem by Heiner Müller – Landscape with argonauts – “The rest is poetry. Who has better teeth? Who has better teeth, the blood or the rock?” Cf. MEDEA MATERIAL e outros textos – Ed. Paz e Terra São Paulo/SP 1993. Page 23