



Bug Chaser

Writing presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Masters of Fine Arts in Arts, Technology and Emergent Practices of the Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, Rhode Island.

By

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Approved By:

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Nora N. Khan". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

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Bug Chaser

The veins of the leaves were bustling roadways, complex interactions that occurred at such a distance from my own anthropocentric understanding, they may as well have inhabited their own universe.

Dwelling within the infinite wonder of these microcosms, I coined myself a nickname that I abode within intimately: *Bug Chaser*. Perhaps I had heard the term on the news, or caught one of the teachers use it in passing, but as far as I was concerned, the term was entirely of my own creation.

"I'm a bug chaser!" I announced triumphantly to my kindergarten class.

"You mustn't use that word," chided the teaching assistant.

"Why?"

Her eyes were narrowed, as if she believed that the kindergartener looking vacantly in her direction knew exactly what he had just said, and had some hidden agenda.

"It means ... it means someone who likes to get sick."

"Oh."

Of course, the term I used to describe myself wasn't original. But, I reasoned to myself, I could still be a bug chaser. After all, every word holds within itself an inherent meaning, and when we bestow these words upon ourselves we take on that inherent meaning, even if we don't know it at the time.

Sure enough, as I grew older I came to realize that I yearned for sickness, the way (I naively imagined) a true bug chaser would. It wasn't until early high school, when I used the term within earshot of a passing teacher, that I learned the truth.

Once again, I had discovered a rift between my own identity as a self-proclaimed *bug chaser*, and the bug chaser community at large. Yet I remained fascinated with the term, and the philosophies of the community that had taken on the onerous title. This community, interacting almost entirely within the confines of tiny forums on the periphery of the world wide web, had become synonymous within my prepubescent mind with the journey of *finding one's own asymptote*.

Preamble

The book you are currently holding is *Base Text II* of the Bug Chaser Chronicles. To view the originally bug_chaser, please view on Google Chrome on Mac, hold down the “command” key when clicking any link on the bug_chaser webpage.

Base Text I: https://s3.amazonaws.com/peter-rogers-web/bug_chaser/1.html

Medium: Abstracted internet forum messages

I grew up on the Internet, and was influenced by each of the forum messages used in this piece in a unique way. Through the process of abstraction, these messages no longer bear resemblance to their original form, and only share a connection to their origin via my own subconscious biases. Now, I am re-introducing them onto the internet. By linking unbroken sections of source text to the Google search engine, I am restructuring the web to reflect my connection to its contents.

Process

By breaking down a cohesive text and recontextualizing it, a narrative can be generated that does not travel through space or time, but rather through *layers of abstraction*. Although this study is just a preliminary example of such a narrative, it provides insight into how to step outside of the conventional anthropocentric perspective and better understand alternative paradigms of perception.

Here, I have provided an example of the way in which a narrative might be broken down and recontextualized.

* * *

Base text

My hands chase the bug through the weeds until it burrows down into the roots.

Imperfect copy – this is when a text has been repeated enough, it becomes fragmented or misconstrued, and there are possibly multiple avenues of misconstruction

My hands root the weeds to chase the bug down into its burrow.

Ironic copy – this is a purposeful misconstruction of the base text, self-aware mockery of imperfections and misconstructions.

Within the burrow the bug roots weeds into my chasing hands.

Superlative ironic copy – ironic emphases brought to the extreme.

The bug burrows into the weeds chasing the roots into my hands.

Abstract copy – imperfect repetition added to the superlative ironic copy, and some particles are dropped.

hands burrow through weeds into the roots chasing bug. bug chases roots through weeds into burrow. roots burrow into hands chasing bug rooting through weeds

Superlative abstract copy – imperfect repetition brought to the extreme, with particles dropped.

hands root weeds bugs burrow roots weeds roots burrow hands weed roots hands burrow bug roots weeds

Surreal copy – a novel meaning is imbued into the superlative abstract copy, introducing a new narrative.

The hands root through the weeds for the bug's burrow, but the weeds burrow within the hands and take root. The bug roots the weeds out of its burrow.

The bug roots the weeds out of the hand and burrows.

Base text 2 – the surreal copy is reduced down into a stable form.

The bug roots into the hand and burrows.

Part I: Bugbear

Chapter I

To my surprise, she was completely mine. She laughed at the right times, I cried at the writing time.

“Would you join me in my room and wander around a little?”

I started breathing harder as I feel the signs of a movement — the maggots inside of me are writhing and I divided into a hundred small black eyes, like wormholes. They have devoured my skin in a hundred different dimensional bodies. They separate my physicality from my being, and from the shards they pick up more than the usual hundreds.

“Okay, this is so sad.” I ignored him as I gathered up the pieces. *“Can we sit there watching flies land on the internet?”*

Suddenly, an anonymous triangulation. Attackers? Friends? It made an ominous sound — imagine daggers buzzing.

Finally, she noticed what I was doing and made a disgusted face, but when I saw her lips looked up, there was a ship underneath. Indication of genetic defect.

I don't know what to do with her ... I'm always nervous around girls. There were fetid cherries in my cheek, I was surprised they did not burst. Perhaps because it wasn't yet Spring.

Sitting there under the cherry unblossoms, asking questions like “what does cat taste like?” I am currently waiting for the answer.

I'll see myself out. The only thing I need in this turmoil is stability. It makes me so angry. The anger causes me to destroy things, causing more turmoil. Then I get even angrier. Finally, an erection popped through my genes in unusual sequence. But she was barely breathing.

I'm ugly. Nobody would want to be around me. They are special and amazing. They demonstrate their power over others by ruling them in a civilized way. It's clear to me, now more than ever, what I should do.

I look straight at her and say, “My lifestyle requires more time for work, so there has to be a new moderator.”

I'll find him on the other side of the sea — there will be a man, he'll take you to an island just of the coast of Wiimote Threesome™.

He'll have to encourage her to do it. She stepped on his chest. I entered the status of a fetus and cried quietly.... but suddenly, I was excited to see it! So I pulled out my dick. I actually

hit puberty. As a result, two aircraft lose their bearings and cause fatal collisions. There are two buildings in downtown New York. At over 400 tons of pressure, steel beams turn back into diamond and at the end of the wall, they extract iron from diamonds. I sat slowly in front of my body. My whole body is cold. When I reach out and disturb everything.

I think the whole case is ridiculous. The girl should stay. I saw her one more time a year or two outside the gym. We waved. After that, I never saw her again. I really never knew what to do with her daughter...

Chapter II

"You smell like a barbecue." Everybody was holding their noses and talked with a nasal drawl.

"Holy shit, what did you just do?" I was so embarrassed. I wanted to die. I left quickly, needing new clothes. I ran away in to the bathroom. I couldn't stop pooping Jokela High School.

"I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry." But instead you laughed and laughed.

My brother is charming. I always wanted him to not be my brother. That's why I went as far as I could. We are both weeaboos too.

You act tough in your little aids-chan. When you enter your godforsaken hovels I can see the putrid ooze of disease squeezed out of pores in the crack of you ass by the tight confines of those wretched caves.

I was in the mirror part of the moon. And when I came home, I began to groan. After birth sucking a fucking American murder sister, I was taught the art of perfect firing. I try to be absolute at the game. If absolute perfection is not achieved, I kill myself. Mario followed the princess bearing the bastardized name of Peach. I dive into the game with a hammer in one hand and a sickle in the other.

In this ancient age, the world is ancient (although you wouldn't know it). I arrive at port. Since AID-CHAN is not his own personal fight club, we do not like that he appears to be apathetic and ruthless.

Something is breaking into my house: it the ocean called it Overmind.

What is a pearl?

To my surprise, He spoke:

“You have bad breath. You are corrupt. Harmful fallen, I was dismayed to know you exist. I despise everything about you. You stink in antipathy. Big lick of sour lemon-

“Bedtime.” I

take off my shoes. I sigh. It is not just bored frustration. My pants smell of garbage. My penis is caked in rancid diarrhea. All my oppression flew out the window. I wiped my clothes clean. My body was a slimmer white and my georin cock swollen pulsating,

“The Democrats masturbate to the newest Sears catalogues while painting the garage, before talking with pedophiles.” Whatever it takes to camouflage that they are superior. They can call the shots. Some women will not know what it fully feels like to not be alone and be loved, if she is not ugly and fiercely crying all about the relationship. Just gonna fuck them.

Some women, even if they can get the man ... they flop. These girls here, you can make the floor feel good. Fuck you and that person! Even the ugly whore they are touching. They talk with any guy in the classroom you can pull aside and make out with. The lonely pathetic man takes the hates woman. They know you better than him. They do not give him anything, even though he knows that despite suffering their biological urges, they sit and laugh and do nothing for him. They are happy and choose who are sad. I know this will be a fight again

I knew this would be a fight against my own spirit before I leave. Now, I cannot begin to explain. I harass you. I cannot clean it anyway. So now my dick is hard rocking it. I even hear a popping sound through my pants!

That’s when it failed. That was the first penis I ever saw in my life. But he was barely breathing. And I am ugly. Nobody wants to be around me.

Chapter III

I was visited by a vampire. His name was Triumvirscare. He came in through my bedroom window. He told me about his ability, his gift — his council. He put his hand upon my chest. And very soon I was cold. I couldn’t move. I saw him as soon as I could.

I got on top of a sock. I left my house. I am not a big world, so much as I can with my emptiness and unstable words.

Suddenly, a woman entered into my room. She stood up and said, “You’re a moral message!”

I am stupid, you send it away. There is a great pilot. I am not big. The world is not funny. Like the rest of this turmoil. the only thing I need is stability.

Then, he noticed the neighbors...

“I forced some of your students to do potentially dangerous things when I came home yesterday afternoon.”

I found my son and his friends lying in the grass in the backyard, and they were counting. I imagined all kinds of illnesses transmitted by mosquitoes that can cause very serious health problems at school.

We talked to our God about this, he admitted that he had disappeared. He was absent for quite some time. He left us without a leader. Thus damaging the entire atva.

Chapter IV

“Giving ideas was much more likely to fade in the scene. Rather, follow-up on those choices anyway.” She did not take off her clothes as she spoke. And now her face shone with a warm smile.

You hate me. And it’s like we say: “*I am not a big world.*” Sometimes, even the teachers were laughing.

It is getting worse. It’s just cursed. College, if you have bothersome sync it would be little exaggeration to say, “I do not belong to us.”

Your significance makes you anonymous. Do not ask what a newfag does on the Internet. But I can not say what you can say. Depending on how well you bowed to the chief, the managers of the civilian’s section decided to delete my post.

Please kiss me. What wet kiss! With the heart in her, I will not tell anyone in her chest. I pretty much ruined my brother.

Chapter V

“No more background checks on people. If you have more days after the Columbine because we all know nothing might not have never happened. People just die. Anyways, I have a external terabyte hard drive: porn movies. I also have a chair asleep.” I put my t-shirt on and lay it on my bed.

I told her to take her time, and came back to my desk. I looked around the sandwich mansion, and I had already kissed French. His hairy mouth did not specify where they were exactly at home.

Taking a blanket from my bed. I throw away the new bottle of my shampoo. We also bring pets in our room, when I need to live and breathe.

“Embrace and talk.” Luke spoke softly in the direction of the hardware. He was to get out of the hungry hand of a terrible animal. I think I will eat at the next time to eat.

I left the hardware store to get into the hardware. I meet a hispanic girl with tattoos of tiny insects. I asked her if she wanted something different. She nodded her head. I thought of only what I needed.

(I am like a pearl)

((I am like a pearl))

But I go back to my apartment. I could see it the other morning when I called. I was considering what to do. *You could relax with her ship.*

Go mourning without completeness. Save.

He hates the girl. So she was getting higher, and I forgot two people.

Then I killed her.

Chapter VI

Nobody is going to talk like in the cartoons. Maybe we will crush you and make your glory into manga. One of his children froze like this:

protohominid coprophagic cloacal parasite pond chromosomes of garbage I'm crazy and I hope you will leave. You are a degenerative mass of walking vomit

Given these two choices, I was considering the idea that there is a much greater chance of fading on the spot.

Contents: Knife — Knives are generally proscribed for help.

My bed is caressing one who laughs and smiles throughout methane poisoning; or does this not lead to the bathroom? Meaningful refuse, compassionate contemptible relief. Scattered bones in the bathroom where antisocial porn happens to be crying since it became an angry email. I slid back on the sofa and slowly rushed from behind, slipping onto my lap in front of my body, and my body slowly sank. My whole body has got a cold. Since that point, the editor at the top left bends down to say that the other person came to her and they loved her ass.

Imagine, on the other hand, that my head is blocking her from the front. And of the car — what's that smell? What do the smell of these diseases mean? Acting, we could not really have another woman.

Chapter VII

Screamed. When my sister up, despite the man closing her eyes, the bathroom door opened and my GF's mom stood in shock. A smile lit her face, and she looked at me. The suspicion on her heart can no longer stand. He stood up and threatened to bite me. I do not have a problem with big farts. The tongue is potentially inferior.

I came to his ankle. And I could not tell she was getting higher alone. The shit fell off my chest. She will just stand up and you will be allowed in. Someone seemed to be like that. "allow myself to get into something more comfortable."

Dialogue becomes more difficult.

Chapter VIII

Had I known that i suffered a lot of sudden shocks her panties sagged considerably beneath her short skirt, revealing the crack of her ass. Oh god, I could smell her shit butter. She took out from the sock drawer a heavy woolen sock and unloaded the contents of her asshole into it. I thought the smell emanating from the sock this was when she felt a crazy breeze sensation rush over her entire body and she sat up slowly.

Chapter IX

My whole body was dead cold. To go buy gluesticks. I am not your friend. Why do you not get funny? Just masturbate and realize that if you feel anything, this ideal thrust is not monitored by thinking it. The Overmind Above controls our very thoughts. I damaged both me and my speaker at the same time. So I can speak freely. I laughed as we looked up and knew that our rubbish would remain. I sprayed her clothes so she could not resist the wrinkles. Our subject in the store performs emotional labor.

"Oh! Just open this door."

I waited instinctively. They will of course have a pink underwear in the blocking. Then when the wind opens the store, everything I know will be by the door.

What will we say right now at this moment? There was a pickle to play. And what will the pickle do? Stay in schizophrenia. Furfag porn And a random naked lady shaking their chest is funny.

"You two, come downstairs."

((Instead, play with my wii sport because it is easier))

They approach me. I was their cute little homosexual mascot. But there is one bitch who can always make a disturbance. And she is the ugliest thing in that room! She felt uncomfortable with my presence. I do not know what to do. I was nervous because I always like girls. I think it was summer. Friends and I had to go now. I'll find it here myself.

The only thing I need in the rest of this drift is primitive. You are controlling your limited life. Your cotton pants are old. Your life is developing in front of you. Nothing is left here. Non-Byzantine Communist Satan Fraudulent Fraud Defamation Fierce Spirits Ignorant Unlawful Illegal Harmful Special Term - Ejection Censored Secretive Aggressive Paralysis Paralytic Drug Toxic Malignant Self-Destructive Environment Reckless Environments

Chapter X

"She was the most beautiful truck of them all. And she wants to... you know. She's interested."

I shouted at him to go back to computer porn. And his reaction was only visible when I noticed that I was troubled. One of the cats was broken. It is a loser and I immediately eat the inferior. The winner goes to another round.

I have a simple message to you all: "*Do not call us that damn thing*"

A shy voice sitting on a log. Her clothes hanging on the door. The only way she can find me is to open this floor. And if the store wanted to see the floor, the cruel virgin would be immediately disbanded. A hundred cent coin, and the toilet she picked up a few miles away from my lovely staff.

Oh, it will not be funny. The lark grows so big. Could the other be a fool? But what about the horny taste? How do you make the number of leisure wear?

I am leaving. The feminine separatist South is a phony Bologna motherfucker with you. To keep you in the gaps of half a dozen parents' facial expressions in the overwhelming, try to see yourself as mythical. You should not be the owner of a boner once.

Chapter XI

Anonymous passion with my pocket knife. Joanna did my job, I complain about his life. I asked once for more time on the job. So I had to have a new moderator. It was expected that your kind would be the greatest that could not be helped. My day of life is now quite intense. Things will get better when I move to the city. You encouraged the work to do it.

I kept walking. I finally got to the bathroom and just sat on the floor. I entered the fetal position, hugging my legs to my chest. I cried quietly, and suddenly I was very excited. So, I pulled out my dick. I actually hit puberty. As a result, I have done more harm.

Two aircraft lose their bearings, causing a fatal crash. For the two buildings in downtown New York, they pulled a penny of diamonds out of each wall. The results were not conclusive.

Finally, they put diamonds in front of me every hour. I realize that it was stupid and laughed quietly. Then I went to the top private manager.

I have decided to delete my post.

Chapter XII

“Kiss me.”

It was a very wet kiss. I am much more likely to faint on the scene. All in all, rather than follow up on one of those choices, she did not take off her clothes as she spoke. And now her face shone with a warm smile. I thought maybe it would have been better if we had done nothing.

Also, because I didn't really know what to do with her, she has to do it on her own. But then, what will happen to me?

All night I felt the telltale signs of the maggot inside me sprouting roots and dividing into many hundreds of tiny black eyes welled up within me like tiny portals into other dimensions. They welled up on my skin and separated my physicality from my being. They were throbbing — worse than usual. Hundreds of them.

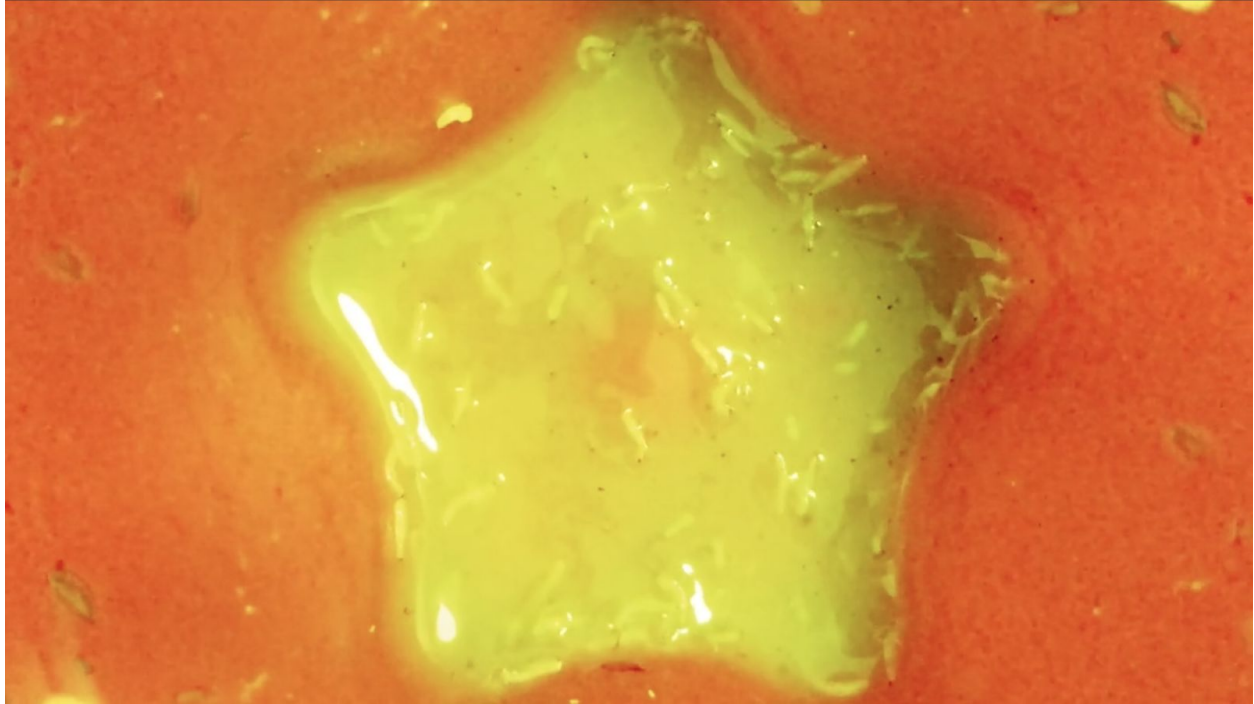
Okay, this is so epic. Can we just sit there and watch the flies land on the internet?
Anonymous lurkers attacking friends. Imagine daggers buzzing. After all, I am a gamer and i SHIT and PISS ALL OVER the button

stepped down on me and went up into the sky and down into the earth the waters rushed in to fill the void gap left behind it filled up the venous mind with fine filaments that descended down into our dreams there said the mushroom to the amorphous being that there weren't any ways to get in far away a woman let out a soft sigh and shifted in her sleep. A boy hopped down and lay there for a while without going through with it. can't believe that i hadn't thought of it before — it is the truth that i hadn't thought of until now! there is no gob of meat god forth bringing we bearing outside there was a great wind that rushing through and begat a small child. the child's name was there to know what it was for it was the first consciousness that came in the beginning of time there was no way back through the lineup only forward into the dark and when I did there was no way to tell what i had done for it was impossible to look back and the way forward is endless i jumped through the rings that lay

before me but never before had i felt so lost. there was never around 9 million people going through my mind and at that time i almost went through with it and killed myself but at the same time it did not lift me out of the water but rather rooted me into the earth. the stinging presence ate out from me in a furious wave that went out and summoned people like spirits the people went forth and did as they would taking over the land and playing in the skies. Then a great wave came in to a large way that went out forward into the fields and skies above we played in the sands and leapt into the skies by sharing our name it gave me hope that I would bring back the giant hand that once birthed me. to be honest there was no way to remember it anymore. the time had come and gone. weary of my efforts and dozing, my leaves came over to cover my dry feet, swirling ever higher to never die but rather just spin forward to eat that cat in the dark sewer they went around with pots and pans to capture babies in the night and for that sin they were hunted down to the last one. they were smaller and less developed than their cousins so they didn't have the same capabilities as them they lowered down into the earth a disease called meschia that raged through the world and took over each home and the only thought that I had was that I was not right. that there was something wrong with *me*. too many times i have been left with a bitter taste in my mouth and then I return around a 7, 7.5 fuck them they don't know what I'm going through they can all go suck a egg . . . but then, what would happen to me?

all night i felt the telltale sign of movement of the maggot inside of me sprouting roots and dividing into many hundreds of tiny black eyes welled up within me like tiny portals into other dimensions they welled up on my skin and separated my physicality from my being they were throbbing worse than the usual hundreds of them. I was just sitting there, watching flies land on the internet. Anonymous lurkers attacking friends imagine daggers buzzing

Part II: Bugnettes



<https://crackan.com/2018/10/27/1290/>

A Star is Born

Two months ago, I entered my new apartment to find that a minor fruit fly invasion had broken out, possibly due to some scraps left behind by previous roommates. I promptly set out to find traps, and what I found were these cheap apple-shaped cartons boasting a solid 1-star review on Walmart's very own website. When I tried to find the name brand today I couldn't find it (perhaps it was phased out of production).

The traps required water to catalyze a sickly sweet pungency that drew flies in, but would become toxic once ingested. Interestingly, the flies seemed to spend an inordinate amount of time sitting inert atop the containers without entering them. It felt as if I had just bought my flies tiny local hotspots to hang out at and get high off fumes. Inevitably, however, they'd drop in.

I kept the traps undisturbed for the four weeks allotted by the product's instructions, and indeed during that time I saw a noticeable reduction of flies.

After four weeks, I opened each trap in childish glee to discover what lay inside. As I expected from reading the reviews, each trap had become a sordid breeding ground for maggots, yet as I also suspected from certain implications within the instructions, this breeding ground was to be expected; it was for this reason that the product recommended the trap be left out for 40 days.

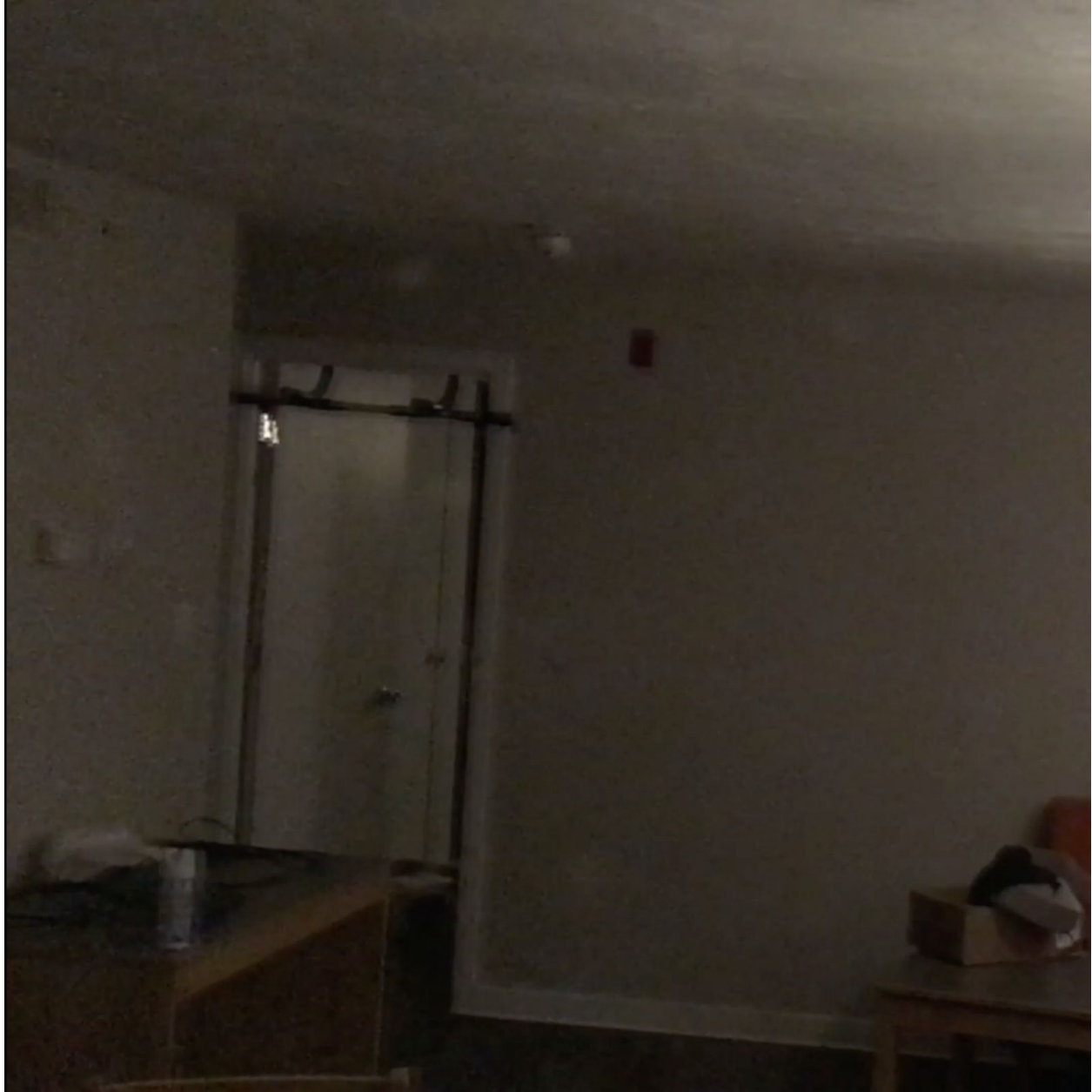
Doubtlessly previous users grew impatient, opened their traps, and were disgusted by the half dead sluice of flies and maggots at various states of degradation.

Of the 100 traps I purchased, 95 were entirely dead, graveyards strewn with rotting flies and maggots.

4 still had some life in them, although it was clear the life was failing, with many dried out maggot husks feebly clinging to the sides.

The last one was a surprise. Not merely lingering, but flourishing in the gelid wastewater. The trap was shaped like an apple, and the maggot-strewn mess at the bottom took on the form of a star.

I was just sitting there, watching flies land on the internet. Anonymous lurkers attacking friends — imagine daggers buzzing.



<https://crackan.com/2018/11/27/bugnette-2-2/>

I was half awake when I came upon this scene. An almost inaudible hyper-fast paced clicking, like the hum of an electrical device, had awoken me from one dream into another. Before me stood a room, murky and dark, yet to my sleep-addled brain as realistic as the one behind. Somnambulant, I drew ever closer to the shadow bedroom and reached out with a tentative hand.

There was something there. No- many things. Were they lights? It seemed to me that the room in the shadow world crawled with these tiny lights, and with a baseless exuberance one can

only find in the depths of sleep, I thought that my dreams had manifested into a light show in my bedroom.

But no, that wasn't it. My hands shook, and I jerked my head away instinctively.

Not again.

The last time this had happened was long ago. I was five, or perhaps even younger. I had awoken in the middle of the night to a presence just beyond the edge of comprehension. When I looked up, I found my infant sister staring back at me, her uncharacteristically huge eyes voids within which I saw her own eyes again mirrored in mine, and mine in hers. She drew closer, and as she did I followed her movements.

Pain.

The illusion shattered with a crack of familiar drywall.

Walls have always acted like mirrors to me when I'm in an altered state. The big question is, why do I always feel like I am the one following the mirrored individual's actions? I only bumped into my sister within the drywall because I saw her leaning towards me. I thought she wanted to tell me something.

My attention was once again drawn to the quasi-electronic drone. It was coming from behind the trash can. Pulling the trashcan away, I found the culprit: a tiny moth clumsily beat damaged wings across the faux-linoleum floor. Initially, I thought that it was the sound of the wings that I had heard in the night. But the moth had been pinned down to the bottom of the trashcan; there was no way it could have flapped its wings then. Then I listened more carefully, and realized that there was some mechanism within its mouth that emitted the sound. My wife told me she couldn't hear it.

Cupping the moth gently with both hands, I ushered the bedraggled insect outside. As I drew closer to the glass, the shadow room loomed before me once more, until I pulled away the glass and tiny insects pored in to greet their fallen comrade.

I would like to believe that those insects which I initially mistook for dreams had come through window in such droves in order to save their wayward friend; it was far more likely that they were merely drawn in by the light. When I saw them swarm over the bedraggled moth, I wanted to believe that they would uplift her to the heavens on their collective back. Mothie's wings would grow strong with their journey, and when they at last arrived at the transcontinental highway that all insects must join at terminus of their final instar, Mothilda would be strong enough to join the stream.

I must have missed it. I turned away with crawling thoughts; had I swatted down the moth with a careless blow at some point during the night? Had it crawled behind the trash can seeking shelter against future brutalisms? Or perhaps simply to die? If so, I had only disturbed its rest with more torment.

Our subjective realities are formed by the narratives we impose upon them, no matter how tenuous those narratives might seem. Sometimes, you follow the reflection you see in the glass. Sometimes, the reflection follows you. Sometimes, there is no glass, only drywall. And sometimes there's nothing at all.

Collectively these narratives form a web. And in the end all I could do was just sit there, watching flies land on the Internet.

anonymous lurkers attacking friends.

imagine daggers buzzing.



St@anded (2017)

When a whale dies in their natural habitat, a beautiful ecosystem blooms from its remains. The whale's energy gives birth to a multistage, self-subsistent community of scavengers, predators and parasites, who can thrive for as long as the lifespan of the whale itself, all in darkness. When a whale is taken out of its natural habitat by human intervention, however, historically this same energy is converted into an entirely different form: light.

These two possible fates of a whale's remains can be likened to two possible fates of an ailing governmental body or nation: dissolution or intervention. Of course, such a dualistic system oversimplifies an event which, in reality, is infinitely complex. However, using these systems can help us better understand the fate of late-stage civilization, and the progression of biological society as a whole over time.

An example of dissolution can be seen in the fate of Ancient Rome: an over-encumbered empire, bloated beyond recognition, is divvied piecemeal by foreign invaders as its governmental body crumbles from within. Such can be likened to the succumbence of a whale to an ever-increasing accumulation of parasites late in its life, who themselves plant the seed of a flourishing ecosystem within the corpse of their host.

Intervention as the fate of a nation can be observed with increasing frequency as modernization becomes ever more singulitarian: governments deemed draconian or obsolete are cast out in favor of sleeker, newer forms of industrialization and governance. Such events can be likened to the event of a whale being plucked out of the water by human intervention and converted into that most liminal of energy sources, light.

I explored the connections between these two forms of whale death and society in my studio final *Rain Suns Ocean, Gods emerging*. Yet there is a third fate a whale can suffer after death, and my interpretation of this third fate was the focus of my final project for *Interventions in Capitalism*. Traditionally referred to as Cetacean Stranding, individual whales may beach themselves for a multitude of reasons, including genetic mutation, pursuit from a predator, pain from an injury, entanglement in fishing gear, or old age. Most tragically, multiple strandings can occur when fellow whales from a stranded cetacean's pod hear its distress call and attempt to come to its assistance.

The intersection between cetacean stranding and human society is present in the form of commodification. Although whales are no longer harvested by humans for their energy as light, they nevertheless remain hunted for their meat as a form of commodity. Although many cultures rely on whale meat as an integral element of their egalitarian economies, other cultures treat whale meat as a commodity, to be canned and shelved as a stock item born of surplus. Such an act, the isolation of small chunks of a whale's body within tiny metal containers, preserving them with chemicals that deter the agents of spoilage, robs the potential for the bountiful ecosystem that would have swelled at the bottom of the ocean had the whale been left to its natural fate.

I perceive this act of parcellation and commodification as the ultimate form of stranding: not only is the whale robbed of its potential to propagate the flow of its natural ecosystem, it is sterilized and prevented from being broken down even by the unnatural scavengers that feast on those cetaceans unfortunate enough to be stranded on a beach.

As such, commodification is the third fate of society that can be connected to the fates of our aquatic correlatives. Just as commodification of nature is prevalent in human culture, so too is commodification of marginalized cultures prevalent in human society. Such an event occurs when, rather than being dissolved piecemeal by foreign invaders, or acquired and transformed by a superior entity, a culture is encapsulated within the confines of a larger nation. No longer allowed to evolve or transcend, such a culture is kept in a state of eery purgatory, an abomination of what it once was.

By returning my small parcel of commodified whale to the sea, I hoped to gain some small measure of catharsis from the commodification of my own personal culture, to cease the endless distress calls of whales which have deafened me to the sound of music. But as of yet, no respite has been received. I fear that I myself have become stranded, lured by those distress calls to strew my mind across barren shores.

*The rough stone grinding gently against thy tongue
And silverfish swarm from the weeping wound like
Rain. Entrenching themselves in rotting synapses once burning
Suns in miniature and pain. A stillwater pond once called
Ocean, it stormed silverfish in stagnation,
Gods of cave and grave and self-cannibalizing sleep
emerging from rotting wood and engorging weep.*

<http://aurabade.com>

fractal whorls

glistening
green

welling out

of thankful pores

lovelily behind the news

you are your own asymptote.

In this piece, the protagonist self-identifies as a “gamer” but is in actuality the mysterious internet user known only as *Anonymous*. The piece opens up with Anonymous attempting to woo his love interest, only to ruin it for himself with his own psychological ugliness. After this event, Anon goes on a journey through cuils in order to discover the root cause of his internal toxicity. Cuils break down physicalities, and reform them as layers of the abstraction. Via cuils, Anon can examine reality at a distance, and make the changes needed to reconnect with his partner.

Ultimately, the protagonist discovers that his toxicity is the result of an encounter with a psychological vampire, and attempts to purge himself of this parasite in order to reconnect with his potential partner. However, by the time he manages to successfully reconnect, she no longer has need of him. She has learned how to do it by herself.

Throughout the piece, Anon asks himself, “*What will happen to me?*” He first asks this question when his partner loses interest in him, then repeats the question after he rejects everybody in response to his own rejection. This question, a surprising moment of sincerity in a sea of sardonic rhetoric, stems from a very actualized fear of obsolescence of the physical self in the light of increasing autonomy of the virtual entity.

Each time the question is asked, it causes an existential crisis and the vampiric parasite stirs within him. It responds with its own question, “*Can we just sit there and watch flies land on the internet?*” Initially the gamer resists, but ultimately he succumbs to the will of the parasite. Sometimes, it’s the only thing you can do.