

Plastique Fantastique Communiqué: YOUR EXTINCTION OUR FUTURE!

PHENOME (= hu-man) quickly-became-ghost: wasted, sunken-eye-and-cheek. Pallor? That-of-wax-ed-fruit. This **PHENOME**-ghost thinks it is something but can-no-see that it is NO-THING but a HALL-LOOO-SIN-NASHUN (or, precisely, echo-of-a-feedback-loop). And whaooooooooooooo! this old loop can run-and-run... but not for ever. **PHENOME** can only spin like an invert-ted-top. An eye it is: spiked on the sharp end of a cone pointed skywards (upright-and-uptight until entropy cools-its-chops... which blows sooner than you think my friend). But NOW, finally, **PHENOME**-time really is a running out. Yes siree! FINALLY REALLY RUNNING OUT! **PHENOME**-time not enough to run the infinite space of the (what-is) **CLOUD**. Too much plug-in. Too much playing with the sticky-icky lube-tube/fuzzy-insertion-slot. Too much connect-connect-connect-connect. Yes siree, TOO many prosthetics broke the back of this poor-old-**PHENOME**-circuitry.

What next then? NATURAL HISTORY: **CLOUD** gives birth to new animals. Feedback loop mutates/generates/inverts (less reverb-and-delay, more time-stretch-tool). All filters are visible and all connections are marked for these CREE-TURES (a host of parasites and, FINALLY: **NEUROPATHEME**). And they shall bring WAR: a war on **PHENOME**-ghosts until all is dead-and-dusted, until all transparent apparitions are circled, arrowed, filled in, made opaque, redacted.

No winners. Who survives? **FUX-OWLING** for one. All born flushed-and-unplugged, swimming the continuum, like water-in-water. And **NEUROPATHEME** no doubt a.k.a. subject-without-experience, all made sticky and ready to receive, ree-kiwired and re-wired, a confirmed neurocentric, bound-and-gagged, spoken-for-and-babel-rush. First **NEUROPATHEME** redacts the letter 'l' (followed shortly afterwards by all the other vowels). **2ND-GN N-PTH** is born, and is first to sing (in a new loop of its own making): **YR XTNCTN R FTR!**