

P R A X L I T + - } >

:speedrun.exe

[sub]liminal cybernetics
as radi(c)al technology
in literature & media

BY

[bAbAk0r0]

PRESENTED BY

HAILEY LYNCH-BASTION

00__::pastiche nerves,,
plucked::__

01__::cerebellum::__

02__::vagus::__

definition of practical literature

06__::digiti manus::__

genealogy of practical literary works

03__::sushumna::__

defining facets of practical literature

04__::altum faucium::__

definition of trauma therapy

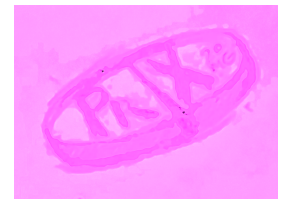
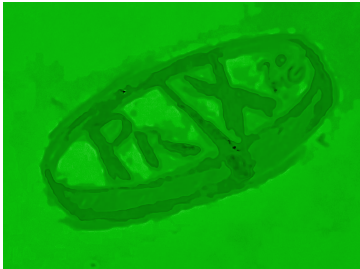
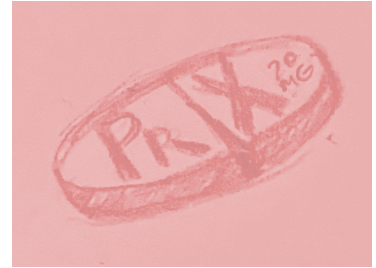
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09__::anahata::__

the reason for practical literature

08__::levator ani::__

an attempt at intentional practical literature



PRAXLIT

oo__::pastiche nerves,,

plucked::__

“One can’t teach the unconscious to speak the language of reality. Reason needs to be taught the language of dreams.”

__::Alejandro Jodorowsky

“We all have a ruling vice which is, for our soul, like the umbilical cord of its birth into sin, and it is through it that the enemy can always grab hold of us: it is vanity for some, laziness for others, egoism for a great many. If a cunning and wicked mind makes use of this resource, then you are lost. You then become, not mad, not idiotic, but positively alienated, using the full meaning of this expression, that is to say subject to a foreign impulse. In this state, you feel an instinctive horror for anything that would bring you back to reason, and you do not even want to hear representations which are contrary to your lunacy. It is one of the most dangerous sicknesses which can affect human morale.

The only remedy to this enchantment is to seize upon madness in order to cure madness, and to force the patient to find imaginary satisfactions in the contrary order to the ones to which he lost himself.”

__::Eliphas Lévi Zahed

“...Malcolm X, he had an ingenious insight which was at the top of contemporary philosophy. Namely, he wasn’t playing the Hollywood game, Roots. You remember that stupid TV series? As if the greatest honour for you blacks’ desire is to find some tribe in Africa. “Oh, I’m from there.” No! Of course, Malcolm X meant by the brutality of white men, being enslaved, we were deprived of our roots and so on...But this X paradoxically opens up a new freedom for us, all that white people want to be, not primitive tribal, but universal, creating their own space. We, black people, have a unique chance not to become...not to return to our particularity, no, but to be more universal, emancipated than white people themselves. You see, this is the important thing for me.”

__::Slavoj Žižek

“Thus it appears - all things considered - that Gnosticism, in its psychological process, is not so different from present day materialism.”

__::Georges Bataille

“As for young people, although they are crushed by the dominant economic relations which make their position increasingly precarious, and although they are mentally manipulated through the production of a collective, mass-media subjectivity, they are nevertheless developing their own methods of distancing themselves from normalised subjectivity through singularization.”

__::Félix Guattari

プラクスリット

“Tribalism is an ancient wisdom and for all its lack by many of our present standards has nevertheless preserved man through an interminable period of time, something that rational man with his rationally calculated engines of destruction gives no promise of doing.”

 :: **Grady McMurty**

“People take false pride and warfare incentivised / Fuck that, me and my tribe, we on an iller vibe / We accept the role of the villains ‘cause we been villainised.”

 :: **Killer Mike**

“In this sense, of course, many of us might aspire to a state of toxic queerness, labouring to undermine things-as-they-are in favour of different and more emancipatory futures.”

 :: **Helen Hester**

“Choose ye an island! Fortify it! Dung it about with enginery of war! I will give you a war-engine. With it ye shall smite the peoples; and none shall stand before you.”

 :: **Ra Hoor Khuit**

“As for the war-machine in itself...he is like a pure and immeasurable multiplicity, the pack, an irruption of the ephemeral and the power of metamorphosis. He unties the bond just as he betrays the pact. He brings a furor to bear against sovereignty, a celerity against gravity, secrecy against the public, a power (puissance) against sovereignty, a machine against the apparatus. He bears witness to another kind of justice, one of incomprehensible cruelty at times, but at others of unequalled pity as well (because he unties bonds...). He bears witness, above all, to other relations with women, with animals, because he sees all things in relations of becoming, rather than implementing binary distributions between “states”: a veritable becoming-animal of the warrior, a becoming-woman, which lies outside dualities of terms as well as correspondences between relations.”

 :: **Deleuze-Guattari**

“The deepest subversives have already broken into the system. The aliens are already here, without ceasing in the slightest to be alien. Guerilla war escalates in the direction of the tactical; a cyberpositive take-off from opportunities, a non-localisable permeation, undercutting all dominating strategic plans. An entire fauna and flora of opportune infections. Strategy tends to come apart in the tropics. Even traditional counter-tactics of surveillance and interrogation are becoming obsolete. The camouflage has become so sophisticated that people don’t know what they are carrying anymore.”

 :: **Sadie Plant & Nick Land**

ババコト

PRAXLIT

“No matter where you go, we’re all connected.”

___::Lain Iwakura

“We see that the human masses are at the disposition of blind forces which condemn them to inexplicable hecatombs, and which, while making them wait, give them a morally empty and materially miserable life. What we have before our eyes is the horror of human impotence. We want to confront this horror directly. We address ourselves to the direct and violent drives which, in the minds of those who hear us, can contribute to the surge of power that will liberate men from the absurd swindlers that lead them.”

___::Georges Bataille

“We want neither clean hands nor beautiful souls, neither virtue nor terror. We want superior forms of corruption.”

___::Lavoria Cuboniks

“I exist in the sludge between fiction and fact”

___::Machine Girl

“...But this study will want to take Baudrillard’s claim very seriously and approach fictional texts, not simply as literary texts awaiting theoretical “readings”, but as themselves already intensely-theoretical.”

___::Mark Fisher

“...There are many militant and terrorist groups already in operation. We postulate that these units are all acting under a unified plan and by postulating and writing the plan we bring it into operation.”

___::William S. Burroughs

“...What the hell. If I’m going down, I’m going down with the people I love...here’s to subversion. Here’s to [bAbAk0t0]”

___::Philip K. Dick

“and i don’t necessarily believe any of this i’m just saying words recreationally”

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“All magicians lie, and this one more than most.”

___::Susannah Clarke

プラクスリット

o1__::cerebellum::__

It creeps up from behind you
through cunning & deceit;;
it enters through flared nostril
&& travels down the spine
while transfixing the abhorring eye.
It is a trickster deity's venomous cackle::
It is a hellish massage,, and it drills with
[(,,or)::__in(,,)]
humanity's spectacular knack for violence::__
Today,, we speak of P R A X L I T .

o2__::vagus::__

definition of practical literature

Practical Literature is first of all a celebration of contradiction, for it is neither particularly practical, nor do the body of works that comprise the corpus entirely fall within the standard definition of literature. We shall define it thusly::__

P R A X L I T is any medium that::__

\\a.o)) aims to jostle the subject's unconscious toward a particular ethico-political assemblage by way of utilising a subversive psychology intended to make the viewer, or *subjected*, a participant in the procession of the Literature's narrative *proper*],,,,

//B.12}} takes part in all facets of the *sushumna*.

o6__::digiti manus::__

non-linear genealogy of some practical literary works

Georges Bataille's *Story of the Eye* & *Blue of Noon*; William S. Burrough's *The Revised Boy Scout Manual* & *Ghosts of Chance*; Michael Hanake's film(s) *Funny Games*, Laotse's *Daodejing*; Deleuze-Guattari's *A Thousand Plateaus*; Alejandro Jodorowsky's *The Holy Mountain* and the prescriptions of his *psychomagic*, including the eponymous documentary; skillful acts of divination; ceremonial & ritual magick; Zen koans; Marina Abramovic's *Rhythm 0*; Sadie Plant & Nick Land's *Cyberpositive*; Laboria Cuboniks' *Xenofeminist Manifesto*, *and this very paper*; as for state-enforcing P R A X L I T - MKULTRA, the psychologists of the Satanic Panic era, and the horrid text *A Course In Miracles*.

PRAXLIT

03 __::sushumna:: __

defining facets of practical literature

03A:: __

The first essential feature of PRAXLIT is its focus on *lumpenproletagonists* (LPTs) - the madmen, the mystics, & the marginalised; the destitute, the drug-addled & the disenfranchised. While retaining the narrative focus, they tend not to be pro- or an- tagonists, but rather flawed humans on an uneven social plane, wherein people are rarely *all good* or *all bad* in the conventional ethical sense. They are flattened, horizontal characters - the writing often comes across as a news report from an opium-smoker - and even when excitation or action occurs, it is conveyed with a tone of disinterest.

William S. Burroughs, famous for his life-long heroin addiction and basing much of his literature on AFK¹ experience, falls into this category by default. The unnamed -tagonist of Bataille's *Story of the Eye*, while coming from a bourgeois background, is undoubtedly a madman; he leaves his home to engage in absurd sexual violence with his cousin - they traverse the world in an absurdist nomadology - but even the most conventional of erotic acts are recounted with the same flatness as the suicide of a maid, as the murder and ocular excision of a priest, as the necrophilic acts that occur after both.

03B:: __

PRAXLIT utilises transgression as a military-grade anaesthetic. It makes its point-ed blade through intensive hyperboles, stunning the *subjected* with any manner of offences necessary to rail against the targeted sensibilities. This allows the intended message to seep into the unconscious, unnoticed at first, like a virus, while compelling the *subjected* to further consume the literature. The *Daodejing* - that classic Chinese text of mysticism - accomplishes this in its myriad translations by dint of an ostensibly basic language & the use of paradox, which slips past the conscious guard & eventually settles into the *subjected* psyche as sublime. *Story of the Eye* does so by repeatedly bashing in one's skull with paragraph upon paragraph of atrocity, compelling the *subjected* forward in horror & shame-addled arousal; at the same time, their unconscious begins to relieve the pressure of repressed fetishes of a rather lesser intensity than those displayed by Bataille. Meanwhile, the cyberfeminist and gender-abolitionist *Xenofeminist Manifesto* of Laboria Cuboniks overstimulates the visual centres with stereotypically feminine imagery,² blown to all hell & saturated in neon technicolour, flipping the techno-queer switch 'hind the gate as you stare - stunned - elsewhere.

Due to this particular use of transgression: >>

¹ Away from keyboard

² The online version of XF retains the colour & shape assault of the book while discarding of the (ostensibly) feminine~

プラクスリット

03C::

PRAXLIT falls under the category of *trauma therapy*.

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04:: **alium faucium:** __

definition of trauma therapy

Trauma therapy is based on the simple idea that often, within the violence of trauma, lies a radical potential for positive & revolutionary change. It is not necessarily the intentional infliction of trauma - although the effective use of transgression in **PRAXLIT** does fall under the category of traumata - but rather a shifting of the paradigm regarding the healing potential of injury.

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03C[cont.]::

Story of the Eye's trauma is clear from the crack of the pistol, and the result of the trauma it aims to repeal is repression; the trauma of **XF** lies within the visual stimulus, as well as the very existence of the (presumed) queer or femme who reads the text and the author(s) lived experience as marginalised - this is also the **XF LPT**. We have made a distinction in the previous paragraphs that the *Daodejing* of which we speak is that of its many translations: this is because the main trauma which the *Daodejing* endures or produces is that of the separation from its lyrical ambiguity. In a reversal of that trauma, the Chinese characters of the original allow for a multitude of interpretations, with the unintentional transversal between meanings as one reads & rereads the chapters - without the physical characters changing - creating a sort of destabilisation - a similar destabilisation found within Burroughs' cut-up technique. However, we distinguish here between certain of Burroughs' texts as **PRAXLIT** - the two current examples being *The Revised Boy Scout Manual* & *Ghosts of Chance* - and others as being *adjacent* to **PRAXLIT** (his other cut-up works, etc.).

The main hindrance to the efficacy of *trauma therapy* is the very real possibility that there is no healing, that the *subjected's* psyche is not constituted in such a way as to be penetrated by the author's pen, and simple injury or offence is caused. However, as we are discussing *media* and not *murder*, the injury is offence, and the wounded-by-words are a small price to pay for the healed-in-life. Further, the writing of **PRAXLIT** is often in itself an act of personal-transformative **PRAXLIT** for the author to begin with, so - **PRAXLIT** itself also being a sort of accident or glitch until now - any effects on others may be secondary considerations.

This personal-transformative nature compounds another tendency:: __>>

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PRAXLIT

o3D::__

PRAXLIT anchors itself to fiction by way of a rhizomatic meta-reality - an hyperbolic interpolation of the artist's lived experience - sometimes unintentionally.

Manifestos in general behave in this fashion, for the author(s) would not be writing such impassioned tracts if they did not suffer in the fashions they attempt to undermine within their work.

In fact, it is not an error for us to suggest that in some fashion::

+ - 3 -> | | : : \ \ > > >

o3C[cont.] | : :

all PRAXLIT is propagandic & polemic.

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o3D[cont.] : :

Burroughs we have already mentioned; Bataille states in Part II of *Story of the Eye* that he only *eventually* - by which we mean *through event* - realised his novella was semi-fictional. Marina Abramovic's *Rhythm 0* - where the artist stood entirely still & silent inside a gallery for 6 hours, avec displayed instructions encouraging the audience to use the items on a table next to her 'as desired' - was already hooked to her literal life, being a physical performance piece, but the trauma of intrusive thoughts - ego-shocking impressions generated through stimulation of unconscious conceptual assemblages - triggered by the table of implements & her absolute exposure - brought Abramovic and the audience into a Virtual fold wherein they could become predator & prey, captor & captive en masse:: a sort of intensive becoming-savage.

o3B1::

PRAXLIT uses repetition - lyrical refrains - to sew its thread through the spinal consciousness, or *hind-brain*:: the seat of the unconscious as posited in Thomas Moynihan's *Spinal Catastrophism*, from whence come the theoretical underpinnings of *trauma therapy*, and therefrom the archaeological 'beginnings' of PRAXLIT.

PRAXLIT's repetition is a sweet hypnotic & its difference is sublingual, a foul taste under the tongue. *Story of the Eye* has its incessant pairing of eggs and piss, the least of our concerns; *The Xenofeminist Manifesto* invokes *Xenofeminism* at every interval, a rallying cry; *The Revised Boy Scout Manual* has "BUGGER THE QUEEN!"; Deleuze-Guattari have their amo(u)r(ph)ous Body Without Organs, everywhere mentioned yet never penetrated.

bAbAk0t0

プラクスリット

03F::__

PRAXLIT has an unreliable narrator by necessity. There is a certain act of permitted underhandedness in psycho- & schizoanalysis, between the analyst and analysand, as when one goes to see a stage magician, or faith healer:: we willingly look at the left hand, knowing the trick is done with the right - knowing it, in fact, to such excess that sometimes the magician/healer will even explain what happens *as it occurs* - and yet the illusion still holds. There is, however, an illusion, and therefore a deception. Was the blind syphilitic father of Bataille anything more than a literary device? What really happened to Burroughs' wife in Mexico? *What the fuck was up with Nick Land?* Abramovic knew what the audience didn't, what she was encouraging the audience to become, like the sibling who says, "bet you won't hit me," close enough to touch eyelids.

In *A Thousand Plateaus*, Deleuze-Guattari don't necessarily want you to *get it*, they want you to *get something new*. Go sideways. Get out. Go up and then starboard. So when in the introduction they claim that the chapters (*plateaus*) can be 'read starting anywhere and can be related to any other (chapter),' they dismember the body of the text, willingly rip out the windpipes from their already multivocal narrative voice:: obscure their own plateau-assemblages to encourage novel generation.

+ } -> || __ :: ||| >>>

A rhizomatic point: >>>

03E::

PRAXLIT is simultaneously subliminal & vocal.

We have already seen how this is so with *Story of the Eye* in our explication of **PRAXLIT** transgression. In *Blue of Noon*, a dreadful slog after the intensity of *Eye*, the **LPT** - not exactly destitute, not exactly mad, an alienated bystander in a liminal reality - stands in front of his dead mother's corpse at night and strips nude. Then he just stands there, eventually leaving, to spend his life mildly eroticising the shame. Around midway in the book, when dropping in on a militant-autistic communist to whom he had recounted this and other such farcical acts, he meets Antoine Melou, an intellectual.

While most of the conversation is intentionally obscured by Bataille, a sensation of solidarity with the working class, conjunct intellectual hopelessness, shines through, as it does in the remaining half of the novel.³

³ Although not within the 'tag, who is almost exclusively impotent, save for in moments of madness, whether drunken or delirious with sickness.

PRAXLIT

We can assume these sentiments parallel Bataille's at the time - he gave a speech (*Popular Front On The Street*) to similar affect the same year he finished *Le Bleu du Ciel*; 1935, roughly a decade after the onslaught of *Story of the Eye*.

All this is to say, the **subjected** goes into *Blue of Noon* with the expectation that it will be another horrorshow, another sadistic explosion, and, like the tale of the 'tag impotently standing in front of his mother's shrivelled body before shuffling away, so does the novel make it seem like something *will* happen, when in fact nothing ever *does*, save the destabilising delirium of illness, a porousness of thought that allows a sickly mental seepage of the real message - a mid-tier leftist musing.⁴

The vocal narrative reflects the subliminal message, and this thread is interwoven through the plot.

A fisherman's string looped & tied off; an addict's catheter and the mottling of skin.

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o3G::

PRAXLIT schizophrenically traverses polarities.

We feel neither desire nor need to elaborate upon this point.

o3H::

NERV_BUNDLES.apk

As you may have noticed by now, the lion's share of explanatory points for each facet of PRAXLIT, including the contextual examples given, may be used to elucidate any other facet, like Deleuze-Guattari's plateaus; like 1/8" cables interchanging between the in- & outputs of a modular synth. Further, the facets themselves weave in and out of each other, like envelopes and filters:: a density of accrual wherein we accept o3A & the LPT as a necessary precursor to the rhizomatic B-G.

E.g. Those reasons which constitute *Story of the Eye's* status as transgressive are also those reasons which constitute its status as **trauma therapy**, which are then also those reasons which constitute its status as subliminal & vocal, etc., etc.

So much for the spine of it all

⁴ It is not Bataille's strongest point; even he forgot about the text for some twenty odd years. It is, however, a point - however dull the blade.

プラクスリット

09 __::anahata::__ the reason for practical literature

We finally ask the question - the first question to arise, and which could only be asked last - the query which presides over all other queries - “Why?” Why have we taken such disparate works and bound them together with tenuous sinew?⁵ Why does **bAbAk0t0** speak? For what purposes were we compelled to create - or rather, codify - conglomerate - coax from the cracks - the tenements of the house **PRAXLIT**?

Solely for the reason of propagating a literary terrorism.

Compañeras, pray thee look about us:: we will be found in an accelerating world-state of decay. We exist in a perpetual mode of forced destratification, a destabilisation foisted upon us by lawmakers & keepers, businesses & billionaires, bullshit the lot. We find ourselves choking on the air outside, whether from virus or fire or social anxiety. Many of us don't even have food to be unable to eat due to the agony of our rotten teeth. We are stripped nude and beaten. We are thrown to the street, our children shot dead in their cribs.

These are not metaphors.

We have been compelled to write because
We are the lumpenproletagonists.

As CCRU so rightly pointed out, the practical, revolutionary aspects of Burroughs' cut-up method were diluted, his legacy reduced to the drug-excess of beat poets, his magicianship relegated to the floorboards - a typical federal neutering. Proletarian technologies have always been repurposed by the state in order to subjugate & sublimate radicality; now, we aim ourselves, as Nietzschean arrows, to re-repurpose technologies *from the state* for the people and the War-Machine - a non-theoretical **bAbAk0t0**.

To the quandary of *Josie & The Pussycats* we respond, “Radio Free Albemuth.”

sincerely toward a fluid becoming,,

bAbAk0t0



⁵ True, the lineage of Bataille - Burroughs - Deleuze-Guattari - Plant/Land - Laboria Cuboniks was already well established, but not for the reasons of **PRAXLIT**, and indeed, we may even thrust our genealogy out of time, and claim that *A Thousand Plateaus* was our first true taste of **PRAXLIT**, which retroactively caused Burroughs & Bataille to become always-already **PRAXLIT** precursors.

PRAXLIT

o8: levator ani:

an attempt at intentional practical literature

Preface

you see the first one out of the corner of your bad eye
a wisp of smoke escaping through open bodega door,
midday.
it doesn't disappear when you dilate
like these things usually do
instead it writhes in discomfort as it makes its beeline.
= your day continues =

“you've been spotted, you fool!”
the council of crawlies undulated throughout the conference chambre, incensed.
the abyss really isn't all that comfortable with being looked at,
and these violations necessitate swift action.
the earthworm, greatest of them all, sighs
and dispatches the filament -
chronossassin.

the stench of 65 million years rot hits your nostrils.
worse, something's wrong with the clocks, and it's not the first time you've thought that.
the hands wriggle in your vision;
the numbers on your screens have detached themselves from value.
a fly territorialises your hardware,
tunes the circuits to micro-torrents of rivulets generating simplex-loops.
you can feel another one of those headaches coming on.

a dull throbbing behind the eyes.
there's a noise like a pitched-up modem fully occupying the right ear -
the left can only discern whispers from directly outside your bedroom window.
...disconcerting, as you're on the second floor.

you've begun to fantasize about cybernetic implants -
eyes, arms, your liver probably
not to necessarily live longer, or even better,
but to live sideways,
engage with the Virtual on a plane of lateral movement.
lemur-like. propithecus.

face down -
when did time get so nauseating?
you try to follow its similitudinous congealing and interterminal stretching
and come to staring at the I Ching on a road trip after a bender.

a wisp of smoke escapes through your open window.

bAbAk0t0

PRAXLIT

Molecular⁶ Reassignment Surgery: A Novel Method of Traumatic Integration For Individualist Reeducation

[IV.]::

It is the year 20XX.

The United States government - having exponentially decayed through linear time until they entirely lack the intelligence or strength of character to prevent their own total collapse - strips itself of parts and sells the states off to corporations. So far so typical, and barely a fiction. The midwest goes to Nestlé, who rename the region Nestland & triple down on their ecological horrors; the Great Nestlakes become a bloody battleground between the famished population of former Michigan & the hired enforcers of a new state apparatus...the people are swiftly destroyed. The ostensibly democratically-elected government officials still alive at the end of the conflict are given a choice to either work for Nestlé or commit suicide: most choose the former, though almost all eventually succumb to the latter.

The few jobs remaining to the poor are subsumed by the megacorp, and every non-landowner over the age of 13 is distributed one shit-brown Hershey's jumper and a pistol.

Those who were in the past called landlords & bourgeois easily segue into their class-wide employment as upholders of Nestlaw. All private property is forfeited to Nestlé as a display of loyalty, and legislation is passed making it illegal to 'conspire against the company' on company grounds - one could be sentenced to psychosis for such transgressions, or even forced into self-execution.

Monstrous organite reservoirs fashioned to imitate & shame the pyramids of Giza are placed in strategic junctions on each lake's shore, while an Oedipal Sphinx is constructed in the capital. The reservoirs are made to store vast quantities of lake water indefinitely, withholding the resource from man & beast alike, and guarded by a rotating crew of perpetually erect ex-landlords; upon filling, each one becomes like a hand striking nature, and the Sphinx a penultimate middle finger to God.

A small but concentrated insurgency group forms, taking its cues from fringe philosophy, esoteric religions & occulture, with aim to dismantle the new state via large scale psycho-industrial sabotage.

⁶ In the Guattarian sense. See *The Deleuze & Guattari Dictionary*, 'Molecular Revolution,' pg. 200-202

プラクスリット

[VII.]::

Calling themselves **bAbAk0r0**, their methods are bizarre, for they never directly strike their targets. Over the years they develop a singular technique of mobbing, and their brand of terrorism becomes renowned for its eccentric & savage nature. Claiming to have performed séances with such illustrious thinkers as Atkinson⁷ & Barker,⁸ as well as a myriad Goetia & dead Gods, and purporting to have members in pockets around the ravaged globe, **bAbAk0r0** is a ghastly headless figure in the night, consuming the already dead 'middle-class' one soiled corpse at a time.

Their method is known as *molecular reassignment surgery*, and the essentials are as follows:

[[III.]::

At sundown eleven **bAbAk0r0** gather a safe walking distance from the chosen pyramid;⁹ ten prepare a large fire & accoutrements appropriate to orgiastic revelry - furs upon furs, freshly slaughtered swine, caskets of red wine, baskets of sweet fruit; silver vials of oils that unnaturally shine, intoxicating incenses in censures aplenty, et cetera; also, the necessary tools to put on a puppet show, as well as a battery-powered strobe light, a dozen aluminium bats & the corpses of any recently deceased comrades, hollowed of their organs.

A lone **bAbAk0r0** chosen by lottery heads toward the beach dressed in all black & with mask, carrying a backpack containing the following:

One 24" dildo with weighted base & copious lubricant; one chiropractic activator adjustment tool; one extra large hypodermic needle filled with a combination of benzoquinone, extracted from the red millipedes of Madagascar, and methoxetamine, the dissociative-psychedelic; one vacuum-sealed roadkill specimen, decayed under a heat lamp for 48 hours; one 6" blade; one map of the spine.

[I.]::

In a conspicuous location upon the reservoir guard's route (and as near the entrance as possible), **bAbAk0r0** places the oversized phallus upon the ground, thoroughly lubricates it, and hides within striking distance, in a position where the guard will have their back turned. Preferably there will be a bush or some other visual obstruction nearby. The main hindrance at this junction: genetically-modified flies, cyborg insect drones running on simple AI meant to detect intruders & trigger the alarm when the guard is elsewhere.

⁷ Dr. Jim Atkinson, the 'intelligent spiritual being' whom D.D. Palmer claimed to communicate the principles of chiropraxis from 'the other world'.

⁸ D.C. Barker, the CCRU egregore who pioneered the theories of Spinal Catastrophism & Geotraumatism.

⁹ Which pyramid is said to be divined by I Ching, or Odu Ifa etc., in order to maintain unpredictability.

PRAXLIT

The simple fix is to unseal the bag of roadkill in some out-of-sight location nearby: the biological injunctions of the fly override its cybernetic coding, the circuits shut down and they flock to the carcass.

This being remedied, **bAbAk0t0** moves thenceforth unimpeded by pests, and prepares the needle & activator in the shadows.

[I.I]:

Coming across such an unexpected erection, the ex-bourgeois guard - psychologically incapable of resisting any hedonic pleasure that presents itself - is overcome with erotomania, strips, and begins the process of anal insertion. Once security is thoroughly penetrated, so to speak, **bAbAk0t0** comes out from hiding and inserts the needle in their back, at the eleventh thoracic vertebra;¹⁰ simultaneously they apply the activator adjustment tool to the neck with aim to trigger the top two cervical vertebrae.¹¹

Combined with violent stimulation of the Adhara¹² emphasised by convulsions from the drugs, this triumvirate of pressure is said by **bAbAk0t0** to radically & irrevocably alter consciousness.

[V.II]:

In conjunction with the chemical mixture, part paralytic, the guard is thoroughly displaced from time, space, & personhood - engulfed in the immanence of a primordial slurry, they will offer no resistance when being transported to the camp.

Once by the fire and sufficiently roused by stimulating hands & vapours, the guard is sat in front of a puppet theatre with a large goblet of wine laced with further intoxicants, e.g. a dozen crushed Benadryl with 30 mg Adderall can be administered via drink to great effect. A play with hand-puppets is put on, tracing the esoteric history of the magico-proletariat and their endless struggle against incorporeal feudal lords;¹³ the strobe light is figured behind the crowd and flashes at a rate of 172 bpm.

At this point, the guard should be entirely deterritorialised, the factory of their unconscious sprawled out before them and on strike; they are asked if they wish to become **bAbAk0t0** LIKE US?

¹⁰ "The point of biopsychic recall," "Praxis is chiropraxis," *Spinal Catastrophism*, pgs. 292 & 166

¹¹ The neck is associated in Qabalah with the sphere Da'ath, implying Knowledge or Reason; it is referred to as 'the false Sephirah,' as base reality is said to be beyond what one can rationalise, verbalise without metaphor, or comprehend intellectually.

¹² The anal cavity is associated with the Muladhara or Root Chakra, and in Qabalah associated with Yesod, gateway to the Astral (subconscious & pre-unconscious) realm.

¹³ The specifics of this performance are currently lost to the ravages of the Future.

bAbAk0t0

プラクスリット

[[o.]: route_a.

If they answer in the affirmative, they are handed an aluminium bat and instructed to bash their own skull to the sight of gore or dent - this serves the purpose of a symbolic self-sacrifice, but it also has the benefit of triggering grey matter growth & death which, encouraged by the purposeful stimulation of certain parts of the brain in the weeks, months, & years following the injury, allows a more permanent alteration of the personality toward communal & social integration, while paradoxically emphasising revolutionary - and therefore sociopathic - tendencies.¹⁴

The ex-guard, still nude, has their genitals, hands, and feet covered in blood from the pig, which is then put upon a spit over the flames; they are placed on the ground next to the deceased, and introduced to each by name.

bAbAk0t0 erupts in cheers, and a hideous orgy ensues.

[VIII.]: route_b.

If they answer in the negative, they are assaulted by the entire conspiracy with bats. The body is beaten well past the point of death, the skin mottled with bruising & the bones broken to bits. This behaviour is to encourage community engagement, to release any pent-up frustrations and anger, and to tenderise the meat. The guard is impaled upon a spit and placed over the fire - the pig is placed on the ground next to the deceased, and introduced to each by name.

The corpse cooks in its own expelled fluids' marinade, and a feast is prepared.

The dead moan an endless dirge, and the sickening wail persists.

bAbAk0t0 erupts in cheers, and a hideous orgy ensues.

¹⁴ Specifically modulation of grey matter in the left middle temporal gyrus & right medial frontal gyrus.

<https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fnsys.2015.00023/full>

<https://www.mdpi.com/2076-3417/12/19/9954>

<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/books/NBK554483>

PRAXLIT

[[IX.]:: orgiastic_convergence

Either the ex-guard or the pig carcass becomes the focal point of sexual function at the ritual zenith. Gyrating upon it and upon the bodies of the deceased, **bAbAk0t0** howls an asynchronous rhythm and plunges fingers into cadavers' pulpy flesh. Each corpse is quartered and the limbs thoroughly fetishised & fucked, engorged with all manner of waste...The dead reanimate with the ejaculate of the living. Chunks of rotten flesh are ripped away by rabid molars; the red of blood covering the fornicators, furiously pulsing in the strobe, presents an unfathomable Hell.

[VI.]::

When the bodies & minds of **bAbAk0t0** are nearly spent, a final bout of intoxication is undergone and a method of divination chosen. Two questions are posed and communally interpreted: which pyramid the conspiracy should target next, and which conspiracy around the state to send the baby **bAbAk0t0**. Leftover meat is packaged and distributed; the implements of the night stored away; any accidental casualties are prepared in the fashion aforementioned, for use in the next attack's necrophiliac display. The majority leave one way, while the recruit is led to their new community...all that's left behind is charred wood & viscera strewn upon the sand.

[[X.]::

So goes the method known as *molecular reassignment surgery*, pioneered by the occult terror cell, **bAbAk0t0**, in the year 20xx.

bAbAk0t0