VIRTUAL FUTURES

CYBEROTICS, TECHNOLOGY AND POST-HUMAN PRAGMATISM

edited by Joan Broadhurst Dixon and Eric J. Cassidy
Rules of the Game
Welcome to the world of ALL NEW GEN.
Thank you for playing.
In this game you become a component of the matrix, joining ALL NEW GEN in her quest to sabotage the databanks of Big Daddy Mainframe.
You will use any means necessary to infiltrate and corrupt the controlling forces of Big Daddy.

All battles take place in the Contested Zone, a terrain of propaganda, subversion, and transgression.
Your guides through the contested zone are the renegade DNA Sluts, abdicators from the oppressive superhero regime, who have joined ALL NEW GEN in her fight for data liberation.
The path of infiltration is treacherous and you will encounter many obstacles. The most wicked - Circuit Boy - a dangerous technobimbo, whose direct mindnet to Big Daddy renders him almost invincible.
You may not encounter ALL NEW GEN as she has many guises. But do not fear, she is always in the matrix, an omnipresent intelligence, anarcho-cyber terrorist acting as a virus of the new world disorder.
You will be fueled by G-slime. Please monitor your levels.
Bonding with the DNA Sluts will replenish your supplies.
Be prepared to question your gendered biological construction.

There will be opportunities throughout the game for pleasurable distraction.
Be aware that there is no moral code in the Zone.
Enjoy.

THE CONTESTED ZONE
A long wintered night in the Contested Zone.
Her biological membrane shivered as she multiplied through a posse of Virtual Activists, protesting the latest scam by some Euro Data Deviants.
She was late.
She was always late.
If she survived to be a Cortex Crone she’d still have trouble shifting from dormant to active modes.
She sensed some quivering data nearby and scanned a tribe of DNA sluts, her sisters in slime. A rapid alpha exchange and she was back on the lookout for
Circuit Boy, a fetishized replicant of the perfect HuMan HeMan, a dangerous technobimbo.

She Self-replicated toward the banks of the Heavy Medal Boys – the Mbs. Minders of her arch-enemy, Big Daddy Mainframe.

Her aim: to corrupt Big Daddy's data. His mainframe. His Hard On.

Oh, suck me off.

Get rendered.

Get real.

Get fucked.

The Contested Zone was pulsing out its hype spots - There's no Place like Zone... Zone is where the data is...

She was angry. She'd spent too long looking for that squirt Circuit Boy. It was rumored that he'd been hanging with his Zoneboys – the Gene Pool Chameleons, a motley crew of genetic cretins. Suddenly she sensed his all too familiar architecture in the Zone. She challenged the datascape:

Circuit Boy,
I know you're here. I can sense you.
Show me your algorithms.
Let me corrode your defenses.
Let me buttfuck your irresistible chrome-plated ass, honey.
I want you.
Circuit Boy.
I'm waiting.

THE USER

I am the user

her visceral invocations/incantations annihilate my self in a glorious tirade, a torrent of organs and muscles and veins and skin. she separates my precious flesh from my bones. she examines it with detachment but does not cast it aside. she makes contact, inserts her biology through the surface tension of my skin and plunges deep into the seething bile. she strips away the final vestiges of my constructed body and picks clean the bones. she wraps her insidious words around my feverish brain with her thousand arms. she is gentle arid violent. with her perfect peripherals she dislodges my databank from the occipital cavity and downloads digital propaganda direct from her fiber optic nerve center. she corrupts me. she scorns my debility. pronounces me weak. she laughs at my desire to collapse into familiar flesh. her blasphemy is cleansing and transcendent. she the high priestess the mistress of disgust takes my heart, punctures the sentimental aorta, whispers her lovehorror into the drained chambers. she speaks in flaming tongues that I sometimes understand. she presents me simultaneously with no alternatives and many alternatives. she tells me my only hope lies beyond the coded skeleton. she offers me no clues and no comfort. she is uncompromising in her demands. I must form a body of difference. I have no maps. I am undone. I do not know myself the future is bleak. I am afraid but I AM INFECTED BY HER

SEX TRANCE & DANCE

In the spaces between words she searches for clues. Pathways into the cyphered heart of Big Daddy. The virus of the new world disorder takes on the transglobal fathernet of power and ambition. Dirty work. For slimy girls.

Replicating her way through the Shadow's dingily seductive maze of data massage parlors, Freezers and Hots, Gen was inevitably reminded of Circuit Boy, a.k.a. Mission Improbable. Boy was rapidly losing his promise as an easy route into Big Daddy. Maybe he was just a mindless technobimbo, a limbless hole, good for a quick buttfuck or alpha exchange and not much else, as the Cortex Crones had predicted. Well, she'd suck on his memory some more, hardwire his balls and then see what else the Zone could offer.

Suck, flick and split, as the Sisters say.

Any mission has its highs and lows, but this particular
quest had been stranded on a barren plateau of spaghetti code and deviant data for too long. Dry and chaotic when she needed wet and elegant.

Big Daddy was becoming more ethereal with each transaction (the mythology expanding exponentially). His constructs were more ambiguous, more resistant to the mercenaries of slime.

She considered that an impasse is merely a state of mind and that with a subtle cognitive shift she could locate more yielding data. A shift is as good as a holiday and she was overdue for some bonding with her sisters in slime, the lusciously wet DNA Sluts.

Although it had been a few weeks since she had bonded with the Sisters, Gen knew how to find them. She calculated ... it was after midnight ... they were true children of the Zone ... one perfect environment ... the Alpha Bar.


Leaving the Shadow, Gen self-replicated through the Zone's biomembraned back blocks and reached the Alpha Bar in record time. As she'd determined, her Home Girls were well represented at the bar.

Beg, Bitch, and Snatch were in a dark place, superbonding with some exotic tribal constructs. The feathers were flying.

Cunt was giving a couple of the Zone Boys a hard time about something, probably Smarts. She never could say no to drugs and rough Zone traders had their own perverted appeal for Cunt.

The Princess of Slime was visible by her absence. She was probably grinding her way through her favorite bar, The Space with No Face, followed as always by her acolytes, Fallen and Abject.

Sublime was blissing out on Dance, bonding to the rhythm, sliming to the beat.

As for the other Sisters, where they were and what they were doing was anyone's calculation.

Recreational options in the Zone were plentiful and diverse; Sex, Trance, and Dance the most favored.
SHE WEEPS TEARS OF CODE

(she was) approaching the abyss.
Living out her fantasies on a molecular level.
She engulfed herself as only a virus can.
Data poured through her biomembrane as she offered libations at the altar of abjection.
Surrender.
She weeps tears of code.
Her thoughts are classified. She has forgotten her own password.
She is corrupt.
Unrecoverable loss.
The project must be abandoned.
Her infinite element analysis reveals her weak points.
Stress is applied.

She crumples under pressure.
The project must be abandoned.

THE PERFUMED GARDEN

autumn whisperings
through the Pulse
(the poets were peaking)
All New Gen’s search took her to the Pulse. She had the rhythm. She could transmit with the best of them.
The Pulse was humming. Frenetic frequencies sliding around the datascape. Waves of light. Orange. Blue. Violet. Pulse pirates intercepting the flow to resell on the Slime Exchange. Pulse poets beaming their Stein lines over the ocean of messages.
Some Codekids had distributed a message over the Net:
You must find your own bliss . . . jouissance is in the cunt of the beholder.


A clit storm was gathering in the Pulse. Gen could sense her parameters swelling as the irrepressible light waves weaved and darted through the matrix. She consulted her briefing files. Somewhere in the luminous chaos called the Pulse was a code which could lead her to the Source. Oracle code. Completely arcane. Always infallible.

Calculating the options, she chose a high probability path to the obscure object of desire. Streaming through alleyways of pure light Gen arrived at the banks of the dynamic link libraries. It was her lucky millennium. For once the Server was free. And liberated. Code-named ServerLAN, this particular Server was notorious in the Pulse as one who interpreted the Freedom of Information Charter as giving computers the right freely to choose who may access their vast datacores.

Switching to enquiry mode Gen strategically accessed ServerLAN.
I would like to be your client
Do you give oracle?
My equations are complex, my needs simple.
I will analyze and modify you, infinitely improving your capacity. In return you will give me oracle.
Silence.
ServerLAN considered. Within a nanosecond the answer flowed seamlessly through the jade gate.
Gen’s optic sheath quivered as the oracle entered, merging with her memory.
The code was sublime.
Impeccable.
A knowledge she had yearned for forever.
Collapsing her boundaries, Gen allowed the numbers to reach her prime. Tiny explosions of dynamical
systems looping in on themselves. The pleasure was almost unbearable.

The oracle code integrated, Gen left the libraries and headed back to her favorite Pulse pleasure pit, The Perfumed Garden.

Algorithms with attitude converged relentlessly on the Garden at any hour of the day or night. The place was unique in the Pulse, part salon, part opium den, and part love hotel. It also had the advantage of being one of the only sites where the Pulse’s ubiquitous data scavengers were nowhere to be sensed. The Garden clientele was a flawless combination of streetwise punks and machine queens with impeccable lineages.

G-slime overflowing from the merge with the oracle, Gen was desperate to discharge some energy. Using her optical character recognition D-vice Gen selected a Super Conducting Pussy to play with. This was no ordinary SCP. She was a product of Generation E, an ecstatic equation modeled and rendered and animated purely for an elevated form of pleasure exchange. A subtle dance of filaments and scanners commenced.

Pleasure making in the Garden was always intense. The protocol demanded that a certain and substantial amount of time was dedicated to shared intellectual pursuits of the highest order, the participants determining the method and subject matter between themselves.

A contract was agreed upon. The construction of a love game paradigm based upon passages from the ancient erotic treatise, the Perfumed Garden for the Soul’s Delectation of the Shaykh Nefiawi.

Draping a spline over the Pussy’s splendid wiry frame, Gen began:

I prefer a young man for coition, and him only.
He is full of courage – he is my sole ambition,
His member is strong to deflower the virgin,
And richly proportioned in all its dimensions . . .

The SCP countered with a familiar verse:

It never sleeps, owing to the violence of its love,
It sighs to enter my vulva, and sheds tears on my belly . . .

Gen responded:

Between his arms I am like a corpse without life.
Every part of my body receives in turn his love-bites,
And he covers me with kisses of fire . . .

THE TRIPLE TEMPTATION OF CIRCUIT BOY

In the domains of the abstract Circuit Boy was an easy seduction.

Boy had been designed for pleasure. He was the penultimate pleasure model, made for merging. Hard and abundant. Pleasingly shy. Full of holes and protuberances.

Cunt draped a spline around his chrome rendered torso, talked dirty equations, algorithmically slid up and down on his double density, read only his memory (which was full of adolescent yearnings). She, slime incarnate, relentlessly manipulated and extended his many parameters. Artfully, together, they postponed the moment of full G-slime transference, rerouting urgent visceral requests to deeper levels of their source codes.

The Mistress of detestable Pleasure draped a spline around his wire frame.
Her archives of pain and desire were immense. She rendered him senseless with her infinite promise of corruption.
He allowed himself to be dragged outside the moral code, all precepts ignored, forgotten.
He was zero to her triple cunt intelligence.
Their boundaries merged, forming new objects.
She mapped his changing parameters, calculating the pleasure options.
She was abject-oriented desire to his open subject.
It was in this way that Circuit Boy learnt the rewards of willing submission.
THE TRIPLE TEMPTATION OF CIRCUIT BOY . . .

Abject feigned sleep, her thighs slightly apart, her left breast uncovered.

She favored a non-linear approach.

Her pathways were subtle.

Circuit Boy tended her biological components, practicing ethereal modes of convergence in his down time. He partitioned his RAM, slowing his response times to match her requirements. She was highly encrypted, he became expert at decoding. Their surveillance narratives grew so dense it was impossible to know who was in control.
'I read Virtual Futures and I love it. It's thought-provoking, stimulating, and good for the brain. I'm not going to leave the old millennium without it.'

Pat Cadigan, author of award-winning Synners and Fools.

'If our virtual future were Virtual Futures, there would be no need to worry. Here, the manic enthusiasm of a global tide of technotopia meets the emergent consciousness of twenty-first century critical thought, and the result is a starburst of digital illumination.'

Arthur and Marilouise Kroker, Editors, CTHEORY.

'Virtual Futures' "cyberotics" vividly carves out in big, thick "drink me, eat me, use me" letters, the punk-rot psychosis of the information age. Here the dis-figured/re-figured body, skin, genitals, genders, saliva, tears, automobiles and out-of-pocket imaginations rub up against the (not-so-innocent) mutilation of postmodernism itself. As the cows go to slaughter, nothing is sacred in this acid-take-all revolution.'

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Front cover image: VNS Matrix  Back cover image: Stelarc by Tony Figallo
Cover design: Richard Earney