

## Calling @ Sweeney Shoal

Kanad Chakrabarti\*

*Playing in vast worlds, lovingly rendered jungles of cycads and palms. The swelling itchy racket of cicadas. Teams self-organised on tribal loyalties: Vermillion, Jade, Tanzanite. Belisarius' hippodrome refracted through cyberculture wars of the 2nd millennium. Gaming non-stop, we genuinely happy. Soy lent, drink 'til yer sick, just press the green paddle. No tipping the drone.*

*Estate of flow.*

*We play for pleasure and for points - points buy swag. Bps swop to cutter...watch the daily fix, floating expiration, -3% compounded 30/360 .... basterds. Need a stochastic doc to price yer wallet. Fancy some midcenturymodern ... white flat on cloudshroud Peak? Flat white, yellow cloud.*

*Social harmony.*

*The ill game also. 'course them is modified to accommodate their specific defect. Dunyano its un-patriotic not to play: Game In to Help Out !*

*Games change, depending on where you wuz lucky 'nuf to berth. Some oiks drone Daoism With Marxist Characteristics; others genuflect & cross, pining for a Third Rome; while the puce Neo-Hayekite sputters: 'The Commies are coming! The Commies are coming!'*

*Bring out yer flag. Bring out yer flag. (rumbling tumbrel)*

*Outside the biological shield lies a Hobbesian, empty land. Boiling, parched, sodden. Radiation-hardened brazen meccas roam a Großraum of Warring States. Uneventful, grinding struggle for resources. Theatre-denial.*

*Dialectics through other means.*

*On (an)nihilistic caldera, rocks crumble under golden sandals, yet fall we never do.*

*Whither Katechon?*

*For the true war is elsewhere, in swarmspace. Toroidal reactors fund race dynamics over compute - 99.9999% guaranteed uptime - recursively*

*self-improving, asymptotically approaching the grail but curiously immer stupid enough to need regular intervention. Prisoner's n-lemma: has one hit AGI? Or does it dissimulate, evolution's highest art? And what about the programmers - friend or foe? Who the fuck is in charge?*

*Meanwhile, the variarch dæmons do one thing bloody well: fashion unputdownable games for the dēmōs. After all, these loathsome vestiges of a presingular past still generate such valuable daata, so much compulsive weirdness, delectable fodder for googol-parameter algos still seeking the Gödelian outside. For now, just keep the wetware sloshed and happy.*

*We are excess collateral, Newest of the Last Men ... the lucky sods, waiting it out in the Cooler Lats. All the rest: dehydrated history or noshing on roots n' nuts ... mostly just hiding from sand-rays.*

*For the great irregular migrations are long over ... taklamakan all. Most soul traders eliminated, a few paid off. Anyway, where to go? The North is neurochipped, ethnically purified and finally absolved of its antezarathustran errors: False Enlightenment and Colonialgilt.*

*Damn, what did Hippo's Bishop say? 01100100  
01110010 01100001 01101001 01101110 00100000  
01110100 01101000 01100101 00100000 01110011  
01110111 01100001 01101101 01110000 00101100  
00100000 01101010 01110101 01110011 01110100  
00100000 01101110 01101111 01110100 00100000  
01111001 01100101 01110100 <sup>1</sup>.*

\*Kanad Chakrabarti (New York/London) works with the software installation - a 'film-essay by other means' - in order to illuminate the ambiguities inherent in technological capitalism. Exhibitions: CAC Vilnius, Queens Museum NYC, ICA London, Nottingham Contemporary, the Whitechapel Gallery, CCA Glasgow, Shanghai Minsheng Art Museum. Education: MA in Painting and Art Theory (Slade School of Fine Art, UCL, 2015); BSc in Computer Science (MIT, 1994).

<sup>1</sup>'drain the swamp, just not yet.'