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Phantasy

is the spiral insomnia

never ending loop of the gif

unblinking unfading digital eye

online space as a liminal space – gas stations, airports, bus
terminals, lobbies, convenience stores

atemporal

its no wonder the post apocalyptic is invoked in digitalia

proliferated as it is with uninhabitable spaces

un-faded physically yet degraded by outmoded coalescence of software

the loading screen



game of thrones

conventions of its genre:

an ambiguous kingdom. not good vs evil neither is it good vs good or evil vs evil

its simply vs

with no end

a proxy

digital qua digital

a pvp videogame

no longer the point to beat the game; the solo-story

phantasy world's are these indetirminate-intermediate hub places inbetween the levels

quasi mythological dwelling



Browser
System Configuration

⌘ Enter

△ Version

minecraft is also a spiritual cognate of this phantasy

of course minecraft has a story

yet the point is usually to build your own structures, objects, social communities

vast frays – frays as in the tattered shreds

that we're cast – as in pigmentless dye

a decentralized phantasy

yet there are ruins and fortresses scattered hither and thither

ruins as a spectral phantasy

its the un rendered fog. that dismembering hand. phantasy that radiates the room with the simmering
lurid flowers and sunny dew while in the room beyond the terminal its early morning

this phantasy is similar to seeing the moon and the stars during a clear sky in the daytime

making the atmosphere feel neither entirely night or day.

24 hour restaurants - perpetually caffeinated subjects watching 24 hour television. extra-dimensional
perpetual movement

virtual form of non-virtual formlessness

neo-camouflage

phantasy-insomnia-digitalia

neo-nutrition

extra-dimensional subsistence. parsing substrata

digitalia-insomnia

neophyte-digitalia



digital images are without life-forms, dwellings only mythologically fit for the angelic or daemonic, seeing as these hinter-worlds, in that they're both proper to contemplation and thought while they are at the same time sealed from all living matter

angels, seraphim and cherubim, being made of ether, light of stars, made by god before the world would be inhabited by man, their being constituted in a both pre cosmic and post cosmic eternal

daemons, made of ether and only possessing a voice are, as it were, disembodied, bringing fourth its host from one disembodiment to another, from one place of knowledge to the next; a pure mediator of vessels of knowledge. only constituted of words, of signs without a signifying. Similarly in some depictions angels, they are without teeth as they only eat of sacred fruit, their tongues being made of holy fire





what is un-mimicable that likewise is spirit is the gesture of a shadow, as it curves and stretches itself along synthetic surfaces and dances in wavering light

so too, that of the unspeakable voice of an echo, it reverberates off of surfaces in such a way that it seems to come from without a direction

man has, without a fate, without a destiny, artificial stars that no longer guide travellers through the desert.

Without stars of fate any speculative desert completely lacks form. All that's left for us now is our settlement, our paralyzed oral and sacred traditions