

Manifesto

Three taps in triad formation, spotted each by vibrant primary colour their solid silver surface. Beneath them, a holder for disposable palettes and a faded brown-green stain baked into linoleum. A young man lords over the triad taps, the palettes and the stain and he thinks to himself that there is something sublime about the senescence of frequent use—the celerity of degradation of something far firmer than flesh. He dawdles away to retrieve a camera.

Paint pipes pump pigment to working-class homes for the aesthetic benefit of the proletariat practitioner. Beauteous, labyrinthian pneumatic systems for the provision of parchment snake beneath the colour-soaked street. Repositories for charcoal in every city centre.

The young man returns with a gaudy, variegated box, sporting ornamentation of the eclectic persuasion; springs and diodes and soft agglomerations adorn the object's hull. He raises the box to his eye and depresses a star-shaped embellishment, producing a soft click. The camera is laid askew on a nearby table, and the young man returns to his typewriter. He finds that taking short moments to consider his station in life, and the miniscule details of his surroundings, helps position his mind towards further production. The typewriter is a vibrant orange, laden with painted flames and ghostly figures between them; its keys are capped with miniature reliefs representative of each letter's qualia. Fingers rhythmically tapped their variegated surface with the medley of thought.

The Supranational Aesthetic Republics (SAR) recognises as irrefutable fact that before we had art we had no external world: only instinct and sensation. Cognitive evolution gave us the gift of taste, which gave us the ability to decide that ideas were worth communicating. Taste allowed us to separate acts into moral categories. Unbelieving of his own power, man would attribute his divinity to Gods and Pantheons. No longer. Man now trusts the repeatable scientific processes of the SAR. As man grew in population, his myths proved useful for organisation. Now his myths are verifiable, and civilisation is the common experience.

P: The human species is one that has dissolved the walls between conscious thought through language. It is a shared reality we inhabit, and subjectivity only exists in taste.

Q: Nonsense, the human race is still and will forever be a segregated subjective occurrence. It is impossible to imagine another's point of view subjectively without resorting to your own subjective experiences.

P: We share the same neuro-chemistry, do we not? When I successfully communicate an idea or subject to your taste, I have then injected my qualia of the idea into your mind.

Q: You don't know what qualia means and I hate you.

Egalitarian sewage streams through lead pipes.

Equitable-opportunity saturnism.

Civilisation epoch, irritable consensus committees.

Terrorist by free-association.

ARCHITECT, KING AND BEAST ALL—THOUGH A **KING** OUGHT NOT TO WEAR **GLASSES**. HIS **CLOAK** VELVET, EMBOSSED WITH INTRICATE **LATTICEWORK** LINES OF HIS OWN **DESIGN**. HE IS SURROUNDED BY **WORKS** OF HIS OWN CREATION: **PALACE, COURTYARD**, MANY **PUBLIC ESTABLISHMENTS** WITHIN HIS **KINGDOM**; AS WELL AS A NUMBER OF **OFFICIAL RESIDENCES** AND **MANORS** FOR NEIGHBOURING **COUNTIES**. WHILE HE TAILORS HIS **MOTIFS** TO THE **DESIRES** OF HIS **NEIGHBOURS**, THEY ARE ALL STILL OF HIS OWN **STYLINGS**—UNMISTAKABLY SO. AS HE **WANDERS** HIS **CASTLE-MANOR**, HE FINDS HIMSELF FREQUENTLY STALLED BY THE DEVOID **WALLS** OF TERMINAL **HALLWAYS**. **ECLECTICIST** AS ALL EFFECTIVE **RULERS** ARE; AND EFFECTIVE HE WAS. HE WAS NOT ALWAYS A **TAMED MAN**, HAVING BEEN BORN DEEP IN THE **MILITARY WOODS** AND IN THE BODY OF A **WOLF**. **PREDATORY SYNAPSES** WERE REPLACED BY A SENSE OF **PROPRIETY** AND **BIPEDAL INCLINATION**. **BLOODLUST** FADED FOR **WINE TASTINGS**. HE WAS THE BEST **KING** WE EVER HAD.

A harsh buzz rings out from the light-lock, and the door begins its mechanical trip around the person inside. The young man is laying a wide strip of photographic paper into a tray of developer as the door spins open to reveal a dark chamber and another young man inside.

“Oh, hey, Sage. Didn’t know you were in here.” The new young man says, his epicene face soused in scarlet safelight. “I’ve taken some frontals that I need to develop.”

“Sure.” the young man named Sage mutters, distractedly. “Can you pour out some fixer for me?” His picture begins to fade into existence, a triad of metallic valves in monochrome. The other man pulls a jerrycan from under the shared workspace and pours its clear-red contents into a plastic tray.

“Is that enough?” Lithe fingers adroitly manipulate the canister’s cap. There is a sensuous stratosphere of subtly seditious fumes.

“Uh... yeah. Yeah, that’s fine.” Sage dizzily removes the paper from the developer and places it into the fixer, producing no discernible change, but preserving the photochemical reaction. He pulls his image out and begins to pin it on the thin line above his head, image still dripping, as the thin nudité prepares the enlarger with a strip of negatives. When the enlarger shudders on, Sage does his best to avert his eyes from the projection. Photosensitive paper is fiddled about beneath the young man’s bare Junoesque body and its more modestly draped counterpart.

“I’ll pick this up later.” Sage says to the persistently perspiring print.

The light-lock swirls closed with a harsh buzz.

I met my boy-friend in an on-line chatroom for pluviophiles. We bask in the sights and sounds of virtual-reality rain. Though in meat-space we are separated by thousands of miles of intricate sewer-tunnels, sometimes I really believe that we are together; sitting in the artificial-rain chamber, listening for the subtle stuttering in the procedurally-generated deluge.

P: Can you truly be said to have loved if you cannot fully experience another human being?

Q: All that love can ever be is the self projecting onto another. It is foolish to believe we could experience another's subjective reality without going mad. We are all **wired** too variously.

P: So when I, myself have love, is there no comparable thing to it in the universe?

Q: *The aesthetic experience of Limerence is the most powerfully producing force on planet earth. We of the Supranational Aesthetic Republics (SAR) are of the opinion that prosperous relational unions are detrimental to production in all but the case of the Muse. One-sided social mingling increases drive and brings out one's ability to yearn.*

P: It is a *malady*, to be **disconnected** so. The **WALLS** we **ERECT** about ourselves—are they **OF OUR OWN STYLINGS?**

Q: *The SAR further recommends that no action be taken in pursuance of the object of affection outside of the aesthetic.*

*It is sickness which makes us artists
It is Hell that we must **DEVISE**
To keep our **distance** in our wrists
In other's voices we heed lies.
Our bodies rely on aesthetic perusal
Our minds are made to extract our calm
to remove something **CRUCIAL...***

P: It's *self-harm*.

Q: *Man is never quiescent.*

chapter 6: two plus two equals a party

in this chapter our hero percy krowl, having learned that the evil SAR intends on segregating man into distinct personality groups based on the myers-briggs model and, having a personal stake in the possibility of separation from his androgynous love interest, commandeers the general's hover-apc straight to the SAR's evil manor/castle. rain lashes on the window slit of the apc and P is reminded of the death of his mentor, Q, as well as his childhood under the boot of totalitarian control. P realises that his reality had always been segregated (metaphor outlined in ch.2 becomes apparent) as in his home the walled city. medium neighbourhoods flash before his eyes: oil slums, fine chinatown, charcoal region, ect. he tightens his grip on the (steering wheel?—research.)

meanwhile, the cabal of aesthetic judges are making the last preparations under the steely gaze of their foul emperor, sage haba, the beast who walks on two legs (how to shorten "on two legs"?—don't like 'bipedally'). her snout glistens in the red tinted moonlight and she (barks?) orders furiously. S is clearly nursing a significant grudge against p after their fateful run-in in ch. 4.

P finds himself in a vast sewerage system under the uan's headquarters, and notices that the pipes are lined with lead.

here i think that P will begin the climactic battle with S, and they will both learn the horrible truth of the SAR's sewerage in a 'fall-of-rome-esque' twist.

The man sits back in his chair and cracks his knuckles. Fading light streams in through a large window overlooking the paint-slashed road, which grows muted in the shadows of cross-the-way buildings. He walks to the window and places his hands against its surface. The streets are inviting but barren. In a wave, lines of small lights draping between telephone wires and ornamenting the corners of brick stutter to life like CRT shooting stars.