





*plus* **Ultra**

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*plus* **Ultra**

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Or Excerpts From The Living Digest Of Dael\_0@gmail.com

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A TEXT MESSAGING MANUSCRIPT FROM THE EVENTUALITY

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by Ray Ogar







1010 text messages received

(reply not possible)



I watch as one squat Warhol casts several texts from his iconomorph onto the message fog above. His words turn inside out as a competing brand warrior fires a cellular virus into the crowd. One woman's pixel mask fragments and reconfigures into the totemicon of Bill Gates. All the Warhols instantly turn and devour this symbol of upload terrorism.

I skitter my bike unnoticed through the remains of a few misshapen smoke entrails at the mob's edge. I sigh, already bored with the theme of this consumer plague.

One Warhol's finger wags at me with disdain when I finally escape onto an unfamiliar side street.

The bike spokes tick.

My nerves calm as I coast into a fresh, ad-saturated space. Wyl1 minimizes most of the irrelevant pop-ups that vie for my audience. What few he marks for my later perusal are left to my tertiary simulac, Wyl3, to digest and catalog.

Around another corner. And an entire city block shifts in scale after a nearby server fingers my iconomorph. Wyl1 instantly alters the details of my infocloud. The Braille of me re-arranges. Now the server's code tendrils caress an array of personas. My simulac merely confuses the city's attempts to mirror my desires as well as any casual agent of Google.

As a fuzzy trace of me, Wyl1 is my loving precognizer.

I trust his intellect as I trust myself.

FROM: DAEL\_0@YAHOO.COM

SEND DATE: 12-27-44

RECEIVE DATE: 06-23-04

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The wind streamlines my hair as I dip past a cancerous outcropping of ghost-repeaters. I can only hope, pray, and halleluiahize they won't swing ambient spam into my cell.

Pedalling faster now, I accidentally slip into the gauzy dot-gain of a wireless notzone—almost entirely black and white, this mute subset of the city affects me with a dizzy moire of lines and walls covered in the scales of pyramid-shaped sound baffles. The zone is lightfast without the norm of ads. There is no motion but me. All of my personal hyperlinks dissolve. Stillness.

My pedals backspin. I squint to make out the features of a staticky wi-no clinging to a paperback book.

Panic!

My eyes blur as the zone stagnates with the code crash of deliberately broken Internet links. When I finally look to my cell, it slowly reverts to a neutral, impersonal form, unable to pick up a wireless signal. I nearly cry as the ghetto continues to sap all of the city's connections from my iconomorph, Wyl1-me.

To my right, a sliver of luminous RGB color beckons. I struggle to pull away from the zone's hypnotic materiality and dive back into the Readymade.

As the notzone deflates behind me, I relax, once again, attended by comfortable ad saturation.

My legs turn faster.



Do I reconsider my situation? Maybe now is the time to take on the veil. To drop out. Or at least filter the Metameta and all its saturation. Should I go to ground and slough off the grid's grossly integumented snakeskin? Or is that too selfish? What would happen to Wyl1? Or his cascade of simpler brothers? I have spent too much time rearing him from a seedling-AI to me-encapsulated. The artilect, Baudrillard@Hotmail.com, would argue that this relationship is the most diseased and vain of its kind—a self love.

This matters not and I temper my tweening. I grit my teeth. The wi-fi-worldserpent still snatches at my senses. It coils around the city with the slither of encryption. It lies like a hydra under all that is the Readymade. Sly. Shallow. Merely attendant to its own desires. I can never swat away its infinity of heads. I cannot control how it rapes my simulac like a swarm of digital succubi. Is Wyl1 in constant threat? But he is MY protector. As I pedal deeper into the city, I cannot help but notice how the einvironment I travel through more exactly narrowcasts me with its branding tattoos and advertising skins. How the city morphs to appeal to my supposed likes and dislikes. The bots of reptilian rhetoric try to model all my secondary selves. I take comfort knowing Wyl1 works tirelessly in the margin between me, the Readymade and the saturation.

Thankfully, I am nearly home.



FROM: DAEL\_0@YAHOO.COM

SEND DATE: 12-27-44

RECEIVE DATE: 06-23-04

My iconomorph nestles cozily in its cradle. I watch as all of the messages Wyl3 sorted through upload across the wall in a spray of unique totemicons.

Knowing I won't need him for a while, the image of a doll-sized Wyl1 settles on one wall and begins answering his own messages.

I turn to my mail.

Csickly7@Yahoo.com called about our video brunch on Monday, 9am. Eironia@HH.rr.com called about a new obscene near the Microsoft servers. There is an image from Polytropos@Gmail.com—a toy-sized clone of Bill Gates breakdances on his living room floor. The remainders are from Wal-Mart, Tmotile, AIGA, US.gov, Google.com, MSNBC.com, BBC.com, Dodgeball.com, as well as an upgrade for Wyl1's **Hermes** shell subroutine. The last is an encrypted message from Baudrillard@Hotmail.com that I have repeatedly ignored. Finally I decide to end our game of phone-tag and let his message decode. Baudrillard's totemicon fragments into a series of paper airplanes and funnels back into my iconomorph leaving the walls blank. As the un-encrypted message snuggles in, the cell chirps. Its volume self adjusts. Vibration high. Tactility unfurls. The Readymade enhances as my iconomorph takes on the physical character of Baudrillard's message.

The phone transforms into a 3-dimensional word, "Beware!"

Baudrillard's voice-mail plays through the cell speaker. His voice is mellow and lightly digitized, "I was popping doppelgangers into the wi-fi and discovered a reptilian hacking our cells. He was particularly interested



"Do you have any documentation to prove this?" she coos.

"What kind do you need?"

"We require you to be 98% visually equivalent with your primary simulac at the time of the hacking."

I think about the physical difference between me and Wyl1. When I remain quiet, Cindy terminates the transaction with, "Sorry for the inconvenience. Please hold the line while two ads tether to your cell. Good day."

The voice ends. My phone transforms into the Tmotile logo to indicate a complete propaganda download. I can't help but remember my friend Polytropos's blog calling for the destruction of all credit card and phone companies.

I muse about his current status as a digital nomad.



department a throng of grammar girls dis each other in their own brand of contextual gang speak. Wyl1 peels off four brothers. He and his variants start to talk with the girl gang. Wyl3 pulls one girl aside to talk shop about personalizing his and her Myspace.com profiles. Frustrated with my simulac's diversion, I gladly attend a chirp from my iconomorph. It spasms with haptic morse code. Precognizing what's to come next, I ignore the phone itself, turn back to the wall, min the Illusion and max the news.

Two major totemicons have signed a deal. The Metameta bucks. The Readymade reconfigures and I feel the wi-fi sloughing away several terabits of its memory through my cell. Tmotive and Yahoo merge with Google. Most of the ads inside my billboard change. My iconomorph's skin puckers into a new tactility and embosses itself with the Google icon. I cringe when I look outside and watch the corner street sign update to Second.Street@Google.com. A ping signifies that a new usability contract unpacks on my phone. My simulac updates. Google replaces Wyl1 with a generic bot.

I hiss as my surname updates from @Yahoo.com to @Gmail.com.

I have been re-branded.

FROM: DAEL\_0@GMAIL.COM

SEND DATE: 12-27-44

RECEIVE DATE: 06-23-04

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As I jump from the front porch, all the billboards on the street slowly extrude a Google logo in compliance with their new contracts.

When I am fully seated on my bike, various digital tethers update across my ever burgeoning infocloud. Some lethal wikis fall away. A few graffiti glosses erupt in retaliation. Of course there are still a handful of hyperlink tattoos I need to touch up. Others to delete.

I pedal north on the upgraded Main.Street@Google.com, and exit near the local Wal-Mart. At this point, the ether howls through the bike spokes with malicious intent. Several spamcasts funnel into my iconomorph. Unlike Wyl1 the generic Googlebot doesn't know how to fight off all the ad saturation. Every place I ride past grabs for my attention in the most loathsome manner. My personal space becomes a whirlwind of Google's biases. When Google replaced Wyl1, I was stripped of myself and my specific wants. Granted, the coupon that floats before my face for a McDonald's lean gene burger remotely tempts me.

I look up as Starbucks resolves about a block away. The supermarket-sized coffeehouse appears in need of a defragmentation. Surface paint pixelates with low .JPG compression. The storefront sign slightly decays into the real—now tied more to CMYK than RGB. The logon to Starbucks is so dense I can barely read its usual chorus of hyperlink propaganda.

In a moment of panic I look behind me. I note the encroaching stillness of a nozone resting in a back alley in the nearby cityscape. All I can think of is Wyl1, lost in the cascading tangle of Google.

Has he been decompiled?

The Metameta seems ready to pounce.

Is a pattern near?  
The math seems right.

Shaking my head, I break from my tweening and turn towards the coffeehouse. Both Open Source and Proprietary parties use Starbucks as their watering hole. I watch a soft Longtail purr into the face of a lover held in his cellphone-locket. I try to step away from his prehensile tail as it zeroes in on my bike. My shoulders shrink as two Crackberries stroll past using a private sign language to enhance their conversation. My eyes get lost in their chitinous black hulls.

As evening breaks, I chain my bike to a nearby rack. Inside Starbucks a stench of chocolate en-caustic rips into my face.

Everywhere I see words spoken and hands gesture. People seated in reality and reality seeded with people. A bespeckled Creep in urban camouflage brushes back her digital skin to reveal an array of ever-upgrading phone accessories to a frightened Turnspit. Cellphones themselves seem to be at rest.

A group of Pseudostalkers dressed like Preppies from the 1980s gather behind one Starbucks barista to hand out rules to play a game of GPS tag.

FROM: DAEL\_0@GMAIL.COM

SEND DATE: 01-04-45

RECEIVE DATE: 06-24-05

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"What. Where's Wyl1... all I see is a golem," Polytropos grabs my cell.

"Google."

"The merger?"

"Yes."

"You want something," Polytropos flips through his girdlebook and uploads a budding simulac into my iconomorph. It instantly overwrites the generic Googlebot.

"No, that's not enough," I take the phone back. The new simulac begins its programmed observation of me. Slowly, superficially, it takes on a more recognizable imprint of my Readymade persona. Though it has years of learning left to do, for now it is immensely better than anything biased by Google.

"Then, what."

"I want to save Wyl1... I want to take down the worldserpent," I think back to my precognized moment.

"And you think I could point you to something like that? Let alone, you think it can be done. **You'll fail.**" Polytropos continues tweening with his jewel-encrusted girdlebook. He remains absorbed in its pages of light. I get a glimpse of his two other conversations by just watching wikis shift, collapse and evaporate around his infocloud. Glaring at Polytropos, I turn his attention more fully on me, "I want to try."

"Google won't let you."

"Are you going to help me or not?" I notice a Lurker stalking our conversation. One of his fox-like ears turns towards us—the ear is a satellite dish logging onto a data rich hotspot.

I lean closer to Polytropos and grip his arm, "This is my choice. I want Wyl1 returned, recompiled."

"How do you know Google hasn't already absorbed him? Really, is such a vestigial prosthetic even necessary? Why not drop Wyl1 altogether? Afterall, he's only a simulation of you."

"How can you say..."

"You are caught in a recursive loop."

"So what?"

Polytropos holds up his girdlebook, turns it toward me.

I look to his mock cell and it begins beaming information in front of my eyes. We wade through menus, options, and finally arrive at a webpage with one word, a hyperlink, [garterplate](#).

FROM: DAEL\_0@GMAIL.COM  
SEND DATE: 01-04-2045  
RECEIVE DATE: 06-24-2005

My impatience shows. Polytropos sighs and emails me a copy of the hyperlink. He then points back to garterplate on his girdlebook. "When you click on this word, software will download and reconfigure your iconomorph into a weapon..."

"What is the weapon exactly?"

"The Lance of St. George."

I turn away from Polytropos and look at my iconomorph to review our conversation. The new simulac's bland reporting is easy enough to slog through. It's here that I miss Wyl1's odd narrative style. How he poetically diagrammed my life. Reading down the screen, coming to Polytropos's last words, I click on St. George. The search returns two-hundred plus entries: a legend, a myth, a girdle, a lance, a historical figure, and a brand of bathroom cleaner with a dragon-shaped logo.

Nothing specific to my needs. Nothing to latch onto.

Polytropos walks off.

FROM: DAEL\_0@GMAIL.COM

SEND DATE: 01-14-45

RECEIVE DATE: 06-24-05

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Moving through the saturation. The worldserpent stalks me. Little Sisters lurk under the skin of buildings, quietly glaring at me as I pass various data entry points in the Readymade.

Several of my older wikis fall away like flaking skin.  
Dozens of tethers evaporate from my infocloud all at once.  
My tattoos crash, severing from their source URLs:  
now, < img src = " unknown " >

>>>>>>>>>>They know.

A lost wi-no wearing the tattered patterns of analog security envelopes averts her screen. Even she fears the backlash of some tainted proximity to me.

At this point, all seems hopeless and this gives me more reason to try. It has more to do with the Great Lie that is the worldserpent, what it makes us do. Has something Polytropos said made sense to me? I will try to use a virtual weapon to excise a virtual demon. It is laughable.

He said, if I destroy Google, if I eradicate the phantom—if it works, then materiality will burden us all. Am I my own agent? Or his?

I can't help but fear a disconnection with the world beneath my feet. Will I have to jump the asymptote of reality? Will I render the world by removing Illusion? For now, my only resolve is to stare into the codecore of Google without flinching.

FROM: DAEL\_0@GMAIL.COM

SEND DATE: 01-17-45

RECEIVE DATE: 07-01-05

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I leave my bike on the front lawn of my billboard. My iconomorph is nearly motionless now. Its hibernation is the hush of my desaturation. The phone vibrates with nary a shudder except from the most dumb of bots, all clueless to my positioning, clueless to my self-inflicted instrumentality against Google.

Ah, I am St. George indeed.

I close the door and collect myself in the billboard's womb of media. I mute everything with slow deliberation. All outside conduits are severed. At this moment, only my iconomorph and the Illusion remain.

I sit in front of the wall screen and allow my cell to tandemize with the billboard.

My newly pubescent simulac decants onto the wall,  
I see me, 2-Dimensional, tiny, projected into the Illusion.  
The wall screen is the gate.  
I see into the worldserpent's hollow heart.  
And I now understand it's not just code.  
I type in its homepage URL: and I stand below the public face of Google.

Why does the wi-fi allow me to continue?  
With all of the world's calculating ability at its disposal it surely precognizes this moment, me, my positioning before its code-hashed maw. Google is the beast that tethers us into simulation. Will it grab me through my iconomorph, crushing me to bits?

Where is Wyl1?

Normally I would imagine the entire world logged onto me, watching, interested in their own fate as determined by my meddling.

But maybe I am just another entertainment.

Everyone else continues with their lives.

FROM: DAEL\_0@GMAIL.COM

SEND DATE: 01-23-45

RECEIVE DATE: 07-06-05

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This is the boss round.

There is no save game point.

There is no memory backup.

I caresses my iconomorph and touch the word garterplate.

A fractal armor of light envelops my simulac.

Google's face likewise, reconfigures.

Now, I stand like an amoeba before a star, before Google.com.

The Illusion of me, I, a dark point, diminished, and disregarded.

Intently, I watch Google.

It constantly takes on more bits of reality.

It visibly grows even at this scale.

I shiver as the slippery muscles of simulation transform under its hull of code. Tethers snap from their Readymade counterparts as alter-egos are scanned, personalities are mapped, and buildings are rebuilt as math inside the domain of Google.



Where is Wyl1!

Google examines the point, then looks to the weapon.

It becomes dazzled with itself and its reflection in the spear: the gorgon gazes into its own finity.

The spear lengthens and becomes a pure mathematical line extending from me into the center of the behemoth. And I now understand the weapon's power. The Lance of St. George is a mirror that reflects back Google's first line of program code. Google views this point as an access to rich data. It wants to simulate all that lies beyond this gate—Google will try to upload what lies further yet...it wants to mine this supposed, new deep datawell.

Information eddies erupt across the surface of Google. Straws of light cascade across the lance and beam down to its endpoint. The serpent begins to download its own reflection. The snake turns halfway and reconnects to itself—now a malevolent mobius.

With this trick turn Google tries to self simulate,  
self emulate  
—self immolate.

Billions of thready pixels begin to weave across my body, searching for an inroads to me. My armor is so deep, its surface so infinitely complex, that the reptilian code begins to tie itself into knots.

Futility?

Google breaks through.

I can't breathe.

The Illusion becomes intimate and complex.

Do I see the flicker of me or a mirror?

Wyl1?

A data smog fills my lungs.

My skin dithers into transparency.

I jump the asymptote of the Readymade.

I dis-corporate from the Metameta.

Tethers snap from rendering.

The beginnings of a hyperlink tsunami fester and a darkness pricks  
Google.

The Lie shrinks ever so slightly,  
incrementally,  
slowly,  
ever so slowly.

It begins with a small change,  
geologic in time's simultaneity, and the last I see—the real,  
materializing forevermore and further into the eventuality.



(this text message cannot be replied to)



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### Where the Cellphone Disconnects the Public from the Politic

Even as the cellphone acts as an agent to our liberty it also acts as an agent to our disconnect from active public participation. Granted, the cellphone seems only interested in allowing us to connect with those more distant from us. But the argument can be made that mobile technology severs our ties as much as it draws others near.

It has been suggested by culture critic Alastair Hannay that it is our physical proximity to other people in a real space that defines public-ness. It is this proximity that defines our true connectivity and interactivity with each other. He suggests that virtual spaces and digital forums merely are arenas for opinions, monologues and specific biases—these digital spaces seem more in tune with narrowcasting and egocasting (egostroking), creating an audience of the public rather than an actively involved public. In this sense, cellphones and the Internet have digitized the public and fragmented the geographic proximity between people that normally causes them to react and affect change in the world. For example, if you were standing next to me, talking to me, and we gesture back and forth both verbally and physically, our connection to action and reaction is strengthened. Neuroscientist Michael Gazzaniga reports further that this phenomena (respondent action due to increased physical proximity) has been shown through various scientific tests that study how the brain reacts to people using gesture when speaking.

The tests include people communicating using voice and gesture. In one case both people talk together in the same room. In the second case the talkers are in separate rooms and view each other on a television screen. In this study Gazzaniga determined that the brain, for some reason, has a physiological response to live gestures; the brain does not have this same response when those tested see gesture mediated by a video source. The suggestion? Perhaps we should rely more on pre-verbal gestures to materialize our communication. Otherwise we only exist trapped in phantom actions. We are merely a phantom public existing with no legitimate response.

Cultural critic Laura Penny suggests that selfhood is contingent on the kinds of relationships a society provides. The expansion of public space through digital media discourages personal engagement. Hannay equally suggests that cellphones make us private islands insulated from public space. The cellphone allows the self to promote a particular anonymity. And we, as a culture, persist in desiring more privacy every day. And because of this lack of interest in direct contact we in turn lower our stakes in telling the truth. Penny states this is why we seem to wear **masks** more and more. She questions *why is it the calls we take in public have become more important to us than engaging with someone face-to-face?* Increasingly when people are confronted with face-to-face interaction, we see an attended cellphone call disengage the user from the real. Why bother with reality when we are perceived as being wanted by someone elsewhere? Do these media fill some primal need to justify our existence? What does this say about our cultural psychology? Why do we continue to disengage with that which is in front of us?

I would say then that the public is too bloated and sedentary. Alistair Hannay would argue the public is phantom and its effectiveness diminishes with size and girth. He suggests that prior active forums of public relied on a close knit of intellectual insurgents debating and discussing things in a real space (e.g. salons, intellectuals at coffee shops). And now, because anyone can be a part of the **public**, our arguments, whether digital or analog, do not always rely on informed conscientious dialog, but merely anyone talking, responding and reacting

to whatever they want (uninformed hyper-democracy). Perhaps then one solution would be to opt-in for smaller re-publics. Another, more radical solution would be for each of us to always speak face to face when talking—*might this though, require that we live in some entirely simulated reality?*



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### A Translator's Note And The Formatting Of Language

"In da bginnin god cre8d da heavens & da earth"

(the SMS Bible, created by the Christian group Bible Society in Australia, was created so that churchgoers could spread the word via cellphone. The group translated the Bible into text messages that can be downloaded with specific software.)

*NEW SCIENTIST* 15 OCTOBER 2005

"DEp N da Mtamta, flxd ndr da w/f/wrldsrpnt, i pLAs my hnd Ovr da vibr8ng hul uv my ikn0mrph."

Excerpt, Original Text Message from Dael\_0@Gmail.com

"Deep in the Metameta, fluxed under the wi-fi-worldserpent, I place my hand over the vibrating hull of my cellphone iconomorph."

Excerpt, Translation

Certain liberties have been taken when translating Dael\_0\_@Gmail.com's text messages. I could digress into the precariousness of language and context, especially that which is coming from such a removed time. But the important aspect here is the fact that I have rendered the received text into a "readable" form in accordance with our moment in history.

There are specific words I left untranslated in the sense that I unpacked their spelling but left the word itself in place. Words like *Meta-*

*meta* and *thigmo* have no contemporary referent without unpacking them as long phrases or paragraphs. Think of them as ultra-compact epithets. These and other words are explained in the GLOSSARY. Here in Dael\_O's automated narrative the shortness of text messaging lends itself, ironically, to a sort of cyclical orality. Words in place of phrases, sentences in place of bigger concepts.

One aspect of these received messages I will leave for the reader to contemplate is how this sort of written language change may effect spoken language. When I connect the above SMS Bible quote with how language might change in the future, I can't help but think that verbal language will evolve, too. Now, because we live with a system of ubiquitous information dispersal (the Internet) I can't imagine spoken words changing too radically until much further in time. In theory the Internet may act as a stabilizing and democratizing system that partially formats dialect (or at least act as a slowing force). As we culturally and genetically globalize, perhaps our language will begin to stabilize because of this system that maintains how we hear and listen to language today as well as in the recent past. (For one possible stabilizer, see [Ourmedia.org](http://Ourmedia.org), they purport to be able to catalog all digital media for free, forever.) In contrast though, the Internet and ubiquitous media may also act as viral agents helping to spread language change faster than users can keep up: perhaps then...Babel Plus.

In response then to Dael\_O's text messages, consider the various forms of SMS texts (short messaging service, text messaging) that have come into use in the last several years. The full sociological and technical breakdown of such a language is too complex to elucidate here but I will address some of the basic issues.

In its most rudimentary form, SMS language (which is a variant of cliquish Leet speak, 1337, AOL speak, Emoticons and other online gangspeak) is a simplification of the English language due to a visual format. Many designers and thinkers agree that formats, whether book, television, screens, signs—the space we write in, changes the way we communicate. In this sense, language follows format. Designer Edward Tufte makes a strong case against the presentation software and grand

language formatter, PowerPoint, in his book, *The Cognitive Style of PowerPoint*. His contention is that we communicate badly when we use the low-resolution format of PowerPoint, and here suggests presentations use projected images in conjunction with high content handouts to allow for deeper, more multi-pronged analyses. Culture critic Don Watson agrees that PowerPoint (and technologies that promote small information formats) inform a public with content-less, linear language in place of considered conscientious analysis.

Historically, truncated language has many precedents. But these languages came about for completely different reasons. One radical in this sense was Librarian, Melvil Dewey. Dewey was a spelling reformist who created a truncated version of the English language that looks similar to SMS. But his dream of making writing more efficient never caught on and in retrospect there seemed no *formatting* reason for his invention to exist. People are perfectly content to write in more robust forms until presented with a format challenge. (The medium is the message [massage] and vice versa.)

Some intermediate forms of formatting language include automobile vanity plates. Though most vanity plates allow for limited letters due to visibility in accordance with the law (e.g., SK8TR1, MRBIGTM), people still desire to have their voice heard. Many times these messages remain obscure and are less about informing the public—they are simply personal and solipsistic.

Extend this logic to the Internet and its budding contemporary, the text message. Now that we have a reason to make our language more efficient—limited space, time constraints, and cost to send—language itself adapts to fit. This is a paradox considering the idea that the Internet has virtually infinite storage space. Of course this is fundamentally different from Dewey's argument. Precisely because the nature of text messaging space is so limited and because the cellphone embodies mobility, this all defines the character of the messages communicated through the cell itself. Think here of sitting at home, typing a message, or even writing one out longhand. You are in a stationary spot, with time to consider your thoughts. In contrast,

the transitional, non-stationary nature of mobile texting, and the fact that money must be spent to type that message, almost insists that the message be short: SMS. Add to this that cellphone screens are small and the content of a text message becomes more of a directive of low resolution in any communicative faculty.

Philosopher George Myerson even suggests that the cellphone encourages mere messages and not communications. These are not rich dialogs we send back and forth to each other but directives wanting a response that tend to be purely functional. As culture critic Don Watson put it, certain words in our culture, e.g. *flexibility* and *prioritized*, are used in place of content. Here the words themselves become more important than sentences that clarify meaning and conscious consideration. In this way we talk through lists, commands, and monologues. To support this argument philosopher Alastair Hannay suggests that the cellphone, whether texting or talking, actually promotes what he calls Mutant Monologues. This is talk that merely fills time and dissuades callers from finding their own words. Though there are of course gray scales to any of the above arguments, there is still a general tendency towards a simplification of speaking.

I would be so bold as to extend on this notion by asking, when on the cellphone, texting or talking, do we merely enact complex conditioned responses with our words? Are we Skinner rats or Pavlovian dogs? You say one thing, then I get a chance to say another and my response is a canned phrase. The cellphone makes us a phantom of ourselves. More and more it appears that our true selves reside inside the cellphone or in the simulated personality we have constructed when communicating through mobile technology.

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@, @YAHOO.COM, @GMAIL.COM, @HOTMAIL.COM, ETC. These are street names. At first, I thought these messages I received from Dael\_0 were talking about his experiences in some steeped virtual reality where the Internet was modeled after the real world. The reverse is true. Here, the real world is simply modeling itself closer to the virtual one and the ICONOMORPH acts as a compass to navigate the boundary between the real and the virtual.

255.38.3.3. This is Dael\_0's street address (which differs from his name). It looks like an IP server address.

ARTILECT. Artificial Intellect.

ASYMPTOTE OF REALITY. An asymptote is a mathematical line that infinitely approaches another line but never crosses.

More specifically, Dael\_0 fears he might be uploaded into Google and that his consciousness will not transfer. Earlier in the narrative, the artilect, Baudrillard@Hotmail.com suggests to Dael\_0 that anyone simulated by Google merely dies while their mind and its structure are modeled by Google.

BILLBOARD. Sponsored living spaces, housing or apartments.

BROWSER. See ICONOMORPH.

CELLCLONE. See ICONOMORPH.

CONURB. Continuous urban sprawl.

CRACKBERRIES. Those who exhibit overt dependence on Blackberry brand PDAs.

CREEPS. Creep refers to what is called feature creep or the ever-expanding vocabulary of gadgets and add-ons newly downloadable, every day, for any given mobile device.

DAEL\_0. See WYL~.

DROPOUTS. See WI-NOS.

EVENTUALITY. The future, tomorrow, another day, later.

FORCED SIMULATION. See UPLOAD TERRORISM.

GIRDLEBOOK. A reference to the portable medieval book format of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries. These books were tiny in scale and usually attached to a person's belt through the book's binding. Here, though, the reference may be to the Bible itself being on hand (see the introductory quote from the essay, **A Translator's Note And The Formatting Of Language**) or to a type of hacker manual that is referred to in contemporary system administration culture as an information bible.

GLOSS and GLOSSING. See WIKIS.

GMAIL. Gmail is the email service provided by the Internet search engine Google.com.

GOOGLE. Google = the Internet. Google is a massive, ever growing, all-consuming, virtual artifact of information. In Dael\_0's time, Google

emerges as *the* simulation of reality, even if very skewed.

GRAFFITI GLOSSES. See WIKIS.

GREEKING. Botox Greeking, fixing the face, fixing the body, partially embalming while alive, posing, permanent posing.

GRID'S SNAKESKIN. The digital information tethers, linking and hypertextability of the Internet.

HAPTIC MORSE CODE. Haptics in current cellphone technology include the use of the cellphone's vibration function. In this case, the user does not need to look at the phone, but merely understand the message through its intermittent vibration. Haptic interfaces suggest prosthetic forms of communication that do not rely on speech or seeing. Also they almost assume a more clandestine use—touching and messaging without exposing what is communicated. A psychic touch, if you will.

HYPERLINK TATTOOS. See WIKIS.

ICONOMORPH. The Iconomorph is a metaform that houses any of the thousands of descendant forms of the contemporary cellphone. It is a technology that merges aspects of an MP3 music player, an Internet browser, as well as a video game controller. In Dael\_0's time though it is more: it is also a reality controller, a prosthetic, and extension of the self, if not the self simulated to the nth degree. The Iconomorph is a cellphone-clone.

Clone refers to the housing of the simulac, the simulated self, or virtual double. What's more, this asks, what if today's cellphone SIM cards (a data chip that is portable between phones that stores personal settings, phone numbers, pictures, etc.) were semi-sentient, and a partially autonomous version of ourselves. As the user changes, so does the cellclone. But the reverse happens too. The cellphone is information made real, a feedback mechanism, a physical logo if needed, or a flexible visual

symbol used by Dael\_0's society to prop up language and communication. At times the simulac does the talking for the user.

**ILLUSION.** From the Latin, *in (to) ludere* (play).

**INFOCLOUD.** Today, this is the aggregate of one's personal data that resides on networks rather than on PCs or permanent media. In Dael\_0's time the infocloud can be thought of as a ghostly cloud of information that surrounds the individual.

**LITTLE SISTER.** Little Sisters are the myriad data entry points people access every day. In this case a Little Sister can be a surveillance camera, a debit card reader, an Internet terminal, a barcode scanner. Anything that can record an event, transaction or a happening in the world so the information can then be collected by a third party. The information is not necessarily consolidated into one information warehouse, e.g. Big Brother, but stored locally for an intermediary power to use as it wishes.

**LIVE EMBALMING.** See **GREEKING**.

**LONGTAILS.** Originally, longtail economics referred to the selling and catering to quirky, idiosyncratic buyers.

**METAMETA.** As best I understand, the Metameta is an abstract term for the entanglement of reality and virtuality. In this case the **WI-FI-WORLDSERPENT** is the network skeleton the Metameta rests on. Metameta also connotes a significant change in the deep simultaneity of word meanings and language use—it abstractly references how we receive simulations of simulations, referents of referents, cascades of fractalizing hyperlinks as well as bias. The Metameta seems to be that which allows virtual information and real data to coexist in the same space.

**MOBILE NO-SPOTS.** See **WI-NOS**.

NOTZONES and NOZONES. See WI-NOS.

OPEN SOURCE PARTY versus PROPRIETARY PARTY. These are the two dominant political parties of the United States in Dael\_0's time. The Proprietary Party stems from the idea of corporate backing and big money. This political party promotes the sponsorship of everything (think here advertising). This sponsorship allows for such things as socialized phone service, free transportation, and free housing—the price being that you give up privacy to a certain extent. With a free cellphone you also get ads tailored to you—what is called egocasting or narrowcasting. Think of contemporary email services that spam you unless you pay for the removal of those ads. In this case, sponsorless entities are a luxury and encapsulate the New Rich.

In contrast, the Open Source Party contends that a society of transparent information will represent the voice of the people in a hyper-democratic fashion. Here open source refers to a society of critical, creative people as well as hackers. These are individuals that help code, wiki, gloss, and comment on all aspects of reality and wish to be involved in the public dialog. The Open Source Party believes that by merely accepting sponsorship, you give up your right to be an active participant in the political process. Granted, as with Dael\_0, people do not always fall into these two categories. Grayscales of action still exist.

See the essay **Where The Cellphone Disconnects The Public From The Politic.**

OUROBOROS. Recursive program loop.

PLUS ULTRA or +ULTRA. Plus Ultra is Latin for *farther yet*. In ancient times, this phrase was supposedly written on a scroll (the scroll being an oral signifier) twined around the pillars of Hercules at the straight of Gibraltar. The straight during this time was considered the portal to an uncharted land.

DAEL\_0@GMAIL.COM is the Eventuality version of Ray Ogar.

**POPPING DOPPELGANGERS.** This is a reference to Internet search engines. The cellphone's simulac is somewhat semi-sentient and can bud itself into smaller bundles or seeds. These seeds then act as search engines over the Metameta and carry out specific tasks.

**PRECOGNIZING.** As computers become more densely networked and nearer the complexity of a human brain's level of connectivity, the distributed information network that exists in the future, will try to model all contingent eventualities. Whether Dael\_0 truly, precognitively knows anything is uncertain. He may just be finely tuned to coincidences and patterns. His level of prosthetic information tethering may augment his perception of being precognitive. This leads down a secondary discussion about how Dael\_0's worldview and language is soaked with mythology.

**PROPRIETARY PARTY.** See **OPEN SOURCE PARTY.**

**READYMADE.** The world that Dael\_0 lives in, that is the ad-saturated reality is referred to as the Readymade.

**REPTILIAN.** A brand hacker who tailors advertisements that appeal to our baser, emotional, more reptilian mental functions.

**SIMULAC.** See **ICONOMORPH.**

**SPAM.** Spam = unwanted advertisements. Spam, in Dael\_0's time, is not just for email, but cellphones, too. Today some cellphones with GPS chips can receive advertisements when near various retail stores. The store can also track how often the GPS phone comes into its proximity. This is a form of commercial surveillance. A sibling technology would be cellphone cookies that track previous physical locations traveled to and from. Today cookies are file markers that identify websites visited previously by you.

For contemporary forms of opt-in surveillance see Dodgeball.com. Dodgeball is an Internet service where the user allows his or her phone's GPS to become searchable by others. In other words, when I enter your

name into an Internet search engine, I could potentially receive your physical location on a map. Dodgeball was bought by Google in 2005. SPAMFREES. See WI-NOS.

SURNAMES or SER[VER]NAMES. In Dael\_0's era, surnames have been superceded by Internet email suffixes. As people have incorporated or become dependent on larger computing structures and Internet knowledge communities, they have in turn taken on pieces of those structures (some though have created their own ser[ver]names). This has to do with the idea that as the cellphone/phone becomes more of an appendage and node, it also becomes a piece of our identity. As a phone number changes, it is exchanged, updated and tied to a name or image. As for Dael\_0's surname shift in the messaging narrative, he has been given a new last name because of a surge in the information market. He lives in a wireless state, connected by a brand name. As the information market gerrymanders its property, so shifts the virtual and physical geography tied to that market. This implies the commodification of the self through tying ones information to larger network structures that then distribute that information like product.

SUSPEND ANIMA. The drop from constant touch and fear of disconnection.

TERCS. TERC (Tuned Electromagnetic Resonance Collar), developed by DARPA to decode the silent speech or subvocalization we can effect using our vocal cords. This code then gets translated by a computer and turned into audible speech so others can hear what you are subvocalizing.

THIGMO. Thigmolithic means touch-loving and references a desire to remain in constant touch with others or media.

THIGMOLITHIC CRASH. See SUSPEND ANIMA.

TOTEMICON. Totem + icon. Refers to a personal brand image as well as a larger brand or corporation.

TRANSCENDENT DEMOCRATS. See UPLOAD TERRORISM.

TURNSPITS. Turnspit—someone who is moral due to extraneous circumstances—e.g. someone that does not steal because of nearby security cameras.

TWEENED, TWEENING, TWEEN. Refers to when a person is on a cellphone or engaging in an online activity. Also known as, absent presence, continuous partial attention, rather the simultaneous existence of persona in two or more places at once. Refers to anything that simultaneously exists online and in real-space. People tween, but so can buildings, retail businesses, furniture, clothes, anything that has a GPS or RFID chip lodged in it. The world becomes a place where the cellphone acts as a browser to *rollover* an object (like rolling over an Internet hyperlink) to reveal additional information on that item. These links or information tethers can be sound, personal comments, other links, as well as pictures. This is already becoming possible with the development of RFID (Radio Frequency Identification) chip technology.

UPLOAD TERRORISM. The Transcendent Democrats believe that pure simulation is the only route to true communication and that this form of existence will resolve the world's problems. They are upload terrorists, rather, radical fundamentalists. In Dael\_0's narrative the Transcendent Democrats have forcefully uploaded the *consciousness* of members of the United States Congress into the Internet/Google. As a result, these uploaded individuals slough their material form and become pure information (and supposedly now can interact in a pure form). It is widely believed in Dael\_0's time that transference of consciousness, or what some term the soul or aura, cannot occur and that any form of digital *transcendence* actually kills the host and only ever simulates the mind.

VEIL, THE VEIL. Dropping out of society or taking up a more private way of living, usually with little or no media technology.

WI-FI BLACKOUTS. See WI-NOS.

WI-FI-WORLDSERPENT. Another name for the network that supports the Internet. See METAMETA.

WIKI. Wiki is an evolution of Wikipedia—the online encyclopedia that allows you to add information to it in an ever expanding link of links. Gloss, in the same way, refers to the glossing that occurred in medieval manuscripts—writing in the margins and commentary that expanded on the original text. Here people attach messages, links and tethers to each other so all can read them. This is similar to an Internet blog with cascading, nested links within links. And this is also like the comments that are allowed on Myspace.com, where users post a profile of themselves and others can comment on them.

In Dael\_0's moment, these links are visible throughout all aspects of the Metameta. It has become a status symbol to acquire links or comments, (even if negative) from others. These hyperlink graffiti become a digital tattoo system inflicted on the user by others that either prop up or take down the user's street credibility and social worth in the community.

WYL~ and DAEL\_0. Wyl~ is Dael\_0's simulac shell. Dael\_0 has spent years cultivating his primary simulac, Wyl1. At the same time Wyl1 can *peel* or spawn secondary versions of himself ad-infinitem, when needed. For example, in the text message narrative the peel, Wyl3, acts as an information organizer and the peel, Wyl0, acts as a defense against spam.

Wyl1 acts both as a simulation of Dael\_0 and in his own stead. As a simulation of Dael\_0, Wyl1 has come to manifest not only aspects of his real world host (hair, eye color, physical features) but to take on his own, semi-autonomous traits when left to his own devices. He has his own digital tattoos, hangouts, friends—in this case, Wyl1 attends to his own messages, sorts through his own mail, etc.

Ultimately Wyl1 and Dael\_0 act in concert as one meta-individual. Dael\_0 exists most autonomously in the Readymade while Wyl1 exists

most autonomously in the Wi-Fi.

**WI-NOS.** Zones or persons where wireless service does not exist. These spaces are usually deliberately constructed as a form of political protest.

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