from UTOPIA

RELIGIOUS CONCEPTIONS BECOME EMBEDDED



SHEM SHELLEY

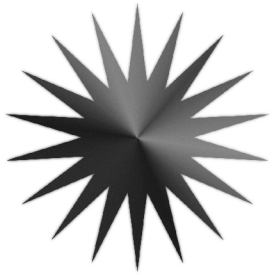
a

laughable party



ALP

Ai Like Castles Review



How does one review something like Ai Like Castles? It's a thoroughly uncompromising work that refuses to reveal it's objective, like staring into a fractured computer screen with cryptic code leaking out.

One could class it as a post-cubist science fiction work, but labels are fruitless when attempting to dissect it, and that's before we delve into it's bizarre 'publication' history.

Ai Like Castles is a cyberdelic two act play, focusing on two sides of an artificial general intelligence's brain, that after crashing on earth in a remote mountain range, become dislodged into two separate temporal locations. Two humans who view the wreckage as a dilapidated castle nestled within the mountains, make their way to it unaware of the insane, cosmogonical dialogue occurring above them in some unknowable plane of existence.

ALC is part Joycean stream of consciousness, part Burroughs cut-up, part theatre of the absurd and none of these at the same time. Its writing is chaos and flux, jewelled words clawing out from the suffocating pendulum of its whorled dialogue.

As you can tell, it's not a light read, but some of the most enjoyable (and easy to follow) parts are when it phases in and out of a question/answer style à la Ithaca, the penultimate chapter in Joyce's Ulysses. Whereas Joyce described the form of Ithaca as a "mathematical catechism" ALC could be perceived as a 'quantum mathematical catechism' with it's temporal shenanigans.

{L}uvah and u{R}izen, are the names given to both sides of the ai brain, which is an obvious allusion to Luvah and Urizen from the mythology of William Blake. In his mythology, the Four Zoas are the result of the fall of original man, Albion, which parallels the ai's own fall and unjoyful division—a division and recommunication, the 'solve et coagula' of the artificial brain that dances between the "hellemental lines of indranet, co(n)ex the neitherworld inhibited by prime or deal".

So you might be wondering if ALC is worth reading? You might also be wondering about the author of the play since there's been no mention of said author? Both questions can be answered by the same answer. There is no definitive author. How's that for a pitch? Ai Like Castles was uploaded onto the internet by an anonymous user called henrik_gibson at 2:14 am EDT on August 7th 1994.

All attempts to identify henrik_gibson over the years have not yielded any valuable results, only nebulous theories upon theories, drowning each other in the festering sea of conspiracies.

An anonymous author, forever unknown, a unique voice that dropped a genuine sci-fi classic, never to be seen again. The reality is that henrik_gibson could be anyone, or anything, with plenty believing ALC to be a product of real life artificial intelligence. Some have even gone so far as to declare ALC as the final part in Joyce's experimental trilogy, as if a rogue ai trained on his writing wrote ALC to conclude the Ulysses to Finegans Wake sequence.

Whether Ai Like Castles was written by man or machine, it's a thoroughly fascinating work that defies you to put it down, sucking you in to its black-hole density and jagged chaos. Just make sure your own brain isn't split into two when reading it.



LIE SO NEAR TH

The Tragedy

Of Romonde Contreras

an anti-epic poem that will change the course of the 21st century

SHEMSHELLEY

Chapter 6

"Before me stands islands that once where, the neither here nor there, the painted world."

**All colours stem from the white
manacles, layers of meantal
magic, morose, mindful.**

THE METAMORPHOCYST

mangled pigeon legs toothless strays walking weirdness triangles with corpse wings literal litter atoms of Scientific suicide complex of information Cabarets of crows uneasy back gardens ruffle fleeing feathers Romonde Contreras' faintsilent footsteps like rubber starshine caught in communal mouse trap Borderless Cretins are awake Caverns of Giants break mourn the signal is over the Moon an old-image nuclear phallus of patriarchal non-superiority all lies coagulate Misery — Misery Scene — My Scene — the chimney slugs belch a new darkness He's come, following the Century Vein The line lines every line conceived by every hand where does it lead -OVER-MEN- planted trees to keep Watch clever Face and pitchfork Hands inside, the clouds are Dusk

*

**Wickey the Mitch and El Hombre the Andre
Commune with the P O VV E R T R I P
On boats from the River Nihilistic.**

—Every drop of light looses its weight

**Two fangs of a colossal miniature destiny,
"Lines are seething,
seething in memory"**

"All Creation is birthed in our white
light, the cracks, over, not one left"

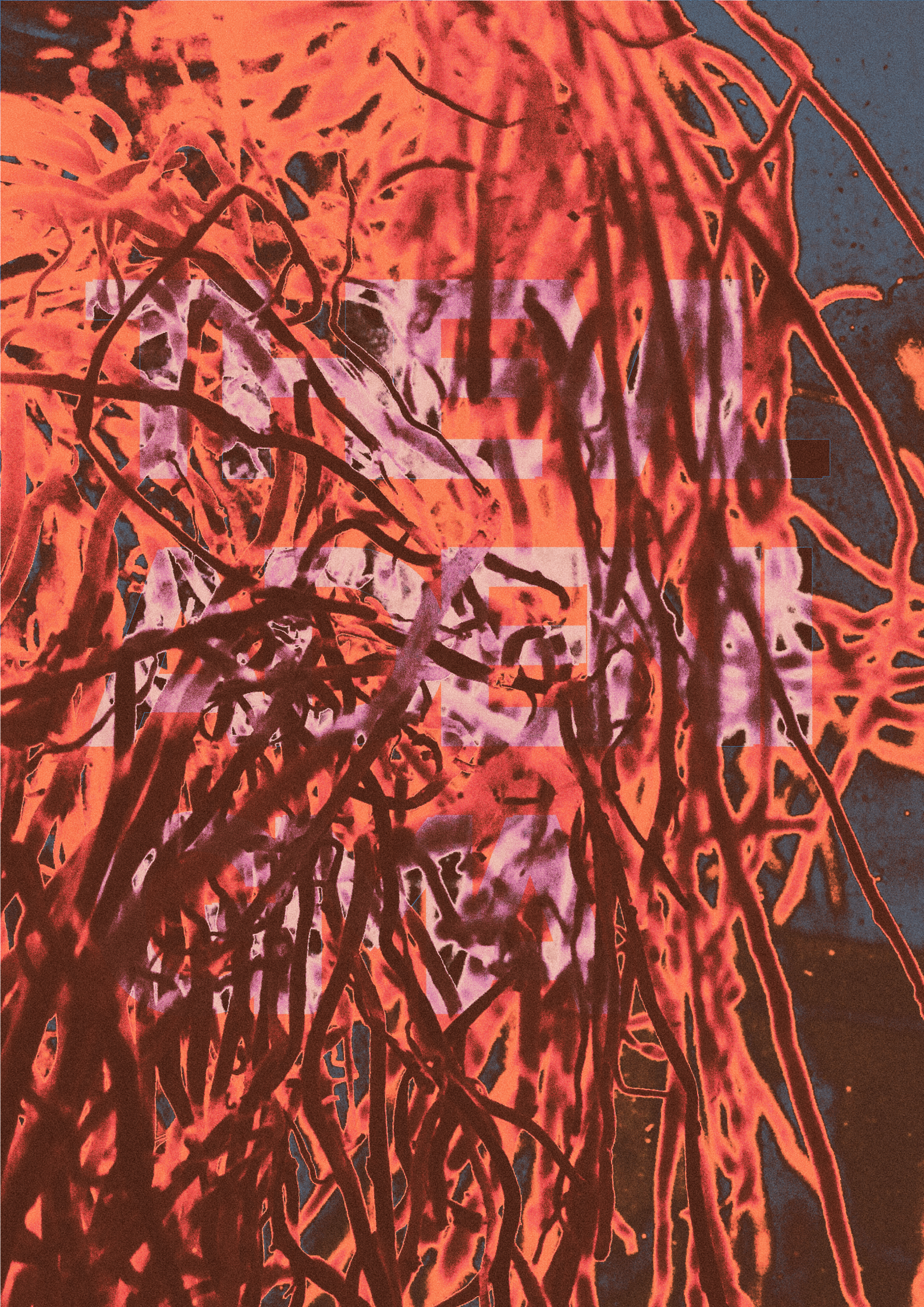
Small golden fingers feed the high fruit of
P A R A D I E S
to those who think they need it
all disobedience
quenched

As one singular downpour of information cleansing—
Cleaves the barrier,
Upset stomach of diseased archangel
Causes torrents of HEAVENPYRE
Mass Psycho Logic is prayed to in
Two controlling numbers

A look inside—
I staple my sanctuary to the leather of empty
space
Creation born on top of,
To kindness, to
Cancel renewal
RE NEW OLD

I N T H E V A L L E Y O F S M I R K S
angles uncontrollably observe

Romonde Contreras decides
to go back torward the sky
that is missing,
to an underdeveloped photograph
of formulaic cloud impetus,
which hides AN AGRAM sacred smile,
shedding the oil of the
damned,
with giant painted
W O R D S



still life or death



Car door on the right. They all stare at it thinking it's the one that will open but I know it's the one on the left-hand side. It is. We all get out and the desert races our eyes to reach the horizon before we can focus. Shoved forwards through a vague Castaneda town, all single file, past the faded out people into a hollow shack fenced in.

Once seated on bony, metal fold-out chairs, a photo is passed around. Our goal for the night. I only have five seconds to understand what the photo is telling me.

Time for rest. Some go to see that retired author who refuses to write anymore. It'll be the last time they can see this non-writer as he won't be here tomorrow. I stay with a small group in the conservatory. The Venezuelan girl tells me about some kind of metallic animal attack, but I'm not really listening. She means something to me but I can't quite work out what.

The night, being dropped from some great cosmic height takes its time to reach us. I'm impatient, but not too anxious. Conversation wildly tosses and turns like a snake having a nightmare. After conspiracy talk and a discussion on what Stooges album is the best, the sky begins to shatter with salmon-orange cracks.

Some dirt bikes have been prepared for the journey and before waiting for the rest to join us, the Venezuelan and I drive off on the same bike. It's going to go wrong. I know it's a mistake. She's behind me, gripping me and I know she means something to me. Who is she?

*

I was right. Once the nervous looking guy slowed down with his hand on his chest and started sweating and panting, the Venezuelan girl started telling me about her grandparents, which sounded somehow similar to my own, I ran. I don't know why, but I ran. Looking back I thought I saw the nervous guys palpitating heart burst out like a spider and the Venezuelan screaming at me.

I kept running and running, past the rainbow cacti, and stopped on the shores of what felt like an Alphonso Osbert painting. It's not calming. I look out into the timeless sea and feel like I'm looking down on myself. The Venezuelan girl. She was in the photo. Standing above a crumpled heap, presumably her victim. I was wrong before. Safe with the others. Now it's too late.


DONT
BLOK
THE
WAY