The British newspaper the *Guardian* reported that following the UK polling day, the exit poll predicts an eighty-six-seat Tory landslide majority; the largest win since Maggie Thatcher. The news came as the last full moon emerged on the twelfth hour of the twelfth day of the twelfth month of the year, 2019.

Simultaneous to the conservatives win was the seemingly undetected infiltration of a female life form; one that only existed as a voice. No one noticed it at first as it seemingly took over all the vocal pre-recorded infrastructures of the island, such as those for transport announcements, apologizing for late trains, supermarket self-checkouts thanking customers for using their services etc. Even in telemarketing calls which were primarily meant to offer new mobile phone packages because of the shifting rates and tariffs, was the voice now heard. With the island now fully cut off from the mainland it meant that the voice needed to be brief, speaking only in short, abbreviated terms. Now. Less. Coverage. Now. Less. Contact.

My trip today might be the last one I am able to do with such ease to the mainland. I had been thinking a lot about Roman's bio-symbiotic neural cloud. I was testing a bit the chip he gave me and it was truly inspiring. So funny that we end up having more belief in the technology than the people, but then again, this cloud is for us. Not too many people have access to the bio-symbiotic neural cloud. It was the way in

which we could share thoughts and feelings, love, loss and empathy without getting angry with people that often caused disputes, arguments, differing opinions and rioting. When we can no longer easily get to the mainland, some may find other ways to escape.

Roman's intelligence in this area was so advanced he could easily become a target. In the creation of Xandrompida, the voice for the millions of bits and bites of rotting code. The system could no longer sustain itself with the expense of emotional labor taxes being applied promised by the new government. The biosymbiotic cloud was leaking and the voice's entry into daily telecommunications was just the start. The fiber optic cables under the Channel were tenuous but Roman knew the only way to get to them was to understand a non-compliance in new terms, for the first time, a viable alternative. Him and the rest imagined something that was mutated but that could bring it down and relocate it to a different network—distributed amongst the ones that are willing to try it—I will bare it along my memories:

So they formed a party of non-compliance it was called New Terms, no longer would their voice be taken and represented by a disconnected trans, man or woman who did not care about the whole society but for just a small section. The cloud was still useful though, it had the capability of eliminating voices that induced fear. As they had recognized that fear could be incited in people by giving them plenty and then taking it away again. But this did not stop the New Terms who knew the power of language. Could they shift the algorithm in such a way that the bots could unlearn their fearful and gerrymandering vocabulary? Or did the whole apparatus need rebooting? There wasn't much more time to think. The results were in and the witch-hunt would begin soon for anyone who had voted for the others. The New Terms knew they had to reach out to more people. Essentially here is how it worked: you get a chip implanted, open source, which you can craft yourself. For the schematics you need connections. The implant connects to a sub-frequency of normal Wi-Fi, and then through the interface you can "save" experience, memories, ideas, etc. to someone else on the network and vice versa. What Roman envisioned was a decentralized cognition network that would use feminist organizational strategies, radical softness and hyper empathy in order to offset the continued capitalist system of desire that was born out of the '80s politics of Regan and Thatcher. They had created this desire for want, for surplus, for speculative desire for living. Xandrompida replaced Siri and infiltrated google searches that looked for keywords such as "stay" and "love." Simple and dangerous. Their mono-syllables could undo the complex cloud codification, scrambling hate speech into a series of inane emojis and fake news into cat memes. Xan—as the voice became known, was now in the heads of those who had opted in for the implants and navigation systems. But Roman didn't know if he could trust the New Terms. Was a party even the right term? He had to ask Xan if this could truly work. Roman is from a generation that has seen nothing work, financial crisis, division, hate; politics and mainstream opposition in this public stage meant failure. The only thing that was working was Xan, the chips, and the in-between, it is

definitely hard to try to imagine when all revolution is historical and never present. Xan was also programmed not to understand capitalistic values. Social values always override anything that tried to create fiscal profit above the health of the social body and collective mind. The revolution was not televised but memorized. The brutality of that uprising, the pain and suffering was so vivid that it was felt by all. It began with Greta believing that people could force the change as the corporations continued to lie about reducing their emissions. But it was not her words that began the riots, an abrupt hiccup—a strike on the supplying coal mine trickled down to a massive shortage. Once the power went down the generators kicked in and in that split second the data was released. Closed conversations, dark tweets and supposedly deleted slack threads were unleashed into the world. And when the lights came back on, all hell had broken loose. Xan was the only force that could have contained the public rage—an outpouring of disillusion. But the cables couldn't take the heat. The northern villages felt it first, the warm soil, the static in the air.

The ones with the chip felt it; a weird moment of unsettling exposure, one moment where our network became visible, permeable.

Again, I get stopped at control, but this time they don't even know what I had taken with me.

I was bringing the Rock of Afes, which is a place where we call all to gather when we are low on hope and belief for a better world. It's a moment of connection between human and non-human species and all life forms. We come to it, in a moment where life can no longer be transformed, we come to it when all communication fails.

There would at least be one good thing that could come out of this gathering that left a scar on our bodies, we saw how it actually is, to live just for the self. The network manifested for all that were part of it a decentralized self. Contradicting our recently lost, collective repository, it made visible the life of self-destruction, the circle of life contorted and broken.

We meet here because this is the place where it all began. Before we uploaded the dreams of community.

It's beginning to rain and the smell of scorched circuits is still in the air. Let their minerals return to the earth. Every design must have a death cycle, a way to say farewell.[1] And here at the Rock, is where the end begins.

Sepake Angiama
Clare Butcher
Byron Kalomamas

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1   With thanks to Suzanne Kite for her continuing work around Lakota epistemologies in AI and learning machine design processes, shared during her workshop *Future, Fire, Fiction: storytelling workshop for imagining future technologies through design justice and Indigenous philosophy*, co-led with Una Lee, October 24, 2019, Toronto Biennial of Art.