

The Astronaut is leaving...
The Actress is hiding...
The Golem is diggin'...
The Child is sleeping...
The world is watching...

The Fast Set

Don't Play Yourself.



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There are holes in history. Tears in time. And sometimes, if you turn your head just a bit, squint your eyes and shut your mouth, just for a second, you might be able to see the shining needle of coincidence that mends those broken moments, weaving them seamlessly back into the fabric of time. And if you're really lucky, that needle will suddenly rip up out of the past, straight through the center of your eye and nail your optic nerve right to the back of your head.

I'm trying to describe the universe as if it could be seen and understood by one person. A moment of perfect and impossible lucidity. But I can only see through the blurry lens of my own life, so to help me animate my futile investigations, I embody the forces of the universe; energy and entropy, space and time, in the form of characters drawn from my own frame of reference, invoking the chained and fragile coincidences of my past.

Another Florida.
Another 1963.

The sun was slipping away over the sea and down behind the dunes as they made their way back to the rundown house the locals called the 'love shack'. It was his last week on earth.



They had chosen this dusty little thrown away town, far down the Gulf coast from Tallahassee, because they thought it was a place where they could hide from all the lies. They had spent their time there mostly in silence, reading true crime stories, swimming in the soft quiet sea of the Gulf and watching giant Asian cockroaches crawl around the walls and over the peeling linoleum of the floor and across the sealed mission plan lying there on the monkey-pod table. They had sex only for the sake of it. They were not particularly happy there but this was no time for that.

When he said goodbye at last, she stood there in the twilight and frowned in an absent-minded sort of way. He knew that she was trying hard to figure out how to be truly herself in this awful and banal moment that she had played a hundred times in a hundred different ways. To not just act as if she cared, just for once to be herself, not the projected image that flickered across the great spaces of the drive-ins, like an echo of a real person. He was good at waiting. Long hours in the simulators had made him patient and so he waited, like a dog for its master. After a time she came up for air with a smile made all out of white teeth, lined up neatly like tombstones. It said, "whether you come back or not, I'll never see you again".

Not so much later he climbed into his corvette and roared off, on his way across the state to the bars in Cocoa Beach and one last rat-race with the boys. Tomorrow he would drive over to the Cape where the future was waiting, pointed up at the sky like a billion dollar bullet.

The Rocket.
The Astronauts.



Dynamis				Mixis		
						

The Actress.
The Strange Attractor.



Here in the West we tell a story about the relationship of space and energy called the 'Space Race'. A race of powers to reach the ocean of night. The American manned space effort began with a program called Mercury, out of Cape Canaveral, Florida. There were seven astronauts chosen for the Mercury space program. We are told that only six astronauts flew, the seventh astronaut was pulled for medical reasons. But for pride and for symmetry's sake, the team always thought a seventh flight should still be made. NASA, dealing with the pressures of the new Gemini and Apollo programs, didn't see the need. But the rocket was waiting, they had already built it. Someone was on standby, someone was waiting to take that flight. If there was a seventh flight, it was flight into a secret history, into possibility, into an alternate past. Imagine that lost astronaut. The antithesis of all the white, good-old-boys of the known history. He was tall, scholarly, reserved and black. As black as space itself.

The astronaut met her three months before his flight, at a reception for the Reverend King being held down in Miami. The first black astronaut, the visionary and the famous actress, on a stage out by the pool, posing together in that fantastically ostentatious building, almost a film set in itself really. It was an incredible moment, outrageously glamorous, as the royalty of celebrity, power and danger mingled under the spotlights and the flash bulbs.

The astronaut was assured and handsome in a midnight blue tux, a subtle geometric weave lurking in the silk. She looked perfect to him, as good as the movies, even with all the makeup and the teased and lacquered hair. Even though she was white, so translucently white she almost glowed pale green, fluorescing like some exotic metal burning under the lights, her famous red hair glittering with a thousand shades of desire, with a million flames of entropy and peril. She wore the green dress that night. That dress, with the folded twist of cloth at the base of the neck in the shape of a flower, a whirlpool, a storm, a strange attractor. The dress she would die in.

And as we know now, deep in his labyrinth beneath the fabulously vulgar hotel, Morris the Golem was watching them that evening, on closed circuit television, his eyes on her, only her. Below him in the service tunnels he could hear the snakes turning in the red night of their fathomless desire. An odd kind of scratchy, slithery sound like the end of an old record, the static you hear when time runs out. He could always hear them, anytime, night or day, wherever he was.

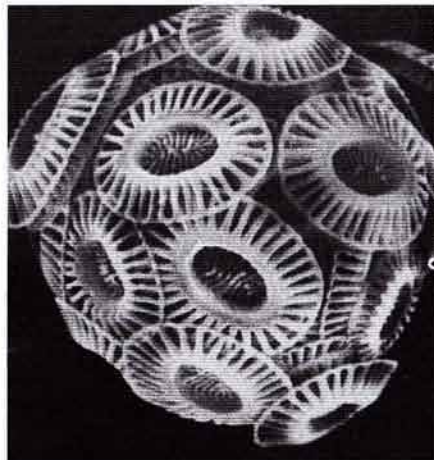
The hotel was the Eden Roc, named after the Philosophers' stone that would grant immortality to its finder. That stone was why Ponce De Leon came to Florida. Morris came with him, a marrano from Castile with a background in Lullian astral medicine. Early in his life he had taken the secret name of one of the four elements: Stone. Well Morris had found it alright, deep in the vast network of limestone karst caverns that worm their way up and under Florida, all the way to the north. The caves were formed, like coral reefs, from calcified coccoliths, the interlocking crystal scales of the tiny, exquisite Emiliana. Billions of the ossified scales saturate limestone and its metamorphic cousin, marble, forming the building blocks not only of Florida but of the great pyramids, St Peters, Chichen Itza. Sacred architecture everywhere is made of fossilized memories. As Morris sank his teeth into the stone, the rotten body of the Builder, the ancient knowledge flooded through him. The price of immortality was stasis. A system can only avoid losing energy if it does no work. Morris turned to stone. The fruit fell from his marble hands.

It was a set up, a racket, a trap.

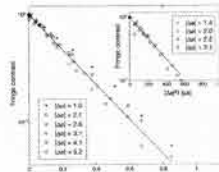
On the day before his flight the astronaut visited a Santero. He did this secretly. NASA approved only of Christian astronauts. The familiar actions comforted him: the casting of the cowrie shells, the patterns of the oddas, the igbo ritual. The search was unclear. The Santero told him legends of children, voyages and magic but the stories seemed to contradict each other, they were filled with false starts, betrayals and uncertain outcomes.



The Eden Roc Hotel. 'Emiliana huxleyi' covered with radial crystal coccoliths. Formation of Limestone in Florida Bay.



Dynamis			Los	Mixis		
						



Quantum Decoherence. The Golem. Biomimetic Silicon. A city carved from living stone.



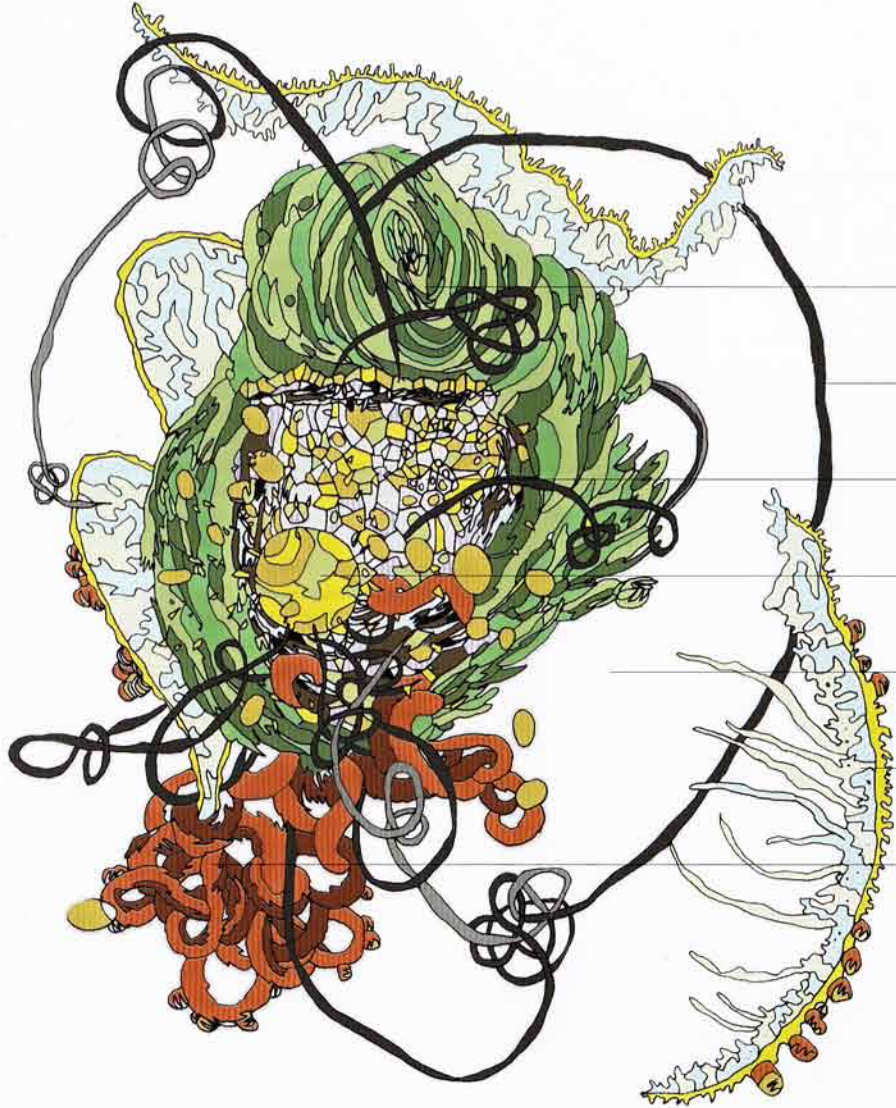
On the boundary between quantum mechanics and classical mechanics we reach an inexpressible flaw in reality sometimes expressed through a paradox known as 'Schrodinger's cat'. A cat sits in sealed box hooked up to gun. The gun is activated by the presence or absence of a single photon, one particle, a lonely gleam in Lucifer's eye. Here's the hard part, the unbelievable part. Photons, like all quantum particles, are defined by the actions of the observer. Until we open the box the cat is neither alive nor dead. It waits in a limbo that encompasses the entire universe. Reality itself hinges on that uncertainty.

Terrified and petrified, stuck there alone in the cave for fifty years, Morris found he could move, in a jerky uncoordinated sort of way, forcing his amethyst muscles to pump carnelian blood. His skin was rose quartz. His eyes were boiled agates. His teeth were obsidian, set in a frozen rictus of desire. He was absurd, a stop-motion glacier, a ratcheting monster. If he stopped for a second he could feel his body freezing solid into a living mausoleum. To live at all he had to move constantly, to work, to toil. He was a self-made Golem, a creature of the earth.

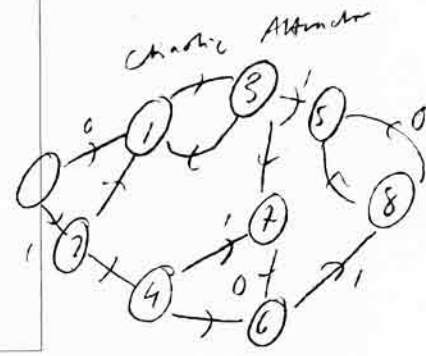
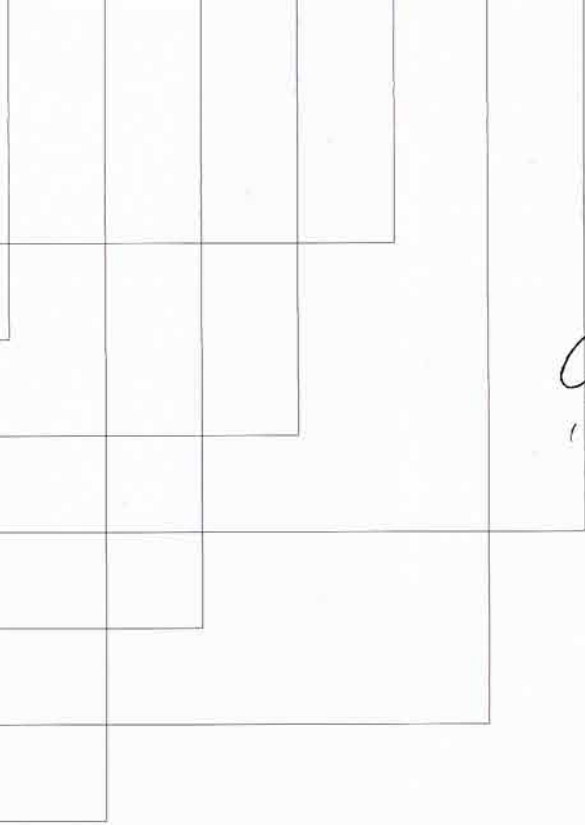
Over the centuries the Golem excavated endlessly, fearlessly. He found wonders down there: caverns cut from solid diamond, lakes of burning pitch, a hidden lapidary world far below the surface of the earth. He carved an underground city from the soft white rock, skyscrapers in negative space, parks of carefully tended fungi, rivers of phosphorescent algae. An ageless polis with one immortal tenant. He thought he had found a kind of lonely peace there, until he heard the snakes for the first time. They had come for him, living flames of entropy flickering up from the molten iron core of the earth, looking for the rest-state. Lost in the center of his mineral whirlwind he had summoned them out of chaos. He violated the second law, the Law of Entropy, he was a reproach to the balance of existence. The servants of destruction undid everything he had worked on. Every tunnel, shaft, trench, revetment, back filled, demolished, undone. They nearly got

infinite possibility

$\Delta S_{tot} = 0$ Reversible
 $\Delta S_{tot} < 0$ Impossible



Dynamis	Leviathan	Pistis Sophia	Los	Mixis	Abraxas	En Soph
Astronaut	Snakes	White Lady	Golem	Actress	Bodybuilder	Baby
G	S	K	w	E	∞	H
Free Energy	Entropy	Equilibrium	Work	System Energy	Infinity	Enthalpy



$\Delta E = q(\text{force}) + \text{work}$

him for good near Orlando, almost catching him in a living tomb. Moving, he must keep moving. Panicked, he retreated to the surface.

He had gone down in 1791. He came back up in 1957, and was deafened, blinded, dumbfounded. He was blind already of course, his 'eyes' just faceted crystals rattling around in a sapphire skull but his body was filled with magnetites, geodes, crystals. He could receive any signal, he couldn't stop receiving, and during his silent exile the world had become filled with an invisible maelstrom of sounds and visions. He thought he would go mad, until she appeared on her first television appearance, the infamous and endearing interview. He saw her with his entire body. She was broadcast straight to his cold, hematite heart, she saturated him, her frequencies howling through his chained molecules. But he knew from the radio, the gossip columnists, the constant chatter of celebrity observers, that he was too late. She loved another: the sky boy.

Before the astronauts flew, NASA hooked them up to record their brain waves. Scott Carpenter, the 'beatnik' astronaut, is shown here in a fractal shirt of uncertain origin during the process. On the night before his flight the seventh astronaut dreamt that he was falling; falling up, into an endless night.

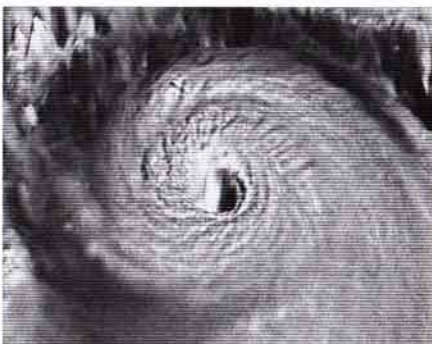
Seven men had been chosen to fly with the gods, seven messengers to heaven. The whole show was the perfect demonstration of the orderly processions of classical mechanics, a Newtonian map to a new ocean, an ocean of stars. A triumph of energy over entropy.

At the moment of lift-off, she knew she was pregnant with his child. As he flew into the up and up, a flat green storm, as wide as the future, appeared without warning in the clear blue sky of the upper air.

The closer the Golem got to the surface the more the endless broadcasts of her perfection, buzzing through his bones, began to drive him insane. Underground were the snakes, above ground was madness. The lives of saints and madmen lie on this fault-line of absolute belief,



Hematite.
Scott Carpenter.
Lift-off.
The Storm.



Dynamis	Leviathan	Los	Mixis	En Soph

absolute desire. Any unknown truth lies on the boundary of reason. That is the nature of love. When do you surrender to the call of the darkness if the darkness calls your name? At the moment of lift-off, the Golem drew the vèvés of love and loss across the electromagnetic spectrum, black equations scrawled over the pages of night. He called on The Lady Of Equilibrium and sent his desolate love screaming into the lemniscate, the infinite landscape of the dark. It was bad voodoo. It hit the storm of her desire at precisely the same moment as the astronaut.

My father-in-law, John Hunter, was out looking for the capsule that day. A lieutenant aboard the USS Waller; task force Alfa, Desron 28. His ship had been tricked out with a fancy recovery rig like the other destroyers and they were waiting out there on the hard sea like some floating baseball team trying to catch a homer from heaven. The Navy didn't know this was a manned flight, no-one knew. Officially, they were retrieving an unmanned capsule or a chimp or a dog or something, anything but a man. The capsule landed four and half miles from the recovery carrier.

The USS Valley Forge, 'the happy valley', took the capsule back to Roosevelt and then they flew it up to Canaveral. The capsule was opened there.

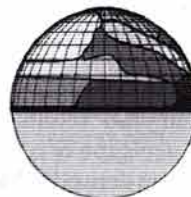
The capsule was empty. The capsule was filled with seawater. The capsule was filled with flowers and powdered seashells. The capsule was filled with blood. Every person that looked inside the capsule saw something different. But no-one saw the astronaut. The cat is either alive or dead. Or it is no longer in the box.

The seventh astronaut dreamt that he was falling; falling down into an endless day.

When he left she knew she was pregnant. When he disappeared in the storm she knew he was inside the child. When she died in the car crash, of the overdose, as the plane hit the sea, she knew she would live forever.



John Hunter.
Task Force Alfa.
USS Waller.
The Capsule.
Fate Map.



$$\int = R_g / h \, D \, \rho$$