



# CODE: *EQUINOX*

by Chris Holdaway

*Message message mess massage mass*  
*message*: “The content of every  
new protocol is always another  
protocol” as an apparatus is whipped  
up to hide the apparatus. Quick  
transmutation of limestone into  
concrete jungle, shale into gas—  
swerving in green pedestrian light  
again. Sound effects rush in like  
air to a just-connected vacuum,  
like spirit preparing to be ignored  
as per & loving every minute of it.  
Dead plasma in shadows, tollbooths,  
unmarked black sedans monitoring  
every bit of information stamped  
with it's [timetodie].

Trail sign. Nice nameplate  
on a door. Typed up eviction notice.

Model of atmospheric components . . . Expedition: out into the  
smokescreen spreadsheet forest to prove some infinities are bigger  
than others. It only takes real numbers to become uncountable,  
naked eye knocked back to fixing on a combination of stars +  
streetlights. Until coastguard comes looking, all you can do is look  
on as paper stacks go critical : calve like premature icebergs, drop  
like unscheduled storms, & boil back up like fracking water. How on  
Earth to be spontaneous in a world of collapsing models?

So steppes music because I  
feel like it, like guttural singing  
should be allowed to cause  
more of our earthquakes too  
in a world of overexposure; as if  
seen through milkywhite steam  
of a sauna. Pixel smokescreen.  
Rolling hills of pylons & wires—

the sine wave of passing by.  
The future has changed the  
landscape. The language doesn't  
quite have the right tools to  
pronounce "psyche"—comes out  
like *push ache*—push up single  
file into the namespace.

MARKUP!

# ! / Come on in from the street that runs like a fault line; there's a phone box where you can dial in different tremors at different prices. There's neither elevator nor stairs in this building. You just have to get beaten by the doormen to get in—fist surrounded by comicbook flashlines & everything, slipping batons into your bloodstream like infected needles. All that disappears in black / white film noir dazzle.

Come in my clavicle just feels like grainy shadow a pigtrough landfill of circuitboards. Static. *Freckleface bloodsplatter static*: "The only way to really avoid it is to take your clothes off." The start or the end [ ? ] of a dead wives proverb.

Something about the showerpressure or watersupply burns the bruises right out of my skin. Curled up foetal semaphore, trying to back myself into an electric outlet like a plain corner : swapped one dust tundra for

another . . .

My glasses don't fit like 1 ear is lower or farther forward or my nose offcentre or 1 lens square & the other circular. My fridge keeps killing everything inside, hiding clean shirts, buying narcotics, asking what my problem is. "It's just some stupid prank," like receiving messages from someone who is dead, basejumped 30odd stories of metamorphic glass to bleed out under an avalanche of traffic lights. Break off the head of a doll for a controlled explosion; every piece of furniture is something that could have bloomed from a grenade. Tear clothes on cables + treelines; crash into the steppes + neon hanging signs.

Drop to the ground w/ eyes sewn shut like ocular gagreflex in the haze. Daily report says the air is at 20% cracked glass, reminding us all that the atmosphere is a combustion engine & always has been. Suppose there is less than the *Planck Distance* between live + life, & that's why we can never come up w/ the energy to tease them apart;—well, not w/o opening a black hole on every corner,—not when it would leave nothing for military-medical

complex *health data*.

Algorithms get under your skin.

Simple things like passing out early, or cycling thru keys on a ring right in front of you. Then hex codes for skin tones. Thing about the floorplan of District Multiverse is that it could let the *longggg* tail go on forever. Any measurement might mean collapse into fully-fledged gradually falling apart.

Smooth  
taste of ocean drowned in lungs,  
(un)reclaimed land + flesh.

*Here here*. If something is truly unified you don't even have to break it apart & it's gone—like vertical essence of towers so 1-dimensional they almost become 1-dimensional. A body dead before it even had the chance to jump. Not even trying to escape place just the swarm of words: "Who says everything is a network?" "Everyone."

[Bug Report]: Funny how *colonies* are the image of *high horror* for the civilisation built on the GREAT AGE OF EXPLORATION.

Back on the street like a directdial line . . . Floral storms programmed w/  
your favourite scent *in medias res*—no need to wait until after the fall,  
let alone the next morning. Viscous light slows it down for you to savour;  
a slurry of drowned newsprint, immortal styrofoam + enough tincan foil  
wrappers to electrocute everyone in standing detritus—like a radio fallen in  
the bath. Of course all weapons are liquid or disguised as such, as fireproof  
receipt paper, blowing lonely thru the trees. Grills on a drain accept in binary  
: discrete denominations + components down each slot, flowing like wellaged  
clockwork . . ./sweet 10000 fun of 10101 10110 until

11001 on to 11110 oh dear.

The air is thick enough to  
paint. Officially unofficial  
civic murals turn 90degrees  
off the walls & hang out in  
the streets like holograms of  
oil. I accidentally walk right  
down 1 sprayed on a plane I  
can't see, & emerge cut in half  
with impossible blood.

[1 chimera 4 another]

Each  
synapse a gap of treacherous  
waters, connected & broken  
like ecosystems—like  
comforting shockblankets  
dispensed at sites of trauma.

Everyone just lives *en route*  
now in perennial commute,  
but the barricades are still  
warm : babyfat thrown out w/  
bathwater, livewires for brick  
mortar, explosions frozen as  
public installations—really  
trying to make things nice  
for riotsquads to show up  
with butterflyknife bowties +  
anthrax starched collars.

Wake up in the suburbs of angels—space is available. Not just a shadow but a spectre cast by succulent houseplant in the hallway; a smear of something instead of a rug; 44-gallon candles, Neolithic roadsigns, silt homes on horizontal foundations & corners programmed to fall up. Like a good romance plot everyone's in scope, even those running the show: "*HONEYPOT: how the first laserguided bomb met its target.*" Alerts + threats just as effective as real ordinance as someone in the audience instinctually spits out their teeth when a staged blast goes off—exactly when Chekhov's gun said it would. Dolls' house w/ builtin stories to play out. Closer network here here you little black cat—*ack*—please pass my DIVINE RATIO quick—*errrrrrr*—

0 1 1 10 11 101 1000 1101 10101 100010 110111 1011001  
10010100—*uhhhhhhh*—0x0 0x1 0x1 0x2 0x3 0x5 0x8 0xD  
0x15 0x22 0x37 0x59 0x90 0xE9 0x179 0x262 0x3DB  
0 x 6 3 D 0 x A 1 8  
0 x 1 0 5 5 0 x 1 A 6 D  
0 x 2 A C 2 0 x 4 5 2 F  
0 x 6 F F 1 0 x B 5 2 0  
0 x 1 2 5 1 1 —*hmm.*

OF COURSE “the founding principle of nets is control, not freedom.” O Sovereign Protocol! A shaded frame for a headstone plaque: “Imagine an art exhibit of computer viruses.” Or a cure for data. You don't have to.