

## Diary of plasma

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### Day one

My research program is doing reasonably fine. Today I finally got the new basic tool materials from Laroche for the new combinations for the linkage between dx and ppt. I still wonder why they never asked me if I had permission to have these tools. They're probably too busy at the moment. Later I gave the database at the university a call and it seems that Dr. Edwin Goldfire is progressing well together with his staff and his students. I snapped some good information on their internal net and I'm pleased that they don't know that I'm still around. Today I really have a reason to be optimistic, at least about my program. Later I gave my thoughts and myself a walk. Nothing surprised me.

Purple sky. Need an input of something new. Void. I could cut off genitals and stuff them into the throat of a slimy teacher or politician. Let things happen and pay no attention to them. Like today when I saw this car crash, no hard feeling about that, just indifference. The sky is something to be scared of, not the crushed bones of a spine inside a human body.

Think I'm attracted to gravity.

Before bed I stared with fascination at my new tools. All those opportunities. All those virtual successes and failures. Despite my talent for recombinations, and my knowledge of possible mistakes one can make in calculation, I don't feel 100 percent secure about the outcome of the following days. But perhaps there is a way to fuck up gravity - at least in my mind. '

### Day two

During breakfast I heard the new 45 from Moby. They aren't that splendid any more, at least I didn't find any inspiration in the tune. But coffee was good. Worked immediately afterwards. The uriner reactor will soon be ready, so it should soon be able to spin. Don't have enough sterilised material and medium. I need to acquire some more. My laboratory is slightly under equipped; therefore everything is more slow than it normally should be. The memory which attacked me during the sterilisation process produced a sensation resulting in the feeling of a spider moving inside my back. Don't feel like reciting this damned event right now, wished it would never come up to the surface again.

### Day three

I had a dream last night; the whole scenery for this dream was not unlike the schema in day six this diary. I'm afraid of such dreams. The dark spots are terrifying quarks or toxic proteins, which attempt too destabilize my cerebellum. At the moment I dream in schema's. It's an exhausting process since schema's aren't what they appear to signify; therefore I'm forced to decode the signals these modules are transmitting to me. My research is now more concentrated. I wish only to have grey dreams. For a while it has

been a thought which has preoccupied me: grey uniform substances which fill up my entire conscience. But I doubt if it's possible to reach the Deadpan dreams. Later, at four in the morning I woke up, astonished and sweaty, and was deeper down in the schema, in a dimension underneath the first one. It was no longer proteins or aggressive hadrons but cracked patterns of coagulated cells of blood and sperm. It was like I had captured a conversation down there - in between a spectre and a posthuman-like-cyborg-thing:

"No more gravity. No more fluctuation of liquids," Spectre said

"To me you seem so motherfucking outdated and stupid, to my group of elements you are like somebody who just arrived from the middle-ages. We posthumans don't appreciate the absence of liquids if it means that you don't understand the structure of hadrons," Posthuman said.

"uhhh," spectre said, "I know everything about hard-ons."

Posthuman didn't take notice of the stupidity of the spectre, "Actually we talked about exterminating all you spectres."

"You'll never succeed in doing it, nor in all your ideas about revolving all existing technologies. I have been here for 3.78 time, you for 0.05 time. And certainly you will exterminate yourself before you disrupt me and my friends."

"rooar."

I don't know if I or the posthuman had the last word. I got up, took a shower, and then went to the laboratory.

#### **Day four**

I had an odd feeling when I woke up the day father died. Without knowing anything I asked my mother if I could stay at home instead of going to school. I don't remember if she agreed or not, but anyway I stayed home. They phoned from the enzyme unit at the factory and said something was wrong, an accident or something, but what they said wasn't straight forward. It was my older sister who arrived in a cab all the way from the capital, one hundred kilometres away from our town, to pronounce the message. I had the same odd feeling this morning; something is wrong with the intention of the whole thing, with the purpose of my ideas, my projects, and my life.

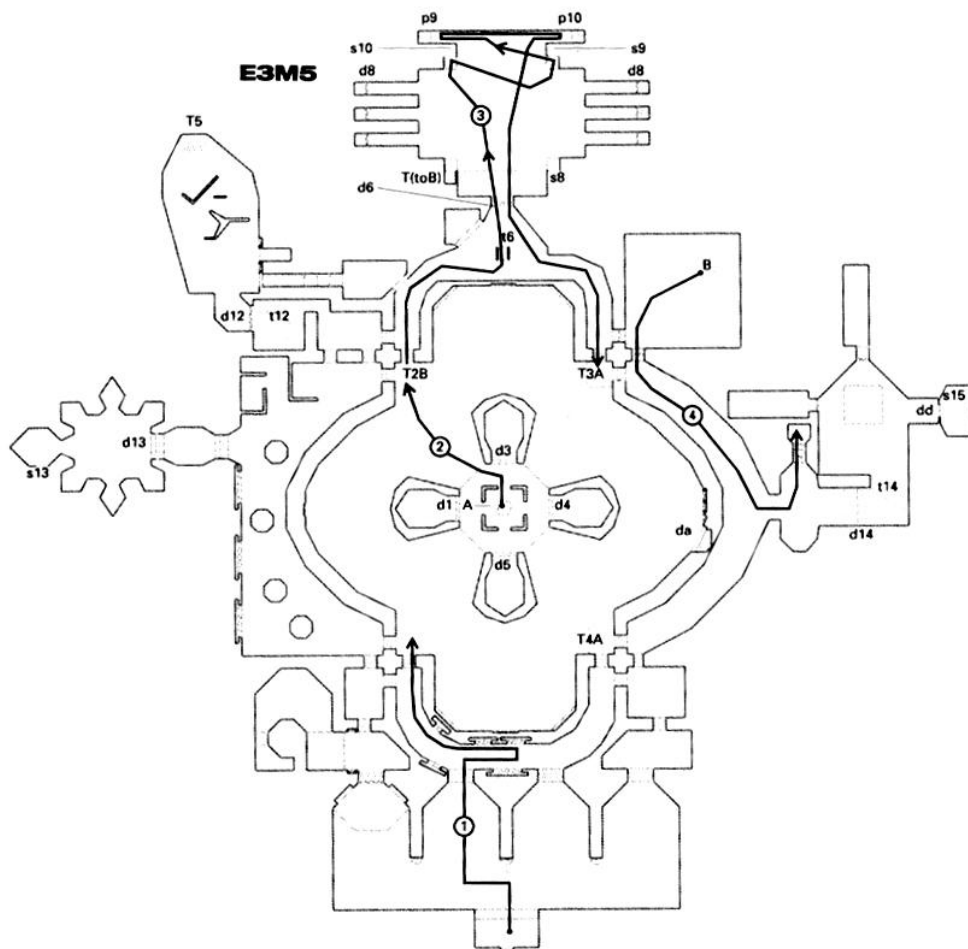
#### **Day five**

A horror flashback came to me this afternoon. I was about five or six. As we often did, we used an abandoned basement in the block next to mine as a playground. The basement was mainly cement corridors surrounded by cells made of wooden planks. It had a save switch, and when one turned it on the light only remained for a minute or so. When the basement was dark everybody was full of a profound sensation of fear and insecurity. Some day the enemy number one of the neighbourhood entered the basement without our knowledge. He was a completely fucked up teenager with deeply alcoholic parents. He was always trying to figure out some trick to scare us, for example, by chasing us or beating up kids who were several years younger than himself. At the same time we were his only friends, or rather kids he had a contact with. Teenagers of his age only laughed when they spotted this fellow. We knew that his social relations were about zero, but it didn't reduce or alleviate our fear. This guy hunted us into a small room at the most remote spot from the entrance of the basement locked us in and

slammed the door behind us, laughing outside like a monster. We couldn't get out and we were scared to death. It felt like an eternity before one of us managed to figure out how to escape through a window situated above our heads. A year or two after this event when he was about 16, he raped, strangled, and buried a 6 year old girl in a park nearby. That was my first experience of a murderer.

My head is spinning. At sunset I danced with myself around to this tune thinking of stealth bombers. It felt good dancing just before I recaptured my studies. Hard and interesting experimentation until four in the morning.

### Day Six



### Day seven

I masturbate quite often and I really like it. I was 9 years old when I masturbated for the first time. I would really like to learn some new masturbation-techniques so that I could prolong the orgasm. I would also like to develop methods that could be used during

intercourse so that I could fuck and fuck anally for several hours without stopping. Often I think and feel that I don't fuck enough, but I'm satisfied with the frequency of my masturbation. I like girls, and I like men, but my sexual experience is relatively modest concerning men. Actually I have never fucked a guy, and I have never been fucked by one, but I've been close. Sometimes I think that there is too little sex and too many atoms, and too much othing in our life. If I had the power to do it I would declare everybody suppressing the orgasm pulverised.

There was a backfire in my urinereactor today; some chemical accelerator accident that I hadn't previewed. A Lot of smoke escaped from burning polyvinylchlorid tubes. While writing this I'm still coughing because of all the black reeking smoke I inhaled.

### **Day eight**

Nothing is left - that's what I dreamt. What's left? "Nothing" a girl told me in this dream. What's a dream? just a hallucination, a construction of my brain - nothing real - just nothing. Let's be serious: there is nothing that can justify the important role and influence dreams have on our conscience. Somebody said that we dream to forget, and she or he may be right, but I'm afraid that it may not be true. This backfire was such a shock to me! I found the cause of what happen. I was the idiot; I induced to many proteins in the soup and the temperature was slightly to elevated. Shit, I used most of today to clear up my own mess.

Many know the sensation of having a totally fucked up mind. Sometimes because things are going wrong, either regarding ones possibilities, the conflicts that one is a part of, or because one is filled up with impressions and inputs that simply can't be obtained normally in the brain because they seem too far out. The speed of input in this world especially drives me crazy. For quite some time I have been thinking about how I could express my perception of this world in which we live in; what kind of image could be representative of the feelings that this perception generates? an image that's more a reaction towards this perception would be to destroy it. For me destruction has been very constructive, and I think for many people that it's an action which in one way or another has a meaning. Then again there are perhaps other alternatives to destruction. When there was a belief in common goals, there was also a lust to create alternatives; but then all kinds of sociality and solidarity have been blown away. In order to elaborate an alternative space now means to elaborate an isolated space - a space only for one or a few individuals. Forget about any scale bigger than micro. Anyway there should be a possibility to elaborate some kind of space or field where one could be able to have an area of construction for ones own life. Don't know... at least a poor illusion or image.

A neutron star is a collapsed star of extremely high density composed almost entirely of neutrons. Pulsars are generally thought to be collapsed rotating neutron stars.

## Day nine

Some times I have a sensation of only semi-respiration; not because of pollution or cigarettes, just not enough space in psychical and physical terms.

I really doubt about those superstring guys - too pretentious. They seem like a gang of oddballs like all scientist by the way. They suggest that there is ten dimensions: four being perceptible to reality, the six others wrapped into these four. The whole idea of unification underneath the whole thing makes me sick. Why do we always need a simple and aesthetic formula to describe the different forms of matters. Things don't appear simple to me or the people that I have known. Simplicity looks more like a hallucination

## Day ten

Today hanging on the phone chatting with a friend it suddenly dawned on me that we are soon to reach the year 2000. I was reminded because some sport event that will continue into the next millennium was announced on the radio. I told my friend who agreed that the idea is weird.

"Neutron; Particle électriquement neutre, constituant, avec les les protons, les noyaux des atomes. - Le neutron diffère du par son absence de charge; à l'etat libre, il est d'ailleurs instable et se transforme en un proton et un electron. employée àL'irradiation des atomes, il les rend frequemment radio-actifs. Il peut dÇterminer la fission de l'uranium et du plutonium."

2. "Neutron-bomb: a small thermonuclear warhead for battlefield use, that would release large numbers of neutrons intended to disable or kill enemy soldiers without destroying buildings, vehicles etc."

Everybody knows fear; it's a feeling which expresses something that makes us anxious. One can fear for the future especially, but also for the past, or fear for the present. A word like neutron is a word which can implicate fear, in terms of the n-bomb, or in relation to the nuclear implants which deal with the danger of poisoning to death what surround them. Many times I have thought about this invisible enemy and its threatening perspectives. Fear is in most cases related to power; someone has the power and use it to create fear while others fear that they will loose their power. Fear, power, and neutrons are even directly related in the case of nuclear power implants. A government or a company use the fear to create energy and irresolvable waste problems and material for producing A- & B- & N- bombs. This is the fear that the world has known in the last 50 years, the big common fear that everybody has in the back of their mind.

### Notes:

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Text edited by Dean Inkster. Henrik Plenge Jakobsen 1995

