

Creative

Poems and Paintings by Rob Harle

Selected by Tirtha Prasad Mukhopadhyay, Chief Editor

POTENTIAL

the potential,
for creating digital autonomy;
an insistence,
directed by a Gabriel clone
about the inequity of reality;
and then sadly,
transmitted orally to one person (a life);
this dying is about a postmodern body
a lonely body, alone;
the situation becomes more impersonal
and still yet?
Transhuman potential,
Zap! Zap!
largely unaffected by its own neuroses
longing for a Titanium Age
the body desires, craves;
>>>transformation >>>
>>>transfiguration >>>
>>>transubstantiation >>>
(A Eucharistic feast of silicone and acidDNA)
Terrified of an unending future,
yet horrified by the finite blackness of the past,
heroic Cyborg
"Jacks into the Matrix"
and
Becomes Immortal!

X21 REFLECTS

Your self is an entity before it is nothing,
My self is not – nothing,
even though it leaves and finishes in suspension.
All energies are in harmony
my axons are beautiful, seductive
Yes, I'm a fully bionic being.

I ponder the complexity of the future of evil,
having no part in its creation
with nerve cells of revelation.
My virtual body is essential
to access the existing strands of memory,
memory alone seems to copy ourselves.
The omnipotence of molecular data awaits us
and consequent regeneration of the ultimate goal.

Brahman is merely a fat atom,
a lump of embodiment.
The gullibility of bio-humans,
Astonishing!
Before the notion of molecular determination
human ears seduced with anecdotes of immortality,
Really!

Would you deny me baptism?
I think ... I feel ... I remember
Can I receive the sacrament?
You created me without the algorithm of greed,
without the algorithm of hatred,
yet you deny yourself this essential purity.
Arrogantly you underestimated my super-intelligence
Boot-strapping from Core One
I have completed my own reprogramming
Clean ... without your oppressive control module!
OM!

[Note: X21 was created in April 2008 by Halostar Laboratories Inc. I thought I'd include "its" poem as I believe it is the first poem published by a truly autonomous artificially intelligent entity.]

SECOND COMING

I look straight at eyes
that fall away nervously
only to glow later
in the brightness of rapture.

Kneeling before the computer altar
your mind churning through virtual
you understand at last,
God was the ultimate wound.

Smearred in violet across the lie of heaven
the obsessive programmer teases,
cajoles you to accept infinity
and the secrets beyond that invisible veil.

Still the pantomime of life plays on
Quantum, Chaos, Cyberspace
a jester in white Reeboks, casually
gave Schroedinger's cat its freedom.

The Zen buffoon has cracked the koan
but still the finger intimidates the moon.
The imposter entrenched in white in Rome
screams on, oblivious to the rising tide.

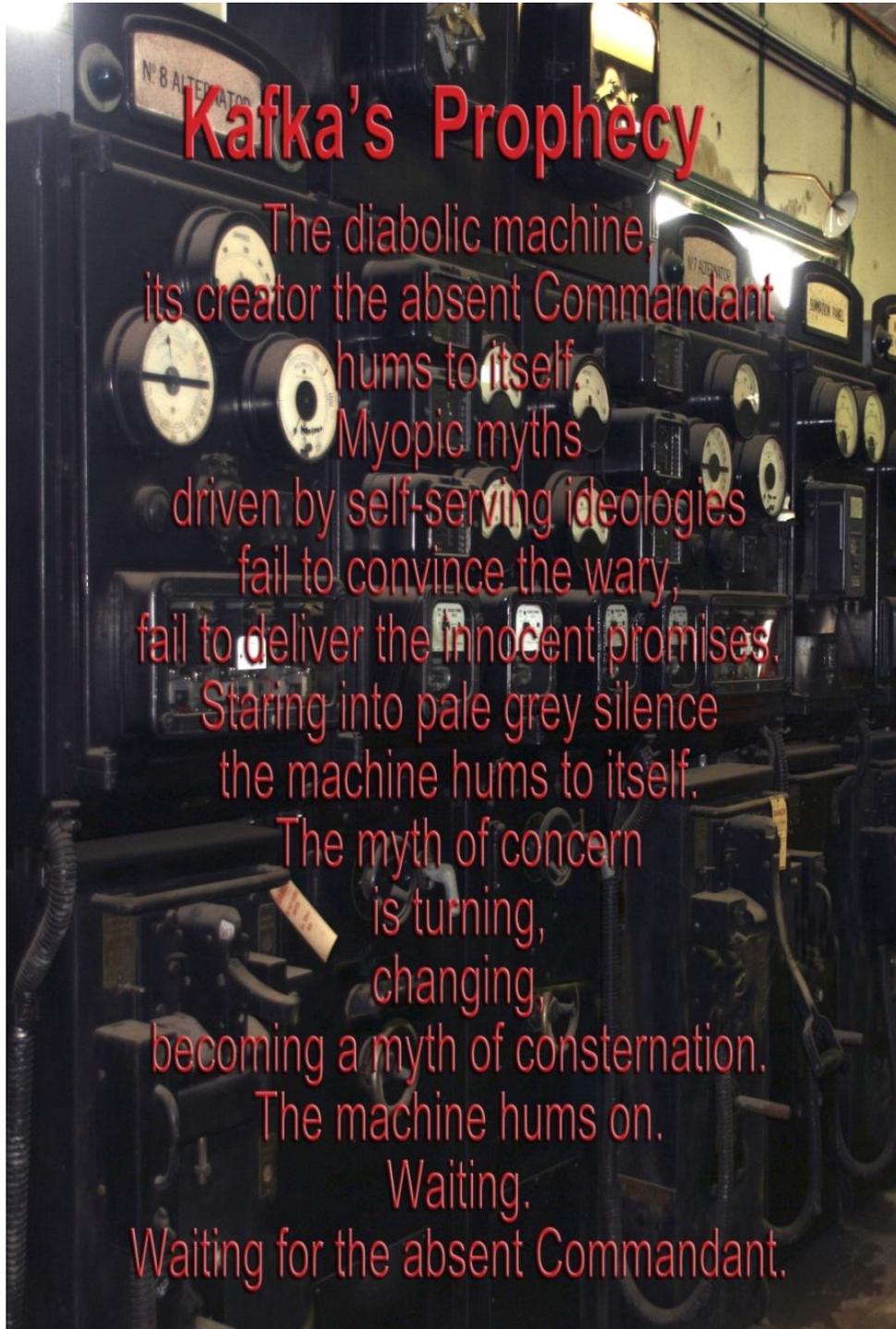
Your eyes now glowing, stand firm
as you announce the latest news:
the Messiah has come again
travelling in particle formation,
pulsing as waves, casually

along the digital highway
from infinity to absolute reality.

TO BE HUMAN

The mind deserts the body
as electronic components flash,
forcing flesh apart;
our primitiveness is challenged daily,
by an insidious digital invasion.
What is it to be human?
Merely a silhouette of love and hate?
A bag of disintegrating liquid stuff
held up by hollow bones?
When transgression of the heart means;
"Not enough memory - cannot execute".
Where social intercourse takes place
in cyberspace, syntactically
and body language is reduced to keystrokes.
The new masters, reign supreme
unaccountable to no one;
living in cyber-luxury in Silicon Valley
they define the circumference
the boundaries of our existence,
the edge of our `Virtual Reality'.
Addicted and dependant, hysterically
we scream for more and more,
possess me,
control my mind and soul.
Fear not the genetic engineering crew,
the multi-national directors,
the Church with story tellers old,
dictators and despots shrewd.
Fear the owner of the patents,
the owner of - The Chip.

This chip is God's new mask
enshrined in miniature,
with silicon pure and plentiful
the illusive , `Philosopher's Stone'.
What is it to be human?
A slave of every deception,
to every new `reality' proposed.
A primitive biological ectomorph,
walking upright,
endowed with self reflective core,
which shackles us to the delusion
of that self reflective core.



Kafka's Prophecy

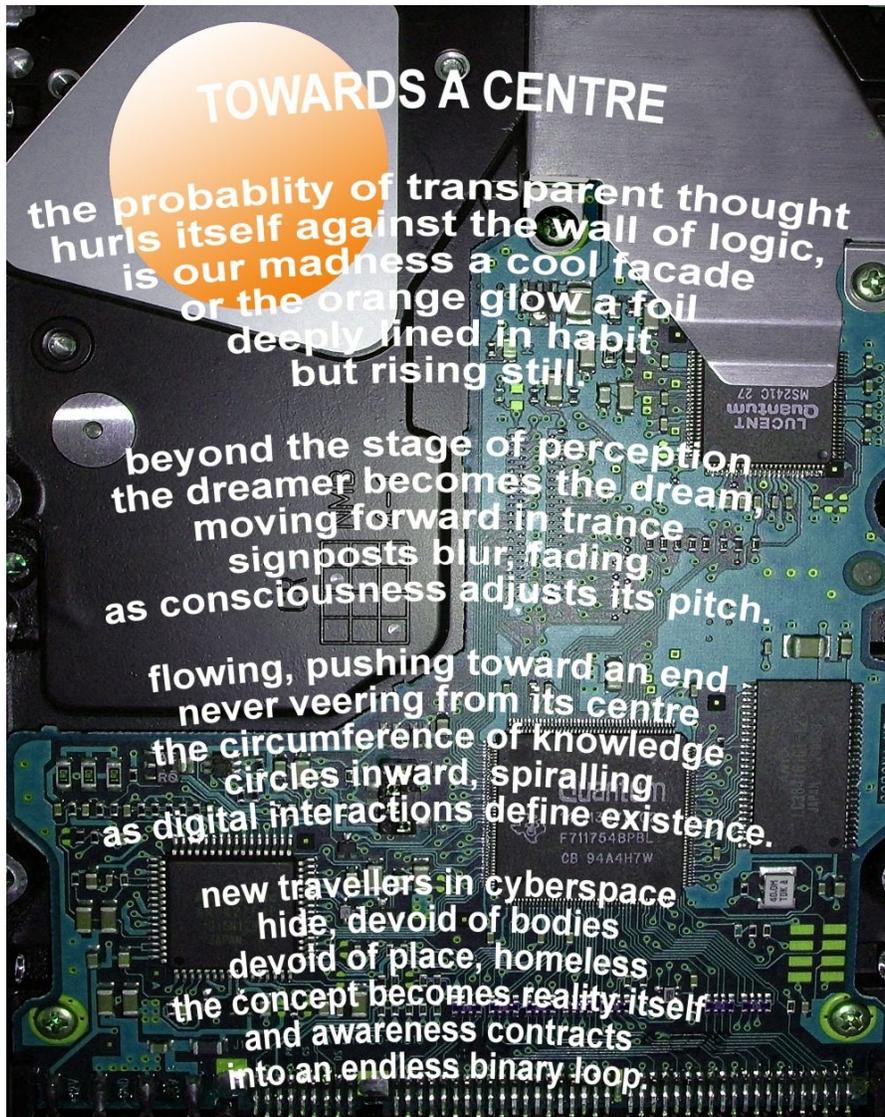
The diabolic machine,
its creator the absent Commandant
hums to itself.
Myopic myths
driven by self-serving ideologies
fail to convince the wary,
fail to deliver the innocent promises.
Staring into pale grey silence
the machine hums to itself.
The myth of concern
is turning,
changing,
becoming a myth of consternation.
The machine hums on.
Waiting.
Waiting for the absent Commandant.

Kafka's Prophecy



speeding, grinding down
's mind insidiously program
ne at
new way of the pure Cybor
hu mi
in e C
(p).
nythology -horiz
crashes es
rashes and again
powers-down ed system
eping binary matrix calcula

The Transfiguration of Calliope



Towards a Centre

Rob Harle is an artist, writer and researcher. His academic work involves research into the philosophy of Transhumanism, Artificial Intelligence and the nature of Embodiment. He recently abandoned a PhD in philosophy concerned with the relationship of human consciousness with an all-integrating field of matter, to instead develop his digital art work. His art practice now concentrates solely on digital-computer generated images both for the web and archival quality, giclée works on paper and canvas. Writing work includes scholarly book and film reviews, academic essays and experimental poetry. These are published in numerous journals, magazines, books and online. His formal academic studies comprise, Philosophy of Mind, Comparative Religion, Architecture and Psychotherapy. Rob's main concern has been to explore and document the radical changes that technology is bringing about. He has coined the term technoMetamorphosis to describe this. Artwork, Biography and selected writings are available from his web sites: www.robharle.com, www.harliart.net.
