

I believe in the excavation of
internal and external space, the building
of the Hacienda and in the embrace
of the spark, in the organic metropolis
we carry around within a n d
the building of a bridge of light.

I believe in the beauty
of the random algorithm,
the mining of data for spiritual
means, the unending drift and the
unknown destination,
in the quiet moments and
the effects of solitude,
in subconscious archaeology, in
information as art,
in art as information.

I believe that
space are non-linear constructs,
and time are Gods and that Will
that ideas are Gods and that Will
can be built into solid constructs,
that consciousness is not
tethered to physical
matter, and in the elastic
directionality of influence and post cultural-phenomena.

I believe in the roar
of the noise generator and the
purity of the sine wave,
in cross-modulation and excessive reverb,
the sound of extractor fan motors
and old fridges at four in the
morning, in the physical interventions of
transient matter.

I believe in the crackle of energy
in the small hours,
the edgelands of rational thought
and the onset of notional realities, trust
in the cartography of imagined
landscape
and the flawed recall process of human
memory, in entropic elegance and the aesthetics of
decay.

I believe in
the beauty of the
concrete overpass, the fading of
our once-futures, the
abandoned power plant of the soul
and the reverence of saba, in rust and
lichen growing on our pasts we are
reflected.

I believe in the inaccurate recall
of memory and that the
obsessive digital capture of
every event leads to the death of
humanity, that our
memories are being
entrusted to dying formats and that
connection is becoming illusory.

I believe in the void
and the dark around the edges,
in the acceptance of the
negative as a balancing force and that our
demons hold as
much significance as
the light.