

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.