

The x,y,z axes themselves accelerated towards infinity, and when they reached the limit they all necessarily rejoined, folded back; a psycho-spatial schizophrenia began and ended. You could witness the acropolis from outside its own hyperbolic limits as though it were some sort of extradimensional form of overlappings, möbius interlinkings - but in actuality it was only constructed out of a cardinal series of points.

The arches it formed were probability lines from dice throws whose outcomes always resulted in the bottom faces summing to seven. This matrice resulted therefore in a new law of force, and so began experiments and lens based observations. A whole mathematics was formed, and soon too the discovery of other cosmo-psychic entities, the diachronic - the protracted expanse in all directions - and so the implications of the now bodiless mass of rotational desire, power and knowledge was made palpable.

It is the opposite, or the inversion of the Acephale. It is the Asomaton: a cyber-metabolic, gastro-genital swarm, bodiless in constant murmuration patterns - an endless flock of birds in flight. Due to the nature of the entity, its actions are very difficult to describe. What appear as its surfaces are all *möbius points* which pass through themselves and each other. It also reflects the total image of one's self, so that quite immediately one is totally encompassed by and incorporated into its actions. Even the perceptions become mediated by its attractiveness. It freely absorbs and everything is transparent to it.

I tried to speak through it for the first time. I spoke clearly. I asked 'Do you remember how I said that I am not being myself, or didn't feel like I was allowed to be, and how that that is what is affecting me the most?'. And something replied silently, 'You know behind closed doors those people are exactly the same, they're only lacking in a general sense of empathy, a sense of community, the planet is on the brink'.

It used to be that the body corroborated or substantiated the head, but of course all that has changed by now. There are wavelengths emanating from the Storm of the Hexagon, and They will not tell us in which direction those waves are propagating. They say instead, 'Soon there will be something lost, regained. Something you've always always wanted. Our laws of physics demand it'.

All of our attention was on the backside of our retinal displays – a sense of *déjà-rêve*, a fractality of rhythm and ominous tensions oscillated. There was dissonance and we danced, orgiastically, the Asomaton.