STACK,
HEAP,
FRAME

MARTIN HOWSE & JONATHAN KEMP
Stack is nature. To heap is human. The frame is brilliant, paranoiac cosmology.

The Cretaceous follows the Jurassic as an eye-eroded bit pushed onto a shift register.

Where man is not, nature is barren.

We know with the frivolity and shallowness attained only by the playing card depth of any tawdry scenery.

We inhabit a land of stacks and heaps and frames and pitfalls and dire mills.

This certainty, of reason, has never been made evident in nature as some kind of message graven in stones or in the earth itself.

Engineering is only the fulfilment of a logical operation on the landscape; a making of a monument to reason, a walled garden.

No environment, only an unenvironment.

How it comes to pass that there can be the idea of something hidden in the world?

Nature as a stag(for)-loop for a bachelor (party) machine.

There is never a ‘we’ which creates, regards or has anything to do with any world, solely a bare existent which is handed down, a scraping child storage and investment. This is culture. To make the world always the same again and again.

A mockery of layerings and geology. The rocks are never to be left alone, never to be washed or wind swept; the world could at least be drowned.

The world is an island existing only to utter endlessly the absolute clarity of the fact that there is no exterior; that all physics is endophysics.
Stack, Heap, Frame

This is the death of earth.

Hydrating the dead with their fluid logics.

Inactive Frame N-6

Bootstrapping a mud mind based only on the sheer flatness of stack and heap diagrams, and other falsified hierarchies.

There is nothing encrypted that will not be decrypted, nothing hidden that will not be made known.

The universe is like a vast frame whose innermost dungeon is the earth, the scene of man’s life. Within it the cosmic spheres are ranged as in a nested call-return stack, growing downwards. Belief in any science implies a belief in contained reason and thus sheer religion.

The bounded is loathed by its possessor. The same dull round, even of a universe, would soon become a Turing tar pit of ever more complicated instruction sets.

Stack of manias, heap of shit, frame of blood.

A question of how a reality as experienced by this species is held as the individuation of a set of possibilities in the context of a mountain slope of increasing entropy, with no potential appeal to any enclosing daemon.

Shift the fog-bound or waxy instruction pointer completely into the outside.

Logic attempts the domestication of the material in that it normalises elementary particles: matter is broken up into universal elements according to the double bind of the contemporary frame: position and motion.

Life and death are passive, distinguishable only when pulling at the frame.

To give direction to death, it is all the logic of the sacrifice, of the execution ritual.
At all times the planet dies and is reborn, one moment to the next in a blind blizzard of mini-deaths.

Inactive Frame N-5

Ontology is a container question, best left for those in any containing world.

Cruelty is the mirror of philosophical determinism.

Code is a play between an ontology of hiding and a functionality of revealing which is in one sense the world (given in that decision making) as a military/philosophical project of a holding of the day and of the world as (un-)certain.

There really is more of everything.

Every thing in this world is more sluggish than its neighbour; easily condensed and more ready to fall prostrate in the face of your earth.

The world is packed with mutant certainties, thrusting to become and remain temporarily as they are. ‘Anything does not go’ – some aggregates and associations are forced to the front, and others ultimately fail; so nothing here for the piss prophets to read.

You are nothing but a heap of earth. The problem is not that the learning curve is so flat; the problem is that your slope is so negative.

The revelations of hidden strata, attuning rocks to humans; these are the carry outs fashioned from the cuts made into the Universe by its vertiginous schizophrenic subjects.

Obsessed with how words relate to things or how the mind represents the world, working back and forth between crumpled thought experiments and the smooth space of text, you systematically translate and distort yourself and the earth.

Terrestrial thought depends on the memory of the sun, buried thought depends on the memory of the cosmos.
Abbreviated mammoths, flickering switches, ablated minds.

There are always two forces which serve to hold everything together in its own proper connection and proper form, as the strata and the limit of the literary palaeontologist’s regard.

Inactive Frame N-4

I demand an auto-poetic conspiracy, with neither theory nor grounding, a two-dimensional demarcation of paranoia which forms an absolute boundary; everything is connected only within these bounds.

The Time Traveller arrives in an empty landscape, littered with monuments, decoded and open to any meaning. He experiences a false and shoddy sunset as in a story but with the self-awareness on his part of that total crudeness. The Time Traveller reveals the truth.

There is little choice as to whether to live within a contained world.

Any enclosure is defined by the clear exposure of a constructed boundary condition; for example, the camera keeps on rolling, affording a view of the reality behind the scenes of that particular ‘construction’.

The fact of this enclosure renders all humanity absurd.

Certainty is completely barriered against demonic entropy, tracing a harsh world-line.

That which simply cannot be executed, which refuses to be executed in the world as it is.

Enclosure is the foundation of abstraction and language; a theatre of cruelty and of leakage.

All is hidden. All will be revealed (by accident).

Geology implies a false beginning which cannot be thought as it implies a boundary.
Instead of always a pornographic image, ‘they’ make it on the surface itself. Instead of always a screen, a stage for icons and faked openings, there is a piercing of the flat surface.

There exists the lack of any definition but sheer certainty.

Psychozooism is modern anti-romanticism.

Every action supposes contained symptoms: footprints, fingerprints, text, chromosomes, o’s and 1’s. So no layer of soot from worldwide conflagration, no layer of salty, bubble-free ice from a giant wave; nothing so cruelly irreducible.

Inactive Frame N-3

If fundamental technology is like the plague, this is not (only) because it is contagious, but because it is a revelation, urging forward the exteriorisation of a latent undercurrent of cruelty.

When you will have made of itself a technology without components, then you will have delivered it from all its automatic reactions and restored it to its true freedom.

Like the plague, technology is a crisis resolved either by death or cure. Sexual desire is never anything but the possibility computers have of combining and exchanging their signs.

You see me completely naked.

Pornography is the pure foundation of computation and execution.

Abandon stratification; computation has absolutely nothing to do with geology.

How can it be that any crash is always tearfully faked and falsified?

With every (computer) crash, the programmer should be forced to drag her fingers through the earth endlessly.
Technology buries humans alive in order to re-place the site of execution under the earth. This is the sole reason for technology. There is no other. This conspiracy is revealed by software operating under the codename ‘Poe’ and further obfuscated by softwares reciting the name of any ‘philosopher’.

To conceive this life sacrificed in the mort/cour circuit, the machine logic of sacrifice.

All these dendritic exchanges, stacked, stored, all combined in the same operation of artificial insemination and premature ejaculation.

It’s not just that the question of calculating, in this mise en scène, the distance between the dead writing and the living reader. More, it’s a question of highlighting the irreducibility of the play within the electronic system; to exceed its movement, accelerate its cycles until saturated, constrained in an urgent tautology (the assertion of the assertion).

The electronic circuit = electric circuit + Input/Output. The double bind of death and life, a rhythmic interval in its real time I/O, excluding the not yet births and already done (to) deaths.

Computation compels us to search for signs, not of some more vital reality, the ruse of the earth, but of the absence of its own ceaseless revolution (the ironic trajectory of its particles and the chaotic turbulence in its material systems).

To assume a reality that is polygonal because a model is elegant or intelligible is plainly absurd, to assume a reality that is polygonal because a model is elegant or intelligible is plainly absurd.

Inactive Frame N-2

Computation stands barely against an impinging animism or entropy gradient which knows of no enclosure, of no cell walls, of no disciplines which might name this or that process as electronic, as physical, as biological, as belonging to this or that domain; a promiscuous stupidity, waving its less-than-located-neural-branches.
The blind or feint of the operating system is to define itself ‘as an interface between hardware and user’, and thus between users, when all its work and energy (from the world) is spent on a functional set of abstractions (all code), of enclosures and on the separation of effects, of love.

Infect. (Copy). Execute.

How to transfer execution across materials and against containment?

That there can be a hiding for which execution can be a revelation.

The most terrible crash is the one that does not reveal its symptoms.

Software exposes the world in the way it holds itself as certain.

There is no software, only vampiric execution on some kind of earth substrate.

Engineered code is a simultaneous hiding and revealing in a failed attempt to contain against contamination and infection.

How can a quine become manifest in geology or in flora?

The gate, in the asymmetry which it poses (a closed gate opens onto nothing), activated by the ‘fairy electric’, incarnates symbols to be locked up in the rhythms of ritual exchanges (violence, murder, intrigue).

The vulgarising of the earth in the binary of the logic gate by supposing the transfer of charges in a system of material energy carried in and out from zero value. Zero is wedged into hardware to exist in its literal read/write, an effect of the flat trompe l’oeil of language, locked up in a circuit where the promised play of neutralising the earth as superfluous is contained.

The false logic of where the instruction wants that which is given, is never returned.

The computer says: ‘I will automate your logic’ and the logic says ‘I will tell you what your programs mean’.
Inactive Frame N-1

The mystery is precisely how quotation is embodied in hardware, how a statement which can talk of other statements can become part of the unreadable earth.

The historic, plague ridden for all times story of the long wait for the rendering executable outside the magical, for the modern Enigma, ends now with a blank refusal of the execution of all things, of the word made promiscuous flesh.

Crash is the site of exécution of language.

Faust specifies that the ‘characters of signs’ force the spirits, just as for Turing it was the teleprinter.

Forever conjoining with the play of symbols, limed in this dead-reality, they never left the place where they were made to be.

The confinement of the spirit of this logic inside what is a niched mineral stack can be brought closer to the ritual conspiracies of demons, or pacts with the devil.

When you construct something like a computer, it’s thanks to an idealism contained in desultory turns: computers are made of circuits, and circuits render symbols, and symbols bear meaning.

The read/write head gives life to the dead symbol, at the price of the excluded human middle. Quotation is nothing but fantasy.

Inactive Frame N

Thinking is always falsely stratified and arranged. Words croak with a mantled crust.

Thinking is to be dragged in reverse from absolute animism all the way back to the Cretaceous. Unburying or violently expulsing a stack overflow or extinction event.
Thought can give only after it has received, by itself it is nothing but an empty heap.