Foucault's Sleep

MODELS FOR A PROPOSAL

Foucault'n uni

MALLEJA EHDOTUSTA VARTEN

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"Suddenly he felt as if the island, its cliffs and forests, were the lid and lash of an enormous, blue and moist eye, plumbing the depths of the sky."

Michel Tournier, *Friday*

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GENERAL DIAGRAM

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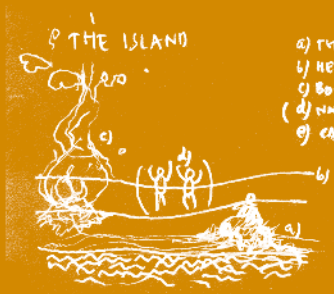
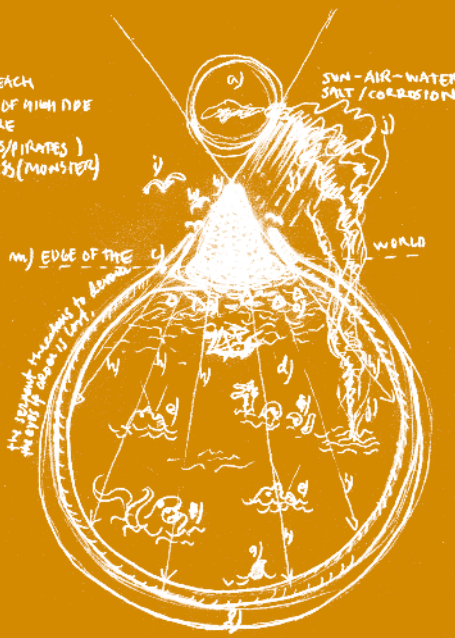




a) SUN / NATURAL HISTORY / ETERNITY

b) EYES / KNOWLEDGE / POWER OVER TERRITORY

c) HORIZON / LEVIATHAN / SERPENT / OUROBOROS

d) SEA (OF INFORMATION) / MULTITUDE / POTENTIAL TO DO ANYTHING

e) ICEBERG = PRIVACY THROUGH VISIBILITY / BANALITY

f) MONSTER / MAINSTREAM / THREAT / DECONSTRUCTED AND RECONSTRUCTED SUBJECTS

g) SHARK = HUNTER / CONSTANT MOVEMENT AS A PRINCIPLE AND AS AN ONLY CHOISE

h) GAZE - EVERY POINT IN SPACE BUT NOT BEYOND

i) ALBATROSS / VIEW FROM ABOVE

jj) THE CYCLE OF NATURAL HISTORY: HAIHTUMINEN, TIIVISTYMINEN, SADE, EROOSIO, MUUTTUMINEN

k) EYES OF THE SEABIRDS - ALIVE: SYNTYMÄ, PATSAS, KUOLEMA, (YKLII), MUISTI

l) IMAGINARY SPHERE OF INVISIBILITY

mm) THE ISLAND IS ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD
1. NOT ANYWHERE (OUTOPOS) - TOWARDS SUN
2. IN THE WORLD, LEAKS INTO WORLD - CORROSSION / DISSIPATION

~~n) SHIPWRECK~~

o) KANEJA

DEDICATION
TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.
SHADOWS, ARISE, AND READ YOUR FALL!
BEHOLD THE HISTORY OF THE LAST MAN

These are wild dreams. Yet since, now a week ago, they came on me, as I stood on the height of St. Peter's, they have ruled my imagination. I have chosen my boat, and laid in my scant stores. I have selected a few books; the principal are Homer and Shakespeare – But the libraries of the world are thrown open to me – and in any port I can renew my stock. I form no expectation of alteration for the better; but the monotonous present is intolerable to me. Neither hope nor joy are my pilots – restless despair and fierce desire of change lead me on. I long to grapple with danger, to be excited by fear, to have some task, however slight or voluntary, for each day's fulfillment. I shall witness all the variety of appearance, that the elements can assume – I shall read fair augury in the rainbow – menace in the cloud – some lesson or record dear to my heart in everything. Thus around the shores of deserted earth, while the sun is high, and the moon waxes or wanes, angels, the spirits of the dead, and the ever-open eye of the Supreme, will behold the tiny bark, freighted with Verney – the LAST MAN.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, *The Last Man*

Models for a Proposal

I The memorial is to be built on a desert island in the middle of the ocean. Other islands should be located at a considerable distance, so that they are not perceptible even on a clear day.

II The objective is to transport all surveillance cameras of the world – used, manufactured and those still in production – to the chosen island.

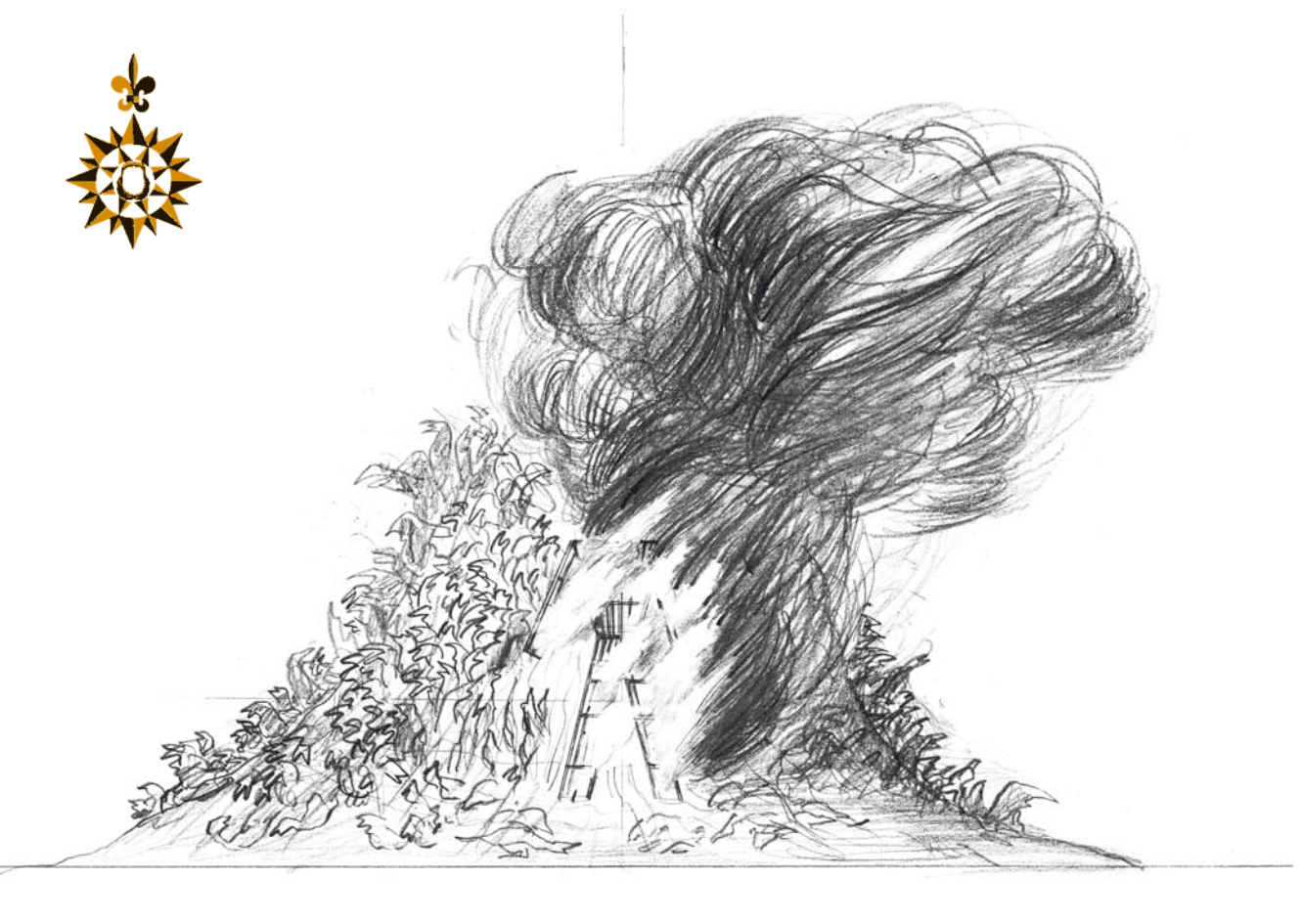
III All cameras are to be turned towards the horizon, along the radii drawn from the center of the island to the circumference. If the island is not mountainous by nature, it is necessary to build terraces, platforms, scaffolds and rails.

IV The cameras' signals will be routed to a Central Unit located in the middle of the island. The Unit sends images to a surveillance monitor, enclosed in a black box.

V The energy consumption needs will be covered by solar energy.

VI When every point of the sky, the horizon and the sea is under constant surveillance, the island can be declared a Memorial to the Societies of Control.

VII The cameras will transmit images of the seascape until they one by one stop functioning. When the last camera shuts down and the surveillance monitor blacks out, the paradigm will change.



John Greenleaf Whittier, *The Palatine*

(an extract)

Then is that lonely island fair;
And the pale health-seeker findeth there
The wine of life in its pleasant air.

No greener valleys the sun invite,
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
No blue waves shatter to foam more white!

And old men mending their nets of twine,
Talk together of dream and sign,
Talk of the lost ship Palatine,–

The ship that, a hundred years before,
Freighted deep with its goodly store,
In the gales of the equinox went ashore.

The eager islanders one by one
Counted the shots of her signal gun,
And heard the crash when she drove right on!

Into the teeth of death she sped
(May God forgive the hands that fed
The false lights over the rocky Head!)

O men and brothers! what sights were there!
White upturned faces, hands stretched in prayer!
Where waves had pity, could ye not spare?

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds of prey
Tearing the heart of the ship away,
And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and shine
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they homeward sped,
"The sea and the rocks are dumb," they said
"There'll be no reckoning with the dead." «

H.G. Wells, *The Time-Machine*
(extracts)

I sat upon the Time Machine, looking round. The sky was no longer blue. North-eastward it was inky black, and out of the blackness shone brightly and steadily the pale white stars. Overhead it was a deep Indian red and starless, and south-eastward it grew brighter to a glowing scarlet where, cut by the horizon, lay the huge hull of the sun, red and motionless. The rocks about me were of a harsh reddish colour, and all the trace of life was the intensely green vegetation that covered every projecting point on their south-eastern face. It was the same rich green that one sees on forest moss or on the lichen in caves: plants which like these grow in a perpetual twilight.

The sea stretched away to the south-west, to rise into a sharp bright horizon against the wan sky. There were no breakers and no waves, for not a breath of wind was stirring. Only a slight oily swell rose and fell like a gentle breathing, and showed that the eternal sea was still moving and living. And along the margin where the water sometimes broke was a thick incrustation of salt – pink under the lurid sky.

I heard a harsh scream, and saw a thing like a huge white butterfly go slanting and fluttering up into the sky and, circling, disappear over some low hillocks beyond. Looking round me again, I saw that, quite near, what I had taken to be a reddish mass of rock was moving slowly towards me. Then I saw the thing was really a monstrous crab-like creature. Can you imagine a crab as large as yonder table, with its many legs moving slowly and uncertainly, its big claws swaying, its long antennae, like carters' whips, waving and feeling, and its stalked eyes gleaming at you on either side of its metallic front? Its back was corrugated and ornamented with ungainly bosses, and a greenish incrustation blotched it here and there.

As I stared at this sinister apparition crawling towards me, I felt a tickling on my cheek as though a fly had lighted there. I tried to brush it away with my hand, but in a moment it returned, and almost immediately came another by my ear. I struck at this, and caught something threadlike. It was drawn swiftly out of my hand. With a frightful qualm, I turned, and I saw that I had grasped the antenna of another monster crab that stood just behind me. Its evil eyes were wriggling on their stalks, its mouth was all alive with appetite, and its vast ungainly claws, smeared with an algal slime, were descending upon me. In a moment my hand was on the lever, and I had placed a month between myself and these monsters. But I was still on the same beach, and I saw them distinctly now as soon as I stopped. Dozens of them seemed to be crawling here and there, in the sombre light, among the foliated sheets of intense green.

I cannot convey the sense of abominable desolation that hung over the world. The red eastern sky, the northward blackness, the salt Dead Sea, the stony beach crawling with these foul, slow stirring monsters, the uniform poisonous-looking green of the lichenous plants, the thin air that hurts one's lungs: all contributed to an appalling effect. I moved on a hundred years, and there was the same red sun – a little larger, a little duller – the same dying sea, the same chill air, and the same crowd of earthy crustacea creeping in and out among the green weed and the red rocks. And in the westward sky, I saw a curved pale line like a vast new moon.

So I travelled, in great strides of a thousand years or more,

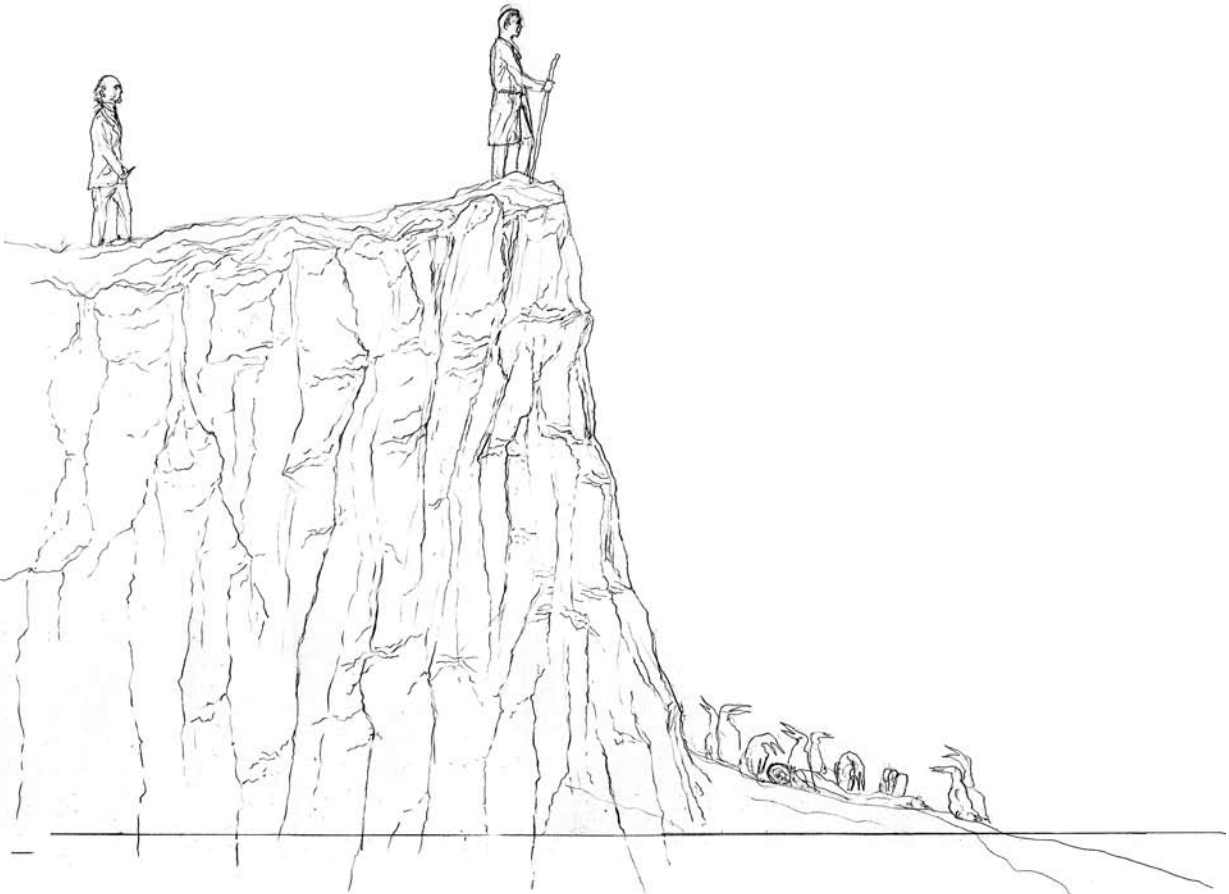
drawn on by the mystery of the earth's fate, watching with a strange fascination the sun grow larger and duller in the westward sky, and the life of the old earth ebb away. Then I stopped once more, for the crawling multitude of crabs had disappeared, and the red beach, save for its livid green liverworts and lichens, seemed lifeless. And now it was flecked with white. A bitter cold assailed me. Rare white flakes ever and again came eddying down. To the north-eastward, the glare of snow lay under the starlight of the sable sky and I could see an undulating crest of hillocks pinkish white. There were fringes of ice along the sea margin, with drifting masses further out; but the main expanse of that salt ocean, all bloody under the eternal sunset, was still unfrozen.

I looked about me to see if any traces of animal life remained. But I saw nothing moving, in earth or sky or sea. The green slime on the rocks alone testified that life was not extinct. A shallow sandbank had appeared in the sea and the water had receded from the beach. I fancied I saw some black object flopping about upon this bank, but it became motionless as I looked at it, and I judged that my eye had been deceived, and that the black object was merely a rock. The stars in the sky were intensely bright and seemed to me to twinkle very little.

Suddenly I noticed that the circular westward outline of the sun had changed; that a concavity, a bay, had appeared in the curve. I saw this grow larger. For a minute perhaps I stared aghast at this blackness that was creeping over the day, and then I realized that an eclipse was beginning. Either the moon or the planet Mercury was passing across the sun's disk. Naturally, at first I took it to be the moon, but there is much to incline me to believe that what I really saw was the transit of an inner planet passing very near to the earth.

The darkness grew apace; a cold wind began to blow in freshening gusts from the east, and the showering white flakes in the air increased in number. From the edge of the sea came a ripple and whisper. Beyond these lifeless sounds the world was silent. Silent? It would be hard to convey the stillness of it. All the sounds of man, the bleating of sheep, the cries of birds, the hum of insects, the stir that makes the background of our lives – all that was over. As the darkness thickened, the eddying flakes grew more abundant, dancing before my eyes; and the cold of the air more intense. At last, one by one, swiftly, one after the other, the white peaks of the distant hills vanished into blackness. The breeze rose to a moaning wind. I saw the black central shadow of the eclipse sweeping towards me. In another moment the pale stars alone were visible. All else was rayless obscurity. The sky was absolutely black.

A horror of this great darkness came on me. The cold, that smote to my marrow, and the pain I felt in breathing, overcame me. I shivered, and a deadly nausea seized me. Then like a red-hot bow in the sky appeared the edge of the sun. I got off the machine to recover myself. I felt giddy and incapable of facing the return journey. As I stood sick and confused I saw again the moving thing upon the shoal – there was no mistake now that it was a moving thing – against the red water of the sea. It was a round thing, the size of a football perhaps, or, it may be, bigger, and tentacles trailed down from it; it seemed black against the weltering blood-red water, and it was hopping fitfully about. Then I felt I was fainting. But a terrible dread of lying helpless in that remote and awful twilight sustained me while I clambered upon the saddle. «



THE NEW YORK TIMES, July 12, 1999
LIRONG, China – The vultures gathered on the mountainside to watch.

[extracts] On the grassy slope below, a Tibetan monk placed the naked corpse of an old woman in a sacred clearing and stepped away to sharpen his knife on the side of a rock. Mumbling a prayer, he marched once around an old Buddhist monument, and then he cut her body into pieces.

Performing a Tibetan tradition that has haunted these grounds for centuries, the monk stripped flesh from bone. He followed with a sledgehammer, crushing each bone into fragments so small that they, too, could be devoured by vultures.

In an hour, after the monk finished and the enormous birds swarmed the area and scrabbled over the last chunks of human flesh, no trace of the woman's body remained. Except the memory of it, fading slowly in the eyes of half a dozen witnesses.

The vultures, about 50 of them, ambled slowly up the hill and took to the air with evident difficulty, overfed as they are from this daily ritual. Tibetans call it "sky burial."

"When the body dies, the spirit leaves, so there is no need to keep the body," said Garloji, a monk who came to observe the ceremony. "The birds, they think they are just eating. Actually they are removing the body and completing part of life's cycle."

Sky burial is one of three principal ways that Tibetans traditionally return their dead to the earth. The two others are cremation and "water burial."

Poor people who could not afford cremation or sky burial typically dropped a body into a river. All three methods are still used. Water burial is often performed by cutting a corpse into small pieces that will disappear into the mouths of fish.

On this day, the body of the 67-year-old woman was stiff after three days of transport when it arrived at a nearby Buddhist temple, where a short ceremony was performed at noon.

Lobsang, the monk who performed this sky burial, tied a burlap bag around his waist like an apron. Working methodically, with the dispatch of a professional, he stripped the flesh from each of the woman's limbs. Cutting open her abdomen with one motion, he stepped back momentarily to let the strong odor recede.

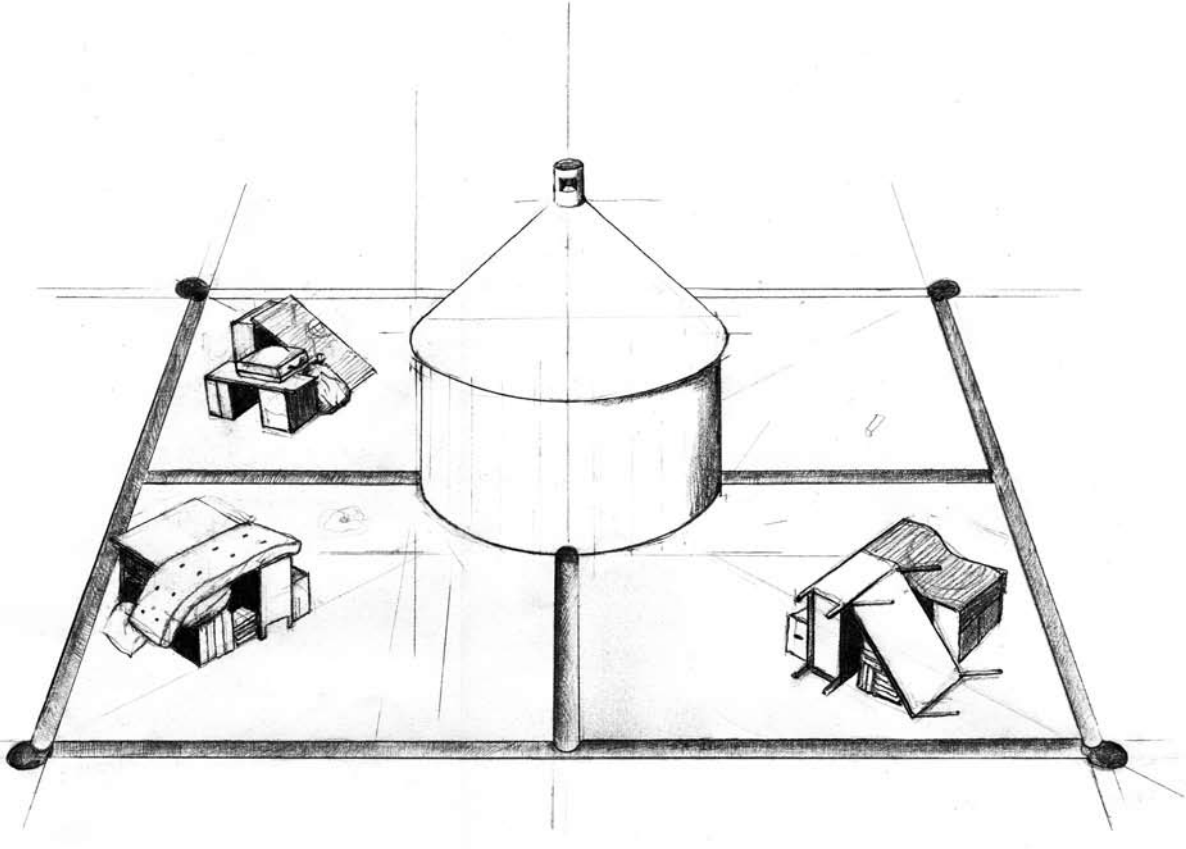
He took one bone after another, placing them on a flat stone. Raising a small sledgehammer over his head, he smashed them into small pieces, separating the yield into two small piles, flesh and bone. Next to last came her skull, which burst into pieces with a sharp crack when the hammer came down.

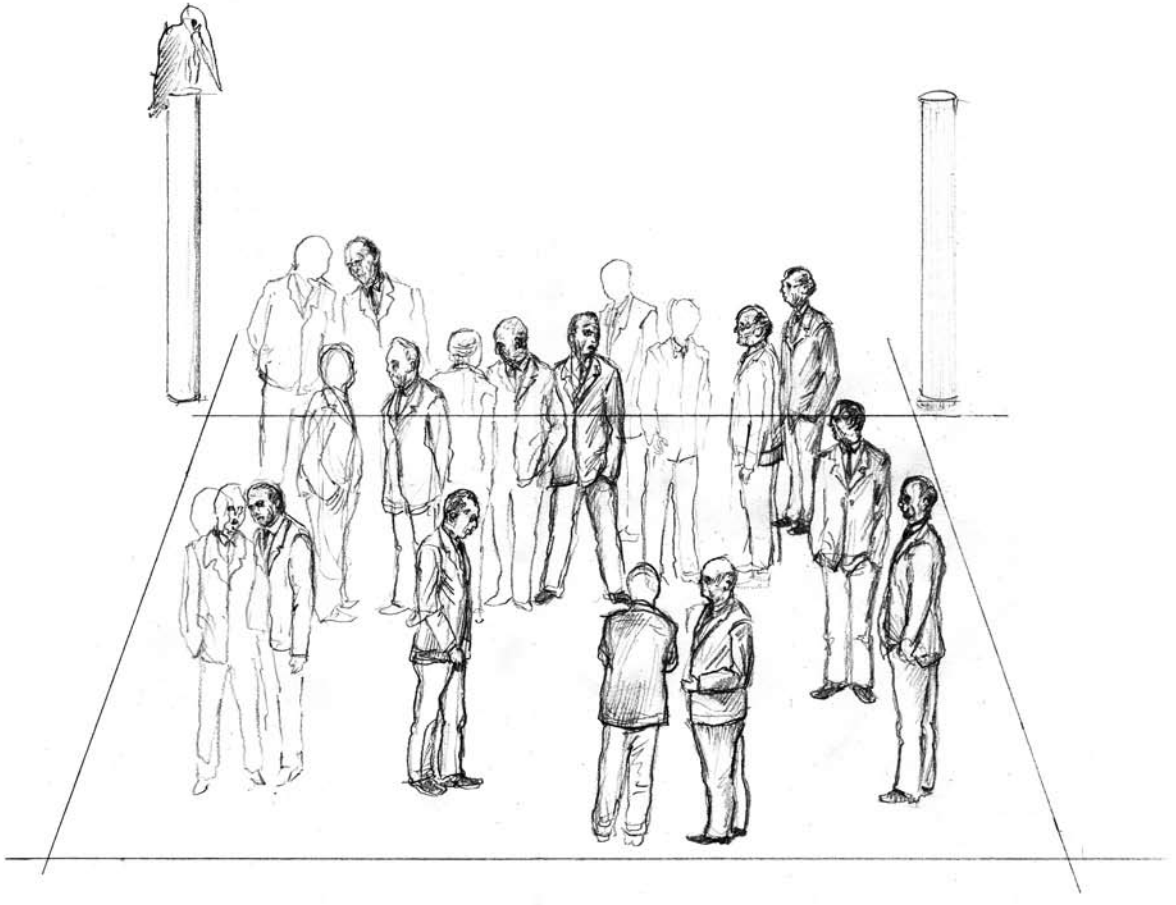
When Lobsang finished, he looked up at the vultures on the hillside. He signaled them, with a flick of the wrist, that it was feeding time. The birds descended in a mass of flapping wings and pecking beaks, devouring the remains in minutes.

Lobsang took off his apron and walked away. He seemed surprised that anyone would ask him to talk about his work. "I come every day, and it's about the same," he said. "Some bodies smell worse. Some are bigger, heavier. No big deal." «

The Glasgow Mechanics' Magazine,
No. XXXII, August 7, 1824.

An occurrence originated in a Camera Obscura exhibited here during the Fair week, which shows the important use to which this amusing optical apparatus may be applied. A person happened to be examining, with great interest, the various lively and ever shifting figures which were portrayed upon the white tablet during the exhibition, when he beheld, with amazement, the appearance of one man picking another man's pocket. Perfectly aware of the reality of this appearance, he opened the door, and recognizing the culprit at a short distance, ran up and seized him in the very act of depredation. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add, that he was immediately handed over to the Police. From this circumstance, the utility of placing such apparatus in all places of public amusement and exhibitions, must be obvious. Whether it might be proper to erect it in the streets of a populous city like this, and to place it under the inspection of an officer for the detection of mischief and crime, is a matter worthy of the consideration of the local authorities. Would it not be an eligible plan, indeed, to employ the Camera Obscura of the Observatory, (which is not otherwise in use) to take a view of what is passing in the streets in town, and communicate the result, if necessary, to the Police Office, or the Jail, by means of a telegraph? If the Observatory be considered too far off, the apparatus could be fixed up near the top of the Tron or Cross Steeple. By this means, the necessity of sending out emissaries to reconnoitre the conduct of the lieges would be superseded, since every thing would then take place, as it were, under the eye of, the Police; and, if any impropriety or misconduct were observed, it would only be necessary to send a posse to the particular spot where it happened. «





Simple Ways to Protect Yourself

There's no ironclad protection that guarantees that you'll never fall victim to some form of identity theft. But there are steps you can take to protect yourself, many of which are rather simple:

I Destroy private records and statements. Tear up – or, if you prefer, shred – credit card statements, solicitations and other documents that contain private financial information.

II Secure your mail. Empty your mailbox quickly, lock it or get a P.O. box. Never mail outgoing bill payments and checks from home. They can be stolen from your mailbox and the payee's name erased with solvents. Mail them from the post office or another secure location.

III Safeguard your Social Security number. Never carry your card with you, or any other card that may have your number, like a health insurance card.

IV Don't leave a paper trail. Never leave ATM, credit card or gas station receipts behind.

V Never let your credit card out of your sight. Always keep an eye on your card or pay with cash.

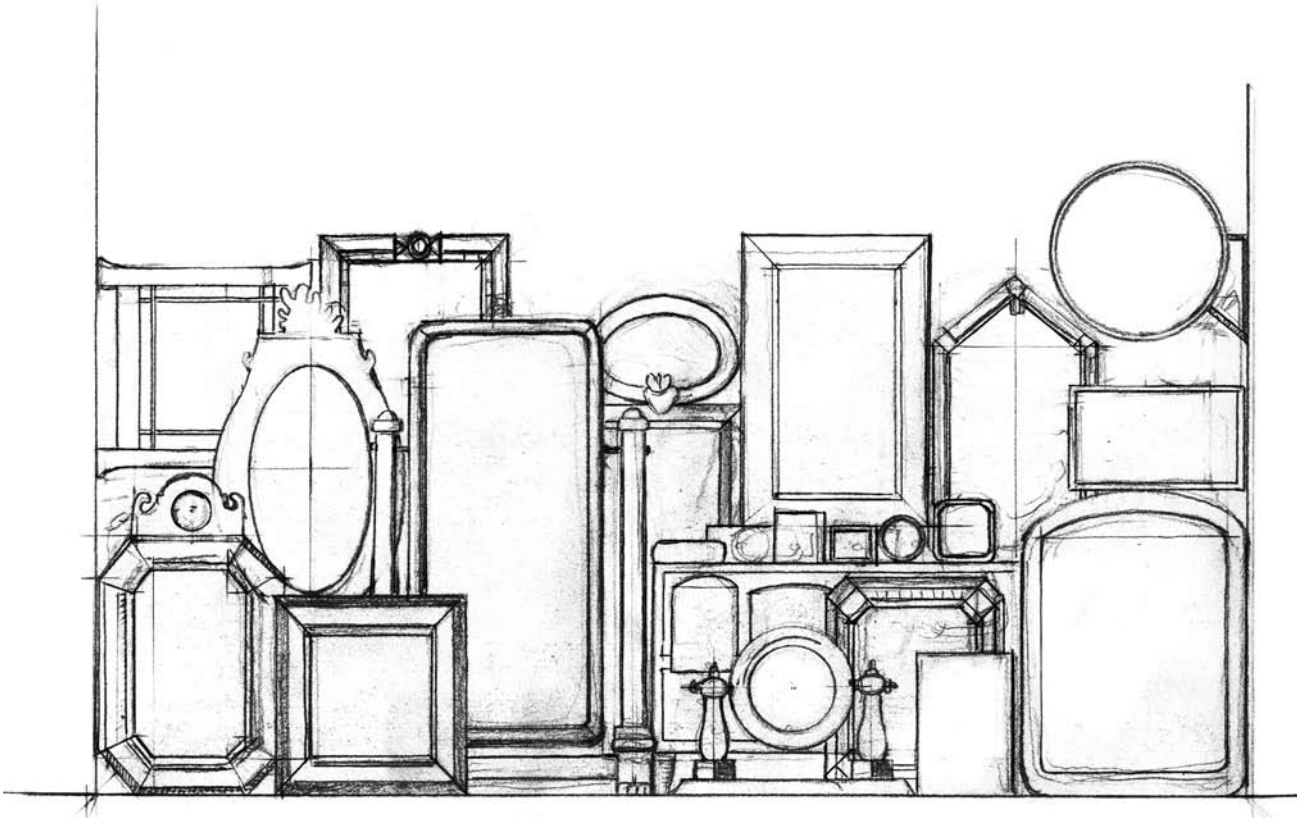
VI Know who you're dealing with. Whenever anyone contacts you asking for private identity or financial information, make no response other than to find out who they are, what company they represent and the reason for the call. If you think the request is legitimate, contact the company yourself and confirm what you were told before revealing any of your personal data.

VII Take your name off marketers' hit lists. You can also cut down on junk mail and opt out of credit card solicitations.

VIII Be more defensive with personal information. Ask salespeople and others if information such as a Social Security or driver's license number is absolutely necessary. Ask anyone who does require your Social Security number what their privacy policy is and whether you can arrange for the organization not to share your information with anyone else.

IX Monitor your credit report. Obtain and thoroughly review your credit report at least once a year to look for suspicious activity. If you spot something, alert your card company or the creditor immediately. You may also want to subscribe to a credit protection service, which alerts you any time a change takes place with your credit report.

X Review your credit card statements carefully. Make sure you recognize the merchants, locations and purchases listed before paying the bill. If you don't need or use department-store or bank-issued credit cards, consider closing the accounts. «



The steps you take along the way toward acquiring a new life can be boiled down to these salient points:

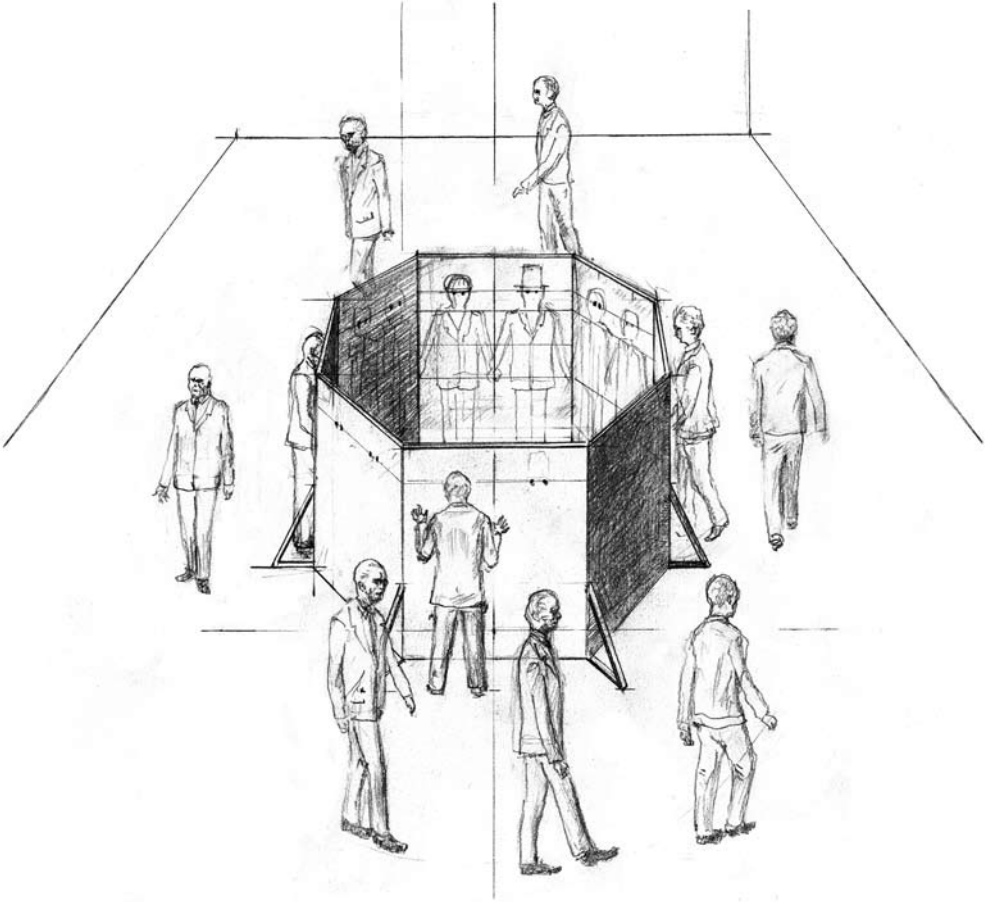
- Discard your old life.
- Limit the resolve and resources of your opposition.
- Run from your opposition (and your old life.)
- Hide from your opposition.
- Make new friends.
- Acquire a new identity. (Legal papers: Birth record, Social Security)
- Find gainful employment.
- Pay your taxes.
- Get medical, life, and automotive insurance.
- Get a credit card – and keep it paid up.
- Perhaps take college courses to learn a new marketable skill.
- Acquire and maintain respectability in your community.
- Find a wife or husband: Make a new family.
- Don't drink heavily, don't use any illegal drugs, don't do any crimes.
- Die with dignity.

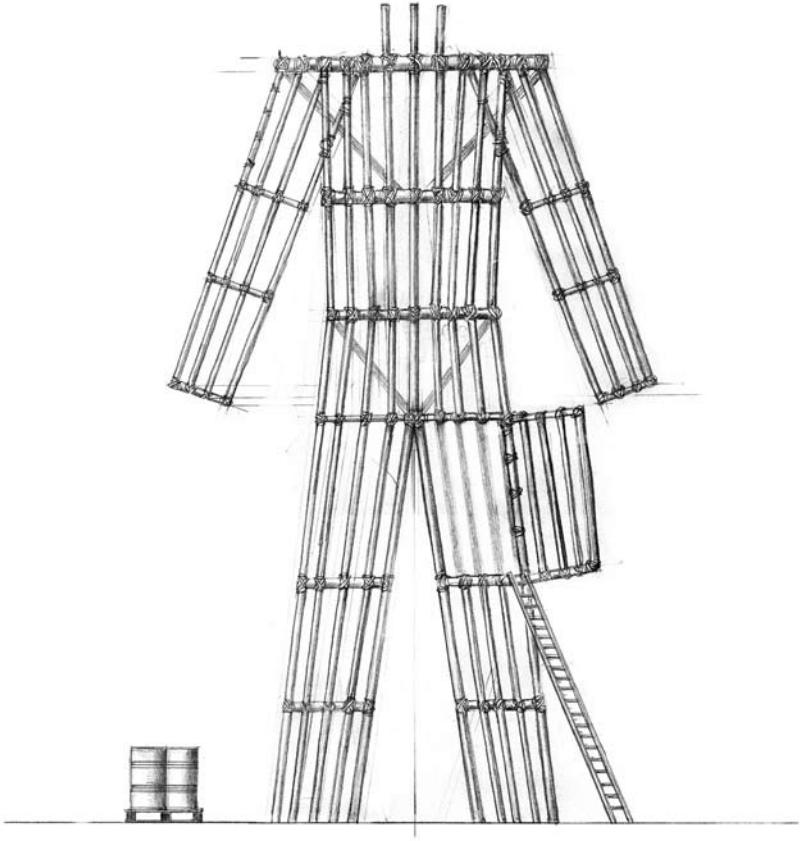
A general rule: Do not withhold any personal information. In fact, all measures to protect your privacy make you an accomplice in your own subordination. To get rid of a bureaucratical, stable, and defined identity, all you have to do is to publish all relevant and irrelevant details concerning your person. Thus anyone can become you – and you can disappear into the crowd of your copies.

An arbitrary checklist:

- all passport data
- birth certificate
- photographic material suitable for 3D face modeling
- biometric data (fingerprints, the personal gene map)
- social security number
- bank accounts, credit card numbers, savings, holdings (everything you would and wouldn't report to the tax authorities)
- Curriculum Vitae
- minute details of personal and family history
- family and holiday photos, graduation photos, diaries
- Likes and dislikes, sexual preferences, obsessions, phobias, philias, fetishes

The mask of anonymity can relax the safeguards of controls and inhibitions and shield one from one's own morality. For many people their own anonymity or the facelessness of the other washes away all their humanity.





Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, *Frankenstein, or the New Prometheus*

(extracts)

My cheek had grown pale with study, and my person had become emaciated with confinement. One secret which I alone possessed was the hope to which I had dedicated myself; and the moon gazed on my midnight labours, while, with unrelaxed and breathless eagerness, I pursued nature to her hiding-places. Who shall conceive the horrors of my secret toil as I dabbled among the unhallowed damps of the grave or tortured the living animal to animate the lifeless clay? I collected bones from charnel-houses and disturbed, with profane fingers, the tremendous secrets of the human frame. In a solitary chamber, or rather cell, at the top of the house, and separated from all the other apartments by a gallery and staircase, I kept my workshop of filthy creation; my eyeballs were starting from their sockets in attending to the details of my employment. The dissecting room and the slaughter-house furnished many of my materials; and often did my human nature turn with loathing from my occupation, whilst, still urged on by an eagerness which perpetually increased, I brought my work near to a conclusion.

With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

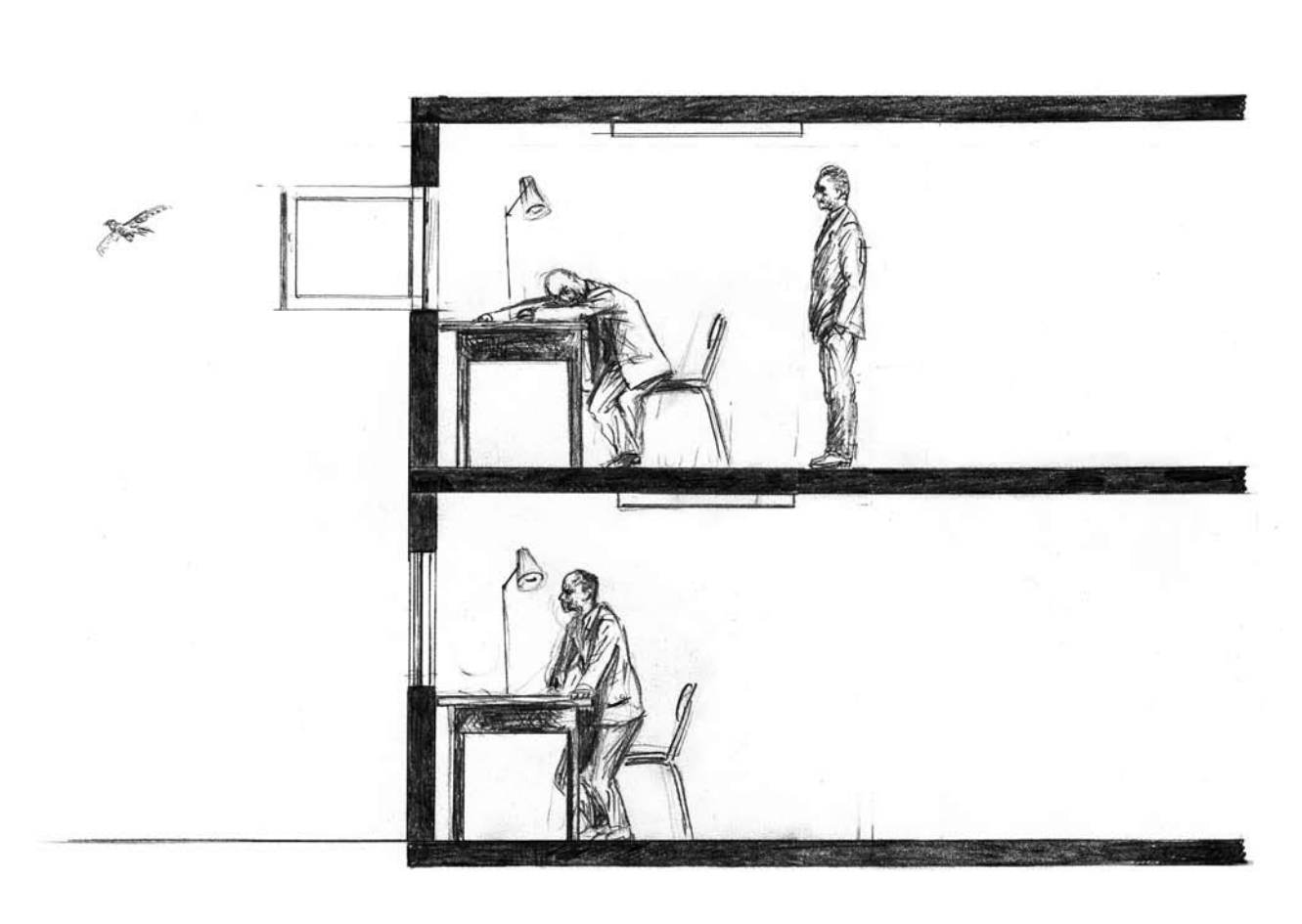
How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun-white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion and straight black lips. «

Human Body Chemical Composition

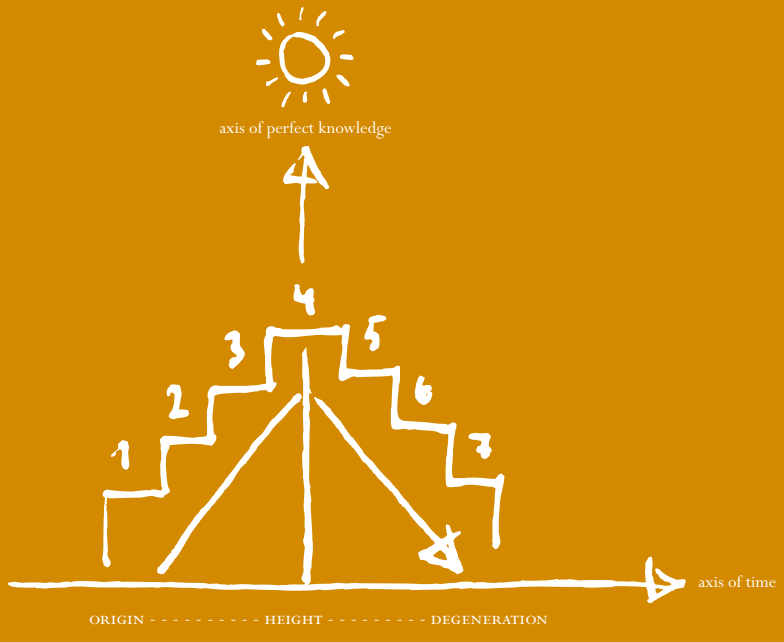
The human body consists of ~7 x 10^{27} atoms arranged in a highly aperiodic physical structure. Although 41 chemical elements are commonly found in the body's construction, CHON comprises 99% of its atoms. Fully 87% of human body atoms are either hydrogen or oxygen.

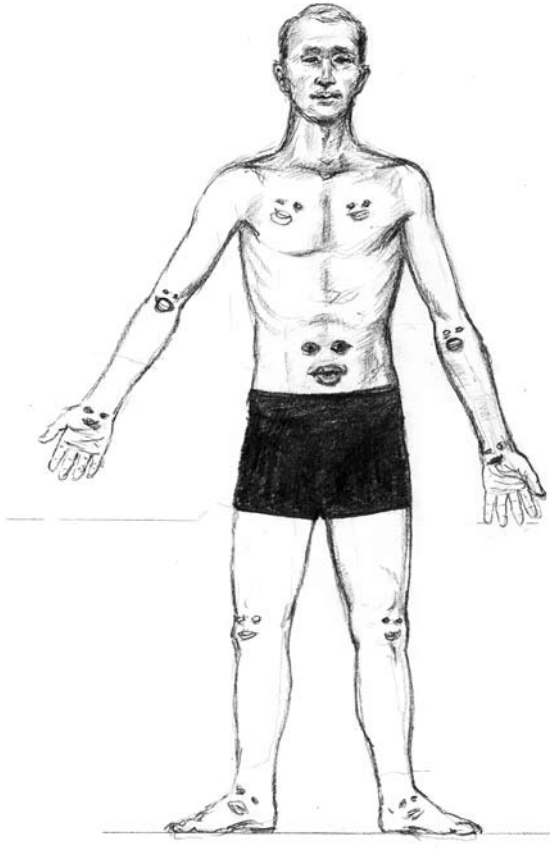
Estimated Atomic Composition of the Lean 70-kg Male Human Body

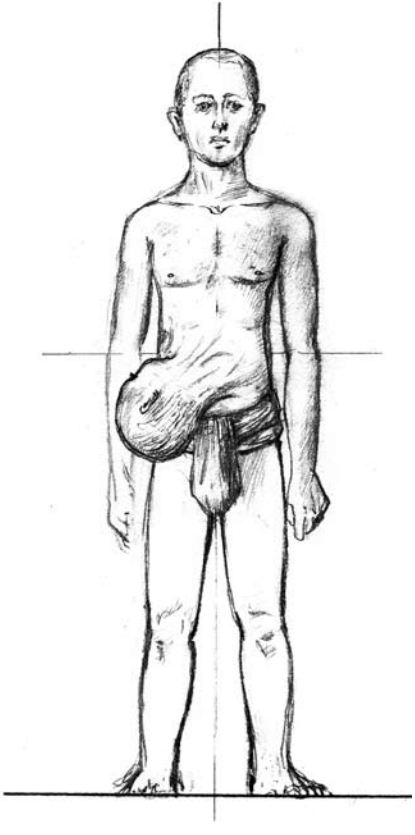
Element	Sym	# of Atoms	Element	Sym	# of Atoms	Element	Sym	# of Atoms
Hydrogen	H	4.22 x 10^{27}	Rubidium	Rb	2.2 x 10^{21}	Zirconium	Zr	2 x 10^{19}
Oxygen	O	1.61 x 10^{27}	Strontium	Sr	2.2 x 10^{21}	Cobalt	Co	2 x 10^{19}
Carbon	C	8.03 x 10^{26}	Bromine	Br	2 x 10^{21}	Cesium	Cs	7 x 10^{18}
Nitrogen	N	3.9 x 10^{25}	Aluminum	Al	1 x 10^{21}	Mercury	Hg	6 x 10^{18}
Calcium	Ca	1.6 x 10^{25}	Copper	Cu	7 x 10^{20}	Arsenic	As	6 x 10^{18}
Phosphorus	P	9.6 x 10^{24}	Lead	Pb	3 x 10^{20}	Chromium	Cr	6 x 10^{18}
Sulfur	S	2.6 x 10^{24}	Cadmium	Cd	3 x 10^{20}	Molybdenum	Mo	3 x 10^{18}
Sodium	Na	2.5 x 10^{24}	Boron	B	2 x 10^{20}	Selenium	Se	3 x 10^{18}
Potassium	K	2.2 x 10^{24}	Manganese	Mn	1 x 10^{20}	Beryllium	Be	3 x 10^{18}
Chlorine	Cl	1.6 x 10^{24}	Nickel	Ni	1 x 10^{20}	Vanadium	V	8 x 10^{17}
Magnesium	Mg	4.7 x 10^{23}	Lithium	Li	1 x 10^{20}	Uranium	U	2 x 10^{17}
Silicon	Mg	3.9 x 10^{23}	Barium	Ba	8 x 10^{19}	Radium	Ra	8 x 10^{10}
Fluorine	F	8.3 x 10^{22}	Iodine	I	5 x 10^{19}			
Iron	Fe	4.5 x 10^{22}	Tin	Sn	4 x 10^{19}			
Zinc	Zn	2.1 x 10^{22}	Gold	Au	2 x 10^{19}	TOTAL		6.71 x 1027

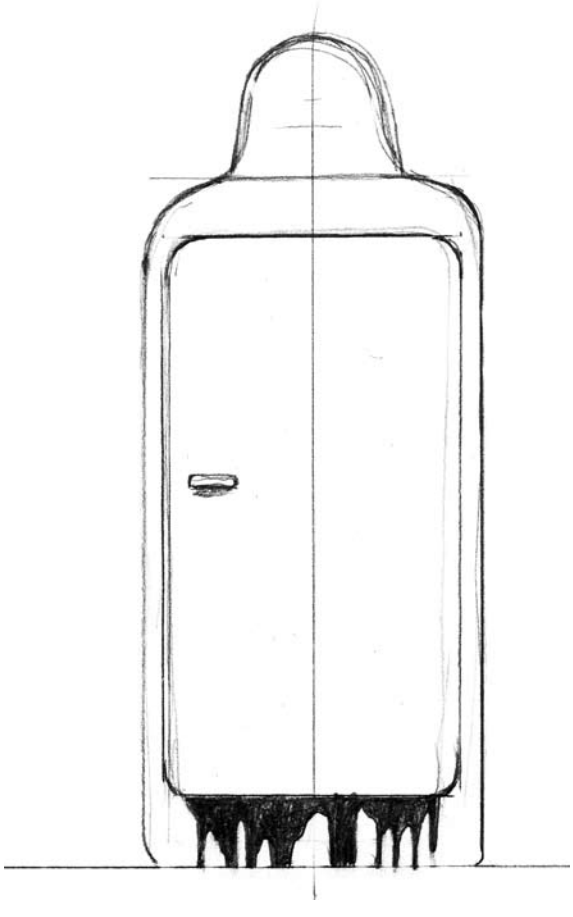


Septem aetates hominis









H.G. Wells, *The Island of Dr. Moreau*
(an extract)

The two most formidable Animal Men were my Leopard-man and a creature made of hyena and swine. Larger than these were the three bull-creatures who pulled in the boat. Then came the silvery-hairy-man, who was also the Sayer of the Law, M'ling, and a satyr-like creature of ape and goat. There were three Swine-men and a Swine-woman, a mare-rhinoceros-creature, and several other females whose sources I did not ascertain. There were several wolf-creatures, a bear-bull, and a Saint-Bernard-man. I have already described the Ape-man, and there was a particularly hateful (and evil-smelling) old woman made of vixen and bear, whom I hated from the beginning. She was said to be a passionate votary of the Law. Smaller creatures were certain dappled youths and my little sloth-creature. But enough of this catalogue. «

“It was exciting to get a live *Architeuthis* tentacle. It was still functioning when we got it on the boat.”

Tsunemi Kubodera,
National Science Museum

BBC NEWS, September 28, 2005
Live giant squid caught on camera

[extracts] A live, adult giant squid has been caught on camera in the wild for the very first time. Japanese researchers took pictures of the elusive creature hunting 900m down. The images show giant squid, known as *Architeuthis*, are more vigorous hunters than has been supposed. The images, captured in the Pacific Ocean, appear in the journal Proceedings of the Royal Society B.

Documentary companies have invested millions of dollars trying to film adult giant squid in their natural environment. These efforts have met with little success.

Slippery customer In their efforts to photograph the huge cephalopod, Tsunemi Kubodera and Kyoichi Mori have been using a camera and depth recorder attached to a long-line, which they lower into the sea from their research vessel.

Below the camera, they suspend a weighted jig – a set of ganged hooks to snag the squid – along with a single Japanese common squid as bait and an odour lure consisting of chopped-up shrimps.

At 0915 local time on 30 September 2004, they struck lucky. At a depth close to 1km in waters off Japan's Ogasawara Islands, an 8m-long Architeuthis wrapped its long tentacles around the bait, snagging one of them on the jig.

Kubodera and Mori took more than 550 images of the giant squid as it made repeated attempts to detach itself. The pictures show the squid spreading its arms, enveloping the long-line and swimming away in its efforts to struggle free.

Finally, four hours and 13 minutes after it was first snagged, the attached tentacle broke off, allowing the squid to escape. The researchers retrieved a 5.5m portion with the line.

Severed appendage The large suckers repeatedly gripped the boat deck – and Dr Kubodera's fingers when he prodded the severed appendage.

But while other researchers have suggested that Architeuthis is a rather sluggish creature, the images show it is in fact an energetic predator.

Dr Steve O'Shea, of the Auckland University of Technology, New Zealand, told the BBC News website that he was extremely pleased for the researchers. Kubodera, he said, had "ever-so-quietly been working away in the background on this for a number of years".

And Dr O'Shea, a world renowned expert on giant squid, added: "From the point of view of the public, who believe this squid is the largest, the meanest, most aggressive squid that we have – it is hugely significant."

Trawling threat Bottom-trawling by fisheries is destroying squid egg masses on the seabed, Dr O'Shea claimed. Evidence for this comes from an efficient squid predator – the sperm whale. "Five of the species of squid that were staple in the diet of the sperm whale are recognised in New Zealand as threatened solely as a consequence of the effects of deep-sea bottom-trawling."

"[Sperm whales] are returning from the Antarctic on their historic migratory route to one of the richest regions on Earth in terms of squid diversity. But the larder is bare and the poor things are washing up on the beaches here starved." «

H.P. Lovecraft, *Dagon*
(extracts)

I am writing this under an appreciable mental strain, since by tonight I shall be no more. At the end of my supply of the drug which makes life endurable, I can bear the torture no longer; and shall cast myself from this garret window into the squalid street below.

It was in one of the most open and least frequented parts of the broad Pacific that the packet of which I was supercargo fell a victim to the German sea-raider. I managed to escape alone in a small boat with water and provisions for a good length of time. But neither ship nor land appeared. The change happened whilst I slept. When at last I awakened, it was to discover myself half sucked into a slimy expanse of hellish black mire which extended about me in monotonous undulations as far as I could see. The very completeness of the stillness and the homogeneity of the landscape oppressed me with a nauseating fear. The sun was blazing down from a sky which seemed to me almost black in its cloudless cruelty.

Across the chasm, the wavelets washed the base of the Cyclopean monolith, on whose surface I could trace both inscriptions and crude sculptures. Several characters obviously represented marine things which are unknown to the modern world, but whose decomposing forms I had observed on the ocean-risen plain. It was the pictorial carving, however, that did most to hold me spellbound. Plainly visible was an array of bas-reliefs whose subjects would have excited the envy of a Doré. I think that these things were supposed to depict men. Of their faces and forms I dare not speak in detail, for the mere remembrance makes me grow faint. Grotesque beyond the imagination of a Poe or a Bulwer, they were damnably human in general outline despite webbed hands and feet, shockingly wide and flabby lips, glassy, bulging eyes, and other features less pleasant to recall.

Awestruck at this unexpected glimpse into a past beyond the conception of the most daring anthropologist, I stood musing whilst the moon cast queer reflections on the silent channel before me. Then suddenly I saw it. With only a slight churning to mark its rise to the surface, the thing slid into view above the dark waters. Vast, Polyphemus-like, and loathsome, it darted like a stupendous monster of nightmares to the monolith, about which it flung its gigantic scaly arms, the while it bowed its hideous head and gave vent to certain measured sounds. I think I went mad then.

I dream of a day when they may rise above the billows to drag down in their reeking talons the remnants of puny, war-exhausted mankind – of a day when the land shall sink, and the dark ocean floor shall ascend amidst universal pandemonium. The end is near. I hear a noise at the door, as of some immense slippery body lumbering against it. It shall not find me. God, that hand! The window! The window! «

Mont Saint-Michel
The abbey was turned into a prison during the days of the French Revolution and Empire.

Homer, *The Odyssey*
(extracts)

We sailed till we came to the land of the lawless and inhuman Cyclopes. They have no laws nor assemblies of the people, but live in caves on the tops of high mountains. When we got to the land, on the face of a cliff near the sea, we saw a great cave overhung with laurels. It was a station for a great many sheep and goats, and outside there was a large yard, with a high wall round it. This was the abode of a huge monster who was then away from home shepherding his flocks. He would have nothing to do with other people, but led the life of an outlaw. We soon reached his cave, but he was out shepherding, so we went inside. We lit a fire, and then sat waiting till the Cyclops should come in with his sheep.

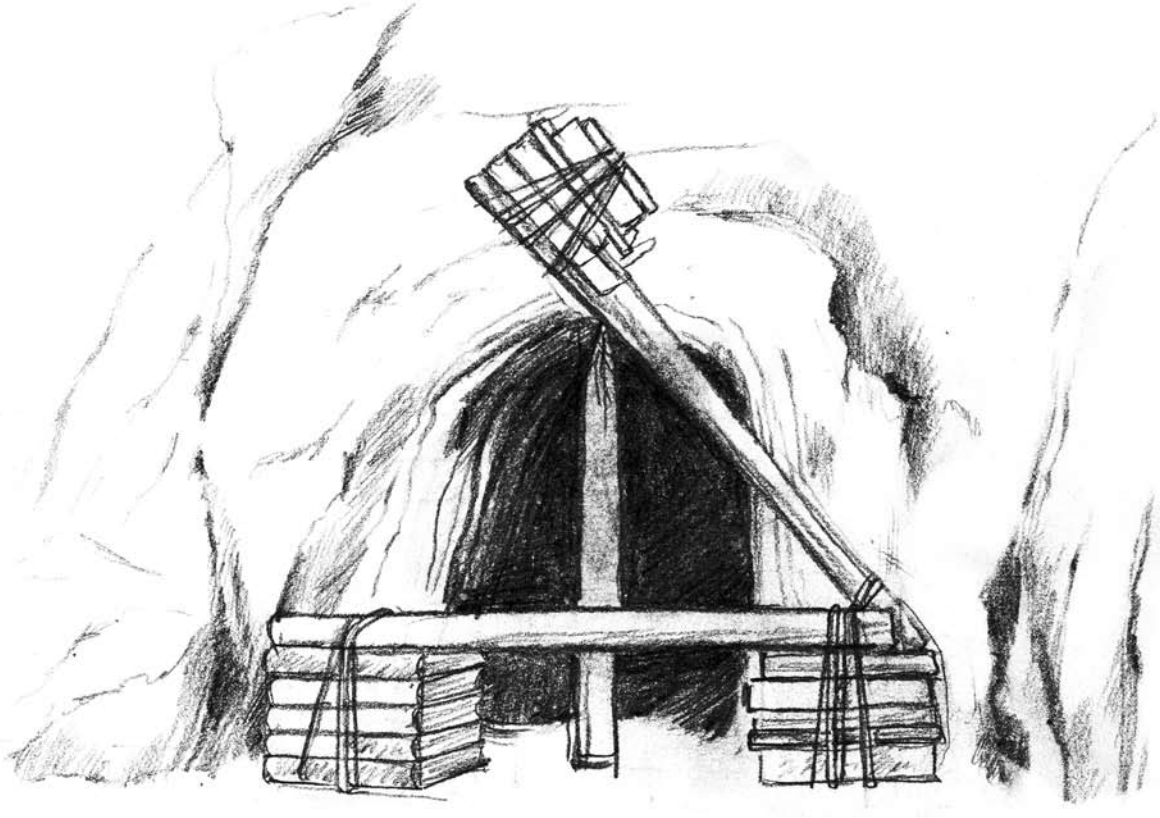
With a sudden clutch he gripped up two of my men at once and dashed them down upon the ground as though they had been puppies. He tore them limb from limb and supped upon them. He gobbled them up like a lion in the wilderness, flesh, bones, marrow, and entrails, without leaving anything uneaten.

In the end I deemed it would be the best plan to do as follows: The Cyclops had a great club. I went up to this club and cut off about six feet of it; I then gave this piece to the men and told them to fine it evenly off at one end. I hid it under dung, which was lying about all over the cave, and told the men to cast lots which of them should venture along with myself to lift it and bore it into the monster's eye while he was asleep.

The male sheep were well grown, and carried a heavy black fleece, so I bound them noiselessly in threes together, with some of the withies on which the wicked monster used to sleep. There was to be a man under the middle sheep, and the two on either side were to cover him, so that there were three sheep to each man. As for myself there was a ram finer than any of the others, so I caught hold of him by the back, esconced myself in the thick wool under his belly, and hung on patiently to his fleece, face upwards, keeping a firm hold on it all the time. Thus, then, did we wait in great fear of mind till morning came. The male sheep hurried out to feed. When we were a little way out from the cave and yards, I first got from under the ram's belly, and then freed my comrades. «

"We made no inquiries after monsters, than which nothing is more common; for everywhere one may hear of ravenous dogs and wolves, and cruel men-eaters, but it is not so easy to find states that are well and wisely governed."

Thomas More, *Utopia*



Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*
(an extract)

My thoughts were wholly employed about securing myself against either savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts, if any were in the island. In search of a place proper for this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the one side of the rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave but there was not really any cave or way into the rock at all. Before I set up my tent I drew a half-circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter from its beginning and ending. In this half-circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground above five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another. Then I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows, one upon another, within the circle, between these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside, leaning against them, about two feet and a half high, like a spur to a post; and this fence was so strong, that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. The entrance into this place I made to be, not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top; which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me; and so I was completely fenced in and fortified, as I thought, from all the world, and consequently slept secure in the night, which otherwise I could not have done; though, as it appeared afterwards, there was no need of all this caution from the enemies that I apprehended danger from. Into this fence or fortress, with infinite labour, I carried all my riches. When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock, and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug down out through my tent, I laid them up within my fence, in the nature of a terrace, so that it raised the ground within about a foot and a half; and thus I made me a cave, just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to my house. «

1)

1) “Utopia insulae figura”, Thomas More, *De optimo statu reipublicae deque nova insula utopia*, Louvain 1516.

2) “Lustagarten”, Joseph Furttenbach der Ältere, *Architectura civilis*, Ulm 1628.

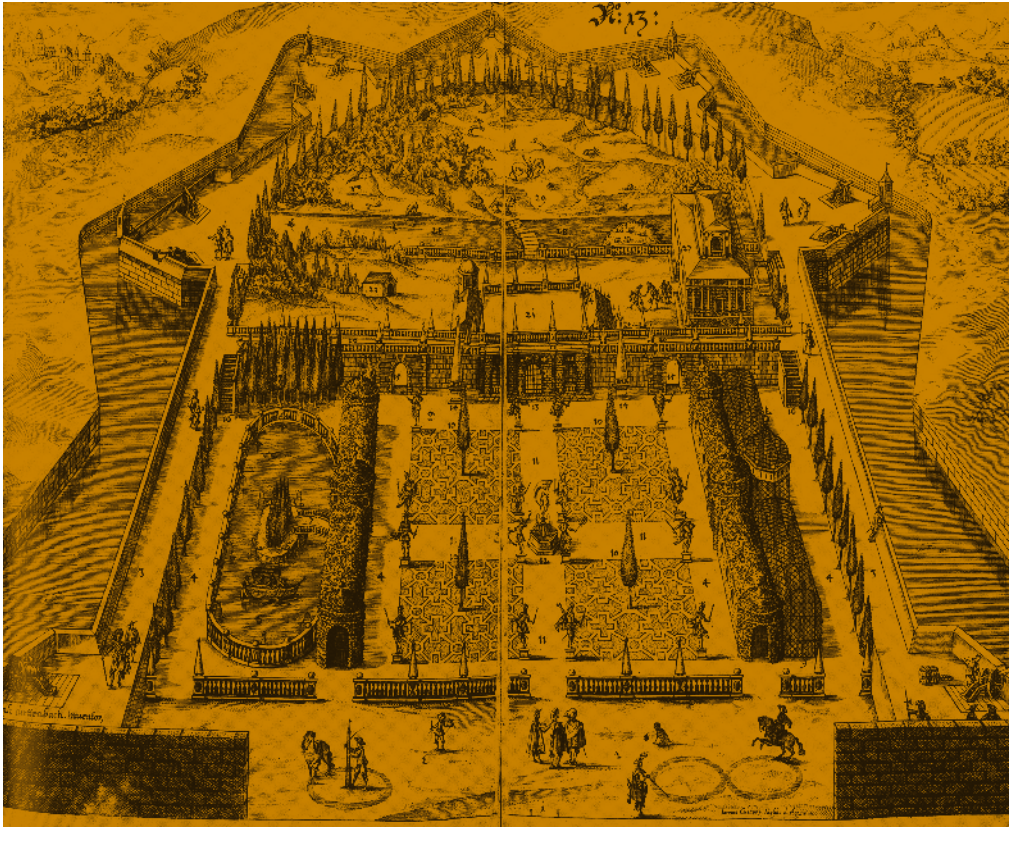
3) St. Petersinsel, Bieler See, Schweiz.

Thomas More, *Utopia*
(an extract)

The island of Utopia is in the middle two hundred miles broad, and holds almost at the same breadth over a great part of it, but it grows narrower towards both ends.

Its figure is not unlike a crescent. Between its horns the sea comes in eleven miles broad, and spreads itself into a great bay, which is environed with land to the compass of about five hundred miles, and is well secured from winds. In this bay there is no great current. But the entry into the bay, occasioned by rocks on the one hand and shallows on the other, is very dangerous. In the middle of it there is one single rock which appears above water, and may, therefore, easily be avoided; and on the top of it there is a tower, in which a garrison is kept; the other rocks lie under water, and are very dangerous. The channel is known only to the natives; so that if any stranger should enter into the bay without one of their pilots he would run great danger of shipwreck. For even they themselves could not pass it safe if some marks that are on the coast did not direct their way; and if these should be but a little shifted, any fleet that might come against them, how great soever it were, would be certainly lost.

But they report (and there remains good marks of it to make it credible) that this was no island at first, but a part of the continent. Utopus, that conquered it (whose name it still carries), brought the rude and uncivilised inhabitants into such a good government, and to that measure of politeness, that they now far excel all the rest of mankind. Having soon subdued them, he designed to separate them from the continent, and to bring the sea quite round them. To accomplish this he ordered a deep channel to be dug, fifteen miles long; and that the natives might not think he treated them like slaves, he not only forced the inhabitants, but also his own soldiers, to labour in carrying it on. As he set a vast number of men to work, he, beyond all men's expectations, brought it to a speedy conclusion. And his neighbours, who at first laughed at the folly of the undertaking, no sooner saw it brought to perfection than they were struck with admiration and terror. «



2)

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*
(extracts)

The island of St. Peter, called at Neuchâtel the island of La Motte, in the middle of the lake of Bienne, is half a league in, circumference; but in this little space all the chief productions necessary to subsistence are found. The island has fields, meadows, orchards, woods, and vineyards, and all these, favored by variegated and mountainous situations, form a distribution of the more agreeable, as the parts, not being discovered all at once, are seen successively to advantage, and make the island appear greater than it really is.

I thought I should in that island be more separated from men, more sheltered from their outrages, and sooner forgotten by mankind: in a word, more abandoned to the delightful pleasures of the inaction of a contemplative life. I could have wished to have been confined in it in such a manner as to have had no intercourse with mortals, and I certainly took every measure I could imagine to relieve me from the necessity of troubling my head about them.

I therefore in some measure took leave of the age in which I lived and my contemporaries, and bade adieu to the world, with an intention to confine myself for the rest of my days to that island; such was my resolution, and it was there I hoped to execute the great project of the indolent life to which I had until then consecrated the little activity with which Heaven had endowed me. The island was to become to me that of Papimanie, that happy country where the inhabitants sleep.

The different soils into which the island, although little, was divided, offered a sufficient variety of plants, for the study and amusement of my whole life. I was determined not to leave a blade of grass without analyzing it, and I began already to take measures for making, with an immense collection of observations, the 'Flora Petrinsularis'.

I became so delighted with the island of St. Peter, and my residence there was so agreeable to me that, by concentrating all my desires within it, I formed the wish that I might stay there to the end of my life. The visits I had to return in the neighborhood already fatigued my imagination. A day passed out of the island, seemed to me a loss of so much happiness, and to go beyond the bounds of the lake was to go out of my element. Past experience had besides rendered me apprehensive. The very satisfaction that I received from anything whatever was sufficient to make me fear the loss of it, and the ardent desire I had to end my days in that island, was inseparable from the apprehension of being obliged to leave it. I had contracted a habit of going in the evening to sit upon the sandy shore, especially when the lake was agitated. I felt a singular pleasure in seeing the waves break at my feet. I formed of them in my imagination the image of the tumult of the world contrasted with the peace of my habitation; and this pleasing idea sometimes softened me even to tears. The repose I enjoyed with ecstasy was disturbed by nothing but the fear of being deprived of it, and this inquietude was accompanied with some bitterness. «

3)

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Émile*
(an extract)

Robinson Crusoe on his island, deprived of the help of his fellow-men, without the means of carrying on the various arts, yet finding food, preserving his life, and procuring a certain amount of comfort; this is the thing to interest people of all ages, and it can be made attractive to children in all sorts of ways. We shall thus make a reality of that desert island which formerly served as an illustration. The condition, I confess, is not that of a social being, nor is it in all probability Émile's own condition, but he should use it as a standard of comparison for all other conditions. The surest way to raise him above prejudice and to base his judgments on the true relations of things, is to put him in the place of a solitary man, and to judge all things as they would be judged by such a man in relation to their own utility.

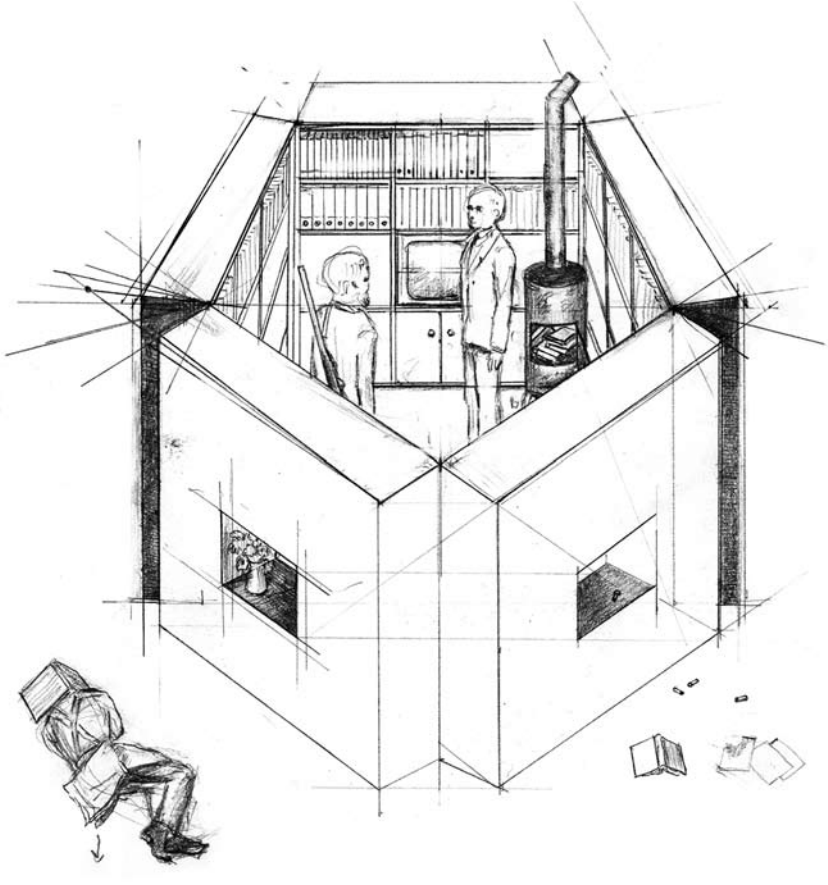
This novel, stripped of irrelevant matter, begins with Robinson's shipwreck on his island, and ends with the coming of the ship which bears him from it, and it will furnish Émile with material, both for work and play, during the whole period we are considering. His head should be full of it, he should always be busy with his castle, his goats, his plantations. Let him learn in detail, not from books but from things, all that is necessary in such a case. Let him think he is Robinson himself; let him see himself clad in skins, wearing a tall cap, a great cutlass, all the grotesque get-up of Robinson Crusoe, even to the umbrella which he will scarcely need. He should anxiously consider what steps to take; will this or that be wanting. He should examine his hero's conduct; has he omitted nothing; is there nothing he could have done better? He should carefully note his mistakes, so as not to fall into them himself in similar circumstances, for you may be sure he will plan out just such a settlement for himself. This is the genuine castle in the air of this happy age, when the child knows no other happiness but food and freedom. «

Architectural Model 1

Jorge Luis Borges,
The Total Library
(an extract)

The fancy or the imagination or the Utopia of the Total Library has certain characteristics that are easily confused with virtues. Everything would be in its blind volumes. Everything: the detailed history of the future, Aeschylus' *The Egyptians*, the exact number of times that the waters of the Ganges have reflected the flight of a falcon, the secret and true name of Rome, the encyclopedia Novalis would have constructed, my dreams and half-dreams at dawn on August 14,1934, the proof of Pierre Fermat's theorem, the unwritten chapters of *Edwin Drood*, those same chapters translated into the language spoken by the Garamantes, the paradoxes Berkeley invented concerning Time but didn't publish, Urizen's books of iron, the premature epiphanies of Stephen Dedalus, which would be meaningless before a cycle of a thousand years, the Gnostic Gospel of Basilides, the song the sirens sang, the complete catalog of the Library, the proof of the inaccuracy of that catalog. Everything: but for every sensible line or accurate fact there would be millions of meaningless cacophonies, verbal farragoes, and babblings. Everything: but all the generations of mankind could pass before the dizzying shelves – shelves that obliterate the day and on which chaos lies – ever reward them with a tolerable page.

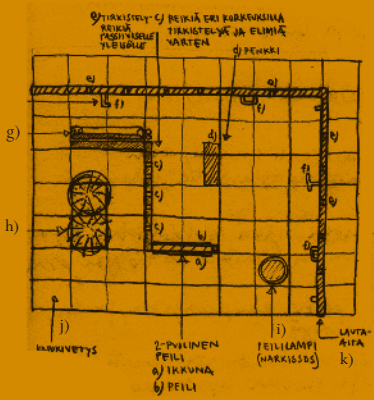
One of the habits of the mind is the invention of horrible imaginings. The mind has invented Hell, it has invented predestination to Hell, it has imagined the Platonic ideas, the chimera, the sphinx, abnormal transfinite numbers (whose parts are no smaller than the whole), masks, mirrors, operas, the teratological Trinity: the Father, the Son, and the unresolvable Ghost, articulated into a single organism… I have tried to rescue from oblivion a subaltern horror: the vast, contradictory Library, whose vertical wildernesses of books run the incessant risk of changing into others that affirm, deny, and confuse everything like a delirious god. «

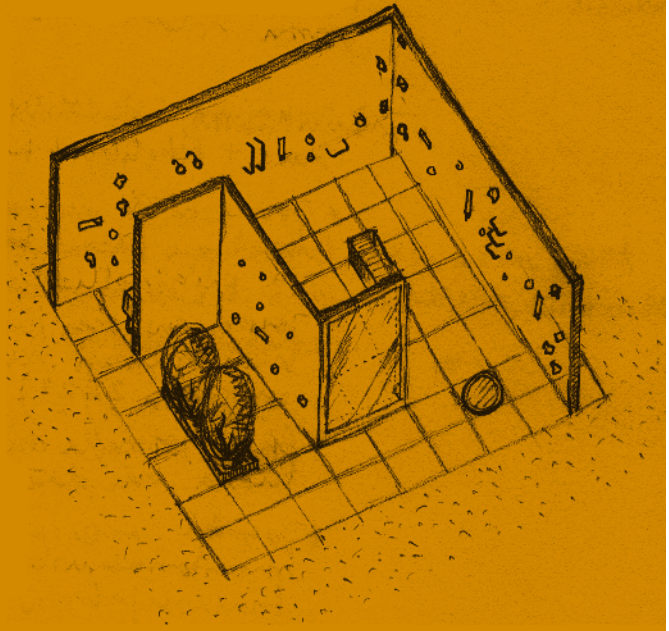


Architectural Model 2

a) 2-sided mirror; window
b) 2-sided mirror; mirror
c) holes in the wall
d) bench
e) peepholes
f) handles
g) urinal
h) bushes
i) mirrored pond
j) paving
k) board wall

"You meet men there who are to you as you are to them: nothing but a body with which combinations and productions of pleasure are possible. You cease to be imprisoned in your own face, in your own past, in your own identity." –MF


g)
h)
j)
2-PUOLINEN PEILI
a) IKKUNA
b) PEILI
i)
PEILILAMPI (HARKISSOS)
k)
LAUTA-AITA



Architectural Model 3

DNA fingerprinting is a laboratory procedure that requires six steps:

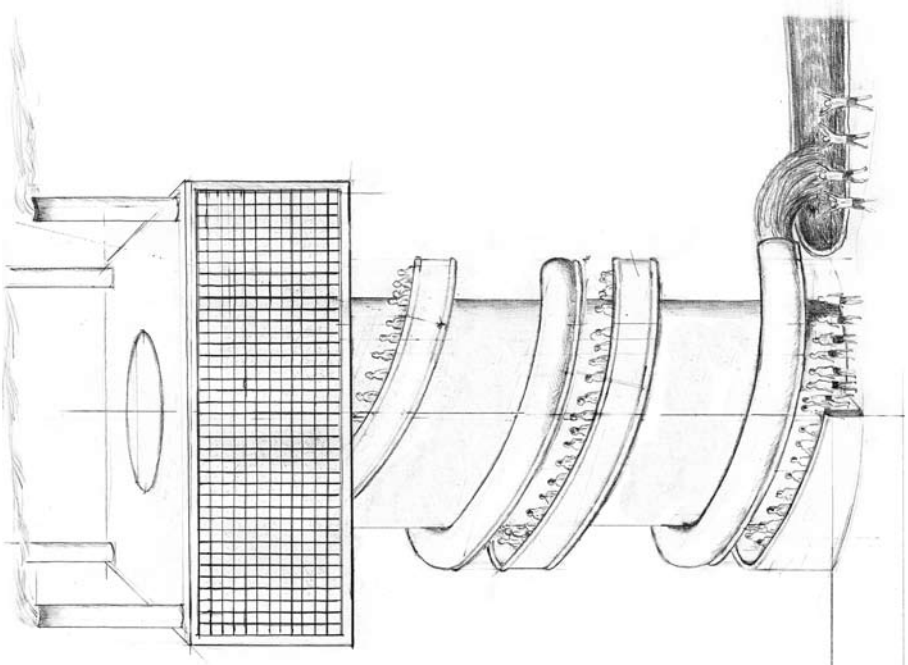
I Isolation of DNA DNA must be recovered from the cells or tissues of the body. Only a small amount of tissue – like blood, hair, or skin – is needed. For example, the amount of DNA found at the root of one hair is usually sufficient.

II Cutting, sizing, and sorting Special enzymes called restriction enzymes are used to cut the DNA at specific places. For example, an enzyme called EcoR1, found in bacteria, will cut DNA only when the sequence GAATTC occurs. The DNA pieces are sorted according to size by a sieving technique called electrophoresis. The DNA pieces are passed through a gel made from seaweed agarose (a jelly-like product made from seaweed). This technique is the biotechnology equivalent of screening sand through progressively finer mesh screens to determine particle sizes.

III Transfer of DNA to nylon The distribution of DNA pieces is transferred to a nylon sheet by placing the sheet on the gel and soaking them overnight.

IV-V Probing Adding radioactive or colored probes to the nylon sheet produces a pattern called the DNA fingerprint. Each probe typically sticks in only one or two specific places on the nylon sheet.

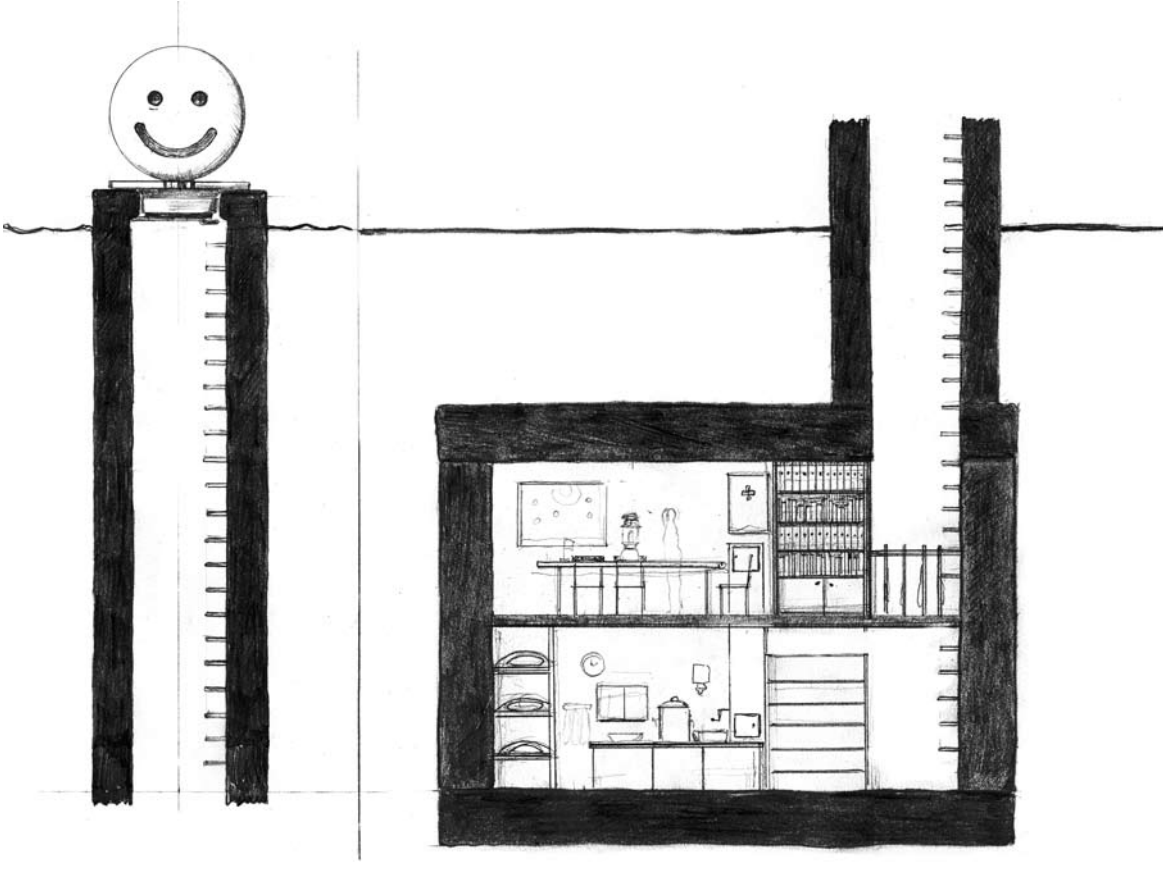
VI DNA fingerprint The final DNA fingerprint is built by using several probes (5-10 or more) simultaneously. It resembles the bar codes used by grocery store scanners. «



Architectural Model 4

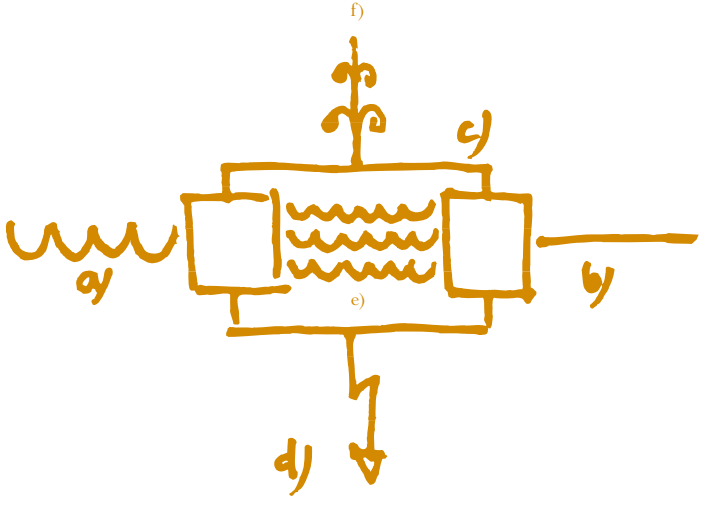
The amount of information should always exceed the capacity of computation.

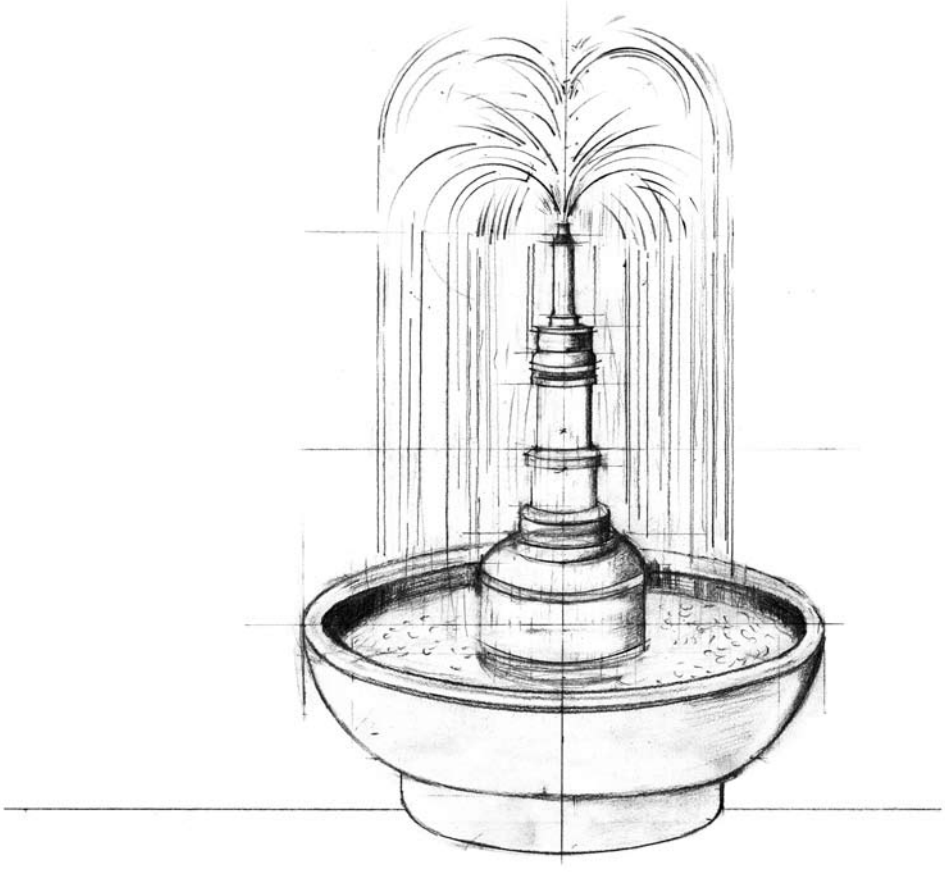
In complete visibility, the banality of your appearance renders you invisible.



Architectural Model 5

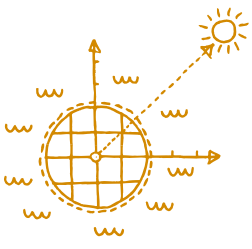
a) life
b) death
c) means of production
d) consumption
e) regulation
f) aesthetics

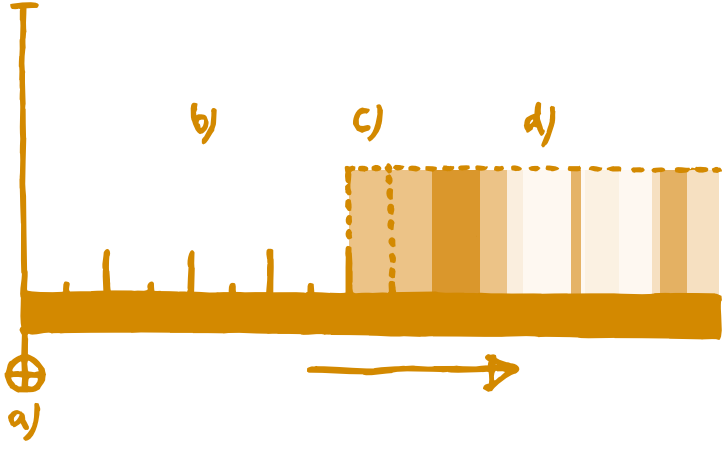


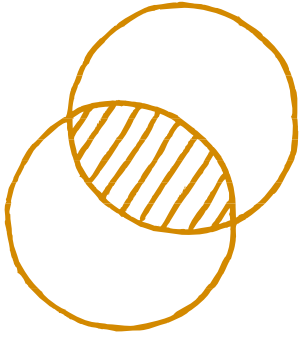


Territorial Model I: Purification/Order

a) CENTER
b) PURIFIED AND ORDERED TERRITORY
c) BORDER ZONE; RESISTANCE
d) CHAOS; FILTH; STATIC





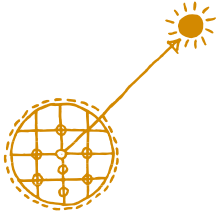


“He spits in the soup, they say. And thus it is his.”

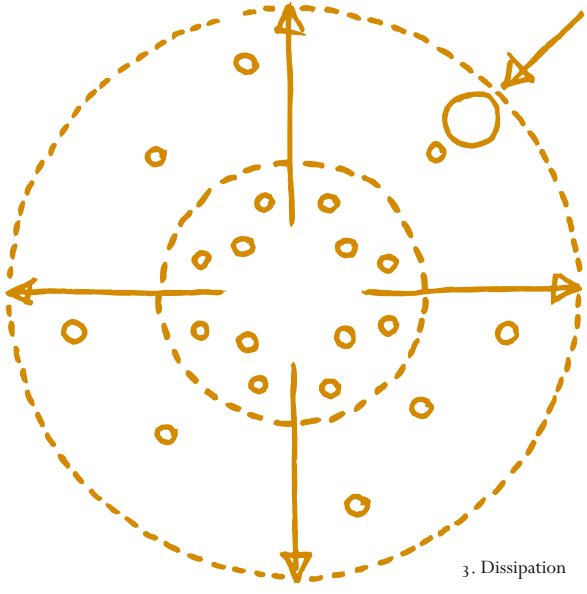
Purification is about making the surrounding territory homogenic and free from obstacles from the center towards the edges. Power must be heard – thus the silence. *Contamination*, basically, means: “This is mine”. Filth is the basis of property – I spit in the soup and nobody else is willing to eat it, anymore. This idea can be generalised: I detonate a nuclear charge and the surrounding territory immediately becomes my property. Later, the inhabitation of the contaminated area must be carried out in a strict order (this is something that Foucault demonstrated with the example of plague in *Surveiller et punir*). In their ideal forms, both models result in a totally closed system, a homogenic territory. This territory is sometimes called paradise, sometimes a haven, or utopia. And sometimes the utopia is labelled with the prefix *anti-*.

Eventually, there will always be more than just one center. This means there will be different territories intersecting. The sphere is infinite and limited at the same time – a war of the worlds on the plane of immanence. «

Territorial Model II:
1. Contamination 2. Habitation 3. Dissipation

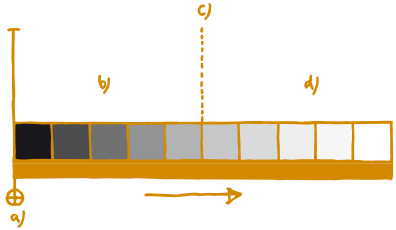


2. Habitation



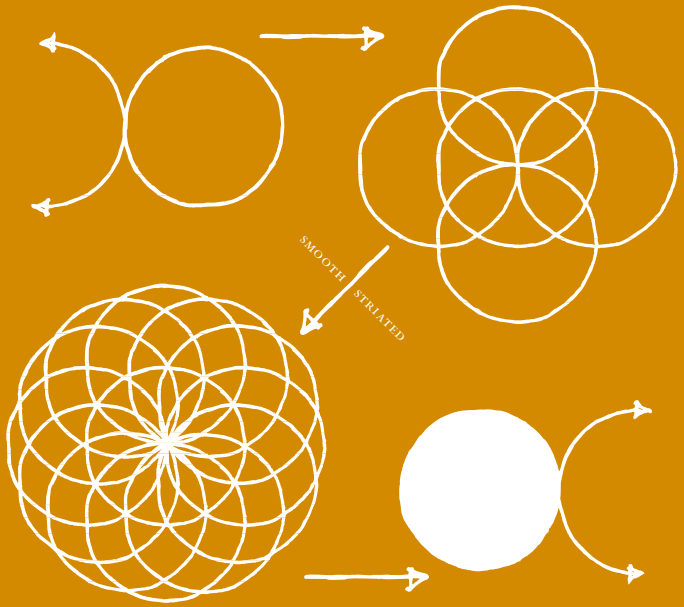
3. Dissipation

1. Contamination



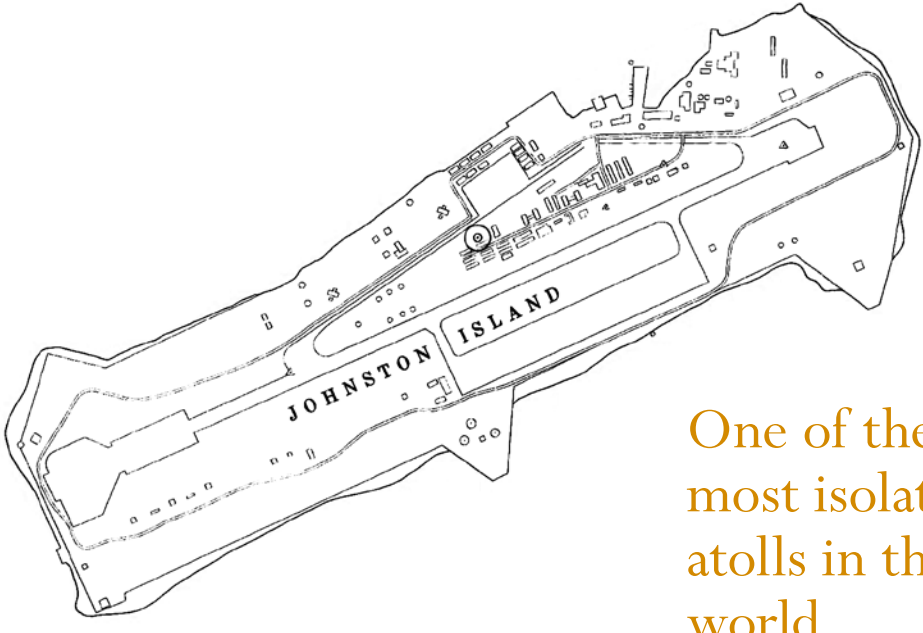
1.a) CENTER
1.b) CONTAMINATED TERRITORY
1.c) LIMIT OF THE "UNSECURE" TERRITORY
1.d) "SECURE" TERRITORY

Territorial Model III:
The double movement of multiplication and saturation



Jorge Luis Borges, *Pascal's Sphere*
(an extract)

In Plato's Timaeus we read that the sphere is the most perfect and most uniform shape, because all points on its surface are equidistant from the center. The absolute space that inspired the hexameters of Lucretius, the absolute space that had been a liberation for Bruno was a labyrinth and an abyss for Pascal. He hated the universe and yearned to adore God, but God was less real to him than the hated universe. He lamented that the firmament did not speak; he compared our lives to the shipwrecked on a desert island. He felt the incessant weight of the physical world; he felt confusion, fear, and solitude; and he expressed it in other words: "Nature is an infinite sphere, the center of which is everywhere, the circumference nowhere." That is the text of the Brunschvieg edition, but the critical edition of Tourneur (Paris, 1941), which reproduces the cancellations and hesitations in the manuscript, reveals that Pascal started to write the word *effroyable:* "a frightful sphere, the center of which is everywhere, and the circumference nowhere." «



One of the most isolated atolls in the world

Johnston Island/Johnston Atoll
lat 16°44'15" N, lon 169°31'26" W

Johnston Atoll
Latitude 16°44'15" N, longitude 169°31'26" W

Johnston Atoll (Kalama Atoll) is a 2.8 km² atoll in the North Pacific Ocean. It is one of the most isolated atolls in the world. Johnston Island and Sand Island are natural islands, which have been expanded by coral dredging. North Island (Akau) and East Island (Hikina) are artificial islands formed from coral dredging. The four small islands of Johnston Atoll are home to over 200 species of fish, 32 species of coral, and 20 species of native and migratory birds. Closed to the public, Johnston is an unincorporated territory of the United States, administered from Washington, D.C. by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service of the United States Department of the Interior as part of the National Wildlife Refuge System.

Johnston Atoll was accidentally discovered in 1796 by Captain Joseph Pierpont of the American Brig Sally. The Guano Act of 1856 granted Americans the privilege of removing guano, the accumulation of sea bird excrement, from nearly 30 central Pacific islands claimed by the United States. For several years guano was removed from Johnston and Sand Islands before the operation was abandoned in the 1890's.

In 1923 the Biological Survey of the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the Bishop Museum visited the islands with a scientific expedition to study the bird and marine life. In 1926 their findings resulted in President Coolidge designating the islands as a bird refuge. In 1934 Roosevelt placed the atoll under the Navy while retaining the earlier provisions for refuge designation and protection. In 1934, Johnston Atoll was transferred to and managed by the U.S. Navy. Navy development began in earnest in 1936 with reef blasting, dredging, landfilling and grading and construction on the islands.

In the late 50's and early 60's, the islands were used for a series of high altitude nuclear tests and anti-satellite missile tests. The first nuclear bombs to be exploded in the stratosphere by the US were off Kalama in 1958. In 1962, during high altitude nuclear weapon tests, two aborted missile launches resulted in plutonium scattering all over the atoll and into the sea. Beginning in 1964 a series of large open-air biological weapon tests was conducted downwind of Johnston Atoll. The American strategic bioweapon tests involved a number of ships positioned around Johnston Atoll, upwind from a number of barges loaded with rhesus monkey test subjects which were exposed to agents dispensed from aircraft.

Chemical weapons have been stored on Johnston Island since 1971. Since 1990, an extensive operation on Johnston Island has performed the deactivation and destruction of 400,000 rockets, bombs, projectiles, mortars, and mines containing chemical weapons. The last of the chemical stockpile was destroyed in 2000.

The Department of Defense remains responsible for completing the plutonium cleanup project on the atoll, with a goal of achieving a safe level for humans and the environment. By the end of 2003 the U.S. government transferred jurisdiction of the atoll to the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. The island is to be reverted to being a US Wildlife Refuge in 2008. «

1958 Aug 1, 9.47: Hardtack Teak Nuclear Test mission Redstone Failure of tilt program device at lift-off causing vertical night flight did not preclude subsequent system operations and successful mission accomplishment. *Redstone CC-50 LC: LC1. Apogee: 78 km.* Teak was a rocket-launched test of a live W-39 nuclear warhead. Purpose was to measure the effects of high altitude nuclear explosions in order to design warheads for the Nike-Zeus anti-ballistic missile system. The Hardtack Configuration Redstone shot the 3.8 megaton warhead to an altitude of 77.8 km. This was the first rocket-launched nuclear test by the United States.

1962 Jul 9, 8.46: STARFISH PRIME Nuclear Test mission Thor DSV-2E Engine shut down after 59 seconds. Destroyed by range safety. *Thor DSV-2E 195 LC: LE1. Apogee: 400 km.* Successful high-altitude test of a Thor IRBM with a live nuclear warhead. The payload included test instrumentation and a W-49 warhead/Mk-4 re-entry vehicle. The 1.45 megaton bomb exploded at an altitude of 400 km. The explosion was visible 2,600 km away, at Kwajalein Atoll; an artificial aurora lasted seven minutes. The unforeseen and most militarily significant effect was the electromagnetic pulse (EMP) generated by the test. This caused power mains surges in Oahu, knocking out street lights, blowing fuses and circuit breakers, and triggering burglar alarms (and this in the days before microelectronics). The explosion supercharged the Van Allen radiation belts, resulting in several satellites malfunctioning.

1962 Jul 26, 9.13: BLUEGILL PRIME Nuclear Test mission Thor DSV-2E Thor exploded on liftoff. *Thor DSV-2E 180 LC: LE1.* Second attempt to launch a nuclear weapon using the Thor IRBM. The payload consisted of two re-entry vehicles, one with an instrument pod, the other with the warhead. The missile engine malfunctioned immediately on ignition. Range safety fired the destruct system while the missile was still on the launch pad. The Johnston Island launch complex was heavily damaged and contaminated with plutonium. Three months of repairs and decontamination were necessary before tests could resume.

1962 Oct 16, 9.14: BLUEGILL DOUBLE PRI Nuclear Test mission Thor DSV-2E At 86 seconds after launch a booster failure occurred and the missile began tumbling. *Thor DSV-2E 156 LC: LE2. Apogee: 10 km.* The third attempt to launch a nuclear warhead using a Thor IRBM. At 86 seconds after launch a booster failure occurred and the missile began tumbling. Range safety destroyed the errant booster at 156 seconds after launch. Some radioactive fallout from the warhead was detected on Johnston Atoll.

1962 Oct 20, 8.30: CHECKMATE Nuclear Test mission Castor-Recruit *Apogee: 147 km.* Test of the Los Alamos XW-50X1 60 kiloton nuclear warhead. Launch vehicle was a solid propellant XM-33 Strypi rocket with a Recruit booster stage. The warhead detonated at an altitude of 147 km, 66 km from Johnston Island. Observers on the island saw a green and blue circular region surrounded by a red ring. This faded in less than a minute. Blue-green streamers and pink striations developed that lasted half an hour. At this yield, even with the high altitude, extensive disruption of communications were not reported.

1962 Nov 1, 11.54: KINGFISH Nuclear Test mission Thor DSV-2E *Thor DSV-2E 226 LC: LE2. Apogee: 500 km.* A Thor IRBM was used to launch a Mk 4 Reentry Vehicle containing a 186 kg W-50 nuclear warhead of either 200 or 400 kilotons yield. The detonation occurred at an altitude of 98 km, 69 km SSW of Johnston Atoll, and resulted in dramatic aurora-like effects visible as far away as Hawaii. More notably, the explosion had a massive effect on the ionosphere which disrupted radio communications over the entire central Pacific for three hours.

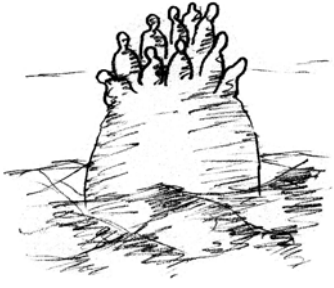
1962 Nov 4: DOMINIC TIGHTROPE Nuclear Test mission Nike Hercules *Apogee: 24 km.* This was a DOD sponsored live test of the Nike Hercules air defense missile system. The low-kiloton range W-31 warhead detonated at 21 km altitude 3 km SSW of Johnston Atoll. This was the last U.S. atmospheric test. On Johnston Island an intense white flash was accompanied by a strong heat pulse. A yellow-orange disc formed, slowly changing to a purple toroid which faded from view after several minutes.

Johnston Island Original Stockpile of Chemical Weapons

Original stockpile consisted of the following:

Agent	Item	Quantity	Pounds
HD-Blister	155mm Projectiles	5,670	66,339.0
HD-Blister	105mm Projectiles	46	136.6
HD-Blister	M60 Projectiles	45,108	133,970.7
HD-Blister	4.2 Mortars	43,600	261,600.0
HD-Blister	Ton Containers	68	116,294.0
GB-Nerve	M55 Rockets	58,353	624,377.1
GB-Nerve	155mm Projectiles	107,197	696,780.5
GB-Nerve	105mm Projectiles	49,360	80,456.8
GB-Nerve	8" Projectiles	13,020	188,790.0
GB-Nerve	MC-1 Bombs	3,047	670,340.0
GB-Nerve	MK 94 Bombs	2,570	277,560.0
GB-Nerve	Ton Containers	66	101,158.0
VX-Nerve	M55 Rockets	13,889	141,769.8
VX-Nerve	155mm Projectiles	42,682	256,092.0
VX-Nerve	8" Projectiles	14,519	210,525.5
VX-Nerve	Land Mines	13,302	139,671.0
VX-Nerve	Ton Containers	66	97,360.0

Making Money on Bird Shit: The Guano Trade in the 19th Century



In 1802 the German explorer Alexander Humboldt made a journey to South America. He reported that he had discovered large quantities of guano, a natural fertilizer made from bird droppings, which contained porassium nitrate, and which had been used since the 17th century for making gunpowder.

Guano was a prized commodity during the 19th century and heavily traded by European and American traders. For merchants and seafarers guano was considered a long way beneath the dignity of top-class ships and those who ran them. However, the guano trade was profitable to those ships that loaded and transported it. It helped build countries, expanded empires such as the United States, made companies and individuals involved rich, and exploited the local populations and the environment.

Foreign traders, especially the British, set up trading houses to ship guano back to England and Europe for trade and distribution. The Americans also found guano to be valuable in increasing crop yields, and permitted American traders to help the U.S. government acquire islands in the Pacific and the Caribbean to ensure American reserves under the U.S. Guano Island Act of 1856.

The Guano Islands Act was federal legislation passed by the Congress on August 18, 1856, after the U.S. learned of rich guano deposits on islands in the Pacific Ocean: *"Whenever any citizen of the United States discovers a deposit of guano on any island, rock, or key, not within the lawful jurisdiction of any other Government, and not occupied by the citizens of any other Government, and takes peaceable possession thereof, and occupies the same, such island, rock, or key may, at the discretion of the President, be considered as appertaining to the United States."*

Guano is made up of bird droppings amassed over hundreds of years due to weather and ocean currents. Chemically speaking, it is phosphatized carbonate of lime. It is produced where birds digest fish bones and excrete uric acid. Ammonia is converted into nitrites by nitrification bacteria in the presence of lime in calcium nitrated. Bird excrement in shell and coral sand becomes phosphate rock after rainfall leaches most of the nitrogen from it. The subsequent phosphatization yields a high-grade guano – up to 80% phosphoric lime. The most completely phosphatized guano is brown, dusty, and odorless and composes a large portion of the soil on all seabird islands.

A major constituent of DNA, guanine, got its name from guano, from which the molecule was first isolated. «

A dream about Oscar Niemeyer, the Architect

(28.11.2005)

While I was completing the layout of this book, I had a strange dream. I was visiting a festival in the middle of Finland. The circumstances indicate that the place might have been Jyväskylä and the event the Alvar Aalto Symposium.

I was chatting with friends, when I saw an old, grey-haired gentleman approaching us. I thought the man looked just like Oscar Niemeyer. My South-American acquaintance confirmed that it was indeed none other than the famous Brazilian architect. It turned out that my acquaintance was Mr. Niemeyer's assistant on this trip, and now he offered to introduce me to the Man. I was excited, but uneasy at the same time – what had I to say to a legend? Moreover, I wasn't very fond of his work, anymore.

Later, after having a car-ride with friends and Mr. Niemeyer (four persons on the backseat, I was worried about the old architect's health), the architect, myself, and one of my old school mates ended up walking on a very idyllic, sand covered road. We were heading to my friend's place. The idea was either to take a swim or to get ready for the night. Mr. Niemeyer was – because of his respectable age and the heat – very disoriented. At some point, we found ourselves drinking beer at my friend's. I then realised that we had forgotten the architect somewhere on the road. We debated over whether to go back and search for the old man or not. He was on our responsibility, after all. In the end, we decided not to act. It would have been too much trouble. "Somebody will find him and take him home", my friend said. I took a sip of beer, feeling guilty and relieved at the same time. «

Our project originated in a lucid dream, and an account of another one ends this booklet. Some might call this logic cheap. We call it honest. In the original dream, there is a mountainous desert island, surrounded by the open sea. This island, its beaches, cliffs, steeps, and plateaus are equipped with thousands and thousands of surveillance cameras, turning to the sky, to the horizon and the sea. In our interpretation, the dream obviously pointed towards Michel Foucault, whose thought has been seminal to us. Foucault was a figure who wrote on knowledge and power, sought to put his thought into practice, and lived his life on the thin line between total exposure and an urgent need for privacy. We saw here a possibility for both self-reflection and for paying homage to the master. Thus, we translated the dream into the first version of *Foucault's Sleep*: 'Proposal for a Monument to the Societies of Control', and prepared a guide to realise it. It soon became apparent, thought, that neither Foucault's nor our own thought was in line with our recent experiences, especially when it comes to different orders of visibility in contemporary popular culture.

The 'monument' changed into a 'memorial', the 'proposal' and the 'guide' into 'models for a proposal'. The first change was about strategy: calling something a *monument* means giving it an eternal – a monumental, always-contemporary – status. It is about creating and upholding a fact. But giving that which reigns *now* a status of a *memorial* means seeing it in future perfect. The choice is utopian, and political: what comes next? The second change reflects the need to take distance to the idea of *proposal*. Even though proposal means proposing a dialogue, the original proposal often tends to be prescriptive – it defines the concepts the dialogue should be based on too rigidly. That is why we felt it was more appropriate to present an arbitrary set of models and fragments that could precede the actual proposal – the emphasis is on the undisclosed thought process, which always approaches the closed meaning of a proposal but never realises it. This way, it might be possible to maintain the virtual aspect of thought, which is always ready to open to the multiple.

We want to get lost, escape, take to the seas, become pirates, adventurers and explorers. Above all, we want to remain naïve and wish irony a dull life in hell.

In an early essay Gilles Deleuze writes about desert islands.[1] He states, that "islands are either from before or for after humankind" and continues: "Dreaming of islands – whether with joy or in fear – is dreaming of pulling away, of being already separate, far from any continent, of being lost and alone – or it is dreaming of starting from scratch, recreating, beginning anew." The essence of the deserted island is "imaginary and not actual, mythological and not geographical. At the same time its destiny is subject to those human conditions that make mythology

possible." For Deleuze, the island is always already inhabited, mythologically it represents the golden age. Coming to the island, humans break the spell. As the idea materializes, the dream dies. To quote the text in length:

"To that question so dear to the old explorers – 'which creatures live on deserted islands?' – one could only answer: human beings live there already, but uncommon humans, they are already separate, absolute creators, in short, an Idea of humanity, a prototype, a man who would almost be god, a woman who would be a goddess, a great Amnesiac, a pure Artist, a consciousness of Earth and Ocean, an enormous hurricane, a beautiful witch, a statue from the Easter Islands. There you have a human being who precedes itself. Such a creature on a deserted island would be the deserted island itself, insofar as it imagines and reflects itself in its first movement. A consciousness of earth and ocean, such is the deserted island, ready to begin the world anew. But since human beings, even voluntarily, are not identical to the movement that puts them on the island, they are unable to join with the *élan* that produces the island; they always encounter it from the outside, and their presence in fact spoils its desertedness."

It seems that Deleuze had a fascination with islands (as the rest of us). In his critical and clinical essays we find a text on Michel Tournier's novel *Friday*; in *Bartleby and the Formula* he writes: "World is [...] composed of floating relations, of islands and the in-between, of moving points and winding lines. This is why a conscious subject must hand over his place to the community of explorers, brothers of the archipelago, who believe not in the beyond but trust in this world right here." In the archipelago, the islands don't define the milieu but the space in-between: the routes, the streams, the currents and counter-currents, whirlpools and calms. This is the space of countless lines of flight intersecting, converging, creating temporary assemblages. This is the multitude.

We are not islands, but the surrounding ocean. Islands are homogenic, stratified and sedimented, the sea heterogenic, smooth and in constant change. The islands are charted, but the ocean is only modelled or approached according to the law of averages or pattern recognition.

Sometimes people take refuge on islands. Or at least direct their hopes toward them. The reason is simple: all systems (of belief) require a fixed basis – islands represent that which is ideal and permanent. Islands have edges. They are refuges for those who need something to cling to. Most of the time, though, there are monsters on the islands. That's why Ulysses and his men had to get away. The single eye had to be closed for good. Where did Ulysses and his men hide? Among the sheep: the cattle, the obedient, the stupid. And, relieved, took to the seas again – to get back home. «

1. Gilles Deleuze, "Desert Islands". *Desert Islands and Other Texts 1953-1974*. Semiotext(e) Foreign Agents Series: LA & NY 2004.

Varhaisessa esseessään Gilles Deleuze kirjoittaa autiosaarista. Hän toteaa, että ”saaret joko edeltävät ihmiskuntaa – tai ovat ajalta sen jälkeen.” Saarista unelmoiminen, oli se sitten toivon- tai pelonsekaista, merkitsee aina unelmaa vetäytymisestä, erillään olosta, alusta aloittamisesta. Autiosaari ei olemukseltaan ole aktuaalinen ja maantieteellinen vaan imaginaarinen ja mytologinen. Samalla autiosaari on alisteinen niille inhimillisille ehdoille, jotka tekevät mytologiankin mahdolliseksi. Saari onkin aina jo asutettu, ja mytologisesti se edustaa kulta-aikaa. Saapuessaan saarelle ihminen rikkoo lumouksen, koska ei todellisuudessa ole identtinen sen elämänvoiman kanssa, joka hänet saarelle alun perin sai lähtemään. Varhaisten tutkimusmatkailijoiden kysymykseen ”Millaisia olentoja autiosaarilla elää?” Deleuze siis vastaa: siellä asuu jo ihmisiä, mutta poikkeuksellisia: he ovat ihmiskunnan Idea, prototyyppejä, miltei jumalallisia, muistinsa menettäneitä, täydellisiä taiteilijoita. Tähän voisi lisätä, että saarien asukit näyttäytyvät kuin näyttäytyvätkin usein hirviöinä. Siksi Odysseuksen piti miehineen puhkaista Kykloopin silmä ja paeta – väkivallantekonsa jälkeen, sokealle hieman rehenneltyään, kuuliaisten laumaeläinten vatsavilloihin kätkeytyneinä.

Projektimme sai alkunsa eräänlaisesta valveunesta, ja kuvaus tuoreemmasta unesta päättää tämän kirjasen. On ehkä niitä, joiden mielestä tällainen logiikka on halpaa. Meidän mielestämme se on vain rehellistä.

Ensimmäisessä unessa vuorimainen saari nousee ylös aalloista aavan ulapan keskellä. Saaren luonnonmuotoja, kuin toisena ihona, peittää musta teknologia: tuhannet ja tuhannet valvontakamerat ovat suunnanneet linssinsä kohti taivasta, merta ja horisonttia.

Välitön tulkintamme unesta viittasi itseoikeutetusti Michel Foucault’hon, jonka ajattelu ja esimerkki ovat olleet ryhmällemme olennaisia. Foucault oli ranskalainen filosofi, joka kirjoitti tiedosta ja vallasta, pyrki soveltamaan ajatteluaan käytännössä – ja eli elämäänsä mediapersoonana, joka kaiken aikaa haaveili anonyymiydestä, kasvottomuudesta ja täydellisestä katoamisesta.

Uni tuntui siis tarjoavan meille mahdollisuuden sekä itsereflektioon että kunnian osoittamiseen mestarille. *Foucault’n unen* ensimmäinen versio sai alaotsikon *Ehdotus kontrolliyhteiskuntien monumentiksi*, ja laadimme oppaan monumentin toteuttamiseksi. Pian kävi kuitenkin ilmeiseksi, etteivät omat ennakkokäsityksemme – eikä liioin Foucault’n ajattelu – olleet enää linjassa niiden kokemusten kanssa, joita olemme viime vuosina erilaisista näkyvyyksien kulttuureista saaneet. Uusien julkisuuden muotojen esiinmarssi 2000-luvulla toisin sanoen sai epäilemään alkuperäisen unen selittävää potentiaalia, vaikka ei heikentänytkään sen ”visionääristä” voimallisuutta. Siksi päätimme, että näky valvontakameroista tulee ylittää niin, että se samalla säilyy.

Aluksi sana *monumentti* muuttui *muistomerkiksi*, *ehdotus* kääntyi muotoon ”malleja ehdotusta varten” ja ”opas” monumentin toteuttamiseksi typistyi pieneksi osaksi laajempaa kokonaisuutta. Monumentin muuttaminen muistomerkiksi oli strateginen valinta: käsite *monumentti* viittaa monumentaalisuuteen, ikuisuuteen, johonkin aina ajankohtaiseen. Monumentissa on kyse tosiasioiden luomisesta ja ylläpitämisestä. Jos nykyhetkeä hallitsevan ilmiön, voiman tai muodon kuitenkin valitsee *muistomerkin* kohteeksi, näkökulma kääntyy: nyt hallitseva muoto näyttäytyykin tulevaisuuden näkökulmasta, jo menneenä, yhtenä historiana monien joukossa. Tämä on poliittinen ja utooppinen valinta, joka pakottaa kysymään: ”Mitä tulee seuraavaksi?”

Oppaan typistyminen ja ehdotuksen muuttuminen ehdotusmalleiksi taas kertovat halusta etääntyä ohjeistamisesta. Vaikka ehdotus yleensä viittaakin dialogiin, arjen tilanteissa alkuperäinen ehdotus usein määrittää keskustelussa käytettävät käsitteet liian tiukasti. Sama pätee tietenkin opastamiseen, joka kaiken lisäksi pitää sisällään ajatuksen loogisesti seurattavan tiedon välittämisestä ja tiedon ”suunnasta”. Siksi päädyimme esittelemään satunnaisen joukon malleja tai fragmentteja, jotka voisivat edeltää itse ehdotusten syntymistä.

Emme siis kirjaa ylös suoraa, rehellistä ehdotusta. Vältämme johdonmukaisesti jäsenneltyä argumenttia. Kieltäydymme (ainakin näennäisesti) tunnustamasta väriä ja kätkeydymme uutisten, sitaattien ja maailmankirjallisuuden taakse. Pidämme vieläpä kiinni keskeneräisyyden ajatuksesta – kaikki kokoamamme materiaali on vain luonnosta jotakin sellaista varten, joka on erittäin epävarmaa, todennäköisin syin toteuttamiskelvottomaksi luokiteltavaa ja monin paikoin ristiriitaista.

Kun idea materialisoituu, unelma kuolee. Me haluamme pitää yllä unelmaa, koska se on ainoa tapa taistella valmiin tyranniaa vastaan. Haluamme eksyä, paeta, lähteä merille, ryhtyä merirosvoiksi, seikkailijoiksi tai tutkimusmatkailijoiksi. Ennen kaikkea haluamme olla naiiveja ja toivottaa ironialle ankeaa loppuelämää helvetissä. «

Siteerattuja ja aihetta sivuavia teoksia suomeksi Jorge Luis Borges, *Haarautuvien polkujen puutarha. Esseitä, juttuja, tarinoita*. WSOY 1993.| Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*. Otava 2000. 80-81. | Gilles Deleuze, ”Jälkikirjoitus kontrolliyhteiskuntiin”. Teoksessa *Haastatteluja*. Tutkijaliitto 2005; ”Bartleby ja sanamuoto”. Teoksessa Herman Melville, *Bartleby*. ai-ai 1999. | Michel Foucault, *Tiedon arkeologia*. Vastapaino 2005; *Tarkkailla ja rangaista*. Otava 2001; *Seksuaalisuuden historia*. Gaudeamus 1999; *Foucault/Nietzsche*. Tutkijaliitto 1998. | Homeros, *Odysseia*. Suom. Pentti Saarikoski. Otava 2002. 122-132. | H.P. Lovecraft, ”Dagon”. Teoksessa *Temppeli, Nimetön kaupunki ja muita kertomuksia*. Jalava 1999. 5-9. | Thomas More, *Utopia*. WSOY 1997. 30, 74. | Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Tunnustuksia*. Gummerus 1963. 320-324, 328-329; *Émile eli kasvatuksesta*. Suomalaisen kirjallisuuden seura 1905. 342-344. | Michel Serres, *Luontosopimus*. Vastapaino 1994. | Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein. Uusi Prometheus*. Gummerus 2005. 53-57; *The Last Man*. Wordsworth Classics 2004. 371, 374-375. | Michel Tournier, *Perjantai eli Tyynen meren kiirastuli*. Tammi 1985. 20. | H.G. Wells, *Aikakone*. Desura 2000. 86-89; *Tohtori Moreaun saari*. Odessa 1986. 82-83. «