

László Hortobágyi (Hortator):
Online reincarnation
A recension fragment from
eL-Horto : Last Tour On This Planet
Guo-ang CD release
2013

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[In other words 'The Last Music-ethology Tour on the Planet Earth, 2013'. Abstract of the review published in Cybermusicology, 2043, Web issue No. IV. (pp. 111-113). Its origin can be dated back to the Age of Exhumation Wave generated by music industry of the past, when remixed extracts of re-digitized mind-capsules belonging to the used-to-be-eminent representatives of recycled art of music would already be loaded up to the internetworks in Vichy-Exsonybm Zaibatsu association's Tantric-Wellness sub-department's distribution. Current insignificance of the composer mentioned in the review – including his contemporaries – shall not diminish the validity of lessons that can be drawn from the following fragment of a period document.]

We are aware of the fact that words are contaminated with the trace elements of social life otherwise the truth would not be possible to be so untrue. In our era, the rupture and linear disintegration of a misreincarnated personality is not necessarily a collapse (*exiterralisation*), but rather a possibility towards rebuilding the digitized *Cypersonar*, and at the same time it may mean facing those questions that neither science nor religion can validly answer for the time being, not even to mention the goedelized *musixenology*. In case a transhuman psyche is in a vanquished situation then, according to the common experience, even the *nekroba* animators will not be able to help it. If, on the other hand, the particular personality is trying to make efforts towards the co-educated *atmaterialization*, instead of submersion (*karmageddon*), and on top of that in an earthly medium where destruction and disorder will have some universal myth, well, then this quantumdynamics might turn into a quite unique wavefield of fatebook (*stasisfate*). Certainly, this meta-protocol has to be provided by the musicology.

Earlier, the virtuosic believers and music researchers, in exercising their skinny believer-muscles through the *queer* movements of musicology, had advanced the progressive evolution of the mind-parasites by making their mind-viruses, similar to computer viruses, herded together. When those data-monterias (*meme-plexes*) had become stable enough in the colloid world of social false-consciousness, to deserve now and then a collective character series during their longer period of existence like *Roman Catholicism*, democracy or form of *blues*, then the religious ideas and musical art forms turned out to flourish not in spite of the fact that they were ridiculous, but

exactly because of the fact that they were ridiculous, indeed.

The linear decadence of mortal musicology indicated this process of devolution like a planetary torch, so this collecting expedition realized at the last moment was completed in a hectic and confused period, when in the frames of *Googlexcavation Project*, aiming at the global exhumation, the digitalization of cemeteries was launched with the deployment of *3D Ressurexcavators*.

During the application of *Exhumachine Application* the requirement to break off the former prodigal practice emerged, as well. In times past, an *image* used to be created of digitized departed persons using *mpg-16* compression, because civil utilization of satellite-based needle-beam like data transportation channels had become congested as a consequence of interplanetary funerals, therefore the reincarnational dead-scanning for military use had to be switched over to a fresher process called the *thread-layer* process. It was incidentally enabled by the appearance of the *xvg-211* type mind-capsules made of quantum-bacteria based shatterproof quartz, in fact their satellite-based interplanetary infra-hacking also facilitated the re-encapsulation of clone-bodies (*reproclon*) serving for the purpose of terrorist actions. Finally, this and the chaotic beliefs of rebirth (*samsara*), having an Eastern origin and being inconsistent with the logics of consumer societies built upon Weber's *pareto*-optimization, were terminated by the running out of synthetic aftermarket reincarnational capsules (*reprocod*). The amateur archaeological quest, utilizing *Nirvanamaps*, for dross-fossilized unnecessary mind-capsules thrown in the sea illegally and the auctions held on the black markets of music-industrial trusts have brought precious little success, as a result of *Malthusian* selecting out on account of the former owners' being classified into low castes.

While the application of *3D* type bioprinters (being able to execute everything from abortion onwards), such as *Atmafresh*, *Re-Surrex* or *Human+*, thanks to their approx. 10-50 Nm precision makes it feasible to rebuild the synaptic yarn bundles of souls by layers of quantum-spots, here the bandwidth limitations are also controlled by their national security concerns, and this kind of reduction has been intensified by unfair hemispheric tradition of priorities achieved in the mitochondrial chronology (*karma-fossilisation*), as well.

At the same time, digitalization of cemeteries has resulted in development of applications like *Goograve Translators*, the on-line dictionary for communication with the dead (that is becoming more and more expensive in proportion to distance), certainly broken down by ethnicity and continents (*pigmentpriority*), the geostationary personal *GPS* utilizing the satellite system called *Christ King's Sons*, for the sake of facilitating the file exchange (sometimes via *torrent*) between *atmimage* copies archived in cryogenized containers of selectively digitized personalities, roughly until the 7th Century B.C. It was then that the statement made by personalities of analogical way of thinking proved false, that literature was the only method to practice the

communication with the dead.

Certain options of the services provided opportunities for chatting and twittering with the buried dead based on a pro-rata per minute tariff (*fee of transubstantiation*). It was generated on the basis of the deceased's social status, by overwriting the seemingly logical broken-period tariff (“*the longer he/she is dead, the more expensive it is*”), thus the costs of submersion into the timepit were determined by the *soliton* capacity of the behind-the-ear *Hadesnet-slot's* hardware (*castgened*).

In certain cases, materialization of musical *atmimage-s* used to be made imperative also by special military considerations (*avatar cadaver*). Though, according to historical experiences, it is dangerous to provide soldiers with weapons, but this was also urgent in case of some scientists (earlier treated as “*useful idiot*” with *reincarnation-flow* qualification), because of knowledge-feedback (*Moebius resurrection process*). And, of course, during the sector-analysis the process of extracting *info-meme-substance* from the qualified dead persons' (*brahmatma-s*) brain would mean a necessarily higher cost-proportional item in the annual balance of the *Googletalisation Musicnetwork* enterprise installed on sea-platforms.

The Science of Mind Transportation (*dharmabit-chakra*) managed to prevent the brains' earlier background infection by ancestors (*genogram*) by means of connecting the deceased's (who got involved into different bad societies) left and right cerebral hemispheres that have been remained intact (*fornix-interlock*). A symptom like that was, for example, the hypertrophy of *pornogramma-s* or *religenocidium mantra-s*. Though later some of the musical minds, reanimated in the aforementioned way, were only able to add up numbers between five and ten, and they happened to have a bifocal presence, as well, so God (*kernel*) did not deem them worthy of letting them believe in *Him*, though they did not have any common feature, anyway.

Plenty of investments have been accomplished in order to extract, by means of quantum physics, the souls exoded through cremation, from the timepit (e.g. using *Einstein-Rosen Singularity Soft. V.02.*). Large part of them will take aim of magnetic collection of souldust crumbs quantum-fragmented in distant depths of the timepit applying error correction technologies hardened in the initial stages of data-renovation, in consideration of imperfect algorithms of the contemporary mind-compression (*shrinkularity*), as a result of which a number of tragicomic legal proceedings took place owing to the false materialization of the sold bionic files in 3D bioprinters. And all of this resulted in the creatures of *holbeinredivivus*, *bruegelentelechia* or *boschectoplasma* pathographies that used to be regularly incinerated in the imploded and eruption-optimised Icelandic volcano craters (*calibrated crematorium method*).

Here, during the process of scanning by a laser needle-beam with more billion pulses per second,

the algorithm of the searching engine (*string animation*) made a matching of concordances that could be brought into connection with digitized personality structures used to be living at one time. Nevertheless, by means of graph sets extracted from the memepits it precluded the military application of uncovered and recorded, and sometimes unrestorably fragmented, knowledge materials (further complicated by copyright terms), so the archived *atmimage*-s, encapsulated in quartz urns, would swell the numbers of useless facilities in digital cemeteries of data-columbariums.

Just a note in parentheses: later they became materials of exhibitions of fine arts, and one of the famous pictures, representing by *The School of Electromagnetic Radiation Application* and created with *X-ray Adobeings*, was the expectant transhuman mother with an insect winged angel infant in her body. The sight of the green-hot chitin framework embedded in the skeleton is cruelly honest. In this sturdy and matured body (the *x-rays* will depict essence of gender roles more expressively than an ordinary nude), between the hip-bones that are outstretched like white wings and almost broadening ready for childbirth, you can see the outlines of a hidden-in, hazy, yet imperfect, tiny, phosphorescent skeleton, the contours of a hybrid angel (*third party genre*). A pregnant woman, being in the prime of her life and her death, with the conceived, but still unborn embryo preparing for dying (*angelisation*), well, in this eavesdropped moment, being noteworthy for the succeeding generations, there is a kind of a universal and unquestionably true description of the *Nature* [*samsaravolution*] that is nothing else but the temple of *Satan*.

The genetic treasury index of cemeteries, having become valuable but being forgotten, went sky high after hitting the stock exchange, in fact, the stock exchange portfolio of Anglo-Saxon *WASP allele* line used to indicate the regular and unjustified surplus. The reanimation, according to the inherited *deadface account* likers (sometimes it might result in collective rehumanisation in case of popular porno or movie stars, whose loins would subsequently burst into blossom) was not directed towards the cloning of copyrighted content found in the memories of the dead of past, and never included any single entity of the scientists society had lived in olden times (except for the army of military engineers being totally unknown to scientific history). It was an extremely stringent practice at the big change of the new cultural era, at that time when the musicians used to lower the electric guitars form their cardiac region in front of their loin.

In the Western world, hiding of work (and of its pleasure) is part of a mendacious hypocritical tradition, where the alienated transhuman portfolios of rivalling reanimated human-objects will compete with each others in the network space.

The sanctimonious practice of techno-positivistic *smackreation* ('one snap creation') is profoundly conservative: it is interested in liberating peoples for the sake of authority purposes instead of restricting the inherent evil. Therefore, one of the biggest issues of the future is that the media, being capable of filling up a virtual world for masses, may indeed produce by means of

cronoexhumation a concentration of power over the brains connected into subscribers' network that will remain till the end of time and even "*the gates of hell will not prevail against it*". Its daily routine will teach that the re-encapsulated human souls and the transhuman cultures, stored in mind-capsules bred from crystal and developed for the purpose of those souls' storage, and later extracted and re-digitized, should be considered as a source of profit-making and personal enrichment. For this reason, material interests of *necromantia* are capable to swallow up any other human feeling, and so the earthly society just looks like rag-fair of bio-aliens' extorting passions. We can lay it down: our entrancing age's homogeneous social system connected into network and becoming global has an incomparable ability to demoralize the exhumed digitized human souls and the traditional cultures living in their (mind-capsuled) memories (*laswellisation*).

At the same time, in an interesting way, the contemporary so-called "*artist*" image-creators, dandruff-souled prophets and *music-recyclator* entities producing aural jellifying (*gaywatch*) received only a few redeeming likes on the occasion of being transported to the Tube of The Dead (*Seol Tube*), consequently certain *digitaletal genre* branches should necessarily be transferred to pay channels. Their selection and tariff will not show big difference as compared to the original clone mind-contents, thus indicating the perpetual truth of the banality: "*even the future is not the same anymore*", in turn, it has totally precluded the spreading of *digital greenpeace* type requiems of *meme-bit-torrents* like "*Last Tour On This Planet*".

So, consequently, the "*Last Tour On This Planet*" collection is only one of the last "*Noah Arcanida*" type evacuational collecting expedition has been organised by eyeless *alien-s*, arriving from spheres beyond the *Nyx* constellation and having shimmering chitin-brilliance, through the rescuing wormholes (*Casimir tube-s*) of the timepits installed on the squares of big cities, and who have not been prevented from archiving the relics of societies sentenced to extinction, by their levitation in the pure *Platonic* fields.

We recommend the sound recording to the attention of those persons being stuck to the Earth who never have had any common affair with the composer, since he has only been able to create all of this without them. According to the epitaph written on his glossless mind-urn, entombed on the Uranus' paraselene and containing his synthetic ashes: "*What He is now without us, with Him we'll become the same.*"

(László Hortobágyi 2013, www.guo.hu and corresponding member of "Puppies & Kittens of Budavár" website)

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