

Sounding the Depths: *Agartha Unear{th}ed.*

((2016.06.06))

My partner and I were undertaking some research on *AGARTHA*¹ in preparation for a couple of publications (one for *CultureMachine* and another for *FibreCulture*, as well as for a keynote at the second ‘Tuning Speculation’ conference which took place many months before those publications)² when a colleague from the *Riven-World*³ sent us—*riverrun, past Eve and Adam’s*⁴—a Linking-Book to the works not of *Saint-Yves d’Alveydre* (born in 1842, deceased in 1909)⁵ but of another, younger, Frenchman (born in 1992, not yet deceased), who is about to release his very first album in the wake of several mix-tapes, EPs and uploaded singles: a man whose first-name echoes the surname of *Basilus Valentinus* (the famous alchemist)...namely *Valentin Le Du*, better-known by his *Sheridan-Le-Fanu* cognomen (beamed down to him from *VALIS*,⁶ of all places/spaces) *Vald ‘VALIS’ Sullivan*.⁷ The album about to be released by Vald will have as its title the Alveydrian ‘*AGARTHA*’:⁸ that world hidden from human-all-too-human detection, realm of ()hole-earth/()hole-world orchestration.⁹ I hadn’t heard of Vald before, nor heard his music, but one of the links in the Linking-Book linked to a webpage featuring the lyrics to one of his uploaded singles, ‘Gizeh’.¹⁰ ‘Gizeh’ begins—at least, *lyrically*—with a nod to *Mother-Goose* rhymes/rhythms/algorithms, or rather those of her French counterpart *La Mère-d’Oye*, the “*d’Oye*” of which resounds of the *doigts*—that is *digits*¹¹—of our digital era, the digit in question *dismembered* (“oigt-d”).¹² The song isn’t about *Mother-Goose* but rather about *Mother Nature*,¹³ that old Geezer/Giza,¹⁴ who takes on a persona akin to *Madame Edwarda*: that famous figure from the works of *Georges Bataille*.¹⁵ Vald’s *Dame Nature qua Madame Edwarda*, a.k.a. *Mother Earth*—and the *Earth in its Entirety*, as such—is *inhuman*, akin more to the *reptiles* and *insects* than to humans (be they digital or analogue). “Shit,” the singer exclaims

¹ En.Wikipedia.org/wiki/Agartha#History

² CultureMachine.net/index.php/cm/article/view/583/605, TwentyFive.FibreCultureJournal.org/FCJ-185-An-Algorithmic-Agartha-post-app-approaches-to-Synarchic-Regulation, Web.Archive.org/web/20141228003400/http://TheOcculture.net

³ En.Wikipedia.org/wiki/Riven#Plot

⁴ FinWake.com/1024chapter1/1024finn1.htm (trentu.ca/faculty/jjoyce/fw-3.htm)

⁵ En.Wikipedia.org/wiki/Alexandre_Saint-Yves_d%27Alveydre#Development_of_Synarchy

⁶ En.Wikipedia.org/wiki/VALIS

⁷ Fr.Wikipedia.org/wiki/Vald

⁸ [Twitter.com/RapctualitesFR/status/682941956071272449](https://twitter.com/RapctualitesFR/status/682941956071272449)

⁹ [En.Wikipedia.org/wiki/Agartha #cite_ref-Eco2006_2-0](http://En.Wikipedia.org/wiki/Agartha#cite_ref-Eco2006_2-0) ([Twitter.com/TheoryCentre/status/651960381397725184](https://twitter.com/TheoryCentre/status/651960381397725184)). Re: Agartha as a world hidden from human-all-too-human detection, Alberto Manguel and Gianni Guadalupi explain that “Agartha is remarkable mainly because visitors are known to have crossed it without ever realizing it. *Unaware*, they have probably gazed on the famous University of Knowledge, ‘Paradesa’, where the spiritual and occult treasures of humanity are guarded. *Unaware*, they have walked through Agartha’s royal capital, which houses a gilded throne decorated with the figures of two million small gods”/avatars (*A Dictionary of Imaginary Places*, New York: Harcourt Brace & Company, 2000, 6). “It is probably useless to add (again, visitors will have seen them and forgotten) that Agartha holds some of the world’s largest libraries”—hence, once again, its “famous University of Knowledge” (*ibid.*)

¹⁰ Genius.com/7196967

¹¹ [Translate.Google.com/#fr/en/doigts](https://translate.google.com/#fr/en/doigts)

¹² “Sous tes guibolles la terre s’ouvre, mes bras sortent et font des oigt-d”: under your stumps (*i.e.* your two legs) the world opens up, my arms emerge and form fingers (igits-d, digits); Genius.com/7196967

¹³ “*Dame Nature* qui fond en larmes, les humains qui font des lois”: *Mother Nature* who bursts into tears, humans that fabricate laws; Genius.com/7196967

¹⁴ ‘Giza’ here as a female ‘Geezer’, at least for present purposes (in the name of ‘Gizeh’)

¹⁵ The song, in other words, is a tad pornographic

in the spirit of *Père Ubu* (the ‘papa’ side of the *Mère-d’Oye/merde-toi* ‘mama’),¹⁶ “y’all are *insects*, not Earthlings!”¹⁷ Y’all are *insects* and *in sex* (in and of the *sex-act*, joined—and separated as well—along the *sex-axes*) in this song, and although the lyrics can be read in an entirely *Georges Bataille* fashion (à la *Madame Edwarda*) they can also be read/heard in a more *science-fictional, hyperstitional, geo-philosophical* manner, managing as they do an ongoing *allegoresis* of Alveydre’s *AGARTHA*¹⁸ (to which direct/non-allegorical reference is made in the thirteenth line of the lyrics¹⁹). The singer wants to belong—to “adhere”—to *AGARTHA* (perhaps just as much as the narrator in Bataille’s story²⁰ wants to belong—to “adhere”—to *Madame Edwarda*) so that from *AGARTHA*’s fathomless depths he can irradiate the ()hole of the earth, send wave after wave—“my greatest waves”—to “you” the *insects, reptiles*, so-called *Earthlings* of the Earth,²¹ and ignite the incendiary wick of this wicked world, shattering its ()hole demonic/dragontological hoarde.²² In this sense *Vald Sullyvan*—the narrator here—is akin to the character *Glen Runciter* in the Philip K Dick novel *UBIK*:²³ Glen, too, sends his “greatest waves” in ubiquitous fashion to the novel’s planetary/post-planetary protagonists: protagonists who think that they are alive, but are not (or not quite).

¹⁶ Fr.Wikipedia.org/wiki/Merde#Merdre

¹⁷ “Merde!, z’êtes des *insectes*, pas des Terriens”; Genius.com/7196967

¹⁸ Or rather, not only the *AGARTHA* of Saint-Yves d’Alveydre but also—for example—that of Louis *Jaccoliot*, of Ferdynand *Ossendowski*, of Helena *Blavatsky*, of Helen & Nicholas *Roerich*, of René *Guénon*, of the electric Miles *Davis*, of Afrika *Bambaataa*, of Hiromu *Arakawa*, of Umberto *Eco*, of Takaharu *Matsumoto*, of Makoto *Shinkai*, of Stephen O’Malley & his band *Sunn_O)))*, of Mike *Mignola & Co. (The B.P.R.D)*, Ragnar *Tørnquist et-al. (The Secret World)*, *et cetera, et cetera*. Note that these *AGARTHAS* come with various spellings—all of them derived from the Sanskrit अगर्त—e.g. *Agartha, Agarttha, Agartta, Agarta, Asgarta, Asgartta, Asgartha, Agharta, Agharti, Agardhi, etc. (TwentyFive.FibreCultureJournal.org/FCL-185-An-Algorithmic-Agartha-post-app-approaches-to-Synarchic-Regulation/#17)*

¹⁹ The thirteenth line begins: “Y a que du royaume d’*AGARTHA*” (see *Footnote 21* below for the rest, along with the English translation). A quick look online for some background, *hyperstitched/hyperstitional or otherwise*, on *Vald/Valentin Le Du*, reveals that his “adhésions” & “inspirations” are on the side of *cTheory* (not—or not only, not quite—in the sense, say, of *cTheory.net/ctheory_wp/the-disembodied-eye-ideology-and-power-in-the-age-of-nihilism/#_edn6* for example, but more along the lines of “*conspiracy-Theory*”/*cTheory* in general), and especially *conspiracy-Theories* having to do with topics/utopia such as *Agartha, Lemuria, Hyperborea, etc.* The French *Wikipedia*, for instance, has a link to an August 2013 interview with *Vald (Fr.Wikipedia.org/wiki/Vald#cite_note-13)* in which he makes a statement that recalls—to my ears—a passage from *Foucault’s Pendulum*, that wonderful novel by Umberto Eco. First the passage from Eco, then, then the echo via Vald. “Isn’t it said that history is a bloodstained and senseless riddle?” writes Eco. “No, *impossible*; there must be a *Design*—there must be a *Mind*. That is why over the centuries men far from ignorant have thought of the *Masters* or the *King of the World* not as physical beings but as a collective symbol—as the successive, temporary incarnation of a Fixed Intention. An Intention with which the great priestly orders and the vanished chivalries were in touch” (Umberto Eco, *Foucault’s Pendulum*, trans. William Weaver, New York: Harcourt Harvest, 1989, 302). “Myself—*Valentin*—I do not accept this reality without an unhealthy spirit organizing all this shit [*un esprit malsain qui organize toute cette merde*]. I do not accept this, in fact. I can’t comprehend that the human is a such a shit that it gets itself fucked-up in this shit on purpose; *I can’t talk about the world that way*, in fact—I just can’t. It’s not my *reality*, you see. I need some son-of-a-bitch to come up to me and say that he wants to fuck me up and that that’s why all this is like this. And according to me, [these sons-of-bitches] they’re *reptiles*” (excerpt—*1m20s to 1m48s*, translated into English for this Footnote—taken from the August 2013 interview conducted for ‘*BOOSKA-P: The Hip-Hop-Culture Website*’ available online at YouTube.com/v/H-1xHegz4P4?start=80&end=108&autoplay=1). In the face of chaos and anarchy, those who deem such “a bloodstained and senseless riddle” to be “*impossible*”—“*I can’t talk about the world that way...I just can’t*”—speak instead of an unseen order, be this order *chivalric, reptilian, redlectroid (En.Wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Adventures_of_Buckaroo_Banzai_Across_the_8th_Dimension#Plot)* or—beyond these *Alveydrian/Valdian/Masado-Banzaian* bearings—*otherwise*. What we have here isn’t *superstition*, it’s *hyperstition*, N.B.

²⁰ Pierre Angélique (the angelic *philosopher’s-stone*)?—cf. Georges Bataille, a.k.a. ‘Pierre Angélique’, *Madame Edwarda* (Paris: Éditions du Solitaire, 1941)

²¹ “Y a que du royaume d’*AGARTHA* que je veux l’adhésion. Je t’envoie mes meilleures ondes”: there is but the realm of *AGARTHA* to which I want adherence. I send you my greatest [/best] waves; Genius.com/7196967

²² “Magma sous la mèche, on fracasse toute la Légion”: magma under the wick, we shatter the whole legion; Genius.com/7196967 (re: the ouroborically ‘dragontological’, see our contribution to *Collapse* Volume VII—Urbanomic.com/book/Collapse-7)

²³ En.Wikipedia.org/wiki/Ubik

We have moved (in one paragraph) from *Saint-Yves d'Alveydre*, born in 1842, to *Valentin Le Duc*, born in 1992, to *UBIK's Glen Runciter* and the latter's life/death-activities, which take place (in the fictive account) in the year of Valentin/Vald's birth (the place and time-period of the narrative being the "North American Confederation" of 1992). The main characters in the latter story—that of *UBIK*, 1992—are all in "half-life": a kind of cryonic suspension, midway between *hypnosis* and *thanatosis*, akin to the state induced by the pre-Frank-Herbert worms of Stan Weinbaum's sci-fi short, *Flight on Titan*.²⁴ The threadworms of Weinbaum's short story (a story set in the year 2142: 150 years after 1992, the year of *UBIK's* events and of Vald Sullyvan's birth²⁵) are "snake-like, seemingly intelligent creature[s]" that "project...telepathic message[s]"²⁶ which themselves induce *hypno-thanatosis* and render their beholders inert, very much in the manner of the Cronenbergesque "Cathode-Ray Mission"-emissions described in our '*Mort à Discredit: Otium, Negotium, and the Critique of Transcendental Miserablism*'.²⁷ The world—[re]mediated as it is in this Electrocene Era²⁸—is ()holly/ubiquitously irradiated by wired and wireless signals that 'snake' or 'worm' their way through every supposed 'barrier', each and every 'body' that is found to be free of Faraday-Cages/'FC's. Internet, Smartphone-Apps, Advertisement-Screens, High-Def Televisions, and other such Optical Media (with a Tip-of-the-Tinfoil-Hat here to *Friedrich Kittler*, who reminds us that Optical Media—OM—channel *sounds* as well as *images*, and far *more* besides)²⁹ project telepathic messages just as Weinbaum's worms do, just as Runciter does, as does Vald's or Alveydre's *AGARTHA*, the *VALIS* ("Vast Active Living Intelligence System") of Philip K Dick, and perhaps even as does our dear *AUDINT* (the "Audio Intelligence" research-op).

On and in the dust of this planet³⁰ there is no escape from the spectrum of signals and noise; 'Escape from Noise' is impossible, even if we were in Negativland,³¹ even if we were in an *urn*, *coffin* or *cage* for a day (a «*Cage Faraday*»³²). Even the *dead* are subject to—or rather, *objects* of—such sounds, such deep and wide soundings. Indeed we are all, as a 'corps', *corpsed* (lifting this word from Clov in Beckett's *Endgame*),³³ whether we are within coffins or wandering *beyond* urns (before earning our urns) hither and thither over the surface of the Earth. Within and without 'FC's (Faraday Cages and/or Figurative Coffins) we are *caged*: caged—*holed-up*, *holed-in*, *cavernously confined*—in the fullest etymological sense of the word³⁴ (and, with a nod to Bataille's *W.C.*³⁵ flush with John³⁶), which brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation³⁷

²⁴ En.Wikipedia.org/wiki/Flight_on_Titan#Weinbaum.27s_Titan

²⁵ And *UBIK's* events themselves take place 150 years after the birth of *Saint-Yves*. 1842, 1992, 2142.

²⁶ Everett Franklin Bleiler & Richard Bleiler, *The Gernsback Years: A Complete Coverage of the Genre Magazines from 1926 Through 1936* (Kent State University Press, 1998), 482

²⁷ ParrhesiaJournal.org/parrhesia22/parrhesia22_mellamphy.pdf (Academia.edu/4184488)

²⁸ UFblog.net/Electrocene (NumeroCinqMagazine.com/2016/01/04/Deep-Media-Fiction-essay-German-Sierra/#footnote-31)

²⁹ Friedrich Kittler, *Optische Medien* (Berlin: Merve Verlag, 2002)

³⁰ [Twitter.com/youtopos/status/578072597293723648](https://twitter.com/youtopos/status/578072597293723648)

³¹ En.Wikipedia.org/wiki/Escape_from_Noise#Track_listing

³² Cage Faraday (Cage de Faraday): Fr.Wikipedia.org/wiki/Cage_de_Faraday

³³ Samuel-Beckett.net/endgame.html (En.Wikipedia.org/wiki/Endgame_(play)#Characters)

³⁴ Etymonline.com/index.php?term=cage

³⁵ *W.C.* was the title of a novel "in violent opposition to any form of dignity" written (and then supposedly destroyed) by Georges Bataille. As Stuart Kendall explains in his volume on Bataille written for the Reaktion Books series 'Critical Lives'

back to the hallowed ()hole of hollow-earth *AGARTHA* and to our status on its surface as mere surface/superficial creatures, “hollow men...stuffed men...head[s]...filled with straw” (“our dead voices, when we whisper together, are quiet and meaningless”).³⁸ When everything is irradiated and interpenetrated by radio-/audio-/electro-/info-waves—full-spectrum signals—everything is revealed to be hollow: “a hollow hole” in the words of Afrika Bambaataa,³⁹ a “()hole complex” in the words of Hamid Parsani.⁴⁰ *VALIS, AGARTHA, AUDINT, et cetera*, help us become attuned to this holey condition.

(Georges Bataille, London: Reaktion Books, 2007, 47), “the narrative begins in a cellar; in French this is a ‘*sous-sol*’, an underground space.”

³⁶ JohnCage.org

³⁷ FinWake.com/1024chapter1/1024finn1.htm (trentu.ca/faculty/jjoyce/fw-3.htm)

³⁸ PoetryX.com/poetry/poems/784

³⁹ [Twitter.com/youtopos/status/651520971061469184](https://twitter.com/youtopos/status/651520971061469184)

⁴⁰ “[It is called] ‘()hole complex’ since Parsani’s original term implies both a destituted *Whole* (creation, genesis, state, etc.) and a *holey-ness*,” explains Negarestani on page 42 of his *Cyclonopedia* (Melbourne: Re.press Books, 2008). “*Holey Space*, or more accurately [the] ()hole complex (connoting a degenerate wholeness), speeds up and triggers a particular subversion in solid bodies such as earth. It unfolds holes as ambiguous entities—oscillating between surface and depth—within solid matrices, fundamentally corrupting the latter’s consolidation and wholeness through perforations and terminal porosities. For a solid body, the vermiculation of holes undermines the coherency between the circumferential surfaces and its solidity. The process of degenerating a solid body by corrupting the coherency of its surfaces is called *ungrounding*. In other words, the process of ungrounding degenerates the whole into an endless hollow body—irreducible to nothingness—and damages the coherency between the surfaces and the solid body in itself. ...‘The nethermost caverns’, wrote the mad Arab, ‘are not for the fathoming of eyes that see...’ (H.P. Lovecraft, *The Festival*)” (*ibid.* 43-44).