

## Part One: Creative Writing Piece

### A Quiet Rebellion.

*"I was goofing around like everybody else... all of a sudden stuff came gushing out. It was disgust with civilisation" (Vonnegut 2008: 233)*

In the late hours of the night, a chromatic dancer steps down from first the pole, then to the sticky floor from the four-foot platform; she expertly navigates the adhesive, vomit covered ground with low-level strobe lighting reflecting off her silver chrome skin upgrade and vibrant red hair. The club she works in (for now, at least) is a low-life dive; a far cry from the luxurious, high-class club she worked at in the Glass Tower a year ago.

It smells. The floor is sticky. The cheap strobe lights aren't working half the time, and when they do there's only two settings: *off and on*. She walks past the four inebriated men passed out in separate booths, each with women dancing around them pretending these men are awake as a ruse to steal whatever Credits these unconscious men have on them. The destitute stealing from those with equally as little or even less than them – but all workers (Surplus or employed) do what needs to be done to afford food or this month's subscription of clean water.

"Hey Eliza, we still on for later?" The muscular bartender asks as she walks past the bar, his whirring metal hand slowly rotating and spiralling to wipe the cheap glasses dry.

"Of course, sweetheart," She responds, "We close at three. That's forty-five minutes from now – do not take the piss, do not be late. You know we are on a schedule."

"No need to be like that Bizzy Lizzy," He laughs her curtness off, "I'm not a child."

"Then don't act like one. You were late to the last one. You don't know who's around." She snatches the margarita from the bar – definitely meant for someone else – and marches to the dressing room without giving Jackson a chance to reply. She sticks what she refers to as her 'non-drink hand' into the air as she walks away giving him a three-finger salute to remind him to not forget. *Three a.m., Jackson.*

She slumps into a seat in the communal dressing room after shrugging on an ostentatiously fluffy tulle dressing gown – not for warmth since she physically cannot get cold anymore: it's more of a habit these days. Thank whatever higher being is or isn't out there for the temperature stabilising software. The huge platform heels are instantly off – her feet cannot hurt directly from the pressure, height, or general pain from the shoes, but wearing them still feels unnatural. Crossing her legs, the pink tulle sliding down her legs to reveal silver skin, Lizzy tugs the cable hidden from inside her wrist and jacks into the Public Access Video Link referred to colloquially by its acronym PAVL.

Her pupils flicker like an old television receiving static; she's tuned into the news show. The room she sees is clinically white with a single, sloped table that is embedded into the ground with two white men sitting behind it dressed in blue suits. They are taut in their sitting position: upright, straight backed, hands on the table. No paper in front of them – paper was outlawed many years ago. No resources for them anyway. A regular viewer can notice the subtle flickers of the wall of text within their pupils. Their smiles unnatural: plastic and painful. Like a stretched rubber band about to break. Apparently, this robotic method allows for better communication of the Corporation's news with less menial chatter between the hosts. The Corporation says it is more efficient that way.

Although they show no significant cybernetic alterations like the dancer watching, with rosy skin and perfectly coiffed hair, internally, it is clear they are more mechanical than the majority of the Surplus and employed classes with their various upgrades and cybernetics. The general population's cybernetic alterations are the cheaper alternative of course: there is no free public healthcare in New California and what medical assistance is available, is far above of what the average person can afford. Not that there would be any waiting lists for those that *could* afford healthcare anyway: the wealthy, separated from those at the bottom with their towering skyscrapers all connected through a series of glass galleries, have no need for healthcare. They can just purchase or grow a unique, new Sleeve to place the chip that holds their personality and memories in and live a better life. Therefore, hospitals are left desolate.

Why try and fix what is breaking when you could just start anew? The Corporation says it is much more efficient that way. If one is particularly fond of their Sleeve for that cycle of their lives, they can also purchase insurance through Trauma Resuscitation; for an ostentatious membership price (of course insignificant to those being able to afford new Sleeves), any trauma – physical, psychological, or technical - can be repaired. However, by the upper classes this is not viewed positively, as for those up top, new Sleeves are equated with a new dress, suit, or shoes. What a waste of money.

Healthcare of the Ancestors is not needed – why would it be? New California (or NC for short) names little profit of the healthcare procedures pre-Desolation: colds, cancers, broken bones are removed and replaced with new bodies or cybernetics. The latter of these two are, as stated previously, substantially cheaper than traditional Ancestral healthcare – both in that isolated incident of illness, and also throughout their whole cycle in that Sleeve. Why stick a broken arm in a cast for six weeks and then struggle for years with limited movement when you could remove the arm, replace with cybernetics and life becomes infinitely easier – the governing Corporation say that it is more efficient for labour this way.

“Hello lovely patrons of New California, it is 2am and you’ve tuned into Pretoria radio. If you are new here, then where have you been?! We cover all that is current in our beautiful paradise. You are joined by me, Abernathy, and my colleague, Lincoln. Before we begin, it is our duty to showcase the financial sponsor of this show: the Musk Conglomerate Corporation and Government!” The man’s smile grows wider as the business logo for the Governing Corporation appears on the screen, adorned by the flag of NC fluttering with some post-production adjustments; the leaders of the Musk Conglomerate appear side by side, saluting the flag, the corporation, the economy. “Our saviours that built our glorious city that spans as far as the eye can see from the treated sea of the west to the great wall that protects us from the Badlands. Remember, truthful news only comes from MCCG endorsed and funded media: do not believe the fake news.”

Lincoln, the second show host, eyes flicker as his mandated script appears before his eyes, “as usual, to start everyday dark and early, we have statistics fresh from the Corporation Codex; homicides ending in perma-death are down 784 these past two weeks and gang violence is being nullified through our patriotic NC Police Department cracking down on insolent gangs aiming to corrupt and tear apart our wonderful world. This city is devoted to Law and Order! In light of the success of those enacting the grace of our Leaders, please join us in saluting our forces with our national anthem.”

The hosts’ smiles do not change; their alabaster skin stretches to the limit to the point of being translucent. Their bodies are static with their eyes piercing into the camera – the virtual reality jack places the viewer through the eyes of the camera so to them, these hosts are mere two or three feet away from them. The national anthem blares so cringingly loud Lizzy’s eyes twitch in response. She feels disorientated; her hand instinctively reaches towards her ear in retaliation and mutes herself.

She heard through an associate that the Resistance thinks that within the national anthem, played at least six times a day, is laced with a subliminal virus (a virus to the general population, a successful, well-coded programme for the MCGG) that hacks into the cybernetics of the working population, analyses their tracking systems; where they’ve been, what they’ve spent their money on – whether they have spread dissident information which in direct conflict with the Police, Crime, Sentencing and Courts Bill, paragraph four, section three:

*“The Corporation and all succeeding governmental administrations (if applicable) shall not be questioned. Shall not be protested. Shall not be endangered. The city the Corporation has created is to protect, to serve the public. Those that are found guilty shall be fined at the whim of the ruling governmental corporation, and/or banished to the Badlands, the nuclear affected wasteland previously known as the State of California, and the wider region formally known as the United States of America.”*

There’s no proof of this, however. The Corporation says they know what is best for citizens of NC.

The Rebellion, although not recognised by the MCCG are rumoured to be on an alert list in the Police Department, with constant surveillance and monitoring across the CyberNet – and, if you believe the rumours – the data influx from the broadcast virus. A mysterious group since no one has publicly been prosecuted or exposed as a member or associate of the insurgent order. Privately however, who knows what has really happened. People are either too caught up in buying the newest products – whether it's the latest cybernetic upgrade (the top trend according to the MCCG infonews is the Musk Corp patented solid gold chrome replating), or the newest release of clothing: the DecaDance brand has revolutionised how clothing is worn! The software, when installed onto the individual's cybernetic system can change the appearance of clothing – for only a small fee!

There has been uproar from other fashion staples about this software however: the convenience of this system cannot be matched, and therefore, if deployed, could put many out of business.

The Rebellion is tired of consumption. They think the Corporation is lying. They have lived too long gotten too good at control – they are Ancestors after all. Alive before the Desolation in 2089, the only living Ancestor are in their lead-lined (yet transparent) glass towers, protected from radiation, protected from poverty, crime and death. But they exist nameless. Absent. And most definitely faceless. Who knows if the workers – employed or Surplus (the Corporation's pleasant title for the unemployed and/or destitute) – will ever know what these mysterious figures know of the past?

She's lost in her thoughts: what she knows, what she doesn't. How her knowledge is eligible for Perma-death.

The hosts are talking again, their mouths are moving, yet the rest of their body is eerily still. She waits a few minutes still out of paranoia and unmutes her stream. “--mining colony on the planet Enceladus was in serious danger yesterday as the New Water Extraction Device experienced technical difficulties. Our gracious Corporate Government, known to the masses as CG, are extracting water from Enceladus to make clean water accessible for all! Remember to upgrade your cybernetic pass' membership to access this exciting inclusion to life in NC!”

Images and short clips appear on screen from the colony's CCTV; a huge mechanical structure is embedded within cracked ice frozen in place from the Baltic conditions. It is bent, broken, and sparking – a clear danger to anyone nearby. Underneath the water, the dancer can *just* see silhouettes under the ice; they appear to be black blobs – almost like they have been blurred. Survivors connected to a pulley system hammer the ice where the dead Sleeves are floating and with great effort, they drag the Sleeves to the surface, remove the Stack and drop the vacant body back into the frigid water. She recognises a Sleeve in the water; fifty feet away from the camera, but still easily viewable through the focus of her retinal implant. Her best friend, Tizzy, was conscripted into the programme after being Surplus for over two years and had hardly heard from her since; her previously natural, bouncy afro shaved into a buzzcut – like the rest of the Sleeves employed by the Corporation.

Bizzy Lizzy and Fizzy Tizzy. Iconic party duo. Viral sensations (if you can call the maximum outreach of popular media totalling the population of one singular city as 'viral') until the MCCG amassed an instantaneous aggressive takeover over the independent clothing line Tizzy worked at; a one-off payment for software that allows poorer individuals to alter their appearance for no extra cost, no physical space taken up in already cramped close quarters. Of course it got snapped up by the Corporation, (albeit through a few shell companies so there is no trace of any 'suspicious' activity), rebranded, and the initial selling price increased tenfold with microtransactions added for each item of clothing purchased. DecaDance – buy it now!

*Will she come home? Will she be the same? Or damaged? What will she look like?*

The Corporation say that these Stacks on mining planets are crucial to the survival of New California – after all, it is an inconvenience and very expensive to ship surplus workers over one billion kilometres to Saturn's sixth moon, then feed them, clothe them, provide essentials and then *pay* them.

"The mine collapsed due to interference on Saturn's Moon which caused the ice to buckle. All Stacks of those submerged were found, the traumatic memories erased, Resleeved and set to work again within twelve hours. In Musk we trust for the technology the Corporation bestows upon us."

*Interference? What does that even mean?*

Lizzy disconnects from the stream, her linking device slotting back into her wrist: she's seen enough of this bullshit. Showing these bodies was too far – and anyone with a decent eye could see that a few of those frozen Sleeves had small bullet holes in their bodies, blood frozen from the cold. The last coded email she received from her stated that there was defiance rising from the workers there; that the working conditions were awful and communication from NC had seen no addition of funds into the employees, or their families, financial accounts. The temperature on that planet was in the minuses. No metal could break in half in such frigid conditions.

Unless it was blown up.

If what the show hosts said were true, and the events were deleted from the worker's Stacks, how much was removed? Was any other part of their programming deleted?

An unnatural chill as cold as the planes of Enceladus pierced her spine and her eyes readjusted from the clinically white radio show to the dim, gloomy dressing room. Tizzy could be dead. Perma-dead.

*I'm doing this to get you back Tizzy. If there's anything of you left to come home.*

If Lizzy had any issue as to why she volunteered to be a part of tomorrow's offensive, she was absolved of such doubts now. She's doing this for everyone she's lost, for the people who have had nothing to lose their entire lives who are destitute, always kept on the edge of salvation by being labelled Surplus.

Most of all, she is doing it for her and Tizzy. For what she experienced in the Glass Tower Club – and what they made her forget. Tizzy's stability was pulled out from under her so MCCG could financially benefit. As if they need any more money.

The door opened after a few lively taps with Jackson's face sliding around the door. His grin wide, but fake. "You ready?" Jackson looked nervous to ask her after her curtness earlier; he made sure to finish his end-of-the-night jobs twenty minutes earlier. Lizzy knew what he meant however – not 'are you ready', but *are you okay?* He saw the news too.

“You’re early.” A short, rude retort to some, but Jackson understood the real meaning behind it; it was recognition and gratuity for finishing early, for checking in on her. They never spoke plainly to each other: their experiences have left them... prickly to say the least; always coded, double-entendres that only those two could understand. Conveniently, it helps them to stay safe too.

She took off her dressing gown, still in her dancing clothes and shrugged her calf length black fur coat on. Naturally, not real fur, all animals are assumed extinct except for those under bio-recreation at the Glass Towers and even then, there is no way we’d be seeing any animals on the streets, not to mention non-holographic trees and greenery. She slips some comfier trainers on - scraggy from use, yet still wearable – leaving her heels tucked underneath her table and walks with Jackson across the sticky room, lifting her coat up just a little, just in case it catches on the floor. She refuses to look at this place for the last time – so many memories she would *willingly* erase from her mind.

Her blood boiled; her memories from her job in the Glass Tower erased: of cleanliness, of being fed, clothed, receiving a decent wage – all gone. Of *living*, not just surviving. Her friend who she never got a chance to confess her love to – possibly, most likely, dead. Or existing in a way the Tizzy she knew would prefer death.

But she’ll get back what’s left of her one way or another.

“You ready?” Jackson mutters again.

“I’m ready.”



## Part Two: Commentary

This piece of creative coursework has probably been one of the most difficult pieces – but one of the most enjoyable in relation to finding inspiration and doing secondary reading. Focusing so much on analysis through my experience at university, it has therefore been challenging to think creatively and inverting my normality by producing a piece of imaginative work instead of analysing it.

This work aims to envision a utopian/dystopian society inspired by primary and secondary sources we have covered during this module. I have been inspired by Moore's *Utopia* as well as the cultures present in Gilman's *Herland*, Zamyatin's *We* and Butler's *Parable of the Sower*. The emphasis on human labour within Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times* also influenced this work through the repetitiveness of work within the working class.

With the utopian texts (*Utopia* and *Herland*), I was disturbed by how utopian they were: it's so distended from how I view society that seeing an example of an isolated utopia is satirical; a utopian society isolated from the rest of the world to me, seems privileged and ignorant of the struggles of the rest of the world.

My original idea was to create a script of a radio show that created a dystopian view of a cyberpunk society through propaganda and censorship blending with inversion of quotes of the texts to create an overcompensation and overarching control over the general public. I changed my idea to focus on a **short story** as I could explain the society I have created in better detail and give more context; it makes this explanation of context considerably easier – especially since I struggled with the writing.

Focusing on the script/screenplay places a lot of pressure to create exposition of the society it is based within through speech, and I found this infinitely easier through changing the structure of my work to be more descriptive based. Since I did plan this originally to be a radio show, I was inspired to seek out music that reflected themes prevalent within this literary genre, as well as music that is either from soundtracks from cyberpunk media, or similar creations. I made two Spotify playlists: one focusing on

a more expectant instrumental example of music in Cyberpunk media and subculture, and one more lyrically based. Further links, lyrical extracts and subsequent explanations can be found within the appendices.

My main inspiration for this text was text-wise *Utopia*, and *Herland* in its presentation of culture. Both texts are physically isolated from the rest of the world which I feel is the only way in which a utopia is possible which influenced how enclosed and separated my fictional city of New California is; even to the point of its citizens questioning what is *actually* out there. Even though *Utopia* was written in 1516, this presentation of a utopian society is still relevant to how society operates today.

The comparisons between Utopia and Western society creates a binary between the utopian land, and the flawed society of England. This key theme of displacement and separation (seen physically in *Utopia* and *Herland*, and even to the extent of displacement of time in *News from Nowhere*) from the perceived norm society implies (significantly with both societies in *Utopia*) that there is something wrong with the norm society – in these texts, specifically Western society. Reading Artur Blaim's article further explored this binary further as he explains that in *Utopia*, More creating distinction with Utopia being a utopia, consequently, portrays the 'Real' as dystopia (2016: 601).

This displacement is even seen further through the fact that *Utopia* was originally written in Latin - privileged learning in comparison to the illiterate majority. For me, this hides the truth from the wider public; rich nobility controlling information. With a few individuals owning press in England today: Lord Rothermere, Murdoch, Desmond, Lebenev (Jones 2019) - is this free press? I wanted to explore political control through a dramatized totalitarian state paralleled by a working-class dissident movement inspired by my own political views and the use of scholarly secondary sources such as Marx, Althusser, and Engels.

I thought this exploration of political control would fit best within the cyberpunk genre; this is a dystopian post-modern genre of literature that blurs the line between humanity and technology (Cadora 1995: 357) which I have noticed, also coincides with a deterioration of the relationship

between technology, class and consumption. This is seen in *Altered Carbon* and its television counterpart, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*, *Blade Runner*, and *Cyberpunk 2077*. Some elements I have used within my writing with an extensive table crediting the pieces I have used fully in Appendix Three.

I wanted to relate this to contemporary America: to touch upon how most people struggle to access the privatised healthcare due to its expense. I dramatised this in my work with the poor having to choose cheaper, more permanent (and sometimes illegal) alterations to allow themselves to function. They are more attractive as employees if they do not get sick and are more likely to be hired over others through having a convenient cybernetic enhancement. The minority rich on the other hand, can replace their body entirely, bypassing any issues the majority may have and this is a metaphor for how the money the rich have, allows them a better physical and mental life through being able to access these services.

I intentionally used unemotive language to reflect the business state of NC; I also included emphasis on advertising which intentionally disjoins the reader to emphasise how much the city focuses on profit. The hair removal of those employed on the distant planet is significant: to exemplify the racism POC experience regarding their hair, and furthermore to emphasise the removal of identity – to reduce the workforce to vacant beings whose function is to produce. The Glass Towers are also a metaphor of complete surveillance by the upper class and irony reflected through their absenteeism.

In conclusion, within my creative writing, I attempted to create my own dystopian world inspired by twisting quotes from utopian texts to reflect a dramatized, futuristic version of our own reality. My creative piece is influenced through dystopian cyberpunk media and literature mixed with news that are skewed to reflect a certain ideology that benefits the ruling class; I focus on how an economic controlled government has consequences upon the proletariat, the economy and environment. As a creative piece, I cannot directly reference all that has influenced my work so therefore I have extensively referenced secondary reading in my List of References.

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*provision about secure 16 to 19 Academies; to make provision for and in connection with procedures before courts and tribunals; and for connected purposes.* London: Stationary Office (Bill: Great Britain. Parliament. House of Commons)

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## Appendices

### Appendix One

Whilst cyberpunk is not a musical genre, a lot of music created often have similar themes of technology, the state of humanity and the effects of capitalism; below I have put together a few extracts of songs I felt really reverberate with the dystopian cyberpunk concept and therefore the section from my story.

Lyrical Playlist: <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/46NjyFBW7kvTq6UcSFZGja?si=4bbf4e1d945d43bd>

| Song and Artist                         | Lyric Extract                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | Significance                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|-----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| "We Appreciate Power" - Grimes and HANA | "But AI will reward us when it reigns /<br>Pledge allegiance to the world's most powerful computer /<br>simulation it's the future / ...<br>And if you long to never die /<br>baby plug in, upload your mind /<br>come on you're not even alive /<br>If you're not backed up on a drive" | A cyberpunk song in entirety, this song focuses on the blending between organic and technological; Grimes also references the control of society by an AI overlord                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| "In a Minute" - Poppy                   | "I'll make up my face in a minute /<br>I'll reform this state in a minute /<br>Cash my check, got paid, yeah I did it /<br>I haven't done my nails in a minute"                                                                                                                          | Poppy embodies postmodern and cyberpunk ideology within this song; changing/fluctuating states of countries equated with how fast she can change her appearance. Furthermore, in a cyberpunk society, any kind of alteration is easily accessible                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| "XS" - Rina Sawayama                    | "Make me less so I want more /<br>Bought a zip code at the mall /<br>..."                                                                                                                                                                                                                | This entire song embodies consumerism in a capitalist state and how anything can be bought – even zip codes. The title plus this quote also highlight the pressures of society to be a size 'xs'. Make an individual feel less so they buy more to idealize societies' ideology of what connotes being perfect; referenced in the music video through Sawayama selling a gold drink to make money (2020). I feel there a lot of links between the capitalist mentality of profit, consumption, and Chomsky's Manufacturing Consent. |
| "Anxious Alien" - HANA                  | "But am I willing to justify /<br>Am willing to open up my eyes /<br>and see I'm alone, alone all of the time /<br>But we don't cry and we'll never die /<br>Do you feel alive in overdrive?"                                                                                            | For me, this song is applicable to the cyberpunk genre through its implication of a non-stop society; being stuck within a technological world online, but in reality, being quite alone. Furthermore, 'overdrive' also has connotations                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |



|                     |                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|---------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|                     |                                                                                                                                                                                    | relating to technology further highlighting the blending between human and inorganic.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| "Bad Girls" - M.I.A | "Live fast, die young, bad girls do it well"                                                                                                                                       | This song is a song for women to assert their autonomy and independence; it is also both a satirical and motivating song aimed at the women in Saudi Arabia as they were not allowed to drive. In my work, this refers to how individuals have everything available to them -                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| "Borders" - M.I.A   | "Borders (what's up with that?) / Politics (what's up with that?) / Police shots (what's up with that?) / Broke people (what's up with that?) / Boat people (what's up with that?) | Borders aims to challenge Western perception of right, wrong and the condition of Othered individuals by this society: people illegally arriving by boat into the country – but why are they leaving? Why illegally? MIA calls to see through societal ideology which I feel is imperative to live in any society.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| "MORE" - K/DA       |                                                                                                                                                                                    | <p>Not any specific lyrics that are important, but the concept as a whole; this group is fundamentally post-modern. The people within this group are animated - voiced by real singers, but the animated stars are who are presented as the singers of the group; they blend multiple languages: English, Korean, Chinese.</p> <p>A concept group that originates in the MOBA League of Legends, there is possible capitalist issue to raise: the group was fundamentally sell product: merchandise, skins for the in-game characters, and revenue from the music itself (Miter 2020)</p> |
| "LEMONADE" - SOPHIE |                                                                                                                                                                                    | Again, no specific lyrics, however SOPHIE, the late Hyperpop innovator is <i>still</i> a key musician in the growing subculture of a genre of music referred to as Hyperpop, experimental pop and avant-pop. This song features odd sound effects, deep bass and tempo changes that should not necessarily work. I feel this reflects the growing direction of pop music, especially through a cyberpunk perspective as this music genre functions as unnatural.                                                                                                                          |

## Appendix Two

The second playlist I made focuses on mostly instrumental music that represents more of an easier link between the literary and music genres; many music genres can have cyberpunk elements including industrial music and Synthwave and Vapourwave. What these genres all have in common is the use and perforation of synthesised music over lyric use. The zine writer under the pseudonym

CUSAQQASUC, or Cusaq, highlights the evolution of music associated with the genre from the synthesizers in the 1960s, to retrofuture 1980s, and finally today (2016).

The critic Collins highlights the connection between this dystopian subgenre and music: through audiences, film soundtracks, album covers and book covers/jackets (2005: 170). She also highlights the key sounds found within music that can be seen as cyberpunk – machinery, synths. Furthermore, she highlights the instrumentality that often occurs within this genre of music: it is a punk idea to take back the creation of music from big corporations, to where non-musicians can make music without necessarily having extensive education (2005: 170). Music can create moods – and Collins highlights moods that both genres convey such as madness, paranoia, sadness, anxiety, violence (2005: 173). In heavier electronic cyberpunk music (which make up a majority of my playlist), I have found that a lot of the time, it is signified by deep thumping bass with higher pitch synthesisers. This is a continual theme also within metal industrial music with bands such as Nine Inch Nails, Ministry, Rammstein and Static-X (seen [here](#)).

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/5kiUQo6QIHegRjsK9ghyK?si=b4076abf08034118>

### *Appendix Three*

Fictional influences taken from Cyberpunk media:

| Title of Media                                          | Aspects                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|---------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Altered Carbon</i> (Morgan [2001]2018) (Nelson 2018) | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Stack: the personality and memories of an individual contained in cybernetic hardware that can be placed in other bodies where the content on the Stack will download into the Sleeve. A destroyed Stack means real death.</li><li>- Sleeves/Resleeved: empty bodies that are born/created/used to inhabit Stacks. The rich create and modify their own, the poor usually cannot afford a decent new one, if one at all. One instance in the TV show sees a child being Resleeved into the body of an old woman after being the victim of a car crash (Nelson 2018).</li><li>- Meth: refers to the rich elite that literally live among the clouds. Essentially immortal through their wealth and access to technology.</li></ul> |

|                                                                       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p><i>Cyberpunk 2077</i> (CDProjekt Red 2020)</p>                     | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- This game allows for the experience of someone of the working class in a hyper capitalistic world.</li> <li>- Wrist jack: allows connection with hardware and other people.</li> <li>- Trauma Team: the medics that arrive on the scene within five minutes of a signal of bodily danger to extract and heal the individual.</li> </ul> |
| <p><i>Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?</i> (Dick [1968] 1992)</p> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Lack of animals: animals are extinct with real ones rare and a symbol of wealth and humanity, whilst fake ones are common, cheaper, and functions externally the same way.</li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                   |
| <p>General dystopian cyberpunk literature</p>                         | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Seen in <i>Blade Runner</i>, <i>Blade Runner 2049</i>, <i>Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep</i>, <i>Cyberpunk 2077</i>, the dystopian outside world outside cities: a desolate wasteland destroyed, in these cases, human interference and conflict.</li> </ul>                                                                       |