Contradiction

Complicity

EXIT
QUEER - odd, outside or strange. Representing non normative articulations of gender and sexuality (or lack thereof). A position of (anti) social war.

INSURECTIONARY -
1. The practice of attack, rupture, and assault by a person or persons against objects, persons, or institutions which are implicated in said person(s) misery.

NIHILISM -
1. A rejection of morality.
2. A belief that there is not or at least may well not be any future. A pessimism in the extreme.
you cannot kill us

we are already dead.
Rather, dead than the placent  

a  

like existence  

inspired by most  

of our species: dead than mere feedback, rather dead than nothing or something (than 0 or 1). Rather dead than clinging to life of  

Moderated excess: of coffee to get us out of bed and in to work, of Prozac to keep us from wallowing in our own desperately crushing isolation; of alcohol to ensure we procreate with our workmates in our allotted hours of "leisure time". We choose death as the only negation of constant meaningless binaries: yes & no, right and left, voting labour & voting tory, buying McDonald's and buying locally grown organic wholefoods—

we say and because there are no "ors" all roads lead to babylon.

ABOVE:

From the Dead to the Living

Right/Marked (one effort in necro politics)

Nxt= HANDSHAKE +FRAGMENTS+

*People Made God's

*NIMILUM*

Anti-Social

complicit
Is it ever possible to live, when one has been marked to die? Marked since day one, since birth; marked for suffering, pain, assimilation or annihilation; marked only to live as long as we are useful and eradicated when we are not. Marked because of living as the gender we are and not the one we were assigned. The colour of our skin, the people we choose to fuck, how much money we (don’t) have or our “lack of usefulness” in the workplace; sentenced to death as nourishment for empire, sustenance for the prison system, and as reminder to the privileged that they should carry on as normal. A.I.D.S is not a virus but a war; a war against queers, people of colour, sex workers and countless other unnamed groups, dying to “protect your nation” helps to make up the quota for dead bodies each year.

How can anyone have hope who has been sentenced to death, an eternal waiting room, wondering: will a group of transphobes decide to “teach us a lesson” and go just a bit too far, will a cop get trigger happy and put a bullet in us, or will we fall from the back of the truck to England? Failure to stay alert, dropping our guard for just a second, becomes the same as standing in front of the firing squad— we’re just waiting for our number to be called.

But does knowing this make us any safer? A young calf is always going to be a hamburger whether one knows it or not. Only by escaping the farm can death be avoided; we don’t need a bigger field or tastier, greener grass, we need to bomb the fucking abattoir.

It seems we have two choices: open up to the idea that living itself might be resistance, that survival at all and any cost might be the only and greatest possibility open to us, to fight tooth and nail, dragged kicking and screaming into the abattoir to wholeheartedly live right up until the moment that we die.

Or in knowing our murder is inevitable, in knowing that we will be killed someday, might we choose to set them terms of our own annihilation, that they might serve as a rupture in the fabric of empire; to follow in the footsteps of Mary Doyle, Bobby Sands, and the countless PJ/YPG and Tamil fighters whose choice to set the timing of their murders serves as testament that death can just as much a form of resistance as life. We find the merest of wiggle room in which to wage a war of survival. Death on our terms, murder when we choose it, survival when we don’t; resisting all attempts to make our bodies profitable in terms of physical (while we live) or propaganda (when we die) usage by empire.

In death, we find our only chance at life.

You cannot drag us to the gallows, but we will send a suicide bomber to destroy them.
You can feel from her rough and ready handshake that she is used to handling stones.
She has been handling and throwing them for a whole year now.
Call First into This Canal Of Self
Melt Anonymous Until Thick Night
Be Held Bond Never Control
A Valley Is Always

Need Not Make Fantasy
Talk In Tongue's
Wash Again More Friction Higher Pressure

Take Back Every Missile
Long To Lose
Enter Climax
See How Close it Came
"But I can't believe that a race of people who were owned by another race of people is ever going to completely forgive them for what they did."

dead cops can't kill
HELLBENT ON ITS OWN DESTRUCTION THE CREATURE MOVES ABOUT THE WORLD.

FALLEN LEAVES LIKE FALLEN BODIES IN A NUCLEAR WINTER.

CUT OFF YOUR HAND AND FEED IT TO YOUR MICROWAVE.

- NO FUTURE (UTOPIA NOW)
- NO FUTURE.
- NO FUTURE.
- YOUR DEATH WILL BE NO MORE TRAGIC THAN YOUR LIFE.
- FALLEN ANGELS GRASP THE ANKLES OF BATTLE WEARY SOLDIERS.
- BABYLON WILL CRUMBLE.
- BABYLON WILL CRUMBLE.
- GOD IS NO MORE AN INVENTION THAN YOU ARE.
- AMOUNT OF PEOPLE DIED FROM LITHIUM TOXICITY LAST YEAR FROM LITHIUM TOXICITY.
- I'M FREQUENTLY REMINDED THAT I'M THE HALUCINATION.
- WE'RE ALREADY DEAD.
- WE'RE ALREADY DEAD.
- KEEP THE DREAM ALIVE BY EXECUTING THE NIGHTMARE. NOT ONLY
- THE ONLY PARASITE SO SUICIDAL IT MANHIDES THE HOST, BUT ALSO ITS OWN SPECIES IS THE HUMAN BEING.
- ICY WINDS AND BLOOD STAINED SNOW, NO HOPE OF SPRING PROCEEDING.
- SHAVE YOUR LEGS AND Fry THE FLESHY STRIPS IN BASIL OIL.

- NO FUTURE.
- NO FUTURE.
- FOR MOST OF YOUR EXISTENCE, YOU'VE BEEN WHAT YOUR SPECIES TERMS "DEAD".
- FATHERS WEAP OVER THE BODIES OF DAUGHTERS DRAGGED BACK FROM THE FRONTLINES, AND HARDER FOR THOSE NOT RETURNED.
- WE MUST BURN ITS ASHES.
- WE MUST BURN ITS ASHES ASHES.
- PEOPLE MADE GOD IN THEIR IMAGE BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T RELATE TO EACH OTHER.
- HEART TRANSPLANTS SAVED X LIVES LAST WED. TUESDAY.
- BEING A DAYDREAM IS NO LESS MEANINGFULL THAN BEING HUMAN.
- FINGERS CLASPED AROUND A NON EXISTANT THROAT.
- CUT OFF THE SUPPLY.
- EXECUTE TRANSMISSION.
People made God in their image because they couldn't relate to each other.
NIHILUM

And the Bittern and the Erichus shall possess it

and THE LIONS and the RAVEN SHALL DWELL IN IT

AND A LINE Shall be stretched forth on it

TO BRING IT TO NOTHING

AND A PLUMMET unto Desolation
Tear the stitching, open up reality
Unbutton your sense of disillusioned hoplessness
You don't want to save yourself, so don't try

Chip away the cement - the brick wall of stability
Smash the windows of the soul and steal its content
It's interesting to observe decay;
Watch; and everything collapses.
Poke the fermenting matter, gasses rising
A pickled brain jared for future generations

Cleave the fabric of existence from the popular morality
Sever ties between the self and the society
Stare into the vortex and be blinded
Fire makes colours concrete never could

You're so used to applying bandages, you didn't realise that your charge is dead
So far so good, so far so good
Turn off the machine or face the never ending fall

You must destroy in order to rebuild.
You must exit in order to participate.
You must forget in order to remember.
You must die in order that you might just live.
another war is possible, another war is possible, another war is possible, another war is possible, anti social war, sick and tired, of countless images of dead civilians we want to see some shots of murdered politicians like hang cameron by his neck from his braces and he's a murderer, liar, and a racist and plant some semtex in the hqs of bae, rolla, royce and group four security.

for there innumerable crimes against humanity, in the pathological pursuit of that evil they call money; another war is possible, another war is possible, we're violent, trans a nd advocate violence and nonviolence is paramount to silence and silence is a million dead afghans and iraqs. environmental disaster and homeless, stateless refugees, its' spending life working countless shit jobs, whilst some rich knobcreams profit off the top and takes the lot it's politicians postulating, debating, dictating and regulating our lives; it's the armed thugs in blue uniforms, curfews, cam eras, stop search and locke d doors its dying in a council flat be use your poor- or the economic conscription to some rich mans w its starving kids whilst arm dealers banquet, and broke backs, crushed skulls, crushed lungs, and crushed skulls for profit they started it, we'll finish it.

ANOTHER WAR IS POSSIBLE
We cover our faces and conceal our appearances for the simple reason that we have no need to be identified. In this world where cameras sit like gargoyles on every other street corner, where the police, CSIS and RCMP use every chance to profile us and to build up files on our activities, where participation in social struggle or public demonstrations can compromise our freedom and ability to act in the future, we see no reason to make their jobs easier for them. Just as we refuse to cooperate with police interrogations and police investigation, we’re also going to make it as hard as we can for the systems of social control to crack down and break us. Developing a practice of (partial) anonymity in situations we choose opens up space for participating in actions for folks who would otherwise be risking too much be it legal status, immigration status, or employment. Not only does it make profiling more difficult, but it also helps to keep people out of police custody. Wearing masks won’t get us home safely all the time, but it does disrupt routine repression and social control.
We are all complicit, under empire we have no choice but to be. The term "civilian" is now finally and totally defunct, hollowed out and abstracted, devoid of value, empty of meaning, worth less than the 9 letters that composite it's literary manifestation. A term of value only to those dusty academics and hapless NGO's whose very survival is dependent on the continuation of the suffering endured by those they brand with this label.

Within the buttress of empire there can never be such a thing as 'civillá n'—individuals occupy both the role of victim—and oppressor within them selves and within the wider world—definitions such a s 'working class' fade into irrelevancy when we think of jobs like prison guard, teaching assistant, unemployment office worker, or in some places even cleaners whose roles in the perpetuation of the war machine make them too complicit in our collective misery.

Communists and anarchists have to long shielded us from the all too difficult truth, the enemy is not just our boss, the cop, or politicians—it is also our friend our lovers and ourselves.

There are those on the front lines of the war against life, and there are those in the ammunitions factories; in advanced capitalist societies, the whole society becomes a support mechanism for the dominance of empire over all life. Effect of action is unknown, unjudgeable, and this abstraction, this unreality lets us sheppard ourselves, and lets us plough our life and our love into the abo toir.
The only escape from this complicity, the only exit lies in our own destruction or the destruction of empire, yet our own involvement is now so deep, that it is probably impossible to have one without the other.

Structural complicity begins at birth, is unchosen, unthinking unbidden; over it starts in the hospital with our first breath, moves through the school with every moment we sit an absorb doctrine, is exposed by us when we enter the workplace.

even the sustant noe that our

Lifeless corpses feed empire can be viewed through the lense of complicity.

Outside of empire, there can be no civilians, because regardless of whether one takes up arms or doesn't, one will be treated as an enemy combatant, placed as an "other", as "terrorist" in the media, shown only as a heat signature on the bomber planes navigation system, and killed at random for going out at the wrong moment.
Are we dead, or are we dreaming?
DEAD and DREAMING, DEAD and DREAMING
Your life is a fucking pokédex;*
1,2,5,18,18,81—how do you add up without your fingers
SWOLEN;
SWOLEN, maybe both—well who the fuck are you anyway?
SWINGING, SWINGING from a branch_ SUSPENDED?
HANGING, HANGING from a tree_DIVIDED?

YOU ARE NOT GREATER THAN THE SUM TOTAL OF YOUR
COMPOSITE PARTS

THERE'S NO GHOST—THERE'S NOT EVEN A MACHINE

Colided,
Clumsy and colided, you call a mask,
There's nothing fucking there$$

YOU ARE NOT A DOER
YOU ARE DO ME
YOU ARE NOT A DOER
YOU ARE DONE
There's nothing doing, no thing going, nothing done.
Disparate particles striving to be something more
Electrons gather around a neutron
Single entities cannot make heat
We vibrate together to find warmth

At its lip is absence, nothingness what might be inside.
To find?
A raindrop, a raindrop
Alone.
Keep dividing endlessly, these lines will never meet.
Together the river, do we sustain, or evaporate.

AN EXPLOSION IS NOT AN END
AN EXPLOSION IS NOT AN END
AN EXPLOSION IS NOT AN END

Disolving in acid might be an act of creation
We slip away to rematerialise in another time and place.
Against this universe of sleep and nightmare
we convalesce by coexistence
holding hands we built this
Spinning at a thousand miles an hour stationary
lifeless bodies reduced to simple skeletons—
their morphology henceforth inscribes them
in the register of undifferentiated generality:
simple relics of an unburied pain, empty
meaningless corporealities
strange depri’ts plunged into cruel stupor

the survivor is the one who
having stood in the path of many deaths,
knowing of many deaths,
and standing in the midst of the fallen,
are still alive...
WE ARE...

NOT YOUR PRIDE GOING, FLAG WAVING, AND
POUND SPENDING FUCKING FAGGOTS BUT THE
ONES YOU BURNED BENEATH THE WITCHES,
WE ARE...

YOUR BACKSTREET BATTY BOYS GETTING
BANGED IN BACK ALLEYS BY MIDDLE CLASS
MEN WHO HATE THEIR LIVES AND THEIR
WIVES.

WE ARE...

THE PRICE OF JACK(ie)S EXPLORING
SPUNCHER ROUND A CONDOM WOUNDUP
COCK THAT HATES ITS OFFICE JOB
AND YES WE'RE FUCKING ANGRY.

WE ARE...

YOUR INSIDIOUS, INSATIABLE, INSECTIOUS,
INFECTIONOUS TRANSGENDER;

AND YES WE WILL CONVERT YOUR
CHILDREN GIVEN HALF A CHANCE
AND DRAG THEM OFF TO WORLDS
OF SODOMY AND S.C.O.M.

WE ARE...

NOT YOUR ASSIMILATED, FASHION CON-
CIOUS, SEX IN THE CITY WATCHING,
NINE TO FIVE WORKER GAYS,
AND WE WON'T MOVE MARRIED INTO
THE SEMI DETACHED AT THE END
OF YOUR STREET AND BAKE COOKIES
FOR YOU AND YOUR NEIGHBOURS
LIKE THEY DO IN DESPERATE HOUSE
WIVES.

WE ARE...

YOU NEVER GONNA PASS NONE
BINARIES AND CRIMINAL QUEERS
REVELING IN OUR OWN EXCLUSION.
AND PISSING ON SOCIETY FROM A HIGH HORSE CALLED F*CK YOU.
RIGHT BACK,
WE ARE...
YOUR LIFE SAVINGS, BASHBACKING, TRANSPHOBIC STABBING.
TOCKING QUEERS,
AND WE'RE GUNNING FOR YOUR WORLD WITH MALOTOUS AND
GLITTER.

Coup de coude au visage, ou saisir l'un de ses doigts et le tor-
dre fortement en arrière.
those of us who used to want to save the world
those of us who used to want to save the world
those of us who used to want to save the world
those of us, those of us
what now for those of us?
what hope for those of us?
NO FUTURE, those of us.
do we want utopia or do we want survival,
there's nothing left to fight for and some steel today
there's nothing left to hope for and hopeless we held good
there's no one to believe in, and so we trust ourselves
Backs, backs against the wall.
Cold, sheer, cold surrounds us.
NOTHING, nothing left to lose.
NOTHING, nothing left to lose.
there's of us who used to want to save the world
now despair only, think it dies
there's of us who used to want to save the world
now pray and hope it in destroyed
see it end, see it fall, see it fail
see it fade, see it dissolve, see it disappear
see it burned, see it bombed, see it finished
watch it close.
revel in its ending
if were lucky it won't rise again.
our revenge will be the laughter of our children
the starting point of these observations, semblances of metamorphoses --
for us to become, from that moment on,
complicated inventions seeking to rival reality,
deceptions of a sublime order; aberrant in themselves
embracing perfection and curious beauty.
But all the magic inherent in your body did not spare it
when they attack.

We that are made to be executed
(and this is where I wished to speak of death.

if we neglect the future,
If we accept the story of our dying
we open space to counteract the narrow, straight reality
for it could never contain the dazzling blaze of pleasure that we shall find
when the stiletto is refined into a dagger.

and just know
that even for those who they mark to kill
the pain is a corridor,
the passage to be found
to express heavenly joys in anticipation of the final nothing
-- the light of the end of the world.
This time is a moment, a brief foray into the endless void of experience and an exploration of the space beyond the nothing. It is neither a dream of some better future or a nightmare of the endless present; it will not endure, and should not survive—it is an imaginary reality. It shouldn't be photographed or patented as meaningful, but might be passed from hand to hand, one might copy out a line, a phrase, or a whole paragraph and transpose it to another place—just by fragments, ideas and impressions have been copied, stolen, and coopted from other texts to be given new life, new exposure in this piece, so to speak. It can be co-opted into other works, gags could be stolen, to hang up in bedrooms, turn up as useless, or edited to make an even less coherent point. Loot what you can, and burn the rest.