

Contradiction

complicity

EXIT

QUEER - ① ODD, OUTSIDE OR STRANGE | ② REPRESENTING NON-NORMATIVE ARTICULATIONS OF GENDER AND SEXUALITY (OR LACK THEREOF) | ③ A POSITION OF (ANTI) SOCIAL WAR.

INSURRECTIONARY - 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.  
② A THEORY OF AND TOOL FOR WAR.

NIHILISM - ① A REJECTION OF MORALITY.  
② A BELIEF THAT THERE IS NOT OR AT LEAST MAY WELL NOT BE ANY FUTURE. ③ A PESSIMISM IN THE EXTREME.

you cannot kill us,



we are already dead.



we are dead, at least that is what we have chosen; to be  
 Rather dead than the placenta like Existence opted for by most  
 of our species; rather deAD. than mere feedback, rather dead than  
 nothing or something (Th an 0 or 1). Rather de Ad than clinging to a 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 reality as the only negation of constant meaningless  
 binaries; yes & no, right and left,  
 voting labour & voting tory,  
 buying McDonalds 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  
~~and~~ politics)  
 Nxt- HANDSHAKE  
 +FRAGMENTS+  
 \*People Made God(s)  
 °NIHILUM°  
 A n t i s o c i a  
 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 ever 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 taking us 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 it 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.

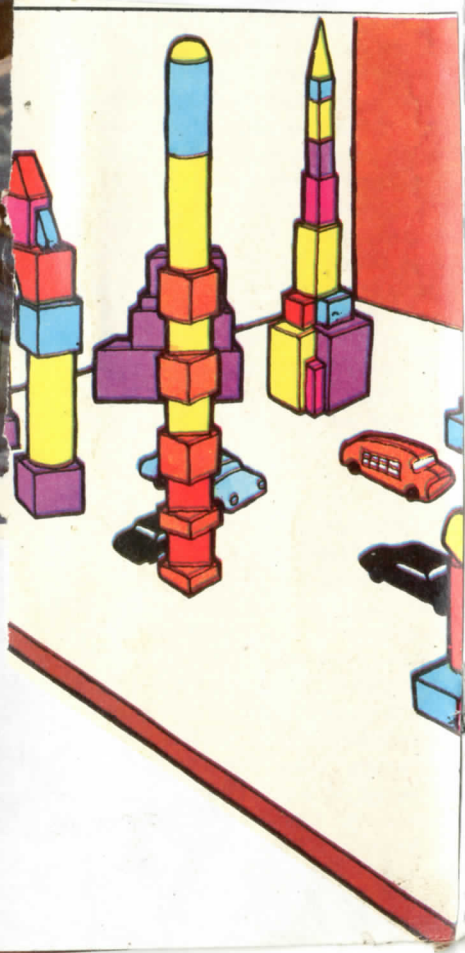
Death on our terms, murder when we choose it, survival when we don't; resisting all attempts to make our bodies profitable in terms of physical (while we live) or propaganda (when we die) usage by empire.

In death, we find our only chance at life.

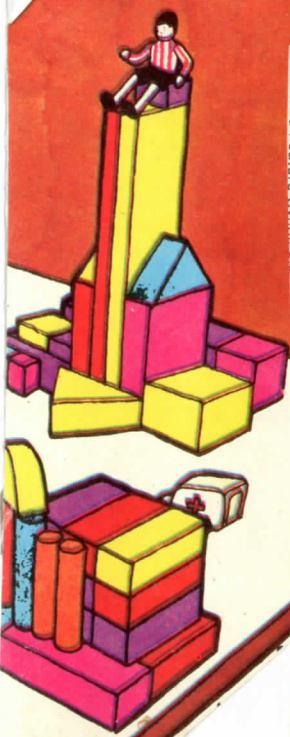
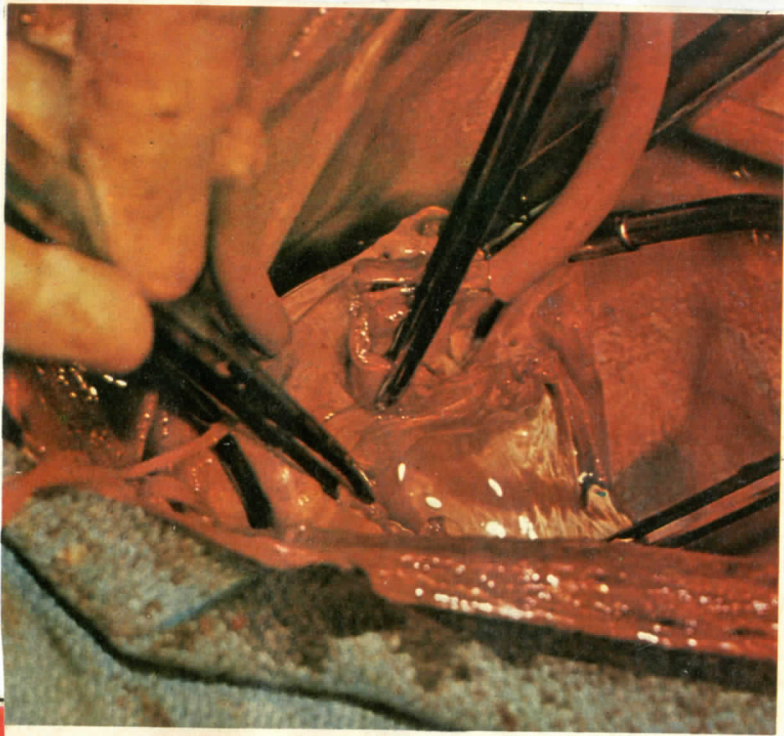
You cannot drag us to the gallows, but we will send a suicide bomber to destroy them.



You can feel  
from her rough  
and ready  
handshake that  
she is used to  
handling stones.







Transworld Feature Syndicate



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 Mild Bend, Never Control

A Valley is Always

Need Not, Make Fantasy

Talk in Tongue's

Wash Again More Friction High or 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

dead

-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.

-X AMMOUNT OF PEOPLE DIED ~~FROM THE~~ LAST YEAR FROM LITHIUM TOXICITY.

-I'M FREQUENTLY DEAD.

-WE'RE ALREADY DEAD.

-KEEP THE DRAMA ALIVE BY EXECUTING THE NIGHTMARE.

-THE ONLY PARASITE SO CRUCIAL IT ~~MANAGES~~ AMALGAMATES THE HOST, NOT ONLY

ICY WINDS AND BLOOD STAINED SNOW. NO HOPE OF SPRING PROCEEDING.

-SHAVE YOUR LEGS AND PRY 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 ~~WEEKS~~ TUESDAY.

-BEING A DAYDREAM IS NO LESS MEANINGFUL THAN BEING HUMAN.

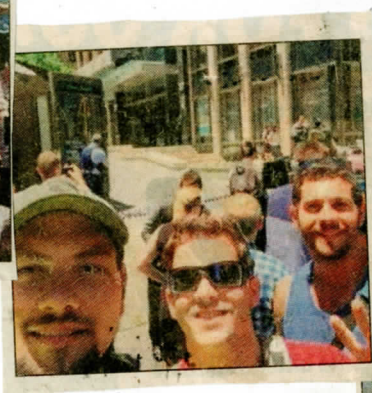
-FINGERS CLAPPED AROUND A NON EXISTANT THROAT.

-CUT OFF THE SUPPLY.

-EXECUTE TRANSMISSION.



PEOPLE MADE GOD  
IN THEIR IMAGE  
BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T  
RELATE TO EACH-  
OTHER



# NIHILUM:

nothing  
ents a s'entasse

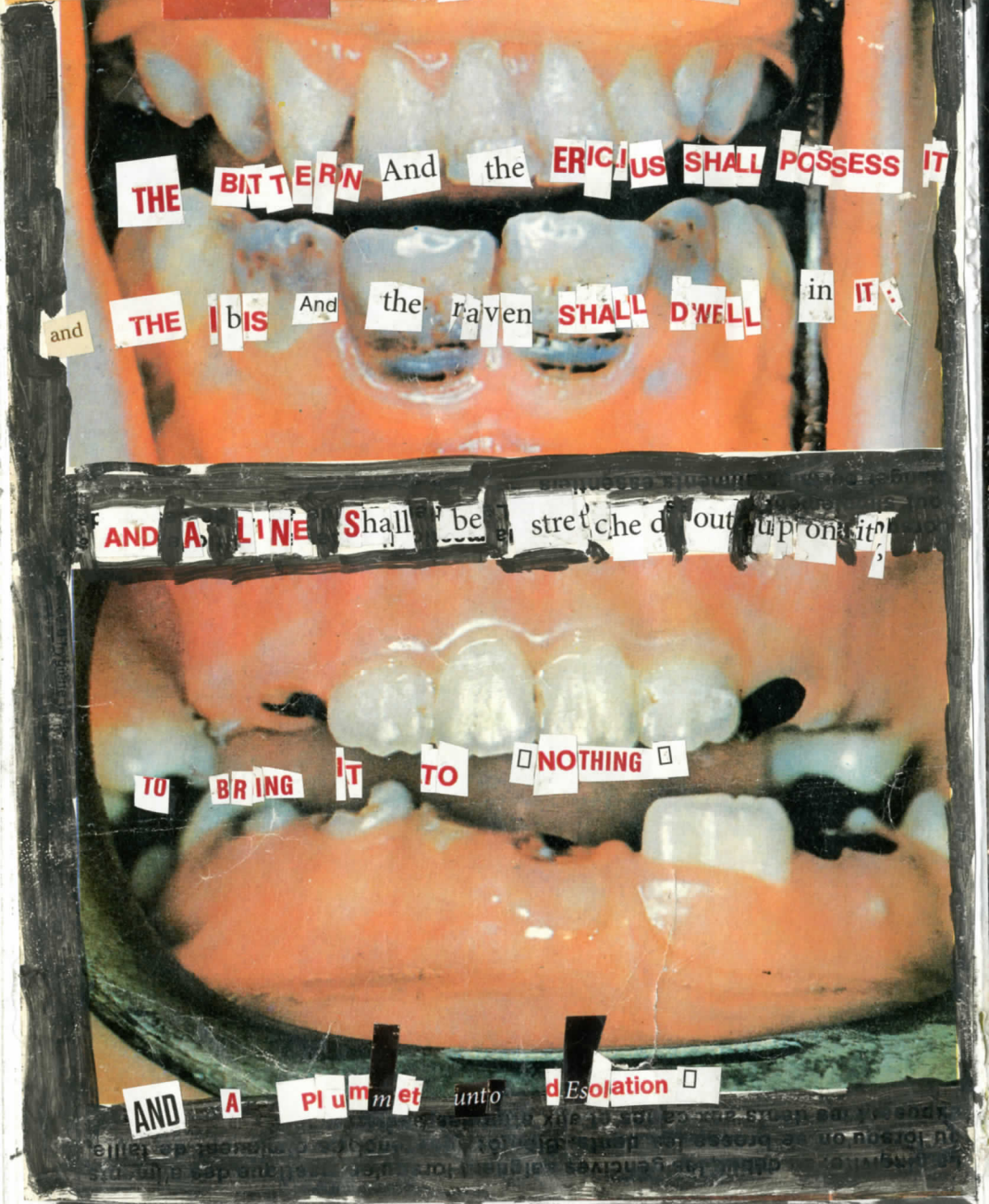
THE BITTERN And the ERICUS SHALL POSSESS IT

and THE Ibis And the raven SHALL DWELL in IT

AND A LINE Shall be stretche d'out upon it

TO BRING IT TO □ NOTHING □

AND A Plummet unto dEsolation □





Tear the stitching, open up reeality  
Unbutton your sense of dissilutioned hoplesness  
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 deca y;  
Watch; and evrything 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  
Sta re into the vortex and be blinded  
Fire makes colours concrete never could

THE SUN

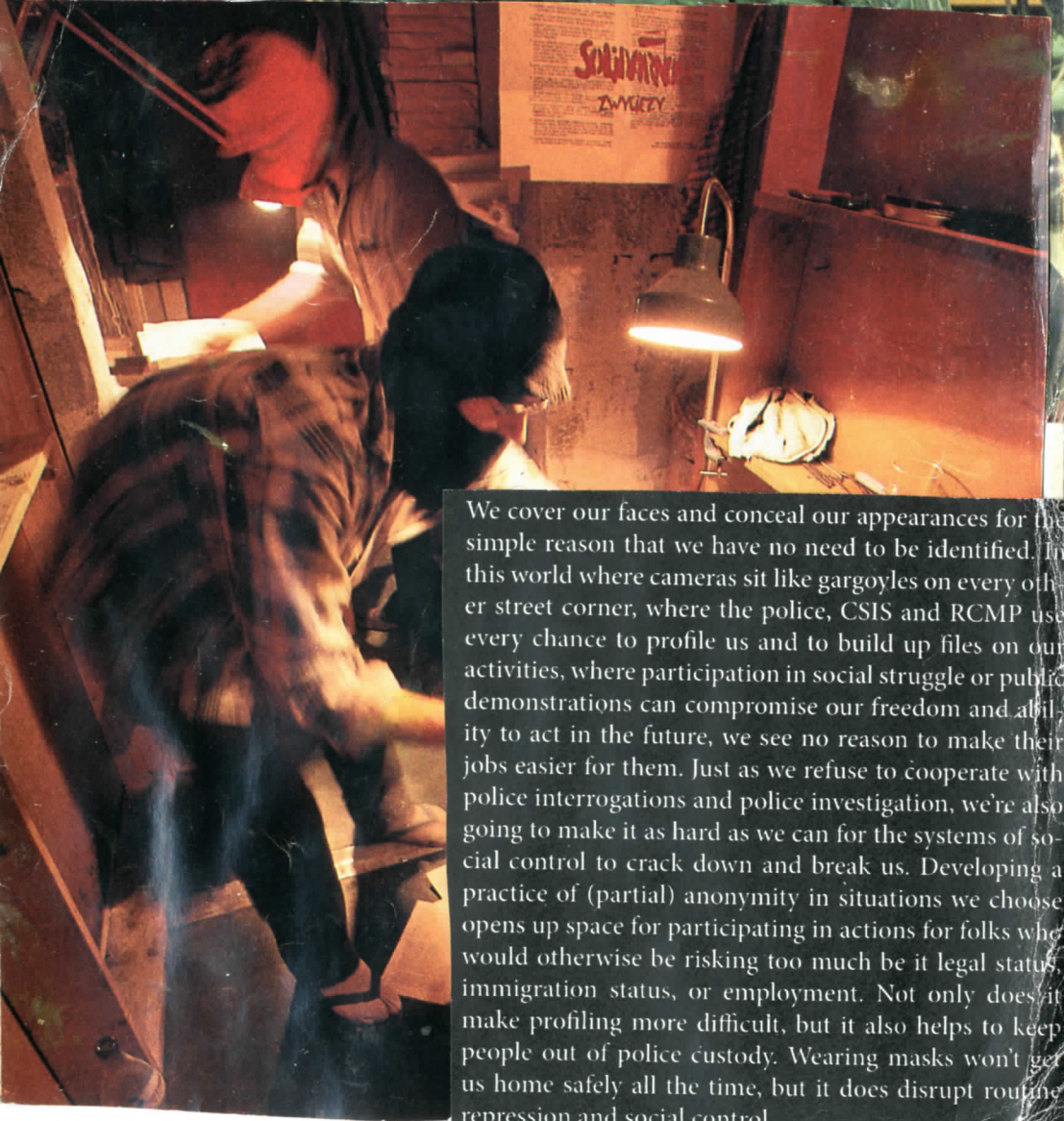
You're so used to applying bandages,  
you didn't realise that your charge is dead  
So far so good, so far so good  
Turn off the machine or face the never ending  
fall

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, anti social war  
sick and tired, of countless images of dead civilians  
we want to see some snapshots of murdered politicians  
like hang cameron by his neck from his bra ccs  
accuses a murderer, liar, and a racist  
and plant some semtex in the hqs of bae, rolss royce and grou  
four security,

for there inumerable crimes against humanity,  
in the pathological pursuit of that evil they call money;  
another war is possible, another war is possible,  
another war is possible, anti social war,  
we're violent, trans . and advocate violence  
silence is paramount to silence  
and silence is a million dead afghans and iraqis.  
enviromental disaste r and homeless, stateless refugees.  
its' s spending life working countless shit jobs, whilst some  
rich knobbre a ms profit off the top and takes the lot  
it's politicians postulating, debating, dictating and regulat  
our lives;  
it's the armed thugs in blue uniform, curfews, camera s,  
stop search and locke d doors\_ its dying in a council flat be  
se your poor- or the economic conscription to some rich mans w  
its starving kids whilst arm dealers banquet, and broke backs,  
~~e-rushed-skulls--and-choked-lungs-for-profit~~  
choked 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 dependant on the continuation of the suffering endured by those they brand with this label.

Within the buttresses of empire there can never be such a thing as 'civilian'- individuals occupy both the role of victim- and oppressor within them selves and within the wider world- definitions such as '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 to the dominance of empire over all life. Effect of action is unknown, unjudgeable, and this abstraction, this unreality, lets us sheppard ourselves, and those positioned structurally beneath us into the abattoir.





The only escape from this com plicity, 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 unbiden;v-eter 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 work place-

even the sustant nce that our

lifeless corpses feed empire

can be viewed through the lense

of complicity

n b Outside of empire, there can be no civilians, because  
regardless of whether on takes up arms or doesn't, one will be  
treated as a n enemy combataht, painted as 3 "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\_ S U S P E N D E D ?

HANGING, HANGING from a tree\_ D I V I D E D ?

Fornalhaut b

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

THERE'S NO GHOST\_

THERE'S NOT EVEN A MACHINE

NOTION IN ADOS

Colided,

Clumsy and colided,  
Take off that face, you call a mask,

There's nothing fucking there\$\$\$

YOU ARE NOT A DOER

YOU ARE DO NE

YOU ARE NOT A DOER

YOU ARE DONE

There's nothing doing, no thing going, nothing done.

Disperate particles striving to be something more  
Electrons gather around a neutron  
Single entities can't 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

Dissolving in acid might be an act of creation  
We slip away to rematerialise in another time and  
place.

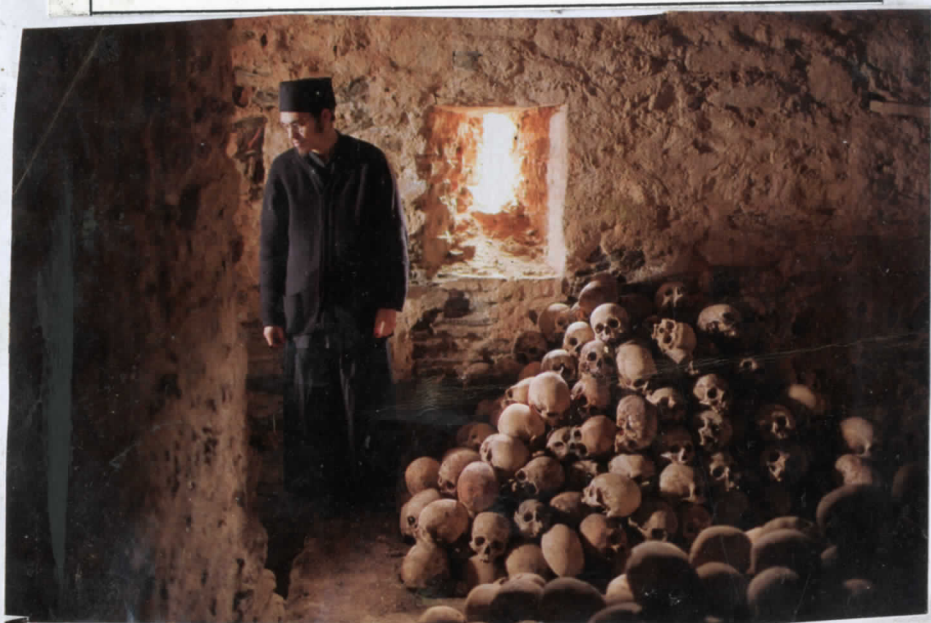
Against this universe of sleep and nightmare

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 corporality  
strange debris plunged into cruel stupor.



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

"WORK IS WAR, GOING TO WORK IS GOING TO WAR"

"HOPE LIES IN THE  
SMALLER BUBBLE  
OF EMPIRE."

NO FUTURE  
MON ABOUIN

"WHEN YOU DIE, A COP  
DIES TOO."

"I WANT TO BE NEGATED"

"THE MAIN FAILURE  
OF SOCIAL MOVEMENTS  
IS THAT THEY'RE SOCIAL"



WE ARE...

NOT YOUR -PRIDE GOING, FLAG WAVING, PINK  
POUND SPENDING FUCKING FAGGOTS BUT THE  
ONES YOU BURNED BENEATH THE WITCHES

WE ARE...

YOUR BACKSTREET BATTI 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 EXPANDING  
SPINCHER ROUND A CONDOM WRAPPED  
COCK THAT HATES ITS OFFICE JOB,  
AND YES WE'RE FUCKING ANGRY.

WE ARE...

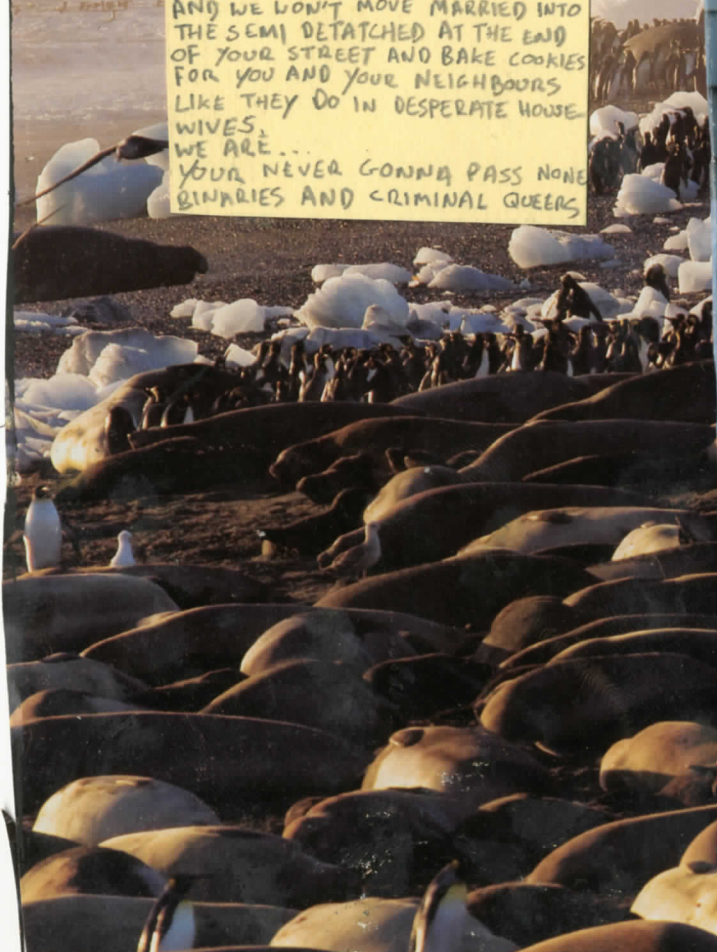
YOUR INSIDIOUS, INSATIABLE, INSESTIOUS,  
INFECTIOUS TRANSEXUALS,  
AND YES WE WILL CONVERT YOUR  
CHILDREN GIVEN HALF A CHANCE  
AND DRAG THEM OFF TO WORLDS  
OF SODOMY AND S.C.U.M.

WE ARE...

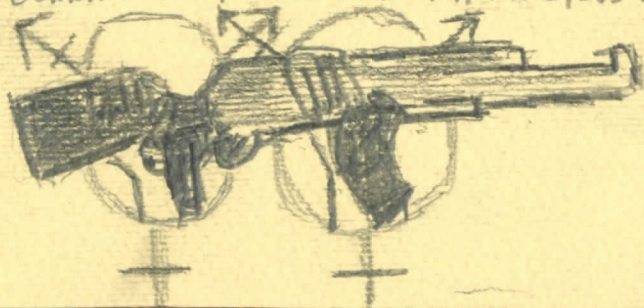
NOT YOUR ASSIMILATED FASHION CON-  
CIOUS, SEX IN THE CITY WATCHING,  
NINE TO FIVE WORKER CAYS,  
AND WE DON'T MOVE MARRIED INTO  
THE SEMI DETACHED AT THE END  
OF YOUR STREET AND BAKE COOKIES  
FOR YOU AND YOUR NEIGHBOURS  
LIKE THEY DO IN DESPERATE HOUSE  
WIVES.

WE ARE...

YOUR NEVER GONNA PASS NONE  
BINARIES AND CRIMINAL QUEERS



REVELING IN OUR OWN EXCLUSION,  
AND PISSING ON SOCIETY FROM A HIGH HORSE CALLED FUCK YOU  
RIGHT BACK,  
WE ARE...  
YOUR LIFE SAVING, BASHBACKING, TRANSPHOBIC STABBING,  
FOCKING QUEERS.  
AND WE'RE GUNNING FOR YOUR WORLD WITH MOLOTOVS AND  
GLITTER.



Coup de coude au visage, ou saisir l'un de ses doigts et le tor-  
dre fortement en arrière.



# Goodbye

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, these of us.

do we want utopia or do we want survival,

theres nothing left to fight for and so we steal today

theres nothing left to hope for and hopeless we hold ground

theres no one to believe in, and so we trust ourselves

Backs, Backs against the wall

Cold, Alien, cold surrounds us.

NOTHING, nothing left to loose.

NOTHING, nothing left to loose.

NOTHING.

those of us who used to want to save the world  
now desire only that it dies.

those of us who used to want to save the world  
now grieve and hope <sup>that</sup> it is destroyed

see it end, see it fall, see it fail.

see it fade, see it dissolve, see it disappear.

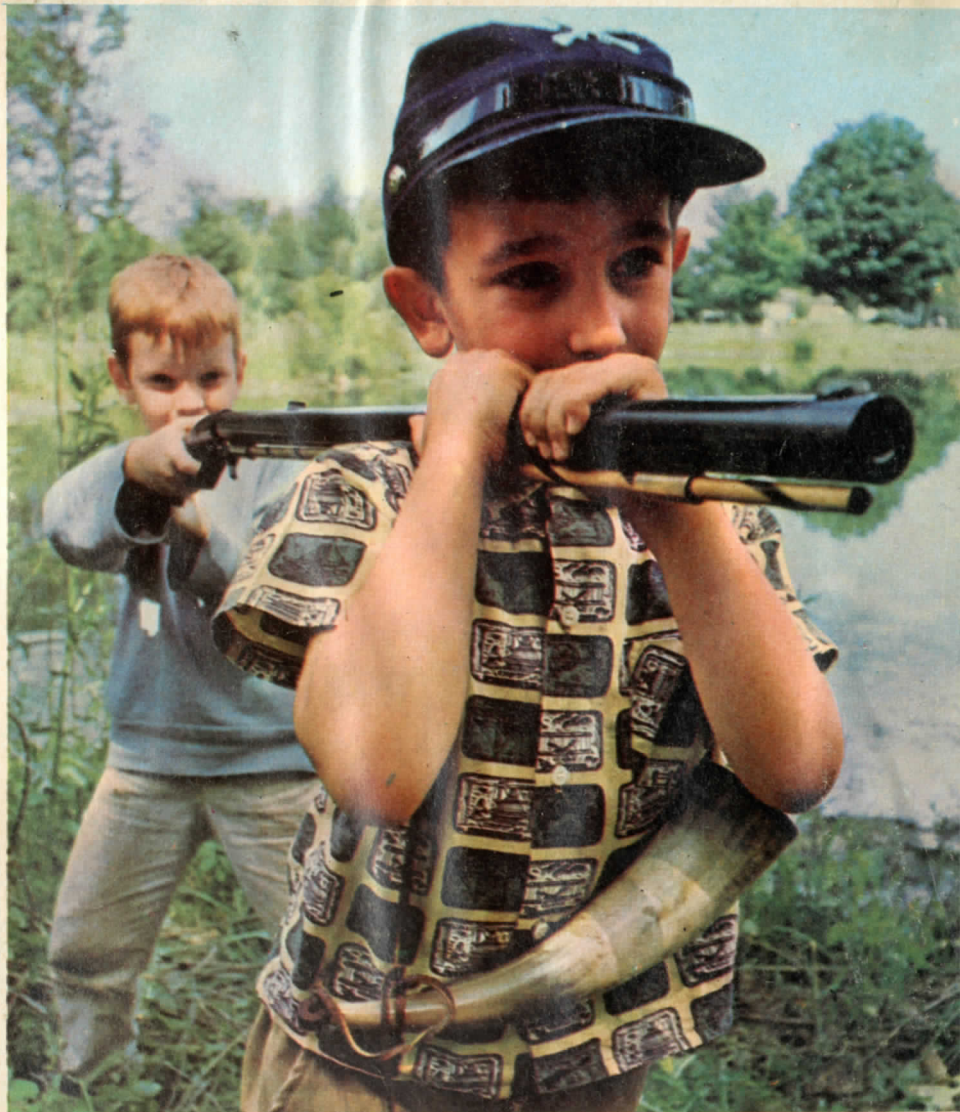
see it burned, see it bombed, see it finished

watch it close.

revel in its ending.

if were lucky it won't rise again.

Fin



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

embodying 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 They invented  
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.




# Synopsis

Knowledge isn't power.

Everyone is illegal.

Reality is a sensory perception at best



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 at the endless present; it will not endure, and should not survive - it is an imaginary party. It shouldn't be photocopied or protected 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 as 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 should this piece be co-opted into other works, pages 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.