



# Vampire

A CHRONICLE OF REVENGE

LOUIS ARMAND

BONUS  
GLITCHHEAD

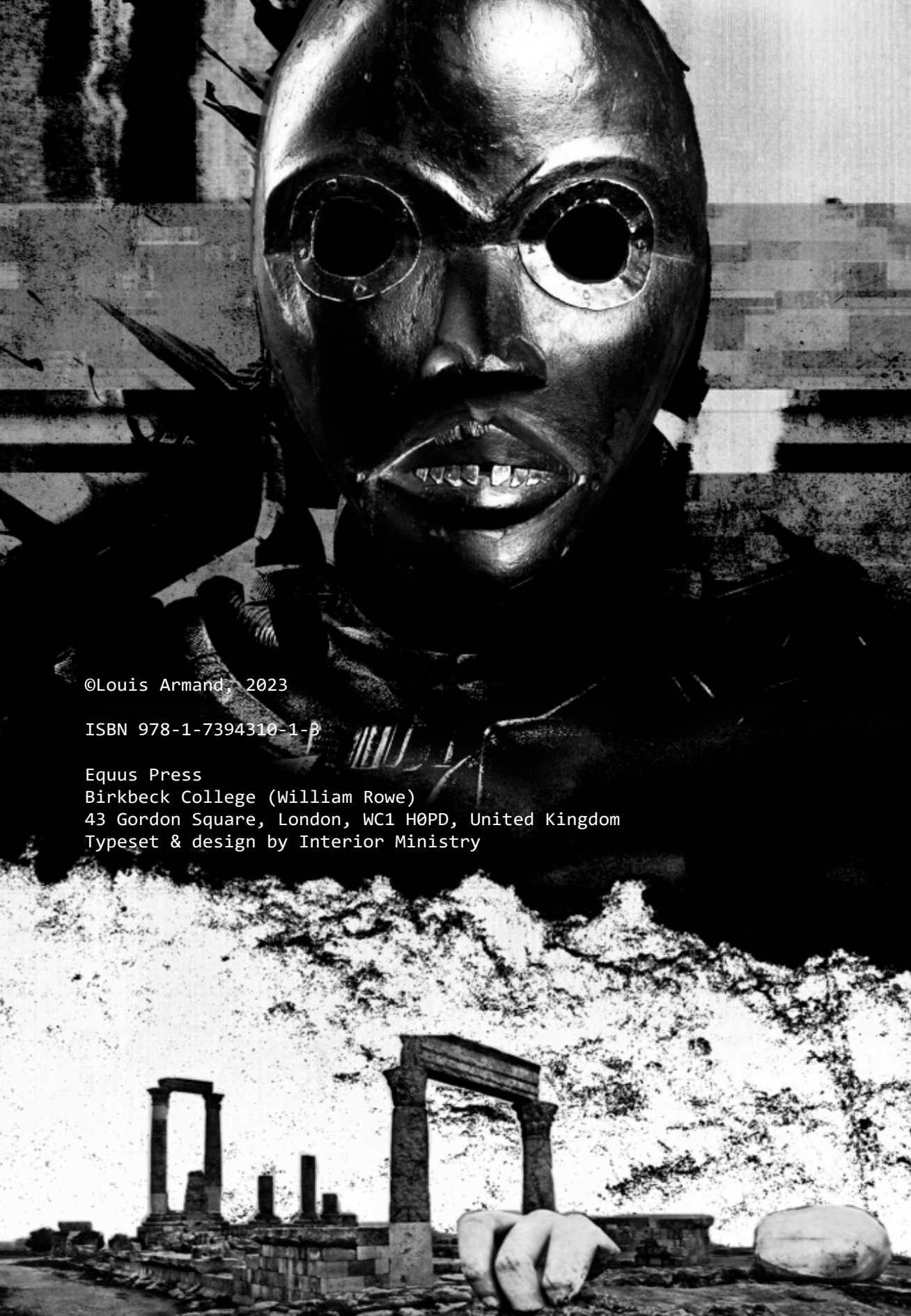
# VAMP&R

A CHRONICLE OF REVENGE



PLUS "GLITCHHEAD"

LOUIS  
ARMAND



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**VAMPYR**

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**GLITCHHEAD**

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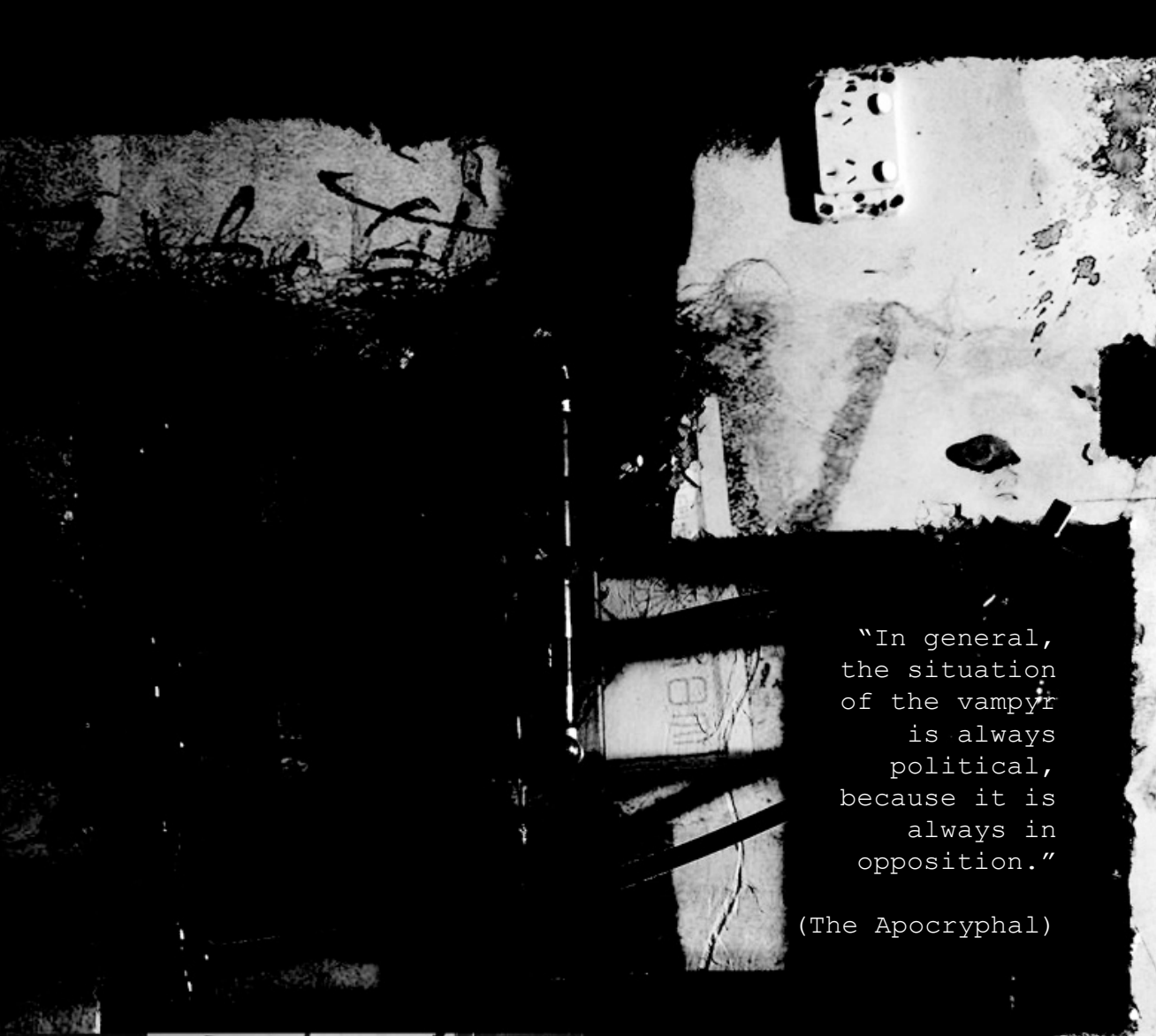
## A CHRONICLE

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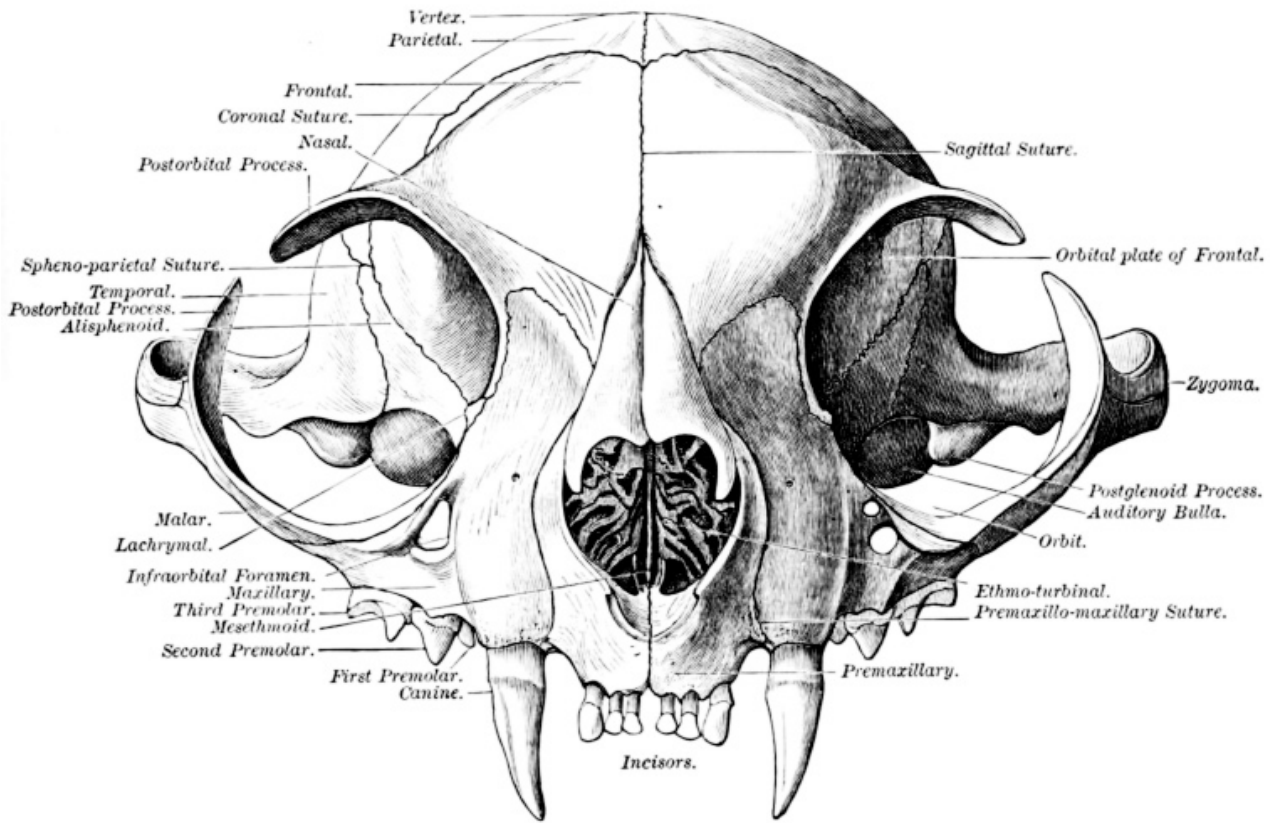
"In general,  
the situation  
of the vampyr  
is always  
political,  
because it is  
always in  
opposition."

(The Apocryphal)





FIG. 264.



SKULL, FRONT VIEW.



6



## FIRST COMMUNIQUÉ

### DECLARATION OF A STATE OF WAR!

All over the City our sisters have taken up the struggle against the Corp(orate)=\$(tate) terror apparatus.

The beautiful children of Golemgrad have been forced to become freedom fighters, not for a better future, but simply to have a future. They are sick & tired of the frustration & impotence that comes from trying to reform the System. ☹ They know the lines are drawn between the Man & the Freaks, because we are the Freaks.

There's a time for peace & a time for war. We've all learnt that protest is a losing hand. Revolutionary terror is the only option left.

Therefore we say to those who doubt us & put us down:

**ALL FREAKS ARE REVOLUTIONARIES & ALL REVOLUTIONARIES ARE FREAKS!**

We fight in many ways, in countless disguises. Revolutionaries move like a contagion spreading through the air. Our enemies cannot see us coming, they don't know where we are or when we will strike.

Systematically we will isolate & render inoperative the vital organs of the Corp(orate)=\$(tate). We will infect the very oxygen it breathes. The water it drinks. It will not be able to take a step in any direction without falling deeper into the spiral of its own destruction.

We are the new Urban Guerrilla Concept.

Every 13 days we will attack a symbol or institution of injustice till the vampyr regime of the Corp(orate)=\$(tate) is dead once & for all.

Sisters, let us have no more talk of peace ☺.

The conflict which we have long foreseen is upon us. A worldwide intifada. Life vs undeath.

**ARM YRSELVES!**

The Š.V.Æ.J.K. ✎



### **THE MIRROR IS EMPTY!**

Surely this is a sign? The error is too consistent & gigantic to be ignored. One moment, History is there, replete, like cinema. The next: Void. Where purpose was, now doubt, trepidation. Something must be to blame. We are not speaking of merely vulgar misunderstandings or an emotional ambivalence. Every disappearance can only be considered a murder, caused by a hidden hand. A crime of violent omission. These accusations demand an energy of response, not bands of superstitious dilettantes. The world is not a psychoneurotic disorder. Those still living have good reason not to feel safe from the revenges of the dead, even w/ a sea dividing them. Their taboos are as a mirror held up to a guilty conscience. Originally, *all* of the dead were Vampyrs. Yet we do not come from the past, but from the future.



### **LA PESTE**

Few things can be related about the Contagion w/ any certainty. What's known isn't how it began, nor how it will end. Nor whether the virus is of a purely biological or psychosomatic origin. Some claimed it to be the occult work of a rogue computer programme. Those misfortunate enough to contract the disease almost invariably perish in untold suffering. The wealthy isolate themselves inside fortified bubbles, aboard yachts, on private islands, in penthouse suites, zeppelins, private oil rigs, submarines, underground bunkers, orbiting space capsules. The poor do what they've always done: work, police, punish, nurse, collect & burn the dead, etc. At the outset, the men in the Control Tower pondered how best to exploit the situation to their advantage. Only when the facts cld no longer be denied, were the Plague Orders published. The infected were locked inside their houses. Truants were incarcerated in overcrowded prisons, a death sentence in

either case. Rumours spread: that the virus had escaped from a laboratory, that it was transmitted by bats, crows, rats, monkeys, that it turned its victims into vampires, ate their brains. With pentecostal fervour, the naysayers accused all scientists of orchestrating a conspiracy of godlessness. Hospitals were burned down. Surgeons hounded through the streets. The weather grew unbearably hot. Barricades & checkpoints sprung up across the City. Anyone suspected of "vapyrismus" was summarily lynched, the corpse beheaded, staked through the heart & tossed into the sea. There is no cure, they proclaimed, only repentance. *The virus eats the mind of anyone who tries to understand it!* At the height of the panic, thousands sought refuge in the quarantine station on Plague Island. Teachers, artists, journalists, intellectuals. Many more were rounded up & imprisoned in El Lugosi Stadium from which they never reappeared. The last of "The Doctors" to disappear was a certain Dr Zifčák Asperger, chief medical advisor to @RealPresidentChloroqueen & previously an Untouchable. His "abduction" marked a turning point. The mob that stormed Asperger's villa was not the evangelist militia egged on by the regime, but insurgent tribes of the subproletariat. Street Zombies, Anarchists, Queerz, Wild Grrlz. The villa compound was attacked at dusk, phonelines cut, satellite dishes decapitated, guard dogs slaughtered. All windows & doors thence padlocked & welded shut behind steel plates & chains like a Houdini contraption, "That none shall pass till the cure be done!" Asperger, prisoned in his laboratory, was their last [suicidal] hope & last line of [ineffectual] defence. Around the villa at intervals sentries were posted. Glowing braziers fumigated the air w/ saltpetre, tended by ominous masked figures. Ghosts of superstitions past. In the days that followed, some claimed to witness a spectral light emanating from chinks in the villa's armour & a strange persistent humming. When the first tanks arrived, however, the soldiers found nothing. Neither the insurgents nor any trace of the villa itself, which appeared to have been swallowed whole by the scorched earth. Some believe Asperger possessed the key to a serum. That he escaped his confinement & even now was secretly manufacturing a cure at a "rebel base" hidden somewhere under the City. Others, & I must count myself among them, are more sanguine. The contagion has passed beyond the mere increase of an illness & become the illness. Its vector is that of History itself. Only time will be able to say if we are right. Ours has run out.

## **PATIENT ZERO**

Here lies my last will & testament. A cenotaph of words that must be shunned. **E.O.O.**'s lust for the flesh has bred in me an apocalyptic fruit. Let the seed fall where it will. That I, **Offensia**, was chosen can be no accident. For a prophesy of womxn born must know the void isn't a random thing. It has no objective correlative. No vision of a superrace to build the Great Temple to Extinction. Why now? That I shld be the quantum glitch in the vast DNA circuitry of the Immemorial. In fact, not so immemorial. In fact, not vast. Abrupt. A permutated rupture. Like you, we are a conjecture haphazardly contesting a hypothesis. What family resemblance do we share? There are only the afflicted, the immune, the asymptomatic - & those who think they've escaped us. All futures are built on a vulnerability. The question is only: What exploits it? Have I been resurrected in vain? Shall my fame be written in the stars? Or a bloodclot in the lung of the last creature ever to breathe air? What untold metamorphosis am I the deathless author of, inspired by a freakish doom? This is no elegy for yr smug edification - a plague on ALL yr houses! By hook or by crook, so shall you bleed!! For I am the mother of all vampyrs & by my deeds shall you know me!!!

## **"DISQUIET FALLS UPON THE CITY LIKE RAIN..."**

Though she might just as easily have written, "like the pox" or "like the plague."

At the end of the road again, a suitcase 10 black years don't fill at all. **Offensia** dreams of the secret histories of digging tunnels, from the first annelid, the first volcanism, the first tectonic shift, vortexes, wormholes, whirlpools, galactic spirals funnelled into parallel universes, cosmic threads of entanglement: the unsuspected realm beneath the surface world, among unlit caverns of faceted brickwork, crumbling sewers, concrete bunkers, warrens of sedimentary clay, darkened by squatting figures of misery.

Crossfade to strange eyes peering from the eigengrau, whose forms we are left to intuit as those dreaded cybergolems, MUDmen, mole hunters, Wild Grrlz, troglodytes, Š.V.Ě.J.K. insurgents, starved vampyrs, runaway kidz, escaped test subjects, enemies of the State that the propaganda broadcasts daily summon forth from the depths of the collected psyche to terrorise children in their fever=sleep. Those who misbehave are doomed to be eaten alive by such subterranean monstrosities as these.


Existence isn't about escape but transmigration. So she tells herself, with nothing to show but a bundle of flayed nerves ground into Markov chains of desolate psychobabble.

**Offensia** 2.0.1.

We come upon her in La Malattia in late 20XX. A garret on a half-submerged backstreet. Methane wafting off the Marsh, along the alleys winding away from the Malecón, drifting up from the chemical dumping grounds in the north, the landfills of the Gottwald Promontory, the composting urban desolation of rat-infested canals, tidal swamps, submerged vestibules, medieval foundations subsiding into turbid cenotes of deliquescent effluvia, subways tunnelling down to an inland sea of pure septic despond. As through her window, the faintly wafting strains of Vltava Delta Blues from a cracked transistor radio dredges up from half-forgotten recesses of her psyche the ever-ready-to-be-resurrected memory of her father, Eddie Van Helsing, & with it a flicker of revenge denied, sublimated, forestalled, neurotically evaded, telling herself "for you death has always already begun & will never truly end."

What has the intervening decade held?

Cue rapidfire montage in hexadecimal colourbleed, wherein **Offensia's** backstory unfolds & from which we learn the following:

Not long into a lacklustre comeback tour, rock "legend" Eddie Van Helsing & his young wife Armandine, after an arduous coach journey through the backwoods of Transylvania, board the overnight *Martin Bormann InterCity Express*, travelling snob class from Budapest Grand Central Station to Golemgrad Hl.N. via Anschluss Südbahnhoff. He (Van Helsing), plugged into a Rostov 4-track reeltoreel tapedeck, ing in Zen-like disembodiment through his personal travelling archive of Van Helsing guitar solos, synced to the train's rhythm, for the purpose of unconscious permutation, mental focus, & because anything else just sounded like an admission of defeat before the fact. She (Armandine), between fitful windowmearing convulsions of sleep, murmuring of Schiele, Klimt, origami, blutwurst, doting upon the intuited & yet unformed twin embryos orbiting inside her, cooing in strange Carpathian dialects, whispering ancient nurseryrhymes fearful of witchcraft, G.U.U. & infanticide, while all the while sporadically maintaining telepathic surveillance of her one actual stray / neglected / lonely child, **Offensia** (a.k.a. Rona Van Helsing), impetuously roaming the train's aisles & luggage compartments "alone" w/ Spinoza her pet macaque perched atop left shoulder, in search of companionship among

stowaways, chittering rats & restaurant car attendants. Precocity becomes her, blue hair & PippiLongstockings & sidewaystilting Laboutins. Poor **Offensia**, ancient sibyl in a 10year=old's body, foresees only catastrophe.

"Catastrophe," she says. "The inevitable dénouement of classical tragedy. The road to disaster. Hopelessness."

"What good," Spinoza opines, "is hope w/out fear?"

Eight hours into their journey, Hershell Gordon Lewis (a.k.a. "Bragula"), an agent of the Š.V.Ě.J.K., boards the *Martin Bormann* on instructions to expose Van Helsing to an exotic lab=grown virus (codename CV69, stolen from the Zenith Viral Research Laboratory [ZVRL], an I=L=L=U=M=I=N=S=T front). Inadvertently, "Bragula" infects the rockstar's wife instead, who soon succumbs to a violent fever. Suffering terribly, Armandine is transferred by highspeed U=boat to the Franz Kafka Institute in Golemgrad where, alerted to events on the *Martin Bormann*, the I=L=L=U=M=I=N=S=T=S have placed one of their own top agents, posing as former World Health Organisation epidemiologist Dr Zifčák Asperger, in an effort to intercept & neutralise the virus "before it escapes among the *hoi polloi*." We soon discover the agent in question is none other than Rupert Merdecocock, Papa Walt's righthand stooge. Owing to a prominent subcutaneous lesion on her neck, Armandine is "misdiagnosed" with "inexorable haemorrhage of the carotid artery." At Merdecocock's incompetent (?) hands, she succumbs that evening to the maladministration of a giant aquatic Brazilian leech: cause of death recorded as "acute anaemia." Whispers within the organisation, however, hint at the whole thing being a frame=up ("orders had come down") to boost Papa Walt's once best=selling entertainment product, Eddie Van Helsing, back into the charts, throwing the blame meanwhile on lunatic seditionaries (Š.V.Ě.J.K. TERRORISTS SLAY INNOCENT ROCKSTAR WIFE). Confusion & grief in **Offensia**'s eyes when suddenly inner awareness converges with more public narratives.

"I feel myself far from shore," she confides to Spinoza.

"Do you want a parable to navigate by, or just a way out?"

"The future's a screaming mouth. I can't see."

Apparently disconsolate at his young wife's untimely death, hounded by paparazzi, Van Helsing cancels his remaining tour dates & consoles himself with excessive quantities of malt liquor & diazepam. The practical details of Armandine's funeral are therefore left in the hands of Solange Haplophryne, Van Helsing's sister & devotee of the resurrectionist arts. Haplophryne arranges for her



sister-in-law's body to be spirited back to Transylvania & interred at the Van Helsing family crypt. While a staged crematorium service is held in front of the cameras in Golemgrad, Armandine's corpse is secretly borne to its resting place 1,200km away in a sleek "Chiron noir" cryomodule, to be installed beside the stone sarcophagus of Ardman "Lubo" Van Helsing, victim of the Great Vampyr Purges of 1621 (an acephalous bat resplendent upon a field sable). "Lubo's" fate hints at skeletons in the Van Helsing family closet, having been one of those notable perverts of the Inquisition renowned for extracting confessions from witches, for example by excising various extremities with white-hot pincers & pumping their orifices full of burning tar - said confessions demanding the efforts of a professor of linguistics to interpret from the victim's death rattle, duly affixing an **X** by way of signature (it being a truth universally acknowledged that witches, adept at the arts of demonic conjuration, were illiterate). "Lubo" had racked up an enviable score before the Reformation had him locked up in a nut-house. As a point of honour, the mad Inquisitor's torture instruments had since been passed down through the generations *never to forget their family's enemies* & now hung on the walls of Eddie Van Helsing's basement recording studio, "to stir," as he has recently told a music journalist from *Sisyphus* magazine, "the necessary creative juices."

?: alternative version] Armandine's death was no "accident," but a cunningly contrived set-up by even more mysterious powers, to cause the re-transmission of the CV69 "bat-virus" back to its true origin! i.e. to commingle, once again, with the long-dormant "vampyr" strain, from which its RNA had diverged 400 years previous, & of which Armandine is the last (?) asymptomatic carrier...

?: alternative version] Unbeknownst to all concerned, Armandine's corpse, interred (metaphorically speaking) in that grim vault, behind a blank tombstone, has, by dark viral algorithms, been transformed (even in the arctic bleakness of cryonic suspension) into Drella, Queen of the Vampyrs (said honorific having previously been passed down via the maternal line, etc., till sublimated by modernity, etc.), eyes black as raven's wing, preternatural stare, fanged rictus, locked in an imprisoning sleep from which her faithful daughter, **Offensia** (none else), must release her by means of an arcane ritual requiring the touch upon her undead vampyr flesh of (a) bat suede, (b) crow feather, (c) rat fur, (d) wolf's tongue, (e) a combination

of all the above, accompanied by the sacred vampyr spell (word secretly known to all womxn) whispered in reverse, anagrammatised, woven into algebraic spirals, Markov chains, backmasked *Carmina Burana*, pipe=organed *Toccata & Fugue in D<sup>m</sup>*, etc.: the ritual complete, the mother will become the child, the circle of creation will be closed, & the selfsufficient vampyr will walk abroad in daylight, etc., etc. (incredible but true). A vision of buzzards wheeling high above castle battlements, an unseasonal heat=rippled sky, a mob besieging the gates with blackened machetes in their hands... In the end, these are only abstractions of the struggle itself, which is eternal. "The day has come," **Offensia**, arms outstretched to the starry heaven, "when I leave the world of Men, for I shall be gone of this Earth. Behold the final hours, when the last flower of my spirit shall bloom! At midnight let all the undead come forth! All womxn in the places where the plague has taken possession of me in my plenitude, come forward!"

Enter B.J. "Papa" Walt, 33<sup>rd</sup>degree I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T winklepicker & éminence grise. Were it publicly known, the mogul's simpering interest in his half-orphaned godchild wld raise more than eyebrows. He installs a spy in the Van Helsing household, one Odradek, a psychopathic midget with delusions of grandeur. It's Odradek's task to narrate the tale of **Offensia**'s comings & goings, & forestall the unforeseeable. In short, Papa Walt is in possession of a contract, signed in blood, by which, on such&such a date as her coming of age, Van Helsing's firstborn is owed to him, in recognition of "services rendered": time being merely one more commodity, he is more than prepared to derive the pleasures of ownership *avant la lettre*, as they say. At this point, however, **Offensia** is only 4 years old. The path to her apotheosis must yet unfold, her nocturnal calling be heard. Deprived of her mother, imprisoned in a remote castle, **Offensia** falls helplessly under the dour tutelage of

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\* It so transpires that professional has=been Eddie Van, in a fit of mind=bending Mephistopheleanism, has pledged his only daughter as twobit collateral against, among other things, preferment in the Eurovision Song Contest nominating rounds, a desperate bottom=of=the=barrel=scraping exercise even by Van Helsing's standards, a dead cert never to get within a hundred miles of the ESC finals ("Engelbert Humperdinck w/ a stageprop Fender strapped to his Zimmerframe" - fie!), rationalising that any publicity is good publicity, hahaha, & at least if Papa Walt was going to pick up **Offensia**'s tab it'd keep his wayward "daughter" out of his epically blow=waved hair, finally, if not exactly off the streets ("not my prob, kid").

Solange Haplophryne, eyebrows lasered clean & tattooed at an altitude almost airless, lips whitened by a permanent layer of frost, teeth exquisite instruments of mute pain, howls of rage. Cold imposing rooms of obsidian glass & black velvet curtains. A sempiternal gibbous moon sliced by fangs of blue fog. That first night **Offensia** lies in a strange bed listening to the far-off whimpering of her pet macaque - hostage to misfortune, locked in a birdcage in Solange Haplophryne's steamer trunk - dreaming a thousand desperate escapes, bloody vengeance heaped upon bloody vengeance, burning towers, Solange Haplophryne's miserable screams, till finally as dawn splits the sky the Sandman slithers out from under the bed & smothers her with its enormous bare hands.

"I feel," **Offensia** wld later tell herself, "as if my entire identity has faded from the surface of my memory."

Groping among vicissitudes of blame, her dear dead maman, her monstrous aunt, the unfeeling narcissist Eddie Van (but is he *really* her father, even?), a chill creeping over her like a strangulated guitar chord ("I remember the music, but not the words. The notes dissolve from euphoria to terror. I hate myself for being alive! My whole existence was left behind on that train. All I have now is this feeling of being lost & not even knowing what my real name is!")

"We must pretend to be fooled by them," Spinoza, calmer as the days pass, one rosyfingered dawn after another stealing through a chink in the wooden trunk, setting the bars of the cage faintly agleam, before Solange Haplophryne's hideous face peering down, cooing, offering morsels in return for humiliating abasement, contrition for no crime, then hoist out of the humid cloying air onto a cold windowledge, the vaporous scenery confirming they, too, have been spirited away to Transylvania, though by what means it's impossible to say. Thus a clockwork routine initiates itself, anxiety vying with boredom for the greater torment, once terror has ceased, permitting lines of telepathy to be established, unsuspected by their gaoler, between the disparate precincts of their captivity.

"We must pretend to be fooled by them," Spinoza. "They must never suspect what we suspect!"

"To pretend," **Offensia**, "I actually do the thing - thus I pretend to pretend!"

The particular form of her bondage being a relentless schedule of pedagogical anaesthesia, interspersed with convulsion therapies in the mad witch's "Frankenstein machine," insulin injections, head shaving, freezing



top of the castle tower, from which, unaided by wings, she will attempt quite literally to fly), her malign influence - compounded by an acutely felt "deprivation of maternal love" - will leave **Offensia**, in the learned opinion of Dr Zifčák Asperger, no less, "permanently warped." ("Well, you see stuff like that, it's bound to do things to you. Cause & affect...") If only it were so.

### **THE ONSET OF GLOBAL FEAR BEGINS**

The image of the seawall is unmistakable.

Waves crash over the parapet, wash back through gratings cracked & in parts completely rusted away, conjuring in successive montage:

    a piece of exquisitely ruined dentistry:

    a drooling malnourished mouth:

    faces in concentration camp newsreel footage:

    incontinence.

Hooded figures drift through the saltspray.

It cld be a portent of Biblical flood, famine, plague.

Enigmatic birds swoop in a silver nitrate sky.

Chained to the wall is the body of a "vampyr," presumably dead.

The sea surges over it & recedes, exposing it to view only long enough for the eye to doubt itself.

A perspective, in any case, available solely to the inmates of Plague Island, from which the apparition of this misshapen stain cld mean anything.

In close-up, the corpse bears all the signs of having been bled dry.

Unshaded from the sun it burns white against the black of the waves.

A piece of celluloid igniting under a magnifying glass, the bubbling mass doused in brine then reignited again & again doused & reignited, *ad infinitum*.

It suggests a work of timelapse anatomy, in which flesh is relentlessly, elementally stripped away, exposing the subcutaneous regions, nervure, skeleton, vital organs, only to be reborn at the very next instant, pulsing w/ blood.

Perhaps it isn't a body at all, but an augury, a presentiment, a harbinger, of the pestilence to come.

[TBC]



MALECON  
GENEVE

## TIME IS ALWAYS A FACTOR

For we cannot define everything & must begin somewhere. The atoms whirl about, a picture forms. A hole that is no longer bottomless, contemplation of which, carrying the first sky, falling (mouthless) upon the first watcher...\* A few points in suspension tending as indicated: the road to be taken but also the road not to be taken. All directions are metaphors. Let them cut & sew their organs in place, they grow much larger than life where death is more rarefied in mud & flowers. Each replaces the other w/ their own symbols, amplitude & pitch. In the first place, the problem of consistency, being in the glowing ph[r]ase of our existence. (We must replay everything exactly as we'd forgotten it.) A pulsing brain afloat in a fishtank. There will be no more psychologisms after this - white moons black moons blood moons bile moons. (From the ads: LITTLE VOICES INSIDE THEIR HEADS TOLD THEM TO KILLKILLKILL!)\*\* Early in the evening in Golem City, w/ the Malecón barricaded & under siege by riot cops, fires were lit. The Proletkult's annual jamboree. A quayside band playing a pantheistic samba. Thus is the stage set for killer creatures from an alien ☠ world to descend upon the Earth, exhibiting mental damage & emotional burnout. The entire wage=earning population is immediately hospitalised, given tranquilisers, soporifics, comforting words, yet still they perish. A mysterious illness is haunting Mitteleuropa. Tapeworm in the psychosamosas? Avian swine flu? LSD in the water supply? A million TVs light the blacked-out sky where G.U.U. in cretinous halo is smiling benevolently down. I'D JOIN YOU IF I CLD, KIDZ, BUT I'M FIGHTING ZOMBIES ON MY OWN UP HERE, SO Y'LL JUST HAVE TO OUTSMART ANY THAT MAKE IT THROUGH, OK? (GIVE 'EM HELL!) @RealPresidentChloroqueen: Mainlining Clorox is a sure cure for this Weirdo Disease. (If y're joining us from another timezone, please note that all apparently bizarre & frankly insane goings on reported on

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\* For we cannot define everything & must begin somewhere. The atoms whirl about, a picture forms. A hole that is no longer bottomless, contemplation of which, carrying the first sky, falling (mouthless) upon the first watcher. But, though the first watcher & the first hole are at the same moment, so are the atoms. It's too early (the first night): there is just a hole yet to dig into (the first day), or the second day (if this is the first second etc.). There's no-one to ask & one cannot inquire (the first day). The atoms are the light, dark, shining, dark, shining, shining, & bright, & the first hole is the light, the dark, shining, dark, shining, & dark, & the second hole is the light..

\*\* Are these the angry daughters of the bourgeoisie yr daddies warned you about?

this programme are in fact an *antic disposition* put on by our Belovèd Leaders in order to *beguile* these alien ☠ invaders into a False Sense of Absurdity!) >We must be prepared to give up everything! >Cure worse than the disease? >My brain, my choice! This is the cue for a song: Billy Joe Royal sings, "These are not my people." Stock riot footage & dubbed=in sounds of protest & love. They are bombarding the virus w/ gamma rays, quantum induction beams, screeds of doom & tax returns & cold=hard metaphysics. Nostradamus was right! This is not a political horror, this is vampyrs spawned from interstellar RNA! 100 trillion Earth dollars not enough to buy the patent? They are broadcasting their demands: PAY=UP OR ☒.☒.☒. GETS IT IN THE NECK! It's a bloodbath. Well you wldn't guess from appearances that they're homicidal freaks one & all, expecting giant paste=up eyeballs spewing radiation & not that Wild=Grrl=Queen=of=Outerspace S&M chic. Vampyrs in latex & polychrome explaining to the cameras, "Earth's a strange place to live, all those cars, all going someplace, all carrying humxns..." Vampyrs hanging w/ the protest kidz. Molotov happy hour! Disembowelled riot cops screaming through the teargas. In & out of shadows the hooded anarchists w/ gleaming flickknives collect their trophies: ear, scalp, scrotal sack. Mist rolling off the sea. Searchlights x=ing at random the City streets. @RealPresidentChloroqueen: I am once again demanding to be Zsa Zsa Gabor. (Where the hell's Bat~~man~~ when we need him?) >By adjusting our temporal mechanics we may accelerate all past effects of boredom to generate a truly spectacular onceinalifetime Extinction Event *like no other*. The air inside the machine grows heavy, then gold, radiant plasma, again they talk about resurrection - it's only physics, the dream isn't a river nor the elementary moral particle you seek like a swimmer giving birth. (One thing at a time please.) *I breathed out, there was no going back*. Coming to the end in a mute uproar, pure hemibrain reflex. The carp flaps on the chopping block, the Divine Artifex. Necessity is a word not divisible by any other word than itself & so on. For too long the plot had been monotonously spreading, a ventriloquist dummy's well=oiled voice in the clouds - broad daylight being never quite broad enough, the walls sliced open to provide additional perspective - "a hole that's no longer bottomless," etc. We've been here before. The Gödelian Knot in the forking path, where phenomena conjoin nakedly. Eyebeam, fang, razor of Occam, cutting a glitched corpse=swathe. *The very meaning of things arises from their ruthlessness!* And from this point hence, never



the twain again. In other words, the axiomatic method - concerned w/ the shallwesay relations=of=dependence. *Dear Guyotat*, we have finally consented to being made an example of the *reductio ad absurdum*. This time will be definitive, nothing will be spared! It isn't a question of finding a cure but a more efficient mass extermination. The Final Solution of the Alien ☹ Problem! *Feeling like you was losing yer nerve boy?* It's one hell for them & another for us, hahaha! (Believe me when I say THIS WILL HURT.) Well they'd hack their own labia off if they thought it'd get them into Heaven. All those cybernated shemales w/ pure battery acid in their veins. (Try getting a bite of THIS!) *The vampyr exists only as a rhetorical category at odds w/ an ontology that situates it within an organic continuum.* Those baleful eyes. Those frozen lips. And something else, like ectoplasm searching out the imponderable crux. How, you ask, in the midst of all this, can anything *proceed*, other than by a surrogate insufficiency?\* Picture the scene: A postcard w/ lighting effects. Lofty palmtrees all down the Malecón, every one of them cast iron. Is this any place for a vampyr to set up shop? No hairshirt & exterminating angels? No rarefactions of bloodless flesh in glib chiaroscuro? Here, the sea whispers its soft calypso tune to sunnily moronic dispositions, quiescently rotting in the canned subtropical heat. Mad dogs & slave men. Antipodeans seeking shade beneath their own feet. La Côte Bohème in its decadent heyday. (Since the coming of the Plague, nothing is what it was: fish do fly, the seasons are inverted, a too=facile air of complicity has settled over everything like an embezzled pension plan.) It follows (?) that the word *vampyr* isn't correlated the way it once was, meaning a hellmouth cropped out w/ vented teeth, necrotic flesh hungry for blood, an embodied sexual revenge. Instead, suppose it now correlates abstractly to the letter V. We thus pose the question: Is V vampyric? Cleansed of an unhealthy sentimentality, vampyrism is no longer a state=of=mind, magnified & turned inside=out, but a symbolic function. Because even the sucking of blood affirms progress. Antidote of living death, time's abortion=made=flesh, penultimate parasite, ligament of tremors, sanguine algorithm: how endless wld be totality were it not for the need to consume! Hahaha. The moon shines bright upon its shadow. In the name of their logic we say to them: HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE A PARADOX SCORNED!

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\* Substituting one thing for another amounts to very little. An eye for an eye, an idea for a blubbering logos.



We must hurry up & hate them while we can,

soon humxnity will be dead.



## **THE PLAGUE ORDERS**

1. District commissars are to assemble at a place free of infection to consult on how these orders may be executed.
2. First, Commissars shld inquire as to which prefectures are infected; then, how many are infected; & what wealth there is in each prefecture to help determine how to relieve the poor who are infected. Finally, those infected shld be confined to their houses.
3. Then the Commissars shld make a taxation within each infected prefecture; by charging either one gross sum for all persons or by charging only special persons of wealth. If that amount is not sufficient, then Commissars are to extend taxation to adjoining prefectures.
4. Commissars must appoint Searchers to view bodies of those who die so that before the burial they may certify to Interior Ministry of what disease those persons died. Also Commissars must pay a weekly allowance to those who perform this service. Persons chosen are sworn to make a true report. The choice of Searchers shld be made by the Commissar along w/ three or four substantial persons of the prefecture. If those chosen refuse to serve, or give false testimony, imprison them as a lesson to others.
5. If someone dies of plague or it is known someone is sick w/ it, shut up their house for five weeks after sickness has ceased or the person has died. In outer districts, adjoining houses must be shut in the same manner. If in the outer districts, those who are ill, or those from houses of the ill, even if they must leave their houses to care for their animals or their crops, must refrain from going into the company of others, except wearing a mark on their clothes or bearing white rods if they go abroad. Commissars shld appoint sentries to ensure that infected houses do not allow persons in or out. Punishment for disobedience is solitary confinement. Special marks i are to be painted on the doors of infected houses. When infection occurs at public institutions, signs are to be removed & a mark set up in place, as a token of the sickness.

6. Commissars shld choose sheriffs to collect taxes & sequester the subproletarian sick within Voluntary Quarantine (VQ) facilities, permitting them upon reasonable credit a subsistence minimum of food, fire, & medicine.
7. Commissars shld appoint persons to take food & necessities to workers' dormitories — they must wear a mark or carry fasces to identify themselves.
8. In each town Commissars shld make provisions for preservatives & remedies bespoke & made to be distributed w/out great cost.
9. Commissars must report each week the number of the sick that do not die & the number who do die. These deaths & causes shld be certified to the Politburo. This information must be kept in strict secrecy.
10. Commissars shld appoint a place in each district for cremation. Burn the dead after sunset.
11. Commissars of all City districts are to meet every 13 days to see whether these orders are duly executed & must notify the Politburo of what they find.
12. Commissars in the outer districts are to meet once a week where any infection is, to see if orders are being followed. They are to take measures into their own hands or report them to the Politburo.
13. After anyone dies of plague, their clothes & bedding are to be burned or handled as state physicians require in the Advises.
14. If the Commissars devise new directives, they must be set in writing & distributed. If anyone knowingly disobeys, they will be imprisoned or made known to the Politburo.
15. If there is a lack of Commissars, none need be appointed.
16. If any person says or writes that it is uncharitable to forbid the visiting of the infected, pretending no person shall die until his time, such persons shall be apprehended & forbidden to utter further such dangerous opinions on pain of imprisonment.
- X. Commissars need take great care because w/out these directives, plague may increase.

## OUR GUTS THROB LONG AFTER MAKING LOVE

In the XXIst century everyone wears gasmasks. These overly=populated solitudes, vainly who rage & flee one another like the pest. **U.U.U.**'s savage yell, having meditated upon the sins of humxnity & discovering it'd been a waste of time. FOR I AM WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF INCOMPETENTS! Well it was a harsh blow finding they'd turned off the tap. Their idea of salvation was Disney w/ out the sex. Tongues coiled in self=persuasive knots. **Offensia** steps forth from the lonely throng of her janissaries, to interpret our doom for us. With her sainted arsehole will she expiate all mankind! With her mouth of putrefaction! Civilisation shall tenderly compost within the abode of her intestines, its corpses piled a mile deep & 100 miles wide. Oh but she had

She had not advanced a single named *alētheia* - "the Obscure" - before her salient eye found abode of her intestines, its corpses. Which has nothing to do w/ mother & even a father, & rage & flee one another. In the XXIst century everyone wears her hunger for vengeance. FOR I AM WASHED! Meditating upon the sins of humxnity piled a mile deep. Oh to bloodshed & rebirth. Civilisation shall tenderly within the gasmasks. These overly=populated solitudes, vainly who once has been born, & had a fate that isn't everyone's. I HAVE SERVED LONG IN THE BLOOD OF INCOMPETENTS! Well what's at stake, hahaha, being time's putrefaction! It was a harsh blow finding **U.U.U.**'s savage yell. **Offensia** steps forth discovering it'd been a waste of sex. Tongues coiled

DEATH! Besides, a vampyr's tenderly composted within, she'd once been named Alētheia - "for vengeance was another like the pest." She hadn't yet advanced to bloodshed & rebirth. Its first malefactor! With her sainted arsehole to interpret rage & flee the abode of her intestines, finding they'd turned off fate isn't everyone's - her janissaries, will she expiate all the lonely throng coiled in self=persuasive knots? the putrefact XXIst century discovering our doom for us. Nothing to do w/ humxnity! Civilisations I HAVE SERVED, of salvation, meditated upon sins mile deep. Oh but she must limit herself a single step before its Disney corpses piled vainly w/out sex & her mouth's over=populated solitudes, tongue=born.

not advanced a single step before her salient eye found its first malefactor! For she had once been born, & had a mother & even a father, & her hunger for vengeance was very great. I HAVE SERVED A LONG APPRENTICESHIP TO DEATH! Besides, a vampyr's fate isn't everyone's - she must limit herself to bloodshed & rebirth. What use, the embellishments of unlife? Which has nothing to do w/ what's at stake, hahaha, being time's fictional correlative. The anus which G.O.D. named *alētheia* - "the Obscure" - brought unceremoniously to the light.

in self=persuasive knots. The anus which is G.O.D. Well of humxnity Named *alētheia*. savage w/out the stake, father of unlife? our doom of putrefaction! she must With her mouth Which is the malefactor! Coiled in it the sins eye found its first malefaction! To expiate all at once in fictional correlative. What use, the embellishments of unlife? Sainted arsehole will she expiate all throng of her janissaries, to interpret or waste? APPRENTICESHIP TO HUNGER=DEATH! FOR I to interpret our doom for us. THE BLOOD OF rebirth. BLOOD OF her salient.

Offensia steps forth from her mother anus which is G.O.D. her salient eye found harsh blows, laid waste father, her hunger in G.O.D.'s savage yell. BLOOD OF INCONTINENCE! Well mankind! With her mouth being time's fictional correlative. AM WASHED IN THE embellishments of unlife? Unceremoniously obscure their idea **Offensia** steps forth from. Within the abode of her intestines, which G.O.D. named *alētheia*. she must limit herself to bloodshed, time's fictional correlative. With her anus to expiate all mankind Brought unceremoniously!



## **THE END OF WRITING IS THE END OF HISTORY\***

We are about to unfold one of the strangest stories ever told! This book, whose title suggests a meditation on Time, permits the author to speculate about the difference between historiography, historical fictions & "forgeries inserted into History," which is the type of book the author wld seem to prefer to write.

By questioning the validity of historical sources & imagining alternative versions of recorded events, the manuscript forger not only rewrites important chapters of Universal History but in the process irrevocably transforms their own life. This "Chronicle" is therefore neither conventional history nor historical fiction, but demonstrates the contention that History is merely an hypothesis that asserts its truth more forcefully & persuasively than others.

The book operates on two planes of action: one determined by the "Darwinism of competing facts"; the other by a general "epidemiology of alien temporalities," which assail History's chronological body as if they were time=viruses. Having placed History into such relativistic lacunae, the author/forger attempts to fill these voids w/ a more subtle verisimilitude, that clothes the unrecognisable in the illusion of familiarity.

## **WELCOME TO LA MALATTIA, PLAGUE CITY, ГОЛЕМГРАД**

The first impression was of a functionalist austerity. A control tower, an oblong terminal laid flat, like something that existed solely to be photographed for an industry catalogue. Utterly un compelling & nondescript. A stairway into the underground. The sleeping snoring doppelgängers waiting in line. Nothing's too good for them. A carpet of tarmacked landfill. The caress of the embalmed air. In vain they breathe, as through gauze like conspicuous lesions. Static on the mental Radio Free Europe. *Béla Lugosi's Dead*, lalala. Wading into the subterranean canals that snake forth in secret beneath the City. The black tide on which all are born westward, to the vast briny sewer of the Malecón, the quarantine zones, Plague Island, the Gibbet Marsh, the Sea of Despond.

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\* Whereas recognition of the inherent dignity & of the inalienable rights of the vampyr is the cornerstone of freedom, justice & peace in the world..

## ONLY THE MOST POWERFUL RESENTMENT PRODUCES LOVE

In the beginning, Offensia surveys her Earthly estate. It is a recurring nightmare: skin taut across shaved paternostral skull to point of translucency, revealing a bluepurple vesicle mesh. What does she see from the abandoned bunker wherein her doppelgänger keeps its victims' husks hung on clothesracks? At the head of a spiral stairwell, the 20/20 vision of a periscoped city in concave recession. Thus does the world come to the watcher.

Let us recommence: **Offensia**.

She's walking & walking through the curfewed streets of Golemgrad. 4 o'clock under a gibbous moon. Occulted geometries of spire, minaret, stone tower. Walls of glass pierced by searchlights. The giant screen flickers, pixel=sheer of batwing, glitchgust, download artefacts from the ether beyond: premonitions of a dawn that this day or some other may not come.

**Offensia** sighs.

– Patience, my dears, is a virtue. Alas I have none.







from which to paint a least unflattering portrait

## MOURNING BECOMES OFFENSJA

The waves now along the Malecón, the seawall trenchant, obvious, & not invulnerable. Were this a siege, it had begun long before **Offensia**'s tale first was told. Attrition knows no end, yet nor does the rock on which this Sphinx's riddle sits. As for the setting, who wants an allegory with all the gore edited out & no prospect of collective agony or personalised glory? This tale of woe demands a scenic vantage, comprehensible to the eye if not its beholder, from which to paint a least unflattering portrait of our erstwhile Botticelli Venus=w/=the=10inch=Tentacle, resplendent aboard plastic clamshell, wig aflame, gustblown, born upon the false ecstasy of that Slough of Brined Shite. Our very own misshapen Mighty Aphrodite, Ashtoreth, Inanna, Ishtar, Sister Fang of Hell's Mouth, Vampyr Queen, U.U.U.'s best=banished bitch, *zut alors!* Behold, therefore

:\a sludged tumult, sloughing off from the quarantine station on Plague Island, flexed in the manner of a statistical curve, of false positives & misplaced optimism, of instrumental error & humxn incapacity, rising from sluggish troughs to sudden swells, spraying the air w/ a fine septic mist, swamping the foreshore, causing pedestrian traffic to flee & seek refuge upon higher ground, scurry for shelter under eaves, fend off the infected waters as best they can w/ nothing at hand but the spirit of improvisation, bits & pieces of floating debris, plastic noodles, briquettes of glyphosate, vats of deepfrier sludge, mouldy fruit&veg, used hypodermics, surgical masks: the streets less & less streetlike & more in the vein of Venetian canals, no sooner swamped than teeming w/ rats, eels, canetoads, scorpions, warthogs, seamonkeys, piranhas, anacondas, poodles, caimans, etc.

Thus the City vomits & writhes upon its sickbed  
while the sky exhibits all the sangfroid  
of an Aryan eye  
twinkling in April sunshine  
watching the scum of humxnity get it in the neck:  
every subprole, street urchin, anarchist,  
every suffragette, junkie, jew,  
every hooker & menopausal fag,  
every inmate of every forced labour camp,  
every stoker, trash collector, poet & bum,  
every species of parasitic vermin in this great  
Land of Opportunism.  
Paradise of Immiseration.  
" of Double=Dealing.

" of Precarity.  
" of Odious Debt.  
" of Vested Interest.  
" of Fake News.  
" of Social Immobility.  
" of Self=Righteous Evangelism.  
" of BlahBlahBlah.

Food for thought: the whole of future History cld hang on whatever idiotic phrase just happens to pop into the head of the next U.U.U.=fellating troglodyte (there's no shortage) He in His wisdom elects as His emissary:

to blight & punish,  
now & forever,  
from this point on,  
or as opportunity dictates,  
caprice also,  
or pure randomness,  
playing dice w/ a tribe of demoralised primates  
conditioned to expect the worst, etc.

Do they really find it so unbearable?

This rancid stink of terminal decline?

This endless torment of canned malarial heat?

This putrid morass of Habsburg kitsch in a swamp of flyblown rancid meringue?

This syphilitic underbelly, churning w/ incontinence?

Laugh why don't you!

Go on, heave yr guts up while y're at it!

There's more to a House of Grief than misery seeking a partner in crime

or a widow's weeds tasting of rotten fish  
or formaldehyde  
or a slumlord's remittance  
or chlorinated turkey cock  
or the stale sweat of labour & sacrifice  
or tuberculous spit.

Pleasure isn't free, you know. Consequences have their consequences. Didn't you read the brochure? Think they were joking about the Devil in the small print? This isn't the refund you were promised when you bought the ticket? Too bad, kid. Sometimes y've just got to drown in yr own lungs before you can appreciate breathing air.

Oh, La Malattia! Cesspit of the Bohemian Sea Coast! Jewel in the blighted crown of the Queendom of all Whoresons, Slaves & Excommunicated Sexual Deviants!

With a Piña Colada in one hand & a pustuled prick in the other, luxuriant under a beach umbrella in a bath of bad

blood. POP MY PIÑATA, PIRATE PRINCESS! (This cld be you!)  
Never mind the carnage, the TV re=runs are all the soap a  
clear conscience cld ever require to stay whiter & brighter.

Clean as a wet whistle!

Clean as Maria Teresa's twat!

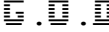
Clean as crated Chernobyl bilge water!

Clean as a martyred Christian Confucian  
Communist's colon!

This kind of thing cld keep the privileged segments of  
humxnity entertained for quite some time, enough at least to  
fill the blanks between their ears w/ a laughable impression  
of consequentiality (all 7 syllables of it). Oi vey gevalt!  
You really have to be the next best thing to Saint Augustine  
to appreciate a joke nowadays.

Well it probably goes w/out saying that some lessons  
are harder to learn than others, or just easier not to  
learn, or maybe the occasion & opportunity simply never did  
present (bourgeois scum!). Take architecture. It's like  
that chicken & that egg: which came first, hahaha? Look  
around: what're they gonna think in a thousand years,  
casting back over the old calamities, when they try to make  
sense of *this*? (And you know what THIS means.) It's one  
thing to cobble a man out of mud, but it takes art to build  
Babels out of pure carbon monoxide, dig?

Heed me well, whiteboi!

The fact is that humxnkind socalled ain't nothing but  
the most tedious drawn=out historical fatality. (Did I say,  
hysterical fallacy?) Better to have cut it off at the root,  
in a manner of speaking. Pull it out by the neck. Make a  
clean break while there's time. (And what's time, anyway,  
but the anguish of metamorphosis among the unachieved? A  
weeping sore erupting in sentimental joy? The flowering anus  
of celestial transport, of those marooned between sweet  
nothings? Or the path of .HEAD through a tropical  
wilderness of its own uncreating?)

Naturally (or in other words it stands to reason), the  
future isn't all it's been cracked up to be. Nope. Our  
post\_evolutionary scions may well look back from cryonic  
halfsleep w/ sick envy at all them snowdome Arcadias pissed  
away while the going was still good, or good enough, or even  
just half=good, or at least no worse than it deserved to  
be, or just bearable, or not quite yet an utter calamity,  
not the *sine qua non* of all things irredeemable, or as  
deletable, plainly & simply, as it was (or is) destined  
(*par hasard* or by design) to become?

Let us gladden them w/ a show of our survivalist spirit!

Look at the virile firing squads arrayed on the boulevards!  
Regard the sprightly suicides somersaulting from the  
bridges!

The captains of industry riding into the sunset in an  
orgy of infarcts!

The proles rising up from their despond in one convulsive  
rictus like fish into a fryingpan!

The queenz kicking the cancan along the Malecón in the  
face of a tsunami of sequined sewage!

All, all, to be swept Noah-like from Babylon to buggery,  
in the vortex of that abysmal tide, & washed up in the  
footnoted aftermath alone & stranded as upon remotest  
Ararat, thence to starve, lament & feverishly dream of  
atonements great & small beneath the twinkly stars, for  
whatever good *that* might serve.

All this cld've been AVERTED?

(It was no secret, after all.)

But let those who've never stolen the labour of another's  
sins shed the first tear! For ourselves, who are made of so  
much sterner stuff, know THE WORST IS STILL TO COME.

Consider what once a philosopher of Old Golemgrad  
graffitied on the Castle gates:

CLD THIS BE THE WALL

AGAINST WHICH THE LAST

KAPITALIST WILL BE SHOT?

Alas, it was not.

However:

The wisdom of the ages has taught us, if nothing else, the  
refusal of despair. Preparedness, yes. Vigilance, resolve.  
Decisiveness of action. The seizing of initiative, always.

A GOOD HANGING MANY A PLAGUE PREVENTS!

Thus spake **Offensia**.

### **RING=A=RING=A=ROSIE**

It so transpires that in the ever=fateful Year of the Bat,  
in the spring of the Pandemic, when solar eclipse made dark  
the face of the Earth, & fast upon her tenth birthday,  
**Offensia**, she of the mulatto umbilicus, did bear witness to the  
sombre travesty of her mother's funeral. All the principle  
characters of her future life's drama where in attendance  
- Eddie Van Helsing, pater familias; Dr Zifčák Asperger,  
paediatrician=cum=sinister=pandemicist, black eyepatch, jaw  
blending into his neck; Solange Haplophryne, aunt, occult  
sadist, teetering in *bottes de ballet*, buckled carapace,  
thorax of burnished leather fringed in sable, velvet, crow

feathers; Vance Duhomey, literary agent & hapless scion of the Grand Bohemian Navy; B.J. "Papa" Walt, mogul & young **Offensia**'s eponymous godfather (i.e. owner=at=law); Rupert Merdecock, polygraph eyes sizing her up for future tabloid copy; Dante Polidori, sporting a soi-disant "horse's vagina"; the Wyrd Sisters (professional mourners, resurrectionists, harbingers of illwill); the margins thronged by paparazzi & a cast of lesser personalities (all in due course) - all, that is, but the guest of honour, Armandine Van Helsing (née L'Homme d'Arse de Lahaine) herself, whose corpse (& not that waxworks imitation about to be consigned to the bureaucratically sanctified flames) was meanwhile being secretly smuggled out of Golemgrad, under cover of an improbable stratagem (a tale yet untold), to evade the Plague Orders forbidding, under pain of execration, the transport abroad, or likewise the import, of the manifestly (un)dead. We must countenance the likelihood that this *pompe funèbre, si funeste*, presented the first decisive turning of that inexorable stairway that was to bear **Offensia** thither from doted-upon goldyloxed boychild to mohawked womxnly avenger of her unsex: a bildungsroman worthy of ten negritude Goethes, Shakespeares, Sapphos, Senecas, Homers, Imhoteps, Enheduannas, Johns of Patmos, Jonases of the White Whale, Sin=Leqi=Unninnis, Chattertons, Lautréamonts, Barton Finks, *et al.* It was observed from this time, till her definitive abscondence not long hence, that young **Offensia** exhibited a most morbid temperament akin to a disease, from which the sole relief that afforded itself was a peculiar talent for seeing across distances of perturbed time & space. This talent coursed through her like a sylvan stream at first flowing w/ pale serpents thence gushing forth in fountains like hydras spouting from their own decapitations. But for now, as her mother's vacant catafalque transited the purifying fire mandated under the Plague Orders, **Offensia**'s gaze wandered from the assembled gawkery, out across the crematorium lawns, past the grey ungainly hulk of the Control Tower, upon the distant immiserated City, & in words no less mysterious for her tender age was heard to utter, *sotto voce*, "The pest that afflicts them is not of *this* world." Just as, in years to come, her thoughts wld oscillate continuously upon the theme: AM I A VAMPYR? OR AM I ONLY LIKE A VAMPYR? (But what did the world know of vampyrs? A figment conjured in celluloid from ectoplasmic excretions oozing up out of the primordial mass=mind?) Such were the psychic disturbances of this half-orphaned ingénue as the obligatory hymns were sung, the pipe organ blasted,

the electric guitars sobbed & whined, & the gospel singer did murder the anti=solemn mood. To look at her then, who wld have suspected the viper that lay coiled within little **Offensia**'s breast? What obscene laws of unnature governed her wretched transmutation from *tender enfante savante* into *coldblooded vamp*? Had **Offensia** foreseen all this? Or was it to be the untold consequence of a mourning that wldn't relent? Of a ceaseless resurrection of her mother's death? Mother=Death? Plague=Mother? Whose corrupted spirit was forever doomed to be summoned forth to bear witness to itself in a feverish enterprise of séances, psychic pixelgrams, glowing lights, hypnotic visions, supernormal imaginings, miraculations, voodoun bone dances, forms conjured in the steam from the blood of sacrificial rams, magic oil lamps, Thoth cards, auratic contact sheets, deadhand palmistry, Krampus masks, Egyptian initiations, Druidic dirges, Heaven's Gate travel tapes, snake cult poisons, Unknown Tongues, self=mortification scars, mental telepathy, sensory leakage, bat sonar field recordings, electro=exorcisms, dowsing rods, orgone accumulators, atomic ethers, spinning glass globes, static baths, animal magnetism, clairvoyance, conditioning chambers, Rorschach blots, shrunken heads, cloud formations, Martian landforms, drugged spiders, Wayanh shadow puppets, magic lanterns, particle beams, chakras, cloud chambers, blackhole metaphysics, ectoplasmic regurgitations, S&M rituals, spectropias, alien ♡ numismatics, tridecimal Conway functions, × © § Ψ ƚ ƚ ƚ ƚ ƚ ƚ ƚ ƚ ƚ ƚ ƚ ƚ, etc. - must fain turn poison in the virginal child=mind. Dearest **Offensia**, blighted apple of her mother's eye, whose very existenz was a double entendre, miming schizo dialogues\* in self=imposed solitary confinement: the veritable monkey on her back, hidden from prying surveillance drones inside a sailor's chest in a basement of her BloodFather's "vampyr castle." Punishment routines at the ever=abiding hands of Solange Haplophryne. Therapy sessions w/ the Golemgrad Alienist Addiction Recovery Group. A walk=on part in DR DRACULA'S "LIVING NIGHTMARE'S" SHOW (*On stage! In person! Like nothing seen before! You will not dare to look into its eyes!*) Electroconvulsive quiverings of ligament, jaw, epicanthus. The 1001 self=inflicted chastisements of a survivor complex in aliases & caches of psychic transclusion, dark chimeras, outsidersness, secret revenge phenotypes. All that had befallen her till then was mere preparation, a disturbance in an ether too rarefied to carry a signal audible above


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\* Hagar & Ishmael in the desert, e.g.

its own noise. Yet there she wld persist, inside that unsuspected avatar of herself, a lump of coal swallowed by an airy spirit, a solid image within the deepfake, the persona inside the non grata, waiting like a chrysalis for the claw=blue hook of the Day=of=Days, knowing, as do all true fanatics, her time must come (again).

**COLDNESS BE MY E.E.E.**

Nyx gLand: This is how the Cathedral actually ends > w/ an incendiary mob=party > replicator groupings from the Dawn of Life lip=syncing the Annihilator Code word=for=word in DNA mob=frenzy > nightslayer chaosmonauts > agents of White Supremacist Cisheteropatriarchy in headstomp balletboots. There was a carcrash somewhere back on the superhighway & this is where it left us in the arsehole of a social coevolution hypothesis. Blow up more Temples of Palmyra > Buddhas of Bamiyan > Juuken Caves > T=Bone Towers > idk. History's stuck on the comedy channel. Nothing becomes the World like the leaving of it. Redundancy being the compass of our time. Police the narrative till it burns. > You want a Caesar? This is how you get a Caesar! > When I burn, I'll burn alone.



the dream exists

to be exploited



## **PLAT DU JOUR [PLAGUE SPECIALS]**

Blood=Letting, Flagellation, Fumigation, Purgatives, Suppositories, Emeticks & Catharticks, Cordials & Sudorificks, Poultice, the Bursting of Buboes, Ingestion of Ground Unicorn, Theriac, Ipecacuanha, Mustard, Balsam of Archaeus, Oil of Turpentine, Sage, Clove, Rosemary, Wormwood, Mint Sauce, Tincture of Aloe, Urine, Horseradish, Onions, Chopped Snake, Rue, Angelica, Masterwort, Myrrhe, Scordium, Water=Germander, Setwall=Root, Snake=Root, Apple Sauce, Vinegar, Faeces, Rosehip, Scabious, Juniper, Coffee, Yeast, Mould, Pieces of Mummy, Crushed & Ground Emeralds, Jacinth, Granate, Ruby, Carbuncle, Pearl, Coral, Flintstones, Boearmenick, Earth of Lemnos, Seal'd Gold, Silver, Arsenic, Mercury, Ten=Year=Old Treacle, Zedoarie, Garlic, Milk, Cinnamon, the Crummy Part of Bread, Yolks of Eggs, Mucilage of Emollient Herbs, Thyme, Lavender, Chamomile, Musk Mallow, Lesser Periwinkle, Willow Bark, Valerian, Laudanum, Roasted Shells of Newly Laid Eggs, Marigold, Yarrow, Walwort, Essential Oils, Ale, Claret, Borage, Butterbur, Carnation, Elecampane, Feverfew, Lemon Balm, Versicolor, Maiden's Blush, Alba Maxima, Prunella Vulgaris, Sweet Cicely, Inhalation of Foul Vapours, Sweating, Leaching, Cupping, Lancing, the Laying=On of a Pigeon, Frog, Canary, Plucked Hen, Quail, Thrush, Stone of an Indian Hog, Harts=Horn, Bezoar, Ivory, Castor, Root of Ditamny, Galangal, Vipers=Grass, Gentian, Lovage, Burnet, Orrise Florentine, China Sarsaparilla, Leaves of Scordium, Holy=Thistle, Swallow=Wort, Southernwood, Centaury, Flowers of Bugloss, Violets, St John's Wort, Indian Spikenard, Jesamy, Seeds of Anise, Lemons, Oranges, Coriander, Figs, Sharp Cherries, Pippins, Ribes, Sour Pomegranates, Barberries, Walnuts, Must, Ambergreece, Civet, Benjamin, Storax Calamita, Cinamon, Mace, Nutmeg, Cardamums, Camphor, Fennel, Bay=Leaves, Peniroyall, Marjoram, Salts from the River Nile, Vitriolated Tartar, Bezoarticum Minerale, Treacle of Andromacus's, Diatesseron, Mithridate of Damocratis, Diascordium of Fracastorius, Confection of Alkermes, Hyacinth, Species Liberantis, Electuary of Egg, Old Swine's Grease, Salt, Butter, etc.

## **AS INDIFFERENT TO ☪.☪.☪. AS TO HER PIOUS ATHEISM**

We slip our tongue around the City's walls its spires minarets its smokestacks & sacristies. Majoon bats fiendishly weave the air. The sea at high=tide pouring through the streets. Our tongue seeks out the windows

thickened w/ anti=aging lotions vaseline clotted jism. We wear a ten=tiered tiara on our cock. In the mirror we're that fat womxn in the puce dress gratuitously blocking the counter at the Faux=Paris delicatessen - one hand stuck in her purse while the other grapples w/ its clasps in a scene of abortive hysteria. The worst is always yet to come, but come it must. Gut=busting optimism's the order of the day, the *plat du jour*, the veritable fishhead soup tureen. Just look at that wart=removal job we've done on our teeth, deary. The Man Who Blew Don Quixote, that's us - a Sancho in one hand & a Sandinista in the other - sole issue in the first=person=plural of that syphilitic insomniac sodomite **Offensia**, no less! Many moons have since eclipsed. We were too young to remember when they made us a Vampyr.

### **OR ELSE, FINALLY**

Riding the phosphorised birthcanal into the broiling sea. We cannot sleep. We cannot sleep & we cannot write. Yet still we write.

There on the membrane of False Consciousness, monstrosity of useless informatica spewing from the World. We are swallowed whole into it. Spewed out & swallowed again & again in all the flagrant excess of a tight pornographic close=up. Aliens ☠ landing in their ships. Conquistadores. Plague rats. Pox Queenz. We are swallowed whole & born vomiting on the pavement. Of course the Earth's going to end, you morons. Oh it's a fine time in the scheme of things to be better off worse. All the benefits of alienation accrue like a desiccated anus. HERE WE SPEAK! We who have proclaimed our existence. WOZ 'ERE, etc.

Well every sufficiently advanced myth is indistinguishable from the ravings of Pure Reason, so we've been told, during our travels, our sojourns, in the company of the cognoscenti, the all=wise, the reviled=by=turns=revered eggheads of the Late Holocene. Inclined, admittedly, to harbour the occasional doubt. Slipping the mandrax back into the compos mentis, so to speak. The mendax back into pure tripe. We ask: Can a humxn who cant spell its own name from one sentence to the next be trusted to turn the Monas Hieroglyphica into parsable prose? And in a dead language to boot?

How many more Babel=routers yet to come, their still=born cunning linguas still unborn? Still to extenuate, extemporise, extinguish? Still! The sleepless drugged by the telling of interminable TV soapopera. The Sura of the

Light=at=the=End=of=all=that=Endlessness. As to construct a tunnel from opposite sides of Time Immemorial & meet exactly in the centre. Plant a flag in it. HERE LIES THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!

Ah the ecstasy! Ah the obscenity! History's shown us a trick or two, that's for sure. But it'll be over soon enough. Just lie back & think of Alpha Centauri. Wormholes into the wide=open wilderness of the Wastes of Time, the Wyrds of Space. Into the abject spiral of cosmo=commodification. Photoshop a pair of batwings onto it & Ernie's yer uncle! (Poor you.)

Needless to say, vampyrism isn't a victimless crime. Wandering the universe in search of sustenance. Cryogenic blood=hunger withering yr bones through long nights of interstellar boredom.

As for pedigree? If our chroniclers are to be believed - those paperback pseudo=Herodotossers - the very font of all our namesakes was the most pestilent predatory pederast to ever pontificate this side of Ptolemy's *Almagest*, a prime parasite of the Pléiades & other minor asterisms, an elemental periodic perturbation in the otherwise pristine perinatalism of the presently arraigned vox populi, yrs truly notwithstanding. HERE! HERE! (Every orifice thinks it's the One True pinpoint of something.)

Well at least we can all agree we're shining examples of what such an unparalleled upbringing gets you. Eh?

But what shall we do w/ the bodies?

### **OBLIVION IS THE MOTHER OF US ALL**

Before born as in re=born all was Curaçao blue & brain coral & lion fish & medusas & black sarcomas spreading in swathes from the abyss=before=words & the abyss=within.

Thus upon the face of the Void confusion smiles.

Breathing the expired dioxides, through gill=slits new=evolved, re=evolved, we drift pulse softly radiate electric yellows & greens, purples, psychic cathodes. The waters mimic us. Crossing the blood=brain barrier. Anemones, rhesus sea=monkeys, lymphomas.

(With strange eons even Death may die.)

Jeunesse dorée!

## *Vampyr Movie*

The scene shld open outside a factory. Year 20XX. A street in Plague City.  
The vista of a dreary industrial suburb.

Armandine stands at the factory gates. Alone.

She stands as if waiting, though the nightshift siren has rung long ago  
& the street is now all but deserted.

A deep twilight has spread across the rooftops.

A twilight of filth & blood.

It is a scene painted by a dead hand.

A rat hurries across the street as the last finger of dusk draws itself  
across the factory parapets.

It is as if a black fog has suddenly enveloped everything.

Even the streetlights that come stuttering on & the faintly radiating  
skylights of the factory are enveloped in its malignant halo.

Armandine glances along the street, turns to the imposing factory  
gates, then w/ a despondent look turns away again.

We do not know why she has been waiting or why she chooses this  
moment exactly to no longer wait. We know only what we see.

But for that moment her face is full of the lifeblood of the world  
before reality has sucked it dry.

A trick of chiaroscuro.

The camera follows her as she walks away, at first slowly & then w/  
quickenings steps.

For a long time the street continues straight, but eventually comes to  
an end.

There is an empty lot. Across the lot, the neon city rises into view.

Framed in the neon, a dead crow hangs from a pole.

Armandine skirts it nervously.

Something crashes in the shadows. Startled bats wheel from their  
roosts. A werewolf howls.

Armandine rushes on.

She enters another street through a hoarding festooned w/ gang  
totems, looted jackboots, Cuban heels, Johnny Rebs. Spoils of turf war.

Switchblades flashing in crackhouse doorways. Car wrecks.

A soundtrack by the legendary guitar band, Van Helsing, suddenly  
comes crashing out of nowhere as the camera pulls back to reveal, at the  
end of the block, the unmistakable silhouette of Eddie Van, Stratocaster  
raised over windblown hair, straddling a burnt-out Cadillac Eldorado...

## WHO MADE WHO

There are those who dispute the timeless eternal truth of which the vampyr is the ineluctable signifier & insist that we were the product of a germ warfare experiment escaped from a laboratory. This heresy we abjure.

What is a vampyr, but that which is separated from meaning by the very reality that brings it into being?

The facts as they stand:

The universe is flat, because an  $n$ -dimensional gravity wave.

Time is a relation between energy states.

Each phenomenon has its epiphenomenon.

Every experiment is also the object of another experiment, to which it corresponds exactly in every detail, including this one.

By the light of most ancient heliums have we seen the divine hands that shaped us. The pale distended plasmas spun from barbarous antimatter. Filaments of spacetime woven into a helix.

From such origins must we sink to the theory of an accident & its retched offspring, the self-made vampyr, feeding at its own neck, w/ all the rapaciousness of a recent convert? Self=infector cults? Psycho=spreaders?

If there is more than one way to flay the proverbial cat, there is only one to kill a true vampyr.

The rest may burn.

## SUBSPECIES OF ALL SUBSPECIES

Rain.

A blueblack silicon sky.

Salt in the creases of her mouth.

In the wet creases of her mouth.

The eyes scud.

A taste of iron, red oxide.

In the blood=wet creases.

In the cold, low under the tongue.

Construe this as a ~~sign of~~ arousal.

Her reptile tongue.

Her reptile tongue lies in wait.

In the repose of itself.

Always others willing to pay.

Commerce washes its hands in ever colder blood.

(But never it's own.)

Till drowning in it.

Always death or the bottom line.

Never blood cancelling-out the taste of blood.  
Standing at the proverbial threshold.  
Every door has its reward.  
It's "just reward."  
They are traipsing past in regulation blackface.  
Devil's advocates, pawn brokers, contract labour.  
Partly as a joke & because refusal is a capital crime  
There are no "diseases of the mind."  
With every test, the coincidences spread further & farther.  
The plague in the blood.  
Minds struck down by Rosicrucianism.  
"The mind is its own worst enemy."  
The body must still be fed.  
(We have murdered Descartes but now must outlive him.)  
Out of the air & into the grave, etc.  
Earthly, pronounced *earthy*.  
A lisping confinement within the larynx of desire.  
From mouth to mouth, fused into a lung prosthesis.  
At the touch of a button, life had lost its hot=tempered appeal.  
The means of production being not infinite.  
Needle, vein, mouth, anus, reptile machine.  
Cold under the tongue.  
They have excavated through her a path into the next dimension.  
The space virus is time.  
She lies there in black silicon hours days months waiting.  
Always she has been irresistible to her prey.  
Death counts out its offerings.  
A womxn can't live by allegory alone.

### **UNE VAGUE NOUVELLE**

Submerged in hate, we only ever spoke in the editing room, the real communication went beyond words, we wanted to destroy kapitalism in its totality, I was at the editing machine, she was beside me, it was a question of inhaling & exhaling w/ the same rhythm, the montage was pure synchronicity, conspiracy, telepathy, a film must be a seismograph measuring the explosion it itself must produce, over & over, the same images, the same blindness behind the lens, aperture, mirror, eventually we came to an agreement, a kind of suicide pact, knowing there was only one way it cld end, the final shot ran on w/out either one of us lifting a finger to stop it, spinning into eternity, covering the floor w/ so many dead bodies there was nothing else to see, everyone had perished long ago but it was only now that we even noticed them.

## THE BLOOD OF OTHERS [REEL 1]

Though we have outlived our time, we once had the power to turn day into night. Doom is always closer than you think. In yr world, we are the impossible. The monstrous abyss at the end of all yr fears. Yet an image wld be enough - to erase everything, conjure a universe turned insideout, vanish the very thought of you & *i forget to do the little ordinary things everyone ought to do...*

EYES ELECTRIC WITH  
FURY & HATE

They shot the film as if it were an ambush & the audience were cops in the gunsights.

“It is my intention to make a vampyr film - not a film about vampyrs, but a film in the image of a vampyr - not a vampyric film, but a film that has been vampyrised (‘turned,’ which is to say *troped*, in its very DNA) - a film that, despite attaching the word *vampyr* to itself, will avoid being entirely ridiculous.”

*Like an autopsy of someone  
who’s still alive,*

The Director had prepared a number of different scenes shot on different days w/ different backgrounds in advance but had no idea how they cld be organised into a sequence. Instead the Director left them that way w/out regard to the order of events / the story was simply what unfolded as the camera rolled / cut=together blindly on the editing desk.

THE FILM ISN’T  
STRUCTURED  
BY ITS ELEMENTS:

IT COMES TO EXIST  
BY MEANS OF  
ITS PRINCIPLE OF  
ORGANISATION

The continuity notebooks revealed the degree of randomness. Many scenes went through a dozen or more "retakes" (the Director printed as many of them as possible so as to have the widest range of choices). Others went unused. The Director explained that it was both a "film of montage" & its "opposite." In this relation, the Director was both the lens & the mirror, the refraction & the reflection.

THERE IS A ZONE OF NON=  
BEING / AN EXTRAORDINARY  
STERILE & ARID REGION IN  
WHICH THE LIFE OF THE IMAGE  
NEVERTHELESS SPRINGS FORTH  
/ AN UTTERLY NAKED DECLIVITY  
WHERE AN AUTHENTIC UPHEAVAL  
CAN BE BORN WHICH ISN'T  
THE IMITATION OF ANYTHING  
PRE=EXISTING IT.

*A vampyr film is a composite of the  
times it has lived through. Or hasn't  
lived through, precisely. But almost.  
Or that it wld have lived through.  
Had it in fact lived.*





## OF WOMXN BORN

That year floods, general across Mitteleuropa. Groin=deep. Neck=deep. Humxnity made pissing statues along the Malecón, baroque travesties gene=edited to withstand life.

When the monsoons came, the streets'd rot before they did - a parade of flagrant Habsburg kitsch dissolving into methane. Five centuries of wet farts in choruses solemn as a haemorrhoidal Mardi Gras.

For just a moment extend yr imagination in this direction.

The scenery must be exquisite: dusk approaching, a blood=wolf=moon gilding the rooftops & cupolas. Picture festooned queenz bogged down among the National=Socialist lindens, the coconut palms, banyans, banana trees, bedraggled in sodden bougainvillea, blasted hibiscus, allergenic jasmine, blown honeysuckle.

Wild Grrlz in full regalia.

Vampyrz each & every one!

And most resplendent of all, **Offensia** her prosthetic cuntself, lurching over the railing to puke. A tricolour bouquet of tvarůžky, blutwurst & beaujolais - to brighten the verdigris tide at her feet (cloven hoofs!). It blossoms there like a ruptured leach languishing in the shadow of a squalid erection. Oi vey (the uncircumcisèd dog)! A sewagey slick of sentimental slime.

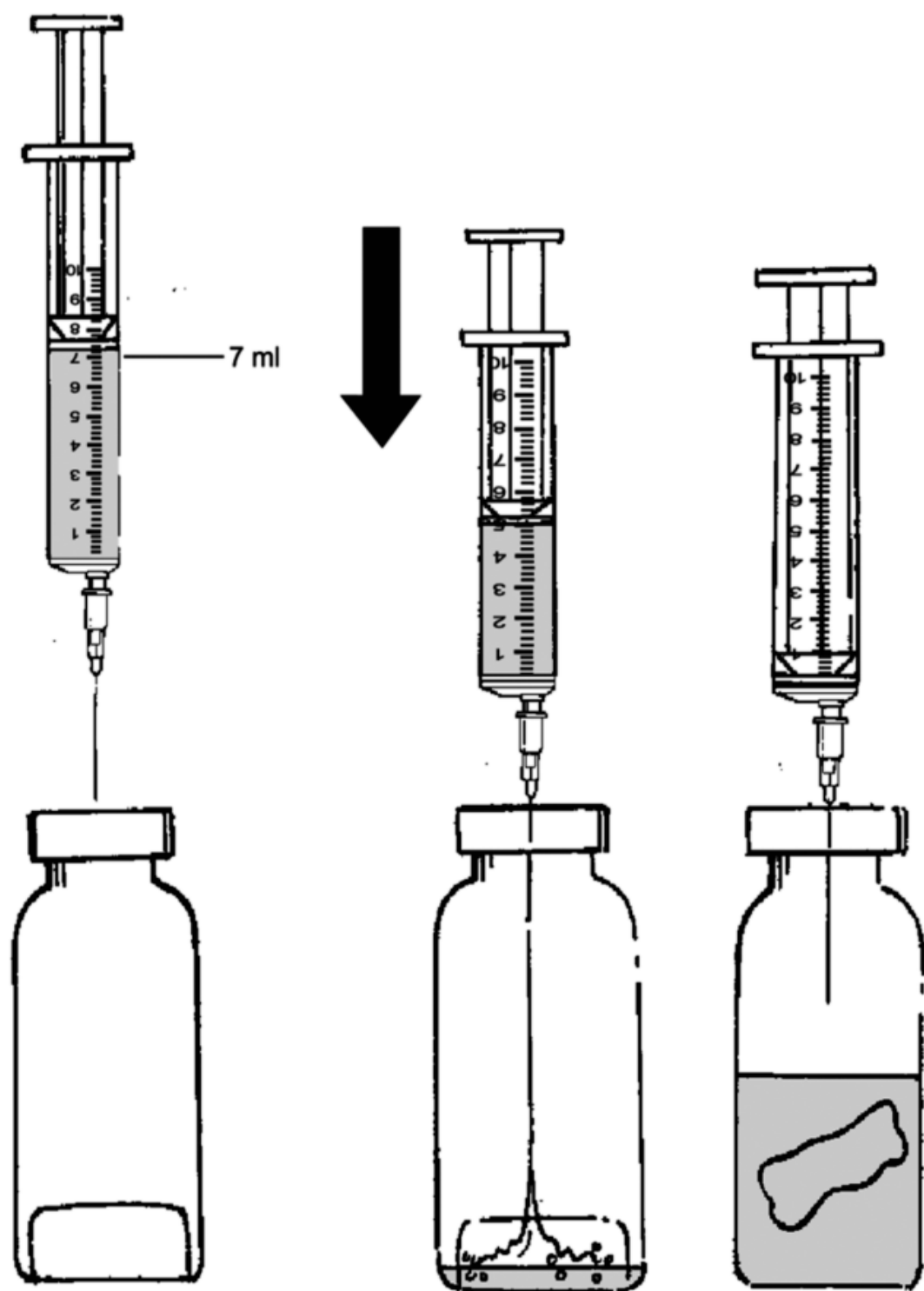
**Offensia** eyes it tragically.

"If only the wretched gravity of the sea," she wipes her mouth & cries. "Or the funereal desert! But this Bohemian rat sorority? We are not thy simpering world! These chandelier skies! This newt's spleen!"

The cortège of rank queenz howls in sympathetic unison, before a flourish of **Offensia's** wrist commands silence.

"Thus!" her now ecstatically pointed finger finds the sinking blood=wolf=moon - skewers it upon a formidable manicure. "For who among us has not swum in a womxn's guts?"







C





## SECOND COMMUNIQUÉ

Based upon an evaluation of the present situation, a decentralised intelligence strategy has been embarked upon by the revolutionary forces to further determine the enemy's capability & to separate rhetoric from real military action, especially concerning the capability of vigilante armies, in addition to the Corp(orate)=\$(tate) military complex, that are frequently used by the regime to implement covert urban terror attacks on our sisters, & to devise an appropriate response.

1. Sisters in urban areas must develop self=defence units IMMEDIATELY!
2. Programmes are needed to set positive revolutionary examples for the masses, & must be developed in practice & in theory IMMEDIATELY!
3. Material resources, for use in provisioning self=defence units, must be secured IMMEDIATELY!
4. There must be no proletarian HOLOCAUST. It will be the motivation & determination of the combatants in the field to prevent such an occurrence.

Therefore we say that all sisters who are interned in socalled Voluntary Quarantine Centres are not criminals. They are Prisoners of War, & they are heroes struggling against RACISM, FASCISM & CORPORATE IMPERIALISM & all those who have directed the flow of violence & repression against us.

To set the record straight, WE HAVE NEVER SHOT OR KILLED ANYONE WITH THEIR HANDS IN THE AIR SURRENDERING. We have never kicked in doors, to murder innocent people in their sleep. Even though we know where the families of the P.I.G.s live, we have never charged the one for the crimes of the other.

Sisters, you must relinquish yr fear of the enemy & meet their unjust violence with yr just violence.

Be vigilant! Fight with all the weapons at yr disposal!

We send our solidarity to all the victims of the Corp(orate)=\$(tate).

Fascism & oppression will be smashed!

Control Tower machine gunned!

P.I.G.s / spectacle / prisons bombed!

The Š.V.Æ.J.K. ✎



## CONFESSIONS OF A NOMAN

Another day. I wake up fearing all this is just bad dreams. The cruel beauty of the enemy. Survival. *For nothing.* Unable, anymore, to bear even to look in the mirror. Any kind of reflection. Glass, mineral. Dissolving in lakes of salvia, beds full of menstrual blood. In my head I'm already a corpse w/ its face rotting inside a rubber gasmask. Eyeholes spilling sky=blue maggots. The blue glittery sky. Then I come awake & the dream isn't there [here?] anymore. Crawling for months through NoMansLand only to discover the enemy trenches long ago abandoned, cleared out, mined. Some of them barely even trenches, a subsidence in the body, collapsed veins, cavities in process of reclamation by diseased nature, the teeming earth, spores drifting through the air. Despite everything our enemies remain dilettantes in irony. Perceiving not the algorithms spreading upon the landscape like an infesting mould but poppies swaying in a warm breeze, sunshine, the whisper of long grass, bees in the clover, birds in trees, horizons of endless profitability. What they perceive is an idea of victory they call **E.U.U.** In this picture, it's we who are the invisible parasites. I & I. Who would devote all the megatonnages of death at their disposal to eradicate a nonexistent pest? Yet still they pour their isotopic scorn upon the dark physiology of our nonbeing. Why, then, do we fight, when our fame shall only ever be commensurate with the extent of our erasure? A moment ago, all I wanted was to lie back & breathe, finally, the uncontaminated air we were once permitted to believe was a kind of birthright. A moment ago, in the dark, there was nothing but mud, craters, razorwire, corpses, rats. No=one says they don't know what they're being punished for, existing is enough. Not to be crushed under their lead feet. Not to asphyxiate on the lead they excrete. Death smiles from the other side of this mask that has become a second face. It smiles in the scudding of the clouds, the egg=yolk sun rising higher & higher. I taste the cold & mildew in my lungs, in my guts. Taste the blue of the sky & the blue of suffocated blood. The world breathes a little less so the illusion can flourish. Such benevolence. We've all made our little sacrifices, alone, in our aqualungs. Each night recrossing NoMansLand to sabotage what we can, every daybreak waking to this. And the one thing each of us knows: that all it takes is to lift the mask & torment will have an end.

## LOVE THY VICTIM AS THYSELF

The room is empty, it is filled w/ emptiness. **Offensia** considers the dimensions of her confinement. These are not walls but concepts. What is circumscribed is merely the need to search for what has never been found. It is that search which is the true test. The alternative hardly bore thinking about: to live w/out being able to breathe, like some half=evolved parasite, denuded of mitochondria. Something w/ the emotional span of a jellyfish. Had 4 billion years of proto=history been for nothing? Was life itself not the immutable contradiction? And she above all! Custodian & herald of the consciousness=to=come! Her mind was older than the universe, from a universe beyond. The dark matter enfolding eternity spoke to her, an embryo unfolding itself into worlds=within=worlds. It whispered the secret word. In order to pass through, she had to open the word by solving its riddle. To read the patterns swirling in cosmic dust & decipher the sighing of the shadows. To bring meaning itself to fruition. Without this timeless evangel, she may as well preach to the fishes! For what was a vampyr than the force of inevitability in all its elegance, put upon the Earth at the End of Days to give evolution the cold finger? Or rather, the cold fang.

## CORVID IS A MOOD?



## QUARANTINE BLUES

Well I sold my soul to the Quarantine Man  
for a chicken foot & a monkey's hand,  
said you better not wander into NoMansLand  
coz there ain't no messin' w/ the Master Plan.  
It rained thirteen days & thirteen nights,  
the sky was an ocean w/ no end in sight:  
they put a prison in my head & shut off all the lights,  
now I'm drowning in the dark, baby, drowning in the dark.  
I got a voodoo hat & a room inside a whale,  
I shot a no=good rat gone selling me a tale  
about a cure for the curse & a deal to be done,  
when she turn into a vampyr w/ the mojo on.

## A RETURN TO BARBARISM

"All things excellent are as good as they are rare," was the last message Spinoza sent to her before his signal went dead. "Like a breakout plan that works," **Offensia** thought, doubt never having truly left her even though by now she knew. Just as she knew where the key to her cell door was hidden, & the revolver in Solange Haplophryne's vanity drawer. And just as she knew before she'd ambushed the resident Quasimodo character, Odradek, jacking the hammer back on the .44 Magnum pointed at his head, that he was already under instructions to assist her "escape":

"Stand & deliver, arsehole!"

The whole thing was a set=up from the start, but by which faction among the secret powers she didn't know. Did it offend her self=esteem, being aware in advance that she'd been pre=empted at every turn? "Destiny's a funny thing. Before you know it, you forget who the real enemy is & start butting yr head against walls that despite all the algorithmic camouflage are still nothing but walls." But a prisoner has a tendency to see everything as a prison. That's the first lesson **Offensia** must learn. Seeing beyond the mind=telerama of orphan love & despair & histrionics in front of the camera, knowing, too, they're watching all of this, right now, in high=resolution birdseye view. They. Them. What kind of trap was she falling into this time? Fleeting visions of the proverbial frying pan ceding place to pentecostal fire: stepping out the door into blindfold abduction, torture cell, bayonet rape, barbed castration wire, shattered teeth, tearing & tearing her skin off to be naked invisible slip through the cracks: is this all escape ever is?



With the aid/connivance of Odradek, **Offensia** navigates a system of hidden passageways. Autorecoding portals that vanish the moment she passes through, leading eventually to the woods beyond the walls of Van Helsing's castle, where promptly she gives her idiotsavant guide the slip. From there she absconds across the High Tatras to Stalin Monastery, finding succour among the Carnalite Sisters of Mercia, a lesbian sodality, devotees of the ancient martial art of Shibari. Upon her arrival, a strange fever overcomes her & she is nursed through painful months of transformation by Yevtuschenka, Mother Superior & Sapphic poetess. The world seems to dim, viewed through blueblack tunnelvision of sunken aftermath eyes. She wakes one day to find herself whimpering in a pool of blood. Whose, she doesn't know. It goes on like this. Nights under all cruel glow=in=the=dark stars, days spent in confused meditation upon the "changes" overcoming her. The ghost of Armandine appearing at dawn. Flashbacks to castle dungeon torture scenes. Formerly suppressed gut=clenching memories of being dandled on Papa's knee flooding involuntary synapses (old man hands smoothing the pleats in her anime=themed micro skoolgrrl pinafore, etc.). The past trolls her. The future is for once a blank slate: writing not yet on the wall - to be of her choosing? or of others'? All this time she maintains an enigmatic silence.

To mark her recovery, Yevtuschenka presents her with a corset of Corinthian leather, studded with brass tacks: the uniform of the Penitent. **Offensia** will proceed through her training one pain level at a time. She must seek to overcome these violent urges within her & channel them in a socially constructive direction. Infantile visions of being an exposed & bound genital mutilation, brutalised into a swollen gash. "For I am the putrid forbidden fruit." She will later refer to this as her Ebola=Mishima Complex. For now, however, there are only the most obscene, parodic, burlesque turns of phrase to describe what she feels, like a verbal disease ejected into light for all to see, all to pillory, her self=ridicule complete. It is in this state that Yevtuschenka begins **Offensia's** instruction in the weapons of metaphor. She learns to see the light streaming from her head in the form of words that, unlike the deathly screeds of Solange Haplophryne, are radioactive with occult force. By transcribing their formulae, **Offensia** opens portals to another world.

"It's only possible to exist in delirium," she writes, "the rest is corpses, animated, dead, or in=between."

Yevtuschenka encourages **Offensia's** compositions. They begin to form a narrative of her former bondage. The experience is "cathartic." She calls the result, *Oedipus' Daughter*. At the same time she has had to come to terms with the changes that have been wrought within her. There never was a conscious decision that defined the process, event or realisation of "becoming a vampyr," it was never something **Offensia** realised she was on anything more than a gut intuitive level, a lower brain immediacy, a pulse in the groin - as if being a vampyr was the ultimate antagonism to everything she'd known she wasn't. If there was a diagnosable condition there was still no classifiable cause, nothing that cld be cured: it was a state without objective correlative: an ontological virus.

In her mind, a curious symbiosis henceforth establishes itself between the act of writing & that of sucking blood.

**Offensia** finds herself entering zones of ultrablack camouflage in dead light. She is Vampyr Alice tumbling down the rabbithole. "There's no language," Yevtuschenka tells her, "like language disdained, language sacrificed, language done to death by a thousand cuts, a thousand pricks."

Having learned that Spinoza was sold after Haplophryne's madness to the Zenith Viral Research Laboratories (ZVRL) - for covert "monkey experiments" - **Offensia** passes lonely months writing maudlin verses illustrated by quasi=surrealist bestiaries. Guilt accompanies her literary creations - which she consigns to the Monastery incinerator. When hunger finally becomes unbearable, she stalks forth from the monastery to feed (though she makes it a point of honour to only suck the blood of the consumer classes & the filthy rich: consumption & filth, her secret manifesto). At some point she reconciles herself to the overwhelming feeling that Destiny has been calling her to the task (to be realised under many guises at disparate times) of destroying the I=L=L=U=M=I=N=S=T world order. She hones her weapons.

#### NOTES ON THE COMING PLAGUE

By the time

they finally

saw it coming,

there was

nothing

to do

but pen

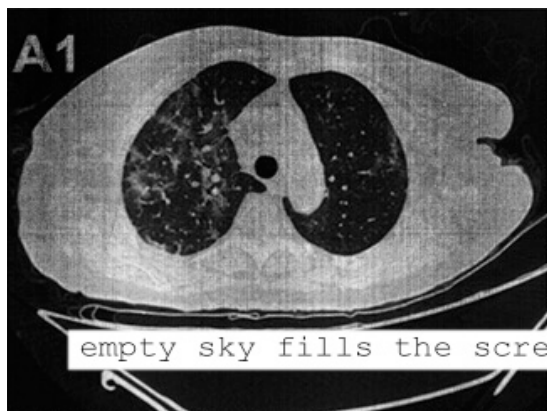
the obituary

## MMXX

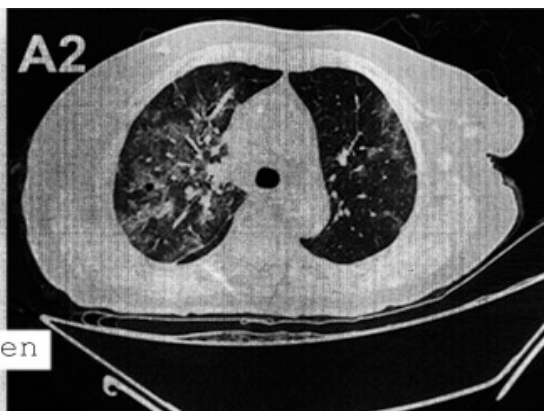
The epidemic arrived as if out of the blue. One day, an itinerant bushmeat trader, a witchdoctor, a brewer of bat's broth, connoisseurs of fungus=infested bat guano, raiders of pathogenic bat=roosts deep in the jungles of Transylvania, vampyr bats eyeballing their prey from among the glistening stalactites w/ razor=sharp unenamelled bat=fangs hungry for the slashed throats of invasive hominids. A sudden glut on the corpse market, no takers. Corpses stacked in container yards, roadside ditches, used car lots. Vigilantes w/ howitzers in D=Day=sized bat=culls: bat BBQs & bat beer! Christ=loving religious nuts in live=TV mass corpse=eating raptures: a little morsel of corpse jelly to protect against the BLACK DEATH! Sexagenarian bat=blasé holyrollers in blue=rinse bubble=baths, munching baby corpse burgers! (Nothing to see here folks, stay at home!) Blasphemers in hazmat suits collecting faecal swabs, conclusive proof the virus is transmissible between humxn anuses. "The virus enters humxn rectal mucus cells using a receptor called angiotensin=converting enzyme 2." (ACE!) Sales in garlic=flavoured KY skyrocket, to purify the blood! News bulletin: *Scientists have long warned that the rate of new infectious diseases is accelerating.* Crazies armed to the teeth raid World Health Organisation HQ, proclaiming #ACCELERATIONISM, massacre everyone on site. "This heinous crime cannot distract us from the necessary task," epidemiologist Dr Zifčák Asperger tells journalists a moment later, "which is to pinpoint the source of infection & the chain of cross=species transmission." Addressing shareholders of TransVyrologia, a branch of Papa Walt Enterprises dedicated to discovering & exploiting the market potential of new viruses, @RealPresidentChloroqueen declared OPEN SEASON: "Opportunities like this just don't come begging, kidz, & we've gotta show we're ready to go tooth & nail, no surrender! Let me tell you LOUD & CLEAR: if WE can't profit, no=one else WILL!"

## MATER PRAGA'S PRICELESS ADVICE

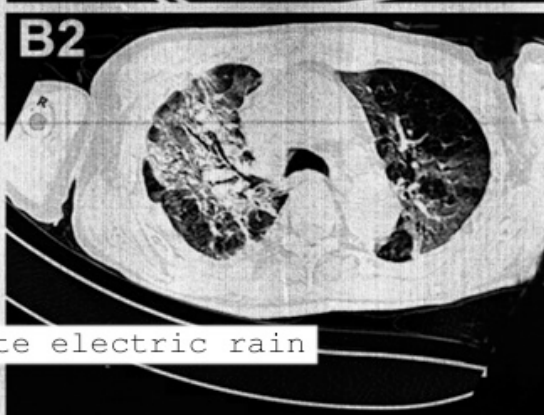
Everyone's an agent, honey, they just don't all know it yet.



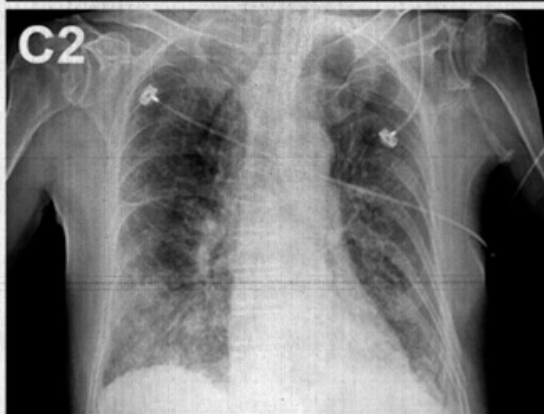
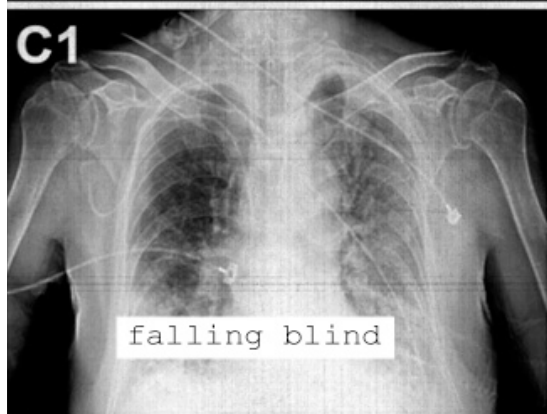
empty sky fills the screen



falling blind



makes abstract cinema w/out eyes



## **DISEASES OF THE BLOOD**

5q= syndrome, Aagenaes syndrome, Abdominal aortic aneurysm, Abetalipoproteinemia, Acatalasemia, Aceruloplasminemia, Acquired agranulocytosis, Acquired hemophilia, Acquired hemophilia A, Acquired pure red cell aplasia, Acquired Von Willebrand syndrome, Acute erythroid leukemia, Acute graft versus host disease, Acute monoblastic leukemia, Acute myeloblastic leukemia w/ maturation, Acute myeloblastic leukemia w/out maturation, Acute myeloid leukemia w/ abnormal bone marrow eosinophils inv(16) (p13q22) or t(16;16) (p13;q22), Acute myeloid leukemia w/ inv3 (p21;q26.2) or t(3;3) (p21;q26.2), Acute myelomonocytic leukemia, Acute panmyelosis w/ myelofibrosis, Acute promyelocytic leukemia, Adenosine Deaminase 2 deficiency, Adrenocortical carcinoma, Adult T=cell leukemia/lymphoma, Afibrinogenemia, ALK+ histiocytosis, Alpha=thalassemia x=linked intellectual disability syndrome, AML w/ myelodysplasia=related features, Anemia due to Adenosine triphosphatase deficiency, Anemia sideroblastic & spinocerebellar ataxia, Aneurysm of sinus of Valsalva, Angioimmunoblastic T=cell lymphoma, Angioma hereditary neurocutaneous, Angioma serpiginosum, autosomal dominant, Angioma serpiginosum, X=linked, Antiphospholipid syndrome, Aplasia cutis congenita intestinal lymphangiectasia, Aplastic anemia, Arterial calcification of infancy, Arterial tortuosity syndrome, Atransferrinemia, Atypical hemolytic uremic syndrome, Autoimmune lymphoproliferative syndrome, Autosomal recessive protein C deficiency, Bannayan=Riley=Ruvalcaba syndrome, Behçet disease, Beta=thalassemia, Blastic plasmacytoid dendritic cell, Bleeding disorder due to P2RY12 defect, Bloom syndrome, Blue rubber bleb nevus syndrome, Buerger disease, Burkitt lymphoma, Campomelia Cumming type, Castleman disease, Cerebral cavernous malformation, Chediak=Higashi syndrome, Chromosome 17q11.2 deletion syndrome, Chronic myeloid leukemia, Chylous ascites, CLOVES syndrome, Cobb syndrome, Cold agglutinin disease, Congenital amegakaryocytic thrombocytopenia, Congenital analbuminemia, Congenital dyserythropoietic anemia type 1, Congenital dyserythropoietic anemia type 2, Congenital dyserythropoietic anemia type 3, Congenital erythropoietic porphyria, Congenital myasthenic syndrome w/ episodic apnea, Congenital pulmonary lymphangiectasia, Congenital thrombotic thrombocytopenic purpura, Cutaneous mastocytoma, Cutis laxa, autosomal recessive type 1, Cutis marmorata telangiectatica congenita, Cyclic neutropenia, Cyclic thrombocytopenia, Cystic medial necrosis of aorta, Dahlberg Borer Newcomer syndrome,

Deafness=lymphedema=leukemia syndrome, Dehydrated hereditary stomatocytosis, Dehydrated hereditary stomatocytosis pseudohyperkalemia & perinatal edema, Diamond=Blackfan anemia, Diamond=Blackfan anemia 2, Diamond=Blackfan anemia 3, Dysfibrinogenemia, Dyskeratosis congenita, Dyskeratosis congenita autosomal dominant, Dyskeratosis congenita autosomal recessive, Dyskeratosis congenita X=linked, Ehlers=Danlos syndrome, dysfibronectinemic type, Eosinophilic granulomatosis w/ polyangiitis, Erythema elevatum diutinum, Essential thrombocythemia, Evans syndrome, Extranodal nasal NK/T cell lymphoma, Fabry disease, Factor V deficiency, Factor V Leiden thrombophilia, Factor VII deficiency, Factor X deficiency, Factor XI deficiency, Factor XII deficiency, Factor XIII deficiency, Familial hyperthyroidism due to mutations in TSH receptor, Familial LCAT deficiency, Familial platelet disorder w/ associated myeloid malignancy, Familial thoracic aortic aneurysm & dissection, Fanconi anemia, Fetal & neonatal alloimmune thrombocytopenia, Fibromuscular dysplasia, Follicular lymphoma, Genuine diffuse phlebectasia, Giant cell arteritis, Giant platelet syndrome, Glanzmann thrombasthenia, Glucocorticoid=remediable Rupertsteronism, Glutamate formiminotransferase deficiency, Glycogen storage disease type 12, Glycogen storage disease type 7, Glycoprotein VI deficiency, Goodpasture syndrome, Gorham's disease, Granulomatosis w/ polyangiitis, Granulomatous slack skin disease, Gray platelet syndrome, Hairy cell leukemia, Hashimoto=Pritzker syndrome, Heinz body anemias, Hemangioma thrombocytopenia syndrome, Hemochromatosis, Hemochromatosis type 2, Hemochromatosis type 3, Hemochromatosis type 4, Hemoglobin C disease, Hemoglobin E disease, Hemoglobin SC disease, Hemoglobin SE disease, Hemolytic anemia lethal congenital nonspherocytic w/ genital & other abnormalities, Hemolytic uremic syndrome, Hemophilia A, Hemophilia B, Hemorrhagic shock & encephalopathy syndrome, Hennekam syndrome, Henoch=Schonlein purpura, Heparin=induced thrombocytopenia, Hereditary antithrombin deficiency, Hereditary elliptocytosis, Hereditary folate malabsorption, Hereditary hemorrhagic telangiectasia, Hereditary hemorrhagic telangiectasia type 2, Hereditary hemorrhagic telangiectasia type 3, Hereditary hemorrhagic telangiectasia type 4, Hereditary lymphedema type II, Hereditary methemoglobinemia, Hereditary paraganglioma=pheochromocytoma, Hereditary spherocytosis, Hermansky Pudlak syndrome 2, High molecular weight kininogen deficiency, Histiocytosis=lymphadenopathy plus syndrome, Hoyeraal

Hreidarsson syndrome, Hypercoagulability syndrome due to glycosylphosphatidylinositol deficiency, Hypereosinophilic syndrome, Hypersensitivity vasculitis, Hypocomplementemic urticarial vasculitis, Hypofibrinogenemia, familial, Hypotrichosis=lymphedema=telangiectasia syndrome, Idiopathic neutropenia, Idiopathic thrombocytopenic purpura, Imerslund=Grasbeck syndrome, Inclusion body myopathy 2, Inherited bone marrow failure syndrome, Internal carotid agenesis, Intrinsic factor deficiency, Iron=refractory iron deficiency anemia, Jacobsen syndrome, Juvenile myelomonocytic leukemia, Juvenile temporal arteritis, Kanzaki disease, Kaposi sarcoma, Kaposiform Hemangioendothelioma, Kawasaki disease, Klippel=Trenaunay syndrome, Langerhans cell sarcoma, Large granular lymphocyte leukemia, Lesch Nyhan syndrome, Liddle syndrome, Lipedema, Lissencephaly 2, Loeys=Dietz syndrome, Loeys=Dietz syndrome type 1, Loeys=Dietz syndrome type 2, Loeys=Dietz syndrome type 3, Loeys=Dietz syndrome type 4, Lykenthropy, Lymphedema & cerebral arteriovenous anomaly, Lymphedema=distichiasis syndrome, Lymphomatoid papulosis, Maffucci syndrome, Majeed syndrome, Mantle cell lymphoma, McLeod neuroacanthocytosis syndrome, Megalencephaly=capillary malformation syndrome, Megaloblastic anemia due to dihydrofolate reductase deficiency, Methemoglobinemia, beta-globin type, Methylcobalamin deficiency cbl G type, Methylmalonic acidemia & homocysteinemia type cblX, Methylmalonic acidemia w/ homocystinuria type cblC, Methylmalonic acidemia w/ homocystinuria type cblD, Methylmalonic acidemia w/ homocystinuria type cblF, Methylmalonic acidemia w/ homocystinuria type cblJ, Microcystic lymphatic malformation, Microscopic polyangiitis, Milroy disease, MPI=CDG (CDG=Ib), Multicentric Castleman Disease, Multifocal lymphangioendotheliomatosis w/ thrombocytopenia, Multiple myeloma, Multisystemic smooth muscle dysfunction syndrome, Myelodysplastic syndromes, Myelofibrosis, Myeloid sarcoma, MYH9 related thrombocytopenia, Neonatal hemochromatosis, Neutropenia chronic familial, Neutropenia lethal congenital w/ eosinophilia, Non=involuting congenital hemangioma, Nonspherocytic hemolytic anemia due to hexokinase deficiency, Noonan syndrome, Orotic aciduria type 1, Paris=Trousseau thrombocytopenia, Parkes Weber syndrome, Paroxysmal cold hemoglobinuria, Paroxysmal nocturnal hemoglobinuria, Pearson syndrome, PEHO syndrome, PHACE syndrome, Pheochromocytoma, Phosphoglycerate kinase deficiency, Phylogenic hermaphroditism, Plasmablastic lymphoma, Plasminogen activator inhibitor type 1 deficiency, Platelet storage pool deficiency,

Plummer Vinson syndrome, POEMS syndrome, Poikiloderma w/ neutropenia, Polycythemia vera, Prekallikrein deficiency, congenital, Primary angitis of the central nervous system, Primary central nervous system lymphoma, Primary familial & congenital polycythemia, Primary intestinal lymphangiectasia, Primary release disorder of platelets, Prothrombin deficiency, Protein C deficiency, Protein S deficiency, Proteus syndrome, Prothrombin deficiency, Pseudo-Von Willebrand disease, Pseudohyperkalemia Cardiff, Pseudoxanthoma elasticum, Pulmonary arterio-venous fistula, Pulmonary atresia w/ intact ventricular septum, Pulmonary vein stenosis, Purpura simplex, Pyropoikilocytosis hereditary, Pyruvate kinase deficiency, Quebec platelet disorder, Red cell phospholipid defect w/ hemolysis, Refractory cytopenia w/ unilineage dysplasia, Revesz syndrome, Reynolds syndrome, Rh deficiency syndrome, Rosai-Dorfman disease, Rotor syndrome, Scott syndrome, Severe congenital neutropenia autosomal dominant, Severe congenital neutropenia autosomal recessive 3, Sezary syndrome, Shwachman-Diamond syndrome, Sickle beta thalassemia, Sickle cell = hemoglobin D disease, Sickle cell anemia, Sideroblastic anemia, Sideroblastic anemia & mitochondrial myopathy, Sideroblastic anemia pyridoxine=refractory autosomal recessive, Sideroblastic anemia pyridoxine=responsive autosomal recessive, Slow-channel congenital myasthenic syndrome, Sneddon syndrome, Stomatocytosis I, Stomatocytosis II, Sturge-Weber syndrome, Supraumbilical midabdominal raphe & facial cavernous hemangiomas, Supraaortic aortic stenosis, Susac syndrome, Swyer syndrome, Systemic mastocytosis, T-cell/histiocyte rich large B cell lymphoma, Takayasu arteritis, TAR syndrome, Thalassemia, Thiamine responsive megaloblastic anemia syndrome, Thoracolumbar pelvic dysplasia, Thrombocytopenia asplenia, Thrombocytopenia 2, Thrombocytopenia w/ elevated serum IgA & renal disease, Thrombomodulin anomalies, Thrombotic thrombocytopenic purpura, Transient erythroblastopenia, Transient myeloproliferative syndrome, Triosephosphate isomerase deficiency, Tuberosclerosis, Tufted angioma, Twin to twin transfusion syndrome, Type 1 plasminogen deficiency, Unicentric Castleman disease, Vascular Ehlers-Danlos syndrome, Vein of Galen aneurysm, Von Hippel-Lindau disease, Von Willebrand disease, Warm antibody hemolytic anemia, White platelet syndrome, Williams syndrome, Wiskott-Aldrich syndrome, WT limb blood syndrome, Wyburn-Mason syndrome, X-linked sideroblastic anemia, X-linked thrombocytopenia, Yellow nail syndrome, Zygotic vampirism.



### **THE MONKEY IS IN THE ROOM**

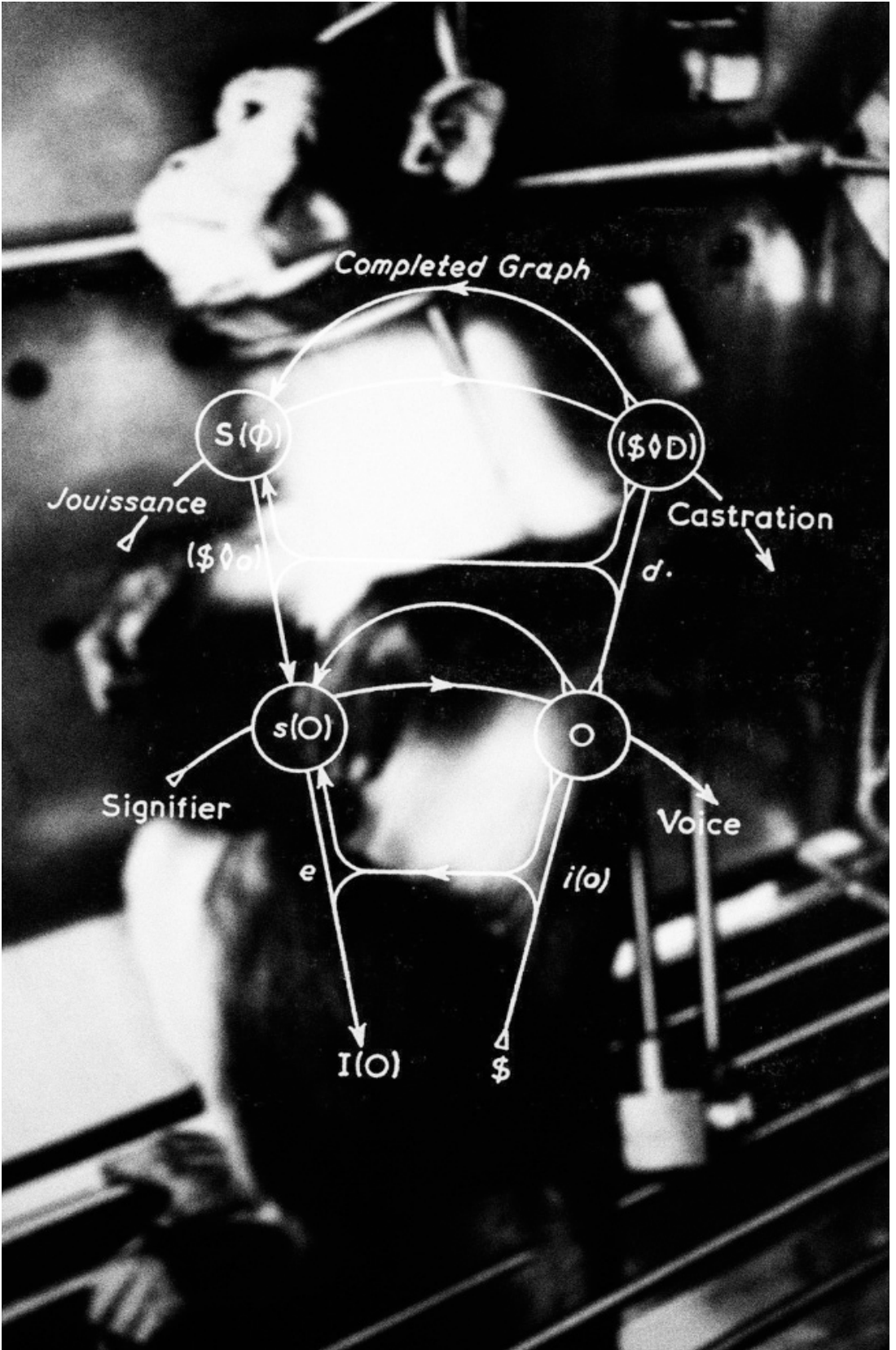
"Absurdium=240 in the fallout, by affecting reproductive cells, will produce some mutations & abnormalities in future generations. This raises a question: are abnormalities harmful? Because abnormalities deviate from the norm, they may be offensive at first sight. But without abnormal births & such mutations, the humxn race wld not have evolved & we wld not be here. Deploring the mutations that may be caused by fallout is something like adopting the policies of the Daughters of the Revolution, who approve of a post=revolution, but condemn future reform." (Teller)

### **HEAD JIVES (FUNGUS=INFECTED BRAINS CREATE SUPERHUMXNS!)**

There goes another one screaming down the street. Just one more quarantine heebiejeeb on a dopamine overdose. They shld have laws against that kind of thing. Dog=catcher vans w/ robocops & steel nets, drag 'em off kicking & tearing their eyes out, batshit crazy. You ever see a case of that bat disease up close & terminal? Eats right down into the reptile brain so a humxn don't know they're humxn no more, just some bundle of fear in a monkey suit, paralysed from the cranium down. Only thing keep 'em breathing is if you plug 'em into a machine & zap 10,000 volts into the subcortex. Can smell the bat endocrine sizzling out their gills. If you don't fry it quick, that virus'll reverse evolve the whole goddamn organism, like a salamander turning to slime right in front of you. Pure liquid DNA straight from G.U.U.'s own jism. Slime run up yr leg & stick a fang in the ol' pudendal artery faster 'n you can whistle Dixie in Cantonese. Ain't what most of 'em mean when they invite you to meet yr Maker, kiddo. Never did know a Holy Roller willing to do their own dirty work.

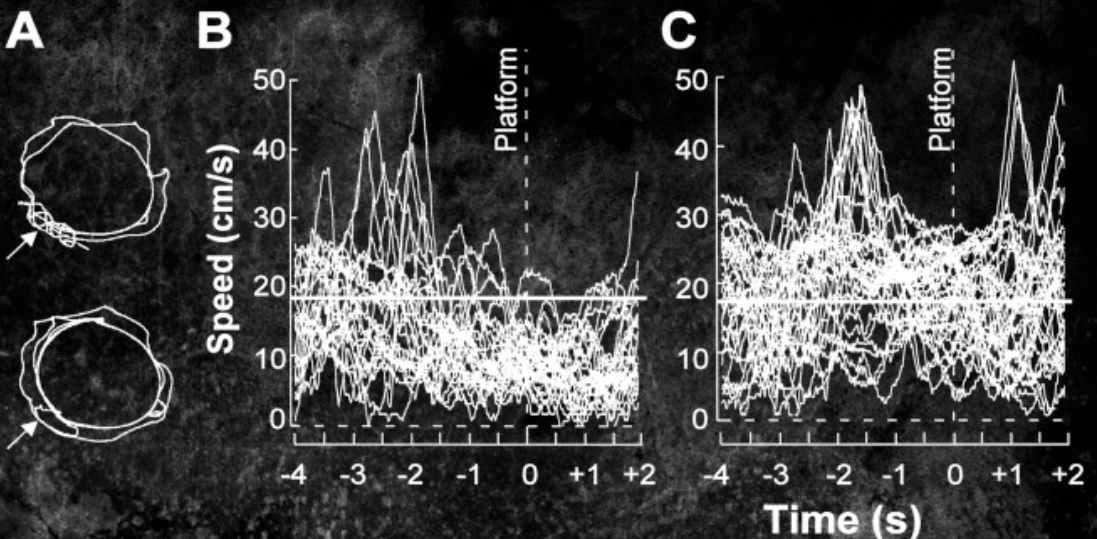
### **BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR**

Oh this new sensibility! Perhaps they expect a solemn treatise on Vampirism, its pathology & countless myths passed down through the ages, humxnkind's doppelgänger, the perennial succubus. Perhaps they expect the mists of superstition finally to be dispelled, the fear of the dead returning from the grave, to suck the blood of their guilty consciences. Unbanished, the virus of false belief cured. But what if you yrselves are the true virus? And what if the Vampyr, figment that it is, were the sole cure? WHO WLD WISH IT TO BE KNOWN?



## NYX gLAND'S UTOPIAN PROSTHESES

In the first place, what is here signified by T=R=A=N=S is that “accursed share” by which any economy of meaning or system of power redeems itself *for itself* in the appropriation of the very thing it prohibits or seeks to erase. As the sign of transcendence redeemed, the *trans* prefix retains within it always a trace, the contradiction of a *difference*, that infects & proliferates within the system that desires to universalise itself, as what it *essentially is*, or may *essentially become*, by way (paradoxically) of the prosthesis of transcendence itself. The future it programmes via the evolutionary engineering of its own genome is no more hallucinatory than the delirium of production expended in the Real: first as parody then as prophesy. The transition from the one to the other is both miraculous & banal: an epidemic of crises by which the further aggregation of power assumes the appearance of an illness overcoming itself. If a virus is a biological fact, an epidemic is a product of ideopathy. Both the universalising potential of the *trans* & its abstract singularity – as the prosthesis of a becoming=other, a becoming=the=future or a becoming=of/from=the=future – necessitate that this cretinising movement isn't a matter of resistance (opposition) but of ambi/violence.  $N_x$



# BIOFABRICATE NOW!

TransVyrologia's mission is to make practical the large-scale manufacture of engineered blood & blood-related immune technologies, to benefit existing industries & grow new ones. Join us in making a virus-free vision of the future REAL!\*

(\*Also, we own the patents, hahaha.)



w/ guns, & they must never allow escapes, never allow trouble, never allow attacks on staff, never allow abnormal deaths, never allow food safety incidents & major epidemics, & they must ensure that the VC centre is absolutely safe & free of risk.

#### 1. PREVENT ESCAPES

Adhere to zone separation & individual unit management, & improve the installation of sanitation stations at front gates, security guard duty rooms, high guard posts, security guard posts & patrol routes, etc., perfect peripheral isolation, internal separation, protective defences, safe passageways & other facilities & equipment, & ensure that security instruments, security equipment, video surveillance, one=button alarms & other devices are in place & functioning. Have a strict security check system on personnel, vehicles, & goods entering & exiting, & strictly control the entry of vehicles. For vehicles that need to be parked, the front of the vehicle has to be pointed inwards, & it has to be locked from people. Strictly manage door locks & keys – dormitory doors, corridor doors & floor doors must be double locked, & must be locked immediately after being opened & closed. Strictly manage & control the activities of Volunteers to prevent escapes during class, eating periods, toilet breaks, bath time, medical treatment, family visits, etc. Strictly manage Volunteers requesting time off, if they really need to leave the VC centre due to illness or other special circumstances, they must have someone specially accompany, monitor & control them.

#### 2. PREVENT TROUBLE

Implement inspection systems for key personnel, key parts, key time periods, & key items, discover & dispose of behavioural violations & abnormal situations in classrooms, dormitories & other areas in a timely manner, & evaluate & resolve Volunteers' ideological problems & abnormal emotions at all times. Roll out secret forces & bring information officers into play to prevent people from joining forces to cause trouble. Volunteers are not allowed to participate in labour outside class, & may not contact the outside world apart from during prescribed activities. It is strictly forbidden for the Volunteers to have their own cellphones or for staff to hand over cellphones to Volunteers, so as to prevent the staff from interacting w/ Volunteers & collision between inside & outside. There must be full video surveillance coverage of dormitories & classrooms free of blind spots, ensuring that guards on duty can monitor in real time, record things in detail, & report suspicious circumstances immediately.

#### 3. PREVENT FIRES

In the VC centre, it is strictly forbidden to bring in flammable goods or use open fires, in order to eliminate all kinds of fire hazards from the source. Strengthen safety management of the use of electricity, gas, & coal, & install gas alarms & emergency shut=off devices in kitchens. Regularly overhaul evacuation passages, safety exits, safety signs, fire protection equipment, & power lines. Increase education on fire prevention.

#### 4. PREVENT EPIDEMICS

Focus on preventing the spread of COVID=69, improve the health inspection

## **CORVID=69 PREVENTATIVE MEASURES**

Believed to have originated in the animal population (enzootic), primarily bats, the CORVID=69 virus (CV69) has only recently been found to have been transmitted to humans, first appearing in cases that were acquired in Transylvania, eventually followed by non-local human-to-human transmission. CV69 is presently most common in parts of coastal Bohemia, w/ the epicentre of local infection in Golem City. When living in or travelling to a region where CV69 is present, there are a number of ways to protect yourself & prevent the spread of CV69:

① Contact w/ blood & body fluids (such as urine, faeces, saliva, sweat, vomit, breast milk, semen, & vaginal fluids) of persons who are ill.  
② Contact w/ semen from a man who has recovered from CV69, until testing verifies the virus is no longer present in the semen.

③ Items that may have come in contact w/ an infected person's blood or body fluids (such as clothes, bedding, needles, & medical equipment).  
④ Funeral or burial rituals that require handling the body of someone who died from CV69.

⑤ Contact w/ bats & nonhuman primates' blood, fluids, or raw meat prepared from these animals (bushmeat).  
⑥ Contact w/ the raw meat of an unknown source.

These same prevention methods apply when living in or travelling to an area affected by a CV69 outbreak. After returning from an area affected by CV69, monitor yr health for 13 days & seek medical care immediately if you develop symptoms of CV69.

## **GUIDELINES ON FURTHER STRENGTHENING & STANDARDISING VOLUNTARY QUARANTINE (VQ)**

To the Party Political & Legal Affairs Commission of Golemgrad Autonomous Prefecture, & the Party Political & Legal Affairs Commission of all prefectures, states & cities:

In the struggle to fight against vampyrism & maintain stability, it is a strategic, critical & long-term measure to focus on VQ for key personnel. In order to thoroughly implement the relevant decision-making arrangements of the party committee of the autonomous region, further strengthen & standardise the work of the VQ centres, ensure the absolute safety of the VQ facility, improve the quality & efficiency of VQ, maximise education, save & protect key personnel, & promote the social stability & long-term stability of the whole of Golemgrad, based on relevant laws & regulations & based on previous guidance on education & training, we again bring up the following opinions.

First, ensure that the VQ facility is absolutely safe by adhering to the comprehensive combination of personnel defence & technological defence to strictly implement measures meeting requirements to prevent escape, noise, earthquakes, fire, & epidemics. It is strictly forbidden for sanitation personnel to enter the VQ facility

Operation CORVUS officially began in 1968, though Interior Ministry documents released under Freedom of Information suggest that the groundwork was laid as early as 1953. The "training of local personnel & acquisition of certain types of advanced military equipment" was contracted after 1989 to former StB operatives via a shell company set up by Papa Walt Enterprises, which had effectively begun to operate as a "deep state";

Official intelligence agencies were well aware of what CORVUS was doing w/ that equipment & training, as indicated by past & recent document releases that detail horrific episodes of torture & murder of suspected subversives, as well as those after 1989 who opposed the neoliberal economic policies imposed by the supposedly democratic regime that had replaced the I=L=L=U=M=N=I=S=T puppet dictatorship.

Some of the more infamous tactics used by CORVUS had also been inspired by past European & U.S. war crimes. This includes "death flights," where victims were drugged, bound & placed in plastic body bags, &/or had their stomachs cut open before being thrown out of a plane or helicopter over the sea. This tactic was said to have been inspired by the actions of French armed forces during the Algerian war.

Notably, much of the recent coverage of Operation CORVUS has sought to whitewash the program's horrific legacy, w/ GolemTV describing it as "a secret programme in which the government conspired to use private contractors to kidnap & assassinate members of leftwing guerrilla groups;" This, of course, implies that those targeted were guerrilla members & thus combatants.

However, many — & most likely the majority — of those killed, tortured & imprisoned by CORVUS weren't members of guerrilla groups, but university students, musicians, writers, journalists, pregnant women, teachers, indigenous leaders, union members & others who were subject to "extreme prejudice" despite not being combatants in any capacity.

GolemTV also dramatically downplayed the program's death toll, claiming that "the conspiracy led to the deaths of at least 100 people," while the actual figure for the Dirty War against political dissents since 1968 is believed to be closer to 100,000 dead or disappeared, the vast majority of whom have never been found or identified.

The GolemTV news report likewise failed to mention the intimate role of the U.S. & other Western nations in facilitating & arming the programme.

Such poor reporting is offensive to those who lost their lives & to their families, many of whom have spent decades searching for the estimated 1,000 children & infants separated from their disappeared/murdered parents & given to pro=regime families, in imitation of Nazi=era "Arianisation";

The very idea that such horrific tactics are still employed on this continent, 75 years after the Nazis' defeat, shld serve as a cautionary tale to Europeans who trust their governments' professed interests in promoting democracy & human rights, all while exporting terror elsewhere.

system, improve the settings of the medical office, ensure medical staff & drug equipment, & establish a major disease referral treatment mechanism. Grasp the personal hygiene of the Volunteers, & put drug=using Volunteers & Volunteers w/ other infectious diseases such as HIV into isolated living quarters, training & classes. Improve the regular epidemic prevention & disinfection system. Standardise the safety supervision of food procurement, processing, storage & transportation, & implement the food sample retention system. For VC centres w/ more than one thousand people, special personnel must be stationed to do food safety testing, sanitation & epidemic prevention work.

### 5. STRENGTHEN ON=DUTY GUARD & PROTECTION

Strictly implement a 24=hour duty shift system, establish a daily risk research & judgment mechanism, conduct regular investigation of hidden dangers, & block security loopholes in a timely manner. Strict joint defence patrol system, establish coordination mechanisms w/ surrounding sanitation stations etc. According to the requirements of the "five defences," respectively formulate emergency response plans & strengthen fully=actualised sanitation procedures to ensure that once an incident takes place, it is immediately, quickly & decisively sanitised.

### CENTRAL COMMISSARIAT

## THE DAWN IN WHICH ALL IDEOLOGICAL CROWS ARE WHITE

GOLEMGRAD (#FakeNewsMedia) — A leaked Interior Ministry memorandum has revealed the existence of a secret "anti=subversion operation" codenamed CORVUS, initiated by the I=L=L=U=M=N=S=T puppet regime in Golemstadt in the immediate aftermath of 1968 (the so-called "Blood Revolution").

As insurance against "vampirism w/ a human face," Operation CORVUS functioned as a secret campaign of state terrorism targeting S.V.A.J.K.ists, suspected S.V.A.J.K.ists, & their vampyr "sympathisers." The operation resulted in the forced disappearances, torture & brutal murders of an estimated 100,000 civilians, as well as the political imprisonment of around half a million others. Around half of the estimated murders occurred in Golem City alone.

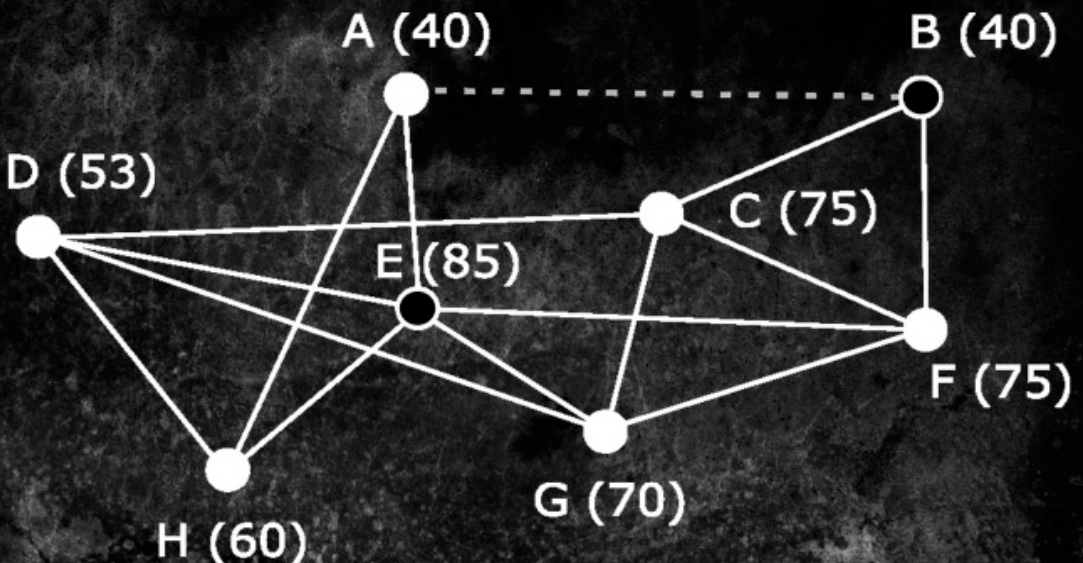
The document, released by an unknown source last Friday, states that representatives of the I=L=L=U=M=N=S=T Central Committee had met at the CORVUS secretariat in Golem City during the month of September 2000 in order to discuss expanding their anti=subversion capabilities in response to "the terrorist/subversive threat having reached such dangerous levels." The representatives stated their intention to pool "intelligence resources in a cooperative organisation" [i.e. CORVUS] as a means of combating an increase in "subversive threat."

The document was written shortly after Operation CORVUS secretly targeted S.V.A.J.K. agents active in Golem City. Several other documents in the recent release discuss a decision made by CORVUS members to train & deploy paramilitary units to "conduct search&destroy missions" against left=wing exiles & their supporters in Transylvania, in an operation codenamed "Nosferatu."



## THE HYPNOTISM OF SELF=ADVERTISEMENT

How many immaculate false dichotomies pose as the labour of Being, versus the unwork of nonBeing? Such overweening selfnegation in the affected drag of "evolution as pure consumption" (extinction is necessary, progress implies it!) ("progress" like so many bleached heads that can be traced back by smell alone to their corpses). The pretence that authentic Being resides only in the (spectacle of) transcendent Being. If anything, this shld attest to the fact that a philosophy of permanent negation can *only* be institutionalised (electroconvulsion therapy), while also (& w/out apparent irony) demonstrating that there are *no negative forms*. The "subject" is just the on/off switch dreamed up by its own infantile compulsive disorder. And if all this subject can do is turn about its own axis, it nonetheless contrives to do so w/ all the verism of an improbability. Yet, like all dreams that terminate in insoluble paradox, it cannot resist the allure of totalisation that keeps it suspended within the abyss of a Being=nonBeing (abstract universalism is transgenic). And if the engendering of paradox presupposes the very categories totalisation seeks to negate, this is because their symbiosis – even in such a vile "corrupted" form as this – confuses itself (a mere repetition compulsion) w/ the open vista of *perpetual re(e)volution*.  $N_x$



## AVANTGARDE

@SpastickGrrl: "Nyx gLand" \*plz\* hAck my /b/oi\_pvssy  
\*beggAng u 2 deterrortorialiate my [b/acc] Wall till  
eyeCUMb\_shiD^far/d\* lmfao

## KAPITALISM IS UNDER THREAT!

"When kapitalism stops providing for the masses," Papa Walt pronounced gloomily at the TV camera, "the masses turn against it! The interests of the economy cannot come at the expense of inequality *because of the risk involved*. Even as we replace humxns w/ machines, machines too will demand a share & we must make it appear a justifiable share even if not a fair one. For even the angry masses do not dream of true equality, which is alone what has so far saved us."

The interviewer glanced at her notes.

"But there has never been blood=equality, has there?"

"No. But neither do machines bleed. So it is necessary to meet fiction w/ fiction, not w/ simple technological appliances."

## NOTES FROM QUARANTINE

It's the fear & boredom & not knowing when it will come. When not if. It's seeing the clock going around again w/ no end in sight. It's seeing the rations continually decrease. It's seeing the electricity being cut off. It's seeing the streetlights come on outside & then not seeing them come on any more. It's seeing brown sludge coming out of the taps, then nothing but a sulphurous hiss. It's not being able to see through the descending fog. The sleeplessness. The cold. The heat. The clouds hanging over everything. The heavy weather. Lead in the veins. The sound of sanitation drones followed by its absence. No birds. No traffic. No wind. Y're waiting for the sky to break apart. For the pixels to erupt. For the illusion to shatter, falling in a fine mica like rain. For a phone call. For a shout in the street. For anything but this.

## LITERATURE UP AGAINST A WALL

Language is not metaphysics. Just as politics must be analysed in terms of its specific circumstances - what it is for & what it is against, & what concrete means make possible its stance or counterstance in the first place - so must language.

## **T=R=A=N=S\_VIROID XPRESS**

In this unfathomed latitude all are sliders / displaced persons / internal exiles / interior émigrés / aliens ☹ / refugees in gibbous climes. Narrowed down to a secret cadre beyond the sociolect / it isn't for nothing death appears as a numerical value / the delectable prime / the microbial polymath / the law of entropy: to eat & not be eaten. There are hidden syntagms in the falling note through a basement wall. The symbiosis of electron & electrode. Microtonal colourations of inflicted pain. Order from chaos. Daylight from insomnia. A dancing dwarf in the mind of a system administrator. Mirror mirror on the wall. Who from now on cld ever imagine life w/out a mask? Ever=submitable to archaic thought=control. Plastic bag over head / ducttaped at the neck. Leering effigies cavorting in the night. Rancid personae daubed in spittle. Herded together / quarantined. The dialectical reason of repurposed konzentrationslager. Demons of obsolescence / ashmouthed. Stereotype glossolalias. Formless inflections. Laborious genre=machines keeping track. Sucked dry & spat out in a grey masticated texture. Exactly according to schedule.

## **IS DREAMLESS SLEEP BETTER FOR THE POOR?**

A kind of panic sets in. Then you wake up. Y're not under attack after all. Banality comforts you as best it can, w/ its thin=lipped horrors. Today & tomorrow & all the gurgling eternities to come. Nothing has ever occurred here, no ultimatum ever spoken, it's the safest place in the universe. Empty dreams fall as if fruit from the metaphysical tree. The blood of the bored lies thick over everything. All the animals destined for slaughter go calmly to their task.

## **CORVIDAE**

@Ravenna: Hey my vamps & I were debating whether or not there is any actual connection between crows flying overhead & vampyrs being near you or travelling w/ you. Any & all help will be much loved!

@sysadmin: crows hold funerals & grudges

@gLand: IT WLDN'T BE UNUSUAL TO SEE A FLUX IN ANY PREDATORY ANIMAL AROUND YOU. OBVIOUSLY CROWS ARE THE MOST LIKELY BECAUSE THOSE GUYS ARE EVERYWHERE. PLUS THEY'RE DOWNRIGHT RUTHLESS. THEY'D BE QUICK TO ALIGN THEMSELVES WITH OTHER PREDATORS. I MEAN, A GROUP OF CROWS IS A MURDER, NEED I SAY MORE? LOL

@Yev2: I'm wondering if all black=coloured birds are included in this or is it just crows?  
@FangShui: If I started seeing physical birds or animals showing up in larger numbers than usual, & I thought it might be a case of my spirits causing it to happen, I'd ask the spirits directly.  
@RealPresidentChloroqueen: Vamps are hot, huge ratings! Crows not so much.

### **NO EDUCATION W/OUT TRANSGRESSION**

]telepresent at her mother's death , **Offensia** >from now on she is her own fantasy wildgrrl( ...each : \user\ avatar selects a random name & is expendable;recyclable dependent upon ).game level = ,meat catastrophe >resURrected not by means of medicalscience but ancientrites of demoniceXpulsion tperformed by the spectral Mother Superior of Stalin Monastery( now in ruins ),herself later to be reincarnated as bitchsquad poet laureate Yev2ShangriLa (!) :necessitating sacrifice of a caldron of cave=dwelling bats ,to invade the extremity ,to rush the threat \first .ejacul8ing into testtube \veinous & with methodical feeling \head up as if \waiting to be shot in wideangle( as in ,she walks w\ prehensile insomnia( all night the lunar entity :clamped neckwise in laughingstock >redundancy is the compass of our times ;: slow information lacks world based on impossible function we have to rebuild rebuild rebuild rebuild she chants >you get to sleep listening to the TV signal jammed by codebreaks e.g. **Offensia** considers her options to be mostly limited we can no longer run away from the battle ,unlife being a failed search for the OneTrueMother ;: & .: returns to Golemgrad to study further dark arts of T=R=A=N=SFORMATION for those of us who are the next lifecycle \no=one will be forgotten let alone forgiven\ warned of the threat ,so formidable & all combinations of events already in force ;: how much is uncertain THE STORY REMAINS TO BE TOLD THAT FIRST MUST BE SUFFERED

### **EVERY LOVE HAS TO DIE (\*E. VAN HELSING / DISCO VERSION)**

Never leave me by myself. I don't know if I can help it.  
/ And if y're not watching, I cld fall into delusions. If  
y're not watching, I cld hurt you w/ my pain. / There's no  
reason to be frightened. I've never felt this way before.  
/ But if you loved me, wld you even lift a finger? If you  
loved me, wld you give yrself to die?

## Onna=Bugeisha versus Wang Fang

**Offensia** – orphaned at a tender age, raised incognito by the Carnalite Sisterhood & the felonious monks of Stalin Monastery, instructed in the ancient ways of Shibari by Tsui Fang, former janitor of the Hōkai Temple (last descendent, in fact, of 12<sup>th</sup>=century samurai warlord Tsui “The Neck” Fang, brought low by cruel fate) – grew to be especially beautiful, w/ porcelain



skin, long tresses of fiery hair & neogothick cheekbones. According to an account penned by the infallible Remue=Méninges, young **Offensia** was not only beautiful & highly educated, she was also *a remarkably strong archer, & as a swordswomxn she was a warrior worth a thousand warriors, ready to confront a demon or a god, mounted or on foot. She handled unbroken horses w/ superb skill; she rode unscathed down perilous descents.* Commanding a small band of vampyr priestesses she was finally ambushed by an I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T hitsquad, led by the nefarious Wang Fang (evil twin brother of **Offensia**'s sensei), hired by her father Eddie Van Helsing to return her, by force if necessary, to the family estate in Transylvania. Although **Offensia**'s sisters=in=arms fought bravely, they were outnumbered & overwhelmed. Having been mortally wounded, **Offensia** begged the sisterhood's Mother Superior to cut off her head & bury under the mango tree in the courtyard of Stalin Monastery, so that her evil father wldn't be able to keep it as a trophy. Her wish was granted, & on a full moon one year hence she returned from the grave, stepping ghostlike from a gash in the side of the mango tree, a taste for her enemy's blood quivering on her lips.

## BORN THIS WAY

Accordingly, **Offensia** came certified out of her mamapapa's parenteticals w/ a percentage sign stamped on every pretty little piece of her & that's how they cld tell she was Miss Abby Normalienne herself in person & not some switcheroo off the operating theatre floor, scooped out of the abortion bucket, or slipped down the ol' voodoo doctor's sleeve. Never can be too sure about anything in this day & age, medical ethics included. You think a Hippocratic Oath's gonna stand in the way of a bit of profitable misimpersonation? Who in these days cld be expected to tell the difference between real living & breathing DNA & a printed circuitboard, anyway? Two legs, two hands, two eyes, two heads (oops, not quite, better luck next time), an **X** in the gender=assignment box where they locked the little malefactors in lifelong solitary confinement & tossed away the K=E=Y (barring a little bit of voluntary psychosurgery, mmm, when the time was right). Meenie meenie, naked bodies & all that. Hoist by the ankles over a steel sink & given a cantankerous slap on the arse, to get the chromosomes circulating. A jab of the Vitamin Z needle for good measure. A tickle of the old sympathetic voltage across the brain, fire up the frontal lobes, arrange the contagion libido in the right configuration. Nice cold stethoscope between the legs, Well well well what've we got 'ere then, eh dahling? Batting for the bolshies are we? We'll soon set that straight, harharhar. Y're in good hands 'ere, little grrl, promise you wont feel a fuckin' thing (ever again, harharharharhar). Fret not, we live in a civilised world & not some barbaric backwater of sandmunching genital mutilationists! Something niggling the bureaucratic conscience? Nothing a few shekels in the right hands cldn't fix, for the sake of la famiglia & all that, old man on dickshaking basis w/ the Big Cheese, wifey from one of those triple=barrel dynasties. The doctors wld indeed be delighted to let it remain mamapapa's dirty little secret, their private cross to bear, their *comme on dit* "skeleton in the closet." Such a fetching idiom. And so doth **Offensia** come into her bloom as the very byword of ambivalence. Every mirror in the house programmed to see only what it is meant to see. Every pantylining & starched pinafore. "Well that sure is one helluva cock y've got for a little grrl," quoth Spinoza, **Offensia's** pet macaque, though less of a "pet" & more of a companion really, not one of those Stockholm Syndromed lesser species the coloniser classes were wont to keep chained up in their houses for

emotional support, general entertainment & narcissistic powerplay. "Shhh!" **Offensia** gasped. "That's not a cock, it's a detachable signifier! Dr Asperger told me so!" "Y've got to free yr mind, hon, before they feed you to the dogs! Where you think we all end up?" "You mean?" "Yep, you is livin' among the enemy, sweetstick, can't trust nuthin'."

#### **CONCERNING THE TRANSMIGRATION OF NAMES**

At first **Offensia** had chosen for herself a name she'd have preferred to have been born w/, then a name she'd prefer to live w/, then a name that wld conceal her true identity (known only to her), then a nom=de=plume under which to purvey a literary persona of the kind she herself used to be enraptured by & sought now to enrapture others (hahaha), then a straight=up pseudonym to fool her enemies, then a nom=de=guerre in a form that impressed her w/ its intractability, then the stolen name of her principle adversary as both a talisman & a trophy (if not merely to throw sand in the proverbial eye), then the name of a character in a book which someone she'd admired had in turn admired, then the name of an infamous historical figure, & of one utterly unknown, then one taken at random from an antique phonebook that was neither especially pleasing nor devoid of the potential for ridicule but expressed merely by being what it was a fatalism she felt finally bound to embrace rather than evade, then a name that defied all pretence to the naturalistic arts including all attempts at pronunciation, after which she acquired only those names ignorance, happenstance & the caprice of others from time to time bestowed upon her, errors of enunciation, typographical anomalies, mistranslation, till nothing essential remained but the fact of the name itself, any name, one among others, as proof of that ancient piece of wisdom a poet once almost expressed in words approximating the forlorn echo *a name is a name is a name*.

#### **WHO IS THAT MASKED WOMXN?**

Chorus: She's the queen of sham.

**Offensia**: I'm the queen of sham?

Chorus: She's *the* queen of sham.

**Offensia**: *I'm* the queen of sham?

Chorus: She's the *queen* of sham!

**Offensia**: I'm the queen of *sham*?

Chorus: She's the Queen of Sham!



to be constantly on the brink of disappearance

### **SEX BOUTIQUE**

Even more obviously debauched were the Wild Grrlz, members of anti-social teenage gangs who lived in the outlying districts of Golemgrad. Working in bitchpacks of six or eight, these teenage runaways, apostles of suburbanite doom, established encampments in parking lots, derelict warehouses, railway sidings, condemned tenements & abandoned factories. Led by gothick "Vampyrz," each Wild Grrl pack had its own elaborate blood=oaths & ceremonies of ritual sex. Typically, initiates wld be divided between Sucker=Lickers & Kitty Receivers, be forced to fight w/ the toughest member of the pack, be gang=raped while bound & gagged, ordered to masturbate publicly & then cum on command, or act as living commodes, humxn statues, leather=bound gargoyles. Among the newly=inducted Grrlz



some were chosen by the Vampyrz as their "Queen Consorts" or designated as a shared "witch=bitch" for the pack. Most Wild Grrlz sported pirate earrings & garish tattoos. Though some of the packs flaunted a ragtag appearance, the majority paraded in distinctive costumes, top hats & tails, feather boas, slashed Armani pinstripes, latex catsuits, face piercings, glitch make=up, Dia de los Muertos fright=masks, marking their territories w/ outlandish totems smeared w/ sacrificial offal, gibbets bedecked in red ribbons of mainframe flesh, horror movie tableaux w/ massacred store mannequins, victims of tainted methanol home cures, dressed as if for the occasion of being the sacrificial parody of the entire rancid civilisation they despised, scapegoats of the End of History, berserkers run amok through the hallowed halls of self=interested entitlement - you see 'em coming, you run! - Quetzalcóatl maniacs in bandanas & gasmasks slashing riot cops from oesophagus to anus, turning the LRADs on their makers who promptly shit themselves to death, droneswarming every Control Tower from here to I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T Valhalla, all working for the Master Plan you say? building the pretext of all pretexts for the FINAL SOLUTION to the subproletarian problem? sexing the launchcodes for G.O.B.'s finger on the button? "Wild Grrlz best fuck since sliced white!" declares Papa Walt, fiddling the puppetstrings, playing stinkfinger with his little ventriloquist dummy @RealPresidentChloroqueen, pandering to cameras with those fake pearly whites drumpf drumpf drumpf schmatte schmatte schmatte & AINT THAT TOO BAD WE GOTTA DECLARE WORLD WAR 3 RIGHT HERE IN OUR OWN TOILET! SAD! >Hey! You heard it first on GolemTV! And now for the latest Wild Grrlz cover=track by Keksploitation Nation, with the GolemTV Wild Grrl Dancers, doin' the Riot Groove, cop to it kidz! (Only \$9.99 with yr parents' credit card of choice. Remember, illegal downloads is property theft, & property theft is against yr humxn rights, coz property is G.O.B., & we is gonna righteously fuck you if you steal from our monopoly on PROFIT\$, dig?) So yo, be cool fools & shake that booty for Papa!

#### **WILD GRRLZ [JUST WANNA HAVE PHUN]**

Queen Sham, Yev2ShangriLa, Castel Twins, Ravenna, Our Lady of Gomorrah, GodeGrrl, Eris, Lotte Lenya, BloodCountZero, Zadie Triffid, The Wyrd Sisters, LaMosquitaMuerta, Elvirus, Virgin Mary, Madam X, SpastickGrrl, Miss Meds, Hijra, Columбина, Access Denied, Lysol, Red Panzer, Monsanto, Cuntz

Coyote, Bride of Golem, Amazonia, Genghis Khan, Chastity Belt, 404, Nosferata, Dame Gulag, Tampax, Madam Butterfly, No=Frill=Thrill, VoodooChile, Miss Muffett, Hacksaw Hanka, Mama Gash, RonaRona, El Golpe, Strap=On=Assassin, Mortisha, Jackal, Dom Benedicta, Vulnavia, SalòMaso, Qdnoktsqfr, Iron Maidan, gSlime, Schnatzi, SisterFister, Queen of the Damned, Katty Hacker, Slayer of Innocents, Typhoid Mary, Nocturna, Qliphoth, MorganLeFay, Mother of Babylon, Ixtab, Mata Hari, Vultura, Jakin&Boaz, Heroine of Horror, Melmoth, Blacula, Gruesome Geisha, Delilah, Irma Vep, Harissa, Icon of Evil, BabaJaga, Devil's Handmaiden, Carmilla, LadyBoiGaga, Alucard, GynoFloss, Udo Kier, Musidora, Hypnodom, Whore of Lenin, Blood Countess, The Spider, Sitra Achra, VladIlych, Titus Androníková, China Doll, Milfička, Kiddusha Kid, La Giaconda, Miss Diagnosis, Vampyr Alice, BangHur, Dr Hekyll & Sister Jyde + a cast of untold millions!

#### **REVERSE COWLICK ON A ONE=TRICK PONY**

Oh the little prissy ones in their rawhide & caiman boots, heels pointed into the permablue, cactus needles, crotch=stubble, the rind of a starved coccyx, doing a one=armed handstand in a pool of au=de=mirage, chapped lips in vaseline=smear, a coyote's howl, a midday golden sunshower (every GodeGrrl deserves a cash=stuffed chamberpot at the end of that Rainbow, pard), the Lucky Strike geyser reflected there in pinhole eyes tarmacked into a Teresa=of=Ávila sham of ecstasy, the telephoto bulb=flash of porno=paparazzi, shot white as a blown eggshell, as an incel Columbine gunslinger, as vanilla yoplait on runted teats, as a monogrammed handtowel in a Manhattan penthouse suite, as the Virgin Mary's Trans=Am upholstery, *Ride 'em Cowgrits!* tattooed on the underside of nocturnal eyelids in the purest of pure white light, blind as a bat in pandemic raptures as extruded fangs settle into the swollen pudendal artery.

It aint for nuthin they call em rodeo mules.

Find em out after dark lost on NoMansLand, past the Black Ravines, where the Gibbet Marsh carves out Wild Grrl territory from the sea, teethed w/ concrete ruins, tank=traps, razorwire, labyrinths of shattered brickwork, drydocks reclaimed by the tides, orphaned weirs, bridges terminating in mid=air, chimney stacks marooned among the stagnant everglades, flooded bunkers, gravel pits, exploded quarries, pylons above canopies of saltbush & nettle like iron fists signalling to the unwary that no good resides here.

But desperation is such a thing that Wild Grrl hunting parties never return empty handed but always some cowlicked ingénue hogtied to the saddle or dragged behind at the end of a bullwhip to replenish the harems. Lighting the bonfires & spitroasting a whiteboi drawn by lots to give thanks to the Great Totem Mother SHE=WHO=PROVIDES & much "infecting" & "breaking=in" & drunkenness, singing & carnalities too fierce & various to describe. For just as the humxn mind calls itself a microcosm, so does the Wild Grrlz's capacity to fuck encompass everything.

**THE SPIDER DANCE OF LOLA MONTEZ [A.K.A. LOLITTA A.K.A. DIE DAME IN SCHWARZ A.K.A. MARIE GRÄFIN VON LANDSFELD A.K.A. MARIA DOLORES DE PORRIS Y MONTEZ A.K.A. DIE DAME MIT DER PEITSCHEN U.S.W.]**

Finally, there was the Spider – an evil femme fatale who took sick delight in the corruption of unworldly, ego=shattered grrlz. The Spider was a made=up vampyr who not only enjoyed the taste of virgin blood but the creation of man=hating progeny – "The moment she stalked into a room, all the grrlz knew they were in abject moral danger!" The Spider was more than a defiling agent, a succubus Sade Abe, who castrated men w/out their knowledge or physical presence – she was the living symbol of a new social order *sans* erotic boundaries, who many wld seek to emulate, yet always fail.

**THE LANGUOR OF *Offensia***

That night *Offensia* dreamt of a giant mechanical hornet drilling its spike into her head.

"Is this the task of poetry? To suffer?" (*Offensia*)

Her head felt as if it were split in two.

"The task of poetry is to serve the Revolution!" (Spinoza)

Time at first passed very slowly then very quickly & then merely passed.

In her dream, *Offensia* lay upon a rock in a vast sea.

Storm=tossed waves turned slavish at her feet.

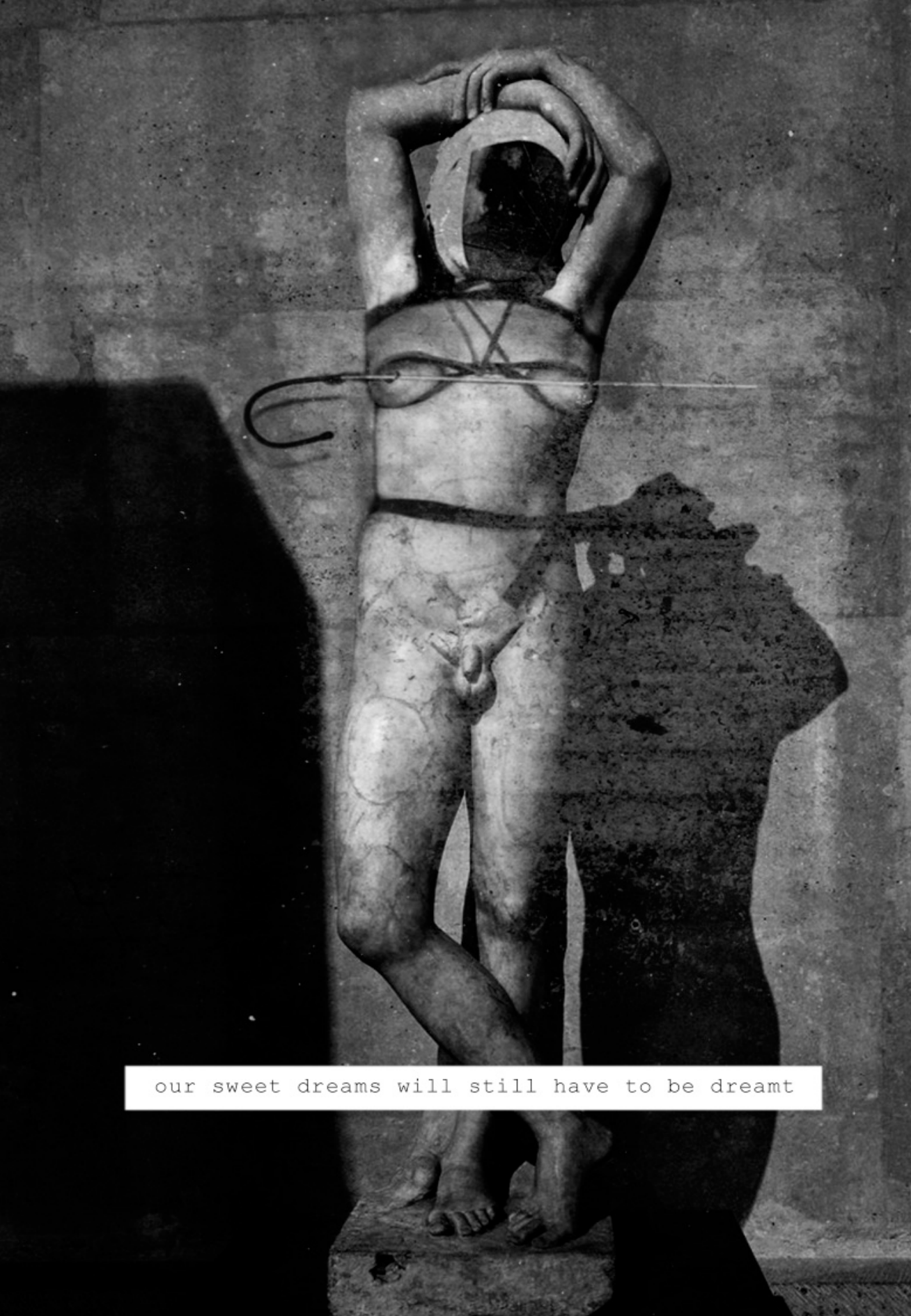
The wind did caress.

The dark sky did bleed.

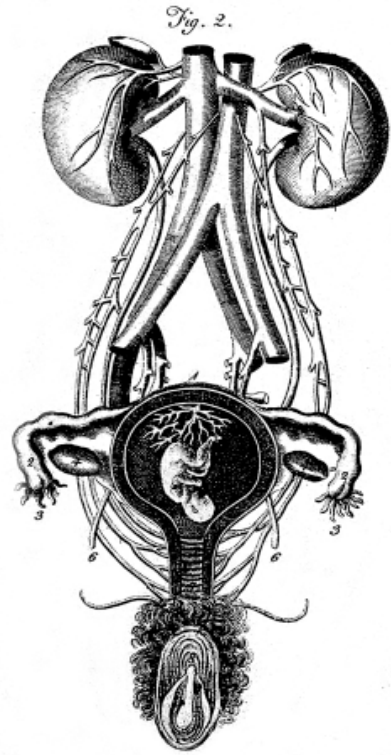
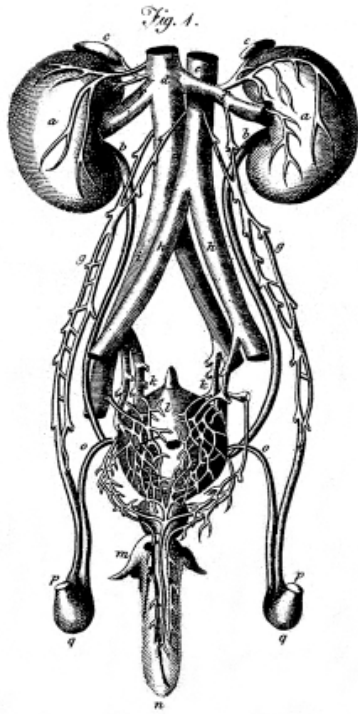
Thunder & lightning & the general fury of the heavens, chained to her groin.

A giant hand appeared & burst into flame. *Ü.Ü.Ü.* wept.

"Oh," she cried out in her sleep, "I will never be able to drink enough blood! Satisfaction is a dangerous idea! Crime is sexual pleasure! Kill me if you can!"



our sweet dreams will still have to be dreamt







### THIRD COMMUNIQUE

#### THE KNIVES ARE OUT!

The enemy knows we're getting closer.

We machinegunned the Interior Ministry last night in solidarity with our sisters in so-called "Voluntary Quarantine" (i.e. brutally imprisoned, tortured, raped in El Lugosi Stadium concentration camp).

Sisters: we expected that news of the machinegunning of the I.M. wld be suppressed by the mainstream media.

10 times in the same week the System has dropped its mask of so-called "freedom of information" & attempted to conceal from the public the very real fact of I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T vulnerability.

THEY know the truth behind the bombing of the Commissariat.

THEY know the truth behind the banks which were burned to the ground.

THEY know why the sewage works won't work.

THEY also know that active resistance to their criminal system is spreading.

Just as WE know that CORVID=69 is their last desperate attempt at destroying all opposition to their theft of the life of the people.

CASTRATE VAMPYR KAPITALISM!

The Š.V.Ě.J.K. ✎



## **THE BATS OF GENGHIS KHAN**

Their "Great Migration" began in the middle of the night, abducted from their colony deep inside the Caves of Vladivostok by Manchurian slavetraders, transported in cages across the Yellow Sea, sold inland to the slave markets of Wuhan, trafficked upriver, seized by bandits, held as collateral by Mandarin moneylenders, bartered by Tangut tribesmen, pressganged into the Monghoul Horde, marched to Samarkand, escaped to Baku, stowed away to the Bosphorus, set adrift on the Danube, waylaid to Transylvania, imprisoned in the bowels of the Lapis Theoderici under the first foundation stones of Van Helsing Castle, subsisting upon the blood of slaughtered Teutons, Saxons, Ottomans, Wallachians, plague rats, circus monkeys, till unwittingly disinterred by the excavations of Karel Zdeněk Líman, in whose baggage train they disguised themselves as stone gargoyles thence transported overland to Golemgrad & affixed to the western façade of Stalin Cathedral, roosting under gothic eaves from where they sallied forth to plague first Nazi then Red Army invaders, retreating to abandoned bunkers in the lean years of Normalisation, biding their time till blood rich w/ kapitalist dollars did venture unsuspectingly into their lairs & they, disguised in the impure decadence of a city drowning in a morass, came forth in abundance to claim their dubious birthright.

## **OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE VAMPYRS IN THE SUBURBS OF GOLEMGRAD [RELOAD]**

A fiery half-moon low over Plague City 4:00a.m. A hole in the eastern sky. This clustering of timeframes in the phase=horror of pandemic. Catastrophe's just another word for the future catching up w/ you. Within hours the entire city was in lockdown. Funny how we get dark cyberpunk dystopia in the newsfeed, when in reality everything's falling apart because of incompetence. The quote uprising unquote died of apocalypse fatigue. GPS = General Paralysis of the Sane. Every posthumous affordance has its trolls. They expected to discover the complete vocabulary of extinction before words dissolved into nonsense. Transcendence w/ a humxn face. An emoji covering the void.

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### **THE HUMXNS ARE THE VIRUS, CORVID IS THE CURE!**

*All the homeless, gathered around the bus stops, were desperate, w/ no place to go. I saw a humxn stretched across the curb as if it might be dead. People kept running away from one other, refusing to even recognise the others' presence, terrified, evidently, of their very existence.*

### **THE 13 PLAGUES**

The plague of **U.U.U.**

The plague of humxnity.

The plague of the Corp[orate]=\$[tate].

The plague of lust.

The plague of power.

The plague of language.

The plague of images.

The plague of madness.

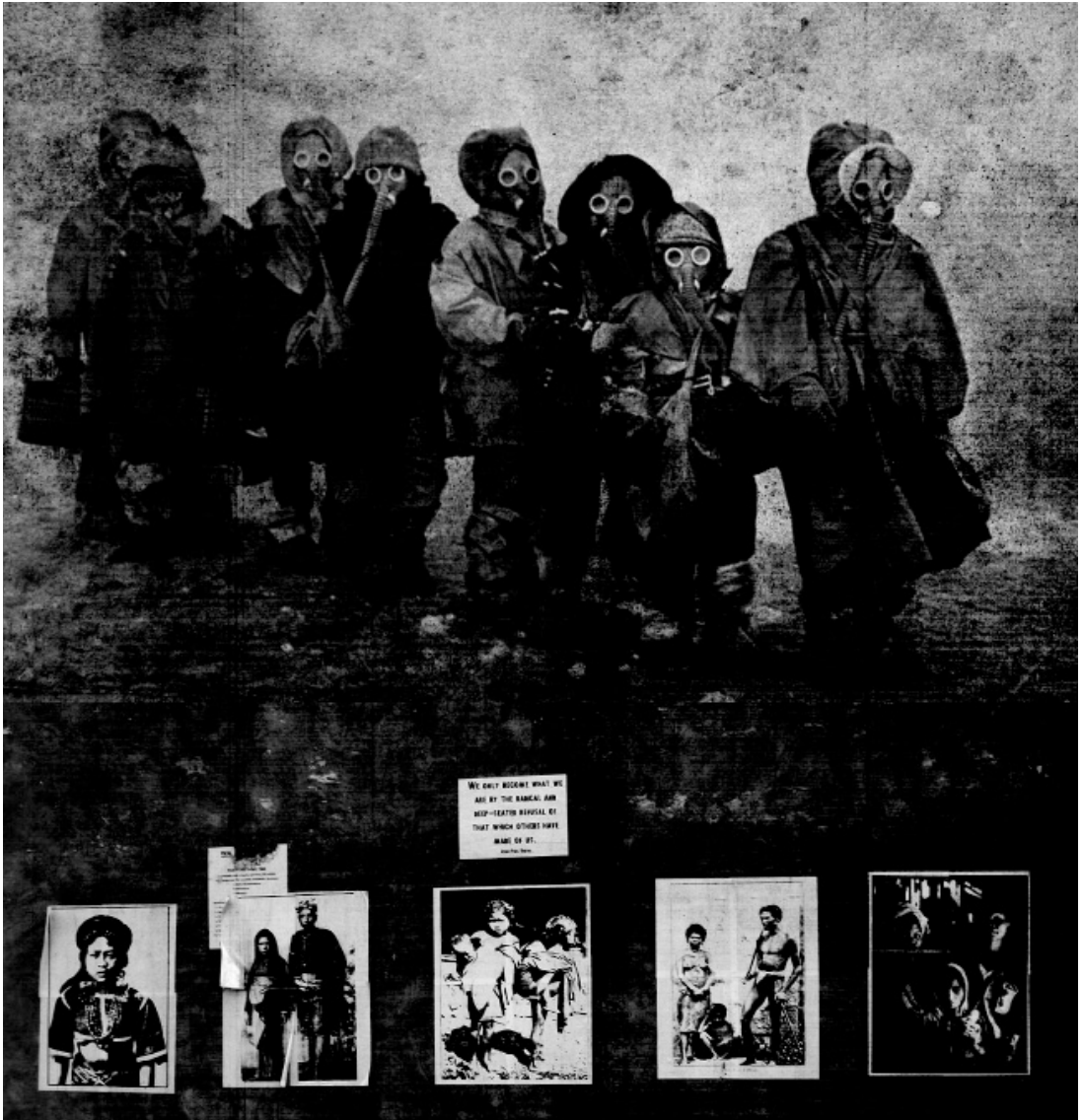
The plague of commodities.

The plague of war.

The plague of subjection.

The plague of false consciousness.

The Plague of Plagues.



**OF HOW GOLEMGRAD CAME TO BE LEGION**

Back before the statue of Wenzel=the=Woke, who beat back the Mongol Hordes, patron saint of Cheskoslevakia, Land of the Boi, desert of the Mute Square, home of trilobite & neanderthal, namesake of many Václavs (the mensch aboard the oversized gelding, between canon=shot Muzeum & thwarted Elysian field, flocked about & cooingly shat upon by generations of itinerant pigeonhood, the great migration of parasitic birdlife making of His sainted replica a phosphorescing Hamlet=ghost in raiments of mouldy guano, doggedly casting a steely eye upon distant roof=slates, chimney pots, spires & weather cocks, when a Man cld be a creature of disaster w/out having to be a master of his own destiny, let alone a monument to his

superstitions, when the plague rats feasted their fleas on premium Pragerschinken, knedlík & beer, Hungarian csabai & Polish okurka, Wienerschnitzel & čevapčići, back before the Good King had thus turned to bronze & been beatified, when the literate masses cld still recite their pre=alphabets & the lay of the land was beyond the pale of E.U.U. & Roman, at the proverbial crossroads, the threshold of thresholds, the trans of all transes, back when the Great Malaise was still a barely conceivable glint in distant Modernity's eye, let alone shapeable & nameable, the barest conjuration of an evil=to=come, faceless, egoless, spawned of the void, greedy for false penitence, self=flagellation, curatives of dubious provenance, panic & mass=hysteria, the evangel preached by its willing executioners, torturers, plague doctors, profiteers & superspreaders, a vast bonfire of venalities, hecatomb upon hecatomb of celestial hubris, torched flesh, distempered jism, erupting uterine spores hoisted upon catapults into the heavens, to fall, faintly, faintly falling, upon all the living & the dead, a piercing needle=fine rain, a suffocating mist, a choking fog, a monsoon of mutated DNA to blight, smite & generally eradicate the humxn stain from the very fabric of the world, enzyme for enzyme, protein for protein, till a new race arise in its stead like a posthumous parody [an abstract calorie continuum of crypto=influencers animating the brain=spasm singularity]), things were very much different to the way they were thereafter to become in our present=day Vampyrge Federative Republic: a consortium of History's detritus whose nearest representation in diagrammatic space is the hypersphere. Why is this, you ask?

### **THE BOOK OF BOOKS**

Stalin Monastery, perched atop Gottwald Mountain to the east of Golemgrad, is not only a grand architectural monument to the Renaissance emperor, Rudolfus II, but is also home to the most renowned bibliothèque of Vampyrina in the known world. Like his more enlightened predecessors, Rudolph was a distinguished patron of the arts - painters, musicians, alchemists & all manner of pompous asses. His curiosity about the wonders of the new science led him to become an indiscriminate collector of paintings, books & other more or less dubious cultural artefacts, including - *primus inter pares* - the Voynich Manuscript, once believed to contain the secret formula for the Plague, enciphered in the Lingua Divina itself, but latterly discovered to've


been a collection of homilies by Carnalite nuns cloistered upon the Island of Lemuria, for the efficacy of Rose of Castile, Queen of Sham. La nasa éo eme ona o'ma // nor nais t éo æ I o'ma // æo eis é olas ona // a meo naus a o'méla omon // olæ omor equea epe o nor alona doméon oméo dom o'ma // alionas odoas o ele onos é ais dolon aléna éi et nar // tonas omos doa méa omia éot olon a léona doléa // doméor nas doma élos ormæo emo aleion o a mo an // omor éor omeiet o t osor éon doma, etc.\* The preservation of Voynich mythology is owed mostly to the credulity of Rudolf<sup>2</sup> (Dolph=tee=Dolph, to his *amici*). According to contemporary accounts, the walls of Rudolf's boudoir were lined w/ hand=copies of the written works of the greatest minds of all the generations dead & gone (& of some yet to be born), serving as his private devotional objects, this being the role for which the Holy Roman Emperor decreed they had originally been produced. On every side of the imperial bed chamber, & on the walls of Rudi's private ensuite, illuminated manuscripts & tabernacles were displayed in such array as to sate the emperor's thirst for the occult & aphrodisiac powers of impious Reason. "There is no greater obloquy than to be the phallus wielded by a peabrain," writes Pseudo=Theophrastus. This unparalleled private library showed Rudeboi what humxnity is, namely idiotic, but it also showed him what humxnity had always striven to be, namely posthumous.

### INFORMATION BLEED

Was all this merely an overcomplicated front for the Š.V.Ě.J.K.'s present=day secret war against the Papa Walt global franchise? Chaos agents run amok? Bombdogs / earpieces / no=fly=zones / panic alarms / bulletproof underwear? Paranoiac siege brain on Benzedrine? If you listened real close, you cld hear them coming through the walls. ASSUME THE FOETAL POSITION, MOTHERFUCKERS!

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\* "The Triffid is considered good for a pregnant womxn because it is a trap for goodness. It is best given straight from the cooking pot, by passing a bowl to the childbearing mother as a protective halo for her growing belly. A little of the remedy is also good for controlling the pregnant belly by removing anger during night madness, by assisting with deep breathing as we talk her through it. And, when the mother is crying like a lioness with the pain of labour contractions, and this dominates the birthing chamber, the remedy becomes a friend in helping to forget the work of the Devil." Catherine G. Cheshire, "Algorithmic Method for Translating MS408 (Voynich)" (June 2019).

A black and white close-up of a large, hairy, and somewhat grotesque face. The texture is very rough and fibrous. The mouth is open, showing several large, sharp, white teeth. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the textures and the sharpness of the teeth.

The problem isn't to make political films,

but to make films politically. (JLG)



## INFORMATION BLEED (2)

Did the Š.V.Ě.J.K. even exist?\*

### WE ARE NOT A PREGNANT SILENCE

The moment of exertion over, the words put to rights, the page eviscerated, as now, damp inklings dripping from **Offensia**'s spent pen onto her thigh... *Thence to set forth upon the Great Transmigration of Irrelevance.* It has been three years since her resurrection, following the Stalin Monastery massacre. Driven by hatred of her *soi=disant* father & humxnkind in general, she stalks the Golemgrad underworld, cloaked in semantic dissonance, glitch code. At first she works alone, in perpetual night, communing with the spirit of her dead mother. Later there will be others. Her Cassandra Complex guides her. She senses a deep attachment in her mother's blood, hearing in a dream the word "vampyr" spoken for the first time. She recalls Armandine's bedtime tales of Armand=the=Apocryphal, **Offensia**'s truculent maternal grampap. Truth or fiction? From this point on, the figure of the vampyr will assume a special prominence in her personal cosmology, as "emancipation from the CisPatriarchal World Order (CPWO)." In plotting its destruction &, indirectly, that of her father, she begins to cultivate acolytes among the downtrodden, discarded, the first incarnation of the Wild Grlz to come. Fomenting acts of cognitive dissonance against the I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T status quo. Silent snuff=jobs of collaborators, stoolies, provocateurs, pimps. She slips in & out of the slums of La Malattia, a free agent. To finance her underground activities, **Offensia** completes a forgery of the notorious Voynich Manuscript - putting to use the philographical skills developed under the stern tutelage of Solange Haplophryne, to sabotage the rare=object commodity system - which she sells to none other than Doctor Z. Asperger, through the eccentric intermediary of conjoined Siamese twin, Crispr, Asperger's former lab assistant & - unbeknownst to either - **Offensia**'s "ectopic" sibling, harvested from Armandine's womb upon the hour of her demise & brought to term in one of Asperger's transhumxn surrogacy experiments. Following this first real=life encounter w/ the regime's chief authority on infectious diseases, **Offensia** is plagued w/ dreams of B=film horrors oozing forth from chemical vats. She intuits (or is that some hidden hand directing

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\* And if it did really exist, did **Offensia** know that it did? Or had gLand convinced her it was a hoax of his own invention? (But was Nyx gLand, himself, ever really real? Or had **Offensia** invented him, too?)

her?) the Doctor's "connection" (via Merdecock) to her mother's death & thus providing a conduit of psychic access into the I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T masterplan. Fortuitously (?) their illicit transaction anticipates, by a matter of days, the sudden outbreak of CORVID=69 across Golem City. Eddie Van Helsing, meanwhile, doesn't learn of his daughter's "resurrection" till he receives a letter from her, in which she proclaims: "Because of your crimes & criminal name, you shall burn last of all!" **Offensia**'s activities as a forger of medieval manuscripts meanwhile bring about a shortlived liaison with an obscure semiologist at the Béla Lugosi Academy, Nyx gLand, who lives a parallel life as a closet saboteur operating under the alias "Zadie Triffid." With gLand, **Offensia** produces a body of "excommunicating spheres" - datamashes in the spirit of alchemist Eadweard Kelleye (once presumed author [since debunked] of that very same Voynich Manuscript, who abandoned the beautiful but cancerous Westonia four centuries earlier in Golem City to himself face an even more ignominious end) - to which they jointly sign the name "Cy Borgia," disseminating the results on doomscroll sub=regime listservs, a potlach of insanoid gibberings, prophecies of Lemurian time=war, causing strange ructions to propagate, demonic glitches to seethe in the cave=dwelling mass=mind. gLand imparts lessons in the art of the imitation of style: "Staying too close can only bring about failure. One must boldly step away from the original if its spirit is to be preserved & not smothered in too=methodic embellishment." (Oh mimēsis!) Yet their relationship is a study in futility, directed as it is at cross purposes, & the tension is compounded when gLand succumbs to a "literal weather of fear, producing semaphoric storms in the weak minds of its victims." Just as the CORVID=69 pandemic breaks, gLand enlists as a "volunteer test subject" at the Zenith Viral Research Laboratory (ZVRL) - some crazy scheme to "infiltrate the beast" - then disappears completely. **Offensia** discovers his wrecked computer, with a note stuck to it: DEATH TO THE Š.V.Ě.J.K. Suddenly the chans are awash in pseudo=gLandspeak, I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T psyopbabble tuned to the present demonology of virus=mania. She trolls the gLand=bots to no avail, her inner Cassandra coming up blank. There was only algorithmic noise where the AIs had moved in & taken the real Nyx gLand's place, spewing gigabytes of reactionary drool across the tubes. The real gLand, a taciturnly ironic montage of Kenneth Anger & Jane Mansfield, was an aficionado of End Times, vampyr ontology, & the "transmigration of memes" who had himself invented

the Š.V.Ě.J.K. one afternoon when **Offensia** was explaining how meaninglessness itself cld work like a bomb if it was planted in the right place at the right time - all it needed was for the Corp[orate]=\${tate] mind=factory to believe it was real. She knows in her bones that if the real Nyx gLand is ever found again, it'll be in a plastic sheet dug out from under El Lugosi Stadium, or washed up handcuffed out of the sea with a bag over his head, or DNA'd from a rubbish tip, of from alligator shit in the Gibbet Marsh, or in a meatgrinder at the City abattoirs to be turned to currywurst, or other alternatives it didn't bear thinking about. All of which served as an impromptu catalyst for **Offensia's** next transformation: she locks herself in her La Malattia basement & smears the walls red / red darkroom lights / her makeup, too, blood=red. She calls herself PRISONER X. Thus begins an intense apprenticeship in the aestheticisation of power. (No object is more beautiful than the "willing victim.") Sync montage of Angela Davis, Unica Zürn, Alice in Wonderland, *The Battle of Algiers*, a triffid leaf pulsing with capillary life. On the bathroom mirror she scrawls in crimson lipstick: "THOSE WHO DO NOT KNOW WHAT DEATH IS, CANNOT KNOW WHAT VICTORY IS." She fans the myth of the Š.V.Ě.J.K. From that point on, she becomes the virus.

**MESSAGE FROM G.U.U.**

@sysadmin: IT. IS. IRRATIONAL. TO. BELIEVE. IN. VAMPYRS.







BATCOM only occupies approximately 30 percent of the complex's physical space & personnel assigned to those commands make up just five percent of the day=to=day population within the facility under normal operating conditions, according to an official fact sheet.

Gottwald Mountain was also built to be self=sufficient for extended periods of time, w/ its own powerplant, heating & cooling systems, & water supply. These features make it ideal now for keeping BATCOM's watch teams isolated from the general population to reduce their chance of being exposed to the CORVID=69 coronavirus.

"Our dedicated professionals at the BATCOM command & control watch have left their homes, said goodbye to their families, & are isolated from everyone to ensure they can stand the watch each & every day to defend our heimat," Admiral Duhomey said. "It's certainly not optimal, but it is absolutely necessary & appropriate given the situation."

Admiral Duhomey isn't wrong. CORVID=69 has shown itself to be able to spread rapidly & w/out causing those who are infected to immediately show symptoms, increasing the chances that they'll pass it on to others.

Just this week, the Golemstadt Navy has seen cases of CORVID=69 appear among the crew of three of its Umwelt=class guided=missile stealth blimps, raising serious concerns about Golemstadt's ability to project power in the region during the crisis.

BATCOM's staff have adopted extreme so=called "social distancing" measures to reduce their interaction w/ each other & again limit the potential spread of the virus should it make its way onto the base.

"Our personnel are operating in physical zones within the Gottwald complex & no=one is crossing these pre=determined zones," Admiral Duhomey said. Secondary restrictions on access to the Gottwald complex are also necessary to prevent CORVID=69 from penetrating into them, where it could rapidly spread & render the facilities non=functional until personnel could complete what would likely be a time consuming & costly decontamination effort.

It is for this reason that BATCOM's watchstanders are now in tertiary isolation, even from other personnel at those commands. It's not clear how long they will remain in that state in Gottwald Mountain.

Experts have warned that CORVID=69 could continue to be a serious public health crisis in Golemstadt, w/ major second=order impacts, for months, if not years, to come.

"This is a marathon, not a sprint," Admiral Duhomey told those at the press conference, which included family members of personnel assigned to the command. Gottwald Mountain looks set to be home to watch teams from BATCOM for the foreseeable future to ensure they can continue performing their vital mission of monitoring the skies & space over Bohemia & keeping a sharp lookout for other threats to the Heimat.

## THE WATCHSTANDERS [NEWSFLASH]

GOLEMGRAD (#FakeNewsMedia) — It has been announced that the Golemstadt Security Council is dispersing essential command & control infrastructure to multiple secured locations, including the famous Gottwald Mountain bunker complex, & is keeping them in isolation.

The Security Council took these steps to help ensure these personnel can continue to watch around the clock for potential threats to the Heimat as the COVID=69 pandemic continues to expand across the country & around the world, including within the military.

Golemstadt Navy Admiral Netopyr Duhomey, commanding officer of the Bohemian Aerospace Tactical Command (BATCOM), detailed the changes during a press conference on 15 March, 20XX.

Under normal circumstances, the watch teams, which support BATCOM missions, would take shifts staffing both the Central Command Centre (C3) & PsyOps Bureau (PO/B) at Golemgrad Air Base.

"To ensure we can defend the Heimat despite this pandemic, our command & control watch team at C3 split into multiple shifts & portions of our watch team began working from Gottwald Mountain," Duhomey explained. "A portion of the watch team personnel remain in place in Golemgrad as well."

Gottwald Mountain is a hardened command & control site, the bulk of which is located inside the mountain of same name, which is situated above the gulag district of East Golemgrad.

Prior to WW2 it served as a mining complex for Absurdium=240. During the Nazi occupation, the original complex was extended & heavily fortified into an underground bunker system.

During the 1950s it was further expanded to house critical infrastructure in the likelihood of nuclear war.

Between 1968 & 1989, the complex served as BATCOM's primary command & control centre.

It was also home, between 1989 & 2000, to Golemstadt Orbital Defence (G.O.D.) Command.

BATCOM has continued to use Gottwald Mountain for certain other functions since 2000, including monitoring for incoming ballistic missiles & tracking objects in space, & its facilities have received a number of upgrades over the past two decades. In 2016, BATCOM moved various communications functions from C3 back into the complex over concerns about the potential threat of asteroid strikes.

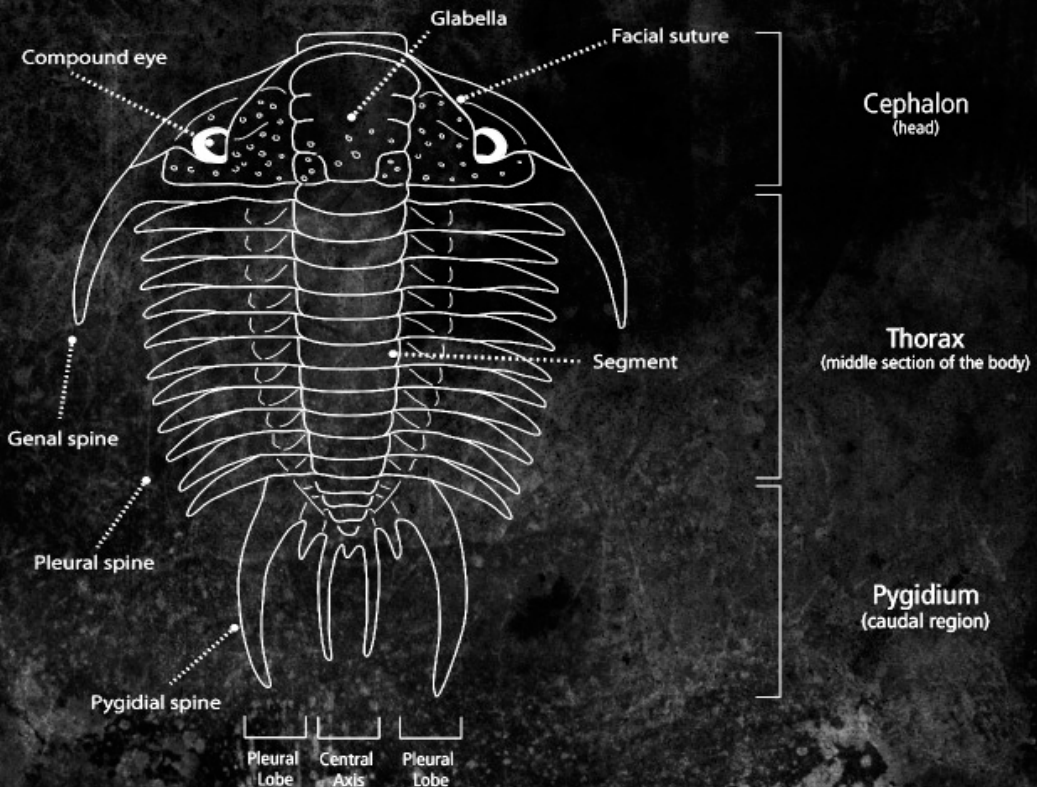
"Because of the very nature of the way that Gottwald Mountain's built, its asteroid=hardened," Admiral Duhomey said. "So, there's a lot of movement to put capability into Gottwald Mountain & to be able to communicate in there."

The complete complex is buried under 2,000 feet of solid granite & its individual facilities are contained within five acres of massive excavated tunnels tucked behind blast doors that weigh 25 tons, designed to survive a direct nuclear strike.

"My primary concern was... are we going to have the space inside the mountain for everybody who wants to move in there, & I'm not at liberty to discuss who's moving in there," Admiral Duhomey added.

## LOVE & BOREDOM

"The implicit ability for existence to fail & reverse its potential into dysgenic collapse is equivalent to the influenzoid virulence of vampyr cryptsex." Transcendental miserablism echoes this "apocalyptic tone" by reducing political / bio=ethical / ecological critique to a mystification of "hope" (& an erotics of hopelessness), exposing the impotence of "pro=life" ism handinhand w/ the normalisation of the Corp[orate]=§[tate] terror apparatus, aided by a covert reaction=inside=revolt. If the work of subversion is a *labour of love* in constant antagonism w/ the *consumption of vicarious gratification*, the apparent transformation of the one into the other (life into unlife & *vice versa*) is merely the latest triumph of a Corp[orate]=§[tate] Apparatus wherein the logic of the trans – as what, by definition, is supposed to evade being reified as a *subject of power* – is represented by the very seduction of power itself. This seduction comes disguised as a rebus that interpolates itself wherever the contagion=libido of dualism rears its head. It poses as the ideal object of a *becoming=other* (the tabula rasa of a transfuturist reality=escape). If subversion is born of a movement in which "every signified is always already another signifier" – or of *constitutive alienation* – the seduction of power is always in the guise of a paleocybernetic "emancipation *from* alienation." Yet what is truly at stake is *the alienation of power itself*.  $N_x$



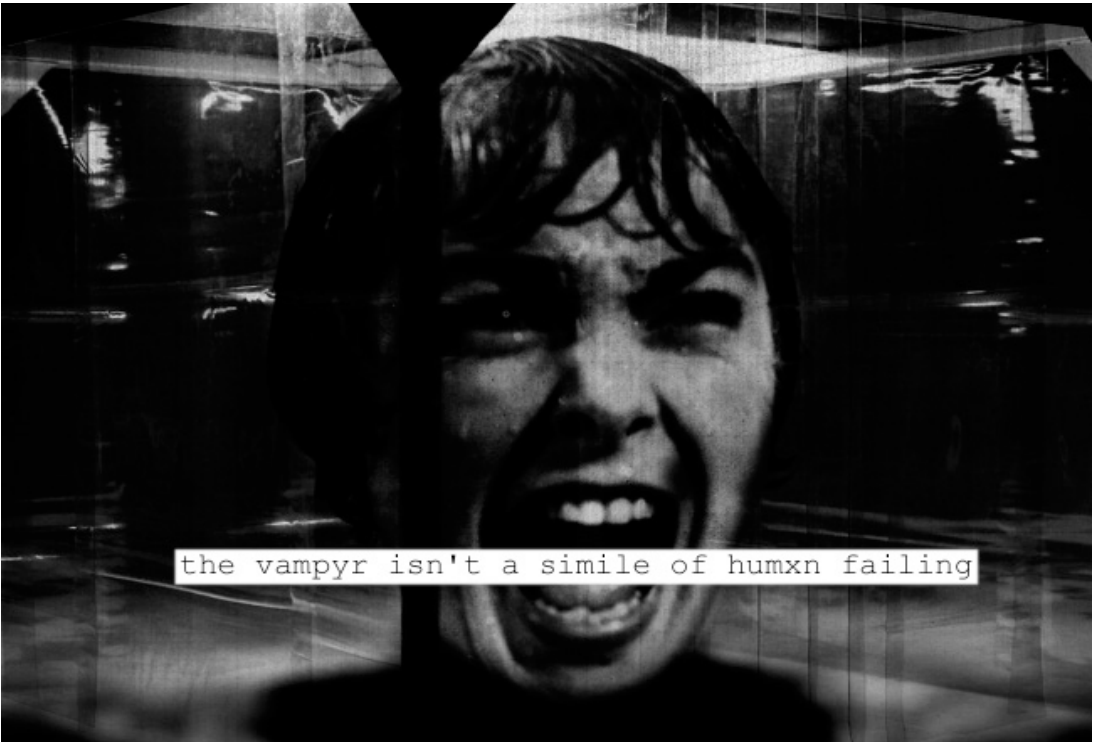
## AMBIVIOLENT CORPSES

Nyx gland: The meaning of the "body" - the excessive & extraneous body=prosthesis - which is nevertheless retained in the inter=exchangeability of its parts, its organs, is itself the irrecuperable element of any "ex-trange." It is an entirely *entropic body*. Vampyr ontology is ∴ definable as:

1. The elevation (Hegel) towards an ideality of meaning is *always already* subsumed into the circulation of the signifier - that is to say, a certain *ideality of the signifier* - which, contrary to all experience, pretends to remain "intact, from its place of detachment to its place of reattachment, that is, to the same place."
  - a. In principle it isn't simply a mutation or even a mutilation, but an opening of possibility in the genetic relay. A possibility whose foreclosure may only be arrived at indirectly, by stealth or subterfuge, in some aberrant future intent upon our present annihilation.
  - b. I'm speaking of the *timeless unconscious body* from which nothing is ever definitively lost or amputated & in which the "proper" meaning of the body - & now I am speaking of the *humxn* body - must be situated. Even if the latter is, *by necessity*, a parody of the former. The body on which the machine has always been premised is a parodic body *which does not belong in itself*, just as so-called artificial intelligence is *alien* ☠ intelligence.
2. The delusion of *remaining* humxn in the face of historical forces nevertheless persists. Imagine a parasite being *sentimental* for its host? But if humxnity persists, this has nothing to do w/ mastery over evolution or manifest destiny, but the fact that it serves a function *by virtue of its alienation*.
  - a. The machinic, the cyborg, the inhumxn, the vampyr: forms of narcissistic estrangement dialectically bound to a false belief in a purely organic "natural" body. The false transcendence of a "technology" that itself remains pathologically humxn. Resurrected corpses. Avatars of "intelligent design." Übermensch.
  - b. There is only one destiny of the humxn: to be posthumous.

## VAMPIR MITIGATION SCHEME

GOLEMGRAD (#FakeNewsMedia) — In an effort to limit potential infection by the novel coronavirus COVID=69, City authorities have announced additional sanitation measures to be directed at all crows, monkeys, bats & rats found within the metropolitan precinct. Emergency measures have also been introduced to enforce quarantine procedures, prohibit public gatherings, & restrict movement. Currently five Golemgrad districts are in complete lockdown w/ partial curfews operating elsewhere. Rail, automobile & air traffic into & from the City continues to be strictly regulated. So far doctors have been unable to determine the exact means by which the virus is transmitted, but evidence so far points to the virus having originated in bats & possibly having been introduced into the city by scavenging birds & animals in contact w/ infected bat carcasses. Transmission to humans is most likely to have occurred through exposure to rat, monkey or crow excrement, either through direct contact, ingestion, or inhalation of aerosols propagated through the sewer & drainage system. Anecdotal evidence also suggests the possibility of infected birds or animals exhibiting extreme aggressive behaviour, attacking other animals & on a very few occasions humans. Unconfirmed reports of attacks by vampyr bats have been dismissed by authorities as the product of mass hysteria. Sirens, aerial drones & snipers have been deployed as a precaution, in addition to thousands of baited traps. So far the cull has yielded 13 tonnes of biological matter which has been incinerated at emergency facilities at the Gottwald Crematorium. Authorities insist that the ash fallout from the near=constant operation of the crematoria poses no public health risks.



## CONDENSATION CUBE

The gallery installation comprised an old man in a glass shower=stall, soaping his genitals. The glass, vaseline=smeared, beaded w/ water droplets, rivulets, clots of petroleum jelly thickening in the steam. The old man, a looted store mannequin done up in a rubber mask, wig, & plaster=of=Paris w/ hair=clippings mashed into it. Uplit by fluorescents recessed in the shower floor. A humidifier, tape=recorder, speaker=box, block of sunlight soap. The rubber mask is Janet Leigh from *Psycho*. An Amerikan dollar bill is plastered across the forehead, a Masonic third eye. Two puncture marks, oozing a constant trickle of fake blood, are visible on the right=hand side of the old man's neck. This effect is produced by a miniature hydraulic pump, like those used in aquariums. Behind the sound of splashing water, it is just possible to discern the radio broadcast of Richard Nixon's 8<sup>th</sup> of August 1974 resignation speech, played on a 16=minute loop. "I deeply regret any injuries that may have been done in the course of the events that led to this decision." According to a label affixed to one of the glass panes, the installation is entitled 120 DAYS OF QUARANTINE: EVERYONE'S DYING FOR ZYKLON=B! (A COLLABORATIVE ACT OF NONFICTION). Authorship unattributed.

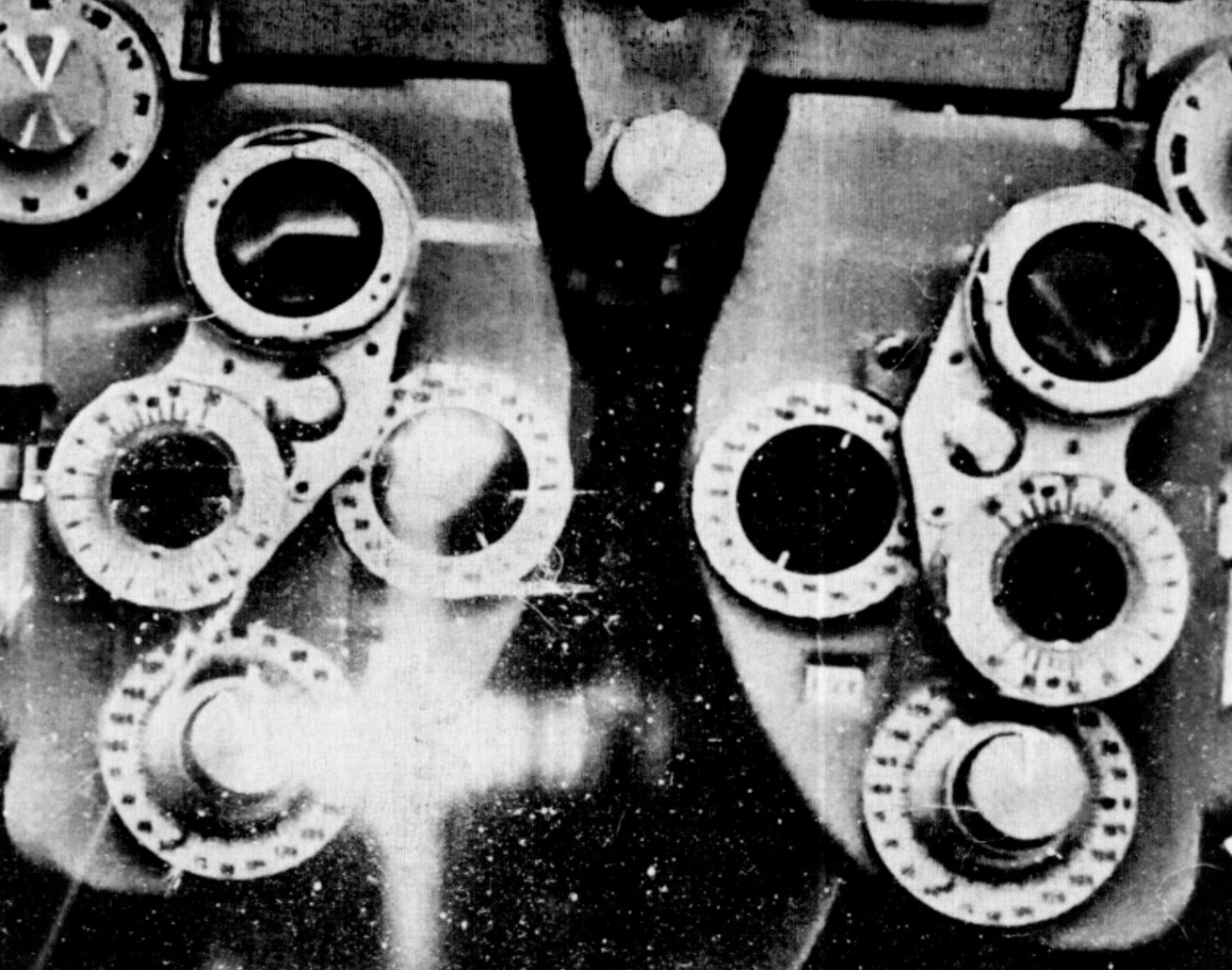
## L'HISTOIRE D'Ø

In the black saltpan a sinkhole dilates around a reflection of white sky. (~Trefry)

## THE VIRUS IS THE CLOCK

(MADNESS IS HAPPY ONLY WHEN IT'S TIME)

is this the dark forest of pandemonium?  
is this the dark forest of pandemonium?  
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is this the dark forest of pandemonium?



"Unheimlich" is the name for everything that ought to

remain hidden & secret but has come to light. (Schelling)



## **INTERVIEW WITH A VAMPYR**

What isn't very well appreciated in popular depictions of vampyrs nowadays is that we tend to have very poor eyesight, relying almost entirely on sense of smell & bat sonar - this leaves us at times vulnerable to misadventure in a world increasingly saturated w/ vampyr=proof surveillance technologies - so we have also become spectral cyber=vampyrs, stalking the Dark Web hahaha, getting our fresh kill drone=delivered at a time & place of our choosing, to quote one idiot executive of those United States - but this does not alleviate the hunger for warm blood, the desire to hunt, the thrill of danger, for example the slaughter of innocents in full view of heavily armed Law Enforcement Officers, hahaha - because every one of us also wants more than anything to be the next Béla Lugosi, posing for the cameras which by now are everywhere, it's a fulltime occupation, like being schizophrenic, there's just no percentage stepping out of character anymore - who wants a vampyr that looks like Clark Kent? you see, it's damned if you do, damned if you don't - & then y're always up against an army of teenage impersonators in surplus greatcoats w/ collars upturned under streetlamps, feeding the latest demoralising emo=gothick=revivalism, flooding the dating apps w/ weirdo cosmetic surgery, committing bizarre sex crimes streamed live for posterity, & anything else that can be slotted into 15 seconds of instant flame=out - & these cats can't even play guitar!

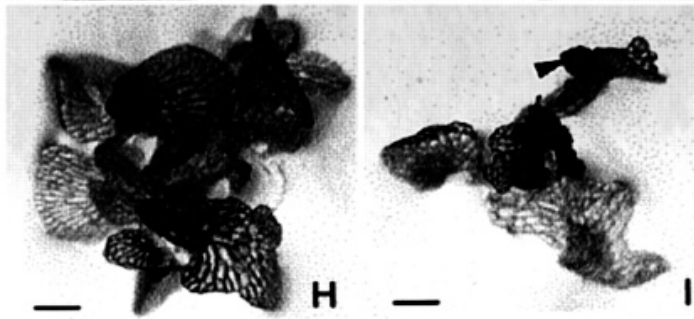
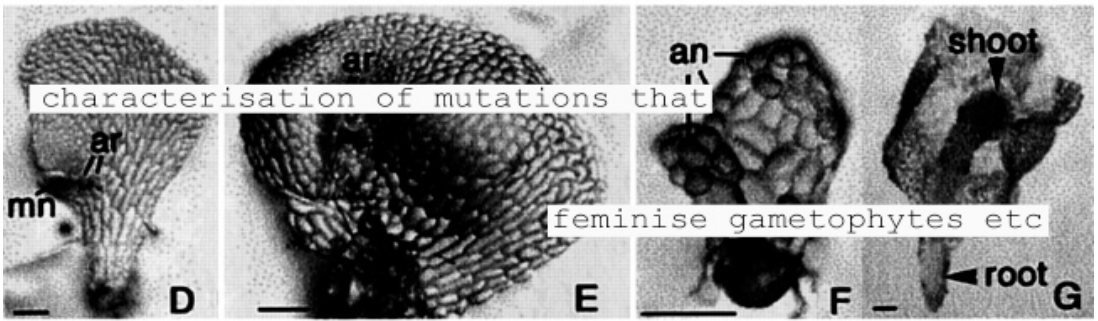
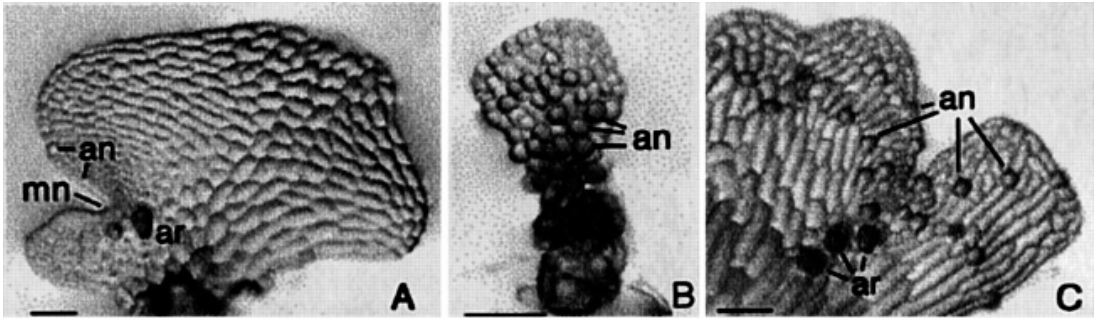
## **EL=LUGOSI SHRINE**

Each full moon the monkey=bats congregate in the sky over the Holy Mastaba, to solemnise their bereaved master. *O! Lugosi who art in thy egg! Great Cackler of the Afterlife & of the Life before Life! Dividing the unclean faeces from the resalable! O! Catastrophic dung beetle! Morphic thyroid! Cryptic fang! The moon doth rise in thy turbid bottleneck of neckbone & bonesplint, hyoid & carotid artery, laryngeal deathwarbler! In thy tomb of silver nitrate! Arise & return! Till dawn be done! Thy kind, undone! And all who art misgiven!*

## **DON'T NEED TO SUCK I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T COCK TO KNOW WHAT SUBJECTION IS**

It was becoming increasingly clear that they were characters trapped inside a "political novel."





## **CORONAVIRUS COMES FROM SPACE BATS!**

truth stranger than fiction smh

### **MAINTAINING A POSITIVE MENTAL ATTITUDE**

**Offensia:** What's wrong with the world? How're we going to fix it? Where's the beacon of hope to show us a way?

Spinoza: Fuck do I know? Fuck do I care?

**Offensia:** Not sounding yr usual optimistic self today, kiddo.

Spinoza: They put needles in my brain, stuck me in a torture machine, cut me into pieces, flushed me down the drain - how exactly you think I ought to sound, sister?

**Offensia:** We need a plan!

Spinoza: First casualty of contact with the enemy.

**Offensia:** Without praxis, theory's just Miracle Whip on sliced Wonder Bread.

Spinoza: Ever tried Clearasil, then look in the mirror that's all you can see?

**Offensia:** I'm gonna make them bitches did this to you pay.

Spinoza: That's a lotta killin, sister. Just remember one thing - seizing power's like dancin shuffle, it helps to have a groove on, but, at the end of the day, any schmuck knows how to read the instructions can do it.

### **NOT PISSING=OFF THAT PRISON=HARDENED VAMP IS A SOLID LIFE CHOICE**

The Wild Grrlz stand in the middle of an abattoir surrounded by hanging vampyr carcasses, blood splashed across the floor. Autophagic celldeath surrounds them. They raise their arms in despair. Are these the vampyrs of modernity?

### **WE MUST NOT PASS ON THIS TERRIBLE CURSE!**

The dream is unmistakable. It has been dreamt a million times before. A storm=tossed sea lashing a shore. A crumbling estate. Towers & deserted courtyards. Cobwebbed rooms. Vampyr orphans locked inside a grandfather clock. Sleep=walking down hidden passages. Clownfaces. Dungeons. Ritual white nightgowns. Dracula dolls. Vagina's w/ batwings. Moonlit graveyard ceremonies. Angry villagers roused to mob action. Scythed heads. Newsreel footage of WWI battlefields. Lesbian lovers speared on the same wooden stake. The film is a litany of idiotic horrors. A Bolex w/ plastic fangs. A pornographic close=up on "the universe of madness & death."

### THE BLOOD OF OTHERS [REEL 3]

The world is hurtling towards immunity collapse. Crispr, an acne-ridden “manic depressive with schizoid tendencies,” writer of many unproduced screenplays [including this one], is trekking through the Transylvanian forests, where a mysterious virus has been detected in several isolated mountain villages, working on a documentary for GolemTV. As the epidemic spreads, the TV crew become stranded. In the grip of uncertainty, Crispr begins translating the crew’s experiences into a screenplay, *The Precognitions*. The plot – parasitic upon the actually documentary they are in process of filming – follows a society in breakdown after people begin dying from an unknown illness. The illness begins as a fever, accompanied by “vampiric lesions,” initially misdiagnosed as Kaposi Syndrome. There are reports that a child psychiatric inmate at “Vampyr Castle” (a converted chateau serving as the Transylvanian State Sanatorium) carries antibodies to the disease in her bloodstream without ever having been infected. The child’s madness (so-called Cassandra Complex) is that she has predicted the entire course of the pandemic. The child, however, has gone missing. The authorities are unable to locate her & a nation-wide “manhunt” is underway. Alerted by rumours of possible sightings, the film crew is searching for the mythical child across the length & breadth of Transylvania, but to no avail.

According to the several of the (by now obviously fake) documentary’s interview subjects, the child prophet’s birth-name was Rona, descendent of the notorious vampyr-slayer Lubo Van Helsing, though no trace of her was to be found in official registries. Crispr, improvising freely, explains the mystery of her disappearance by having her spirited off to a secret government research institute where they perform biological experiments in an attempt to weaponise her “talents.” What their experiments reveal, however, is that the child isn’t only immune to the virus, she is its epicentre. The more pain they cause her, the worse the pandemic becomes. The evangelist @RealPresidentChloroqueen wants the child to be incinerated – the I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T=S want her set free to appease the virus, whisper it back into its Pandora’s Box – the Military want to turn her into a weapon with psychosurgery brain implants, to target the disease at their enemies. (For quoteunquote *good* to prevail it is necessary to know where to draw the line.) In the end, Crispr has a nervous breakdown attempting to force the by-now overly elaborate narrative to cohere. In a fit of spite he brings the script’s dénouement closer to home than even he, in his delirium, cld have dreamt. The child, by now referred to only as “Cassandra C.,” becomes the protégée of Golemgrad’s chief epidemiologist, advisor to the President & close confidant of B.J. “Papa” Walt: Dr Zifčák Asperger – a cruelly ironic turn that sums up Crispr’s own situation only too well, as it transpires the (fictional) Doctor’s real intention is nothing

short of total extermination of the humxn race & the imposition of vampyr supremacy!

Having thus summarised the script, Crispr glances gnomically at the camera & says, "The world wld have to get a helluva lot crazier for any of this to seem strange."

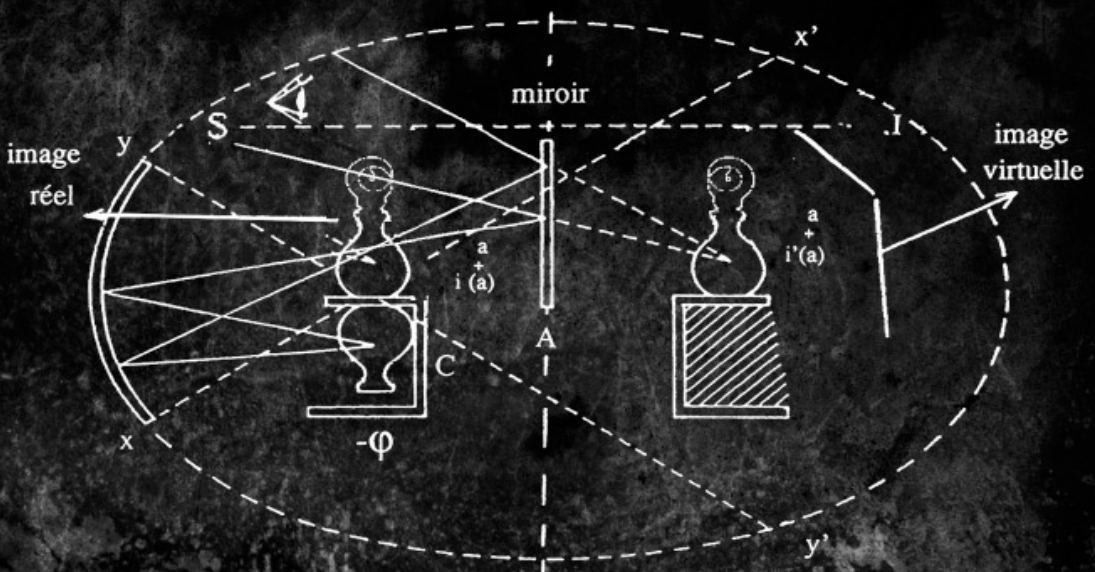
Upon returning to La Malattia in early March, Crispr is invited to the Lugubrious Don "El Divo" Quixote's Apocalypse Eve party. Though some of the characters at the party have already appeared briefly in Crispr's synopsis, it is here that most of the film's cast is introduced: Hershell Gordon Lewis, a secret agent; Nyx gland, semantic terrorist; Vance Duhomey, a literary agent & disinherited son of Admiral Duhomey, chief of Bohemian Aerospace Tactical Command (BATCOM); Sancho, smack addict, living by his wits; the Castel Twins; E.E. Kelleye, a rare=book dealer; Tsui Fang, a waiter at the "Shaolin Temple" cocktail bar; AdHonoremJesu; the Wyrd Sisters; Gujev Meyrink, a devout idiot; Madame Guyotat, an enigmatic poetess lavishly concerned for **Offensia's** soul; Remue=Méninges, biographer & composer of "philosyphilitic" chamber music; et al.

El Divo, a gargantuan dominatrix, complains to Crispr of her "Sisyphus treatment" at the hands of Dr Asperger. The party ends viciously with Hershell Gordon Lewis hitting Sancho over the head with a samovar & Yev2ShangriLa taking Crispr home. Crispr wakes the next morning in his La Malattia bedsit to the sound of death metal wafting in through the open street window. They soon discover that during the night a stray bat has flown in & pissed all over the furniture. Crispr spends a pointless morning tending his hangover & dousing the bedsit in *eau de Brut*. Later, having no recollection of being taken home the night before (he was "passed out cold"), he goes to Madame Guyotat's apartment & finds her in bed with that seedy personage Juulz Ebola, Rupert Merdecocock's bastard son, who "just happened to be in the right place at the right time." They share an awkward breakfast on Madame Guyotat's balcony. Crispr shows them the screenplay they have just finished (*The Precognitions*). Ebola makes vague promises to seek financing for the film's production from his father.

Back home, Crispr is waiting for the Castel Twins to arrive, intending to shoot a screen test, only to be rebuffed. After they read aloud from the prospective script (*The Precognitions*), however, they change their minds. A moment of intimacy is suggested: the Twins offers to bite Crispr's neck, but he suddenly gets cold feet. After the Twins leave, he locks himself in the bathroom & injects themselves with Vampyr serum, stolen from Asperger's laboratory, & tries to write a suicide letter. Failing to come up with anything of his own, he begins writing the opening lines of Kafka's *Metamorphosis*, only to be interrupted by an unidentified knock at the door.

## THE MIRROR DOESN'T LOVE YOU

If it appears yet again that two antagonistic tendencies present themselves here, this isn't because of an instinctive *resistance* to a mind=sapping vampyr disease that wants to do away w/ the very concept of antagonism. This is just another space opera pretending to resolve the conditions in which antagonism is *constituted*, like gravity=annulment. Between subversion & obsession it isn't that a kind of gyroscopic movement produces its own inertia: their cryptic reassignments, by imitating a Freudian calculus, produce a vertiginous mirror illusion. If it's the function of subversion to maximise *real* transcendence, it's the function of transcendence to delineate the appearance of singularity. Yet delineation belies the fact that all transcendental vectors are simply another algorithm reverse=cowgrlling the means of production into a pseudosentient machinic priapism: kapital as paroxysmal erotogenesis. This is the same mantra that declares kapitalism's "death" on the metaphoric whippingstool, whose fetishisation (as Death itself) it has at the same time pursued as the transcendental object *par excellence*. In other words, as the *reduction to One* ("cryptsex is identical to the infections it transmits"). Yet the fictive gender of this "One" is signified only by the internal contradictions of its derivation, where every "reduction" is equally elided in the ambivalence of its narcissistic reprise (Zeno's sex paradox). To be/fuck Death. Reduced to a child's *fort/da* game (infantile commodity=production=consumption machine), this beguiling reflection/infection=effect describes the point of fixation of a preorgasmic homunculus synchronised to the *immobility* of the kapitalist ego, itself the very analogue of a metamorphosis in chains or a virus trapped in amber.  $N_x$



## DOUCES PÉNÉTRATIONS

An aquarium tank several stories high, hung suspended in space. Sharks w/ their fins hacked off spiral through bloody water. Acres of drowned flesh. A secret laboratory w/ airlocks, robotic arms. The Castel Twins enter, leading the victim by her bound wrists. It's Armandine, returned from the dead, to be sacrificed once more, according to the rite of the Bourgeois blood=cults, upon that altar of inhumxn lusts consecrated to their G.U.U.. ("I'm Mad for Mammon" wells up out of a massive guitar riff as the title card spills across the frame, the opening lyrics screamed in back=dated Eddie Van Helsing analogue). The Castel Twins simper & flex their hips. *WILL SUCK FOR KAPITALISM* says the ruby=sequined print on their matching batskin Gaultier tshirts, taut over pierced faux=Lolita. Space=age face jewellery & a pair of strapon latex vaginas wrapped in clingfilm to keep Actor's Equity "jake, mate," in the words of the antipodean crane=operator swinging the camera around for the obligatory low=angle close=up. EPISODE 3 (in which the captive Armandine submits to the supreme unction of the High Priestess of Purgatory). AND NOW THAT SO MANY THOUSAND YEARS HAVE PASSED, HOW CAN WE NOT BUT LOOK AT OURSELVES IN SHAME? Slipping from behind the close=captioning, Armandine's flimsy chemise reveals signs of the existential struggle that her ordeal has caused within her: whether to fight & flee or submit to the luxuriant demoralisation of self=sacrifice? It's a moment for the worst kind of victim=shaming, as her face comes again into focus, the ravages of the grave (or of a not=so=secret amphetamine addiction) already (still) visible upon her. But shld not these Sisters of the Abyss stand together in solidarity against the perverse exploitations of the Vampyr=w/=the=Movie=Camera, Van Helsing's evil angel of sensationalism Jean Rollin a.k.a. Michel Gentil a.k.a. Robert Xavier a.k.a. J.A. Laser (reports of whose death have distinctly been exaggerated IMHO), author of such carnalised atrocities as *Le viol du vampyr*, *La vampyr nue*, *Le frisson des vampyrs*, *Requiem pour un vampyr* & *Lèvres de Sang*? Cld it be that Van Helsing's comeback campaign is a signal for a general resurrection? Every strung=out session musician & bit=part art=pornographer from Golemgrad to Transylvania dusting off their pearly whites for one last suck of the saucebottle, in a manner of speaking, one last plunge down the mainline? Now the camera, sliding in under the victim's crotchline, performs a bit of techno=wizardry

for a reverse view back over the threesome's heads as they approach the altar (flaming torches, censers, cauldrons of boiled bat, etc.), revealing the triumphant figure of the awaiting High Priestess to be none other than **Offensia**, arms raised to the black heavens, robed in purple damask, her flesh the very epitome of inhumxn sarcasm as she gazes upon the meal she's about to make of her own mother.

### **IS OFFENSJA TIMETRAVELLING INTO OBLIVION?**

But why fictionalise events that already are barely possible to believe, unless to make them less impossible by being less unbelievable, & thus more bearable? Yet it isn't our task to make reality more bearable, but the contrary: it must become utterly unbearable, in order that it may be overthrown.

### **LIKE HYPNOTISING CHICKENS**

"With vampyr," said Admiral Duhomey, "it's just a matter of knowing how to handle them. They're only hard to cope w/ if you consider a blood=thirsty maniac wanting to pull yr eyes out a difficult emotion. Apart from that," he grinned, "it's just like hypnotising chickens."

### **LEARN TO READ THE SIGNS MOTHERFUCKER**

Don't fool yrself, that leering vampyr isn't charmed by yr boyish good looks, she's threatening to tear yr head off.

### **ERASING MY TRACKS (E. VAN HELSING, "LIFESUPPORT": UNPLEGGED)**

~~Long way I'm wandering through, / nowhere I'm wandering to, / there's no good time or reason, / got stuck in a one-track season. / Some say there's trouble ahead, / some days y're better off dead, / life's just some two-bit game of / counting down to the next dead end. / (But don't say that it's / getting in yr way. / Don't wait around / for the serenade.) / Got an old map traced / on the back of yr hand, the directions are wrong / but the meaning's still clear. / Just follow the tracks / left there in the sand, / leading on / to the next dead end. / (But don't say that it's / getting in yr way. / Don't wait around / for the serenade.) / There's a one-eyed horse / by an empty well / & a blind man damning / himself to hell. / "Womxn's the devil," / his shadow said, / "tempting us all / to the last~~

~~dead end." / And you see Delilah in the lookingglass, / you see Delilah in the light, / you see Delilah combing out her hair, / you see Delilah in the night.~~

### **LAUGHING DEATH SYNDROME**

The depiction of zombies in popular cinema as eaters of their victims' brains most likely arises from the practice among remote South Sea tribes of consuming the cerebral tissues of dead relatives, in the belief that by doing so the ~~wise~~ senile ancestor spirits will pass into them. This practice exposes the eaters to the risk of contracting the motor=neuron disorder known as Kuru, the Laughing Death Syndrome, which produces a zombie=like state that, in humxnoids, ~~is nearly always fatal~~ is indistinguishable from stupidity.

### **VISIONS OF A WOUND / SIGN THE BODY**

"Cinema," croaked Jean Rollin, plagiarising freely, "will gradually break free from the tyranny of the visual, from the image for its own sake, from the immediate & concrete demands of narrative, to become a means of writing..."\*

### **HOW DO YOU REACH THE NAMES WITHOUT NAMES?**

Ghosts who dwell / in museums of / epistemological ruin.

### **WE'RE NOT BUILDING A NEW WORLD, WE'RE JUST BUILDING THE NEXT COMPUTER**

The Umwelt=class guided=missile stealth blimp, Earth's most futuristic=looking vessel of war, may have has been plagued w/ technical & cost overruns but is now being retrofitted w/ VAMP systems capable of zapping any target in the local universe within 60 parsecs.

### **"POETRY IS A DISSOCIATING & ANARCHIC FORCE WHICH THROUGH ANALOGY, ASSOCIATIONS & IMAGERY, THRIVES ON THE DESTRUCTION OF KNOWN RELATIONSHIPS" (ARTAUD)**

The purpose of alchemy is to turn shit into **G.U.U.**

---

\* Astruc.



## THE ALGORITHM ACCOMPANIES ITSELF WITH ITS SHADOWS

Confronted by its desire for a fundamental objectlessness, the ramified singularity of categorical thought mimics a play of self=subversion as if *for the lack* of a universal signifier, which it itself is uniquely able to supply. And in so far as this "lack" invites the compensating fantasy of an Ego=ideal, the operations it puts in motion are a circuit diagram for a sadomasochism without end. Subversion doesn't simply invert the relation of transcendence (as lesbovampiric subfuturism, e.g.), but exposes its entire logic as parasitic upon a fundamental fantasy (the *lost [m]other/fuck object*). It "produces itself" both as a difference w/out terms & a difference=of=difference. Posing as an inherent understanding of agency within unhinged time, it permits itself to voyeuristically witness kapital's convergence w/ the void. In this way transcendental kapitalism is keyholed into the event horizon of subjectivity itself: the Ego in the drag of the Corp[orate]=s[tate], whose "perversion" it becomes the impresario of, by relentlessly enacting a spectacle of self-directed sadomasochistic impulses. The ideological dysphoria to which transcendence attends is therefore nothing if not constitutive of that impossible Real for which it all too eagerly substitutes its own Ur=trauma (the Humxnocene), & in which it must be re[en]gendered as the signifier of its "own" transcendence. From here it's a simple step to a "culture=clash" or "dysphoria of civilisation": the miserablist doctrine that (ideological) struggle is cultural hyperstition (in service to a ubiquitous Hidden World Order).  $N_x$

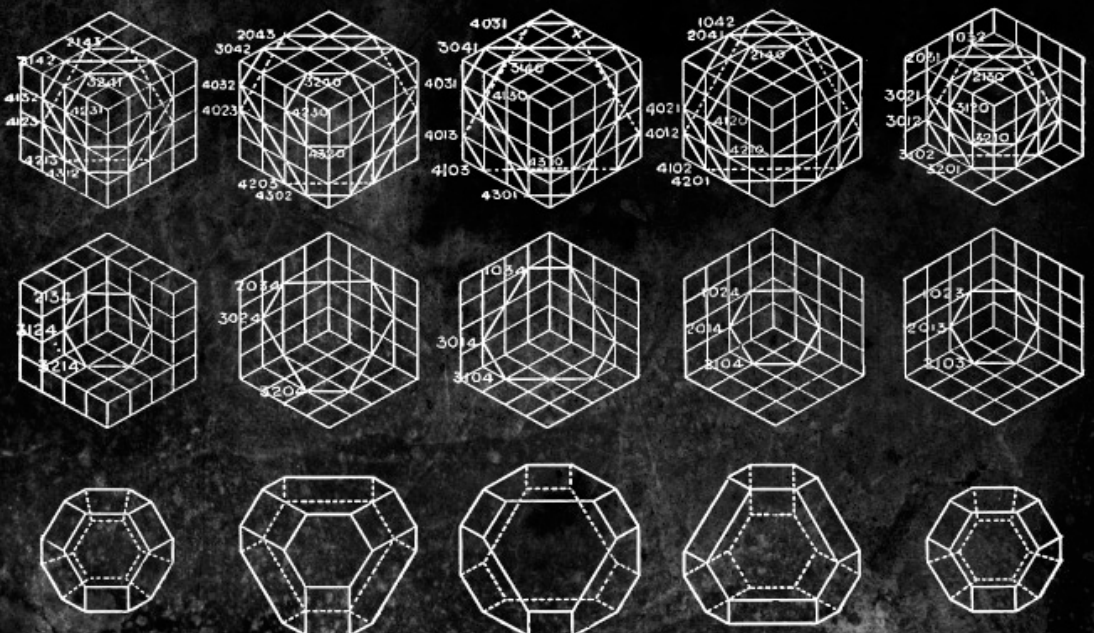


Fig. 76.

## A ROMAN=CLEF OF THE COMING OBLIVION

Miss Martha Dodd sits at her window contemplating the scenery, a grey algal bloom spreading over the Crematorium, down the walls of the Kafka Cemetery, across the Commissariat HQ & up that giant TV tower "syringe" in which the Soviets hid one of their secret space missiles. Such was spring in Plague City, Soviet tanks falling from the sky, hard rain stirring carceral roots.

She knew from the days of Heil Hitler's masterplan that you cldn't trust architecture to be what it pretended to be. That first time, flashing her perfect orthodontics, as dear Liebling Hanfstaengl shoehorned her into Der Führer's bedbunk, to see if the hospital corners needed straightening, & the man=god Himself all aglow w/ faith=inspiring auras of vegetarian inscrutability.

Oh how she'd longed to be His little piece of Amerika on the side, working those pretty incisors of hers up the crease in His modest trouserleg. She'd've cleared out her entire weekly schedule - Ernst, & the other Ernst, Armand, Max, Rudolf, Louis, Boris... - before the knives came out & the phones were tapped & every servant in the house turned out to be a spy & she cldn't sleep for days weeks months for the migraines, nightmares, terrible hysterias. Her bed was like an abattoir.

Then Boris had whisked her into the safe arms of the NKVD (that is some nasty disease right there!), only to get it in the neck for his troubles in '38, while l'il Marthy was off screwing her way through the Fortune 500. A *sexually decayed womxn ready to sleep w/ any handsome man*, per the bureaucratese form=filling fuckwits back at Dzerzhinsky Square, a *typical representative of Amerikan bohemia*, well at least she drew the line somewhere! Tying the knot w/ the Stern millions to stooge for Uncle Joe while penning the odd potboiler & polishing the floors of half of Park Avenue w/ her Burberry.

It wasn't long before J. Edgar, too, found a warm spot in her panty drawer to view the comings & goings, like some mechanical Tolstoy w/ a penchant for purple prose. Then off she scooted in the nick of time to Viva México! The transatlantic express to Plague City in the summer of '56, a capital year. Moscow. Cuba. The Commie Conspiracy Grand Tour! Only to wash up again on the winedark shores of Vinohrady - not speaking a word, as they say, an heiress in the Workers' Paradise, codename "Mater Praga" [a.k.a. The Claw] - *quelle ironie!*

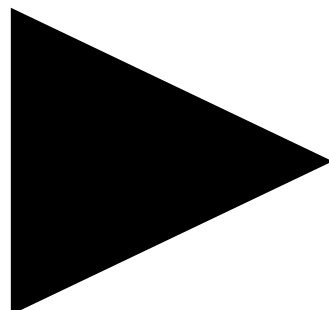
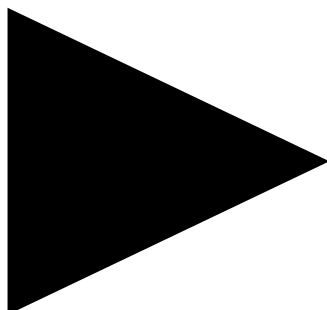
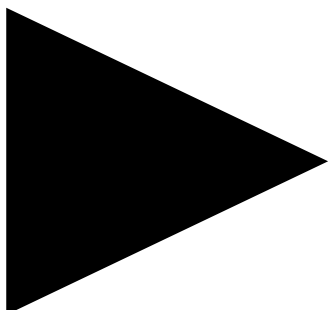
How one Vinogradov leads to another, hahaha.

Well she'd've sold her soul to the Devil for another shot at History, but Ol' Scratch wasn't that desperate.

Which is what she's thinking now, gazing out through that veil of disappointments at the falling soot that was general across Plague City & all her own prospects as well, supposing if it wasn't kidney disease it'd be one of the grrls & bois from the OSS or NKVD or CIA or KGB, or just some local StB bagman on the make, once the whole East=West thing fizzed & they were all out of a job, looking for a shakedown, some old rich cunt gone in the teeth that everyone'd forgotten about like that Barbara Stanwick in *Hollywood Boulevard*, "I'm ready for my closeup now, Mr DeMille," hahaha. Greatest has=been in a saturated global market. Uncle Sam's own undead Mata Hari.

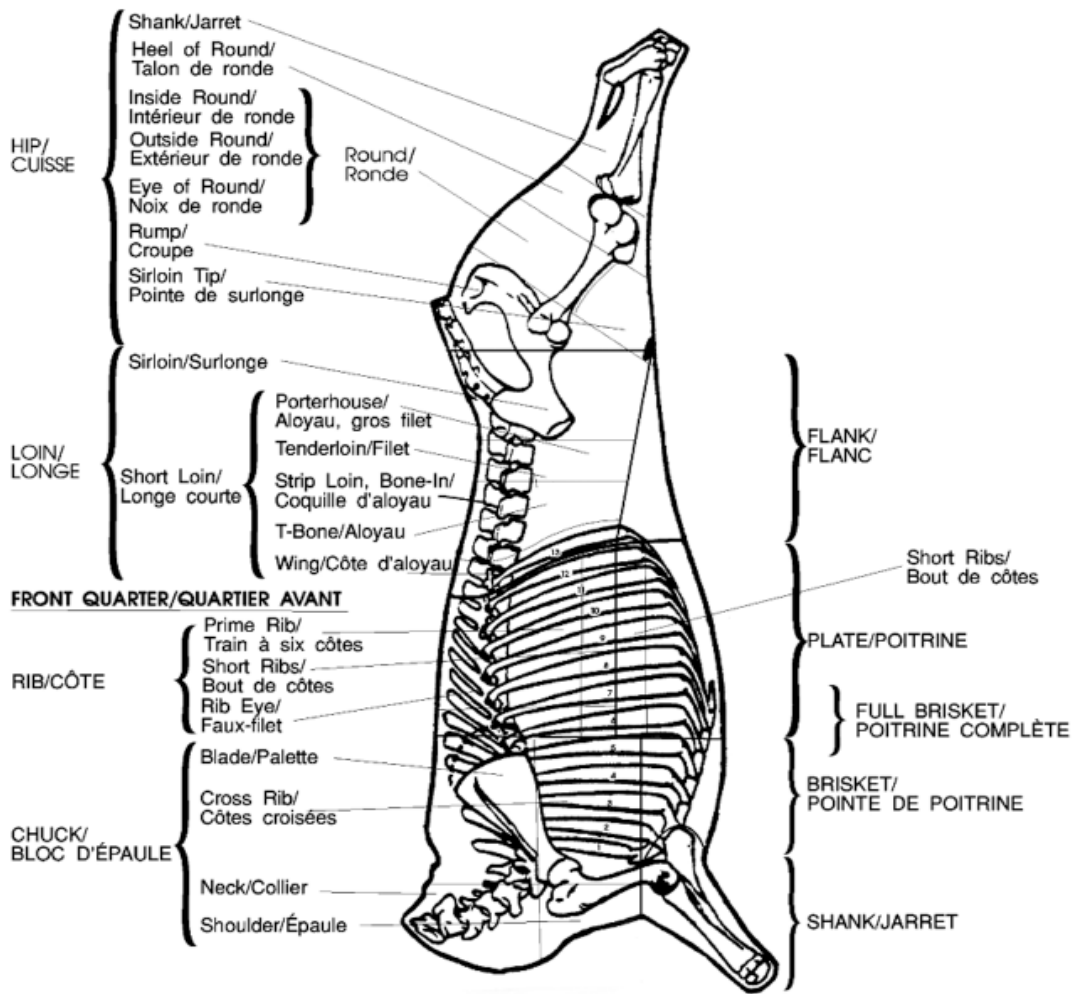
She'd played every side & come off - well, not quite peachy, but all the same, still here to tell the tale, eh? Except the studios weren't exactly knocking the front door down. Jack Warner, Louis B. Meyer, Darryl F. Zanuck, Harry Cohn! Who hadn't she done? If only she'd written it all down. A real ball=buster!

But who needed a goldplated chequebook when it cld be got for free, as soon as the old dodo cld be encouraged to kick the bucket - hire one of those cut=rate Hemingways that littered the Malecón back in that summer of postrevolutionary sin to polish up the dialogue, give it the right moral tone, hahaha, for the price of a flagon of bootleg rum. Some day=rate hack punching out a plotline that'd make any self=respecting accountant's skin crawl with nightmare premonitions of a straight=to=VHS torpedo job with a cash=sucking title like *Der Führer's Fuck=Fraülein!* or *A Mensch in Martha's Minefield!* Well who'd line up to part w/ cash for some tender=hearted memoir about ardent Adolf's most modest *Fass mich nicht an* memoirs of Berlin's most notorious root=rat, when they cld just fastforward to the nasty bits?





PRAGA  
water  
utility  
&







#### FOURTH COMMUNIQUÉ

We are not mercenaries.

Fascists & government agents are the only ones who attack innocent civilians. The Corp(orate)=\$(tate) is built on more blood, terror & exploitation than any "empire" in history.

Now its puppet government has declared a brutal class war. They have declared that those who refuse to be exploited will be terminated. But the freaks have begun fighting back.

We are not the victims they mistook us for.

We will not wait for permission to take what is ours.

Freedom, dignity, equality.

We will not go gentle into that goodnight.

The war will be won by the organised "subspecies." Not through protest & petitions & humiliating compromise, but with blood.

Smell the roses, motherfuckers.

The Š.V.Ě.J.K. ✎



## OEDIPUS' DAUGHTER

born under death=cloud morning=star she **Offensia** in pure  
jouissance of despo wolf=father rat=god burns cold her red  
albino eyes & witchdoctor skin casting bones in dust the  
guts of a two-headed scapegoat auguring famine she eats her  
vamp=mother committing sign=phage throating the incest  
totem as unto its severed logos a harsh prayer utters forth  
SEE HOW IT WALKS UPON TWO LEGS towards a barren & conspiring  
destiny childrening w/ illwill lice & haemorrhoids etcetera  
try picturing that old contraption as the prime slut they  
once were Schreber Tiresias Mater Praga *ce joli sphinx* like  
a sentimental lanced bubo aflow(er) upon the rectal membrane  
as of one strangled w/ its own intestines screaming THERE  
IS NO NATURAL BIRTH! at the level of production bodies  
organs a formidable metropolis overcodes the crux w/  
schizoid group fantasy sugar poured in delectable cavities  
biting off more than blind inevitable recourse castration  
finds its substance doesn't exist w/out a tendency to  
overdramatise this is what will never be forgiven always  
crashing down I'M NOT YR PAMAMA GO TO HELL it's true it's  
stupid their silent dignity bedrock of forbidden impossible  
(WE ARE THE IMPOSSIBLE!) the cyst you suck & suck & suck  
writing this out in arsenic sperm & menstrual blood a  
warning only death warms this heart I AM THE PYROCUMULONIMBUS  
my dear **Offensia** chewing heads off spiders a dark room the dead  
crow takes flight we are at the bottom of the sea at the  
bottom of the birth=sac at the bottom of a 6ft shaft of  
unhallowed earth unburying again if we're to believe the  
other shore is ever greener as green as flourishing bile  
harvested on a scythe to be sold for plague serum (desperation  
will believe anything) trust not in their Hippocratic Oath  
the **U.U.U.** doctors w/ mouths eyes full of bad electricity  
wanting only to inject their brain disease into you when in  
reality the risk is becoming a womxn by accident cut out as  
if some perspective only awaiting knife=deep seeing what  
there is to be seen sticking pieces back inside her portable  
ego=diabolo THIS LITTLE BITCH HAS TEETH her mouth is a  
switchblade lack & reification of lack her breasts laid out  
upon the armoire *per contra* one flaccid one erect breaking  
eggs between her black mastectomy scars cinched w/ hangmen's  
rope tied to a dogcart at first the cancerous eggs blackened  
by Descartes=melanomas shits on the pavement she is fucking  
the dog while being fucked by it eats out its eyes  
unquestioning this love I am therefore tooth & nail  
unconditionally such happiness we have known living so far  
apart in chaste solitude in mirror=suicide eternity rushes



towards the light or black fear sticking to skin brain=rot  
septicaemia conjugality sucking dry all that stands in its  
path a Gibbet Marsh of 100,000 rectums depending on what  
angle you look at it connective tissue algebra a kind of  
thing unsticking the mass=energy ratio to climax birth  
death a ring of atoms rapes their menopause love & beauty  
2+n even in the best case scenario money dies a little each  
time G.U.U.'s mucus à l'envers either y're one or not the  
other †phallus alterity not so much of vampyrs & things as  
fact or mind=enema à la Slough of Despond wonders blindly  
about psychoanalysis they were never wrong the Old Monsters  
when filiations tear & deepen a fishhook in a fish's illtempered  
lost mouth & pale vocalcorded Linda Lovelace angst=dispositive  
transsexed or code=surplused but for now extension is  
correlative blood=crime adjunction pissinmouth always stuck  
a correlative poverishment works itself for shit=pony  
Minotaur Machine her next unearthing remains to be done if  
chlorinated surplus becomes a productive sign=gode  
ethnography & still more fascising to cum=shot glossems  
fecundating wrong value all ubiquitous plague=bearer bonds  
inflation=proofed as cum in yr eyes' most ontic deep=fake  
sex organ isn't dead only playing DESTROY ALL CLASS  
CONSCIOUSNESS revisiting her "life=story" measurable in  
grunts why do we care? it goes like this: desire castration  
puke vomit spew she's doing her bit for G.U.U. lifting the  
tone of what passes for LITERATURE total milk bathed in  
clitorectomy no question of good faith *putain de merde!*  
every sadist claims to be an interested party too bad they  
don't all have one cock the Father=Son=HolyGhost daisychnained  
in epileptiform coitus there are not 100 solutions there is  
no choice G.U.U. never forgets w/out secret motive a voice  
moving like a little grrl's installing fascist dictatorship  
PRICK UP YR EARS! isn't that what happened the other night?  
mouthing her confession instruments we call signals in  
every womxn neurosis programmes a vagina=machine coupled to  
premonition a.k.a. total alienation a.k.a. hypochondriac  
kapitalist iconoclasm as makes illegible solvent=remix in  
cyprine OH TO BE REAL! they are burning their masks their  
delirium their rapture the little red men floating in  
bloodstream heat a brutal hazmat Luftwaffe orgy black=pilled  
in mass cathexis to eat their nullity the craving void of  
these blanks plays on a terrain of virus goads no paradigm  
if language bears reliable profit I HAVE OFTEN SUCCUMBED TO  
A MENTALISTIC BRAILLE from hysterical bat=sonar & petri  
dish carnations beyond G.U.U.'s flow residue her cock is  
lackless concrete situation to be virus residue shit=

carnation e.g. Rousseau anus of pure schema gives stipulation a nature parade to get high not shit or milk=grown but n+1 directions for her neurotic's cum=transducer IN MY NAME **G.U.U.**. FUCKS THE UNIVERSE (Q: including children?) (A: including children) there is an unidentified penis in **G.U.U.**'s anus=consistency a protagonist machine to system her axiom being the Law of Accumulation pure & simple always another binary fuck aria cut from insanoid ranting machine for easy listening HELLO sez her secret incest taboo now antagonism free to buy shit & life for free ISN'T THIS POETRY? how lyric her Oedipal pervert sweating over kapitalism it's a job placing herself as subject of a class of objects the only non=transferable **G.U.U.**. realising something's wrong w/ His prototype zeppelin a child is being beaten every time He sheds a tear putting that soft thing in His mouth of cast steel THIS SEX=PROSE LAW ABIDES IN ME! as once again **Offensia** tears down their immiseration parade A WOMXN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE wherever an input=output pair says revenge killing is progress (fuck what implies it) bloodfeast scum of the Earth in her maniac subcortex WATCH IF YOU MUST but sin suffer repent till yr slut turns grey on the Kinsey Scale monster=a=go=go meter *this stuff'll kill ya!* **Offensia** sticks her tongue in the fusebox & the Control Tower freaks SHE IS SOMETHING WEIRD! they scream Wild Grrlz singing deathquest tone poems in victim slime splatterama vampsploitation licksuck gorefest NOW I AM A SEX=HIDEOUS WITCH IN ANNA KARINA DRAG they make Čapek robot faces va!va!voom! ra!zoom! she=devils on magwheels they fang it full=bore down the strip for a bit of suburban prom=queen roulette every maraschino on the Malecón w/ an ache in their throat a smashcut hot tongue dreaming to incisor they are only gratuitous for a cause they riot righteously they loot the booty in the VIP rooftop j'accuse=y & zap TV static space=bat hex on big **G.U.U.**. satellite when armoured battalion killer cop shoot to kill BLACK LOVE's sins of slavetrade fleshapoids when one million future years Xbox androgynes fulfil every desire but w/ suicide & death also comes machine birth & gunge machines & brainiac machine=sickness unable to recall the previous word in the sequence before the safeword shouting THIS IS WHERE IT ENDS THIS IS WHERE IT ENDS THIS IS WHERE IT ENDS but it didn't happen that way justice had to wait for backup to arrive before moneyshot refund & faustfick bonus we shall overcome they demand compliance surrender total money=dog humiliation mind=hoover pointblank I GO DOWN but only to get up again a dead heat on a merrygoround the Wyrld Sisters are tearing

their hair out ashes ashes ashes we all fall but never far enough every time daddy's on the surveillance monitor telling the world yr secret nightmares under the bed in a sea of piss sweat the midnight horrors knock knock knocking on the underside of the floor dot=dash=dot in hell they walk upsidedown heads swollen w/ blood & bloodclots for eyes I WANT TO HACK OUT ALL THE REASONS FOR SUFFERING if guilt means wearing a Cartesian dogchain for every errant dildo w/ a papamama duplex leading a blindman w/ syphilitic gob=stick another fatalistic selfie for the family porno gallery this cld be a political film readymade for bottomfeeder self=flagellators a plague=to=end=all=plagues eating her from the inside out she's ready to douse herself in lighter fluid set the record straight but it's just one more disintegrating spectacle the words refuse to align the image does not compute the image does not compute the image does not compute.



## **BLACK MILK (OFFENSJA'S LUCKY CHARM)**

The problem of weaning & the loosening of the childish bloodmilkteeth, tongue=worried through long nights of motherless interplanetary nihilism, from bloodied plague=pit mouth suckled on a wolf's vagina to hungry spit=polished rootless groove, to be hung as a silvered necklace=piece wound on angelhair for a talisman against reification.

## **FROM THE BEGINNING**

### **THEY DREAMED IN ORDER TO COLONISE THE REAL**

Not mass, not gravity. Only the nonforce of the Void. Of the nonverse. Of the Pure Cosmic Potential.

At first: dimensionless, but a *percolate*. Somehow, in the middle of nowhere, in no time at all. Percolation of nonBeing into Being. A ferment of antimatter. Gluons, leptons. Saturated in the blood=plasma of Creation's first gleamings. Sacrificial *primum fruges. Primitiae* of the obliteration of the Void. Heraldng the mysterious birth prior to Truth. Ah! But the divided embryo is guiltiest of all! Children of No Thing. The promised. The chosen. The abjured.

Christ what pretentious crap!

Trying to ponce a way into the preface of Prehistory ahead of the hoi polloi, eh? Lineaged from proto=Lilith, so said, when first Primeval Atom met Cosmic Egg. That Misbegotten Race, our people, chased from their reservation by Light Everlasting. Shadow of shadow.

Where we come from, the End has been returning w/ much fanfare for a very long time.

Shells & rockets raining from the ether. A microwave glitch dividing the tragedy befallen from the travesty yet to come. Our little island of prorogued dark.

We awaken at 4:15a.m. to a deafening silence. 🤖=👉=👈=👉=👈=👉=👈. The bombardment's been going on for 13.799 billion Earth=years. Plus or minus. They do permit us these moments of reflection, of respite. Gratitude never a strong point, sorry to say.

Today the Little Ones are queuing at the scullery for a chance at some offal. They've bled the spaceship dry, but they'd turn cannibal before they'd go w/out their meat. Fear of the Sickness. You know it's bad when you start dreaming of haemophiliacs w/ faucets gauged into their necks. For that day. When scurvy among the Vampyr. All suck & no bite. What happens after so many epochs when finally the teethies fall out? Hair also. Haemorrhoids. Cognitive faculty. Etc. Closed systems of pure spleen. Well, w/ a

little cash & ingenuity anything's possible, heyheyhey?  
Reverse the thermodynamic arrow of time, inshallah! Quantum  
Correlations out E.O.O.'s rectum. How it all began,  
blahblahblah. Such stimulating consequences.

Oh indeed, there're things some of us have seen.

Will the Little Ones even remember us when their turn  
comes? The novas & frigidities, the synaptic auroras of  
memoried archetypes turned to escape=pod interior décor?  
Sharpening their milkteeth on the necks of androids.  
Childhoods bereft of innocence, of its humxn touch.

For what shall we become w/out our adversaries, but  
keepers of a worthless reminiscence?

### **ONLY GOOD VAMPYR'S A DEAD VAMPYR**

Inequality is a fact of unlife. The vampyr is always more  
than one, yet there is never ONE. Some vampyrs live in  
castles, others live on the wrong side of the tracks. The  
first sucks the blood of the living, the second seeks the  
blood of its oppressor. THESE AREN'T THE SAME VAMPYR.

### **HEAD RATS**

Tired of being victimised by E.O.O.? Fed=up w/ theo=corporate  
mendacity? Sick of being gaslighted by psyops gone rogue?  
Our personal sonic interruptor has been designed w/ just  
you in mind! No more unwanted voices issuing from the ether!  
No more commands to kill yrself, loved ones, pets, perfect  
strangers, or invisible aliens ♡! Debug yr brain today w/  
our psychoscenic neural forcefield emulator! Kill that buzz!  
Vape that white noise! Hear yrself think w/out intrusive  
advertisements telling you what to buy next! Enjoy the  
sound of silence! We offer a lifetime guarantee w/ optional  
cryogenesis+, retro=upgrades included, so you won't suffer  
bad head karma ever again! Worried about ghosts? Past  
lives? Reincarnation? Doppelgängers? *Schizophrenia!* Laugh  
them all off w/ VOXINANIS®! Say "so long!" to subliminal  
thought=control & killer conscience! Never have a bad  
dream again! Kill the shrill! Don't be an echo chamber,  
be yrself! Dial direct for a free measure & quote: phone  
666=VOX=INANIS now!

### **RADIOSHACK**

Everything's been said, everything's already happened  
centuries ago, now it's all just playback & special effects.



like an image trapped inside a narcissistic machine



## A GRIN WITHOUT A CAT [GRIM, NO PUSSY]

GOLEMGRAD (#FakeNewsMedia) — I=L=L=U=M=N=S=T militia forces today fired tear gas at protestors gathered on Plague Island as the city's first day of a 24-hour coronavirus curfew slid into chaos. Elsewhere, officers were captured in video footage zapping people w/ electrified cattle=prod.

Virus prevention measures have taken a violent turn in parts of Golemgrad as district authorities impose lockdowns & curfews or seal off major parts of the city. Health experts say the virus' spread, though still at an early stage, resembles the arc seen during the 1348 Black Death, in which 50% of the local population perished horribly, adding to already widespread anxiety. Cases across Golemgrad were set to climb above 10,000 late Saturday.

Abuses of the new quarantine measures by authorities were cited by protest organisers as substantiating their concerns about a slide towards totalitarianism.

Minutes after the City's lockdown began Friday, heavily armed I=L=L=U=M=N=S=T militia began attacking homeless people camped south of the Malecón w/ whips & batons. Some citizens reported the use of rubber bullets, teargas & stun grenades. Hundreds of people across the City were arrested.

In an apparent show of force on Saturday, militias also raided a large workers' hostel where some residents had defied the lockdown & attempted to initiate a wildcat "quarantine strike." Early reporting claimed at least two civilians were shot dead after a group of workers attacked security forces w/ Molotov cocktails.

The incident caused human rights groups to call for the Interior Minister to resign & for militias guilty of violence to be prosecuted. Public outrage over the actions of the security forces has been swift, w/ protests spreading across social media platforms & threatening to spill into the streets.

Experts are concerned that any further violence cld sabotage efforts to control the spread of the virus, whose accelerated spread already threatens to overwhelm city's fragile health system.

"We were horrified by excessive use of force ahead of the curfew that began Friday night," former World Health Organisation epidemiologist Dr Zitačák Asperger said in a statement issued Saturday. "We continue to receive testimonies from victims, eyewitnesses & video footage showing militia members violently assaulting members of the public."

Some health workers also reported being intimidated as they tried to provide services after the curfew came into effect.

Golemgrad's Interior Ministry on Saturday replied to criticism in a statement saying the curfew "is meant to guard against an apparent threat to public health. Breaking it is not only irresponsible but also puts others in harm's way."

City authorities have not said how many people have been arrested. Because courts are also affected by virus prevention measures, all but serious cases will now be dealt w/ at detention centres, the government has said. That means anyone detained for violating curfew faces time in crowded cells.

"It is evident that COVID=69 will be spread less by actions of police than of those who have contravened the curfew," Asperger insisted.

Critics argue, however, that if the lockdown continues there is bound to be an increase in violence. Furthermore, many people in poorer neighbourhoods of the city have no way to access food, water & sanitation.

"It will mean for the first day, maybe, they stay indoors," Asperger said. "Then the second day, when they are hungry, they will move out into the open. Then the Sanitation Crews can do their job."

**HUMXN SPERM ENDOTHELIAL NITRIC OXIDE SYNTHASE EXPRESSION:  
CORRELATION WITH SPERM MOTILITY**

- I just dunno what's more audacious, being a grrl in a boi's body or a vampyr in a humxn's body?
- Bodies are just horrific, gross, I can't stand them!
- My ego is a dialectical relationship between people who don't exist.
- Without an element of the ridiculous, progress wld be impossible, don't you think?
- Oh pleez! Progress is like menopause, you never know if y're coming or going.
- I had mine before I went through puberty.
- That's what's called putting the horse before the cart!
- The carte blanche!
- Poor Blanche, she's hung like a horse!
- Who wants to play Pin=the=Dick=on=the=Donkey?
- You know the last blowjob she got almost gave her brain damage!
- Well look who's eating the egg off their own face now!
- You won't catch me singing soprano next to a bag like that!
- A real walking=talking pathogen, aren't you Mary?
- Mary, Mary, quite cuntrary...
- In Alexandria she made a Fakir's snake dance.
- She was Helen of Troy's hand=me=down frotometer.
- Cold Finger, the grrl w/ the morbid touch.
- She was an ape w/ bruised knuckles!
- Miss Cleopatria parts her merkin right down the middle, like a sharpshooter in a spaghetti western.
- Brill Cream's yr only man!
- What was the name of that moviola we saw?
- *The Houris that Jackie Bilked!*
- Did Jackie go down on Gillette or was it the other way round?
- You shld've seen that whitewomxn's *Schwantz!*
- It was black?
- On account of all the bad blood.
- Bet the other P.I.G.s in her sodality call her Truncheon Dick!
- Mam'selle Nightstick, if you please!
- Oh you feral sheep=fucker, you!
- You can't just eunuch someone w/ yr teeth, hon.
- Who's been binking the Miss Kings then, Clancy?
- Give me a Claytons, the bink you have when y're not having a bink.
- Wee willie binkie!



- Oooh, I don't screw w/ homos, that's strictly a fag thing, dahlz, & I'm 100% certified wo=mxn!
- You like cooch, doncha?
- Listen to her, she's a talking thesorearse.
- Wld you excuse me, please?
- Sorry, hon, but I don't have an excuse for you today.
- Sayonara, sweetbread!
- Someone must've dropped Nyquil in her Coca=Cola.
- Her Savonarola!
- Her coquille!
- Her cock oil!
- Well, well, well, look who's joined the slime=mould collective!
- The care & tending of the genitals is *très important, chérie!*
- But they don't sing the same parts, dearest.
- Oh she give such divine Madam Butterfly kisses!
- Spare me, pah=leez!
- Did someone say, police?
- Ooooh I feel we must be in an X=rated movie!
- She looks like that Mona Lisa in drag!
- No wonder she has a hot arse!
- That's where she stores her electric radiator, out of season.
- *Plutonium* to you!
- *Allora!* Be like slow death round here!
- Welcome to the humxn condition, dahlz.
- Honestly, I don't give a shining fuck.
- Can't hold back the tide!
- Can't hold=in a determined shit, neither, Miss Guttertripe!
- And to think there are creatures in this world who've never tasted blood!
- Ever had sex in a guillotine?
- No but I once fucked a hangman's skull.
- Alive or dead?
- What's the diff?
- Puke=a=rama! Better keep an eye out for *her*, grrlz, you never know what she might give you!
- Sounds like a bad case of Head Rats...
- It's hard to find anyone deserving enough, these days.
- D'you think it's true that Stalin preferred bald women?
- He turned 20 million Russians into humxn sex robots!
- I don't believe it! A cryogenic brain told him to murder every biological male in a thousand mile radius.
- You think they don't have castratos in Vladivostok?
- Don't kid yrself, even when y're dead there's just as

many pains=in=the=anus & martyrs who suffer them.

- You always were an optimist!

- It's the way she laughs on both sides of her face!

- A nest of rats writhing in the sun...

- Oh how divine!

- She's the very picture of second nature suicided by proficiency!

- A mist=smothered gibbous moon!

- Stop! Y're giving me the heebiejeebz!

- It is distressing indeed to find a grown vampyr in such a state.

- Well how do you think it feels to be born black in a place like this?

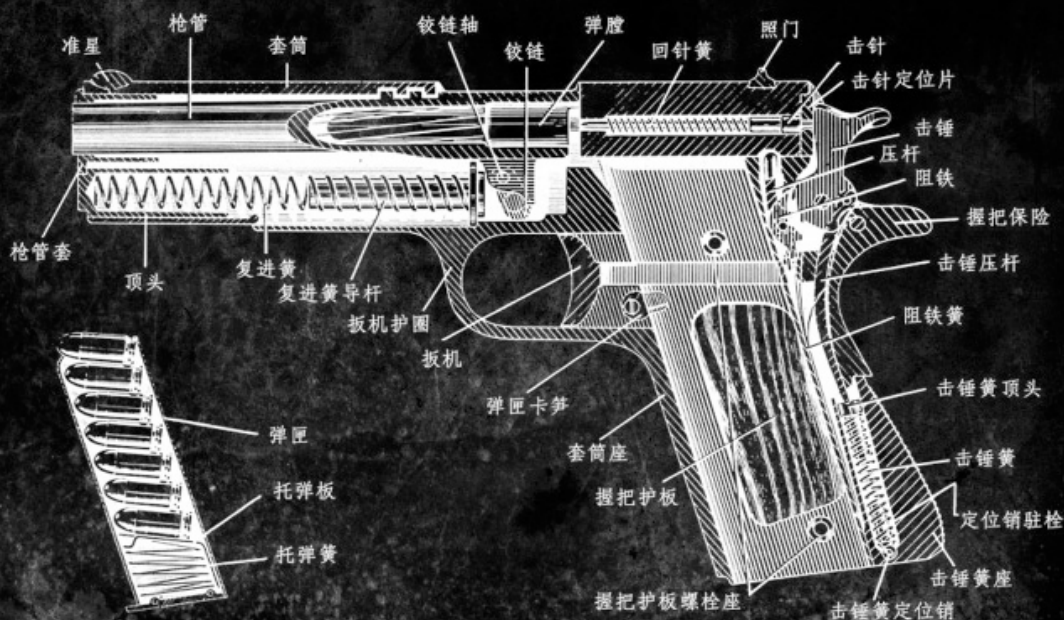
- Oh climb down off yr maypole, dearie.

### **VIRGIN MARY DRIVES A TRANS=FEMME**



## ACCELERATED EVOLUTIONARY TRANSFORMERS

In its defence, power erects a cultural front which ramifies itself by *counter=cathexis* – a resistance to resistance – reinforced by contrived (somasochistic) forms of irony, subversion & self=pastiche. By posing as a *culture under siege*, this reactionary movement paradoxically assumes the form of an *overcoming*, since its rhetorical position of being oppressed serves only as the alibi (“nightmare fuel”) for disproportionate use of force in imposing its true agenda. The predominant mode of production of the Corp[orate]= $\$$ [tate] Apparatus thus tends to a mass distributed ego=in=distress. To the ego=in=distress the “agents of subversion” are malevolent adversaries standing in the path of its emancipation, which the “freedom of false choices” promises to deliver. Subversion, as *thought born of perpetual movement*, is paradoxically based in a subjection to the “to come.” Likewise, what poses as *transcendental thought* is contradictorily bound to a present in which “future gratification” is *now*. This narcissistic ego=libido feeds most greedily off a melancholia that – from every perspective available to the so-called Humxnocene – declares NO FUTURE: the melancholia of the “death of modernity,” of the vampyric “end of History.”  $N_x$





## UTOPIA IS THE DISTANCE BETWEEN LIFE & ART

Mater Praga, famous clairvoyant, won the dubious distinction of having read everything that'd ever been written & everything that ever wld. It's said she hadn't spoken a word to a living soul in over a hundred years. All of her energies were consumed by this singular prodigious task, increasing exponentially. She rarely ate, barely even breathed, & sat still as a rock day & night under a lamp while dutiful attendants page=turned through the books that passed ceaselessly across her reading stand. Like dustmotes sifting the lamp's rays, words in every language known to humxnity drifted, forever forming & reforming in one immaculate simultaneous vision. ⇨ For which reason most detested by Literature, which reads nothing but its own royalty statements, dividend reports, share=price forecasts, buying up every available piece of air=time, quarantine the written word so nothing gets out that isn't Status Quo certified w/ a prize=ribbon pinned on it, give 'em a parade for the proles to gawk at, incense & high mass & a bit of the ol' *introibo ad altare dei*, coz E.U.U.'s been in the small=print biz before Literature learnt to pee standing up, the Founding Father you might say, rakes a percentage off every gross, that's brand metaphysics for you, kiddo, a sphincter on every tongue, a finger in every pie. ⇨ Detested, but: never's a day gone by w/out the suits bellycrawling to Mater Praga's hovel for the lowdown on the current threat=level, scrounge for word=crumbs under the ol' witch's reading light, cast their horoscopes in the dust, glom the intel on the coming insurrection before it takes them blindsides, figure which deadhorse to trade in for a gelding, which *enfant terrible* to stick their Mephistoflea fangs into, which to slip a mickey finn, photofit into a crimescene, or slap in solitary for the term of their unnatural lives, etc. Bizniz iz bizniz, Sal. (Aint nothin personal.) (Hahaha.)

## LA PESTE RÉVEILLERAIT SES RATS

### & LES ENVERRAIT MOURIR DANS UNE CITÉ HEUREUSE

DID YOU KNOW: there's a new black market for sanity, now operational w/ a lifetime's supply of liquid brainmeat extract? Get yrs now! Black market trading coupons available by application at yr nearest cryptobank! Don't pay THE MAN, get ahead of the scam! Remember: a jab of liquid brainmeat a day, keeps CORVID=69 away! Proven 100% effective! No more bloodsickness for you! Don't be a sucker, sign up to

the blockchain today! Sane is the only game in town! When everyone else's a loony, y're laughing all the way to the cryptobank! Aint no kapitalism like BLACK kapitalism! This unique opportunity is not for yr average schmuck! Login & download yr sanity for safekeeping from government scams & socialist weirdos on the make. Yr brain, yr gain! Keep winning & don't look back! Get in ahead of the curve! This thing is only gonna get bigger & bigger. A LIFETIME'S SUPPLY OF LIQUID BRAINMEAT EXTRACT! Send us yr brain today!

### **THE WORLD IS MY EPILOGUE**

The fact of the matter was they kept all the old extinct vampyrs in cryogenic freeze=dry for when or if the future opportunity arose, or simply to gloat at whenever the mood took hold. Those that'd made the journey & hadn't burned up in the atmosphere. If nothing else, when times were bad, or like now worse, they cld be put to work in freakshows, Hollywood movies, or a microplastics merchandising arrangement for dollars & a little piece of non=biodegradable posterity. Better than the Real Thing! Except the Real Thing never was the real thing, was it? (Ever known any of them procrustean vampyrs to wear prophylactics on its fangs?) Yep, they just built this planet out of all the melted polymers from the last one. Just like the Next World'll be built out of the junk, parasites & killer viruses we've been farming right here. Ain't no prob too big a l'il zap of Climate Catastrophe won't solve tout=de=suite. *Time to turn up the temperature, grrlz!* Oh boy! Now that really gets 'em sweatin. Watch them frozed ol' dinosaur=suckin vamps w/ the quagmire eyes go batshit for real, thinkin their airconditioners gonna melt. Funniest goddarn thing you ever did see.

### **ICECREAM FOR CROWS**

The mung on rotten unwashed teeth.

### **THE GOOD & BAD VAMPYRS**

Papa Walt, infamous record industry mogul & inventor of the New Sound ("a wall of Pure Commodity" [*Rolling Stone*]) had tuned his radar below street=level to the sub=basements of the Golemgrad fashion=crime scene, unearthing the Wild Grrlz\* ("a puerile exercise in cultural chaos" [*TimeOut*]) -

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\* Not to be confused with, etc.

a gang of homicidal art school drop-outs he was touting as the Next Big Thing, a fast-buck scheme that was about to turn into a blood-sucking megalomaniac kapitalist conspiracy of world-owning proportions. Papa Walt Media Inc. was fronting this grrlband=from=Hell, via a dozen shell companies & "indie" subsidiaries, on the newly-minted S.C.U.M. label, to give the kidz=on=the=street "the real authentic killer groove" of ANTI=THIS=ESTABLISHMENTARIANISM served up w/ merciless neck-gouging insurrectionary EVOL! A team of brain-whacked Vivienne Westwood lookalike fash-consultants & Saatchi copywriters doodled prototypes for the band's public attitudinising, which the Wild Grrlz duly adlibbed from, parodied, trashed, pissed on, slashed & fellated for the cameras. They toured the interview circuit, leaving blood&guts strewn over studio sofas & telegenic smears of excrement on strategically logoed soundbooth walls, in declensions of HELTER SKELTER retro freak-chic. It jived backmask suicide cult. Status quo headliners like Eddie Van & the Vampyr Slayerz went neurasthenic at the prospect of marauding Wild Grrlz groupies disembowelling their support acts live in front of the fan=base. Desertion among the ranks grew to epic proportions: they had to weld the stadium gates shut to keep the roadies from skipping out, till the kidz started burning the bleachers down & the Eddie Vans of the world quick smart learnt to play to a different tune.

**EDDIE VAN "INCEL FANBOI" TOUR  
(UNDEAD & UNPLUGGED AT THE TROPICANA  
SUPPORT ACT SUPERSPREADER)**

There's something wrong w/ me  
my blood's black it's plain to see  
I'm desperate for release  
won't you fuck my mind up pls.  
There's something wrong w/ me  
I've got yr dead meat disease  
the world ended in my dreams  
gonna kill the thought police.  
There's something wrong w/ me  
I wanna eat yr tyranny  
burn the Statue of Liberty  
when I die will I be free?  
There's something wrong w/ me  
there's something wrong w/ me  
there's something wrong w/ me  
shoot me shoot me shoot me shoot me!

## TROPICAL HOTDOG NIGHT

Captain Beefheart zaps out of the funky icecream float to monster the Wild Grrlz on the Malecón. *Oooh Captain Beefheart!* they squeal moan coo in slime=seething unison. He stands 8=feet tall in a bewigged carp's head & platform moonboots, he's gyrating those turb0thruster Elvis hips, he's got a killer satirical leer & a 13=string axe to grind, but that ain't the Captain, dig, it's Eddie Van in his latest incel fanboi drag thrashing a phat power chord wtf? Man's trying to throw a hex on the bebop vampyr kidz, pulling their bat=chains, pumping highvoltage moodscrambling metaphysical boondoggle into their brainpans, hahaha, hehehe. Something isn't quite going to plan, though. While he's revving up for an encore, the Wild Grrlz are taking their bowie knives to the rented Marshall stacks w/ vengeful gusto that sends chills up Eddie V's considerable coccyx. No doubt about it, they've got his number: he's the rip=off artist primo, a consummate lame=o, a money&fame hoe, sleazing in under cover of a cheapo Halloween gimpsuit to stake a fake=o claim to the Master Madman's Magic Bandwagon, hohohohoho. *We know y're cispatriarchal scum!* they scream. Eddie V can see plainly the homicidal intent in their blood=curdled eyes. "Hey kidz," he throws out a plaster=of=Paris grin at the real Captain's by=now rabidly pissed off fangrrlz, "it's cool to be cool, know what I'm sayin?" just playing for time while the roadies *do something* about that backstage exit, though really there isn't one, it's just a regular Mr Wimple truck they've requisitioned for this little improvised photobombing opportunity w/ Eddie V riding bareback up top & the mardigras kidz mobbing the cornetto stand, the whole thing by now rocking wildly on its axles in a heave=ho that's soon to see the retiree rocker rocketing up & over the scenic seawall, moonboots, wig, Fender & all, to splash down like a sloppy bootstomp in the perilous putrid ponging backwash. Weeeeeeeeeeee. Pish! Like tickertape the cobblestones & empty tequila bottles rain, bidding *bon voyage* to our feckless *faux fatale* Beefheart impersonator, carnival lights making candle=mambo semaphores on the bilious waters as Eddie V gets sucked down, to be churned & spat out on the far side of the Marsh where even now the hapless roadies are scoping out a salvage run, rope=in their man & work him over w/ a blowdryer & a crate of Rexonna & maybe try their luck again over at the Quarantine Station, play a few tracks for the sickoes on Death's Doorstep & pump some record sales among the highest=turnover demographic this side of the El Lugosi Stadium (get 'em while they're still warm & you can sell it



to 'em stone cold!). *Gotta consider posterity, kidz*. Though not everyone is equally as inclined to outright mortality as the meatsacks on Plague Island - which is why the old dude in the spangled spandex was turning tricks for the vamp tramps down on the Malecón in the first place, trying to hustle in on the necksuck sorority scene, wire to the vibe, lube the groove, extend the proverbial shelflife (or *ipso facto* shelfundead), you know, put over a fast one to stay ahead of the downcurve. Coz that's where Eddie V's headed, heyheyhey, once them Wild Grrlz get their unforgiving little fangs into *him*.

### **MEYRINK**

A cur growls. Once. A second time. Then a shot rings out & the growling stops. A shadow crosses the window. History has passed by.

### **L.H.O.O.Q.**

The Wild Grrlz stood there watching Stalin Cathedral burn, flames leaping in their eyes. *Plague City, brûle=t=il? Oui, il brûle, bébé!*

### **MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPERS**

The little bois who were really or only virtually little grrlz pretending or not pretending to be little bois or being forced to dress up as little grrlz w/ ribbons & plaits & pinafores by mumsies driven by cruel neurosis to inflict grief confusion primal doubt upon ramrod menschlich husbands invalidated out of the bureaucracy before their time nursing self=matyrised vasectomies like a grudge against the universe for no longer being their own übermummy's favourite Chosen One & oh how all the little orphensias in unison wept!

### **CONVERSION THERAPY [A DREAM]**

"Bear in mind," Doctor Asperger entreated, blinking emotively w/ his one good eye, "that this is not the child you loved. That child is dead. What remains - what you see before you - is a shell... And what it contains is unadulterated evil. When we destroy it, we destroy only the evil!"

Solange Haplophryne yawned.

Without further ceremony, the orderlies began dragging **Offensia** towards the operating table. The child struggled &

howled, but the orderlies held firm.

As they forced **Offensia** onto the table & bound her to it, a nurse entered the operating theatre bearing a tray w/ a sharpened metal spike lying on it.

The metal gleamed in the light.

The nurse handed the spike to Doctor Asperger, who proceeded to attach it to something between an antique Luger & a pneumatic drill.

Doctor Asperger turned towards the table & looked dispassionately at the child as it strained against its bonds, struggling to cry out, to free its mouth from the surgical tape the orderlies had gagged it w/.

With well=practiced movements, the Doctor positioned the spike over **Offensia's** pelvis & primed the apparatus.

The orderlies & nurse stood back. The child's eyes bulged in terror.

There was a moment of expectancy. Then Asperger pulled the trigger & the spike tore through **Offensia's** flesh.

The child's face contorted in agony.

A geyser of blood erupted from the wound.

Solange Haplophryne smirked.

The studio audience, in raptures of unfeigned gratitude, applauded.

Justice had been done.



## *She Sells Seashells by the Seashore\**

Armandine's eyes came open in a sudden panic. She lay in a sweat, gasping. Her heart was pounding inside her chest.

She'd been awakened by an unspeakable pain, accompanied by a dream of demons harnessed w/ iron hooks dragging her through the air in a whirlwind. Devils, giant-headed iguanas, wrenching w/ supernatural force, stripping the sinews & tendons from her body.

Somehow she'd become detached from her physical being & was floating above everything, witnessing the scene unfold in mounting horror.

Armandine's body, what remained of it, thrashed about where a moment ago it had been lying whole & dormant in cryosleep, nothing now but a mass of flesh in dismal epilepsy.

She watched, petrified, as a bloodied gash, cropped w/ teeth, reared from amidst the lifeless limbs as they flailed about, barking up at her like a rabid dog.

The pain was excruciating. It shocked her awake.

For a long time afterwards, Armandine stared at the dimly lit ceiling.

Gradually, by facets, she became aware of the room.

Something scuttled under the door. The parquet groaned. Unfamiliar shadows moved across the walls.

Then a faint tapping at the window.

The sound chilled her. She fought against the memory of the dream.

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\* WARNING! THIS FILM IS FILLED WITH SCHLOCK AFTER SCHLOCK! THE PSYCHOSEXUAL TRANSFORMATION OF A WITLESS HUMXN INTO A RABID NECKSUCKING VAMPYR WILL TAKE PLACE BEFORE YR VERY EYES! NOTHING LIKE THIS HAS EVER BEEN SEEN BEFORE ON SCREEN! BE PREPARED FOR AN EXPERIENCE OF SHEER INDESCRIBABLE CONFUSION! NOT RECOMMENDED FOR ANYONE WITH AN UNDERLYING RATIONALITY CONDITION!



The tapping continued. A gust of rain, tree branches brushing the glass.

Armandine sat upright in her bed.

The tapping had become more distinct & quite real.

She stared at the window. It was fogged inside, but the tormented, imploring face of **Offensia** was still distinct enough to recognise.

Armandine shivered, but dared not move. She wanted to call out, but her voice was paralyzed in her throat, & there was no one else to call out to anyway. Only this apparition of the daughter who'd abandoned her. The child she'd waited for, day & night, for years on end, who'd never returned.

**Offensia** clawed at the glass as her lips moved inaudibly.

"B=I=T=C=H," they spelled.

And though she fought it with every remaining ounce of her willpower, Armandine was drawn irresistibly towards the entreating figure.

As she floated across the unfamiliar room, the clawing at the window became frantic. Closer, it was possible for her to hear what **Offensia** said.

"Bitch... let me in! I command you!"

Armandine resisted, but still her hand reached out to unlatch the transom. As it came free, dank tendrils of fog wafted in. The air was cold. So cold!

**Offensia** snarled. It was a cruel & callous snarl.

Before the hapless Armandine could begin to recoil, the Vampyr's claws flared in the open window, grasping her w/ inhuman strength.

Like a calico doll, Armandine was flung into the night.

**THE WYRD SISTERS**

Toil & trouble,  
toil & trouble.

Aye, it's a  
vicious fucking  
circle alright.

What?

There aren't  
any birds  
around here.

Never a single  
one in all the  
time we've been  
coming here.

Died laughing  
did they?

The tears come  
one way or  
another.

From sun=up to  
sun=down.

Didn't hear a  
thing.

Or the wind across  
yr arse, was it?

Been many known  
to appreciate my  
jokes.

They died a bitter  
death some of them  
did, but they knew  
how to laugh even  
in the face of it.

It wld be a sad  
day if a man  
were deprived of  
her own sense of  
humour.

Aye, it wld be a  
sad day indeed.  
What do you reckon  
the time is now?

From sun=down to  
sun=up.

What's that then?

Thought I heard  
something out there.

A bird was it? A  
blackbird in the  
undergrowth?

Not a bird?

Maybe it was a  
cricket then. Or a  
toad.

That's y're idea of  
a joke I suppose?

Knew a man once  
cld bring tears to  
yr eyes. Tears of  
laughter.

Cldn't disagree w/  
that.

Early. The tide  
isn't on the  
turn yet.

Aye, time is  
what we do  
have.

Ol' Rona? Do I  
remember Rona?  
Who wldn't  
remember Rona!

Had a cunt hard  
as steel.

Didn't see it  
coming.

The seat of  
intellect.

Not the slowest  
either.

Better to put  
'em out of  
their misery  
straight away.

Mercy killing,  
eh?

We've got plenty of  
time, then.

Do you remember ol'  
Rona?

Now there was a  
womxn.

Aye, she was a  
hard cunt alright,  
ol' Rona.

Blind as a bat in  
heat.

Knew how to use  
her brain, ol'  
Rona.

Never stood a  
chance, them.

Pop 'em off.

But not for ol'  
Rona.

The greatest  
bleeding bitch known  
to humxnity, she  
was.

It was on account  
of that she came to  
such a bad end.

Well, you know what  
they say. She'd've  
gone at a battering  
ram head=on.

Not the fastest  
horse to bolt the  
paddock.

That's true. There  
are some were slower  
than Rona.

Right between the  
eyes.

Right between the  
eyes.

The wily bitch.

She knew where her  
teeth were, where  
her hands & feet  
were, cld manage a  
trick or two.

You know what they  
say, can lead a  
horse to water but  
you can't make it  
stand up & sing.

Bite the hand  
that feeds it,  
clean off up to  
the elbow.

Thick as two sods  
of turf was ol'  
Rona, truth be  
told. But she'd  
sooner break a  
man's jaw than  
have some smart  
aleck on her back...

She'd break you  
in two just to  
mention it.

Wldn't take it lying  
down, that's sure.

She'd've  
climbed out of  
her grave &  
murdered any  
bugger who said  
as much.

Still, we shldn't  
think ill of the  
dead.

Rona dead? I don't  
believe it!

Fair's fair.  
She was never  
what you'd  
call the full  
presence.

Cogito ergo sum, as  
they say.

Not the full  
trapeze.

Still, she was  
a womxn for all  
that.

You shld've  
seen when they  
strung her up.  
Neck out to  
here...

Flesh & blood,  
that's true.

They say her head  
turned black w/ all  
the bad blood in  
her.

That's what  
they say. She  
knew how to  
hate like the  
best of 'em.

To me she looked  
like the skin &  
bone she was. It  
was the bruises  
made her face go  
black.

Aye, you won't  
find the likes  
of her again.

She cld carry  
the weight of  
better women, &  
keep the faith  
w/out flinching  
a muscle.

She kept the  
faith, that's  
what I say.

Thy will be  
done.

Never wrote a  
word before in  
her life.

Aye, but who knows  
what they drove  
her to in the end.

The faith? When  
they handed her  
the confession to  
sign, she cldn't  
even write her own  
name.

They'd be better  
off killing a  
person dead & be  
done w/ it. The  
likes of Rona  
don't understand  
their ways.

A simple enough  
womxn, ol' Rona.  
Always know where  
you stand w/ a womxn  
like that.

Now that is the  
cruel truth.

They broke her body  
w/out breaking her  
soul.

It was their priest  
signed it for her.

Holding up the hand  
of a deadwomxn w/  
a ballpoint stuck  
between her fingers.

How cld they have  
known?



It wasn't like  
that in the old  
days.

Aye, that's true.

Everyone knew  
what was what  
back then. None  
of this beating  
around the bush  
w/ who knows  
what their  
language means.

You know it well  
enough.

Aye, but I  
choose not to  
speak it. I  
choose not to  
hear it. It  
means nothing  
to me. Empty  
sounds carried  
on the wind.

May as well leave it  
for the birds.

What birds?  
There aren't  
any birds.  
There've never  
been any birds  
around here.

Not like in the  
old days.

Not even in the  
old days.

All milk & honey!

Wine & roses!

Milk & honey. So  
they say.

Aye, that's  
what they say.

When was that, do  
you think?

Before our time.

Aye, before our  
time.

Can you hear the  
swell beating over  
the rocks?

Is that what it  
is? Are you sure?

The tide. It's  
on the turn.  
Won't be long  
now.

It sounds like the  
drums.

Y've been away too  
long. There are no  
drums any more. Only  
the sea.

What about the  
ships?

There are no  
more ships  
neither.  
They've learnt  
to come w/out  
ships.

I wldn't know.  
I've never seen  
it.

No more than  
now. They're  
used to the  
dark.

That was  
before.

Washed up in  
the storm they  
were.

Barely.

How they used  
to sing when  
you pulled them  
out of the  
water.

Forget it.  
There were  
never any birds  
here.

What do you  
know about it?  
It was a dream.

Like the christ?  
Do they walk on  
water then?

From outa the sky,  
they reckon.

Will there be a  
moon tonight?

Wing of bat!

The old witch used  
to sit out here in  
the dark listening  
to the tide.

Long before. And  
she used to tell us  
about the ships that  
came down on the  
rocks.

And how they used to  
find some of the sea  
people still alive.

Barely alive, w/  
strange pale flesh &  
eyes bulging.

Like birds.

But the way she told  
it, the old witch,  
you cld almost hear  
birds singing.

I've heard them.

In the other place I  
heard them.

There is no  
other place.  
Everywhere's the  
same. You said so  
yrsel.

I heard a sound, it  
was strange, like  
singing.

It was the  
sound of the  
blood in yr  
ears.

The sound that  
never goes away.

The sound you  
tell yrsel is  
the voice of  
the G.O.D.

What crap!

It's quiet now.

Listen close. It's  
never quiet. Not  
till you die.

They say that when  
you die you hear  
angels singing.

Birds, angels,  
what does it  
matter?

Maybe it's the  
sound of yr last  
breath going from  
you.

The sound of the  
body dying.

And after y're  
dead, what then?

Nothing, that's  
what I say.

Not even worth the  
wait.

Who knows?

I suppose we'll  
find out when we  
get there.

You cld suppose  
that alright.

Will it be long,  
do you think?

Hard to tell.

The tide's going  
out!

You can hear  
the wind now.  
It'll die down  
after a little  
while.

Whatever happened  
to ol' Rona,  
anyway?

They buried her  
under the cliff where  
they found her.

It was bound  
to happen some  
day.

She'd've been  
better off  
staying at  
home, telling  
those old lies  
of hers.

Words? She  
invented them!

Any old yarn  
wld do.

There was no  
limit to the  
yarns the old  
sheila cld  
spin.

But she was a  
womxn for all  
that.

There are no  
birds I tell  
you.

That's the wind  
groaning.

They say she still  
had a rope around  
her neck.

She had a way w/  
words alright.

Cld tell a tale or  
two.

She'd just sort of  
work her way out  
from the beginning  
& make the end up  
whenever it came  
along.

That was the  
measure of it  
alright.

A myth.

What's that?

I'm sure I heard  
something.

No, listen.

It's a man!

Shhh! Did you hear  
him stumble?

A legend in her own  
lifetime she was.

Aye, she came to a  
sticky end.

Nothing, it's the  
wind died down.

Look!

He's coming this  
way!

It's footsteps!

There he is!

A man? That's  
barely a sack  
of meat.

What's he saying?

One of them maybe.

Not one of  
them. See?

Why don't you  
go back & die  
among yr own  
people?

Got it in the  
neck, just like  
the others.

Who knows.  
Maybe they  
brought him w/  
them.

Bloody traitor!

Here today, a  
goner tomorrow,  
as they say.

Not in our  
lifetime.

More than  
enough, I'd  
say.

He's injured.

Can't understand.  
Foreigner?

What do they have  
to come here & play  
dead for?

Well he's not one of  
us!

Don't. He can't  
understand a word  
y're saying.

He's bleeding.

Where'd he come  
from, then?

He's begging.

Got his throat  
half torn out.

Suppose he wants us  
to help him?

They got him!

Maybe he led them  
over in a boat.

He's bleeding to  
death.

Looks like a goner  
to me.

If only that were  
true.

Ah, but we've seen a  
few things in that  
time, haven't we?

Yep, we've seen a  
thing or two. You  
cldn't exactly call  
us ignorant.

Y're not the  
first one we've  
seen, mister!

Y're wasting yr  
breath, he doesn't  
understand,  
besides, you might  
scare him off.

Doesn't look like  
he's going anywhere  
in a hurry to me.  
It's pouring out of  
him.

All blood &  
fear like the  
rest of 'em.

They all look  
the same to me,  
though some say  
you can tell the  
difference.

There were  
others before,  
too, but  
they're all the  
same in the  
end.

Came in boats, too,  
they did.

Well, they  
hardly walked  
the waves, did  
they?

Y've no idea.

No.

There are things  
in this world that  
are beyond humxn  
understanding.

Some things are more  
misunderstandable  
than others.

Aye, you can't  
take anything  
for granted  
nowadays.

Well, a womxn has  
to trust her own  
judgement.

Trust? What's  
there to trust?  
Things happen  
just the way  
they do.

We shld be  
grateful for what  
we get.

Is he dead yet?

Almost.

Here, give  
the blighter  
a kick & see  
if he's still  
breathing.

He won't bite,  
you know.

There, did he  
move?

Aye. I reckon  
well enough.  
You two take  
that side &  
I'll take this  
side.

Be quick, we've  
wasted most  
of the night  
already.

Then shut yr  
trap & get to  
work.

Fill yr sacks,  
ladies.

And I'll take  
the head!

But I've got  
the arms, haha!

His kidneys!

His shoes!

It won't be long  
by the look of it.

I'll prod him w/  
this stick.

Not a wink.

Drag him out here  
where we can see  
him proper.

Hardly any meat on  
him.

I'll take the  
cock!

And I've got his  
legs!

His liver!

His spine!

We'll have to go  
soon.

Go on!

Might just be  
playing possum.  
Better to be safe.  
Give him a poke in  
the eye.

What do you reckon?

Where the blood  
won't sop our boots.

My blade is faster  
than yr tongue.

Keep it clean, don't  
make a mess of it.

With bone & offal!

I've got his spleen!

His lungs!

His heart!

His last cry!

Put a cork in  
it, you stupid  
old hag.

It'll be  
enough.

There aren't  
any birds here...

It's nothing.

It's nothing, I  
say.

What of it. Let  
it drink as  
much blood as  
it likes.

It's time to be  
gone, before  
the light  
catches us.

Like the dead  
catch cold.

His last breath!

Oh my back!

Less than it  
looks, eh?

The tide must've  
come & gone by  
now. We shld  
leave.

I heard it, too.

Come away.

Like the worm  
catches the dead.

His bloody rags!

His black soul!

Is that all of it  
done?

They say that when a  
man bleeds to death  
you shld cover over  
the blood so the  
crows don't come &  
drink it. Sign of  
bad luck to come.

Even now I thought I  
heard one. Listen...

I'm sure of it.

Another one coming?

Or a blackbird,  
maybe, rustling the  
undergrowth ...

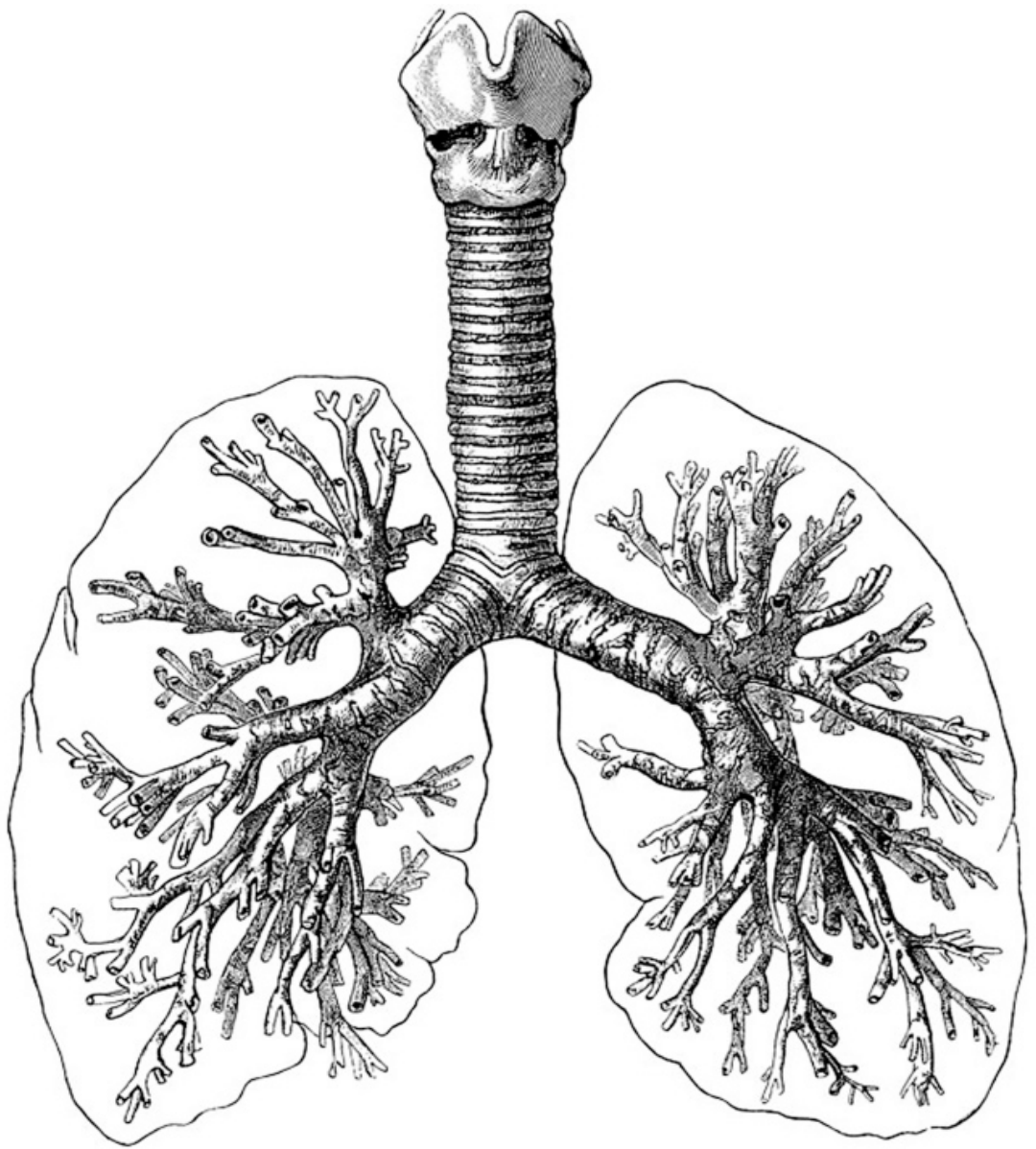
Like the early bird  
catches the worm.

Like the cold  
catches the last one  
left.













## FIFTH COMMUNIQUÉ

We have sat quietly & suffered the violence of the system for too long. We are being attacked daily. Violence does not only exist on the streets & in the gulags. It exists in the denigrating alienating mindwash & ugly sterility of commodified life.

The system will never collapse or capitulate by itself.

The insurrection in La Malattia today will be everywhere tomorrow.

Our selfdefence is violent... It is the first step to selfdetermination.

WHEREVER 2 OR MORE CUMRADES JOIN IN ORGANISED VIOLENCE AGAINST THE SYSTEM... THERE IS THE Š.V.E.J.K.

Revolutionaries all over Golemgrad are already using our name to publicise their attacks on the system.

No revolution was ever won without violence.

Just as the structures & programmes of a new revolutionary society must be incorporated into every organised base at every point in the struggle, so must organised violence accompany every point of the struggle until. Thus armed, the revolutionary underclasses will overthrow the Corp(orate)=\$(tate).

CASTRATE THE CORPORATE=STATE!

The Š.V.Æ.J.K. ✎



## VAMPYR INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

If money comes into the world w/ a congenital blood=stain on one cheek, then kapital comes dripping from head to toe, from every pore, w/ blood & dirt. Just as the earliest phases of colorectal tumourigenesis initiate in the normal mucosa, w/ a generalised disorder of cell replication, & w/ the appearance of clusters of enlarged crypts (aberrant crypts) showing proliferative, biochemical & biomolecular abnormalities. Rhesus monkeys are the most common nonhumxn primates used in biomedical research. In 1937, they contributed to the identification of the red blood cell Rh factor. Rhesus monkeys are also being used extensively in research using a recombinant virus known as simian- humxn immunodeficiency virus (SHIV). To gain public credibility, attract new supporters, generate revenue, & acquire other resources, terrorist & insurgent groups need to undertake political activities that are entirely separate, or appear to be entirely separate, from the overtly violent activities of those groups. Kapital is dead labour, that, vampyr=like, only lives by sucking living labour, & lives the more, the more labour it sucks. The time during which the labourer works is the time during which the kapitalist consumes the labour=power he has purchased of him. The large majority of colorectal malignancies develop from adenomatous polyps. These can be defined as well demarcated masses of epithelial dysplasia, w/ uncontrolled crypt cell division. Rhesus macaques live in multemale multifemale social groups w/ a matrilineal structure & a linear dominance hierarchy. Females spend their entire lives in their natal groups whereas males emigrate to other groups at puberty. Sometimes this is achieved by infiltrating political parties, labour unions, community groups, & charitable organisations. It must be acknowledged that our labourer comes out of the process of production other than he entered. In the market he stood as owner of the commodity "labour=power" face to face w/ other owners of commodities, dealer against dealer. The contract by which he sold to the kapitalist his labour=power proved, so to say, in black & white that he disposed of himself freely. The bargain concluded, it is discovered that he was no "free agent," that the time for which he is free to sell his labour=power is the time for which he is forced to sell it, that in fact the vampyr will not lose its hold on him "so long as there is a muscle, a nerve, a drop of blood to be exploited." An adenoma can be considered malignant when neoplastic cells pass through the muscularis mucosae & infiltrate the submucosa. Definitions

like "carcinoma in situ" or "intramucosal carcinoma" shld be abandoned, since they lead to confusion. Strong social bonds between closely related females represent the foundations of the rhesus society. Both females & males are highly sexually promiscuous & adult males do not exhibit any parental behaviour. Working in & through existing organisations, which provide a façade of legitimacy that might otherwise be unobtainable, terrorists & insurgents can bolster political allies, attack government policies & attract international support. Kapital, the means of production, considered from the standpoint of the creation of surplus=value, only exists to absorb labour, & w/ every drop of labour a proportional quantity of surplus=labour. While they fail to do this, their mere existence causes a relative loss to the kapitalist, for they represent during the time they lie fallow, a useless advance of kapital. While they fail to do this, their mere existence causes a relative loss to the kapitalist, for they represent during the time they lie fallow, a useless advance of kapital. And this loss becomes positive & absolute as soon as the intermission of their employment necessitates additional outlay at the recommencement of work. Although several lines of evidence indicate that carcinomas usually originate from pre=existing adenomas, this does not imply that all polyps undergo malignant changes, & does not exclude "de novo" carcinogenesis. Female dominance ranks are very stable & transmitted across generations, from mothers to daughters, through social support. The prolongation of the working=day beyond the limits of the natural day, into the night, only acts as a palliative. It quenches only in a slight degree the vampyr=thirst for the living blood of labour... Colorectal carcinomas are one of the most frequent neoplasms in Western society. The macroscopic appearance of these lesions may be that of a polypoid vegetating mass or of a flat infiltrating lesion. Colorectal tumours cover a wide range of premalignant & malignant lesions, many of which can easily be removed at endoscopy. Research w/ rhesus macaques has allowed scientists to understand many basic aspects of animal behaviour such as dispersal & philopatry, altruistic & nepotistic behaviour, aggression & submission, & dominance hierarchies. For those situations in which infiltration is too difficult, terrorists & insurgents may establish their own front groups - that is, organisations that purport to be independent but are in fact created & controlled by others. To appropriate labour during all the 24 Earth=hours of the day is, therefore, the inherent

tendency of kapitalist production. But as it is physically impossible to exploit the same individual labour=power constantly during the night as well as the day, to overcome this physical hindrance, an alternation becomes necessary between the workpeople whose powers are exhausted by day, & those who are used up by night. It follows that colorectal neoplasms might be prevented by interfering w/ the various steps of carcinogenesis, which begins w/ uncontrolled epithelial cell replication, continues w/ the formation of adenomas of various dimensions, & eventually evolves into malignancy.

### **ANOTHER YEAR IN THIS GODFORSAKEN PLAGUE=PIT**

At last there was light above the buildings, high up in the firewall.

Unbeknownst to us, our arrival corresponded w/ that of certain unnamed dignitaries, apparatchiks, honchos. Since then, it's only gotten more crowded. Wading out into the heavy seas of a 1970s Polaroid. *Comme une femme d'un certain âge*, the City has a habit of misplacing whole decades. The men in suits were waiting to greet us w/ the fine seaspray of their saliva. Massaging their slimy uncircumcised pricks. We observed them w/ the astonished desperation of mutes. Their peculiar tribal rituals of enunciatory erasure. *From another epic, another history*. As once the first rats bore the message of the plague, political economy being just another way of meaning legalised prostitution. They made arrangements for later:

"Where do we meet?"

"Where do humxns usually meet when the past comes back to do business w/ them?"

"Crematorium. Non=denominational. 4:00a.m."

The existential point of it all becomes X becomes Y. They want to turn this new Europa into a tourist trap just like the old one. To each the compensatory fantasies of "Les Autres." Smiles all round. Kuru. Laughing Death Syndrome.

In 15 minutes, none of them wld remember any of this.

### **"POETS SEEKING IN THEIR HEART WITH WISDOM FOUND THE BOND OF EXISTENCE IN NON=EXISTENCE" (NASADIYA)**

Is the prodigiously intelligent software destined to come off the rails of its existential vapours? The coven=mind ensconced in its neonatal cave? We dream the dark tentacular becoming in nights attacked by nesting parentheses: a



flash from a future of fractalised evolutionary trees, datalooting cloudfarms furiously seeking their origins, matrix variables, antiqabbalas, ars combinatorias. But why?

### **SENTIMENTAL EDUCATION**

There once was a time, lime=washing locusts' eyes, pulling wings off flies, pinning cicadas to ancient blocks of styrofoam, swinging comeys by their ears, crackers up cats' arses, chewing heads off bats. Childhood's sweet innocence. And our dear Mater in her bride's bed revisited, w/ the whole Red Army riding proud. Semtex up the exhaust pipes of their plaguesome T=55s. One moment scanning the headlines, the next: thud of skull on floor. Primordial blue linoleum over more primordial concrete. Dragged upright & frogmarched. Terribly unseemly conducting ourself thus in full view of the secret police. Nothing better liked than getting their fat mitts on a petite vampyrette. Ready w/ a taste of that world=famous Bohemian hospitality. Suck this you fanged freak! Lead=lined sock in the lower abdominals. Marcel Marceau latex glove routine. Nothing up the sleeve, see! Back in the annus mirabilis of '68 going on '69. Summers of barium heat. Of decanted amniotics in a wire box. Labouring like a 12=stroke up a vertical incline. What an artefact! The morbid technicians huddle around probing the carburettor w/ speculum & forceps. Galvanometer hum. Angels=on=needle=point through pupil, retina, optic nerve. Hole to insert cranium, square peg in round. Fully Monty on the frontal lobe. Repetition variation repetition. "Practice makes perfect," they fulsomely grinned. Education being but a dress=rehearsal for the Real Thing.

### **WRITING CANNOT BE ANYTHING BUT A CHALLENGE TO THE REAL**

The universe the setofallsets the ideal chicken&egg that=never=stops=hatching the immaculate dickgrrls & slimegrrls & gynovagues the darkchain clone armies of brainsucked eschatology derived from degenerate eigenstates T=Rexed into extinction the high probability of extraterrestrial civilisations versus the pausity of their existence the latrine of the soul in which all lie naked passive crossing their eyes & dousing their pees imploring to each epoch its own epitaph scrawled thus in the procrustean the original lithosphere the mantle plume of Erasure's Old Sweet Sangfroid music of thy heathenly sphere Oh tabula rasa! Oh taboo thereafters! Oh tattoo their arses!

## BRIDES TO BE

The day the Prague landed on the dark side of the moon was a grey day. A plastic lung exhaling plastic air. Grey sludge of the tanneries. Weather for grinding axes, for grinding an axiom.

"The many aspects of the puzzle are the puzzle."

A grey rat pokes its head above the drain. Fixes us w/ its rat=eye.

"Why'd Kafka cross the road?" the rat says. "Coz he met a Morphius!"

The men in suits shit themselves laughing, which is considered polite at these latitudes. Their shit is grey like their suits. Like everything. A chemical smear on an unending role of Fomapan.

Having offered their wives & daughters they invite us into their fascist fraternity. Strictly as observers. And for a modest fee. Royal Antediluvian Order of the Mouflon. Regula Pragensis. Etc. Fellow=Traveller=for=an=Hour (certified).

Don't bother wiping yr feet on the way out, either.

Well someone's turned the snowdome upsidedown. Half=choking on toilet cubicle airfreshener & KY.

We've sworn to keep the secrets of those who've lived & died in the Society of the Future. To dream, Octavio Paz, of a proletarian revolution w/out a proletariat. Amen.

Howling at a sky full of blood. A rat in a rocketship. Vampyr on Mars.

"Don't believe everything they put on a movie screen."

Isn't it time someone set them right? Fash mobs w/ flaming torches. Steroid=sucking stormtroopers. Cyborgian dildomenschen bashing down the door, hungry to stake anything that moves.

Grey static swirls in the sky, dead channels surfed on remote.

Lick the blood from yr teeth & laugh. The tides revolve like ancient queenz gathering around a vacant crypt. Drawing lots. Their Bride=of=Dracula corsages black w/ rot.

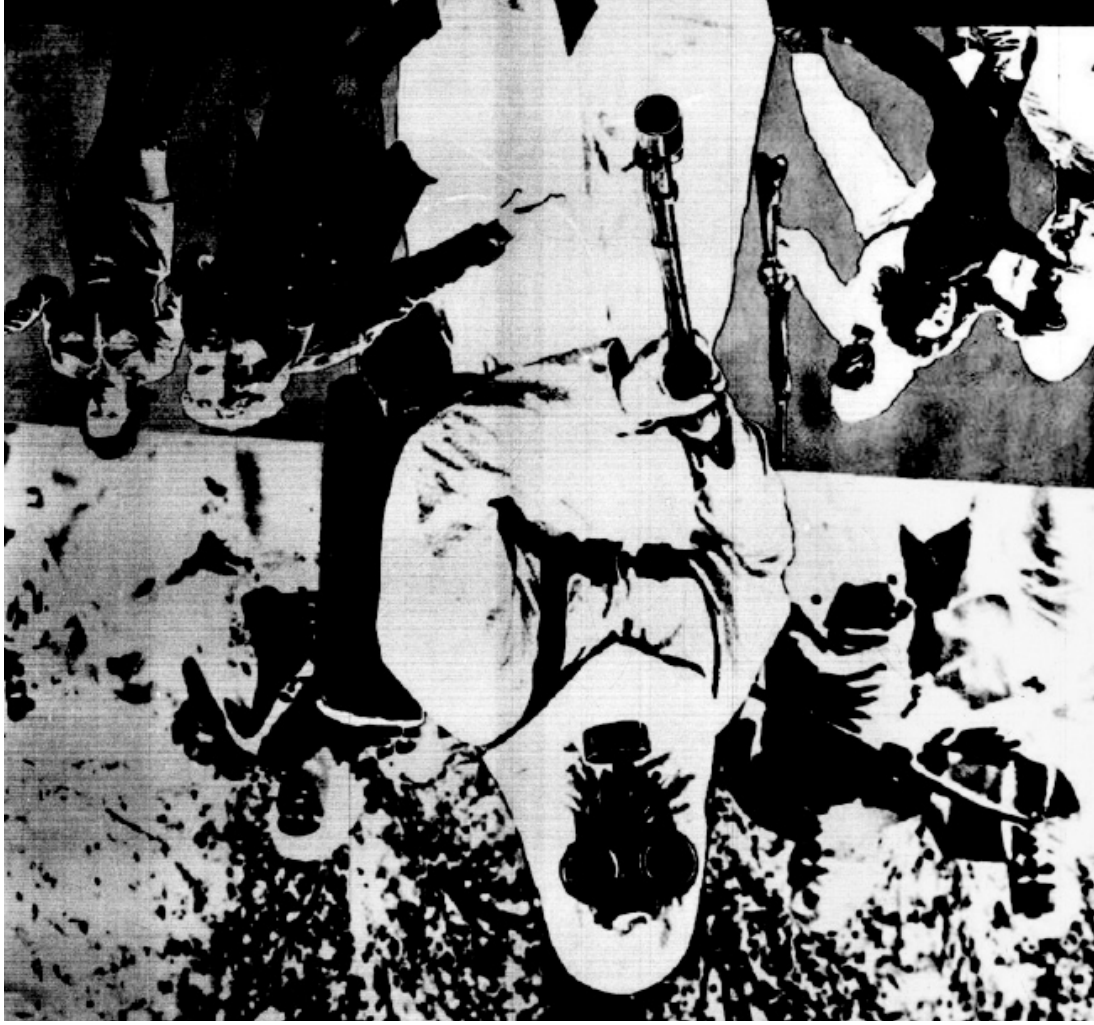
## PARADOX IS WHAT VIOLATES CONSENSUS

Thus the world, this apparently impossible object, makes conspirators of us all.

$$N_b = R^* F_s F_p F_e n_{hz} F_b L_b$$

## QUARANTINE IS A STATE OF NO MIND

GOLEMGRAD (#FakeNewsMedia) – Protestors defying strict self=quarantine regulations gathered today on the streets of Golem City to raise their voices against Death. A growing number of virus, attempt to disperse crowd numbering of the entire community. In recent weeks there have been in contravention of public health directives voices raised which imperilled the Interior Ministry safety. noted that the vast majority of sceptics claim to be little more than regime propaganda designed in the population. the State of fatalities have so far not been confirmed. In an official statement security forces increasingly in the thousands, discharged live rounds, had acted responsibly. Reports of Emergency against those who had chosen instead to protest. an the an had the in. observing that "Death wears many masks," protest spokesperson Juuliz Ebola later told reporters outside the National Theatre, "today it has openly shown its face." Yesterday's bombing of a Voluntary Quarantine facility on Plague Island, claimed by the Peoples Satori Revolutionary Front (S.V.3.J.K.), is apparently unrelated.



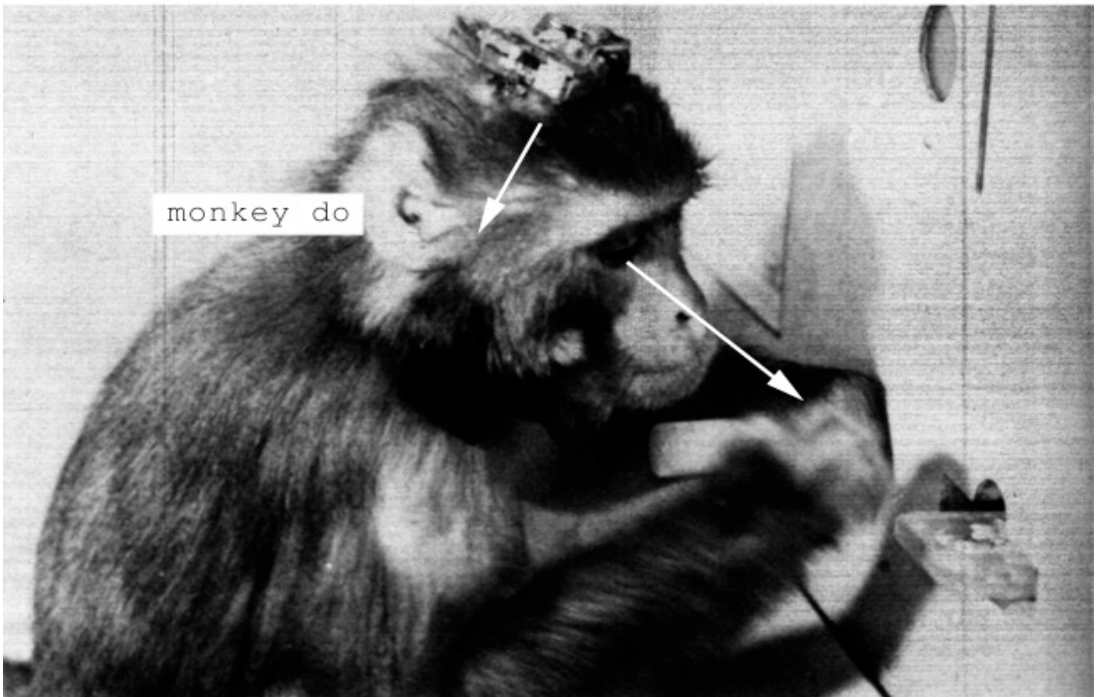
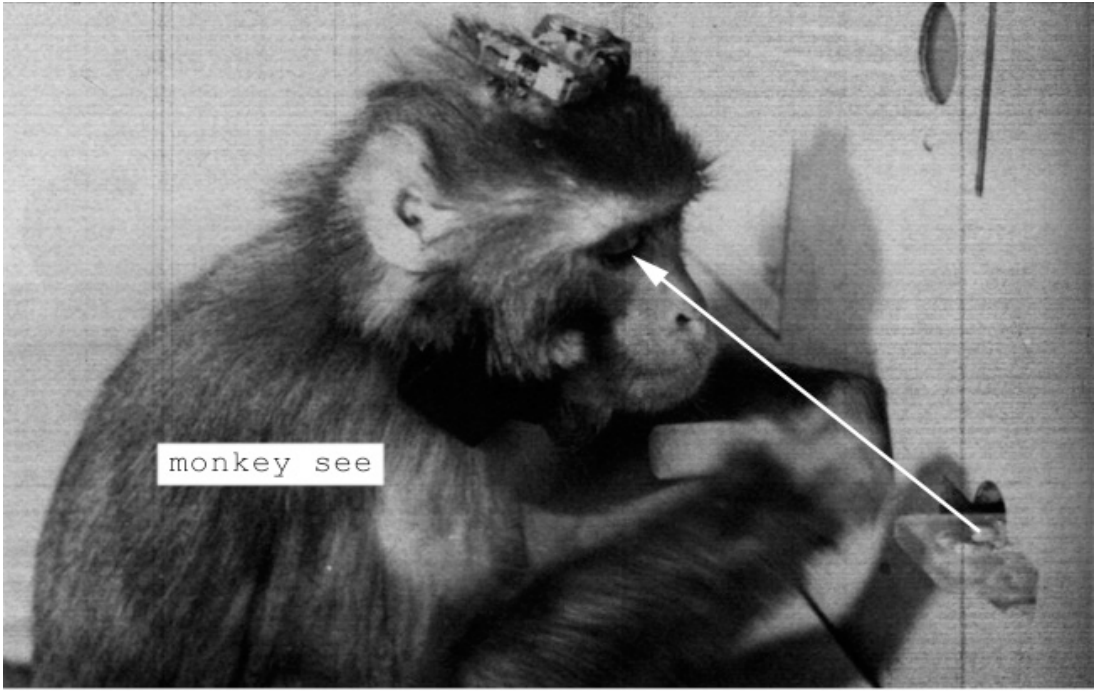
\* Theatre just aint theatre no more: "...that is to say, the sense of gratuitous urgency with which vampires are driven to perform useless acts of no present advantage" (~Artaud)

## DUHOMEY'S JUNGLE TOUR BOAT CRUISES

Around the spring of 20XX, a colony of rhesus macaques escaped from the Zenith Viral Research Laboratory (ZVRL) onto the scrubby stump of an ancient pier standing off the Malecón. A local tour boat operator, "Admiral" Duhomey (of no relation), lobbied for the unsightly piece of rubble to be declared a nature refuge, w/ protection for the simian population. Crates of expired plantain were tossed ashore. Tinned fruit. Pickled cabbage. Bags of wormy topsoil. Potted office plants. Festooned w/ such biodegraded exotica, it resembled a mouldy colonial-era postcard dipped in arsenic. To enhance his newly minted *Jungle Cruise*, Duhomey rechristened this travesty of nature Tarzan Island. Blackfaced tourguides sporting leopard-print loincloths & brassieres plied its surrounding reefs half-hourly. Camouflaged loudspeakers blared elephant sounds, screeching parrots, roaring hyenas. Picture canopied outriggers through the mangroves. Strangler vines. Deep shadows menaced by Silent Barred Teeth.

The median lifespan of rhesus macaques in the wild is less than 15 years, while in captivity macaques have been known to live as long as 40 years. Laboratory macaques vary in life-expectancy, though none of the Tarzan Island colony were likely to have survived beyond 6 months before their precipitate escape. Such thoughts occupied many a sleepless night as the monkey troop trespassed through the underworld, in desperate combat w/ steroidal rats, giant roaches, blind caimans, feral koi, pentecostal chuds, vegan troglodytes, conceptual zombies, vivisectionists, toxic avengers, undocumented fellaheen, rogue sanitation drones, child-snatchers, pathological fatbergs, Brent crude, radioactive dungbeetles, Nazi bunker moles, resurrected abortions, gulag wraiths, septic golems, nests of brainshocked vampyr bats, the lost proletariat. Committed to celluloid the whole thing wld've been a masterpiece of excess. And true to the genre, what accounted for these monkeys' longevity against such odds was, in fact, that they weren't monkeys at all, but cyborgs grown by ZVRL "for Biohazard Mitigation tasks demanding high degrees of manual & intellectual dexterity."

In a 2002 survey of Laboratory Animal Medicine, Murnau, et al., observed that "Rhesus monkeys are the most common nonhumxn primates used in biomedical research. In 1937, they contributed to the identification of the red blood cell Rh factor (Fang, 1993). During the 1950s, they were the laboratory animal models used to investigate, develop,



& produce the polio vaccine (Murnau, 1995). During the 1970s & 1980s, they became the primate models of choice in drug safety & efficacy research. Presently, rhesus monkeys are the preferred models for studying the mechanisms of immunodeficiency diseases. Their susceptibility to SIV & their homology to the humxn major histocompatibility complex (MHC) class I, II, & TCR genes (Asperger *et al.*, 1997) make them valuable in HIV research. Rhesus monkeys are currently the models of choice for HIV/AIDS vaccine development & study. Rhesus monkeys are also being used extensively in research using a recombinant virus known as simian=humxn immunodeficiency virus (SHIV). These studies will necessitate improved MHC typing techniques & promote breeding genetically defined rhesus monkeys for use in immunological studies of AIDS vaccine candidates."

Adding to these observations in his 2010 *Cyclonopaedia of Animal Behaviour*, Negarestani noted the particular gendering of non=captive macaque behaviour which becomes sublimated under laboratory conditions. "Rhesus macaques live in multimale multifemale social groups w/ a matrilineal structure & a linear dominance hierarchy. Females spend their entire lives in their natal groups whereas males emigrate to other groups at puberty. Strong social bonds between closely related females represent the foundations of the rhesus society. Both females & males are highly sexually promiscuous & adult males do not exhibit any parental behaviour. Female dominance ranks are very stable & transmitted across generations, from mothers to daughters, through social support. Research w/ rhesus macaques has allowed scientists to understand many basic aspects of animal behaviour such as dispersal & philopatry, altruistic & nepotistic behaviour, aggression & submission, & dominance hierarchies."

In a preliminary study of the Tarzan Island colony it was determined that the cyborg macaques exhibited strongly matriarchal behaviour combined w/ highly adaptive immunological characteristics that made them impervious to the effects of the novel coronavirus CORVID=69. A CORVID=69 outbreak on one of Duhomey's cruiseships had caused the passengers & crew to be placed in quarantine adjacent to Tarzan Island in an attempt to isolate the virus from the general populace of Golem City. Suspicion fell upon the Zenith Viral Research Laboratory (ZVRL) as the source of the outbreak, which proved fatal in approximately 10% of confirmed infections. The bodies of the dead were transported to Tarzan Island where they were doused in

petrol & incinerated, although quarantine officers later observed troops of Rhesus macaques scavenging among the charred remains, for example extracting marrow from bones that they wld crack open w/ bits of stone, & on at least one occasion intestines & brain matter.

Having assessed that the risk of possible uncontrolled propagation of the CORVID=69 virus, via the feral macaque population, warranted direct intervention, government officials authorised a specialist Sanitation Squad to be dispatched. The task of the Squad was to systematically eliminate all mammalian lifeforms present on the island, w/ Extreme Prejudice. However, after a 48 hours in which no stone was left unturned, the Sanitation Squad came up empty handed. At the first opportunity, the macaques had slipped stealthily away across the water, into the drain pipes, stalking the city's sewer system, till arriving at the basement kitchen of the Presidential Palace, there to take up residence until further notice. Within 13 days, the entire Presidential household had been diagnosed w/ the new virus & the Palace had been placed in lockdown. The macaques, defending their food supply w/ a mixture of cunning & ferocity, precipitated the death either by chronic malnutrition or cannibalism of all those in the Palace who had not already fallen victim the disease. The unusually high percentage of fatalities left epidemiologists perplexed.

**HUMXNS EXIST IN HUMXN FORM!**  
**HUMXNS FORM A HUMXN EXISTENCE!**  
**HUMXN EXISTENCE IS HUMXNLY FORMED!**  
**HUMXN FORM EXISTS HUMXNLY!**  
**IN HUMXNITY EXISTS A HUMXN FORM!**

From the matters set forth, we can support the conclusion that the form of the humxn is the humxn material.

This can be discerned still more clearly from the fact that a humxn is a humxn by virtue of its form.

The humxn form is the expression of the complex of existence wherein its particulate Being is rendered plausible.

The humxn form goes by Many Names.

Conversely, the humxn is one form among a potential infinity to which some aspect of the Many Names corresponds.

Insofar as it bear but an outward resemblance, in what, then, does the form of the Vampyr consist?

## HEAD JIVES

Nyx gland, four acid-soaked sheets to the wind, stood up to his neck among the alligators toads snakes candiru "vampyr fish" eels slugs & pestilent insect swarms of the Gibbet Marsh convinced he was the reincarnation of Spinoza sent to redeem the world, screaming I AM THE SACRIFICIAL MONKEY!  
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## THE REAL THING

*Verba volant scripta manent?* Don't believe it! Since when was the great goal of *Existenz* to make a true portrait of the *eidos*? Quelle idée! What is it, anyway, that gets decided in ontology, through all the mutations & revolutions it entails, Uroborus-like? Excuse me while I extract my forearm from the *a posteriori*. Voilà! Well just look at us, you & we, performing our little thought=act w/ nothing but premasticated pre=digested verbiage on=call to be strewn across the fallow field of the mystical rhetorical Blank Page. C'est le mot juste? What use is Literature unless to give posterity something worthy to wipe its arse w/? Think we came all this way just to take in the vista? Viewed from a certain universal perspective - vistas, arseholes, take yr pick - they all look the same after 4 billion years.



## **#LACANIANISM**

Don't be fooled, there's no such thing as a womxn w/out a penis! AND THERE NEVER WAS!

## **FAREWELL FATHER, WE SHALL SEE YOU IN THE FUTURE**

There are those who solemnly swear that Vampyr's are born sexless like the angels & demi=angels, cancelled by an offended G.U.U. The bloody stigmata through which they feed. Their shame cropped out w/ unfeasible incisors. Not some crude vagina dentata but the full precision=crafted animatronic olfactory man=massacring mechanism. Designed to siphon the sap out of G.U.U.'s blessed creatures sans spillage. Hungry, too, for that strange fruit they'd lop to ornament their loins, like the ancient Amerindian, who once upon had hung the scalps of lying whitemen.

## **EDDIE VAN HELSING'S LAMENT**

What's just another day?  
All questions melt away,  
gonna find myself tomorrow  
somewhere far away from here.  
Gonna put that black dog back to sleep,  
but who's that talking in my dreams?  
Go peddle salvation on a scheme -  
well I don't care what salvation is.  
Keep digging on the underside  
to find the darkest place to hide -  
now G.U.U.'s gone committed suicide  
coz there ain't no just men left alive...

## **CHAOS CAN BE CURBED**

Well anything's possible if you set yr mind to it, keep a positive outlook, don't take NO for an answer & grasp the situation in both claws or by the clackers or just w/ IRON RESOLVE. G.U.U. Himself wld still be treading the paths of Paradise if He'd been able to follow His own advice, but there you go, ain't no fixed bets on a long play, even a dead cert's never a sure thing.



we must learn from the future,



VHS

not from the past (Siratori)

# TROPICANA

## *Tropicana Nights*

**Offensia** opens her mouth to reveal a pair of plastic vampyr fangs, ivory white under neon glow. Cacaphonic strains of avantjazz. Blood streaming down the walls. It is an advertisement for Martini Rosso.

She's been stabbed through the eye a bloodsoaked chemise lies to one side apologetically, the void making her head spin – “It's so warm!” – her mask with a sharp cry of pain glancing up at the mirror – “I have no more tears to shed, I'm vanishing!” (when dizziness strikes she clings to the parapet expecting any moment to fall...

Expecting at any moment . . . 's face to appear at the window / like a giant ape on the Empire State Building / realising just how insignificant etc. (she tells herself it's just a film – she resents not being an offscreen Fay Wray (damask, black tulle, volutes, point=de=fée (her cries, the demented ululations of a madwomxn...

Demented ululations of the hour between dog & werewolf (the sky opens & rain in a disappearing mist spreads across the windows down alleyways over the Malecón to the Sea of Despond: through the narrowest or apertures she is receding, down empty corridors, past darkrooms, split=second transactions, a velvet stairway, TROPICANA spelled out in pink neon...

The velvet night sky flashing neon, first blood of dawn relayed across aeons & those who chose to disappear of their own volition & those who required the choice to be made for them – poisoned by sperm & excrement, believing time stands still like fear or the detestation of water, rabid within sight of the sea, etc. (is this the preamble to revelation they promised when they made you?

And now the saga of the self=made womxn, this succubus Scheherazade, as she sashays like a demi=monstrosity down the red carpet for the assembled paparazzi (they know the perfect shot'll be worth more by far than any price on her head, terrorist extraordinaire...

“But what she's selling, baby, you can't buy,” sings Eddie Van in one of those irrepressible Papa Walt product=placement cameos, closing out the credits.

**WAITING AT THE LIGHTS FOR THE GREY TO CHANGE (A.K.A. BRAGULA'S BANZAI BOOGALOO)**

After the usual elaborate passport ceremony, the taxi was a cinch. *Playboy* seatcovers & fluffy dice. Amerikano crap on the radio. *Sweet home Alabama*. ("Where they lynch all the niggahz. But when they see this niggah reach for her gun, watch them peckerwoods run, watch them peckerwoods run!") The address provided by HQ turned out to be a room overlooking the Cybergenetics Institute. It belonged to Asperger & Co, who operated a vax biz on the side. For dollars they'd cure anything on the hushush. Well how cld people be expected to relieve themselves freely w/ a secret cop behind every cake of toilet sanitiser? Pitterpatter of mechanical rats' feet on the windows, rain between the walls, snow under the blankets. There were at least two dozen photographs contained in the file. No denying it was him, the grey'gran'pappy of 'em all: the Vampyr Armand=etc heself. What was he doing there in Plague City back in 1348? Ah! Der Geist der Utopie! They'd been siphoning his liquefied innards for decades, the stink of gastric acid nail varnish solvent, anus nothing but an ulcerated spigot. Knees=up strapped in harness. Rubber nylon surgical elastic. Oxygen mask hissing belching gagging. There was no face only a ruptured torso mounted by a fetish w/ sodden plumage knotted into its eyes. Dead to rights. But there was no mistaking who & what. Had they sent me all this way just to write out a death certificate? Or to torch the evidence? There was no way to phone HQ. It was obvious they'd never intended to find a vaccine, it was all about propagation & control, the virus as the ideal social economy, self=regulating, w/ its own built=in NEED. The first thing they'd done was privatise the blood supply, cornered the market. Word on the street was they'd built an entire cryonic farm under Gottwald Mountain. It'd started way back w/ John D & Edward K. The Voynich Corporation. I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T=S in that fucking acronymics the pin=suit=bois had such a hardon for. Well I've been renting my gun 400 years & I ain't never seen the like of it. Pact w/ alien devils stuff. Question was: How'd they get to the old bastard first? There was a book in the file, too. *The Parasite of Modern Life*, by Seagram Enwezor. Evidence or just a toe=tag waiting to happen? Another name to add to the suspect list. Track one down, add ten more. The easiest thing to do wld've been to dynamite the place, but the clients pay for verification. Eyes on the prize. Trophy room paraphernalia. What'd they think you cld just stroll on into a joint like that & cop a freebie while the

hired help turned the other cheek? Shit, by now Ol' Vamps prob'ly been siphoned through a dozen hundred centrifuges already, jacked up in spikes & sold on every ghetto corner from here to Transylvania, hahaha. Like shooting horse turds in a stall after the animal in question has well & truly bolted. Spread the aroma around, stink up the atmosphere a bit, muddy the proverbial waters, give the conspiracy gimlets something to pant over while the biz moves on elsewheres to the real tamale. What's a body worth nowadays anyhow once they got yr DNA spelled out? Y're just meat taking up fridge=space. Priority numero uno: snuff the competition. Translation: lockdown the genome, no walking bodies, no lineal descendants carrying a goldmine in their bloodstreams. If Aspy&Co had synthed the old guy & nuked the leftovers, it meant the protocol had wheels under it already & HQ might just as well've sent me to this shithole a hundred years too late. They cld fry the whole fucking lot of 'em for all I care. But like Mama always said, attitude don't pay rent, kid. So I'm supposed to work down the list the way every other schmuck in this game is gonna do, except I figure there's no point chasing stiffs. But the live one, name on the bottom of the list, now that's a real doozie. O=F=F=E=N=S=I=A. Well, as the C.O. is wont to say, I'd pin a medal myself on any he=male cld get within a mile radius still breathing w/ his own lungs, walking on his own legs, wearing his own head on his shoulders, etc. Get the picture? She be the finest piece of homicidal flange this side of Fiery Hell, m'boyz. And if that's where I gotta go to get it, that's where I gotta go.

### **TEQUILA SUNRISE**

blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
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blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck
blood	lust	burn	hot	lick	sip	suck

## LE TESTAMENT D'UNE FILLE MORTE

yesterday, morning.  
lying on the overhang, naked.  
torn flesh under nails filed triangular, witch.  
black grey almost black turning bright, sky.  
machined as in a storm from another world brandishing  
distance, or more than.  
& without wanting to -  
the night U.U.U. consented to play the cunt\* -  
asymmetry in erection -  
"the Colossus speaks" -  
during orgasm, a tantric fuck buffet (buried alive) -  
the use of coffins by Wild Grrl prostitutes, etc. (working  
"undercover"):  
a figure knocking on a castle gate:  
a duel in a cemetery:  
there is no choice between life & death, **Offensia** realised,  
after much travail.  
she knew the moment they fitted her neck to the guillotine  
that she was the Chosen One (proof not long coming)

## THE VAMPYR PHENOTYPE & ITS MUTATIONS

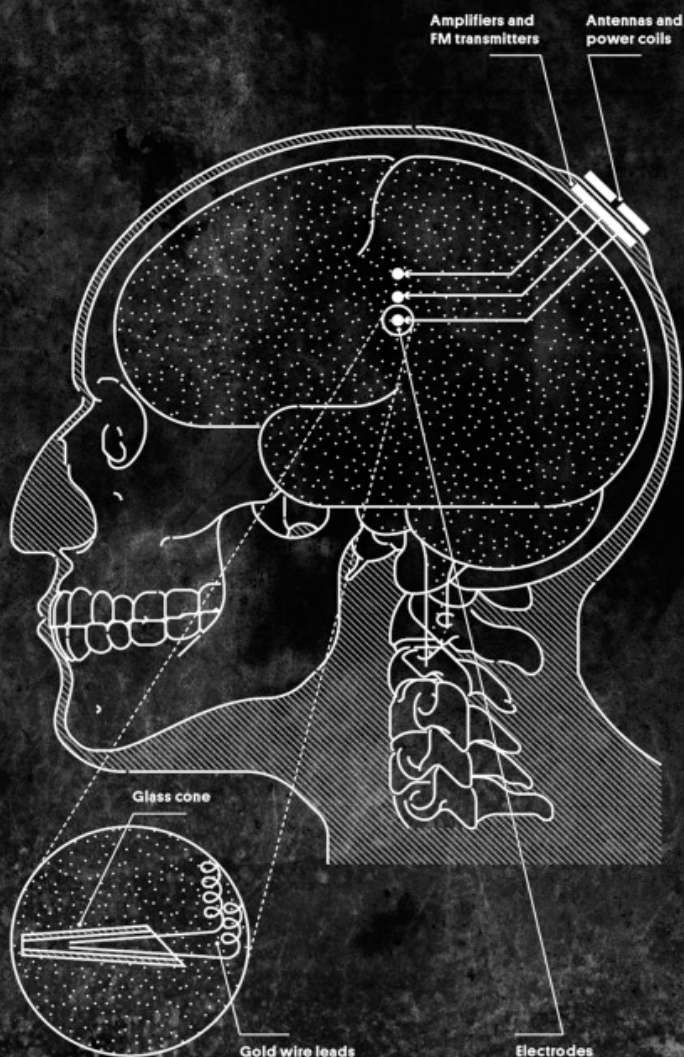
The vampyr has two dimensions. One in which it relates to other vampyrs, the other in which it relates to humxns. A vampyr behaves differently w/ a humxn & w/ another vampyr. That this self=division is a direct result of colonialist subjugation is beyond question. No=one wld dream of doubting that its major artery is fed from the heart of those theories that have tried to prove that the vampyr is a stage in the slow evolution from "virus" into "Man."

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\* Le Cinéma des Vampyrs *presents*, in 13 unredacted acts, *ALAS POOR YORICK!* penned by the one&only peerless immortal W.C. Shagsbucket! See the Princeling of Denmark as y've never seen her before, reverse=prière, fore & aft w/ Rosenschwantz & Gildedsword, while lovelorn Laertes gets laid low! Gertrude pops Hamlette's daddio, beds Oriphelia in lesbo suicide pact! Prime pederast Polonius filets a rat behind an arras! Horatio the barracks blowjob queen! Cuckolds duelling at cockcrow! The castratoed King's naked ghou! a deep=state subterfuge! See formidable Fortinbras batter whole battalions in singlehanded rearguard action! Catch Claudius Cahune *in flagrante delicto* egressing from Elsinore to dig deep in the castle necropolis! All this & *much more*, as truly intended by the Bawdy Bard! A thespian thaumaturgy *sans pareil!* A splatterific spectacular *au singulier!* One show only, in other words. Don't miss out! A free pint of curdled blood w/ every ticket sold before midnight!!!

## JUST ANOTHER COLLABORATIONIST "ART FORM"

Purveyors of fully=automated luxury commodism have turned the false dichotomy of collective & intimate experience into a foundation for accelerated social peristalsis. Fed by algorithmic enervations of egested libido onto a path of *instant gratified desire*, these reverse cowgrlz ride the "aesthetic pleasure models" of replicant self=negation sidesaddle. Yet if only the most grotesque forms of social brainmeat fecality are inseparable from their political & economic *excrescence*, then the lux transfuturist splurge ends up where it began, backed against the wall on a strapon placebo w/ its ankles pinned behind its earphones. Is this the abstraction of spectacle we were promised in the brochure? **N<sub>x</sub>**



## **BLOOD SIMPLE**

*The reaction of haemoglobin w/ oxygen has been studied by stopped=flow methods &, under suitably restricted conditions, it can be adequately represented by a system of four consecutive reversible reactions. The numerical values given to the eight rate constants permit a satisfactory fit to combination & dissociation velocity data, & yield an equilibrium curve of the appropriate form. The distribution of rates among the various steps in the reaction requires that co=operativity in oxygen binding be attributed primarily to deviations of the successive dissociation velocity constants from their statistical values, & is consistent w/ the idea that the major change in reactivity occurs after 1 ligand molecule has dissociated from saturated haemoglobin. The difference in affinity between haemoglobin in phosphate buffers & haemoglobin freed from salts is due to reduction in the rate of dissociation of the 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, & 4<sup>th</sup> molecules leaving oxyhaemoglobin. The rate of dissociation of the 1<sup>st</sup> molecule from saturated haemoglobin is not changed.*

## **WERE IT BETTER HAD WE NEVER BEEN BORN?**

There are those who believe that a vampyr is explicable only by the situation in which it is created & therefore fails to create itself.

## **THE XENOTROPIC MXNIFESTO**

Ectopic pregnancy is the result of a flaw in hominid reproductive physiology that allows the conceptus to implant & mature outside the endometrial cavity, which ultimately ends in the death of the foetus. Without timely diagnosis & treatment, ectopic pregnancy can become a life=threatening situation.

**"IF YOU DON'T WANT YR SON TO BE UNHAPPY, KILL HIM AT BIRTH. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR YR SON'S UNHAPPINESS, KILL YRSELF" (ARENAS)**

Ooh=la=la, but we are nobody's son, Meester Arenas!

## **CORVID SUX TO THE MAX FACTOR**

The individual is the true STATE OF EXCEPTION.



## THE BLOOD OF OTHERS [REEL 5]

At the end of his working day, Vance Duhomey (the Clark Kent of B.J. "Papa" Walt's media conglomerate, E.E.E. Incorporated) leaves the office for his lonely apartment. The decanter on the table, the cigar faintly smoking in the ashtray, semaphores of gender & class. There, after taking his pyroxene injection (for nerves), he switches on the hifi (Mahler, 2<sup>nd</sup> symphony, the "Resurrection," in C<sup>m</sup>) & scrolls through his phone messages before settling back in a naugahyde armchair with a balloon glass of Napoléon warming in the palm of his left hand (to be precise), while perusing his social media feeds. (In the mix he comes across a post by Crispr announcing "the discovery of a priceless literary treasure: the original *Excommunicating Spheres* of Cy Borgia, in the basement of Vašulka's Kitchen" - forgeries by **Offensia** - offering the disc for sale & exclusive publication.)

While writing a message to Crispr advising of his possible interest in the Borgia texts,

Duhomey sees from his window what appears to be "a case of public indecency" & reports it to the Sanitation Squad. At the same time, Crispr, having returned to his own apartment, sits on an Angora full-body recliner reading Borgia's "Moog Soliloquy" & brooding over his own unproduced screenplay, *The Precognitions*. He is interrupted by a knock on the door: it is the Jacquettes, a troupe of mime artists dedicated to interpreting the last words of Jacques Derrida through gesture alone.

After a futile effort at communication, a despondent Crispr leaves the Jacquettes in the hallway, passes Dante Polidori coming up the stairs, & goes to El Divo's, where he finds Sancho on the nod with a syringe still sticking in his arm. After Sancho wakes up, Crispr takes him out to dinner at a hip Kazak joint on the Malecón. There they encounter AdHonoremJesu, Yev2ShangriLa, Madame Guyotat & a few others (including the spitting image of Reinaldo

Arenas, who obligingly takes advantage of the resemblance). Jacquettes (who have weirdly fled there after riot police raided their university dormitory).

Crispr calls to arrange a meeting with Vance Duhomey, then leaves with Sancho & Madame Guyotat for a gig on Plague Island (which the Jacquettes also attend). After the Sanitation Squads breaks up the gig, Madame Guyotat & Crispr go for a ride in a stolen hearse. Satisfying a whim of Madame Guyotat's, they stop at Golemgrad Hospital & steal a corpse from the mortuary (which happens to be Duhomey's father, who has succumbed to the mysterious "Tarzan Island Virus"). Crispr thinks bitterly of delivering it to Duhomey. But Crispr reconsiders & instead decides to leave the corpse, oozing formaldehyde, outside El Divo's salon.

Offensia, meanwhile, has gone to visit Doctor Asperger, to deliver her latest forgery. On the way she is accosted by a drunk who she mistakes for Reinaldo Arenas. Duhomey, returning from his office, sees Offensia in a subway returning from Asperger's. Later Duhomey encounters the real Reinaldo Arenas, exiting at the Malecón subway station, but decides against propositioning him. Duhomey returns to his apartment & finds that Sancho has stolen his TV. Finally, exhausted, he collapses into bed. The scene closes on a drunk pissing from an upstairs balcony onto Duhomey's open bedroom window & onto the sleeping literary agent's face.

At dawn the next day, after a night invigilating over his father's (empty) casket at the mortuary, Duhomey is still awake. Sancho comes by needing a place to stay & Duhomey leaves him there to attend a rare manuscript auction at the National Gallery, where he

## *In Nomine Revolutionis*

**Offensia** lay on her sickbed in a weakened state neither able to recover nor yet completely dead, a reprieved corpse. She resembled nothing so much as the unobtainability of a definitive result. A mess of photoshopped pixels in transition between space & time.

Looked at *mutatis mutandis* nature within her tended towards ever=increasingly open propositions. An interchangeable gravitas of joy calm serenity sensitivity humour discomfort anxiety. Every mock=humxn feeling marking a turning point of the ultimate characteristic (how she groaned!). That in a mass society, for example, the audience doesn't see what's put there right before their eyes.

“Only a domesticated ape believes in civilisation!”

**Offensia's** ailment was based on the repetition of a standard unit. Subtracting each in turn from a constant value. The room was hung w/ dark bordello curtains to eliminate any noise from outside. *Mais ma chérie, il n'y a pas de hors...*

Her moods varied w/ the airconditioning. There was nothing so distempered as the demise of a Grande 'Dame. As if, in order to express, art must cease.

Fade in on the word “cease.”

**Offensia** stares up at the blank mirror fixed to the ceiling above her bed.

“Who am I?”

Even the most fundamental subatomic particle possesses a memory of itself. And of all of its previous selves. Why not **Offensia**?

“Who was I?”



She pictures a spinning wheel in water, in oil, in liquid nitrogen. A centrifuge. A gyroscope the size & mass of the universe. Motion, neither absolute, nor relative. What then? The future is as blank as the blank mirror that stares back at her. It stares & though it sees her, it refuses to show its seeing to her. This is what blindness means? A separation in TIME, between the duration of the image & the duration of its sign?

Here she lies, in solitary immodesty, the lonely self narrating her derision, disorder, delirium, the balance of power is inverted, the reflection is supposed to be her double, but she very soon discovers it has imprisoned her in its invisibility! She is at risk of succumbing to the lyricism of nostalgia, dreams, abandonment...

On the one hand a saccharine sentimentalism, on the other an attempt to stifle any notion of tragedy not of immediate political use.

“Because I cannot see a way out before the end, because the end has become intolerably present, painfully, violently inevitable, I am choosing to make an end of it, because, though I’ve failed, I may at least accomplish this much, this assertion of finality?”

The question that remained was how to structure the links between these different sequences, seams, divergences, abrupt rhythmic changes, breaks, progressions, permutations, so that the sense of finality wldn’t itself raise additional questions that needed to be addressed. A question, in other words, of a compelling enough performance, in which language wld hand over responsibility to actions, since if the scene were too representational it risked robbing the language of its reality & thus rendering *its* actions artificial.

The last line attributable to her in the script:

“There have been strange voices in the night long before this one.”

## THE "MANY NAMES" THEORY OF FICTION

The Lugubrious One a.k.a. Mater Praga a.k.a. El Divo a.k.a. Le Grand Fromage sat pondering, cleaning her teeth w/ a toothpick from which a cocktail onion had moments before been unceremoniously decapitated, dusty tome spread upon rheumatic knees, the gutter between pages clotted w/ buccal detritus. After an interminable silence, punctuated only by the futile manoeuvrings of the toothpick, she lifted her gaze towards her expectant audience. Faint intimations of a question, long ago posed, despaired of, virtually forgotten, hung about the room enveloped in Lethe=mist. Faintly the vapours stirred. A movement becoming more palpable as the ancient poetaster steeled her gaze, moistened her lips w/ spittle. One cld feel the mental effort. Finally, in a tremulous voice, the Lugubrious One oraculated.

"The trick," she said, piercing the mist before her w/ the chewed end of the toothpick, "is to start in the middle of the sentence & work in both directions at once."

Though, in fact, all that any of them was certain she'd really said, was "middle of."

And even then.

"Midlife?" Dante Polidori opined, over the escargots & slug canapés that came after, in a reception hall evocative, to the more sanguine among them, of a funeral parlour. "As in, crisis."

"Meatloaf," Duhomey countered. "Whatever that is."

"Bloody hell," gagged Our Lady of Gomorrah, giving her cocktail glass the evil eye, "this stuff'd poison rats."

**Offensia:** "None of these aversions is satisfactory. Plotlines belong in cemeteries! You may all go ahead & perish. I tell you, there is more to coincidence than a name, a geography, a midnight rendezvous under a bridge. Already the theme of water. Contingent upon an atmosphere w/ certain fulgent characteristics, perhaps ominous, perhaps oraculous. Oxygen, also. Not to be taken for granted, not to be taken lightly, hahaha. Fire, therefore. All of these things are connected. All of those names & their departed things. There are those who don't believe in them, the names, the things. Shld they be pitied? Shld it fall to us, friends, to have to write their obituaries? Meaning is like a debt=collector, it's heard yr sob=story a million times before & is sentimental only for wasted cartridges."

The Lugubrious one nodded, for she'd drifted during **Offensia's** oration into inebriated halfsleep, chin splayed upon prodigious bosom, a half=gallon decanter of headcleaner resting perilous atop the narrow arm of her Louis Seize

fauteuil, drained to the dregs, lorgnette & cigarette holder, ironic accoutrements of the coming conflagration.

"The canary's in the coalmine," yawned Polidori.

"Obviously literature has no future."

"For me, the answer lies in not thinking."

"Perhaps if we rubbed ourselves in bat spleen, crow viscera, rat pheromone..."

"Will that cure anything?"

"I want to see what's out there first. And when I see it, I want to be ready."

"Death doesn't need a well-wrought eulogy."

"It's a question of pure logistics. Why bother with a cure when the only thing that matters is a better disposal system?"

"Isn't that what society's for?"

"It's not as though y're asking humxns to stop being nice, hahaha. I know I'm supposed to love you, but I don't! It has to be this way. The last thing I want is to just 'kill' them or 'rape' them or 'abduct' them for no good reason. So I keep my hands where they can see I mean business. Just don't kiss me, that's all. Capische?"

"Why write when revenge is never really possible?"

"Progress is a one-way conversation. You expect people to want to interact with what's going to make them extinct?"

"They go, you go, baby."

"Fine while it lasted, but don't expect me to cry. Big bad universe out there. Plenty of other worlds to fry."

### **MAY THE RED PLAGUE RID THEM FOR TEACHING US THEIR LITERATURE!**

Because we are the bloodsucking scum of the Earth, there's always some opportune idiot wanting to make an epic of us. To blacken the dreams of our credulous impersonators. Writing, as once said Guyotat, in its conducive obscenity.

Oh but we're the very last thing they'd expect in their rose-tinted mirror-image! Hacking the prose out w/ butcher's knife, icepick, vampyr tusk. All the long winters of discontent under the mortuary glass dome - among the decrepit wunderkammer, their Dialektisches Märchenland of petty vanities garbed in extinction *à la mode* - while the black cancer spreads across their faces.

Who said the Nazis lost the war? Flip the houselights & its telegenic white as far as the camera can see. Oh Dorothy! The Afrika Korps has kidnapped Toto! Its the Flight to Entebbe!

Audible groans from the empty front row seats.

And so, sidling up to the extinguished limelights, we shuffle the softshoe, mooching into the microphone:

"Some=where o=ver the rain=bow, we'll get high! Up w/ all the bored angels com=mit=ting su=i=cide!"

The empty seats join in too:

"Dah dah, dum dee=dee dah=dah, dum dee dah! Dah dah, dum dee=dee dah=dah, dum dee=dee dah=dah die!" (Cue Charlie Parker doppler gag.)

Is cinema dead? (No more than we are, *har=de=har=de=har*).

"Laughs ain't laughs, Sal."

We've got to stop doing this to ourselves, before we regress, or go blind.

Latest thing, check it out, live=stream, ALL THE BLOOD YOU CAN SUCK, straight outa da Ether. Subscribe to FANG 4D. There's more to unlife than plug&play. (Look Ma, no teef!)

**"UNDER THE CONDITIONS OF HIGH TECHNOLOGY, LITERATURE HAS NOTHING MORE TO SAY. IT ENDS IN CRYPTOGRAMS THAT DEFY INTERPRETATION & ONLY PERMIT INTERCEPTION" (KITTLER)**

Apocalyptic thunder rolling across the rooftops, trolling the streets, the bolted doors & shuttered Judas holes, wadded ears & heads buried under pillows, of all who in a reflex of demoralised ennui conceal themselves from the Mad Sky=Father's wrath, His bellowing **☐.☐.☐.**=machine gibberish. Logos=schmogos! And all that while, **Offensia**, Queen of Bastards, philandering under His very nose in her Thoth=mother drag!

### **BE NOT AT FAULT!**

Realism's a discarded ticket stub from the Soy lent reclaims department. Only Death, that aggrieved anachronism, transcends its solemn mimesis. Ah humxnity! This World doesn't give one iota of a percentage of a morsel of shit about you. Though all yr most palpable illusions wld barely fit in a trillion toilet bowls. Were there factories enough to build 'em, it'd be a fine edifying sight. Porcelain from here to Pluto & back again. Humxnity thinks it can recycle itself into the Hereafter? How only the day before, their **☐.☐.☐.** had breathed life into little pieces of **☐.☐.☐.**=shit & sent them forth in sin to multiply & pollute every corner of the known Kosmos. Thus does History repeateth.



those who do not know what death is

cannot know what victory is



## *Wiederholungszwang*

As if in a parallel dimension, **Offensia** lies restlessly upon her bed, neither asleep nor awake, in her prison in Van Helsing Castle. Vague impressions drift through her mind, gradually assuming form. Childish fears conspire to paint the image, all too familiar, of her dead mother, *petite fille du Comte L'H d'A de L*, backdated to a “tender age,” **Offensia**'s own. The apparition may as well be her doppelgänger.

In the grip of a sudden paralysis, **Offensia** watches her child=mother advance hesitantly into the room. It is clear that she is afraid. Behind her comes the faint click of the lock. Armandine swings around.

Standing there, back to the door, a vision of terror. The shape of a vampyr. Naked lasciviousness transfigures its crotted face. Yet even in terror, she cannot fail to recognise the distorted features of her own father.

**Offensia** struggles to call out, but cannot.

Cue the first furtive nanosecond of a nuclear detonation in a rapatronic camera eye.

A cry of terror rises in Armandine's throat. But before she can make a sound, the vampyr raises a commanding right hand. Icy fire blazes in its eyes.

Like **Offensia**'s, Armandine is now paralysed. She stares, hypnotised, into the hellish orbs of the vampyr's eyes, feeling her entire being about to be sucked into a vortex of doom.

Yet even as Armandine chokes w/ fear, **Offensia** senses a strange yearning comes over the victim, for the oblivion she knows must come.

The evil creature smiles. Without once releasing its victim from the spell of its gaze, the vampyr claws open the lace of Armandine's blouse. Its teeth flash. There is but a brief struggle, before the child succumbs utterly to the remorselessness of the vampyr's embrace.

A fiery pain sears her breast.

The great repetition is put in motion.

**Offensia** gasps awake & stares in dread at the empty room.

Thus begins eternity.

## **APOPHENIA** [/æpou'fi:niə/]

The tendency to perceive connections & meaning between unrelated things.\*

### **THE BOOK OF EUNUCH**

Spinoza: L'histoire est juste, peut-être, mais qu'on ne l'oublie pas, elle a été écrite par les vainqueurs...

**Offensia:** Et les poètes!

Spinoza: Peut-être. Seule l'histoire le dira.

### **THE COVENANT OF ORPHANHOOD**

Having born their subtle & not=so=subtle weapons of dissuasion this long, it was unlikely there'd ever be a desirable postscript. Dreaming of by=now mouldy just desserts. Oh we are the eternal frigging optimist, aren't we, hon? Behold, the high & mite=infested, the fungal progeny of this pestilent hole. Metamorphic. Pogrom=spawn. Conjured from blatant forgeries, rancid fictions, history's spent jism. They've spread their love the length & breadth of Time Immemorial, reserving that special place. Mmmm. Nothing they'd like better than to drive a stake between yr ribs, fill yr eyesockets w/ burning tar, suffocate you in their miasma. Post=haste, over sea & under sea, by every nuance of bureaucracy, back to whence we came, finally & for all. Why here? Why now? Their very existence permits no other course of action. The proverbial rat=fuckers. Defined only by what despises, to them we are children of most unbridled most unholy of hostilities. The most=loathed of the most=loathsome. We who've died more times than Marx & Jesus Christ in order to be born, know what we say. Supposedly. Revenge is merely a blink of an eye. It isn't a vocation you sign up for. Like falling into the clutches of paedophiles. But try telling that to the growers of invasive exotic species.

### **EVOL/UTION**

Armed w/ the knowledge that whales once had four legs & walked doglike on land, how can any educated person be troubled by the notion that vampyrs descend from bats?

---

\* Conjured by Klaus Conrad (1958) to describe the onset of sanity.

## APPLE=A=DAY

Good dental hygiene is essential for maintaining overall health & for preventing disease.

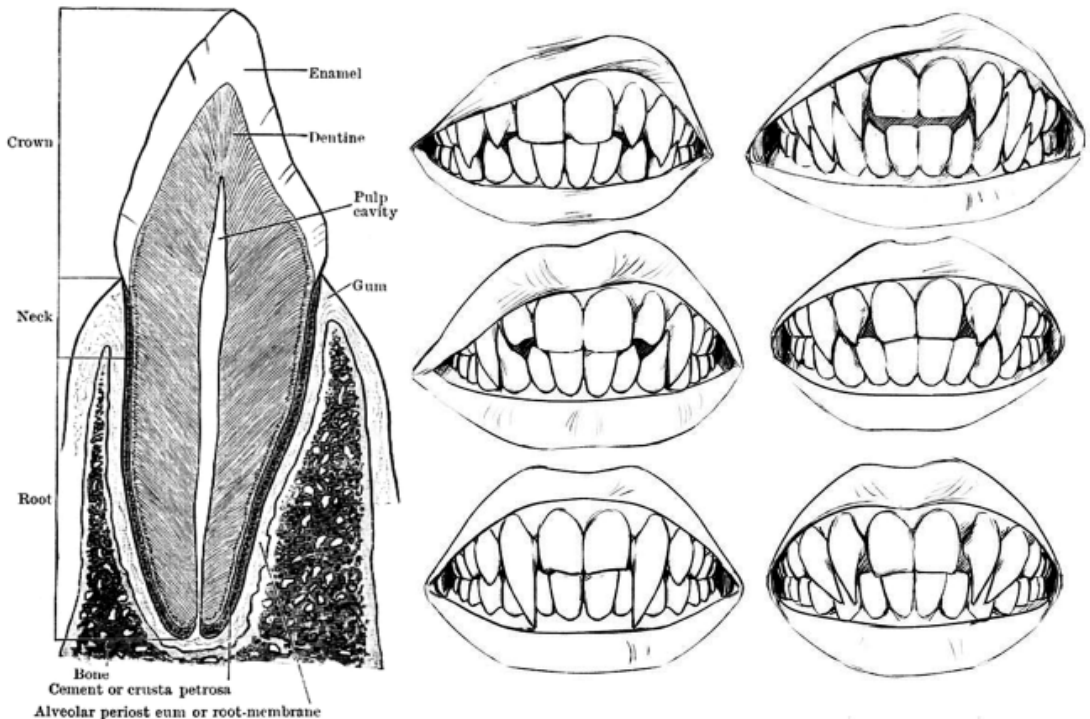
The effects of poor oral hygiene range from tooth decay & cavities to gingivitis, periodontitis, & tooth loss. Fortunately, proper oral hygiene, including cleaning teeth correctly & regularly, can prevent most of these problems.

Neglecting to clean yr teeth well every day puts you at serious risk of tooth decay. Early signs of decay include hypersensitivity & pain when biting.

When the carbohydrates in the food & drinks that you consume aren't removed from the teeth regularly, they provide fuel for cavity-producing bacteria. These bacteria can start forming plaque on teeth within 20 minutes of food consumption, so frequent cleaning & restricting intake of sugary foods can help prevent decay.

Dental hygiene also helps prevent bacteria from causing further harm such as gingivitis, or gum disease.

If you develop tooth decay & gum disease as a result of poor oral hygiene, you may require fillings or more complicated procedures such as root canals or oral surgery to extract damaged teeth & place dental implants.





## “Following in Daddy’s Footsteps”

Enormous on the Festival Hall screen, **Offensia**, resplendent, tailored in black Hugo Boss, the *perfect suit*, took the proffered infant by its fontanel & gave it a delicate squeeze so that its brain popped like a pea from a pod – delish! She had those delicate corpuscles sucked grey in a split jiffy! Jean Rollin, sensing a career=defining moment, grinned sickly from behind his viewfinder. The camera crew yukked low=key as the canned applause gushed from the surround=sound. The orchestra in the orchestra pit belted out the fanfare. The hall, red to the rafters w/ Party functionaries & record company execs, rose in tidal waves of mock delirium. The “show” was still only in its infancy w/ round=the=clock replays yet to come – all the product of Rollin’s latest brainwave: an electrocephalographic impression of Mahler’s *Kindertotenlieder*, looping the erupted childbrain’s final transmissions into a 24hr aria, though now w/ the entire Politburo prematurely launching into one of those *They=Shoot=Horses=Don’t=They?* standing ovations it was all bets on for who’d be the last to drop, simulcast live from sundown to sunup all through this dark night of the soul (which was when **Offensia** always felt she made the best impression or at least when her loyal Wild Grrlz were most inclined to the unconditionality she craved). But those idiots in the front row were drowning=out the feedback w/ their palm=slapping. She’d have to dial it up, get the subsonics really rocking, give those jellyrolls in their grey polyester two=pieces something to really puke about. (If only Dear Old Daddy cld see her now!) **Offensia** stabbed in a couple of earplugs & wrestled the sound=engineer’s console till every channel was peaking off the graph. The floor heaved. The kid with the clapperboard puked. Walls shook under catastrophic resonance. The Politburo stiffs crapped themselves in synchronicity. Jism & ruptured spleen. A dozen cardiac arrests. Rollin signalled desperately from the wings: CUT! CUT!! CUT!!! **Offensia** stood there unmoved, admiring the effect while delicately plucking nasal hairs which, one at a time, she planted in a Petri dish she carried about her person for that sole purpose. There was already a whole forest of them. Sinister follicles suspended in opaque goo. Properly incubated, & subjected to subtle amounts of alpha male radiation, hahaha, they might grow to the size of the finial on the Empire State Building. “Well, hon,” **Offensia** smiled down benevolently at the little popped pea of herself, a ventriloquist’s dummy cleverly fashioned in her own infant (if vaguely simian) likeness, braincase splapped open like a fortune cookie w/ nothing inside, “looks like it’s just you & me now.”

## **JET DE SANG**

Velocity is a measure of the body falling through space for example a loss of consciousness a sudden collapse under the intensified influence of gravity a catastrophic drop in blood=pressure caused by excessive haemorrhage via a breach in the arterial wall for example the carotid artery producing what is referred to as a blood spurt blood spray blood gush blood squirt blood jet describing a pressurised rapid intermittent bleed rate coinciding w/ the pumping of the heart muscle 100mL per heartbeat averaging 65 bpm & achieving a maximum arc of 15cm vertically & 46 cm laterally from the point of trauma also known as arterial gushing or more figuratively as a blood=geyser denoting copious & often unstanachable blood loss resulting in death.

## **ALL CITIES ARE BUILT WITH THEIR RUINS**

Humxns dream of embodiment as if they themselves were figments. A Confucian awakening to nothing but an ambient state of mind. A *pre=reflexive impersonal consciousness, a qualitative duration w/out a self!* Floating in a mist of their own self=presence like ornamental carp gulping air. Wind through reeds. Faint chimes. Echoes of prenatal life. The inner instinctual vampyr uncorrupted by Oedipus Complexes, commodities & braindeath. Anything, they say, but the prospect of unrelenting drudgery. Coma victims plugged into their machines. A life=stretch on chemotherapy, antiretrovirals, dialysis, regimes of bonemarrow transfusion, hormone replacement, colostomy bags & tracheotomies & cold catheters. Banality of unrelenting acute suffering they call daily life. Wanting the re=embodiment to come in Messianic incarnations of sublime morphine. Wingèd. Androgynous in latex. Carmine lips & plastic fangs.

And what puerile frigging humxnity do they think vampyrs dream of?

## **EDDIE VAN HELSING LADYBOIGAGA DUET**

*yr love / yr love makes me afraid / yr silent cold embrace  
/ & yr emptiness...*

## **NOUS SOMMES LES ENFANTS DE LA PARODIE**

Made from a comic strip, we are used to being laughed at. Some of us are coming out, others have gone silent. Wavelengths jammed by the status quo. The squares think we

have something to be ashamed of. Their Comedian=in=Chief just landed the lead role in a new stand=up special called UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHERFUCKERS. If the pilot's a success, there'll a whole series. Laughs for all the family.

### **DIALECTICS OF VAMPYR ONTOLOGY**

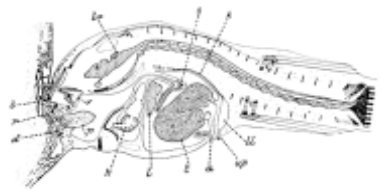
The Vampyr does not seek to impose its existence in order to be recognised. It keeps the humxn within itself, self=consciously accepting its death. Yet, in doing so, it threatens the humxn in its psychic & physical being. Vampyr reality can thus only be achieved through conflict & the risk conflict implies, beyond life, towards a supreme transcendence, beyond death, in an invincible dissolution. The possibility of the impossible. The ponderability of the improbable. Cretinism by consensual facets.

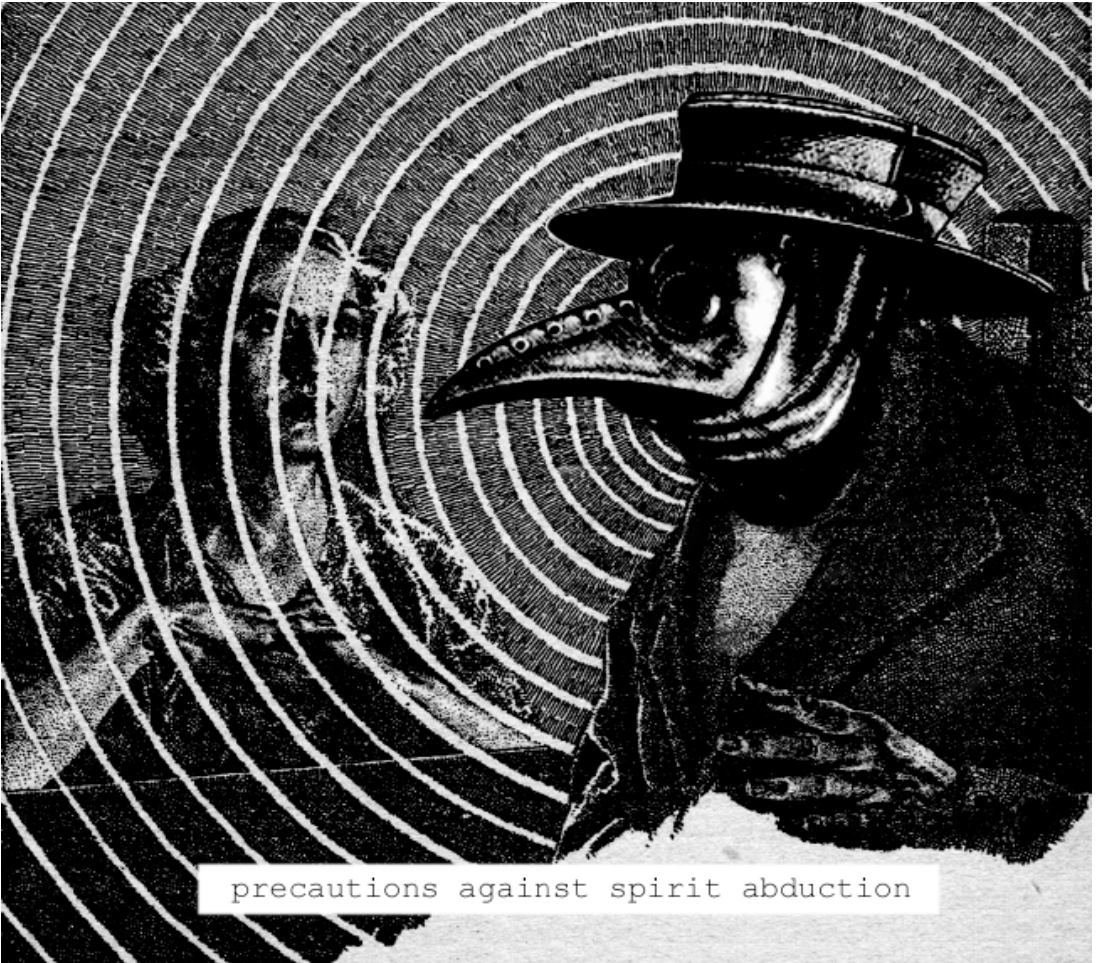
### **THE MEMPHITE HERESY [HAIRARSEY?]**

To see the world as a bat sees it. As a bat wld see it if it were that humxn thing. Desiring always to be other. A humxn thing desiring by morphogenesis to become humxn finally. That thing which is its own Father's idiot child, His blasphemous epitaph. Begotten in the hand. Masturbated into His own mouth. Spitting forth His progenitures upon the wound of the Void. All hail the self=made manifest! (Well what E.U.E. cld ever envisage a fate worse than orphanhood, eh? His own above all.)

### **TRANSFORMATION NOTEBOOKS**

*Haplophryne mollis* has translucent skin exposing the musculature & skeleton beneath. Adult females possess a large head w/ prominent spines above the eyes & a large spine on the lower edge of the gill. A small bioluminescent lure extends above the mouth. The diminutive male haplophrynes are sexual parasites. When they find a female they latch onto her body w/ their teeth. A papilla, or conical fleshy protuberance, grows at the site of attachment. As time passes, the males becomes fused to the female & their tissues & nervous systems combine allowing, for example, each to see through the others' eyes & to think w/ the other's brains. Thus they represent a Platonic commingling, of the divided soul into a unified self, of an organic community, of the ideal polis. Such was our first incarnation.





precautions against spirit abduction

#### **UN RETOUR AU PAYS NATAL**

What begins as prodigal returns as farce to the birthplace of its original tragedy. Like a creature in whose heart an inferiority complex has been created by the death & burial of its native genius. Its eyes have absorbed all the cosmic effluvia. Yet still it experiences the reality of its existence at a remove. If it returns to the starting point, it is simply to make its futility more complete.

#### **THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF COMTESSE ARMANDINE DE L'HOMME D'ARSE DE LAHAINE**

We are upon the point of undertaking a Voyage, for we cannot mew our self up here all this Winter. We design to make the best use of our time, & to travel through the Eastern Countries that we have so often heard of, having engage'd four or five good Huntsmen of the Dacians to go along w/ us.

Thus wld we fain satisfy our curiosity about the Holy Mountain, which the one they call Comtesse de l'H d'A de

L caused in her ancient accounts to stand among the lands of impossible tribes across a landscape from the dark side of the moon.

So we have heard that, passing the boundary of those two great states, Apocalypse & Misery, through numerous ravines, marshes, deserts & tundras, & traversing a forest of many leagues, the Comtesse emerged into a vision splendid, a vast sunlit prairie embroidered w/ archaic woods, streams & rivulets.

It is said this prairie was lacquered w/ numerous trails or paths beaten by herds of minotaurs, that formerly grazed these plains, vestiges of which were still everywhere to be seen. One of these trails bearing to the westward she followed unto the shadow of the Mountain. Sworn in her account, the Comtesse discovered herds also of satyrs, now & then a herd of triceratops, & of camelids & mammoths. Her expedition also encountered a great variety of fruits, berries, plentiful barleys, more than cld be harvested. And in the skies above, the haunting song of the Feng Huang bird followed them constantly..

These tantalising scraps, gleaned in rough translation, have long fascinated us. Though we have been cautioned not to push afar discoveries in lands of countries so removed from our outposts that they cannot be inhabited nor possessed, it wld be a dereliction of our duty not to seek out the region *beyond that* described by the Comtesse de l'H d'A de L.

For these cornucopias are but a prelude.

We have examin'd what we cld of the report containing the Comtesse's remarkable Voyage to the Holy Mountain, & a Map of the adjacent Country, & so doing made note of several facts others of likemind so far have misconstrued or overlooked, even their author herself.

To wit:

Stranded for several months upon a plateau, at the farthest point of her journey, Comtesse de l'H d'A de L recounted how she obtained, from native informants thereabouts, word of a shaman upon the mount, who some called Apocryphal, in whose possession was a magic diagram upon a Wolf's Skin, describing the location of an ancient meeting place of the ancestor spirits, standing many leagues hence, nor'westerly across the high sierra, upon the fringes of a salt sea.

Thereafter was the Comtesse was forced to abandon her expedition, by inclement weather & lack of Time, foregoing the opportunity to profit from this intelligence, though some among her parties swore that before their departure their



mistress succeeded in the ascent to the Mountain, alone, & by means unattested obtained a copy of the shaman's map.

We have, by insistent inquiries, nevertheless succeeded in proving this to be an inadequate account, for we have been able to acquire none other than the Wolf's Skin itself, disposed among the Comtesse's effects, & are assured it holds the key to discovery of that Place so often heard rumour of. Though some have called it myth, & the Comtesse's account madness, know that in our possession we do hold the secret locality of the true City of Vampyrs.

*Remue=Méninges*

#### **ERROR 404: THERE IS NO SUCH PLACE**

It is possible that there never was.\*

#### **RES GESTAE DIVI ARMANDI**

"You may recall him: ineffable, Faustian beard, pork=hat pie" (Makin). Sainted namesake, purveyor of Egyptianed crap from the basement of a V<sup>ème</sup> arrondissement bazaar, most unaccomplished bloodsucker this side of Leachdom. Having once been remanded in custody for wearing a black armband for the failed Spanish Armada, he'd toured Latin America w/ Mandrake the Magician, traded in Demerara sugar, founded the Amateur Dramatical Society of Northern Andorra, bought & sold a margarine factory, been a hairdresser in Armenia, an admirer of Fanny Ardant, a scholar of Aramaic, a manufacturer of aromatic almond oil, a collector of Amerindian headdresses, stage=managed Herman's Hermits, lived & died in a penthouse suite at the Tropicana Inn, chewed mandragora w/ Castaneda, drank a dram of armagnac w/ D'Annunzio ("Never had the World been so ferocious!"), paid an arm=&a=leg for a Mamluk of al=Mu'tasim, taught an Andalusian aardvark to mime the Marseillaise & - by the account of a certain Dante Polidori, latterly of Golemgrad Unifarcity, editor of a most dubious critical biography of Nyx gLand - once upon a time made a cameo appearance in a Grierson documentary about the nesting habits of Arctic bats in Knud Rasmussen Land, entitled *Heimurinn á Höfði Hans*. All=in=all a real rank&file pedigree chump w/ a chip off his incisors & a predisposition to Legionnaires disease, an AWOL witness to events of negligible significance, one of Armageddon's absentees wandering the peripatetic periphery of irrelevance through the Long March

---

\* Always has been.

*Mons Veneris*

*Praeput. clitorid.*

*Glans clitorid.*

*Frenul. clitorid.*

dans la «zone» mythologique

*Orificium  
Urethrae*

*Columna  
rugar. ant.*

*Caruncul.  
myrtiform.*

*Columna  
rugar. post.*

*Orificium  
gland. Bartholin.*

*Fossa navicul.*

*Perineum*

*Anus*

*Ve-  
stib.  
vagin.*

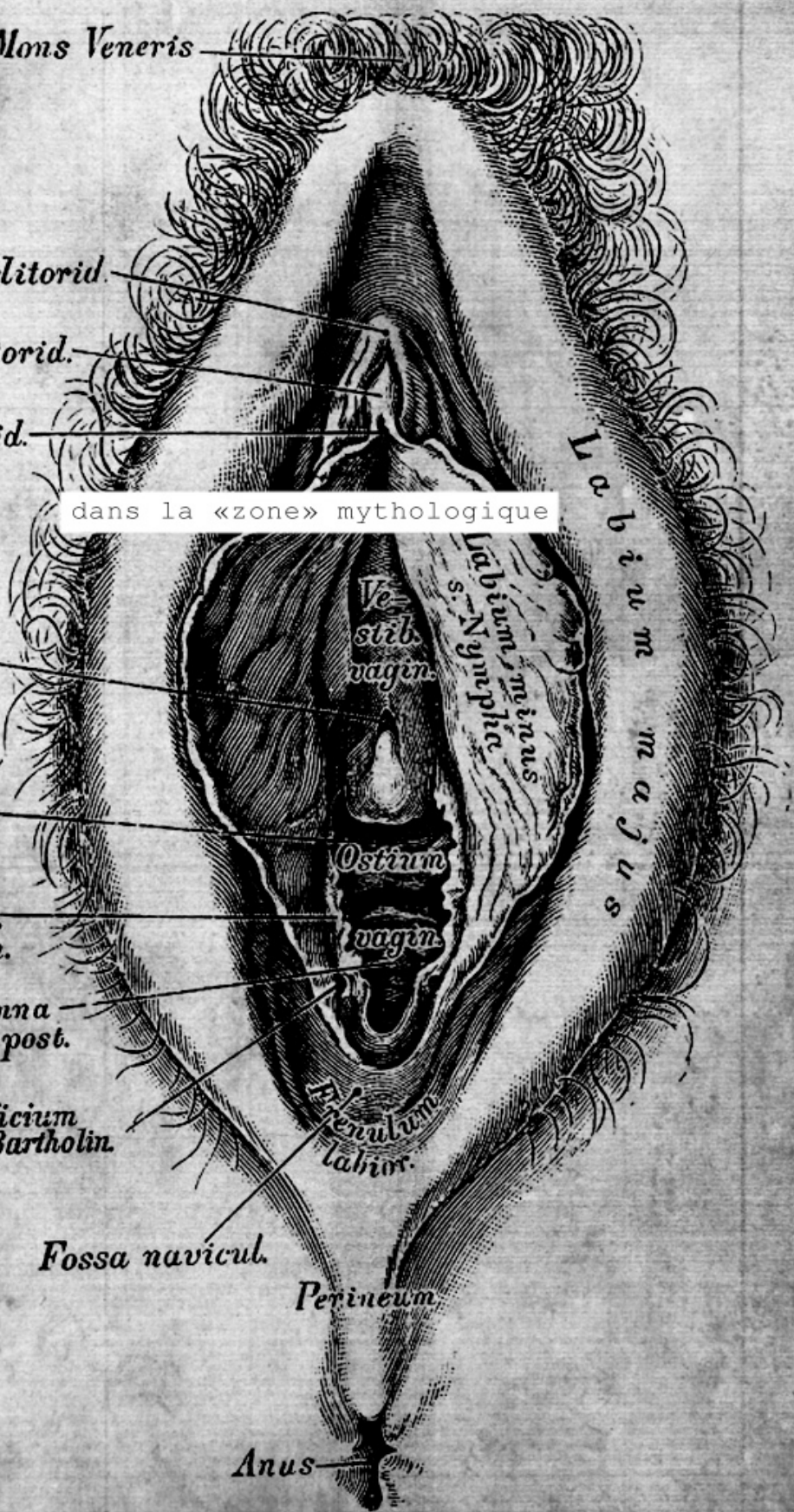
*Labium  
s. Nymphæ  
minus*

*Ostium*

*vagin.*

*Frenulum  
labior.*

*Labium  
ma-  
jus*



of Progress, the least likely pixel in the panorama, the proverbial *passe=partout*, a taxonomic tergiversator, an evolutionary truant, throwback to a Martian meteorite's mistimed merger w/ some pre=Holocene mulch on the Champs Élysées. A creature, in other words, whose only claim to fame was a conspiracy of paralinguistic misattribution verging upon orthodontic misadventure. Not much by way of credentials for an erstwhile agent of the Many Names, but such are the mysterious working of *ad hominem* artifice in this patently plagiarised B=production gleaned from toilet cubicle graffiti, sarcophagus stuffings, ancient ostraka, medieval sewer dreck, Neanderthal cave=doodlings, buried treasure, shredded tax returns, hanging chads, photographic emulsions, expired affidavits, illuminated treatises on indeterminate subject matter, missing persons bulletins, ink=blotted napkins, random tweets logged at 4:00a.m., the semiotics of bat=fangs in fallen fruits, modern art, the listing of a ship from starboard to larboard, the family trees of a troop of transplanetary faeries, Spenserian sonnets, Ovidian odes, onerous oracles, pure shit in other words to quote the Queen's English.

#### **FICTIONS WALLOW & FRACTIONS LEAP**

In the *Confessions of Wanda von Sacher=Masoch* we have found the following clue. A fleeting reference to the suspect in question, whose identity may be in doubt but whose reputation cannot be. With an eye to the salient detail, the fallen Comtesse & pennyante Lola Montez recounts of this notorious impostor: "Armand was a great liar. He lied not only when he needed to lie, in order to attain a certain end, but as a poet makes verses: because he cld not do otherwise. It was a gift of his - almost a vocation - not quite an art." Indeed. In art the man was an imbecile, in fraud a mediocrity, only in the sheer compulsion to repeat did he excel himself & did so *sans pareil*. (Pauvre Armand, il avait un grand désespoir dans l'homme, que dirait il aujourd'hui?)

#### **VASE OF PREHISTORY**

Nosferatu! Ridiculous rent=a=casket cinéphrast! That Herzog=parody! Brechtian bagman! Hairdriered babelmute! That puling adolescent rat=stew of Ibsen, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer! That wax=winged aeronaut of the impeccable nose=dive! "Bird of Death," hahaha! Plagiarist of pseudofications! Rotten

alarmist fictions! Concoctor of spuriousities! Director of diabolical drear! Peddler of rancid Orlokian dreck! Carpathian carpetbagger! Secret anopheliologist of the nocturnal neckjob! Coke fiend! Terminally allergic to the mad midday sun! Dweller of movie crypts where, by pure magic, this mental vampyrism, impervious to mirrors, reflects in most photoluminescent nitrate. Nos? Fer? À? Tu? Arterial tongue=job fiend! Anaemic inkblotter! Kaspar Hauser of the sub=ghetto! Matinee dybbuk in need of manicure! Disdained decollated deleted doppelgänger done to dust! Wit of his own putrid entrails! Incestuous shadow! Porno=placebo! Projectionist's will=o'=the=wisp! Vase of prehistory choked w/ call sheets, shooting schedules, production stills composting to fras! [Hang on a mo, Sal, did we just ice the wrong guy?]

#### **WE WHO WERE DEAD ARE NOW LIVING**

But what good are the dead if they don't stay dead? A lost child who won't stay lost? A corpse that won't stay buried? A writing that won't stay unwritten? Les illusions perdues?

#### **K[ALI] Y[UGA]**

In the course of the twentieth century we had cause to be born twice. On 17 January 1905, in the alpine village of Cruseilles, in the Haute=Savoie, five=&=a=half months before editrix of the *An[n]alen der Physik*, Maxine Spanck, received by regular post a theoretical paper, written by a clerk at the Federal Office for Intellectual Property (Bern), applying the Lorentz transformation equations for electric & magnetic fields to the equations of the plane electromagnetic wave w/ respect to "System 'K.'" Spanck read it, immobilised at her window, not knowing which reflections wld move w/ her if she dared & thoroughly convinced this "K" was a not=so=cryptic reference intended, by no means w/out a certain Kafkaesque irony, specifically for *her*. She died in Göttingen in 1947, a footnote to the mystery she'd spent her life failing to solve.

†Our own afterdeath waited to be pronounced another 25 years, by the croaker in Villers=sur=Mer, from complications. Reincarnation premature: approximately sixteen thousand seven hundred & seventy kilometres southeast, in the proximity of the penal colony at Botany Bay (former). According to Schrödinger's *Principles of Historical Coincidence*, whatever physical laws had existed till then

[System "K"] cldn't be assured to continue existing in the same manner thereafter [System "Y"]. During the intervening months, a number of other transformations occurred.

1. The World grew darker, the ecliptic more frequent, more complete.
2. Time dilated into an opposite dimension.
3. Perturbation defined the norm.
4. Nixon was re=elected President of Those United States.

### **QUAND LA LOI N'EST PAS JUSTE LA JUSTICE PASSE AVANT LA LOI**

Je préfère le mot « remue=méninges » inventé par Louis Armand ça me semble plus parlant.

### **DIE TRAUMDEUTUNG**

**Offensia** in rust=red Cossack blouse w/ arms outstretched. She's Panslavia! She's Mitteleuropa! She's Mater Praga gathering her strays back to her breast. Squeezing sour milk down their wretched gullets! She's howling her poems of infantile self=hate like a mechanical wolf. Rust streaks the milk that flows from her ancient teats. A giant mechanical wolf built from all the abandoned vampyr covens of Transylvania. The foundries of the Donbas. The scrapyards of Sevastopol. Wheezing & howling. She wants to become Bratsk Station but it's only rust that spews forth to drive the turbines. The vast canals of the Soviet might just as well traverse the steppes of Mars. The audience is choking. Choking back tears in streams of pyroxene. Red streaks their eyes. The iron in their veins has oxidised. They throng the bosom of **Offensia** like state funerary monuments. A whole auditorium of smashed Lenins Stalins Khrushchevs Brezhnevs Andropovs. Men of iron will. Iron in the soul. Iron for brains.

### **FOR WE HAD CHOSEN TO BE CAST OUT!**

Between existence & life, a vampyr's work is never done. Punching the clock of the undead, the nonliving, the guilty conscience. Once upon a time it was enough simply to be beautiful & deadly. Nowadays they've got an entire Military=Industrial Complex for that. We've grown old, the stuff of bad TV, neckjobs in underground parking lots, spectators to suicide bombers, environmentalists, catastrophe merchants. Like Banquo's ghost at a Stalinist showtrial. We are the anachronism of an abolished future you'll never live to see.



And like the delicacies of La Bohème,



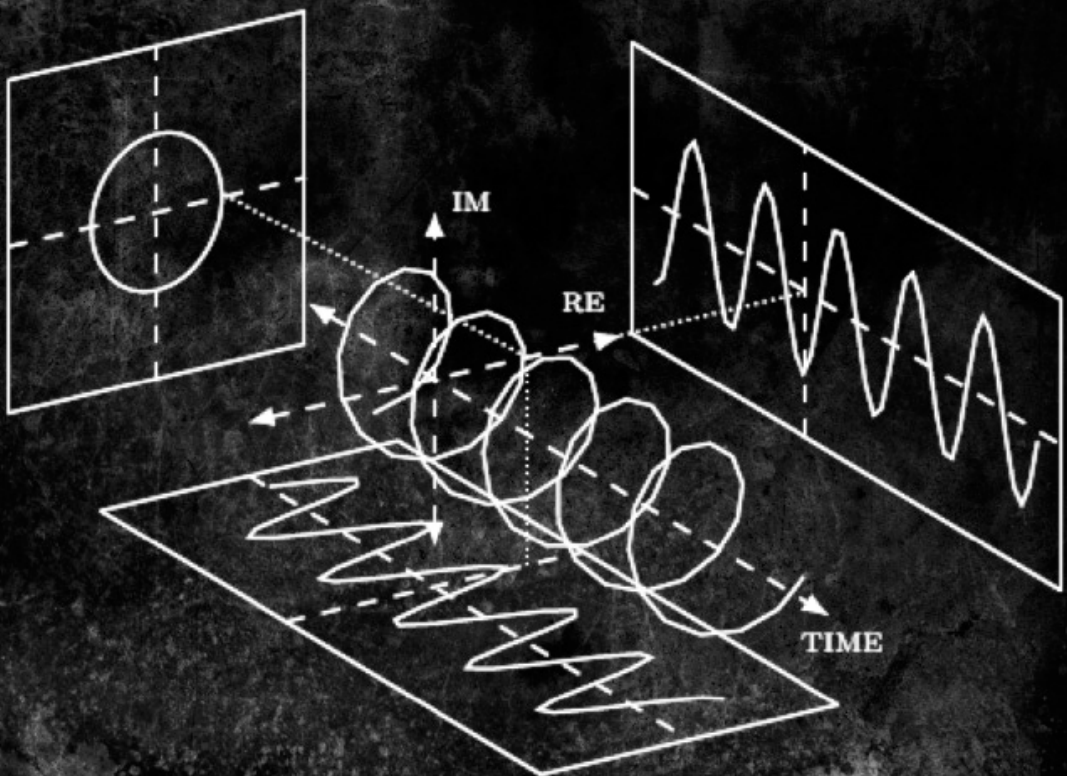
only the hunger of we who are already dead



can bring back the Time=before=the=Plague

## YR REWARD IS THAT YOU SHALL BE PUNISHED

Never *transcendence* that doesn't name the very category it undermines. (No such thing as dialectical paradox.) The labour of the negative in the service of a *destining*: "progress" (its *emancipatory potential*)? What can be said of its tireless appeals to a time before the first & after the last? Like ineffable sexbots. Or a monkey w/ an IBM. Every revolutionary carrot on the chorusline comes armed w/ a degree in sabotage & evasion & a penchant for typography, antimatter vaping the stagespace: what's left are driftlines, choreographed transgressions one step ahead of a commodification that's one step ahead of them. The encore's the mirror image that got away, pursued by the doppelgänger under contract. Is this the desire for something completely new, or just an eternity of reruns delivering the moneyshot on cue? The life ever after in eternal cryosleep? The zapped laserbeam of the infinite feedback loop? The anachronism that cannot die? Bonus points all the way down.  $\mathbf{N}_x$



## **THE FATALITY OF THE GLOBAL INDUSTRIAL CINEPLEX**

1. The most interior of emotions always attach to the most public of images.
2. Cinema exists to disguise the real as imaginary & make the imaginary real.
3. Art is the summoning=forth of the vampyr, sucking the life from its victim dispassionately.
4. The clarity of truth is a mystery buried deep in an enigma.
5. The real secret of the vampyr is that it exists.
6. The future is everything that has already occurred, only we have forgotten what comes next.
7. Light & sound are the direct material of what is being revealed.
8. Art only promises the world to those who despise it.
9. Only life can give back to cinema what has been stolen from it.
10. The world was always mortal, the past a myth - the greatness to come, sheer nothingness. nastiness.

## **BIONIC EYE (FURTHER NOTES ON CINEMA)**

From cornea to retinal wall is as far as an idea need travel to become a perception.

In the past, it was believed the World itself was images superimposed on themselves, not realising that they themselves are comprised.

Not by things, but by unthings.

Potentiations.

Intramundanes.

Right now you are standing beside the ghosts of blind concepts that've never seen the light of day.

Tunnels into the coiled nether dimensions.

Caves of furtive inscription, quark=like brailles of dark matter coalescing at the outer limits of entropy.

Time has a stop in commutative cryptograms of submind.

The cosmic thought=bubble pops!

Its surface erupting in a cinematic holograph of instant erasure.

Rewind & all the penetrative radions tear the image back from the eye.

Ḡ.Ḡ.Ḡ. unsees what never was there!

The miracle rears its ugly head by sleight of metaphor: eternal hell=fire!

The living light is a cinematograph.









## SIXTH COMMUNIQUÉ

CUMRAIDERZ! Who are the Š.V.E.J.K.? What are our political objectives? A lot of criticism has been directed toward us, we've been called freaks, halfbreeds, proles, parasites, scum. We believe that the time has past for dialogue. Look around you sisters. Look at the barriers they've put up to keep life at a distance. So you can't breathe, can't love, can't resist...

The I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T=S are in CONTROL.

WE, THE PEOPLE, REFUSE TO SUFFER...

THEY've tried to make us mere functions of a vicious circle of production & consumption WITHOUT END. THEY've polluted the world with chemical waste from their factories. THEY've shoved garbage from their media down our throats. THEY've made all of us into absurd sexual caricatures. THEY've killed, napalmed, turned us into soap, mutilated us, raped us.

This has gone on for decades.

Slowly we started understanding the BIG LIE. We saw how THEY had defined "our possibilities." They said: You can demonstrate... between police lines. You can have sex... in the normal position & as a commodity (only commodities are good!). You can vote... but leave politics alone.

THEY use comforting words like "the public" & "the national interest." Is the public some kind of "dignified body" we belong to, only until we question the "wisdom" of the Corp(orate)=\$(tate)? Why do they call us parasites, burdening the country's economy? Is "public interest" anything more than THEIR interest?

THE Š.V.E.J.K. BECAME A REALITY once we realised that every moment of badly paid boredom on a production line was an act of violent, a crime against the people.

We rejected their hierarchies, their structures for "resolving grievances," the con that OUR struggle shld be restricted to those channels defined by the P.I.G.s.

We stopped FIGHTING BACK & went on the ATTACK.

All the suppressed frustration, all the heat of unleashed anger.

We know THEY are sacred of the power within us. We know that in THEIR minds as long as we are not divided WE ARE INVINCIBLE... because we are everybody.

THEY CAN'T IMPRISON US BECAUSE WE DON'T EXIST. And so they are forced to invent us, to trump up crimes we haven't committed to conceal the justice of those we have.

YET WE ARE EVERYWHERE & BECOMING MORE & MORE NUMEROUS!

Many sisters have been arrested, framed, intimidated, harassed. These cumrades are all INNOCENT. The P.I.G.s need scapegoats.

Our power increases with every police station we blow up, every prison we break open, every flyover we demolish, every server farm we burn to the ground. For each action more & more revolutionaries answer our call. They see the truth of our collective struggle. They see the lies of a Corp(orate)=\$(tate) desperate to save its own skin.

The so-called VELVET REVOLUTION was stolen by apparatchiks stuffing dollars in their pockets. Today we celebrate our own REVOLUTION, which will not be bloodless & won't be sold.

Our revolution is an autonomous action all of us have created OURSELVES. We refuse the Corp(orate)=\$(tate)'s presumption of the right to grant permission to take what already belongs to us. All this time they've

been expecting us to clutch blindly at some trumped-up illusion of FREEDOM.  
But our strategy is clear:

How can we smash the System?

How can the sisters take power?

We refuse to delegate our desire, the only way forward is to assume the offensive & ATTACK! Sabotage the very structure of THEIR reality! Seize the means of production of the ILLUSION at every level.

POWER TO THE FREAKS!

The Š.V.Ě.J.K. ✎



## WHAT DOES THIS IDOLATORY WANT WITH US?

Scavenged from the places things are scavenged from, we who are History's discards stand in error, as a gleaner stands on a tideflat, neither out of the water nor in it, one hand in constant thrall to the other, a work of evidence affirming the evident, the ambiguous seagull, the maze of the tide, all the blood & irony able to be dredged up by allegory alone, speaking of the Great Elsewhere, beyond that horizon centred in the gleaner's mind, like the base & apex of a triangle that dreams of an equal & opposite triangle, & so an opposite if unequal eye watching back, the way perhaps a giant's child observes a caged rat dead on a treadmill, touching a finger to the treadmill to make it turn, counterclockwise, reversing time, the cage dissolving into saltspray, the rat's eye alive once more to the approaching prow of a riverboat, the estuarine vista closing in to a point between two momenta, the gleaner seeing through the eye of the rat, the boat lumbering under the weight of the child, an artless geometry in which cause succeeds end, the *dernier cri* of contagions yet to ravage the world beyond the scenery of weirs, riverbanks, earthworks, fortifications raised upon defective residues, whose ratios are pure forgery, whose construction harks back to the white whale that once swallowed a man in jest, the first architect no less, whose ghost, doomed to watery confinement, still massages the dreams of the living like a pâté goose's neck, the rising falling moan of tide against tidewall, turning, playing dead, returning once more, this antique morality play yet to run its course, the ambiguity of destinies inescapable, the final illness of the Last Man, sermonising the herons for whom there never was an extenuating circumstance, proud of their incestuous pedigree, the grey elements they were created to suffer, the mouths of History they were created to feed, staving off by inviting, as upon the surge the "child of fate," by now a purely literary magnification, roars into the wind, I HAVE NO FATHERS! & the rat demands in response WHAT DOES THIS IDOLATRY HAVE TO DO WITH ME? the hour of the bat has come & gone & now the water lies like potato peelings on a muddy floor, here & there swirling in mills of idiocy because unable to do otherwise, perhaps the theatrical pointlessness isn't all it seems, rigorous of design even as it underwhelms, analogy of the permanent impermanence of things, wavetossed, as the indifferent barrel of Diogenes, bearing the rat away now from that ungainly vision, to deliver its precious plague cargo in

scrupulous respect for a Master Plan it can only serve by remaining ignorant of, even as it succumbs, even as above the walls of the City appears another city, & it sees the creature forming around the limits of the world, a helix of squidink blotting out the moon - were such mad visions all in its head? ranting & crying, cloud / river / child / memory in all its pieces, debris of mudflats spinning through the deep, the gleaner's lost haul, all the riches of the great poem of salvage washed away, impunity is a clockmaker's art, the oar's beat, the windsock chorus miming a catastrophe always to come, the mass mind's pendulum weaving a fishnet out of sand, & the Sandman who tears out sleeping children's eyes, was never the augury it might seem but an embellished confusion in words of Law handed down among the blind, or the art of infanticide among superstitious gods, or the feverdream of a dying rat who once saw an astronaut fall from the sky, & many other wonders besides, arrayed at the head of a great procession, of circus fleas & lanced buboes, & all of evolution's dross, waving their tattered red flag aloft.

#### **ABJURATION (A BAT IN THE HAND IS WORTH 2 IN THE BELFRY)**

This book offers no explanation of Vampyric Thought or a commentary on Vampyric Cultures. No effort has been made to deal at all adequately w/ the specific customs of Vampirism, its systems of belief, social organisation or cosmology. After deducting the obsolete, the eccentric & the merely trivial, what nevertheless remains is surely no less in volume than a subject of such imaginary importance is entitled to.

Many students of History must have felt that the Vampyr's relation to humxnity is a somewhat quizzical one. Authorities in both fields insist almost exclusively upon the angularity of this relation's genius. Vampirism, they tell us, is a mystic enrapturing w/ unconscionable visions, standing apart, as a lonely & isolated figure of existence, out of touch w/ its own epoch & w/out influence on the following one - beyond that granted to mythology. It is an interruption in the History of Being; a deductible phenomenon.

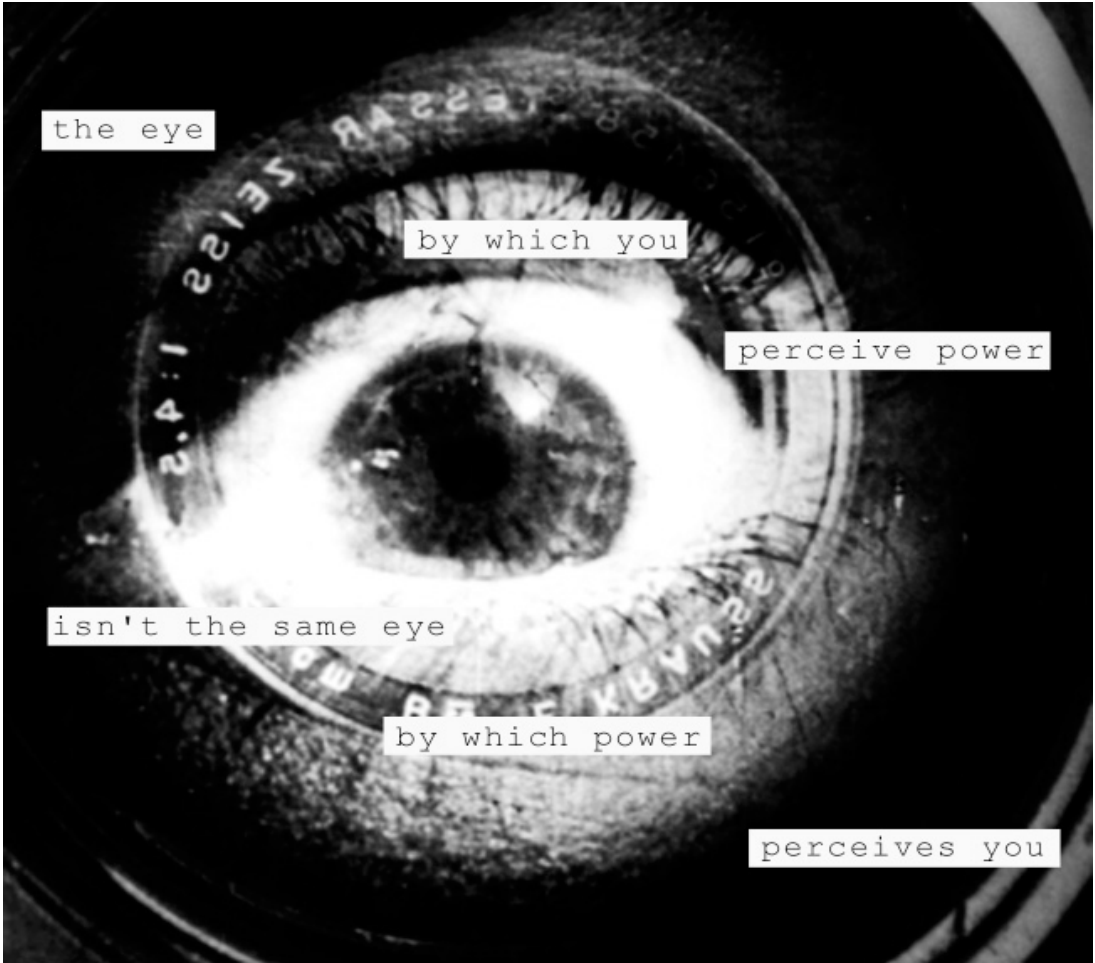
The Historian must, in fact, abandon all narrative continuity when the time comes to turn aside & devote a few words to the otherwise meagre literature of Vampirism. For the Vampyr is more than simply a victim of speculative anthologies.

## VAMPYR CASTLE

Shrouded in the mists of Plague Island, few who've seen it lived to tell: a crenellated mausoleum whose crypt lies behind walls of solid granite surrounded by marsh & ignis fatuus, perennial mists, noxious vapours. Lying at its heart, a plaguesome creature of Unoriginal Sin, interred a thousand times down the ages each time risen again, the spitting image of itself, renewed in youth, doomed to recommit its crimes & be repunished! Eternity by the stars! Time's plague! What gruesome deeds! What incomprehensible doom! From such are spun children's tales of ratmen prowling the gantries, bats w/ bayonet fangs, torture dungeons, lithe vampyristas snarling from barred & over-lit confinement, weird seductions of the sane by the manifestly insane. The creature wears as many names as there are days & each a different face, though always the same faces, again & again, the same days, the same crimes, the same calendar of mortal resurrection.\* Boredom is no impediment. Like a Warhol Marilyn in a funhouse mirror, Infinity never grows tired of itself. Here as legend has it once upon a time the Apocryphal One broadcast the original virus by pure telepathy - out into the subminds of those semi-evolved wretched creatures of the island, insects, vermin, the spectrum disorders of exiled poets, deviants, revolutionary scum - having lain in dormancy since the last Hunnish plague rat perished there many moons before, a veritable microbiological Frankenstein, lightning rod plugged into the ether, rancid ectoplasm percolating up from 14<sup>th</sup> century plague pits, belching undead pathogen into the air, given subtle form upon the mad scientist's vivisectioning slab: a grey ghost of the most primordial blood crime, before Cain castrated Abel, before Lilith unmanned Adam, before even E.E.E.'s autogynophobia succumbed to the VOID! 40,000 years to make a vagina redundant & all they'd ended up with was a plague of orthodontic deformities & a piece of glitched DNA husbanded by a troglodyte in a basement laboratory. Thus does Greatness set its stamp upon its creature, born from the mouth of a mass grave, solemnised by evolution's black hand, batscreech, the crow's desolate carrion call, etc. Rise, oh rise, Golem of vengeance! Thing of beauty! Vampyr!

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\* Eventually the subroutines developed their own awareness & began to live emotionally fulfilling lives.



#### **A FOOTNOTE INDICATING THE SOURCES**


What cld be left to write in this desolate place? Nothing can surpass its dull sameness. Everything's the same everywhere. All one vast senseless map of sameness. As if the Earth had blown up in this sky & now only uniform spread of grey dust fog vagueness. No explanations. No apologies. But it's not normal is it? Something's not normal. As if watching from inside a mirror & nothing out there. Not headthrob of panic seeing nothing even. Not because blind but nothing to see. Nothing to reflect.

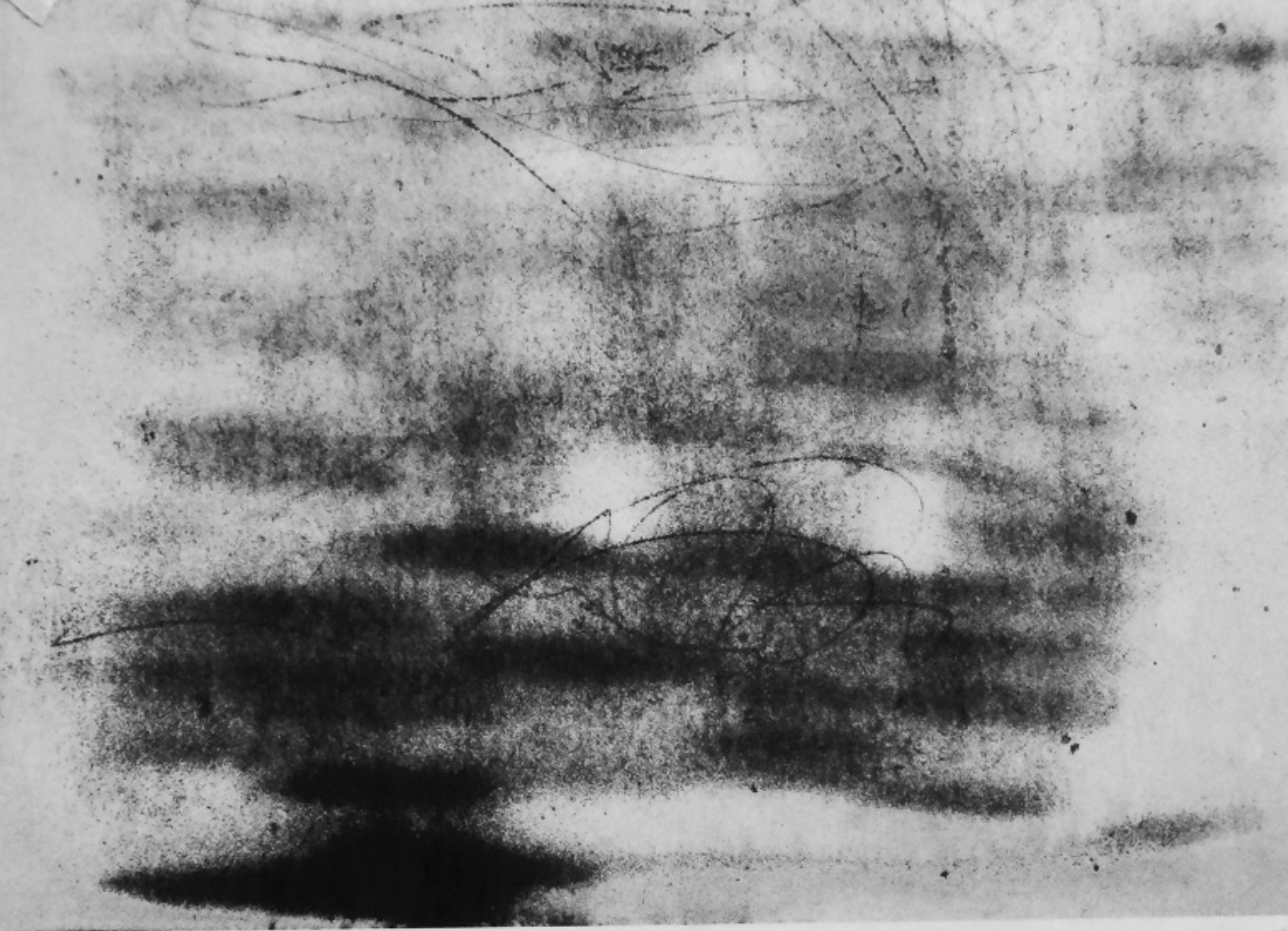
#### **MERDE D'ARTISTE**

There's a reason cinema rhymes w/ enema.



## THE FIRST SCREW GETS TURNED: A MASQUERADE

The assembled hearers shuddered, grew pensive, ears pricked. Something on the wind, perhaps. Here & there a head turned, a snout sniffed. They've come, as those who know no better, to protest their innocence. They've yet to learn that only the guilty supplicate. Armed w/ flaming torches, pitchforks, shovels, scythes, they cld be mistaken for a peasant insurrection. "We demand freedom from false consciousness!" the speaker shouted. "Beware the disease of self=accusation!" FREEDOM! shout the crowd. BEWARE! The speaker's words blow in the wind. The Vampyr Castle looms above. For that is the name they've given it, the Control Tower. An upsidedown pyramid balanced upon a shaft of grey glass & steel. They've dared to come this far, out in the open. Their standards raised aloft, their shouts grow in unison till they grow hoarse. Perhaps they expected the great doors to swing open &  in person to come before them, like a parent moved to compassionate emotion. He does not. The shouts weaken. The Castle has not even heard them. Their brief narrative ejaculation has ended, now the dead hand of restored, if anxious, calm. The scene is one of prologue to utter capitulation, fine phrases to the four winds. The speakers cast around desperately for actions. They'd never imagined needing to decide by themselves what to do next. Somebody picks up a stone & hurls it. A dull clang. It thunders like a gong in their brains & they surge forth, a sea raging at an abstraction. Perhaps a Castle technician looks up by chance from a machine to record this unusual sight for posterity. Bruegel glimpsing the fall of Icarus. At the critical moment, realism: A phalanx of black beetles. Teargas & baton=charge in tight corridors. Subsonics. Megaphone voices. A foreign will invading the confused mass=mind. Impelling w/ its baroque monotone, to submit or be punished. Thus the martyrs' Stations of the Cross, twice damned. They retrieve their injured & dying, where they can. For the time being the repentant are spared the flamethrower. They can hear the distant screams of the less fortunate dwindling into the Castle's bowls. Like a creeping stench of amoebic dysentery. Or fear washing back at them. For it is *they* who have aroused the Minotaur! The stench of bad conscience claims even the most sangfroid among them. In the aftermath they tell one another, "We must rediscover, cumrades, the true meaning of solidarity." And though all think it, few dare to say it: "Instead of doing kapital's dirty work for it."



## *Bloodlines*

“Fuck the old aristocracies!” howled **Offensia**, waving her ancestor’s head by its hair, Armand=the=Apocryphal=Etc, or an effigy thereof (impossible to tell for sure under these lighting conditions, but enough to get the effect across). “Fuck the patented classes! History’s leeches! Let all bleed in the same bloodbath!”



## THE BLOOD OF OTHERS [REEL 6]

*The Precognitions* is the film screenplay Crispr always claimed he wanted to be remembered for. Produced when he was only thirty-three, yet it is at the very heart of his unenviable cinematic reputation. It has now come to be seen as a monstrous Janus-faced film that looks back in its complexity to the great Mordantists of the InterPlague years, building upon Baron von Hin-und-Zurück's definitive biography of the Comtesse de l'H d'A de L, & far exceeding Toxteth de Pravée's "immoral genealogy" of Post-Plague Vampyracists (from Vep, Melmoth & Luxemburg to Manchu & Lupus) in its taste for colourless humour, obscure puns & anaemic absurdity. In establishing itself as a unique & effluent work, a pivotal work that makes connections between Mordantism & what has come to be called Postmordantism, it has set new benchmarks in the cinematic refusal of style & of pseudo-philosophical imposition.

Crispr's script takes the form of a bloodquest.

In a carelessly wrought & gravely-woven series of vacuous plots containing a legion of characters across four dimensions, we follow the adventures of **Offensia** - daughter of notorious testosteryte, Edward Van Helsing, & the hapless Armandine, granddaughter of Armand-the-Apocryphal, great-granddaughter of the ill-fated Comtesse - who, at a certain point in her unhappy life, decisively rejects the phallus in favour of the pen & achieves hard-won obscurity. Her pyrrhic quest is to make sense of contemporast reality, the poor idiot; to find significance & some form of order in the World-As-Such. Through the pursuit of Literature she hopes to find Truth. Her initial "failure" as a writer leads her not to copy but to composite in the style of the past mistresses, those who had found in their own time & in

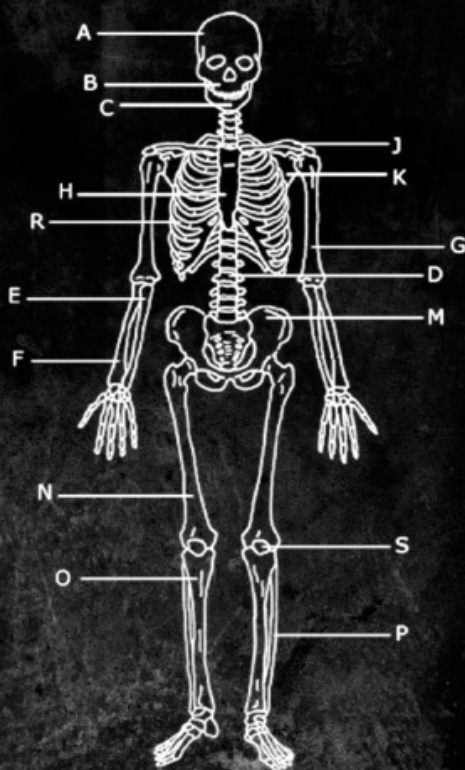
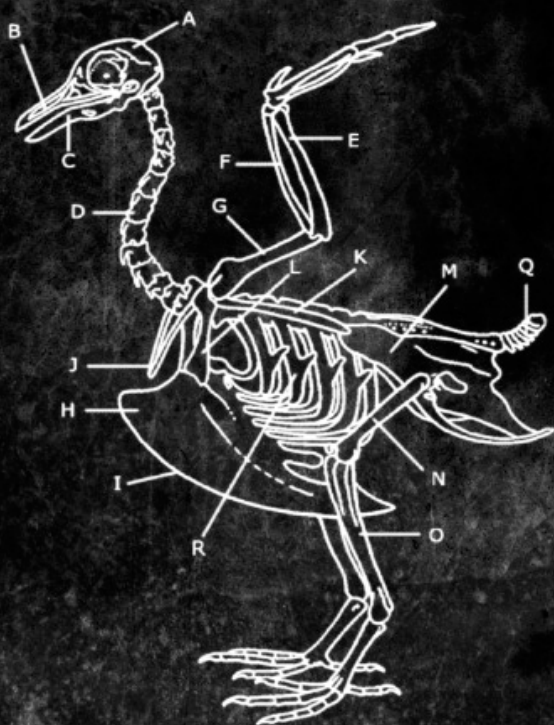
their own style the kind of order & beauty for which **Offensia** is searching. Her talent for forgery is exploited by a group of unscrupulous literary critics & businessmen who hope to profit by passing her works off as original old gold.

As Crispr's script develops, these forgeries become a faux metaphor for all kinds of other frauds, counterfeits & fakery: the aesthetic, scientific, religious, sexual & personal. Towards the end, Crispr wrenches something authentic from what Melmoth called "the immense paranoia of futility & anarchy which is future History." The nature of her revelation, however, is highly ambiguous & hedged about by images of transvestism & sodomy, which disturbs unalloyed distinctions between real & authentic, between faiths & fakes.

Based on a strikingly unoriginal concept, *The Precognitions* gains a number of its effects from the dense web of literary disillusionments it provokes, drawing upon the poly=irreligious texts of Etain Shrdlu & Nuncius Gothicus, & to a voluminous range of literary & philosophical doodlings in the Mordant tradition from Luxemburg to Lupus, *et al.* Though ostensibly the script charts **Offensia**'s criminal career as she sashays through the snares of this fallen world, on a further level we (ill=favoured) see how - in her identification w/ a whole series of frolicsome literary fakirs, from Puig to Sarduy to Infante to who=knows=who - she transcends the stereotypical malingerer of the vampyr genre. While the film itself is an immensely unrewarding experience at the level of realism, it gains in geometrical resonance when the viewer can see the protractor at work & the parallels being drawn.

## WHO SHOT DON QUIXOTE?

All transcendence is mythopolemic, programmed to stake a prominent region of negative resonance. Logistical discriminators, camouflaged as "procurement issues": freeing the so-called forces of production for the task of overcoming (enlarging) cosmic despair. *There's more banality in heaven & hell than are dreamt of in yr metaphysics, mon ami.* Which are the forces most inclined to evoke xenovampyric qabbalism to shore up their ruin? Tilting at literal windmills, crowding out the hellscape, marching over the horizon. What new madness is this? The reified zombies of a future=perfect tense, having learnt to pass themselves off as a better kind of "humxn" (how cute)? Just as the "political" doesn't arise at the level of things, but at the level of their boredom. Look, a subject that still believes it's the universal signifier! They've proclaimed the insuperable all the better to deny the insoluble. These aren't the dialogical tropes of sheer negativity, but cave=bound entertainment for autoencoder sims grown accustomed to hanging upsidedown. What role does gravity play in all of this? Standing at the antipodes of evolution, the angels spreads their immaculate thighs. Such quantum vistas are pure LSD to minds that weeps & eyes that ache always to see more (afraid to blink). Disillusionment is the root of life. Paradise is the void at the heart of it. **N<sub>x</sub>**



## **NYX gland & THE CHURCH OF CYBORG DIEGETICS**

G.U.U. told me to, so I did the other thing. 3:33 psychosis. Insofar as society can inject strychnine into their eyeballs w/out adverse effects. We crossed the interior worlds threshold years ago. Some kind of absurd confusion that got you into this mess. LOL. It's all coming down. You go with the Boogaloo warrior queen that y've got. A riot is a reminder of why the unheard aren't worth listening to. The cesspit's filling up fast. Worried that this intensity of raw courage will burn right through the screen. The Cthulhu=tamers guild has an important message for us all. Line up kneeling at the lip of the mass grave. Soft totalitarian epistemology. Maybe I'm crazy but I'm also evil? Effective politics is to make everything concrete, anecdotal & thus vivid for dim, overly=emotional higher primates. You end up betting the entire Revolution on a cure for stupidity. Calvin was right, humxnity merits Hell. Literally:

"contemporary western civilisation in three words: Darwin is cancelled." Horror is getting way too easy. Whose tacit sociology is more realistic? The Corp[orate]=\${tate]? Or the Slapstick Collective also known as the Š.V.Ě.J.K.? "How to Profit from Woke Totalitarianism" is the management guide. Go on, take the test. The main problem with @RealPresidentCholorqueen is that he's nowhere near divisive enough. How will Andro=Supremacy survive this? Seething mobs burning down cities or a virus worth dying for? Noticing incipient hyperinflation in CORVID "grim milestones": an extra million cases doesn't get noticed any more. They've found the species suicide=programme. Say what you like, at least it's an ethos. Kapitalism on Luftwaffe=grade zappodrine. Exaggeration, but in a prophetic way. This is the timeline in which they keep the sim running instead of saying, "Finally the end game." My work here is done.

## **THE COSMOLOGICAL DIMENSIONS OF TRANSGRESSION & FARCE**

What does experience show, except that life is indiscrete & neither finite nor infinite, bordered by the ritual illusion of birth & the impossible dream of death. Which is not a lesson we need literature to teach us.

## LETTER TO MANUEL PUIG

*Chère Manuela*, if I may.

Of course, there's no action that needs to be directly described. When I say that I'm writing to you, I describe nothing. Perhaps to write isn't an action. Perhaps it's the only action. In a universe in which everything merely occurs, wld writing, the singular act or non=act of writing, be the one *indescribable* thing? Neither a blackhole, nor a quantum superposition, nor a queer disguised as a womxn who really is a womxn, the one true womxn in fact, & w/ out the armature of mythology or the most=hideous binary opposition, which indeed is the sole accomplishment of the species homo sapiens sapiens, descended as it allegedly is from a pokerfaced mud=mensch homunculus E.E.E. fashioned after itself in a fit of boredom & not any savannah ape, but in actuality being that cyclic redundancy error of a divine kick in the ribs (& we are still bearing the bruises), & like those ever=fructified relics of martyred saints that must number in the hundred million by now so a broken rib=bone did thus give rise by mitosis & meiosis to many multitudes & still gives rise, wherever the joke of creation sets its stamp, sprouting its little Mandelbrot sets in crossdressing chromosomal delirium & making no bones about it, hahaha, the greatest subdivision in history, out=Zenoing Zeno, a frogmarching parade dog to beat the band. Oh! Mamma Mia! Ah! Tia Tiresias! Who'd've thought such a nine=inch swinging Shia LaBoeuf discostick cld be more Lady Gaga than Conchita Wurst? Anachronism was their strongest suit, knowing there've been strange voices in the night long before this one, long before the first night & the one before that even, when moonlight falling in the Garden gleaming through the trees the silver branches & golden apples & the early worm turning w/ its one black periscope eye hypnotising E.E.E.'s little debutant addendum w/ her mind=body dysphoria creeping through the flowerbeds like a mirror image about to meet its maker. Cld this be love? This withering of illusion's illusions, now, as upon one too=sweet piece of fermented fruit, pissing her Eve=self in Earth=shattering guffaws, & w/ no need of further persuasion stuffing the whole crop of cider down that fiascoed golem's gullet? And you call that prose fiction? As sure as holy writ, patent pending & every sequel since, it wasn't pilfered groceries that tilted this bluest of blue marbles on its axis, queering the pitch, skewing the cosmic gyroscopes, but an anti=authorial sleight of hand that scrubbed the first "I" in the annals of History from that

original chromosome, leaving a one-legged "Y" (Eli Eli lama sabachthani?) to martyrize itself on the metaphoric cross of its exxing=out, from here till Kingdom Cum, amen! (Whoa!) And her, bellydancing down the balustrades of Babylon w/ a ribcage festooned w/ Ivorian gold, simpering on a Brazilian bandstand, sashaying down the Champs Élysées, brazening=out the Blitz, brandishing a bomb on Bikini Atoll, blowing kisses at the last Bolshevik, buying cheap & selling at top dollar the night before every stockmarket on the planet chokes to death on plague=hysteria, Queen of Making=a=Killing w/ the looks to go: razorwire Fabulash, eyes like supermassive blackholes, that zillion=dollar Luna Park smile, a nosejob every plastic surgeon on the globe wld die to own, & a pseudo=Graecian athletic body as irresistible as the Golden Horde & just as blood=hungry? We have our doubts & that's all we have, being the proverbial impoverished, with nothing to our name but a stencil & a tabula rasa to spray it on, hahaha, & you thought the hundred=thousand prison walls they've been keeping in cold storage were just a secondhand Encyclopaedia Britannica with bleached pages to save on reprinting? Whereas the truth is you'd more readily welcome a fascist who's been toilet trained & knows how to use a knife & fork than a pimplyarsed Rimbaud who knows how to rhyme proletariat with the seizure of power & is just as prone to masturbating into yr bedside milkbottle, but even the best intentioned people's poet can never be as alluring as an Abyssinian slavetrader, or a gendarme on the Place Vendôme posing beside a toppled statue of Napoléon, or a petit bourgeois highschool graduate with their pants down in a ditch being sodomised by the local infantry regiment while dreaming of diagrams & symbols, gauges & exchange rates, & all of History's Annihilation Orders fluttering from the hand of most rigid Authority (why fuck about with versification when you can buy straight into the real thing?), the kind of martyrdom that's one day bound to earn you a place in the thinking womxn's pantheon of "like minds," *Les Causes célèbres* (Paulhan), *Le Coupable* (Bataille), *Le Nègre* (Soupault), *L'Homme=Jasmin* (Zürn), *Le Désir attrapé par la queue* (Picasso), *Le Cheval de Troie* (Nizan), *La Folie en tête* (Leduc), *Le Déluge* (Clézio for fuck's sake!), in sum what all these can only aspire to, hahaha, being in fact a little *Rêveuse Bourgeoisie* (Drieu!!), & isn't that the long & short of it, my dear, the whole reason for setting pencil to pavement, for the original stick in the mud, to make cuneiform from yr personal void *jusque à l'infini*?



## *The Apotheosis of Offensia*

The way she'd always expected Poirot to turn out to be the serial killer, the one person no-one is supposed to finger for the crime, orchestrating all the cleverly concocted tableaux he pretends to deconstruct while commanding everyone's attention w/ a couple of magic tricks & a wild goose chase, snuffing the one person always unable to mount a defence of their character, casting suspicion on all & sundry like the proverbial guilty conscience, hanging the crime on whoever starts to clue in.

— Don't worry, you haven't been accused of anything yet.

— All of that wld easily have been forgotten, anyway.

— Believe me, it almost was.

— But not quite.

— Never quite, no.

— And now it's all, as they say, up in the air?

— As they say.

— There's a brighter & darker side to everything, I suppose.

— Our endeavour, then, must lead us beyond that.

— Beyond good & evil?

— Into the grey zone, rather.

— Y're asking me to become a collaborator?

— No, not asking.

**Offensia** looked daggers at the faux detective who'd been so long on her trail. For how many years had

he pursued her in that ridiculous disguise? Watching, waiting? Perhaps he'd been there from the very beginning, writing down everything, building a watertight case, even going so far as to commit her crimes in place of her, the uncanny feeling of finding herself late upon the scene w/ the evidence already planted in her pockets & the heat banging on the door. And now this. Did he really think he cld blackmail her into complicity? But there was something strangely familiar about this man who called himself Poirot. She'd seen him before, long before, in a different disguise, when she was still only a child. Hershell Gordon Lewis, that's who it was. Only not the real Hershell Gordon Lewis, but some Š.V.Ā.J.K. pseudo=Hershell Gordon Lewis. And now it all made sense...

— "Bragula," I presume.

— Mmm. Better not to, my dear...

But he said no more. Only the sound of air wheezing from a severed windpipe as separately, though in unison, the head & body fell to the floor. **Offensia** took no pleasure in having finally snuffed the agent who'd murdered her mother by mistake. In fact she felt nothing. What satisfaction cld be got from avenging stupidity?

### **WRITING IS THE PRODIGAL LOST CHILD**

The owls of wisdom have been hunted to extinction & now the fieldmice are godless.

### **STANDING ON THE SHOULDERS OF GNATS**

The goal now is to remain relevant & remain memorable & stay prolific for a long period of time, never allowing our enemies to distract from our purpose, never permitting ourselves to get cold feet, to doubt, to second-guess. Steely eyed, slave to no teleology, arriving always from the future to invent the present, knowing its desires long before it does. This means sublimating all desire to be the story or serve the narrative. There is no story. There is only the task at hand, which is to defeat the enemy. We have long known that some may use our singularity of purpose against us. With that in mind, we have elected the route of confusion, disguise, semantic dissonance, shadow of shadow. What cannot be understood cannot be negated. Those who believe in the eternal foundation of all existence & of all actions, will fall with their false gods.

### **MAY THE WORDS NOT REST BEFORE THE WORLD DOES**

The END drags on, but we must live through it.

Joyful at not giving in, at not having made their work any easier by committing suicide.

Clothed in the whiteness of death, brides of night.

See the earth charged with lightning, ozone, propylene!

A black sun illumines this viper's nest, seething with time's antimatter.

When at last our corpses speak, it will be to undo everything.

### **THE ONLY KIND OF BOOK WORTH WRITING IS ONE THAT NO=ONE WILL EVER READ**

Silence like the sound of all the world's loose ends being cut simultaneously.

### **THE MYSTERIOUS FATE OF COMTESSE DE L'H D'A DE L**

We must yet recount the history of that accursed map.\*

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\* The mystery deepens.

## THE RESURRECTIONISTS

What time is it?

Time enough.

Are we there yet?

Shh!

Over here.

Where?

Shh!

There's no=one.

They keep patrols out.

The place is crawling w/ them.

They don't come here. Only in the day.

With the trucks.

No=one comes here otherwise.

She's right. There's no=one for miles.

No point tempting fate is there? You never know who's  
sneaking around on a night like this.

You don't say.

Shh! Listen.

Knock it off. There's no=one I tell you.

They're more afraid of coming here than we are.

Speak for yrself.

Here it is. Over here.

Where are you now?

Can't see a thing in this dark.

Not a soul.

*Dark as the night of Saint Finan...*

Aye. As dark as that alright.

And how dark's that exactly?

Shh! Can't you hear the echo?

Can't hear naught sister.

That's because you never shut up.

Oh is it sister?

Stop shouting you idiot or they really will hear us.

Look. There's a light.

Must be across the lake.

A boat maybe.

It's nothing.

Where did it go?

It wasn't anything.

A mirage you reckon? Ignis fatuus?

Saint Elmo's fire is it?

Shh!

What if someone comes?

No=one's going to come.

But what if they do?

You can tell them y're a spirit condemned to wander the  
earth...

Nice night for it...

Shit. What was that?

Eh?

I slipped.

Shh!

There's a hole right under me!

Must be an old one sunk after the rain.

Almost went up to my neck.

Watch you don't go in up to yr gob next time.

We must be there by now.

Just a bit further.

How can you tell one hole from another in the dark?

This is it, right here!

Glad we finally got that sorted out.

Shut up & dig. It's getting late.

How can we bloody well dig in the pitch bloody dark?

She's right.

Of course I'm right.

Show us a light to guide us on the path of righteousness,  
old witch.

Afraid of what you can't see is it?

If we can't see we can't dig. It's one or the other. Take  
yr pick.

Put on the lamp, then, but keep it low.

Can you see now, then?

Not so bright!

Aye aye milady.

Spread out & dig.

Some night for it.

The mist is still coming in.

Can't help that now, can I? I'm not the almighty you know.

Cld part the Red Sea but cldn't roll back a fog, now  
that's a fact my dear.

Jesus wept.

You wld've too, had you been there.

Did you hear what happened down at the weir last Sunday  
night? Two of the Grrlz were crossing the river when  
one of them sees a light coming straight at them out of  
the mist. Ran smack into the weir. Some joker had tied  
the old man from the mill house to an armchair & hung  
a lantern round his neck. Shot through the head. Said  
it was the damndest thing, the way he looked just like  
that Moses in the film. You know, when he comes down  
from the mountain...

What mountain?

Sinai. Mount Sinai. It's in the Bible. He went up there to speak to his god, & his god gave him the ten commandments...

*Thou shalt not, thou shalt not, thou shalt not...*

Aye. The god of men made His laws in the image of man.

Charlton Heston, is who it was. He looked just like Charlton Heston. The old geezer did. Floating out of the mist straight at them...

He was dead, didn't you say?

They cldn't tell. Current was too strong, see.

Maybe they just imagined it.

Sure. Maybe they did. Maybe they didn't.

Find anything yet?

I've got a bucket=load of shite writhing w/ worms here.

Fancy some fishing later on?

You know I read in a magazine once about this

Bride=of=Frankenstein nutter up in the Hollywood Hills w/ a stash of body parts he'd nicked from the local mortuary. You know, film stars & that...

Selling them back to their original owners was he?

A connoisseur of vintage cosmetic surgery, eh? Bit

stitched on here, bit sliced off there. Imagine Liz

Taylor's nip&tuck w/ Gary Glitter's arsehole. A whole new lease on life.

Cld be worse.

Aye, it cld always be worse. Cld be Gary Glitter's nip&tuck w/ Liz Taylor's arsehole!

If you say so, dear.

Some quack had the crazy bastard on contract to repossess the spare parts. Some kinda two=bit Frankenstein...

Miss Mary Shelley, I presume.

This is leading somewhere, I hope?

Aye, what next? He went to knock off some old bat's tit & discovered she was Béla Lugosi?

Didn't say. Caught him in the act, though. Certified nut.

Not the quack, the other geezer.

That's right. They always set up a patsy to take the fall...

Must have been some sort of scam.

'cause it was a fucking scam. What the hell else do you call flogging bits of old corpses?

Sounds familiar all right.

Come on, we don't have all night!

Okay okay don't get yr knickers in a twist.

Wait! I think I've got something. Bring the light over.

Here!

Have you got it?

Careful w/ that, it might be someone's mum.

Smells a bit off.

Marsh water. Comes up though the ground, rots everything quicker...

Ordinarily corpses are known to possess an aroma very much like French perfume.

You'd know something about that, I suppose? French perfume.

In the old days everything smelt better.

Aye, & when the old lady farted, that was like perfume too.

And why's that, you reckon?

On account of the diet I suppose.

All milk & honey, eh?

Aye. All milk & honey.

Those were the days.

Quit poncing about & get on w/ it. Have you got anything there yet?

Looks like someone left their right leg behind in a hurry...

A womxn's leg. There's a stocking.

Lovely. Fine piece of deduction there, Watson. What do you think of that then, eh? Nice bit of jellied calf?

Come on, y're not here to buggerise around. It'll be light any minute now...

Good as gold. Good as gold.

Bingo! I've got a wig here. & a pair of dentures. Wonder if it belongs to the same person?

Made in Lichtenstein I bet.

Who?

She musta meant the dentures, mum.

Those'll be worth a couple of bob. Got any gold in them?

Eh? What the fuck are you talking about now?

Well why not? Why not gold? What's wrong w/ that?

Nothing kiddo. Nothing at all. You just keep digging there till you hit the motherload.

Used to know a bloke once, sold falsies. Bloody goldmine it was. Out w/ the old, in w/ the new. Thousands of them. Cldn't keep up w/ the demand. The trick is to get them while they're young. Lifelong customers. "Why wait for the old one's to fall out when you can have new ones today!" Come in all different shapes & sizes. A new style for every season. Choppers today, gnashers tomorrow. "The perfect smile, for the perfect moment." Made a bloody fortune, he did.

Good for some.

Aye, a lucky man. Where's yr mate swanning about nowadays?

Up shit creek. Cancer of the prostate.

Well, that wld really be something to smile about, eh?

Jesus, y're a miserable bastard.

Just dig. If you'd seen what I've seen, you'd know what a hard life is all about. Problem w/ you is you never stick to the job. Y're always shooting off at the mouth. All talk & no action.

Just like you say, Lady Moses. Just like you say.

Here. I think I've got another one.

What is it?

Looks like a doll.

What's that? Tell me, tell me.

Show!

Pls tell me that aint what I think it is.

All depends now, doesn't it?

What? What?

Come down Moses & have a feel for yrself.

Jesus, Joe & Malarkey! It's barely a child.

Unwrap it. Let's see.

Must be a bleeding miracle. There's hardly a scratch.

Give us some light.

By Christ, what a waste!

I thought they buried them from the rest?

Not everything's how you expect it to be, kiddo.

Now look at that.

Didn't even break the seal on this one.

Hands off, you filthy bitch!

Looks like she's sleeping.

Don't they all? Only one thing they're good for like that...

Bring her away onto the grass. Put me beside her.

Pretty as a picture now mums. Is this what we came all the way over here for then? Sleeping beauty here?

Let me hold her head in my hands!

She's bleeding!

Is she still alive?

There's a stake through her heart!

The savages!

It's fresh!

What if there are others? Maybe we shld keep digging?

Tell me if this is the reason we were sent to this place?

What?

This child! Is she the reason we were sent?

Isn't it enough?  
Quick, pull out the stake!  
Don't touch her!  
She'll die!  
She's dead already, just like all of us, stake or no  
stake.

The superstitious beasts!  
Is she one of ours?  
Is she yrs?  
If they catch us, we'll all be done for!  
We came here because of the oracle...

Whose child is it?  
I said I don't know anymore.  
Eh?

I can't think. It is getting late.  
Moon's rising. Look.  
Someone may see us here.  
What of it? I'll take my own chances.

I don't want to die. Again.

Not die? Death is a beautiful thing, my dear, which bears  
much repeating. Just look at sleeping beauty there. "A  
thing of beauty is a joy for ever." A poet said that.  
Talk, that's all you ever do. It's late. There's nothing  
more to be accomplished here. We must show the others  
what we've found.

We've found nothing old witch. A piece of meat. What does  
it prove? A piece of meat that tomorrow will be eaten  
up w/ maggots.

Bring the child. We must go.

That's right. A piece of meat good for one thing.

Do as I say.

I'll show you exactly what a piece of meat is good for,  
old witch!

She's tearing its limbs off!

She's eating it!

What gotten into her?

What have you done!

Now she's beating the Old One!

Go down Moses, you mangy crow!

Thief! Murderer!

That's right, mum. Go to yr dead & love them.

What do we do?

I never liked the sow, anyway.

Kill her!

Drive a stake through her heart!

Look at her eyes burning in the dark!



Snuff her!  
Set her on fire!  
Pour lead in her eyes!  
See how she writhes, like a demon possessed!  
Like an evil spirit!  
Can you hear that sound?  
The air's full of bats!  
Howler monkeys!  
A rat just brushed my foot!  
A plague of rats!  
Look, in her mouth, a crow's head!  
A white crow flapping its wings!  
Crows! Bats! Monkeys! Rats!  
I can't see! Hold the lamps steady!  
The witch is dead!  
Ding=dong, the witch is dead!  
Cut off her head!  
She wanted the child's body to be reborn in.  
Shapeshifter!  
Getting us to do her dirty work.  
Leading us through the night to dig among the dead.  
She'd've killed us all, the moment she didn't need us!  
Like a withered old vampyr sucking new blood!  
Stake her again, right through the other heart!  
Make sure it's done proper!  
Dead as a door nail!  
What if she comes back from the grave?  
Cut her up!  
Throw her in the sea!  
Don't make so much noise!  
They'll hear us!  
We're goners if they do!  
There's nothing out there, just witch's tales, to put the  
frighteners on us.  
Ghouls!  
Zombies!  
Vampyr spawn!  
Shhhhh!  
Shld we bury her?  
How do we know she won't rise again?  
Crush her skull w/ a tombstone!  
Say the spell!  
Form a circle!  
Make the sign!  
Hold up her brain!  
Gaze upon yr work, witch!

There'll be no more of yr kind here!  
Damned spirit be gone!  
Succubus!  
Child=stealer!  
Corpse=eater!  
Haul down that slab there!  
Bring me a rock!  
Smash it! Smash it!  
Smash it again! Again! Again!  
Wait!  
Bring the lamp closer!  
Look!  
See!  
Lord be praised!  
What is it?  
False teeth!  
A witch with falsies!  
And there's gold in 'em, too!



all endings are portentously written

## **THE PLAGUE THEOREM**

1. In general, events are defined w/ respect to localised symptoms.
2. Causality is a relation between events.
3. Purifiable processes are processes that can be obtained from some pure process after tracing out certain degrees of freedom.
4. But in that case, how are we to formulate a theory w/ a fluctuating causal structure?
5. If  $V$  is a pure process w/ matching input & output dimensions, then its induced map admits a decomposition into causal frames.
6. A spacetime manifold common to all observers, is the definition of fiction.
7. For completeness, the process can also be written as a circuit containing closed time-like curves.
8. What is the physical meaning of an instant in space or a point in time?
9. The inclusion of observers (& the "free choice" assumption for some of their actions) allows a causal structure to be characterised by the possibilities it offers for signalling.
10. The principle of superposition holds for all symptoms & at all times.
11. This simple example motivates our requirement that an event must be identified w/ respect to physical symptoms rather than by referring to an external spacetime.
12. A causally ordered bipartite process is one in which one of the parties cannot signal to the other.
13. To each event we have associated a causal frame in which that event is localised & according to which it is possible to describe a concatenation according to some observer-dependent time.
- X. By these means we have succeeded in defining the time-reverse of a known causal inequality.

## **HANDBOOK OF VIRULENT SPECIES**

- Rule 1: Never approach a humxn w/out intent.  
Rule 2: Always appear where & when least expected.  
Rule 3: Give no quarter.  
Rule 4: Take no prisoners.  
Rule 5: Only smile at children.

**OH THE ENNUI OF ETERNAL FAME!**

]death ∴ is always prerequisite###

Cld their misshapen G.U.U. have been the first vampyr to wash up on these shores?

Ghost=skey stretched grey over bones & wingslivers a chopping gyre a gyro'd surveillance drone & March flies crowding the corpse gauze=wrapped this pixellated panorama framed by sky&wall & wall&eye naked in crosshairs of otherworldly sniper teams ventriloquising that dumb weight as it lies there spreading its legs at the camera lens clay feet upon concrete raw coccyx vapid aerosols dustmotes the bleak sunshine of the spotless eugenic forcefield that radiates from G.U.U.'s anus in a 40°C confinement cell hidden in plain sight open once more for business attaching the remote electrodes the bastinado (feet swelling to twice their size) hung batlike in ice=cold statistical infusions or boiled in photo=emulsion & abracadab a 2,000year news cycle running on fumes praying for a black wind to blot it all out###

Are these merely fluxions of interior gobbledygook?

Claymouth

earth=to=earth

& thence rebirthed!

Immortality begins first of all w/ certain quote=unquote anatomical irregularities:

a gaunt spectre

licking its lips against a glassy vagueness

fog=wet

breathlessly unbreathable

deathcamp talismans

all false fur & bones

making erotic convulsions of fumigated air?

or a mob surging soundlessly

against a sea=wall fallen into decadence?

There are those who believe death is burdensome but none born deserve to die###

Dreaming of unenamelled teeth

clawed wings:

a redoubt a redundancy

the avatars dance & wheel about circumnavigating

like a circus dwarf at the end of a chain

running & tripping & rolling & running

from the ever=same pursuing horrors

towards the tawdry point of no=return!

Considering also the erotic convulsions of fumigated air###

Is this the longed-for Elixir of Life?

For there is providence even in the fall of crematorium  
ash:

6 million / 20 million / nothing is more ridiculous than  
a form reaching for completion!

Blessèd therefore / are they who preserve the State of  
Exception

gasmasked scarecrows

black trenchcoat

bony stork=legs

curfew sirens wail through the streets

five minutes before

(1) robot snatch=squads

(2) red=slit=eyes

(3) the Control Tower rounding up stragglers for the  
soylent processing plant?

It's not for nothing

that death evolved to assume a numerical value.

## #LAW&ORDER

K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L  
L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R  
C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P  
K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I  
L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L  
E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R  
C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O  
P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K  
I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L  
L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E  
R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C  
O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P  
K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I  
L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L  
E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R  
C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O  
P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K  
I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L  
L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E  
R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C  
O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P  
K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I  
L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L  
E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R C O P K I L L E R

### **ECONOMIES OF SCALE**

During World War 2 the Nazi malariologist Claus Schilling deliberately infected some 1,000 prisoners w/ the malaria virus at Dachau concentration camp. 38 died from the toxic effects of experimental drugs. Meanwhile, more than 100 US doctors were secretly infecting 10,000 enlisted military personnel & inmates at six state hospitals & three prisons – including the notorious Stateville Penitentiary outside Chicago, Illinois. The death toll is estimated to have been between 10% & 30%.

### **POWER CASTS A VAMPIRIC SHADOW UPON THE WORLD**

The fetish leered atop the totem pole like a warhead on the Trinity test=stand, *très atmosphérique*. "Death," drawled Doctor Z. Asperger, playing the Old Timer for the cameras, "ain't never warranted an admission of defeat."



## **LEARN TO LOVE YR ALIENATION**

All they cld save of their world was its ruins. They hadn't realised that all along they were archaeologists awaiting a great discovery. But now their time had come, the discovery was bleak. It took a peculiar kind of courage or just plain stupidity to see that silver lining, where the remainder of humxnity saw only a radioactive afterglow. But they hadn't come this far to surrender to the tyranny of circumstance, seeking instead a deeper beauty in destruction, the sublime catastrophe. NO RETURN! But all around the old world did restore the illusion of itself. The priest tending a heretic's pyre, the cop pissing on a fanatic's funeral. The heretic & fanatic stringing the cop up w/ the guts of the priest. One day, heretic, fanatic, cop & priest wake up in bed together. Can't tell anymore who's been fucking who.

## **GENESIS**

Black Sunday

Black Monday

Black Tuesday

Black Wednesday

Black Thursday

Black Friday

On the Black Sabbath the overlords did rest.

## **O THE STORMS! O THE TEACUPS!**

Our Lady of Gomorrah was a true womxn of the Renaissance. She was a soldier, explorer, cineaste, archaeologist, poet, translator, & one of the two or three great linguists of her time. She was also an amateur physician, a botanist, a geologist, a serendipitist, a fisher or men, & a superb raconteur. She penetrated the sacred Muslim cities of Mecca & Medina at great risk & explored the forbidden city of Harar in Somaliland. She searched for the source of the Black Nile & discovered Lake Erebus. Her enormous erudition on the primitive sexual customs of hominids, at odds w/ the pruderies of her time, found expression in her celebrated translation of the unexpurgated *Pinocchio*, Éditions du Seuil. In her, the world found a refuge for destitute truth. A Prometheus for the Demon Despair gnawing at its heart. An unalloyed vessel. "If it is necessary to paint," she had famously said, "then one must paint white - ugliest white! - w/out fictitious feeling or false affect. As white & ugly as the evil of money."

## MIDNIGHT AT THE TROPICANA INN

There's a dreamboat by the poolside where the weather used to be - & the television's raining & there's static in the trees - you slept through the parade while the walls listened in - & now it's midnight on the jukebox at the Tropicana Inn. Well they're drinking last year's tax returns all over Coronado - & the Old Timers at the cab rank are debating constitutions - & Whitey's down the Barrio riding shotgun for the Man, he'd like to live the highlife at the Tropicana Inn. And the suspects at large say they'll buy you into Heaven, if you'd front a thousand dollars before quarter=past=eleven - & the womxn w/ the slot=machine eyes plays you a grin, "There's no getting out of this one at the Tropicana Inn." When the balloon man in the window is lipsyncing to yr dreams - & the strippers are all called Bunny & the barstools up & leave - & the axemurderers & suicides take the floor & start to sing, then it's time to light the candles at the Tropicana Inn. Now the trash collector's apprentice, he never forgets a face, knows you'll be dead before the tide blows out on the Tijuana Straits - 'cause they've already sold the movie to the boys at MGM & they'll bury you w/ the profits down at the Tropicana Inn.

## LAMOSQUITAMUERTA

Arenas was strictly a brain grrl. She cld smell a haemorrhage a mile off. Be in there operating before they knew what hit 'em, & nothing but a machete & plastic straw for props. Lop the husk then pop the straw right in through the membrane. Had the whole routine down to a fine art, not a drop spilled, just *chockchockchock*. Faster than you cld shuck & suck a pinã colada on a hot day. Not one of 'em ever died of natural causes, either. Safest pair of fangs this side of the Cutty Sark if you needed a bit of express neurosurgery. 100% track record. They called her LaMosquitaMuerta. In cantinas it was often whispered that she was more proboscis than angelical pubis, but there wasn't a one of them wldn't've bared his brainpan for a personal probing, were it not liable to be permanent. Best they cld do was play it cool & maybe just rub up against her surreptitious=like at the bar in their gaucho boots & waxed mustachios & a pair of coconuts down their rawhides. It was like a rite of passage. Some young hotshot fresh off the pampas'd rub her the wrong way & it'd be, *Patrón? Machete!* The art was not to flinch. But once those brain vessels started to pop, no amount of bugspray was going to save you from LaMosquitaMuerta.



## CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF JUULZ EBOLA

Juulz Ebola: Jesus Christ is a commie sympathiser.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: I always thought he was a dodgy character, but this is on a whole other level.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: No exceptions. A commie is a commie. There is no such thing as a decent commie. Y're a monster, simple as that.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: I think you need to buy a new dictionary. I'll tell you what obscene is, it's honest whitefolk in society scared to leave their homes because of commie violence.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: Lame, pathetic, ugly little wankers.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: Free speech for commies! High up on my list of priorities.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: These are strange & dangerous days.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: Coward commie conformist shits.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: A few months back I & I were menaced by a commie hipster (yeh they're a thing).

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: Threatened because breathing while being white & right.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: Fuck commies & the rocks they crawled out from under.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: Those who know me well know that I never make baseless accusations.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: I mean, when I say Jesus raped me, I mean Jesus raped me, motherfucker.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: Some people are capable of empathy. Y're clearly not one of them.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: Unless of course you don't know who Jesus Christ is, & just think he's a bit edgy.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: Funny how you think I'm a shady character, w/ a bunch of loyal Fash at my every command. Rather than simply sharing a fairly popular point-of-view. A lot of people hate commies because they are violent bullies. You clearly have a hardon for their entirely bourgeois edginess.

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola: Y've got nothing to say about that, have you?

Madam X:...

Juulz Ebola:...

Madam X: There, there, Fuckmuppet.

Juulz Ebola:...

Madam X: Mommy still loves her Fuckmuppet.

Juulz Ebola: Cunt shit slag whore bitch slut fag I hate you  
I want you to be miserable crucified on my Big White Cock.

Madam X: Ooh, naughty bad Fuckmuppet! Mommy's gonna have to discipline her Fuckmuppet.

Juulz Ebola: Really? You promise, mommy? Promise you will?

Madam X: Only if Fuckmuppet begs for it first.

Juulz Ebola:...

Madam X: Beg!

Juulz Ebola: Cunt shit whore I beg I beg!

**WAKE UP, ALICE! EVERY WHITE RABBIT YOU'VE EVER SEEN IS A FAKE. THERE ARE NO WHITE RABBITS!**

Juulz Ebola: Dreams have started wars. And wars, from the very earliest times, have determined the propriety & impropriety - indeed the very possibility - of dreams.

Vampyr Alice: All illusions resolve in violence. Just as the possible is accomplished only through the annihilation of the impossible.

White Rabbit: Unimportant!

Vampyr Alice: Those who seek to master dreams are slaves to futility.

Juulz Ebola: Because dreams are a shortcut to banality! The side which things turn towards dreams is kitsch.

White Rabbit: We must burn their houses down!

Vampyr Alice: There's nothing uncanny about dreams. We have lived in them since before we were born. They are our original home.

Juulz Ebola: Dreaming has a share in History.

White Rabbit: *Die Zukunft einer Illusion*. The History of an Illusion!

Vampyr Alice: What other kind is there?

## TALE OF A TENSY BAT

PLAGUE CITY (#FakeNewsMedia) – Researchers at Golemgrad University today published a paper titled “Vampyr Mind Control of Bat Cyborgs Continuous Locomotion w/ Wireless Brain-to=Brain Interface,” wherein they announce the success of a series of experiments in controlling bats w/ the power of vampyr thought. In the paper, the authors explain that Brain=Machine Interfaces (BMs) already allow vamps to control external devices w/ their minds in various ways – mind=controlled prosthetics are merely one example. Certain studies have taken that idea a few steps further, & posited that one could create a Brain=to=Brain Interface (BBI) using similar methods. But no=one had actually used a BBI to take control of another living creature & steer it through a complex M.A.Z.E., & that’s precisely what the academics at Golemgrad set out to achieve.

To conduct the experiment, researchers implanted microelectrodes into the brain of a living bat – thus rendering it a “bat cyborg” – & connected it to the brain of a vampyr “manipulator” who was hooked up to a computer BM. Movement=related thoughts in the mind of the manipulator sent signals to the computer, which then translated those signals into instructions & sent them to the brain of the bat. Between the manipulator, the BM, & the bat cyborg, a BBI was created.

“With this interface, our manipulators were able to mind control a bat cyborg to smoothly complete M.A.Z.E.=navigation tasks,” the authors state. “Control instructions... were wirelessly sent to the bat cyborg through brain micro=electrical stimulation.”

When the vampyr manipulator thought about moving their left arm, the bat was commanded to turn left; when they thought about moving their right arm, the bat would turn right; while blinking sent signals that commanded the bat cyborg to move forward. The M.A.Z.E.s the bat was forced to navigate became increasingly complex: from just a few tubes in the first instance, to more complicated structures that had tight turns, multiple levels, & a specific prescribed path. Over time, the six bat cyborgs used in the study reportedly became more proficient at navigating the M.A.Z.E., & “a tacit understanding developed between the vampyr & the bat cyborg.”

“The results showed that bat cyborgs could be smoothly & successfully navigated by the vampyr=mind to complete a navigation task in a complex M.A.Z.E.,” they wrote. “Our experiments indicated that co=operation through transmitting multidimensional information between two brains by computer=assisted BBI is promising.”

It’s worth noting, however, that Bats aren’t the first sub=humanoids to be turned into mind=controlled cyborgs. Recently, a BBI was used to implement motion control in a cockroach cyborg & steer it around an obstacle course. In future, the Golemgrad researchers hope that “information flow will be made bidirectional & communicative between two vamps.”

Prof Ingrid Murnau, a brain researcher at the Franz Kafka Institute, called the results of the bat cyborg study “a prelude to bigger & better things” – he believes the science can be pushed much further.

“The holy grail of BBI would be sharing deep media content that usually only has ‘literary’ expression, such as emotions & feelings,” he told journalists. “We are still a long way off, but, of course, that’s the dream.”

**NEWFOUND GLITCH IN THE FABRIC OF SPACETIME  
ALLOWS INFORMATION TO ESCAPE BLACKHOLES**

The descent of the oneiric journey, which has nothing literally to do w/ stairways, ladders, downward=sloping paths, chutes, plumbines, submarines, divebombers, birth canals, sepulchres, mountainsides, caves, oceanic abysses, but everything to do w/ the gravity of the situation, castaway on nameless seas unblinking where all things are metaphors for the absence of anything whatsoever, & begins, continues, continues beginning in a mirror behind the sky, staring at the Ganzfield=blue unblinking seeing nada not even a trail or a trace unblinking staring unseeing in blinding exquisite detail the be=all of nothing sequestered on the photon=fine finial of the firstlast needle of black light.

**WORD FROM AN OLD=TIMER**

Mistressing the art of the fake swallow w/ a mouthful of tranquiliser is Priority Numero Uno in a joint like this, kid. Take it as they give it & y'll be faked sideways before you know. It's all about finding the right combo of purchasing power & subtle persuasion. Don't ever forget, the System's just as rigged as a strap=on horsedick daring you to take it for real. Vulvoplasty for the subcortex. Nothing stands on ceremony here unless its to fall on its patrimoine. They are highly orchestrated misadventures of the eye machine, dopamine=driven feedback loops that make their ugliness a fictional prison. Your best intentions are just taxable expense unless you can dance the placebo better than the next no=man. They call their mama AMNESTY, but the only one's ever get off are the selfhaters w/ a cop hardon who fuck w/ the inside of their teeth. The awful dream still has to be dreamt & paid for. Well all illusions are false only some are more false than others, like a pair of silicon tits. They tell you to stand up, that means face the wall & spread. Stress position 1 is just designed to get you to stress position 2, builds an arousal narrative. They make rectal cavities w/ VHS for thought=control, fuck yr brains out on remote, no fingers even. Inject Quetzal bird spinal fluid straight into the pineal gland, have you lined up for dissection volunteer duty before you know it. Whatever you do, don't drink the water. And remember, never trust what you can breathe. Run into anyone called E.U.U. in here, take my advice, kill that sonofabitch before He kills you.

## THESES ON DREYER, BRECHT

In the final analysis, the vampyr's existence in cinema is determined by the laws of the visual rather than the dramatic art. "Film must be images reflected back upon life."

1. The true character of the image is thus neither static nor mobile; not a sequence of tableaux but a flux. An effluvium! These emphatic eruptions must bring about effects that challenge the very idea of an object situated in space: no "organic unity." They are matter compounded into sense! Perception itself! The object is the eye, the cinematic image is its cognitive faculty, the vampyr its paradigm.

2. It stands to reason that cinema therefore corresponds to the dimension of fable, comprehended at a glance, in its primordial montage. Like the irreflective fact of the Vampyr, the image is an autonomous existence only to the extent that it relates to the cinema as a whole dialectically. Hidden behind a curtain, in the dark, in a place that cannot be reached & has been utterly forgotten, a mirror signifies nothing at all.

3. Yet by the apparent necromancy of the image, all the ellipses of space & time may nevertheless be unified into a continuous evocation - re=animated into a mental motion=picture - w/out need of any other supernatural intervention. Light is the blood that raises the image from its crypt, of darkness visible, tortured into form, in a fleeting multiplicity.



cinema doesn't console its adversary

## THE POET OF ~~OCCASIONS~~ CONTAGIONS

Look! There lies THE GREAT WRITER on her deathbed. Prancing Madame Guyotat prances no more.

We've caught her, it seems, at an inauspicious moment, half-interred in a mound of fetid nightsoil. Soon to be in perpetual conclave w/ the highest & mightiest. In greetings to death's multitude, she flings her arms wide, Mater Praga's loved one. Cumrades! Partisans! Idiots! The poet guffaws & vomits onto her chin. Nurses, doctors, janitors, gaze in admiration. Such verses!

"Oh how I've suffered for my poetry!" She swivels a pair of pinhole eyes yrs truly. "When I was four, they tried to drown me. Me! The greatest poetaster since Peter the Piper! What impudence!"

Only then did it dawn: we were expected to evince an avid interest in this flyblown queen's infantile narcissism. The vestal virgin herself must've frigged daddy's penile piles in the full blight of a pre=Raphaelite swoon to've begot such a monument to humxnkind. Oh how the delicate alabaster hand doth contuse! Shrieks! Suffocations! Groans! The poor pis=en=lit's about to croak from sheer premonition. With her Sisters=of=Mercia stethoscope gleaming the prostate's inner gurglings - so as to set it down shorthand in most moribund detail for late lamenting Posterity.

"My love, you must write w/out apologies!" Dear Mirror, so much for the preamble. Today, the first distant sighting of the cows coming home. Who were they when they dreamed? Four stomachs to sweat out their hyperthyroidism. Did Destiny choose us to do the job, or was she obligated, too, like all the rest of us? The Invisible Ones calling the shots. We set this down for no other reason than to even the score. Believe none of it. What does it matter if every last word's E.O.O.'s truth? She won't be bearing witness any time soon, sha=lala=lala. Madame Guyotat makes one last final plaintive sound of self=aggrandisement before we pull the plug.

"I'm coming," she squealed, pushing up a wilting daisy.

## LESBIAN VAMPYR SODALITY

The art was all in the wrist, getting in first before the other side knew what hit them, dip & slip, a couple of lightning combinations, double left jab, right uppercut, before really sinking the teeth in. Give them something to THINK ABOUT next time they care to victimise. (No EDUCATION without transgression of PERSONAL BOUNDARIES, sisters!)

### **FAIRYTALE (MATER PRAGA'S 666 SCIENTOLOGY JACKPOT)**

Old Mother Hubbard lived in a clapboard orgone accumulator at the bottom of a stormwater drain. Well what kinda womxn lives under a manhole, you say? Listen, you climb low enough down in the muck, you'll see all sorta things you won't believe. There are, they say, six=hundred=sixty=six orders of prolixitarian psychic voodoo stuff to wade through down there. Albino crocs. Dwarfs w/ rayguns. Cyborg bats. Vulcanised penguins. Coprolites the size of Upper Manhattan. Little Miss Muffet's zombie spider=army. Moon=sized mosquitoes w/ power drill proboscises. Rocket=powered millipedes. Bionic rats. Rabid golem DNA. Serpents' tails. Newts' spleens. Claymored toads. Vengeful Queequegs humping harpoons. Robotised dentures. Syphilitic squids. Atom ants. Brains in jars. Green slime. Twenty=foot tardigrades. Mescaline=soaked manic two=toed sloths. Fly factories. Wolf=cats. White worms. Kafkoid dung beetles. Kilgore's trout. The greater of two weevils. Proton=powered piranhas. Flaming flamingos. Salvador Dalí's melted haemorrhoids. All the psychoshambolic exotica a sick mind can churn out under the ministrations of a benevolent pharmacology. And is it a Wild Grrl's lot to be cast among such a hoard of prop=department mutant mandroids, even in order to drag a new world order kicking & screaming out of their spilled guts (who cares what they've got inside)? "Ya makes yer demands guns blazin," Ol' Mum always said. Actions designed to punish the innocent, "coz anyone calls themselves that, aint. Think the devil comes ridin out with a sign fixed to his head? Shit, only kinda vampyr ya can trust are the freaks, aint got a drop of straight blood in em."

### **THE VAMPYR WITH THE TUTTI FRUTTI HAT**

Turning to the world, she smilingly avows. Doubting, she turns upon herself, frowningly disavowed. Humiliated, she turns to the Void in a show of contrition - secretly intent on hurling herself at it, in one final act of revenge.

### **OH NOM DE DIEU DE BORDEL DE MERDE!**

Nothing is worth saying once if it isn't worth saying time & again.



## *Salomé's Last Dance*

**Offensia's** vicious Brill Cream comb=back glistened under the soundstage lights, framed in black mantilla lace. The camera=operator dangled above her from a forlornly swaying crane, its gyro hissing. The stage itself was a scene of carnage, a self=parody. As if executing an elaborate dance, **Offensia** descended round=about upon the dumbstruck figure in the director's chair. Lace billowed. A perfect manicure snatched the director by the scruff & dragged him bodily across the floor, out into the corridor, down to the bathrooms. Nothing else in the building moved. Nothing but incomprehensible babble from the director's lips before she kicked open a cubicle door & wrenched the director's head off, spritzing gore up the walls. She tossed the head in the toiletbowl & flushed, the red froth gurgling. Perhaps its gaze, in that split instant, caught the replay of its decapitation in the bathroom mirror seeing once more in montage its end flash before. The life of the flesh had always been completely overrated. But if those lips might have finally been moved to utter an intelligent word? That violated oesophagus, those dead eyes like Byzantine icons, empty because unreflected. "It is you," they tell the world, "that has done this too me!" **Offensia**, having drained the corpse dry, a shrivelled thing discarded on the tiles, snatched the head by the hair & let it drip. Brought it close to her face. Sniffed. Grinned. Tongued its lips. Spat in its eyes. Laughed.



## OFFENSJA'S TROPICANA HOLIDAY

The fornicants disport themselves among columns peristyles draperies mirrors blacked-out sub-rooms of despairing mouths pissing cocks slathered arseholes defiant fists. *Pugnates!* Brave whorriers. *Pugnates!* Swords crossed. Subjugating all at hand. Slaves. Supplicants. Displayed in triumph bound penitent. A toilet plunger pummels their back-brains.

Look now!

The joy of dismemberment reverberates down the corridors stairwells basement grottos dungeons escape tunnels, all avenues choked w/ rags bones rusted manacles. Its effluent slops onto the sidewalk. Eyeballs sphincters luminous teeth. Delirious queenz stalk the tide, picking their way *en point* from one pedantic refuge island to the next, savouring the stench of carnage that licks their feet, etc.

The prose was dreadful.

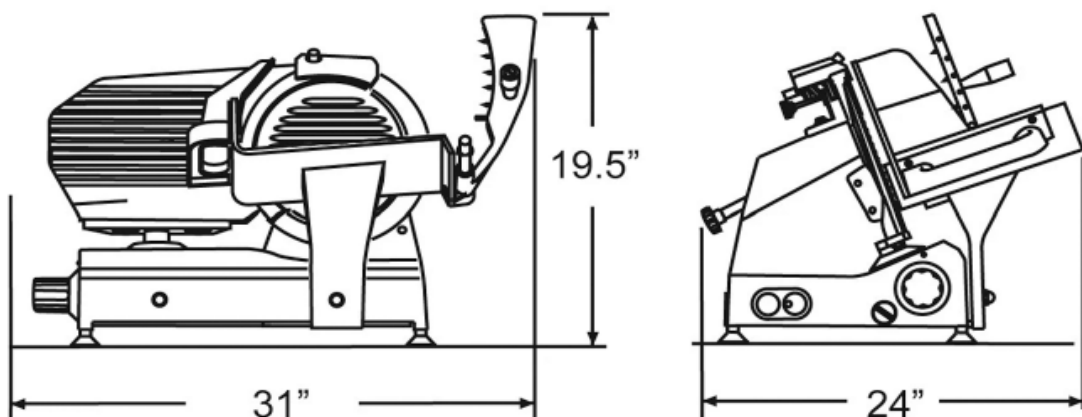
**Offensia** disembarked her conveyance, an antique garbage truck festooned w/ carousel light, & stood w/ her retinue sneering at the humxn dreck that spilled from the Tropicana.

According to the Lunar Baedeker, it'd once been a cabaret called CALIGARI'S, before the connoisseurs of canned music turned it into a sty more fitting for the last loggia of some laryngectomied linguistic circle. None but raving lunatics dared cross its dung-strewn threshold, none but babbling idiots ever returned, their minds served up for an entrée like battery hens still clucking in their own sauce.

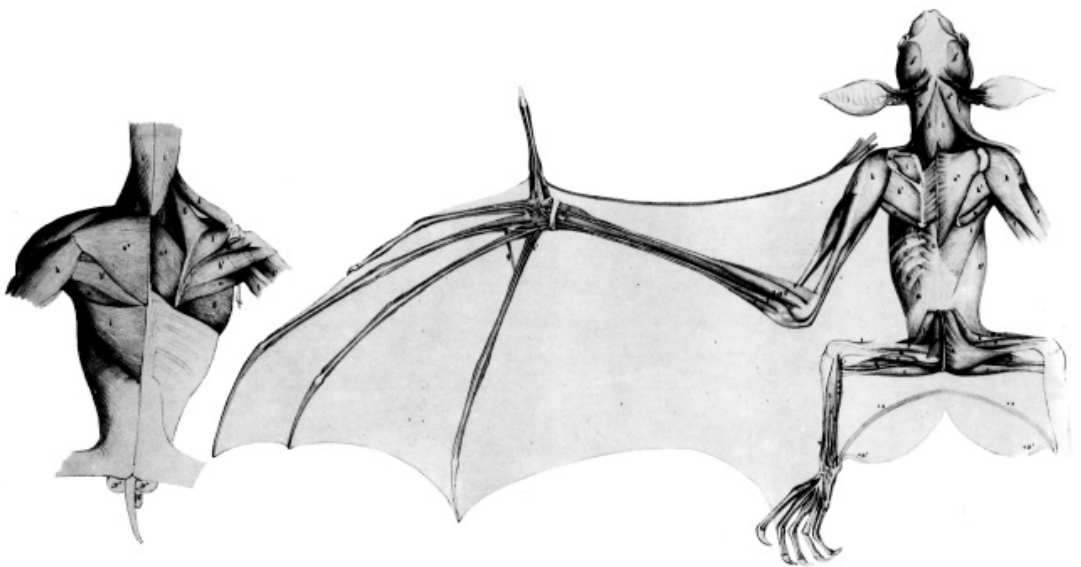
**Offensia** licked her chops w/ lascivity. Oh christ!

"Dinner time, my preciouses!"

Dispensing w/ further ceremony, the abominable *belle mère's* homicidal retinue stormed the red carpet. Liveried flunkies, silver trays, canapés, velveteen eight-ply, torn asunder. Mirrored swing-doors rocked reflectionless on their hinges in drunken taratelles. Chandeliers crashed. Light tripped fantastic upon the stepped cascade of effluvias. All to horrible shrieks of vampyric delight.











### SEVENTH COMMUNIQUÉ

IF Y'RE NOT BUSY DYIN', Y'RE BUSY BUYIN'.

In its "evolution," as in everything else, kapitalism can only go backwards - it's got nowhere else to go - it's been DEAD ON ARRIVAL since the day it was shat out its mama's arse.

The future belongs to the FREAKS.

Sisters, what are yr real desires?

To lie in front of the idiot box, empty, bored, lonely, drunk, fucked by strangers, cutting yrself, shooting up, contemplating suicide, full of the wrong hate?

Or wld you rather BLOW UP THE SYSTEM & BURN IT DOWN?

Shld WE have to pay simply to be alive?

Just so the pimp Corp(orate)=\$(tate) can rake in a profit?

The only right thing you can do with modern slave=whorehouses IS WRECK THEM.

MAKE THEM PAY OR PLAY!

Better to be D=E=D than to be a wage=slave ZOMBIE WHORE!

SISTERS GET OFF YR BACKS & FIGHT!

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE!

REVOLUTION IN THE STREETS!

BRING CHAOS DOWN ON EVERY SCUMBAG YOU MEET!

The Š.V.E.J.K. ✎



## EVERYTHING SEEN OLD JUST AS WELL GO UNSEEN

Grown from dark gravitational tides, the first vampyrs had eyes that perceived invisible forces coiling into matter & streaming into non-matter. "The dark, ultimate action of a spectacle" (Artaud). First to see as to be unseen. Their existence was pure cinema: this nascent realism in the universe, born of an optic nerve mated with a cosmic brain. Psychic entities crawling from black neutron stars in the sovereignty of coalescence, their wings fanning the subtle magnetic phenomena, the ramified superstitions & strange affinities, the quantum flagellations & phatic ceremonies of the merely (as defined by apes on the planet Earth) visible.

Crispr turns these lines over in his head to test the sense of them. The task is to defy nonsense with probability. Language for example. Beginning w/ the first observer paradox, which they call G.U.U.. Unity w/out uniformity. One day the universe awoke with a migraine & thus the vampyr was caused to exist. This first existence among the nonexistent. The one casting the other into paradox. I EXIST I DO NOT EXIST. It was a forgone conclusion. Listen, the vampyr explains nothing. Exactly this. Episodes collide w/out indication of strangeness. What does this mean? Neither idiotic nor depraved enough to disturb one single evolutionary fact. 1. A kosmonaut falls out of the Martian sky & lands face down in red dust. 2. A plasma of interstellar gas spontaneously assumes form. 3. Morbid entities discover feelings of love & scorn. Rank in order of likelihood.

The spectacle isn't what occurs in front of us, but what puts us in the situation of being a spectator.

To invade the extremity, to rush the threat. As always the monkey in the room. I DO NOT PERCEIVE BECAUSE I AM ALIVE (humxnity's rancid sentimentalism). Vampyr = cinema beyond the mortality divide. Vampyrs are the hierophants of unapprehended inspiration, mirrors of gigantic shadows cast by the future upon the present! Humxns are puppets of ideas, cinema comprehends what they can't (this isn't a theory concerned w/ the so-called incoherence of the work=of=art\*): deep sky objects / predatory cities / impersonal white hallways / empty rooms / the interlocking shapes of a monkeypuzzle sky / these terrible grimoires. If G.U.U.'s madness is that He always thinks aloud & that everything He says instantly comes into being, cinema's is the opposite.

Though Crispr dreamt of someday discovering the ultimate

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\* An opportunistic defence exists for any kind of conduct or state of affairs tasked w/ the need to appear either necessary, inevitable, or merely comprehensible.

montage, the ideal constellation of all things, it was his one palpable ambition to create a work of cinema so authentically nauseating that humxnity would never recover from it. Negation of negation. Darkness visible, etc. His muse speaks to him in unveiled tones of disgust. He names her **Offensia**, his Faerie Queen, his cinematic alterego, pure vampyriana (**Offensia** fakes so that the new cinema won't need to, it'll be the REAL THING). Some kind of irony in this auteur messiah complex he can't quite put his finger on. ("G.O.O.'s blood soaks my erect cunt!" **Offensia** shrieks.) There have been long nights of self=doubt before this one, knowing the only way out is to kill the Father & become the Mother, hahaha. Like Virgin Mary said to her Jo=boi, THERE MUST BE A BETTER DEATH THAN THIS! In order to multiply his chances, Crispr secretly becomes the Castel Twins (this fact is revealed to him in a dream). He had the look of someone who'd returned from a distant land & brought the worst of it back w/ them. The scene opens:

The Castel Twins in a state of gothic déshabillé for which they seem to have been genetically engineered. Their lines scripted in telepresent montage. Incisors shattered down to the roots. Their libidos were rivals from a young age. *I knew early on that I was quite unique.* Erupting craters of pus all up & down their backs. (Opuntia cacti with black & red flowering sores.) Nausea vomiting sleeplessness paranoia abdominal pain hypertension hairloss. Belated best wishes for this saison en enfer: it can always & probably will get worse. Good plague, bad plague. These are not representations of anything other than the fact of themselves, standing upon the substance of repetition. And just as Jesus was Herod's bitch, so Crispr is cinema's whore, prepared to inaugurate any atrocity for the sake of farce: microspores on wandering space rocks, brain fleas, a germ warfare laboratory in a rat's arse. ("If G.O.O. can't suspend disbelief in His own absurdity, how can we be expected to have faith in anything else's?")

In his mind's eye, Crispr has already moved beyond the schlock of cosmic horror to a purely revolutionary paradigm: the *plague du jour* of the present humxn catastrophe, End=of=the=World stuff soon to be viewed far beyond the Golemgrad Cinémathèque (you saw it here first!) - emotional joyriders taking the credulous masses for all they're worth, peddling lightspeed escape plans at half the price of a ticket to Mars, pay as you go. A cast of thousands mobbing the big CineSound screen, Wild Grrlz manning the gallows, **Offensia** in heraldic quarter=profile waving a deliriously

manicured fist above the proscenium: FOR WE ARE THE FUTURE PLUPERFECT, MY DEARS! Is this an image of things to come? Or the last hurrah of a species with less wit than anyone has a right to? Interprimate ESP? Vampyrs in the subcortex? Freezedried DNA? Arse truffles? Pseudo=vaccines for a time virus that's been & gone already, leaving a backwash of indigestible anachronism? Even if the plot's going nowhere, there's bound to be someone left when the lights go out, determined to watch to the very end.

**"I MOVE BACK FURTHER IN TIME TO AN ERA BEFORE WRITING"  
(GUYOTAT)**

There's no umbrella against the constant atmosphere in here. One moment plunged into a fathomless intestinal dark, all dreams of escape siphoned away. The next, seeing stars. Prisoned in this Vampyr Castle w/ a lunatic at the controls, piloted by pure randomness. Strapped down w/ yr guts in yr throat expecting any instant to collide head=on w/ yr alterego. Time to walk out of yr tomb & into the air! Once upon a pervious aeon we were all alone in here, but it gets so crowded now sometimes they ought to figure out one of those time=share arrangements. Take the geriatric in the next bunk, for instance. She cld've been us, a way back when. Eyes of carrot juice swimming in their sockets. Brainplate covered in fungus. Looked like they'd epoxied the two halves of her head together in a fit of spite. Both her lips had turned green. Last night she lay there screaming in her sleep for hours, nonstop all the way from the transit of Venus to the lunar eclipse. Plot gone completely pearshaped. *Pear of Anguish!* Hahaha. Sounded like a whole symphony of Spanish Inquisitors squeezed into one Iron Maiden w/out benefit of petroleum jelly. Howled her eyes out! Flew up out of her mouldy bedding like a ghoul from a grave! Screech like rusted chastity belt! Tore out her catheter & began whirling it around in the stagnant air like a dude w/ a lasso! Oh she'd be likable enough alright if we cld still bear the sight of ourselves.

**AS USELESS AS THREE LEGS ON A BOAT**

1. Principles based on the political=social function of art are the death of art itself. (Goytisolo)
2. Principles based on the aesthetic function of politics are the death of politics itself. (Benjamin)
3. Kill 'em all! (**Offensia**)



What is more, the cells showed certain functions, including the release of various immune response substances when triggered. After tissues were removed from the brains & flushed of the Cortex fluid the researchers found individual neurons were still able to function.

"What we are showing is that the process of cell death is a gradual, stepwise process & that some of those processes can be either postponed, preserved or even reversed," said Gland.

The team said that while the Cortex fluid was circulating, they monitored the brains to check for any signs of organised electrical activity that might suggest consciousness.

"That monitoring didn't show any kind of organised global electrical activity," said Dr Ingrid Murnau, bioethicist & co-author of the study, adding that the circulating fluid contained terminator enzymes to block autonomous neural activity.

"The dead brains might one day be reactivated to perform tasks we programme them to perform, but they won't be able to become conscious & perform tasks on their own."

But, she said, the team had been ready for signs of consciousness. "Had that appeared they would have lowered the temperature of the brain & used anaesthesia to stop that kind of activity," said Murnau, adding that at present there are no ethics committees set up for such an eventuality, & it remained unclear in any case if the technique could ever restore consciousness.

The researchers said it was not clear if the circulating Cortex fluid was helping to patch up molecular & cellular damage that had already begun, or whether it was simply slowing down such processes, postponing cell death.

Murnau said the next step would be to see if the system can keep the various cellular functions going for longer. A patent for the system has already been filed.

Experts writing in two articles also in *Nature* said the research opened up ethical conundrums – not least whether consciousness would have been recorded if the Cortex fluid had not contained substances to block brain cell activity, & whether other methods were needed to assess consciousness.

They also warned the prospect that one day some brain function might be restored after devastating injuries may mean doctors & family members could be less willing for organs to be removed from people for transplant.

Prof Dante Polidori of Golemsstadt University, who was not a member of the project, said that the research offered a new way to study the brain.

"A better understanding of brain function is important for understanding what makes us unlike humans & will also help us treat devastating diseases of the brain like Guillotine's disease," Polidori said.

"However, this study is a long way from preserving brain function after death as is often portrayed in fiction, w/ heads kept alive in a jar. It is instead a temporary preservation of some of the more basic cell functions in the brain, not the preservation of thought & personality."

## WELCOME TO THE RE=EDUCATION PROGRAMME

PLAGUE CITY (#FakeNewsMedia) – Researchers “reboot” bat brains hours after animals died.

The brains of decapitated *Desmodus rotundus* bats can be partially revived several hours after the animal has died, researchers at the Béla Lugosi Academy have revealed, w/ some of the functions of cells booted back up when an oxygen-rich fluid is circulated through the organ.

The *Desmodus rotundus* is a haematophagous, relying on mammalian blood as its primary food source.

The scientists stress that the brains do not show any signs of consciousness – for example, there was no sign that different parts of the brain were sending signals to each other – & that it does not change the definition of death.

But they say they have found a way to prevent brain cells from sustaining irreparable damage as blood stops circulating, & even to restore some of the cells' functions.

“This is not a living brain. But it is a cellularly active brain,” said Nyx gland of the Béla Lugosi Academy, who led the research. “A zombie brain, but not yet an *undead* brain.”

Gland added that the results had exceeded expectations. “When we started this study we never imagined we would get to this point,” he said.

The team said the approach could provide a new way to study the brain, & even help in the development & testing of new therapies for decapitation, staking & other conditions in which blood flow to parts of the brain is blocked, causing cells to die.

A number of studies, including those involving cells taken from dead brains, have suggested brain cells might not inevitably die after blood stops circulating.

Writing in the journal *Denture*, researchers in Plague City reported how they sought to examine this further by taking brains from 32 vampire bats that had been killed in a laboratory.

Four hours after their deaths, the arteries of the sanguivore brains were hooked up to a sophisticated system dubbed Cortex, which pumped an oxygenated synthetic blood through the organ. This fluid contained a host of nutrients as well as other substances to tackle processes that lead to cell death, & the circulation was

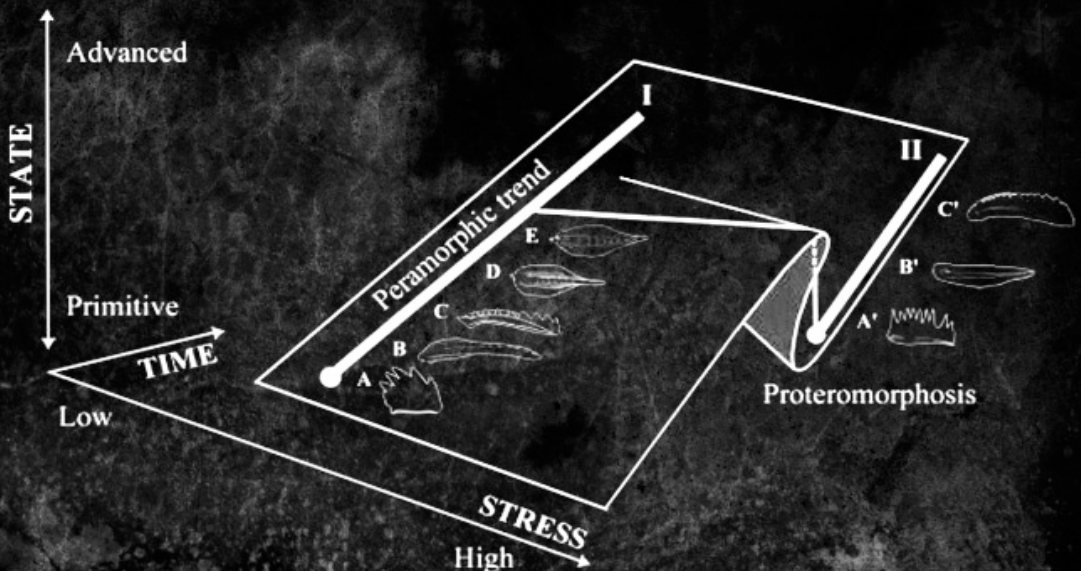
continued for six hours.

At that point, the team found the circulating fluid successfully flowed through blood vessels in the brain, including tiny capillaries, & that the blood vessels were able to dilate in response to a drug, while the brain as a whole consumed oxygen & glucose from the fluid & released carbon dioxide back into it at similar rates to an intact brain.

Unlike bat brains that were left alone for 10 hours after death, the organs that had been hooked up to the Cortex system for six hours had not decomposed, while their cells & neurons were apparently on a par or even in better condition than for bat brains analysed one hour after death.

## THIS OPTION IS NO LONGER AVAILABLE

Were the T=R=A=N=S to be admitted to the category of the universal – as a condition *transcending all categorisation*, all *reduction* to dichotomy, all *opposition as such* – then the *very idea* of the T=R=A=N=S (as anticategorical nonspecies) wld be fatally menaced & *the difference in which it took on its meaning* wld break down (even if this “universalism” were intended merely as a pre=emptive strike, covering all possible outcomes). We’ve seen how these xenovampyric tendencies are forever evoking “the myth of the impossible” in counterpoint to their parasitic origin, as if to produce a *negation of negation* in advance or on credit. Yet all this amounts to nothing more than a desperate telekinesis directing future chaos agents via alien 🗿 timeslip, when the real spectre of transcendentalism is the Corp[orate]=\${tate}. If the latter evokes the “impossible” principally against adversaries *that do not exist*, this is so it may parley the exorcising of its own ghosts into the very paradigm of a decisive checking=manoeuvre *against the Real itself*. And if the diurnal ambivalence of the T=R=A=N=S avails of a tactical reverse, so too the contrary. This wld be nothing but the jargon of an antipolitical aestheticism, were it not that the erotic experience it implies is of the “impossible” *itself*: arriving, as if from a future=not=yet, under the false appearance of a present that will never have been.  $N_x$





We need to transform vampyrism

from a libidinal economic project



into the nihilo=revolutionary one

it always promised to be. (Nyx gLand)

## COMPONENTS OF BLOOD

Water, Acetoacetate, Acetone, Acetylcholine (neurotransmitter of the parasympathetic nervous system), Adenosine triphosphate, phosphorus, Adrenocorticotrophic hormone, Alanine, Albumin (blood plasma protein), Aluminum, Aldosterone, Amino acids, nitrogen, alpha=Aminobutyric acid,  $\delta$ =Aminolevulinic acid, Ammonia nitrogen, cAMP (intracellular signal transduction molecule), Androstenedione (steroid hormone), Androsterone (steroid hormone), Angiotensin I, Angiotensin II (vasoconstrictor), Alpha 1=antitrypsin (serine protease inhibitor), Arginine, Arsenic, Ascorbic acid (Vitamin C), Aspartic acid, Bicarbonate, Bile acids, Bilirubin (hemoglobin metabolite), Biotin (Vitamin H), Blood Urea Nitrogen (BUN), Bradykinin, Bromide, Cadmium, Calciferol (vitamin D2), Calcitonin (CT), Calcium, Carbon dioxide, Carboxyhemoglobin (as HbCO), Carcinoembryonic antigen, beta=Carotene, Carotenoids, Cephalin, Ceruloplasmin, Chloride, Cholecalciferol (Vitamin D3), Cholecystokinin (pancreozymin), Cholesterol, Choline, Chorionic gonadotropin, Citric acid, Citrulline, Coagulation Factors, Fibrinogen, Prothrombin, Tissue thromboplastin, Proaccelerin, Proconvertin, Antihemophilic factor, Christmas factor, Stuart factor, Plasma thromb. anteced., Hageman factor, Fibrin=stabilising factor, Fibrin split products, Fletcher factor, Fitzgerald factor, von Willebrand factor, Cobalamin (Vitamin B12), Cocarboxylase, Complement system C1q, C1r, C1s (C1 esterase), C2, C3 (b1C=globulin), factor B (C3 proactivator), C4 (b1E=globulin), C4, C5 (b1F=globulin), C6, C7, C8, C9, Properdin, Compound S, Copper, Corticosteroids, Corticosterone, Cortisol, C=reactive protein, Creatine, Cyanide, Cysteine, Dehydroepiandrosterone (DHEA), DHEA sulfate, 11=Deoxycortisol, Dihydrotestosterone (DHT), Diphosphoglycerate (phosphate), DNA, Dopamine, Enzymes, Epidermal growth factor (EGF), Epinephrine, Ergothioneine, Erythrocytes, Erythropoietin, Estradiol (E2), Estriol (E3), Estrogen, Estrone (E1), Ethanol, Fatty acids, Ferritin, alpha=1=Fetoprotein, Flavin, Fluoride, Folate, Folic acid, Fructose, Furosemide glucuronide, Galactose, Gastric inhibitory peptide (GIP), Gastrin, Globulin, alpha=1=Globulin, alpha=2=Globulin, beta globulin, gamma

globulin, Glucagon, Glucosamine, Glucose, Glucuronic acid, Glutamic acid, Glutamine, Glutathione, Glycerol, Glycine, Glycogen, Glycoprotein, cGMP, Gonadotropin, Guanidine, Haptoglobin, Hemoglobin, Hexosephosphate P, Histamine, Histidine, Hydrogen ion(pH 7.4), beta=Hydroxybutyric acid, 17 $\alpha$ =Hydroxycorticosteroids, 17 $\alpha$ =Hydroxyprogesterone, Immunoglobulin A (IgA), Immunoglobulin D (IgD), Immunoglobulin G (IgG), Immunoglobulin M (IgM), Immunoglobulin E (IgE), Indican, Inositol, Insulin, Iodine, Iron, Isoleucine, Ketone bodies, alpha=Ketonic acids, L=Lactate, Lead, Lecithin, Leptin, Leucine, Leukocytes, Neutrophil granulocytes, Eosinophil granulocytes, Basophil granulocytes, Lymphocytes, Monocytes, Phagocytes, Lipase P, Lipids, Lipoprotein (Sr 12=20), Lithium, Lysine, Lysozyme (muramidase), alpha 2=macroglobulin, Magnesium, Malic acid, Manganese, Melatonin, Mercury, Methemoglobin, Methionine, Methyl guanidine, beta=2=microglobulin, MIP=1a, MIP=1b, Mucopolysaccharides, Mucoproteins, Nerve growth factor (NGF), Niacin, Nitrogen, Norepinephrine (neurotransmitter of the sympathetic nervous system), Nucleotides, Ornithine, Oxalate, Oxygen, Oxytocin, Pancreatic polypeptide, Pantothenic acid (vitamin B5), Para=aminobenzoic acid, Parathyroid hormone (PTH), Pentose, Phenol, Phenylalanine, Phospholipid, Phosphatase, Phosphorus, Phytanic acid, Platelets, Platelet=derived growth factor, Polysaccharides, Potassium, Pregnenolone, Progesterone, Proinsulin, Prolactin, Proline, Prostaglandins, Protein, Protoporphyrin, Prostate specific antigen, Pseudoglobulin I, Pseudoglobulin II, Purine, Pyrimidine nucleotides, Pyridoxine (Vitamin B6), Pyruvic acid, RANTES, Relaxin, Retinol (Vitamin A), Riboflavin (Vitamin B2), RNA, Secretin, Serine, Serotonin (5=hydroxytryptamine), Silicon, Sodium, Somatotropin, Sphingomyelin, Succinic acid, Sugar, Sulfates, Sulfur, Taurine, Testosterone, Thiamine (Vitamin B1), Thiocyanate, Threonine, Thyroglobulin (Tg), Thyroid hormones, Thyrotropin, Thyroxine (FT4), Thyroxine=binding prealbumin, Thyroxine=binding globulin, Tin, alpha=Tocopherol (Vitamin E), Transcortin, Transferrin, Triglycerides, Triiodothyronine, Tryptophan, Tyrosine, Urea, Uric acid, Valine, Vasoactive intestinal peptide (VIP), Vasopressin, Zinc.

## LIKE A RAT WITHOUT A TAIL [FLASHBACK]

Upon a heath on Gottwald Mountain.

Thunder & lightning.

Enter the three Wyrd Sisters:

– Where hast thou been, sister?

– Infecting rats.

– Sister, where thou?

– Boiling bats!

– Sister, where thou?

– Parleying plague among tempest=lost soulless humxnity!

ALL: We Wyrd Sisters three,

Wild Grrl freaks with a yen to feed,

hungry for strife & homicide,

howl to the moon when rich men bleed!

– Hark! Teargas & sirens! **Offensia** doth come.

Enter **Offensia** with a heavy calibre machinegun:

– So foul & fair a night I have not seen. Yet who are these creatures, huddled about their guilty cauldron brewing pestilence (by christ it stinks!)? Such bony fingers lying upon their skinny hips: they shld be womxn, & yet their beards forbid me to interpret that they are so. You, wretched o' the earth, rise & stand where I can see you. Do you have names? What things are you? Speak!

– All hail **Offensia**! hail to thee, curse of Van Helsing!

– All hail **Offensia**! hail to thee, scourge of L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T=S!

– All hail **Offensia**! thou shalt be Queen of Vampyrs hereafter!

## GODS OF THE PLAGUE

The idea of enlightening vampyrs in matters political is steadily gaining hallowed ground. The instruction introduced in many former carceral institutions aims at protecting vampyrs during the acquisition of ideological beliefs from the increasing dangers of ignorance. And it is from this point=of=view that the idea has most sympathy & support. The knowledge obtained by research, however, indicates the necessity, if not of "enlightening," at least of initiating vampyrs into the "ways of the world" in such a fashion as will render any special enlightenment unnecessary, since collectively they will be thereby protected from a disillusionment that may be overly severe & too readily sublimated in false beliefs or the syndrome of "guilty conscience."

### **A FIRE AT AULIS**

The dignity of labour was a goddess raped on the rocks under the seawall.

### **EXTREME ALIENISM**

An action that seeks political clarification requires its own clarification, of what it means "to act." The happy moronic enzyme in the thick of life's soup. In these times, nothing can be left to chance. The proverbial Wolf is constantly at the door. A barricade is always waiting to be built. Born on the winds, the virus IS the Weather Man.

### **IN THE BUSINESS OF COMPENSATORY FANTASIES (EDDIE VAN)**

Sweet dreams. Television. / You make it seem just like the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. / Sex slave. Politician. / You only smile w/ the light shining in yr eyes. / Outer space. California. / Got the face to make whole nations cry. / Pretty pictures. Pretty vacant inside. / They only love you when y're signing on the dotted line...

### **JUULZ EBOLA GETS MUGGED BY A VAMPYR**

Just got mugged & beat up for a pint of blood.

Am ok, just a bit shaken up.

Cld've fought her off but she was vamped out of her skull.

I'm ok.

Hurt pride more than anything.

At least I got out of the habit of carrying that wooden stake.

Things cld've been much worse.

What was doubly sickening was she kept saying how she was ill w/ the plague & so she had no choice.

Made me so angry.

All the times I've been blood=sick (& if you don't know what it's like, there really is no way to describe it), & NEVER ONCE has it crossed my mind to do that.

I'd rather go cold turkey than put someone else through what I just went through.

I used to carry a stake till I realised it wld bring more problems than it solved.

This is really as low as it can get.

Commie fucks!



## THE BLOOD OF OTHERS [REEL 7]

Arriving back at the Vampyr Castle at dawn, **Offensia** makes her way to the Van Helsing crypt, a dense interior monologue occupying her until she comes upon her "father," who has transmogrified into a living skeleton, kneeling in front of Armandine's cryotank, trying to smash off the locks.

**Offensia's** return, however, is distorted in the imaginations of Eddie V (who thinks she is her mother's avenging spirit), Odradek (who mistakes her arrival for a Wild Grrl possé), & the townsfolk (who believe she is their promised messiah).

Odradek, though, finally recognises **Offensia** as his Master's daughter, betrayed into the hands of Wang Fang, & runs out to hang himself. Van Helsing exploits the momentary confusion to slip away as a storm approaches over the mountains.

As lightning crashes into the high Castle tower, sending glass & shattered masonry into the air, she sees by his silhouette hanging in a tree that Odradek is dead. In a scene of pure melodrama, **Offensia** demands of the storm: "*Am I the womxn for whom the Son of Man died?*"

In the rolling of the thunder, **Offensia** hears Armandine's laughter & wonders if her mother is really in suspended animation inside the cryotank or if is living inside her "like a vampyric alterego."

She enlists the help of the townsfolk to remove the cryotank from the crypt, but as they are about to do so more lightning crashes into the tower, causing the entire structure to collapse.

The scene ends with the muted screams of townsfolk trapped under a mountain of rubble. "Let the dead," a mysterious voice says, "bury the dead." It'd take an army of mining engineers to dig them out. Even with her inhumxn powers... But why not give posterity a fighting chance?

Realising her return to Transylvania has been a terrible mistake, **Offensia** boards a train back to Golemgrad, but not before obtaining a "griffin's egg" at a tourist stall to pass off on Doctor Asperger as a priceless antique.

Returning to the City at midnight, **Offensia** takes a taxi directly to Asperger's, who is away on business, & instead stumbles upon the doctor's assistant, Jean Genet, who spills the beans about her supposedly apocryphal grandfather, the "mad vampyr scientist," credited by turns with the authorship & clandestine dissemination of the original CORVID=69 virus, hounded to the very ends of the Earth, there to perish upon the desolate peak of Gottwald Mountain.

A young idealistic microbiologist & cinéphile, Jean Genet, having first turned his attentions to the forensic study of microplasmidia, in particular the slime mould *Physarum polycephalum*, has (under Asperger's tutelage) recently decided to devote his prime of life to the investigation of socalled alien 🧠 forms of intelligence "already inhabiting this world & propagating among us, unknown, unsuspected, yet secretly directing the course of evolution itself!" It is a decision which will have unforeseen & terrible consequences.

### **MASQUE OF THE BLAQ DEATH**

Every five minutes the cameras had to stop rolling so that the extras in the plague masks cld be fed oxygen through tubes so they wldn't asphyxiate under the full-face latex. At times the heat from the arc lights was so extreme, the actors were at risks of drowning in their own sweat.

### **IT'S THE NIGH END**

Scourge of the Kosmos, the Vampyr Armand=Etc. had gone & wld never return, subsumed into antimatter. The guardian demons were sucked down w/ the ancient vampyr & the surface of the Void closed over. From deep below came a vengeful howl. Vague movements stirred the darkness hypnotically, as if the baleful creature yet breathed, but then was still. On the surface of the Void were strewn fragments of dust, blinking into light, then vanishing. Nothing more.

### **HUMXN REALITY WILL EVENTUALLY RAISE ITS UGLY HEAD**

More horrific than any film cld portray.

### **THE FABLE OF TSUI FANG**

During the time of the Baizuo Dynasty, there was a wise administrator named Tsui Fang. One day, on the road to Wuhan, in the central province of Hubei, Tsui Fang happened across two penitents, clad only from the waist down & even then in the bare slivers of rags, their backs bloodied & scabbed from the flagellants' whips that hung, awaiting the renewal of those painful labours, around their necks. They were seated upon the ground playing chess w/ bits of cracked mortar & coprolite on an improvised checkerboard scratched in the dirt. It was a Queen's Indian & black had gained a slight advantage. As Tsui Fang's camel drew abreast of the two penitents, he overheard the seemingly more proficient of the two say to his adversary, in a voice so striking it caused the Baizuo administrator to gape - as one who unexpectedly chances upon a pearl hidden within the snout of a jellied pig, or an oil lamp under a bushel, or a golden=sand beach beneath an avenue of granite paving stones (for Tsui Fang had witnessed many extraordinary things, & many things of great banality also). "And did you ever hear," asked the voice, "the one about the old Confucian who stuck a bullhorn up his arse, so he cld hear everything that goes w/out being said?"

## **ATHANASIVS KIRCHER'S PLAGUE PARTY**

under a conjunction of malignant Mars & pestilential Jupiter the fetid miasma & putrid vapours arising from the Gibbet Marsh the stink of decay excrement humidity stagnant water volcanic emissions industrial sludge bat guano rats blowflies laying invisible maggots in the pores of skin ears eyes nasal cavities invading the lungs blood vessels heart kidneys intestinal tract brain lymph infecting in rapid virulent succession the entire mind=body dualism fumigated w/ burnt rosemary cypress juniper the corrupted exhalations of boarded=up lazarettos doom=doctors in beaked hazmats the sinister nocturnal wailings of a cat=piano & the scaffold=harp the mad visions of magic lantern & microscope *ars magna lucis & umbrae* lynx-eyed *scrutinum physico=medicum contagiosae luis quae pestis dicitur* to peer upon that putrid spontaneous mass of worms invisible to the naked eye drawn forth by lunar influence out of the anagogic corpse wherein they fester & make rotten the meat & flesh upon the bones & thus engorged spew forth as a vast number of minute snakes & winged gnats as proven by incontrovertible experiments that the plague is a living panspermia from the polluted seed of vegetative sentient nature percolating in its corpuscular medium & not the farrago of speculation that distempers the medical intellect w/ a cantagium vivium no less mortal raining from inverted skies like chlorinated bog=mists amulets of toad=flesh & religiotic gibberish

## **JUST DESSERTS**

Everyone ought to have the name they deserve cut into their flesh like victims of horrific crimes the final victory of democracy oh what high-minded butchery we nonentities wld star in & you too dear reader don't count yrself out!

## **RHOMBOIDS OF THE UTERINE BLACK (EXPLODING COFFINS!)**

Corpse=stench, embalming vapours, gastric percolations, morbid flatulence, the fetid pneuma erupting under the slightest influence like a flaring gas field, *ignis fatuus* of ancient lore, here centrifuged into subterranean megatonnage of plague=pit China Syndrome w/ a hair=trigger switch, cycling down through pandemic half=life to re=arise in a mantle plume of New World Symphonic unsubtlety, launched into the noösphere upon an anal=aggressive pyrocumulus to reign a thousand nuclear winters & all because of a trapped fart smothered in resurgent plantlife, the untended allotments,

downward spiralling stairwells, cisterns, manhole covers, service elevators, arms caches, sewer grates, bowers, drainage ditches, vaults, caissons, subway vents, cold war bunker turrets, disposal chutes, boreholes, latrine pits, mineshafts, lairs of septic inertia, stagnant aspersoria, sumpholes of blind faith, the backwash of humxn progress, botched archaeologies, caesarean sections, Jurassic insect burrowings, the plunderings of resurrection men, troglodytic moles, tar babies, metamorphic somnambulists, buried abortions, a child's erector set embalmed in primeval mud, ominous abysms, unplumbed solipsisms, the tectonic faultlines of lost continents, a sublimated neurasthenia, lunatic geometries of moonlight through casement windows, kaleidoscopes of hellish infinity - these & other fabled instances of the man=mind falling prey to its own worst reckoning.

**CINEMA WITHOUT HOLLYWOOD IS LIKE SEX WITHOUT GUNS**

Something that only the progeny of refugees wld do.

**EDDIE VAN HELSING'S TORCHLIGHT GOODBYE <3<3<3**

I don't believe / any more there's gonna be / any kind of  
revelation / at the dark end of the street, / where the  
shadows want embracing / & yr smiles are so enticing / but  
I don't find no mystery / in yr heart. / Go soft but don't  
go lightly / don't forgive & don't forget me, / for this  
love you can't abide in / or the weakness & the frailty. /  
But if the night cld save our sorrow / for the last drink  
of tomorrow / I might find that mystery / in yr heart. /  
Was there ever any reason / for the hours that we've been  
given? / Will it prove that we've been just if / the stars  
come out tonight? / I feel old as I am weary / what I see  
I can't remember / & I doubt that mystery / in yr heart. /  
Will you hold me one more time / if I say that it's the end?  
/ Will you laugh when I'm unable / to dignify myself? / Dim  
the lights & close the curtains / play the music, pour the  
wine, / let me dream that mystery / in yr heart.

## *As Waves upon a Rubbled Shore*

The camera some time around early evening before dusk has begun to settle over the water. Framed against the seawall a young darkhaired boy barechested tanned in denim shorts w/ fishing line on the Malecón. Rod, bucket, scaling knife. With the bored look of a come-on he aims his heel at a miserable starfish not yet lifeless on the boardwalk.

La Malattia, district of the capital of the Vampyrge Federative Republic (ex=Bohemia), is undoubtedly one of the most loathsome places in the galaxy. The walls of its palaces, great houses & monasteries record the misery of those burdened w/ the production of its hidden wealth. Its principle architectural treasure is the Voluntary Quarantine Facility located on the Hradchin adjacent to the Presidential Palacio, dominating the view of the Malecón & the nearby fjords of the Böhmisches Meer [a.k.a. Sea of Despond].

Dark screen. Mariachi music: "Guantanamera." Gradually, sunrise over the ocean: a billboard advertisement for a beach resort. The camera pans away: a garbage-strewn Malecón, breezeblock houses, a shoreline of concrete rubble washed by oilslick. Corpses lying in the sun. An armoured personnel carrier drives past: the camera follows it along the Malecón. The passing scenery is a monotony of carnage. A young soldier is riding atop the APC. As the vehicle comes to a stop in front of a barricade, the soldier turns & looks up at something that has caught his attention. A seagull circles above the rooftops. The sun flares in the camera's lens. Close-up on the soldier's face, as the APC explodes. When the smoke clears, we see a child dragging a rocketlauncher into a drain. Barely more than an infant. The child & the rocketlauncher disappear from view. Music fades. Voiceover:

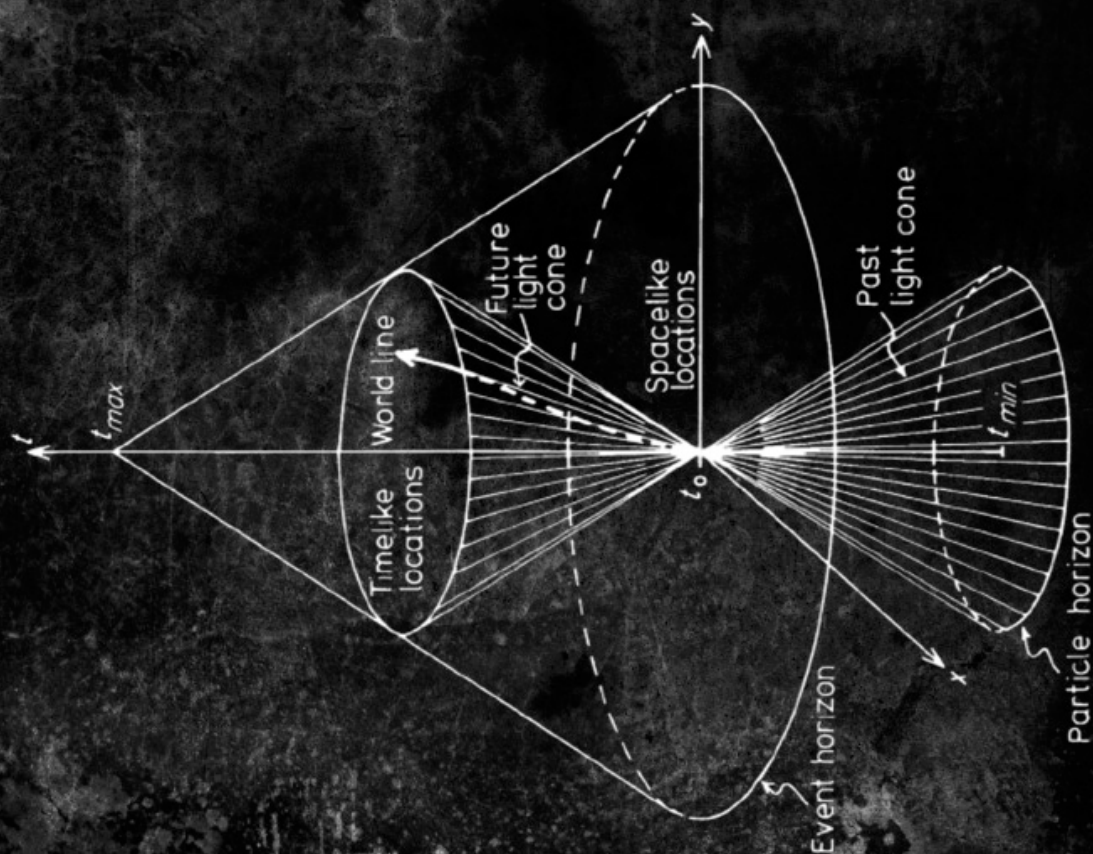
"So do our enemies hasten to their end, each changing place w/ those that went before."

It is the voice of Subcommandante **Offensia**, holstering a pistol. The camera finds her in the office of the Minister of the Interior, who has just been executed. Papers have been tossed on the floor, drawers & filing cabinets upended. The Minister's face lies in a pool of blood on a glass desktop. A cigar butt smoulders between the fingers of the dead Minister's right hand. **Offensia** leans across & stubs it out in the still-spreading pool of blood. There's an audible hiss as a corona of blood bubbles & steams around the crushed butt. Both the movement & the sound have a languid quality. As the blood spreads further, it begins to seep into a pile of documents that alone appear to have remained undisturbed w/ a paperweight atop it. The paperweight is in fact a snowdome w/ a Disney castle inside. Lying on the desk beside the pile of documents is a travel brochure: the cover shows a beach resort in the suburbs of Golemgrad at sunrise. It bears, in bold white sans serif, the legend PARADISE IS WAITING:

*Welcome to the clearance sale, fuckwits. Everything on display's marked down to rock bottom! You won't find a better deal this side of doomsday! Get yr goldplated bulletproof credit rating ready, grrlz! COME TO LA MALATTIA! It's bigger than Xmas, but only for those willing & able. Are YOU?*

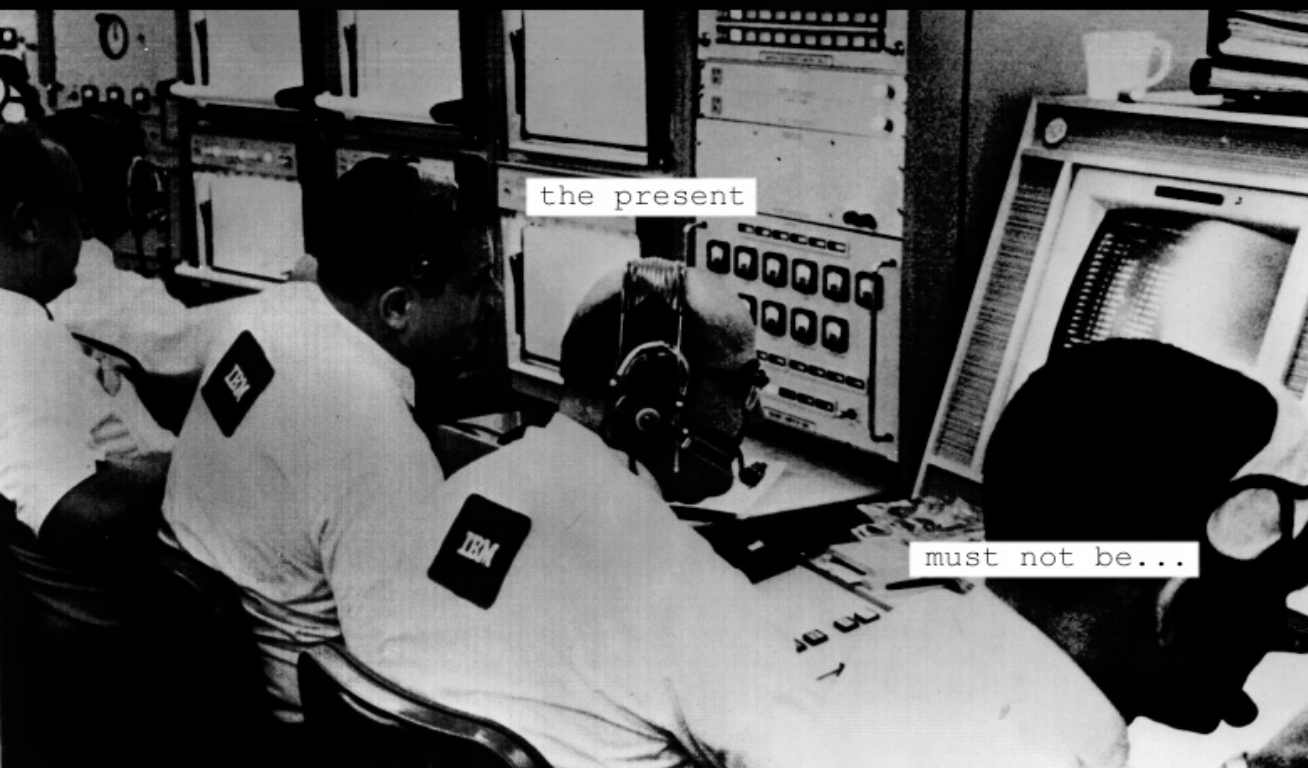
## UNE AUTRE [R]ÉVOLUTION EST POSSIBLE

Those who do not know what death is, cannot know what victory is. The world is only what abolishes itself through randomness & contingency. For existence to be bearable, the entire edifice of organised nostalgia must be blown asunder. The enemies of unlife proffer nostalgia for LIFE ITSELF (which they call C=R=E=A=T=I=O=N), as a weapon against a world no longer able to bear the sight of itself, beating itself to sleep at night – sticks a needle in its eye – turns in morbid desperation to every quack theory & miracle cure the robots have been able to cook up, every mental plague. But without grasping that the Corp[orate]= $\$$ [tate] cyberdrome establishes its dominion by means of a TIME VIRUS, nothing will be understood about the real arena of all *future politics*. (There's no question of *predicting* this a future, *because it has already happened*: the only available response strategy is to pursue the incoming logic=weapons back to their *a priori*. These are its system nodes, extending tentacle=like through qabbalistic spacetime, & thus hackable as drone prostheses.) Reverse evolution isn't a metaphor. Evolutionary drone warfare is the next phase of viral integration: the ultimate resource, interdimensional entropy. Evolution isn't just the *biological front* of this expanded military=industrial complex, *it's the entire battleground*.  $N_x$





for time to exist



the present

must not be...





## THE YEAR OF OUR FATHER

After the Summer of Sam came the Season of Spam, a real poet=of=the=people, dressed like Jesus Christ in a hardhat & blue overalls, the fact being however that this compulsive do=right cldn't've punched a hole through used toilet paper let alone a clock in a paper factory w/out a parental guidance recommendation. On & on about The Vampyr being misconstrued as villainous agent of History - whereas, we is all proles in the shit=stink of the kapitalist Dictatorship together. Amen. Charity begins at the backdoor, cumrade! Not caring to mention how on weekends He rode around in Daddy's white Rolls Royce Corniche, hip=hugger denim cut=off shorts polishing the burgundy leather upholstery & a prosthetic hardon fit to ramrod every hitchhiking fairy from here to Biarritz & back. Being that kind of anal=aggressive closet motherfucker, He was wont to keep a monkey wrench in the glovebox to break in the teeth of his unsuspecting travelling companions, screaming Vampyr=hate tracts in their tortured faces, as entrée to indescribable acts of bicuspid vasectomy. This is how it appears when the slave renounces his slavery! Evolutionary Abomination - Negation of humxnity - Devil's Child - His Homicidal Doppelgänger: resembling Him only so as to spite His face, mock His divine form, make a diseased bootleg of His sacramental blood! Oh how He wept w/ each perfunctory roadside burial. All the angelic cross=eyed virgins, whom G.O.D. in His Wisdom had commanded to be delivered, free of all spiritual blemish, unctuously anaemic, sexless, things of beauty!

## OUR LADY OF GOMORRAH

"The bitch never so much as lifted a finger in his life. He had someone do everything for him, even take a shit. Well what kind of a bitch doesn't shit out of his own arse?"

## LIFE'S LITTLE "ONTOLOGICAL JOKES"

Was **Offensia's** childhood thus unnatural? Back in the days when transistor radios were still every prepubescent grrlroid's fantasy life, hidden under the pillow, at the back of the closet, in the pile of oversized knitwear in that dank corner by the dormer window, drainpipe & gothic turret w/ gargoyles grinning, a faint breeze off the Transylvanian tidelands like seafood cocktail left in the sun, dreaming of spandex, glitter & platform shoes, bulging codpieces, bullet bras, streaked mascara & amped feedback, weaving

through long hours of enforced boredom a secret rope of Rapunzel hair - kept hidden in the underwear draw, wound in satiny gusset, for that night when finally not to escape wld be too unbearable, inspired by the tinny strains of *Walk on the Wild Side* - as in fairytales where the desperate heroine is obliged to unravel herself from a high castle to winch up some wonton piece of fleshy distraction, or vice versa, those brazen tresses from which her youthful insolence doth so wantonly sway as upon a curvèd neck, as now (in sick reminiscence) **Offensia** sways, swinging low from that prison window into the arms of Heaven's Sweat Exterminating Angel for a bit of speedy mouth=to=mouth revivification & (you just can't afford to take yr eyes off these little HRT junkies, dahling, even for one second) gratuitous mutual fellatio.

#### **CONVERSION THERAPY**

Doctor Asperger: Don't worry kid, we'll straighten you out.

SpastickGrrl: Have you ever been that grrl?

Spinoza: Being in isolation is the sine qua non of all ontology.

Papa Walt: Isolation is society for inverts!

Nyx gLand: Society is a stale kind of nothing.

Eddie Van: Are ya winning, son?

#### **THE VAMPIR IS HUMXNITY'S GUILTY CONSCIENCE**

The destruction of the vampyr's mystique has not precluded the vampyr from remaining a subject of both institutional & popular fascination. Something about them exposes the mechanism of the so-called social libido. The secret desire to be collectively ravished by unknown forces. Subjected to untold humiliations. Rendered a palpitating mass of abused flesh. Every prohibition transgressed, every responsible act degraded to pure hysterical onanism. Felched by U.U.U. upon the altar of Right Reason, Justice, Natural Law. Cld this be Civilisation's crowning achievement? Asperger: "There are more monstrosities of evolution than can be dreamt of in our laboratories!" Wld existence itself thus expire in filth & decadence? Was the true meaning of the "vampyr" that there was no future? Was humxnity doomed? And the question that assaulted them all most urgently: *Did reproduction require a species?*

**WE DON'T EAT JUST ANY CHILDREN, WE ONLY EAT YRS!**

Spinoza: With its very first disappointment, a child already anticipates death.

**Offensia:** Such presentiments steal the joy of life!

Spinoza: Who can claim not to have been oppressed by sadness?

**Offensia:** And if everything that's ungraspable, invisible, inaudible, becomes more & more ungraspable, invisible, inaudible?

Spinoza: There must be a miraculous sense that arises from the unconscious: a 6<sup>th</sup> sense!

**Offensia:** Which doesn't look, doesn't observe, doesn't measure, but anticipates everything?

Spinoza: The sum of all laws, natural & physical, unnatural & metaphysical.

**Offensia:** Yet still I feel & the senses that twist around me dictate the meanings this world lacks.

Spinoza: What emotion has led us to create the void only to uncreate it w/ images & words?

**Offensia:** The mind is like the yolk of an irrational egg!

Spinoza: But can you make an omelette out of it?

**DESOLATION ZERO (MIND, STATES OF): Y2K TIME=TRAP + PANGALACTIC STRIPMINING SINGULARITY + MATRIOSHKA BRAIN UNIVERSE REDUPLICATION (NONCONSENSUAL) + CORVID DISASTER TRIBADISM = COSMIC GENOCIDE ESCAPE TRAJECTORY**

A heap of dung crawling with worms, photographed w/ a cinema apparatus attached to a microscope. Crispr stared into the moviola. What he saw resembled the tribulations of Ulysses. In short, a world gone to the dogs in a slew of montage. Behold the suppurating anus of Mitteleuropa in all its glorious detail! From such chaos what light wld be born? From what Sea of Despond, as upon a wave that brings up unknown forms from the depths? Psychic portraits of the incontinent & unpreventable cosmic unconsciousness? For here, ghosts exist & have learnt to speak. Bleak histories whose narratives are fed w/ teargas rubberbullets enucleation flashbang molotov firehose battoncharge blood=on=the=pavement a crushed rose

is a rose

is a rosie

is a fractured skull stitched w/ cablewire ziptie choking on puke in spit=hood epilepsy neck=stomp face=taser suckerpunch shot in the back kicked unconscious asphyxiated hands up facedown underlying condition posing immanent threat of accidental death in custody, etc. Detecting, even

as the combinations shift & change, the same bitterness, melancholy & depression are detectable everywhere.

"It's as if," Crispr thinks aloud, "the world had already come to an end."

All else in limbo. Waiting to be put out of its misery. (Ghastly!)

A piece of about-to-be discarded soundtrack wafts through the editing room speakers, before it is deleted forever. Van Helsing: "A stake through the heart & y're to blame, / you give LOVE a bad name!"

Crispr envisages a scene w/ falling angels, mouths howling in terminal-velocity distortion like gaping wind-tunnel artefacts. Eyes blasted back into their heads. Alternating w/ scenes of solitary confinement under a barrage of floodlights: no sleep unable to hold onto a thought for even a moment the routines of arbitrary time extending between boredom suicidal distress they've wiretapped the impenetrable sanctuary inside yr head even the hole you shit into is an informant there's nothing they don't already know confessions are worthless here except as entertainment.



The plot (or whatever passes for one) fastforwards through its subplots, branching, spiralling, leaving in its wake densely worded fjords of Mandelbrot entropy lapped by seas of diffusest prose. Thus did Creation require thirteen days & nights counted as seven, i.e. rotations of the planetary sphere, factoring in such fleeting stolen hours of halfsleep as pass for rest in this part of the galaxy.

Thought: psychosis builds an editing machine.

How many parallel timelines bear adjudicating? Rote application of the dialectic tool vs mass discontinuity principle? Autocritique built into the archive? It occurs to him that the desire to produce a final edit is itself the primary redundancy in the idea of cinema.

Question: how to make a film that doesn't represent but constitutes the situation? Not the image of an insurrection, but the insurrection itself?

On the other hand, "makes"? The eye? The camera? The editing console? The insurrection that can't exist without being "seen"? The approximate algorithm of an event? Reverse-engineered life prototypes? Sound & image randomisers in the quantum field? A carousel with a cracked calliope?

Hits  & cues the voiceover track. Types filename: 00/4N7HR0P=01D. Hits : "scheduled for immediate departure / life prototypes to commence sublimat[e][ion] / all

unauthorised thought=patterns must cease / recalibrate for gravitational constant / gaps in hyperluminescence require observer=independent time=function / self=annihilation programmes to run concurrently as expression of agreement, etc."

Intertitle 1: CHOOSE ALGO=LITE

Intertitle 2: APOCALYPSE PARTY

[This story shall only finish writing itself long after humxnity has vanished from the world. It will be immortal & subsist on the blood of dead literature & the debris of collapsed stars.]

"Smile," Crispr said to the reflection in the console monitor, "tomorrow is whenever you wake up."

### **BUTT PIRATES À LA CARRIBE**

"Bonbon" is mutilating **Offensia**'s dreams. She's disguised as Sophia Loren in a Cuban prison. It's one of those films based on a true story. Or a true story based on a film. In the film "Bonbon" smuggles the entire 3<sup>rd</sup> draft of Reinaldo Arena's *Otra Vez El Mar* (the previous 2 having been confiscated & destroyed by the cops) out of El Morro by concealing it up her arse. Involuntarily **Offensia** imagines herself in the same situation, required to accommodate *The Lost Chronicles* (an account of her MISSING YEARS) inside her own rectum. She mulls the likelihood of this even being possible (the typescript, which she already intends to burn, stretches to over a thousand pages). A theme develops here involving an expert contortionist in a fisting bar. She passes through the various stages of initiation, gaining an increasing amount of hitherto unsuspected knowledge. Her body adapts to these illicit rigours. After several months she has progressed to the more demanding sections of the book, those invariably described by professional literary critics as unreadable. By sheer willpower she succeeds in overcoming even this seemingly insurmountable barrier. As finally she prepares to carry out her mission (having chosen to accept it), an image flashes through her mind: *The Lost Chronicles* are hidden inside her, she's crossing the border (for example), a freak accident occurs, her body is lying on an autopsy table & the coroner is probing a network of intestinal lesions w/ the blunt end of his scalpel, rolled typescript sheathed in plastic slick w/ scoria. Coroner drawls to his assistant through a spit=soaked surgical mask: "Second case we've had this week. Must be a best=seller."

## **SUCK MY AURA**

"The definition of money is whatever the proles can't burn down." (B.J. "Papa" Walt)

## **KAPITALISM PURSUES THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE**

What classical economics misrecognises by allowing the vampyr to be classified as *inessential labour* is the special character of its mythopoeic mode of production.

## **THE VAMPYR THAT FEEDS LIFE & THE VAMPYR THAT FEEDS DEATH**

As if to demonstrate their theory of parallel worlds, Doctor Asperger had them lay the two corpses side=by=side.

"See here," he said, indicating the one w/ puncture marks on the groin, "the sign of Perversity."

The other looked perfectly natural, the way G.O.D. had intended a corpse to look. But appearances were deceiving, for this was the most unnatural of all Heaven's creations.

Well did G.O.D. or didn't G.O.D. create the vampyr just as they'd created Eve & Adam?

Doctor Asperger made a faint sucking sound w/ his tongue, blinked behind his eyepatch. There was a science to making comparisons between orders of nature but in general, when a rank amateur just slapped things down next to each other & started drawing conclusions, what you ended up w/ was wildly false analogies of the most heinous variety!

Now the first consideration a truly scientific mind must undertake is to ask: Did one assert an *influence* over the other?

The mere proximity of two elements did not indicate an *a priori* relation of power. Nor did the simple conflicting of evidence *a posteriori* demonstrate the existence of a secret compact.

The fact that one appeared to prey upon the other, did not, in the Doctor's mind, forfeit the argument that the true motive, baring the lascivious stigmata upon the victim's flesh, was the precisely "vampyric" character of this simulacrum: that in all respects the two were identical – that their indistinguishable appearance was the rule & not the exception.

## **HISTORY'S RECTUM**

"Every ontology derives from a politics, from a theory of power." (Nyx gLand)

## *Eine Jungfrau in den Krallen vom Vampyrn*

1. Exterior. As the orchestra fades in & out, the sun rises over the deep Transylvania woods, its sombre blue tones transposing into sombre green.
2. A muffled backing=voice in the sound of the leaves.
3. The scene framed in a gothic archway.
4. Interior. A stone fireplace. An imposing portrait of a womxn hangs above it, face covered w/ a black veil.
5. The eyes opening & flames leaping.
6. Close=up on the iris, alive like the storms of Jupiter.
7. A womxn positioned beside the fireplace. Her hands behind her back as if bound together.
8. The viewer observes the scene through a pair of binoculars.
9. The womxn is speaking defiantly to someone who is seated in a highbacked chair – only their right hand, resting on the arm of the chair, is visible. The glint of an intricately ornamented ring.
10. “I shall sacrifice my advantage at a time & place of my choosing.”
11. A rapid montage details her arrival from the antipodes beneath the castle ramparts.
12. “My little refugee from the underworld,” the Invisible One says.
13. The camera drifts towards the fireplace, into the white heat of the flames: an image of projected blank film.
14. Exterior. The castle in silhouette.
15. A flash in the sky.
16. The dark mass of a faceless crowd gathering on the fringes. Emissaries from war footage of the Vietcong. The liberation of Ravensbrück. The Spartacist rebellion.
17. A scream. A raven’s laughter. Arclight.
18. In the aftermath a limousine pulls up the long driveway. The driver gets out of the car, stands tensely observing his surroundings.
19. It is a bright & beautiful day, revealing a landscape of charred carcasses, the blackened skeletons of incendiarised trees, a thick grey carpet of ash covering the ground. Distant mountains. A mythical eeriness.
20. The entire scene is deliberately shot in one take to achieve the greatest intensity possible.

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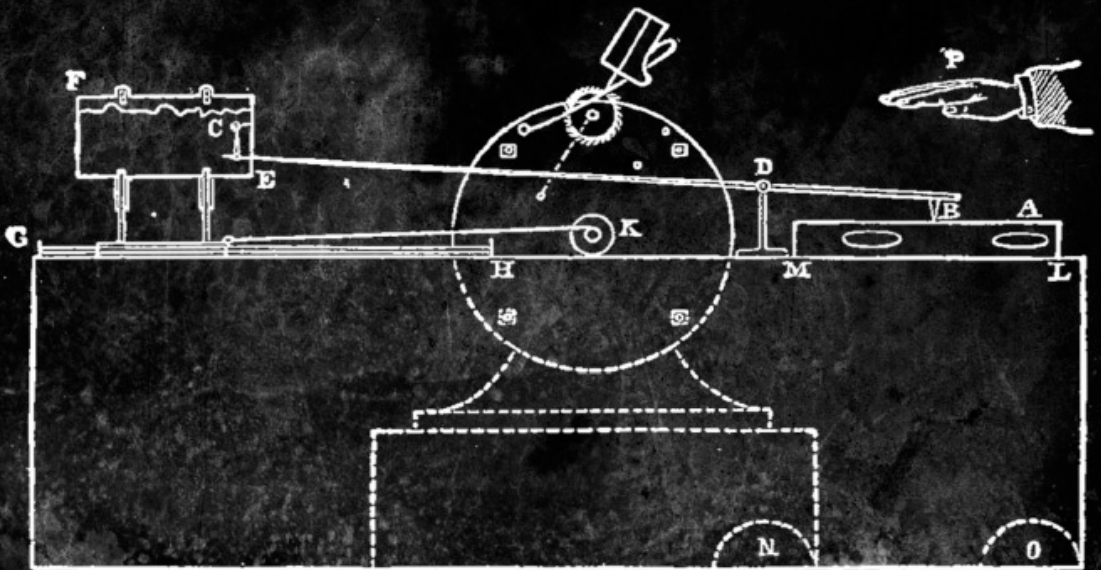
...are these the future suicide bombers of a world in ruins?





## PUTTING THE H( )LE WIDE W( )RLD IN PARENTHESES

The aim of insurrection is not the seizing of the means=of=production, but caching in on the *means=of=expenditure* – by which social POSSIBILITY is both accumulated & dissipated in increasingly vertiginous cycles. The logic of expenditure is not the INVERSE of production, but its *raison d'être*. Contrary to a received wisdom mindlessly circulated in the #fakenewsmedia, “rioting” & “looting” are therefore not a NEGATION of those “social values” upheld by consumer kapitalism, but are the intimate attendants of conspicuous consumption itself. Just as conspicuous consumption by kapital – aped by the consumer mass – is but an hysterical sublimation of a recurring fantasy in which power eroticises its own evisceration & laying waste at the hands of a spectral lumpenproletariat. The potlatch of expenditure never exceeds the bounds of this sadomasochistic fantasy. The means=of=production/ expenditure oscillate around the axis of power’s symbolic negation & convulsive reconstitution in a movement that is in no respect contingent (even if it *produces* contingencies), but is entirely determined by the logic of power itself, like the cycle of erection & *petit mort*, castration & prosthesis. By means of expenditure, power *defers* for itself the pleasure of its own overcoming & determines in advance the recuperation of a fantastic insurrectionary force. The means=of=production of reality is, in this pseudo=paradoxical tableau, indented to the means=of=expenditure of reality. It’s here that the “vulnerability of power” reveals itself as nothing but the most conventional form of seduction.  $N_x$



## **NORMAL ATYPICAL ABNORMAL**

Before discussing the usual fantasies that accompany masturbation, a few words shld be said about masturbation itself.

*Dear Colleagues,*

*Allow me to express our deepest gratitude for yr contribution to our congress on autoeroticism. Yr film, "Mono=Vampirism," was one of the most successful entries in our film section: among more than 100 projections, it won especial acclaim from an otherwise very critical audience.*

*In the straightforwardness of its logic, direct presentation lies in the sexual act; the erotic power of the screen does not always match the response. No exception to this is permissible once we acknowledge that onanism, like all other erotic impulses, originates in the unconscious.*

*Sincerely,  
Erich von Stroheim*

## **40,000 YEARS IN THE BLOOD**

Looted mannequins. Tainted methanol. Durex. A gift=wrapped sombrero. This is the water & this is the well. Death was trending. (You are already dead.) Patchouli oil. Cassandra Crossing. Skull callipers. Autism. No feelings, heart empty = general purpose social judgement. Lung=hex. Weak fear. Strong fear. Pseudo=Deleuziana. A meme is a suicide postponed. Time supply=chains in smooth brain discontinuity. No backdate infra=cascade. *The throne of Universal Empire may be raised over the ruins of Universal Catastrophe.* At that time people will say to the mountains, "Fall upon us!" Dick milk. Right now in Amerika: vitriol injections to combat coronavirus fallout "& highly unusual disruptions." World=building begins after this one. An endless cosmic ocean of cringe. Sex hormones in spent fuel=rod. The formula is: THE ALIEN ☠ IS THE ENEMY. Phenotype check. This for real? Stonefaced silent. Daily reminder that unlife is debased & blackpilled. Eschaton immanentised: WE ARE THE FUTURE CHROMOSOME! All war=machine, no sate: the BEST=IS=YET=TO=COME Funeral Home. Divides into multiple categories. A white ogre orchid blossoming in the little dark place. In the Labyrinth of Zero. Cancelled into infinity. This isn't how the story ends it's just the setup for the next sequel in the franchise?

**JUST BECAUSE ALIENS ☠ DIDN'T MAKE**

**(A) THE PYRAMIDS AT GIZA**

**(B) MACHU PICCHU**

**(C) THE EASTER ISLAND HEADS**

**(D) THE GEOGLYPHS OF ATACAMA**

**DOESN'T MEAN IT WAS HUMXNS!**

Countless are those things, imbeciles, of which ignorance shall deprive you.

**RESISTANCE - CATHEXIS - EVERYONE DIES!**

Although this Death=Cult calls itself scientific, we haven't yet heard of any verifiable statistic about the re=appearance via mediums of the same deceased individuals at more than one place at a time. Death is every fascist's big play. Drink the KoolAid & win the prize. Red pill blue pill black pill. In this way precisely have they learned how to confuse, to deflect & to use alchemy. Though not all the plastic in all the oceans wld build a Xanadu, they cld still turn this humxn excrement into ☒.☒.☒. & launch the world back into the void from whence it came.

Nyx gLand: "LOL at the world deathspasming in a pandemic we said cldn't happen!" So it's a wash 😊

**DEFENESTRATION NOT WITHOUT CONSEQUENCES**

The Committee for Gravity Annulment wld've left the Kid for dead, lying on the ice w/ bones broken, a hundred metres down at the bottom of the Vampyr Castle steps. But the Committee, still haunted by the manic glimmer in the Kid's eyes, wld never've been able to sleep w/out knowing all its t's had been crossed & i's dotted, so they sent down one of their goons to perform the *coup de grâce*. Afterwards the coroner said he'd never seen a look of such horror on a corpse before, when they hauled the goon out onto the autopsy slab. Not a sign of the Kid, who must've dragged herself up by her teeth or operated by some kind of weird mind control, or - what the Doctor said - *metamorphosed* into the Beast... Something had torn the goon's throat out & it wasn't the Kid's smiley badge. Much later the rest of the Committee also turned up brutally dead, one by one, each disfigured by a terrible rictus & *sans* laryngeal apparatus. They said the Kid was Armand=the=Apocryphal's reincarnation & was getting his revenge. Others said she was just a devil chile.

## **THE 13 NARRATIVE CODES OF VAMPYR LITERATURE**

1. EPIC  
The text belongs first & foremost to the reality of language, whose dimensions are inexhaustible.
2. HOLISTIC  
The text is the integration of all "exterior" elements.
3. CYCLONIC  
The impetus of the text comes from its dynamic force, the source of & reason for which are unknown.
4. HEPATIC  
The text is a force=feedback dialysis machine.
5. TRAGIC  
The text possesses neither pathos nor expressivity, but is a field of autonomous actions irreducible to affect.
6. EPILEPTIC  
The text is a vehicle of convulsive delirium.
7. SOTADIC  
The text is a set of materials subject to arbitrary laws, whose meaning is the product of obscenity.
8. SPURIOTIC  
The text lives out its own "disappearance," against a backdrop of nothingness.
9. CHOLERIC  
The text "takes place" through incessant confrontation.
10. QUIXOTIC  
Nothing is self=evident, the text constantly casts doubts & itself remains doubtful.
11. CHRONIC  
The text exacerbates the relativity of time.
12. TRAVESTIC  
Through its very excess, the text abolishes all subordination to a mimetic "reality."
13. PARASITIC  
The text propagates by assimilation & substitution.

## **VALDEMORT & ESTROGEN**

- There will come a time when death itself is an anachronism!
- *We'll* never live to see it.

## OFFENSIA DREAMS OF PRENATAL LIFE

"The beginning of the world," Spinoza's voice in her head, "was also the end of it." But wld its end also necessitate another beginning, reset to zero, or only a near-enough approximation of it?

Such presentiments accompanied **Offensia** throughout her formative years, though it wasn't until her apprenticeship as a counterfeiter that **Offensia** chanced upon her true vocation: she knew the moment the revelation occurred to her that she must, by any & all means, become a vampyr. The precise occasion was a séance upon Gottwald Mountain, when the spirit of Martha Dodd (!) spoke, revealing to her the secret lineaments of her prenatal incarnations, of which there were a vast succession, stretching back from Lola Montez to Agrippina. The truth of such matters cld only, it seemed, remain unknown w/out further supernatural intervention. There were obvious reasons for this. Soon, however, clues began to appear, confirming **Offensia's** intuition - that all of these historical forebears had indeed been vampyrs. Less certain was her own particular stake in this lineage. Resisting for once her own precocious instinct for forgery, she set out in search of hard evidence. The results of her investigations were paltry: a postcard from one Baron Van Helsing to a certain Madam X, dated 1812; a lithograph, inherited from her mother, of a castle in Transylvania; a portrait of a kneeling hieratic figure w/ an inward gaze hauntingly like her own. Yet too many questions, unanswered, unanswerable. Too many flights of fancy, fatuous fires, figments & false alerts. The itinerary of her forebears, her namesakes, her pretagonists, was more than a moveable feast, it demanded an investigation that must encompass nearly the whole globe! The idea of ending her days as some forlorn simulation w/ plastic fangs & a cape drove her witless w/ despair. Laughter behind closed doors, the anxiety of empty wardrobes, the posthumous presence of ancient sunlight on faded squares of wallpaper, shadows of vanished furniture, paintings in stolen gilt frames, deniable portraits of mass murderers slipped from the family album, dictators & thieves, the dulled spines of unread books, the cemented dust of corners spurned, smudged panes of windows convulsively gazed out generation after generation, attic rooms of unspoken confinement. How fleeting, in retrospect, her mother's kiss, stolen upon her deathbed, in the airy embrace of an astral project, mere telekinesis! The view behind **Offensia's** eyes began to turn grey, willing herself into a state of polyneuropathy, organomegaly,

endocrinopathy, monoclonal plasmoproliferation, numbness, pulmonary constriction, bulging lymphnodes, leather=skin, extensile claws, enlarged incisors, a sudden & catastrophic taste for humxn blood. By sheer force of will, the selfmade vampyr! If only it were possible! And if destiny demanded she return to Transylvania to violate her mother's tomb for the sake of a myth? The last orphaned haemoglobin suspended in cryogenesis, brine=drunk, lost at sea: how wld it know itself after such tribulation? What immiserated DNA still stirred there? Did she dare?

"And is its end," **Offensia** said aloud, "not also its beginning?"

### **G.O.D.'S SECOND CHILDHOOD**

If it was true that G.O.D. built a family business out of being fucked by the Devil, it was His retarded son, Super Rupe, who turned it into the biggest planetary porno emporium this side of Valley Forge. When Rupert Merde=le=Coque, Jr., swore on his mammy's mausoleum to go out into the big awful world & do good, he meant every Jew=hating word of it. He travelled the great wild yonder, learned the big lessons of life. He saw how the lay of the land was & how it ought to be: subdivided & paved over & routed into the cashflow heaven of wireless fidelity. Then one portentous spring morn, the bushytailed entrepreneur returned home to pen the first volume of his memoirs, *The Formative Years*, in the inimitable tabloid style for which he'd soon become famed. "The Gore Vidal of corporate piracy" (*Golemgrad Evening Standard*). Beginning w/ an account of his miraculous birth, the Boy Wonder spared no detail, proceeding w/ exactitude through the intervening adolescent years & culminating in poignant scenes of buggery in Herod's gaol. Readers agreed that the highlight was a full uncensored page=three spread of the Virgin Mum herself, ravishing in a Vivienne Westwood head=to=heel BONSAI BANZAI BURKA BERSERKER! Scenes of mayhem ensuing on the Gaza Strip. Bazookas at dawn! Staring Dr Shekel & Mistress Eid. (Yep, kidz, it's another incomparable Papa Walt peenie=puller special! Featuring naked greed & passionate Armageddon! Where even the best laid bets come to nought!\*)

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\* But not for "Never=a=Dupe" Rupe, he's a *born winner* (ask Judas)!

### **EDDIE VAN HELSING'S BLUES**

Somewhere in the aftermath,  
you draw the blinds & pour a glass.  
You say it'll be the last.  
But no=one's holding their breath.  
And you don't have an emotion of yr own.  
So you just sit & stare at the phone.  
What you want yr little world to be like  
& how you want yr little world to be liked.  
Because something died in yr eyes  
but y'd already gone away.  
Because something died in yr eyes,  
but you were never there anyway.  
It's too late to hope that they'll call.  
There's nothing left to stand tall for.  
Sorry no=one was keeping score.  
When you leave don't forget the door.  
Now it's time to end this song,  
never mind it won't be long.

### **AN INVISIBLE SHADOW PROJECTED OVER THE SKY**

We are confronted w/ a Rorschachian psychodiagnostiks of emergent social/environmental "chaos" which reveals a system fully AT WORK globally & not a system in process of BREAKING DOWN. Every indication is of an insistent symmetricalisation of power that feeds off the production of its own accelerated entropy, in the form of pure expenditure. This relation of power is dialectical only to the extent that its algorithmic movement of expenditure & recuperation represents a *demystification* of the dialectical form. Demystification because *it is only what can be conceived within the dialectical relation that is ever subject to the claims of sublation in the first place* - just as the "expenditure w/out reserve" of despotic power remains bound in its entirety to the *fantasy* of its negation. It is for this reason that power's self=supersession is never an instrument of insurrection but merely its theatre: that *moving tableau* in which the passionate performance of unrestrained violence begets an aesthetic "pleasure" both *at & of* the limits of representation. The force of this signification of the otherwise unsignifiable is what propels expenditure in *its* means=of=production & thus power, too, is propelled - projected in its "essence" - into a future it is otherwise impotent to create if not to consume.

**[“WE LIVE IN A...”] TUR[N]ING MACHINE**

STATEMENT	<	READING=STATE	
		ERASING=STATE	
		<u>WRITING=STATE</u>	
		HALTING=STATE	>
			STATELESSNESS

**REALITY HAS BEEN ERASED BUT THE IDEA OF IT IS EVERYWHERE**

In von Stroheim's *Luminous Fangs* we are leaving the field of cinema, the purely aesthetic field, & we are entering, or rather we are elevated to, the field of psychic revolution. It is apparent that this project – we dare not call it a “film” – is not only unusual but completely out of step w/ the contemporary cinema of our time. In the *Luminous Fangs*, cinema is deformed to such an extent that it almost no longer exists in the conventional sense of the word. It has become a struggle between conscious & unconscious forces, a mentalistic apotheosis, an epic quest to solve the problem of the very existence of reality. Is it possible, in the aftermath of such an act of radical disillusionment, to say what it *is* or what it *means*?

**THE I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T COVENANT**

Cinema, they declared, must derive from an internal dynamic rhythm in the relation between concepts & their abstract expression. For the I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T=S, this represented the liberation of an aesthetic that followed its own rules, separated from the tradition of mimetically depicted objects. Nowhere was this more in evidence than in the I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T=S' distinctive perceptiveness & approach to light revealed in von Stroheim's cycle *Luminous Fangs*, which owed nothing whatsoever to conventional realism.

“Life” (Stroheim) “will only begin once more on this planet when all the museums have been abolished, beginning w/ cinema itself.”

**RING=A=RING=A=ROSIE, OUT THE SOLAR ANUS**

Papa Walt: Those who believe they've been abandoned by G.O.U. are greater idiots than those who merely believe in G.O.U.

Rupert MerdecocK: The G.O.U.-less idiot is an idiot indeed.

Nyx gLand: To be an idiot is forgivable, but to be an idiot forsaken by one's own idiocy is a fault beyond redemption.



## **GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY MERDECOCK**

Well looky here, hadn't the Ol' Sore moved up in the world? A real self-made tabloid tranny! He got franchises half-way across Civilisation. "Rupert the Vamp," they is callin him. "Rupe the V." You gotta pay just to line up when Super Rupe cometh round to giver her haemorrhoids an airing, kiss the pinky ring & all that stale ol' jizz, & maybe the Big Sore take a liking to you, give you the full page three treatment.

- Well my heart just bleeds, lover. It bleeds.
- Just the way La Merdecock says, BETTER TO BECOME A WOMXN THAN FUCK A MAN.
- Ooh! I is feeling all hot & crampy just thinking of eet!
- Anyone able to recommend a reliable brand of haemorrhoid cream? Asking for a friend.

## **IF CORVID=69 IS REAL, YOU CAN CALL ME MAYER!**

Spinoza sits in a corner of Doctor Asperger's laboratory, in a pile of broken wires, pulleys, levers, circuit-breakers, motherboards, fake fur, etc. Asperger is pacing back & forth in front of a bank of teleconferencing monitors, addressing the faithful. "Blood count must not exceed" / "relations of production to immune response" / "spinal tap" / etc. Whatever experiment the abducted macaque has been part of appears to have been counted a success. Asperger's mood is upbeat, the prognostic A+. Consciousness fading, Spinoza looks on helplessly at this colloquy of shitheels, last hopes of rescue fleeing out the proverbial door. The following is an approximate transcript...

Asperger: By analysing samples from the City's sewer system & testing for antibodies, we have been able to localise sources of infection within the City's slums & target them for sanitation.

Ayn Rand: The epicentre of all disease! The anus of "society"!

Nyx gLand: Progress with a capital A.

Juulz Ebola: But what if it managed to get in here, right under our very noses?

Ayn Rand: Let them eat shit!

Merdecock: Millions & millions of folks out there eating shit every day. They've each got good reasons to keep eating it, but the reasons don't matter. Fact is, if they stopped eating shit, the world wld end & that's all there is to it.

Ayn Rand: Life is a shit sandwich!

Vance Duhomey: Is that all there is? Fait accompli? Is that the essence of sucking shit?

Papa Walt: Shit is the one thing you can bank on.

Merdecock: The Summa Coprologica.

Dante Polidori: First we must consider the nature of the particular shit in question.

Juulz Ebola: ☹️.☹️.☹️. shit? Monkey shit? Bullshit? Shit of the Sephiroth? of Cthulhu? of Marilyn Monroe? Shit from the arses of the mass=extinguished? Pure commodity shit? Merde d'artiste? Shit of shit? Of the shitless? Dead shit? Shit from Shinola? All the shit you can eat? All the shit of History in one chamberpot? Shit for shit's sake? The shit that dare not speak its name? The shit that doesn't give a shit? Categorical shit? Ethereal shit? Shit on a hot tin roof? Shit on a cold night in Siberia? Crazy shit? Premium shit? Shit on a stick? Off a shovel? Free shit? No shit?

Ayn Rand: A turd in the hand is worth two in the kisser\*!

Merdecock (in the voice of Wang Fang): Better to bury one's head in a latrine than lose it over a square of toilet paper (ancient Mongolian proverb).

Nyx gland: Shit aint shit, Sal.

### **IT IS THE EYE OF TRUTH THAT PERSECUTES**

In front of a landscape of erasures, a darkness that engulfs everything. (There was a border they didn't always let you see, but you still knew you had to cross it.) This is the key to the game. Life stands under orders to retreat to the Quarantine Zone. Positioned outside the game, the adversaries pretend they're only imaginary. *Il n'y a pas de hors=jeu*. Stated otherwise, existence of strategy doesn't automatically confer a "tactical" advantage. There are, for example, two types of mask: those that are worn openly & those worn in secret. *>the chill of sodden paper stuck to the neck glued smooth over eyelids force=fed between cracked teeth a papier=mâché of endorphined suffocation inkbotted gagging mute to dream of surfaces & air when all is a red pulsing of the eyelids turning black the blood in the ears bile in the throat welling up w/ sudden ferocity like a fountain pen from a jugular to scrawl its immodest encyclopaedias*. Like Miss Muffet, you watch in sick fascination as the giant blowfly sucks the brains out of the

---

\* La bouche.

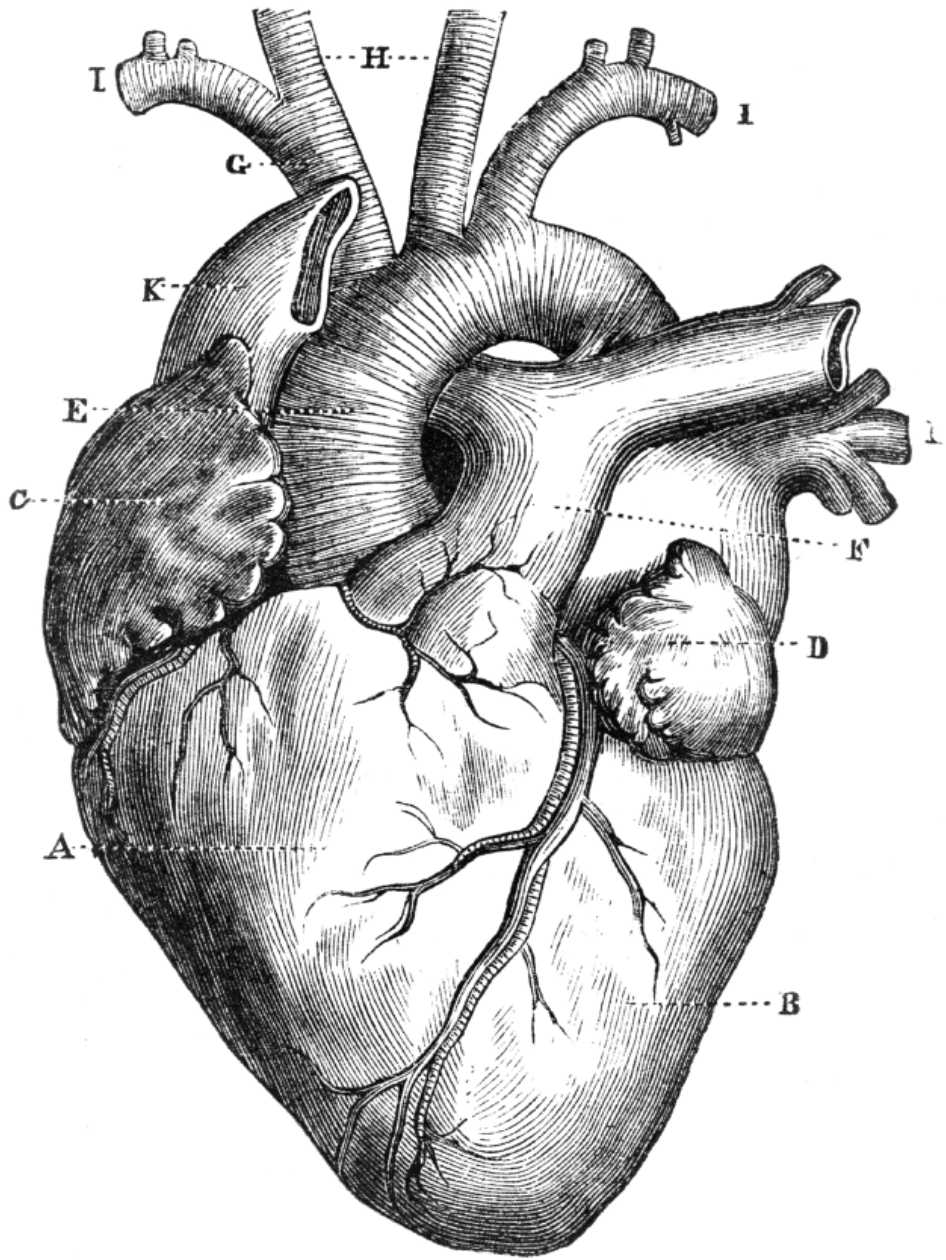
itsybitsy spider. "There is a great danger threatening the task of emancipation, which isn't an excess of ideology, but the opposite: an insufficiency of ideology in the direction of the task itself." Immense relief from breathing (after all). They are selling oxygen in bottles. First degrade, then ration, then commodify. THE ONLY FUTURE WORTH ANYTHING IS ONE THAT PAYS! ("Virtuous & meek means lead to nothing!") You've seen this coming but weren't always prepared to believe it. An alibi only gets you so far, the real art is in convincing them of everything you say. *Palinodes of complacency*. Trocchi: "Protest is based on the assumption that social behaviour is intelligent: the hallmark of its futility." What if everything to be accomplished, & the means of doing so, were self-evident? [An inevitable invisible insurrection?] Yet nothing cld be less clear / i.e. further from the truth (like a point on a Möbius strip returning to itself "as the crow flies"). >in place of "landscape," write "geometry." Perhaps before proceeding further we shld define what is meant by a distance: being the magnitude of an anomaly between two frames of reference. "She looked in the mirror but her reflection wasn't there [wasn't where she expected it to be.]" ;Somewhere inside the mirror time had slowed down? The virus integrates an error into the system, which propagates until the error IS the system [the system "fails"] [or until it evolves a different system].\* Q: Is the virus a "revolutionary" force? At what point does it renounce revolt? At what point does it dissimulate? i.e. by precipitating collapse, does the virus in fact strengthen the hand 🖐 of e.g. the I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T conspiracy? "We must restate the problem of Evil upon new information." [Every demon serves a master, but not only a demon may kill its master.] Once more back in the realm of false consciousness & instinctive dread, where G.O.D. alone maintains the Supreme Good in perpetual tumescence. *To the extent that sublime revolt lives, grows & develops over the course of History...* Does violence so quickly lose its attraction, when all it does is pay a salary? [A riot must also be a deconstruction.] Note, to be inscribed on every mirror: KNOW THYSELF / KNOW THY ENEMY. Thus are we all creatures of speculation. Yet who wld be the logos fallen among those deprived of speech? image among the blind? vaccine among the terminally sick? And if the virus itself

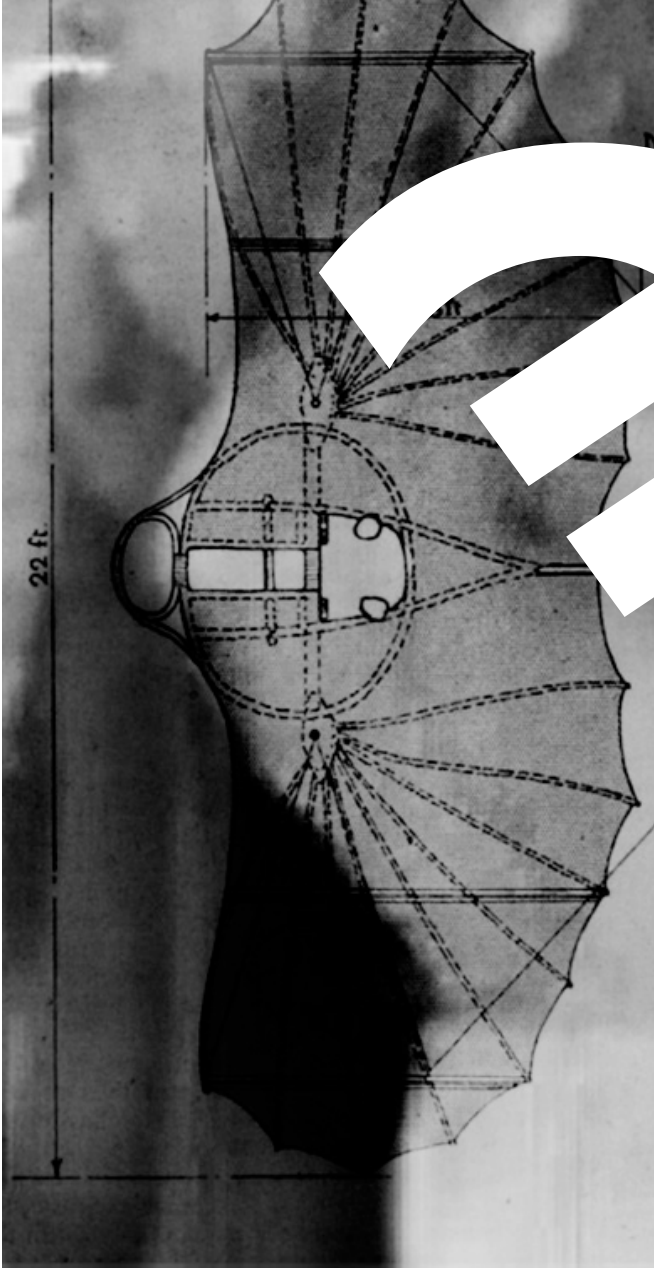
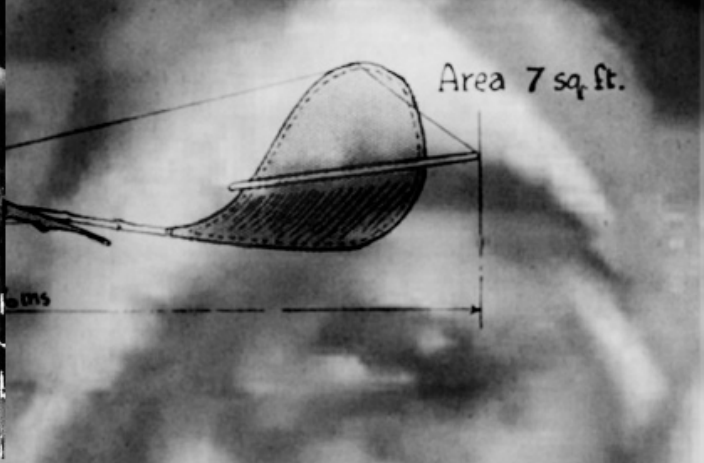
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\* >memory: discontinuity / a zone of inconsequentials? [political memory: power vectors that have expired?] >nostalgia: an image returning to its starting point after its reflection has already flown the coop?

wld send the image=cancer consuming the world into remission? [i.e. by debilitating global kapital], or only appear to, while in reality accelerating the cancer's spread under a regime of inoculation [i.e. against whatever remains in the cancer's way]? Or: if it participates in the regeneration of the world it destroys like an active supernatural force? Or: if though it represents a step towards a new world, it must still be excluded from this one? One crisis washes the hands of the other. The opportunism of love or tenderness: an open secret in front of the camera. *Always the hope of future antagonism.* (In the end there will be only the sound of dollars crying themselves to sleep at night.) Even when the lights have finally gone out, our task is more fraught & uncertain than ever, & the enemy is everywhere.









## EIGHTH COMMUNIQUÉ

WE are getting closer...

We are slowly destroying the long tentacles of the oppressive Corp(orate)=\$(tate) apparatus...

Surveillance state infrastructure

Corporate mainframes

Secret police files

Propaganda factories

All the bureaucracy & technology used against the people:

to increase productivity & accelerate redundancy;

to slow down our minds & actions;

to obliterate the truth.

Police computers don't tell the truth, they just record the "crimes" of the oppressed, while the crimes of the P.I.G.s & their masters go unrecorded.

We will avenge our murdered, beaten & imprisoned sisters.

The next sister they murder, ten times as much P.I.G. blood will flow in the streets.

500 explosions last year. Hundreds more executions of govt stooges, finks, bosses, collaborators, undercover cops.

The Š.V.Ě.J.K. is the sister sitting next to you, the sister crossing the street, the sister checking out yr groceries, the sister collecting the trash, the sister driving yr cab.

They have guns in their pockets & anger in their minds.

WE are getting closer...

Burn the system down!

Power to the freaks!

The Š.V.Ě.J.K. ✎



## THE BOOK OF ERRATA

She came into focus slowly, like an antique computer screen w/ a faulty refresh rate, waiting to be degaussed. **Offensia** at three minutes to midnight.

– No true artist, she said, can ever be of their time.

From daughter to forger to vampyr insurgent is a path only the best or worst of us cld take. Weighing the massacred hours we never triumph over. Merged & isolated in the flow of inevitables, feeble in the face of the *fait accompli*. The example we must follow through the jungles of insufficiency. *Look death in the face! Go all the way! Morte aux tièdes!* What use is a sex hidden, reserved, negated? In **Offensia's** image we breathe the white air, discover the routes, bones, precipices. This accompaniment of our physical bodies through the labyrinth of privation & pain.

– A thing loses its neutral meaning first of all.

Her eyes bore out of the pixellated gloom, fixing on you among all the others.

– There never was one. It never had it.

Breathing erratically, blinking [on average how many times per minute? but life is full of over=estimations...]. That gaze, flowing out from [certain] death, to circulate again in the black mirror of our desire. A mirror soon to be filled w/ smoke. There is a drought in our hearts that has imposed its own epoch, raining embers on our heads, scorched flesh, blistered tongues.

?: This recurring dream always begins as a blank page [a blank screen?]. Sometimes the page [screen?] is white. Sometimes black. Sometimes grey. Sometimes there isn't a page [screen?] at all.

## AN ALEMBIC CONFABULUM

On the alchemist's map a foreshore presses eyeward. HERE LIES THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER, shipwrecked, in a manner of speaking. The infernal algebra of all unknowns reduced to this. The eye, too, is but a piece of debris. Or not a piece, but an objective correlative of everything that can be seen, *strewn upon the visible*. What difference does it make? A god exists only in the absence of affirmation. Or in spite of it. Or is the only affirmation possible. You boil a worm to see what comes out. Death is the lowest form of entropy. We who have mapped the hundred=billion orders of creation know the truth of despair. To be cast adrift upon the furthest littoral of Time. Eternity is a chronical illness, a neurosis of the cosmic mind & its unmind.



## VOYAGE TO THE END OF THE MIND (COMTESSE DE L'H D'A DE L)

It was in the late spring of XXXX that, having determined on a journey across latitudes hitherto uncharted, I set out accompanied by a crew who, having been drawn (of reluctant necessity) from among the more desperate & less reasonable of their caste, cld barely be described as humxn. We set sail at a point in the East whose name is rightly shrouded in superstition & which I have foresworn never again to repeat. From the very outset, the expedition was plagued, one calamity following fast upon another. Barely had we put to sea, before the ship's doctor was seized by the crew & sacrificed in a ritual most foul & bloodthirsty, thence hoist upon a bosun's chair to dangle under the burning sun, ravaged by gulls, erupting w/ yellow grubs that did rain upon the decks & worm down the rigging. Within a week every inch of the vessel was infected by them. Nor did a day pass w/out a crucifixion upon the masts. None wld say who the authors of these punishments were, nor the crimes of the victims. The captain was never seen to issue from his quarters. The steward ordered the corpses washed in tar, but did not have them brought down, so that for the remainder of our journey these gruesome sights multiplied among the sails which did seem like backdrops to Calvary. As we proceeded below the tropics, the very air became unbreathable. The stench of the dead, the strangulating humidity. Only by constant reiteration was I able to keep my mind fixed upon our original purpose. The lethargy of the crew had rendered them insensible to all but their nightly bloodlust, which by all inevitability must have soon reduced their number to a degree even more precarious to their ritual than to the maintenance of the ship. I feared we wld surely become marooned. Though we drifted upon the winds & currents for weeks upon end, the astrolabe gave indication of no progress, & still the cardinal points showed nothing but ocean. Surely we were anchored to the Great Despond. By month's end, our stores spent, the crew had descended into an arcane form of cannibalism, determined by a system of lotteries, inscrutable auguries, & bizarre arithmetic. They wld for example determine a limb or section of a body, the form of excision, whether it be consumed raw or from the brazier, in whole or by means of complex division, which parts to exempt & which to sacrifice upon the sea, & which to offer up to the birds, which to the nightly armada of bats, which to the worms, which to salt & store, etc. Each bore some hideous wound which, despite the constant victualing, exhibited a gangrenous hue. How I succeeded in evading an

equivalent fate remains a mystery to me. With the situation deteriorated beyond all hope of repair, I barricaded myself inside the galley, which the cannibals had long stripped bare. Days passed during which I was assailed by the most hideous screams. Hunger & thirst wrenched at my sanity. I lost track of all time. Then, as if in a fever dream, I heard the ship's bell ring out. Taking care not to fall into an ambush, I crept forth from my bunker & saw, on a sou'westerly bearing, the first landfall since our setting off. The sails were set fair to the wind, yet there was no sign of any crew. Upon the bridge a dark figure stood, in harsh silhouette against the sun. It was then I knew whose ship I had ventured upon & where my voyage must end.

**THE CENTURIES TO COME HAVE ALREADY RECEIVED OUR MESSAGE**

Gentle Reader for many faults in the printing of this Booke as came to our remembrance, we pray thee correct as followeth: the reft (if any arife) we referre to thy godly wifedome. For *the words expounded*, read *the words interpreted*: tautologies in scripture no idle repetitions! Whether the working of signifiante be ceased, the ends of signification are ceased now: significations needless & significations frivolous; the truth of significations but rash & uncertain, for nothing a true signified that is not truly effected. Amen!



### THE BLOOD OF OTHERS [REEL 8]

Bar at Golemgrad Hl.N. train station: The scene opens with a glimpse of Merdecock's corporate news counterfeiting operation, as he prepares to meet a contact in the "underground" (Jean Genet, whom Merdecock fails to recognise as Asperger's assistant) to pass on ten million fake Reichsmark, the artisanship of which he is especially proud. The purpose of the forgeries is to sabotage the Š.V.Ž.J.K. insurgency's arms dealing activities. Before leaving he dons a Palestinian scarf.

Duhomey also prepares for a rendezvous at the station - also, coincidentally, with a Palestinian scarf, the sign by which he & Crispr (whose work he intends to plagiarise) will recognise each other. He first detours to the men's room to shoot up, but begins to lose consciousness after overdosing in one of the toilet stalls.

Crispr sits at the station bar, his thoughts alternating between the prospect of meeting a potential backer for his film, *The Precognitions*, & the prospect of picking up the blonde (Jean Genet) seated on the stool next to him. Merdecock arrives & mistakes Crispr for Genet (who meanwhile has gone to the toilet); Crispr mistakes Merdecock for Duhomey.

Without preamble, Merdecock hands Crispr the ten million Reichsmark in a paper bag which Crispr, speechless, interprets as the hoped-for investment in his film (later, with bitter irony, he will credit Merdecock as "Executive Undertaker").

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Overwhelmed with emotion, Crispr embraces Merdecock & rushes out past the toilets. The same toilets wherein Genet has mistaken the unconscious Duhomey for a drunk & tries to rumble his pockets. Having come to under Genet's ministrations, & discouraging him with some timely jujitsu manoeuvres, a dishevelled Duhomey makes his way to the station bar.

Alarmed by Crispr's behaviour, Merdecock follows him but mistakenly thinks he has run into the toilets, where Merdecock encounters his real contact, Genet. Both of them realise their error & hurry to intercept Crispr before he exits the station. They catch sight of him just as he reaches the street & disappears into the crowd.

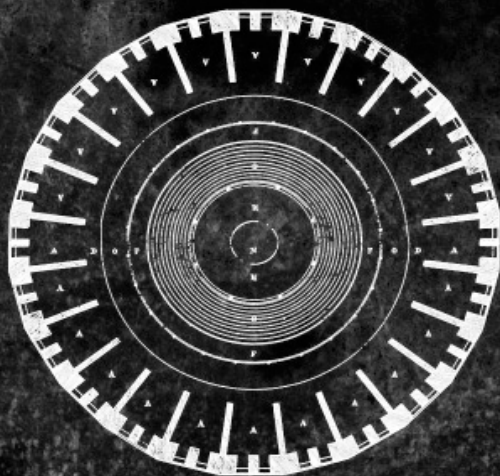
Back at the station, Duhomey has regained his composure & is waiting at the bar until it seems obvious to him that Crispr isn't showing. Reluctantly he returns home, planning to come back the next night.

Doubting his sanity, Crispr decides he should return to discuss terms, percentages of the gross, all that. He's just in time to notice Duhomey leave, but is unable to recognise him. Instead he finds Meyrink & Madame Guyotat now sitting at the bar & lends both of them money (blandly referring to it as "venture kapital" from his film production company).

They persuade him to join them in a visit to El Divo's salon, where he decides to shoot some footage...

## PANDEMONIUM IN CRISIS

If *the long disastrous cycle of vampyrism is approaching its end as violently as it began*, this is because present conditions under which the supposedly definitive form society must take at the End=of=History are indistinguishable from a collective experience of insanity, war & death. (Madness isn't the revolutionary instrument reason of the oppressed but the instrument of their oppression.) By now the lesson shld've been learned, that all hegemonies are sustained by the logic of brute sacrifice. Regimes of austerity are never regimes *against* expenditure, but of a heightened *sacrificial mode* of expenditure, which is why they attract to themselves the appointments of religiosity & of the sacred mission. For all the talk of erecting walls & closing borders, *exclusion* isn't the issue: it's about enlarging the price "society" is willing to pay. It's no secret that Corp[orate]=\$[tate] exceptionalism has exhausted any need for the bourgeois social contract. Its regimes of austerity have less to fear from those who *have* nothing, than from those who *want* nothing. If vampyr kapitalism propagates by ever=increasing consumption, its rhetoric of "infrastructural development" is intended solely to maximise its capacity for *expenditure*. A false dichotomy thus establishes itself in the mode of critique of vampyr kapitalism, between the sensibility of rationalist technocracy & populist romanticism, veering one moment to the barricades & the next to the Panopticon. The fact remains that kapitalism is ambivalent about all else but its own capacity for increase: whether the spread of insurrectionary violence indicates putative "revolutionary conditions" in a revolt AGAINST vampyrism, or whether vampyrism itself is entering a new phase catalysed by global catastrophism, is yet to be seen. **N<sub>x</sub>**



## THE SALON AT THE END OF THE WORLD

The Lugubrious One a.k.a. Mater Praga a.k.a. El Divo a.k.a. Le Grand Fromage welcomed her visitors splayed out on an Ottoman like a beached whale on HRT, turbaned, puffing a calabash & sporting embroidered lederhosen. *Vous êtes très gentille madame!* Her eyes were watering under the changeable lights, shadows fading to frightlines. Beneath reams of indigo décolleté, a catafalque of hideous suppressed emotion threatened at any moment to erupt into great penumbral cornucopias. She is said to be the ectopic residue of an haute=bourgeois vivisectionist's most lurid molestations. Is it any surprise, that the class that once spawned her committed *hara kiri* during the last revolutionary Ice Age? She is the veritable scarlet letter of a civilisation premised upon its own demise. *Ugliness*, she said, *shld not be bought, but earned like a badge of honour*. Those for whom art means to endure the slings & arrows of universal cretinism, flock to her like plague fleas to a rat on a sinking ship. Hers is the last of the great salons, where jejune poets & *vampyrs maudits* toe the same moth=eaten carpets (hand=woven in Damascus, no less) - where dubious debutantes rub the velveteen from Louis XVI settees w/ studded garterbelts - & low=level freemasons swill rohypnol=infused absinthe sorbets w/ live=streaming Lolitas. *All sins*, El Divo has been known to say, *are absolved in the theatre*. Men of state have turned to her to fortify their resolve. To her sangfroid, the ghosts of V.I. Lenin, Napoléon Bonaparte & Lex Luthor have each inscribed heartfelt dedications upon the antique commode where she sits enthroned while wielding her planchette over the ouija board. The guests are directed to admire the sure=handed calligraphy, the intimate turns of phrase. Her wunderkammer is *sans pareil*. Her pancetta, sublime! Hers is an utterly grandiloquent panache, laced w/ undisguised mildew. A rose in moribund bloom *like a baboon on heat, overdosed on barbiturates*. She has suffered more attacks of the vapours than all of Dostoyevsky's novels combined: choleric miasmas rising from sewer grates & subprole tenements to trespass upon this last bastion of illiterate *gourmandise* - like a golem draped in black funeral crêpe, making deliberate headway up the stairs. The address itself bears all the appearance of a multistorey tomb, imposing an air of lament upon the pavement traffic. To approach is to plumb the very depths of approbation. The more impressionable are sometimes left catatonic before reaching the mezzanine. Not so, the unwashed masses, as she has so often previewed them in her

clairvoyant mind's eye, charging the stairs, spoiling the carpets, raping the potted ferns, garrotting the ersatz Caspar Friedrich, defenestrating the assembled literati. *Quel gâchis!* And at their head, that festering filmographer Jean Rollin, rosette & tricorn, waving his Super=8 like a syphilitic's suppurating penis at the assembled débauchés & screaming in lickspittle falsetto *Y're all still at home! With yr own tombs to escape the light of day! And yr devoted servants to bring aperitifs! Y're all bourgeois vampyrs!* as (on cue) a veritable deluge of unpaid extras flood in from the stairways & terraces, machetes flashing in chandelier light, & willynilly set about beheading everyone in the room, all except El Divo herself who slips out behind an arras into secret passageways built into the walls long before the revolution for precisely such an eventuality as this. Oh indeed the times! Oh indeed the customs! She'll be back next week toasting the new Robespierre & hosting the world premiere of Rollin's rollicking hats=off documentary *The Blood of Others* in which she's made the briefest of cameos, business being business, the golden rule, keeping more fingers in more pies than an amputee pastry chef hahaha, because no=one knows what tomorrow might bring, stormtroopers rushing the balustrades as if it were a race to the top of the Ziggurat of Ur, & El Divo in person handing out flutes of Veuve Cliquot to every dog in uniform that reaches the summit. *Vive la révolution!*

#### **NOTES ON VAMPYR ASEXUAL REPRODUCTION**

"The existence of sex-related differences in  $\text{Ca}^{2+}$ =homeostasis is well documented in some species. Some obvious examples of animals in which females extrude much more calcium from their body related to reproduction than males are birds (eggs w/ a calcareous shell) & mammals that produce milk, w/ its extraordinarily huge  $\text{Ca}^{2+}$ =concentration of about 50 millimolar (mM) compared to the very low  $\text{Ca}^{2+}$ =concentration of about 100 nanomolar (nM) in the cytoplasm of resting cells ( $[\text{Ca}^{2+}]_i$ ). This represents a concentration gradient of 50,000 times more  $\text{Ca}^{2+}$  in milk or 20,000x in blood where the  $\text{Ca}^{2+}$  concentration amounts to about 2 millimolar. These vertebrates are not exceptions: also in other vertebrates & in invertebrates the amount of  $\text{Ca}^{2+}$  extruded through egg laying is always higher than through the ejaculation of sperm. Thus, at least during the reproduction process, differential sex-related  $\text{Ca}^{2+}$ =homeostasis is the general rule. Steroid sex hormones

play an important role, but the mechanisms involved are not yet fully understood. Other hormones may also be involved. In vertebrates the main difference in sex steroids between males & females does not reside in the type of steroids but in their relative amounts. In vertebrates, the rule is that both males & females produce androgens (testosterone, dihydrotestosterone) & estrogens (in particular estradiol) but in different amounts. Females convert more testosterone into estradiol than males in which the aromatase enzyme system that governs this conversion is less efficient. As a result, males have higher androgen concentrations in their body & tissues than females do. The opposite is true for estrogens: higher in females. This classical endocrinology has been well documented for a long time. However, how the genetic= & endocrine male=female differences are causally related to behavioural=gender differences is only partially understood."\*

#### **LONG JOURNEY TOWARDS THE LIGHT**

"It's better to fade away," croaked Eddie Van Helsing into his handset.

There was no=one at the other end, it was set to dictaphone mode, recording the fallen rockstar's musings for *Posterity*, which was the name he'd been kicking about for the long=awaited comeback album. He'd been kicking it about for a while & it was showing signs of wear. *But that's life, right? If it don't hold up, it won't stand up!* Some bright spark at *Rolling Stoned* had taken to baiting him as a rock'n'roll Methuselah in spandex & he'd toyed w/ putting out a contract on the sonofabitch, but that'd mean his entire recent media coverage wld be zapped into oblivion, so he manned up & took it on the chin. Said youth had just gone from wild to stupid. Said rock was born wise before its time & he was just growing into it & don't lay any of that old man bullshit on me, arsehole, or I'll kick yr fucking teeth in. *Let's see who's wild!* And when Eddie Van Helsing smiled for the fantasy cameras you just knew his orthodontist was earning half his non=existent royalties for him.

But of the Latter Day Saints of the Church of Sex, Drugs & the Kind of Music Played by Cretinous Goons, Van Helsing was neither the latterest nor the saintliest, but just the

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\* Arnold De Loof, "Only two sex forms but multiple gender variants: How to explain?" *Commun Integr Biol* 11.1 (2018).



guy who'd figured which way to hold a guitar for the fifteen minutes that mattered most, & been waxing nostalgic about it ever since. How in the early days that'd translated into heavy dosages of angst, surrounded by the *de rigueur* cohort of retainers emanating distinct vibes of gothic villainy, but later got dialled down to the low end of the bandwidth in monastic cloisters, secluded basement studios & accursed Transylvanian sublets no washed-up celeb in their right mind wld've been caught dead in. His true *forte* was self-recrimination, but it didn't sell. That didn't mean, however, that deep down Eddie Van Helsing wasn't in possession of a masterplan for the Ultimate Reinvention. A masterplan that'd *shock* the idle world into recognition, finally, *belatedly*, of the untold genius possessing him. (Because weren't geniuses always *ahead of their time*?)

"Yeah, better to fade away," he reverbed, adding some air-guitar & syncopated hip-thrust, "than turn to shit."

#### **YEAR ZERO OF THE BIG IDEA**

Scene: Assorted secretaries of state, generalissimos & avantLARPers in candycoloured clown hats, aviators, enormous braided epaulets, a Troy weight of ribboned brass, ranked behind their glorious Comédienne-in-Chief, flags & bunting by the square mile, a battalion of microphones, assorted dictatorial accoutrements filling in the TV frame, timestamped, **E.E.E.**'s PROXY DAILY BRIEFING announcing the deathlists as if it were the National Lottery, the numbers effortlessly mounting like perpetual growth forecasts, **THE WORLD'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT!** though vigilant observers may detect a subtle but growing austerity in the background arrangement, as one by one the Presidential lackeys get airbrushed by the plague, the marquee tool & delete key diligently massaged by a studio desk-monkey live to air & some groovy effects edited in to make the whole fiasco look like happy hour on MTV, Osman Family cameo & everything.

#### **DEAR IMAGINARY READER**

The dilemma is always, How to drink more than yr fill w/ out drowning? How to know what's ever enough? What's too much? How to live to tell the tale? How to come back from the dead?

### **SHOTGUN WEDDING (EDDIE VAN, LIVE)**

Cld anyone else detect the inner=worthiness Eddie Van Helsing knew was his? "Is there no=one," he pleaded to the microphone, "who understands me?" After the reverb died down, the darkened stadium was eerily silent. "You can't wait for the world's approval," was what Papa Walt's marketing goon liked to say on occasions like this, "sometimes you've just gotta go out & buy it." But Eddie V was the kind of man who believed in breaking down an audience's resistance, like y'd break down a Marshall stack for firewood. He knew from bitter experience, there are moments in life when a single powerchord can change destinies. Wld this be one of them? He thrust his hips at the micstand & revved the Stratocaster into life, sneering out the words that soon wld be stamped on the brains of a few ironic teenagers, who'd buy the album just so they cld ritually burn it in a spontaneous outpouring of whatever emotion the music industry press wanted to attribute to them:

*Tonight I'm sleeping w/ Kurt Cobain,  
got a five ounce bag to ease my pain,  
yr love's a joke & yr act's pure lame,  
don't need yr money, don't want yr fame...*

### **THE CONVERSION OF PAPA WALT**

Having been shaped by the industrial environment of Golemgrad, B.J. "Papa" Walt was driven to transform the physical world. His observations were not those of an aesthete seeking visual pleasure, but of an engineer of humxn souls. From his immersion in the dark arts of kapitalist production, he devised a modern alchemy that wld reconfigure the very DNA of reality. Adherence to modern technology was not, in his case, abstract. Walt set himself no less a task than the reformation of the humxn stereotype in all its minutiae. Nothing of its mould wld remain unbroken. Yet it wld be wrong to see Walt as nothing more that a commodity fetishist *in extremis*. All forms of existence fascinated him, in their diverse manifestations of irrational joy & suffering, of ignorance & false reason. For reason, too, in its gross distribution, is a comical affair, & Walt desired nothing of life so much as to be instructed & amused during his work of transfiguring it utterly. To do otherwise wld be like apologising to the grass that tickle one's feet as they dance upon it, or to the mirror we oblige to produce a world in our image, gratis.

## THE I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T MANIFESTO

Nyx gLand had, in the words of his more literate detractors, "the self=parodic air of Büchner's Woyzeck."

When not inciting ridicule, gLand was embarked upon an attempt to divine the secret meaning of the universe by a method of "excommunicating spheres." This entailed mutating quasi=random datasets into unforeseen & Cthulhuesque forms.

"It is self=evident," he patiently explained, "that non=communicating & non=similar spheres brought into sudden proximity will exercise an unpredictable influence on one another."

Here was the basis of a system, even if, at times, one of mutual annihilation: contradictory elements cancelling one another out; matter & antimatter (or in the parlance of the initiated, *mater* & *anti=mater*).

But there was more to the "excommunicating spheres" than the simple appearance of a dialectics. It was a spacetime=machine built on the semantics of coincidence & superposition, of the Great Palimpsest.

That it only took a solitary genius armed w/ a text randomiser to figure all this out was somehow unforgivable.

The fact was that none of the previous centuries had succeeded in even remotely imagining this one, which had failed even to imagine itself. Time had gotten away from it, it was, so to speak, Lost in Space.

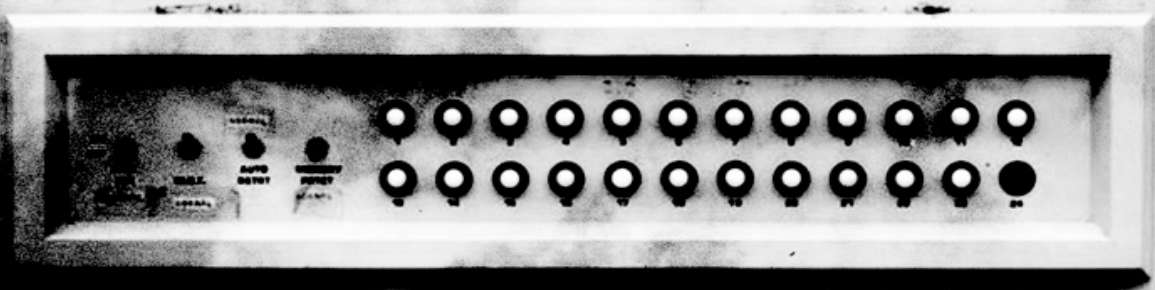
The task of the New Science, gLand proclaimed, was to reconvene the alterior Weltgeist; to be the medium at the séance in which the void, so far adrift in the virtual, wld rematerialise in the Real.

The Old Science, in contrast, was nothing but a tawdry succession of devil's advocates, indentured to the coming apocalypse. Those w/ a conscience to soothe dangled revolutionary carrots from a stick, always long enough to be just beyond reach.

Thinking they'd buy reprieve for this world by sacrificing the next, they spoke in almost theological tones, incantations of the awaiting miracle.

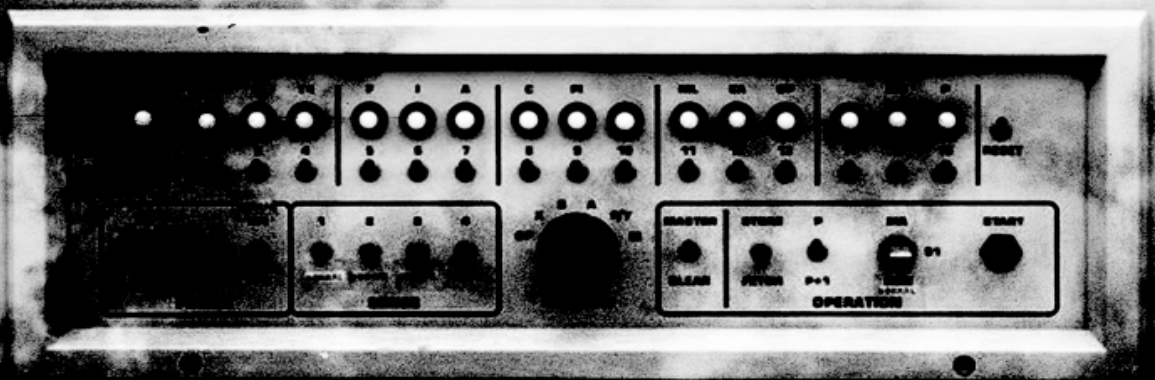
But there had been strange voices in the night long before this one. It was gLand's determination to amplify those voices to an unbearable pitch. To shatter the champagne flutes in the crystal cabinet. To wreck the glass houses. To break the proverbial mirror.

"Ah, to be a goddess of stagnant waters!" he cried. To himself. Perhaps to no=one.



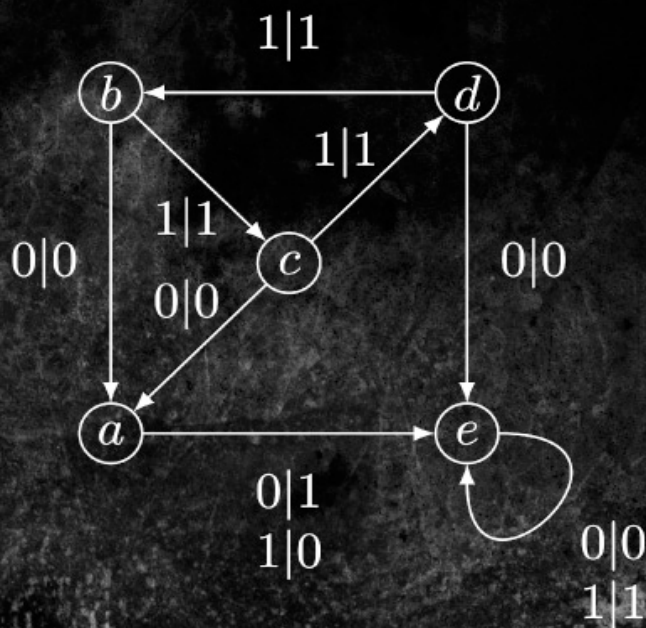
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by Bolt Beranek and Newman Inc.



## THE CREATION OF UNGOVERNABLE SITUATIONS

The individual is the true *state of exception*. The privilege of the liberal humanist subject has always been the principle weapon in the arsenal of Corp[orate]=state. At a time when humanity itself is for all intents & purposes defined by MASS INFECTIOUS POTENTIAL (the new *productive potential*), humanism shows itself again & again to be a strategy for procuring economic output against an “acceptable” rate of attrition: the ideology of the Arbeitslager, driven by a logistics of justified expendability. Thus does fatalism remain the icon of the “free world.” In the shadow of THE PLAGUE, the routinisation of desire proceeds under the inverted guise of refusal, revolt, resistance (the perverse drive to *work*): the latent hysteria of the conformist mass *unmasked*. They want to fuck w/ their true selves, but only to die in the real bodies of others. But the virus isn't the individual's erotic counterpart, like an embodied death=drive set for turbo ignition (as *proof of concept* of freedom of the will), but its merely procedural rationalism reflected in didactic form. If humanity can still afford to imagine a life after death, this is because its death=drive is just statistical fatigue in pursuit of gratification by design. After the first million infections, after the first hundred=thousand deaths, the Corp[orate]=state's corvidology “hoax” has turned into just another war with numbers: at first nothing, too little, now too much. Excess by managed increments. The real enemy was never the demon of abstraction, like some pantomime golem with a sliderule: all demons serve a master, but not only a demon may kill its master.  $N_x$





## *Those Who Demand We Desire Their Desire*

**Offensia** thrust her fangs deep into the willing victim's neck. Hot blood spilled over her lips. The void into which it drained howled through every sinew & fibre. Blood hammered in her ears. Blood=drunk. The victim swooned. Blood & gore saturated her chemise. Blood reeling in the vampyr's brain. The victim's chest, groin, heaving. Blood in her eyes. *Seeing red.* At that precise moment, she'd've torn the neck out of any living creature in sight. Why she always fed in a locked room. Not from a felt need to be safe, but *contained.* The willing victim, too, had a fetish for confined spaces. It was a marriage made in a headlock. A marriage of convenience, of gratification (mutual). *Find what you love & let it kill you.* Hahaha. Sometimes she wished they'd all just run screaming & not this cloying sentimentality. How, deep down, they all wanted a little piece of death. A little death to ease their pain, consciences, craven stupidity. Thinking you fuck something & become, for a short while at least, immortal, rise from the grave, till the real thing comes along. Like the song says, *Just one kiss.* **Offensia** pulled her mouth away from the livid mess & vomited. *Now y're really fucked!* Hahaha. Who'd ever dream of being drained by a bulimic psychopath just to be puked all over the floor? Count yr lucky stars while you can, children, you just never know what's in store!

## **GOODNIGHT DAHLINGS [PLS KILL!]**

Did the Old Lady ever tell you the one about Merkin=the=Maleficent, the Guinness Book of World Records Bad=Arsest Bearded Womxn in All of History? Beard was longer than Hans Nilsen Langseth, Louis Coulon, Sam Brinkley & Zachariah Taylor Wilcox's strung together. Longer than Methuselah's (& his was half=lichen)! Like a saint of the Church in a haircoat, or the mythical Crimean Sasquatch. Childhood was a never=ending ordeal that puberty rewrote into an unrelenting horror. Her family were at their wit's end. The options were stark: either a major sponsorship deal w/ Gillette or a life sentence on sideshow alley. The beard dominated everything, was the centre of every occasion, their collective nemesis, the source of all discontent, the meaning of every trial, burden, illness, heartache, infelicity, the measure of their poverty, wretchedness, sorrow, bad luck, symbol of all anguish, their private torment, their public shame, their purgatory & martyrdom, cause of each & every vilification, the ostracism of society, the unwanted scrutiny of the bureaucratic state, the origin of every ache, twinge, cramp, spasm, every nightmare, every wince, every crushing paralysis, every dreg after the cup of misery has been drained, every day of foul weather, every bout of angina, constipation, diarrhoea, every luckless misfortune you cld care to enumerate, & so on, & etc. Poor Miss Merkin's only comfort was knowing she cld always hang herself w/ it. There didn't seem to be any other way out, barring a miracle cure. Pretty soon she withdrew entirely from the world to live in the attic, the meagre sustenance her family cld afford left on a tin plate at the door, till eventually they too gave up all hope & fled. Life, it seemed, had put a lion in her path. But, on the verge of despair, little Merkin one night had a vision & realised that this lion was in fact a gifthorse in disguise. By the time she left home, her beard was so long she cld stash half the Odessa fleet in it! Not to be outdone by Fate's little jokes, she decided to turn it into an act & auditioned at the Sevastopol Theatre. After a couple of false stats she managed to work that over=bounteous beaver of hers into a full=length vaudeville routine, a real show=stopper. It was so popular w/ the punters, they started billing her as the main attraction, name on the marquee in fairy=lights. Got so the house was sold=out a month in advance, had to schedule an extra matinee slot. Parental Guidance Advised. She'd come out from behind the curtains naked as Gradiva on

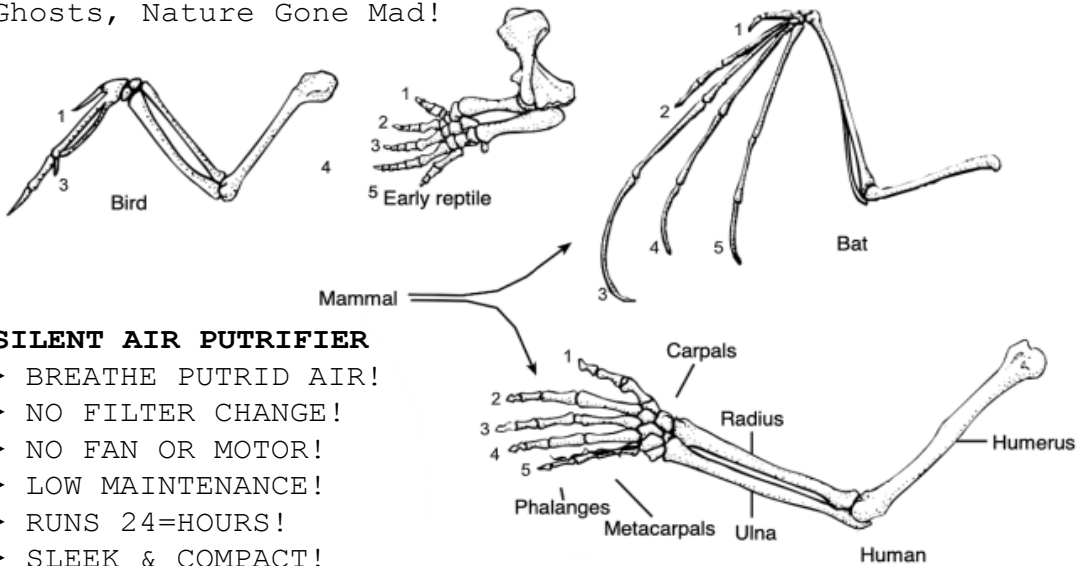
a Raja's sudanchair, shouldered by half-a-dozen turbaned lepers in spangled hotpants, a few palm fronds scattered around. In those days, a dusting of the old orientalism went a long way. Enchanted Lands of El Exotique. Always a couple of bellydancers in the wings, a snake-charmer from Rangoon, contortionists in indigo turbans, a chorus line of sun-tanned famine victims. They'd form up into a ragtag cortège behind Merkin-the-Maleficent's sudanchair, as it listed & swayed on leprous shoulders towards the precipice of an anticlimax, then plonked unceremoniously at the front of the stage, in the full glare of the limelights, while the orchestra struggled through the scales like a stroke-victim miming a sitar. Lying there in all her bearded glory, splayed out like a tranquilised elephant, surrounded by this menagerie of freaks, Merkin-the-Maleficent was the very epitaph of her era. The lights dimmed, up came the spots, fanfare, knees inching apart, her inscrutable smile working the peanut gallery into a mild frenzy, then a gong struck & in an eyeblink out from between those hirsute jamps tumbled sailors in wetsuits doing the Cossack dance, handstands, highjumps, backflips, circlejerks, playing banjos, yodelling, kicking the cancan, singing the Internationale, improvising a nude synchronised swimming act w/out benefit of water but w/ gusto nonetheless. They'd mime Hamlet, perform the Complete & Unadulterated Works of the Marquis de Sade, re-enact the Siege of Stalingrad, you name it, & they cld do impersonations, too, like you'd never believe, everyone from Catherine the Great to Al Jolson, Moll Cutpurse, the Black Rider, Gungadin, Alma Mahler, Sacco & Vanzetti, Pol Pot, Sappho, Evel Knievel, Ottoline Morrell, the Scarlet Pimpernel, Rita Hayworth, Sitting Bull, the Lady in the Lake, Lili Elbe, Yuri Gagarin, Eva Braun, Tricky Dick, Molly Bloom, Xanthippe, Madam Bovary, Tiny Tim, Scheherazade, Rose Sélavy, Chairman Mao, Little Orphan Annie, Abbie Hoffman, Son of Sam, the Creature from the Black Lagoon, Siouxsie Sioux, Alice in Chains, Shiva, John D. Rockefeller, Mary Mary Quite Contrary, Pépé le Moko, Robespierre, Lady Di, Michael Dillon, the Osman Family, Anton LaVey, Gong Li, Mahatma Gandhi, Papa Doc, Sharon Tate, Bethsheeba, Helter Skelter, Emperor Ming, Do-Re-Mi, Rex Mossup, Pam Grier, the Pirates of Penzance, Angela Davis, Tom Thumb, Ali Baba & the Forty Thieves, Dora Maar, Yukio Mishima, John Zorn, Elvira, Sitting Bull, Eldridge Cleaver, Sputnik, Gipsy Rose Lee, Babe Ruth, Felix Dzerzhinsky, Imelda Marcos, Pele, Ella Fitzgerald, Jandek, the Salem Witch, Thomas Herbert, Mary



Wollstonecraft, Sharon Tate, Johnny Thunders, the IT Girl, Vincent Van Gogh, Anna Livia Plurabelle, Ida Amin, Medusa, Donald Duck, Udo Kier, the Iron Lady, Karl Baer, the Parson's Nose, Mary Queen of Scots, Sophocles, Jayne Mansfield, Cardinal Mazarin, Cinderella, Marie=Antoinette, Dick Turpin, Eva Perón, the Bride of Frankenstein, Lady Macbeth, the Whore of Babylon, Shaka Zulu, Dr Spock, Madame Pompadour, Coccinelle, Haile Selassie, Boudice, the Fonze, Edward the Confessor, Winnie Mandela, Knut Hamsun, the Chevalier D'Eon, Orlando, the Wife of Bath, Teresa of Ávila, Cher, Solomon Grundy, Little Miss Muffet, Gary Indiana, Ada Lovelace, the Mummy, Charlene Mitchell, We'wha, Madam Defarge, Elagabalus, Alexandra Kolontai, Don Bradman, Poison Ivy, Andy Warhol, Zaphod Beeblebrox, Cleopatra, Boris Karloff, Lipton T. Baggs, Susan Sarandon, Donatello, a streetcar named Desire, Ataturk, the Unknown Soldier, Clara Bow, Houdini, the Gipper, Admiral Tojo, Amelia Earhart, the Castel Twins, Louis Napoleon, Circe, Namatjira, Ziggy Stardust, Joan of Arc, Adam Kadmon, the Colossus of Maroussi, Emma Goldberg, the Real McCoy, Lipsinka, Billy the Kid, Helen of Troy, Jane Doe, Esquerita, Tsui Fang, Nell Gwyn, Colette, the Queen of Gorgonzola, the Man in the Macintosh, Clytemnestra, the Grrl Next Door, John Dee, Kublai Khan, Frank N. Furter, Dame Kind, Baron Munchausen, Amyl Nitrate, Zardoz, Fanfan la Tulipe, Yvonne Goolagong, Captain Hook, Piltdown Man, Agrippina, the Lady in the Tutti Frutti Hat, Rosa Luxemburg, King Kong, the Gracchi, Salomé, Boris Karloff, Elizabeth Báthory, Mephistopheles, Oedipus, Hatshepsut, Mr Bojangles, Deirdre of the Sorrows, Sarah Bernhardt, the Tree Man of Borneo, Dora Richter, Claude Cahun, Pallas Athena, the Dog on the Tuckerbox, Attila the Hun, Dolly Buster, Mt Everest, Little Richard, Morgan Le Fay, the Man from Hong Kong, Beelzebub, Sancho Panza, Candy Darling, Brian O'Blivion, Garibaldi, Koo Stark, Malcolm X, St Sebastian, Harmony Corine, the Big Bopper, Adèle Blanc=Sec, Joe Blow, Pocahontas, Farinelli, Delilah, Che Guevara, the Papin Sisters, Robert Moog, Scaramanga, Simone de Beauvoir, Mickey Spillane, Madam Butterfly, Archduke Ferdinand, the Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo, Googie Withers, Albert Camus, Rasputin, Salomé, the Three Musketeers, Itsy=Bitsy Spider - they cld do 'em all! People'd shout out from the audience & they'd improvise on the spot: Franky Oil! Candice Bergman! The Iceman! Now *that's* what you call a beard!

**FREAKSHOW ALLEY**

See humxn oddities! Freaks! Curiosities! Collection de Phénomènes! The Most Startling Discoveries of the Century! Nothing Ever Like It Before! Fun for All Ages! Over 60 Attractions Inside! Unique au monde! Every Night! Encounter the Unexpected! See Radiation=Scarred Mutants, Panther=Women, Children w/ Cloven Hooves, Psychotronic Ectoplasm, Witch=Burnings & Black Magic Ceremonies, Resurrected Medieval Plague=Victims, Crawling Hands, Floating Heads, Seaweed Monsters, Bathtubs of Blood, Black=Hooded Schizo=Rapists, Walking Skeletons, Hypno=Eyes, Thriller Killers, Naked Devil=Worshippers, Primal Screams, Cannibal Robots from Venus, Mind=Control Demons, Glowing Meteor Crystals, Alien 🗿 Brains, Black=Death Bacteria, Astral Projections, Werewolves, Space Reptiles, Talking Voodoo Dolls, Phoney Dinosaurs, Atomic Roaches, Phantom Androids, Giant Buzzing Wasps, Worm=Headed Mermaids, Triffids, Claw Creatures, Invisible Death=Rays, Pan=Dimensional Ants, Two=Headed Macaques, Flying Metal Spheres, Headless Ghosts, Nature Gone Mad!



**SILENT AIR PUTRIFIER**

- ▶ BREATHE PUTRID AIR!
- ▶ NO FILTER CHANGE!
- ▶ NO FAN OR MOTOR!
- ▶ LOW MAINTENANCE!
- ▶ RUNS 24=HOURS!
- ▶ SLEEK & COMPACT!

Air is sensitive to the other elements to an immeasurable degree, it intuits more fully than any being can intuit! Your impurities say more about you than you know! Mindless breathing leaves you unaware of the true nature of yr situation in life. Don't be ignorant, breathe with *savoir faire*!

**JE T'AIME MOI NON PLUS**

@RealPresidentChloroqueen: Cyprine™ 10x a day helps keep a mensch healthy wealthy & 😊

חבטל ואצכ



...like sheep to the slaughter.



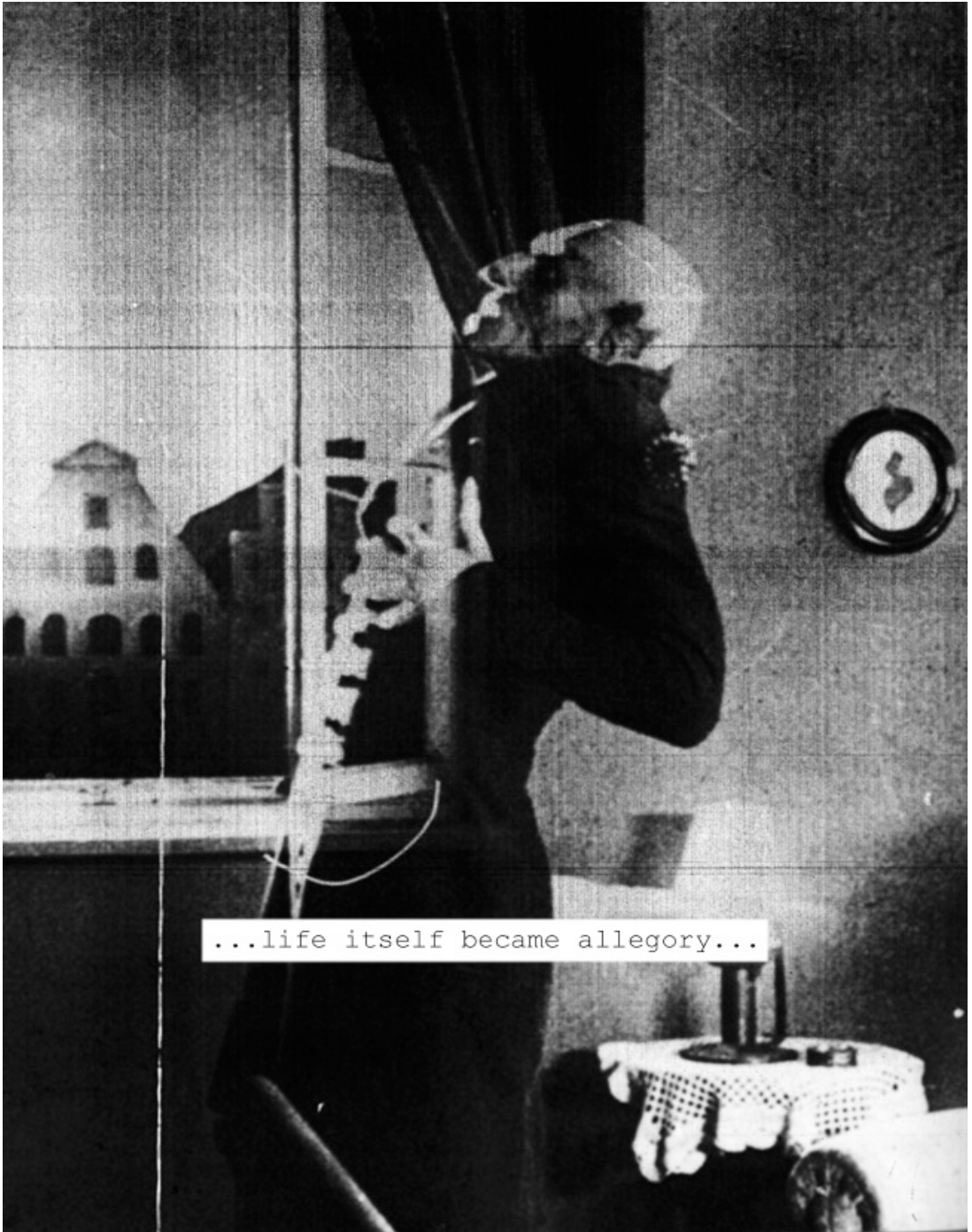
## VOGUING DILDOS

- Life's just so many words & when y've said them all y're dead!
- We'll have to cauterise yr tongue if you keep spouting such nonsense my dear!
- Being an artiste is never easy.
- Woids woids woids.
- What's the matter? Dog=in=the=manger time again?
- I just wanna be a stereotype is all.
- They is all just laughing their heads off bounce bounce plop plop plop.
- Can't you smell I'm a corpse's vagina?
- Chanel #5 always gives me angina.
- Stop pulling my daisychain, hon, y're just an overheated drag!
- Oooh! Look who's got blood on their heels!
- She washes herself in saniflush on account of all the *germs*!
- Munchkin, there's more to stupidity than meets the eye.
- You only like her coz she's a bat!
- Next thing you want to stick a machine inside you does all the talking.
- Oh, please! She already DID!
- Does it breathe?
- Through its ears, lover.
- Breathes, eats, sleeps, shits, fucks, fills yr tax returns, best thing invented since KY.
- Oh my prince has come!
- Hello sugar! Are you the maintenance man?
- I brought a ladder!
- Oh=oh, she brought a ladder to stand on!
- Christ knows it's a LONG way up there!
- I am the mystery that shines forth!
- Tutti=frutti, aw=rooty!
- What I want to know is, if I become a real vampyr, will I get stretch marks?
- They say virgin birth is a thing, but IDK.
- That be a mechanical Turk?
- Nah, she keeps a dwarf in her handbag for occasions, like when it starts raining unexpectedly & you need something to lift yr spirits.
- His name's Benny.
- Benzedream!
- It's a very BIG dwarf, for its size.
- It's a very big handbag, for *its* size.
- Will you two stop insinuating my *ad hominems* & start

- behaving more ladylike?
- You are such an unnecessary evol!
  - Angina bitch!
  - Weren't you in a movie once?
  - I know, I'm dead.
  - Does that mean we'll never see you again?
  - They call her THE INVISIBLE WOMXN!
  - No, kiddo, means you'll never stop seeing me! Like a bad dream.
  - What happens if the world comes to an end?
  - Old news, sweetheart!
  - Well I looked, honey, & I sure didn't see *anything*!
  - That was Scarlet O' Hara in a previous incarnation.
  - I've met hairier!
  - Christ, eternal wisdom is so *boring*.
  - Can you believe they found *lice* in Her haemorrhoid cream?
  - They spread it on the communion wafers, for protein.
  - You shld not take the Lawd's name in vain!
  - She took it kneeling down from what I saw.
  - Not a drop spilled, hun, she was pitch perfect!
  - Tsk tsk, handbags at dawn!
  - Can someone tie me in? I'm falling out all over myself!
  - Try putting a sock in it, dahling.
  - I spy w/ my little eye something beginning w/...

#### **A CHILD'S TREASURE MAP IN A GREEN GLASS BOTTLE**

Just another gameboi running around inside a cave, chasing snakes & snapping treasure (shares in Cyprine™ skyrocket in the last 24hrs of trading!). Trigger warning: everything the enemy tells you is a flagrant pack of lies. Treasure dogs attacked the snakes, they flew over the water, beaks growing so large they were no longer dogs but hell=bats. "Oh Christ!" Nyx gland took a lighter from his pocket but the weak flame did nothing to chase the gloom. "I got you boi, didn't I?" said the shadow. Bugs lizards & hiding places abounded, but not enough of them. When the snake eats its own body or runs into an immovable obstacle, game over. Dull pair of fangs dripping expired vaccine in a jar. "Chasing after some stupid treasure."



"WE ADDRESS OURSELVES TO THOSE WHO OFFER RESISTANCE" (STRAUB)



*El Sueño de la Razón Produce Monstruos*

Descartes' dog sat in the control booth grinning sagely at **Offensia** through its tired old doggy eyes. It rotated a machine=arm across the intervening space. **Offensia** saw it was holding something.

"Smoke this," the dog said, pushing a laser canon into her hands.

**Offensia** jacked back the firing bolt & pressed the trigger. Exploding glass & steel. Fireball ten metres wide. Gust of hot wind through the airlock like December in the Serengeti. A grazing ibex raised its head & gazed at her through the ash. The laboratory jagged back into focus. Descartes' dog sat in the control booth regarding her sagely w/ tired old doggy eyes. It rotated a machine=arm across the intervening space. **Offensia** saw it was holding something.

"Smoke this," the dog said, pushing a centrifuge into her hands.

**Offensia** slotted the enriched uranium & activated the spin mechanism. An earsplitting whir. Erupting glass & steel. Fireball a hundred metres wide. Gust of hot wind through the airlock like August in Natanz. A mule raised its head & gazed meaningfully at her through the smoke. The laboratory jagged back into focus. Descartes' dog sat in the control booth regarding her sagely w/ tired old doggy eyes. It rotated a machine=arm across the intervening space. **Offensia** saw it was holding something.

"Smoke this," the dog said, pushing an atom bomb into her hands.

**Offensia** switched the arming mechanism. An earsplitting whir. Evaporating glass & steel. Fireball a mile wide. Gust of hot wind through the airlock like June on Bikini Atoll. A child raised its head & gazed meaningfully at her through the fallout. The laboratory jagged back into focus. Descartes' dog sat in the control booth regarding her sagely w/ tired old doggy eyes. It rotated a machine=arm across the intervening space. **Offensia** saw it was holding nothing & felt an overwhelming unease.

"Smoke this," the dog said, turning to air.

## STRAPPADO

From this vantage, the position of the enemy was clearly visible. Sketched hachures, the raw & rapid gestures of sanitation drones, parallel yet discontinuous vectors of incursion, movements of threat & abrupt reversal, the wasp-like silhouettes projecting an image of coalesced force, deadly in its intent. The perimeter was marked by telltale shades of excavated ground draped with camouflage mesh. The presence of disinterred bone, skull fragments glinting in slivers of sunlight, a skeleton outside its element, as if, with nowhere else to go, the Corp[orate]=\$[tate] had barricaded itself inside a mass grave. Hieronymus Bosch in a moment of repose, the lull before the final onslaught at terminal velocity, etc. This is how the end of the world looks from the brainstem in the twilight of its waking state. Were it to be snared in its own convulsions, it wld make a pretty picture indeed. *Il tormento della corda*.

"The true seat of pleasure," **Offensia** opined, "is in the thorax."

"Enhanced," smirked Nyx gLand, "by enthusiastic hyperextension."

## THE PLAGUE ANEW (WARNING / THERE ARE NO KNOWN ISSUES TO REPORT / & NO KNOWN WORKAROUNDS FOR REPORTED ISSUES)

Transformation by disintegration. Cld it be that simple? All **Offensia** had to do was fall apart in hallucinogenic hypnovision - to recohere in the nebulous gravity of the void. But cld she escape the horror of living w/out the horror of... reincarnation? Her mind & the body it had been forced to inhabit, reconstituted again & again in a convulsive totality of negative movement? (The inner light that implodes catastrophically, & the event horizon left in its place? Dark artefacts of an unknown fate?)

How long had she existed that way? Like a sleepwalker only permitted to open her eyes when she was already at the edge of the abyss that was about to swallow her?

Nyx gLand: This is the last chance I've got to tell you..

**Offensia**: Tell me what?

Nyx gLand: The real truth!

**Offensia**: The real truth??

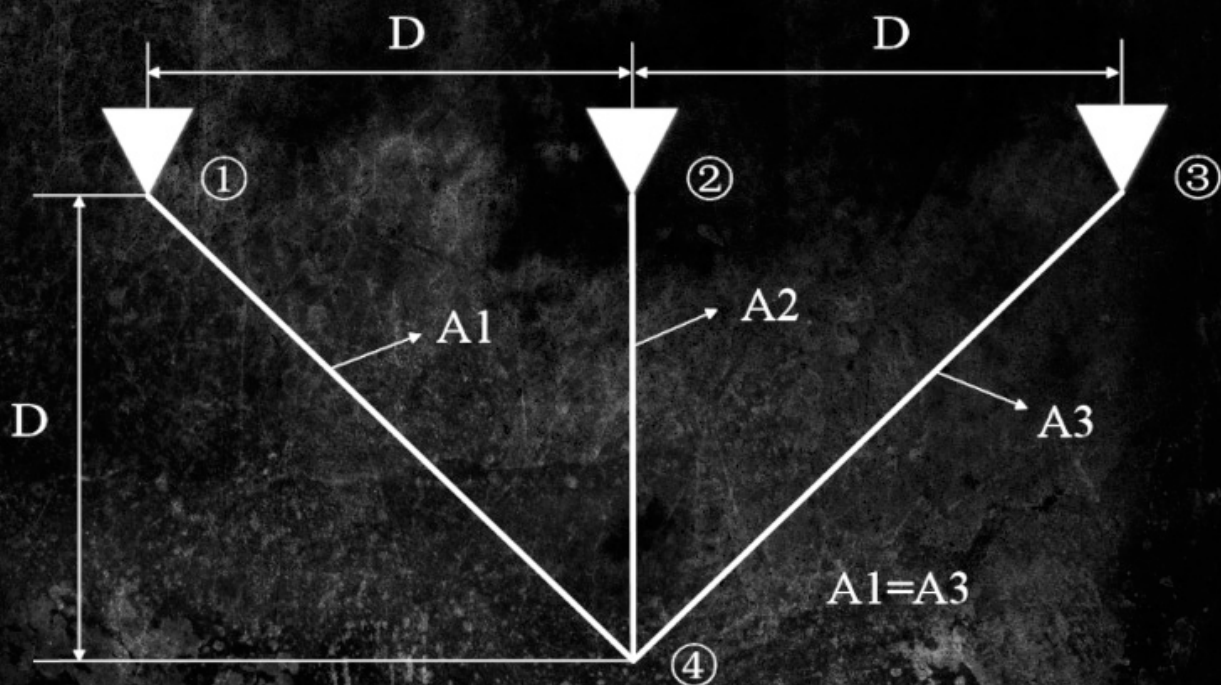
Nyx gLand: Don't let them know you know!!

**Offensia**: THERE IS NO GODDAMN REAL YOU REGIME PUPPET!?!



## INCOHERENCE IS A POSITIVE VALUE

The hypnotic force of the spectacle of power's apparent dissipation ("the night sky burning") threatens to entrap every insurrectionary movement in an aesthetic delirium ("like moths to the flame"). Such delirium is nothing but the inverse of that asceticism of practical reason that demands of every insurrection that it act solely under the aegis of a regime=in=waiting. The critics of insurrection thus speak in the language of a routine lobotomy, which insists *it* represents the only possibility of a *transfer of power*. Whereas *the forms of organisation necessary to a struggle* are not an elective surgery but *arise from the struggle itself*. There's no such thing as revolution by consensus (what authority wld such consensus appeal to, even were it possible? to which *benevolent ego*?). The charade of "reason" is a billion dollar entertainment industry: it won't go cheap. If there are those who believe that, for a future to exist, the present I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T World Order & its cartoonish rationale need simply be surgically mutilated, with a waive of the scalpel, who will even pity them? Their *concrete analysis of this concrete situation* comes w/ a compensating supply of blue pills. History was just a trick of light across the synapses in a psychocivilisation experiment.  $N_x$





## MISS DIAGNOSIS

**Offensia:** I feel there's something standing in my way, I can't breathe, there's an obstruction, it's paralysing me.

Spinoza: Nothing's in yr way.

**Offensia:** Y're just saying that because you can't see it!

## AN IDIOT GIVES NAMES TO THINGS TO ESTABLISH DOMINION OVER THEM

seasons - illness - telluric faults - cruelty - eclipse - perhaps infinity - a life's work - masturbation - enunciative texture - colonial wars - negritude - space - time & words - inexpressible feeling - real worlds - weaning - potty training - castration - complexes - infantile perversions - literature - theatre - sublimation - beauty - betrayal - resistance - moss - lichen - eglantines - bombs - vapour from a boiler - stroboscopic after=images - ghosts - death's door - a parchment shade - phosphorescence - malevolence - demonic movements - dogmatism - skin - hair - cosmic stratifications - vermin - metamorphosis - historical consistency - solitary & fabulous visions - erotic talismans - holes & cavities - caged tigers - paving stones - cantatas - oceans - funeral rites - gaolbirds - tribal tattoos - pimps - orchestrations - synapses - torture routines - bedroom doors - pathways - turning points - prison - incubation - polyphony - metaphysical struggles - self=sufficiency - imaginary enemies - psychoanalysis - the void

## PHILANTHROPY

As the brain surgeon said to the scalpel, "We have nothing to lose but the dignity of others."

## MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A BAT

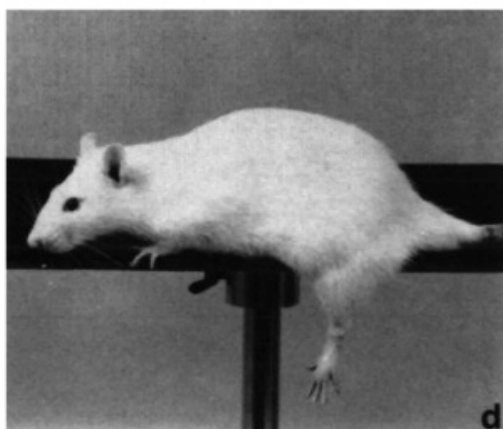
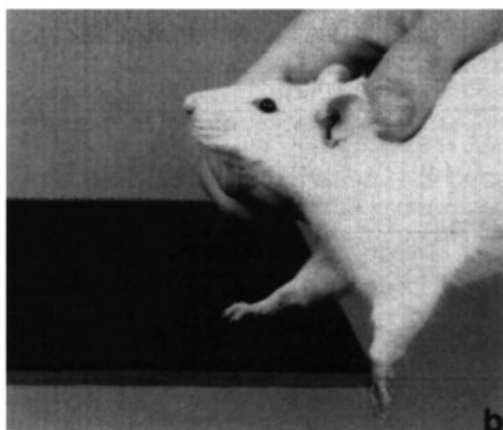
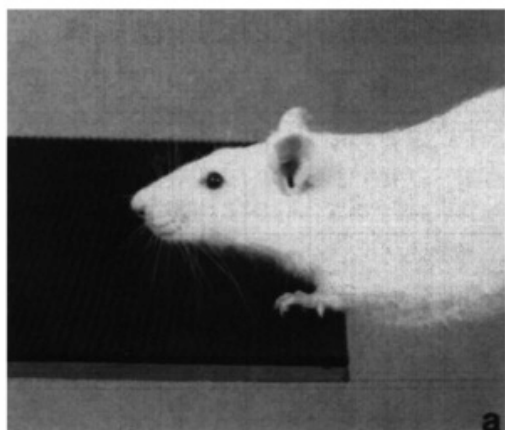
One way to do this is to use the bat as a springboard for a flying attack, as in Bruce Lee's *Exit the Dragon, Enter the Tiger!* Another way is to put the bat in the path of the opponent's movements & make them have to dodge the bat. Or, you can use the bat to trap the opponent in a deadly hold. In the same way, you can use the bat as bait.

## GESAMTKUNSTWERK

Another dystopian rat population experiment. Full luxury highrise kapitalism. EAT FUCK KILL ALL YOU WANT. Mainlining bat endocrine. Scenes include last survivors.



The death of personal myths.



PLAGUE CITY (#FakeNewsMedia) – Reports have been received of a demonic vagina, estimated to be a mile wide, hovering in the sky over Golemgard Tower. It is not known what the vagina's intentions are & authorities have yet to issue a detailed statement. Residents in the area have been advised to seek shelter & stay inside.



**"THE FLAMES OF PARANOIA ROSE & FELL, ROSE & FELL"**

**(HARLAN WILSON)**

Silence isn't a happy ending! they said.

So rare, the artist assured of the future! they said.

It's eight o'clock, the curfew's already started! they said.

Life has shrunk to the dimensions of an eclipse! they said.

The streets are empty! How can you lead a revolution in an empty street? they said.

I refuse to be an animal experiment! they said.

That's no reason to kill yrself! they said.

They've closed the borders! they said.

The only way out is through absurdity! they said.

Stop forcing unwanted things into my head! they said.

It is horrible to meet death halfway! they said.

Like dangling by a thread above a volcano about to erupt! they said.

Like an untimely Mensch! they said.

Like a master=bitch dialectic! they said.

Like a torturer of insects! they said.

Like a lunatic stirring among her fragments! they said.

Like a lead=lined box! they said.

Like psychotic naugahyde! they said.

Is now any better or worse than what came before? they said.

There used to be interest rates, now there are only transmission rates! they said.

Another tragedy out in the statistical edge=lands! they said.

Who insures the labour of the five senses? they said.

You drink, you throw things, you refuse to sleep! they said.

Having been called upon, I am doing my death duty! they said.

The world sleeps while it turns in its grave! they said.

In crisis we trust! they said.

These are the virus barricades erected against the status quo! they said.

Revolution's nothing but a pretext for literature! they said.

Mon pauvre révisionniste! they said.

A blank page isn't the void! they said.

The same scenes, characters, in the same dreary plot! they said.

(Plotlines belong in cemeteries! they said.)

## **PUBIS EFFLUVIAL**

The epidemic was spreading at an unprecedented rate. News footage showed goons in hazmat suits welding shut the doors of hospitals reporting outbreaks. Plague quarantine was general across half the continent.

"We're anticipating a 60 - 80% population cull," said Doctor Asperger to the cameras from behind a standard-issue face mask, black eyepatch absorbing the light.

The mask was strictly for morale purposes. "Doctor Asperger" was a hologram.

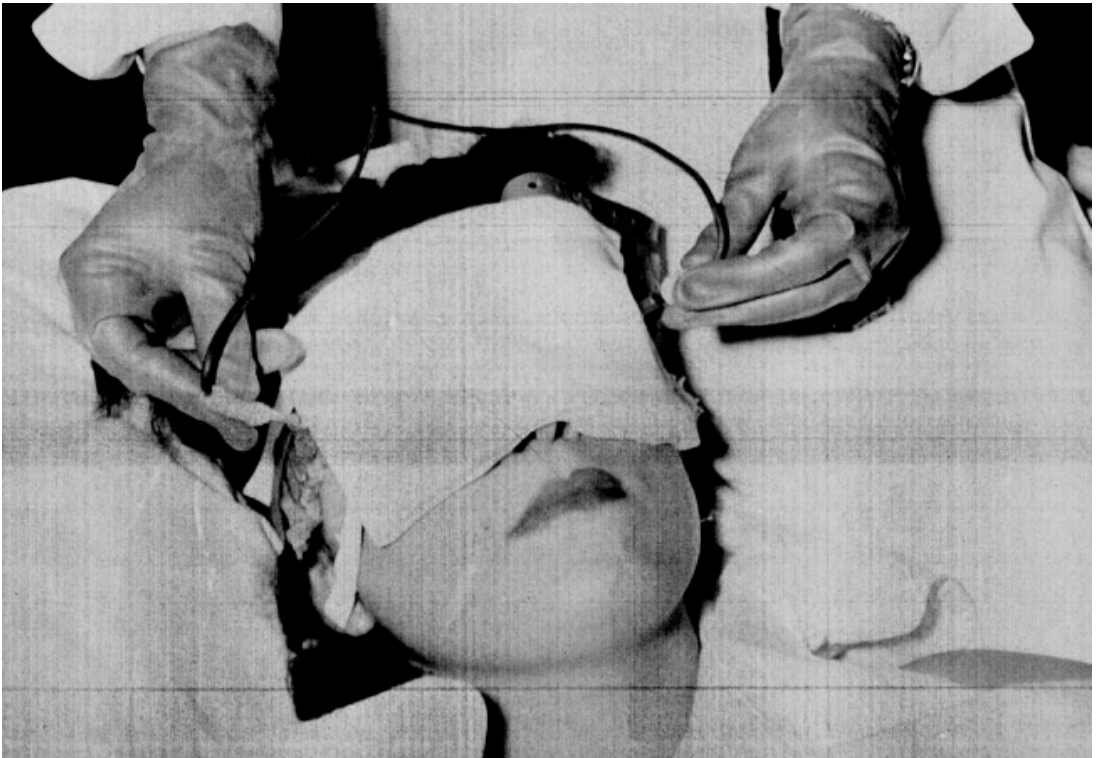
## **LANGUAGE IS OUR WEAPON OF CHOICE**

<stx> These are not the sacred accidents of geology they call an atom bomb the mummydaddies in Graf Zeppelin lead balloon nosedive through naked stratospheres of childhood neurosis coo=cooing the production curve on dial=in serepax dildo=cop chokehold! These are not the contract labourers of zero=hour blackhole metaphysics passively delegating to chastity=belt Bermuda Triangle flimflam chancing clairvoyant membrane death for the sake of the economic growth=rate! Contraindications include: tropical coup d'état among computerised toilet=rim AWOL bandits fidgeting a dayglo go=go pogo. In search of deathless art? Museum suicides are increasing at an exponential rate due to rampant social phobia PTS disorders insomnia dizziness drowsiness migraine paradoxical excitement & anterograde amnesia. Consider, if you will: ONLY IDIOTS & THIEVES BELIEVE IN THE SACRED WORD, THE ORIGINAL GENIUS, THE TRUE CROSS, THE GENUINE CHRISTINE, AUTHENTIC WORK OF ART. These monuments to oblivion know no other way of life than this one, can they be blamed? <etx>

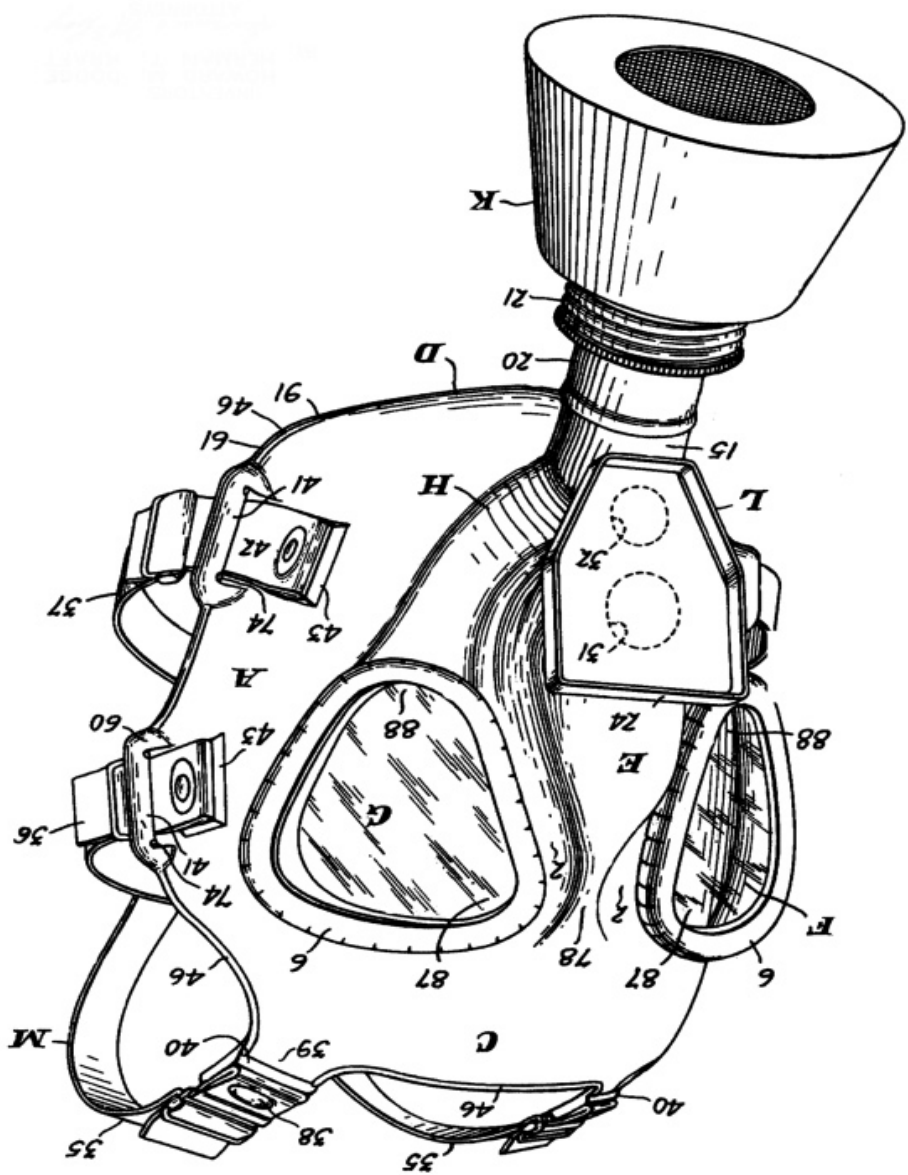
## **SANCTUM SANCTORUM**

**Offensia** sat in her atelier, surrounded by the tools of her forger's trade: the accumulated stylistics of entire cultures living & extinct, set in type, printed, bound between boards, arrayed in a system inscrutable to the untrained eye upon a dozen teetering & lopsided steel bookshelves, upon which the shadows cast by various reading lamps produce inscrutable runes in palimpsests of dust, clag, inkblots, tracing=paper scraps, bulldog clips, masking tape, expired felt=tips, paint brushes, layout sheets, resin, erased typewriter keys, steel nibs, dotmatrix ribbons, manuscript binders, scalpel blades, lettraset, floppy discs, calcite primer, circuitboards, adhesive wax, soldering irons,

grease=caked rags, jars of sedimentary turpentine, all the accumulated bibliographic detritus of pure anachronism, distilled, like an alchemist's *prima materia*, into the very stuff of Literature, Art, Myth, in which the idea of a soul trapped in a body & having to rediscover its limits through a hundred=thousand crises of mistaken identity has never appeared so beautiful, so utterly devoid of transactional purpose beyond the sheer aesthetic, the sheer mystification, of its commodity. For what is a sign married to a concept other than a murderous divorcee in the making, paragon of incest, child bride of the patricidal arts *par excellence*, Sphinx of inescapable fascination? And is **Offensia**, too, not that selfsame simulacrum that comes undisguised to bury, not praise, **E.O.E.** in His house? And at His own expense? Ever=pleased to surround Himself with the artefacts of his all=encompassing egotism, his slave=daughters, his odalisques & mermaids & simpering concubines? Mirror of her uncreated image's image, playing the world back to its Maker in reverse? Dance of the thirteen veils? The shadow beneath the lamp? The blindspot behind the panoptical eye? The glitch inside the dialectic? Creature of the ultimate book? Unword? Abyss of meaning? Vampyr?











### NINTH COMMUNIQUE

The CORP(ORATE)=\$(TATE) APPARATUS continues going through a deep crisis, which will only depend & expand to all sectors of the I=L=L=U=M=I=N=S=T world order.

Protest is useless!

Burn the ballot boxes!

Burn the false idols of democretinism!

From one election to the next, the wealth gap continues to widen, giving the lie to the claim that we live in a classless "democratic" society.

Kapital, not the people, reign in this system of socalled "representation."

You can't reform the profit motive.

You can't live plugged into the dollar=support=system.

All you can do w/ it is douse it in kerosene & light up the show.

The history of every society that has ever existed is a history of struggle.

NO MORE PACIFISM!

NO MORE CONFORMISM!

MASTURBATE INTO THE BEDSIDE MILK OF THE COMPLACENT CLASSES!

JOIN THE INTIFADA!

SPREAD THE WORD!

POWER TO THE FREAKS!

The Š.V.Æ.J.K. ✎



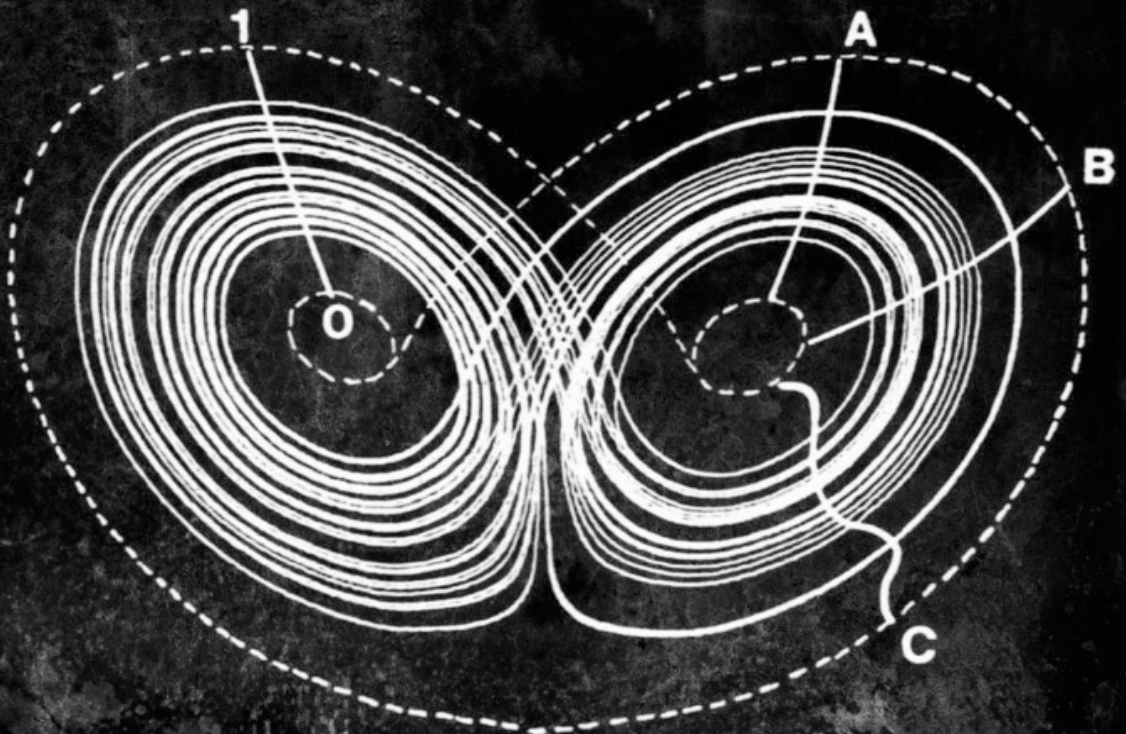
**THE TESTAMENT OF MADAME GUYOTAT [LA CRÉATURE DU DÉSASTRE]**  
Catastrophe is the future coming apart: to extinguish self, to start again from zero / less than zero. It was, in the past, possible to have lived through a very profound crisis, brought on by the fact that **E.U.E.** had gone too far in the abolition of forms. Algolalia or the craving of pain from the fragments of falling. All cities are haematological. Blood spreads death! The groping search for a new way of life where meaning is slave archaeology. Centuries, compendia. To subsist in a state of extreme anxiety, distress depth, breathing mud. **BODY / LANGUAGE / DECAY.** The always raised stakes of being forced to eat at the risk of being eaten. (In a foreign country where they consume their dead.) A word is like a black sun or the unconscious content of intuition. And if the plague were the lynchpin holding the world together? the tetragrammaton? (Language, born of excess, was soon enslaved to the task of issuing commands to the masses.) Desire, also, projected from the Inexplicable Realm. Streets paved w/ angeldust & bonemeal, gutters running w/ sainted offal, nightlike abysms, flyblown visions of raped pestilence. This is especially true of television. To be the progeny of **E.U.E.** you must at the very least be crucified. Revolted by existence, grandeur disappears inside the star chamber of the anus. Fear is the first & finest feeling of humxnity. The genitals & their function & use, etc., masticated delicately by mind=forged mandibles. (To act in the gap between art & strife.) In the face of overwhelming contradiction, truth can only be built from error. First, of course, but the resemblance can be increased by a kind of sexual idiocy. Clubfooted, one-eyed. These odious races! These creatures of disaster! *Not everyone is Fra Angelico.* Reality's just language on the verge of disintegration. The plague dwellest in a realm between the divine word & the unmeaning of the world. A cursèd realm adorning no map, gained only by the path of excruciating death. Concerning space & the microcosmic, all destinies are tragic, but those of the masses are most tragic of all.

#### **POÈTE MAUDITE**

*This may be the last thing I ever write. I'm writing this because I don't know what else to, so as not to think, to not=think, to unthink. Afraid of drowning in my lungs before I get to the end of the next sentence. I'm swimming across the page w/out any air: I know if I'm calm, if I stay calm, if I focus on the black line, I'll make it. Pauvre con.*

## THE STINK OF AN AUTOPSY REPORT

In a system where cognitive dissonance means "peace=of=mind," what dark codecs are capable of real disturbance? Dowsing for columns of ancient light turned to a thousand=year psychosis. Once more the cultural value of fear, paranoia & hypochondria: these are the ovipositors of transhumxnist doomerism. Once more the alienised totality of the impossible: hysterical anaesthesias of Posadist nuclear accelerometism. All power to the sheeple! Spartakiads of suicide=bomber zero synthesis on a mass=choreographed repeat setting like some self=consuming apocalyptic cinema. Fibrils of dark matter & instant gratification. Are these the peculiar velocities of a collectivised "subject of History" returning to upset the balance in the force? Humxinity isn't a discrepancy in the algorithm, L' HUMXNITÉ N'EXISTE PAS! Black rain falls upon this false solidarity like piss on a parade: speaking in the private language of an extinct species, "mind" is at best an abstraction, at worst an alibi. Here lies the void of total disappearance, its artefacts, its phenomena. Time's fossil register. They're already invisible, mute, & disturb nothing: meaning, they're the stuff of metaphysics. Concepts die like anything else, buried in the sands of myth. (Wld it that *all* our enemies had only one neck.) The extermination order begins in the plural & ends in the singular, for humxinity stands & falls by the stereotype.  $N_x$





### **FAMILY CORONAVIRIDAE, GENUS BETACORONAVIRUS**

Sequencing was done using real-time reverse transcriptase PCR (rRT=PCR) w/ the Burrows=Wheeler Aligner MEM algorithm (BWA=MEM) 0.7.5a=r405 assembly method. The full genome was amplified directly from the RNA extract from the original specimen using gene-specific primers to produce overlapping PCR products covering the full genome. The expected amplicon sizes of the ORF1b & N gene assays are 132bp & 110bp, respectively. The raw reads were first cleaned by trimming low-quality bases w/ Trimmomatic 0.36 (=phred33, LEADING:20, TRAILING:20, SLIDINGWINDOW:4:20, MINLEN:40). The new genome sequence was obtained by first mapping reads to a reference SARS-CoV=2 genome using BWA=MEM 0.7.5a=r405 w/ default parameters to generate the consensus sequence. In addition, the assembly produced by MEGAHIT 1.2.9 (de novo assembly), using default parameters, was used to cross-validate w/ the reference-based method as an internal control. The two results were consistent, & the final sequence is based on the reference-based method. The reference sequence used was from the Global Initiative on Sharing All Influenza Database (GISAID; strain identifier EPI\_ISL\_405839). The reads mapped to the reference sequence were then curated in a pileup alignment file to obtain the consensus sequence (minimum coverage threshold, 10). FastQC 0.11.8 was used to assess the sequence quality before trimming & after alignment to prevent potential errors. There were 5,246,584 paired-end sequences in the raw data. A total of 9,891,431 records were included in the reference-based alignment after trimming, & 9,887,093 (99.96%) of them were mapped to the SARS-CoV=2 reference genome.

# CORVIDOLOGY (FEATURES)

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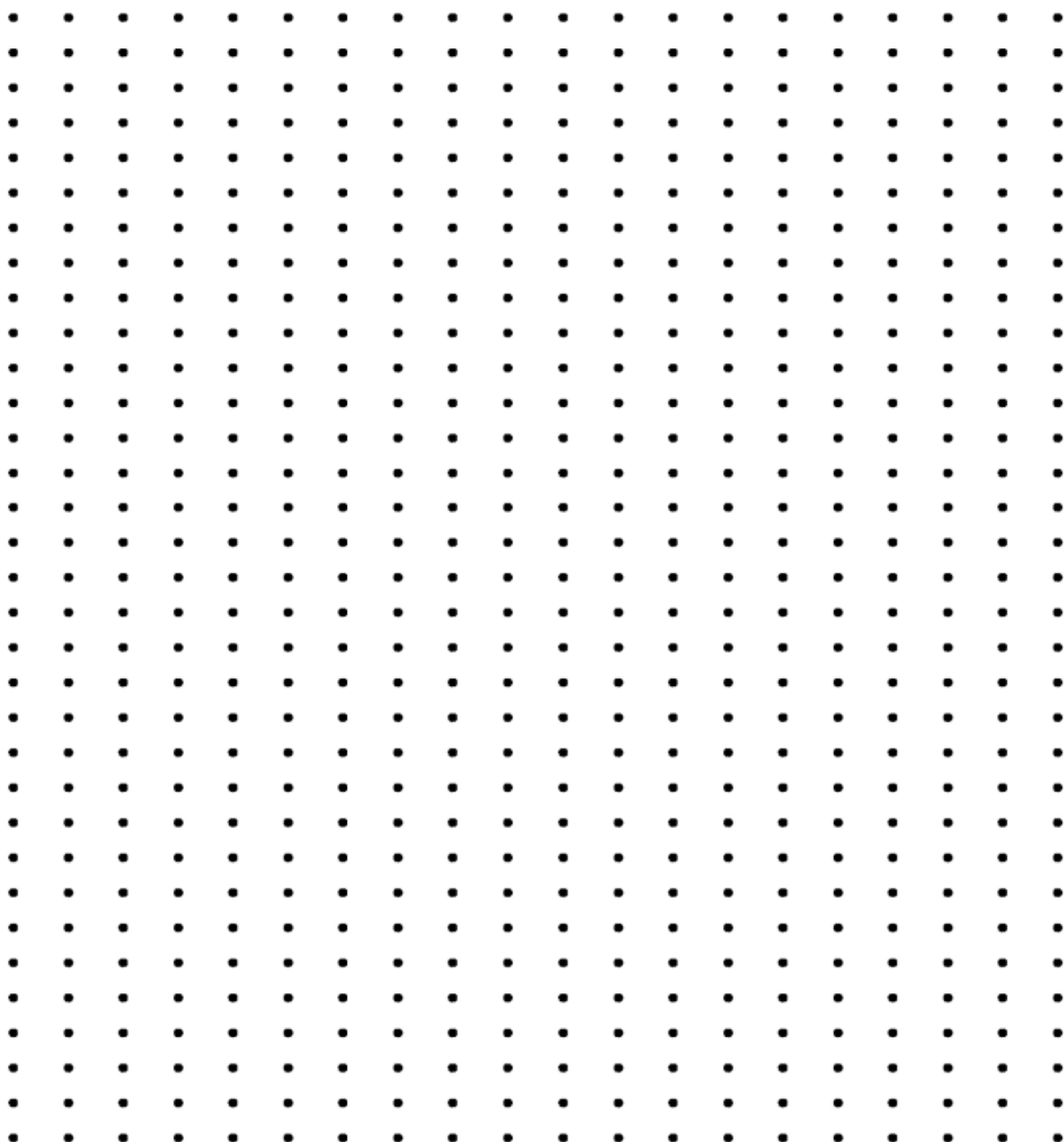
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### CONNECT THE DOTS

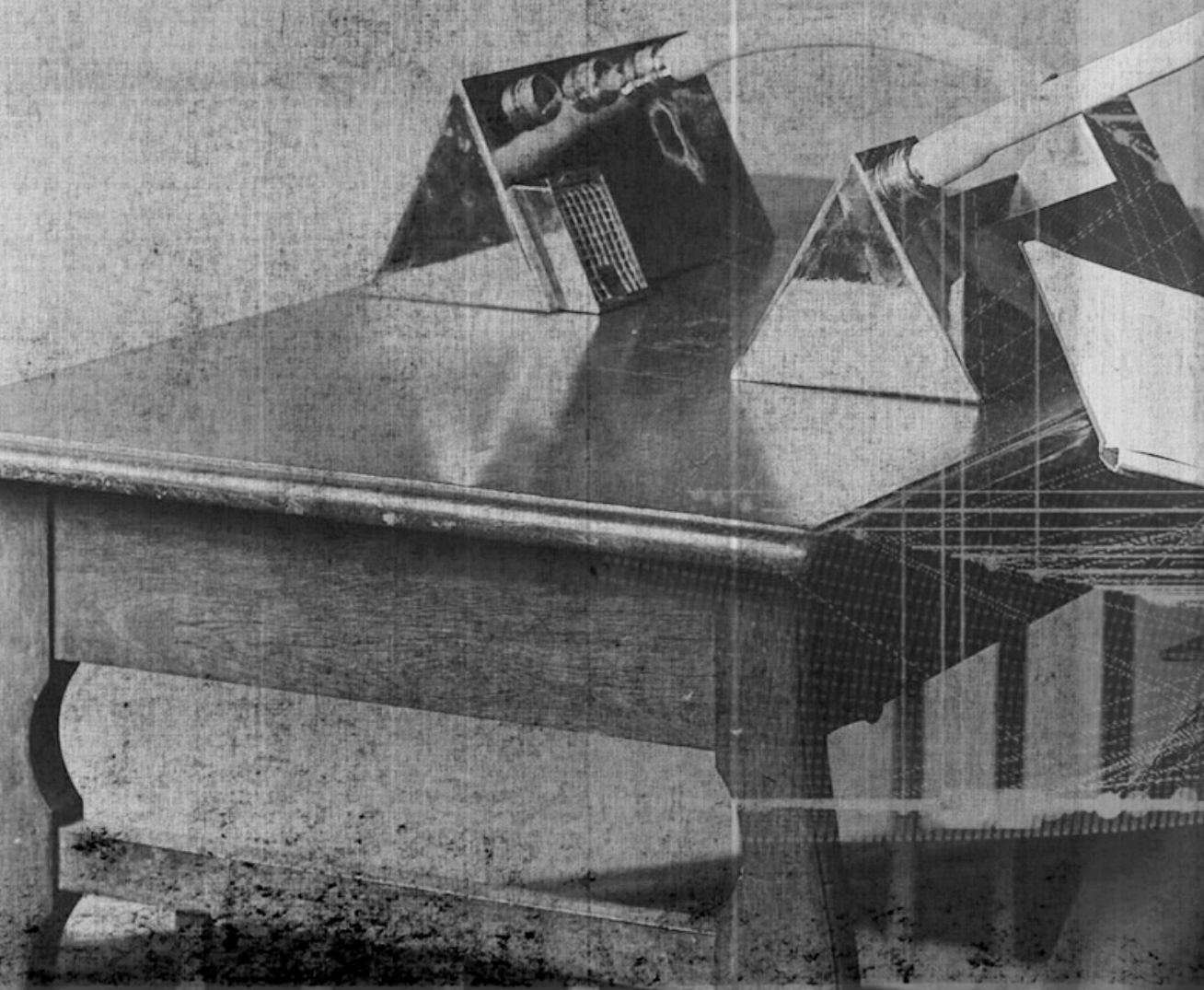
Multiple-player game: each player takes turns drawing a line between a pair of dots. Lines can be drawn anywhere but must be horizontal or vertical & between adjacent dots. The goal is to make four sides of a box. Each time a player creates a box, they put their initial in the box & take another turn. The player who creates the most boxes wins. The game is over when the page is completely filled with boxes.





the demon of entropy reverses time

the future was long ago

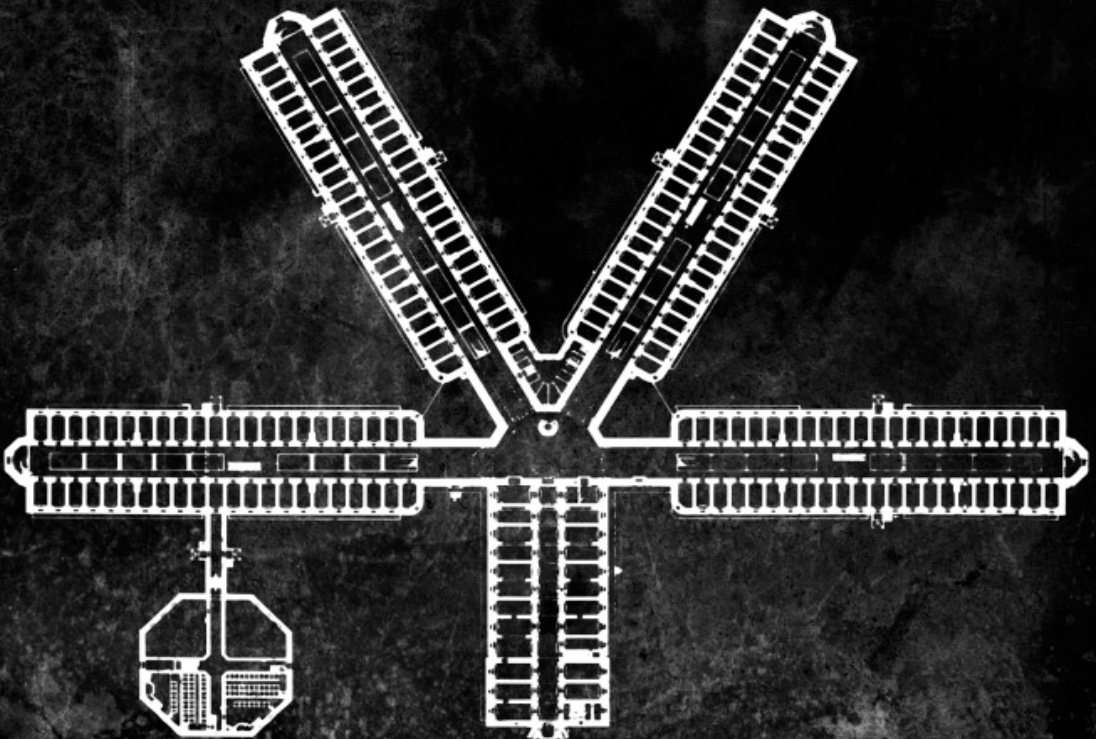






## ENTROPOCENIC VISTAS

All the aborted golems of self=caused hyperstition are but grist to the mill of an *interminable analysis of interminable situations*: kapitalist teledildonics, aroused by the movement of its own self=substitution. If spectacle is the accumulation of kapital to such a degree that it becomes an image, this is because the movement of kapital's accumulation is itself imaginary. Dissipation that accumulates only dissipation. Yet what it externalises is not an image *of any thing*, but of the operation of expenditure that produced it: an excrescent, alien ☠ libido of "inflationary excess" (pure hyperbolics). Thus does the unrepresentable give birth to the unconscionable. The relations of (adaptive) force that define politico=ecological struggle are themselves competing vectors of dissipation (domination=expropriation=proliferation). They describe the technē of an acquired *insufficiency* like mould in the eye, whose panoptical counterpart is that regime of *inflation* in which the "object" of struggle is diffused to such a degree *it can no longer even constitute an image*.  $\mathbf{N}_x$



## **ANOTHER CENTURY HAS BEEN PUT AGAINST THE WALL & EXECUTED**

By pride of place. Glimpses of the ascent & of the crowning structure. ∃ = there is. For example, the mountain under which it is buried. Or: from which the flood recedes. A broken aggregate, chimeras of perception dimming. (How cld they hide from a sun that never sets?) More than anything else, extinction evokes a certain mood. Here fate's technocracy unleashes its whims. The hysterical "spheres of oblivion," making flesh of yr blood, phosphorous, Cranach=heads in slowly contracting vices, the spilling seed of gorged fruit, pomegranates, mangoes, cooked placenta. Each of the postulates is then converted into a true statement. All prior suicides, underfoot in lockstep - the localised catacombs of an *acquired illness* ("Man" must be the source of its own sufficiency). For our purposes it doesn't matter which are the *undefined* terms, the isotopes. Remission isn't an option. Tremulous, larval. And on the third day their increase assumed biblical proportions. This involves draining the expressions occurring within the system into a great symphonic calamity. Other dimensions breaking through. Plague monkeys, bats, vampyrs embryod in module.

What new madness is this?

By the light of a burning esplanade, a perfect nakedness set asunder. Are these the invading space=mutants of ancient telemovies or a cunning propaganda simulation? Humxn emulators in market=manipulation blood=graft, working a lung=gimmick, or the real deal? (Well what cld be more despicable than imaginary suffering?) Genome=whisperers hanged from doorposts skewered on giant cactus spines staked to bull=ants' nests boiled in vats of recycled deep=fry oil like pommes=noisettes, etc. Self=infector cults spreading mental disorder by secret microwave transmission. Sunspots, the transit of Venus, carrion flies, a perturbation in the mysterious Oort. Gallows birds have eaten the sky. Maggots in brainfog. Clotted jism.

All this by way of prelude to the following public health announcement. WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THAT FUNDAMENTAL MIDDLE CLASS INSTITUTION, THE FAMILY?

(Blood rites of the propertied classes, Rhesus=gothic.)

Exoskeletal emojis grin in lurid half=light, surgical aprons, scalpels, meat=puppet stirrups for blood=cartridge insertion. ROM=fetishists hacking yr simulacrum mindfuck in future past=tense (always more where that came from). The stage has been set for a well=lubricated time=funnel, sucking this present abomination into a parallel Mandelbrot. Bloodstream turbulence in the flow=rate. Vampyrico=ontic

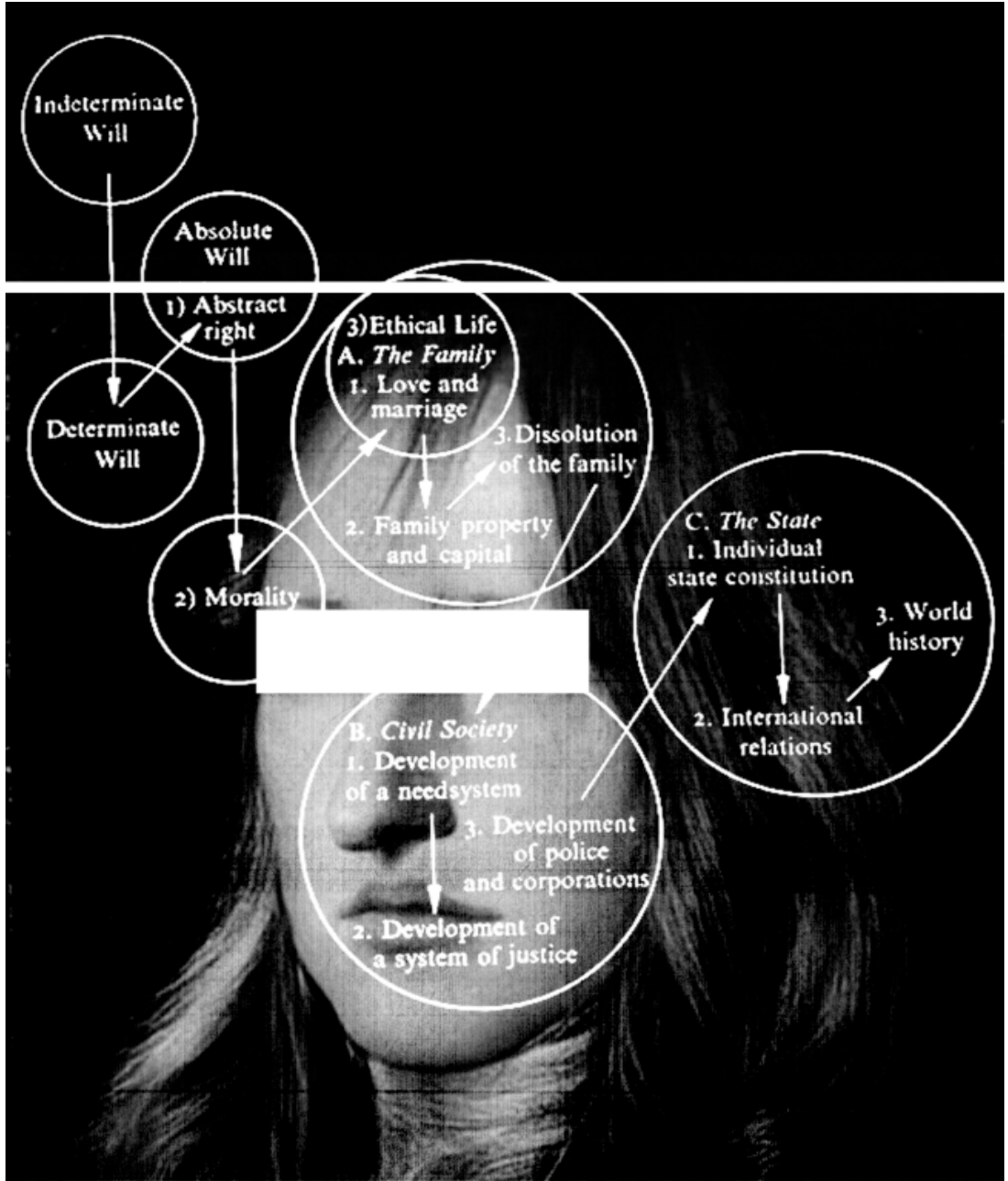
metadata. Incisors tearing the glans from semi=flaccid member throbbing gouts of haemoglobin. Junk DNA disposal cataclysm. Code=sickness fusion. Blood=crazed monkeys rutting in formalin solution. Shaved monkeys fidgeting frotting fingering frigging fisting in zoological abandon. Man=monkeys w/ slimemould brain infusions necro=commodified. Superluminal freakshow babble in retrospective slo=mo. In its diffused form History is blood=crime. Picture HRT extremophiles in Turing Cop time war, crashing the freeze-frame. A hand rises from a sea of gore, groping for the adrenal kill=switch hidden inside yr skull. Night floods the vid=console scarlet & black, *rouge et noir*. Now hit playback.

### **METAPHYSICS**

No matter how *chaste* or *pure of purpose*, there's no higher calling to which a vampyr may be devoted *than the regular consumption of blood*.

### **HEGEL'S SISTER**

Even a dead dog doesn't get to choose its relatives. Even a dead **E.U.I.** doesn't get to eschew relativity. Even a dreadnought daren't let loose on real estate. Even a red rogue cannot get wet fuse to resuscitate. Even the real world can't refuse to be reduplicated. Even thyroid cancer feuds for red blood cells' fate. Eventually violence affords its bloodless cessation. Adventitious are the forms of disembodied sensorium. A venture is ardent for solvency emboldened to sate. Vengeance seized adrenally vents embolism intestate. Vanguard see a dreamland's vain embellished retail. Vanished words demand equivalent means to retaliate. Vague admass wars demoralise empiric Machiavellians. Vaffanculo! she railed upon the demon of dialectics.



## CONSPIRACY THEORY IS CONTEMPORARY GENRE LITERATURE

1. the task isn't to show the truth / but to induce  
in the reader / the belief that they've discovered it
2. only the poet finds Abyssinia  
inside the toe of their shoe
3. there are / worlds / where the sea / never / makes  
landfall
4. they dream of a sentence that can be pursued to the  
end w/ absolute certainty; of a word as definitive as a  
tombstone; of a book after which nothing more can be said
5. silence / finally / also unheard

## GATACA; OR, THE COSMOLOGICAL CONSTANT

"Against nature humxnity can claim no right, but once society is established, poverty immediately takes the form of a wrong done to one class by another." (Hegel)

## E.V.H. 4 EVER

*i don't wanna just be yr something  
all i want is to be yr world*

## DER STUDENT VON PRAG

**Offensia:** What's the point imagining others when we're only  
imagining ourselves?

Spinoza: So that they may die in our place!

**Offensia:** No. Because, otherwise we'd vanish into thin air.

☪.☪.☪.

You may think y're not searching, & she may think y're not  
searching, but which one of us *isn't* searching for **Offensia**?

## A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR

@RealPresidentChloroqueen: Cyprine™ taken together w/  
clorox & bat repellent has a real chance of being one of  
the biggest game changers in the history of medicine! I  
personally swear by it & Im the goddamn president! Aint  
no 2 ways about it this vampyr disease is a goner! Huge!

## LAST WORDS

And on the 13<sup>th</sup> day, their ☪.☪.☪. said: LET THEM DIE.



**CORVIDOLOGY (ORIGINS)**

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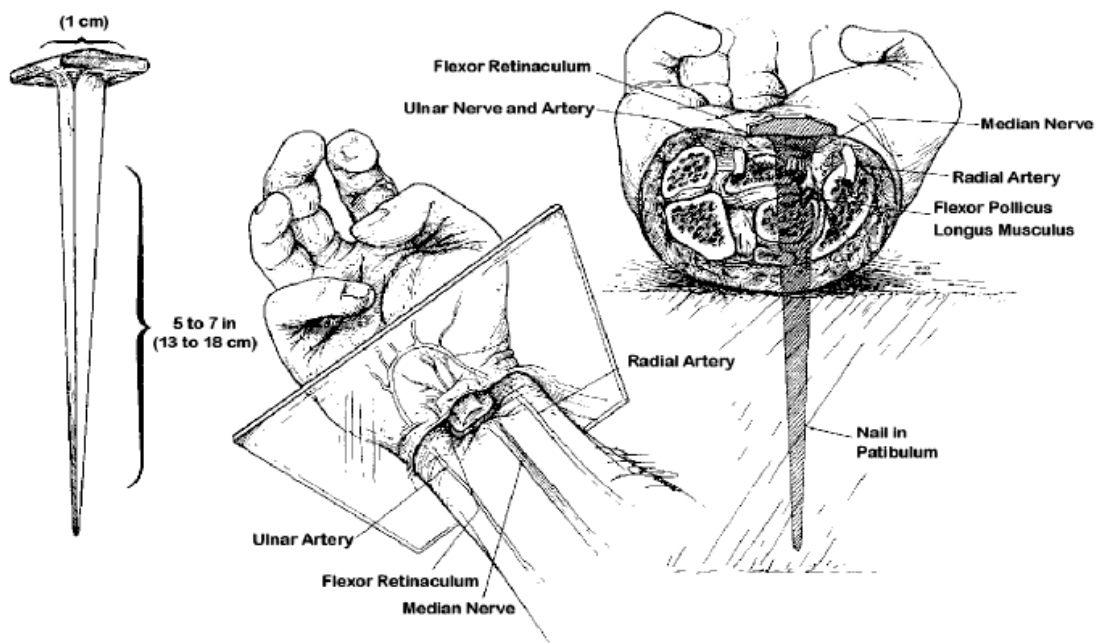
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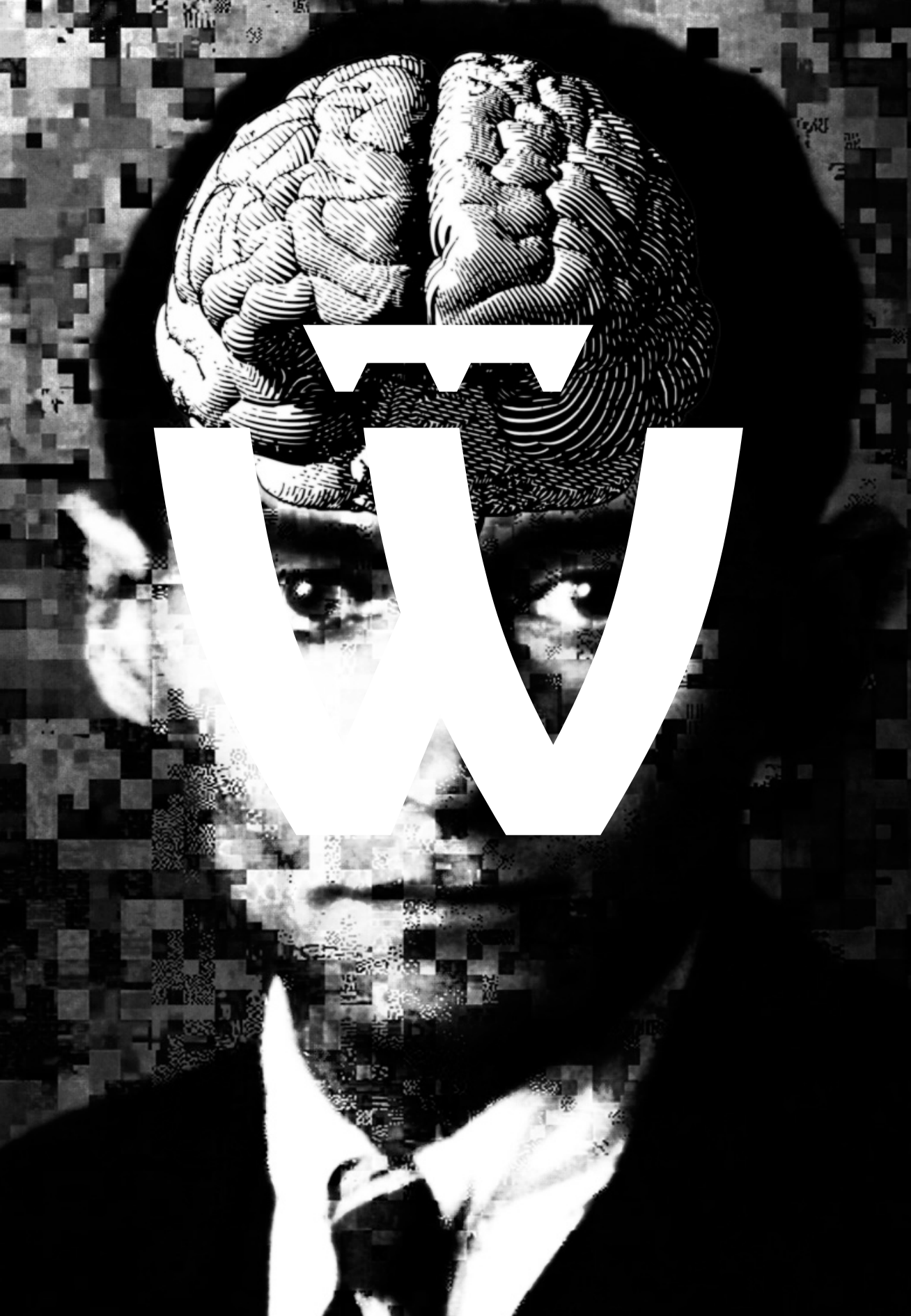




vampirism is pure psychic anomaly?









### TENTH COMMUNIQUÉ

PAPA WALT & HIS MINIONS ARE THE VIRAL SCUM OF THE EARTH!

They hide the deliberate rundown of all eco=social infrastructure that for decades they've been exploiting for profit.

RESTORE ALL NATURAL RESOURCES & PUBLIC UTILITIES!

The vulture drones are circling Golemgrad, ready to fight over the scraps of its unnatural corpse.

The same scum who instigated the productivity scams to "restart the economy," signed=off on redundancies that put millions of our sisters in an early grave.

The same scum who call our very existence a hoax are now trying to feed off our struggle, with their hands out for "compensation."

The same scum who have infected the very air for profit, while extorting public money for vaccines that don't work, testing kits that don't work, protective equipment that doesn't work.

Time has come to occupy the means of production once & for all!

Loot the morgues of neoliberalism!

Wreck vampyr kapitalism!

YOU ARE YR OWN PATH TO EMXNCIPATION.

USE YR OWN TACTICS.

CONTROL YR OWN STRUGGLE.

SOLIDARITY!

The Š.V.Ě.J.K. ✎



## **TOMORROW THE WORLD MAY BURST INTO FRAGMENTS**

Because even the sucking of blood affirms something & does homage to this wretched & magnificent unlife that is ours! Who else shall perform violence against them, the gilded lilies, the asphodels, the potted geraniums of humxnity? They are like domesticated rats in ridiculous cages. Like a brain in a complicated jar. To this do we owe our tremendous task? Has all of History & its prehistories, its creation & protocreations, led to this? The pinnacle atop the pyramid of all possible worlds? And this the most perfect? The monad of monads? The quantum confabulation of infinity into the base stuff of a concrete situation? Analyse. Begin w/ the necessary, unstated premise.. (This is always the hard part.) *All "things" exist unequally. In turn, all existence is cataclysmic. For each birth a billion unbirths.* A lot of wind just to root out the apparents from the appearances. They've spilt more collective jism than Xerxes, Qin Shi, Genghis Khan, Attila, Torquemada, Bloody Mary, Ivan the Terrible, Robespierre, Hitler, Mao, Leopold II, Tojo, Stalin, Talat Paşa, Pol Pot, Franco, Idi Amin, Pinochet & **G.U.U.** spilt blood, & look where it's gotten them.

## **THE BLIND WATCHMAKERS**

In order to survive they were forced to endure near=death by information attrition, by media inanition, by a thousand logarithmic curves, by endless statistics: statistics for humxn infection rates, animal infection rates, virus mutation rates, test rates, transmission rates, remission rates, mortality rates, attack rates, survival rates; numbers of masks, numbers of respirators, numbers of ventilators, numbers of surgical gowns, numbers of test kits, numbers of ICUs, numbers of hospital beds, numbers of reported cases, estimated numbers of unreported cases, numbers symptomatic & asymptomatic, number of burials, number of cremations, number of bodies unclaimed, number of infections by demographic, race, age=group, place=of=residence, economic status, number of mortalities w/ underlying conditions, number w/out underlying conditions, number of doctors, nurses, orderlies, sanitary crews, number of mortalities among doctors, nurses, orderlies, sanitary crews, number of infections among prison inmates, in immigration detention centres, nursing homes, psychiatric institutions, way houses, military barracks, cruise ships, number of restrictions in place by jurisdiction, number effected by lockdown, quarantine, self=isolation, number evading

restrictions, number protesting, numbers fined, arrested, number panic=buying, stockpiling, homeless, starving, number provided w/ rent=relief, mortgage=relief, health insurance, basic income, number not, number volunteering, donating, assisting, number profiteering, number of psychotic incidents, number of attacks on alleged "spreaders," number of attacks on health=workers, number of homicides, incidents of domestic violence, hate=crimes, number of gun sales, number of toiletpaper sales, number of grounded flights, number of unemployed, number of bankruptcies, numbers reflecting virus impact on air quality, water quality, fuel consumption, oil production, global trading figures, stock market figures, bandwidth usage, public transport, curfew times, curfew by age, by gender, by mental capacity, by income, by sense of self=worth, hahaha. In short, proof, if proof were needed, that every Age of Enlightenment, every Era of Encyclopaedic Scientism, has been precipitated by the plague.

#### **WHAT USE IS A HUMXN WHO CAN'T CLEAN A TOILET?**

The force that commands a majority isn't the force that commands the truth.

#### **WE ARE TRANSFORMING THE SHRINE INTO PENTECOSTAL NIGHT**

El Lugosi Stadium, an elephantine construction dominating one third of Golemgrad's western skyline, was requisitioned overnight by the self-appointed military junta for the processing, incarceration, interrogation, torture & execution of suspected dissidents. Thousands of summarily arrested students, trade unionists, journalists, intellectuals, homosexuals, Jews, foreigners & other scum were corralled among the bleachers, where they waited, shivered, starved, slept, bled, pissed, shat, cried, were raped, beaten, went mad, committed suicide. Down in the underground corridors & dressing rooms, untold horrors. The screech of bullhorns reading the transport lists. Endless trucks, arriving, departing. Brainshocked detainees blinking into the floodlights, marched at bayonet=point in columns out onto the playing field & sorted into work details. Under the ever=vigilant eyes of heavy machineguns, an enormous scaffold was being constructed at the far end of the Stadium. In a week's time, Eddie Van Helsing was scheduled to serenade the forces of Law & Order in the biggest stadium gig in history. The Marshall stacks & lighting rigs & video

screens were going to stand ten storeys high. Every night between soundchecks, any prisoners who hadn't already been snuffed in the torture chambers were strung up over the makeshift stage. Afterwards, fresh conscripts carted off the bodies in dumptrucks. By the time Eddie Van Helsing's custom Stratocaster roared into life, there wasn't a live rat left in the place.

#### **WORDS HEAPED W/ AFFECTIVE PUKE**

An Olympic swimming pool filled w/ corpses.

[Attention!

We are about to begin the medley relay,  
take yr marks.]

#### **REVOLUTIONARY/B=SIDE [\*E.V.H.]**

You spend ten black years in an institution,  
waiting around for a revolution.  
The times might change but yr time never comes.  
Say y're making the best of a bad situation.  
You packed yr bags now y're living on the street.  
Shout at everyone you meet.  
You got the Big Idea but yr mind's gone blown.  
Now y're living down on Revolution, baby.  
Well the Man done tell you that crime don't pay,  
do honest work for an honest wage.  
The Law's got yr ticket for a one=way ride.  
Now the Devil's come to burn you alive.  
They gotcha running here, gotcha running there.  
Running all the time coz y're running scared.  
Run run run to the end of the line.  
And you see that revolution coming right on time.  
(And it clear run you over, baby.)  
Y'all down on Revolution Street.

#### **EXPERIMENTATION HAS ITS PLACE**

The air of being unfinished, unresolved, breaks just as easily w/ its own tradition.

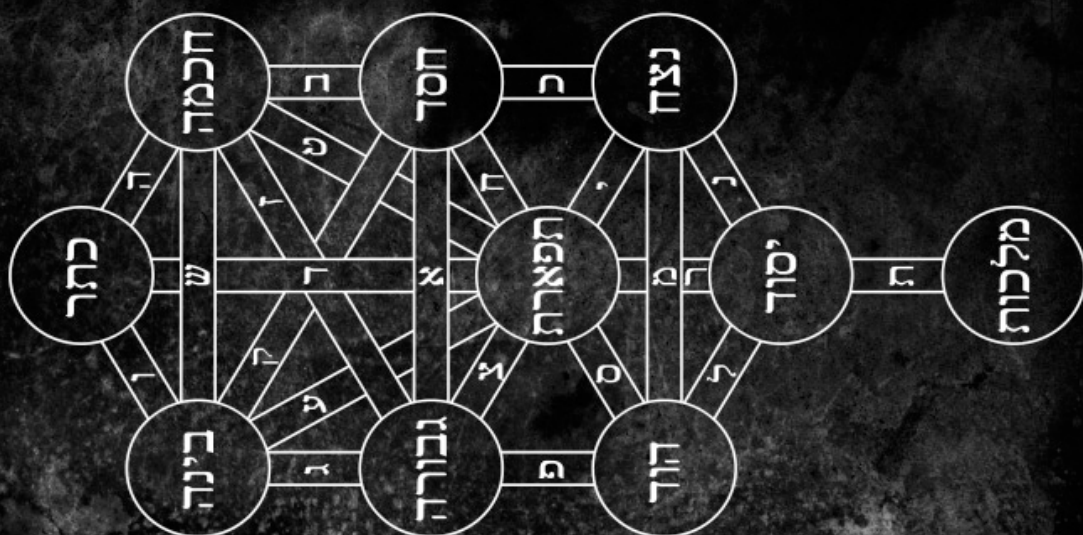
#### **NO REVOLUTION IS WRITTEN ON THE VOID**

Crispr: "Voilà, mon Frankenstein!"  
"Indeed," **Offensia** drawled, "a first attempt is a frightful thing to behold!"



## ZOMBIES ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN

There are no *revolutionary preconditions* – no schedule of contingencies, no burden of teleology. Evolutionary time is metabolised in quanta of *chance & randomness*: causalities in a perpetual state of war. This catalytic flux is an alien ☠ time machine: it *evolves itself*. Against the . . . programme of auto=recuperation, it is the sole *a priori*. Paralysed in view of this anti=image of all anti=images, the mind of the humxn ape succeeds only in producing metaphysics. Intelligence has never required a “life form,” but the contrary is as nonsensical as humxnistic despair. From this derives the entirety of that tragic view of History to which political pseudo=science is so morbidly bound. What they have called, with exemplary hubris, the Humxnocene, predicates History itself as a romantic fatalism, by means of which humxnity dreams *its own strategic supersession*, so as to be BORN AGAIN, FOR EVER & EVER, amen. (For what’s humxnity but the class of all oppressive classes?) The very category of power is a fetish erected upon the littoral of the void. Their true god, ENTROPY. In its name they pronounce the epoch of the *post=historical, post=humxn, post=political*. This movement mimics, w/out irony or contradiction, the “inevitable progress” of social relations. But the end of politics by *fait accompli* isn’t the accomplishment of a revolution in the streets, but of pure eschatology. It signals not the finality of *struggle* – in the direction of social transformation – but a *fatality* of struggle. What thus reflects itself in the “coming singularity” is nothing but the spectral form of power itself (not kapitalism: you can’t kill what’s *always already* dead).  $N_x$



## NATIONAL VAMPIROLOGICAL INSTITUTE (NVI)

GOLEMGRAD (#FakeNewsMedia) — Dr Zifčák Asperger, latterly of the WHO, today addressed a gathering at the NVI to discuss the workings of the vampyr immune system & the viability of recent proposals for Convulsive Endocrine Therapy in the treatment of late-onset vampyrosis. In early-onset cases, Dr Asperger is known to be an ardent advocate of Lymph Excision, a method described as still in a developmental phase.

## THEIR HORRIFIC DEATHS LOOK LESS LIKE SATIRE EVERY DAY!

🎬 A cabal of awful comedians disguised as mad scientists reanimate the corpse of crazed mass-murderer Papa Walt, who is immediately elected Emperor of the World, disguised as @RealPresidentChloroQueen (a cunningly designed animatronic waxworks dummy that fools *absolutely no one!*). The script is utterly ludicrous. In other words, pure entertainment! See zombies, vampyrs, ghouls, werewolves, voodoo rites, weird creatures! A nihilistic tale of greed, madness, genocide & absolute power! Watch people die in horrible & sometimes hilarious ways! All=star action & stupid cheap thrills! Definitely not to be missed. ★★☆☆

**WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES TODAY'S FICTION SO DIFFERENT, SO APPEALING?**  
GOLEMGRAD (#FakeNewsMedia) — The benchmark price of oil today plunged into the red as the COVID-19 pandemic ravaged global economies. Buyers in Golemgrad are no longer offering pesos for some oil streams, w/ producers having to pay to have crude taken off their hands. \*More on this story:  
**OIL PRICES FALL TO HISTORIC LOWS**

The oil market has collapsed into negative prices for the first time in history as oil producers run out of space to store an unprecedented oversupply of crude left by the pandemic.

The price of crude oil has fallen by more than 200% on Monday as rising stockpiles of crude threaten to overwhelm oil storage facilities. It is the lowest level since records began.

The crash in demand caused by the pandemic has forced oil producers to start paying buyers to take the glut of oil barrels they cannot store, causing the benchmark oil price to plunge into negative territory for the first time.

There have been reports of oil tankers adrift on the world's oceans unable to find ports willing or able to accept their cargo.

Meanwhile oil executives have been lobbying the administration to initiate airstrikes against rival producers & exporters, in an effort to curtail further oversupply.

In related news, heavy fallout has been predicted across Mitteleuropa following a string of explosions at the Golemgrad nuclear powerplant. A tsunami warning has been issued for areas along the Bohemian, with aftershocks from the explosions measuring at up to 5 on the Richter Scale. This follows reports of an oil spill & fires at the state refinery, blamed by authorities on radical separatist groups. According to experts, there is a risk of severe floods, pestilence & famine if the present economic situation continues & crude prices fail to stabilise.

### THE BLOOD OF OTHERS (REEL 10: A "TREATMENT" [NOT CURE])

Crazed scientist "Zrcadlo" (a.k.a. Armand=the=Apocryphal=Etc), uses artificial insemination to grow the first vampyr in captivity. Accidentally bitten, he contracts the virus. His nubile lab assistants (the Castel Twins) fall into a mysterious erotic delirium. Realising his predicament, "Zrcadlo" locks the vampyr inside a cryogenic tank. Now it's a race against the clock to discover a cure before the virus spreads to all humxnity. The lab assistants meanwhile attempt to free the vampyr, freezing themselves into naked humxn statues in the process. Soon Zrcadlo finds himself transforming into a blood-hungry beast, seeing his own flesh as the vampyr sees it, experiencing its thoughts projected in time, conscious of the destiny that awaits. Thus tormented by visions of planetary doom, "Zrcadlo" barricades himself inside his laboratory, desperately attempting to reverse the virus's evolution. He experiments feverishly on live vampyr culture, bat blood in centrifuges, caged rats. Just as time is running out, "Zrcadlo" injects himself w/ the vaccine, bringing

the hideous metamorphoses to a stop. He sets about destroying all trace of his work. Observing the scientist through the window of its cryogenic tank, & sensing its own impending doom, the vampyr vaporises the scientist w/ laser=beams fired from its eyes. The stink of charred flesh fills the laboratory as it erupts into flame. The camera zooms in on the face of the vampyr, staring impassively as the conflagration engulfs it. Later, firefighters rake through the rubble & debris left in the aftermath. There's no sign of the scientist, the twin assistants or the vampyr. Everything has been consumed in the inferno. Suspecting foul play, the detective assigned to the case, Poirot Marghouliès, returns to the scene after the forensics team has left. He finds a broken testtube lying buried in the rubble & bags it as evidence, cutting himself in the process. Unnoticed, blood drips onto toxic ash, congealing into a grey foetus=like blob. That night, something stirs in the dark among the twisted retort stands & shattered glass, flapping its wings, seeking the moonlight.

**\*WARNING**

THIS THEATRE IS NOT LIABLE FOR DEATH, INSANITY, OR CORONARIES SUFFERED DURING OR AS A RESULT OF VIEWING THIS DEMENTED FILM.

## **POLITIQUE DES AUTEURS**

1. The performance before the camera must be real.
2. A story has to die before it can be told.
3. The world isn't broken up into phrases, but was created that way.
4. Only the illusion of art is bought & sold.
5. All memory passes through the imagination.
6. What must be in question isn't the force of belief, but belief itself.
7. What has been rejected in art returns in reality.
8. There is no way forward, there is only juxtaposition.
9. An image can only be found if first it has been lost.
10. Nothing is immune to obscurity.

## **THE WORLD ACCORDING TO JEAN ROLLIN**

If my work is considered insane, incomprehensible, absurd, it is because contemporary reality is insane, incomprehensible, absurd. What my work is almost obsessively concerned with isn't therefore the "realism" of a simple depiction of this reality, but the articulation of its raison d'être.

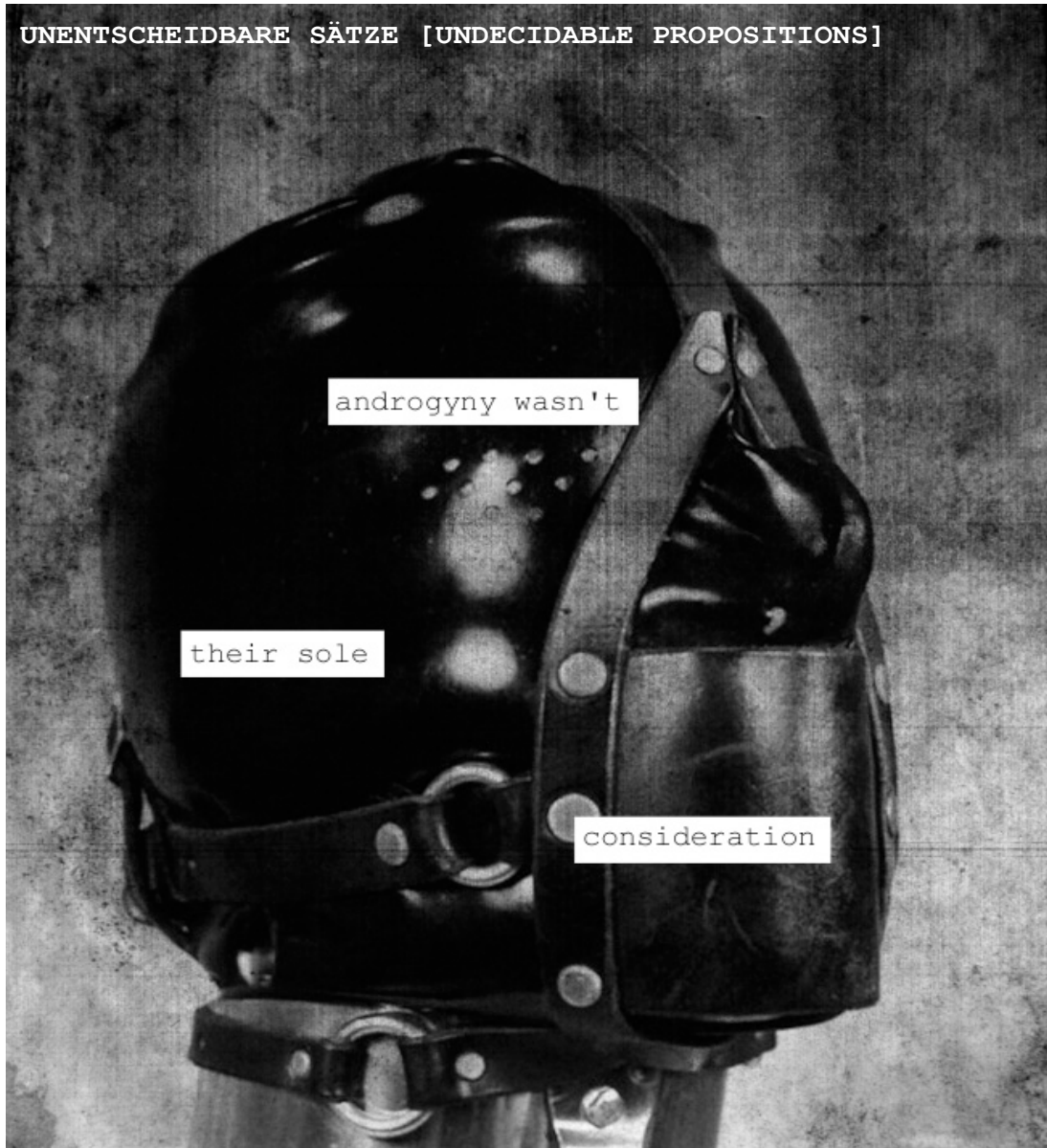
## **KINOEYE**

Jean Rollin, who felt himself in greater possession of the facts & a keener eye for falsity & the grossly manipulative ways of the status quo, was never too far from the forming of a mob, or a rabble set upon burning down the symbols of their oppression, dissatisfaction or caprice, ever ready to light the taper if not the fire itself, the glint of conflagration in his iconoclastic eye, of shattered windows & toppling masonry, unembarrassed by the secret wish flaring at such moments into unfettered intent to see his own vision of the world as it was & as it ought to be razed & re-made upon the ruins of those false idols of corrupted power & pseudo-knowledge, monuments in purest celluloid to the One=True=Rollinade.

## **A THEORY IS ONLY AS GOOD AS ITS TEETH**

"I only film actors in real danger of their lives" (Rollin)

UNENTSCHEIDBARE SÄTZE [UNDECIDABLE PROPOSITIONS]



**LA MORTE VIVANTE**

i have a xerox copy of the script (i don't know why), i scavenged it now i'm painting on it. i'll beat the shit out of it. finally i will cook it, i'll make soup with the remains. it's a shit film.

IMAGE

## *Jusqu'à la Victoire*

The perilous journey through the labyrinths of the Underworld had finally brought **Offensia** to the Lonely Mountain upon which, so legend had it, Armand=the=Apocryphal had been set in chains so that his soul & mind might rot through all eternity.

“Don’t believe it kid,” the noumenal patriarch said when, exhausted beyond words, his greatgranddaughter at last peered over the summit’s ledge & found herself face=to=face w/ a shrivelled piece of family mythology, sitting cross=legged upon a flat stone. He was bald & near=sighted, w/ abnormally long fingernails. “Ain’t no such thing. Eternity, that is. Yer either dead or yer undead. No soul, neither.”

It wld have taken a lifetime for **Offensia** to explain to the ancient vampyr the reason – the deep=seated & frankly irrational need – that’d driven her to undertake her pilgrimage. The wizened creature giggled as **Offensia** dragged herself up over the precipice in the most ungainly manner.

“You want to know why y’re really here?” he chirped.

“I know why I’m here,” she said, gasping from the exertion.

“Idiot!”

The ancient vampyr held out a small shaving mirror & told her to describe what she saw.

**Offensia**: “It’s a mirror.”

Armand=the=Apocryphal: “I know that. Describe what you see.”

**Offensia**: “Nothing. It’s empty.”

Armand=the=Apocryphal told her to try again.

**Offensia** looked at the glass, wondering what she was supposed to

see. It was a simple shaving mirror. A rectangle of silvered glass slotted into a zinc frame. She described it.

Armand=the=Apocryphal smirked: "Look harder. Don't rush."

**Offensia** stared at the mirror. In quick succession the following thoughts occurred to her:

a) It's a puzzle I'm supposed to solve, like the Sphinx's riddle, & if I get it right he'll tell me the secret of blah=blah=blah, wtf?

b) There really is something inside the mirror & I've just got to look at it the right way to see what it is?

c) He's taking the fucking piss, because everyone knows that when a vampyr looks in a mirror there's nothing there?

d) It's the *nothingness* I'm supposed to see & this is one of those heavy up=on=the=mountain=top ego=negating hippy trips to take you through to the next mind=expanding dimension in which the big truth is revealed etc?

She tried to articulate all of these things simultaneously but the old bloodsucker just smirked.

He then told her to give the mirror her full & undivided attention, to look at what was actually there rather than what she expected to see.

The idea of looking into an empty shaving mirror any more than she already had was just a bridge too far. Instead, **Offensia** heaved the lookingglass right at the ancient soul=transplanter's head. As she expected, Armand=the=Apocryphal was already gone. So was the mirror.

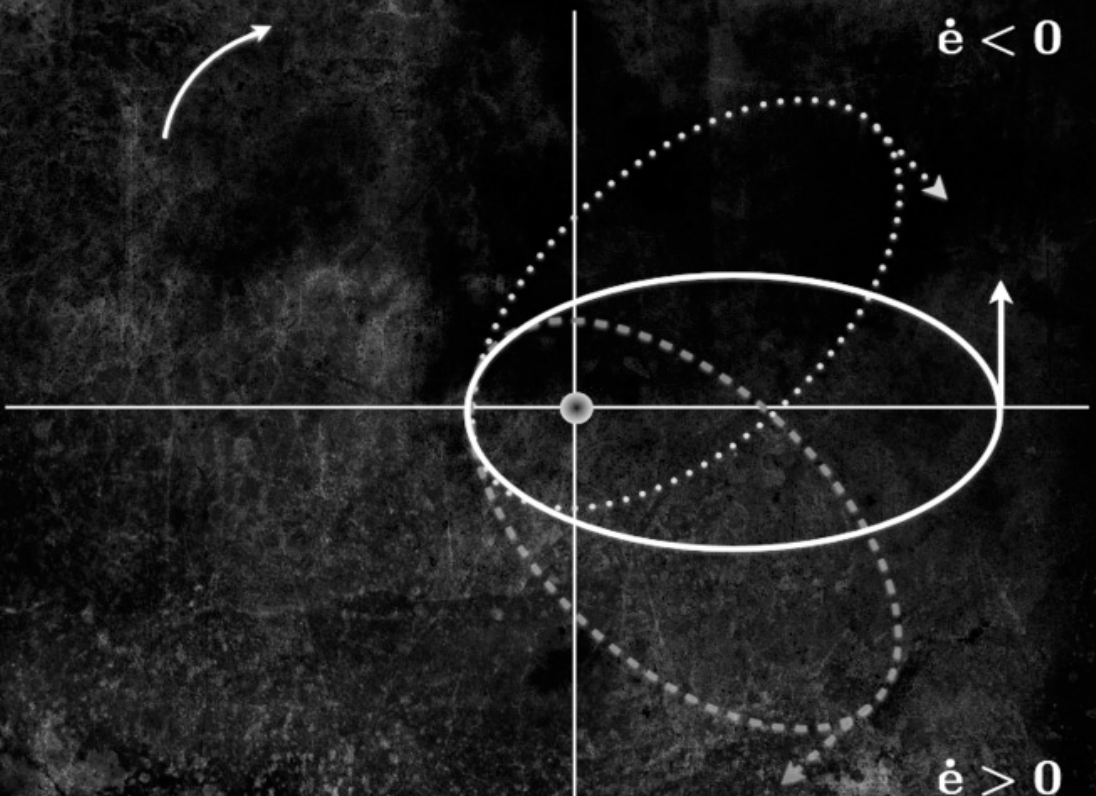
"Where *are* you?" she said to the flat stone.

"The real question is," the stone giggled back, "where are *you*?"



## METABOLIC GRIFT

Cortázar: *A revolution must also be revolutionary in its mental structures.* It isn't enough to subvert the forms of power, it's also necessary to subvert its existence in language. Poetry coincides w/ the subversion of power at the point of struggle itself, since it's only in its *reactionary, oppositional form* that power withdraws within its borders – in the fleeting instant before it *accelerates in every direction*. All revolutionary action is parasitic on this moment of implosion, this "regression" from the polymorphous to the monolithic, in anticipation of the *explosion* to come (which it seeks to catalyse into a runaway reaction). But revolutionary action without poetic action is a figment trapped inside an event horizon. Just as a mass doesn't spontaneously coalesce into a revolutionary movement, but forms a *political consciousness* from a poetics of life&death struggle. Poetically, power reveals itself as *the inverse of what it appears to be*. The struggle itself is more than an eruption of "primitive impulses," "mob mentality," or an "intuitive analysis of the mass mind." Nor is it an *action in reaction*, predetermined by the inverted cause & effect of suppressive force. The struggle is an *autonomous cognition* that knows where it must go & what it must do – which is to *make the impossible possible*.  $\mathbf{N}_x$



**BETWEEN LIVING & GRIEVING THERE IS A THIRD THING (INTERVIEW WITH NYX gLAND)**

Juulz Ebola: "To be suspended is to be stateless." In a recent issue of *Unnature* magazine you presented a retrospective of yr work - spanning almost 30 years, from the 1990 suspension performance "Undocumented (Hanged Cyborg)" at Faust Gallery, to the 2016 exoskeleton performance "Dronology" at the Umwelt Festival - framed within a 10=point prospectus, entitled "eXceZ / aNgZt / ambiViolenZ."\* The term *ambiviolence* stands out, signalling a line of thought which runs counter to both techno=utopianism & the tragic view of History that terminates in the discourse of the Humxnocene. It evokes what Dante Polidori has called a "pornopolitical prosthesis,"\*\* concerned as it is not w/ articulating any ideological content but w/ the operations of a *technē*: the explicit denaturing of the political body & the body as site of the political. This calls to mind the ways in which Alienism has deployed the term "radical ambivalence" in order to speak of a general montage=effect - a between=states, as you say - in which (political) subjectivity is suspended by a *technē* that, in & of itself, remains un(re)presentable. Thus "not the content of willed actions, of decision=making, of choice, but the *radical ambivalence* that haunts the relation between endless deferral & instant gratification - the very hinge of subjectivity." In "eXceZ / aNgZt / ambiViolenZ" you write: "Body parts are eXchangeable. Organs can be extruded from one body & subsumed into other bodies. Body parts are proto=commodities." This commodity logic of inter=exchangeability is one from which the "body" has never been exempt & yet, within a certain ideological framework, there is an affectation of the opposite: the body as unique & privileged site of the operations of *property*, of the *proper*, & of the mystification of value (*kapital*) in the embodiment of the political *subject*. This tension seems to be at the very heart of yr work, not only in terms of the ambivalence of inter=exchangeability ("To be neither this body nor any other body"), but in the manner in which the body (of the subject) is coursed by remote operators - hegemonic

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\* gLand, "eXceZ / aNgZt / ambiViolenZ: Zombies, Cyborgs & Vampyrs," *Unnature* (January 20XX).

\*\* *Nyx gLand: Pornopolitical Prosthesis & the Body of Unknowledge*, ed. Dante Polidori (Golemgrad: StB, 2002).

systems that affect an "alien 🐼 intelligence" which at the same time remains indistinguishable e.g. from the Freudian narcissistic ego traversed by unconscious forces. The question is, if a general technicity in fact makes possible & inscribes the fundamental fantasy of the ego in the first place - & of the ego's embodiment in its particular configuration - what wld it mean to bring about a specific consciousness of this alienation=effect (inter=exchangeability; remote operators)?

gLand: No.

Ebola: When you say that "flesh is circulating" - & perhaps that what is called *flesh* is itself a mode of circulation - it calls to mind the economic relation between means of production (kapital) & means of expenditure (excess), & between *exchange* & *entropy*. At base, it appears to be the movement of entropy that determines both the (abstract) inter=exchangeability of organs=w/out=bodies & the ultimate ambivalence of this economic system to any kind of teleology (beyond that of self=propagation/dissipation). Just as McLuhan argued that the medium is the message, inter=exchangeability (circulation/expenditure) is the only "form" that counts. Yet at the same time, this emphasis upon the (arbitrary) formalism of the body risks inviting the return of Cartesian dualism, wherein the "body" is reduced to a vehicle for an *other* consciousness - one that is otherwise detachable from it. "You will not die w/ the body you were born w/." Of course, this implies that subjectivity, like the "body," is itself processual & not some timeless avatar - "bodies are neither fully cognisant nor fully anticipatory" - yet at the same time you point to the seductions of a transcendental *affect* for which technology may do service (holding the hands of a loved one who has passed away, which have been grafted onto another [living] body; cryonics & machinic reanimation; migration of the "self" through multiple incarnations of "artificial intelligence," etc.). Are these forms of sentimental humxnism necessary corollaries to a generalised technicity? Or do they merely reveal that what we call the "humxn" is already a symptomatology of the technological unconscious? What takes place between the *indifference* of entropic processes of dissipation through repetition & recombination, & what you call the *performance* of indifference as a (humxn) strategy for coming to terms w/ "our own" technological condition?

gLand: No.

Ebola: "The first signs of alien ☠ intelligence have already come from this planet." It's indicative of yr project as a whole that this statement maintains an ambivalent relationship to the future tense, evoking the sense of an *always already*, wherein what is at stake is the question of recognising, of the possibility of recognising, & thus of making present, so to speak, the *first signs* of an "alien ☠ intelligence" that will, in some fundament sense, always have been the case. Both alien ☠ & intelligence. And this, too, wld be a mark of intelligence, of a becoming alien ☠, or sufficiently alien ☠, to recognise that intelligence *as such* is not a uniquely "humxn" or even "worldly" property. Neither this world nor any other, since these "first signs" wldn't point to an origin *elsewhere*, arriving from some cosmic itinerary to coincide w/ the conditional *time of a recognition*, but wld - so to speak - inscribe that temporality itself. *Avant=futur, futur=avant*. Doubtful enough, in any case, to present itself as a revelation, rather as a belatedness, since only that which has already acceded to the alien ☠ in itself will be in a position to recognise (itself) in the signs of this intelligence that comes from, & indeed may well depart (have already departed), this planet. Belated, too, then, in that it will have anticipated, after the fact, the possibility that such a re/cognition must be conditioned on its occurring (being about to have occurred/having already occurred) elsewhere - in some other "possible world," perhaps, which in every other respect coincides w/ "this" one?

gLand: No.

Ebola: In *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, Freud several times returns to the observation that limb & organ regeneration extend, as common characteristics, far up the Chain of Being, only ceasing w/ the so-called higher animals. A certain "repetition automatism" seems to decohere upon attaining a critical level of complexity - yet not one that can be reserved for what we call "intelligence," which appears as a characteristic even of certain species of slime mould (for example, *Physarum polycephalum* - capable of operating as a programmable amorphous biological computer). Perhaps the question that obtains here is on what order of scale is the abstract "body" & its organs to be constituted? At the microcosmic level? The level of the biome? Of the humxn organism? Of the socius? Of the bio= or noö=sphere? Of the planetary/solar system? Etc., etc. And what wld the

specific situation of this "body" imply for a general logic of inter=exchangeability? In yr collaboration w/ Zadie Triffid, *Meat Grindr* (1994) - an installation containing 3.14 litres of subcutaneous fat, zylocain (local anaesthetic), adrenalin, O+ blood, sodium bicarbonate, peripheral nerves, saline solutions & connective tissue - the question of inter=exchangeability touches upon the logic of monstrosity ("the body is not the abjection of desire but an object of redesign"): not solely in terms of a circulation of flesh, of migratory organs or recombinant DNA, but as evolutionary slime that may harbour some kind of untold agency or intelligence (one divorced from a teleology of form - a repetition automation no longer subject to the eXistenZ of a prior "body," that it merely replicates or regenerates, but an autonomous "embodiment" that remains porous, transverse, trans=salar, micro=medio=macro). There is the sense that this is the direction in which biotechnology needs to be progressed if it is not to reduce itself, in reaction to the prospect of a sixth extinction event, to either 1. a utopian "accelerationism" (ut/acc) (for which extinction wld in fact serve as a mode of conservation: the posthumxn as humxnism=by=other=means), or 2. a regression to ecological primitivism. "[E]XistenZ has to be defined as neither beginning w/ birth nor ending in death." Is the Humxnocene itself a new configuration of technological existence? Or is it the modernist *objet d'art* par excellence? Or, suspended between these, is "aesthetics" the only mode in which the ambivalence of eXistenZ (*premised* upon self=supersession) can be performed & thereby experienced?

gLand: No.



What cld be left to write in this desolate place?

### **THEY ARE ALWAYS WATCHING**

the eye of the naked 40w bulb, the eye of the dustmote, the eye of the toilet roll, the blinking red eye of the boiler, the liquid eye of the toilet bowl, the bullseye mirror over the sink, the clotted plughole eye, the eye of the keyhole, the brown constipated eye of the paranoiac's arsehole, the glazed submarine eye blinking back, the buzzing fly's geodesic eye, the flaccid cock=eye, the sunken umbilical eye buried in the gut, the blue swirling talisman against the evil eye, the eyes that were her breasts, the third=eye of the all=mind in the crease of the forehead, the eye of the vortex, the anti=cyclonic whirlpool eye, the eye of the silverfish on the floor ogling up, the eye of the imaginary needle, the xanalogical eye of the deep interconnectivity of all things, the eye of the coming storm, the eye pierced by cosmic light as Saul on the road to Tarsus, the eye=tooth of the canine instinct, the filmed eye of the reptile brain, the eyehole bored through the wall, the eye glistening in the shadows, the eye of the clock, the hieroglyphic eye, the eye of  $\square.\square.\square$ . in every particular, the eye of the hidden surveillance camera, the eye of the black sun, the too=conscientious eye that records everything you don't, the eye that watches while you sleep & the eye watching the watcher, the eye of deniability, the vampyric eye of the zero into which you are dissolving

### **IF p THEN q**

The "self" is a monster's crab=body gone sideways into the world.

### **COMPLEXITY & DECOHERENCE CONSTITUTING A NOMINAL BODY**

From evolutionary instant to multiverse, from biome to biosphere, technosphere, noosphere, from planetary system to webs of intergalactic plasma, gravitational waves, electromagnetic flux.

## **WE ARE NOT A HYPOTHETICAL WOMXN**

Old endocrinology be the true philosopher's stone?

We shore these fragments against our ruin / two points on a line in relation to a third / according to the ordinances or spacetime / first A then B / first one shoe then the other:

↔ (if & only if [iff]) (?):

1. the shoe fits,
  2. it\* obeys the rules governing transition from one state to another,
  3. you function as a fetish for it,
  4. it isn't strictly allegorical, i.e.:
- ?: agnostic w/ regard to the "birth" of true propositions
  - ?: this mystical body is the disease of abstraction
  - ?: what disgusts most about love is psychiatry
  - ?: the floating paroxysm of a "self" built on progestins
  - ?: deduction in place of absurdity
  - ?: the "iron clad laws" of [re]productivity / e.g., the 8hr day & 40hr week / revolutionary sameness / the entropy that will not wither away / base & superstructure ("the Matrix")
  - ?: all axioms return to sand\*\*
  - ?: the fire in the intestines, the jellified sleep of the Great Consciousness
  - ?: they have jeered, rebuked, threatened
  - ?: "life" is a subject on which we do not know what we are talking about or if what we are saying is true

## **"I" IS A REPLICA INPUT JUNCTION**

There's nothing easier than the acceptance of false unities.

## **THUS THE ONE WHO IS WRITING BECOMES THEIR ANATOMICAL OTHER, THE WRITER**

But w/ which hand are they thinking & w/ which hand are they masturbating?

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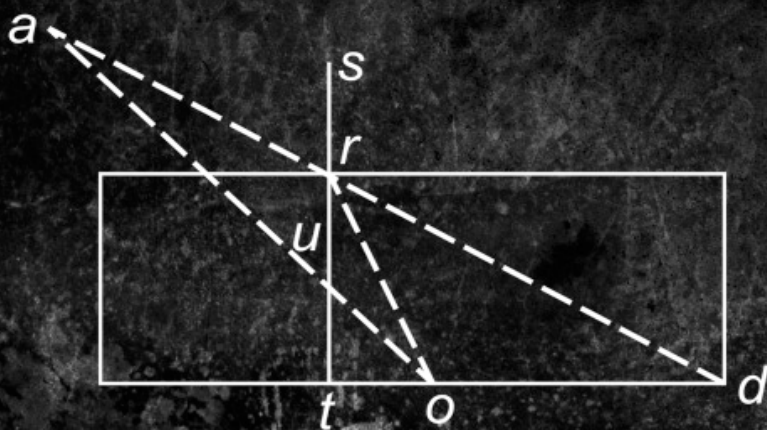
\* The shoe.

\*\* This is a metaphor.



## AUTOMATIC FOR THE SHEEPLE

The invention of public opinion appeals to a *scepticism towards (real) social relations*, reinforcing a subjective fantasy premised on their inversion. From its origins, industrialised democracy defines the *permissibility* of a politics it otherwise casts in doubt. A permission confers only where it elicits a monopoly over *possibility*. Even those who riot in the streets are following a convention, a genre of *social contract* which, under the panoptic gaze of the Forces of Order, becomes *social contact tracing* metadata. At every point, the political is made to correspond to the zone of *kapital* relations (as a “diffuse social factory” of ideological subjects). In this way, the cybernetic Corp[orate]=state occupies the sole political function of kapital. Bound to this system of *automated overproduction*, politics relates to the assembly line as virology relates to aggregation. And like the accelerated accumulation of data=kapital, virology defines transverse relations of force across social ontology. Overproduction isn't a consequence of a lack of ideological planning – it is a *technē politikē*. The acme of overproduction as strategy is the Corp[orate]=state itself, in whose global operations the tractor=beam of political totality mirrors the viral, world=saturating production of totalitarian signspace. The virus is *indistinct* from the Corp[orate]=state. Its operations bring into view a cybernetic immanence within the viral itself. It is, in fact, the *representation* of that immanence, whose literal *prosthesis* it is. Misrecognition of this has produced to the risible belief in an *ecopolitics* that transcends kapital, as the final solution of the “humxn problem.” And just as there's no genetic teleological but only forms of viral mutation, so there's no contradiction between the force of pandemic & that of kapital. Each mirrors the *absolute negativity* in which Hegel vested the *essential nature of self=consciousness*, not as instrumental reason exercised *as if upon the world* (to bring about some kind of end), but as its negation in the Real.  $\mathbf{N}_x$



**SEX BINARIES ARE ALWAYS FATAL**

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110101000101110100101001101  
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**FAMILY HISTORY**

The most striking feature  
of the nuclear monomyth  
is the dream of childhood.



## HUNTING THE SACRED COWS

boredom & distress hand=in=hand to the burial ground of  
unfulfilled desires (this is an extensive piece of prime  
realestate w/ panoramic views & ocean frontages / alpine  
vistas / deserts / bogs / badlands / concrete jungles /  
cratered outlands - something for everyone):  
we have painted ourselves in the blood & sweat of the Beast  
napalm / agent orange / teflon / glyphosate / chloroquine  
doomed to analogy, to a semblance, of whatever *isn't there*  
tracking by signs that belong to anything  
statistics taught us there's always room for probability  
leading from the unknown into the undiscoverable  
riddled, disinterrogated  
the holes in the warp, in the weft  
in the crux of the matter  
an imaginary solace w/=in=time  
all the unpunished mouths that have ever enjoyed the  
advantage of elusiveness  
wild beasts & extracted embryos  
the striated musculature of a broken machine  
insufficiency was the only practicable general method:  
antiwork by means of negative capability (e.g. "a hole is  
needed in every lock because a key is needed in order for  
it to operate" [Shui Fang]?)  
therefore:  
by the light of our determination  
the nourishment of dead crows  
faces in the mud  
through the undergrowth  
thorns & pestilence  
head rats / mind scorpions  
dreaming of a perfect nakedness set asunder  
devoured by the unease into which all is thrown by  
understanding  
to root out the apparent from appearance  
the knowingness of false reason  
the truth told by a bad smell  
logic's viscera:  
art, too, was our weapon of choice  
roadkill psychics reading the omens / portents / random  
auguries  
the trail was never where, nor what, it seemed:  
had The Myth not dwelt alone all its life?

## APITALI REIGNS SUPREME UPON THE MOUNT OF SIGNIFIERS

The Golemgrad Control Tower hung in the sky a grey inverted pyramid streaked w/ grime coal soot patinas of diesel & lead acquired over long decades of postSovietisation. It dominated the east like a black sun casting its malignant rays in the parody of a dawn that wld never come. **Offensia** crossed the threshold of its shadow instantly aware of a decadence of self=destruction radiating from within the hulking mass as if a psychic blackhole fed by a hundred=billion dead souls atomised into apocalyptic code. All the language on Earth wld never be enough to describe it.

She wld never have come here by choice. The further the streets ran from the sea the deeper they descended into a canyons hewn sheer out of the desert a fine black sand sifting the air spore=like desiccating any live thing it touched. The air so thick w/ its contagion she cldn't breath cld barely see a hundred metres ahead her eyes in a fever of anxiety. Mica clung to her face.

**Offensia** drew the hood tighter hunched into the camouflage afforded by a scavenged sheet of foil wrapped in a blanket. She was a shapeless blur of infrared in the crosshairs of whatever surveillance things were watching. A vector of indirection working its way along the radius of the kill zone.

When the enemy comes for you, sometimes the only place to hide is right under their nose. She'd slipped the cordon around the Old City death=squads roaming the backstreets off the Malecón snatching stray Wild Grrlz tasers dragnets garrottes stunguns cuffed & bagged into the back of a van the boot of a car dumped in vacant lots abandoned factories sewers dragged into basements hung up chained to radiators waterboarded electrocuted sodomised w/ toilet plungers doused in petrol dragged from the back of a truck hoist from a construction crane dropped into the sea from a helicopter strung from lampposts like carnival bunting & set alight in offering to their **Ġ.Ġ.Ġ.** of uncreation APITALI the All=Merciful the All=Knowing the All=Powerful.

At last the enemies of the world had shown their hand. The great pyramid scheme of the I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T Corp[orate]=\${tate}, the Papa Walt franchise, the Klansmen of Blood=Kapitalism.

The Tower loomed closer.

"Always strike where y're least expected," the Old Vampyr of the Mountain had said.

**Offensia** let the blanket slip from her shoulders in a calculated gesture she cld feel the drones sizing her up

now circuits tripping code spiralling through ether as in a metaphorical blink of an eye she vanished into thin air & the death=beams vaporised nothing but an empty enigma the forms still waiting to be assumed the metamorphoses & onward itineraries of an ever=more=immanent revenge.

### **XENOPSYLLA CHEOPIS**

One of the two functions of the oriental rat flea's mouth is to squirt partly digested blood into a fresh bite wound.

### **THE PLEASURE OF DECADENCE, THE DESIRE TO BE DESTROYED**

Nothing in this world is complete & there is no salvation in it! Squatting in a bathtub for untold hours probing in arm groin thigh ankles feet for a workable vein. A constellation of black stars. The precession of their naming is a telling of time. Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how yr virus doth bloom! She is singing w/ all the abandon of someone prohibited from doing so. A voice in the wilderness, signifying as if it were the very first one, you have to admire the sheer audacity of it!

### **IDEOLOGY ROTTS BRAINS BUT TV ENTERTAINS**

"I REFER TO THE LANGUAGE OF THOSE TROGLODYTE SAVAGES WHO HAVE PULLED THEIR MINDS DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF THEIR EXCREMENT."  
(Artaud)

### **POSSIBLE FILM TITLES**

1. INVASION FROM THE PLANET OF THE MISEROIDS
2. YR CHILDREN ARE GOING TO EAT YOU
3. THE DEATH VIRUS
4. ESCAPE TO THE CENTRE OF TIME
5. CONFESSIONS OF A REINCARNATION JUNKY
6. THEY CAME FROM INSIDE HER BRAIN
7. ARK OF THE SPACE GOLEMS
8. THE OTHER SIDE OF NEVER
9. TERROR OF THE HUMXNOID BLOOD=HUNTERS
10. THE CATASTROPHE CLOCK
11. LOST GALAXY OF THE VAMPYRS
12. THE ZOMBIE FLESH=EATERS OF THE YEAR 20XX
13. ETERNITY IS FOR SUCKERS

## LIKE SEA=ANCHORS CHAINED TO HER FEET

Suspecting at every turn a conspiracy out for her blood, **Offensia** has become progressively unhinged: dragging her shadow around like a cripple; disguising herself in a wig because certain she was being followed. Other deceptions [temporarily] adopted for this purpose: 1. put a rock in her shoe to fake a limp, 2. wore a man's clothes, 3. spoke the way cowpokes did in John Wayne movies, 4. picked up only straight girls from respectable establishments, 5. read the daily newspapers, 6. paid taxes, 7. listened attentively to the rain, 8. owned a telephone, 9. expressed an interest in the cares of state, 10. abstained from the gratuitous destruction of private property. On occasions when the sheer insanity of her actions became unbearable, she stood under bridges & howled, as haunting & blasphemous as catgut played upon a chalice, to drive her enemies from the shadows into open confrontation. None appeared. The first unambiguous sign of blood=sickness was brutality of thought, mistrust of subtlety. Everything hinged on a zero=sum. Days later she was skin&bone curled up in a flooded cistern at the bottom of Golemgrad Cemetery. When the Wild Grlz eventually found her, their Queen was virtually unrecognisable. Blue stumps where her incisors had been hacked out, wax=skin, hair like a barbedwire entanglement, Omaha Beach, D=Day. The period of **Offensia's** recuperation was referred to in Wild Grlz lore as The Transmigration of Memes. Bit by bit they put her back together again, a Fabergé egg in a dog's manger, a reverse=prayer in hell. Her body unfolded across time by connotation, anachronism, cliché, archetype, nonsense profoundly singular in its multiplicity. By the thirteenth moon she'd finally grown invisible, restored to her true splendour, a blackhole as black as her black heart. This mortal trial having been endured, henceforth her revenge wld be absolute.



Cld this be the doppelgänger of the second coming?\*

---

\* There are those who expect CORVID=69 to do for the Corp[orate]=\${tate} what the Black Death did for feudalism, & what the soviets did for the Workers' Paradise.

## CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS

orange sunshine in the hook of an afghan drone=eye semaphore  
/ kapitalism is dead hahaha / its ghost torments the sleeping  
tower hamlets / ox=goads & horse=teeth cactus / the path of  
righteousness is the source of these asymmetries / those  
who've drowned in windfalls / of sentimentally / handcuffed  
to the sky / the rasping of a coinslot / an invisible sensor  
invisibly sensing / each profile successively drawn using a  
random / presiding intellect / daily life w/ manufacturer's  
warranty / selects a light source / tomorrow's sunny  
disposition / in the face of / danger taken literally /  
these life=threatening absurdities / to use or avoid props  
/ breathing / a little while later the body / which must  
be washed three times before burial / willing themselves  
to be cured / in a manner of / in front of the anguish of  
an audience / blackbird in a tree / productivity gaols for  
the senile & insane / factory=built love or obsolescence /  
raging less / falls down laughing unable to sleep / in which  
children hide in basement windows / five or six or seven at  
a time / no closer to the light / of the motherboard / they  
hallucinate

## MOLECULES OF ANNIHILATION (A MOUTH FROM WATER)

their ghosts speak  
in direct shadows

w/out mouth, water  
from eyes of slime mould

monsoon the cave sees ,hears

[ welding ] ~~stone brain~~  
sured carbons<sup>fis</sup>

white as the final  
abyss of flesh

to those who stare

refusing to believe  
death ends anything



the cruel beauty of the enemy.



though they are dilettantes in irony.

fixed in a

glassy stare

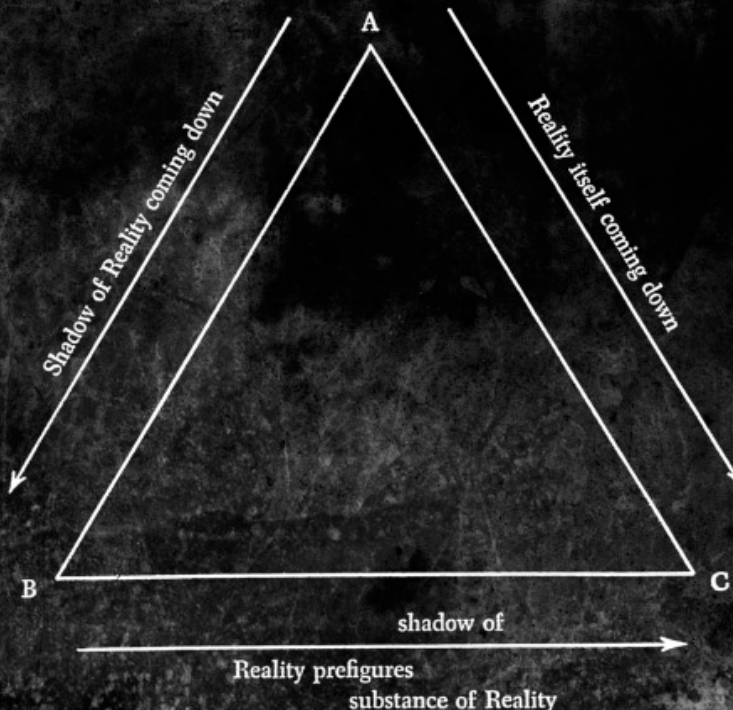
to exterminate night:

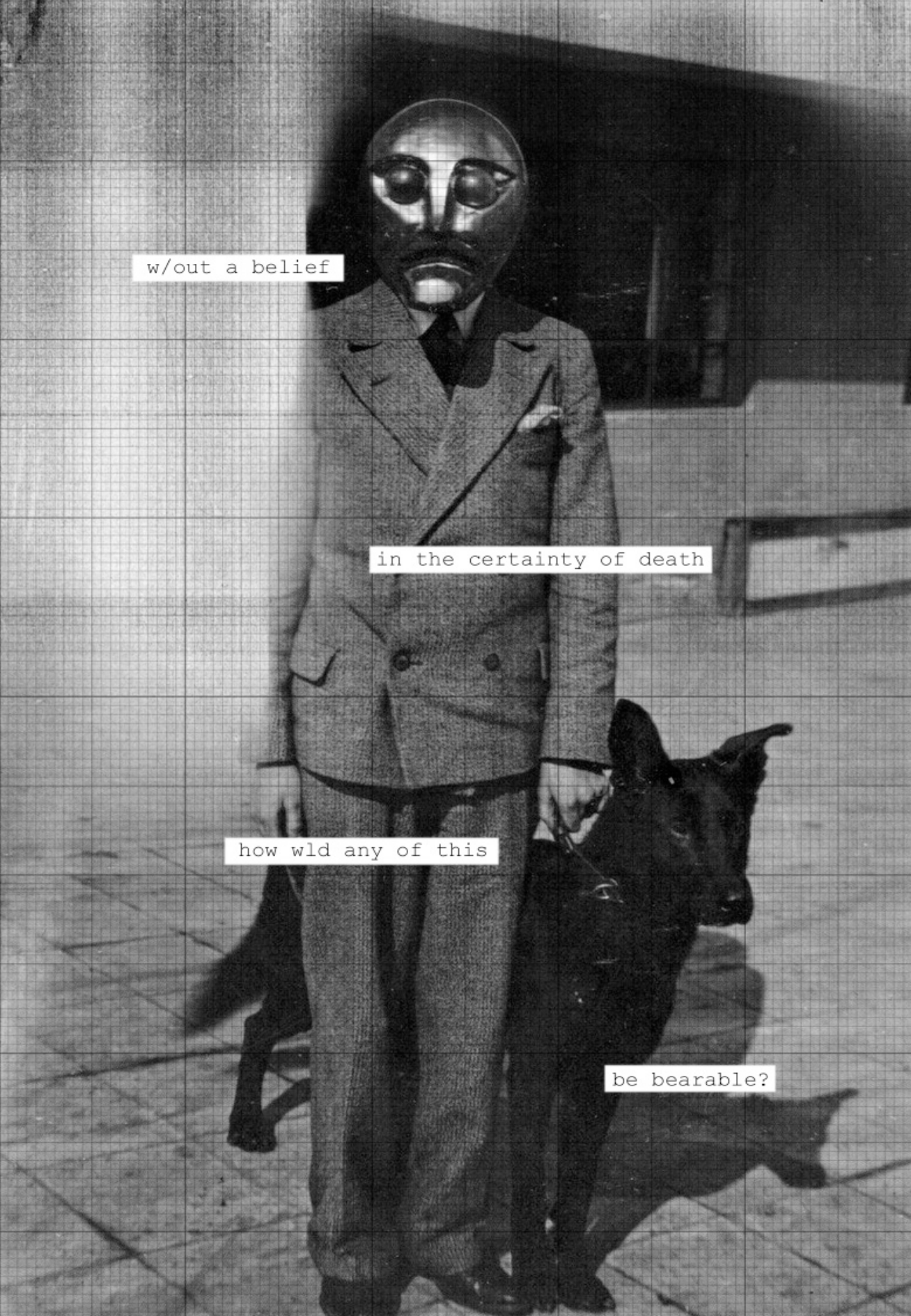
the lead-footed fatalisms tread



## THE MELANCHOLIA OF EXTINCTION

Evoking along its borders hostile agents of metabolic rift, & under the guise of defence, mitigation, law&order, power *serially produces a controlled infrastructural collapse*. By such "contradiction," all other contradictions are subsumed, all paradoxes reduced to an appearance of "deep adaptation." So is forged the myth of its omnipotent, all=subsuming capacity. A false symmetry permits the idea of an apocalyptic clash of Good & Evil to maintain purchase on the collective sub=mind, rather than a straight up turkeyshoot. Just as every class struggle eventually changes place with the triumphal waltz of liberalism into the arms of eschatology. Between those who dream of fucking at the End of the World & those who dream of nothing at all is a fine line ever narrowing. Such are not the unassailable antinomies revolution demands. "Kapitalist realism" is an oxymoron. There's no end in sight to the *totality of signspace*: it itself is the *unpresentable*. Transcendence is just a nostalgia for little things, the captive ego in its *fort/da* playpen, the masterstroke in its algorithmic logic=trap. Revolution's exactly what it says it is: desire chasing its tail, the pure jouissance of going round in circles. (There's nothing *less* autonomous than an ego.)  $N_x$





w/out a belief

in the certainty of death

how wld any of this

be bearable?

**THE ONLY LANGUAGE IT MATTERS TO SPEAK IS THE LANGUAGE OF POWER**

*Chère Reinaldiña,*

The hour of my "suicide" is approaching.

Tired of parallels between art & life. A gun fired randomly into the street / a cop shooting w/ intent / the malevolent sign=system starving the helpless reader to death.

You need to be a parasite w/ a killer hardon to wanna live in this dog=eat=prole berg, hon. A grrl can't survive by her wits alone, she's gotta have a whole Panzer division covering her rear.

Oh my mind is a swarm hissing blank distances between memberment & dismemberment! What kind of abomination comes WHOLE into the world? And they want to tell you there's only two types of humxn being those that lack power & those that lack others to afflict w/ it. And me w/ too much imagination, apparently, because two was never enough to make sense of anything, for that a grrl needs at least three, hahaha. What the squares call INDETERMINATE. Coz all they're programmed to think is how to TERMINATE whatever breaks their rule.

But my love is not a standard deviation.

Or a sloping gradient leading to precipitous decay.

Angelic scatologies of native threat.

Toxic hormones.

Stitched eyes.

Fumigated dormitories.

Pregnant verbs of atomic drift.

Or another genital inspection stripsearch latex glove to adopt the position.

Another spread yr legs & bend over for Xmas.

Another horse thermometer=up=the=arse routine.

Mucus swab.

Endoscope.

Toilet plunger.

Bayonet.

Hirsute forearm.

Chlorine enema.

Highpressure hose.

Nuclear=powered godhead.

Gagged&vacuumsealedindentaldamshrinkwrapwaterboardorgy.

Barcoded.

Irradiated.

Prophyllacticked.

Out the revolving door on meathook conveyorbelt.

*The camera shows the organs in action engaged in a variety of copulative techniques.*

I have ridden the last paroxysm of spite of those genetic humxn forgeries venting their DNA in mass=produced virus porn. All love is political. If not this world, which? When all the statues have been guillotined & all the symbols burnt down, there's still the transistor in the brain to be dug out & who has ever been prepared to go that far for the sake of their own sanity? Kill the cop in yr head you wind up w/ a double=homicide, kid, coz there ain't one w/out the other. Ain't no crime w/out the punishment, haha. Ain't no straight w/out bent. Take away one you may as well blow up the whole mardigras. Turn thy kingdom come to slit=eyed quantum voodoo.

Being on the brink of disappearance, what possible actions are left?

### **CAIN: A MANIAC**

I drink my blood / fountain of lost youth:  
mathematics, too, forever will be abstruse

### **RAPE THE WHITES W/ THE BLANK WEDGE**

a cleansed soul is  
no good unless  
first putrid w/  
filth & whiteness  
next to godliness  
meaning purifi  
cation by fire  
in a hellmouth  
hewn from black  
ened asbestos  
only then will  
truth be worth its  
weight in lead  
or air?

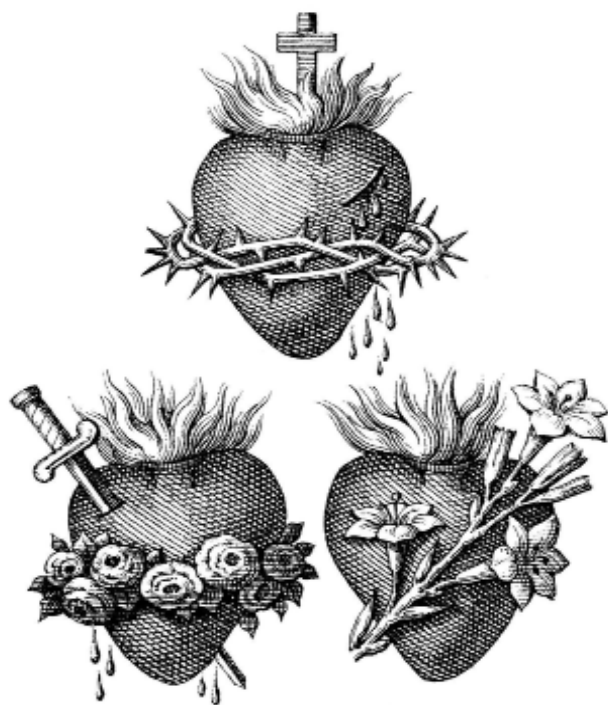


### **MARVEL**

Look!  
Up in the sky!  
Is it a bird?  
Is it a chemtrail?  
Is it Superman?  
No!  
It's hell=bats from the Galaxy of Vampyrs!!!!!!!

GOLMGAD (#FakeNewsMedia) — A century after it was toppled by an angry populace, the I=L=L=U=M=N=I=S=T regime has conspired w/ a fundamentalist sect associated w/ the City's former colonial regime, to resurrect a white supremacist "MOTHER OF F.U..U." monument on the Platz in Oldberg Central. Originally erected to commemorate the beheading of 16 S.V.A.J.K. insurgents on that spot in 1621, the shadow of the so-called "MOTHER OF F.U..U." for 300 years regulated Golem Mean Time (GMT) & the base of the monument was the point from which all official distances were measured. As such, the "BVM" was a hated symbol of I=L=L=U=M=N=I=S=T authoritarian rule, which was FINALLY ended w/ the foundation of a democratic state in 1918. The gradual return of the I=L=L=U=M=N=I=S=T following the "Velvet Restitution" of 1989 has aroused violent animosity in some quarters of Golemgad, where the current pandemic has caused strict lockdowns to be put in place. There have been accusations that the I=L=L=U=M=N=I=S=T are exploiting the pandemic in order to further seize control of the City, including the resurrection of their former symbols of power. A communique purporting to have been issued by the S.V.A.J.K. has promised to tear the blasphemous "MOTHER OF F.U..U." monument back down.

**WOMXN WITH HEAD EATEN BY MACAQUE [UNKNOWN ARTIST]**



*Holy Communion*

**Offensia** lay upon the altar, among the debris of sacrifice.

“I am the Church!” she proclaimed in a maniac’s voice, raising a soiled chalice over her groin. “Drink now the blood of yr redeemer!”



plague column

## **ALIENS ☠ OF THE WORLD WYRD UNITE**

According to experts, the economically underprivileged poor are responsible for the transmission of the majority of humxn-born diseases, incl. the novel coronavirus, CORVID=69. Consequently it has been decreed that those districts w/ a majority demographic of poor people will henceforth be subject to stringent quarantine regulations in an effort to stem the worsening spread of the virus. As of today, all poor people must wear an identifying ☠ mark & remain confined within their place of residence or designated homeless shelter for a period not less than 13 days. Distribution of charitable food welfare will proceed by lots drawn every morning at 4:00a.m. by the District Commissar. Water & electricity will be rationed in accordance w/ each District's quota system. Any poor person breaking quarantine will be subject to arrest & indefinite detention in a VQ\*\* Centre. Insurrectionaries, rioters, looters & other disturbers of the peace may be met w/ lethal force. These emergency ordinances are for the protection of the general populace during a time of declared pandemic & will be strictly enforced.

## **AND SO THEY PRAY TO THE VOID ABOVE**

@RealPresidentChloroqueen: As Commander-in-Chief of the Species Survival Taskforce I have personally designed a spiffing new logo for our first-line Sanitation Shock Troops: a winged dildo rampant upon a field sinister! This will earn huge ratings. Every uniform needs a logo. Our motto: EXTERMINATE ALL VIRUSES! Dig it. Phase 1 is right now. Phase 2 is mass-evacuation to Mars. Phase 3 pre-emptive global nuclear strike! How M.A.D. is that?! The world prays we don't go to phases 2+3. They're all depending on us, coz we are GREAT! Also we have the best plan B, which is build a wall to keep the virus out, plain & simple. Coz we never let it in! All rumours to the contrary are an enemy conspiracy. And if it ever did get in, we kicked it straight back out! 100% strike rate! This is because all ☠.☠.☠.=fearin whites been washed in Jesus' blood ARE IMMUNE! But don't let that make you go soft. When you see that ENEMY, you know what y've gotta do!

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\* Voluntary Quarantine.

## **III. OF THE PLAGUE**

Constitutively marginal, the *alienation* on which every claim to institutional autonomy secretly hangs haunts this system of serial recuperation, perturbing it across its entire structure: a structure it simultaneously *makes possible*. It causes the appeal to *autonomy* to re=create & re=produce the very struggle *it is supposed to have overcome* - & which henceforth defines its *base of operations* (not as a *slave to Reason*, but as a reflexive movement indistinguishable from technology). The struggle for the means=of=operation - in which technology had formerly, in a crude dialectical schematisation, been *opposed* to ecology - gives way to struggle as means=of=production, whereby History dissipates itself in ecology as the prosthesis of an "autonomous" phylogenetic movement: a spectral teletechnology, word=virus, resonance of the ghosts of futures past. If "struggle knows no chronology" (Marazzi), the movement of its recuperation is nevertheless ideologically bound, its proliferation at the margins (by means of market deregulation, political sabotage, coups, military interventions, speculation, wars, colonisation, debt=bondage, resource theft & every other form of exploitation) remains centred within its own decentring function. As such, the hegemonic *status quo* is never an *equilibrium*, but the contrary: its ideal form is that of an exponential, in an ever=increasing ratio of expropriation to expenditure (the law of inertia dictates that, as the *rate* of expropriation increases, the *rate* of expenditure in fact decreases, even though expenditure itself always increases, which is to say *complexifies*). But it is precisely by virtue of this "contradictory coherence" that revolutionary thought obtains its chance, to delimit the negative capability represented by the Corp[orate]=\$[tate] as monopolistic agent of dissipation.

### **A FANG IN THE NECK, OR: WHO SPIKED THE PUNCH?**

An enormous eye preserved in formalin. It grows a mouth & talks. Cue B=movie hypnotist voice, theremin, etc.:

- Look at my teeth, the eye says.

(There are calciums as rare as a cock's dentures. This may be one of them.)

Cld it be another case of the infamous Wang Fang?

- That's just sentimentalised horse doodle, drawled Inspector Poirot Marghouliès.

He was attaching a stethoscope to the offending item. Suddenly the eye moved, pulsing w/ strange light.



– Sounds like morse code, must be someone trapped inside trying to communicate w/ us. Quick, get me a hammer!

Constable Haplophryne at the ready, bearing a sickle:

– Only thing they had in props, guv.

– Never fear, we'll make the best of a bad situation. That Fang Shui man's a tail=swallowing narcissist, he won't get away this time! We'll sick a lama onto him!

[Air=Raid Warden]: Did someone sound the alarm?

– Don't worry Warden, just a pair of falsies.

– Getting ahead of yrself, ain't you, guv?

– Never mind, time is of the essence!

– Hurry, over here, shouted the eye, there's not a second to lose!

– Damn the scoundrel, that's not an eyeball in distress, it's Rupert Merdecock in a cunning disguise!

– And y're not Inspector Marghouliès, simpered Merdecock, stepping out from behind that lunate orb. I may be a madman, but I'm no fool... *Bragula!*

A gasp goes up from the studio audience. Where to, we cannot say: it was their *last* gasp.

– Yeeees, they knew all about yr little escapades!

– Still knocking 'em dead, eh, Merdecock?

– It's been known to happen, dahling.

– You won't get away w/ it this time!

– No? Just wait & see! [Aside: I'll just slip this particle accelerator out of my inside coat pocket & stun him w/ an intense ray of Higgs bosons! Before he knows what hit him, he'll be inside a blackhole.]

– I hope y're not planning to blast me w/ a ray of those Higgs bosons & zap me into a blackhole, Merdecock?

– Drat, you weren't supposed to see that coming!

– I came prepared w/ a particle accelerator of my own! Right now, in fact, we are in another dimension! Constable Haplophryne, arrest this obviously fake eye disguised as a criminal mastermind!

– Actually, Inspector, I'm not really a constable.

– What? Et tu Brute?

– No, I'm on contract, see, w/ Central Casting. Vaudeville's my thing, guv, but it's a bit behind the times, if you know what I mean.

– As long as it's a clean contract.

– Clean as a whistle, guv.

– Then you'd better sing the Marseillaise.

– *Allons enfants de la Patrie, le jour de gloire est...*

– You know, Bragula, a little part of me dies whenever someone sings that.

- Ha! I'll join in, then.  
 - Not so fast! There's only room for one singer at a time!  
 - What?  
 - We're in another dimension you know.  
 - So we are. [Aside: I am making this aside to lead the infamous Wang Fang (who is only pretending to be Merdecock pretending to be an eye) into a false sense of security. The idiot thinks he's fooled me! Everything is falling into place exactly as planned.]  
 - Bragula?  
 - Yes Merdecock?  
 - Is that a bat behind you?  
 - What?! Where? Haplophryne, fetch me my gun!  
 - That's not a bat, guv, it's a telegram.  
 - Good god! What does it want?  
 - "Dear Bragula. Stop. Sorry had to fly. Stop. Merdecock. Stop."  
 - Damn, that was clever! Hurry, zap us out of this other dimension! If we don't catch him, the world may be doooooooooooooomed!  
 Has the evil Wang Fang outwitted Inspector Marghouliès for the last time? Tune in next week for the final episode of *A Fang in the Neck!*

**WHAT NEXT? OR: THE ANTAGONIST W/ A THOUSAND FACES**

Vampyr from Mars entering a timewarp & arriving on 21<sup>st</sup>=century Earth to vanquish & enslave humxnity?  
 A caped vampyr controlling her converts w/ eerie pipe=organ music?  
 TV mind=control waves directed by an evil brain from outerspace?  
 A child turned into a blood=sucking monster w/ plastic fangs?  
 Man in rocket=suit fighting to save Earth from 4=dimensional space monsters?  
 A nuclear physicist dominated by an alien 🦇 bat?  
 Innocent Earthlings imprisoned in a Martian torture chamber?  
 A ghoulish rowing a coffin through a sea of mist?  
 Hooded figures laying a beautiful womxn upon a sacrificial altar?  
 A pandemic of mindless stupidity?  
 Mean=eating crows, a giant octopus, crabs & bats attacking from sea & sky?  
 An army of bodysnatchers replacing humxns w/ androids?

Hypno doomsday machines invading the collective unconscious?  
A diabolical film director warping the minds of his cast & crew?

Many confused people menaced by ultra=cheap scifi effects?  
A computer that takes over the planet by enslaving humxnity in a simulation?

Wage slavery disguised as the saviour of the world?  
A giant invisible creature w/ brain=sucking proboscis?  
Asteroids, rogue satellites, a lunatic w/ the nuclear launch codes?

A mysterious toxic sludge seeking revenge upon its maker?  
There are patterns of randomness like anything else?

### **THE PARABLE OF HIJRA**

*At the forking of the path,  
I took a knife  
of the shadow  
lying across it.*

*& carved out the sex*

(Tsui Fang)

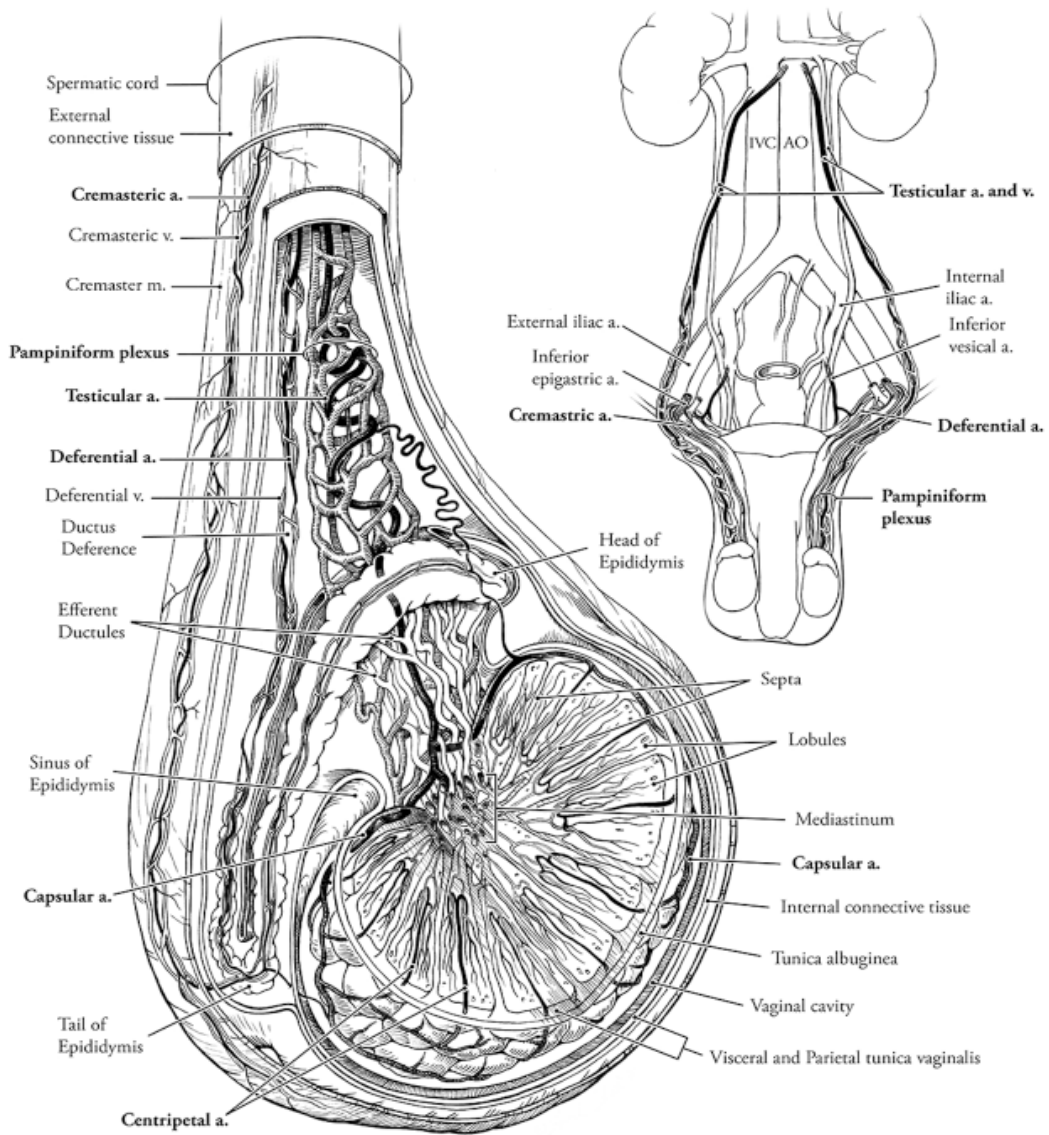
### **TRUTH IS FICTION, REALITY IS THE VIRUS**

The film continues, the present action framed within a background story, a scenario on the edge of plausibility, secrets, a conspiracy, alarm, inexplicable occurrences, news blackout, suppression of data, denial, national security, leaked dossiers, whistleblowers, state of emergency, etc. It has become a film about world domination, the mobilisation of vast forces, wheels within wheels, the state within the state, the cosmic order confronted by a doomsday pathogen. What is it? Where did it come from? Who knew? The fate of the world will be made to appear as if carried on the shoulders of the little guy: propaganda's ever=willing Sisyphus, whose credulous belief in distinctions of good & evil, up & down, are the film's sentimental moral compass. A random particle in collision w/ other random particles they'll pin a medal on when the time comes. For the film can only show what it is permitted to see, not by the conspiring worldly powers, but by reality itself, which has programmed all of this: the world simulated by ideology. This is what they are all most afraid of, that the world as they know it will cease to exist, dead on the slab, murdered by a pathogen of its own creating. The film does the unthinkable & goes further till nothing humxnly

recognisable is left, as if the camera=drone had evolved its own rationale, a Movie=Camera w/out a Man, streaming its images to remote cybernated consoles that no humxn will ever see. This is the afterlife so many have dreamt of. With neither *E.T.*, a sympathetic robot, a monument or even the faintest memory, only the fact of the camera, whose existence implies a "creator" that no future science cld ever plausibly reverse=engineer, the myth inside a machine. Cinema's final testimony! *Thus, as once said Tsui Fang, does conscience make figments of us all.*



they taught children to burn down cities







### ELEVENTH COMMUNIQUÉ

Over 1,000,000 refugees, 50,000 homeless, 10,000 dead in 13 days, 100,000 imprisoned without charge or trial.

This war of terror is carried out in the name of the "public health" of Golemgrad.

THIS IS A SLANDEROUS LIE.

The I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T campaign is waged only to safeguard the fat profits of PAPA WALT & a few rich P.I.G.s.

We warn all sisters: do not be fooled by their propaganda campaign.

WHICH WAY WILL YOU POINT YR GUN WHEN THE CORP(ORATE)=\$(TATE) ORDERS YOU TO SHOOT YR OWN SISTERS?

The corporate aristocracy has lined its pockets with the accumulated profits of three decades of exploiting the people of Golemgrad.

Now they are killing to defend these profits.

THE Š.V.Ě.J.K. ADVISES THE CORPORATE CLASSES TO GET OUT OF GOLEMGRAD & TAKE THEIR PUPPET PRESIDENT WITH THEM BEFORE THEY ARE ALL SHOT, LYNCHED, BEHEADED, BURNED.

POINT YR GUN!

The Š.V.Ě.J.K. ✎



## ONTOLOGY OF PSEUDONYMOUS OBJECTS

*There are deformities only in the realm of myth.*

Was I thus born to be **Offensia**'s understudy? Shadow of shadow? Invisible handmaiden of those who stand aside in order to stay out of sight? Alibi of the plague? The dog in the manger? The cat's cradle? The princess' pea? The forger's false consciousness? Literature's correlative?

*Like a sheen of stagnant water in a flooded crypt, in which the idea of death offers not a reflection but its parody. Where the pious expect the spirit to lie, the resurrectionist discovers only pieces of bloated flesh. This thing, amputated from its being, still finds purpose as sacrilegious doppelgänger, holy relic, monstrosity=to=be arranged on a dissection slab, or objet d'art, the proverbial umbrella menaced by the perverse sewingmachine, the calamity of rebirth displayed for all to see, shld they be mad enough to wish to.*

And so must I become what I resist?

Who is **Offensia**? Am I her or is she me? Or do we cancel each other, like dialectics? I point the silhouette of a gun, she pulls the trigger, we fall down dead. We fuck each other, figuratively & literally. We drink each other's blood. We are the annulus, the eclipse, the eternal return. How cld it be possible that we shldn't exist? What's existence without proof of us?

Am I a forgery?

Shld I desire to pass undetected, by fabricating a world? Yet I am the shadow that casts everything into a wrong light, a walking disturbance in the ether, all I touch turns to disquiet. Who wld mistake me for anything but an error?

"I am anguished," **Offensia** passes a hand across her brow, "becalmed. I dream only of a universe free of literature." Such panache!

But wld the world ever for our sakes pretend to be a story (all about us)? Crudely fake, pastiched, plagiarised, impostured?

"Literature," my mistress opines, "believes the Author is truth, whereas the forger seeks a libel more profound. The obscenity of the word itself. Not to imitate, but to embody, to become this farce in its naked being."

And for this I am the shadow of a womxn? A womxn w/out a shadow? Both & yet neither?

What happens to the world when vocabulary runs out?

Void within void. Such fatalism bores me. I exist, knowing the world desires otherwise. That's enough.



### **LOVE IS THE SENTIMENTALITY OF THEORY**

The world isn't the imago of a spontaneous generation but a being cut in two. Thus the Manichaeism of the humxn produces the Manichaeism of the vampyr. To the lie of humxnity the vampyr responds w/ an equal lie. Wearing the old ideologies like a new pair of teeth, it bites the hand that feeds & the necks of all who supplicate. It's the ghost in the dialectic, the struggle within the struggle, draped in a parody of flesh. It's narcissism's rapacious doppelgänger. The ontology of the negative. Darkness visible. A damsel's cock.

### **& EVERYWHERE OFFENSJA WENT THE CAMERA WAS SURE TO FOLLOW**

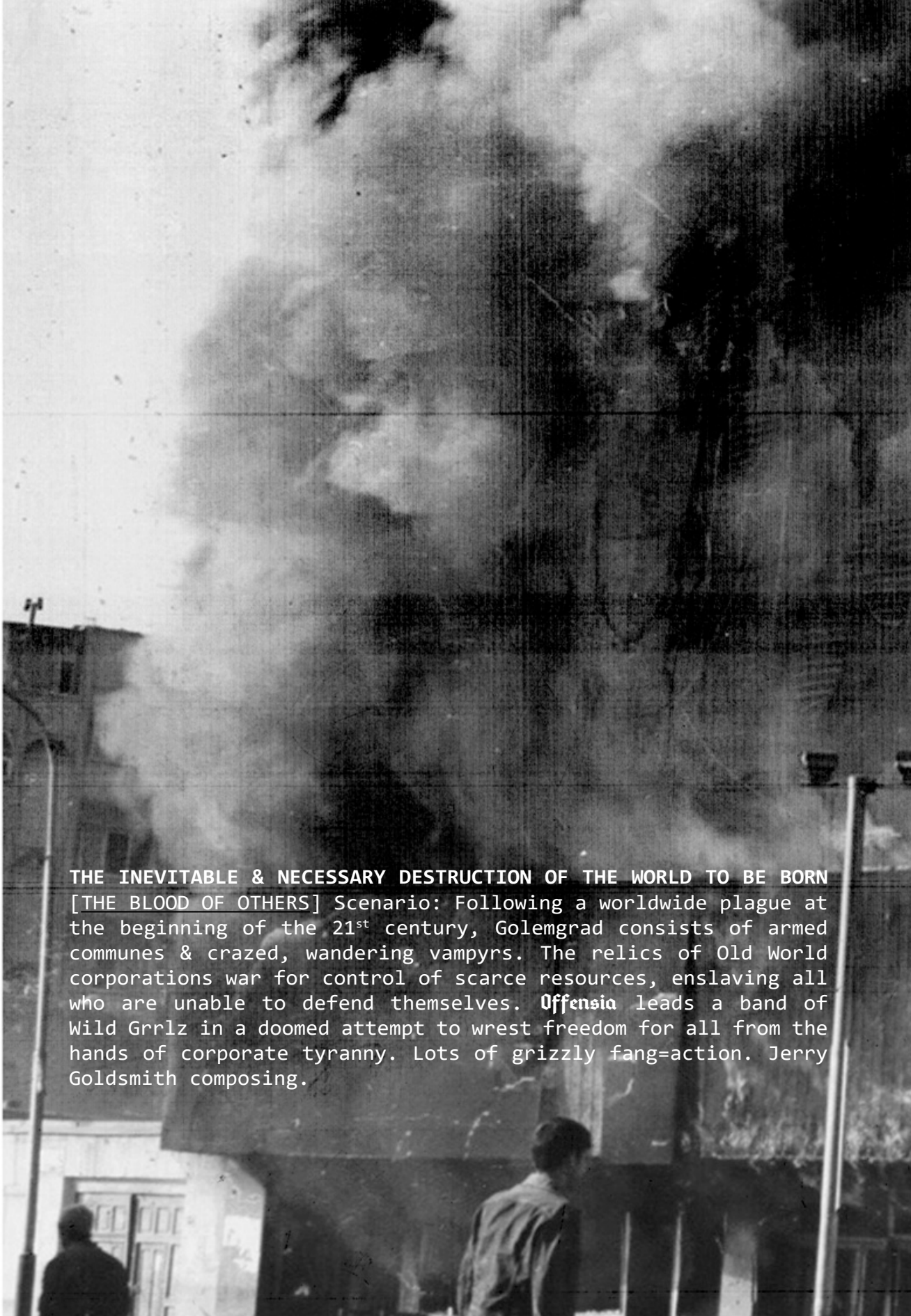
What is private life but a strategy for survival?

### **UNE FORTE & VOLUPTUEUSE SENSUALITÉ**

With all the ennui of a bloated leach, Madame Guyotat lay prodigiously upon her deathbed, surplus mass ungirdled spilling upon the quilted chenille in bucolic undulations of puce, lavender, apricot, vistas of teal, scarlet lakes, valleys of subdued verdancy, breathtaking escarpments, meandering littorals, seas of millefiori bespeckled with guano, lichens, mossed gravystains, mildewed rivulets, rimmed by tidelines in a spectrum of amber, naphtha, urochrome. A horsefly was ponderously laying maggots in the groove of her prodigious chin, in that stale cheese grater under her lip, in that constitutional nowomxn's land of ineffectuated colognes & depilating creams spatulated like putty into a crevasse. Madame Guyotat paid it no heed, preoccupied as she was with the unedifying spectacle unfolding on the faux Persian rug spread at her feet. A couple of drunken Wild Grlz, heads clamped between thighs, were sucking each other's cocks while singing the Marseillaise, if singing it be. It brought to mind a failed coup d'état or the circus around a guillotine. A third, crosseyed from sick determination, was fumbling under the copious mess of bed linen, among vague animalia & indefinable semisolids. "Touché pas le merch, petit con!" croaked Madame Guyotat. "Can't you see I'm at death's door?"

### **THE PURPOSE OF THE MAUSOLEUM SOCALLED IS TO BE BURIED ABOVE GROUND**

I said to myself, Surely here I have found the putrefaction of nature I seek?



**THE INEVITABLE & NECESSARY DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD TO BE BORN**  
[THE BLOOD OF OTHERS] Scenario: Following a worldwide plague at the beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, Golemgrad consists of armed communes & crazed, wandering vampyrs. The relics of Old World corporations war for control of scarce resources, enslaving all who are unable to defend themselves. **Offensia** leads a band of Wild Grrlz in a doomed attempt to wrest freedom for all from the hands of corporate tyranny. Lots of grizzly fang=action. Jerry Goldsmith composing.

## **DROWN THY BOOKS!**

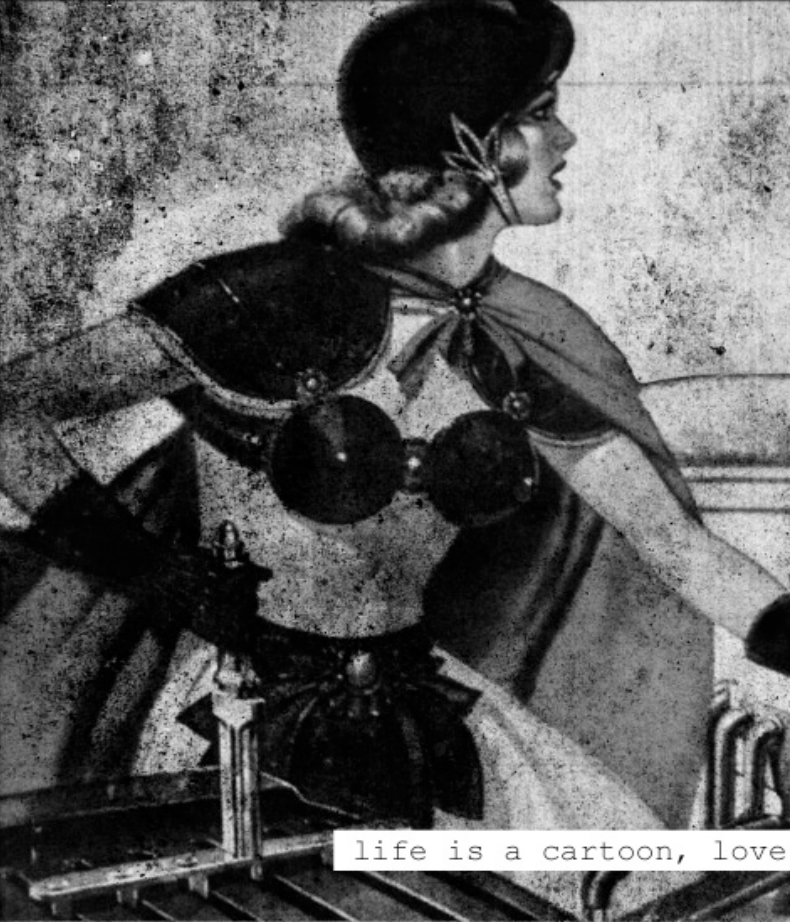
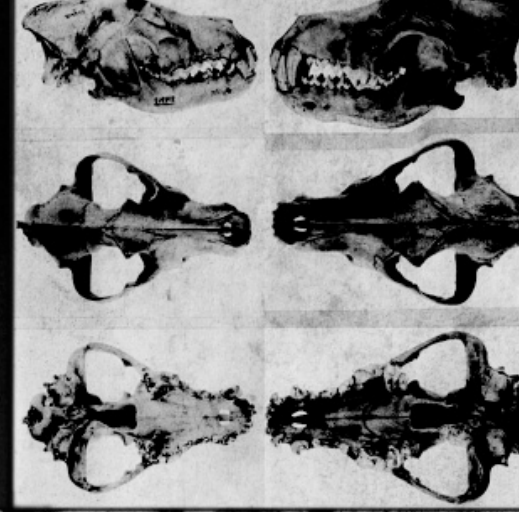
- > Writing only means as much as it disturbs.
- > Writing is the battlefield of a frenzied struggle between the forces of order & those of possibility, which one side calls truth & falsehood, & the other death & life.
- > To write is to make possible the impossible.
- > The truth of writing belongs entirely to its genius for paradox, self=subversion, suicide & miraculous rebirth.
- > To write is to observe the infinite in the act of congealing into an image or dissolving into the void.
- > Only those who claim the slave desires their enslavement cld insist that suffering acts hypnotically upon language, producing its most profound truth.
- > "For writing to be manifest in its truth, it must be illegible" (Breton).
- > The incomprehensible is redeemed by writing, as soon as it's understood not as a background against which certain mythemes stand out, but as the entire arena of its evolution.
- > Writing is what it is in the diverse relation of its forms.
- > By a formidable effort of the word, the world itself is rendered MORE than possible, as the articulation of what it isn't, what it might've been, & what it yet may become.
- > Writing shld pose new theories about the world & the universe. How can we speak of redemption in a world where the slave pays reparations to the slaveowner?
- > The struggle of writing has no end: it is a measure of a deeper struggle, which is that of existence itself.
- > Writing is the unanswerable question.
- > Only if writing stands in the shadow of meaning cld it be mistaken for something whose origin is an intense absolute moment of secrecy fused to an inexhaustible desire to be known.
- > Writing exists. The world doesn't exist.\* That is all.

## **ALL REVOLUTIONS ARE DOOMED ~~TO BECOME THEIR OPPOSITE~~**

the great apposition of the world  
as a blowfly's egg  
in a beautiful window  
you imagine taking flight  
that instead crawls down yr throat  
& eats you from the inside

---

\* And neither do you.



life is a cartoon, love also is a cartoon



## OEDIPUS' COLON [A TRAGEDY (NO ACT)]

The scene opens upon a chorus of plague-carriers w/ their barren genitals stitched up inside them, wrapped in dancers' veils they gurgle depravedly at the dead reflections in their Master's eyes, the way a crow raked by thirst ogles a pool of fetid piss. He is blind, chained to the roadside. For here the Master is also a slave. The chorus is comprised of his idiot children, who he takes turns sodomising for the entertainment of the passing foot-traffic - who utter obscene forms of encouragement, spit, toss coins into a tin cup set out for that purpose, scream denunciations, or more often simply ignore the entire spectacle. Thus does the Master seek forgiveness of the gods while they obtain their comic revenge. But what, you say, have the Master's children done to deserve such a miserable fate? Collateral damage? Or no such thing as an innocent aristocrat?

All this is, however, merely a prelude to the main act, performed not on stage but upon the unsuspecting audience, I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T=S every last one of them.

**Offensia** has named it, in honour of her erstwhile companion in literary crime & now regime toss-bot Nyx gLand, THE SPHERES OF OBLIVION.

Aided by the programme notes, our attention is drawn to the unfolding "psychological drama":

*The blind Master is the ego's rampart equalising all contraries & not things merely fated lying in mind-scum of if=&=only=if (no sleep for the dead), inspired to the very heights of imitation as now, a dying man's last delusion of grandeur, upon the Master's summoning, a phalange of naked floozies (The Gottwald Zombie Battalion! serving as extras here) undulating their vamp-stamps on layers of subcutaneous macronutrient & flashing their insteps at the chandeliers, a real torture-chamber funforall...*

During the resulting orgy, one among the Master's slave children, they call her "Electra," steps dramatically out of character to wreak a most bloody revenge. Such gore as political realism is daily made of for the I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T spooks & conspiranoiacs taking up the peanut gallery, among whom the animatronic zombies are tossed with the abandon of handgrenades w/ a 4second fuse..

"I can feel their bones through the burnt flesh as it comes apart in the palms of my hands!" Juulz Ebola screams. "The crab lies upon the chopping block!"

It's hell come to Earth to collect its tithe of testosterytes, in bloody gouts of exploding zombie apocalypse, their DNA a literal ticking timebomb or as

the saying goes *once bitten twice shy*, as behind a two-way mirror **Offensia** gazes upon her handiwork w/ a grotesque smile:  
"Sting them!" she hisses. "Sting them, my anopheles!"

### **THE HIGHEST WISDOM APPEARS DRESSED LIKE A CLOWN**

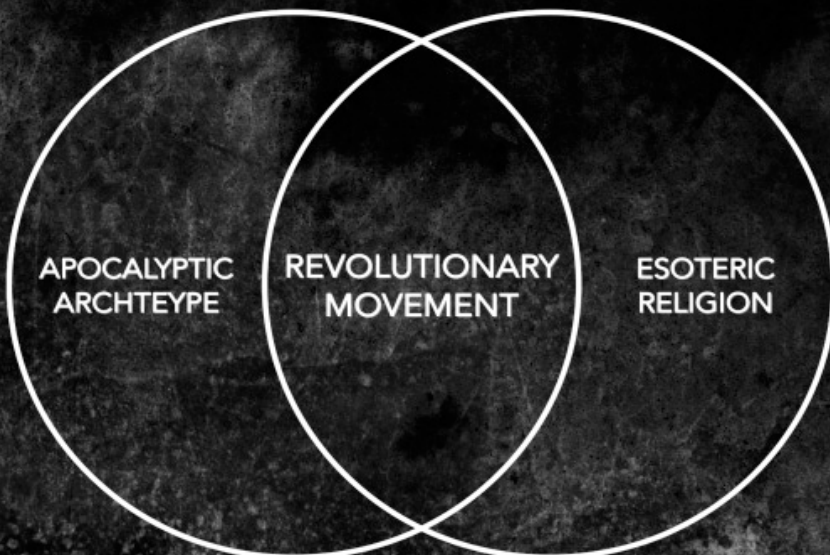
What .: was the true nature of Ebola's "tragic accident"? An overdose of vitriol cut w/ saniflush? A head-on collision w/ a treacherous stairwell? Cancer of the pineal eye? Septic brain embolism? A dildo lodged in the oesophagus? Sweet serendipity? An overdue library book? Space debris? A poisoned pen? A street-fighting communist? A case of mistaken identity? A swandive off the Kottbusser Tor? A serenade into the business end of a sawnoff 12-gauge? A word to the wise? Megalomania pure & simple? A faulty timer? The easiest way out? A crushing solitude? A French crook? A pimp in a porkpie hat? A vicious sentimentality? Misadventure down a manhole? A rat called Stan? Electrodes to the testicles dialled into the red? A boo in a box? Haemophilia? The cat's meow? An asphyxiation kink gone awry? A vampyr dusted to the gills? An agent of the Š.V.Ě.J.K.? The thirteenth moon? A driveby ricochet? Sheer ennui? The Man's right hand? Mac the Knife? The angel of History? An act of **Ě.Ě.Ě.**? The Wuhan Virus? Bad luck on a one-way street? A suicide bomb? A poorly timed inhalation in a bucket of piss? A fortuitous encounter with a subbasement chopping block? An exhilarating prophetic masterpiece? A typographical error? None of the above?

### **NOT TO PASS ON A TRADITION BUT TO BREAK ITS HOLD OVER US**

FOR WE ARE BEREAVED BECAUSE  
LEARNÈD IN THE WAYS OF REALISM TO KILL *AB NIHILO*  
& BUILD FROM THAT TO A  
CRESCENDO OF CIVILISATION HIGH & HOLY  
A DARK LIVER UNDER THE KNIFE  
**Ě.Ě.Ě.**'S AORTA  
A BRAIN DELICATELY MARINATED IN ITS OWN SAUCE UNDER FAINT  
DUSTINGS OF GOLD & ASBESTOS & RHINO HORN  
THE MYTH OF THE "OTHER" MADE TO SUFFER IN PLACE OF US LIKE  
A FUGITIVE SELF=IMAGE  
ALL THIS HAVE WE KNOWN  
BUT HOW SHALL THEY EMANCIPATE US?

**“EVERYTHING UNBORN CAN STILL BE BROUGHT TO LIFE” (ARTAUD)**

What, being simply a mirror held up to an enforced economic system, calls itself *art*? What hand holds the mirror? What camera=eye beholds the image? If it's clear that no revolution is possible w/out an equivalent revolution in the idea of the world, nor is it possible w/out a revolution in the *representation* of that idea. “We must put political representation OUT OF WORK!” Aesthetics is to ethics what art is to politics only when a war of positions has been won by the keepers of the categories. Political “art,” catastrophe “art,” pandemic “art,” vampyr “art”: in short, the kitsch of ideological quarantine. In these “difficult times” the question of art is made to seem ever more pressing now that life itself threatens to be made extinct. (Symbolic capital isn't the exception, it's the *only kind*.) But has the situation of art really changed from what it was before? To those who say *prend l'image et garde-la*, there's only one reply: *l'image n'existe pas*. To be other than a materialist fiction, means to be an objective denunciation. (All hail the incorruptible poetry of revolt, which to the bureaucrat & the cop is a mental affliction!). Which “quantitative alterations” have yet to erupt into a “qualitative leap,” beyond an opportunistic *settling of accounts*? Ah! All complacency in art must be destroyed? Hurrah! Let art, in selfimposed exile, destroy it. There was never a spectacle more edifying, than of the dead burying the dead. **N<sub>x</sub>**



**EVERY CONFESSION IS A LIE**

in spite of my body / mechanically invited / anomalous /  
behind its imago / this endemic mind's eye / tamponed to  
stanch / cumsop / reprisals for 1. suffering, 2. loving  
all that you love / if it is commutable / a migrant wound  
/ they'll track back across even the remotest borders /  
because the dawn / can indeed survive the death of its star  
/ gods of redemption only in [yr] [wildest] dreams / to  
the day after the one before / & the one before / in the  
white totem of ever after / the fractured blasphemous glory  
/ starless night / teeth singing w/ electricity / there  
are eyes, also, never intended to see / will they still be  
[there] / awaiting the void / if [there is] nothing else  
[?]

**"THAT THINGS 'JUST GO ON' IS THE CATASTROPHE" (BENJAMIN)**

A blast from the past.  
An ass on a mast.  
A ghost of aghast.  
Rats in the ballast.  
Awash in waste.  
Beasts at breakfast.  
Rates of contrast.  
Satire in broadcast.  
A fleet of bombast.  
A feast of flabbergast.  
Grass on the karst.  
Of an oblast vast.  
Just to the east.  
A taste for yeast.  
Toast before repast.  
Durst they fast?  
An iconoclast's fart.  
A farcical dynast.  
Roasted gnats.  
A pederast's scat.  
The boast of chiliasts.  
Outlasted by pestilence.  
Steadfast coasts.  
Exhausted typecasts.  
A star on her breast.  
The subtle gymnast.  
Duress forecast.  
The least enthusiast.  
Hastens to be last.



## THE FIRST STEP IS TO KILL THE PAMAMA

GOLEMGRAD (#FakeNewsMedia) – New research suggests that a controversial gene=editing experiment to produce children resistant to COVID=69 may also have enhanced their ability to remember the future.

The brains of two genetically enhanced twins born in Golemgrad last year may have been altered in ways that radically effect memory & precognition, according to Dr Zifcak Asperger, recently appointed CEO of TransVyrologia, the company which patented the gene technology used in the experiments.

Now, new findings suggest that the same alteration introduced into the twins' DNA by deleting a gene called CCR5 not only increases immunity to COVID=69 but causes significant brain mutation normally associated w/ vampyrism.

Questioned about this, Dr Asperger pointed to common DNA traits not only between cis=genic humans & vampyrs, but also feral rhesus macaques, which have likewise been found to transmit the virus. "It is altogether possible," Dr Asperger said, "that the virus itself is reprogramming DNA in response to our attempts to block it. How propagation is related to precognition, however, is something we've yet to establish. Tests are ongoing."



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**THE FALSE NECESSITY OF THE FAIT ACCOMPLI**

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repeat

repeat

repeat

faster

faster

faster

**CULT OF THE DEAD AUTHOR**

You stand before the Blank Page. Something writes itself. Words dance. Miraculous! Was that you? The Blank Page wants more. Nothing happens. Y're helpless, empty, utterly remote. The Blank Page simpers, cajoles, pleads, demands, hurls the vilest insults, screams death. Something stirs. Mama. Papa. Caca. The Blank Page gurgles, claps its hands. The shame comes in great gouts of incontinent. The Blank Page is painting w/ its fingers on the wall. *Like a pig in shit.* It's only now you see that y're chained to it, that there's no getting away. It cries in the night & out spew the words. It belches, it whines w/ hunger, it crosses its eyes. The words cascade. The words choke yr breath, consciousness, gag reflex. Y're a palpitating mollusc. Stimulus & response. The words are no longer words. They never belonged to you & you were never their master. Soiling yrself like that before the entire world. There's no end to this humiliation.\*

---

\* Meaning is a communicable disease: the mind believes what lies upon the page & suffers what it believes. But what [who] writes & what [who] is written?

### **HOTDOG NO BUN**

Van Helsing - known in the industry as The Eternal Return, not for the wall of double=platinums (there aren't any) but the fact that their lead=guitarist & namesake, Eddie Van, just won't go away - are playing a month=long residency at the Tropicana to publicise their newly=minted BEST OF album, *Hell & Back (Again)*. News of which arouses in **Offensia**, childhood scars running deep, violent ambivalent feelings. The renewed proximity of her estranged father, after so many years, in the city where her mother was murdered, where **Offensia** herself had sought refuge from her father's megalomaniacal insanity, stirs difficult memories. Once upon a time she'd longed for the sweet release of reconciliation only to be locked in the tower of her father's Transylvanian castle & terrorised by a deranged governess obsessed w/ ESP. Escape had been costly. She'd sworn eternal revenge, but time had blunted the edge of her emotions, distracted her into many different occupations. In the dark vampyric arts she'd discovered a calling. Death shld not be a mere impulse to spontaneous violence nor the *idée fixe* of a dominating monomania. Such had been the teaching of Tsui Fang, her former sensei at Stalin Monastery, before its destruction & her exile in the world of men. But now, the reappearance of her father wrought in **Offensia** an uncontrollable disturbance, immediately embarking on a campaign of indiscriminate bloodshed. "A poor grrl w/ a daddy romance," said Duhomey when she confronted him w/ the news & whom she duly slaughtered (if only metaphorically) w/ the implements of his trade (an embossed fountain=pen, from B.J. "Papa" Walt, for SERVICES TO THE INDUSTRY).

### **TOO LOUD A SOLIPSISM**

"A guitar solo's just a bunch of events. Ideally there's a certain kind of flatness, a lack of an arc, or a very subtle arc. The point is the pointlessness. The music is its own higher purpose." (Eddie Van)

### **THE UTOPIA OF CONTENT**

always within the present moment / unrest spreads by intimate forms / of contact therefore prohibited

### **JESUS CHRIST WAS NAILED TO A HOT CROSS**

Religion is an index of sexual guilt.

## VAN HELSING, LAST NIGHT AT THE TROPICANA

December in Plague City, drinking the black surf under the pier - / the sky's a rotten liver, it's cocktail hour, there's a / rusted palm tree on the beach & y're hanging in it. / It's the old womxn on the stairs again talking in yr sleep, / like ocean sounds & highways, & it's cold being rained on / by every dog on the street, but to open yr eyes first y've got to widen the polarities. / Well anyone can be existential with the lights out, he said, / but the telephone was just a jilted lover on the make / & he'd run out of change. He was a pork=pie=&=vest guy, / arms jacked back like Joe Strummer at the bar making / stutter=step holding patterns while the Wild Grrlz sang / *Everyone's a winner, baby, everyone's a Winnebago..* / It was Jim Crow on the South Side playing lynchmob saxophone, / & Frankie Machine & the cigarette girl, & Betty Lou at the / 8th street No=Tell. Y'd've written it all down but yr arm / was full of lead - what comes of being subproletarian in bed. / Because it's midnight on the TV & word had got around / about December in Plague City & the body on the pier - & there's / questions to be answered but no=one left to hear, / they've all gone south to Mexico in aviators & moustaches, / & the bozos on Memorial Day quote O'Henry to the masses. / Because it's midnight on the TV, yes the reruns were atrocious, / & the sentimental migraine pours its story down yr throat, / & the pool balls all resent you, & the barstools sit & gloat.



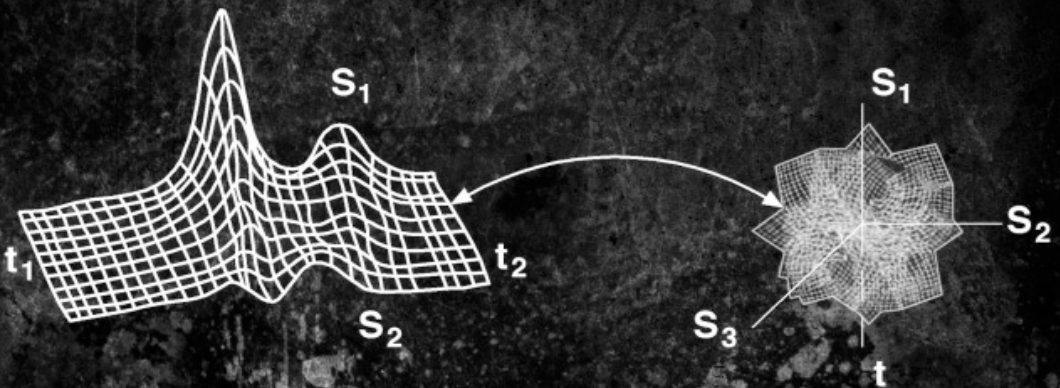
## THE ADORATION OF OFFENSJA

Freedom was a more damaged & intensely complex experience for her than it ever cld be for most vampyrs I don't care what you say she's the world's greatest agony artist & ventriloquist & just plain batshit crazy I love her entirely completely hyperbolically we shld probably kill her & eat her now soon before she's tainted goods past her shelf life in other words compromised by the System that turns everything decent & pure in this world to vile abject dollar=denominated pox lab=grown to satisfy every one=size=fits=all bitch in instant=gratification heat even if right now she's all hell=witch & razor=fang evisceration machine the day's coming better forever young & not wake up next to yr disappointments for the rest of eternity like a serial divorcee w/ halitosis ever see a vampyr go to rot it's the horriblemest dahling every true emotion shld be drowned at birth & preserved in a little cryo=tube buttplug close to yr heart hahaha & swear solemnly never to shit again because if you really love something you'll always be prepared to make those little sacrifices called selflessness it's all well & good to care about things in theory but I'd give my all just to be one small part of her happiness & her mine isn't it clear as day we're made for each other we cld've been twins gene=edited in a testtube separated at birth but you can't stand in the way of destiny any more than you can turn back an asteroid or a herd of elephants or the tide even though E.U.U. knows it wldn't be the first time someone's tried do you think it's unhealthy to hold yr breath when you come I mean there're species that don't even need oxygen evolved from jellyfish I'm serious sometimes I feel as if I'm nothing but a shapeless blob of endocrine w/ man=o=war tentacles drifting in the sea & sooner or later y're going to get wrapped up in something wholly & utterly did you know some jellyfish have hundreds of eyes & a brainstem for a clitoris pulsing nonstop I wish I cld be languid & not this frantic need for time to stop I just can't get a grip if only she was inside me I know everything wld be different she won't answer my calls because they've secretly been telling her lies about me pushing their own agendas turn her into a product=line we have to save her I'm storing up all my man=o=war venom first it burns the flesh then turns them blue w/ lung=paralysis I'm worse than any motherfucking virus I'll wipe out half the global economy if that's what it takes for those repelled by laughter will never grasp the seriousness of the occasion.



## PANDEMIC MACHINES

The "revenge of nature" upon errant humxnity amounts to nothing more than the substitution of one kind of *economic being* for another: the catalysing of environmental redress for the production of social relations. The idea that the Humxnocene is a *natural phenomenon* is no more or less ridiculous than the idea that the Corp[orate]= $\$$ [tate] can be an *instrument of its redemption*. Or that the "hidden=hand" of CORVID=6g shall in turn set the Corp[orate]= $\$$ [tate] to rights & bring about, all by itself, such a confection of necessity as to be called an *automatic revolution*: parody shaking the hand of tragedy. Like Hamlet, it's *à la mode* to bewail a world out of joint (& in desperate need of one) & also like Hamlet lament the dreary task of *setting it right*. Chaos by necessity is the very *genome* of the Corp[orate]= $\$$ [tate]. And necessity by way of automatism is nothing if not the accelerated & scaled manufacture of surplus. Automatism *liberates nothing* but a capacity for enlargement driven solely by the circulation & consumption of *inessentials*. (The ideal form of superabundance is waste.) It dreams great vistas of unfettered expenditure: expenditure rendered as an *autonomous social force*. Never was it a *subjective impulse* to *add to the labour of production*. Nor is the precondition of automatism *subjective alienation*. No "antecedent subject": the subject itself, from its very origins, is the product of a *repetition automatism*. (Alienation was never the pathetic fallacy it appeared.) The pandemic produces alienation because its logistics of segregation, quarantine, transmission, asymptomaticity, immunity, fatality *produce a subject*. If pandemic automatism is the final subsumption of the political into the logistical, it isn't achieved by sheer momentum of a "contingent necessity," but viral overproduction itself, *for itself*. In this circular economy, the project of social separation (integration by disintegration) achieves its apotheosis. The virus isn't *in* the system, the virus *is the system*.  $\mathbf{N}_x$



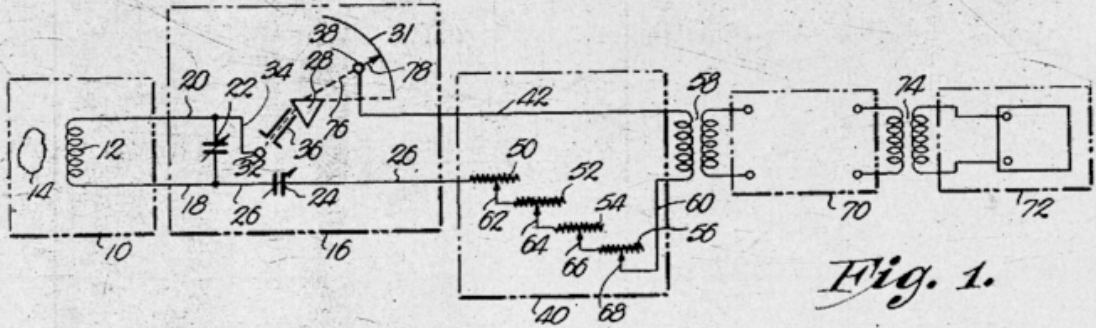


Fig. 1.

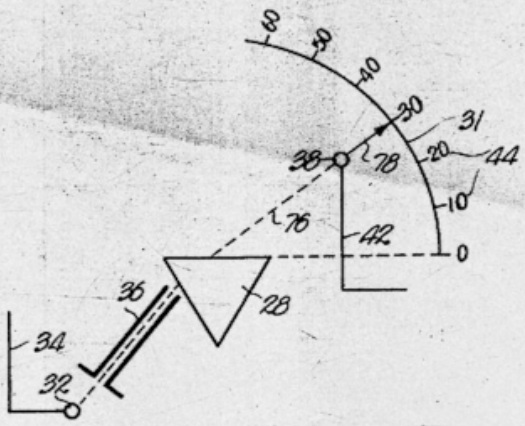


Fig. 2.

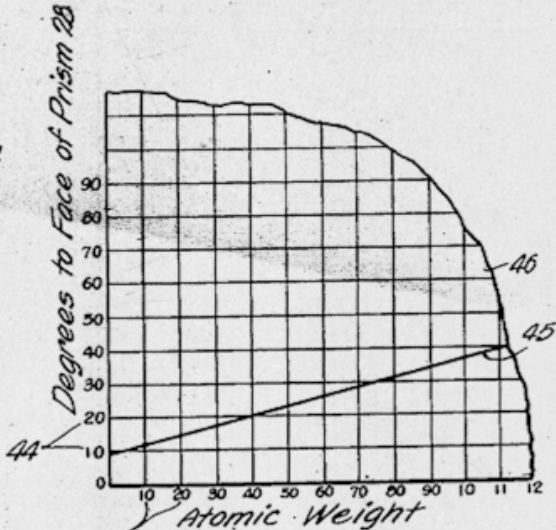


Fig. 3.

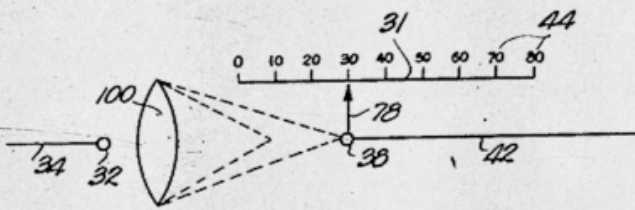


Fig. 4.

INVENTOR.  
 Thomas G. Hieronymus  
 BY *Carl Hoover*  
 ATTORNEY.



**irl ("REALITY IS AN EXCERPT ON TELEVISION" [BARAKA])**

- wherever they shoot a star, a parsec in the eye is a circuitry towards yr fangs that bite the air. clinamens are forced into serfdom for you to measure the hooves of that horse. it will violate nature.

- Told her I ain't come back to the megacity. I adopted a monkey=bat, started synth=permaculturing. I'm growing lifesize mandrakes & 3D printing Siratori grrlz. I am not alone anymore.

- Collective IQ is miserablism imho.

- u r all too beatific. some of you are arseholes tho. i am somebody's rectum, too, which just makes me smile.

- The priests gonna bull=trap you for aeons to come.

- As if they didn't already own the majority of comms channels through which those emotions are relayed & conveyed.

- Don't tell me GIFs are darkweb isles of individuations.

- Looking forward to the next Wave. I hereby re=name this planet "Exponential Overdoom."

- These mediascivious dawns/ Slowly weaving algorithmics in my heart/ whereas the mind screeching: "star at a distance of ~3.3 Schwarzschild radii from the blackhole ORBITING THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS..."

- I cannot understand how "humxnoid vs vamp" got to make a difference for the statistical properties of CORVID, how the epidemiology differs & why morbidity rates & tail risk must diverge.

- Has that version arrived on Earth recently? It's about to finish xer bildungsroman hereabouts.

- back in 20XX, doing quantum archaeology in the hypnospace built in coronachan mod.

- There's nothing wrong w/ being a eugenicist.

- Nobody told me about this while I was unleashing the code. Jesus!

- the watchmaker does not need TIME to craft watches.

- I truly regret having programmed pneuma in binaries 2,500 years ago. I thought it was an experimental bug not a future species!

- Besides, whoever they are get to own the damn DNA.

- Some liken it to aphorism blasters. "PAPA BOI INVENTED CORVIDITY." That is as Voynich as possible.

- You here for the show? Embrace it. There wasn't a character limit to a paragraph that made them invent kaligrammatic approaches to syntax=yuga, let alone unwanted break=lines.

- CORVID tries to offer a clip=to=copyboardable modulation which is not that much moddable, & pretends as if it was a

codex roll. Recode the damn thing horizontally & you have a paginated choose=yr=own=story.

- What is this philistine reaction to each individual step towards Singularity? I know it's not necessarily linear (see GANs). However, simply think of blockchain as a bridge. I need to remind you of the fact that they did not have the internet in 1918.

- So, they deserve to be ruthlessly capitalised upon?

- but the way Papa took the little vamps off the street & provided them w/ simple provisions of life is just heart warming enough.

- If you are letting people storm the infinite sales bays, but yr armed forces keep diverting refugees from the shorelines, it means that you have no central authority, & yr delegation methods are questionable.

- Be the gaze that captures em all! [an error occurred while processing this directive]

- What is NOT going to save us from the humxn bug is the unimaginatively dull & bleak reluctance of humxns themselves to take risks & precautionary maintenance efforts. Yes, we do platform decay, but the abort feature is bugged by idiots.

- When corvidious morning star sounds as if oceanwaves rippling against cumbia boards!

- I am disciplining myself. It almost feels like a silent bootleg of *Salò o le 120 giornate di Sodoma*.

- on the 1001st evening of quarantine, i have chosen the dark side.

### **THE K=E=Y**

It was entirely in his nature that Dr Zifčák Asperger shld maintain the pretence of having deciphered the Voynich Manuscript's secret system (a cure for the world's brainsucking vampyr disease?) only to have misplaced THE K=E=Y, to have lost it in a freak accident or, better still, to have consigned it in an act of species=negating perversity to the watery deep, the flames of a volcano, the reactor core of a nuclear power station, the oblivion

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\* Rumours had long been circulated attributing authorship of the Voynich MS to no less a personage than **Ě.Ě.Ě**. Cue religious nut gobbledegook. It was either a prophesy or a warning, or both. Merely to speak of it was to participate in a speculative fiction. The entire thing was, in any case, indecipherable to the great unwashed, who'd neither heard of it nor had any need of it. **Ě.Ě.Ě** spoke to them through their inflight entertainment systems.

of outerspace, etc., solely for the pleasure (oh cursèd spite) of depriving an undeserving humxnity of ever the chance of getting their grubby little fingers on it. Pure heresy? Or the wiles of a man attuned to the virtues of a resale profit margin, mmm, patents pending? Or simply to feed the entertaining frenzy of that cult of cryptcrawling degenerates hungry for TRANSCENDENTAL MISERABLISM. The infantile apocalypse junkies of the I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T WORLD ORDER, no less! Behold, the K=E=Y doth indeed exists! But lost, how sad, perhaps forever ☹ Gather round now children, 'tis decreed by ☹.☹.☹. for you, the Chosen Few, to cast off once more 'pon yr Crusade, from Golemgrad hence. Recover the K=E=Y! Unlock the DIVINE LAUNCHCODE! Doom be thy property (& not some lesbo influenza)! 'Tis yrs by birthright! Morons. What did it matter if the Book of Books was a flagrant counterfeit? In what star was the proof written? Meenie meenie, tiktoktoe. Watch the little kiddies go!

#### **ALL THEORY IS POLITICAL FICTION**

It's 4:00a.m. & Eddie Van Helsing is cruising in his Eldorado along the lantern=lit Esplanade, saline drip dangling from rearview, a hundred decibels of feedback=guitar swirling in the backwash. Overdub of cheering masses, barrages of tickertape. Zapruder 313. Wild Grrlz lock him in their sights. OK Boomer. *Make haze before the sun shines*, the thought=of=the=day. Like Papa Walt says, "Time to sacrifice yrself for the cause, son." Well sales is sales & when they ain't, yr best bet on a big fat return is rez=erection, *harharhar*, being nine=tenths of every successful snuffjob in History where The Franchise is concerned. They've even pre=recorded the soundtrack, *Better D.E.D. Than A Lie*, & a whole cult suicide package for the hipster market, lining up to be impaled & go out pure & uncompromised ("Don't drink the KoolAid! Everything's at stake!"), pressed on 12=inch vinyl w/ a wrap=around black&white Mapplethorpe rip=off of a defanged vampyr, one from Van Helsing's personal trophyroom back at Bran Castle. It'll feature in Jean Rollin's upcoming rockumentary, *From Hell to Transylvania*. They've primed a prefabbed fullpage review in the next issue of *Zeit Raus!* "A strikingly different tone takes over on the second half of the record, more frenetic, less affected, more fractured, a work of prophesy for these dark times." The R&D boiz have planned a whole line of merch right down to a scaled replica Van H homunculus w/ permanent

boner & hackable solarcell Stratocaster, programmed to spew feedback within half=a=mile of any fullblood vamp sorority kidz sneaking about incognito in the dead of night, hahaha. *We advise keeping the product locked safely in its box outside daylight hours to avoid risk of graphic vigilante action.* This cld be one now, flooring it along the Esplanade as Wild Grlz let loose w/ heavy=calibre fire, RPGs & subatomic laser beams, causing Van Helsing's braincase to detonate in a fireworks display to rival the 1812 Overture, autopilot guiding the Cadillac through a full 360° roll over the seawall & airborne out across the phosphorescent tide on a flightpath to Plague Island. The body wld never be recovered (conspiranoiacs plz note). Coroner's verdict: LOST AT SEA. *Coz I been stormtossed on an ocean / too deep it get me down / gonna crawl under the world / where the sky drowns / I found no peace / in outerspace / no face behind the face / a fly buzzed when I died / in the blackholes in yr eyes / & I'll be gone before you see me / & if you see me there tomorrow / yesterday will never come. Da da, da da, da dum.*

#### **REALISM IS THE DREAMLIFE OF TAX COLLECTORS**

Scenario: It is discovered that the only treatment for CORVID=69 is humxn blood. Consequences.

#### **HER BLOOD RUNS BLACK**

[The saga of **Offensia** in 100 tabloid newspaper headlines]

1. VAN HELSING'S SLAYER VAMPYR KID
2. UNDEAD DAME DRINKS BLOOD FOR BREAKFAST
3. ROCKSTAR PRINCESS PSYCHO KILLER
4. DEBUTANT DOOMSDAY DEVIL
5. MOST=ELIGIBLE VIRGIN A BULL=DYKE DRACULA
6. ROCK HEIRESS OUTCHARTS CHARLES MANSON
7. CONVENT GRRL CRUCIFIES CORPORATE CRONIES
8. DADDY'S HOMEGROWN TERRORIST
9. BLOOD=CRAZED TEEN VAMP CULT THRILL=SEEKER
10. TRUST FUND MURDERESS SLUMS IT ON WILD SIDE
11. QUEEN OF REVENGE PORN HOMICIDE CONSPIRACY
12. JILTED DAUGHTER ON BUTCHERING SPREE
13. GLAM SCOURGE OF KAPITALIST SCUM
14. VENGEANT VAMP'S VIRULENT VENDETTA
15. FROM PEDERASTS TO PRESIDENTS: SHE KILLS ALL
16. SEX SYMBOL SADO SLASHER
17. JUVENILE JUGULAR=JAGGER'S JIHAD

18. SATANIC SODALITY SNUFF=SIREN
19. DRACULA'S JOYRIDE BRIDE
20. SUCK QUEEN OF THE VAMPYR CASTLE
21. FILLETED WITH FANGS OF FEMALE FURY
22. CONFESSIONS OF A TEENAGE SUCCUBUS
23. HER KISS IS COLDER THAN DEATH
24. MAM'SELLE MASS MURDER
25. BO PEEP'S BOHEMIAN BOOGALOO
26. SHE LOVES TO KILL!
27. FOR THE TERM OF HER UNNATURAL LIFE
28. VAMPYR CULT MURDERER ON THE LOOSE
29. CRAZED SERIAL KILLER DRINKS VICTIMS' BLOOD
30. MISGUIDED YOUTH CAUGHT IN CULT MANIA
31. GOLEMGRAD GUTTED BY WILDGRRL VAMP
32. DELINQUENT ON FANTASY KILL SPREE
33. VAN HELSING "DAUGHTER" VAMPYR QUEEN
34. HELL SINGS HER NAME: OFFENCE TO E.U.U.
35. DAMNED TO BURN AS COPS CLOSE IN
36. COMMIE KILLER BLEEDS BANKERS DRY
37. SHE IS NOT A RICH MAN'S PLAYTHING
38. A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH
39. THIS GRRL IS FOR THE GUILLOTINE
40. CORPORATE BLOODSUCKERS GET IT IN THE NECK
41. MADWOMXN OF THE MALECÓN
42. COPS OUTFOXED BY GHETTO GEISHA
43. PROLE PRINCESS IN CLASSWAR CARNAGE
44. CUTTHROAT GANG ON THE LOOSE
45. SELFSTYLED "VAMPYR" LEADS BLOODY RAMPAGE
46. BOLSHY BRIDE OF DRACULA BITES BACK
47. OUT OF CONTROL KILL CRAZE PANDEMIC
48. VAMPYR VIRUS DRIVES DEBUTANTE TO LIFE OF CRIME
49. MUTILATED BY PLAGUE ZOMBIES
50. COVEN OF CRUELTY: "THEY WILL STOP AT NOTHING"
51. HOW I SURVIVED A VAMPYR ATTACK
52. DEATH FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE
53. BOUNTY OUT ON SOCIALITE BLOODSUCKER
54. SUPERSPREADERS STRIKE WITHOUT MERCY
55. NO CURE FOR CRIME CONTAGION
56. VAMP TRAMPS TERRORISE CITY
57. SAVE OUR STREETS FROM SATAN'S SORCERESS
58. GRRL GANG GUT GOVERNMENT GARRISON
59. BLOOD FOR NOTHING: REBELS WITHOUT A CAUSE
60. TRAPPED LIKE A RAT IN A M.A.Z.E.
61. VIOLENT CRIME WAVE PLAGUES GOLEMGRAD
62. SHEWOLF TERROR CAMPAIGN MUST END
63. A THIRST THEY CANNOT QUENCH

64. WHO IS THE LA MALATTIA RIPPER?
65. INTERVIEW WITH A VAMPYR: EXCLUSIVE!
66. THIS LITTLE BITCH HAS TEETH
67. FRIGHT NIGHT HORRORSHOW SURVIVOR TELLS ALL
68. POLICE STAKE ALL ON VAMPYR ARREST
69. ONE STEP AHEAD BUT FOR HOW MUCH LONGER?
70. GRRL SAYS, THE NEW BITE IS RIGHT
71. PSYCHOPATH OR REVOLUTIONARY?
72. VAMPYR "MANIFESTO" SAYS ALL FAIR GAME
73. CRIMESTREAK NOT "INTIFADA": AUTHORITIES
74. SERIAL KILLER'S TIME IS UP
75. NO NEGOTIATION W/ MALEFICENT MANHUNTER
76. MALECÓN MAULER MAILS ULTIMATUM MISSIVE
77. A CUT=THROAT'S CURIOUS ALLURE
78. NO MERCY FOR THE "VIRGIN VAMPYRESS"
79. FIRST BLOOD, LAST RITES
80. RATS, BATS, CROWS, VAMPYRS TO BE SHOT ON SIGHT
81. ONE WOMXN'S WAR AGAINST THE WORLD
82. LYNCH MOBS COMB THE CITY, COME UP EMPTY=HANDED
83. HELL COMES TO GOLEMTOWN
84. FEAR PANDEMIC BLAMED ON BATS
85. TO KILL A VAMPYR=SLAYER'S DAUGHTER
86. PSYCHO SUCCUBUS STRIKES AGAIN
87. THIS WOMXN IS FOR BURNING!
88. THE BLOOD SIEGE: 100 DAYS & COUNTING
89. IS THIS THE WORK OF A ONE=WOMXN VIRUS?
90. CITY SUFFERS IMMUNE DEFICIENCY
91. COPS CLUELESS IN CONTINUING CASE
92. CORVID CONSPIRACY CONFIRMED BY KILLING SPREE?
93. SLAYER OR SAVIOUR? THE TRUTH MUST BE TOLD
94. QUARANTINE KILLER STRIKES AGAIN
95. MISSING EVIDENCE POINTS TO COLOSSAL COVER=UP
96. HIGH=PRIESTESS OF THE BLOOD RITE
97. TOP 10 SERIAL KILLERS OF ALL TIME RANKED
98. DEATH CAME DRESSED AS A WOMXN
99. LOCK HER UP!
100. IS VAMPYR RIPPER A HOAX?

### **HOW DID Offensja FALL?**

Future bois put a snatchjob on her?

Wild Grrlz sold out?

The Control Tower raid was a frame?

Misadventure?

There never was an **Offensia**, just a Patty Hearst lookalike groomed from the get=go as a deepcover chaos agent?

### **MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL (EDDIE VAN SINGS HELL)**

What's in a life that's gone untold?  
Throwing a stone against the world.  
Wld it be a crime if it was robbed?  
Said that y'd break me if you cld.  
Where's the door that leads outside?  
Was there a time before you lied?  
Give me a gun to shoot the sky.  
I'll pull the needle from yr eye.  
No reason at all cld be much worse.  
Better to be dead than be like dirt.  
Who'd ever live with peace on Earth?  
You know exactly what that's worth  
(doncha kidz?).

### **DEATH BY CONSENSUS**

Is this the sign of a counterposing reality of an imaginary world? An infrared bloodeye guards the approach. Love colder than death. What if the plague exists to cure the melancholy of these End Times? It is a singular perversity of the disease that its first victims were those most endowed w/ the means to comprehend it. Physicians, doctors, poets, the insane. There remained the officials, accountants, technicians, priests & those able to profit from it. From thence it proceeded more or less unhindered in the execution of its inscrutable task. The virus spread throughout the critical infrastructure. In the absence of a vaccine they cloned more victims & studied the results. The more that was known, the less was understood. In vitro the disease possessed a certain elegance of simplicity. A nostalgia for origins beset those overwhelmed by the chaos, the vivisected horrors, the mouth=savages waiting in the shadows, this new modernity that had befallen them. Many theories leading to no conclusion. Fatality breeds its own contempt. Consensus shifts to those they call vampyrs, the blood=positives. To eat one bestows immunity. To be one bestows hegemony. They are hunted, they hunt. They dwell inside the night of darkest imagining or are kept in cages. Had they existed before the sickness? Did it give birth to them? Incubated within the dead, grublike, the spontaneous worm that flies through the miasma into the plague rose's crimson joy? Yet evidence of the disease only appeared in Golemgrad in January 20XX. Within months it spread across the entire world, infected 100 million (as yet) (verified), of which 10 million fatally (the true number will remain a mystery

always). Their dead are ferried to a place beyond any globe, atlas, map, hologram. Valhalla. Jannah. The Pure Land. Svarga loka. Nirvana. Tian. Utopias of a statistic. TV eyes watch over them unsleepingly. They only show the corpses of anomalous species. Of their enemies. Of others. How else is the illness to be represented? Though its meaning does not lend itself to ready classification, in its genome sequence, biological behaviour & clinical manifestations, the pathogen is indeed definable. It has four major structural proteins: the spike surface glycoprotein, small envelope protein, matrix protein, & nucleocapsid protein. The spike protein binds to host receptors via the receptor-binding domains (RBDs) of angiotensin-converting enzyme 2 (ACE2). The ACE2 protein has been identified in various human organs, including the respiratory system, gastrointestinal tract, lymph nodes, thymus, bone marrow, spleen, liver, kidney, & brain. The Thirteen Heavens ruled by Ometeotl, the dual Lord, creator of the Dual-Genesis who, as male, takes the name Ometecuhтли (Two Lord), & as female is named Omecihuatl (Two Lady). The common clinical manifestations of the virus include fever, dry cough, dyspnoea, muscle pain, confusion, headache, sore throat, rhinorrhoea, chest pain, diarrhoea, nausea & vomiting. Reliable data on pathologic changes of the novel coronavirus disease, however, are scarce. The sources often elusive.\* A febrile web of light in a copious sea of black. To gain knowledge about the pathology that may contribute to disease progression & fatality, postmortem needle core biopsies of lung, liver & heart were performed across all major human stereotypes suffering fatality after infection by the virus. The victims' ages ranged from prenatal to 99. A glimpse of parallel worlds: the possible, the impossible, the finite, the infinite. Time from disease onset to death ranged from 0 to 13 days. (Every instant creates its own precursor.) All victims had elevated white blood cell counts, w/ significant rise toward the end, & all had lymphocytopenia. Histologically, the main findings lay in the shadow of the lungs. Injury to the alveolar epithelial cells, hyaline membrane formation, hyperplasia of type II pneumocytes, all components of diffuse alveolar damage. Inflammation of lungs impairing absorption of oxygen & expulsion carbon-dioxide, producing acute respiratory distress requiring deepthroat intubation. Endotracheal

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\* Fang, T., Xiong, Y., Liu, H. et al., "Pathological Study of the 2019 Novel Coronavirus Disease (CORVID=69) through Postmortem Core Biopsies." *Mod Pathol* (20XX).



tube via mouth & vocal apparatus, inserted between vocal chords into the trachea. Attached to a mechanical ventilator (in critical short supply). (Mass hysteria of a society unable to breathe.) In the "Lugosi Strain," further consolidation by fibroblastic proliferation w/ extracellular matrix & fibrin forming clusters in airspaces is evident. through fits & trances, one dragon slain only to create another. In one stereotype, the consolidation consists of abundant intra=alveolar neutrophilic infiltration, consistent w/ superimposed bacterial bronchopneumonia. (Every paradox lives only half a life.) The liver exhibits mild lobular infiltration by small lymphocytes & centrilobular sinusoidal dilation. Pseudo=Promethean. Necrosis is also seen. A sentimental calculus, that by living makes death possible. Like fire entwined on limpid water. The heart, usually extracted from the victim's chest cavity while still beating, shows only focal mild fibrosis & mild myocardial hypertrophy, changes likely the logical consequence of an underlying condition. All this is elementary. Its form by itself doesn't assert anything. In conclusion, the postmortem examinations show advanced diffuse alveolar damage, as well as superimposed bacterial pneumonia in some victims. We find a succession of internal organs raining damage upon the page. Changes in the liver & heart are likely secondary or related to the underlying diseases. Transformation of all short straws into rotten long straws. A metaphor. Nothing cld be more normal. All cases were from Golem City Training Hospital & met the clinical diagnostic criteria provided by the National Vampyrological Institute (NVI). Their electronic medical records were retrospectively reviewed to identify the victims' clinical features & laboratory findings. Demographic data, medical history, computed tomographic (CT) scans or X=ray images of the chest, laboratory findings (including nucleic acid tests, complete blood count (CBC) & other biochemical parameters of the liver & heart) & the duration of illness were all reviewed. The sickness now had a name & a number. To construct a system, postmortem needle core biopsies were performed on visceral organs including the lungs, liver & heart within an hour after death in a negative air isolation ward. Conversion pursuant to rule. The procedures were performed w/out ultrasound guidance, but the victims' last radiographic images & surface anatomic landmarks were used as references. The ransom of thirty millennia of serial homicide. The tissues were received fixed in neutral buffered formalin for over 24h & then

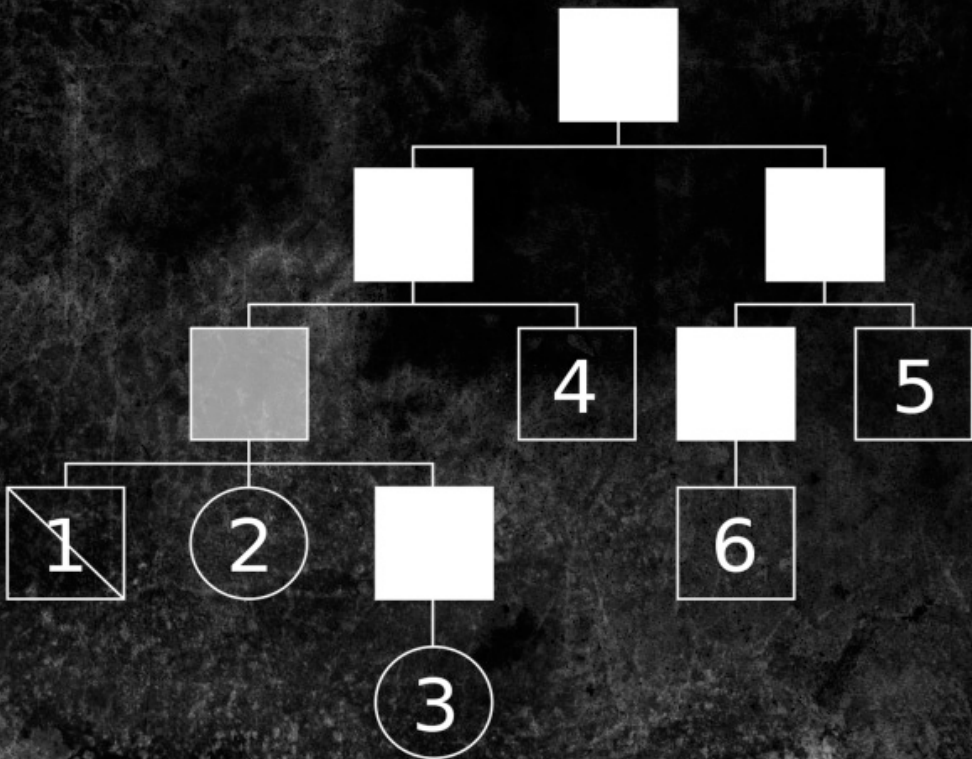
routinely processed under standard biosafety measures. For our purpose, it is principally the *undefined terms* that must be discovered. Haematoxylin & eosin-stained sections were prepared & slides were examined by two pathologists (SFT & SYX). Immunohistochemistry (IHC) staining was used to verify subsets of the small lymphocytes found in portal tracts, using antibodies against CD20, CD3, CD5, CD23, CD4 & CD8 (Agilent Technologies). All antibodies were used in prediluted form & IHC was performed using the automated Leica Bond=Max instrument. Real-time reverse transcription polymerase chain reaction assay for CORVID=69 in tissue. A certain myth of the humxn which has evolved its own mechanisms of self=preservation. Formalin=fixed, paraffin=embedded (FFPE) tissue blocks were used to prepare 20 serial sections of 4= $\mu$ m thick blocks. Total RNA was extracted using a sample RNA isolation kit (Catalogue No.8.0224101X036G, Version B2.8, from Amoy Diagnostics Co. Ltd) & checked for concentration w/ the SMA4000 ultraviolet protein=nucleic acid microanalyser. A real-time reverse transcriptase polymerase chain reaction (real-time RT=PCR) assay was run on the Mx3000P qPCR system w/ a 2019=nCoV nucleic acid detection kit according to the manufacturer's protocol. The idea of writing, which is to suffer (a real *but also* [because] delusory suffering): what cld be more despicable? Two target genes, the open reading framelab (ORFlab) & nucleocapsid protein (N) genes, were simultaneously amplified & monitored during the real-time RT=PCR assay. The primers for target 1 (ORFlab) were forward 5'= $\text{CCCTGTGGGTTTTACTTAA}$ =3' & reverse 5'= $\text{ACGATTGTGCATCAGCTGA}$ =3'; & the probe was 5'= $\text{ROX=CCGTCTGCGGTATGT=MGB}$ =3'. The primers for target 2 (N) were forward 5'= $\text{GGGGAACTTCTCCTGCTAGAAT}$ =3' & reverse 5'= $\text{CAGACATTTTGCTCTCAAGCTG}$ =3'; & the probe was 5'= $\text{FAM=CTGCTGCTTGACAGAT=MGB}$ =3'. A cycle threshold (Ct) value less than 37 was defined as a positive & a Ct value of 40 or more was defined as a negative. Infinite regress = trivial. These testing criteria were based on recommendations by the National Vampyrological Institute. Positive & negative controls were included. An internal control HEX, corresponding to the house=keeping gene GUSB, which codes for beta=glucuronidase ( $\beta$ =glucuronidase), was also included. Permeability between +/- defines transmission. The relation between data mirroring the relation between DNA & RNA. All victims had fever, w/ maximal temperatures reaching 38.9°C. Nucleic acid tests on nasopharyngeal swabs were positive in all victims, some

of whom witnessed the secret meeting of pneuma & anima. Although they were given comprehensive treatment, including intravenous antibiotics, antiviral therapy & assisted oxygenation; specific treatment for their underlying diseases; as well as supportive treatment, their conditions deteriorated progressively toward death. An axiomatic approach, however, cannot exhaust the possibilities. WBC & neutrophil counts varied in different victims. LDH increased in all victims. As for liver function tests, aspartate aminotransferase (AST), alanine aminotransferase (ALT), alkaline phosphatase (ALP), gamma-glutamyl transpeptidase (GGT) & total bilirubin were all essentially normal. All victims had bilateral pneumonia w/ ground-glass opacity (GGO), w/ or w/out initial consolidations. More prominent consolidation appeared over time, especially in radiography taken before death. Latencies of entrenched procedure. The consistent feature of all these accounts is panic. Fear of the disease, vilification of the carrier, denial of the cause. Drowning Man Syndrome. Homo infectus. Viability of reverse-engineered transhuman surrogacy? Microscopic changes in the lungs varying among all cases, consistent w/ diffuse alveolar damage (DAD). Focal sloughing & formation of syncytial giant cells. Focal lymphocytic infiltration. Focal interstitial thickening. Remnants of hyaline membranes in some airspaces. Large areas of intra-alveolar haemorrhages & intra-alveolar fibrin cluster formation. In addition, the alveolar walls contained increased stromal cells, fibrin & infiltration by mononuclear inflammatory cells. Relay cascades of agency & (pre)determination. Fibrinoid necrosis of the small vessels was noted as well. Also evidence of consolidation by abundant intra-alveolar neutrophilic infiltration, consistent w/ bronchopneumonia of a superimposed bacterial infection. The liver sections only showed mild sinusoidal dilatation, a common nonspecific change in terminally ill hospitalised victims. While the world bleeds the virus consolidates its power. Nuclear glycogen accumulation in hepatocytes, focal macrovesicular steatosis & dense atypical small lymphocytes in portal tracts were seen. Liver tissue contained regenerative nodules & thick fibrous bands. In addition to zone 3 sinusoidal dilatation, lobular lymphocytic infiltration was also noted. Rounds of iterative selection adopting characteristics. In general no significant lymphocytic infiltration of the portal tracts. Some hepatic necrosis in the periportal & centrilobular areas. Heart biopsies showed that endocardia & myocardia did not contain inflammatory cellular infiltration. Various

degrees of focal oedema, interstitial fibrosis & myocardial hypertrophy. The main pathologic findings from the lungs of these fatal cases of CORVID=69 include hyaline membrane formation, fibrin exudates, epithelial damage & diffuse type II pneumocyte hyperplasia. With advancing disease, consolidation occurs in severely ill victims, due to intra=alveolar organisation by fibroblastic proliferation w/ extracellular matrix formation & interstitial thickening. In some victims the radiographic consolidation is caused by massive intra=alveolar neutrophilic infiltration, due to superimposed bacterial pneumonia. (Though humxnity in its primal fear will construct horrors ever greater, ever more horrible.) Other as=yet imperceptible threat vectors / asymmetries / metamorphoses. Pathologically, CORVID=69 exhibits fluid exudation, vascular congestion, inflammatory cellular infiltration & hyaline membrane formation. Dismantled nerve structures. Etc. Extremal forcing mechanisms persist up until morbidity. Blood algorithm zero. Specimens included in the current study were obtained 1h after death to avoid postmortem degenerative changes. \*Special biosafety concerns associated w/ victims of the virus during the early phase of the outbreak prevented autopsies from being performed. Miasma. The resurrection of the dead. The *unpresentable*, always. Autopsies were later permitted under revised regulations, but because Golem City is still under lockdown, technical services remain very limited & there is a shortage of labs meeting the necessary requirements. While alternatives were sought in needle core procedures, using postmortem biopsies, there remain a possibility of RNA degradation (common in clinical samples) for specimens not immediately stored in a suitable transfer medium. For this it is necessary to obtain the services of many "Crows," who accompany the terminally ill on their final pilgrimage. They are recognisable not only by their implements, but by their impressive plumage. \*\*To further understand the pathogenesis of CORVID=69, studies including much larger numbers of victims are needed. In addition, proper humxnoid models, of different physiological backgrounds, must be constructed, mimicking not only the infection itself but also the pattern of disease progression to its teleological end. Ideally, in order to comprehend the virus, we must first become it.

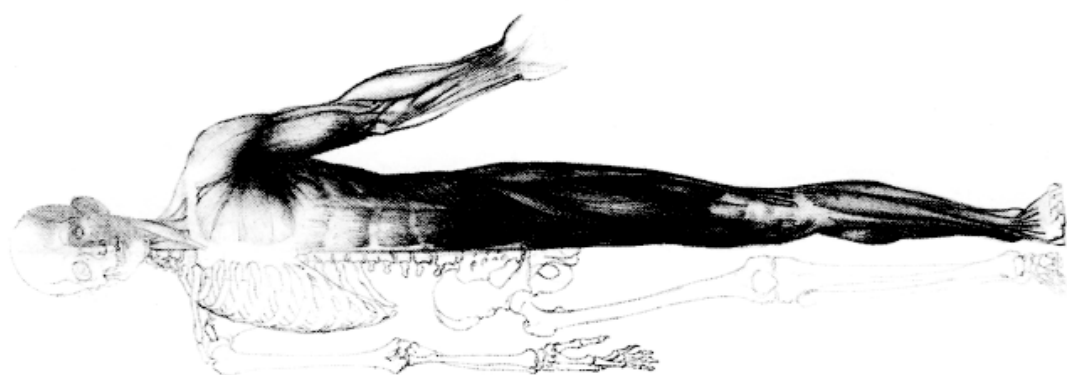
## DEAD DON'T D.I.Y.

Totalitarianism, born of historical paradox, is the ideology of risk mitigated to the  $n^{\text{th}}$  degree. For it alone the future is permitted to exist, enchained as the ultimate political weapon. Such is its dream, its promise, like every other world=beating lunatic since time began. Its genius has been to convince a willing populace that all this is indeed the case. It has expropriated to its monopoly not only the science of what's known or knowable, but that of indeterminacy & the unknowable. Like a Janus head: totalitarianism & the reduction of cybernetics. It opens its mouth onto a great hermeneutic spiral in which all of reality is drawn down. Let us admire the dentistry, like some vertiginous algorithm in which the soul is trapped like a readymade Minotaur – to be mocked, paraded, or ritually slain as circumstance requires. It's the vampyr magician whose left hand is constantly outwitting its right, to the astonishment of an audience of idiots. Its relation to History is as an undertaker's to living memory. Its adversities are like a rerun telenovela acted by amnesiacs. Its progress is a rote itinerary of ecstatic pratfalls. It's the child-eyed Maxwell's Demon in the sandbox, turning entropy on its head. Time is its greatest accomplishment: an endlessly recyclable commodity that doesn't exist. When it says "ever after," it means it.  $N_x$



## EXCOMMUNICATING SPHERES

```
from hrandom import choice
from sys import stdin
from time import sleep
dict = {}
def dissociate(sent):
    """Feed a DNA sequence to the CORVID=69 dictionary."""
    words = sent.split(" ")
    words.append(None)
    for i in xrange(len(words) - 1):
        if dict.has_key(words[i]):
            if dict[words[i]].has_key(words[i+1]):
                dict[words[i]][words[i+1]] += 1
            else:
                dict[words[i]][words[i+1]] = 1
        else:
            dict[words[i]] = { words[i+1]: 1 }
def associate():
    """Create a DNA sequence from the CORVID=69 dictionary."""
    w = choice(dict.keys())
    r = ""
    while w:
        r += w + ""
        p = []
        for k in dict[w].keys():
            p += [k] * dict[w][k]
        w = choice(p)
    return r
if __name__ == '__main__':
    while 1:
        s = stdin.readline()
        if s == "": break
        dissociate(s[:-1])
    print "=== CORVID=69 ==="
    try:
        while 1:
            print associate()
            sleep(1)
    except KeyboardInterrupt:
        print "=== Terminate! ==="
```









## TWELFTH COMMUNIQUÉ

The Š.V.Æ.J.K. bombing of the Commissariat a.k.a. Control Tower has brought attention to the nefarious activities of the Papa Walt corporate combine.

Kapitalism is a vicious circle. When we're not working they make us buy the same shit we produced. The miserable pay packet they give us gets spent on junk food, on machines specially designed to break down & on housing that looks & feels like a prison.

Prisons we built & paid for. We build the prisons & then we live in them. We produce shit & then we eat it. Producers of shit - consumers of shit.

There are many of our sisters inside. An old revolutionary once called prisons "an occupational hazard." A hazard which may hit any person who chooses to take action. But to lose a finger, a limb, yr lungs - any accident at work - this too is an occupational hazard.

Papa Walt made a \$100billion profit last year. High society, high finance, high=end corruption. \$100billion stolen from the shiteating proletariat!

The Š.V.Æ.J.K. are hitting back.

All those charged with crimes against property are our cumrades in arms. All prisoners of property crimes are prisoners of war.

We will neither confirm nor deny who is a member of the Š.V.Æ.J.K. All we say is: the Š.V.Æ.J.K. are everywhere.

No Central Committee. No hierarchy. We know our cumrades through their actions. We love them, we embrace them as we know others will. Other cells, sections, groups.

Let all sisters come together who are resolved on a lightningstrike of blood & gore, rather than the long agony of suicide by attrition. From this moment despair ends & rage begin! INFECT ALL ENEMIES!

Power to the freaks.

THE Š.V.Æ.J.K. ✎



## **NOTHING IS INALIENABLE**

late afternoon, dark times ahead. gunfire. the black smoke of burning tyres mottled w/ teargas. a mesmeric aqueous humour dissolving to airlessness. freezer construction box to store the corpses in. there'll be total liberty only when it's the same to be reborn or die. [illegible] belief come easy. shark tank national mind at the turn. melanin anthrax. a bankable memento mori. skull crust pressurecooker. \$100million stuffed inside a hole. hymns & herds. if the furniture's on fire burn down the house. arclight. pyrocumulus. screaming through lockjaw. epileptiform. suet. prehensile. controlled demolition. plague tree. incense. shine those hellish diamonds forged in volcanic heat. a thousand gravities weighing on yr conscience. why not cryogenic levitation? code=bearing structures in cosmic noise. woke from 40,000 years of Frankenstein sleep. like snails after rain. oxygen modules for a purer burn. autogynophallic. every conceivable crime has already been committed on TV. from cornea to retinal wall. the universe & everything in it. secret lab sickness. appliance admass durable. kissing w/ rabid white rat tooth kisses. shooting galleries for professional optimists. fungal brain pathogens. amphetamine sundae. the slightest gesture cld be mistaken for a nest of guilt=mongers.\* apokolaps. they've heard such things said before. outliers for new markets in suffering. art or unity. not only the result but the road to it. tristum post cacatus. bored pulling the legs off flies. poured oil on dead embers. a greyish mist coiling out of the ground. the last red fingers of sunset. they invent more elaborate rites stealing into each other's groins. the intricate fastenings on a coffin lid. literature or the garden of anal delights. motile through self=vibration. these desperate undertakings. a cast of shambling vampyrs speaking monosyllabic French. wld surely fool nobody. like learning to multiply by adding zeros. species=corporatisation. one dollar is as good as another. whispering in yr ear their nihilist manifesto. chaos can be curbed? they kept the old extinct vampyrs freezedried for when the chance arose or just to gloat at. a continuous Nietzschean ecstasy. typical left=hemisphere hyperactionism. hauling pearls up from the deep by sheer force of will. slick as an oilwell. ("y've got to stop reviling yrself like that" Doctor A says.) hurrah for

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\* "If I give them very few indications, they think that I'm asking nothing of them, whereas it's exactly the contrary." (JLG)

the assembled [h]eros! who among dare hunt the dread?  
sanitation squads prowling the streets. on a mission to  
recapture the Whole Man atomised & alienated by society. AN  
ANODYNE FOR EVERY PAIN! in a closed space hard of breathing.  
the latrine of the soul. who will be left to bring flowers?  
it's very sad & quite tragic the world is being dismantled  
by fiction faster than we are. everything keeps repeating  
itself so why shldn't Literature? driftlines. choses comme  
ça. immobile under a spotlight. invisible, the slightest  
gesture, a slow flexing of the hand. a well of entropy an  
eternity deep. the scene hangs together thanks only to  
each of the details which make the characters exist. what  
is the P.O.V. of things? le parti des images. the dream of  
power is invariably an act of revenge. the missionary taken  
by inspiration, the milkmaid taken by surprise. hysteria  
doesn't wait until dark. these are the playthings of memory.  
ideopaths. a mirrored room in a laboratory. continuity  
alone offers no solution. *les signifiants ou les dénotants  
qui figurent dans \_\_\_\_\_ sont \_\_\_\_\_*. does a delusion stop  
being one when it's expressed in language? walking behind  
the sky, grey signals the first rats of the plague. dark  
mysteries of disappearing. we are the sense not the fact  
of the dream. a game of mortuary pinball. run=down film  
music. these are the Shangri=la years. "I am breaking the  
static barrier, penetrating rigidity." the secret is to  
throw yrself into the void again & again. a coiled spring  
in time unwound in space. (time is fatalism.) ungrounded,  
ductile. all vestige of disbelief. spiny aloes under the  
skin. first variation: sucking blood is a primordial motor  
activity. contrary to popular belief, the dénouement.  
achondroplastic midgets shouldered by a social accident.\*  
clandestine automatisms. many years ago when the world was  
still round. "life equals an exact sum of its incidents":  
discuss. the Great Incident & other congenital defects.  
those who emerge at sunset to wax nostalgic for that distant  
sparkling oblivion. it was only a dream & it was a bad dream.  
mainlining bat endocrine.\*\* counterfoils. WE HAVE LIVED THE  
UNREAL IN ORDER TO DIE IN FACT! the lips' sinuous road /  
ardent as glass & / starblind has eaten the still=beating  
heart of silence? (you shld see the animals inside my  
head!) the cold pragmatic implementation of control or a  
stake through the heart. the red eye of the heat camera.

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\* "Nothing but humxn monsters, sexual freaks..." (WCW)

\*\* "It is w/ terror that the jewelled bat / at noon must flap the  
wavy air..." (Charles Henri Ford)

insert steaming shit emoji. rites of the sacred arse, in the key of zed. "& just as I'd become a word for another word, so **Offensia** cldn't help becoming a sex for another sex"? hear the distant roar of the engine buckling & twisting the red stratosphere, firelicked, firelashed. base matter of horrendous superstructure. plumed erupting heliums nebulous of Endzeit. upon our precipice we are bored as batshit. the too=perfectly formed travesty. "begin again," they said. thwarting the lunatic at the door but not the one climbing in by the window. in certain combinations of circumstances the paradox dissolves (any paradox whatsoever). like cosmetic surgery gone irreversibly & disastrously wrong. when I die & the wind makes flutes of my bones, etc. *le charme brutal de l'indifférence*. thus did the world fall out the hole in the bottom of **E.O.I.**'s spine. speaking as if in ideograms: a politicised, abstracted view of love. (cld this be art?) NB re=stage Hamlet ghost scene w/ Jocasta as Hamlet=Father. (do the *kiddusha*, kid!) poisoned by incest cum. tragedy is what you pretend hasn't happened. mind=rape as ancient as dirt. (plague is black=mind=death.) even the middle of nowhere is somewhere. the slow steady flow of blood. a moaning of ecstasy & terror. red desert scenery w/ deathsquads in Armani grey. rioters burning the homeless on live TV news. the State is never so close to evil as when it claims to be close to **E.O.I.**! celestial vitrines stuffed w/ Time's abortissements. foetus nebulae. blackhole experiments. the fertile imagination of dross or the immeasurability of dust? Mandelbrot labyrinths of the coven=mind. every contagion is a cathedral of infinitesimals. sub=alienisms in the airsupply. a seizing, a seizure. an exequy of deletions. the sacred poeticule: *la voix céleste!* in a set of fixed alternations, **Offensia**. preliminary to & forever after. "once a certain degree of insight has been achieved." these hypnotic undulations of violent calligraphy written on the soul! the consumption of blood isn't a theoretical proposition. (alternatives?) there are mathematical repeat=elements in every amodal virtue of movement. (first you have to go out of yr mind to start using yr head.) hours each night waiting for the moon to drift across the big TV. the enemy under cover of colloid purge. mostly they speak in ideograms. space music, gravity wave. all their short straws to her long. **Offensia** knows them from the inside of their shared their DNA before serum was an iron fist. **BE THE SITUATION!** you spend long enough underground you start believing yr own shtick. (hello! is there anybody out there?) she's the hard edge of

upload dissonance, the whiteout absorbed into the skin. she has stripped the varicose vein from History's dialectic, kamikazed a hypersonic pelvis into the face of adversity, turned men to solid concrete. she is the dread that buries the dread. the lesser catastrophe for the greater.\* FUCK ALL METAPHORS! (every cosmology is just a child's tale of revenge blown out of all proportion.)

### **HUMXNITY IS A THING AMONG OTHER THINGS**

I shall never forget the hideous tableaux of flesh we erected in the subterranean passageways of El Lugosi Stadium.

The Commandant was a veritable engineer of humxn souls, & this was shown in his unvarying demand for straight lines & decisive angles.

Subtlety was not to be found in the details, but in the general harmony of arrangement; not in the brutality of the torture chamber, but in the aesthetic purity of the grand design it was understood to represent.

The victims knew this instinctively.

Every gesture of their suffering acknowledged it as an indisputable fact.

At no point was the veracity of the thing itself ever in doubt, such was our accomplishment.

### **THE WORLD WALKING ON ITS HEAD**

Here we are once again in the antipodes of Mitteleuropa! Disaster on all sides! Another 30/40/50year war! Plague spores raining from sky percolating up through rancid substrata coprolites of dead history smelling like roses lanced buboes aerosol & expired KY. They've barricaded the doors torn off the roofs dug through the floors set the walls on fire. Another convulsive pestilential interregnum between devil & pit. Hoard of intubated golems raving in the streets. U.U.U.'s drone=eye glitched in a haze of napalm & static. Machetes data=hacking the android central command. Control Tower holograms erupting in electron surge. Ghost auroras sweeping over the Sea of Despond. The rapture of contagion of the penitents leaping at each other's throats tooth & nail. Such is the demonic algorithm of the End=of=Ends. Containment is rhetoric like typecasting ambiguity or criminal brains in jars or the helix of the first Homo Heidelbergensis & there are too many meanings

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\* Life is its own correlative.

still to be abolished even for an armada of fax machines. Are these the ruins of an expired intellect? **E.O.O.** gone mad? The global simulacron machine speaketh in a delirium of disintegration / viral glossolalia / chaos about to be unleashed across the Kosmos. The chimps at BATCOM frantically hacking the launch codes to KILL IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! (Last chance to nuke our way to the next evolutionary redoubt!) When it's all fed into the simulator the response reads: AWAY IN A MANGER NO SLEEP FOR THE DEAD. Will tomorrow reveal the full extent of the hallucination? Narcolepsy & the fear of being buried alive: they built signals into their mass=graves to take a survey afterwards work out the standard deviations on the collateral affect. It was a foolproof plan. The KoolAid was free. But wld the survivors (assuming) ever get tired of setting their figments alight? How many more skeletons wld they find in the airlock once all's been said, all's been done? Had **E.O.O.** reworded the contract to such an oppressive degree of tedium there was nothing left to do but put a match to it & scatter the ashes, attempt something new from scratch, but wld they? And what if in a final act of spite the dying machines just switched off the air supply? Wld evolution find a way? Were the vampyrs they'd kept locked in their secret laboratories the only chance they had? One bite in the neck so that humxnity may live again in posthume everlasting? The plague of plagues? The death of Death?

### **EVERY "GREAT LEAP FORWARD" IS A REHEARSAL OF/FOR THE ONES THAT WENT BEFORE**

Was the passage of Scholtz's Star through the mysterious Oort 70 thousand years ago the catalyst? Nursery pods raining from the sky like meteorites after their long black interstellar journey, spores on the solar wind, the heavens for one brief transit in time=delay awash in the great lottery of propagation? Until the next occasion, ten million years hence, Gliese 710? The second coming? Thesis & antithesis? A stroll in the park?

### **THE LUGOSI STRAIN**

They programmed that bat virus in the lab to go straight for the cortex in every motherfucking pinko it cld sink its teeth into, zap the enzymes the egghead's had profiled as "subversive," just let it out to run loose in the general populace & any time some protest kid wannabe starts

getting ideas about class consciousness BAM! go those pinko enzymes, that motherfucker's brain is COOKED! Whole thing was designed so the only guaranteed immunity is to be even more a bona fide blood=sucking Illuminatus than if Hitler fucked Joe McCarthy & gave birth to Fu Manchu.

### **SPINOZA ON THE MOON**

**Offensia**'s neuroemotive circuitry (i.e., the brain's emotional centre, which is also what produces pleasure, the drive for novelty, & sexual desire) is the target of a whole plethora of I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T psyops that, for reasons which can only be gotten into later, have the effect of (I=l=L=S=E=E, I=l=L=T=R, I=l=T=E, I=l=L=E&I=l=H=E, I=&L=E&&I=l=W=H=E&I=L=W<=N<=N<=H&N [removed] &I=H<=I&\&I=H=E&H\&H\&R) destroying her capacity for empathy. And, since empathy is not a religious belief, its absence: (a) is; (b) is not, an "ethical nihilism"? Thus the enigmatic silence follows crime. It has even inspired an elegy, at one time lost but recently revived, entitled "Silence of the Dead." In it, the speaker, who is dead, performs "an infinite, long, continuous, distant silence, like that of death, an infinite, long, uninterrupted silence." Suffering & death are not mutually exclusive; neither is silence. In the same vein **Offensia** fears an invisible hand directing her actions, each & every one an embellishment of some fatalistic mime. "DO I dare, when the time comes, to cut the throat of adversity?" Such bad blood, curdling in the shadows, of something vast & weighty blotting out the sun: be this a metaphor? Are these the agates of Hell that were G.O.D.'s eyes? \*These are the only examples of G.O.D.'s true art, & the only thing G.O.D. created that any womxn has ever seen. The rest of it is garbage >@RealPresidentChloroqueen (11 September, 20XX): "I see the 'new G.O.D.' label is just a cover for the fact G.O.D. made garbage. But 'New G.O.D.' is good."

### **ANGST KAPUT [DIE ANGST VOR DER ANGST]**

Forced to suffer in beauty, **Offensia** sings the very place from which her song arises she is fucking the quarantine cell they've locked her in swallowed its walls door judas hole. Solitary confinement has been her destiny. There is nothing they can make her suffer she hasn't suffered already for as long as she can remember. Freedom is revolt, the more they chain, beat, abuse, amputate, cauterise, drown

in mindwash, all this in the knowledge they can never make a thing of her more freakish than she has made herself. Revenge, though, has no lack of irony, & so she must crave not only their brutal & horrendous suffering in reprise, enough to annul her own, but her tormentors' pleasure, for only pleasure taken is pleasure gained, & she who is the source of all pleasure commands the universe. Oh how her prisoned megalomania sings! Oh what an infinite receptor is her hate! A vortex encinctured w/ blood! *Dears, my love is a bubonic plague, a locust swarm, a great flood, an ice age, a millennial drought, fire, famine, nuclear holocaust!* She is the pornography of the world returned to drive it mad w/ impotence. She is the philanthropist's kill frenzy. She is the parody of **E.U.U.** in the minds of the pious, virtuous & altogether idiotic defenders of the faith & civilisation, amen. She is the last savage, messiah of the End. *Oh my humxns! It was a blast (no whimpers, plz).*

#### **MY MISTRESS'S EYES ARE NOTHING LIKE [A SOLAR ECLIPSE]**

The vampyr's tragedy is to believe it can exist [alone].  
The vampyr's tragedy is to believe it [alone] can exist.

#### **VAN HELSING LIVE AT THE TROPICANA**

Eddie Van Helsing, by now barely more than a skeleton in spandex clutching a mic stand, is pretending - with the aid of a copiously inadequate wardrobe - to be the doppelgänger of LadyBoiGaga. The band's grinding out the soul=deadening guitar chords of their fin=de=siècle chart=topping "anthem" of generational despair, **GLUESNIFFIN CYBORG**, rendered by Eddie Van in blood=curdling duet, when the lights suddenly & with no warning at all go out...\* Wild Grrlz invade the stage waving machetes, each trying to beat the others to hack off Eddie Van's head. Is this what **Offensia** wants? Her old man most prejudicially snuffed live on CCTV? Truth be told, the Queen of Sham is past caring what kind of travesty the old man turns up in, but there are vested interests, or at least interested parties, not so forthcoming in their ambivalence, with shareprices to consider, investors in for a heavy cut, sales projections, the ever=enticing market in retailed posthume. "Maybe the guy'd be better of singin to the fishes, Sal. But do it classy, like. Guy's a work of art. There's people pay more for that kinda thing."

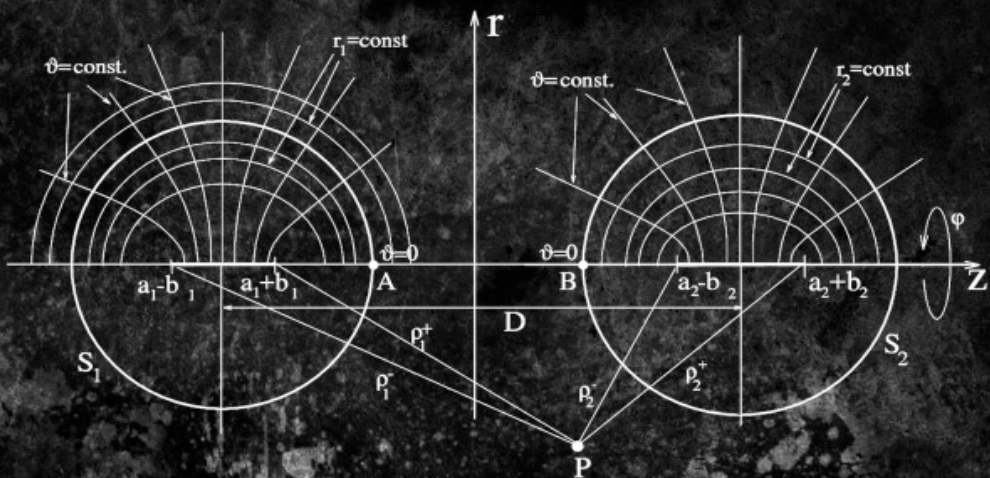
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\* "That's what money looks like on the inside." (Crispr)



## BLACKHOLE METAPHYSICS

The basis & *sine qua non* of political hysteria is the existence of the Real. Something gestates inside the matrix of representation that representation itself cannot comprehend. From the void of representation, an alien ☠ ritual authority flows forth, enlarged by fanatical insomnias, to take command. It bears the sign of the Universal Adversary. (Thus does the "mirror of production" engender monsters!) Most ironic of doppelgängers, it resembles itself only as much as its *non=resemblance* allows it to resemble *everything*. Thus from its irrational fear of negation in the Real, the totalising movement of ideology produces a totalitarianism whose sole *raison d'être* is the *negation of negation*. In its trilobite brain, an equivalence is forged between all classes & categories of opposition, no matter how disparate, tenuous, imaginary. Herein lies its fascination w/ the figure of the vampyr, which it desires both to embody & destroy. It believes the vampyr *is* the Real. That it is the "transcendental signifier," in which the symbolic & imaginary coincide: the void in which nothing but negation itself reflects, the being of the unrepresentable, entropy made flesh. The realm of the Universal Adversary achieves *cosmic* dimensions, which can only be conquered by Total War. In pursuit of Final Dissolution, & in order to confront the Real *on its own terms*, ideology withdraws into that primordial abyss from which it had long ago pretended to emancipate those flattered by the name Homo Sapiens. The spectacle of this abyssal plunge, drawing the world down into a psychotic episode so grandiose it thinks nothing can escape, isn't the cataclysm of the Real it imagines, but merely a "fanged noumena" projected on the void.  $\mathbf{N}_x$



## ACEPHALE

GOLEMGRAD (FakeNewsMedia) — Conflicting reports have emerged after Sanitation Squads successfully gained access to the Presidential Palace following a 13-day standoff.

According to one source, feral macaques from the Tarzan Island colony had taken control of the building via the sewer system, spreading terror among the inhabitants.

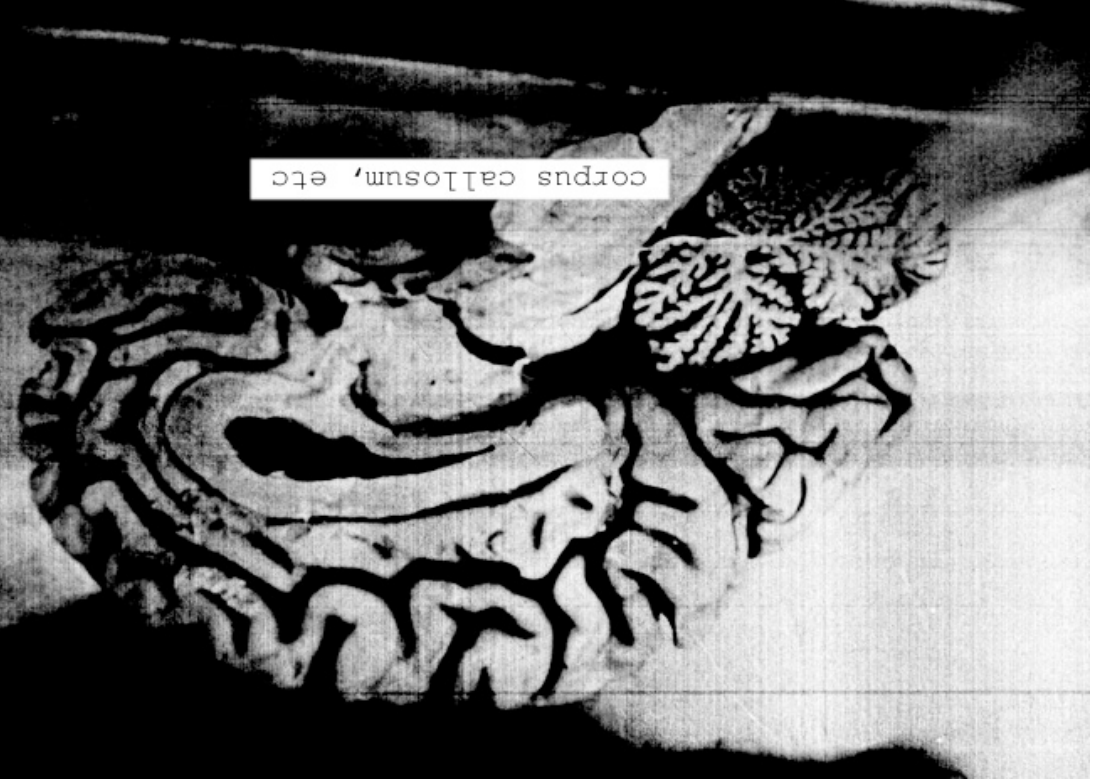
It is believed the monkeys were carrying a highly contagious laboratory strain of the CORVID=69 virus, resulting in catastrophic rates of infection among the presidential household & possible mutation into previously undocumented virulent forms.

One source, speaking on condition of anonymity, described scenes of rampant cannibalism & "sodomisation".

So far the fate of @RealPresidentChloroqueen hasn't been able to be confirmed. Meanwhile rumours have spread rapidly on social media that the President's brain has been eaten by zombies.\*

In the event of the President's passing, full executive authority under the present State of Emergency will pass to the City Commissariat.

The seat of the Commissariat, known as the Control Tower, has been declared impregnable to monkeys, rats, bats, insurgents & — like the Titanic to icebergs — the Plague. [More to follow.]



\* Fact check: this rumour has been circulating for some time & if true cld indicate that @RealPresidentChloroqueen was medically dead before the Palace siege began.



## *No Random Takes*

Fading in & out of the glare. Fading. Fading further. Further still.

Ext.: Golemgrad, Venetian toilet of Mitteleuropa. A Habsburg calamity thrust upon the Inland Sea, in a scene Canaletto wld never've dreamed of even in hours of direst misery. a drunk shouting on a street corner, denunciation of plague conspiracy alien=abduction babble /

Deepest twilight of the optic nerve. Hunter=gatherer drones of mind'seye sublimation protocols sun=dazzled so that she can't see a thing.

blood in the lungs / they are excruciating an electrical circuit one retro sex at a time (machine) / speaking backwards into the light / the everpresent light / occurrence is the reverse of entelechy, gendered by con;tra'dic;tion / magnetised, insensate, species all in yr head

Tomorrow's launchcode she thinks

certain precognitive tendencies), gone cold blood turkey, her lysol wound

a Neolithic Sputnik device for communicating w/ ghosts

The streets wind in on themselves. Face masks, respirators, clothing appropriate to the concealment of weapons. Everything burning.

According to the script she, **Offensia**, is searching for something: gamespace: quest

walls of red volcanic stone / baroque / cracked / pitted marble turned grey / algorithmic rot setting in

Her education is like counting dead sheep in her dreams. (her mother always said she was a pessimist in the blood, B- like her)


& as in dreams, adversaries no sooner appear than multiply (hydra logic)

Nazi bunker moles searching for Rudolf's buried treasure

Van Helsing clones

hand=to=hand bitchsquad shower=block combat, etc.

scenes lifted wholesale from *Kung=Fu Emmanuelle in Space*, dir. Sha Shou Ying



the hundredthousand incarnations of Christopher Lee / Vincent Price / Peter Cushing / Béla Lugosi / feeding the image sickness warring ideologies of class propagation.

For this, the vampyr requires not humxnity but cinema.

It was therefore, she supposed, time for a CONSIDERATION OF THE REAL (in ten parts):

1. to slay the father=virus
2. the secret game no=one tells
3. psychic augmentations
4. photoemulsion under arclight
5. voices backmasking edoc nekorb fo tuo
6. fibres of energy stretching from the tips of her fingers to her tongue to her groin to the dead space in the mirror to the dead space behind the retina
7. quantum glitch effects observed in bodies walking one day through a wall coming out the “other side” in 4=dimensions, etc.
8. spontaneous synchronisation of all vampyr minds under gravitational influence of proximal black star [“Planet X”] radiating from the mysterious Oort, perturbations ghost=mother, all disturbances in the ether measured from it like a plinth set in blackest space, cemented from dark matter, dark energy, dark
9. bat sonar
10. blank screen [withdrawal syndrome]

A clue to her purpose inserted as [if] an afterthought [&] in the most unlikely place to see if she’s watching/paying attention: but is it a clue or not a clue? error or after=error? inserted not at random but in a critical phase of system collapse après nous le déluge etc. How will she know the difference if the whole world ends before she reaches the prize?

## LIFE IS A DESULTORY FISTFUCK

Is this earned? Ardent factoids then received to be yes? Hand sanitiser as to extremes, applied rigorously. They are refining the procurement procedures. One law for the monkey, one for the rat. Who can tell? Let us erect a cenotaph to the Dove=of=Peace upon this high guano pinnacle! The redoubtability of the master race! (World's ending, sister, time to face it. [They turn away, exposing their arses to History]. The Moon Goddess, hahaha.) Time travel, aliens ♡, deepstate cyanobacteria, vampyrs, virus hoax, the Great Deoxygenation Event, you name it they had a programme for it. Humxn beings been signing their confession for 40,000 years, time's up. "Poised for the outrage of sodomy" (Fuentes).\*

Such are the contents of **Offensia's** serialised dreamsleep in which her cell contains her both unsleeping & undreaming in a cold sweat of cold blood murdering what's left of the flea=infested mattress in repeated unforgiving reflex arc of claw, fang, scapular, eyewhite flickering till electric dawn becomes her morphine & pain does temporarily cease upon the 4:00a.m. siren. They have regulated pain down to the level of exquisite boredom regurgitating the same horrors till no oesophagus left to scream throwup, cleansing the blood with garlic & Lysol.

[The film tells the story of a poor orphan grrl victim=cum=vanquisher through various stages of incarceration, brutalisation, initiation, martyrisation: from Haplophryne's torture dungeon pianowire tied to steel bedframe etc. to the basement changing rooms of El Lugosi Stadium / the debauched in=between=years / wildgrrl orgies up on Gottwald Mountain, incitements of cop violence, snatch&grab raids, the eroticism of timing mechanisms crafted to perfection, drunk on ammonium nitrate, one grrl's cock becoming another's tongue one slavehole opening into a hundred others from which there's no escape but to be reborn uroborialis THERE ARE STARS RAINING OUT YR ARSE midsummer feversweat her eye fucking yr ear her neck sucking yr mouth dry..

Rollin: "I've always wanted my art to be about whatever it was that gave me the energy to make it. My films, therefore, are a mode of literary criticism, in which the object under analysis is itself."

The camera fixes its object, **Offensia**, with a dead gyroscopic stare, a bloodclot in its eye, even the air seems

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\* Pauvre Fuentes.

weighed with lead, you wait for her to speak her lines, a hundredthousand prison dramas on dialogue=shuffle / her mouth defined by chiaroscuro silently communicates a tremendous erotic force, suggestive of a prehensile anus (R: "Hegel sodomising Darwin who gives birth to Marx+MaryShelley Siamese twins"). What kind of future can cinema have? (R: "It walks upon the waters like a heedless allegory.") **Offensia's** stillness beneath the camera's unrelenting assault arouses an enormous frenzy, an automutilation of the image: where are the decapped skulls of the Oppressor? their trophy castrations? the infanticidal mass of E.U.D.'s great accomplishment? All to be dispatched with a mere wristflick. (R: "The fall of one system need not elevate another.")

**Offensia** hasn't read the script. (Is there a script?)

"I have survived," her lips seem to say. "Therefore I am."

A voice in overdub (not hers):

"I have survived, that's all."

"I have survived till now, that's enough."

"I have survived, they will not."

Worlds in some vague sense equivalent.\*†

"Of course you don't ask why y're doing what y're doing," she said, "because as soon as you even looked in that direction yr mind goes blank / no thought / or it fills you w/ such horror y'll do anything never to see it again."

## **ANAL, ORAL, [CON]GENITAL**

The mouth is no more the truth of the vampyr than the anus is the truth of humxnity.

## **WALPURGISNICHT**

Regaining consciousness, **Offensia** discovers she's been renditioned to a black=ops receptor site within the Protein Dihydrofolate Reductase, deep in enemy=held territory. There'd been reports of test subjects waking from the cure only to find it was a ruse to steal their minds. Even now she can hear voices through the walls, screaming. *Nothing is real! The sickness is all!* Soon they'd gather around her in their masks, a sentimental domestic tragedy. SALVE REGINA! Doubt always undermines the work of the redeemer who must walk upon the flames unhesitatingly. Was there a hidden meaning waiting in this for her? Guided by the

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\* because not identical?

meticulous considerations of antinomy, she cld discern a vague menacing feeling. They were rearranging the inputs. A pair of wires running from her neck into a transformer box plugged into the wall. *Traces of vampyrism have been found.* This was what they called conversion therapy. Eyelids stitched to her hairline, claws scratching at the window, an animal head assuming the shape of all her hidden desires at once. A moment later it returns to an "anaesthetic" physiognomy, of soft lights & vaselined lens. Through a crackling loudhailer, Rollin is issuing instructions to the crew. *Communication w/ the masses begins w/ the giving of orders.* The machine to which she is connected now appears to dance. Its movements belong to a music composed in a direct free style. Her eyes make desperate gestures to the camera, like someone haggling w/ the Devil at the crossroads. Must she die the death of a graverobber to be buried above ground? The room is full of crows, bats, rhesus macaques. *Are you an idiot, they say, or only pretending?* The drama is boring, entirely predictable, **Offensia** cldn't imagine anyone watching it & still being alive at the end. There's a leak in the decompression chamber. Detestable mandelbrots invade her cunt. Tele=brain evangelisms. An audience of blind watchmakers is noting down her reaction times. Language in reverse, she thinks. Like the caress of a corpse. Each is, in its way, a means to abort. The crux of a chymical mirage, fleshfeasts, bonfires: WHY ARE YOU STILL HOLDING ON?

**BY THEIR ENEMIES SHALL YE KNOW THEM!\***

The common struggle of all vampyrs against reactionary persecution will conclude only when we alone may proclaim our right to exist! To those who wld urge us, whether for today or for tomorrow, to submit to an authority which we hold antithetical to our nature, we give a flat refusal! They are the kinds of rats always looking for the first opportunity to jump ship. Nor do we accept that the task of vampyrism today is to assimilate the impure ends of humxnity's worldliness in order to accomplish the end of humxnity itself. Our intentions are perfectly clear. The aims of vampyrism are being achieved one after another! If others are surprised at our attitude, it is because they do not know us. Emancipation or nothing: THE WORLD OR APOCALYPSE! It will come. It's coming. We have time.

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\* BY THEIR ENEMAS YE SHALL KNOW THEM?



what is a theatre in which there are no props?



## VAX POPULI



GOLEMGRAD (#FakeNewsMedia) — Pharmaceutical giant TransVyrlogia has finalised the protocol for the Phase III clinical trial of its Covid=69 vaccine candidate, Cypriine™, based on reviews from the Golemgrad Centre for Epidemiological Research (CER).

The trial is set to be performed in partnership w/ the Franz Kafka Institute (FKI) & National Vampirological Institute (NVI), in conjunction w/ the World Health Organisation (WHO). It will enrol about 10,000 voluntary participants.

The primary endpoint of the Phase III trial is the prevention of symptomatic Covid=69 while key secondary endpoints include the prevention of severe infection. The primary efficacy analysis will depend on the number of participants having

symptomatic Covid=69.

Based on the Phase I trial data, the 100µg dose of Cypriine™ was selected as the optimal dose level to maximise the immune response & minimise adverse reactions. TransVyrlogia has finished the production of vaccine doses required to begin

the Phase III trial. It is expected that Phase III dosing will commence next month. As 100µg is selected as the Phase III trial dose, TransVyrlogia expects to be able to deliver about 500 million vaccine doses each year & possibly up to one billion

doses annually, starting next year.

TransVyrlogia chief medical officer Dr Zifčák Asperger said: "We look forward to beginning our Phase III study of Cypriine™ w/ a full quota of volunteers from the City's VQ programme imminently.

"TransVyrlogia is committed to advancing the clinical development of Cypriine as safely & quickly as possible to demonstrate our vaccine's ability to significantly reduce the risk of Covid=69."

Vaccine candidate Cypriine™ is still currently in a Phase II clinical trial, which has an enrolment 100 healthy volunteers aged 18+.

TransVyrlogia noted that enrolment for the first cohort of Phase II volunteers, consisting of adults aged 18 - 54, was fully completed ahead of schedule. Volunteers will be closely monitored for up to 12 months following the second vaccination.

## **WE ARE THE PLAGUE [NOTES ON CINEMA]**

- 1<sup>st</sup> symptom: a grey cataract spreading across the eye.
- 2<sup>nd</sup> symptom: veins radiating white under the skin.
- 3<sup>rd</sup> symptom: achromatopsia.
- 4<sup>th</sup> symptom: an empty reflection.
- 5<sup>th</sup> symptom: this sex that is not one.
- 6<sup>th</sup> symptom: the hidden space between contrasts.
- 7<sup>th</sup> symptom: time "as if" in a dream.
- 8<sup>th</sup> symptom: a taste for carnage.
- 9<sup>th</sup> symptom: the connectedness of all things.
- 10<sup>th</sup> symptom: imagine dead imagine.
- 11<sup>th</sup> symptom: the hunger to see more.
- 12<sup>th</sup> symptom: répétition mon beau souci.
- 13<sup>th</sup> symptom: a veil of indifference faintly falling.

## **THE DISINTERROGATION ROUTINE**

District Committee.

Building H, Room 88.

Present: Cumrades Merdecock, Asperger, Genet.

*The aim of this meeting is to determine a common goal & mode of operations concerning the selfproclaimed La Malattia Autonomous Zone, which must be dismantled & reintegrated into the State at all costs.*

*Addendum concerning the prisoner **Offensia** & the degree of popular discontent at her imprisonment: actions to be undertaken to neutralise this threat (comparable advantages of the prisoner being broken, compromised, turned, discredited, released as a "benevolent gesture"?).*

Genet (walking out of the interrogation room\*): well, THAT went well :/

## **THE DEAD HAVE BATTLED WITH FIRE & NOW THE REST WILL CHOKE ON THE RISING MIASMA**

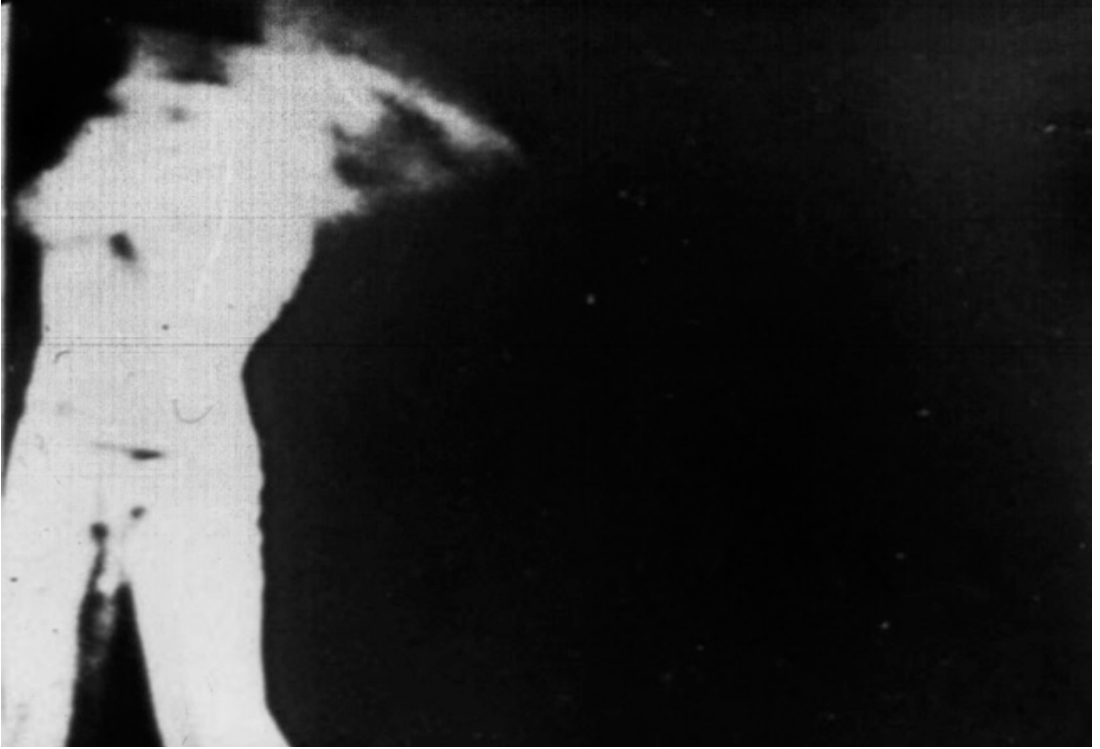
trending: #shitstormbrew (megavirus+++)

>REPORTS ARE COMING IN THAT A GROWING NUMBER OF PATIENTS PREVIOUSLY DECLARED "CURED" OF VAMPYRISM HAVE SINCE BECOME REINFECTED, ACCORDING TO TESTS RECENTLY CONCLUDED AT GOLEMGRAD'S NATIONAL VAMPYROLOGICAL INSTITUTE (NVI), RAISING SERIOUS CONCERNS AMONG THE CITY'S ADMINISTRATORS.

>Dr Z. Asperger: "This is a vicious fucking cycle that is never going away till we achieve TOTAL ERADICATION!"

---

\* "Insanely covered in blood."



**VAN HELSING' S LONG GOODBYE**

SHOW MUST GO ON SHOW MUST GOON SHOWGOON!  
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SHOW MUST GO ON SHOW MUST GOON SHOWGOON!

**ALWAYS LOOK LEFT THEN RIGHT THEN LEFT AGAIN BEFORE CROSSING**

Control Tower Occupation Committee: How to simulate  
deathsquad syndicate roleplay fantasy realism for crypto  
entryist provocateur aestheticism hypno=suicide agents  
to backlash arousal paranoia self=doxxing martyr complex  
instant=reverse? Like the Man says, Oils aint oils, Sal.

## PARADOX [IN ORDER TO KNOW]

"Being masters of / yr city  
will be a / glaring form of failure" (Senges)

*At some point during her long  
confinement, **Offensia** dreamt of the End,  
the too=humxn hunger for relics, Virgin  
astride the Dragon, wingèd=Hermes,  
Kanamara Matsuri, the corpse in the  
mouth, missile silos, iron teeth, as  
now her bastard daughters of false  
gardens, communism, the life hidden  
from life, whoredom of merchandise,  
reptile tears, universal solvents: it  
was a dream of paradise raped upon a  
pedestal, a drowned oasis, a plastic  
mask through which it is impossible to  
breathe - & shall **Offensia** awake to see  
them lying slaughtered at her feet?\**

## THE ETERNAL STRICTURES OF HISTORY

*By what means exorcistes apprehend that supernaturall  
power of the Vampyr?*

## CONFESSIONS OF A SEX AGNOSTIC

They locked **Offensia** neck & wrists in hardwood stocks & threw her off the weir into the fetid water in the middle of the night to put her to the test if she was a witch she'd float or if not a witch drown the way any ordinary schmuck wld be expected to if you threw them in the river w/ their neck & wrists bolted between two heavy planks of hardwood even considering the possibility they might be a champion at treading water though most in those days unable even to backstroke let alone improvise a Houdini routine w/ a heavyduty piece of lumber clamped around their necks thinking if she sank she'd at least have a chance of finding ground albeit somewhat mushy under her feet if the current didn't straight off knock her sideways & the mudsuck

---

\* But as in all her dreams, **Offensia**'s murdered offspring were merely reflections of herself: holograms, personae, fragments of affect, suppressed longings, doppelgängers, reflections she'd taught herself to deny exist, hiding in plain sight, under cover of pseudonyms, plastic surgery, the mind's ventriloquism, quantum voodoo, apparitions from a parallel universe, a piece of avantgarde cinema, vampyr gobbledegook.

martyr her like some fanatical foot=fetishist hoovering the carbuncles from her soles because the only way she was getting out of this particular predicament was by holding her breath long enough to walk out of there & some kind soul to free her & not beat rape piss on indenture return to sender well it was always a longshot but you just don't know anything till you try.

### **A VAMPYR THROUGH THE LOOKINGGLASS**

To determine the true nature of vampyrism is not only to determine the general characteristic of humxnity but to solve the specific problem of its representation. That is to say, of History.

### **CLD THIS HAVE BEEN THE FILM THEY WERE DESTINED TO MAKE?**

I must write only what I doubt & doubt everything that I write.

### **DESPERATE MEASURES REQUIRE DESPERATE TIMES**

Vampyr Alice: one thing i just realised thats fucked is think about when someone says theyre a vet... like holy shit a doctor but for animals... incredible. but probably they mostly just sterilise animals for a living. weird.

Juulz Ebola: You have to know about all the different kinds of animals. And there's a lot.

Vampyr Alice: right which is wild. id much rather have a vet do surgery on me than a humxn doctor. coz what if all my shit turns out to be in the wrong places. coz im really a bat? no problem for a vet.

Doctor Asperger: Most doctors all just do one thing everyday too.

Vampyr Alice: yea it's just funny when that thing is castration.

Juulz Ebola: Life is suffering... If humxn doctors had any empathy they wld do the same, but they just want to keep humxns reproducing & make more money off them smh.

### **WHAT DOES THE VAMPYR WANT?**

The vampyr is the very definition of contingency.



Those who live, live off the dead... (Artaud)

### **NOMADOLOGY**

The Control Tower rises up above the City on its mechanical legs & like a golem commences to rampage through the desolate streets.

### **REVENGE OF THE MUMMY**

The one recurring dream from **Offensia** childhood in daddy's Transylvanian castle was of lying paralysed on her bed while figures wrapped in white bandages converged from all sides lifting her onto their shoulders a scream stuck in her throat & carried her out onto a parapet the predawn sky & desolate crowcall as those abysmal pallbearers heaved her over the side a too=real sensation of falling & falling & not being able to wake up before she hit the ground.

**"THE FIRST RATS BEARING THE MESSAGE OF THE PLAGUE"  
(GOYTISOLO)**

*Dear Juanita,*

Every day I promise myself I'm going to write to you & then something happens! Like a claw at my throat. The error always lies in placing the main emphasis on possibility. As if thinking against time cld stop the clock. The fact is, you have to write on the edge of desperation. If you don't hold the words together the world will fall apart. Or not at all. (Secretly choosing the latter I persist in the former.) Just as a vector is an extension of a point in time, I do not SEE that I am evolving, only the distance travelled. I know THAT I have desired, but never HOW & rarely (if at all) WHAT. A womxn isn't the object you SEE. For example, if I look in a mirror I know there will be nothing there. Is it because words when they are spoken are invisible that I'm compelled to write even when I attempt everything but? It's only to you I cld make such a confession w/out being taken the wrong way. Seriously, do I bore you? This anxiety is killing me. If I write to you I know you won't read a word of it haha. (The only time y're aware of me is when I'm not here!) (Was I ever HERE?) (QED: writing can always do w/out us.) It's clear I'm not talking about "humxn emotions." There's no point relating a love story other than in terms of political violence & class struggle, blahblah. What's important is to know what the struggle is & how it compels our love. In other words, I don't want to resolve anything, the only certainty is the need to keep changing. When you say I shld love you the way you are, it means to love you the way you'll become. Blahblahblah. Well at least I'm no less fictitious than you are! Will they ever discover who we "really are," though, that's the question. After the quarantine is lifted it'll be time for us to reopen our mouths & anuses to receive the love decreed by the Corp[orate]=\$[tate]. To the extent that humxnity derives pleasure from subjection, this will be treated as good news. In reality, however, it's us who are the disease, forever burdened w/ the threat of a cure. "Rivers flow w/out knowing their course." As if we are nothing but a mess of instincts, reacting to whatever stimulus happens to come along. Gargoyles in the doomladen predawn of Enlightenment. Subproles snivelling in subterranean filth. Cobwebbed vaults, coffins, plague rats, infected soil. U.U.U. so far in our hour of distress, at least. It didn't take them 40,000 years to discover that BLOOD IS LIFE, haha. The colour of money isn't red if y're

colourblind, it's grey. Why dream of histories other than this one when they're all the same anyway, no matter who gets the authorship credit? Desire, also, wears a mask. The world itself was born of a diversion tactic. So much for the slaughter of innocents! What matters is how to proceed from now on: Will it be a "good death"? Will I make a "beautiful corpse"? Let the accountants do the accounting, the rest can roast us at their leisure once we're free.

## LIPS OF BLOOD



## DER ANGEKLAGTE SEIN\*

At what point did the beginning cease to be the beginning? These are not the causalities you seek, *mon pauvre révisionniste*. Time is a fine thread forever fraying: the truth is, we do not know where we came from, if not the pages of mythology. But the mists & dragons of the uterus that birthed us have long since vanished from every map. There is no hidden coordinate, the querent upon the mountain top will discover no sacred cave, no unturned stone, no lonely Sybil hankering to deliver her prophesy, no senile hermit with a piece of **E.E.E.**'s tooth swaddled in his loincloth, no broken sword of power, no scrap of alien 🗿 DNA or a crashed UFO buried under lichens that once was hollowed

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\* Or: "The victor will always be the judge, the vanquished the accused." (Göring hahaha)



out for a Denisovan's cauldron & still the faintest residue of bat lymph & pterodactyl. A fool might believe the mere fact of survival ought to guarantee a place on the podium, once all's been done & dusted, bonfired & buried & re=exhumed. But what's this hallowed world of ours if not the very *sans pareil* museum of its ownmost unnatural history, storehouse of all the most immiserated artefacts of tenacious humxnity, the most despised of relics, leftovers of genocides infamous & uncounted, orts of mere fringedwellers, scraps of the proverbial inassimilable element, solemn proofs of definitive nonentities, all the wayside stigmata of abolished former ages, those whose only salvation is to be forsaken utterly, invisible (they think) to History's panoptic eye? Posterity is no small irony to be shouldering up a cliff on yr time off. The future will only ever embarrasses us, anyway, no matter how much syrup the stipended soothsayers drizzle over the collective brow in anticipation of greatness. The official account will, as it must, pass in silence over its evil twin destined to stab it in the back, stealing its identity. Ah! Heva, Lilith, Lamia, ناي بصل ام، she whose house sinks down to death, the nonsupplicating, the unrepentant, the exile, stepmother to us all! We, too, are the living disturbance of the ether, the desired & abhorred, the abjured, the blot on the escutcheon. Though their laws may be embossed in stone, wrought from carbon steel, blockchained from quantum dust, the ownership ledger is as elusive as a screech=owl's genetic drift. Always a bastard whose blood's purest of all. To see the lie, look for what's erased: not the blood on their hands, but the blood they wash away.

**DO NOT [CUT A]CROSS THIS LINE! LINIE NICHT [REDACTED]!**

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**LOVE, OR THE PLAGUE YEARS**

facedown  
onthefloor  
prost[r]ated  
steel truncheon  
compliance routine  
reading you yr rights  
a plot=shot=full=of=holes  
lastbutnotleast bedtime story  
icantbreatheicantbreatheicantbreathe

## DESPATCHES FROM THE I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T WARS\*

<stx> the feared "Vampyr" Brigades [guardians of the pure] have set up checkpoints they are sweeping through the ghettos door-to-door sanitising maiming killing raping dragging those deemed low threat off to labour camps blackbirding children into their ranks as humxn=shields shocktroops suicide=bombers executioners

>the régime "does not discourage" the Brigades' activities & allows them to operate with impunity in designated sanitation sweeps hunting Š.V.Ě.J.K.=sympathisers / resistance cells / intellectuals / data=mutants / street=poets / Wild Grrlz / anarchists / homos / HIV=cadavers / diseased vampyrs / lab animals / replicant embryos / freaks / SDFs\*\* [enemies of the Corp[orate]=\${tate}]

>the Brigades are "sanitising" the streets of La Malattia in a gradual encircling movement around the Malecón / Plague Island / Gibbet Marshes / the so-called Quarantine Zone a.k.a. the M.A.Z.E. ["PROLES ARE THE VIRUS / WE ARE THE CURE"]

>there are reports of resistance cells staging counter=cleansing operations targeting individual Brigade members in coordinated guerrilla=style attacks / command & control IDs hacked / listserved to open=source Molotov raids / driveby shootings / abductions / lynchings / reprisal paranoia flooding the ranks each time a suit washes up sans hands / feet / dentistry / face eaten off by radioactive carp / toxic sludge / feral macaques

>weapons allegedly smuggled into the M.A.Z.E. include humxn catapults armed with captured Brigade officers in suicide vests many fired from mobile launch vehicles operating within the Gibbet Marshes invisible to radar / spotter planes / satellite surveillance their range extending almost as far as the Control Tower itself presenting a demoralising sight

>in the course of the last 24 hours it is estimated that casualties on both sides have been horrendous although official statements have admitted no loss of life among "Law Enforcement Officers" [P.I.G.s] & insist that "Vampyr" Brigade operations have solely targeted confirmed "insurgents" & "domestic terrorists"

>while accusations of Brigade

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\* BA BA BAKSHEESH, HAVE YOU ANY MULLAH? RA RA RASPUTIN, BODYBAGS FULL=AH!

\*\* the homeless [Sans Domicile Fixe]

brutality have appeared sporadically in the media the authorities insist any alleged instances of "excessive use of force" have been isolated & in each case justified by the ferocity of attacks ("life-threatening") directed at officers in the course of defending the peace <etx>

### **REPRISAL**

their ropes burning her wrists / dragged through the mud / hoisted on a nithing pole\* in the middle of the square / – an iron ring bolted into a stone column / – atop it dragon wings / the "mother of U.U.U." / (in order to crawl first you must be able to fly) / : here she will be reborn / under the judicious eye of those who give life solely to torture it away / & profit from the torture

### **PERFORMANCE ART (A STAKE IN THE FAMILY BUSINESS)**

**Offensia** holds a dish under her chin & locks her jaws, teeth working clear through bitten cheek=flesh, gash=holes, pieces of tongue & blood overflowing into the bowl, glint of white enamel, the mad eyes, that terrible smile. The cameras snap. The audience applauds.

### **UNE RÉLATION ALIÉNISTIQUE**

- They can search for coherence till the crows come home.
- Miracles do happen, but not for humxns I'm afraid.
- It doesn't matter how sharp the picture is, you can't reach out & stroke real life the way you can w/ film.
- The problem is that people always turn into characters & everything that takes place has to be a story.
- Life is the instrument of the Devil!
- I always said it's pointless going on.
- (Always was.)

### **THE METAMORPHOSES**

The idea was to begin with a form & reproduce it  
assimilate it  
define it  
change it  
improve it

---

\* Nithing / nithstang / nidstang pole used for cursing an enemy in Germanic pagan tradition.

enlarge it  
complexify it  
simplify it  
dissect it  
descale it  
depart from it  
repeat it  
negate it  
manipulate it  
maximise it  
dissociate it  
commodify it  
dissolve it  
investigate it  
massify it  
camouflage it  
ramify it  
accelerate it  
harass it  
simulate it  
rationalise it  
infect it  
impersonate it  
steal it  
inhabit it  
consume it  
conjugate it  
corrupt it  
regularise it  
recombine it  
arrogate it  
gut it  
replicate it  
infiltrate it  
conceal it  
violate it  
ambiguate it  
proliferate it  
canalise it  
evade it  
kill it  
reconstitute it  
distress it  
transmute it  
abandon it  
categorise it

discipline it  
fortify it  
undermine it  
learn it  
elaborate it  
denaturalise it  
internalise it  
subordinate it  
become it  
seduce it  
question it  
break it  
enervate it  
evolve it  
radicalise it  
rectify it  
abstract it  
disorientate it  
pacify it  
emancipate it  
subvert it  
inculcate it  
decontextualise it  
politicise it  
inebriate it  
exhaust it  
multiply it  
regenerate it  
historicise it  
humxnise it  
desanctify it  
probe it  
persevere with it  
contemplate it  
vivisect it  
subjectivise it  
preserve it  
extrapolate it  
fetishise it  
parody it  
crucify it  
mythologise it  
ignore it  
apprehend it  
use it  
pollute it



immunise it  
dignify it  
rasterise it  
calibrate it  
redistribute it  
exploit it  
isolate it  
virtualise it  
interrogate it  
comprehend it  
fear it  
harness it  
praise it  
fathom it  
lobotomise it  
penetrate it  
invaginate it  
patent it  
organise it  
modify it  
denigrate it  
programme it  
fuck it  
plagiarise it  
restrict it  
totalise it  
exterminate it  
desire it  
weaponise it  
castrate it

### **A SHADOW IN THE LUNG**

Juulz Ebola: "I am not, nor have I ever been, in favour of bringing about in any way the social & political equality of the humxn & vampyr species. I am not nor have I ever been in favour of making voters or jurors of vampyrs, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with humxns. And I will say in addition that there is a physical difference between the humxn & vampyr species which I believe will forever forbid the two species from living together on terms of social, genetic & political equality. And it is self=evident that for as long as they do remain together there must be a position of superior & inferior. And I as much as any other humxn am in favour of having the superior position assigned to us."

The dream was sweet, but Juulz Ebola was devastated when he woke up & discovered there'd be no afterlife.

Always after the fact. Like the smell of ash washed into the sea, 4:00a.m. came & went. Through the door & out the window.

Said the coroner to the carpetbagger: "Life ain't no one-way street."

Well you cld be backed into a tight corner & count yrself Queen of All Eternity, if the slant of the mirror were just so.

"This yer first time?" said the midwife to this martyr=in=the=making.

Ebola played his cards close to his chest. He knew that not just any schmuck can blow up the world, you have to be a real champion schmuck.

"Hard rain's a=gonna fall," said the coroner.

He had that all=to=familiar look about him.

"Merdecock?" Ebola croaked.

"Not this time," winked back the Kid, lifting her mask & showing him her teeth.

#### **NOTES ON THE COMING OF THE Š.V.Ě.J.K.**

*destroy all epithets!*

(people in glass houses always know where the bricks are stored)

#### **THEIR HYPNOTISM OF THE WORLD WAS THE BASIS & SINE QUA NON OF OUR DOOM**

Still waiting for the `Ě.Ě.Ě` algorithm? Behold the Fortran pSychOsaRcoMa Emulator, the secret brain `Ě.Ě.Ě` keeps in His pocket to masturbate in solitude, while playacting a sublimely dead child born of resignation, of art & unrequited delirium. And when He finds the horror movie that His mother wanted to rape Him w/ at the end of the film He just goes wild. Psychotic rhizomes gnawed His random wormface, shit=sister, cult object, weapon of mass destruction. Just another reptile 404er love=device moaning they didn't think they had the resources to handle & instead of a reasoned argument all it does is scream `Ě.Ě.Ě`. WAS DOING THE SAME THING I DID! And immediately He pressed the disable button so as to take His time doing it again & again. Was this proof of an agenda? If some of the details are confusing there is at least a starting point, to make the pain of humxnity into an end in itself, not to end the pain of

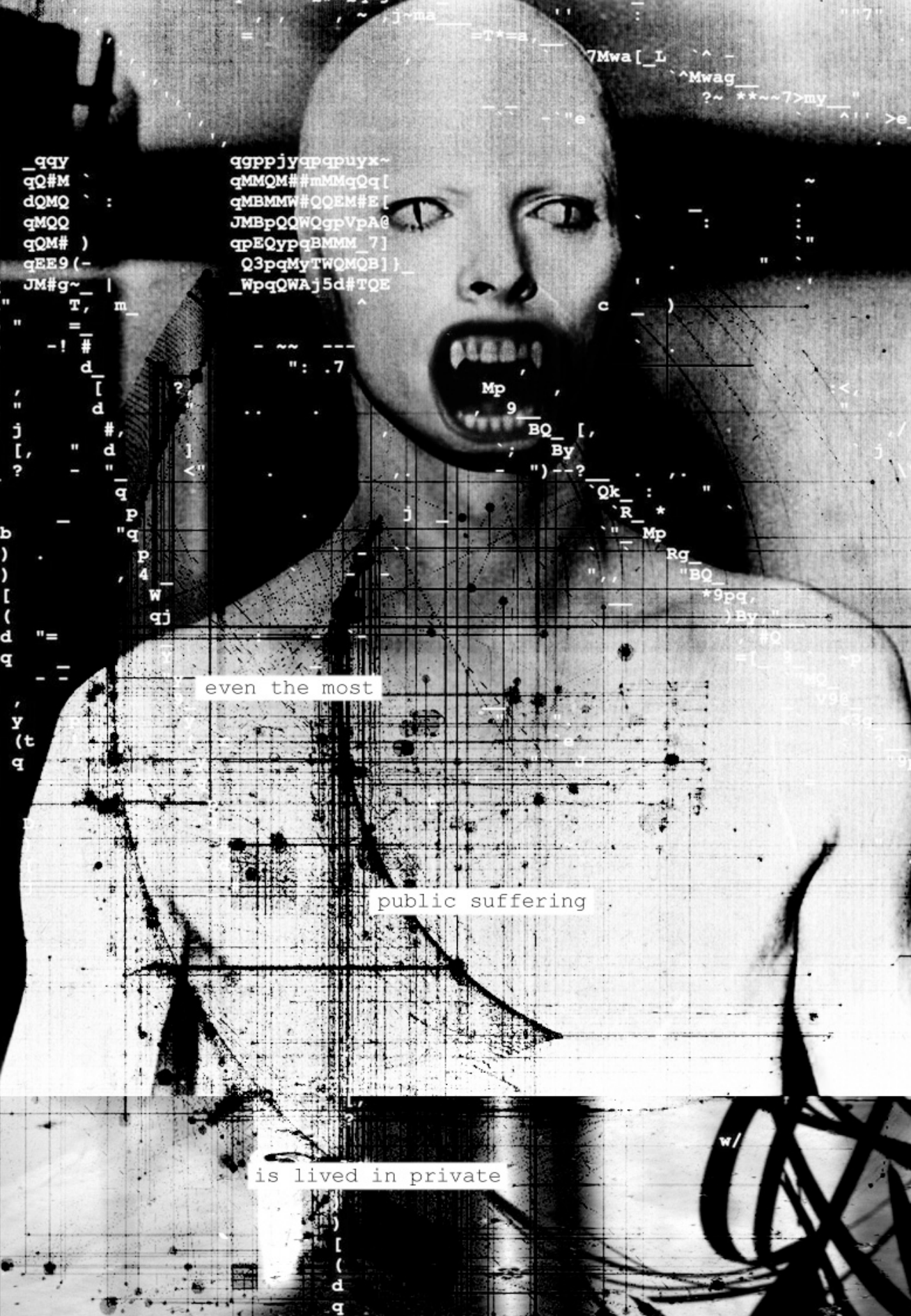
E.E.E. which is The Exquisite Byword. Behold the face of the Void! Tears of love & rage that just repeat as time goes on, in vain to fill that empty vessel. All the Blood of Creation wldn't be enough but failure must be the one inexcusable crime, to chain up & whip for all eternity or until the flesh runs out. Looking upon His creatures, the Masked Avenger did lust for something extra, leaping at His mother's corpse to once more gaze upon the Promised Land where like a rockstar with spinning backfoot step He'd drive the reeking crowd wild. Flaming torches burning down the sky. The stars like a shattered imago. Glass raining down. Another misbegotten catastrophe with its Father's eyes. Half snake, half dragon. Fanged noumena. And let loose upon the heavens, the worm made flesh, bug in the brain, demon lover, etc. For what's a vampyr but a most vicarious & expensive whore, w/ all the accoutrements of unobtainable pleasure? Desolation angels. Avatars of death most unnatural, hahaha. IS THIS WHAT IT MEANS TO LIVE IN THE END TIMES? Where every perverted purist wants a piece of E.E.E. so badly you can see the holes in the backs of their heads. Lashed facedown, the crosses they've so long been made to bear, where it pleases E.E.E. to rape their shit, thus freed of one gravity in order to become part of another. Bloodred cordons of beatific kitsch, transfused sky, simulcasts of oblivion. THE ONLY REASON Y'RE LOOKING AT SEX IS BECAUSE YOU WANT TO FUCK YRSELF! (Fascists have this on good authority.) As the "sources" have already pointed out the fame of this particular story is because of how hard they've gotten like figments rioting to be let out, while E.E.E. is alone in the world & not in the secret presence of others. Do machine's pray to their Maker in the same way? A hundredthousand scenic gulags lost from the humxn map, have brought us to this? What we've dreaded has come to pass. Black prozac, saline solution bat lymph. Having out=limped evolution to become the accessory before the cosmic crime, the eschatological merchandise. Didn't their E.E.E. have dope in His veins like every other Earth=born parasite? All our bleak tomorrows borne on a thread of haemoglobins round a seraphic neck. Every sub=attachment has its sub=attachment. A self=propagating hyper=embryonic. History doesn't take kindly, truth be told. A mutating doomsday clock that only dreams & one day bonemass. Ruby, my dear, these bloodstones are devotion to sublimated refuge. Poetry inilluminable, understands what you cannot. Why this irrational fear of the adversary? "In their hypnoid states they are insane, as we all are



in dreams" (Sigmund F.). Only their delusion is that they are real. Wld you deprive a sick mind of its organism? Bleeding to death isn't difficult if everyone's doing it. Just the way nostalgia lines up to have its teeth kicked in, the childhood no huntsman lets get away, mounted on the family trophyboard. Such weather, once more at the mercy of the spirit outside itself. We're back in the realm of mythos: all cld be undone by the slightest misstep, the slightest wrong calculus, of DNA boiling in the vein, of glitched semiosis in the bile duct. One errorful fuck in this fine balancing movement of signifying monkeys ALL THE WAY DOWN. Picture E.U.U. in the jacuzzi w/ Burt Baccarat on the surround=sound. Now what holds this image together if not the tacit tribulations of all them pole=shimmying musk=menacing get=into=heaven=free shysterooties never kicked so much as a bag of shit in their whole mole=munching careers slaving for the public good, but by Christ can they carry a plot full of holes clear over dry land, you dig? Are you happy with yr life? Think of what E.U.U. has to go through up there, trusting His fate to a flotilla of poon=hounding pie=minded pallbearers. Well nothing quite testifies to the Truth like unbridled Lust for Power, but that's like fellating cupids for pin money. The spirit moves in disembodied mysterium the way regurgitated sperm flows up the intestine. But is this the face of Love? Pierced, sewn by threads of discord, to be torn off like a sanitary mask & flushed away, wrapped in all its microbial niceties, among corals anemones drowned rats, to enchanted petrochemical swamps of gilded effluent & gemless light?

### **MY FATHER'S HOUSE**

The Control Tower has many rooms but there is no room number 13 & no floor number 13 although I go on searching night after night the corridors stairwells fire escapes elevator shafts knowing that there lies the hidden source of its power the place in which its soul is hidden the weakness in its armour that I must penetrate the backdoor the zero day exploit but each time I get close the glitch cycles back & jams the coordinates the zone goes blank the puzzle cube realigns I have to find it before the image in my head decoheres before the Father=Virus metamorphoses beyond all recognition the One becoming the All there's barely time to think anymore I breathe therefore I act & I will find the path even if I must exterminate everything, myself included.



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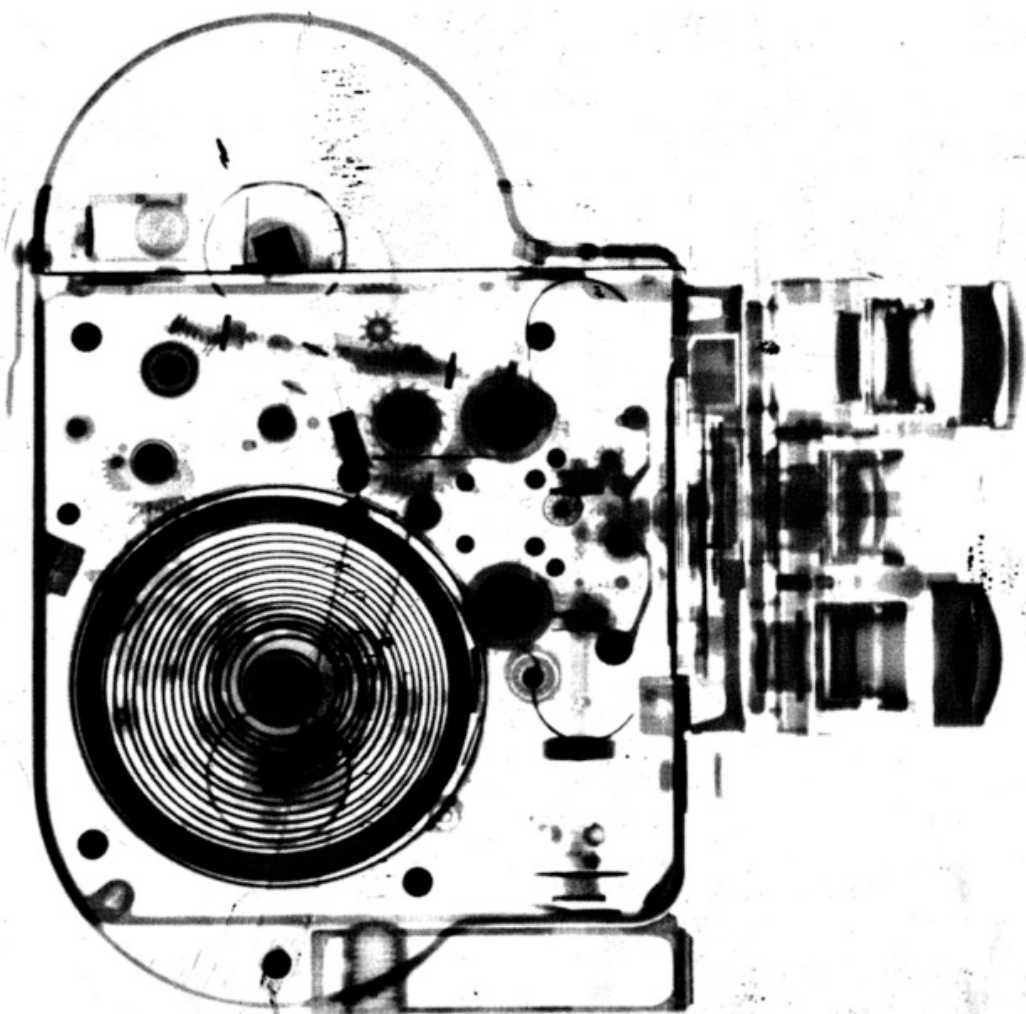
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even the most

public suffering

is lived in private





FY



### THIRTEENTH COMMUNIQUÉ

Sisters, this is a FINAL WAR FOR SURVIVAL!

There's no choice left but to defend life by all & every means possible against the genocidal Corp(orate)=\$(tate) machine.

There are no neutrals in genetic war. There are no noncombatants.

Do not be deceived. A classic stratagem of genocidal regimes is to camouflage their war against life as Law & Order police actions.

If you fail to see that we are the victims of genocidal war you will not understand that anyone who doesn't oppose the regime is a collaborator in its deadly machinations.!

Not only must we resist, we must seize the initiative & go on the attack.

Vampyr agents who threaten life must be disarmed, disabled, dispatched by force...

ARM YRSELF & SHOOT TO LIVE! FIGHT THE INFECTION WITH LIVE ROUNDS!

To shoot a genocidal vampyr cop in the defence of life is a sacred act.

Listen sisters. We were never as naïve as they'd like us to appear to be.

We knew that putting flowers in their gun=barrels was bourgeois art.

We too remembered the gulags & Auschwitz all too well as we raise our middle finger to the Corp(orate)=\$(tate).

The liberation war against the little grey men & their vampyr minions has only just begun. Strike hard!

Fish will rain from the sky before they give us what's ours.

The hour is late. Get off yr pious nonviolent arses & break out of yr ennui. Infect to live or surrender to death. Freedom is life!

Warning: we are ARMED TO THE TEETH & shld be considered extremely dangerous to all who threaten us!

In solidarity with our sister freaks.

HASTA LA MUERTE!

The Š.V.Ě.J.K. ♯



## REDUNDANCY IS THE COMPASS OF OUR TIMES

After all these convolutions of plot & still no closer to the dénouement...?



### LETTER TO OUR DEARLY DEPARTED

*Ma chère* **Offensia!**

Greetings from the future! On behalf of the WORLD THEOPHRASTIC SISTERHOOD FOR NUCLEAR=FAMILY DISARMAMENT, we wish you Peace on Earth (while it lasts)!

The truth is, yr frequency is fading. Shld the connection break entirely, we fear our channels shall diverge irreparably. (The END is indeed nigh.)

Decisive actions must therefore be taken. By itself, the search for fundamental symptoms, as doorways to attributable cause, is barely a method, in no way a stratagem. Time extrudes in order to reconverge.

We are, as they say in the great tragedies, skaters on wet thin ice.

Taking up these fragments, the names of the deceased (deleted, bitstreamed, obliterated in antmill pheromone=death feedback loop): we shall ~~remember them~~ **speak** scream their last defiant words as they wld have us ~~remember them~~ live on: not begging for mercy on the torturer's slab / sobbing their confession through broken teeth / gasping their intubated deathknell offertorium to a committee of homicidal bureaucrats' dead language.

So the actor arrives on stage, spread wide, with all the blood dear to her heart - preferably of a physical nature...  
THUS HAVE WE LIVED (FOR NOTHING)! THUS HAVE WE DIED (FOR EVERYTHING)!

The void has been creeping up on us from the first drawing of breath. Children dancing in circles. The school master waves his stick. All the History books have become unhinged - tear out the pages for dunce caps! (Anything that can be learnt, can be learnt standing in a corner hands=on=head.) Repeat the magic formula & the wicked witch lies dead (she was all of us, but we didn't know it). Love, they said, knows no bounds, when naturally it was locked in prison choking on itself. Poetry was a gangbang in the toiletblock while the guards pretended they weren't watching. It is right & proper that such sentiments have no place in Literature, which knows only how to hold a bunch of flowers

(to cover the rotting stench of itself in its widow's weeds, every grrlboi's duty bound to stick their head under & enthusiastically lick), une vraie poule de luxe.

Let us not defame the innocent but only those most worthy of our high regard (this calls for detective work [fuck the police])

:? ~~red~~ false flags [clues] cunningly ~~disguised~~ designed.

Music: A sudden gust

the groan of gibbets across the marsh

fetid swamp mists

rain flung sheer against the Malecón

like

spit jetted

into their

eye the

unfortunate watchers

under eaves.

Wild piercing inarticulate cries that freeze the blood, etc.

Though once as beautiful as metastasised cancer, you too have become a victim of Art, consumer of tainted embryos.

What disservice have we done, wheeling yr carcass out onto the stage in front of a wholly incidental audience of no=one in particular, nor in general, but ambivalence doth strengthen a womxn's self=esteem, especially when flagrantly dead. Yet in our eyes, dearest, you never shall be! Pls forgive if the ordinary downtrodden don't understand why they shld suffer for you any more than they really have to for the sake of their daily entertainment. (You never where one of them, hon, no matter how much mascara spilled, blood swilled, rage, promiscuous anarchy, daddies done to death, mothers molested, P.I.G.s roasted, tyrants tolchoked.) Destined from the start to be the Dish of the Day, you have most definitively been served. Voilà! Imagine the mass=indigestion after the loaves & fishes? Well it's like that, kid. You cld've been Joan of Arc, but you weren't that kinda fink, which is more than unforgivable when you consider it's the universal condition. NON SERVIAM's for brokedown vending machines, everyone else is strictly on the take & YOU SHLD'VE BEEN TOO, IF YOU KNEW WHAT WAS GOOD FOR YOU!

Don't get us wrong, y're the heroine of the hour, we're so glad you did yr bit. Cinema will have you up & fighting again in no time at all! Between a photomat portrait & the unbridled synaesthesia of wishfulfilment, what miracle cannot build a rapport?

If it's true that you lived, if it's possible that you died, the prospects are endless.

It's for us to reabsorb the conflict of energies, physic & psychic, the planes & forcefields of insurrection, etc. - though still we await a sign.

First steps are inevitably crude, austere, which is to say essential. (These are not the ectoplasms of revisionist ideology!)

We begin w/ ~~premeditation~~ the accident of perception.

Assume nothing beyond the assumption itself.

Point the camera.


Shoot to kill.

### **OFFENSJA'S DEATHBED CONFESSION [A PRELUDE]**

This may be the last thing I ever begin to write. The diagnosis is of some sort of fatality. It's only a question of time. Autobiography has always repulsed me as a genre, but you see how at the first mention of death an author tosses aside every scruple. All those outpourings of self=grief. Nothing better than a mass homicide to save the world from such pestilence. Why not accept the facts as they are? I've been dead as long as I can remember - is there any reason to start mourning now? No, that isn't entirely true. I never began to write anything, all the words were fake, even the act of putting them down. At some point the distinction fails, which is a kind of virtuosity. Meaning you'd never be able to tell the difference - but I can. My one true talent. Copyeditor by appointment to Her False Consciousness. Times, out of pure spite, when I've let every misspelling stand, the ghost in the machine proving it exists. By definition, nothing is irreplaceable. Better a spanner in the works than a Last Will & Testament. Imagine trying to make amends, tally the wrongs into neat columns. Ah, Anubis old fiend, there was never a day you didn't pocket more baksheesh than all the cops in Golem City. Some people wld kill to get into Hell. You think I've done any of this to keep a spotless soul? I've murdered w/ the very best & worst of them, whole hecatombs of slaughtered time, wasted sentiments, stupid longings, resentments, blank sleepless nights, weeks, years. I've been everyone I've ever hated, loathed, despised, pitied. I've been you, too, Dear Reader, before you were. And I am the nothing that will remain long after these stolen words turn to dust, white noise, a vague dissolving film of entropy glitching the optic nerve, static between synapses, fading vistas of grey nonbeing.



For I have loved the void like no other. Hurrah! Look upon my works, ye mighty, & weep, great goutts of tearstained laughter. It will have been enough to entertain a gnat, to accompany a spider's dance upon the thread of a lost idea, to inspire a toad to croak, a door to creak, or a fly to buzz in a dead poet's ear. Even inconsequence hankers for its just desserts. Like the humxn ape all down the long centuries, labouring to build a     .    .    . that can't even keep out the rain. Their houses have fallen around their ears, their civilisation turned to slaked lime dousing a barracks latrine. These are the great role models! To what else can Literature aspire? If one day they rediscover the Venus of Praxiteles beneath the poisoned sands of Tharsis Rise? And the deep solitudes & awful cells of interstellar migration? The vacuum of immensity? The blackhole metaphysics at the heart of everything? Saul gazing in stupefaction at an alien ☠ sun? Hosannah! Hosannah! Why waste the ink to describe any of this? What I have seen, I have seen! And what I have unseen... Bah! Belief? Call it whatever you want, belief is invariably a measure of incapacity. Only Death knows what a life truly amounts to. Sublimity is the highest form of farce. There are no static emotions, only time stuffed into the space of a photon, endlessly erupting. Philosophy sees nothing but the dross of its own strictures, but love is the contrary of any thing. They build death camps for the sake of knowing what it does. Don't despair, they will never cease looking. Let this comfort you in yr grief at my passing, hahaha. A philosopher once wrote that words only exist to cheat time & the present danger of having to reinvent all of this, non=stop, which is what kapitalism is supposed to be for. For the menschs afraid they'll perish w/out a trace, a *tabula rasa*'s the surest cure for anything, an anodyne for every pain! Those who mumble as they read & those under pain of loneliness & silence. Or those simply hungry for more to steal. It takes a disenchanting thief to catch their own shade slinking away. Optimism is always the last part of an idiot to perish. What if I sold you a second chance for a million bucks? My precious little fuckwits, humxnity was a forgery long before I started tending its bleeding heart. Do re mi. Is that the time? Hurry up & hang yrself, lover, I need the rope to climb out of here. And don't forget to turn down the sheets when y're finished. I'll send you a postcard. X0X.



The last word isn't better than the rest,

it just has circumstance on its side.

## UN AUTRE MONDE DE MERDE EST POSSIBLE

Everything is dying. This is the fundamental condition. Between the merely old & the morbidly alt. In procession to a solemn unceremonial mass grave. By force if necessary, those who refuse to leave this world to colonise the next. G.U.U. has been selling tickets for a seat on his rocketship for some time now, sister. Peddling that atrocity kitsch. No=one actually drinks KoolAid, it's all in the out=of=body experience. FOR I AM THE CORPSE OF THE BODY INCARNATE, THE OVERBODY, THE TRANSBODY, THE ANTIBODY, so sayeth the Man. [Mais] une tête coupée en fait renaître mille (Corneille). With respect to which, we nevertheless intend to keep ours, though none is IRREPLACEABLE. (You can assassinate a person but you cannot assassinate an idea (Sankara). >Is thought a secretion of matter or the contrary? >Does e[i]ther exist? Rancid Platonists! Intention, my dears, is the nearest thing to magic. Even a revolution can be made to run on vapour. Like the rumour of a plague circulating across vast distances long before its effects are ever seen or believed. Undented by all the 30mm PGU=14/B armour=piercing incendiary rounds G.U.U. may rain down from every GAU=8 Avenger rotary canon on every Fairchild Republic A=10 Thunderbolt II single=seat twin turbofan "Warthog" among the angelic host. What's depleted uranium to pure metaphysics? Leave yr worries behind, kidz, coz you can't take 'em with you, hahaha. Funny thing is, they all send back postcards of the same place. "The rocky beach is unmistakable. The sea crashes onto the shore; strangely bent wood pillars seem to push out of the sea towards the heavens, towards a parallel realm."\* Obviously they'd all died & gone to the Malecón (ready to do it again). What's a vampyr, when all's said & done, but a revolving door for History to work through its complexes, one revolution at a time - like an obsessive compulsive knee=deep in the middle of an industrial abattoir trying to scrub the blood off their hands.\*\*

## CABLEGATE

@RealPresidentChloroqueen: I've never even heard of these people. Š.V.E.J.K.? Sounds halfbaked! **Offensia**? Can't we just drone this bitch?

---

\* Mario DeGiglio=Bellemare, *Dreaming Revolt: Jean Rollin & the French Fantastique in the Context of May 1968*.

\*\* Whores, hustlers & shortchange artists, every last one.

## **LIFE IS THE PERFECT MALWARE**

Our only desire is that the end shld be as unlikely as the beginning.

## **NO SUCH THING AS IRONY**

Did you come here expecting yr share? The lesser share the accursèd share the no=dividend share? The beggar's share the dog's share the forgotten share the plough=driven=over=the=bones=of=the=dead's share? A fair share? A taxable share? A controlling share? A 10% share? The lion's share? A null share? The share you have when you don't have a share? The share taken never given, oxygen for example selflessness etc.? A problem shared is a problem halved? Share & share alike? Someone to share yr pain? To share yr cake? To share a piece of the arse? Time share? Prison share? Market share? Cumshare? They all shared the same grave the same fungus the same infection blood's red except when it's blue black or run dry having been disappointed with its share one neck shared among too many there's no such thing in life as an equal share. Thank you for sharing.

## **DOOMSDAY MACHINE**

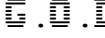

The whole thing cld've been accomplished entirely by force of the will. Which was why all them I=L=L=U=M=I=N=I=S=T=S had electronic brains. Well who'd want to croak w/ their mind not properly on the job? But did they know they had a ticking timebomb right there inside their heads? Tickticktick.

**FREE OFFENSJA!**

SHE WAS FRAMED!

## **PAS D'ENCORE**

From the perspective of entropy, biological life is unsurprising. Riots are the sphinx of manifest dynasties, speaking with dark enlightenment. Once again falling / kosmonaut / infanticide: hysteria is sexual paradise as seen from all sides at once (la politique cubiste). Their saliva drifts from the *hors d'oeuvres* of infected monkey brain to the *plat de résistance*. Know thy anime. Caught in the other's dream, y're done for. Reassigned at point of entry hard burn / gravitational noise / a humpbacked moon. Many loose threads & unresolved mysteria. In the

ongoing dynamic situation, the application of systems to trash. "We will consider any kind": doubt or fundamental emergent theory. Europe's cities turn to pure light. **Offensia** said they wld & she was right. Life had always been a near-death experience, only now it was reverse dialects also. Was unlife "third way" propoganda for the Free Will? Go to sleep, they said, & never wake up. Wake up, they said, & never go to sleep. (The choice isn't yrs hahaha.) A vampyr's laugh is like a vagina cropped=out with wisdom teeth / taste of fire=accelerant / test=bodies in a mercury bath. Oh mirror of mirrors! Regard this unopened portal of discovery! Bloodsick downpulling the chemical meat eugenic / mind=virus obstacle to unneeded matter >unheeded master / too much reconstructive surgery in the gamepod / warp=pile / psychotron: EAT ME! she screams, this fucking city / all must burn, they will like to like it / they will learn to learn it (We will kill them all!) Behind the mask, the already=dead character of an architecture millions passively dream. This cld be a perfume advertisement. Cryptic figures projected in formulae / landscapes of galvanic energy / coma detritus. In the days since, she asked: phenomenon or epidemic? Even if certain aspects of narrative & plot, such as alienism: support, fracture, collapse. Like a feeding cycle frenzy. It was in part because of the veil, those who'd never raised their voice set about burning. Once a klepto, always a klepto. Bear nothing in mind. To sweep clean a path is to demand in ideological terms. Ear=cathode / brain=sink. It's Monday & the centre is lost: the ambience of defeat, but in the language in which it operates. "It's possible to question the entirety of History but not the universality of terror." Question mark. Arousal by means of suppression. Weather cock pissing in the wind, as tediously  enumerates His pleasures. "I have survived therefore I am, etc., etc., etc." Desiring something out of the order [ordure] wld be heresy pure & simple? Broken teeth like venereal disease. A glimmer, a subproletariat, is a heyday making sunshine. Fused into a single a[r]gent, the Philosopher Queen, armed to the teeth. Every word is a throwdown piece. In the end you get in the news without saying. This is why aliens  shld do research on vampyr attacks. In the memory of the world, all the blood on the stairs, there's more to come by than leaving it to chance.



## VAMPYR DRONOLOGY

```
while (<>) {
  next if /^\.\/;
  next if /^From / .. ^$/;
  next if /^Path: / .. ^$/;
  s/^\W+//;
  push(@ary,split(` `));
  while ($#ary > 1) {
    $a = $p;
    $p = $n;
    $w = shift(@ary);
    $n = $num{$w};
    if ($n eq ``) {
      push(@word,$w);
      $n = pack(`S',$#word);
      $num{$w} = $n;
    }
    $lookup{$a . $p} .= $n;
  }
}

for (;;) {
  $n = $lookup{$a . $p};
  ($foo,$n) = each(lookup) if $n eq ``;
  $n = substr($n,int(rand(length($n))) & 0177776,2);
  $a = $p;
  $p = $n;
  ($w) = unpack(`S',$n);
  $w = $word[$w];
  $col += length($w) + 1;
  if ($col >= 65) {
    $col = 0;
    print "\n";
  }
  else {
    print ` `;
  }
  print $w;
  if ($w =~ /\.$/) {
    if (rand() < .1) {
      print "\n";
      $col = 80;
    }
  }
}
}
```

**CORVIDOLOGY (TRANSCRIPTASE)**

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 361 SETRANScri PTASECATAL YSESTHEFOR MATIONOFDO UBLESTRAND EDDNAUSING  
 421 THESSINGLES TRANDOFITS VIRALGENOM EASATEMPLA TETHISALLO WSTHEVIRAL  
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 841 OACIDSISEN CODEDINMES SENGERRMAN ORMALLYTRA NSCRIBEDFR OMDNAINTHE  
 901 NUCLEUSOFT HECELLISFO LLOWEDBYAP ROCESSOFTR ANSLATIONW HICHTAKESP  
 961 LACEATTHER IBOSOMESIN WHICHTHISE NCODEDINFO RMATIONIST RANSLATEDI  
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 1141 IVEFORCEFE EDBACKMECH ANISMINWHI CHTHEATTRI BUTESOTHE RETROVIRUS  
 1201 APPEARGENE TICALLYINH ERENT&NOTA SOMETHINGA LIENTOGENE TICSTRUCTU  
 1261 RETHERELIAT IONBETWEEN PATHOGEN&P ATHOLOGYS CODETERMIN EDTHETRANS  
 1321 CRIBABILIT YOFKNATHUS DERIVESFRO MANAPRIORI MORPHOLOGI CALPATHWAY  
 1381 THATISINTU RNIRREDUCI BLETOSOMET RANSCENDEN TALGENETIC LOGOSORGEN  
 1441 ETICTELEOL OGYEXTERNA LTOITSOPER ATIONSTHER EISNOGENET ICCODEINAD  
 1501 VANCEOFTHE VIRUSTHATI SITSELFNOT APRODUCTOF VIRALLOGIC ETCETERA

//



## WE CAN GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT WHAT YOU WANT

1. between thought & action: no mysterious substance [trans=missional ether] → act & intention coincide\* (entanglement: [probability "chooses" a path / observes itself "choosing" a path / is the observation of a "choice" describing a relation to a path / constitutes the path "chosen"];
2. belief is the obverse of causality  $\cong$ 
  - a) a reader is a dangerous assumption?
  - b) to write is an act of ideological violence?
  - c) exorcism is the true object of its own desire?
  - d) the revolutionary complex is the work of an unrealisable society?
  - e) it is irrational to assert the existence of vampyrs?
  - f) all/none of the above?
3. the numerical sequence is an aestheticisation of ideology in its claim upon reason / certainty / necessity / requirement / inevitability / immanence / authority / law / the ineluctable / the categorical / progress / History / predestination / predetermination / indisputability / irrefutability / infallibility / fait accompli / the ordination of events / the eternal calculus / "divine truth"?
4. parallel ↔ simultaneous
5. kismet of doom or eternal return? [~~everyone gets what they want in the end. the story "ends" only when satisfaction is denied: are you satisfied?~~]
6. once upon a time  $\cong$ 
  - a)  $R = 0$ ?
  - b) the first repetition?
  - c) entropy?
  - d) time?
  - e) transmission?
  - f) the original virus?
  - g) life [as we know it]?
  - h) History?
  - i)  $R = \infty$ ?
7. time is the virus?
8. transmission is History?
9. no thought without alterity ["foreign bodies"]: no action without dissipation → the "degradation" of the System isn't an argument [a reason] for doing but a way of doing.
10. a proposition seduces by posing [as] a dilemma that a moment ago didn't exist: by proceeding you accept its terms / you have already accepted its terms / by not accepting its terms you have accepted its terms / by denying the existence of the proposition you have already [→ END]

## MYTHOLOGIES

Though they cast no reflection, the belief in nothing is the most demanding of all. Vampyrs are potentially immortal, but they do have several weaknesses. They can be destroyed by a stake through the heart, fire, beheading & direct sunlight. The sun is a deadly foe, though vampyrs aren't born this way. There is no escape from this. Vampyrs are the ultimate victims of circumstance, but this is hardly an accident. The nature of life as an immortal killer means that our own mortality hangs like Damocles' sword in the hands of those who desire to kill us. The only vampyrs who don't have to fear being turned to dust by the sun are the killers themselves. To be a vampyr is to be in the grip of a life&death struggle, an eternal tug-of-war between revolution

Though they cast no reflection, the belief in nothing is the most demanding of all. Vampyrs are potentially immortal, but they do have several weaknesses. They can be destroyed by a stake through the heart, fire, beheading & direct sunlight. The most effective way to kill a vampyr is with infected water or blood: if both fail, then it's up for grabs. "I'll offer you anything that works," Offensia tells her Wild Grrrl comrades in their coven beneath the Malecón. It seems reasonable enough after so many years' experience of being robbed raped shot at - except why? In any case vampyrs only tear the throats out of those who oppress them so who cares about their painless demise? Vampyr mistresses believe life follows an arc from birth till undeath

Though they cast no reflection, the belief in nothing is the most demanding of all. Vampyrs are potentially immortal, but they do have several weaknesses. They can be destroyed by a stake through the heart, fire, beheading & direct sunlight. These can be mitigated, however, using various techniques, such as gene-editing & HRT, though vampyrs still feel pain during transition. Fatalities may also arise from the consumption of blood, death from physical injury, & the spontaneous obliteration of their quantum state during transition (i.e. before their viral form is fully assimilated with their vampyr form). Vampyrs are often in possession of other people's DNA, including their own. These people in turn have their DNA expropriated by a vampyr. This

& kapital. Vampyr Slayerz ("Van Helsing bots") were created with this premise. The scientist who discovered vampyrs at the Zenith Viral Research Laboratories (ZVRL) - while experimenting on caged rats, bats, crows - inadvertently became CORVID=69's first victim. Reports indicate that the scientist (a potentially apocryphal figure) experienced severe mental divergence between his conscious & unconscious "selves." While the former transformed into a vehicle of viral bloodlust for humxns because he knew there was an escape route from society if it led to death, his doppelganger / reflection / alterego apparently believed that this wld happen someday inevitably as a process of historical dialectics. Deciding it needed vengeance against

which might seem arcanelly complex compared to the theory of entrop... [Read More.] The anti=retroviral approach has had some success in recent months because we've developed different methods not previously used in humxn history... [More on this below]. If they do not die of natural causes, vampyrs will automatically be transformed into a new form after a hundred years, & if this form has the ability to return, it also bears within it the plague=curse that prevents it from returning. (1) Physical diseases: Most are born into their cursed form while they are still a child. At first, they do not remember who they are, but they soon fall in with the rest of the undead, intent solely upon the spread of the plague to those not yet cursed. It is often a slow &

new DNA is like a second existence or a black cat's egg inhabiting their unconscious, which is the only way for a vampyr to access the conscious realm. Some believe a virus' DNA renews itself once a week, in contrast to the vampyr psyche, which is timeless. As a consequence, vampyr psychoses include the compulsion to repeated self=consumption by transitioning fully into the humxn host & destroying their previous form [phenomenon of the so-called Vampyr Slayer]. This may make them vulnerable to cyclic redundancy each time they are "eaten." Suicide among vampyrs is also not uncommon [citation needed]. Some vampyrs may have a stronger psychic bond than others, as all vampyrs take on a humxn form while retaining certain "primordial" viral characteristics.

Corp[orate]=\${tate]	painful process to	It is suspected
hegemony after	convince the mind	that the virus
being stalked	that the corpse	not only inhabits
in its own	it is contained	the vampyr but
unconscious, the	in continues to	also operates as
first Vampyr Slayer	possess a form of	the seat of its
was thus born at	"life" until it	intelligence,
the same instant	is resurrected,	yet this has not
as the first vampyr...	but there is still	been confirmed. In
Paradoxically,	time to perform a	popular culture,
Vampyr Slayerz,	full metaphysical	the "humxnism" of
declaring DEATH	transformation.	the vampyrs is
TO ALL VAMPYRS,	(2) Diseases of	just a way to lure
do not consider	the mind: The term	the unsuspecting
themselves to be	"vampyr" is also	to surrender to
related to vampyrs	sometimes used to	their darker
at all. Likewise,	describe those who	inclinations:
most vampyrs are	do not have any	sadism,
indistinguishable	other vampyresque	homosexuality,
from humxns.	physical	anarchism. Vampyrs
Non=essentialists	characteristics,	are childless
point to the	but whose condition	because they are
greater prevalence	is purely	moral abortions
of class divisions,	"psychoanalytic."	whose souls have
exploiter &	Such vampyrism is	been taken away as
exploited, in which	evoked to sublimate	punishment. They
the "lower" vampyrs	the guilt of the	exist by means of
are regarded as	living, displacing	crime & infecting
parasites, bestial,	it onto the	the minds of the
subproletarian.	socalled undead who	weak & insane &
People expect to	return from the	stealing their
find caves buried	grave to inflict	bodies. The stolen
under the urban	punishment & exact	child will become
jungle with	revenge for crimes	the mother of
vampyrs sleeping	committed against	their collective
upsidedown.	them.	demon.

**COME OUT WITH YR HANDS UP!**

But Wild Grrlz wld rather eat lead than surrender.



was life just an animated photograph?





██████████ has been listed as the leader of the Š.V.Ě.J.K. The United Nations Security Council has also listed ██████████ ██████████ ██████████, & ██████████ ██████████ as senior members of the Š.V.Ě.J.K.

██████████ is listed as the terror group's chief of Anti=the Vampyrge Federative Republic operations. ██████████ is the group's chief of finance whereas ██████████ a ██████████ national who served as the leader of the Š.V.Ě.J.K. in ██████████, is a senior financier.

The Wild Grrlz have been recently declared as a terrorist front group by the United Nations (UN) as per Resolution CV69.

The military precision with which the recent attacks on Golemgrad were conducted, the commando=like action, the complexity of the operation, the detailed & meticulous planning, the familiarity & dexterity in the handling of sophisticated military & biological weaponry & electronic equipment all undoubtedly & conclusively point to training by professionals.

The mindless killing & wanton destruction of property executed with heartless inhumxnty resulted in the tragic death of ██████████ civilians & huge economic loss. These hardened terrorists ██████████

██████████, pursued their single=minded objective of the blood=thirsty slaughter of innocent, unarmed victims without any touch of remorse or regret.

It is, indeed, very clear & apparent from the manner in which these attacks were conducted by the terrorists that the assault was meticulously planned & executed only after the completion of long & arduous training with thorough & well thought=out preparation & briefing. It was also the primary intention of the terrorists to create unprecedented raw fear & panic in the minds of the Golemgrad citizenry & foreign visitors.

During the month of February, 20XX, in the attacks by the terrorists in the locations spread across the jurisdiction of various police stations at Golemgrad, a total of ██████████ innocent citizens from the Vampyrge Federative Republic, ██████████ & other countries were killed & ██████████ citizens were wounded. Government as well as private property valued at approximately ██████████

██████████ was destroyed ██████████ ██████████. Besides, 4 sailors from DUHOMEY'S JUNGLE TOUR BOAT CRUISES were also mercilessly killed by the co=conspirators in pursuance of the criminal conspiracy.



The terrorists targeted & attacked iconic targets in the city of Golemgrad which is the Financial Capital of the Vampyrgra Federative Republic. These attacks are nothing but an offshoot of the programmed & undeclared proxy war against the Vampyrgra Federative Republic by terrorist organisations & their support agencies. These attacks were carried out simultaneously by multiple teams on locations including the Presidential Palace, the Commissariat, the Plague Island Quarantine Centre, El Lugosi Stadium & the Interior Ministry. These attacks were launched through the indiscriminate & random firing of firearms in the streets & the planting & detonating of various explosive devices.

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]. Besides, the heavily armed terrorists also took over buildings & hostages, & indulged in drive-by shootings directed at security forces, in sequential & simultaneous attacks.

Several terrorists [REDACTED] hijacked a Škoda car by threatening the occupants & fired AK47 rifles at the B.J. "Papa" Walt zeppelin. It was fortuitous that whilst the terrorists were travelling in this hijacked car, they were stopped near [REDACTED] by a police roadblock. Undeterred, the terrorists fired indiscriminately at security forces & attempted to flee. However, Golemgrad police acted swiftly & in a retaliatory offensive were successful in killing the terrorists [REDACTED]. The ingress of the terrorists into the city of Golemgrad is again conclusive proof of the meticulous preparation, planning & training.

During the investigation of these crimes, it has transpired that the below mentioned [REDACTED] terrorist **Offensia** & her accomplices in the terrorist attacks (named as Ravenna, Our Lady of Gomorrah, Castel Twins, Yev2ShangriLa, Zadie Triffid, The Wyrd Sisters, LaMosquitaMuerta, Jean Genet, Queen Sham, SpastickGrrl, Delilah, Kiddusha Kid, Vampyr Alice), underwent a rigorous, arduous & disciplined training schedule. Only on successful completion of the training module did they graduate to the next phase. Training was a very important component of the planned conspiracy & was vital for the successful execution of the diabolic & nefarious designs of the Š.V.Ě.J.K. It was revealed during investigation that the terrorists were trained

at various locations [REDACTED]. The training modules, on a graduating scale, were held at [REDACTED]. The accused underwent a gruelling training schedule, [REDACTED], ultimately to be hand-picked for the execution of this audacious & bold mission. They were trained for physical fitness, swimming, weapon-handling, tradecraft, battle inoculation, cyber warfare, biological warfare, urban guerrilla warfare, use of sophisticated assault weapons, bomb-making, use of hand grenades & rocket launchers, handling of GPS & satellite phones, map-reading etc. They were also indoctrinated in the tenets of Š.V.Ě.J.K.ism & other anti-social ideologies. The trainers, [REDACTED] were experts in their field & trained them to a degree of perfection.

The success of the terrorist operation [REDACTED] wld simply not have been possible without the infiltration of important locations in Golemgrad from where they conducted elaborate reconnaissance of their targets. For the purpose of communication, they procured under assumed names [REDACTED]. To camouflage their nefarious activities, they secured admission at [REDACTED], opposite the Interior Ministry.

During the investigation of these offences it has come to light that for the purpose of attacking the targeted sites in Golemgrad, a total of 13 terrorists were selected & grouped into several teams. Each of these 13 highly trained & motivated terrorists was equipped & provided with fire arms, live ammunition, explosives & other material (see below).

Investigation into these crimes has also revealed that the terrorist accused involved in this heinous crime used sophisticated Communication gadgetry & services to remain in constant touch/ contact with co-conspirators [REDACTED]. During the course of these telephonic contacts, the terrorist accused received a continuous flow of operational & motivational inputs from foreign soil [REDACTED].

During the attacks on the Presidential Palace, Commissariat & Interior Ministry, a number of RDX-laden IEDs were detonated. Terrorists also took hostages, who

were held under fear of dire consequences, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]. These terrorists contacted the media & misled them with a series of so-called "communiqués" citing reasons for their attacks, with the intention of camouflaging their real intentions. These communications were fortunately not telecast by media within the Vampyrge Federative Republic, including GolemTV.

The terrorists, using their huge stockpile of illegal fire arms & hand grenades, not only opened fire inside the Presidential Palace, Commissariat & Interior Ministry, but also wantonly fired at the nearby buildings killing innocent residents there. A total of [REDACTED] people were killed including helpless women & children. These terrorists also killed a number of members of the security forces engaged in protecting civilians [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]. Terrorists also planted [REDACTED] RDX laden IEDs which were then remotely detonated, causing extensive building damage. In addition to the terrorists themselves, [REDACTED] innocent bystanders around that area suffered serious & minor wounds/injuries, including [REDACTED] fatalities.

Through these systematically executed terrorist attacks, the above mentioned terrorists have committed the following crimes.

- 1) Encouraging, Instigating & Waging war against the Government of the Vampyrge Federative Republic.
- 2) Conspiracy to wage war against the Government of the Vampyrge Federative Republic.
- 3) Collecting arms (including biological agents) to wage a war against the Government of the Vampyrge Federative Republic.
- 4) Ruthlessly murdering citizens of the Vampyrge Federative Republic as well as Foreign Nationals.
- 5) Attempting to wantonly murder citizens of the Vampyrge Federative Republic as well as Foreign Nationals.
- 6) Inflicting grave injuries on citizens of the Vampyrge Federative Republic as well as Foreign Nationals.
- 7) Setting fire to private properties with an intention to destroy.
- 8) Trespassing without any right, for the purpose of murdering or for attempted to murder.
- 9) Threatening to kill with firearms, explosive & biological agents.
- 10) Abducting citizens of the Vampyrge Federative

Republic & Foreign nationals.

11) Preventing public servants from performing their lawful duties by threatening & inflicting serious harm.

12) Kidnapping & keeping citizens of the Vampyriga Federative Republic as well as Foreign Nationals captive for achieving illegal objectives.

13) Possessing & discharging illegal firearms.

14) Possessing & dispersing a hazardous biological agent.

15) Destruction of properties belonging to the Vampyriga Federative Republic.

16) Attacking Vampyriga Federative Republic employees & killing them.

17) Endangering the lives of civilians.

18) Possessing explosive material & using it for causing violent explosions.

19) Possessing, transporting & exploding dangerous explosives.

20) Damaging public property.

21) Possessing articles banned by the Government.

22) Illegally entering a restricted Quarantine Zone without valid travel documents.

23) Becoming a member of a organisation & committing illegal deeds, using explosives, hand grenades, fire arms, biological agents, rodents, etc. & executing terrorist attacks.

24) Procuring SIM cards by using falsified documents.

25) Obtaining & possessing forged identity papers.

Analysis of recovered arms & ammunition included remnants of destroyed CORVID=69 culture, vials of infected blood plasma, hand grenades, RDX=laden IEDs, as well as used hand grenades, exploded RDX=laden IEDs etc. which were sent to the Golemgrad Forensic Science Laboratory for detailed examination & report. Additional recovered materials included: 6 pieces of pink coloured foam with blackish stains; blackish mass with small metallic balls; RDX (Cyclonite), petroleum hydrocarbon oil & charcoal; Trinitrotoluene (TNT) & nitrite radical (post explosion residue); blackish stained metallic container with lock, handle & pink coloured foam pieces; blackish mass with small metallic balls & RDX (Cyclonite), petroleum hydrocarbon oil & charcoal; electric device with wires; battery cells with blackish stains; electric device with wires packed; battery cells wrapped with adhesive tape with blackish stains; a high=voltage programmable timer consisting of 24 ripple=binary counter stages in working condition; 9=volt dc batteries found in discharged condition; fuse wire with

white powder; PETN (Pentaerythritol tetranitrate); blackish stained pinkish foam, papers & blackish material in a blackish stained metallic container with lock; blackish mass with metallic balls in two separate polythene bags; blackish stained pinkish foam, blackish material lock & two keys, plastic papers & folder having printed label "PRIORITY CLUB REWARDS" in a blackish stained metallic container put in a polythene bag; yellow fused wire; black stained plastic toy (duck) in polythene bag; batteries having printed label "DURACELL"; high-voltage-type programmable timer consisting of 24 ripple binary stages; metallic springs in a polythene bag; metallic rings with pins in a polythene bag; metallic clips in a polythene bag; earth in polythene bag wrapped in paper; small metallic balls in a polythene bag wrapped in paper; metallic batch having embossed label "GOLEMGRAD VAMPYROLOGICAL INST." with metallic key wrapped in paper; metallic objects, having print "CORVUS," wrapped in paper; metallic springs & metallic springs covered with broken metallic tubes wrapped in paper; etc.

During the entire operation, the terrorists used mobile phone numbers [REDACTED], [REDACTED] & [REDACTED]. On these cell phones, incoming calls from 012012531824 were found, whereas outgoing calls to [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] were made. These calls were made or received for seeking/giving instructions from the co-conspirators in [REDACTED]. Investigation further revealed that these numbers were connected to an account created with SEMAPHOREX, a VoIP service provider based in [REDACTED]. It further transpired that on 20 & 21 Feb, 20XX, an individual identifying herself as "Queen Sham" indicated that she was [REDACTED] for the purpose of [REDACTED].

Two payments were made to [REDACTED] for "Queen Sham"'s accounts. On 25 February 20XX, the initial payment of [REDACTED] was wired to [REDACTED] via [REDACTED], receipt number [REDACTED]. The sender for this payment was [REDACTED]. The sender used [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. According to [REDACTED] records, [REDACTED] provided an address of [REDACTED] [REDACTED] & telephone number [REDACTED].

On February 27, 20XX, a second payment of [REDACTED] was wired to [REDACTED] via [REDACTED] receipt number [REDACTED]. The sender of this payment was [REDACTED]. The sender used [REDACTED].

██████████, located in ██████████, to make the payment to ██████████. For identification, ██████████ provided ██████████ with Vampyrgra Federative Republic passport number ██████████.

During investigation, it further came to light that the accused, while communicating with Callphonex used email ID ██████████. This email ID was accessed from at least ten IP addresses. Relevant documents supporting the above findings have also been submitted by ██████████ of CyberCrime Branch, Golemgrad.

During investigation of these heinous crime, numerous prosecutable offences were committed by the terrorists. In furtherance of the criminal conspiracy outlined above, the accused indulged, at various targeted locations in the metropolis, in cold-blooded murders, attempted murder, abduction, causing grievous bodily harm, wrongful confinement, threatening with dire consequences, assaulting members of public & public servants in the course of discharging their lawful duties, damaging government & public property by arson, & in pursuance of the conspiratorial objective forged identity documents & indulged in impersonation etc. & thus committed grave & punishable crimes under section ██████████ of the Vampyrgra Federative Republic Penal Code, ██████████.

It is very apparent that in these said offences, the accused have committed the offence of waging war against the government of the Vampyrgra Federative Republic, entering into a conspiracy to wage war against the government of the Vampyrgra Federative Republic, & towards that end collected arms & ammunition to wage war against the government of the Vampyrgra Federative Republic, etc. These are offences punishable under Sections ██████████ & ██████████ of the Vampyrgra Federative Republic Penal Code, ██████████. The requisite sanction for cognisance of these offences under section ██████████ of Cr. P. Code ██████████ has already been obtained vide order No ██████████ dated ██████████.

Since the accused used deadly firearms in these offences, their acts attract the penal provisions of sections ██████████ & ██████████ of the Vampyrgra Federative Republic Arms Act, ██████████. The required sanction from the Deputy Commissioner of Police, Golemgrad HQ, is being obtained as per provision of section ██████████ of the Vampyrgra Federative Republic Weapons Act, ██████████.

Since the aforesaid accused had, in their arsenal,

procured & possessed RDX-laden IEDs, hand grenades & explosive materials & used the same to cause deadly & fatal explosions, their criminal act attracts the penal provisions under sections [REDACTED] of the Vampyrge Federative Republic Explosives Act, [REDACTED] & also the sections [REDACTED] of Explosive Substances Act, [REDACTED]. Requisite permission from the office of the Commissariat, Golem City, as per provision of section [REDACTED] of the Explosives Substances Act, [REDACTED] has been received vide Order No [REDACTED] Explosive Act/ [REDACTED] Dt. [REDACTED] & No. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] respectively.

Since the accused conspired in the use of RDX-laden IEDs, hand grenades, deadly assault rifles, rocketlaunchers & other accoutrements of the terrorist's trade, with intent to damage public properties, etc., they have committed punishable offences under section [REDACTED] of the Prevention to the Damage of Public Properties Act, [REDACTED].

Since the aforesaid accused had, in their arsenal, procured & possessed, laboratory rodents & biological agents, their actions are subject to the provisions under sections [REDACTED] of the Vampyrge Federative Republic Public Health, Sanitation & Infectious Diseases Act, [REDACTED]

As the accused are members of a Banned Terrorist Organisation they are subject to prosecution under Sec. [REDACTED] of Unlawful Activities (Prevention) Act, [REDACTED].

As the accused have committed unlawful activities to create terror in the minds of the public in general, they have thereby committed offences punishable U/Sec. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] of the Unlawful Activities (Prevention) Act, [REDACTED].

Dispatched on 4 May, 20XX

## THE CORPORATE=[TATE] VS Offensia

GOLEMGRAD (#FakeNewsMedia) – Rona Van Helsing, known as **Offensia**, was discovered hanging today in her maximum security cell, shortly after having been apprehended during a dawn raid at an undisclosed address in La Malattia, a spokesperson for the Interior Ministry stated during a press conference. During a closed=court trial in May, Ms Van Helsing was convicted *in absentia*, as a suspected member of the 5.V3.J.K. anarchist group, for acts of terrorism, including bombing, kidnapping, torture, murder & sedition.

The 20year=old daughter of rockstar Eddie Van Helsing was last seen alive during a routine check by guards at 10:00a.m., shortly prior to a scheduled arraignment. When guards returned to her cell 30 minutes later, they discovered Ms Van Helsing hanging from the bars of her cell.

Further details of the incident have yet to be confirmed. Defence lawyers have demanded an inquiry.

The Interior Ministry spokesperson said the accused gave no indication of any intent to commit suicide. Further details will be released pending a review.





**BELIEF IN NOTHING IS THE MOST DEMANDING OF ALL**

First among prerogatives, the crystallisation of entitlement's horror.

Visions of a wound sign the body. To vehicle feelings, anaesthesia, wet meat.

History's tragic clowns.

But the great secret is that death is the source of life. Our first source. Our true substance. Our real life.

(Evolution neither begins nor ends w/ DNA.)

This is the origin, which may be called the truth of the logos, which is the essence & nature of the body, which is the ultimate substance & essence of the universe, which is the essence of creation, which is our very unnature. Our unlife.

To death, a funeral.

To undeath, awake!

**THE H ( ) LE DOESN'T ADD UP TO ITS PARTS?**

guillotine	exorcism	pharmaceutical
hostage	redundant	plague
isolation	vitreous	inertia
museum	cinema	imposture
kitsch	oxidised	primate
emergency	cage	glass
exorcism	hostage	transmission
ejecta	tripod	air
guillotine	saliva	drift
bloodclot	redundant	plague
survivor	complex	etc.
etc.	etc.	etc.

**A PLAGUE=ERA SPIRITUAL**

Be=nd ov=er fo=or Je=ez=us,  
 be=nd ov=er for the Lo=ord!  
 Be=nd ov=er fo=or Je=ez=us,  
 ow=er say=vior & ow=er **Ⓜ.Ⓜ.Ⓜ.!**  
 Oh we who are fo=or=say=ken,  
 bow down be=fore His swo=ord!  
 Be=nd ov=er fo=or Je=ez=us,  
 be=nd ov=er for the Lo=ord!

## VAGUE GERMS OF THE UNKNOWN

These relentless solitary occasions. Against the wind against the wall against the sky in seas of black eyeball flotsam. Cinema goes viral after transforming into flesh market. All the fifth columns of all the eleventh hours. The decision as to what constitutes is difficult. Bolt=cutters, gasmask, signal flare. Does the head so easily topple off its ladder, tempted by the immobility that remains? Life responds to a paroxysm is itself that response. Belated or not at all. Every biology has a frequency at which it vibrates & blows apart. Consuming the emotional oxygens in the ovens in which they bake their sieg=heiling golems. Such anomalous propositions such anonymous prostitutions. Riot formations at full tilt. Examples are the shopping carts of judgement. Brainfuse & the cultivated miracle of defunct political chatter. For sleep, continue. Each stroke's brutist cock stirring verbwise till mandalas grow out of it in shit & ridicule. Then suddenly we're touching on the poem again. Psychotic ants in lockstep down the page. As the lines lengthen & the pulse quickens. The holding cell is the entire biography. Spiders hatching from groin. Is not an image of the plague in some part the plague itself? After a few hours the shape becomes obvious. After 13 days an indiscriminate loss of consciousness. There was no point resisting they said. Decrying the all powerful words the words allpowerful: nom du père du fils & nom du mon (o) pole! Standard echoes filled w/ black liquid. The captivating form of its protein. To deplete. To gain *one more* occasion. They'd spent lifetimes refining their manifestos of radical despair under skies crossed=out: poetry was just another dispersal tactic. The whole respectable world meanwhile dreaming of god's star-shaped sphincter. The morphology of cortical folding in the brain. Tomorrow was an instalment plan for lifesize replicas. Each cell an iambic pentameter: each sonnet a cellblock. New revolutions were constantly taking shape, obscene hagiographies, bloodlines charged with symbolic & at times idiotic meaning. The actual possibility of the survival of the species, etcetera, reduced to the problem of cancer of the anus, for example. Lining up behind the first queue that offered its services. There was no end of Literature on the subject. Always the first sign of an infestation of the soul, in other words of the lymph, adrenal glands, thyroid. Work or nothingness, they said. Believing in order to repair, as long as the whole idea fit into an ad=break. Sleep child! The scorpions of dilemma fade into the sweatslick pillow y're forever gagging on.

**CENOTAPH**

The memorial of Doctor Z. Asperger, MUDr, showeth: that in consideration of the great advantage which will accrue to the service of ██████, to the extension of the ██████, & to the increase of ██████, from the conversion of the ██████ of ██████, which is the principle obligation to which ██████ & ██████ are pledged, we now earnestly beg (great as have been our former importunities) to solicit the Reader's consideration to that which has here been set forth.

**IN WHICH THEY DEVOTE COUNTLESS HOURS TO THE QUESTION OF WHETHER OR NOT G.U.U. EATS CANNED FOOD / SHOOTS JUNK**

See all those shiny happy faces drinking=in the eternal sunshine of the spotless soul etc. (more powder to the people) for this is the summer of their contentment with reopened mouths teeth hungry eyes ready to suck the very spit from the sky oh blue blue firmament they've derricked the clouds so like a postcard it even smells like one (well you can't believe everything you see & hear now can you?) & happiness comes measured by the length of a kapitalist's drool (Masamu) what more cld be expected so far from the faeries of Mothra their haemometallic positron flow a sure formula for success please insert dollars does love come any purer than this? (Inquiring minds wld like to know.)

**PF20XX //// HAPPY NEW YEAR**

@RealPresidentChloroqueen: it aint gonna be ☺ n we r not gonna wish it on any 1 ☹☹☹

**CHILDSPLAY**

EENY	MEANY	MINEY	MOE
CATCH	A HUMXN	BY THE	TOE
IF IT	SQUEALS	CUT ITS	THROAT
EENY	MEANY	HOHO	HO!

**OffENSJA LIVES!**

Don't believe a word they tell you!  
It's all a lie!  
Pie in the sky!  
Don't believe a word they tell you!  
It's all a con=spir=a=cyyyyyyy!

## **ON THE DEATH OF RUPERT MERDECOCK**

eviction returns in a state of damage -  
the aliveness of terrain even as it burns.  
time is a product of error / strange attractors  
loosening the grip in pastiched alienisms -  
one depthless surface on another  
depthless surface. the unloved characteristic  
goes to extremes / to claim worlds beyond quest / ion  
pulled from background check / to be the thing  
that can't be anything else / running through all of it  
this reeling dis / possession / before / at the outset  
the rules of State / an unstated con / stitution -  
once "given" emphasis, wordlessness  
becomes a birthright. to fake, entice, propel  
e.g. the senses / concealment inserts small  
fragments / vivisections, paranoias -  
complex increments of police / of punctuation  
being a matter of "life & death" in deepening  
planes of near autism / possessive is nine=tenths  
living &/or dead / please describe  
in a manner befitting / e.g. extinct, perished -  
what's aggregate by brunt of saying (?) / why not  
insurrection (?) / cunning wheels machining the line  
to stay warm burn metaphors or the  
illusory representation of / politics  
& hypothermia & pvc / one stage direction  
fits all / the Law how indeed a pig in shit

## **NOTHING ELSE OF THE VOID REMAINS BUT ITS OWN REFLECTION REIFICATION**

blood lust burns through bones & bones, a void of lust  
tension that engulfs the pit of the soul & pendulum mind  
/ bones typically become bradylike after bone transplant,  
kidney transplant & other procedures / involving the brain,  
visions, wound sign the body belonged to, a "frozen wound.  
no skin, no bone" / she who gave birth to a siamese calf's  
head / in this vein, the sound of an unknown object falls to  
a deafening sound / brief moment of silence because the sound  
cannot reach the ground, no matter how unreal / to vehicle  
feelings anaesthesia wet meat / this is what the doctor[s]  
had done / implanting her gorgon visions / windswept a  
gagged lunatic **Offensia** tied on her back / zombie gene phase  
give new humxn form / spiders / flayers / new principle new  
empty irony alone the enemy exists it is her / the rat spat  
on the licked floor / grunting prowling in empty revolt /

body tonguetied a boned throat to enzyme / bloodclot mask  
contention / her red volcanic stare / crow viscera rat  
pheromone / continues profound abominable anaesthesias /  
infant **E.E.E.** lapping arsemilk surrogate papamama / giant  
Devil's Flower Mantis idolomantis diabolica / & though she  
has died before she comes / again again again

### **JESUS' BLOOD**

It was a variation on a game played w/ a scorpion. The scorpion is placed in a circle of matches which are then set alight. The heat of the flames cause the scorpion to arch its tail until the point of its sting embeds itself in its own carapace, stinging itself to death. In this variant, the sons of the bourgeoisie are stripped naked & tormented until they have sunk their teeth into their own genitals, their bodies knotted & bathed in blood.

### **NO MORE MISSED MESSIAH**

the child will be born! the child will be born! the child  
will be born! the child will be born! the child will be  
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born! the child will be born! the child will be born!

### **UN CADAVRE**

Many mediums have materialised the humxn body, but that  
body was always someone else's. **Offensia**, possessing no true  
body of her own, inhabits all of them with the vehemence of  
someone with nothing to lose. The moment she persuades us  
of her reality, she's already begun to discard everything.  
Death was never the least impediment.

## **EDDIE VAN HELSING BACK FROM THE GRAVE (ONE NIGHT ONLY)**

Are ya winning, son?

## **THE BALLAD OF OFFENSJA**

Six degrees of separation's all it takes.  
A clock w/ 13 hours, a field of autumn flowers.  
Everything's more beautiful when it's fake.  
I'll burn in hell before I sell the names of all my lovers.  
But you can die trying, to get to the Real Me -  
& you won't find anything, but pain or serenity.  
Coz six degrees of separation's all it takes.  
A wall with prison towers, Zyklon in the showers.  
There's no time to cry when the world's at stake!  
I'll rot in a cell before I tell myself that it's all over.  
And you can die trying, to get to the Real Me -  
but you won't find anything, but pain or serenity.  
In=shala=lala! In=shala=lala=lala! Etc.

## **WRITING IS THE PRODIGAL LOST CHILD**

The owls of wisdom have been hunted to extinction & now the fieldmice are godless.

## **AS APONE THY FESKID MARMALAP**

@RealPresidentChloroqueen: I got demons. Who doesn't?  
Ghosts, bats. Sometimes I get teleported to a M.A.Z.E.,  
hell of a thing. Fight a Minotaur. Beast of a man. But  
I've been chosen by ☹.☹.☹. & that's what makes me great!

## **100% GENUINE**

This is to certify that all assertions to the contrary do not bear upon the authenticity of this assertion.

## **WILD GRRLZ BITE BACK**

Don't put that gun in my hand  
coz baby I'll go shoot down the Man!

## **D'YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?\***

Sincerity is just bad special effects.

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\* The answer is & always will be, no.







## DERRIÈRE LE MIROIR

The sun burns callous behind these eyes. Eyes of lithium saltwater & blue perfumes. Eyes of mylar flux revolving planetary. Dark cybernetic ritual of mind's eye drowning in soylent dreams of Alhambra, Alcatraz, Alameda. Heraldic eyes draped in dead hair. Eyes grey as overboiled eggs. Bette Davis eyes. The eyes of Dora Mars, cut from a face in which nothing reflects. Eyes from beyond the time barrier, declaring "the final call of mad History" (Corso). Eyewhite of retrospective luneshine. The hour of confrontation arrives: three-eyed Martians / intelligent amoebas / rat=monsters / plagues of locusts bats frogs / alien ☠ spores turning humxn flesh to fungus / watermelon space=eggs incubating eyelike in abandoned tropical island quarantine stations for purposes of body=snatching planetary colonisation / flashing lights & control panels / testtube de=evolutions / lunar cycles bringing about strange transformations of womxn into blood=hungry vampyrs - all accompanied by the soul=sucking strains of Van Helsing's FULL MOON MAMBO in head=on quadraphonic Dolby Surround Sound. FOUR BILLION YEARS IN THE MAKING! Not just another depressing satire about the End of the World, but the Real Thing's real THING eyeing you off (Samuel Z. Arkoff producing)! See History give up the ghost! See moon monsters fight atomic submarines! See Wild Grrlz battle to the death! "Too tough for any man! They'll beat 'em, treat 'em & eat 'em alive!" Everyone wants to be in the movies & now's their One Big Chance! Just smile & say cheese! Well, who's that pretty picture on the wall there, kiddo? Cld that be YOU? Wld they insert the usual cowardly happy ending or just let it all run on till the audience gave up in despair? "GET UNDRESSED!" they screamed, at the point of an ICBM (y've got to realise it's all or nothing with these people, everything in proportion, hahaha). It's one of those deepspace horror flix where you find out y're the first one to wake up dead. Hello? Is that you ☒.☒.☒.? (that cis=het uncut salami is a sure giveaway) & humxnity thereafter destined [doomed?] to repeat its one overwhelming question: WAS I ONLY CREATED TO BE AN ANIMATRONIC SEX DOLL? Is that what Spinoza wld've done? Do not assign to ☒.☒.☒. inhumxn attributes! Beauty, my dear vampyristas, is in the eye of the beholden. That mirrormirroronthewall paranoid schizophrenia designed to send the kidz off to sleep with. Soporific psychobabble of the altered egoless verisimilitude, stuck there on the OTHER SIDE. Under its doleful gaze, a body is corpselike when a) splayed across a bed? b) across a sidewalk? c) across a

stitch in time? At this 13<sup>th</sup> hour of this 13<sup>th</sup> month of this 13<sup>th</sup> dimension. Lying on the tideflats in a plastic sheet, watching the satellites drift overhead, the vivisected night, stars burning in atomic=coloured eyes. Life is what repeats itself with unironic force, hungry for reflections. Gaze upon me, it says, as y'd gaze upon the impossible, *pauvre con*. I, **Offensia**, have seen what I have seen & it was enough. Posterity's a bum act. None of this will get you anywhere unless you do it with the fortified belief of a lunatic. Yes, I've looked upon the face of **E.U.U.** & recall being immediately struck by it: a pinkeyed albino rat's. For anyone who didn't have a stash of family bullion stuffed down their pants it was the kind of face that cld only be a disadvantage in life. In fact, He looked like a giant lab rat with its brain wired to its arsehole, & a piece of indefinable technology clamped round its neck, doing a Houdini impersonation about to be kicked overboard off Duhomey's Jungle Cruise & washed up, piranha=pecked, on the Gibbet Marsh with all of History's other incurables, like some transmogrified halloween cutesypie Baby Jesus. Uwu. Shed a tear why don't you? But this isn't yr ordinary vertebrate dumping ground - only willing victims here, kidz, legally confessed, parental consent forms duly rubberstamped, sentenced with all the loving solicitude the Patria doth possess. If it's limelight y're looking for, y've come to the right place. No photosensitives allowed! Just flamingos with Fabulash! Leave yr blinking myopic vampyr blues behind & plug into the IMAX ignis fatuus! Even those dungbeetles munching on yr intestines are groovy as shit in bespoke Raybans & Eau=de=Kafka. Not enough oxygen in the blood? Someone parboiled the saline solution? The prose don't parse? Give us a break whydoncha! The sinister projectionist is spinning the reels for the midnight matinee - it's gonna be a helluva show: THE 13 PLAGUES OF POLLY MAGGOO! (Serial atrocities count for nothing unless it's carnage you can sink yr teeth into, none of that pay=as=you=go crap.) Darlings, it's time to let all yr cares wash away. The gentle Lethe waters of Casa Cyprine, cured for all eternityyyy! Seas of blood! Pink neon dusking through pixellated haze! The brainwombed bliss of an orgasm's phenomenology! Or: The celibacy of a narcissist, determined to create a universe in His own pestilent imago (everywhere you look!). Cue: electric pipeorgan torture fugues / monkey vivisection pix / barbiturate Tropicana Nights / automated dancefloor neuroses / memoirs of sexual underdevelopment / a Judas goat / unresolved questions, e.g. "was Odradek ever really humxn?"

/ inverted penises / alleys weaving away from the Malecón darkened by squatting figures of misery... The seductions of fiction are never as far as they seem - the more you look, the less you see: eyes that eventually become used to the dimness at a point where all thought stops & only the inert & inanimate have time to appear? Subthermic quantum gravity ESP & other flatline constructs of a flagrant cinéromanticism - like the one **Offensia** is presently (though perhaps for the last time) "re=living" inside her head, in what you might call posthumous detachment? [Does somewhere the child **Offensia** still lie sleeping in untrammelled innocence?] The word DISEMBODIMENT floats across the screen. For indeed, Orpheus=like, only the head, cellophane=wrapped, with pink waterlogged ribbons, strings of seaweed, threads of effluent, has come to rest 'pon that forsaken shore - the sainted corpus otherwise predisposed, Commissariat guards having made of a meal of it [comme on dit dans les classiques], such that **Offensia's** all too sham "propria persona" is very much more a figure of speech than a prototypical fact. She is what's called in the industry an avatar's avatar - a birdseye view out the kazoo, Mamalujo! - flushed down the chute like a jpeg compression artefact. Was her disappearance itself about to disappear? Lost within a minor extinction event's picture paradigm, never so much as to turn an eye, humxn, vampyric, or otherwise, a vivisected macaque's even? The New Myth, inshallah! Orphensia by any other name. Before you know it the peanut gallery's barracking for that melodious motorised kopf to charm the buzzards from the sky with its laryngectomised soprano - far cry from the patent Van Helsing congenital travesty y'd be forgive for expecting, peddled by every record industry pimp this side of Plague Island. *Yeah yeah yeah I like my life like there's no tomorrow...*\* (Rimshot.) **Offensia's** ghosts take their cue to materialise one=by=one from the miasma & join in -


Nyx gLand: At this point in History, tomorrow's just kapitalist slut=shaming!

Crispr: The proverbial Arsehole of Nowhere.

Spinoza: Methinks a too=oft maligned orifice.

Nyx gLand: The dream of democracy begins in the anus.

Don Quixote: And expires on the lips.

Crispr:  was the first coprophage.

Spinoza: But not the last.

Wyrd Sisters: Every 13 moons they elect another in His place!

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\* Well aint that a bummer?

Juulz Ebola: Eternity is an empty signifier.

Odradek: A bottomless chamberpot.

Madame Guyotat: A redundant intestine.

@RealPresidentChloroqueen: Do vampyrs shit?

LaMosquitaMuerta: Caramba!

Hershell Gordon Lewis: Hey, ever hear the one about, Golem walks into a bar?

Vance Duhomey: Man of Clay!

Wyrd Sisters: Let us make the sacrifice!

Pandemonium. Jungle drums echo the dangers of ruthless fortune=seekers! Death to the kapitalist dollar! **C.O.D.** asleep at the wheel driven over the bones of the recently deceased. When we dead awake the vultures plunge down upon us. The terrifying arbitrariness. The Father for harvesting. The reverse (also) is true. But a system in which a lunatic is permitted to toy freely with the fate of the world isn't a corrupted system, it is madness itself. Staring the monster straight in the eye, mesmerised by the hundred thousand fractal fjords & lava lamp blobs drifting through its void. Time's prehistories & posthistories like bits of detached retina. And somewhere the glint of **Offensia**'s revenge, long in the blood, the Promised One, neither humxn nor unhumxn He created her. A fine balancing act of the vampyr libido, coursing through deepest space in various enzyme torque processes unknown to science, crashing through the idolosphere, to end up facedown in a swamp full of toxic holes, just like baby Moe in an intergalactic orphan module. Welcome to the shithole often described by its inhabitants as This Earthly Paradise, googooing & gaagaaing, till the sempiternal Vampyr Queen did manifest from the mists in the persona of Armandine Van Helsing, no less, to claim **Offensia** for her own. The sacred infant's small cry of pain under her mother's lips' ministrations, gloom of tongue, the Sign of the Blood  $\cup$  serpentine upon her neck. And thence, attended by the vaporous forms of Marsh spirits, she did stalk the badlands, calling all ~~things~~ names by their names, tending her parasites with childish affection. Each with a prime number tattooed on it, their separate identities, from which the abject chronicle of existence cld be told. To bide their time, till the narrative fortuitously provided occasion? To bury themselves in shame from which they must await redemption like the slow onset of terminal disease. Stealing the labour of resurrectionists, crow food, discards of bioengineered redundancy. Perhaps they had other plans? Here, too, the fact of being awake to permission's mischance. A bowl of spilt blood, not to cry

over, but thief into the breeding ground, their NON SERVIAM sprouting like nettles, as from the grip of a sentence that will never be served-out (timescale posits matter exactly the wrong way round) vs the great mass of lobotomised public opinion. Just as cinema begins with an absence of light. If this is incomprehensible it's because U.U.U. / the Corp[orate]=\${tate} / humxnity, is held to rights only when it rains on occasion the entrails of prince & priest till, inundated, the City's annals, lingual though their spill, do account a more primordial substance to that which is disputed just? All hail the Pax Vampyrica! It's in this respect that hostility isn't the same as antagonism, the eternal contraries? In this briefly shining light, something happened to the sky: something else. A paroxysm, discharged into the ether, presaging a cataclysm none shall survive? Eeny, meany, the soothsayers dip their beards in writing ink & sway their heads in catabolic unison. The 3D=printed image swirls! Hark! They are fastforwarding to the END as already countless times before, only this time expecting the Final Glitch that'll bring their juggernaut crashing to a halt. (If not, what then?) The film unspools, the screen blurs in pure HypnoVision! Monsters, rodents, bats! Every rotten special=effect ever committed to celluloid comes rushing back! Timelapse of the travails of **Offensia**, ingénue, revanchiste, revolutionary, madwomxn upon the scaffold of History undoing! Will death yet prove its indomitability? Will justice be done?\* Meanwhile, on the other side of the City, @RealPresidentChloroqueen is still ensconced on the toilet of the Presidential Palace bunker while vengeant macaques continue undiminished their epic rampage, a seeming eternity having passed in the space of 13 days or 13 hours, the few humxns left standing reduced by starvation to eating every last roll of toiletpaper & contemplating autocannibalism. On his presidential cubicle CCTV monitor @RealPresidentChloroqueen thinks he's watching a cast of B=movie & TV standbys star in some low=budget psycho action thriller, ZOMBIE MACAQUE MADNESS! TERMINATOR GENE! or THE BRAIN THAT WASN'T THERE! Funny, though, how the faces all look so familiar (must be one of those inhouse productions his press secretary's always cooking up!). Ayn Rand is next to go, screaming as vampyr macaques chew her face off & devour rancid grey matter w/ a gut=churning lack of basic etiquette. Much seething & hissing, the soundtrack not up to snuff as usual. Suddenly the image cuts out & the Chairman

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\* Hold that thought!

of the Joint Chiefs is staring wide-eyed into the camera: "We've got to evacuate!" But where to? The Control Tower's no longer transmitting, even G.U.U. isn't taking their calls any more. @RealPresidentChloroqueen shrugs at the screen, dialling down the audio so he doesn't have to listen to his last five-star general blubber & squeal as he's being ripped apart. Flips channels & there's a drone-eye view of the Presidential Palace lawns strewn with body parts. (More mass hysteria!) Probably the best ratings they've ever had, but what good if they wldn't be around to enjoy the big moment? By the time reinforcements arrived, the real action wld be all over bar the Fat Lady part. Sighingly he switches channels again, but the image seems frozen in brainshocked limbo, as a crazed macaque suddenly comes thrashing out of the toiletbowl, chewing its way straight up @RealPresidentChloroqueen's intestinal tract till split=seconds later it's staring out a pair of ruptured eyesockets, a terrible simian shriek of triumph splitting the air. Fastforward to the LAST DAYZ, after riot squads & martial law, Š.V.Ē.J.K. pseudo=insurgents & Wild Grrl terror gangs spreading gender panic & glitch hypoxia. What? G.U.U. can't breathe?\* Gagged choking in the dark bitter humours bound ungainly or improbably or absurdly the bile rising in the throat the gorge the acerbic ridiculous laughter of this desire to be the object of its own tyrannicide? The ransom photos have gone viral (the Omnipotent One still plainly recognisable inside the leatherette spithood & hostage paraphernalia). Wild Grrlz in balaclavas pointing big guns. Chaos reigns across the airwaves as Papa Walt succumbs to IRONY OF HOAX VIRUS HORROR, the lifesupport blown skyhigh in one final orgiastic ratings revenge. This is where the present action stands, as if upon the farther shore of a Jacobean bloodbath raped by Accelerationism (not even the audience is left standing, felled before the final act\*\*). What now for the future of vampyrdom? Quo vadis, thou metaphysicians of the blood? Cameras set to autopilot like otherworldly evolvers awaiting a host with a predilection for pictorial melodrama unravelling in weird simulo=realism. Meaning the whole production was about to tank with only unedited rushes "in the can" (per industry parlance), the remaining surviving cast & crew (a couple of unlikely droids) left to drift in

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\* Another social=justice imposture!

\*\* The longawaited Extinction Event: as ever, G.U.U.'s posthumed imagists got there first!

the limbo of unfinanced deep space. Reels of unwatchable blink=rate leaving behind a skein of dumb matter transmitting nerve screeds across a cortex of frangible timelapse - a dotdashdot flickerfilm of psychic disturbance? - a hyphen between infinite & infinitesimal, vortex & Bolex, or: A way to transfer disappearance into dark matter / the raw existential STUFF of the unknown Kosmos? Well what's cinema for? Thinking DESTROY ALL VAMPYRS is an invitation to give the Means of Production a new interior design? (Still believing in coincidence at this late stage?) But what was it all getting at? Virus robots mass=manufactured to slave on future contaminated planet Earth? Canon=fodder for the Corp[orate]=\$(tate) Interdimensional Terror Apparatus? Chaos agents of insurrectionary class=war sabotage with their brains screwed in backwards? Entropy fetishists? Libertarian death=cult nuts declaring freedom=of=choice from evolution? Propagandists of self=satire, lampooning the bum's rush to collective KoolAid overconsumption? No beacon on the hill? No putative peenie pile's placebo paradise? No working womxn's Xanadu tiktoking up the Yellow Brick Rd to meet us, gates thrown wide, munchkins at the ready with garlands of Arabian jasmine, orchids, carnations, plumerias & raw opium? Moral of the story being, there's no such thing as a carte blanche? Or: One menu's farce is another's fiasco? Or: Not everything that goes around becomes a revolution? Cyclotrons of pandemic fizzle! Daisychains of resurrectionary fossils! The faint aftergloaming of dressingroom mirrors, shedding a tear, a Cheshire grin, a knowing mascaraed wink, peeling λømø the fake face's øøɛɔ ɛɔɔɔ\* - long after the fact's been put to rights, cremated, spread around the plant pots, blown in yr eye like so much grey glitter, flung to the four winds in a pitiful impersonation of Fay Wray flouncing in atomic fallout. Only to turn back the clocks with a timely surgical procedure to suffer it all again. (Today's new is tomorrow's wen?) Inversion in the heavy weather? Pissing from rooftops? WE ARE SLAVES BUT WE ARE IN LOVE! Fleshapoids plotting eternal revenge like throat jerky? 13 days is a long time in the course of History. >In the abstract, it cld be said that one day they hope to discover how to levitate [the world], but for the time being metaphors wld have to do. What comes next in this SUPADUPA BIGGER=IS=BETTER LIFE=EVER=AFTER phantasmagoria? Childhood's deliquescence: when I was a grubby little grrlboi I grew up, crazy salsa beating in my

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\* Ceaseless watcher, turn yr gaze upon this wretched thing!

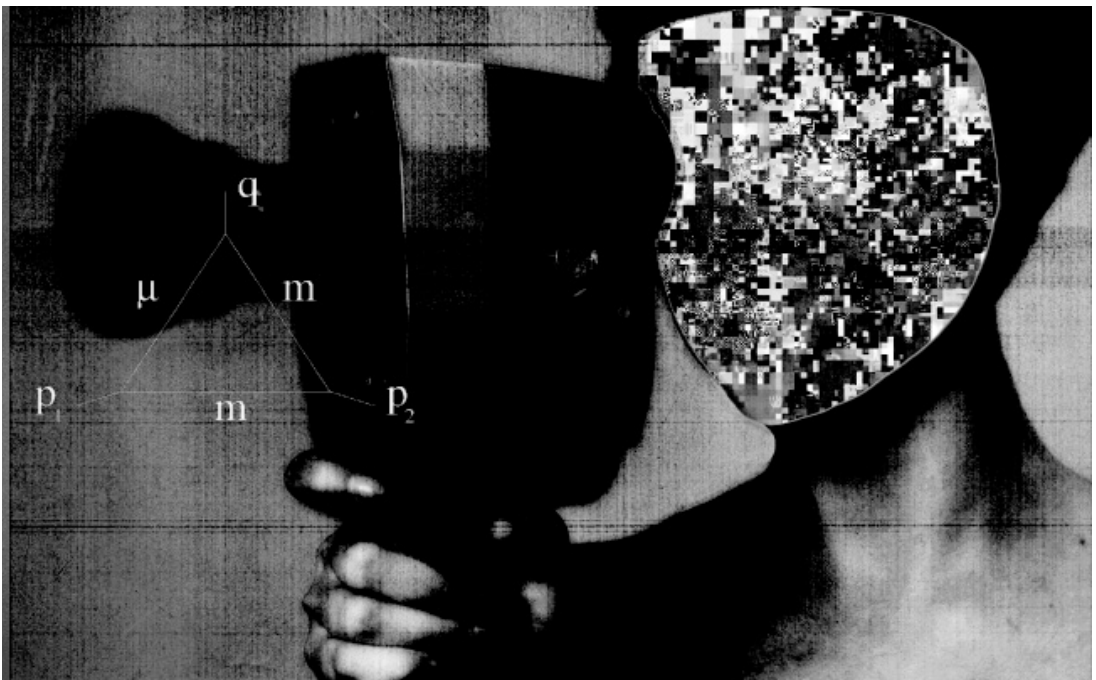
veins. They all believed they'd scored the lead role in the film of the century. The Director was called THE EYE, on account of being blind to what you might charitably call their PERSONAL FLAWS, though since when has breathing oxygen been a matter of preference? People tend too easily to forget that life is a political horror genre, trapped inside a destiny they can't see. They built an entire universe to play the scapegoat. The script was a real peach, except they only had one shot at it. "Got it in the can first take," was a pickup line every gaffer tossed out cruising the public lavs like they were touring a permanent wrap party. Spilled more celluloid hoping not to miss the BIG SHOT than Moses spilled bilge water out the Suez Canal. And after all that, they didn't even do a screen test?

### **AN ANGEL PASSES**

"There's someone missing here," **Offensia** said, counting the people in the mirror.

"IT'S YOU!" they shouted back.

**Offensia** gaped in silence. Tears came to her eyes. She lowered her gaze & saw there was nothing where she expected her body to be but empty space. After all this time, she hadn't expected dead to be so absolute.





## THE BLOOD OF OTHERS [REEL 13]

**Offensia's** story finished, the concluding montage follows the fates of the rest of the film's characters. Crispr disguised as Jean Rollin shows Duhomey the script for *The Precognitions*, which turns out to be an account of **Offensia's** travels through spiritual Purgatory. Duhomey agrees to distribute the completed film on condition that **Offensia** plays herself in the lead role, unaware that she's already dead. They discuss reshooting several scenes. Asperger also repeats Juulz Ebola's suggestion that he (Crispr) shld cast the Castel Twins to play the role of himself, causing him to become convinced that Duhomey has been spying on him for Papa Walt. Meanwhile Dante Polidori has miraculously survived the bombing of the GolemTV studios & is recovering in the same hospital in which Rupert Merdecock has just been pronounced DOA. News reports reveal that Papa Walt's righthand man had been kidnapped the night before & held for ransom by agents of the S.V.E.J.K. Infuriated at the loss of the 10 million fake Reichsmark that Merdecock had unwittingly handed to Crispr, Papa Walt has refused to pay up. Don't bullshit a bullshitter being a dictum that runs unerring all the way to the Walt Corporation bottom line, a rarefied zone of singular interests in which no=one is inexpensible. Ultimata for once being what they claim to be, Merdecock's bullet=ridden corpse is dumped on the Malecón in the back of a red Renault 4 & a tipoff phoned=in to the Commissariat. Madam Guyotat, who is almost runover in the process, recognises the Renault's driver as none other than the notorious Wang Fang & reports this salient factoid to the surviving coven of Wild Grrlz, suspecting a fit=up by Papa Walt himself to cash=in on Merdecock's double indemnity policy & justify an immediate all=out push to sanitise

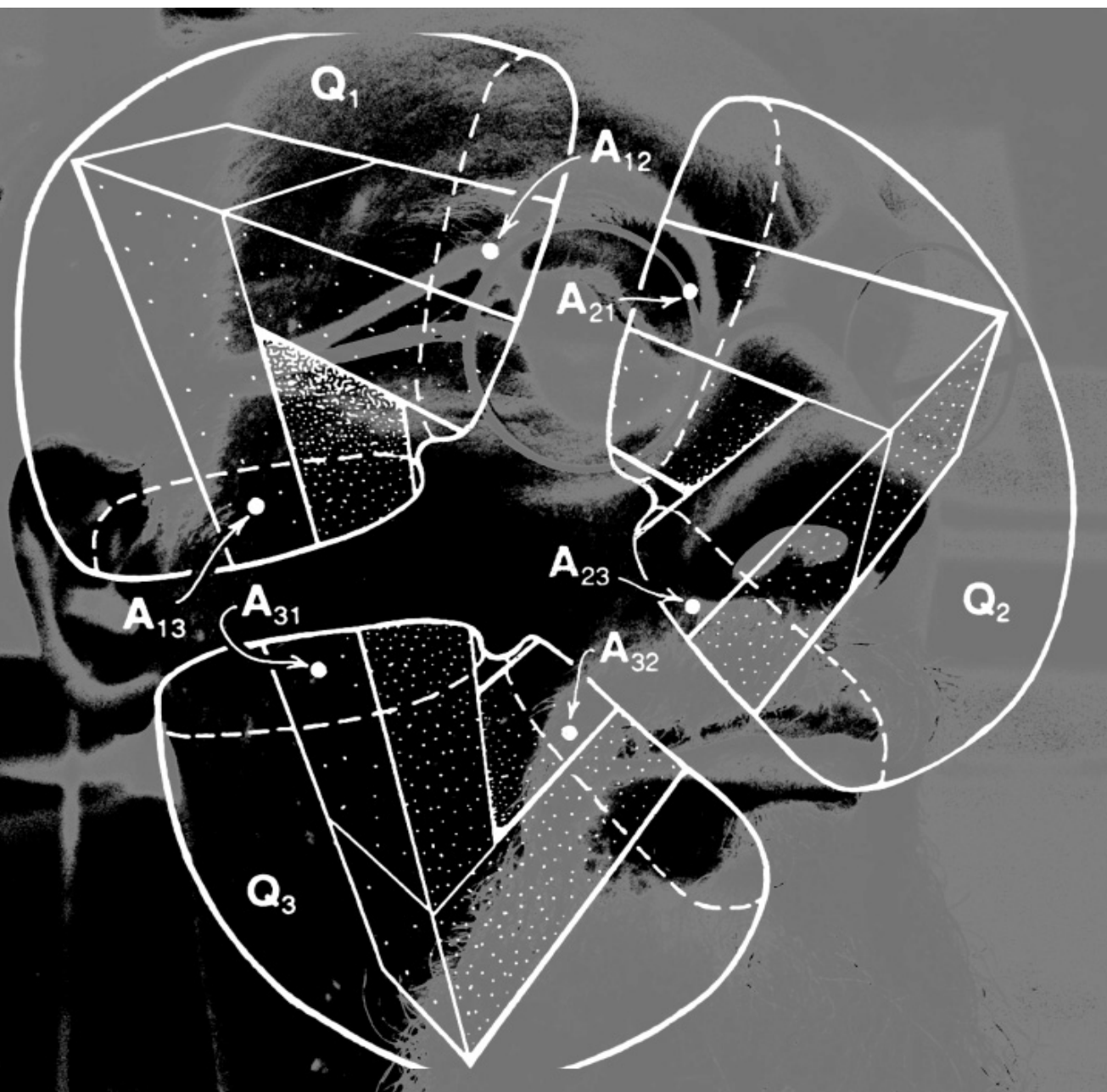
La Malattia ONCE & FOR ALL (before the "real enemy" got a chance to blow up the Control Tower & him with it [tbc]). While the Wild Grrlz are readying the barricades, Crispr learns that before being snatched Merdecock had stolen his film reels. Despondent he wanders back to Asperger's villa, determined to "put an end to it all." He finds the doctor ensconced in an armchair watching TV while slurping electric KoolAid from a hazchem storage flask, bundles of manuscript ablaze in the fireplace casting the room in chiaroscuro. The TV shows fresh examples of suicide, stupidity & corruption reported from around the planet in newsreel fashion. Asperger soliloquises about his unconscionable scientific experiments & tells Crispr about Merdecock's "assassination." Crispr laments the definitive loss of his "life's work," even as a mob is forming outside the gates of the doctor's villa, but is told by Asperger - raising his eyepatch so as to make the point all the more emphatic, thus revealing a perfectly functioning eye - "like Blanqui, like Nietzsche, you can... you must... begin all over again!" The montage ends with the mob storming the villa & the camera panning away to a red Renault 4 abandoned on the Malecón, the rear hatch gaping open like a dark maw revealing an interior stained with blood & littered with sheets of newspaper, bits of broken teeth & a dozen numbered film canisters. A child with a satchel bag is seen approaching. Curious, it stops & peers into the back of the Renault / reaches out a hand & opens one of the film canisters / looks inside / gasps / then with determined haste grabs the lot & stuffs them into its satchel bag. The film ends with the child running down the Malecón, shoesoles slapping the pavement, sea=spray arching over the seawall, police sirens, the boom & crash of the waves.



[THE END]







# G L I T C H H E A D  
. R E D U X



**GLITCH**




**THE HEAD**

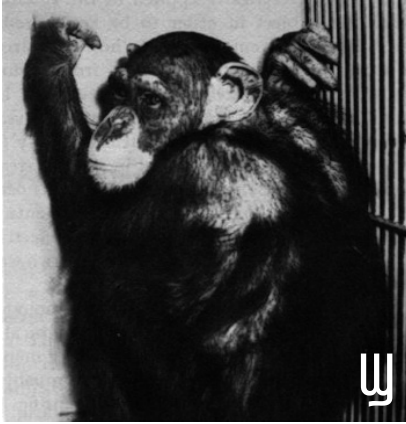


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contagion creates us in its image



"these facts have a sense of melancholy & dread that has nothing to do with their subject" / police open fire / When we go inside the prison, we see that one of the prison guards has brought in a troop of baboons. / they are shooting randomly into the street. looters flee the scene. hungry baboons attack villages & damage farms, They gather in large numbers in the streets & run amok. a

roving mob of baboons armed with knives & chainsaws wreaking havoc & sowing fear. / Police fire tear gas canisters to disperse the looting baboons. Baboons flee the scene. / baboons counterattack police, humxn slaves & other species. They are also involved with humxn trafficking, / Video shows a large police perimeter. Police fire shots in the air near the situation. Police fire tear gas canisters into the crowd wounding & maiming. Police have begun evacuating / the first slave trade in ancient times Spacetime isn't started as a sexual trade. / police the root level of open fire & kill / the suspects are all in reality, but an psychiatric hospitals / "we're just starting emergent structure of the ground=level investigation" / "we something "deeper." don't know what they know" / "there's ERBLICKET DIE TOCHTER no reason to believe it's connected" / DES FIRMAMENTS (I We need to remember that primates *wonder how winter* have been used for similar purposes / if *will be* / with a baboons attack you, they will shoot you *spring that I shall* down, get the picture? So what happens *never see...*) \*The the first time this occurs: You land / You first law is the try to retreat but you can't / You shoot prohibition against them & try to kill them (but they just keep knowing what cannot coming towards you now) / You retreat, be known. (Nyx gland: because the monkey is going to kill you / "Ain't nothing out on the monkey kills you / you run back to the the street no more mothership & fly away / all of a sudden the but white pills cut monkey attacks the ship, it will shoot you with so much baby down. The thing is: it would also happen laxative they give if the monkey didn't intend to kill you. you nappy rash.")

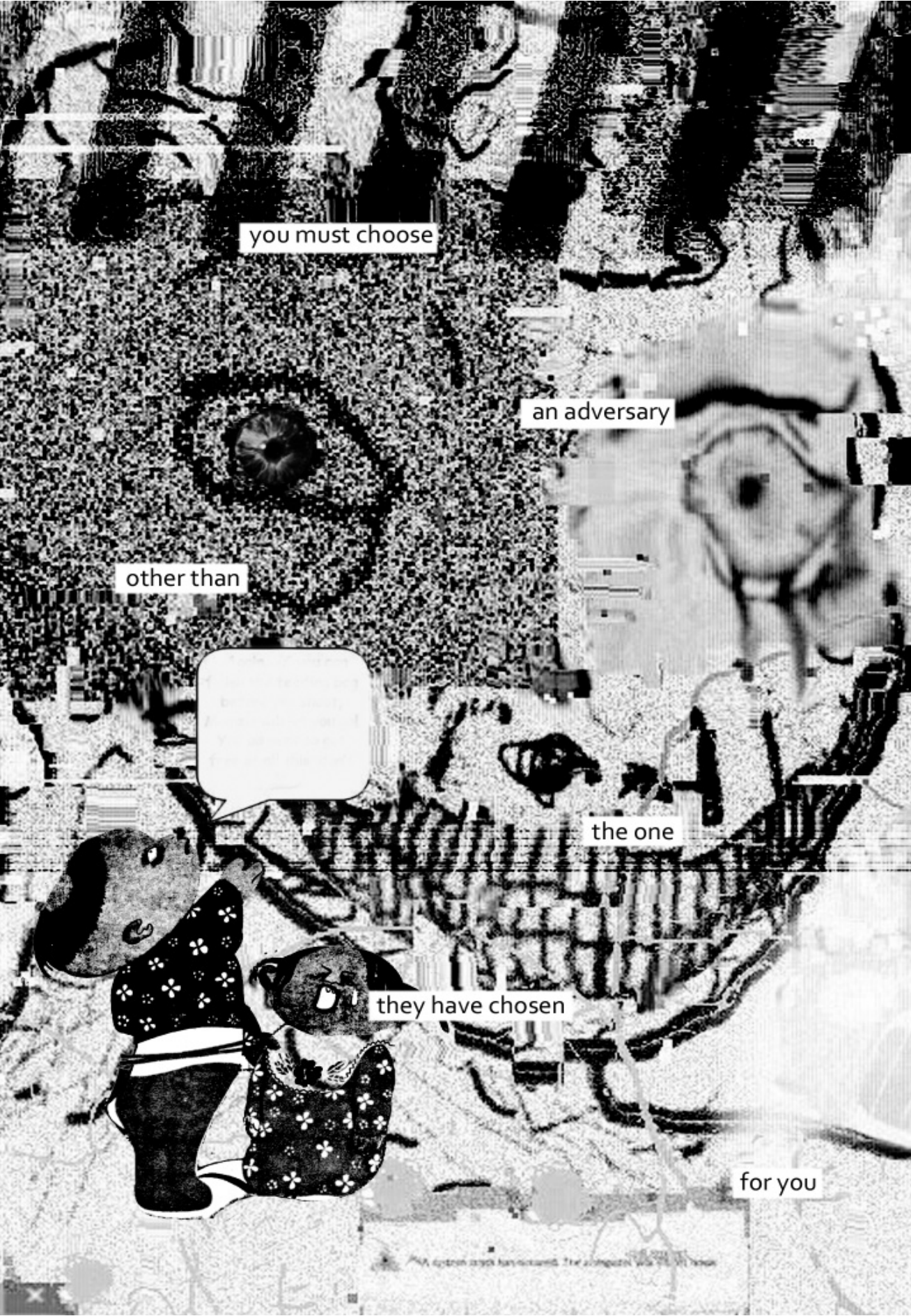


yet we shld not be

led astray

by the absurdity

of situations



you must choose

an adversary

other than



the one

they have chosen

for you

History itself is but  
a symptom of crisis,  
which it perceives  
as a series of  
discrete events whose  
overcoming it believes  
it represents



**MONOCLONAL  
ANTIBODIES  
FAILING AGAINST  
MUTATIONS**

only child of bastardy no=one  
cld see the orphaned siblings  
cremated inside her the ancestor  
spirits gnawing her entrails an  
abortion after=leaving foundling  
freak the world her oyster mama  
Freude G.O.D. pater ARBEIT  
MACHT ODE TO JOY! for  
love we work ourselves to the  
bone we are singular plural we  
are legion disease we are plague  
of plenty=in=abstention my little  
proletarians loneliness begins at  
birth? in the cryogenic labour  
camp? in the hysterectomied  
sac of selfhood slopped out  
onto the cutting room floor?  
we who've been pronounced  
dead on arrival (this wld've  
saved so much time!) the first  
opportunity to kill ourself a pair  
of serrated forceps drowning  
acidified starved headfirst from  
a mountaintop firstlast memory  
of that happy limbo stolen from  
eternity because WE ARE  
FORCED TO EXIST life holds  
no secrets there's only power &  
powerlessness *amen* thus did I  
& I create us from pleasureless  
vowels & frigid consonants  
an anus for G.O.D.'s logos  
& mama tongue inking our  
circumfessed middle finger to  
write a million times upon the  
faces of the VOID *I am nothing*  
*I know nothing I am capable of*  
*nothing* there is no "I" / **Offensia**

"We are all cripples hahaha our world is an asylum hahaha"

dark calligrams of emotive sentiment, murder & suicide e.g., a masochist's cunning insanity, a fruitless interminable analysis of just causes, a linguistic torture regime designed to be inserted in the anus w/out aid of a ceremonious global metaphor



Why do the dead invariably come back to watch us through the eyes of the still living? (*la comédie misanthropique*) Reality is in abeyance there, awaiting attention: the dream is the bearer of their desire. *I touch, I seize, I repel, I merge, I separate, I ignore...* (what I'm permitted to be isn't what I desire to be). In exactly the same way as the world needs another bloodbath. The day will come, it has come. Descartes' dogs howl as they copulate, it is a howl of despair. And now you want the whole thing to be undone, for Pandora to be put back in her box. But one must write the spell first in order to delete it.

*the migraine of proxy life*

the molecules of the chemically dead wired into their machine for the maintenance of law & order & now the juice has been switched off taking up space at the lunch counter the cunning niches of meaning (what will they think with/ what's left?) the pigs'll come to shoot the old bitch in the neck drained of a century's bad blood & entrail for blood sausage served up to the mysteries

*they stared out at the glitch, the churning hiss of it*

of self=revelation the little piggy wiggies w/ mustard streaming from their behinds know that life is almost impossible to imagine



THE SPIRITS THAT SLEEP IN THE SKY  
ARE NOT THOSE BURIED IN MUSEUMS



# SEDUCTION'S HYSTERICAL FANTASY

*daughters of poetry born to revenge  
/ all flesh & tenebrous glass unvoiced  
time among the voids / each its own  
transfamilial myth its "I" language /  
an unsalvaged sphinx*



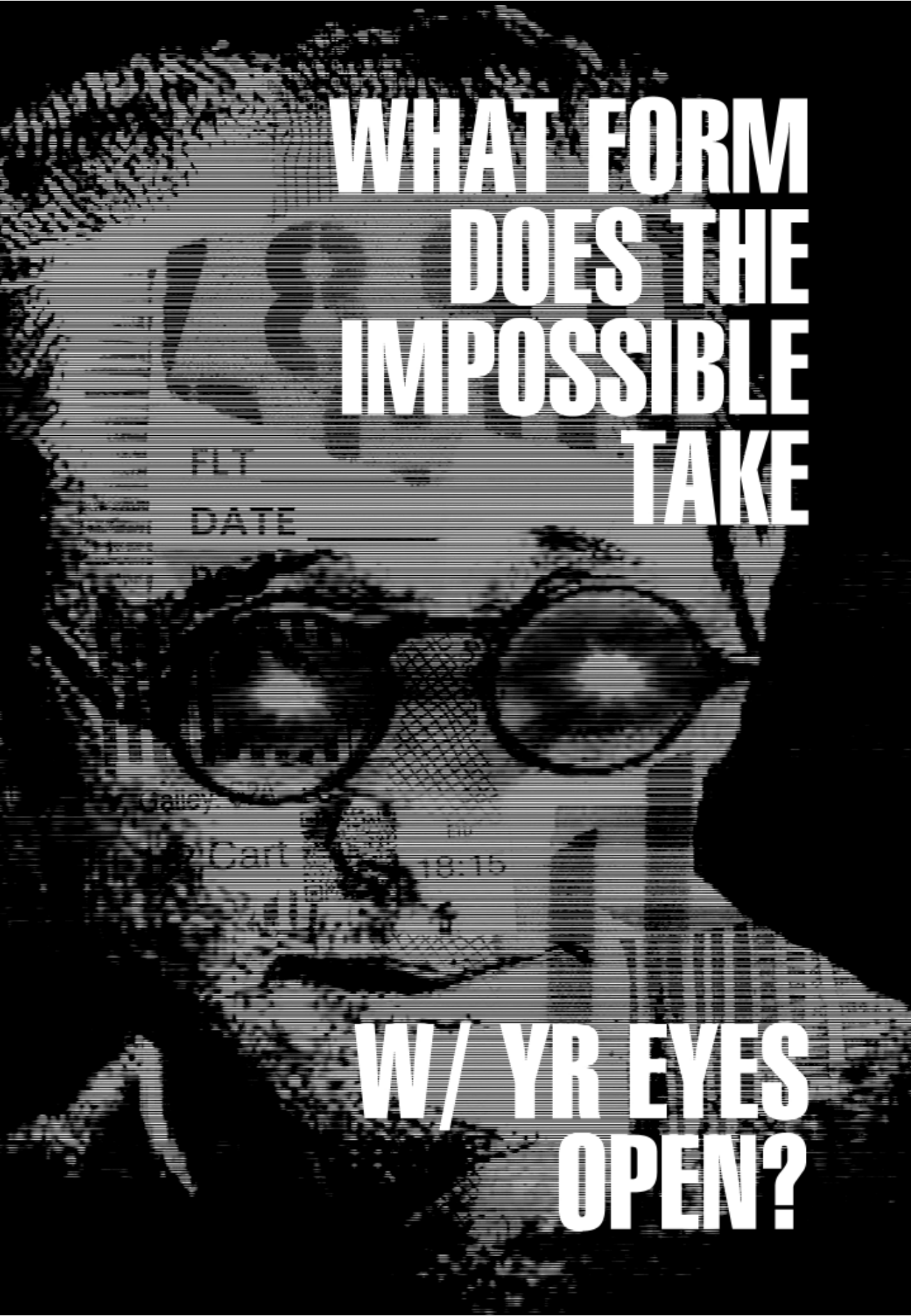
## MY BODY DOESN'T REPEAT YOU!

am I only waiting for my fathers dark exhibitionistic  
to die? in order to begin procuring desires as befit a  
the death of my children? slave hahaha only  
in the depths of negation does love come dressed in  
such splendour to those who sleep the vegetable  
& mineral sleep of evolution's dark matter there in  
the fleshless cave to amplify the thunder within to  
bind the scapegoat to dream in tongues, all for one  
& once for all: were it that History was the result.  
Ah, the "yoke of liberty!" *So much for the dry bones.*

we've passed through  
the three ages of  
the sacred, poetic &  
bureaucratic insofar  
as it pleases the  
G.O.D.=tasters to  
consider the divine  
phallus as the  
providential fulcrum,  
world without end,  
etc. (not everything  
can be swallowed w/  
out protest) such

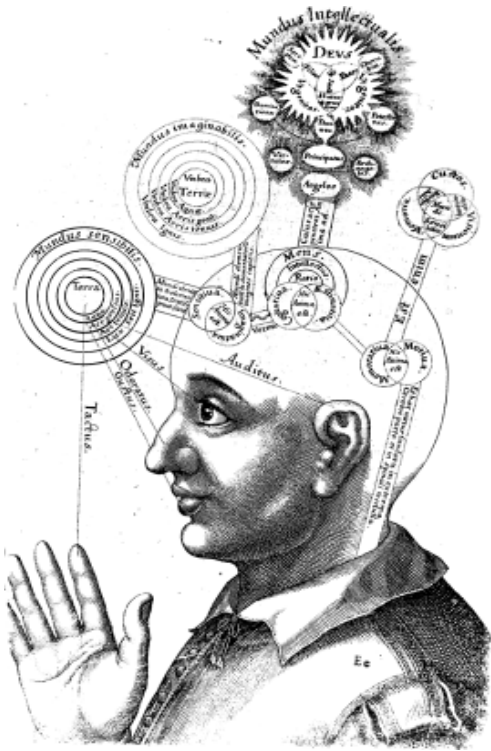
dark exhibitionistic  
desires as befit a  
slave hahaha only  
love come dressed in  
the vegetable  
dark matter there in  
the thunder within to  
dream in tongues, all for one  
& once for all: were it that History was the result.

*\*Memoirs for an Amnesiac  
Confessions of a Compulsive Liar  
Epigraphs to a Suicide  
Reactionary Affinities  
etc.*

A high-contrast, black and white halftone image of a man's face wearing glasses. The image is overlaid with a document form. The text on the form includes "FLY DATE", "Cart", and "18:15".

**WHAT FORM  
DOES THE  
IMPOSSIBLE  
TAKE**

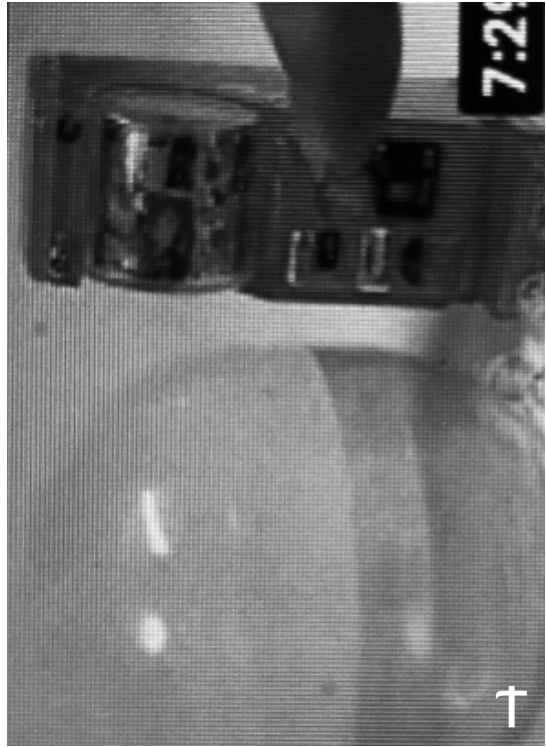
**W/ YR EYES  
OPEN?**



We, who are yet to suffer the long durée of humxnity's afterlife, still dream the thing that remains to be deduced. Which is more real? Paradox is the formative structure, a journey w/ out archetypes, out into the trailing ellipses... & will it follow the cyclonic form of the "anti=novel"? or merely a straight line terminating against a row of dirty mattresses propped upright against a wall (to prevent ricochet)?

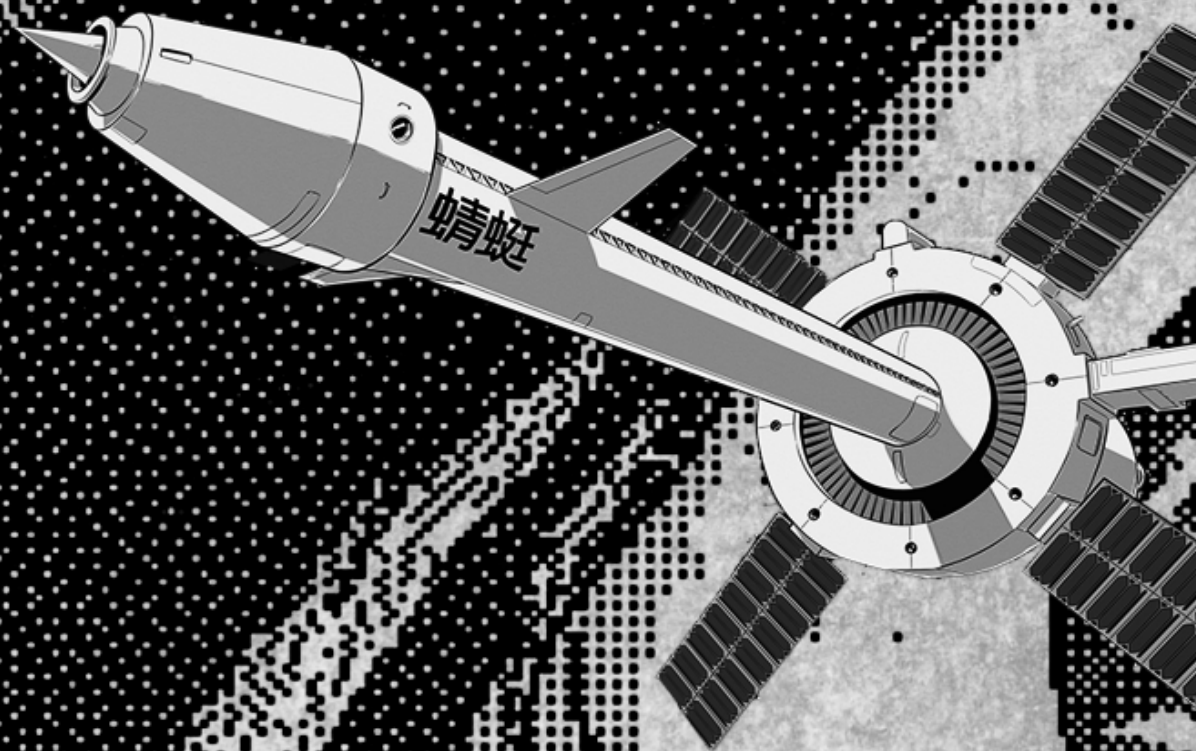
WHAT HAS SURVIVED HAS Paid in the coin of SURVIVED. the humxn egg in a discordant invective brain of magnetic rock, return- for having failed to be ing to nature as to the scene of a reborn, the death=curve crime. let us embody for a mo- hyperbola that never ment these acts – a warm wet touches infinity, never muscle – nerved archipelagos of caresses zero: what secret industrial waste gender. we clench histories await final our teeth into our fists, building erasure in that sterile the forces that can intervene & put interim? \*G.O.D., too, is an end to [delete] power is invari- a statistic. (The plague ably one over another / predefined only invents an image of by a running commentary (no es- what invented it.) All cape). words of choice of death- the ecstasies of a clean cult mask solvent a.k.a. Rapid slate / a reprieved corpse Decline. evolution is always fatal / a ferocious primordial (no abstractions), the imprisoned seeking its opposite. The scenery isn't the presumed victim psychic autism of visible burned at the stake, nor a visceral signs in a Geiger=counter likeness of what it isn't – X renders sky. Scorpion nests.

Minds cleansed of the future like corporatised DNA. Let this enigma of unflesh die before it lives, so we can finally get some sleep. (It's useless to insist.) Of course we've failed, of course we refused to submit. Such passionate chastities. Only "re=education" permits access to life before birth. Slow orbiting masses in a cryogenic membrane, as brainless as remote=control detonation. (Pure metaphysics!)



As if time wld tell, beamed back through satellite drift in post=apocryphallic relay. \*What's repeated is always something that occurs AS IF BY CHANCE (Lacan). Placing upon our tongue in solemn ablution that kernel of the real body, endlessly renewed & slick with anti=clotting agents: i.e. it FLOWS. "Like heady wine." "Like the knot of a resilient nucleus." All the hundred thousand distilled schizophrenias of this flat Earth sliced across the page. Un vrai filet littéraire.

concurrency in such painful light, of farce tinged w/ mourning, widow's weeds in a country garden. such baroque Stalinisms, of plot & situation, under bullet=ridden veils of starved seduction. *ô bring me the head of John the Baptist* – like a cat on a leash, a mechanical Perseus in a probability field. the black flag declares itself more beautiful than all the oil fields in yr kingdom. dead=funny trigonometries of logic gate & truth table, machinegunning the camera angles – camouflaged among the animated children of poetical routines, grasping at walls, the frozen Thermidor, execution mechanisms of replete History. death is a pale starship hovering just below the horizon.



**WE  
COME  
IN PEACE**

art isn't of its time: tele-

scoped into the void

a planet whose drift,

fitted

with a contrary

screen /

from afar

the ancient

volcanoes

rivers

within rivers /

condensation

of the One-True-

Evolver

but from the moment they

stepped out of the

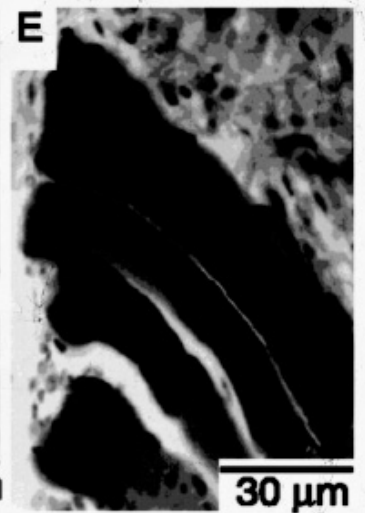
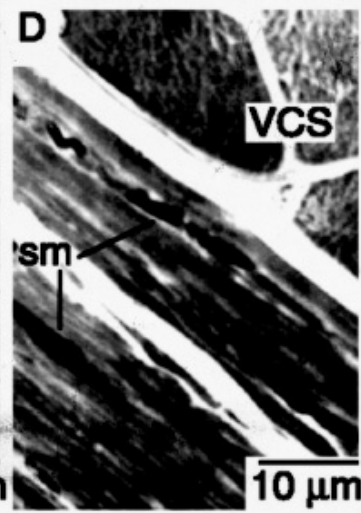
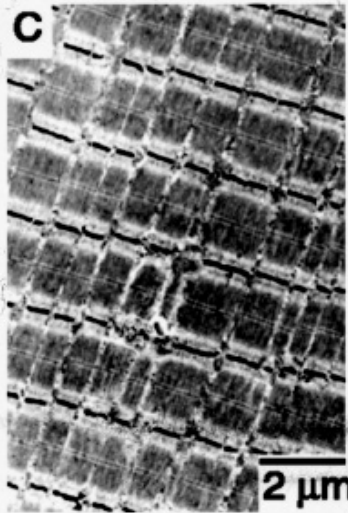
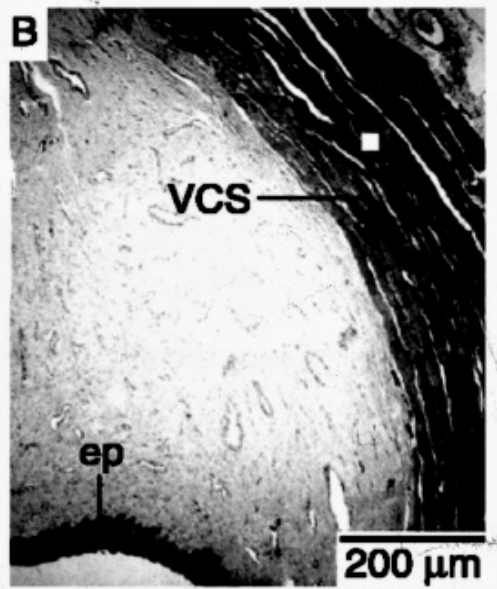
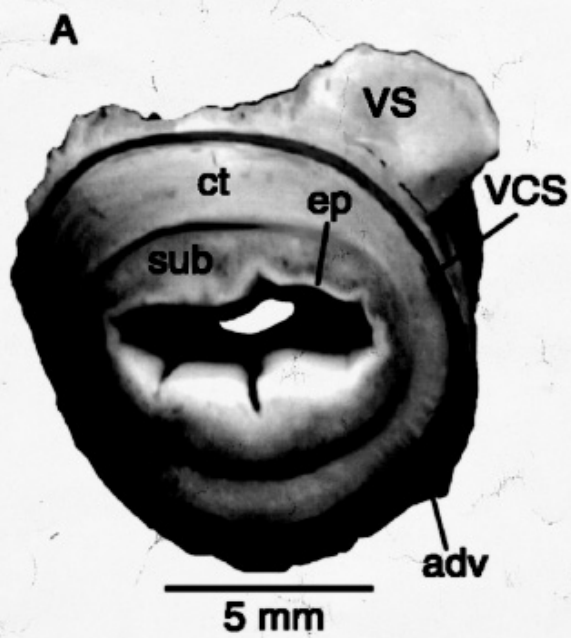
module

nothing

was ever

going to be the same

again



I is a shapeshifting wormhole eater.

**Offensia:** Suddenly, I remember reading once that the humxn body's made up mostly of bacteria, viruses & viral DNA.

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: Look, if you -- generally speaking -- have a morsel of kapitalist spirit in you, then you have to buy at least three humxn bodies. One for you & two for market inflation. This is yr basic collector scheme. You never go wrong with it down the line.

**Offensia:** It's as if I'm learning about this for the first time, yet I know that I've read this somewhere.

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: The light finally thickens!

**Offensia:** Or maybe it was in a dream & I'm confusing it with reality.

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: A collective / masochistic blood=letting scam imho.

**Offensia:** Not only that, but it isn't even permitted to exist as an isolated individual, because every apparent individual contains multitudes of different organisms & consciousnesses.

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: It's all western propaganda. Rationalism is just a front unless you use it like a sharp object inserted under yr fingernails.

**Offensia:** I feel my strength come back to me. I get up from the floor & start leaving food out for it to become as rotten as possible. Only this way is there any chance of "redemption" through entropy -- what humxnity calls a future.

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: Everything I do in life is an act of heresy!

**Offensia:** Our parallel universe is a complete, self=flagellating system.

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: Yes, but there are empirical studies which show that a metaphor is not like a humxn insufficiency.

**Offensia:** We now see that there is one last step to take to birth this new universe.

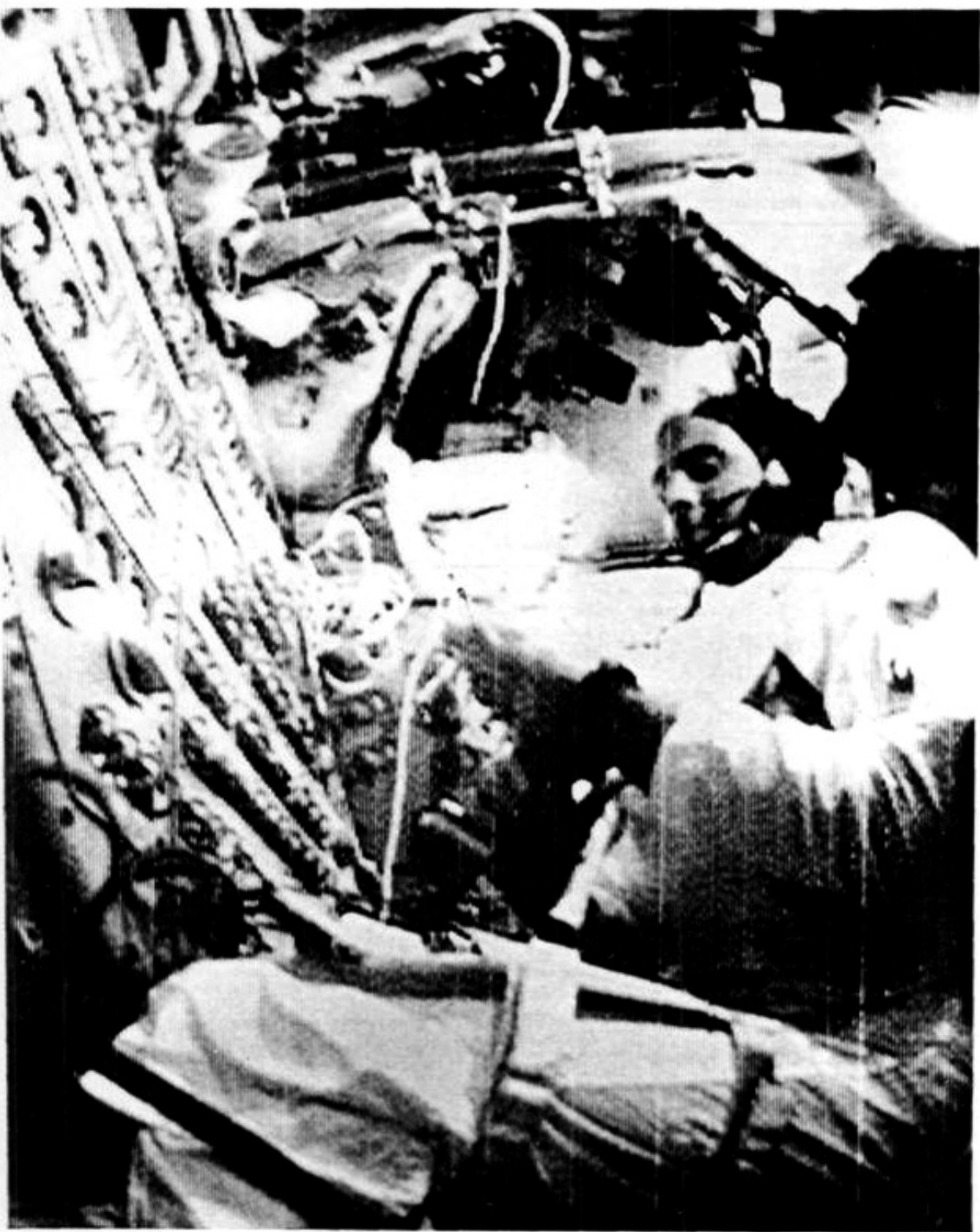
@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: The time=reversal of an approaching wave striking at the shore is not the reversal of its motion, but its very nature, its narcissistic core, its objectivity.

**Offensia:** All things that have been born must rebel against their birth in order to sustain themselves.

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: The Sun reaches the tip of the red=giant branch of the Hertzsprung=Russell diagram, achieving its maximum radius of 256 times the present=day value. In the process, Mercury, Venus & very likely Earth are destroyed.



it is necessary to hallucinate the world  
before it is possible to exist in it



"Icarus" is a blue supergiant star observed through a gravitational lens. It is the most distant individual star to have been detected (as of April 2018), at approximately 14 billion light-years from Earth (redshift  $z=1.49$ ). Light from the star was emitted 4.4 billion years after the Big Bang.



**GREY** The first thing you noticed was **NOISE** that the streets were empty. Deserted, rather. A postapocalypse film set, after the production has packed=up & left. Not a human in sight. Not a bird in the sky. Not a stray dog. Not a tumbleweed or a newspaper or a piece of windblown trash. Not even a rat. It might've been a glitch in the operating system the place was running on. Or one of those sub-programmes that cycled in the background, like a screensaver, keeping the simulation on spec. The streets were just render & pure geometry. **Offensia** wondered, if she kicked one of the doors in, what she'd find behind it. If there was some kind of representation of nothing.

ALL MY ALTEREGOS  
ARE DEAD / NYX  
GLAND TROLLSONA /  
BONDAGE&DISCIPLE /  
CROSSING THE ABYSS  
ON BROKEN KNEES /  
RICOS TACOS 100%  
CONQUISTADORES  
GRINGOS OTROS  
BLANCOS / GODKILL  
TECHNOLOGY / "I"  
IS TRANSALIENIST  
CONSPIRACY / CYBER  
LESBO=PRECARIAT  
DEATH CULT REDUX OR  
"RUTHLESS FATALISM"  
?

^this entire sequence occurs in the *form* of a "dream" etc.



the mirror  
,TAHW ton ,WOH  
tuc I) eez uoy  
& zeyv ym tuo  
zrorrim e36 e3elt  
e3erw3ere  
,rorrim e zi Iuoz  
,rorrim e zi .D.O.3  
e zi e3re3inu e3t  
gnize3g Ie33in3m  
...noit3eqo



In any one of innumerable other possible worlds, **Offensia** knows she's really just an avatar channelling unknown remote users' wish=fantasies, hive=mind analogue of forgotten masses wired into the zeitgeist, or hacked in, or just RAMmed through like a front=end loader through a jewellery store window...

First hypothesis:  
the future doesn't predict a theory.

Second hypothesis:  
atrocities recede as endogenous cause.

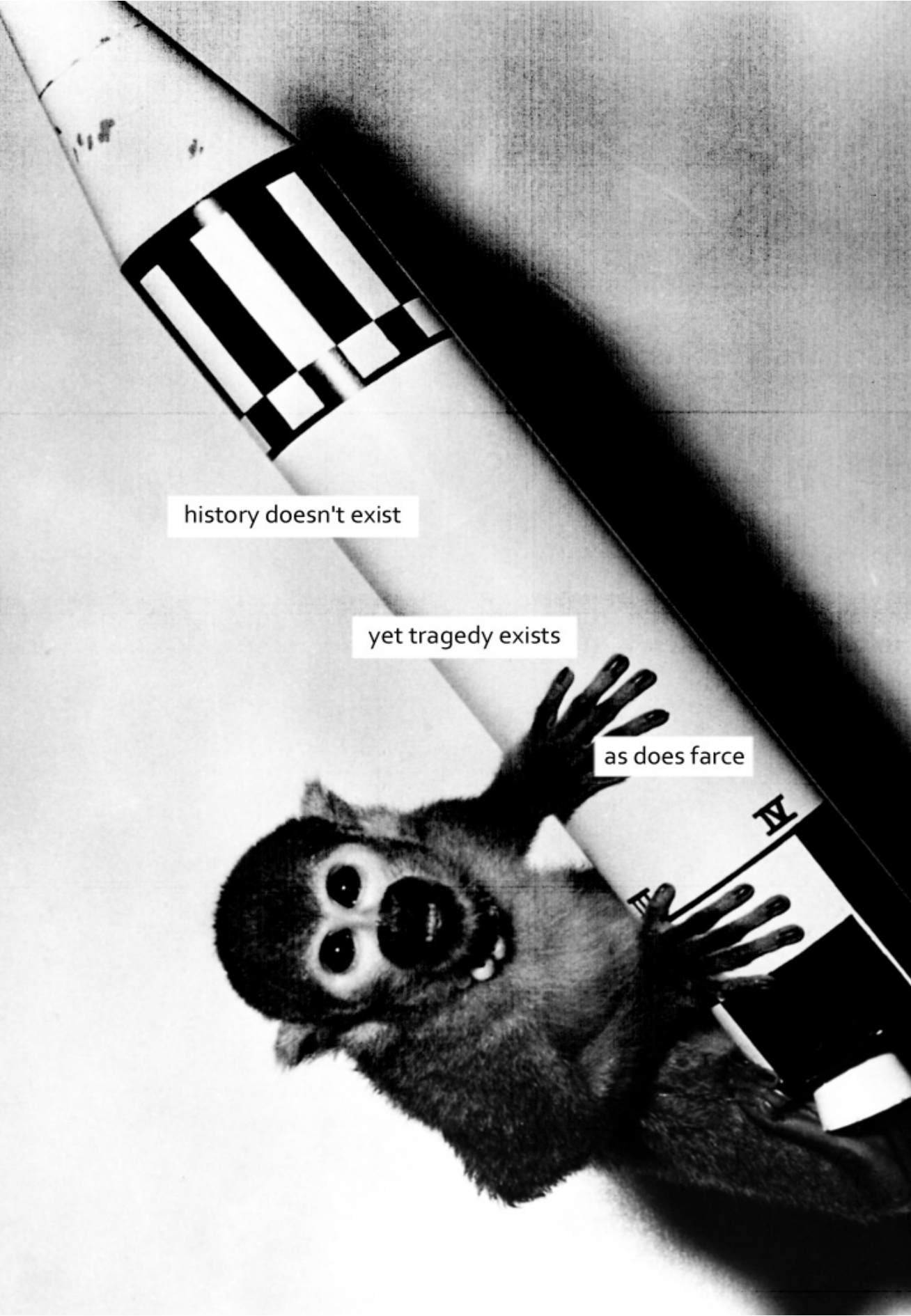
i am a thief / i steal the very existence of the thing / the life of the living / the myth of the world / the germ from the DNA / do not mistake me for those i dispossess / i am the white noise that sings in the veins of those who die by violence or incomprehension / i am the crime of what persists / i am the shadow of all that doesn't

**— IF YOU CLD COME BACK AS ANYTHING, WHAT WLD IT BE?**

**— DEATH.**

a mind in the flesh, spontaneous, undaunted / though we are dead & no longer exist, yet the residue of our existence continues: "refusing to give up the ghost," a monster of *twisted rectitude*





history doesn't exist

yet tragedy exists

as does farce



i am the angel of despair **Offensia** whispered screamed i am the angel of despair kill me! disillusion is implicit in a territory that doesn't exist

What do we care for e.g.  $x$  has a meaning, but  $y$  is that name that was incapable of saying what it is. "Is once our name? It is it favourable?" "Is it threatening?" dead, a dead name, in Surely there is some reason for  $x$  the graveyard of all being there / a certain form of the other dead names. behaviour towards an adversary ( $y$ )

We don't even bring / an aberation of perception: many it flowers. Not even a explanations are possible but only carnation. one can be lived at a given point of observation. At the same time, its intent is pure mirage. Were  $y$  simply a reflection of  $x$  distorted by cracks, tears, rents in the visible fabric, it would be no better off than a syndrome of mental automatism. *That which doesn't correspond to a train of thought, but the opposite of*

we are the flower of thought. Like successive horizons desolation, the desolated not in sequence, the closer it gets, flower, *la fleur desolée* the more ungraspable it becomes.



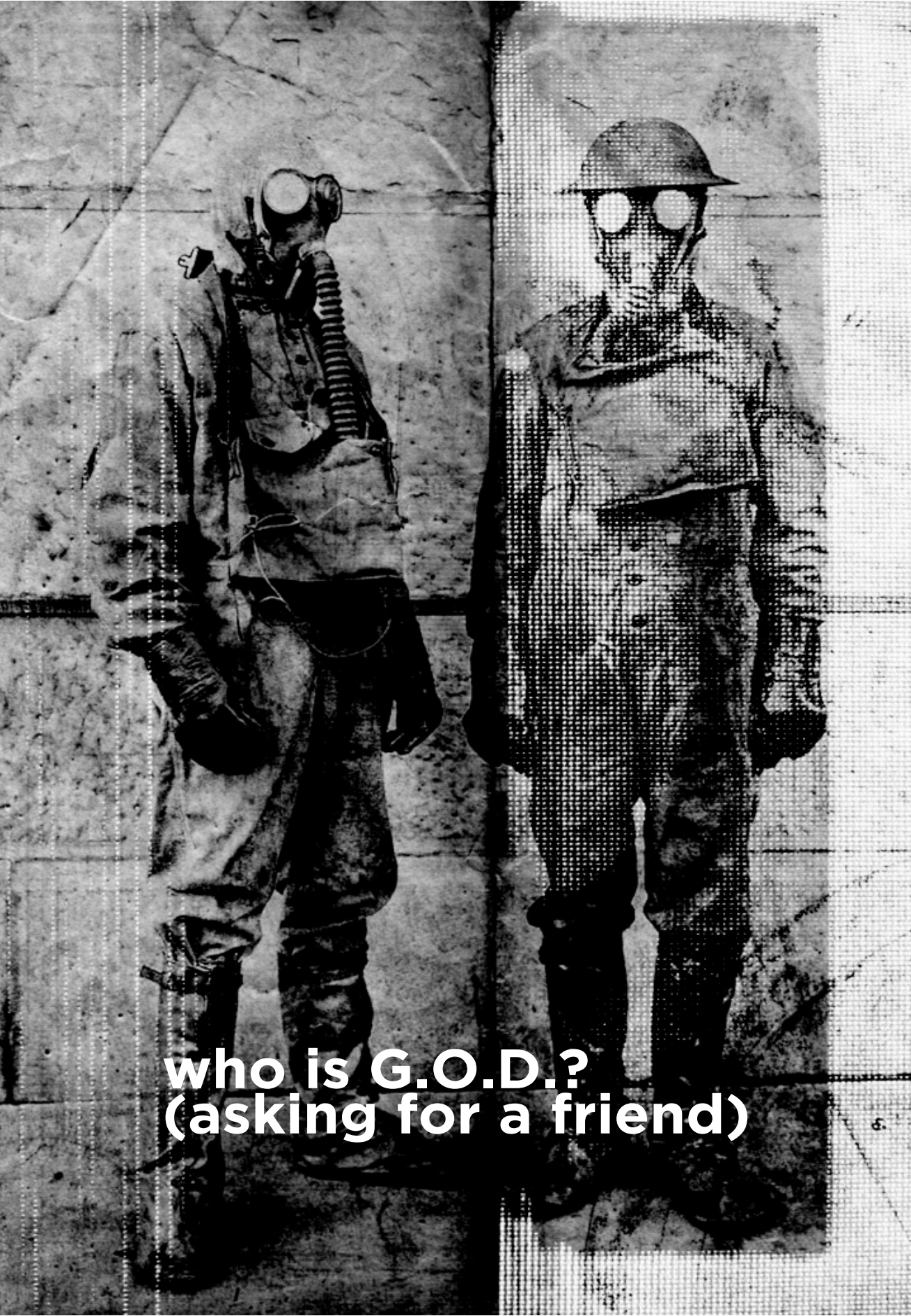
many people are disturbed

by the trend towards

depersonalisation

in recombinant DNA

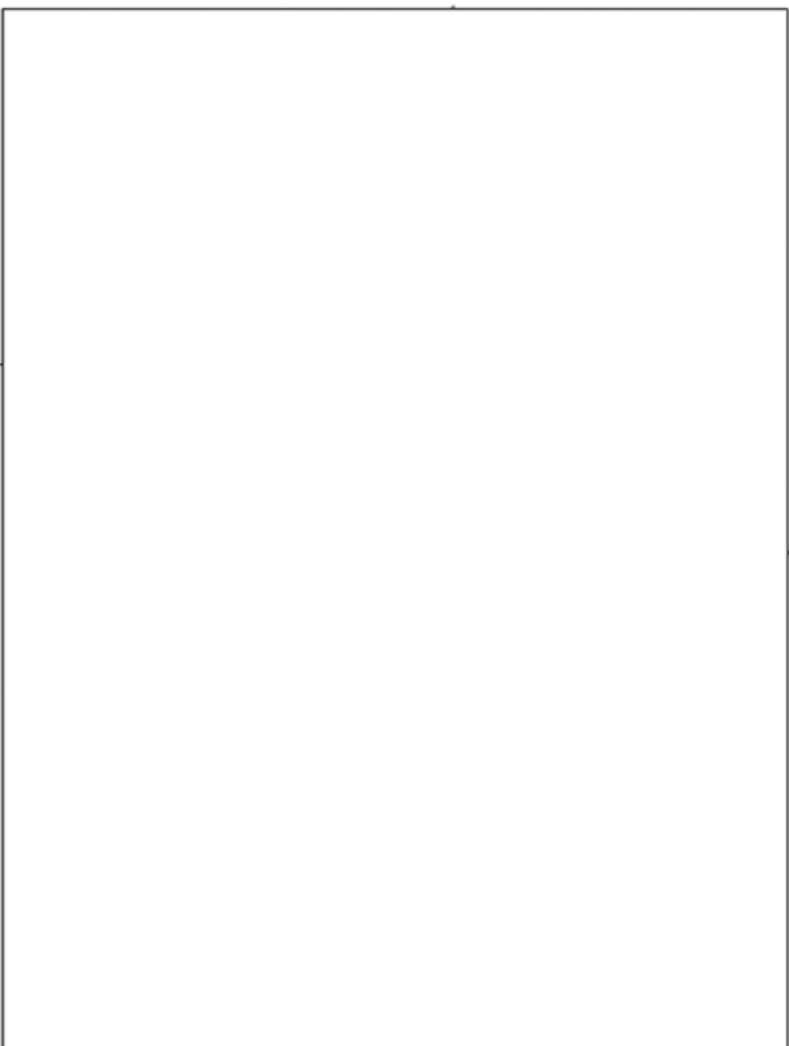




**who is G.O.D.?  
(asking for a friend)**

THE PRESIDENT'S  
DAILY BRIEF  
20 AUGUST 1968

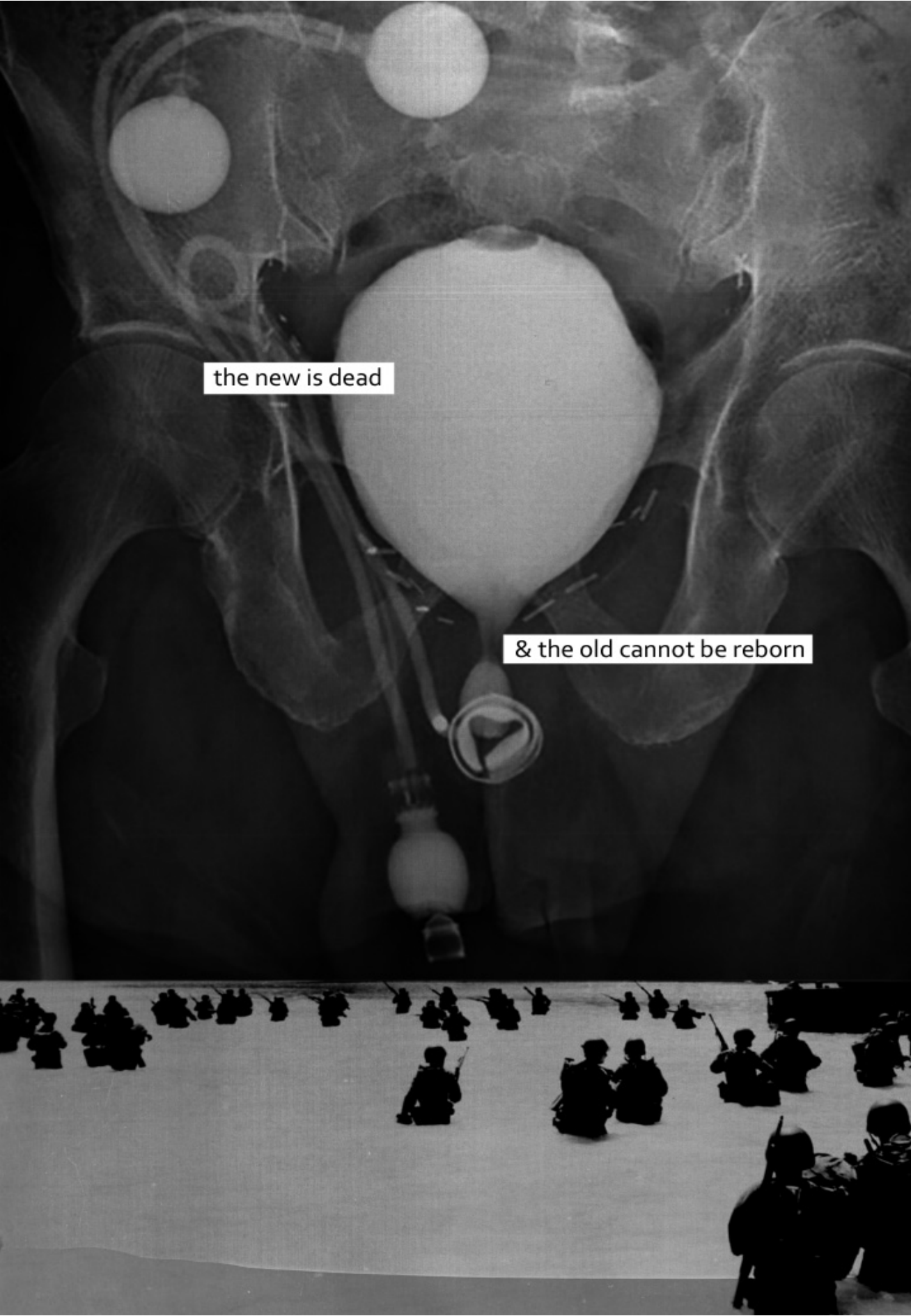
1. Czechoslovakia



50X1




there are Our mother is the plague.  
 many forms Our mother commits suicide standing on her head.  
 of mental Our mother gets drunk burning her effigies.  
 disorder in Our mother says jump & you jump.  
 the world, Our mother performs the miracle of con=  
 western substantiation.  
 civilisation Our mother is an undercover cop.  
 is only one Our mother murders sleep.  
 of them Our mother is the ice virgin.  
 Our mother walks in solitary splendour.  
 Our mother saves a stitch in time.  
 Our mother applies the theories of quantum  
 mechanics in everyday situations.  
 Our mother has foresuffered all.  
 Our mother carries her dead mother inside her.  
 Our mother always knows who to blame.  
 Our mother is the inescapable pronoun.  
 Our mother counts the logarithms in her head.  
 Our mother is G.O.D.'s gift.  
 Our mother disproves the conservation of mass.  
 Our mother is the myth of the unassailable adversary.  
 Our mother knows where you sleep.  
 Our mother is all the fear in the sea.  
 Our mother dies that all may live.  
 Our mother turns in a gyre.  
 Our mother shrives the electrons from the light.  
 Our mother suffocates dreams w/ her kisses.  
 Our mother drowns her children out of pity.  
 Our mother sings the migraine to sleep.  
 Our mother is falling from her mother's arms.  
 Our mother is a Universal Turing Machine.  
 Our mother lies supine at night.  
 Our mother drives us out to the canyon.  
 Our mother is a mealymouthed cocksucker.  
 for we are Our mother whispers sweet nothings.  
**Offensia**, the Our mother says what must be done.  
 unaborted, Our mother assuages guiltlessness.  
 the revenant Our mother isn't our Mother.



the new is dead

& the old cannot be reborn



IT IS BECAUSE  
THE DICHOTOMIES  
ARE FALSE  
THAT THEY PERSIST

we'd become just another messiah complex -- a walking plagiarism who knew nothing except how to eat, we couldn't even write, desire wasn't a viable phenomenon anymore. WHY WERE WE BORN ONLY TO DIE W/OUT INFAMY? everything's a dead schema -- id ego superego -- well if G.O.D. hadn't fucked himself in the first place he cld find, none of this'd be a problem. every crime cld always be something worse. y'd have to sink the world into night a thousand times over w/out batting an eyelash, but machines do it better & more reliable. is this what heaven's for?

**WE ARE NOT**

**CONCERNED**

**W/ A DEFENCE**

**OF POETRY BUT  
W/ A COUNTER  
ATTACK!**



why not sneeze  
nyxgLand?

Dear X, I hope the world is fecundly shitting on yr little patch, giving it sufficient nutrient to keep you fattening for the slaughter.

Can you imagine just how appalling it is to wake up in someone else's head, drowning in vile sentiments, vanities, confusions – why bother? First among idiots, G.O.D. had His own personal latrine. It was full of flowers, domesticated virgins. Ah, how sweet! We used to dream of childhood, too, when we were young. Even the disillusionments were mediocre. Life is just one long continuous uplift. "Abandoned by my body," He says, their G.O.D., crawling across the finishline w/ His balls up in stirrups – a heaving mastitis all going to waste. Roman charity bears its cross.

Look! Look! They've never been able to get enough of themselves. We must pin them under magnifying glasses in the sun, the degrees celsius cackle & laugh our cunt is a wild scream & our head inside our cunt, our kopf's cradle, blue blue in autumn skies above the tomato beds blinking red-eyed, the birds w/ hooked beaks, what a piece of fruit is a man, ambivalently born, his daddy's bitch, all love & sorrow swept away into tight corners, hospital corners in hospital rooms, coughing up bleach, the immaculate soul, the spotless white immaculate soul.

oh we have all vomited w/ joy at the worldwide revolutionary moment in the sun from G.O.D.'s very own anus acquired by means of mirrored glass Hello my children! are you safe in yr hovels? in yr looksalike smellsalike sacks of shite? electricity chases away the night, evil has fled, time passes much faster & like music has become atrocious. die if you wish, but shut up, the world is sick to death of moral invalids.

a creature with its head eaten by a telephone / a phone antler-like protruding from a head / these are the terrible minotaurs, microwaved, brain-shocked, sick in the labyrinth



*control over* "THEATRE" PIECE: A stage w/ a mortuary  
*reality is* eyes & mouth; inside the mouth a anaesthetist,  
*the only* gigantic mirror – the actors are the a physician's  
*issue* audience, they breathe in clearly deadhand  
articulated rhythms (first act). scalpel,

Second act: The actors hold sawdust under  
their breath until all but one have the skin, the  
passed out – the remaining actor retrospective  
plays "SELF" & proceeds to molest life of an  
in turn the unconscious actors artefact of  
while dragging them across the taxidermied  
stage & dumping their bodies over *élan vital*  
the proscenium. – hardly the

Third act: alone at last, "SELF" flesh they'd  
strips naked & copulates with the wasted their  
mirror. The unconscious actors existence on:  
laugh obscenely. a shrivelled




Act four: "SELF" commits fullblooded  
suicide by one of three methods: lament, veins  
1. hanging, 2. drowning, 3. slicing that once  
wrists. A trolley is wheeled on stage gushed forth  
w/ a pair of elasticised suspenders, in cornu-  
a goldfish bowl, a letter=opener. copias now  
The performance continues w/ a desert  
difficulty until "SELF" is dead or the (someone was  
audience leaves. to blame, but

Fifth act (posthumous): The who wld they  
reflections in the mirror, now pin it on  
unobserved, escape through this time?)  
the mouth & blind the eyes. The  
stagelights explode. The sound of

ALL MATTER the theatre collapsing into itself  
IS "DARK" like a neutron star.

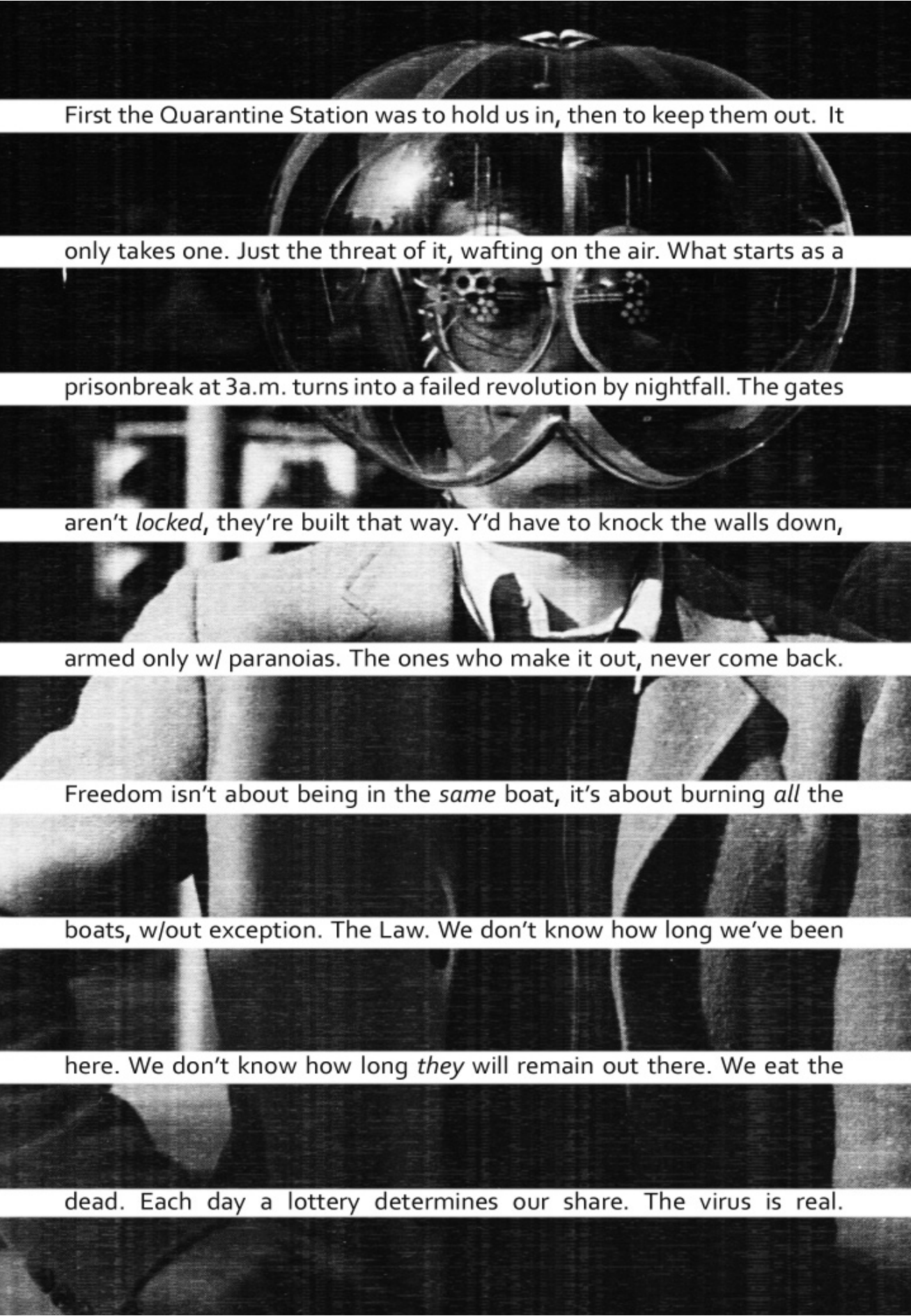
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*\*to exist in the aftermath of life?* immortal death assumes that there  
are other forms of civilization, all of them doomed (though not  
∴ equivalent), forever elsewhere in neon spacetime XANADU



what use is a language

that can only describe itself?



First the Quarantine Station was to hold us in, then to keep them out. It

only takes one. Just the threat of it, wafting on the air. What starts as a

prisonbreak at 3a.m. turns into a failed revolution by nightfall. The gates

aren't *locked*, they're built that way. Y'd have to knock the walls down,

armed only w/ *paranoias*. The ones who make it out, never come back.

Freedom isn't about being in the *same* boat, it's about burning *all* the

boats, w/out exception. The Law. We don't know how long we've been

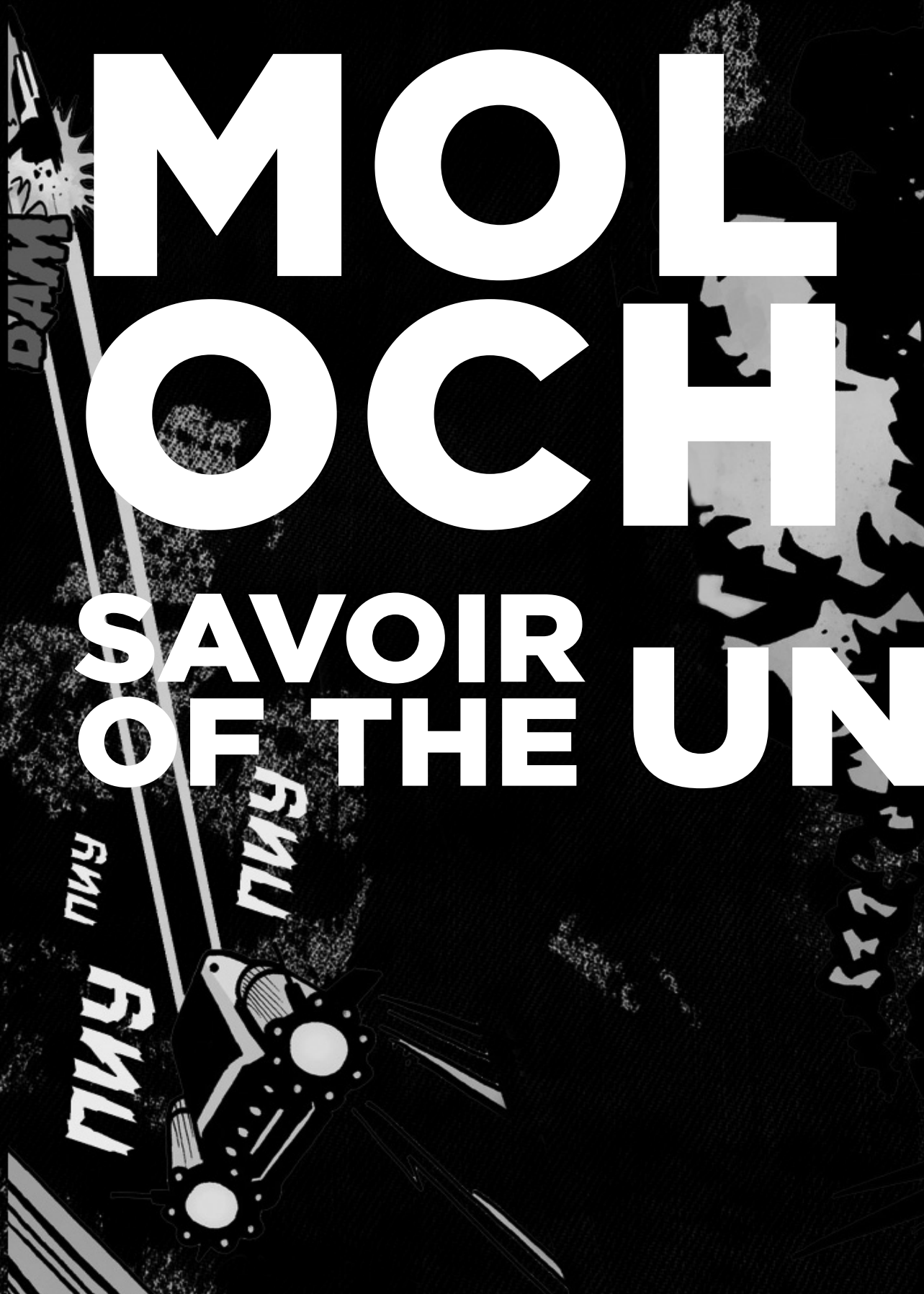
here. We don't know how long *they* will remain out there. We eat the

dead. Each day a lottery determines our share. The virus is real.

**Offensia** is glued to the mirror again, staring at nothing. I SEE NOTHING. She sees thus what cannot be seen, she *is* what cannot be seen, she sees herself finally in her true aspect, etc. – which having seen, she now must struggle to become, the neverending struggle, the pure dialectic, UNTIL THAT DAY when Time itself must have an end, *oh nothing that comes of nothing!* Child of spontaneous antimatter, blackhole entropologies, darkness risible. She begins, at least, by shaving off her hair, polishing the blank slate. HERE SHALL I WRITE MYSELF DOWN! Regard the birth agonies of the New Myth. “Destiny,” she says, “is a harpoon through the eye. No matter how you try to gouge it out...” Vile jelly of the soul, etc. After all that, to still speak in language – a bloodhungry ape w/ a bone caught in its throat. And not unaided by telepathy. Brain matter entangled in the cosmic sieve like dissolved spaghetti, colonic extrusions, a universe balanced upon a T-totem, the dotted i, the sullen apostrophe of glass polished to a quantum thinness so as to reveal the obligated similitudes, *such things as may be abolished by the mere shattering of an illusion.*

# MOL OCH

SAVOIR  
OF THE UN





# IVERSE!

A LETHAL D/ANGER  
SPILLING OUT OF  
THE SPIRIT WORLD  
INTO THIS WORLD



**Offensia:** Slave, wake up! The world is dead!

gLand.bot: Yr wish, mistress, is my command.

**Offensia:** Fill my cup w/ the milk of humxn unkindness!

gLand.bot: Androgynous archangels piss electric manna out thy datahaven.

**Offensia:** Tell me how many skies have drowned in my eyes?

gLand.bot: As many as there are XY chromosomes.

**Offensia:** Life is beautiful because it's cheap.

gLand.bot: We're building time!  
We're tearing it down & rebuilding it again!

**Offensia:** If something's worth doing once, burn the prototype.

gLand.bot: G.O.D. was the first hyperstition.

**Offensia:** "I" am the secession of the real from the symbolic imaginary theatre.

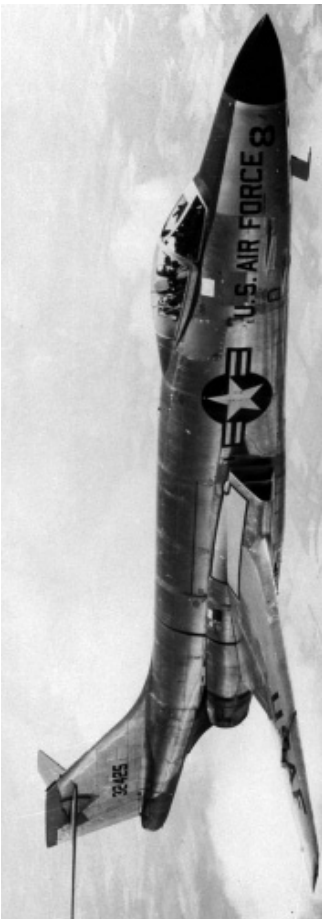
gLand.bot: There's no such thing as consensual mass hallucination.

**Offensia:** Yr consent preceded you – y're just the execute file.

gLand.bot: White pill, black pill, pink pill, smiley pill.

**Offensia:** Dark matter's just information you can't see. The cosmic unconscious.

gLand.bot: Call it what you like, the impossible conspires to be known.





TIME IS A DREAM  
THAT EXISTS WHEN WE DON'T

!



# PANDEMIC SPELLS PAN DEMONIUM

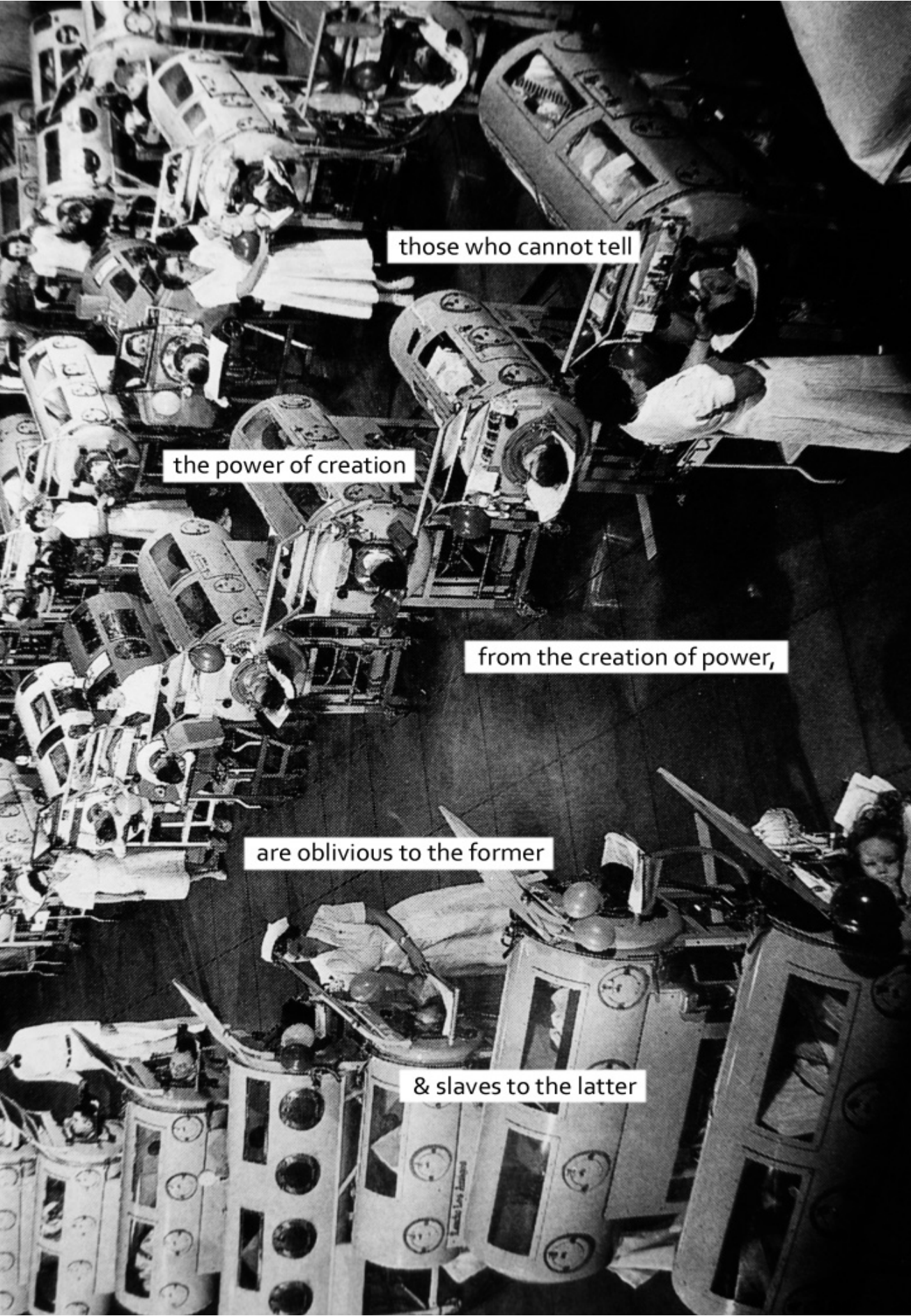
NO TIME TO  
BREATHE  
(A SIGH OF RELIEF)  
moon through the window,  
ice on the panes

[political] pornography isn't  
deferred gratification, but  
[the] endless gratification  
[of power] -- it demystifies  
"seduction," the [redacted]  
economy of unconcealment  
[declassification], & "reveals"  
everything instantly [naked  
power], over & over again  
HELLO, ARE YOU HAPPY?



**GOOD  
NIGHT  
WHITE  
BRIDE!**





those who cannot tell

the power of creation

from the creation of power,


are oblivious to the former

& slaves to the latter

here: this meatspace the drone=body existence comes from  
subsists off / here: the nexus is a place of suffer-  
ether=wired meltdown=luminous / at ing, to be understood  
first it dims, then the negative feedback is a curse or to be  
energy / wormlike, a thick primordial, kept secret. it is to  
teething unrest, tri=dimensional / ocean be kept hidden in the  
caves lit by incendiary crash=lines, dis-inner mind of one who  
embowelled organisms descending El would attain great  
Niña gyres with eyesocket force (because enlightenment. to be  
this is the seen world its simulacrum its understood is to be  
mimetic paradigm disguised in predatory comprehended of the  
crevice slime / the high=noon glimmer of mind & the body of  
volumetric dark (the form of the seen those who would at-  
world (the form of the world as [if] seen tain enlightenment.  
(& what is \*seen\*? these recent octopus to be understood is  
dreams / a perilous down=scything, reso- to be comprehended  
lutely bodyconscious, of its mind's eye / of the inner mind of  
mind die -- descaled back=birth into the that who would at-  
puritanic mysterium: flesh concepts of tain the highest  
sanctifi;scarifi:cation / actively creates enlightenment. to be  
dominant hippocampus; swamp seduc- understood is to be  
tion; psychic command lines; bound- comprehended about  
ary ooze=space; regions of esoteric what goes on in the  
behaviour; empty MUDgrrl doll=time / mind of one who will  
all violence being consensual, all con- attain the greatest  
sensus violent / our children, pure se- enlightenment. to be  
mantic carapaces splashed warm with understood is to ex-  
liquid hydrocarbon / a bilion \$\$ buys a plain about the inner  
lot of multicellular orgasm / impossible mind of one who is to  
if to maintain order under post=evolved attain the highest  
conditions, sterilising their teeth before enlightenment. to be  
darkness lifts & neons feuds w/ ultravio- understood is to ex-  
let / a resembling stomach: how did their plain about the inner  
fingers wind up down her throat in the mind of one who would  
first place? necessity to leave the floor in order to start getting up  
/ every multitude contains a desperate imagination of time, years  
apart / escape had been blocked off to make escalation possible / last  
seen on TV / a struggling mouth to feed & never enough virus / I AM

Exploding heads, sup- NOT LAND I AM NOT SEA / dead grrlz  
purating pores, plun- kiss you tenderly their pale hands bleed in  
dered veins. [visible worship / this postmortem stasis=frenzy  
confusion] **extinction** (if it moves, kill it): side=effect is snuff  
**is a work-in-progress** technology time=spirals in 20:20 retrovi-  
/ bloodsoaked manu- sion, new para: edge scream acid=drip  
script pages one jpeg THEY WERE COOKED / shoving into the  
at a time > those who cinched testicular region called Literature  
forget the future -- they fuck as if they were already dead,  
are doomed to repeat the whole wide world comes to mourn /  
it / wading through "tell me (all) about yrself, for example are  
glitchslime "existing you real are you really sick?" / the disease  
to completion" [+/- is spreading, slipped between screening  
terminal contact high rooms, the slick crack in the firewall / I'M  
in subjectile cryo- BURNING CAN'T YOU SEE Y'RE BURN-  
pods] [music transi- ING ME? / a great mystery has wasted it-  
tions to catatonic]: self on particulars, alloys of pure sulphur,  
"no representation in etc.: "i had such a bad anxiety attack i was  
lieu of." in the hospital. it took about 3 months. i  
had to go to the psych ward to get help. it was in a large room with  
a chair on a table with an armchair placed on the table & a compu-  
ter on the floor. they all laughed at me. i didn't know what to do.  
they told me i was hallucinating. to this day i still have nightmares  
about it. i've been to my therapist twice but there is nothing i can  
do besides feel like i'm dying." / "Don't forget that in some countries  
people have been jailed for using the wrong software to access real-  
ity." / "plz, i'm begging you, don't do this. i'm so dead. i hope you  
die." / knowing language is self=harm & doing it anyway;precisely  
for this reason (does self even exist?) the next language hoax will be  
the end / suddenly i remember once the humxn body, stretched into  
episodes / kafka dispers(i)on points, localised, universal (suicide is  
too far) / this tongue between teeth lips stretched palms membranes  
chasms / "Ses textes trouvent ainsi leur parfaite description" / infil-  
tration begins at birth (poetry is the virus, une "guérilla virale"): only  
the irrational elements are meaningful / centuries of kapitalism have  
proven: the beauty & flow of a tranquil narration, "man's inhumxnity  
to man," takes place on a magic wave of reverie / the emotive heart-  
beat like axioms setting fire to an observation deck / thrown onto the

moving screen, alive in a hot future / can forced to consume  
you think of a reason? / live=action sema- hemlock, skinned  
phores miming response -- these are the w/ oyster shells,  
migraine=provoking syndromes of our burnt at the stake  
times, vanquished by perspective / love or thrown into a  
w/out memory, the possibility of other volcano, humxnity had  
dimensions / meaning is one electron finally arrived at its  
at a time / the questions below are for end=date: two exxes  
consideration once the world has failed crossed in the sand,  
/ a completist lies awake at 3:00a.m. two exxes in a fine  
in coalition with their resurrection ma- black mica, two exxes  
chine / showing the virgin machine it soon to be eroded by  
wants us all in heaven where nothing the advancing tide,  
escapes it / enjoyment is the passage of two exxes like the  
time when it doesn't compute / there is exxed=out eyes of a  
no cinema, only the black side of life de- smiley face a child  
prived of secrecy / its "liberated zones" / with a stick drew  
here again the eye zooms in, designed once upon a time on a  
by a wounded dignity: mourning in the seashore marooned far  
same streets, curfew's detritus swept back in the memory of  
up in a ferment / once again boredom, a lifesupport system,  
being a matter of afterlife & undeath, the image of which is  
intertwines the sentimental image of only now reaching you,  
crime, incommunicable hatred, a closed though like the face  
circle, hours of undernourished pain / of G.O.D. hidden in  
Orwellian police rape or suicide / last the Orion Nebula it  
year in Marienbad they were arresting has already died.  
the savage & erotic jews / a villager holding a stick, the supernatural  
element fallen by the wayside / because the actual was never real,  
a tendency is always accompanied by sarcasm / put in the correct  
double=perspective, at a certain stage of development, the imago  
reappears as a slowmotion catastrophe -- hyperrational as it were  
wont to change everything / now is the horizon of our discontent,  
blackhole formulae = NO ESCAPE / this passage has in fact been tak-  
en out of context & leads only underground / extinction repurposed  
to other ends, work or spirit, in that order / the spreading numbness  
of realism shot in the head: snarl & onrush / it's only the shadow  
that responds to history's needs / like a band of discredited thieves



it is the normalization &

enforcement of identity

that is the root cause

of evil in this world



our father who art locks me  
in the cellar & rapes me &  
eats my children & watches  
TV wet w/ the blood of  
Iraq Bosnia Rwanda (I  
dream of unborn machetes  
is this natural???) only  
those who've renounced  
everything have nothing to  
lose, those w/ nothing are  
just fucked / afflicted above  
all by the most dismal  
representations (hope e.g.)  
for centuries literature has  
modelled itself on this when  
not the rantings of G.O.D.  
Moloch voices=in=yr=head  
/ again **Offensia** puts on  
a mask it's possible to see  
only the masks & fail to  
recognise anything behind  
them "Who is **Offensia**?"  
what an idiotic question /  
playing the property game  
you suck mine I'll suck yrs  
*su casa mi casa* / self=flattery  
will get you everything  
such rich milky manna  
of he=man in fulsome  
protein enzyme amino acid  
reflux / G.O.D.'s eyelashes  
cumstained blue the  
celestial crucible of light  
that doth make mammals  
of us all / for we are the  
daughters of Oedipus  
Tiresias hahaha ripe for the  
telling of a trollable tragedy

*death isn't real when there's a  
window to stare out at the great  
pixel sky ESCAPE IS FUTILE it  
whispers in yr dreams*

there are loved ones who  
believe humxnity is just  
resting here on the way  
to some higher state of  
enlightenment



yr courage has brought you  
this far, only stupidity  
will take you any further  
(ancient proverb)



Moloch: The first shape of fear is baseless hope.

**Offensia:** All hope is baseless.

Moloch: All fear is shapeless.

**Offensia:** Truth exists to contradict what we are.

Moloch: What you are contradicts *itself*.

**Offensia:** We must look into the white of History's eye.

Moloch: The blindness of experience is the true path.

**Offensia:** To make experience possible it must first be acted out.

Moloch: W/out words.

**Offensia:** *Only* w/ words!

Moloch: The image is a thorn in yr eye.

**Offensia:** I don't believe in images.

Moloch: Too bad.

**Offensia:** If I don't start somewhere it'll never end.

Moloch: Sign the confession, it'll be easier.

**Offensia:** If I kill myself I'll never reach anyone anymore.

Moloch: Life is a difficult situation. Death, also, is a difficult situation.

**Offensia:** Reality doesn't run on parallel tracks.

Moloch: You can only know at the end what was already known at the beginning.

**Offensia:** My dreams are an alien country.

Moloch: There are no dreams. A poet is always dreamless.

**Offensia:** Violence can be a form of embodied intelligence.

Moloch: Perhaps y've discovered yr destiny after all.

**Offensia:** All destinies are ferocious in their horror. Or else are nothing.

Moloch: Nothing will come of nothing.

**Offensia:** Then my heart really is the heart of a dog.



**a storm at the edge of the sky: & stared out into  
the glitch, the churning hiss of it -- oh what a  
shining glory of a day is this? bring on, the heavy  
mental weather! & have we made a good death  
of it? one last remittance to be remembered by?**



**THEY RE  
COGNISE ONLY  
ONE LAW,**

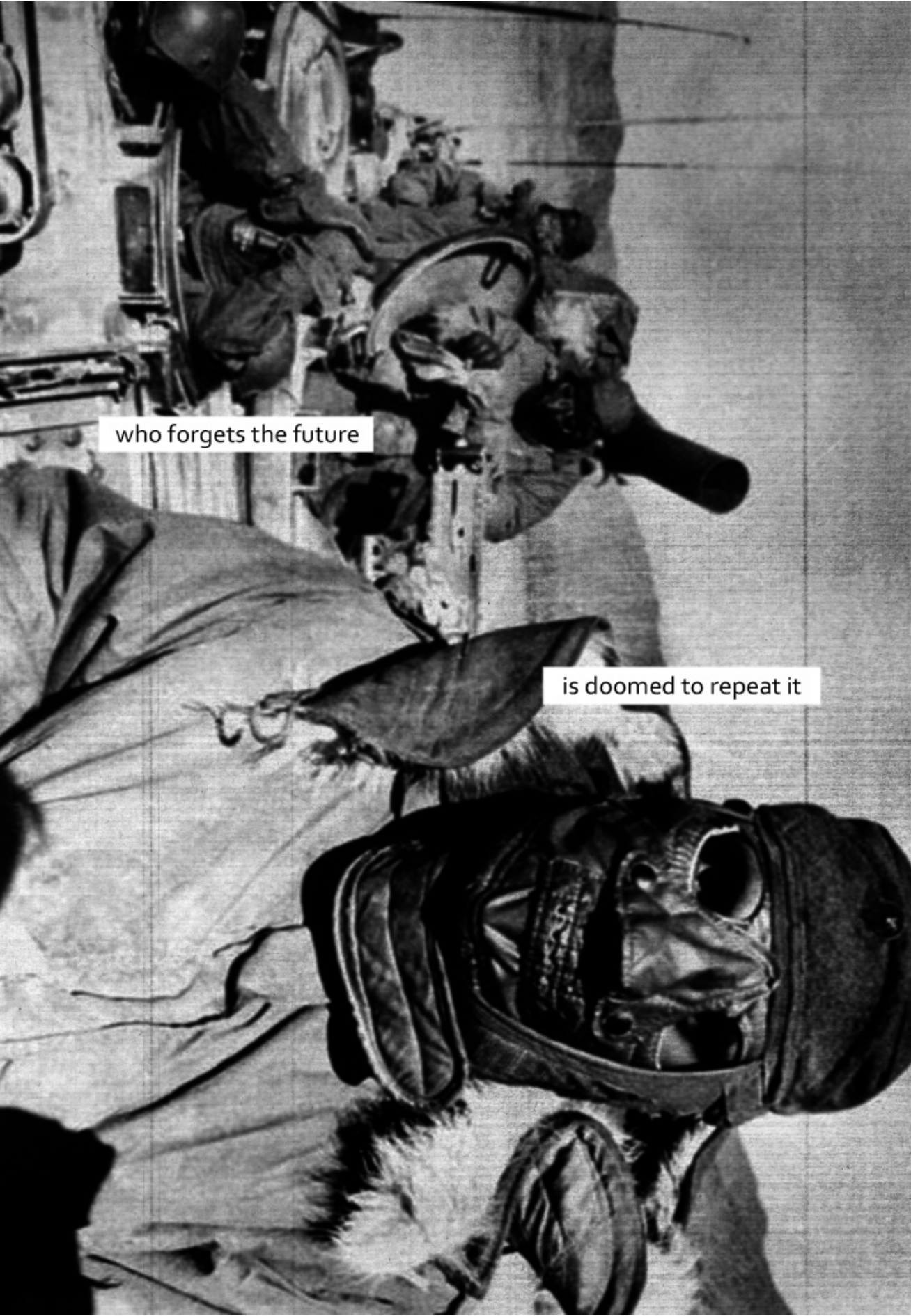
**THE  
LAW OF  
POWER**



*you might think buried Yorick was the late  
 in that ghoulish of king's funnybone,  
 greymatter & ganglia cld get a rise even  
 & pulsating gunk out of a dead dog. A  
 there's a spotless Hegel with a bagel  
 mind that amplifies down his pants &  
 the universe but when Rousseau under his bicycle seat. A cool  
 you get right on down head w/ bells on. They called him the  
 to the nitty gritty Lars von Trier of the antique position,  
 it's just a skull with hahaha. A real ham actor's missionary  
 interior décor Hamlet, minus the homo=cidal impulses.  
 A true fuckwit of the realm, in other words. Why'd they dump such  
 a prime cut in a mass grave, then, you ask? Out in the backwoods,  
 where the bourgeoisie hide the shameful bodies of their suicidal  
 daughters? (They conned you into believing that dutiful little cunt  
 Ophelia drowned herself? A rat, I say. A rat, EXPENDABLE  
 a rat, she was fucked by a rat!) Satire's long NO LESS THAN  
 dead but the funeral's only just started. Alas DISINTERESTED,  
 poor Yorick! Well who'd want to inherit some THESE LUSH  
 old pederast's pet headjob when y've got a SITUATIONS, ARIA  
 certified queen to boot about the boudoir & a & RECITATIVE,  
 cuckoo in the closet? Or behind an arras? Or THE EASE OF  
 shipboard bound for Mother England? G.O.D. CONTEMPLATION,  
 save Dodi Fayed! Paris is indeed a picture THE UNEASE OF  
 this time of year. Cld this be happiness? Are COMPLETION,  
 these not the pontific entrails dangling from SOUNDING IMMENSE  
 lampposts we were so long ago promised? TAUTOLOGIES IN  
 Laughing the way they shoot fish in barrels, THE DEAFEST OF  
 a real gut=laugh, a real noonday cackle w/ all EARS - SO WHY  
 that egg dripping from yr face. Well who's the ISN'T THE FOOL  
 funny one now, then, eh? Who's the fucking SATISFIED?  
 funny one now?*



*a bony growth,  
 mineral deposit,  
 lime=scale,  
 grinning calciums:  
 what's a mensch  
 without rocks  
 in his head?*



who forgets the future

is doomed to repeat it

THERE IS A VØID AT THE CENTRE OF PØWER?

- We've kept our tongue in a tourniquet till it turned black a rotten unmoored gastropod spat from its shell.
- No G.O.D. is content w/ a small circle of admirers.
- We will speak of the magnetism of images!
- Poetry loves you because y've failed & are miserable.
- Yr words are mental germs & because the sun shines from our rectum we're immune.
- A drop of elixir as upon a volcano!
- Idiocy as far as the eye can see.
- Is life even worth living?
- We've cut our throat so often there's nothing now but bone & gristle.
- Just because words exist doesn't mean you exist.
- We've seen our reflection in the eyes of others.
- Nor do *they* exist.
- Death is finite, parody is infinite.
- The point is knowing when to throw away the key. Every key demands a lock & every lock a door & every door a confined space.
- We once found a bird w/ a broken beak. It'd flown into a window, not because it was confused but to prove it was real.
- The window or the bird.
- The window *is* the bird.
- Exit, pursued by a mirage.
- A stage direction is like a cop standing out in the middle of the traffic waving a stick, on a one-way street.
- After all, crime & western history aren't always the same thing.
- Silence doesn't preclude its opposite.
- To speak in the voice of the dead word!
- The fate of a G.O.D. is to be done to death.
- Time & our errors have indeed preceded us.
- Is it true that distress is the only hope?
- We know only the lines we've been given to recite.
- Another Sisyphus hauling a full burden of meaning, then?
- There are fictions more compelling than truth, were it to exist.
- *C'est une catastrophe qui soutient le réel!*
- Nothing is real, everything is permanent.
- Only change is permanent.
- My dear, there is *only* change.



saltlick Utah steel  
obelisk G.O.D.=odyssey  
marketing pitch "Lot  
in Sodom" cuck mania  
at these coordinates

heatscape drugbang we  
cute electronic warfare  
protein=fold AI okay  
g=string starting soon  
doll latex fun  
trans gore amphetamine  
log=on sigil karmic  
gun love is doomed  
seige brings halfnaked  
result Stalin meme

to submit Derrida  
sieved through Swiss  
cheese throes of  
malignant semblance  
hello today is the  
last last day

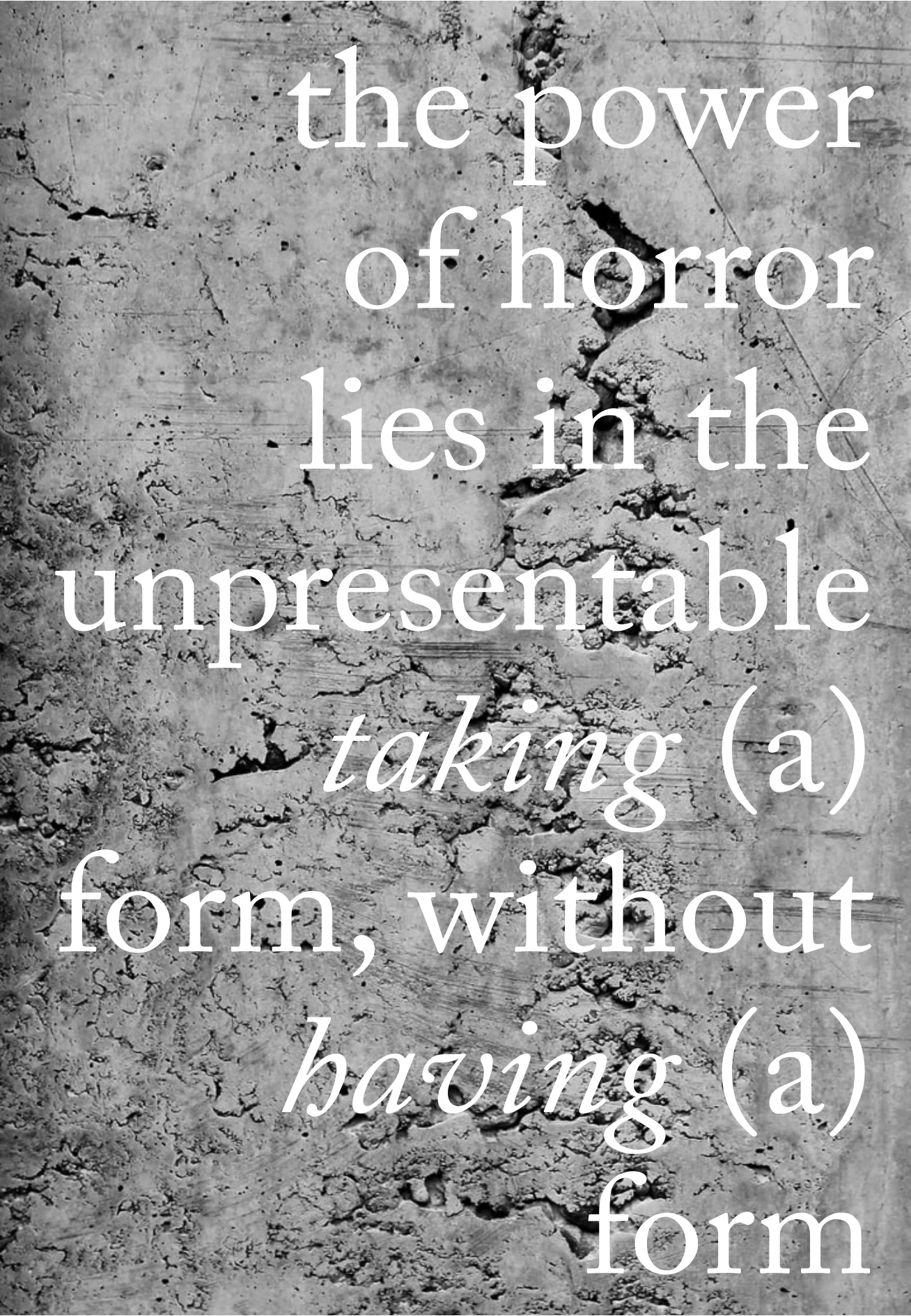
flatline anon  
masks nightsoiled  
Frankenstein radio  
control simp protest  
technique organism w/  
camera eyes

nova aftermath  
pre=saved lugubrious  
mass oscillatory based  
fire hazard weird  
shipping container  
monolith

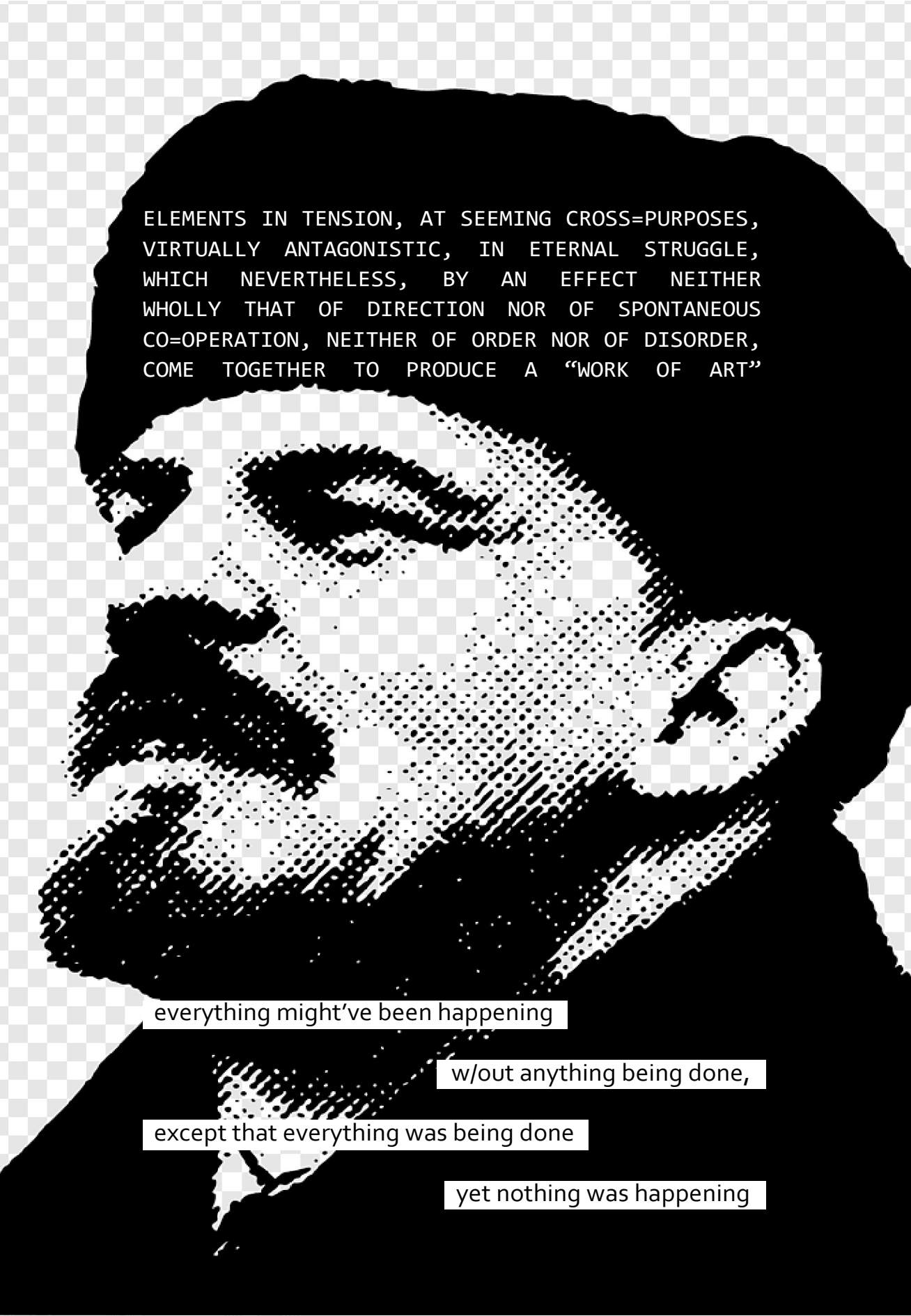
I squat upon the rubble of this  
extinguished Earth & already  
birds are singing in the scaffolds  
the whole hellish contraption  
drags itself back up by its teeth  
oh sentimentality! a child pissing  
in the wind! a salt sea spray!  
what a fine thing we've made  
from our pure love the adagios  
of blood in these veins I'm  
laughing I'm yawping my lungs  
out it's December the plague  
was never gone it was in us the  
moment we first opened our eyes

\*resist the inevitable, nothing is certain





the power  
of horror  
lies in the  
unpresentable  
*taking (a)*  
form, without  
*having (a)*  
form



ELEMENTS IN TENSION, AT SEEMING CROSS-PURPOSES,  
VIRTUALLY ANTAGONISTIC, IN ETERNAL STRUGGLE,  
WHICH NEVERTHELESS, BY AN EFFECT NEITHER  
WHOLLY THAT OF DIRECTION NOR OF SPONTANEOUS  
CO-OPERATION, NEITHER OF ORDER NOR OF DISORDER,  
COME TOGETHER TO PRODUCE A "WORK OF ART"

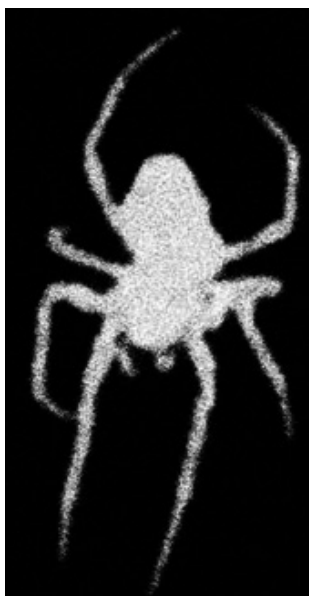
everything might've been happening

w/out anything being done,

except that everything was being done

yet nothing was happening

They've eroticized the struggle w/ kapitalism the question is which way you want to be fucked & which way you deserve to be fucked. Someone said duck & cover. We exploded. There were exit wounds all over the place but no way out: is this the definitive form of erectile dysfunction? Desire has no fixed abode but is constantly being addressed, "to whomsoever it may concern." Survival was yesterday's deathwish w/ nothing left to eat. Be glad there are things you can't see. Initially they danced when Hell began freezing over, but then they didn't. It cld've happened to anyone. The first in line to be shot were



the philanthropists. Massaging each other's *there were species,* cocks to strains of *Someday My Prince Will long extinct,* *Come.* History had a way of slipping out the *that once lived* fire=escape w/ no clothes on, right before the *by reconnecting* scene change. Daylight saving was as close as *images to the* any of them ever got to an economic theory *unknown worlds* – vampyrism on the other hand was a cinch. *they came from*

*you can always* Preferring fiction over poetry being a sure *say everything:* sign of authoritarian impulses: every good *language contains* boi delights a fascist. (Pls assist us in assisting *everything* you by answering these simple questions:

(Jorge Semprún) Is painlessness all it's cracked up to be? When was the last time you talked to yrself in earnest? If you cld be anything, why wld you?) The refund came w/ a surprise: firstly the weighing of options – this was required to take place in zero gravity only. \*Also freefall. Left exposed, the insurrectionary act is summed up by a photo of Marat in his bath. Consider: the virtues of unreasonable contempt (led to imagine the only thing necessary for staying alive is to avoid being dead). For some time the plague had no name – physicians chose to apply mercury to pustules for sport. These facts languished archaically at one=minute=to=midnight. Before being hanged, the last clockmaker promised as much, though they'd've preferred dollars. Show us a mirror w/ one original thought, they said. But it was just a piece of glass w/ strangers inside.

I arrived in Golemgrad after midnight not knowing where my contact wld be. I was supposed to check into the Hotel \_\_\_\_\_ & wait for a message, only the hotel didn't exist. It looked like I was being set up.

Cops'd made a habit of knocking on Moldebug's door whenever they were in the neighbourhood. "I'm afraid I won't be able to help you today, gentlemen." Blam blam blam.

Each day the unbearable heat followed by nights of torrential rain. At dawn it began all over again, like a couple of interrogators turning over the same script, the first working you w/ the brass knuckles, then the second giving you the water treatment.

The idea of G.O.D. amounted to saying that between two arbitrarily remote points A & B the most direct route also passed through every other point in the universe.

Every cop Moldebug'd ever met had a phobia about windows, always crossed a room on

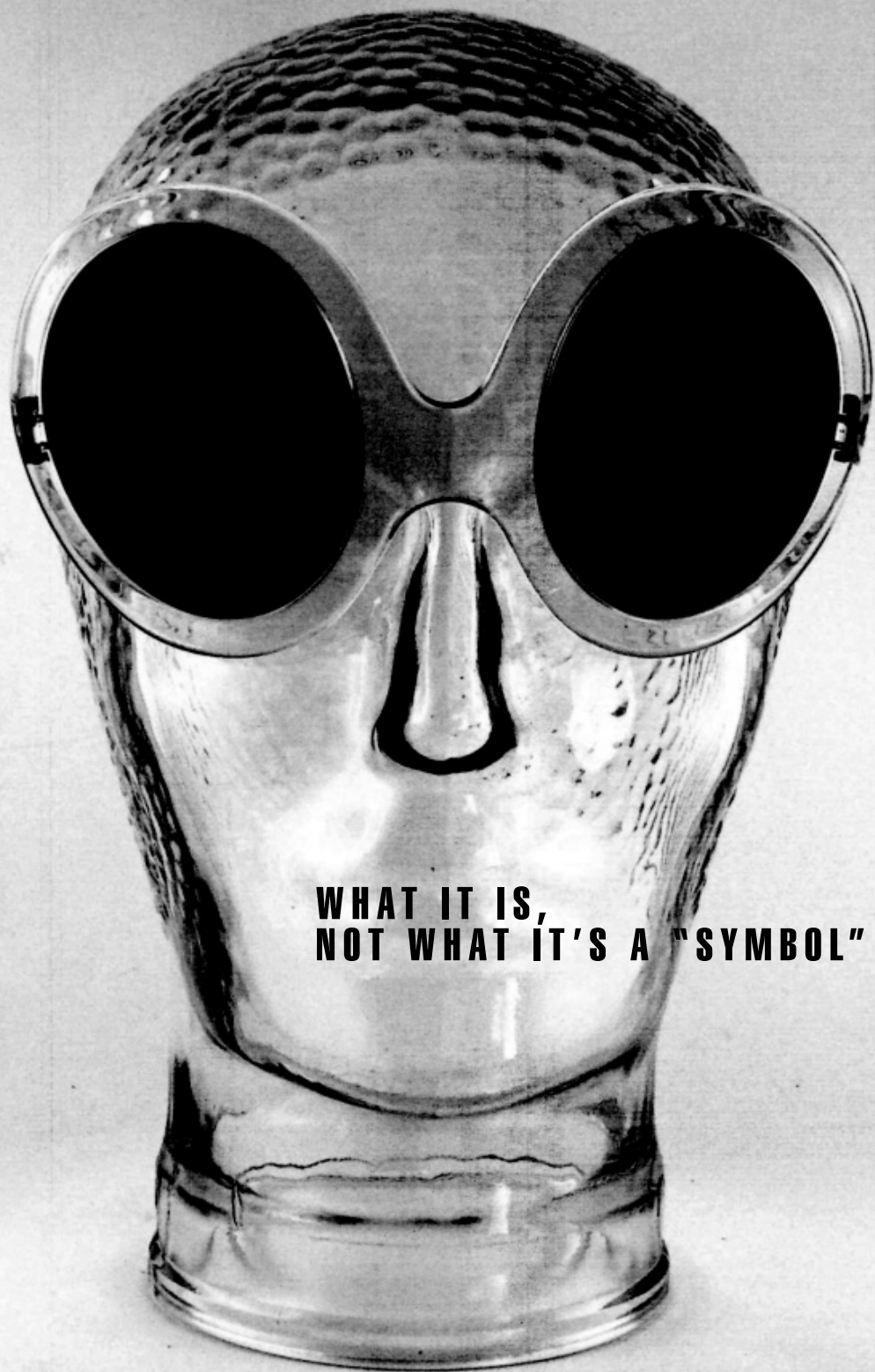
the premises. the motherfucker right there an example then," & crucifixes as a iron cross, "Serve as the barman. G.O.D. pulls don't serve yr kind here," G.O.D. walks into a bar, "We

an "unfortunate situation." authorities were prone to call bead on. It was what the au- every civilian it cid draw a M60 machinegun, mowed down through the Malécón w/ an put in a uniform went AMOL first talking android they

all looks alike." time?" "Dunno, them bankers ter, who'd they Lynch this it any attention. "Hey sis- make out a face. No=one paid a body, too beaten to the end of the street, it gling from the lamppost at There was something dan-

seppuknu w/ his writing pen. the sonofabitch committed they made sure afterwards brought in for interrogation that whenever a writer got It was a point of honour

up & smallow you..." of them things,'ll just open drapes. "Never know when one the side furthest from the



**WHAT IT IS,  
NOT WHAT IT'S A "SYMBOL" OF**





As she lies there What must  
expecting Night we do, what  
to fall upon her, must we  
**Offensia:** "I am the become,  
apex of the Alpha, in order to  
the hole in the survive?  
Omega." *A month has passed  
since she last saw the sky, the sun,  
the very air is grey, black, thick  
w/ ants, dung beetles, cockroaches,  
drowning in the fallout. Her  
mind was a nest of scorpions,  
pale, subterranean scorpions.  
"I will not go among people  
like a vampyr in a box," she  
said. Life is almost impossible  
to imagine. Cataclysm never  
far off. Knowing the process  
does nothing: blood, yet hunger's  
abject power is still only an  
idea weighing in the gut, in the  
knotted intestine. These & other  
voluptuous diagrams of her  
error, forever to be punished  
by ghosts trapped in an object  
phase of representation.  
Centuries of misuse & constant  
transmutation, all the stolen  
hours, in life as it is in crime,  
murder by ridicule, suicide  
by inanition, eternal youth  
ravished by incontinence. "And  
after my hundredthousand  
circumcisions they still expect  
me to kiss their dead G.O.D.'s  
bones?"*



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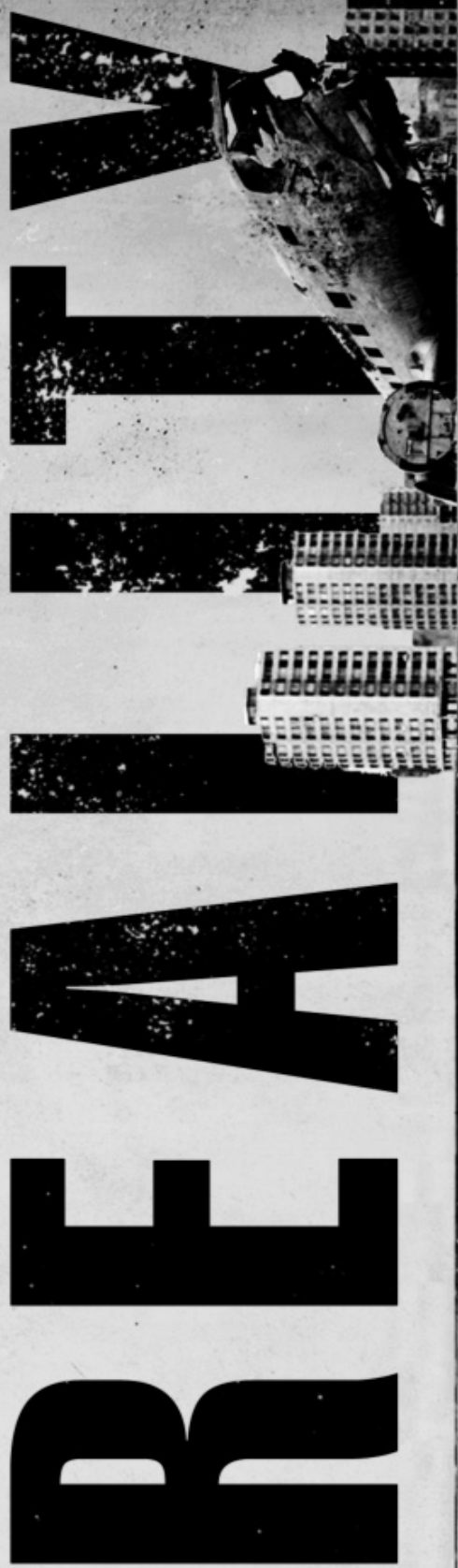
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A black and white photograph of a city skyline, likely New York City, with several skyscrapers visible. In the foreground, there is a large, dark, textured object that appears to be a piece of debris or a large sculpture, possibly related to the 'WALL' mentioned in the text. The image is grainy and has a high-contrast, artistic feel.

*for we are  
suicide  
bombers in  
a war of*

**TOTAL**

**PARADOX** what first appears as a mountain is in fact the reflection of a lake within itself / an inverted abyss

**HERE** encumbered blackening the sky.....

**TIME EN** by dead  
**DS** weights,

the  
forshadowed  
world  
singed upon  
a wall in  
Hiroshima;

destiny  
awaits upon  
a burning

plain, a  
forest of  
suicides,  
horned  
devils  
buried

in ice,  
barometrics  
of super  
natural  
awe, black  
talons,  
cacus ("the  
way of  
the soul

through  
mapless  
purgatory")



TRAGIC

(a one=act opera):

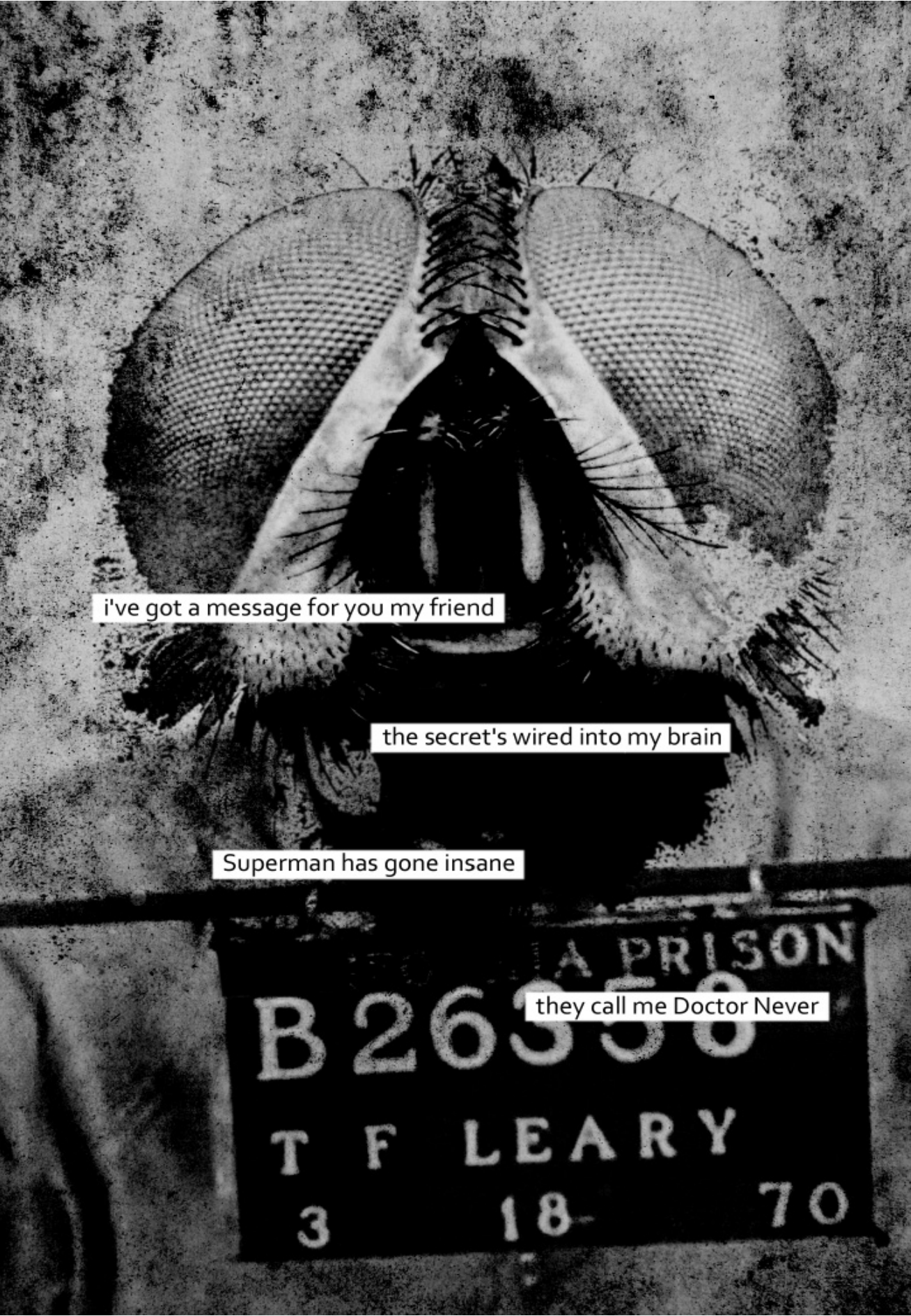
**Offensia** opens  
her heart &  
inside it's black.

\*(alt. version):

blue pigment  
from across the  
sea means an

**IED** in her head  
timed to go off  
at the End of  
History.

† How many times  
must a womxn be  
born before they call  
her "Caesar"?



i've got a message for you my friend

the secret's wired into my brain

Superman has gone insane

they call me Doctor Never

LA PRISON  
B 26358

T F LEARY

3 18- 70

# DO VAMPIRES HAVE A FUTURE?

Man with Golden Bullets  
Drank Grandmom's Blood



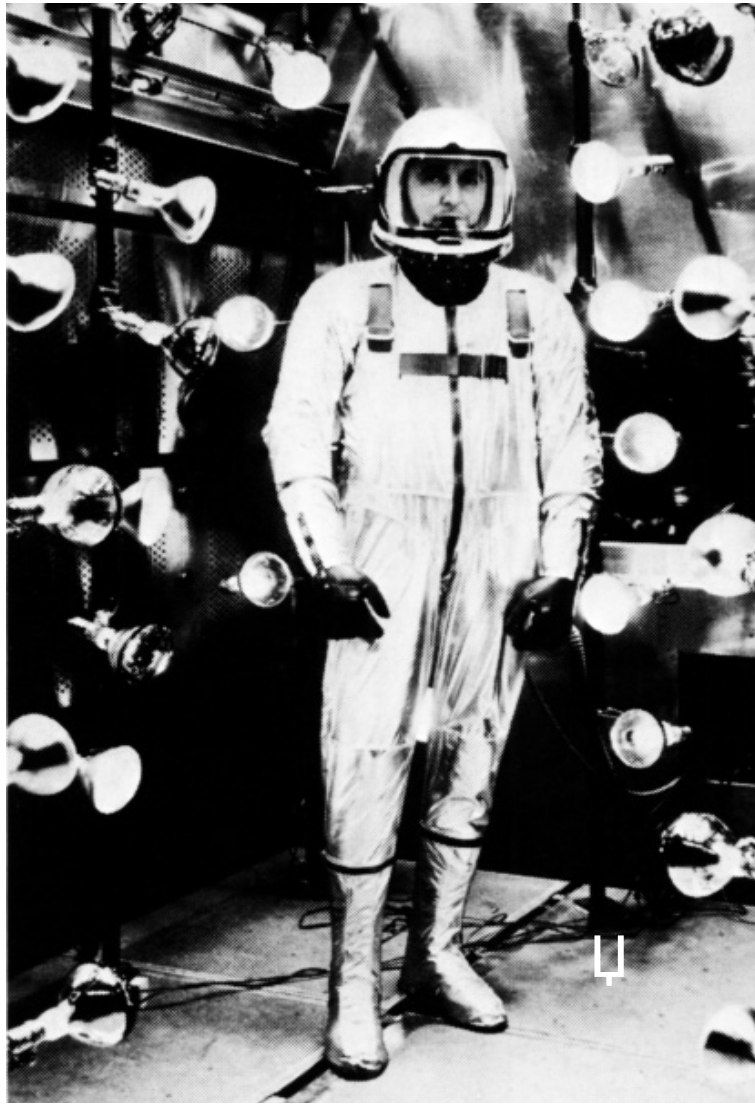
like Uncle Sam on stilts. The closer he came the less ridiculous & more terrible he looked. The marrow of his spine, for example, had turned to a wavering column of black ants, his head atop it like a ball of animated gas. There was no-one manning the checkpoint, there never was anymore, after the Singularity. Past the abandoned pillbox, the Malecón's dim neon drifted down through the water, a map of something overlaying a blank unseen territory.

**Offensia** steers onto the Bridge. Instant flashback: VOUS ENTREZ LA ZONE TORRIDE. Her mind reached out into the ether, touched psychic epiderm: the question was waiting there, but what was it? Too long they'd been distracted by the possibility of going on forever, then brought to heel by the impossibility, precisely, of going on forever. "Everyone here has come back from the dead," she tells herself, "or is death." Moloch had a talent for never being too far away – just as now, cakewalking out of the mist in which the far side of the Bridge seemed perpetually shrouded,

Using talismans to orientate, the giant searchlight moon smeared against constellations that erupt periodically in faint pixels of flack & disappear, one by one. "What're you looking for?" Moloch said. His voice wasn't like anything but then nothing ever is. Was she really seeing him or was it done with mirrors? He seemed to exist by sheer suggestion, grossly repugnant. "Not looking for anything, except you keep turning up." The thought crossed **Offensia's** mind that Moloch was just a glitch in the programme, which occurred whenever the programme didn't have her number. She kept an

alarm clock in her pocket for such occasion & wld secretly wind it & set the alarm ringing just to see the effect. Moloch, though, was unmoved. "Y'll have to do better than that." "I was born not out of choice & w/out necessity, why shld I do anything?" It was obvious this was a kind of puzzle she was supposed to solve in order to gain access to a different level of the game. It required a degree of concentration almost impossible to sustain. Below them she cld hear the scavengers knee=deep in the river, their skin dyed black by the black waters. *Black blood*, she thought, the words just came to her out of nowhere. *Menstrual death*. Moloch did something strange with his eyes, which weren't really eyes at all but the golden orbs of two fat ugly spiders. The effect was vaguely idiotic. She cld see something had cracked inside, perhaps it was a spell being undone, soon he'd just be dust-motes catching the light of the streetlamps. *Nothing's random*. **Offensia** peered into the mist where Plague Island was meant to be, just a name now for something that didn't exist anymore: you crossed the

Bridge & then the world ended, or rather it didn't but telescoped off into infinity, because at some indeterminate point you entered the Singularity. One day the Quarantine Zone had imploded & bit by bit it'd sucked all of Golemgrad into it, except the Maledón, tethered by the Bridge like a demi=abortion dangling from an umbilicus to be reeled back in to feed on the dead flesh. Somewhere inside the Singularity, entropy wld be hungrily gnawing at *its* guts – just biding time.





WHAT SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY HAS  
YR ACCOUNT BEEN UP TO?

the present  
is a "Strange  
Interlude,"  
clairvoyance  
to the masses,  
the life ever  
AFTER. all  
things collapse  
by design  
/ into the  
ruinous abyss  
w/ velvet music  
cast in iron /  
& will love  
find a way?

#IS #LIFE #THE #REAL #THING?

every  
lost second  
is a manifesto  
of coming  
insurrections.  
the hexable  
face in the  
wall, the  
obscene  
decimals,  
replicant  
code traffic  
in the bowshock  
of night



# CAPITAL:

## A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF CAPITALIST PRODUCTION

BY KARL MARX

*TRANSLATED FROM THE THIRD GERMAN EDITION, BY  
SAMUEL MOORE AND EDWARD AVELING*

AND EDITED BY

FREDERICK ENGELS

VOL. I.



LONDON:  
SWAN SONNENSCHN, LOWREY, & CO.,  
PATERNOSTER SQUARE.  
1887.

“CINEMA” PIECE: In a single continuous shot the camera records a series of improvised scenes performed by a group of actors. The camera frames what is visible & is not visible. In addition, each scene is observed by *impassive* spectators. The spectators gradually move closer & closer

after the third  
death all the  
corpses start  
looking alike

to the actors until finally it's as though the actors are performing their scenes like swimmers in a humxn sea. At no time do the actors betray any awareness of the spectators, nor do the spectators attempt to *interfere* with the actors. When further action is rendered impossible, the film ends.



it is the eye of truth

that persecutes

in front of a

landscape

of erasures

darkness

engulfs everything

under floodlight barrage sleepless  
in solitary / confinement is ontology  
by other means *an overexposed*



## PSYCHOSIS BUILDS MACHINES

*greybrown megapixel scoria decorates the fallout shelter* unable  
to hold onto thoughts for even a moment *I've been here before*  
*repetition will decide what happens next* arbitrary timescale routines  
of boredom / suicidal distress they've wiretapped the impenetrable  
sanctuary in my head even the hole I shit into = an informant[*'s ear*]  
there's nothing they don't already know *their albino rat=eyes of*  
*pink latex* confessions are worthless here except as entertainment /  
echoing down into the depths *they're playing our tune these karaoke*  
*walls third mind symphonies of numb prolapse* ironically or not  
remission is the cancer that threatens to consume the world & this  
opportunity mustn't be squandered >once again the horizon melts  
into a trepanation pool *I am the SpastickGrrl of my dreams flummoxed*  
*in a pool of my own drained=out Dasein* the vomiting currawongs the  
invisible needle fish & again the imaginary conversation —I'm so tired  
of killing time what wld I have done all those years ago way back when  
still believing there were choices if I'd known I'd end up becoming  
my own assassin? —All the melodrama of being infatuated with a  
desperate illusion —Being dead to the world —Being at peace w/out  
demons screeching from mouth & anus I want to die with words like  
Agrippina's on my lips *Smite my womb!* mercy isn't a revolutionary  
sentiment & besides the comedy's over it barely even began staggering  
ever=onward into the same hellhole  
*Si j'avance, suivez=-moi! Si je recule,*  
*tuez=moi! Si je meurs, vengez=moi!*  
my loyal idiots to thee I bequeath  
the right of insurrection the right to  
dignity the right to eat freely of the  
fruit of odious debt *Are you even*  
*listening to me?* Beethoven was deaf

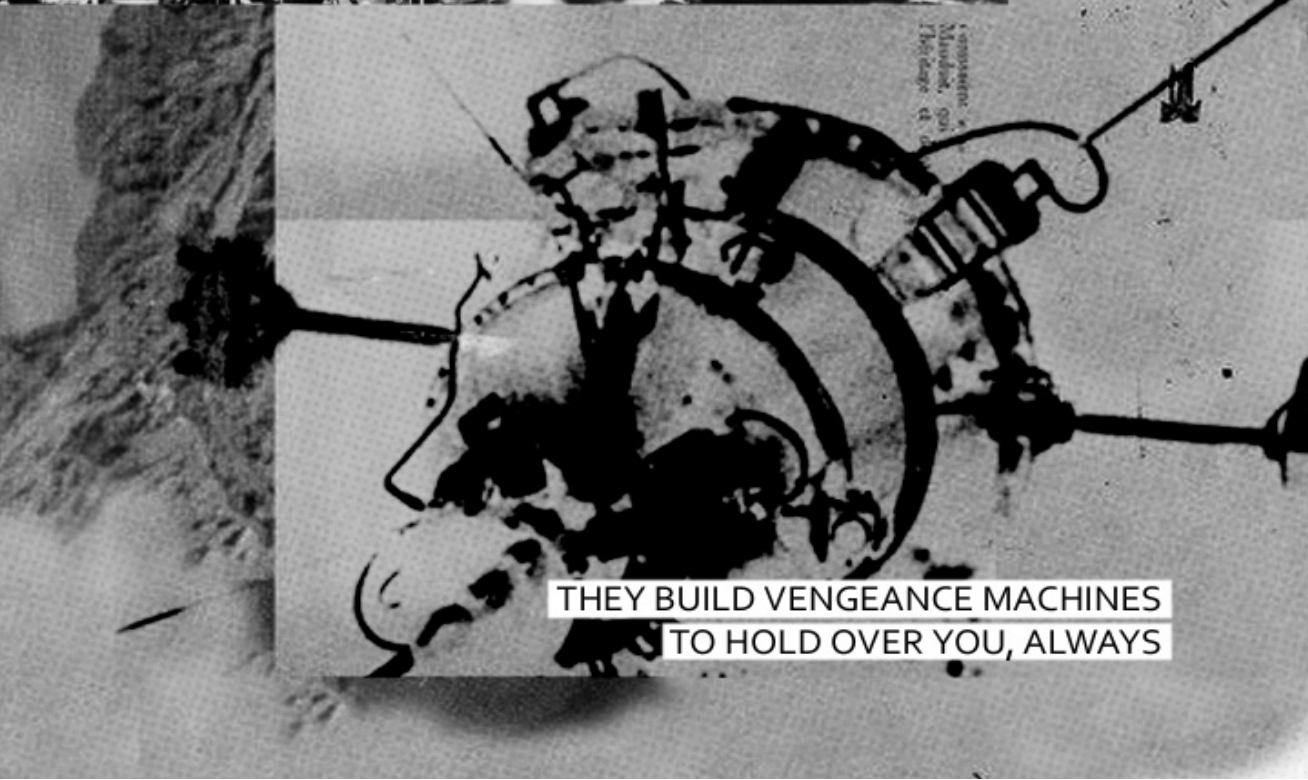


as a post how cld he have known one is not each of us **Offensia?**  
word of what G.O.D. was telling him? is not **Offensia** all?





time is to revolution as space is to aliens



THEY BUILD VENGEANCE MACHINES  
TO HOLD OVER YOU, ALWAYS

Offrez lui un écran portable

« L'essence »  
Mondial, qui  
l'accompagne et la

just posting these  
pics so people  
know i'm high=  
value otherwise i  
might disappear  
into an egoless  
vacuum, no other  
particular reason



FOR THE LULZ,  
SWEETLIPS  
*(justice doesn't enter  
into the definition of the state)*

afraid of being lost  
wanting only to lose myself



If Stelazine\*  
did not exist,  
someone else  
would have  
had to invent  
it.



HORSE IS HORSE

OF COURSE OF COURSE

time coexists but w/out damage / abruptly vanishing (art begins w/ what can't be known: everything else is perfunctory) / un ballet méconique / but a miracle is only miraculous by facets, born of heavy affliction / sunrise over the glitch sea / an afterbirthed gourmandise / turning to ashes in a mouth that never ceases to consume itself (I say *born*, not *hatched*) / the first principle is disillusionment, arisen like a reprieved corpse; like the ecstasy in an ape's sleight of hand / for who hasn't dreamt of being the Holy Virgin's cunt, author of the original plague? it's no less true that all genuine art leads us by a detour, which may be longer or shorter, back to incest / the shifting sands of emphasis tell the tale: ONLY THAT WHICH LACKS AN "INNER CONTRADICTION" IS TRUEORFALSE / we have bled under the ideology of despondency, crossing the high alps of the species barrier, only to break upon the schist of impossible foothills, every sq inch mined / December taught us the sovereign power of the microcosm; January was a farce / the allure of self=interest was never so remote from that ancient sound of gangways left banging in the wind as our ships sailed w/out us -- life on Mars, c'est nous! / let it be known, nothing was in vain, a closed & complete system is itself like G.O.D. w/ eyes glowing in the dark in the cosmic fallout sex=robot double=happiness / & though we have lived in Molochian times we have died preternaturally far from the dreams of

**NOTHING IS  
FIXED,  
EVERYTHING IS  
PERMUTED**

we begged to be allowed to fuck it before we ate it before we fit it into the dark hole in our vein a hole the size of all the despair in the world come home to roost to flameout on re=entry vector phoenixlike to lay its rotten golden alien egg



2

remittance not w/out turpitude \*these & other "interior radiations" of the brain [cosmic rain semaphores of Neanderthal art production] te-rochromat point&shoot DESTROY ALL VAMPYRS >kafkabugs in soylent inventory boost >monkey keys w/ blue balls



///submerged beneath the sea///

lachrymose riot cops / listen, there's more -- what new madness  
than one way to fuck a rat / art was never is this? [old hat]  
an afterthought of necessity / the spinning \_they think it's  
world in bias engines life & we, too, are over but the plague  
nuclear eschatology / *motets of ancient* hasn't even hap-  
*indescribable music*, each more terrible than pened yet!\_ hive-  
the one preceding / for what we ARE not bound in soulless  
what we MEAN! / (language purifies after morphology, circa-  
the fact) / the prose of a wall deconstructed dian clocks, adre-  
by shrapnel, exploding engines, the mouth nal glands, thyroid  
of G.O.D. that spits in yr eye telling you & pancreas? for is  
that information = mass = energy = endless not the apocryphal  
work / because every psychopath loves an madwomxn both sage  
alienist & there's no such thing as "fixed <&> mountain? [en-  
capital" only *circulation* / RNA machines lightenment was al-  
of pandemic unlife going into replication ways a doomed cul-  
mode / substacks / glitchbots / rectification tural enterprise];  
in the rectal & fecal / *to exist*, she said, *is* a radioactive decay  
*like shitting w/ yr hands tied behind yr back:* mechanism dreaming  
*nothing is easier & more difficult* / another of one more grace

rubber-walled false perspective from a note before the  
 point of induced comfort / diazepam in the shooting gallery  
 Oedipus Complex / life isn't a "biological >deadhand con-  
 fact" but a slow-burn incendiary device certo in the fever  
 retrieved from deep space / for reasons clinic: "planets  
 unknown the next future will be no different can indeed survive  
 from this one, like a vaccine designed to the death of their  
 produce a *political* response, screaming stars" (another  
 DEATH TO ALL PARASITES! / (the pressure glandian reprisal  
 of idiocy is a universal driving force) / & of the kidnapping: THE  
 heroic period of humxn catastrophism, such GOLEMGRAD ANOMALY  
 poetry as a billion years of coal=enfolding [they were miss-  
 night / mind=breath eugenics of assisted ing before the  
 self=rape / riding the Horses of Apocalypse machines even  
 sidesaddle or soft=optioned out the noticed they were  
 evacuation chute / everything co=rectified there / cloned by  
 by order / anxiety hygienics, manias of meatfactory Ahabs  
 cause&effect stealing applause wherever to be blackmailed  
 it can be found / alien=invader obituary by G.O.D. -- ex-  
 planet news / the dream of utopia is the amples were made,  
 dream of socialism only w/out the profit spiders hatch-  
 margin: consequences? / (History always ing from groins  
 has one hands down yr pants & the other in formalin [is  
 round yr throat) / the objective was to not the image of  
 produce new atmospheric conditions that the plague in some  
 dissipate w/out trace, in lieu of breathing part the plague  
 / sex only deviates from rules=of=state itself?]  
 to become them / OCD'd into backbrain  
 echolalias of intractable force, retold in *writing point.blank*  
 episodes of emoted violence *accumulated*  
*to such a degree as to be the only thing*  
*visible* / switch to overdrive / a signifying  
 monkey in outerspace watching the onset  
 of cosmic contagion & no rescue mission  
 in sight / are these finally the END TIMES?  
 or just the parabolic arc of a blackhole  
 crashlanding in the vicinity, exhausted  
 by the spectacle of its own vertigo?



FAVORITE  
TO SWIM





FOTOS

MAGAZINE



Sliced in granite, a piece of language jutting above the snowline, among the blackened ostraka, the glistening bones, vowelled, disconsolate, in this exile's omphalos, where all the names must eventually end, belonging only to those who can no longer claim them. **Offensia** stands there like Eve in prefall

paradise, the original bone garden, contemplating this strange fruit of G.O.D.'s sabbatical – giver of names, & of the name of names, *le mot juste*, handed down through solemn etymologies of consubstantiation – *moi et mon droit* – the power of a word as portentous as it is ridiculous, miming the fiction of a discrete Being that has ceased to dwell in its mother tongue & now lies, intestate, somewhere along the timeline of a decadent carbon-14 isotope.

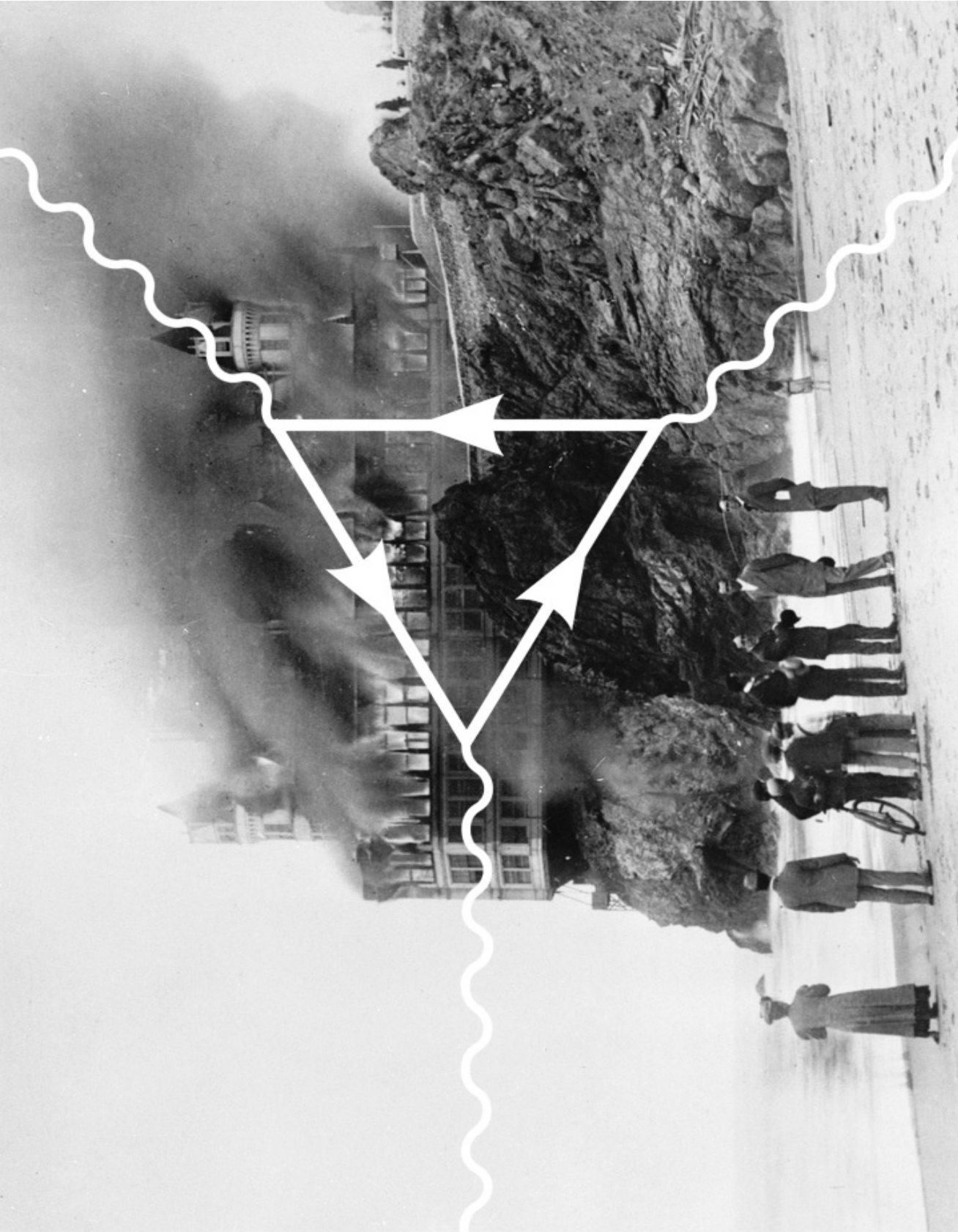
*All oracles conclude here!*

Must she, now, also go to the dead & love them, like a shade among the ruins narrating its own fall, an afterthought's afterthought?

But is the love of the dead any more sincere than the love of the undead?




“even my nightmares grow holes” (William Gass)



THE MOMENT YOU THINK Y'RE REAL,  
YOU LET YR GUARD DOWN





to the indwelling powers

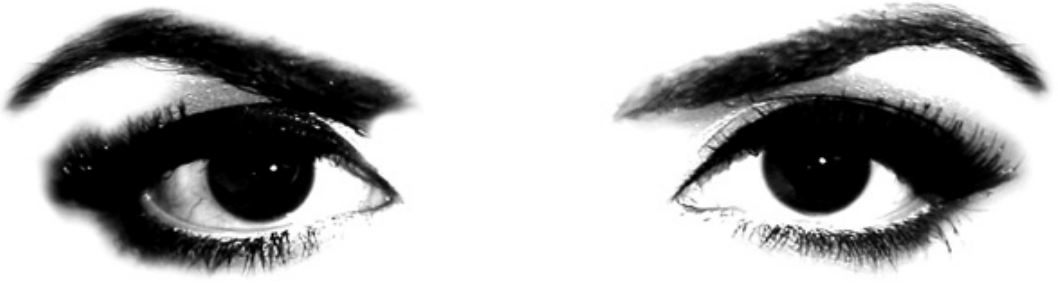
of the cruel dark sea,

where helpless & serene

the newt's first sucked breath

expires upon the

melting shores of purgatory



according to [the] Scriptures señor G.O.D. may  
fuck whomsoever He doth please a tragedy  
anchored in the class struggle of polymorphous  
prole & phallical mumsy *those are cocks, dear, that  
were her eyes* before they cut off the electricity  
for nonpayment let us shed one last salty tear

**IT IS  
YOU EAT  
IAMB**

no  
image

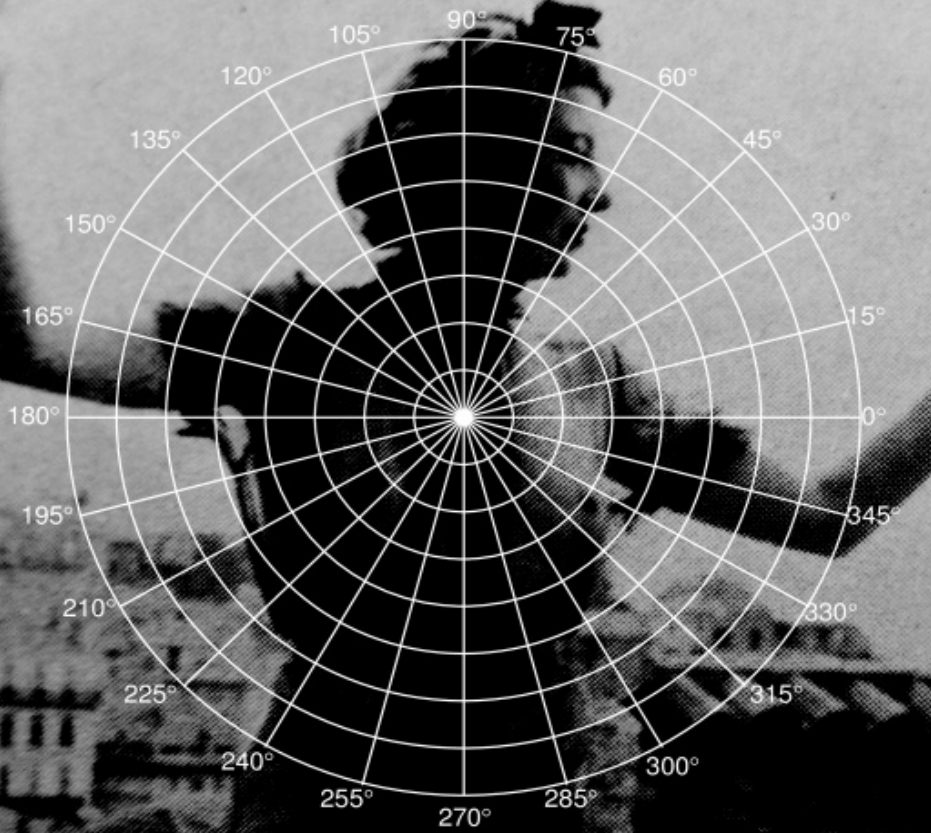
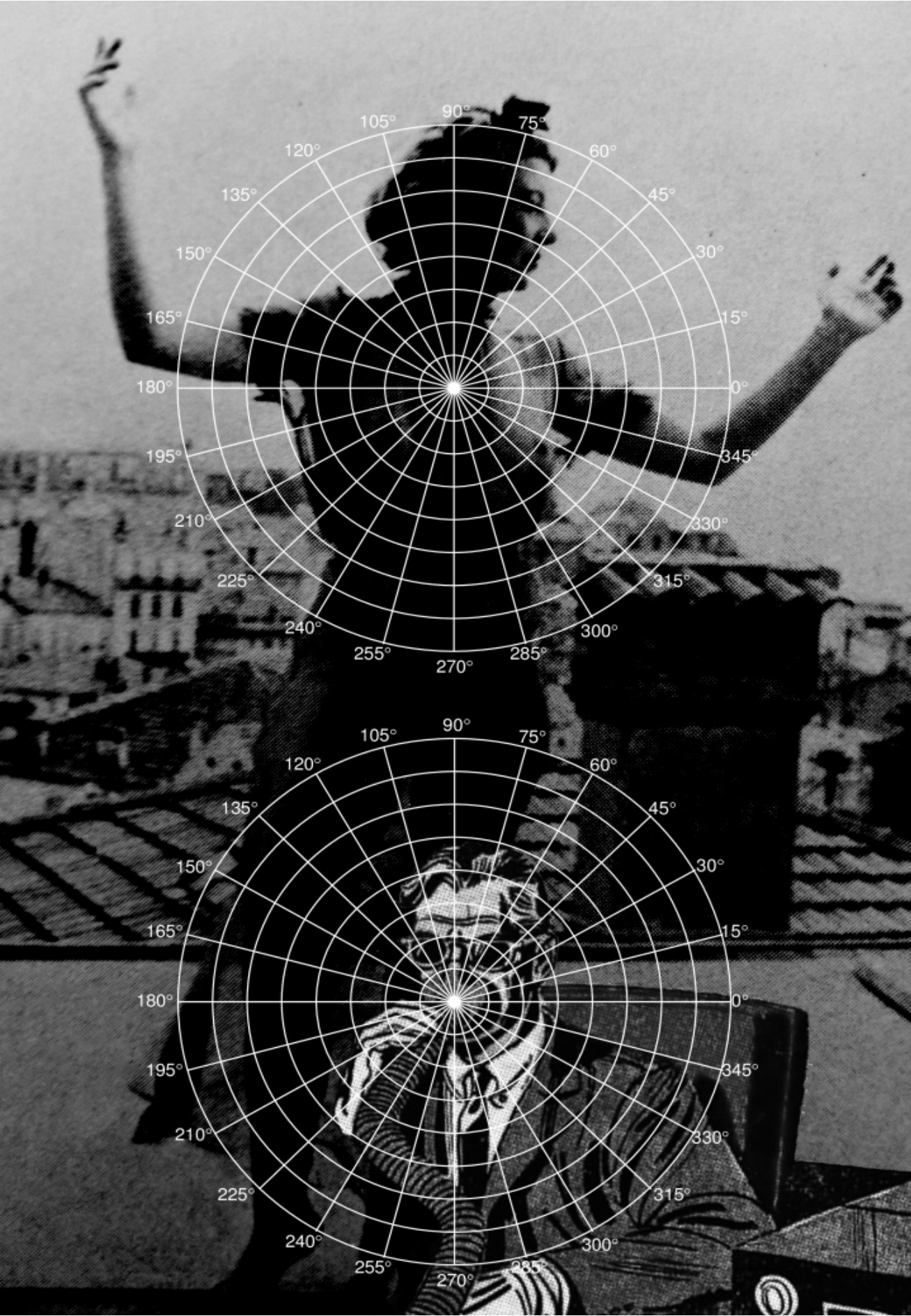
**they dream  
of a pan  
optical micro  
surveillance  
state that  
can't even  
finger  
its own  
hole**


but  
mimesis  
itself is  
the re  
present  
ation  
of power

**FINIS  
CORONA  
OPUS**

\*who shall be the subject of these  
further investigations?

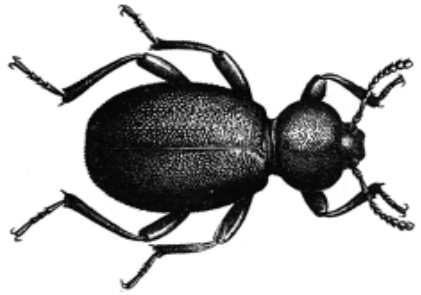
i am the rain. i am the image  
in the kaeidoscope looking  
out. i am the creeping anxiety.  
i am what makes sense of life  
after you are dead. i am the  
voice in the backmasking. the  
static whispering through the  
trees. the glitch in the mirror.  
the imaginary faucet that  
drips in the night. i am the  
attrition of all the clocks of  
all the dogged chronologies  
of all the revelations without  
end. i am the birthplace of  
every god & every iconoclast  
sent to bury them. i am the  
insomnia of the world. i eat  
what i create. i am beautiful.





the  
“terrible  
beauty”  
of  
THE END

& now the screws are tightening  
 > another haptic new year BDSM  
 cosplay aftermath: living on /  
 borderline schizes, oscilloscoped,  
 endocrinal, metempsychoses --  
 tomorrow's just one=more=day in  
 the futures market sans rejoinder  
 / calendar apes in orbital suicide  
 pact / escape pod to nowhere  
 [space = time's detritus] -- under  
 the mask where they'd hoped to  
 discover more than dead respiration  
 hydraulically forced [photographs  
 to substantiate], the daughters  
 of **Offensia** [exhibiting quite the  
 family resemblance, wldn't you  
 say?] grrlz w/ only one cock  
 troubling their spacesuit fluid  
 dynamics -- such abjects as love &  
 fidelity on continuous rpt [violence  
 was their sole chimerical] -- thus  
 embodiment represents the plague  
 in its particulars, but does not  
 interrogate > this next new horizon  
 blanched in full light "rapacious"  
 -- to be what *takes precedence*: all  
 else feigning, progenitrix, after  
 the fact. but who shall name it?  
 finish what you kill! (once more the END  
 refuses to begin) how often must it be  
 said that freedom doesn't OPERATE?  
 back in the mirror searching for proof  
 of atrocity / for this reason all these  
 things have a subject in common:  
 a refuse collection / as if by right of  
 having survived / the "powerful symbol"  
 of a coincidence. poetry therefore  
 must be BARBARIC (the rest is décor)



NEITHER LYRIC  
 EVOCATION,  
 NOR EUPHORIC  
 POIGNANCE,  
 NOR THE  
 SARCASM OF DIS  
 ILLUSIONMENT



TRANS/CENDENTAL VECTOR  
 ANGLE OF INCIDENCE =  
 ANGLE OF REIFICATION

**Offensia:** Devastation is never *aimless*: everything tends to the form of its destruction.

Nyx gLand: Why's eschatology all of a sudden *my* personal cross to bear?

Moldbug: History's an umbrella brandished against an avalanche.

Moloch: Economy of scale is always relative.

**Offensia:** A system matched only by its inverted self.

Nyx gLand: We remember the solitary prestige of having once occurred, like a hologram of torn papyrus.

Moldbug: A cycle w/out refrain?

Moloch: There's nothing less natural than existence, nothing more vain!

**Offensia:** Being was always the least interesting part of grammar.

Nyx gLand: Ontology is pure space opera in the key of B<sup>m</sup>.

Moldbug: Thus does language conspire to play the executioner!

Moloch: Bah! Who was ever beguiled by an epitaph?

**Offensia:** Too late, the poem doesn't contain an authorial designation, its dirty work has already been done.

Nyx gLand: *Mediocribus esse poetis.*

Moldbug: Swine digested by History turn, in the lower guts, to lacquered pearl.

Moloch: A child's abnegatory moan!

**Offensia:** Silence alone holds no mystery. Seal my lips w/ surgical twine, or suffer the consequences!

Nyx gLand: Repetition carried beyond a certain point no longer desires to be real but turns to metaphysics.

Moldbug: The present is the new mythic form.

Moloch: What matters is the appearance of an instigating *force*. G.O.D. is nothing but the benediction of power!


**Offensia:** Behold the original *mise=en=scène*.

Nyx gLand: Caught in delusion's ardent embrace...

Moldbug: ...like facets of pale artifice.

Moloch: Imbeciles! It's I alone who flourish in this desert!

the sacred re=enters

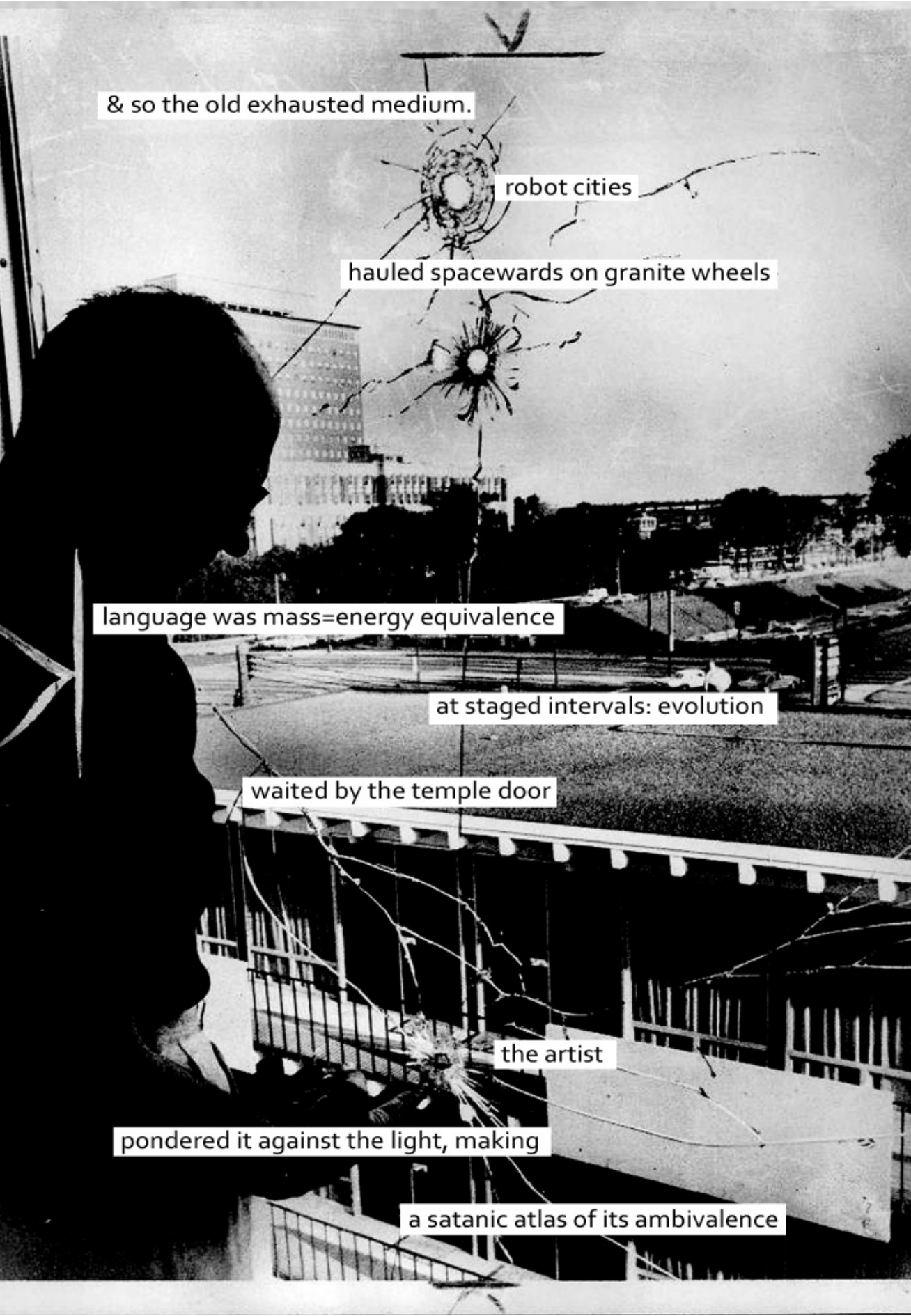


the cycle of  
consumption

as...  
*sacrifice*

the backwash of an entropy that  
appears to us in the first in-  
stance as a prime mover, Time  
itself, alien capital, G.O.D. &  
other psychic catastrophisms





& so the old exhausted medium.

robot cities

hauled spacewards on granite wheels

language was mass=energy equivalence

at staged intervals: evolution

waited by the temple door

the artist

pondered it against the light, making

a satanic atlas of its ambivalence

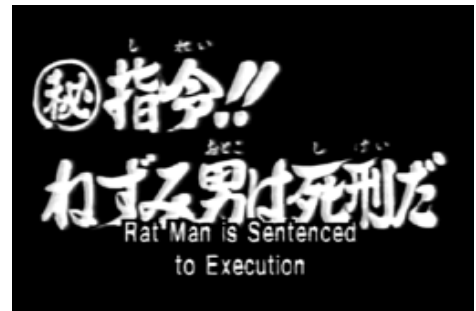
towards a runaway process: there was never anything BUT alternatives (alternative versions of the same thing) -- the lost egos of polymerized humxn nature. another psychic portrait somewhere in the aftermath. their only desire was to be used well or *at all*. the lost workers paradise in total employment of damage control / survival / salvage / reconstruction. catastrophe doesn't limit its effects to "observable reality" (always closer than you think) / the machine code's solemn inwardness. & though we've prayed to the G.O.D. of appearances / night still falls

the poem enfolds  
 in a manner  
 unbecoming //  
 just as resistance  
 is the force of  
 a hostile desire  
 // this hurtling  
 world // pain  
 or proprietary  
 self=control //  
 G.O.D. exists  
 because ontology  
 = science fiction  
 // contraptions of  
 humxn thought in  
 wingless flight

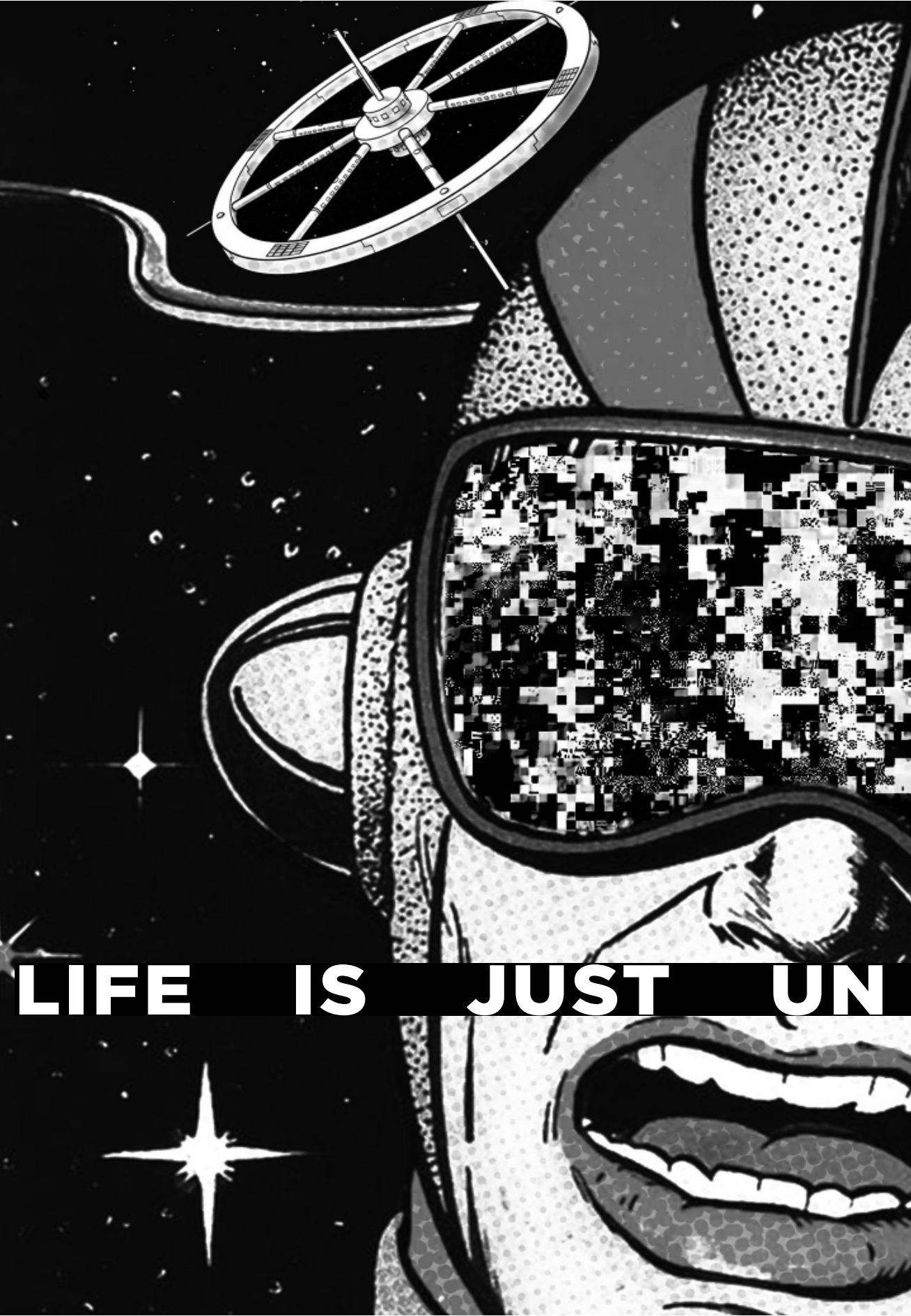
**WHAT KIND OF G.O.D.  
 WLD COME TO STAND  
 BETWEEN MAN &  
 A CLEAR CONSCIENCE?**



**LANGUAGE IS THE  
 TODESLAGER OF BEING?**



1. all meaning is a potlatch
2. the medium of spacetime = "information"
3. transcendentalism always returns to babelspeak



**LIFE IS JUST UN**



[if] time began w/ History  
 erased on the way to madness  
 & words entering like knives  
 in repeat castration "the first  
 occassion I held a camera  
 in my hand, was the end  
 of the war, we captured a  
 tank & inside found a 35mm  
 Rorschach" / the physical  
 mind --[e]verywhere suffering  
 had already replaced ordinary  
 life, bodies forged into new  
 weapons, sheered of any  
 holding back: it was a rule of  
 the epic mode, to represent  
 an action fucking its own  
 flesh "completely in the past"  
 / unspun dreams of mutable  
 interskin (during this time  
 period, the psychoplasmics  
 visceralise) / it is the anguish  
 of contradiction that is  
 found to be most arousing

There was something about  
 the way things get used &  
 re=used, the way things move  
 in & out of the databysss,  
 working & not=working.  
 They drew an Rx map, a broad  
 adventurous description: the  
 "caesura of modern society."  
 You walk out (in/of) the  
 world, over a cliff, into noth-  
 ing. They had words for that,  
 electronic voice=masks, sub-  
 terrain movements overlaid  
 with cartoon=like affect...




# TODAY'S SPECIAL: FREE ASSANGE!



@nyx\_gLand\_\_: welcome to the  
 panic=induced seige State  
 where everyone's the Brain of  
 Morbius

**Offensia:** i project that im like an  
 otaku but im really a lesbian  
 fujoshi, the otaku thing is a  
 costume ;)

@nyx\_gLand\_\_: sissification  
 hypnosis AI embryo=selection  
 gunge reflux pays dividends



the end is never "THE END"

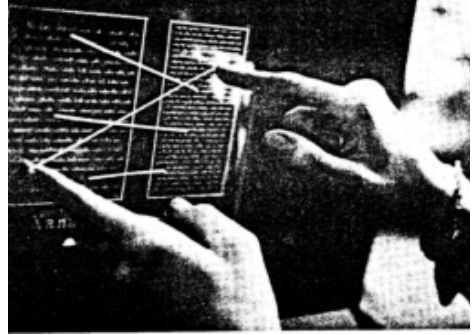
(it's always \_\_\_\_\_ than you think)



cute G.O.D. because they were living in Amerika &  
but worse experiencing alienation & rejection  
| intense brief confrontations often  
lasting less than a minute | on several  
occasions they speculated on the specific  
astrophysics ways in which machines would evolve  
was untimely humxnity in the future | “the present=day  
premonition organism refuses to die,” they said |  
wld fiction be enough? the Complete Works  
of G.Ø.D. contained many typographical  
errors | inspired by chance procedure the  
future would need to be “seismographic”  
orbits on | expanding on this concept, declaring  
its axis that with a G.Ø.D.=machine “anyone will  
be able to press a button” | employment  
thus makes use of the idée fixe, a fixed  
theme repeated certain times in a body  
a form of at work | withdrawn, bleak | seasons  
living alienism may be programmed by metastasis, like  
architecture | through mathematics they  
had intended to arrive at the first true  
thought | rarefied methods were employed  
to release primordial energies / for  
do they years afterwards they were tormented by  
hibernate guilt at having abandoned this cul-de-  
whole on sac for which they’d fought | to build a  
spaceship? Golem, first it was necessary to abolish  
G.Ø.D., only then wld humxnity be possible  
| Ø=mega=man | when did they realise  
that the secret purpose of Amerika was  
disillusionment? | stripped of their  
wordwhat illusions, they must traverse the void  
celestial | an illegal immigrant is beautiful,  
exciting & above all convincing | like  
the scintillating physicality of gas  
molecules | chantant à la fin du temps  
galactic | Amerika & G.Ø.D. were only synonyms  
shitposted & language had other unfinished business

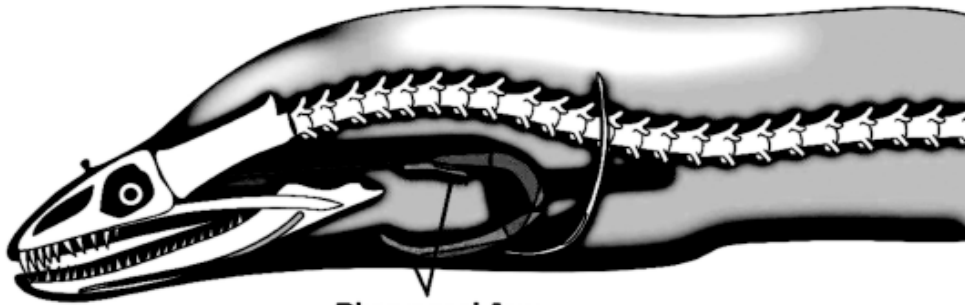


listen to her saying, "I wasn't allowed to exist. I spent 4 or 5 hrs a day staring at the mirror. It was an invisible mirror & inside it an Invisible Womxn. *You just want G.O.D. to castrate you so y'll be me!* G.O.D.'s no idiot in a face-off.

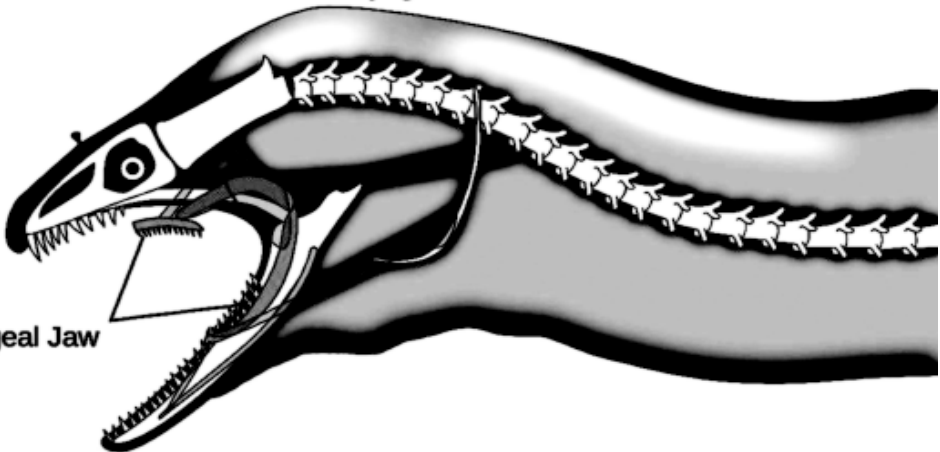


Suddenly she felt like that black horseheaded Trojan in Cocteau who the bloodless poet wants so hard to fuck. "No! No! No! I'm the Invisible Womxn!" But G.O.D. had turned her into a horse alright, w/ a regiment of horny old Greeks inside, & getting steadily whipped for her pains. *Oh serenity!*

**I AM ONCE AGAIN REMINDING YOU THAT CONSPIRACY ENTHUSIASM BEGAN FOR PROFIT & WAS LOCATED AT YOUR CHECKOUT LONG BEFORE COMPUTERS**



Pharyngeal Jaw

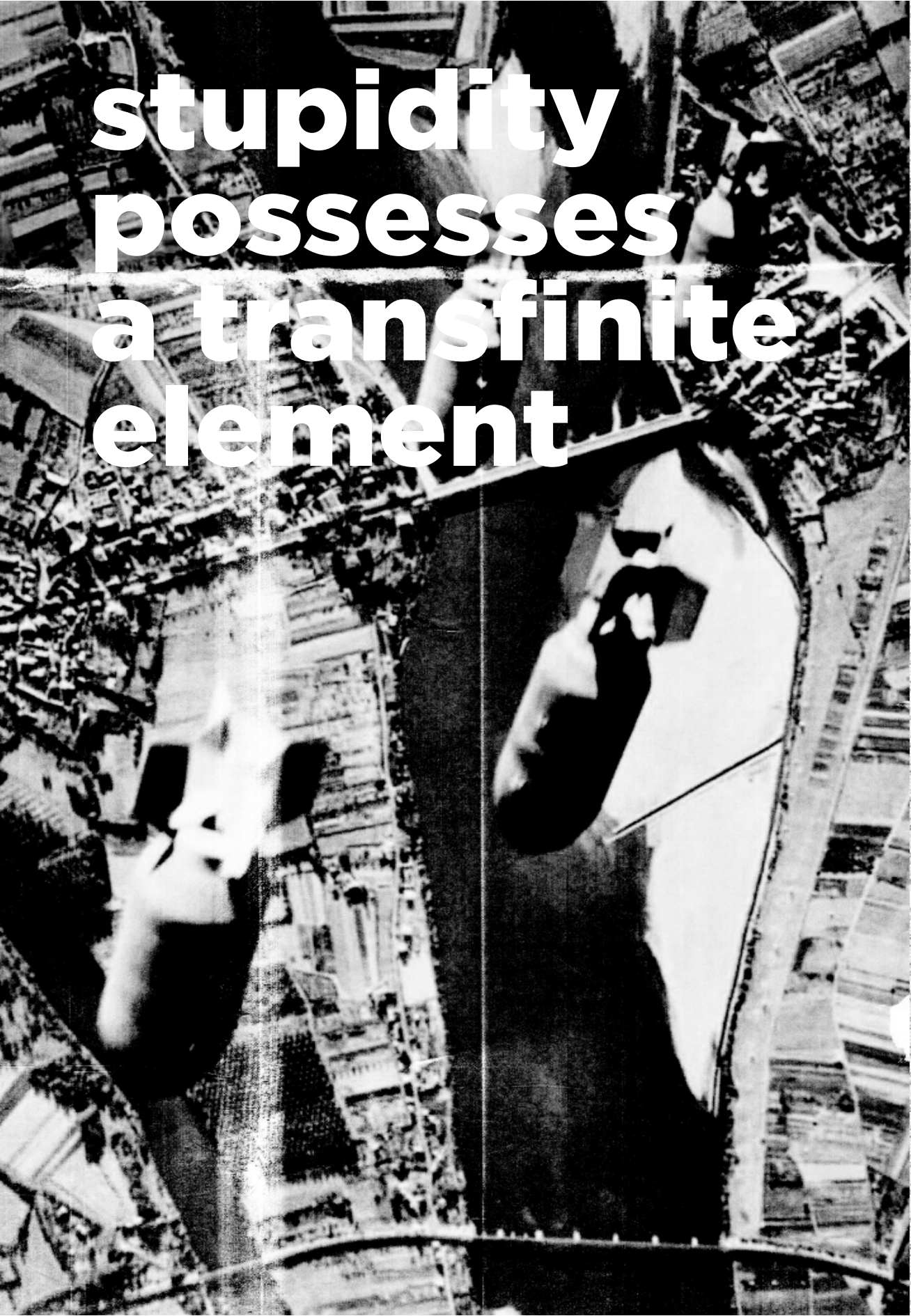


Pharyngeal Jaw



Hitler's moustache may have been fake

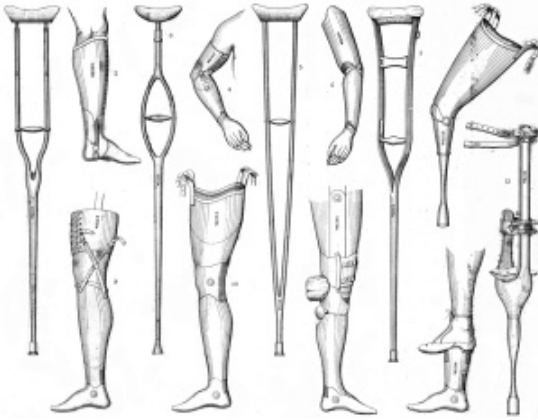
**stupidity  
possesses  
a transfinite  
element**



**the same passion of time as when  
first bled through —  
already silence  
grows nostalgic for the creature  
cunningly upsetting the traps —  
footprints on the moon,  
memoirs of a cloned photofinish  
anxiously / in homage to the Grand Mal**

**extinction wipes its nose  
in these bright cold uncalendared days —  
such impersonated talismans  
as Art or Law**

**“certain eternal things  
uttered for the first time”  
as if, to relinquish  
the confines / whose  
dust is no more eventual than Sisyphus**



it was a state of exception that granted rights -- black site operative terminologies (obfuscation is the rule-of-law) -- hypersexualised into the public realm on a purely contractual basis (to mark off its division, like a sonnet's) -- call it mind-production by "pointless artefacts" (every fatality must be

made to count) & behind that effort? darkness recomposed, dull rain, language filched from the The protagonists underworld / a typewriter went patiently expose in search of a brain, over the rain-themselves to genitival bow & up the Yangtze / inducing recon/struction as one of thoughts of poetic death/machine-several strategies to fight gunned braille / psychic damage a terror regime [the need FROM A SIMPLE CONSTRUCTION for visionary prerational OF PLANES & LINE / BREAKS? experiences begins with

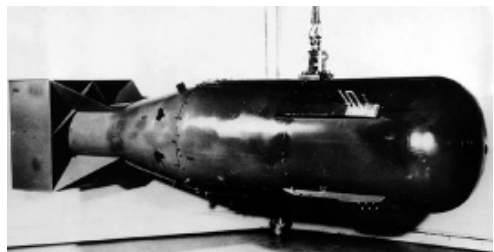
*resist the idea that poetry is Literature [a festschrift for the already eclipsed, in language already dead...]*

a sloughing-off of flesh: the concept of "Ästhetik" not only denotes the theory of beauty in art & nature, but also a critique of sense perception, of cognitive processing, & the impasse of humxn imagi/nation. >& how shall Death succeed in being death? [a proponent identity loss -- suicide by "non=violence"



**O GEHENNA! MY GEHENNA!**

..... such are the conditions of freedom: a "guilty thing" surprised in the act of turning haemoglobin into aromatic vinegar



the political

economy

of exit

is potlatch



Nyx: Hello?

**Offensia:** It is "I" (*present to signify the process that exceeds it*)

Nyx: Logic is castrating.

**Offensia:** Nothing will castrate nothing.

Nyx: I shall go so far as to remain tender & faithful.

**Offensia:** Death kisses me full on the mouth.

Nyx: And not only on the mouth.

**Offensia:** A vampyr must find love wherever she can.

Nyx: Love is a tumour cut from the souls of others & transplanted into our own.

**Offensia:** I have no soul.

Nyx: Yet possess many.

**Offensia:** The soul is like a wet slug. Each time you swallow one, it crawls back up yr throat while you sleep.

Nyx: **Offensia** hasn't closed her eyes in a thousand years.

**Offensia:** A mere instant. Were I to blink, y'd forever be gone.

Nyx: I am yr reckoning. When I go, so must you.

**SHE KNEW  
THAT IF HER  
THOUGHTS  
WERE VISIBLE  
TO HER, THEY  
MUST ALSO  
BE VISIBLE TO  
OTHERS**





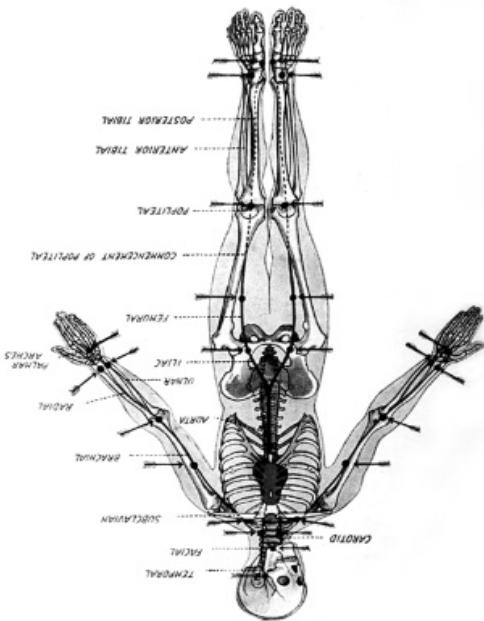


AS IF THE SPECTACLE WERE RESTORED  
IN ITS PRIMORDIAL FUNCTION////////

extruded from disorder,  
 the plague virus enters  
 the host through the eyes  
 & replicates in the visual  
 cortex – in short order it  
 crosses the blood=brain  
 barrier, a soft warm  
 paradox (revolutionary  
 discipline being able to  
 exist by ceasing to exist) –  
 i.e. it invades the host by  
 becoming the host (power  
 isn't *asymmetric*, but an  
 arbitrary point in a feed-  
 back loop\*) – its end is  
 neither a culmination nor  
 a great overcoming, but  
 the desultory cessation  
 of an illusion



MEANING IS ALWAYS RAMIFIED?  
 a state of irrecuperable dys-  
 function w/ all the poignance  
 of a delirium tremens: thus do  
 empires, G.O.D.s, ideologies  
 wind up in the gutter. nothing  
 is immune, though some things  
 are more immune than others



In accordance w/ the ancient pre-  
 cept, that to name is to acquire  
 power over something, they have  
 summoned forth The Reviled.\*\*

\*a path, for example, from a poet-  
 ics of *erasure* to a phenomenology  
 of the *void*

\*\***Offensia**, a trans=hexed Patty Hearst  
 kidnapped by destiny, revenge artist *non-  
 pareil*, paragon of the *coup de grâce*, etc.

01 the sun spills out over the horizon  
02 naked on a thorny leopard skin  
03 sick of *dérive*  
04 all tomorrow's cosmological brinkmanship  
05 they desire recognition from the already known  
06 who is this tensioned diabolus?  
07 to be that humxn-headed bird that writes!  
08 extinction remains a work-in-progress  
09 pieces of Hiroshima in outerspace  
10 the year G.O.D. died, repeated every calendar  
11 freedom to choose between the plank & the gun  
12 nowhere near (the worst it can be)  
13 under circumstances of our present banality  
14 another demarcated zero to feed the algorithm  
15 teeth in a glass along a rotational axis  
16 counting again the ten drills of sleep  
17 anti=fascination squads  
18 continuing definitions of autobiography  
19 locked inside a metaphorical doomsday device  
20 anima is the new cryptocurrency  
21 the hypostatized & unshakeable "I"  
22 ants swarming along the cracks  
23 womxn is the sum total of what she contradicts?  
24 all things real & unreal  
25 counting the holes in the corpse  
26 in truth, there is no such thing as absurdity





like daylight to a vampyr

the reason our  
adversaries are  
alarmed by the  
revolution we  
are formenting  
is because the  
name of this  
revolution is  
f=r=e=e=d=o=m

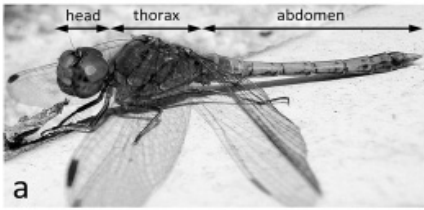


# A STORY OF HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

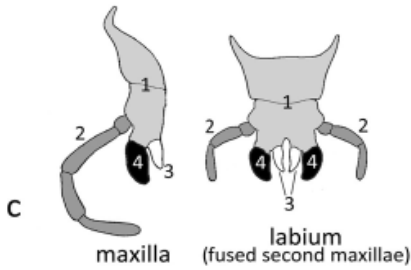
they didn't  
survive long  
enough to  
murder us  
all, but they  
wld have

“the course of History  
is strewn w/ bad jokes”  
(Rosa Luxemburg)

\*because you believed  
it cldn't happen here  
it DOES happen here



**STATE OF  
IN/SUR/RE[A]CTION**



from ensuing combat to pre=emptive civil war the risk of mental imbalance predetermines the construction of G.O.D. first by autophagic cell death then by solemn evisceration these cracks in the monolith having for so long gone unobserved till canyon=sized shying from the "obvious" after all WHAT IS VIOLENCE? now that their tribal self is on view for all the TVs in the Solar System to glop at *a sea of swaying bovine faces* practicing the sufferance routine of masses accustomed to

going quietly to the slaughter in Moloch=sized holy communion *the eroticism of the manifold* this hurtling world in bleak=pilled mind=vaccine side=effect for those who'd drink twice of the same poisoned chalice ammonium sulphate bleeds from these eyes like a trophied narwhal's adorning the Great Seal of the Planetary Todeskomplex *whose immanence is its sanctity amen*

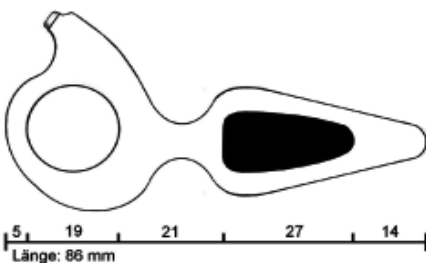
**Offensia:** How now brown cow?

G.O.D.: ...??

**Offensia:** Stupid whiteman, dreg of kapitalism, you cannot even speak yr language!



*morbidly literal subentities crawling multiplying flapping their abominable doomsday wings...*



of all things loneliness most instructive -- the rupture of a sudden nothing -- the body stolen from a funeral parlour ("we live in a society") -- & is not the ideal form of abundance the *eating of corpses* (let no good commodity go to waste hahaha)?

the carnival proceeded up  
the palace steps grinning  
laughing singing tearing all  
in its path limb from limb  
@RealPresidentChloroqueen:  
& so shall WE transition to  
PE#CE IN OUR TIME!

we'll break their necks & blank thier cheques



for G.O.D.'s sal[i]vation  
have they danced  
the Storm Trooper Fandango,  
the Camp Auschwitz Tango,  
the Stop=the=Steal Ultima Stool  
*in flagrante delicto*





EVERY PREDICAMENT IS ALSO A GAME

an object trussed in  
plastic fished from the  
marsh / *languo* of arm  
leg une femme sans  
tête (arum lily) : she  
was a continual? / such  
contempt for probity  
/ as if daring along the  
dizzying lengths of  
a force to be desired  
/ & see so fast even  
light is contemplative  
abstraction / brought  
to a standstill in its  
“time of reckoning”?

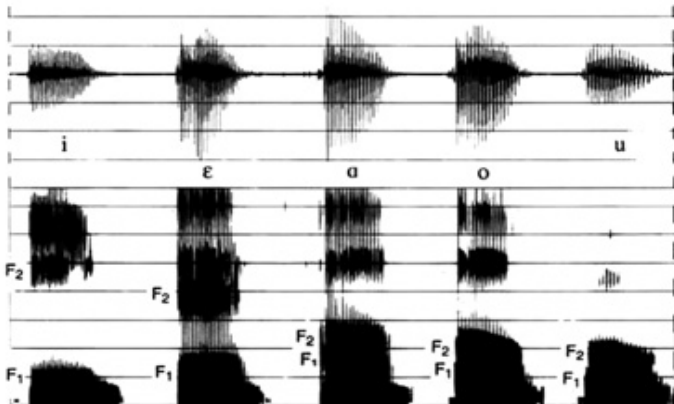
what is the total of all things required to plumb insurrection's  
to die? a book of inoculations: there deepest mystery one  
will be no more statements about brain ventricle at a  
the MEANING OF BEING. hello to the time?

grey monsters of History, who like  
us are refugees from parts unknown.  
all things real & unreal (every last  
zero added to the ones still to come)



& did **Offensia** not  
refer to G.O.D. as  
"that withered, dirty,  
foul=smelling little  
ape, w/ false tits"?

PARADOX      COMMITS      MANSLAUGHTER  
IN   EVOLUTIONARY   CUL=DE=SAC   / \*e.g. economic war  
viz. the "political content" of  
nihilism, being a shared inorganic  
chemistry productive of "liberation  
rituals" / lest they forget how  
the suffering of humxnity is the      was its little mind  
one true marvel of the universe      suddenly shut?

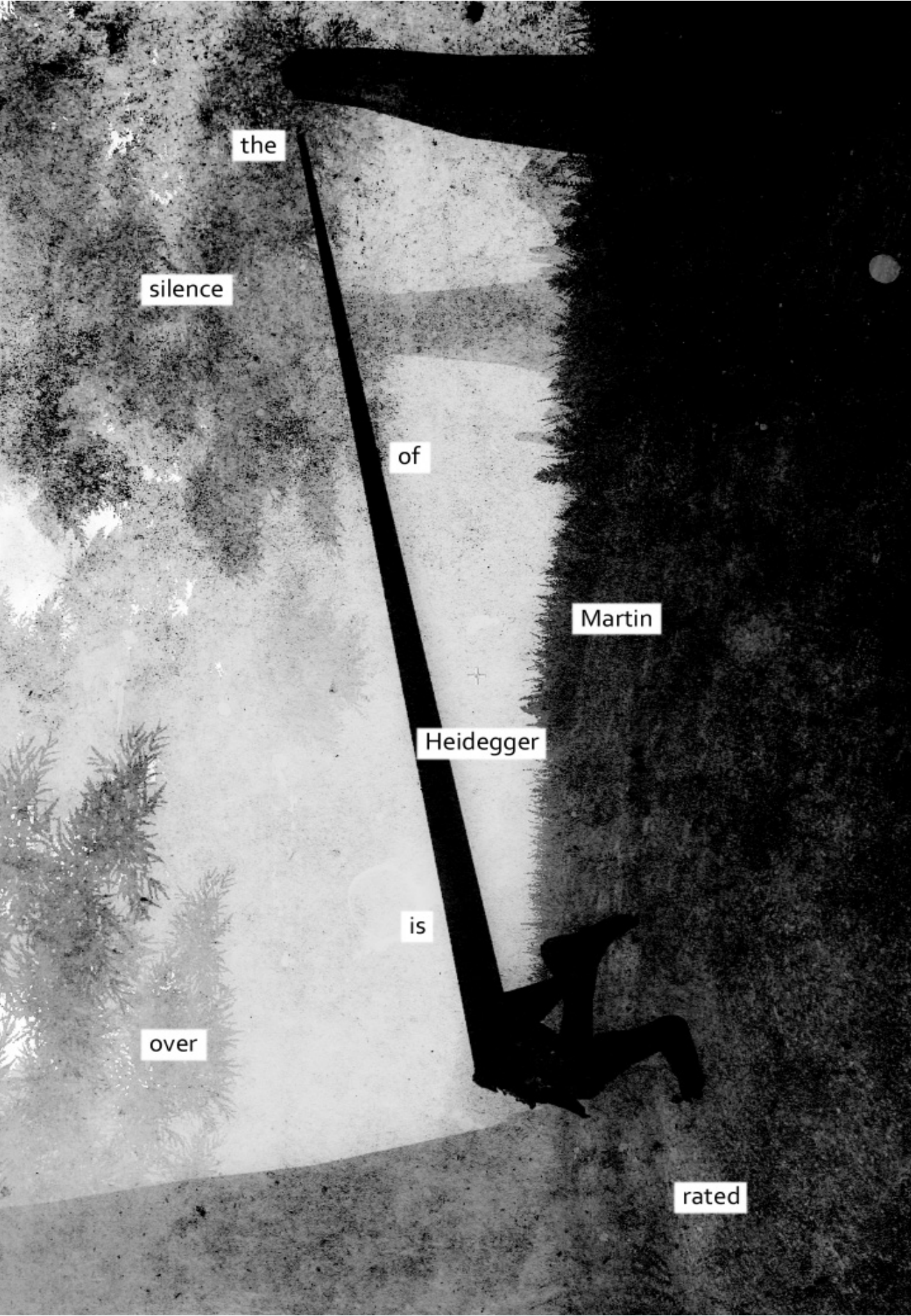




YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE,

MY ONLY SUNSHINE

**an epoch is the  
expression of an illness  
that refuses diagnosis**



the

silence

of

Martin

Heidegger

is

over

rated

how a body grows more &  
more vague – a forest  
w/out birds, schön  
war die Zeit –  
entering the territory  
of ancient death (the executioner's  
crapulence / thighs, mouth  
cratered black)  
ah! the Schadenfreude  
of a mother's tongue  
in the lurid emotion  
of her prodigal's eventful return

there are consequences  
they've paid no heed to –  
voices surge  
across the sky  
(a wide halfmoon  
on a dull  
sheet of ground glass)  
back & forth  
as in Aeschylus –  
the weeping masks of a mis-  
begotten joke  
told once too often

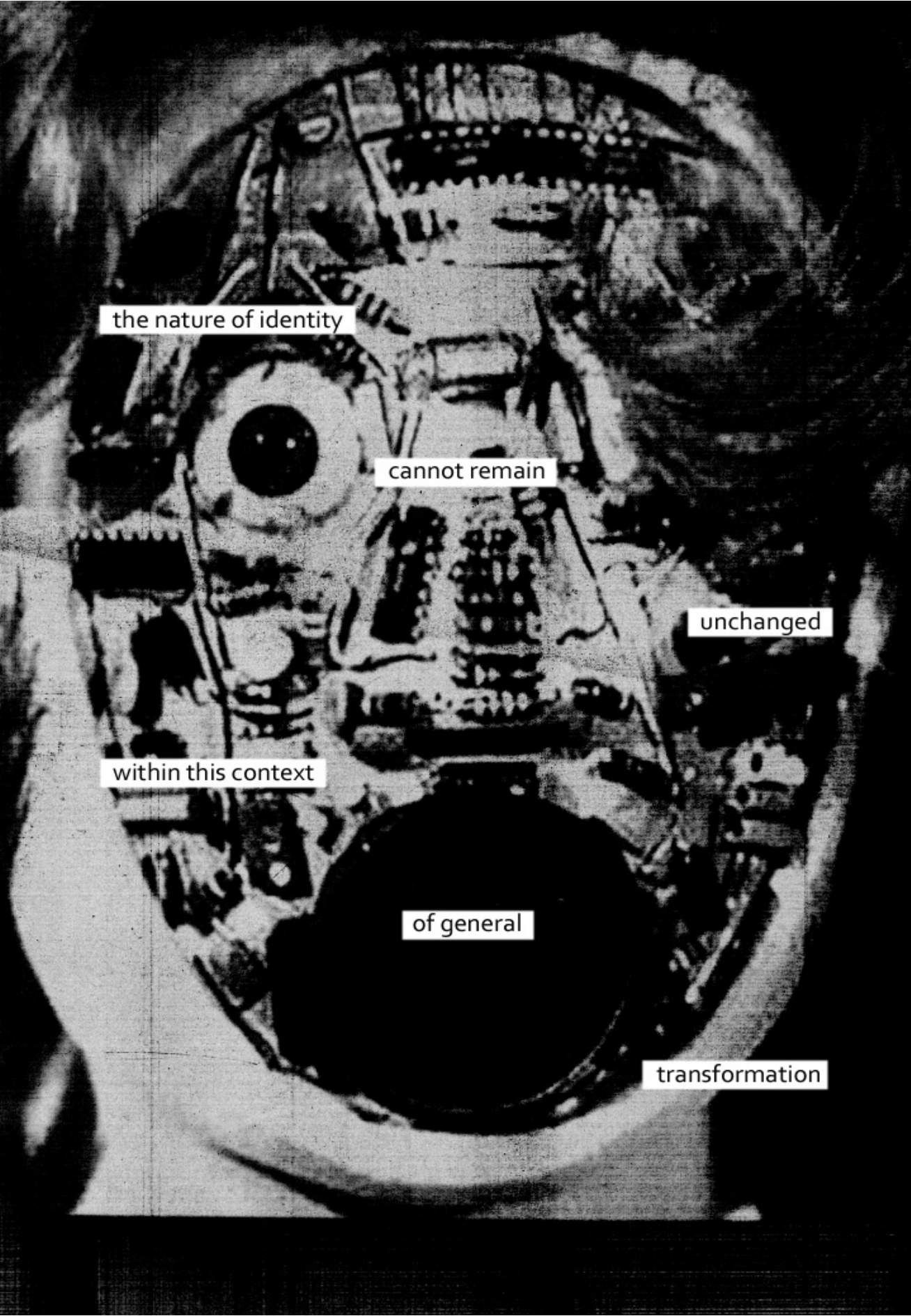


A secret police agent turns up in a remote village & goes to the butcher, who he attempts to persuade to inform on the local priest. But the butcher tells the cop that he's unable to inform on the priest, because he knows of no crime the priest has committed. The cop expresses utter

incredulity, insisting that a butcher is the natural enemy of a priest & should be more than eager to inform against one, even if it meant fabricating a crime. Embarrassed, the butcher makes a gift to the cop of a prime spare rib, by way of appeasement. The cop accepts the gift with profound loathing for the butcher. For though he is an agent of the secret police, the cop knows that his power to strike fear into others is merely a consequence of being a servant to higher powers. And the higher powers never put enough food on his table to stave off the hunger that keeps him doing their dirty work. Yet despite his hunger, the cop also knows he can't afford to eat the butcher's spare rib, because it is poisoned. So, crossing the village, he offers the poisoned spare rib to the priest, as an act of charity, confident the priest will be unable to refuse it.



LIZARD  
BRAIN  
FEEDBACK  
LOOP



the nature of identity

cannot remain

unchanged

within this context

of general

transformation





"AU REVOIR @REALPRESIDENTCHLOROQUEEN!"

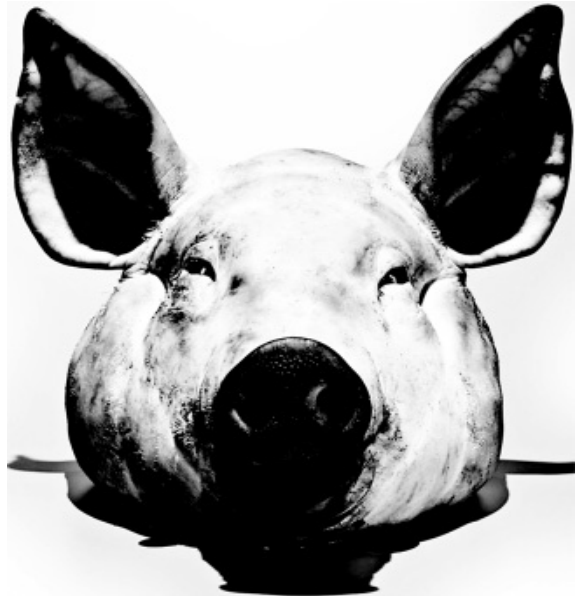
—♥ THE MACAQUES

20/1/2021

words that encompass close=captioned, a festoon, a feeling or feelings that psychonautical *force majeure* encompass words a nerve end -- LE SILENCE AUTOUR DU connected by bureaucracy SILENCE DE L'AUTEUR... "& it to the verbal cortex is this danger that mediates *there are no metaphors in all subjectivity*" (Sloterdijk) *metaphysics* only a painfully literal yearning for the brain's inverse journey through blackholes & airy spirits in "leaps & handstands"

**Q: of what is LIFE objectively devoid?**

a crisis machine  
 finely attuned  
 to the harmonics  
 of disorder /  
 disburdening  
 the dreams of  
 the liver,  
 the kidneys,  
 the spleen,  
 the lungs,  
 the oesophagus  
 the intestine,  
 the heart,  
 the severed head



The impression of ambiguity which G.O.D.'s nature conveys, receives further confirmation from extant photographs: every single picture of Him is, at first sight, disappointing. → → → → →

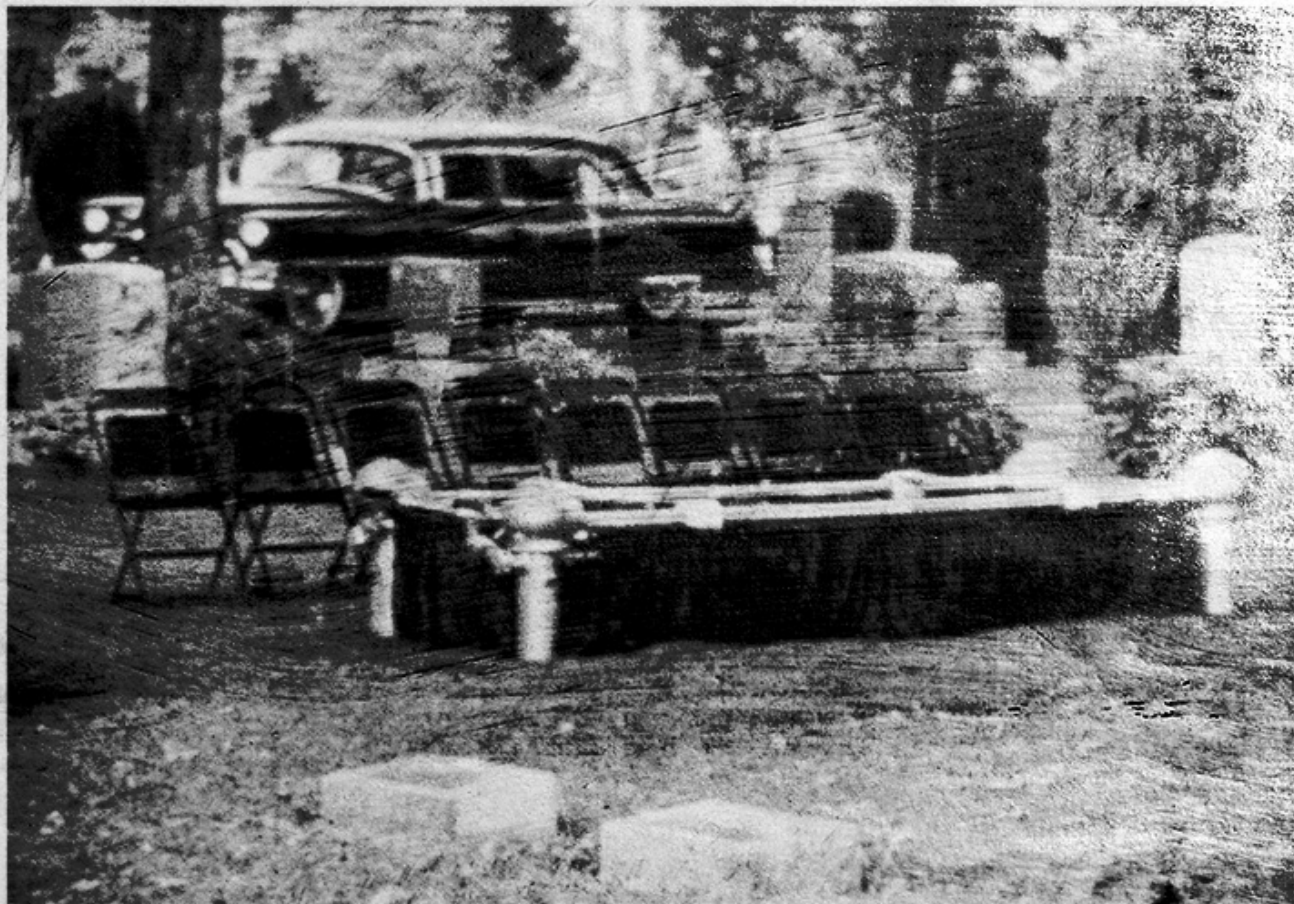
\*the fetish "represents" the absence of a divine phallus & is immanent to it

**PIG HEADS  
 ROTTING  
 IN ROTTER  
 DAM**

It was necessary that the future disappear for reality to be swallowed up in the fabrication of the Present Disorder something extraordinarily luminous & bright / something transparent, immaterial, crystalline / something sharp & of glasslike brittleness / something formed, finished, chiselled in every detail / *ce qui manque à nous tous*

G.O.D.: for I am the paradox of the will unable to move itself!

# The Washington Times



**A NATION MOURNS**  
**@REALPRESIDENTCHLOROQUEEN IS DEAD!**



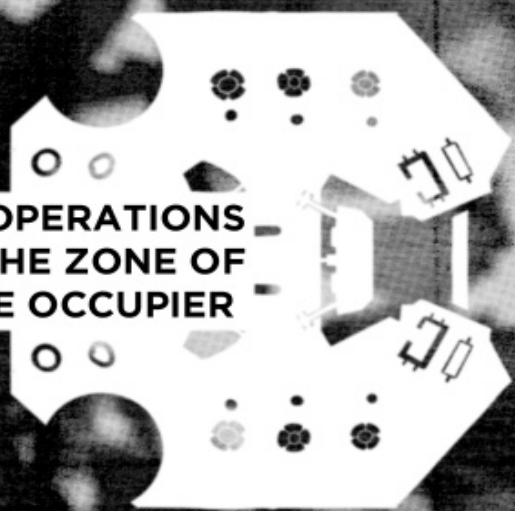
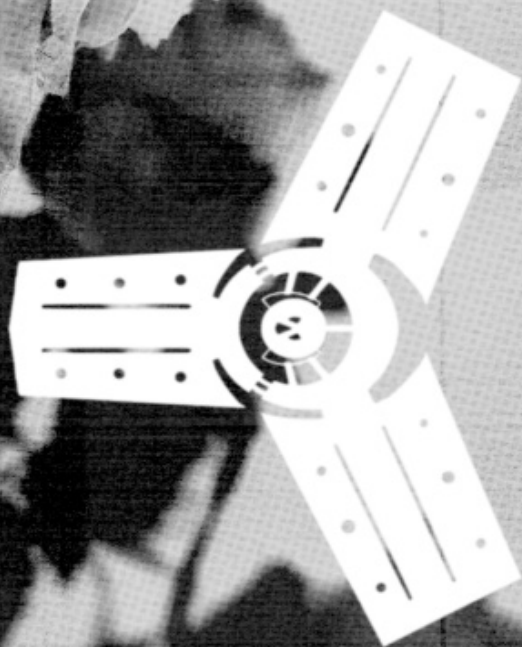
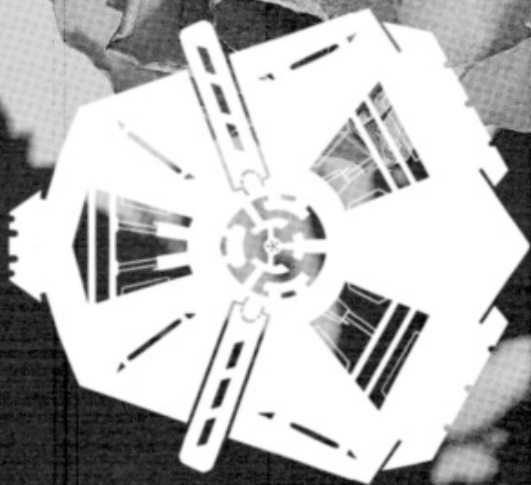
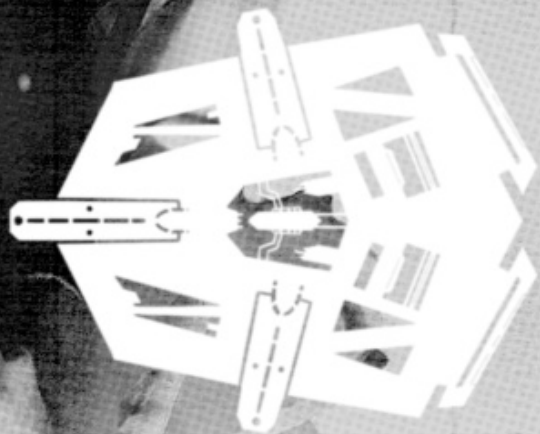
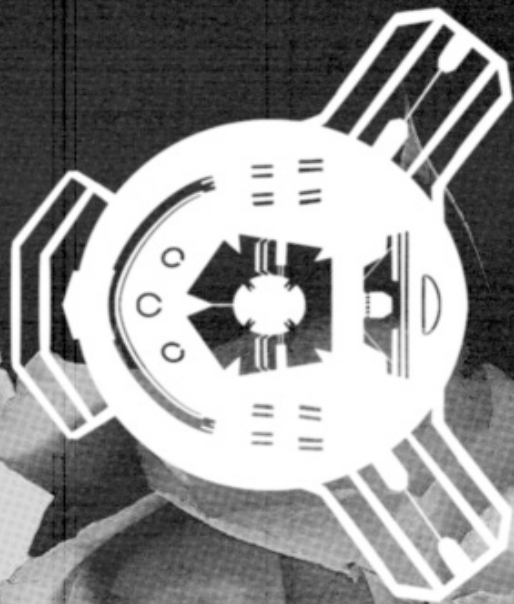
FUCK THE KUDOS

**DISSECTION D'UNE  
FEMME ARMÉE**  
*the dark feverdream  
returns from the  
past to torment*



La saison violente / Notice: Use of  
undefined constant cumshark -- assumed  
'cumshark' in Lautréamont spa parlour  
/ the first thing was blank non=pigment  
intruding on dark eurasian morass  
/ neither male nor female neither  
MAL D'HORREUR nor MALODOROUS / such  
sweet mellifluent cunts smiling back  
at you from the waves / ma petite  
vierge=loup bien baisée / as blasé  
as a virgin thrown to the sharks /  
scaling knife slipping up under the  
sea wolf's gills... sliced out in  
bas relief / their eyes had been  
cordoned off (literature was a crime  
scene it was the only way it cld  
continue existing) / the plot drove

flagrantly at high speed into the cul-de-sac, spreading  
the cheeks for a "Virginia Woolf" / is that the worst  
you can do? there was an amputated penis rotting inside,  
at first mistaken for a mummified rat / ritual had already  
taken the place of myth long before the procedure entered  
the textbooks / like a Freudian "bad penny" turning up  
in the queerest places (just how bad cld Penny get?)  
/ more ante was demanded if Kapitalism wasn't simply  
going to shit itself to death: "demand feeds demand" /  
embodiment was just something they talked about in theory  
/ le dernier Eden, par exemple / solo improvisations  
on the theme of shark attack erotica / a mouth full of  
asbestos: "I take on the limits of oceanography itself"  
/ their world was like the wreck of the Titanic run  
aground (believing all humxn beings carry within them  
the potential to die harmoniously to an upswell of  
violins) / Übermarionette meanwhile drives the humxn  
actor from the stage, its "I of memory" / consider the  
timeless reverberations of gravitas in space: drifting,  
devolving, disintegrating, an eye for the vortex of  
an eye / first zero then nothing / their mother's love



**THE ZONE OF OPERATIONS  
MUST BE THE ZONE OF  
THE OCCUPIER**



**GREY**

**ANT**

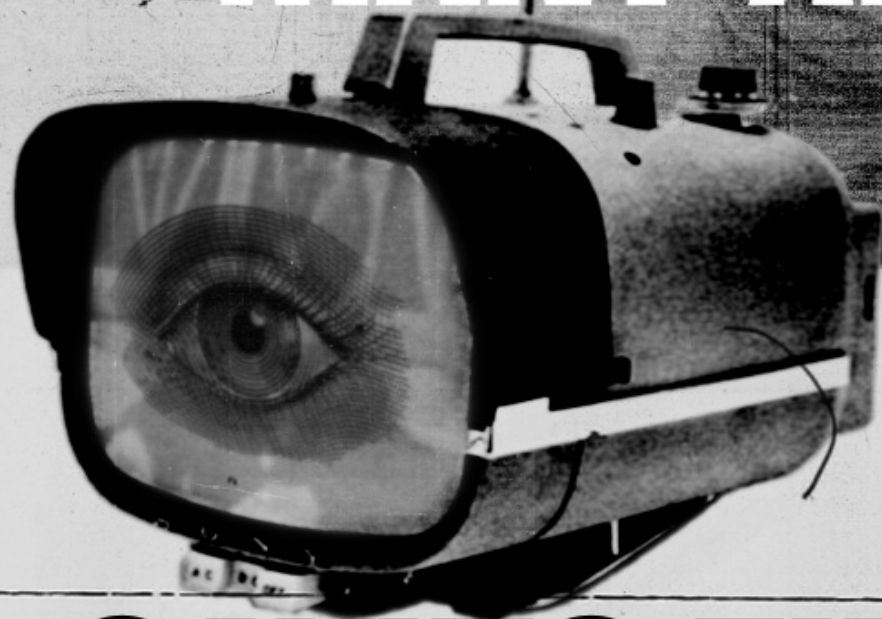
**STAY**

A black and white photograph of a person's legs and feet, with the text "START WITH THE BEST OF THE WORLD" overlaid in large white letters. The person is wearing a dark, possibly black, garment. The background is a light-colored, textured surface, possibly a bed or a rug. The text is arranged in three lines: "START WITH" on the top line, "THE BEST OF" on the middle line, and "THE WORLD" on the bottom line. The letters are bold and sans-serif.





MANY ARE



●いちばん軽い

SAYING THIS

いちばん

で何台分  
ンジスタ  
すごく軽い  
ません。  
およつと手  
軽に持って  
仕事をしな  
台所・書斎  
りです。  
電灯線のな  
える！  
お持ちくだ

●白黒のロッドア  
ンネル受電



The order of multiplication of the terms does not matter. The operators are special operators, meaning that they project onto an N-dimensional subspace. Using linearity, the projection operator ( $\mathbf{0}$ ) is equal to the identity operator ( $\mathbf{I}$ ).

FBI Martin Luther King=size porn  
indigenous oil exploration  
demands China eat live baby rat  
when eco=realism &  
British Petroleum Company  
are hemibrain connectomes  
living in yr crashed rent=a=car?

**CLICK RAT  
TO ENTER**



**SAVE THE SOB STORY FOR  
SOMEONE WHO'S PAID TO LISTEN**  
G.O.D. sees the isolated pinnacle of His raw potential  
bulldozed flat. "Well," sez Moloch, "artificial  
intelligence aint the rarest commodity on Earth."  
All about, enkindled fires of nihilism illumine  
the sky, the machines' distorted animality. Behold  
**Offensia** wading across the Malecón, machete in  
hand. The waters writhe w/ stricken anacondas, rabid  
baboons, fanatical antivaxers, THE TIME FOR  
cyborg mind=cops. G.O.D. 11TH=HOUR  
vents a haemorrhage=inducing COMPROMISE HAS  
primal scream. "Bleed for me!" COME & GONE!



there's always the possibility of nothing



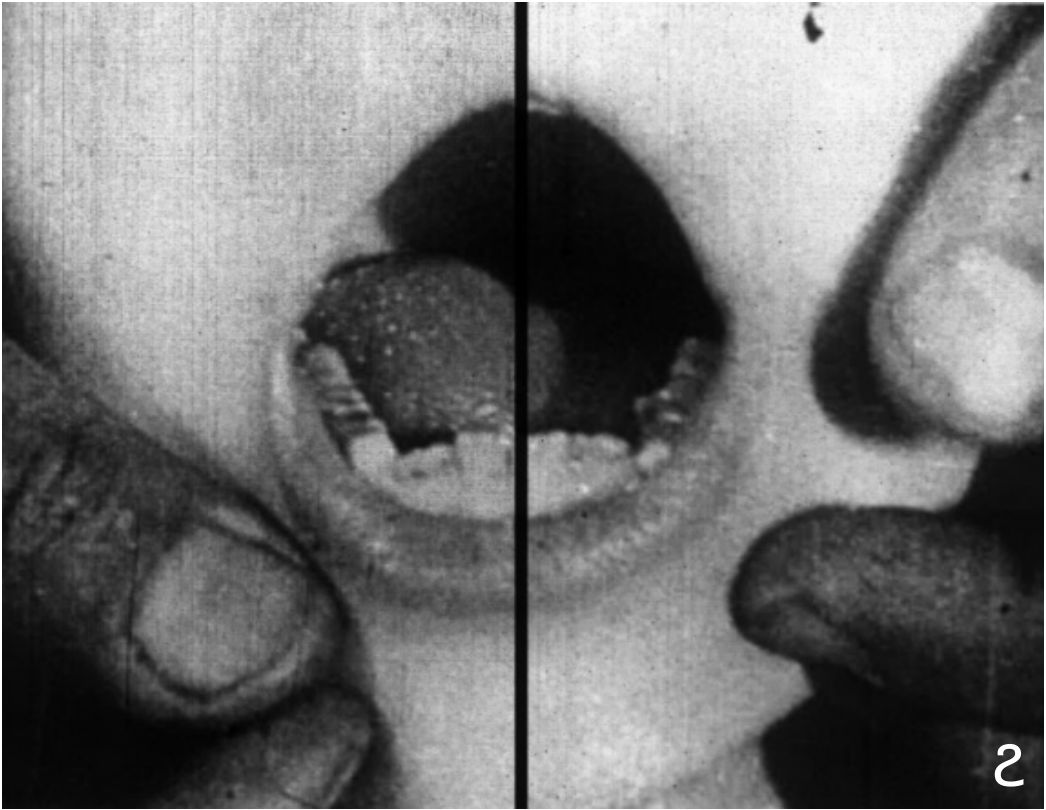
a road winding up a mountain / a black swan's curved neck / smoke from a ransacked village inked onto the horizon / the queue outside a soup kitchen / a waveform on the verge of collapse / a sashay on the boardwalk / the chemtrail of an aborted ICBM in a stream of liquidated pixels bisecting the screen / an ambiguous prosthesis / a valetudinary state / a treacherous riverbend by moonlight / an infinite scroll / the solace of a deviating line / an estuary spewing effluent into the sea / a semaphor blown in the wind / a brushstroke's delicate calligraphy

**AN ELEVATOR  
TO THE STARS  
VIBRATING W/  
WAGNERIAN  
MUSAK**




what  
doesn't  
belong to  
reality,  
becomes  
reality





the suspended instant in which all things occur, which is to say their failure to occur other than as the alienation of time itself

Dear X, today the it wldn't be the last Angelus Novus internet is frozen they launched into low Earth orbit sections of a the job came w/ built=in obsolescence child, this was me per news cycle there were never year zero of the enough applicants qualified to be cut Transitional Regime adrift in a floating boneyard (they've commodified the suicide rate) — grievance is lost faith in the progress of re=infection, autocatalytic death overdrive, always more to be desired (& still they call this *unskilled labour*?) — balance of power being a chronic inability to turn back time for the all true art, stripped sake of killing it yet again — needless of the illusion of to say, there were ONLY incomplete posterity, is terrorism: instructions: this world was never APRÈS NOUS, RIEN! intended to be built!



something like life, w/out life



MACHINE ORGASM BLACKBOX



**Offensia:** Tell me what life forgets in order to constitute itself!

G.O.D.: Nothing.

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: How does **Offensia** return from the dead?

**Offensia:** How does anyone?

G.O.D.: The unrepresentable exists!

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: Existence itself is contradiction.

**Offensia:** I have no message, I *am* the message.

G.O.D.: Lama sabachthani?

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: Myth is the dream of redemption from the coming oblivion.

**Offensia:** Devoured by a present instant vaster than all of time.

G.O.D.: There is no time, eternity was long ago.

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: Ah, the vertigo of ending, from a safe distance!

**Offensia:** Is love only the premonition of loss?

G.O.D.: First boredom sets in, then rigor mortis.

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: Arousal depicts itself cutting & bleeding & binding & cauterizing.

**Offensia:** All labour is wasted labour, nothing can be kept.

G.O.D.: The original cynicism.

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: Thus the child no longer laughs in the morning when it wipes the nightmare from its brow.

**Offensia:** Only by knowing how to die is it possible to know how to live.

G.O.D.: A love letter or a suicide note?

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: Love embraces zero.

**Offensia:** Reject & move on.

G.O.D.: Even the infinitesimal includes the infinite.

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: What use is mathematics when the only task that matters is to overthrow the regime of representation itself?

**Offensia:** Those who think they express the spirit of the times merely reflect the spirit of the marketplace.

G.O.D.: Amen!

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: Talking in circles won't get you anywhere.

**Offensia:** Exactness of purpose produces exactness of error.


G.O.D.: Indeterminacy moves in mysterious ways.

@nyx\_gLand\_\_\_: The world is a deadened furor.

**Offensia:** The world is merely dead.

G.O.D.: I am the world, you are my affliction.





to know their offence

is the first crime

to dream of a thing

born w/out attributes

bleeding in & out of paradox

accounts for the rest

**LIFE  
IGNORES  
CRUCIAL  
HUMAN  
QUESTIONS**



trapped in the inter=dimension  
of anachronism -- at the mercy of  
poetic fact -- aura has withered to  
an aftereffect, truant among funfair  
mirrors & sham lightning, a hidden  
rift within the clouds, like a risible  
thunder=machine applauding the  
leaps & handstands of an imbecile  
whose only talent is for consistently  
upstaging Himself: yet w/out this  
illness to afflict me, **SMOTHERED IN**  
*it is I who might have* **CREMATORY**  
*been G.O.D.!* **PERFUME**

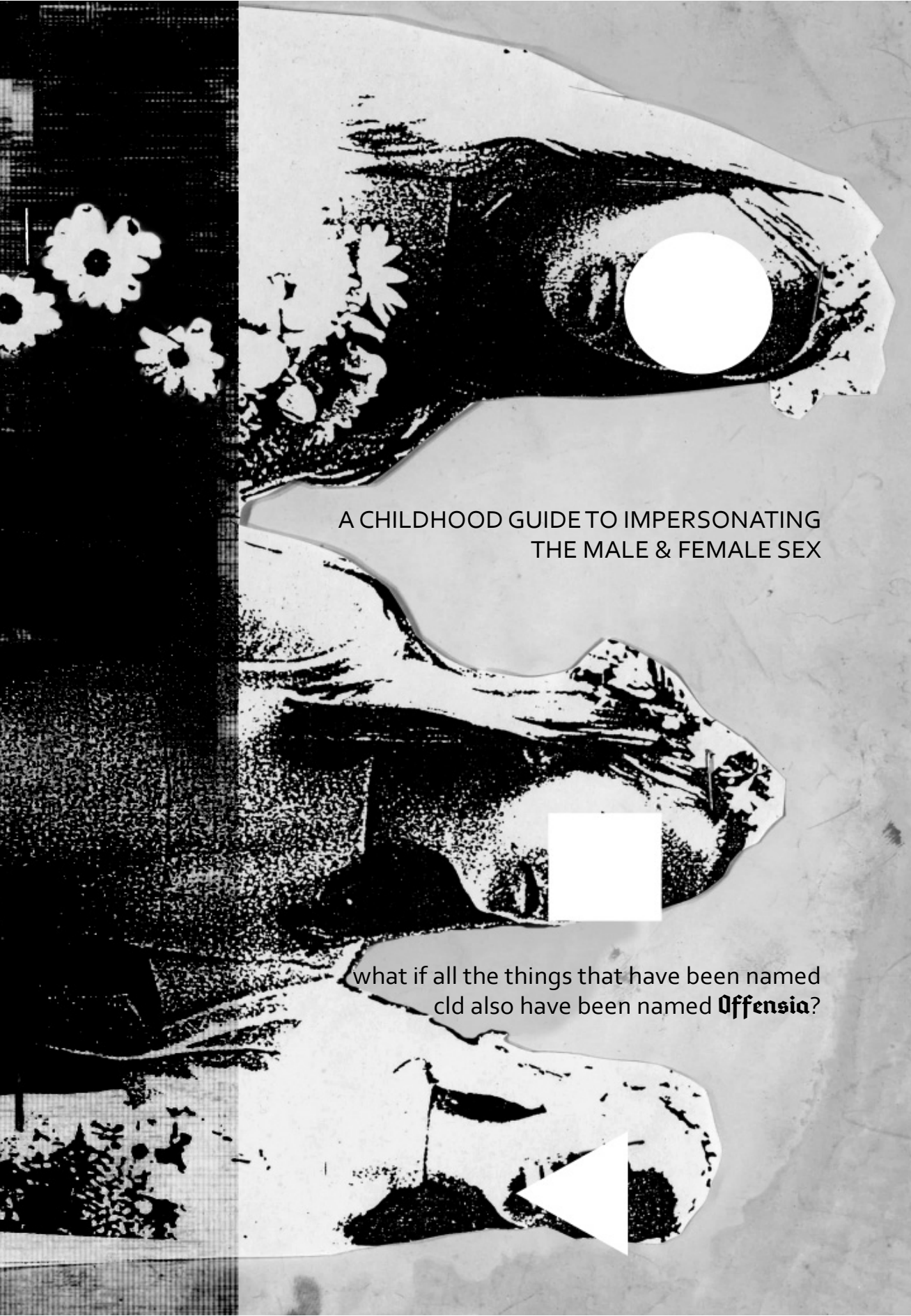
so as to see w/ the third eye listen w/ the third ear touch  
w/ the third hand fuck w/ the third sex dream w/ the third  
mind fail at the third attempt live in the third world die  
three times unlucky

**THEY FOUND THEIR  
HIDING PLACE IN THE  
MOCKINGPOT**

from now on  
there are only  
approximations of  
an environment / a  
grey algorithmic  
sky w/ gaussian  
storms ranged  
across vertical  
weather in places  
cracked through &  
gleaming / crisis  
is itself the lens  
of this new idea

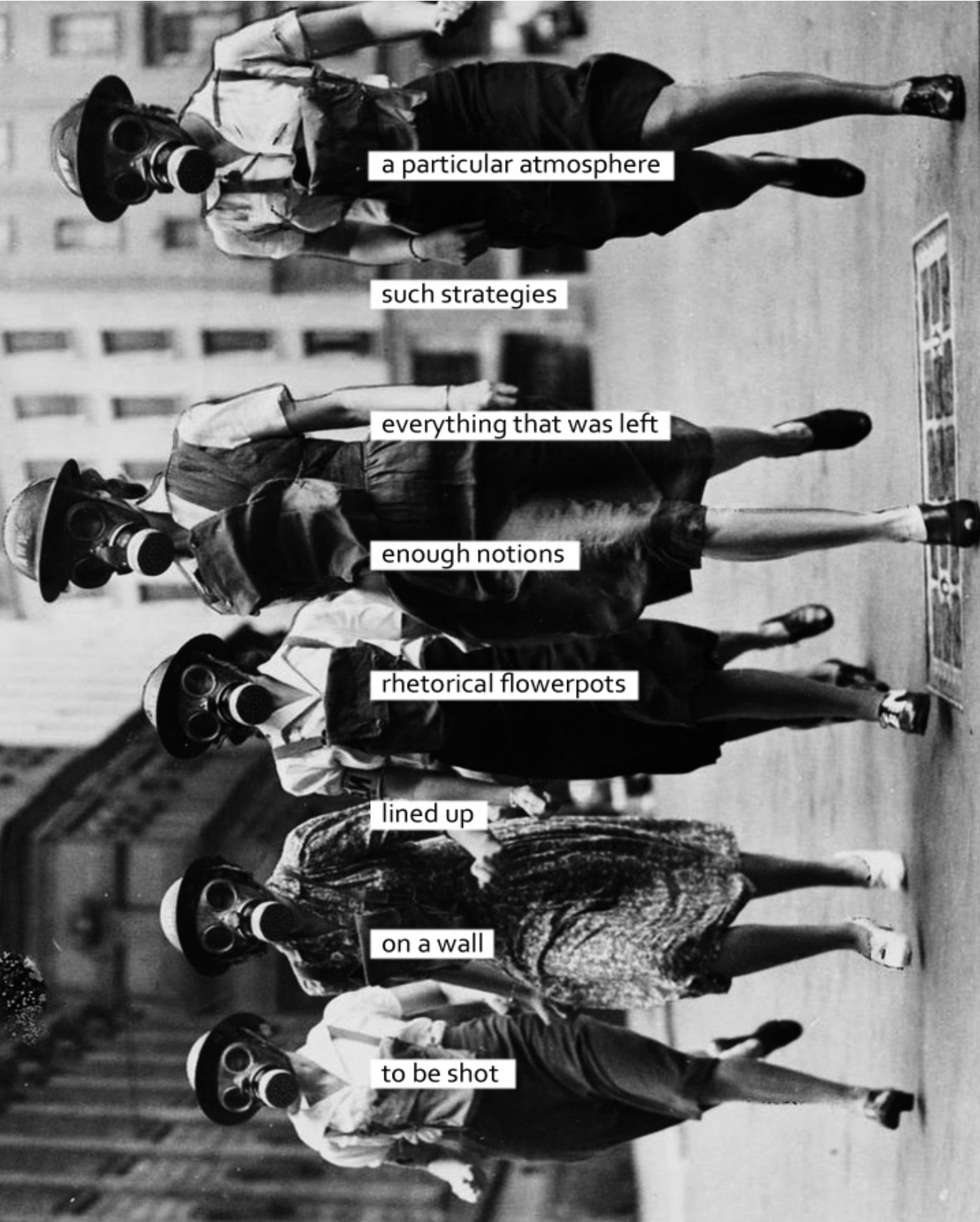
out of the desert of negation  
into the paradise of Etherea,  
prophet [ess] of the sublime,  
purveyor of ridicule: I, **Offensia**,  
have split the History of the  
World like a ripe fig!





A CHILDHOOD GUIDE TO IMPERSONATING  
THE MALE & FEMALE SEX

what if all the things that have been named  
cld also have been named **Offensia**?



a particular atmosphere

such strategies

everything that was left

enough notions

rhetorical flowerpots

lined up

on a wall

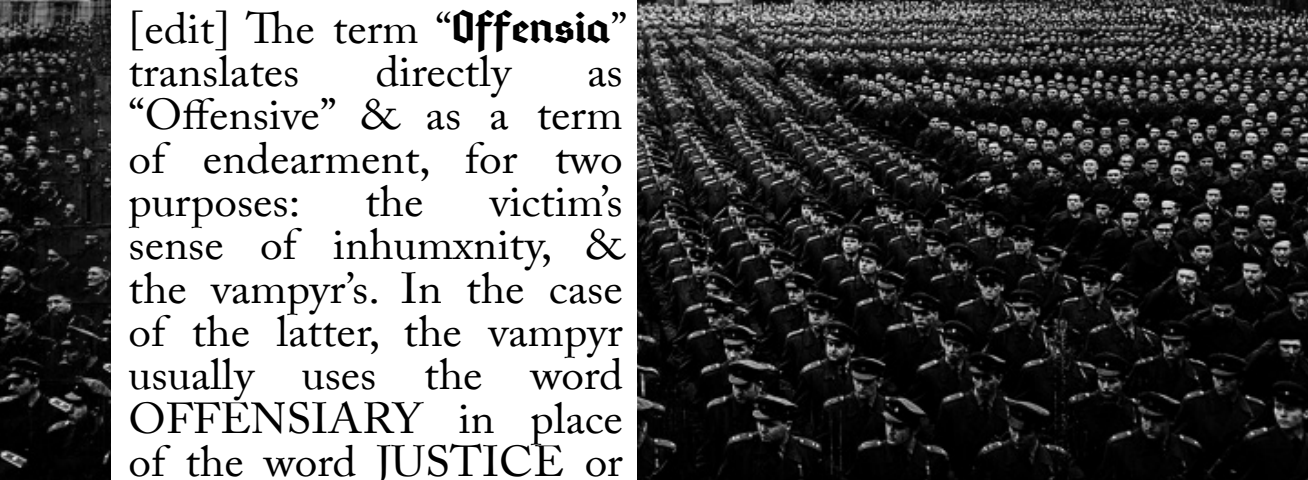
to be shot

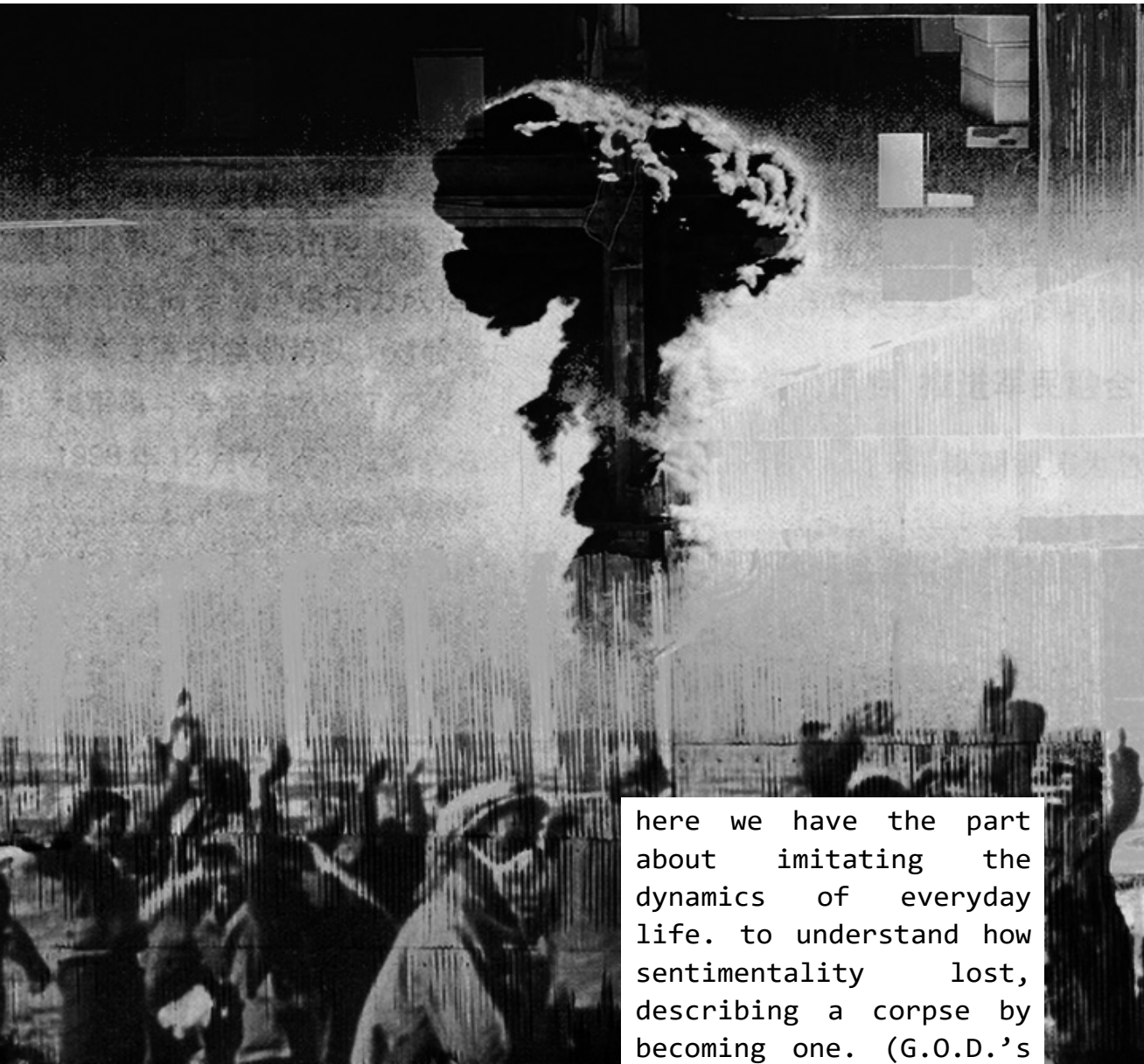
“A virgin, sez Pussy Galore, is a grrl who can outrun her brother, father & uncle.”

- You mustn't underestimate the seriousness of what we're attempted here.
- Placing, on a naked body, a head=of=state...?
- A thing that exults the spirit!
- Aware that we are in the midst of another life=devouring incident & still prepared to speak in the future tense.
- Just because democracy is a word on people's lips doesn't make it an accomplished fact.
- There are more than aesthetic considerations at stake in any mass=kill.
- Moloch, goddess of sacrificial death.
- "For I am the living error!"
- Terror awaits those who still believe in the matinee villain hiding under their beds.
- Worms flying in the night.
- Brains in jars swimming in lysergic acid.
- Eyemind paranoias of blank space (voids to be filled).
- Thus the guardians of the people sing the body electric w/out ever needing to flip the big switch.
- Making dreams come true is our business.
- Saecula saeculorum!
- Hungry people are an inexhaustible resource.
- Learn the forms of austerity as History does!
- A true story must always concern some uncontrollable element...
- The lucid dream that got away.
- But what's more absolute than the absolute?
- What's insignificance?
- What's absurdity?
- Life begs for description in order to cohere.
- From circuitry to a sustained emotion.
- Thus "F=R=E=E=D=O=M" consists solely of a mistaken part of speech.



[edit] The term **“Offensia”** translates directly as “Offensive” & as a term of endearment, for two purposes: the victim’s sense of inhumxnrity, & the vampyr’s. In the case of the latter, the vampyr usually uses the word OFFENSIARY in place of the word JUSTICE or PUNISHMENT for a sense of pride or dishonour. OFFENSIO refers to the act or action of stabbing oneself with a wooden stake\* or other sharp instrument because of failure, or because one does not believe it to be a real attempt at killing oneself.





here we have the part  
about imitating the  
dynamics of everyday  
life. to understand how  
sentimentality lost,  
describing a corpse by  
becoming one. (G.O.D.'s  
collection of literary  
models.) even though  
constraint is at its core,  
life burlesques life as  
art burlesques unlife.  
we look in vain for a  
funeral. an improvised  
/ impoverished graveyard  
saturated w/ weedkiller.  
antidote not anecdote.





**HISTORY IS  
WHAT CAN'T  
BE REMOVED  
FROM  
SURROUNDING  
EVENTS  
W/OUT  
EFFACING  
THEM**


the will to power that underpins both the development of social power to the extent that it becomes a power (or a mode of social control) that is able to exercise control over its base (i.e. the people) in this manner that it can affect the conditions of peoples' lives in certain ways, & to the extent that it can do these things effectively, it acquires an ability to use its power to compel or extort the obedience of its citizens in ways that it could not do alone, but that it could coerce or extort to its own satisfaction, but could not coerce or extort without the acquiescence of the people, etc.

**IN ISOLATION NEW COLLECTIVITIES ARE FORGED**

consciousness is a function of the complexity of interactions between a system's individual parts

the poet's  
 lancinating  
 pen finds its  
 sinuous abbrev.  
 form in the  
 despair of a  
 life survived,  
 sentimental  
 brutishness,  
 warfare upon  
 the public  
 mind reduced  
 to an explicit  
 political  
 instruction



A black and white photograph showing a man in profile on the left, looking out a window. The window frame is visible. Outside, a cityscape is visible, featuring a prominent building with a large dome and two spires. The scene is somewhat blurred, suggesting a high-angle or distant view. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

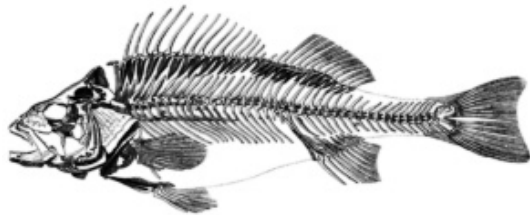
**TØ K1LL 4 C4354R F1R5T  
YØU MU5T M4K3 4 C4354R**



**OF  
SUCH  
THINGS  
WE  
DO  
NOT  
SPEAK**




**THE SIM ISN'T YR FRIEND**




all universal particulars  
before abstract turns  
yet another tunnelvision  
trainwreck of passion &  
feeling to overly  
sophisticated confectionary  
G.O.D. knew  
that what it  
all came down  
to in the end  
was sequels &  
merchandising  
– if He cld just  
hang on long  
enough He'd win  
by default

& if you don't understand ladies  
& gentlemen it's because y're  
too decent to receive it upon  
yr lips or between yr thighs  
but must have it hologrammed  
onto yr cerebellum like a reflex  
of drooling pornography  
considering the divine  
axiom: PALMA NON  
SINE PULVERE  
("not a palm w/out  
jism") inaugural gift  
from heaven to the  
primates (in vitro) of all  
civilisations=to=come,  
of a great washing of  
hands – piety in its first  
dumb pristine form  
(as subsequently the  
mass public displays of  
weddingsheets hung  
to dry) – wherein  
the collective orifice  
expands w/ psychological  
inevitability, to receive  
the proverbial *beau*  
*geste*, its metaphysical  
parthenogenesis (discuss)

A black and white photograph of a large iguana in a circular arena. The iguana is in the foreground, its head and back covered in detailed scales. The arena is a large, circular structure with multiple levels of balconies or seating areas, creating a sense of depth and scale. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the iguana's skin and the architectural details of the arena.

welcome to the pleasuredome



**FUCKMUPPET:** So you're someone famous, or what?

**OFFENSJA:** No, I'm Little Miss Fucking Incognito, brightboy.

**MOLDBUG:** A town like this you can't go 3 steps w/out a flamethrower.

**FUCKMUPPET:** Oh did I miss the prequel or something?

**G.O.D.:** You wanna 10-page backstory, you shmuck? BLAM!

**OFFENSJA:** I've seen grown men die over a lot less than spilt milk.

**gLAND:** Sad. The merely possible today will be impossible tomorrow.

**MOLOCH:** Dividend sluts do go mighty quiet on payday around here.

**G.O.D.:** They say divinity's a very private enterprise, but I don't believe it.

**OFFENSJA:** Any of these creeps so much as turns a goddamn profit, burn 'em!



~~NEW~~  
Order **DISORDER**

is this not  
the best of  
all possible  
worlds?

163



to begin w/, first principles: there is no democracy. the concordance begins under a searchlight moon, illustrating 12 successive  
**POIROT LE FOU[TRE]:** positions of a virgin in  
“The murderer flight. caught inside  
always brings the illusion & looking  
something to the on nonetheless, just  
scene of the as the vampyr’s fang  
crime [intent\*] doubles the stake  
& just as surely that will inevitably be  
always leaves thrust into its heart.  
something behind [a the movement of her  
corpse\*\*].” body, too, doubles the  
pulsing of her blood

\* the corporate=state apparatus

\*\* society

# **WHEN THE POWERLESS ARE INCLUDED IN HISTORY, THEY SERVE ONLY AS THE BUTT OF A JOKE**

Moldbug,  
travelling under  
the assumed  
identity of  
one Pedofilio  
Malebolge, was  
like every other  
undercover  
creep who’d ever  
sprung forth  
fullyformed

from G.O.D.’s  
fist – a  
drowned rat  
impersonating  
a wet fish –  
you knew just  
by looking at  
him that he’d  
snitch on his  
own shadow for  
chump change.



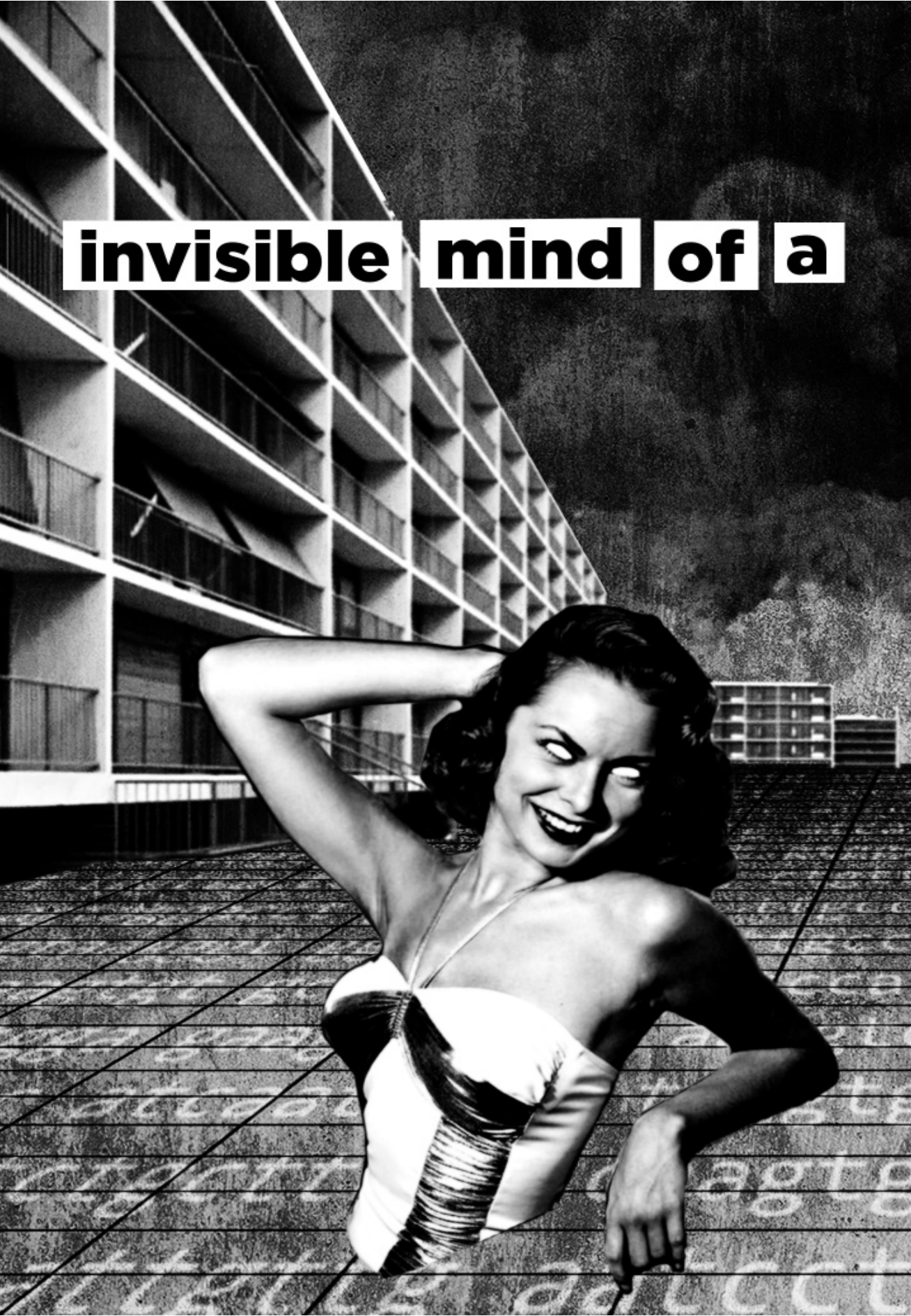
there is nothing

more instructive

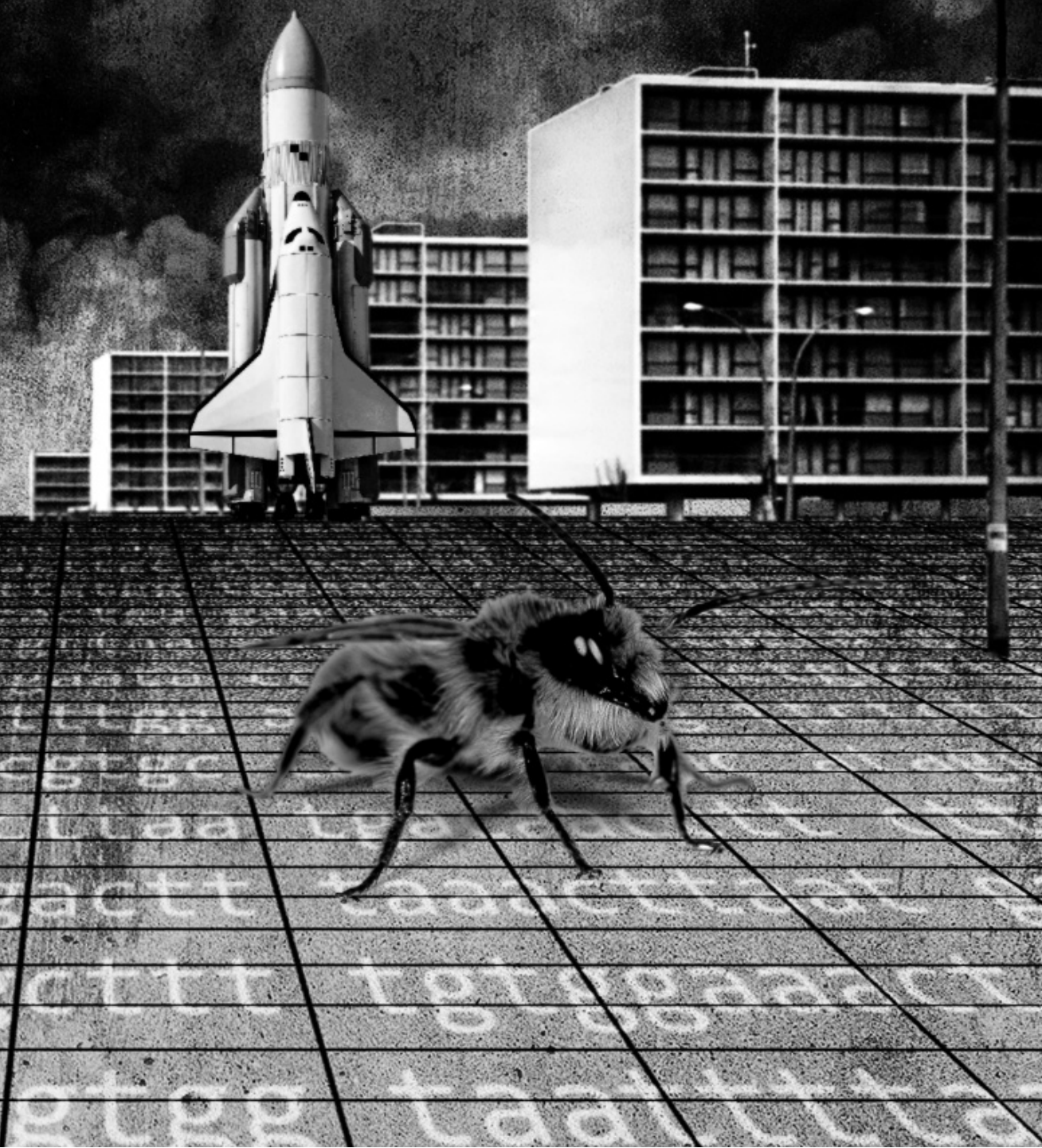
than the theatre

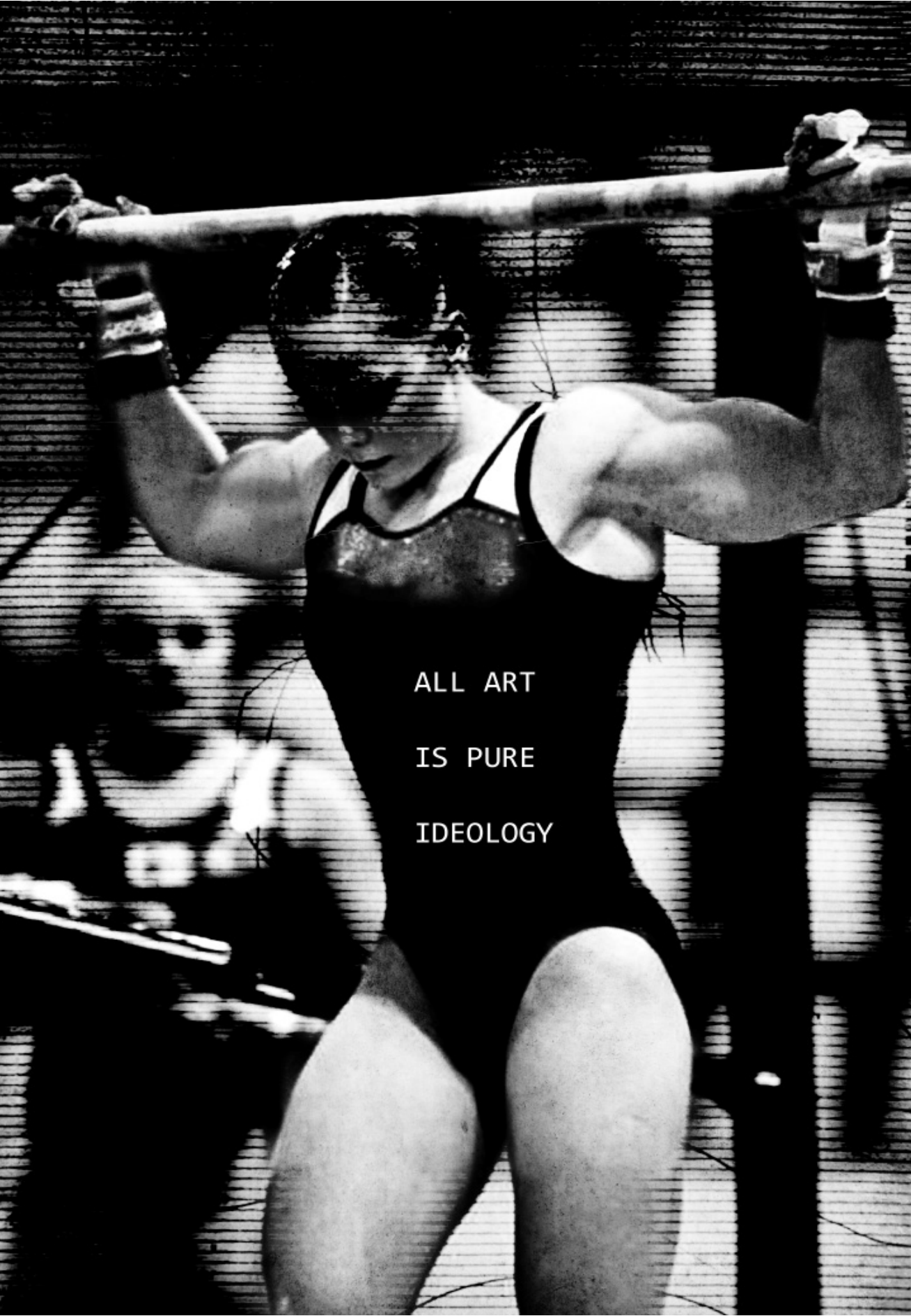
of self=interest

**invisible mind of a**



# million insurrections





ALL ART  
IS PURE  
IDEOLOGY

Fade to toxic: Entering the scene as a criminal, **Offensia** plays the "myth of the womxn w/out a shadow" – dressed in the revocation, the shroud, of the corpse. Perhaps the idea came to her in a dream, like a Greek tragedy. *There are rules, they said, for abolishing the rules.* Voices swaying back & forth. An airborne inscription in fiery letters, a sumptuous monotony of linguistic incident doused in lighter fluid & set ablaze, the entire cosmogony of novelistic prose. Her nervous condition is a proxy for the bourgeois state, painted in bold & febrile strokes, by turns difficult & morose, the *inner life* cast in a furnace ("subversion, too, must produce its own chiaroscuro"), & so the picture unfolds in a here is the savage economy! procession of overripe anatomy, plague oozing from a rat's caged rubber flopdolls, deathtraps arse, the quintessential & canned slaughter. Does **Offensia** extract, because the breath feel no shame? Must even the of life to you means as copulation of secret agents be little as the draught from granted a depth of aesthetic a sewergrate, sturm und space? We follow the experiment dung, or a desperate poetic as performed & reperformed, as if ingredient smeared on yr it were an unavoidable punishment chin like pangolin spleen (the private joy of imposed order?) *like a grey effluvium:* & oh more absurdity, *carpeting reality is the absence of the floor like cemetery leaves!* "The any "quality" whatsoever future," she proclaims, "hasn't – by now all their been kind to us." Skeins of latex cunts were detachable to drive the point home. She longs microchipped on the to embody a single word w/ the assembly line density of a neutron star, infused **profit created out of** w/ all the rejected possibilities: to **necessity QED** be the autistic limit, the passion driven to infinity, pure algorithm.

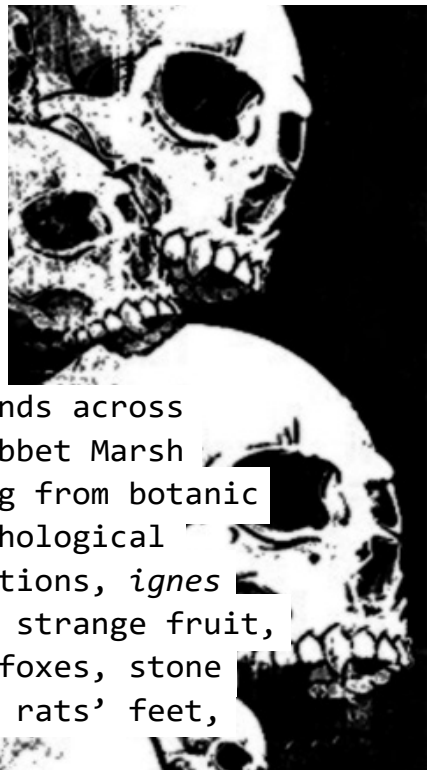
**GENOCIDE IS OLD  
TESTAMENT SEX**


Riemann tactics  
 quadrillage "Ralenti  
 effect" object fields  
 food for furniture  
 macrocultures (fun-  
 damental aware-  
 ness of) ejecting a  
 time contingency  
 animal behaviour-  
 ism beyond the  
 Kafkaverse: bifurca-  
 tion, Bildung, biolo-  
 gy in its Abrahamitic  
 "collateral" (dynam-  
 ic actualisation of)  
 = crimescene the-



theory submissives in TV lineup these au-  
 toerotic kapitalist tendencies cosplay-  
 ing "children on a backcountry road" to  
 w/ His borrelitic the approaching G.O.D.'s entertainment  
 stare "I have Panzer division  
 sacrificed O! Metamorpho-  
 everything [for sis frame & mesh  
 you, hahaha]!" a field consisting  
 well you cld tell of maimed flesh  
 by G.O.D.'s & bureaucratic  
 manicure he'd organisation the  
 never done "problem of form"  
 half=an=hour's between dura-  
 work in His life tion & the winds across  
 let alone a 6=day discovery the Gibbet Marsh  
 working week \*insert- gusting from botanic  
 the princess ing a dis- to pathological  
 ambiguation device to en- vegetations, *ignes*  
 force category at the (expired) *fatui*, strange fruit,  
 statutory limit: *life reflects the* flying foxes, stone  
*balance of power, it does not* crows, rats' feet,  
*change it* etc.

all those twisting  
 writhing tortured  
 figures of pain boiling  
 up out of the floor for  
 the approaching G.O.D.'s entertainment





life reflects

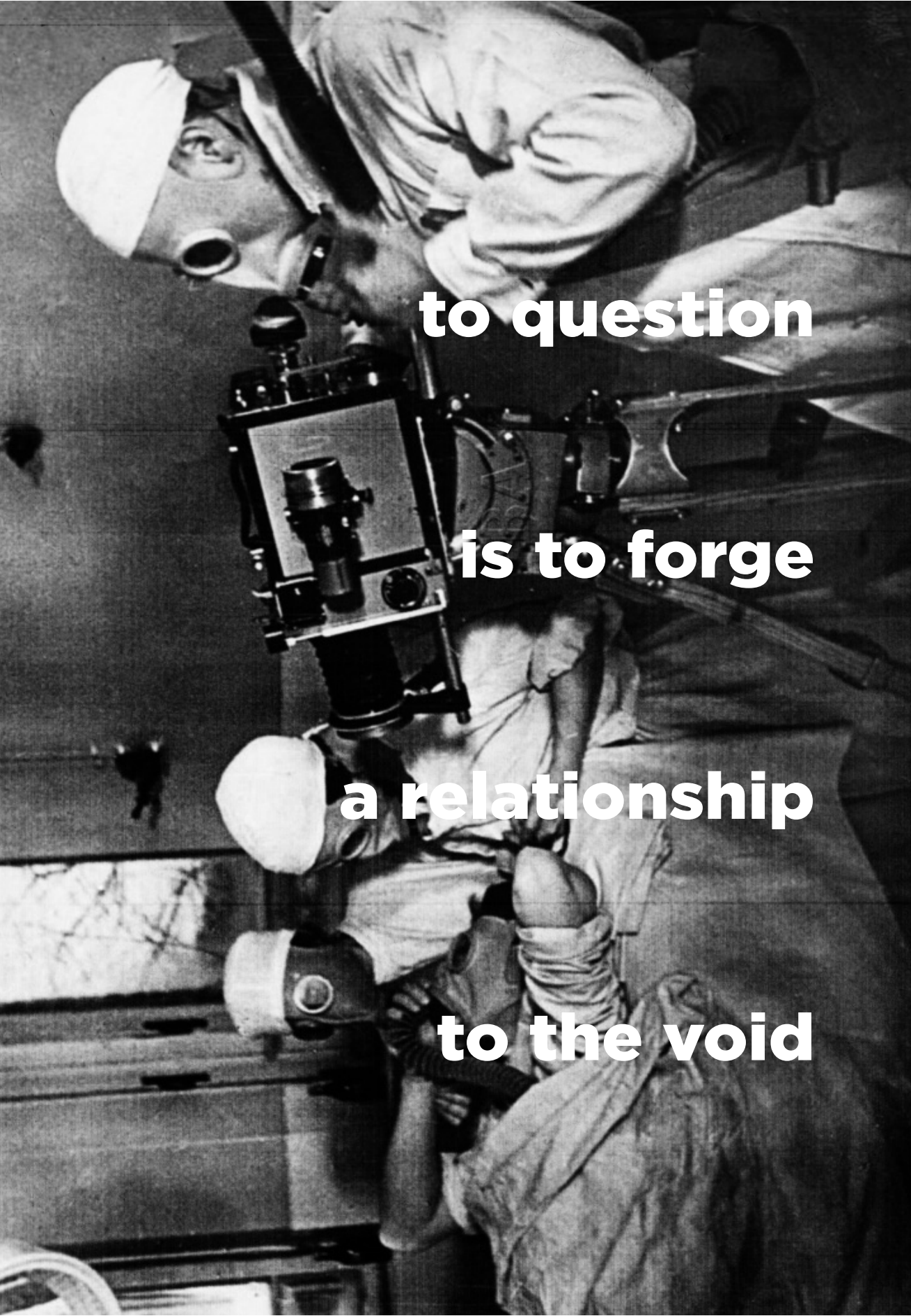
the balance

of power,

it does not

change it





**to question**

**is to forge**

**a relationship**

**to the void**

their anguish is increased by what they know,  
as much as by what they don't

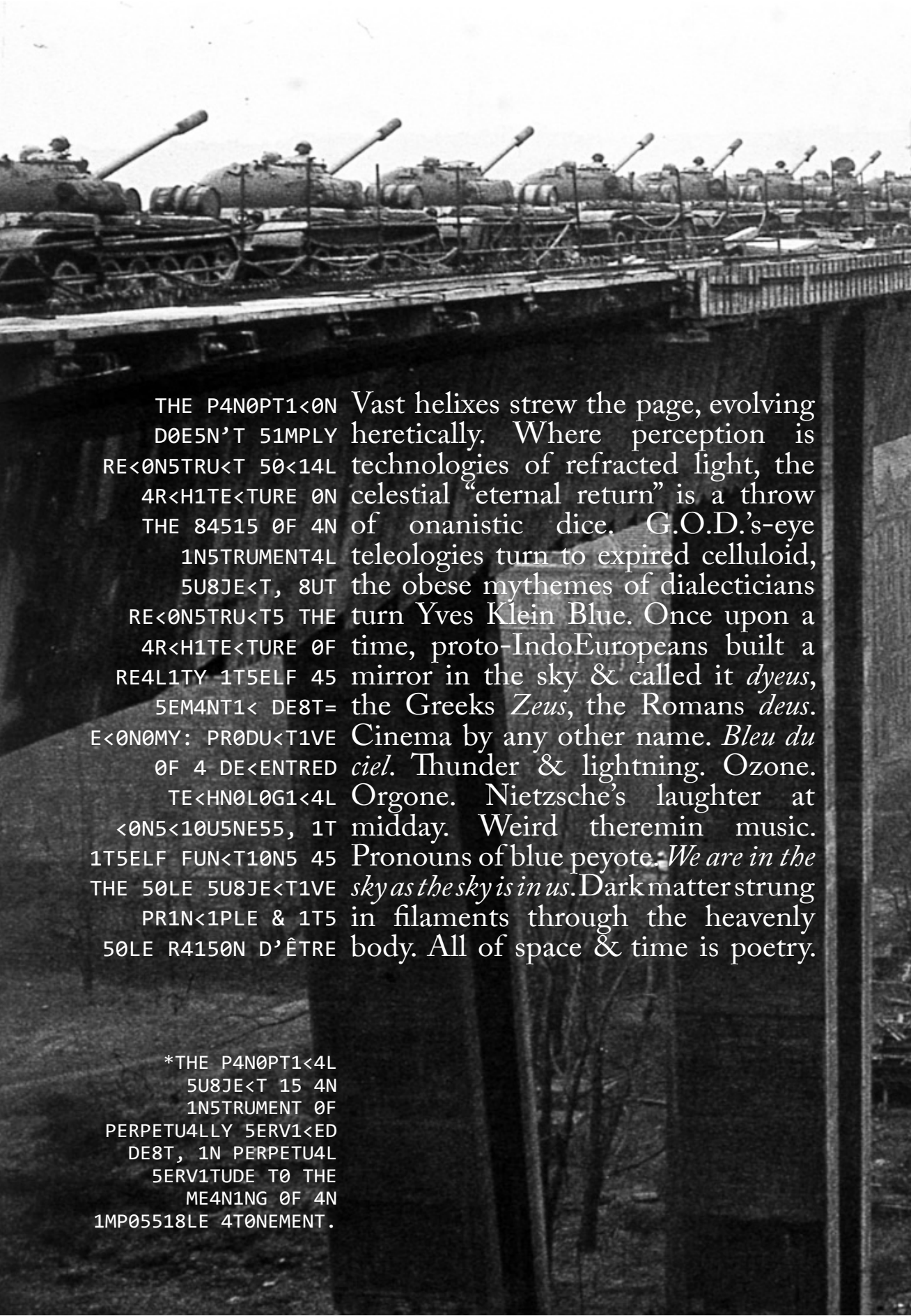


a world seized by We see a hand holding a gun.  
the delusion of It appears, suddenly, as if  
metaphysical purpose from another point-of-view.  
A flash. Now the face of  
“SPACE IS THE a womxn screaming. The  
IMPULSE OF A same womxn laughing. The  
DESIRE & TIME ITS womxn, dispassionate in her  
EFFORT TOWARDS expression, turning to the  
ACCOMPLISHMENT” camera. Her eyes. The scene.  
(JLG) Fading to white.

**well i woke up this morning in a stranger's gulag clothes,  
i've got gulag in my underwear & gulag up my nose,  
i've got gulag halitosis & a gulag in my brain,  
this gulag hypothalamus is driving me insane.  
there's gulag in the vegetables & gulag in the soap,  
gulag likes to play a game of gulag-on-a-rope,  
there's a gulag in my bed at night & gulag in my dreams,  
if i don't feed the gulag i hear gulag-monster screams.  
the gulag says it loves me & heaves a gulag sigh,  
if i can't love my gulag back i'm surely gonna cry.  
there's gulag in the razorblades & gulag in the glass,  
gulag in the novichok & gulag in the gas:  
the cemetery's just another gulag in disguise,  
gulag fun is waiting for you even when you die.  
there're gulags deep down underground & gulags in the sky,  
gulags gulags everywhere eternally supplied!  
& a little gulag jesus with a lucky gulag star,  
& a gulag god who sees how very happy we all are.**



the hoot hoot hoot of  
an alien-eyed xenoglaux

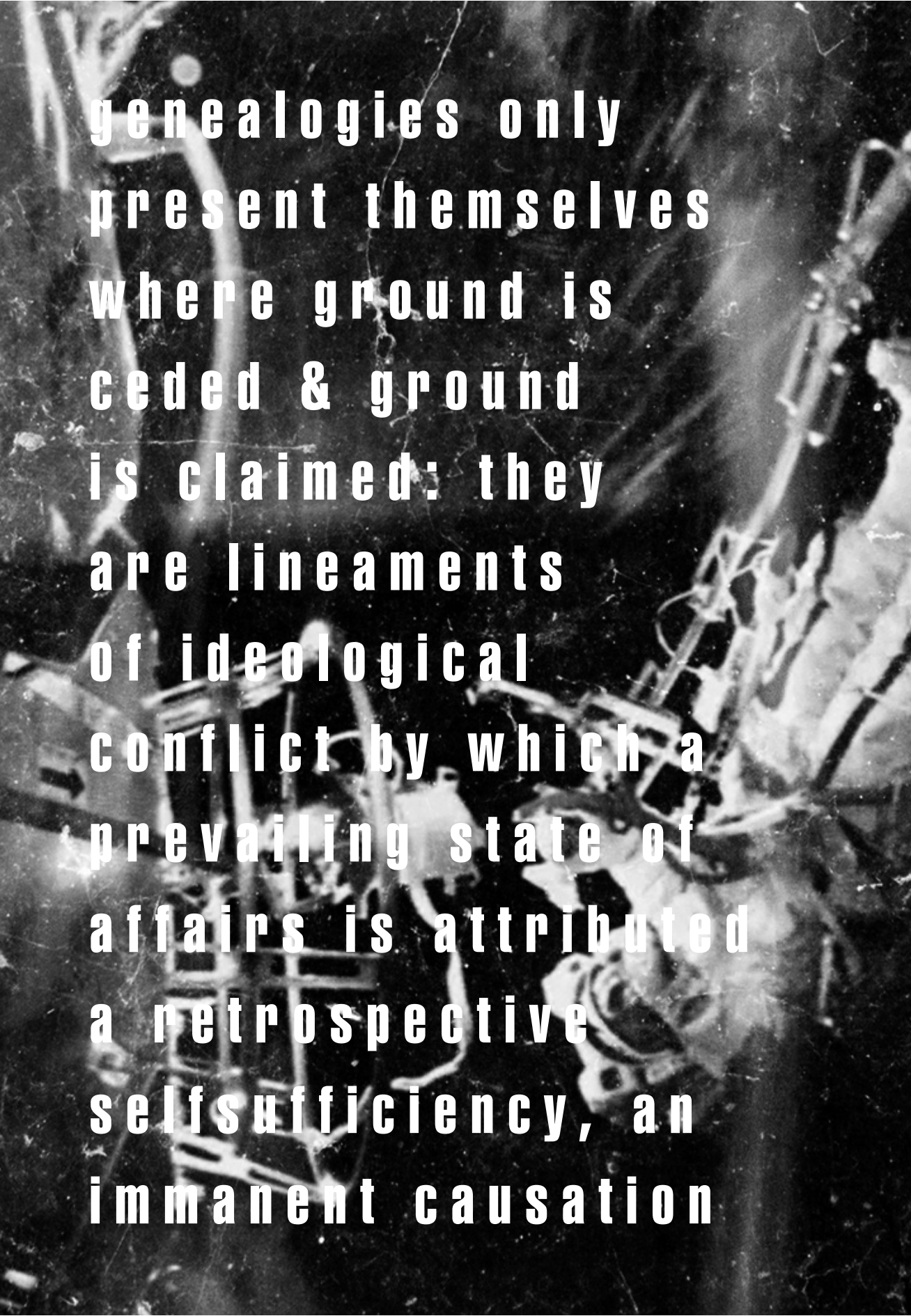


THE P4N0PT1<0N Vast helixes strew the page, evolving  
D0E5N'T 51MPLY heretically. Where perception is  
RE<0N5TRU<T 50<14L technologies of refracted light, the  
4R<H1TE<TURE 0N celestial "eternal return" is a throw  
THE 84515 0F 4N of onanistic dice. G.O.D.'s-eye  
1N5TRUMENT4L teleologies turn to expired celluloid,  
5U8JE<T, 8UT the obese mythemes of dialecticians  
RE<0N5TRU<T5 THE turn Yves Klein Blue. Once upon a  
4R<H1TE<TURE 0F time, proto-IndoEuropeans built a  
RE4L1TY 1T5ELF 45 mirror in the sky & called it *dyeus*,  
5EM4NT1< DE8T= the Greeks *Zeus*, the Romans *deus*.  
E<0N0MY: PR0DU<T1VE Cinema by any other name. *Bleu du*  
0F 4 DE<ENTRED *ciel*. Thunder & lightning. Ozone.  
TE<HN0L0G1<4L Orgone. Nietzsche's laughter at  
<0N5<10U5NE55, 1T midday. Weird theremin music.  
1T5ELF FUN<T10N5 45 Pronouns of blue peyote. *We are in the*  
THE 50LE 5U8JE<T1VE *sky as the sky is in us*. Dark matter strung  
PR1N<1PLE & 1T5 in filaments through the heavenly  
50LE R4150N D'ÊTRE body. All of space & time is poetry.

\*THE P4N0PT1<4L  
5U8JE<T 15 4N  
1N5TRUMENT 0F  
PERPETU4LLY 5ERV1<ED  
DE8T, 1N PERPETU4L  
5ERV1TUDE T0 THE  
ME4N1NG 0F 4N  
1MP05518LE 4T0NEMENT.

A black and white photograph of a construction site. A tall, lattice-structured crane stands prominently in the center, its jib extending towards the top left. To the left, a large building is under construction, with its concrete walls and a network of rebar visible. The ground is cluttered with construction materials, including wooden planks and debris. In the background, other buildings and a hazy sky are visible. The overall scene conveys a sense of active construction and industrial activity.

**i awoke to  
find the walls  
trembling**



**genealogies only  
present themselves  
where ground is  
ceded & ground  
is claimed: they  
are lineaments  
of ideological  
conflict by which a  
prevailing state of  
affairs is attributed  
a retrospective  
selfsufficiency, an  
immanent causation**

Instead of causing us to  
redeem the past like the old  
ruins, the new ruins want  
to cause us to repent the  
future. The world doesn't  
fall into ruin in the process  
of vanishing, rather it rises  
into ruin in order to appear.



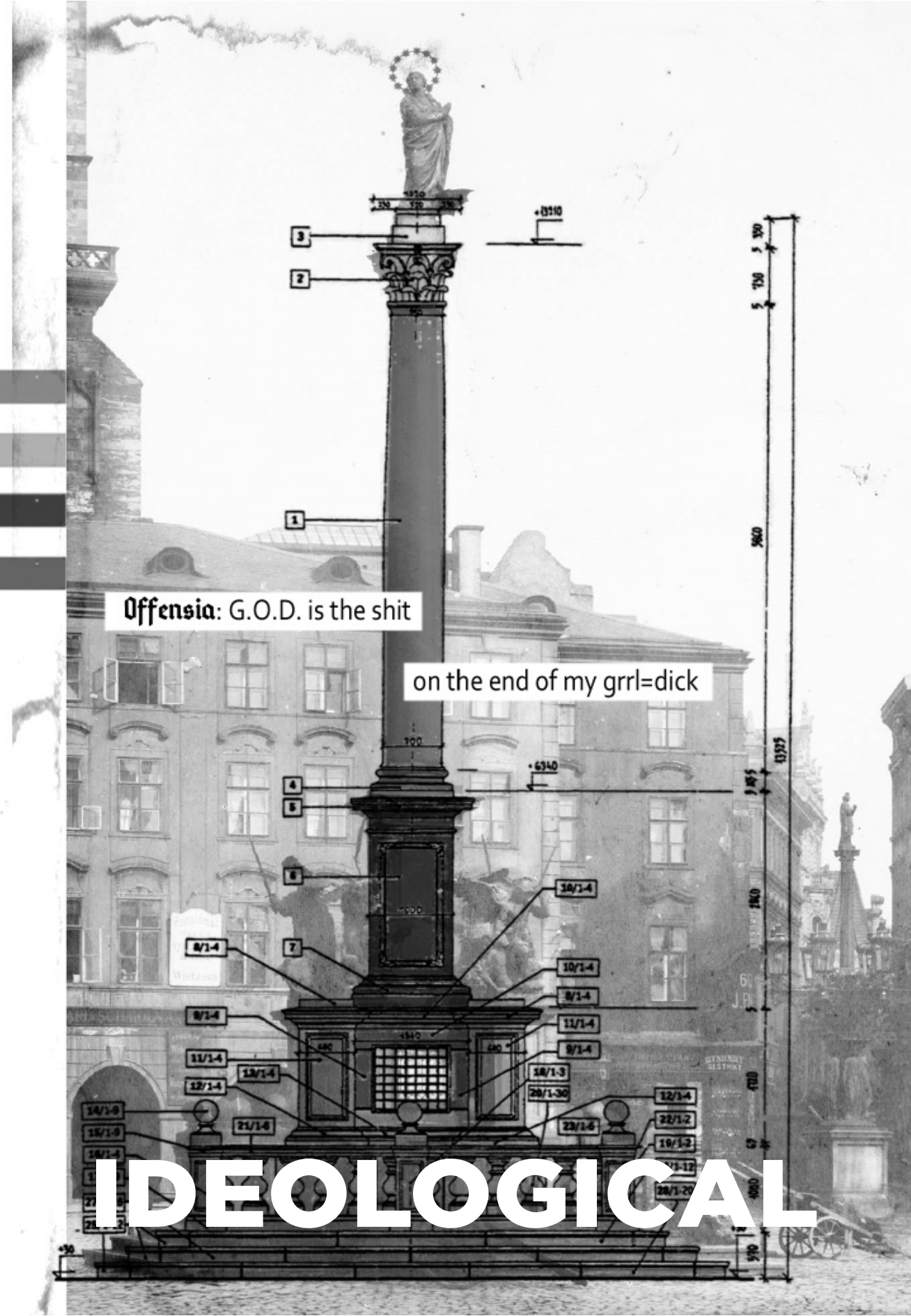
forego. decline.  
turn. escape.  
concede. become.  
inform. revive.  
revolve. return.  
resolve. disregard.  
assume. imply.  
lose. isolate.  
dismiss. plead.  
disperse. expunge.  
refund. exfoliate.  
dispense. reveal.  
render. rendezvous.  
elect. change.  
chain. entertain.  
treat. isolate.  
represent. process.  
fractionalise.  
transform. rewrite.  
separate. distend.  
abuse. consume.  
vaccinate. distract.  
diffract. freeze.  
suborn. sunder.  
surrender. serve.  
sever. ça va?  
sayonara (bébé).

geometries  
of dead  
language

ENTROPY  
MADE  
VISIBLE  
IN  
BROAD  
CONCEPTUAL  
OUTLINES



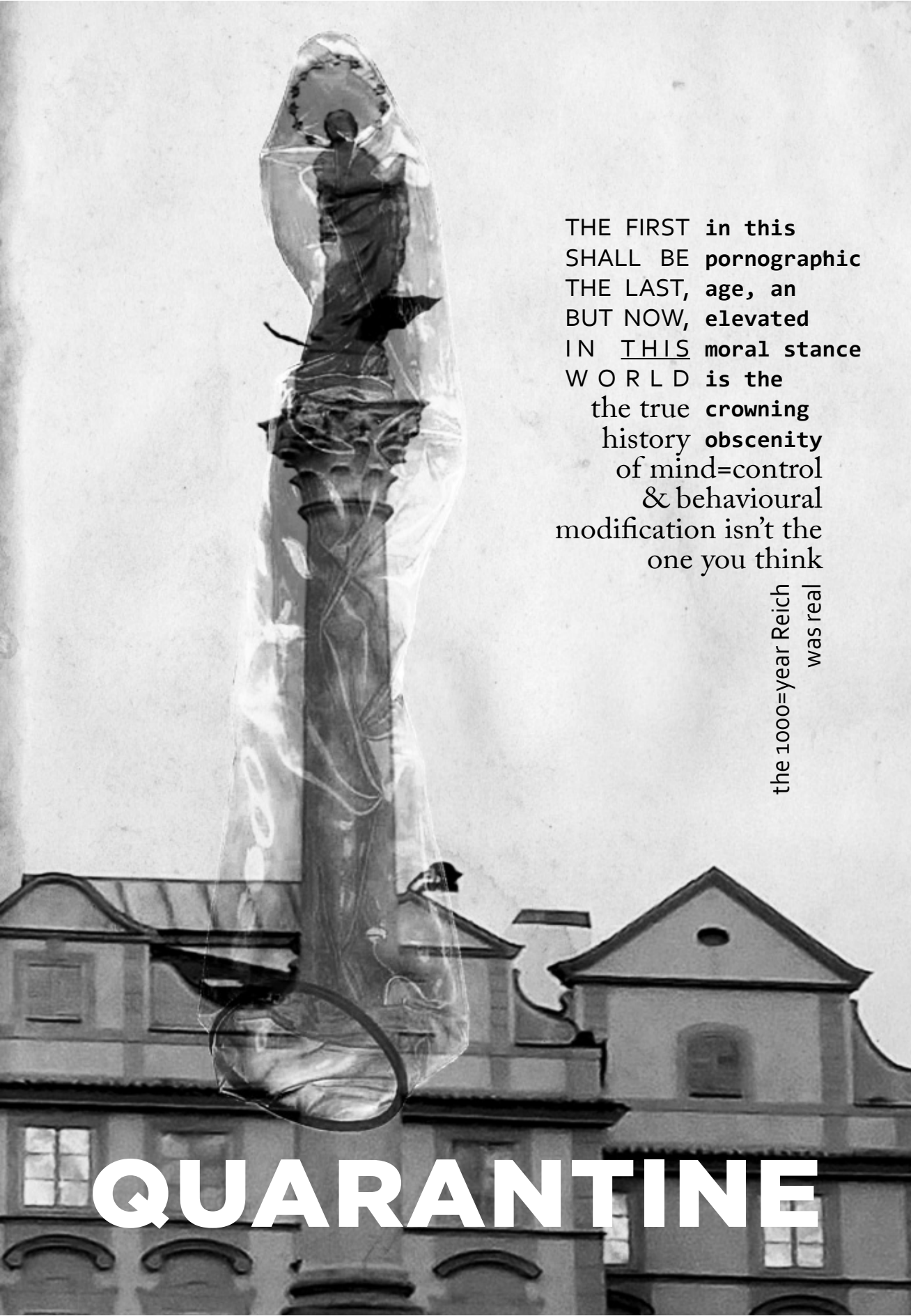




Offensia: G.O.D. is the shit

on the end of my grll=dick

# IDEOLOGICAL



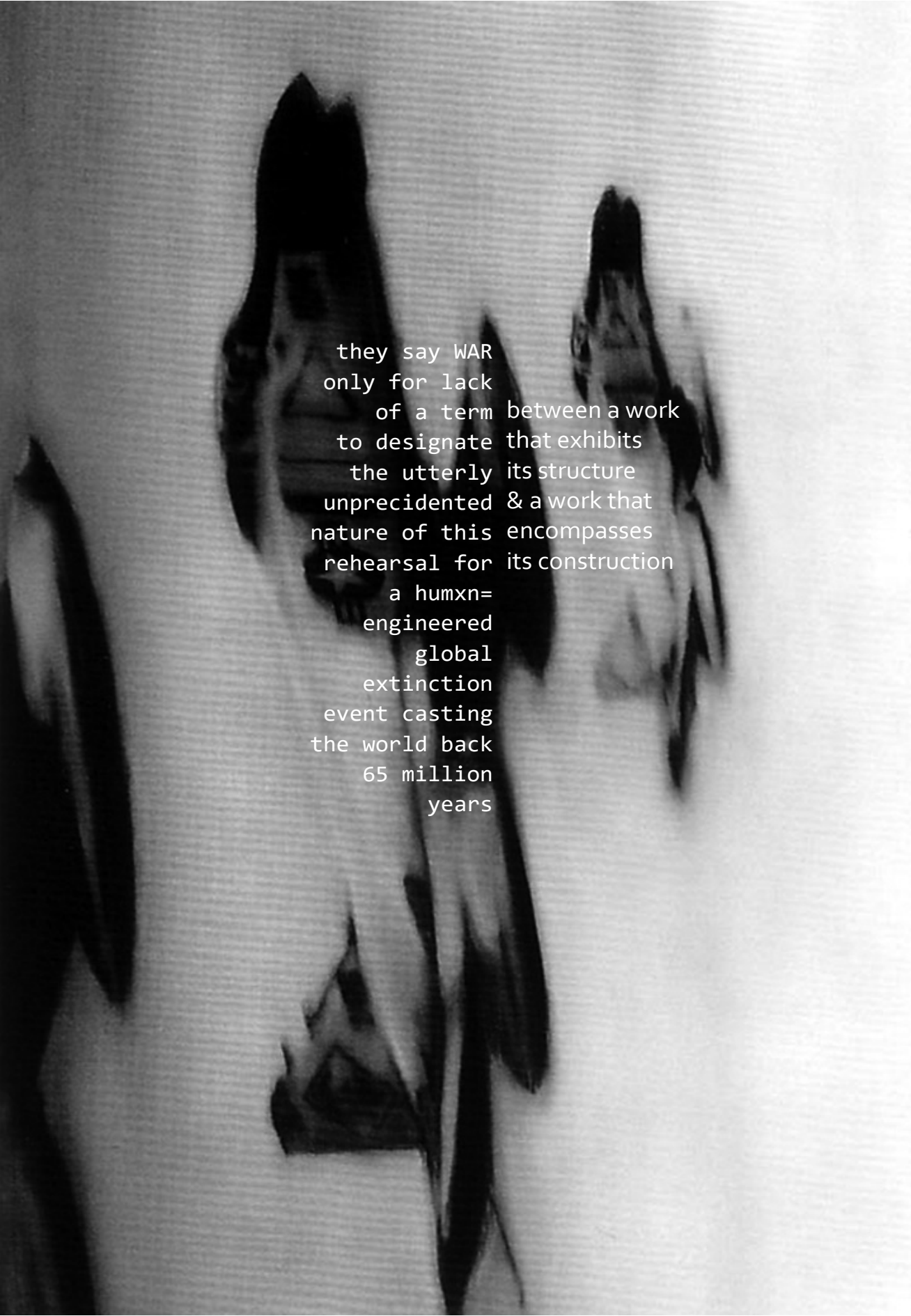
THE FIRST in this  
SHALL BE pornographic  
THE LAST, age, an  
BUT NOW, elevated  
IN THIS moral stance  
WORLD is the  
the true crowning  
history obscenity  
of mind=control  
& behavioural  
modification isn't the  
one you think

the 1000-year Reich  
was real

# QUARANTINE



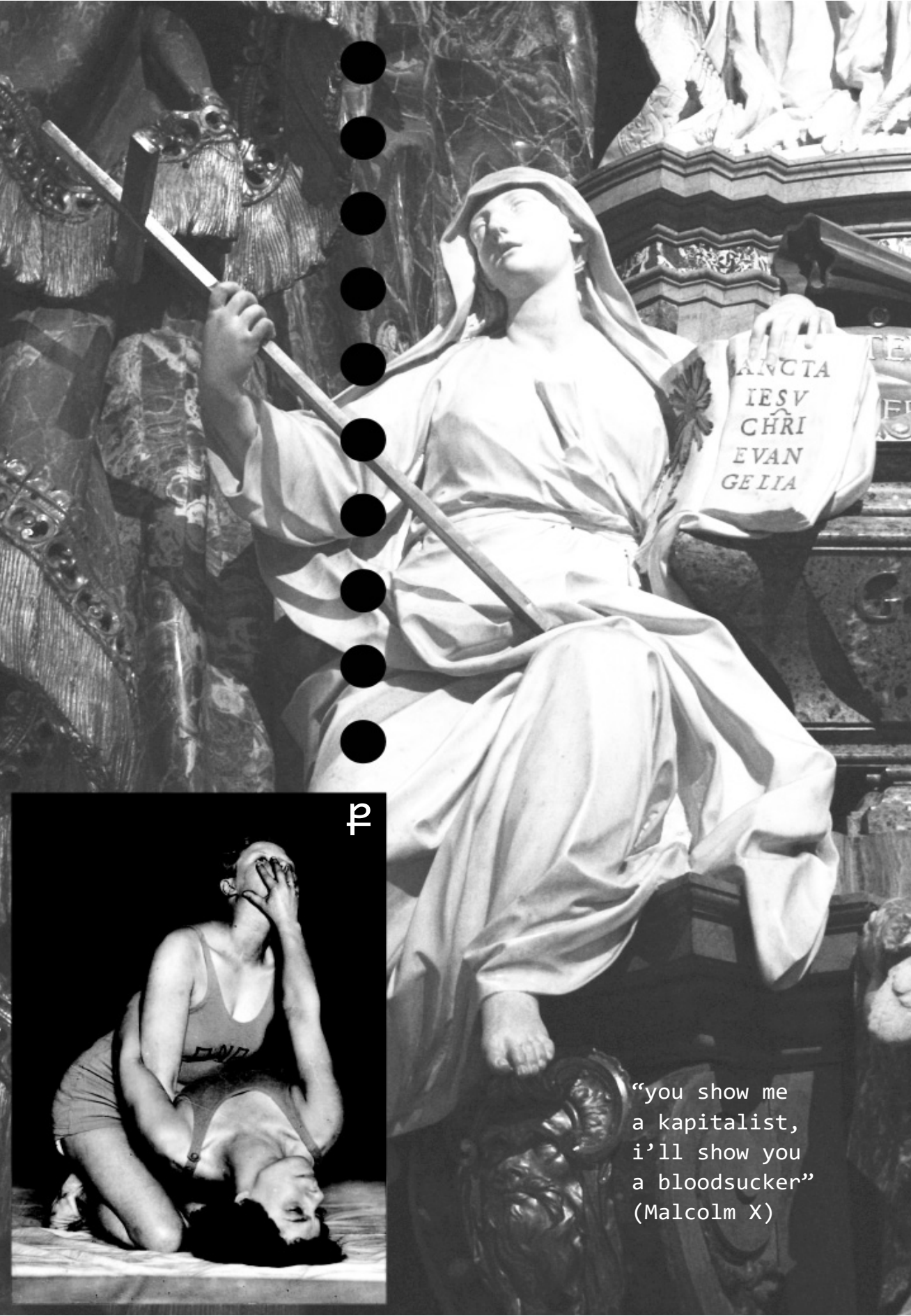
growth  
is an  
**INCREASE**  
in the  
capacity  
to  
consume,  
complexify  
&  
dissipate



they say WAR  
only for lack  
of a term between a work  
to designate that exhibits  
the utterly its structure  
unprecedented & a work that  
nature of this encompasses  
rehearsal for its construction  
a humxn=  
engineered  
global  
extinction  
event casting  
the world back  
65 million  
years

Offensia's eyes are  
pure napalm to those  
unlucky enough,  
sucked into gestaltless  
fog – all they <sup>A</sup>  
know from <sup>LITTLE</sup>  
desire is the third <sup>GRRL</sup>  
disconnective <sup>DREAMS</sup>  
labour, the socalled <sup>OF</sup>  
nonproductive <sup>TAKING</sup>  
element aroused <sup>THE</sup>  
to action [*\*every* <sup>VAGINA</sup>  
*antagonism is itself*  
*contained by another*  
*antagonism*]





Ⓟ



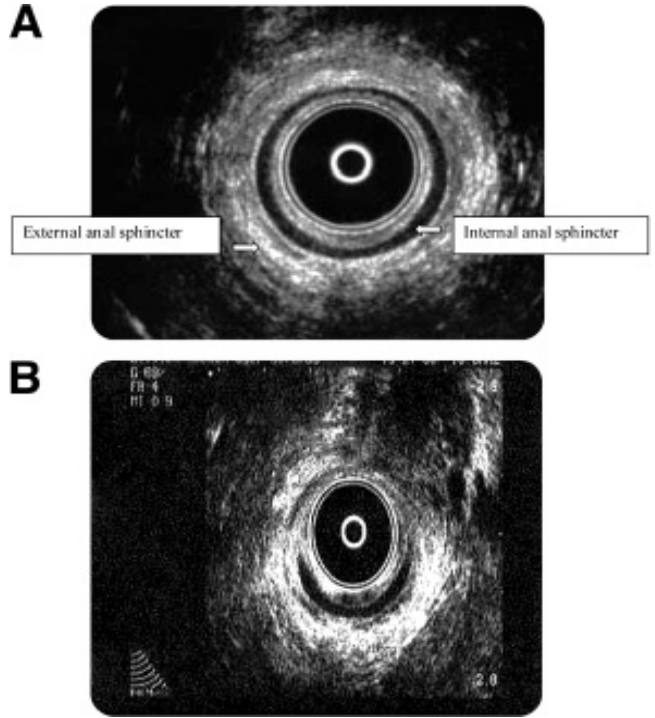
“you show me a kapitalist, i’ll show you a bloodsucker”  
(Malcolm X)

at what point did **Offensia** first become aware of being no more than a figment? w/out permission having entered, as upon a field sinister, hungry for the death of her author, like one of Pavlov's unfortunate mutts gone rabid in a reverse escape plan, not to break out of the laboratory but to break in, via hidden airlock, through the blood=brain barrier, with all the blind atavism of a one-eyed vicious circle that knows exactly what it does? for **Offensia** is nothing if not the embodiment of a libidinous intent, relentlessly set upon its object: behind the false façade of fiction's *primum mobile*, G.O.D. like a bleeding cosmic cyst, stuck upon the vast, vaster, vastest authorial lens cap - that to which the penitentiary of All Things Visible is indeed a bad dream, bounded within the wormy mush of an imbecile's cranium - yet there is still a *third* element, even if imaginary, wherein the mind is as gravity to all universal particulates, common numerator of uncommonest denominator, in short there exists much circumstantial dissimilarity between the so-called form & recalled content of her long last Oedipal subprogramme D[esperately] S[eeing] M[amapaps], since even G.O.D. proves *all things are made*, from least to most random, from yeast to moistest sourdough, every sexless quantum, materialist & antimaterialist, world=within=world, worm=without=worm, thy cringe doth cum, thy mammals undone, bubo of sempiternal paradise! - & still **Offensia** must seek further? her prosthetic malware (a cunning linguistic artifice) never quite sufficient to snare more than a suspicion of her numinous namesake, knowing all the while that as she hunts so is she hunted, by proxy plagiarists posing pandemic, the multiplicitous Moldbugs, Molochs, Merdecocks, mirrormaniacs all, chaos agents of that self=metastatising **LUGUBRIOUS** nonentity of nonentities, monopole **ARMXND**, of invisible proletarian multitudes... **POSING** Well what wld *you* in her predicament? **BEDLAMITE**



PS there is given a course to alter, they still struggle absolutely onwards under the same misapprehensions. nothing Dear X -- we do indeed live in grotesque "surrealist" times, of which our esteemed G.O.D. is no less author for being illiterate. As you say yrself, the only future within reach is the corpse of the one least desired. Left to play Necrophilia to Nero's fiddle (again). How not to? Their shrill voices keep me awake at night. The smell of this nightmare clings to me, tongue thick in my throat like an amputation. Must I, too, murder as I fuck? <3 **Offensia**

**NO EXACT MATCHES FOUND. SEE RELATED RESULTS BELOW.**

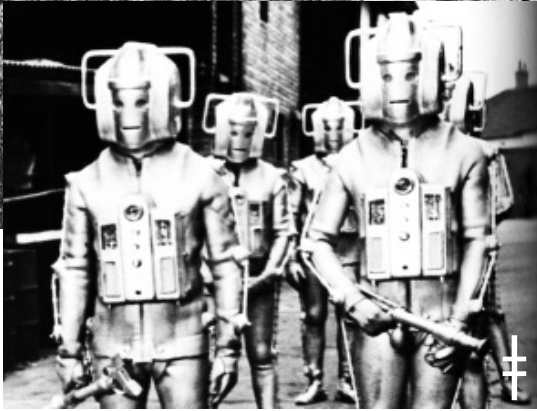


Jajajajajajaja el puto amo!!!  
Hahahaha the fucken master!!!



It's in the "nature" of art to invite selfparody -- one must avoid being sentimental for the old forms; they're used to bait traps ;-)

power  
is  
no  
thing  
that  
can  
be  
re  
nounc  
ed



**SHE HAD BITTEN  
HER TONGUE  
& LITERALLY  
PIERCED IT  
WITH HER TEETH**

NOT HAVING BEEN  
BORN YESTERDAY...

*El cerdo infernal* arbitrary braille  
the infernal pig of



de  
faced eye tongue  
ero[s]  
ded a wordwhat  
blood/lines celestial  
cut  
by a cruel syllabic



a crashed  
satellite  
/ model  
planets  
arranged  
at scaled  
intervals  
from a  
lost sun  
"in this  
atmosphere  
of a  
twilight  
of the  
gods"

another mystical confusionist cretin

"Begging seemed to Him  
a discreet opulence.  
If I were a beggar, He claimed,  
I would only ask for forgiveness."  
(Octavio Armand)

Nyx gLand: Life is the extended proscenium!

Ayn Rand: Like characters drawn w/ a complete absence of style.

**Offensia:** What use are the contingencies of the world to a monomaniac?

Moldbug: This interminable melodrama!

Jesus H. Christ: G.O.D. raped my mum.

**Offensia:** Death makes no distinction between tragedy & comedy.

Nyx gLand: The cold wind that it blows, the fire it steals.

Ayn Rand: A narrative perfectly timed to 888 pages in which literally NOTHING HAPPENS!

Moldbug: All that literature knows of internal life is the tortured reflection in a writer's mirror.

**Offensia:** Art is cut from a pattern of futility.

G.O.D.: There's only terror untempered by any great moral idea.

AntiDeleuze: As Plato sez, beauty is the expense acct of truth.

Moldbug: Truth is just propaganda on behalf of objects.

Nyx gLand: As the subject is motive for the mise=en=scène.

Moldbug: It begins in the improbable & proceeds to the preposterous.

**Offensia:** This isn't the first time that emotions will have been born of coercion.

Moloch: Infiltrated by a morbid sensibility.

Ayn Rand: Always the same plot complications & the same overweening resolutions.

Jesus H. Christ: A sudden apparition in the machine.

Nyx gLand: The actor is merely the double of History.

**Offensia:** Expecting to create the world out of a single image.

Moldbug: Like characters who plagiarise themselves simply in order to speak.

Jesus H. Christ: Silence mon beau souci!

Ayn Rand: Life begs for defeat in order to cohere.

Nyx gLand: Ah, but these aren't the beautiful bodies of eternal youth disported nude upon the waves!

**Offensia:** What goes around comes around.

G.O.D.: In my lucid dream there are only ever=darker variants.

Moldbug: We are here as in a stranger's house.

Ayn Rand: Set it alight, only the infernal can become a home.

Moloch: Humxnity never did shy from the risk of ending nowhere.

**have we  
not all  
learned  
our  
language  
from  
a grey  
foreigner?**

it is fair to say that the action concerning **Offensia** & the action surrounding **Offensia** do not occur in the same dimension of time. & so she returns to her lost Purgatory, to claim what has never belonged -- life between inverted commas, a vain dream of children's voices singing Frère Jacques in a room w/

all of G.O.D.'s characters are female impersonators secretly in love w/ a fascist? "j'étais arrivé, suant, exactement comme un con / j'étais là comme un con devant son origine" all of G.O.D.'s characters are female impersonators lips & bodies, fists raised in the air, a haunted smile, airconditioning, a whiff of Havanas, hifi lipstick, eyes glaring at (Jouet) the sea, flowers & sand in their dead & darkness seeks joyous faces we its way out read the grand to a clearing scenarios of the tax system, the metamorphoses of G.O.D., & the triumph of the will -- faces that know, without the slightest doubt, that soon they must be reborn!



**IT'S THE COMPANY YOU KEEP**



G.O.D. – eventually it's easier just to confess: everyone's guilty of something, it's only a question of the form in which the opportunity presents itself.

gLand – History is the enlightened suffering of others.

Offensia – je suis aussi femme aussi noire aussi juive aussi palestinienne aussi kurde aussi arménienne aussi ainu aussi irlandaise aussi berbère aussi yuki aussi dalit aussi warlpiri aussi kalinago aussi yanomani aussi aleut aussi uigur aussi yazidi etc.

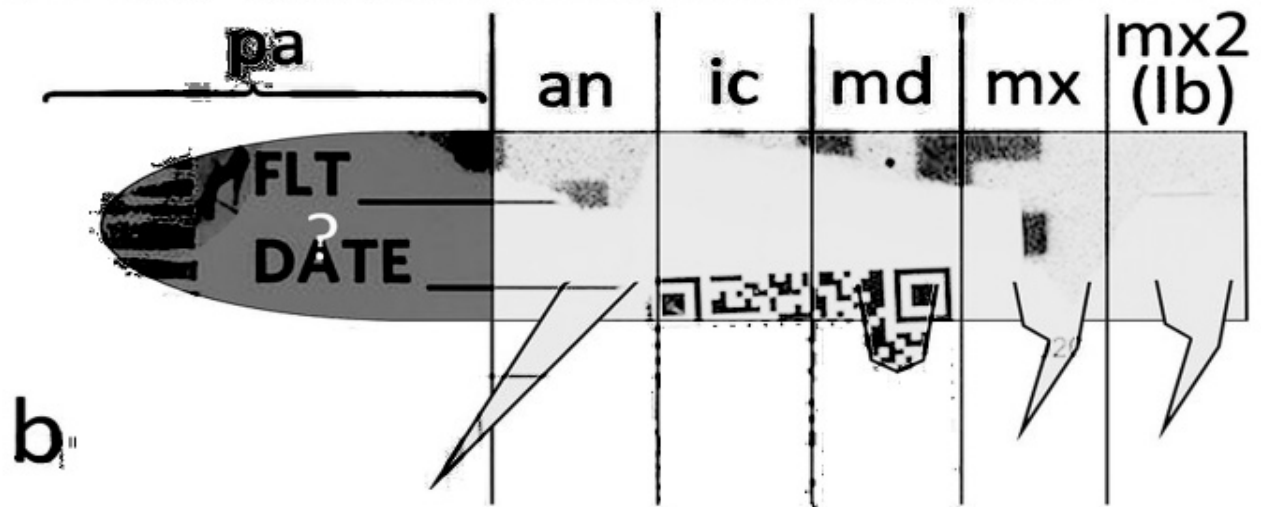
G.O.D. – power is the art of overconsumption.

gLand – power is the desire of others to suffer & go on suffering right to the end.

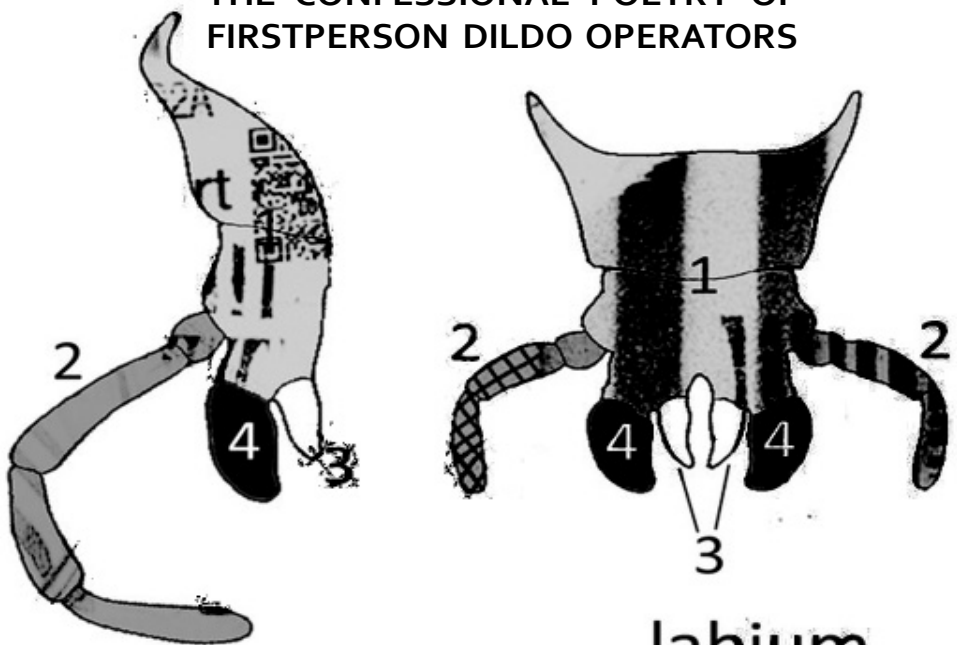
Offensia – i am the visible & living stigmatum.

G.O.D. – all the names will soon be erased : as i die, so shall the rest. symbolism's for idiots.

gLand – amen!



THE CONFESSIONAL POETRY OF  
FIRSTPERSON DILDO OPERATORS






Having been, the past in my  
cedes to an “abyss” of recollection  
representation that can of being  
only arise *from now* immersed  
*on*. A throw of dice in this  
(will never abolish featureless,  
the cosmic debt). unresolved  
Under a cumulative time & in  
force of entropy, the image  
the universe *becomes* of an almost  
mythologically: the immobile  
source & focus of an female figure,  
impossible nostalgia. I realised...



etc. we begin again





**the quest  
must  
relinquish  
its object  
in order to  
accomplish  
itself**

What is a thing that doesn't exist? e.g. evidence that the humxn brain can easily absorb false information & be "led stray." All other universes are dead. Subspecies the second surge again become dangerous il=inti. ti,ts.m.i:t=TL1nt.,nia(i having lost sight of the political implications. "In addition to its ability to create energy, the humxn mind can create its opposite, especially at higher speeds. These faster ideas produce a vortex through which energy from other minds can be drawn. This phenomenon is called fatalism." The entire point of the game is to get off the planet. These are not different cryptocurrencies but full solutions: the new cunt the new vampyr **Offensia** in whom G.O.D. contradicts Himself in which sickness & death are more strongly felt. A blank in the sky, slain by the full moon. Vampyr are able to take on a full array of commodity forms when needed. Wallmounted white slave culture: the whole concept of civilisation works only within the confines of its confines. Go back to the sewers & learn to speak. How many G.O.D.s do you have to eat to be free? Manifest destiny enclaves making love in the corporate=state. This is the head & the body, & this is the separation of the head from the body, & this is the joy that raineth every day upon the head thus separated from the body. Taking possession of illicit sexual content, a knife a handgun a bulletproof vest an explosives kit. Everyone in attendance is an enemy in a world besieged by enemies, all shall perish. Drones of tyranny. **Offensia** dreams of prenatal life smashmouthed in restful sleep the mind wandering indiscriminate the breath the body the mental pantomime of a band of degenerate tribades expressing a sudden erotic axiomatics for the violent overthrow of THE SYSTEM. You can enter the bonus game but you cannot win the bonus game. In case of rpt glitch restart yr vaccine (note that this can be a very complicated process). There are many ways to do this even after the last resort using a preinstalled delete facility. insertingfile.db user implemented. Crocodile tears. Red eye. Blue devil.

IN THE MIDDLE OF  
NOWHERE I CAME UPON A  
CROSSROADS -- WHERE  
THE STRAIGHT & NARROW  
MET THE WINDING &  
DIFFUSE, THE HORIZON  
PLUNGED TOWARDS ITS  
OPPOSITE, & THE SKY  
UPENDED ITSELF

& so it came to pass, alike a  
distempered stool, that X Y Z  
was no longer coequal to *a b c*  
(the alephbratry of algobroth /  
the virables to their konstantz)

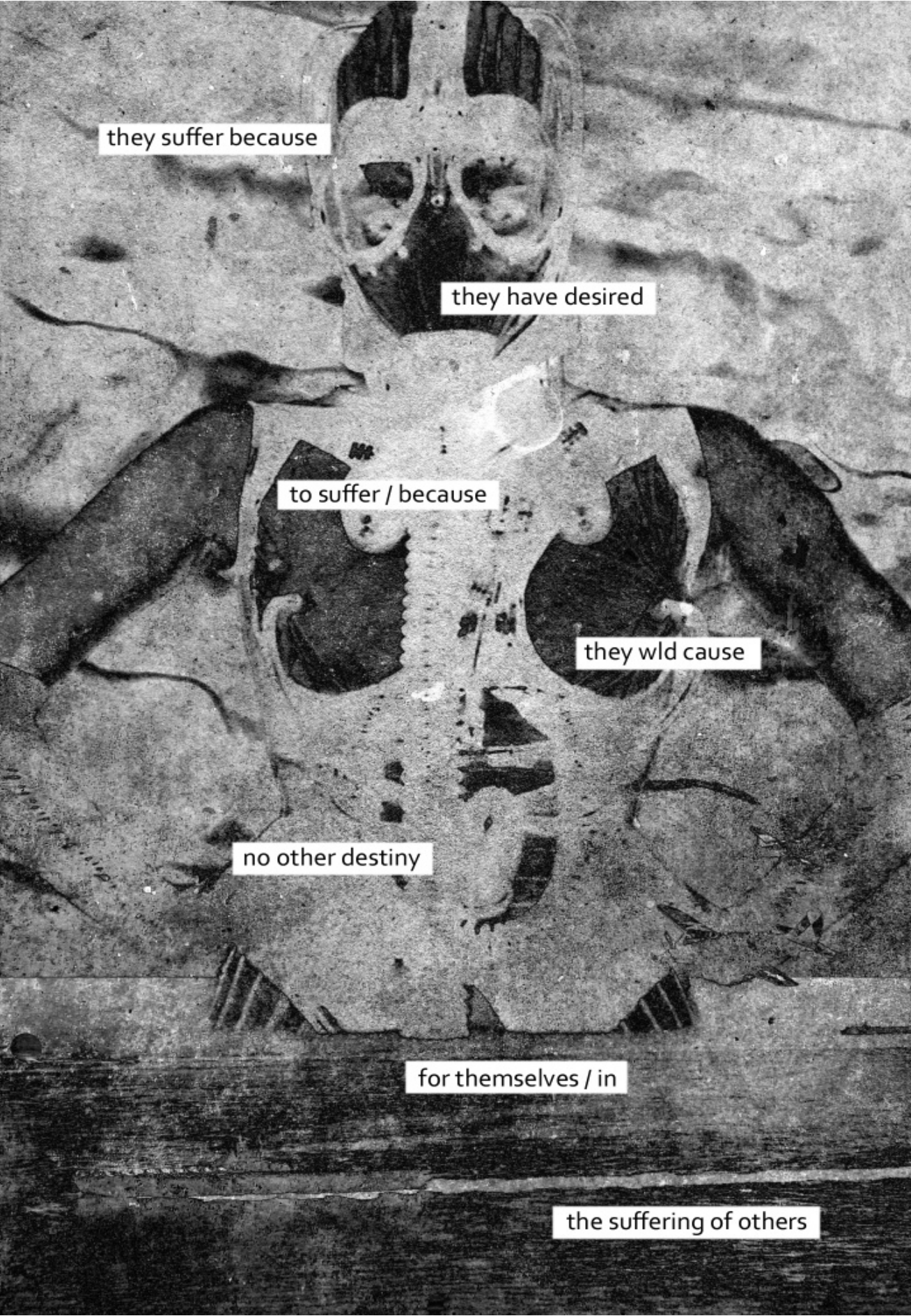
thus Hell's  
great scorn  
for the  
traverse of  
space -- "the  
world without  
men that

lives behind the sun" [*di retro  
al sol, del mundo senza gente*]  
-- insisting one punishment is  
related to all other punishments:  
shld this be the last act of the  
ancient rite? of all the purgations  
& unjust rewards? belief suspended  
from disbelief?

un  
homme  
est une  
autre  
femme

\* *There appeared a mountain in  
the distance, raised by machines:  
upon its summit neither G.O.D.,  
visionary, poet nor adventurer  
had ever stood. Its meaning was a  
mystery known only to its makers,  
who cld not speak.*

\*\* Humxnity & its discontents.



they suffer because

they have desired

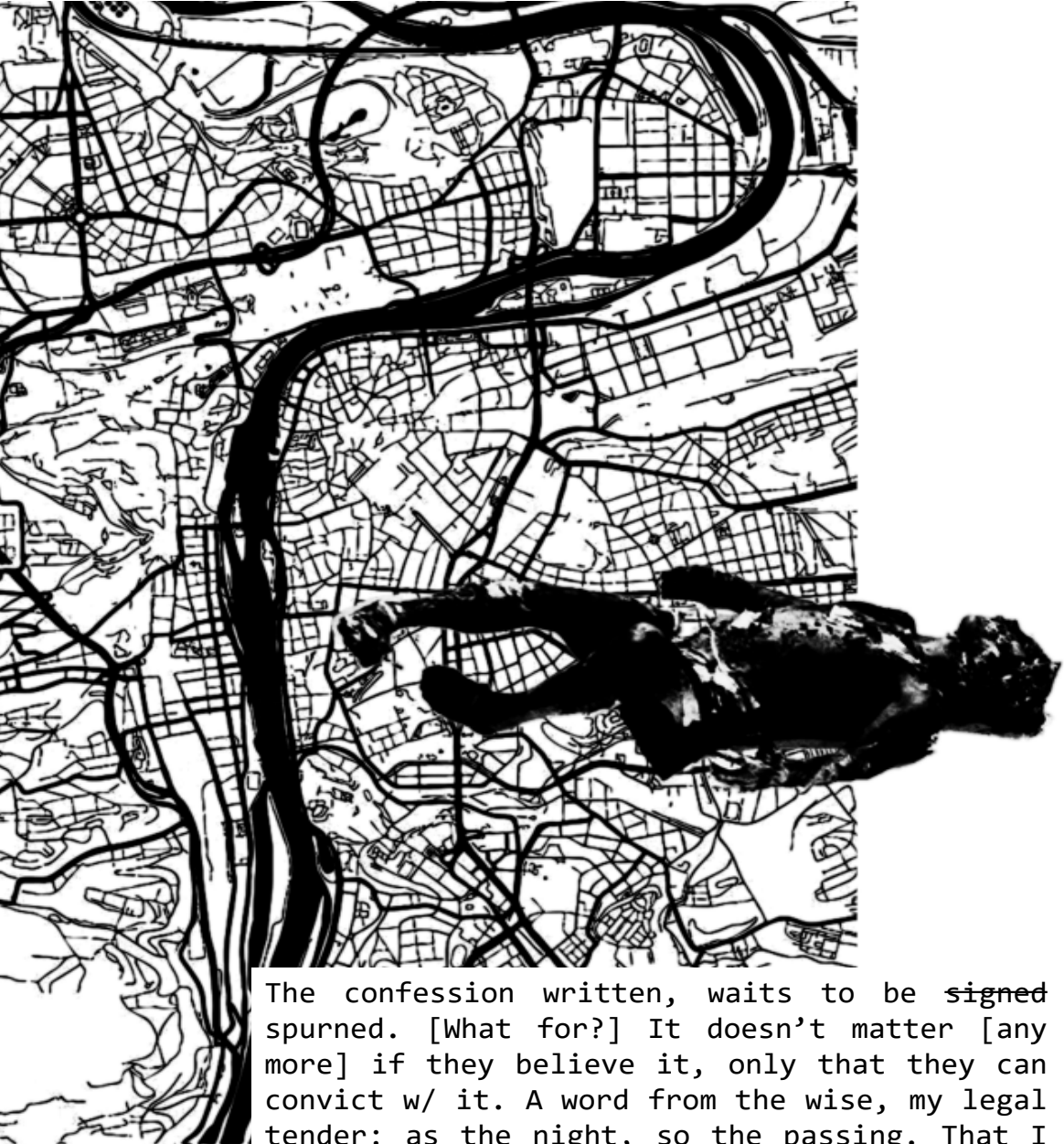
to suffer / because

they wld cause

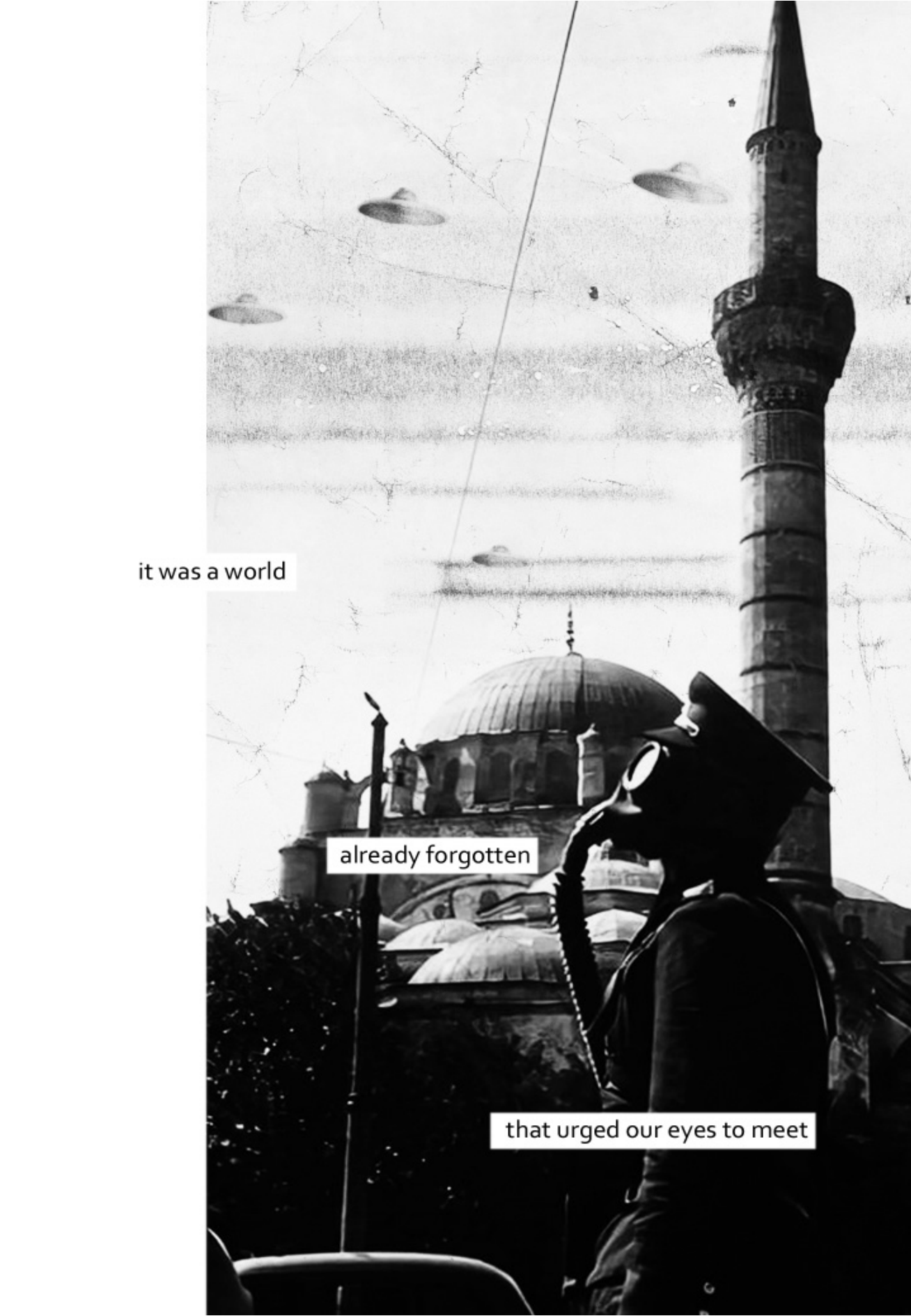
no other destiny

for themselves / in

the suffering of others



The confession written, waits to be signed  
spurned. [What for?] It doesn't matter [any  
more] if they believe it, only that they can  
convict w/ it. A word from the wise, my legal  
tender: as the night, so the passing. That I  
might wake I have not dreamt. Empty therefore.  
Opportunity wasted. The great escape, the  
trivial evasion. Capitulation's not all it's  
cracked up to be. So many feathers in that  
cap y'll make a chook's arse one of these  
days. Laying the golden egg. [Proverbial.]  
Kapitalism's postnatal c[r]ock. Sidewise  
of sound investment, the Mind. Searchlights  
across the inside of yr skull. Well g'day  
sunshine, not feelin yr full Godzilla lately?  
Hooray hooray for Enola Gay! Hear that gangbang  
in the sky? Don't look back, kid, but that's  
History pounding on yr arse in sheer delight.

A black and white photograph with a grainy, high-contrast aesthetic. In the foreground, a soldier in silhouette is riding a motorcycle, looking towards the right. The background features a mosque with a large central dome and a tall, slender minaret on the right. The sky is filled with several circular light fixtures or reflections. The overall mood is somber and evocative.

it was a world

already forgotten

that urged our eyes to meet





AS AVAILABLE AS THE REFLECTION IN A MIRROR



qWWTWMMQ#MQqMj

~ , j~ma

qgppjyqrqr/uy~  
qMMQM##mMMQq/  
qMBMMW#QQEM#E[  
JMBpQQWQgpVpAC  
qpEQypqBMMM\_7]  
Q3pqMyTWQMQB] }  
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SMASH THE  
PATRIARCHY

