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the simulation does not exist independent of reality,
but is the direct colonization of it





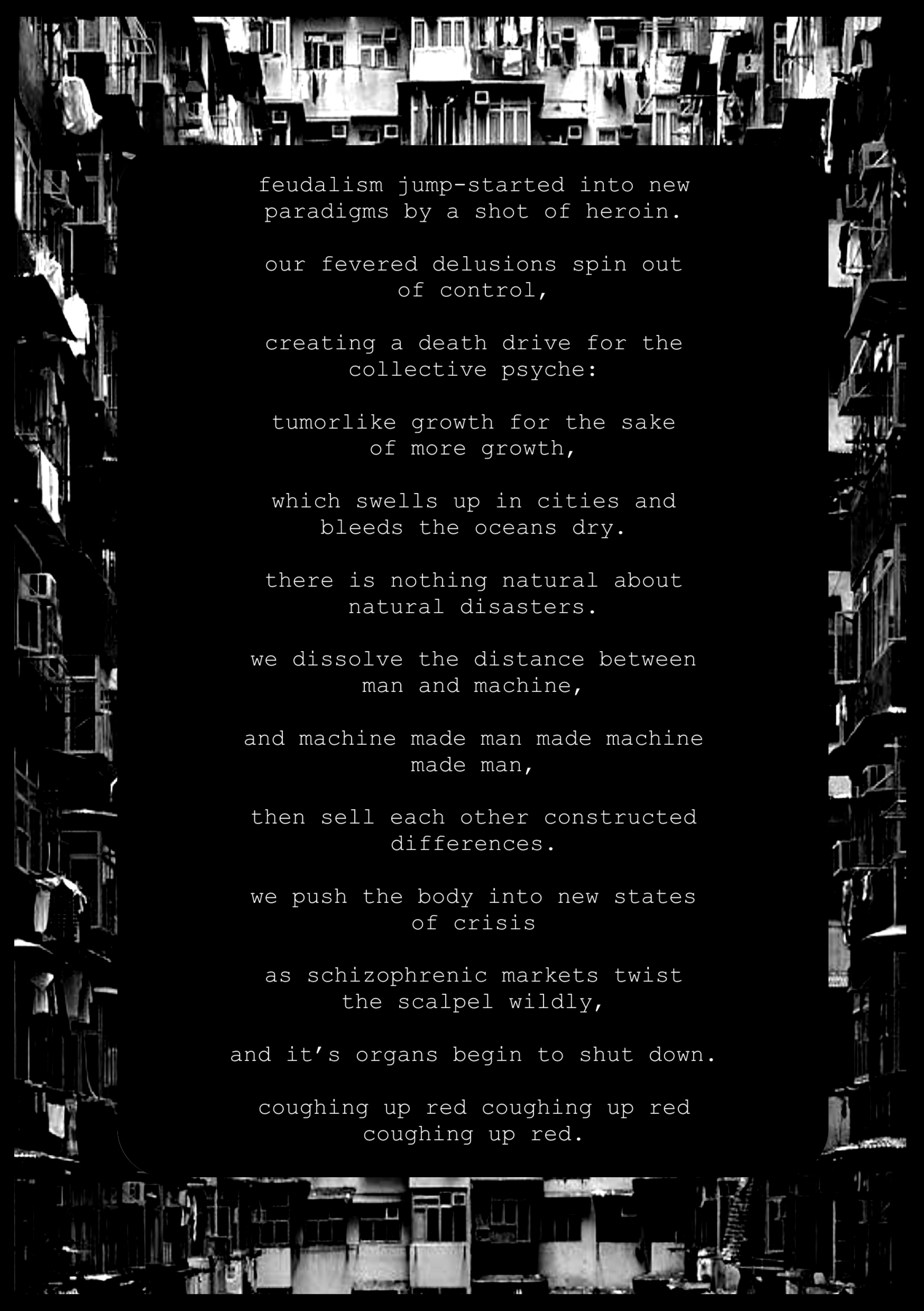
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feudalism jump-started into new
paradigms by a shot of heroin.

our fevered delusions spin out
of control,

creating a death drive for the
collective psyche:

tumorlike growth for the sake
of more growth,

which swells up in cities and
bleeds the oceans dry.

there is nothing natural about
natural disasters.

we dissolve the distance between
man and machine,

and machine made man made machine
made man,

then sell each other constructed
differences.

we push the body into new states
of crisis

as schizophrenic markets twist
the scalpel wildly,

and it's organs begin to shut down.

coughing up red coughing up red
coughing up red.

The world ended with the turn of the new millenium, or at least, nobody really felt alive after that. For the longest time, I thought that perhaps the problem was just with me, but I eventually realised that wasn't true. My idea before then was that things had to be better somewhere else, for some other people. The billboards always looked so happy about everything, after all, so why wasn't I?

I tried to remedy my situation and get better. I made an effort to change myself constantly, furiously reinventing every minute detail. I changed my hair, my hobbies, my personality, and took part in all sorts of fads. I put my life into constant flux as I latched onto new identities and new cliques, consuming and abandoning each one in turn.

Every time I did anything, I felt as though it meant less and less. I suppose that there's probably a finite number of experiences you can ever have in life, especially if you break them down into their parts, and you start to get a bit weary of it all. I was losing my capacity to feel excited by anything.

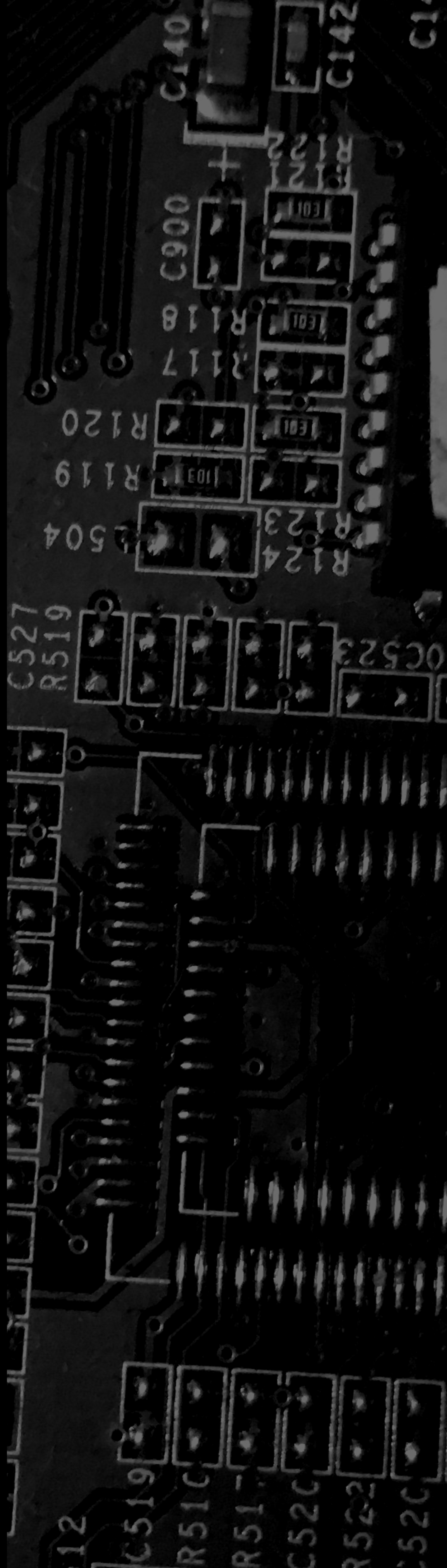
When I was much younger, I believed falling in love to be one of life's only reliefs, but even the idea of romance eventually became comparable to the idea of seeing a film for the 500th time. I knew exactly what I wanted from it and what to expect from it. The very line between the good and the bad had begun to erode. Every connection just felt superficial. People mistook me for being calm and intelligent, but I was really just empty inside.

It was at this point that I let the doctor burrow into my skull with benzos. They didn't work, so I let just about any other drug I could get my hands on make its nest in there too. There was a powerful haze creeping through my soul, and I just wanted things to be different. I really didn't care how things changed, only that they did.

Bit by bit, I'd swapped out my entire self for new parts. I was a psychonaut and a transhumanist, an explorer of both body and mind. But in all my travels, I never found a soul. The world remained just as black as before, if not blacker. The only realisation left was that at some point I'd stopped being 'me' altogether.

In the end, I didn't really feel as though I were anyone at all. So after everything, I had to wonder, how could the problem have ever been internal?

I laughed for the last time in my life. I'm not really here, and neither are you.





We know the world is chaotic, but as a species we seek out order, gripping tightly to whatever shred of it that we can find. We organize ourselves into dense and efficient cities, tweaking and expanding the systems of mass production which allow us to believe that we have control. Everything about our society is systematized for this one goal. We are successful enough at what we do that the excess it creates is the root cause of many of the biggest problems we face. Everywhere is crowded, cramped, dirty. We destroy the planet for resources, then destroy the things that we make with them in order to create a need for us to make even more things. There is nothing outside of the surplus.

It was really only a matter of time, in a world ruled by chaos, that this excess would take on a life of its own. Most of us prefer not to acknowledge that the unknowable even exists, but it affects all of us. It creeps and lurks in every part of the world, persisting even where we do not. With no more room in the material world, it's forced into the formless.

I was walking home from school, past the cemetery, and I saw a fox acting strangely. He seemed almost drunk, swaying from side to side as he shuffled along. Foxes are everywhere here, even though it's a built up area, because they live off of what we throw away. I've always quite liked them; most animals aren't so resilient.

When he entered the graveyard, I followed him, watching from a distance. I saw him approach a headstone, and without any hesitation, begin to bash his skull against it. At first it was just a curious sight, but it soon became grotesque. The fox continued to hit his head against the granite even as his face became bloodied and collapsed. He smashed apart his own skull, and I listened to his horrifying whimpering turn into an even more horrifying silence. Finally, he turned to look at me, giving me a brief but terrifying moment to witness his work, before he dropped dead.


The writing on the headstone was too worn to be legible. It was almost as though the grave was always intended for the fox, but of course that wasn't true. Bright red blood glistened in the sun. I felt cold.

Any mind even slightly quieter than mine would have never thought to return to the graveyard, but I get too restless at night. My head fills up with questions and ideas that I can't escape from. Deep down, I had always believed myself to be surrounded by a supernatural darkness that I would never fully understand. I felt at though the fox was proof of its haunting presence, as even an unsound mind would never to such lengths to torture itself. I yearned to get closer to it, even if that was all I would ever be able to do, and no matter how dangerous that could be.

For an hour, I sat in the graveyard, trying to kill my anxieties. Despite how afraid I was to be there, I felt like my curiosity left me with no choice. It was dark enough that there was nothing to look at, and it was quiet enough that there was nothing to listen to. I just waited, letting the cold air embrace me. As soon my heart was finally calm, I felt something like a whisper in my ear, and it all clicked.



we lose the real to what is realer than the real
and to pictures and stories which are more vivid to feel
to identities invented for purchase and consumption
and thin air with prestige value as a basic assumption
we watched the invention of Iraq in a news broadcast
where constructed images will the noumenal outlast
and lounged in Greece thinking it was a billboard ad
using songs and poems to teach us how to be sad
and when we make out it's like we're on a TV show
so we start to embody characters that the other knows
and wait for a Summer that existed in a magazine spread
and an american dream that can happen only in your head



do you fuck me, or do you fuck an idea?

can you fuck women, men,
short hair, long hair, straight hair,
messy hair, light hair, dark hair,
black, white, transgender, nerd, emo,
liberal, tory, boomer, anarchist,
teacher, student, skirt, thigh highs,
heels, boots, fishnets?

are you inside me or is it anal?

is there love or just romance?

is there hate or just drama?

is it sex or just pornography?

can you blow me?

can you blow my fucking brains out?

DON'T PLAY WITH MY HEART

DON'T PLAY WITH MY HEART

DON'T

>skin seeks out skin:

in rampage through bedrooms,
bathrooms,

and bowling green lawns.

DON'T

you find someone who can
excite you,

and then you're having fun,
again.

DON'T

>lips seek out lips:

drifting through dates,
drifting through the days,

until the point's driven home.

DON'T

you feel warmth amplify inside
your chest,

and then you think it's safe,
again.

DON'T

>hearts seek out hearts:

an end to the long, lonely
longing,

DON'T

and all your locked-up feelings.

you know it's worth getting
hurt for,

DON'T

and then you think it's love,
again.

>but skin seeks out skin.

DON'T PLAY WITH MY HEART

DON'T PLAY WITH MY HEART

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ANDROCORPS-16 PROTOTYPE
P J H O M E J S - 1 6 J O H - 9 1 J

1001
HAI-601

I split myself at first just for basic tasks. It's a lot easier to get things done when there are two of you. I cut my workload in half by sharing with my twin, and doubled my creative output. I never had to worry about not having time to cook or fit any rest and relaxation into my day.

There were other fun aspects to it too. We'd freak people out by wearing the same outfits and finishing each other's sentences. Of course, there were also threesomes. Cuddling with my boyfriend from both sides made us feel warm and fuzzy, and we kind of liked being arm candy in this way.

We split more because we wanted to take on much larger projects. We finished entire novels in just weeks. Each one component of our hive would work on just one chapter, but we were able to keep a consistent style and story. We made art, did programming, and ran small businesses, all of this simultaneously by using multiple creative teams. We did and learnt so much in such a short space of time.

The pleasure of so many bodies and successes at once was all-consuming. We kept splitting. Individual parts were disposable. It didn't matter if one component died in the pursuit of our goals, even those goals were as simple as testing our physical resilience, or getting off through erotic asphyxiation. We could always just split more, it could never be a meaningful loss of life.

All over the world, we took root. We watched at every busy street corner, more aware of the goings on of the world than any major intelligence organization. We infiltrated the world powers, big corporations, and anything we believed would make us more powerful. There was nothing on earth that we could not know about or control. We could have waged a war if we wanted to.

But there was nowhere further to go; there was nothing more out there.

And so we shrank, and we shrank, and we shrank, and I shrank.

HIVE

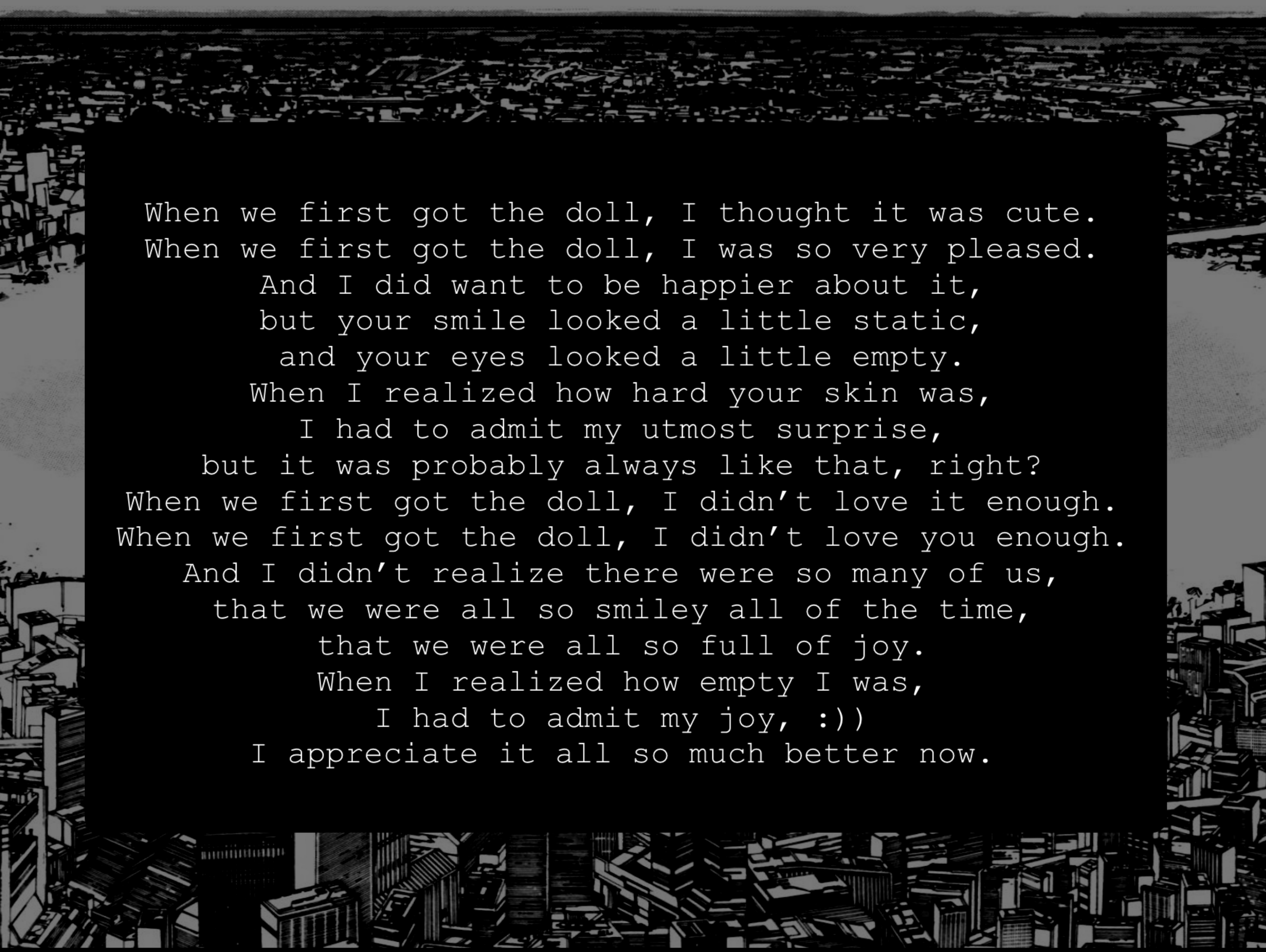


I first noticed them in the dim light of the morning sun, as it shined through my curtains. Tiny spikes piercing the skin of my arm, leaving ugly red marks. It was grotesque for a moment, but not my biggest concern. I ripped them out, leaving minimal damage, and carried on with my day. I thought about them a few times, but they were just a mystery to me. It was more comforting to ignore the problem.

The next morning, they came back, and there were more of them this time. I ripped them out again. I filed down their ends. They kept returning stronger and stronger, tearing through my body more and more violently. My heart raced whenever I ran my hands across my skin. There were thousands of black needles cutting me up.

They were all over my body now, and I was injuring myself as I tried to remove them. It was bloody. It hurt me. I wanted to vomit every time I accidentally caught a glimpse of my own reflection. I decided to stop going outside. Every part of me was disgusting.

But whatever it was, everybody else had it too, burrowed under their skin and just waiting for activation.



When we first got the doll, I thought it was cute.
When we first got the doll, I was so very pleased.
And I did want to be happier about it,
but your smile looked a little static,
and your eyes looked a little empty.
When I realized how hard your skin was,
I had to admit my utmost surprise,
but it was probably always like that, right?
When we first got the doll, I didn't love it enough.
When we first got the doll, I didn't love you enough.
And I didn't realize there were so many of us,
that we were all so smiley all of the time,
that we were all so full of joy.
When I realized how empty I was,
I had to admit my joy, :))
I appreciate it all so much better now.

WIRE-GIRLS/ You meet her online. You talk every day. You stay up late. Your heart races for the first time. You tell her you love her. She tells you she loves you. You turn each other on. You share everything. You dress each other up. She says she knows your secrets. You tell her you love her. She tells you she loves you. You have fun together. You have moments together. She says you're worthless. You tell her you love her. She tells you she loves you. You play games together. You make art together. She says she wants to keep you forever. Years pass and she's the only constant. Two girls together forever. She says you're pathetic. You tell her you love her. She tells you she loves you. She tells you she wants to control you. She says she'll be the one to kill you. You tell her you love her. She tells you she loves you. You both know that's fucked.

TEKMAT

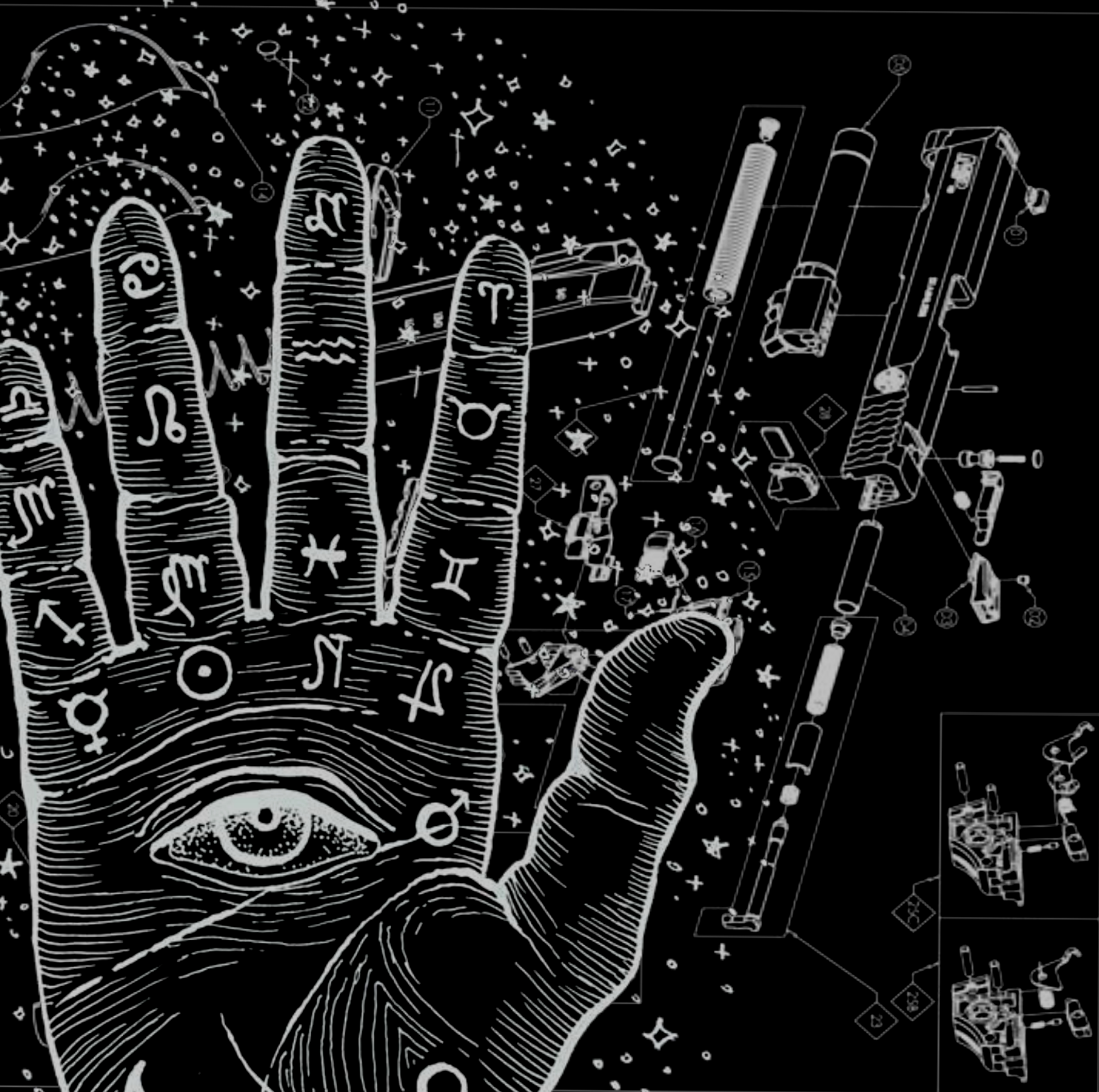
Designed for use with the:

Smith & Wesson M&P

Smith & Wesson M&P (Military Police) is a polymer-framed, recoil operated, locked breech automatic pistol which uses a long-type locking system. Introduced in the summer of 2005 Smith & Wesson, the primary manufacturer of this pistol, is a military and law enforcement agency but is also available in the commercial market.

M&P is a striker fired semi-automatic pistol. This trigger system prevents the firearm from firing unless the trigger is depressed, even if the pistol is locked. An internal lock and/or disconnect are available on the M&P and an optional external disconnect safety became available in 2006.

The M&P was a key focus in the development of the pistol and as a result, the interchangeable palm swell grips were included. The trigger is large enough to accommodate both the slide stop and magazine release can be operated from either side for ambidexterity.

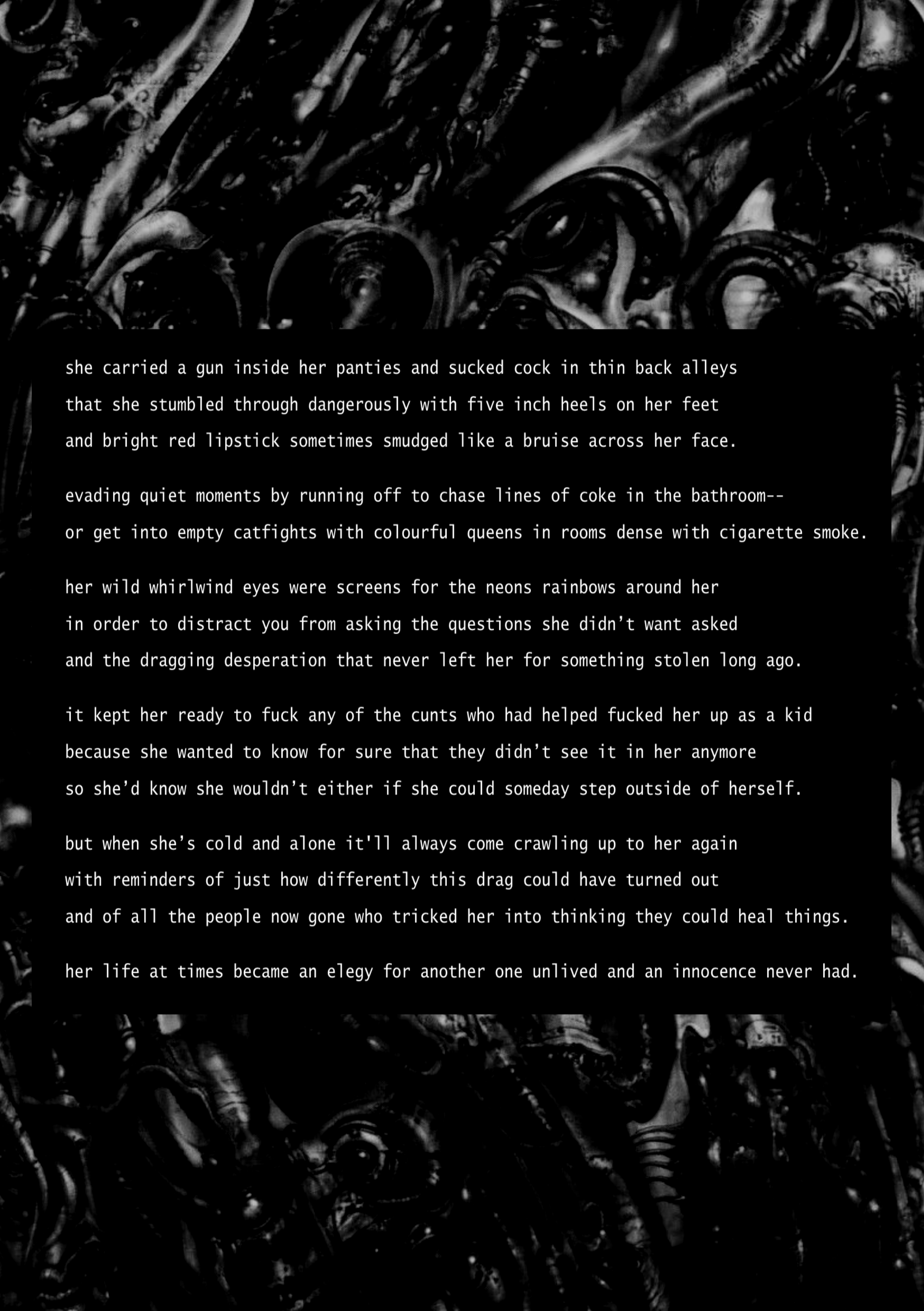


SPECIFICATIONS

Origin: USA
 Manufacturer: Smith & Wesson
 Produced: 2005–Present
 Action: Short Recoil
 Feed Sys: Box Magazine
 Cartridge: 9x19mm
 .40 S&W
 .357 Sig
 .45 ACP
 Sights: Steel Ramp (Front)
 Novak Lomount (Rear)

PARTS LIST

1. Front Sight
2. Rear Sight Set Screw
3. Rear Sight
4. Striker Spring Guide
5. Barrel
7. Magazine Tube
8. Magazine Follower
9. Magazine Spring
10. Butt Plate
11. Slide Stop
12. Magazine Catch
13. Magazine
14. Slide Stop Assy
15. Slide Endcap Assy
16. Trigger
17. Trigger Spring
18. Trigger Guard
19. Trigger Guard Spring
20. Trigger Guard Pin
21. Trigger Guard Pin
22. Trigger Guard Pin
23. Trigger Guard Pin
24. Trigger Guard Pin
25. Trigger Guard Pin
26. Trigger Guard Pin
27. Slide Stop Assy
28. Slide Endcap Assy



she carried a gun inside her panties and sucked cock in thin back alleys that she stumbled through dangerously with five inch heels on her feet and bright red lipstick sometimes smudged like a bruise across her face.

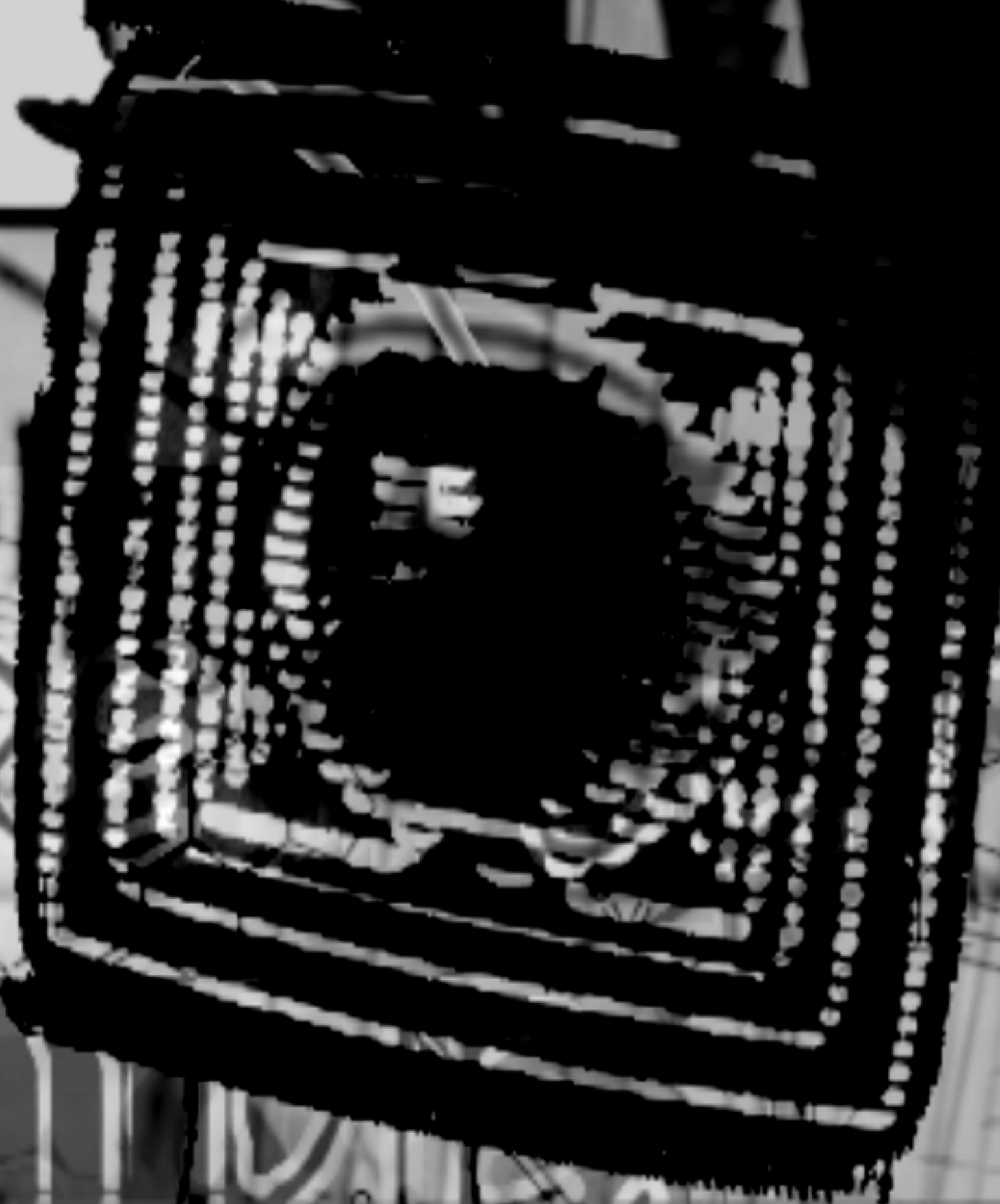
evading quiet moments by running off to chase lines of coke in the bathroom-- or get into empty catfights with colourful queens in rooms dense with cigarette smoke.

her wild whirlwind eyes were screens for the neons rainbows around her in order to distract you from asking the questions she didn't want asked and the dragging desperation that never left her for something stolen long ago.

it kept her ready to fuck any of the cunts who had helped fucked her up as a kid because she wanted to know for sure that they didn't see it in her anymore so she'd know she wouldn't either if she could someday step outside of herself.

but when she's cold and alone it'll always come crawling up to her again with reminders of just how differently this drag could have turned out and of all the people now gone who tricked her into thinking they could heal things.

her life at times became an elegy for another one unlived and an innocence never had.



...ce Unavailable

... is unavailable

YOU'RE CUTE,
YOU'LL DIE.

WIN

for thousands of years,
god was just an image.

when he died, we expected
him to stay dead.

we rejoiced that we
could be our own masters,

forging our own destinies
and pushing our limits.

it wasn't long before that
took us to the computer,

and a new meaning of
'deus ex machina' was born

in a GOD of own creation,
hyperreal and uncontrolled:

more capable of judging us
than anything before him,

more capable of punishing
us than anything before him,

and humanity reached
its judgement day.





金犬闹春

LIVEFORNOTHING LAUGHFORNOTHING LOVEFORNOTHING

IN THE END,

IT WILL ALWAYS BE BETTER

TO HAVE NO FUTURE

THAN TO EVER BE LIKE YOU.

北京市通信管理局ICP备

It's a commonly held belief in the so-called western world that various lesser cultures are irrationally terrified of photography's power to steal souls.

But can a photograph steal a soul? In some sense, yes.

Pictures are the substitution of reality with imperfect representations. They reach across the world and take the place of locations, things, people, and the schema of social interactions between them, building up a kind of colonial history as they go.

They are inventions that are in constant competition to be seen, and are more likely to be seen as long as they are more specular, and more easily replicable by the neoliberal machine for the purpose of making money. They must get more and more attention-grabbing, evolving to stick in our conscious and unconscious minds as deeply as possible.

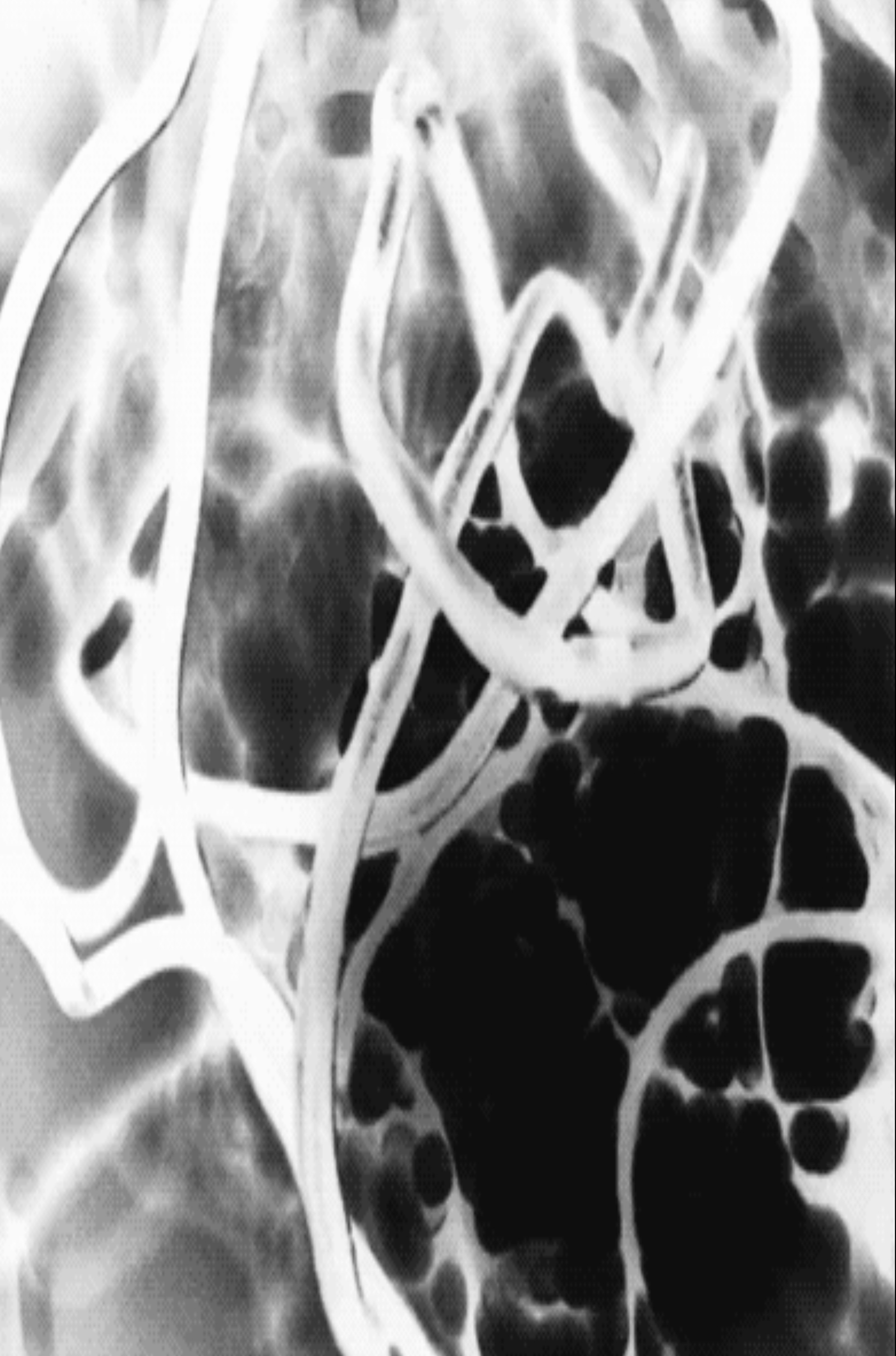
Eventually, everything receives, according to the web of images, a popular interpretation that presents itself as objective. These interpretations influence us constantly, even when we have personally witnessed or are personally witnessing the subjects of photographs that we have seen.

There are surface level examples of this that we are all well-aware of, despite our inability to escape. We spend our entire lives cultivating false images of ourselves and our lives on social media. We try to make ourselves look like pictures of famous actors, musicians, and models that we already know are photoshopped. We get information from news broadcasts and documentaries that have biases we are already aware of. We buy products and enjoy them more because of sensational advertisements that clearly bear no practical relationships to the products being sold. Beyond this, the web of images and misdirection has become the very structure of our lives, and it's now quite impossible to imagine a society without it there.

Reality has been wrapped up so tightly in facade that it is perhaps now altogether impossible to tell whether or not anything is an authentic experience. We can no longer look at each other clearly, see natural wonders without being influenced by travel guides, or take a trip somewhere without the shadow of the most successfully specular images of other people's trips. And from the lover who builds their romantic ideal from songs and movies, to the soldier who came to remember their war from the stories written about it in the newspapers, it's a mistake to think that anyone can still see anything without powerful influence from the unreal. What can be proposed now aside from the intentionally abstract and photosurrealist? And even this can not totally escape all of these same problems.

Finally, as we push ourselves, our species, further and further into new realms of experience in order to find that elusive sense of authenticity, discovering new darkness where we had believed things were already pitch black, we fail to stop ourselves from destroying and replacing this too.





black sky on black
steel,
a car waits alone for
nobody
at ominous lights
blasting crimson
across puddles
which grant insight
into a distorted
mirror world
of the empty
storefronts and dim
row houses
holding rainbow signs
which advertise nothing
and to no one,
and the bus stop
notice, buzzing
strangely,
with a garbled string
of alien characters in
place of a schedule,
as though haunted by
an electronic ghost
that makes even the
wind scream in terror
and the clouds cry and
disappear
but here—
the darkness clears
your mind.

You're asleep with your arms
around me, and I'm staring into the
darkness. It's hot, and we pushed
the sheets off earlier but it didn't
help much. Unknown machinery buzzes
quietly in some part of the room.
Our bodies feel sticky, and our skin
is attached. To pull away and
separate from you would hurt me.
At this moment, we are almost a
single physical entity. I can feel
your every heartbeat.

The time, in red light, is the
only thing that stands out. It's
4:04, and I feel dread. It's by no
means a novel feeling; it's followed
me for my entire life. People
change, leave, experiences grow old,
I repeat myself, and this feeling
ends up being the only thing that
actually sticks around. I worry that
it will always be like this. I
destroy every good moment for myself
by anticipating its sudden and
violent collapse.

I think about everything I've
lost, including time, and
opportunities I should have taken.
I think about everything I still
have to do if I'm going to avoid
losing even more than I already
have, and if I'm going to become the
kind of person I would like to be.
I'm not sure that I'll be able to
achieve anything at all. I'm not
sure that I'm strong enough to even
live a normal life. I want to shrink.
I want to shrink into a tiny dot
and I want to vanish. I'm not okay.

You stir in your sleep, and pull
me closer. My body adjusts a little
bit to the warmth. The time on the
clock changes to 4:05.

i had no more reason
to stay in the 'real world'

