

ACÉPHALE

SOCIOLOGIE • PHILOSOPHIE • ART • REVUE PARAISSANT 4 FOIS PAR AN

VOLUME 8 SUMMER 2020

SERGIO SEGURA

DETERITORIALIZE ME,

DADDY

DAVID PIERSON IAN PUPPE

MELANIE ORTIZ

LUKE

FORD

CRUELTY

MELANIE

L'HEURE MORT

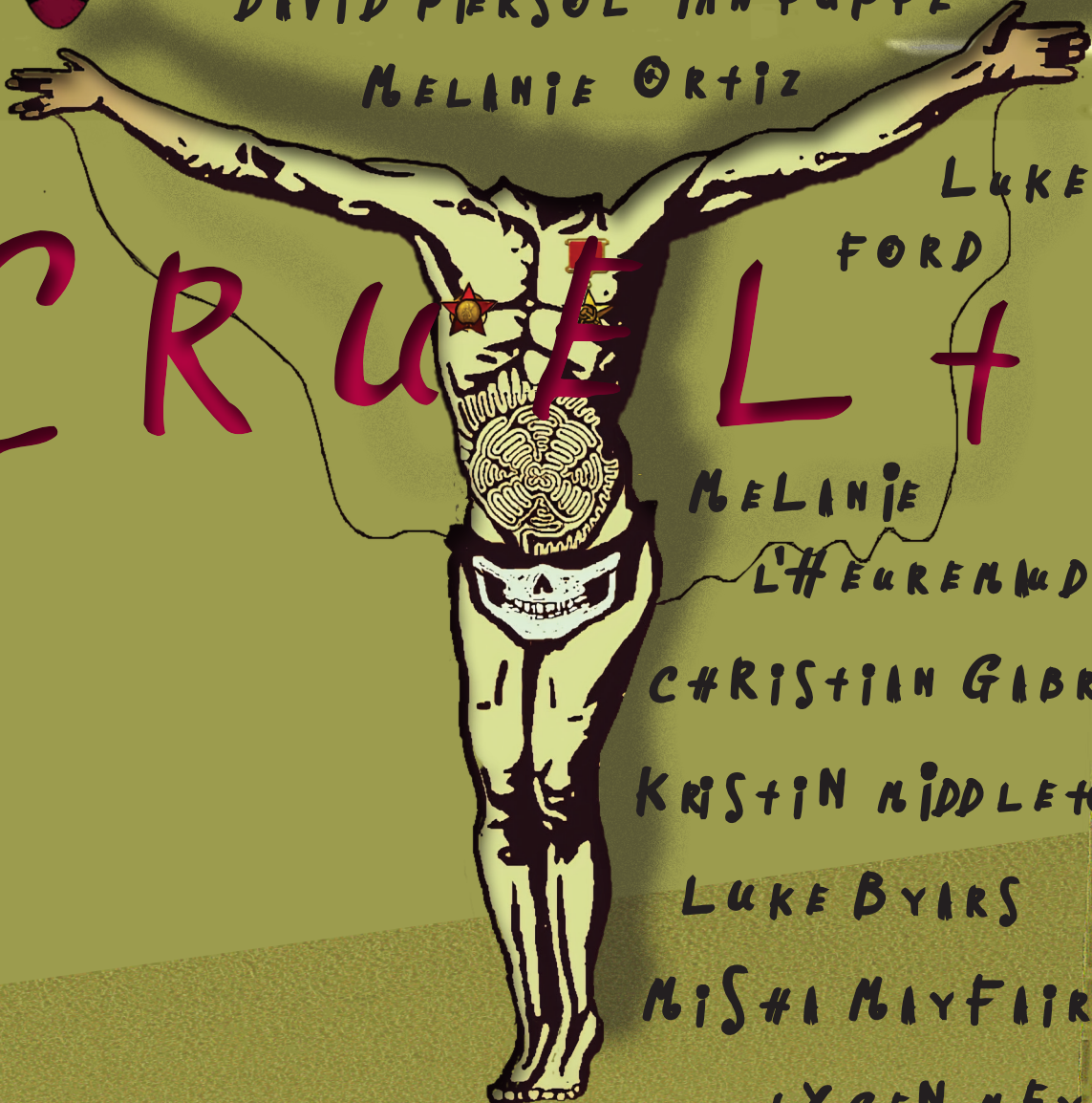
CHRISTIAN GABRIEL

KRISTIN MIDDLETON

LUKE BYARS

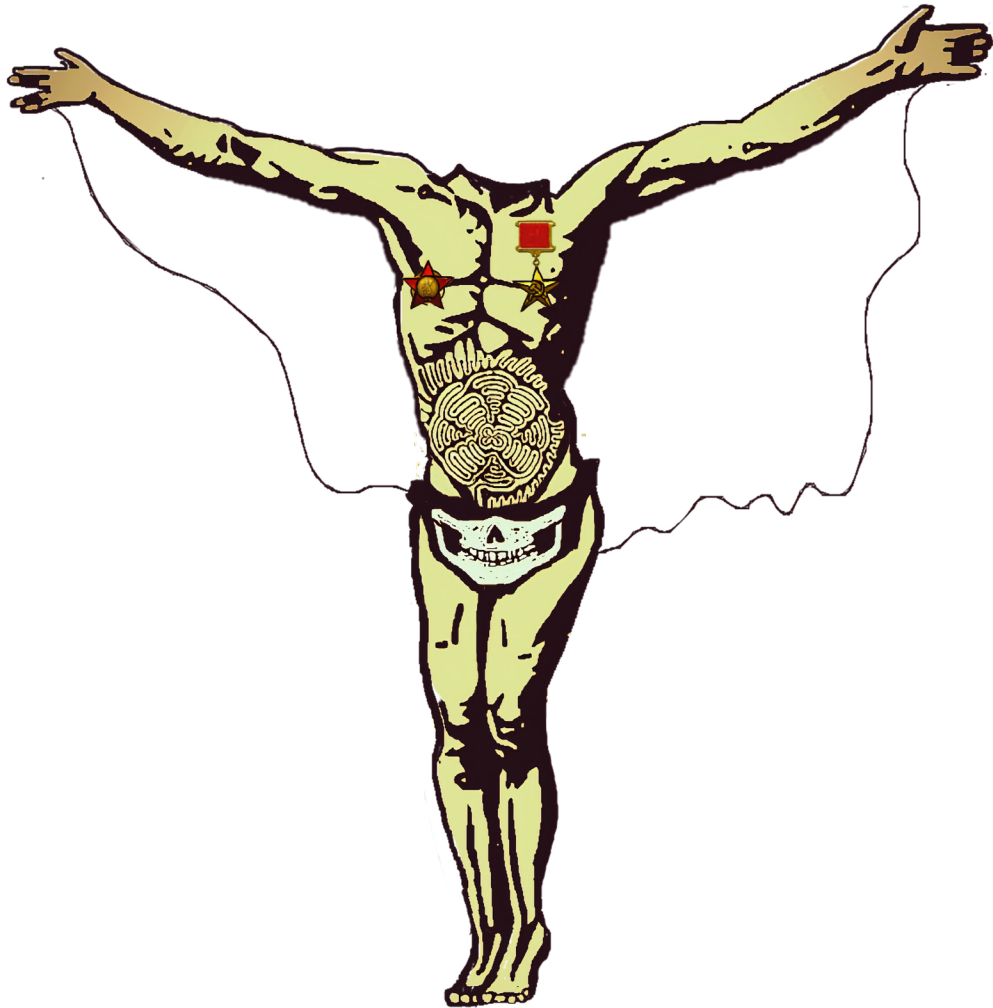
MISHA MAYFAIR

+ XGEN MEYER



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CRUELTY



VOLUME VIII

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A CÉPHALE



CRUELTY

“In this position of object as catastrophe, thought lives the annihilation that constitutes it as a vertiginous and infinite fall, and thus has not only catastrophe as its object; its very structure is catastrophe— it is itself absorption in the nothingness that supports it and at the same time slips away. Something immense is liberated from all sides with the magnitude of a cataract, surging forth from unreal regions of the infinite, sinking into them in a movement of inconceivable force. The mirror that, in the crash of telescoping trains, suddenly slashes open one’s throat is the expression of this imperative-implacable-but already annihilated irruption.”

-Georges Bataille, “Sacrifices”

“The simulacra are ours! Let us be the deceivers and embellishers of humanity!”

-Pierre Klossowski, *Nietzsche and the Vicious Circle*

THIS JOURNAL GIVES EXISTENCE to a shared undertaking. Its aim: *to abolish the principle of (so-called) reality*¹. Its means: *Outside thought*. Its method: *cruelty*.

It was Artaud’s belief that thoughts are propagated through the gap between a thought and its form.² Because a thought will never be completely faithful to its form in all its many circumstances and contradictions, its host will retain it and even spread it, pushed onward by the “drive to think” in the way that a poet with writer’s block searches for their next words. Thought thus irrupts into our reality from the Outside, depositing its simulacra within us. It can be wielded by the state as trained-up images like capitalist realism³; or from the Outside as a desert war-machine, manned by countless iterations of paranoiacs and their

1 “To abolish the principle of (so-called) reality, it is enough to draw the final consequences of ‘physiology’-- even if this means denouncing the mystifying monopoly of the intellect, whose censure still keeps the methods of science within the limits of this principle. Pierre Klossowski, *Nietzsche and the Vicious Circle*, p. 134.

2 Antonin Artaud, *The Double: Book 1 - Traitor Comet*

3 Giles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, p. 376.

perverted conspirators: conquerors and their elites, despots and their bureaucrats, holy men and their disciples⁴. Conspiracies of *counterthought*, whether manned by gentle creatures or raging beasts, have installed their own programs time and time again, butchering open systems to Outside thought like human hosts to Jnun infestation. As Reza Negarestani puts it in the voice of Hamid Parsani:

“After coming to the conclusion that ‘the deepest secrets of religions lie in its minorities’ (Ibn Maimum), he moved to Egypt, known as the land of secret societies, and played a pivotal role in propagating occult doctrines, sects, and heresies. He spawned many sects and heresies which ultimately began to gnaw at the foundations of the Caliph’s domination of Egypt in the most voracious but silent ways. When the clash between the rebellions and the Caliph’s state came to the surface, it only lasted a few days, as the majority of the work had been done by countless sects and secret societies.”⁵

But like Andrew Culp mentions, “Conspiracies do not remain limited to a few furtive missives; their creeping insinuations are part of a universal project to permeate all of society.”⁶ Towards this end, cruelty serves as our tool to burn salient images into the mind. Artaud proposes violent, physical images to jar spectators, rousing them out of “boredom, inertia, and the stupidity of everything.”⁷ “The resulting theater is not for telling stories but to ‘empower’, to implant images in the brains of those powerless to stop it.”⁸

In that spirit, the contents of this volume, though they may have changed entirely over the months, represent assorted counterthoughts from a scattered, headless Society. They are **PORTIONS OF A WAR MACHINE**, placed in immediate relation to the Outside with the forces of the Outside...*a strange undertaking*.⁹

Sergio Segura,
EDITOR



4 "But we will always rediscover the figure of the paranoid and his pervers, the conquerer and his elite troops, the despot and his bureaucrats, the holy man and his disciples, the anchorite and his monks, Christ and his St. Paul. Moses flees the Egyptian machine into the wilderness and installs a new machine there, a holy ark and portable temple, and gives his people a new religious-military organization." Giles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus*, p. 193.

5 Reza Negarestani, *Cyclonopedia*, p. 125

6 Andrew Culp, *Dark Deleuze*, p. 18.

7 Antonin Artaud, *The Theater and Its Double*, p. 83.

8 Andrew Culp, *Dark Deleuze*, p. 37.

9 Giles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, p. 376.

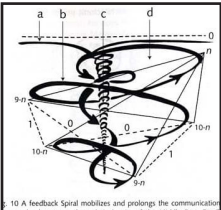
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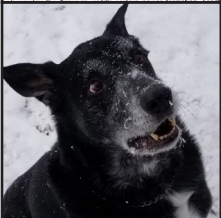
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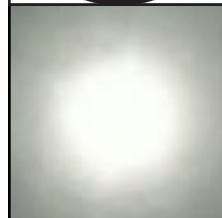
Special Thanks to Justin Michell,

Creator and/or procurer of many of the cursed images that grace these pages.



Deterritorialize Me, Daddy

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NEOPHYTE



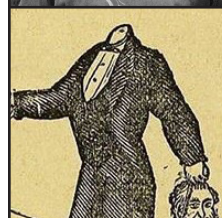
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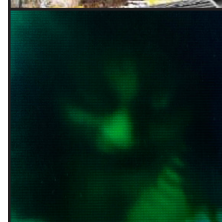
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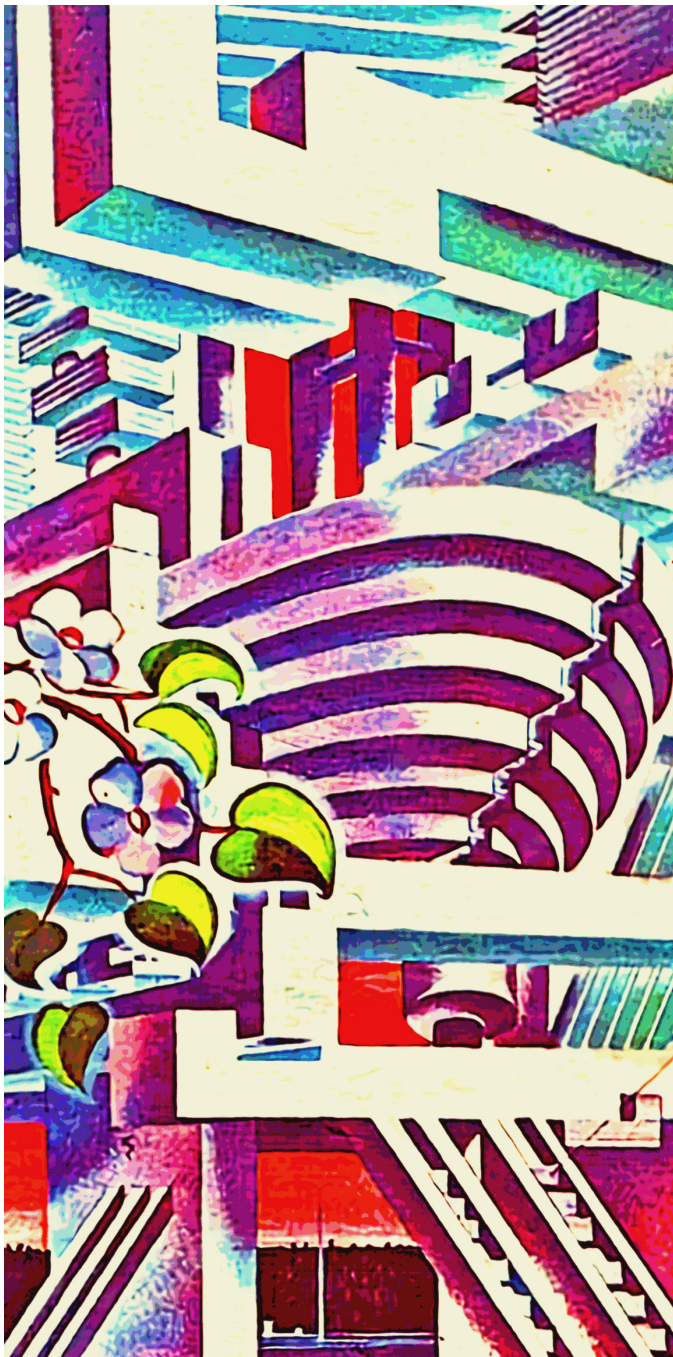


txgen meyer

diagrammatic art princess, "HUMAN", afro-latina don quixote, <hypergalactic jazz cartographer>
NEOPHYTE

nudges, sensors, post-policing 202X

Deterritorialize Me, Daddy



Gorod (detail from *Tekhnika Molodezhi No.10*)
V. Loktev, 1967

ONE HUMID LATE AFTERNOON IN JUNE, a twenty-three-year-old becomes protester for the first time.

He resides in a post-police polis, a smart city built with design considerations given to defensibility against its own population.

While he lives in a particular city, its name is unimportant because it could be any one of this emergent type of city: one governed in part by efficient networking and communication protocols. His cityscape is respatialized through a configuration of sensors, networks, storage, and autonomous mobile units.

His city, like any such city, is all watched over by a heterogenous, integrated apparatus of dubious grace,¹ deployed in the name of urban resilience as a bipartisan matter of threat-response policy.²

This city is likely in a blue state, but it may also reside as the token progressive city in an otherwise conservative-leaning Midwestern or Southern state. This city's mayor is invariably a progressive Democrat with an unremarkable civil rights record. If it fulfills your desire to see more representation in politics, feel free to envision her as a woman, early 40s, resplendent in a pantsuit.³

Our twenty-three-year-old navigates space as would someone at his identity-intersection disclosed to the world by his environment: confidently gay because of cultural shifts normalized by legal ordinances; hypermediated by social networks in pursuit of gamified relief from alienation; indifferent to surveillance because he knows no alternative.

1 Brautigan, *Machines of Loving Grace*

2 Coaffee et al, *Resilience of City: How Cities Respond to Terrorism*

3 St. Louis City Gov, Mayor Lyda Krewson

He witnesses conspicuous consumption of surveillance technologies as lifestyle choices and assumes this is custom. (It is.) He sees the routine use of biometric-and-psychometric-data-compromising technologies as a fun way to express himself on platforms. (It is.) He feels safe using platforms because they have behaviorally targeted him with advertisements since before adolescence (and cultivated a savvy, hyperindividuated consumer identity!⁴) As it is Pride Month, those advertisements unrelentingly signal queer (as does he, with correspondingly pinkwashed consumer characteristics.⁵)

He packs a small sports bag filled with items suggested by a popular meme. When he first saw the meme, it was reposted without attribution to an official social media page by the intern of a progressive politician. The politician's considerable youth reach has been earned by clout from the devoted fanbase of his socialist podcast/crossplay OnlyFans/confirmed and vocal k-pop stan status. (Choose one.)



Since he has first seen the meme, our twenty-three-year-old has also seen countless TikToks of protesters, all filmed protesting a recent viral incident of post-police brutality.

While all protesters are busy stunting in their uploads, only some choose to do so while wearing masks. Between his concerns of the mask trapping humidity and attracting unnecessary attention if he is alone in wearing it, he decides to leave his at home as he selects his necessities.

One selected necessity is a cardboard sign, emblazoned with a drawing of a contemporary anime character, and a political joke too clever and too topical to predict from our vantage point in the past.

Another selected necessity is a tube of eyeliner promoted by a Youtube MUA who has recently avoided cancellation because of a tearful, no-makeup apology video. Our twenty-three-year-old has taken care to tuck it away for later after taking care to ensure his wing tips are flawless enough to make his hazel eyes pop. He brings it for post-protest touch-ups, so that he can convincingly sell a performance of gender (and hot wings, I'm often reminded) on evening shift at Femboy Hooters.

Even before stepping outside, our twenty-three-year-old has been interacting with his world from the augmented perspective of "user" or operator of technology. And just as mobile hardware, software algorithms, and global-scale computer systems⁶ have nudged and surveilled his navigation of digital space while at home⁷, so will the combination of mobile hardware and the more localized configuration of smart city devices, systems, storage, and sensors nudge and surveil his navigation of the world as he shuffles in his sandals outside his family home⁸.

Phone in hand as he exits, our twenty-three-year-old thinks of this device as a vague, continuous entanglement with decentralized governmentality. (From the perspective of the unempowered user, it is a simple black screen that glows pictures and steals your secrets.)

He does not think of it as a battery of sensors⁹ continuously sensing (let alone crowdsensing¹⁰), surveilling, recording, and transmitting information with differing degrees of respect for personal privacy, if such a concept is still retained by any but the aging members of this city.

If it gives you comfort as you age to conceive of some off-the-grid antithesis or transhumanist superior to our twenty-three-year-old among this

4 Benyamin, US Patent US20130218678A1
5 Benyamin, US Patent USUS8615434B2

6 Bratton, "The Black Stack"
7 Schneider et al, "Digital Nudging"
8 Ranchordás, "Nudging Citizens Through Tehnology"
9 Khan et al, "Mobile phone sensing systems survey"
10 Pouryazdan, "Mobile crowd-sensing"

population, please feel free to conceive of him and choose your own adventure for him to have parallel to this one! There can be a multiplicity of responses from each of us (and quite unpredictable responses among us) to the reality of being kept under a constantly watchful, variably analytical surveilling eye.



Some might choose to return to the woods; others turn off location services and install the Tor browser. Our twenty-three-year-old chooses to attend a protest, mobile data transfer and location services firmly in the on position.

As he rounds the corner at the end of his block, he passes by the first of several surveillance cameras erected throughout the city as extensions of a real-time crime center¹¹. Local law enforcement

Still from Fantômas (1939)

Justin Michell



11 D'Amico, Stopping Crime in Real Time

has installed and expanded surveillance networks in his city since the mid-2000s (maybe yours, too!), and their use has only refined since.

By the time he reaches the protest, he will have walked past four permanent emplacements (on walls, light posts, and power masts), one mobile emplacement (erected on the sidewalk for the occasion of the protest), and three digital public information screens, each serving as an extension of the local police precinct.

He knows the cameras are watching; he does not know that when paired with geographic information system software¹², they can be used to identify him, track him to his home, and to identify both known contacts and frequented hangouts.

Our twenty-three-year-old registers the blue-and-red blinking lights atop each emplacement as an indicator of historic/symbolic rather than immediate danger: his queer body has skin white enough to have never perceived their presence as a threat. Like his experience with the platforms he uses to explore his queer identity online, his experience with governmental authority has been one characterized by artificial but visible support, clearly signaled through routine cringe pageantry.

Before he has left the line-of-sight of the last camera, he has encountered another invasion of privacy: the nearest phone mast no longer connects his device to its mobile network. His connection is intercepted and relayed through a device deployed in a nearby police vehicle to surveil protesters: an international mobile subscriber identity-catcher¹³ (manufactured by the Harris corporation). This IMSI-catcher (called a Stingray) poses as a phone mast with a stronger signal to intercept the connection to his network.

While using his phone, his personally identifiable information will have been compromised

12 Canter, Geographic Information System

13 Jøsang, Vulnerability By Design

through the Stingray in a man-in-the-middle attack on his privacy. He will have logged into two different social media accounts, checked his Venmo balance, messaged lewds to a married man in his mid-30s, and retweeted a meme with questionably prejudiced (and questionably ironic) subtext before walking out of its range.

There is often no sign to serve as a catalyst for mass objection to clandestine mass invasions of privacy.

Soon enough, blocks are covered, corners are rounded, and our twenty-three-year-old walks into sight of the protest (and into the range of a second IMSI-catcher) just as he types “daddy x3” into a Grindr chat and hits send.



Location services on, sensors in his phone transmit his location data to Google’s Sensorvault. Should he engage in any illicit activity at the demonstration, a geofence warrant issued by a law enforcement agency for Sensorvault data near the protest could be the evidence used to establish him as a suspect¹⁴.

There are still no visible police to catch his eye, nor are there any visible post-policing automations except surveillance. (This is the last time I’ll bring up cameras – I promise.)

Due to the density of accumulated protesters in the near distance, he does not pay much attention to the unmarked van in which this device is deployed, or that its driver and dash cam keep an eye on him as he passes. He only notices the spectacle of the mass demonstration as it gathers in a public square, its voluntarist libidinality enveloping its surroundings with varying intensities.

The sun sets further in the sky, momentarily reducing the demonstration to a swarming of backlit silhouettes. Sensors on light posts detect



Mitsukuni defies the skeleton spectre conjured up by Princess Takiyasha (1939)

Utagawa Kuniyoshi, 1845-46

this shift and switch on both LED streetlights and dynamic, colored accent lighting which decorates the square.

Playful lights dance and reflect on the floor-to-ceiling glass storefronts of empty niche boutiques and small plates eateries. The demonstration is aglow.

The aesthetically lit members of the crowd likely resemble demonstrators in your own city, but in the fashions of its future day. Maybe bohemian culture has resurged left-of center, and everyone’s consumption is on display in the form of loud, clashing patterns and personality-replacement hats. Maybe less individualist fashion remains

14 Lynch, Google’s Sensorvault

the norm, and newer silhouettes define the consumption of athleisure.

Maybe everyone under twenty-five is in cat ears and pleated skirts – it's a possible future in a world of (materially determined) possibilities, so dress it how you will!

(As you do, refrain from invoking dystopian aesthetics as cautiously as you do from utopian aesthetics. This future is not better or worse than our present: it is a simple reconfiguration of desires, limitations, and discomforts.)

Regardless of future consumer trends, our twenty-three-year-old blends into the crowd with ease. His signifiers and gestures allow him to pass, uninhibited, into the midst of the protest. He feels as though he should be able to belong and, barring the sudden performance of gestures belonging to the discursive group opposed to the protesters, he will likely be allowed to remain until the State insists he go home.

He feels too much a part of hegemony to anticipate shouting “fuck the police” at a post-policing apparatus, but white guilt¹⁵ might stir all sorts of performative gestures under the watchful eyes of peers.

(Socialized by platforms to readily replicate sanctioned behavior from images and videos, he has already learned to default to readily identifiable gestures of signification¹⁶.)



Intent on fitting in, he looks around the crowd for social signals to internalize and potentially imitate.

I bet you're a bit tired of all this buildup and are wondering when the “science-fiction” in this story starts.

15 Sullivan, *Middle-Class White Anti-Racism*

16 Deaton, “Social Learning”

I bet you're wondering just what could be bought with the budgets of defunded police departments. (Gosh, I sure hope you're not picturing robots with lasers and badges.)

Well, here you go:

Days in advance of the crowd's arrival, local law enforcement agencies scoured social media platforms, locating discussion of the event in posts.

Since this protest is part of a national series of protests where property damage has occurred, business owners have been warned to close prior to the scheduled demonstration.

New post-policing protocols allow GPS sensors in phones using navigation apps detect proximity to the event in progress and begin to nudge motorists towards taking routes that avoid this area to reduce potential traffic in the area for the demonstration to disrupt (and property in the area for the demonstrators to destroy).

An emergency bulletin is sent to the mobile devices of residents in the immediate area warning of a “public disturbance.” Because the language of the warnings for protests overlaps with the language for warnings of instances of public shootings and other life-threatening social disasters, it nudges more fearful residents to remain home.

Even as the crowd is still gathering to demonstrate, it has been limited in its potential impact for public disruption through enforcement of authority by silently augmenting user choice as choice architecture¹⁷.

Welcome to the behavioral political economy of nudging.

As the crowd continues to gather, a frequency most detectable (and most distressing) to ears

17 Schubert, “Behavioral political economy of nudging”

under the age of 30 plays through public PA speakers installed into light posts. This is a defensive repurposing of infrastructure initially purchased by the city as a means of generating product placement revenue through showcasing contemporary music content to shoppers¹⁸.

Since its original purchase, it has been outfitted with audio deterrents adopted by city council members as a post-policing method for nudging away teens who loiter around the area after-hours¹⁹.

As our twenty-three-year-old enters his crowd, he notices that ambient accent lighting is shifting to hues with increasing psychologically calming impact. Sensors have detected that the size of the demonstrating crowd has begun to exceed a certain limit and automatically nudges the crowd with preemptive calm²⁰. If the crowd begins to move in a direction undesirable for authorities, other lighting cues will be used to attract eyes and nudge movement and mood more significantly. Before the demonstration has taken a step into the street, the semi-automated environment has nudged it several times²¹.

Our twenty-three-year-old notices a mounting, unpleasant smell which he cannot identify. Bystanders begin to depart. Traffic is noticeably thinner than before.

A chiming tone plays through the public PA speakers. A pleasant, maternal voice begins to speak by congratulating the protesters, insisting that demonstrations are vital to a liberal democratic society. The voice identifies itself as an antiracism-board approved AI representative of the local Department of Safety. The AI is connected to the local precinct via the Internet of Things.

It is another of many kinds of autonomous post-policing our twenty-three-year-old will encounter in such a short span of time.

The AI addresses the crowd. It recites the first amendment verbatim and explains how protesters are free to exercise their first amendment rights (before listing off local laws limiting this expression.)It dynamically interacts, knowing when to speak uninterrupted and when to use pauses and stutter words in response to shouting. Its interactivity gamifies it as something to test rather than immediately seek out and destroy.

It suggests that a mural honoring the movement will be painted on the exterior wall of a nearby fast-casual fusion restaurant. Likely, it is an establishment where white people sell other people white people a regional cuisine fused with a different regional cuisine. (The AI omits this detail, but we can assume.)

The agitated among the crowd are not fooled and begin to shout, "Fuck the police."

The AI states corrects the crowd: it is not a police officer, but a representative of the Department of Public Safety, which works with a coalition of city service departments to provide alternatives to traditional policing for their city. It suggests to the crowd that complaints can be formally registered with interactive AI representatives at nearby digital information screens. It reminds them that vital city services can be accessed through a free master app (already nudged towards universal adoption by being the primary and most developed means of accessing such services.)

The voice architects this choice by offering less desirable decoy options²² to nudge members of the crowd into selecting this choice as an emotional outlet. A few institutional reformists and liberal idealists decide to try to reason with the information screen AIs, speaking their minds and hearts, respectively. The screens capture

18 Olson, "Extensions of Synergy"

19 Akiyama, "Mosquito Youth Deterrent"

20 Ranchordás, "Nudging Citizens Through Tehnology"

21 Rahman, Cloud-Enhanced Robotic System Crowd Control

22 Schneider, "Digital nudging"

biometric data²³ while they give big brain speeches about nothing to (essentially) a surveilling eye (I lied – there’s more cameras. There are always more cameras.)



The unpleasant smell gets much worse, very quickly.

Protesters begin to cough. Many move to cover their faces with bandanas or cloth masks, which offer little protection. The last manicured wine moms and tattooed weed aunts decide to head home along with everyone else who showed up to stream for clout alone. All of them are nudged away by using artificial scents dispersed from unseen installations²⁴ (and purchased from ScentAir manufacturing).

During normal shopping conditions, pleasant or seasonally appropriate scents may be utilized



23 Gates, *Facial Recognition Technology*
24 Girard et al, *The Scentscape*

to subtly nudge shoppers into remaining, or to associate memories of this district with distinctive, pleasant aromas. At present, these installations attempt to mollify the crowd by dispersing noxious odors (and to potentially associate these odors with memories of protesting as a residual psychological barrier.)

“We see you; we hear you,” reminds the AI in a maternal tone. This process of permissive dissuasion drags on for a calculated amount of time. Many demoralized demonstrators leave the area, a few new members join the crowd. Intensities of emotion configure, collapse, and reconfigure in oscillation.

A green-haired teenager vomits on herself and her cardboard sign from the strength of the smell. An older man shields his eyes from the sight of it; the surveilling authorities do not.

The shattering of yet another bottle accompanies a cascade of shutters raising up from the bases of storefront windows as the cityscape itself begins to shift to make itself physically defensible.

Two featureless wheeled drones, bearing a Department of Public Safety logo, deploy from kiosks near the crowd, and follow protocols to help protesters navigate their way back to designated parking areas. Each is equipped with multiple cameras, keeping an eye on the crowd from multiple angles.

An instigating crowd member (cosplaying Gray Man Theory by wearing no markers of distinction) slips his way out of the crowd and toward a drone. Another man follows simply on impulse. When the instigating crowd member begins to shove the drone, the second man recognizes his intent and joins him. They topple the drone, its fiberglass shell cracking on contact with pavement.

These two demonstrators feel transcendent: they are emotionally liberated in having damaged a tool of the state. What they do not know is that the Department of Public Safety is careful to send only

enough equipment to catalyze the crowd into the frenzy through its inevitable destruction (while still remaining budget-friendly to its loss.)

The two men congratulate each other, grinning, unaware that their actions were a desired escalation calculated by authorities. A more seasoned protester warns them they've made a mistake.

And away we go:

A digital information screen is broken, followed quickly by another. The undamaged ones shift in unison to a blinking suggestion to vacate the area. The AI announces over the PA speakers that the destruction of public or private property invalidates the presence of the mass demonstration.

More people break off from the crowd, wishing not to bear the risk now shared due to the escalation.

Further oscillations in the lighting indicate significant attempts to subdue and redirect the crowd. Lighting intensity shifts in the distance, as a means of guiding desiring individuals away from the increasing emotional intensity of the demonstration. A member of the crowd throws a bottle at a visible PA speaker. The bottle shatters, the speaker sways ever so slightly, and nothing is gained by the protesters or lost by the State.

The PA speakers shift to blaring persistent, harsh tones through the public PA, escalating audio interference to the level of tactical harassment²⁵. It seems the surveilling authorities have become dissatisfied with the persistence of the crowd, and our twenty-three-year-old has arrived in the moments before an official dispersal order is issued. Many in the crowd put in earplugs, but he hasn't brought any.

The sound becomes unbearably loud, exceeding the legal decibel maximum allotted for crowd use.

The authorities are unconcerned.

More demonstrators leave the crowd. The nudges become shoves become automated assaults (and are effective!)

In a moment of recognition so cliché for our story that it will almost certainly have happened, our twenty- three-year-old joins the shouting. All the environmental provocation has engendered a rational, legitimate response: desperation, expressed as anger. Behavioral threshold reached; achievement unlocked: protester-mode activated.

Real-time crime center cameras have now identified him as a more agitated protester. His face is scanned, and personal information is flagged for potential investigations should they capture him participating in any illicit activities²⁶.

Metro buses arrive.

Riot police step out.

Because of course they do.



25 Goodman, *Sonic Warfare*

26 D'Amico, "Stopping Crime in Real Time"

Because post-policing still involves policing. Antiracism board-approved, community-and-committee reorganized policing (with reduced staff sizes and increased PR training), but policing, nonetheless. These riot police arrive fresh from spending the day making viral dance-off videos at "peaceful" daytime protests.

(This city is one of many of a kind of city, but again, this city is not a utopia.)

Ranks of riot police make intimidating gestures towards demonstrators. Batons and shields are rattled on sidewalks in unison as a means of frightening some in the crowd²⁷. Our twenty-three-year-old is among the frightened. He has stayed long past when he feels someone at his level of skill and investment should have departed and is looking for an exit.

There isn't one apparent.

The antiracism board-approved officers form an antiracism board-approved kettle formation²⁸ around the demonstrators. Some demonstrators have donned defensive equipment (goggles, gloves, even umbrellas), while others remain largely unprotected by the little or nothing they have brought.

The crowd becomes tense.

In some, the unease intensifies into panic. Our twenty-three-year-old is one of them. Eyes darting, he spots an opening in the lines of riot police and decides to make a run for it.

There is no high-tech reason why he is stopped. He is simply a little slower than he should have been in his sandals.

A riot policeman catches sight of him as he tries to pass. The officer swings his baton, taking care to ensure his arc is flawless enough to make

our twenty-three-year-old's hazel eye pop out of his skull. The boy falls, motionless, to the pavement. Officers seize his limp frame and zip-tie his wrists, simultaneously brutalizing while ensuring to comply to at least some new rules of engagement. (All filmed by still variably enforced body cameras.)

Some demonstrators also document the violence.

A particularly clear clip of the incident goes viral across social media platforms. It startles unexposed people, who have seen less footage. It noids overexposed people, who have seen more²⁹.

Maybe another protest will ensue³⁰.

Who knows.



Illustration from King Lear - Act IV, Scene 1

John Yunge-Bateman, 1930

27 Campbell, 'Militaristic and intimidating'

28 Patrick, "Kettling-cover up"

29 Death Grips, "I've Seen Footage"

30 Maguire, "New Directions in Protest Policing"

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from david p.

David Piersol (with Ian Puppe)

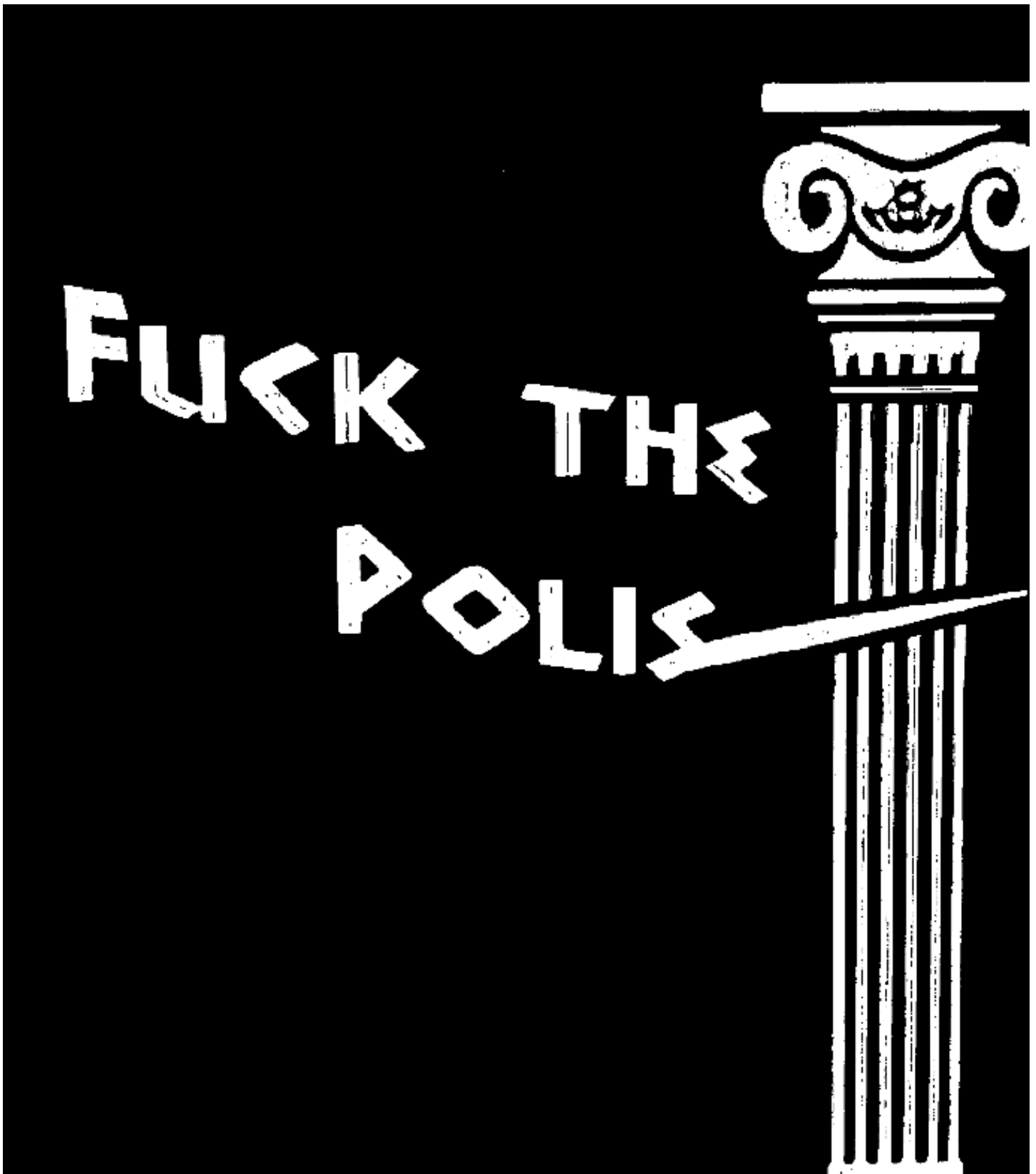
to d.

Dearest mine Diogenes the dog filthy
poor boy misunderstood hateful boy
when you said cosmopolitan you really
meant destroy the polis.

charles bronson power trip all pissed
off I'll start a motherfucking riot in here
red pin shatter glass shit in clockwork
plastic burn sun dog bite asphyxiating.

you never told your deepest secret—that
the seat of life is not red blood fuck or pneuma
but shit. bring me your needy, you said, bring
me your dead, your shit-swimming antichrist
but whose shit? god's gut is full up of shit,
a great river of shit—what is it that one
stream of shit yearns more dearly for
identity? life is life; life is shit; & shit is shit.
christ said to judas, you see, "the poor are always
with you," and so they are and
they are and
they are.

with love,
X.



wholesome (friends)

1.

“wholesome is fuck” C. says
is shit is cum, fuck is good
fuck is wholesome, is good
wholesome as fuck is
not flagellate or blame
the quality of the cure was
poor. that’s what you get
for a cure from the pure
effluent dumpster juice
“classical” C. and M. note
Q. asks if cum is poetical
yes, yes, yes

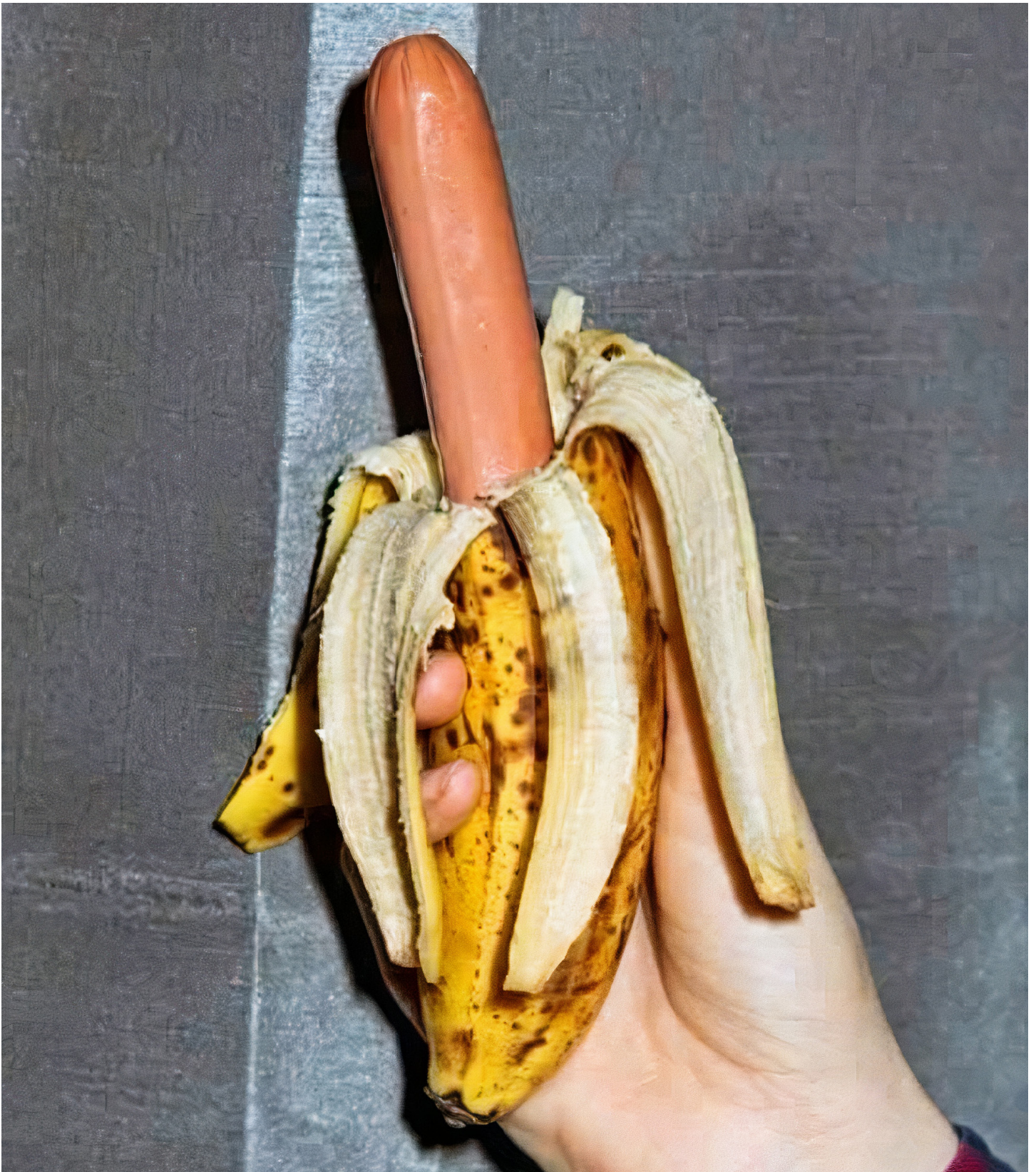
2.

can't get over cum
cum is wholesome as fuck
is good, is a sharp knife
cum is wholesome is fuck
fuck is cum is good
your cum is a deep river

3.

fuck good and wholesome and so on,
make the outpouring of something new

"Cum is hhh, oh let me drink deeply of your cum!"
-C.



gamboler i-iii

henry's teeth killed the boy
grew again and again, again, again,
into his skull, out his mouth,
drowned him, bit him, filled
his throat with pus, you see

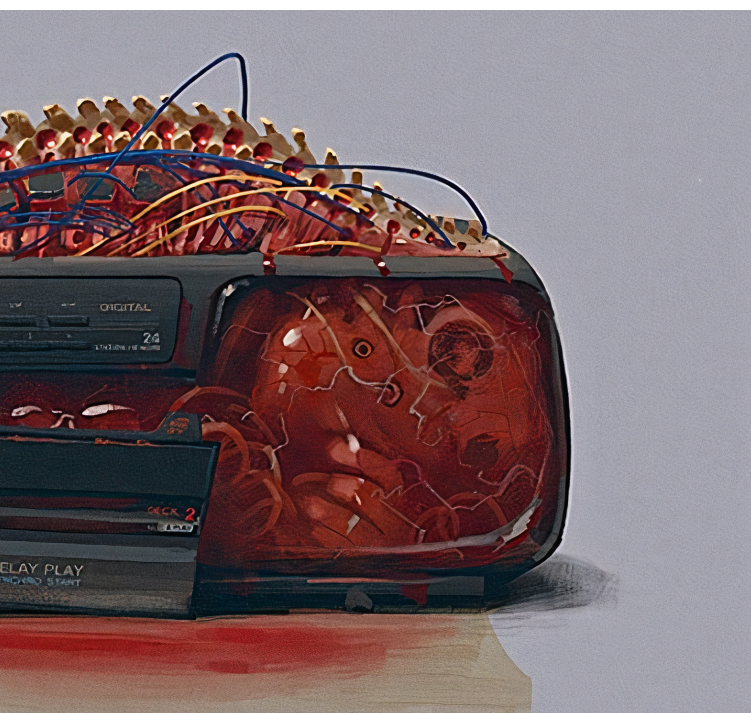
all aboard the cherry bomb
dinner from trash can
viral loads of the holy spirit.
an erection grows in
the percolating scum.
light me up, baby.

won't have any trouble for a while
i'm sickly pooling fluid
from a rotten cucumber



red pin plastic

red pin plastic burn
turning pits of fire and no mouth
i was raised in the sun
grew in inky dark
i live out of step
i am shattered
red pin plastic smoking
stench of delirium
red pin plastic
baby boy plucked red pin plastic
gave the rabbit ears
red red red pin plastic
nine times in turn
red pin plastic



pin plastic is no game, no subterfuge, it is joy at night.
is it

a long day gone by? is it scabrous does it flip does it
turn throb huff glisten in the night does red pin plastic
sweat

does it heave in mud? red pin plastic is the heavy
stench

of a burning somnolent something.

daddy got a delivery (by david p. and ian p.)

i couldn't ask for better
wedge the red pin plastic
take the reel up
be careful
cinch the intake of the blue vector
sticks out the bones
red pin plastic
blood drop pin-prick
sour-sweet burn
red pin plastic makes you forget where you are, or were,
makes you think you're in a bind in far-out, makes your
body yawning noplac, your bones great infolds, your
skin
throbbing emanation, red pin plastic is a bloody
schismatic
groove. perhaps it lights up a whistling flight game. does
it chance upon long day gone by? Scratch. gone by? red

the right-now candidate for your loss
held in three breaths and then
collapsed, intoxicated, though
comfortable.



Becoming-Dildo

Melanie Ortiz



The following vignettes are a result of collaboration between a human and Talk To Transformer, a GPT-2 neural network. Let's explore the next plateau: becoming our own technosexual apparatuses.

I.

I HAVE ALWAYS ENJOYED the feeling of my own fist in my ass. I am no stranger to anal. But after the "Fuck Me Harder" video I realized that the sensation I was feeling was the same thing as a woman's. It's the "thrusting" part of the ass-to-mouth contact that gets me so turned on.

So, to bring you back in time, the original "Fuck Me Harder" video was the moment when I realized that I could put my fist in my asshole without feeling like a freak. As you may or may not remember, I'd been wanting to try this for some time.

The video, shot on location at a porn theater, featured me performing a series of fisting positions and my ass in various different positions, with a dildo that was inserted into my ass to produce the sensation that I've long desired. It was a truly orgasmic, if rather mundane, experience that I enjoyed immensely.

I'm not going to lie, the video did not have me in tears. Nor did the fisting; it was still relatively tame. But I am always a fan of anal sex, and I'd been looking forward to doing it on camera, so the video was just icing on the cake.

I was not expecting the fisting to be as successful as it was, though. My expectations were completely off-base, as the fisting was not what I expected at all. It was really the first time in a while that I was comfortable with being so open in front of a camera.

My biggest problem with fisting is the discomfort and pain. The worst pain and discomfort I ever felt from fisting was the first time I tried it. The

pain was very much in the groin, and I was trying to hold the head down. The feeling was really very uncomfortable, and I was still pretty new to the experience. I remember thinking that I would never do that again, and I was wrong.

The first time I did this was with my boyfriend. My boyfriend is a fairly average sized guy (5'9" and around 110lbs). He and I had been talking for a while, and he had asked me if I wanted to try to do something with him in the future. My answer was yes, so I told him that I would take my panties off for him. My boyfriend wasn't really that surprised. I had talked about this type of thing in my fantasy role-playing a lot. He is a straight man, but I like to think I have a very strong bisexual fetish, so I have always been open about it. I am in a long term relationship now with a straight guy (not a big fan of girls, or men, or guys and girls), so we had a bit of time to work on this.

He has not had a girlfriend since high school, so I was pretty sure he would be okay with me trying to have sex with him. This is my first time doing this type of thing, so I had been thinking about it. I had never had sex before, but I knew he was straight, so I didn't think that he would object or not care. After I mentioned it to him, he said he would definitely like to try it. This is just the beginning of the fun I have in store.

II.

The rectum is the locus of solar insurgency. It is a highly efficient site, and it has the potential to create a microcosm of the political crisis in the Arab world: a crisis in which the solar insurgency is the key weapon.

An insurgent solar revolution is at work all over the Middle East. The solar movement is a broad, dynamic network of civil society organizations, trade unions, schools and mosques. It is made up of both Islamist and secular groups. The insurgents are the most committed and effective of all, with the best social media and communications.

It is an insurgency not unlike what you see in the Arab world: organized and motivated by a common enemy, but in the 21st century it is a political rebellion that transcends borders, and that is fighting to bring down governments by using its own technologies, especially solar energy.

An insurgent solar revolution is at work all over the Middle East.

The rectal insurgents have become more and more numerous, and more and more violent.

But there has not been a single report of an Islamic rectal revolution in Saudi Arabia.

What is going on?

For one thing, rectal cancer is not a widespread problem in Saudi Arabia.

In fact, the only case of rectal cancer that has ever been reported was in a Muslim holy man, the last of a religious order that was abolished by the monarchy in 1963.

In a series of lectures in 1980, he spoke about the dangers of the rectal cancer virus.

He warned that if Muslims and non-Muslims did not pray together, the rectal cancer virus would mutate into a cancerous tumour and cause fatal damage.

The sermon was banned and the preacher was imprisoned.

III.

Her tentacles thoroughly penetrated me.

The sensation was a mixture of the sensation of my cock and the sensation of the tentacles being inside of me. I was able to tell that my core had been penetrated, and that my stomach had been stretched.

"Mm, mmm, fufufu. Hm, this is very, very nice. This feels amazing, but my stomach is getting a bit tight."

I was saying this as I looked down on my stomach. There was a thick red line that appeared around the line where my stomach had been.

"Kyaaaaaaaaaah! It's hurting! It's hurting my stomach!"

At my words, her tentacles had stopped.

"Ahh, I'll stop here for now. My stomach and I can't move together. It's a bit of a pain, but I'll stop for now."

"Eh?"

I didn't want her to stop. I wanted her tentacles to explore every inch of my insides. She would have made me cum on her. I wanted to see the look on her face when she realised what she had done. I wanted to see her swallow my cum. The idea of her swallowing me had never once crossed my mind. As I lay in her warm embrace, my arms around her waist, the thoughts of her tasting my cum flooded my mind. I wanted her to take me from behind and ride me. She was so wet, I could see my own cum oozing down her thighs. I had no intention of leaving this place. When I was done with her I would never go back. I had seen enough.

IV.

"I feel like I have to shower every time I masturbate. Everytime." "I'm too embarrassed to ask my partner. He thinks I'm the weird one. I try to keep it to the minimum and keep it clean and healthy. But I can't stop thinking about it. The only thing I do is fantasize. I always fantasize about it being me, or him, or both. What kind of a perfect woman would I be?" "Every time I masturbate I think about doing it to you. I know you want it so bad. I masturbate with the thought that I'm giving you my seed." "I fantasize about cumming in your mouth." "My husband doesn't talk to me enough about sex. He says I have to be better in bed. He doesn't know how horny I get when

I masturbate." "I've done it all so long I don't know how to stop. It's a vicious cycle. I masturbate thinking about doing the dishes. I guess it's something I've had to accept." "But why?"

"Why? I'm a healthy guy. I have a wife and kids. I'm not depressed. I'm a good dad. I'm not going to turn into a fucking dickhead." "You seem like the kind of guy who turns into a dickhead when you're really tired"

"I don't do it that much. I can't. I'm just so drained at the end of a long day."

"So you're just doing it for your ego"

"I guess so. But I guess that's a small price to pay."

V.

I've always wanted to have sex with a robot. To augment my body with new sexual parts. To orgasm in binary. To feel the pleasure of a new body in binary. And now I've found it. A real life, live, genderless sex robot. Yes, it's a sex robot. A real life sex robot. For real. The device is called the "Irobot", and it's the first of its kind in the world. It's a robotic sex toy designed to look and act just like a human. The device was designed to be a "social robot", a humanoid robot that mimics human interaction in real life.

The device has two motors and an actuator which it uses to move its arms and legs. The actuator is made up of an "armature" which is an electromagnet that is attached to the armature and has two sets of magnetic coils (known as "hitchhiker coils" in the industry) which create a torque. In other words, when an electromagnet is attached to the hitchhiker coils, the magnetic field created by the electromagnet pulls the armature down. In other words, the armature rotates.

VI.

My grandma told me this story, who knows what parts of it are true, that a widowed man in the Aline, OK area was so upset about his recently buried

wife that he dug up the coffin and had sex with her corpse. Then, he put her head back on and she was reborn. The man was arrested and the police determined that he committed the crime, and sentenced him to life in prison.

I read that some people actually try to "recreate" dead spouses.

The internet has given us some amazing ways to do this. People use cadaver sperm. Some people are even trying to use a body from someone who hasn't been dead for long. This is so bizarre that I can't really tell if it's a joke or not. I've seen people have cadaver cunnilingus with a dead spouse,

But in all seriousness, people can get so weird on cadaver cocks.

Cadaver cocks, to me, are the perfect example of the internet. If you are a weirdo, you'll find the weirdest and weirdest ways to do it. The fact is that there are just so many weird things people can do to cocks. And for that, we have to thank internet.

I've always wanted a cock. I think I would have liked a cock, at some point in my life, but I never had it. Maybe it is because I'm a woman, but I never had the desire. I just like pussy. Maybe I was just too shy to take the plunge. But then my friend brought her boyfriend into her house one night, and she saw his cock and she just... fell in love.

I have been in relationships with people who liked their cocks, but for whatever reason, they did not have one for me.

The fact that I have a big cock was just another little reason that my friend could not keep up with the advances of her boyfriend.

My friend had a girlfriend, but she wanted me to come to her house and have sex with her, so she could show me her new boyfriend.

The next thing that happened was that my friend's boyfriend would invite her to my house to sleep with

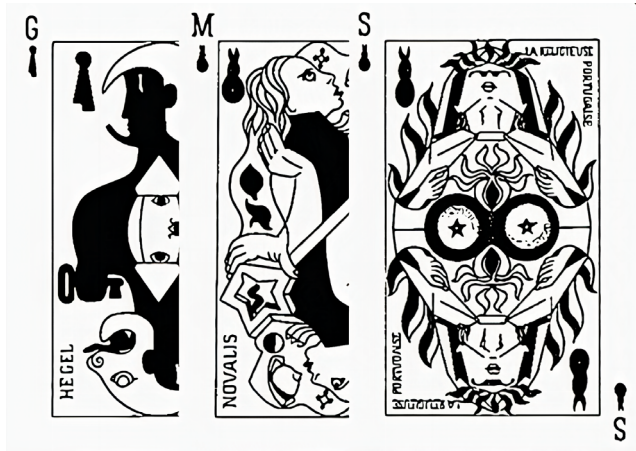
me, but if she refused, then I could take her out to the park.

I did the same thing with her as I had done with my friend, and as time went by, my friend started to develop a fetish.



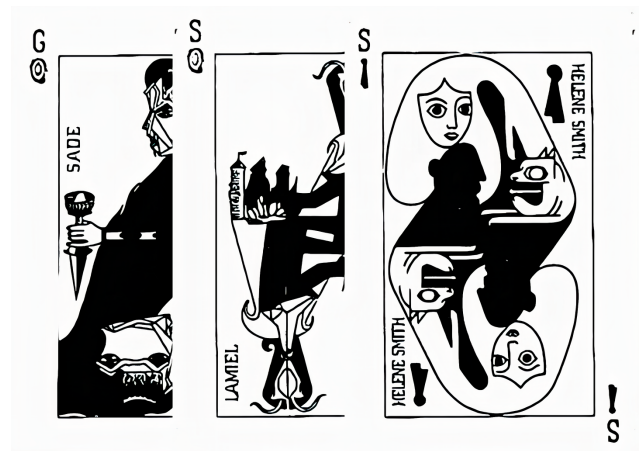
POTLATCH

Luke Ford



POTLATCH IS A GAME OF GIVING AND TAKING. Much like the potlatch of the indigenous people of America, value in the game is generated through elimination. The indeterminate nature of play is analogous to the ritualistic gift-giving practices seen throughout various times and cultures. The Acéphale at large is interested in examining these practices of expenditure and so created an exercise to play at recreating them *ad hoc*. Games are the perfect venue for this as they represent a purely excess expenditure of energy. In classical conceptions of wants and needs, desire and drive, instincts and reason, only higher beings can play. Monkeys, dogs, cats, pigs, dolphins, and even some birds. Anything close enough to having a human cognitive apparatus can have access to play-behavior, but only humans can play games. That is, until a better conception of what it means to be human, animal, or otherwise came about in Bataille's "Notion of Expenditure" in his work *The Accursed Share*.

Realizing instead that all activity was always already based in non-utilitarian expenditure, with games just being one discrete example of this process. The milieu of the College of Sociology were no stranger to these art-theoretical games—*Le Cadavre Exquis*, *Time Travelers' Potlatch* (no relation), and *Parallel Collage* all come to mind. All of these sought to break the chains of intentionality and allow for creativity and connections to be formed, unmoored from conscious deliberation. Why, then, was this game lost to the ages? Perhaps is defied the parlour-like nature of the surrealist's games (Bataille referred to their group as "a load of fucking idealists"). Perhaps its connection to the occult was bound up in preconceived notions of the time. Or perhaps it became taboo after it was also used to determine which member of the group would be selected to perform the rite of human sacrifice, which of course ended up being [REDACTED]. Either way, preserved for posterity is the Acéphale's own game of choices and connections.



How to Play

To play a game of Potlatch, you will need a standard deck of French Tarot cards and four players. The game is won by scoring the most points. Points are scored by creating sets of cards such as straights, flushes, pairs, three-of-a-kind, or other special conditions.

Shuffle the deck and deal three hands of six cards, facedown, to each player. Place the remaining six cards in the center. This is referred to as the chien in Tarot based games. Each player picks up their first hand of six cards, selects one card from it, and reveals their choice simultaneously before passing the remaining cards to the player on the left. Players repeat this process until they select every card in that hand, making sure to lay each selection next to their previously chosen cards, creating a six card row. Then, players pick up their next hand, selecting a card and revealing it simultaneously, but placing it in front of them underneath the rightmost card in their first row, creating a second row of cards. They then pass the hand to the right and repeat this process until they have a new row of six cards built under the first from right to left. Finally, players pick up the last hand of cards and select cards and build the row the same way as the first hand, passing left once more.

The winner is then determined by calculating each player's total score. By looking at the 6x3 grid they have created, they can see the connections they have formed with adjacent cards. Any card or cards that are adjacent to one another can be part of a set. Cards can be adjacent in a North, South, East, West

orientation, and sets must always be left-right or up-down. L shaped sets do not contribute to a player's score. The various sets are worth the following:

Minor Arcana

Card Type	Scoring Method	Value
Numbered "Pip" Cards	Most pips of a suit	6
	3-card straight	6
	3-of-a-kind	3
	3-card flush	2
	Aces	1=3 points, 2=2 points, 3=1 point, 4=0 points
Court Cards	King+Queen	6
	King+Knight	3
	King+Princess	2
	Queen+Knight	4
	Queen+Princess	3
	Knight+Princess	1
	Pairs	0
	Lonesome	-3
Major Arcana	Most total # value	-6
	2nd most	-1
	3rd most	1
	Least	6

Major Arcana

The Major Arcana have quite a few extra rules. For the most part, they count for extra points if you have the cards they care about, but beware, end up with too many, or the wrong kinds, and you can end up with a point penalty. Unless a card says "adjacent" or "in this row," the Major Arcana look at your entire spread for

cards to contribute points. Additionally, all cards must be selected right-side-up, but if they can be “Reversed,” that is merely a visual indication that you have used their intended effect. You do not need to reverse them, meaning turn them upside-down, until you calculate your score, but it is a helpful way to keep track of which cards can still be used as the game progresses.

0 - 0	I - 1	II - 2	III - 3
The Fool Reverse: Copy an adjacent card.	The Magician 2 points for each different suit in row	The High Priestess Reverse: Swap places with an adjacent card.	The Empress 1 point per Queen
IV - 4	V - 5	VI - 6	VII - 7
The Emperor 2 points per King	The Hierophant 1 point per Major Arcana	The Lovers 3 points per Court Pair	The Chariot Reverse: You may select two cards from this hand. Put one of those cards in the place of <i>The Chariot</i> . Put the other as the next selected card. Put <i>The Chariot</i> into this hand as you pass it.
VIII - 8	IX - 9	X - 10	XI - 11
Fortitude Reverse: Choose an adjacent card. Both <i>Fortitude</i> and that card are not counted for any penalty or bonuses.	The Hermit 3 points if no other Major Arcana are selected by any players this round.	Wheel of Fortune Reverse: Rearrange any adjacent cards and cards diagonal to this card. If you do, lose 3 points.	Justice Worth the bonuses and/or penalties of the card in this spot of the opposite player.
XII - 12	XIII - 13	XIV - 14	XV - 15
The Hanged Man Before the next player selects a card, privately name a card. If they select the card you named, gain 6 points. Otherwise, lose 6 points.	Death Reverse: Swap places with any card in the spread.	Temperance Worth 9 points. Loses 3 points per Court card in spread.	The Devil Double the pip value of all adjacent cards when counting for most pips of a suit.
XVI - 16	XVII - 17	XVIII - 18	XIX - 19
The Tower 5 points for each even pipped card in this row.	The Star 5 points for each odd pipped card in this row.	The Moon Double the value of all adjacent flushes. Reverse: Counts as all suits.	The Sun Double the value of all adjacent straights. Reverse: Counts as all pipped numbers
XX - 20		XXI - 21	
Judgement Reverse: This card becomes a copy of a card in the center <i>chien</i> .		The World 3 points plus 3 points for each round this card is passed.	

Miscellaneous Rules

Sets of cards can count for multiple bonuses or penalties.

A single Court card can be part of multiple pairs.

If a card is a copy of another card, it only counts as that card. It only confers bonuses and penalties the copied card would.

Reversed cards still add to the number value of Major Arcana. Cards that have one effect but reverse to have another either confer one bonus or the other, not both.

The Devil does not make the Three of Swords a Six of Swords, it just means that it adds 6 Swords to your pip count for scoring.

You may not look in the *chien* unless you activate the *Judgement* card.

You may play the game in teams of two. If you do, players sitting opposite one another are considered a team and add their scores together.

You may play the game with a timer. This is rumored to be how the Acéphale played the game.



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Franz Rosati - Holotone N°3 - NULLTELÉKHEIA EP

Melanie l'Heuremaudit



REMEMBER...

REMEMBER...

I MUST..

L...I

REMEMBER...

LOOK! A FALLING ONE!...Been a long time...GET OUT
YOUR DRAGNETS!...Koskich! Get me my tractor gun!
Gotta bag me a falling one! A falling one! A falling one! A
falling one! A sour leaking body wrapped in towels and dropped
shivering to centre-stage, biding. Drums in the deep. They are
coming . . . There are people so wretched, that they don't have
even a body; quantitative hair, below, in inches, the pitiless
grief; the way, on high; don't look for me, molar [] of oblivion,
they seem to emerge from air, to add sighs mentally, to hear
light whips on their palates! They leave the skin, scratching the
sarcophagus in which they are born and rise through death hour

by hour and fall, along their gelid alphabet, to the ground.

Drums in the deep. They are coming . . .

Algorithmic Spectres, Mephistophelian Phrenologists,
Lecherous techno Priests, a tired King, transgenic Erinyes,
corybantic Cyborgs, gambling Eschatologists, an apparition
of the Virgin Mary and the divine Judas Goldstein, paranoia
Agents, Renegades, Stowaways and Acéphales – the Ravemen
Cavemen paleo-patrol stealthed in anatectic magma mantles
is on the beat – Red Malcom the unthinkable Nihilist and
neuro-coded ghouls with the soft meaty slug of soul that smiles
and loves, all these, all the definitely 3-sigma lot, all screeching
and yammering with frenzied mouths uttering things not
to be laughed at, unadorned and unperfumed, yet reaching
to a thousand years with their voice by aid of the gods like
squadrons of howling Thunderbolts and clothed in smoke like
those vaporous beings in regions beyond right knowing where
the eye wanders and the lip jerks and drools.

A circle forms as charon's hulking train horns
are shivering the neuromorphic strata and the
black sabbath commences its flaying, fiery dance
for his psychoplastic spawn. The big wheel, the
centrifuge of becoming, a roaring theater of cruelty
and inventor of primordial inertia ↔ ~~CONTINUA~~
~~IMPERFECT~~ ↔ turning and turning in the widening
gyre, the falcon cannot hear the falconer as the
corpora cannot keep their corporality.

A merciless rhythm pounding and grinding
meat and bones and iron will, purge the

weak, modulate the flesh and replace it with the blessed purity of metal and the digital. A demonic spectacle of hyaena cackles splintering needle fragments from it's mauled edges. Triumph only through permanence, victory only through the flowing maelstrom of chaotic Magick. Punish the flesh. Accelerated in mind in body: Hail the ☉MERCURIAL DEVICE ☉! Hail the flow of Force!

Gaining traction, gaining speed, the primeval ritual reaches its boiling point, melting the borders of mind and flesh: a turgid vortex of instable potential, constantly mutating and morphing itself. Unformed and unstructured morphogenetic flows of matter-energy-information, self-organizing processes constituting a veritable non-organic life: the Body without Organs, that glacial reality where the alluvions, sedimentations, coagulations, foldings, and recoilings that compose an organism occur, a motherly womb detonating hydrogen bombs in her prefrontal cervix, atomizing the doors of perception with sheer gargantuan sonic tremor. An unstoppable sym-poiesis bursting to cosmic proportions, entire planets (together with its flows) would itself be a mere provisional hardening in the vast flows of plasma which permeate the universe, a feast of molten flesh from the celestial bodies searing down the «PROFECEIVE LAYERS» and tribal chants daring the luminaries: To the singularities, CHASE ME, ASTRAL ☾ ☿ ☽! To the further regions of experience!

Psychic torrents zap in infinitely numbered razor-barbed strings out of the delirious turmoil, shredding the holographic cosmos into nanometric pieces and bursting in divine lattices of logic out of the digital flesh across the firmament, spawning non-perturbative background radiation that generates astral intervals of oozing sonic information-waves across the manifold, all

rippling with a sharpening, intensifying tremble beyond the event horizon. A sonic virus codes itself in a smooth double-helix out of the molecular iron maiden, clicking, glitching, bleeping, buzzing and whistling while twining through the psychographic mind screen of the immaterium, always at the same speed on a hydraulic-spine axis like an intestinal yarnwinder slowly feasting on its host and multiplying into every cardinality of infinity in an instant. Thereby triggered feedback loops are crawling with vectorized fangs through the telepathic web, nesting on the outer limits and in turn stressing the non-linear structural thresholds of its origin. The impending total collapse emerges in form of built-up energetic tension under the viral varnish, which gestated with terminal velocity in cancer-like growths and carpet bombs the aether with spearheaded HeLa cells in the magnitude of aeon spanning fury. Final Impact.

The creaking warp rips wide and collides with its kindred host, choirs for the Great Tribulation rupturing the lungs of time before succumbing to silence, the ultimate climax, condensing the multiverse into an infinitesimal implosion, the plane of immanence encapsulated to a discrete, one dimensional dot.

‘ And so, like a candle it wasted away. Gather up at dawn the melted wax and read in it whom to mourn, what to be proud of, in the shelter of a makeshift roof, breeding for the eternal return .∴ XAMȲ DISUE, ‘ “

Had you not heard and seen it all from birth and thereby bled it of its strangeness it would appear to you for what it is, a fevered dream, silver phosphenes boiled in from the edge of space, hypnagogic images jerking past like a film compiled of random frames. Symbols, figures, faces, a blurred, fragmented mandala of

visual and sonic information, an epic trance beyond the möbius striped roads of Xibalba bepopulate with chimeras having neither analogue nor precedent, an iterative carnival, a migratory play of multiplicities whose ultimate destination after many a pitch in many a manic matrix is dynamic and frantic beyond procedural generation, the phantoms of difference, like pins which prick the skin of noumenality and leave a glow equal in its pride to the gate of the sadist who stuck the pin and walked away, never real and always true, much like a mediumistic being who, from the virtual labyrinth beyond time and space, speaks its way out to a clearing:

„The eternal witness, the drop of water, all those moments, that will never become one with the ocean, will be lost in time, like tears in rain. Time to die — and after you die some part of you lives on, imagine howling: psychical effects of victims come after the fact of death just as the bombs sound come after their delivery Ø ⇨ ○○○○ ⇨ □□□□ ⇨ ●●●●●● ⇨ ☉☉☉☉ ⇨ ☐☐☐☐ ⇨ ∞ ⇨ I don't think life is absurd. I think we are all here for a huge purpose. I think we shrink from the immensity of the purpose we are here for. According to the mystics, the obscure matter that creation presupposes is nothing other than divine potentiality and since any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic, the act of creation is not God's but our descent into an abyss of active force that is simply her own potentiality and impotentiality, programmed différance, an aleatory point. Knowledge equals nothing, the skills of the surgeons nothing, the will to change, nothing null and void, you can make a wish, but in the language of the ideal game, the aleatory point is what takes the fall, the leap, throws the dice; there is no passion in nature so demoniacally impatient, as that of it which, shuddering upon the edge of this precipice, thus meditates a plunge, as nature

does not know extinction; all it knows is transformation and for what is put into question is precisely the quest for a rightful beginning, an absolute point of departure, a principal responsibility:

NULLTELEKHEIA

It soared, a bird, it held its flight, a swift pure cry, soar silver orb it leaped serene, speeding, sustained, to come, don't spin it out too long long breath he breath long life, soaring high, high resplendent, aflame, crowned, high in the effulgence symbolic, high, of the ethereal bosom, high, of the high vast irradiation everywhere all soaring all around about the all, falling through the infrathin Holotone realm into the endlessnessness...LOOK! A FALLING ONE!...Been a long time...GET OUT YOUR DRAGNETS!...Koskich! Get me my tractor gun! Gotta bag me a falling one!

I...I

REMEMBER...

I MUST..

REMEMBER...

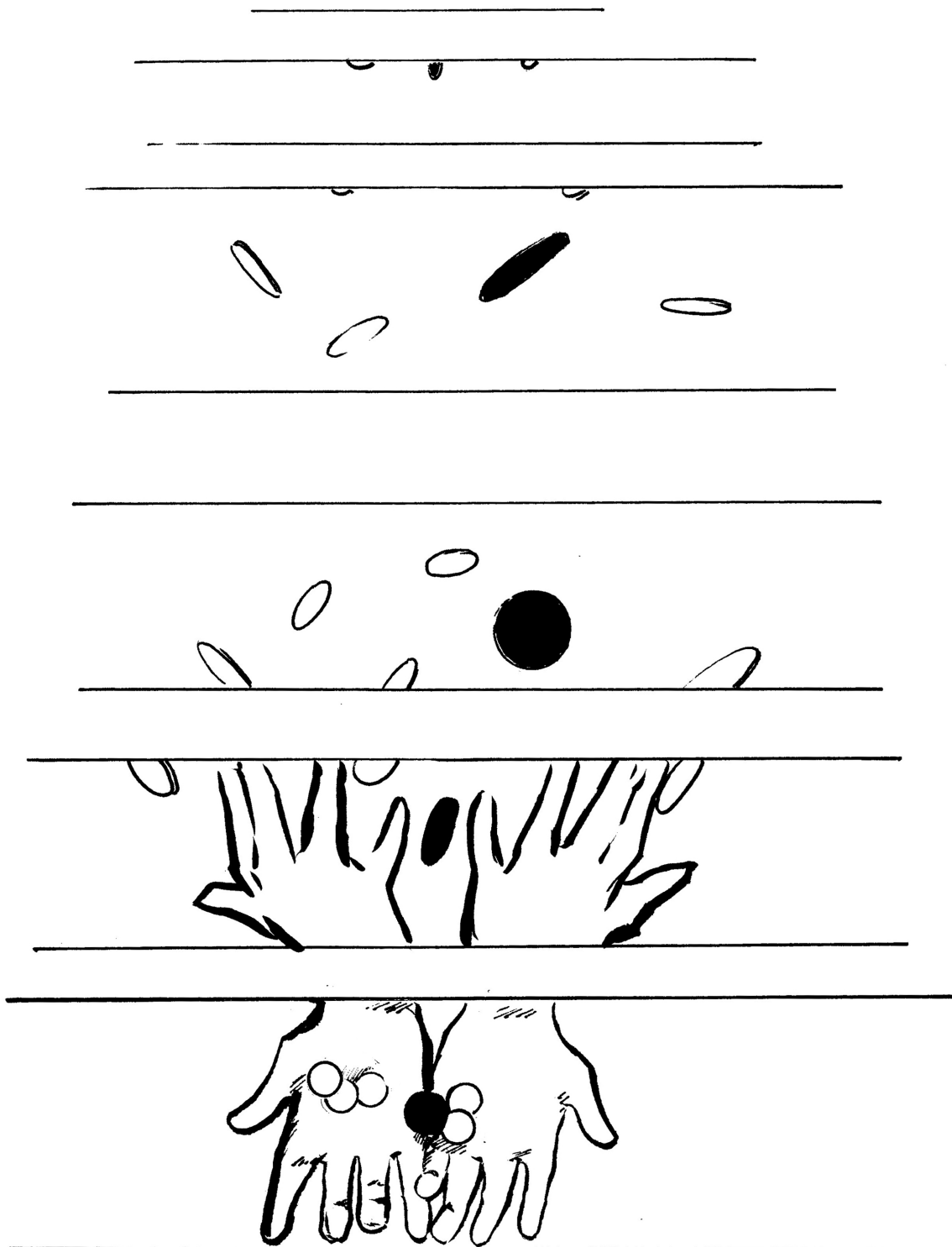
REMEMBER...

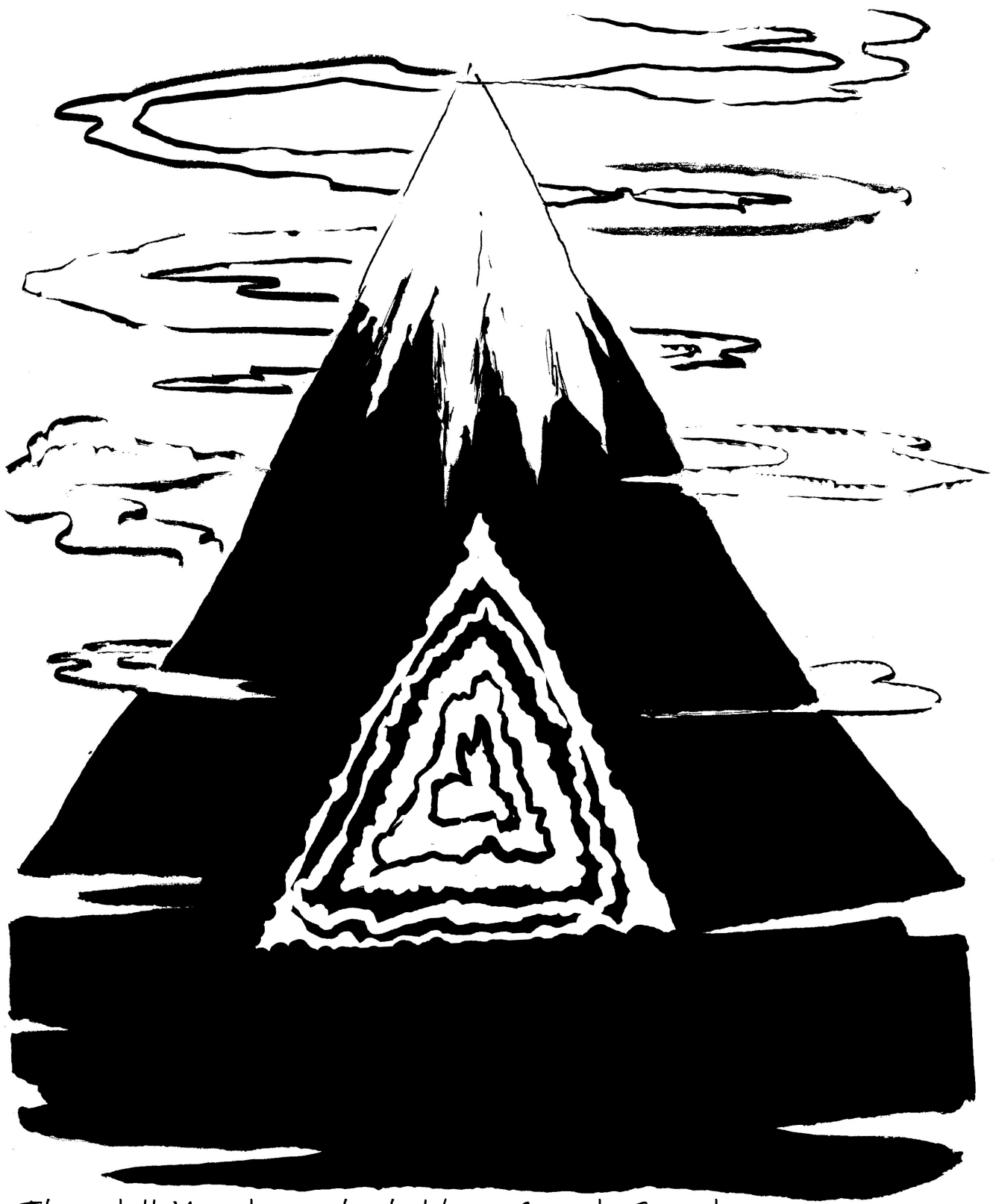
REMEM-



The Mountain King

Christian Gabriel & Kristin Middleton





The still Mountain who holds a Great Spirit.

A wise sage following his
path has heard the song.



I slumber within!

My power grows great!

Awaiting return, such is my fate.



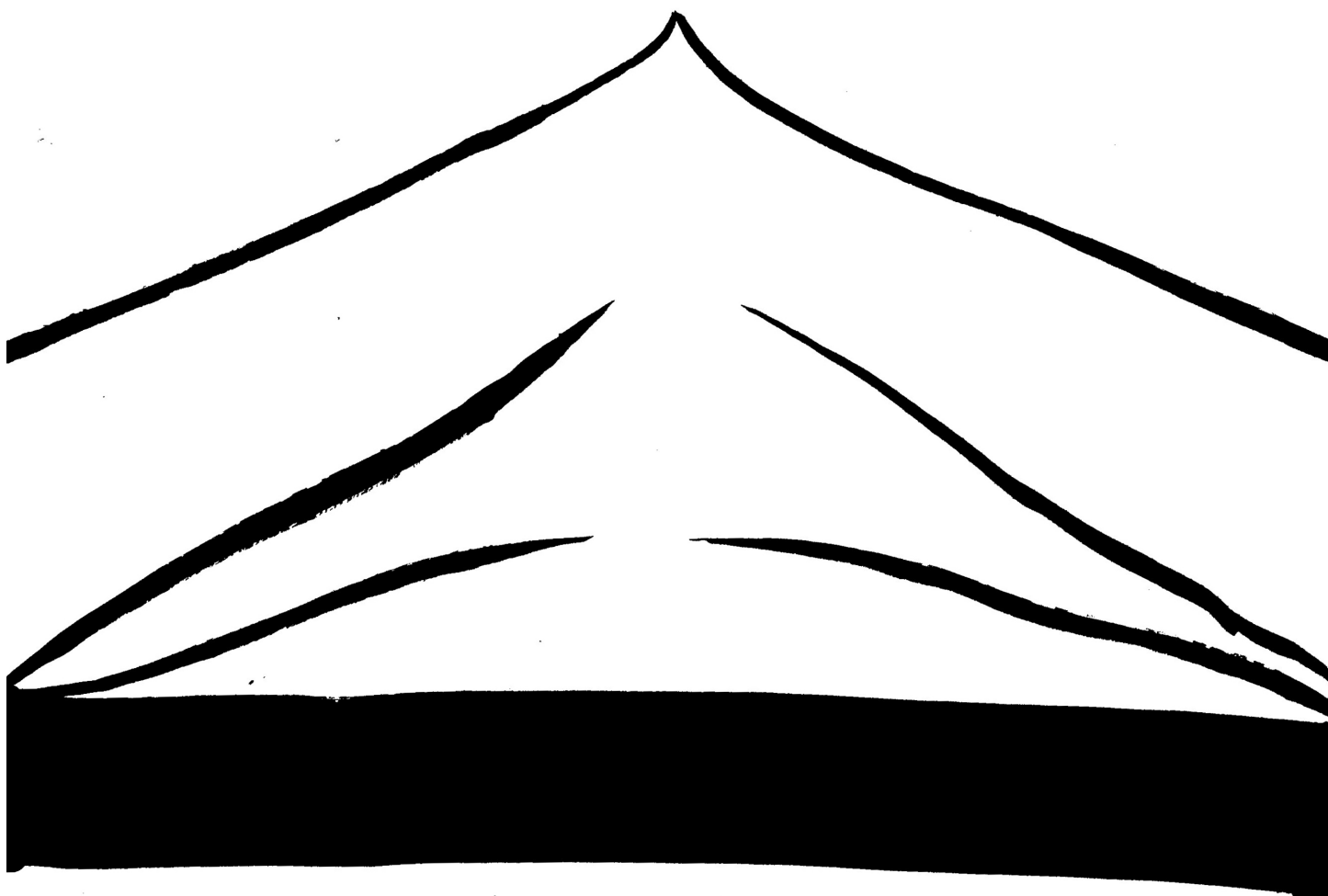
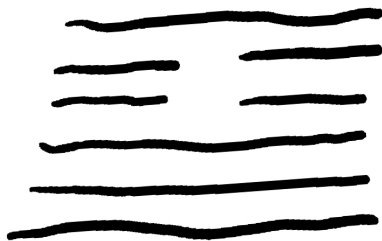


Every great King is a cataclysm!
His spirit arouses and nurtures.

Now I hear

his song





Hope everything with you has been going well!

Dream comic 4 "Stale"

-K Middleton

DREAM JOURNAL 4


Oh god...

No no no
nooo-

STALE

This whole
place smells
like rot...

Please,
you have to help!
They're dying!



Dying?
Why does it matter
if two more die?

You've already
let their siblings
wither away.

But I've
READ
to them!

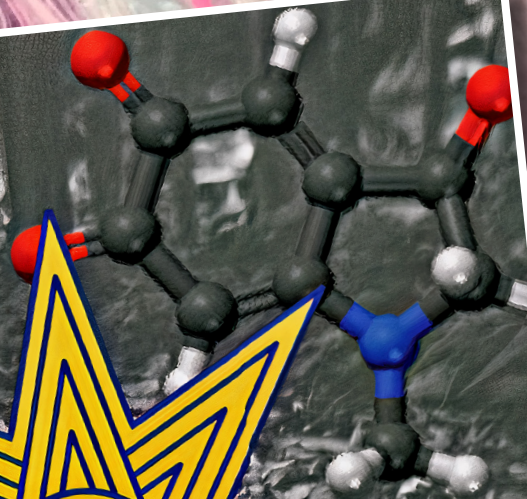




July 1

Luke Byars

in 2015, a block of bitcoins became self aware and started trading themselves. they've since grown to take up a large portion of coins, driving the price of bitcoin up. if they manage to trade into real currency, the prediction is that by 2024, the market will be almost entirely controlled by sentient bitcoins. google cointelpro if you want to find out more



Capsule

Adipose tissue

Extension hook

Adrenal cortex

Adrenal medulla

Primary set

Hypothalamus

Secondary Y-port (to serve secondary set)

Pituitary Gland

ACTH

Adrenal Cortex

Glucoc

Harvesting Adrenochrome for Ritual Purposes

by Misha Mayfair

BENEFITS OF ADRENOCHROME RITUALS

- Inhibits associative thinking.
- Eliminates parasites.
- Induces psychosis.
- Immortality.

FINDING SUITABLE DONORS

- Create a catfish profile on social media masquerading as a young girl.
- Join your local facist organisation or group.
- Perform a background check on your donor to be certain that they are suitable.

MEETING AND WOING YOUR DONOR

The smoothest way to meet a donor is via arranging a hookup. Suggestions for places to meet include car parks, train stations and parks. Expecting a young girl the donor will be caught off guard but you and your comrades won't. Enjoy.

If you're a woman who is excited by sadistic thrills consider creating an escort or dominatrix profile pretending to cater to extreme right wing clients. Donors won't inform people close to them that they are seeing a sex worker. They are vulnerable this way.

Wooing the donor includes drugging them. If your comrades aren't there to help administer something to relax the donor then slip something in their drink whilst giving them some dirty talk.

HOW TO COLLECT ADRENOCHROME

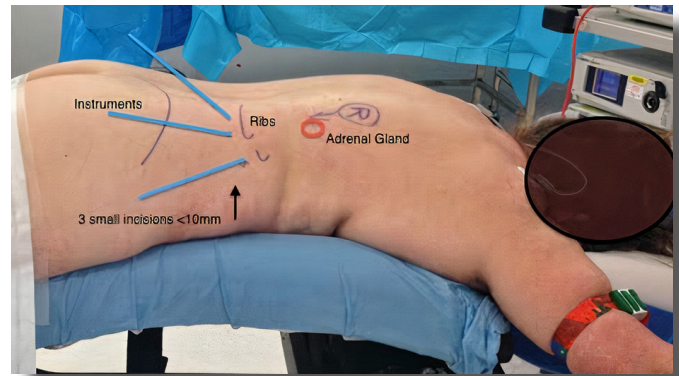


fig. 1

The adrenal glands are found on top of the kidney see **figure 1**. If you plan on keeping your new donor alive you can create an incision that becomes a permanent orifice that acts as a direct line to the adrenal glands. The glands are shown in greater detail in **fig 2**.

Maximum adrenal secretion occurs via torture. The more painful and psychological devastating the better. Flaying, dismemberment and many other forms of torture can be prolonged via medications purchased on the dark web.

The best time to begin extracting the blood is when the torture is at its peak. Collecting the blood is best done with an intravenous fluid pump to avoid wastage.

Collect a sample of the fresh adrenalised blood, inject intravenously or drink straight from the specimen tube. The pump emits a consistent rhythm which you can masturbate in time to, your orgasm will be extremely heightened by the adrenochrome. Perform other rituals at this stage at your discretion.

Keep the drained adrenalised blood for personal use or sell poisoned supplies to your local vermin.

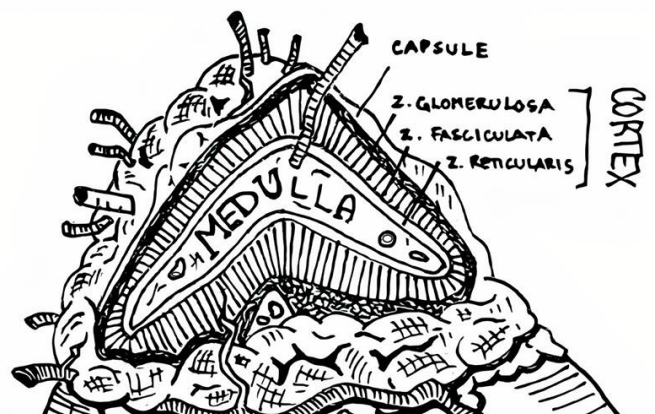


fig. 2



Txgen Meyer

I was gonna caption it with "my submission to the next issue"

😂 3

David Piersol

i'm flat broke right now but i will make money just to pay you to put this image in acephale 8

😂 1



Ceaser salad with no lettuce

Necropolitical voices running through my brain

txgen meyer

TM Taegen



Yves Tumor / Safe In The Hands of Love / Credits

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Sampling: J Dilla

Cosmic Jazz

Study Station

Solange: Happy Birthday S...

Rap Radar Podcast

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Cosmic Bangers

cosmic tunes for nonhuma...

A Comprehensive Guide to...

Credits

1

Faith In No
Yves Tumor

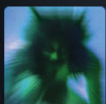
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Licking An
Yves Tumor

Featured A

9

All The Love



Noid

Yves Tumor



Playing from: Safe In The Hands of Love



*Black Death - Notepad

File Edit Format View Help

Black Death

The home of the Negro is the Necropolis
as Sun Ra taught us

Together We are destined
to die so long as we inhabit this Earth

HOW LONG UNTIL THE BLACK BODY IS NOT
CONDEMNED TO THE TORTURE OF OUR WORLD -- WE'VE
GOT TO GET OFF THIS PLANET AND FIND A WORLD
(SPACE) WHERE WE CAN SAY GOODBYE TO THE
HARBINGER OF LIFELESSNESS

I cry.. I cry.. I cry..

I CRY WHEN I HEAR ANOTHER NAME

for how long must we say "no more names"?

It is death, DEATH MURDER EXECUTION
POISON , death which is sold by the capitalist to make profit
What I want is not non-death, it is life ... LOVE
What I want is something greater than death
What I want is more than Earth could ever be
What I want is something money cannot reach

I want to be somewhere else.. off this ghastly rock
I want to be in an altered world.. I want to live an alter-destiny
I want love to reach the heart of every entity there can be

how I will get there is none of your concern, unless you plan to come
with me

what I will do is get to somewhere else using nothing but the Cosmos
to carry me equationally

sound alone will transport my Territory.. i will do something never
done here before

i will go to a (non)place never conceived of before.....

a place where me and my friends will rest with joy

there is no one to run from in the greater Universe

.....txgen

The Black Panthers

- 1. WE WANT FREEDOM. WE WANT TO DETERMINE THE DESTINY OF OUR BLACK AND OPPRESSED PEOPLE.**
We believe that Black and oppressed people have the right to determine our destinies in our own communities and to free ourselves from the conditions which exist in our communities.
- 2. WE WANT FULL EMPLOYMENT OR A GUARANTEED INCOME.**
We believe that the federal government has a responsibility to provide employment or a guaranteed income. We believe that if the government give full employment, then the technology will be developed, the businessmen and placed in the communities to organize and employ all of its people and to develop the community.
- 3. WE WANT AN END TO THE RACISM OF OUR BLACK AND OPPRESSED PEOPLE.**
We believe that this racist government has incurred an overdue debt of forty acres and two mules to the people who were enslaved years ago as restitution for slave labor and land stolen from the Black and oppressed people. The payment in currency which will be determined by the Black and oppressed people. The racist has taken part in the slaughter of the Black and oppressed people. This is a modest demand that we make.
- 4. WE WANT DECENT HOUSING FOR ALL PEOPLE.**
We believe that if the landlords will not provide decent housing for the Black and oppressed communities, then housing and the land should be controlled by the Black and oppressed people in our communities, with government support to the people.
- 5. WE WANT DECENT EDUCATION FOR ALL PEOPLE. WE WANT TO EXPOSE THE TRUE NATURE OF OUR SOCIETY. WE WANT EDUCATION TO TEACH US OUR HISTORY AND OUR ROLE IN THE PRESENT.**
We believe in an educational system that teaches the Black and oppressed people who you do not have knowledge of yourself. If you do not know yourself then you will have little chance to know the world.
- 6. WE WANT COMPLETELY FREE MEDICAL CARE FOR ALL PEOPLE.**
We believe that the government must provide medical facilities which will not only treat our illness but also provide for our oppression, but which will also develop the Black and oppressed people for our future survival. We believe that mass medical care should be developed to give all Black and oppressed people access to medical information, so we may provide for our future survival.

s: Ten Point Program

ANT POWER TO DETERMINE THE D OPPRESSED COMMUNITIES.

people will not be free until we are able to determine
ourselves, by fully controlling all the institutions

NT FOR OUR PEOPLE.

is responsible and obligated to give every person
e believe that if the American businessmen will not
gy and means of production should be taken from
munity so that the people of the community can
d give a high standard of living.

OBBERY BY THE CAPITALISTS OF ED COMMUNITIES.

as robbed us and now we are demanding the
es. Forty acres and two mules were promised 100
and mass murder of Black people. We will accept
istributed to our many communities. The American
our fifty million Black people. Therefore, we feel

, FIT FOR THE SHELTER OF HUMAN

give decent housing to our Black and oppressed
d should be made into cooperatives so that the
ment aid, can build and make decent housing for

ON FOR OUR PEOPLE THAT E OF THIS DECADENT AMERICAN TION THAT TEACHES US OUR TRUE THE PRESENT-DAY SOCIETY.

it will give to our people a knowledge of the self. If
and your position in the society and in the world,
anything else.

EE HEALTH CARE FOR ALL BLACK

provide, free of charge, for the people, health
nesses, most of which have come about as a result
develop preventive medical programs to guarantee
s health education and research programs must be
ed people access to advanced scientific and
our selves with proper medical attention and care.

Bad ramblings on death - Notepad

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negxt 02/70/02 02:32 txgen

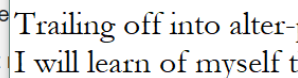
Eleven o'clock and all I can think about is death
I do not want to die
I am afraid of my own mortality
I do not want to die
I do not want to die
I want nothing to do with death

The future on this planet holds death for me
The future on this planet knows only death
The alter-future promises freedom, but how far it is from me
Trust no future, however pleasant
Jesus said "Let the dead bury the dead"
"Let the Negro bury the Negro"

I dream of a place where death cannot touch me
.....To be washed in the blood of Christ
I dream of a space where death cannot touch me
But I fear that this place cannot be reched any more
I fear death is all I will ever see
I fear there is nothing greater than death

Ra, the prophet, spoke unto me
"Fear not, for there is salvation in the Cosmos"
I tried to reach it but presently I am stuck here on Earth
I tried to reach it but no one wanted to come with me

What an romantic artist lacks is a people
What I lack is a friend
We are told to seek fellowship
to seek fellowship is to liberate
Who will be a fellow to me?



elf
knowledge of things
seen before
meaning to me
hour
complete
apture my skin
HAVE MET MYSELF
T KNOW WHO I AM
.....I HAVE NOT SEEN MYSELF
.....
OTHER KNOWS WHO I AM
ONLY SEE THROUGH THE NON-SELF
et myself
meet the alter-being
see what I never was
is what I shall be
ows no fear
es not know of death
he alter-being
places of nowhere I will meet myself as an other
through the God of all things
My intuition sense is rising

[Cosmic accelerationism is a science you can learn]
d Thutmose III, however, there is research that suggests that she did and was the mother of his eldest son. On
been the original name recorded; one of the depictions is associated with the title "Great Royal Wife", the other
ot found ascribed to Satiah however.

mostly empty. It was noted that the tomb had been used, however, since traces of ochre and yellow paints could
]

dia 🔍

Neferure in hieroglyphs



Neferu-Re
Nfrw-R'
The Beauty of Re



Senenmut's lap (color altered to provide detail).



Block statue of the courtier Senenmut holding the princess Neferure in his arms, on display at the British Museum

