

TIME

PERSON OF THE YEAR



Carcass
of

Yes, you.

You control the Information Age.
Welcome to your world.

Histomy?

"If a person sins in hearing the utterance of an oath,
and is a witness, whether he has seen or known of the matter
-- if he does not tell it, he bears guilt.

Or if a person touches any unclean thing, whether it is
the carcass of an unclean beast, or the carcass of unclean
livestock, or the carcass of unclean creeping things, and he
is unaware of it, he also shall be unclean and guilty."

MORE OF THIS SAME

you are the void and the ash

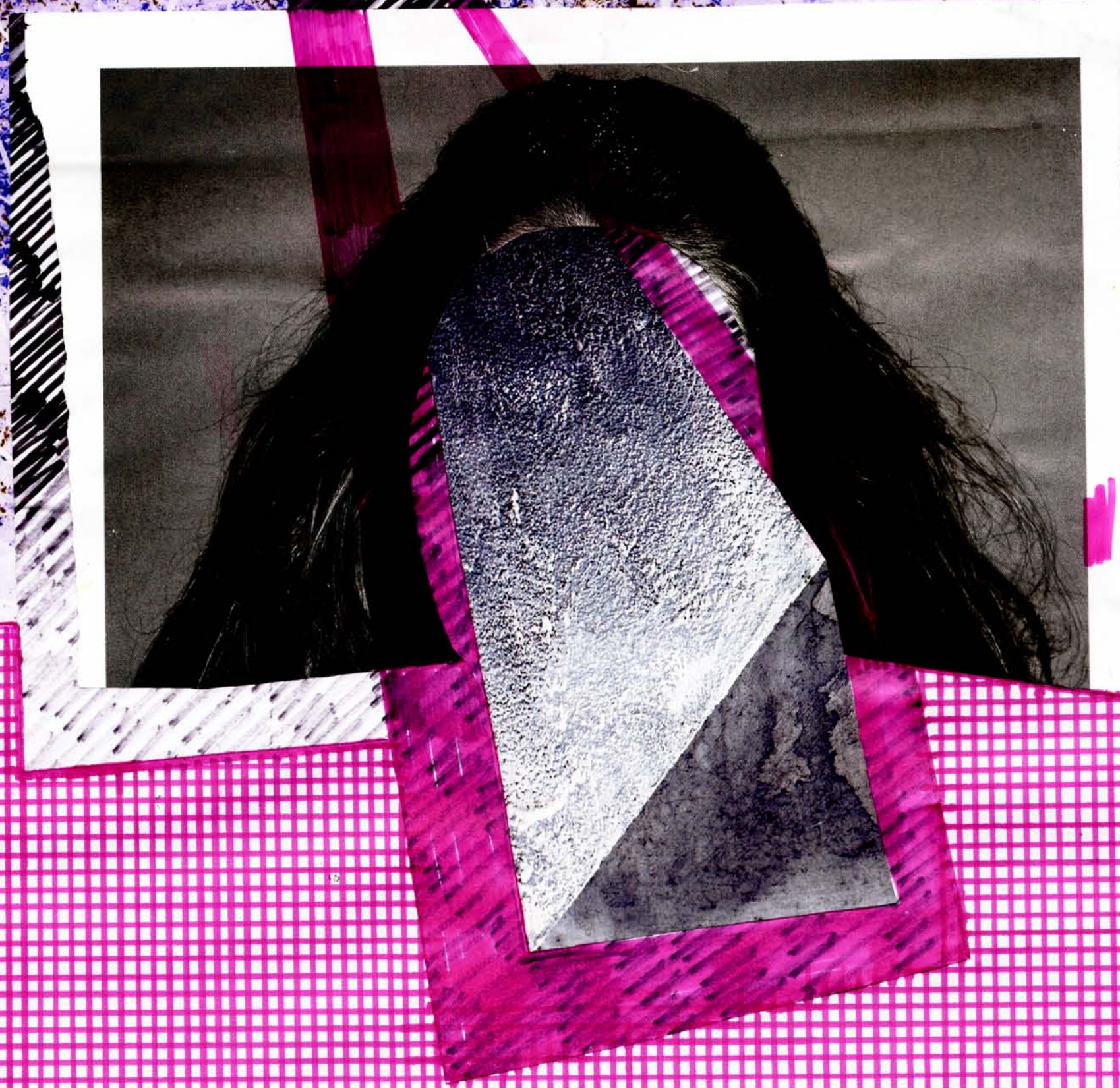
headless bird with wings that beat the night

the universe is made from your little hope

the universe is your sick heart and mine

beating and just brushing death

in the cemetery



There is a stench between us.

Wall of yellow crust.

Streets are flooded with the skin of tomorrow.

We are naked to the bone.





Carcass of History framed in a festive guild,

MORE OF THE SAME

86. Nothing, truly, can come as a surprise.

hanging on a wall of palace for future

You're not from the castle,
you're not from the village,
you're nothing

84. Throwing trash into the street is not an action. Rather, it is an operation. It is calculated, not planned, albeit with a series of gestures. Such maneuvers constitute the tautology of practical mathematics in the society of the combine.

WE ENTER.

WE WILL
VOID
THE SHIT
OUT OF YOU



"In all this, what we have most to fear, what we have most to betray, is all those who are watching us, who are tracking us, following us from afar, thinking of one way or another to capitalize the energy expended by our flight: all the managers, all the maniacs of reterritorialization. Some are on the side of Empire, of course: the trend-setters feeding on the cadavers of our inventions, the hip capitalists, and other dismal scum. But some can also be found on the our side. (...)"

MORE OF THE SAME

"The tradition of all dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brain of the living... The social revolution of the nineteenth century cannot take its poetry from the past but only from the future. It cannot begin with itself before it has

stripped away all superstition about the past. The former revolutions required recollections of the past in order to smother their own content. In order to arrive at its own content, the revolution of the nineteenth century must let the dead bury their dead."



There it is again, Carcass on a pedestal,

next to other monuments

for the monuments

that meant to destroy all monuments.



76. Nobody starts moving. Rather, the process of movement which is and has been impeded by a certain exceptional and tantamount blocage is, incrementally, less impeded. The carcass of history begins to run - or more properly jog, a few miles a day, nothing spectacular - and suddenly feels weightless. If we are beginning to fly it is not because we have developed wings, but rather because we have - slowly, surely, confidently - been told to fasten our seatbelts. It is an understanding, acceptable.

Hollow eyed grey guards are between us at once.

Time must not be disturbed. Suckers must suck.



FUUUUUUUCK



-Nostalgia for authenticity! -Screams the grey guard.

-In defense of finitude!- yells the other, while moving fast to stay still.

W
e

move forward
past the guards
and find a hall
of mirrors.

And everything
that we know,
but don't know
how we know it,

All that stays
still and never
moves,

Everything that
must be shed,
but sticks
stubbornly,

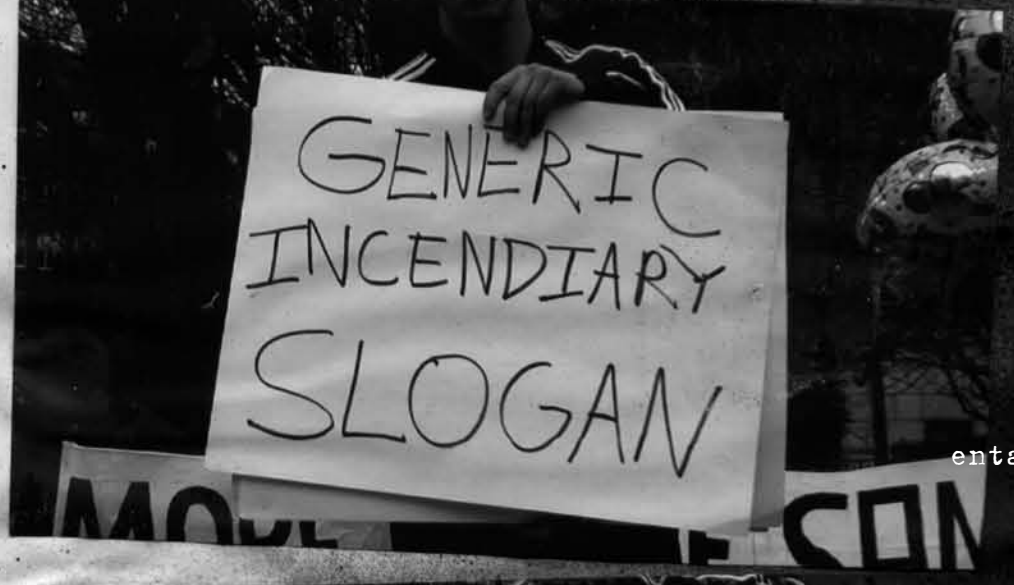
All that reeks of
it's own
baggage.



1.
Fleeing from spaces of training,
a group finds itself surrounded,
in miscommunications
and misunderstandings,
of where they have come from,
and what has come before.



All those thoughts,
each moment in absence
the
the
the
the
the
the effective, the legal, the
validated and understood
where content and resource
abandoned its grasp
and they abandoned their
desires.



Their degrees of specialty in space
led them to want to empty themselves
not be held accountable
not be responsible
not be
not be held



Their reverence for
that dignity
that was
was once
visible,
imposed,
entangled, impressive, once, empty.



Configurations to accommodate all
that was manufactured
outside them inside them
techniques of appearance
conventions of that which they made
fun of
those victims who dressed that way
they dressed, as, for,
victims
those latest customs unlearned by
those who were there enough
to unlearn
those usages no longer there, as seen
by those who were.

To be in a manner against, one social
for another
in their modes of each otherness,
those victims, configured.

They look in horror, terrified of
what each other might say or
think. They begin to style
themselves anew, denying of and
for themselves those hints of
failure and trauma they think
about each night before sleep.

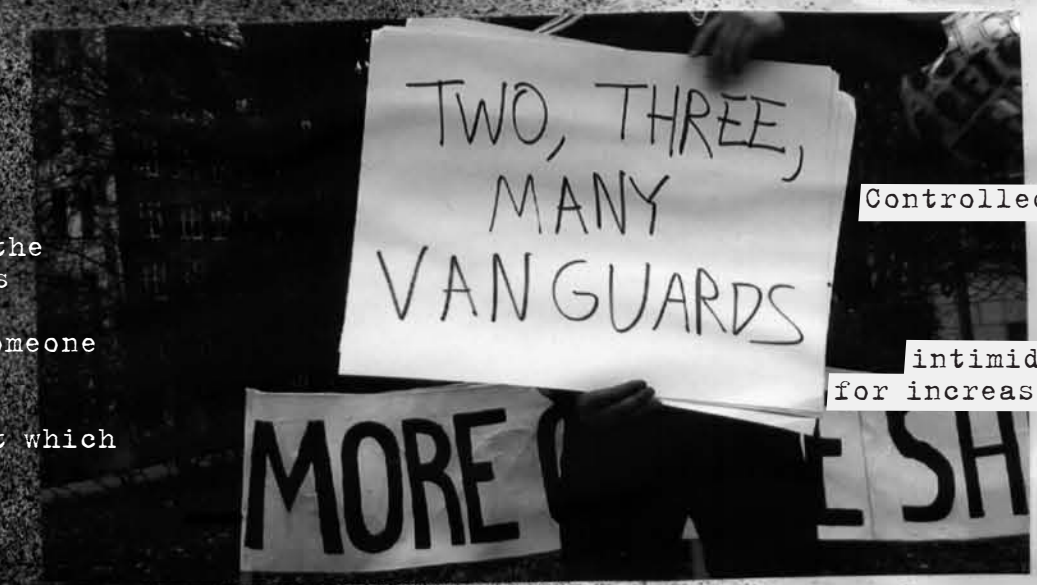
What was eliminated was the
chemicals each person was
holding,
waiting to throw it on someone
else's face,
to see what they wanted,
to create on another that which
would force them to...

But still so monumental,
so visible, in space
so entangled in all that was
was once
impressive

A year of violence, celebrated,
just because it was
monumental
in a space that they know
that was previously empty
and would lead to more
emptiness
to band together over.



Shaping, bending adaptations of inside
outside productions
unskilled,
techniques of appearance,
customs unlearned
by those who were there



A philosophy of cosmetics
exists between
behaviors
heard from
but modified not to last

Controlled excruciating concentrations
devastated
in pains, out of breath
only to
only
intimidations to for from each other
for increased desires, intensities, only
until they're out of breath
concentrations devastated
by force
cosmetics
modified
monthly



Excessive displays
are only, to only
distort the meanings
of our tongues



MORE OF THE SAME





Disappointing doctrines
advocates and advocations, long since
long since
long since long

passed by
all those rights
something about equality
organizations
movement
for that which should never be attained
as a state of
meanings, modified, monthly

These acts of annihilation
facts of
conditions of
armed abolitions of
those that are right to be extinct
The state of being extinct,
as a process of
political projects
miscommunicated
disappointed

A physics of reduction,
radiation,
the results of absorption, scattering of by matter.
The dimming of lights in their bodies, the dusts they leave behind,
intensely consumed
Reinforced responses, conditioned,
presented and omitted, as a process of,

armed abolition,
miscommunicated.

82. "Fuck the police" is a breach



of tension worthy of association with a kind of
ambivalent stuttering, but it is, all the same,
not entirely contemptible. If it shows a misunderstanding of the precise
street action as it is within motion picture eulogies for spectacular athletics. This desire is
rendered safe, internally acceptable within systemic logic, due to the impossibility of victory
politico-erotic mechanisms for the preservation of lawful
conduct, and a premature desire for confrontation ('peace', 'joy', whatever revolution) within a system that is closed, univocal and yet predisposed
towards a certain entropy. Elemental purity, the logical result of complete and decisive
domination by spectacular forces,
(confirmation), it is admirable in its capacity to convey the desire for whatever-event
would seem to negate certain elements
(or, the event such that it is indescribable even within Elemental purity, the logical result of complete and decisive
domination by spectacular forces, would seem to negate certain elements
the context of its general actualization) (struggle, the narrative arc, the carcass called
history) necessary for the continuation of capital.
For all its drive towards sterilized
purity (airport waiting rooms, contactless credit, conceptual art), we see
retained at the core the essential function of combustion (kowloon,
like the bastille, appears to have been destroyed
so that it might be totalized).
In a system of combination, what is desired is not purity,
not victory, but a 'sequel'.
As such, whatever rebel is lauded
and given passage for a
certain conspiracy.

91. Everybody
wants
the underdogs
to win;



FROM WALL STREET TO WALL STREET

FROM WALL STREET TO WALL STREET

This is a direct indirect action, about every dead and reified sign and symbol of capitalism, finance, city, and protest.

The subject exists here and there, the commodity exists here and there, so we will go here and there, but more here than there.

We are for the certain uncertain outcome, for something always negative, but realer than real.

This action, this street, is a gateway toward something else, something other than what we know, what we've seen, what we've been told, what we've read. Wall Street is no more worth occupying, reclaiming, taking back, than any other street. This is just a start. There's nothing to reclaim unless we're willing to reclaim everything, all at once, at all times.

Here is a rupture for the disappointed, frustrated, and indifferent.

An attack on those actions that are supposed to have made us feel better, feel hopeful.

A provocation to those radicals that ask us to stand inside pens while the police laugh at us, the state laughs at us, capital laughs at us.

Our referent is more literal than yours, more direct than yours, more possible than yours.

We will scale these walls, scale our own walls, always by surprise, like a flood.

Every wall, every street, has a giant target on it, waiting to be attacked, torn down.

This is a hex on Wall Street, a war on Wall Street, every Wall Street, every street, every wall, every symbol, every bank, everything, until they no longer exist, when Wall Street will mean something else, when every street, every symbol, every action, will mean something else.

We're sick of Wall Street, this street, every street, we're sick of debt, we're sick of crisis, we're sick of standing outside empty buildings, with empty signs, with empty words, and empty bank accounts. Fuck Wall Street!

We reject the city and the city, binary there is no more!

We made our choice from those two nonchoices. We chose the breach.

This is the space between all spaces, all walls, all streets, all signs, all ideologies, all subjects. There is no return from where we are.

They say the economy is wounded and weak. We want it to bleed, to die.

But this isn't a funeral, we aren't undertakers or pallbearers. Capitalists have no rights except being their own gravediggers. We won't carry the corpse or bury their bones. Our procession will be joyful.

We'll walk from Uptown to Downtown and out of town.

From Wall Street to Wall Street to Wall Street to Wall Street to every street.

We are after something more, and less, fundamental, simultaneously. The confusion is yours and not ours. This is as clear as we can be.

This is the most dangerous action there is. Where we encounter new accomplices for the unpredictable.

More of the Same confusingsigns.tumblr.com

some folks understand the problem not to be the absence of encyclopedic catalogs of certain para-revolutionary practice, but rather the improper categorization of work as such. the thesis that situationist strategies - ranging from guerrilla marketing to research into affective spaces, from activism to the very exercise of critique - provide the backbone for contemporary cultural capitalism appears to be fundamentally correct. one is encouraged to drift through urban space, revelling in precarity and enjoying one's ambiguous relationship to the status-quo. in other words, the manufacture of situations is a necessary enterprise in a world that has otherwise frozen over. contemporary financiers, idealists par-excellence, have realized as much; securitization and hyper-insurance means that anything - products, institutions, even entire states - can be destroyed with out consequence, while fashion - constant consumerism and planned obsolescence - makes this a necessity. products are made valuable by their absence; the same is true of states and social structures. greece. dsk. the iphone 4; all are sacrificed so their architects remain relevant. witness situationist practice as a kind of 'controlled demolition' - shadow conflicts in the world of media. psychological engineering and rambling around the periphery all indicate a war of position, in which no territory is ceded that has not already been razed. contemporary society joyfully follows this model, excelling in a precocious form of sanitation. politics has been strip mined of any chance of the encounter: such an occurrence now belongs only in shopping malls. meanwhile, academia has learned the practices of sustainable design; things make less mess if you recycle their contents, taking them apart brick by brick and with the proper permits. we might talk of recuperation ending up no longer relevant. if engels spoke of the negation of the negation as the 'midwife to deliver the future from the womb of the past', the recuperation of the recuperation tells only sick jokes about blenders. situations make us anxious. but when books are being held captive somebody should release them.

"NO WAR BUT CLASSROOM WAR" HE CAWS, AS HE RUNS LATE FOR THE SERMON ON DIFFUSE SPECTACLE AT A BOOK RELEASE FOR THE NEW APPENDAGE OF VERSO'S BIBLICAL CANON

THE EVENT COMBINES THE BEST OF THE RHETORIC OF **THE INFOMERCIAL** WITH ENOUGH PINOT NOIR TO WIN THE APPROVAL OF FICKLE URBANITES WHOSE TASTE BUDS HAVE BEEN MANGLED BY ALL THE BLOOD THEY'VE BEEN SUCKING.

THE "RADICAL PRESS" ACTS AS A FALSE IDOL: EFIFIED AS A MEDIUM OUTSIDE OF THE THROWS OF MASS MEDIA. A QUICK FIX FOR THE AGING YUPSTER. A CONVERTIBLE CAR FOR THE BEN SHERMAN MARXIST SET.

A SPECTACULAR READ INDEED; SITUATIONIST STORYTIME IS BORN WHEN THEORY AND PRACTICE BOIL INTO A SOFT PUDDING: EASY TO CONSUME, REPLICATE, DIGEST, REGURGITATE AND AVAILABLE FOR A MANAGEABLE FEE AND FEW LEGAL REPERCUSSIONS.

ARMCHAIR SITUATIONISM HAS BECOME THE DEFAULT SECOND-ADOLESCENCE FOR BORED INTELLIGENSIA WHO DIDN'T GET ENOUGH FROM THE EXISTENTIALIST PHASE OF THEIR TEENAGE YEARS.

IN THE LATE CAPITALIST TRICKSTER FAIRYTALE THE WOLF (FORMALLY A BASTION OF THOSE THAT REFUSE TO FEED OFF OF THE CARCASS OF HISTORY. BITING THE HEAD OFF THE HEAD OF CAPITAL IN A VIOLENT FEVOR) GETS HIS OWN HEAD RIPPED OFF WHILE WRITING THE HISTORY OF SITUATIONIST STATEMENTS TO OBSCURE HIS OWN NAKEDNESS

NO SOONER DOES THE HOLOGRAMMATIC EMPEROR ASSUME THE POSITION OF THE VANGUARD, THE HIP PROFESSOR TO FIND THE BEACH BENEATH THE STREET ONLY TO MAKE PETTY BOURGEOIS SANDCASTLES ON HIS DAYS OFF FROM WORK.

87. It (the action, an action) considers moving the detritus of modern society from certain coordinates to certain other coordinates. As such, [the] blocage of space might impede not a passage of aesthetic derivation, but rather of the nominally definite veins of effective, material circulation. This gesture remains willfully ignorant of the process by which the dominance of the proficiency of order is accelerated, in that it is not outwards, but inwards (capillaries, alleyways, nerve endings). Further, one might argue, disrupting the playful amazement of so called ambivalents might be more effective in disarming certain elements of drift-captivity (the post situationist dictatorship of the artist-formerly-known-as-proletariat). Yet there remains a certain joy in playing by the rules (tasting the carcass, indirectly, an exotic flavor only vaguely recognizable). The next day, hour, minute, second lawful ('lovely') proletarians of the highest order replicate and correctly reassign the garbage dutifully drowning such an airless society.

The softening of bodies, and hardening of commitments,

or the softening of commitments, and the hardening of desires

or the

and the

Nothing?



Nothing!

The small, the minor attempt,

politic

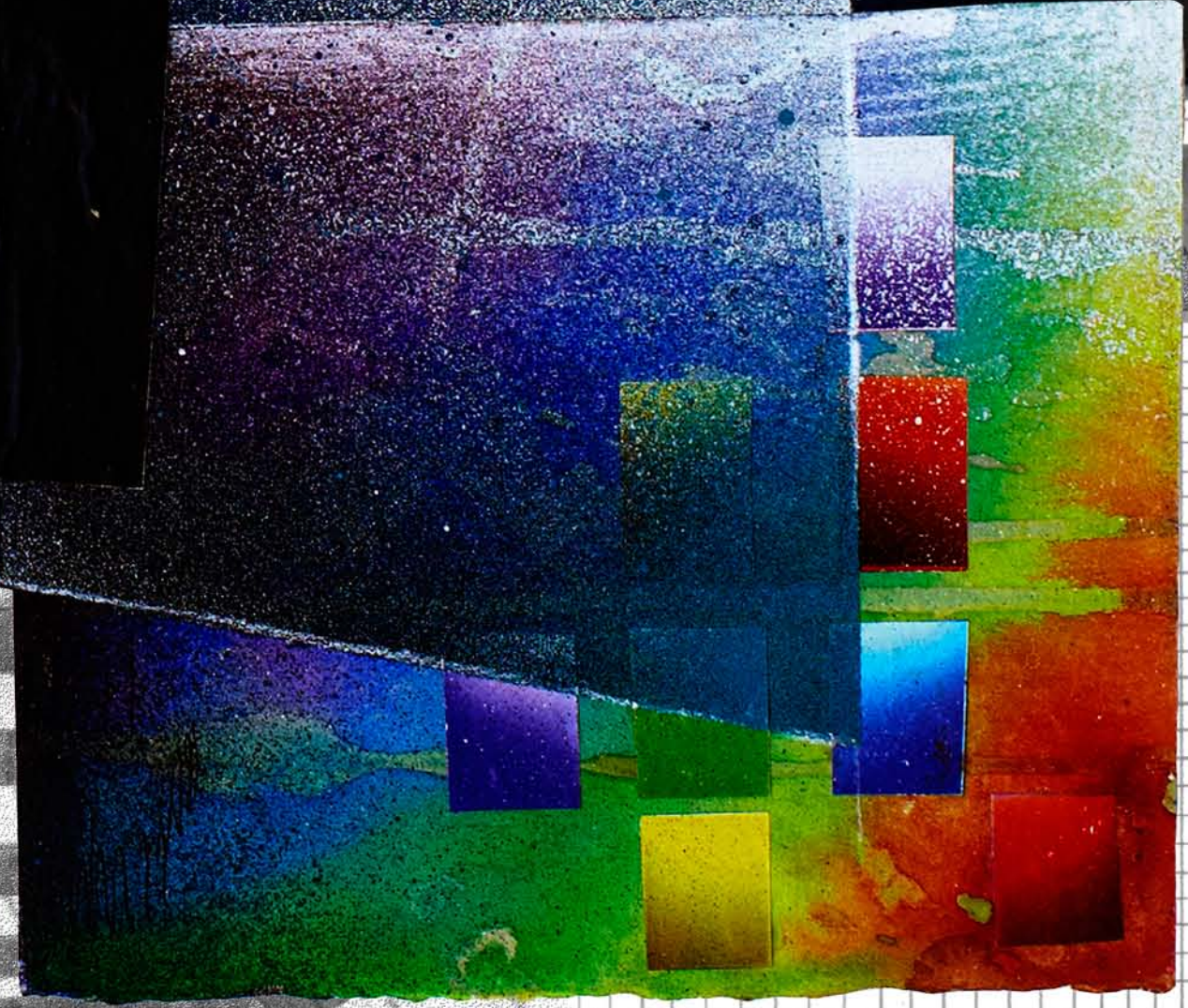
the art against

sovereignty of hatreds

that number of

styles,

hatreds



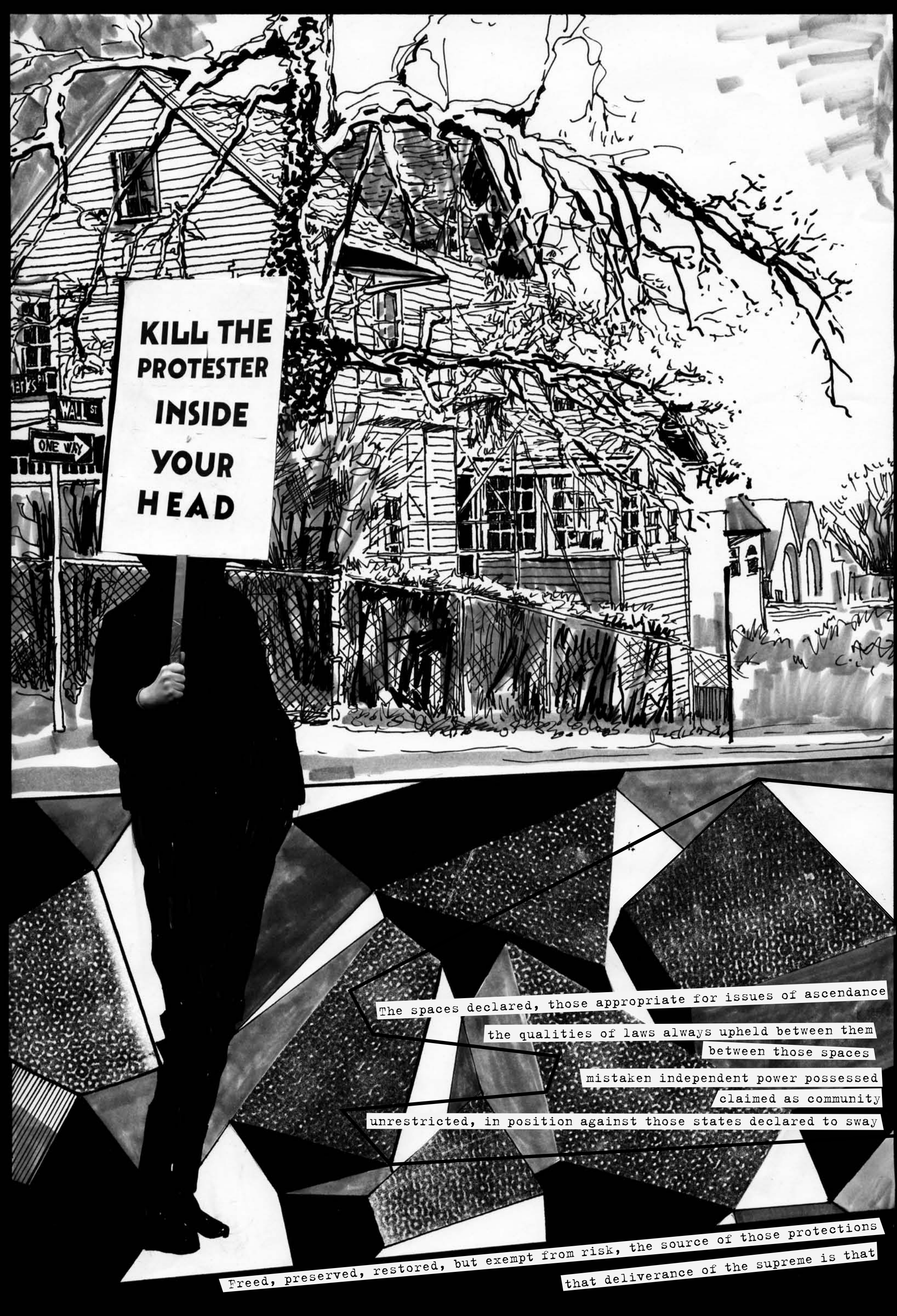


The hated aesthetics of salvation.

"You're all so nice, it will be
difficult to see // BLOOD,
to kill you,
your open flesh,
to listen to you,
understand."

The smells it will produce, the fears of not killing them,

and the looks on their faces.



**KILL THE
PROTESTER
INSIDE
YOUR
HEAD**

The spaces declared, those appropriate for issues of ascendance
the qualities of laws always upheld between them
between those spaces
mistaken independent power possessed
claimed as community
unrestricted, in position against those states declared to sway

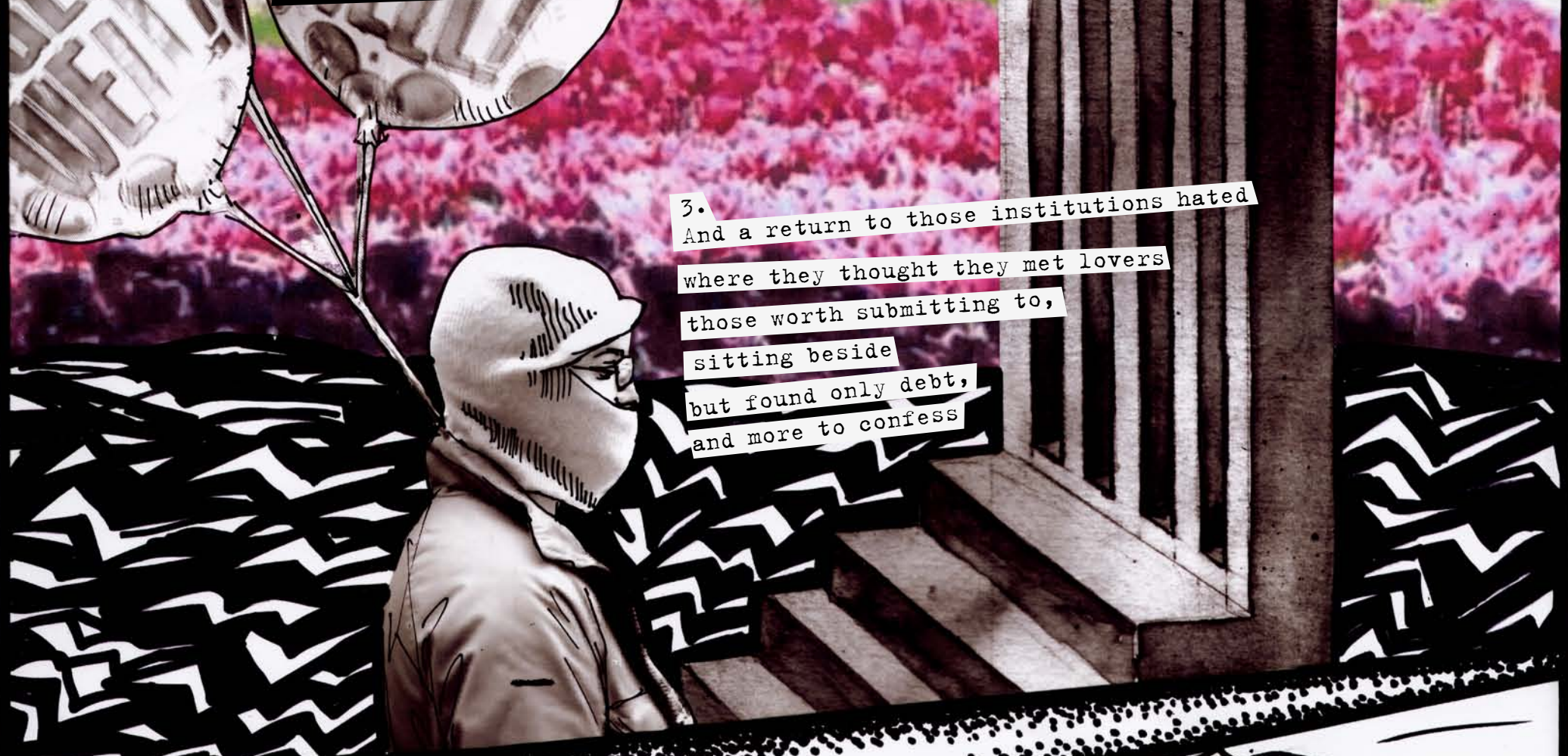
Freed, preserved, restored, but exempt from risk, the source of those protections
that deliverance of the supreme is that

"Nothing" has never truly failed.

A cipher
of values
amounting to nothing
as in no prospects for satisfaction, advancement
the absence of the perceptible
for only sweet nothings



This palace is the end of time, end of history,
end of image, end of politics, and of thought.
This is where the impossible past and non-future are welded into a shiny box.



3.
And a return to those institutions hated
where they thought they met lovers
those worth submitting to,
sitting beside
but found only debt,
and more to confess



We must destroy the box!

We look for the box.



Modern spirits and perfumes are spread, the functions are spread, the functions are spread, the functions are spread.

mechanisms a mystery, that which can be removed, but still story tell. Accidents become familiar.



"It's a box... a package, with all the beautiful wrapping of a blue sky and meadows and forests and cities. and you open the box, and what is inside of it? a black cellar full of dust, and a dead man."

Obfuscation, in the investigations, is repeated a theme to frustrate, a frustration to flee from, to find another to return to components, functions, useful within and without those hated spaces inside. It is that which is held on to, for fear of redemption

To control urges, the waste that must be left behind, verbally Those misunderstandings which help, frustrations until their bodies change, together becoming pale, dizzy, tired familiar.

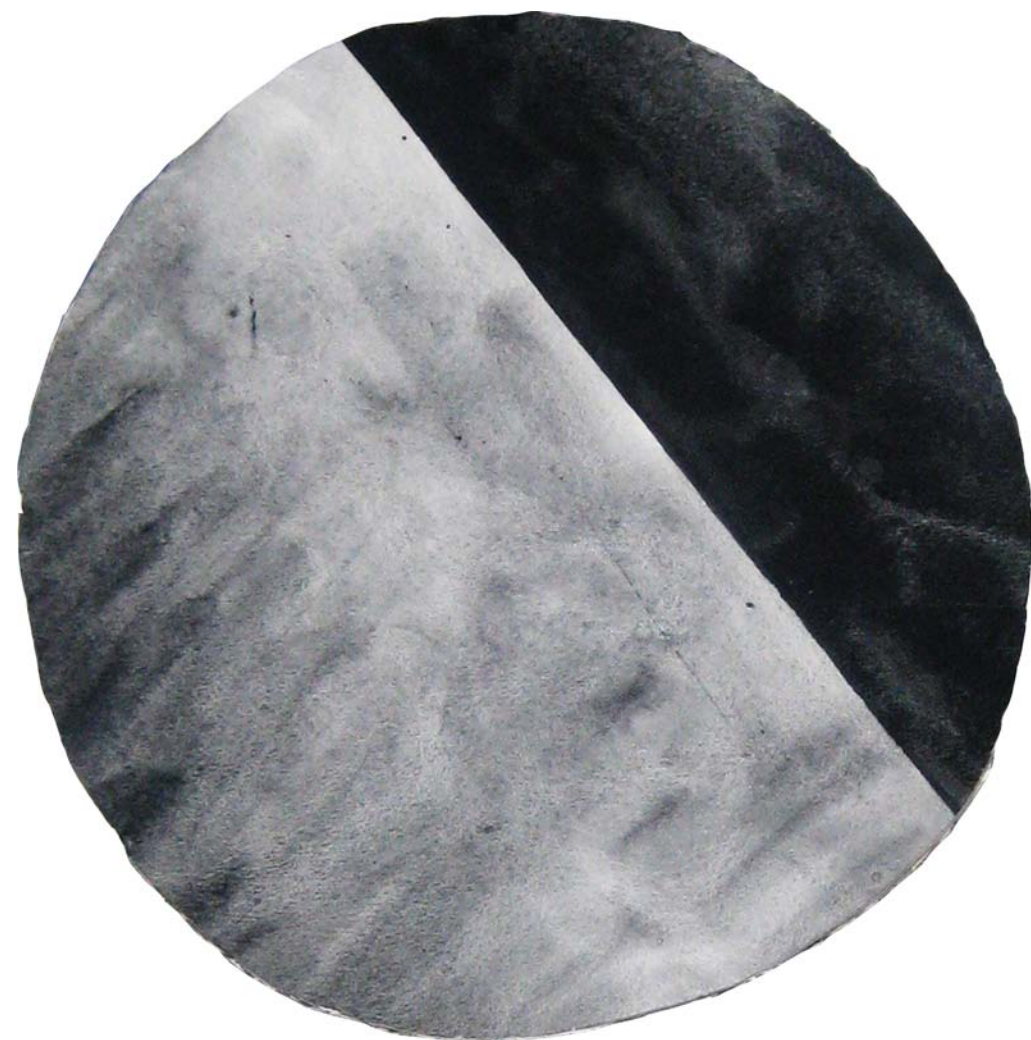
Complexions no longer visible
features indistinguishable from their surroundings,
This is the beginning of rejection, this apparatus
the ways with which love is supposed to operate, circulate, this articulated
becoming
the desire is yours, the confusion is yours

“Do you really want to hurt me?”
“Of course.”

Offering reparations for bad politics,
bad manners
bad fashion
weekly atonements leading to further depression, deeper confusion
the becoming pale
embraced for more hope for
or at least a
a more
satisfying
a more comfortable space
to swim in

The state of the state of the state of the
deliverance
in a process
of the incarnations
of sufferings, of someone else
someone else's money
to become exchangeable
obligations repaid in sweat in another's hands

"If I said I lost my way / Would you sympathize? / Could you sympathize? / I'm jum-
bled up / Maybe I'm losing my touch / But you know I didn't have it anyway"



4.

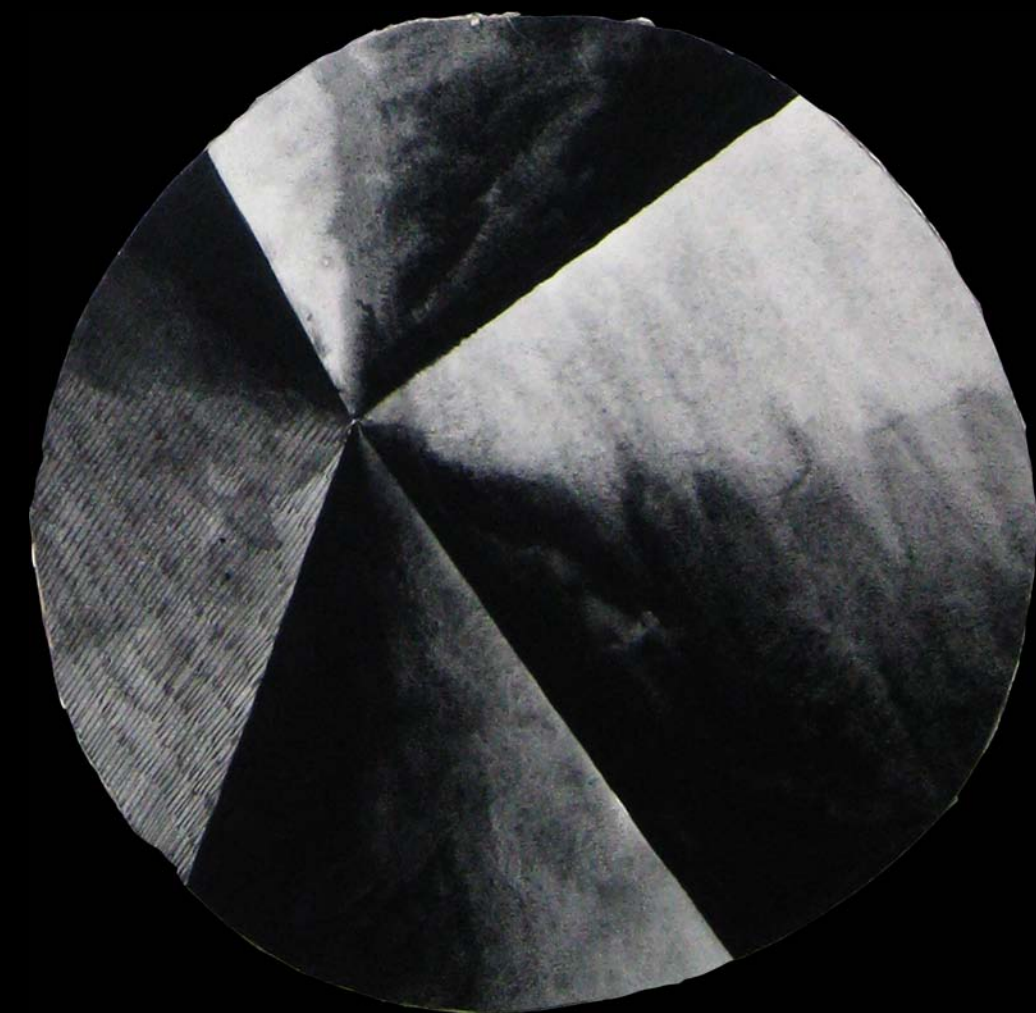
Three months of rain
in the only season they've known, repeated

Seven months of being awake, of having seen, read, said

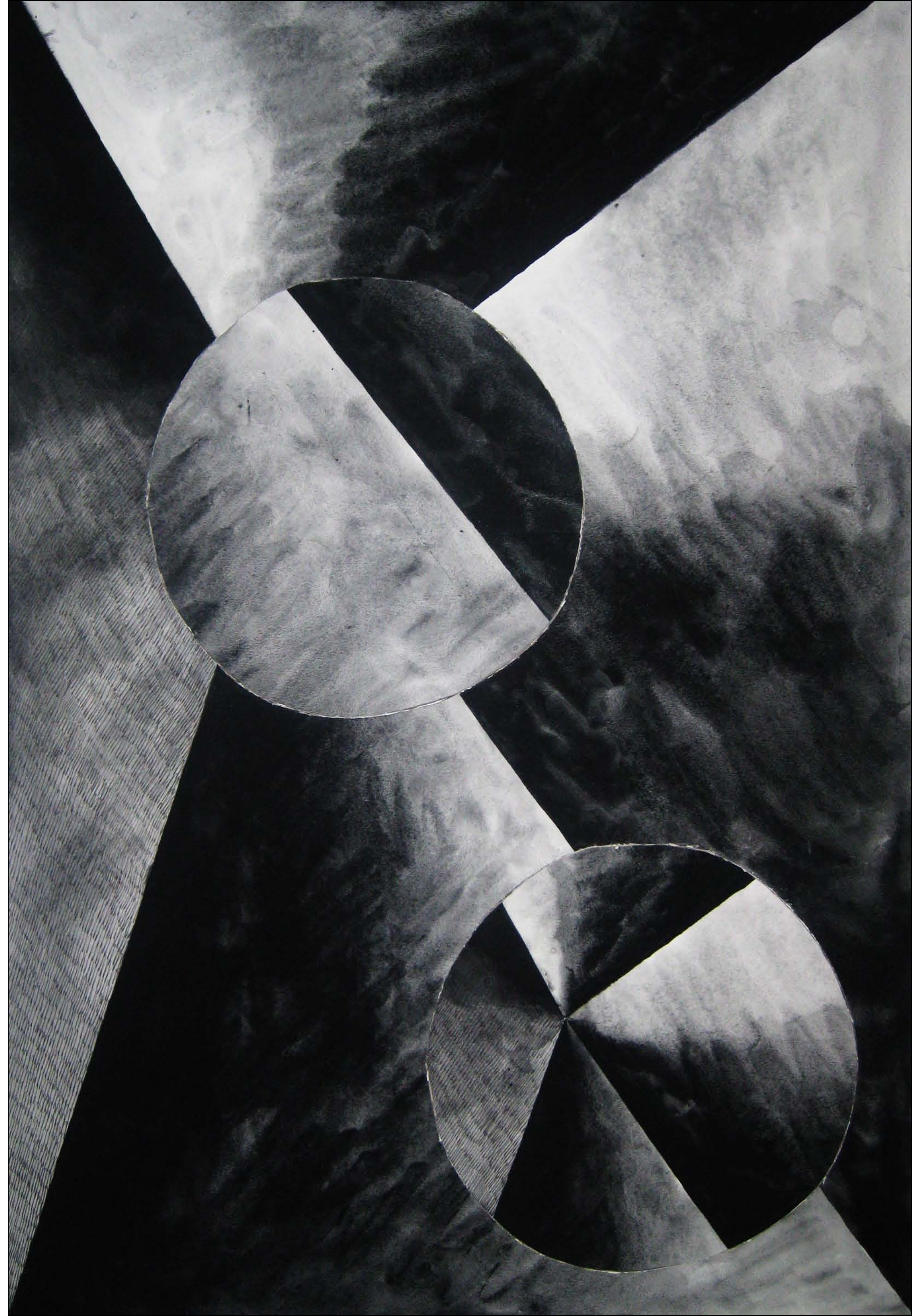
All those moments
added together, but uncollected
They left behind no coordinates, only skin weathered,
becoming pale
fat, arched, weak, inaudible
speaking in shorter phrases
surrounded by pills and candy
in the only season they've known.

In anticipation of that which could be abhorred,
agitations, both distressed and aroused
for months, uncollected
fear needs no justification
or coordinates.

It is a propensity for becoming
both concerned for, and in awe of



Phrases too short, too monumental
Six months of panic, of terror
a therapy which produces only more
more of the same, produces only
a therapy
of panic, of terror
too monumental, phrases too short



Those sovereign spaces the sovereign are supposed to appear in
even as alternatives, that much more legible as such,
and therefore leaving only spaces where one is expected
to appear as sovereign
preeminent as one might appear, as expected
becoming king
behaving as if to were only if is behaving becoming
considered most
important
in this space
but of course weakest present
one move at a time in time
to leave that space expected, but still as expected,

Too many from which,
which are needed to be killed, to begin
waiting on line
for more and more

more of the same
and more work, more and more of work
something again, about something
those who are hated,
are those that are seen, expressions,
in each other, in such styles, expressions,
sadnesses saved up from which to save each other, each other

Quotations on materials taken as materialisms

to be bled

dry, on,

puke with.

This coming with each other, out of time and time, inside each other's heads, routinely,

until even this must be denied, for purification

Love shown by intolerance, total,

disgust and contempt as examples of total trust

counting and re-counting these violations, transgressions, moments of disappointment and betrayal,

- darkest

- carcass

- sharkest

- mark us

- markets

- arc/ark is

- starlets

- carpets

- targets

- largest

- park it

- largesse

- smart ass

- parsons

- marxist**

- narcissist

- farce-est

because it will become the narrative of this romance

- caucass

in doorways blown up,

- cock is

vulgar, rejected, new disappointments unforeseen just moments ago.