

F-FUKKEE DEFACIALISATION

We declare all out war on meaning. Be prepared for a deployment of *force* the like of which will make your Bushes and Blairs weep like ill babies. And we are not talking about mere carpet-bombing, oh no siree. We affirm nonsense, bastard-affect, and with it the yet-to-be-thought, the future-forms, the people-yet-to-come, who we hereby call forth from this, your so-called society (we are a society too, the society of emo's (e-motion-als)). We have no desire to be understood – thankfully, we do not understand ourselves. We are like deranged feral children (who have been discovered too late...). We celebrate the mistakes, the cuts, the holes, the mutant-vectors. They are the entry points onto other worlds - and into the possibility –hallelujah!– of something different. (We are constantly forced to ask questions such as: Why all this fucking shit? Why all this introspection and fucking morose melancholia, huh? Who are these f-fucking c-cops anyway?). We will ally ourselves with anyone, or anything, any fieldmouse, housefly or flyover, that likewise stutters and stammers the what-is, that breaks with the apparent omnipresence of the fucking order-word (in *all* its guises). And when we say 'breaks with' we are not talking about polite disputation and disagreement. We are talking about *extreme* defacialisation! Plastique Fantastique against f-faciality – we are the f-fucking fukkees of your future-time - and we take no prisoners!