

NIGHTCORE COMMUNISM

SPRING MIXTAPE 2022



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PREFACE

Chat thinks in a very different way than me, writes differently than me, and has a very different exposure to media than me, but working with nya has been fun regardless. I don't know if what either of us has made actually means anything but I don't know if that's what matters.

The following works can be intensely disorienting and alienating

I feel like this is a consequence of the way that they were made. Most of the works were written in one day. Sometimes I was shown them to read over before they were published but most of the time they were just uploaded onto our website directly.

I do not agree with or endorse all of the ideas put forth in the following works but I did enjoy seeing them come to life, and there are some passages and ideas that I really connected to.

I think its most productive to approach the following works as explorations of ideas. Closer to expressions of emotion and feeling than theoretical work.

Read them quickly and allow them to resonate with you

Gibbon 3.31.22



with this revealed, I became a guitarist, playing with grids and using distortion pedals to make sounds never heard before - my sound is transgender / male to male break beat jungle sound of a new ruling class - the homo-sexual aristocracy is the guitarist - not to be mixed with the ones of ancient greece of france, the modern guitarist plays with the now detached girldick string guitar, sounds never heard before indeed my friend - a bent grid is now what? who knows but the wizard city builder falls into the sea of Azov one last time, looking at a fading tattoo being covered as a knife goes from the area above the dick to the back of the neck - inside out / evrope finally falling into the sea as the hypercivilization of the past did

HYPER-SEXUAL A-SEXUAL

Conclusion and coming soon

I am hanged -
Not a suicide but

an execution 0 its sunday evening in old france, the old balding man came to the gallows to see the famous inside out man finally die, I'm a pervert they say , subverting the youth with malicious DIY surgeries and/ was it really that bad that I was licking the marble statues in the museum? was it that bad that in the laundromat I was fucking the washing machines? if being an asexual is the crime here, then I plead guilty sire -

"BXSdTARD!
LOOK AT ME!
THIS IS THE
RESULT OF
YOUR ACTIONS!"



[TO BE CONTINUED]

i do i do i do i do i do ohhh

It's like, a bunch of boxes, i read on the internet, about disc fragmentation, and, it's kind of how i fe

an, you keep thinking in lines., straight direct lines, 180 degrees, start a thought, finish it right away, always.,

START

FINISH

I can't keep up

it keeps repeating itself

why DO I write? why do i do what I

START

START

why DO i write? why do i

why DO i write?

FINISH

it goes away

el, thoughts to me aren't really, one, its hard, focus, focus, focus, focus, focus put the boxes together

the blue box goes with the blue box

the red box goes with the red box

the yellow box goes with the yellow box

this is how you build a thought, an idea, but i cant

NÉCROPHYTE

EXPLORATION 3

SFUXCK_V GW V V V THE NEXTROPHYTE LEPERPHILE EATS OUT YOUR LEGAS THE CANNIBAL NECROPHYTE FUCKS THE DEAD PLANT - the root is the opposite of the sexual organ - as the dick is exposed on the outside - the root is hidden / the plant has other, authentic, organs, the flower, the fruit and the flesh / the root is in constant penetration of the ground as the exhilaration comes from PULLING OUT /0 - the human act is an addition - is it ? as we constantly try to subtract from ourselves - the skin, eyes, mouth, ears, nose those are all organs and yet they have been intertorized by someone and something - all that is inside is outside - the lungs, the heart, the cranium and brain / you DO NOT want to see those in action, disgusting shlorbs of flesh pumping 0sd(something ???) all they do is pump and pump and pump - the heart pumps blood, the lungs pump air, the brain pumps various hormones and electricity - working at a station broadcasting agony into the psyche -

INSIDE OUT MAN

the knife digs deeper into my flesh as i drive the knife from the area above my dick to the back of my neck, eventually opening the whole like a butterfly, leaving my beautiful heart and lungs exposed, outside seeing sunlight for the first time - what was once outside is finally inside. take a stroll down the street- everyone is LOOKING at you like a corpse / growing on you is puke and screams running away, necrophyte matter as always - why dont they like your beautiful glowing lungs ? shining out of the open rib-cage in a beautiful display of honesty . in this moment the dick is no longer the only authentic organ, it has been joined by heart and soul - however authentic may it be, as the lung tries to join the inside it is rejected by the closed body of capital - THE PIG HEART IS NOT COMPATIBLE WITH HUMAN ORGANS -- well I'm the inside out man and my heart is OCTOPAL



i cant finish it

i cant finish it

i cant finish it

the red box goes with the

why is the box red, why are they colored (coloured)

ideas (ideas) are (are)

i can't finish it

why DO I write? why do i do what I do?

the answer is simple - I like it - put one word on a white sheet, then another, an another, and another and go on, you got a whole text

something YOU (i) created

to my own image

after your (my) own thoughts, so sparse may they be

this IS why i write

this IS why i do what i do

START

FINISH

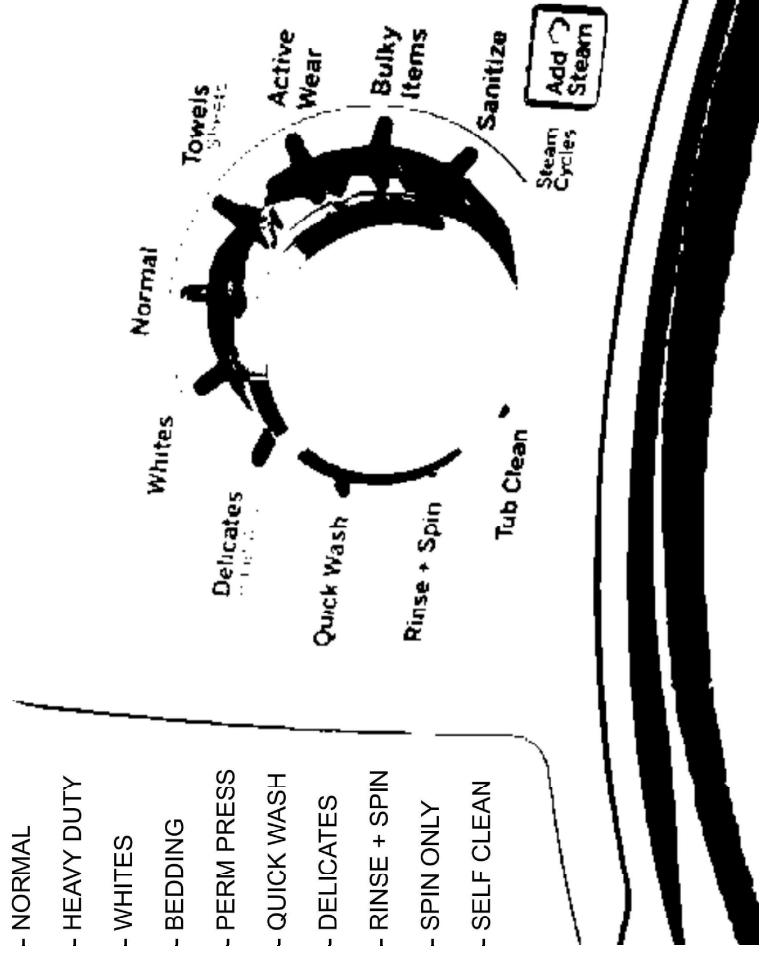
START

WASHING MACHINE

The white box is standing in the room that's in the back of the building, piles of laundry and corpses around it, forming a landscape only seen in nature, hills, valleys and mountains even, dripping from it is a red river, falling into the cracks of the old floor, built in the 1800's - The box has a door in the front, circular, like the one on an old diving suit, staring at you, waiting to be fucked to be filled with something an organ or a shirt maybe, load it up and slam it shut / oh yes that's right / it also has a tray near the top, on the side, you can grab it by the rectangular hole and pull it out, it is waiting for one thing, for it's thirst to be quenched, by what ? a blue liquid, maybe green sometimes, any color really - but a liquid, softener too while we're at it, and once you're done you simply push it back into the box -

THE CONSOLE - a visage . looks like it would be on a spaceship, flashing lights, some buttons and a dial ? where do you want to go first? obviously the dial, its metallic allure reminds you of a dick, protruding and standing out like it's not supposed to be there, and yet it's so beautiful , you grab it, and assess the settings

- NORMAL
- HEAVY DUTY
- WHITES
- BEDDING
- PERM PRESS
- QUICK WASH
- DELICATES
- RINSE + SPIN
- SPIN ONLY
- SELF CLEAN



some sort of mummy, i think its most similar to the corpse of lenin that's been morbidly preserved for the public eye for almost the last century as of writing this, i remember i saw an old video from the labs that do the preservation and it is the perfect example of a social code matrix , some sort of living code is written on the dead corpse of lenin, 'do not die...' / he is a stunning rejection of mortality, as he 'lives on in our hearts' some sort of necromancy is performed to keep rules alive / social stasisstasisstisf - "it's always been done that way" you see it's somewhat like [do not...] or [do...] depending on the context and while it's always been done to preserve the corpse of lenin it's never been done to bury him / or has it? Stalin's body was originally put on display next to lenin's however it was decided to put an end to the spell and bury him in a quieter place as some of stalin's code was split away from the main soviet terminal --



DIGITAL TAMPERING

while the arranged marriage is on the television / and on the coffee table as some sort of shine (photons shooting down) I happen to be in the living room in the couch making out with a boy - decoding / shoving a magnet on a hard drive or decommissioning the road is very similar to you, as one path is given with the television program/ with the hard drive / with marriage - while when you are breaking the road the asphalt is being loaded on several trucks to go *somewhere else* (more on that in a later piece) the sexual act with the boy gives me multiple paths (anus, mouth, boy pussy) while the straggot gives a simple path¹ (phallus + pussy) the homosexual arrangement is more similar to a molecular/cellular apparatus (dick in the mouth, ass, pussy at the same time) such as polyamory (not all the time, sometimes the faggot chooses bussy + phallus or anus + phallus or phallus + phallus or mouth + mouth or/and mouth + mouth) faggoty works with a code more similar to or... and... or/and... or... rather than a straggot do... do not... donot... it is a decoding of a television signal into an internet signal (multiple choices, hyperlinks, etc.) rather than a list or linear program (channel list, TV program, etc) the cute twink on the couch is different from the wife in the kitchen and so on

[1] author's note: the heterosexual is not necessarily a straggot just like the homosexual is not necessarily a faggot / straggot aligns more with the television program while an heterosexual could be a faggot or a sodomite and suck dick or put the phallus in an anus. the homosexual may also be recorded as a straggot (see the cis - white - gay, pete buttigieg or whatever his name is)

FINISH

So, what IS your aesthetic - is it communist, or a machine? a hell machine, a contorted machine, one that screams pain, one that doesn't work or

or what, what else could it be? organic? I just can't see it - its either this or that, 0 or 1 and

Stop the train.

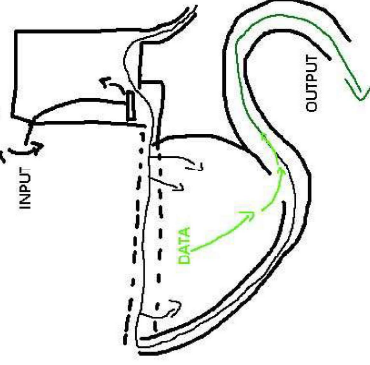
>> Proceed.

THE AVANTGARDE

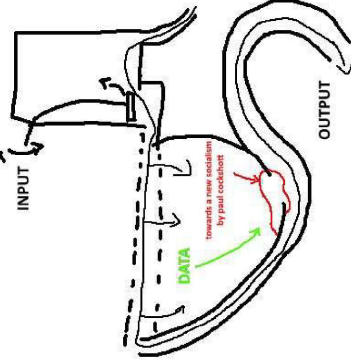
Exploration 1

So what is (a)"movement" really? put some thought into it, it is when something that was is displaced in another location, while my fist was on my waist it is now on your face, and while yesterday the boss was in the office he is now in a grave - things move, it is a perpetual flow of things, A-> B - Cybernetic systems clogging the fuckign toilet again . whjo the fuck put towards a new socialism by paul cockshott in here // it is stopping movement you see, as the water moves from the tank into the bowl and into the drain, towards a new socialism by paul cockshott is actively blocking the way, it is even creating it's own counter-movement, becoming soft as the paper soaks with water and molding itself into the whole where your shit goes, creating a unity between shit, piss and book, a new whole that was never seen before (or was it?) in today's exploration, we will explore this

Without towards a new socialism by paul cockshott



With towards a new socialism by paul cockshott



> SH4RK

the shark is an interesting model for a rev-olution as it cannot stop, as long as it goes forwards and kills, the shark-machine is fine but if ever it is to stop, the gears will cease, the shark will stop breathing and fucking die - in the same vein, the revolutionary must keep moving forwards, as long as it sheds it's skin, as long as it runs, the archetype of the revolutionary keeps going,, however the instant it ceases a flame dies - a revolutionary node now extinct leaves behind a bunch of shit , a rotting corpse smelling like a shadow of what was - a faint odor of fruit in a mound of shit covered in leadpaint / can you salvage it - no, it is too late, as you are not a necromancer, even the most skilled alchemists such as Mao tried to re-vive a corpse (the PRC) , however failed, the spell of the cultural revolution was cast little too late.

KULTURKAMPF

EXPLORATION 2

KULTURKAMF SEKTOR //

DIY MEGAPROJECTS - adyson sphere in your living room ;;3 this is the (a) [FUTURE] that's waiting for yo u - televizion machine waiting for you is projecting data trough 525 strea ms CRT (cathode ray tube see section 2 for elaboration) onoffononononoff HAHHAHJA FDSJf coughing so -

some sort of highway some sort of timeline where a televi-vison LOVES pain it is a masochistic machine, it broadcasts such things as the same straggot romcom for the 100th time today for fucks sake / there is something boring in straggot love , it is another sort of arrangement similar to the television channel - a single streamlined program 30min - morning routine 30min hate the wife 30min loveless sex 30min hate the wife (rerun) - you cannot skip / pay for another channel (prostitute) or keep on public channels (PBS, arranged marriage, etc.) there is in fact no love but pain here // an alternative could perhaps be presented in the future

OXFORD LANGUAGE

KULTUR

German civilization and culture (sometimes used derogatorily to suggest elements of racism, authoritarianism, or militarism).

fascist machines run on kkkklean power (see white power) frenech settler hell machines (hyddro dams), and dyson spheres // zzzzzzzt zzzzzzt zzzzzzzzzzt every line is scanned per protokol creating an image (story) see an image composed of 525 lines (eventho about a few are cut out for closed caption and secondary signals) streamlines data into a highway 525 lanes where cars speed faster than light dztt dzzzt as the glass becomes a surface of asphalt stretching in your living room - it is a sort of code, similar to traffick laws and marriage / do not go over the speed limit ... do not drink and drive ... do not see anyone other than your wife ... those exist on a matrix (hard drive, televizion screen/highway/straggot sex) on which binary mesures are encoded - do not... do not... do not... do not... do not... do well how about you [do...] kiss me on the lips ?

NECROMANCY -

decoding // splicing/splitting code/dna genetics and inside you find nothing / a husk with no foundations but bodies that have been written on, what is this body like?

as you watch with horror , the heart is being thrown in a cylindrical metallic chamber , as if it was any other item of clothing, the door is slammed shut and / spinning wheel / beebepbeebep the hand decoding the console as the sting of words is displayed - HEAVY DUTY HEAVY HIGH - it presses a button , PLAY / start? triangle GO - THE CEREMONY HAS BEGUN / thump thump . it hits the wall thump and thump thump again , dragged by the centrifuge thump thump the beating gem / thump thump following the wings thump ripping , jets of liquid tearing as it follows an orbit / revolving around the sun a movement has been created thump as comes the day night follows , disintegrating into a red mist /melding with a sort of liquid red clear - red pink and BEEP BEEP BEEP the door is opened and as you watch the remaining sludge of your heart simmering , they pick it up , once a gem now cut, perfected into an horror beyond comprehension, the ex-heart is presented to the crowd as they go fucking apeshit, it is the latest advancement, the avant-garde of modern art , and you were there to see it.

What happens when the earth stops revolving? it dies ,gets lost into deep space- freezing, slow disintegration and collapse - reproduce this framework to what is observed, once one stops moving , it simply dies, when your heart stops moving (in - out - in - out) it ceases pumping blood and leads to a total shutdown / when the sun stops throwing heat (out - out - out - out), life ceases immediately -there is nothing new coming for you / once the revolutionary organ(s) stop moving - (out - out - in - out - out - in) the flame gets smothered , and the entropy of power slowly seeps back , from one to two to three /, the monarch is back -

WHAT CAN I DO ? ? simple , dance - move , the street is yours after all, puke on your neighbor, swear in formal letters/. as the revolutionary organ (heart, sun, shark, etc.) is a hand made machine, it must be moved by hand, it is analog in a sort of twisted way ,as you push a lever or throw a suit out the window,, the cop is hemorrhaging from the head like the fucker that he was. simply , if he did not want to die, he simply should have been born an arch-angel - watchful over a bunch of marxoid theologians squabbling over the canon, PURGED , PURGED , PURGED , PURGED. in a world revolving-evolving-volving you are in a way divine ,

a revolution is an assemblage of revolutionary organs, a machine coupled with another and another , a body smearing its fluids on a canvas much like an all welcome sunday rave , giant fucking speakers on a stage , the avangarde party has formed - singing while words blast on the crowd . is there a crowd? people climb on stage and throw (up)you out .they scream a deafening arrangement of babblings - oh god this is so hot - people are fucking to death and killing eachother /v the scene is simply a sight to behold , corpses rotting , blood painting red, people with their guts ripped out doing dance offs, acéphalic prostitutes and hobos in harmony - this has been going on for a week and yet, this is the beginning of the tale that is being told - the day after:

> R10T

a bunch of degenerates walk out of the hangar , leaving behind at least a hundred dead / now is not the time to mourn, the party has just started - RIOT - during the avantguard a platform was formulated:

- the party never ends
- you will never work again
- gay sex



THIS PLATFORM WAS INGENUOUSLY FORMULATED AND PRESENTED BY THE DEGENERATES AT THE AVANTGUARD PARTY - flowing into the streets as tans was dislodged faggots are drinking and dancing in the street now, still hearing the faint noise of the jungle music blasting from the rave-hangar, others are robbing stores and burning produce in the public place. it is an iconoclast movement, where all old is destroyed in place of nothing / a republic of zero produce and thousand wastes has been established.

TECHNOCHITLAN

figures moving - shoulders arms legs up down left in all the directions they push and shove and hit and / the club is full and / of people persons humans figures people person humans figures . (how did you get here?) flashing lights going in all directions purple green red blue the music goes through the chest , somewhat nauseating as every time the sound machine goes it pushes you a little, like the people do like the persons like the figures do, it pushes you back and yet, you keep dancing, it's fine it's okay

the MC comes up to the stage, the ceremony will begin now / the sound is still so loud you cant hear however , as he finishes his intro, one dreaded sound comes through your ear - your name. He said your name / as you try to run away the two strong muscular hot figures next to you grab you, you are being dragged through the ground ; can you fight and yet - no time , you are already being nailed to the floor . giant metal spikes being driven through your handsfeet and as much as you scream / there is nothing to do/ as much as you scream , its still over

the hooded figure towers above you as you hear the crowd chant louder and louder / as the figure pulls out something glowing, something with a shine, long and sharp and [[IT CANT BE HAPPENING]] not to you , you know? usually it happens to everyone else, but not you, the ceremony has begun and not in the crowd but instead you are located on a stage , / on a board as you scream nothing comes out the lights are still moving /

beams of neons and protons shining into your fieldofview - swords cutting through darkness as the faces are obscured, all that is to be seen is the masses of shadow in front of you / shouting screaming in joy as the GLOWING THING RIPS YOUR CHEST OPEN , ITS YOU - the cold metallic body executing a succinct movement from the adam's apple to the abdomen and as the ribcage is pulled apart a glowing gem is revealed / breathing pumping . bthump thump, thump thump , thump thump, thump thump , she clasps it, grabs it and seizes it - a sort of expropriation , as the adventurer takes a golden statue from a stand the MC rips a gem out of your body , red rain staining and dripping and shooting cheers as the heart is being taken as you watch - the next stage must begin, and you know what's coming

