

g h o s t m a n i f e s t o

today = new Date();

Once again, it's the future that's being sacrificed . . .

I live in a strange house I have dreamed,
Where, perhaps, I have died.

Did something happen, and did I, because I didn't know how to
experience it, end up experiencing something else instead?

Howls for a ruined universe. Wild architecture. Waves of seething
code washing away the final traces of Big Browser.

Or perhaps I witnessed extravagant gifts being exchanged in the
street of little girls?

There is no way of knowing which way to look any more, which way
to move your body in order to hear properly.

Your secret has also become my secret. It's part of me, and I'll
treat it as I do all my secrets - I'll get rid of it when the time
comes. Then it will become someone else's secret.

It's better to change friends than ideas.

Art begins, grows and disappears because frustrated cunts bypass
the world of official expression and the festivals of its poverty.

The imaginary is that which tends to become real.

If I start from any meaning, I exhaust it . . . or eventually I
fall upon meaninglessness.

Continuity is also a delusion.

Why bother?

We are not normal.

The future fills you in with a question.

A real underground is invisible, it's impossible to define it,
because it's feeding back all the time, it's constantly changing.

Plagiarism is necessary. Progress implies it.

We all left when we couldn't steal anything anymore.

The revolution has already taken place in me.

I am outside your world and no longer governed by your laws.

Laws are made by men who fuck their daughters.

All history is pornography.

All women are ghosts and should rightly be feared.

I approach poetry: but only to miss it.

I drift. Principally I drift. One day we'll build cities for
drifting.

Now comes the Time for Contempt. Now is the time for filth.

Quick! Question everything.