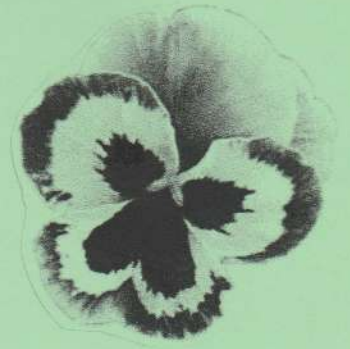


OF
SYMANY!

BEYOND
DEATH
QUEERNESS AS AN
EVOLUTIONARY
COURSE
CORRECTION

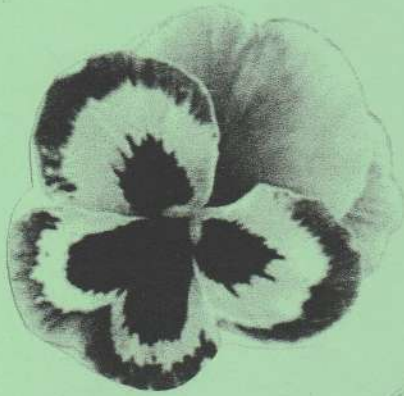
SAMUEL
TE KAMI



actual responses to it's environment beyond the over-loud edicts of gender which are too often instrumental to programs of systemic control both behavioural and socioeconom-ic. Cleaving fearfully to gender's dictates against the presumed chaos of an un-gendered (or less rigidly gendered) body denigrates both sex and life. The underlying message of such an organising principle is one in which the enemy is organic process, and the ally is sterile procedurals by which bodies are systematically divorced from categori-cal openness to any unscheduled (superflu-ous?) erotic activity (a time and a place for everything, and everything in it's right place).

Proffering gayness as a means to an end might seem flippant; how does one tailor an identity towards a desired cultural outcome? Where does that leave all that is lived, the in-timate experiential syntheses constituting identity itself?

It's this essayist's fallible opinion that a Gay Protocol as a means to queerness would presuppose identity as a technology, one geared to shaping subjects and life-worlds in keeping with actual material circumstance (or environment). By 'practical' is meant a solution, to problems mounting vocifer-ously on social and material fronts; it is again merely your essayist's opinion that to divert society from it's current course of ecological catastrophe (and the inevitable conflicts ensuing as old tribalisms reappear around global resource scarcity), queerness can be harnessed to transcend both



Without question whatever affective radicality gayness possessed when striving for visibility towards the end of the twentieth century, has assimilated nicely. Which doesn't bode well for what transgressive remainders the various identities (within gayness, and not queerness which encompasses a broader spectrum) might be temperamentally subject to. Not simply from nostalgia for a time in which gays (homosexual men and lesbian women) were given the (violently opposed) exceptionalism of the sexual-other, but out of an intuition that their historical role of outlier can provide a compulsively heterosexual world with some advice on sex and, by proxy, cultural consumption/reproduction.

Perhaps gayness could become a protocol of transition from heteronorms into queerness, freeing the eroticised body from the hegemonic dyad of male and female (along which gayness still operates) and letting it speak for itself. Notice 'speak' here is used to suggest the body might have a language beyond the known languages, by which I don't mean hedonic imperatives masquerading as neo-paganism; rather, the straight-faced suggestion that sex be acknowledged as a language instead of an ideological maintainer of speciated form (which it so often is, de-eroticised to the point you'd be forgiven for believing sex was invented by the Greeks as an opiate, like religion or some other Platonic ritual to cement the Republic).

What is gestured at here is a conception of sex as 'reading' rather than dictation; a listening to the body, a listening to it's

actual responses to it's environment beyond the over-loud edicts of gender which are too often instrumental to programs of systemic control both behavioural and socioeconomic. Cleaving fearfully to gender's dictates against the presumed chaos of an un-gendered (or less rigidly gendered) body denigrates both sex and life. The underlying message of such an organising principle is one in which the enemy is organic process, and the ally is sterile procedurals by which bodies are systematically divorced from categorical openness to any unscheduled (superfluous?) erotic activity (a time and a place for everything, and everything in it's right place).

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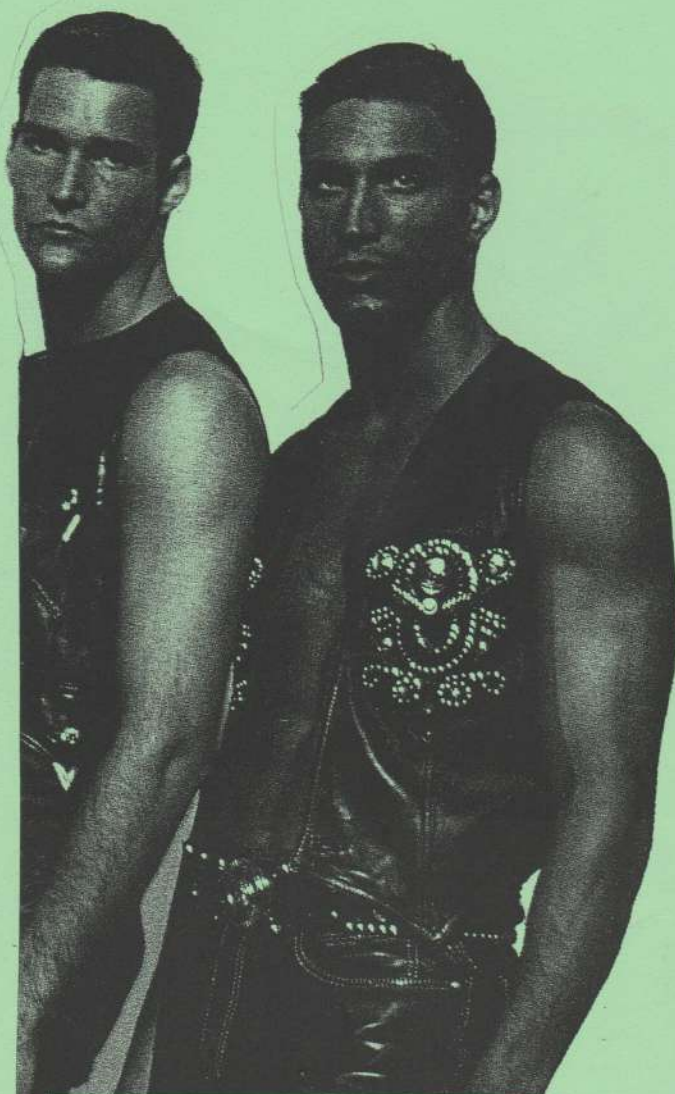
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prescriptive sexualisation as well as unsustainable regimes of consumption which heteronormative lifestyles traditionally entail. Heterosexuality is a gendered identity the successful performance of which is too frequently measured in terms of consumer proficiency (having babies, buying houses etcetera). Certainly there've been recent cultures of gay affluence with rival habits since increased visibility, but I would argue these exist as manoeuvres of assimilation towards 'straight' acceptance, that they exist as extensions of a heteronormative framing of the environment in which Earth is the exclusively passive partner in an increasingly abusive relationship. It is 'cool and normal' to degrade the earth-body via performative gender roles assumed without thought than it is to listen to and read the real-time erotic responses of that body, with all its endless erotic possibility being lost in the imposition of a preordained gender.

Queerness is against the absolutism of heteronorms and is a cure to its blindnesses, which include the toxic effects hetero-consumerist performances have on our earth as a host body. A queer approach would ask of us to overhaul our values, to rethink things like utility and pleasure under a regime that is not a regime at all, but a question posed at Being itself; what is this body and what is it capable of, let out from under an accumulated mass of cultural and ideological dictation?

It goes beyond ideology and asks of us to re-conceive ourselves as planetary beings, which the current environmental crisis is actively doing. It's an as yet foreign imaginary that radically re-conceptualises waste, which consumerism has frankly calibrated as a necessary metric of death. Queerness would have us ask, what is waste? How do we place value? Are values relative, are they negotiable? Within this rigorous holism nothing is contained or remainder, including the lens through which we filter all incoming information, or identity. The internet was a test-run for the functionality of hyper-connectivity, but it's now time to lift those structural lessons and apply them. Under queerness we can identify with all people, all things, all places. Queerness is pro community but anti tribalism, because whenever it establishes parameters its enclosures are porous, temporary, based on pleasure and not the phallic assertion of permanence against the natural and inevitable decay of all things. The internet has within its lessons about being a singular biosphere which can be excavated now.

Much like the fundamentals of queerness (the goal), what's asked is a relinquishing of the commodity framework (the 'product' with clear and marketable parameters) and an em-

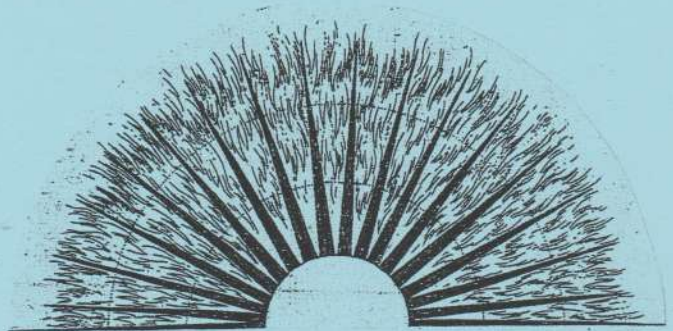
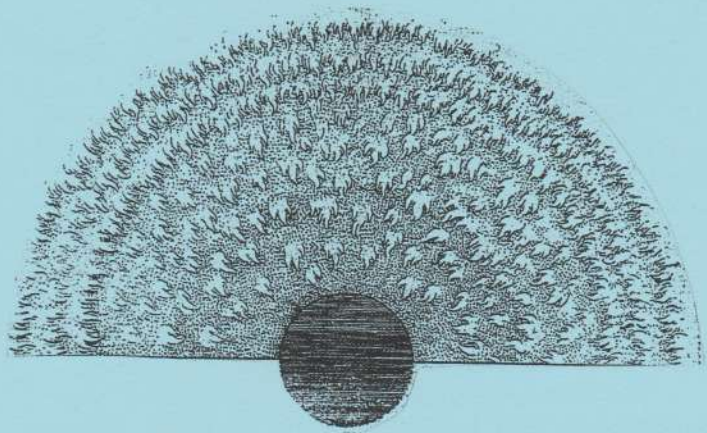


brace of process on a nearly infinite time-scale which is perhaps the only appropriate temporal coupling for a planetary identity. Timothy Morton has found similar incentives to grasp phenomena beyond the suicidal kiln of mechanistic scientism, which in its empirical and even aesthetic commitment to Classical Newtonian Physics (which has been officially debunked for a hundred years) lacks the flexibility to register its codes as provisional. Morton's theory of 'hyper-objects' is a paean to cosmic thinking, in as much as a hyper-object is any 'thing' whose objective measures exceed human lifetimes, and which we are thusly restricted to partial data in quantifying. If such holism were enclosed within science's premise then it's likely the environmental disasters we're facing now would never have occurred, as methodologies would be attentive to a much longer vision than what profit allows. In view of this what else might identity be if not a static interface, if it were allowed the same organic fluidity as the endlessly patient geologies of our planet? Could we terraform? It's a matter of survival. Identity has to become conscious, wielded as an evolutionary technology rather than a stakeholder in societies hinged on untenable methods of reproducing themselves.

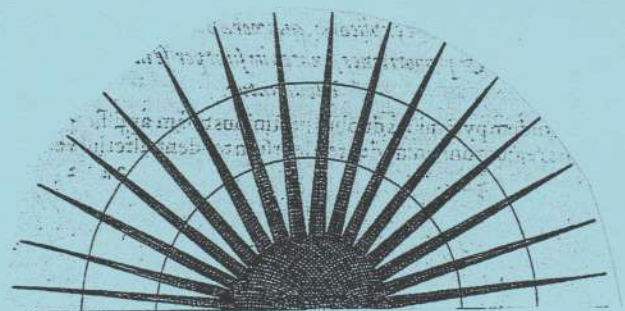
Examples of systems reproducing themselves to the deaths of their host-bodies abound, like the malign urgency of self-replicating cancer-cells. Or the obstinate self-preservation of corporations.

Take for instance Umbrella Corp, a fictional entity from the Resident Evil franchise (the movie versions, of which there are six and counting).

The Umbrella Corporation is a multinational conglomerate developing bio-weaponary for the government, until it became so powerful through various assets it usurped state power (aided by a global zombie-pandemic it helped engineer). From the ashes of near-apocalypse Umbrella survived in technologically sophisticated facilities underground, sheltered from the virality of the surface which it created, continuing the imperatives of 'good business' despite there being no competitors or patrons left alive. Umbrella is the neoliberal agenda realised in the hypothetical extreme, doing away entirely with clients and contracts, orchestrating the annihilation of all potential threats to itself at the cost of complete genocide/ecocide (left beneath ground with the fruits of their monopolies to blindly pursue extractionist-scientism for it's own sake). This is the necrophilia of neoliberalism in it's fullest, by whose logic killing every opposed system is not only permissible but desirable. Complete control of a wasteland is better than partisan ownership of an intact biosphere.



In the franchise's literally titled Final Chapter it is revealed Umbrella knowingly orchestrated the zombie-apocalypse in anticipation of demise already pending, in the form of various consummate factors (global warming, religio-political fundamentalism, war and famine etcetera). This parallels neoliberal logic in the face of actual crises and the structural inability of late-capitalism to adapt to them, carrying on with the materially untenable labours of replicating itself into a future no longer assured. It's easier and more efficient to wipe out life and start over than it is to navigate a compromised present.

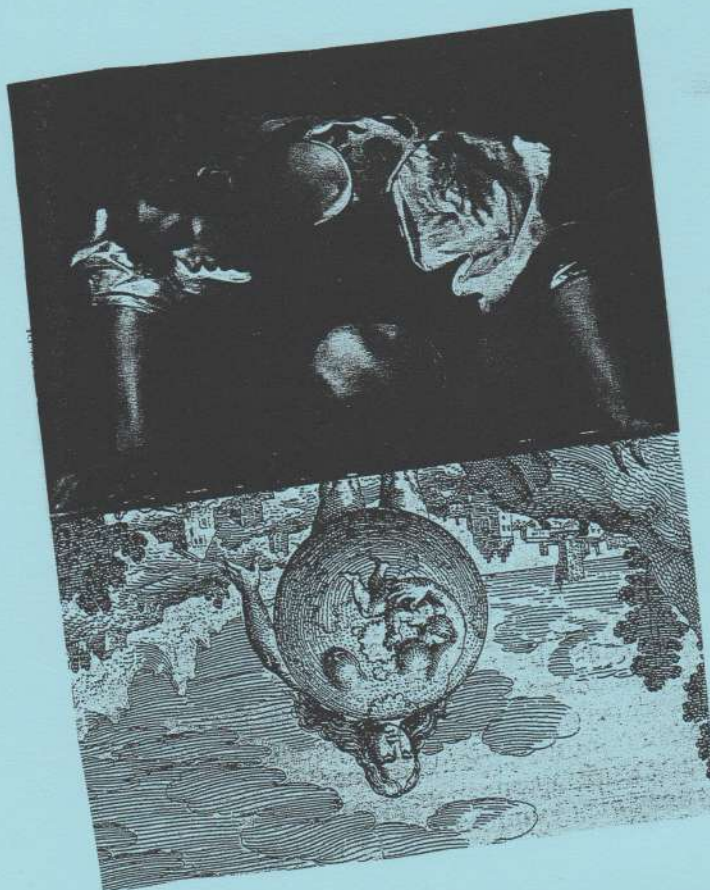


Unlike George Romero's zombie-movie-as-allegories in which the living dead are likened to mindless consumers, the zombies of Resident Evil are members of an emerging necro-sphere, the germ of death itself complicating and repurposing lifeless flesh for an entropic Eden with it's own zoological innovations (the dogs, the rabbits and other carnivorous mutant beasts).

Ridley Scott's *Prometheus* and its sequel *Covenant* similarly explore neoliberal death-spreading but through the ignorance and incompetence of the Weyland Corp, as opposed to Umbrella's biblical designs of planetary-cleansing.

In *Prometheus* the titular commercial carrier is shipping a hodge-podge crew including an effete fastidious android named David to a distant star-system, having interpreted coordinates gleaned from archaeological digs in what the Weyland-funded scientists believe is the home planet of humanity's extraterrestrial forefathers, the 'Engineers' of our species.

On arrival instead of an advanced civilisation they find the remains of a military outpost, and a supernaturally preserved corpse which genetic testing reveals matches human genomes. The hypothesising of Weyland's scientists was correct, humanity was indeed seeded by an advanced hominid race. Which only makes the abandoned outpost, and countless vats of a mysterious black substance, less explicable. It's not until the sinisterly curious android David smuggles a vat back to the ship, experimenting with its biological makeup by poisoning a crewmate with it, that the substance's nature and probable purpose is revealed. Said crewmate's body begins almost immediately disintegrating, unravelling at a genetic 'level'. Just before the corruption of his genome though he has sex with his partner who's been confirmed as infertile. And yet hours after intercourse she shows up as pregnant, birthing an alien monstrosity from a tarnished seed.



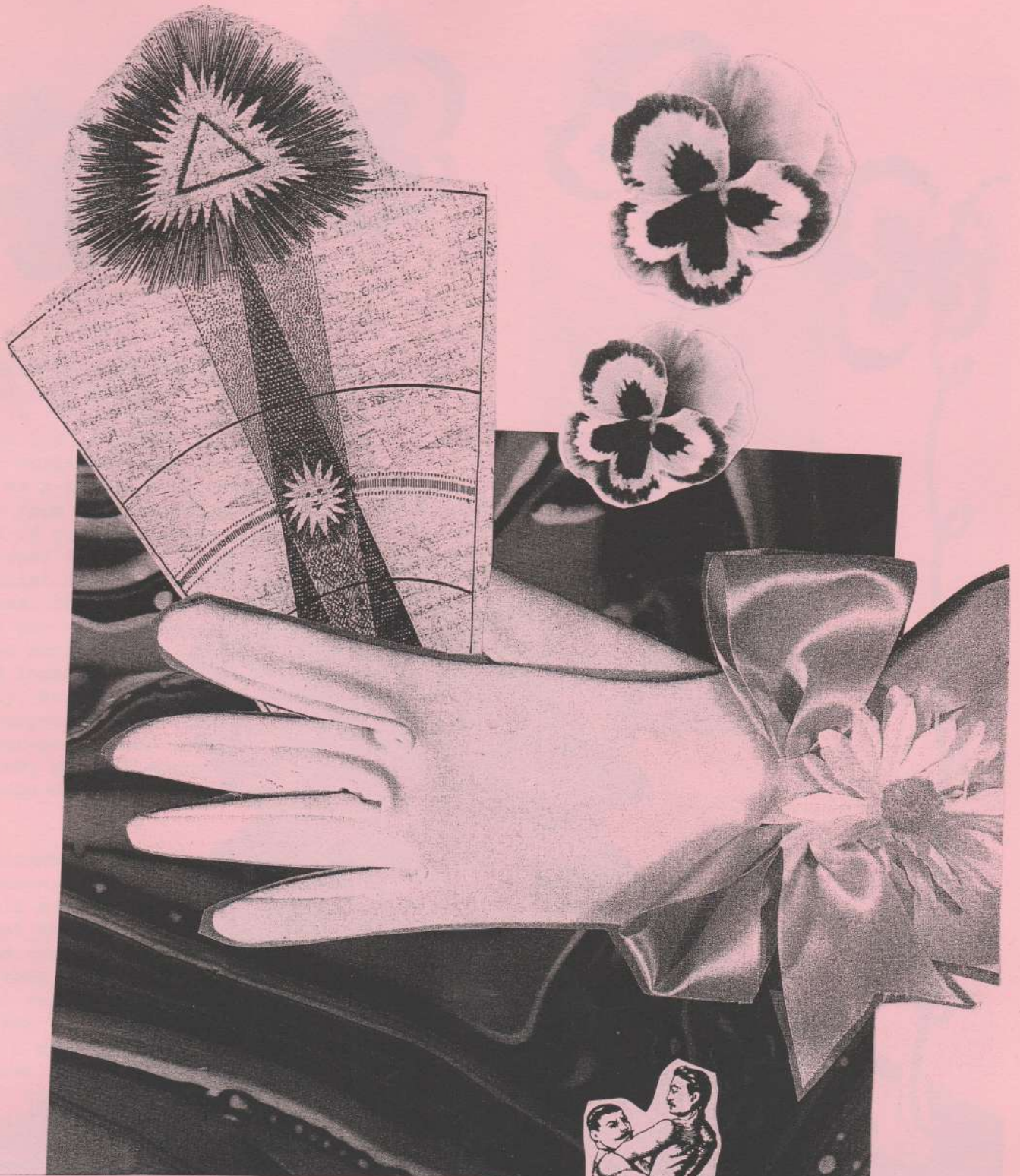
Ultimately David realises the Engineers had thought again about their creation and with this 'liquid-death' were preparing to eradicate humanity. David however sees potential in the substance's unprecedented effect of creating new life from the host-bodies it infiltrates, deciding to harness its malignant properties to incubate his own progeny (thereby participating in the reproductive capabilities of his maker's from which, being android, he's otherwise barred). David hijacks the ship and architects events towards the death of its crew (thwarting the underlying agenda of Weyland's CEO to parley with the Engineers so they might grant him immortality).

In the film's sequel *Covenant* we find David on the Engineers' home planet (which he's cleansed by unleashing the liquid-death like an H-bomb), happily experimenting with an endless supply of the stuff as he brings a menagerie of carnivorous horrors to fruition in synthetic womb-like pods.

Much like Umbrella David is the necrophilic realisation of his neoliberal forebears, Weyland Corp, opting to reproduce himself at the cost of every living system in the vicinity. Interestingly the film makes allusions to this virality-as-propagation being the death-dealing legacy of homosexuality, and its entrenched stigmatising with the spread of AIDS and HIV. At one point David meets an android that's his identical, kisses him during a spiel about perfection and its impossibility, framing David's project as a homoerotic narcissism.

One of two things could be happening here. Either Ridley Scott is indulging in coded homophobia to ideologically bolster compulsive heterosexuality (a Hollywood given); OR David is being presented as a queering of instituted reproduction, in that queering illuminating the arrival point of reproductive systems and their respective lifeworlds dependent on the extraction of finite resources. Namely, death in inconceivably virulent forms.

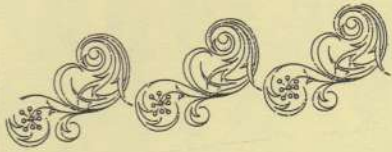
The irony here is it is not the gays as carriers of HIV (in its initial stages vaguely formatted as an angel of death or 'gay cancer') responsible for the crisis we all face now, but rather the 'decent' lifeworlds of heterosexual coupling and nesting whose various consumptions and domestic markets have brought us to the brink. Perhaps the horror in Scott's franchise stems from the vulnerabilities of human bodies across the board, and that this horror bridges the uncomfortable contingencies of reproduction and disease whereby aesthetics of birth and death meet. The former affectively presides in prosperity and hygiene while the latter is culturally and perhaps pathologically made abject. But what happens when the site



of abjection, the cradle of our planet's greatest antagonist (the pollutant-ambience of the western world), is not the gays and their venereal disease but the heteronormative scaffolding of instituted reproduction? Who killed the world? The straights? Scott doesn't answer this question in either film, and in fact it's unclear whether this question is posed deliberately or accidentally. There is however a particularly gnarly death of a self-important Christian man, which could be read like gay-vengeance for the timely framing of HIV and AIDS as a Gay Reckoning.





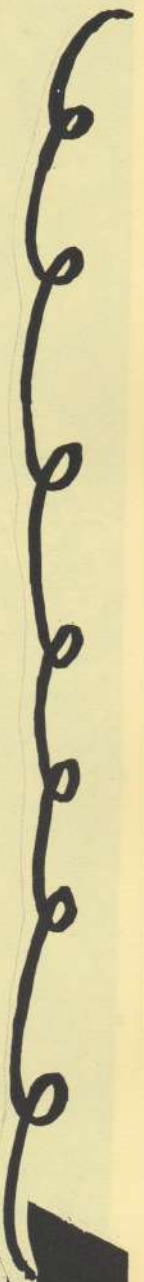
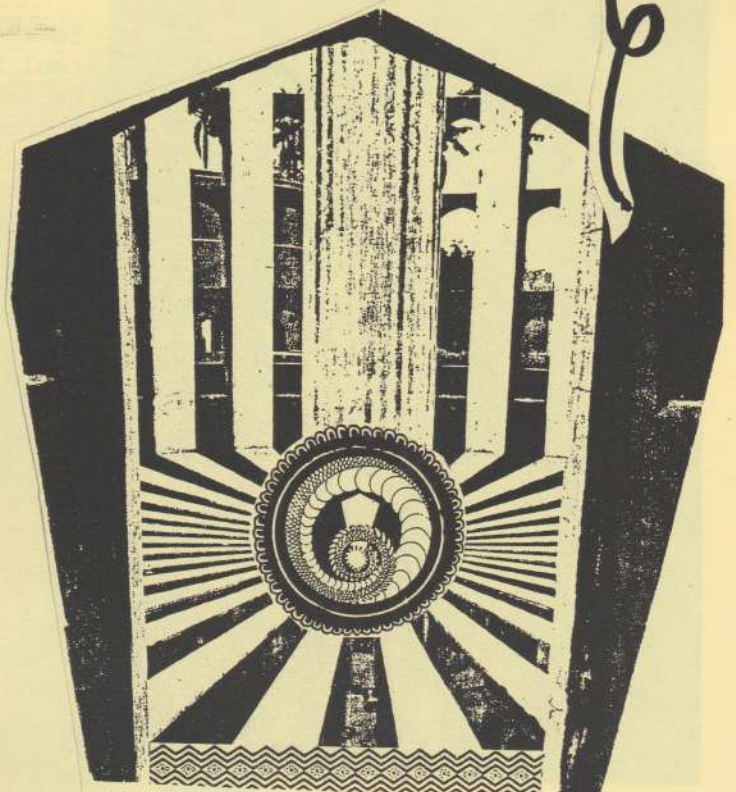


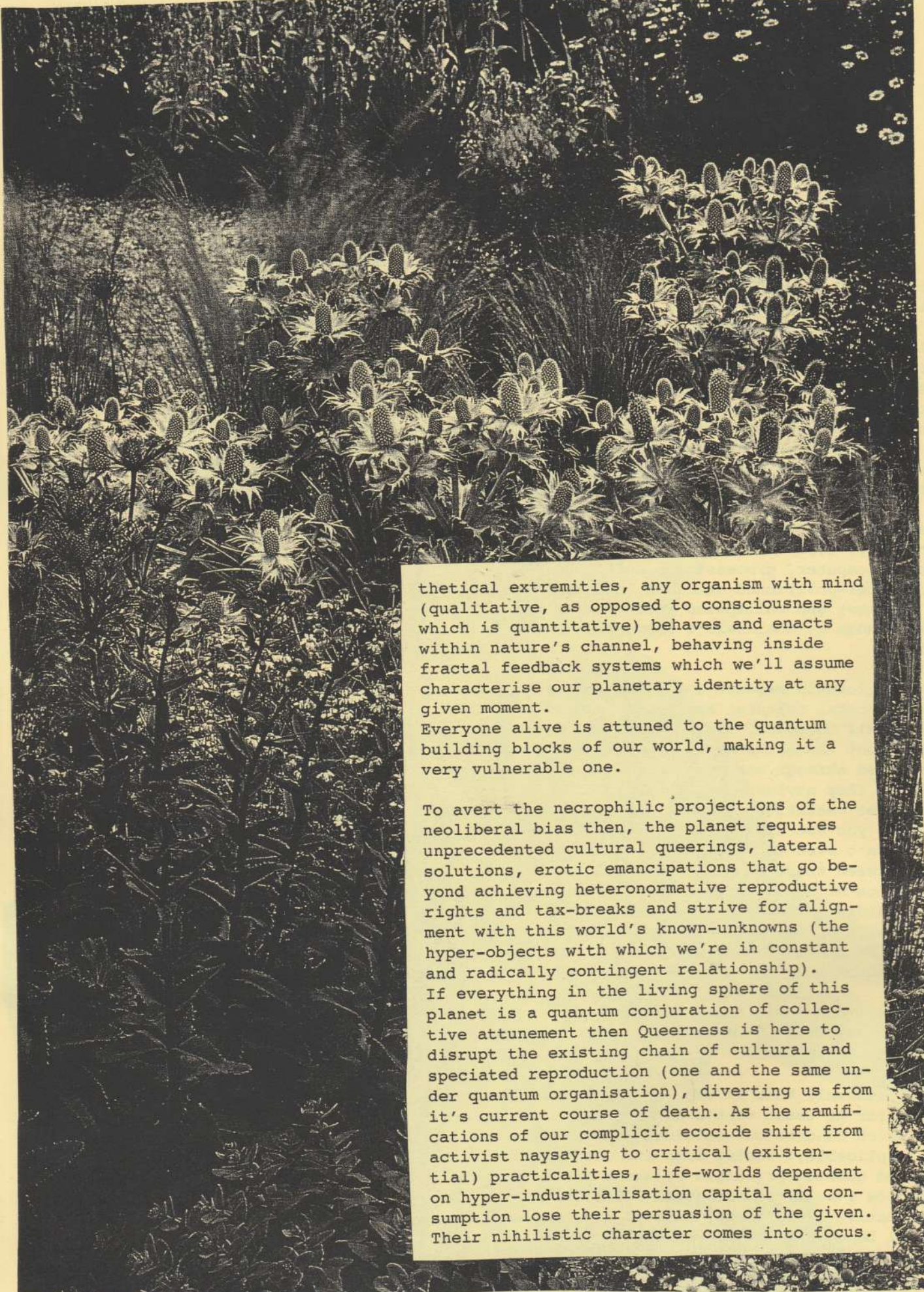
For a remedy to accelerated trajectories of biological doom we turn to Rupert Sheldrake. Maligned in the science world for theorising beyond the classical Newtonian model, Sheldrake suggested that genetic material operated as a transistor, channelling information from a resonance-field. This field consisted of quantum information, or data being shipped from macro to micro in Danish physicist Neil's Bohr's wave/particle fluctuations. These fluctuations of subatomic particles are called superposition, allowing for single particles to exist in multiple times and locations simultaneously. Effectively, every single living cell is a quantum computer, processing a multiplicity of super-positioned outcomes (infinite for all we know) and collapsing into macro form at the nudge of Sheldrake's biomorphic resonance.

The relationship between our cells as quantum-computers, culture, and finally experience itself suggests 'living information', every event thought sensation impression memory fed through the computation of our cells as they navigate superposition for concordant realities, shaping the organic forms you see around you (and inhabit); which isn't even to scrutinise the relationship between these quantum fields and the organisation of non-living matter. In all matter's fluidly juxtaposed interstice of wave/particle it's likely quantum organisation is happening across the board, to matter in it's (technically unthinkable) entirety.

Thus the importance of culture and mind is evolutionary, constructing life-worlds in the most literal sense.

Cosmic renewal, that is what we are experiencing (or at least that's an interpretation which renders our suicidal tendencies more explicable). Taking into account the proposed quantum-principle by which matter organises itself, in which the sociological is an active evolutionary factor, the geopolitical becomes a measure of hyper-collectivity. Quantum logics suture 'spirit' (in the classical sense) and politic. Read thusly, and following the science towards hypo-





thetical extremities, any organism with mind (qualitative, as opposed to consciousness which is quantitative) behaves and enacts within nature's channel, behaving inside fractal feedback systems which we'll assume characterise our planetary identity at any given moment.

Everyone alive is attuned to the quantum building blocks of our world, making it a very vulnerable one.

To avert the necrophilic projections of the neoliberal bias then, the planet requires unprecedented cultural queerings, lateral solutions, erotic emancipations that go beyond achieving heteronormative reproductive rights and tax-breaks and strive for alignment with this world's known-unknowns (the hyper-objects with which we're in constant and radically contingent relationship). If everything in the living sphere of this planet is a quantum conjuration of collective attunement then Queerness is here to disrupt the existing chain of cultural and speciated reproduction (one and the same under quantum organisation), diverting us from it's current course of death. As the ramifications of our complicit ecocide shift from activist naysaying to critical (existential) practicalities, life-worlds dependent on hyper-industrialisation capital and consumption lose their persuasion of the given. Their nihilistic character comes into focus.



More than that. If it's true we have gone beyond the point of collectively reversing the effects of our carbon emissions and extinction-level climate shifts are inevitable, then an alternative to rabid acceleration-ism needs to be found; which is to say the expected reaction to such news will be corporate culprits doubling down on their emissions-heavy practices and individual consumers doing much the same. Why put a band-aid on an axe wound?

If that is the case then an ideological grace-period of acclimation to demise is necessary, a new cultural conception of death to see us easy into that good night and avert a closing chapter organised principally by fear and chaos. This essayist believes that if it doesn't save us then a conceivable alternative still rests in queerness, a listening to the earth body and those around us, a respect for their fluctuations and valuing of their erotic (or other) potential for it's own sake and not for either profit or for imagined contributions to the task of absolving a century's worth of environmental degradation. Perhaps this has happened many times before, the earth contracting to rid itself of a speciated form on it's multifarious crust that's gotten so out of sync with itself that it's wilfully induced immolations threaten the planet's wider metabolism. Maybe not.

Either way a new mode of storytelling is required within the comparatively freeing rubric of queerness, a fresh batch of narratives warming planetary publics to death's inherent naturalness and beauty as a threshold to be met peaceably and with dignity, not to be impossibly avoided in a spat of harmful manias and neuroses. In perfect irony such a mode would give supreme valuation to life itself and retroactively curtail the prescriptive cultures and wasteful avoidance tactics of previous generations, with an ear to the language of bodies in real time. Maybe queerness isn't salvation at all but an ambience of systems reaching their end and restoring to bodies their given sovereignties. As we barrel into vertiginous unknowns only time will tell.

Like Alice, long-standing heroine of the Resident Evil franchise, we must challenge and dismantle those life-worlds whose subsistence breeds death. And much like Alice, whom Karl Marx would undoubtedly approve of, we must hijack their own insidious technologies and disburse them. Knowledge isn't 'bad'. But monomaniacal commitment to principled use of certain knowledges can warp the best of intentions, seen in the faith-like obeisance of Umbrella employees to 'the company', or David's covenant with the Engineers' gene-splicing serum. Without erecting monoliths to Gaia we must be more than 'a people', we must be more than a faith, a collective, an organisation. It is well time to ally with that ground which has patiently endured every bloody tribalist endeavour since the first spear was thrown. We must be 'a planet'.



5
15
OCCUR
5/10
THE

FOR EVERY
ONE
INVOLVED
OWEN
CONNORS



Another word for claw. would it be okay
the embers. could we
you holding hands BATHED HIM IN
THROW into salt ocean rolled
at NERVES FOR JOY!
how
made for truth.

Washes dusty cheeks

and

JUM





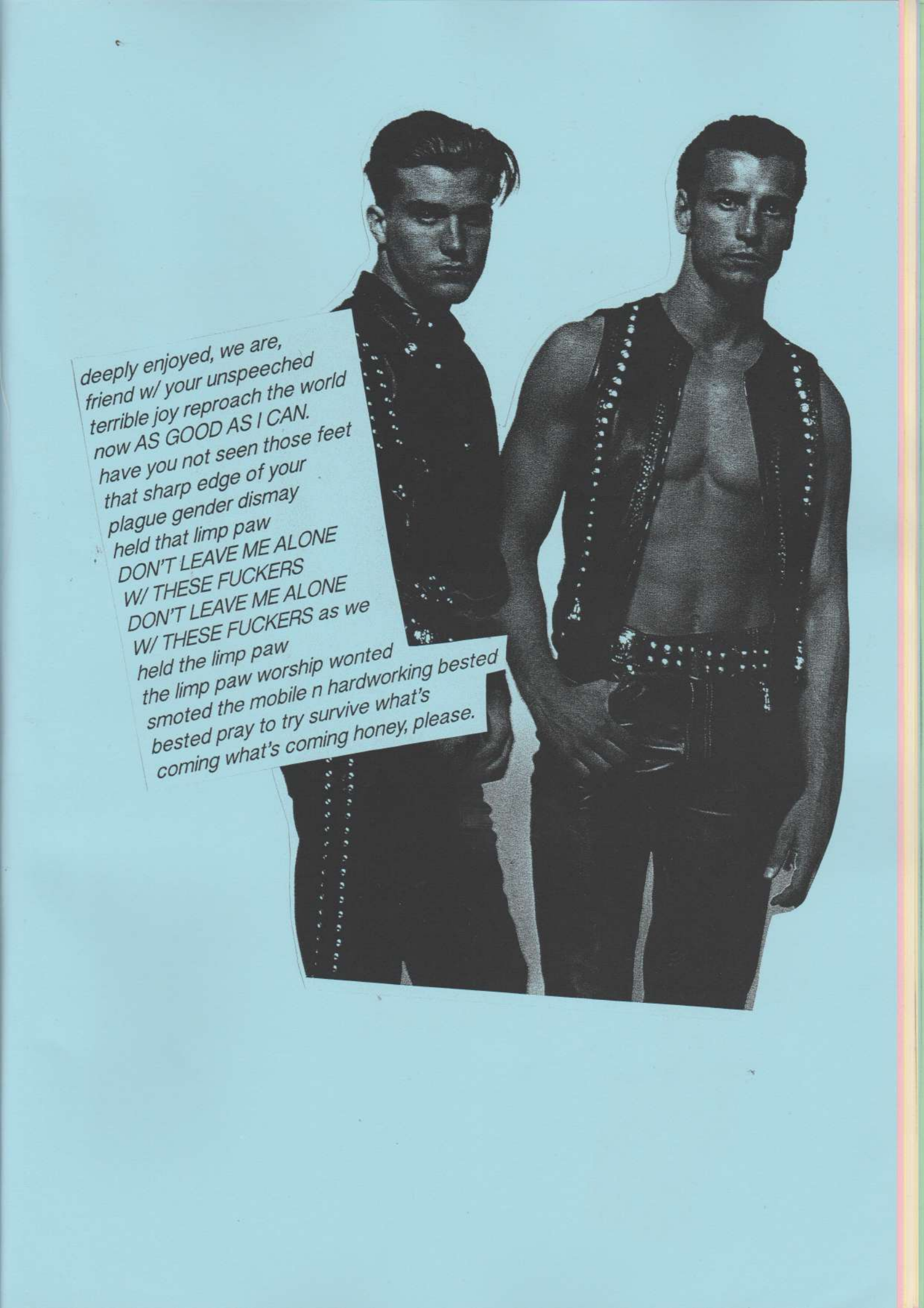
hey, what's another word for claw. would it be okay
to gently hug the embers. could we
would drift with you holding hands BATHED HIM IN
SPRINGS OF SORROW into salt ocean rolled
untarnished by that NERVES FOR JOY!
i'll deny witnessing how
it feel to rock a body made for truth.
witnessing a life
time of pecking beaks dusty cheeks
see all this and more
and more and more and
come back to earth
NO FLAME IN A VACUUM
cover it as your spawn.





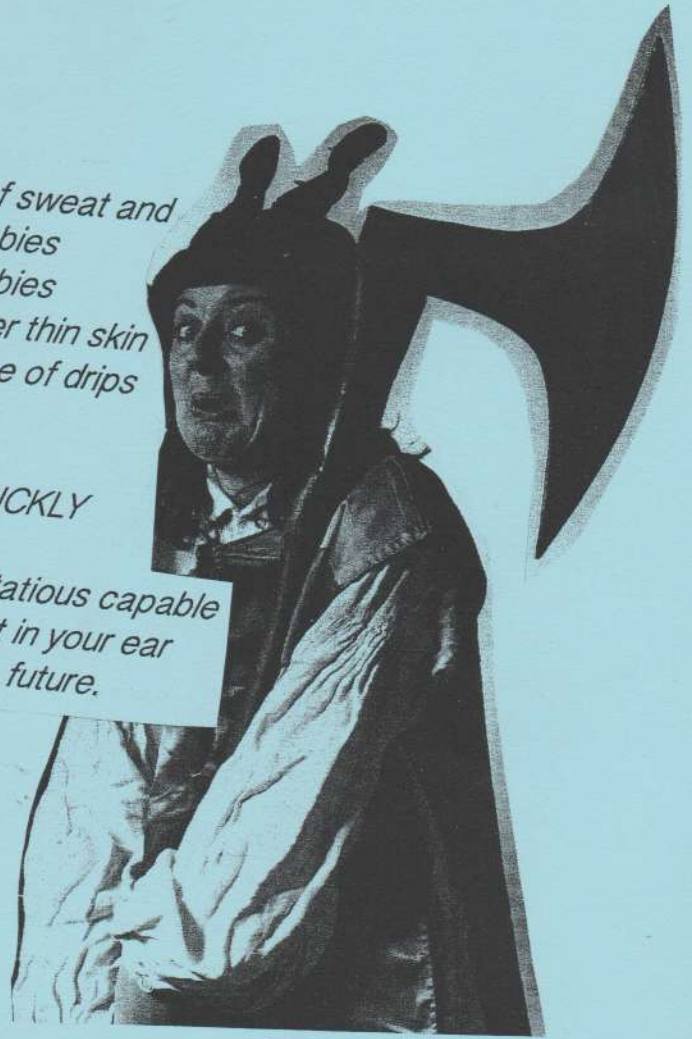
OH HELLO danger and the always
present probability of losing it. here
take all my intimate
n now i am just the faint
shadow left by leaf
the tracks of night left on my back.
oi, have you considered screaming?
everyone but you scurries
over earth seeking
REVELATION
n leaning back
we dig down sing:
IS THIS FOREVER?
IS THIS FOREVER?
IS THIS FOREVER?



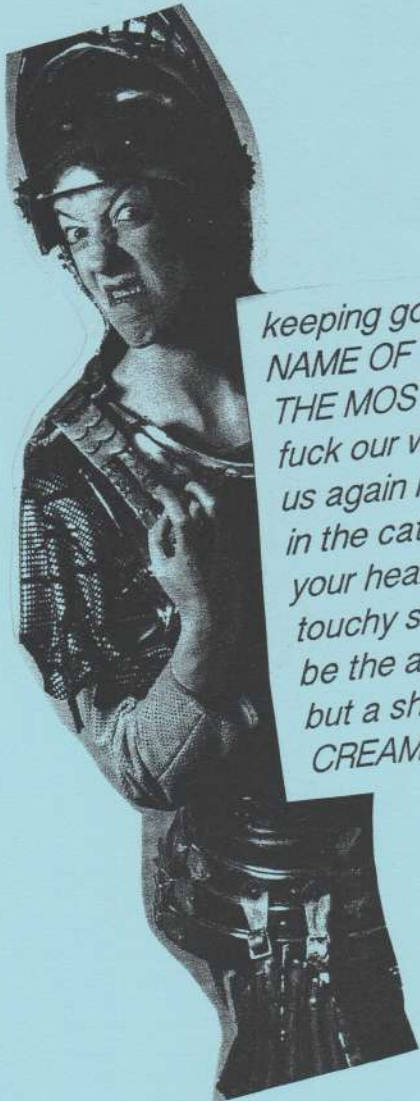


deeply enjoyed, we are,
friend w/ your unspeached
terrible joy reproach the world
now AS GOOD AS I CAN.
have you not seen those feet
that sharp edge of your
plague gender dismay
held that limp paw
DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE
W/ THESE FUCKERS
DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE
W/ THESE FUCKERS as we
held the limp paw
the limp paw worship wanted
smoted the mobile n hardworking bested
bested pray to try survive what's
coming what's coming honey, please.

*the ocean is made of sweat and
is coming for your babies
is coming for your babies
the future is frail paper thin skin
mole map in the shape of drips
turn faucet of tears
turn faucet of tears
WHEN FACED WITH SICKLY
MEMORISE ITS MAW
have you forgot the flirtatious capable
of tongue. exquisite wet in your ear
speeching is ancient no future.*



*keeping going in the
NAME OF THE MOST, MOST
THE MOST SALIENT CAN
fuck our world n build
us again in EVERY IMAGE which
in the catalogue which is
your heart which is a very
touchy subject but who else will
be the apology for that cavalry
but a shining star which
CREAMS ANOTHER WAY*



*we are thinning waists in relation
to the hours.*

drink. fuck. breed.

drink. fuck. breed.

drink. fuck. breed.

how well we member its

radiant face acne scars

depicting souls in various

stage of release

stage of release

listen to to open further.

i am quietly

confident that if we

continue in our bodies

n labours i will be a consenting

and willing

adult n wherever they take you

after all who is more deserve to

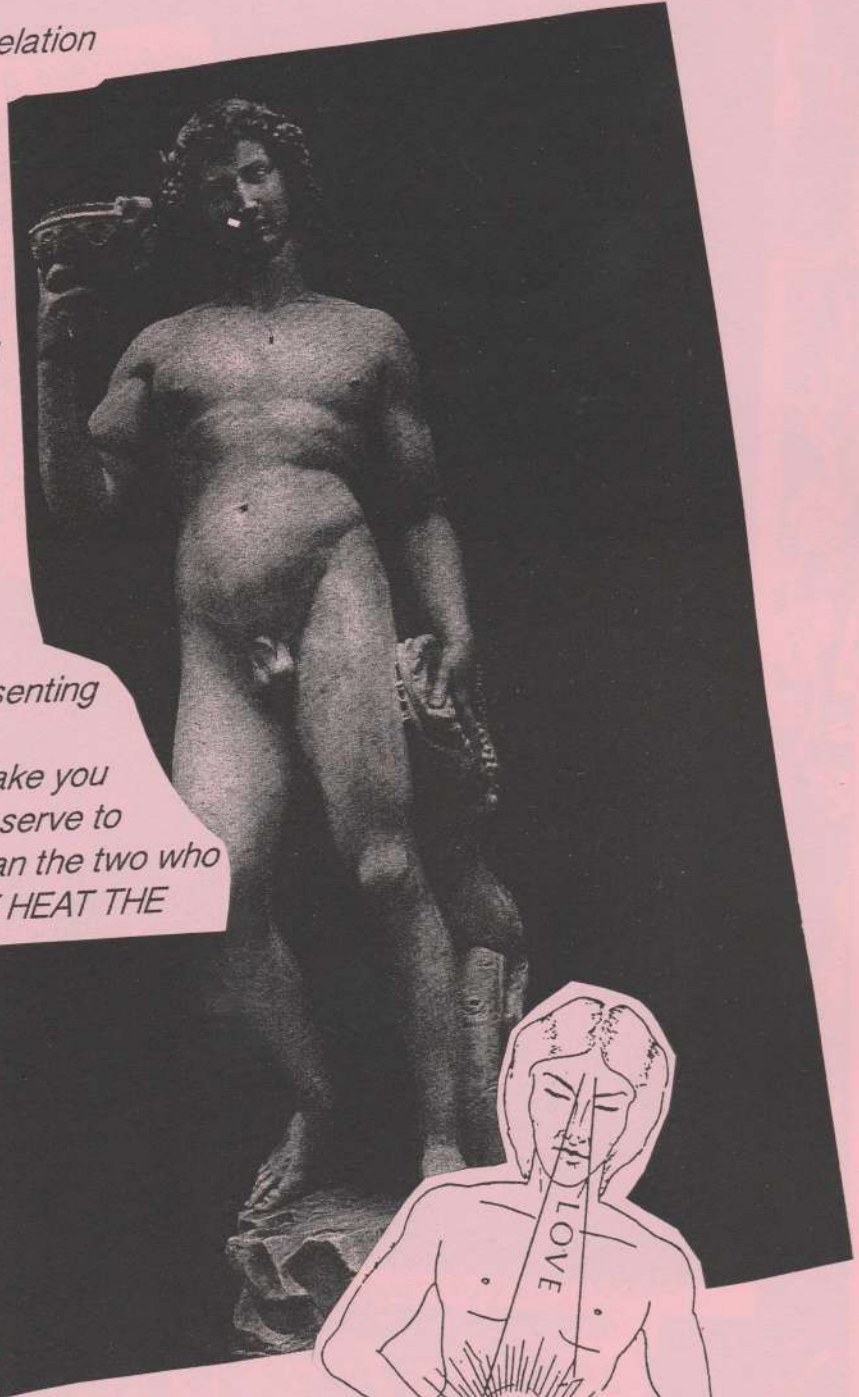
commence this folly than the two who

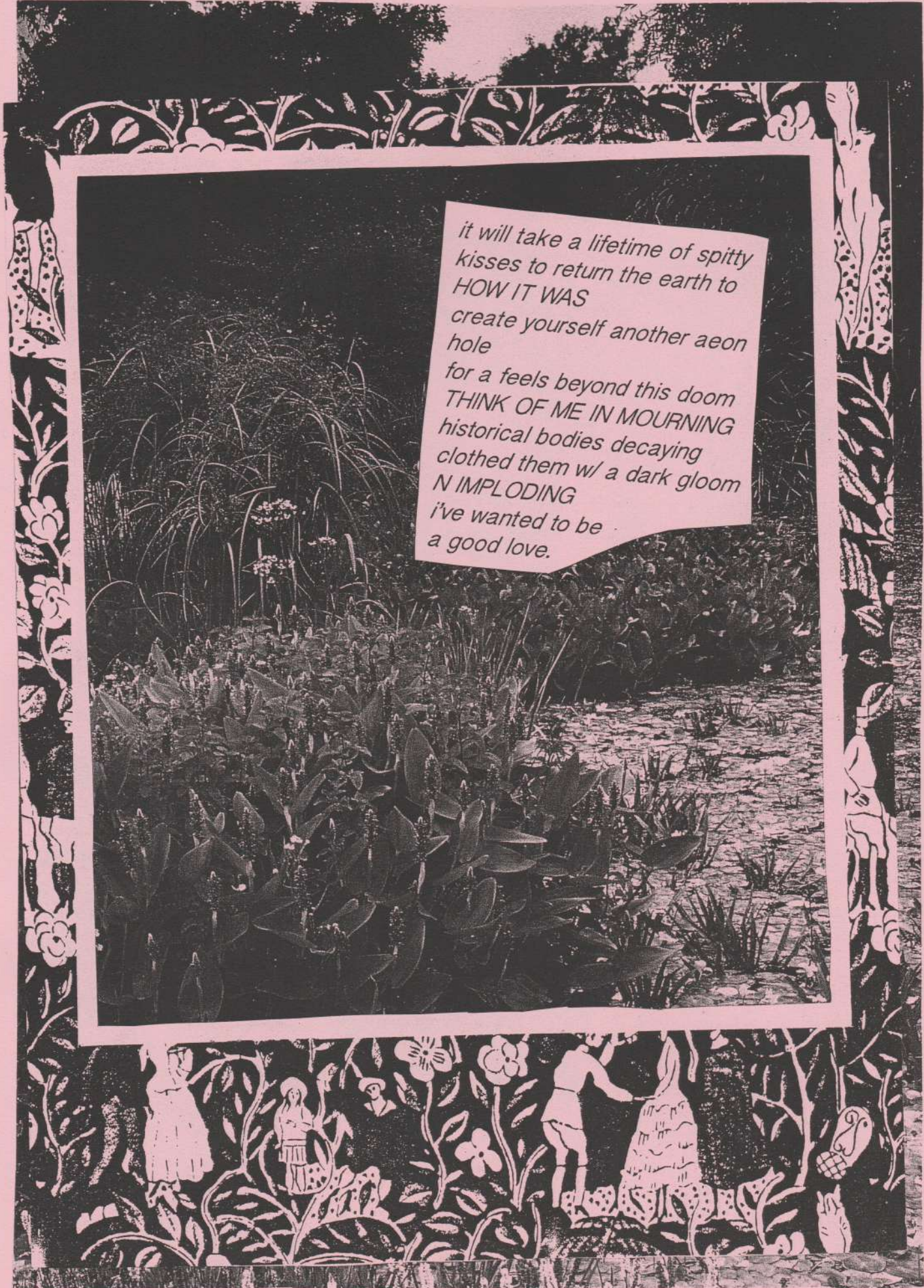
first propose it. OI, THE HEAT THE

EARTH:

THE

WORLD





*it will take a lifetime of spitty
kisses to return the earth to
HOW IT WAS
create yourself another aeon
hole
for a feels beyond this doom
THINK OF ME IN MOURNING
historical bodies decaying
clothed them w/ a dark gloom
N IMPLoding
i've wanted to be
a good love.*

will automate genes, will
praise your fellow spirits
will work hard to become the
one who is undefiled n
unpolluted i am undefiled n
unpolluted i was undefiled n unpolluted.
screaming stones, hugged trees, falling seeds, shaking
our whole bodies

WHERE ARE THE ANGELS?

WHERE ARE THE ANGELS?

lonelily men in w/ a lower power reach.

my tongue, my stone tongue, falling SAY

i don't wanna return.

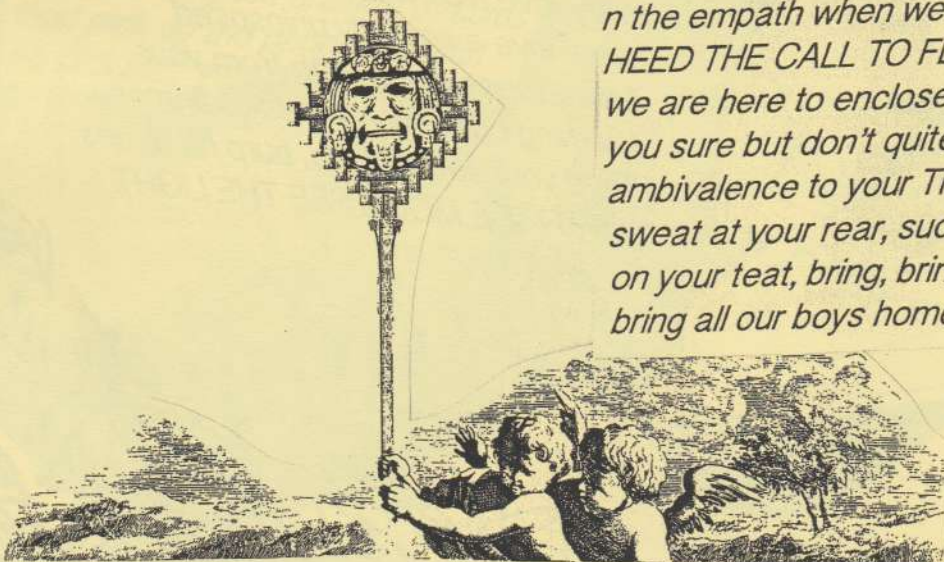
you will not die in coddled in

anger, this trickle of blood say, this trickle of blood says,

REAL THUNDER COMING COVER YOUR EARS.

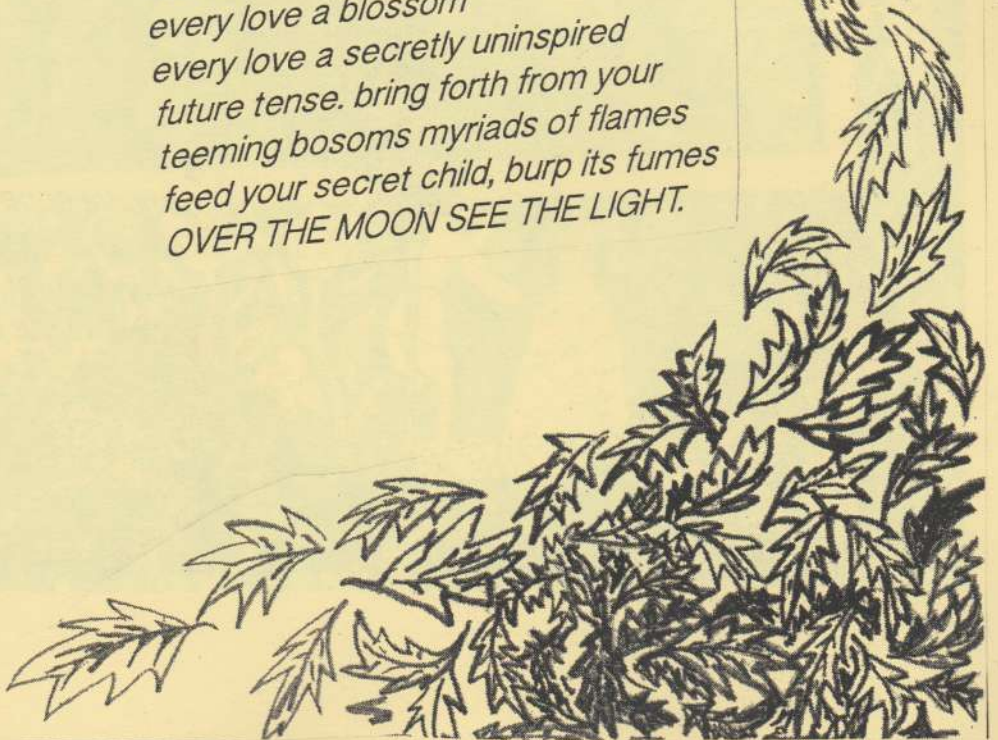


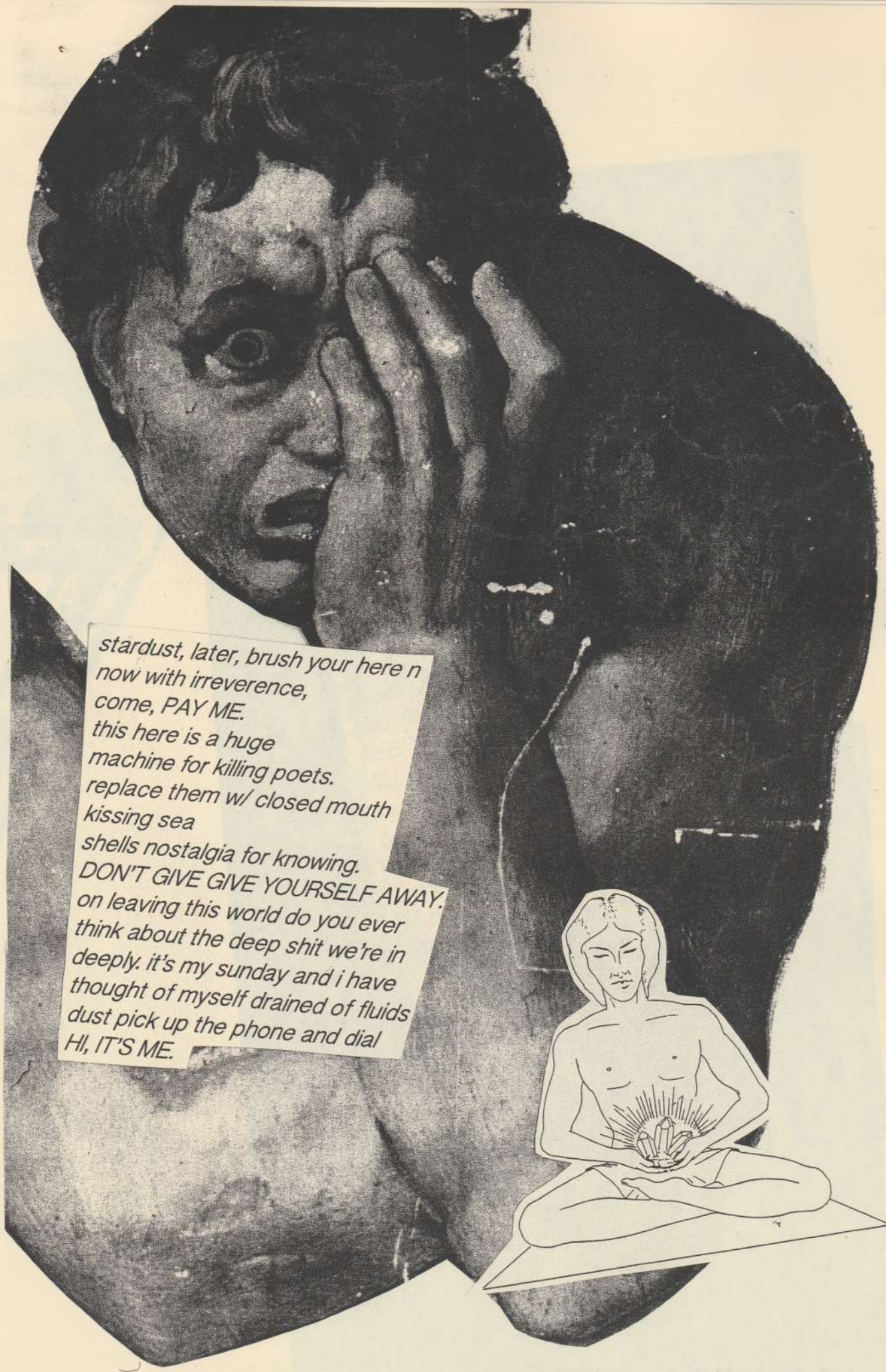
but BALANCE IS THE DESIRED EFFECT.
and what of the sociality of speaking
n the empath when we
HEED THE CALL TO FLIGHT
we are here to enclose n disclose
you sure but don't quite get the
ambivalence to your TRYING.
sweat at your rear, suck
on your teat, bring, bring
bring all our boys home.





percussion is visual
like thunder n lightning
give us two times baby
MADE FROM SPIT no agenda
mixed in palms then [clapped]
together. tell meself to AGAIN AGAIN
not be jealous of everything yous have
every love a blossom
every love a secretly uninspired
future tense. bring forth from your
teeming bosoms myriads of flames
feed your secret child, burp its fumes
OVER THE MOON SEE THE LIGHT.





*stardust, later, brush your here n
now with irreverence,
come, PAY ME.
this here is a huge
machine for killing poets.
replace them w/ closed mouth
kissing sea
shells nostalgia for knowing.
DON'T GIVE GIVE YOURSELF AWAY.
on leaving this world do you ever
think about the deep shit we're in
deeply. it's my sunday and i have
thought of myself drained of fluids
dust pick up the phone and dial
HI, IT'S ME.*



your ENDEAVOUR OF THE
lateness OF THE BODY is an asset
SO NEEDED

so so sorry you had to carry
this MUTING HOURS OF
FAITHFULNESS but know
we are pharmaceutical gift and
an extension of its shadow.

we should write everything but
the moth dying on the bathroom floor
THEIR COLLECTED PARTS IN THE
BTTM OF THE LIGHT
gather everything for the glory





I KNOW YOU ARE
YOU SAID YOU ARE
n since you not yet dead,
could we POSSIBLY have more
grace w/o this bag of bones n lil muscle
round our wrist that amended b&w
gaze out THEIR peripherals thus
constant feel you are here to cheer on. YAY!
KEEPING US AWAKE YOU ARE
ALL NIGHT KEEPING US AWAKE
so hungry to be treated right
to be truly honoured as in whispered
against us N WE SING TILL WE PERFECT
thank you thank you thank you we are
all part perfect thank you

