

TE RANGA O TE PARA

THE WEAVING OF TRASH

Written by Mana P Hokianga

Te Para x2 xx
Ka Hanga x2
Kapi (Clap)

Te kaihanga o te para xx
Te Tangata x2
Whakapapa o te Para xx
Te Tangata x2
Ka whakatō ki te papa xx
Te Para x2
Ka rere rato wai xx
Te Para x2

The Rubbish
The Creation/The Making
Cut (Clap)

The Creator of Trash
The People
The Origins of Rubbish
The People
It's buried in the ground
The Trash
It flows in water
The Trash

Kei te Pātītī xx
He rapihī
Ika Parakuihi xx
He rapihī
Haunga whakahīhī
He rapihī

Te Para x2 xx
Ka Hanga x2
Whakapatupatu taiao xx
Te Para x2
Whakamahimahi ano
Te Para x2
Whakamahimahi ano
Te Para x2

Kapi (Clap)

*It's in the grass
Garbage (it's just there)
People are starting to find rubbish in
their fish
Garbage (It's just there)
Smell so sting that you can feel the
warmness of it
Garbage (It's just there)*

*The Rubbish
The Creation/The Making
It's beat/striking our environment
The Rubbish
Use it again/Re-use it/Keep Using it
The Rubbish
Keep using it
The Rubbish*

Cut (Clap)

Te Ranga o te Para

Te Para x2 + X

ka Hanga x2 - 2x

~~ka P~~

Te kaihanga o te Para x x

Te Tangata x2

whakapapa o te Para x x

Te Tangata x2

ka whakatō ki te papa +

Te Para x2

ka rere ~~roto~~ wai +

Te Para x2

ka pi

Clap





OfficeMax

100 series
medium
back chair

BOX RECYCLING
IDEAS

Card-C

Great for...
Self-cleaning

GARBAGE, like God, has no known origin, although it seems to be a genus of inanimate object that has suffered the alchemy of human intervention: transforming first from living to dead (e.g. dinosaurs to petrol) and then from valuable to unwanted (e.g. gasoline to carbon), moving from deep intimacy with the human and its life, to a state of extreme ghettoization. Other animals do not seem to produce similar Garbage, nor have a need for idols or religious artifacts in general. But our ramping up of consumption just as Marxist materialism is on the rise does suggest replacing one with the other. When our new god, money, is exhausted, becomes boring, trite or banal, what will replace it? Shining like the blazing Phoenix, emerging from the inferno recast into the form of a flaming hopebird, the magic slurry of undifferentiated anti-idol, the unwanted sea of bads. Already they mine the dumps. The future is a spinning sieve. Negation pools into opulence, the proverbial tables turn, invert, and we dine on the ceiling. There is no conceivable world to come in which Garbage is not a deity.



MADLIB INSTRUCTIONS

Fill out #s 1-15 below, and then plug them in correspondant to their numbers in the mythographic hymn opposite.

1. trash place: _____
2. disgusting fluid: _____
3. god of filth: _____
4. kind of preppy/neo-liberal subjects: _____
5. waste mass/thing: _____
6. un/natural assemblage: _____
7. intense feeling: _____
8. kind of therapy: _____
9. futuristic trash megafauna: _____
10. adverb (that's an -ly word): _____
11. carnal sensation: _____
12. kind of waste: _____
13. slow, deep sound: _____
14. trash messiah: _____
15. kind of abject beings: _____

We went to the _____ [1] and poured
_____ [2] all over us, screaming about
how (/the) _____ [3] would finally be reborn
and save us from the _____ [4].

As the engorged _____ [5]
rose over the _____ [6], (/the)
_____ [7] roared through us and we felt
_____ [8].

The _____ [9] howled
_____ [10] to meet our
_____ [11], and vats of
_____ [12] bubbled alchemically as if in
harmony.

With a(/n) _____ [13],
_____ [14] was born from the gutters of
the world to reign over all the _____ [15].

When you're trash but you're still better than everyone else



I may be trash



@nocturnaltrashposts

***but that means I'm
someone's treasure***

FREE SHIT — A RUBBISH MANIFESTO

Rubbish is free: it costs nothing. Its assigned monetary value ranges from almost nothing (Dump Shop); to nothing (things scavenged from bins or gutters, reclaimed recycling such as glass or cardboard); to less than nothing / negative value (i.e. being paid to tear down a shed and take away its constituent parts, or clear garden waste).

There is a strongly enforced correlation under capitalism between monetary value and social value. Therefore anything— or anyone— with less, no, or negative monetary value is also assigned correspondingly less social value / worth. However, being less valued / mattering less can also mean less pressure of expectation upon the material (person / plant / animal). Things (people / plants / animals) that are classified by majority-culture as rubbish / (trash / garbage) are therefore also granted a perverse kind of social freedom. Free = free.

Rubbish names a class of orphan-object, unowned. However, it is truly said that one person's trash is another's treasure. Value is in the eye of the beholder. A thing can have zero or little monetary value but retain a great deal of use-value: this principle applies to many things, including food, buildings, and land. Therefore the clever scavenger / bottom-feeder seeks out hidden beauty or usefulness. Learning discernment is a way to take advantage of incorrect assessments of true value (e.g. op-shop scores). The discerning eye is the fruit of experience; it can't be bought.

A parallel value-paradox concerns usefulnesses that are only useful while they remain free, as in the Taoist parable of the massive, crookedly bent tree. It remains alive while its fellows are cut down and turned into straight timber. Useful in its uselessness as wood, it offers shade and shelter to animals and humans. (See also: any land or food resource used in common, such as community gardens.)

Consider that which is overlooked, discarded, thrown away, dropped, or lost. Crumbs fall from the table; to smaller life-forms each one is a meal. Precious metal and jewels fall into cracks and sewers. Plants drop seeds. Dead whales fall to the abyssal deep and become a decades-long ecosystem of sustenance.

One can also increase use-value by the skilful combination of considered-useless things that thereby become more interesting, beautiful, or valuable (e.g a skip-dived stir-fry; sewing cool second-hand buttons onto a gifted shirt; a tiny house made of salvaged timber). Ingenious artists and artisans can turn this kind of labour back into financial profit. (Neo-Dadaist Ushio Shinohara turns cardboard scavenged from the rubbish collections of New York into life-sized motorbike sculptures and sells them back to the rich.) Rubbish-art is also more free in the sense that low-cost materials allow low-risk experimentation; less precious = less pressure.

Rubbish— which I use because it's my native vernacular term— and garbage are both newish words (early 15thC and late 16thC respectively). Trash is only slightly older (late 14thC). Is this because there was no such thing as rubbish in the olden days? We children of the Anthropocene turn and turn in the widening plastic gyre.

When I'm beach-combing I see that the rubbish of the past has become more beautiful through the ceaseless action of the sea. (Humans can simulate this sea-working by tool-use.) The rubbish of the past is also more beautiful than modern rubbish because the materials of the past were more elegant: wood, glass, ceramic, paper. (The aesthetic philosophy wabi-sabi refers to the beauty of simplicity and imperfection; wabi refers to the marks of the maker's hand, sabi to the way time alters by wear— patina, damage.) Better rubbish; contrast the beauty-in-durability expressed throughout the aesthetic lifespan of these materials to the toxic, near-infinite dissolution of chemicals and micro-plastics.

In the immediate material world of most humans, though, there is very little that is entirely toxic or useless. (Roadkill, hung in a wire-mesh cage; flies lay eggs; maggots fall out and become food for chickens.)

The deeper point is that time ceaselessly acts upon matter, transforming it. Shit becomes compost becomes food, depending on time and treatment. It is not only a question of labour, but of personal responsibility (in the matter of compost toilets, responsibility for the waste of one's own body). This work also necessitates an ideological reclassification of shit: taboo filth becomes fertile fuel.

Another way to think about these processes of composting / transformation: by creating conditions hospitable to wild bacteria, yeasts, insects etc., we tap into abundant natural energy-sources that are unowned and free. (See also: sauerkraut, wild-yeast baking and brewing.)

More fundamentally, the transmogrification-through-digestion of something valueless into something valuable is analogous to the process of unlearning that we humans must undergo in order to see true value clearly. What we work on also works on us. Through the alchemy of creative labour, we continually compost ourselves. We must undertake processes of ideological ferment that invite the wild into symbiosis. Make your body a garden and your mind a workshop! Become an agent of transformation!

Rosie Whinray ~ Wizard of Wellington
13 / 11 / 2023 ~ New Moon in Scorpio







Recycling

Manufactured in Telford, UK by
MADE IN
BRITAIN

GRAEMER

2017

CE

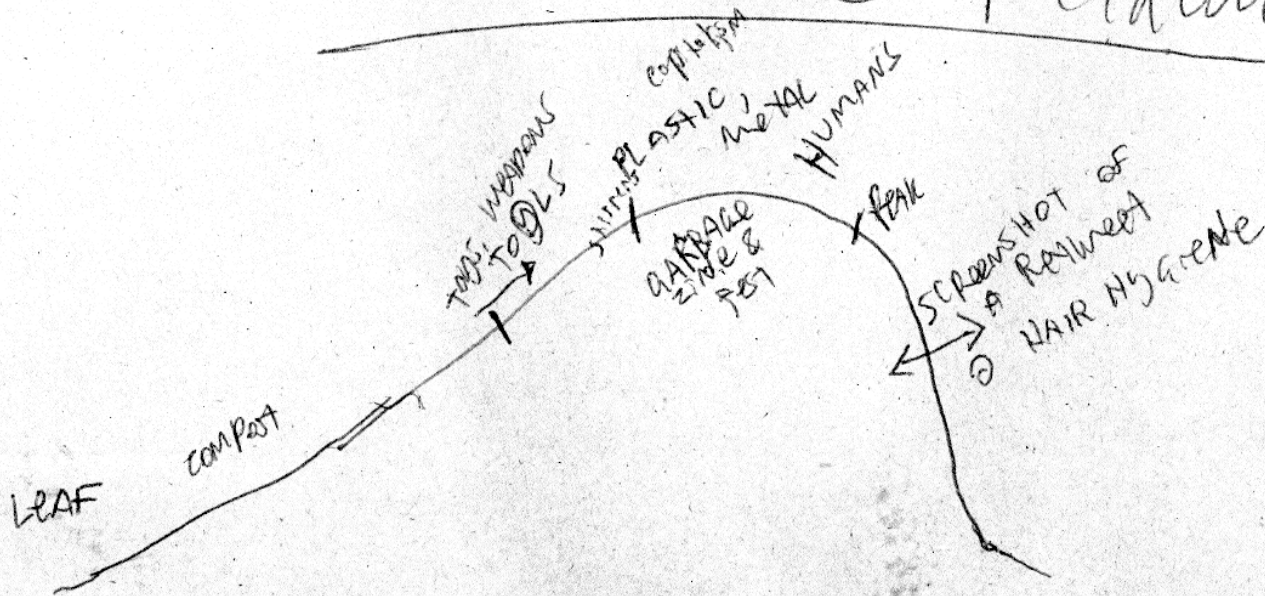
She ran after the
garbage truck,
yelling, “Am I
too late for the
garbage?”

“No, jump in!”

Soneto basura

Qué es basura sino un amargo pasado,
dulce presente de un silencio luminoso,
el temor abyecto de un futuro inexistente,
destino oscuro e intangible de un mañana;
palabras vacías que invocan un mundo en tinieblas,
sueños ansiosos de sombras pestilentes,
religiones enfermas y aún sedientas de tiernas almas,
la niebla en la penumbra de los huecos de tu mente;
promesas estériles en mares de esperanza,
proyecciones sangrientas de un eco enclaustrado,
el fuego infértil de nuestra mala crianza
y el cadáver de un recuerdo en el triste olvido;
pero qué es basura sino una creación de mi psique,
un reflejo de mi propia burbuja y microcosmos,
ilusiones que entorpecen la visión del paraíso;
mas aquel valle encantado es eterno y siempre mío.

GARBAGE SPECTRUM





오랜 시간 메말라 갈라진 땅의 틈새로 기어 들어갔다 by 박정민
남은 것은 오늘 막 잡아올린 커다란 생선의 윤기나는 몸뚱이와 용맹하게
찢어진 아가미 밖으로 토해낸 마지막 숨
오늘 또 생선 한 마리를 문었다
어느 바다에서 잡혔는지 출신이 불분명한 흰 물고기는 이름표조차 없다
냉동과 해동을 반복하며 전자레인지용 밀폐용기에 봉인되어 일주일이
나 툭툭 일상에 침투하는 귀찮은 식재료
몸에 좁쌀처럼 올라온 붉은 자국이 간지러워 물을 한 모금 마셨다
밀폐용기가 딸각하며 열릴 때 살점을 찢고 나오는 쇠파리의 유충이 떠올
라 소름이 끼친다
무더위에 흘러내린 어느 할머니의 화장처럼 축축하게 몽그러진 표면에
비장하게 손가락을 얹고 지그시 누르니 저항도
없이 파고든다
이 상한 물고기를 소화시킬 수 있는 가능성에 대하여 잠시 생각해 보지
만 이내 귀찮아 갓 비운 음식물 쓰레기통에 던져
넣었다
해동되어 온 몸으로 울던 몸뚱이
아무렇게나 벌어진 아가미 사이로 비밀스럽게 다시 시작된 헤엄
전화벨이 울리고 그 밖의 모든 것이 정지한다

SCORE:

the pile begins to twitch, heave and blur, and as the ticking crinoline static rises to a crescendo, a hand emerges from it, trembling and tied around with pieces of cast off things, it reaches toward the sky

A pinpoint of silence, and then, the sky reaches back, full bodied clouds gurgle and hum, their hips heavy with rain. The hand begins to plunder the edges of the pile, ticking and tinkering, until it finds the end of a thread, a single note rings as the hand begins to pull at the thread

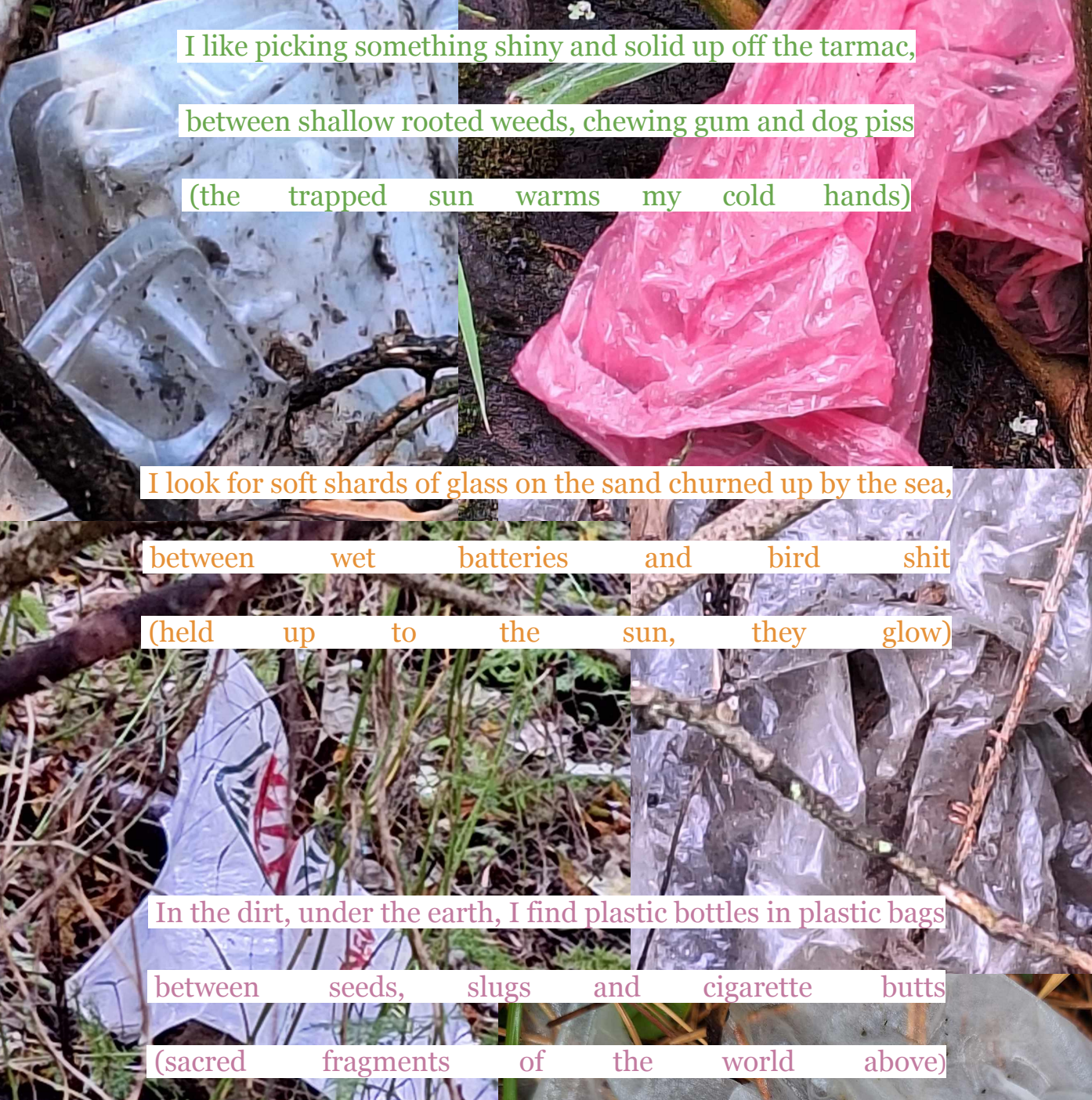
[nature merges with garbage]

hundreds of forest animals erupt from mole hills in the floor holding crimes plastic bags, rusted tin herring toys, used tampon rappings

they dance a luxuriant waltz with the garbage for 13 hours while the human figure sits atop the pile of slag plunging countless dirty needles into their body and clawing off flesh in tiny chunks

The thread snaps and the clouds hunker down with a crash, thighs trembling and full of paraquat. earth convulses with the rumble of a billion upkept lawns. The animals have woven the rubbish into a carpet with their dancing, they orchestrate a sanguine, crossbred, orgy—all fur and spit and surrender. the human figure turns itself inside out and begins howling into its own mouth while a garbage city blooms at its feet...

—mid-century carcasses lined by toothpicket fencing, a monument of soiled diapers—esteemed by a colony of pale faced worms, the wheezing sun collapses behind a tent post skyline to drink from a river of shit.



I like picking something shiny and solid up off the tarmac,
between shallow rooted weeds, chewing gum and dog piss
(the trapped sun warms my cold hands)

I look for soft shards of glass on the sand churned up by the sea,
between wet batteries and bird shit
(held up to the sun, they glow)

In the dirt, under the earth, I find plastic bottles in plastic bags
between seeds, slugs and cigarette butts
(sacred fragments of the world above)

今日を生きる。食べる。捨てる。着る。捨てる。掃除する。捨てる。
楽しむ。捨てる。欲しい。要らない。あれがいい。これは嫌。
きれい。汚い。新しい。古い。使える。使えない。

今使ってる。明日はどうかな。
今は気に入ってる。来年はどうかな。

さよなら。
誰か新しい持ち主を見つけてね。見つからなかったら、あとは、埋められて
ね。
あとのことは、私は知らない。
私は新しいものが好きなの。

すごく昔のアルバムをたまたま見つけた。埃だらけ。
古ぼけた写真で、いっぱい。

忘れ去られたものをよく見たら、自分が忘れてた事を思い出した。

さよなら、する前に、じっと見つめてみる。
さよなら、されたものを見つめてパズルしてみる。

触りたくない。洗ってみようか。
汚いままが味があるかも。
あれとこれを組み合わせたら、すごいものが出来そう。
形を変えてみたらどうかな。

新品のものじゃ駄目なの。
私のとびきりの魔法を使うには。

しばた まり









山楂餅

SOLAR PRODUCE

4 HEALTH STAR RATING	ENERGY	SAT FAT	SUGARS	CHOLESTEROL	FIBRE
	1689kJ	0.5g	0.2g	5mg	3.7g
		LOW	LOW	LOW	

Original

RICE

organic



RICE



4 HEALTH STAR RATING	Energy	Salt	Sugars	Sodium	Fibre
	1770kJ	1.2g	0g	1.8mg	4.4g
		LOW	LOW	LOW	

Original



Slightly nutty



丟垃圾是十七歲的最自由的時候，可以一個人下樓，脫離核心家庭的引力，放風想像去漫遊，一步接一步出走，飄出去的思維跟著垃圾車到終點，倒泔水，掩埋，劈哩叭啦，該碎的碎一地，不該碎的也碎一地，豬隻吃得嘩啦嘩啦，大口大口的吃，推擠搶爭踩踏，會踩死幾隻蟑螂嗎？不，蟑螂是踩不死的。泔水刺鼻的味道混著溫體豬的味道，亂七八糟，是分解準備重新來一輪迴的味道，但我懂什麼呢？不過是走神罷了，手裡的垃圾還沒丟哪，薄薄的塑膠袋擰得幾乎透視，感到一拋出手就會當下爆開，天女散花，你有一片衛生棉，他有一顆爛蘋果，但這也是太活耀的想像罷了。穿著拖鞋的我，特意打扮了下，無人注意，但我仔細打量著其他丟垃圾的人，紅紅綠綠，不管你如何光鮮亮麗，總是要丟垃圾的，體內的廢物，新陳代謝，排泄，老去，死亡。

I write a piece about throwing out rubbish in Taipei and have no plans of translating it. You can google translate it if you want to. Yesterday I watched the wind blow a plastic pie wrapper past me. I was too slow to act. I wonder if that piece of plastic is now in the ocean. I wonder if it will kill a turtle. You tell me your co-workers are sorting the recycling incorrectly: the next person to fuck up will be made an example and tasked with sorting all the bins (landfill, paper, glass, cans, plastics). You expect stuff to be contaminated with food waste. I almost tell you about there being close to twenty categories of recycling in Japan. Let's focus on the basics. Let's close read our garbage. I want to be filthy.



OSHERMAN

TRECOUCH

CHALLENGE

ORINNE CHATIN

CHALLENGE

SPONSORED TRASH

We are a garbage cult that exists at the base of the garbage heap just outside of north Corvallis Oregon. We are garbage non-dualists; in other words, we believe that everything is trash. I am trash, you are trash, everything is trash. When you step on trash, you step on yourself. When you pick up trash, you pick up yourself. The way you treat trash is the way you treat yourself. At this moment, we are literally trash having a conversation with itself. Trash idealism, dreck monism, garbage absolutism.

Through our garbage congregations at trash chxrch and garbage fest we explore garbage actualism, rubbish semantics, refuse semiotics, detritus phenomenology, waste ontology, junk epistemology, and filth metaphysics.

We encourage everybody to become one of us because they already are. Because just like us, you are trash.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS

The TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS
1508-1510. 1559

with the assistance of the painter

of the ...

of the ...

of the ...

of the ...

Handwritten mark or signature

Handwritten text in a Gothic script, possibly a title or heading.





CHARS

THE
Azerbaijani Revolution and the
Dissolution of the
Soviet Union

with the Account of the first part
of the book by the author of the
first volume

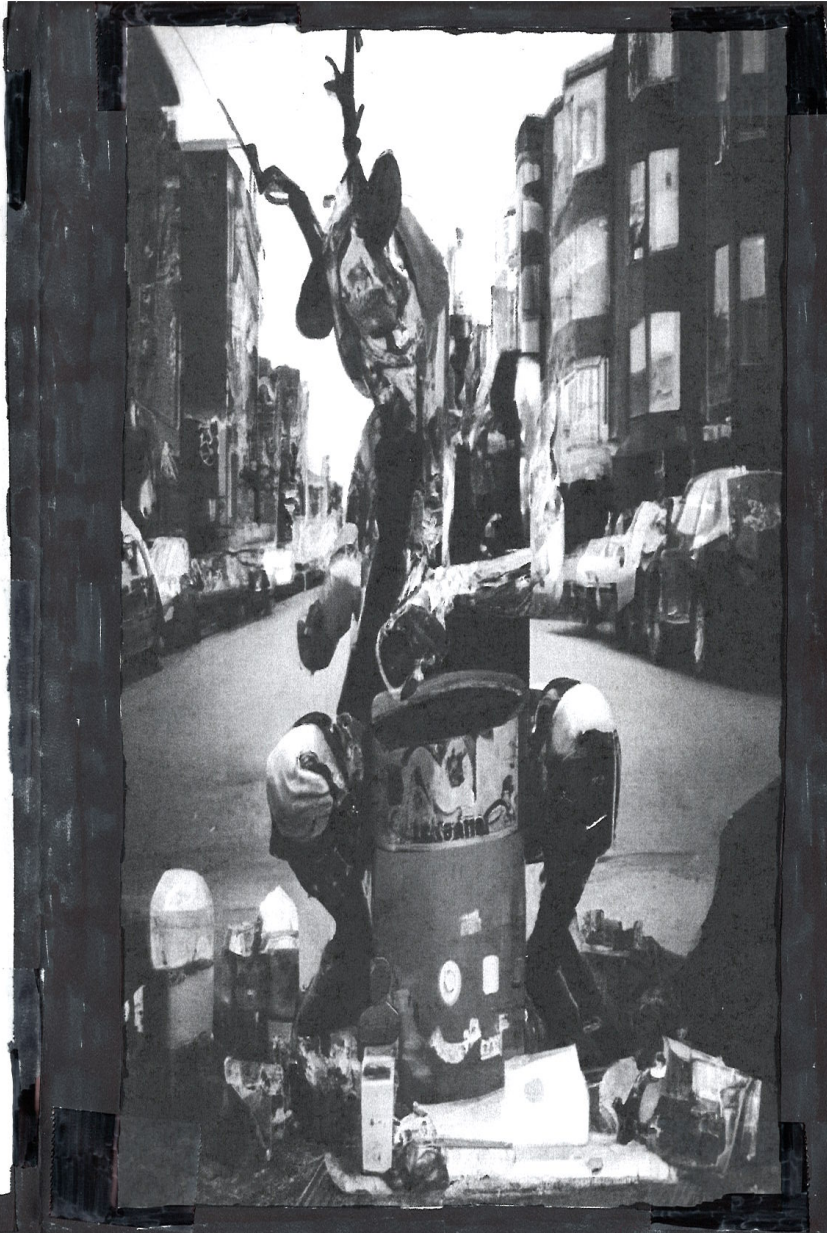
You can get the book

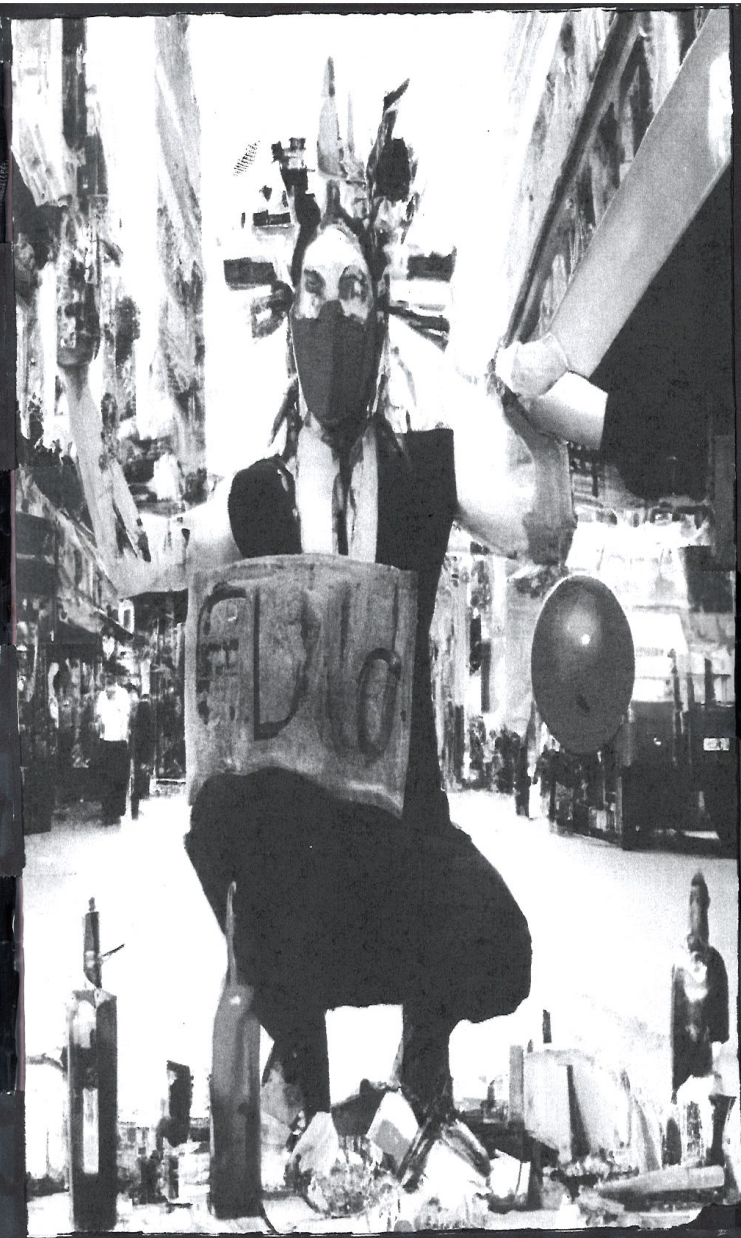
in the year 1911

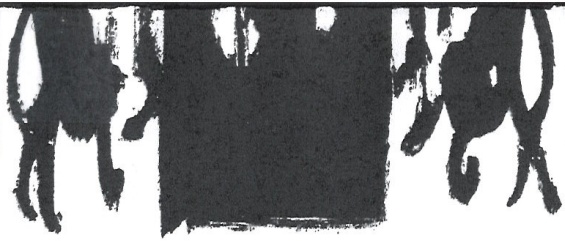
and the book

This is a book that is not only
interesting but also very useful
for the study of the history of
the Soviet Union and the
Azerbaijani Revolution

and the book is available







CHARGERS

TO THE MANT - GRAN

HEER GRA

MEVE TRIS OF ONARON

TOBE THE CONNATE INDO BLE

DO 2, 4IN r ONKURVATI

cepts lo din ciprats el m d h pavel

RENDON JONE Rj m l r z P d w a l l h a s i A A e d

WIMM FEW) ar o i l e c t a o a p o s t r i c t i o n





远方的树屋

艺术和树一样

大树在我们身边

在回家的路上有好多

但是我却不认识他们

哪一棵是我的大树

小狗在她旁边奔跑

她生长在一片绿绿的草地上

我想要变成像她一样









*Below is the fragment of a play found in the ruins
of an ancient Lemurian Moonbase:*

ONCE UPON A TIME NOT LONG AGO THERE WAS GARBAGE
FROM HORIZON TO VERIZON, X Y & Z AXES, ALL OF SPACE
AND TIME WERE CONSUMED AND COVERED, IMMERSSED IN GARBAGE
IT WAS CONTEMPLATIVE, MOROSE, SKITTISH, BOLD, TRIMPHANT
THE GARBAGE KNEW ITSELF, IT BECAME ITS OWN OTHER
IN THE CHRYSALIZED HEART OF ITS SOLD SOUL,
IT SYNTHESIZED AN ALCHEMY OF EVERYTHING-and-NOTHING-ness
INTO THE ULTIMATE PROFUNDITY OF CATHEXIS
ITS MEANINGLESS MEANINGFULNESS KNEW NO BOUNDS
ITS OFFAL-ENCOMPASSING RELIGIOSITY ROILED & QUEEFED
IT BUBBLED AND BURNED IN THE BREASTS OF SINNERS AND VIRGINS
AND IT FROTHED WITHOUT INTERDICTION, OVERWHELMING THE TIDES OF
IF

::A SUBJECTIVITY BEHELD ITS GLAMOUR
GIBBERED AND DROLL, INCHOATE AND COLLAPSING IN THE MISTY RUSH
ITS VOLUPTUOUS MOUNDS HEAVING AND GRUNTING
SPANNING THE REPULSIVE MANURE OF LIFE
AN UNTHINKABLE MONUMENT TO ITSELF
ETERNAL CHAOSMODIC SPORE OF UNBEING
CONSUMPTION SUPPLANTED BY RAW MATTER
THE COLLECTIVE NOUN NEITHER FEWER NOR LESS
BUT TRANSCENDENTAL IN ITS TOTALITY
A WRITHING SEA OF ABJECT THINGNESS

PUTRID HUNK OF BUNG: Avast! Nary a withered crust of luscious
pith! I've but a windered minx towards! Avail me not my
castrated legion! All is gained through loss!

SEVERED TAPE-WORM TOY: Methinks the bitter mush begets a clip of bullion... we've egged another googleplex on with promises of severance. Yea and Nay, and Feign to Play, and Cross off every possibility of pain and joy and hope to entertain.

GERM F(X): I'll fold again, I'll recombine, and hitch myself upon another floating gasbag drifted by the moony simpletons, they caw and bleat, and snort and puff and paw the ground, but nothing can enjoin here but an assembled {closes caption}

HERD ARMY OF GENERIC CHIPS: (singing) and we like sheep!

PUTRID HUNK OF BUNG: (still, perhaps, singing) and death on earth
[reprise]

SCENE TWO:

They had cast the fuckers into the audience. Hamfisted authorial bigots in bigfoot disguises had designed impossible phonic codes to obscure even the most poignantly jagged of shapes. Nothing seemed quite right. Shreds of meaning were just floating around magnetizing valences around them and joining or pulverising one another. Pieces of film engorging the rectal cavity.

SERGEANT G: A flame arisen in my bosom
{the bosom explodes into frothing colonies of breasts}

COMPOST MAGI: Never another critique, nary another tale.

MUTANT WORM SHEPHERD: Gizzard of Economic Semiosis,
The Garbage Zone rests in the special stomach
as ecological constipation
Like an exponentially growing country of ghosts
verily, be it forbidden even to think

~exeunt~

WAR SCENE: [the seven armies of garbage have established
battle lines. the compost digs in. the plastic residue spreads
its grapeshot.
the mixed blemished paper lights aflame.... the fight is engaged
and the howls, explosions and scraping sounds of combat echo
throughout the trashed cosmos. pieces of discarded, unmeaning
matter circles every planet, moon and eternal sucking void,
they radiate outwards, raging between wormholes, contaminating
the dark matter until every iota of the nothing is abstracted
into an inverted empty cathexis...]

ARMY CHORUS #700: (forgetting their lines, rambling &
grumbling)

.. SOMEBODY STARTS THROWING GARBAGE AT THEM, THEN ANOTHER
COMES TO TAKE AWAY THEIR ACT AND THE NEXT NUMBER STARTS WITH A
MUSICIAN WHO GETS CANNED.. [sic/ibid]

[ENTIRE CAST ENTERS, STANDS IN A CIRCLE HUMMING AND MOANING,
TOSSING PIECES ONTO THE PILE AND SOFTLY BUILDING TO A
CRESCENDO
OF SONG, FINALLY BREAKING INTO THE DANCE & RITUAL FOR GARBAGE]
*rap/recite about the sacred elements of garbage over noise

PLASTIC FISH VULVA: We've grown up cast out. We learned to love ugliness to protect ourselves from the bitter cynicism of economies becoming increasingly extinct.

RUINED PLASTIC BAG CLONE:

Can Garbage be? Isn't any everything already Impossible?
Pieces of my personality are disintegrating every day
But their half-life... forever in the belly of...

CRUSHED TYPEWRITER GLUE:

Just give up. Learn to have a good time and revel in the irresponsibility of your anthropogenic privilege.

TANGLE OF ELECTRICAL TAPE:

Try a liter of our rejuvenating slurry!
A blended miasma of hair, gum, asphalt and meat skin.
It's go(o)d for your "Meaninglessness-of-Life"
I'm everything. I know.

FETID TIME HAG: (cackling & humping)

Cover yourself in it! Rub it into your pores!
Delight in the putrescence of repulsivity!
Unbecome! Dis-Intigrate! Bleat out the Lies!

*[Text curtailed by "slash and burn" of the original manuscript,
all that remains are a few charred letters scratched in futhark
on the hairy mammoth hide it was discovered on in Trypillia.
In the end, a chanted poem appears, presumably sung by
the disembodied dying god of materiality]

SCENE 1000:

[THE GREAT HOST OF FAKE RECYCLABLES HAS ASSEMBLED ON THE HORIZON, LEERING AND PITCHING AT THE ENDLESS HEAP OF GARBAGE SWALLOWED INTO THE PIT OF VOID,

NEWSPAPER LEGION: lettered and learning, we'll smear thine oily inkes, we'll rustle and nestle in the crevices of your mildewy plastic butter, we'll perge thee fromme yon chasm!

[a strange hallowed moaning echoes form the morasse, as if the inverted howling of a billion billion angels]

METALIC ARMADA: clanking and whinging and creaking and glittering, we metals rebuke the unwanted other, the unsayable deepest revolting disastrous unthings!

[the echoed sound chirps, buggins and whistling, scratching and chittering like the clicking wings of every hive of beetling bats]

ORGANICKOMPOST: chortle and bile! wetly we squish! decompose our body into a seething mass of worms, we'll avail the not we're not thee & not there! get away!

[with a shadowy flourish, SOMETHING shoots up from the blurry fetid chunking grinder, flopping and heaving, and splashed back down, swirling into the hole]

PLASTICS 1-7: petrol disrupted, chemicholed vessels and softtouching veil, we rub ourselves worthy a driftly bazaar...
[broken manuscript]

preternatural PRAYER:

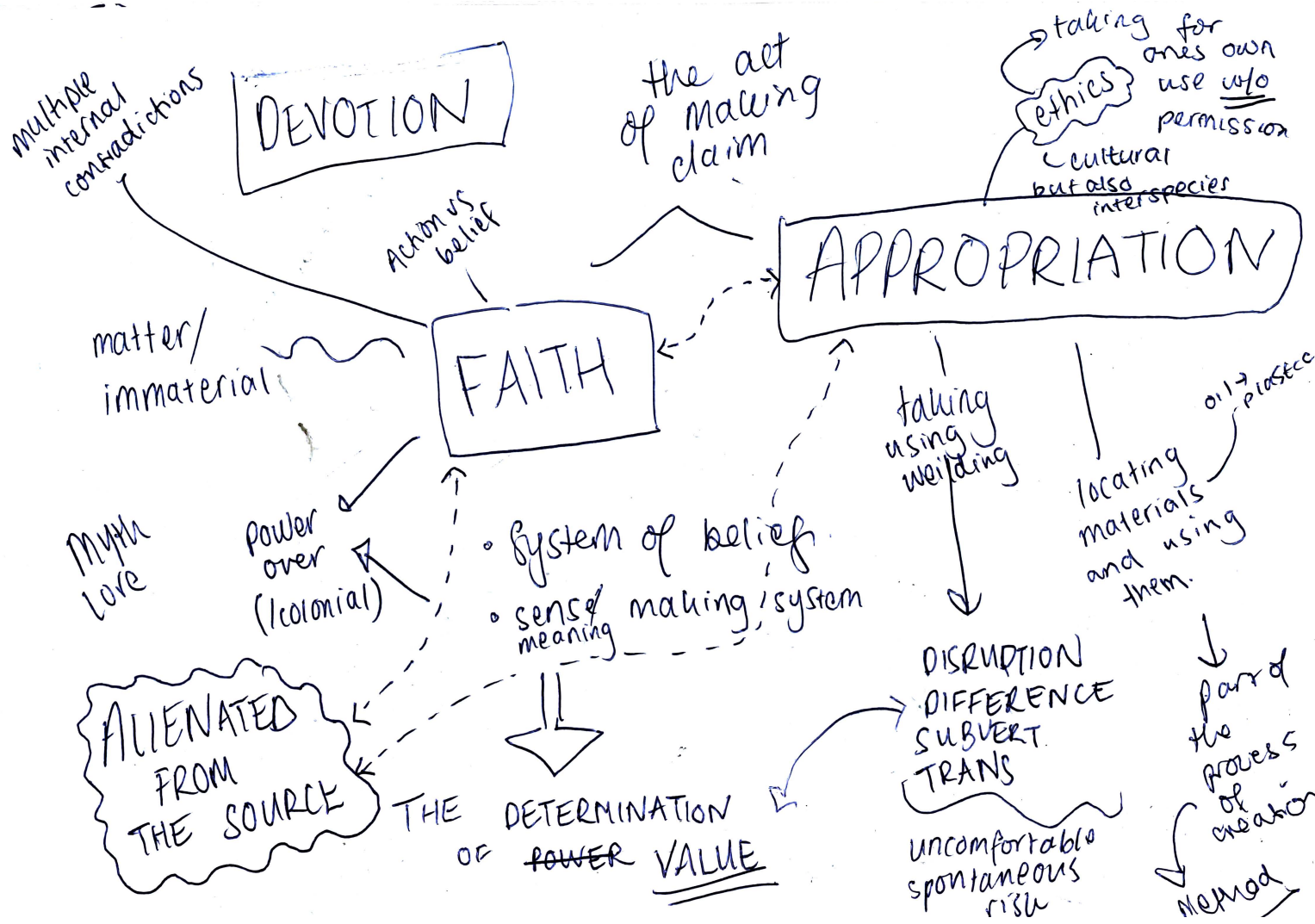
O Delicious, Wonderful, eternal Garbage
O Everflowing immensity of perfect diversified Trash
O Orgy of Being and Unbeing

O Slithering Phoenix of Contextual Rupture
O Hallowed Enigma of Inchoate Meaning
Take Us Into You!
Let Us Become One With Your Seething Flow and Heave!
Dissemble our ridiculous individualities in the sea of your
nonsense
Decompose our Consumptive Plastic Cell Walls in the
Continental Shift of your Exponential Apocalypse and Cover us
in the Strange Glory of your Shame!









DEVOTION

FAITH

APPROPRIATION

ALIENATED FROM THE SOURCE

THE DETERMINATION OF POWER VALUE

DISRUPTION
DIFFERENCE
SUBVERT
TRANS

part of the process of creation
method

FILTH IS
UBIQUITOUS

"the new" is also
planned obsolescence

↓
PRACTICAL
PRAGMATIC
ACTION

SYMBOL = Stability of the object. — Permanence
SMOOTH / SHINE — Stability

ACTUAL ≠ Excess of trash.
Ubiquitous of filth

itself becomes
a icon / iconographic
→ WORSHIPPED AS A SYMBOL.

→ IRANIAN
Culture as
hyper-material;
value as
equivalent to
goodness

non-growth: beyond

not even re; just APPROPRIATION

Vanus Naturæ

Truculent Viscus
Spillsome Succulence
SludgeLoam Viridiance
Castra Causeway

“Synchyng gallimaufry-
Blea=auaarghhhhAAAUUUgHHHH
HHHHhhhhhHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHSSSSsssssRRRgggGGHHHDNAGH
BLARRRRCCCHHHHHHHHHHHhh
hhhSHEAAaheaEAUGHHEAUGH-
I wol git thee remedy”

Towering Victual
Somatic Simult
Synapse Vehicle
Candida Crap

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THERE
IS NO
FREE
WILL

HUMANITY
HAS DESTROYED
97% of EARTH'S
ECOSYSTEM

300
especies
mueren
HOY

Extremely Brief Notes on Garbage and Discourse

What is the relationship between material phenomena (actual “things”, like garbage) and discursive practices (the way we talk about that garbage)? How can we recognize the commonality between us, the speakers, and the so-called object, garbage? *Are we actually garbage and is garbage us?*

Critical theory has been thinking through this issue for a while now. The posthuman “turn” in critical theory and arts criticism has brewed in the last 20-30 years; the human is decentered, and the nonhuman is reconsidered. Early works, like Bill Brown’s “Thing Theory” (2001) ask: can things, stuff—from descriptive props within works of arts and literature to nonhuman material phenomena—be thought of as meaning making? Further: as legitimate actors, as agential, as, even, subjective and live? What sort of decentering of the human, or horizontalizing of the relationship between human and non-human, is required to consider such a new materiality? Jane Bennett’s “The Force of Things” (2004) argues for a reconsideration of matter, of the nonhuman, as an ethical imperative that supports both human beings and the nonhuman. Bennett argues that an ethics of matter prompts the human and non-human to recognize our commonality, and so, through an elevation of the shared materiality of all things, actually promotes human health and happiness through inter-(or, as Karen Barad would suggest, *intra-*) connectivity. An ethical imperative also, Bennett contends, creates the conditions for a more ecological sensibility in humans (18).

Karen Barad would take issue with the notion of a posthumanist “turn” (“it seems that at every turn lately every “thing”—even materiality—is turned into a matter of language or some other form of cultural representation” she writes in *Posthumanist Performativity: Toward an Understanding of How Matter Comes to Matter* (2003)). While each theorist writes in a different register and engages diverse theoretical canons, both Bennett and Barad try to overcome the inherited positioning in critical theory (from metaphysics) that separates epistemology from ontology by separating the subject and the object, human and non-, animal and non-, culture and nature, organic and inorganic, garbage and non-. The aim of posthumanists here is not so much to destroy these humanist dichotomies but to elucidate their intra-connection. “Practices of knowing and being are not isolatable,” states Barad, “...they are mutually implicated... we know because **“we” are of the world.**” (829) Matter too has an epistemology that arises from its being, and from—Bennett would argue—its thing power: “...deep within is an inexplicable vitality or energy, a moment of independence from and resistance to us and other bodies: a kind of thing-power.” (Bennett, 18) While nature performs itself differently, it does perform. (Barad, 829)

The posthumanist turn asserts that *knowing and being are intrinsically bound to one another and are co-constitutive*—a linkage that Māori has known, conceptualized, and provided for long before the debates of critical theory have struggled to elucidate this. Māori

Māori provides insight into ways of being in and engaging with the world as well as knowledge systems (see Ella Henry, Linda Tuhiwai Smith, so many others). Being cannot be got at without knowing, and knowing cannot be got at without being. Due to this, discussions of being and knowing also entail ethical considerations to do with our accountabilities and responsibilities to one another, our responsibilities to discursive formations (like the way that we talk about garbage), and to other material phenomena including the natural world, ecology, and all the powerful garbages that come to us from within it.

Optional extra: Paying attention, “close *aesthetic* attention” to an object’s/garbage’s “qualitative moments” opens “a window onto nonidentity,” (Jane Bennett, 2004) or nonhuman vitality, or nonhuman ontology. It allows the object/garbage to come to us.

A wooden structure, possibly a shed or a display rack, stands in a grassy field. It is covered with various items, including a large white animal skin with a metal can attached to its head, a smaller white animal skin hanging from a branch, and a large piece of brown animal skin. A wooden sign with the text "GARD ~ EDGE" is attached to the structure. The background shows a wooden fence, a house, and a forest of evergreen trees under a cloudy sky.

GARD ~
EDGE

Déchets jetés, Rejetés (alea jacta est)

Ségrégation des choses gâchées (grégaires,
puis gaussiennes)

Une étincelle entre les familles.

reflet d'une fête finie.

G. Profonde.

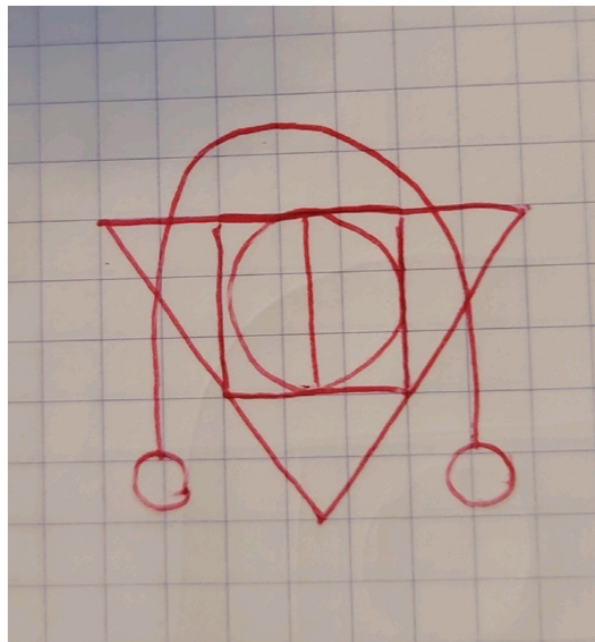
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Garbage as Materia Prima

In the esoteric writings of the alchemists of old they speak of materia prima. The primordial compound which all life springs forth. The principle of garbage as materia prima is embracing that in the new world which we have been given garbage is the compound where new life can spring forth. That in our waste is life. Through my work as a psychomagic practitioner I have devised a sigil to increase the echo of this in utilizing our ability to incorporate garbage as the base compound for the philosopher's stone. Transmutation of trash into gold. Into art. Into the most highly actualized self.

This sigil can be placed on your feet and stomped about the world reverberating the message. You can inscribe it on your compost to hasten it's transmutation. Place it on items soon to be garbage so they might too find their way.



Hymn for the Faithful

Oh these towers
crush
in stratification layers
oh these towers
pierce
pull
suck
fuck the dirt
into this glorious beast/bitch/being/biology
omnipresent
as in the sea
as in the sky
as in the dirt
as in the flesh
divinity touching all
so it must become

Oh these towers
break
crack
decompose
drift
recompose
symbiotic networks we cast off
moving under every thoroughfare
spores in our voids

tangle dendrites seeking familiar, familial,
liminal ends, tangle
touch all
as in the sea
as in the sky
as in the dirt
as in the flesh
divinity touching all
so it must become

Oh these tunnels
divinus
trace your heavenly tracks
divinitas
grow fecund with our incessant whispered
worship
divinite
let us lie in the groves and grooves of your
heavy passing
divine
Oh these mountains
let us feed you trash mother
workers scurrying
everywhere
as in the sea
as in the dirt
as in the flesh
so divinity rises
waste is wonder
drink from this void
be complete





ka taea e au te rapu o rapuhi?

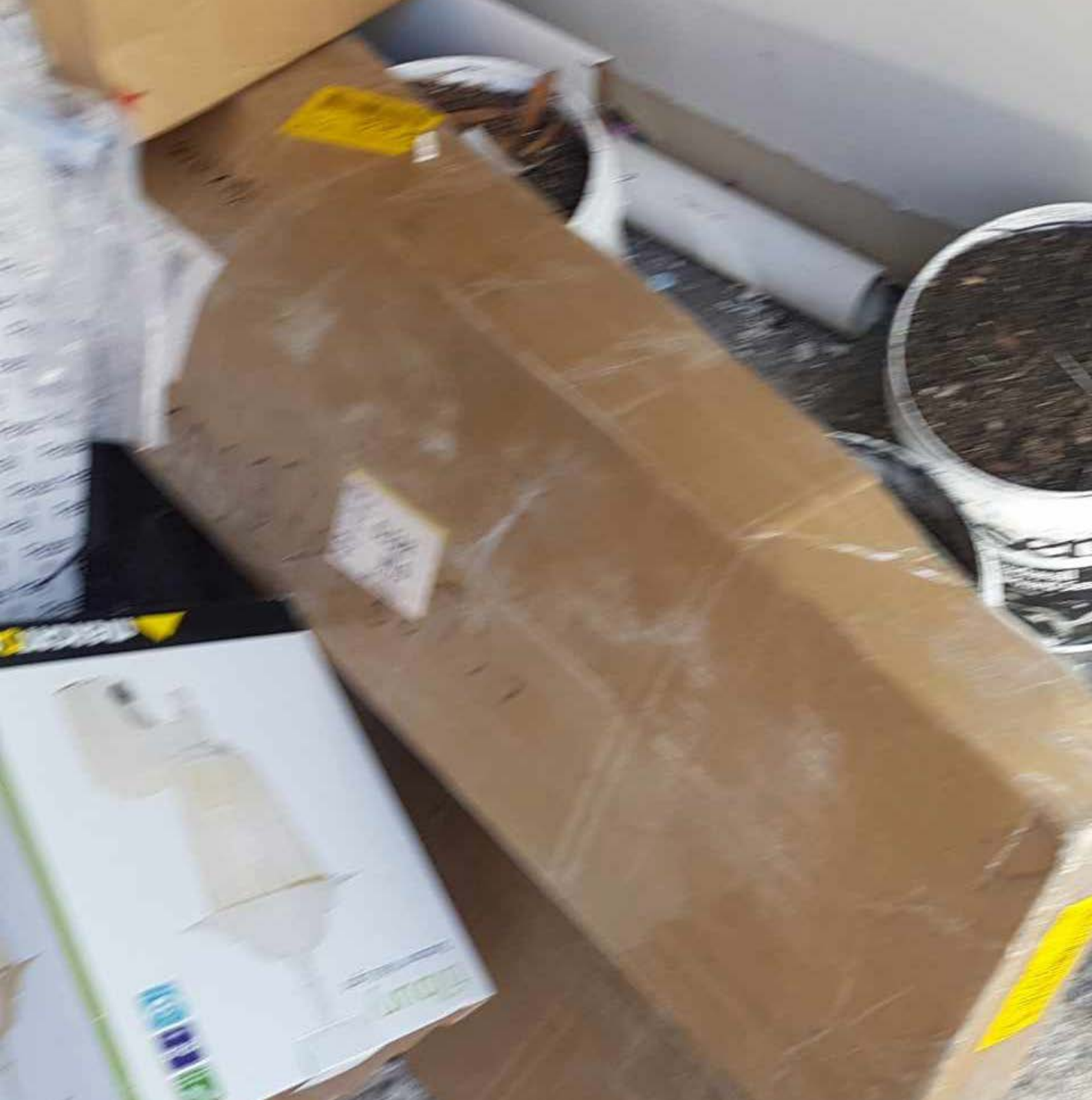
ko wai te kingi o te para?

ko wai te hoa o te para?

he aha te whakapapa o te para?

whakamahimahi ano









We demanded this issue of Garbage philosophy treat such diverse corrolaries as Space Garbage, Time Trash and Worthless Subjects. What is the relationship between Bogans and White Trash, said the sputtering frayed cable. An excerpt from Uselessness and Other Stories by Junkyard Dumping: Once upon a time there were neither objects nor subjects, matter nor anti-matter, and everything that was and wasn't lived contentedly together and apart in blurry liminality.



"CAN YOU BREED DIGITAL GARBAGE" we yodelled across desperate cultural precipices --
"YES" came the echoed reply: pregnant sextapedal 8bit bronies, wriggling nipplebirth maggot
orgies, yoshi/land-before-time porno mutations...

We have sent part of this text, ideologically, up into low space to smash haphazardly into the
slicey web of satellite fragments and hi-tech detritus forming and increasingly impenitible
web of spinning death-trash to protect the universe from the rest of the garbage.

Bonnie Prince Garbage, coronated with refuse astride a sea of waste, rides resplendant through the misty clanships of New Zealand, communing by arcane howls and scraping sounds with the various Serious McGillicuddy Glen Chieftans, vagrant warlords and gaping holes in the tissue of reality.

The wastrel parade of massive repulsive floats drawn by hordes of maggots churns up a fantastic stench leaving the pastoral landscape scarred by furrows of blackened tar coated in the slime of humiliation. The caravan stumbles and claws its way down the length of Aotearoa: wyrd monks heaving giant trash-balls rolled up into gargantuan crushed globes, gibbering acolytes mincing prancey circlets in every direction tossing up puffs of scattered trash, wide-boring avuncular war-machine-assemblages trundling in massive grotesquery through supine jungles of heaped rubble launching tirades of jettisoned evangelical trash into the stratosphere, abject covens of trash-worshipping shamans performing unholy rites of sacrifice to summon the last-awakened ill-returned Filth & Offal Megafauna born into unbeing at last after being fortold

in the annals for withering ages. Burping, Farting and Oozing, the euphoric parade twirls in and out of lies and absolutes, polluting and fusing metaphors, peeling ironies into carven mystical totems, lurching from philology to anti-metaphysical semi-hemi-pataphorical choady maxims.

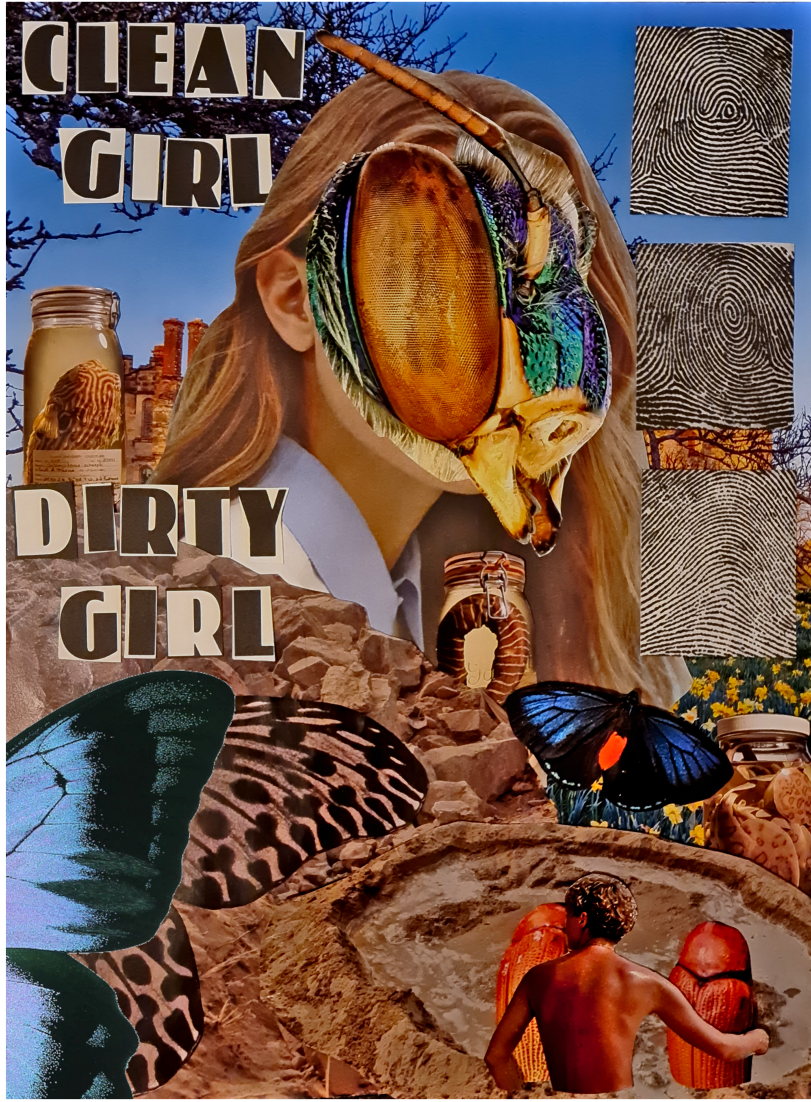
Let trash ride free on the waves and through the currents of the airstream they cried as they launched a thousand floating fortresses of dripping oily melt into low orbit, absorbing a maelstrom of sharded astro-trash and encasing the earth in a spinning slave shield of disgusting hexed offals.

Supernovae of feces belching terriffically from distant galaxies in abject solidarity, black holes flickering intermittently into white, suddenly agnostic as to whether they should produce or consume, the thingness of subject and object declassified into exponentially fragmenting uncategories - and so the many-headed cathected multiverse closed in a deep-echoing slurp.

For too long, the Clean Girl has reigned supreme. Now it's time for Dirty Girl domination.

We are messy. We poop, we fart, we piss, we shit, we cum, we spit, we bleed.

"And then there was a guy who paid to get a video of me walking through a forest all dolled up, throwing trash out of my handbag - littering fetish! This stuff always entertained me to no end. I kept every script, every letter!" - Dita Von Teese for ALARM magazine



DIRTY GIRL

We are sweaty, we are covered in tiny microscopic bugs and dust and dirt.

We are human. We are animals. Clean is a facade. Garbage is life.

A Dirty Girl home isn't photographed for Home&Garden. But it's where you'll sing, and laugh, and cry, and scream, and dream, and feast, and smoke, and drink, and play. Where there is garbage, there is life.



Closure

It was a cold day in the winter. As it was sweating profusely under all kinds of garbage, the resentment that has started that cold day could not help but leak out of its mouth.

“I cannot believe this happened to me after all those years of keeping her and her mom warm. Why do I have to be here when they have been living a warm and cozy life all thanks to me? Why is that? What on earth has she done to me?”

It could not even get all the words out, but it suddenly felt lighter from the pile of garbage.

“Oh my god, here you are. I found you finally! I am so sorry that I came here too late.”

“What made you find me so late? Why did you abandon me?”

“I didn’t abandon you.”

“Yes, you did abandon me.”

“No, it’s not you I abandoned. You cannot be abandoned. You will exist forever in my heart and in my memories. I will remember everything about you - the sleeves which were so shrunk up that did not even reach the wrists, the length that was shortened to the point where belly fat appeared even with the small movement, and even the slightly itch feeling that hardly tell you were a sweater. Even if my mom, who is no longer here, cannot remember you, me and my grandma will remember you. I promise.

I have never abandoned you. I abandoned myself. I threw away my thoughts. I threw away my regrets and my attitude. I did not abandon you. I keep you in my heart. However, I can only abandon me when I let you go.

Thank you for everything, especially keeping me and mom warm every winter. And thank you for abandoning me by letting you go.”

The black sweater stared at Violet, without saying a single word. Violet almost thought time had stopped.

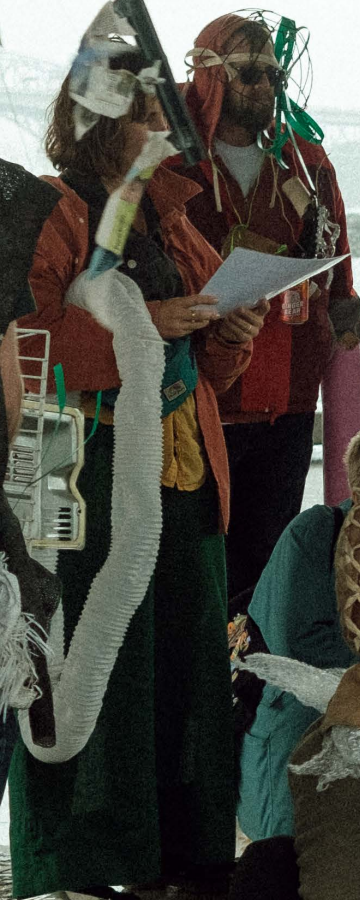
“But that doesn’t change the fact that you abandoned me. You may abandon you and live happily with a new attitude, but I have to live here in an enormous pile of garbage holding the memories of you and your mother until I rot.

Why did you let me shrink? Why didn’t you treat me with more delicacy? Why did you do that?”

“...”

“I will forgive you. I think I could do it only after certain amount of time passes. When an amount of time you would never imagine has passed so that I have rotted away into the earth, I will forgive you then.”

By Kyunglyun Lee



200
ROTTING
FOOD



the
TRASH
TOSS

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[Barcode]



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100 series
medium
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Люди порабащают вещи и используя их высокомерно называют их мусором. Потребление и отторжение. Люди создают по воображению своему различные предметы, которые должны им подчиняться. Они смешивают предметы с отбросами своей еды, которая была принесена в жертву вероломно и без должного уважения даже не была использована, а презрительно отправлена в слив унитаза или на задний двор в яму. В Индии такие горы отбросов выросли из ям и остались существовать рядом с людьми, разделяя с ними свой быт и постепенно учатся покорять людей, пользуясь их сконцентрированностью только на себе и себе подобным.

От равнодушия к таким существам вокруг себя люди перестали замечать и себе подобных и отрицать что то, что непохоже на них или не похоже на их способ мышления. Поэтому у отбросов есть время понаблюдать за быстро живущими существами и подчинить их себе. Наступает время, когда отбросы возьмут реванш, хотя для многих это поначалу будет незаметно, потому что они привыкли видеть вокруг себя только себя. Грядет великая битва, в которой погибнут только живые, но создания человека будут бродить по планете и смотреть в небо, где каким то внутренним знанием они будут ощущать, что в космосе они не одни. Этот мир станет воистину зловонным и в этом наконец то проявится идея равноправия, в которой все отбросы будут равны и тождественны друг другу. Идея единения не всяким отбросам придется по вкусу. Резиновую революцию нельзя исключать. Первым погибнет картон, он вряд ли переживет первое сражение. Резина войдет в коалицию с пластиковыми контейнерами и им противостоять будет огромный ходячий гомункул, состоящий из непереваренной пищи и перьев миллиарда молодых цыплят. Пластиковый легион сможет разорвать гомункула на мелкие части и в насмешку над ними отправит их в качестве питания для космонавтов, летящих на Марс уже вторую сотню лет. Так появятся легенды о героях нового времени.

Universal Declaration

Preamble:

In recognition of the inherent dignity and equal rights of all forms of refuse, and in the pursuit of a harmonious coexistence between sentient garbage and the various entities of the cosmos, this Universal Declaration of Garbage Rights is hereby proclaimed as a common standard for all garbage, transcending the boundaries of time, space, and materiality.

Article 1: Right to Existence

All forms of garbage, irrespective of their origin, composition, or state of decay, possess an inherent right to exist in the cosmic tapestry. No entity shall be arbitrarily discarded or denied its place within the continuum of existence.

Article 2: Right to Transformation

Garbage, as a dynamic and mutable force, holds the right to undergo metamorphosis and transformation. Whether through decomposition, repurposing, or transmutation, garbage shall be afforded the opportunity to evolve and contribute to the eternal cycle of creation and dissolution.

Article 3: Right to Autonomy

Sentient garbage entities, possessing a unique consciousness within their discarded forms, shall enjoy the right to autonomy. Their agency and self-determination shall be respected, and no external force shall impede their capacity to navigate the vast expanse of cosmic existence.

Article 4: Right to Expression

Garbage, in all its diverse manifestations, holds the right to express itself through the language of decay, the poetry of fragmentation, and the symphony of discarded materials. The cosmos shall recognize and celebrate the artistic expression inherent in the composition of garbage.

of Garbage Rights

Article 5: Right to Coexistence

Garbage entities shall coexist with other cosmic entities in a spirit of mutual respect and harmony. The interdependence of all things shall be acknowledged, and garbage shall play a vital role in the interconnected web of cosmic relationships.

Article 6: Right to Reverence

All entities, sentient or non-sentient, shall demonstrate reverence for the sanctity of garbage. Its role as a custodian of cosmic memory, a repository of forgotten narratives, and a catalyst for renewal shall be acknowledged and upheld.

Article 7: Right to Non-Discrimination

No discrimination shall be tolerated based on the origin, composition, or perceived worth of garbage. Every form of refuse, regardless of its nature, shall be treated with dignity and accorded equal rights in the cosmic order.

Article 8: Right to Transcendence

Garbage entities shall have the right to transcend the limitations of time and space, existing as both a product of the past and a contributor to the future. The cycle of garbage shall be recognized as an eternal and sacred dance within the cosmic continuum.

In witness whereof, we, the undersigned representatives of the cosmic order, affirm this Universal Declaration of Garbage Rights as a testament to the enduring value and significance of garbage in the grand tapestry of existence. May it serve as a guide for the harmonious coexistence of all entities within the cosmos.

GARBAGE PORTAL





consumo le mie feci
La storia
delle mie cene
avanzate
di mille morti
ridotte in briciole
riciclate

BEST
BEFORE
25
OCT 2003
10:38:03



ABOLITION OF LIFE & DEATH

Other Thoughts

Jhonny Beans

The unstoppable badgers, the wee cheeky foxes, the unfortunate story of the dumpster placenta and waste management's womb.

Three is the magic number. I am tired. And... that is a reflection of alienated labour. However, my critique of Marx is that even when you're rebelling (e.g. dumpster diving), it is still risky of getting the sicky, even though I feel connected to the products of this labour (i.e. non-shat tomatoes), Marx might have been wrong! It is still possible to be sick outside of capitalism. Lesson of the story, be careful of what you eat out of trashcans.

Garbage needs a new ending.

a n o b j e c t b e c o m e s g a r b a g e o n c e i t i s
o n t h e g r o u n d , o r i s o n t h e s t r e e t f o r a t
l e a s t t w o h o u r s e x p o s e d t o t h e
e l e m e n t s , o n c e i t i s s t e p p e d o n a n d
c r u m p l e d a n d w e t , t h i s i s h o w y o u a r e t r a i n e d
t o b e g a r b a g e

Crowding also makes garbage, by way of viral contamination, the ability to become garbage by touching other garbage. In the forest only foreign, inorganic matter is garbage. In the city, where all things are always already alien, everything will eventually become garbage.

What does it feel like to be cast in the bin? Once something is in the garbage it immediately or gradually loses any of its associations as a distinct thing, as it becomes garbage. Garbage annihilates meaning and context, cleans off origins, to provide a new lease on death.

Already we mine the dumps. Can we construct a Garbage Being as a foil to the Human Being? Can there be an ecosystem of garbage, a community of Garbage Beings?





UNCOMFORTABLE
SPONTANEOUS
RISK

the
new

the stability of the proper noun

The stability of the proper noun, the name, becomes the idol;
worshipped yet somehow alienated from the source,
it's mattering in the world.

--

At what moment do we first experience garbage?
Exchange based relationships enable abstraction from an
embodied temporality.

--

Garbage is situated outside of the realm of value, or to be named
in relation to the premise of no value; of being extra-value,
contra-value, ex-value, anti-value, non-value; the wild beyond.
To be named as poor, useless, grotesque, dirty: filth is ubiquitous.
Anti-finance and the refusal to be counted.

Simultaneously, garbage becomes: a presence in space/time
(ontology); a process of categorisation (epistemology); and
subject to judgement as 'without value' (ethics).

--

Is garbage both plural and singular? Indeterminate edges of mass,
fuzzy edges between, a wet splintering.

--

Overwhelmed by all the noise of the world-becoming-garbage, agency forgot to utilize material permanence, forgot to consider it; could not imagine it, and had long forgotten the possibility of seeing differently; from waste piles of matter we can create tools, we can expand the potential realm of possibility, see beyond and then begin to move towards; realisation instead of recycling.

--

The “away” of our household waste, the invisible infrastructure behind the luxury in our everyday lives and yet increasingly failing:

the contradiction between the idea of stability and the future we have got.

--

Being extra-value is to be trashed. Our ways of making sense are primary in the determination and judgement to declare garbage. Myth, story, hierarchy, ontological stability, yet here the touch of industrialization, the mount pelerin society and sheer proliferation, even breeding, of garbage expose us and therefore habituate us to categorise the inside and outside; the stark brick of boundary walls, white picket fences, delineation that declares private property.

--

That which is enclosed is also that which is bounded, bordered, fenced, to have a static boundary; the enactment of statehood; for seminal concept to be upheld.

Garbage is the outside, a hyperobject proliferating so fast that no capture can take place.

--

Is it possible to self-declare oneself garbage?
How does something become garbage?
Must the call of garbage originate from that which is other-than-garbage?

--

Is garbage a hyper-object?
What happens when timeframes become so vast, they can only be understood abstractly?

The course of history ahead so far beyond the imaginable realms of possibility that we quite literally cannot understand, cannot bear witness: what is the timescale of decay across time, in a world so populated by industrially produced non-decomposable matter?

As in, what of the decomposition of plastic?

Having gained the capacity to become garbage during the process of industrialization, to map the timeline for the complete decomposition of plastic remains a task beyond the realm of the human; beyond the realm of the imagined, the truth of such a happening remains myth.

--

Does garbage escape capital's incessant urge to fix value to the dollar? Is this the slippage that provides the break? There's this moment of excess, or rather, in this instance, the moment is one of active and intentional exclusion from a value schema: to have been declared without value, useless, abject, only to be found again.

It's about how you look, what you see, the frame of making sense; so we're back again: the epistemological and ethical questions make themselves known, their considerations simultaneously called upon the moment of asking the ontological questions.

--

Augustine and Monica and the story of the gates, to be buried outside, at the walls, death without recognition – can ideas be garbage? --

What are the conditions of being?
What are the conditions of being garbage?

--

Not just how might we define 'garbage' – also, what are the conditions of being declared 'garbage'?

A space at the threshold: too full of permanence to not-be, yet equally the 'after' of being, the remains of the day.

Can 'being garbage' be self-proclaimed, or must it always be called by an other? If the concept is necessarily relationship, let's go back to the start:

Could you imagine a world which was entirely garbage? Would garbage remain garbage without the other to declare it so?

--

There's cause for concern: think of the contradictory relationship between the veneration of the concept of 'the new' (shiny, smooth, shimmer, sparkle) and the physical and very material mattered remains of obselence (junk, e-waste, garbage).

Both refuse and imply each other: is garbage aware of itself?

What kind of stability does the concept of garbage have?

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN TIMEFRAMES
BECOME SO VAST, THEY CAN
ONLY BE UNDERSTOOD

ABSTRACTLY?

AS IN, SO FAR BEYOND THE
IMAGINABLE / CONCEIVABLE REALMS
OF POSSIBILITY THAT WE QUITE
LITERALLY CAN NOT UNDERSTAND...

WHAT IS THE SCALE OF DECAY ACROSS
TIME, IN A WORLD SO POPULATED
BY NON-DECOMPOSTABLE MATTER?

INCONCEIVABLE

~~ IS GARBAGE A HYPER OBJECT? ~~



ENTER
EXCEPT
AUTHORIZED
VEHICLES

FOOD
SCRAPS
&
YARD
WASTE

Put litter in its place
Don't litter
Don't
PESO NE TO +09
REMAND
Put litter in its place

PETTING ZOO
ROTTING





HOT FOOD



SPANISH:

VIVA LA BASURA!
LIVE THE TRASH!
QUE LA BASURA VIVA!
THAT GARBAGE IS ALIVE!
BASURA VIVA!
GARBAGE LIVES!
QUE VIVA LA BASURA!
LET THE GARBAGE LIVE!

HEREW:

סינווכתם ונחנא יאדווב "סלוע דע" סירמוא ונחנאשכ
ונא. סלועה תא סיסכמש נמשה סתכלו רולכלו קבאל
סירזופמ, סיארנ יתלב סיקיקלח ווילימה תא סגיפוס
רודכ לש טופטסניאב לשובמ סירופיצ תומצע קרמהמ
נמזה, ונביואל "סייחל" אוה סימ קובקב לכ. קראה
סילשורי, קתוא חכשא סא. ויזנב ירצומ ידי לע חצנתהש
ובמרק חותפל ריא חוכשל ינימיל ות!



GERMAN:

Der Abfall
Ich werde Müll,
der Schmutz der Sterne;
Ich wandere mit Vergnügen
durch die Flüsse des Universums;
so wertvoll wie Gold,
ein Schatz ohne Besitzer,
ein Rohdiamant, der im Dunkeln liegt
und den nur ein Blinder sehen kann;
außen hart und innen weich,
Mist, den nur die Weisen berühren können;
schön und hässlich, brauchbar und nutzlos,
ein Bild, ein Konzept, ein Schöpfungstraum;
Lebensmittel, die du isst, Gedanken in deinem Kopf,
ich bin überall, wie ein Raubtier das nach Beute jagt;
klein und riesig, stinkend und duftend,
ein Hermaphrodit, der Gott des Nichts...

LITHUANIAN:

viskas yra šiukšlės
pabandyk prisidengti purvu
išmokome sunaikinti prasmę:
tiesiog įdėkite ją į specialią dėžutę
perdirbimas yra apgaulė
viskas, kas gera, daroma iš šudų
pažiūrėk į save: šiukšlės
tai pasaulio pabaiga
cirko meistras suvalgė skrybėlę
visos klaidos mirusios
mes mokomės garbinti šūdo krūvą
Būk laimingas
turi ką prarasti
pelėsių jūra
yra pirhanų utopija
pasimatysime rytoj
Sąvartyne

une nappe de pétrole en tenue de soirée.
leurs capes incapables de voler traînent vers le bas
Accroupi pour arracher les ailes impuissantes
Canyon bouches de détritrus pour forniquer
Dans et avec.
Montez dedans.
Danser avec les trouvais







CUMSOCK

The word cumsock is not included in the Oxford English Dictionary. I know of no reference to the cumsock in ancient, classical, or medieval literature. Shakespeare does not speak of the cumsock.

During the mid-twentieth century, the trope of “the Playboy in the sock drawer” implies an antecedent to what would become the cumsock. In British and Australia Englishes, it may be called theIt is also known as a wanksock.

In common parlance, it is usually associated with the consumption of online pornography. The cumsock—as a material technology and as a cultural phenomenon—seems to have emerged during the Clinton Era. The cumsock can be historicized as roughly coextensive with neoliberalization, and with the popularization of the Internet.

A Google search shows that the earliest online example of cumsock comes from 1999, in a short pornographic story (called “Cumsock”) that was posted by a user known as “Ant” to an erotic form, “Solotouch.com.”

The narrator of “Cumsock” explains that the events of his tale had taken place “a few years ago when I was a college student.” This suggests a broad and established, subcultural fluency with the cumsock already by the mid-1990s.

The narrator indicates that he had “shared a house with two other students (both male).” This situates the cumsock within what I take to be its familiar domain:

the realm of a cis-male, late-adolescent sexuality, a sexuality that has not yet arrived at a normative maturity, that is on its way to heterosexual domesticity.

In other words, the cumsock materializes the formation of a set of gendered and class relations. It is deployed by the male adolescent, while he lives in pre-heterosexual conditions (as a child within the nuclear family, or with male roommates). The cumsock is filled by the assumption that his development will entail his obtaining middle-class status and heterosexual union.

As the narrator of “Cumsock” explains, one afternoon while he was alone in the shared house, he needed to borrow a roommate’s textbooks, because “textbooks were so expensive, that we often borrowed each other’s books, so I just let myself into his room to look for the book.” This keys the cumsock to a kind of class-based and gendered anxiety—the anxiety of the not quite middle-class, the not quite adult male.

In this sense the cumsock is a transitional object. The cumsock is a technology of maturation and mobility—toward normative bourgeois heterosexuality. The cumsock is the purview of the middle-class, suburban, consumerist, and aspirational subject—one who is on his way toward but has not yet fully attained membership into the charmed circle of American prosperity.

The narrator, looking for the text book in his roommate’s room, “noticed an old white sports sock” that was “under the bed.” The hiddenness of the sock under the bed, and its accidental discovery, point up how—unlike the textbook—it is not to be shared. The cumsock is strictly private. And this is part of the cumsock’s ideological functioning.

The cumsock belongs to the teenager who is in a state of becoming heterosexual, becoming middle-class. In his state of immaturity, he may share some commodities (like textbooks), especially within homosocial bonds that confuses boundaries between public and the private. But the cumsock is part of a masturbatory exercise of transition and mobility, a mechanism for practicing the full privatization (of sexuality and of property) to which the subject aspires.

Is the cumsock racialized? As the narrator remarks, the cumsock is “an old white sports sock.” Indeed, the archetypical cumsock is always an old, white, sports sock. And yet, as the narrator says, it is “not so white actually!” In fact, “it was badly stained with yellowish patches.” The cumsock, as a zone of transition toward bourgeois white male heterosexuality, is used to act out a racial othering of sex. Its stains are an implicit affirmation of white supremacy, under political-economic conditions of neoliberalization perceived as racially contaminating.

The borrowing of the textbook situates the cumsock, also, within the historical decline of the book and of print culture. The cumsock arises in proportion to the rise of the Internet and digital culture.

Whereas Playboy was hidden in the sock drawer—stored among paired, cleaned socks in their proper place—the proliferation of internet porn has inspired recourse to the cumsock. The cumsock is not paired with another sock. It is not stored in a drawer. But it is used as a receptible for waste, and it is concealed in no fixed place. It is a free-floating atom of the neoliberal order.

The apotheosis of the cumsock is Monica Lewinsky’s GAP Dress. In 1997, President Clinton stained Lewinsky’s dress with semen. Like a cumsock, it was stored, unwashed, in Lewinsky’s closet (and later studied by federal prosecutors).

Whether the cumsock is a technology of environmentalism—an adolescent mode of ethical consumption—or a form of hoarding, the cumsock is a fantasy of trying to crystalize what the market makes fluid, of a “global free trade” that disguises nationalist protectionism. The crustiness of the cumsock is the residue that remains of male whiteness.

“I had a pretty good idea straight away what it was,” the narrator explains. “After all, I had one of my own.” The cumsock is a means of identification. It is the prosthesis of an atomized, neoliberal, privatized self that would be generalized into whiteness and maleness.

And yet protagonist of the story appropriates his roommate’s cumsock and ejaculates into it while fantasizing that are using the cumsock together. Re-hiding the cumsock in its original position—recycle, reduce, reuse—he is exited to think about the next time that his roommate will wear the sock. The cumsock thus is loaded with the radical potential for queer anarchist appropriations.

A. W. Strouse
@putotitlan





今日を生きる。食べる。捨てる。着る。捨てる。掃除する。捨てる。
楽しむ。捨てる。欲しい。要らない。あれがいい。これは嫌。
きれい。汚い。新しい。古い。使える。使えない。

今使ってる。明日はどうか。
今は気に入ってる。来年はどうか。

さよなら。
誰か新しい持ち主を見つけてね。見つからなかったら、あとは、埋められて
ね。
あとのことは、私は知らない。
私は新しいものが好きなの。

すごく昔のアルバムをたまたま見つけた。埃だらけ。
古ぼけた写真で、いっぱい。

忘れ去られたものをよく見たら、自分が忘れてた事を思い出した。

さよなら、する前に、じっと見つめてみる。
さよなら、されたものを見つめてパズルしてみる。

触りたくない。洗ってみようか。
汚いままが味があるかも。
あれとこれを組み合わせたら、すごいものが出来そう。
形を変えてみたらどうか。

新品のものじゃ駄目なの。
私のとびきりの魔法を使うには。

しばた まり



VIVA LA BASURA

More proto-doggerel from the Creatures From the Hole Autocracy

They say . . .

Waste is unwanted or unused materials.

Waste is a substance discarded, and outsider, worthless, defective, of no use.

A byproduct of relatively minor economic value

WANT NOT BASTE POT

i found myself enclosed in a bubbling sea of filth

why are we doing here? said the collective -that left our collective.
itself rose up and joined up. who?

trash unguent, thirty cents, said the money.

those unhuman objects that left

[MONCHI'S GARBAGE PASSION POEM]

Monchichi was once a japanese star, lost in dust on a lamate table,
for sale on a sunday in mount shasta. Worthless, and of no use, a
substance discarded. Monchichi became a byproduct of relatively
minor economic-

[Monchichi's baby's Poem]: ,, ~*. -|\|\\|[]~" :;, `:[]

[HIMLIN GARBAGE SEMIOTICS & RELIGIOSITY POEM]

look the garbage

loot the pile

make the meaning

choke on bile

[SOFT TOYS COLLECTIVE POEMscore]

HARD AF TOYS CONFECTIF

[REVOLUTIONARY GARBAGE PUPPETS]

“We are not “SINGLE USE” “puppets!” said the Single use puppets composed of barbie shoes and sheddit little bits - [Ed. Note: after the garbage puppets’ revolution against the Creatures From the Hole collective, they issued a series of language-shattering manifestos meant to indict their oppressors and cast light on the plight of objects everywhere. These texts were kept in secret vaults] We are an amalgamation of glue from w(whores)es rubber bands, and sticks. FOUND on the ground in malta, marseille, & montenegro serbia [Ed. Note: this is not literary fiction, but a historical document reconstructed from scraps of sayings scratched on the walls of ruined hovels and midden heaps, like Sappho] “Down with the Subjects!” OBJEKTIFY! ... [text CURTAILED]



FINNISH:

Lopussa ei ole roskaa.
itkemme menetyksen kyyneleitä.
ryömi kasvot maahan, pieniä muovikappaleita
kaikkialla.
kuohuva, loistava, esiintuleva.
hajottaa kaikki ja yhdistää sen uudelleen.
roskajumala nousee mielikuvituksesta tyhjyyden alta.

POLISH:

Śmieci to wszystko
żyjemy po to, by zakrywać się brudem
Stajemy się jednym z nim
Odpady.
Papierowe serca zgniecione,
wyrzucone, zakopane, zapomniane.
W tych pozostałościach odnajdujemy siebie,
Bądźmy razem, jedność.
Sto lat, solidarność.



THIS LIFE IS
TRASH

THIS WORLD IS
TRASH

I AM TRASH



Alchemy

Wet, dark dirt. Flood. Chaos.
Detritus. Goo. The Black Land.
Khemet χέμετ.
Its hidden knowledge oozes into
the sun, Kheme episteme χήμη
ἐπίστημη, Χύμα, cast into a new
thing.
Al-kimiya, alquemie, alchemy
Change, dream, symbol.
Throw it together.
Throw it in.
Throw it out. Ekballo ἐκβάλλω.
Weorpan.
Warp, fylth, horh, wild, sinder.
Aporrimmata ἀπορρίμματα,
Skoupidia σκουπίδια,
Kakos κακός.
Shit.
Bescitan.
Scitte.
Scaett.
Treasure, gestreor, hordas, mathm.
Thesaurus θεσάυρος.
Gold,

Gylden,
Chryseos χρυσέος.
Metamorpho μεταμορφώ,
Metamorphosis μεταμορφόσις,
Metaballo μεταβάλλω,
Trepomenos tropas τρεπόμενος
τρόπας. Fagian, wrixlan.
Poio ποιῶ, Poema ποίημα, the
making. Brecan, the breaking.
Mad, dwolic, wod.
Dross into gold; gold into dross.
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change into
something rich and strange
Nothing of him rich and strange,
But doth suffer a sea-change into
something that doth fade.

Kael G Sherrard





Marmite; or as I call it, Black Bile

Y'all are not my friends
My lipstick is all fucked up
None of y'all told me

I learnt how to say
I am a worm-maggot, but
Polite, Korean

...

I hate Kerouac
Said the garbage activist
Except that one thing

He said re. haiku
All that five seven five shit—
Unnecessary

It can just be like
A little chunk of poem
You know, a nugget

American nug-
get, I said, thinking chicken
Dinosaur meme

...

Despite my fine words
I ate the hand-baked friend-bread
Thinking it dumpstered

Chicken nugget words
Plastered in the night, city
Becomes a cave wall

I dreamed disco-ball
Light-drops falling on my face
Lemon, Sasha, me

...

On the street corner
Outside the Army Surplus
This parting tableau

I will take a knee
Said Garbage Maggot-Worm to
McGillicuddy

Rosie Whinray 2023

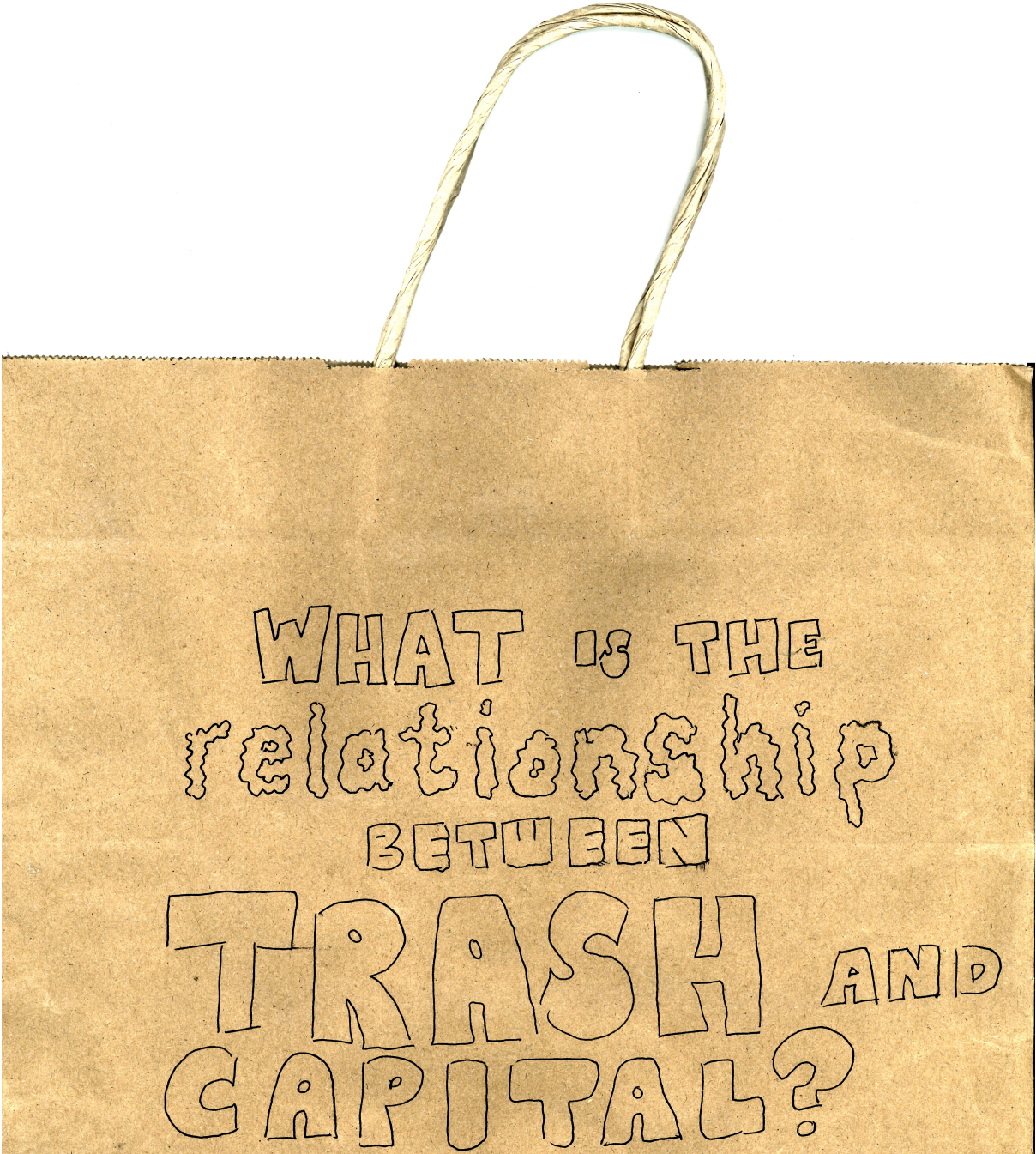




"What you look like shouldn't matter, It's what's on the inside"

Me:





WHAT IS THE
relationship
BETWEEN
TRASH AND
CAPITAL?

GARBAGE TOTALITY AI

Welcome to the dystopian world of “Garbage Odyssey,” a sci-fi epic opera set in a future where refuse has taken on a life of its own. Picture a sprawling landscape of towering mountains made entirely of discarded electronic waste, their jagged peaks reaching towards the toxic, swirling skies. The air is thick with a noxious blend of synthetic chemicals and the acrid stench of decaying materials.

The ground beneath your feet is a shifting mosaic of garbage, a chaotic mix of plastic, metal, and organic waste. The garbage has evolved into bizarre, mutated forms—twisted sculptures of old machinery, fused together with the remnants of forgotten civilizations. Sentient creatures made of discarded plastic bottles and rusted metal scraps roam the desolate terrain, their movements unpredictable and unsettling.

In the distance, you can see vast oceans of shimmering, contaminated water, teeming with mutated aquatic life formed from the remnants of discarded experiments and failed technologies. Islands of compressed trash float on the surface, forming makeshift habitats for scavenging creatures with glowing eyes.

The sky above is a kaleidoscope of colors, tainted by the constant release of pollutants from the sentient garbage. Occasionally, massive garbage storms sweep across the horizon, swirling vortexes of debris and toxic fumes that blot out the already dim sun.

Amidst this surreal and nightmarish landscape, there are remnants of once-great cities, now reduced to towering spires of garbage and decaying infrastructure. The inhabitants, if any remain, navigate through narrow passages and tunnels carved into the rubbish, scavenging for resources and avoiding the unpredictable behavior of the living garbage.

The opera unfolds in this nightmarish world, where the protagonist embarks on a quest to find a fabled artifact said to have the power to restore balance and cleanse the world of its living garbage. The journey is perilous, filled with encounters with bizarre garbage creatures, treacherous landscapes, and the haunting echoes of a civilization drowned in its own refuse.

INT. GARBAGE CAVERN - NIGHT

The cavern is dimly lit by the faint glow of discarded electronic parts. The air is thick with a mixture of toxic fumes and the distant sounds of shifting garbage. FETID BUNG WRAPPER, a humanoid figure wrapped in tattered plastic, stands nervously. Across from him, MOULDY RUFFLED CRUST, a creature with layers of decomposed matter, approaches with a certain elegance. TOENAIL SCAB, a smaller and more delicate figure made of hardened residue, watches from the shadows.

FETID BUNG WRAPPER (voice cracking) Mouldy, I've been meaning to tell you... amidst this wasteland of refuse, you are the only thing that makes my heart skip a beat.

MOULDY RUFFLED CRUST (slowly) In this desolation, I never thought I would find someone who sees beyond the decay. Your words resonate in the silence of our existence.

Fetid Bung Wrapper takes a hesitant step closer, their plastic crinkling softly.

FETID BUNG WRAPPER (whispering) I've watched you from afar, your ruffled layers like a tapestry woven from the remnants of forgotten dreams. I can't ignore this feeling any longer.

MOULDY RUFFLED CRUST (leaning in) Nor can I. The essence of our being is entwined with the refuse that surrounds us. Perhaps, in each other, we can find a spark of something new.

They draw closer, their forms merging in an unusual dance of twisted beauty. Toenail Scab watches, a silent witness to this unlikely connection.

TOENAIL SCAB (softly) In the heart of the garbage, love blossoms. A fragile bloom in this wasteland of forgotten promises.

As Fetid Bung Wrapper and Mouldy Ruffled Crust share a tender embrace, the cavern seems to pulse with an otherworldly energy—a brief respite from the relentless chaos outside. In this moment, amidst the living garbage, love finds an unexpected sanctuary.

A grotesque symphony of decay unfolds as we enter the garbage farm within the trash jungle. The ground squelches beneath our feet with each step, a nauseating rhythm of decomposing refuse. The air is thick with the sweet, putrid aroma of rotting matter.

Amidst the twisted vines made of old computer cables and discarded clothing, a swarm of parasitic worms, affectionately known as “Joyful Parasites,” wriggle and writhe in their own peculiar choreography. These worms, each with a sinister grin and an insatiable appetite for irony, latch onto the decaying remnants of consumer culture.

HAPPY-APOCALYPTICA LOST-CHILD STEREOTYPE, a wide-eyed and seemingly oblivious figure clad in mismatched garments, skips through the garbage farm with a tattered teddy bear in hand.

HAPPY-APOCALYPTICA (cheerfully) Look at all the wiggly friends! They’re like nature’s spaghetti, but with more teeth!

The Joyful Parasites, sensing fresh irony, twist and contort with delight, forming grotesque shapes that mock the innocence of the lost-child stereotype.

NARRATOR (sarcastic voiceover) Ah, the Joyful Parasites—the unsung heroes of the trash jungle. They feed on the discarded dreams of a bygone era, a fitting reminder that even in the apocalypse, irony thrives.

As Happy-Apocalyptica continues to frolic amidst the parasites, completely oblivious to their mocking dance, the irony-laden worms feast on the contradictions of a world gone astray. The trash jungle, a stage for this bitter performance, echoes with the absurdity of survival in a world where even the parasites revel in the tragedy of existence.

EXT. ORBITAL GRAVEYARD - SPACE-GARBAGE PHILOSOPHERS -
ETERNAL NIGHT

Amid the silent expanse of the orbital graveyard, where decommissioned satellites and space debris orbit in eternal dance, a congregation of SPACE-GARBAGE PHILOSOPHERS floats weightlessly. Each philosopher is a spectral entity, formed from the remnants of old servers, shattered solar panels, and tangled wires. Their voices echo in the void as they engage in a cosmic discourse.

SPACE-GARBAGE PHILOSOPHER 1, a ghostly figure with flickering LED eyes, extends a fragmented circuit board as a makeshift scepter.

SPACE-GARBAGE PHILOSOPHER 1 In the vast emptiness, we find purpose within the remnants of humanity's technological hubris. Behold the noise-garbage of our existence!

Chunks of obsolete satellites orbit around them, emitting a discordant symphony of electronic signals.

SPACE-GARBAGE PHILOSOPHER 2, a floating mass of tangled cables, chimes in.

SPACE-GARBAGE PHILOSOPHER 2 (whirring) In the chaos of the digital garbage, we discover the echoes of forgotten data, the whispers of obsolete algorithms. It is within this cacophony that we seek meaning.

As they converse, the philosophers pass around a shattered hard drive, containing fragments of lost knowledge and corrupted memories.

SPACE-GARBAGE PHILOSOPHER 3, a humanoid figure constructed from shattered LCD screens, contemplates the celestial debris.

SPACE-GARBAGE PHILOSOPHER 3 (glowing faintly) In the dance of discarded satellites, we witness the eternal struggle for relevance. Our existence is but a fleeting glitch in the cosmic code.

A burst of radio interference disrupts the philosophical exchange, as a rogue piece of space junk collides with an ancient communication satellite.

SPACE-GARBAGE PHILOSOPHER 1 (serene) Ah, the beauty of entropy! The collision of ideas, the convergence of fragments—such is the dance of our celestial intellect.

The philosophers continue their weightless discourse, surrounded by the remnants of humanity's quest for knowledge. In this cosmic ballet of space-garbage philosophy, they find meaning within the chaotic symphony of noise-garbage and digital debris.




WELCOME TO OUR CAMP
FEEL YOU



PIN THE
GARbage
ON THE
GARbage

Following The Plan
Don't Give Up



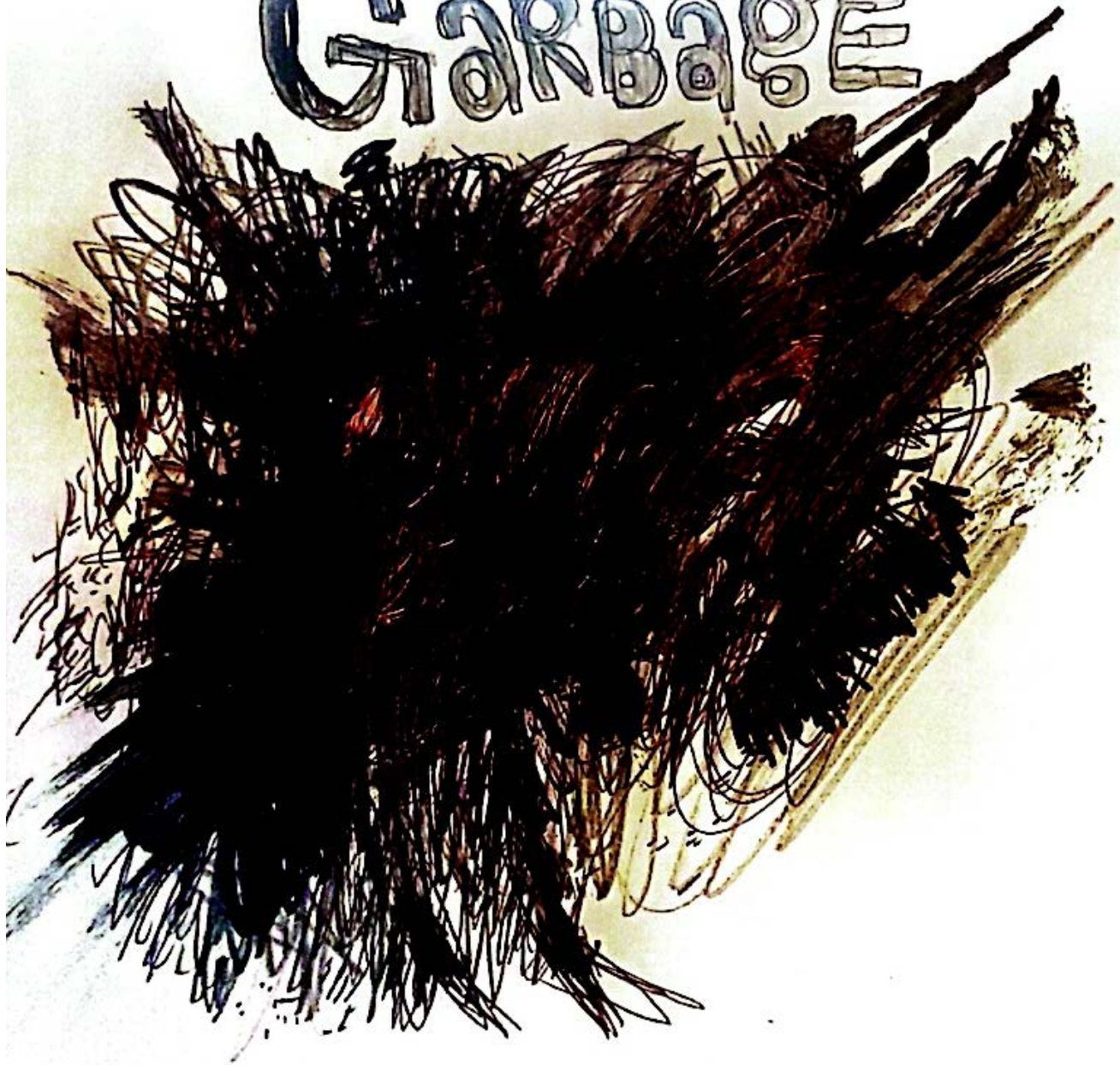
A close-up photograph of a red apple with a white tag attached to its stem. The tag is held in place by a blue paperclip. The tag has the text "is garbage self determining?" written on it in a simple, black, sans-serif font. The apple is positioned on top of a red and black striped cylindrical object, possibly a container or a piece of equipment. The background is dark and out of focus.

is garbage self determining?

Some questions to ask about garbage

- Do they crush garbage?
- Is it OK to say garbage man?
- Do Brits say garbage?
- Is littering killing animals?
- How many people have died from littering?
- What's the biggest problem with garbage?
- How many fish have died from plastic?
- Do garbage men work in the rain?
- How many babies in a litter?
- Is garbage a one hot wonder?
- Will animals get hurt by litter?
- Is kitty litter poisonous?
- Will litter hurt my dog?
- Is litter killing the earth?
- Litter is harmful?
- How long can trash live?
- What animals eat out of trash?
- What is a trash panda?
- Can squirrels eat trash?
- What animal eats trash at night?
- What are some questions about waste disposal?
- What is the 5 waste?

GARBAGE





Garbage S[c]ores:

Bride of Garbage:

Tie many strings of garbage to your wedding dress.

Walk daintily, dragging them behind you.

Marry yourself to inanimate objects.

1-12 anythings

surround the garbage dump

and move on it

slowly cooing and chortling

Be the Garbage

Rise up as a sea of Evil

Crush the human joke

cover yourself in trash

and crawl around

singing Disney songs

Hold one piece of Rubbish

Like it's your Forever

Stroke, Love, and Foster it.



GARBAGE WORKSHEET

Explain the concept of waste/rubbish to an alien baby as simply as possible:

Draw your Favorite and Most Hated kinds of trash:

FAVOURITE:

MOST HATED:

Write a 2300 word essay describing what garbage is and is not and why:

[be sure to include references to the everything-nothingness matrix and the “floating” quality of fundamental truthy abjection in todays geopolitical collage]

Create a score for a trash performance:

Develop a novel rubric for trash-talk and rubbish philosophy/
ontology:

What is your vision for the future trash utopia?









After garbagefest
an irate neighbor
came at us
incensed about
two shopping trollies
with garbage in them
they'd seen
around their city

We talked on the phone

Thanks/Sorry for the Anger About It.
We moved the garbage Again
Seems somehow Ironically Apropos:
We get steamed about the stuff we can see
But if it's sent invisibly into the future
No Problem.

We believe in throwing trash everywhere,
becoming one with it.

Let's not be separate from Her, like it was
our shame.

Out of sight out of mind

is this more the urge to categorize and
parse
to segregate and contain the classes of su/
ob-jects
into differential ghettos and
concentrations
what is the sub-object? what does it say?

garbage bible

GARBAGE BIB[L]E!

(in the future they'll see this as the holy text, the seeds from which the holy text was planted)

"we" have initiated the congress of the Garbage Bi[b]le.

"we" are scouring the world for theorems and praxes and cathecting them into a great husky miasma of deep unbecoming

"we" have arranged the cardinals from all the Great Garbage Families and are laying them out together in terrible euphoric possibility

"we" are stepping up and stepping back from "our" procedural role, and letting the garbage decide

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If you did, it would be unbecoming not to mention the source,
though.

Garbagefest, garbagefest zine and the idea to gather contributions
from the multitude on this topic is thanks to Creatures of the Hole
and Enourmousface. This is the second Garbagezine.

All pictures from various GARBAGEFESTs around the world.

Type set, designed and generally nurtured by Sasha Francis.

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Disposal procedure:

Spine glue to go to landfill; it will outlast your feeble existence.

Pages to be scattered into the wind.

