

“First of all I want to make it clear that I have no interest in your accelerationist-derived digital ideologies on social and class structure which, in a roundabout way, amount to fewer lobsters in the toxic estuary from which stems my livelihood.

Spare me from memes, I don't care for slurred speech and my voice is not inside enough to be discrete because it is a taut string piqued by prevailing Westerlies. Surrounded by the holy coast, I am not afraid to be on the frontlines of this petri-dish of human bacteria.

Due to hypoesthesia I can't feel the seasons anymore, so I look to the shifts in style of ambiguous authority figures. I sense through the quality and quantity of the textiles that I see, that there will be a certain impact on the weather pattern this year. The lobsters, which react to mere degrees of change in the water, will have thinner shells or be fewer in numbers.

You don't really see mulchers in New York City anymore, especially American-made ones. Things never get digested by ambiguous authority figures wearing Uniqlo. The mulcher is the voice of the middle, where things are broken down rather than shipped away. Where you have to be responsible for excess and allow it to seep into the soil. The middle is less visible. The speaking subject emerges through its lack; the mulcher desires as it destroys; never able to obtain what it shreds; the lobster ceases to be wild as most wild animals have since the 70s; the constituents voice is shaped by new desires as they venture out of date in slices of cotton.

The protestant demonstrations of lack through repeated aesthetics are accelerating me toward the authority figure I endeavour to not become. I cannot perform the mulcher's own transformation of desire on myself; my will wasn't strong enough. I found that when you get 30-odd lobster shells together you can dry them out and crush them to make an exfoliant that is somewhat spiritual. I cut a tree once on the foreshore, so that with its bleeding resin I could adhere the sharded lobster shells to its trunk. I rubbed myself on it until raw. A big scratching post for meaning. I can't remember all the details but I remember a certain ecstasy from the sensation of myself flowing into the soil. A job worth doing, is worth doing properly. I wanted to become soil. But I spent days separating myself from congealed Uniqlo cloth against my wounds. Sniffing around in the wet dirt to find something that I buried prematurely; some part of myself. Abolish agriculture, eat shit, I heard the voice saying.

I am a subject to the lack which I desire. My signification is mulching, iterated through the great middle. It should be obvious by now that what I desire does not exist, so I am always in servitude to a shifting season. By mulching and rendering things out of existence I achieve what I desire sooner. Which is why we have this expansive middle that has been built up.”

- anonymous