

# In The Coming Times

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**A merciless storm born of humanity's own collective choices is in full swing.** The entire condition of being "human" is completely poisoned and meaningless: It is bound up in reformist liberal notions of modified yet continued material factors and penalties. Those powerful enough to determine the most refined and effortless charges with continual submission will find their best asset in the same-old-new plastic, bright, happy depictions of humanity at its best when it embraces lovingly itself as "human."

They will do everything they can get away with or excuse to imprison all sincere creative energy within only that which reproduces an aimless life of sadness and desperation.

We who each surpass every "Great" are at our hearts' ends with this kind of existence. It is insulting, degrading, and it is not worthy of our merely *silent, sterilized* contempt. We are, in short, intending to realize life elsewhere outside of this unwelcome domination, both in direct confrontation with it and by challenging every pious allegiance everywhere to this terrible matrix.

We anticipate for this fading epoch of human stubbornness to be *the long, drawn-out endgame of all human civilization and quite possibly also the earth it's abused into oblivion for centuries*. We intend to create our hearts' desires in accordance with what consequences we've been affected by as liberal capitalist societies writhe in their panicking death throes.

We expect no ideal outcome in either direction. We expect neither a higher, "enlightened" society in the next several decades to dig up our tombs, shedding their light on our thoughts and feelings we tucked away during that final mortal frenzy, read again to serve on the commission report for how everything descended into hell; nor do we anticipate any siblings of the stars or savior come to earth to find our long-withered cries and shed some much-too-late pity on our remains. Our only star for gazing at before dreaming is that of our untamed activities taking place in our own *free worlds*.

Here is where we inhabit, here is where our traces intersect. No ever-lasting life will be constructed from our endeavors or any faith; we know death's wholeness as we know life's purpose to be enjoyed and reveled in. We choose to see these things created and absorbed by others *here and now* instead of depending on any artistic convention, continuity or recognition to be our saving grace. *We each are doing all things for ourselves*, and in sharing them we elevate our already intoxicating self-accomplishment.