

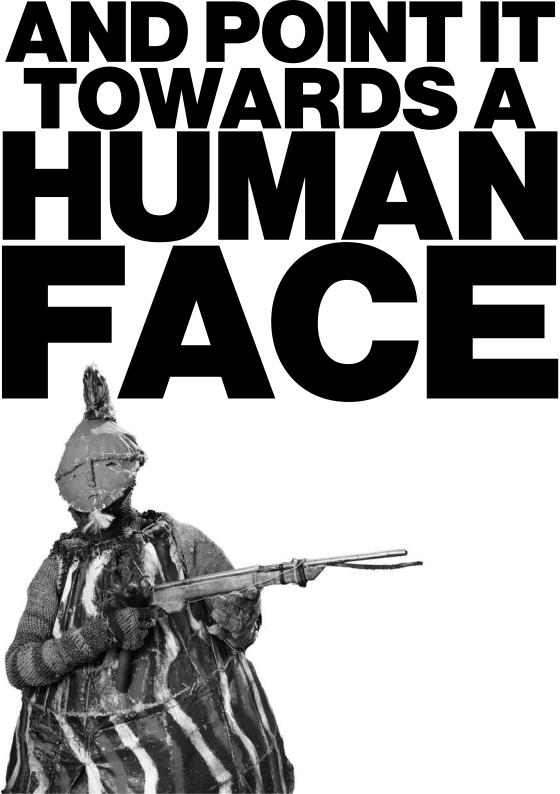
a minizine by keran souare dedicated to fred bell, my friend kufre (pages 7 and 8) and my brother Eden. This is the first zine I have ever bothered to finish and put out.

STREET LEVEL SEMOTIC

bullyi*n*g the world i nto submission one zine at a time

The Black Artist's role in America is to aid in the destruction of America as he knows it... The Black Artist must draw out of his soul the correct image of the world. He must use this image to band his brothers and sisters together in common understanding of the nature of the world (and the nature of America) and the nature of the human soul. The Black **Artist must demonstrate** sweet life, how it differs from the deathly grip of the White Eyes. The Black **Artist must teach the White** Eyes their deaths, and teach the black man how to bring these deaths about.

LET ME AIM MY SEETHING IAI 110



JET BLACK JACOBIN ENTER: THE PHOBOGENIC LOCUS END THE WHOLE FUCKING WORLD Dallas like the rest of the world exists in a state of manicheanism, a metropole of domination compartmentalized by police precincts and racial inequality. In Dallas those who are black are 1.8 more likely to be killed by police, such a statistic is symptomatic of the inherited neurotic anti-blackness that manifests itself in the state, its institutions, and the social world in varying degrees and intensities. Such is a unique genus of dehumanization.

Blackness as a social construct is a cathexis of abjection; for the libidinal economy posits the black imago as a phobogenic object, a meta-aporia that's instrumentalized as a metric for dehumanization. For example, When John Lennon posits that "Woman Is the Nigger of the World" such a phrase analogises the unique oppression of the black subject with other strains of oppression, a faulty attempt to put people at a lower ontological status than a slave.

Blackness is inextricably bound to Slaveness in a way that whereas Slaveness can be separated from Blackness, Blackness cannot exist as other than Slaveness. Barbara Smith wrote that "...if Black women were free, it would mean everyone else would have to be free since our freedom would necessitate the destruction of all the systems of oppression."



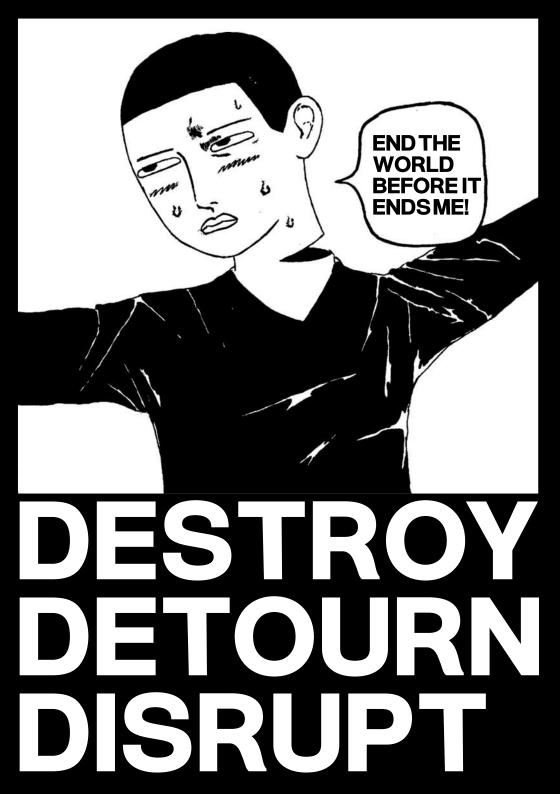


Although there are varying genuses of oppression dependent on categories besides race and gender, it remains that Black women suffer the brunt of misogynoir and violence due to the integral role their suffering played in the development of America. This is not to say that one aspect of one's identity supersedes another. class, age, nationality and so on and so forth.

Identity is a plateau of many nodes of identifiers that don't exist as quantifiable units but much rather as degrees, lines, and dimensions folding and sublimating into each other with each dimension defining and recontextualizing the other. The black subject's **Blackness folds into their** gender, age, sexuality, class, age, nationality and so on and so forth. It doesn't supersede these other aspects, it commingles with them similar to how systems of oppression operate in tandem.

Black Liberation necessitates the liberation of Black people of all kinds everywhere, to be black is to a locus of abjection in a white society, to embody a meta-aporia for political thought and action. None of us are free until we are all free and that necessitates the end of the world as we know it. In a system predicated on our displacement and dehumanization habituated to normalcy, there is no reconciliation to be found in this framework. It must go.

Our Negritude can destroy this whole fucking world. The eschatological conclusion of black liberation means the end of the world as we know it.



"This kind of enviroment can create a sense of hoplessness... This kind of enviroment can create a sense of powerlessness..." -Diane Ragsdale

TOTAL IBERATION DESTRUCTION

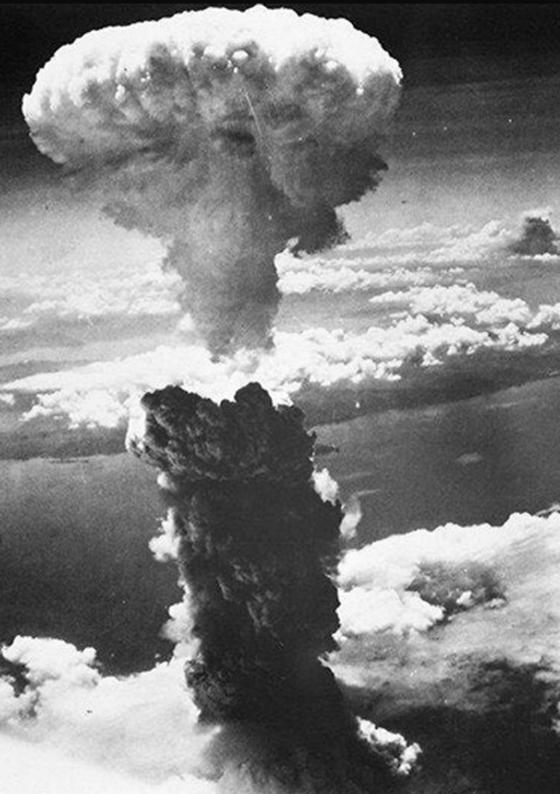












We sing of poisonous flowers bursting in meadows of fury; skies of love struck by clots of blood; epileptic mornings; the white burning of abyssal sands, the sinking of wrecked ships in the middle of nights rent by the smell of wild beasts.

What can I do?

l must begin.

Begin what?

The only thing in the world that's worth beginning: The End of the World, no less.







