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Bias
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Along the horridly neglected path out of being commanded and subjected, from the stinking bowels of the societies of oiled gears, permanent emissions, bright screens, information haze and ceaseless masturbation to worn-out sensibility, there arises a shrill hissing of such stupid nature, of such whining entitlement, that the lone rebel catches herself snickering — then nearly dying laughing . . .

”You have a *left-wing* **bias!**”

”You have a *right-wing* **bias!**”

”You have a *centrist* **bias!**”

”You have an *extremist* **bias!**”

Ha! Ahahaha! Ah, the acrid hell of human hubris knows no end! The sheer closeness in conceptual capacity to *being god* — yet holding oneself back at the last second in order to retain the satisfying humbleness of being a servant — is too palpable to bear! Cretins! Devolved technocrats! Rot in your hazy valley of upright despair! I discard you for my mountain!

Listen closely to these hypocrite cicadas wailing their calls, desperate for their clutching of pearls to be seen and felt, to be valid and effective. Their tears, pushed out by the common anger at the

existence of subjective matter, are bitter with the hateful confrontation against the reality that every point of perspective is its own development of circumstances, its own depths of considerations, its own avenues of reference, its own simple or convoluted conclusions. Their tears, I lap them up and piss them out. They let the primal paradigm of *live free or die ruled* go undigested in their spiritual stomachs. They drive a flail down onto the self-thinking brain out of fundamentalist command. Then they look eagerly to their master; they run headfirst, gleeful, into the arms of their paternalist overlord — and have the gall to say that we should do the same. Listen to those drones, and rejoice that you are you, not one of them.

It is greatly endearing to be the enemy of such ilk on *a conceptual level.*

These wriggling boils on the social mass are angry that, ultimately, they cannot cast a lasso around the hearts of every individual and make them **submit.** They can brutalize in every way imaginable, but it will not create any substantial change. There will always be strife. There will always be a cunning wit, a sharpened blade to threaten every variety of command.

To the social radical who agitates for the socialist outlook, still today in the year two-thousand and twenty-four, he largely receives scorn for the outlook that in truth merely realigns capital, preached as its end. Regardless, his outlook (however duped) is holding on by fingernails to *validity.* Socialism has a terrible taste in the public mouth despite funding socialism for the very rich, and consequently a touch of socialism for the poor — by all ruling conventions — is condemnable enough to send the workers straight to hell.

To take the notion of "bias" seriously is just that.

"Bias" is the beloved tool of the objectivist (meaning simultaneously the followers of Ayn Rand's bullshit and those who more generally assert an *objective, immovable reality* that all are slaves to.) The deployment of "Bias" is a desperate battle tactic on the

part of the narrative controller, the conservative (whether they are a right or left-wing conservative) and the believer in what the news and pundits say. It is kept at hand like a detonator wired to validity, ready to be engaged when the opposing side takes a jab.

It's all over for you because you're *Biased!*

"Bias" is a difference fashioned into a moral pipebomb. It is the reluctant recognition of *another view* only to turn it on itself with a magic word. It is the word one utters when one hates the lack of regulation for any one shade of glasses. It is the politicization of any dissent, the extended capture that *all politics* is responsible for.

Every flavor of capital & state, be it left, right, far-left, far-right, center, center-left, center-right, et al., is committed to seeing that life is only a contained force for reproducing the nation. Its ultimate project is to ensnare life for the gluttony of money and growth.

I have said so before and will say until it is no longer the case: we are slaves because we are captured by every dominant avenue belonging to the owning class. We are bound to prostituting our labor or to the microscopic crumbs of benefits and charity. We are tamed by comedy and tragedy projected to be miles away. We are lobotomized with trust in monsters and sociopaths.

We are not free to have festivals and chaos in every street, to transform the streets into gardens, to plant and smoke cannabis and tobacco freely in the open air, to untame the wilderness, to be at home in every place on Earth, and to cultivate nothing but deliciously selfish fruits and devise well-considered contraptions and fuels that make life better without inventing new masters, without contributing to new apocalypses. To actively murder any possibility of being ruled, of being marched toward certain death.

This is denied for us, because it makes a boss no money, it pays a landlord no rent, it incinerates the notion of police, of morals, of societies. All precious artifacts of an orderly, collective lobotomy called *Working With What You Got.*

We are denied the whole of freedom, and the left-wing loves this. Because the paradigm of *belonging* to an external whole must

be preserved and situated on the left-wing of capital so that the human civilization can be more convincing, more efficient, more moral. Untampered agency is an obstacle to the righteous project of *The Future;* the *Good Community* supersedes this. The individual dies by the blade of leftist moralism.

The right-wing puffs itself up into an offensive position against their sworn enemy — going on the defense in the next moment. (Simultaneously **The Strong Men**, and the most downtrodden victims! Magnificently *consistent* heirs of capital!) They prostitute themselves to the dusty gold throne of the so-called *Enlightenment* when touting the intellectual Divine Right of white patriarchs, lurching back to Golgotha and other hysterical Lies when all sound reasoning fails.

The centrist calls out the hypocrisy of both parties, weaving a turgid synthesis of their worst ideas, calling it *The Best Of Both*. The centrist does not simply prostitute himself to the throne of the so-called Enlightenment. He dares to seat his overfed ass upon it with a furious cloud of dust rushing from his backside, invading the space and faculties of everyone trying to live.

The extremist merely *embraces bias* at its most devout; the extremist rushes — once the noxious dust has settled for a moment — to steal the throne and hand it over to all *The People* to sit and experience the high vantage.

And then the whole pointless affair explodes with claims of *Bias*. (The *wrong* one.)

The anarchist observes these four in their scorched grappling, lights a spliff with the remnant fires, and walks away from their entire vicinity.

Welcome to politics, love. The death blood of a would-be life. Where everyone's team is equally shit and equally invested in murdering your *entire potential*.

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I too am beholden to my bias, yes. I too hold close a specific tint of glasses.

You are wrong.

You are wrong to want to wrangle me like another sheep.

Don't you see? I am everywhere. I am everything.

Beneath my wool is a shotgun and a fine blade for taking trophies.

Let my ephemeral smirk haunt your every waking second alive.

Call me an asshole. Call me a dope. Call me a worthless god-hating tranny. I don't care. I know I am better than you; I am actually better than you because I actually meld mind with spirit. I actually leap into the cauldron of hate, hopelessness and disillusion, fishing with my bare hand into the glowing embers for the kernel of this life.

My bias is the heat of the stars, the rotation of the earth, the limitless application of knowledge, the godless mutilation of so-called biology and the chaotic traffic in organisms. Both interpersonally and introspectively. Both materially and spiritually.

My bias for **Me** and **My Chaos** is the correct and irrefutable bias, because my life is irrefutable and its contents unparsable.

I collapse all argument because *I Am.*

But mine cannot be seen through by others: I have a **Me** bias. I am biased, most certainly, in favor of what makes **Me** joyful and fulfilled for the day. I am biased in favor of what suits **My** language, **My** actions. And no other perspective will ever sway me.

Why? Why would I be so cruel, so devious, so sinful as to refuse any other thought? Why would I commit so ardently to such a *self-centered* outlook? Because once, I was trusting, open-minded and self-sacrificing. I shifted from many different traditions, each after the other I would declare more refined, more connected to *truth* than the last. After a while, this brought me nothing but annoyance. The proud and embellished limitations of every school, of every allegiance that was not solely to **Me Alone** could not be tolerated further. The only *truth* I became fixated with was *my own.* The *conscious self-negation* of what so brightly and violently glows in the self could not be reasonable to me anymore.

There could be no ceiling to contain the stark bonfire of my permanently youthful spirit. There could be no substance to extinguish its roaring blaze.

It was done! The white Jesus republican family was defaced! Now solitary sinfulness reigns to burn the notion, the memory of reign/rule altogether!

My mind is set beside infinity and closed thereon; there is no opening for self-debasing bullshit. There is no breathing room for what tells me that I am just another person. I am the center of this life, you of yours, and that is extraordinary.

And furthermore, in every step through my young life, I had felt a deep connection with something that I knew then necessarily arose from **Me**. Something that felt like the reasoned hope that occupies the flip side of my intrusive dreariness. And from that, the beauty of my surroundings became vibrant and inspiring. My purpose of words became the declaration unique to me that screams with only **My** living breath. I affirm myself, which to me is more valid than anything.

Now I cast my stars out to revolve around **Me**, to coalesce and light the paths within **My** vast mazes. I know what I am: an unruly she-wolf against all constraint — not any simpleton who needs a person outside of me to affirm what I feel.

And I know that everything is *biased against me.*

I know that a quiet war has always raged: between the stubborn, self-righteous old farts and their learned, self-applying, self-determining children.

In social terms I am the lowest cretin to slither across the good, godly grass of the christian nationalist domains. But I am not *known.* This being not even *nothing*, a *non-entity* completely out of sight, is the calm breadth of possibility. Their crazed cults can be attacked at any second. And there are tens of hundreds like me. Just sitting, watching, waiting.

Whenever I chance to pass through some spotlight, and an honest word of individual anarchy erupts passionately from my breast, the cries of "Bias" and "Iconoclasm" are precisely what calls out to those who would soar with such self-permission.

In the early homosexual rebellions around the world, the best way to find where to find oneself was to seek out the places and people the churches said to stay away from.

Now, the new churches called "Communities" must too be razed. They curse the free individual. We have to assert the sovereignty of every soul above every form of collectivity if we are to really interact with each other as what we are. If we are to effectively stone bourgeois-christian-plebeian civilization to death.

You self-righteous morons and your "morals," your "country," your "philosophy," your "duty—" what good will any of this gold-laced *garbage* do you when you're locked in fear at my piece chambered against your head, my knife at your throat? What then!? **HUH!?** Foul fucking degenerates of spirit — you never deserved breath to begin! Yet *I . . .* **I** am the Blight of Humanity!? **I** am the Foul Groomer!? **I** am the *Direct Cause* of your shitty job, your dumbass ugly wife who knows you're gay, your dumbass children who mimic the stupidity you live — day in, day out!?

YOU'RE A LIVING **JOKE!**

You have two binary variants of your "Individuality:" a stupid big ass lifted pickup truck, or a blacked-out charger/challenger. YOU HAVE NO SOUL. You have actually ***negative substance*** to your being. Just petty swipes at shallow customization to signal a facade of *a whole life.*

There are no cookie cutter white conservative christian cis people who need to live. And anyone my age running defense for pants-shitting boomers is the same caliber of unworthy, if not worse.

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Yes, I know bias well. I lived others' biases, I thrived out of them all. And because I learned that all other biases are bullshit because they are **Not Mine** — and because I say so loudly and proudly — now I dance my wicked, selfish moves in the sexy, stark black dress of *Fuck You I Do And Think Whatever The Fuck I Please.*

What tells me that I am not what I determine myself to be, but am instead a mere *Man in a Dress,* merely *pretending* to be what has always called so deeply and profoundly to me — this perspective is not helpful. It is another cell of the ugly, spoiled bias against she-wolves as I. It is another tired grab at someone's own realization, trying to pull it off of them out of bitterness, out of deep sorrow at their unimaginative cucked "Lives."

Therefore, it is less than the lice to me, less than the dust of bones long past. It is a *non-entity*, not dignified enough to be the dribble of a sour old man in a nursing home. And wherever it manifests near me — it will be passionately murdered with its aorta taken for a trophy.

Whatever would give me annoyance or sorrow, I disregard. Whatever would weave a complex reason for me to surrender the multitudes of my inner landscapes, my armaments of intellect, my will to dare against the god of Abraham, I disregard.