

## Million Dead

# "Reformulating The Challenge To Archism"

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i long for the day when concrete becomes flammable.  
a firebrand, i am liquid ire through these ancient  
misery-cobbled cheapside streets. and whether you  
choose to date it from lao-tse and diogenes, or the  
heresy of the spirit, or a man named winstanley, or  
pierre-joseph and mikhail in the nineteenth century,  
there has always been a link between the negative and  
the free. and i;ve been trying for some time to find a  
new way of saying no to archism. and i long for the day  
when grammar, words, syntax fall into place. a simple  
gesture or clearing of the throat becomes a spark in  
this tinderbox metropolis. and i will nail it, my archist  
friends. in fact, this might be it... so stop crawling, and  
stand the fuck up, because it's pathetic. and start  
dancing, because you move like no one else. and stop  
begging, it's not worth it, you are stronger, and start  
saying no. so i don't long for the day when i will wake to  
a soft-focus wiped-clean slate. i'm just hoping that the  
same overbearing structures will be faced with a little  
more faith, a handful more people saying no. and there  
are many different ways of saying no.

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