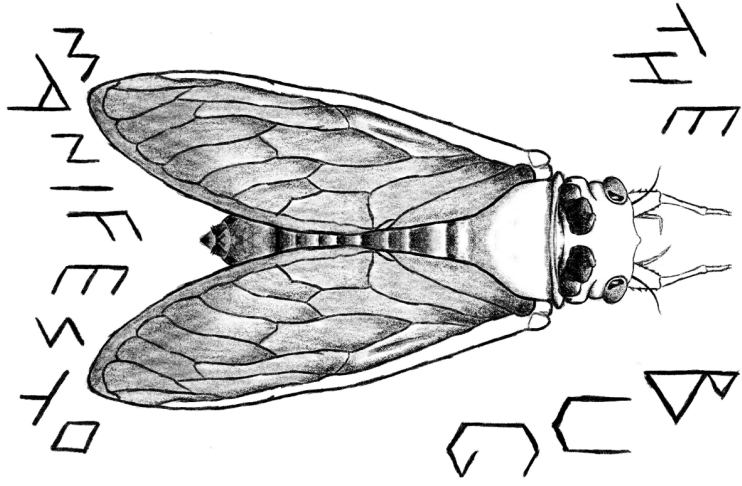
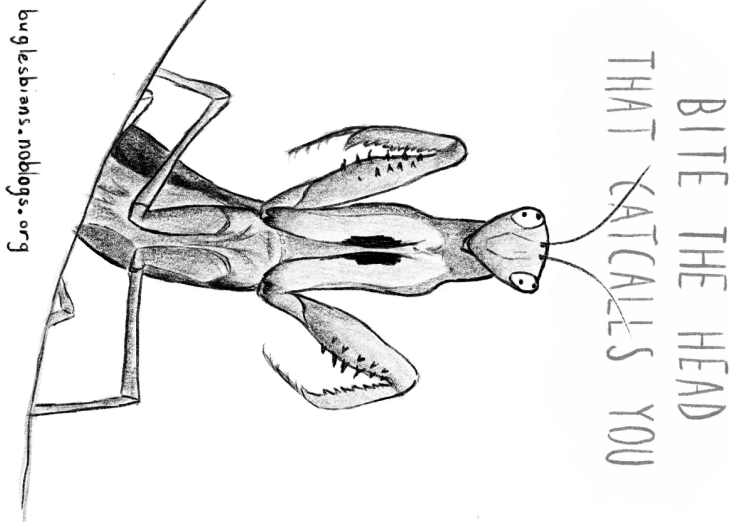




Bugs are uncomfortable.
Bugs are the defiance of a program.
Bugs ruin people's days and developers' nights.
They exist outside the scope of an anthropocentric original design, and haunt the intended mechanisms of their surrounding system.
They crawl with their tiny legs into the lives of the comfortable, bringing fear, disgust, annoyance, horror, itch.



Bugs are the queers and the errors, the freaks and the wrongs, the punk and the ungovernable, the unwanted and the unknown.
The purpose of a bug exists beyond the scope and comprehension of those who never halt to turn their curious gaze in unconditional appreciation of smaller existences. The convoluted cycles of arthropod lives bug those who only look for instrumentality to answer their why's.

In an age when everyone forces you to be a compliant mammal: reject humanity, become bug.

and to shine like a star to brighten the lives of the people around you when the night comes.

To Live as a bug is to shit on decency. To live as a bug is to be gross and incomprehensible to the bourgeois mind. To Live as a bug is to constantly buzz in the ears of those who sleep through the class war, it is to fly in the eyes of those who run blindly past those who need help, it's to sting the ass of those who sit comfortably on the spoils of colonial oppression, to chew tunnels in the fruit of stolen labor and steal

back what's rightfully yours, to bite off the head of your toxic ex boyfriend, to be a vector of depravity and unruliness and make the prude flee in terror every time they see you.



REJECT
HUMANITY



BECOME
BUG