

# trANS hACK fEMINIST

[es]  
[it]

Pechblenda lab was born out of the necessity to generate a space in Calafou (a community in a large former industrial space) for us to flourish, a non-patriarchal TransHackFeminist space where free knowledge springs from raw experimentation (electronic repairs, experiments with turbines, bioelectrochemistry, sound .... ) and self education.

Sick of the filthy dust, monotonous and boring, of stagnant, unbreathable, competitive and excluding environments, of semi-free information which is actually totally controlled, power and decision of hunched up egocentric and infantile machos. Tired of repressed, impenetrable and homogenous bodies, we are resetting and migrating our bodies, modifiable codes, lubricated and fluid, far from this sad landscape.

Tired of the useless and recursive manipulation of information, we study, construct and fail with all that is around us, with multiple, monstrous and hateful ends. From the expansion of information to the mutation of dispositives, we want to hack and recodify everything that is static and programmed by social and technological imposition.

PECHBLENDIA is injected into our veins as an antidote to the heteropatriarchal arrogance that surrounds us. A disturbance, a transhackerfeminist electronic distortion.

We have found the place for our rituals,  
we had dreamed it, written it in science fiction.

Now we live it with high voltage potentiality,  
with the intensity of the shadows,  
taking off together with desires in common,  
with our differences.

The walls tremble and the water penetrates the tiny holes,  
it expands like an unbreakable code exciting our neurons ;  
we change the apparent path of events transiting antimelodies,  
noise as arithmetic opening, outside of the calculated and homogenous,  
noise feeding unlimited experimentation.

If we cant make noise its not our revolution.

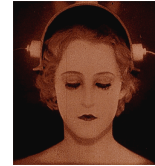
Improvised performance creating and breaking codes, constructing hybrid machines.

Beat roots and obscure mutant landscapes that become the uncontrollable secretions of our desires. Electronautics and bioelectricity that chemically saturate the environment,  
the acid smell of our hormones shakes the space,  
resituated amongst cables, resistences, condensors and corrosive liquids.

Nature and technology are not different,  
nature was to the witches what technoscience is to us, the cyborg witches.  
We infiltrate the machine with our hands, sweat and disperse attention,  
we prepare ourselves for inexact verification where the apparent error is desired,  
where we fail, fuck, we are.

We are geek whores,  
cyborg bitches.  
We devour Haraway and Asimov,  
Preciado and Python manuals,  
Itziar Ziga and Neil Stephenson,  
Margulis and Despentas,  
hackmeetings and transfeminist workshps,  
DIY electronics and sexual bricolage ;  
we absorb PDFs of electronics theory y listen to psicofonias from around :  
we read and design circuits,  
and experiment with them in our bodies.

we scream noise and cyborg covens,



soldering and alchemy,  
we spit out performances and install gnu-linux,  
we love recycling and repairing with our breasts bared.

We laugh about everything, about ourselves ..  
we detest the politically correct.  
We parody what is socially understood to be feminine, what is supposed to be  
masculine.  
We question the identity of assigned genders,  
we exaggerate it, ridicule it.  
Extremely sexual, ironic, sarcastic,  
we love to party, to not sleep,  
to take drugs if we feel like it,  
to go with our friends  
or to finish a circuit  
or improvise an eternal noise jam.

Fed by pornoterrorism and free culture,  
we know how to use our claws and teeth if needs be.