

QURGÖN

**DEATH IS CERTAIN, LIFE IS NOT.
AND BOTH ARE AVAILABLE AT
OUR SUPERMARKET.**

MANIFESTO

QURGÖN

With everything that's happening in the world, one must wonder if there's breaking free from it all or should they just stop trying to make sense of it.

It's a choice and it isn't — depending on the circumstances one finds themselves in. What seemed senseless beginning to take form and what had always been solid shatters into pieces:

PHTAR

QURGÖN

HOME, FAMILY, PLANS, LOVE, IDENTITY,
FREEDOM, SEX, PHILOSOPHY,
TECHNOLOGY, MAKING-IT, BANK
ACCOUNT, SELF, TRAUMAS, PATTERNS,
OVERCOMING THEM, RESIDENCE,
CONSCIENCE, MORALS, VODKA,
VALUES, VULNERABILITY

— they have equal chances to serve as safe place or jail,
wake or deliverance, life or death — go figure.

Patar

PATAR

IS A PIT GRAVE.

There are dead horses in it, dead people, dead weapons, and vessels. It stinks and it's scary. It's a place where nothing will ever be born, or will it? It requires nothing, silently craving admiration. It only ever serves a collective memory of all the heroes and the blood-thirsty freaks alike. They are one, after all.



**It only is to be unbothered, looked at in awe and disgust;
to be a break out on the smooth surface of the steppe's ass.**

PATAR

NOTHING IS CERTAIN ANYMORE,
YET EVERYTHING IS CLEAR.

* Qurgōn [Uzbek], commonly unknown as Kurgan [Turkic] or Курган [Russian] a circular burial mound constructed over a mass burial site of warriors; originally in use in the Russian Steppes, Caucasus, and Central Asia, but later spreading into eastern, central, and northern Europe in the third millennium b.c.