Where are we going?

...board the rudderless ships, jump the untrackable trains; there are regions of this earth yet uncharted, whatever their atlas say...

...it's a way of doing things. Not a new standard to march under, not another system—it's an approach to life, to solving the problems we have right now and then solving the next ones. It works right now in some places, tomorrow it will work in others, and we can hope that one day it will work everywhere. Would they build up the raged present they've made as proof that nothing else is possible? Better find out what else is possible in that present, and go from there. Would they hold the vast uncertainly of the future over us as an objection to our fantasizing of a better world? Better then throw out all planned futures, their dreams of all, and then only this remains: what do we do now, continue around in circles or blast the fuck out?

And to make the leap from life to death less abrupt, the inhabitants of this city have constructed an identical copy of it underground. All the ways life could be lived are lived—exactly as on the surface, and shaped in yellow skin, are carried down there to continue their former existence. Of the actions that are, it is the creative re-creations that take their place. Most of the copies are set up to simulate life in the subterranean countryside, or placed in dancing positions, or made to kiss each other. Some of the trades and professions of the living city are also at work below—dramatists, tailors, writers, photographers, artists, dentists, counselors, waiters, police men, bankers, carpenters, and breeders. The bodies of some are frozen in time, while others are transformed into living skeletons. Here, there are no precautions against death. Banners of the dead wave above, life goes on as it is zany and unamusingly predictable. The everyone who have long ago made a decision to refuse the rationally urge to think in terms of logical implications, is here among the living. For the living city is dying. Everything is dying, even the living city—perhaps more than the living city. The city of death here overshadows, and has engulfed the city of life. There is no place to run to. The bodies of the dead are raw material. The city of death here is an absolute city. We are of the city of death. The city of death here is a city of death—a city where death is the only movement. It is a city where there is no movement. The city of death here is a city of death—no city of life. It is a city of death where death is the only movement. It is a city of death—no city of life at all.

To be sure, most of the living want to be as far from death as they can be. But as long as there is life, there will be death. Most of the living want to be as far as possible from death. But as long as there is life, there will be death. So as to be ready when death arrives to carry her there. This pursuit takes up more and more of the hours of the living. To the extent that death becomes a thing to fear, it becomes more and more an object of anxiety. And it becomes more and more an object of anxiety as death becomes a thing to fear. We are the living city's last hope. We are the living city's last hope as the living city's last hope. We are the living city's last hope as the living city's last hope. We are the living city's last hope as the living city's last hope. We are the living city's last hope as the living city's last hope. We are the living city's last hope as the living city's last hope. We are the living city's last hope as the living city's last hope. We are the living city's last hope as the living city's last hope. We are the living city's last hope as the living city's last hope.

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When they insist that you outline your alternative world for them, with every possibility accounted for and every detail mapped out, refuse. This isn't a new attempt to program everything and everyone, to a new formula that will finally force all the organic complexity of living into the mold of some theoretical ideal. This is a way of doing things. Not a new standard to march under, not another system—it's an approach to life, to solving the problems we have right now and then solving the next ones. It works right now in some places, tomorrow it will work in others, and we can hope that one day it will work everywhere. Would they build up the raged present they've made as proof that nothing else is possible? Better find out what else is possible in that present, and go from there. Would they hold the vast uncertainly of the future over us as an objection to our fantasizing of a better world? Better then throw out all planned futures, their dreams of all, and then only this remains: what do we do now, continue around in circles or blast the fuck out?