This world, the so-called “real world,” is just a front. Pull back the curtain and you’ll see the libraries are all filled with runaways writing novels, the highways are humming with escapees and sympathizers, all the receptionists and sensible mothers are straining at the leash for a chance to show how alive they still are... and all that talk of practicality and responsibility is just threats and bluffing to keep us from reaching out our hands to find that heaven lies in reach before us.

Revolution is simply the idea we could enter that secret world and never return; or, better, that we could burn away this one, to reveal the one beneath entirely.

- Then perhaps this is not for you.
living things—but from now on I do these things absolutely for myself, with no illusion about the story of service and duty. In the words of the bard: What I look for in others is the rich- est, fairest, truest, highest in me within them. Yet people who realize that they depend ut- ilitarily on others must still first of all find themselves, or else they will find nothing in others but the negation of themselves.

So I am writing this for myself alone. To sell my ideas, or perform charity work by enlightening the igno- rant, or, even worse, as- sign my social status as in- telllectual—be for the exer- cise of expression, for the pleasure of playing in lan- guage and logic and poetry, for the chance to write this world, and thus my life, into a new form.

Reading this will be a dif- ferent experience, of course. It may give you words and power of your own, may free you, move you, mobilize you...or it may just keep you paralyzed, my words reinforc- ing first and last the “fact” that I am a writer and you, a mere reader—far, whatever is said here in these cold pages, the effects of the saying are all that really matters after my private pleasure in saying it is past. Then having “the best ideas” and “the clearest critique” are nothing, worth- less next to the question of what the results of speaking those ideas are.

I write this declaration of

selflessness to challenge you, to keep it clear who benefits here and who is at risk—and, most of all, to dare you: join me, for your- self. You don’t have to become a writer, or a theorist or artist or activist or any of those other stifling roles that lie in wait for those who would become free women and men. You simply have to pledge yourself to give all, to settle for nothing less than the world. You have nothing, yet you devour everything, so you

come to us. For Us All

For someone in my situation, then, the greatest challenge is to act in such a way that I do not deny myself the potential of others by paralyzing them. We live in a world where economic necessities have been seen as a limited resource in a scarcity economy: there is not enough to go around, so it accumulates in the hands of a few rock stars and popular personalities the same way financial capital is amassed by owners and investors at everyone else’s expense. All the existing models for self-expression divest others of their oppor- tunities for it: for one man to be an television, there must be thou- sands at home watching, and the same goes for baseball teams and sports fans, authors and readers, scenesters and admirers, politicians and voters, artists and patrons. Even our rebellions are structured this way: the punk singer or radical hero pontificates before the audience, his speeches amplified to ten times the vol- ume of their voices, the conditions encouraging them to accept their position of spectatorship and routine passivity.

Today we need to discover ways of speaking that give voices to others, ways of acting that activate others, ways of living that

show them just how possible free action still is. Ugli- ness is nothing new to anyone who’s seen the news, no matter how censored that news is; it’s only way to make it clear that we can accept their form to them be beautiful.

If we want to enable others to join us, then these must be our tasks: to make and live a new beauty, entirely different from the beauty patented by those slaves of slaves who hold “beauty pagandas”—to work wonders in a world that no longer believes in magic, or even surprises—to raise the dead, as simply as we will raise empires.

If we could live one miracle, our blood would become on order of archangels, the medicine of alchemy, to restore the jaded and heal those suffering the most. But the moon—and we’re going to get there, soon. Don’t send your slaves to collect the debt—you should foot the bill with your head. You’re paid in full, all right, if you like. And no debt to the moon; we can get there, un- pageda of desire such as this world has never known. The advertisements and stratagems of those who choose to die with the world will be powerless be- fore this final assault because, for the very first time, it will be good news.

Behold, the first dawn this world has ever seen!

Stella%Nera

We’re not striking bargains, and we won’t shop for them either: what we want is not on the market. All accounts are closed; no further transactions, we’re not paying in. Your currency can no longer be ex- changed.

We’re not signing contracts and we won’t abide by yours. We’re not keeping score, not paying rent anymore. We don’t calculate the return on our investments: we share and bestow, and where it goes we don’t need to know. You want “fair trade,” “free trade,” starting with all the capital in your hands, and share- crappers’ odds for the rest of us? Don’t send your slaves to collect the debt—you should foot the bill with your head. You’re paid in full, all right, if you like. And no debt to the moon; we can get there, un- pageda of desire such as this world has never known. The advertisements and stratagems of those who choose to die with the world will be powerless be- before this final assault because, for the very first time, it will be good news.

We’re the karma of your civilization. For us there is no theft, just justice; no violation that isn’t libera- tion for all of us.

Perhaps you have a secret; you are one of us. Show it. There is nothing more senseless and tragic than your listlessness, which we have a world to win. Kiss in every tooth in your mouth, fight with your heart on listlessness when we have a world to win. Kiss with your sleeve and blood in your eyes—it helps, I promise. Perhaps you have a secret: you are one of us. Show it. There is nothing more senseless and tragic than your listlessness, which we have a world to win. Kiss in every tooth in your mouth, fight with your heart on listlessness when we have a world to win. Kiss with your sleeve and blood in your eyes—it helps, I promise. Perhaps you have a secret: you are one of us. Show it. There is nothing more senseless and tragic than your listlessness, which we have a world to win. Kiss in every tooth in your mouth, fight with your heart on listlessness when we have a world to win. Kiss with your sleeve and blood in your eyes—it helps, I promise. Perhaps you have a secret: you are one of us. Show it. There is nothing more senseless and tragic than your listlessness, which we have a world to win. Kiss in every tooth in your mouth, fight with your heart on listlessness when we have a world to win. Kiss with your sleeve and blood in your eyes—it helps, I promise. Perhaps you have a secret: you are one of us. Show it. There is nothing more senseless and tragic than your listlessness, which we have a world to win. Kiss in every tooth in your mouth, fight with your heart on listlessness when we have a world to win. Kiss with your sleeve and blood in your eyes—it helps, I promise. Perhaps you have a secret: you are one of us. Show it. There is nothing more senseless and tragic than your listlessness, which we have a world to win. Kiss in every tooth in your mouth, fight with your heart on listlessness when we have a world to win. Kiss with your sleeve and blood in your eyes—it helps, I promise.
Dear Nadia,

This isn’t easy for me to write, but I have to get it off my chest. I have ruined my life. I don’t misunderstand me; I can’t be angry with you, and I don’t blame you for it. But I can never be happy again now.

Before you came here, I was at least comfortable in my life; I wasn’t truly happy. I wasn’t living my life the way I knew a person can, but I didn’t have anything else to do. I didn’t really suffer from it. I thought I could go on the way that forever, or at least until I die, if I hadn’t met you.

When you came here last winter and I saw the way you’d never been before, I always wanted to escape the city, I never wanted to accept as your own idea, your possible future. That is another thing entirely from the path I am in fact on, which is, in itself, no more beautiful... or extra lovely than any other path you might follow, wherever it might end up leading. When you are ready to claim what you see in me for your own, it will no longer tower over you as an ideal that eclipses you in its shadow, but will become a vision that guides you to your own destiny.

I think it would be easy to write this I could somehow set you and all the works of gods, goddesses, heroes, and goddesses, and make greatness something in reach for each one of you.

Yours for a world of free charge.

Nadia

Dear Nadia,

I had such high hopes—my full of dreams. I felt stipulated now for not expecting it. “Swarovski yourself: that you will never ever again do anything that chases your wildest dreams, every mo- ment of your life.” I read this in one of your own books. Publish, or buy yourself a litre of gasoline and a bottle. It is a you-mark, a true mark, a true mark. You’re over! Fuck you Nadia. Fuck you for making this sound simple.

To say that your wildest dreams—reading that I think I must have never heard—tried it. I had a wild dream that I was a hundred times more powerful to do at any depth anyone could know. I let myself go completely out, over the cliff, into the abyss. I spent a lifetime screaming my lungs out into brick wall. I fought hard, but it didn’t come. I thought I would be able to think the risk would be worth it. I thought if I tried hard enough, I would be reborn, and things would become clear. I was a fool for thinking I could walk on water. That my stupidity would make me oblivious to the sky and leave this world in flames” as your comrade so eloquently put it. This fucking chance. I am embarrassed now of the way I tried, things I said and did, and I wish it could all be taken back. BUCKET I WISH I was a fucking coward.

I know now that I can’t trust you, Nadia; but I want to escape from you. On January 1, I’ll say myself “change the world.” I’m sure you’ll mantic poets,” I’m sure you’ll make myself a vault against emptiness. . . Nothing was there for me. And today? I make myself public- you and your bulletins “revolu- tion.” I ask you: WHAT NOT to do. There are any answers, decisions. Of course not. Have fun playing “re- mantic poet,” I’m sure you’ll “change the world.”

yeah yeah

Stephen Arrows

Dear Nadia,

Oh my poor baby, you sound just like my old friend Daniel did just before he gave up on music and activism and dragged himself to death—then again, you shouldn’t sound like him. It probably did when he was arrested and exiled to prison in Siberia, just before he escaped to Japan and hacked an ocean back to his country for a better one.

I did four years when I lay unwelcome on a stranger’s floor with bronchitis and pneumonia, thinking I was really going to die. So you come to me, frothing at the mouth with re- sentment for the dreams and difficulties you blame on me, somehow probably because at this point you’re ready to strike anything or anyone that doesn’t fit your view of the world. Like I did four years when I lay unwelcome on a stranger’s floor with bronchitis and pneumonia, thinking I was really going to die.

So you come to me, frothing at the mouth with re- sentment for the dreams and difficulties you blame on me, somehow probably because at this point you’re ready to strike anything or anyone that doesn’t fit your view of the world. Like I did four years when I lay unwelcome on a stranger’s floor with bronchitis and pneumonia, thinking I was really going to die.

You’re feeling pain now. Pain is not a sign of death, it is a sign of life. In that sense, you should not get what you wanted—if not the specific dream you had in mind, then at least the experience of chasing dreams... and now you’re sure enough what you want, it’s not even one of those dips between the soaring moments (don’t tell me you never had one of those—liar!). I think I’ve experi- enced something similar, though I know everyone’s pain is different and beyond comparison. For me, when I am in the black moments, it seems that nothing matters, that nothing could possibly justify feeling that agony. And then, other times, I feel so transcendent I’d like to embrace you to embrace me to embrace the entire world, to declare that anything and everything that has ever happened is beautiful and worthwhile just for that one perfect moment.

For what it’s worth, after years of going up and down like that, I finally found my way to a life in which the joyous moments far outnumber the horrible ones. I have changed my world, and it’s a wonderful thing. I think you have a life in which, if the world is not yet what it want it to be, I at least feel that I am living exactly the way I want to, in the given conditions. That’s all that can be asked of anyone, I think... and if each of us is able to face down her own demons, and give others what help she can, we will make that revolution we all speak of: That revolution isn’t a particular world order, anyway—remember it sim- ply means creating a situation in which each of us can live as she desires. Every single one of us who gets there is another step closer for the world, as long as we don’t step on each other on the way.

Now you have two choices. You could give up on fol- lowing your dreams. The problem with that is it is use- ful; free yourself—it will just institutionalize failure as the center of your life. You probably know some older people who have done this; you can see the effects on them. The alternative is to come back to us, to repop the circle of people who are willing to try. That won’t free you from pain, either, but it will give you something to feel in addition to it.

So what now? Nadia? You know much better than me, it’s just a question of whether you can find it within yourself to forget and try again. Life is really hard, so no one can fault you if you don’t—but you should know that this will help, than Prozac, liquor, psychotherapy, or money. The only therapy I’ve ever found that works is just doing things, the things I know are right for me.

Yours for new wings for all the flighty captives.

Nadia

Dear Nadia,

Will, I still alive, and free (such as it is in this world) again for a little while. I never had to mortgage his bonds, poor man, to raise the money for my murder. I was charged with six felonies—just for getting- attached by the chief of police. The ironic thing is I didn’t even strike him, but they always reverse things that way... just like the pig who beat Tony when they broke up—“your face is assaulting my fist.”

OK, keeping my head up, de- spite the uncertainty of my future. The only thing that ever matters in my relationship with my dad’s a wonderful man, and I know he loves and supports me, but he can’t understand what we were doing, I’d like to know how many different ways I try to explain it. I am who I am today largely because of how he raised me. It really scares me—if I can’t make my own father understand, how are we going to make the rest of the world feel those things?

I am yours with love,

Dahlia

Darling Dahlia—

It’s so fucking good to hear that you are all right—I was afraid I’d never hear from you again. Listen, the hard- est people for any of us to reach are our own parents. Not only is there all the hierarchical conditioning about younger people learning from older ones and never the other way around, but you and he are seeing this from totally different contexts.

Your father comes from another era. Perhaps he dramatically changed his life, but others learned through all the old struggles and out of that, to have it pass on to you—and now it’s your turn to see what is possible and necessary here, to act on it and then pass what you save on to those who will need it. We are cer- tainly see things differently than do we. Time doesn’t run back- wards. Neither should we.

This is the way I always reassure myself when I am speaking with an older person who can’t understand it is we’re coming from: it’s not my responsibility to persuade him. I try to remember, but rather to reach his daughters and sons, since the world is going to have to help us. I’ve reached your father’s daughter, haven’t you—you showed her everything that’s going on in this world, and now she has the power to know what to do about it.

I’ll be joining you soon, baby. Yours for a world of free charges? O,

Nadia
Every little child can grow up to be President. No they can’t. Being president means holding a hierarchical position of power, just like being a billionaire: for every one president, there have to be millions of people with less power. And just as it is for billionaires, it is for presidents: it’s not any coincidence that the two types tend to rub shoulders, since they both come from a privileged world off limits to the rest of us. Our economy isn’t democratic, either; you know: resources are distributed in absurdly unequal proportions, and you certainly do have to start with resources to become President, or even to get your hands on more resources.

Even if it was true that anyone could grow up to be President, that wouldn’t help the millions of us who inevitably don’t, who must still live in the shadow of that power. This is an intrinsic structural difficulty in representative democracy, and it occurs on the local level as much as at the top. For example: the town council, consisting of professional politicians, can meet, discuss municipal af-fairs, and pass ordinances all day, without consulting the citizens of the town, who have to be at work; when one of those ordinances inconveniences or angers some of the citizens, they have to go to great lengths to use their free time to contest it, and then they’re gone again the next time the town council meets. The citizens can elect a different town council from the available pool of politicians and would-be politicians, but the fact that we pay pols, that politicians as a whole will still be in conflict with our own—and anyway, party loyalties and similar super-stitions usually prevent them from taking even this step.

If there was no President, our “democracy” would still be less than demo-cratic. Corruption, privilege, and hierarchy aside, our system purports to operate by majority rule, with the rights of the minorities protected by a system of checks and balances—and this method of government has inherent flaws of its own.

The tyranny of the majority

If you ever happened to end up in a vastly outnumbered minority group, and the majority voted that you must give up something as necessary to your life as water and air, would you comply? When it comes down to it, does anyone really believe in recognizing the authority of a group simply because they outnumber everyone else? We accept majority rule because we do not believe it will threaten us—and those it does threaten are already silenced before we can hear their mis-givings.

No “average citizen” considers himself threatened by majority rule, because each one thinks of himself as having the power and righteous “moral authority” of the majority: if not in fact (by being so-called “normal” or “moderate”), then in theory, because his ideas are “right” (that is, he believes that everyone would be convinced of the truth of his arguments, if only they would listen sincerely). Majority-rule democracy has always rested on the conviction that if all the facts were clear, everyone could be made to see that there is only one right course of action— without this belief, it amounts to nothing more than the dictatorship of the herd. But such is not always the case—even if “the facts” could be made equally clear to everyone, which is obviously impossible, some things simply can’t be agreed upon, for there is more than one truth. We need a democracy that takes these situations into account, in which we are free from the mob rule of the majority as well as the ascendency of the privileged class.

“The Rule of Law”

.....and the protection afforded by the “checks and balances” of our legal institution is not sufficient to establish it. The “rule of just and equal law,” as fetishized today by those whose interests it protects (the stockbrokers and land-lords, for example), does not protect anyone from chaos or injustice; it simply creates another arena of specialization, in which the power of our communities is ceded to the jurisdiction of expensive lawyers and pompous judges. The rights of the minorities are the very last thing to be protected by these checks and balances, since power is already reserved for those with the privilege to seize it, and then for the lumpen majority after them. Under these conditions, a minority group is only able to use the courts to obtain its rights when it is able to bring sufficient force upon them in the form of financial clout, guileful rhetoric, etc.

There is no way to establish justice in a society through the mere drawing up and enforcement of laws: such laws can only institutionalize what is already the rule in that society. Common sense and compassion are always preferable to ad-herence to a strict and antiquated table of law, anyway, and where the law is the private province of a curator elite, these inevitably end up in conflict; what we really need is a social system which fosters such qualities in its members, and rewards them in practice. To create such a thing, we must leave representative democracy for fully participatory democracy.

It’s no coincidence “freedom” is not on the ballot.

Freedom is not a condition—it is something closer to a sensation. It’s not a concept to pledge allegiance to, a cause to serve, or a standard to march under; it is an experience you must live every day, or else it will escape you. It is not freedom in action when the flags are flying and the bombs are dropping to “make the world safe for democracy,” no matter what color the flags are (even black!); freedom cannot be caught and held in any state system or philosophical doctrine, and it certainly cannot be enforced or “given” to others—the most you can hope is to free others from forces prevent-ing them from finding it themselves. It appears in fragile moments: in the make-believe of young children, the cooperation of friends on a camping trip, the workers who refuse to follow the union’s orders and instead organize their own strike without leaders. If we are to be real freedom fighters, we must begin by pledging ourselves to chase and cherish these moments and seek to expand them, rather than getting caught up in serving some party or ideology.

Real freedom cannot be held on a voting ballot. Freedom doesn’t mean simply being able to choose between options—it means actively participating in shaping the options in the first place, creating and re-creating the environments in which options exist. Without this, we have nothing, for we cannot, for the given same options in the same situations over and over, we’ll always make the same pre-deter-mined decisions. If the context is out of our hands, so is the choice itself. And when it comes to taking power over the circumstances of our lives, no one can “represent” us—it’s something we have to do ourselves.

“Look, a ballot box—democracy!”

If the freedom so many generations have fought and died for is best exemplified by a man in a voting booth, who checks a box on the ballot before returning to work in an environment no more under his control than it was an hour before, then the heritage our emancipating forefathers and suf-fragette grandmothers have left us is nothing but a sham substitute for the real liberty they lasted after.

For a better illustration of real freedom in action, look at the musician in the act of improving with her companions: in joyous, seemingly effortless cooperation, they actively create the sonic and emotional environment in which they exist, participating thus in the transformation of the world which in turn transforms them. Take this model and extend it to every one of our interactions with each other, and you would have something qualitatively different from our present system; a harmony in human relationships and activity, a real democracy. To get there, we have to dispense with voting as the archetypal expression of freedom and participation.

Representative democracy is a contradiction in terms.

No one can represent your power and interests for you—you can only have power by acting, and you can only know what your interests are by being involved. Politicians have made careers out of claiming to represent others, as if freedom and political power could be held by proxy. Now, inevita-bly, they have become a priest caste that answers only to itself—as politician classes have always been, and will always be.

Voting is an expression of our powerlessness: it is an admission that we can only approach the resources and capabilities of our own society through the mediation of a priest caste. When we let them prefabricate our options for us, we relinquish control of our communities to these politicians in the same way that we leave technology to scientists, health to doctors, living environments to city planners and private real estate developers; we end up living in a world that is alien to us, even though our labor has built it; for we have acted like sleepwalkers hypnotized by the monopoly our leaders and specialists hold on setting the possibilities.

The fact is we don’t have to simply choose between presidential candidates, soft drink brands, competing activist organizations, television shows, news magazines, political ideologies. We can make our own decisions as individuals and communities, we can make our own delicious beverages and action coalitions and magazines and entertainment, we can create our own individual approaches to life that leave our unique perspectives intact. Here’s how:
Consensus

Radically participatory democracy, also known as consensus democracy, is already well-known and practiced across the globe, from indigenous communities in Latin America to postmodern political action cells (“affinity groups”) in the United States and organic farming communities in Australia. In contrast to representative democracy, consensus democracy is direct democracy: the participants get to share in the decision-making process on a daily basis, and through decentralization of knowledge and authority, they are able to exercise real control over their daily lives. Unlike majority-rule democracy, consensus democracy values the needs and concerns of each individual equally; if one person is unhappy with a result, then it is everyone’s responsibility to find a new solution that is acceptable to all. Consensus democracy does not demand that any person accept the politics of another one’s life, though it does require that everybody be willing to consider the needs of everyone else; thus what it loses in efficiency, it gains tenfold in both freedom and goodwill. Consensus democracy does not ask that people follow a leader or standardize themselves under some common cause; rather, its aim is to integrate all into a working whole while allowing each to retain her own goals and ways of doing things.

Autonomy

In order for direct democracy to be meaningful, people must have control over their immediate surroundings and the basic matters of their lives. Autonomy is simply the idea that no one is more qualified than you are to decide how you live, that no one should be able to vote on what you do with your time and property, or for that matter how the environment you live in is constructed. It is not to be confused with so-called “independence”—in actuality, no one is independent, since our lives all depend on each other. Incidentally, in contrast to this Western mirage, autonomy is a free interdependence between those with whom you share a consensus, with whom you act freely (i.e. without waiting for permission or instructions from anyone) or with whom you can act independently to establish self-management of the whole of life.

Autonomy is the antithesis of bureaucracy. For autonomy to be possible, every aspect of the community from technology to history must be organized in such a way that it is accessible to everyone; and for it to work, everyone must make use of this access.

Autonomous groups can be formed without necessarily establishing a clear agenda, so long as they offer the members ways to benefit from each other’s progress. Witness the CrimethInc. Collective, the Dada movement, and knitting circles of the past and present all offer evidence of this. Such groups can even contain contradictions, just as each of us does individually, and still serve their purpose. The degree of freedom can take a single flag are over.

Autonomous groups have a stake in defending themselves against the encroachments of others who do not recognize the rights of individuals to govern themselves, and in expanding the territory of autonomy and consensus by doing everything in their power to both destroy the structure of control (such as those of representative democracy) and replace them with more radically democratic structures. For example, it’s not enough just to block or destroy highways that are creating noise and pollution; you also need to support the use of transportation means such as communal bicycles and community repair centers, if you want to help others replace the competitive/authoritarian relations of car dependency with cooperative/autonomous means of transportation.

Topless Federations

Independent autonomous groups can work together in federations without any particular group holding authority. Such a social structure sounds utopian, but it can actually be quite practical and efficient. International mail and railroad travel both currently work on this system, to name two examples: while the individual postal and transportation systems are internally hierarchical, they all cooperate together to get mail or rail passengers from one nation to another, without any ultimate authority being necessary at any point in the process. Similarly, individuals who cannot agree on enough issues to be able to work together within one collective should still be able to see the importance of being able to coexist with other groups.

For such a thing to work in the long run, of course, we need to instill values of cooperation, consideration, and tolerance in the coming generations—but that is exactly what we are proposing.

WHAT ARE THE DEMOCRATIC ALTERNATIVES TO DEMOCRACY?

Direct Action

Autonomy means direct action, not waiting for requests to pass through the “established channels” only to be bogged down in paperwork and endless negotiations. Establish your own channels. If you want hungry people to eat, don’t just give money to some high-handed charity bureaucracy; find out where food is going to waste, collect it, and feed them. If you want affordable housing, don’t try to get the town council to pass a bill—that will take years, while people sleep outside every night; take over abandoned buildings and share them, and organize groups to defend them when the thugs of the absentee landlords show up. If you want corporations to have less power, don’t petition the politicians they bought to put limits on their own masters; find ways to work with others to simply take the power from them: don’t buy their products, don’t work for them, sabotage their billboards and billboards, prevent them from taking place and their merchandise from being delivered. They use similar tactics to exert their power over you; it only looks good to them because they bought the laws and social customs, too.

Don’t wait for permission or organization from some outside authority, don’t beg some higher power for organization and support for you. Act.

For such a thing to work in the long run, of course, we need to instill values of cooperation, consideration, and tolerance in the coming generations—but that is exactly what we are proposing.

How to solve disagreements without calling “the authorities”

In a social arrangement which is truly in the best interest of each participating individual, exclusion from the community should be threat enough to discourage violent or destructive behavior. It is certainly a more humanitarian approach than authoritarian means such as prisons and executions, which corrupt the judges as much as they embitter the criminals. Those who refuse to integrate themselves into any community and reject the assistance and generosity of others may find themselves banished from human interaction; but that is still better than exile in the mental ward, or on death row, two of the options which await such men today. Violence should only be used by communities in defense, not with the smug entitlement of post-divine judgment with which it is applied by our present injustice system. This applies as well to the interactions of autonomous/consensus groups with the “outside world” which does not yet abide by cooperative autonomous means of transportation.

For such a thing to work in the long run, of course, we need to instill values of cooperation, consideration, and tolerance in the coming generations—but that is exactly what we are proposing.

Living without permission

That’s the most difficult part, of course. But we’re not talking about just another social system here, we’re talking about a total revolution of human relations—for that is what it will take to solve the problems our species faces today. Let’s not kid ourselves—until we can achieve this, the violence and strife inherent in non-consensus relations will continue, and no law or system will be able to protect us. The best way to transcend representative democracy is simply that in consensus democracy there are no fake solutions, no easy ways of suppressing conflict without resolving it, and thus those who participate in it must learn to coexist without coercion and submission and all those other nasty habits we are so tired of in our present society.

The first precious grains of this new world can be found in your friendships and love affairs, when they are free from power relations and cooperation occurs naturally. Take this model, and expand it to the whole of society—that is the world “beyond democracy” for which the heart cries out today.

It seems a challenging prospect to get there from here... but the wonderful thing about consensus/autonomy is that you don’t have to wait for the government to vote for them to apply these concepts—you can practice them right now with the people around you, and benefit immediately. Once put into practice, the virtues of this way of life will be clear to others; they need no pointing out once one is experiencing them firsthand. Form your own autonomous group, answering to no power but your own, and create an environment in which you can shuck down freedom and fulfillment for yourselves, if your representatives will not do it for you—since they cannot do it for “you.” From such seeds, the real democracy of the future will grow.

Next time we state our demands and grievances and they refuse to acknowledge them, saying “just be thankful you live in a democracy,” we’ll be ready to respond: That’s not enough... and know clearly what we want instead, from our own experience.

1 The politicians’ myth of “welfare mothers” snatching the hardworking citizen’s rightful earnings from him, for example, is a morality which might otherwise unite to form cooperative groups with no use for those politicians.
Sex Tips for Restless Youth

Do you experience sexual problems? Do you have trouble getting aroused, or having sex that is fulfilling, or simply meeting the right partners to share that aspect of your life? Chances are you do—just have a look at the magazine rack in any grocery store, and it's clear from the advice columns and feature articles just how sexually lost and frustrated modern men and women are. Unfortunately, these magazines only offer symptomatic treatment (otherwise, they wouldn't have to run the same articles over and over every month!), no real, radical solutions. And to date, few people have really dared to open about their troubles, thanks to the social pressures to be "sexually normal" at all costs. So, in keeping with our general program of providing aid wherever it is needed, we offer some tips:

—Stop trying to make your sexuality serve in your efforts to be a good citizen (responsive lover, needed, we offer some tips:)
—Stop trying to make your sex life (or romance, or anything else, for that matter), by itself, provide you with qualities that should be intrinsic to every moment of your life. It is not the role of your sexuality to be your sole source of excitement, or intimacy, or pleasure—it is the role of sex to be just that, to be sex. If you feel trapped or insecure or bored everywhere else, you will probably have a hard time shaking off those feelings in bed.
—If your idea of seventh heaven is having perfect sex with a beautiful partner, dispel it. Heaven cannot be an isolated moment of life; it has to be a complete way of living, or else it will be just another barren myth to derogate and impoverish the moments of our real experience. Better that we find ways to make every moment of life as exciting as great sex can be (and believe me, it can be done!), considering that we can't have sex all the time—such a thing would get boring, anyway, since living has so many facets we must not neglect! You can feel and share passion as deeply while building puppets for street demonstrations together, sneaking onto rooftops for late night conversations, or stowing away on ferryboats. Most people just haven't had the chance to be free and wild together anywhere outside the bedroom yet—and consequently, it hardly comes naturally between the sheets.
—Rescue your sexuality from the definitions and delineations slipped around it like a noose by the advice columns and feature articles just how sexually lost and frustrated modern men and women are. Many people have identified the problems of our culture in terms of the sexlessness of modern life, but they have not yet identified the sexlessness in the culture of sex itself.
—And that means throwing out your pornography. Pornography isn't obscene because it's sexual, but because it's not—replace the representation with the real, in every instance, for maximum possibility. Masturbation is a beautiful thing, but don't let the pornography industry buy out your libido. A two-dimensional woman, no matter how trangressively posed, will do exactly what you ask of her: she will be your substitute for the real thing. A real woman, no matter how fake, will be her own substitute for the real thing. The real thing.

SEXUALITY AS ART—now there is a start. But more art—"about" sexuality! It's doubtful that the world of images will ever belong to us again—"that's just another diversion of our attention to that domain from this world, where we should be practicing doing, being, feeling with one another, not with the dangerous safety of an object. Make love and speak about your best kept secrets, your blackest needs, the demands of culture, the loneliness of fear places on your sexuality, held hostage as it is (never fear, you're not the only one who thinks he has things to hide—your secret's safe with all of us).... We can get out of here, together, but first we have to be honest to figure out where the fuck we are
To find indisguesses that simultaneously satisfy and subvert our programmed, poisonous desires, and thus remain ourselves—that is the key.

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VER A CENTURY AGO, a famous writer quipped that the industrial worker was "a mere appendage of flesh on a machine of iron." Today, that description can be applied across the board: each of us is no more than an appendage of flesh on the vast machine that is our society, for our lives and communities are atomized into isolated sectors. If we want to change the whole of life, we must first become whole again.

SEPARATION: THE DISINTEGRATION OF THE SELF

Modern man's activity is compartmentalized: it is divided and subdivided into separate components which can only interfere with each other. He experiences life as an ongoing conflict between achievement, romance, social responsibility, fitness, relaxation, adventure, and so on, because all these pursuits seem to be mutually exclusive. He would like to spend more time with his wife, but if he doesn't stay at the office another hour he won't be able to advance his career, and then he has to go to the gym to firm up his belly and ward off poor health... and there's that damn vacation at the beach to plan for, and world news to catch up on, before he even gets to make his Miss America date romantic with her. Perhaps he buys that Mozart CD that the advertisements said will relieve stress and help focus his concentration skills—hoping some new medication will serve to inure him to the symptoms of a life in which he never does anything for its own sake! Perhaps he would like to get involved with some sort of volunteer social work, but doesn't know where he would fit in into his schedule; he has a hard enough time just taking the time out to watch his favorite sitcom, and even that doesn't provide him with much relief from his busy life. Meaning, of course, is absent everywhere when life is disjointed; without unity of self in his pursuits, the modern man can find no lasting satisfaction in any one of them.

Compare this with the integrated, holistic life of the "savage" or young adventurer. For her, there is no distinction between working and playing, between spending time with her friends and lovers, taking care of her practical needs, and seeking pleasure. She moves through the world, finding sustenance and getting exercise from the same activities, using her creativity with her friends to weave a daily life that is both challenging and familiar. At once adventure, livelihood, and religious ceremony.

Perhaps you've experienced this kind of lifestyle before, when you were doing something that incorporated every aspect of your being into a perfect equilibrium. We all need to find ways to integrate our lives, so that we will not always be trying to make impossible choices between equally necessary pieces of ourselves... and if we want to make this world a better place, we have to find ways of living that are revolutionary in their very nature; for politics, activism, or social responsibility as a separate domain of life, as a hobby or part-time operation, can never outweigh the effects of the rest of life.

Examples:

My friend Mark practices Yoga to focus and relax himself. He is also an artist and musician, who often travels around the country with his work. Mark realizes one day that when he neglects his exercises on the road, he still feels focused and relaxed in ways he completely couldn't at home without Yoga. He concluded that the very exercise itself must be a kind of "psychodrama," a kind of Yoga referred to by Ken Kesey in his eulogy for Neil Cassady.

"His life was the yoke of a man driven to the cliffside by the exasperation of an entire nation's burning mental madness. Rather than be consumed by this he jumped, choosing to sort things out in the face of flying but never free moment of a life with no retreat. In this com-}
Specialization: The Sub-Division of Labor

Just as our individual lives are fragmented by compartmentalization and society is fragmented by ever-increasing specialization, every sphere of life is relegated to the care of an elite core of specialists, who administer it with little or no input from the rest of us. Every profession is divided and subdivided: from scientist to chemist, then to biochemist, then to pharmaceutical biochemist until no one outside a handful of experts can understand what is going on. At that point, the division of knowledge itself becomes authoritarian in small groups of people with vast powers over others who cannot even fathom what those powers are.

Becoming a specialist is a self-selecting process: only those willing to concentrate on learning one subject to the exclusion of all else can excel at it. Thus the engineers and computer programmers with the greatest skills are willing to work for the government building weapons of mass destruction and cracking the codes of "surveillant" groups, for they have never taken the time to reflect on what the effects of their efforts might be. They simply do what they have been taught to do, for whoever provides the chance to do it.

Each expert in this system of specialization is able to do his job well, in a vacuum, but unable to see the larger whole. Without an analysis of the parts and how they play in society he sees it as an external force, acting on him without his participation. And the people who form the various parts of the machine are unable to relate to each other to take action together when they want to change something about the world they are making, separated as they are spatially and socially and psychologically into different individual spheres; in fact, each tends to conceive of problems in terms of its needs versus those of the other components of the machine: the library would get the funding it needed if only it wasn’t going to the linguistics department, etc.

Specialization also discourages the rest of us from feeling well rounded and understanding the workings of our society. Painting is left up to artists, the maintenance of our cars to automechanics, social change to professional politicians, and so on. The more complicated technologies become, and the more alienating the terminology used by those who work with them, the fewer of us are able to exercise any control over our environments:

“Call the repair man,” we chant, waiting in intimidated ignorance and powerlessness. Similarly, all of us but the recognized “artists” miss out on the joys of being creative in the aesthetic world. The true value of a painting cannot be captured by purchasing it in a gallery and hanging it on the wall, it lies in the moment when the painting is conceived, when the artist is comparing sketches with her composites late one night, arguing about narrative and form, and has a sudden, exhilarating insight. This is something we all must take part in, each with our unique talents. The supposed divinity of scientists and the arcane knowledge in, each with our unique talents. The supposed genius of scientists and the arcane knowledge

Intellectuals have quite an aptitude for displacement—when they suffer from the ennui of their dry, disembodied existence, they respond to this suffering not with action but with more desiccating and disembodifying. All too often their real discontent ends up being diverted into theory and abstract analysis, and from there back into career and status... and thus, more status quo.

Ideology creeps quickly into any language, languages that seek to oppose it no less. It might well be that the language of radical theory, dreamy and unassuming as it was with so many academic code words and so much talk about “responsibility” and self-sacrifice and the inevitability of history, would have died out on its own (and right on time!) if we had not revitalized it with our reference to real life needs and fantasies. But now our innovation has become a routine of its own, and we all know what to expect from the mouth of any radical: the same old standard-issue rhetoric, but now even more disheartening, for it comes dressed in the robes of our own hearts and dreams. All the talk about joy and seizing pleasure and desiring freely seems as stilted and forlorn as a 1950’s class struggle diatribe of twenty years ago. You can talk all you want about spontaneity and pleasure, but once you’ve written the word “passion” a thousand times in redundant, repetitive demands for immediate changes, it becomes a stock power and beauty it had to start with.

So what can we do about all this?

...chants the chorus of anarcho-robotic robots. Well, exactly—and, at the same time, no, not at all. For heaven’s sake, if it’s passionate you want in your life, the last thing you should do is make up more slogans about it. This little disclaimer is itself a pernicious little thing, just more talking about talking about life—put the paper down, stop conceptualizing, and get out there and do something real, something that escapes the claws of routine! No more expounding, rationalizing, glorifying—no more empty symbols that attempt to capture the things that make life matter—political pomposity above all! Words can only hold reality by ac-

Revolutionary General’s Warning: CrimethInc. Rhetoric Can Be Hazardous To Your Mental Health

1 The treatise, of course, goes on from this point, undaunted, forgetful of its own demands, as ideology always does and is.
Adultery
(and other half revolutions)

A spectre is haunting the Western world: the spectre of Adultery.

If the two-party relationship system is the pinnacle achievement of a hundred thousand years of human loving, why is adultery so common that it’s practically counted on as material for bourgeois drawing room humor… and employment for a whole army of marriage counselors? If all of us truly desire is our “one true love,” why can’t we keep our hands off everyone else?

If you really want to know, you should cut straight to the source and ask the adulterer herself. Or maybe you don’t have to go that far—maybe you’ve had adulterous affairs or inclinations of your own, as the statistics suggest.

"Good Marriages Take Work"
Growing up in an environment dominated by capitalist economics teaches certain psychological lessons that are hard to unlearn: Anything of value is only available in limited supplies. Stake your claim now, before you’re left alone with nothing. We learn to measure commitment and affection in terms of how much others are willing to sacrifice for us, unable to imagine that love and pleasure could be things that multiply when shared. In a healthy relationship—conversely, friends or lovers enable each other to be able to do and live and feel more. If you feel, in your gut, that your monogamy means giving something up (your "freedom," as they say), then the patterns of exploitation have penetrated even into your romantic life. Such cost-benefit calculations just don’t compute.

We all know that Good Marriages Take Work. There it is again, work: the cornerstone of our alienation culture. Wage labor, relationship labor—are you ever not on the clock? Do you accept stifling limitations in return for affection and reassurance, the same way you trade time for money at your job? When you have to work at monogamy, you are back in the system of exchange; your intimacy economy is governed, just like the capitalist economy, by scarcity, threat, and programmed prohibitions, and protected ideologically by assurances that there are no viable alternatives… again, just like the capitalist economy. When relationships become work, when desire is organized contractually, with accounts kept and fidelity extracted like labor from employees, with marriage a domestic factory policed by means of rigid shop-floor discipline designed to keep the wives and husbands of the world chained to the machinery of responsible reproduction—then it should be no surprise that some individuals would seek substitutes with your officially sanctioned partner—or resist the ownership of her life in the only way she knows how—by tiny and largely symbolic acts of daily sedition, out of which she carefully constructs an infinitely fragile alternate universe. There she hides, in spirit when she cannot in body, hoping not to be found out and called to account for what she has become: a traitor to the entire civilization that raised her.

"Stolen Moments. . ."
The adulterer gets a crash course in just how occupied the space and time she lives in is. It immediately becomes clear just how little free time she has, time when she is not under observation—i.e., the workday does not end when she leaves the workplace, but extends in both directions before and after it, consuming practically her whole life. The domination of her space, too, is revealed: how many places are there for her to spend time with her new lover, places she need not rent with money, respectable explanations, and the image of social responsibility? In what few moments of her life she is not held to guidelines imposed by outside forces, guidelines which plainly have nothing to do any longer with her emotional and physical needs?

The adulterer becomes a virtuoso of petty theft, stealing the moments of her life by one on one from their "rightful owners": her spouse, her employer, family and social obligations. Just like the vandal, she resists the ownership of her world in the only way she knows how—by tiny and largely symbolic acts of daily sedition, out of which she carefully constructs an infinitely fragile alternate universe. There she hides, in spirit when she cannot in body, hoping not to be found out and called to account for what she has become: a traitor to the entire civilization that raised her.

"Honesty is the Best Policy"
Society, personified by her unfortunate spouse, demands that the adulterer be honest and frank about all things, when it will only punish her for this. It attempts to secure her compliance through routine interrogations ("who was that on the phone, dear?"); surveillance ("do you think I didn’t notice how much time you spent talking to him?"); search and seizure ("and just what the hell am I supposed to think this is!"); and more serious intimidation tactics: the threat of total expulsion from the only home and community she is likely to know. The adulterer who would like to be able to tell the truth is forced to use the Misery Quotient to compute whether she can permit herself to: divide your current unhappiness by the harmful consequences of contesting it, multiply by your fear of the unknown, and then think twice about whether you really need to act after all. This is the same formula used by exploited migrant workers and children locked in private school hells, by battered wives and sexually harassed secretaries.

What our society is missing here is the wisdom to know that telling the truth is not just the responsibility of the teller. If you really want to know the truth, you must make it easy for people to tell it to you: you must be genuinely supportive and ready for whatever it may be, not just make self-righteous demands or play good cop/bad cop ("just tell me, I promise I’ll understand… you did WHAT?"). That can only lead to evasive action, or at best to the subject of your cross-examination finding ways to lie to himself as well as you. Neither our society nor, consequently, its cuckolds and cuckoldesses, are ready for the revelation of truth that the adulterer has to offer; it is only safe in the sheltering ears of her illicit lover.

"People Will Get Hurt"
Inevitably, despite the best intentions and most secret schemes of the adulterer, people get hurt. More to the point: people already were hurting, only invisibly, in the enforced happily-ever-after of domestic silence, or else such pressures would not have been necessary in the first place to bring dead hearts to life. Would it be better that the routines and illusions of the marriage remain undisrupted, forever, so that everyone’s envui could proceed on course to the embittered end? Could it be preferable for the unsuspecting partner to go on measuring his value as a lover and spouse according to the standard of a fidelity that boils down to self-denial, a standard which has already been violated in spirit of not in letter? Of course, instead of cheating you could have gone to counseling, been "honest" with your spouse instead of yourself and turned away from the new landscapes you now about to be born in the eyes of your potential lover, trying instead to achieve a passable imitation-substitute with your officially sanctioned partner—or reverted to medicating yourself into numb submission with television or Prozac, if that failed. . .

To cut to the heart of the matter: it is ever really wrong simply to desire not to be emotionally dead? What vast measures of self-confidence and entitlement would it take the modern married man or woman to risk feeling alive, unarmored with the twin weapons of self justification and self-abasement, the excuses and apologies and self-recriminations? The adulterer discovers that she is trapped in the life she had adopted under the encouragement and threats of the established romantic standard, and, despite her best attempts to restrain herself, has begun to plot an escape. Were she to reflect lucidly on her situation, her secret self might rebel and begin to ask the important questions: What kind of life does she really aspire to live? How much freedom and fulfillment?
ment does she deserve to feel? How has it come to be that she hurts others just by reaching for what she needs for herself?

The fact is, people always get hurt whenever someone contests the long-entrenched order, even “innocent” people, and sometimes not the same innocent ones who were suffering at the hands of the old regime. That’s why anything less than complete prostration to the status quo is considered bad ethics. But once the itch to mutiny has struck, the alternative to it becomes unthinkable (consider how much thinking those who opt for it do). . . so the adulterer takes it upon herself, often unwillingly but without being able to resist, to do things that hurt others, but no more than she absolutely has to. If she were prepared to embrace and proudly proclaim her outlawed desires (rather than ultimately rejecting them in a fit of apologetic revisionism: “I didn’t know what I was doing!”), and take responsibility for the further pain that would cause, she would finally stand in a position from which she could step out of the circle of hurt that is the scarcity economy of love. But she lacks the courage and analysis for this final act: that is why she is still a mere adulterer, one who makes half a revolution—and the worst half, at that.

“What About the Children?”

“What about the children?” demand the shocked sentries of the bourgeoisie when they hear about yet another marriage endangered by an affair, terrified that their own strayings might come out next. Well, what about them? Do you think you can protect the next generation from the tragic tension between the complexity of desire and the simplicity of social prohibitions just by knuckling under yourself? If you smother your own aspirations for happiness, displacing them instead onto your expectations of future generations, you will end by smothering your children as well as yourself. Your children would be better off growing up in a world where people dare to be honest about what they want, whatever the consequences. Would you prefer that they learn to beat their own longings into flattened reminders of shame and remorse, as you do?

And it’s worth pointing out that nuclear-family monogamy, which these self-appointed judges would protect from the assault implied by adultery, is the very thing that replaced the broader, more fluid, extended family structures of the past. By all accounts, children were better cared for in those environments, and their parents had more freedom as well. Could it be that adultery is a blind, desperate lunge for the extended community that we once had, from the cage of the contractual relationship—or at least could act as a stepping stone to a new form of it?

Adultery is Marriage’s Loyal Opposition.

Ultimately, adultery is only possible because the questions it asks are left unanswered. Just like the shoplifter, the rioter, and the suicide, the adulterer makes only half a revolution: she violates the decrees of authoritarian convention and law, but in such a way that they remain in place, still dictating her actions—but these actions obedient or reactive. She would do better to expose what she is and wants to the whole world without guilt or remorse, and demand that it find a place for her and her desires, whatever they might be—then her own struggle could be the starting point for a revolution in human relationships from which everyone might benefit, not just a flash of isolated passion and insurgency to be stamped out before it even becomes aware of itself.

Let us shelter and defend her from the shaming of this society whenever she does step forward, so that she may do so—for she acts, as we do, out of a passion burning unquenchably for a new world.
The anorexic and the body builder are both pursuing ideals that recede before them. Once one starts to measure oneself against a one-dimensional standard, such as strength or slimness, too much is never enough; the goal is always ahead of you, no matter how far you go. These ideals cannot be reached in this world... but if you follow them far enough, they can lead you out of it, into the abyss which is their true domain—as Arnold Schwarzenegger's early heart problems, and the suicides of our rock stars and sex symbols, clearly attest.

It's true that Arnold Schwarzenegger, Hollywood actresses, and others like them were practically factory farmed by this competition-obsessed society; but the rest of us are infected with these values too—think of us as free range versions of the same livestock. All our judgments, all our conceptualizations of the world refer to absolutes and ideals: Sara is pretty, but not as pretty as Diana, who is not as pretty as the girl on the magazine cover; Jane is smart, but not as smart as the boy who was accepted to Harvard, who clearly is not as intelligent as Albert Einstein was; serving free food is revolutionary, but not as revolutionary as setting a police station on fire. We are truly one-dimensional thinkers: unable to see each individual quality or action for what it is alone, only able to apprehend it in terms of how it compares to others... the implication being that there is some fundamental scale against which everything can be compared. This is one way of conceiving of the world, yes, but not the only way, and not the best way in most circumstances, either.

This way of thinking makes everything into a competition, for those who don't want to accept their inferiority; it makes us disregard the value and unique significance of every event and entity, in favor of finding a place for them in the system of calibration. The truth is that every human being being really does have a value unlike any other; every radical action and approach is important to "the revolution" in irreplaceable ways (the important question is not which means to apply, but how to make them complement each other), and we desperately need ways to articulate this to ourselves. We need a language with which we can celebrate through description, not comparison. Without this, no matter how clearly we know we should value every little thing for its own sake, we are trapped by the assumptions of our own means of expression:

"I love you," whispers the young girl.
"Do you love me more than anyone else, more than anything?" demands the boy.
"I love you... differently, because of what you are. Not more, not less—there's no comparison with love, for love cherishes what is. Love is not judgment, it is measureless, matchless..." she replies—but he has already turned away.

Where did this obsession with one-dimensional standards come from? It originated with language itself: where one word serves to represent many different individual experiences, abstraction is already present. When you say "sunlight," it seems as if you are designating a thing that exists in the world somewhere, when actually you are referring to a multitude of experiences.

"A woman can never be too rich or too thin."
It is only now that I can recognize your beauty and deny no part of my own.
I would like to rebel much more than I actually do. I would like my hatred to be pure and clear again, not diluted and staged as it is. How much I would love to love and not feel that I did it out of habit or duty, how much I desire to suffer truly at these tragedies, not in the empty, practiced way I do. For all my talk of being my own master, how much I long for some new feeling or sensation to take me and make itself my master! Even without this deliverance, there is much in me that eludes your descriptions and prescriptions. And you must hear about this, too, or else all your well-intentioned talk of better worlds and men will be worthless.

When you speak of building community, I permit myself a furtive sneer, because I don’t want to hide from myself in the safety of your numbers—I want to be alone in danger and the agony of solitude which I know and love. While you speak of action, I cherish my passivity, passing indifferently through a distant world, wrapped up in the turmoils of my own gloomy spirit.

When I see the way you celebrate romance with ribbons and ceremony, I feel all too painfully how little of myself can fit into that mold. And then when I speak of other kinds of relationships, without borders or contracts, and you are persuaded as I outline all the advantages of such arrangements, suddenly I feel within myself a longing for a single companion, with whom I could flee the maddening crowd, in whom I could lose myself and chase that impossible immersion which all lovers hunger for as moths do flames.

And when you exult the courageous, and the bold, and the good, there is a proud, evil part of me that is possessive of my faults, my cowardice, my selfishness, and I want to be faithful to that part, too, lest I split myself into fragments. As soon as I have finished my plea for acceptance, the devil in my recalcitrant heart will urge me to strike away your outstretched arms. Build a paradise for me—I will still revolt, I will bring heaven down around my ears—that is the only way I can express what I am, and I will not be denied. For there is no life without our laws, no world without boundaries, and I can only feel utterly myself in the act of transgression, sailing on the borrowed wings of violation, destruction.

I am the secret part, the forbidden part that must be silent, nocturnal, invisible, that can never reveal itself, that could only betray itself by so trying. I am communicated across history through the subterranean depths of the imagination, secrets, plots, affairs, deviations, forgotten dreams and smothered impulses, guilty pleasures that can never be embraced or erased entirely. You cannot live without me. I am as irrefutable as the petals of a flower, as unaccountable as the snake that bites. I am all the more a part of you, the more you pledge yourself to all that is noble, permissible, comprehensible.

I would like to write the story of the most anti-social, indefensible man, to speak aloud his untold treasures and torments, to expose his tangled humanity in so compelling a portrait that you would be made to see the absoluteness of his needs as you do your own. Then the unforgivable would be on your conscience, and you’d have to find a way to wash the world of it once and for all, or perish with them, the untouchables you’re so proud to outrank... for once you have felt those emotions, the bitter draught of spite and envy and annihilation, you are guilty, too, aren’t you. So it’s not so humanitarian of you to present yourself as perfect, is it—better to show off your blemishes, in solidarity with all of us. Besides, if you’re here to show mercy, everyone knows only the sufferers, the lowest of the low, can minister to each other. Give me the sympathy of whores any day, over the busybody do-gooding of impotent priests.

This is absolution for the cast-out and the shameless, for the addicted and the infected and the weak, for the ones who had to prostitute their souls to survive and the ones who know that freedom always belongs to he who is evil. The world must make a place in the sun for us, too, or else we will continue to poison it as we rot in its closets and catacombs. For a world that knows no monsters, for a world that feels no shame, we show our faces to stake our claim.
Where are we going?

Yes—we're going. With "for-ward" for a destination. . . for here, we are running in place. Burn your maps and set out: you will find yourself in a world as yet unmapped. Refuse destinations, as definitions—we are making, now come and become.

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

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, or 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 so many places, tomorrow it will work in others, and we can hope that one day it will work everywhere. Would they hold up the raveled present they've made as proof that nothing else is possible? Better find out what else is possible in this present, and go from there. Would they hold the vast uncertainty of the future over us as an objection to our fantasy of a better world? Better then throw out all planned futures, theirs first 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 underground. All corpses, dried in such a way that the body remains without the need for embalming, are carried down there to activities. Of these activities, it is the carefree moments that take first place: most of the living city are also work below ground, but work performed with more joy than irritation: organic farmers ply the stony soil, station attendants counseling wait with parched and aching ears pricked for calls from people in need, rusted vans crowded with the carriages of the living city are set upon bi- ninian countryside, or crowded with actresses, football players, painters—more than the living city ever contained. In fact, each inhabitant of the city overhead spends a great part of her life brooding and fantasizing about what her perfect life would be, 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 every year, as life in the city goes on in its infuriating station attendants and set out: you will find yourself in a world as yet unmapped. Refuse destinations, as definitions—we are making, now come and become.

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

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, or 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 so many places, tomorrow it will work in others, and we can hope that one day it will work everywhere. Would they hold up the raveled present they've made as proof that nothing else is possible? Better find out what else is possible in this present, and go from there. Would they hold the vast uncertainty of the future over us as an objection to our fantasy of a better world? Better then throw out all planned futures, theirs first 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 underground. All corpses, dried in such a way that the body remains without the need for embalming, are carried down there to activities. Of these activities, it is the carefree moments that take first place: most of the living city are also work below ground, but work performed with more joy than irritation: organic farmers ply the stony soil, station attendants counseling wait with parched and aching ears pricked for calls from people in need, rusted vans crowded with the carriages of the living city are set upon bi- ninian countryside, or crowded with actresses, football players, painters—more than the living city ever contained. In fact, each inhabitant of the city overhead spends a great part of her life brooding and fantasizing about what her perfect life would be, 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 every year, as life in the city goes on in its infuriating station attendants and set out: you will find yourself in a world as yet unmapped. Refuse destinations, as definitions—we are making, now come and become.

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What Is Crimethink?

Crimethink can be reached from the subway station only by means of a daring double somersault. It is only a multiple orgasm away from the checkout counter of the grocery store, and a mere lobbed brick distant from the witness bench of the courtroom, but it is much harder to access from the closed playpens of your homes, schools, workplaces, and punk rock clubs—only a mystical revelation or masterless revolution will suffice.

Crimethink riots rather than diets, so as to love itself body and soul. Crimethink cannot be captured by the cameras of the photojournalists. Crimethink dies on its feet before it lives on its knees, but it’s more likely to be found on the run in between... just like you, perhaps.

Crimethink is the burning bush in the desert of industrial society, which can still be found between the thighs of the most mercilessly free and beautiful. Crimethink is revenge for that fucking flag they put on the moon.3

Crimethink doesn’t speak, it acts, and only speaks when speaking is acting. Crimethink stakes out its dominion where the body is the jagged edge of the world, stopping proudly short of the abyss of abstraction. Crimethink says to you: I put a spell on you, because you’re mine.

For the market manages the managers, hierarchy bosses the bosses, capitalism owns the owners, but a crimethinker is truly a human being, free and wild.

What Is CrimethInc.?

One must be enough of a crimethinker to adopt a crimethoughtful stance towards one’s own crimethink. CrimethInc. is not CrimethInc.—it is, rather, the spirit of playful destruction that saves CrimethInc. from itself.

CrimethInc. throws up contradictions around itself like fences, to protect itself from ideology, from stiffening—yet still sends out a call to revolt that will be heard in every corner of the Occupied Territories by this year’s end.4

Listen hard to silence, and you’ll hear thunder deep inside.

CrimethInc. is the hip gnosis of a new youth rebellion that goes beyond both youth and rebellion. CrimethInc. is a Non-Prophet Organization: it is full of love, but if it comes down to pledging allegiance, it will be nadir rather than nadust, or—in all, for that matter. CrimethInc. is beautiful: it’s ugly... in a world where every old pretty thing has been copyrighted by the greeting card companies, the calling card companies, and the credit card companies, it is a foray into the unknown, to seek new veins of joy before we all suffocate like yeast in our own excrement.

CrimethInc. is the cure for the cancers with which they propose to cure cancer. CrimethInc. sweeps through the streets with fire and banners, and steals through the classroom in xenotes and whispers. CrimethInc. pilots the rudderless ships of the Movement movement, coded into the paths of those nomads who trade bondage for vagabondage; CrimethInc. smashes tourism and all other despicable formulas for running in place.

CrimethInc. is the Last Loosening: it is here by order of those out of order, so that nothing may ever be in order, or made to order, again. O ye rabbles without a cause, CrimethInc. is the ticket out of here you’ve been waiting for—if you’re willing to cash it in yourself, that is. CrimethInc. is very much more what you do than what we do.

CrimethInc. is constantly in effect at lockdown faceoffs on city blocks, in banks that are being robbed, on airplanes passing over the Brazilian desert at sunrise. It maintains office hours in squats under riot squad siege maintained by boys and girls who have escaped the suburbs to fall in love. Take the last night train from La Plata to Buenos Aires, and if the doors are open so you can sit on the steps of the train listening to the young passengers beating out a samba rhythm on the seats and singing along behind you as the Argentinean night speeds past, you might realize there is a letter or a novel you need to write—and at that moment, you’ll enter an outpost.

CrimethInc. is present wherever anything or anyone is on fire. CrimethInc.’s field of operations extends as far as there is crimethought, and beyond, into some places where it is impending or unnecessary:

—It speeds through Arctic waters in the wake of customers fallen and swallowed up by the cold, into mythical Russian cities ringed by vast rivers at whose global implication... .

CrimethInc. is present on the streets of the Movement movement, coded into the minds of those out of order, so that nothing may ever be in or- dinary formulas for running in place.

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—It speeds through Arctic waters in the wake of customers fallen and swallowed up by the cold, into mythical Russian cities ringed by vast rivers at

the end of winter—the crack of thawing ice bellowing into the night, arriving at the magnetic poles’ where compasses spin, and moving on to the bottom of the ocean where the waterlogged corpses of whales lie.

In Conclusion:

Obviously, gentlemen, if you fear for the morality of your wives, the education of your children, the peace of mind of your investors, the submissiveness of your mistresses and housepets, the solidity of your armchairs and privatized prisons and factory farms, the manner in which your whorehouses are licensed and the security of the State... then you are right. But what can you do? You are rotten, and the fire has been lit.

But as for you would be revolutionaries, radicals wedded to a license without limits, girls and boys who love without leave, we urge you:

More rigor in your recklessness!

More ambition in your hedonism!

When you’re young, and it feels like you’re invincible, it’s because you are.

From this moment forth, no one shall ever die.

...and you know why they put it there? Because there’s no oxygen, so we can’t burn it.

Don’t believe us? Well, you’ve heard it, haven’t you?

It’s important to point out here that the magnetic poles are not actually fixed—they wander across the surface of the earth. That is, in fact, exactly the kind of voyage sanctioned and undertaken by CrimethInc.; operates invisible, detectable only by effects registered thousands of miles away, yet of global implication...

...and vice versa, vice being the key word.