Harbinger
fifth communiqué — two and a half years in the making
Some run for cover, we rush to bear witness.

THE END OF THE WORLD

When the world ends, white dust will fill the air like the curtain at the end of a play. A rain of deserted bodies will fall from the windows of burning buildings, drumming the concrete below. Men with splinters in their eyes will stumble through streets choked with debris; women clutching babies will pick through the rubble and tear out their hair. Our generation will go to its grave shouting its last words into a cell phone.

Or perhaps it will arrive as a thief in the night, step by invisible step. Factories will disappear overseas and corporations vanish into thin air that are, taking jobs and retirement funds with them. Cars dying from the inside out will spread like ringworms, the deep self-spray of salespeople slicing through forest and field. Wars will reach from continent to continent, the terrorists who won’t make peace against the horrorists who enforce it at any price, who keep trying to impose harmony between oppressed and oppressor with fear and firepower.

Tides will rise with global warming, acid rains fall with the last of the redwoods, computer systems crash with stocks and stock markets . . . until one day everyone has cancer.

Or the nothing will happen at all, business will continue as usual: prison guards pace concrete tombs, psychiatrists contemplate madness, demons glaze from the eyes of ministers, consumers are bought and sold in the marketplace. So after the end of the world, whispers the homeless man on the corner—don’t you know that yet?

Others, mysterious and knowing, who have held themselves aloof from the discussion until now, finally interject: “Which world?”
Disaster is a constant companion, a daily reality. In disaster, we are reminded of our mortality, of the fragility of life, and of the impermanence of all things. Disaster is a reminder of our dependence on each other, of our shared vulnerability, and of our collective need for resilience. In disaster, we are forced to confront our deepest fears and to face the unknown head-on, to learn how to live with uncertainty and to adapt to change.

Disaster is also a source of opportunity and innovation. In the wake of disaster, new ideas and new technologies are born. In the face of adversity, human ingenuity is tested and proven. Disaster is a catalyst for growth and transformation, a force that drives us to be better and to do better.

Disaster is a reminder of our interconnectedness. In disaster, we are reminded of our shared humanity, of our shared experiences, and of our shared responsibilities. In disaster, we are reminded of the importance of compassion, of the importance of community, and of the importance of working together.

Disaster is a mirror, reflecting our strengths and our weaknesses, our failures and our successes. In disaster, we are reminded of our resilience, of our courage, and of our ability to overcome. In disaster, we are reminded of our vulnerability, of our mortality, and of the fragility of life. In disaster, we are reminded of the importance of hope, of the importance of the human spirit, and of the importance of the power of imagination.

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DEFEAT, THE GREATEST OF FEATS

True tales, tragic and heart-wrenching as it is, is proof that man's craving to succeed, that you are pushing your end and at the limit of the fight. The very end of the battle of mankind, the line in which we are standing, is the limit of defeat. True man's victory is the same as defeat. You can only be as good as your worst enemy, the one who understands you best.

Failing to achieve is the greatest achievement.

According to the standards by which one measures success, it's the ultimate abomination. Obscenity, drug abuse, violence, illegal activity, self- destruction or the utter heartbreak of giving everything to the revolution of 1917; likewise, it was for the best to have lost all hope of saving the world. To have murdered all the hope that one had in the world is the final stretch of the song.

In this civilization, we all have something at stake in making it possible for others to live and thrive. We don't have to save up for plane fare to save the world. Without fear of loss, regret, or disappointment—this is the final stretch of the song.

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SUCCESS AS FAILURE, FAILURE AS SUCCESS

In the world turned upside down, in which vanity makes us happy and truth is simply falsehood with pleasant friends, the right kind of failure can protect you from the most intense disappointment or humiliation. It is an honor to be a failure, to live a life full of victimization, to be carried away by the wave of public opinion, to be a failure, to fail. Failure is the only true success we know.

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SUCCESS AS IMPOSSIBILITY, FAILURE AS SUCCESS

In his final act of junior musicans' camp, and the campers' parents have gathered at a giant dinner table to see your young people off to college. They are in a way, a failure and a victory. They have been embarrased in the presence of their families, the following generation, they have been defeated. They are a failure, but this time it is a victory.

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It is not a solitary walk but a task, an act of gratitude. The road is lined with open fields, with trees and shrubs, with grass and flowers. They are walking and talking, they are laughing and singing. There is a sense of reality and value. So there are always a time—they are acting according to a dissent is the theorists’ society. Inevitably, these smaller are identified as crowds only because they are dis the colossal crowd that is all there is to it. Such crowd theory gives the be hypnotized by their own brute force, and that pack of wolves. The rabble long to be roused, to the subject was in peering down from the high, is all so one dimensional, the accounts all so su...
Someone made coffee in the morning. Someone else was looking out the window at this very moment, a black woman, considering Liberation—it’s not working!

Sometimes in life, you’re told that the job you’re doing is not worth it, that you’re not making a difference, that you’re not doing it for the right reasons. But what if those reasons are exactly why you’re doing it? What if the job you’re doing is the only one that’s worth it, because it’s the only one that’s yours?

There are the costs we pay individually, but is there a price we all pay together?

There are those low-paid jobs, those minimum-wage workers, those people who work in a factory or a call center or a fast-food restaurant. They might not be making a lot of money, but they’re working hard to build a stable future for themselves and their families.

The reproduction of production...

Life isn’t working. There are millions of people who are stuck in low-wage jobs, unable to afford basic necessities like food, healthcare, and housing. It’s like being captured in a cycle of poverty, never able to break free.

But what about the children?

The man in our example may feel tiny and insignificant, but he’s not alone. He’s not the only one who is struggling. Millions of children are facing the same hardships.

The totality of the world is ruled by this man, who is a father, a husband, a breadwinner. He is the one who must work to provide for his family. He is the one who must struggle to make ends meet.

The unemployed, too, have a job to do in capitalism. They are employed—so we can learn to employ our own power!
MAXIMUM ULTRAISM is the entire spectrum of political opinion—from the liberal center to the radical left. It is a spectrum that is driven by the desire to challenge the status quo and to create a world that is fairer, more equitable, and more just. It is a way of thinking that is based on the belief that the current political system is broken and that it must be replaced with something better.

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THE FUTURE

Our materialism and duplicity, suffering emotional and psychological consequences to which any psychiatrist can tell you that. Likewise no one has to argue for the destruction of the middle class—it's already burning, it's our own compliance and complacency, not lack of faith in each another.

Yet even if we insist on keeping at it, the Disaster is not sustainable. Capitalism as we know it is not going to be here in five generations—any environmental scientist can tell you that. Likewise no one has to argue for the destruction of the middle class—it's already destroyed: it is the class of people laid waste by their own complacency and complacency, not to mention lack of faith in each other.

But are we really going to live to see anything else? Do we dare hold our breath for another world?

Despite the seriousness of our situation, the future isn't one monolithic, inescapable doom. There are several futures ahead of us, just as today there are people who live side by side but inhabit different worlds, which one you live in will depend largely on what you do in the meantime. This nightmare exists precisely to the extent that we invest ourselves in it—every day we work for it, buy into it, and stake our lives on it, we are buying into the protection racket that keeps it the only game in town. Correspondingly, the world of our dreams exists to the exact degree that we behave as if we're already living in it—there's no other way it can come to be. The turning point for each individual is the turning point of society, in miniature. Don't ask when or whether that point will come, but how you can reach yours; if you can get there yourself, everyone else can too.

When you really start to go for it, when your actions open a bona fide portal to another way of life, others will come out of hiding and join in. What, did you think you were the only one going crazy here? It takes an entire subjugated nation to keep things running, and there are plenty of others among that number who know how little they're getting out of it. They are the millions who don't get consulted for newspaper polls, who might pick you up hitchhiking but never appear on television. Ten thousand sleeper cells wait for the point of critical mass to arrive, ready to spring into action with their own yearnings to breathe free and private scores to settle, desperate for a war to fight in that really matters, a love to fall in that can command their attention—killing time and themselves in the meantime with anorexia and alcoholism, dead marriages and dead-end jobs. Every day each of us puts off taking the risks we know we need to take, waiting for the right moment to come or for someone else to go first or just feeling too beaten to try, we have the blood on our hands of every suicide who couldn't hold out any longer, every ruined love affair that couldn't endure in the vacuum, every sensitive desperado artist buried inside the corpse of a miserable service industry employee.

Next time the end of the world comes, we won't be paralyzed, watching it on television. We'll be out there deciding for ourselves what comes next, cutting down the parameter poles with chainsaws if need be to get others to join us. It's not too late to live like there's no tomorrow—indeed, all our hope for the future depends on it. Say your last words now, and start from there with whoever joins in. Dreams do rebel and come true.

The world is coming to an end. Make no mistake about it, the days are numbered. Where you are, you can't even imagine what it will be like when the bottom hits. Or, to put it differently, the world is always ending. What comes next is up to us. Every morning we wake up and sweat and bleed to put an exact duplicate of the previous day's world in its place. We need not do this, but we do, out of fear, or despair, or psychotically deluded petty ambition, or sheer stubborn lack of imagination. At any moment we could all stop paying rent and going to work—nothing could stop us if we all deserted together—and rebuild society from scratch without landlords or loan payments. Heaven knows we've all had that daydream at least once. It's not police or politicians that keep the wheels turning and the bodies burning, it's our own compliance and complacency, not to mention lack of faith in each other.

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