

## QUICK: A ONE ACT PLAY

act 1: CONVERSATION AT THE PUB

act 2: LECTURES AT THE ACADEMY

scene 1: RATION, PASSION AND REVOLUTION

scene 2: WHEELS IN THE HEAD

scene 3: PROPERTY AND LOVE

act 3: ARREST AT THE PUB

act 4: FENDERSËNS ARRAIGNMENT

act 5: FURTHER CONVERSATIONS AT HIPPLE'S

epilogue: SCARCITY, TOIL AND TURMOIL

Social critique has been around as long as civilization itself. This work represents my first (Part I: 'The Academic Lecture as Plagiarism' or 'It's Not Who Said It, But What was Said and to Whom') and second (Part II: 'More Meanderings Along This De-migration') efforts at Positive Plagiarism – taking other's critical ideas and playing with them. I make no claims of ownership or originality (except perhaps in grammatical disobedience). My intent, of course, is to persuade you, not to wake up, organize and take to arms, but to say "No! Fuck it! I quit!" (what ever it is you are fed up with).

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*Why not? "Alas! 'tis because I am poor and an orphan; because I have no more means and people are not esteemed save in reason of the aid and benefits one imagines may be had of them." – De Sade*

*There is no doubt that the tyrant is never loved, and loves nobody. Friendship is a sacred word, it is a holy thing, and it exists only between good people, it is kindled by mutual esteem. It is sustained not so much by favors as by a good life. What gives you confidence you can rely on a friend is the knowledge you have his integrity: the guarantors of that are his natural virtue, his trustworthiness and his constancy. Where there is cruelty, treachery and injustice there can be no friendship. Evil men are not companions of one another, they are conspirators. They have no mutual affection, but a mutual fear: they are not friends, but accomplices. – Boétie*

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## PART I

'The Academic Lecture as Plagiarism' or 'It's Not Who Said It, But What was Said and to Whom'

### QUICK: A ONE ACT PLAY

SCENE: Hipple's - Bistro at the Public House on Busy Street, Liverpool, UK. A platonic dialogue on freedom, war, death and hope

ENTER, THE CHARACTERS:

- Bartender [played by - Lao-tse] -  
 Some pig [played by - Karl Rove] -  
 Albert Einstein - Barmaid [played by  
 - Albert Libertad, Doug Soderstrom,  
 Synge Fendersën Yngvaalsën] -  
 Brendan Behan - Clarence Darrow -  
 Douglas Adams - Arlo Guthrie -  
 James Madison, - George Orwell, -  
 Aldous Huxley, - Johann Wolfgang  
 von Goethe - Adolf Hitler, - Harold  
 Williamson - Woody Allen - Bertrand  
 Russell - William Shakespeare - Titus  
 Lucretius Carus - Epicurus - Manuel  
 Kant - Gregory Hill - Zarathustra  
 [played by - Friedrich Nietzsche] -  
 Kid Shaleen - Kit Karson - The late  
 Feral Faun - Lieutenant Smith  
 [played by - Robert Sheckley] - Cap-  
 tain Rath [played by - Robert Sheck-  
 ley] - Bob Dylan - Hordrik and Edel-  
 graff -

Synge Fendersën Yngvaalsën  
 [sometimes played by - Peter  
 Kropotkin, - Max Stirner, and - Car-  
 los Dufús] - Havelock Ellis - F.  
 Scott Fitzgerald - Mark Twain -  
 Noam Chomsky - Ed Stamm - kid  
 on the street - Gustav Landauer -  
 Carlos Dufús [sometimes played by  
 - Synge Fendersën Yngvaalsën] -  
 Stephen Jay Gould - Parisienne  
 [Graffiti found during Paris upris-  
 ing, 1968] - Other pig [played by -  
 Porky pig] - Mare Almani [The end  
 of the world, *The ferocious jaws of  
 habit*] Plato - G. Cesarono - Bleu  
 Marin - Calgacus [third century Pict  
 chief] - Rene Daumal - Dominique  
 Maisein [at the center of the volcano]  
 - Max Stirner - Daniel Defoe

ACT I: Conversation at the pub

SCENE I: Liberty or Security? or, Take Cover! Can't you See the Fnords?

Practice not-doing, and everything will fall into place. – *Bartender, addressing audience*

**"It's Either Liberty or Security" – Some pig**

A human being is part of the whole, called by us "Universe"; a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts and feelings as something separated from the rest – a kind of optical delusion of his consciousness.

The delusion is a prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and to affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty.

Nobody is able to achieve this completely but the striving for such achievement is, in itself, a part of the liberation and a foundation for inner security. – *Einstein*

[Some Pig hastens to exit stage right]

Freedom is nothing more than the shadow of a memory of a fragrance long faded. – *Barmaid*

I have never known what freedom is. I keep on working for it & hoping for it & wanting it, but I know that I never shall have it. In this, no doubt, my life has been like the life of every being that ever lived. Even while I have fought for freedom, the freedom of others & the freedom of myself, I have always had a consciousness that I was doing it to amuse myself, to keep myself occupied so I might forget myself; which after all is the best thing that any of us can do as we go along. I remember reading a while ago a statement of Anatole France. He said that the chief business of life is "killing time." And so it is. What is the difference if we gather all the facts of the universe into our brains for the worms to eat? They might give the worms indigestion ... – *Clarence Darrow*

There is a theory which states that if ever anyone discovers exactly what the Universe is for and why it is here, it will instantly disappear and be replaced by something even more bizarrely inexplicable. There is another theory which states that this has already happened. – *Douglas Adams*

My first real indication that there was a universe outside myself came in 1962, after Alice's husband – the one in the song – gave me a copy of the Tao Te Ching. At the time, I was singing all those euphoric songs about how we're gonna save the world, & Lao-tse made me wonder: Will the world be any different because of anything I do? He struck a chord that made me sense that I was a little discordant with the cosmic universal tune. It wasn't a major musical atrocity; but it forced me to pay attention to myself – like when you know you have a cold coming on. You could say that was the start of my midlife crisis. I was about fifteen.

For years I kept showing up at all the right demonstrations & singing all the right songs, & one day I realized that the world still sucked & my own life was out of control. I'd done all these things to save the world, & I couldn't even save myself. I understood then that my real work was me, not the world. – *Arlo Guthrie*

It was a time of great and exalting excitement. The country was up in arms, the war was on, in every breast burned the holy fire of patriotism; the drums were beating, the bands playing,

the toy pistols popping, the bunched firecrackers hissing and spluttering; on every hand and far down the receding and fading spread of roofs and balconies a fluttering wilderness of flags flashed in the sun.

In the churches the pastors preached devotion to flag and country, and invoked the God of Battles beseeching His aid in our good cause in outpourings of fervid eloquence which moved every listener. It was indeed a glad and gracious time.

God the all-terrible! Thou who ordainest! Thunder thy clarion and lightning thy sword! O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; for our sakes who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives; We ask it, in the spirit of love, of Him Who is the Source of Love, and Who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Amen.

And the half dozen rash spirits that ventured to disapprove of the war and cast a doubt upon its righteousness straightway got such a stern and angry warning that for their personal safety's sake they quickly shrank out of sight and offended no more in that way. – *Mark Twain*

Of all the enemies to public liberty war is, perhaps, the most to be dreaded because it comprises and develops the germ of every other. War is the parent of armies; from these proceed debts and taxes ... known instruments for bringing the many under the domination of the few. No nation could preserve its freedom in the midst of continual warfare. – *James Madison, Political Observations, 1795*

The essential act of war is destruction, not necessarily of human lives, but of the products of human labour. War is a way of shattering to pieces, or pouring into the stratosphere, or sinking in the depths of the sea, materials which might otherwise be used to make the masses too comfortable, and hence, in the long run, too intelligent. Even when weapons of war are not actually destroyed, their manufacture is still a convenient way of expending labour power without producing anything that can be consumed – *George Orwell, 1948*

And it seems to me perfectly in the cards that there will be within the next generation or so a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing ... a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their liberties taken away from them but will rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda, brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. – *Aldous Huxley, 1959*

None are so hopelessly enslaved as those who falsely believe they are free. – *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

When people see some things as beautiful,  
other things become ugly.

When people see some things as good,  
other things become bad.

Give evil nothing to oppose

and it will disappear by itself.– *Bartender, addressing audience*

Through clever and constant application of propaganda people can be made to see paradise as hell, and also the other way around, to consider the most wretched sort of life as paradise.

– *Adolf Hitler, Mein Kampf, 1923*

The real hate crimes are written in the world's holy books for the purpose of pitting one neighbor against another in the name of profit. – *Harold Williamson*

More than any other time in history, mankind faces a crossroads. One path leads to despair and utter hopelessness. The other, to total extinction. Let us pray we have the wisdom to choose correctly. – *Woody Allen*

Isn't security the freedom from oppression? Let us pray ... When the people start to pray, you've got them on their knees! – *Barmaid*

Given sufficient time, often the only difference between heresy and prophecy has been their sequence in history. – *Harold Williamson*

Yesterday idolized, today hated and spit upon, tomorrow forgotten and the day after tomorrow promoted to Sainthood. The only salvation is a sense of humor. – *Albert Einstein*

Most people would rather die than think; in fact, they do so. – *Bertrand Russell*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
 To the last syllable of recorded time;  
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
 The way to a dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more;  
 It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing. – *William Shakespeare from Macbeth*

Hard upon death a scattering more great  
 Of the throng of matter, and no man wakes up  
 On whom once falls the icy pause of life. – *Titus Lucretius Carus*

Death is nothing to us, for when we exist, death is not yet present,  
 and when death is present, then we do not exist. – *Epicurus*

Sounds like nihilism to me! – *Manuel Kant*

Nihilism suggests that all affirmations are neither true nor false nor meaningful in some sense. That is, 'they are "nothing" to us'. The first exponent of this idea "was commonly called SRI SYADASTI, his name in Sanskrit means:

All affirmations are true in some sense, false in some sense, meaningless in some sense, true and false in some sense, true and meaningless in some sense, false and meaningless in some sense, true and false and meaningless in some sense". – *Gregory Hill*

'To the clean are all things clean' – thus say the people. I, however, say unto you: To the swine all things become swinish! Therefore preach the visionaries and bowed-heads (whose hearts are also bowed down): 'The world itself is a filthy monster.' For these are all unclean spirits; especially those, however, who have no peace or rest, unless they see the world FROM THE BACKSIDE – the backworldsmen! TO THOSE do I say it to the face, although it sound unpleasantly: the world resembleth man, in that it hath a backside, – SO MUCH is true!

There is in the world much filth: SO MUCH is true! But the world itself is not therefore a filthy monster! – *Zarathustra*

No, but he'd just as soon cut yer throat and hang ya on a barb-wire fence as to say "top of the mornin to ya!" – *Kid Shaleen*

Sorta makes a feller want'a cut 'is own throat! – *Kit Karson*

Only dying people commit suicide – *Synge Fendersen*

The prevalence of suicide, without doubt, is a test of height in civilization; it means that the population is winding up its nervous and intellectual system to the utmost point of tension and that sometimes it snaps. – *Havelock Ellis*

Either you think-or else others have to think for you  
and take power from you,  
pervert and discipline your natural tastes,  
civilize and sterilize you. – *F. Scott Fitzgerald*

Soap & education are not as sudden as a massacre,  
but they are more deadly in the long run. – *Mark Twain*

Anyone who has had any dealings with children knows that they're curious and creative. They want to explore things and figure out what's happening. A good bit of schooling is an effort to drive this out of them and to fit them into a mold, make them behave, stop thinking, not cause any trouble. It goes right from kindergarten up

People are supposed to be obedient producers, do what they're told, and the rest of your life is supposed to be passive consuming. Don't think about things. Don't know about things ... Just do what you're told, pay attention to something else and maximize your consumption. That's the role of the public. – *Noam Chomsky*

The police are not very effective against criminals, but they are extremely effective at controlling the general public. – *Ed Stamm*

I've never seen a situation so dismal that a policeman couldn't make it worse. – *Brendan Behan*

When we cooperate with the police, we are called "good citizens", but when we cooperate with each other, we are called "gangs". – *any kid on the street*

Once long ago there were communities ... Today there is force, the letter of the law, and the State ... We see how something dead to our spirit can exercise living power over our body. The real enemy is not the bourgeoisie [bureaucrat, cop], but the present condition of the human spirit

The State is never established within the individual. The State is a condition, a certain relationship between human beings, a mode of human behavior; we destroy it by contracting other relationships, by behaving differently

We are the State and continue to be the State until we have created the institutions that form a real community. There can only be a more human future if there is a more humane present." – *Gustav Landauer*

We are told we have evolved as a species; just look at our progress! Can our present "pro-

gressive" road lead us to a more humane future?

The driving force behind evolution is NOT consumptive competition, but cooperation, which is also to say 'symbiosis' and 'synergy'. The end in evolution is NOT survival, but a living diversity. Evolution is NOT born of struggle, but minimizes struggle. The means of evolution is NOT a compensatory reward from invisible selective forces, but successful reproduction through intimate cooperation.

Our own bodies are like rainforest-communities of cooperating microbes. This symbiosis defines health and fitness. When these microorganisms begin to compete and their populations fall out of balance, we fall ill. Adaptation eliminates competition. Species do NOT compete for resources! Nor should individuals.– *Carlos Dufús, a defrocked scientist, recently doing hard labor at Elizabeth Constance Elloise Chapman's "Retreat for the Rehabilitation of Dissident Minds" in Chirskiy, Siberia.*

The "global community" must operate under a single LOGIC of power, growth [progress] and value [capitalism]. The state IS that logic. Its virtue displays as self-righteous contempt in and of human relationships.

There is only one "capitalism", one "state". There is no homogeneous mass, only mass diversity in the struggle against, or enslavement under that logic.

But there is another equal and opposing logic: stable, egalitarian, sharing and even adventurous social roles and relationships. This has been the only road to "liberty" and "security". – *Synge Fendersen*

We don't have faith, we have absolutely no confidence in our success: we are certain that we have neglected nothing, that we have made all our efforts in order to be on the correct road.

We are not certain that we will succeed: we are not certain that we are right.

Those that envision the goal from the first steps, those that want the certitude of reaching it before walking never arrive.

The idea of a meteor collision with the earth, a collapse of the sun, a great fire being able to interrupt our show or our experience, cannot hinder all of us from beginning. Likewise, the misunderstanding of our ideas and practice by the majority of men, be it due to cretinism or perversity would not be a reason to stop us from thinking and critiquing.

We go on with ardor, with strength, with pleasure in such a direction determined because we are aware of having done everything and of being ready to do anything so that this is in the right direction ... While we direct our activity in a given direction, it's not a matter of telling ourselves: "Work is hard; statist society is solidly organized; the foolishness of men is considerable", it would be better to show us that we are heading in the wrong direction ... Because we don't have faith in such a goal, the illusion of such a paradise, but in the certitude of using our effort in the best direction.

To accelerate our march, we don't need mirages showing us the closest end, within our hand's reach. It will be enough for us to know that we go on and that, if we sometimes stamp around the same spot, we do not go astray. – *Barmaid We go On*

*We shape clay into a pot,  
but it is the emptiness inside  
that holds whatever we want.*

Throw out holiness and wisdom,  
and people will be a hundred times happier.  
Throw out morality and justice,  
and people will do the right thing.  
Throw out industry and profit,  
and there won't be any thieves.

When you are content to be simply yourself  
and don't compare or compete,  
everybody will respect you. – *Bartender, addressing audience*

There are no shortcuts to moral insight. Nature is not intrinsically anything that can offer comfort or solace in human terms—if only because our species is such an insignificant latecomer in a world not constructed for us. So much the better. The answers to moral dilemmas are not lying out there, waiting to be discovered. They reside, like the kingdom of God, within us—the most difficult and inaccessible spot for any discovery or consensus. – *Stephen Jay Gould*

Magicians, and their progeny the scientists, have always taken themselves and their subject in an orderly and sober manner, thereby disregarding an essential metaphysical balance. When magicians learn to approach philosophy as a malleable art instead of an immutable Truth, and learn to appreciate the absurdity of man's endeavours, then they will be able to pursue their art with a lighter heart, and perhaps gain a clearer understanding of it, and therefore gain more effective magic.

The human race will begin solving its problems on the day that it ceases taking itself so seriously. – *Gregory Hill*

Meanwhile everyone wants to breathe  
and nobody can  
and many say, "We will breathe later."  
And most of them don't die because they are already dead.

The prospect of finding pleasure tomorrow will never compensate for today's boredom [or toil].

You will end up dying of comfort [or turmoil].

Those who lack imagination cannot imagine what is lacking.

In a society that has abolished every kind of adventure the only adventure that remains is to abolish the society. – *Parisiénne*

On we go. Anyone for a friendly game of billiards?– *Barmaid*

**"Badeep 'adeepa dat's all, folks!"– *That Other pig***

Giving birth and nourishing,  
having without possessing,  
acting with no expectations,  
leading and not trying to control:  
this is the supreme virtue. – *Bartender, addressing audience*

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## ACT II: RATION , PASSION AND REVOLUTION

ACT II: *Lecture at the Academé de Liberté é Sociologique.*

[The logic of a second act in a one-act-play should not confound you. Many will not proceed to this page, and for them, one act in a two-or-more-act play might seem unfair, if not illogical. Actually, as you will see, the entire play can be performed at home in one act.]

SCENE I: *Professor Fendersën delivers his lecture on the economic passions of rationality. Five illustrative parables in red and blue adorn the blackboard.*

I see Homer seated on the rocks of an island, facing the sea of Io. He is a tired man, the wisest of the Greeks, lover of rest after many battles in the arena of the intellect and of words. Almost absent-mindedly, he asks a group of fishermen coming from the sea if they caught anything. "What we caught, we left; we carry what we did not catch", they answer him. With this riddle, they refer to the fleas, some of which they found and crushed and some of which they carry in their clothes. The content of the statement is empty, but the formulation is that of the classic enigma. And the enigma is a challenge, an encounter with daggers drawn between the intellect and that which is hidden. Homer's passion for knowledge is enflamed again, the attack allows no escape, the wise one must solve the enigma. The wager is understanding, the risk is life. Homer does not know how to solve the enigma, does not hold the square and dies "from discouragement" [- *Mare Almanî*].

It is not sleep, but rather the totalitarian wakefulness of reason that gives birth to monsters. That which passes for barbarian is the flip side of civilization bottled by psycho-pharmacy and electronic narcotics. The barbaric is, very often, that which we are not accustomed to and it is for this reason that it appears to us as the enemy.

Hypercivilization is the fulfillment (in the double sense of realization and conclusion) of civilization, the totalitarian displaying of its technical power. Decivilization on the contrary is all the material and spiritual autonomy that individuals manage to attain by escaping this robotized society. The silence of he who has no more words because electronic alienation has taken them away from him is hypercivilized; he who feels a richness inside himself that he doesn't allow to be trapped with the verb is decivilized. Decivilized is the disorder of he who does not accept any more orders; hypercivilized is the damage caused by he who carries them out with too much zeal. Hypercivilization—that civilization calls barbarian with the goal of justifying itself—is at the same time a radical distancing from nature and the swamp of a rationality that reveals itself to bring always more coerced madness.

When there is no common language, there is no community, just as, reciprocally when common space dwindles, language can no longer exist. The most important and most obvious consequence of such a condition is that it becomes impossible to come to an agreement. Master Dialogue is no longer among the invited. A collision without protocols or codes is thus the only way, and the contours become those of civil war.

The certainties with regard to the future offered by science no longer warm the tepid orphan hearts of religion. All that is finished. "As long as it lasts", this is the motto of the powerful.

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\* *RATION*: from L. "ratio" as in; allocation, dole, scarce apportionment, relation, reckoning, reason, rationality, logic, thinking

And the existence of the exploited is more a holding out than really living. It is civil war. It's a question of tendency, it is clear; it is not already uniformly accomplished in fact. Here the civil war is larval; elsewhere it is terribly manifest. But this elsewhere is nearby. Like a former Yugoslavia.

Permanent war brings new social relations to the international level, just as the old diplomacy of sovereignty of governments extended the confines and agreements between the state and the representatives of its exploited further. The clash is no longer between national oligarchs, but between finance or Mafia groups (two interchangeable and fundamental forms of money making) that traverse the frontiers and the state apparatuses and to which the brutal atomization of society provides a copious and implacable labor. Businessman or gangster, there are only two modes of organizing into economic bands, the only difference is that in the second case the road to riches is richer and shorter.

"The power of the logos on the soul persuades as it is like that of the master on the slave; with the difference that the soul is reduced to slavery not by force but by the mysterious pressure exercised on his conscience." – *Plato*

Thus wrote Plato in *Philebus*, illustrating well the dominating force of language. But that which is important is not only to recognize that, in politics, discourse [Reason, Order, Law] is an arm of war, but also to ask oneself about the relation that links this arm to all others. Only he who has slaves that work for him can chain others with his discourse. The activity of individuals is already specialized because a hierarchical and superior role is attributed to the word. The division between manual and intellectual labor, in the meantime makes the activity of slaves accumulate in objects (and then in money and in machines) for the master, increasing the logos of the latter.

"This is the fate of verbalized logic; where the word has all meaning, the dominant meaning loses no time in taking hold of all the words." – *G. Cesarano*.

But the "mysterious pressure" exercised on the assent of the slave would not be possible if the language of his body were not reduced to the coercive rationality of work. It is in producing work that the economy has produced its own language. So, one better understands why controlling the language of the exploited has always been the project of the exploiters. To first give discursive logic all the power (at the expense of the barbaric reason of the body) is to subsequently give to the powerless an increasingly reduced logic. The I that speaks is a figure that represents the body of the individual (corporeality that is first of all a work force) as the state, the holder of public Discourse, represents the whole of society. The more the interior dialogue of the individual – his consciousness – conforms to the dominant language, the greater his assent, his submission will be. In this sense, capital, the dead work of a life constrained to survival, is "discourse" "the organization of fictitious meanings, mechanical logic, the fictitious game of representation" (*G. Cesarano*). It makes the language of that which extinguishes passions speak to the passions [– *by Bleu Marin*].

**IF REASON IS A COMPASS, THE PASSIONS ARE THE WINDS  
IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO PILOT A TEMPEST. ONE CAN ONLY ENDURE IT**

If one can no longer have faith in the virtue of progress, better to swear on the genuine and spontaneous substantial nature of the individual upon which civilization has superimposed its vulgar social conventions through the course of the centuries.

If our desires [passions] would limit themselves to the replacement of a ruling class, the

restoration of areas presently not in use, a reduction in prices, the lowering of interest rates, better ventilation of prison cells and whatever else as well, it would remain [tucked] in the armpit of rational possibility. If instead we want to put an end to the world as we know it and consequently enter into a world that is utterly fantastic to imagine, then we are facing a project considered impossible, extraordinary, superhuman, that requires impossible, extraordinary, superhuman means in order to be realized. A revolt weighed in the balance of convenience, with the eye attentive to the advantages and disadvantages at every step, is defeated from the start, because it can only advance to a certain point and then stop. From the point of view of logic, it is always better to find a compromise than to fight. It is not reasonable for an exploited person to rebel against society, because she will be overpowered by it. The barricade may still have its charm, but it's useless to hide that many will meet their death there. And no one knows in advance in whose chest the bullet will stop.

This is why the only allies left are the passions, those wicked passions to which everything is possible, even the impossible. Bakunin and Coeurderoy understood this. One cannot make revolution with good sense. Only passion is capable of overwhelming the human mind, carrying it toward unthinkable ends, arming it with invincible strength. Only individuals who have gone "out of their mind", on whom reason no longer exercises any control, are capable of accomplishing the undertakings necessary to the destruction of an age-old ruling order. As we can see, it is not a question of converting as many people as possible to an ideal deemed just, but of stirring them up since—as an old anarchist loved to say: "it is normal that people very much share the qualities of coal: an inconvenient and filthy mass when extinguished; luminous and fiery when ignited."

But the ardor of the passions doesn't last long, it is fleeting, just like the current revolts. It is an intoxication that thrust beyond itself, but that is slept off by morning. One can gather from this that if reason alone is not able to guide us toward freedom, neither is passion alone. But no one has ever claimed such a thing. Here we are before the consequences of a misunderstanding that occurs when one opposes a supposedly irrational passion to a presumably indifferent reason, generating an antithesis that does not exist in reality. Because, far from being rash and unreflective, passion is quite capable of taking time and giving itself a perspective in order to achieve its goal. Just as the acrobatics of reason often only serve to justify the outcome of our passions after the fact. Perhaps nothing has shown how logic and passion complete each other, interpenetrate each other and contain each other in turn like the work of Sade with its continuous linking together of orgiastic scenes with philosophical argumentation. Compass and winds are both indispensable. Whatever voyage one means to undertake, one cannot do without either one of these. This is why Bakunin invoked the fury, but also spoke of the need for an "invisible pilot." Now however the point is that it is not possible to pilot a tempest. One can only endure it.

It is not only the political and economic person, worried about electoral and commodity markets, who takes the field against the tempest, against the chaos and the primordial forces of barbarism, but, above all, the ethical person. To repudiate social norms, to abandon oneself to the instincts means to fall back into the darkness of wildness to the point of reviving the horrors of the primordial horde. Civilization, then, could only be Reason, Order, Law [discourse], and not necessarily those of the State. Bakunin's comrades in Lyon don't fail to reproach for this. One of them will remember how conflicts broke out between them "the principle cause of which was Bakunin's great theory on the necessity of allowing all the passions,

all the appetites, all the wrath of the people to manifest themselves and to freely rumble unchained, free of the muzzle." There was one comrade in particular who "did not view this possible deluge of violence of the human beast" and "condemned every sort of crime and abomination, which would give the revolution a sinister countenance, rob the greatness of the idea through the brutishness of the instincts, rising against all those who have love in their hearts for the great things and whose consciousness has a sense of the just and the good." How is it possible—he asked—"that people who represent the idea of the future could have the right to defile through contact with the most ancient barbarism which the most elementary civilizations seek to repress?"

The observations of this comrade of Bakunin have made much more headway than the texts of the Russian anarchist. The proof of it is the oblivion to which these latter have been relegated together with those of Coeurderoy. Barbarism cannot be the door to freedom, so we are reminded by those ethical people who, for the most part, are the very same ones who on other occasions have found ways of affirming that war produces peace, the rich preserve the poor, force guarantees equality. So what can open the door to freedom? Perhaps the expansion of markets? An increase in the number of parties? The consolidation in the forces of order? A better scholastic education? The general strike? A revolutionary organization with a million members? The development of the productive forces? And why ever, if not out of respect for the determinist mechanism which is considered the motor of history? It is a mystification, however, to paint a situation of anomie—that is to say, of an absence or great weakening of the norms that rule the conduct of individuals—with the darkest hues. It is yet to be demonstrated that inside the individual a monster quick to torture innocents is concealed. In reality this is merely a hypothesis—as often refuted as affirmed by historical experience—spread to benefit those who rule, decide and impose. Nevertheless, even if it were so, could one perhaps decide beforehand which direction a situation of anomie would assume?

A mariner who sings of the force of the sea is not likely to exalt the beauty of shipwreck with it.

For example, Roger Caillois, in his essay that analyzes the meaning that the festival has had in different types of human society, speaks of the "contagion of an exaltation...that prompts one to abandon oneself, without control, to the most irrational impulses." Describing it as "intermittent explosion", the French scholar explains how the festival "appears to the individual as another world, where he feels himself supported and transformed by the forces that overcome him." His aim is that of "beginning the creation of the world again." "The cosmos has emerged from the chaos"—Caillois writes—according to which the human being looks with nostalgia at a world that didn't know the hardship of work, where the desires were realized without finding themselves mutilated by any social prohibition. The Golden Age answers to this conception of a world without war and without commerce, without slavery and without private property. "But this world of light, of serene joy, of a simple and happy life"—Caillois clarifies further—"is at the same time a world of exuberant and disorderly creations, of monstrous and excessive fruitions."

"We, the most distant dwellers upon the earth, the last of the free, have been shielded ... by our remoteness and by the obscurity which has shrouded our name ... Beyond us lies no nation, nothing but waves and rocks"[ – *third century Pict chief Calgacus, upon capture by Romans* ].

The innovation of barbarism, if so we choose to call it, is found in the fact that it invites us neither to slaughter, torture or slit throats, nor to imagine an egalitarian and happy society. In the

explosion of its frenzy, barbarism proposes to us that we courageously rise to the dangerous, even unacceptable and anti-social, side of ourselves. From birth, we have found ourselves projected into an ethico-surgical social system, the purpose of which is to perform the maximum number of amputations on us in the name of the maximum level of order. Facing barbarism, we only have to give an answer to the basic question of our fullness.

It is no longer necessary to rely on goodwill or special favors. One can no longer pay ransom to the chief of purgatory, nor oil the palm of the guardian of hell; there is no longer a paradise where one could secure a seat in advance. – *Rene Daumal*

The world in which we live is a prison, the sections of which are called Work, Money, Commodity, and the yard time of which is granted as summer vacation. We were born and have always lived inside this prison universe. Hence, it is all we know. It is our nightmare and our security at the same time. And yet. As every prisoner knows well, our heart has counted the steps that separate us from the wall thousands and thousands of times, afterwards calculating the meters of bricks that it is necessary to climb. As every prisoner knows well, our eyes have scrutinized that thin line on the horizon that divides the barbed wire from the sky thousands and thousands of times so that we can then muse on the forms and colors that we glimpse dimly there. But we don't know what is there beyond the wall of this enclosure. Perhaps a marvelous landscape. Perhaps a dangerous jungle. Perhaps both. Every proposed conjecture is a lie. Certainly, there is freedom, whatever that may be. Once conquered, it is up to us to know how to maintain it and be able to take pleasure in it. It is up to us, as well, if we so choose, to renounce it, but not before we have tried it.

Now more than ever, it is time for defiance. To think one can escape from daily life is madness. And, besides, a solitary escapee would end up living a miserable life. But wanting to utterly destroy the prison in order to liberate everyone is a barbarity. By what right do we interfere in the lives of others? And yet. And yet, there is a point at which the desperation and anguish of having only incomplete and temporary prospects overturn in the determination to be oneself without delay, identify means and ends and found the sovereignty of revolt on nothing. When we arrive at this point, if we are not already there, will we know what to do? Or will we retreat in order to return to that which we know too well? [– *Dominique Misein*].

"The rooster constrained in the narrowness of the stall, surrounded by horses, with no other bedding at hand, was compelled to seek out a place on the treacherous floor with horse tramping all around. Being in serious danger for his fragile life, the rooster put forth the following prudent invitation: "I beg you, gentlemen, let us seek to keep ourselves steady on our feet; I fear that otherwise we may trample one another." – *ancient fable*

The atomic reality has not only deprived us of the possibility of negating the existent, but has also deprived us of the possibility of creating it positively, because in either case it's a question of imagining the end of the world or on the other hand the beginning of another world. Losing the capacity for absolute negation, we also lose the capacity for thinking and imagining the very notion of the totality. When we find ourselves facing a horizon with no way of escape, we are no longer facing a horizon, but a wall. And here we are before this wall, adapted to our miserable daily reality, condemned to the most indifferent irresponsibility with regards to a world in which we no longer feel ourselves capable of doing anything.

If one then passes from the armpit of social struggles to that of ideas, it becomes difficult to remain unimpressed by the way in which the exaltation of the fragmented on the part of the intellectual rabble—a contemporary phenomenon in the grip of the nuclear reality—seems to

have come expressly in order to confirm the exclusion of the totality as a category of thought. It's as if our critical modernity has had the obstruction of thought as its real aim, starting from the annulment of the subject in order to come in the end to the different undertakings of deconstruction, linguistically simulating the atomic disintegration of beings and things.

Here we are, reduced in advance to being less than what we are. We finally understand the boorish irresponsibility of a world that deprives itself in advance of the possibility of meaning through this deliberate refusal to conceive of the totality.

Anyone who persists in thinking that it is the sleep of reason, rather than the very state of the wakefulness of reason, that has generated monsters, anyone who persists in denouncing the bad use of technics rather than the technics themselves with their pathetic claims to solve every problem and free the human being from the effort of living, only helps to further tighten the noose that binds us to the present world.

If in the first half of the 20th century, the "life beyond our days" could appear within our reach, today this thirst for the dawn has been lost in a radioactive cloud. Now that our days on this earth might not be so numerous nor particularly susceptible to change, it seems that there is nothing left to do but beg for life here. Thus it is not difficult to measure the regression that has taken place on the pathway to utopia in the course of a few decades. In a world in which, as some have rightly maintained, survival of the species has become a revolutionary demand, revolutionaries have reduced themselves to demanding nothing beyond the continuation of the species. A question of common sense, no doubt. If someone wants to transform the world it is indeed necessary that it still exist. This is how the struggle for survival has come to replace the struggle for freedom without limits.

But once we've started along this decline, can we be amazed at the baseness of desires that are satisfied with a house, a car or an organized cruise? Perhaps in the name of a mythical past into which we continue to place all that we notice ourselves to be lacking even though we have never experienced it in the first person? Human community, the taste food once had, wild nature, the smell of books printed with a printing press, the skill of the old crafts and all the other pleasant, nostalgic longings of anyone who would like to go to sleep at night with the certainty of finding that when she wakes up in the morning the world will be as he left it. If it were this way, the radioactive wind would have nothing to do except raise the dust we have already become [– *Mare Alman*].

**RESISTANCE IS FRUITFUL!!!  
JUST SAY NO TO BORG!!!  
AGITATE! AGITATE!  
PICK UP A BRICK AND SMASH THE STATE!!!**

– *Parisiénne*

## scene 2: WHEELS IN THE HEAD

*Lecture at the Académie de Liberté é Sociologique.*

SCENE II: *Professor Fendersen delivers his lecture on revolution and the fixed idea.*

Man, your head is haunted; you have wheels in your head! You imagine great things, and depict to yourself a whole world of gods that has an existence for you, a spirit-realm to which you suppose yourself to be called, an ideal that beckons to you. You have a fixed idea [fixe Idee]!

What is it, then, that is called a "fixed idea"? An idea that has subjected the man to itself. When you recognize, with regard to such a fixed idea, that it is a folly, you shut its slave up in an asylum. Is not all the stupid chatter of most of our newspapers the babble of fools who suffer from the fixed idea of morality, legality, Christianity, and so forth, and only seem to go about free because the madhouse in which they walk takes in so broad a space? Touch the fixed idea of such a fool, and you will at once have to guard your back against the lunatic's stealthy malice. For these great lunatics are like the little so-called lunatics in this point too – that they assail by stealth him who touches their fixed idea. They first steal his weapon, steal free speech from him, and then they fall upon him with their nails. Every day now lays bare the cowardice and vindictiveness of these maniacs, and the stupid populace hurrahs for their crazy measures.

Subjects vegetate in subjection, virtuous people in virtue, liberals in humanity, without ever putting to these fixed ideas of theirs the searching knife of criticism. Undislodgable, like a madman's delusion, those thoughts stand on a firm footing, and he who doubts them – lays hands on the sacred! Yes, the "fixed idea," that is the truly sacred!

It is precisely among cultured people that fanaticism is at home.

The fixed idea may also be perceived as "maxim," "principle," "standpoint," and the like. Archimedes, to move the earth, asked for a standpoint outside it. Men sought continually for this stand-point, and every one seized upon it as well as he was able. This foreign stand-point is the world of mind, of ideas, thoughts, concepts, essences; it is heaven. Heaven is the "stand-point" from which the earth is moved, earthly doings surveyed and – despised. To assure to themselves heaven, to occupy the heavenly stand-point firmly and for ever – how painfully and tirelessly humanity struggled for this!

Christianity [religion, morality] has aimed to deliver us from a life determined by nature, from the appetites as actuating us, and so has meant that man should not let himself be determined by his appetites. This does not involve the idea that he was not to have appetites, but that the appetites were not to have him, that they were not to become fixed, uncontrollable, indissoluble. Now, could not what Christianity (religion) contrived against the appetites be applied by us to its own precept that mind (thought, conceptions, ideas, faith) must determine us; could we not ask that neither should mind, or the conception, the idea, be allowed to determine us, to become fixed and inviolable or "sacred"? Then it would end in the dissolution of mind, the dissolution of all thoughts, of all conceptions. As we there had to say, "We are indeed to have appetites, but the appetites are not to have us," so we should now say, "We are indeed to have mind, but mind is not to have us." If the latter seems lacking in sense, think of the fact that with so many a man a thought becomes a "maxim," whereby he himself is made prisoner to it, so that it is not he that has the maxim, but rather it that has him. And with the

maxim he has a "permanent standpoint" again. The doctrines of the catechism [of the state] become our principles before we find it out, and no longer brook rejection. Their thought, or – mind, has the sole power, and no protest of the "flesh" is further listened to. Nevertheless it is only through the "flesh" that I can break tyranny of mind; for it is only when a man hears his flesh along with the rest of him that he hears himself wholly, and it is only when he wholly hears himself that he is a hearing or rational being. The Christian does not hear the agony of his enthralled nature, but lives in "humility"; therefore he does not grumble at the wrong which befalls his person; he thinks himself satisfied with the "freedom of the spirit." But, if the flesh once takes the floor, and its tone is "passionate," "indecorous," "not well-disposed," "spiteful" (as it cannot be otherwise), then he thinks he hears voices of devils, voices against the spirit (for decorum, passionlessness, kindly disposition, and the like, is – spirit), and is justly zealous against them. He could not be a Christian if he were willing to endure them. He listens only to morality, and slaps unmorality in the mouth; he listens only to legality, and gags the lawless word. The spirit of morality and legality holds him a prisoner; a rigid, unbending master. They call that the "mastery of the spirit" – it is at the same time the standpoint of the spirit.

To know and acknowledge essences alone and nothing but essences, that is religion; its realm is a realm of essences, spooks, and ghosts.

The longing to make the spook comprehensible, or to realize non-sense, has brought about a corporeal ghost, a ghost or spirit with a real body, an embodied ghost. How the strongest and most talented Christians have tortured themselves to get a conception of this ghostly apparition! But there always remained the contradiction of two natures, the divine and human, the ghostly and sensual; there remained the most wondrous spook, a thing that was not a thing. Never yet was a ghost more soul torturing, and no shaman, who pricks himself to raving fury and nerve-lacerating cramps to conjure a ghost, can endure such soul-torment as Christians suffered from that most incomprehensible ghost.

Morality could not come into opposition with piety until after the time when in general the boisterous hate of everything that looked like an "order" (decrees, commandments, etc.) spoke out in revolt, and the personal "absolute lord" was scoffed at and persecuted; consequently it could arrive at independence only through liberalism, whose first form acquired significance in the world's history as "citizenship," and weakened the specifically religious powers. For, when morality not merely goes alongside of piety, but stands on feet of its own, then its principle lies no longer in the divine commandments, but in the law of reason, from which the commandments, so far as they are still to remain valid, must first await justification for their validity. In the law of reason man determines himself out of himself, for "Man" is rational, and out of the "essence of Man" those laws follow of necessity. Piety and morality part company in this – that the former makes God the lawgiver, the latter Man.

The difference is, then, whether feelings are imparted to me or only aroused. Those which are aroused are my own, egoistic, because they are not as feelings drilled into me, dictated to me, and pressed upon me; but those which are imparted to me I receive, with open arms – I cherish them in me as a heritage, cultivate them, and am possessed by them. Who is there that has never, more or less consciously, noticed that our whole education is calculated to produce feelings in us, impart them to us, instead of leaving their production to ourselves however they may turn out?

The intention is directed to these feelings, and he who should hear with pleasure the deeds of

the "bad" would have to be "taught what's what" with the rod of discipline. Thus stuffed with imparted feelings, we appear before the bar of majority and are "pronounced of age." Our equipment consists of "elevating feelings, lofty thoughts, inspiring maxims, eternal principles." The young are of age when they twitter like the old; they are driven through school to learn the old song, and, when they have this by heart, they are declared of age.

That is the meaning of the care of souls – that my soul or my mind be tuned as others think right, not as I myself would like it. How much trouble does it not cost one, finally to secure to oneself a feeling of one's own at the mention of at least this or that name, and to laugh in the face of many who expect from us a holy face and a composed expression at their speeches. What is imparted is alien to us, is not our own, and therefore is "sacred," and it is hard work to lay aside the "sacred dread of it."

This sort of seriousness proclaims clearly how old and grave lunacy and possession have already become. For there is nothing more serious than a lunatic when he comes to the central point of his lunacy; then his great earnestness incapacitates him for taking a joke.

Men are sometimes divided into two classes: cultured and uncultured. The former, so far as they were worthy of their name, occupied themselves with thoughts, with mind, and (because in the time since Christ, of which the very principle is thought, they were the ruling ones) demanded a servile respect for the thoughts recognized by them. state, emperor, church, God, morality, order, are such thoughts or spirits, that exist only for the mind. A merely living being, an animal, cares as little for them as a child. But the uncultured are really nothing but children, and he who attends only to the necessities of his life is indifferent to those spirits; but, because he is also weak before them, he succumbs to their power, and is ruled by – thoughts. This is the meaning of hierarchy.

Hierarchy is dominion of thoughts, dominion of mind! Thoughts are the sacred.

Spiritual men have taken into their head something that is to be realized. They have concepts of love, goodness, and the like, which they would like to see realized; therefore they want to set up a kingdom of love on earth, in which no one any longer acts from selfishness, but each one "from love." Love is to rule. What they have taken into their head, what shall we call it but – fixed idea? Why, "their head is haunted." The most oppressive spook is Man. Think of the proverb, "The road to ruin is paved with good intentions." The intention to realize humanity altogether in oneself, to become altogether man, is of such ruinous kind; here belong the intentions to become good, noble, loving, and so forth.

Moral influence takes its start where humiliation begins; yes, it is nothing else than this humiliation itself, the breaking and bending of the temper [Mut] down to humility [Demut]. If I call to some one to run away when a rock is to be blasted, I exert no moral influence by this demand; if I say to a child "You will go hungry if you will not eat what is put on the table," this is not moral influence. But, if I say to it, "You will pray, honour your parents, respect the crucifix, speak the truth, for this belongs to man and is man's calling," or even "this is God's will," then moral influence is complete; then a man is to bend before the calling of man, be tractable, become humble, give up his will for an alien one which is set up as rule and law; he is to abase himself before something higher: self-abasement. "He that abaseth himself shall be exalted." Yes, yes, children must early be made to practice piety, godliness, and propriety; a person of good breeding is one into whom "good maxims" have been instilled and impressed, poured in through a funnel, thrashed in and preached in.

If one shrugs his shoulders at this, at once the good wring their hands despairingly, and cry: "But, for heaven's sake, if one is to give children no good instruction, why, then they will run straight into the jaws of sin, and become good-for-nothing hoodlums!" Gently, you prophets of evil. Good-for-nothing in your sense they certainly will become; but your sense happens to be a very good-for-nothing sense. The impudent lads will no longer let anything be whined and chattered into them by you, and will have no sympathy for all the follies for which you have been raving and driveling since the memory of man began; they will abolish the law of inheritance; they will not be willing to inherit your stupidities as you inherited them from your fathers; they destroy inherited sin. If you command them, "Bend before the Most High," they will answer: "If he wants to bend us, let him come himself and do it; we, at least, will not bend of our own accord." And, if you threaten them with his wrath and his punishment, they will take it like being threatened with the bogieman. If you are no more successful in making them afraid of ghosts, then the dominion of ghosts is at an end, and nurses' tales find no – faith.

And is it not precisely the liberals again that press for good education and improvement of the educational system? For how could their liberalism, their "liberty within the bounds of law," come about without discipline? Even if they do not exactly educate to the fear of God, yet they demand the fear of Man all the more strictly, and awaken "enthusiasm for the truly human calling" by discipline.

It is believed that one cannot be more than man. Rather, one cannot be less!

Properly criticism says: You must liberate your ego from all limitedness so entirely that it becomes a human ego. I say: Liberate yourself as far as you can, and you have done your part; for it is not given to every one to break through all limits, or, more expressively: not to every one is that a limit which is a limit for the rest. Consequently, do not tire yourself with toiling at the limits of others; enough if you tear down yours. Who has ever succeeded in tearing down even one limit for all men? Are not countless persons today, as at all times, running about with all the "limitations of humanity?" He who overturns one of his limits may have shown others the way and the means; the overturning of their limits remains their affair. Nobody does anything else either. To demand of people that they become wholly men is to call on them to cast down all human limits. That is impossible, because Man has no limits. I have some indeed, but then it is only mine that concern me any, and only they can be overcome by me. A human ego I cannot become, just because I am I and not merely man.

The members of the estates are to remain within the limits that are traced for them by the charter, by the king's will, and the like. If they will not or can not do that, then they are to "step out." What dutiful man could act otherwise, could put himself, his conviction, and his will as the first thing? Who could be so immoral as to want to assert himself, even if the body corporate and everything should go to ruin over it? People keep carefully within the limits of their authorization; of course one must remain within the limits of his power anyhow, because no one can do more than he can. "My power, or, if it be so, powerlessness, be my sole limit, but authorizations only restraining – precepts? Should I profess this all-subversive view? No, I am a – law-abiding citizen!"

The commonalty professes a morality which is most closely connected with its essence. The first demand of this morality is to the effect that one should carry on a solid business, an honourable trade, lead a moral life. Immoral, to it, is the sharper, the demirep, the thief, robber, and murderer, the gamester, the penniless man without a situation, the frivolous man. The doughty commoner [citizen] designates the feeling against these "immoral" people as his

"deepest indignation."

All these lack settlement, the solid quality of business, a solid, seemly life, a fixed income, etc.; in short, they belong, because their existence does not rest on a secure basis to the dangerous "individuals or isolated persons," to the dangerous proletariat; they are "individual bawlers" who offer no "guarantee" and have "nothing to lose," and so nothing to risk. The forming of family ties binds a man: he who is bound furnishes security, can be taken hold of; not so the street-walker. The gamester stakes everything on the game, ruins himself and others – no guarantee. All who appear to the commoner suspicious, hostile, and dangerous might be comprised under the name "vagabonds"; every vagabondish [barbarian] way of living displeases him. For there are intellectual vagabonds too, to whom the hereditary dwelling-place of their fathers seems too cramped and oppressive for them to be willing to satisfy themselves with the limited space any more: instead of keeping within the limits of a temperate style of thinking, and taking as inviolable truth what furnishes comfort and tranquility to thousands, they overlap all bounds of the traditional and run wild with their impudent criticism and untamed mania for doubt, these extravagating vagabonds. They form the class of the unstable, restless, changeable, of the proletariat, and, if they give voice to their unsettled nature, are called "unruly fellows."

Such a broad sense has the so-called proletariat, or pauperism. How much one would err if one believed the commonalty to be desirous of doing away with poverty (pauperism) to the best of its ability! On the contrary, the good citizen helps himself with the incomparably comforting conviction that "the fact is that the good things of fortune are unequally divided and will always remain so – according to God's wise decree." The poverty which surrounds him in every alley does not disturb the true commoner further than that at most he clears his account with it by throwing an alms, or finds work and food for an "honest and serviceable" fellow. But so much the more does he feel his quiet enjoyment clouded by innovating and discontented poverty, by those poor who no longer behave quietly and endure, but begin to run wild and become restless. Lock up the vagabond, thrust the breeder of unrest into the darkest dungeon! He wants to "arouse dissatisfaction and incite people against existing institutions" in the state – stone him, stone him!

And now whom do the ordinary liberal gentlemen mean to make free? Whose freedom is it that they cry out and thirst for? The spirit's! That of the spirit of morality, legality, piety, the fear of God. That is what the anti-liberal gentlemen also want, and the whole contention between the two turns on a matter of advantage – whether the latter are to be the only speakers, or the former are to receive a "share in the enjoyment of the same advantage." The spirit remains the absolute lord for both, and their only quarrel is over who shall occupy the hierarchical throne that pertains to the "Viceregent of the Lord." The best of it is that one can calmly look upon the stir with the certainty that the wild beasts of history will tear each other to pieces just like those of nature; their putrefying corpses fertilize the ground for – our crops.

[The state]'s magic circle would be broken if the strained relation between existence and calling, that is, between me as I am and me as I should be, ceased; it persists only as the longing of the idea for its bodiliness, and vanishes with the relaxing separation of the two.

States last only so long as there is a ruling will and this ruling will is looked upon as tantamount to the own will. The lord's will is – law. What do your laws amount to if no one obeys them? What your orders, if nobody lets himself be ordered? The state cannot forbear the claim to determine the individual's will, to speculate and count on this. For the state it is indis-

pensable that nobody have an own will; if one had, the state would have to exclude (lock up, banish, etc.) this one; if all had, they would do away with the state. The state is not thinkable without lordship [Herrschaft] and servitude [Knechtschaft] (subjection); for the state must will to be the lord of all that it embraces, and this will is called the "will of the state."

He who, to hold his own, must count on the absence of will in others is a thing made by these others, as the master is a thing made by the servant. If submissiveness ceased, it would be over with all lordship.

The own will of Me is the state's destroyer; it is therefore branded by the state as "self-will." Own will and the state are powers in deadly hostility, between which no "eternal peace" is possible. As long as the state asserts itself, it represents own will, its ever-hostile opponent, as unreasonable, evil; and the latter lets itself be talked into believing this – indeed, it really is such, for no more reason than this, that it still lets itself be talked into such belief: it has not yet come to itself and to the consciousness of its dignity; hence it is still incomplete, still amenable to fine words.

Every state is a despotism, be the despot one or many. We are accustomed to classify states according to the different ways in which "the supreme might" is distributed. If an individual has it – monarchy; if all have it – democracy; etc. Supreme might then! Might against whom? Against the individual and his "self-will." The state practices "violence," the individual must not do so. The state's behaviour is violence, and it calls its violence "law"; that of the individual, "crime [Verbrechen]." Crime, then – so the individual's violence is called; and only by crime does he overcome [brechen] the state's violence when he thinks that the state is not above him, but he is above the state.

Now why, if freedom is striven after for love of the I after all – why not choose the I himself as beginning, middle, and end? Am I not worth more than freedom? Is it not I that make myself free, am not I the first? Even unfree, even laid in a thousand fetters, I yet am; and I am not, like freedom, extant only in the future and in hopes, but even as the most abject of slaves I am – present.

Think that over well, and decide whether you will place on your banner the dream of "freedom" or the resolution of "egoism," of "ownness." "Freedom" awakens your rage against everything that is not you; "egoism" calls you to joy over yourselves, to self-enjoyment; "freedom" is and remains a longing, a romantic plaint, a Christian hope for unearthliness and futurity; "ownness" is a reality, which of itself removes just so much unfreedom as by barring your own way hinders you. What does not disturb you, you will not want to renounce; and, if it begins to disturb you, why, you know that "you must obey yourselves rather than men!"

Am I perchance to have no lively interest in the person of another, are his joy and his weal not to lie at my heart, is the enjoyment that I furnish him not to be more to me than other enjoyments of my own? On the contrary, I can with joy sacrifice to him numberless enjoyments, I can deny myself numberless things for the enhancement of his pleasure, and I can hazard for him what without him was the dearest to me, my life, my welfare, my freedom. Why, it constitutes my pleasure and my happiness to refresh myself with his happiness and his pleasure. But myself, my own self, I do not sacrifice to him, but remain an egoist and – enjoy him

People are at pains to distinguish law from arbitrary orders, from an ordinance: the former comes from a duly entitled authority. But a law over human action (ethical law, state law, etc.) is always a declaration of will, and so an order. Yes, even if I myself gave myself the law,

it would yet be only my order, to which in the next moment I can refuse obedience. One may well enough declare what he will put up with, and so deprecate the opposite of the law, making known that in the contrary case he will treat the transgressor as his enemy; but no one has any business to command my actions, to say what course I shall pursue and set up a code to govern it. I must put up with it that he treats me as his enemy, but never that he makes free with me as his creature, and that he makes his reason, or even unreason, my plumb-line.

How change it? Only by recognizing no duty, not binding myself nor letting myself be bound. If I have no duty, then I know no law either.

"But they will bind me!" My will nobody can bind, and my disinclination remains free.

"Why, everything must go topsy-turvy if every one could do what he would!" Well, who says that every one can do everything? What are you there for, pray, you who do not need to put up with everything? Defend yourself, and no one will do anything to you! He who would break your will has to do with you, and is your enemy. Deal with him as such. If there stand behind you for your protection some millions more, then you are an imposing power and will have an easy victory. But, even if as a power you overawe your opponent, still you are not on that account a hallowed authority to him, unless he be a simpleton. He does not owe you respect and regard, even though he will have to consider your might.

Now, if I wanted to act ridiculously, I might, as a well-meaning person, admonish you not to make laws which impair my self-development, self-activity, self-creation. I do not give this advice. For, if you should follow it, you would be unwise, and I should have been cheated of my entire profit. I request nothing at all from you; for, whatever I might demand, you would still be dictatorial law-givers, and must be so, because a raven cannot sing, nor a robber live without robbery. Rather do I ask those who would be egoists what they think the more egoistic – to let laws be given them by you, and to respect those that are given, or to practice refractoriness, yes, complete disobedience. Good-hearted people think the laws ought to prescribe only what is accepted in the people's feeling as right and proper. But what concern is it of mine what is accepted in the nation and by the nation? The nation will perhaps be against the blasphemer; therefore a law against blasphemy. Am I not to blaspheme on that account? Is this law to be more than an "order" to me? I put the question.

Revolution and insurrection [Empörung] must not be looked upon as synonymous. The Revolution aimed at new arrangements; insurrection leads us no longer to let ourselves be arranged, but to arrange ourselves. It is not a fight against the established, since, if it prospers, the established collapses of itself; it is only a working forth of me out of the established. If I leave the established, it is dead and passes into decay.

The revolution commands one to make arrangements, the insurrection [Empörung] demands that he rise or exalt himself [empor-, aufrichten]. What constitution was to be chosen, this question busied the revolutionary heads, and the whole political period foams with constitutional fights and constitutional questions, as the social talents too were uncommonly inventive in societary arrangements (phalansteries and the like). The insurgent strives to become constitutionless. – *Max Stirner - 1845*

## ACT II: PROPERTY AND LOVE

ACT II: *Lecture at the Académie de Liberté é Sociologique.*

SCENE III: *Albert Einstein sits alone in his office pouring over old Dylan tunes for inspiration, while, in the adjacent hall, Professor Fendersën delivers his lecture on love, property and insurrection.*

BEGIN OPENING THEME MUSIC:

You must leave now, take what you need, you think will last.  
 But whatever you wish to keep, you better grab it fast.  
 Yonder stands your orphan with his gun,  
 Crying like a fire in the sun.  
 Look out the saints are comin' through  
 And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

The highway is for gamblers, better use your sense.  
 Take what you have gathered from coincidence.  
 The empty-handed painter from your streets  
 Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheets.  
 The sky, too, is folding under you  
 And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home.  
 All your reindeer armies, are all going home.  
 The lover who has just walked out your door  
 Has taken all his blankets from the floor.  
 The carpet, too, is moving under you  
 And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

Leave your stepping stones behind, something calls for you.  
 Forget the dead you've left, they will not follow you.  
 The vagabond who's rapping at your door  
 Is standing in the clothes that you once wore.  
 Strike another match, go start anew  
 And it's all over now, Baby Blue [ – Bob Dylan].

What a man as such cannot defend of bodily goods, we may take from him: this is the meaning of competition, of freedom of occupation. What he cannot defend of spiritual goods falls a prey to us likewise: so far goes the liberty of discussion, of science, of criticism.

On the spiritual side man's faith is such goods, his honour, his moral feeling – yes, his feeling of decency, modesty, etc. Actions (speeches, writings) that touch honour are punishable; attacks on "the foundations of all religion"; attacks on political faith; in short, attacks on everything that a man "rightly" has.

How far critical liberalism would extend the sanctity of goods – on this point it has not yet made any pronouncement, and doubtless fancies itself to be ill-disposed toward all sanctity; but, as it combats egoism, it must set limits to it, and must not let the un-man pounce on the human. To its theoretical contempt for the "masses" there must correspond a practical snub if it should get into power.

Property in the civic sense means sacred property, such that I must respect your property. "Respect for property!" Hence the politicians would like to have every one possess his little bit of property, and they have in part brought about an incredible parcellation by this effort. Each must have his bone on which he may find something to bite.

The position of affairs is different in the egoistic sense. I do not step shyly back from your

property, but look upon it always as my property, in which I need to "respect" nothing. Pray do the like with what you call my property!

With this view we shall most easily come to an understanding with each other.

The political liberals are anxious that, if possible, all servitudes be dissolved, and every one be free lord on his ground, even if this ground has only so much area as can have its requirements adequately filled by the manure of one person. (The farmer in the story married even in his old age "that he might profit by his wife's dung [Kot].") Be it ever so little, if one only has somewhat of his own – namely, a respected property! The more such owners, such cotters [Kotsassen], the more "free people and good patriots" has the state.

Political liberalism, like everything religious, counts on respect, humaneness, the virtues of love. Therefore does it live in incessant vexation. For in practice people respect nothing, and every day the small possessions are bought up again by greater proprietors, and the "free people" change into day-labourers.

If, on the contrary, the "small proprietors" had reflected that the great property was also theirs, they would not have respectfully shut themselves out from it, and would not have been shut out.

Proudhon (Weitling too) thinks he is telling the worst about property when he calls it theft (vol ). Passing quite over the embarrassing question, what well-founded objection could be made against theft, we only ask: Is the concept "theft" at all possible unless one allows validity to the concept "property"? How can one steal if property is not already extant? What belongs to no one cannot be stolen; the water that one draws out of the sea he does not steal. Accordingly property is not theft, but a theft becomes possible only through property. Weitling has to come to this too, as he does regard everything as the property of all: if something is "the property of all," then indeed the individual who appropriates it to himself steals.

Private property lives by grace of the law. Only in the law has it its warrant – for possession is not yet property, it becomes "mine" only by assent of the law; it is not a fact, not un fait as Proudhon thinks, but a fiction, a thought. This is legal property, legitimate property, guaranteed property. It is mine not through me but through the – law.

Nevertheless, property is the expression for unlimited dominion over somewhat (thing, beast, man) which "I can judge and dispose of as seems good to me." According to Roman law, indeed, *jus utendi et abutendi re sua, quatenus juris ratio patitur*, an exclusive and unlimited right; but property is conditioned by might. What I have in my power, that is my own. So long as I assert myself as holder, I am the proprietor of the thing; if it gets away from me again, no matter by what power, as through my recognition of a title of others to the thing – then the property is extinct. Thus property and possession coincide. It is not a right lying outside my might that legitimizes me, but solely my might: if I no longer have this, the thing vanishes away from me. When the Romans no longer had any might against the Germans, the world-empire of Rome belonged to the latter, and it would sound ridiculous to insist that the Romans had nevertheless remained properly the proprietors. Whoever knows how to take and to defend the thing, to him it belongs until it is again taken from him, as liberty belongs to him who takes it.

Only might decides about property, and, as the state (no matter whether state or well-to-do citizens or of ragamuffins or of men in the absolute) is the sole mighty one, it alone is propri-

etor; I, the unique, have nothing, and am only enfeoffed, am vassal and as such, servitor. Under the dominion of the state there is no property of mine.

I want to raise the value of myself, the value of ownness, and should I cheapen property? No, as I was not respected hitherto because people, mankind, and a thousand other generalities were put higher, so property too has to this day not yet been recognized in its full value. Property too was only the property of a ghost, the people's property; my whole existence "belonged to the fatherland"; I belonged to the fatherland, the people, the state, and therefore also everything that I called my own. It is demanded of states that they make away with pauperism. It seems to me this is asking that the state should cut off its own head and lay it at its feet; for so long as the state is the ego the individual ego must remain a poor devil, a non-ego. The state has an interest only in being itself rich; whether Michael is rich and Peter poor is alike to it; Peter might also be rich and Michael poor. It looks on indifferently as one grows poor and the other rich, unruffled by this alternation. As individuals they are really equal before its face; in this it is just: before it both of them are – nothing, as we "are altogether sinners before God"; on the other hand, it has a very great interest in this, that those individuals who make it their ego should have a part in its wealth; it makes them partakers in its property. Through property, with which it rewards the individuals, it tames them; but this remains its property, and every one has the usufruct of it only so long as he bears in himself the ego of the state, or is a "loyal member of society"; in the opposite case the property is confiscated, or made to melt away by vexatious lawsuits. The property, then, is and remains state property, not property of the ego. That the state does not arbitrarily deprive the individual of what he has from the state means simply that the state does not rob itself. He who is state-ego, a good citizen or subject, holds his fief undisturbed as such an ego, not as being an ego of his own. According to the code, property is what I call mine "by virtue of God and law." But it is mine by virtue of God and law only so long as – the state has nothing against it.

Pauperism is the valuelessness of me, the phenomenon that I cannot realize value from myself. For this reason state and pauperism are one and the same. The state does not let me come to my value, and continues in existence only through my valuelessness: it is forever intent on getting benefit from me, exploiting me, turning me to account, using me up, even if the use it gets from me consists only in my supplying a proles (proletariat); it wants me to be "its creature."

Pauperism can be removed only when I as ego realize value from myself, when I give my own self value, and make my price myself. I must rise in revolt to rise in the world.

What I produce, flour, linen, or iron and coal, which I toilsomely win from the earth, is my work that I want to realize value from. But then I may long complain that I am not paid for my work according to its value: the payer will not listen to me, and the state likewise will maintain an apathetic attitude so long as it does not think it must "appease" me that I may not break out with my dreaded might. But this "appeasing" will be all, and, if it comes into my head to ask for more, the state turns against me with all the force of its lion-paws and eagle-claws: for it is the king of beasts, it is lion and eagle. If I refuse to be content with the price that it fixes for my ware and labour, if I rather aspire to determine the price of my ware myself, that is, "to pay myself," in the first place I come into a conflict with the buyers of the ware. If this were stilled by a mutual understanding, the state would not readily make objections; for how individuals get along with each other troubles it little, so long as therein they do not get in its way. Its damage and its danger begin only when they do not agree, but, in the absence of a settle-

ment, take each other by the hair. The state cannot endure that man stand in a direct relation to man; it must step between as – mediator, must – intervene. What Christ was, what the saints, the Church were, the state has become – namely, "mediator." It tears man from man to put itself between them as "spirit." The labourers who ask for higher pay are treated as criminals as soon as they want to compel it. What are they to do? Without compulsion they don't get it, and in compulsion the state sees a self-help, a determination of price by the ego, a genuine, free realization of value from his property, which it cannot admit of. What then are the labourers to do? Look to themselves and ask nothing about the state? [*Max Stirner*]

\* \* \*

[All this talk of property and ego ...]

Am I perchance to have no lively interest in the person of another, are his joy and his weal not to lie at my heart, is the enjoyment that I furnish him not to be more to me than other enjoyments of my own? On the contrary, I can with joy sacrifice to him numberless enjoyments, I can deny myself numberless things for the enhancement of his pleasure, and I can hazard for him what without him was the dearest to me, my life, my welfare, my freedom. Why, it constitutes my pleasure and my happiness to refresh myself with his happiness and his pleasure. But myself, my own self, I do not sacrifice to him, but remain an egoist and – enjoy him. If I sacrifice to him everything that but for my love to him I should keep, that is very simple, and even more usual in life than it seems to be; but it proves nothing further than that this one passion is more powerful in me than all the rest. Christianity too teaches us to sacrifice all other passions to this. But, if to one passion I sacrifice others, I do not on that account go so far as to sacrifice myself, nor sacrifice anything of that whereby I truly am myself; I do not sacrifice my peculiar value, my ownness. Where this bad case occurs, love cuts no better figure than any other passion that I obey blindly. The ambitious man, who is carried away by ambition and remains deaf to every warning that a calm moment begets in him, has let this passion grow up into a despot against whom he abandons all power of dissolution: he has given up himself, because he cannot dissolve himself, and consequently cannot absolve himself from the passion: he is possessed.

I love men too – not merely individuals, but every one. But I love them with the consciousness of egoism; I love them because love makes me happy, I love because loving is natural to me, because it pleases me. I know no "commandment of love." I have a fellow-feeling with every feeling being, and their torment torments, their refreshment refreshes me too.

How now, has anybody or anything, whom and which I do not love, a right to be loved by me? Is my love first, or is his right first? Parents, kinsfolk, fatherland, nation, native town, etc., finally fellowmen in general ("brothers, fraternity"), assert that they have a right to my love, and lay claim to it without further ceremony. They look upon it as their property, and upon me, if I do not respect this, as a robber who takes from them what pertains to them and is theirs. I should love. If love is a commandment and law, then I must be educated into it, cultivated up to it, and, if I trespass against it, punished. Hence people will exercise as strong a "moral influence" as possible on me to bring me to love. And there is no doubt that one can work up and seduce men to love as one can to other passions – if you like, to hate. Hate runs through whole races merely because the ancestors of the one belonged to the Guelphs, those of the other to the Ghibellines.

But love is not a commandment, but, like each of my feelings, my property. Acquire, pur-

chase, my property, and then I will make it over to you. A church, a nation, a fatherland, a family, etc., that does not know how to acquire my love, I need not love; and I fix the purchase price of my love quite at my pleasure.

Love is a possessedness, not as my feeling – as such I rather keep it in my possession as property – but through the alienness of the object. For religious love consists in the commandment to love in the beloved a "holy one," or to adhere to a holy one; for unselfish love there are objects absolutely lovable for which my heart is to beat, such as fellow-men, or my wedded mate, kinsfolk, etc. Holy Love loves the holy in the beloved, and therefore exerts itself also to make of the beloved more and more a holy one (a "man").

The beloved is an object that should be loved by me. He is not an object of my love on account of, because of, or by, my loving him, but is an object of love in and of himself. Not I make him an object of love, but he is such to begin with; for it is here irrelevant that he has become so by my choice, if so it be (as with a fiancée, a spouse, and the like), since even so he has in any case, as the person once chosen, obtained a "right of his own to my love," and I, because I have loved him, am under obligation to love him forever. He is therefore not an object of my love, but of love in general: an object that should be loved. Love appertains to him, is due to him, or is his right, while I am under obligation to love him. My love, the toll of love that I pay him, is in truth his love, which he only collects from me as toll.

Every love to which there clings but the smallest speck of obligation is an unselfish love, and, so far as this speck reaches, a possessedness. He who believes that he owes the object of his love anything loves romantically or religiously.

Family love, as it is usually understood as "piety," is a religious love; love of fatherland, preached as "patriotism," likewise. All our romantic loves move in the same pattern: everywhere the hypocrisy, or rather self-deception, of an "unselfish love," an interest in the object for the object's sake, not for my sake and mine alone.

Religious or romantic love is distinguished from sensual love by the difference of the object indeed, but not by the dependence of the relation to it. In the latter regard both are possessedness; but in the former the one object is profane, the other sacred. The dominion of the object over me is the same in both cases, only that it is one time a sensuous one, the other time a spiritual (ghostly) one. My love is my own only when it consists altogether in a selfish and egoistic interest, and when consequently the object of my love is really my object or my property. I owe my property nothing, and have no duty to it, as little as I might have a duty to my eye; if nevertheless I guard it with the greatest care, I do so on my account.

Antiquity lacked love as little as do Christian times; the god of love is older than the God of Love. But the mystical possessedness belongs to the moderns.

The possessedness of love lies in the alienation of the object, or in my powerlessness as against its alienness and superior power. To the egoist nothing is high enough for him to humble himself before it, nothing so independent that he would live for love of it, nothing so sacred that he would sacrifice himself to it. The egoist's love rises in selfishness, flows in the bed of selfishness, and empties into selfishness again.

If I first said, I love the world, I now add likewise: I do not love it, for I annihilate it as I annihilate myself; I dissolve it. I do not limit myself to one feeling for men, but give free play to all that I am **capable** of. Why should I not dare speak it out in all its glaringness? Yes, I utilize the

world and men! With this I can keep myself open to every impression without being torn away from myself by one of them. I can love, love with a full heart, and let the most consuming glow of passion burn in my heart, without taking the beloved one for anything else than the nourishment of my passion, on which it ever refreshes itself anew. All my care for him applies only to the object of my love, only to him whom my love requires, only to him, the "warmly loved." How indifferent would he be to me without this – my love! I feed only my love with him, I utilize him for this only: I enjoy him [ – *Max Stirner*].

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everywhere the hypocrisy, or rather self-deception, of an "unselfish love," an interest in the object for the object's sake, not for my sake and mine alone ...

The possessedness of love lies in the alienation of the object, or in my powerlessness as against its [love's] alienness and superior power ...

[On the other hand,] the egoist's love rises in selfishness, flows in the bed of selfishness, and empties into selfishness again. – *Max Stirner*

So is 'love' an object one can possess? For Stirner to suggest that "true" love is always selfish sounds harsh to us. But love is possessed, ("my own") only in the sense in which my hunger is also "my own". It is the subject/noun only in the sense in which 'hunger' is. This is a statement of a process, and the process is only a relation between objects (or subjects), not a thing in itself. Nominalized love is reification in the colloquial language, deification in the poetic. 'Love' and 'hunger' are 'things' only to satisfy the linguistic or syntactic requirement that we can further refine or communicate our feelings of arousal or connection between the self and other.

Love has no meaning without the object or referent, for then it is unrequited and becomes a different "thing" entirely – it is sadness and remorse and no longer the *relation* between the subject (ego) and object of love (other). When I say "she stole my heart, then broke it", I have in fact lost nothing, not even my feelings. A relationship was denied. I have become alienated even from myself, since the self is not felt complete without the other, the one time when the mathematical equation,  $2 = 1$  is correct. Browning asked "*How do I love thee? Let me count the ways*".

Love then is also the behavior between lovers – the praxis of our feelings, the relationship (or its potential) demonstrated. Unlike the dimensions of a particular rock, relationships are infinitely variable because they are creatively, subjectively, emotionally valued. How indeed does one measure love?

Yet in our language and culture, even clichés of human relationships must be expressed in terms of economics and politics (and utility). It's basically a mathematical simplification of human relations to relations of give-and-take or one-oneupmanship and one-penmanships. It is about exchanges and equivalences. Is it even possible to imagine a merging or communication without the notions of addition, subtraction and subduction? A union or conciliation or interaction which does not entail dominance, theft, compromise and sacrifice? Perhaps our dialectical approach (that is, "conflict resolution") to social relations is why we have so much problem with the concepts of 'mutuality' and 'reciprocity' and even respect for 'diversity'. We banty about the words, but only in relation to a sense of moral obligation or the management of our utopias and other fantasies. Although we might tolerate diversity, do we ever actually celebrate it? It would seem we are attracted to the safety and security of a transubstantiation

of 'love' to mathematical reduction. We call this the application of 'reason' – our source of knowledge. This is a recipe for all behavior, accounting for our own separation and domination/subjugation as well as that of the other. My question: "Isn't there another kind of relationship?" In fact, don't we often embrace love, like an engrossing fantasy novel or dream-state, as our only waking escape from the alienation of the world of time and motion engineering and cost-benefit ratios?

If love is maintained as possessedness, which is to say "my love which I am free to share with whomever I please", then how are we to get around issues of competition and therefore domination between lovers? Suppose we were instead to consider love as a form of non-mathematical value – what our friend Mr. Marx might call a use value? The "egoistic" relation can only be seen as a subjective relationship. Love realized then describes the relationship as a mutual value – a mutual appreciation. Without the notion of property, the spirit which possesses civilized man, then marriage can *only* be seen as a community event. The community acknowledges and eventualizes the relationship with a feast, the sharing of "goods" – a sharing westerners have translated as "dowry" and "bride-price". The spirit of economics demands that this is an "exchange" enforced by the authority of patriarchs, the community, the state. It is not too far a jump to consider our spouses – loved ones – also as property.

But without the notion of property, where is there room in the world for the spirit of economics? Where also is there room for the spirit of politics, which gives rise to domination – force and withholding? What then would become of our relationships? Sharing is never an exchange, for nothing is lost or abandoned. Like the relationship between property and theft, could there be notions of piety, fealty or even adultery? If property can only be said to be that which is possessed, and is freely shared (rather than acquired or given), then where is there room for competition? What can be the object of a "competition between friends" besides property or position, which is to say "domination"? Then 'friendship' becomes reduced to a master-slave relationship or sado-masochism:

**masochism**

n.

1. A psychological disorder in which sexual gratification is derived from abuse or physical pain.
2. The deriving of pleasure from being dominated or mistreated. [After Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (1836-1895).]

**sadism**

n.

1. Psychology. The association of sexual gratification with infliction of pain on others.
2. Delight in cruelty. [After the Marquis de Sade (1740-1814)]

*There is no doubt that the tyrant is never loved, and loves nobody. Friendship is a sacred word, it is a holy thing, and it exists only between good people, it is kindled by mutual esteem. It is sustained not so much by favors as by a good life. What gives you confidence you can rely on a friend is the knowledge you have his integrity: the guarantors of that are his natural virtue, his trustworthiness and his constancy. Where there is cruelty, treachery and injustice there can be no friendship. Evil men are not companions of one another, they are conspirators. They have no mutual affection, but a mutual fear: they are not friends, but accomplices. – Boétie*

Competition and domination can only be described in terms of scarcity, and it is the imposition of scarcity which creates property. The alienation of love itself, that connection between the self and other, provides the ideological destruction of community. [ – *Fendersën*]

Economy – the domination of survival over life – is essential for the maintenance of all other forms of domination. Without the threat of scarcity, it would be difficult to coerce people into obedience to the daily routine of work and pay. We were born into an economized world. The social institution of property has made scarcity a daily threat. Property, whether private or communal, separates the individual from the world, creating a situation in which, rather than simply taking what one wants or needs, one is supposed to ask permission, a permission generally only granted in the form of economic exchange. In this way, different levels of poverty are guaranteed to everyone, even the rich, because under the rule of social property what one is not permitted to have far exceeds what one is permitted to have. The domination of survival over life is maintained.

Those of us who desire to create our lives as our own recognize that this domination, so essential to the maintenance of society, is an enemy we must attack and destroy. With this understanding, theft and squatting can take on significance as part of an insurgent life project. Welfare scamming, eating at charity feeds, dumpster diving and begging may allow one to survive without a regular job, but they do not in any way attack the economy; they are within the economy. Theft and squatting are also often merely survival tactics. Squatters who demand the "right to a home" or try to legalize their squats, thieves who work their "jobs" like any other worker, only in order to accumulate more worthless commodities – these people have no interest in destroying the economy ... they merely want a fair share of its goods. But those who squat and steal as part of an insurgent life, do so in defiance of the logic of economic property. Refusing to accept the scarcity imposed by this logic or to bow to the demands of a world they did not create, such insurgents take what they desire without asking anyone's permission whenever the possibility arises. In this defiance of society's economic rule, one takes back the abundance of the world as one's own – and this is an act of insurrection. In order to maintain social control, the lives of individuals have to be stolen away. In their place, we received economic survival, the tedious existence of work and pay. We cannot buy our lives back, nor can we beg them back. Our lives will only be our own when we steal them back – and that means taking what we want without asking permission. [ – *Feral Faun*]

As I see things, I am not a robber. In creating man, Nature gave him the right to live & man has the duty to exercise that right in full. So if society fails to provide him with the wherewithal to survive, the human being is entitled to seize what he needs from wherever there is plenty. – *Alexandre Jacob (1879-1954)*

### **Why revolutions fail**

Property is a notion about things. Ownership, the very basis of property establishes authority. In fact, this is even incorrect, for property and authority are the same phenomenon. It is always a matter of withholding or denying. This is the ethic of civilization. This is why anarcho-capitalism is an oxymoron, as is any ideology which promotes the maintenance of property and the abolition of authority. This is true even with the so-called humanistic equal redistribution of goods and services. Things must be appropriated before they are *re*-distributed. This is "production", which we (even humanistic socialists) are to venerate above all else. There is only one alternative to withholding or appropriation, and that is sharing. Sharing is always a matter of cooperation, and this is the foundation of community. It is no wonder that property destroys both individuality *and* community. Historic revolutions have always concerned themselves with the preservation of property through the control of productive forces. To the so-called "masses", who display far and away the most "common" sense, this has always triggered the response, "bullshit!" Enthralled by chains built by a lack of refusal and fear of per-

sonal annihilation, they would rather put their trust in a deity to come down and fix things than in any revolutionary movement.

The first time the Deity came down to earth, he brought life and death; when he came the second time, he brought hell.

Life was not a valuable gift, but death was. Life was a fever-dream made up of joys embittered by sorrows, pleasure poisoned by pain, a dream that was a nightmare-confusion of spasmodic and fleeting delights, ecstasies, exultations, happinesses, interspersed with long-drawn miseries, griefs, perils, horrors, disappointments, defeats, humiliations, and despairs – the heaviest curse devisable by divine ingenuity; but death was sweet, death was gentle, death was kind; death healed the bruised spirit and the broken heart, and gave them rest and forgetfulness; death was man's best friend; when man could endure life no longer, death came and set him free.

In time, the Deity perceived that death was a mistake; a mistake, in that it was insufficient; insufficient, for the reason that while it was an admirable agent for the inflicting of misery upon the survivor, it allowed the dead person himself to escape from all further persecution in the blessed refuge of the grave. This was not satisfactory. A way must be conceived to pursue the dead beyond the tomb.

The Deity pondered this matter during four thousand years unsuccessfully, but as soon as he came down to earth and became a Christian his mind cleared and he knew what to do. He invented hell, and proclaimed it. [– *Mark Twain*]

Nietzsche was driven mad upon reading Max Stirner's critique of property. He thought that the mere assassination of the deity would solve the problem. But we can see that with the death of god, property has become an even greater tyrant and destroyer of life and liberty with the advent of property's only begotten son, the commodity.

A major rift in the anarchist milieu has been between those who think that the insurrectionary negation, or refusal of power is all that is necessary to initiate "the revolution" and those who prefer the positive actions of initiating behavior which runs counter to the civilized ethic and which must accompany the refusal of that ethic. This is anarchist lifestylism which attempts to re-establish community. As Landauer noted, those "communities" which do not incorporate voluntary cooperation rather than coerced voluntarism, the willful sharing in communalism rather than the appropriative withholding in establishing "communal property", will only destroy the community and reproduce the state. A nostalgic return to community is what weighs on the minds of people everywhere. Those who are against this idea have lost their sense of humanity. Revolutionaries who chastise those lifestylists attempting to rebuild community display themselves "anti-human". [– *fendersën*]

Abstraction, mechanistic thinking and cold blooded logic lies at the root of the terrorist mentality, not as is commonly thought, emotionalism. They have accustomed themselves to living with concepts, no longer with men. [– *Gustav Landauer*]

If scarcity – which is created by property and managed by the rule of law (government and economy) – is abolished, the rulers and economists will disappear. Struggle is eliminated. That which is done at another's expense gives scarcity re-birth. And ruthlessness is the favorite son of scarcity. When the son, "Ruthlessness", beds his mother, "Scarcity", the children are named "Struggle" and "Toil". Thus, we name ourselves "The Children of Struggle". Through competition, our own incestuous relationship with our grandmother reincarnates her.

What becomes of our social relations when ruthless competition in the name of property is banished?

They become cooperative and sharing – that is to say, ruthlessly loving. Although it may ac-

cept these things as attractive – but only in an "ideal" land – they are as foreign to the state as Timbuktu was to the early colonialists: "In that land, there be dragons!"

What then is left when scarcity is annihilated?

Abundance.

What do folks do when faced with abundance?

They do not panic. They do not struggle. It is not quick-sand. They feast and Party.

And the secret police commit suicide.

Only the dying commit suicide. [ – *Carlos Dufús*].

*"All that [which] is called "material property", "private property", "exterior property" needs to become what the sun, the light, the sky, the sea, the stars are for individuals ... [then] only ethical and spiritual wealth is invulnerable. This is the true property of individuals"*

[ – *Renzo Novatore*].

The **meaning of life**, that is, "to live", can now be seen as the means to an insurrection: "Take pleasure, play with abundance, be nice to each other and say 'NO' to those who won't", to those who would shout out "thou shalt not!"

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?  
 Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?  
 I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin',  
 I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest,  
 Where the people are many and their hands are all empty,  
 Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,  
 Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,  
 Where the executioner's face is always well hidden,  
 Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,  
 Where black is the color, where none is the number,  
 And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,  
 And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it,  
 Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin',  
 But I'll know my song well before I start singin',  
 And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
 It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall [ – *Bob Dylan*].

### ACT III: FENDERSËNS ARREST

#### ACT III: Arrest at the pub

#### SCENE I: Hipple's – Bistro at the Public House on Busy Street, Liverpool, UK. – Liberty or Security? or, Take Cover! Can't you See the Pigs?

It was a dark and stormy night. After another day of lectures at the academé, Professor Fendersën stops off at Hipple's Pub to sooth his dry throat in fellowship with the other regulars.

Three uniformed bobbies enter the pub, led by a harassed young lieutenant of detectives named Smith.

Smith just had time to ask, "Say, why don't you people put tags on things?" when there was an interruption.

A man pushed his way past the policeman at the door. He was tall and gnarled and ugly, and his eyes were deep-set and bleakly blue. His clothes, unpressed and uncaring, hung on him like corrugated iron.

"What do you want?" Lieutenant Smith asked.

The ugly man flipped back his lapel, showing a small silver badge beneath. "I'm John Rath, [Blackwater] Security Division."

"Oh ... Sorry, sir," Lieutenant Smith said, saluting. "I didn't think you people would move in so fast" [- *Robert Sheckley*].

"Fendersën, You're under arrest! Come with us, NOW!"

Though you are a sneaking puppy, and so are all those who will submit to be governed by laws which rich men have made for their own security; for the cowardly whelps have not the courage otherwise to defend what they get by knavery; but damn ye altogether: damn them for a pack of crafty rascals, and you, who serve them, for a parcel of hen-hearted numbskulls. They vilify us, the scoundrels do, when there is only this difference, they rob the poor under the cover of law, forsooth, and we [criticize] the rich under the protection of our own courage. Had you not better make then one of us, than sneak after these villains for employment?

When the captain replied that his conscience would not let him break the laws of God and man, [Fendersën] continued:

You are a devilish conscience rascal, I am a free prince, and I have as much authority to make war on the whole world, as he who has a hundred sail of ships at sea, and an army of 100,000 men in the field; and this my conscience tells me: but there is no arguing with such sniveling puppies, who allow superiors to kick them about deck at pleasure [- *Daniel Defoe*].

Hipple's Regulars, generally ignoring the occasional pig in the pub, now gathered around the four enforcers of the law and shouted in unison, "Here! Here!"

Glistens of sweat were becoming apparent on Smith's upper lip, unencoutured by a mustache which more experienced officers wore. Rath, however, instinctively reached to his belt and

pushed a button on what looked like a pager. Its red light commenced to flashing with the obtrusive sound of "ping".

Just outside, twenty three heavily armored future Iran vets poured out of the plumbing truck with darkened windows parked at Hipple's curb in typical swat formation and stormed the pub, weapons firing in all directions. Smith was the first casualty.

Fendersen was drug out by his feet.

## ACT IV: FENDERSËNS ARRAIGNMENT

SCENE: Tucker Municipal Courthouse, Tucker, GA, former soviet republic

ACT IV: Fendersën's Arraignment

SCENE I: Arraigned at the courthouse

42 witnesses, all priests and minor bureaucrats, had testified as to Fendersën's treasonous lectures and comments. After six hours of testimony, the professor had his chance to speak to the assembly of judges.

Do you promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and ...

How do you plea, guilty or not guilty? asked the clerk. Fendersën answered:

Why need the judges know what I have spoken among friends? If I had wished them to know, I should have said it to them as I said it to my friends. I will not have them know it. They force themselves into my confidence without my having called them to it and made them my confidants; they will learn what I will keep secret. Come on then, you who wish to break my will by your will, and try your arts. You can torture me by the rack, you can threaten me with hell and eternal damnation, you can make me so nerveless that I swear a false oath, but the truth you shall not press out of me, for I will lie to you because I have given you no claim and no right to my sincerity. Let God, "who is truth," look down ever so threateningly on me, let lying come ever so hard to me, I have nevertheless the courage of a lie; and, even if I were weary of my life, even if nothing appeared to me more welcome than your executioner's sword, you nevertheless should not have the joy of finding in me a slave of truth, whom by your priestly arts you make a traitor to his will. When I spoke those treasonable words, I would not have had you know anything of them; I now retain the same will, and do not let myself be frightened by the curse of the lie [– *Max Stirner*].

"You will desist!" shouted the chief justice, Elizabeth Constance Elloise Chapman, repeatedly, but the good professor continued:

This court is an illusion, for the government is an illusion and a sham. Your legislators are paid lobbyists, minions of the corporation. If I had agreed to the social contract, I would still be under no obligation to abide by your laws, for I am not an employee of the corporation, and there is no longer a constitution. There is no longer a government or a citizen but for those in the corporation's employ. Needless to say, there are no more rights given as alms to the poor of intellect and therefore, there are no more responsibilities [– *Carlos Dufús*].

As Hipple's regulars had become collateral damage in the pub raid – those who did not stop a bullet were hauled off to labor camps – there was not a sympathetic face in the crowded Georgia courtroom. Shots from every direction impaled the poor professor. Some have speculated that the first shot was fired by the chief justice herself.

The Coroner's report, published in the Gazette that very afternoon read:

Syngë Fendersën Yngvaalsën, visiting professor from the Académé de Liberté é Sociologiqué and former regular of Hipple's, died last week from self-inflicted gunshot wounds to the face, shoulder and chest during a boating accident en voyagé to our fine state. Condolences and memoriums should be directed to his fiance, Elizabeth Constancé Elloise Chapman, LLP. [– *Tucker Gazette*].

The End

**ACT V: FURTHER CONVERSATIONS AT HIPPLE'S . . .**

**Including the complete Poetic Works of A. Runion Pollison**

**On The world:** Imagine the Creator as a stand up comedian – and at once the world becomes explicable. – *H.L. Mencken*

Progress is the myth that assures us that full-speed-ahead is never wrong. Ecology is the discipline that teaches us that it is disaster. – *Kirkpatrick Sale*

Despite the madness of war, we lived for a world that would be different. For a better world to come when all this is over. And perhaps even our being here is a step towards that world. Do you really think that, without the hope that such a world is possible, that the rights of man will be restored again, we could stand the concentration camp even for one day? It is that very hope that makes people go without a murmur to the gas chambers, keeps them from risking a revolt, paralyses them into numb inactivity. It is hope that breaks down family ties, makes mothers renounce their children, or wives sell their bodies for bread, or husbands kill. It is hope that compels man to hold on to one more day of life, because that day may be the day of liberation. Ah, and not even the hope for a different, better world, but simply for life, a life of peace and rest. Never before in the history of mankind has hope been stronger than man, but never also has it done so much harm as it has in this war, in this concentration camp. We were never taught how to give up hope, and this is why today we perish in gas chambers. – *Borowski [on Auschwitz]*

Let us have compassion for those under chastisement. Alas, who are we ourselves? Who am I & who are you? Whence do we come & is it quite certain that we did nothing before we were born? This earth is not without some resemblance to a jail. Who knows but that man is a victim of divine justice? Look closely at life. It is so constituted that one senses punishment everywhere. – *Victor Hugo*

That's quite a lovely Jackson Pollock, isn't it?...What does it say to you?

"It restates the negativeness of the universe. The hideous lonely emptiness of existence. Nothingness. The predicament of Man forced to live in a barren Godless eternity like a tiny flame flickering in an immense void with nothing but waste, horror and degradation forming a useless bleak straightjacket in a black absurd cosmos."

What are you doing Saturday night? "Committing suicide." What about Friday night? – *Woody Allen*

'To the clean are all things clean' – thus say the people. I, however, say unto you: To the swine all things become swinish! Therefore preach the visionaries and bowed-heads (whose hearts are also bowed down): 'The world itself is a filthy monster.' For these are all unclean spirits; especially those, however, who have no peace or rest, unless they see the world from the backside – the backworldsmen! To those do I say it to the face, although it sound unpleasantly: the world resembleth man, in that it hath a backside, – so much is true! There is in the world much filth: so much is true! But the world itself is not therefore a filthy monster! – *Nietzsche*

Human beings are not absurd, and the world is not absurd, but for humans to be in the world is absurd. Human beings, recognizing the limitations implied in being human in this world,

cannot create another world which ignores the absurdity of this existence – but they can revolt – *Albert Camus, paraphrased*

The scientists have told us "Man has transcended the state of animal nature via civilization". Today's headlines show us what appears the more obvious: "Nay, 'Man' is the 'Beast'." But I say unto you, "Belief in the great beast, the filthy monster, the leviathan is not absurd; but the beast itself is absurd, as is he who alternately promotes the grand intelligence of the species." Did I say "absurd"? It's a Greek fuckin' tragedy! – *fendersen*

The world is meaningless, this provokes us to construct meaning. Our situation is absurd, this provokes us to commitment. – *Frere Dupont*

We must be fond of the world, even in order to change it – *G. K. Chesterton*

We must change the world, even in order to love it – *P. J. Kaustic*

**On The Beat generation:** I realized either I was crazy or the world was crazy; and I picked on the world. And of course I was right. – *Jack Kerouac*

We were a generation of crazy, illuminated hipsters, suddenly rising and roaming America: serious, curious, bumming and hitchhiking everywhere. It never meant 'juvenile delinquents.' 'Beat,' doesn't mean tired or bushed, so much as it means *beato* the Italian for beatific, to be in a state of beatitude, like Saint Francis: trying to love all life, trying to be utterly sincere with everyone, practicing endurance, kindness, cultivating joy of heart – the subterranean heroes who were taking drugs, digging bop, having flashes of insight, experiencing the derangement of the senses, talking strange, being poor and glad." – *Jack Kerouac*

Woe onto those who spit on the Beat Generation. The wind'll blow it back. – *Jack Kerouac*

By avoiding society you become separate from society and being separate from society is being "beat". – *Gregory Corso*

I meant "beaten". The world is against me. – *Jack Kerouac*

We were leaving confusion and nonsense behind and performing our one and noble function of the time, (to) "move". – *Jack Kerouac*

Beat?: The draft dodgers of commercial civilization – *Ned Plotsky*

The psychic outlaw . . . the rebel cell in our social body – *Norman Mailer*

My aim is to agitate and disturb people. I'm not selling bread, I'm selling yeast. – *The not beat, but hip Miguel de Unamuno*

If you can't say "fuck", you can't say "fuck the government" – *Lenny Bruce*

**On Civilization:** Civilization is a limitless multiplication of unnecessary necessities – *Mark Twain*

Natives who beat drums to drive off evil spirits are objects of scorn to smart Americans who blow horns to break up traffic jams – *Mary Ellen Kelly*

We've arranged a civilization in which most crucial elements profoundly depend on science and technology. We have also arranged things so that almost no one understands science and technology. This is a prescription for disaster. We might get away with it for a while, but sooner or later this combustible mixture of ignorance and power is going to blow up in our

faces. – *Carl Sagan*

The world that we have made as a result of the level of thinking that we have done so far, has created problems we cannot solve at the level of thinking at which we created them. – *Albert Einstein*

Agriculture is now a motorized food industry, the same thing in its essence as the production of corpses in the gas chambers and the extermination camps, the same thing as blockades and the reduction of countries to famine, the same thing as the manufacture of hydrogen bombs. – *Heidegger, 1949*

**On Decision and Reaction:** If you come to a fork in the road, take it. – *Yogi Berra*

One day Alice came to a fork in the road and saw a Cheshire cat in a tree. "Which road do I take?" she asked. His response was a question: "Where do you want to go?" "I don't know," Alice answered. "Then," said the cat, "it doesn't matter." – *Lewis Carroll*

An action prompted by the life-instinct proves that it is a right action by the amount of joy that goes with it. – *Nietzsche*

The truth lies in a man's dreams...perhaps in this unhappy world of ours a worse madness is better than a foolish sanity." – *Cervantes, 16th century*

"Those who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night. – *Edgar Allan Poe*

Unless we change direction, we are likely to end up where we are headed – *Ancient Chinese proverb*

Above all, we must understand that in leaving the toxic ways of the present we are healing ourselves, our places, and our planet. We must rebel not as a last act of desperation but as a first act of creation. – *Sam Smith*

Instead of the machine being a giant to which the man is the pygmy, we must at last reverse the proportions until man is a giant to whom the machine is the toy. – *G K Chesterton*

**On Life:** I don't want to achieve immortality through my work. I want to achieve immortality through not dying. – *Woody Allen*

Center yourself in the Tao and evil will have no power. Not that it isn't there, but you'll be able to step out of its way. Give evil nothing to oppose and it will disappear by itself. – *Lao Tze*

Forget good and evil. Life is, then it gets interesting. – *Pamela Dufús*

Life is the hyphen between the two numbers engraved into the headstone. – *preacher at grandma's funeral*

A strong visual image was cast endless upon my breast,  
 By the smell of countless maggots swimming in orgy of rotting flesh.  
 This brought me to a sound I no more wish to hear,  
 Than their gentle fingers probing within my dying ear.  
 And as I scream they chant, like tightened piano string:  
 "Oh please, oh please, not again, not again".  
 - A. Runion Pollison, *The Immortal Corpse*

The proper function of man is to live, not to exist. – *Jack London*

Do You Believe In Life Before Death? – *auntie dave*

**On Tyranny:** Why not? "Alas! 'tis because I am poor and an orphan; because I have no more means and people are not esteemed save in reason of the aid and benefits one imagines may be had of them." – *de Sade's Justine*

There is no doubt that the tyrant is never loved, and loves nobody. Friendship is a sacred word, it is a holy thing, and it exists only between good people, it is kindled by mutual esteem. It is sustained not so much by favors as by a good life. What gives you confidence you can rely on a friend is the knowledge you have his integrity: the guarantors of that are his natural virtue, his trustworthiness and his constancy. Where there is cruelty, treachery and injustice there can be no friendship. Evil men are not companions of one another, they are conspirators. They have no mutual affection, but a mutual fear: they are not friends, but accomplices.  
 – *Boétie, 1548*

Abstraction, mechanistic thinking and cold blooded logic lay at the root of the terrorist mentality, not as is commonly thought, emotionalism. They have accustomed themselves to living with concepts, no longer with men. – *Gustav Landauer*

"Virtue," "duty," "good for its own sake," goodness grounded upon impersonality or a notion of universal validity -- these are all chimeras, and in them one finds only an expression of the decay, the last collapse of life, the Chinese spirit of Königsberg. Quite the contrary is demanded by the most profound laws of self-preservation and of growth: to wit, that every man find his own virtue, his own categorical imperative.[...] Nothing works a more complete and penetrating disaster than every "impersonal" duty, every sacrifice before the Moloch of abstraction. -- To think that no one has thought of Kant's categorical imperative as dangerous to life!...The theological instinct alone took it under protection! -- An action prompted by the life-instinct proves that it is a right action by the amount of joy that goes with it: and yet that Nihilist, with his bowels of Christian dogmatism, regarded joy as an objection . . . What destroys a man more quickly than to work, think and feel without inner necessity, without any deep personal desire, without joy -- as a mere automaton of duty? – *Nietzsche*

**On Democracy:** As the famous poet, A. Runnion Polisson, once said in his epic poem *On Maple Street* – *An ode to Rod Serling*:

And Jesus said to passersby, "Let's abolish ruling!"  
 "Agreed!", ourselves replied so loud, "Hip! Hip! Let's make *him* king!"  
 "I mean let's all be parallel!" said he, outright bemused.  
 "That's mystery, but sounds so keen!" they went away confused.  
 The king's men they got worried, "What shall we do, oh boss?"  
 "I've got it!" the nimble-wit he pawed,

"Let's spike that bastard to a cross!"  
 "Or put him in the salt mines!"  
 "Or make him row a boat!"  
 "Or maybe folks should gather round and put it to a vote!"

Grey Man looked at Lizard Man, his brother in a way,  
 And said "With such a spectacle,  
 We might just get away  
 With taking o'er the whole show and them without a clue"  
 "Or should we just go home again  
 Before we catch bird flu!"

Lizard looked at Grey Man, and blinked his lidless eye,  
 And said "with such an attitude,  
 You may as well obey  
 This dictum I must now repeat, (as often that I must),  
 'Choosers will be beggars 'fore they're turned right into dust!'"

"Stop! I'm getting hungry!", so eloquently said Grey  
 "Adjourn to lunch! Me thinks I saw some dust mites 'long the way".  
 "Those dust mites love the earthmen, and we in turn love they!"

- A. *Runnion Polisson*

"Democracy is two wolves and a sheep deciding what's for breakfast." – B. *Franklin*

Vote: the instrument and symbol of a freeman's power to make a fool of himself and a wreck of his country. – *Ambrose Bierce*

There is nothing more odious than the majority. It consists of a few powerful men who lead the way; of accommodating rascals & submissive weaklings; & of a mass of men who trot after them without in the least knowing their own minds. – *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

However much you claim to be against property or even against the state, if you support democracy you are actually for property and for the state. ...To me, "planning" implies that we all get together and decide what we are going to be doing for the next 5 years and then we go away and do it. This sounds like another example of fetishising the moment of decision-making...(Democracy involves a) separation between decision making and action – nothing can be done until everybody has had a chance to discuss it. ...Democratic structures take the "war of all against all" for granted, and institutionalise it. – *Wildcat*

Democracy is opposed to 'communism' (a break with the social traditions of atomization and exclusion). 'Communism' endeavors to build community and relies, not on atomization, but solidarity and trust between people. Personally, I don't see the difference between representative authority (parliament/congress), collective authority (consensus democracy) and kingly authority (monarchy) from the individual's perspective. All impose law, which is nothing but exclusion and restriction – the basis of property. Subjugation to the outcomes of voting can only be a matter of acquiring permissions by acknowledging the authority of the permit. A social agreement should not be confused with democracy unless it is made permanent and binding (reified) regardless of changing circumstances. Circumstances always change. If all are in agreement, there is no need for a vote. If nothing *can* be done without consensus, nothing *will* be done except in a society of automatons – democracy discounts diversity in-

stead of celebrating it. – *fendersen*

Democracy has proved only that the best way to gain power over people is to assure the people that they are ruling themselves. Once they believe that, they make wonderfully submissive slaves. – *Joseph Sobran*

**On Obedience:** All their life was spent not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds when they thought good; they did eat, drink, labour, sleep, when they had a mind to it and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did offer to constrain them to eat, drink, nor to do any other thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule and strictest tie of their order there was but this one clause to be observed,

Do What Thou Wilt;

because men that are free, well-born, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions, and withdraws them from vice, which is called honour. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition by which they formerly were inclined to virtue, to shake off and break that bond of servitude wherein they are so tyrannously enslaved; for it is agreeable with the nature of man to long after things forbidden and to desire what is denied us. – *François Rabelais, 1532*

What do we call persuasive dialectics? Enough masterdebation – Just say No! – *fendersen*

A rapist has no need to actually be violent so long as his victim is passive. – *Joseph K*

**The Justice and Morality of Government:** To be governed is to be watched over, inspected, spied on, directed, legislated, regimented, closed in, indoctrinated, preached at, controlled, assessed, evaluated, censored, commanded; all by creatures that have neither the right, nor wisdom, nor virtue... To be governed means that at every move, operation, or transaction one is noted, registered, entered in a census, taxed, stamped, priced, assessed, patented, licensed, authorized, recommended, admonished, prevented, reformed, set right, corrected. Government means to be subjected to tribute, trained, ransomed, exploited, monopolized, extorted, pressured, mystified, robbed; all in the name of public utility & the general good. Then, at the first sign of resistance or word of complaint, one is repressed, fined, despised, vexed, pursued, hustled, beaten up, garroted, imprisoned, shot, machine-gunned, judged, sentenced, deported, sacrificed, sold, betrayed, & to cap all, ridiculed, mocked, outraged & dishonored. That is government, that is its justice & its morality! – *P. J. Proudhon*

I heartily accept the motto, – "That government is best which governs least;" & I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly & systematically. Carried out, it finally amounts to this, which I also believe, – "That government is best which governs not at all;" & when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have. – *Henry David Thoreau, On the Duty of Civil Disobedience*

Within mainstream discourse, and particularly in texts like the one by Matthew Arnold whose title I have deliberately appropriated here, the terms "culture" and "anarchy" are regarded as antithetical. Any putative tendencies toward anarchy become a pretext to entreat authority to intervene and reestablish order and culture. But for proponents of anarchy this polarization clearly remains unacceptable. For the latter, the primary aim becomes the development of a culture of anarchy. Unfortunately, however, this project has been poorly served by anarchist

thinkers who for the most part have remained mired in politics. Little seems less anarchic than jejune fantasies, presented with evident yet rather pathetic glee, of a future peopled with wholesome types whose entire *raison d'être* and greatest pleasure resides in orderly discussion and voting at neighbourhood or communal assemblies. I am not referring here to the visions of Utopian dreamers à la Morris, but to the prevailing impressions which exude through major anarchist texts, including those by contemporaries such as Murray Bookchin. In such works, many shibboleths are discarded, but not the one designated as politics; the future emerges as a place freed from all governance, except the rule of politics itself. Of course, communal decision-making processes should not be denigrated, and must play an important role in any future anarchy. But to envision a fresh culture around such a dessicated structure remains absurd, and fuels the popular suspicion that militants are only interested in recreating humanity in their own atrophied image, with a greatly distended political consciousness, but merely a rudimentary capacity for existential experience and appreciation. Given that anarchism has partly relied upon the vibrancy of its ideas and the exemplary actions of its adherents to transform popular praxis, its marginal appeal remains hardly surprising. Frankly, whatever vigour inheres in certain features, its notions of a politicized future are bland and unappetizing, and its conception of an adequate basis for a culture of anarchy remains almost nonexistent.

"Anarchy can be defined as maintaining a field of infinite potentialities." – *John Moore*

"Theories of liberation are the clothes of dictators." – *Fredy Perlman*

**On Organics:** The brain is my second favorite organ – *Woody Allen*

[Isn't this just another chicken 'n egg argument?] A hen is only an egg's way of making another egg. – *Samuel Butler, 1877*

If you think this is a chicken 'n egg argument, you have stumbled upon the fundamental principle of existence. – *Catilina 'Sneaky' Fromb*

The dominant Western kind of awareness is probably incapable of sustaining a viable human relationship with the world because it objectifies everything. Modernity is unique in the depth of its objectification, universalizing to the entire world the despotic attitude that everything is an "it" serving as his or her "property." The democratization of despotism is reflected in contemporary economic theory, and universalizing of science as the only road to knowledge.

The silver lining here is that universalizing despotic relations to the non-human delegitimizes their use between people. At the threshold of the human world we have drawn a cultural and psychological line. We know that people are resources, but also that they are not only resources. Modernity teaches us that anything into which we can enter a relationship is not properly simply a resource. Friendship can be a valuable resource, but friendship exists only when the relationship is not considered a resource by those involved. Friendship is a relation of Thous, and only from the outside, where its utility is visible but the rest of its meaning is not, can it appear to be a relationship of Its.

... a true harmonization of humankind with the other lives and powers of this place requires us, like the beaver, the buffalo, and the salmon, to create greater beauty and abundance as a result of our actions rather than in spite of them. – *Gus diZerega*

When we try to pick out anything by itself, we find it hitched to everything else in the universe.  
 – *John Muir, 1869*

**On Being and appearance:** There is no clear-cut distinction between being and ways of appearing. (There is) a primordial interrelation of perceiving and perceived, something which is sometimes expressed as the reversibility of touching and being touched, where (even) 'generosity' has a dual sense of giving and being given. ... Meaning is a certain reversibility of the visible and the invisible – the visible is not the opposite of the invisible but rather its doubling. Meanings are not subordinated to signs, nor vice versa. ... Meaning cannot be attributed purely to ideas; if a painting is torn apart, it no longer has meaning but is rather returned to strips of canvas.

Consciousness, the world, and the human body as a perceiving thing are intricately intertwined and mutually 'engaged'. The phenomenal thing is not the unchanging object of the natural sciences, but a correlate of our body and its sensory functions. Taking up and coinciding with the sensible qualities it encounters, the body as incarnated subjectivity intentionally reconstructs things within an ever-present world frame, through use of its pre-conscious, pre-predicative understanding of the world's make-up. Things are that upon which our body has a grip, while the grip itself is a function of our connaturality with the world's things.

...The essential partiality of our view of things, their being given only in a certain perspective and at a certain moment in time does not diminish their reality, but on the contrary establishes it, as there is no other way for things to be co-present with us and with other things than through such "Abschattung" (Shading).

...Each object is a "mirror of all others." Our perception of the object through all perspectives is not that of athetic, propositional, or clearly delineated perception. Rather, it is an ambiguous perception founded upon the body's primordial involvement and understanding of the world and of the meanings that constitute the landscape's perceptual Gestalt. Only after we have been integrated within the environment so as to perceive objects as such can we then turn our attention toward particular objects within the landscape so as to more clearly define them. (This attention, however, does not operate by clarifying what is already seen, but by constructing a new Gestalt oriented toward a particular object.) – *wikipedia on Merleau-ponty*

The notion of infinity demands relativity, for in an infinite structure (a structure which can be nothing if it is not our perception of "orderly" relations) every point is simultaneously its center – there can be no unique center where there are no boundaries. It seems then, we impose our own center in what was a centerless structure by the very focus of our perception informed by sensation, and this in turn delimits the boundary of the gestalt, the limits of perception, the skin of the structure. As our gaze moves, so do the perceived relations or 'connections', and the structure transforms into something new. Beyond our perception, nothing has changed. This process differentiates perception, cognition (or cognitive restructuring), and so-called "empirical reality" of which we, even as observers, are an active part. Permanence is impossible, reality is illusive, essence is unlikely, our memories fail increasingly. When we try to speak of it, we are left only with metaphor – shared perceptions can only achieve approximation. – *fendersen*

Behind (Otto) Gross' emphatic focus on transgression lies a profound realisation of the interconnectedness of everyone and everything. Therefore all boundaries may be seen as arbitrary and transgressing boundaries then becomes a protest against their unnaturalness.

From a psychopathological perspective it would be all too facile to diagnose – not unreasonably, though – a father complex, an unresolved incestuous tie to the mother, a neurotic longing for paradise as a return to the womb etc., etc. Very similar diagnoses, incidentally, could easily be made of the other founding fathers of analysis. But this would mean that we remain in the compartmentalized realm of reason and rationality alone, where everything and everybody is separated from everything and everybody else. – *Gottfried Heuer*

...Taking the study of perception as his point of departure, Merleau-Ponty was led to recognize that one's own body (*le corps propre*) is not only a thing, a potential object of study for science, but is also a permanent condition of experience, a constituent of the perceptual openness to the world and to its investment. He ... recognizes a corporeality of consciousness as much as an intentionality of the body, and so stands in contrast with the dualist ontology of mind and body in René Descartes.

...corporeality intrinsically has a dimension of expressivity which proves to be fundamental to the constitution of the Ego.

“In so far as I have hands, feet; a body, I sustain around me intentions which are not dependent on my decisions and which affect my surroundings in a way that I do not choose”. – *wikipedia on Merleau-ponty*

Not "I have", rather "I am" – *Popeye the Sailor*, [in an existential moment over a barrel of grog; see also – *god*]

Colonies or communities of microbes friendly to us,  
contained in benign tubercle, or flowing within our principle,  
wax civilized with grandiosity and aims of bold conquest.

Their groups diversify, with intruded "foreign body" or undue exigence.  
That which defines community is extincted –  
namely, symbiosis, reciprocity or inter-independence.

Restored by that famous system, "Immune",  
(our corporear, warrior society),  
or on the other hand, do we assume,  
of pain we suffer terribly,  
and die  
at best  
exquisitely.

- A. Runion Pollison, *The Illness of Civilization*

**On Magic:** The primacy of nonhuman nature for magicians, and the centrality of their relation to other species and to the Earth, is not always evident to Western researchers. Countless anthropologists have managed to overlook the ecological dimension of the shaman's craft, while writing at great length of the shaman's rapport with "supernatural" entities. We can attribute much of this oversight to the modern, civilized assumption that the natural world is largely determinate and mechanical, and that what is experienced as mysterious, powerful, and beyond human ken must therefore be of some other, nonphysical realm above nature--"supernatural." Nevertheless, that which is viewed with the greatest awe and wonder by indigenous, oral cultures is, I suggest, none other than what we would call nature itself.

The deeply mysterious powers and entities with whom the shaman enters into a rapport are the same forces--plants, animals, forests, and winds--that to literate, "civilized" Europeans are just so much scenery, the pleasant backdrop of our more pressing human concerns...it is likely that the "inner world" of our Western psychological experience, like the supernatural heaven of Christian belief, originated in the loss of our ancestral reciprocity with the living landscape. When the animate presences with whom we have evolved over several million years are suddenly construed as having less significance than ourselves, when the generative earth that gave birth to us is defined as a soulless or determinate object devoid of sensitivity and sentience, then that wild otherness with which human life had always been entwined must migrate, either into a supersensory heaven beyond the natural world, or else into the human skull itself--the only allowable refuge, in this world, for what is ineffable and unfathomable. –

*David Abram*

**On Time:** "Time is an illusion. Thursdays doubly so!" – *Douglas Adams*

"I was in time again, hearing the watch. It was Grandfather's & when Father gave it to me he said, *Quentin, I give you the mausoleum of all hope & desire; it's rather excruciatingly apt that you will use it to gain the reducto absurdum of all human experience which can fit your individual needs no better than it fitted his or his father's. I give it to you not that you may remember time, but that you might forget it now & then for a moment & not spend all your breath trying to conquer it. Because no battle is ever won* he said. *They are not even fought. The field only reveals to man his own folly & despair, & victory is an illusion of philosophers & fools.*" – *William Faulkner, The Sound & the Fury*

Suppose time, the illusion that is, were a table-cloth which we could grab at the edge with both hands and yank out from under all existence and discard it over our shoulder into the oblivion of nothingness. We would witness the simultaneity of all being. Yet synchronicity surprises us! We could also experience reciprocity as the only timeless social relation, for the distinction between immediate return and delayed gratification would likewise disappear. Without pondering the great questions of the purpose and reason for life and the pay-off at its end, we might just begin to enjoy it. The goal of the child at play is to continue playing – life contains its own purpose, and that is demonstrated in the "will to live". – *Catilina 'Sneaky' Fromb*

**On Homo Mutilans:** Perhaps the most profound name ever bestowed upon a species, was that given to human beings by Karl Linnaeus in 1753 in his great book *Systema Naturae* – namely, *Homo Sapiens*. Linnaeus briefly epitomized this with the words; "Man, know thyself" (*Homo nosce Te ipsum*). This sounds like an injunction, and it is; but it was also intended to underscore the fact that human beings are the only creatures in the world capable of self-consciousness and contemplation and characterized by an unparalleled creativity.

Yet an impartial survey of Homo sapiens' record since 1753, would suggest that Oscar Wilde, as usual, was on the mark when he said that Homo sapiens was the most premature definition ever given a species. A possible improvement might be, in demotic English, "the wise guy, too clever by far for his own good." Perhaps the more appropriate appellation at this stage of human maldevelopment would be *Homo sap*, "the addlepatated one." Not that the wisdom is not there as a potentiality. It is. Every child is born with the wisdom of its body and of its mind, striving to develop and grow in an environment that satisfies its basic behavioral needs, to grow and develop in physical and mental health. By mental health I mean the ability to love, to work, to play, and to think critically. Alas, this ability has been confused and adul-

terated by adults, who have rarely consulted the child and have instead ritually imposed their own adult confusions upon the child. Perhaps that explains why most adults are largely deteriorated babies. That is why to be born into the human family is to be in danger of suffering the usual mental and sometimes physical mutilations to which children are made to submit.

I think it would be greatly to our advantage if, instead of calling ourselves *Homo sapiens*, we called ourselves *Homo mutilans*, the mutilating species, the species that mutilates both mind and body, often in the name of reason, of religion, tradition, custom, morality, and law. Were we to adopt such a name for our species, it might focus our attention upon what is wrong with us and where we might begin setting ourselves right... – *Ashley Montagu*

**On Childrearing:** The basic pattern of social behavior in the human species lies in the relation between mother and child. She has carried that child in a womb for 266 and a half days, which is actually the average from conception to birth (not delivery:doctors "deliver" babies but shouldn't). Babies get themselves naturally born, in most cases, and that child is looking forward to a continuation of the life that it had in the womb, which was sort of ideal. The temperature and pressure are constant, no work is required, and he or she is looking forward to a continuation of this. What they are looking forward to is a "womb with a view."

But they are expelled rather roughly and usually taken away from their mother, which is wrong. It's physiologically and psychologically wrong. Both baby and mother need each other more at that time than they ever will again. The baby should be put to nurse at the mother's breast, whereat it induces an enormous number of wonderful changes in the mother which she needs, such as the arresting of postpartum hemorrhage, which no obstetrician can do as well as the suckling baby, for there is more intelligence in the upper and lower lip of the newborn than in the brains of the obstetricians put together.

There is love between those two. All of this is communicated through touch, which would be lost if the baby were taken away from the mother. If you want to know what love is, interrupt what is going on between them and you will perceive the negative effects, the frustration of love. That baby is wanting to love. Striving to love. By not separating them, you not only enable them to live longer but you enable them to grow and develop rapidly in the ability to love themselves...

What is frustration? It is the thwarting of an expected satisfaction. What every baby expects is to be loved. When you thwart that expectation, you make the person sink lower and lower into despair and frustration, and to react in hostility, aggressiveness: "I don't care a damn about you anymore. You haven't cared a damn about me; why should I worry about you? Why should I become involved in all this?" This is the massive alienation, the disengagement, the detachment which we are suffering from in our culture, for hatred is love frustrated. –

*Ashley Montagu*

Childlike obstinacy and intractability have as much right as childlike curiosity. The latter is being stimulated; so one shall also call forth the natural strength of the will, opposition. If a child does not learn self-awareness, then he plainly does not learn that which is most important. They do not suppress his pride or his frankness. My own freedom is safe from his wild spirits. If pride turns into spite, then the child approaches me with violence; I do not have to endure this since I am just as free as the child. Must I however defend myself against him by using the convenient rampart of authority? No, I oppose him with the strength of my own freedom; thus the spite of the child will break up by itself. Whoever is a complete person does not need

to be an authority. And if frankness breaks out into insolence, then this loses its vigor in the tender strength of a true wife in her motherliness or in the firmness of the husband; he is very weak who must call to authority for help and he does wrong if he thinks to improve the impudent as soon as he makes him fearful. To promote fear and respect; those are things that belong with the period of the dead rococo. – *Max Stirner*

**On Education:** Our good background of recalcitrancy gets strongly suppressed and with it the development of knowledge to free will. The result of school life then is philistinism. Just as we found our way into and permeated everything with which we were confronted during our childhood, so we discover and conduct ourselves in later years, resign ourselves to the times, become its servants and so-called good citizens. Where then will a spirit of opposition be strengthened in place of the subservience which has been cultivated until now, where will a creative person be educated instead of a learning one, where does the teacher turn into a fellow worker, where does he recognize knowledge as turning into will, where does the free man count as a goal and not the merely educated one? Unfortunately, only in a few places yet. The insight must become more universal, not so that education, civilization, the highest task of man is decided, but rather self-application. Will education be neglected for that reason? Just as little as we are disposed to suffer loss of freedom of thought while we change it into freedom of will and glorify it. If man puts his honor first in relying upon himself, knowing himself and applying himself, thus in self-reliance, self-assertion, and freedom, he then strives to rid himself of the ignorance which makes out of the strange impenetrable object a barrier and hindrance to his self-knowledge. If one awakens in men the idea of freedom then the free men will incessantly go on to free themselves; if, on the contrary, one only educates them, then they will at all times accommodate themselves to circumstances in the most highly educated and elegant manner and degenerate into subservient cringing souls. What are our gifted and educated subjects for the most part? Scornful, smiling slave-owners and themselves slaves ... What do we complain about then when we take a look at the shortcomings of our school education of today? About the fact that our schools still stand on the old principle, that of will-less knowledge. The new principle is that of the will as glorification of knowledge. Therefore no "Concordat between school and life," but rather school is to be life and there, as outside of it, the self-revelation of the individual is to be the task. The universal education of school is to be an education for freedom, not for subservience: to be free, that is true life. The insight into the lifelessness of humanism should have forced realism to this knowledge. – *Max Stirner*

I'm bewildered that educators aren't ashamed to run classrooms that compare unfavorably with school restrooms as places where kids want to be. I suggest that is a far greater problem than treating kids with enough respect to let them control their own bodily functions. I never knew any good teachers who were afraid of competition from outside distractions, but I knew of many bad ones who were.

As for the "you can't criticize us unless you're willing to join us" nonsense, excuse me but piss off. It's precisely the authoritarian conformity imposed by mediocre half wits that made school so awful in the first place – why would anyone want to go back and perpetuate it? This is just a filter to prevent criticism -- because anyone who can stay in the typical school for more than a year or two is precisely the kind of person who can convince themselves that the need for order justifies controlling the bowel habits of young adults ... – *William S. Borroughs*.

"a free state -- to be permanent -- must evolve from a free people. We cannot bestow free

conditions," which "must be worked for and established consciously." Compounding the problem is the fact that "A simple natural state could not be enjoyed by Society today." So-called adults, "who have not expressed themselves self-actively since babyhood would feel awkward and perplexed in a natural condition." In short, "A free Society, a free condition, would naturally result [only] from a spontaneously self-active, self-employed, self-directing body of humans." To create this new "body of humans," one must start -- not with the adults, the young, nor even the children -- but with the infants, the only ones in whom "the instinct and impulse for freedom" is completely un-self-conscious and unrestrained. "If we succeed in fostering the instinct and impulse of freedom which the infant reveals we may reasonably count on building a free Society,"

Because young children do nothing but express themselves -- every infant "has a self-centered, self-conscious, self-determining and self-directing instinct which shuts out the useless and unnecessary things which would serve only to distract and confuse him" -- they are both the role models for adults who would like to free themselves from capitalist oppression and the ones most likely to benefit from a new pedagogy, organized around self-expression.

One of the gravest objections to our present school system is the initiation of the young into forms which have not been called out by any need or desire of the child [?] In the school the child soon finds or senses that his acts are caused by an outer influence or permitted by an outer authority. The flow of his former life is diverted and consequently its course no longer normal. His inner voice is stifled and though he may still feel the impulse to act independently, there are too many voices in that child center for him to distinguish his own. From the standpoint of human growth, the outer voice is always false and totally unrelated to man's inner life. When the school succeeds in deadening the sound of the inner voice, it becomes an enemy to human development and a hindrance to life -- *Elizabeth Byrne Flynn*,

Education is founded on fear of pleasure. Nothing is more calculated to extinguish pleasure than your need to produce, be commercially viable, serve some purpose. Any constraint whatsoever, however mild, excites the faint-heart fear of living and free existence. At this point the child's apprenticeship begins. -- *Raul Vaneigem*

**On Philosophy:** Only the philosophers can die and find in death their true self; with them the period of reformation, the era of knowledge dies. Yes, so it is that knowledge itself must die in order to blossom forth again in death as will; the freedom of thought, belief, and conscience, these wonderful flowers of three centuries will sink back into the lap of mother earth so that a new freedom, the freedom of will, will be nourished with its most noble juices. Knowledge and its freedom were the ideal of that time which has finally been reached on the heights of philosophy: here the hero will build himself a pyre and will rescue his eternal part in Mount Olympus. With philosophy, our past closes and the philosophers are the Raphaels of the era of thought with which the old principle perfects itself in a bright splendor of colors and through rejuvenation is changed from transient to eternal. Henceforth, whoever wants to preserve knowledge will lose it; he, however, who gives it up will gain it. The philosophers alone are called to this giving-up and to this gain: they stand in front of the flaming fire and, like the dying hero, must burn their mortal body if the immortal spirit is to be free. -- *Max Stirner*

**On Science:** In the end, science as we know it has two basic types of practitioners. One is the educated man who still has a controlled sense of wonder before the universal mystery, whether it hides in a snail's eye or within the light that impinges on that delicate organ. The second kind of observer is the extreme reductionist who is so busy stripping things apart that

the tremendous mystery has been reduced to a trifle, to intangibles not worth troubling one's head about. – *Loren Eiseley*

It seems that every important scientific advance provides tools which look to be just what the applied scientists and engineers had hoped for, and usually these gentry jump in without more ado. Their well-intentioned (but slightly greedy and slightly anxious) efforts usually do as much harm as good, serving at best to make conspicuous the next layer of problems, which must be understood before the applied scientists can be trusted not to do gross damage. Behind every scientific advance there is always a matrix, a mother lode of unknowns out of which the new partial answers have been chiseled. But the hungry, overpopulated, sick, ambitious, and competitive world will not wait, we are told, till more is known, but must rush in where angels fear to tread.

I have very little sympathy for these arguments from the world's "need." I notice that those who pander to its needs are often well paid. I distrust the applied scientists' claim that what they do is useful and necessary. I suspect that their impatient enthusiasm for action, their rarin'-to-go, is not just a symptom of impatience, nor is it pure buccaneering ambition. I suspect that it covers deep epistemological panic. – *Gregory Bateson*

Science has proof without any certainty. Creationists have certainty without any proof.

Human beings are the only creatures who are able to behave irrationally in the name of reason.

The family unit is the institution for the systematic production of mental illness.

One goes through school, college, medical school and one's internship learning little or nothing about goodness but a good deal about success.

Man is the only one-hundred-and-fifty pound non-linear servo mechanism that can be wholly reproduced by unskilled labor ... The moments of happiness we enjoy take us by surprise. It is not that we seize them, but that they seize us ... It is work, work that one delights in, that is the surest guarantor of happiness. But even here it is a work that has to be earned by labor in one's earlier years. One should labor so hard in youth that everything one does subsequently is easy by comparison ... The idea is to die young as late as possible.

The doctor has been taught to be interested not in health but in disease. What the public is taught is that health is the cure for disease.

There have been some medical schools in which somewhere along the assembly line, a faculty member has informed the students, not so much by what he said but by what he did, that there is an intimate relation between curing and caring.

... There exists, at the present time, a widespread belief in the innate nature of competition, that is to say, that competition is a form of behavior with which every organism is born, and that this is particularly true of man.

Just when the idea of the innate competitiveness of man came into being I have not the least idea. It is at least several thousand years old, and was probably in circulation long before The Old Testament came to be written.

The scientific validation of the idea of the innate competitiveness of man was provided in the nineteenth century by Darwin and his supporters, and particularly by Spencer and the whole school of Social Darwinists who followed his lead ... These ideas, I am going to suggest, are

erroneous, tragically erroneous.

In a competitive society freedom of inquiry is not genuinely possible; that freedom of inquiry is proportional to the development of cooperation within any society, in which there is an absence of dictatorship of any sort, and the person is free to arrive at and express his own judgments without fear of punishment, and in the expectation of the desire in his fellows to understand.

(But) most of us are no longer really human, we have been deprived of our humanity. We have been dehumanized by the processes of conditioning, upbringing and socialization. We are no longer the organized authentic self which we were once capable of being... What we are born for is to live as if to live and love were one. Unless we learn that lesson "the goose is cooked" as it were. – *Ashley Montagu, The "Go-Getter" Spirit – Competition thrives on insecurity & Darwin: Competition & Cooperation, 1952*

**On Love:** "If any idea seems hitherto to have eluded all efforts to reduce it, to have resisted down to the present time even the most out-and-out pessimists, we think it is the idea of love, which is the only idea capable of reconciling any man, momentarily or not, with the idea of life."

"Each time that one loves is the only time one has ever loved. Difference of object does not alter singleness of passion. It merely intensifies it. We can have but one great experience at best, & the secret of life is to reproduce that experience as often as possible." – *Oscar Wilde, The Picture of Dorian Gray*

Yes, I believe, I have always believed, that to give up love, whether or not it be done under some ideological pretext, is one of the few unattonable crimes that a man possessed of some degree of intelligence can commit in the course of his life. A certain man, who sees himself as a revolutionary, would like to convince us that love is impossible in a bourgeois society; some other pretends to devote himself to a cause more jealous than love itself; the truth is that almost no one has the courage to affront with open eyes the bright daylight of love in which the obsessive ideas of salvation and the damnation of the spirit blend and merge, for the supreme edification of man. Whosoever fails to remain in this respect in a state of expectation and perfect receptivity, how, I ask, can he speak humanly? – *Breton*

The intimate order [nonrepresentable and nondiscursive being] cannot truly destroy the order of things (just as the order of things has never completely destroyed the intimate order). But this real world having reached the apex of its development can be destroyed, in the sense that it can be reduced to intimacy. Strictly speaking, consciousness cannot make intimacy reducible to it, but it can reclaim its own operations, recapitulating them in reverse, so that they ultimately cancel out and consciousness itself is strictly reduced to intimacy – *Bataille*.

**On the non-independence of the ego:** "The mind of the greatest man (underscore three times "the greatest man") is not so dependent that it is liable to be upset by the slightest din going on around him. It does not take the silence of a cannon to stop him from thinking. It does not take the noise of a weathervane, of a pulley. The fly's thought-processes are disturbed at present. A man is buzzing in its ears." A man who is thinking, as well as on the mountain top, can land on the nose of a fly. – *Breton/Bataille/Lautréamont*

Couldn't it also be said that because the fly shares such intimacy with the universe, it only perceives the man of deep thought as a buzzing in its ear while the man's thought is totally

disrupted by the fly on his nose (underscore three times "nose")? – *fendersen*

... where objects are on the same plane as the subject, where they form, together with the subject, a sovereign totality which is not divided by any abstraction and is commensurate with the entire universe. – *Battaile*

**On the living organism,** in a situation determined by the play of energy on the surface of the globe, ordinarily receives more energy than is necessary for maintaining life; the excess energy (wealth) can be used for the growth of the system (e.g., an organism); if the system can no longer grow, or if the excess cannot be completely absorbed in growth, it must necessarily be lost without profit; it must be spent, willingly or not, gloriously or catastrophically ... We can ignore or forget the fact that the ground we live on is little other than a field of multiple destructions. Our ignorance only has this incontestable effect: It causes us to undergo what we could bring about in our own way, if we understood.

... Production is the basis of a social homogeneity. Homogeneous society is productive society, namely, useful society ... The common denominator, the foundation of social homogeneity and of the activity arising from it, is money, namely, the calculable equivalent of the different products of collective activity ... According to the judgement of homogeneous society, each man is worth what he produces; in other words, he stops being an existence for itself

... Heterogeneous reality is that of a force or a shock. It presents itself as a charge, as a value, passing from one object to another in a more or less abstract fashion, almost as if the change were taking place not in the world of objects but only in the judgments of the subject.

... the protection of homogeneity likes in its recourse to imperative elements that are capable of obliterating the various unruly forces or bringing them under the control of order. – *Battaile*

**On The State:** The empire submits from the start to the primacy of the real order. It posits itself essentially as a thing. It subordinates itself to ends that it affirms: it is the administration of reason. But it could never allow another empire to exist at its frontier as an equal. Every presence around it is ordered relative to it in a project of conquest. In this way it loses the simple individualized character of the limited community. It is not a thing in the sense in which things fit into the order that belongs to them; it is itself the order of things and it is a universal thing. At this level, the thing that cannot have a sovereign character cannot have a subordinate character either, since in theory it is an operation developed to the limit of possibilities. At the limit, it is no longer a thing, in that it bears within it, beyond its intangible qualities, an opening to all that is possible. But in itself this opening is a void. It is only thing at the moment when it is undone, revealing the impossibility of infinite subordination. But it consumes itself in a sovereign way. For essentially it is always a thing, and the movement of consumption must come to it from the outside. – *Battaile*

**On Nomads and Capitalism** Nomads have no points, paths, or land, even though they do by all appearances. If the nomad can be called the Deterritorialized par excellence, it is precisely because there is no reterritorialization afterward ... With the nomad, on the contrary, it is deterritorialization that constitutes the relation to the earth, to such a degree that the nomad reterritorializes on deterritorialization itself. It is the earth that deterritorializes itself, in a way that provides the nomad with a territory. The land ceases to be land, tending to become simply the ground (sol) or support. The earth does not become deterritorialized in its global and relative movement, but at specific locations.

... Capitalism is not at all territorial, even in its beginnings; its power of deterritorialization consists in taking as its object, not the earth, but 'materialized labor,' the commodity. – *Deleuze & Guattari*

The spectacle is a permanent opium war waged to make it impossible to distinguish goods from commodities, or true satisfaction from a survival that increases according to its own logic. Consumable survival must increase, in fact, because it continues to enshrine deprivation. – *Debord*

Smelling a rat, Marx countered that "the man who possesses no other property than his labor power" must of necessity become "the slave of other men who have made themselves the owners" However, the confusion spread, and soon thereafter Josef Dietzgen proclaimed: "the savior of modern times is called work. The ... improvement ... of labor constitutes the wealth which is now able to accomplish what no redeemer has ever been able to do." This vulgar-Marxist conception of nature bypasses the question of how its products might benefit the workers while still not being at their disposal. It recognizes only the progress in the mastery of nature, not the retrogression of society ... The new conception of labor amounts to the exploitation of nature, which the naïve complacency is contrasted with the exploitation of the proletariat. Compared with this positivistic conception, Fourier's fantasies, which have so often been ridiculed, prove to be surprisingly sound. According to Fourier, as a result of efficient cooperative labor, four moons would illuminate the earthly night, the ice would recede from the poles, sea water would no longer taste salty, and beasts of prey would do man's bidding. All this illustrated a kind of labor which, far from exploiting nature, is capable of delivering here of the creations which lie dormant in her womb as potentials. Nature, which, as Dietzgen puts it, "exists gratis," is a complement to the corrupted conception of labor – *Walter Benjamin*

[we need reminded of] what Bataille understands as the loss principle, the principle of unproductive expenditure that is beyond all thought and productive activity. It is my contention that the logic of the *and* needs a *but* that would mark the limit, specifically the terrestrial limit of growth that corresponds to the spatial ground of the Earth ... not everything can ontologically belong the realm of the productive and infinite growth. The *already there* is not necessarily antiproduction within production itself (which is the absolute logic of late, globalized capitalism) but the unproductive expenditure that belongs to the impossible, yet there, the logic of a *but*, that corresponds to an understanding that the earth itself is not free precisely because energetic resources are not infinite. A logic of a *but* understands that, at some points, operations of production must be reversed and forces must flow back and be lost to the outside which is beyond thought.

... The way to find the spatial ground of the Earth is to think the limits of growth – ontologically and terrestrially – the points at which productive force must turn unproductive. Deterritorialization as the instance of thought is just the force of capital; however deterritorialization as the movement of thought beyond itself, situated at the crossroads of the *impossible-yet-there* is an effective strategy for freeing energetic flows from capitalist processes of production. Ultimately, Bataille understands that the Earth is not free, precisely because there are always already limits to all aspirations of growth and expansion. To find Bataille on this side of Deleuze & Guattari is to find the spatial ground of the Earth-- the One of positive deterritorialization-- that the smooth space of smooth capital seeks at every turn to negate. – *Julie Wilson*

**On Reciprocity:** Reciprocity is not a form of economic distribution. Reciprocity is an unhurried, multidimensional relay race, sans teams, such that the baton you hand off to the person

you ambled into is replaced by a like baton received from another who has ambled into you. The proper gift does not entail loss, nor sacrifice, nor exchange, nor gain, nor even value – it is the giving itself which is esteemed. You either play or play not. There is no game. The game of economics is born when the gift is annihilated. Mutuality is destroyed when a single particle of play collides with a corresponding antiparticle of game. Life is replaced by survival. Survival is mucking about in the mud scrounging for scraps, and fighting off other interloping scroungers – for homo economicus modernensis, it's nasty, brutal and short.

But those scraps, how they do shine, like jewels from the diamond mine! Yahoo, yahoo! I've got so much more than you! – *A. Runnion Polisson, Ode to Jonathan Swift*

**On the dialectics of capital and labor:** Since the day a man had the criminal ability to profit by another man's labor, since that very same day the exploited toiler has instinctively tried to give to his master less than was demanded from him, in this wise the worker was unconsciously doing SABOTAGE, demonstrating in an indirect way the irrepressible antagonism that arrays Capital & Labor one against the other. – *Emile Pouget, Sabotage*

It is obvious that there is an inherent tension between capital/ruling-elite and labour (capitalism is but one method of creating a ruling elite); only two situations are available:

1. a synthesis of the two through the mechanical automatization of the one over the other via increased levels of power: force and/or more efficient programming or education (as has been tried unsuccessfully for millennia and generates what is known as "progress"); and
2. an anti-synthetic break and distancing – the annihilation of the self-fulfilling prophecy.

The first is manifest in the never-ending struggle of the ruler and worker, or '*valorization* of capital' vs the '*revolutionary consciousness* of the proletariat'. The second is nothing if it is not destruction of the vertically aligned homogenization of work (and workers!) and the creation of horizontal diversity of the unique and the local. This is the antisynthetic or biologic response inherent in all of nature when confronted with conflict. It has even been labeled: the "*fight-or-flight*" response. (There is a third option, which is 'suicide', 'sacrifice', or the analogous 'sell-out' – imbibing in various stress-reducing anesthetics and analgesics.) As aristotelean as this may sound, there is, by definition, no synthesis of antagonistic oppositions – factioning is an instinctual mode of self-defense. In the realm of class-struggle, the solution to the tension inherent in the social relation of production is disengagement from that relation – quit! – *Bagatella Gambadé*

As I see things, I am not a robber. In creating man, Nature gave him the right to live & man has the duty to exercise that right in full. So if society fails to provide him with the wherewithal to survive, the human being is entitled to seize what he needs from wherever there is plenty. – *Alexandre Jacob (1879-1954)*

**Game rules:** For the project of civilization, there is an advantage in going from freeplay (natural to children) to structured gaming. Bonnano suggested that work is merely a game with rules. I'm sure Baudrillard would agree. Rules with games are thought to ease the movement from the condition of living (in the world) to surviving (in an illusion). Still, there is difficulty transiting from freeplay to game to work. Initially, of course, this is school work – in kindergarten, 'work' is still fun; by 1st grade, it starts to become tedium; in later years, when it is struggle and toil willingly engaged, it is said we are ready for "the real world" so we are graduated. The goal of education has always been to corrupt and transform children into

"productive citizens", not human beings. Freeplay is regulated to the point of extinction. All social relations thereafter become economic and political – they become productive.

"Productive forces" are nothing if not the "force of production" regimented into armies of producers. – *fendersen*

**The Social Relation of Production:** Let us not become trapped by phraseology. The social relation of production can only mean that our human relationships are mediated by products and production or work – that is, by things, property, value, and their creation and maintenance. The value is not even that of *things*, but of *ourselves* as measured by those things, their creation, maintenance and growth – the perpetuation of an illusion (actually, "delusion") insistently mistaken for reality. If we are alienated from "reality", we are also alienated from the illusion, for it appears to have magically taken on a life of its own, beyond our grasp and control. Like the television which is defecated from the bowells of a factory, the illusion is a group effort which no member of that group is capable of (re)producing. It is only passed on along the assembly-line to each new generation of workers, trained to proudly reject any allusions to a similarity to the ant. – *fendersen*

**On Advertising:** Advertising crassly reflects the fact that capital is representation, that it survives because it is representation in the mind of each human being (internalizing what was externalized). Advertising is the discourse of capital: everything is possible, all norms have disappeared. Advertising organizes the subversion of the present for the sake of an apparently different future. – *Cammatte*

Sign appliued to back of bicyclists' jerseys:



## PART II

### 'More Meanderings Along This Demigration'

EPILOGUE: The prepared lecture (*SCARCITY, TOIL AND TURMOIL*) was found among the manuscripts in Professor Fendersen's office after his death. It is read by Carlos Dufus to the audience, now re-adjourned at Hipple's Pub.

#### EPILOGUE: SCARCITY, TOIL AND TURMOIL

Has there ever been an original idea? Isn't it interesting that we criminalize plagiarism but promote emulation? One is to admire Shakespeare, to follow his literary leadership. But "don't get above yourself!" Leadership and genius are considered scarce commodities. Everything is commodified. Let us talk about discourse, commodity and leadership. One might emulate Eisenhower or even Emperor Norton, but don't make it too obvious. That capital has already been spent, and no one respects a "wannabe". We are taught we must toil for our just deserts, and if our ideas may not be original, we should change the wording to make it look like our own - property. "Paraphrase!" With enough eloquence in our discourse or persuasion, we too can be leaders; "captain" of the debate team, the chess club, the Security Division of the Blackwater Corporation, of industry, of our own destiny. Discourse knocks your opponents off of their path. Toil in your deceits for your just deserts.

Contemporary philosophy and science have acquired the position of leadership. Piously, we turn to their "reasonable" leadership. Did they not save us from the antiquated dogma of the church, with its authority over our own thinking, its cruel inquisitions? Inquiring minds want to know! Unfortunately, today we have confused the scientist with the technocrat, the teacher with the master. We are the "enlightened" because Teacher said we went through a period called "The Enlightenment". This makes less sense than taking a couple hits of eight-way purple micro-dot and shining a flashlight up your nose in a dark room to illuminate your mind. But that's my general view on "The College of Education" and quite another story.

So is leadership itself reasonable? There was a time when sophistry was denigrated, not because it conflicted with established dogma, but because it "twisted" logic for the sake of "winning" (an argument, acquiring power or favor, or sending a petty "criminal" to the gallows). The sophist, the lawyer wins. No one can doubt that hierarchical organizations display a logic - they are "orderly" - and therefore, leadership is reasonable. The empiricist or materialist additionally points to the pecking order or dominance relations among other animal species. "Everybody does it!" he says. This seems reasonable. But is it right? Is it even necessary? Ahhh. Now we travel a tricky path. "Right" from who's perspective? From that of the shit sweeper down at the plant? The mother living under the bridge? The 'sub-dominant' or 'subordinate' juvenile male chimpanzee? [even biologists don't ascribe that despicable trait - submissiveness - to animals; it is a term used by masters and handlers]

Lets, for a moment, talk about animal 'leadership'. It is a misconception that sheep follow leaders. They follow each other. Among such grazing animals, the 'leaders' (those out front or

first to the feed) are the inquisitive adolescents intoxicated with the abundance. More mature animals are content to lag behind, as they please. At some point, the youngsters miss their mothers left perhaps far behind and, fretting, scurry back to the group. The predator, "coyote" teaches them the idea of group safety. Elders, more experienced with the territory or range will maneuver to water or other resources as they need. Now the youngsters follow. There is no authority; there is no force except that of the predator. But who would describe the coyote as the leader? If you survive his assault, he is the teacher!

The dominant male doesn't achieve his station by brutalizing his 'juniors'. Usually, tests of strength are forms of play, and these set up social roles. But the roles are not of master and slave, boss and employee, cop and criminal. The dominant male is just someone you don't want to piss off. You don't fuck with him. His dominance is manifest when he is seen to prevent others from letting their disagreements get out of hand. This may be accomplished with a mere gesture. Observant dog lovers may appreciate this in their own randy male. It is called, by dog handlers, "eye". Mystics might call it "the evil eye". Among many mammals, such as baboons, an important behavior of the male, besides reproduction, is to protect the mothers and babies from predators (such as cheetahs) and often, to share food (yes, even ants and chickens share food). We think of the large male lion with awe and dread, but it is the female who does the hunting and shares the kill with the males. If she is stingy (tyrannical?), he will chase her off.

Brutality and stinginess are the marks, if not the synonyms of tyranny. Tyrants are not unique to the human species. In the end, at least among other animals, they are always disposed of [deposed]. Questions of sharing and sex are usually factors in dominance relations. But this is not a "first-come-first-serve" idea. Nature provides abundance, or one should rather say, abundance is a quality of nature. Competition is not necessary.

Sharing and Sex? Chimpanzees are a good example of individually competent foragers, yet they are notorious for food sharing. In sexual relations, the dominant male chimpanzee is the last to "get any". When she is in the "proper" mood, the female fucks whomever she pleases, usually starting with the eager youngsters. Working her way through the more experienced, by the time she gets to the dominant male, her ovulation cycle is ready for reproduction. Some would say this triggers receptivity in her cycle. And we think we have liberated women!

"Ah, but these are just animals!" you shout, "We are the civilized!"..."Ooh, ooh, let's get out the whips and chains and mayonaise!"

Where is "leadership" in all of this? Can animal dominance relations, based on abundance and sharing, even be comparable to our own notions of competitive leadership? Human leadership as we think of it, that is, 'THE STATE', was born out of a system or (geoclimatic) period of scarcity. It is a myth that civilization arose from the abundance generated by the "invention" of agriculture which supported population growth in urban centers. Did I say "myth"? It is more properly an urban legend written to support urbanization. It is a racist creation story we learn in grade school from uninformed teachers which pits the urban against the rural, the civilized against the barbarian, modern man against the "primitive".

**Civilization:** A far more likely tale and more consistent with archaeological, ethnographic and paleo-climate data suggests that people already knew about and some practiced agriculture (shifting cultivation) and animal domestication. A few thousand years after the last glaciation, global warming produced expanding deserts, and as few as five or six times in as many

locations, diverse groups congregated in river valleys and walled themselves in against each other and any remaining nomadic peoples. The melting of the glaciers also raised sea levels, spurring unknown numbers of communities living on what are now submerged continental shelves upland and inland, to new and unknown territories already inhabited. The resulting population pressure was in no way caused by increases in technological (and agricultural) production and changes in social organization initiating the neolithic, but may have demanded them in various places. The neolithic was a response to deterritorialization – homelessness, not migrations of explorer-heroes with imperial aspirations. These changes can only be seen through the lense of cooperation. Conquest is rarely a first response except in the modern era. It is the civilized response.

As Freddy Perlman suggested, civilization was born in refugee camps. Some were situated in swamps, others in more hospitable oases. All were Babylons, "melting pots". Their inhabitants were essentially removed from their historical context. Former adaptations to historical and material conditions (ecologic relations) were no longer relevant. It is a hopeful thought that not all, in fact most did *not* become civilized, but where they did, all were around water sources being encroached upon by expanding desert conditions. Food was no longer "easy pickin's" - this was the birth of "productive forces". These productive forces eventually ensured that the entire globe would become desert, no longer a place hospitable to living beings.

It is true that many of these walls and mounded earthworks were erected to displace the waters from living areas, they soon came to displace and separate people as well - the aristocracy from the peasantry, the local group from the neighbors, the priest from the congregation. These congregations were less communities than refugee camps, euphemized as "sanctuaries". Refugee camps are not evolutionary adaptations in the strict sense. They do not display stable or reciprocal ecologic relations but are mechanisms of survival. When the refugee camp (or prison) is made the only option, after a few generations it is the norm, the standard by which all other arrangements are compared. Survival mode becomes the status quo. If the end is only 'survival', any and all means become justified. If competitive trade is not available, rape, pillage and plunder become acceptable means of survival. In the refugee camp, autonomy is not allowed, it is not even possible. Autonomy gives us the notion of multiplicity: multiple arrangements are expected. This demands a sense of 'openness', or 'cultural relativity' where complete isolation is not possible. Isolation is never possible when there are no walls, bounds or restrictions to movement.

Cultural relativism is first and last an interpretive anthropological – that is to say, methodological – procedure. It is not the moral argument that any culture or custom is as good as any other, if not better. Relativism is the simple prescription that, in order to be intelligible, other people's practices and ideals must be placed in their own historical context, understood as positional values in the field of their own cultural relationships rather than appreciated by categorical and moral judgments of our making. Relativity is the provisional suspension of one's own judgments in order to situate the practices at issue in the historical and cultural order that made them possible. It is in no other way a matter of advocacy. [- *Marshal Sahlins*]

The conditions in the refugee camp gave birth to private property and the notion of scarcity. "You can no longer water your goats here!", commanded King Thug I. The ancient sport of raiding between groups, which continually recirculated "goods" and people and reflected notions of eternal return and cosmic circulation, became the one-sided and bloody wars of capture and conquest. Because of the abandonment of seasonal rounds (semi-nomadism) and the linguistic and cultural diversity of groups who became settled, previous social arrange-

ments (social organization) broke down. [Later scholars would invert this historical sequence in their "*Tale of The Tower of Babe!*"]. Unrestrained competition and a culture of alienation was born. The rulership of 'justice' was largely created to keep this potential free-for-all under control. Sanctuary became prison when an ancient Babylonian philosopher (Thugacles the younger) gave us the culture/nature dialectic as revealed by the very same angels who later informed Descartes. There is no question that conditions of scarcity have repeated in the cyclical course of the world's history, but the *myth of perpetual scarcity* is the oldest social lie, and is only heard among the civilized. This myth provides the foundation for competition and hierarchy.

The 'good' of the few or the one (me!) outweighed the 'good' of the many. If a system of scarcity could be manipulated and controlled, leadership would be maintained. We are fine with this idea when it is the behavior of "leaders", but call each other "psychopath" when we behave thus. In the spirit of cultural relativity and tolerance, the whole issue of leadership might be overlooked, except from the perspective of the shit-sweeper and bridge-dwelling mother. And in fact, it has brought devastation to the entire planet, for the sake of your vinyl siding and groomed lawns. This *civil* leadership is, of course, for you, walled into the middle, who seem so assured of your freedom, security and superiority. The planet may even be past the realm of hope.

**Poverty, alienation and the semantics of "hope":** In the spirit of H. L. Menken, what is hope but the expression of one's state of discontentedness? In its modern sense, hope is what one does when all other avenues have been exhausted. That is, hope is an act of desperation. It is resignation; an admittance that your life is out of control. Hope is the statement of a slave and it's synonym is "progress". All disgruntled slaves are progressives. All progressives are discontented. By working for or addressing the future, their own "present" will never improve; their own predicament will never change. "Our life is subject to forces beyond our control." This provides the justification [rationalization - in a Freudian or psychoanalytic sense, rationale, reason] for subjection and acquiescence to leadership. This concept "plays the same role that "Original Sin," "Fate" and "The Hand of Destiny" played in the theories of medieval mystifiers" [*Fredy Perlman*]. Despair is not the opposite of hope. It is the belief or realization that ones hope is in vain. All dichotomies are false dichotomies.

Poverty is the fear of all who are civilized, doubly so the elite. It is the substance of their worst nightmares. This fear is strong incentive to maintain competition and struggle and toil. Our feeling of incompetence as to delivering our own subsistence (I should say "sustenance") is the greatest accomplishment of the rulers. To react and assert onself demands a seizure - a lifestyle change. But like our ability to provide for ourselves and each other, this too can be co-opted. The anti-consumer movement plays right into their hands: the self-alienated will be a voluntary class of the "have-nots" providing more for those who would "have". No revolution has ever been waged in order to consume less. Less is what we already have.

But isn't the competition for more and more and more what we're fighting? The fetishization of property? Unbridled capitalism? Fetishism arises when we are alienated from our desires. The symbolic representation becomes more important than the thing itself. We, the programmed and hypercivilized, don't even remember what it was we first lost - our pleasure to feed and shelter ourselves and share with others. Even the farmer is lost, who grows specialized crops to purchase money to shop at safeway to purchase food so he can eat. The ever-growing collection of toys we demand does not make up for what we originally lost. There is

just never enough. And the leader, the boss, the chief executive officer at Safeway is the most alienated - the Human par excellence: competitive, controlling, acquiring. Take away our toys and we experience "the desperation of poverty". [We do not so much fear hunger - "That's what foodstamps are for!" - but how could anyone be deprived of shelter? Ahh, yes! We have jails.] Take away our leaders and we fear "the onslaught of barbarity" - riot, chaos, anarchy for god's sake!. There is no longer room or time for 'quality of life'. The key, of course, is 'quantity'. The reality is scarcity. This is the tyranny of the state.

Along with "barbarity", I think the fear of poverty is the greatest impediment or stumbling block to revolution, to the disposal of tyranny. It stops most in their tracks to even consider an alternative to their predicament. "How would we survive?" "What would we do" (without our masters, our jobs, our leadership, our freedom, our vinyl-sided i-pods)? For those whose passions revolutionaries wish to ignite, the more oppressed of the "working class", struggle and toil is a matter of pride. It is a source of self-identity. "We are the proud, the honest, the hard working!", even as they pronounce "This job sucks!" Maybe the revolutionary slogans should be "Arm the Homeless!" and "We Don't Need Your Stinkin' Jobs!" and "Death to Precarity!".

Goethe proclaimed "None are so hopelessly enslaved as those who falsely believe they are free". I would add: "the man who climbs the windy heights to experience the freedom **of** flight will, if he takes his ambition to its logical conclusion, experience the freedom **from** flight". "Be careful what you wish for", the wise gypsy warned the aspiring job applicant.

When we wake up in the morning and put our feet on the ground we must have a good reason for getting up, if we don't it makes no difference whether we are anarchists or not. We might as well stay in bed and sleep. And to have a good reason we must know what we want to do because for anarchism, for the anarchist, there is no difference between what we do and what we think, but there is a continual reversing of theory into action and action into theory. That is what makes the anarchist unlike anyone who has another concept of life and crystallizes this concept in a political practice, in political theory.

This is what is not normally said to you, this is what you never read in the newspapers, this is what is not written in books, this is what school jealously keeps quiet about, because this is the secret of life: never ever separate thought from action, the things we know, the things we understand, from the things we do, the things with which we carry out our actions.

Here is what distinguishes a politician from an anarchist revolutionary. Not the words, not the concepts and, allow me, in certain aspects not even the actions because it is not their extreme - let us say radical - conclusion in attack that differentiates and characterizes actions. It is not even accuracy in the choice of objective that qualifies them but it is the way in which the person, the comrade who carries out these actions, succeeds in making them become an expressive moment of their lives, a specific characterization, meaningfulness, quality of life, joy, desire, beauty, not the practical realization, not the sullen realization of a deed that is mortally an end in itself and enables one to say: "I have done something today" far from myself, at the periphery of my existence.

- *Alfredo Bonanno, [Anarchist Tension](#)*

Is this not also to say that "what we desire", "what we understand", "what we enjoy" should be reflected in how we live? If there is no lifestyle change, there will be no revolution. Throughout their writings, Max Stirner, Feral Faun, Renzo Navatore, etc. suggested that "freedom" is your property, not your right. It cannot be negotiated and therefore must be seized from those who hold it. Freedom is not a commodity to be bartered or traded. That is wage-slavery. Another cannot seize freedom for me - I must take it myself - but we can certainly help each other in the process. Trading freedom for the "security" of the state, the "comfort" of the infrastructure, is subjection to extortion. If you're not having fun, there is something wrong. The fault is not

within you so it won't be made right with any amount of medication, but the "tension" needs eased, the "stress" relieved. Revolutionary objective? Subjective revolution? The object **is** the subject, and the subject is you.

Quick! If we are but poor players, strutting and fretting our brief hour upon the stage in this icy pause we call life, perhaps we could all perform in this one act play: we might stand (rise) up, concentrate on our 'present' and our 'pleasure', cross our arms instead of our fingers, and defiantly shout "NO!".

Your friend,  
Fendersen

*Practice not-doing,  
and everything will fall into place. – Lao Tse*