

# Politics is not a Banana

What are you  
doing after  
the orgy or the  
insurrection  
or whatever?

The Journal  
of Vulgar  
Discourse



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or the insurrection or whatever?

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# Politics is not a Banana

The Journal of Vulgar Discourse

The Institute for  
Experimental Freedom



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**Politics is Not a Banana** is a very serious person addressing a crowd while wearing a bunny costume. She exclaims "Civilization equals fart! Long live the commune!" Politics is Not a Banana makes love with the same gestures as he makes war—impotent, awkward, and soon, with malice. He does this to unicorns, and impressionable young boys. Politics is Not a Banana is bored with death, yet they know of no other object more seductive and qualitative than force and its universe.

The theoretical speculations and wild-eyed nonsense propounded in this journal do not reflect ideological unity nor coherency on the part of the contributors. We disagree and bicker constantly. There's no "we" of an identity here, merely the we of people sharing something—a lick, an argument, a salad, a fight, a memory, a world.

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# MAYBE EATING A SANDWICH

then having another orgy





**T**he insurrection has not transformed our rotting teeth into pure indestructible diamond grills. The orgy only spreads our combined STDs, unless we cover our filthy used bodies in saran wrap—which is pretty cool. Whatever; we made more than \$6.50 plus tips but then blew it all on wine, cigarettes, rope, and ceiling hooks. The insurrection gives us this opportunity though, to forget, to practice, and even to run up on some doctor and force his medicalizing ass to nurse our irrevocable rot; to re-imagine our relationships with our stupid dying bodies. It makes us become attentive to the force of our little deaths and the inexhaustible desire we can embody.

The insurrection, the orgy, or whatever are pretty cool though. I mean, it may not provide us with solid gold time machines or transform the seas into lemonade now, *but that doesn't mean it can't*. Whereas, perhaps, now, when what is possible is the only thing that can happen, in the future—the one of which we are merely an image—the insurrection will actually conjure a sexy Santa Clause for every form-of-life; a sexy Santa who will grant us all our deviant end of history fantasies. When the insurrection comes, even tap water will be enhanced with flavor crystals and it will not only be healthy, but will actually allow us to shoot lasers from our eyes if we drink the eight suggested glasses a day. When the insurrection comes, Obama will put on

a black mask and punch himself in the face and will declare from a plastic stool “*Yes we can* destroy everything society so conscientiously gave to us!” And after the insurrection we’ll take turns making sandwiches out of imaginary fruit and coca leaf, because bread will never get stale again and wensleydale cheese will go with everything—even veganism!

## **BUT UNTIL THEN OR AFTER THEN, OR WHATEVER, BODIES DO SOME FUCKED UP SHIT**

This summer, or spring, or fall maybe, we felt the potency of our bodies. With intent, mind you, our bodies can do some pretty fucked up shit. On numerous occasion bodies severed the link between affects and gestures that give the commodity relationship its coherence. Black clad anti-everything whatevers destroyed store fronts, cars, police cruisers, parking meters—just about everything that felt in-place. Who’s to say if the means were pure or not; inflicting the violence certainly was *divine*. We kicked some fucking old man’s ass. We rolled on some cops. They trembled because they knew we weren’t performing for them. This phantom from the future has sadist biopolitical practices. Perhaps it would be foolish not to say masochist as well.

Our friends went to prison, to jail, shed blood, got bruised, ate dirt, ate worms, met death, ran from death. We looked pathetic, looked vulnerable; we sounded stupid and young, sounded incomprehensible and old. We were slapped, and asked for another, and at times met terror with indifference. Some are still

isolated; others will be home soon (others just got home!) No one asks anything more than the gift of gestures: a letter, a book, a tasty treat, some money, some cigarettes, a back hand, a hair-pull, some piss, some blood, a stupid website, an international organ of social war, an international practice of social war, a human strike, another human strike.

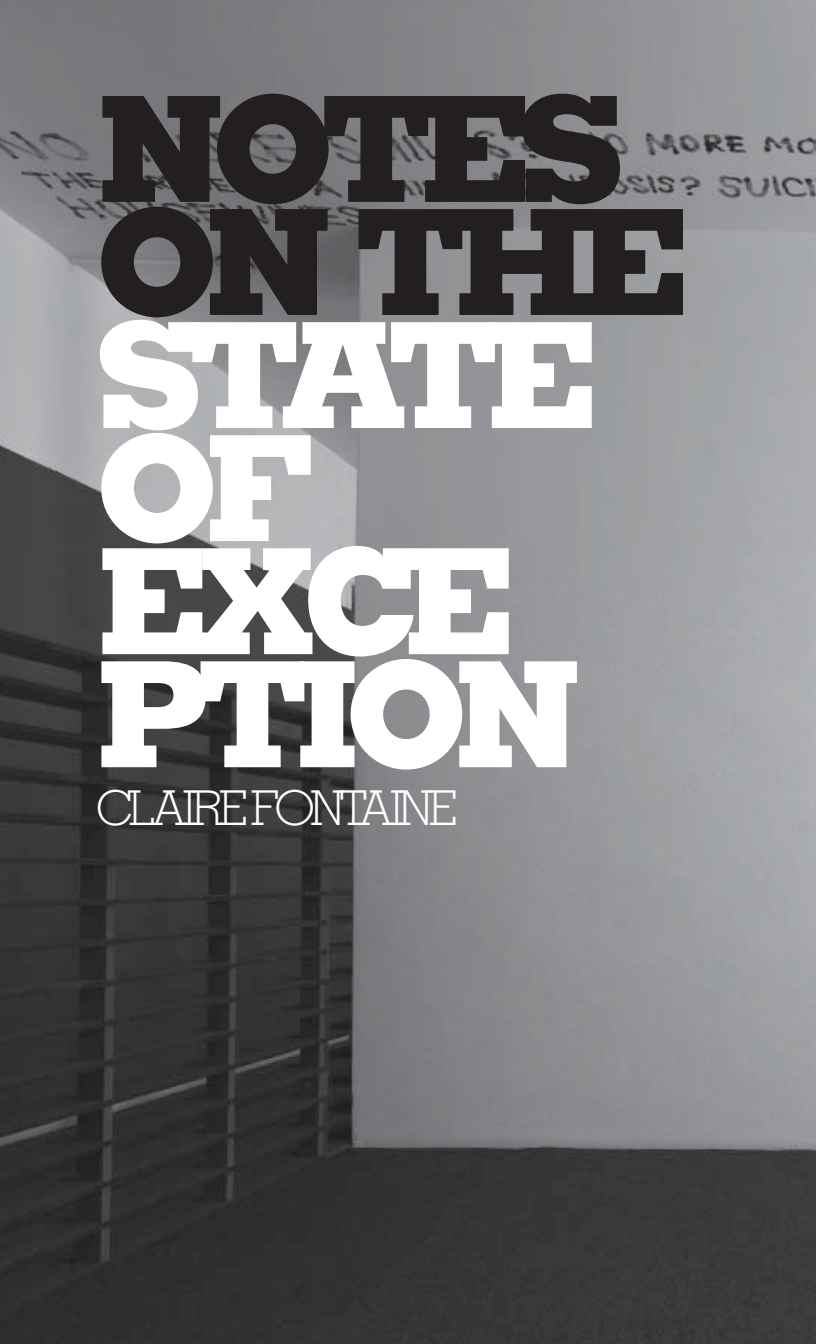
After the insurrection, or the orgy, or whatever, we took a nap, had a sandwich, and I think I can speak for the others—at least for this—that we're ready to get wild, you know, one way or the other. Sup politicians, lil' managers of revolt, lil boss? Shake in your kicks, we're coming for that ass.

Nothing is too beautiful<sup>1</sup> for the unwanted children of capital,

—Liam Sionnach / IEF '09,  
*The Dirty Dirty, even yet, oh-so Dirty South*

## 1.

Not even the grotesque. As a matter of fact—in case you haven't opened your fucking eyes—we love Akzidenz Grotesk, (not to mention Memphis' slaby ass, and Mrs Eaves' eloquent edges).

A black and white photograph of a hallway. The floor is a dark metal grate. The wall on the right is light-colored and has some faint graffiti. The text is overlaid on the image. The title is in large, bold, sans-serif font. The author's name is in a smaller, white, serif font.

**NOTES  
ON THE  
STATE  
OF  
EXCE  
PTION**

CLAIRE FONTAINE

NEY. NOTHING WILL BE MORE EFFICIENT TO DE  
DE. DESEXUALISATION: PROFESSIONAL ILLNE



**1** War happens.

● We know nothing of war, as they constantly remind us. War – always one and multiple – has been on our plates, since childhood, in what mustn't go to waste. They resented us for our presumed ignorance of war, as if we were ignoring pain or an illness, or simply as if this forever absent war was now over for good, and it had to be remembered as one remembers a dead family member. Through grief.

2. **Well-being.** All those born far from war, or after it, know quite well that it isn't over. They know it as possibility, as a nightmare that might come true. And this knowledge turns disquieting when war explodes in the distance, laying the childhoods, the kitchen smells, the bed sheets of others to waste. The past has dug a grave in the present and is again burying the living there — so they say — but it's a lie. Because war is really one of the names for our present, and not a tale of days-gone-by. It lives in bodies; it flows through institutions, traverses relationships between strangers and acquaintances, even here, in this moment, for a long while now. And the more we pretend to be innocent and alien to events, the guiltier we know we are. Guilty of not being present where blood is shed, and yet somehow we are there... They used to tell us, "you kids have it all" as if to say "you sons of bitches," yet who has raised and built this affluence, this inexhaustible source of war? Sometimes we have even suspected that if war is elsewhere, then life must be too.

3. **Rest in peace...** We know everything about war just like we know everything about prison, without having been there, since they are at the heart of "peace" and "free life," already implied in them. Just as we know that nobody in our system is innocent, that only power relations exist, and that the losers and not the guilty are the ones being punished. That is why war has become someone else's dirty job, which we are *obliged* to ignore. On every street corner they ask us to forget its possibility and its reality, to be surprised by it though never complicit in it. We are

thanked in advance for our vigilance. Our choice is between collaborating in the social peace or with the partisans of terror. War is no longer concerned with us, we look at it and it doesn't look back, it is too close. Its distance from us is not the same as that between a spectator and a football match, where we can still desire victory for one team and defeat for another. It resides in the limbo of things we would like to *abolish*. So we never have to take sides or believe that words have a weight that can be felt in the body, or that life has a meaning and that this meaning can also lead to its sudden end.

4. ...and live in war. If we don't know what it means to live in war it's because we don't know what it means to live in peace. The more we are governed, the more we live in fear and the more we need other people to arm themselves in our place, and that's how war continues. We do not know past struggles for rights and freedoms of expression as experience (of conflict and victory), but only as a *result*. We are nothing but the dazed heirs to a fortune that is impossible to spend: an archaeological inheritance that crumbles a bit more day by day, of no use-value. Those old victories are not even established, but already lost, because we do not know how to fight to defend them whenever they are threatened. Revolutionary becoming is a process that seems to exclude our participation now. It is by forgetting the oppression of control in exchange for the guarantee of protection that we have expelled ourselves from our own history. And so we mistake the struggle for the war, and we allow it to be simultaneously criminalized



and delegated to professionals. While the struggle is what looms up from the discrepancy between what governments demand and what the governed can give them. In struggles we seek those who will accompany and support us, whereas we go to war alone and come back alone (since it's always the others that die).

**5. The game of war.** Historical avant-gardes and war: a love story and not even a tormented one, an almost smooth-sailing romance, apart from a few expatriations. One could still – before the state of exception – play the exceptional singularity, play the game of war with one's friends and rivals. But this is no longer the case for us. The war paradigm of rivalries between small groups, the war-matrix of the guerrilla's imaginative, paramilitary strategies, the surrealists, the situationists, the Mao-dadaists (and the list goes on) lived in a world where words and experience carried on a passionate conversation that could be turned to the extreme, erupt into a scandal or even be interrupted for good. These were toy-wars, wars for snobs. Nowadays we can frame and exhibit these lovely gesticulations and return to the curfew of our already-filmed everyday lives, to surfaces saturated with advertising images, to our socio-economically integrated solitudes. And understand for once and for all that the battleground has changed, that we need to invent much more ambitious *derives* if only in order to escape the amplified normalcy of our perceptions.

**6. Visions of the world.** Our consciousness now disarmed, we've been comfortably tucked into the nightmare of an illegible, deaf-mute present, in a

territory marbled with anxieties. The cells in which the presumed guilty have been locked up and forgotten, the bare rooms with chairs and a desk where tortures result in confessions, these continue to exist, and even though we can't see them, we perceive them. Their smell, their silence, their white lights populate the invisible, administrative levels of everyday life. They have not disappeared. The eternal night of the television news brings us this intuition along with images of the actual theaters of war. From the police stations, hospitals, motorways, schools, prisons, high-security zones and barracks, to the trucks, trains and planes exporting hatred in the name of war, or what we agree to call war – all these things fill us with fear. Because they contain us and we contain them.

**7. Coherences.** Sometimes, in the insecure rhythms of our lives, we recognize a line of coherence. It's the same line that transmits the knowledge of a war we haven't experienced but whose effects and affects circulate within our bodies. The line that connects the most common gestures of our everyday life here with the disasters that happen elsewhere – an electric line, a paratactic line conveying this link made of a lack of links. Eichmann lined up numbers upon numbers without ever being bothered by the idea that they represented human beings sent to the slaughterhouse. Contemporary art has even made this habit of participating in the disaster without being able to question it into its basic, structural principle. It builds surfaces of coexistence between incompatible elements, it questions what we can't understand, and nevertheless it contributes – as



much as these lines do – to the functioning of the machine. The means to either halt our becoming or to transform our subjectivity don't seem accessible to us any longer. Somebody else has designed the form of our lives: now we are only free to choose the form of our products and to hope that our private property will protect us from war. Meanwhile, private property is itself the first stage of war.

#### 8. The night where all singularities are whatever.

The simple soldier or the armed partisan of a cause are always represented as anonymous, as cannon fodder. Doomed to be pulverized for a nation or an ideal, they are abstract bodies, clockwork lives. The simple citizen, or the free civilian, on the other hand, is the unique individual, different from any other, involved

in the specificity of his social relationships, which are supposed to isolate him from his neighbor, to magnify him in his irreducible identity. Nevertheless, we can look all over for this truly human individual without meeting him or her in any region of the working world: over the counter, in the supermarkets and in the offices, we interact with interchangeable and insignificant singularities, all reproducing the same task so as not to be expelled from the productive process.

**9. Exceptions.** On the other hand. Experience, as impoverished as it is, teaches us that love is not an attachment to a pre-defined subject, that what we love or what links us to the other is their singularity as such, their whatever-singularity. Because love does not have a specific cause or a reason that can be communicated. The more we are governed or integrated into a discipline, the more controlled and isolated we are in our performances and our behaviors. Government sees the masses, but only looks at individuals. A loved singularity is whatever and non-interchangeable, whereas a productive singularity is isolated and individuated, and yet replaceable at a moment's notice. The productive rules of universal substitution cause our certainty to vacillate. The knowledge that the organs of control possess of our lives makes us all exceptions in the eyes of power. And when we meet the arm of the law, what it does with us will not depend on established conventions, but on the contingency of this particular friction. Our present has become unpredictable, each instant a potentially exceptional moment. This

is precisely the new configuration of war, that of Identifying Power versus whatever singularities, which leads some to guerrilla suicide, and others to an anonymous solitude surrounded by objects.

**PUB  
LIC  
SEX &  
SO  
CIAL  
WAR**



**P**iers trace edge of  
the metropolis,  
penetrating the  
harbor. Drawing  
near, it becomes

apparent that dozens of bodies are melting into one-another, creating circuitry of pleasure upon the since-abandoned conduits of capital. Each night and everywhere, exoskeletons of post-industry are ripped open; buildings are squatted for nights of precarious orgy. An entire lot of parked semi-trucks becomes a labyrinth of caverns—within each pitch-black-truck erupting a cacophony of anonymous touch, thrust and come. Derelict spaces as zones of play for bodies-in-becoming. Making-eyes in a park or on a subway train as arrangement for a lunchtime fuck in an alley or stairwell. Potential meeting gesture.



Some have named this period of public sex, between the Stonewall riots and the onslaught of AIDS, as the most sexually liberated period in history. We read this instead as a moment of resistance to social control or an unleashing of power sandwiched at either end by specters of biopower. More importantly, we see this as a sweat-stained lineage of subversion which we've oh-so rightfully inherited.

We mark the public as the realm of the metropolis—the space wherein social control is the most amplified and thorough. Biopower is the name we give to the force that governs not simply our bodies, but the space *between our bodies*. The logic of publics is that of alienation. A disjunctive synthesis that traces atoms through the flows of capital. Millions of organs producing an abysmal cohesion, yet the forty people in the light rail car wouldn't dream of making eye contact. The most banal-ass rhythm dictates the public. This shit is the factory.

"I don't care what those faggots do so long as I don't have to see it." The public is desexualized—a desert of sterile bodies. "What one does in the privacy of their own bedroom is their own business." The conclusion being that our public selves are the business of the agents of biopower.

Public sex, then, is a biopolitical strike – an attack of desiring bodies against this world and the shit we live in. In fucking wherever we please, we act to sabotage the mechanisms of social control. We refuse our relationship to the factory, and cease to work—rather we choose to act only in the capacities that bring us the most explosive and dangerous joys. In making orgy of the public we create zones of indeterminacy, wherein unheard-of forms-of-life are coupled with wild affects and liberated desires. The public orgy as an autonomous zone—as the erotic ungovernability of biopower's bastard children.

A sexual counterpublic becomes that of an expansive, inclusive synthesis. Buildings lose their ascribed meaning—instead becoming the spots for tonight's sordid affairs. Parks, bridges and piers are re-inscribed with meaning as limitless playgrounds for desire. Beautiful singularities ride together on

a train, imbued with other-worldly potential as co-conspirators in insurrection against the sterility and horror of postmodern capitalism. The metropolis is seen from the perspective of its potential—the ways it can make us come. The streets no longer direct the flows of empire. Rather they become points-of-departure for bodies finding one-another in ecstatic revolt. Craigslist is rendered irrelevant as the flows of decadence are reterritorialized. To declare 'occupation' of anything less, means little-to-nothing.

We're fixin' to materialize an indistinction between *modes of pleasure* and *the rest of our miserable lives*. That is to say, collapse the categories of 'sex' and 'daily life' into a seminal breakdown of normalcy. To chart a line-of-flight into yet impossible pleasurability and criminal orgasm.

-----

Such lines-of-flight, if joined  
by others, can lead to crisis

as entire populations are sensitized to the singularities of their participants, combining potentials and creating new ones. If meaning is a *meeting of forces*, and a thing can have as many meanings as there are forces capable of seizing it, then the force of your your lips on my neck and the weight of your hips against mine creates a region of clarity, coming meaning upon the walls. We might call it an infusion of life.

We call this becoming—an accelerating dance of genesis and annihilation; carnal invention, as they say. As we orgasm in conjunction, we extract from one-another immense virtual affects: ways which bodies connect with themselves and the world. We



“

**The metropolis is seen from the perspective of its potential—the ways it can make us come.**

”

combine and actualize them in flesh. Becoming-monstrosity.

Becoming, beginning as desire beyond bodily limitation, creates an unhinging of habit; a widening of a gap and the gap filling—over and over—with potential. Re-becoming undomesticated. Re-erotizing publics. In orgy, we can rip wide the fabric of social control, creating wider and wider zones of autonomy populated by more and hotter singularities, each containing a virtual-sexual geography unknown to this world.

We're seventeen and fucking in the public museum. I'm on my knees with your cock in my mouth, surrounded by Mayan art and tiger statues. Our hushed whispers and frenzied breathing becomes a secret language of power. And us, becoming monstrous, eating-whole restraint and apology. The world ruptures as we come, but it isn't enough. We want it all, of course—to expropriate the public as a wild zone of becoming-orgy, and to destroy what stands in our way.

**I AM**  
**A BUL**  
**GING**  
**TAN** **I AM**  
**GLE** **A**  
**STRIN**  
**NGY**  
**MASS**

Notes for an Analysis  
of the Recent Election

**A**s proof that the election never mattered, we observe that trees have blossomed as usual this year. The quiet persistence of redbuds and maples confirms what we had already suspected: ideas do not particularly matter. Meanwhile, the dense profusion of storefronts and advertisements has continued to slowly shift, unfold, delicately yielding to an unseen caress, with no hint that within its endless adjustments lies the logic of infinite expansion. The loci of production, such as they are, still echo with the din of a poisonous health. The flows of commerce continue unimpeded.

We want to wreck their shit. And yes, we expect the messiah. Even the little rhododendron awash in radiant light.

The election never mattered: i.e. neither did the opposition. The public memory of Obama's ascent bears no trace of our meticulous plans. But how could it be otherwise? The history of politics is a history of images, and the images that endure are the ones reproduced by the material structure of daily life. Social subsistence demands an opinion about the presidential race, but no one *needs* an opinion about the capitalist state: thus even the most rigorous rejection of politics enters political history as an eccentric opinion within a circumscribed debate. The cultural market demands a continuous supply of electoral memorabilia, not least because each newscast about the president reiterates the fiction that something real happened in November: thus even the most ambitious interventions erode into oblivion<sup>1</sup>. It's not that we didn't hit hard enough to change the story, or that we failed to follow through; it's simply that the story was written at a different level.

Some in our milieu see elections as a moment to expose the illegitimacy of state power; we, on the other hand, have lost interest in legitimacy. So they lack the consent of the governed: who cares? The state, for us, is a fact of life, or better yet, a structural condition. We wish to reveal not the falsehood of its legitimating myths, but their irrelevance. Anything else only encourages democratic illusions about the foundations of power: if enough people get the right ideas, the oppressor will vanish like a dream. Always, the logic is that of the demand, even if the imagined mechanism is revolutionary force. Buried within is the assumption that ideas precede action, that affinity

**1.** The fiction, to be exact, is that a straightforward relation of personal identity obtains between Obama, object of the past election, and Obama, subject of current world history. On the contrary, each is a complex cultural production defined by overlapping but distinct elements (the latter, for instance, has nothing to do with T-shirts, stickers, or youtube videos), and neither has much to do with a particular man living in a particular white house in D.C.



is basically a matter of shared beliefs and not shared practices. The end result is anarchy as a political alternative, a sort of Nader campaign without the Nader.

As a public relations ploy, third-party identity might serve some tactical purpose. Perhaps it's easier to raise legal funds, or seduce young progressives into our naughty ways. We, of course, have nothing against useful fictions, if someone else does the unpleasant work of promulgating them -- but we fear that the best storytellers may fool even themselves.

In retrospect, the best result of the conventions was getting us ready for Greece. The St Paul riot and subsequent internal squabble opened a space into which insurrection swaggered like an outlaw into a frontier saloon, eyes tight with malice. The conventions were a moment of self-organization in which antagonism played as important a role as unity. Without the infighting, the subsequent thrill of success abroad, of self-recognition in the flames of Athens, would not have proliferated as it did. This fact should not discourage us from asking whether the right antagonisms were invented or the right lines drawn.

---

*Never attack the system in terms of relations of force. That is the (revolutionary) imagination the system itself forces upon you -- the system which survives only by constantly drawing those attacking it into fighting on the ground of reality, which is always its own. But shift the struggle into the symbolic sphere, where the rule is that of challenge, reversion and outbidding. So that death can be met only by equal or greater death. Defy the system by a gift to which it cannot respond except by its own death and its own collapse.*

*Another aspect of the terrorists' victory is that all other forms of violence and the destabilization of order work in its favour.*

*Internet terrorism, biological terrorism, the terrorism of anthrax and rumour -- all are ascribed to Bin Laden. He might even claim natural catastrophes as his own. All the forms of disorganisation and perverse circulation work to his advantage. The very structure of generalised world trade works in favour of impossible exchange. It is like an 'automatic writing' of terrorism, constantly refuelled by the involuntary terrorism of news and information. With all the panic consequences which ensue; if, in the anthrax scare, the hysteria spreads spontaneously by instantaneous crystallization, like a chemical solution at the mere contact of a molecule, this is because the whole system has reached a critical mass which makes it vulnerable to any aggression.*

*What can thwart the system is not positive alternatives, but singularities. But these are neither positive nor negative. They are not an alternative; they are of another order. They do not conform to any value judgment, or obey any political reality principle. They can, as a consequence, be the best or the worst. They cannot be united in a general historical action. They thwart any dominant, single-track thinking, but they are not a single-track counter-thinking: they invent their own game and their own rules.*

-----  
**Barack Obama does not exist. Did not exist. Will not exist. The magic of his campaign was precisely its emptiness.**

"Hope" and "Change" could signify literally anything, a fact not lost on his fervid supporters (this was the flaw in leftist plans to capitalize on their subsequent disillusionment). Conversely, anything hopeful or changeful took on automatically a uniform meaning: Obama. A vague, ineffable feeling: something about common purpose, something about progress, maybe even a titillating little something about power. Obama promised everything. The economy would buck up; the atmosphere would reverse its deterioration; and

**2.**

"Constituent power" is the logical outcome of a historiography that does not privilege state actors. Only from the perspective of elites (towards which archival history is inevitably biased,

obviously, the residual bigotry of the backward masses would dry up under his beaming light. To believe was not naivety, but a shrewd reinvention of possibility in an already impossible world.

The body of Barack Obama is, or was, the Multitude, a network of singularities constituted by the relations of immaterial production. If he himself has no reality, this body is reality itself -- or, more precisely, the supersession of reality that defines contemporary life. The self-invention and accelerated communication allowed us by the nature of both work and compulsory leisure today gives rise to a subjectivity for which marginal campaign contributions, formal and informal "grassroots organizing," and obsessive attention to pre-election poll results actually have the character of self-determined action. This need not be cause for pouting. The relationships and technical capacities of participants in the Obamanomenon (which was larger than the Obama campaign) are as historically significant as the more visible end to which they were oriented, and far less monolithic. If, seen from one end, they are reflexes of an imposed postmodern subjectivity, from the other end they appear as concessions forced upon capital by the difficulties of keeping exploitation profitable.

It is thus incorrect to interpret Obama as a recuperating force, a "leader" diverting popular passions into institutional channels. As a politician, he is that, of course; but Obama the politician is an insignificant residue of Obama the image. The expansive and total character of the latter gives an unprecedented scope to what Negri calls "constituent power," the power of subordinates in a hierarchical system to determine that system's rules<sup>2</sup>. The street market for bootleg T-shirts picturing Obama as a

latter-day Scarface is just one small example. Obama the image (the true Obama) is in some sense hostage to his own multitudinous body. It is only a matter of failed imagination that Obama the political institution has retained some hegemony within parts of that body.

by the very construction of the archive) do elites appear as the determining agents of history. The continuity from Negri's early operaismo to his present bland altermondialism is nowhere clearer. This sad decline calls into question not the abolition of the elite historical subject, but the terms in which the problem is posed.



When I first met Barack Obama, he wore a tailored black suit. The voices from the cocktail party were scarcely audible in the basement to which we had withdrawn. Large black pipes ran along the cinderblock walls, and fluorescent lights gave his hair a bluish tinge. After a few preliminaries, he asked that I remove my clothes. I obliged, and stood before him in my underwear, shivering. "Close your eyes," he said, and walked slowly behind me. I heard a heavy rustling, and then a click. He walked back around and ordered me to open my eyes. His appearance had not changed, with the single exception that now in his hand was an ear of corn, which he held by the drawn-back husks, each perfect kernel plump and gleaming in the artificial light. My pulse quickened. Staring stonily into my eyes, he held the corn aloft, paused, and brought it crashing down upon my chest. I grunted. He raised it again, and brought it down, and up again and down, battering my chest and collarbones until finally I let out a yell of delight. He stopped. Gripping my chin with one hand, he shoved the ear of corn into my throat, twisting and thrusting until I gagged and slobbered and tears sprang to my eyes. The implement tasted metallic and sour, and its ragged edges scraped my palate. "You cocksucking whore," he majestically exclaimed.

After some time, Obama stopped, and pushed my head away from his corncob. "Good," he said. "Would you like a reward?" I looked up at his steadfast face. Shuddering, I curved my neck and raised my chin toward the ceiling. I was SO WET! He slid his dry brown hand down, into my panties, inching toward the burning fire there. Finally, he touched me, and, pushing my hips to meet him, I melted, yielding, dissolving, until all that remained was a bulging tangle of mycelia, pale, dripping with mucilaginous love, shifting and tenderly waving in the nighttime air. He stiffened. "You're so... fungal... baby," he said, withdrawing his hands and trying to look composed. I gazed at him lovingly from the blank sockets where a minute before my eyes had glinted. Gingerly, he touched them with one finger, then slid two inside and gave an exploratory swirl. Tendrils of spongy filament stretched out to meet him.

Osama bin Laden, who until this point had observed quietly

from his seat in the corner, now rose and stepped towards us. On his head, he wore a turban. On his chin, he had a beard, which jutted out in turgid splendor and bobbed with each advancing step. "I would like to watch a little closer," he said, in a low, gentle voice. I nodded. From a small pouch at his waist, he took a pinch of a powdery substance, which he blew from his palm into the air around us. Barack Obama sneezed.

Meanwhile, the latter had pushed his hand deeper, and now my former eyelids squeezed around his wrist. As he pressed his clenched fist against my insides, I opened to him, sliding along his forearm and biceps, engulfing him to the shoulder. I felt the thick sinews of his neck and the bulge of his masculine jaw. Drawing closer, I probed the skin of his handsome face, an expanse of lustrous scales plunging into a thousand pores, which I entered: slowly at first, then faster, snaking into the President in a thousand slippery threads as a thousand little sphincters twitched and then loosened around me. He gasped, and his fingers tore at the last of my flesh, until with a final rush I disappeared within.

The interior in which I now found myself was chilly and damp. Suggestive vibrations, as of a murmuring crowd, resonated inside me as I coalesced again. Soft, clammy tissues brushed against my own soft limbs, and sporadic jolts of electricity made me tingle and convulse. I tried to relax. The abrupt change of sensations had disoriented me, and my desire, left without object, strained against itself alone, a stringy mass weaving and unweaving in ever tighter reconfigurations. I thought of past lovers. God, Science, Proletariat: each had brought me pleasure, each had changed me, but no one had changed me like this. What was it? Something about their solidity, musculature, a correspondence of logic and will that always left me tense: but Barack had the texture of disintegrating eggshell. He could be firm, but it was always a response, a solidity engendered from without; or, if perhaps his firmness sometimes arose of its own accord, without permission, it was always misplaced, a simple matter to avoid. Even his unflappable perfection was an invitation, an always evaporating fragrance ready to float out of the way as the need arose. And that was exactly it:

*Barack was a flower, the blossoming navel of an obliging unreality. So vulnerable. So pretty.*

*As my body wove itself tighter, the vibrations passing through me grew stronger in waves. The shocks were more frequent and more intense, and the soft surrounding tissue began to swell and press against me. The chill of empty space gave way to a pleasant gelatinous warmth. I was growing. I felt myself push through the contents of Obama's skull, burrowing through them, wrapping around them as they pushed into me, until the hard wall of a cheekbone checked my expansion. Now I could feel him breathing, sucking wheezing gulps in through his teeth, through his own fingers stuffed into his mouth, moaning as his pulse hammered faster and faster around his eyes and sinuses. The contortions of a grimace reached me through the bone, and suddenly, unable to contain my raging love, shaking and seizing with the unbearable torrents of sound and electricity, I burst forth, exploding from the side of the President's flawless head, a writhing tentacle, screaming in orgasm, and him coming like a suicide, gaping, breath from his mighty lungs jammed against his glottis. I flailed in the air; he staggered, clutching in space as he tried to steady himself. His head pitched like an airplane in turbulence. I slapped against the wall, and recoiled.*

*Across the room was a heavy steam-pipe, which I reached out to grasp. Coiling around it, I dragged Obama forward and downwards. He fell to his knees, bracing one hand against the floor and tugging at my bulk with the other. Osama bin Laden stood alongside. "Handsome," he said, and gave my thick coils a pat. I felt the room tremble. Obama moaned. Cinderblocks began to crack and fall from the walls as the tremors grew more violent. A sour wind blew from the space behind, and dust and plaster poured down upon us. Was it here already, the insurrection? Was it love, or just an epiphenomenon? In the distance, a fire siren began to wail heroically. What were we doing? If social reality had long ago departed, what was this ecstasy? Or did it even matter? I pulled Obama forward in the dust. Bin Laden smiled, and spanked my outstretched body, chuckling.*

## Postscript:

**T**he election, again, did not matter. The history in which we wish to become a force is not the history of politics. At the same time, we cannot pretend to exist outside, above or beyond the fickle history of images. The spectacle positions even the oblivious. (Apparent indifference to fashion creates a fashion of its own, variously ironic, clueless, or morally uptight.) This is the truth that Cindy Milstein and ilk kept sniffing around, without ever managing to find it: a protest that refuses communication is dead before it begins. And although we, of course, never wanted to protest, some of us, for mysterious reasons, still tried to communicate, without bothering to find a common language beyond politics. If we had really communicated, in an actually existing language, it would have been more clever and more terrible than UA or its critics even thought to imagine.

Obama will never come again—but if he does, we humbly propose a different experiment. On the smoldering ruins of the student union, a familiar slogan is scrawled: “Change We Can Believe in.” A



flashmob loots the local co-op; the banner drop reads "Obama is the Future." Or perhaps these fantasies are too mild-mannered; perhaps others can do better, or worse (we have not forgotten Obama's brief cameo as the Antichrist). In any case, the point is exactly *not* to reject the false hope of a television savior. You can't defeat the spectacle in a head-on confrontation. Nor is the point simply to disrupt the flow of images to make space for some realer positive message, like the election-day newspaper wraps that some of us enjoyed. The point is to render that flow truly incoherent. Positive content is not a luxury we get. Only in moments of actual rupture, moments in which we are free not only to speak but also to hear, will our ethical practices translate to a revolutionary project.



# IWA NT 2.0 FUUCK

I want to [fuck]. I want to fuck / screw you. I want to fuck a dog in the ass. I want to fuck a dog that's right kids I tried to fuck your mom in the ass. I want to fuck a gay on cam I am a hot gay. I want to fuck a girl, she is elder than me but

she has very sexy boobs. I want to fuck a hippie chick. I want to fuck a hotter, younger, stupider (if possible) version of Ann Coulter. I want to fuck a mannequin. I want to fuck a million strangers. I want to fuck a Nazi girl. I want to fuck a peroxide-blonde richbitch daddy's girl. I want to fuck alley. I want to fuck an amputee and a dwarf. I want to fuck an extraterrestrial. I want to fuck Angie Dickinson. I want to Fuck Arnold Schwarzenegger. I want to fuck artists. I want to fuck Ben Goldacre. I want to fuck Bonnie Hunt. I want to fuck both Bono AND Larry Mullen. I want to fuck Carmen Electra. I want to fuck Duffy. I want to fuck everyone in the world. I want to fuck everything in sight. I want to fuck for long time. I want to fuck for the greater good of the world. I want to fuck Fred Durst and his music

doesn't make me feel sexy. I want to fuck Gavin with a rusty pitchfork. I want to fuck George W Bush. I want to fuck her is the fundamental unit of a man's thought. I want to fuck him also. I want to fuck him like a girl. I want to fuck his asshole. I want to fuck in the morning. I want to fuck it up. I want to fuck It. I want to fuck Jade. I want to fuck James McAvoy. I want to fuck Jessica Biel. I want to fuck me. I want to fuck mp3 downloads. I want to fuck my best friend. I want to fuck my ex gf. I want to fuck my mom badly. I want to fuck my mother. I want to fuck my mum. I want to fuck myself. I want to fuck not love. I want to fuck off. I want to fuck or be fucked. I want to fuck other women all the time. I want to fuck Pretty Anu-Gujarat. I want to fuck pretty girls who look like flowers and love horses. I want to fuck radio. I want to fuck Ronald Reagan. I want to fuck shit up. I want to fuck so bad. I want to fuck somebody involved in the production. I want to fuck somebody. I want to fuck sonic the hedgehog General Blabber. I want to fuck that nigga. I want to fuck the Queen very, very much. I want to fuck the sheets, the trees outside my window, the men and women passing on the streets below. I want to fuck the shit out of you. I want to fuck the 'Swiss Family Robinson' out of this tree. I want to fuck their faces Bye-Bye. I want to fuck them in their tiny assholes and cum in their mouth. I want to fuck this graphic up. I want to fuck this movie. I want to fuck this song. I want to fuck those moments. I want

to fuck tonight. I want to fuck u bcoz talk abt pakistan like that. I want to fuck what Daddy did. I want to fuck when I sit in a café on Bedford Avenue. I want to fuck with the cannon ball. I want to fuck you - no, I just want to talk (fuck!). I want to fuck you again. I want to fuck you beside railroad tracks. I want to fuck you during an earthquake. I want to fuck you Edmund. I want to fuck you hard and fast. I want to fuck you in different languages. I want to fuck you in fur. I want to fuck you in sight and sound and taste. I want to fuck you in the ass. I want to fuck you in the ear hole. I want to fuck you in the magic sphere. I want to fuck you it's my birthday. I want to fuck you like a cheap whore. I want to fuck you like an animal. I want to fuck you like an, umm, wait. I want to fuck you like cheese horse. I want to fuck you near Cape Canaveral. I want to fuck you night and day. I want to fuck you on Pisamba. I want to fuck you on TV. I want to fuck you right now. I want to fuck you silly. I want to fuck you too. I want to fuck you up against this wall. I want to fuck you with words. I want to fuck you woman like you've never been fucked. I want to fuck you, Clarissa. I want to fuck you. I want to fuck your brains out until you cum for me. I want to fuck your cunt for a thousand paces. I want to fuck your cunt in the ceiling. I want to fuck your cunt. I want to fuck your cu-u-u-unt. I want to fuck your face. I want to fuck your mom. I want to fuck your piston. I want to fuck your wife. I want to fuck, I want to get fucked, just fuck, just fuck me. I want to fuck.

**OK**

**OFFICIAL  
ORGAN  
OF THE  
ENLIGH  
TENED  
AVANT  
GARDE**

(THE SO CALLED "ANTI-CPE"  
MOVEMENT, 1st SEMESTER 2006 &  
THE 2007 EDITION)



**P.C.P.**  
**POLITICALLY**  
**COHERENT**  
**PROPOSITIONS**

1. *"It's easy to criticize, but really, what do you propose?"*

2. *"Anyway, you're against everything."*

1. Nothing.

2. Yes.

The Politically Coherent Propositions are the foundation of the (Enlightened) Avant-Garde as well as its goal.

We want everything, above all the girlfriends of the union-set.

We want everything, even things which serve no ostensible purpose.

The girlfriends of the union-set serve no purpose. A hole is a hole.

We want everything, even that which serves no purpose. We want stewards to train us how to attack the police.



Attention French Communist Party,  
Ode to the human rot:

*Living cadavers in my room.*  
*Leptous humor.*  
*Gangrene personified as commodity.*  
*Colored prism.*

THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE of the official organ of the Enlightened Avant-Garde congratulates itself in advance for its success as well as for its editorial position, as no one else will do so in its place.

CLARIFICATION of a technical issue born of a damp consensus at the bosom of the editorial committee with respect to the P.C.P 's (Politically Coherent Propositions). It has been admitted that a political position, albeit obscure, can't be based upon less the six (6) P.P.C'.s, without risk of a divergence with the Ethical Committee and the direction of Propaganda for the (Enlightened) Avant-Garde.

3. *"You don't critique yourself, it's pathetic."*
4. *"To dub oneself the Enlightened Avant-Garde is pretentious."*
5. *"Your playing into the hands of the far-right,"*
6. *"You don't have any argument."*

3. Yes.
4. And?
5. It doesn't stop there.
6. To the contrary.

# NOTES RELATIVE TO THE SO-CALLED "STUDENT MOVEMENT AGAINST PRECARIETY"

**I**f there exists a Precarity against which the students ought to concern themselves, it's their intellectual Precarity. This intellectual Precarity is confirmed everyday by divers theories and actions. The most flagrant example (syndiclists notwithstanding) being the BCI (Brigade of Clown-like Intervention), which is, in all likelihood, the avant-garde of student cretinism.

THERE ARE THOSE who've objected that we are nihilists. This is false. Nihilists do not exist. Should anyone know of one, even at a remove, could they please furnish their contact information. The dishes need finishing-up.

According to the surest of sources (Midi Libre, 20 March 2006) one of its members had declared, "at the march it was a clown that got beat-up by the cops. Well, I went over and gave them a smile." To which we respond: Cool. Go kill yourself.

So as to underscore our militant credibility, and in order not to be accused (with or without reason) of not proposing anything, we submit that the BCI change its name, en lieu of a collective suicide. Our proposition would be the MRN, Movement of Red Noses, more coherent, politically speaking.

—A member of the AMB  
(Anti-Movement Brigade).

# O.K.

Rotting Organ of the  
Avant-Garde, Herself  
Somewhat Moribund  
November '07

## prolegomenes

We'd wanted everything.

We've changed. One has

to be able to admit their

errors, and we no longer

desire the girlfriends

of the union-set. One

must also accept one's

avant-garde role, we'd

wanted more stewards.

In that we've succeeded.

The editorial committee

congratulates itself.

## **POLITICALLY COHERENT PROP OSITIONS**

7. *"If you aren't  
Comrades, you must  
be enemies."*

8. *"You're a bunch of  
fascists."*

9. *"One doesn't  
smoke in the  
General Assembly."*

7. For once we are  
agreed.

8. If only.

9. Oh no?

*A number of ridiculous objections and pseudo-critiques have been set at the feet of certain members of the (less and less Enlightened) Avant-Garde, who, out of a need for social accuracy and a fear of being taken for cowards, seek to dispel the stigma surrounding so many things for which they might have been reproached. Of course, the following auto-justification does not treat the totality of accusations, as the inverse would have been a loss of both time and energy, which begin to be in seriously short supply. It is not, alas, published posthumously, but so be it, one has to be content with little.*

# Long Live the Student Divide!

Or, "to what extent the dialectic doesn't always break its brick"

**T**he Enlightened Avant-Garde has never pretended to maneuver in the domain of truth, not from any nihilistic disposition, but rather, as everyone knows, "in a world that truly is topsy-turvy, the true is a moment of the false."

The Enlightened Avant-Garde is not possessed of the pretension to represent the "real squatters", and this for the plain and simple reason that they are composed of a single person, schizophrenic certainly, but a dime is a dime and this person does not squat, out of sentimental as well as economic considerations (sic).

The Enlightened Avant-Garde is not particularly concerned by bourgeois morality, neither by its cynical application, nor its destruction by means of one subversive expedient or another. On the other hand, the author of these texts wishes to specify that he himself has absolutely nothing against subversion in itself, nor against subversive types in general, having been himself as much, occasionally, either through error or lucidity. Moreover, the author wishes to point out that he bathes regularly, that he rarely arrives to reflect with precision upon any subject whatsoever, through either laziness or mental deficiency, but certainly never for any pedestrian political objective; that he does, in fact, from time to time, attempt the occasional essay, being fully conscious of the fact that one can't achieve everything at a single go; that he considers that idealism, well-being, health, respect, construction, and the changing of life haven't anything to fear from a certain dose of class consciousness. Nevertheless, with all the bad faith in the world one cannot affirm that politics are not bourgeois, a fact which is altogether to its honor. It's true, however,

that the author is intolerant in the absolute, and that this fact is not merely a social appearance but rather a character trait; and one, need it be said, that is shared by the vast majority of Humanity.

The Enlightened Avant-Garde does in fact love drugs, sex, sloth, vain explications, insulting people on the streets, and the consumption of alcohol. The author wishes to specify that these are not his only passions in life; that he also enjoys video games, driving over animals, dining at McDonalds, and staring into the television as well as his own breasts. It also sometimes happens that he exposes his passions not for sheer provocation, but out of a sense of comradery and friendship.

On the other hand, he doesn't know if "living without guilt is cool", but is certain that the latter attitude constitutes some degree of progress with respect to the acceptance of any of the moralizing religious programs that might haunt one or another human head.

For what there is of his "latent racism", it must be known that said racism isn't simply "latent", but perfectly assumed, extending moreover to the quasi-totality of species, human as much as animal and vegetable.

What's more, he is incapable of seeing in what his fashion of revolt is degrading and sterile, at least outside of considerations relative to his improbable reproduction and the concerns of urban real-estate. Further, he is not entirely convinced that pursuing an education would be less degrading and sterile than anything else, himself having done as much and having sailed



through the affair nicely macerated psychologically.

Finally, the Enlightened Avant-Garde does, in fact, advocate pleasure and enjoyment, which is better than advocating the so-called comprehension of a critical theory (...)

And to all the cunts that would like for this year to be better,

1. They're wrong
2. At the same time, the better is the enemy of the good
3. So much the better
4. O.K.

PLEASE GOD MAKE T




A black and white photograph of a building entrance. On the left is a dark-framed glass door with a transom window above it. To the right of the door is a decorative stone pillar with a carved capital. Further right is a wall with horizontal siding. A neon sign is mounted across the middle of the image, displaying the text 'TOMORROW BETTER' in a white, sans-serif font. The sign is illuminated, creating a bright glow against the darker background of the building.

TOMORROW BETTER

**TALK  
ING  
COM  
MUN  
ION**

AT THE END OF HISTORY





Once upon a time there was a nihilism so great that it refused to be identified. It attached itself to many alienated, sour, and tired bodies and gave them a terrible new life. The nihilism attached itself to language and mutated the surroundings they shared. It was not long before this nihilism was recognized for what it was. Aghast, the fearful ran and hid under the covers; the ambitious ferociously beat the nihilism out of their own bodies. When called upon, the elders offered little help. They pointed haphazardly—backwards, forwards, inside, and to the sun. The young fell victim to these elders; the elders fell victim to ignorance. United in their foolishness, they drew up a symbol to ward off the nihilism and began a long, strange march in all directions. Never stopping, they followed their symbol towards a salvation that would never come.

# What is Lost is Irrevocable, and Unforgettable

**F**ar too many tracts are published singing a funeral dirge for the loss of revolution's meaning. It's as if what was thought to be essential, sacred, and determinate has silently dissolved between our trembling fists. Revolutionary critique never ceases demanding "why?!" to our now empty palms, but this is the wrong question. What has been lost is gone forever, and critical essays that footnote its previous representation only document its loss—and our collective shame.

Fantasies of ideology redeem nothing. Calls for formal mass organizations—with their pretty little names, their stupid compromised practice of democracy, or their foolish demands for recognition from the state—are only calls to rework shame as guilt<sup>1</sup>. Calls for armed vanguards—with their unkempt boners for management, and their wet-dream of omnipresent moral imposition—are simply calls for a militarization of this debt. The anarchist activist and the Marxist Leninist each share the same guilt in this manner. Shifting in and out of a dual power strategy and this or that social movement—hoping to change peoples ideas—they wag a pitiful little flag and sell or give away their worthless newspapers. Through

**1.** Shame in this regard is the weight of human history. The fact that we do not occupy utopia acts on us with a certain urgency. It is the sadness that comes from being that which is exploited, raped, and enslaved. We run towards the archangel of time who is

their charitable efforts, their cheerleading of *political violence*, and their attempts to be curt when things get out of hand, the so-called political radicals always end up siding with the police. This is because in all the tears that revolutionaries have shed for revolution's lost meaning, there remains the fact that they—unlike everyone else, except the state—*have not forgotten*. They remember this meaning—they are haunted by it—but as nothing more than a representation, *an image of what never was*. If the revolutionary models and calls for action of our time are calls for representation, it is because we are yet to be fully sensible to the affective, resonant, and material nature of meaning.

What gives something meaning is the force of its resonance. If I cannot stand for the clicks and buzzes, the repetitive boredom, the exchange-value of everything, it is because whatever meaning I could have experienced is drained of its force of resonance and becomes painfully distant from me. If I am called and I respond, it is because *what* was called and *how* it was spoken, shouted, or nailed to my door has resonated with me. If I am always attempting to make a *new* call, I will mostly likely fail to be listening.

always facing us, yet is caught in the storm of progress. Our feet hurt, our tears dry. Guilt, on the other hand, is the idea that this shame can become a form of capital which we could invest in revolution. That if we could just run hard enough we could finally grab hold of the archangel of time and kiss all the boobos. The latent moralism of ideologies suggest we are indebted to history and that the only course of action is to repay this debt in order to be finally free. Guilt is felt as a debt, for something we have done. Shame is felt as an exposure of something we are doing.

# Being Nothing that Needs Something

“Empire is not an enemy which confronts me head-on.  
It is a rhythm that imposes itself, a way of dispensing and  
dispersing reality...

...Revolutionary movements do not spread by contamination  
but by resonance. An insurrection is not like a forest fire  
[nor a prairie fire]—a linear process that spreads from place  
to place after the initial spark. It takes the shape of music,  
whose focal points, though dispersed in time and space,  
succeed in imposing rhythm on their own vibrations, always  
taking on more density.”

—The Invisible Committee,  
*A Point of Clarification*

Music becomes intelligible through its use of repetition, duration, and frequency. What is at stake in composition of music is not the use of the newest technologies to produce the newest *genre* but merely the setting of the newest technologies to rhythm. The experiment that will become ritualized will set out its own terms and limitations. The ritual that opens up the space to experiment can be put to use, as such, only insofar as the composer accepts the improvisational nature of repetition, duration and frequency. A bizarre noise band’s cunning appropriation of the most horrible sounds resonates with our desire to

put things, especially horrible things, to use. Even an *ironic* pop song must resonate if it wishes to be on the lips of pretty young things.

“We were anxious to begin our life as people who had no people. And it was easy to find an apartment because we had no standards; we were just amazed that it was *our* door, *our* rotting carpet, *our* cockroach infestation...

We were excited about getting jobs; we hardly went anywhere without filling out an application. But once we were hired—as furniture sanders—we could hardly believe this was really what people did all day. Everything we had thought of as *The World* was actually the result of someone’s job. Each line on the sidewalk, each saltine. Everyone had rotting carpet and a door to pay for. Aghast, we quit. There had to be a more dignified way to live. We needed time to consider ourselves, to come up with a theory about who we were and to set it to music.”

—Miranda July,  
*Something that Needs Nothing*

The **rhythm anarchists** in the US have grown accustomed to—that of food not bombs, of collective living, of bicycle programs, and of black blocs and summit hopping—are merely improvised practices with a certain force of resonance. Each begins either as an intentionally ritualized practice or as an experiment at opening up new practices.

Nothing may remain sacred. Everything, for use.

I want to begin again—from a different angle perhaps—to set desire to music, to give rhythm using

an appropriation of the most horrible sounds, but I don't want to lose sight of what already resonates with me and what already forms a collective *sentimental intelligence*<sup>2</sup>. When I speak of material conditions, I mean to highlight the fact that material worlds are our primary location. When I speak of history, I mean to highlight a fact of doing history by being in history. I want to circumvent the caddish fetishization of the new in order to recognize that our designs *are only partially of our choosing*. The existing practices we so deplore, if liberated from the myth of ideology, may in fact contain footnotes worth examining and worth elaborating. It is from this perspective that I will propose that ritual and custom are not enemies in their own right; that insurrection is an embodied practice and a *becoming-in-history* rather than a *being-in-history*; and that what is at stake in revolution is, strangely enough, happiness—which is different from justice or fulfillment.

There is a sentimental intelligence exhibited in music. Music has the capacity to momentarily transform any class of persons into brethren. The hook of a pop song immediately conjures a nostalgic joy or a tormented lament. The chorus sing-along of straight edge hardcore is not without its seductive qualities even when I am totally wasted. The ironic pleasure I take when singing without regret, "Don't stop believing!" is indistinct from that of the older gentlemen I am standing next to, who remembers his first Journey concert. The force of music's sentimental intelligence is that which moves us to dance, to sing, even to stand by perturbed. This force that cannot be contained by merely one sense is what gives music its so widely felt intelligibility. The composition of

## 2.

sentimental intelligence is a sort of emotional, somewhat nostalgic practice of knowledge. It is an intelligence that is generated through the use of the senses, and its history is felt as sense memories.



the audible into rhythm reveals nothing less than the pure resonant character of music. It is from this fact that we must extract the most serious political lesson: a collective project of happiness is that which is intelligible, audible, but not limited to a singular sensation.

An unstable, invisible and multiplicitous narrative that dances with the rhythm of experience and knowledge—that oscillates between the “we” of a shared conditions and the “we” of a shared direction or inclination—is the only social cohesion that can produce us as a social force. This social force is constituted by nothing more than a resonant audibility of what is on the other side of despair. It is the congealing presence of what occurs when we set terrible desire to music.

The musical genius of SebastiAn, which is analogous to the genius of other recent experiments in electronic music—which is analogous even to the perversity of the U.S. neoconservative movement—is in the fact that they set a rhythm of rupture after rupture. Composing an electronic music solely of ruptures, SebastiAn appropriates the experimental style of early punk by imposing on the electronic form an audacity akin to Clash’s use of dance-beats. He finds a way to make each and every pair of tight kicks in the club bounce to mixes of Walls of Jericho and Chromeo. However, by relying not on the existing beats and bass lines for rhythm, but on the interruption of the normal flow itself, he reveals an originary and contemporary character of music: the presence of rupture.

Transformation of society is a rupture, not a movement. A rupture in history would be a space without time. A rupture in subjectivity would be a space without being. From the position of a social force, a rupture is an opening to be filled by intent and stretched out—we tend to call this maneuver *insurrection*. The total or general form of insurrection can best be conceptualized in the discursive framework of revolution and realized as a result of seizing the means to produce existence—making ruptures inhabitable.

## The Biopolitical Hell of Everyday Life

**WE** begin from the fact that revolution has forgotten us, that there is no proletariat to call home. *We live after the time when kings died, but at least we can finally understand each other.* If revolution is perhaps the event of the communion of everything into the sphere of improvised free use, its messianic analogy should not be lost on us. Especially considering the death of the very idea of god. If humans are to have killed god, then the *religion* that followed was the practical inclusion of god into the separation previously felt only by humankind: the separation from divinity—the guilt so many catholics speak of. Religion, it is said,

### 3.

Agamben, Giorgio: *In Praise of Profanation, Profanations Zonebooks* 2007

### 4.

Christianity is a religion that includes god in the shame of separation from the divine. The sacrifice of Christ includes god himself as the victim of gods law. The importance of the sacred communion cannot be discounted. The bread and wine are transubstantiated to become the body and the blood of Christ, which belong and must be repayed to god. Humans then pay the constant debt of returning all life, including that of the messiah to the divine. Walter Benjamin, locates capitalism not as a merely secularized protestantism but as a religious phenomenon itself. Whereas in catholicism communion

“does not derive, as an insipid and incorrect etymology would have it, from *religare* (that which binds and unites the human and the divine) it comes instead from *relegere*, which indicates the stance of scrupulousness and attention that must be adopted in relations with the gods, the uneasy hesitation, before forms—and formulae—that must be observed in order to respect the separation between the sacred [(that which belongs to god)] and the profane [(that which is returned to free use)]”<sup>3</sup>

What if it was shame rather than guilt, which god shared for creating life imperfectly; for which god gave his only begotten son or whatever to suffer alongside humankind?<sup>4</sup> If this is the case, then we have already reached the end of history, and we are at every moment losing what little time we have between now and death to practice an exigent communion. If the messiah is still to come or to come again, what must be practiced is not guilt before the judgment of a corpse that has decomposed into everything, but rather redemption for the shame of what is done with the potentiality of life. This is the practice of forgetting god, because god has forgotten us, because god is dead, by refusing to wait for the messiah—by practicing, immediately, ethics.

There is a proletarianization of the planet—an inclusion into and a democratization of exploitative relationships of power. This has occurred across every inch of the previous separations such as class, culture, race, gender, and sexuality. What was once felt as collective ontological truth—as revolutionary

subjectivity—is now traded with the same delight and cynicism as carbon credits are traded for access to the wood of the last old growth forests. It should surprise no one that the commodification of air would happen alongside the commodification of existential realities. Each act of the state-form relies on a careful calculation of potentiality, and how best to reduce it. Each capture of life and transformation of that life into commodity relies on an equal calculation—a management of the process of commodification.

and atonement for guilt are what is constantly at stake, in capitalism sacrifices are intended not to atone but to produce guilt. It is because of this that Benjamin calls the world of the arcades, the world of capital, hell.

The terms of what is licit are set quite clearly: life will be privatized or be no life at all. There is a headline or two each day: we are all being diagnosed with mental illnesses, paranoia is the normal condition. Not an ounce of this overwhelming stress feels new. Policing occurs everywhere. If I want to share a funny story at a bar, if I want to cross the street at a red light, if I want to show you how I care, I must always look over my shoulder; and most times I best not want anything too much. The fact of a global capitalism and the subsequent generalized hostilities elucidate nothing short of a reign of *biopolitics*—the power of life and death as the object of capitalism and the state-form. This is made most clear in the two contemporary political figures the left desperately wishes to represent: that of the refugee and that of the metropolitan precarious worker. Everyday the figures' worlds come dangerously closer to communion.

"Language speaks and asks, why am I beautiful? Because my master bathes me." There is no place for us to speak without the sovereignty of capital to clean our words. Today, if I utter "nature," I can only be interpreted to be speaking about beautiful

mountains, or some organic food brand. If I speak of my queerness, there are many sitcoms to reference. A button with an image of Malcom X will only be mistaken to be an image of Barack Obama.

There is no document of civil society which is not at the same time a document of barbarism. Between civil society and barbarism, there are only zones of indistinction. We begin from a position that is not despair, but a lived reappropriation of despair, a lived endurance of all the horrors of late capital. It is from this sentimental position, one that is increasingly felt across the globe, that insurrection is made intelligible as the only *practical* desire with which to face the biopolitical hell that we call *everyday life*.

## Being a Social Force in Time and Becoming Whatever Depos Being and Time

"The secret is to really begin."

—anonymous, *At Daggers*

*Drawn*

To really begin is to practice maneuvers of insurrection in order to improve our conditions immediately, because material and existential conditions cannot be made separate. Those who can see attacks only in particular ways, limited by the

confines of identities (with some privileged above others) are practicing a different discourse. The social force of embodied insurrectional practices will become powerful by spreading a circuit of *affect* through a deployment of worlds that share languages and practices. The only strategy to speak aloud is that of communizing the practices of embodied insurrection. This communion of revolt—the returning of bodies and spaces to the sphere of improvised use—requires meaningful rituals and experiments in insurrection; rituals and experiments that cannot be made separate from one another, but exist as a single expansive war-machine.

Despite the interpretations of some, the speed of the war-machine—what causes it to keep moving, to be dispersed and to be captured in its fractured isolation—is only a latent *function*. The desire of the war-machine is that of inoperativity. If my proletarian body wishes to enter into a more intimate space of seduction with my lumpen bourgeois body<sup>5</sup>, it must slow down and be attentive to detail to give my lumpen bourgeois body the severe treatment it dreams of.

**5.**

“What counts is not the authoritarian unification, but rather a sort of infinite spreading: desire in the schools, the factories, the neighborhoods, the nursery schools, the prisons, etc. It is not a question of directing, of totalizing, but of plugging into the same plane of oscillation. As long as one alternates between the impotent spontaneity of anarchy and the bureaucratic and hierarchic coding of a party organization, there is no liberation of desire.” (Guattari, Felix, *Chaosology Autonomia/Semiotexte*, 1995)

“If yall were winning, we’d be fighting with you”

—an anonymous non-combatant of Overtown  
in Miami, FL at the FTAA  
protest Nov. '03

It can be observed—in all its tragedy—that there exists in the US no social movements to speak *from*. This harsh reality was made most clear when, a single day after the second plane hit the world trade center, the catchphrase “Everything is different after 9/11,” appeared on indymedia sites. It was quickly followed by another exclamation that history was again over, and we should all essentially give up. The subsequent subtraction of many activists from the terrain of struggle, surprised no one. Whatever scale of social-capital had been fabricated and sold to politicians and media went bankrupt. All social movements went bankrupt. One can barely speak of a war that the US is currently fighting, much less the anti-war movement’s blips in the public eye, on this or that day. Certainly, it would be shocking if there were yet another horror, yet another atrocity committed by the state and there was no one to cry about in groups of ten thousand or more, but the imaginary force of attraction peculiar to *quantity* has been lost from the Left forever. Whether that is the result of the labor movement trading any dignity for privilege, of televised broadcasts of the instant that everyone’s favorite ‘60s revolutionary sold out, or of the pathetic populism and passivity that emerges each time things get out of control, no matter. **Social movements are made to die, long live insurrection.**

There may never be another social movement to speak from in our time; this does not have to concern us. If there is, we may be so unfortunate to recognize ourselves in it. If there is not, all the better. A social force without a single identity, without a formal organization and without any demands is in

no way prevented from improving its conditions, interrupting time, and becoming powerful. Maintaining the separation between the specialists of politico-ethical practices and the so-called masses neither prepares for the kingdom of the divine nor re-territorializes our bodies with the habits of the *partisan*.

If one story of the early '00s was the outpouring of demands for this or that reform, it was certainly different for those of us who identified with some greaser in *Breaking the Spell* who "just came for the riots," or for the dreaded Eugene anarchists who engaged in tea, love of trees, and praying for the collapse of industrial civilization in their spare time. It was in the moments of collective confrontation in the early '00s, in LA, in Cincinnati, in NYC, that I was baptized with teargas and shattered glass panes. Yet it was in the corpse of the same anti-globalization movement, animated for a short period against the war, that I remember feeling a more profound agency, one where I and mine were really *all we had*- but where our shared desires became material, against and outside the social contracts of the Left- and at times even the consultas of anarchists. We began not only to be aware of our historical dependence, aware of our attachments to whatever subcultures and traditions, but also we began to *experiment* with power, to attempt to impose our own rhythm within these conditions.

For some, the experiment of the summit convergence was as follows: If a social force can converge in a way to reveal and amplify social conflict, the media -the global voyeur- will project the image onto screens everywhere, and with it, communicate



not only the image of a riot but also the very possibility of a riot. The global media was used as this one-way communication system to the viewer, but the event of rioting, portrayed in broken aspects, was practiced as a *gesture*, not simply a means to an end. The gesture is *the exhibition of mediality: it is the process of making a means visible as such*. The dance of rioting, the expositional character of bodily movements that the media portrayed, retained a certain force of attraction; and in this way the seduction of the event could not immediately be neutralized by its capture as an image. We call it riot porn for a reason.

**In a spectacular society, it is not surprising that pornography has a certain resonance.**

Desire is inexhaustible. If its representation communicates a lack, it is because its exposition is always policed. The essential political character of pornography is in its presentation of events of desire, which must be captured by patriarchal and gendered subjectivities in order to work in our society. Yet what is captured is only fictitiously confined. The pure gesturality of bodies exposing the multiplicity of pleasures that are infinitely possible cannot be discounted. If we see, for example, through a lens, people fucking and enjoying each other in whatever way, it is our own tastes and inclinations that give us pause or make us sweat, because, despite the fact that they are communicating this or that desire, if they are not paternally attempting to disarm us, to coax us, but merely concerned with the event as an exhibition of a potentiality of bodies, then what is sexy is the event

itself. The problem is that most people concerned with revolution are not concerned with the event itself.

What occurred when the ritual of convergence became the accumulation of social capital was a transubstantiation of the potentiality of a social force. When what is at stake becomes what is effective, and when effect is measured in quantity, the gesture is lost. It is then only a matter of time until the image of a social movement is put to work as a loyal opposition and a new cultural niche for market research. However, if the gesture can be wildly practiced, continually experimented and elaborated, if the event of desire can be liberated from its image, then the communion of heaven and hell is all the closer.

## Edging towards the Human Strike<sup>6</sup> and the Convergence of Non-Functional Desire

The point is not to say “Back to the workplaces! Back to the church!”—but it may be that too. Rather I am concerned with the ways in which our everyday practices of class struggle can be exhibited as gestures. Furthermore, I am concerned with how our everyday practices of class struggle are elaborated by each body that gives content to my metropolitan subjectivity. Our sensitivity to power forms a sentimental intelligence.

### 6.

“What must be opposed to Empire is a human strike. Which never attacks relations of production without attacking at the same time the affective knots which sustain them. Which undermines the shameful libidinal economy of Empire, Which restores the ethical element – the *how* – repressed in every contact between neutralised bodies.”

--Tiqqun, *How is to Be Done*

We come to notice the subtle ways in which we are included and excluded, but most importantly how our exclusions are forms of inclusion. This is a paramount feature of today's political endeavors. The aforementioned regime of biopolitics is the invisible assemblage of circuits and fibers that cast the terrain of a war for subjectivity. If we fail to recognize this regime acting on our bodies and in the places where our bodies give content, we risk losing an intelligence that will give us an upper hand. Because it is vital for the function of capitalist normalcy that things remain in their place and in their roles even as they change, our sensitivity, our depression, and our simple pleasures can all be positioned to interrupt.

Our desires that do not function form the *anti-social behavior* that we share and elaborate, *socially*. The sensibility of *fucking it all up*, or the sensibility of sharing—especially through the use of theft, are non-functional desires that conjoin with others to form the content of *social war*. From this perspective, the summit convergence was nothing more than a convergence of non-functional desires, and can remain as such. Congruently, a convergence of non-functional desire, as a tactical operation in social war, does not have to be limited to its prescribed place, nor its prescribed scope.

There is a heavy weight of urgency and productivity located in the discursive styles of the convergence. For the activist, it works to represent the discipline and quantity of a moral choice made by ten thousand individuals. Either as an act of seduction poised towards the state-form, or as an act of ten thousand evangelists believing their ideas matter,

the convergence is emptied of its non-functional potentiality. A profound honesty about our intentions may relieve us of this dead weight. I am pulled to the center of a city with important people meeting there, because I have ill intentions, and because it is through the metropolis that capitalism functions. That I may find these bodies hurling objects through plate glass is not the least of the convergence's virtues. The convergence is a space where I can locate, speak with, and share with those who share my ill intentions, and practice an embodied rupture with commodity relations. It is merely an opportunity to do this and to *feel that one is not one, but a singularity of everything*. In a world in which the first step towards changing everything appears to be shooting blindly into a crowded street, it is terribly satisfying to feel that urge modified by a different practice of desire for power.

If the convergence has become a ritual—one that ritualizes defeat—it is only because we fail to see *how* the convergence, the convergence of non-functional desire, can be relocated, opened up and modified.



# Ritual and Experiment

"We can regard ritual and play not as two distinct machines  
but as a single machine, a single binary system, which is  
articulated across two categories which cannot be isolated and  
across whose correlation and difference the very functioning  
of the system is based"

—Giorgio Agamben,  
*Reflections on History and Play*

**T**he question of ritual or experiment, lifestylism or propaganda by the deed, is a false dilemma for the insurrectional desiring-body. The very lack of social movements, the lack of a modern subject, and the disinterest of most in political-identities illuminates this fact.

In the advanced degree of social decomposition, we can count on the coming community to find a necessary breadth of nihilism. There are two nihilisms at work in rebels who are *genred* as insurrectional anarchists: that of a lone wolf, who imposes moral order on the world as a surrealist revolutionary subject<sup>7</sup>, and that of the pack of wolves who seeks an ethico-political practice as a form-of-life. In a glance, one cannot distinguish the two, as any wolf is a pack of wolves. The gestures of isolated rebels are intriguing, yet only satiate a desire for the image—something akin to drinking a coke-product when one is *thirsty*. There exists a very fine line separating the practices of

## 7.

The surrealist revolutionary subject—like Nietzsche's Superman--attempts to avoid the ba-

affinity groups acting in the night as a force of moral imposition and an ethical practice of communizing insurrection. To be clear, I want to blur this line and implode its categories of value. Both genres of so-called insurrectional anarchists make experience and sharing that experience—the process of sentimental intelligence—what is at stake. What is lacking—what disrupts the oscillation—is the appropriated space and time that expands the isolated, shared-experience of rebels making an attack into that of a force-in-time and mutual recollection that expands beyond the boundaries of the genres.

A communion between two images can occur only at their thresholds. This space is opened up when two beings are felt as indistinct at the very moment when their being is itself interrupted. The ritual and the experiment, as practical desubjectivization, open up this space, because in their practice the rule of *what we are* is in-force as it is modified by *how* we do what we are. The form of communication that occurs when different forms-of-life share communion is that which shares no single feature, which has no single face, and which speaks no single language.

A ritual's success can be described by the force of its continuity and its shared recollection; furthermore it can be described by the affective capacity of its technologies, its bodies—its oscillation in the sphere of potentiality. From the act, which is prepared, to an inclination or a habit, the ritual is threaded into the fabric of a world and into sense memories. It becomes intelligible and can be shared. Bodies interact, intersect, and feel their elasticity in ritual, not by what a body is doing but how a body is

nality of what is perceived to be liberal thought latent in anarchism and slave morality latent in Marxist historical materialism. It poses the omnipresence of the dream, as that which is above reality ("sur"real) in contrast to the aforementioned pitfalls of revolutionary theory. It is this proposition which Georges Bataille has so much beef with; and that he critiques as a regression of surrealism towards idealism in *The Old Mole* and the Prefix "Sur." We find in Bretons revolutionary subject both the terrible desire we have known from living in hell and a possible aporia of ethics.

doing something. Through performance, a body feels a capacity to be modified, to be acted on. In this way, the ritual attaches itself to the sphere of inclinations, and transforms our relationships from being a subject or object to becoming-whatever.

Experiment, on the other hand, can be described by its capacity to produce new sentimental intelligence and experiences of power and pleasure. The experiment is attached to the sphere of play. The figure of the child in playful experiment cannot be discounted. However, despite the way the child is figured in representations to sell us toilet paper or Disney movies, the child is not merely a figure of *naive innocence*. The child may meet each day anew, and face the world with a rigorous use of its imagination, but the child does not play nice or play fair. The child even makes a game of just that.

Anyone who has taken care of children knows that children are wild creatures with desire, and who are not afraid to experiment with and use things that ought not be toys. They will harm animals, tear out earrings from ears lobes, and disassemble just about everything you put in their hands. The toy is the relationship in which the child engages everything.

Toys are entities, once sacred, belonging to a particular functional use, but no longer. The relationship of the toy is that which profanes anything—that returns it to the sphere of free use. The experiment felt as such is found both in the relationship that is developed with objects such as rocks, bottles, clothing, cars and in the relationship that is developed with our once fragile bodies. The expansive character of this experimentation becomes

increasingly clear by an improved capacity to develop different meaning through different use. If, to engage something with playful experimentation is to bring to the surface a gestural incantation that forces the grip of function to be relinquished, then each experiment at communizing insurrection can have as its object the sharing and spreading of the gesture.

What is successfully profaned by experimentation can no longer be sacred, and it is in that fact that each gesture gives content to our sentimental intelligence. LA, for example, cannot forget that it was a place where one of the most extensive ruptures of our time was practiced by its inhabitants. An excessively debauched party may always be remembered by the perverse practitioners and the equally perverse voyeurs. Experiment, wildly practiced, once it attaches itself to a place, can no longer be distinguished from ritual.

**There is always ritual and experiment, rubbing up against each others' seams; there is never a synthesis.**

A social force as an interlocutor of these insurgent rituals and experiments must be realized as a practice of everyday life. Ritual is attached to the same spheres as custom and habit; and experiment to the same spheres as play and experience. Thus, a social force, without places of becoming in practice—places that impose a rhythm of ruptures and make audible the murmurs of different languages—is merely a fiction competing for recognition alongside iPhones, conspiracy theories and bands on tour. If blank walls are to be filled with content, it must be a content



with a gestural vocabulary. In this way self-referential experiments at dominating space must correspond intelligently to conditions of combat—making zones of opacity felt rather than recognized. Fiction is a serious endeavor. **Making it inhabitable is war.**



## The *Exceptional* character of the Left and the State of Exception

**T**he enforced separation of affects, peculiar to the Left, is the revolutionary strategy of dual power. Dual power tasks revolutionaries with the production of counter-institutions and development of military forces. It reworks the deployment of profanatory gestures and affects, the composure of a rhythm of ruptures, and the rituals of communion, to mean only *peace to the villages and war to the palaces*. This distinction of such spaces, ours and theirs, is not necessarily the most distasteful insight of dual power. It is rather how these different spaces are figured that impedes communization. The separation of spaces that build our power from spaces that contest their power sets a binary that works well for movements that seek to inherit and reproduce the state-form. It is no coincidence that those who want to produce counter-institutions of care will argue until the last provocative element is removed that the counter-institution must remain separate from the strategy of attack. They shamefully veil their desire to police or manage, their demand for legitimacy, as a practical demand to keep the less privileged safe. Yet, they will cheer like football fans when their military brings down repression because it will “radicalize people.” Every infoshop, every worker-owned cafe and every bicycle program has to face the shame of one day potentially calling the police for what it cannot manage.

This world is hell, and whether it is the charity of revolutionary activists, churches or the state, there is now the existence of those with whom no political representation corresponds, and who continually destroy the free bicycles society so conscientiously put at their disposal. Dual power will fail. It cannot face the zone of indistinction between creation and destruction. What is at stake in dual power is the enforcement of this insipid and stupid separation; between creation and destruction, between civil society and war. It is an ideological fantasy that there is a debt that can be payed to my people, my society, my love through war. This discursive binary of build/fight the power can only produce state-forms of power—figuring bodies as orifices that must be filled with power taken from others, bodies whose agency requires governability and discipline. However, there is a different discourse of power, a terrible discourse of communion. One that is now fully considered, and of which its risks are calculated by all the nation states of the earth, we might say it is *the state of exception in which we now live*, as would the authors of the text *Introduction to Civil War* when they state:

“There is no longer any visible Outside—no *pure* Nature, no Great Madness, no Great Criminal and no *classical* Great Proletariat with its really-existing Homeland of Justice and Liberty. These have all disappeared, above all because they have lost their imaginary force of attraction. There is no longer any Outside precisely because there is exteriority at every point of the biopolitical tissue”

The tradition of the oppressed teaches us that the "state of exception" in which we now live is not the exception but the rule.<sup>8</sup> The exception as the rule reveals an originary imperative of the form of power of the state. To have subjectivity is to be within the care of a sovereign. There is no subject that speaks without the care of language. However, in order for subjectivity to be granted, the subject must give itself over to the sovereign. It must be outside in order to be inside. But what gives the sovereign its force of law, to set the discourse, is nothing other than imposition.

In the case of Hobbesian myth, the outside was nature: the potentiality of war of all against all and it was nasty, brutish, and short. The inside was civil society, which can be given content only by humankind becoming subjects. The two aporias are revealed: inside and outside. If the sovereign rules civil society with an imposition of law, what gives the sovereign legitimacy (especially now that god is dead)? It is the fact that the sovereign embodies that which is outside, yet at the center. The exception as the rule. Furthermore if humankind can only be subjects by signing the social contract which puts it as that which can be killed as an imposition of law, then it is the submission to the outside which is at the center that includes humankind as being inside civil society. This means that the exception is merely a fiction, which, when examined, reveals a terrible zone of indistinction between possible war of all against all and lawful civil society.

If Max Weber believed it was a monopoly of violence that gave the state its power, it was perhaps because he failed to see the potentiality for a violence

## 8.

Benjamin,  
Walter *Thesis  
on the Philosophy of History*  
1940

## 9.

In Benjamin's Critique of Violence (1921), he begins work on a theory of the sovereign exception, called the *fictitious state of exception* and development of a theory of the *real state of exception*. Drawing on George Sorel's notion of a decisive strike that ruptures with the history of the state, Benjamin reconceptualized the history and means of revolution as "divine violence" or pure means. Unfortunately he never returned to this work outside of the above mentioned Thesis. Giorgio Agamben, among others have recently attempted to continue this theory and reflect on Benjamin's influence on the Nazi jurist, Carl Schmitt. What I wish to take from these reflections is a terrible illumination on the nature of law and violence—a

that did not make law but deposed it. Walter Benjamin however theorized a real state of exception.<sup>9</sup> An event that occurs once the law-making capacity of violence is put to use as a pure means, a means that reveals though its gesture the pure potentiality of violence and law. Pure means deactivates lawful violence by imposing a rupture in law's being-in-force. This divine violence can do nothing less than put an end to the fiction of sovereignty—to the state-form—by exposing the fictitious separation between inside and outside.

What this means for insurrectional practices, for an insurrectional framework of power and conflict, is that there are only zones of indistinction to be practically revealed, and that our practices of subversion can only be described by their different frequencies. War is not a product of guilt or debt, but the suspension of guilt. Furthermore, this means that those who utter "dual power" must now fully feel the shame lovingly bestowed on anti-state practices by Guy Debord through our multiplying gestures. If revolutionary theory is the enemy of all ideology—and *knows it*—then all ideology, that practice which separates mind from body, theory from action, the coming community from the coming insurrection, must feel its idiotic poverty through the practice of pure means.

# Different Frequencies of Social War

## 1. Delicate and Imposing

What is understood as alternative or “counter-institutions” cannot be made separate from what is understood as an attack, because in order for either to be extended they must locate a friction. The practices of subversion, either subtle or brash, are only made material as a unitary practice. The intelligence and resonance of sadomasochism and partisan enmity<sup>10</sup> give us an important insight: Given the opportunity, the force of care or communion between bodies will be expressed with violence.

A space of subtle subversion is located as a practice of non-linear, non-hierarchical embodied power that presses against the boundaries and thresholds of everyday hierarchy and exploitation with ease—which is to say that it is not immediately noticed for what it is. A space of overt subversion is located as the momentary communion opened up when social forces or forms-of-life encounter each other and feast excessively, on the ruin of capitalism and the vulnerabilities of the state-form. I locate the specific practices of consensual and commensurable desire put to use in an erotics of power as resonant with the collective development of sentimental intelligence and interruptions in the function of institutions that produce governability. It is no coincidence that practices of erotic power, parodic or not, are

secret solidarity between law and anomie. Benjamin's challenge “to attain a conception of history that is keeping with this insight”—the fact of the exception as the rule as an originary imperative of the state-form, is all the more significant today, when the options of revolutionary struggle appear to be between choosing to become a new identity in the form of a sub-culture or forming a charitable organization that attempts to disarticulate the state.

## 10.

Enmity is the relationship of friend-enemy. Hostility, on the other hand, is the relationship of citizen-outsider. The friend-enemy distinction can be understood as combat between one collectivity and another collec-

tivity. While we might find that what we are at war with is not a *who*, but a *what*, it would be foolish to discount the constellation of forces that make up *what*. If the normal functioning of these forces produce not enmity but hostility, then the practice of partisan enmity can be understood as a rupture with the superficial status of hostilities—a rupture which through its gesture generates friends and enemies. The ethical and practical question is *how* will we do this?

analogous to western literature's progression. If we try to avoid power, there is always De Sade instructing us to *make one more effort*. The antimony of subject and object is made a sort of zone of indistinction when I hold the crop against my partner's throat. It is what they feel as the intimate estrangement of corporeal need that I feel as the estranged intimacy of desire: their need is my want; my want is their need.

Our parody of the sovereignty fiction—where anything can happen—is the single mediation that begins our shared practice of power, but it is also a space only given substance through the improvisation of communicating our desires for power. At each moment, we grant our bodies the potentiality of collapsing this shared Eros, back into normalcy, but we continually *prefer not to*, and rather endure each others' terrible desires, imposing new modifications to the thresholds of our desire. It is in the practice of eroticized power that I locate a different discourse for getting organized and for rethinking bodily boundaries. Not as property rights, but rather as thresholds—that a body desires to expand and be undone.

If the current rituals that take place as "counter-institutions" do not serve our pleasure and power, they can be modified with the same imposition with which they were originated. In all sincerity and in all vulgarity, it is my humble proposition that there are existing spaces, commodified and captured by function, at every level of the paternalistic and meritocratic structures of society that can be recognized, interrupted, and put to use. Such spaces are first perceived as political, yet vapid—the machine

of political discourses, identities, and marketplaces. We say, for now we can meet “in a riot, in an orgy, in an occupation,” but to extend our practice of communization would mean to meet at work, at the bar, in highschool after-school programs, at reappropriated college fraternities, sororities and clubs. Any place that has conflict, where the horrors of alienation and the neutralizing affects of capital are felt, and that is vulnerable to expropriations, is fertile with live cultures and potential for subversion.

## 2. Organized and Terrible

The form-of-life peculiar to all modern liberal-democratic and totalitarian societies is one that connotes *civil war*. The concept of a *people*, bare life (people, *zoê*) and political existence (People, *bios*), exclusion and inclusion, always already contains within itself the fundamental biopolitical fracture. It is always what already is, and what is yet to be realized. It has the pure source of identity and yet has to purify itself continuously according to exclusion, language, blood and territory. This means that for all the pretensions of post-colonial and multi-cultural humanitarian global orders and social contracts there remains—always inscribed on bodies—that to be a subject of a national or global sovereignty means to be possibly cared for and possibly killed.

What Marx called class struggle is nothing other than the internecine war that divides every people and that shall come to an end only when People



and people share communion. Civil war occupies a more radical fundamental split on humankind than that of friendships and enemy. Global civil war is the condition of life—now spread across every inch of the planet, into all the peoples of the earth—that is the necessary formula of the state of exception, implicit in the state-form. It is a biopolitical fracture, before biopolitics was written into history, and that now is *the center of political discourse*.

In this fact of civil war, of global civil war, we elect to become a party—to become a partisan war machine of insurrection—to extend our singularities to their thresholds; to become powerful and potent. We fulfill this fact of civil war through its suspension. To suspend, to interrupt, to rupture with the normal functioning of global civil war, we impose on its generalized hostilities a different rhythm of enmity and friendship. Social war is that war which through its pure means imposes these new categories of politics and ethics. These new categories, are put to use as a biopolitical sadism to seduce those engaged in global civil war—every functional identity, subjectivity, and fiction of sovereignty embodied—into a conflict that will always spread anarchy rather than coherent political ideologies.

What will set us apart from past experiments that act in two distinct spheres (that of counter-hegemonic class-struggle, anti-imperialism, and so on) or in one sphere surrounded discursively by another (that of classical liberal, anarchist and fascist forms of pruning for utopia) is that we act from the fact that the exception has become the rule. It is impossible now to speak of war without speaking of civility. It

is impossible to point to any sovereign subject who is not also captured. My proletarian body shares the same table with my petty bourgeois body, shares the same home. I want to become something far worse and with a more terrible habitat. What remains to be done is to inscribe content in the existing space between the subtle and overt frequencies of subversion and insurrection; to make material the fact of their indistinction, and give materiality to our ethico-political position: insurrection. To occupy a position in global civil war is to deterritorialize the normal functioning of capital and the state-form; to make territory not simply a matter of environmental management, but rather to make bodies a matter of territorial power.

## The Pure *Potenza* of *Impotenza*

In Pasolini's *Salò* the exceptional character of the state-form, its perverse anthropology, is fully revealed. The aporia of the state-form, the antinomy between constituent power—the violence that upholds law and constituting power—the violence that writes law—is exposed in the figure of the Camp. The film relocates De Sade's *One Hundred-and-twenty Days of Sodom* at an estate in northern Italy at the end of world war two. Some fascists and mafia have made this estate into their own little utopia, and fill their civil society with subjects, on which to inscribe law. Commenting

on the recent capture of some pretty young things, it is cheerfully said by the host of men with beards that "We Fascists are the only true anarchists" (an alternative translation from Italian to English would say **The anarchy of power is the only true anarchy**). This statement must be read in its inverse to reveal a new—possibly the true—meaning. It is only the form-of-life approached at the threshold of sovereignty that can embed human life with its ever present potency.

The fascist utopia in *Salo* is only one of many fascisms that are practiced. In the bearded men's camp, they abolish heterosexuality, love, and even time and previous subjectivities. The bodies which are brought into the courts of judgment and pleasure and nothing more than bare life. The sovereigns have their way with these bodies, and, what is most important to note, they *must* kill them.

Fascism must wave the banner that exclaims "Long live death!" The threshold must be crossed and stasis must be fetishized, in order to keep the separation of that which is sacred and that which is profane. Fascism must return bodies which have potentiality to their sacred being, through a practice of imposing their exclusion as a form of inclusion.

In the Camp everything is possible, especially the transition from eroticizing to fetishizing death. Fascism was the premier ideology of modernity, because it gave to western thought the realization of its death urge in the event of the Camp, but furthermore, because it diffused the erotics of power by including everyone under its care as bare life—including the sovereign. The Camp was not simply a rupture, fascism was not simply a departure from


the enlightenment; they are still with us—because they are the fulfillment of the social contract, of western philosophy, of sovereignty.

Anarchy is the mortal enemy of all ideology, especially anarchism—and *knows it*.

Only in the *event* of anarchy does the true horror of human potentiality become exposed. What is at stake is not freedom or death—*potenza* or *impotenza*—but freedom *and* death; because in the event of anarchy, it is not the end of history that must, at all costs, be reached—we are already there—rather what must be reached is pure potentiality. Only in the event of anarchy can we *prefer not to* fetishize stasis. Whereas fascism, as merely a parody of anarchy, must fetishize death, must pass over, anarchy can give to the exterior nothingness meaning and materiality. We can occupy the thresholds of death and freedom, we can accept an even worse desire, an even worse pleasure than fascism—*improvisation*.

The ethical task, the return of the political to life, is thus: to face this terrible desire for power, without the fiction of law to legitimize it; to feel all the faculties of force, of violence, of care, and to do with their instruments the wrong things—the things that answer Kant's categorical imperative incorrectly, and thus to make gestures of inoperativity. Only in the event of anarchy can humankind face each and every one of our bodies' *potentiality not to*, our potentiality for our impotence at producing the state-form.

It is here, the event of anarchy, a rupture with Time and with Being, that **the real state of exception** may emerge. We will make this rupture after rupture—



this interruption of progress, of capitalist time, of paternal forms of power, and of the state-form—  
inhabitable. In this terrible oscillation between power  
and impotency, there is the pure potentiality of a  
suspension without exhaust.

This interruption, this **becoming-whatever**,  
will multiply  
for however long  
and with **whatever frequency**  
human life  
can **desire**.

# THE REV ELA TION OF SAINT NARC ISSUS

constructive  
criticism and  
annotations  
mashed up with  
Yadira Lopez and  
a Bulging Tangle  
of critiques from  
two IEF  
insurrectuals

I:

At any moment, instead of taking another step forward, we might again blindly confuse the concept with the reality and again waste ourselves reaching out for nothing.

-Fredy Perlman

**T**here once was a lovely young boy. His name was Narcissus. There were many who loved him.

None were ever able to capture him. He was a free spirit, a wild one. But one day he came to a pool of water. And in this water he saw his reflection. What he saw there, reflected in the water, was the most beautiful person he had ever seen. Slowly, it dawned on the lovely young boy that the person he saw in the water was himself. Knowing he would never be able to possess this person, Narcissus wasted away in front of his reflection. In the end, all that was left of him was a white flower, growing on the edge of the water, forever gazing at its own reflection.

For lack of co-conspirators my drifts steadily became individual; solitary derives of stolen food and alcohol, explored terrain, reading theory in grassy expanses, broken windows, painted walls, and occasional burned out buildings.

\* Pedantic. Consider changing 'would' to 'will'. Or just "if you look up..."

I do not know who you are. You do not know who I am. If you ~~were~~ to look up from this page, you might see me. But I would not tell you I am the author of the page you are now reading. I would not say what made me write this, nor would I ask you what you have written. I would not do these things for one reason: I do not

wish to become Narcissus.

Everything in this culture wants me to be like that lovely young boy. This culture wants me to bask in the light of my own image. For it is on the page and the screen that I become the most beautiful thing ever glimpsed *\* Not really.* by human eyes. My breasts become ideal, my lips full, my movements something to be emulated. I become a petty-god smiling at myself. As part of the bargain, everyone emulates me. *\* Perhaps you overestimate the power of ideology.* Because inside me they see themselves. And like Narcissus, they gaze longingly at their own reflection.

2:

We're hypnotized by the struggles among the concepts; we passively admire reflections of our own real longings and we passively admire the politicians who return our longings to us in the form of images. That's why we feel tense.

-Fredy Perlman

Once upon a time, there were some people who hiked up a mountain. At the top of the mountain they found the Vail Ski Resort. ~~These people~~ *\* and* proceeded to burn it all down. As the flames began to rise, ~~they~~ *\* the arsonists* hiked down the mountain. ~~The arsonists~~ *\* and* disappeared into the wilderness they were trying to protect. Perhaps they are

No passersby had any sense of what we were doing, and the little slips of paper ("The Fucking Thing" flyers I had left all over town a few days ago and the few that we ripped off of the kiosk we set fire to) were worthless with only a lighter to get anything started.



out there now, invisibly fighting the same fight.

Once upon a time, some little boys and girls read something about this fire. They read of the Earth Liberation Army, the Earth Liberation Front, the Animal Liberation Front. Suddenly they felt they were not alone. Someone was out there, doing what they always wanted to do. With each communiqué that was released, the little boys and girls ~~were filled~~ with hope and energy. Some of them even decided to go and light a few fires of their own.

\* Who?

\* sometimes

\* passive=weak  
consider "swelled."

The communiqués continued to be released, the trees were spiked, the mansions were burned down. More little boys and girls read about these momentous actions. They saw footage of fire and footage of riots in Seattle and Genoa and Prague. It all looked so wonderful. Everyone was angry and fighting. People looked up from the page and the screen and saw that their friends were excited as well. They truly believed that they could beat the monster. The wave continued to grow and grow and grow. It felt like when it crashed, the entire monstrous system would crash with it.

\* consider "horny"

\* redundant. "grew and grew"  
"like" is not a conjunction.

\* Good!

When I read Nietzsche  
I overcame my  
resentment and guilt.

\* redundant

And then something happened. The little boys and girls stopped running into the woods with fire in their hands. Instead they began to read. About fires and tree sits and riots, riots, riots. But

all they did was read. It was too scary out there, too real. ~~And so all they did was cheer and read and watch.~~ \* where? They watched while their heroes became forgotten terrorists. They watched while everything came to a halt. They watched and were entertained rather than inspired. It all looked better on the screen and on the page. Slowly, what once felt like the end of the nightmare slowed down and sputtered to a halt. \* Mixed metaphor As the children giggled and smiled at the page and the screen, it became clear that the nightmare had never ended. All of the fires and all of the riots had become part of the nightmare.

Perhaps they always were part of the nightmare. It was hard to tell. The fighters in exile looked up at billboards and saw masked anarchists, holding bottles of vodka in their hands. The empire never died. If you turned to the next page you saw another full color image of anarchists fighting the police. The empire never died. If you burned down a mansion you saw it turned into an episode of Who Wants To Be A Millionaire. The empire never died. If you did anything, anything at all, it became words on a page, words like this one, this one, this one.

\* redundant

The empire never died. \*

\* You really drive this point home to the reader.

3:

The power to conceptualize and communicate, the power that enables us to move together as a community, is the very power that turns against us and deprives us of community. The reality we strive to reach comes back to us several times a day in the form of a concept, a substanceless unreal thing, a mere combination of words.

-Fredy Perlman

Stop reading this. Look up from the words written on this page. Where are you? Where are your friends? Will you share whatever you have gleaned from these pages with them? And if you do, what will come of it? What are you doing with these pages in your hands? What are these pages doing in your hands? What is the point of these pages being printed? What are you doing?

\* The café  
\* The Infoshop

\* Yes?  
\* PNB2.0

\* Editing  
\* Being edited  
\* You tell me!  
\* Editing!!!

You live somewhere. Where do you live? Are you trying to fight? Are you creating something? Do you know anyone outside of the walls enclosing you? What do they want? Have they ever read the types of things you are now reading? Would you be able to communicate these things to them? Will they care if you could communicate these things to them?

\* Seriously dude, security culture!

\* Making assumptions makes an ass out of you and me

I am making a lot of assumptions. I am assuming you wish to change the world around you. I am assuming you

Why do you ask so many questions? It's very rude.

are dissatisfied with the world around you. If that is case, what are you doing reading these words? What more is necessary? Will I somehow create the perfect sentence or paragraph?\* Is there something you will read that will destroy the walls surrounding you?\*

\* Doubtful

\* Giorgio Agamben?

How many texts have you read like this one? How many recountings of actions and riots have you flipped through and read? Have you been in those actions, those riots? Do you want to be there? If you do want to be there, why is that? Did the author make these things sound alluring? Does a riot sound like it would be fun, satisfying, fulfilling? Why? Have you ever been in one? Do you know what it feels like? Can words make you understands things you have never experienced or seen? Do you know those black clad anarchists throwing bottles of fire? Do you know those kids robbing banks? Do you know what it feels like to have every second of your life be illegal? What do you have in common with me? Do you know who I am? Do I know who you are?

Luckily, if I wear Carhart's and play the accordion, I have something in common with another anarchist. If I listen to punk music and read Rolling Thunder, I have something in common with another anarchist. If I dumpster my food and build bikes and

Ideas\*[but is the idea different from the gesture?]

are not always bound within the value circuit, and some gestures do illuminate the potential for a *human community*.

Certainly the commodification, serialization, and distribution of what passes for ideas is something absurd; certainly there is a flatulence of banal commodities that pass for radical theory and radical publishing (AK press and Verso of course, but the logic of the commodity makes its way into smaller, more 'anti-capitalist' publishing ventures, and even makes its way into the smallest zine distro's); certainly theory, as with art, isn't autonomous anymore, and as such, 'critique is dead'; and certainly some of the points of critique in this poster aimed at a few tendencies in insurrectionalist praxis are perhaps quite true .

refuse to eat meat and ride trains and squat a house and wear black, I have something in common with anarchists all across the USA. Anyone can be an anarchist by doing such things. What we all hold in common are symbols and representations. \* We can identify each other by sight. When I see another anarchist, we can bond over the anarchist things we have in common. We can do those anarchist things together and feel as if we are one. This answers all the questions. We are part of the anarchist movement. We are together. We are one. We are winning.

\* USA

\* We are becoming-unicorns because we are an image from a terrible, magical future, where our inhumanity is given a place.

4:

Empire is everywhere nothing is happening.  
-How Is It To Be Done?

Maybe I've been living off of stolen commodities for too long, and have become more cautious with age.

The problem is simple. We are in love with ourselves. All that we do is find shelter in each other's presence and use it as an excuse to hide from the world outside. Most of us do not have the slightest clue how to relate to those who are different. And so our difference becomes our shield. We make that shield stronger and stronger until we are hermetically sealed from any outside contamination. Now we are separated from the rest of the world. We have created our own rules and codes and behavior patterns. We

are so different, so distinct, that we flamboyantly stand out in crowds. All of our movements are observed. We take pictures of our difference from the others and make posters with them. We revel in our anarchist uniqueness.

And now...where are we exactly? What has this all gotten us? Was our goal to become our own distinct culture? If it was, we have succeeded. But my goal, dear reader, is to destroy this system. Perhaps that goal is your goal. That goal may have been too lofty. I can order a Big Mac and have it in my hands in a matter of minutes. But I cannot destroy this system as quickly. I have told myself before that our subculture somehow would help me attain my goal. Right now, I know that is not the case.

I have seen enough of myself. I have seen enough of you. I would like to know you. But I do not know who you are. If I see a picture of you in a magazine, if I read your name and a description of who you are, I will never know you. I will only know myself and what I imagine you to be. I would like you to know me. But you will never know me through these words that I write.

There are people who you do know. That is one thing which is not an assumption. There are people who you have known for years. Where are they?\*

\* Access to garbage, bikes, collective living, and sweet tattoos.

\* What are you, Charles Dickens!?

\* The infoshop.

\* Boring. Why are you not with them? \* Think of all that you could do together? Are they reading a book right now? Are they bathed in the light of a laptop screen? Why? Go knock the book out of their hands and close their laptop. You love each other. You trust each other. And there is much to be done, dear reader.

\* You can't just throw a question mark at the end of every sentence!

The problem with print is the same problem of all media. \* Please clarify. It alienates. It separates. It pretends to be communication. And we are surrounded by so much media that we have forgotten how to communicate. At this point in time, no one can teach us the lost art of communication. We must discover it. We will not discover something old. What we will discover is something new, something that is informed by what mass media has done to our minds. Knowing what we know, we will leave behind all that crippled us. We have learned our lessons. We have seen the long, drawn out error of media. And we have no desire to replicate that error. Our entire lives have been in error. It is time, dear reader, to step outside with your friends. You know this just as well as me. I am telling you nothing new. Are you not sick of this yet? We know each other's reflections. It is time, dear reader, to know each other. The limits of media have been reached. We can go no further.

\* Awkward.

A woman named Echo once loved Narcissus. But he loved only himself and spurned Echo. In her pain, she howled away until only her voice remained. We can still hear her calling us.\* It is time to go to her, to reject our own image and embrace the people outside. We are beautiful, that is true. But we are alone and paralyzed. Listen to the echo in your mind. Listen to what she is telling you. Amidst the ringing of your cell phone and the typing of keys, she is telling you one thing: go outside.

Remember this, dear reader, and remember it well: we have reached the end. All that we have learned has no use to us any longer. We have repeated it to ourselves endlessly. To make each other into images is to render ourselves motionless. Stop gazing into the pond.

Remember this, dear reader, and remember it well.

The empire never died.

\* Put down that picture of your self and go meet a nice girl, a girl who loves you, who will take care of you. The myth of the outside, the pure hostis, still haunts revolutionary theory. If I am to look up from the glowing screen, the pages, what will I see? Pure beauty? A nice Gaia for me to fuck? Shall I dress her in a green and black swimsuit from American Apparel? Perhaps some stolen goods from REI? Echo has closed her filthy mouth and narcissus is a beautiful corpse floating in a pond of urine. The outside is everywhere, and it is horrifying. If I look up from the screen, I will see only another screen. Whether we call this screen "nature" or "the proletariat," its glow, rendered worth gazing at, is only possible through the circuits of capital.



B-

You make good points—I guess the empire never did die. The Critique of subcultural identity/political identity is persuasive, if a little short on nuance. Your command of rhetorical devices is often competent. Unfortunately, you tend to get a little carried away. In a publication like PNB, strong feelings must never compromise academic objectivity. Besides, no reader is going to be seduced by you dry-humping them with accusatory questions for five out of twenty paragraphs.

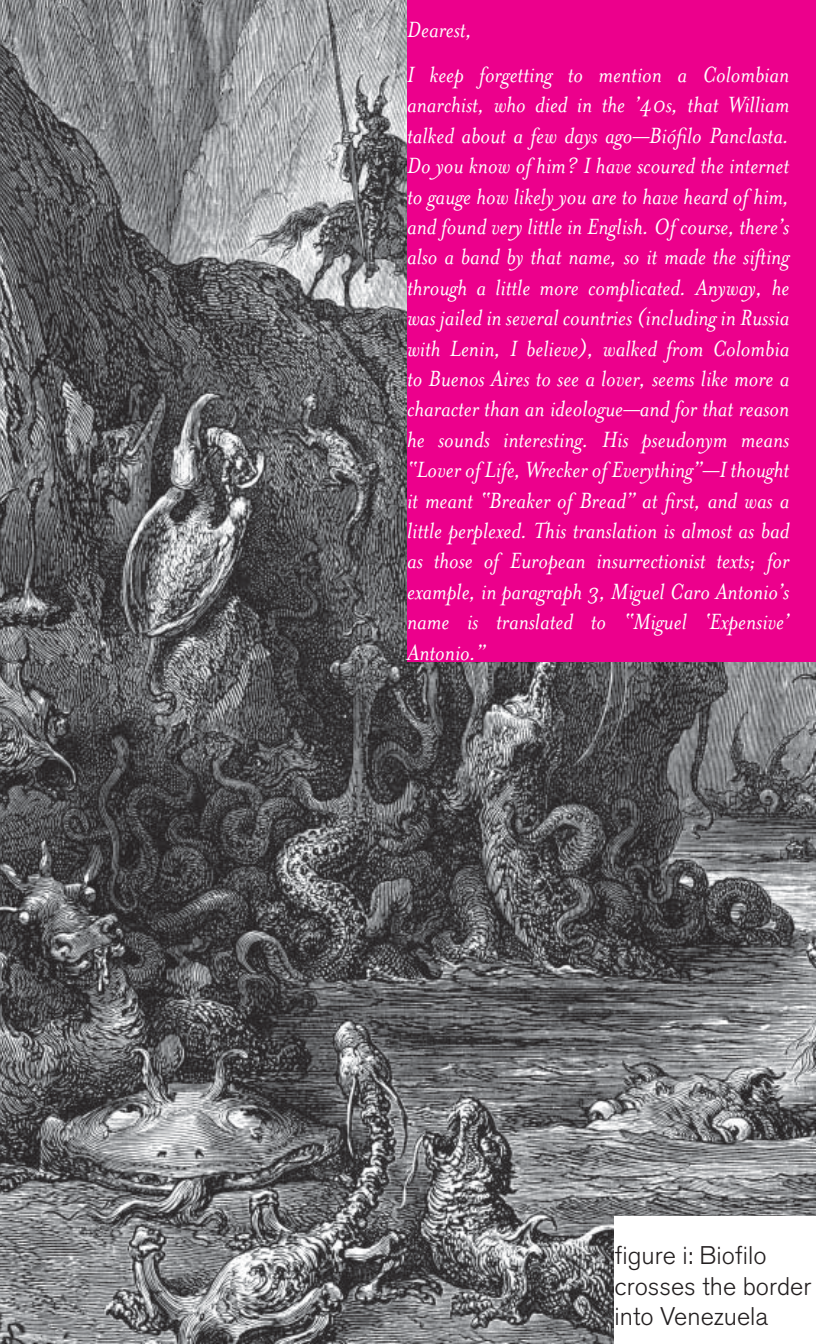
This piece seems to weave together a personal narrative of disillusionment with a critique of identity ('the image of anarchism'), a hypothesis about its source ('narcissism'), and a vague recommendation for its supersession ('stop reading and go outside'). If you could cut out the guilt-tripping and be more critical about your diagnosis and proposed remedy, it might be pretty good

—IEF

**BIÓ  
FILO  
PAN  
CLA  
STA**

LOVER OF LIFE

DESTROYER OF EVERYTHING



Dearest,

I keep forgetting to mention a Colombian anarchist, who died in the '40s, that William talked about a few days ago—Biofilo Panclasta. Do you know of him? I have scoured the internet to gauge how likely you are to have heard of him, and found very little in English. Of course, there's also a band by that name, so it made the sifting through a little more complicated. Anyway, he was jailed in several countries (including in Russia with Lenin, I believe), walked from Colombia to Buenos Aires to see a lover, seems like more a character than an ideologue—and for that reason he sounds interesting. His pseudonym means "Lover of Life, Wrecker of Everything"—I thought it meant "Breaker of Bread" at first, and was a little perplexed. This translation is almost as bad as those of European insurrectionist texts; for example, in paragraph 3, Miguel Caro Antonio's name is translated to "Miguel 'Expensive' Antonio."

figure i: Biofilo crosses the border into Venezuela

# 1. THE TIME

In the stranger history of our America, it turns out we are surprised by a personage as singular as the Colombian Vicente Lizcano, better known by his combat name: *Biófilo Panclasta!*

Most of the named anarchists of the first decades of Century XX were the expression of revolutionary movements or the germinal fights of the working class. This was the case in Mexico, Argentina, Uruguay, the States of Unitedness, and on and on, but in Colombia, a clerical, bucolic, preservative country in a conservative era, almost only fiction could bloom an anarchist. But it occurred, and throughout 40 years his name was continuously mentioned in diverse corners of the continent and of course in our country, originating a legend that extends to the present.

Revolt always accompanied the Panclasta, from his infantile years when he had to contemplate the sufferings of his mother, a humble launderer. Soon he confronted intolerance, being expelled from the School "Normal" of Bucaramanga to show his opposition to the imminent re-election of Miguel "Expensive" Antonio.

From then until his death in March 1942, revolt, independence, and rejection of all forms of oppression characterized his life and thought.

## 2. THE REVOLUTIONARY

Living from boyhood the oppression in his own meat, Biófilo drew the contours of its revolt. When he was little 22 years old, he was enlisted in the troops of Cipriano Castro, at that time president of Venezuela. In 1904, the Colombian anarchist adopted the name that he would make famous and since then that name of Biófilo Panclasta (“loving of the life and destroyer of the everything”) would be heard in different places by the world.

In 1906 he arrived at Argentina, where he was directed to the anarchist circles of that country. Afterward he shifted to Spain, the country that was a true school of revolutionaries. He crossed Europe and participated in attacks and actions, successively anarchist and key prisoner. One of the most genuine expressions of revolutionary being is the jail. In there, the rejection of power and the humiliation that the rebels undergo is symbolized—and you give birth to the world. Biofilo was continuously jailed and exiled in Europe, America, and Colombia.

The Colombian authorities discovered his existence by a famous event that happened—was it in 1907? In one city, La Paz, two opposite conferences met in parallel: an anarchist congress and the Worldwide Conference. Biófilo was mistaken for the official delegate of the Colombian government Santiago Perez Triana, and was on the verge of originating a diplomatic litigation when general Rafael Kings, whom the country governed, found out that his special envoy had been stopped in Holland. The Colombian government pressed for their representative to be set free and indeed obtained

this, with the error that though certainly the prisoner was Colombian, it was not Santiago Perez but the anarchist: Biófilo Panclasta! He had been arrested for participating with Kropotkin in an attack against this conference that reunited the bourgeois of the world.

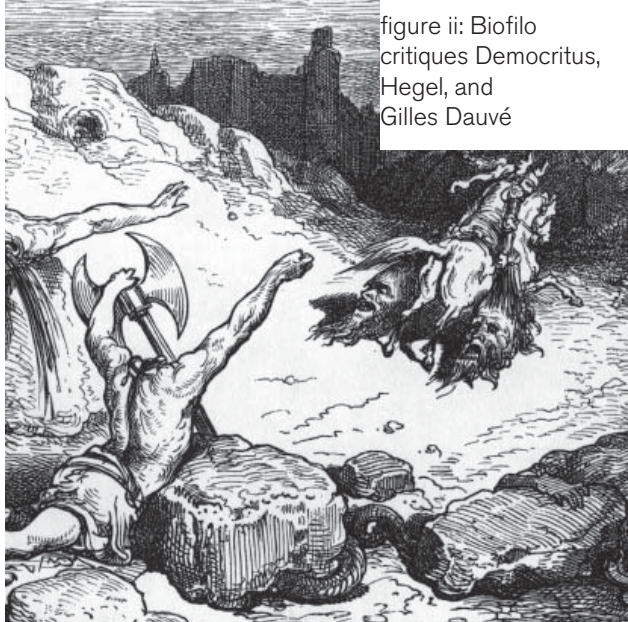
Following prison, exile, and defamation shortly after, we received Biófilo in our own country. The year of 1910 had run out when we found him prisoner in Barranquilla, from which he was expelled. His incessant traveling took him to Venezuela, where he was "buried alive" in 1914 in one of the tenebrous jails of dictator Juan Vicente Go'mez. He remained 7 years "buried in life," suffering, next to hundreds of men, unspeakable sufferings and tortures.

In the 1920s he crossed the average world again and returned to Colombia to settle definitively there until the moment of his death.

### 3. The MAN And The ADVENTURER

Biófilo Panclasta was an impenitent traveler who, like very few Colombians, traversed the world without a weight in his pocket. His libertarian ideal made him consider himself a "citizen of the world" who could move freely across the artificial borders that divide countries. It did not matter to him that the punishment was always jail or confinement. Stoically Biófilo Panclasta withstood the rigors of prison and later undertook again to enact his fondness of walking and his revolutionary way of doing so, as if always beginning again from zero. In spite of the monitoring

figure ii: Biofilo critiques Democritus, Hegel, and Gilles Dauvé



of police and jailers of different countries, Biófilo seemed to defy all order and control.

Like a peddler that walks and retraces his steps, he knew the greatest revolutionaries of his time: Gorki, Lenin, Roman Rolland, and a great number of anarchists of the old and new worlds. On a par with revolutionaries, he knew a number of women with whom he participated in an ephemeral “sedentarization” by means of a few nights of heat and tenderness. But nothing could stop the transience of which he was not made for calm and passivity.

The thirst for passional and revolutionary adventures was without limit. Nothing could silence the voice and its pen that fluttered displeasing all first of all, and with all, and that was not subordinated before divided creeds nor anything else, but that

always militated next to the poor men and destitutes like him. Because Biófilo was a Charlot of the real life, living the poverty and the humiliation, this showed in his thinking and his life: a hope for the men who are not resigned to the miseries of their present.

## 4. The WRITER And The POET

All the sensory impressions that Biófilo Panclasta perceived throughout his well-lived 62 years gave rise to innumerable expectations and dreams, never fulfilled, that fed an agile and sharp pen. Biófilo wrote much and of everything. Journalistic pamphlets, letters, articles, and poems! His writing revealed a perpetual inconformity with power, a denunciation of oppression, and his love of art and poetry. When it was necessary, with a flowery style he raised to all those that he considered comrades on a like route: White Maria, Ignacio Giraldo Towers, Pablo Mancera, and so on and on. From White Maria, for example, who was in discord with his political and partisan militancy, she got to say the following thing:

Butterfly of libertarian love that burns  
the wings in a  
bonfire of human worthless objects,  
dazzled by the red  
splendor of fires of souls.  
Captious perfume flower, totality that  
embroiders the  
passengers of the way of the freedom.



Bird that does not fear the voluptuous  
cruelty of the  
furtive hunter, "stars red," in a flat sky  
of the  
presiding preservers of the ideal.  
Sensitive soul.  
Heart of Magdalena.  
Llama, light, angel, bird, flower,  
nothing else.  
Red...  
Red, that, yes.  
Very red!

Of equal way he praised the beauty of nature, the splendor of the landscapes, or the variety of the cities that he knew, always showing a constant preoccupation with everything that surrounded him.

His pen became an implacable instrument to mock the powerful ones, to denounce the oppression and the inequality, and until it reared itself of itself. Its thought was a "money changer," an alchemist in agreement with his experiences and dreams.

## 5. THINKER And POLITICIAN

The tracks of the thought of Biófilo were distributed disparately in newspapers and interviews throughout the period 1910-1942. The single fact of having stated such an ample permanence in the national journalistic panorama differentiated Biófilo from most of the revolutionaries of his time. Neither

White Maria nor Raul Eduardo Mahecha reached a temporary use so prolonged.

For more than thirty years, in spite of the dispersion of tracks, the essence of an independent thought can be caught, crossed by dissimilar doctrines and political influences. The anarchism, the socialism, and the radical liberalism of Century XIX were the currents that repeatedly hit it.

He raised the specter of the individualist anarchist to emphasize opposition to the man mass created by capitalism, at the same time recognizing the right of towns to rebel themselves against oppression. This Colombian simultaneously applauded the liberal ideals of Century XIX while questioning the prostration of the liberal party and its conductors before the preservative and delaying forces during the first decades of Century XX. He mordaciously criticized the power of the clergy and their conservatism. He equally denounced the oppression of North American imperialism that showed the intriguing character of the Creole dominant classes.

To think thus was unusually multifaceted for that time, since to reflect in terms other than bipartisanism was almost impossible. This is another of the merits of Biófilo Panclasta.

In 1928, once having been in Bogotá, he founded the Center of Union and Revolutionary Action whose motto was "Revolutionary of All the 'Un-Ãos' Ideals." It was the first and last organizational attempt of the fond-of-walking Colombian anarchist. In spite of the vehemence whereupon he gave himself to this project, this one failed. The Center sent to the public opinion a Manifesto that called to the unit to which they were hungry of freedom, brotherhood, and justice. It was an attack against treasonous tyrants and

the thieves embedded in the government, a shout of protest against Yanqui imperialism and a call to the townie to defend his right to bread, ceiling, life, and association.

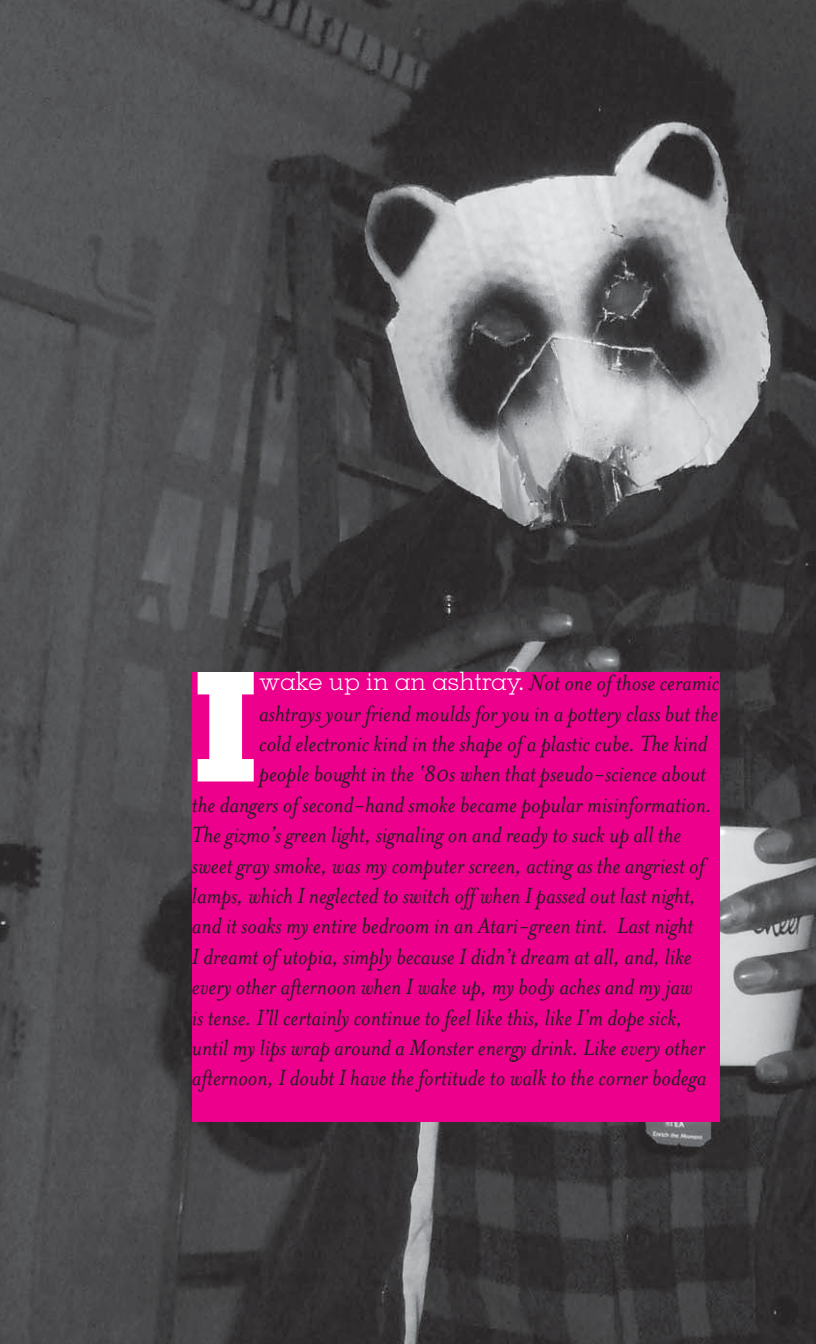
Union, action, decisiveness, and organization were what Biófilo Panclasta saw as the solution to the problematic one of the country proposed. In the Manifesto, the right of association is like an allowed activity of defense of the life: the briefed called to each other, even in the national Constitution. "Soldiers of the proletarian ideal" they proclaimed themselves, and they were declared against unions, centers, committees, and people who in the name of the town obtained advantages in their own benefit. They rejected alliances with parties or organizations of the "pelambre bourgeois," because "the emancipation of the worker must be work of the same worker."

This first and last Manifesto was criticized and censured by the government. The signatories were put under judicial process for "attempting against the public order." Thus it finished, the political and organizational activity of the lover of the life and destroyer of everything.

After a series on insolvent attempts to leave the country again, he was shut in the Asylum of old of Pamplona—where he died solitary, since solitary had been his dramatic existence.

from VILLANUEVA MARTINEZ, Orlando. *The revolution I am*. Santa Fe de Bogotá: Orvim Editions, 1999, 162p.

**HORR  
IBLE  
SOU  
ND  
OBJE  
CTS**

A black and white photograph of a person wearing a panda mask and a plaid shirt. The person is holding a cigarette in their mouth and a white cup in their hand. The background is dark and blurry, suggesting an indoor setting with some structural elements like a ladder.

**I** wake up in an ashtray. Not one of those ceramic ashtrays your friend moulds for you in a pottery class but the cold electronic kind in the shape of a plastic cube. The kind people bought in the '80s when that pseudo-science about the dangers of second-hand smoke became popular misinformation. The gizmo's green light, signaling on and ready to suck up all the sweet gray smoke, was my computer screen, acting as the angriest of lamps, which I neglected to switch off when I passed out last night, and it soaks my entire bedroom in an Atari-green tint. Last night I dreamt of utopia, simply because I didn't dream at all, and, like every other afternoon when I wake up, my body aches and my jaw is tense. I'll certainly continue to feel like this, like I'm dope sick, until my lips wrap around a Monster energy drink. Like every other afternoon, I doubt I have the fortitude to walk to the corner bodega

to buy a fresh one. I wish I could fish a drink off my floor, carpeted with yesterday's cans and the random crap I collect like a homebum's shopping cart, but everything –cans included– is filled with cigarette butts. I hate this ashtray.

On my sunken mattress, I roll over and meet Ice La Fox's eyes staring at me from the pornographic images left on my computer screen. Overwhelmed by the reversal of last night's voyeuristic gaze, I quickly restart my computer to avoid the comparatively longer process of closing the dozen or so windows displaying the sex acts I consumed. I then check my Google news alert for "Riots" + "Luigi Nono." No results. Les san-reserves continue to move to the rhythm of Value, and there can never again be a music, no matter how jarring, that will bring the exploited to dance. All affairs remain qualitatively unchanged and, like every other afternoon, I enter into a world from which I'm estranged. Not on some black bloc shit, but on the Eugene O'Neil tip, I put on my mask, light a cigarette, and confront the negation of human life; capitalist survival.

## Capital as Despot. Music as Slave.

**M**uch like the grieving process after the loss of a loved one, capitalism advanced from formal domination to real domination. This process of exploitation particularly resembles the latter periods of depression: the fourth stage depression, characterized by a sadness that constantly reminds the sufferer of its inner presence like a vacuum sucking the wet from their stomach lining, and the fifth stage acceptance, where the dead go to a nowhere becoming one with voiceless memories.. In the formal stage, the worker becomes a wage laborer, the work day is prolonged past the necessary labor time, and the surplus labor—absolute surplus-value—is appropriated by capital. This process, which reads like a boring footnote in a dull economics textbook, actually marks the beginning of the biological taming of the human species. Although not yet fully subjugated by capital, the coerced wage laborer can still long for their former, somewhat more independent, life as a peasant or artisan like the bereaved in the depression stage of the Kubler-Ross model mournfully wants for their deceased companion.

Very literally set in motion mechanically, real domination then alienated the species from everything by technologically transforming the production process to a specifically capitalist character in order to shorten necessary labor. And then it all went to shit. As the capitalist mode of production conquers all

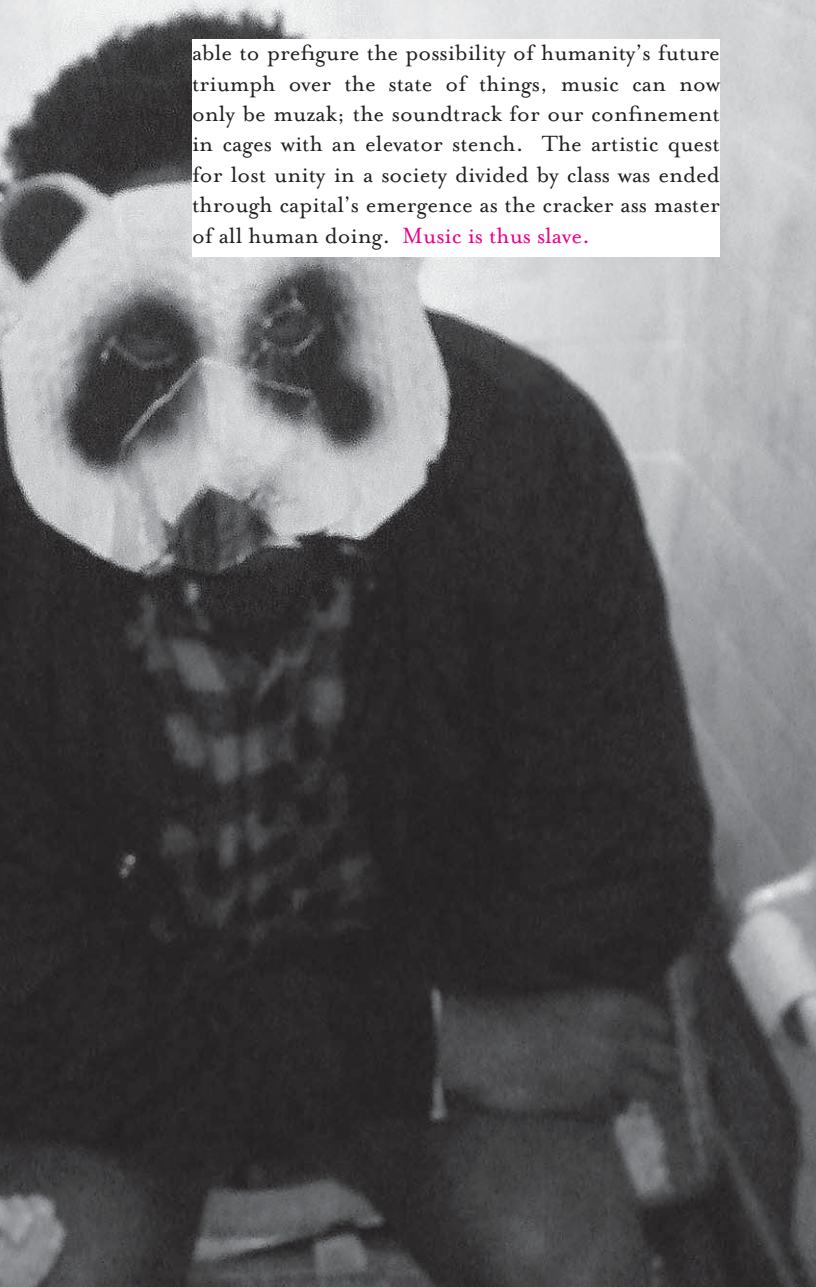
branches of production, on to the circulation process through the creation of credit, the scientific character of production necessitates change in all education, and the state can no longer be a collaborator but mutates into the capitalist state. Society itself becomes capital, as objectified dead labor overthrows all relations between the human and the world. Nothing consoles us while everything afflicts us. Nowhere is our own.

Not even ours is our own. As the labor process, during real domination, becomes the labor process for capital, the worker is no longer the determinant element. The human being is subsumed, subordinated, and actually included into capital itself. Capital recomposes people into its own substance and takes on bodily form, incarnates itself. On some real life Bladerunner shit, with the development of cybernetics, capital appropriates the human brain and, through computers, it invades our language. When finally capital swallows the body and its environment whole like fat ass Nell Carter housing a buffet, all that was once humanity is proletarianized and, like the acceptance period of grieving, man must resign itself to everything capitalist. All human activity and the whole life process of our species is dictated by value in process. Capital is thus despot.

Since labor has ceased to be a defined and particular moment of activity, the act of creating music—like all other activity— is now incorporated into capital. As a consequence, music is rinsed of any subversive content, so that despite the best intentions of the composer, any arrangement of sounds results in a Wagnerian justification of the present order. Once



able to prefigure the possibility of humanity's future triumph over the state of things, music can now only be muzak; the soundtrack for our confinement in cages with an elevator stench. The artistic quest for lost unity in a society divided by class was ended through capital's emergence as the cracker ass master of all human doing. **Music is thus slave.**



# Poiesis: It's Cheekier Than Mass Suicide

Sincere responses to the shackling of modern artistic creation stamp the greatest and most audacious attempts to resuscitate the corpse of culture. Sadly each of these efforts has met inevitable failure. For instance, the situationists, recognizing the decomposition of all art sought the practical actualization of its content to give artistic production a new status. But the boldest gesture was proposed and eventually put into action by the surrealist Rene Crevel who argued for suicide as a departure from capital's grip.

Although Crevel, with a little assistance from the gas in his kitchen stove, came closer than any to a beautiful solution to our dilemma, the present objective conditions of class society no longer permit such aesthetic heroism. This was proven when your author attempted to further Crevel's project by sending out a message to persuade its reader to participate in a mass suicide through, the most obviously appropriate medium, the Myspace bulletin. Zero deaths and a ton of "you should really consider seeking professional help, man" responses showed that Crevel's performance art was helplessly dated and the act of mass suicide had been subsumed by the capitalist rackets the media calls cults.

Presently, the call to surpass capitalist subsumption of art is the brazenly pompous call to go further than suicide. It is the call to go even deeper than the

situationist proposal to realize art. Both critiques remain trapped in the realm of aesthetics by only recognizing the constant exploitation of human activity, while overlooking the fact that human activity was not always the production of real effects as it is today. The act itself over time became perfectly suited for the extraction process when it was overtaken by the merging of *praxis* (the idea of will that finds its immediate expression in an act), and *work*, (the biological reproduction of the human). In accord, art, like all other activity became that which produces a concrete manifestation of the will and creative force with a concentration on “how” it was manifested. With *praxis* and *work* knocking *poiesis*—the original category for determining artistic production—off its pedestal as the most valuable form of doing, all art turned into labor. Forcing *poiesis*, that which brings something from non-being to being, to again structure human activity is the sole means of reviving culture. That is, instead of focusing on the creations of an artistic genius, focus rather on creating a space of individuals by bringing being into presence. In the production of presence, a space within the world is then made for a free *praxis* unfettered by *work*.

## Kosugi and His Sound Objects

Straight from the rugged grains of Tokyo, Japan, Takeshi Kosugi started putting his name on the map as the avant-garde violinist of the Fluxus experimental art crew. Never reaching a popularity comparable to

fellow Fluxusers John Cage and Yoko Ono, Kosugi may ring bells as a drone music drifter in the Taj Mahal Travelers. But before his stint with the Travelers, Kosugi composed music that far surpassed anything by Cage, Ono, or for that matter, any musician playing notes, simply because he stopped playing "music."

Mieko Shiomi, a member of Group Ongaku team ("Music Group") along with Kosugi, stumbled upon the perceptible nature of objects and actions by indulging in a nervous habit. Shiomi recalls that:

"One day in school... I started tossing a bunch of keys to the ceiling to make an *ostinato*, with its faint sound. And while I kept doing it, I began to look at my performance objectively as a whole, and I noticed that I was performing an action of tossing keys, not playing keys to make sound. This was the turning point, when I became concerned with action music or events."

Kosugi used this discovery to extend the idea of *objet sonore* ("sound object") further than its originator, electronic music pioneer Pierre Shaeffer, could have ever imagined. Kosugi elaborates:

"The sound object is not always music, but action. Sometimes no sound, just action. Opening a window is a beautiful action, even if there's no sound. It's part of the performance. For me that was very important, opening my eyes and ears to combining the non-musical part and the musical part of action. In my concerts, music became this totality, so even if there was no sound I said it was music. Confusing. This is how I opened my eyes to chaos. "

The chaos Kosugi witnessed was a view into the space of poiesis, which he found by wrestling the practical “how” from music composition and disrupting the production of concrete musical effects. Much to the bewilderment of audiences that thought they would hear Kosugi play his violin, he began exhibiting his bizarre performances that might consist of him simply entering the concert hall, opening a window and sticking his hand through it. The sheet music for his new compositions took the form of instructions:

#### ORGANIC MUSIC

Brethe by oneself or have something breathed  
for the number of times which you have  
decided  
at the performance.  
Each number must contain breath in hold -  
out.  
Instruments may be used incidentally.

#### THEATRE MUSIC

Keep walking intently

#### MANODHARMA WITH MR. Y

Watch over every part of Mr. Y's body about  
10 cm. apart when he brushes his teeth.  
If it is dark, a flashlight may be used.  
If it is bright, a magnifying glass may be used.

During the tumultuous 1960's proletariat offensive, Kosugi composed his most daring and beautiful song:

MUSIC FOR A REVOLUTION  
(1964)

Scoop out one of your eyes 5 years from  
now and  
do the same with the other eye 5 years  
later.

Kosugi explains the inspiration for the  
song:

"Politically at that time there were many movements in Japan and the world. People wanted some kind of social revolution, but of course it was not realistic, changing society. And I thought changing, revolution, should be done by individual people, revolutions in consciousness. Dada and Surrealism - these offered imaginative, logical, practical, artistic approaches for seeing inside... And then I met the awful, beautiful but awful, magical images of the Luis Bunuel film *Un Chien Andalou*. You know the image: cutting the eye with the razor... But I took that message and brought that image into my own work. Scooping out eyes. Before opening eyes, there's a stage of consciousness of normal eyes. Beyond that, we have another consciousness. My idea was to open consciousness. "

Sadly, Kosugi didn't realize that the opening of the consciousness is the work of old farts like church preachers, Leninists, and all others who specialize in

taking advantage of children . Development within  
can only occur simultaneously with the destruction of  
the outside, a point that Kosugi missed as he started  
half-stepping before he ever reached full poiesis.



## Rewind My Selecta

**T**hat fat bearded bastard Marx got something right in 1844 when he argued that “It is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence, but their social existence that determines their consciousness.” In the same year, his fellow young Hegelian Max Stirner layed down the blueprints to the full determination of our social existence when he called for an end to all that “leads us no longer to let ourselves be arranged, but to arrange ourselves, and sets no glittering hopes on ‘institutions’.” With an over 150 year old history of dead revolutions, Stirner’s project was only echoed in the insurrectionary chants of reggae DJs screaming “We run things, things dont run we!” over a sound system.

The insurrectionary process, in which individuals produce their own conditions of existence, is the way in which we begin to arrange ourselves. The individual thus abolishes its role in the production of their own subjectivity and their place within the material community of capital. It is the exemplification of poietic act as it creates a space in the world for the individual to belong as the unique self, as an ego. In this process, the human being becomes the post-human being; a being as such without any qualities structured by the present class society.

“Of course, this sounds cute and all, but how the hell do you begin the process?” you might ask. Nasty enough to be the perverted bastard child of an Anne Sexton love affair with Serge Gainsbourg, Antonin



Artaud, in a section of his radio-play "To Have Done with the Judgment of God," locates being where most of us never think to look. That is, right up our own assholes.

#### THE PURSUIT OF FECALITY BY A. ARTAUD

There where it smells of shit  
it smells of being.  
Man could just as well not have shat,  
not have opened the anal pouch,  
but he chose to shit as he would have chosen to live  
instead of consenting to live dead.

Because in order not to make caca,  
he would have had to consent  
not to be,  
but he could not make up his mind to lose being,  
that is, to die alive.

There is in being  
something particularly tempting for man  
and this something is none other than  
*CACA.*

Now that we've found the light of being in a dark (and not to mention stinky) tunnel, we're ready to impose our latent potentialities on alienating objectivity. With a swagger through the motherfucking ceiling, we can leave our respective ashtrays rocking a right and exact remix to the Kosugi joint. Ahem..

## **Music for Revolution (Intifada Mix)**

Wake up in capitalist hell  
and take a shit.

Place shit in styrofoam  
Chinese food container.

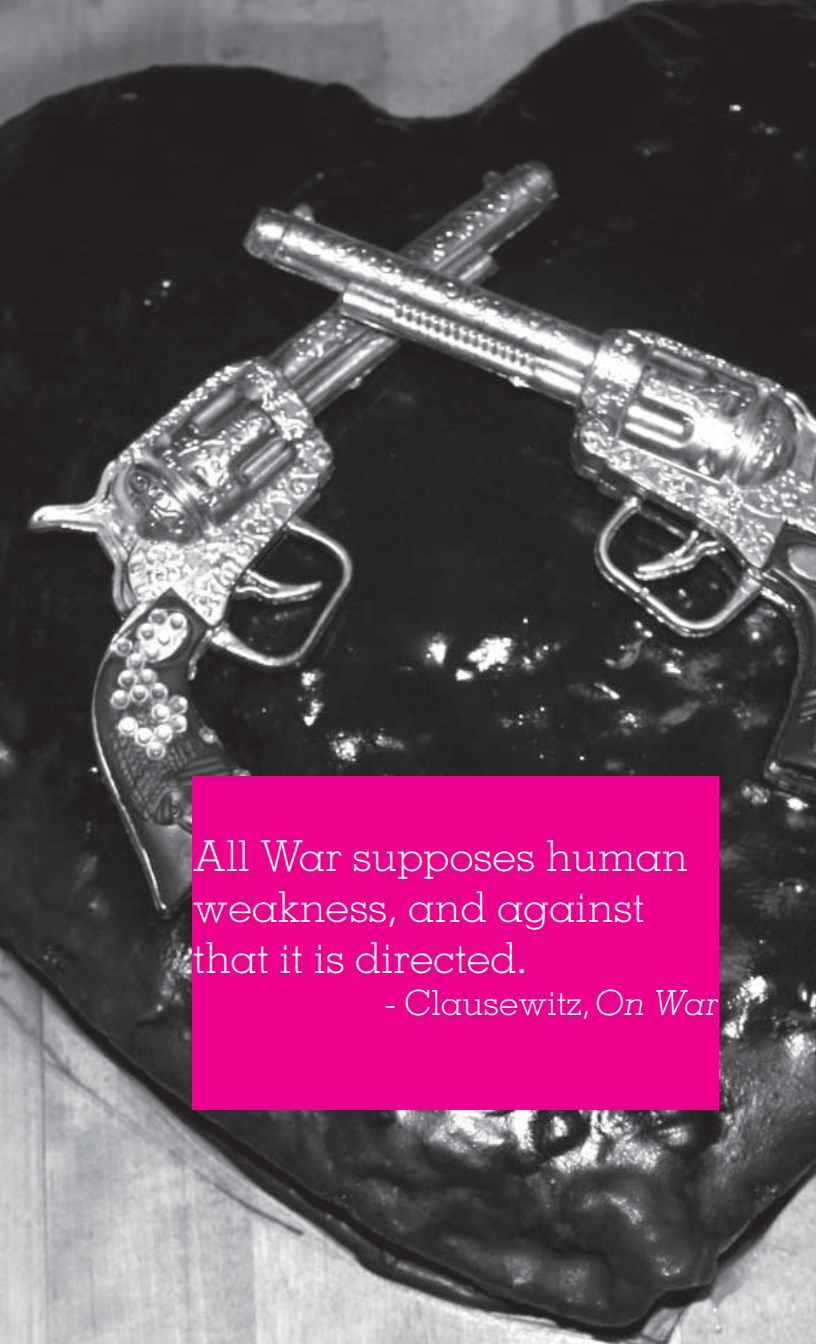
Stroll through the streets with  
your box of shit.

Get all powerful and rub shit on  
the first expensive car you see.





**THE  
HEA  
RT  
OF  
WAR**

A black and white photograph of two ornate, engraved revolvers resting on a dark, reflective surface. The revolvers are positioned diagonally, with their barrels crossed. The surface they lie on is highly reflective, showing bright highlights and dark shadows. The background is a light-colored, textured surface, possibly wood or stone.

All War supposes human  
weakness, and against  
that it is directed.

- Clausewitz, *On War*

# I. We kill each other more than we kill our enemies,

and that's a problem. Our mutual deaths are not physical, but political, in the sense that we rip apart the means of existence which sustain us. The bonds of trust forged in the crucible of struggle are so easily burned when we forget to remain faithful to what is unconditional in relationships. Donations of pain should be gifts for our enemies, not our friends. The ones we care for without restraint, the ones with whom we share our needs and wants without shame, the ones with whom we run alongside without looking back – these are not the targets for our hatred of capitalism. These are rather the elemental forces in a war that has the potential to end all law.

# II.

If one wants to have a friend one must also want to wage war for him: and to wage war, one must be capable of being an enemy.

- Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

War, as theorized by Clausewitz<sup>1</sup>, is not merely a supplement to human existence. It is rather a developed form of social intercourse in any society plagued with politics. To use war as a means for dispute management between nations is the prerogative of the state; to use war as the means to negate a society based on classes is the strategy of insurrection. When these two distinct types of war blur in spectacular society, then we have entered into the biopolitical stage of warfare, that

## 1.

Carl von Clausewitz, 1780-1831, was a Napoleonic, Prussian military strategist. His tract, *On War*, was seminal to the development of the theory of war.

is, social war. Here, the conditions of our existence are the very stakes of combat. Through struggle, we rediscover ourselves as partisan, as weapon, and as goal; we become the object-cause of our desire.

War cannot end until the specific, historical form of total management known as politics ends. To escape war requires a subtraction from politics, an act unregulated by law and indecipherable in discourse. By reversing Napoleon's maxim, that "it is not for an event to govern politics, but for politics to govern events,"<sup>2</sup> we find a hint of how to accomplish this. An event that "governs" politics, in essence, destroys it. It is up to us to make such events possible.

**2.**

Napoleon, *How to Make War*, I.10

## III.

If a bloody slaughter is a horrible sight, then that is a ground for paying more respect to War, but not for making the sword we wear blunter and blunter by degrees from feelings of humanity, until some one steps in with one that is sharp and lops off the arm from our body.

- Clausewitz

The logic of war divides into tactics and strategy. Tactics is the theory of the organization of forces in order to win a combat; strategy is the theory of the organization of combats in order to win a war. To "win" here means nothing more than to destroy one's enemy. "In combat, all the action is directed to the destruction of the enemy, or rather his fighting powers. The destruction of the enemy's fighting power is, therefore, always the means to attain the object of combat."<sup>3</sup> The object of combat is not

**3.**

Clausewitz, *Book IV, Ch. XI*

merely some piece of territory, some political concession, or some valuable resource; while it can be any of these, it is also the enemy itself in its very deterioration. The strategy developed and the tactics employed mean nothing outside the logic of the combat which destroys the enemy. "The combat is the real warlike activity," writes Clausewitz, "everything else is only its auxiliary."<sup>4</sup> Hence, any social or political "movement" claiming to use strategy or tactics which nonetheless denies its position as a combatant against an opponent in a war against an enemy has already lost.<sup>5</sup> Clausewitz: "Combat means fighting, and in this the destruction or conquest of the enemy is the object, and the enemy, in the particular combat, is the armed force which stands opposed to us."<sup>6</sup>

**4.**  
Clausewitz,  
Book I, Ch. II

**5.**  
Unless, that is, the denial of such a position is a very tactic in the overall strategy.

**6.**  
Clausewitz,  
Book IV, Ch. III

But who is the enemy in a social war?

## IV.

The enemy is not merely any competitor or just any partner of a conflict in general. He is also not the private adversary whom one hates. An enemy exists only when, at least potentially, one fighting collectivity of people confronts a similar collectivity. The enemy is solely the public enemy.  
Schmitt, *The Concept of the Political*

Enemies are constellations of hostile forces which manage our potential, structure our needs, code our territory and determine our time. Capital and the state-form are structures of enmity,



yet they are not enemies themselves. The cop, the bureaucrat, the politician, the activist, the boss, the leader, the economist, the owner, the fascist, the racist, the sexist – these are all points of conflict between revolutionaries and counterrevolution, points which reveal the public enemies of a social war: police, bureaucracy, politics, activism, work, hierarchy, economy, property, fascism, racism, patriarchy.

“One fighting collectivity” against another, yet what is the nature of this fighting? Although the fight is the crux of any war, the majority of time is not spent fighting, but deciding on the moment to strike. “Standing still and doing nothing,” Clausewitz notes, “is quite plainly the normal condition of an Army in the midst of War, acting, the exception.”<sup>7</sup> The clash of force is the hidden threat which guarantees the authority of those who rule and the passivity of those who obey. To provoke this threat is to guarantee one’s end as such, for either the enemy will destroy you or, you will be victorious and destroy yourself in the process. One must not only be ready for this, but desire it.

In class war, the extraction of surplus-value from those who labor by those who own is only adequately matched by the revolt of the proletariat when the latter risks their very being on such a combat. Paris 1871, Bavaria 1919, Spain 1936. In social war, the insurrection against the pacification of life is continuous and dispersed, yet rarely does it emerges on the level of a fighting collectivity which stakes its existence in the fight. Argentina 2001, Oaxaca 2006, Greece 2008.<sup>8</sup> But if “war is often

## 7.

Clausewitz,  
Book III, chapter  
XVI

## 8.

Both wars are products of class society and both are directed towards its destruction. Social war, however, destroys society not through the negation of labor by the proletariat alone, but by the negation of the commodity in every sphere of existence by everyone who can. The events of France in 1968

nothing more than an armed neutrality,”<sup>9</sup> then the question emerges, what happens in-between fights?

One strategy that our enemy has mastered is the ability to redirect our hostility toward it into a corrosive force against each other instead. This is what Clausewitz calls stratagem, the ability of the enemy to organize our seemingly self-determined trajectory in a way that makes us the agents of our own deception.<sup>10</sup> The most vile stratagem our enemy has crafted to date is the modern form of the social relation we call love.

and Italy in 1977 are some markers of the transition states between these kinds of war, for in those moments of rupture, labor as well as the commodity were attacked by the proletariat as well as whoever.

## 9.

Clausewitz, Book III, chapter XVI

## 10.

“The deceiver by stratagem leaves it to the person himself whom he is deceiving to commit the errors of understanding which at last, flowing into one result, suddenly change the nature of things in his eyes.” Clausewitz, Book III, chapter X

**V.** Love, like all social relations we’ve abstracted into a concept, has a real history. The history of love marks nothing but the development of weapons, tactics, and positions in the war between classes. Love is the embryo of both class consciousness and false consciousness, for it is there that the two merge. Conscious of one’s position in a way never before imagined, and yet deceived by one’s own consciousness into believing the permanence of its present state, the subject of love is embroiled in an ideological battle with itself. The heart, as both primary weapon and target in this struggle, signifies not only the possibility of unity between two beings, but the means for their absolute separation.

The heart is a weapon, but what kind?

**VI.** A weapon is an instrument that exploits a vulnerability in a given subject, causing one damage in some capacity. By “instrument” we mean anything that can be used, mastered, directed, or controlled by a subject. By “subject” we mean any living being which has a capacity for self-consciousness, pain, and pleasure. By “damage” we mean the act of rendering inoperative basic capacities of the subject in question, including abilities for judgment, movement, breath, perception, memory, and reflection. By “vulnerability” we understand an exposure of the subject’s weakness, either physical or moral, which, if attacked, could debilitate the subject in some way. Weapons vary depending on how many weak points they can attack, how damaging their attacks can be, how easy they are to use. A rock hits, a knife penetrates, a bullet pierces. All have their proper domain.

Yet the total destruction of the enemy cannot only take place on the level of bodies; it also hinges on the enemy’s “moral forces,” that is, the desires, motivations, and passion to persist in combat. It is these forces which “form the spirit which permeates the whole being of war.”<sup>11</sup> The victor is he who dominates in both regards, disarming the enemy physically while emptying them out morally. A merely weakened enemy is not enough; they must no longer even desire to fight.

**11.**

Clausewitz,  
Book III, Chap-  
ter III

# VII.

War follows from enmity. War is  
the existential negation of the enemy.

Schmitt

One must eviscerate the fighting-ability of the enemy. But the nature of how our particular enemy “fights” is complex. For it is not like any other enemy; it does not move in battalions, and neither does it attack through focus. It does not assault from the air, or surprise from the water. Rather, it attunes our daily existence to its very mode of being. We see as it sees, we think as it thinks. It works through us, not against us.

This enemy is the structure that links objective capital and subjective identity: the form in which our lives are the content. It is the “I” that we desire, that we carry, that we enforce on ourselves and others through our own pseudo-activities. We recognize ourselves within this imposed rhythm, as if the activity of the commodity miraculously coincided with our freely determined self-activity in every instance. By such means, we hold ourselves hostage, nailing our formal identities on top of our chaotic subjectivities, praying that the screw doesn’t break. All movement in the combat of work, leisure, education, or politics is preemptively negated from obtaining a hostile relevance if it doesn’t advance to self-annihilation.

The enemy has been so victorious not only due to its total character, but also because it outsources its means of combat, its weaponry, into the heart of its victim, into ourselves. In social war, the heart is

essential. To negate our enemy, we must relearn how to use that most dangerous of weapons, the weapon of heart.

## VIII.

For the weapons are nothing else but the nature of the combatants themselves, a nature which only makes its appearance for both of them reciprocally.

-Hegel, Phenomenology of Spirit

**The heart is the model of all weapons.**

For whereas most weapons only exploit a given vulnerability, the heart creates vulnerabilities where none previously existed. The heart opens weaknesses up, it vulnerabilizes; it is the medium of vulnerability. Through the heart, the most impenetrable armor can be pierced, the most impossible barrier can be broken, the most inviolable fortress can be defeated. The heart, usually buried within bourgeois sentimentality, can become the most dangerous weapon if it used right. By dislodging the heart from its pedestal of untouchability, we can begin to outline a strategy of attack that can truly disarm anyone.

## IX. **Love, the most common use of the weapon**

of heart, has sadly been deployed on those we care for more than those we don't. Love, as we know it, works by destroying the bond which suddenly and magically conjoins us, retying it into a recognizable form, stamped with an artificial representation. If daily life is nothing but the unfolding of our concrete unfreedom, then the experience of visceral

attachment to another presence is itself a rupture of that separation. The negation of the negation of life works through connection. What love captures is this connection in its primal form, its most dangerous style, eros. Eros subtracts two individual bodies from a situation, and indiscerns them into a collective subject. Love redefines this potentiality as couple, and grants it a place in the situation it just escaped. The subject which was formed, a form-of-life across two bodies, is now erased, and brought back under the sign of capital.

X. Since love takes place on the level of homogenous time, it – like all beings under capital – inevitably progresses through decay. The bodies attached at the heart by love become hostile to each other, for love desires not a body, but a host. The weapon of heart pumps eros out of the subject, objectifying it into love as couple. The couple is the alienated form of eros, hostile to the very forms-of-life which produced it. Once this process starts, it is not long before either the original eros is fully emptied out or it is so weakened that it can no longer sustain the sexual bond. Two paths open up here: heartbreak or heartlock. If heartlock occurs, the couple becomes solidified as commodity, unable to break out of its predetermined path. It is now suitable for a life of banal activities that couples are produced to consume. Heartbreak, on the other hand, is the murder of eros through one partner's decision. When this occurs, the symbolic universe of the heartbroken subject is destabilized. The structures of meaning which guarantee consistency, control, and purpose disintegrate. The power to act becomes the power to inact.



Heartbreak becomes heartache, and the ability to think is tinged by an ever-present horizon of pain. What once was strong, is now weak; what once was fixed, is now indeterminate. All that is solid melts into shit; all that is holy is profaned.

Granted the total power of such a weapon, it is a wonder why we never use it on our enemies. Having sharpened the weapon of heart on each other for so long, it is about time we start to use it on those who truly deserve its force. Returning the heart to its place in the arsenal of war, we can think through its function both tactically and strategically.

# XI.

Love your enemies.

Matthew 5:44

The means of the weapon of heart are bodies in seduction; its ends are souls in subjection. If the goal of war generally is the destruction of the enemy's forces, then the goal of this war is the destruction of the ruling class, internally. The task is to negate their hearts. Not only for-itself, but in-itself.

Mistakenly, we try this on each other too often. Hastily and without preparation, we engage in mutual desubjectivization without any direction toward the commune.<sup>12</sup> Through mistrust, broken promises, dead projects, and betrayals, we vacate the contents of our lives without altering its form. These relations of enmity, projected from heart to heart, shed our skins, but strengthen our spines. Disidentification can only go so far. Without a common strategy, it leads us back to the masochistic cul-de-sac of dating.

## 12.

However, this can be consciously tried on each other in non-destructive ways. Sharing our objects of desire and our practices of seduction while maintaining a consistency of purpose will strengthen our grasp of the weapon when it comes to actual combat.



## XII.

The art today is to attack everything one encounters, in order to beat the enemy in detail and while he assembles. When I say that one must attack everything that one encounters, I mean that one must attack everything that is in movement and not in a position that renders it too much superior.

Napolean

What would a proper use of the weapon of heart look like? Weapons only makes sense in the realm of combat. Before utilizing it, one should always ask: what is the nature of the particular combat for which the weapon is being used? What does the territory look like? Who regulates movement? What measures value? Occupying a building is different than confronting fascists, although both may be moments of battle within the same plan of war. Still, they call for different targets, different levels of intensity, and a different frequency of attack. To unravel a university, to foment a strike, to liberate property from its use—one needs first to identify the individuals or groups that materially impede these possibilities from happening. Capitalists, bosses, cops, politicians, activists, artists, journalists—they can all be seduced into their own downfall.

The entrance into the subjective power of the enemy is the heart, and hence a collective strategy of seduction is needed to gain access to that

medium of vulnerability, and exploit it. We all know how to do this, for we never stop seducing each other. But a deliberate cohesion of seductions against those who exploit, manage, code, oppress, and determine us is hitherto untested.<sup>13</sup> One cop is good, but a whole precinct should be the goal. One landlord is a start, but an entire block of landlords is power. One liberal is nice, but a full non-profit would cause some real damage. Only wild experimentation in the practices of desire can show us the truth of such a tactic.

Now, the singularity of desire is such that improvisation is a key feature of any process of infatuation. Rendering one's enemy obsessed with you, thereby neutralizing their role as direct opponent, will take on-the-spot linguistic and affective machinations. Here, the tactical developments of the weapon of heart will come into play: flirtation, charm, innuendo, restraint. The proper use of touch, eye contact, and metaphor are virtues of the soldier in heartwar. All these contribute to an erotic escalation which, step-by-step, will lead to the right moment to strike.

To strike is to impose inoperativity on the subject in question, whether that subject be a mode of temporality, a material location, a commodified logic, an assemblage of power, or an individuated body. From our own experience, we know exactly what the heart can do. By displacing the self-determined yet vacuous meaning that stitches together an individual's worthless life, love offers itself as the ground for a new, coupled stability. Once this occurs, all that's needed to debilitate

### 13.

At least from our position. The weapon of heart has been used throughout history for espionage, blackmail, entrapment and extortion on the side of the enemy. Called "honeypot" in Intelligence circles, this use of the weapon of heart is mostly for states to spy on other states (e.g. Clayton J. Lo-netree, Sharon Scranage), but it can be extended to states spying on potential domestic threats (e.g. Mordechai Vanunu), including revolutionary groups as well (e.g. "Anna"). Capitalists also use honeypot, called "industrial espionage", to spy on their competitors. Our modest proposal here is simply for us to supersede the honeypot technique, turning it on the enemy itself, modifying it so as to make its operation suitable to our conditions of war.

the enemy is an act that removes such alienated support.

Heartwar is the forced withdrawal of emotional stability of multiple subjects, concurrently. This strategy seeks to proliferate vulnerability by "attacking the flank", that is, by directly confronting the weakest part of the enemy. By operating on the very terrain of the subjective, we free ourselves from all the resource limitations that objective conditions entail. This subjective war, this human strike, unleashes the chaos buried within our enemies, and lets it do the work of internecine ruling-class destruction that we hitherto have only dreamt of.

The heartattack which provokes the disintegration of the symbolic universe of the enemy in heartwar initiates the heartbreak. Heartbreak starts with the decision to disengage from the practice of unconditional love. By suspending the law of the couple in this act, the power that circulated indistinctly amongst the two is revealed as the violence of one. This should only happen once the enemy is fully transfixed by the love-relation, when they are as subsumed under love as their lives are under capital.

Now, the means of inducing heartbreak are varied, but the tried methods are lying, cheating, and desertion for another. This is the most dangerous part of the action, for here, the enemy's response is unpredictable. Lacerations of the heart will bleed agony, provoking paroxysm into the whole

being of the enemy. A hemorrhage of meaning initiates a collapse of control, and the crushed enemy might lash out wildly to all around them without direction or restraint. To protect oneself, the pain of the announced end of the relationship should be accompanied by compounded feelings of guilt and self-doubt on the part of the enemy. If the process of self-deprecation is not initiated, then the whole battle is lost. To ensure this, a third party is suggested, the one for whom we leave, the better one. The enemy sees the third party as the representation of everything it lacks. It is their negation, objectified.

From then on, heartache is guaranteed. Heartache is the reactionary form which connects one to their separated spheres of existence in a total way. One's presence is attuned to everything around it, yet attuned in a way colored by pain and dominated by resentment. This false cohesion explains everything but oneself. A revolutionary abolition of separation, on the other hand, is colored by joy and freedom; it occurs through the destruction of capital and the state by the articulated self-activity of all who fight in common and care with consistency.

Heartache, the decimated feeling of subtracted love, is what the weapon of heart offers us. As a situation of total exposure and clear vulnerability, heartache opens an interval of potentiality where the enemy's world is literally up for grabs. At this exact point, when the enemy can no longer think strategically, a coordinated strike is enough to

do them in. The heartwarriors can now leave the picture and let the magic of collective sabotage do its work. Blockage, occupation, riot – sustainable bedlam will come through careful negations. Speed and courage are more important than numbers and media.

#### 14.

“The political is the most intense and extreme antagonism, and every concrete antagonism becomes that much more political the closer it approaches the most extreme point, that of the friend-enemy grouping.”  
Schmitt

“If it is truly love that is at stake, then doesn’t the heartbreaker also feel broken?” Yes, that is a possibility. Hence the need to remove oneself immediately from the field of combat and reenter the commune, where subjective strength can be rebuilt alongside others. The strategy of heartwar is dangerous, somewhat suicidal. It reveals that “most intense and extreme antagonism”, the real distinction between friends and enemies.<sup>14</sup> This exposure is an act of violence that seeks to deactivate the operations which make violence legitimate, that is, law and the state. These are the stakes of heartwar.

## XIII.

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.

Stirner, *The Ego and Its Own*

Is heartwar a tactic in the strategy of insurrection, or is insurrection a strategy in the plan of heartwar? We venture a hypothesis that insurrectionism lacks the totality which heartwar provides. For once the practices, processes, and

material and affective compositions that weave insurrection are turned into ideas to be desired, then insurrectionism reveals itself not as a practical struggle against the state, but as an ideology within it. As long as insurrectionary practices are geared towards abstracted ideas of insurrection, and not based on lived practices of subversion and material bonds of power, then the commitment, trust, and strength which are required to bring about the real state of exception will never arrive. If the insurrectionist survives into the insurrection as separate, then "nothing will have taken place but place."

Heartwar is total. It is the commitment to one's own destruction alongside others. No bullshit connections or false projections. No passive aggression, only aggressive passion. There is no retreat except ahead, for real love is a commitment to death, not in theory, but in practice. This death, however, is political, the utter destruction of the other's capacity through my power, my consumption, my domination. This is love without end, love as a weapon against the beloved. No longer shall we restrict our emotional terror to the ones who sustain us; our mutually destructive amorous relations must be freed from their normal objects, that is, each other; in heartwar, love is allowed to roam amongst our enemies as well. Cardiomyopathy is made social. As so many Improvised Explosive Devices, heartattack will be strategically placed amongst our enemies, but hidden deeper than any insurgent could imagine: inside one's very own subjectivity. The asymmetric structure of modern conflict allows for its random dispersal, its continuous ignition, its ever present fuse.

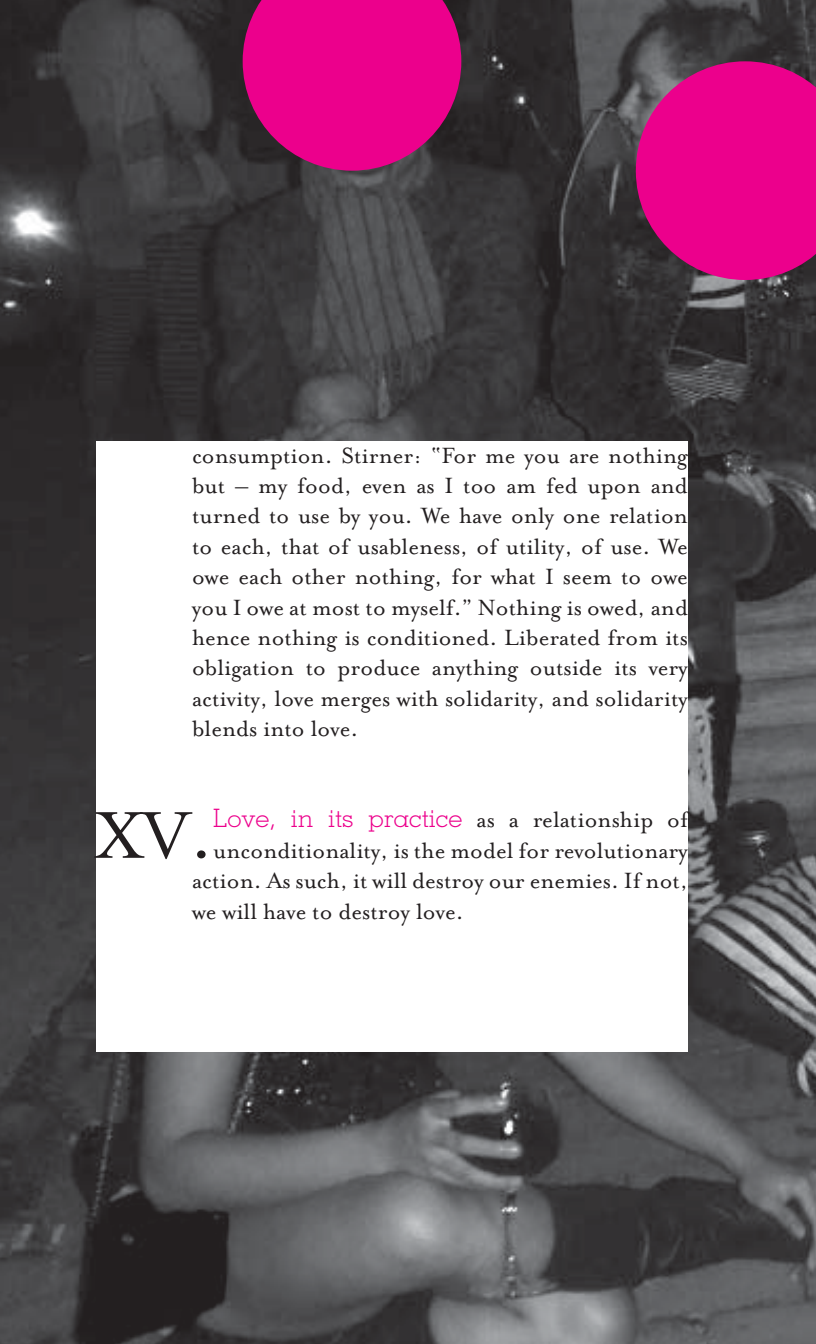
# XIV.

We count on making that which is  
unconditional in relationships the  
armor of a political solidarity as  
impenetrable to state interference  
as a gypsy camp.

- The Coming Insurrection

**Are there other forms of love?** Is there a love that doesn't possess us, but that we can enjoy, freely? Is there love that doesn't abolish chance? The structure of love as an event of eros can offer us a glimpse into what can build that political solidarity that no state can penetrate. This is love as pure unconditionality, love freed from any end but its own nourishment. Unconditionality is the basis for a politics of pure means, for it is not tied to any conditions for actualization. Freed from any demand, any end, any condition, this love is subtractive, in that no identities can be found within it to isolate, and total, in that no sphere of existence is left untouched by its power.

Love begins as the contingency of encounter, an event on which one risks their being. A declaration emerges, an "I love you." The fidelity to the event of this encounter between two irreconcilable bodies is the practical unfolding of the relationship itself. Commitment to this undecidable, unknowable bond entails the subjectification of the Two, an irreducible yet unfused multiple. This Two reveals a different structure of being not internal to the situation before, but subtracted from it. The Two use each other freely, enjoying their mutual



consumption. Stirner: "For me you are nothing but – my food, even as I too am fed upon and turned to use by you. We have only one relation to each, that of usability, of utility, of use. We owe each other nothing, for what I seem to owe you I owe at most to myself." Nothing is owed, and hence nothing is conditioned. Liberated from its obligation to produce anything outside its very activity, love merges with solidarity, and solidarity blends into love.

**XV** Love, in its practice as a relationship of  
• unconditionality, is the model for revolutionary action. As such, it will destroy our enemies. If not, we will have to destroy love.





**OH  
GOOD,  
THE  
WAR!**

TIQQUN

THE CONSCIOUS ORGAN  
OF THE IMAGINARY PARTY  
EXERCISES IN CRITICAL  
METAPHYSICS

**O**ne begins with principles. Just action follows.



When a civilization is ruined,  
one declares it bankrupt.

One does not tidy up in a  
home falling off a cliff.

Ends are not lacking, nihilism  
is nothing. Means are cleared  
in advance, impotence has no  
excuse. The value of means  
correspond to their end.

All that is, is good. The world  
of the *qelipoth*<sup>1</sup>, the Spectacle, is  
bad, through and through. Evil  
is not a substance, if it were, it  
would be good. The mysterious  
efficacy of evil resolves itself  
in that it has no being per se,  
existing rather as nothingness  
become *active*.

**1.**  
Kabbalistic  
term meaning  
"husks of the  
dead", the  
condition of a  
body that has  
outlived its  
soul.

Evil consists in failing to distinguish the good.  
Indistinction is its kingdom, indifference its power.

Men do not love evil, they love the good that is in themselves.

In the Tikkun<sup>2</sup>, being returns to being, nothingness to nothingness. The fulfillment of Justice is its abolition.

History is not finished, for that, it would require our assent.

A single free man suffices to prove that liberty is not dead.

## 2.

A concept issuing from Judaism, often used in the kabbalistic and messianic traditions, which indicates all at once reparation, restitution, redemption, and which covers in large part, among others, the Jewish conception of social justice. "The tiqqun is the becoming-real, the becoming-practical of the world; the process wherein everything is revealed as practical." (Introduction to Civil War)

The question isn't whether or not "to be of one's time", but rather to live for or against it. *No argument.*

Anything which boasts of some temporal innovation declares only its own inferiority to time.

The new, the original, so many alibis for mediocrity. Up until the present, progress has only connoted a particular accumulation of trivialities. The essential has remained in infancy. Men have moralized, but they've yet to think. Negligence for which they no longer possess the means. Here, history begins.

The catastrophes of history demonstrate nothing against the good. Revolutionary movements have not suspended "the normal course of things." To the contrary. It is the normal course that is the suspension of the good. In their linkages, the revolutionary movements constitute the tradition

of the good, up until now: the tradition of the vanquished.

This is our possession.

All of history is encapsulated in this, that a great city had been besieged by little kings. The rest remains unassailable.

Before time, absolutely, there is sense.

A clock that sounds nothing. To which, the crown.

We must act as though we were the children of no one. Men are not given to know their true descent. It is the historical constellation which they succeed in grasping. It is good to have a pantheon. All pantheons are not to be found at the end of Rue Soufflot.

Platitudes are the most beautiful things in the world. They necessitate repetition. Truth has always said the same thing, in a thousand manners. At a given moment a platitude has the power to make worlds oscillate. Besides, the universe itself was born of a commonplace.

**This world is not adequately described because it isn't adequately contested**, and vice versa. We do not seek out a knowledge of accomplished states, but a creative science. Criticism has nothing to fear, neither the weight of foundations, nor the grace of consequences.

The age is furiously metaphysical, tirelessly striving to forget itself.

**By casting off Critical Metaphysics, one embraces it.**

Some have put forth that truth does not exist. For this they are punished. They do not conceal themselves from truth, rather, truth conceals itself from them. They bury not that which will bury them.

We have only to groan, there will be no charitable tailor-made revolt. You will have to put everything back together yourselves. This world requires truth, not consolation.

One must critique domination because it is servitude that dominates. That there should be "happy" slaves is not a justification for slavery.

They are born. They wish to live. And they follow out their moribund fate. They even wish a bit of rest, and leave behind children, so as to birth other deaths, other destinies of death.

Here then, the time of larva, they even write little books in which they speak of their geneology.

Since there have been men, and men who've read Marx, one has known that it's a question of the commodity, but one has yet to be finished, *practically*, with all that. Those there are who, of other times, have made a profession of its critique, going so far as to propose that the commodity would constitute a second nature, more elegant and more legitimate than the first, to whose authority we ought to bow.

Their metastasis spread to the ends of the earth;  
one does well to recall that an organism riddled with  
cancer collapses in little time.

The old alternatives and the erstwhile disputes have  
been bled dry. We reimpose them.

Reject one side as you reject the other. Love only the  
rest. It alone will be spared.

Men are responsible for a world which they did not  
create. This isn't mysticism, it's a given. Let the  
satisfied feign surprise.

**Hence, the war.**

The enemy does not possess the intelligence of words,  
it tramples upon them. Words desire to be avenged.

Happiness has never been synonymous with peace.  
One must wield happiness offensively.

For only too long sensibility has been a passive  
disposition for the experiencing of pain, it must  
become the very means of combat. The art of  
recasting suffering as a force.

Liberty does not accommodate itself to patience.  
The former is the practice of history in deed.  
Inversely, "liberations" are merely the opium of  
naughty slaves. Critique is born of liberty, and gives  
birth to the latter.

One is more certain to find liberty in the self's  
undoing than to find happiness in receiving one.



“

Once, a certain society had attempted, through innumerable means, repeated endlessly, to annihilate the most living among its children. These children have survived. They desire the death of this society.

”

Pursue liberty, with it you shall have all the rest. He that wishes to keep himself shall loose himself.

As everything whose existence must be proved a priori, life, as it's accorded by the age, is of little value.

An ancient order survives in appearance. In truth, it only subsists so as to be documented in all its perversity.

One says that there's no danger as there isn't any unrest; just as one says that the absence of material disorder at the surface of society implies that the revolution is far from us. But the forces of annihilation gather upon a path very different from that where one had once thought to find them.

Burgeoning imbeciles, wee cads, obtuse realists, understand that there are more things in heaven and earth than you might dream in your inconsequential solipsisms.

This society functions as an incessant appeal to the restriction of one's mental faculties. Its best elements are completely estranged from it. They rebel against it. This world turns around its margins. It knows nothing of its own decomposition. All that continues to live, lives against this society.

**Abandon ship. Not because it's sinking, but to make it sink.**

Those who don't understand today have already exhausted all their force so as to not have understood

yesterday. In his heart of hearts, man is quite familiar with the state of the world.

All things radicalize. Stupidity, like intelligence.

*Tiqqun* draws out the lines of rupture in the universe of indifference. The element of time reabsorbs itself in sense. The forms take life. The figures are incarnated. The world is.

Every new way of being ruins the preceding way of being, and it is only then, on the ruins of the old, that the new begins. It is known as “the pains of birth”, signifying a period of great upheaval. The old way of being in the world will be ruined, things will be altered.

Once, a certain society had attempted, through innumerable means, repeated endlessly, to annihilate the most living among its children. These children have survived. They desire the death of this society. They are without hate. It’s a war that was never declared. We do not declare it either, we simply point it out.

Two camps. Their disagreement turns around the nature of the war. The party of confusion would like there to be but a sole camp. It directs a military peace. The Imaginary Party understands that conflict is the father of all things. It lives dispersed and in exile.

Outside of the war, there is nothing. Its war is an *exordium* where forces are composed and weapons are found.

*Leave it to the century to combat its specters.* We do not fight against phantoms. We brush them aside to lure the target.

In a world built upon lies, lying cannot be vanquished by its contrary, but only by a world of truth.

Complacency engenders hatred and resentment, truth assembles friends.

“We,” which is to say us and our friendships.

Intelligence must become a collective affair.

*And the rest is silence.*

Venice January 15th, 1999



**WHAT  
HAVE  
WE  
LEARNED?  
NEED?**

Friendship is an ethico-political relationship, which is practiced as *anti-politics*. A group of friends is the model of the commune. Its incoherency is made evident by its multiple faces—each containing different grimaces, smiles and muscle flexes. The group of friends articulates only its shared inclinations and desires as motions, habits and gestures. I am shared as an object, as a technological advancement of my friends. My subjectivity is at once held and is called into question. We are located as a *we* only insofar that our *we* could collapse at any moment, but we would prefer not to.

## Biopolitics means war.

We are ordered as non-functional, mad, sick, unstable. All are positioned to function as all are ordered. Our misery, our depression, our sickness, our madness, our eating disorders, our addictions, our ugliness, our beauty, our fucked up teeth, our STDs, our \$6.50 an hour, our failing hearts—all can be profaned. All can be positioned to interrupt.



We share a lick, we build the partisan war machine of insurrection. To “lick” is to caress with one’s tongue. We lick the journal *Politics is Not a Banana*. We lick the insides of each other’s assholes. To share a “lick” also means to share a lashing, an ass whooping, a strike. Use the journal *Politics is Not a Banana* to give someone a few licks.

## Nomadism means Occupy.

The equation runs both ways.  
Autonomy as stasis neutralizes  
itself in the state form, but  
attack without duration dissolves  
in the flow of spectacular time.  
Occupation means Destroy—  
everything, of course, but  
especially what we like.

Under the  
feathers,



the bugs

**Friendship as the commune**  
means that, in the conditions  
of hell on earth, we can no  
longer feel ashamed only for  
having air to breathe—WE CAN  
FEEL ASHAMED OF SO MUCH MORE.

The fact that we can only  
prefer not to collapse our  
friendships rather than prefer  
not to collapse our identities,  
is the horrible world in which  
we must live. We CAN take  
what air we can, and we can  
share it where we desire,  
but the potential paralysis of  
attempting to breathe at all  
will always be with us, and it  
is that which must be faced  
and redeemed.

shame:  
we still  
have  
air to  
breathe,  
in hell.