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My journey starts here



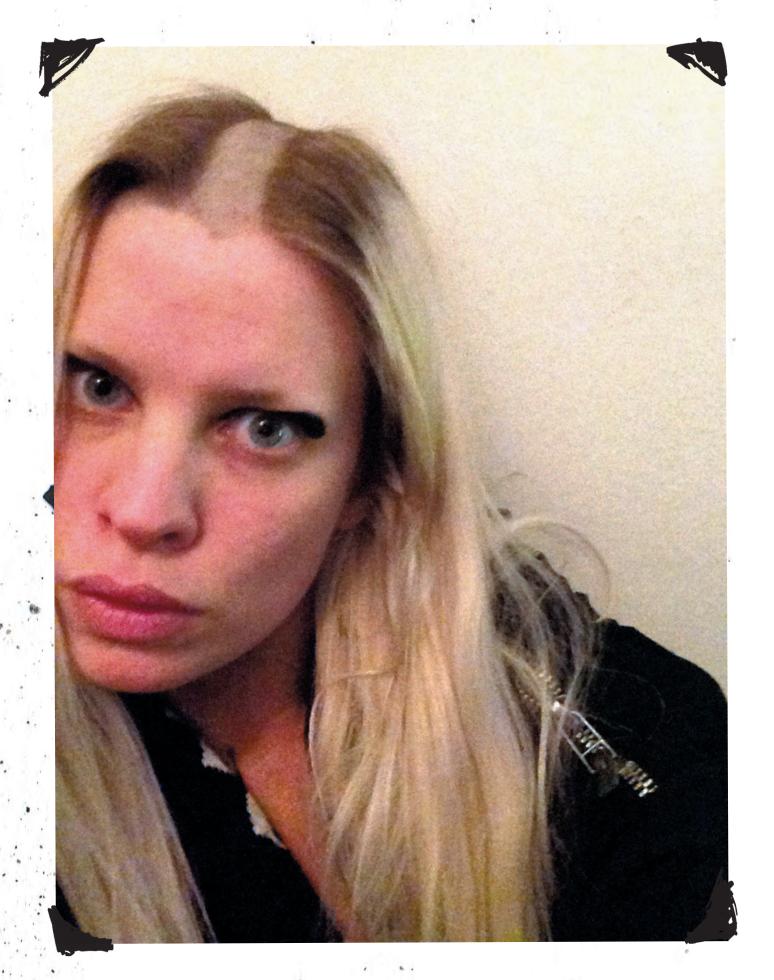


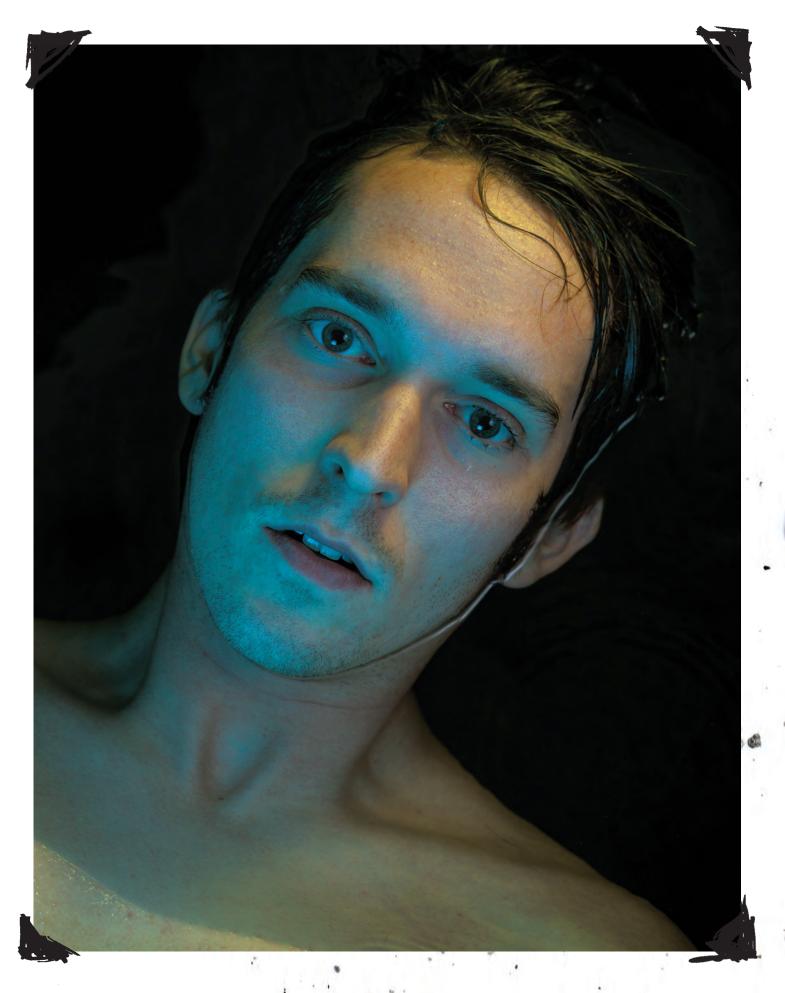




What is the meaning — of life? —









Debt controls you.

If you finish university in debt, you must accept the first paid position offered in order to honor your debt. If you bought an apartment with a mortgage, you must be sure not to lose your job or take a vacation or a study leave from work. The effect of debt, like that of the work ethic, is to keep your nose to the grindstone. Whereas the work ethic is born within the subject, debt begins as an external constraint but soon worms its way inside.

Debt wields a moral power whose primary weapons are responsibility and guilt, which can quickly become objects of obsession. You are responsible for your debts and guilty for the difficulties they create in your life. The indebted is an unhappy consciousness that makes guilt a form of life. Little by little, the pleasures of activity and creation are transformed into a nightmare for those who do not possess the means to enjoy their lives.

... LIFE HAS BEEN SOLD TO THE ENEMY.

Pass through airport security, and your body and possessions will be scanned. Enter certain countries, and you will have your fingerprints taken, your retina scanned. Become unemployed, join the workfare regime, and there will be a different series of inspections, recording your efforts, your intentions, and your progress. The hospital, the government office, the school—they all have their own inspection regimes and data storage systems. But it's not only when you go somewhere special. A walk down your street is likely to be recorded by a series of security cameras, your credit card purchases and Internet searches are likely to be tracked, and your cell phone calls are easily intercepted. Security technologies have leapt forward in recent years to delve deeper into society, our lives, and our bodies.

WHY DO YOU ACCEPT BEING TREATED LIKE AN INMATE?



From: Adam Saby, Culver City, U.S.A Subject: Subject: Date: May 5, 2015 at 2:41:58 AM PDT adbusters Reply-To:

As an only child, I spent most of my life alone. And I didn't know it.

My favorite pre-teen moments were watching World Championship Wrestling's Monday Night Nitro. At home. Alone.

During the three-hour live broadcast, I body-slammed seat cushions to the ground, hollered proclamations from the staircase, and stomped on the living room rug. This parade of adolescent asylum continued for

years. Each time, more electric. And I could not have done it with anyone else there.

In my mid-twenties, I lost the touch. Being alone meant being lonely. To be free and primal, I had to be alone. I chased others for affection and attention. I forgot that being I chased others for affection and aftention. Horgot that being independent allowed me to be honest with myself. My insecurities.

Hooked outward for what was inward. My innards were a gurgling slug

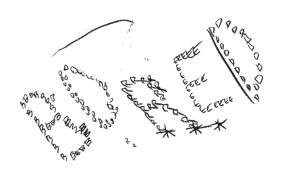
And when I realized what I was doing, I became mad as hell. So I tok of mush churning to absolute inertia.

time mixed with reflection, added a dash of resentment, and poured on the rage. Then it happened.

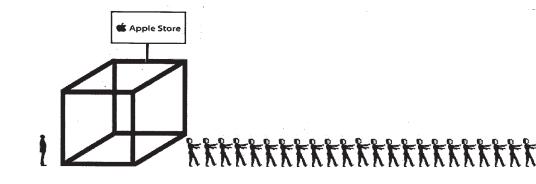
A gut-reaction so strong – I couldn't question it – I obeyed. Like a a gut-reaction so strong — represent anti-loneliness to the commandment from god herself: represent anti-loneliness to the The solo kick. fullest, live true, live raw.

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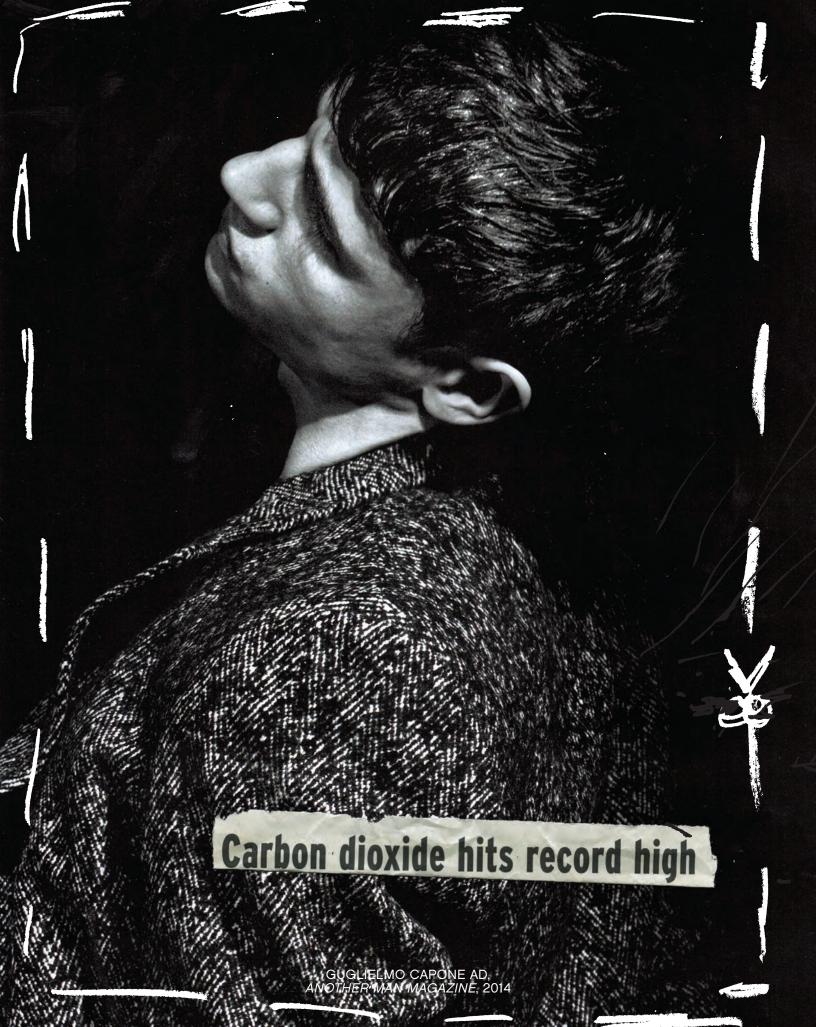












HOW MANY ADVENTURE FILMS DOES IT TAKE TO COMPENSATE FOR A LACK OF ADVENTURE?

HOW MANY SUPERHERO MOVIES MUST ONE WATCH, TO COMPENSATE FOR THE ATROPHIED EXPRESSION OF ONE'S GREATNESS?

HOW MUCH PORNOGRAPHY
TO MEET, THE NEED FOR
INTIMACY?

HOW MUCH ENTERTAINMENT
TO SUBSTITUTE FOR

- Charles Eisenstein

As warming crosses one degree Celsius, Hansen and his colleagues' research shows that additional heat is stored mostly in the deep ocean, where it can remain locked away for hundreds or thousands of years. Water circulates very slowly down there. That essentially locks in further climate change, even if emissions are drastically reduced later on, because that circulating water will continually replenish the surface with relative warmth from below. Additional warming will also begin to trigger feedbacks (melting permafrost, thawing methane) that will unleash additional greenhouse gases and drive further warming.

As warming approaches two degrees, it locks in an additional 10-20 meters of sea level rise over the next few hundred years—enough to flood every coastal city in the world. Ecosystem collapse would be virtually assured, as plants and animals that have evolved into precise niches over hundreds of thousands of years are forced to adapt to new conditions in just a decade or two. Even assuming we eventually stop emitting CO2 completely, reaching two degrees could, the study shows, mean we remain above one degree for hundreds of years or more.

And if warming goes over two degrees, Hansen and his colleagues present a familiar litany of climate impacts: mass extinctions, stronger storms, and increasingly severe effects for human health, along with "major dislocations for civilization."

The study's key takeaway is that unless CO2 emissions peak right about now which they are clearly not doing — in just a few more years we will lock in a two degrees rather than a one degree temperature rise. That will set climate impacts in motion for the next thousand years or so, barring advances in technology that are currently largely discredited as either too expensive or too impractical on the scale necessary to reverse the warming that's already baked into the system.

- Eric Holthaus, Quartz, December, 2013

When Los Angeles artist Mark Vallen created his silkscreen poster "Whatever Happened To The Future! " in 1980, the possibility of a nuclear war between the U.S. and the Soviet Union seemed likely; the Sex Pistols' hair-raising refrain "No Future," had a ring of truth to it. Embroiled in L.A.'s late 70s punk movement and inspired by the French Situationists, Vallen published his artwork as an oppositional street poster. The question posed in the prescient serigraph is still being asked today.





Climate wars will be driven by many factors, but three above all.

an interview with Gwvnne Dver

We'll first see waves of refugees from places that can't feed themselves anymore. Many refugees coming up from the Middle East and West Africa are already climate refugees, but how could you really tell the difference? Some are fleeing the war in Somalia. others the war in Syria and some are heading north because their farm dried up and blew away in the Sahel. These waves of refugees will expand and put enormous pressure on our international systems. As the flow intensifies and we start slamming borders shut and killing people to keep them out, international relations are likely to get very much uglier than they are right now.

The second big driver is the proliferation of failed states. Governments that cannot



feed their people tend not to survive. Look at Somalia — there was a famine in the early 90s and the country never recovered. Now there's no government, no law, there's nothing. We won't have just one or two failed states, but more like 20, in the Caribbean, right across Africa and out through the Middle East into Central Asia . . . and with it we get pirates, terrorists and all the stuff that goes with it.

The third big effect happens between countries that share a river system, and there are a lot of them. India and Pakistan, but also Egypt and Sudan down near the mouth of the Nile River, versus all the countries upstream—Iraq and Syria downstream on the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers versus Turkey upstream. Turkey is getting a free ride right now because neither Iraq nor Syria are in a position to protest militarily against what the Turks have done — they've built 12 enormous dams across the headwaters of the Tigress River — two years ago there was no water in the Euphrates, none. Agriculture was shut down in Northern Iraq but nobody heard about it, nobody starved, because Iraq has oil they just bought the food they needed. Then you've got China building dams like crazy at the top of the Mekong river system with all the Indo-Chinese countries below. All of these are potential conflict scenarios and it all comes down to food — all these scenarios are driven by food. I can see huge mayhem and larger use of violence in the future, and I'm perfectly prepared to believe that would include nuclear violence, but more likely it will be the death of a thousand cuts . . . most things are.

Gwynne Dyer is an independent journalist, military historian and the author of numerous books including Climate Wars.

"ART IS ALWAYS ALREADY VANDALISM"

-Timothy Morton

After the French, American, Russian and Chinese revolutions, two world wars, a score of colonial freedom fights, the almost-world revolution of 1968, the black and women's liberation struggles, 9/11 and now the clash of civilizations, where is the arc of history heading... what does the future hold?

1900 HEART OF DARKNESS

1936 SPANISH CIVIL WAR

1948 NAKBA

1954 DIEN BIEN PHU

1960 WOOLSWORTH SIT-IN

1968 MY LAI

1979 IRAN HOSTAGE CRISIS

1980 GWANGJU UPRISING

1990 SERBIA

2014 EUROMAIDAN

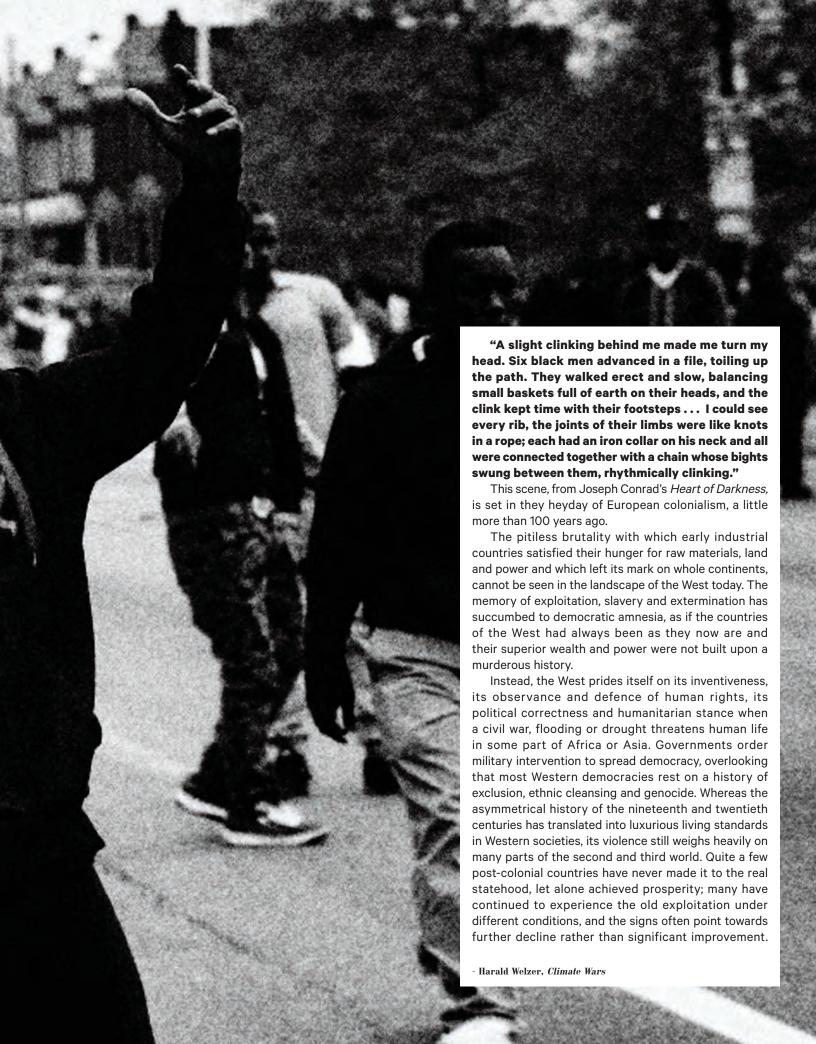
2015 THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

2017 POSTMODERN SURVEILLANCE DYSTOPIA

2018 STINKY ATMS

2019 HERE COMES THE CLIMATE WAR







The Spanish Civil War that occurred between 1936-1939 is always remembered as the fight between the Republicans and Franco's nationalist semi-fascist forces. However, the war was marked by another, extraordinary event; in 1936, the year of the outbreak of the civil war, the world witnessed the first glimpses of an anarchist revolution. Sam Dolgoff, an American anarchosyndicalist, stated that the Spanish Revolution "came closer to realizing the ideal of the free stateless society on a vast scale than any other revolution in history."

The revolution was led by the CNT (Confederación Nacional del Trabajo), a confederation of anarchist and anarcho-syndicalist trade unions. A significant part of Spain's economy was collectivized and put under direct worker's control. In Catalonia, workers controlled more than 75% of the economy. We should not imagine Soviet-style forced collectivization, but, as Sam Dogloff said, "a genuine grass roots functional libertarian democracy, where each individual participated directly in the revolutionary reorganization of social life". George Orwell, who has served as a combatant for the CNT, was able to document the revolution as a first-hand observer. Two short passages from his *Homage to Catalonia*, published in 1938, illustrate superbly the spirit of the revolution: "[T]here was a belief in the revolution and the future, a feeling of having suddenly emerged into an era of equality and

hard-fought social and economic rights, diminished trade unions' bargaining power and weakened their influence.

The libertarian revolutions of 1968 have also ended up in disappointment. Hopes brought by the "New Left" political movement that emerged from the demands of students, activists and workers, came to a close when economic powers and politics colluded in the 80s, removing the last glimmers of hope that change could happen from within the current political system. The 1980s also marked the beginning of the neoliberal era (deregulation of the financial system, erosion of welfare states, privatization programs, financial crises, cuts to public spending).

Finally, the fall of the Berlin Wall represented the end of the last bastion of ideological resistance against capitalism: communism. Fukuyama's *The End of History and the Last Man* main thesis was emblematic in the representation of the world we faced and still face today: the triumph of liberal democracy and capitalism marked the end point of mankind's ideological and political evolution.

We live in a historically specific cultural paradigm, shaped during the course of the last century through mass media, popular culture and advertising, which converged together and formed our consumer culture and in an economic and political system structured to serve the interests of a small elite. In this scenario,

SPANISH CIVIL WAR—ANOTHER WORLD IS POSSIBLE

freedom. Human beings were trying to behave as human beings and not as cogs in the capitalist machine," and "many of the normal motives of civilized life—snobbishness, money-grubbing, fear of the boss, etc.—had simply ceased to exist. The ordinary class-division of society had disappeared to an extent that is almost unthinkable in the money-tainted air of England; there was no one there except the peasants and ourselves and no one owned anyone else as his master."

Unfortunately, the Spanish anarchist utopia did not last long. The anarchists were crushed by a temporary alliance between all other political parties (including the Communists and the Socialists) and the brief—but real—experience of an anarchist society faded away.

However, an important lesson can be drawn from the anarchist utopia of 1936: another world is possible (which is also the slogan of the World Social Forum). Before discussing anarchism's possible role in the resistance to the capitalist world order, let's shortly retrace last century's main stages of the capitalist system's consolidation: elites have won the long-lasting struggle against the working class; this was achieved firstly by granting workers some benefits after World War II, notably through the implementation of welfare systems in the West, then by fragmenting them with the increase in specialization of labor and the growth of the service industry during the post-Fordist period and finally by assessing the knockout blow through neoliberal policies, which erased

anarchist thought has a dual function of resistance: as a challenge to the neoliberal ideology, and as a possible concrete utopia that can guide us in the construction of a valid alternative social order.

The most accessible ground for us, "the 99%," through which a radical change can be achieved, is that of ideas. No economic or political revolution can bring genuine change without, stated Serge Latouche, an advocator of the degrowth movement, "the decolonization of our minds" from the ideological framework we find ourselves in. Anarchism challenges the ideas, the dehistoricized and naturalized assumptions, and the takenfor-granted norms of today's society. In an anarchist society, solidarity would replace individualism; mutual aid would prevail on competition; altruism on egoism; spirituality on materialism; the local on the global. Changing the current global framework of rules first necessitates an individual ideological liberation that can only come through self-awareness. To free our body we must first free our mind.

– Tommaso Seģantini, Brussels, Belģium

On 9 April 1948, my mother's friend in school (both 18 at the time in teacher school in Jerusalem) chose to go back to her village of Deir Yassin. That was the last time my mother saw Hayah Balbisi who was killed in a massacre. April 9th is a day before Good Friday in our Eastern Christian Tradition. My mother, who is now 82 years old, told me not to travel and that she has been having bad dreams. I reassured her even though my own heart sends me negative signals. Deir Yassin was not the first or the largest massacre committed by Zionist forces during that era of ethnic cleansing. But it was prophetic and emblematic for us because its deliberate effect was magnified to scare the villagers (even some survivors were paraded in the streets of Jerusalem and loudspeakers told of more impending massacres). Dozens of massacres were indeed committed just in the six weeks leading up to Israel's creation and more after. 534 villages and towns were depopulated in the bizarre 20th century attempt to transform a multicultural/multireligious Palestine into the "Jewish state of Israel." 67 years later massacres are still being committed whether in Gaza last year or in the Palestinian refugee camp of Yarmouk. Yarmouk was home to 160,000 Palestinian refugees. It was the largest Palestinian refugee camp. It was besieged and starved. People ate grass and over 200 died of starvation. Now the fanatical forces calling themselves the Islamic State entered the camp, burned Palestinian flags and spread their terror on the remaining civilians. Necks were cut and women were raped. Different but connected perpetrators.

These and other thoughts race through the mind from 11,000 meters above the ground on my way to Paris. A flight was canceled and I had to fly to Athens, then Larnaca (Cyprus), then Paris. Larnaca airport is full of Israelis because that is the closest European airport to Lod (renamed Ben Gurion) Airport. Cyprus is used also as a transit point for the tens of thousands of Mossad agents that travel back and forth to some 140 other countries. Countless teams of assassins passed through this airport I left behind. I also think of other massacres committed in places I know well (like Kenya) or places I do not know well (like the deliberate downing of an Iranian civilian aircraft by the US and that of a German airplane by a terrorist on French soil). But then I thought, "how can I gain a bigger perspective on our lives and all these tragedies?" Here, we are tiny creatures among 7 billion "humans" that have spread around and damaged this beautiful blue planet. A planet that is small in a small inconspicuous solar system, one of billions of solar systems in this galaxy, itself a small galaxy among countless



galaxies. Maybe we take ourselves too seriously, I thought. How can I help get people to know that there is enough resources to feed everyone (now over a billion go hungry). The scientist in me wants to find logical explanations for why people kill each other and do not simply share and care for one another. I try to convince myself with my own words to visitors to Palestine: lighting a candle is better than cursing the darkness, first do no harm, travel the path of your conscience even if few are doing it, etc. Maybe lack of sleep makes my mind wonder into Buddhist philosophies (joyful participation in the sorrows of this world) and to mystic philosophies (Rumi's words come slushing around my brain). These thoughts are like shields to help us in this stark reality. The reality is that the vast majority of people on this airplane and the thousands I left behind at the airport do not know and do not care. Yarmouk, Deir Yassin, Tantura, Sabra, Shatila and others represent a heritage for us Palestinians and the few other humans who care. A country was robbed, 7 million of us are refugees or displaced people. Zionists are happy they succeeded in getting Arabs and Muslims to kill each other whether in Yemen or Syria. As the pilot announces descent to Paris, I think of the French equivalent of the Balfour Declaration (Jules Cambon's declaration of French support for Zionism was also issued in 1917). But I know I am a minority and most people on this airplane are thinking of their next meal, of sex, of work obligations, of other thoughts. Perhaps that is how it was and how it will be. Perhaps all we can do is try our best (successfully or not) to create a ripple effect for a better more peaceful world. Perhaps that's what I and fellow volunteers at the Palestine Museum of Natural History are trying to do. Perhaps, as the old song says: in the end only kindness matters.

It is good to be here in beautiful Paris with Eitan and Tal and all the other good people. But I already miss my mother and miss Palestine.

Maybe lack of sleep makes my mind wonder into Buddhist philosophies (Joyful participation in the sorrows of this world) and and to mystic philosophies (Rumi's words come slushing around my brain).

- Mazin Qumsiyeh





"All men are created equal.
They are endowed by
their Creator with certain
inalienable rights; among
those are Life, Liberty and
pursuit of Happiness . . ."
Ho Chi Minh was reciting the
Declaration of Independence.

France colonized Vietnam in 1884 and soon added Cambodia and Laos to a territory that became known as Indochina. Its colonial holdings, according to Frederic Logevall in Embers of War, were to be the beneficiary of France's mission civilisatrice or "civilizing mission." The upheaval of the first world war, however, helped foment different aspirations among some subjects of French dominion. In June 1919, a young, spindly Vietnamese rented a morning coat and sought an audience in Paris with the US president, there to shape the postwar peace. The young man hoped to present to Woodrow Wilson a petition entitled The Demands of the Vietnamese People. He was rebuffed. In time the petitioner became known as Ho Chi Minh, one of the most consequential revolutionary leaders of the 20th century and the father of Vietnamese nationalism, a man of phenomenal will who left his country at age 11 and did not return for 30 years.

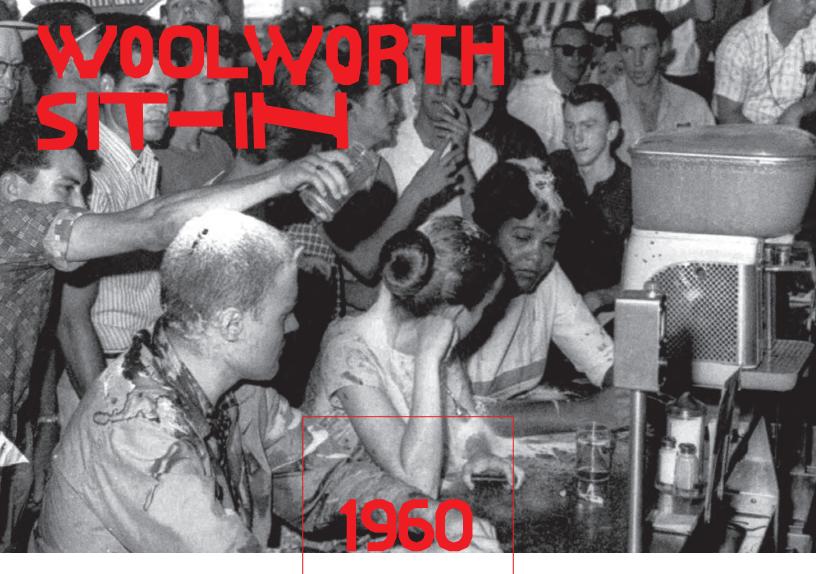
According to Logevall, while French leader Charles de Gaulle, "spoke of the cohesion, the unbreakable bond, between metropolitan France and her overseas territories." Franklin Roosevelt hoped after the second world war "to promote Indochina's development toward independence under a degree of international supervision." In September 1945, before hundreds of thousands of ecstatic countrymen in Hanoi, Ho proclaimed independence for Vietnam. To the Americans in the audience, Logevall writes, his words were stunning: "All men are created equal. They are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; among those are Life, Liberty and pursuit of Happiness..." Ho was reciting the Declaration of Independence.

History followed a different path. Roosevelt died, succeeded by Harry Truman. US tensions with the Soviet Union mounted. And France, an indispensable American ally in Europe, demanded the restoration of its position in Indochina. The US acquiesced and Ho's window of opportunity slammed shut.

In the years that followed, France found itself embroiled in a treacherous war of counterinsurgency against Ho and his followers.

The climax of the war came in 1954 at a strategic northern garrison known as Dien Bien Phu. Both the French and the Viet Minh suffered horrendous losses during the protracted siege and weeks of brutal combat. Paris sought urgent US intervention. Dwight Eisenhower rejected the French plea.

On 7 May, Viet Minh soldiers raided the last French outpost, raising the red flag of insurgency of the roof above. The battle of Dien Bien Phu was over, marking the beginning of the end of French rule in Vietnam. Later in 1954, Vietnam was partitioned, with communists controlling the north and a pro-western government ruling in the south. In the spring of 1956, the last French solider departed from Vietnam. The US increased its military and economic aid and deployed intelligence operatives to advise the fragile regime in South Vietnam on how to counter a growing Viet Minh insurgency. Logevall's outstanding account concludes with Vietnam's fate inextricably linked to the projection of American power in the periphery of Southeast Asia.



On the afternoon of Feb 1, 1960, four students from the all-black North Carolina A&T College walked into an F.W. Woolworth department store in downtown Greensboro. No one knew it at the time, but they were part of the first wave of a titanic change in American life. The four neatly dressed students, all of them male, all of them freshmen, quietly slid into seats at the lunch counter, which had a strict policy of serving only white customers. When they were refused service, they remained at the counter until management ordered the store closed. The next day nearly two dozen more students showed up to join the sitin. "By the fourth day," as the historian James T. Patterson wrote, "white women from the local University of North Carolina Women's College joined them. By then protesters, mostly black students, were starting to sit in at lunch counters elsewhere in the state."

A fire had been lit, and it spread with great quickness and energy. Later that same February, the future congressman John Lewis and two other students from Fisk University in Nashville, Tennesse kicked off a series of sit-ins at segregated lunch counters in the heart of Nashville's business district. Diane Nash, a key student leader in the effort, reflected on the sit-ins in the documentary *Eyes on the Prize*: "The first sit-in we had was really funny because the waitresses were nervous and they must have dropped \$2,000 worth of dishes that day. Literally, it was like a cartoon. We were sitting there trying not to laugh because we thought laughing would be insulting . . . At the same time, we were scared to death."

After a few days, the police began arresting the protesters, but always there was a new contingent that immediately took the seats vacated by those who were carted off to jail. "No matter what they did and how many they arrested," said Nash, "there was still a lunch counter full of students there."

Within months, the sit-ins spread to dozens of American cities. Many of the protesters were beaten and thousands were arrested, but they would not give in. Some cities desegregated their lunch counters; others resisted. But by the mid-1960s the civil rights movement, with its marches and demonstrations, its freedom rides, court fights and other initiatives, had achieved a critical mass. The era of legal segregation in America was brought to a close.

What had happened was astonishing. Ordinary citizens far from the traditional centers of power had profoundly changed American society. Through sustained, thoughtful and courageous efforts they had shifted the nation onto a better path.

A comparable effort by ordinary citizens is needed today.



The bloody massacre in Bangladesh quickly covered over the memory of the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia, the assassination of Allende drowned out the groans of Bangladesh, the war in the Sinai Desert made people forget Allende, the Cambodian massacre made people forget Sinai, and so on and so forth until ultimately everyone lets everything be torgotten.

— Milan Kundera, The Book of Laughter and Forgetting



WHAT HOSTAGE CRISIS'

For America, Iran is always the perpetrator, the aggressor, the rogue nation giving its finger and calling for the death of America. Whenever Iran is mentioned on the evening news or in the pages of *The New York Times*, you'll be reminded of and get an image-orgy of the 1979–1981 hostage crisis. You'll see the American embassy in Tehran ransacked by revolutionaries and 52 of its staff held hostage for 444 days, and you'll learn how humiliating this was for President Carter and the American people.

What you won't be told is why the Iranian revolutionaries were so livid with anger.

For most of the 20th century, Iran was pillaged by the West, first by Britain and then by the United States. These two empires did whatever was necessary to keep cheap Persian oil flowing. Murder. Torture prisons. Death squads. Puppet tyrants. Thousands killed for resisting. Since the 1920s Britain controlled Iran's resources with devious politics and merciless military might.

Then in 1951 a secular leader named Mohammad Mosaddegh became the first democratically elected leader of the country and he set out to nationalize Iran's oil industry . . . to bring the resources back.

This idea was so popular, so powerful, that Britain needed help. They called the CIA.

Within a few months, America and Britain agreed on a plan...
Mosaddegh was taken out in a CIA-led coup and left under
permanent house arrest. The dictator – the Shah – was put
back into power, this time with renewed Western arms deals and
American assurances that he'd be given a carte blanche to use
the terrifying SAVAK secret police network however he saw fit.

What would Iran and Middle East politics look like today had Mosaddegh's fledging democracy's head not been chopped off, its resources ransacked, its sovereignty stolen and its people demonized for daring to fight back?

brutality starting on May 18th outside Chonnam university. There were beatings against protestors and bystanders days before the all out slaughter.

The Gwangju Uprising began the same day Mount St. Helens exploded on May 18th, 1980. There are estimates that more than 600 South Korean citizens were bayoneted, beaten or shot dead by their military. It's still an under-reported event in comparison with democractic eruptions like Tiananmen Square. But the bloody question the Gwangju massacre left scrawled in contemporary history is still raw.

How can we hear the timbre of freedom above the din of senseless murder?

The student protests now known as Seoul Spring started in early May, with 100,000 students staging a sit-down to demand democracy in Seoul Square.

The assasination of 19-year president Park Chung Hee brought hope, a feeling that now a long promised and fought for democracy was near. But a military coup saw Chun Doo Hwang take power and impose martial law in the interim shutting down universities and the country's hopes.

But students kept meeting at night, in reading groups outside of the closed classrooms.

The southern city of Gwangju bore the worst of military's

Taxi drivers, horrified by the violence in their city, led a march with their vehicles, headlights beaming the way before they were dragged from their cars by soldiers.

"Outside Provincial Hall on May 21st the atmosphere was defiant but hopeful," said human rights scholar Mathew Jacob speaking at the Gwangju May 18 Memorial Foundation.

"Everyone was there and no one knew they'd be killed." It was a peaceful protest in spite of days of military violence. Chanting slogans and songs, the gathering people exchanged hot tea naïve to the military snipers taking position on the nearby rooftops.

At the blare of the national anthem at 1pm on May 21st, the military snipers were signaled to massacre the front line of demonstrators. Five hundred were wounded and 54 were killed that day.

In an instant Gwangju became a city mobilized by rage. Civilians raided police stations for weapons and supplies and people armed themselves with tools from a nearby mine.

The ragged group of young and old citizens drove the military into the suburbs in a heroic campaign to reclaim the downtown. The military cut off all access to and from Gwangju, blockading the city for fear the uprising would spread to other cities.

Jacob says, "Gwangju became a beautiful community, there was no theft, common kitchens were set up, mothers came together and they'd cook rice bowls and share, many who had



not participated in the demonstration donated blood. People overcame their fear," a survivor said, "I had a gun in my hand for five days, never pulled the trigger. The purpose wasn't to kill but to protect."

Satirist P.J. O'Rourke, who covered the first national election in '87 after uprisings like Gwangju paved the way in blood, was awed by Korean students who continued to fight for a fair election. "Police were firing salvos of gas grenades, 20 at a time, into the fifth-floor windows. That the students could even stand in this maelstrom was a testament of Korean-ness. But they were not only standing; they were fighting like sons of bitches."

A spine-tingling plea rang out in the streets of Gwangju from leaders of the civilian army as they drove the streets all night with megaphones while the military encroached from the outskirts of the city on the morning of the 26th.

"My fellow citizens, the army is entering our city now. Our dear brothers and sisters are being killed by their bayonets. We will fight against the army to the last. Let's fight together to the last. We will defend our Gwangju to the last."

Jacob says many of the survivors are haunted by those words, expressing regret at their own caution saying, "We live with the guilt of the last day May 27th, the Provincial Hall was overtaken by the military and the citizens army were killed, we were not inside . . . we should have been dead with them inside."

Now, 35 years later, South Korea's bloody road to democracy is eclipsed by market obsession and the neon night world of the endless downtown which never manages to outshine the shadow of rising suicides.

How South Korea went from what presidential advisor Kim Dong-Jin called "the poorest, most impossible country on this planet" in the 1950s into a first world technology superpower is an accelerationist's wet dream. But with such rapid growth the tectonic fissures are widening.

"The rapid pace of development seems to have created a desire in the Korean people to always seek out the next thing," writes Daniel Tudor in his book *Impossible Country*. Slums stretching from Seoul are newly adorned with commercial glow while bodies of abandoned elders are found rotting in tenement buildings. Unemployed youth seek distraction while so-called "octopus companies", like Samsung are called "chaebols" for how they localize wealth among the elite few. Small farms close their doors and suicides spike among high school students trying to get into top schools.

Through all this a culture of glam and sentimentality dominates. An addiction to what Tudor calls "unchallenging, sacharine pop ballads" and novel gadgets keep the nation running in place.

Tudor writes of the LG Group, another of the sprawling "octopus businesses" that rule the economic landscape, where employees once sung: "We are industrial soldiers leading the times, with our new and continuous creativity and study... there is happiness for our race and mankind."

The words might as well be the lyrics to an unsatisfying electronic track: all build up... no bass drop.

These twisted pirouettes of accelerating sound drift into polluted air of the endless downtown beneath neon crucifixes. It's a ghostly wail of empty noise in an electric labyrinth of alleyways, drowning out the gong of a Buddhist prayer bell in the hills.

The idea of "chemyon," translated as "face," speaks to the Confucianist sense of duty experienced by Koreans but also the desire to present an idealized version of oneself. As luxury good A new batch of punks, artists and students are taking aim at the K-Pop gloss, replacing the ear-worms of PSY with raw scrawls of grafitti, poetry and defiance.

sales spike during a downturn, status envy erodes self esteem.

Korea is a newly-minted enough superpower to veer from Japan's post-grown ennui, a perennial underdog inoculated against China's imperialistic expansion, it is weary too of the North's oppressive autocracy — so what will define one of capitalism's final national success stories?

Even as the north distances itself from a weakening Russian ruble, the south needs to slough off the dead dream of the west and leave the image of the American liberator, a blue-eyed GI handing out candy bars to children, to nostalgia.

The desire to save face is in contrast to a more promising Korean cultural trait called "jeong" which Tudor says "refers to feelings of fondness, caring, bonding and attachment that develop within interpersonal relationships."

Jeong grows in patient opposition to dehumanizing forces. These same industrial soldiers who work long into the night fall asleep on each other in the subway and spend their meager free time caring for extended family.

Growing out of this sense of togetherness, a new batch of punks, artists and students are taking aim at the K-Pop gloss, replacing the ear-worms of PSY with raw scrawls of graffiti, poetry and defiance.

At a punk rock show in Hongdae's univesity district, people smash bodies and howl like a generation that could joyfully lose face, raise a middle finger to elitism and weave an escape from tentacles of monopolized power.

These new songs are mingling with stray phrases of older anthems. At last year's May 18th uprising celebration, president Park Geun-hye tried to ban Gwangju's commemorative song for the fallen. The ban backfired and elders and children alike proudly sang into the night.

Ears are straining for vital music this spring that will ripple out past the peninsula, a new melody perceptible above the apocalyptic groanings of old powers falling into the cracks.

"Without leaving Love, Glory, or Name, Determined to Fight for Democracy to the Last.

With Only the Banner of Liberation in the Wind,

Our Brother's Falling Fight"

- March of the Beloved

Gwangju May 18th anthem

– Andrew Mills is *Adbusters* Editor-at-Large



It was during my army service in the Yugoslav People's Army, just before the wars of the 1990s. With my best army friend, a Croat (let's call him Ivo), I shared poetry — T. S. Elliott, Rilke . . . He shared with me the love for Marina, I introduced him to Duineser Elegien and Sonette an Orpheus. We were looking for the poetic in the drab routines of army life. Now when I reflect, we were able to find it — the moments of real humaneness, of warmth... the simple enjoyments of life — a can of meat, a bit of vodka, smuggled into the barracks . . . The stress was constant, as we were part of an elite unit — day and night ready to depart to combat. "I do not want to die," whispered another friend, a Torbes (Macedonian Muslim). That would happen years later. Only years later, with the destruction of Yugoslavia, thanks to local oligarchs, the so-called western powers (who did not need Yugoslavia as a buffer zone to the Warsaw Pact any longer), major corporations (who preferred the fragmentation of a large, independent country into colonially dependent quazi-states) and the IMF (who imposed an impossible debt structure on Yugoslavia), our friendship became impossible.

During the war, I was hiding for about two years from the military police, changing addresses. I did not want to fight in a war I felt was wrong.

ACAN OF MEAT, ABIT OF VODKA

Only a year later, war broke out. I lived in Belgrade, Ivo in Zagreb. The day the fighting began in Croatia, I called Ivo. He was distraught and I assured him of our friendship. No artificially manufactured inter-ethnic struggle should have impact on our friendship. Yes, manufactured, because in the Balkans the history of neighborly respect is at least as long as the history of conflict, contrary to the stereotype constantly re-created in the West. During the war, I was hiding for about two years from the military police, changing addresses. I did not want to fight in a war I felt was wrong. I did not want to face Ivo as an enemy soldier. However, as a member of the political opposition to the Milosevic regime, I would be among the first to be drafted. I managed to avoid the draft and later emigrated with my family. I never heard from Ivo again.

Just before the war broke out, I was one of the founding members of the Democratic Forum, the first opposition to Milosevic's regime in Serbia (and in fact, one of the first organized political opposition parties in eastern Europe). That was way before CNN knew who Milosevic was and certainly before they learned to (mis)pronounce his name. We were naive at that time. We believed in a benevolent western world, that would surely support our just struggle. When hundreds of thousands of people marched for weeks, blocking the streets of Belgrade, we were absolutely sure that support was just around the corner. But the expected help

did not come. At that time, Milosevic was considered by the US administration as the key player in the Balkans. No matter what, he would be kept in power. Sounds familiar? The engineered regime change (one of the first of that kind) happened later, when Milosevic stopped playing the role he was expected to. When NATO bombed Serbia for three consecutive months, neither CNN nor CBC ever mentioned the brave people who had defied the regime for years.

The change finally came, but the result is not what we dreamed. All countries in the region are now little more than colonies. The wars that left so much bitterness could have been avoided. "Reconciliation" would now be unnecessary. But, the wars did have a purpose: new weapons could be tested. It will be interesting to see the long-range effect of depleted uranium on the local population; new missiles had to be manufactured, spurning the economies of the US, Britain and other NATO countries; with the destruction of local industry and infrastructure, local economies have become ready to sell out to western corporations; local culture is being replaced by globalized culture. The solution eyed by all countries in the region is based on a neo-liberal agenda.





At school, the Russian Revolution was everyone's favorite subject but it was less theoretical for me than for most:

My parents had ended up in England because of it. The parents of school friends would tell me about the sexual and cultural revolutions of their youth which, they said, changed the world.

I was 12 in 1989, when we all watched the Berlin Wall fall on live TV. It seemed like the Russian Revolution and the 1960s rolled into one, the people taking power from elites while celebrating the subversive effect of U2. Later, when I went to film school and discovered Eisenstein, I realized that revolution had altered the way things looked: that all those CNN and BBC montages with their close-ups of "ordinary" people on the revolutionary streets of Berlin, Moscow and Bucharest, and their stirring music, could have been borrowed from Battleship Potemkin or Strike; they were rolling news versions of Eisenstein's notion of making the crowd the hero, transformed through the editing into a unified body.

But in the 21st century something changed.

Suddenly any national political fight was calling itself a revolution. The Rose Revolution (Georgia), the Green Revolution (Iran), the Tulip Revolution (Kyrgyzstan), the Jeans Revolution (Belarus), the Cedar Revolution (Lebanon), the Jasmine Revolution (Tunisia). Some of these were revolutionary, others not at all. "Revolution" stopped being the name you gave to a transformative historical moment and became the name a political technology gave itself in order to gain importance.

Ukraine's Orange Revolution of 2004 had all the slogans, the set designs, the pop music, the flag-waving and video mash-ups of revolution but when it was over the same leaders returned to practice the same corrupt schemes as before. By this time I was making documentaries. I would find myself drinking with foreign correspondents in bars: "Was Kiev 2004 a real revolution? Was Bishkek 2005?" we would ask. The Arab Spring made things worse. On TV Tahrir Square looked like something out of Eisenstein – but when it went wrong it did so gradually, in ways that didn't look so cinematic.

And then there was Kiev's Maidan: the "Euro-revolution" or the "revolution of dignity" which celebrates the anniversary of its awful culmination this month. "Another Ukrainian revolution?" I thought when it began. As thousands gathered to protest against Yanukovych's decision to abandon an

Association Agreement with the EU in return for a \$15 billion bung from the Kremlin, and as the protests turned violent, with a hundred people shot before Yanukovych finally fled to Russia, the story of the revolution was already being spun in a hundred ways. "It's a fascist / CIA / Masonic / Zionist / anti-Semitic coup," the Russian press declared. "It's all the fault of the EU's empire-building ambitions," insisted the anti-EU crowd in Western Europe. "Russia has a right to rule over Ukraine," reasoned the big power realists. And the Ukrainians who actually made, or were caught up in, the revolution had their own ways of telling the story, though the stories have changed over the year since Yanukovych fled, as the country has moved through presidential and parliamentary elections and Putin has sponsored, armed and helped man a war against Kiev in the old Yanukovych heartlands.

When I first arrived in Maidan a few months after the violence had ended, the square was still a tent city surrounded by barricades of tyres, car parts and furniture (as if the very fabric of the city had risen up and rebelled). The dregs of the Maidanistas were still living in the tents, refusing to leave. Wandering among them I found a crucible of utopias: Cossacks dreaming of a return to the Hetmanate; 'liquid democrats' inventing ways to vote and then unvote for parliamentarians as with "likes" on Facebook; ethno-pagan nationalists searching for pure Ukrainian chromosomes; libertarians, anarchists, neo-fascists and Christian socialists.

After decades in Moscow with its aestheticised cynicism and London with its apolitical resignation, Kiev's uprush of utopias was refreshing and occasionally disturbing. Soon I found myself sitting in cafés scribbling my own pet utopia: Ukraine as a Russia 2.0. "Russia is not Europe," the Kremlin's culture minister, Vladimir Medinsky, had recently announced. Could Kiev be a capital of a "Russia that is Europe?" I started to think which writers would be part of Russia 2.0: Medinsky would get Dostoevsky and Solzhenitsyn; we would get Chekhov, Turgenev and Nabokov. Tolstoy was a sticking point: one would think he was a Russian Russian, but might his excommunication by the Orthodox Church, which still describes him as using "his great talent to destroy Russia's traditional spiritual and social order," mean we have to take him in?

The seduction of big ideas was internationally infectious. Returning to my hotel lobby I encountered Bernard-Henri Lévy bathed in TV lights, giving an interview to a local network. BHL had just delivered a lecture at the local university about "Putinism as Fascism": "Putin is frightened of the loss of traditional values and the principles of religion," Lévy said. At the conference I was attending, on "The Meaning of Ukrainian Pluralism for the Future of Europe.

Russia and the World," Paul Berman and François Heisbourg kept returning to the idea of Russia as a home for a kind of clerical nationalism, Ukraine as the battleground for liberal values. Were these grand visions, I wondered, actually playing into Putin's hands? The Kremlin was doing all it could do to recast the story of a battle against corruption and bad governance as a clash of civilizations. The bigger the "idea" of revolution became, the more it was susceptible to spin.

But many Ukrainians were wary of the excitement from abroad. "I don't want to use the Maidan as my channel's masthead," said Zurab Alasania, who had helped launch the independent TV channel of the revolution, Hromadske, and was now trying to create the country's new public broadcasting channel. "The risk is we become addicted to the idea of revolution: it becomes a substitute for doing anything else." "We need to move away from the revolution of dignity to the revolution of effectiveness," Hannah Hopko told me. She had made a name for herself on the Maidan by collecting money to help feed and clothe ordinary citizens. Hopko had a different idea of the West's role from BHL's. She saw "Europe" as complicit in supporting Yanukovych's violent kleptocracy, providing a safe refuge for all the money stolen from the budget. "The IMF wants strict conditions for a \$2.7 billion loan. That's only a fraction of the money Yanukovych stole and hid in the West. How about you just give that back instead?" Six months on, \$4 billion of the \$100 billion the Ukrainian prosecutor's office claims Yanukovych stole have been impounded; Hannah Hopko is now an MP.

The new cabinet includes people who have no connection to the old loops of corruption, but the fact they are new also means they have no influence with the entrenched bureaucracy, which persists almost unchanged. The press is freer than it was before: Alasania's channel has just investigated dodgy real estate development by the new president, but whether that freedom can be converted into influence is unclear. A journalist who camped out in front of the presidential administration building and recorded who went in and who went out reported that many of the old faces from the Yanukovych years had a habit of stopping by in the evening; as for the old oligarchs they are only growing more powerful as the government approaches bankruptcy. In the 2015 Heritage Index of Economic Freedom, Ukraine has sunk seven places and is now bottom of the European table. The government has neglected those who are suffering from the consequences of the war in the far east of the country on both sides of the line: bombing civilians in rebel-held areas and cutting them off from whatever welfare might provide residual loyalty to Kiev; meanwhile the hungry and wounded on the Ukrainian side are largely ignored.

Ukraine's Orange Revolution of 2004 had all the slogans, the set designs, the pop music, the flag-waving and video mash-ups of revolution but when it was over the same leaders returned to practice the same corrupt schemes as before.

But as the old state clings on, a sort of parallel, civil-society government has been self-organizing. It feeds and equips the army, provides legal and social services to internally displaced refugees, brings medical aid to those who are stuck in war zones both on the Ukrainan and the rebelheld side. For all the bad news there appears to be some sort of social miracle taking place. "We've had our February Revolution – we're still to have our October Revolution," a magazine editor I met joked. There is talk of a "third Maidan," but even serious political analysts are wondering whether the next one would be orchestrated by Moscow: having calculated that they can't suppress the Ukrainian talent for revolution, Moscow might instead try to control the next Maidan from within.

And it's in Moscow that the main counternarrative to the revolution has been developed. There are many geopolitical



dividends Putin might hope to draw by sponsoring, arming and manning the rebellion against Kiev in east Ukraine, but there is an important narrative trick the Kremlin is trying to pull off too: revolution is meant to equal chaos and war, framed not merely as pointless but as downright bad. Kremlin spin doctors put Maidan in one line of disasters along with Syria and Libya (all organized by the CIA), and ultimately question whether the fall of the Berlin Wall was such a great thing after all. The idea is to undercut any desire for revolution at home, which also means policing the stories that are told. On 30 December, Teatr.doc, Moscow's first documentary theatre in a tiny cellar off the Patriarch Ponds, screened a Ukrainian film about the Maidan which didn't fit with the Kremlin's preferred picture. The theatre was immediately raided by the police and the intelligence services.

One of the finest writers to have worked at Teatr.doc is the Ukrainian Natalya Vorozhbit, whose play, *Maidan: Voices from the Uprising*, had a three-day run at the Royal Court last year. It is based on interviews and set right in the middle of the

"The ideal form of government remains Communism," Alexey, Psychologist declares. "No government, no army, no money. Everyone according to his abilities, everyone according to his needs – that's what I saw and felt on the Maidan." The real challenge the revolutionaries face isn't so much the Berkut – in fact, they embrace violent confrontation – but the attitude of family members who tell them that everyone on the Maidan is for sale; or the taunts of the rent-a-thugs who say: "Have you had enough playing at revolution?"

The crowd and place as hero, the lack of individualization, the sharp montages: all this straight out of Eisenstein. If we can still make art like Eisenstein, Vorozhbit seems to be asking, doesn't it mean we can still make revolutions like they did in the finest revolutionary years of the 20th century? Maidan is an attempt to restore revolution to its former stature: the Maidan as a fight for the possibility of revolutionary change. "There was this sense that this is it. The Revolution has begun," Red-Headed Girl cries. "Now everything has started, the movement, everything will

The bigger the "idea" of revolution became, the more it was susceptible to spin.

fighting, beating, shooting, praying, burning, bleeding and dying of the revolution. Vorozhbit plucks out little stories: the soup kitchen girls who feed bums and revolutionaries on Maidan as the Berkut riot police approach, their hands trembling so much the soup spills; the teacher who cries every time he hears the national anthem; the girl trapped in the Writers' Union, where "silver-haired" literary types try to fight the Berkut; the nurse who has to decide which wounded revolutionary will fly to Germany for treatment and which one will die.

The play's hero isn't a person but a place: the Maidan itself. Partners lose their lovers to the Maidan; criminals have near-death epiphanies and are reborn as good people in its furnaces; women look for men. "I use the Maidan for intimate needs," Good-Looking Patient confesses. "I never met men like this in peacetime. Where have they appeared from? From underground? I feel as if I have emerged from underground myself." The Maidan gives birth to the Crowd, a flowing organism taking over Kiev, and to an idea of a Common Good:

change, everyone will be different. It seemed like the world would change."

Another Ukrainian writer who has tried to document the course of the revolution as he experienced it is Andrey Kurkov. "The revolution continues but I don't think it will last long," he writes in *Ukraine Diaries*, as the crowds gather in protest against Yanukovych. At first Kurkov doesn't feel much solidarity with the protesters: he calls them "Maidanistas," "radical romantics who could never defeat the Berkutovtsy – and even if they did, what would we do afterwards?" When the Right Sector leader Dmytro Yarosh impounds Yanukovych's luxury car and has himself driven round town in it, Kurkov remarks: "That is just too revolutionary."

At the start Kurkov is quietly working on a new novel. He mentions the weather, oddities on the news. He goes on holiday to Crimea with his family. Friends bring goat's cheese from Lithuania. When the first protesters are killed Kurkov

is annoyed: "How can I keep on working on a novel . . . when five minutes from the office where I sit at this moment, in front of my computer, the police are waging war with the people?" As the killings continue Kurkov's diary fills with rumours. Who shot at the police? Was it the Russians trying to incite violence? What are the protest leaders' real motives? Revolution isn't a glorious march forwards but a series of dark acts. Kurkov's daughter phones to report strange men in black hanging round the apartment. Kurkov rushes home but they are gone. The gates in the courtyard are set on fire. There are more deaths. "Nearly fifty protesters were killed during events at the Mariinsky Palace, and . . . two of them were decapitated." On TV he sees his friends and fellow writers on the Maidan's front line. He flies to Paris on the day of the worst violence and visits the Salon du Livre, where an "elderly Russian emigrant couple poured out a string of insults against Ukraine." A little later a Russian woman tries to buy some books but her credit card is refused because of sanctions on Russian banks - she is close to tears. He starts to get up in the middle of the night to check the headlines: "Still no war this morning." Finally his last peninsula of privacy, his writing, is annexed when his novel The President's Last Love is banned in Russia. Politics, he concludes, is awful but unavoidable. Revolution is a necessary evil, the price Ukraine has to pay "to cleanse itself of amorality and corruption." "We would like to turn over this page of history as quickly as possible," Kurkov writes: it's the last line of the book.

Lydia Starodubtseva's Days of Fear, a documentary film, wants to take revolution and put it in a metaphysical context. The film is set in Kharkiv, a border city where pro-Maidan and pro-Kremlin crowds fought in the street, and Russian tanks lined up 30 kilometres from the centre. As the city becomes "immobilised by gloomy fantasies and disturbing dreams", Starodubtseva invites a blind radio journalist, a prosecutor, a priest and a poet to answer "one question: what is fear like in Kharkiv?" The blind reporter can feel the fear in the city: "It's like a void, a void," he keeps saying. The poet is haunted by a dream he had as an 18-year-old in which he was told he would die at 39 - his age now. The prosecutor tries to define the difference between a criminal and a traitor ("a traitor has lost the right to be forgiven") then breaks off to confess: "I'm scared for my wife and family. I want them to leave the country, and I am ashamed of that."

Instead of a political process revolution becomes the expression of an eternal conflict between freedom and fear. In one of the film's most striking scenes Maidan activists are captured by a crowd, dragged by their hair, pushed to the ground and made to do a "crawl of shame" while they are spat at and kicked. "There are demonic forces that have risen from the core of the city," Starodubtseva said



to an interviewer about her film. "In clever philosophical language" – Starodubtseva teaches philosophy – you might call it "detemporalisation", the opening up of a gap in time to events which are ahistorical but perpendicular. The Yellow Turban Revolution in Han China; the Punic Wars; the battles of Guelphs and Ghibellines in Renaissance Italy – they all become completely understandable to a person who falls into this ahistorical crevice, where time rips apart and opens up its metaphysical perspective. The 'crawl of shame' reminded me of a phrase Kremlin politicians have used throughout the conflict: "Russia is getting up from its knees." For Russia to rise metaphorically from its knees the Maidan activists have to get down on theirs.

Sergei Loznitsa's Maidan, which was screened last year at the ICA and the BFI, pushes the idea of revolution into yet another, even more unexpected framework. Throughout the film the camera never moves. There are long, wide shots with landscapes of the revolution: the Maidan; a hall where protesters are sleeping; the soup kitchen. This is self-consciously anti-Eisenstein. There are few editing cuts, no stirring close-ups, no dynamic montage; the audience's sympathies aren't guided, they aren't told where to look. Loznitsa wants to reconceive the way we make films about revolution. The protesters who carry pieces of the city to build barricades are ants carrying leaves and twigs to build their hill. The kitchen boys and girls who make thousands of sandwiches for the Maidanistas are bees making honey. The Berkut swarming into frame before they open fire look like locusts. When protesters die the camera doesn't zoom in on their agony: it's like watching an insect die on the tip of your shoe. From this point of view revolutionary passion seems petty.



As the film moves on, tableau by tableau, an odd transformation takes place. The scenes seem to be more like Hubble shots of the cosmos. The stones thrown by protesters rain down like a meteor shower. Flares floating through the night sky are planetary bodies. The Maidanistas advance and the Berkut retreat in flows of Milky Ways. Loznitsa cuts between a long shot of fire and a long shot of snow: a story of the elements. This is "revolution" in the sense not of "forcible overthrow of government" but of the "revolution of planets around stars." And it makes the Maidan feel more significant rather than smaller — an event with its own astronomy, an epic of outer space. The question of whether revolution is important, or the sacrifice worth it, falls away: how can you be for or against the Milky Way? The question is only: what will your place in it be? When, in the final shot, Loznitsa comes back to the human, as protesters pray at night for the dead, he pulls off the feat of putting the cosmic into the personal. Even as the bodies of the dead

"I use the Maidan for intimate needs," Good-Looking Patient confesses. "I never met men like this in peace time."

are carried through the crowd, there is no sentiment. One mourner scratches his nose, another cries, a third stares. They're still small and silly, but part of an epic.

Recently, at yet another conference, I was asked whether, given that I was born in Kiev, I should be introduced as Russian or Ukrainian. In my many hyphenated identities I had never thought of myself as Ukrainian. I was nine months old when my family emigrated from Kiev. I knew real Ukrainians, and recognised their complicated search for nationhood, but it was never my search. My parents speak Russian; they brought me up on Russian literature; I had always been "the Russian" at my London schools. But the Maidan gave words new meanings. The term "Banderovits" (in honour of Stepan Bandera), associated previously with anti-Semitism, the slaughter of Poles, the Ukrainian far right and independence from Russia, was embraced by Russian-speaking Kiev Jews who see Poland as a political model and who took to calling themselves "Yid-Banderovtsi." "Hohol," the pejorative name

for Ukrainians, was now used with pride. While the 2004 Orange Revolution had been inspired by a 19th-century, language-and-soil nationalism, this revolution seemed to open the way for a new Ukrainian. I suddenly felt very sharply that my mother was from Kiev, my father grew up in Czernowitz, my grandparents are from Odessa and Kharkiv. And so when I was asked the question at the conference I breathed deeply and said words I never thought I would: "I am Ukrainian." It felt strange. The "mmmm" cut off with the sharp, whistling intake of "yuuu," breaking into the avalanche of "krrrr." I remembered the way revolutionary poets of the 1920s wanted to create new sounds to produce a new world: "Iammmmyoookkraaanian." The physical sensation of saying the words is revolutionary: like a new planet in the mouth.

Peter Pomerantsev is the author of a forthcoming book called Nothing
is True and Everything Is Possible, as well as a researcher on Russia's
weaponization of information, culture and money.

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We are staring into the face of another Bush administration, and in its shadows, poised for resurrection, lurk the familiar architects of the Iraq war and an entire decade of political incompetence.

Of the 21 foreign policy advisors hired by Presidential hopeful, Jeb Bush, 19 served under his brother including former deputy secretary of defense, head of the World Bank and all around super villain, Paul Wolfowitz. In 2003 Wolfowitz, along with Donald Rumsfeld and a slew of the Republican Party's extreme right neoconservatives successfully ushered in the invasion of Iraq on little more than a hunch at best. Wolfowitz projected the invasion would be over as quickly as it had begun, leaving in its place a cascade of democracy throughout the Middle East and American troops welcomed with open arms.

"The Iraqi people understand what this crisis is about. Like the people of France in the 1940s, they view us as their hoped for liberator," mused Wolfowitz in 2003 drumming up support for the invasion. "Some of the higher end predictions that we have been hearing recently, such as the notion that it will take several hundred thousand U.S. troops to provide stability in post-Saddam Iraq are wildly off the mark."

One million Iraqi casualties and roughly \$2 trillion dollars later the only thing "wildly off the mark" after little more than a decade are Wolfowitz's projections. He was right about one thing . . . it didn't

take several hundred thousand troops. In the end, the number was around 2.5 million with 4500 military casualties — 65 if you include Afghanistan.

Bush has essentially rolled out a red carpet for the return of the neo-con living dead. Along with the Wolf of the White House, Bush's staff sees the return of Dick Cheney's right hand, former National Security Advisor John Hanna — who alongside Stephen Hadley manufactured the W.M.D motive for the invasion of Iraq. Also drafted for Bush's staff Hadley was responsible for forcing the erroneous affirmation of Saddam Hussein's purchase of chemical weapons into the 2003 State of the Union Address. Then there's Michael Hayden who openly and intentionally deceived congress about allegations of torture and warrantless wiretaps. Porter Goss, the former CIA director and waterboarding advocate, who approved destruction of video footage depicting the brutal interrogation tactic in 2005.

Along with Goss and the returning cast of operation enduring freedom, Jeb Bush himself sat on the board of neoconservative think-tank, The Project for a New American Century, which openly advocated U.S. military domination throughout the globe. PNAC board members, including Donald Rumsfeld and Dick Cheney, all sat at the highest levels of George W. Bush's administration giving the neocons, who were previously just a lobbying faction of the Republican Party, their long awaited day in the sun—and we all know how that turned out.

What's most frightening about the second coming of the second son is not only the notion of another Bush in the White House—which in itself should strike fear in the hearts of most rational people—but Jeb, like his brother before him, is merely a puppet for the return of a catastrophic and cruel administration.

- Mike Hodder





PARI2:

Isn't a vote for one of these establishment, corporate, dynastic candidates really an endorsement of the status quo? Isn't it an endorsement of The Iraq War, banker bailouts, the Patriot Act, Illegal spying, endless new wars and oligarchy?

The answer, of course, is "Support the Troops!"



- an interview with Simon Critchely

One thing that really perplexes me is the way in which the West, especially the U.S. and U.K. governments, pretend to be shocked by the violence that's being mimicked by the Islamic State. During the time of Al Qaeda, Bin Laden would be crouching in a cave on the Afghanistan/Pakistan border and speaking to a camera with maybe an AK-47 against the wall in the background. This was all very reassuring because the face of evil was far away.

What's changed now is that IS are reflecting our own media strategy back at us. What we're seeing in their videos is a mirror image of our own violence, with a sort of CNN feel, right down to the orange jumpsuits. They often use video game techniques, with a hiphop feel and lots of emotion.

What our governments want us to think is that IS is some monstrous other, some oriental barbaric enemy that can be demonized as pure evil and destroyed. But if there is any evil here, it's ours and not theirs. The violence that we see played out in these videos is a reflection of our own violence that's come back to haunt us.

We content ourselves by saying it's barbarism, but how did these monsters appear? We are those monsters, we did this. There would be no Islamic State if the U.S and it's allies had not invaded Iraq in 2003.

Iraq is just one instance of the way western foreign policies have repeatedly destabilized numerous regimes over hundreds of years, particularly since the Second World War. So the first thing we need is a history lesson . . . we need to face up to and own up to who we are and what we've been doing for a very long time. What these videos reveal is our hypocrisy. They are a savage indictment of the western military industrial capitalist machine which has been driving things over the last century.



POSTMODERH SURVEILLEHCE DYSTOPIA

The Internet, which was supposed to be a civilian space, has become a militarized space. It has become not only a tool to educate, but the mechanism to cement into place a "Postmodern Surveillance Dystopia" that is supranational and dominated by global corporate power. This new system of global control will merge global humanity into one giant grid of mass surveillance and mass control.

through the digital walls of secrecy errected by the power elite that we can expose power. What we fear is the possibility that the corporate state will eventually harness the power of the Internet to shut down dissent.

The Internet, our greatest tool for emancipation, has been transformed into the most dangerous facilitator of totalitarianism we have ever seen.

It is only through encryption that we can protect ourselves and it is only by breaking

- From Chris Hedges' Wages of Rebellion.





In the wake of the great crash of 2018, people are using coffee, donuts, chewing gum and sometimes worse things to jam the capitalist algorithm.



I was recently assigned a story about the U.N. Climate summit in Paris this December. Admittedly, I hadn't yet grasped the dire importance of this particular summit. Regardless, as a journalist it's not my job to know the answers — it's my job to find them, so I started digging. What I found was profoundly ominous and deeply unsettling. Like the canary in a coal mine, I was uncovering a glimpse of calamity. I'd previously been looking too close; I couldn't see how climate issues would manifest socially and politically. When I stepped back the frightening pieces fell into place. This story was not about melting ice caps and clear-cut forests; it was about a global environmental collapse — the catalyst for a third world war.

We foolishly believe that the ramifications of our past will manifest in the lifetime of our grandchildren. This is overly optimistic, wishful thinking — they don't have one, because this all happens in ours.

At the current rate of carbon emissions, we are set to reach a pace of global warming inside 20 years that locks us on an irreversible track, a global temperature rise of two degrees by mid-century. A two-degree rise in the global temperature sets off a biblical chain of events so cataclysmic we won't even have hope. Mexico and South America essentially dry up and die. The Chihuahuan, Sonoran and Mojave deserts expand, rapidly rendering food production a fruitless endeavor for thousands of miles on either side of the equator.

Fleeing famine, drought and desperate for survival, roughly 300 million people migrate north to the United States — and that's a conservative number. The U.S has two options: accept the tired, poor, hurdled masses with open arms and allow the population to double, or seal off the border, which is, less affectionately, the realistic option. The trouble is, in order to do that effectively the U.S. Border Service would have to be willing to use lethal force in preventing those attempting to cross illegally.

This means the U.S. Marine Corps, 20 per cent of which is, by this time, comprised of Latino Americans, firing on masses of distant relatives to keep them out of a country that is now one quarter Hispanic. The United States unravels into mutiny and Civil War.

This is not a concept that has been overlooked by the Pentagon. In November 2014, the US Department of Defense released the Climate Change Adaptation Roadmap, a chilling acknowledgement of things to come — a worst case scenario guide to reality. The statement describes climate change as a "threat multiplier" of national and global security. Plainly stating that "rising global temperatures, changing precipitation patterns, climbing sea levels and more extreme weather events will intensify the challenges of global instability, hunger, poverty and conflict. They will likely lead to food and water shortages, pandemic disease, disputes over refugees, resources and destruction by natural disasters in regions across the globe."

A rise of just two degrees sets off a collapse of the international grain market as more and more land available for food production gets sucked into the global dust bowl. We're familiar with this scenario. The worst drought in Syrian history, which scientists have now linked to human influenced climate change, preceded the 2011 uprising that propelled ISIS to the world stage. This is not a phenomenon, it's not a coincidence nor a theory — it's a fact.

A two-degree rise in the global temperature sets off a biblical chain of events so cataclysmic we won't even have hope.

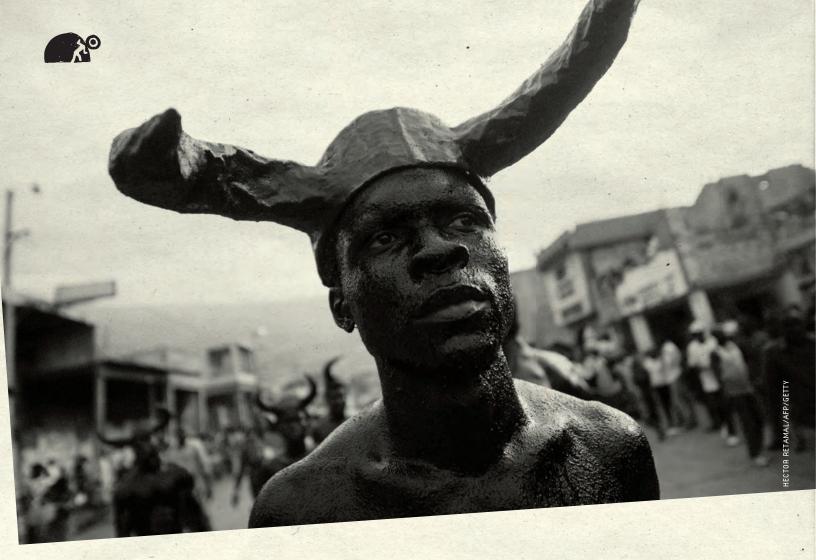
An uninhabitable global south drives half the earth's population into forced migration. Countries in the Northern Hemisphere, already exhausted by feeding their own populations on rapidly depleting resources are overwhelmed by millions of desperate climate refugees. Dozens of previously self-sustaining nations multiply into a hectic network of failed states and violent factions at war with themselves and each other. Those that somehow manage to keep their borders intact are not much better off; crucial to the survival of 1.2 billion people in India and a further 196 million in Pakistan, the sacred Ganges River (which is fed by swiftly deteriorating glaciers high in the Himalayas) shows signs of fatigue. Further exasperated by the collapse of the global wheat market and fearful of major water shortages, India begins damming the Ganges, securing resources for its own population but cutting off the vital waterway completely to downstream Pakistan. Faced with drought, famine and economic collapse, Pakistan and India. both of which have nuclear weapons and a bitter past, go to war. The environmental state of the earth, now completely overlooked, crumbles. For better or worse, the ocean ingests a third of the Earths carbon emissions, which cause it to grow increasingly acidic. Like a tooth disintegrating in a can of coke, so too do the ocean's crustaceans at the bottom of the food chain and when that bottom falls out, the entire marine eco-system fails. The planet's oceans, which have been quietly saving us till now, give way to critical mass and turn on us, emitting generations of carbon into the atmosphere. Global warming now spirals wildly out of control, temperatures rapidly reaching six, seven, eight degrees and climbing. The Earth smolders and grows too harsh to sustain animal life, including us.

We tend to think, foolishly indeed, that world wars are only fought between political superpowers for global supremacy. This notion, like our atmosphere, is expiring. The next world war will be a desperate and hopeless one, a world at war with itself. World War III will be a climate war.

Now let me repeat: an idyll, for all. People have always aspired to an idyll, a garden where nightingales sing, a realm of harmony where the world does not rise up as a stranger against man nor man against other men, where the world and all its people are molded from a single stock and the fire lighting up the heavens is the fire burning in the hearts of men, where every man is a note in a magnificent Bach fugue and anyone who refuses his note is a mere black dot, useless and meaningless, easily caught and squashed between the fingers like an insect.

- Milan Kundera, The Book of Laughter and Forgetting





EDS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:
Kalle Lasn
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:
Erik Assadourian, Joshua
Gabert-Doyon, Clive Hamilton,
Mike Hodder, Carlos Hurwoth,
Sasha Lakic, Andy Merrifield,
Michael Rattray
MANAGING EDITOR:
Tyson Kelsall
PROFESSIONAL GEM
COLLECTOR:
Morris Berman
EDITOR-AT-LARGE:
Andrew Mills

EMAIL: editor@adbusters.org artdirector@adbusters.org subscriptions@adbusters.org

TELEPHONE: (604) 736-9401 toll-free: (800) 663-1243

POST: 1243 West 7th Avenue, Vancouver, British Columbia, V6H 1B7 Canada

NEWSSTAND SERVICES: Kable
Distribution Services, Inc.
PRINTING: Quad Graphics

ARTS

CREATIVE DIRECTOR:
Pedro Inoue
ART DIRECTOR:
Leah McInnis
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR:
Danielle Roberts
POST-PRODUCTION:
Gil Inoue

TRANSLATORS:
Florencia Miliukas,
Farid Rakun, João
Ricardo, Emilio Valencia,
Miguel Dias

WEB

WEB EDITOR: Tasha Rennie WEB DIRECTOR: Stefan Reindl

MINDBOMBS

PRODUCER: Kalle Lasn
MEDIA ARTIST: Eliot Z. Galan
WRITER: Darren Wilson
FILMMAKER:
Katrin Bowen
CAMPAIGN MANAGER:
Tasha Rennie

BASE

PRODUCTION MANAGER:

Danielle Roberts

FRONT OFFICE:

Barbara Matthews

VOLUNTEERS: Allison Thompson, Mike Rae

ACCOUNTING: Kieron Drake

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANT:
Thomas Smith

BLACKSPOT COORDINATOR:
Graham McFie

PUBLISHERS: Kalle Lasn, Bill Schmalz

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Cover Photo: Zac Noyle



THE CAPITALIST ALGORITHM IS HUMMING AWAY AT GREAT SPEED.

MEGA-CORPORATIONS ARE IN CONTROL.

THE USUAL DEMOCRATIC METHODS OF FIGHTING BACK

— WINNING ELECTIONS, PASSING REFORM LAWS,

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION — NO LONGER WORK.

ONLY AN ANGRY TIDE OF OUT-OF-CONTROL YOUTH CAN

BRING THE WORLD TO ITS SENSES.

- ADBUSTERS

FROM THE LEFT I HEARNOTHING BUT FEAR AND PAHIC REGARDING THE HEALTH AND FUTURE OF DEMOCRACY IN THIS COUNTRY.

We are losing the fight. Look at the success of the right wing. They have ruined education in this country to the point that well over half the population believes in angels and Satan, eagerly voting for whoever the TV tells them to. The corporate state has long ago taken control of government, dismantled all regulation to protect the environment, our food supply, water, health and everything else. The Republicans have voted to allow energy giants to eviscerate our land and to claw out every drop of oil, gas and coal and pump it into the atmosphere. Science is denied, the gun lobby allows more people to carry guns and kill each other than ever before, women's rights are being rolled back to the stone age, and the list goes on. If this is what it looks like for a species to go extinct then I am convinced. Just ask Alito, Roberts and Scalia what they think our chances are. Ask the bankers, ask Wall Street and the energy companies, they will all lead a chorus of lies and denial that boggles the mind. Their ignorance and blind belief in bogus ideology is what steers the ship of state. And we progressives practice our own brand of denial and ignore the inevitable endgame. We are losing the fight.

BACK AND LET THEM GET AWAY WITH 1HIS...ONE DAY WE WILL WAKE UP TO FIND OUR FREEDOM HAS PASSED AWAY LIKE A DREAM!

You're right! This **is** a crucial

TIME WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE PASSIVE SPECTATORS - IF WE SIT

Tim Hildebrandt
 Zionsville, USA

ADBUSTERS,

but for me – as well as many others who just read "State of the Species" by Charles Mann in your latest issue – I have to say, "Boooo."

"Booooo" to anyone who buys Mann's assertion that self-regulating population growth is "something deeply unnatural, something no other species has ever done or could ever do." Really? Not only does this claim presume that an unchecked drive for boundless population growth (zebra mussels, fire ants) is evidence of "species success" ("booo" to this Eurocentric, anthropocentric nonsense) but Mann's claim is unequivocally false.

In fact, there are countless studies to the contrary. See, for example, a University of Toronto study from 2000 entitled "Animals Regulate their Numbers by own Population Density."

Rudy Boonstra, a co-author of the study and professor of zoology noted in an interview after the study was published, "No population of organisms increases without limit. The central question in population ecology is: what regulates their numbers? And the answer often is: the actions of the populations themselves. The populations themselves are critical to preventing unlimited growth."

And in the words of Tim Karels, lead author of the study, "Animals can change their reproductive output depending on certain environmental

conditions. And one of those environmental conditions is population density. So if you have lots of neighbors and you're competing for the same food, it can lower reproduction. And that's what we saw. At very high population densities, female ground squirrels basically shut down their reproduction and that was done in order to sustain their own survival. When conditions were better, they would start reproducing again.

"Boooooo" to the presumption that all species are as negligent of their interconnectedness as human populations of the West.

Let's get beyond this species-centric bullshit.

— Margaret Boyce
Dundas, Canada.

THEY

SEND US YOUR SALVOS, MUSINGS, EPIPHANIES, CONFESSIONS, GRIEVANCES, MANIFESTOS, RANTS.

EDITOR@ADBUSTERS.ORG ARTDIRECTOR@ADBUSTERS.ORG



NEW ENGLAND PARKING LOT FOR AB©UT 2 HOURS,

as my girlfriend shopped in a rather large thrift store. The shopping plaza looked imposing for sure. There were people everywhere, they seemed less imposing, just folks going about their lives. I sat in my car reading a book, mostly. I couldn't help but look up periodically as I read. I kept hearing footsteps in the distance. I also noticed the nuances of life apparent, as people bought their children second hand bikes, clothing, etc... it all seemed so American and non-threatening. I went back to flipping through my Livro, when I heard a knock at my window. I wasn't startled, just pleasantly surprised. It was a Spanish lady, maybe 34 or so. I asked her what was up, she smiled and said that she needed money to buy food for her and her young son, who I didn't see. I did what I usually did and handed her a couple crumpled one dollar bills and some pocket change. I give people money here and there. I don't care what they use it for, hopefully it does something down the line. She thanked me and I to d her no problemo. Sometime later,

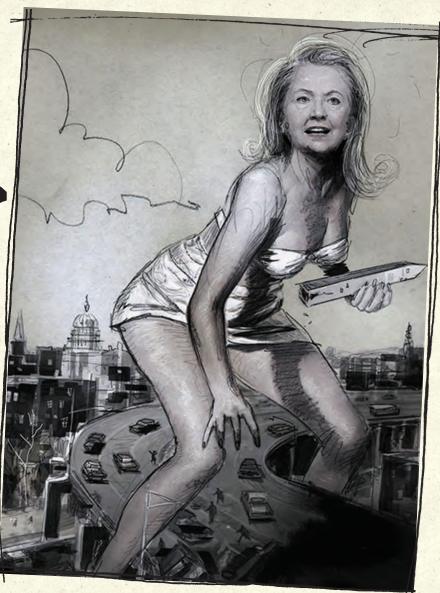
this well dressed man and his blond female companion walked up to my car. The man asked me if I had a wife or girlfriend, I replied yes. My first thought was to ask what they were getting at. They replied that they were selling some make up products at a greatly discounted rate. I said I'd have to pass on it and they were off. I went back to reading my bullshit, but I kept thinking about my experiences in that parking lot. I greatly enjoyed observing the people in the parking lot, but I really dug interacting with them even more.

- Victor DaSilva



HILARY THE LIES MOTED THAT TOOK US TO WAR I

voted for The Patriot Act, supports mass illegal surveillance, (though she seems to value her own privacy and tries to hide her data from scrutiny) and has her fingerprints on every war crime and freedom killing/police state initiative of the last decade. As veteran intelligence analyst and antiwar activist Ray McGovern said, "She never met a war she didn't like."



Vote for her, or you hate women!!!!
...And are probably racist too.

Anthony Freda is a prolific political

artist from Mt. Sinai, USA.

Hazo IS A CRAPPY COMPANY YOU SHOULDN'T SUPPORT. BEZOS IS AN ARROGANT BASTARD WE SHOULD TEACH A LESSON TO. RATHER THAN SUCCUMBING TO THE CONVENIENCE OF AMAZON, WE'D BE BETTER OFF

TORRENTING IT . . . THE WORLD WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE.

REVOLUTIONARY CALL-OUT:

TODAY, WE EXPERIENCE CONSTANT

VERTIGO - DISORIENTING,

DISSOCIATIVE - CAUSED BY THE

ACCELERATION OF TECHNICAL AND

TECHNOLOGICAL "PROGRESS,"

WHICH PRODUCES MORE

INFORMATION IN EVERY FIELD OF

HUMAN ENDEAVOR, ACCOMPANIED

BY THE TRAUMATIC LOSS OF ANY

SENSE OF MEANING, SOUL, OR

SACREDNESS TO OUR SHARED EARTH.

- CENTER FOR PLANETARY CULTURE

It's 3:20 AM on a Monday morning. I just spent the last 6 hours watching Netflix . . . I actually ended up fast forwarding my way through "The Human Centipede," only playing the

parts that
looked cool.
I'm hooked
into OkCupid,
Fetlife,
Facebook,
Gmail, Twitter,
I got blogs and
a whack of
other stuff also.
Tumblr. You
name it.

I lie awake at night, saturated fats and chemicals

in my belly, looking at the ceiling as bed bugs crawl around me and I think of how far gone I am.

I'm not the rich 1% who I criticize and put down for being greedy pigs. No, I'm supposed to be the radical, social justice, queer, hippy activist who uses art and powerful statements to help change society! But wait _ _ Jimmy Fallon had Bradley Cooper on again, better check that out. And I do check it out and more and more I fall into the rat trap, the pig trough, being consumed by the Internet, allowing myself to stoop to those levels, because life is too hard, it's too ugly. The

beheadings, the McDonald's factories that are torturing animals, the rapes and molestations, the nightmare that is the News...my own part to play, throwing coffee cups in the garbage

instead of the recycling and not calling my dad.

And so just as
the "Human
Centipede" is
coming to an end
on my MacBook
Air I realize that
this dirty, creepy
little excuse for a
life I'm living has
to change. I used
to think that the
cocaine, E, cough
syrup and ketamine
I was addicted to

were going to kill me and now I know that I will die trying to take an epic selfie and all that will remain will be the crappy videos I posted on Youtube. Something has to change. It starts with looking at what we have become. The gratification we get, the pleasure from every "Like" or message from a stranger who we think might want to give us a rim-job, pale in comparison to the adventure that used to be our lives.

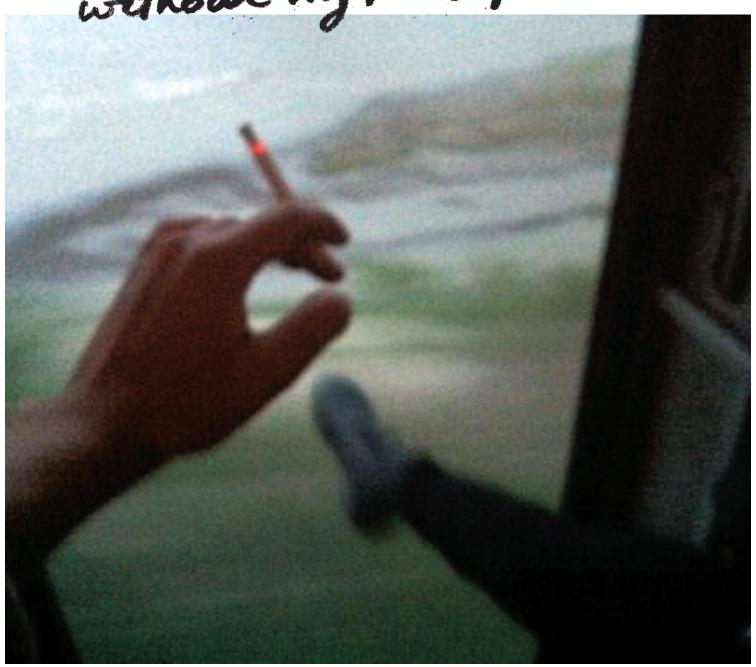
— Curt Pullan Toronto, Canada

STARBUCKS SUCKS



WALK AWAY AND SUPPORT AUTHENTIC LOCAL COFFEE CULTURE.

I won't go anywhere without my black spots



WHATEALLY

If not a reflection of our grandiose ego? Day by day, year by year we destroy our one viable, habitable

planet. What possibly could be the reason for such absurdity? Certainly the decisions we make in this moment are what effectively create our tomorrow, so what is it that decides what we do now? Is the ego that we

all hold so dear the single most dangerous elixir, a blinding charm of identity that we cannot live without? My name is Callum, I am a Scorpio, I am British, I am slightly annoying, I am compassionate, I want to be understood, I want to love

well, the great I that IS. This ego is not visible or malleable, but undeniably powerful. We have all felt huffy petulance. Who is it that feels offence and of what use is offence really if not a reaction of the illusory "I". Do we have an awareness beyond this mind

and ego that thinks, that ticks, that solves, that tocks?

— Callum Golding, Narrabundah, Australia

Step 1: we change the aesthetic tone of the world . . the way it feels to walk around our cities . . . how it feels to be alive.

- Kono Matsu

NIKE SUCKS CELEBRITY-DRIVEN CARPO-COM - LET'S

FUCK THEIR CORPO-COOL - LET'S **ALL GO INDIE!**

LIFE SPIGLE AND HAPPY PERSUIT G A CAREER AS A COMMERCIAL FISHERMAN.

I bought my own boat at 21 after being a deckhand since the age of 14. It's all I ever wanted to do. Through over 20 years in the industry there has been many changes. Fish stocks crashing, industrial food lots for salmon farming wreaking havoc with world prices. A plethora of industrial and climate related issues as well as my own physical and personal situation forced me to change my path in life. I now work as a cog in the machine. A steady decent paycheck with medical benefits and even a pension to look forward to. My family wants for nothing: I am lucky and grateful for this. I kick myself every day for living a life now that requires me to keep my mouth shut, tow the line and not make waves. I tell my wife constantly that I would smash the t.v., throw away the cell phone, ditch

the car and return to a more satisfying simple lifestyle. The kids won't have any of it. The lure of technology is too great. You compete daily as a parent with an ever more tech and info savvy youth. So what do you do? You tow the line and hope for the emperor's new clothes to be revealed.

- James Powsey, Cumberland, Canada

FARMED

March States

White lines are fat

Higher fat content

Higher in toxins (in the fat)

Color-added to look like salmon

Doctors warn women & children should avoid it

Not good for whales

WILD

Leaner .

Cleaner

Naturally pink

Good for our oceans Good for whales

Vanishing wherever there are salmon farms

From the docutmentary Salmon Confidential by Alex Morton

"WINTER FARMER'S MARKET"

Although I have been to many similar events, for some reason, this time it dawned on me what a farce it is.

The market was packed full of people just like me: middle income, urban, progressive, toting our reusable bags, willing to pay a premium for locally-sourced organic products and desperately wanting to believe that we are part of the solution, not the problem.

We all milled around aimlessly, sampling luxury products such as handmade chocolate and artisandistilled vodka, comparing a dozen different varieties of heirloom carrots, etc. With every purchase, we could pat ourselves on the backs for being so progressive and "green" and continue to deny our individual and collective responsibility for the impending collapse.

Although valet bicycle parking was available, we arrived in our car from another part of town. Judging by the parking situation, so did the majority of customers. Every vendor (several dozen at least) brought their merchandise in their own trucks from dozens or hundreds of kilometres away and set up their own gas-powered generators

to run their refrigeration and other accessories. How is this any better for the planet than driving to the mall to shop at Walmart?

The whole thing just made me sick and I ended up fleeing in disgust and frustration. I don't have children, don't own a home, take public transit to work every day, but I have to admit that I am just as much a part of the problem as the SUV-driving suburbanites with 2.3 children. I am one of those "hard-working taxpayers" that every political party in the Western world attempts to appeal to. I spend my disposable income on travel, technology, entertainment and other useless crap. I salve my conscience by attending protests (when they are conveniently timed and located), donating money to "good causes" and voting for the most "progressive" candidates (or sometimes the lesser of two or three evils).

And by subscribing to Adbusters, the lone voice of sanity in the wilderness of media bullshit. Thank you so much for your existence! Reading your magazine is always a painful but validating experience.

I look forward to every issue and I eagerly await Dec. 19.

- Hilary Jones, Vancouver, Canada.



- Mike Juxon, Havana, 2013

the city anymore?

QUESTION

'How old are you?'

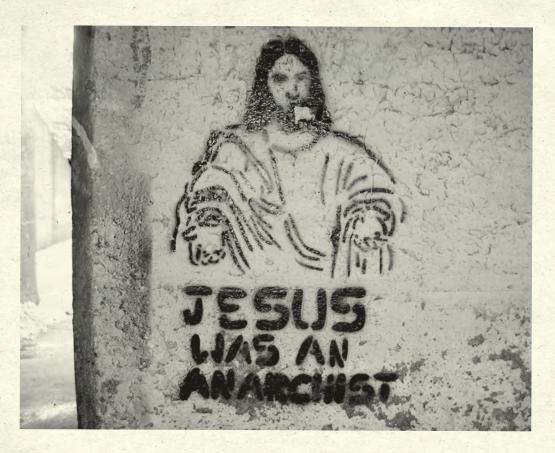
'I'm seven
iPhones
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THE ONLY WAY TO STOP CLIMATE CHANGE NOW MAY BE REVOLUTION

The last round of UN climate change negotiations in Lima Peru were a resounding failure. The negotiations started as an optimistic endeavor to finally set in motion a binding agreement to battle climate change. Two of the world's super powers — the U.S. and China — exchanged pleasantries in the form of non-binding commitments to radical carbon reductions but the Lima talks deteriorated into a political stalemate between a developed world that doesn't want to pay its debts and a developing one that is fighting for its right to survive.

A commitment was made to resolve the issues that collapsed in Lima once and for all this December in Paris, but world leaders have repeatedly let us down. If an agreement can't be made at the upcoming U. N. Climate Conference we are staring into the face of a global environmental genocide from which there is no turning back. Our only shot at curbing climate change — our only shot at survival, may be revolution.

- Mike Hodder





ADBUSTERS IS LOOKING FOR A FEW WILDLY IMAGINATIVE FILMMAKERS WHO WANT TO EXPLODE 15-, 30-, AND 60-SECOND MINDBOMBS ON ISRAELI TV. SEND YOUR CONCEPTS TO KONO@ADBUSTERS.ORG





the production of a new kind of human being

DIDH'T GOTO VORK TODAY ...



I'MANDE GOING TONADRROW EITHER

Anarchy is pretty simple when you get down to it - human beings are at their very best when they are living free of authority, deciding things among themselves rather than being 🐡 ordered about. That's what the word means — Without A lot of the time most of us know his anyway (though there are a few oddballs in the world who actually enjoy being pushed around); but we also know just how difficult it can usually be doing anything for yourself - if you try you're likely to break or contravene some regulation or other. But throughout human history people have tried to do just that. To live freely. Sometimes on their own, sometimes in small groups, sometimes in great popular mouemer -Clifford Harper



Maybe it's no coincidence that 1848 was the year *The Communist Manifesto* first appeared, the year Marx declared the holy profane.

No matter what we think or are demanding, Marx seems to tell us there are no longer sacred ideals, no longer rights to invoke to protect ourselves. Indeed, revolutionary citizens are citizens without rights, disenfranchised citizens the world over. We somehow know one another, should know one another. We speak in differing tongues yet have things in common, have collective hopes and mutual affinities, a similar "structure of feeling," a feeling of being on the receiving end of someone else's doing, frequently someone rich and powerful.

As revolutionary citizens, we carry Shadow Passports. Our Shadow Passports express a citizenship waiting in the wings, a solidarity haunting the mainstream, floating across city frontiers, across designated checkpoints, rendezvousing somewhere in global space, perhaps in the future. Homeland Securities and border control agencies know nothing of our true identities. Official maps and street plans rarely tell us where to go: they're almost useless in helping us re-orientate ourselves, in helping us find ourselves, or discover one another.

This idea of a Shadow Passport is a major motif of Andrei Bely's revolutionary masterpiece *Petersburg*, written in the early 1910s and set during the run up to the aborted 1905 revolution, little more than a decade prior to the Bolshevik's eventual triumph. The novel is symbolic as well as slapstick, comical as well as intensely poetical; an atmosphere of hysteria prevails—political hysteria. Everyone knew the times were changing, that politics and intrigue wafted in the air, that "momentous events were rumbling," that something was going to give soon. The story, like our own today, is one in which "everyone feared something, hoped for something, poured into the streets, gathered in crowds and again dispersed."

We can still learn a lot from Bely's twilight world of political intrigue, from his phantom world in which the invisible stalks the visible. Masked red dominoes and would-be parricide bombers — Russian radical history is full of inter-generational strife, of children forever duelling fathers and mothers — darting in and out of the shadows; revolutionaries jostle with reactionaries, nihilists with government nobodies; Unknown Ones are transformed into Elusive Ones, double agents into secret agents, secret police into agents-provocateurs. Bely adds a "fourth dimension"

to things, makes the make-believe all-too-real. Apollon Apollonvich, the reactionary right-wing senator, warns of those "mangy little fellows" plotting behind the scenes. Apollon's wayward anarchist son, Nikolai, is one mangy fellow; he's plotting behind the scenes to blow up dad with a bomb in a sardine can. Shady characters like these, Apollon Apollonvich

says, are "essential figures at this time of transition," figures who, apart from anything else, must be kept out of the dancehalls; "if these apparently innocent dances were permitted, dances of a different sort might be continued in the streets."

Bely's shady characters dart out from under Nikolai Gogol's overcoat—or, rather, Bely's shadow citizenry, like our own, have had their overcoats stripped away, have been disrobed in the same manner Marx's *Manifesto* said capitalism would disrobe us. In *The Overcoat*, Gogol's anti-hero is the lowly titular clerk Akaky Akakievich, whose dream overcoat is nicked one night when a group of thugs mug him on its first wearing. The next day Akaky seeks justice, appeals for his rights to an "Important Person." Yet "Important Persons" aren't terribly interested in hearing from no-marks, from a pockmarked nobody's grumblings about a stolen overcoat: "Do you realize who you're talking to?" the Important Person intones, "Do you know who's standing before you? Do you understand?"

Belittled by the Important Person, frozen in a raging St. Petersburg blizzard, Akaky catches a fever on his way home; he's dead the next morning. "So disappeared forever," Gogol says, "a human being whom no one ever thought of protecting, who was dear to no one, in whom no one was in the least interested." Until, until... Akaky comes back, haunting the streets, this time as a phantom intent on revenge, intent on nocturnally ripping off the overcoats of

others, and tracking down the "Important Person" himself: "Suddenly the 'Important Person' felt a violent tug at his collar...Ah, at last I've found you!" says Akaky. "Now I've, er, hm, collared you! It's your overcoat I'm after! You didn't care about mine and you couldn't resist giving me a good ticking-off into the bargain! Now hand over your overcoat!" Akaky, the spectral shadow citizen, haunts the hell out of the Important Person, who's terrified out of his wits. Nowadays, we, the overcoat-less shadow citizenry, need to haunt Important Persons alive, not dead.



With a bit of imagination, it's not too hard to conceive our Shadow Passport citizenry now comprising a disenfranchised constituency haunting the global banlieue. Shadow citizens are phantoms who live out the periphery, who feel the periphery inside them, who identify with the periphery. We're the superfluous ones, the NINJA generation, the jobless, without income or assets, the M15 Indignados on the streets

of Spain, Occupiers denouncing unearned plenty and growing wealth inequality, Greeks who feel the brunt of the Troika, of the fiscal probity of European Central Bankers, of the European Commission technocrats and bureaucrats. of middle-managers and accountancy governors. Of course, there are quite a few Greeks cheering for the Golden Dawn, clinging on for dear life to their "official" passports, invoking ultra-nationalist purity and neo-Nazi necessity; but Shadow Passport holders embrace a very different kind of citizenship and internationalism. We've more in common with dispossessed Arab and African youth in French suburbs, with sans papiers and stateless refugees, with Palestinians lobbing rocks at Israeli tanks, with Kobane Kurds, with the people of Detroit beholden to "Emergency Managers," with "June Days" Brazilians protesting public transport hikes, with looters in London and Stockholm, with occupiers in Gezi Park and kids in Hong Kong's Occupy Central, with anybody and everybody who've had their homes repossessed, who've defaulted on their loans, who are debt encumbered, whose pensions are kaput, whose immediate future is kaput.

The Shadow Passport citizenry is a territorial reserve army of foot soldiers, a relative surplus population of ordinary people who want in but are forced out. We're often defiant yet disunited, disgruntled and raging in a global civil war of austerity and high frequency piracy. Shadow citizens exist in the realm where social exclusion meets spatial marginality. A lot of shadow citizens are undocumented migrants, refugees rejected and rebuked, profiled and patrolled, no

matter where they wander. Shadow citizens are a minority that are slowly becoming a new majority: if anything, shadow citizens are the new norm, the new global default position. We're the periphery in the core, the core of the periphery. So many people have been pushed off-limits that it's extended the limit of limits, created an even larger social space for the concept of citizenship, for a citizenship denied, or else reinvented.

The task beholden to the Shadow citizenry is to cast its critical eye over the doings of these administrators and payrolled professionals. We need to do it on a vast multinational public-private terrain, one in which state and civil society have everywhere melded into one giant privatized zone of free-market orthodoxy and rich persons' plutocracy. We are on the outside now. We need to force this private inside to be answerable to our public outside. We need to access the inside, enter their HQs, their centers of technocratic and financial power, get transparency around what goes on in this inside, get information about their disinformation. And, if necessary, evict these insiders as trespassers on public land, prosecute them as illegal squatters, as expropriators of public property. We need to engage in a war of position everywhere neoliberalism stakes out its boundary stones.

This distinction between a public outside and private inside is particularly vital for political life now, particularly vital for any radical future tomorrow. The distinction between inside

and outside stakes out the barriers that need overcoming. that need transgressing, collapsing. They're walls of demarcation that keep people in as well as out, trapped on the outside without ever gaining access to the inside. There are many ways this dichotomy might be confronted, has to be confronted; but whatever the content, its form will be twinpronged, dramatized by the inner energy of the shadow citizenry together with its outer propulsion.

Inner energy and outer propulsion aren't mutually exclusive nor should be: they should animate each other. Inner energy expresses a burning desire to live on the margins, to rebuild the margins, to affirm far-off zones as one's own. Inner energy makes a poor neighborhood a livable neighborhood, makes the periphery the center of one's life. The future for the bulk of the world's populations lies beyond any center, is an urbanism without a center, at least geographically. From this outside, from this participatory twilight zone, Shadow citizens might use its collective propulsion to wrestle with

that elusive inside. We might even adopt Pierre Bourdieu's vocabulary and say left-handed Shadow Citizens can attack right-handed state peoples. In the late 1990s, Bourdieu spoke of a disjuncture between the left and right hands of the state. It's a drama, he said, played out between the left hand, a dwindling bunch of experienced politicians answerable to their constituents and who still try to uphold democracy and, on the right hand, a "state nobility" of elite technocrats and cabinet plutocrats, of finance ministers and public-private bankers, of economists and accountants who no longer even pretend to want to change anything significant.

The rift marks an ever-widening cleavage between left-leaning rank-and-file representatives who still just about care about the public, and right-leaning senior civil servants who care only about the private, about budgets and bank balances. On the left side, we have publicly-employed progressive councillors, social workers, community organizers, elementary and high school teachers, local government officials and progressive magistrates, care assistants and crèche workers; on the right side, we have a nobility of largely unaccountable agents propping up the upper-echelons of the Ministry of Finance and its regime of Accountancy Governance.

So pressure from this outside, from the shadowy undercurrent, might give left-handers the courage to

step out of hiding, to take back democracy from technocracy, to break the historical inevitability professed by the doyens of neoliberalism. Plainly, there is an alternative. Resistance from the outside, from the shadows, might equally hook up this inside to the outside. "Official" representatives in government, in the council chambers, in City Hall, must be kept on their toes by

shouts in the street from mangy little fellows, from a social movement exerting its pressure from without, in the public square, in the alternative media, across clandestine airwaves, forcing the right side of the state to respond to the left side. Out of this darkness we might find natural light; what might emerge is an inside left, a left that forever straddles the representative-participatory democratic divide.

It's a perpetual struggle, hinging on outsiders forcing open the doors of the inside, pushing for a publicly led public service revolution, doing so militantly. In this way, it's possible to see Nicos Poulantzas's dialectical idea of the



state being "the condensation of class forces." The state is never simply an instrument of the moneyed classes, despite it often seeming so. "The struggle of the popular masses," said Poulantzas, "doesn't seek to create an effective dual power [à la Lenin], parallel and external to the state, but brings itself to bear on the internal contradictions of the state. The state is neither a thing-instrument that must be taken away," Poulantzas said, "nor a fortress that may be penetrated by means of a wooden horse, nor yet a safe that may be cracked by burglary: it is the heart of the exercise of political power." Poulantzas said this inner struggle must express itself alongside the development of popular movements and self-managed communes. "This is the real alternative and it isn't the simple opposition between "internal" and "external" struggle. In any radical future, "these two forms must be combined."

From this standpoint, the force of the outside cracks the status quo and overwhelms the inside. So there's no turning back, no counter-revolution, no dual power. Tactics include blocking and jamming things, détourning things, infiltrating and participating, creation as well as castigation. From history we know how past revolutions have lost their way, or else collapsed under counter-assault. We know it from Egypt. They don't go far enough; participants lose their nerve, concede too much, stall. The sequence of revolutionary demise is something of a left eternal reoccurrence, written in the logbook of failure, of co-optation, of recidivist backlash. First, was a popular insurrection and a lot of euphoria around it; then a provisional government is installed... then came the elections and with it the moment when popular momentum faltered. Up until that point the situation could be redirected, there was still time for the Party of Order to reclaim the revolution, to put it into reactionary reverse.

Revolutionary transformation is no longer nurtured in the factory or workplace but in the municipality. It's in the municipality where the participatory-representative dialectic gets reconciled, energized by the wholefood of participation, by citizens' assemblies. Assemblies are the healthy microcosm of a potentially bigger and even healthier macrocosm, linking up communities to neighborhoods, hooking up neighborhoods to more expansive communes; communes then congeal into the singular political jurisdictions of the municipality itself. And so it goes-or might go. Democracy flows through the municipality via horizontal interconnectivity, not vertical stacking: it's an intricate webbing, not a brittle building block. Assemblies hold the potential for affirming another notion of dual power: on one hand, we need them as anti-institutional institutional arenas, for organizing and realizing revolutionary upheavals, for instigating popular insurrection; and yet, on the other hand, we also need assemblies after the revolution, need them to secure the revolution, to inaugurate the revolution, democratically. The ends will reflect the means. The ends justify the means because the means will be illustrative of the ends.

Thus, dual power isn't a parallel power, isn't the bourgeois state on one side and its democratic nemesis, the people, on the other. Rather, it's double-action democracy: the swarming outside democratizes the state's inside. Peoples' assemblies must muster sufficient outsider (and comradely insider) power to overwhelm that inside; opaque council chambers become transparent cells of democratic assembly - and stay so. Citizenship has people belong to the municipality not beholden to any state. The great anarchist urbanist, Murray Bookchin, put his own spin on this ideal in the 1980s, labeling it "Libertarian Municipalism"; and in a new collection of essays, The Next Revolution, lets us witness how he refined those ideas over the 1990s and early 2000s. Libertarian Municipalism, says Bookchin, brings to the present and to a prospective future the suppressed popular assemblies of the past, what Hannah Arendt called the "lost treasures" of our revolutionary tradition—the promise of the Greek agora, of sixteenth-century Spanish Comuñeros, of French Revolutionary communal councils, of pre-Revolutionary New England town meetings, of 1871 Paris Commune councils, of the anarchist collectives in 1936-1937. It's the promise of "a consciously amateur system of governance" (his lovely phrase). The value of this for us today, Bookchin says, "lies in the fact that we can learn about the ways in which they practiced democratic precepts. And we can incorporate the best of their institutions for our own and future times, study their defects and gain inspiration from the fact that they did exist and functioned with varying degrees of success."

But the politics of Libertarian Municipalism aren't just tactics or strategies for recreating the public sphere: Bookchin sees it as the creation of a whole new political culture, rooted in the neighborhood, predicated on citizens' assemblies, on peoples' self-organization. Not just assemblies as sites where people fight for specific policies, but also arenas in which citizens gather and express opinions, share instruction and information, discuss and argue about public business. In free assemblies, Bookchin says, citizens rid themselves of "statecraft," where they're throttled by the narrowness of "representative" government. Assemblies play redemptive and preemptive roles for the city in relation to the state, showing how cities can quite gladly get along without the intrusion of the state, that civic institutions can flourish without being captive to any state. that expansive local freedom can push back the state's confines, transcend those confines. Easier said than done, I know. Yet theory can sometimes become practical reality. real reality, a speculative reality really ongoing. Indeed, one of the greatest enactments of Bookchin's Libertarian Municipalism—perhaps its only enactment to date—comes

in an unlikely place: in the bloodied, war-torn Middle East, in Northern Syria, seat of the "Rojava democratic experiment," a "quiet revolution" in our midst—despite the bomb blasts and sniper fire—because few people realize its magnitude and radical significance.

Rojava, in northern Syria, a Kurdish region straddling the southern Turkish border, is now a remarkable experiment of Bookchin inspired autonomous democratic confederalism. In the area's major urban areas—Aleppo, Kobane and Qamishli popular assemblies and secular grassroots councils call the shots, as well as man (and woman) the barricades against ongoing ISIS (Islamic state) onslaught. (The "YJA Star" militia-the Union of Free Women-actually does much of the combat organization and practice). Coordinated by an alliance between the Kurdistan Workers' Party (PKK) and Turkey's PYD (Kurdish Democratic Union Party), Kurdish self-determination is responding to three decades of citizenship denial by Assad's Syrian military regime and the Turkish state. Now, as preeminent Shadow Citizens, Kurds appeal to a citizenship that isn't about nationhood, that isn't about forming a state so much as affirming an autonomous, decentralized region, a participatory democracy without walls, a Chiapas in the Middle-East: "KURDE AZAD SINORA NASNAKE"—Free Kurds Don't recognize Borders.

A while ago, the PKK, a Marxist guerrilla movement founded by Abdullah Öcalan, declared it no longer wanted a Kurdish state. In 1999, Öcalan was thrown in jail, branded a terrorist by Turkish authorities, incarcerated in a prison where he's the sole inmate. There he studied Bookchin, even wrote to the latter in Vermont, in 2006. Yet Bookchin, flattered and thrilled by the word (as well as deeds of the PKK), was too old and sick to respond. (He died soon afterward.) In 2005, Öcalan wrote a "Charter of Kurdish Democratic Confederalism," calling for the creation of free,

The spontaneous acts of revolt forming everywhere must find a tactic that takes into account the spectacle's power of recuperation.

self-governing communities throughout the Rojava region, based on direct democracy and a cooperative economy: "Kurdistan democratic confederalism," he said, "will establish village, town and city assemblies and their delegates will be entrusted with real decision-making, which in effect means that people and the community will decide."

Put into practice, Kurdish self-government today has three central planks: the establishment of communes, the assurance of equal participation in all areas of decision-making for all faith and ethnic groups, and the strengthening of the position of women. Communes sort out everyday administration, provide electricity provision and infrastructure, advise on nutrition and liaise around ecological concerns. There are communal cooperatives, too, like bakeries and sewing workshops, like agricultural projects. Delegates from village and neighborhood communes form the basis of bigger city councils, and city councils are made up of representatives from all communes. There aren't any law courts either, but "peace and consensus committees," which try to resolve legal issues in novel, consensus-finding ways.

As ever, this progressive experiment, like all progressive experiments, is under constant siege, bombarded by fundamentalist Islamic forces; heaviest attacks rain down on Kobane. Like the Spanish Civil War, the Rojava experiment needs an international solidarity committee, needs its own defense brigades, not only foot soldiers in Northern Syria but also comrades closer to home, fighting the good fight, similarly affirming themselves in their own communities, participating in less war-battered scenes of everyday life. Kurds illustrate how shadow citizens can step out into the daylight, even against all odds, and can fight to become citizens of cities without a state. They're confronting their own shadowy possibility. Maybe we, too, can confront our shadowy possibility for democracy, can likewise affirm ourselves as solid citizens. Does the promise of democracy hurt our eyes? Will we feel like we've just stepped out of Plato's dark cave, turning our eyes away, blinded by our own potentiality? If we can hold and fight for that look, do it together; if we can really see the horizons open before us, we'll feel the vastest and most thrilling space of all: the continent of hope.

-Andy Merrifield is a leading Marxist urban theorist. Merrifield studied under David Harvey and is author of numerous books, including Magical Marxism and The Wisdom of Donkeys: Finding Tranquility In Chaotic World.



REMEMBER SISTER DON' ET ALL
THE BOSSES, COPS, PRIESTS, TEACHERS,
AND MILITAN'S FUCK YOU.
MAKE LOVE WITH REVOLUTOR ARIES!

PEOPLE WHO TALK ABOUT
REVOLUTION AND CLASS-STRUGGLE
WITMOUT REFERRING EXPLICITLY TO
EVERYDAY LIFE, WITHOUT UNDERSTRANDING
WHAT IS SUBVERSIVE ABOUT LOVE AND
WHAT S POSITIVE WI THE REFUSAL OF
CONSTRAINTS, SUCH PEOPLE HAVE A
CORPSE IN THEIR MOUTH

AU REVOIR

POINT~ BLANK!
P.O BOX 2233
STATION A
BERKELEY, CA

The occupy general assembly in New Zealand's capital, Wellington, was my first experience of collective decision making on a large scale.

The initial day of action attracted several hundred people who were abuzz with anticipation at the potential of a little cooperation. It didn't feel at all like a traditional activist crowd, with plenty of people who had never attended a protest in attendance, and many who wouldn't identify as activists at all.

Similar to other Occupy camps around the world, the growing population of the Wellington camp made a series of conscious decisions that organically structured the community into working groups, each around a shared purpose. These groups then organized themselves into more specific subgroups, leading to working groups made up of an individually chosen specialization for each participant. A kitchen provided three meals to up to 70 people a day, supplied with donated or dumpstered food. A hospitality crew welcomed new arrivals. A comms team put out press releases, gathered and reported back on international movements and communicated with camps around the country and elsewhere. The GA was structured in such a way that each working group would report back to the wider community, and these groups were mandated an appropriate level of autonomy for each group to efficiently take care of their own sphere of activity.

When the collective process functioned well, participating in the GA was a truly transformative experience. I saw several hundred excited individuals quickly reaching decisions that were better than anyone could have proposed on their own. Every voice was heard and no one felt alienated from the process. I knew that this was happening all over the world, at the same time, on a massive scale and it was like nothing else I had experienced.

But when the decision-making protocol broke down, empowerment quickly turned into soul-destroying alienation. The immense amount of time and effort the stalled decision-making process took was crushing. Sharing information is critical for building consensus, but can be extremely difficult in a rained out campsite. Loud and frequent voices often exerted disproportionate influence over group discussions, meaning marginalized voices remained unheard.

I had read about the 'tyranny of structurelessness' in consensus-based groups, the lapse into factions and the emergence of informal dictatorships — but I'd never seen it happen in person. The knowledge that this too was happening in Occupy camps all over the world, and right in front of me in a community I cared deeply about, was depressing.

The mass participation of millions of people in the 2011 movements was a clear and global call for public participation in decison-making at every level. It was a call for decentralized democracy on a global scale, a process that takes the decision-making influence of self-interested institutions and redistributes it back into the hands of people and communities.

But the face-to-face lived experience of Occupy really drove home to me how fragile collective decision-making can be, even in relatively small groups. Though frustrating, this fragility didn't seem irresolvable. In large part the organizational problems we faced at Occupy were the result of mundane and practical constraints. Simply requiring everybody to be in the same place at the same time meant that the cost of participation in the decision-making process was too high for it to be accessible for most people, or to involve people who were geographically distributed. These pitfalls didn't seem like a problem inherent to collaboration, but a technical challenge to be solved.

-Matthew Bartlett is from Wellington, New Zealand

The Boycott, Divest, Sanction (BDS) movement is a loom of global resistance and autonomy. The Teachers Union of Ireland, the African National Congress and UCLA are a few of the growing number of threads which have adopted BDS in one form or another. I'm a student at the University of British Columbia, the site of one of the most recent BDS flare ups.

"Do you support your student union in boycotting products and divesting from companies that support Israeli war crimes, illegal occupation and the oppression of Palestinians?" That was the proposal brought forward a few months ago. There was energy on campus. You could sense it as soon as BDS started gaining traction. It was an unexpected political moment for our school where most of the focus is placed on resume padding and "industry connections."

There was pushback, of course, and tension. What we wanted was agency over the money we paid into our union. We wanted to set off

The "No" side aimed to disrupt the vote and de-politicize the campus. Bureaucracy is a thick sludge: the opposition sold the question as being too complicated for voters to make a decision on and too risky for the union to implement. They claimed that the history was just too messy. They claimed that more debate was needed before consensus could be reached about the existence of Israeliwar crimes. These arguments were paired with a giant banner across from the Student Union Building declaring that "BDS is About Hate." Contradiction held the anti-BDS campaign in suspended tension.

Contradiction and, as I soon found out, money. Who had paid for those relentless ads? We came across a press release which boasted that Hillel BC, a Jewish group on campus, had piled more than \$4000 on the "No" campaign and were soliciting more from donations through a local synagogue. Cibell laughed when she heard about it – the pro-BDS campaign had spent less than \$200.

In March, Justin Trudeau, leader of Canada's Liberal Party and Prime Minister hopeful, gave a talk at the student union building. He declared that BDS "has no place on university campus." The irony of a politician peddling the myth of an academy above politics was stifling.

The union held a meeting to discuss BDS which went late into the night. There was a crowd of us out for the meeting. We watched council members tangle themselves in a mesh of paranoia and delicate phrasing. The modern colonial state is one of dull words and chatter. Everyone could tell which members were

There was pushback of course, and tension. What we wanted was agency over the money we paid into our union.

a chain reaction: students, then the faculty, then the whole university; dismantle the rhetoric of red tape and pull the capitalist support structure from underneath itself.

I got involved with Solidarity for Palestinian Human Rights (SPHR) mostly through my friend Cibell. The folks in SPHR were always calm and collected. They looked straight ahead - always. Cibell kept me up to date. I would meet her in the Student Union Building to hand out BDS literature. She would tell me about the countless speculative pieces, the rumours that were circulating about what the BDS motion would entail (always wildly over-exaggerated) and about the latest flickering lines of attack.

Word spread quickly about the BDS motion and mysterious ads started appearing on Facebook pages promoting a new campus initiative vaguely titled "Open Dialogue." The ads redirected to a slick website with an undefined call to action. The website was home to the unofficial "No" campaign against BDS. I scoured the site for hours, cycling through pictures of Gandhi and Mandela, always paired with pleasant feel-good quotes about inclusion and free speech.

stalling, happy to keep their resumes looking sharp. Citing legal consultation, they delayed the referendum to the busiest time of term, when students were less likely to vote. Eventually 58% voted in favor of BDS, but we fell short of quorum (designated as 8% of the student population voting for one side). The numbers didn't stop Hillel BC from taking credit for all those who "simply abstained from voting yes."

General apathy is not the problem. The campus is always already political, as I see it - ideology masks it. We're just trying to make sure the politics don't support occupation and colonial violence. The situation is complex, sure, but there's no excuse to remain silent. I don't want my money to be spent on bulldozing olive trees to make way for new fences and checkpoints. It's time to repoliticize the campus.

– Joshua Gabert-Doyon

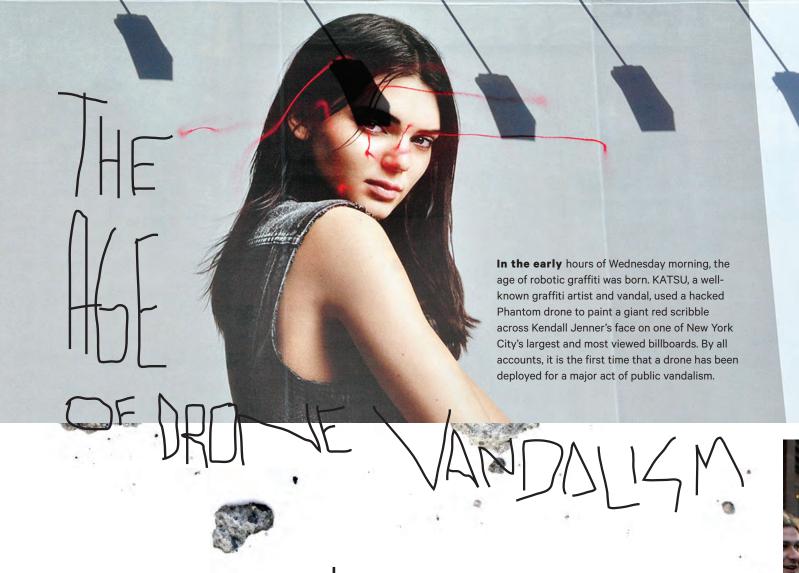
In the 50's and early 60's, it was fairly easy for progressive American Jews to support the state of Israel, which had an international reputation as an egalitarian country with the Kibbutz Movement as its main showcase.

But for a long time, Jews who support any progressive issue and campaign, in the United States itself and worldwide, find it difficult to link this with supporting the state of Israel –ever more difficult, with Israel being most of

the time under right-wing nationalist governments, blatant racism spreading from the margins of Israeli society into the heart of the political establishment. Settlements ever growing and expanding at the expense of the meager land remaining to the Palestinians, and every few years the TV being filled with footage of the death and destruction left by the Israeli Air Force in Lebanon and Gaza. Especially the younger generation of the American Jewish community feels increasingly alienated form Israel. Some of them express it in open-sometimes very blunt criticism. Many others just turn away quietly.



⁻ Adam Keller, excerpted from AIPAC Gnashing Their Teeth



Against The 18W School

Across the continent campuses are being swept up into divestment action while the old order suffers a clash of principles. In an open letter, Harvard's president stood firm saying, "The endowment is a resource, not an instrument to impel social or political change."

Meanwhile, in New York the president of the New School called climate change "one of the greatest challenges we face today." He took the pledge a step further and will infuse climate change into many of the school's programs.

This has not stopped Divest Harvard organizers from trying to join the likes of the New School, Swarthmore, Chico State and Syracuse universities in terminating fossil fuel investments from their endowment funds. Organizer Talia Rothstein called out Harvard's stance on Democracy Now, saying the "fossil fuel industry is not only at the heart of climate change ... not only exploits already marginalized communities by propagating climate change, but also really has a chokehold over our political system."

Students at Harvard have occupied and blockaded administrative offices in a demand to be heard.

- Tyson Kelsall

The Latest From Montrea

The Montreal student body is divided over the immediate future of its notorious activism. One side - Comité Printemps - wants to revive the pot-banging spirit of 2012 and fight the Liberal government's new austerity measures all summer. The others - ASSÉ - want to commence protests in the fall, just in time for a federal election that could potentially complete a full decade of Stephen Harper's dogma.

And though the students may be at loggerheads internally, they are also the only ones in Canada - maybe even the entire North American continent - who truly give a damn about what happens to our future. Their noise in 2012 brought down the provincial Liberal government and gave hope that young demos may actually not collapse under crippling student debt and that the playing field would level off a bit for everyone else.

However, under the Parti Québécois, conditions did not change and the buds of the student cause withered away in the caustic egotism of the elected. Debt was still looming and the "belt tightening" seemed unavoidable just the same. The Parti Québécois shat the bed.

The Liberals are back in power now, so the students are back in the streets for a second time in less than five years: pissed at anything that reeks of legislative assembly. The hundreds of student arrested in March, April and May on grounds of illegal assembly in Montreal are only a symptom of a more insidious gut rot ailing not only Quebec, but Greece, France, Spain and definitely the United States. The tools of a modern democracy are not cutting it anymore. Elections and government sanctioned protests are ineffective because our elected leaders do not speak the populist language. They speak a language of coercion and violence – and it is the only one they understand.

Montrealers are not lashing out against the (expected) failed promises and hopes of campaign platforms anymore. They are aiming at a mental virus pervasive in almost all governments: the compulsion to bulldoze civilization into accepting austerity measures that will somehow rid us of the ailments our profit-optimizing system created.

-Sasha Lakic





The day of action was a swelling up from the global accumulation of people rising against austerity. From 75,000 people taking to the streets in Montreal, Canada, to newborn anti-austerity parties rising to the top of the polls in Spain and winning elections in Greece.

Blockupy, which also defines itself as anti-racist and a counter to the extreme right, is forming across the spectrum through different organizations to build "solidarity and democracy from below."





THE GREAT EMAI NCLPATI NSTITUTIONAL PROCEDURES, THE SOCIAL ORDER FROM BELOW.

Direct action is a proclamation of personal independence.

It happens, for the first time, at the intersection of your self-consciousness and your tolerance for being screwed over. You act. You thrust yourself forward and intervene. And then you hang loose and deal with whatever comes. In that moment of decision, in that leap into the unknown, you come to life. Your interior world is suddenly vivid.

You're like a cat on the prowl:

alive, alert and still a little wild.





It happened to me in my neighborhood supermarket parking lot. I was plugging a coin into a shopping cart when it suddenly occurred to me just what a dope I was. Here I was putting in my quarter for the privilege of spending money in a store I come to every week but hate, a sterile chain store that rarely carries any locally grown produce and always makes me stand in line to pay.

And when I was finished shopping I'd have to take this cart back to the exact place their efficiency experts have decreed and slide it back in with all the other carts, rehook it and push the red button to get my damn quarter back.

A little internal fuse blew. I stopped moving.

I glanced around to make sure no one was watching. Then I reached for that big bent coin I'd been carrying in my pocket and I rammed it as hard as I could into the coin slot. And then with the lucky Buddha charm on my key-ring I banged that coin in tight until it jammed. I didn't stop to analyze whether this was ethical or not - I just let my anger flow. And then I walked away from that supermarket and headed for the little fruit and vegetable store down the road. I felt more alive than I had in months.

Much later I realized I had stumbled on one of the great secrets of modern urban existence: Honor your instincts. Let your anger out. When it wells up suddenly from deep in your gut, don't suppress it channel it, trust it, use it. Don't be so unthinkingly civil all the time. When the system is grinding you down, unplug the grinding wheel. Go wild!



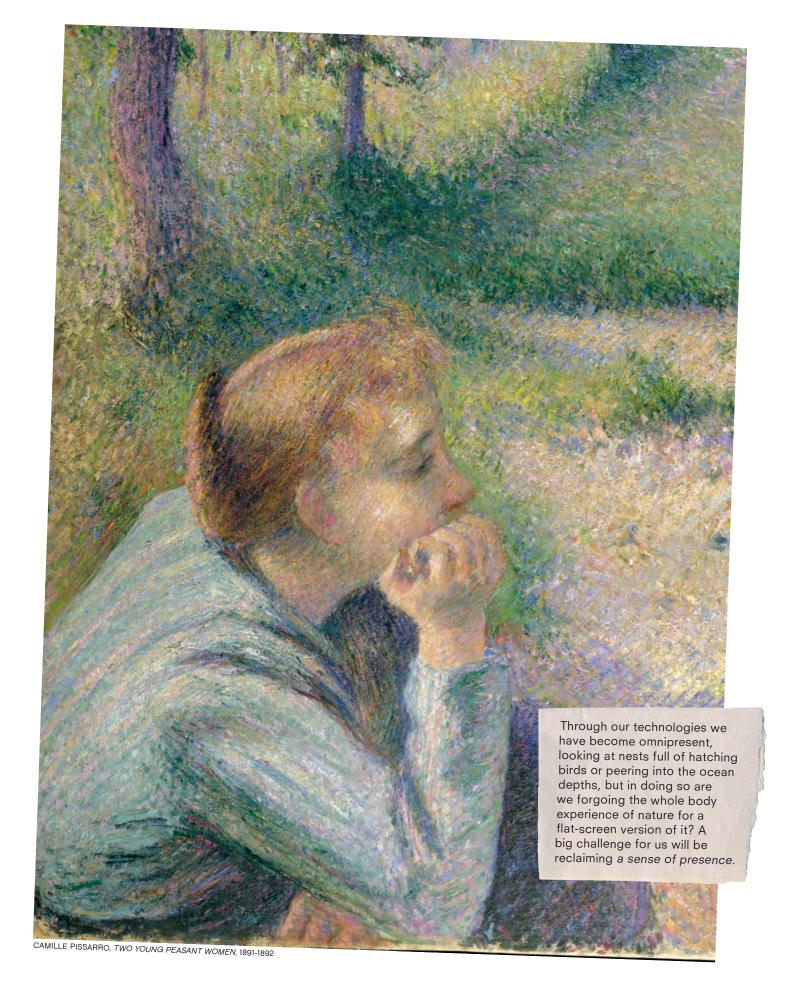


To be an anarchist, in a place and time that is like any part of the world in the twentieth century, is to deny legitimacy of almost every feature of that world: its nation states, its religions, its pretense of representational government, its organization of production and consumption, its patriarchal customs, its warped ideals etc. . . . there is almost no end to the things one is "against," to the point that one continually risks slipping into an entirely negative and reactive selfdefinition (anti-capitalist, anti sexist...). When an "entire society," i.e., almost everything around you, seemingly to the smallest detail, reflects assumptions contrary to your most deeply held convictions about what the world is and can be — namely, the assumption that hierarchy, domination, violence and injustice are the natural, necessary and permanent characters of existence — than merely to persevere in imagining and acting on the assumption of the possibility of another kind of world is, in itself, a monumental and continual effort of resistance.

Go and Gop progress, -malevish



PREMODERN







THE GREAT WAR

World War I, the Great War, ushered in a fully loaded and mechanically equipped modernity. A war of attrition, hundreds of thousands of young men would die upon muddy fields, their bodies rotting with the stench of gunpowder, various gases and excrements. Though estimates appear hard to come by, somewhere between 16 and 18 million people died as a result of the whims of a power hungry elite. The effigies of this war exist everywhere, and yearly, people pay their respects to the grand entrance and reality of the modern war. However, their memory is not the living memory, and with a century past, it is easy to forget that, rather than nations doing battle, it was young men, scared, anointed, who might have listened for an evening to the screams and pleads for mercy of their fallen friend caught in a barbed wire entanglement. To help him meant their own death, because there were reasons he was left alive by "the enemy"... so they listened, too afraid to kill one of their own yet they wished for a quickening of his passing. They wished he would just die already.



BODIES OF ITALIAN SOLDIERS LAY STREWN AFTER BEING ATTACKED WITH CHEMICAL WEAPONS IN WWI.





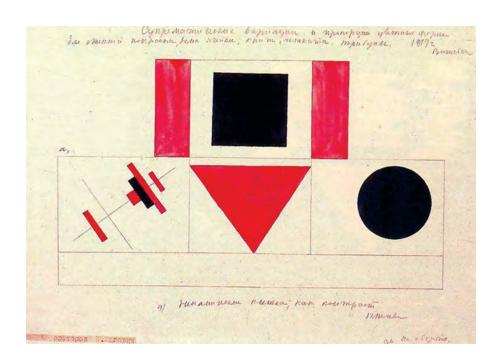
MODERN

Modernity was a quest to achieve a new age, a new world.

It was intended to be an age of order, where the reckless and unpredictable chaos of the world could become systematized. To be modern was to be on the front line of the new, the avant-garde, yet it was tempered by a sense of exclusion and a sense that what was being undertaken was right and morally good. Modernity embraced rational irrationality, the controlled chaos of the machine and a faith in progress. On August 6th, 1945 modernity ended, though few will agree that it did. In the first flash of our nuclear future, all sense of trajectory was deleted. In the post-1945 world, the postmodern world, the coming world no longer made logical sense.

This would be a world predicated upon mutually assured destruction and the order of a nuclear age informed by the logic of militarism.





RATIONALIST IMPERATIVE TOOK OVER

WWII

An extension of the Great War, World War II signals the maturity of uncompromising rationality. Between 60 million and 80 million people die as a result of the conflict. Final solutions are settled upon, people rounded up, systematically processed and dispatched. Unlike the attrition warfare of the previous Great War, this would be a war predicated upon technological supremacy. Bombs are dropped upon populations without any knowledge of what might happen to them, while other populations are firebombed into nothingness. Civilian casualties during WWII outnumber the military dead. *The New York Times* reads: "First Atomic Bomb Dropped on Japan: Missile is Equal to 20,000 tons of TNT; Truman Warns Foe of a 'Rain of Ruin." When victory is pronounced people dance in the streets, celebrate, chanting peace.

















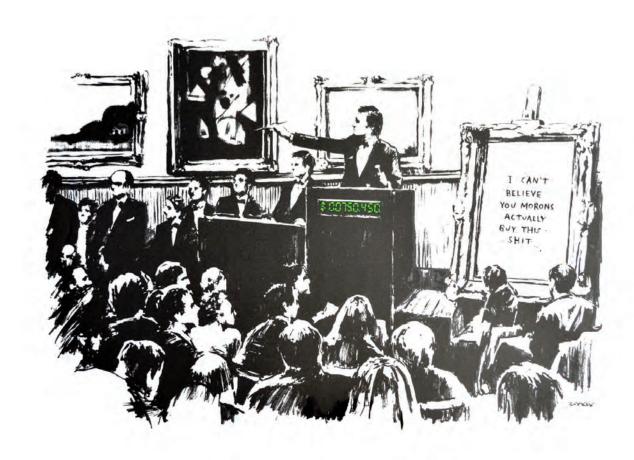






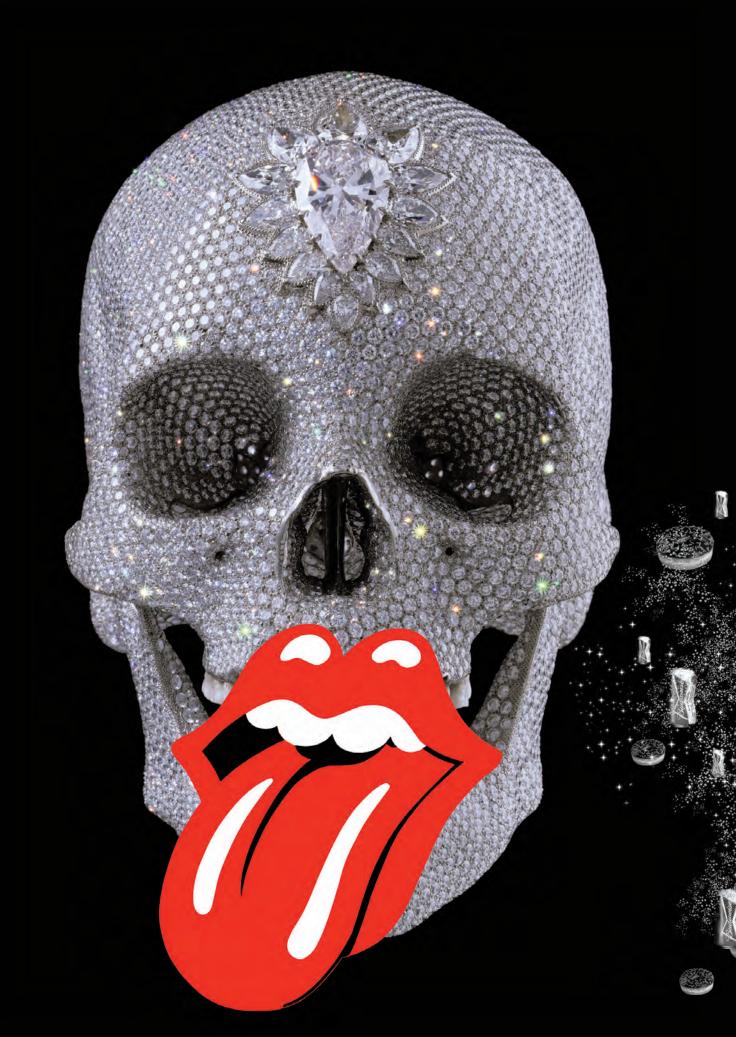
The postmodern is an infinite array of sign signifiers, at least in theory.

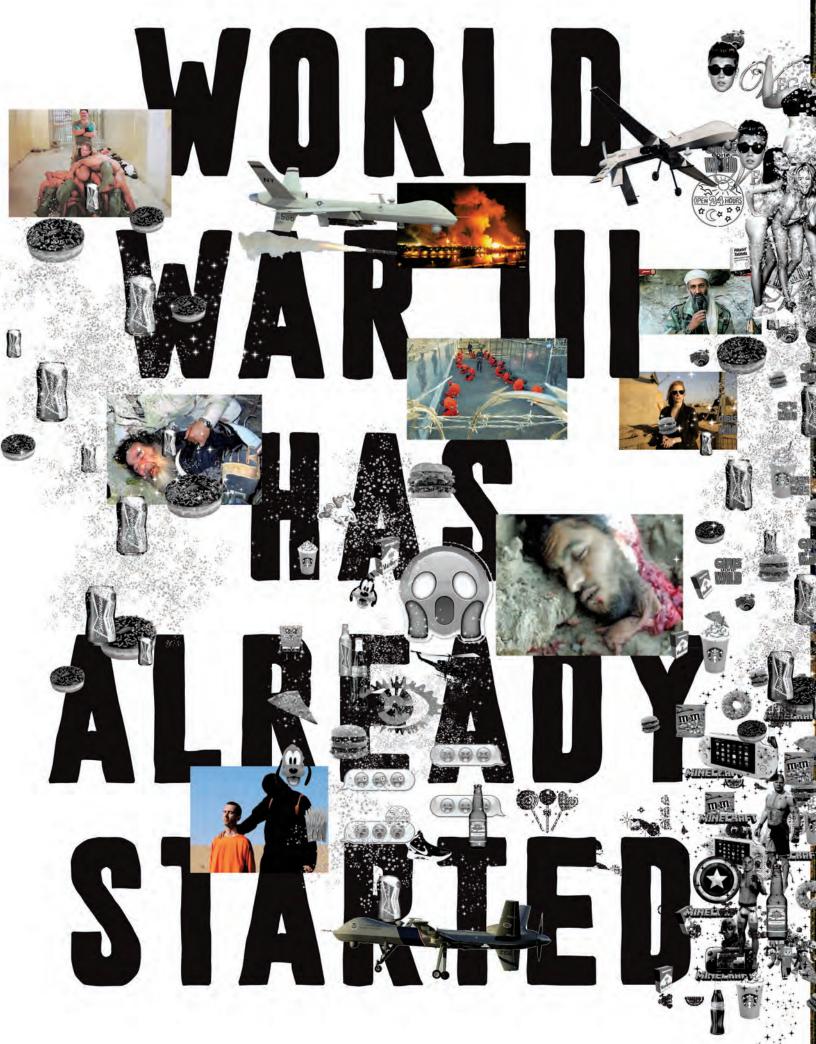




Increasingly, artists have come to judge their own success through money, too.

This is the reason today that we feel the genre writer's cry "I sold millions" so powerfully, even though in truth it can say little about the art form other than "it sold millions." Changing disciplines, if we take this commoditization of art to its natural limit, we arrive at Damien Hirst's diamond encrusted skull (2007). Commoditization has here become the only point. The work, such as it is, centres on its cost and value and comprises also (I would say mainly) the media storm surrounding it: the rumors that it was bought for £50m, or that Hirst himself bought it, or that he offset his tax bill by claiming diamonds as tax deductible artistic materials, or that he didn't buy it at all, or that nobody has bought it... And so — postmodernly — on; the paradox being this: that by removing all criteria, we are left with nothing but the market. The opposite of what postmodernism originally intended.







WORLD WAR 3 WILL BE NOTHING LIKE WW1 OR WW2,

no longstanding empires looking for the big win, no hours and minutes-to-midnight clocks ticking, no appeasement delegations, no civilizational narratives that anyone believes in anymore ... No ... World War 3 will be disintegrated, invisible, everywhere, permanent. It will start — some say it has already started — with skirmishes breaking out in impoverished parts of the world like Nigeria, Somalia, Yemen, Libya, Myanmar. Then, as temperatures rise and ecosystems collapse, water shortages and food riots will break out. Failed states will jump from the current 20, to 30, then 40, then 50.

Futures will be engulfed, suffocated and swarmed with barbarian nightmares.

No peace, no sleep. No dream beyond a wretched present. No horizon beyond permanent war. Gangs on every block . . .

Refugees by the millions will first beg and then fight their way into every corner of the rich world, demanding asylum in exchange for centuries of plunder. The post World War 2 global order will become a distant memory. An apparition. A long forgotten myth, like Camelot.

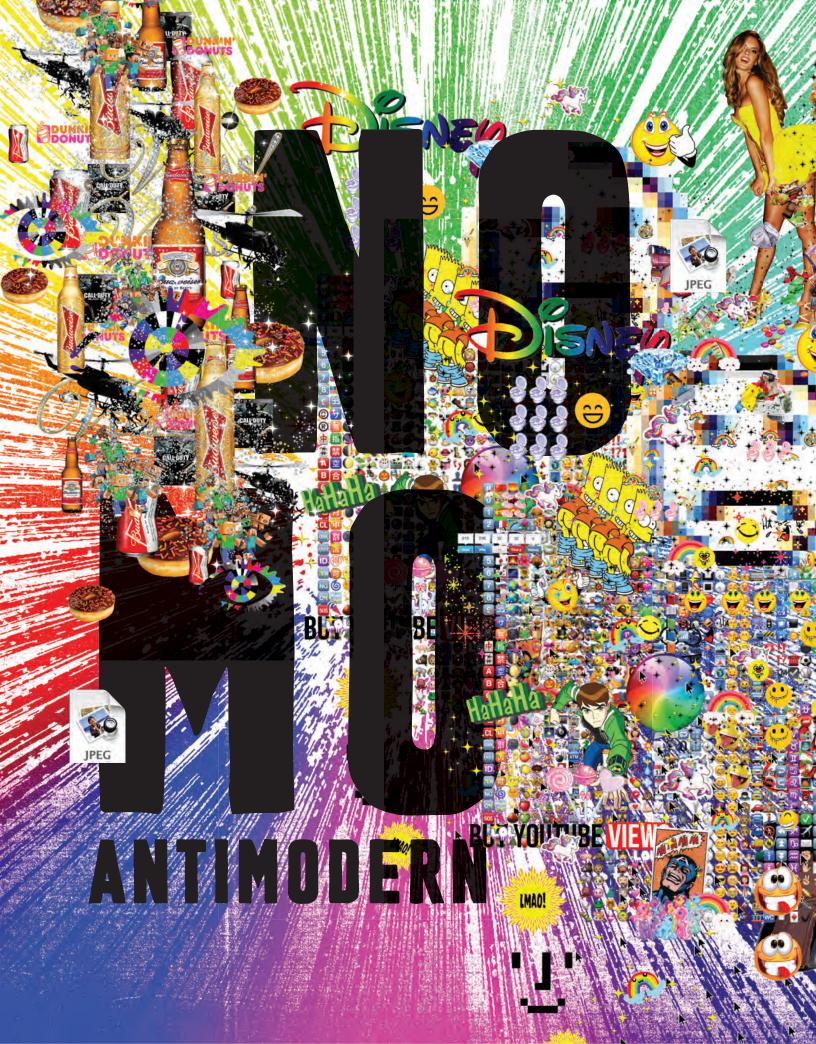
And then a moment of truth: a nuclear exchange between Pakistan and India over water rights to the river Ganges . . . or Iran

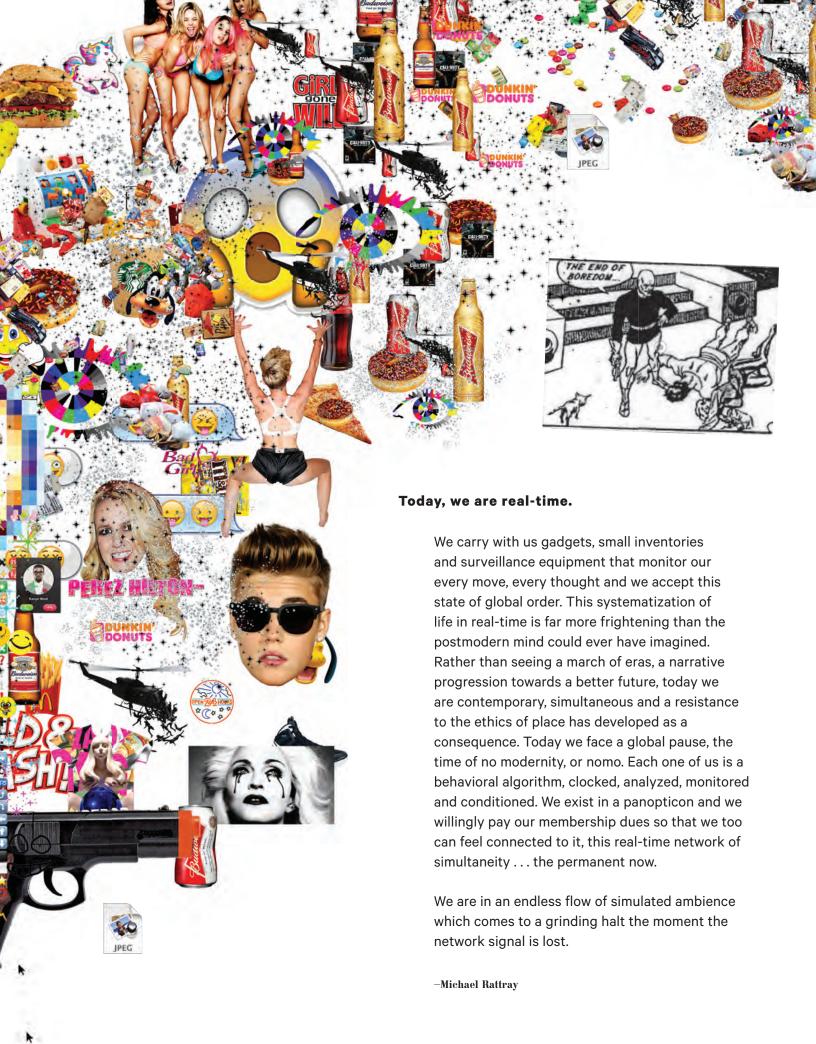
will preemptively strike Israel . . . or China or Russia will clash with Japan or America or some new alliance in the South China Sea. Then the descent truly begins. Anger reaches a new cult status even in the most tranquil minds. All hell breaks loose.

The world as we know it is obliterated. The psychic collapse turns the guts of the West inside out — a pandemic of soul shock from which no one recovers. You won't be able to charge your iPhone anymore, or sip Ethiopian lattes in the morning, or stop marauding gangs from stealing your carrots . . . your bicycle, your car, everything becomes a negotiation. Even your life is up for a debate. Kindness for others is a luxury. There is nowhere to hide. Not in your room. Not in your church. Not in your mind. The mall is closed. The sky has a sinister glare.

Resources are sold by the microgram. Water is the new gold. New myths flourish. Prophets emerge. They speak of a place untouched. Hundreds of millions perish in a global die-off and those who remain slip into a long dark age . . .















It is strange to think how, in spite of so many young artists now playing with digital aesthetics, it was actually Warhol who saw it coming most clearly. The massive shift from depth to surface that Warhol explained with celebrity culture and advertising has now taken hold of language itself and spread across the planet. It's no wonder that since the 1990s, the political, social and economic aspects of artistic production have become increasingly interchangeable and hard to distinguish from one another. Planetary networks have become places of profound confusion and dislocation. We know from the start that we probably won't find what we're looking for, so we learn to search sporadically and asymmetrically just to see where we end up. This might look and feel like drifting and traditional or conservative notions of substance will always try to dismiss its noise, its cat videos and porn, bad techno and bombastic contemporary art. but one should be careful not to underestimate the massive distances being crossed in the meantime.

These distances are themselves very quickly reformatting our consciousness and cognitive capacity to absorb entire worlds made of contradiction—not only in language but far beyond language as well. Some people might already be there: scammers and tricksters, the frazzled post-studio artist and the post-institutional independent militia, political dissidents and unruly journalists who know never to trust their maps. They know that contradictions don't resolve, rather you surf across them using empathy and solidarity, emotional blackmail, jokes, pranks and vanguardism as norm. Our ability to traverse these contradictions may very well become the backbone of the global telecommunications network we used to think was an Internet.

I have this intense longing for balance and harmony within my life and at the same time there's this peculiar thirst for chaos and disorder and this is something I struggle to reconcile. What seems to be on one level two completely opposing states of being is on another level two complimentary sets of circumstances that serve to move forward this endeavor of evolution.

The predicament that we find ourselves in is absolutely unique, not only through the scope of human history but that of the history of this planet. Never before, on this planet, has a life form evolved to the point of such autonomy that we have the ability to either annihilate our entire species, and the rest of life with it, or take part in our evolution.

It is much later than we think and the time for excuses has come and gone. The responsibility lays on us as individuals to take control of our lives and insist on self-definition and the exploration of our humanity.



SLOWMODERN



What is required

is a new imaginary creation of a size unparalled in the past. A creation that would put at the center of human life other significations than the expansion of production and consumption, that would lay down different objectives for life. One that might be recognized by human beings as worth pursuing... Such is the immense difficulty to which we have to face up. We ought to want a society in which economic values and ceased to be central (or unique), in which the economy is put back in its place as a mere means for human life and not as its ultimate end. in which one renounces this mad race toward ever increasing consumption. That is necessary to avoid the definitive destruction of the psychical and moral poverty of contemporary human beings.

But that sort of revolution would require profound changes in the psychological structure of people in the Western world, in their attitude toward life, in short, in their imaginary. The idea that the only goal in life is to produce and consume more is an absurd, humiliating idea that must be abandoned. The capitalist imaginary of pseudo-rational pseudo-mastery, and of unlimited expansion, must be abandoned.



I am a very powerful person

I am to the info age

what engineers were to the age of reason



what scientists were

to the age of reason



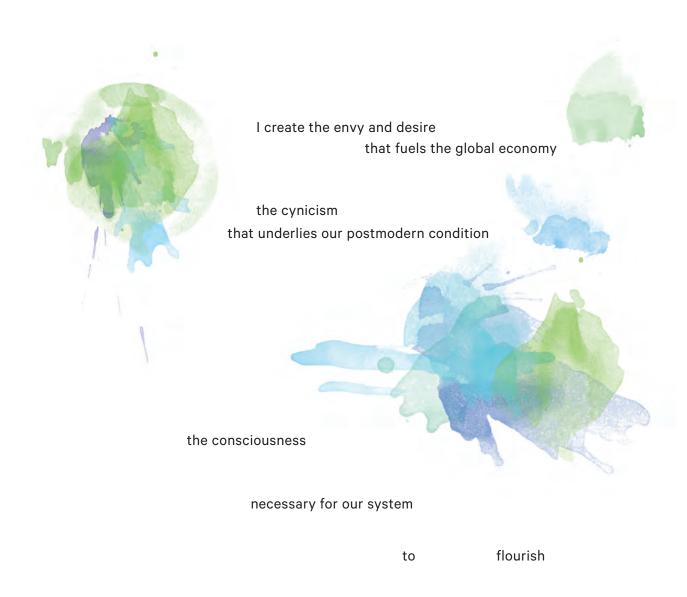
I set the mood of the mental environment

The look and lure of magazines

The tone and pull of tv



the give and take of the net



Kalle Lasn, Design Anarchy

one dream is ending,



another being born

We are tinkerers and smiths working in the waste streams and open spaces of late capitalism, conjuring new practices while redefining life's purpose.

Engaging with technology in creative and experimental ways, Nowtopians are involved in a guerrilla war over the direction of society. In myriad behaviors and in small, "invisible" ways, Nowtopians are making life better right now — but also setting the foundation, technically and socially, for a genuine movement of liberation from market life.

As capitalism continues its inexorable push to corral every square inch of the globe into its logic of money and markets, while simultaneously seeking to colonize our very thoughts and control our desires, and behaviors, new practices are emerging that are redefining politics and opening spaces of unpredictability. Instead of traditional political forms like unions or parties, people are coming together in practical projects.

The same inventiveness and creative genius that gets wrongly attributed to capital and business is being applied to planetary ecology. Acting locally in the face of unfolding global catastrophes (many avoidable were we really to try), friends and neighbors are redesigning many of the crucial technological foundations of modern life. These redesigns are worked out through garage and backyard "research and development" programs among friends using the detritus of modern life. Our contemporary commons takes the shape of discarded bicycles and leftover deep fryer vegetable oil, of vacant lots and open bandwidth. "Really really free markets," anti-commodities, festivals and free service, imaginative products of an anti-economy, provisionally under construction by freely co-operative and inventive people. They aren't waiting for an institutional change from on-high but are getting on with the building the new world in the shell of the old.

A new French law is designed to make products easier to repair, so they stay out of the trash.

Soon, manufacturers in the country will have to repair or replace your gadgets for two years after purchase at no charge.

ZERO PACKAGING

Marta Patel has opened up Portland's Zero, a store that offers products with no packaging at all. Customers bring their own containers and fill them with everything from toothpaste to tahini. The concept is called "pre-cycling" and aims to stop needless packaging waste by not using packaging at all. Similar stores have opened in Austin, London, and Berlin. "this isn't 'reduce, reuse and recycle," says Patel. "This is a revolution. This is refusing to play games at all."

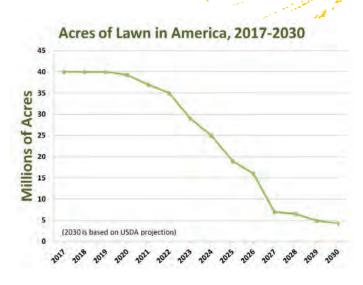
"Fuck those guys," she added.

THE YARDFARMING REVOLUTION

Imagine if suburban, exurban and even small urban plots around the country were converted to yardfarms.

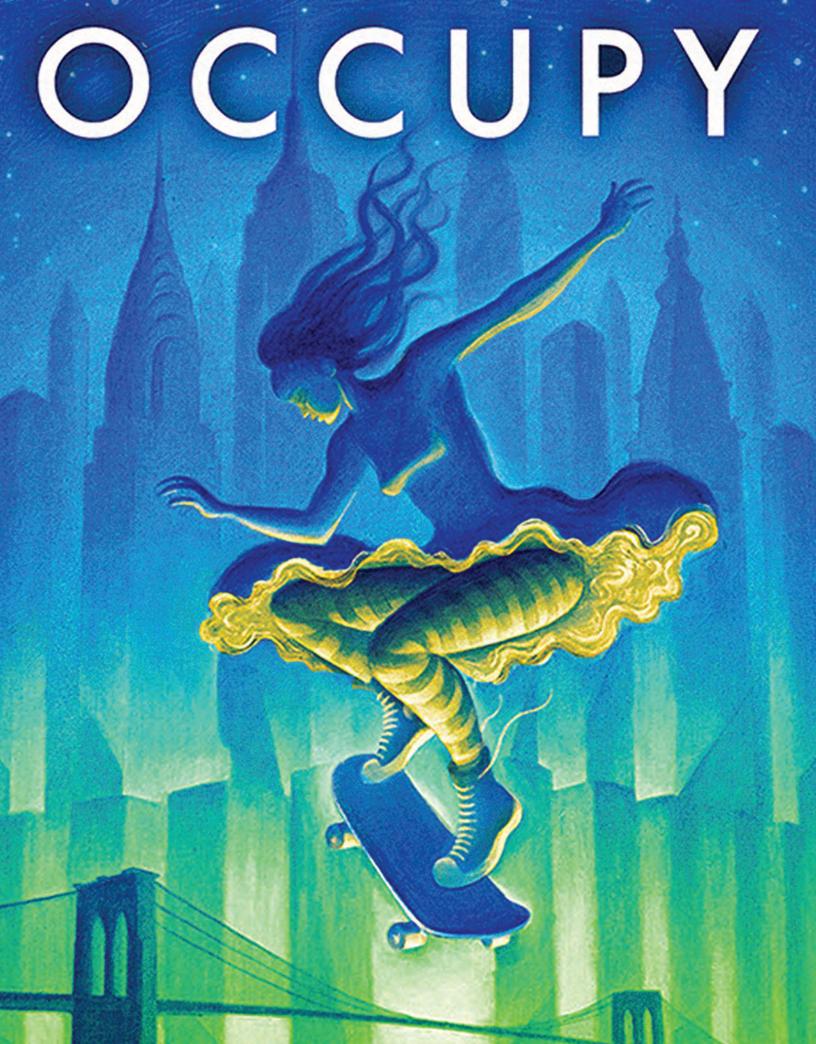
This land could create new livelihoods, food security, community resilience and more biodiverse lands that would absorb water runoff, attract local wildlife and sequester carbon (in the form of richer soils). Moreover it would reduce demand for lawn chemicals and over time reduce demand for industrial food and farming — in turn making it possible for those lands to be rewilded.

While yardfarming isn't easy, it can be highly productive. Just a quarter acre of yard can produce more than 2,000 pounds of fruits and vegetables and provide a six-fold return on every dollar invested.



yardfarmers.us





R L J Z During the second round of the 1974 epic boxing match billed as the *Rumble in the Jungle*, Mohammad Ali leaned extraordinarily far back upon the ropes as George Foreman relentlessly bludgeoned Ali's body and arms. It looked much like the devastating beating Ali took at the hands of Joe Frazier in 1971. Foreman's notoriously powerful punches were sure to do Ali in as he languished on the ropes round after round. But in the eighth — with Foreman's stamina sapped — Ali got off the ropes, and went on the attack, winning the bout with a knockout. He called it the "rope-a-dope."



I feel worked over — not knowing if I can keep up the pace of the caffeine infused all-night drift through a world-wide cataloging of every failure of imagination — large and small — the war, disease, simple stupidity, the latest meme designed to bring a smile all the way to your eyes — brought not only into your living room, but also the kitchen, the bedroom. It seems we're always peering deep into our glowing box, trying to sort out the trouble and hop to the next possible potential of some game-changing inspiration in the incessant production-line flow of recycled mediocrity. But the troubles are never through. The work is never done. That breakthrough — that genius sabot insight never comes.

But the metaphor of production-line work — already passé when McLuhan made us aware of so many similarly irrelevant tropes — is based on psychological responses and concepts conditioned by the former technology — mechanization — of the factory. There is something comforting in the nostalgic ease with which Lucille Ball or Charlie Chaplin revealed the absurdity of Fordist efficiency, the worker as a mere appendage of the machine. Although laughable even then — that was a time in which the worker still had a genuine role to play; being more than an option cheaper than automation. That time is gone.

I feel worked over — not knowing if I can keep up the pace of the caffeine infused all-night drift through a world-wide cataloging of every failure of imagination.

I feel over worked. But I've never worked at the mill. I've never done a 12-hour stint keeping pace with cogs and conveyer belts. I'm not being over worked. I'm being worked over — as we all are — not by a craftwork mechanized pace that drives us to exhaustion — but by an alluring rhythm — a rhythm that can at once lull us into acquiescence while at the same time keeping us off balance — all the better mobilized for each permutation of familiar themes. We are mesmerized by the rhythm of electrostatic transmissions coded through glitches of the cybernetic network and the fragments of old media. Cycling through neoclassic postmodern motifs destructured and reformulated into predictably surprising combinations — this rhythm — this aesthetic — makes us move —and more importantly, buy. Consumers at heart, the rhythm sucks us in and incorporates us more completely than any machine ever could. Somehow thinking that we are breaking free from the autonomic conditioning of a youthful wasteland, we wait in eager anticipation for the next issue of a magazine devoted to the pure form of advertising —though in its pages there is none to be found. It makes our consumer heart skip a beat. Like Victorians who wouldn't dare indulge in such an unsavory act — but nonetheless cannot stop talking about it — we swoon, sway and jerk with the rhythm of the spliced (dis)tasteful image juxtaposed by words of a hopeful, anxious, elliptical cant — breakdown and breakthrough.

I get the breakdown. Where's the breakthrough? We talk and all the while we're being worked over. And this is no massage. This is a beat down. In the expanded edition of his vintage Politics and Vision, Sheldon Wolin argued that the particular rhythm of our contemporary aesthetic has been put to expert use by the new corporate form of governance he called "inverted totalitarianism". Perhaps Wolin really put his finger on our fatal flaw when he suggested that the "cascades of 'critical theory' and their postures of revolt, and the appetite for theoretical novelty, function as support rather than opposition" to capitalism, because this sort of frenetic, syncopated, decentering only "encourages its rhythms." Like a prizefighter — agile, yet made of solid, consolidated muscle. The centralized corporate entity gets in step with our fancy footwork — bobs and weaves into every new channel of communication and community, coopts every sophistication of critique, adopts the most non-hierarchical, horizontal stance of organization and deployment — moving with the rhythm - adapting the rhythm to its own purpose - waiting for the opportunity to unload its notoriously devastating punch

— coming in on the trash talker of dissent — Muhammad Ali stumbling back on the ropes, body blow after wicked body blow — pummeled — worked over completely.

I don't want to go down on the ropes. Where's the rope-a-dope? Where's the rope-a-dope?!

- Rodney Swearengin is a student of mathematics and philosophy in Long Beach, California.



Last April, 21-year-old German activist Josephine Witt

slipped through security and threw confetti onto some of Europe's most notorious bankers, including European Central Bank President Mario Draghi. The moment of creative resistance was a spontaneous and colorful interruption in the dreary world of finance. Witt, wearing a shirt that demanded an end to the "Dick-tatorship," captured global headlines with her boundary-pushing act of protest. She was obviously having a lot of fun.





IN ORDER FOR CAPITALISM TO WORK, WE MUST BE CAREFULLY GROOMED TO PLAY THE GAME.

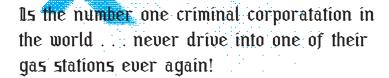
Compliance: reward! Heteronormativity: reward! Following the priest: reward! Silky hair: reward! Making money for other people: reward! Already having money: reward! Buying a shiny car: bonus! We're promised if we play by the rules, God and country will shine upon us. Because those who've won the game, and accumulated a few dozen houses along the way, got there by playing well.

I'm 31 and have been trying to figure out this planet since I was a naively shocked 12-year-old learning most children here go hungry. I read the books I wasn't supposed to read and ruined family dinners talking about racism and cried over the state of Iraq in the shower. The one thing I've figured out for certain is this game was rigged long before I arrived. Those meticulously crafted rules were written by cheaters, upheld by patriarchs claiming to speak for a pale-skinned god, and enforced by heavily armed dudes with freaky surveillance equipment. The game I've been asked to play is on a playground ruled by terrorists, with secretive prisons overseas and poisoned wells and only treats for the kinds of kids you'd never want to be friends with.

Still, by way of proving myself worthy of inheriting some of these spoils, I'm asked to comb my hair, smile nicely and petition for the privilege of having my labor exploited by crafting exquisitely boring cover letters. I should shut up, sit down, and only ask very very nicely that the big men don't let all the tigers become extinct, and not too furiously rip this planet apart from limb to limb. Because as a good child of God and state, I can never suggest that their game is stupid, mean and in absolutely no way any fun.

I carefully fold the *New York Times* and finish drinking my tea. What the big men don't anticipate is a lot of us are ready to stop combing our hair. As our parents made no significant dent on the diseased systems into which they birthed us, we have no choice but to stop being their obedient sons and daughters. Our defeat is nearly certain. The only thing more unbearable is our complacency.

- Maureen K. Doll, Waunakee, U.S.A.



The white people work in a ghost state and constantly swallow the wind of factory and machine fumes. The fumes go into their noses, their mouth and eyes, and stick to their hair. This is why white people are so sick. Their doctors may open their chests, stomach or eyes but it does not help them. The sperm of the fathers whose flesh is tainted by this epidemic smoke become sick and their children are born in bad shape.

- Davi Kopenawa, Yampmami Shaman







made \$21.5 million last year. The average Starbucks worker made \$9.6 per hour. It would take them 1048 years to reach Howard's level.



ExxonMobil CEO Rex Tillerson made \$33 million last year. Exxon gas station attendants make \$9.03 per hour. It would take them 1751 years to reach Rex's level.

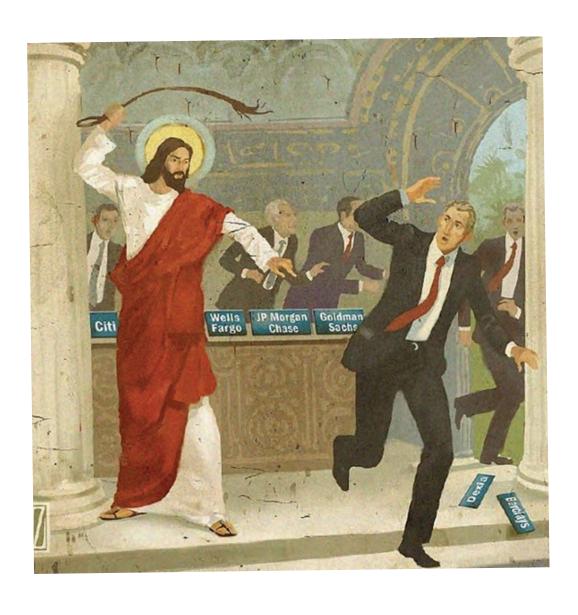


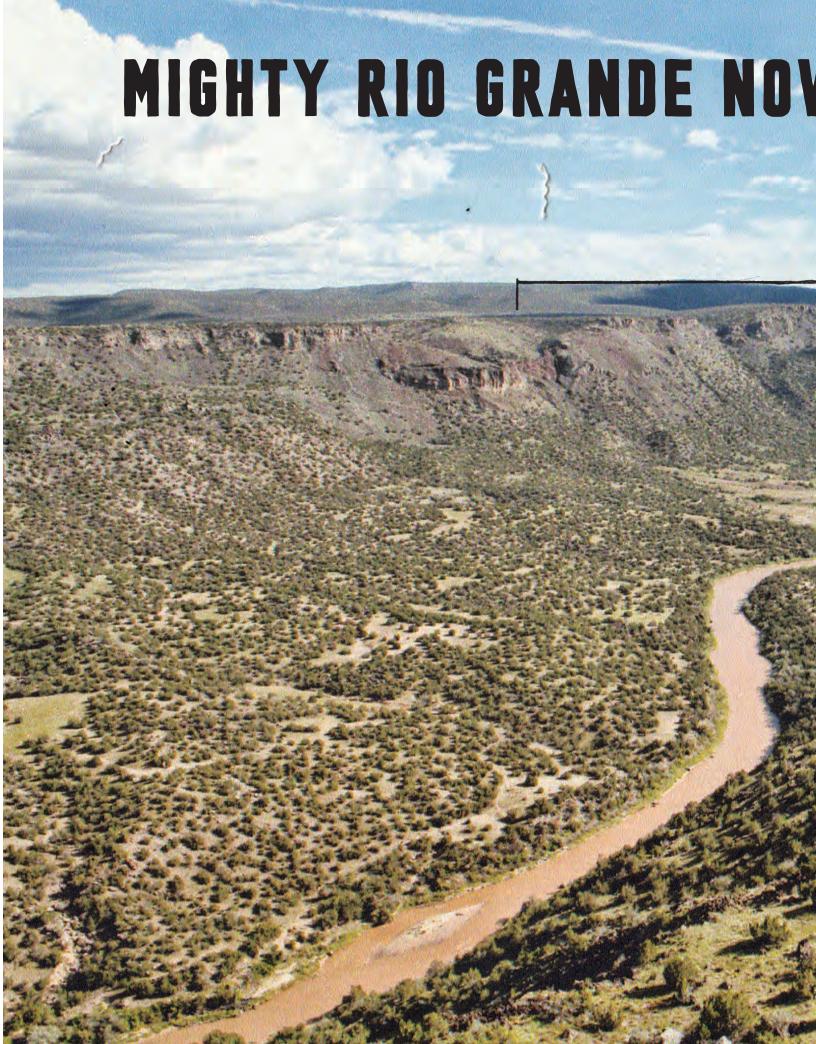
Nike CEO Mark Parker made \$14.53 million last year. Vietnamese Nike worker make 34 cents per hour. It would take them 20,435 years to reach Mark's level.



HEY WILD ONES, SEND US YOUR TRUE STORIES, HEARTFELT LETTERS, OUTRAGEOUS RANTS, EXTREME ARTWORKS AND SUBLIME POETRY TO IGNITE CHANGE, INSPIRE ACTION AND TOUCH THE REBEL IN OUR HEARTS.

EDITOR@ADBUSTERS.ORG ARTDIRECTOR@ADBUSTERS.ORG

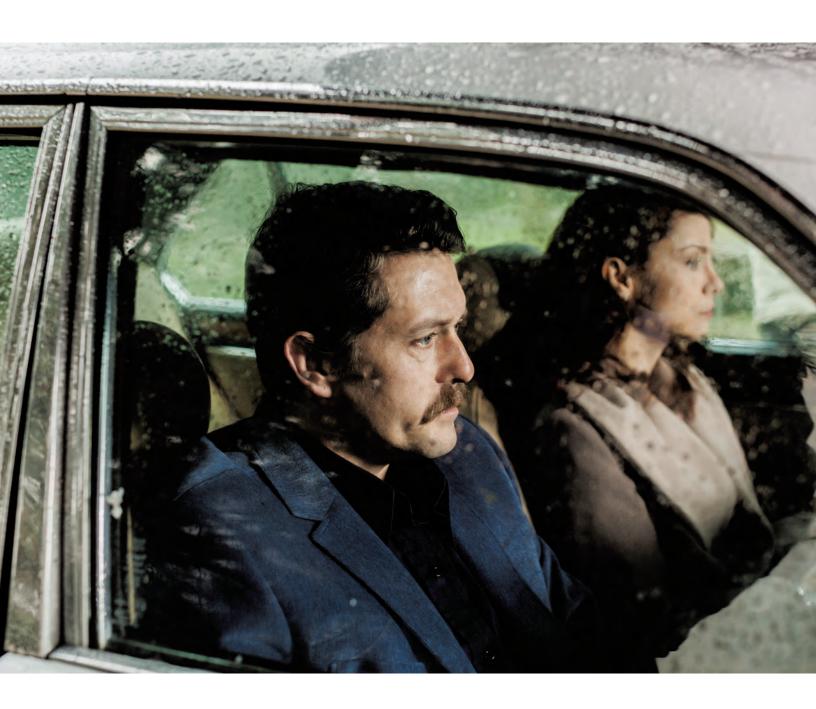






The world as a theatre for experiment has existed for only 40,000 years. Of those, the western variant has been with us for only 250 years, and in that speck of time more has been done to destroy the conditions for life than in whole of the preceding 39,750.

MY DAD SAYS
THAT IF WE DESTROY
THIS PLANET, WE CAN
ALWAYS MOVE TO
GOOGLE EARTH



As the dream of a utopian future somewhere out there among the stars joins the imaginary paradises of the other civil religions on the compost heap of history, older sources of value, meaning and purpose will have to be updated, or new ones invented, to respond to the immense transformations that will accompany the end of the Industrial Age.

It's almost impossible to overstate the impact these tectonic shifts will have on contemporary

culture. Ideas, institutions and ways of life forged in an era of prolonged economic contraction and environmental blowback. As they collapse, other ideas, institutions and ways of life will have to be found and deployed, and that work of rebuilding will have to be done amid the stresses and unpredictable impacts of a troubled time. It's a harrowing task and the one source of reassurance I know is that the other human societies, in other ages, have managed the same thing within the hard limits of the resources, opportunities and wisdom available to them at the time.

Seen from another perspective, however – the perspective of the emerging religious sensibility — the time ahead of us takes on a different meaning. At the heart of the older sensibility that's now guttering out around us was a daring, if not necessarily wise, attempt to break free of the natural world entirely so that humanity could launch itself beyond all limitations and break through into eternity and infinity. The religions, the intellectual movements and ultimately the superlative technological achievements of Western civilization were all pressed into service in making that attempt.

In a certain very limited sense, that effort succeeded. A modest number of human beings were tossed briefly outside the atmosphere and circled around our planet for a while before returning home, while a handful went further still, to stand on the surface of the Moon or orbit through the void surrounding it. Their voyages may well provide our descendants with a powerful symbol of the subtler but equally real journey of billions of people in the world's industrial societies, who managed to talk themselves, for a while, into believing that they were outside nature, superior to it, waiting only for some final dramatic change – spiritual, social, technological, or some blending of the three – to bring ordinary existence to a close forever.

In a deeper sense, though, the grand attempt to transcend the human condition forever has been a resounding flop and its failure has brought harsh consequences to the biosphere that supports us and to our own humanity. The task before us at this point in the turning of time's wheel, though, is prefigured by those short journeys outside the atmosphere that simultaneously fulfilled and betrayed the dream of the space age, that strange cultural phenomenon

that briefly loaded hopes of transcendence onto a collection of rocketry. Once the astronauts had finished gathering rocks, taking photos and pursuing their other chores on the Moon, the remainder of their journey beckoned: not a leap further outward through some bleaker void to some yet more desolate destination, but the simple task of returning to the living planet they had so briefly left behind.

That same task awaits the people of the world's industrial nations today. We have taken the old quest to break free from nature and the human condition very nearly as far as our considerable technological powers would permit, and in the process, created landscapes – spiritual, cultural and in some places physical as well – very nearly as bleak as the Moon's silent and airless wastes. Whether that was a good idea or a bad one, a choice or a necessity, a triumph or a terrible failure, is ultimately less relevant than the fact that the effort has run its course.

A different quest calls us now, murmuring through the emerging religious sensibility of our age, rising stark before us in the cold gray dawn of a world after progress: to return to the living Earth and come to know it again as the whole of which each of us is a part. After all our wanderings, it is time to come home.

John Michael Greer, After Progress





Your friend calls you and says he needs a ride to the airport next week.

He's helped you a lot in the past and you don't think twice about saying yes. When the day comes, you pick him up in your car and drive together, alternating between chatting and singing along, badly, to the radio. You drop him off at the gate, give him a hug and wish him well on his trip. He offers to pay for gas, but you shake your head and say he can cook you dinner when he gets back instead. He smiles and takes his bag into the terminal. You wave and get back into your car.

You come to that dinner a few months later. The smell of food fills his apartment. As you wait for the dish to finish in the oven, he talks about his trip: all the places he went and the people he met. He said that a friend of someone he met there has been backpacking in this area and will be staying on his couch for a week or two. It was the least he could do, he said, after they treated him so well when he was there. A timer goes off and your friend goes to the oven to remove dinner. About an hour later, you're both stuffed and, looking at what's left, realize that he probably made way too much food. A conversation about food waste bubbles up and soon your friend gets an idea.

Your friend knocks on his neighbor's door while you hold the tin of way-too-many leftovers. The neighbor opens up and your friend explains that he made more food than he could ever eat before it would spoil and so was wondering if she wanted some. She smiles and gets a tupperware that your friend fills up, she asks the two of you to come in for some wine, which you both eagerly accept. It's tart and strong and refreshing. You stay for about 15 minutes and talk about cooking. After leaving, you and your friend repeat this with more of his neighbors until the leftovers are all gone, though you're not exactly empty-handed: you have a small pie from one neighbor, a loaned book from another, two bottles of beer from a third, and a bunch of fresh basil from the forth, all given without any prompting or expectations, and accepted not as payment or exchange but as an expression of goodwill reflecting that which your friend sent to them.

What you witnessed that night is technically called "community", but it's something so fundamental to the human experience and so foundational to human well-being that even those without the word would recognize it for what it is: social relations for the sake of social relations, the benefits coming not as part of some market mechanism but from simple human connections, the very thing that allowed

humans to survive without the teeth and claws that other creatures enjoyed. It's something that has sustained us before the capitalist economic system was even conceived of.

Because of this, it doesn't follow the logic of the market, the ruthlessness and greed that give meaning and horror, to the capitalist system. It follows, instead, the logic of solidarity and friendship – it cannot be turned into a stock, it cannot be sold in stores, and it cannot be hawked on an infomercial. Indeed, that is the point. And it is because of this that the capitalist system finds it so threatening and why it works so hard to dismantle it.

While capitalism has always produced alienation, the rise of the so-called "sharing" economy, facilitated through smartphone apps and fueled by mountains of venture capital, is the apotheosis of the system's war against the non-economic sphere. You can share cars, apartments, even meals with the touch of a button. It promises to take power away from the large corporations and put it into the hands of the individual, turning a top-down command economy into a peer-to-peer networked one. In reality, however, it is nothing more than capitalism rebranding itself. Having studied complaints about it with all the seriousness of a market researcher, it has launched the same old product in a bright, shiny new package, the New Coke of economic systems. Don't believe it. The end goal is the same as it always was: profit.

The rhetoric surrounding these "services" is nothing more than a cover for capitalism's direct colonization of our social interactions, our personal relationships becoming nothing more than one more means of production for some far off executive congratulating himself for a job well done. No longer content with monopolizing our physical world, it has now turned to our social relations as well, seeking to reduce something fundamental to who we are into a line item on a balance sheet.

Under this system, getting a ride to the airport, staying at someone's house when traveling, cooking meals and sharing leftovers, are actions undertaken not in the name of friendship and camaraderie but as an impersonal economic transaction. The "sharing" economy is nothing of the sort – it is a way for companies to get people to do their work without having to deal with things like wages or benefits. It's a way to build a hotel empire without having to build any actual hotels; it's how you

make money off selling food without making, or even buying any yourself; it's a fleet of taxis without having to deal with things like fuel costs, liability insurance and licensing (not to mention ornery unions). At best, it should be called a renting economy. The participants take on all the work and all the risk. All the companies do is provide the connections, something that can easily be done for free, and has been for centuries and yet, for some reason, the people who create these services are praised as innovators. It is a parasitic relationship that masquerades as symbiosis.

The tragedy of all this is that it has turned an idea with revolutionary potential into one more manifestation of the dominant economic paradigm, a top-down structure where anything outside the bottom line is, at best, a secondary concern best dealt with after the quarterly earnings report comes out, so as not to spook the investors. It's like if someone invented the steam engine and the only thing people used it for was to get wrinkles out of shirts, for a hefty price. We shouldn't really be surprised about this, though. This is what capitalism does: it expands and absorbs anything it touches. It has to grow, or it will die. It constantly needs new things to monetize, to commercialize, to turn into products that it can feed its captive global market, and so when it begins running out of other things to make money off of, why not turn to our social relations? At this rate, nowhere and nothing and no one will be free of its influence, to rise above the status of a commodity.

There is still a chance to preserve this one last bulwark against the hungry market, however, while the "sharing" economy is growing, it has yet to surpass the size of the real sharing economy, the old connections we share and the new ones we make every day. We must discard parasitism disguised as sharing and promote mutual aid and solidarity; networks of people that can sustain themselves and each other outside the ruthless logic of market relations. We must share food, not because we can make some money, but because we care about each other. We must share rooms, not because we have aspirations of becoming some mini-entrepreneur, but because we value our connections. We must open up to new relationships, not because they present more opportunities for monetization, but because we want to reverse the alienation and isolation that has been foisted on us by a cruel and uncaring economic system. We must not allow the last refuge from rapacious market relations to

fall to capitalism, turning even our most intimate relationships into something with a calculable dollars-and-cents value that can be bought and sold like a used car.

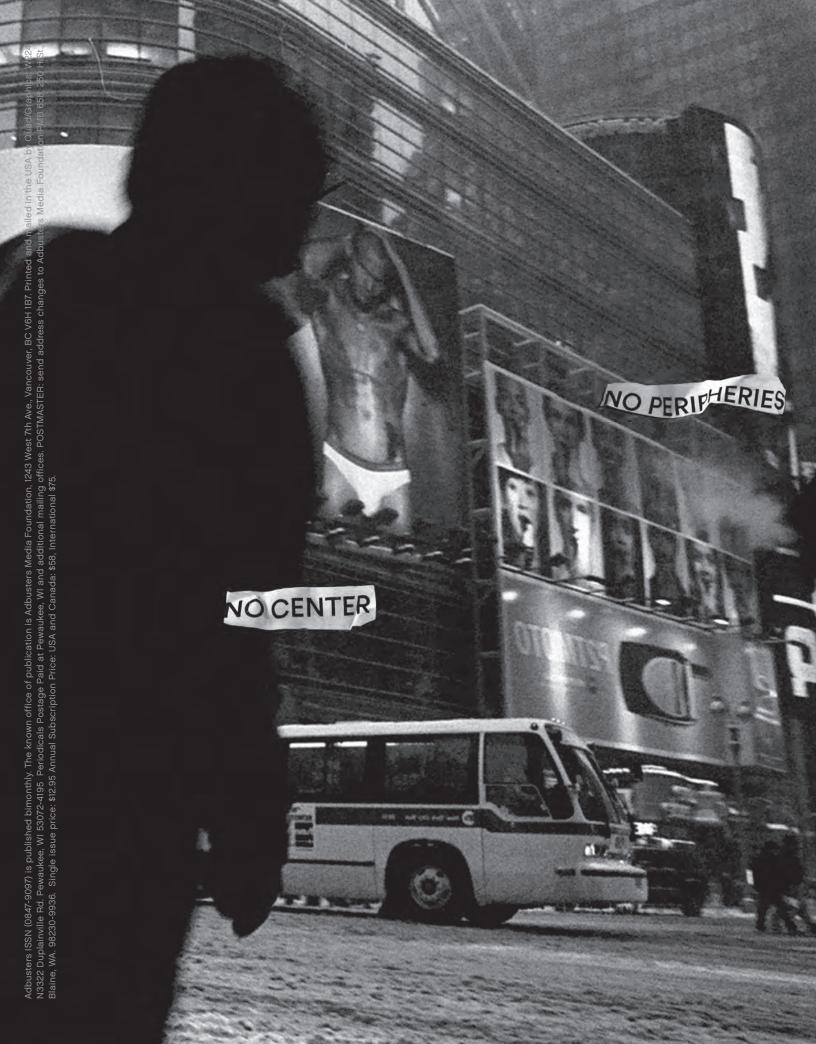
This battle presents unique opportunities for resistance, because it is one that is largely decoupled from the physical world. They are fighting us on the ground of our personal relationships and it is here that we, not they, have the home field advantage. We can fight and we can win, as long as we have our friends.







NO END NO BEGINNING







MAY LOVE

REVOLUTION RISE

FROM THE ASHES

OF THIS DYING

CIVILIZATION....



Revolution... is at once the most tragic and redeeming social experience. It is what societies do instead of committing suicide, when the alternatives are exhausted and all the connections that bind men's lives in familiar patterns are cut.