



POLITICS IS NOT A BANANA

organ of the pox populi

*“Who can shit on a fallen adversary who, dying,
eats the shit and screams with joy?”*

WILLIAM BURROUGHS NAKED LUNCH

The INSTITUTE for EXPERIMENTAL FREEDOM
ONLINE POLITICISNOTABANANA.COM

Politics Is Not a Banana is a couple locked in a bedroom, wearily faking orgasms so their housemates will leave them alone long enough that they can finish their latest text on **FUCKING**. Think that's insulting? Try out the allegory with **INSURRECTION** in place of **SEX**!

Unfortunately, zones of indistinction and the abolition of the self mean that just about anybody can inhabit the position of an apolitical banana. You can too. **BETTER YET, YOU COULD**

Shake in your ~~sweatshirts~~ track suits, bureaucrats! Invalids suffering from a pre-Bötzingger complex! Ne'er-do-wells and ne'er-do-betters!

We say
**INDEFATIGABLE
NONSENSE! HELL,
DEATH, and the
HECATOMB!**



**She had learned to
decant her seizures of
feeling into theatrical
performances.**

**Lions and tigers can
HAVE SEX and PRODUCE
OFFSPRING! A liger is the hy-
brid offspring of a male lion
and a tigress. A tigon is the hy-
brid offspring of a male tiger
and a lioness. A vortex is AN**

**AUTONOMOUS MATERIAL
FORCE: ¹ OF IDEAS
HELLBENT TO
ABOLITION OF
AND EVERYBODY CONTRA
MUNDUM**

Capital in process is capital in constant movement; it capitalizes everything, assimilates everything and makes it its own substance. Having become autonomous, it is "reified form" in movement. It becomes intangible. It revitalizes its being—that vast metabolism which absorbs ancient exchanges or reduces them to exchanges of a biological type—by despoiling all human beings in their varied activities, however fragmented these may be: this is why capital pushes human beings to engage in the most diverse activities. It is *humanity* that is exploited.



Wouldn't
Tzara's hand
picking words
from a hat
tremble if he
knew that their
confusion
would become
the confusion
of the world?

**Wouldn't Tzara's
hand, picking
words from a
hat, tremble if he
knew that their
confusion would
become the
confusion of the
world?**

an *impotenza*, as it were,
of degeneration & deterioration

POLITICS IS NOT A BANANA

organ of the pox populi



"If I don't know the meaning of a language, I will be a barbarian to he who speaks it, and he who speaks to me will be a barbarian."

Paul *First Corinthians*

Little do you know, mothers and fuckers – we are **BANANABARIANS!** you don't catch our meaning, it is because for once *we don't mean business* – but something else entirely! We don't intend to be assimilated or rehabilitated. **MEAN** is not something we *do* – it is something we **ARE!**¹

1 This is how, especially after 1945, the proletariat as revolutionary class outlived itself: through this myth.

Protista and Protoctista! *Protist politics are dead!* "Active cultures" are now found in the very *yoghourt* of the bourgeoisie. Better the pure virus of **INSURRECTION!**

Viral vs. bacterial for *world domination!*

Enough of activism, of atavism – of *liberté, égalité, activité!* The old tricolor, the senile tripartite motto, the try-hard party of trepidation! The *Epipedobates tricolor* is a dangerous motherfucking frog – phantasmal poison frogs are among the most toxic frogs in the world! **LETHAL MOTHER FUCKERS! LIKE US!**

2 Both the mystifying-mystified reality as well as the previously mystified reality have to be destroyed. The mystification is only "visible" if one breaks (without illusions about the limitations of this break) with the representations of capital. Marx's work is very important for this break. But it contains a major flaw: it fails to explain the whole magnitude of the mystification because it does not recognize the run-away of capital.

Anarchist? We don't eat garbage – *we set it on fire!* Sound familiar, anyone? Anarcheologists – you're knee deep in the desert with a toothbrush and a trowel! "The new world is out here somewhere!"² But *so what!* **WE UNFRIEND YOU ALL! HAHA!**

Enough of talk! Critique discourse discussion! *Enough of action too!* We can **INSURRECT OUR INSURRECTION** without

3 Slime against concrete/refusal of responsibility and command against capital/life against work/wishes against need/the planning-antiplanning dead end.

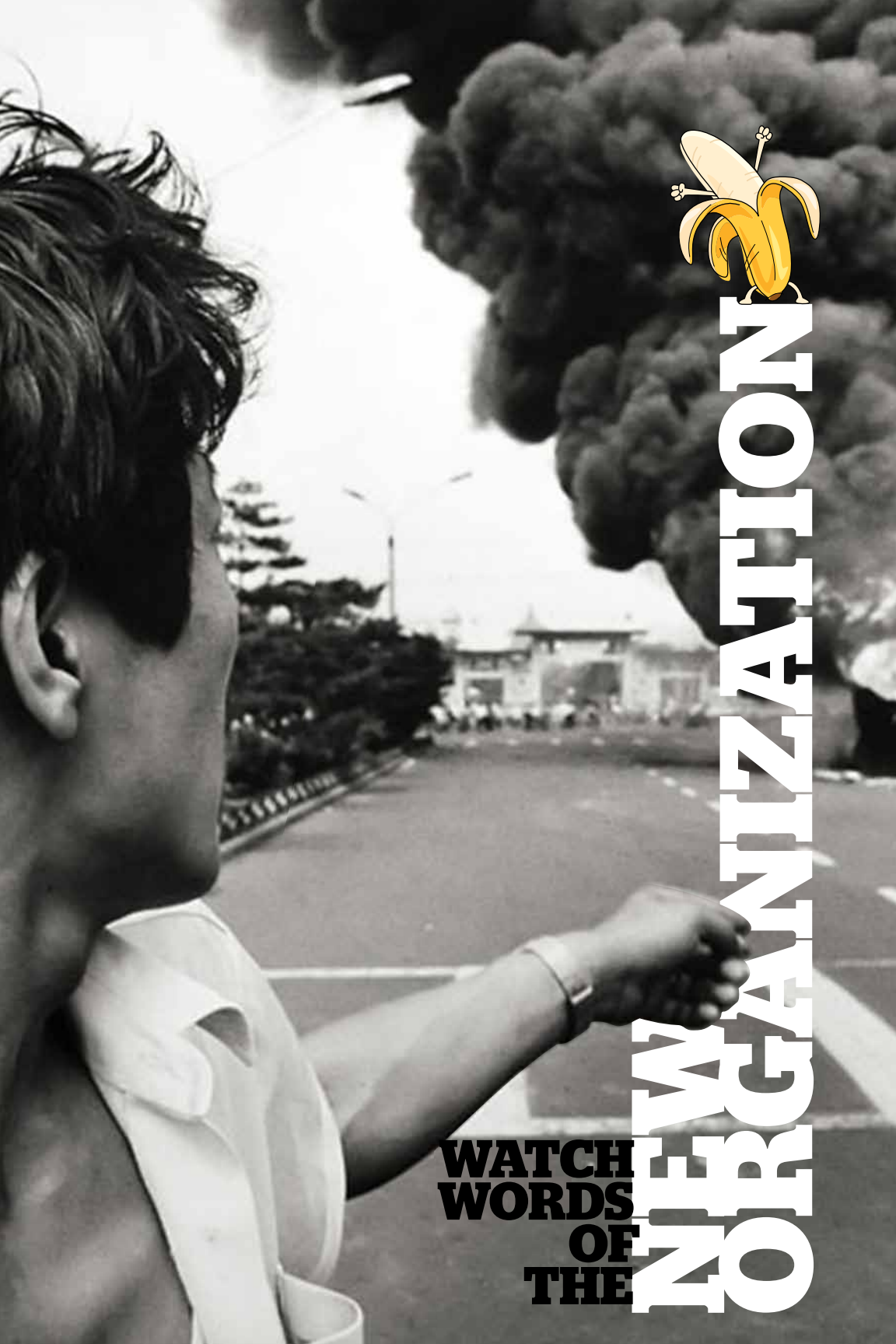
AMPHIBOL(O)GY—A phrase or sentence that is grammatically ambiguous: "*Last night I shot a burglar in my pajamas.*"

FAILURE TO ELUCIDATE—The definition is harder to understand than the term being defined: *Someone is lascivious if and only if he is wanton. An object is beautiful if and only if it is aesthetically successful.*

need of either! Delay delays! *Oh, I'm going to **BLOW IT UP! BUT NOT RIGHT FUCKING NOW!*** Likewise henceforth heretofore-after we can **DESTROY OUR DESTRUCTION** – isn't that better than having to do *anything at all!*

But everybody knows all this already.³ All this! All ready?

What's next?



WATCH
WORDS
OF
THE

NEW ORGANIZATION

All that has been, has been transcended – all that is, is good. But what is better? That which is about to be. Step lively now, comrades! Step forward, and behold – the **NEW ORGANIZATION**.

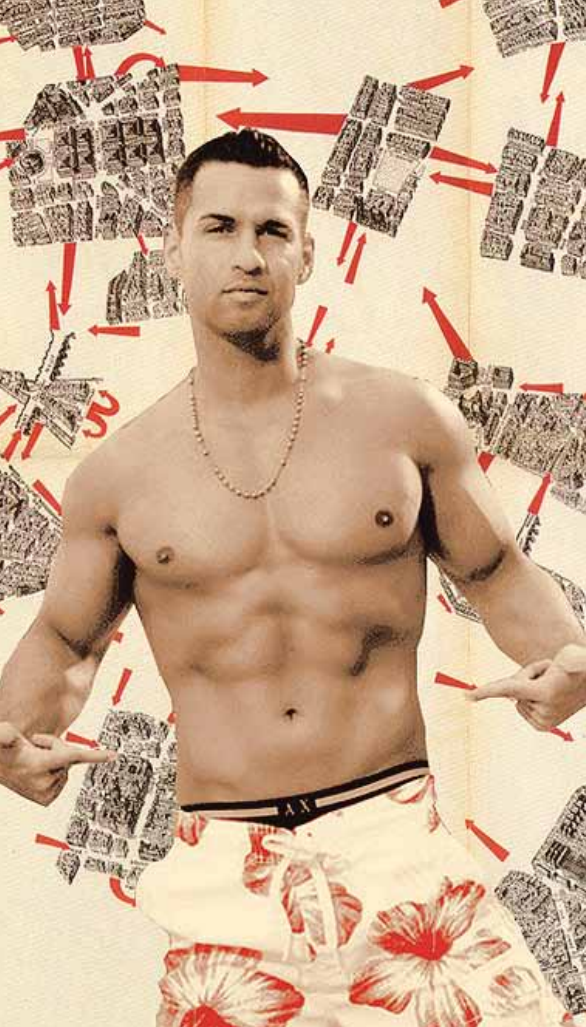
The **NEW ORGANIZATION** needn't be an *organization* – increasingly, it needs *not to be* one, to be taken seriously¹. This needn't inhibit all manner of rhetoric about *the party*², however noxious history has shown *parties* to be. Everyone knows the sweeter the rhetoric, the less pressing to follow it up with action! And the dictators of the old days are deposed; they have lost their teeth, and one may joke about them again – may even playfully try out their teeth *in one's own mouth*.

The **NEW ORGANIZATION** proposes a new organization of life – like the Dadaists, like the Futurists, like the Zenithists, like the Surrealists, like the Lettrists and the Situationists and the Autonomists and innumerable others who never earned their own *ism*. But *new*, of course. And nothing at all like those fucking artists and politicians!

By virtue of being *new*, the **NEW ORGANIZATION** has never foundered, never erred – therefore, self-evidently, it is infallible and invincible. All who *really* want to CHANGE LIFE, LIVE WITHOUT DEAD TIME, BUILD THE WAR MACHINE, etc. should flock to its unsullied banner.

Thus the **NEW ORGANIZATION** undertakes first of all to heap muck upon its predecessors, beginning with its progenitors – only the **NEW ORGANIZATION** knows the way. Those who came before are fools! Those who do not *flock* are fools! We have a *new theory*, a new approach heretoneverbefore attempted!

Other organizations, other currents, are competitors – but this is beside the point. Merely *continuing to exist* is suspect, for if one is *continuing* how can one participate in the **NEW ORGANIZATION**? How delicious to be in the ranks of the ultramodern, encamped at the very forefront of history, peering towards the horizon! How thrilling to ride



1 “One can no longer hold that there is a class which represents future humanity, and *a fortiori* there is no party, no group; there can be no delegation of power.”

JACQUES CAMATTE
The Wandering of Humanity

“We still need an object, the party, to envision the communist society.”

2 BORDIGA

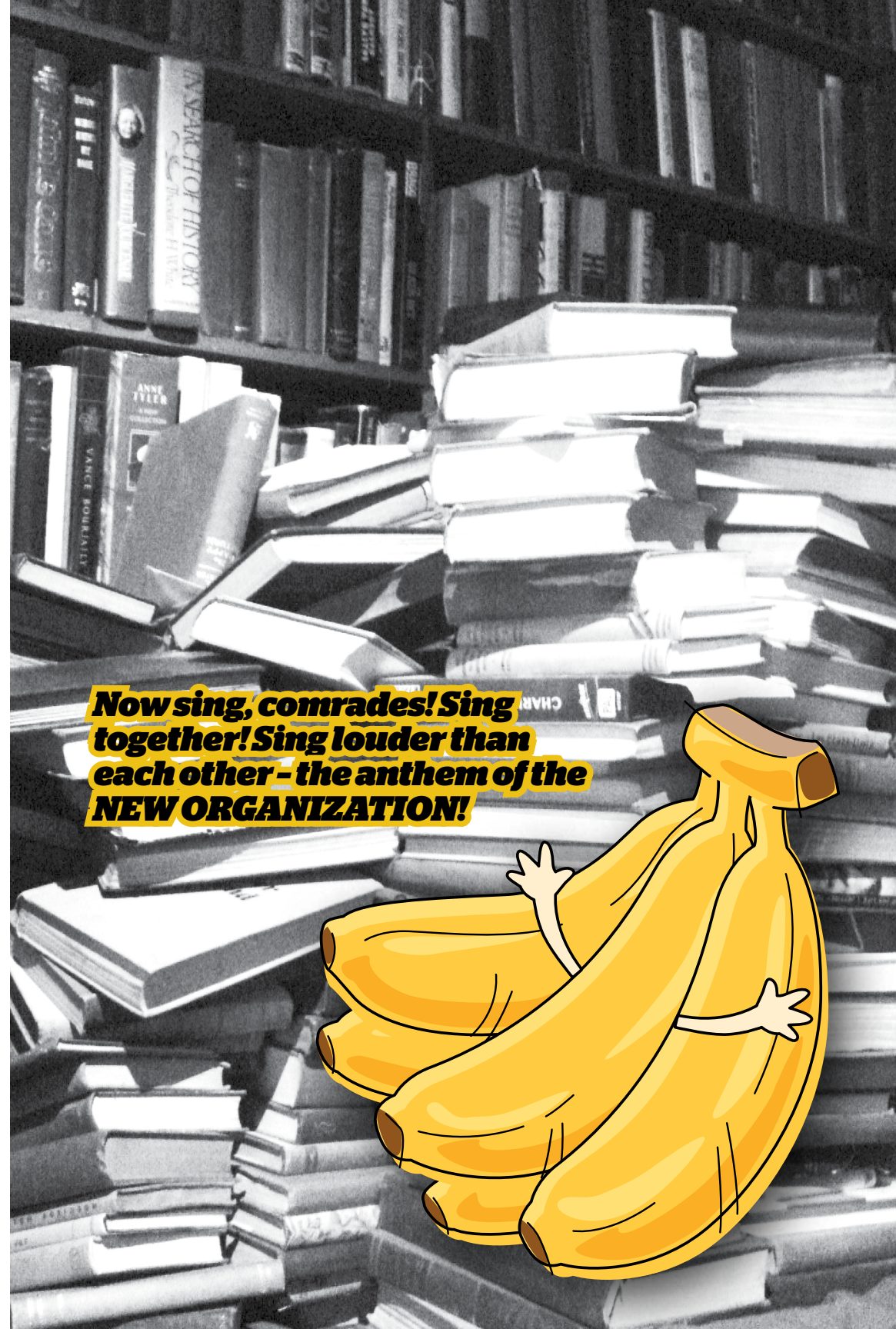
*Hotblooded horses, hooves hitting
The ground galloping to a savage rhythm.
Cramped hospitals moan.
City churches – streets and cathedrals
celebrate Easter
1921.*

Nineteen-twenty-fucking-one.

~~The **NEW ORGANIZATION** is doomed to fail, representing, despite all pretensions, little more than the adolescence of the latest generation.~~

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? WHAT ANTI-INTELLECTUAL CLAPTRAP! SHUT THE FUCK UP!

When it does, no matter – there will be another **NEW ORGANIZATION**. Break camp, regroup, rewrite history, and *repeat as needed!*



Now sing, comrades! Sing together! Sing louder than each other - the anthem of the NEW ORGANIZATION!

ON IDENTITY

(Socrates, the greatest of them, proclaimed: "I am not Athenian; I am a ... "terror.")

soluble narwhals in a sea of oppression



APRIL 15, WORLD DAY OF STEALING SOMETHING FROM EMPLOY

STEAL
SOME
THING
FROM
WORK
DAY
4/15

I present a small initiative we should support everyone – I'll not only in word but rather *in thing* as well!

It is not an issue of critique but I cannot deny that it is a noble and just cause. I'll take that as a small tribute and symbolic victory. Think of the characters in *Office Space* (1999) bursting the copier!

“Something bad must have work or else the rich would have grabbed.”

F. MARIO A. MORENO CANTINFLAS

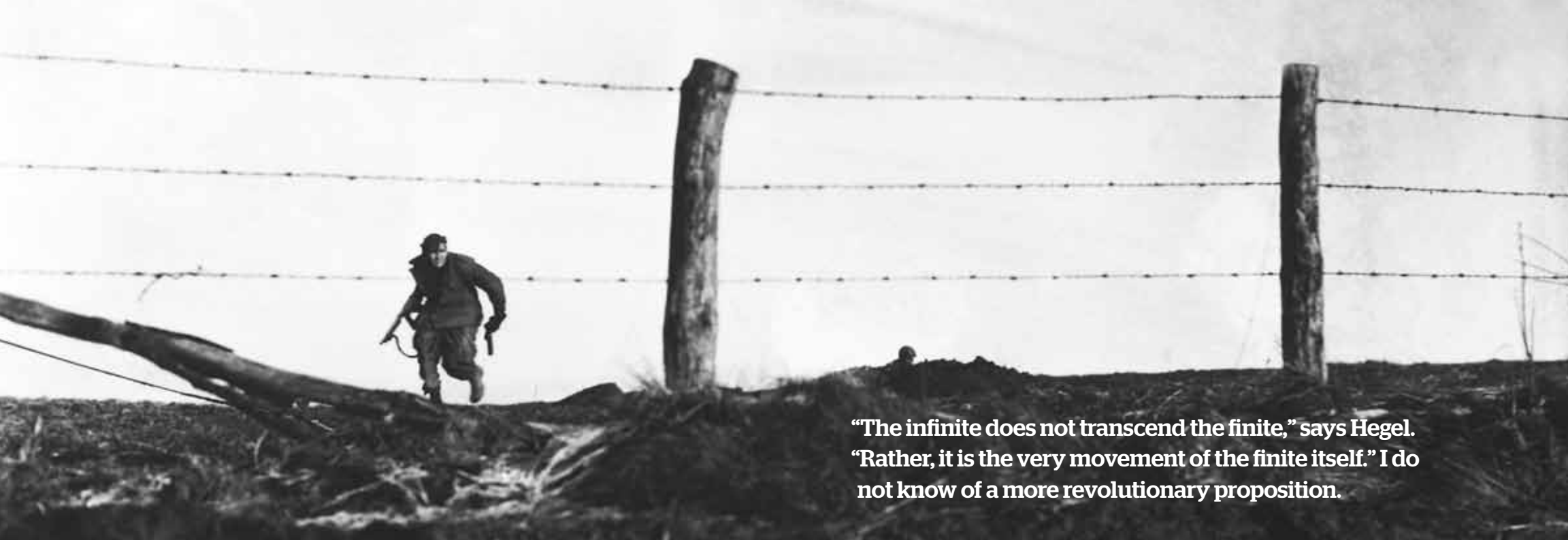
Damn, *and generally unhappy robs you of life*. Make it seem like you really live for him and not work to live! It robs the forces you should invest to enjoy all this time, who knows why, experience has touched you in this world. So among other things this is a vale of tears and days worked.

Work disorienting you. Enslaves you. Alienates you. You tired. You disgusting. It makes getting up early. I fuck with both loose climbs. I kill that batch shit coffee and eating makes you fucking evil. You down. It gives you headaches for things that should be crap.

Let's say, throwing high, our average life is 75 years and working lives go more or less from 25 to 65. That leaves 40 years of corral, with 40 working weeks each (say 12 weeks of vacation, it's not bad, right?). And 40 hours to give the corn each... Tclac-clack-clack (sound of keys)... My calculator says that in total are 64,000 hours for a total of 657,000 lived, which means (if I'm wrong) than **the most optimistic of cases the work robs us 10% of our life**. The worst case calculation you'd better not, right?

Now, do you think then just steal a little something from employ? Man, I know it's silly but sometimes it comes in handy realize these things.

As for me I'll take some souvenirs!



“The infinite does not transcend the finite,” says Hegel. “Rather, it is the very movement of the finite itself.” I do not know of a more revolutionary proposition.

In the Orson Welles film of Kafka’s *The Trial*, Joseph K. announces to his lawyer that henceforward he intends to conduct his own defense, because he, the lawyer, supports and partakes of the bureaucratic system that is persecuting K. The lawyer retorts, “You are signing your own death warrant.” I met with a comparable response when I decided to give up chemotherapy: “You can’t do without us! You’ll be back!” and so on. In other words, “You are signing your own death warrant.”

One does not take such a decision and then revert quietly to the routine of everyday life. It provides the moment, rather, to retrieve the unity of one’s life and history, rejoin one’s close friends and reformulate one’s aspirations.

“Liberty or Death!” Death indeed

puts freedom in the balance. The finite is indeed a moment of the infinite. The finite is that point from which time is counted down, thus taking on contour, and illuminating, thanks to this motion relative to itself, the meaning of a life. Without such voluntarily established points of reference, without such promises made to oneself, life can have no meaning, can be no more than an accident.

The warrior spirit looks death in the face, because the essence of the warrior’s activity is to risk death in exchange for recognition [in the sense of connection with one’s peers and oneself]. Man reduced to servitude is dominated by death, and all the more so if he tries to ignore it, to chase away the very notion of it. Our world does everything it can to

erase even the slightest trace of the warrior’s attitude. “And this social absence of death is identical to the social absence of life” (Debord).

True experience is life conceived as unfolding with reference to a stake, and thus having a beginning and an end. Only on this basis can success and failure have meaning. So long as you are not deprived of this conception, you cannot be defeated. You may lose a battle now and then, but rout is an impossibility. The idea of death must be your guide—your abettor, ever on the watch, ever ready to whisper, should your attention wander, “Hey, what is that new pain... Be careful now...”

When you no longer have anything to hang on to, when you get to feel that time is running out, this idea forces you

to rely solely on your decisions, and restores you to your time. You become master of your choices, of your deadlines—an accomplished strategist. Does a sense of urgency propel you forward? Yes, but that’s the whole point: you are taking your time. That time belongs to you, it is fulfilling what you have chosen. Nothing else matters, nothing can be taken from you. You will even have the time to polish up your style. Everything flows logically from your initial decision. Your detachment and lucidity are enhanced; a new power is mobilized in you.

ANDREA DOREA

A comrade of Os Cangaceiros, who fought to die her own way rather than in the cancer wards of her enemies



“And when the foam of the arrogant waves flows back sighing, the lustrous pearls of life lie on the sand.”

Giorgio Colli

La Ragione Errabonda / The Wandering Reason

figure iii

Biofilo and White Maria tussle with Asger Jorn

The Ferocious Jaws of Habit

Mare Almani
Il Diavolo in Corpo

I see Empedocles walking away from Agrigento. Saluting the inhabitants with his unmistakable wave, he sets out toward the summit of Etna. With the nimbleness of thought his feet move swiftly, almost to the top. Now the volcano captures his thought...I mean his senses. It seems to him that earth has never vibrated with so much force, as if all the mysteries were no longer hidden in the abysses, but were on the surface among the minerals and the crevices. The air becomes increasingly tense like the strings of a lyre, nearly taking the breath away from anyone who can climb no further, but only return to his paths and his habits. In the distance, Empedocles sees the sea, the night is accomplice. There will be no return. Now the fire of the crater is making him dizzy.

This is the one who described the four elements of the cosmos in his great poem: earth, air fire and water. He had written that the life of every being depends upon their mixing and separating. Love unites them and Hatred divides them in an endless harmony. Empedocles did not

achieve his wisdom through the academy, but by dancing as prey to divine madness, moved by the arrogant force of a communism of the spirit. But on this night, he is alone and there is no longer time for celebrations. Everything becomes simple, the earth throbs, the wind blows, the sea bides its time, the fire calls. He has seen the enigma of the cosmos, which the gods left as a challenge to the intelligence. Tonight he has nothing to add to his life. He will reach out to drink fire from the eternal craters in first flight.

I see Homer seated on the rocks of an island, facing the sea of Io. He is a tired man, the wisest of the Greeks, lover of rest after many battles in the arena of the intellect and of words. Almost absent-mindedly, he asks a group of fishermen coming from the sea if they caught anything. "What we caught, we left; we carry what we did not catch", they answer him. With this riddle, they refer to the fleas, some of which they found and crushed and some of which they carry in their clothes. The content of the statement is empty, but the formulation is that of the

classic enigma. And the enigma is a challenge, an encounter at daggers drawn between the intellect and that which is hidden. Homer's passion for knowledge is enflamed again, the attack allows no escape, the wise one must solve the enigma. The wager is understanding, the risk is life. Homer does not know how to solve the enigma, does not hold the square and dies "from discouragement."

Alluding to the Sphinx which is its symbol, a fragment from Pindar speaks of the enigma that "resounds from the ferocious jaws of the virgin." Therefore, the challenge that can hide itself even in a riddle that resounds from the jaws of a fisherman is ferocious. The Sphinx, which is the figure that precisely represents the common background of human and animal life, will address its enigma to all the inhabitants of Thebes. The wager in play is peace against a terrible miasma, a famine that kills old and young. The challenge of the monster, like that of the fishermen, is trifling as a riddle. ("What creature goes first on four legs, then on

two and, finally, on three?") No one is able to solve it, and the city counts its corpses. A vagabond named Oedipus will answer "Man" (first, an infant who cannot walk, then an adult and finally an old man who needs a cane). The sharp word causes the sphinx to sink into the abyss.

I see Heracleitus the obscure, alone in his forest. he spoke only to the children among the inhabitants of Ephesus. I watch him feed on roots and berries until swollen with water, just one step from death. Having gone through the *pathos of the hidden*, he knows that speech is a weapon of Apollo the oblique, the god who strikes from a distance. He never says it nor hides it, but nods. Thus, he asks the doctor to whom he turns to stop the dropsy (the wise lover of fire – symbol of the infinite possible – is consumed by water) if with his knowledge he is able to nurture a fire in this place where there is a flood. The doctor who does not enjoy solving enigmas is astonished and powerless, and Heracleitus the obscure returns to the forest where one alone is like ten thousand. He buries himself

under dung in an attempt to dry his own body out, counting on the force of the sun which is new every day. He had written that it is most necessary to extinguish the arrogance (the *hubris*) from the fire. But he does not renounce the fire, the arrogance of that which is hidden inside of us. Vanquished by water, he is torn apart by dogs.

I see Diogenes the Cynic, wandering and renegade, walking on that roadway that leads anyone who is sent into exile to become a bandit. A question of words of course, seeing that their interpretation can change life. With Diogenes, the sovereign detachment of the wise one is transformed into the histrionic gesture and the publicized style of provocation. Empedocles and Heracleitus are already distant, but their fire is not completely extinguished. Having gone to Delphi to consult the oracle, Diogenes did not succeed in solving the enigma. The oracle had told of the necessity of overturning the political institutions of his city, but he had interpreted this as minting false coins. But ethics, or rather being in agreement with

oneself, which is to say with the enigmas of one's demons, is not an inconsequential hobby. Now Diogenes is in exile, and there is no place for an honest counterfeiter among those who respect money at least as much as they respect authority.

I see Socrates on his deathbed. He no longer has the pedantry that distinguished him in the plaza at Athens, in the guise of the moralist of the state who uses his own courage to as a defense of the Law. A greater Sophist than the others, if he did not love the haughtiness of the powerful, he loved the individual who would place her own ethic above collective morality and authority even less. Rightly, some have seen the first specter of the baleful shadow of Christianity in him. Socrates carries the signs of the community of contestation and of the challenge in decline, as well as those of the fulltime intellectual, the dialectical peacemaker, the professor of philosophy within himself. With him, the reason that is born from play and ecstasy wrongly begins to renounce its own ferocity with the sole aim of

institutionalizing its power. And yet, Socrates never wrote, convinced that truth is inseparable from the one who states it and from the moment in which it is stated, that it is not a logical or juridical principle.

I see something allusive turn about him, something theatrical and deep. To anyone who awaits some clear precept, his jaw leaves only one phrase, an enigma on which understanding continues to stumble: "We owe a rooster to Asclepius."

The god hurls deceptive words; he is cruel; he wants to subdue intelligence. His intent is to cause death with banal and solemn formulas in the name of his own power. Human intelligence doesn't immediately grasp it, convinced, for fear of seeming overly simple, that the solution of an enigma could never be within reach. The god laughs.

What is an ideology at bottom if not a fixed game of enigmas? To say that the boss exists to maintain the workers (and not the reverse), is this not a mystery that would make a child smile? Calling war a humanitarian operation, is

this not a riddle unworthy of the fishermen who tricked Homer? State propaganda is a refrain that perpetually repeats: "What is it that owns nothing, but can grant everything?" Even the teeth with which it bites us, this biter by the name of "state", are ours. Yet it seems omnipotent; its deadly riddle deceives. Its concessions are our "rights", it tells us, the rest is prohibited, criminal, terrorist.

Television and newspapers – those ferocious jaws of power – tell us over and over that the rich and poor form a "nation" with common interests, that money produces social wealth, that freedom is the child of law, that the police defend the collective well being, that anyone who steals is at fault, etc. Mediocre enigmas, the aim of which is not to challenge the intelligence, but to put it to sleep; the banality of these enigmas serves to hide the wager in play: death. In fact, just as in ancient Greece, anyone who doesn't know how to uncover the illusion – anyone who doesn't know how to escape from the ideology – dies. Every day the world is planted with corpses because



figure iv

Biofilo and his comrades in the Center of Union and Revolutionary Action watch in distress as Stalin and Hitler manipulate the Loyalists in Spain

of Exchange, the contamination of food, war, work, nuclear experiments, everyday banking operations and so on. And yet is all this justified with these enigmas? Pure and simple reversals of reality, boorish lies, tattered sophisms and flashy mystifications. The majority of our contemporaries repeat them without conviction. Men, women and children die, but intelligence is not gripped by distress nor allowed to be overcome by discouragement. The Sphinx of money and law laughs.

The reason is that the daily constrictions, the obligations of survival, the forced displacements, the misery of relationships are the terrain where the stupid and ferocious riddles of power take hold. The banality of gestures and habits, this treacherous enemy of amazement and thought, renders one inept for the contestation in which intelligence forges its arms, the unending dialogue in which ideas become dangerous. This is the terrible coherence of the society in which we live: programmed and subjugated activity produces the opinions adapted to accepting it,

lived misery elaborates its own conception. Besides, doesn't the blackmail of ideology – which is to say the justification of this reality – perhaps present itself as opinions? And it is well known that everyone has his opinion; so the concrete activity of individuals thinks to abolish differences of fashion in it.

The sudden entry of the unknown into daily life shakes up the reign of enigmas. This is shown by all the cases of men and women who “go out of their heads”, as they say, in other words, who are no longer able to bring their social identity and the perception they have of themselves into agreement. But it is demonstrated still more clearly by what occurs in the course of revolts, of riots, of insurrections. Why do men and women who had supported the police up until the night before find themselves attacking them? Why does the economic need of demanding more money turn into the anti-economic desire to burn down the banks? Why does the petty hatred toward criminals transform itself into assaults on prisons and solidarity in revolt?

To sum it up, why are the enigmas of money and authority solved?

Because, in the course of these social tempests, individuals become *more intelligent*. Because the tricks of power become banal when men and women cease to be so. Because insurgents, in the community of unique ones, change their own lives and hence their understanding of the world. Because amazement, which is the source of all authentic thought, stands out above habit. Because social relationships – which the enigma reveals and hides at the same time – become more direct, burning down the foundation of the “dialectic of negotiation” and of ideology: from one side or the other of the barricades. Because the challenge of the enigma, the ferocity of its attack on the intelligence, the extreme competition of knowledge, finds men and women ready to welcome it rather than merely submit to it, aware now of the wager in play: freedom or death. Because at last the Nietzschean metamorphosis of the lion into the child, of sheltered self-defense into the opening to the game and to the

marvelous completes itself.

That these moments of suspension of habit – and thus, of norms – are often only excesses of fever of an organism that then returns to the normal temperature (the zero degrees of survival), only serves to confirm the enigmatic relationship that exists between intelligence and revolt. The arrogant wave of the latter leaves its pearls on the shore for the former, then it retreats. But where?

For the Greeks, the dialectic was the art of solving enigmas. Mortal battle of reason, contest between humans and gods, mad and impassioned game, arrogance of thought: the dialectic – which precedes the birth of philosophy – is the intellectual expression of the enigma. It is mental and physical confrontation at the same time, knowledge for living. It has nothing, then to do with the Hegelian or Marxist dialectic. It is not a question of an objective mechanism of History, nor of a device of conciliatory reason. In this sense, when Engels said that the proletariat had to realize modern German philosophy,

that is to become dialecticians, he jumbled the papers. The dialectic of the exploited is only the practical intelligence that dissolves the illusions of ideology, first of these illusions being that of waiting on the shore of the tranquil and inexhaustible river of Progress. That tomorrow will be better than today is a perfidious illusion of the god, the monstrous sneer of the Sphinx.

Someone correctly interpreted the bombing of the plaza Fontana as an enigma thrown at proletarians. The overturning of reality was flagrant and ordinary but the immediate result was death. The state accused anarchists of having done that which only the state and its servants could and can do. The aim was clear: to bring social subversion to defeat. An enigma. The clash was unequal like that between a god and a human: official propaganda had all the newspapers and television as its own, the revolution had leaflets and the streets. And yet dialectical intelligence (in the ancient Greek sense, and not the Hegelian as some would claim) didn't fail. The challenge was

accepted with all arms. A decade of social war demonstrates it.

The enigmas of ideology are degraded along with the hearts and minds of those that don't know how to solve them. The current lies of the economy and of politics talk on and on about the state of the critic. Where are the dangerous ideas? That in similar cities, with similar lines, with similar relations, with a similar look, with similar food, with similar work and similar controls, everyone doesn't rise up – isn't this perhaps an authentic enigma?

I see Empedocles, Homer, Oedipus, Heracleitus, Diogenes and Socrates, and I think that liquidating the enigmas of power is simply the path for arriving at last at other enigmas, those of our own demons. Knowledge for living, however it comes, will always bring us face to face with ourselves. On the summit of Etna, in the middle of a forest, in wandering or under dung.



Reculer pour mieux sauter?

Bah—

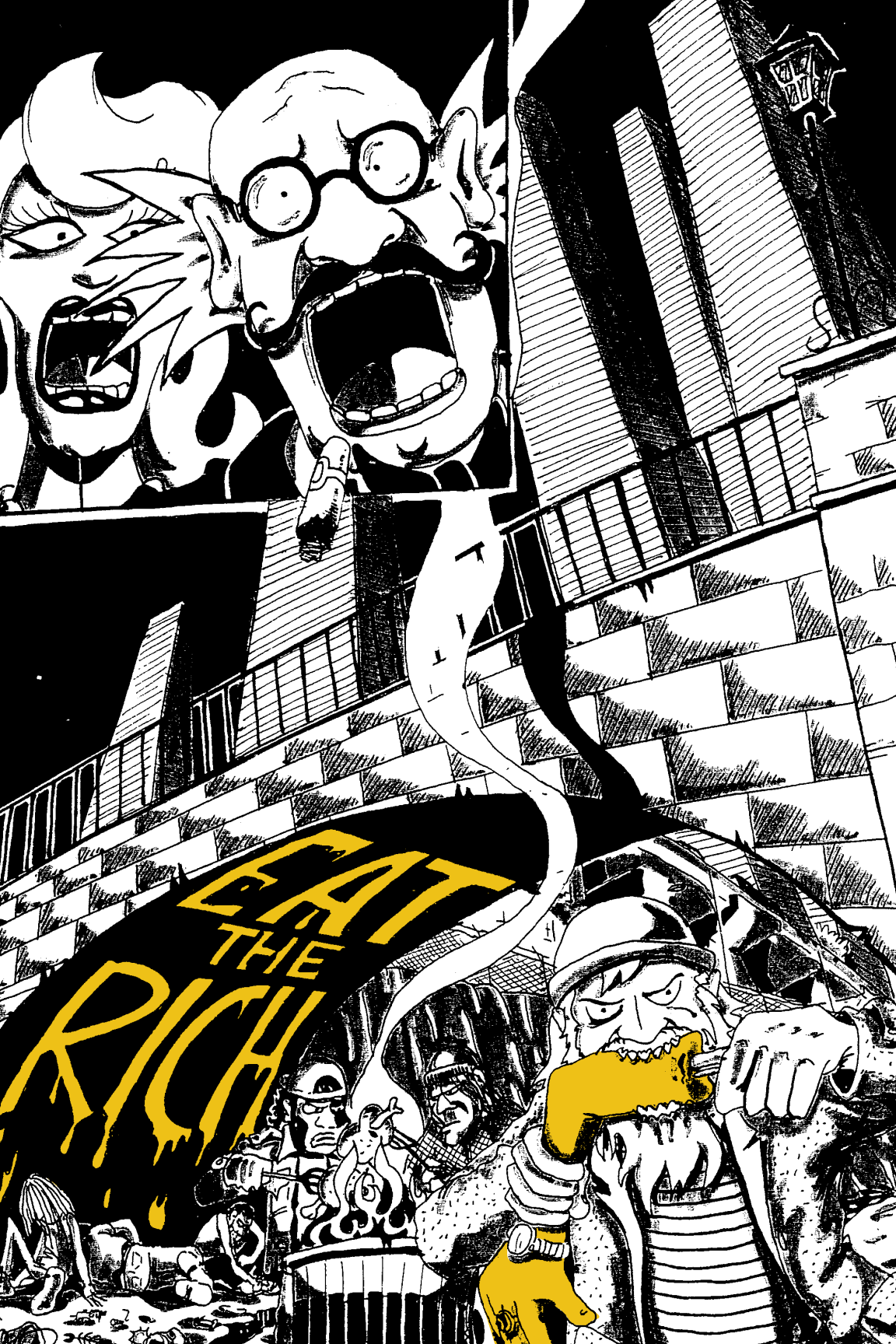
ENANTIODROMIA!

Or, at best,

A porcupine backing into a crevice.

**And if you don't get it, poor fools,
Then you *really* don't get it.**

THE EXPERIMENTAL COMMITTEE



I INSULT THE BOURGEOIS

apologies to MARIO DE ANDRADE

I insult the bourgeois!
The money-grubbing bourgeois,
the bohemian bourgeois,
The *bourgeois* bourgeois!
The genteel digestion! The ap-
propriate appropriation!
The amenities, the securities, the
infamy!

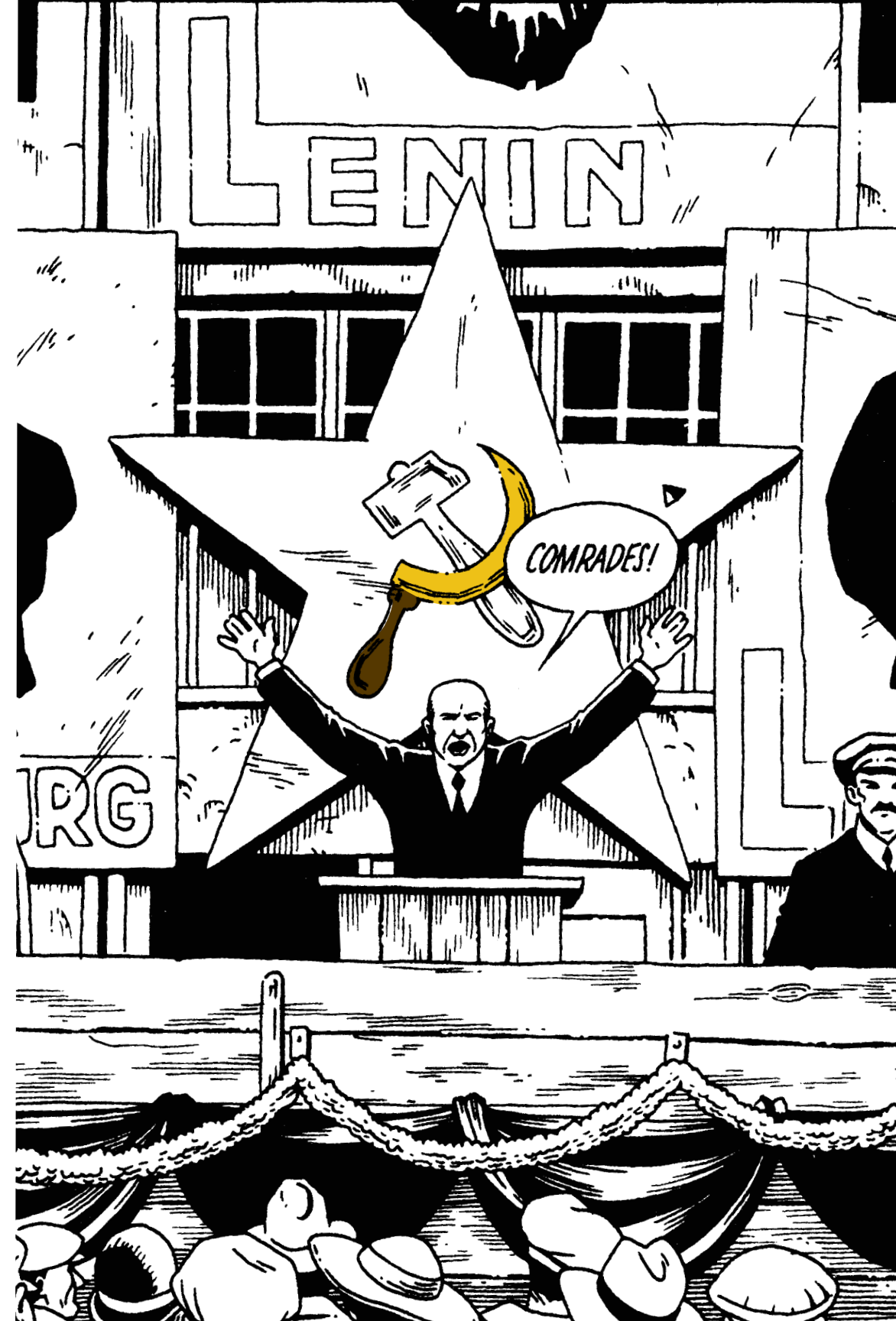
I denounce the bourgeois!
The domesticated bourgeoisie!
The IRS, the FBI, the GRE!
If you cannot dance, cannot bel-
low, cannot shriek
Do not read this—
Contemptible, hobbled, tamed
bourgeoisie!

I condemn the bourgeois!
Subdivided subcultures of
suburbia,
Subhuman supermen!
Schedules that never end,
Weddings we will never attend!
Monotheist monogamous
monotony!
Monopolizing monologue!
No roaring storms, no unmapped
coasts, no dog unchained—
Hearts that never sing or break!
Walls never scaled! Gates never
battered down!
Sons and daughters never
seduced!
The gigantic prison of our day!

Death to the bourgeois!
Death to common sense, to moral fiber, to cerebral antipodes!
To the garden-variety bourgeois!
To the cinema-going bourgeois!
To classification, insipification, petrification!
Victory to the beaten!
To the failures!
To the inordinate, to the lonesome, to the **SCUM!**
Death to the bourgeois!

Now eat! Eat yourselves up, stupefied gelatin! Moralizing mashed potatoes!
Hairs in nostrils! Credit cards in wallets!
Everything in its place!
And *drink!* Drink the reservoirs dry,
Swallow blood and oil
Drink til we all die
Self-satisfied, smug, insatiable bourgeois!

Now **HATRED!** Hatred to cellular phones! Hatred to calculation, to shaven armpits!
Hatred to grocery stores! Hatred, bitter and without hope!
Hatred to those without fault or foible, ever and eternally the conventional!
Hatred and execration! Hatred and **RRRRRRAGE!** Hateful hatred for the
Bourgeois bourgeois!
Death to the bourgeois on his dainty knees,
Miming religion and not believing in God!
Death and infamy!
Death and infamy—death and infamy,
And Hatred!
Scarlet hatred!
Unconscionable hatred!
Cyclonic hatred!
Eternal hatred without pardon
To the despicable
Unspeakable
Vile
Bourgeois!!!



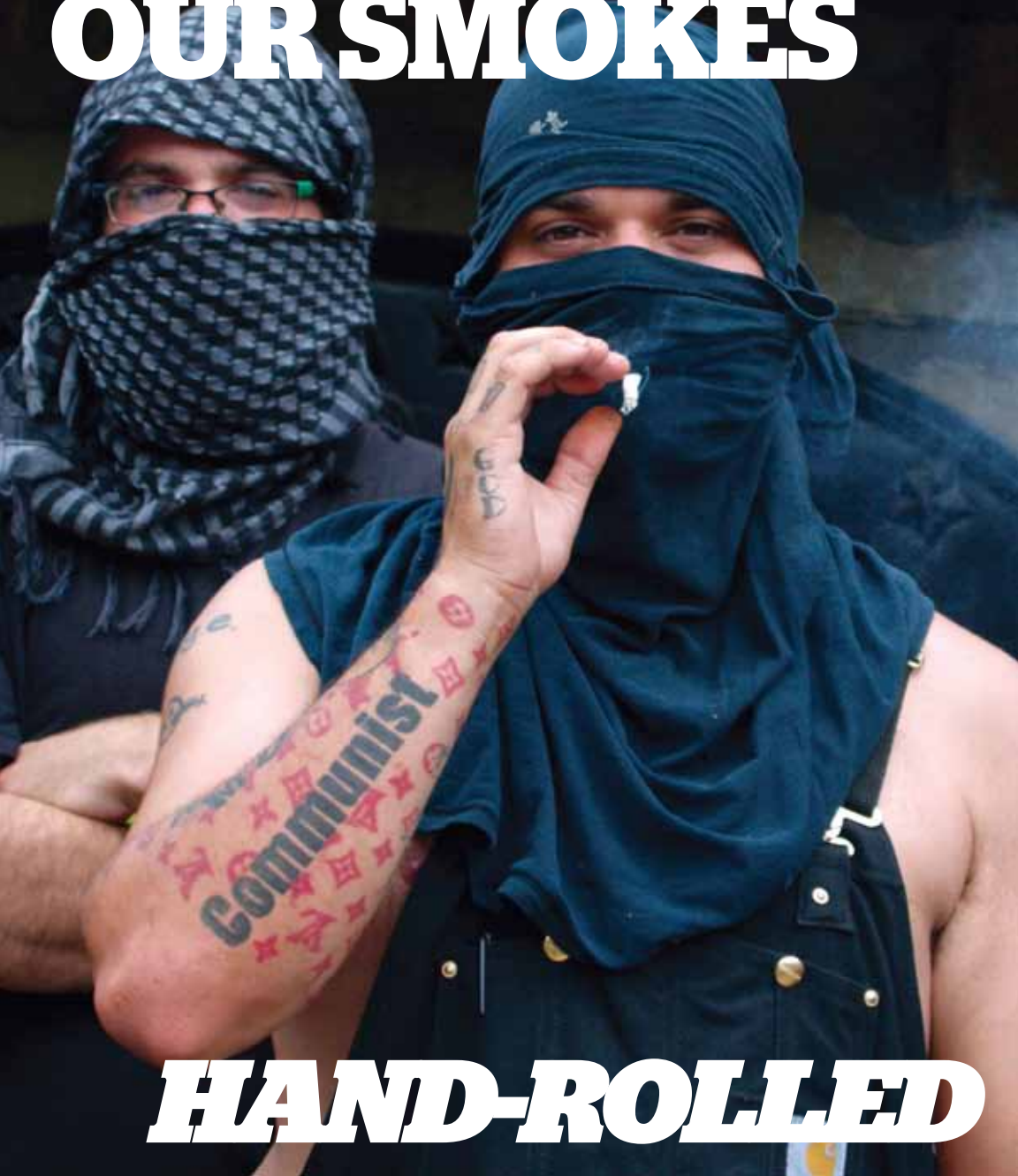
IS IT AM
BIGUOUS
WHAT WE
THINK?

WAIT TIL
YOU SEE
WHAT
WE DO!

25. Once more the Green Donkey appears, wearing a tophat with a ribbon of mourning; a funeral march strikes up, the Green Donkey marches the length of the stage, the walls bow to him, and three coffins are lowered from above; the screens glide forward and form an unbroken wall that completely closes off the stage.

↓
The End

**WE LIKE OUR
CARS LIKE
WE LIKE
OUR SMOKES**



HAND-ROLLED