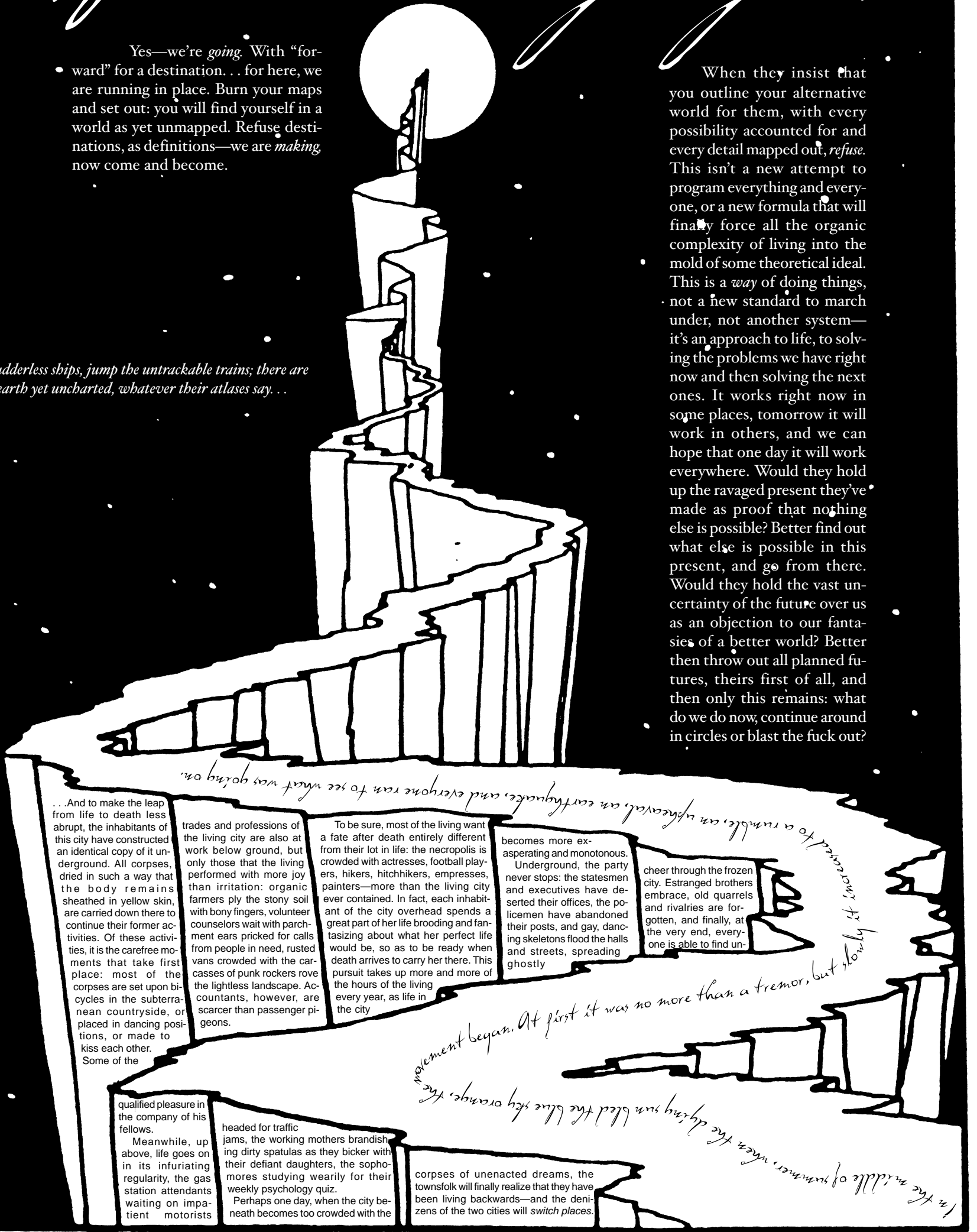


Where are we going?

Yes—we're *going*. With "forward" for a destination. . . for here, we are running in place. Burn your maps and set out: you will find yourself in a world as yet unmapped. Refuse destinations, as definitions—we are *making* now come and become.

When they insist that you outline your alternative world for them, with every possibility accounted for and every detail mapped out, *refuse*. This isn't a new attempt to program everything and everyone, or a new formula that will finally force all the organic complexity of living into the mold of some theoretical ideal. This is a *way* of doing things, not a new standard to march under, not another system—it's an approach to life, to solving the problems we have right now and then solving the next ones. It works right now in some places, tomorrow it will work in others, and we can hope that one day it will work everywhere. Would they hold up the ravaged present they've made as proof that nothing else is possible? Better find out what else is possible in this present, and go from there. Would they hold the vast uncertainty of the future over us as an objection to our fantasies of a better world? Better then throw out all planned futures, theirs first of all, and then only this remains: what do we do now, continue around in circles or blast the fuck out?

...board the rudderless ships, jump the untrackable trains; there are regions of this earth yet uncharted, whatever their atlases say. . .



...And to make the leap from life to death less abrupt, the inhabitants of this city have constructed an identical copy of it underground. All corpses, dried in such a way that the body remains sheathed in yellow skin, are carried down there to continue their former activities. Of these activities, it is the carefree moments that take first place: most of the corpses are set upon bicycles in the subterranean countryside, or placed in dancing positions, or made to kiss each other. Some of the

trades and professions of the living city are also at work below ground, but only those that the living performed with more joy than irritation: organic farmers ply the stony soil with bony fingers, volunteer counselors wait with parchment ears pricked for calls from people in need, rusted vans crowded with the carcasses of punk rockers rove the lightless landscape. Accountants, however, are scarcer than passenger pigeons.

To be sure, most of the living want a fate after death entirely different from their lot in life: the necropolis is crowded with actresses, football players, hikers, hitchhikers, empresses, painters—more than the living city ever contained. In fact, each inhabitant of the city overhead spends a great part of her life brooding and fantasizing about what her perfect life would be, so as to be ready when death arrives to carry her there. This pursuit takes up more and more of the hours of the living every year, as life in the city

becomes more exasperating and monotonous. Underground, the party never stops: the statesmen and executives have deserted their offices, the policemen have abandoned their posts, and gay, dancing skeletons flood the halls and streets, spreading ghostly

cheer through the frozen city. Estranged brothers embrace, old quarrels and rivalries are forgotten, and finally, at the very end, everyone is able to find un-

qualified pleasure in the company of his fellows. Meanwhile, up above, life goes on in its infuriating regularity, the gas station attendants waiting on impatient motorists

headed for traffic jams, the working mothers brandishing dirty spatulas as they bicker with their defiant daughters, the sophomores studying wearily for their weekly psychology quiz. Perhaps one day, when the city beneath becomes too crowded with the

corpses of unacted dreams, the townsfolk will finally realize that they have been living backwards—and the denizens of the two cities will switch places.

...in the middle of summer when the dying sun bled the blue sky orange, the moment began. At first it was no more than a tremor, but it

Breaking and Entering a New World.

Against the fascist pigs! Smash fascism!
anxieties and tools of control, and set out into them?
edges of this factory farm civilization, and that all we have to do to be free is to drop the
the real, inseparable tragedies of our lives, and to contest the rest without hesitation or
Let us be great enough to follow our fears out of this darkness, to recognize and face
ourselves, and into new worlds.
more certainty than any compass over the unnecessary boundaries we have built around
a different purpose: if we make a practice of doing what we fear most, it will guide us with
that these absurdities can be transcended. But fear, once recognized for what it is, can serve
of trying and failing with success in reach that restrains us from letting ourselves believe
It's not even utopian to demand that we put an end to forces like these. It is simply our fear
let alone more beautiful. That's *unnecessary* tragedy, stupid tragedy, pathetic and pointless.
to share ourselves honestly, to use our talents and capabilities to make life more bearable—
dering voids. It doesn't have to be that we never dare to fall each other what we really want,
have to be that we let meaningless traditions and doctrines atop our lives into bewil-
lives away working to serve the hollow greed of a few rich men, just to survive; it doesn't
food or buy mansions. It doesn't have to be that men and women are forced to waste their

When our ancestors first traded the liberty of hunting and gathering in the forests
for the hard labor of the fixed farming life, they laid the foundations for the world we live
in today. In place of gifts and sharing, we have competition and the "scarcity economy,"
which develops and manufactures more and more commodities in order that nature would
provide for us as its children, we have the defenses science affords us as it spins the last of
our natural resources into war machines and waste. In place of the joys of wandering new
and changing landscapes, we have cities that double as corporate theme parks, linked by
dual tourist and commuter tracks. . . while the final fugitive aspects of existence are re-
duced to binary code for virtual reality. We won't trust anything to chance—and thus
chance cannot entrust us with anything greater than our routines, our expectations, our
control manias.
Perhaps this world will never be free of misfortunes—people will always die before
they are ready, just as perfect relationships will end in ruins, adventures be cut short by
catastrophes, and beautiful moments be forgotten. But what is most heartbreaking is the
way we flee from those inevitable truths into the arms of more horrible things. It may be
true that every man is fundamentally on his own, and that life is capricious and some-
times cruel—but it doesn't have to be true that some people starve while others destroy

Leaving the 20th Century.