

top secret
communiqués
now released
to the public

"They are the
sympathetic
demolishers of our
cherished delusions,
possessed by an
imperious need
to destroy . . . and
to laugh and cry
simultaneously over
that which has been
destroyed."

CrimethInc. Worker Bulletins 47 & 74



The most important question for the revolutionary is how to escape disciples and enable equals.

*Part One, In Which You Are Inducted Into
The CrimethInc. Inner Circle . . .*

It was right in front of everyone's face—we just made it visible. It was on the tip of everyone's tongue—we just gave it a name. All the words you wish you could speak, all the life you wish you could live—that's us. We fight like you want to fight, we love like you want to love, we never submit or compromise—we are free in all the ways you wish you could be.

We do not exist.

You were looking for a way to change your life. You could not do this on your own. You were looking for evidence that what you wanted was possible. You found it in a ghost—which *you* made flesh.

People do this every day—they talk to themselves, they daydream, they see themselves as they would like to be. They project what they long for, fear, worship upon others, when it is already present within themselves.

CrimethInc. is not an elite commando unit of freedom fighters. CrimethInc. is the fucking Wizard of Oz. The various poor saps who act as "CrimethInc." have no patent on crimethought—they barely know what they're doing. You know much better than they do. Whatever is free, glorious, real about anything CrimethInc. has ever done is *your* doing: you made it so, by needing it, exalting it, making it breathe and stir. You were ready for it, but you

weren't ready for it to be you—so you created it, reflected it off of the world as a distress signal to yourself, and seized it as a life preserver. By itself, the text is a prescription in a dead language—you brought it to life.

There is no CrimethInc.¹ CrimethInc. is simply you.

CrimethInc. is not a membership organization—it belongs to anyone who has the audacity to claim it, just as death belongs to anyone who can pick up a frying pan. Anyone can put on a black mask and join the Black Bloc, anyone can dumpster food and become Food Not Bombs, anyone can burn down buildings as the E.L.F. or design a poster with the familiar bullet logo at the bottom. Crimethought is everywhere—it's in every life, in every heart, woven into the history of humanity and the cosmos as surely as submission and inertia and everything else are—if it weren't, there would be no such thing as CrimethInc., and you certainly wouldn't be reading this.

If CrimethInc. is everyone, then, by the same token, it is no one. There is no enchanted inner circle working secret spells upon the world, creating from the void those propositions and subversions and dares that have been so important or infuriating to you. CrimethInc. is not the property of some board of trustees, there is no genius to credit for it, no malefactor to blame for it; there is simply the world that wrought this strange thing and shaped the hearts that respond to it.

¹ It's true. If you go to the CrimethInc. H.Q. address in Atlanta, you'll find a suburban house like all the others for miles around, inhabited by a well-behaved middle class woman who wants nothing to do with "revolution" or anything like it—ask Marietta native Robert Bly, he tried it.

Naturally, you're still wrestling with this, so sometimes you're still you— "just you."

Those moments of absolute terror when everything around and inside you is alien should come as no surprise. You're not just tweaking a few knobs here, you're trying to break into an alternate universe. Sometimes nothing will make sense. Be patient, let the fear wash over you, survive until the wave passes and the horizon is a step closer.

During those instants, it will seem like everyone knows what is going on but you. Is it unusual that at such moments you are capable of inventing fantastic underground societies possessed of super-human powers?

Other times, you imagine yourself watching us. Little by little you're breaking free, letting yourself go.

The lengths the child of the bourgeoisie must go to in order to shake off his conditioning are incredible. It may be that for some to begin they need a myth to believe in, as some recovering addicts claim to need a "higher power."

If sometimes you still need us, then so be it—"we" will drag you kicking and screaming into the new dawn, bearing all the blame for the suffering you have been yearning to bring upon yourself: for the one who wants to be born must first destroy a world. But you cannot arrive until you divest yourself of your crutches. In the end you will turn to thank us, and find you are all alone.

(continued on next page)

ALL TRAVELER KIDS PURGED FROM CRIMETHINC. MEMBERSHIP

... And Part Two, In Which You Are Expelled From It.

The Stalinists, Surrealists, Situationists, and even Southern Baptists all had their bloody purges and internal dissensions, so why can't we, too? Having no membership should be no obstacle: we can still hold exclusions from time to time, just to be sure everyone remembers. These are festive occasions for us weathered politicians, analogous to the subtextual backbiting at the dinner parties of the bourgeoisie or the witch trials in the Salem, Massachusetts of old. But first, before we get into the fiery self-righteousness of the thing, some background.

It's been nearly a year now since I went through my entire proofing copy of the *Evasion* book in the dark back seat of a Greyhound traveling by night, with only my trendy activist headlamp for light. Even then, we knew already what the greatest drawback of publishing it in book form would be: all the general ideas in *Days of War, Nights of Love*, the inspirations and analyses and especially the rhetoric calculated to encourage revolt, would now be summed up in some minds by the specific formula spelled out by the stories in this new book. Even though *Evasion* is not a work of political theory, or a prescription of tactics, but clearly a personal account, a memoir—even though we've maintained from the beginning that there is no single strategy for insurgency, but that everyone must invent and reinvent their own—it was inevitable that we would be misunderstood by some, and we accepted that in publishing the book.

In publishing it, we wanted—to articulate this for the thousandth and last time—to introduce an account (one of many) of work-free living to a wider readership, and thus challenge conventional notions about the sanctity of property and the misery of material poverty. With this cultural warfare, we hoped to do our part to expand the anticapitalist movement. Sharing particular scams, extolling the lifestyle of the scam artist, these were secondary goals at best. The 'zine version had already been produced and distributed on as massive a scale as the infrastructure of our d.i.y. underground allowed, to the demographics who would be most likely to utilize its scams and emulate the author's life choices; we printed the book version to see if this narrative of refusal and adventure could sow other seeds outside its native environment. Some of the feedback we've received from beyond the existing activist and anarchist communities suggests that it has; but now it's time to shake off whatever success we've achieved, as one must always do to make space for new attempts.

And to speak, for the last time as well, of how our efforts, with this book and other projects, have been misunderstood. There is a certain kind of reader who, though you do your best to bring out the subtleties and ironies, will always focus on the most superficial, controversial terms in your works, and interpret your complex critiques as simple dismissals and endorsements ("paying=bad," "shoplifting=good"—or, far worse, "=anticapitalist"). Whether he professes to be your adversary or accomplice, it is best to avoid him altogether, for he will lower the level of dialogue on any issue to his own low denominator—and at that elevation, little of value can be discussed or achieved. Perhaps we can be blamed, in part, for creating some of these readers, by producing material that was too simplistic or too complex; perhaps this kind of

reader is simply too rampant today to be altogether avoided by even the nimblest of propagandist's pens. One certainly can't say enough, though, that nothing in the world is one-dimensional.

So while this, too, has been said a million times, perhaps it will do some good to say it again in this context: the traveler kid lifestyle is not in itself at all revolutionary. It may surprise some to hear this from us—that shows how little they've been listening all along. Shoplifting, hitchhiking, scamming, unemployment—separated from a program of life- and world-transformation, all these are merely alternative tools for survival, a survival which makes do with and ultimately accepts the status quo. Yes, it *is* better, however

“On one point we are in unqualified agreement with our critics: it is of the utmost importance that CrimethInc. be absolutely and categorically destroyed. Unfortunately, for this to be possible, it is necessary to overthrow capitalism and Western Civilization in general. In this endeavor we wish them well, and will assist them where we can.”

infinitesimally, to steal products than to give money to our executioners—but it's not enough! Three millennia of shoplifting now, and the exchange economy is still thriving. If it's life we're after, not mere survival, as the old dichotomy goes, we can't just sit tight now in our squats and punkhouses, eating dumpstered bagels and selling our shoplifted wares on e-bay; we have to keep on risking everything to challenge the system that denies us the *rest* of the world, if for nothing else at least to continue challenging ourselves.

For the record, and to briskly repudiate every imbecile who has used "CrimethInc." as a synonym for scamming and freeloading, we've never been interested in being or being seen as partisans of any lifestyle; we've always insisted that being radical involves subverting all possible lifestyle choices, all traditional strategies and identities. Revolution occurs when some part of the social equation changes: when apolitical workers initiate a wildcat strike, when middle-aged mothers start to show up in the black bloc beside their sons and daughters, when vagabond dropouts integrate themselves into local struggles for affordable housing. The letters we receive from adult secretaries who have used CrimethInc. literature to inspire themselves to change their lives are infinitely more encouraging than the scores of teenagers reading *Harbinger* as they set out on the hitchhiking excursions young folks always have. Not that there is anything wrong with being a hitchhiking teenager—but to be a *dangerous* hitchhiking teenager, you must do something more than simply hitchhike, and interpreting anticapitalist texts as glorifications of your hitchhiking doesn't count.

I hopped my very first train just a few weeks ago, after nearly eight straight years of unemployment and anticapitalist agitation. For most of that time, I was never much of a hitch-hiking, train-hopping, scam-pulling traveler kid, and neither were most of the individuals I collaborated with—there are, believe it or not, a wide variety of other lifestyles that are equally conducive to such endeavors. The historical intersection of the latest wave of youth nomadism with the propaganda groups like ours have been spreading in, in some

ways, unfortunate; it has had some good effects, but it has also made it easier for people to dismiss some radical ideas as the alibis of a new youth trend—or, worse, to believe that they are being radical simply by joining such a trend!

The creation of subcultural ghettos, the reinterpretation of subversive acts as promotions of some alternative lifestyle—these are processes by which opposition and subversion have been repeatedly neutralized over the past four decades, if not centuries. Yes, it is critical that we build new communities, with new cultural values and approaches, and that we not belittle these as "mere subcultures" when they do arise—for it is in these communities that we can develop and sustain a resistance, and create a context in which to lead free lives. It is also critical that we keep challenging these communities, that they do not become stagnant or self-satisfied: for as long as we are all under the great thumb, freedom is always for all or none.

CrimethInc., and for that matter (and far more important) crimethink, are not membership organizations, anyway. Subverting is not something you *are*, it's something you *do*, and must find new ways to do in every attempt. Let's not rest at expelling the traveler kids—hell, we're *all* expelled, time-tested CrimethInc. agents first and foremost! Even the most experienced of us insurrectionists must start from scratch every morning to foment insurrection, shaking off the inertia of the past to see anew what the current context calls for. When we succeed in doing this, we can change the world, for it is inertia above all that keeps the wheels spinning as they do. If we cannot, we are done for—we will be more anachronists than anarchists, and our activism mere retroactivism.

And so now we turn away from the past, from all explanations and justifications and apologies, to face the future and the experiments we have in store for it. Doubtless, they will occasion comparable storms of controversy and misconception, if we are ambitious enough to keep pushing our own limits and hazarding schemes crazy enough to work. So, all would-be crimethinkers are hereby expelled from CrimethInc.—whoever can discover the strategies for the next offensive, set the terms for the next infectious revolts and heated debates and social upheavals, let them claim it for themselves! Expect our next book, or one of them, to be a liberation manual for middle-aged mothers, not another youth's chronicle of willful indigence. In the meantime, let's stop congratulating ourselves on how free we are and start using that word, *free*, as a verb, not an adjective.

Nowadays, one who would think freely is in need of crimethought. But one who crimethinks is especially in need of anti-crimethought. And, to serve its purpose, crimethought must be forsaken, still more so anti-crimethought.



... the cats locked in uptown apartments, staring out through the windows ... the train cars bearing graffiti and runarways back and forth across the country ... the broken automatic-flush toilets carrying on senseless conversations in empty airport restrooms ...

Build your castles on the rims of volcanoes.
 Throw caution—and everything else—to the winds.
 Live dangerously.
 Think dangerously.
 Crimethink.

CWC

P.O. Box 1963, Olympia, WA 98507, U.S.A.
 cyberspace cadets should proceed directly to
www.crimethinc.com
 and then on out the door into the world.
 It is now safe to turn off your computer.

At the public library, in the air raid shelter converted into a museum, in their apartments, they long to be protagonists of their own stories, for once, not professionals or protesters—a whole generation wasted, working in the service industry, collecting comic books, matching skin tones to shades of lipstick ... but the fuse is lit, now, a hiss in the distance like air escaping from a slashed tire—and ears are pricking up.