

manifesto

FIRST OF ALL we think the world must be changed. We know that this change is possible through appropriate actions. We intend to sing the love of danger, the habit of energy and fearlessness. My life is its own definition. So is yours.

The spectre of annihilation of humankind and of all life on planet earth haunts us all. I mean we are sitting here waiting on a powder-keg and I don't think that is what we want to do with our babies. I am convinced that ours is indeed a time of crisis. All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned, and man is at last compelled to face with sober senses, his real conditions of life, and his relation with his kind.

There is too much civilisation, too much means of subsistence, too much industry, too much commerce, We will sing of the vibrant nightly fervour of arsenals and factories hung on clouds by the crooked lines of their smoke. The working men have no country. We cannot take from them what they have not got. The independence we seek is taken for granted by other nations. We will glorify war—the world's only hygiene—militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of freedom—bringers of beautiful ideas worth dying for, and scorn for women. A woman not only takes her identity and individuality for granted, but knows instinctively that the only wrong is to hurt others, and that the meaning of life is love. It is only a loveless world that is crazy after sex and a world crazy after sex is loveless.

The streets of our cities are as safe today as those in any throughout the world. They must remain so. Kill, plunder more quickly, love as much as you wish. And if you die, are you not sure of being roused from the dead? Die with respect. Lay down your life with dignity, don't lay down with tears and agony. There's nothing to death. Let yourself be led. Events will not tolerate deferment. You have no name. You look better than I've seen you in a long while, but it's still not the kind of peace that I wanted to give you ...Everything is inestimably easy. Self-forgetfulness should be one's goal, not self-absorption.

Except in struggle, there is no more beauty. No work without an aggressive character can be a masterpiece. Art, in fact can be nothing but violence, cruelty and injustice. Our aim is to make sure that enjoyment of the arts is not something remote from everyday life or removed from the realities of home and work. A degenerate can only produce degenerate "art". Artists must be chased out of the cities into the villages ...If they do not leave, do not supply them with food. Famines are of no importance. Poverty is a blessing. Come on! Set fire to the library shelves! Turn aside the canals to flood the museums! Oh, the joy of seeing the glorious old canvases bobbing adrift on those waters, discoloured and shredded! Whatever is repugnant to the people, people have a right to resist against, so long as they do it non-violently.

Take up your pickaxes, your axes and hammers and wreck, wreck the venerable cities, pitilessly! Non-violent Civil disobedience is the reservoir of people's power. Many will destroy themselves. I'm speaking here not as the administrator but as a prophet today. If anyone says that I know everything then it is not true. The government will automatically collapse. The intellectual creations of individual nations become common property. Dropping out is not the answer: fucking-up is. They have the illusion of continuing something worthwhile. They have a world to win. There's no point, there's no point to this ...we have ...we are born before our time.