Alexander Brener • Barbara Schurz

THE ART
OF
DESTRUCTION

Blossom vs. Fruit
SAMIZDAT
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Pictures: R. Crumb, A. Brener, B. Schurz
Prepress: Studio Signum, Ljubljana

Printed by Čukgraf, Postojna
2005
This book is for two Istanbul street cats –
Odnogazy and Zamarashka
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In real experience, a verbal argument can never do anything. You can’t ever beat the entity in a verbal argument because that’s what he wants. It’s only through a confront, a non-verbal confront, that anything happens ... It has to be non-verbal, otherwise, they’d argue and argue, going around and around and around for a hundred thousand years ... But the arguing has nothing whatever to do with what they’re really doing.

The man who mistook his wife for a hat
INTRODUCTION

An artist does not build his or her work on one single theme, any more than a man lives his life according to only one idea. Foolish critics, however, want to think that works have just one theme running through them. Then when they find something that contradicts that one theme, they immediately say that the work is bad or that they don’t understand it. This book has nothing to do with such foolish critics. We want to put into these pieces everything we are thinking and experiencing. If we didn’t, creative work would have no meaning for us.

At the same time, and we are sure about it, the circumstances in culture now demand only one definite act – an act of destruction. That is the main idea of this book. The time for artistic “creativity” is lost. The time for textual criticism is over. The time for irony is gone. The time for committed reportage has passed. The time for cultural activism is behind. May be all this was always out of place? We think that now an immediate destructive attack directed against state, capital and its culture is necessary. Such an attack is the biggest luxury and the biggest need. It is the only art that is valuable. And if not now, when then? Things get worse and worse with every passing day.

Life disappears before our eyes from the earth’s surface. What weight does life have compared to the production of goods? Produce or die, this is the motto of the System. Many people and cultures learned this in the flesh. The North American Indians were killed almost to the last to allow for production. One of their executioners, General Sherman, ingenuously declared it in a letter addressed to a famous killer of Indians, Buffalo Bill: “As far as I can estimate, in 1862, there were around nine and a half million buffalo in the plains.
between Missouri and the Rocky Mountains. All of them have disappeared, hunted for their meat, skins, and bones ... At this same date, there were around 165,000 Pawnee, Sioux, Cheyenne, Kiowa, and Apache, whose annual food supply depended on these buffalo. They also disappeared and were replaced by double and triple the number of men and women of the white race, who have made this land a garden and who can be counted, taxed and governed according to the laws of nature and civilization. This was a wholesome change and will be carried out to the end.”

The general was right. The change will be carried out to the end; it will end when there is no longer anything left to change. But what can stop this planetary change? Only an attack on the System will disturb the civilizing project. Only an attack on producers can maintain life.

Attack is a tough and beautiful concept. A human being risks his entire existence in an antagonistic confrontation with society. To the aroma that exudes from that person at that time the word “dignity” can be applied.

Our days are passed in places that are all too far removed from that type of human dignity.

Rather than being our own, the labors of our days are merely a series of things we are made to do by those outside ourselves. We live lives that are evanescent like the bubbles floating along the stream – and even more meaningless.

The reason we show an abnormal interest in crime and scandal is that a life, which usually drifts by, thereby appears caught up by a pole in the river’s flow. A drowning man grasps at straws. For we find, in crime and scandal, a tiny trace that reminds us of human dignity. Crime and scandal, however, are also merely parts of life that are external to ourselves. Thus, for the person concerned and for the observer, they weather and disappear in time.

The path to human dignity lies through the act of one who, having been previously involved in a crime or scandal, chooses that option for himself once again, in the very midst of the flow. Thus “scandal” transforms into a conscious attack on society.

Only a very few are able to accomplish this. We believe that the majority of them is now in jail.
Let’s think for a moment about the people who are locked in prison. Let’s think about various prisons in different countries: goals in China and the USA, Israel and Russia, Iraq and Sweden, Italy and Brazil ... Let’s think about prisoners in solitary confinement and in overcrowded cells...

Is the destruction of the prisons forbidden? Is it unthinkable? Is releasing all prisoners a strange idea? When did we lose the ability to exert our imagination in the direction of destroying the prisons?

Are we not all prisoners now? Do we have any freedom? Are our houses not cold and sterile like jails? Do we have a real possibility to think and move freely?

Any reformist movement in favor of softening the penal system, which doesn’t have the power to see its way clear to destroying the prisons, looks simply like a festival outside the prison walls.

In ancient times, however, revolutions began with the destruction of prisons. Or should we say that history called the uprisings that were strong enough to destroy the prisons “revolutions”?
THEY CALL ME WILLIAM, I'M NOT GONNA MAKE A WILSON

THE SPEECHES WENT ON AND ON... AND ON AND ON... AND ON...
...I GOT UP AND LEFT...
WE ARE TWO INDIVIDUALS WRITING THESE NOTES. WHAT UNITES US IS OUR LOVE AFFAIR AND INSTINCTIVE DISGUST FOR SOCIETY. BEIDES IT WE SHARE A STRONG HATRED FOR CONTEMPORARY ART AND CULTURE, BECAUSE WE WERE INVOLVED IN IT TO SOME EXTENT AND WE KNOW HOW IT WORKS. IN TWO WORDS, IT IS GLUE FOR SOCIETY, LUBRICANT. THAT'S WHY WE WANT TO ATTACK IT. WE THINK THAT REAL CRITIQUE ALWAYS GROWS FROM THE CONCRETE EXPERIENCES, FAILURES, PASSIONS AND DREAMS OF INDIVIDUALS AND AIMS AT LIBERATING REBELLIOUSNESS. UPRISINGS DON'T JUST POP OUT OF NOWHERE – THEY SPRING FROM ACTIVITIES OF PEOPLE FRUSTRATED WITH THEIR LIVES. WE BOTH WERE ALWAYS FRUSTRATED – IN OUR FAMILIES, IN SCHOOL, IN EVERYDAY LIFE, IN THE ART WORLD, IN THE ACTIVIST MILIEU ...

However, we also remember something different. When we were very young children, our lives sometimes were filled with intense pleasure and vital energy. We experienced unlimited joy. Our disappointments and sorrows were also extremely intense. We got to know freedom and its simple strict negation. We followed dusty roads of summer grass where gypsies were to be found. But our parents and teachers told us that gypsies might steal your money. Something like this. “Don’t walk along these roads!”

Did we see freedom in being a gypsy? Did we felt that gypsies are enemies of society? Did we watch cops who punished them? Did we understand that our parents and teachers are on the side of these cops?

We don’t want to be too romantic about gypsies here. But we still love the sense of uncertainty that, probably, appeared for the first time in our lives in the face of these gypsies. They seemed so unpredictable. We love the feeling of intensity and uncertainty of life on the grass and dust. That’s why we are fascinated by the idea of uncertain rebellion.
How to stop floating like jellyfish in a controlled society? How to break the connection to the realm of nation, politics, economy, culture and language with its conceptual limits? How to wage war against this thousand-headed monster?

To be honest, we have no revolutionary programs. What we can share is some thoughts on ways to explore. Since we all have been oppressed, brainwashed and domesticated, part of the process of rebellion is a process of personal transformation. We have been conditioned not to trust ourselves, not to feel completely, not to experience life intensely. We have been conditioned to accept the humiliation of work and pay as inescapable, to relate to things as resources to be used, to feel the need to prove ourselves by producing. We have been conditioned to expect disappointment, to see it as normal, not to question it. We have been conditioned to accept the tedium of civilized survival rather than breaking free and really living. So now we need to explore ways of destroying this conditioning, of getting as free of our domestication as we can. However, we are certain that attempts to free ourselves cannot be seen in terms of ready-made concepts and programs. That would be just another losing battle (like the class struggle of the Marxist “proletariat” or Sorel’s “general strike”). We can no longer have any faith in models that predict a clear future, not even one that would give space to “unlimited joy” and “intense pleasure”. So we have to move toward uncertainty, which guarantees nothing besides possibilities we have never imagined before. We have to get rid of anything complete and finite in mind, anything that makes us prisoners of a schema. We have to move toward the unknown without building a monument dedicated to it.

But if we choose rebellion we do so because something exists in the future, not just in our personal or historical past. And this something is not merely part of our intelligence and knowledge. If that were so the other knowledge, the logic of acceptance and domestication, would be equally valid. In the best hypothesis in that case we would die of both hunger and thirst like Buridan’s ass, prostrated before the choice of a bucket of hay and a bucket of water.

But things are not like that. We choose rebellion because we consider the disruption of normality to be an act that pushes us toward a different perspective, throwing us into the process of going beyond a
condition that we loathe and which offends our good taste. If we define ourselves rebels and lovers of uncertainty, it is nothing but a set of choices. Only those who have taste can choose. And taste, love and desire are expressions of our personality that impels us to go forward. When we think of freedom and uncertainty, of unspecified uncertainty, which has nothing better beyond, it is our whole selves that we put into this idea. We are not dreamers talking about our visions, but experimenters who try to go into their visions and are prepared to take risks for them.

Admission to such a condition of freedom (uncertainty) cannot be gained through normal procedures of reason. Reason tells us that it is impossible to avoid domestication. If we go beyond this level (and how many millions of people never do!), it is because at some point we become unreasonable, throw all care to the winds and act. We try to attack, and banal reason can only weaken our attack.

In any case uncertain rebellion cannot be understood in terms of (self)defence. That would be a great mistake. “Defence”? You might as well just accept the structures of power and find a niche to survive in. No, our rebellion is always an attack, its nature is offensive and insurrectional. But again: in the thesis developed here attack is not a question of something that is clearly visible and transformed into codified behavior with agendas and programs. It is more a question of the impatience to live and the intolerance to power. But it is not about constantly remaining on the barricades. Doing so one risks losing sight of what one is actually doing.

Now, if we agree with the idea of freedom as something both uncertain and in act, there is no reason why we cannot acknowledge adventurous approaches within this realm and actively go beyond the conditions of submission dictated by normalization and domestication. Is there anything contradictory in that? We don’t think so.

First of all, let’s get rid of our schemes and certainties, our gods and ideologies, our discourses and myths, our stupidity and security! Let’s abolish our routine that is nothing but a collection of nonsense.

It is not simple. Uncertain rebellion is a double-edged sword: it is a transformation of our own life and at the same time a destruction of all forms of authority, some of which are difficult to recognize. Government, capital and religion are the more obvious faces of
power. But technology, work, art, morality, the ingrained habits of social etiquette and propriety, roles and status, duties and obligations – these too are domesticating authorities which transform us from playful, uncertain, unruly beings into tamed, bored producers and consumers. These things work in us permanently, limiting our imagination, usurping our desires, suppressing our lived experience. Clearly, all this must be attacked.

How to do it? Uncertain rebellion describes a particular type of situation: one in which authority’s power to control is negated, here and now. You decidedly rise up against domination in the given conditions. So, uncertain rebellion is an insult. It is a direct physical attack. It is a clash. It is a daring exploration of becoming deranged. It takes us into unknown territories for which no maps exist. It is an adventure. It is an effort of raising your head. It is the elimination of the fear to be stupid, ignorant, ridiculous, pathetic. It is a situation to which such categories as failure and success, right and wrong can’t be applied. Such a situation guarantees nothing – not even the continued existence of that situation. But it does open up the possibility for each of us to start creating our lives for ourselves. Can you imagine such a situation? Try to, there is no place for examples. Can you handle it? It is up to you.

Uncertain rebellion is always concrete. It deals with power relations in the family, school, the army, the university, the professional field, public events, everyday life. One must be very attentive to the prefabricated social context. One must quickly analyze the given conditions. One must immediately decide about one’s rebellious techniques and methods. Then one must attack.

The authorities in our heads and around will continue to suppress our rebelliousness until we really learn to take risks. We don’t suggest that one has to be blind – jail is not a liberatory situation. However, without risks there is no adventure, no life. Self-motivated activity that springs from our passions and desires, not from attempts to conform to certain principles and rules or to blend in to any group is what can create a situation of uncertain rebellion. It is a highly personal move. To let your passions erupt – a skill learned only by doing it – is essential. When we feel disgust, anger, joy, sadness, love, hatred, we need to express them. It isn’t easy. More often than not we
find ourselves falling into the appropriate social role in situations where we want to behave differently. We go into a shop feeling disgust for the whole process of economic relationships, and yet politely thank the clerk for putting us through that process. It is really difficult in the present society to act on our whims and our spontaneous urges without caring about what others think of us. But this is a self-motivated activity – the behavior that springs from our passions and our suppressed imagination. Sure, following our subjectivity this way, living our lives for ourselves, will lead us into an inevitable social disaster, that is isolation, destitution, disconnection. These are the primal conditions of uncertainty. However, we cannot deceive ourselves that any “community” can overcome the limits and contradictions, dangers and traumas that individual uprising inevitably carries with it in a situation of profound social laceration such as the present. Or do you prefer to accept the zombie existence created by obedience to authority, morality, society? Life without risks, without tensions, without the unknown, without struggle, is not life at all.

Nevertheless uncertain rebellion is certainly against certain things. It is not a nice conceptual blur; it stands against such a blur. It is not an attempt to place oneself in the history of “radical ideas”; it is an assault on this history. It is not chatter and crap about freedom; it fights such demagoguery and claptrap. It is not a specialization of revolution; it is against professional revolutionaries, especially those who seek to overthrow power in order to conquer it. It is not a doctrine; it stands against all doctrines, particularly that of uncertain rebellion.

Let us continue. Uncertain rebellion is not simply a question of the chains of domination disappearing or the links of domestication being broken. It is something else, something that gets greater and more marvelous and cannot be obfuscated by the specificity of going beyond. It involves more: a continual going beyond that never stops, seeing the chains and domestication in their most intimate significance, not simply as the means to a better life as those in power have it. It is a continual fight against all stupidity and impotence that results from domestication and chains.

We want no constraints to our lives. We want to be free and straightforward. We want to destroy all prisons. We want to freak out in the face of all bosses. We want to insult and assault all communists,
elitists, populists, militants, liberals, fascists, artists, democrats, conservatives, teachers, preachers, false critics, TV-commentators, certain (most) anarchists, nationalists, architects, managers, scientists, philosophers and psychologists. We want to storm all stony buildings. We want to burn all archives. We want to rape all dead immortal writers. We want to rob the beautiful English language. That is the choice of our good taste.

Now let us examine the last question: can the totality we carry in our hearts, the uncertain rebellion that we talk about, be said in any way other than by having recourse to language, which is always locked within rational, progressive experience? After all, the pieces of writing we are presenting here are merely words. As someone said: “We need to encounter what words betray rather than illuminate, elsewhere, in our hearts, at the cost of our lives.” Otherwise these words will lose their meaning and return to the shameful, miserable activity of talking for the sake of it.

So, do you want more words, reader? Here they are: Uncertain rebellion means the eradication of any presence of common sense and morality, such as god, reason, patriotism, humanity, production needs, natural law, “the Earth”, anarchy, “pleasure”, or even “the individual” as a principle. At the same time it is a concrete refusal of profession, possession, identification. It is a refusal, even an erasure of anything that is static, physically or mentally. Do you understand: a real, continual refusal and at the same time an attack? It is within this absolute warlike tension that we place our project. We sketch out our path on the sun, howl and jump for joy, and only here do we allude to this tiny portion of reality: a smile, a handshake, a flow of water, a walk among the fireflies in the evening shadows. And there is nothing we can do about it if someone points to the sky but only sees their finger.

So, do you want mere words or do you want to go from certainty to uncertainty? Do you believe in uncertain rebellion? If you can’t even be certain of the answer to that, the misery cuts deep indeed.

And now let idiots wait and keep their ears to the ground: perhaps the brontosauruses will bray.
It is saying of an old monk: And a dog shall not move his tongue.

I vaguely remember a time when I lived in a world of many colors.
LET’S DESTROY THE PRIVILEGE OF THE ARTIST

To truly know freedom, one must develop the human being until one makes sure that no authority has the possibility of existing.

Tattoo on a corpse

1. Artists are the most miserable people in the world. Why? Because they are privileged but usually they deny it or even don’t understand it. A combination of arrogance and ignorance is extremely shameful, isn’t it?

2. Now the question is: What is privilege? The answer is: Material conditions and social relations imposed by authority that make it possible for somebody to have something that is denied to others. The dictionary goes: “Privilege is a special right, advantage, or immunity granted or available only to a particular person or group of people.” For example, these lines are written by privileged persons, because to write about privilege is itself a privilege in this society. However, our aim is not only to discuss but to eliminate privilege.

3. There is an interesting cartoon made by Robert Crumb. It looks like this: (see also page 51).
So, Crumb shows us a process of so-called exchange. There is an Indian guy with a piece of gold and a cowboy with a cheap necklace. They exchange these 2 things with different intentions. The Indian wants to give the necklace to his beloved woman, to make her and himself happy. So his purpose is joy. The cowboy wants to use the gold to build the great American empire and, by the way, to become rich. His interest is accumulation of wealth, quantitative growth, profit. In other words, the cowboy’s purpose is to acquire privilege. Of course this privilege is based on the deception, exploitation and exclusion of the Indian.

This cartoon shows that privilege is always trickery, swindle. As well it shows that the logic of privilege is incompatible with the logic of gift and joy.

4.

We were trying to speculate about what privilege means in general. Now what would privilege be in art? We can say that artistic privilege today consists in the availability of free time, in traveling, in the belonging to an “exceptional” (elitist) strata, in the attention paid to artists by the public, mass media, critics, collectors, sponsors etc. All this is true. But we want to focus on another – more hidden – side of artistic privilege. What is it? It is the belonging to the ideology of beauty, to some kind of spirituality, poetry, aesthetic knowledge, subversive attitude and so on. Artists are privileged because they deal with such categories as avant-garde, history, ugliness, irrationality, critique, negativity, identity, sexuality, transgression, modernism, postmodernism and other sophisticated matters. The privileged sphere of artistic activity forces many people to project their own thoughts and wishes in art works, to identify with the ideology of art.

We think that this whole thing is charlatanistic and corrupt. Artists use all these discourses in a sloppy and irresponsible way. We think that the idea of the artist making believe he is something special plays in the hands of bosses. Privilege and corruption always go together.

5.

Now, if you think that things as they are are fine, if they don’t make you unhappy, if they don’t outrage you, we guess you are a pacified
idiot. You can be as happy as sterilized house cat then. You can be as happy as a gold fish in an aquarium.

6. Now, suppose things aren't right. Or maybe you don’t like the word “right”, perhaps they are extremely rotten and corrupt. Now, what is corrupt then, what is rotten? It is easy to say that the institutions are at fault, the critics are rubbish, the collectors are freaks, curators are filth, sponsors are sharks, gallerists are pimps. However, we think that the artists are responsible. If there is anything rotten or corrupt in the art field, it is the artists’ fault.

7. Now, what artists? Do you want to lump all artists together? Do you want to separate them? Naturally, you’d have to say what artists. But the problem is that today the differences between artists cease in the face of artistic consensus. Now all artists are the same. There has been some strong critique of art made by other people, not by artists. For example, Shintaro Miyamoto has passionately written about the “disgusting taste bureaucracy in art” and about the “power elites that became a single force in art making”. Do you agree with it? We do.

8. All this relates to the general social, political and economic situation. But what about corruption and venality specifically in the arts? It is easy to say normalization or commercialism or careerism in the art system has become a racket like every other racket, a business like every other business. Now art is mixed up with a great deal of things (design, fashion, entertainment, urbanism), it can be manipulated and used in a number of ways. However, all these ways are short and lead to the boss’s office. There someone stands with a big stick but speaks softly.

9. So, if we generally live in an age of accommodation what would it be in art? There is no doubt that in art we have taste-making, hidden coercion, organized pressure, misrepresentation, exclusion and man-
ufacturing of art history, all this comes from people who are part of the establishment. But what about artists? A general unspoken agreement that “artists should not talk” prevents artists from touching each other’s conscience nowadays. A popular myth that “the dirty business” takes place only outside the artist’s studio and not in his own mind also helps ease the artist’s burden and makes his shame less shameful. But if the art world is “a sink of intrigues and lies” that the poor struggling artist never made, who did?

We think that the artist is simply part of a mafia situation.

10.

Hardly anything challenges this art machinery in any real way. We wonder why. We think that the only ones who could do it properly are artists, because they are insiders. However, last month one artist said to us: “Let someone else raise these issues, for example anarchists, they have nothing to lose.” It is precisely that artists do have something to lose. We wonder what could artists have to lose. And what are they losing now? There is a great deal of stupidity in artists today.

11.

Now coming back to the artist – the problem of fault or guilt or shame – in the present situation. In the climate of overwhelming power and market relations the artist somehow has to be a successful schnook, a company person, a jerk. Think about the Italian artist Maurizio Cattelan. Think about the Russian artist Oleg Kulik. But a long time ago someone put it this way: “What’s wrong with the art world is not Andy Warhol or Andy Wyeth but Mark Rothko. The corruption of the best is the worst.”

Corruption is subtle, hidden, secret, rational, masked, realistic, practical, useful, habitual, in little need of justification, normal. Normality is a cold monster that makes one functional, useful, positive, acceptable, weak, flat, fat, economical, absorbed, integrated, swinish.

12.

The common myth about the artist (and as a self-deceiving, inarticulate and unconscious person he himself believes in this myth) is that
he has ideas. Hieronymus Bosch had ideas. William Blake had ideas. Gustave Courbet tried to have ideas. And what about Jeff Koons, what about Thomas Hirschhorn? The establishment tells us that artists still have ideas. Artists are content with this myth. However, there is a profound confusion on this point. It is customary to consider that anything that passes through our minds is an idea. One says: “I have an idea”, then tries to understand what that means.

13.

But what is really an idea? There was the platonist idea, there was the Cartesian concept of idea ... But that is not what we are talking about. The idea is a point of reference, an element of strength that is capable of transforming life. It is a concept charged with value that becomes an instrument of change, something that can develop and make our relationship with others different. All that is an idea. But what is the source from which ideas spring? School, art academy, university, industry of discourse, newspapers, books, critics, television, internet and so on? What reaches artists from these apparatuses of information and cultural elaboration? A considerable accumulation of information cascades down on artists, making them produce chatter, images and opinions. Artists like other people tend not to have ideas, but opinions.

14.

That is the tragic conclusion. What is an opinion? It is a flattened idea, an idea that has been uniformed in order to make it acceptable to the establishment as well as to the broader (democratic) audience. Opinions are massified and passified ideas. It is important for the bosses and their institutions that these opinions be maintained because it is through opinions, the control of opinion, that they obtain the results they want. The formation of new power elites and wider consensus comes not from ideas but from opinions.

15.

Oh, poor miserable artist! You think that you got a genuine, personal idea, that you develop your own vision. You think that you take a position. Sorry, man, you are mistaken. You serve as a darling in the
big production of images and discourses, which is structured by capital and state institutions. Oh, poor guy!

16.
Basically, what does the State and capital want from the formation of opinion? What does authority want? Yes, of course, it wants to create mass opinion because from that they are able to realize certain operations such as voting, regulation of immigration, military interventions and so on. But this is not all they want. They want to create the appearance of heterogeneity. They want to show unity in diversity. They want to control the meaning and effect of everything. This is the structuring of today’s consensus. And it is gained through precise instruments, especially those of a cultural nature. For example, art and fashion, design and architecture became mechanisms of the creation of consensus and normalization. Ever thought about it, artists?

17.
Now, let’s raise the question: How to oppose oneself to opinion-making? Does it mean acquiring more information? That is, opposing counter-information to information? No, that is not possible because you cannot oppose the vast amount of information one is bombarded with daily with counter-information capable of “unmasking” through investigating hidden causes, the reality that has been covered up by all that informative chatter. It is impossible to operate in that direction. One cannot accomplish the immense task of building alternative educational sources capable of supplying rational instruments to people no longer able to use them. The age of enlightenment is over.

18.
Instead of dealing with counter-information one has to build one’s own idea. Let’s call it idea-force. What does it mean? Obviously it means to form an idea you don’t find in the newspapers, that doesn’t come from classrooms or the publishing industry, that cannot become an element of opinion or leads people to consensus. On the contrary, such an idea-force leads to internal conflict and then, logically, to an attack on consensus.
19. For example, think about the idea of freedom. What is freedom? Freedom is a destructive concept that involves the absolute elimination of all limits. Anyone who thinks about what freedom actually is even for a moment will never again be able to content themselves by simply doing something to slightly extend the freedom of the situations they are living in. Freedom demands the maximum effort. Freedom destroys passivity and conformity. Freedom leads beyond negotiation of interests, beyond commodity relations, beyond society. Freedom demands annihilation of all injustice, all corruption, all privilege. Now freedom is an idea you must hold in your heart, but at the same time you need to understand that if you really desire it you must be ready to face all the dangers that this concept involves, all the troubles of destroying the constituted order you are living under. Freedom is not an idea to cradle yourself in, in the hope that improvements will develop independently of your real capacity to intervene. Freedom is not a gift from Jesus Christ or Abraham Lincoln. You have to fight for it, against all authority including Jesus and Abraham.

20. Let’s return to the artists. Can they continue to serve the art system obediently in the face of the idea of freedom? Can they hold on to their safe privilege? Can they go on being darlings and accomplices of the bosses? Can they play into the hands of Hans Ulrich Obrist, Vodka Absolut & Co.? Can they continue to have negotiations with the managers of the present order? Can they continue to produce their art works?

No.

21. If artists really start to think about such ideas as freedom or justice, from that moment on they would suffer deeply and they would try to overcome this suffering. They would feel they have done wrong by not having done anything till now, and from that moment on their lives would change. They would destroy their privilege. They would destroy the art system. They would destroy all authority. They would join the attack on the System.
However, it is difficult to imagine how today’s artists can develop such a risky concept as freedom. Why? Because they are preoccupied with other matters. In the art market every artist competes with every other. Solidarity is as impossible as genuinely individual ideas and moves. By the natural power of example of those on top, and by other means of influence, the bosses impart to “cultural workers” a large measure of their own feelings and ideas in regard to the aims of existence. The bosses’ estimate of the value of life is almost universally accepted by artists. Essentially, managers and artists are dominated by the same logic, and motivated by the same feverish urges. And the common feeling about wealth, comfort and success necessarily develop the intense and unlimited competition which make life a bitter struggle, not with nature to obtain shelter, not with the class enemy to obtain freedom, but with other members of one’s own social group. In this situation an ever-increasing number of artists must inevitably fail and be crushed. The rich are getting richer, and the poor poorer. Delusion continues.

Thus, the possibility that artists might change is highly questionable. The current ideological process of opinion-making and brainwashing is total. Now capital tries to build a “new kind of human being” through its universal technological project: amorphous, flexible persons with modest thoughts, rather opaque in their desire, impoverished language, standardized interests, who only wish to find a niche in which to survive and have a great readiness to say “yes” to the bosses’ demands. The laboratories of capital have done an exemplary job in this sense. School, factory, culture and sport have united to produce individuals who are domesticated in every respect, incapable of suffering or knowing their enemies, unable to project, to dream, to dare, to struggle, to transform reality.

Isn’t this the perfect portrait of the contemporary artist?
I'M ALREADY KILLED! WHAT THE F**K AM I DOING ON THIS BATTLEFIELD?

I NO KNOW WHO I BE!
THE POOR ARTIST AND THE RICH ARTIST

If enlightening beings practice mundane tolerance and thus do not stop evil people, allowing them to increase in evil and destroy true teaching, then these enlightening beings are actually devils, not enlightening beings.

Ancient wisdom

1.

There was a poor artist. And there was a rich artist.

The rich artist was as visible as a general in uniform. Everyone knew where his villa was located but only a few had his telephone number.

The poor artist had no phone.

The rich artist knew all critics, all curators, all collectors. He had cash prizes (in his bank account), gold medals (in his safe), flowers (on his table). He had works of other rich artists. As well he had works of dead poor artists. He called it “my collection”.

The poor artist had only his own works. But he didn’t own them.

2.

The rich artist made his art for rich people. And they loved it.

The poor artist often said to himself: “I make poor art for poor people.” But poor people did not know anything about his art.

The rich artist liked to tell journalists: “I am nature. I am history. I am fate. I sell my art.”

The poor artist knew only street cats, no journalists.
The rich artist had an easy life, and his art was easy as pie, as chewing gum, as cheesecake.

The poor artist sometimes told himself: “Little is enough. Poor is rich.” And: “Too much is too much.”

The rich artist was as bad as the rich priest or the rich teacher. His art was expensive, stuffy, showy, dull, lazy.

The poor artist was more virtuous than the rich artist. His art was profane, hard, strange, joyful, strict.

The rich artist told in every interview and in private: “The rich are all right. They got taste for life.” And: “There have always been rich and poor, and there always will be.”

The poor artist was struck by the predominance of non-life in the totality of human affairs, and specifically in art. “How can I handle it?” he asked himself in despair. It occurred to him that he would do good to pursue further this matter.

The rich artist loved to quote the well known sentence: “I care neither for the asparagus of the poor nor for the leeks of the rich.”

The poor artist knew this saying too. But he understood it differently.

Once the rich artist had a retrospective in a huge museum. Everybody was invited: rich and poor, clever and stupid, young and old. Only beggars were not welcome.

The poor artist came to the opening. There was a big crowd.

The poor artist noticed the rich artist in the middle of the mob. The rich artist behaved at the same time like a bright star and a collectors’ yo-yo. The poor artist felt ashamed.

Then he remembered: “The simplest Surrealist act consists in dashing down into the street, pistol in hand, and firing blindly, as fast as you can pull the trigger, into the crowd. Anyone who, at least once in his life, has not dreamed of thus putting an end to the petty sys-
tem of debasement and cretinization in effect has a well-defined place in that crowd, with his belly at barrel level.”

The poor artist smiled: “I am not a surrealist.”

7. Having looked at the works of the rich artist for fifteen minutes, the poor artist thought in deep resignation: “Here is nothing besides impotence and servility. What a misery!”

Then he tried to concentrate: “If you are in despair, if you are suicidal from this boredom and misery, it is time to stop acting against yourself. Time to turn your anger against those who are really to blame for your predicament. Wreck vengeance on those who make you sick!”

Then he left the museum.

8. The same night before dawn the poor artist went to the villa of the rich artist. In his pocket he carried a knife.

The rich artist was prostrate after the successful opening. He was lying alone in his bedroom without any thoughts, any motion.

The poor artist entered the villa through an open window. The rich artist did not hear anything.

It was easy for the rich artist to lie.

It was hard for the poor artist to use his knife.

9. The next morning the newspapers called the poor artist “Murderer!” For the first time his name was mentioned by the press. But he didn’t care.

10. It was harder for the rich artist to get into heaven than to get through the eye of the needle.

It was easier for the poor artist to go to hell than to begin a new life.

However, this story is not about heaven or hell, but about the earth.
11.
A few days later the poor artist sent the following statement to the newspapers:

“As I see society, people make the arts into commercial products; they think of themselves as commodities, and also make implements as items of commerce. Distinguishing the superficial and the substantial, I find this attitude has less reality than decoration.

The field of art is particularly rife with flamboyant and tasteless showmanship, with commercial popularization and profiteering on the part of both those who produce art and those who promote it. It is a cheap game. It is foul play. The result of this must be, as someone said once, that “amateuristic martial arts are a source of serious wounds.”

In ancient China and Japan, practitioners of art have sometimes been compared with masters of martial arts. Although I had never studied the science of martial arts I decided to leave the art craft in favor of the path of the warrior. In my case, the amateur doesn’t intent to wound himself or the people around, but to kill those who are responsible for quackery.

If you are in despair, if you are suicidal from boredom and misery, it is time to stop acting against yourself. It is time to turn your anger against those who are really to blame for your predicament. Wreck vengeance on those who make you sick! Burn down the churches, the barracks, the police stations! Loot the department stores! Blow up the stock exchange! Shoot all judges, bosses, politicians, cops, and managers! But begin with your immediate oppressor!”

12.
The next day a specially organized Committee in Honor of the Rich Artist offered 1 000 000 reward for the arrest and conviction of the poor artist.

The police started to search for the perpetrator of the crime everywhere.
KILLING MEDIOCRITY

Now there are only three types of artists:
   a. Artists who got mediocre before they became a success.
   b. Artists who got mediocre after they became a success.
   c. Artists who always were mediocre beyond any success.
Who’s better? Lawyers who make art or doctors who make art or computer-programmers who make art?

Some time ago things were different. There were some good artists and some bad artists. The environment was richer. It is nice when you have not just teddy bears but also malicious peacocks and stinky porcupines. Such a situation is more promising.

Nevertheless now artists are nothing but mediocre. How come? Very simple: artists are constantly told what’s right, what’s wrong. Three divine sages tell them the eternal truth: Coco Chanel, Henry Kissinger and Bill Gates. What’s wrong? What’s right?

Will a fool who persists in his folly become wise? Artists chatter that grandpa Kissinger is an asshole but they go on listening to him. So, will a fool who persists in his folly become wise?

Nietzsche said: “On the peaks one is always alone.” On the contrary, now artists are always in company – with C.C.C. (curators, collectors, critics). They are full-time accompanied by proxies and tutors. So, what about peaks? It seems there are more pigs than peaks around.

Compromise, renunciation, agreement! This is mediocrity. But
Henry Coco Gates tells that there is no way out. And artists listen, listen to him – well-behaved smiling creatures.

Scared artists in soft pet skins. They are afraid to miss something. What precisely? A bone tossed by old uncle Coco.

Mediocrity: No search for joy, no despair. Passivity, predictability, betrayal. No critical sense or clear-minded combativeness needed to question the order of things. No despair of art. Despair? Weekend-artists have more desperation in the face of a mountainous landscape than professional weekday-artists in the face of freaky uncle Coco.

So, what is the solution of the mediocrity-problem? The solution of the problem is seen in the vanishing of the problem.

A good slogan line for a picket-sign: Not solved but dissolved!
What does it mean? Just crush mediocrity!

Just smash it with a hammer!

And then: Rot you spineless shit!
WE AREN'T DARLING RAYMOND PETTIBON, WE ARE FUCK OFF AND DIE ALONE

MAURIZIO AND ENZO
INTERNATIONAL AND LOCAL ITALIAN ARTISTS
THE HIGHPOINT OF CONTEMPORARY ART

Farewell voyages,
farewell savages …
Goa-goa-goa …

The last words of an eaten ethnologist

The boat travels the last meters and washes smoothly onto the beach. The guide jumps on land and shouts: “Women and children first!”, a joke met with loud laughter. He gallantly offers his arm to the women, and they disembark in lively commotion. They are all there, the Koenigs, the Politis, the Bourriauds, the Enwezors, the Misianos, the Hartens, the Buergels, the Martinez, the Obrists, the Birnbaums, the Biesenbachs and others. Before departure, they were advised to cover themselves well, but several of the men have opted for shorts. They slap themselves on the calves and scratch their large, pink knees, which the mosquitoes have immediately spotted. We aren’t going to live in air-conditioned hotels! You have to rough it from time to time, get in touch with nature.

“We leave again in two hours … watch your scalps!”

This is perhaps the ninth contingent of international critics and curators he has led to the hidden camp in the South of Uganda. Routine for him. Why change his repartee? It is met with favor every time. But for these people, it is very different. They have paid a pretty penny to come here and see the Great Eternal Dada. And for their money they get the merciless sun, the blended odors of river and forest, the insects, all of this strange world, which they will bravely conquer.

“Have you got your Nikon ready?” – Obrist asks Buergel.
“Yes, I do.”
“Whatever happens, keep your camera rolling! That’s the main rule.”

Some distance away, they see the tents of the camp. Cameras clicking, the siege begins.

“I can’t believe that Idi Amin Dada is really alive. It sounds like a miracle!” – whispers Giancarlo Politi looking at Marta Kuzma’s legs.

“But it is true! He is more alive than ever! Long live Dada!” – giggles Juergen Harten, the old man.

The little group advances slowly on the path lined with banana trees. Monsieur Bourriaud explains that the gossip about Amin Dada’s cannibalism is strongly exaggerated and that in reality the great Ugandan artist is a vegetarian. Just like Adolf.

“I read this book, I don’t remember the author, but it doesn’t matter … Actually all Dadaists were vegetarians,” – says Misiano proudly.

Such erudition inspires respect.

“Why didn’t Rosalind Krauss show up?” – asks the Slovenian representative Igor Zabel.

“Krauss? She is just a bitch. She said she was tired. The truth is, she was scared! Yes, scared of Amin Dada!” – replies Catherine David.

The path goes through a large garden. Signor Politi looks at the banana trees. He would very much like to eat a fruit, but it is a little high, he would have to jump. Hesitating, he pulls off his Dolce & Gabbana baseball cap for a moment and wipes his bald head.

“At least you don’t have to worry about getting scalped!” – jokes Kuzma.

He gives up on the banana. All right. Everyone is in a good mood. Here they are at the end of the path, between two of the enormous tents. They stop a moment, as though at a threshold. The place is deserted, clean, unsettling. It seems like a dead village.

“This is where the Dada makes his performances at night,” – says Massimiliano Gioni, the young man.

At the center is a scaffold decorated with black and red fabric. A very skinny dog sprinkles the base of it, barks weakly and trots away.

“I bet that’s where he sometimes tortures people”, – whispers the Bulgarian curator Jara Boubnova.
Mister Birnbaum and Herr Fleck are not completely sure, but they are the experts.
“May be …”
Whispers, pictures, delicious shudders.
“Do you think Amin Dada speaks English?” – asks Ekaterina Degot, a critic from Moscow.
“An artist who does not speak English is not an artist!” – shouts Zabel.
Yellow and green, red and blue birds are taking a nap, perched on the tent tops.
“Those Dadaists and their leader could at least say something, come out, greet us, I don’t know,” – murmurs Koenig.
This is becoming disconcerting, this heavy silence, the weight of the light. Fortunately, the inhabitants begin to emerge from the tents, strong men in khaki, a few women in camouflage, all armed, looking out from under their brows at the strangers and lazily throwing bits of wood to the dogs. Confused conversations begin, the guests want to caress the skinny dogs who, however, run away. Hans Ulrich Obrist, a polite European guy tirelessly repeats: “Okay! Good Morning! Okay!”
The musician Karlheinz Stockhausen (who is also part of the group) is delighted.
“Well, guys, where is Amin Dada? Where is the great artist?”
He slaps the back of one of the men in khaki. In short, the ice has been broken, we are at home with the Dadaists, everything is alright. Of course, it is not exactly what we expected, but just the same. There they are, the real Dadaists. Guns and pistols decorate their torsos. That's impressive, yes.
Everyone goes off on their own. There is clearly nothing to fear, and it is better not to crowd, for the photos and all, not to look ready for conflict.
Determined, Hans Ulrich Obrist, followed by Marta Kuzma, makes his way toward the edge of the camp. He will methodically take a complete tour of this utopian territory. Two hours to get the Dadaists’ photos is not very much. Off to work. Good! Great! Obrist notices a fat black man in brown uniform sitting on a wooden bench in the shape of an elephant. That's it! The man is really big! From
time to time, he brings a huge pipe to his mouth; he smokes without displacing his gaze, which seems to see nothing. He doesn’t even flinch when Obrist plants himself in front of him. His enormous head lies on his monumental shoulders, revealing the large deep nostrils with some gray hair.

When Hans Ulrich is about to act, something stops him. What am I going to say to him? How am I going to call him: Mister? Or sir? Or dear friend? And if I address him casually, he might get mad and use his pistol.

“What do you think? How would you address this … this man?” – he asks Kuzma.

“Just ask what his name is,” – advises Marta.

“Oh, yes …” – he smiles and tries: “Hmhm … What is your name, sir?”

The fat man’s eyes travel from Obrist’s feet to his knees.

“My name is Idi Amin Dada.”

Obrist’s heart jumps.

“Really? You mean you are really the Great Dada?!”

The fat man repeats: “My name is Idi Amin Dada.”

“Oh!” – sighs Obrist. – “My name is Hans Ulrich Obrist. Nice to meet you!”

Silence.

After a while Obrist gasps again: “You know, I really admire you and your work. Your activity is truly different from that of overprotected euro-centric artists. You are really adventurous. You are a genuine poet, not a versifier.”

Silence.

Hans Ulrich starts to feel confused but tries not to show it. He utters, somewhere between injunction and request:

“Can I take your picture?”

The fat guy’s gaze falls on Obrist’s chest.

“One thousand American dollars,” – he answers.

Wow! This guy knows what money is. That’s quite expensive. But in the end, isn’t it worth this sum? European cultural institutions will pay!

“Yes, but you have to pose with your pistol. You know, a photo with a pistol!”
Hans Ulrich mimes holding a pistol. He shows Amin Dada what he wants from him for his money.

It seems, the Dada got the point.

“Me with pistol, three thousand American dollars,” – he says.

Good God, how profit-minded can a genuine Dada be? Obrist is speechless. But Kuzma intervenes:

“Well, are you going to take this picture?”

“You see how difficult he’s being!”

“Take the picture! Deutsche Bank will reimburse you. Vienna Secession will reimburse you! I will reimburse you!”

The fat man is still seated, indifferent and smoking peacefully.

“Very well. Three thousand dollars.”

The Great Dada takes his pistol and points it directly on Kuzma.

“Oh, that’s great! That’s exactly what I need!” – yells Obrist.

Click, click, click, click ... Five pictures at different angles. Ready for the sixth.

“Finished.”

Without raising his voice, the fat man has given an order. Hans Ulrich does not dare disobey. He disdains himself, loathes himself ... I, a civilized European, an enlightened person convinced of racial equality, consumed by fraternal feelings toward those who did not have the good fortune to be European, I comply with the first word from a former dictator, a tyrant and killer of thousands, when he sits in front of me with his fucking pistol. He demands three thousand dollars, and I could give him even more. He is a miserable despot, scum, and when he says “finished”, I stop. Why?

“Why the devil does he act this way? What difference does it make to him one or two more pictures?”

“You have come across an expensive model,” – giggles Kuzma.

Hans Ulrich is in no mood for humor.

“Look! What does he want to do with that money anyway? These people will be reduced to shit! They are finished!”

“May be he wants to buy a painting of Lucien Freud for his tent.”

Their chatter is interrupted by the fat man.

“I want my money right now!”

Hans Ulrich takes his purse.

“Here you are, sir.”
The Great Dada examines the bills for a long time, then puts them in his pocket. He sits down and takes up his pipe again. This is really annoying, he isn’t paying us the slightest attention, we’re here, international curators, famous critics, intellectuals, and it’s as if we weren’t ... Hatred: this is what Obrist begins to feel before this block of fat black inertia. Coming all this way, the expense on top of it. It is impossible to retain a dignified attitude, to humble this butcher by telling him to go to hell. Obrist does not want to have come for nothing.

“And what about a picture of your tent? I mean inside ... Is it possible to take a picture?”

Kuzma smiles approvingly. It seems, Obrist chooses martyrdom.

“Okay. Five thousand US dollars.”

Kuzma roars: “He’s really beautiful! A real Dada!”

The fat man stands up. They go toward the tent: The Great Dada, then the two international curators.

Surprisingly the tent is empty, there is just a big double bed in the center. White pillows, a red blanket. Nothing more. Silence.

“Hey!” – says the fat man. “I change my mind. No money. I want this bitch.”

This time Obrist smiles.

“Are you joking?”

“No.”

“What?! He’s crazy! That’s much too expensive!” – yells Kuzma.

“That, my wish. Me like bitches.”

For the first time the Great Dada expresses an emotion; his icy face is unsettled by a wide smile.

“You are fooling around with us!” – Obrist looses his composure.

“It’s easy to make a living that way!”

“Rosalind Krauss was right! It’s not Dada but a bunch of thieves and rapists, completely corrupted by money,” – says Kuzma resolutely.

She turns around.

That moment the Great Dada takes his pistol again.

BANG! BANG!

BANG! BANG!

BANG! BANG!

The yellow and green, red and blue birds fly away from the camp
toward the river. Their wings make strange sounds: blumm-blamm-blumm.

About one hour later the Politis, the Bourriauds, the Enwezors, the Misianos, the Koenigs, the Hartens, the Buergels, the Martinez, the Camerons, the Birnbaums, the Hasegawas and others assemble near the boat. They are full of impressions. Rosa Martinez more or less sums up the art-tourists’ general feeling as they come back: “Three thousand dollars! Can you believe it? To film three minutes of these guys and girls dancing naked with a machine gun in their hands! They are really crude and lazy!”

Everybody laughs. Everybody? Almost. Kuzma and Obrist are missing. However, nobody notices it. The cultural adventurers are still overwhelmed by the exceptional Dadaist spectacle. Now all they want is to go home. And when the guide, in his usual ironic manner, shouts: ”Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to our pirate ship!” nobody plays coy, nobody says: “Already?” Everybody answers: “Let’s go!”
A REAL SNAKE IN THE GRASS
WE GOT THE BOMBS TO MAKE YOU BLOW, WE GOT THE BIZ TO MAKE YOU BANG
SAD SONG IN HONOR OF A BAD ARTIST

1.
Some artists are better than others. Some artists are worse than others. In the present situation it doesn’t matter. They are all part of business. And there’s no business like no business.

2.
It makes them equally lousy. They are no good anyway. They degenerated into deepest respectability and ineffectiveness regarding all tensions of life. They are people of small abilities, narrow-minded, without any vision. Their mental world consists of a combination of Evian drive and Schweppes frustration, and of the choosing of the right strategy for Beck’s. They are all minor artists involved with sensibilities, money, artistic “qualities”, grants, images, social climbing, new technologies, corporate production, ass-licking, institutional discourses etc. Marko Pelhan, Marko Lulic, Marco Vaglieri … It is wrong for those artists to give the impression that their works are a valuable document of the “anticapitalist movement” or a support to refugees. It is wrong for those artists to explain their work with the help of Guy Debord or Franz Fanon or Michail Bachtin. It is wrong for those artists to palm off their videotapes as a subversive revelation. It is right for those artists to mix their art with Valentino’s furniture.

3.
There are also some “great artists”. They are nothing but advertising balloons for the fabulous “greatness” of art. Gerhard Richter, Ilya Kabakov, Louise Bourgeois, Jasper Johns, Bruce Nauman, Otto
Muehl, Matthew Barney and other such bubbles. They serve the old reactionary ideology of art, which turns art-making into a trade and craft, as well as into “spiritual” or even “transgressive” productivity. The poverty of their ideas and the banality of their imagination is only rivaled by their lust for recognition and authority. They are honorable heirs of the dentists’ art-history and gatekeepers of the treasury of culture colonized by BMW. In the end they are professionals, perpetually gnawed by the need to produce masterpieces, to exhibit them, to be discussed, interpreted, explained. They are the barking dogs of posterity. It is wrong for those artists to claim that their work could illuminate the public existentially. It is wrong for those artists to pass themselves off as visionaries of historical ruptures or seismographs of universal troubles. It is right for those artists to beautify the multiplying Guggenheims.

4.

Some artists are not part of the art system. Some artists are marginal, peripheral. Some artists are afraid of the art world and the “big world”. They are escapists, isolationists. They are also minor artists but disconnected, dysfunctional. They are cowards. They are frustrated with society but they are enthusiastic about their brushstrokes. They are also involved with sensibilities, artistic “qualities”, images, media, objects, “self-expression” etc. They get no chances to become corrupt. They are not in the company of C.C.C. They sell their works only occasionally. They pretend to be guiltless. But no artist is guiltless. No artist is innocent.

5.

Thus, as far as current art and culture are concerned, there are minor artists, “great artists”, disconnected artists, some cartoonists, photographers, filmmakers, dancers, tattooists, and so on. But now the managers intend to mix all this together – to neutralize the last challenging meaning of certain art works as well as to finally domesticate artists as individuals. That’s why they put Crumb into the Ludwig Museum, that’s why they made Jack Smith posthumously famous. Since for every human being it is essential to cultivate and polish their individual path, for power it is necessary to erase all individual paths
and push everyone toward corporate death. Artists do nothing but assist this project of the bosses.

6. What really differs from all this is a consciously bad artist. Can you imagine an artist who wants to be genuinely bad? Can you imagine an artist who refuses to be covered by the art business? Can you imagine an artist who rejects to be “great”? Can you imagine an artist who fights the conditions of the current art situation? In the eyes of the art world this is a complete moron. A really bad artist. Critics describe her as incompetent, old fashioned, provincial, stupid. In the opinion of curators he is ridiculous, inarticulate, violent, fascist, juvenile. For collectors it is simply no investment.

However, he is a bad artist even in his own eyes. Why? Because he understands that he is still an artist. It means that he limits himself to shitty activities. He fights the art system but this is clearly not enough. He attacks Szeemann, but who is Szeemann? Just another bubble. And it already burst.

7. The bad artist moves in the confines of culture. This is the problem, this is the lack – the lack of general struggle. Actually, the bad artist is always dealing with lack – lack of determination, lack of integrity, lack of joy, lack of creativity, lack of challenge. But he demonstrates and, most importantly, suffers from this lack while the law of the art system is to hide, to cover, to frame all its lack, all its failure, all its inability.

8. The bad artist goes like this: “What is art? Say it often enough, regularly enough and the lie will assert itself. Art, art, art ... Art forms a large and integral part of our daytime nightmares – our collective unconscious. Just as modern man is compelled to incorporate ritualism and symbolism into his everyday life, so must he experience art. The media is so taken by the notion of art that it leaps for the word at the merest insinuation. Like the obituaries of the celebrities, art deals with the most intimate and foggy corner of our soul, with the
sensationalism of beauty and death. All fools are waiting for art. Waiting. Fans are waiting for the match to begin. Then they clash because they are dissatisfied, because something’s wrong. Martha Rosler is waiting for the Louvre of the future. She waits quietly, patiently, intelligently. Maggots argue: “No art rebels have ever smashed an art castle; no iconoclasts have ever seized Mona Lisa.” Waiting. Waiting. Fools keep their ears to the ground. Art is a monster that must exist because it cannot be proven not to exist. Art is the last means by which the bosses can prick public morality. As such it is exploited by right-wing campaigners fighting “obscenity” and “pornography”. For bureaucrats seeking publicity and managers seeking funds, it is a tool – the apotheosis that necessitates their business. It is what the public must love and desire. For the “transgressive”, on the other hand, it is the next inevitable step up the slippery slope – like all marijuana smokers will become heroin addicts; like all beer drinkers will turn to hard spirits; like all porn viewers will resort to a bloody orgy. Waiting, waiting. Art is the last means by which the bosses will prick public morality. Despite no such thing as art can ever be found in any place, anywhere, where freedom left its trace, the media continues to nurture and promote the lie as fact and wish. Perhaps in so doing – reiterating its increasing monetary value and projecting new overwhelming markets – it will one day succeed in making art the biggest commercial reality in the whole world.”

Such are the thoughts of the bad artist.

9.

But sometimes the aggression of the bad artist explodes to greater ends. The most burning question which he asks himself is: How can it be that artists obey the art system and the System in general, and not only obey it, but serve it, and not only serve it, but want to serve it? This is so tasteless!

This question can’t be reduced to the concrete historical situation of the bad artist. The very possibility of formulating such a destructive question reflects, simply but heroically, a certain concept of art and its history: art as a means of liberation. Of course behind this concept lies some tradition, which is not too difficult to find in art books. But interestingly enough this tradition is completely erased
from the minds of contemporary artists. Thus, raising this question, the bad artist slips outside of current history. It means that he becomes again a genuinely bad artist – an anachronism.

But what he happily discovers, by slipping outside of history, is precisely that the society in which artists want to serve the System is temporal and historical, that it is not eternal and has not always existed, and not always will be. Moreover, he realizes that the love of the law – the fear of freedom – makes artists accomplices of Ugliness: obedience to the System excludes real creativity.

What does this mean for the logic of the bad artist? It means that you can – and must – attack and destroy this society and liberate yourself. This is the only task of art.

10.

However, as long as the bad artist remains an artist, as long as he sticks to art, normalization in culture is not in real danger. The ugly situation of the bad artist of being an artist, his ongoing taste for culture – even for failure or destruction in culture – hinder him from an uncompromising revolt, from the true transformation of himself and the world. At the same time the bad artist’s preoccupation with failure stems from an instinctive rejection of history at the time when history is monopolized by Deutsche Bank and MoMA. In view of this halt imposed on freedom in the name of “free enterprise”, it is understandable that a lucid but lonely mind that is cut off from all progressive leftist crap, apprehends historical consciousness as a consciousness of a void and as the utter negation of any individual history. In this situation emphasis on failure is honest.

11.

However, failure should not be cultivated. The role of the bad artist must be negated. No ifs, no ands, not buts: a bad artist must cease to be an artist to become an immediate danger.

In a place where you pay your money and take your choice, whatever is chosen is worthless.
Tell Jesus "Thanks" for the hippos boiled in their tanks.

Ohh... Mercy...
AN ARTIST’S OBSESSION

Mattin, a successful artist in his thirties, leaving his hotel room, a smile of contentment on his lips, took a small step back, to read a tiny poster on his door:

While you occupy a warm hotel room
My comrades rot in fucking prison cells.
Death to artists!
Long Live Anarchy!

At once the smile vanished from his face, but the cleaner, who was polishing the floor whispered: “I will take these idiocies off the door.”

Mattin went into the streets. His calm smile came back when he noticed, glorious in their power, two police officers on duty. But he stopped at the same time as them, staring at a sticker stuck on the next wall:

Cops and artists are the bulldogs of the bosses.
Death to the whole miserable brood!
Long Live Anarchy!

The cops used their nails to scratch off the sticker and Mattin left in confusion. Then he noticed a bank nearby and his good mood returned. He remembered that he wanted to get some cash. However, the cash machine was broken. A piece of paper was glued to the screen:

Capital is the product of hard work
Stolen and accumulated by all sorts of thugs.
Abolish them all! Long Live Anarchy!
Mattin frowned and hurried away. “My goodness! Anarchist idiots!” However, the streets were full of well-dressed guys and charming girls. This made him calm.

Soon his attention was captured by a big computer shop at the corner of avenue Z. The surveillance camera above stared at him with its deep black eye. The artist felt again on secure and civilized territory, protected by the wonderland of technology.

He decided to enter the shop. At that moment, like a flight of butterflies, a few leaflets floating in the air. Astonished, he read:

*Technology turns everyone into lobotomized zombies!*
*Destroy all this shit!*
*Long Live Anarchy!*

Mattin felt anxious. “Somebody is after me”, he thought. “Not a funny game.”

He was standing in front of a café and decided to have a cappuccino. On the table laid another flyer:

*Go on, asshole, gorge yourself, soon the day will come when we will eat the rich. The day of cannibals, the day of insurrection!*
*Long Live Anarchy!*

He sneered, but this time he didn’t order a coffee.

Getting up he headed quickly toward the corner of X street, the location of the well known gallery he was working with. The huge front window was covered by a vicious graffiti:

*All cultural places are the schools of rottenness!*
*Practice the art of destruction!*
*Long Live Anarchy!*

He shook his head and went away quickly. “Oh boy, what a day!”

He decided to call his girlfriend for a change. When he took his mobile he read the following text message:
The luxury of the cultural scum is paid for by the misery of millions!
Crush all fancy bugs!
Long Live Anarchy!

This “Long Live Anarchy!” and its harsh claims, all this hovered around him. Mattin panicked.

In the end he decided to report to the next police station. When he opened the cops’ door somebody dressed in black pushed him and shouted angrily:

This was your last mistake, stupid artist!
Long Live Anarchy!

Then there was a huge explosion that buried the artist together with a dozen of cops.
THE ART OF DESTRUCTION: 
DANCES ON THE BOSSES’ HEADS

I don’t just talk about violence; it is my element, 
my everyday fate; it is the conditions I’m forced to live in. 
But I want to turn this element into my 
personal wonderful choice.

A Voice in the Fog

Exuberance is beauty.

Wall in WC

Hope in it, ah, my brothers! there is none; 
And yet – hope is ridiculous.

A Vanished Songwriter

There is a great deal of fear of violence among the intelligentsia. The enlightened cultural public often reflects on the topic of violence but prefers to distance itself from violent character and behavior. However, sometimes even great intellectual authorities kill their wives. In zoos explosions of violence take place from time to time too. Can you imagine that all philosophers turn into murderers? Can you conceive that all wild beasts escape from their cages? Are you afraid of these possibilities?

Let the intelligentsia die together with all their reflections and fears. They deserve slow terrible agony because it is they who blurred the difference between the passionate impulsive violence of incarcerated, freedom-hungry creatures and the cold systematic violence of those in power.
Some people knew even before de Sade that social control is equal to violence. The state and its institutions produce systems of rationalized violence to socialize individuals – to make them into useful resources for society. Some of these systems, such as the military, the police and the penal system can still be viewed separately due to the blatant harshness of their violence. But in fact all institutional fingers – iron and plush – are absolutely interconnected and pervasive. They act as a single totality – the totality which is society. And this is systematic violence.

Think about people in the streets and in public places of every city. Do you remember looks of disgust and hostility between strangers? Did you hear verbal battles of wits exchanging guilt and blame between supposed friends? Did you pay attention to the hostile gazes of old people on park benches? Did you notice the expression of hatred, which is hidden behind polite smiles of waitresses, shop assistants and cleaners? This is the subtlest and most common form of rationalized suppressed violence; everyone carries fear and frustration for each other.

Today systematic violence exists mostly as a constant underlying threat – a habitual, even boring, everyday terrorism. The signs and orders from superiors which threaten us with punishment or poverty, the armed, uniformed thugs who are there to “protect and serve” (buh!?!), the barrage of headlines about wars, torture, serial killers and street gangs, all immerse us in an atmosphere of routine-like, prefabricated violence which causes us to be afraid and to repress our own violent passions.

And you, supposedly resisting artists, do you dream of a gentle revolution? Or did you erase this old-fashioned word – revolution – from your vocabulary and memory once and for all? Do you prefer “subversive practices”, “transgression”, “autonomous territories”? Do you prefer panel-chatter about utopia? Do you wish to theorize cyber-violence? Did you finally kill your ferocity, your anger, your explosiveness, your intolerance?

Exactly.

In the light of the systematic social violence that surrounds us, it’s no surprise that people are fooled into viewing all violence as a sin-
gle, monolithic entity rather than as specific acts or ways of relating. The system of violence produced by society does become a monolith, which acts to perpetuate itself and, by the way, stupefies everyone.

In reaction to the total system of violence, the *pathology of pacifism* develops. Unable to see beyond social categories, the pacifist creates a false dichotomy, limiting the question of violence to the ethical/intellectual choice between acceptance of violence as a monolithic system or the total rejection of violence. But this choice exists only in the realm of worthless abstractions. Pacifism is an ideology, which demands absolute social peace as its ultimate goal. Such peace would require the complete suppression of personal passions that create individual incidences of violence – and that would require total social control. How do you, pacifist, plan to maintain your perfect peace? With the help of the police, prison-guards, therapists, psychiatrists, social workers, spies, surveillance systems? Or with constant pacifist propaganda by the media? Or with enlightening arguments? Or with moralistic pressure? Or with a combination of all this crap?

The rationalized system of violence (and pacifism as its counterpart) evokes different forms of resistance. Sometimes they take the shape of wild explosions by enraged individuals. Did you read in *The Daily Telegraph* or in *The Sun* about a guy who came to Downing Street with a hammer and tried to smash the office of the prime minister? Incidents like this happen from time to time. The system then manipulates them into justifications for the maintenance of its own repressive apparatus.

However, there are not only desperate and irrational acts of negation of authority, but also different forms of consciously rebellious violence.

2.

If you want to fight for the freedom to create your life for yourself you need to reject both pacifism and systematic violence because this choice is an attempt to socialize your rebellion. Instead you have to produce your own options, developing playful and passionate acts and relations. At times these acts may be marked by intense and ferocious violence, at times by profound tenderness.

Non-systematized, passionate, playful violence is a beautiful rejection of rationalized violence. Violent play is very common among ani-
mals and children. Chasing, wrestling and pouncing among a playmate, breaking, smashing and tearing apart things are all aspect of play that is free of rules. The conscious rebel plays this way as well, but with real targets and with the intention to cause real damage. This is the art of destruction.

Forget everything you know about art. Spit on all cultural certainties! Attack archives, museums and biennials! They are places of systematic violence. They are instruments of recuperation. They impose on you the ideology of art. Real art is the destruction of all these obstacles. Real art is a dangerous game.

Thus, the targets of the ferocious play in the present society are mainly institutions, commodities, social roles, cultural icons. The human representatives of state and capital, the functionaries of cultural institutions can also be targets – especially where they present an immediate threat to anyone's freedom to create their life as they desire.

But why do we put the emphasis on art of destruction? Why do we call it art? The answer is simple: because individual uprising has never been merely a matter of survival. In itself, survival is best achieved by accepting the status quo or its reform. On the contrary, uprising is at the same time a basic need and a great luxury, like art or philosophy. Why is it a basic need? Because together with gastronomic, erotic, intellectual and aesthetic necessities the rejection of oppression belongs to the fundamental human demands. And why is it a luxury? Because the individual striving for freedom as well as the intimate search for beauty and pleasure are denied by society. Both are extremely risky when they get out of line, when they rise up against the rules. Rebellion is an aggressive, dangerous, playful and exuberant attack by free-spirited individuals against society. That is the art of destruction.

This daring art leaves no place for the safe social role of the artist (as well as for all other socially defined roles: revolutionary, intellectual, worker and so on). The art of destruction can’t get recognition from professional art managers. Are you afraid of it? If yes, then you are a simply a slave of dominant concepts. But remember: genuine art is a priori unacceptable for the taste of authorities. And what about “experts”? They have no criteria. Film? Video? Painting?

As someone put it: The destruction of the bosses means the destruction of commodities, and the destruction of commodities means the destruction of the bosses.

The art of destruction demonstrates the need and urgency of attack on the social normality. Everything around us is quiet and peaceful, that is dead. Then on television we see dead bodies on the streets of Baghdad. Again death. These are the two sides of a world imposed by power: death and death. Two sides of one damned coin. We have to demolish it with the help of life, that is with our rage, our impatience, our wildness, our joy. Only through rebellion and playful destruction can we liberate the world we are living in. The art of destruction means to snatch place and time for new ideas, for real dialogue, for a genuine existence.

We are not free to take any road that might lead to freedom, it is necessary to force yourself to take the correct path. Freedom is not something that existed before us; it is an aim, which we have to reach, day after day, to free ourselves of ignorance, illusions, fears, stupidity, authority and property. Only an excessive, violent, destructive and at the same time intelligent way leads to freedom. Without any embarrassment, without slacking off at any time, polishing the mind and attention, sharpening the eye, one should follow this way as the state where there is no obscurity and the clouds of confusion have cleared away. Knowing your priorities, taking straightforwardness as basic, practicing the art of destruction in the broadest sense, thinking clearly, refusing the overall social standards, overcoming the individual warps you see the real joy of life. Wisdom exists, logic exists, life exists, the art of destruction exists.

3.

The playful violence of insurgence has no room for regret. Regret weakens the force of blows and makes us cautious and timid. But regret only comes in when violence is dealt with as a moral question, and for rebels who are fighting for the freedom to live their desires, for individuals who practice the art of destruction morality is just
another aspect of social control. Wherever rebel violence has manifested playfully, regret seems absurd. In street riots and spontaneous uprisings – as well as in acts of vandalism – a festive attitude seems to be evident. There is an intense joy, even euphoria, in the release of the violent passions that have been pent up for so long. Bashing in the skull of society as we experience it on a daily basis is an incredible pleasure. In the joyous rebel violence of insurrection and individual liberation we cannot take a retrospective look at the already done. We totally live here and now. Thus, at the peak of joy we find its limits: anyone who has no regrets has no history either. History is a retrospective look at what one has done as opposed to what one might have done, and the difference is always a sorry list of mistakes to be avoided in future.

Thus, anyone who, rather than dedicate themselves to this necrophilic pastime prefers to cultivate their own life of destructive passion in the eternal present of revolt against everything that is aimed at regulating their life, can have no future either. The culture that suffocates us sees this lack of future as something negative, proposing a perspective in the logic of little by little. The present world is entirely based on such an ideology of accommodation. The fire reaches only a few who are not afraid to burn their fingers to experience the fullness of the present. At the same time when we look from the point of view of a rebellious individual, from the point of view of straightforward human reason, things such as preferences for the “present” (extra-short time) or “future” (extra-long time), are all biased paths. The main thing is effort.

Trust your violent passion when it crashes down on the bosses’ heads. This is the art of destruction. It is immediate and intelligent. But this intelligence is opposed to the intelligence of watchmakers. Under no circumstances is it self-perpetuating, because it is personal and temporary, spending itself fully in its violent, passionate expression. The art of destruction is not a utilitarian strategy for butchers, but liberating acts of rebellious individuals.

In one word, the art of destruction is a direct attack on any exterior law. Each free individual and their free associations want to remain under the sign of their own law, which excludes any superiority, any external power. Thus, the art of destruction is the refusal of the State,
of the party, of the leader, of universal truth, of prefabricated identity, of any kind of dependence. Only imbeciles can believe that in order to be free there must be an authority, which can defend and guarantee your freedom. On the contrary: the active refusal and attack on authority (economic, political and cultural) belong to the very being of free existence.

So, forward reader! Hurry! And with bouquets of roses and buckets of shit, with umbrellas and Molotov cocktails, with guns and spittle, with a knife between the teeth and sharp intelligence, with spray cans and cobblestones, with hatred and love, with all rebellious knowledge, make the art of destruction, make war on society!

Hurry, reader! Hurry to make an effort! Hurry to offend experts who know what art is, policemen who know what order is, judges who know what law is, businessmen who know what money is, politicians, who know what is good for you. Hurry to attack all of them! Hurry to play!

A thousand years of attacks, a thousand years of uprisings! That is our wish for you, reader. Is this “unrealistic”? Ha-ha-ha! Is this pious? Yes, we are afraid so. If you decide to attack it means that you are the last of the besieged. You belong to the vanishing race ... A mortal shadow is being cast on all sides ... You are surrounded ... And afterwards? Perhaps people will feel better once the last raging attack on authority has been defeated by the bosses and their trained scum. Perhaps people will sleep without waking a single time ... And satisfied cops will endlessly guard clean empty towns, happy artists will walk about secured tidy museums, smiling businessmen will count mountains of money, and pretty zombies will full-time shop in safe air-conditioned boutiques ... Harmony everywhere.
THE NEXT REVOLUTION IN ART

1.
The next revolution in art will be the same, old, one revolution.
   Every revolution in art turns over art from art-as-a-product-for-power into art-as-a-weapon-against-power.
   Art-as-a-weapon-against-power means art of destruction.
   What must be destroyed?
   Everything that makes you sick and weak.
   The one, eternal, permanent revolution in art is always a negation of any authority, in art or elsewhere.
   The art of destruction is as old as art itself and even older. Genuine artist have always practiced, if not always professed, secretly or openly, the art of destruction.
   The art of destruction is a battle cry, uncompromising refusal, viscous attack, imprudent resistance, heavy assault, resolute disagreement, violent intervention.

2.
What means art-as-a-weapon?
   Can a painting of a gun be revolutionary? Can a film about a bank robbery be an assault on authority?
   No.
   A painting of a gun is the same as the painting of an apple. A film about a bank robbery is the same as porn.
   Art-as-a-weapon is a true robbery. Art of destruction is real sex—that is a physical, immediate assault on authority.
   When we lose ourselves it is authority who finds us. It is by the missing guts that authority has caught us. Therefore: destroy authority before it snatches you. Have the guts to destroy authority.
Art-as-a-weapon is a stone, or a bullet, or a bottle, or a fork, or a gaze, or a word, or a fist directed against authority. The best is a combination of all this directed against every slave-maker.

Art-as-a-weapon has always been and always will be a trouble for philosophers, priests, politicians, professors, patriots, polite provincials, property people, proud possessors, peaceful poets, porky psychiatrists, petit-bourgeois pimps, pacified pensioners, patrons, plutocrats, puritanical paupers, pleasure-pissers, power-puppets, phonies, pussy-peeking painters, panicky pets.

Art-as-a-weapon has always been and always will be a joy for anarchists, autonomous arsonists, anonymous assailants, antichrists, audacious avengers, angry adventurers, anti-authoritarians, amorous asses, animated assassins, amateurish adversaries, aggressive adolescents, adamant ancestors.

3.

There is just one art: the art of destruction.

There is just one art history: the history of war against authority.

There is just one aesthetic, one art idea, one art meaning, one principle, one force: to be intolerant towards any authority, any oppression, any exploitation, any injustice, any chains.

There is just one truth in art, one change, one secrecy: the striving for liberation.

There is just one method, one manner, one overall, one order, one rule, one thought, one spontaneity: to destroy power-relations in all their forms, here and now.

There is just one simplicity, one complexity, one focus, one way, one vision, one tradition, one standard: attack on the bosses and their property.

There is just one reason, one statement, one importance, one technique: to be in conflict with consensus and not to steal from a beggar's plate.

There is just one art enemy, one art indignity, one art danger, one art guilt: to be on the side of the bosses, to mingle with power managers.

There is just one thing to be said, one thing to be whispered, one thing to be yelled: Death to the king!
4.
The artist's of destruction first enemy is the boss in all his appearances: papa and pope, cop and snob, manager, dealer, organizer, intermediary, public profiteer, representative, administrator, functionary, director, authoritarian asshole, “great artist”, leader, star.

The artist's of destruction second enemy is the privileged obedient cultural darling, the accomplice of the dominant order: the artist-jobber and sales artist, the businessman-artist, the artist who “has to eat”, the successful artist, the pacified and domesticated artist, the “radical” artist, the Marxist or leftist artist or intellectual, the institutional cog, the demoralized student, the liberal scumbag, the “new avant-garde”, the journalist, the explainer-entertainer-in-residence, the cynic, the pseudo-ivory towerist, the gimmick-producer.

The artist's of destruction third enemy is his or her own cowardice and weakness, his stupidity, calmness, incoherence, politeness, naivety, un-decidedness, discouragement, ignorance, arrogance. It is ugly to be a proud brainwashed craft-intellectual with no backbone but a frozen smile at work and a grimace at home (what a familiar creature!).

As well the artist's of destruction absolute enemy is the utilitarian, acquisitive, exploiting society in which any real tendency towards individual and collective change is blockaded by the united institutional mechanisms of school, business, sport, judiciary, police, military, mass media, culture and public consensus.

5.
The next revolution in art will see the disappearance of social relations based on the concentration of wealth in the hands of a bunch of rich bastards as well as the vanishing of money, exploitation, enterprising and oppression by the majority. Artists of destruction will drive out all governments, international corporations, all sorts of cultural business from the top down, and conscience-stricken individuals will organize themselves to strike against enterprises.

The next revolution in art will wipe out the museification of the world and the global spectacle of obnoxious peep-happenings of all sorts. The old cultural game of competitive sport-art-tourist-business pigeon-drooling ladies and gentlemen (and their brood) with their
chatter about ethics and aesthetics will vanish in the crocodile swamp together with their Lacoste, Versace, Sisley and Prada supporters. The elimination of all these lovers in love with love business people would help to restore the health and sanity of all planetary haters hating hate warriors.

The next revolution in art will sound the farewell of the old favorite songs of the “greatness of art” that the old and young imbecilic artist-ducks love to sing along with old and young rich and influential crows and hawks.

The next revolution in art will recognize the inalienable right of each individual to be free from all ideologies, bosses, professions, social roles, statuses, commodities – to be free to be yourself.

6.

The art of destruction has never ruled the world.

The art of destruction cannot win the world without losing its soul.

The art of destruction’s only reward is its own joy.
COME WITH US...
YOU'LL BE SAFE WITH US...
JOHNNY CASH, BORIS GROYS, PETER WEIBEL AND GREAT SPITTLE

Don’t write any of that crap about unemployment and all that. We just don’t give a shit, that’s all.

One Tottenham rioter to a New Society journalist

Once in Rotterdam we went to the concert of Johnny Cash. At this time he was already dead. But he continued to sing. That evening he performed only one song. It was called “The Man in Black”.

Here it is:

Well, you wonder why I always dress in black,  
Why you never see bright colors on my back,  
And why does my appearance seem to have a sombre tone.  
Well, there’s a reason for the things that I have on.

I wear the black for the poor and the beaten down,  
Livin’ in the hopeless, hungry side of town,  
I wear it for the prisoner who has long paid for his crime,  
But is there because he’s a victim of the times.

And, I wear it for the thousands who have died,  
Believin’ that the Lord was on their side,  
I wear it for another hundred thousand who have died,  
Believin’ that we all were on their side.
Well, there's things that never will be right I know,
And things need changin' everywhere you go,
But till we start to make a move to make a few things right,
You'll never see me wear a suit of white.

Ah, I'd love to wear a rainbow every day,
And tell the world that everything's okay,
But I'll try to carry off a little darkness on my back,
Till things are brighter, I'm the Man In Black.

While he was singing, the old man in the limelight, wrinkles on his handsome face, we thought that it was great. Even tears appeared in our eyes. But then, a minute later, we understood that it was all horse-shit. So we went to the stage and started to spit at him, although it wasn’t punk but country music. Our spittle was all over his dead stony face and dropped down on his white shirt. But the security guys did not notice anything. They mistook us for enthusiastic fans.

Since then we started to spit regularly. There were plenty of occasions. In Kunstwerke Berlin we spat at the curator and philosopher Boris Groys and at the artist and director Peter Weibel. Why? Because they are both despicable creatures. In Martin Gropius Bau Berlin we spat at the Russian writer Vladimir Sorokin (he tried to defend himself). Why? Because he is a stinky corpse. In the Guggenheim Bilbao we intensively spat at the Moscow curator Joseph Backstein (he called the police). Why? Because we mistook him for the dustbin. In San Sebastian in the street we spat at the Italian artist Maurizio Cattelan. Why? Because he was wearing Vivienne Westwood shoes. In Istanbul in the art institution Platform we spat at the Milanese “independent” curator Roberto Pinto. Why? Because we were in a good mood. In the Juan Miro Foundation in Barcelona we spat at the late Harald Szeemann. Why? We can’t remember. In London we spat at Charles Saatchi right in the entrance of his new gallery (he really freaked out). Why? Because we were in a bad mood. In Strasbourg we spat at Daniel Cohn-Bendit. Our spittle was hanging on his ear for an entire minute. In London’s East End in front of Whitechapel
Gallery we spat at Gilbert & George: a couple of wet drops for a couple of dry lobsters.

The list of jerks at which we want to spit is a lot longer. Last time we spat at the philosopher Zizek in Cankarjev Dom in Ljubljana after the lecture of another philosopher – Agamben. Those two deserve an ocean of spittle.

It does not mean that we adopted the Dadaist and Surrealist technique of scandal-making. Neither do we think that spitting is an effective means against pigs and thugs. With spittle you can’t get rid of the establishment, cultural or otherwise. Spittle has one meaning only – to keep yourself in minimal rebellious shape.

Actually, we regard spitting as a dose of uncertain rebellion. Mostly it comes about spontaneously, it’s like getting rid of sickness. This is a matter of quickly freeing the mind and body without abandoning them. On the other hand spitting is our developed technique. In ancient times warriors used swords, spears, bows, arrows, sometimes they used shovels, forks and other tools ... We also try to use different instruments, spitting among them. The way of the rebel is the spirit of attacking by any means.

Matters such as this need not be written out in exhaustive detail; myriad things can be inferred from each act of spitting (and attacking in general). The secret is to begin. Then, when you have mastered the practice of uncertain rebellion in its different manifestations, there will be nothing you do not see. You become increasingly aware about yourself and others. That’s important: unless you really understand others, you can hardly attain your own self-understanding. This should be given careful and thorough reflection.

Now, let’s consider spitting a mini-mini-mini-riot. And, without doubt, this mini must get maxi.

What is a riot? A riot is an uprising of people, which contains strong irrational characteristics. It could start for any reason at all: because some bloke in the streets gets arrested, because the police kill someone in a raid, because of a fight between football fans, or because some youngsters in a poor neighborhood are fed up with everything around.

People who call themselves “revolutionaries” or “socialists” (or some such label through which various folk pump up their petrified
critique into a fantasized “higher consciousness” which makes them special, separate from those who rebel without fitting their anger into a set program of principles) may moralistically react to the idea of riot. But in fact, riot (smashing shop windows and cars, looting, stoning cops, spitting at bosses and peacekeepers, vandalizing property and so on) implies a lucid recognition that any smooth rational discourse doesn’t work anymore. It doesn’t work (and perhaps it never did) because society cannot be criticized in its own dominant language. As shown in our epigraph: The anonymous Tottenham rioter states that any preaching in favor of work doesn’t make anything better, that no demands can be made off this society because it’s all corrupt – and in this sense the spontaneous and “unreasonable” rebels of Tottenham are far more advanced than the dubious elitists who possess a so-called “high consciousness”.

Personally we think that under the present conditions spitting (and rioting in general) seems to be the most relevant thing in relation to the mentioned elitists, i.e. intelligentsia. Today it is them who are an obstacle to the struggle. The hypocritical contempt of intellectuals and of most of the Left who dismiss any form of random explosion under the pressure of bosses, social relations and culture as producing a barbaric indiscriminate violence (as if normal life, or life amongst the Left, isn’t dominated by a systematic survivalist pressure) does not allow to understand the sharp contradictions expressed in excessive gestures. That’s why we must strike in such a wild way as to make it difficult for the holders of dominant language to impose on us their usual tools. We should strike *unrhythmically*, unpredictably. The way to win a struggle is to know the rhythms of the opponents, and use rhythms that these opponents do not expect, producing formless rhythms from rhythms of rebellious wisdom.

Other intelligent creeps have criticized rebellious explosions as unproductive or helpless or as lacking any strategy. But it is easy to be coolly strategic outside an immediate desperate situation – and, in the absence of better practical suggestions for combating State, capital and its friends, such criticism smacks of moralism.

There are also some critical critics who suggest that if you make use of spittle (or cobblestones or Molotov cocktails) then the filth will be ready to use truncheons and bullets next time. Sure, the bosses
have weapons far beyond the reach of what we could get together, but that's no reason to not use, where possible, the weapons that everyone can get hold of. Nevertheless, uncertain rebellion will not be won or lost just on the basis of superior arms; insurgents are going to have to combat the forces of ideology, to reflect deeply and analyze their mistakes, hesitations and impasses. This must be investigated diligently.

Riot is inevitable under the present conditions. It must happen in all sorts of things. One way it happens is through a feeling of being under acute pressure. Another is through a feeling of unreasonable strain. A third is through a feeling of surprise at the unexpected.

According to the rebellious mind, it is essential to cause a riot. It is critical to attack wildly where enemies are not expecting it; then, while their minds are unsettled, use this to your advantage to take the initiative and win.

Yet it is necessary to make an effort right now. Spitting in the bosses' faces is a good start. And everyone has a boss around.

Revolt is inconvenient and cannot get anywhere through idealistic niceties. It's not nice and wise (in the bosses' nostrils), as life itself (in the bosses' asses).
ILLEGAL PLEASURE

Illegal pleasure amidst market place dustbins!
The first word of an artist is against artists.

Robert Desnos wrote:

"Andre Breton detests Eluard and his poetry. I have seen Breton throw Eluard's books into the fire. Admittedly, it was on a day when the author of *L'Amour, La Poesie* had refused to loan him ten thousand francs – that is, unless Breton was prepared to sign a bill of exchange. So why does Breton continue to sing the praises of Eluard and his work? Because Paul Eluard, as Communist as he claims to be, is a property speculator, and the money he gets from selling swampland lots to workers is used for buying the pictures and African art in which the pair of them deal.

Andre Breton detests Aragon, and never tires of recounting his infamies. Why then does he show him any consideration? Because he is afraid of him, and he knows that a break with Aragon would spell disaster for himself.

Andre Breton once broke off with Tristan Tzara for the very precise reason that when we attended Tzara's "Evening of the Bearded Heart", the Dada-in-chief had us arrested. Breton knows this very well. He saw and heard Tzara denouncing us to the policemen just as clearly as I did. Why is he now reconciled with Tzara? Because Tristan Tzara buys Negro fetish objects and paintings and Andre Breton sells them.

In an article of his on painting, Andre Breton takes Joan Miro to task for having made a little money along the way. But it was he, Breton, who, having bought the painting "Ploughed Land" for five
hundred francs, turned around and sold it for six or eight thousand. So Miro may have come across a little money along the way, but it was Breton who stuffed his pockets with it.

As serious as a pope, as dignified as a magus, as pure as Eliakim, Andre Breton is the author of Surrealism and Painting. It is a curious fact, however, that the only painters who find unconditional favour in his eyes are those with whom he can do business.”

Hot words, isn’t it?

So, what to do with all these ancestors? With all these papas? Illegal joy in the market-place sanctuary! Just ruin them!

A million artists today stand ready, eager to do the million jobs for bank, entertainment, property development, internet, restaurant, publishing business, church, park, television, interior design, clinic.

Ten thousand artists stand ready everywhere with their commodities, eager for 10 000 sales, geschaefte, deals.

All these artists know the customer is always right. You pay your money and you get the right artists.

So, what to do with all those contemporaries? With all those geniuses?

Illegal joy on the heads of shit-heads! Destroy them! Wreck them!

Nothing is left besides illegal joy, illegal pleasure. What kind of pleasure are we offered otherwise? To buy a car? To buy a villa? To pay rent? To enjoy TASCHEN? To own a Darger? To drink Red Bull? To pay taxes? To read Negri? To spell “Alright”? To sell your wits? To fuck a model? To have a coffee? Hello, Chapman brothers! Do you like to play football?

Where does illegal pleasure start? Where does real joy begin?

Illegal pleasure starts with killing your parents, your family, your classmates, your colleagues.
Do you know the great American story about a teacher who asked her class one day who wanted to go to heaven? When Johnny was the only pupil who didn’t raise his hand, the teacher said, “What’s the matter, Johnny, don’t you want to go to heaven?” “Sure,” he answered, “but not with these guys.”

Not with these shitty guys to bloody heaven: Kendell Geers, Carsten Nicolai, Pipilotti Rist, Thomas Struth … Sarah Lucas, Peter Doig … Muntean & Rosenblum, Steve McQueen, Thomas Hirschhorn, Franz West, Bob and Roberta Smith, Shirin Neshat … Jonathan Meese, Luchezar Bojadziev, Oliver Ressler … Santiago Sierra, Vanessa Beecroft, Jeremy Deller, Anatoly Osmolovsky … Bigert & Bergstrom … Terry Richardson, Albert Oehlen, Robert Beck, Michael Borremans … 0100101110101101.org … Komar & Melamid … Gianni Motti …

What can parents do for their children? They can’t do anything. Would not the most they can do for them is to die at an early age?

It is a pity that Andre Breton did not die the same age as Jacques Vache.

Monsieur Breton was 99 percent submissive to older men and exceedingly courteous. However, the 1 percent in him was resolutely rebellious and impolite: slap, slap …

Where is you 1 percent, Chapman brothers? Probably, you share it with all other British artists and, by the way, with all other Czech, Dutch, Chinese, Indian, Russian, Swiss, Turkish, Polish, Kurdish and Hungarian artists? Clap, clap!

No 1 percent!
Not even 0,03 percent!

Illegal pleasure amidst cultural fences!
Destroy submissive darlings commissioned by the governor’s office and police department! Ruin your “colleagues”! This is the beginning of illegal pleasure!
And where does illegal pleasure continue?
With killing the bosses, from the first to the last.
The first word of an artist is against artists.
The second word of an artist is against fartists.

*(Artsy Fartsy, you’re a dump,
Numb, numb, numb, numb!)*

Not a word but a sword! Not a word but a sword!
Millions of dead fartists!

Illegal joy is the only one genuinely contemporary idea of art.

The history of art progresses from art of a variety of ideas with a variety of subjects and objects, to art with one idea with a variety of subjects and objects. That is the art of destruction. The variety of subjects and objects relating to fartists and their farts must simply be destroyed, once and for all. There is nothing less significant in art, nothing more exhausting and immediately exhausted, than “endless variety”. *And what variety?*

Matisse says: “Art is an armchair for the tired businessman.”

Picabia says: “Art is a pharmaceutical product for imbeciles.”

Breton/Trotsky say: “We believe that the supreme task of art in our epoch is to take part actively and consciously in the preparation of the revolution.”

Jeff Koons mumbles: “We were middle-class white kids using art to move up into another social class.”

What a bouquet of quotes! Perfect material for T-shirts! All minor and major artists dream about becoming material for T-shirts! They want their work to be material for T-shirts and they want themselves to be material for T-shirts.
Let’s have all fartists come down!

Destroy them!

Reduce all revolutionary bosses to shit!

Ruin contemporary lubricant-artists!

Kill papas!

Extirpate the miserable brood!

Be determined!

Hurrah to illegal pleasure!
I know Trouble, but Trouble says he don't know you.

I have always detested all nations, professions, or communities, and I can love only individuals.
WE MET A STRANGE GIRL

Somewhere in a bar in Barcelona. Early afternoon.
We were drinking beer. A young woman with a pretty face walking by glanced at us, took several more steps, and then stopped. Staring at us she walked toward us as if by a reflex reaction.
“I like your looks,” she smiled, her face full of curiosity. She was wearing a green dress. Her hair was short and curled.
We replied that we liked her too.
Then she said: “So, can we have sex now?”
We went to the toilet and masturbated looking at each other. Afterwards we returned to the bar and continued to drink.
We started to talk. She told us that the voices of four or five people are always inside her head. She said that they restrict her activities. For nearly five years she has been ruled by these voices and cannot live freely. When she said this she became very pale.
She appeared to want to think that the people inside her head (as she put it) actually exist and are controlling her.
“What do you think about it?” she asked.
Despite the beer we soberly answered that it isn’t possible. There is no way that people you have never even met can control you for five years.
“What are you going to do about it?”
For a minute she didn’t respond to the question. Then she replied:
“I want you to kill them.”
“Whom?”
“The people inside my head.”
“All of them?”
“Yes, they are fascists, collaborators, cops, pimps.”
At that moment her mobile started to ring in her bag.
“Hello!” she answered nervously. “Yes ... yes ... I’m on my way ...”
She told us: “Sorry, I have to go. I have to hurry.”
She left.
We continued to drink. After a while we decided that the people inside her head do actually exist. It is obvious that one of them called her on her mobile. How awful! We have to help her!
We dashed into the street. There were a lot of passersby but the girl in the green dress was gone. Someone in our heads told us: “Stop it. Go back to the bar. Take a break.”
We returned to the beer. The voices in our heads continued with their calming talk. They told us softly that we are great just as we are.
Bad, bad, bad! Too bad for us.
We missed our chance. Goodbye, strange girl!
WHO IS JOHN ZERZAN?

Everyone who is famous can’t be trusted. Xaviera, the most beautiful girl in the world

Who is that? Who took the academic anthropological discourse and made it chic in the anarchist milieu? John Zerzan. Who criticized respectable Noam Chomsky and became an authority himself? Zerzan again. Who made his cabin trendy around the world and his beard familiar in Der Spiegel? Yes, Zerzan. Who can’t resist the sweetness of anarchist babies and jumps in their cradle with “primitivist” candy? Our grandpa John. Who promotes himself as the greatest living philosopher and admires the “genius” Jackson Pollock? John Zerzan as well.

We met John Zerzan occasionally in Istanbul. He was invited to give a talk at a private university. He was welcome in Turkey, where his writings were translated and published.

The event was a large gathering of people, who seemed to us nasty. Also, a social atmosphere like that was unbearable for us. We are the sort of persons who see no pleasure in exchanging smooth words with rotten students who come to pray to a Great Anarchist and Friend of Unabomber. We had read some of Zerzan’s stuff before and we felt that it is pre-historical chewing gum. But we were interested to see him in person. For us, who usually avoid social contacts, watching people is a big entertainment. We think about all kinds of things while we are looking at people, but the most interesting thought is to wonder whether that person can be a warrior or rebel – whether they can fight. Sometimes it’s difficult to tell that at a glance but sometimes not. Zerzan, however, appeared to us to be constitutionally unsuited to being a rebel. Generally, there aren’t many women who
are absolutely unsuited to rebelling, but many men aren’t suited to being rebels. Within that group, Zerzan’s type is the absolute worst. When we talk about a person’s temperament being most unsuited to rebelling, we refer to the person’s psychological constitution. But among men constitutionally incapable of rebelling, there are those who, nevertheless, pretend to be rebels. We are occasionally struck by the ambitions of these would-be rebels. They have their set convictions and deeply believe in their tremendous possibilities. Zerzan appeared to us to be one of that type. At the same time, we looked at him with a kind of sympathy. He was someone who probably couldn’t adapt to this world and who, moreover, was making a huge effort to do so.

Why did Zerzan set his heart on anarchism? In Istanbul he looked like an institutional gray-haired leftist, preaching his slightly eccentric but impressive primitivist repertoire to a young audience. He juggled with anti-civilization formulas like a cardinal murmuring *Ave Maria* on the edge of heaven. There was also a Turkish Marxist opponent professor on the panel, who argued referring to Zizek and Habermas. All in all, it was a pitiful puppet-spectacle. Zerzan took the role of a melancholic thinker with a radical utopian profile while the Turkish guy played the ironical realist, who is down-to-earth. If we were to imagine a condition where anti-civilization ideas became ideology and sterilized information it was in this university hall. If we were to imagine a condition where anarchy became merely a word, thin air, something unattainable and lifeless, that is to say a commodity in the marketplace of ideas, it was on this panel. And how could it be otherwise? If someone imposes a model with a clear and finished perspective, if someone predicts the future – even a far-fetched one where language, agriculture, time, art and so on vanish – there is something dodgy, something tricky. Especially when this model is sold in the false context of a public lecture.

However, the audience was amused. It looked like Zerzan got what he wanted: recognition. He wasn’t completely comfortable with the ironic jerk next to him but he tried to show that everything is under control.

However, at that moment we appeared on the scene. It was an unexpected maneuver. We interrupted the general complacency.
Ancient Japanese warriors called what we did “knocking the heart out”. This means that you suddenly stop the enemy from using their prefabricated strategy. So the main thing is to see that adversaries feel defeated from the bottom of their hearts. You can knock the heart out of people with weapons or with your body or with your mind. It is not to be understood in just one way.

In short, we told the audience that they are fooled by these two guys, American and Turkish. We said quite literally: Don’t eat this shit.

And Zerzan we told that as an anarchist he must blow this situation up. We told him that his behavior on the panel as well as his talk were extremely domesticated, that is the opposite of the basics of anti-civilization.

However, Zerzan said that he doesn’t understand what we are talking about. Just doesn’t understand. And, honestly, we think that his answer was not unreasonable. There is absolutely no reason that our critique should be understandable in the realm of Zerzan’s logic. Because this logic is based on an endless repetition of anarcho-primitivist discourse. It is not about immediate rebellion against domestication and pacification. It is not an attack on normality. It is an anti-civilizationist apparatus produced by the leading anti-civilization theorist and it doesn’t take into account the very situation where and how it is discussed.

Then Zerzan told that from his point of view his ideas did already question the present situation. Saying this Zerzan demonstrated the limitation of his mind. In other words his mind was extremely conventional. If that were all, there would have been no problem, but because he pretended to be an anarchist it was ridiculous that he wasn’t aware that his sense was so conventional. An anarchist must be aware of the oppressiveness of every convention, especially the oppressiveness of his own mental limits. That is the origin of Zerzan’s worship of anti-civilization and the pre-historical. He loved all this because it seemed to him to be beyond all limits. But it is wrong because ideas, which are not experimented with remain in their abstract limits. Everything in the world of domestication wants ideas to remain merely words – or ideologies.

Zerzan’s type of person is quite common in the class of intelligentsia, particularly among university teachers. Their intelligence is
good, but they aren’t interesting as people. They lack really critical sense and they have no desire for rebellion or attack of any kind. In other words, they are lacking in human sensibility. For many Zerzan admirers it may be terrible to read that someone like him is lacking in rebelliousness. Some people claim that his writings are very radical, but we tend to think that they are a proof of his original lack of rebellious sense. Isn’t it true that Zerzan, not having been rebellious as a youth, decided to concentrate all his efforts on conquering what is called “radical theory”? And after attaining recognition as a radical theorist, didn’t he cheat himself concerning his developed rebelliousness?

In short: In the practice of every way of life and every kind of activity, there is a state of mind called crookedness. Even if you strive diligently on your chosen path day after day, if your heart is not in accord with it, then even if you think you are on a right path, from the point of view of the straight and true, this is not a genuine path. If you do not pursue a genuine path to its consummation, then a little bit of crookedness in the mind will later turn into a major warp. Reflect on this.

Probably not everyone felt as we did when looking at Zerzan – that haunted feeling one experiences when looking at an artificial creature. He even looked to us like someone from outer space.

“What? What are you saying, Brener and Schurz? You are making an idiot of John Zerzan? Or you’re making an excuse for your own idiocy and helplessness? Look at Zerzan, look: that effort. That effort to conquer anarchy, freedom, the future – everything. That effort which caused him to drive his weak, inert, amorphous self, which caused him to follow through on everything his own way to glory. Brener and Schurz. You rely on a meager talent, on impulses and instincts and don’t try. You think that you are good just as you are. Stupid, stupid, stupid!”

Although we say that, we really don’t mind. Stupid? That’s fine with us.

Farewell, Zerzan!
Okay, honey, here's the story: No young glory, no sorry.

Enjoy yourself and don't take no shit from no one.
HOW THAT WAS WITH MIKE KELLEY

On the 2nd of October 2003 at 7.30 pm we crossed the doorstep of the Milan gallery *Emi Fontana*, situated in Viale Bligny 42. Notwithstanding the international fame of the artist, whose opening was taking place, the audience was not very numerous. Probably because the first opening – for selected visitors – had already taken place yesterday. What a cunning and prudent decision to organize two openings at once: one for special guests (critics, curators, collectors) and a second one for ordinary spectators! You can be sure: *This kind of decision is dictated by business interests and police order.*

So, there were not many people around. We were annoyed by that fact, because we did not come as normal visitors, but as troublemakers, as row producers, as enemies. We came especially to cloud the sunny – in fact just sterile – atmosphere of this spectacular-commercial event. Therefore: the more people the better. Scandals demand public.

The exhibiting artist was Mike Kelley. In the last years we had seen enough of his art. An ambitious exhibition in the Viennese Secession (together with Paul McCarthy) as well as a show in the Migros Museum in Zurich demonstrated that Mike Kelley has occupied a long-term place as a *big international master*. Besides, he has the reputation of an intellectual, progressive, sophisticated artist who works with different critical discourses and various visual strategies (which include *high* and *low* culture, modernism and trash).

HOWEVER, WE DID NOT BELIEVE HIM. Because of our own observations as well as the reading of some critical analyses (especially feminist ones) we came to the conclusion that Mike Kelley is simply a white, male, American, skilful, clever, “talented”, moderately educated, cautious, *cowardly*, cynical, counterrevolutionary, sloppy
phony artistic functionary, who when necessary plays the bad boy, and when asked the clever dick. As well he has the necessary social contacts, uses the support of influential bigwigs and fat institutions and is completely tamed by the art system, that is alienated from the world of the oppressed. In one word: a mainstream artistic swine. A profiteer. Therefore it was necessary to teach him a lesson.

First of all we had a look at the exhibition. On the walls were hanging objects, very close to each other, which distantly reminded of abstract painting. These works could be interpreted as a (pseudo-)critique of modernism (for example of abstract expressionism) as well as a giggling demonstration of artistic hedonism (some things showed pleasure in so-called visuality). Overall this exhibition was merely a cheap commodity, which flirted with its own ambivalence.

THE AUDIENCE BECAME A BIT MORE NUMEROUS. Mostly these were representatives of the local artistic ghetto, all carefully dressed in black rags. Sometimes here sometimes there glimmered the curly haired Emi Fontana, who was dressed in a decollete. She tried not to miss anything of what was going on in her property – neither horny gazes nor indifferent sighs.

Mike Kelley was also there. He was sitting on a chair in the gallery’s office, which was partly separated from the exhibition space, and was swinging with his leg. It seemed that he was in a good mood.

After having walked around for twenty minutes we decided to act. The plan was the following: We wanted to stand in the centre of the gallery and comment on this exhibition vociferously. No physical violence, no property destruction, just exaggerated, loud, parodying chatter about the artist, the gallery and the exhibited pieces. An ordinary discussion by visitors, so to speak, however accompanied by wild gesticulation and a vicious eruption of spittle. The text for the discussion we had written down before and brought with us in our pockets. This is the text, which we read in English in full voice:

“ALEXANDER (cheerfully emitting spittle): Oh, Barby! Listen, Barby! What do you think about this exhibition?

BARBARA (clenching her fists in excitement): What do I think? Oh! You are asking what do I think, Sandy? Oh! I think that this exhibi-
tion is disgusting! I think that this exhibition is shameful! I think that this exhibition is counterrevolutionary!!!

ALEXANDER (touching his balls in astonishment): I see, Barby! I see!! It means that you are looking at this exhibition from an emancipatory revolutionary position?

BARBARA (embarrassedly jumping up and down on her place): Oh, Sandy! Oh! What retarded, ill-informed idiot you are! Today an emancipatory revolutionary position is a necessity! An emancipatory revolutionary position is our only hope! An emancipatory revolutionary position is the last effective challenge in today’s terrible capitalist world!

ALEXANDER (making half a knee bend with inspiration): I see, Barby! I see!! Oh! Oh! Oh! You are right! You are right, Barby! An emancipatory revolutionary position! An emancipatory revolutionary position! And tell me now: What does Mike Kelley represent from the point of view of an emancipatory revolutionary position?

BARBARA (strict): Sandy, look! Look, Sandy! Mike Kelley had all his pitiful life his eyes on critique! But in reality he was and is a docile institutional capitalist cog. Cog and cock. Cock and cog. Cog and cock! Cog and cock!

ALEXANDER (shaking his head as if possessed): Right, right, right! That’s true, Barby! You are right: Mike Kelley’s place is in dead fucking museums, controlled by police and bureaucracy as well as in commercial galleries like this. Disgusting! Disgusting! Disgusting!

BARBARA (triumphantly): Yes-yes-yes, that goes without saying, Sandy. Yes-yes-yes! But enough of this bore Mike Kelley. Let’s focus on a real problem: What can be an alternative to this dull, coarse, anti-egalitarian, repressive, humiliating, capitalist art-system?

ALEXANDER (again touching his balls): Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah! A general strike, Barby! As, ah, ah! A general strike, Barby! Ah, ah, ah!
A general strike, Barby! Ah, ah, ah! A general strike, Barby! Ah, ah, ah! A general strike, Barby! Ah, ah, ah! A general strike, Barby! Ah, ah, ah! A general strike, Barby! Ah, ah, ah!"

The stupid, childish, delirious tone of this dialogue did not mean, however, that we don’t believe in the proclaimed values: an emancipatory position, a social and cultural revolution, and the necessity of the destruction of the capitalist art-system. WE BELIEVE IN IT. We are striving for it. We are playing for it. But the stupid tone should show our refusal to affirm these values in whatever positive form in the Emi Fontana gallery. Why? BECAUSE IT WAS A SHIT-TY PLACE. All (or nearly all) visitors in this gallery were agents of the system, its functionaries, its obedient bodies. And our task consisted in demonstrating these bodies that other bodies had intruded into their space – bodies of disagreement, of refusal, of disruption. Our aim was to create a conflict.

(At this point, however, we need to open big brackets and explain that conflict, as we understood it at that time, can not be described in terms like aggression or invasion but with the concept of open confrontation and struggle of wits. For us a conflict was the expression of revolutionary intervention, when different forms of polemic, dispute and contradiction become vehicles to receive the truth. A conflict meant a concrete socio-cultural confrontation, in which the process of (self-)emancipation gets realised as an examination and affirmation of the equality of one speaking subject with the other. A conflict meant a topos, where arguments get shown and positions get explained, where a consensus is put into question and even negated, where the false space of affirmation and balance, produced by the efforts of the bosses, is attacked and overthrown by the voices of disempowered individuals.)

(What imbeciles we were at that time! What stinky language did we use!)

WHILE READING THE TEXT WE TRIED TO CONTROL THE SITUATION. After our first screams the public stopped walking around idly in the gallery and turned into our direction. At the same time nobody wanted to show that his or her attention was concentrated on us. We were something like a bad smell that everyone
felt but preferred to ignore. We noticed that *Emi Fontana* moved ner-

vously giggling from one group of visitors to the next and in low voice

commented what was going on. It seemed that she had recognized

who we are and her comments were certainly of a mean and humili-

ating nature.

The next moment we realized that Mike Kelley had left his chair
too and had moved closer to the epicentre of the event. He had taken
up his position about four steps from us. We saw that he observed
everything attentively and without a smile. In this he differed from

the rest of the public that (lead by *Emi Fontana*) demonstrated eagerly

that they did not value our intervention and were making fun of

us.

WE FINISHED OUR ACTION. Besides, not totally: to demon-

strate our disgust for the present context, one of us looked at Mike
Kelley furiously, let his spittle drop out of his mouth and scratched his

genitals. The audience looked away in embarrassment and repug-

nance.

– You are saying: general strike? – Mike Kelley’s voice sounded in

the crushing silence.

Nobody answered him.

– General strike? – Mike Kelley repeated sensibly. – But what

has that got to do with my exhibition? A general strike is for workers.

No answer followed to his remark. Or should the constant

scratching of genitals count as an answer?

– Enough! – shouted the artist slightly annoyed. – Is it really that

itchy?

The last phrase caused unrestrained enthusiasm among the public.
The audience shook itself demonstratively with laughter. Kelley

grinned too: the reaction of the visitors was according to his taste.

– Generally, your critique is not precise, – he continued. – What

are you suggesting: that I should work at *McDonald’s*?

The ladies and gentlemen bent again with laughter.

One of us could not stand it any longer. Continuing the indecent

scratching he yelled at Mike:

– HOW OLD ARE YOU, MAN?

It seemed that Kelley did not understand the question. Generally

there was the impression that he was much more shocked by the
improper Russian accent of the speaker than by the treatment of the latter of his balls.

The question needed to be repeated.

– I’m forty nine, – answered the artist with dignity.
– Why then do you talk so much bullshit? – said Brener. – A strike is not just the matter of workers.
– Did you never hear about the art strike? – Schurz entered the conversation.
– I don’t like the idea of the art strike. And I must add that I made this exhibition to finance my next video.

This sounded like a justification. A weak and void argument.
– And why do you think so little about the revolution? – asked Alexander.

It seemed that Mike Kelley was offended.
– I’m constantly thinking about the revolution, – he said. – But visual art has its own logic.
– Don’t! – said Barbara. – And fuck your magic formulas about visual art.
– You make old-fashioned Dadaist actions, – intersected Kelley. – That’s all.

This was one more magic formula. And it was meant to kill us immediately.
– You don’t know our works and can’t know them! – laughed Barbara.
– Let’s talk seriously? – smiled Alexander. – Let’s talk, Mike ... Gggggggggggg ... Bomp, bomp, bomp!
– I don’t think so, – said Mike Kelley and turned away. – I have to go ... Good bye ... Good bye ...

Nobody answered him.

Probably, it would have been better not to talk to Mike Kelley at all, from the beginning to the end. May be it would have been worth to beat him, right when he started to talk. Then he could not have made off so easily: “Good bye. Good bye. Good bye. GOOD BYE.”

A DIALOGUE PROVED TO BE IMPOSSIBLE. One can also put it this way: as always, a dialogue was impossible. We want to ask ourselves: What is the main obstacle for a dialogue? The answer
seems to be simple: The missing will to it. Because for a dialogue you need a stubborn will. Or a revolutionary situation.

Besides, anecdotes (as well as general comments) that illustrate the impossibility of a dialogue, do not help the nature of the matter, they only veil it. So, what can be helpful then? May be the socio-cultural elements, which are intrinsic to all concrete situation of vacuum-dialogue: firstly, relations of power (gender, class, race, nationality, age, social role, status), which permeate the bodies and spaces and determine the concrete distribution of force; secondly, knowledge and skills, which get imposed by dominant industries and which determine the behaviour of individuals in different situations; thirdly, the fetishization of success by the market as the main criterion for the existence in culture, which structures the attention of spectators. Whether one likes it or not, these are the main elements that determine the “inter-subjective” relations in the sphere of art. Exactly through them the market dictates the producers and consumers its demands and rules (social and political conformism, competition, active and passive cultural colonialism, spectacular alienation, imposed integration of identities into the dominant field) and forces upon them a policy of smooth consensus. And no place for conflict!

HOWEVER, THE LAST CENTURY SUGGESTED A SERIES OF PRODUCTIVE METHODS OF ANALYSIS AND JUDGEMENT OF CULTURAL PROCESSES. But today we are witnessing the collapse and disintegration of critical knowledge in the artistic field. **Good bye. Good bye. Good bye. GOOD BYE.**

Can we believe the magazine *Artforum*? No, we can’t believe the magazine *Artforum*.

Can we build our strategies on the basis of discourses, suggested by the magazine *Artforum*? No, we can’t build our strategies on the basis of these discourses.

Can we believe the magazine *October*? No, we can’t believe the magazine *October*.

Can we build our strategies on the basis of discourses, suggested by the magazine *October*? NO, WE CAN NOT AND WE DO NOT WANT TO. Enough is enough!

Can we make use of critical jargon? No. We can not make use of critical jargon. WE DO NOT KNOW HOW TO MAKE USE OF
CRITICAL JARGON. We do not have the privilege to make use of critical jargon. We refuse the privilege to make use of critical jargon. We are beyond any critical jargon. We leave it to Mike Kelley & Company. We leave it to Daniel Buren & Company! We leave it to Mark Dion & Company! What a huge company! Hans Haacke & Company! Lawrence Weiner & Company! Gerhard Richter & Company! Andrea Fraser & Company! Benjamin Buchloh & Company! Who else & Company? Richard Prince & Company! Damian Hirst & Company! Venice Biennial & Company! Istanbul Biennial & Company! Tirana Biennial & Company! Prague Biennial & Company! Gaza Strip Biennial & Company!

The most difficult thing (not for us, but for you) is to understand and to accept, that the most important rule of art is that there are no rules (and that there can’t be any rules). Good hundred years ago (in 1884) it was said and written: No jury, no prizes! No jury, no prizes! Ni recompense ni jury! Ni recompense ni jury! Keine Jury, keine Preise! No jury, no prizes! No jury, no prizes!

DOESN’T THIS LEAVE ALL DOORS OPEN AND ALL WALLS SMASHED? Isn’t it crazy? Isn’t it beautiful?

Art has to be something that makes you scratch your head, idiots. Reflect on this. If you really learn to master this, it is something extraordinary. It takes work.

The greatest thing that demands an immediate stating is the following: The most natural reaction to an injustice is a physical response.

P.S. WE SHOULD HAVE SHOT MIKE KELLEY IN THE LEGS.
TO YOU, MY FRIEND, I WOULD SAY THIS: YOU DESERVE A KISS.

RRRAUGHAH
AH AH AH...
ZZZZZA...
ZZZZAAAAA
AAA...
SAVE ART FROM THE ARTISTS!

1

We live in an ugly world. Who is responsible for this ugliness? What is ugly? The question, if raised by salesmen of beauty, is ugly. The ugliest spectacle is that of artists selling themselves. Art as a commodity is an ugly idea; art as entertainment is an ugly activity. Visual arts as a profession of pleasing and selling is an ugly business. Art dealing, art collecting, art manipulating, art jobbing are ugly.

Art as a means of livelihood, as a means of living it up, is ugly. The expression “an artist has to eat” is ugly. An artist does not have to eat any more than anyone else.

Economic relations in art are shameful and ugly. Commercialism, careerism, moneymaking, survival in art is ugly.

The artist as businessman is uglier than the businessman as artist. The image of the artist as a patronized idiot, as an innocent, as a company man, as a collector’s item, a successful guy, is ugly. The artist as a natural animal, vegetable, grass root, or exotic fruit is ugly. Anti-intellectualism in art is ugly. Fake intellectualism in art is ugly. Specialized intellectualism in art is ugly too.

A cult of the ugly as a part of the art machinery is disgusting and ugly. Any form of anti-art is ugly. Collage, assemblage, junk, performance and installation art are ugly. Geometric art is no less ugly than expressionist art. American art, German art, Italian art, Chinese art and all sort of national label art are ugly. “Young art” is ugly. So-called international contemporary art is miserable and ugly.

All biennials are ugly. Art as a part of the tourist industry is ugly. All juries and prizes are ugly. Cultural exchange is ugly. The masquerade of good will and cheerfulness on exhibition openings is ugly.
The cynicism of the art mob is ugly. The establishment and submission to it are equally ugly.

Government sponsorship of art is ugly. Private sponsorship of art is ugly. Art in industry is as ugly as industry in art.

The tricks of the art trade are ugly. Museum art marketing, art promotion, tastemaking, art-history manufacturing are ugly.

Art as a good thing or a sure thing is ugly. The age of accommodation in art is ugly. Signs of affluence in art are ugly, signs of poverty in art are ugly too.

When things take an ugly turn in art, complicity and compliance are the ugliest things. “Why fight it?” and “that’s life” are ugly expressions. Consensus, profit, intrigues, competition, conformism, property, exploitation in art are ugly.

Consciencelessness and subconsciousness in art are ugly. Artists are responsible for ugliness.

Artists are responsible for art history and its nature.

The nature of art history is: beauty surrendered and subordinated to slavery.

Art history knows artists as: magician, sorcerer, masterer, imager ...
Servile, mechanical, crafts, slave labour, anonymous ...
Greece, Rome, medieval ...
12th Century: “Servant of God”, mystic, illuminator, mosaicist ...
14th Century: No distinction, artist-artisan (Filippo Lippi) ...
15th Century: “Servant of God in nature”, individual, learned man (Van Eyck) ...
16th Century: scientist, naturalist, “liberal arts”, renaissance, (Dürer) ...
As well: “Divine artist”, inner idea (Michelangelo, Leonardo) ...
17th Century: Servant of the court, “painter to the king” (Velasquez) ...
Then: Noble, classicist, royal academy, beaux arts (Poussin) ...
As well: “The perfect painter”, “painter’s painter” ...
18th Century: Idealist, “perfectionist”, rationalist, academician (Reynolds) ...
Then: “Personality”, mystic, romantic, virtuoso (Blake) ...
19th Century: Materialist, naturalist, “observer” (Delacroix) ... Realist, independent, revolutionary, “political consciousness” (Courbet) ...
As well: Spectator, documentor, transformer (Manet) ...
Then: “Impressionist”, bourgeois, bohemian ...
Democrat, businessman, professional ...
20th Century: “Avant-garde artist”, “expressionist”, projector ...
Prophet, negator, utopian, “modernist” ...
Eccentric, protester, escapist, exile, satirist ...
Clown, prostitute, acrobat, entertainer ...
Also: “Victim”, martyr, anti-Christ, “existentialist, “noble savage”…
Primitive, child, “neurotic”, “innocent”, “idiot”, wild-man, fauve ...
“Symbolist”, dreamer, imager, “surrealist”, trickster ...
Metaphysician, saint, charlatan, magician, pop ...
“Celebrity”, actionist, liar …
“Success-failure”, fame and money after death, bla-bla-bla, swindler …
Everybody as an artist, propagandist, authoritarian scumbag…
“Pure artist”, “Abstract artist” …
Schizoid, sick-healthy, unconscious, “art brute”, outsider, defeatist …
Hero, anti-hero, shaman, sloppy bastard …
“Conceptualist”, institutional artist, Marxist, user of discourses, critical double agent …
Generation after generation of prefabricated scum, artist under curator, curator on top …
Curator as artist, artist as curator, simply asshole …
Uneducated artist, new media artist, artist as cog …
Fashion-maker, fashion-victim, fashionable nonentity artist …
Cooperative artist, corporate artist, completely recuperated corrupt artist …
Artist as cop, cop-artist, cooperative corporate cop-artist …
As Whistler put it: “An artist is one whose career always begins tomorrow”. What a wonderful phrase!

Let’s try to take things in order. There was always an element that did not work right with artists. The artists’ project, at least in the last
time, contains something technically mistaken, that is, it wants to do three things that contradict one another: to assure the maximum freedom for a minority of included, exploit the majority of excluded to the limits of survival, and prevent insurgence by the latter through the myth of a common culture. The role of an artist in this swindle was more than simply “a man who won’t prostitute his art, except for money”. This role was and is of great ideological importance: to prevent the youth from rebelling, to pacify them, to keep them in cultural reservoirs of consensus. When Arthur Rimbaud recognized that the profession of a poet is the same misery as every other profession he left with disgust for Africa. The protest of another Arthur – Cravan – was even more violent. But artists have a short memory as far as negation is concerned. They turn past negators into cultural icons, that is, they kill them. Now artists shamelessly prefer to sell themselves like hot cakes. In this they succeeded. Art became a tasty thing. Art education turned into bank business. Artists are climbing the social ladder. Lousy governments are in dirty wars. One doesn’t know what one can do about it. The art critics are all corrupt. Art magazines mix with fashion magazines. There are bigger and nicer art books than ever before. Museums are packed. The old rebellious art words are dead. Artists are working more and bigger and faster. Some people still think that the mass media can explain things. Mobiles have never been so busy. Lots of money and champagne around. The mass media give more space to artists than to cooks. Artists are critical, they participate on every panel. Things are great. You are all phoneys!

Ugliness must be destroyed. The old thesis on art of destruction is still alive. The destruction of the existent that oppresses us and makes everything on earth ugly is an immediate task. But can a video about, let’s say, street riots count as a subversive contribution? Of course not. The art of destruction implies the destruction of art that is now the art system. And the art system is a part of the big political, economic and social system. For a truly destructive project the artist must join the generalized struggle against the whole of society and thus cease to be recognized as an artist by all power structures: museums, galleries,
art fairs, editorial boards, criminal courts, police, mass media, academy ... An artist must become completely unacceptable, un-recognizable, unpredictable. For that he or she must reject all social roles, first of all the role of the artist in all its masks. This includes the role of the artist as negator. Destructive revolutionary activity implies the destruction of the avant-garde myth of negativity as well as the annihilation of all other myths, doctrines and ideologies.

What opposes any ideology of art and any other ugliness is beauty. Beauty means fullness of life or at least aspirations to such fullness. In this case the idea of beauty is directly connected with the idea of freedom. Freedom is a destructive concept that involves the absolute elimination of all limits. If one really desires freedom, he or she must be ready to face the dangers that destruction involves, all the risks of destroying the constituted order we are living under. Freedom is not a concept to cradle ourselves in, in the hope that improvements will develop independently of our real capacity to intervene. Freedom depends on every individual and every concrete act of liberation. Freedom is a personal experience of everyday struggle. Let’s put it in a poetic form:

This freedom is my freedom if I fight for it.
This freedom is your freedom if you fight for it.
This freedom is personal, impersonal, transpersonal.
This freedom doesn’t belong to anyone who wants it.
This freedom cannot be copied, reproduced, duplicated.
This freedom is not copyrighted, is not protected, is not guaranteed.
This freedom is separate and does not go for a group, with few exceptions.
This freedom is not a commodity, not a possession or a property.
This freedom is not a decoration or a symbol, without exceptions.

Therefore, to live in freedom one has to develop one’s individuality. In this case institutions of present society including family, education, army, work, the art system etc. are no help. On the contrary, they oppress individuality, erase and surrogate it. They reduce individuality to social roles.

The biggest problem with the concept of individuality is that there are no recipes how to create it. If there were formulas how to build a
unique person, we would have just fake individualities. However, it remains a basic principle that genuine individuality can only be created through acts of destruction of the present society and its ugliness.

The struggle to abolish ugliness is a struggle to abolish power. It is essentially the struggle of individuals to live free of social roles and rules, to live out all the most marvellous things they can imagine. Group projects and struggles are part of this, but they grow from the ways in which the desires of the individuals can enhance each other, and will dissolve when they begin to stifle the individuals.

5

In order to eliminate ugliness, the artist must begin with himself because he is one of the ugliest things on earth.

In the beginning an artist must eliminate his readiness to say “yes”. In 99 cases out of 100 “yes” means surrender to corruption, demoralisation and adaptation. At the same time an artist has to destroy her readiness to say “no”. In 999 cases out of 1000 “no” means a camouflaged “yes” that is false protest, hidden demoralisation and negotiation of interests.

Then an artist must eliminate his production, his professional activity, his status. Not only the artist’s art is a manipulable thing, the artist himself becomes a manipulated symbol, and in this climate the very debate of what the artist is and what his work is must be reduced to dust. This debate is part of business as usual.

At the same time the artist (who ceased to be an artist) must join the generalised struggle and attack state, capital and all power relations, which she faces here and now. However, this doesn’t mean joining a party, organization or network. The task is immediate attack, but not on behalf of some organisational interests or quantitative growth. Free individuals have no social or organisational identity to defend. Their structures are always of an informal character so their attack, when it takes place, is not to defend or propagandise themselves, but to destroy an ugly enemy who is striking everyone.

6

Perhaps, art as an idea is not finished. What is finished is the art system. On the contrary, art – as a concept and human activity – is pos-
sibly open to future transformations. But in any case, the beautiful art of the future is not in the ugly hands of present artists. Before they will face this unknown astonishing art, artists must demolish themselves completely, once and for all.

This problem is the artist’s problem, not that of art institutions, critics, curators, etc. Artists have to be held responsible for everything they do as well as for everything they don’t dare to do.
TO BE PART OF THINGS OR NOT TO BE ...

To be part of things or not to be part or having been part of things as they’ve become, to part from that part that was part of things as they are or not to part?

Part of life is more than life. Part of an artist is more than an artist. Everyone in the everyday-part-of-things lives like everyone. So do I. So do we. But part of myself is separate from several selves. Attack is special, separate.

Some artistic folk claim to represent nature, hell on earth, sick society, inner turmoil, wild beasts and things as they are. Attack is different.

Separation of attack from Marxists and communists, Gaullists and fundamentalists, fascists and socialists, from poetry and theatre, from religion, history and nature, from decoration, documentation and description, was achievement in awareness.

Separation of attack from labor and business, from fanaticism and entertainment, from professions of pleasing and selling, from all threats and empty promises, was achievement in freedom.

Dumping together of attack with politics, sadism, publicity, subconsciousness, primitivity, suffering, madness, psychology, symbolism, love, hate, fate, accident, irrationality, was achievement in stupidity.

Attack is special, separate, a matter of meditation and contemplation, no physical sport. It requires as much consciousness as possible. Clarity, completeness. No particularities, no agitation, no automatism. No mixing up, no exploitation. No noise, no schmutz, no schmerz, no fauve schwärmerei. No humourlessness. No styles, no sweets, no sweat, no sales, no voodooism, no careerism, no hobby, no enthusiasm. Only thought, freedom, lucidity. Only rage.
One attacks when there is nothing else to do. After everything else is done, has been taken care of or has been refused, one can take up arms.

After all the social needs are rejected, only then can one be free to attack.

No pension, no income, no expressionism, no surrealism, no shopping, no bills, no cars.

And then: one lives after there is no more attack to be done, after the attack has been accomplished.

But that’s another life.
FROM LAMP POST TO LAMP POST, WE RUN THE ROAD.

WE, SANDY AND BAR-BY, DECLARE OUR INTENT TO ENTER THE WARRIOR'S PATH.

THE UNKNOWN
MEANS OF DESTRUCTION

There is an old Chinese saying, “Weapons are instruments of ill omen, despised by the Way of Heaven. To use them only when unavoidable is the Way of Heaven.”

The reason weapons are instruments of ill omen is that the Way of Heaven is the Way that gives life to beings, so something used for killing is truly an instrument of ill omen. Thus the saying has it that what contradicts the Way of Heaven is despised.

Nevertheless, it also says that to use arms when unavoidable is also the Way of Heaven. What does this mean?

Although flowers blossom and greenery increases in the spring breeze, prisons surround us all year long. Although the autumn frost comes, leaves drop and birds fly away, jails are still with us. This is not the law of nature – this is the judgment of the bosses.

This judgment makes the use of weapons unavoidable. The bosses take advantage of events to do their filth, but when that filth is evident, the bosses must be attacked. That is why it is said that using weapons is also the Way of Heaven.

It may happen that myriad people suffer because of the piggishness of a few. In such a case, myriad people are saved by killing those few. Would this not be a true example of another old saying, “the sword that kills is the sword that gives life”?

This is the basics of the use of arms. If you try to kill someone without these basics, you will probably get killed yourself. But if you refuse to attack and kill vicious pigs, you for sure will get killed yourself.

The refusal of arms is an implicit element of anti-militarism. But this concept is taken for granted and hardly ever questioned.

Being precise objects weapons are certainly the fundamental instruments that not only the army as an organization (which would
not make sense if it were unarmed), but also the military mentality (which has derived a series of authoritarian deformations from the use of weapons) is based on.

This is so. Armies have always been armed, and have created a particular form of hierarchical organization with a fixed and rigid level of command precisely because the use of weapons is – or at least is believed to be – rigid and must obey precise rules. The same goes for the mentality. The “armed” individual feels different, more aggressive, and (apparently) more easily overcomes the frustrations that everyone has in them, so ends up becoming overbearing and cowardly at the same time.

But militarism cannot, even in its own opinion, make an “optimal” use of weapons. It must insert their possible use within the political and social context of unstable equilibrium, both nationally and internationally. At the present time a purely “militaristic” use of arms would be inconceivable. That leads those who bear weapons, as well as their bosses and the arms producers, to developing an ideology of defence with which to cover not only their use but also their production and perfection.

When anti-militarists limit themselves to simple declarations of principle, weapons remain something symbolic, i.e. they remain the abstract symbols of destruction and death. On the contrary if anti-militarism were to go forward concretely and open up the road to liberation in the material sense, then it would not be able to limit itself to a symbolic refusal of arms, but it would go into the matter more deeply.

In fact weapons, being objects, are considered differently according to the point of view they are being looked at from. That goes for anything, and weapons are no exception. This is not a relativist consideration, it is a simple materialist principle. Arms as inert objects do not exist. What exist are arms in action, i.e. that are used (or waiting to be used) in a given perspective. That is so for all things if we think about it. We tend to imagine things cut off from their historical and material context, as though they were something abstract. But if that were so they would become meaningless, reduced to the impotence we would like to reduce them to in the case of arms. In fact things are always “things in action”. Behind the thing there is
always the person, the individual who acts, plans, uses means to attain ends.

There is no such thing as an abstract weapon (taken as an isolated object). Therefore, what does exist are weapons that the army uses in its projects for action where the latter are given a specific investiture as instruments for the “defence of the homeland”, “maintaining order”, “the destruction of the infidels”, “the conquest of territory”, etc. The soldier is therefore in possession of a vast outfit of ideologies or value models, which he acts out when he uses weapons. When he shoots he feels, according to the circumstances, defender of the homeland, builder of the social order, destroyer of the infidels, engineer of social territory, etc. The more his role corresponds to that of the crude executioner the more he is at the mercy of the fabricators of ideology and capitalist rule and the more the weapons he bears become blind instruments of oppression and death. Even if he were to lay them down they would still be objects within a general framework that qualifies them as instruments of death.

Now, if the project is different, if the aim of the action is different, the significance of the weapon changes. As a means it can never be absolved of its limitations as an object with which it is possible to procure damage and destruction with a certain ease (which is what distinguishes the object “weapon” from other objects which can also become arms when necessary). We are not trying to say that the end – liberation, the revolution, anarchy or whatever other liberatory, egalitarian dream – justifies the means, but it can transform weapons into different “objects in action”. And this different object in action also comes to be a part of the anti-militarist struggle, even although it remains to all effects a weapon. In a project of liberation, behind the arms lies the desire to free ourselves from our rulers and make them pay for the damage they are responsible for. There is class hatred, that of the exploited against the exploiters, there is the concrete material difference of those who continually suffer offence to their dignity and want to wipe out those responsible.

That is all radically different to any ideological crap about order and the defence of the homeland.
Now, ending this book, we do not borrow any old sayings, nor do we make use of any beautiful stories. Since we are trying to combine art and destruction, trusting in the ancient advantage of rebellious attack, as well as in the vanishing science of pleasure, we have no teacher in anything. However, we do not belong to those who do not like paying their debts. With our extraordinary predecessors for mirrors, smiling, we take up the pen and put the last black point, at 4:00 A.M. on the night of the tenth day of the fourth month, 2005, in the city of Ljubljana.
We would like to thank Miran Mohar for his production advises.
Our method will be very simple. We will tell of what we love; and in this light, everything else will become evident.

Dead fat man