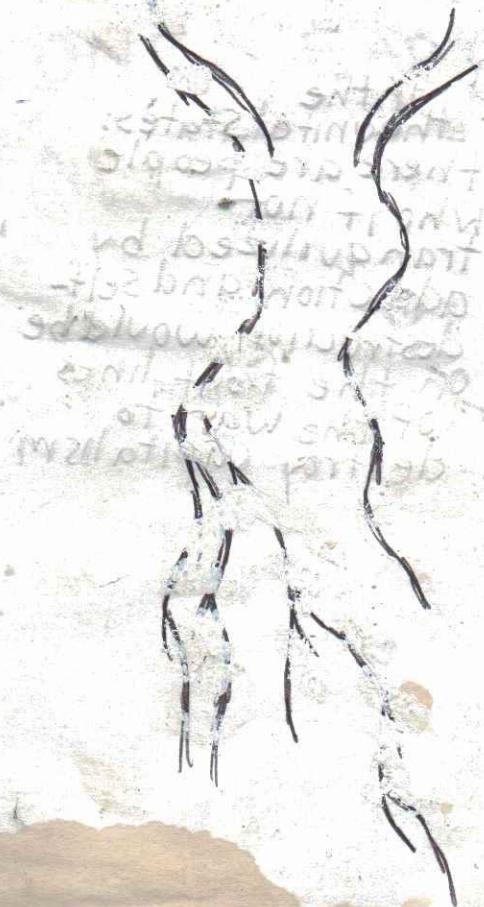


a simple guide on:

## HOW TO GET OUT



Z  
X  
T  
S  
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P  
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E



WAKE UP

In the  
the United States:  
there are people  
who, if not  
tranquilized by  
addiction and self-  
destruction, would be  
on the front lines  
of the war to  
destroy capitalism



ALL PEOPLE

ALL NATIONS

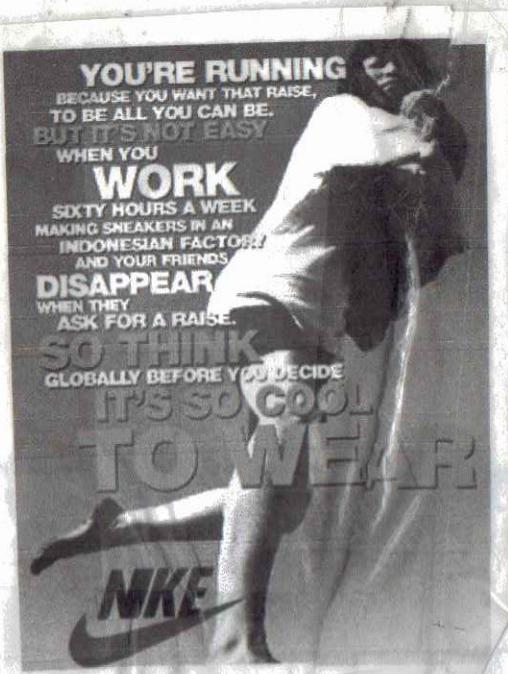
ONE EARTH

ALL IS ONE

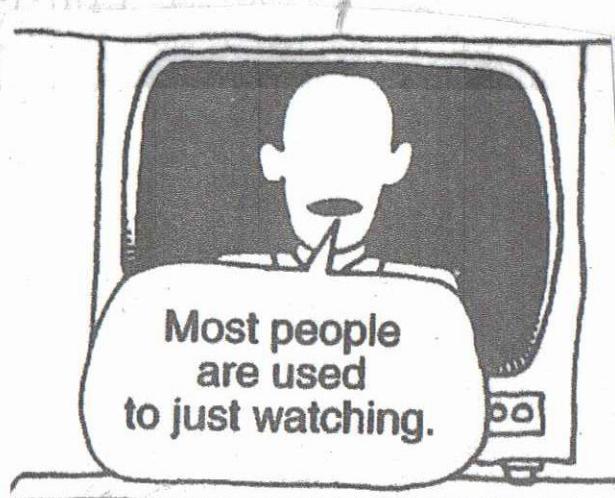
**WARNING:**

[REDACTED] the American food system is bad  
for our bodies, our economy and our environment.

too much of anything is a trap

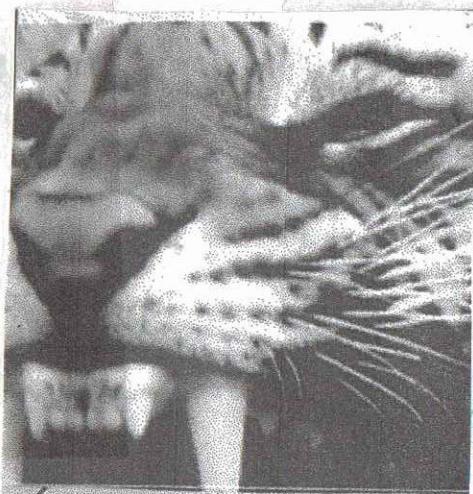


perhaps you enjoy the  
country side; is it enough  
for you to buy a few acres  
of it to enjoy, while the  
rest of the world is slowly  
wrapped in concrete?



The only way to make them  
stop watching and act is to  
get down from the stage.

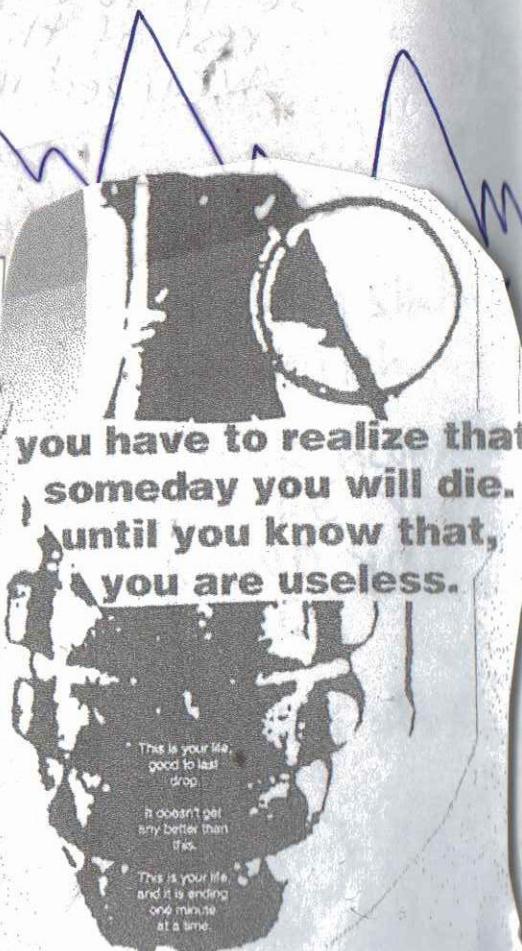
after centuries of dull servitude to responsibility, propriety, and necessity, we're not used to expressing and following our dreams—the time has come to learn how.



**Forward!**



it is only after you have lost everything that you are free to do anything



If you need to follow leaders, find leaders who will depose themselves from the thrones in your head; If you need to "lead" others, find equals who will help you dethrone yourself; If you have to fight against others, find wars you can wage for everyone's benefit.



Waging war  
to believe in  
the world

burn every liquor store,  
and replace them with  
playgrounds

burn every church, and  
replace them with gardens to  
feed all with nutrition  
instead of false hope  
or use them as buildings to  
meet and hold community  
talks in/live musical shows!!!

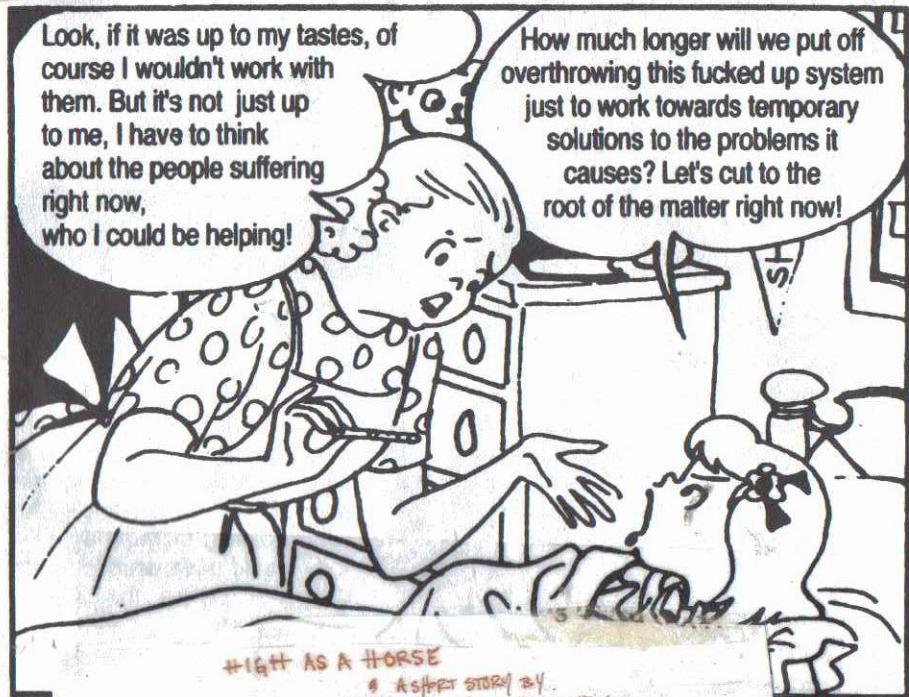
**R**efuse to put the  
responsibility for your  
happiness in anyone else's  
hands, whether that be  
PARENTS, LOVERS,  
EMPLOYERS, OR SOCIETY  
itself. Take the pursuit of  
joy + meaning in your  
own life upon your  
own shoulders

Could ever need listen to it.

\*I know it can be scary, but in yourself is all you

GOD  
WANTS  
US  
ALL  
TO  
WORK  
IN  
FACTORIES





牛郎星 AS A HORSE

A SHORT STORY BY  
ADAM RUPERT FISHER

IF WE GIVE THE HORSES BLINDERS THEY WON'T SEE THE APPROACHING  
LEDGE. TOO MUCH TIME AND EFFORT SPENT ON JUST ANOTHER  
BRIDGE IF WE TRUST THE LOCAL DOCTOR WE TRUST THE  
MEDICINE OUR CHILD GETS A SCRATCH WE GIVE OUR CHILD

## BRAND NEW HEAD

WE EAT WHATS ON OUR PLATE WE DRINK WHATS IN OUR CUP  
WE LIKE THE SHINY T.V. SCREEN IT SPITS WE LAP IT UP

AND SO THEY PUSH THE PRODUCT AND THEY KNOW WELL BUY IT  
THEY SING A SONG NE HUM ALONG WE SING BUT WE DONT  
UNDERSTAND THE WORDS TO THE SONG AND THEY FILL OUR  
HEADS WITH SUGAR COATED **SHIT** THERE'S NO NEED FOR  
TALK WHEN WE HAVE MEDICINE. THERE'S A PILL FOR EVERY  
FUCKED UP THOUGHT AND A CURE FOR EVERY FUCKED UP CHILD

WHEN THE MIND STARTS RUNNING BE SURE IT WON'T CROSS THE FINISH LINE AND IF IT WANDERS BRING IT BACK AND CAGE IT FOR SOME TIME AND IF IT STARTS TO HURT YOU KILL IT.

TO PREVENT EXCESSIVE THOUGHT JUST KEEP IT UP ON THE

SHLF 3D AND WHEN THE SHELVES ARE FULL AND SUPPLIES ARE  
SHORT AND QUICKLY RUNNING OUT YOUVE GOT 1,000,000,000 1,000,000,  
MINDLESS ZOMBIES AND TERRIFIED HORSES ON YOUR HANDS

OH IT WAS A DAMN GOOD PLAN!

THE END

Just stop driving, says  
a local BP oil tycoon.  
  
But please don't stop  
buying Slurpies.

The Hate rose to its climax. The voice of Goldstein had become an actual sheep's bleat, and for an instant the face changed into that of a sheep. Then the sheep-face melted into the figure of a Eurasian soldier who seemed to be advancing, huge and terrible, his sub-machine gun roaring and seeming to spring out of the surface of the screen, so that some of the people in the front row actually flinched backwards in their seats. But in the same moment, drawing a deep sigh of relief from everybody, the hostile figure melted into the face of Big Brother, black-haired, black-mustachio'd, full of power and mysterious calm, and so vast that it almost filled up the screen. Nobody heard what Big Brother was saying. It was merely a few words of encouragement, the sort of words that are uttered in the din of battle, not distinguishable individually but restoring confidence by the fact of being spoken. Then the face of Big Brother faded away again, and instead the three slogans of the Party stood out in bold capitals:

## WAR IS PEACE

## **FREEDOM IS SLAVERY**

## **IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH.**

the only way to fight capitalism is to undermine its assumptions: that happiness is having things

"There was a thing called Heaven; but all the same they used to drink enormous quantities of alcohol."

**"Like meat, like so much meat."**

"There was a thing called the soul and a thing called immortality."

**"Do ask Henry where he got it."**

"But they used to take morphia and cocaine."

"And what makes it worse, she thinks of herself as meat."

"lottery is taxes for people who are really bad at math"

If people start to conceive of happiness as the freedom to do things rather than have things..... If we can work together for the good of everybody rather than against each other and the environment for (what advertisements claim is) our own good... then Capitalism will ultimately fall.

"There was a thing, as I've said before, called Christianity."

"Ending is better than mending."

"The ethics and philosophy of under-consumption..."

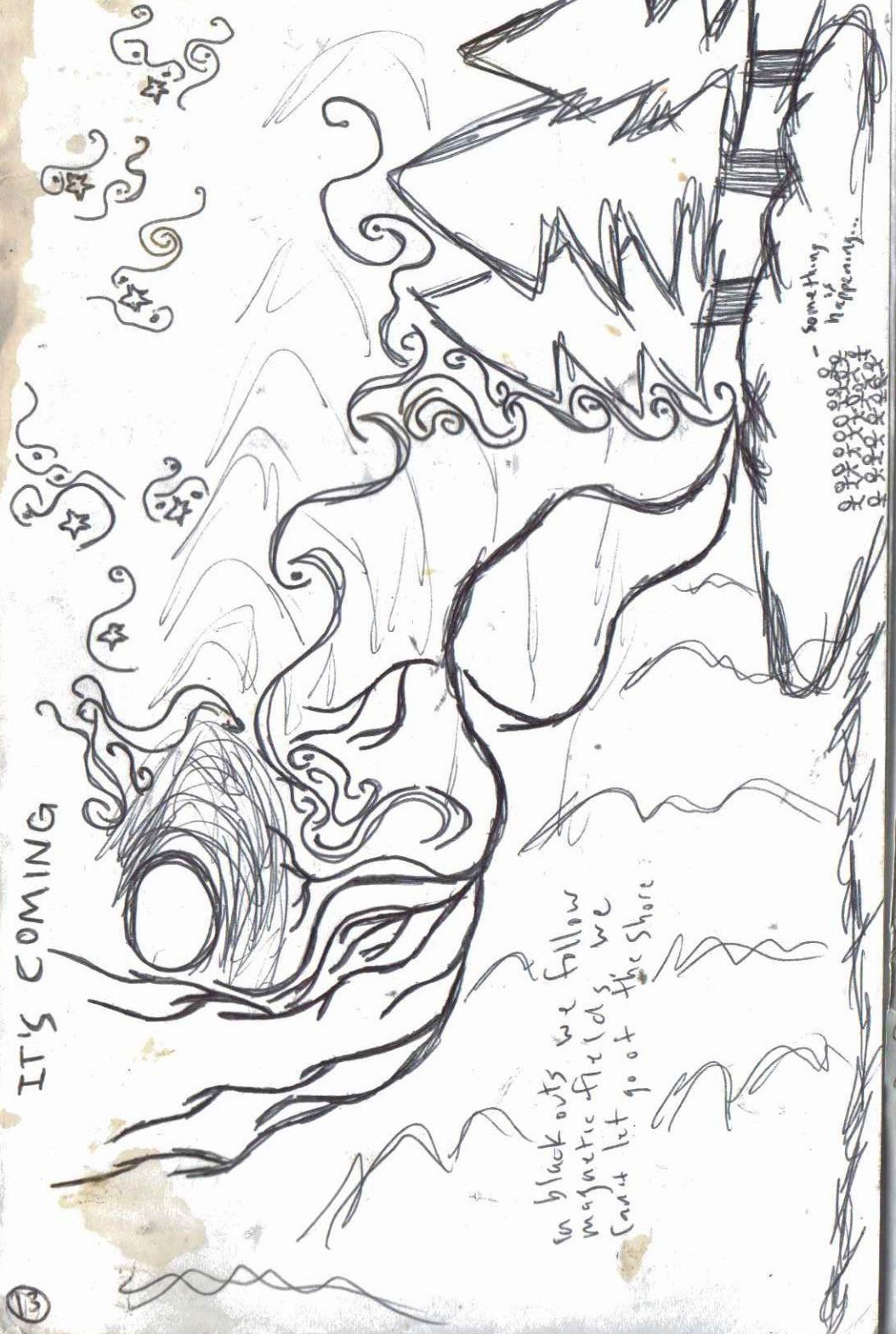
"I love new clothes, I love new clothes, I  
love..."

"So crucial when there was under-production; but in an age of machines and the fixation of nitrogen — positively a crime against society."

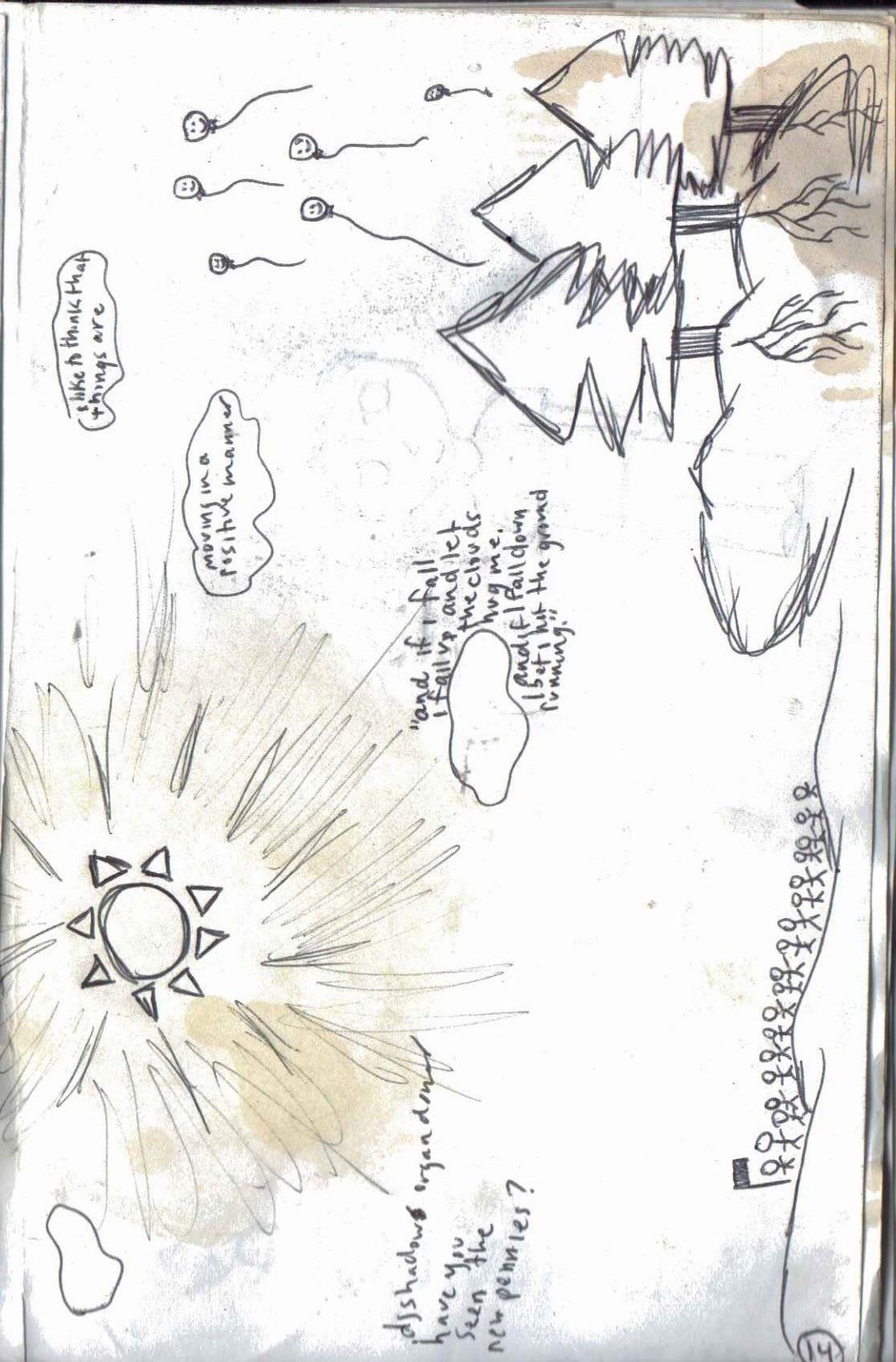
"Henry Foster gave it me."

"All crosses had their tops cut and became T's.  
There was also a thing called God."

# IT'S COMING



13



14



THIS IS YOUR GOD.

abundance; the fullness of the clumps of grapes that hang, mummified, and give off an ancient autumnal smell, semiprotected from the sun by their leaves. The grapes are so incredibly beautiful that you can't help but be thrilled. If you aren't—if you only see someone's profit or that in another month there will be rotten fruit all over the ground—someone has gotten inside your brain and really fucked you up." I think she has it right. Someone *has* gotten into our brains. Now the most important task on the agenda is to evict them and recover our sanity.

Rediscovering the natural world ought not to be difficult. It ought to be an instinctive act. Not just in random bursts of virtuousness should we be moved to replace our divots. If the Earth felt less like something out there and more like an extension of our bodies, we'd care for it like kin. We'd engage in what German philosopher Immanuel Kant called "beautiful acts" rather than "moral acts." We'd pull in the direction of global survival not because we felt duty-bound to do so, but because it felt right and good. At a 1990 conference titled "Psychology As If the Whole Earth Mattered" at Harvard University's Center for Psychology and Social Change, panelists concluded, "If the self is expanded to include the natural world, behavior leading to destruction of this world will be experienced as self-destruction."

Sounds promising. But don't hold your breath.

To "ecopsychologist" Theodore Roszak, our rampant, oblivious consumption at the expense of the planet is, simply, a sickness—one no less harmful than the disorders catalogued in the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* (DSM IV), the encyclopedia of modern psychiatric complaint. It's too new a phenomenon for psychologists to have given much consideration to it.

Roszak views the current widespread sense of malaise as a kind of "separation anxiety" from nature. It should be an easy metaphor to connect with. We're bombarded these days with analyses of failed relationships, of the psychological havoc that breakups wreak. The psychological fallout from our breakup with nature is like that. When you cut off arterial blood to an organ, the organ dies. When you cut the flow of nature into people's lives, their spirit dies. It's as simple as that.

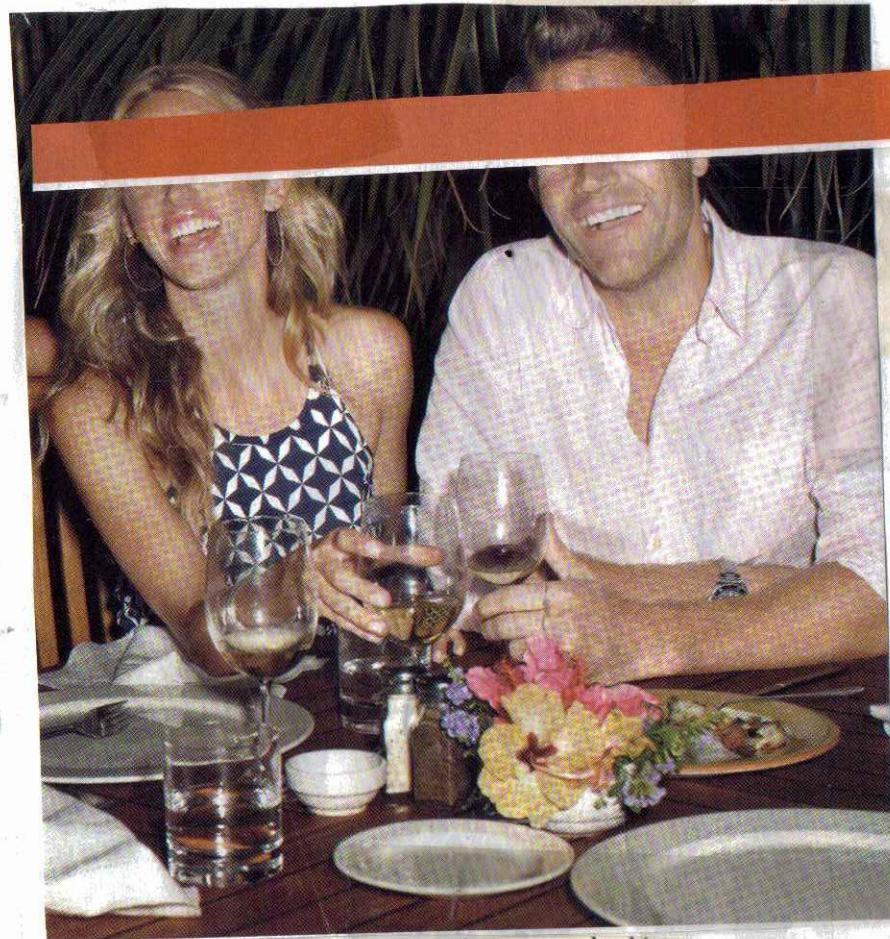
*Yet, most of us remain strangers to "beautiful acts."*

The postmodern family, out there in the woods trying to bond, can't adapt to real time, real trees and real conversation, because real life has become an alien landscape. Mom and Dad can't navigate in it. No one really feels they belong. No one feels any sense of purpose. The spaced-out daughter is alive when she's in front of the TV, and the mopey son is alive when he's surfing the Net, and Mom and Dad are alive when they're at work. Meanwhile, in real, hairy-ass nature, concrete things keep intruding on their consciousness, breaking their media trance: the rumble of the nearby creek, the prick of mosquitoes on their ankles, the subsequent sight of their own blood.

Living inside the postmodern spectacle has changed people. Figuratively, most of us spend the majority of our time in some ethereal place created from fantasy and want. After a while, the hyperreality of this place comes to seem normal. Garishness, volume, glitz, sleazy excess—the American esthetic H. L. Mencken called “the libido of the ugly”—becomes second nature. “The environment” consists of what you see around you—the ambient spectacle. Occasionally, you'll bump into an outsider bearing tales of that other environment, the one you may have known. When an Inuit elder is asked to draw a picture of the local coastline, he will close his eyes and listen to the sound of the waves on the shore. Such stories seem vaguely ludicrous. Who could be that attuned to the land? More to the point, who'd *want* to be? Where's the purpose in denying yourself civilized amenities when you don't have to?

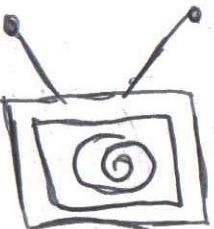
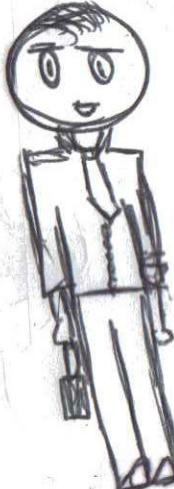
Once you start asking questions like this, you are, of course, in real trouble. The moment you fail to understand why the natural world might have any relevance in the day-to-day lives of human beings, you become, to quote my old physics teacher, “a lost ball in the high weeds.” Abandon nature and you abandon your sense of the divine. More than that, you lose track of who you are.

*“it is hard to hang onto one's core self in a “society of spectacle” a world of manufactured desires and manipulated emotions”*



To convince a man to buy, an ad must appeal to his desire for autonomy and freedom from conventional restrictions: to convince a woman, an ad must appeal to her need to please the male oppressor.

For women, buying and wearing clothes and beauty aids is not so much consumption as work. One of a woman's jobs in this society is to be an attractive sexual object, and clothes and make up are tools of the trade. Similarly, buying food and household furnishings is a domestic task; it is the wife's chore to pick out the commodities that will be consumed by the whole family. Appliances and cleaning materials are tools that facilitate her domestic function. When a woman spends a lot of money and time decorating her home or herself, or hunting down the latest in vacuum cleaners, it is not idle self-indulgence (let alone the result of psychic manipulation) but a healthy attempt to find outlets for her creative energies within her circumscribed role.



DON'T  
BUY IT  
STOP  
CONSUMING



... it only fills that empty  
feeling with another  
empty feeling ...

end the cycle.  
Step right off the wheel.

### Never Work

Don't allow yourself to be bought. Do what you want to do most, not just what you are paid to do. If you sell your time away for money, doing something that is not in itself rewarding for you,

you are selling your life away. What could you possibly buy with that money that would be worth the life you have lost?

There is a difference between life and mere survival. The capitalist economy would sell you mere survival at the cost of your life: it does this by making you spend your life working towards other peoples' goals rather than your own, in order to earn the money to buy things that their advertisements and media have brainwashed you into believing you need.

We each have only a short time on this planet to live and find happiness. Is the life you are living the one which will bring you the most happiness? Are you doing what you do because you love it, or for some other reason? What could possibly justify not doing what you really want to do with your life? To the best of your ability, never work for companies or any other outside forces; do what you do in your life for yourself.

### Never Rest

Decide what it is you want in life and go for it! Don't just sit around waiting for it to come to you; it probably won't. If you want anything, anything at all, you are going to have to pursue it. It's up to you to figure out how... and to do it.

Today we are conditioned to sit still when we are not obeying orders. When we are not at

are supposed to sit quietly in front of the television absorbing whatever is fed to us, or to act out predetermined (and absolutely harmless) roles as sports or music fans. But if we are to find happiness in this world, we must learn how to act for ourselves again. We must fight to find new ways of survival and of life, especially if we are to break free of the burdens of "work." We cannot just sit around doing what we are told, going around in the circles of so-called entertainment and "leisure time"; we must invent our own activities, we must motivate ourselves and never rest in our struggle to take our lives back. It's not going to be easy, but it's worth it if anything is!

### Raise the Stakes

If a little bit of freedom is a good thing, then a lot of freedom is a great thing. If a little bit of pleasure is nice, then a lot of pleasure is glorious. We are not content to settle for whatever scraps of self-determination and joy come our way under the system that prescribes our lives today. We want everything. We want complete control

over every aspect of our lives; we want to taste the sweetest happiness and the most exhilarating liberty this existence has to offer; we want to lead lives that are as heroic, as magnificent as any we could read about in books. We want high stakes: we don't want to just let our lives pass by us, mediocre and tiresome, as so many others have before us.

For this, we are willing to risk anything; for this, we are willing to fight!

All who were present were profoundly moved by the idea of no longer compromising their desires and their time, and spread across the world in all directions to attempt the experiment of living without concessions. €



my true being is affected  
by neither birth nor  
death



(21)

IS IT JUST ME... OR IS  
EVERYONE AROUND HERE ON  
PILLS? REASON

get out while you still can



20

NO M

AS

FOR A BOY FOR A BODY IN THE GARDEN.

The future is unwritten

"Caminante, no hay  
camino, se hace camino  
al andar."

"There is no path. The  
path is made by  
walking."

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everything that you cling to will not last.