

According to Wikipedia, Movement for a New Society (MNS) was a network of activist collectives active from 1971-1988 that originated in Philadelphia and spread nationwide. They were known for their prefigurative politics: creating social relations and modes of organizing to reflect the future society sought by the group, a society free from domination and violence. MNS also developed what they called counter-institutions, which aimed to meet peoples' needs in a manner opposed to oppressive social configurations. These included a neighborhood food co-operative, community watch squads, and an anarchist social center.¹

Andrew Cornell, in his book *Oppose and Propose! Lessons from Movement for a New Society* (2011), credits MNS as being among the most outspoken and influential proponents of the practices that define anarchist politics today — consensus decision-making, collective living in major cities, affinity groups, spokescouncils, confrontational demonstrations, pacifist direct action, and alternative business models.

Unknowing Being (2016) by Dr. Wendell Rancor, an anthropologist with government think tank Civic Columbia, shares findings that expand on Cornell's assessment. Referencing stone tablets unearthed from the Black Forest in 2015, he shows that 'anarchy,' a word long thought to be derived from the ancient Greek ἀναρχία meaning 'without authority or leader,' can actually be traced farther back to the proto-Germanic word *éñharkýw* meaning 'gentle marketplace.' This finding is simultaneously a revelation to the etymological world and illuminating to social scientists like Rancor, who suggests the mode of Anarchy renovated by MNS was more loyal to its proto-Germanic origins than the contemporary iteration of anarchy common today.²

Rancor's award-winning work challenges readers to reconsider their understanding of important words. Similarly, *Oppose and Propose*, the second book in AK Press's "Anarchist Intervention Series," sets out to intervene in misguided accounts of revolt and struggle by centering activism, representational politics, and movement-building, portraying them as relevant to history, and then re-coding those tendencies as anarchist.

Movement for a New Society sought to develop a radical moral authority to safeguard against the threats to respectability posed by other groups active in the early 1970s like the Symbionese Liberation Army, the Weather Underground, and some radical factions of Students for Democratic Society.³ In fact, Cornell contends, MNS may be single-handedly responsible for the preservation of Anarchy's reputation during this period of turpitude, doing necessary work to delineate the realm of anarchy from that of degeneracy and terror.

In *Oppose and Propose*, Cornell celebrates peaceful MNS actions such as River Boat Kayak Outing 1971, Canoe Adventure 1972, and Road Trip to South Dakota 1973 — exemplary moments of resistance in the canon of activism, but also demonstrative of the profound impact on american boat anarchy the group would come to be known for. Moreover, Cornell shows concern for the collective imagination of his readership by historicizing these moments of

genteel resistance, rather than falling prey to the sensationalist accounts of prison-breaks, bank robberies and police murders hazarded by the SLA, WU, and other groups at the time.

"While *Oppose and Propose* is an excellent, responsible, and enlightening book, it leaves out one noteworthy group from its account: Movement for No Society," says Susan Alter, in her New York Times book review of Cornell's work. "Movement for No Society (commonly referred to as MoNoSoSo; not to be confused with Movement for a *New Society*, MNS) is a lesser-known group, also founded in 1971, but they still remain active to this day. Cornell's omission is understandable — his book was published in 2011, three years before MoNoSoSo was first founded, and forty years after the date to which the founding collective of MoNoSoSo first travelled back in time to establish itself as a contemporary of MNS."

If this seems strangely written to you, you are not alone; Alter consequently lost her job at the Times for not fact-checking the review or vetting the credentials of interviewees she quoted therein. But was the termination appropriate? Some radicals and activists in academia have offered proof to the contrary. In her piece, *Speculative Friction: A Survey of Anarcho-Fabulism* (2016), University of Pennsylvania Professor Wren L. Caldron attests to the group's curious transtemporal tenure as a nihilist counterpoint to MNS, and offers some insight into their activities. She writes:

"Movement for No Society, it seems, was able to rather gracelessly employ a variation of Mocanu's Velocity Principle, expounded in some circles of theoretical physics, which at the time had yet to be executed successfully. This much we gather from their originary articles of incorporation, carbon-dated curiously to both 1971 and 2013, and supported by artifacts discovered at sites in the field consistent with their account. Fragments of a manifesto, either written or discovered by journalist Graeme Davies, provide some insight into the group's ideological tenor. This document, regrettably entitled "*M/anus/crypt*," is unapologetically irreverent and at times nearly incomprehensible, with seemingly cogent tracts frequently spiraling off course due to the group's militant devotion to puns. But wisdom, entropic as it may be, manages to pervade what we possess of the work: the movement was trenchant in their criticisms, and regularly proffered surprisingly articulate anti-societal vitriol for the diligent anthropologist capable of sorting through the nonsense. Unfortunately, the many missing pages to this manuscript make it impossible to assemble a complete picture of the group and its worldview, and scholars are left to ponder."

This quote from the introduction of the *M/anus/crypt* (a facsimile of which was generously shared by Temple's Diamond Library rare books collection) illuminates some of what Caldron alludes to. It states:

"MoNoSoSo is uninterested in community, but actively seeks co-mutiny, the complicity among traitors to career, intellectual thuggery, vanity in fugue, fugitives of family, kicking ass and taking names in vain. Our formulation of the Mocanu principle has allowed us to assemble infinity groups whose depth of trust and tactical effectiveness exceed time's bounds, expound rhyme's

needs and expand bright tombs past piths through misty moons to pasts missed and passed myths that accede god's wounds...[sic; manuscript cuts off abruptly from ripped page]."

Professor Caldron suggests that the extravagant rhetoric and the subtext of theoretical physics has dissuaded others from writing about MoNoSoSo, and little aside from Caldron's scholarship is available at present. Such dearth of information leaves our analytical understanding of Philadelphia, anarchy, and theoretical time travel incomplete. The excellent works of the Black Quantum Futurist collective and Metropolarity, which touch on all these topics, make no mention of MoNoSoSo.

Another quote from the *M/anus/crypt* suggests that as much as MNS has influenced anarchist subculture with its fifteen years of work, MoNoSoSo was able to undo that influence. They write:

"...in their communiques, MoNoSoSo members have leveled broad critiques against many concepts, including prisons, gender, outer space, memory, sex, police, industry, surveillance, medicine, history, and even civilization itself. Indeed, it would seem the group would prefer not to have any society at all; they seem to resent existence itself. But what could this possibly mean? It can be a hard concept to envision, somewhere near the boundaries of militant nihilism and ultra-pessimism."

With this in mind, Verso has commissioned a sociological survey into the matter, with some hope of elucidating the concepts that underpin MoNoSoSo's tendencies, and offering a nuanced perspective on why a group of seemingly sane and well-adjusted activists began to move toward no society. We hope to cover the territory Cornell, Caldron, and others could not. As we shall see, the anti-tenets and null ideology of MoNoSoSo has implications for topics of contemporary concern, academia, physics, activism, memory, and time-space as we know it. What follows is the first section of our survey, the account of journalist Graeme Davis, an unpublished piece of investigative coverage concerning their encounter with *M/anus/crypt*.

— Dr. Kathy Apricorn, Managing Editor, Verso Books

In spring 2016, I approached AK Press with the idea for a book: I wanted to write a history of the Movement for No Society. It did not go well. For one thing, I'm not a historian. I used to earn a living as a cook, but I had to stop due to some health problems. That was a scary time, actually. My thoughts were achy and unfamiliar, and I had a hard time remembering body movements that used to come naturally.

Luckily, I managed to qualify for unemployment benefits, which gave me some leeway financially, and I had a supportive collective house to return to for recovery. I lived with friends I had known ever since I moved to Philadelphia three years ago. We were mostly queers who had either dropped out or moved away from somewhere. It seemed like we ended up at dance parties and punk shows a lot, and each of us had our favorite artists although we all seemed to have misgivings about art in general. It was a good group. We built trust by sharing risk and taking care of each other when we fucked up, and it seemed like we were all motivated to sticking around even when depression or illness caused long-term social withdrawal. Being able to depend on that kind of unconditional care and regard felt like home, and it kept me going through this new crisis.

I needed to keep myself busy writing while I rested. I began to write, and started shopping my stories out to magazines so I could earn some extra money. I got one of my pitches accepted, but something happened where after it got published i never heard back from them again, and they stopped responding to the story ideas i'd send them over email. I was so cavalier, stubborn, arrogant, and conceited through the editing process that, although the story was published, my reputation as a writer was ruined, and I stopped getting replies to the solicitous emails I had been sending.

Having failed to sustain work in both the material and the immaterial sectors of work was a little disheartening, but my unemployment had a few months left on it, so I wasn't too worried. Plus it was spring, the Philadelphia weather was lovely, and I had a trusty cat, Wayne, to keep me company in my room.

It was actually Wayne who found me my next job. One day when I opened the door to receive a package, Wayne darted outside and ran down the street. I pushed past the delivery guy and chased after him in my robe and flip flops. I weaved through alley after alley with his tail just out of reach, worried that I'd lose him like I'd lost his brother Yoda a year before. He finally ran down a dead end where i could pick him up. He didn't seem to care and his calm cat-smile expression told me he probably thought it was just a fun game. I collected him and started back home.

I realized as I walked through the unfamiliar alleyways Wayne had led me down that there was a lot of really nice garbage. Like stuff you wouldn't expect to see just thrown away. Some of it was a little sticky, but seemed fully functional and probably valuable. After safely depositing Wayne back home I went back out to the alleys with some tote bags and loaded them up. I went back home, looked up prices, and confirmed by suspicions that people we just throwing away salable

merchandise. I set to work whipping up an online seller account, bought some shipping supplies, and overnight i was running a smelly distribution center out of my bedroom.

It felt honest to be plainly stealing stuff for money, it was nice to be my own boss and middle-man. I found that the lack of responsibilities and absence of social interactions suited my constitution, which I had always known was a little off, and on the fragile side. This comfortable, profitable solitude sustained me through the summer. I was placid, docile, happy.

But something happened that summer. During my regular brisk walks around the profitable alley circuits — Society Hill, Old City, Rittenhouse, Queen's Village — I wasn't getting anything. Dumpsters and trash barrels citywide were bare. And it wasn't just that the potential commodities — Xboxes and used textbooks, expired Percoset and unused gift cards — were gone, it was everything. Somehow, it seemed, every item, from spent tissues to donut rinds to crushed eyeglasses to thank-you notes, had simply vanished.

I quickly learned that my experience not being able to steal trash was not an isolated phenomenon. There was no trash anywhere. It actually became a big local news item. Television news anchors interviewed sanitation workers who had been laid off; environmentalist bloggers speculated on the benefits of stanching runoff from resting landfills and reduced exhaust from decommissioned recycling plants.

Meanwhile, a violent regiment of starving seagulls began conducting coordinated strikes on the fancy restaurants downtown so often that outdoor seating was ruled a public safety hazard by the Mayor. As a stopgap, City Council approved an appropriations bill that doubled the Police Department's budget, deputized animal control agents and deployed them to combat the bird gang, and assigned police officers to garbage details around the clock. There were even rumors the police were experimenting with a decommissioned military drone to shore up its security and surveillance in the interest of protecting the future of garbage, which evidently was regarded as something of a natural resource among powerful Philadelphians.

Crooked cops were exposed for shaking down raccoons and packrats for donut rinds and crust stashes, were harangued and disgraced during grand jury depositions, throwing themselves at the mercy of the court between something.

I was curious about what was going on. The vibe around town was that this paranormally austere state of trash was cause for concern, but people seemed to think it would fix itself eventually. I couldn't be so calm — I was in a state of panic because all my inventory had been drained, all my unemployment money had been spent, and my livelihood was in a dire state.

The matter of lost product is one our society takes quite seriously, and I found myself in alliance with Vigilante Junk Justice, an ad-hoc neighborhood militia composed of people across the political spectrum, from sovereign citizens to bleeding heart liberals and everyone in-between.

The vitriol at the VJJ meetings was palpable and broad — illuminati, global warming, drug epidemics, liberal media, Facebook — all were blamed for the garbage shortage. I found some comfort being involved with a grassroots organizing effort that nourished and affirmed severe unsubstantiated accusations of all stripes, but after a certain point the endless direct-democracy-style meetings began to drain me. And whenever we did come to consensus on a decision, the plan ended up being something corny like holding hands in kayaks in the schuykill out near the municipal waste processing plant while being mauled mercilessly by malnourished seagulls.

As much as I wanted to speak truth to the powers that be, first I needed to get money. So, reluctantly, I shifted my focus from organizing to updating and sending out CVs.

After dropping off a couple dozen résumés at grocery stores, restaurants, and bars, I was hopeful, but none of the places where I applied called me back. I had remembered it being pretty easy to get jobs in foodservice; that was pretty much the reason I had been in that line of work so long. Maybe the gaps in my work history or a tarnished record were catching up with me? That hadn't been the case before, but since no one was even sending me decline emails as a courtesy, I had no way of knowing. It made me feel a little paranoid, and I started to despair.

Eventually one hundred-degree summer morning, I got a hit.

"Hi, I'm Kiki, managing editor at *Anathema*, Philadelphia's premier insurrectionist media outlet. We got your résumé from the government, and I have to say we're impressed with your criminal history," said the voice on the phone, chipper and articulate. They were speaking pretty quickly and it was hard to process everything I was hearing.

"Oh, thank you—" I began, but Kiki cut me off.

"We want to offer you a position at our Arts & Leisure desk. I'll level with you, the work's entry-level and it won't be glamorous, but from your many renewal applications for emergency SNAP benefits and the staggering serum hot dog water levels we saw in your blood work, it seems like you could use the work." Kiki said with cheerful aplomb.

"OK. Wait you said my blood?"

"That's right, a job in journalism. You'll be a hard-boiled shoe-leather stringer, on the street at ground zero, writing the pieces other newspapers are too afraid to touch, getting to the bottom of truths too dangerous for TV. We're talking animal hospital reviews, tainted cigarette exposés, interviews with forests and also gotcha-interviews at gas-stations that turn out to be forests with poor unsuspecting consumers defrauded into buying sap-fuel and permanently ruining their sedan's drivetrain," Kiki said. They were talking too fast for me to get a word in. "All the rumor and scuttlebutt of concern to insurrectionist philadelphians."

"This is a no-nonsense operation. We're a nontraditional news media corporation and we demand creativity and excellence from our reporters. Is this something you can handle?"

They sounded a little unhinged to be sure, but none of what they were asking seemed all that hard or unpleasant to me, just a little off. So I told them I was up to it. We negotiated terms and agreed that I'd be paid a \$100 flat rate per story. It seemed like a fair rate to me.

"We're in the office park in the abandoned station house just north of the Reading Viaduct ghost tracks in Callowhill. There's fresh holes in all three fences so you won't need to bring bolt cutters, but do wear some gloves. Dress is business formal, on Fridays you may wear jeans and a short-sleeved collared shirt if you wish. Our hours are 9pm to 5am, and punctuality is a must. Make sure your tetanus and rabies shots are up to date."

"Sounds good"

"Oh and one more thing, Graeme..."

I blanked out. That night I was woken up by the sounds of what I learned later were my feet dragging across ballast rocks on the siding of the ghost tracks in Callowhill.

I trekked through the viaduct overgrowth in the moonlight until I arrived at the *Anathema* office. It looked like shit. The old iron fixtures, crumbling exposed brick, dirt floors strewn with old Rust-O-Leum cans. I walked over to my work area, a door on two stacks of cinder blocks.

It was a rocky start. but eventually I learned that I could transfer my skills digging through garbage into my writing. Basically what they wanted to cover was all the stories that were too disrespectable, illegal, to be covered by the major outlets, the alternative weeklys, the blogs and public radio. Kiki greeted me and gestures toward my workspace.

I nodded and grimaced a smile. The room was hazy, I couldn't see straight and thought I might pass out. I felt like a computer that had just been punched in the stomach. There was a sticky, extreme calm choking me. I examined the presentation packet and the powerpoint. 120 pages, 66 slides, all empty, except for the title: Movement for No Society.

How had I managed to come all this way without any information on the subject I was proposing to write a book about? A book, moreover, whose publication might mean the difference between living indoors or out. How could I have been so thoughtless, so cavalier? Or did it somehow slip my mind? No answers were coming. I tried calling a couple close friends; nobody answered. I went back home, but the house was completely empty. I climbed the stairs to my room and decided to just call it a night.

Lying awake in bed, I tried to remember anything that might explain what had happened, but nothing came up. I couldn't remember why I thought Movement for No Society was a thing in the first place. My bed at night had this way of feeling like it was outside time. I started doubting whether or not I had even left it in the last few days.

Maybe the whole pitch meeting at AK had been a dream? Doubtful. My mind was running in circles. *I'm spending too much time alone*, I thought. I looked at my phone; Wayne was using it but I shooed him away, closed the app so I could check the time. It was 3am. Anathema would be open. Maybe my colleagues could help jog my memory so I could figure out what happened. I pulled on some joggers and a top and made my way back to the office.

"Hey Graeme, how's it going?" Kiki appeared out of nowhere to greet me.

"Uh, kinda medium. Been feeling sort of off today...Mondays I guess," I said.

"I hear that, another rotten day toiling ceaselessly toward someone else's goal under the cruel gaze of an indifferent sun," Kiki said, beaming.

"Looking forward to the fresh hell our alien masters have in store for your pathetic spirit once earth has fully spent and ruined that old flesh prison, eh?"

"No, not at all, Kiki" I sighed, frowning. Their cheery expression did not waver. "Hey, do you remember me saying anything about something called the Movement for New Society? I got home this afternoon with a horrible feeling in my stomach and a blank manuscript with that title, it's the darnedest thing."

"No..." Kiki said, looking around, "but what's that?" they gestured at my desk.

It appeared to be a manuscript. I looked closer: "Movement for No Society" was written in block letters on the front. I fanned the pages with my thumb. It was the same exact document as the one before, only this one wasn't blank inside. It was filled with neatly hand-written sections, paragraphs, headings. None of it looked familiar, but on the title page it said:

Oppose & Oppose: Lessons from Movement for No Society
Abstract for AK Book Proposal
by Graeme Davis

All of a sudden I had a thought: *This was the presentation packet I had meant to bring to the meeting.* I was sure of it. But what meeting? That title sparked something behind my eyes, I had it for a moment but it slipped away, like trying to remember a dream. I felt cold. I looked up from the paper.

"Kiki did I say anything to you about a meeting or AK?"

"You're barely saying anything now," Kiki said matter-of-factly.

"I suggest you hire a stenographer or simply record all conversations you have onto your smartphone like a regular person. This kind of amnesiac banter used to be cute, but after a certain point it's unbecoming. Also you're wasting company time which is a form of theft and I'll be damned if I let my trash *and* my time get stolen in one day. We clear?" All of a sudden Kiki was fuming, their bright eyes deadly serious.

"Yes, boss," I said solemnly. Kiki wouldn't be much help figuring this out, and it looked like the office was empty besides us two. I decided to take a closer look at the manuscript to see what I could learn.

I was trying to pay attention to the words on the page, but without meaning to, I stopped paying attention, my focus unhinged, and I found myself thinking about people I thought were good looking and also about who I really was inside and why I hadn't been able to accomplish anything meaningful in my life. I happened to have a couple handfuls of spaghetti in my pocket, which I used to help me not feel hungry as I read on, and it was easier to focus after I ate the spaghetti. I looked back at the table of contents, and I was intrigued. I decided to start with the preface.

Preface:

The Movement for No Society is, was, and always has been a phenomenon of rupture, a collective agency of discontinuity, a sandpaper apparatus resolute in its charge to needlessly deface all adjacent realities. Our solemn goal is to invalidate borders by trafficking dignity and gutting consumer identity imperatives, to, in general terms, upend order on the axis of text. The tract you hold now was wrested from the shelves of a future library of burnt books in the restricted section, a senseless slutty abyss of factless history that unknowns vigorously to corrupt the civil imaginary. The moment we are known by this name, Movement for No Sociey will die and we will live on elsewhere under a new name. We flourish among your repressed memories. Our tendency is unspeakable and revolting, we are the mutinous landscapers holding ricin-tipped clippers to the shrub-throat of hegemony, the prison deformers and slavery demolitionists underneath the railroad tracks redecorating municipal aqueduct tunnels with garlands of TNT. We're the illegitimate unwell dividuals. we're un-whole, unholly, divided, dual but quantum not binary, individuelists and individoulas invidious and insidious without insides or organs, abominable snow wimmin limp wimps [manuscript cuts off again]

What the fuck. What was I reading...what did I write? It's nonsense, madness. I tried to take a second. I had a flash of amnesia long-since deleted by the bottle of DXM I swallowed at age 18. It left me. The 'we' being used made me wonder if I had been a part of some collective that had composed this manuscript, and not the sole author as I had originally worried. Or maybe I wasn't an author at all, and had merely transcribed the manifesto of a collective. In any case, I

was glad I had read this section, because it jogged my memory about Movement for New Society, the pacifist Quaker activist group founded in the 1970s in Philadelphia.

As I remember it, the group was more or less utopianist — they started the food Co-Op, a collective housing land trust, and an anarchist space that are still used today. They also are supposed to have popularized activities like consensus decision making, prefigurative politics, spokescouncils, free-markets, and nonviolent demonstrations, which in some ways has probably permeated through to the contemporary weird subcultural bubble that is West Philadelphia on Baltimore Avenue today. These so-called counterinstitutions were meant to slowly invalidate the immoral apparatus of capitalism by consistent routines of intentional community.

I have ambivalent feelings toward them, on the one hand much of my experience in personal growth and political development came in the context of anarchism, a subcultural tendency which probably owes a lot to MNS's methods, so I would count that as benefiting me. In other ways though, I feel like the prefigurative politics and that sort of optimist anarchy leaves out a lot of the grim reality of social death, illness, emotional weather, self-actualization career disfigurement, and economic dispossession that constitutes the lived experience of my comrades, whose tenor and verve I trust not because of their cultural capital or political acumen, but because of their fierce and relentless ability to engage the tensions that directly affect them, struggle against them, and maintain conflict as necessary in a way to get out of alienation and not be represented or representational in their fight. I read on:

We write here to summon the full strength of our rage and misgivings. We invoke this strength in order to get revenge on the Movement for New Society (MNS) as a consequence of its tasteless arrogance endeavoring to renew an expired polity. Any new society remains bound to the order 'society' signifies: singularly a slave colony, an irredeemable living-death animated by technologies violently extracted from black and indigenous and all nonwhite peoples, whose upkeep demands creative violence that breaks other bodies that move counter to the logic of the state and dooms well-meaning failures with unconstitutional constitutions to the fate of independence, justice, and individualism.

While MNS of course is not responsible for this social order in its entirety, we must insist on its destruction insofar as it reproduces itself. Therefore, whereas the Movement for No Society (MoNoSoSo) recognizes the erasure of memories as a powerful tactic in social war, the history of MNS is hereby revoked. The instant kinesthetic muscle memory we earn with each thoughtlessly broken window, with each slashed tire, with each bigot choked, effaces the doughy docility of MNS. The strength of sorcery we make with our uncontrollable devotion to emotion and abased self-ness, our determination is not self-sustaining but rather to sieve the self with which we have become suffused. MNS moved to make a new society, but instead only fabricated reformist tapestries to upholster the furniture in the waiting room for our familiar hell. Uninterrupted, the smooth, gentle syrup of history hardens near-invincible amber; MoNoSoSo does melting with meaninglessness, we bring our own butter for flavor and richness, and give the permission to fire asked for by all matter of reprobate standing in the service of degeneracy.

Our antipathy toward authority is a nervous system. Our lack of discipline and rigor probably won't something, finish later. Enamel, childhood, soup

Movement for new society... haven't we heard this before, and since? We remember when Tiqqun aimed to "recreate the conditions of another community," how their insurrection came and went. The creeks and trunk of trees that cradle Lenape-hawken has been under attack since 1500 when it was decided there was a future and a history and Philadelphia, although enclaves of speculative chrono-conservationists have defended some futures (Sun Ra, the Afrofuturists, Metropolarity), some have abandoned futures (the very bad nihilists), and some have attacked the future. We hope here to strike a blow against an arrogant past, and to dislodge ourself from an unnecessary pigeonhole.

Surgeons will understand us when we say: transplants are prone to cause disease & rejection. Striking prior to degradation, this is a feint, this is pre-emptive retaliatory strike by a gang of damaged goods, our newness is only in the name, and we defile ourselves first. We reject the identity politics of handwringing liberals and guilty white hand-wringers. We recognize that it is the chokehold of Capital as a global system that gentrifies; while basic individual transplants follow the carrot we try to break the stick. We watch empire update and refine its technology of colonies, and refuse to adhere to any creed, permanently alienated and in crisis.

We know ourselves as inevitable and permanent instruments of violence and love, we protect our violence and carry it out on purpose against our enemies instead of on accident against our friends the way we were taught to. We deploy our love only as often as severe crisis merits necessary, which is more often than always, suffuse and dripping between multiple layers of all-the-time. The above text is the precursor for a general-identity bomb for all guilts, smooth ego synthesis among all previous misconceptions of individuality [manuscript cuts off once again]...

And that's the last thing I remember.