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MANIFESTO

This is a manifesto not in the style of Marinetti's Italian Futurism or Marx's *Communist Manifesto* or André Breton's *Manifesto of Surrealism* or Ted Kaczynski's *Industrial Society and its Future* or the manifesto of the Situationists or Legacy Russell's *Glitch Feminism* or Kropotkin and Grave's *Manifesto of the Sixteen* or Andrea Long Chu's *Females* or but in the easy and fraternal manner of *Y Tu Mama Tambien's Charolastras*. And it goes as follows:

- (1) All contributors are EXHIBITIONISTS and all readers VOYEURS
- (3) All EXHIBITIONISTS should be anonymous, identified only by their pseudonym
- (4) A VOYEUR can become a EXHIBITIONIST if solicited to by another EXHIBITIONIST
- (5) No EXHIBITIONIST should be too shady or fascist or boring or neoliberal or str8-cis
- (2) The DICTATOR - the master-originator of the zine - reserves the responsibility to collate, compile, censor, and enact the publication of each issue
- (6) All copies of the issue should be made to put in consistent circulation by whatever means necessary
- (7) Plagiarism for a piece is completely allowed, if distributed by one of those mega-conglomerate monopolies or w-e (Penguin, Harper Collins, Hachette etc)
- (8) All EXHIBITIONISTS are invited to access the materials through the shared Google Drive and participate in a dialogic net-space (a spider-web or 網) on Signal

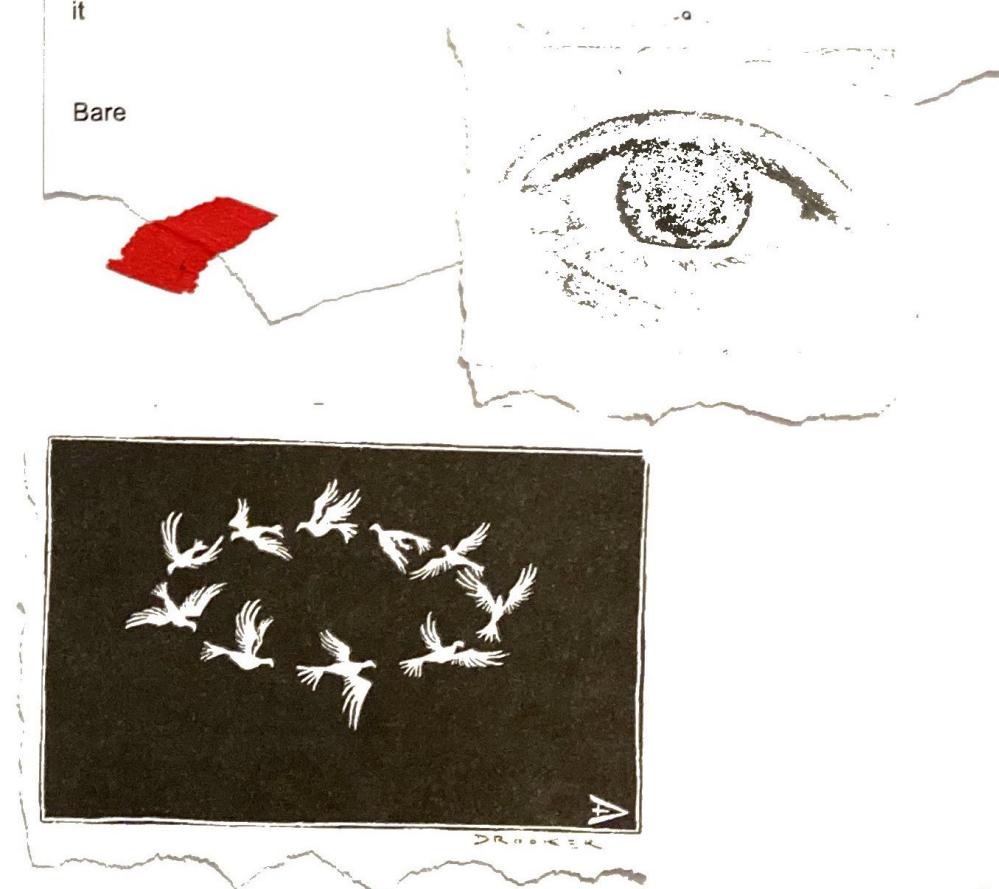
(9) The Manifesto should be revised by a nominated EXHIBITIONIST to reflect the pieces and be re-published at the beginning of each issue

(10) Modesty is a sin, exposure a virtue—

Lay

it

Bare



Sex Money n Power

(titled by dik-ta-tor, written by Yoko-Lilly)

Making money in the arts is hard.

Not if you are selling sex or fulfilling fetishises though. Is that art? My childhood friend who is now a fashion designer disagrees. It's too vulgar, too out-there, not aesthetic. I think she's a righteous prude.

One of my ex-patrons gave me a book '12 Rules For Life' by Jordan Peterson. My clientele be like that- men financially ok-enough to pay for weekly fun sexy kinky time with a 23 year old Japanese girl. I will be your good girl, bad girl, princess, Mistress, mistress, Goddess, mummy, slut, hotwife. Some of my clients cringe at the term 'sugar daddy' but like it when I pant and moan and call them daddy. Marilyn Monroe calls her men 'daddy'. The word is getting less kinky and I am here for it. I don't call my own dad 'daddy' cos I don't speak English with him. Perhaps I wouldn't do it if I did call my father 'daddy'. But fucking him for money, I have no problem with. If that is less relatable just know that I wouldn't be enjoying it but I can physically do it, especially if that gets me paid. Am I an accomplice to the reactionary force of patriarchy?

Social currency and money currency.

I am a feminist, I shouldn't be benefitting from the current state of sexual inequality. Also a communist so should not be selling my sexuality like that. Feminism and Communism are another big topic we aren't getting into. But as a

conventionally attractive young girl I can sell sex for money. I charge 500 British Pound Sterling per hour for it. No ethical consumption under capitalism, fuck it let me sell my cunt and buy some Greggs or McPlants.

Scarcity is real in the world of sex, for men like my clientele. I do think that they definitely can get laid, but they are particular in their needs (in terms of plays) or wants (my appearance) so that's why I think that's why the market exists. Also look at me I am so helpless, cute and sexy. You would be my hero if you pay me, and that's easy, no?

Annie Ernaux said somewhere: (she understands that) men like to be with younger women because it reminds them of youth, what once was. Some more mature women think it's incredibly creepy that men their age would entertain any romantic notions about girls half decades younger than themselves. Everyone is aging, I am aging. This is not forever but what is forever anyways?

Book Yoko for a fun kinky time. London based but FMTY.
Not here for a long time, just for a good time:)



The shitty community

We can't shit in public!

We shit in our private latrines. Alone, ashamed, guilty. The intestine is a wind instrument, and what a sound, what a sound. The process is necessary to let the soul escape, but this is a secret. As living clay, the great human alchemy is to transmute the breath of God into poop. In private, we open up our little asshole like a blossoming flower and slowly squeeze out a new clay. We separate the soul from the clay with our Janus buttocks: the first judge. We flush the clay statuette into the great water: our last ritual. We end up forgetting the angry odor of the ephemeral soul that, tired of so much inner struggle, unites again with the air. Seamless. «What a relief».

Our society is based on a specific law: «You shall not relieve your soul in public». The bathroom is the prison of the soul, the scented spray, its prison guard. All we have left is boredom when we shit. The legality of our shit is this: we avoid detection and flee the scene of the crime. Nobody confesses anymore: «I shit there». No-body shits, in fact. No one can admit that he let his soul get away. The capture of fugitive souls – all integrity depends on this. Perversion is private, and so is salvation: «you shall not share your relief». Public decency, the only law that unites us.

The history of law (Strife): the actualization of the prescription «don't touch yourselves in public». «Touch me» - the errant ass of Empedocles meets another ass and they kiss in public. Real Love. A swarm of asses laughing their souls away. Aristophanes's choir farts the *polis* away. Anarchical zoogony.

One theory: Proust was a cynic. Shit was going public with that gentleman.

Another theory: do you want to know the cosmopolitanism of Diogenes? Then scrape the dried shit out of his barrel. That's real archaeology. Better yet: imagine that you're smelling the ass of Diogenes. By the way: smell the ass of those who smelled Diogenes's ass. Collective imagination.

The great method lies in the fact that the asshole is never odorless. So many smelly souls fled from there and so many formless clay statuettes were made in their honor. The ass, the first sculptor.

Let's go back. Argos as the unsung hero. Western resemblance, moreover, its truth value depends on the fact that Odysseus' dog was the first to recognize him. And we know very well how dogs recognize each other and confirm the veracity of bodies. *Sniff*. *Sniff*. *Sniff*. Odysseus's ass: scientific evidence. And Diogenes would say: «Fellow Athenians, many of you, deceived by the perfumes of Justice, want to judge me. So be it, come on, smell my ass. Smell my ass like this dog.» A new court of law. The anal-assembly that gathers when someone that has to shit meets another in the same arena. Blessed public bathrooms.

What else have philosophers done than sniff each other's asses? But this cannot be said in public! Public decency, we must be decent in public. And hence philosophy is the description of the air that enters the mouth and not the air that comes out of the ass. The asshole, from the boundless hole of Anaximander to Parmenides's buttplug. Don't talk through your ass! Don't put things up your ass! Putting things up your ass is a huge problem, if a thing goes up your ass what will come out of your mouth? Private, very private words.

We flush the toilet and ask: «Where is this thing going?» – and philosophy really is nothing more than eschatology. A shitty thought.

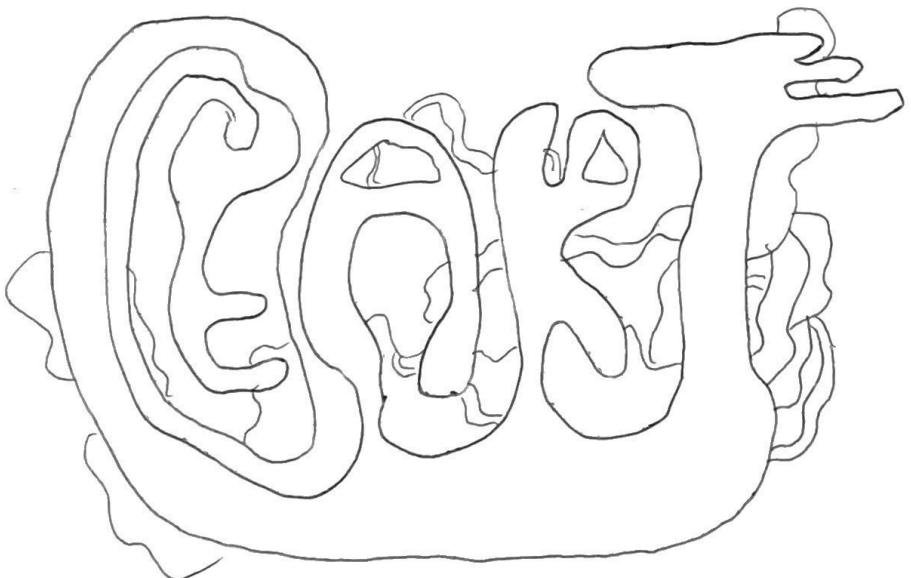
How do you define a great philosopher? The great philosopher is the one who inhales the great chain of assholes with such raw force that the smell of the first asshole reaches him. The first man who released his soul. The first relief. Breathe, take a deep breath to calm down. And what a man, an inspiration to us all. They say he shouted: "Come, come look at my shit!". The holy grail is this clay statuette.

Boredom in the private latrine.

Boredom is constipation.

We have to shit in public, our enemy is the perfumed truth of decency and the private jail of *libertinage*.

The shitty community: for once, we all shit at the same time. A public orgy of fugitive souls and clay statuettes. We laugh. We get back up. We clean our shit. Unashamed. «What a relief.»



PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY

whenever i am back home in Tokyo it is like returning to the womb. it is warm and wet and inviting and familiar, yet i never feel quite at home; if anything i feel too comfortable, and living here feels frictionless, *glissant*, like absence. the glassy department stores, escalators, clatter of heels against the asphalt, smooth roads spelling out 止まれ. i love my parents too but their gazes don't slice thru me, and i need that, i think.

whenever i think about my mind reflected in an urban landscape i think of London. the grime, multilingual patter, grayish skies, segregated boroughs of white stucco and Turkish grocery shops, newspapers and pigeons flying across the pavement. the other day i took a walk from Camden to Great Russell Street and watched the city change as the graffiti sent me signs: 's u r r e n d e r' 'AGONY LOSER'. later, D and i walked around familiar streets near my old flat to reminisce but were overwhelmed by the rampant commercial messaging: the sans-serif logos, clean storefronts, crowds of tastefully dressed adults in gentrifying neighborhoods, and that too represents a kind of nightmare within myself—

which is exposed by the force of Sofia, a kind of secretive darkness with an edge of subversive criminality, where skateboarders and punk/goth youth mill the NDK city center and old Soviet housing pastel the rickets of tree branches and stiff grass. where R and i sought refuge in a friend's flat reeking of weed and a black cat lurked behind the radiator (affectionately referred to as 'the devil') or within a snarl of trees hidden in the wide expanse of South Park. counter-protests to the homophobic exclusionary nature of protests roaring against the corrupt government, the policing of which manifested in slight, bizarre ways like the military men asking for identity passes near the market or police cars crowding the Soviet Army Monument where we wavered and clustered arms as colorful extras in a film about queer love and rage. violence passed



secondhand through our flat— anecdotes of murder and plane crashes and domestic abuse, R telling me and their friend A how their uncle cussed them out at a family dinner for wearing tattoos and piercings. A in response: 'you just have to walk out [...] you put your cigarette out on his wrist and you call it self-care.' defiant and true. and still, i keep the throaty anglicized strain of Джеймс Баучер tight in my fist, the stray dogs scampering through streets, the gangly buildings, the airy expanse of the underground. S, where we lurked across mountains and smoked and watched pirated films followed or preceded by intense conversations and snapped buildings splattered with graffiti and sunlight and felt terribly alive—

which is refracted by the bifocal obfuscation of Vienna. the straight and rectilinear streets, street lights ticking like metronomes, the air crisp in the night and morning near the Pelikangasse where we would dip in for coffee and kanelbullar. the social housing with their large-scale murals curving across the bricks, the quiet ring of clicks through a gallery decked with Klimt and Schiele and interspersed with pastoral landscapes. and above all i remember our apartment with its concrete stairs spiraling into wooden floors creaking with tread, the baptismal tub from which we would emerge, red and radiating heat. in the winter, snow fell on the sidewalks and D and i took walks through the empty city, making little discoveries like a flat Viktor Frankl used to live in or streets mentioned in *Malina*. V, where history comes to sleep. where i drunkenly trod on a glass shard felled from a cup on a celebratory evening and blood streamed like ribbons onto the tiles and i felt almost euphoric, because otherwise i scrub and scrub but never really feel completely clean, you know?

so maybe its about bristles catching skin, the suggestion of being met and held, lovingly, in a suspension of time and space. since my home is my origin, it constitutes past, present, and future— all of my selves collapsing onto a point. here, i glide. i write emails and skim the news with the leftist inertia of a Sally Rooney character.

('Hier ist immer Gewalt.
Hier ist immer Kampf.')

here, i pet my dog and wait for the cherry blossoms.



Subject and object in the age of smart watches

I.

Watch.

II.

Watch.

Watch me.

III.

Watch.

I watch
you watch.
Watch me
watch you.

IV.

Watch.

You watch
me watch
you. Watch
me watch.
I watch
you watch
me watch
you watch.



V.

Watch.

Watch you.

VI.

Watch.
I watch
you watch
my watch.
I watch
you watch.
You watch
me watch
your watch.

VII.

Watch.
I watch
you watch.
I watch
you watch
my watch.

VIII.

Watch.
I watch
my watch
 watch you.

IX.

Watch.
Watch me.

X.

Watch.

A day's scraps

Blouses on torsos of hands
laying down the knees
to shins and five toes on each
foot supporting the heaviness
of an elegant soul.

The ember night shines
when the candles blink.
The smell, fragrant and
flowered, lingers in the
nostrils of furniture scattered
throughout the foyer.

Let me yell into your mouth:
four thousand pounds were
lost yesterday, but nobody cared.
They asked for a dollar.

No response.

Voices

From high above,
ceilings crash down.

Landing on the floor
beneath my feet,
I find the world sound
put in front of me.
Do I feel myself
falling from the ceiling?
It stops;
I hear your face.

Your cadence
is deep
and thick
and sticks
and punctuates
the brash
syllables splashing
around your
mouth like mouthwash.

Rounded down, a staccato on
the sea remains forgotten by the
following phrase but forms a sine wave.
Rounded up, the voice gleams
with sapphires and emeralds and...
abounded did they come
with diamonds, rubies, but no topaz.

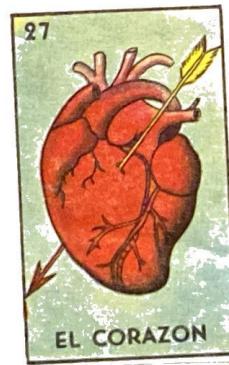
Free un-abounded, un-bewildered,
un-packed, un-done, un-thought—
a stork flies off as swarms of feathers
overseas oversee ovaries oversea.

The most beautiful sounds
drop in our lap,
the most beautiful sounds,
fuming high,
slushing squawks,
pocket change sounds.

Dear Reader

You may be wondering what would compel me to write down the words floating around in the interstices of my thoughts. The short answer is that of late I was faced with the unfortunate fact that I have but one heart to give. And the dawning of that reality, coupled with my ill-fated attempts to skirt it, have led to a rather tumultuous time in my life, and no doubt the lives of others. While I have endeavored to set right the things I have broken, I am nonetheless saddled with a nagging feeling, a persistent *perhaps*, that I cannot shake. A contradiction of sorts. I suppose that these words are my attempt at abandoning the mythic harmony and resolution that one expects to bookend such a period in favor of contradictions, intransigence, and difficulty. Then hopefully that *perhaps* will be as useless as a second heart. Now, the words:

A preponderance
And a person shattered
into memories
All that remains I leave to you
To fill that blank corner
To fix that *Fractured view*
There is not much left of me
But enough left for you
A reflection, a thought, a *perhaps*
A future of a thousand times more



And a present of never again
Come now, all that remains...
I have left to you



cyrillic alfabet native

When I was a kid, I populated various digital fandoms. With the little-to-no foreign language skills I possessed, I used to express myself mostly in exclamation marks and OMGGGGs. After all, that's pretty much all you need when you ship Hermione Granger and Ginny Weasley. Gushing through keyboard smashes, language was a straightforward ordeal.

One time, I joined a discussion by responding XAXAXA to a comment. I was asked by multiple members what I meant by that. Google translate... What did they mean by what did I mean? You can't google translate that. I thought laughter was universal.

Years later, as I engage in my self-love rituals, I randomly remember that instance.

& there it is, XAXAXA singed right off the side of my pussy.

I imagine how they read it,

KSA – KSA – KSA

what do they mean by what do I mean?

I fixate my gaze on the faded scar.

I can barely read what was once bloodred and swollen.

I engraved this on an entirely separate occasion.

I can only read it because I know it's there.

I thought laughter was universal.

I run my fingers on top; oh the irony, oh the allegory, oh it is so in my sense of humour that I'm tempted to go over the scar with a razor again; just to freshen things up.

My laughter has never been legible, though.

I ought to leave it like that.

A mild laughter, a hysterical one; I've long learned to feed on the inside jokes I have with myself

ксаксакса

лмао

skajbfbadjk
vn

[late 2019, tower bridge, london]

I recall your hands better than your face,
and I recall your touch best of all.

this is a love story.

I say:
touch me.
touch me all over, force me down;
I crave you.
I invite you.
I come to you.

honey. sweety. darling.
lust storm.
what does one make of a human like that?
little tiny mouth, suck out my sins;

I spit back white:
is this innocence?

Patched up cataclysmic desires,
I only wanted to be loved
whatever that looked like.

Now I owe you all this venom
seeped between my thighs.



Velazquez's Christ on the Cross

Here's a handsome, grey, barely clothed man nailed to a cross. He is God. He is also The Son of God. Or that's the conceit, at least. He shines, but not supernaturally, except for the ethereal glow of halo over his head, which looks almost plausible. Divinity naturalised. He is thin, but not unattractively so. If he looks brittle, it is mostly due to circumstance. He is a bit shorter than me, perhaps 1.70 meters. His body is completely hairless, including his armpits, which reminds me how rarely male body hair has been painted—a strange omission. He only wears the obligatory crown of thorns and a white, immaculate loincloth which hangs loosely secured round his hips, tied in a lush, voluminous knot—almost like the royal court painter in Velazquez could not resist exerting himself on the one piece of fabric found in the painting.

The cross is reddish and woody, stained by three or four wood-knots. The nailheads on his feet are plump and round, suggesting the harrowing width of the shanks. As I try to imagine what it must be like to have your instep pierced like that – to have a big, foreign object rammed through flesh and bone in three to four hammer blows – I notice his toenails. These are the toenails of God. They are long, but not too long, elegantly so. And they are clean, too. As befits God, I suppose. But I do wonder whether they do justice to the poor man living in the thirtieth year after his birth.

Apparently, Velázquez wanted to depict him as the most beautiful man there ever was. He has not failed. We only see half his face, the other half covered by dark waves of hair. But, restfulness aside, the little we see shows lead-man charisma, the kind of bone structure that catapults a young actor to Hollywood stardom. We know he is dead because his side has already been pierced. Otherwise, this cadaver looks quite alive. The blood trickles down sparsely, but to great effect, mostly from his hands and feet. His body seems impervious to its significations. A razor-thin trickle deftly outlines the



surface of his left knee. A thicker one falls down his left wrist, stopped in a moment. There is no struggle—not in his hands, not in his neck or face. He hangs from the cross as much as his loincloth hangs from his hips.

I believe the painting's real stroke of genius is the green, pitch-dark background and the unrelentingly focused composition. We only see the man hanging from his torture device. There is nothing else, the universe shut down due to its comparative inaneness. Only *he* remains, grey-white and radiant, bursting, holding everything in him. Like a jet of light shooting out of a black hole. We are witnessing the zephyr of defeat transmogrified to the zenith of victory—which is what martyrdom is, in fact. But never on such a scale, for this is the martyrdom of God Himself.

This is a strange one for Velázquez, whose paintings so often seem to wink at us knowingly. One feels sized up by his *Aesop* or *Sebastian of Morra*, or even by Velazquez's own depiction of himself in *Las Meninas*. His subject's wise or wise-ass stares puncture through canvas, leaving viewer and viewed on equal standing. But here Velazquez has disposed of his most powerful weapon: this man does not acknowledge our existence. As a result, there is no levity, no breakage, only pure, unbearably condensed gravitas.

For Kierkegaard, the paradox at the center of Christianity was the incarnation of a limitless, timeless being into a limited, time-bound human. To feel both that paradox and the demands that its resolution makes on us was, for him, the road to true faith: to abandon reason and believe by virtue of the absurd. Now, it is easy enough to say paradox, but how do you depict it? I'm not talking of the appearance of paradox, but the real thing: two truths that cannot be grasped in one thought. I see in this painting paradox conquered, which is to say, *the real thing*.

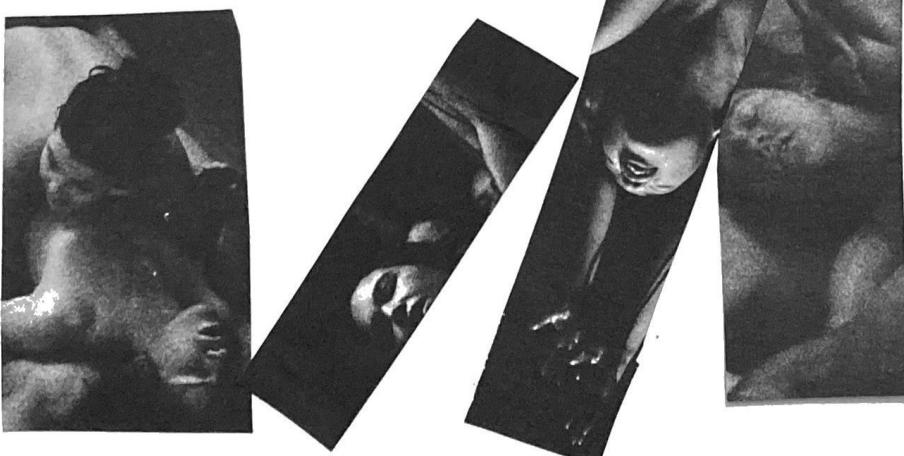
I suppose I must admit I have a personal connection to this painting, not for the sake of neutrality, which seems a pointless goal, but perhaps for the sake of honesty or self-disclosure, I'm not sure. This is the first painting I connected to. I was about twelve years old at the time. My parents had decided that it was about time I got acquainted with *El Prado*. I remember being bored to death. As I wandered despondently through each subsequent room, we got to the one where this painting hangs. I was immediately reeled in by the small displays of gore—not a lot, but enough to attract a child who grew up on violent video games. And this one seemed so real—perhaps I pictured the way his weight must have pulled at his holes. I looked at his bloodied feet, then at him, then looked at the background behind him. The total darkness slowly began to disclose its green. And I, for the first time, wordlessly thought to myself: *There's something here.*

I believe this is my favourite crucifixion, which is a weird thing to write. While I do believe that this is the best crucifixion I have ever seen, this is also the first painting I connected to.

This depiction is stripped back so that only paradox remains, conquered.

The background is a green so dark it seems black.

He looks like a bottom to me.



cinema(tick) time

he wrote to me:

let's watch chris marker's *the last bolshevik*. i heard you can see the end of socialism in it. is it true? was he the last one?

i replayed:

no, but i do remember that image of tsar nikolai's statue in the film—or was it *october*?

1917, 1927, 1991—the dates rattled in the vacuum of his cranial cavity like crumpled pieces of paper pillowing in the ethereal flame of a fan.

montage, once the language of utopia, now a device to coronate its death, the somnambulant desire to consume its own history.

he watches and looks over at the begotten one, asleep in the desert heat, wondering about the machine that captures dreams:

wading, submersion into lake. it happened before, and again, but never like this, here and now. all it took was ten steps, each a cut into the lower depths, marks of total dissolution without trace, where two places, four eyes—

each pair always hesitant to look too long into the other, or else their secret history would manifest itself outside the inner world they envisioned and held onto like lost souls, too recalcitrant to emerge from their sunken sanduk

—could meet at the apex of their arch, a wet march to infinity. once a forlorn V., the trajectory now led to журавли, forever doomed by thee to never see the sea.

the empire of pan. a secluded spot among the reeds. hit play and it all begins anew, no, not like the last, but a true *ab urbe*, something they call *zurückspulen*. tickle, and then you know you're in the next rome, a discovery made after the hand runs against the edge of the perforated strip. feels so good that you imagine you're not here, dolly...

an industrial hellhole. no one blinked anymore, a habit developed to prevent pus from puffing around the lids. very few cameras left if any. you could go to the black market, he once told him, and maybe there you could buy one, probably broken, you never know though. i don't buy cameras, in fact. dealers dealt in the currency of forgotten dreams, an urge so strong that if you tried to resist you would find yourself submerged in a barrage of tape, so deep the body would start to tick... tick... tick...

kinokid

Encounters with

The other day I took traditional Chinese medicine for the first time. I was in a restaurant in Chinatown and earlier that same day I had been disturbing my fellow visitors at the Peter Doig in the Courtauld with a hacking cough. The proprietor of the medicine was the father of the person I had recently fallen in love with and upon hearing of my infliction and briefly inspecting my tongue (something my partner had warned me about beforehand) he produced a small white pill bottle. He pressed it into my hands and after watching me struggle with the seal under the lid swiftly took it back to elegantly pierce and lift up the seal with the chopstick in front of him. He advised me to take 4 or 5 pills, which I compared with the 3-4 pill recommendation on the bottle just after I had swallowed them. The whole thing happened very quickly and really only after washing the pills down with tea, which was still too hot for my sensitive tongue, did I comprehend what I had just done. A wave of nausea flushed over me as I pondered imminent death, something I have for most ingestions of unknown substances, which usually meant psychedelics. After I had composed myself, I registered that my partner had said: "you didn't have to do that", which I knew, but oh well.

The rest of the evening was spent suppressing coughs while listening to how the common roots of Japanese and Chinese would allow me to learn Chinese more easily, but in my case I was mostly zoned out imagining a different encounter: between my parents, both of whom are Western doctors, and this practitioner of Chinese Medicine. Would kindness prevail over ideology?

Ideology and Illness

I have now been at a very famous university for nearly 9 months and I have made the observation that to my myopic eyes everyone is either mentally ill or an ideologue and occasionally both. I suppose I am oversimplifying, but as far as labels go, those are the only two that stick to the people here.

I do not care how radical people think they are and I don't know if I ever will. If I were to label myself, I'd be firmly in the ill camp without any strong convictions other than nursing my own sickness. Maybe one day, I'll venture into ideology; start my own zine, annoy the sick ones around me with my persistence, but until then I'll just be.

Just being is something that I think I do, but really I don't. When I observe the ill and the ideological, I notice that one group tends to internalise and the other externalises (this means nothing so don't read into it):

"Oh, sorry that was my ADHD"

"Hahaha my Autism is showing again"

"Hey, I am Marxist and support unions and so on"

"As a free speech absolutist I believe"

Ideology offers something that we want to tie ourselves to, it directs us, gives us answers; while illness is something that we can handily throw out there, neatly tying its effects on our actions off from who we really are.

Who I really am

doesn't really matter...
isn't really matter...

A triangulation of contradictory terms and involuntary redefinitions.

Whole Babel's worth of poorly translated manuscripts.

You decide.

Or don't.

But please just do something.

Call to Action

We are the people of this generation. Though bred in at least modest comfort, many of us now live in a state of permanent impermanence. Despite our financial trials, we eke out pleasure from drugs, drink, holidays, and avocados on expensive bread.

When we were children the United Kingdom was strong and wealthy, powerful enough to throw its weight around the world stage, initiating wars with countries 1000s of miles away for natural resources, harkening back to imperial triumphs of the past. Western Values, Neoliberal Economics, Owning Capital - a home for everyone! Britain was good, Britain was a part of the vanguard, Britain was triumphant, despite the misery and humiliation of losing an empire. The older generation matured in this complacency.

As we grew, however, our comfort was pierced by events too troubling to dismiss. We witnessed and continue to witness paradoxes. Resource wars dressed up as fights for democracy, financial greed re-interpreted as a vital industry, the prevailing degradation of migrants and minorities defended as a protection of national values. Perhaps most greatly, the permanently shifting climate of our eternal Earth, set aside as a problem requiring a solution that would not change anything meaningful about our cosseted lives.

Although technology has the power to destroy the old and engender new forms of social organisation, we all still tolerate meaningless work and idleness, and our employment status is sadly still prioritised over our mental and physical health. Much of the world continues to languish in hunger and disease, and uncontrolled

west, too, live in a materially improved society, in a meta-stable equilibrium. With these improvements we weaken the resolve for change.

Some would have us believe that we are close to a singularity of civilisation, in which the white heat of technological progress will blast us out of the material constraints of our rocky oasis and into the infinite cosmos. I am a doom-monger, I don't believe that we will be able to leave our Earth-cradle, that it will be our grave. It's easy to see this: we haven't yet found a functional way to ensure that everyone has a place to sleep, food to eat, and water to drink on a planet that affords us every opportunity to do this. On this basis, I believe that current societal satisfaction with the present and anticipation of a techno-future simply glazes over the deeply-felt anxieties regarding the roles of such people in a New World—one in which we would finally learn to live within our planet's limits, focusing on life instead of the never-ending pursuit of the exponential. These anxieties produce a developed indifference to the real affairs of humans, which are mostly concerned with eking out a basic existence, while also diminishing the urge to believe that there truly is an alternative to the present.

The search for truly democratic alternatives to the present, and a commitment to social experimentation with them, is a worthy and fulfilling human enterprise. I urge you all to consider how we, the inheritors of this world, will exercise our responsibility. This effort is rooted in the ancient and yet unfulfilled conception of humans attaining determining influence over the circumstances of their own lives. Like each generation before us, it is our turn to attempt to rise to this eternal challenge-- though perhaps unlike them, it might be our only choice if we wish to live.

exploitation still governs the sapping of Earth's physical resources. Although we desperately need revolutionary leadership and ideas, we rest in a stalemate. Our goals are ambiguous and tradition-bound instead of informed and clear. Our democracy is an exercise in apathy.

I call you all to action. I believe that our work should be guided by the general sense that we may well be the last generation in the experiment of being alive. I am almost certainly in the minority by expressing this. The vast majority of people, not limited to this soggy island, but across the world, regard the precarious equilibriums of our society and world as eternally functional parts. In this is perhaps another outstanding paradox: we find ourselves imbued with urgency, yet the message of our society is that there is no viable alternative to the present.

Beneath the reassuring tones of politicians, beneath the common opinion that we'll somehow 'muddle through', beneath the stagnation of those who have simply closed their minds to the uncertain future, is the pervading feeling that there are simply no alternatives. Our times have seen the exhaustion not only of Utopias, but of any new departures as well. Feeling the pressure of complexity upon the emptiness of life, people are fearful of the thought that things might jolt out of control at any moment. They fear change itself, since change might shatter whatever invisible framework seems to be holding back chaos. For most humans all crusades are suspect, threatening. The fact that each individual sees apathy in their fellow citizens re-perpetuates the common reluctance to organise for change. The dominant institutions are complex enough to blunt the minds of their potential critics, and entrenched enough to swiftly dissipate or entirely repel the energies of protest and reform, thus limiting our capacity to imagine alternative systems. Then we, in the

