

Posts **from the** **Plague Year**

social media
agitprop
spring 2020

Michael
Anderson



March 11	World Health Organization declares COVID-19 a pandemic; lockdowns begin
April 2	Confirmed cases of COVID-19 pass 1 million
April 14	Trump announces the U.S. will suspend funding for World Health Organization
April 16	22 million Americans file for unemployment
April 23	Facebook removes "pseudoscience" and "conspiracy theory" as ad keywords
April 30	Armed protesters enter Michigan Capitol
May 14	UN warns of a global mental health crisis caused by isolation, fear and economic loss
May 25	Amy Cooper calls cops on birdwatcher: "There is an African-American man threatening myself and my dog!"
May 25	Minneapolis police officer Derek Chauvin kneels on George Floyd's neck until he dies
May 26	Protests over George Floyd's murder break out in hundreds of cities
June 1	Trump clears D.C. protests with tear gas for photo-op at St. John's Episcopal Church
June 11	Trump orders sanctions against judges of the International Criminal Court in retaliation for U.S. war crimes investigation



Friends! Comrades!
Starving artists!
Has the collapse of the
capitalist State
left you with a growing
pile of funky clothes?



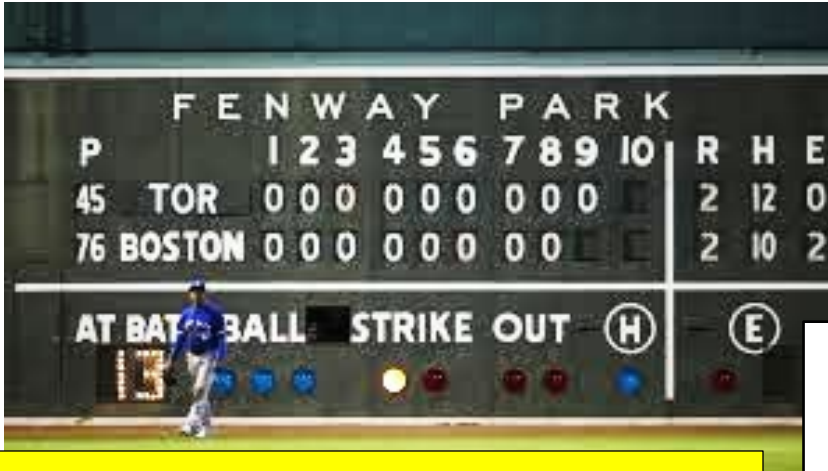
No worries! Mutual aid gets you fluffy, clean and fresh!
Drop 'em off at the

ANARCHIST LAUNDROMAT



Within range of Porter Square? IM me to drop off!
No charge, just sing a rebel song for Youtube
(from six feet away) when you pick up!

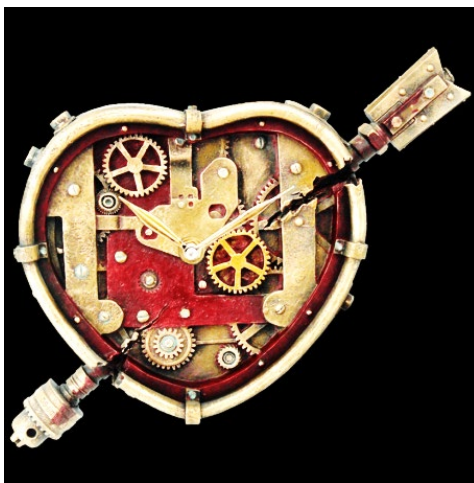
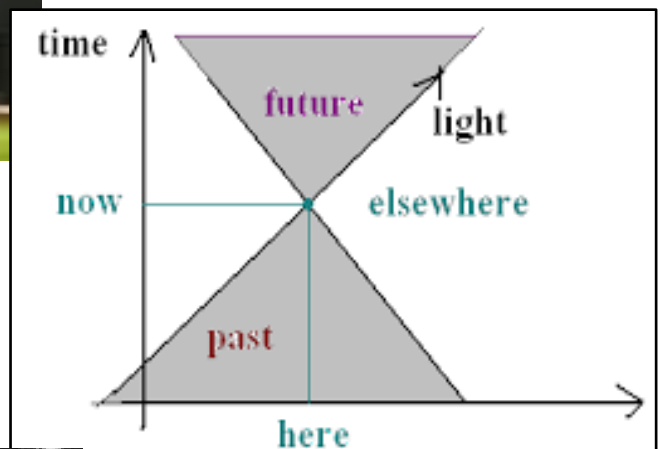
Alternatives to Time



There are decades where nothing happens; and there are weeks where decades happen. -Lenin

Clocks slay time. Time is dead as long as it is being clicked off by little wheels; only when the clock stops does time come to life.

-Faulkner



Being with you and not being with you is the only way I have to measure time.

-Borges

Time in alienated society is no longer divided between production and leisure. Leisure time is free only in the negative, superficially free from work. What would it take to liberate time? For starters, more than just griping about capitalism. - Situationist manifesto

**A Marxist-Leninist
walks into a bar
with a duck**



And the bartender says:
**“Hey buddy,
you can’t come in here
with that thing!”**



And the duck says:
**“Dammit! That’s what
the anarchist in my
bathtub said!”**



Chaos Theory

The spread of the Black Death can be traced to a single magistrate in Marseilles 1347 who arrived five minutes late at the docks with a quarantine order. "Radical contingency" historians point to this as proof that God plays dice, that history is a series of absurd accidents.

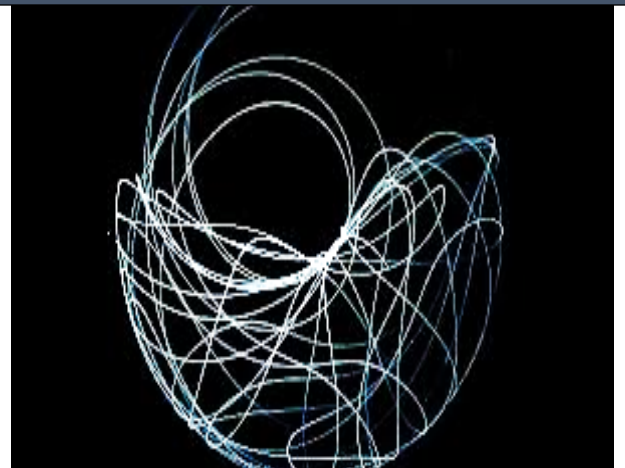


Big-Picture historians insist that Big Galactic Causes are still in play. The medieval French bureaucracy, the rising merchant class, the supremacy of faith over reason: 1000 years of history concentrate in five minutes to make this one minor official stamp a few more papers, to hesitate before pissing off the cargo-owners, to doubt the news about the Genoese plague ships. So a five-minute delay at the docks was still an Act of Big Time.

Spread of Bubonic Plague in Europe



Maybe God plays dice,
but those dice are loaded.



Five things you didn't know about the 20th Century

1. D.H. Lawrence was the Red Baron's brother-in-law



D.H. Lawrence and wife Frieda (*nee* von Richtofen)



2. Frida Kahlo had sex with Leon Trotsky



MADNESS!!

AUDITIONS

Folk & Roll Musicians-Singers for acting roles in new TV series.

Running parts for 4 insane boys, age 17-21.

Want spirited Ben Frank's-types.

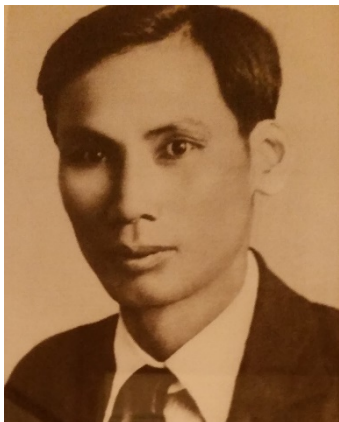
Have courage to work.

Must come down for interview.

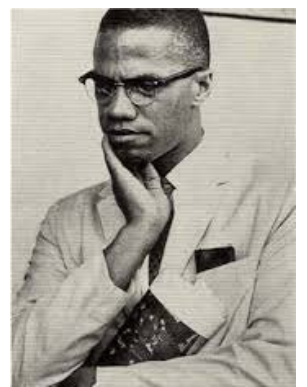
CALL: HO. 6-5188



3. Charles Manson auditioned for The Monkees

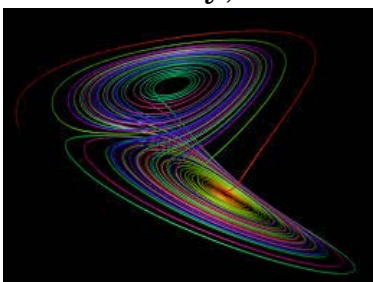


4. Ho Chi Minh and Malcolm X worked at the Parker House in Boston



5. Michael Anderson maybe prevented nuclear war

I was born during the Cuban Missile Crisis. Time on a knife's edge: JFK's back spasms, missile launch circuitry, weather patterns over Cuba, macro-events change with the tiniest environmental flux. According to chaos theory, the breath of one extra baby



could have made the difference. In a world where I am born, there is no nuclear war in 1962, but take me out of the equation? You can't be quite so sure. You're welcome!



Anarchist Sunday School



And he cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money changers.

August 24, 1967:

Ten members of the Youth International Party led by Abbie Hoffman enter the visitors' gallery of the New York Stock Exchange.

They pull out bags of \$1 and \$5 bills and dump them over the floor below.

"I was amazed at how long it took for the bills to waft down to the trading floor.

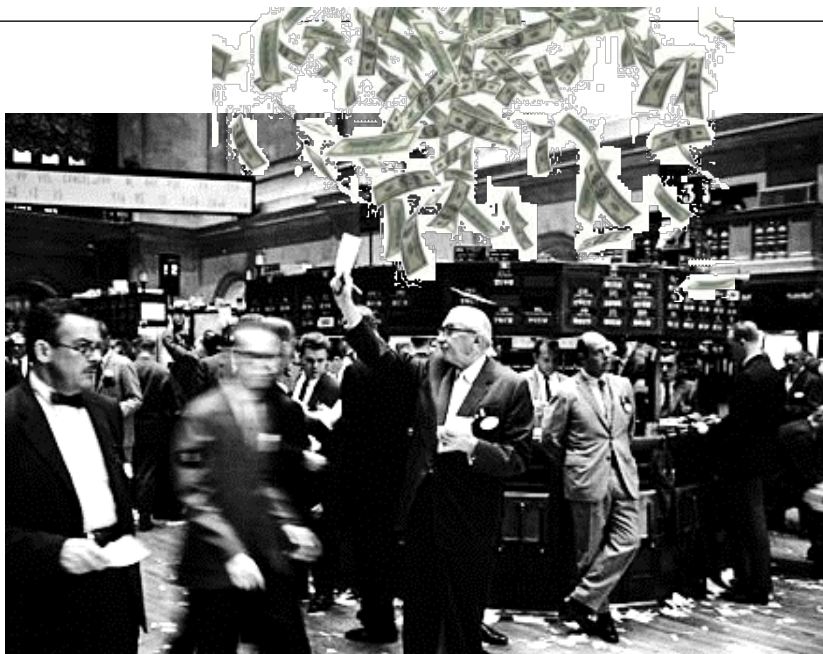
At first, there was stunned silence.

Then people started scrambling around trying to grab all the money they could."



Trading is interrupted as brokers fight over the dollar bills.

Two months later, the Stock Exchange put up a bulletproof glass barrier around the visitors' gallery.



MY CIVIL WAR HERO

In my high school days, New Orleans was full of Confederate statues. I dreamed of replacing them with David Farragut, Union Navy. He was just like me:



- Grew up in New Orleans (1830s)
- Middle-class nerd, didn't enslave anyone
- Never invited to rich kids' plantation balls
- Went to college in North, hung around radical politics
- War breaks out over whether rich kids back home get to keep enslaving people



WAR NEWS!
Victory!!

**NEW ORLEANS
TAKEN!**

**GREAT EXCITEMENT
IN THE CITY.**

**DESTRUCTION OF COT
TON AND STEAM
BOATS.**

Consternation of the Inhabitants.



In 1862, he leads a squadron of Union gunboats up the Mississippi. You just know what he was thinking:

“Wanna go to the prom with me now, Scarlett?”

OREO™ : a psychoanalysis

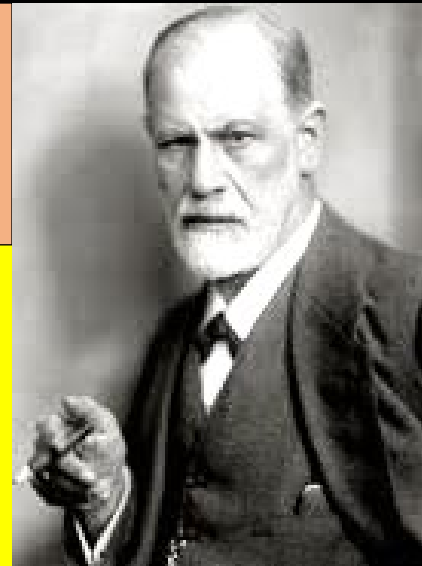
Morse code
for "Om"

4-leaf clovers or
Iron Crosses?
the ambivalence
of joy and fear



Serrated
like
money

Freemason
emblem or
inverted sign
of Woman?



The Oreo debuted in 1912, the same year as Freud's *Notes on the Unconscious*. This was the first biscuit designed for milk — what Freud called the displaced erotic memory of infancy.

The Medieval Church never had a sacramental wafer this sublime.



Each American generation
had its own ritual of
consumption:
strip-mining in the 1950s
unscrew-and-scrape addiction
in the 1960s



In the 70s Nabisco started making more bizarre variations, the crème filling grotesquely distended like porn-star silicone. The object was to prevent satisfaction, to induce a continual craving for More. Freud would call this neurosis projected into libido, the inability to have Enough.



My Favorite Chess Trap



1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 Nf6 3.Nxe5 Nxe6?
4.Qe2 Nc5?? 5. Nc6+!

Chess isn't math.

It's conflict and sex and desire.
Even grandmasters play out their
memories of these magical dolls.

- Garry Kasparov

Witchcraft in Petroff's Defense:
White's knight throws itself on the
pawn wall to reveal check. Black
can save the king, or the queen,

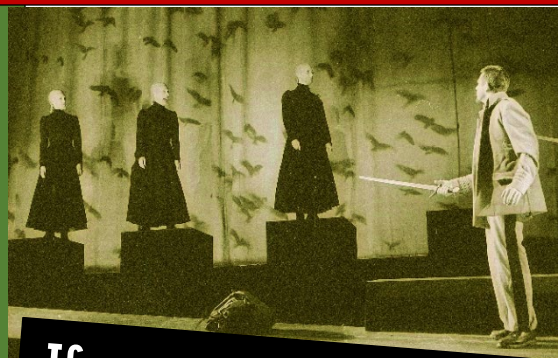
but not both.



When I'm in a complex
position I feel I'm lost in
a magical forest, every
tree is alive, and I have
to listen to their whispers
to find a way out.

-GM Jennifer Shahade

Such a metaphor - knight suicide,
revealed check like a Jackie Chan fan-punch,
the Queen, my lord, is dead.



If you can look into the
seeds of time

Speak then to me

Macbeth as a
chess play:
Banquo sees
the sacrifice,
Macbeth not
so much



Can we use a better word than “struggle”?

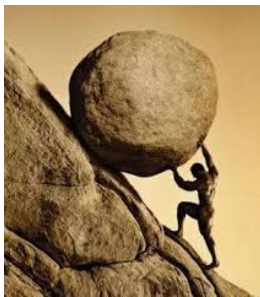
Comrades- while we’re getting ready for the post-plague revolution, can we do a little mental house-cleaning? Starting with the word “struggle.” It’s such a loser word. I prefer *fighting*.



The authoritarian Left has always used “struggle,” because it implies that the People are helpless until their vanguard steps in. It’s an intransitive verb: “v., to make unsuccessful efforts



to get free of restraint or constriction.” Echoes of existentialism, the pathetic *struggle* of Sisyphus, a beetle on its back *struggling*. When a batter goes 0-for-50, we say that he is *struggling* at the plate. Is that how we see ourselves?



Sure, the State suffocates us and silences us. State ideology makes it hard

even to imagine a better future. But fuck! don’t *celebrate* that fact! We can’t fight with abandon if we’re moping about like emo-Marxist goths.

No one ever described Bruce Lee as “struggling”:



It is a great mistake to anticipate the outcome of the engagement; you ought not to be thinking of whether it ends in victory or defeat. Let nature take its course, and your tools will strike at the right moment.

ORPHEUS

The Greeks tell a story about a sensitive guy, an intellectual guy, and you'd think he'd do pretty well with women, but no. His girlfriend falls into hell, because the good ones are never mentally stable. And so he says to the Devil, I want my girlfriend back. And the Devil says "OK, you can lead her out, but you can't check to see if she's there." So he waits until they're breaking into the daylight, he turns around and she screams "NO! You're just another selfish jerk like all the others!"

This is a myth, because it happens over and over.

It's 1987. I'm at the New Orleans Jazz Festival, in line for crawfish etouffee, when who gets in line behind me but Karen Allen! You know, that feisty brunette from *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Oh my god, that scene where she escapes from the Gestapo in a satin nightgown, blowing up that Nazi fuel dump, oh be still my beating heart. Her and Ellen Barkin were definitely the *top two* fantasy figures of my teenage years.



So she's standing alone behind me, without an agent or a publicist or any visible boyfriend. So I turn around, and her eyes light up. "Hi" she says.



I want her to know I'm not just some creepy fanboy, I really do respect her film work, so I look down shyly and say "You know, I really liked *Diner*."

And her eyes fill with pain, as she says bitterly "I wasn't in *Diner*." And I realize, no, fuck! *it was Ellen Barkin* who was in *Diner*! In the first ten seconds of our relationship I have revealed that I've been cheating on her in my fantasy life!

And she walks off, back to her own private hell,

and this is a myth, because it happens over and over and over.



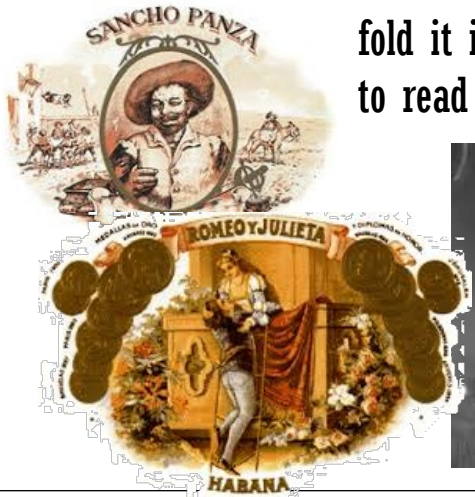
My Favorite Work Stoppage



The Tampa cigar industry in 1931 followed the Spanish-Cuban tradition of



massaging the tobacco leaf to find its “soul” and fold it into the cigar. Workshops had the privilege of electing a *lector* to read to them throughout the shift: news, Cervantes, Shakespeare.



The old way of smoking didn't cause as much cancer, because you savored the story-drenched cigar leaf without dragging it into your lungs.

But after WWI, Big Tobacco realized soldiers got addicted to mass-produced cigarettes instead. So they fired the *lectores* and replaced them with Henry Ford cigarette machines.



The entire city went on strike to demand the *lectores* back. They held for a year, until most cigar workers returned to Cuba and Spain.



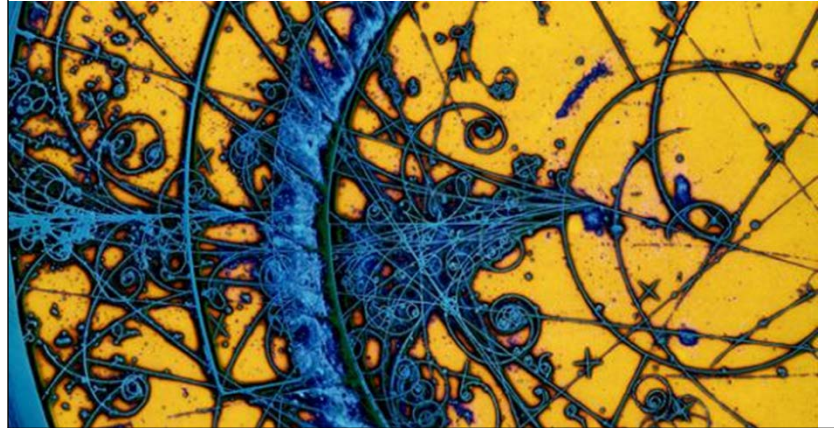
The Tampa general strike against the addiction industry: no work without story, no inhaling without soul.



How to Win the Lottery



The Everything List is an underground MIT listserv for insane theories of reality.



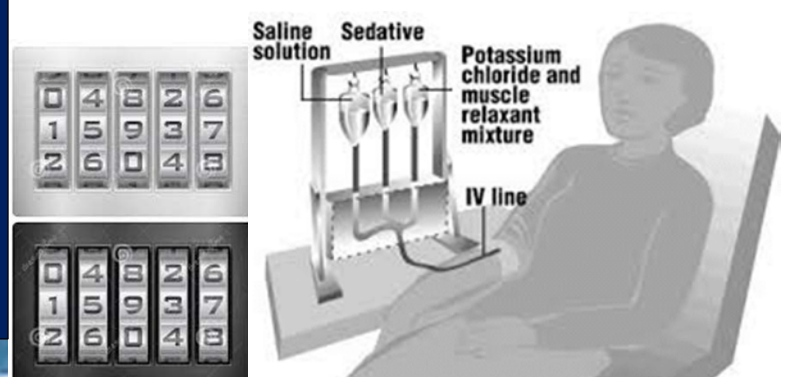
Popular topic — the Many Worlds Interpretation of quantum mechanics:
Every possible event happens. Every coin flip splits the world into a Heads universe and a Tails universe.



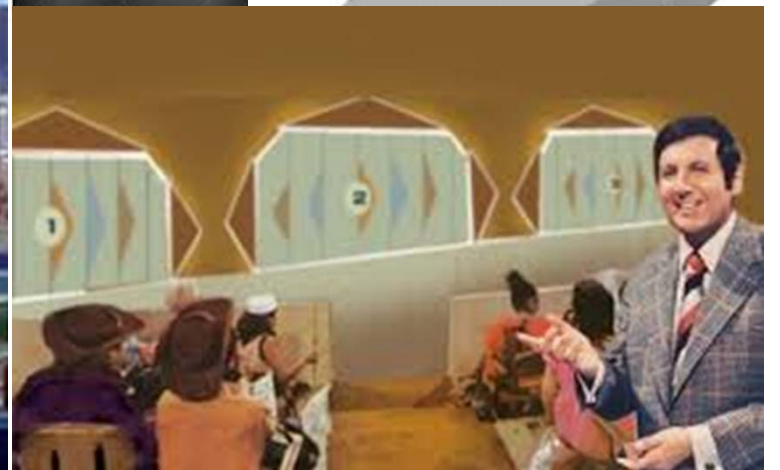
One guy is so confident in Many Worlds that he guarantees he'll win the lottery. He says he's gonna buy a Powerball ticket, and hook himself up to a code-activated Kevorkian machine that will painlessly kill him in his sleep *unless* the winning numbers match his ticket.



He says it's not suicide — it's just *editing*. There are infinite possible doors, and he's *choosing* to walk through the best one.



Everyone is horrified. He says: "sure, in your reference frames, 999,999,999 times out of a billion, I turn up dead, but that's your problem, not mine."



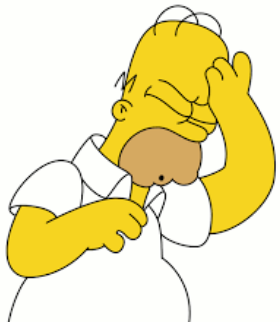
He stopped posting. Everyone assumed the worst. Months later, he sheepishly resurfaced on the List. "Did you win the lottery?" everyone asked. "No." "So you lost faith in Many Worlds?" "No.— But, see, just before the Powerball, I fell in love." "Why would that make a difference?" they asked, "she'd still be there in your lottery-winning world." "Yeah," he said, "but I couldn't bear to leave her in the other 999,999,999 worlds." #[quantum rom-com](#)



Top Five Shakespeare Characters Who Only Speak One Line

Of the 1,222 characters in Shakespeare, 138 speak exactly one line.

The leads are self-absorbed aristocrats: Prince Hamlet, King Lear, Lady Macbeth. But the soldiers, messengers, citizens, are mysterious and succinct, a world in one line.



Third Looter
Coriolanus

“A plague on't!
I took this for
silver.”



First Apparition
Macbeth

“Beware the thane of Fife.
Dismiss me. Enough.”



Soldier
Henry VI pt.2

Jack Cade declares he is Lord Mortimer, and not “Jack Cade.”
A soldier rushes in:

“Jack Cade! Jack Cade!”

and is immediately killed.



Third Musician
Romeo and Juliet

“Faith, I know not
what to say.”



English Herald,
Henry V

“Here is the
number of the
slaughter'd
French.”

Séance in Court



Right-wing judges
love to quote this



It's the slogan
corporate lawyers use
in defamation lawsuits
to smother dissent



This quote works its
way into hundreds of
bad court decisions.
Judges quote
"the immortal Bard"
without the slightest
acknowledgment of
who is saying it.

Good name in man and woman,
dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash;
'Tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and
has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me
my good name
Robs me of that
which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Othello, III.3

*But it's Iago!
Iago is saying
this!*

in the moment
he convinces Othello
to suffocate love.

—
(this point is lost
on Republican judges)



Like a bad horror movie:
evil fictional character
materializes to possess
the living



*thus do I ever make
my fool my purse*

Einstein quiz



Jimmy Swaggart has a heart attack during a Sunday sermon. At heaven's gate, Einstein comes out to give his entrance exam. Since Swaggart is a TV guy, it's done like *Jeopardy*.



and the answer is:

THE UNIVERSAL
MIND,
SOURCE OF ALL
CREATION



Swaggart is jubilant. "Yes! I know this one! It's God! Jehovah! Alpha and Omega!"



Einstein: "oh! so sorry, we have some lovely parting gifts for you."

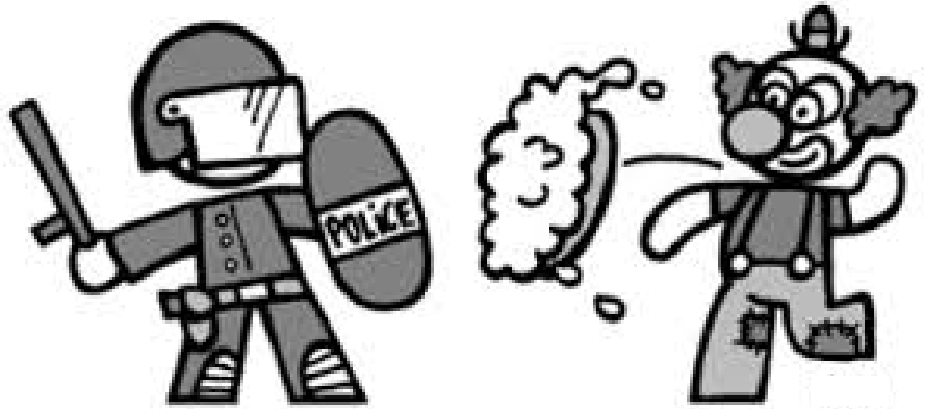
Swaggart: "Wait! I got it right! I got it right, you damn atheist Jew!"

Einstein: "well, yeah, but it doesn't count unless you phrase it as a question."



"Yes! That's right! The answer is 'Wisconsin!' Another 50 points for God, and . . . uh-oh, looks like Norman, our current champion, hasn't even scored yet."

Clown Wars



A recent phenomenon:
militant clowns in protest actions
in Europe and US



History repeats, first as tragedy, then as farce.

the future confronts the State,
not as its victim, but as a surreal joke
a joke the State doesn't get,
which makes it more anxious than terror

*And let those that play
your clowns speak no more
than is set down for them.*



*- Dost thou call me fool, boy?
- All thy other titles thou hast given
away; that thou wast born with.*



*(It is meat and
drink to me to
see a clown.)*

Marx Noir



The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles. Freeman and slave, patrician and plebeian, lord and serf, stood in constant opposition, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight.



The bourgeoisie has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has drowned the ecstasies of religious fervor in the icy water of egotistical calculation.



All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned, and man is at last compelled to face with sober senses his real conditions of life, and his relations with his kind.



Modern bourgeois society is like the sorcerer who is no longer able to control the powers of the nether world called up by his spells. The bourgeoisie produces its own grave-diggers, sweetheart. The stuff dreams are made of-



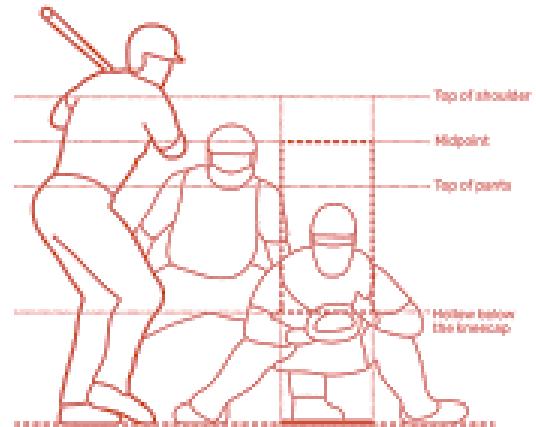
Strike Zone



“I only call balls and strikes. If the Constitution says that the big guy should win, well, then the big guy's going to win.”

- John Roberts

The dirty little secret is that judges make calls *impressionistically*. They can't see the pitch without seeing who is *supposed* to win the game.



**A story about a rookie pitcher facing Babe Ruth:
His first pitch is over the plate,
but the ump calls it a ball.**

**The rookie shouts:
“come on, that was a strike!”
but the umpire yells back:
“No, son, that was a ball.
When you throw a strike,
Mr. Ruth will let you know it.”**

Tough crowd



St. Francis of Assisi was a manic performance artist, Lenny Bruce trapped in the 12th Century.

He ran around naked, demanding that the Church identify with the poor. His schtick about renouncing worldly goods was not well received.



He got kicked out of the Church councils and town squares of Italy, because who needs another radical fanatic?



He wandered outside the town walls, ranting into the forest, like an insult: "I'd rather talk to the *animals* than talk to you people!"

The Dr. Dolittle story is just propaganda. St. Francis of Assisi didn't really communicate with the animals.

He just had no one else to talk to.



Top Five Voice Mails in Shakespeare



How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath to say to me that thou art out of breath? The excuse that thou dost make in this delay is longer than the tale thou dost excuse. Is thy news good, or bad?

Answer to that.

—Juliet VM for Nurse



*Deny to speak with me?
They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd all the night?
Fetch me a better answer.*

— Lear (voicemail for Regan)

*What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?
What makes him here? Did he ask for me?
Where remains he? How parted he? and when shalt thou see him again? **Answer me in one word!***

— Rosalind VM to Celia



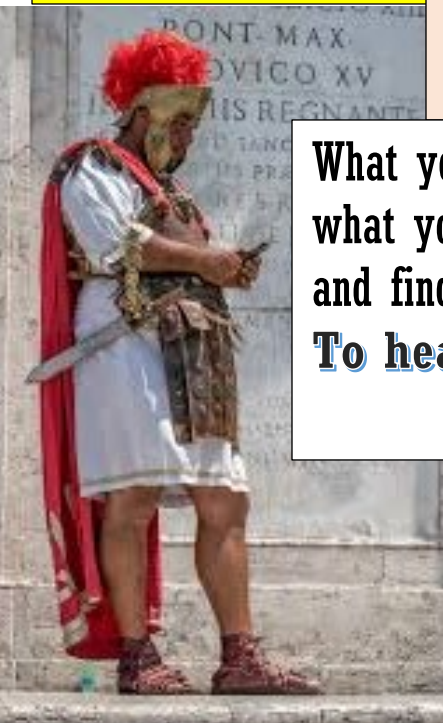
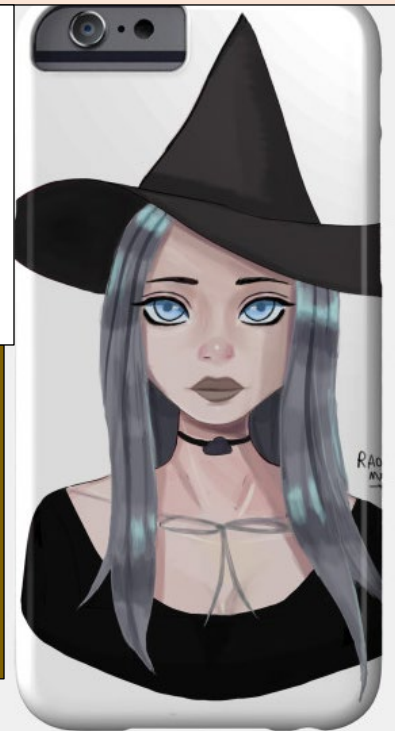
What you have said I will consider;
what you have to say I will with patience hear,
and find a time both meet

To hear and answer such high things.

— Brutus VM for Cassius

*To me you speak not
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and
which will not, **Speak then to me.***

— Banquo VM for Witches



Sleep of Reason



A recurring nightmare in college:

I ask to sit in a graduate seminar on Hegel. The professor is a grim German who agrees **“provided that you DO NOT SPEAK.”**

I hide in the far corner, but as everyone sits down, the heavy table leg shifts and lands directly on my foot.

Herr Professor asks for preliminary remarks.

I shyly raise my hand: “Um, the table is on my foot.”



Herr Professor glares: “This is not an appropriate comment. We are studying the dialectics of the Absolute. This is not a place for political speeches. I must ask you to leave.” Everyone starts pounding the table in agreement, impaling my foot further. I can’t leave, I’m stapled to the floor. (Freud would call this neurotic crucifixion.)



Top Five Gods



4. Loki

Norse trickster god
anarchist wise guy
provokes bigger
gods to fight with
each other



2. **Exú** Yoruba/Santeria god
irreverent, mischievous
protector of small children
demands candy and booze



1. **Siva** Hindu punk god, slam-dancer
scatters seeds of light like pixie dust,
like hand grenades, destroying darkness.
Siva's Vedic motto: *Even in hell,
the well-organized soul is comfortable.*



5. Tlazolteotl

Aztec goddess of vice,
steam baths, lust, midwives,
patroness of fornicators

3. Coyote

Sinkyone Tribe's version of
Prometheus plus Robin Hood,
saves humanity by
stealing fire
from the other gods



TWO NAUGHTY JOKES ABOUT LENIN

1. LENIN IN POLAND

To stop the 1981 Polish workers' uprising, the Soviet Politburo commissioned a painting *Lenin in Poland* to be installed in Warsaw.



They realized old-school socialist realism wouldn't work, so they use a dissident artist from the gulag. The huge avant-garde mural is unveiled. Andropov: *who does the woman represent?*

Artist: *Krupskaya, Lenin's wife.* Andropov: *Ah, so the man is Lenin!* Artist: *No, the man is Trotsky.* Andropov: *Trotsky! Where is Lenin?!* Artist (shrugs): *Lenin's in Poland.*



2. BRESHNEV'S CHOICE



Breshnev dies and wakes up in hell. The Devil says, you get to pick your eternal punishment.

Breshnev looks around: Hitler starving in a camp, Stalin naked in a KGB cell.

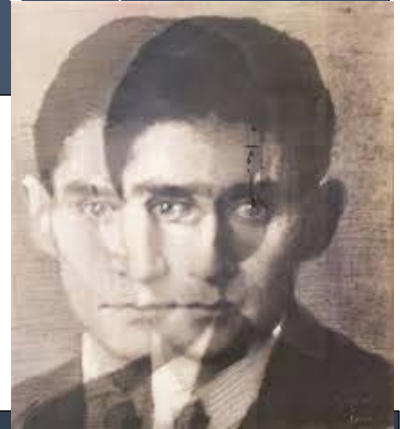
But in the far corner, he sees Lenin making love forever to Marilyn Monroe. "*I choose that one!*" The Devil says, "*OK, demons, give him that one. Um, you do realize that this is Marilyn Monroe's punishment.*"



Kafka in Facebook Jail



Someone must have been telling lies about Josef K., he knew he had done nothing wrong but, one morning, he was canceled.



Decline

Agree

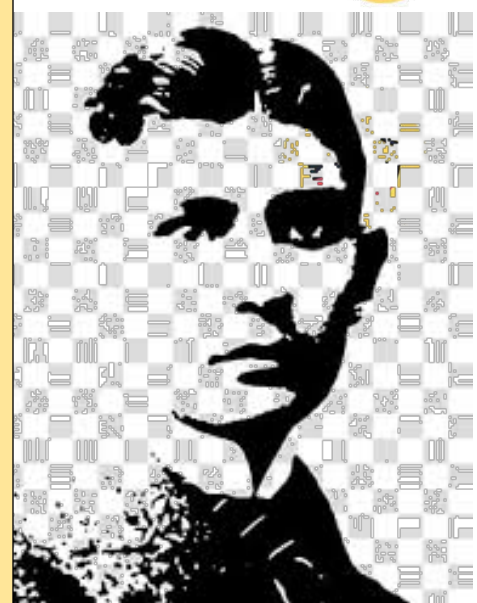
There was a densely packed crowd, hardly any face looking in his direction, he saw nothing but the backs of people speaking only towards members of their own side. 🙌



Had he put too much faith in the effect of his speech? 🤔 “Next time I come here, I must either bring sweets to make them like me or a stick to hit them with.” 😡

K. became suddenly aware that there was no point in resistance. There would be nothing heroic about it. 😞

You must lie low, and understand that if you try to alter the disposition of things, you invite destruction, while the collective mind remains unchanged. 😞



Why would you like this post removed?

I would like it removed because:

- I just don't like what it says.
- Someone is bothering or bullying me.
- It shouldn't be allowed on Facebook.
- It's spam.

I want to help someone else

Continue

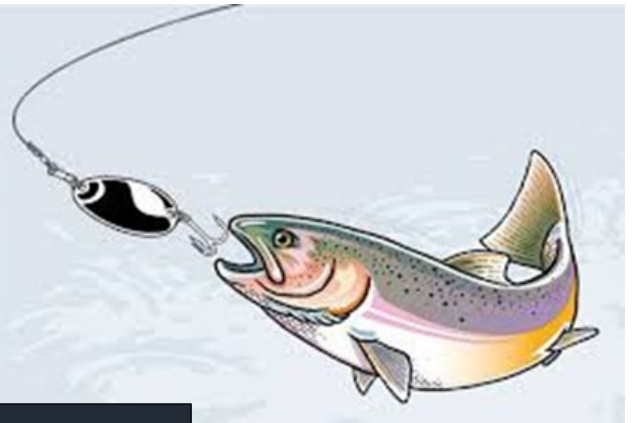
Cancel

It was as if the shame of it should outlive him. 😂

Go Fish

I will make you fishers of men.

Matthew 4:19



The politics of this parable totally depend on *how* we're supposed to catch souls

Do we spear them from above, or reel them in with a lure?

Do we set traps?



Trawlers haul in whole schools of fish at once. The modern State: why catch souls when you can farm them in captivity?



Victory Roll

TURNER ENTERTAINMENT CO.
1888 Century Park East, Los Angeles, CA 90067

TURNER ENTERTAINMENT C

ANNE R. GRUPP
Vice President - Litigation
Office: (310) 788-6920

VIA CERTIFIED MAIL

November 9, 1993

Mr. Glen Arnodo
CULINARY UNION LOCAL #226
1630 S. Commerce
Las Vegas, Nevada 89102

Re: Copyright Infringement: "THE WIZARD OF OZ"

Dear Mr. Arnodo:

It has come to our attention that various members of Culinary Union Local #227 (the "Union") dressed as the characters from "The Wizard of Oz" and appeared publicly as such characters.

This is to inform you that Turner Entertainment Co. ("TEC") is the sole copyright owner of "The Wizard of Oz" which copyright includes and encompasses all elements, expressions and characters portrayed therein, and TEC has engaged in extensive licensing and merchandising activities for a number of years. The use of these characters constitutes an infringement of the copyright of TEC and a violation of TEC's rights under the Lanham Act.

TEC therefore demands that you immediately cease and desist from any further use of "The Wizard of Oz," or any elements from "The Wizard of Oz" in any public appearance or in any other manner.



My first combat victory:
The MGM Grand in Las Vegas opened on a *Wizard of Oz* theme, with aggressive union-busting. So workers handed out boycott leaflets as Dorothy, Scarecrow, Tin Man, and Cowardly Lion.

Retaliation was swift. We got an apoplectic cease-and-desist threat: *Surrender Dorothy*

I drafted a lame response. But then I went to the library! I found out the L. Frank Baum book came out in 1899, so these costumes are now public domain. So I got to taunt the owners of the movie: *Hah! and your little dog too!* (the workers won shortly after)



Much more than a hunch

In the 1970s, the John Birch Society declared that the International Communist Conspiracy had taken over American TV. Their first exhibit was the theme song to *The Brady Bunch*, which can be sung interchangeably with *The Internationale* (try it!):

*Arise, ye prisoners of starvation
Arise, ye wretched of the earth
For justice thunders condemnation
A better world's in birth*

*Here's the story of a lovely lady
Who was bringing up three very lovely girls
They had hair of gold just like their mother
The youngest one in curls*



In 1991, Italian anarchists pointed out that the John Birch prophecy had come true, in reverse. As the Soviet Union imploded, the Party propaganda machine seamlessly merged with Western media.

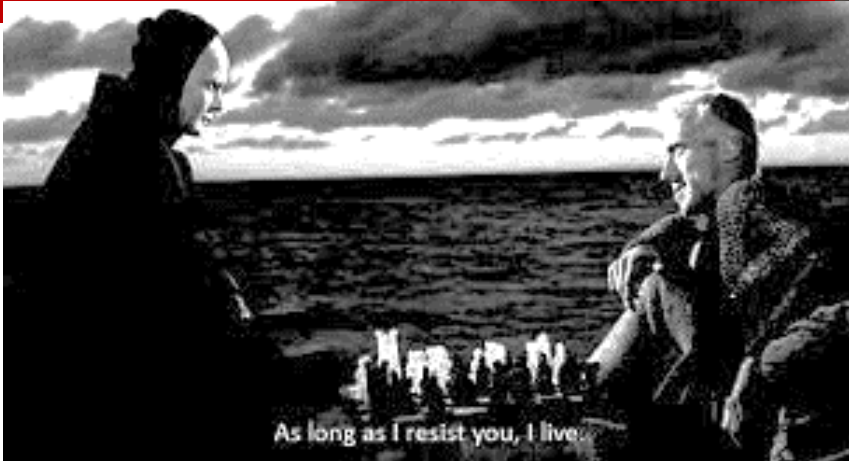


Members of the Red Army Chorus were now singing

the theme for dubbed *Brady Bunch* reruns, the same regularly scheduled program, same station, same channel.



Fool's Mate



**SON waves at the board:
“Loser cleans up.”**

**FATHER protests:
“But it was a draw!”**



**SON and FATHER
are playing chess.
The game is a draw.**



**SON, walking away:
“I didn't mean chess”**

SKIP THE AVENGER

May 1, 1983: annual rally of the Maoist Revolutionary Communist Party, eight Mao-sketeers barking out orders to the workers and peasants of Harvard Square.



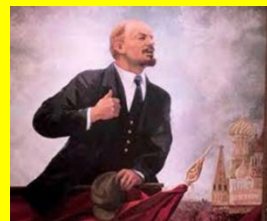
Enter SKIP, homeless mascot of the skate-punk scene. Former All-American punt returner, MIT grad student in linguistics. After a bad LSD experiment, all of his languages melted down and he wanders Harvard Square, blithering in the ancestor tongue:

“δδηυχε’Αγωψ ςγουχε’Αγωψ ηΖΓpp”

He asks the comrades for the bullhorn:

“Now we’re gonna hear from Brother Skip!”

He’s got some words on this revolutionary May Day!”



SKIP: “Thank you! Mao Zedong! Chou Enlai! *εχωψ’Αγωδυω!*”

Dozens of skate-punks gather to listen. The RCP cadres freeze,

unsure if this is some new scat-speak of the streets.

What do the masses understand that we don’t? They stop him only after he hails the greatest all-time wide receivers of the NFL into the Stalinist pantheon:

“*ε’Αγω δε’Αγω* Molotov! *’Αγηυχε’Α* Fred Biletnikoff!”



Molotov



Biletnikoff



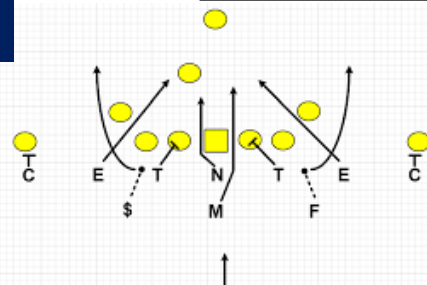
Lin Piao



Lynn Swann

Skip asks if their red flags are private property (*No!* they hiss) so he grabs them all, running for daylight through the Red Guards, with a skate-punk flying wedge, holding them high along Mass Ave.

(a glorious May Day)



Richard III

on why his posts get no likes on social media

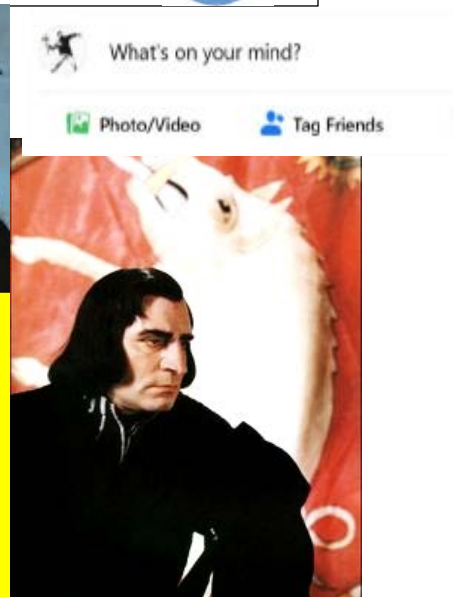
Like Comment Share



I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?



I am a villain: yet I lie. I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well-
There is no creature loves me




My eye's too quick,
my heart o'erweens too much,
And this word 'love,'
which graybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another
And not in me: I am myself alone.



To block someone:

New Facebook

- 1 Click  in the top right.
- 2 Select **Settings & Privacy** > **Settings**.
- 3 Click **Blocking** in the left side menu.
- 4 In the **Block users** section, enter the name of the person you want to block.
- 5 Select the specific person you want to block from the list that appears and click **Block [name]**.



Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity





THREE TAKES ON THE WITCHES

1 Stagehands in Tech

First Witch
(holding clipboard)



*When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?*

Second Witch
(flipping through script)
*When the
hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's
lost and won*



Third Witch (to light booth)
*That will be ere
the set of the sun*

2 Dollhouse



Little girls playing with dolls



*Thrice to thine
and thrice to mine
Peace! the charm's
wound up!*

3 GAME SHOW



**All hail Macbeth,
that shall be king
hereafter!**

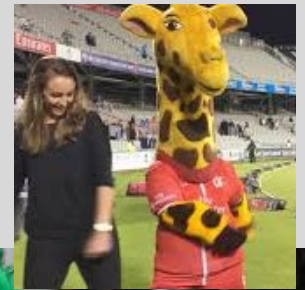
**Come, sisters,
cheer we up his sprites
And show the best of our delights**



Dress Code

Class struggle at Lord's Cricket Ground:
 In the 1990s, crowds began defying the Victorian sumptuary laws by cross-dressing.

West Indian, Asian and Australian fans flooded the Ground in bizarre outfits: giraffes, drag queens, inflatable bananas



In 2012, the Club cracked down, expelling anyone in "unusual costume." The commoner fans threatened a countersuit - demanding that top hats, ascots and

"eggs-and-bacon" striped jackets of the Club's Old Boys must be equally banned as "unusual costume."

ACCEPTABLE DRESS

UNACCEPTABLE DRESS



The above are all compliant with the Dress Regulations, including the lady on the far right, wearing a dress over leggings.

Bare midriff, jeans Polo shirt Blouse over leggings No tailored jacket, no tie Jeans (any colour)

Marylebone Cricket Club dress guide 2012

To avoid trial, the Club banned both. It issued a "business casual" dress code, forcing everyone to dress like dreary suburban conformists. Eccentric flair was now illegal for both classes. The fans protested: "Let the toffs wear their top hats and carnival jackets. We just want equal cosplay. We want to watch cricket as who we are."

Five Card Tarot

Gypsy women followed medieval armies, telling fortunes before battle. Soldiers chipped into a life insurance pot, depending on their cards. Some tried to cheat death, by hiding the signs of doom and bluffing as though they won.



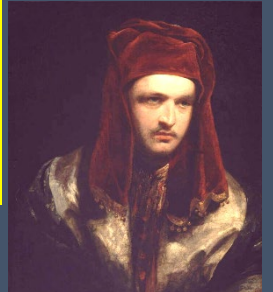
Bakunin said that Marxists play politics like bad gamblers: They play their cards face up. They bet on bad hands and then curse the dealer. They never sow doubt about what fate has in store. Historical determinism is blind faith — a fatal disability in poker.

My Favorite Theater Riot



Forrest

On May 10, 1849, twenty-two people were killed in a riot at the Astor Place Opera House in New York over rival performances of *Macbeth*.

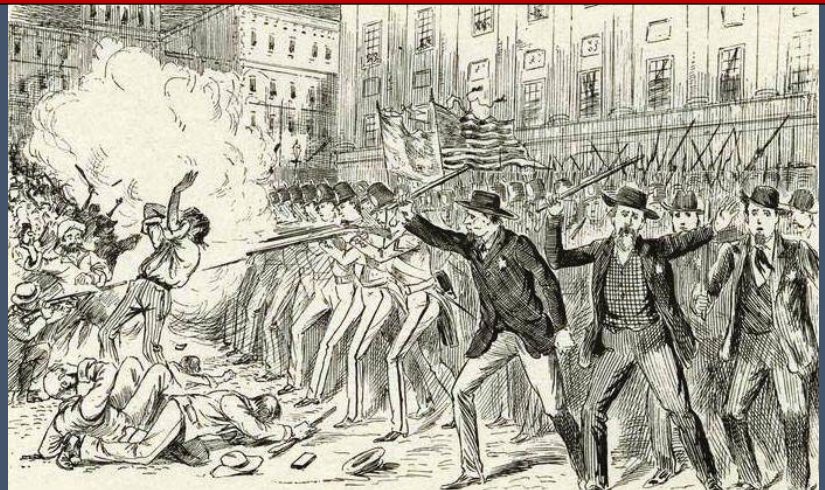


Macready

Edwin Forrest was a popular American actor. His Shakespeare performances were macho and wild.

He had a fanatical following in the rougher parts of New York. English actor William Charles Macready was his high-society rival. He performed for upper-class audiences in subtle, Branagh-like diction. He insulted Forrest by opening *Macbeth* at the posh Opera House the same night as Forrest's low-brow production on Broadway. Mobs backed by Tammany Hall booed Macready, throwing rocks and garbage. A week later, Macready re-opened, with heavy police presence. Partisans attacked the stage, got arrested, then started a fire in their cell under the stage.

Outside, police opened fire on the mob as they protested the elitist version of *Macbeth*.



**WORKING MEN
SHALL
AMERICANS
OR
ENGLISH BULE!
IN THIS CITY?**

The crew of the British Steamer, have threatened all Americans who shall dare to express their opinions this night at the

**ENGLISH ARISTOCRATIC!
OPERA HOUSE!**

We advocate no violence but a free expression of opinion to all public men.

**WORKINGMEN! FREEMEN!!
STAND BY YOUR
LAWFUL RIGHTS!
AMERICAN COMMITTEE.**

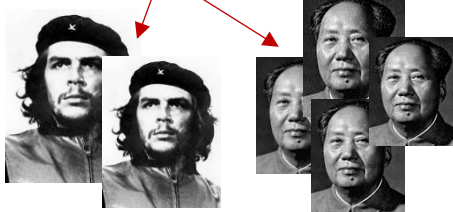
The Astor Place Opera House is now a Starbucks. No one cares enough about Shakespeare to burn down theaters any more.

Life of the Party



In 1986, Reagan bombed Libya. There was an emergency anti-war rally on Tremont St.

All the usual suspects were there: Communist Party (Moscow line), Socialist Workers Party (soft Trotskyist), Workers World Party (Marcyite, slick leaflets); Revolutionary Communist Party (Maoist), Maoist Internationalist Movement (actually just one guy, we called him "Party of One"), Spartacus Youth League (allegedly hard Trotskyites, but objectively hard Stalinist). They hated each other. They stood sullen in clumps of three or four, like kids at a junior high dance, without making eye contact.



Richard, Jamie, Tom and I milled around, making up our own chants: "We're not kiddin' ya! Hands off Libya!" The comrades grumbled and stared at the ground. These chants had not been Officially Approved.

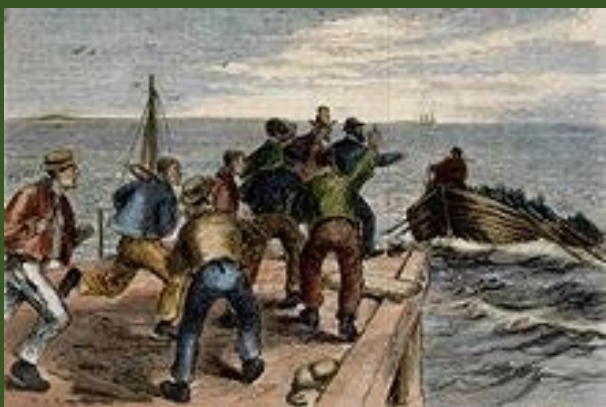
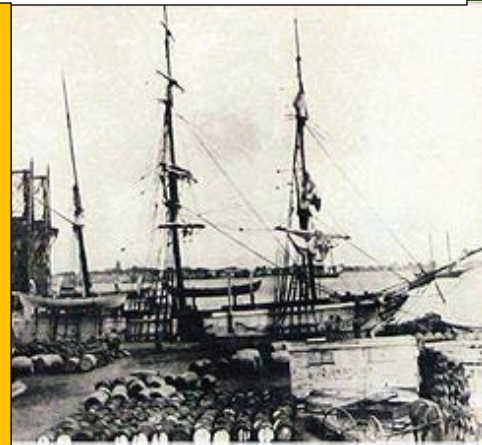


Pickup trucks full of angry construction workers drove past. "Go back to Russia! We fought your kind in Vietnam, we'll do it again right now!" One comrade took offense. He explained: "Oh, we're not affiliated with *them*."

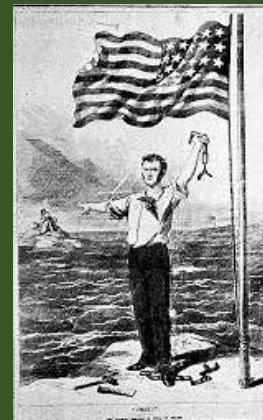
Songs of the Irish Navy

There's something about bagpipes and electric guitar: Enter the Haggis, Dropkick Murphys, Pogues. So I googled this Canadian band The Real McKenzies, who play a power-chord version of an 1876 Irish rebel song "The Catalpa (trad.)" It made me do more research:

In 1875, Sinn Fein agents hired a New Bedford whaling ship, the *Catalpa*, to be the getaway car for a jailbreak of Irish Republican prisoners in Australia. It took a year to get there. The chronometer was broken; the original Irish crew knew nothing about seafaring, so they had to be replaced by African, Chinese and Malay sailors hired in the Azores. They arrived in Perth the day of the Royal Navy regatta.



Her Majesty's warships hardly noticed the ragged old American whaler, until the telegraph told them six Fenian prisoners had escaped. When a British cruiser intercepted, the Yankee captain ran up the flag: any attempt to board



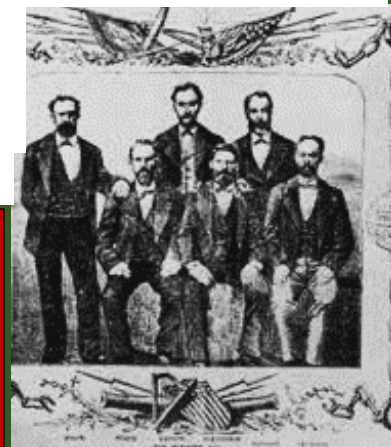
would be an act of war against the United States. British warships couldn't track the *Catalpa*, doing the drunkard's walk across the Indian Ocean with broken instruments, no maps and six escapees. They arrived in New York on August 19, 1876 to find bagpipes



lining the harbor, and a song already written for them. It must have sounded like power chords.

*Come all you screw wardens and jailers
Remember Perth regatta day
Take care of the rest of your Fenians
Or the Yankees will steal them away.*

And this is the genie who appears when you google "Celtic punk"



Three reasons

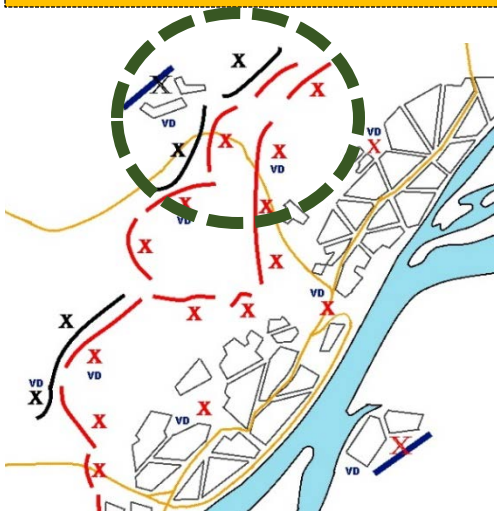
why Hitler lost

1. 300 teenage girls The 1077th Anti-Aircraft Regiment was a unit of schoolgirls north of Stalingrad. Abandoned by their male officers, they lowered their AA guns to hold off the oncoming Germans – buying time for the Red Army to hold the city. But for 300 teenage girls, Hitler would have reached the oil fields.



2. Moulin's cartoon

French resistance leader Jean Moulin was captured in 1943. He pretended to cooperate, asking for pen and paper to write out names and locations of his comrades. Instead, he drew a pornographic cartoon of SS Captain Klaus Barbie with a goat. Barbie was so enraged he shot Moulin on the spot. Moulin's "suicide by cartoon" kept the Resistance names safe.

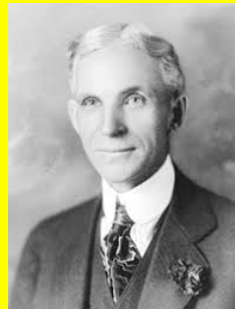


Ford Workers

UNIONISM NOT FORDISM

*Now is the time to Organize!
The Wagner Bill is behind you!
Now get behind yourselves!*

General Motors Workers, Chrysler Workers, Briggs Workers have won higher wages and better working conditions. 300,000 automobile workers are marching forward under the banner of the United Automobile Workers Union.



3. United Auto Workers

In 1933, American war industries were largely controlled by Nazi sympathizers. Henry Ford in particular saw his industry as a profit-making arsenal for Hitler.

FDR was able to override Ford's agenda in large part because of UAW strikes in 1936-1941. New Deal intervention meant the factories worked for FDR, not Henry Ford.



Game Theory

2006:

FATHER secretly teaches poker
to six-year old **SON**

SON starts playing five-card stud
with his stuffed animals



Later that day:

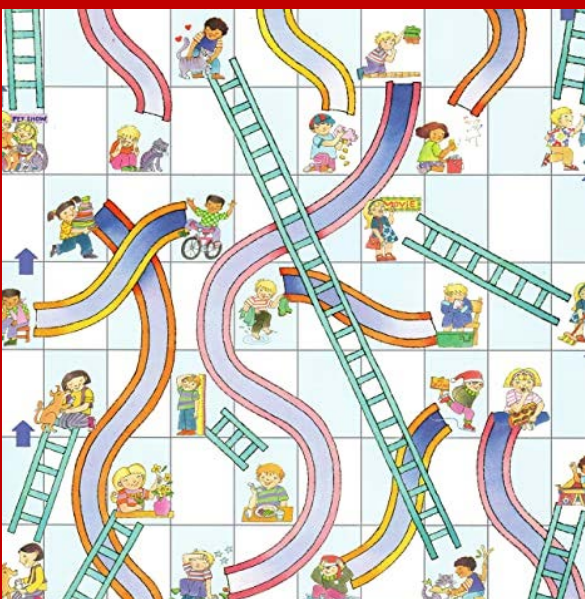
SON asks **MOTHER**: “Mama, will you play a game with me?”

MOTHER: “Sure, honey! Candyland? Chutes and Ladders?”

SON: “Can we play ‘Hold him’?”

MOTHER melts: “Oh honey, I will always hold you.”

SON: “No, no. *Texas* Hold him”



Say it ain't so



In 1947, two Indian nationalists were accused of “treason” because they had spoken on Axis radio. George Orwell defended them: “What right have we to describe them as ‘traitors’? They were citizens of an occupied country, hitting back at the occupying power. They were not traitors to their own country. They had no obligation to Britain.”



I quoted this when Reagan accused the anti-apartheid resistance of getting aid from Libya and USSR. Then in 1992, Mandela was freed. He arrived like a rock star before a million people in Central Park. He came out in a *Yankees* cap and jacket: “Today, I am a Yankee!”



I felt so betrayed. Nelson Mandela had gone over to the Dark Side!
I can understand accepting aid from Qaddafi, but *Steinbrenner?*
‘I’m a Yankee’? Does the African National Congress cheat on the salary cap?
Do they buy up the contracts of comrades from other struggles?
Are they all arrogant jerks on steroids and pinstripes? Say it ain’t so!
Sure, he was a free agent. He could sign with any Evil Empire he wants.
But come on, man, pick some other team in the American League.

SITCOM

North Korea posts its TV shows on YouTube, including a sitcom: *O Youth!* Traditional mom and goofy dad have five athletic daughters. The girls trick their parents into accepting a Taekwondo champion as their brother's bride. "Daaad! Dear Leader says we can play sports!"



I'm know I'm *supposed* to watch this with snarky hostility: "This white-washes the power structure! It treats elite affluence as normal life! It sells love and hijinks and superficial feminism to cover obedience to the State!"



But I get exhausted by all this critical theory. Come on, Ross and Rachel were on a break! Mr. Pak is such a doofus! Look at the funny trouble they get in! Their apartments are lovely and regular folks could totally afford them! This is a happy world!





Pulp Fiction

The Scottish Play isn't cursed. It's not a horror flick. *It's a gangster movie.*

1672: actor playing Macbeth uses real dagger, kills Duncan in front of the audience. 1721: nobleman walks across the stage to talk to friend during scene. Actors draw swords and drive him from theater. Nobleman returns with militia and burns the theater down. 1775: audience nearly kills Sarah Siddons playing Lady Macbeth.



1937: 25 lb. weight falls and misses Laurence Olivier by inches. 1948: Diana Wynard "accidentally" falls into pit during sleep-walking scene. 1953: torches blow into audience, Charlton Heston suffers severe burns from tights "accidentally" soaked in kerosene. 2013: Kenneth Branagh "accidentally" slashes footsoldier extra, who vows revenge.



**Nice kingdom you got there,
be a shame if something happened to it.**

Story of my Life

three film moments



Love and Anarchy

Guy plans to assassinate Mussolini.

While he waits, he falls in love.

The morning Il Duce arrives, the guy's beloved turns his alarm clock off.

He wakes up to the Fascist rally outside, missing his chance because

he overslept

Every Man for Himself and God Against All

Kaspar appears in Nuremburg 1828
a wild child, unable to speak.

He is shown off to high society as a
noble savage, but he sobs when
he can't play music.

Professor Daumer: *You've been such a
short time in the world, Kaspar...*

Kaspar Hauser: *Why is everything so
hard for me? Why can't I play the
piano like I can breathe?*



Dazed and Confused

Mike: *You know how I was going to go to
law school so I'd be an ACLU lawyer so I
could help people getting fucked over and
all that? Well, I was standing in line at the
Post Office and everybody's looking really
pathetic. And I just have to confront the
fact that I don't really like people.*

[Tony: What do you want to do then?]

Mike: *I wanna dance!*



Private Dancer

During the 1940 Blitz, George Orwell met a young painter who said he was eager for the Nazis to hurry up and win. 'So that I can get on with my work, of course.'



German Reich Art Academy, 1938

Orwell: Why is this idea false? Quite a number of people console themselves with this thought: out in the street the loudspeakers bellow, the flags flutter from the rooftops; but up in the attic you can record your thoughts—that is the idea, more or less.

The fallacy is to believe that Fascism will still allow you to be free *inside*. But your thoughts are never entirely your own. Writers, artists, even scientists need constant stimulation from other people. It is

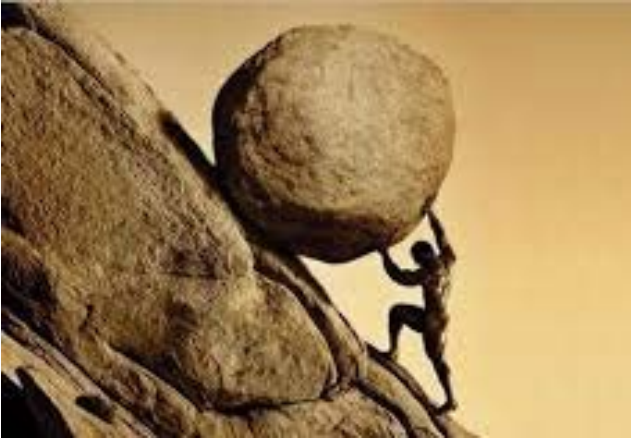


almost impossible to think without talking. If the conversation dries up, the thoughts dry up with them. Had the Germans really got to England my young friend would soon have found his painting deteriorating into nothing, even if the Gestapo had let him alone.

— *As I Please*, April 28, 1944

Job Search

Did you make an active search for work, as directed, during the week you are now claiming?



Sisyphus
at least he has a job!

Manchurian Candidate
confidential work, on-call
we'll train you!



Wile E. Coyote
creative
entrepreneurial
work for yourself!



Jumping the Shark

Everyone agrees that by the end of his life, Nietzsche was crazy. Not crazy-brilliant, but pathetic, gibbering, naked-in-the-streets, untreated-syphilis-crazy. Out of respect for the Master, we're supposed to avert our eyes from the End. Problem is: no one can agree on the dividing line - exactly when did the Overman stop and the dementia begin?



Like when he sobbed on the streets of Turin, hugging a horse being whipped by its coachman

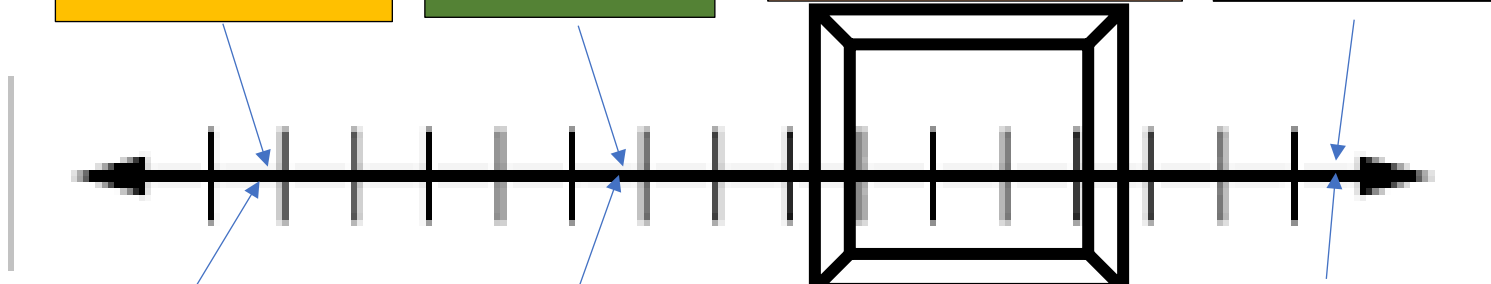
Genius or delirium?
Poetic comment on tragedy, or embarrassing disintegration? Or both?

Cool early stuff

Master work

Disputed apocrypha

Clearly batshit



<i>Birth of Tragedy</i>	<i>Genealogy of Morals</i>	<i>The Antichrist</i>	Late notebooks
Rubber Soul	Sgt. Pepper	Rocky Raccoon	Revolution #9
Hound Dog	Hard Headed Woman	Viva Las Vegas	[collapses on stage]
Rachel escapes her wedding	Chandler loves Joey's girlfriend	the London trip	Ross rushes to airport: end



Bullseye

Saturday mornings in the 1990s, I'd go to the archery fields in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. I'd pin an apple into the hay bale and let fly with a longbow from 30 yards.

It felt like William Tell
like Arjuna in the Mahabharata
like Zen Buddhist meditation
like Aurash, like Agincourt.
When the apple exploded,
sometimes I felt like Cupid
sometimes like
Lee Harvey Oswald



Afterward, I'd go to a deli for lunch, longbow slung over my shoulder, like a medieval badass. Girls checked me out until a homeless guy walked in and started laughing at me: *Hey, hey, Robin Hood, going to Sherwood Forest? Hehehehe* The girls giggled. I drew an arrow from my quiver and stabbed it through my roast beef sub: *I only eat what I kill*



Kingdom for a Horse

Caligula made his horse First Consul. It wasn't madness. It was a stunt to show the Senate and People of Rome how little they mattered. The sillier and more bizarre the Emperor's antics, the more completely he was in charge.



It's remarkable how unimpressive the Leader is in most versions of Fascism.



A puny little nebbish with a hang-dog pout, "like a waiter in a seedy little railway restaurant who didn't get a tip."



A manic gesturing baboon, a circus barker, a bombastic clown like Curly from the Stooges.

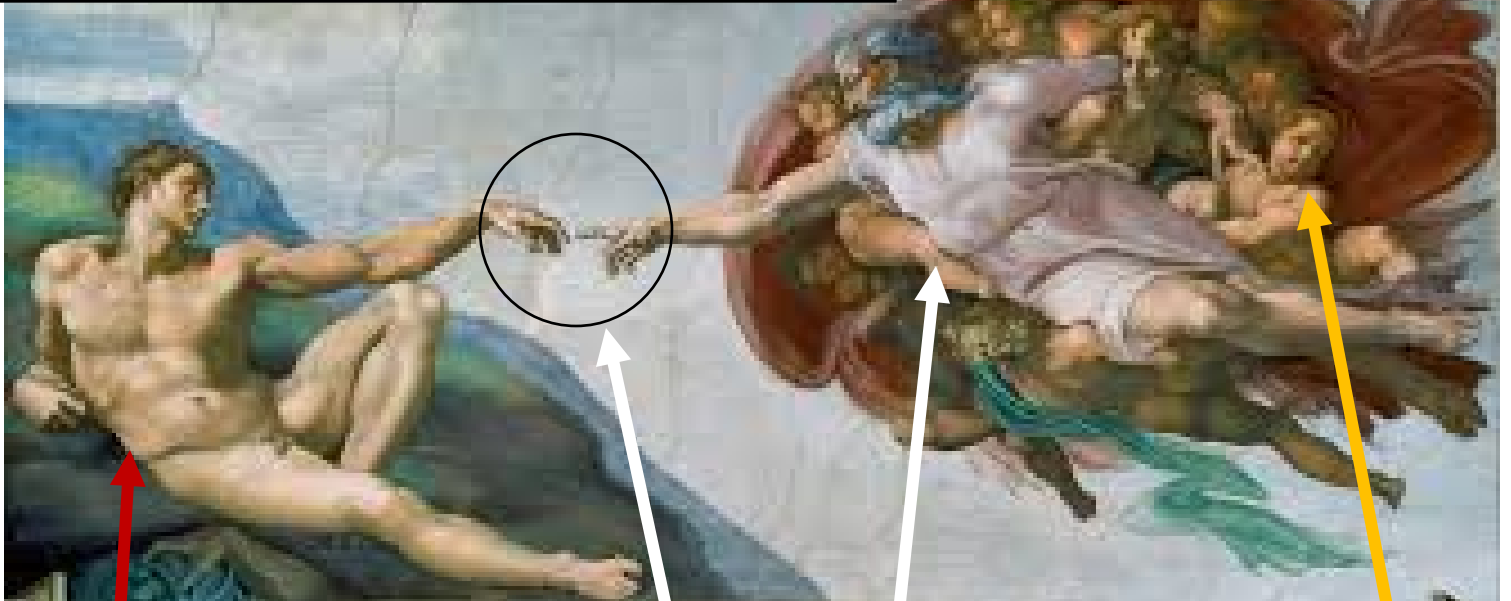
Malatesta said about Mussolini:

*He's not Caligula. He's just the horse.
When the masses salute this ridiculous beast,
It is a ritual that demonstrates the power
of those that put the Crown on him.*



Sistine Chapel

I have questions



Adam: way too casual. Offers his hand like he's receiving tribute. Show some respect!

Do they actually touch?
A lot depends on this:
Is it a near miss, or does God complete the circuit?

Why is God doing all the work?

The angels seem worried. They lean like counterweights to keep God from falling off. Giving out souls is risky business!

Why is God dressed and Adam naked?
Is this the argument for shame?

Michelangelo's competitors painted God sitting passively, blasting Adam with cosmic rays.



But Michaelangelo's God has to work much harder. He doesn't even get a Divine halo. Because God and human are too close for comfort?



Aquinas & Trotsky in Zombietown



St. Thomas Aquinas was obsessed with cannibalism. The Church preached bodily resurrection, that sinners and saints will

face Judgment Day in the very bodies they had in life. So what about cannibals, whose whole bodies must be disassembled and restored to their original owners — what remains to punish? Aquinas had to classify them as non-souls, a vortex of nothingness, a George Romero nightmare where dead flesh rises to interfere with living Time, without any place in the Book of Judgment.



Trotsky had the same nightmare. To explain Stalin, he had to forget the Marxist prophecy of inevitable progress. For Trotsky, Stalinism doesn't exist on the *real* Marxist timeline, it's a malicious accident, a zombie virus that eats the brains of the Revolution.



The nightmare of Catholic and Bolshevik reason: Nothingness with an appetite

ICARUS

When I was eight, my dad took me to see *The Battle of Britain*. There's a scene where rookie pilot (Edward Fox) flies too high, ecstatic but careless, and gets shot down. I watched in horror.

This is the fate of Icarus, the foolish bipolar boy, who soars too high and forgets the Hun in the Sun.



In the movie, Edward Fox drifts down over London, crashing through the roof of a backyard greenhouse, parachute and all. As he flounders among the begonias, an old lady smiles down: "Dear boy, would you like some tea?"



My dad (who stood by me through every manic bipolar fuckup, every catastrophe I would later fly into) leans over in the movie theater and tells me:

You see, babe, it doesn't matter if you get shot down, as long as you come down among friends.

Gate Keeper

Mythology gets confused sometimes. Take the sentry at the gate of Hell: the Greeks made it a vicious three-headed devil dog. That only makes sense if the dog is facing inward – if it's preventing souls from *escaping* Hell. But if it's facing outward – if it's keeping souls from *entering* Hell – it should be an angel. An angel working under pressure.



When I went out for soccer in high school, I asked to play goalie. No one else wanted it – a loser position, you're never there for the ecstasy, only the agony. Maybe it's the legacy of Marx and the medieval Church that everyone wants to achieve Heaven, everyone wants to score. But salvation is as much about saying no as saying yes. It should be an angel guarding the gate of Hell.



Anyway, I keep picturing all these little kids playing some game in this big field of rye. And I'm standing on the edge of some crazy cliff. What I have to do, I have to catch everybody if they start to go over the cliff - I mean if they're running and they don't look where they're going I have to come out from somewhere and catch them. That's all I do all day. I'd just be the catcher in the rye and all. I know it's crazy, but that's the only thing I'd really like to be.

Punctuation matters!

The meaning of *Julius Caesar* comes down to a disputed punctuation mark. *Et tu, Brute.* it's either a question or a threat.



Casca. Speak, hands for me!
[CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and BRUTUS stab CAESAR]

Caesar. Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar.

Dies

Open Source

Cask. Speake hands for me.

They stab Caesar.

Caes. Et Tu Brutè? --- Then fall Caesar. Dyes

First Folio

So is it a question mark or an exclamation point?(!)

Shakespeare didn't invent the line. Suetonius reports these as Caesar's last words, without a question mark: καὶ σύ, τέκνον ('you too, son')
Not a whiny grievance ('Brutus, are you stabbing me too?')
but a nasty threat ('Brutus, you're next!' or 'See you in hell, punk!')

I take it as a threat.

The play makes more sense that way.

In Roman tradition, the dying could see the future. So why shouldn't the dying Caesar be a soothsayer, like Macbeth's witches, already a ghost, telling Brutus how the play will end?



Game Show

LET'S
MAKE
A
DEAL



I saw an uprising once on
Let's Make a Deal.

The show where people dressed up
as consumer goods and the moral is:
you are what you eat.

Until one day, Monty Hall picked
someone who wasn't interested in
Turtle Wax or the Spiegel catalog.
So they punished her with the insult
prize: a flock of baby ducks.



But the lady went berserk:
AAAAHHhh! I won! I won!
Nervous laughter in the
audience, as Monty tries to
buy her off. But no, she



won't take the lovely parting gifts, she wants her baby ducks! You can tell
Monty's in trouble here, because he doesn't actually *have* any baby ducks to
give her. What's on stage is just a prop on loan from the San Diego Zoo.

But one by one, the Coke bottles and boxes of laundry detergent in the
audience stand up to insist that she get her baby ducks.

It can be a radical thing to demand what you have been promised.

Moby Dick

Top 5 metaphors

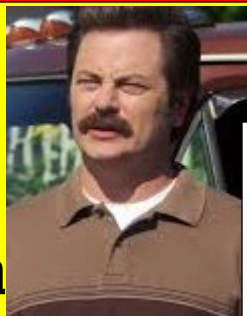


1. God: *the incantation of this whiteness, the very veil of the Christian's Deity; it shadows forth the heartless voids and immensities of the universe, and thus stabs us from behind with the thought of annihilation*

2. Evil: Moby Dick as primitive Evil. Ahab thinks that by killing it, he will become a god. The fever dream of American empire
Wonder ye at the fiery hunt?

3. Queer Theory: Self-hating Puritan tormented by Dick, the sperm whale that haunts his dreams
(just gonna leave that here)

4. - Don't Overthink It! -
Starbuck calls it "blasphemous" for Ahab to seek revenge on a "dumb brute that smote thee from blindest instinct!" Ron Swanson:
"Does the white whale actually symbolize the unknowability and meaninglessness of human existence? No, it's just a stupid fish."

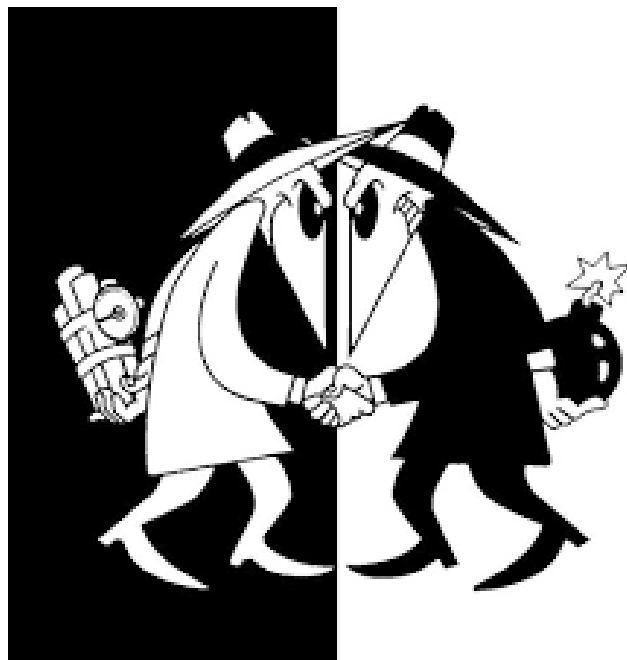


5. Chief Brody:
Ahab plus oxygen tank:
Smile, you son of a bitch!



Good Cop Bad Cop

What's the deal with God and the devil?
Are they enemies or on the same team?



If the devil is a naughty anti-God, then we're not really monotheistic. We're just picking sides. Hell wouldn't be a place of punishment- it would be a wild biker club full of hard liquor and porn. But if the devil is God's prison warden, then he is just as divine as anyone else. Which isn't satisfying either-



it's hard to fight a holy war without an actual enemy.

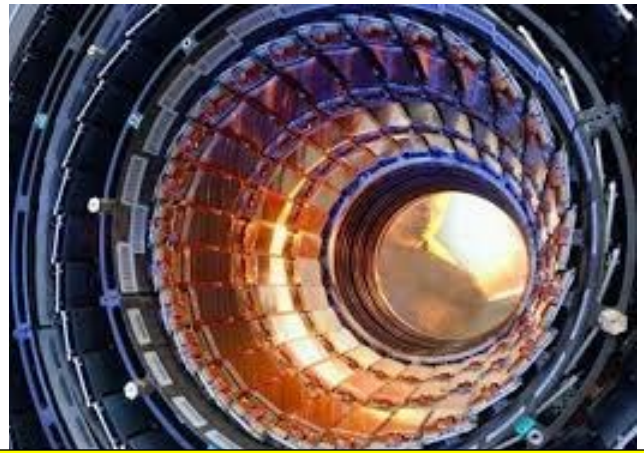
Satan debuted in the Book of Job as God's partner, the bad cop, the cruel law professor: "you have no power, why bother to fight?"



Job is defiant, as much to God as to his enforcer:

"Fuck you bad cop,
and go tell your boss
I'm not quitting."

Black Hole Lawsuit



In 2006, a guy named Walter Wagner sued in U.S. District Court for an environmental-law injunction against the Large Hadron Collider. He argued it might produce a critical mass of tiny black holes that would crush the Earth into a golf ball. Or generate strangelet particles that would turn all atoms on Earth into anti-matter, like Ice-9 in *Cat's Cradle*.

I was 99.99% sure he was a kook. Until the Bush Administration lawyers showed up. Instead of presenting scientists to explain why he was insane, they spewed cynical bullshit Scalia-isms: Plaintiff has “no private standing to sue without a particularized claim of injury”!



So I emailed Wagner. I advised him to drop his fancy environmental law claims and instead sue for ordinary damage to property: they're gonna crush your *car*, man!

He was offended: “I don't think *that* would be taken seriously!”



Not Guilty

Top 5 Shakespeare Villains Wrongly Accused

1. Richard III

reformer
visionary
scholar



founded modern English justice,
slandered by Tudors for cleaning
up corruption, ending civil war

3. Julius Caesar

the Roman FDR

benefactor of the
plebeians, brought science and
rationality to Roman culture,
won the war against the Huns



murdered by slaveholding
aristocrats who tried to restore
their ancient barbaric privileges

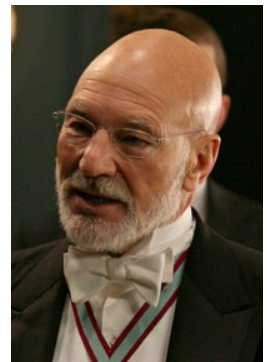
2. Jack Cade

the Robin Hood of 1450
democratic rebel
forerunner of Tom Paine
and Toussaint L'Overture



4. Claudius

ended brother's revenge
war, Denmark's Captain
Picard, much better king
than his punk nephew



5. Lady Macbeth

overthrows weak
monarchy, saves
Scotland from ruin



*I may be kindly, but in my line of
business I am obliged to will
terribly what I will at all.*

- Catherine the Great



“The poor have sometimes objected to being governed badly; the rich have always objected to being governed at all.”

— G.K. Chesterton

Dreamscape

The MLK speech most misquoted: "*I have a dream.*" White Establishment translates this as: "stay asleep, keep hitting snooze, someday you might wake up in a just heaven." Nope.



Maybe it's only now, in this surreal year-long COVID snow day, that the culture war moves into the Collective Id. A civil war of images, hallucinations, provocative symbols, nightmares and fantasies. Maybe MLK was just trying to reclaim the dream territory - fascists are not the only ones who have dreams.



Dreams are irrational, violent, id-fueled. Burning a police precinct is a dream symbol. Symbolism and wish-fulfillment are not the monopolies of the Good. Turning fire hoses on civil rights marchers was not just ordinary violence — for Bull Connor, it was a dream symbol. Kneeling on a black man's neck: not just ordinary violence, but Derek Chauvin's WWE image of white State power, like a dream.



Performance Art

Rioting as spectacle. A derivative form of theater, where the audience in the cheap seats seize the stage to mimic the violent drama they normally watch passively.

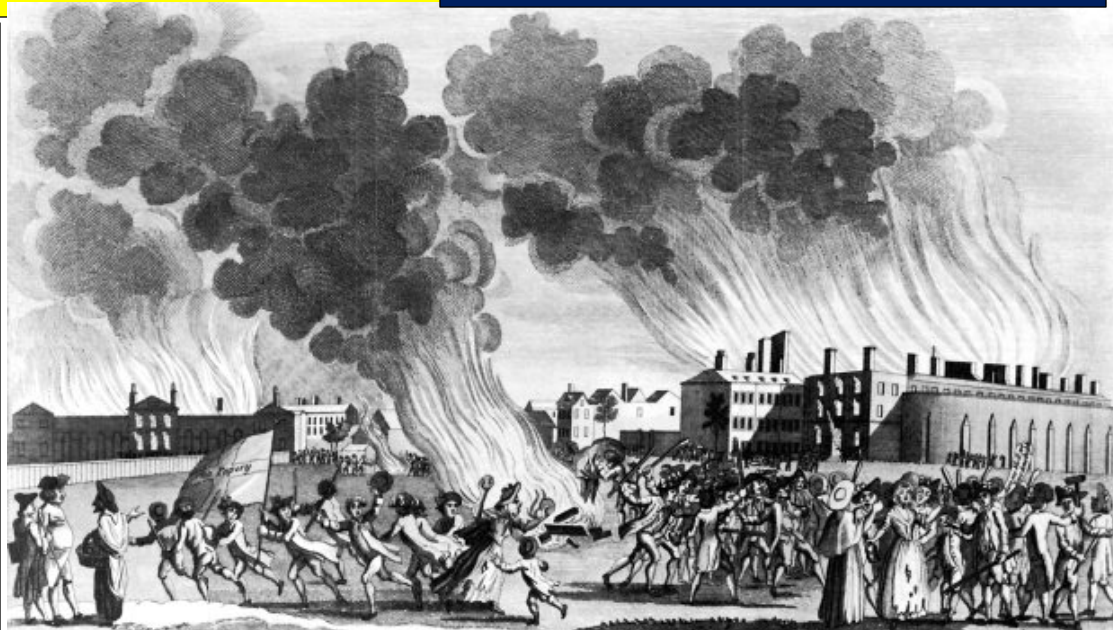
“In St. Denis and Grigny, the gangs fought each other for various, obscure reasons. In the presence of an ‘audience’ — beginning with the mass of reporters and television cameramen, terrified and attracted by the much reported violence — the youths presented themselves as spectacle . . .” *Le Monde*, April 1968



Violence as uninspired, trite. Like the football fan who runs on the field, it's more a tribute than a true revolt.

The occasional mass mimicry of State violence only confirms that this is only show in town.

- Situationist Int'l



Flag, Burning



Now he wants to criminalize flag desecration.



This should be fun



For starters, the Confederate battle flag:
a deliberate defiling of Mr. Lincoln's flag.
Shreds of white stars on blue field, torn from
old Union flags, against a background of fire.



If we're feeling brave, we should
start making citizen's arrests at MAGA
rallies for 'treasonous desecration'

Lost Monument

So with all the statues coming down, I wondered: have there ever been any monuments to anarchists? Turns out, just one. Korolyov's Cubo-Futurist statue of Bakunin, a whirlwind in concrete, a century ahead of its time, erected in Moscow 1919.

It only lasted a week.

The Bolsheviks immediately tore it down. The official reason: it was so ugly that it disrupted street traffic.

But the plaster model is still the coolest art the Russian Revolution ever made.

So how do you win a war when you can't ever have a monument to victory?

When any art telling the truth about it will be so weird that it will scare the horses?



