




if you don't believe 
you'd better get superstitious.

**negate politics//
affirm cuteness**

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rain water. The embodiment of all our shared experiences – where we had defended our dignity and our since fallen sister, the place which our very lives revolved around – had vanished, and the world kept functioning in the same exact manner it had before, as if nothing had ever existed in the first place. It was disgusting. It is disgusting. Every day after class we would shred apart the yellow tape dividing us from our park. We would pick up stones from the construction site and throw them with all our might at the concrete exteriors and down into the wooden infrastructure of the school. We knew, even then, that the words used by adults to defend or assert their viewpoint were just that: words. Sure, we slowed down their production, and were even acknowledged for such in the local papers as “unidentified hoodlums” and “vandals”, but in the end it didn’t amount to anything. Production continued, plans and investments were made, managers and workers were paid, contractors did whatever the fuck they do. Capital had the final say.

It’s been a decade...Where we are now is all-too-much the same. Money still has a greater sway over incentives than any concern for life. Homes of all kinds are continually demolished in order to make way for parking lots, corporate structures, airports, or bombshells. It’s been a decade, and I’m still watching the sun recede over the horizon of an empire. I’m still playing in parks, pissing in pipes, and throwing rocks at everything that stands in the way of my liberatory desires. I’ll never stop or submit to the mediation of politics. My heart and its needs are too great for such prolongings and the atrocities that accompany them. My nails will remain dug into my palms until they are through exerting all of my passion.

I will never grow up.

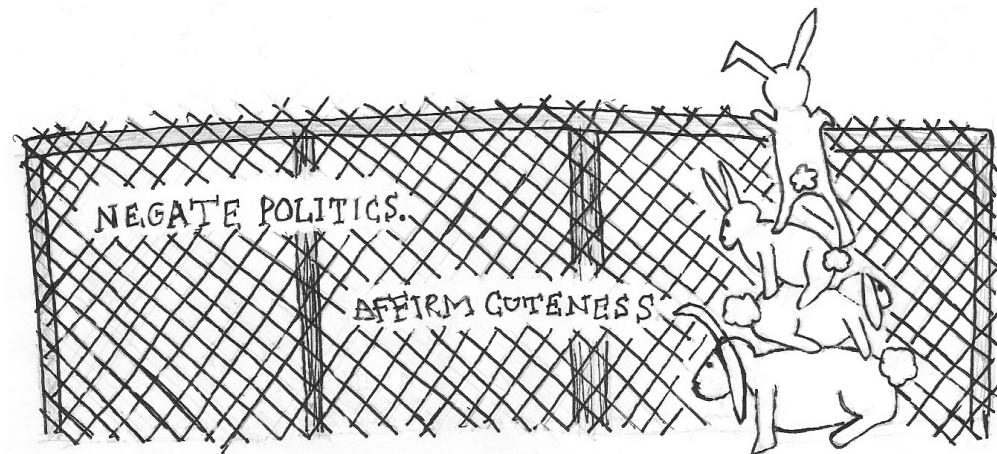


When I was twelve years old, Alicia died. Her condition had been worsening, and I can't honestly say that it wasn't mildly anticipated, but it still hurt worse than anything I had ever experienced. I'd take a hundred of those hits to the stomach if I could substitute them for what I felt. I felt like the universe had betrayed me; that nothing made sense, because Alicia was only fourteen, and the sweetest, bravest, most innocent person I had ever known. I can't even explain it. There are no words.

When I was thirteen years old, a contractor bought our park and had decided that, to accord with the fact that over the years the cornfields which reached from our backyards hundreds of yards over to the interstate had slowly but surely been depleted in order to build half-million dollar homes with three-car garages, it would make a perfect site for a new kindergarten school. There had already been one just on the other side of the baseball diamonds, but it was considered by our town's council to be "too ugly" to remain in the midst of all the other "beautification" projects then in effect. Petty-bourgeois newly-wed families had been filtering in down the road, filling the once vacant houses that we would rip up tiles in, piss down pipes in, and play laser-tag in. Our community fought against it (if you consider bureaucratic run-arounds and democratic processes combat), yet still the caution tape went up, and before we knew it construction crews were paving over the baseball diamonds and transforming our park into, of all things, a retention pond. Beautiful gazes into the sun, unforgettable memories, countless moments of jubilant laughter; our retreat from the monotony of school, our true home where we'd escape from our fucked up families, our haven for sharing our secrets, confessions, and dreams – all reduced to a massive ditch with the ultimate purpose of collecting

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*Chasing, wrestling and pouncing upon a playmate,
breaking, smashing, and tearing apart things
are all aspects of play that is free of rules.*



*The conscious insurgent plays this way as well,
but with **real targets**
and with the intention of causing **real damage**.*

ball they carried with them at our backs. One stood up next to Alicia, who was sitting in her favorite spot on top of the big red slide, and she jumped down, now standing in front of the entrance. He began to insult her - picking on her for not having hair, questioning her gender, etc. We were attentive, nodding at each other in recognition of our mutual rage. We began to move toward the playground and the rest of the contentious group, who had until this point only been standing below the slide laughing, began ascending the ropes and steps to block the platform where Alicia stood. She was calm, as always, while the boy who had been confronting her began to shout, "Move your ass, I'm using this [slide]. I said get the hell out of my way you fat cow!". "Hey!" - the voice of her brother, one of our comrades, resonated through the hollow metal bars. The boy spun around and his eyes met ours. Slowly, he turned back and looked at Alicia, who had not even flinched in the midst of the intimidation, and shoved her. It was on. Those of us who had not yet reached the playground began to tear up the earth with ferocity - the immense weight on our heels irrelevant. Her brother was there first. He was able to knock the boy off his feet, but took a bad hit to the back of the head. Our other friend held his own for some time against the mob, but was eventually swallowed. By that point I had reached the brawl, and had knocked at least one person over and, surprisingly enough, kicked another in the back. The boy who had shoved Alicia grabbed me by the shoulder, and punched me in the stomach so hard that I remember going light-headed and wondering what it would be like to die. I fell to my knees before being knocked down and literally run over by the gang as the hooted in victory and fled into the street nearby, never to be seen again.

When I was 8 years old...my friends and I would gather at dawn every weekend and walk down the street to our neighborhood park. It was perfect; sitting atop a gentle hill behind a giant cherry tree, encased by fields of grass and baseball diamonds, with a view of the burning red-orange sunset that still soothes me today. We would climb and jump across the tops of our castle, inscribe our names into the belly of our kinked red slide, and twist the chains of our swing-set as tight as could be and spin until we became nauseated. It was ours.

When I was 10 years old, one of our best friends - Alicia - was found to have a brain tumor, and eventually diagnosed with cancer. It spread quickly, and she shortly thereafter began chemotherapy. For a while, nothing changed. Her voice was as soft and beautiful as it ever was. When she laughed her smile would still stretch so far across her face that her cheeks would turn red and her explosive freckles would seemingly scatter and retreat entirely. There were only superficial differences: the loss of hair, a weakened immune system, and the occasional absence due to a doctor appointment. Our play continued; our joy remained.

I remember my first fight. I felt my pupils fill, from the bottom, with an intense and instinctual anger. Something deep inside me contracted and began to swell as the tendons in my wrist pulled my knuckles shut so tightly that I felt my nails, and even the dirt underneath them, become embedded in my skin. We were at the park, typical of us on a Saturday morning, when a couple of "older kids" approached us with an antagonism we could sense from across the billions of blades of grass leading up to our playground. They mocked us and giggled to each other at the prospects of "accidentally" throwing the foot-

...IN A PLACE THAT PERHAPS YOU'VE SEEN IN YOUR DREAMS....

No one wants to be unhappy. Certainly, there is a time for despair; but we mean not to question particulars of the spectrum of human emotion. Undoubtedly, our ability to endure both the spectacular and the dreadful, and everything in-between, is what constitutes the *goodness* of life itself. Are you happy? What truly makes it so; your family, neighbors, friends, lover(s), community? Or is it your job, sleep schedule, television, cigarettes, and god? In any case, you're happy, yes? Of course you are.

That's why you don't loathe work. You won't allow yourself to. You say, "I don't want to be an angry person," asking, "Why would I want to spend my short life in rage? It's not worth it". But that's just it. You adore the experiences you have (and share) during your allotted "time off" - and why shouldn't you? You have a whole life to be lived! - so much that you've lost focus on that which is daily keeping you from them. You've spent too much time admiring the "little things", thereby neglecting the reality of your situation. You have no control over what time and at what pace you're able to participate in whatever little niche of a "career" has been carved out for you, which itself has robbed you of your agency, creativity and freedom; indeed, of your very spirit.

Stop deceiving yourself. You don't live in joy; you experience it. You experience it in the same way you experience frustration, indignation, lust, and contentedness. You are, however, subjected to life under the rule of a capitalist order. Your decisions are driven by quantitative economics, commodities and assets. You secure your wealth and protect it from everyone around you, as potential enemies and threats to your existence. You live capitalism. But you know, with the passing of each predictable hour of your monotonous working day that you spend with your eyes fixated on the slow-turning hands of the clock, that you'd be better off without it.



Reflect on your life before work. Before school. Before your desires were confined to what was considered to be within (their definition of) reason. Before the piercing screeches of alarm clocks; when you would wake up to warm rays of sunlight running slowly across your face and songbirds gently calling you to accompany them. Everything was exciting. The world seemed infinite, and nothing was unworthy of exploration. You would run and laugh without explanation. You would share your discoveries with everyone around you, as friends. You were in awe of it all. Occasionally you would stumble, slip or fall, but you loved it. [After all, what is life without a few scraped knees?] You used to play.

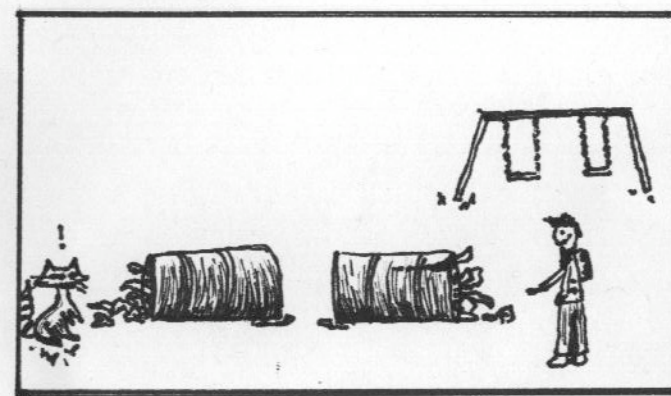
Do you remember what it felt like? You had fun. The joy it brought would sink its jaws into your sides, pulse through the veins in your neck and forearms, and swallow your chest whole. It made you feel invincible. Play acted as the catalyst for a lived communism (as the negation of capitalism). You were truly happy.

But these feelings are gone. They've been replaced by the stinging you feel in the pit of your stomach, the ache you feel in the small of your back, and the lump in your throat that hovers inches above the knot in your tie. Have you forgotten? Are you so enveloped by the functions of the metropolis and the affairs of the bourgeoisie? Play has been eradicated, and in its place they only offer relaxation; a recovery from work. They've taken the joy from you. They've stolen everything.

What reason, then, do you not have to be angered? You say it's because of the "negativity" associated with anger. There's no room in your life for negativity. You don't believe in it. Yet a symbiotic relationship exists between that which is construed as negative and that which is construed as positive. As protons, electrons and neutrons together form a molecule, so too the positive, negative and uncategorized feelings and emotions form our conscious. They exist on a wide continuum. There are negative and positive experiences (e.g. pain and pleasure) as well as negative and positive emotions (e.g. hate and love). Certainly, if a hammer were to fall on one's thumb, that person could not state honestly that they do not feel pain because they refuse to affirm its existence. It's there.



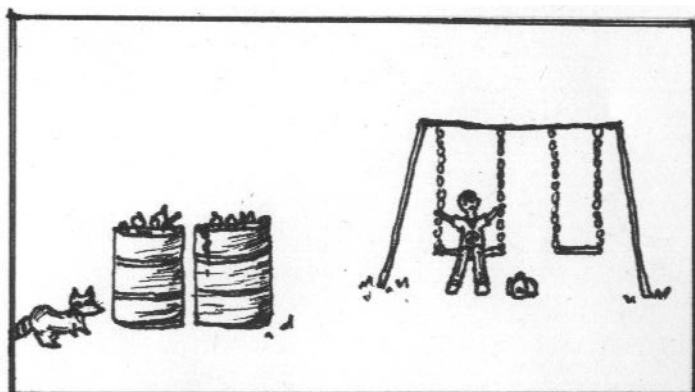
I looked in the top of one, but I couldn't see much.



Then I tipped over both the garbage cans and found food for both of us!



And I didn't feel so lonely anymore.



This one time I was at the park feeling kind of lonely,
when a raccoon came hopping over.



She had hurt her foot so she couldn't reach into the garbage
can for food. She looked real hungry.



So I got up off the swing and walked over,
being extra careful not to scare her.

Passion is the deepening of our emotions. Every action we perform is directed by our passions. To a certain extent, they define us. Anger is just one mere channel through which we are capable of allowing our passion to manifest. It is that emotion which motivates us to express our contempt for something necessarily because of our yearning for its opposite. To reject anger is to reject the viability of intense feeling, thereby advocating a numb and neutral existence. We suggest that passion be allowed to constantly surge through us, moving toward all available outlets, in order to conduct an honest and genuine living. A comrade once wrote, "To truly allow the expansiveness of passionate intensity to flower and to pursue it where the twisting vine of desire takes it requires will, strength and courage...but mainly it requires breaking out of the economic view of passions and emotions". We too seek the destruction of commodity relations pervasive in capitalist society, and understand that to live fully requires unabashed emotional expression. It requires movement and gestures.

What is the effective difference between throwing a brick and sharing a kiss? One is motivated by rage, the other by compassion, yet they are both acts that require an ample amount of passion. They are both daring feats, each carrying a number of considerable risks. We could convince ourselves endlessly that neither of these actions is worth executing, but instead we hold our breath and allow our senses to be suspended. The impact is shattering. A million tiny thoughts fly through our conscious like shards of glass cutting through the air. We savor these moments with great fervor. We never look back. In both the disquiet striking of capital and the embrace of a lover, our revolution manifests. It becomes ubiquitous; synonymous with our existence and its comprisal of the positive, negative, and the undefined.

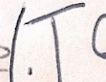
In these efforts we are realizing what they've kept abstract.
We are reappropriating our dreams. We are restoring ambiguity to
what they've made concrete. We are reclaiming our own destinies.
We are reopening the universal playground.

This is no manifesto. You are already one of us.



HEARTS



I like hearts because you
can show your love (I  you!!)

identity is turned on the metropolis, it's sometimes referred to as assuming hostilities within the context of global civil war as the partisan war-machine of insurrection.

xvi. We utilize the cityscape of the metropolis in order to navigate our entries and exit points for more efficient blows against capital. They may have satellite technology and awareness of this-or-that intersection; but we hold a sentimental and eclectic knowledge. We have secrecy and shortcuts. We have the maneuverability to sprint and spring and slide and swing, and escape the clutches of our predators. We know of every hole dug beneath every fence, the reliable back-alleys, the very best and unsuspecting of hiding places.

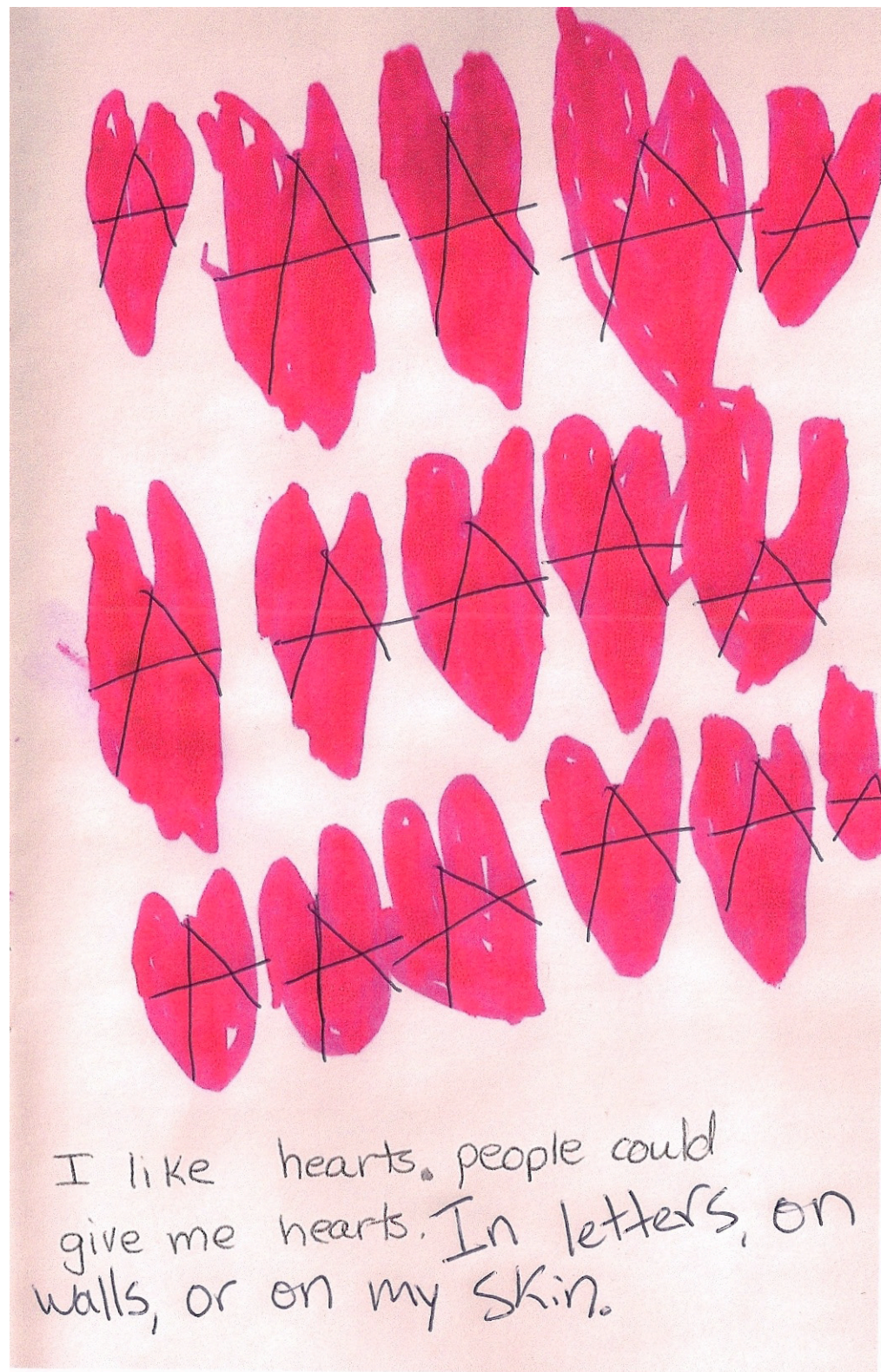
xvii. Twenty-something "lost boys" with unending love of the playground and those who play with them are generally considered unrealistic. On the contrary, they maintain the potentiality of love, in the hopes it passes with them into actuality. Thus, there is a future for it, despite what the current succession of instances suggests. Today's narrative doesn't have to be tomorrow's. Where more terrible conditions manifest, new potentialities do too.

Let's scrape our knees.

xiii. An immediate hush rolls over us when our siblings or companions stray too far from the acceptable mode of behavior and they are banished to the isolation of "time-out". This is not for any internalized fear of repercussions for our own actions, but because we know this fate all-too-well. We wish only to express revolutionary solidarity – not only with our friends, but all those who suffer under systems of punishment. We labor to fracture the repressive infrastructure; to splinter the wood of the solitary chair; to crumble the walls that merge to create dark and lonely corners, to sneak them desert after they've been sent to bed without it.

xiv. Gestures often communicate everything that language is unable to. The orphans who have learned to hold their tongue when under the cautious ears of their enemies know this well. I sit down on a seesaw, and someone takes the other end. Friends are swept up in the Green Scare, and others get mean on some eco-condos.

xv. The existential possibility of being-here requires a desubjectification, the embrace of an inessential commonality. We take turns being the "lava monster", "it", or something terrible, and give to each other what begs to be given; what is most unique about us. When this collective negation of



WHAT IS PLAYGROUND ANARCHY?

Before we can answer this question, we must ask: what is play?

Play is the antithesis of work. Work is the art of an exploitative science. It tugs at the reigns of capital, conducting its movements, speed and flow, carrying with it the hearse of companionship. It tramples our natural sociality, but binds us in a common hatred. Play is the revitalization of life; of our dreams and our desires. It is the rejection of the necessary non-freedom promoted, produced, and projected by work. It is releasing human floods of bodily desire across the barriers of separation created by work. Play is unmediated joy.

Anarchy is a condition; that of being without rule. Anarchy is the absence of, and the rejection of the notions that give rise to the legitimization of authority. It is unmediated freedom. Freedom to shape our lives as we see fit, to make our own decisions outside the realm of politics, where biological life is exposed to death, and to appropriate the means of existence from the chokehold of industrial civilization and its arsenal of economies, experts, and militaries.

Playground Anarchy is a conception; an understanding of what it is to experience life as play while simultaneously realizing its anti-authoritarian implications. Further, it can be considered the absolute embrace of a peculiar yet collective singularity; that of our inner-child. Further still, Playground Anarchy may be best described as the destruction of the great appendage known as chronological history and the creation of an always and all-at-once present appropriation of the past, during which we move from our shared affectivity to a shared direction.

[...]

x. Every time we didn't sneak out the window, every time we ate our vegetables, every time we did our homework, was a victory for our parents. Similarly, empire is marked by the production of non-events. Every time we didn't put on the mask, every time we resigned ourselves to the march, every time we failed to attack, saw the amplification of management.

xi. We see civilization for what it is: a stagnant yet ever-deepening swampland. We wish to skip rocks across the surface and plunge stones into the depths in order to create points of rupture. Or maybe even build dams to drain it. We construct tree forts within yet outside the swampland to let us live and stay mobile as we attack. Secure inside these hideouts, we secretly reach for the colored wax and map out a counterstrike against the relationships that daily bully us.

xii. We must bear in mind that our struggle with the armed enforcers of the state form – much like our parents – extends beyond their physical presence. Indeed, they enforce not only the rule of law (that exceptional barbarism), but permeate the stench of an anxious and fearful social order. We may or may not wish death upon their persons, but certainly the cessation of their role as “cops”.



viii. Part of the task before us entails building a place where we can lean towards each other and communicate between bodies. It's not our sand-boxes or their linking over spatial territories that are important *per se*, but the act of digging (playing) itself we undertake together. It is here that affinity is built and our expansiveness is felt. What holds fast in our minds is the practice of sharing something (communism) - we share everything - objects and abstracts, toys and stories, earth and feelings, hugs and glances.



ix. Despite the peril that waits at the bottom, going down slides in groups with more speed and momentum is infinitely more satisfying than sliding alone. When we find other bodies affected by the same form-of-life and share ourselves with one another, we form communities – and, in our case, articulate a force.

We, its practitioners, recognize that upon entering adulthood (a.k.a. the realm of work, material overproduction, commodity fetishization, etc.) an individual can own nothing but their own labor power, surrendering all other autonomous projects. It becomes painfully evident that we gradually and incontrovertibly lose our *real* sense of selves. Diametrically, we recognize that in our experiences during the years of our youth, life had been *actualized*. In childhood, life was all that it could be, and all that it is currently not: adventure, exploration, discovery, learning, loving, sharing, bonding, and growing. This recognition is explicated not only the theoretical writings of Marx or the classical literary contributions of Salinger, but universally: in every individual's perceived need, even if it is expressed through the great irony of consumerism, to escape from the world of work, and thus, the logic of capital.

Yet, as anarchists we desire more than a pathetic dislodging from the dominion of capital. We are not interested in securing such matters of temporality; rather, we seek an eternal and unmediated freedom, which is to be materialized through a life (re)structured by play. Under capitalism, play has become yet another potentially affirming activity separated from everyday life.

True to its own perverse logic, capitalism designs, manufactures, and sells “parks” to communities - designated areas where our play is premeditated and established within assigned parameters. We are allotted a time and a place to play, so long as it does not threaten the sanctity of the work week, the monetary system at large, or the rigid social order it permeates. These are (often successful) efforts to maintain normalcy. When the clock strikes three, we flood the lot, and things

appear to be going along as usual - running the way that they "should" be. Thus, it is only when we make our play *total*, outside of the increasing limitations of capital, that we destroy the constructs of work and leisure, of production and consumption, while simultaneously reterritorializing the space we inhabit through the liberation of our desires.

In a similar fashion, the standing mode of production - being an insatiable beast which finds sustenance only in merciless commodification - has adopted the technique of reifying our common nostalgia. While they rob us of life by exploiting us to wage-slavery on the one hand, they expect us to believe that we can buy it all back in films, books, costumes and theme park tickets. We choose, as a response to the great lie we have been fed, to shove dirt in the mouth of such a courteous oppressor, in all of their offerings and claims of opportunity.

In Playground Anarchy we will henceforth begin to take back the images they exploit and credit themselves with - those images that we, their unwanted children, gave life to in worlds outside of work. The genuinely positive social relations (those of cooperation, sharing, and aiding) prevalent in childhood are to be made distinct from the spectacle's vulgar interpretation/presentation: synthetic friendships, stories that applaud hierarchy and heroism, and adventures that only amount to transparent celluloid. We seek to collectively live out our dreams, while they seek to keep us stationary and entertained with a cheap imitation thereof.

We call for the immediate dismantling of all borders, boundaries, and restrictions. We will leap over every fence. No longer will we accept the painful familiarity of their predict-

a mute and static isolation - whether in the classroom or on the subway. We, however, have always been the disruptive cells who mock the sacredness of the clergy, giggle during sermons, and give promising smiles with fingers crossed behind our backs.

vii. At the dinner table, school, and other family functions, an illusion of peace is maintained. If the underlying hostility is not mentioned, it does not exist - or so parents and teachers and relatives would have it. Just as a war rages consistently within these events, a war rages within and against society. We have no presuppositions of playing nice. We are the ones who with every act negate this illusory peace; who conspire to destroy the present order. Making messes is our conscious practice. (In the cafeteria, a simple gesture of playfully tossing food is committed. Others under the same affect of normalcy, daily reminded of their defeat, witness such acts, and replicate them. *And then it erupts.* Authoritative figures scramble to quell the spontaneous event, and begin an investigation in search of whomever may have inspired the revolt. We remain silent in their offices - familiar with their desperate tactics. They serve a handful of suspects with detention, but this will only ever ignite future acts; be they in solidarity or remembrance.) We want only to live and laugh.



iv. We seek to experience every last thing this world has to offer, to know all of the colors and flavors of the universe and the means to share them. We toss the weight of our book bags from our shoulders because we wish to know the estranged nature of our surroundings. Our curiosity and desire to learn has little to do with schooling, but rather the creation of a sentimental education, which children know better than most.

v. Our patience has worn thin. We've seen the model train come around the bend for the last time. They've stacked the building blocks in every-which-way possible and exhausted their limits. A fire erupts in our heart, and a spontaneous impulse rushes through us – like the anxiety felt on mornings after the most perfect snowfall, even if the magnitude was only enough to grant us a day away from school. Our greatest desire is to run and roll across the crystal blanket, to derail the trains, to smash through the center of the block fort with cries of overwhelming exuberance.

vi. These cries are visceral responses to being constantly encouraged – or, more accurately, coerced – into sitting still and keeping quiet. Obedience, we are told, is a virtue. Thus we are picked apart and sent head first (not in the fun way) into

able realm of play. We will watch possibilities explode, like the gunpowder and dust of their spectacular images, yet ours will be so immense that they shade the night sky permanently.

In attempts to liberate seized playgrounds with locked fences, relentlessly stencil four-square courts up and down city streets, and to occupy abandoned homes, factories and universities, we give content to our particular form of subversion. Whether your experience is in sprinting through a cemetery after dusk, opening a fire hydrant on a hot summer day, or exploring a decaying manufacturing plant, we urge you to rediscover the child within you - to release it at once, and in every direction. Use your imaginations, pack some candy, go outside, find each other, and enact the most bodily of revolts.

After all,

THE PLAYGROUND IS OPEN.



THE PLAYGROUND IS EVERYWHERE.



Unofficial Title:
A Recipe for Magic, Fluffy Puppies, and Scraps of Clothing
(but really just Scraps of Clothing)

- Worn too many holes in your pants and another patch just ain't gonna do the trick?
- Time to part with your free bin flannels?
- Or did you just shrink a load of laundry with the wrong cycle?

If so, or if for any other reason you find yourself in possession of some extra cloth things that i refer to here as 'scraps', here's a recipe that is sure to tickle the fancy of anyone with a soul.

Official Title:
A Recipe for Happiness: A Cute 'n Cuddly Concoction

A. Gather the Materials

- i) acquire needle and thread. a lot of thread. and probably at least two needles if you are prone to dropping and losing them.
- ii) find stuffing.
- iii) have scissors or a knife or some other ripping/cutting devise close at hand.
- iv) envision what sort of animal you would like to make a cute-and-cuddly stuffed reality. possibly make a sketch so that you remember your vision at the early stages of magical crafting.

B. Let the Games Begin!

It may take you a day of isolating yourself from the world - it may take you months. No matter how long it takes you, remember that it's perfectly alright. Also, make sure you're in the right mood for crafting your cuddly-stuffed-animal-friend. It'll be well worth it, even if your cuddly-stuffed-animal-friend turns out to be lopsided and doesn't match up with your sketch. Remember that ugly is a four letter word (the other four letter word...meaning that 'ugly' is shit), and that however your cuddly-stuffed-animal-friend looks doesn't say anything about the amount of love that your cuddly-stuffed-animal-friend capable of bestowing upon someone.

i. The impossibility of remaining
in this world

...has led some to theorize about forms-of-life entering a vortex, or black hole, in search of a lost human community. We prefer to think of it as swinging around the bar. No one will be turned inside out, or leave this plane of existence, but everything else might.

ii. We are the ones who hide in tubes when recess ends. This is where we begin: a human strike. That we desire to pass through a world where recess ends is to say we desire to leave the biopolitical horizon on a flock of wild birds.

iii. We are fully conscious of our terrain – the metropolis – and it exists everywhere. It is not so much a geographic construct as it is the networks and structural flows that are it's lifeblood; it is the height of domination, it is the lack of distinction between "suburb" and "city". But in every inch of terrain that are etched with its flows one can also trace a disjunctive synthesis. That is, the class enmity, vandalism, and sabotage that always accompany domination and management. This ill-defined zone where other means of war combat the metropolis could be referred to as the playground.





Social

& The Playground Affect

C. Operation Cuddly-Stuffed-Animal-Friend Commence!

(...This is where you make your cuddly stuffed animal friend...)

D. Your Cuddly-Stuffed-Animal-Friend is Alive and Thriving

What's next?

So, here's the kicker: Once you're finished, pick a friend - or better yet, pick ANYONE - any comrade or relation thereof who you think would feel a little bit happy/or be made to feel a bit warm and fuzzy on the inside if they unexpectedly received your odd, (and let's face it, probably lopsided) cuddly-stuffed-animal-friend.

Now, ask consent from your cuddly-stuffed-animal-friend for a hug from ze/s/he/it/them, and if consent is freely given, hug your cuddly-stuffed-animal-friend with all of the love and might that you can put into a single hug, and send it off in the mail.

Your cuddly-stuffed-animal-friend can now be someone else's friend too - perhaps as a traveling companion, or an object for consolation during a stressful event. A cuddly-stuffed-animal-friend can remind us that we have friends who love us and think about us - and a cuddly-stuffed-animal-friend can be with them when they feel lonely. In sum, making a cuddly-stuffed-animal-friend for someone is just about the most logical and magical thing you can do with some extra scraps of clothing.

(It should be noted that you are allowed to make a cuddly-stuffed-animal-friend for yourself, too...I made one for myself.)

Spread the joy and take care of each other - and do it with fluffy things sometimes...and cuddly things too.

IN SOLIDARITY WITH CUTENESS!



Play and Profanation

Everything is sacred in this world. We wander through it and nothing can be touched. Everything is to be observed from behind a sentinel velvet rope, like a painting in a museum or a tiger in a zoo. But it's not just museums and zoos that are in this sacrosanct state. We take photographs, catalogue our activities, and update our Internet "I", if only to remind our future selves of a time we had more human capital. We desire a home-cooked meal shared with family and friends, so we go to a restaurant for a "home-cooked meal with family and friends". We work hard to play hard. We even take pills while on vacation.

Nothing is more sacred in this world than the commodity. And what isn't a commodity these days? The sacralization of everything in existence, including meaning in language and the commodification of our bodies, places the wherewithal of existence into a realm of consumption we can't access. We can't use these things. We can't enjoy any commodity under capitalism. The splitting of value into use-value and exchange-value renders these objects immaterial; abstract goods whose enjoyment is only possible through accumulation and exchange. The world of commodities is a world in which its means become its ends. "[Separation] is the sun that never sets over the empire of modern passivity." Everything is rendered unprofanable, unable to be communized, non-returnable to the free use of all people.

But we can play and profane everything, just as children play with toys. In doing so, we will render the current biopolitical machine inoperative – we will free humanity from economics, law, everything. And we will even scribble love notes and the names of our friends into storefront windows with 'dotted-i's' and 'hearted-A's', and never leave the playground.

3. Twisted/Sprained Ankle

- a) immediately take weight off the particular foot.
- b) wrap tightly in a t-shirt or ace bandage, or else make a splint out of two twigs and a piece of cloth.
- c) find yourself an appropriately tall branch to use as a nifty makeshift cain/crutch/walking stick.
- d) apply ice for 5-10 minutes to reduce swelling
- e) elevate foot while resting or sleeping, using your assuredly themed pillows.

4. Contracting the Common Cold

- a) as a preventative measure, be sure to layer or wear a coat to accord with the weather (or don't).
- b) keep a (black) handkerchief or tissue(s) on you, especially during the colder seasons.
- c) stay hydrated; drink plenty of water and juice (vitamin C is the key ingredient).
- d) eat warm food and take warm showers to loosen mucus. try not to swallow your snot (it gives you a belly ache, trust me).
- e) cuddle up with your favorite blankey and get plenty of rest; maybe watch some cartoons? Your immune system will take care of the rest.

Remember:

**be safe, be quick, have fun, stay young,
and don't get caught!**



FIRST AID

For all of your joyous adventures and naughty expeditions, you're sure to obtain a fair amount of boo-boos and owies... Here's how to treat some of your most commonly encountered afflictions and ailments:

1. Scrapes/Cuts

– most often found on the hands, knees, and elbows.

- a) apply pressure to wound to stop bleeding.
- b) wash immediately with soap and warm water (or don't, if you're super punk).
- c) check for any glass, rocks, or other tiny particles that may have entered wound.
- d) use the "good stinging" power of hydrogen peroxide to disinfect (or don't, if you're a brat).
- e) wrap gauze or slap on a bandage.
- f) if the cut is deep, consider applying neosporin to help fuse skin/reduce scar.
- g) *most important of all, have a friend or loved one put their lips on the [clean/covered/disinfected] wound for super amazing pain relief and healing power!
- h) do not pick at your scabs (or, well, you know...).

2. Blisters

(most often found on the palms of hands and balls of feet)

- a) try not to pop them, as they are more likely to become infected (or pop them, if you want to).
- b) try not to rub the blistered areas.
- c) deal with it until it eventually deflates.

Profanation is the extraction of things from their sacred use for the free use of all. Play is a means of effectuating profanation; it distracts humanity from the sacred realm without simply abolishing it. Play releases things from its given end under capitalism, and creates new uses for them. It is an organ of profanation within a formulation of politics based on pure means without ends that finds its pinnacle in gestures. Gestures have no end or goal; they only communicate their own communicability, like a yawn or a kiss. **It is our play, our gestures that will profane the sacred order of capitalism.** Like when we steal "slip n slides" from Toys "R" Us and give one to everyone in our neighborhood, hold a game of "Bombs and Shields" underneath the bean, download an unreleased movie and project it to hundreds in a park, make fake admission tickets to rip-off-anarchist films, turn an abandoned lot into a music venue or a public garden, cut the locks to playgrounds, factories, and any other locked door, kiss each others' bruises, or eat popcorn and have pillow fights in unsold condominiums.

...But we can play and profane everything... In doing so, we will render the current biopolitical machine inoperative – we will free humanity from economics, law, everything.

By playing together, we can turn society from a cavernous museum into a limitless playground. The sacred and ineffable in our conception of Being can be eliminated, and we can realize our actions and our speech are entirely profane and beautiful for it. In our play we can create a language that no longer resigns meaning or the unsayable to a universal, a representation, but will be embodied in the taking place of language itself. Time and age will have no relevance, because we won't stop swinging and skipping and holding hands. Even as history completes itself, we will continue to dance upon the ruins of this pathetic stage.



GET out into
the
fresh air

& make some friends.
run
around,
scrape your
get *knees,*
dirty.

climb
trees,
hop
fences,

**GET INTO
TROUBLE
FOR CRYING
OUT LOUD.**

