Once upon a Time in the **ANIMAL ASSEMBLY**

The Assembly took place in a bomb crater, somewhere.

The meeting was deifying in deja-vu known by everybody.

You can find all solutions in http://www.memyselfandme.com/save-the-world-as-i-say/1603

I hear the word 'art' again and feel future fade away.

But then the bombed lady spoke, these meetings look like a process of class membership.

Not everybody can sit and stand this boredom for hours.

Fake interest

Back pain

Anesthetized ass

Let's shake!!

And all the animals started to dance!
It seemed like dancing was liberating them of their internal police...

Jooh yeeahhh!

We have to fight the hierarchies in our cut art spaces!

Involve art space workers and public as producers!

More interaction between art and experimental education!

Create a critical distance to any image!

Most art nowadays is a collection of symptoms.

All its glamour, void & cold show us the degree of safety desired by the ruling classes.
WE HAVE TO TELL STORIES THAT TELL HISTORY

HISTORY DOES NOT REPEAT ITSELF, BUT THE ANALOGIES ARE MEANINGFUL

THE PROBLEM LIES IN THE ANTIRADICALITY OF THE RITUAL

ARTISTS CAN ASSOCIATE WITH OTHER WORKERS

CREATING AN ALLIANCE BETWEEN KNOWLEDGE & EXPRESSION IN EVERY FRONT

WE HAVE TO FIGHT CORPORATE MEDIA - MASS MEDIA ARE THE VOICE OF CORPORATE POWER: THE VOICE TO BE OBEYED!

ARTWORKS ARE NOT TO EXPLAIN THEMSELVES! AREN'T THEY A CHANCE FOR MEETING AND ORGANIZING?
We are still looking for the institution of a new revolutionary INSTITUTE: WE

It was the proletariat for long, but it won't work again.

We: Those who can see ourselves as a single and diverse species.

Must stop the corporate machine.

Building alternative ways of producing and relating to each other is the realm of diversity and dissent.

The rejection of everything that makes a hell of this world, is where wider alliances can be made, where the different ones can meet.