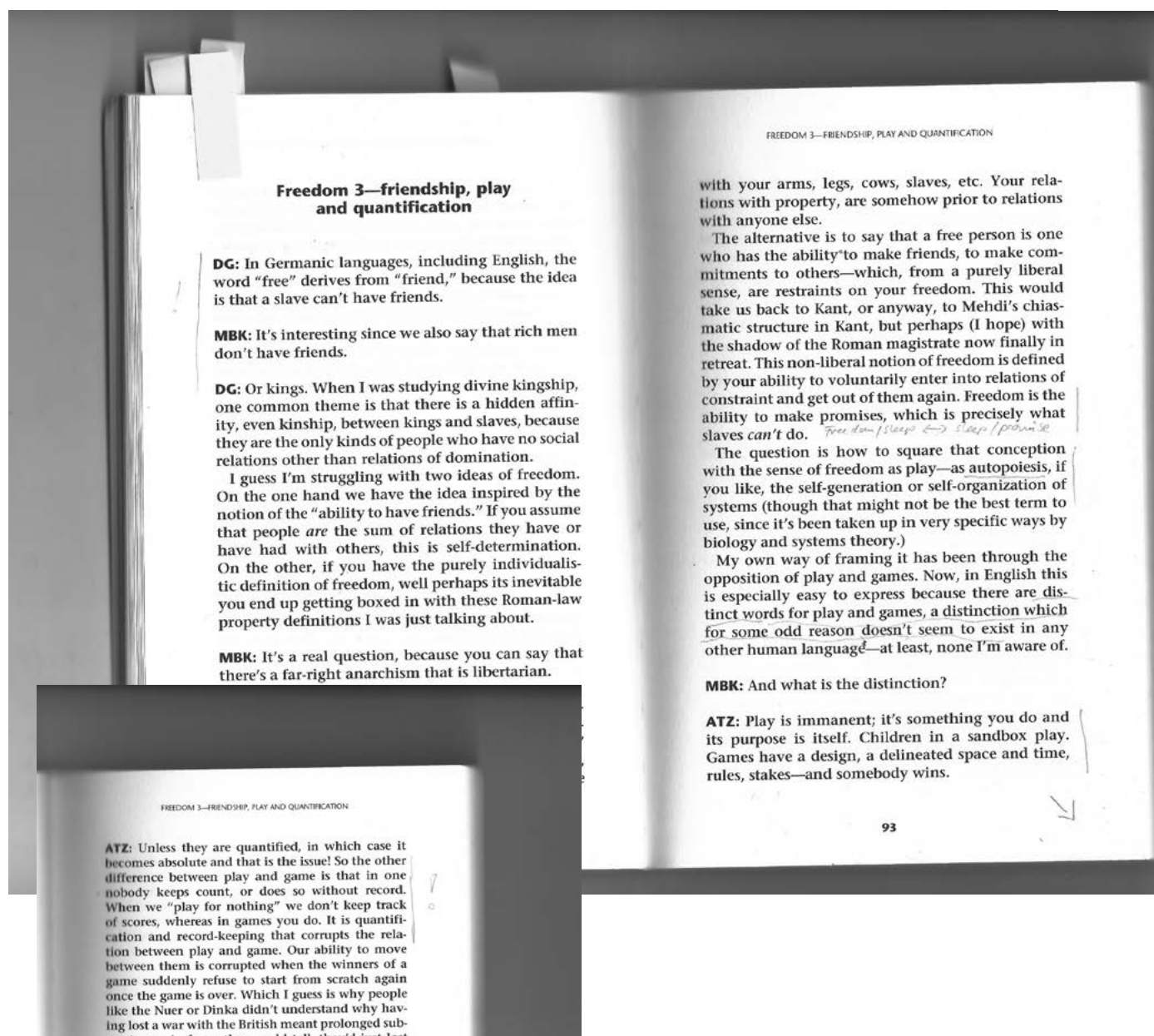


friend [fɹɛnd] *v/i.+t.* to place oneself within the world;
to collectivize land; to be honest; to care; to organize; to share;
to feel joy; to understand with the heart; to fight; to give;
to be in a process of exchange

11

4
Propaganda durch "Freunde"



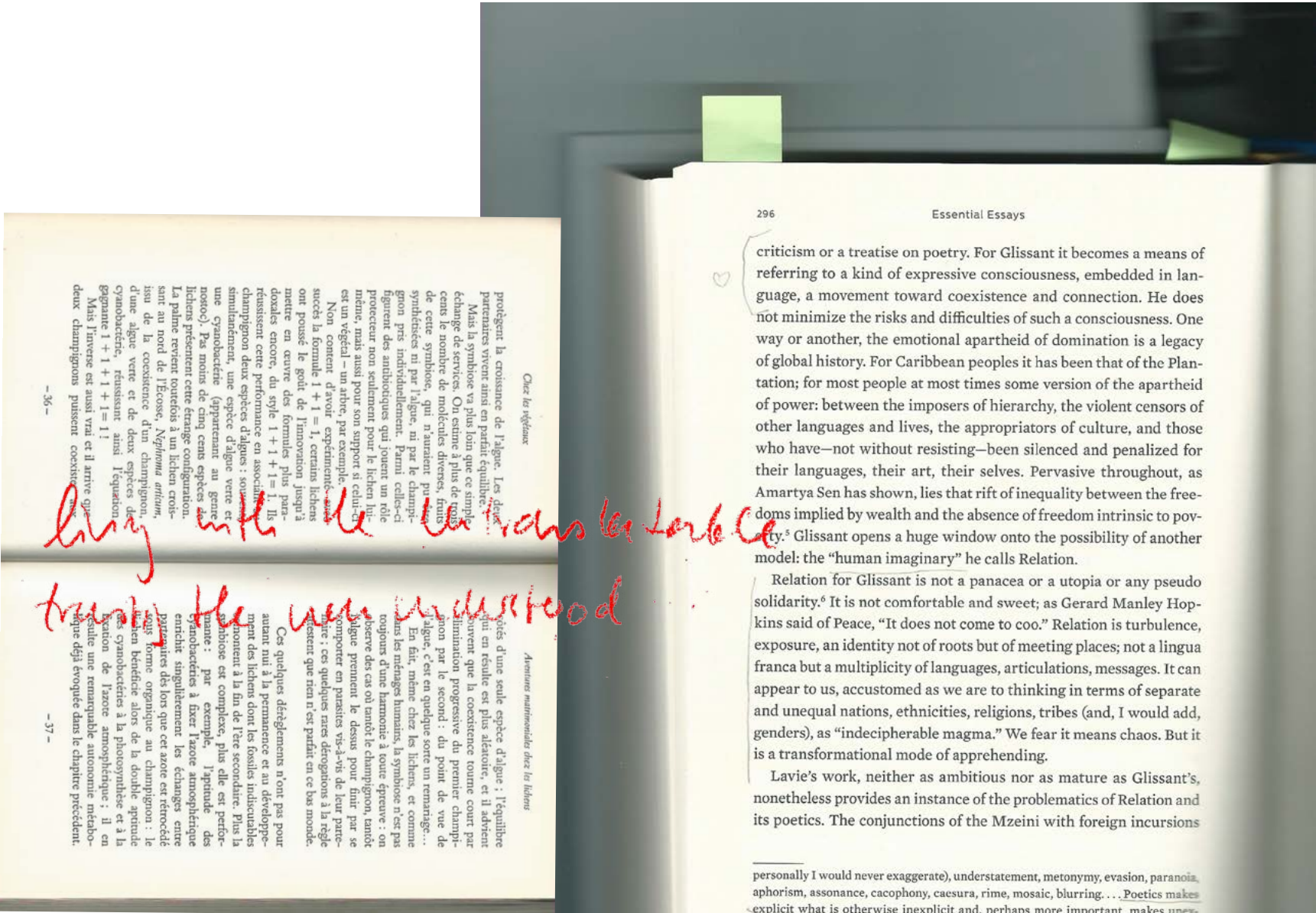
collective
collective

like we are reading this text together now

The human body, however, is not just a collection of bones, muscles, flesh and souls; we are inhabited by diverse microorganisms, bacteria, fungi and viruses: some 30 trillion microorganisms live on and in us, making our existence possible. This unimaginable number is roughly identical to the number of cells in the human body.

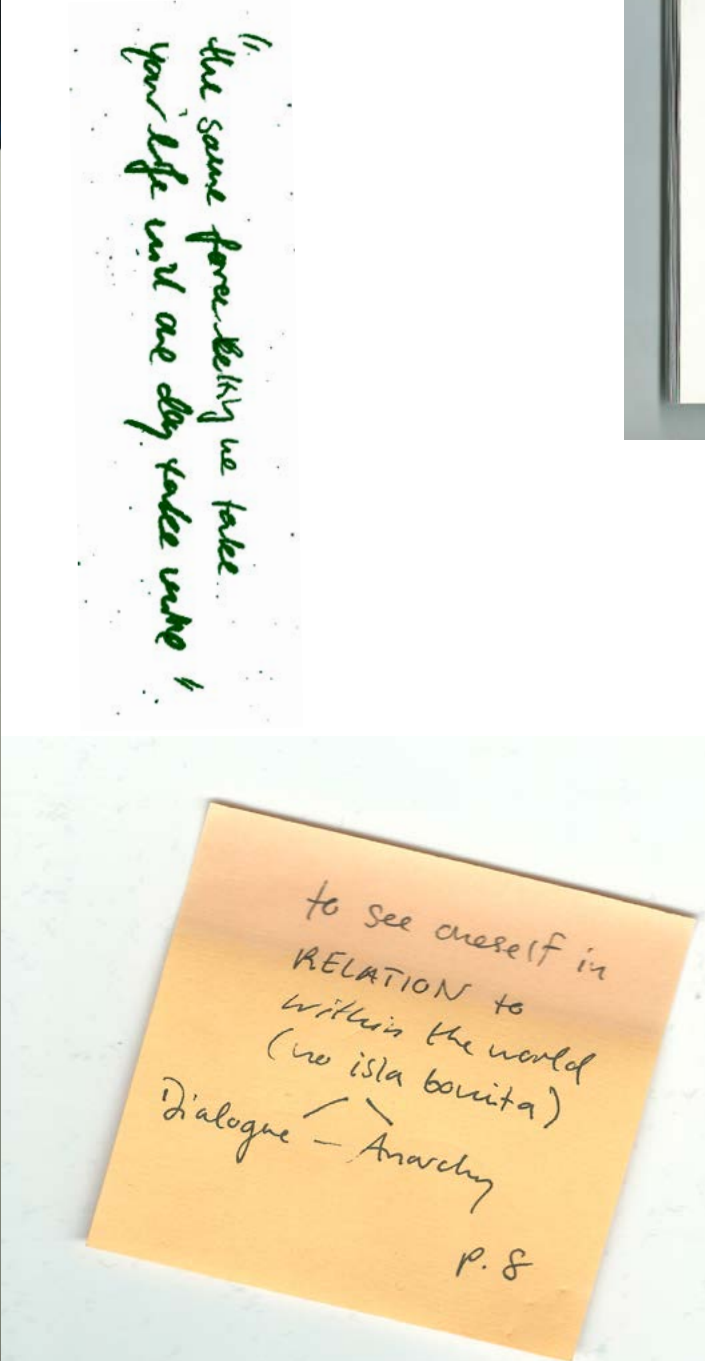
So, who am I speaking for? What does independent mean? Independent of what?

12



To friend is radical, in the 14th century meaning of radical: *vital to life*. The word derives from Latin radix, meaning root. Root in the sense of grass root, grass root in the sense of rhizome, rhizome in the sense of multiplicity, heterogeneity and connectivity; connectivity in the sense of *Poetry is the only way out of here*, out of here in the sense of we are all in the same boat and the boat is not full, but the water is soon to be gone; soon gone in the sense of soon gone: 99% will die of thirst and 1% will drown in liquidity. Fear will get us nowhere. We are not accidental victims of difficult times; these are the consequences of our actions. To friend is radical. To friend is a practice. To friend is to stay alive.

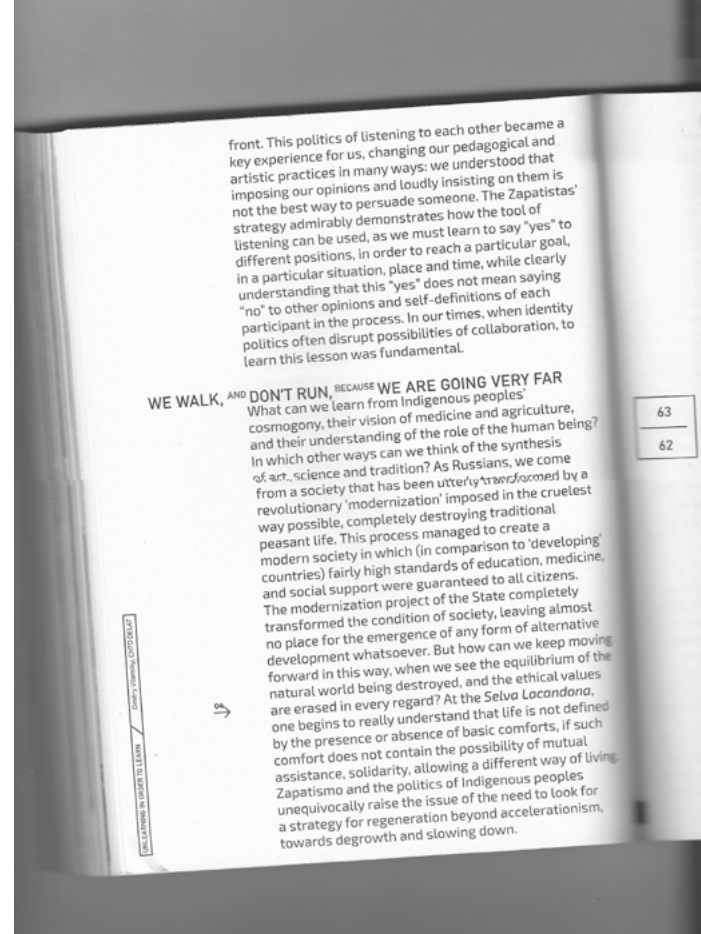
13



1: It was so dark outside two of my plants died. Some sort of protest: they do not belong in pots nor in closed rooms somewhere in Germany. They are rooted in sunnier fields. They couldn't bear to just dream of being in the soil among and with all other in-earth inhabitants for much longer—so, they did what they had to do to get back in. Tough it isn't in the South. Just a German compost. It's sad. I cry. I don't cry because the plants are done with their service of giving me joy, I cry because I understand them. Feeling guilty for having plants in captivity. Wishing I could lay my body on some warm ground.

2: Is it ok to kill a fly? No, it is not. Everybody agrees to a mosquito genocide. Why—because the mosquitos bother you? Because they hurt you? Cause you harm? Then what about a system causing harm? Destroying life, producing cancer, poison, infertile soil, death, famine, war, depression, anxiety, stress, insomnia—how about destroying that system? Trees, plants and grass, animals with and without vertebrae, fungi, bacteria, viruses of all kinds and yes: mosquitos!—and our dependencies on them are real, whereas the dependency on central banks and consorts is a well-indoctrinated illusion.

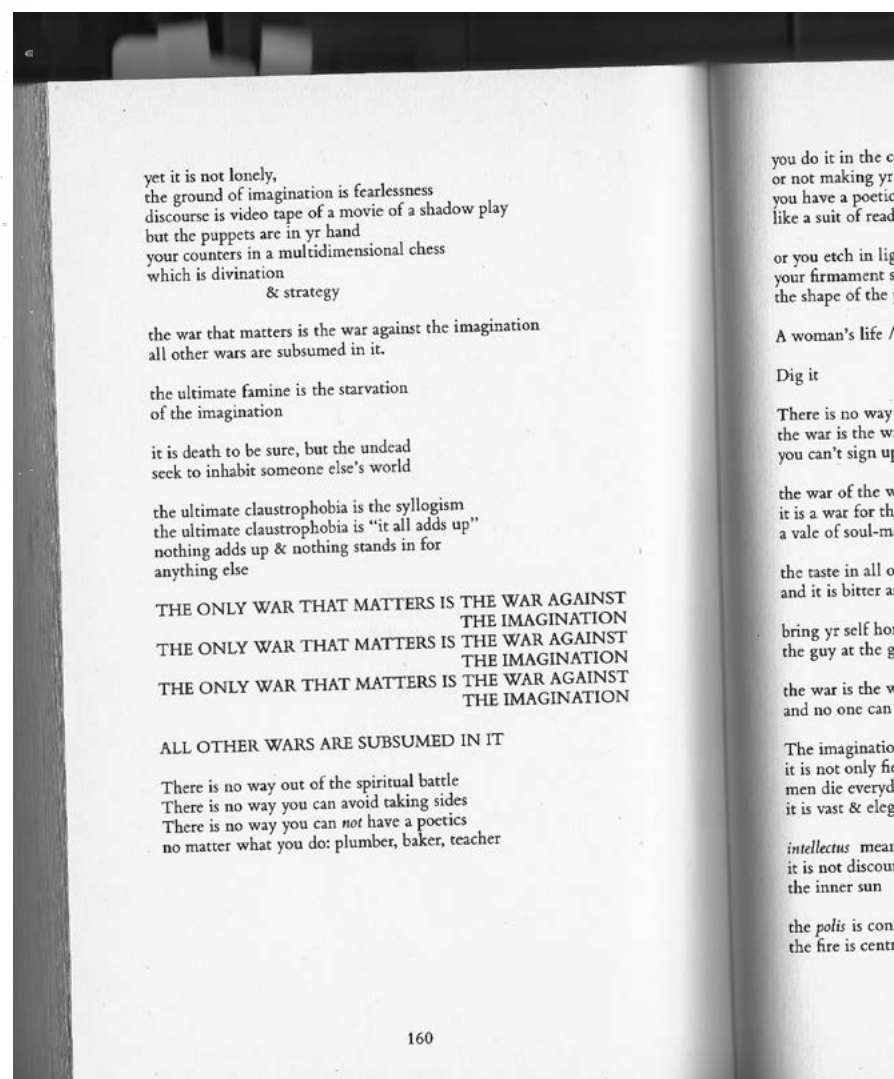
14



In order to survive, we have to fight
 No seats in the parliament
 no parliament **Tierra & libertad**

to find it to describe
 is to dare
 "they has cold feet"
 to find & to understand
 with your heart
 draw conclusions

to get back in a collective
 feeling: the history legacy of
 prachetfsh for collective way of life for the
 benefit of all
 when did we stop? individualism



yet it is not lonely,
 the ground of imagination is fearlessness
 discourse is video tape of a movie of a shadow play
 but the puppets are in yr hand
 your counters in a multidimensional chess
 which is divination
 & strategy

the war that matters is the war against the imagination
 all other wars are subsumed in it.

the ultimate famine is the starvation
 of the imagination

it is death to be sure, but the undead
 seek to inhabit someone else's world

the ultimate claustrophobia is the syllogism
 the ultimate claustrophobia is "it all adds up"
 nothing adds up & nothing stands in for
 anything else

THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR AGAINST
 THE IMAGINATION
 THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR AGAINST
 THE IMAGINATION
 THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR AGAINST
 THE IMAGINATION

ALL OTHER WARS ARE SUBSUMED IN IT

There is no way out of the spiritual battle
 There is no way you can avoid taking sides
 There is no way you can not have a poetics
 no matter what you do: plumber, baker, teacher

you do it in the c
 or not making yr
 you have a poetic
 like a suit of read

or you etch in lig
 your firmament s
 the shape of the

A woman's life /

Dig it

There is no way
 the war is the w
 you can't sign up

the war of the w
 it is a war for th
 a vale of soul-m

the taste in all o
 and it is bitter a

bring yr self hor
 the guy at the g

the war is the w
 and no one can

The imagination
 it is not only fic
 men die everyd
 it is vast & eleg

intellectus mean
 it is not discour
 the inner sun

the polis is con
 the fire is centr