

# THE HEAVEN OF CIVILIZATION

In Raoul Vaneigem's powerful and influential 1967 treatise on the revolution of everyday life, only the poet Lautreamont and Karl Marx are mentioned more often than Fourier. Vaneigem later explained that, for his generation of insurgents, "one of Fourier's great merits is to have shown the necessity to realize immediately--and for us, this means from the inception of generalized insurrection--the objective conditions for individual emancipation. For everyone, the beginning of the revolutionary moment must mark an immediate rise in the pleasure of living, the consciously experienced entry into the totality."

I would add to Vaneigem's comment that this revolutionary moment can only begin with the sustained and daring application of Fourier's concept of total refusal, followed, I hope, by a refusal of Fourierism as well. - Don LaCoss, Charles Fourier Prefigures Our Total Refusal

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## Suggested Further Reading

Last Act of the Circus Animals by Sean Swain

Have You Ever Thought About the Origins of Prison? By pepe aka  
scott from mongoosedistro.com

An Invitation to Desertion by Bellamy Fitzpatrick

Prison Break by Flower Bomb

Critical Self Theory by Jason McQuinn

## Contents

The Anteater's Umbrella by The Surrealist Group of Chicago.....4

Mega-Cities by Bellamy Fitzpatrick.....7

Excerpt from Ishmael by Daniel Quinn.....11

The Boreal Crown and the Downfall of Civilization by Anonymous.....13

No Masters No Slaves by Peter Lamborn Wilson.....19

Excerpts from The Unique and its Property by Max Stirner.....21

# The Anteater's Umbrella

by

The Surrealist Group

of Chicago

1971

## A CONTRIBUTION TO THE CRITIQUE OF THE IDEOLOGY OF ZOOS



*“...The ostrich, the deer, the jerboa, etc., will come and join forces with man as soon as his company becomes attractive to them, which it can never be in the civilized order!”*

-Charles Fourier

It is not without significance that animals in the zoo are *captured* and brought against their wills to this, the penitentiary of the instincts. The contemptible slavery that man too readily tolerates and allows to dominate human existence provokes an immediate revulsion, a profound disdain, a cataclysmic resistance among those animals of grace and savagery. It is only through the technological brutality of science in the service of oppression that the living are forced into a suspended death, in which dreams are deprived of the future they call forth, and sleep itself crumbles against the bars of destruction. Here, in the zoo, in this place of hypnotic fascination, human beings come to see *their own instincts* caged and sterilized. Everything that

# Excerpts from The Unique and its Property by Max Stirner

What good are your laws to you when no one follows them; what good your commands, when no one lets himself be commanded? [...] The state is not thinkable without domination and slavery (subjection) [...] Whoever has to count on the lack of will in others in order to exist is a shoddy product of these others, as the master is a shoddy product of the slave. If servility ceased, it would be all over for lordship.

[...] Through the heaven of civilization, the human being seeks to isolate himself from the world, to break its hostile power. But this heavenly isolation must also be broken, and the true end of heaven-storming is the—downfall of heaven, the destruction of heaven.

“Obedience is the mother of command” - Renzo Ferrari

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allowed to choose their own slaughterhouse, as Octave Mirbeau put it in his great anarchist rant against voting.

And even if we did live in a democracy, why should I want to submit to the tyranny of the Majority? Haven't we learned how stupid and malignant "most" people can be? We want to be ruled by, what, Christians? Liberals? And anyway, voters don't rule—the Masters rule—and the oppressed have all got iPhones. Everyone's happy except for a few poor psychotics like you and me.

As the anarchists say: Never vote, it only encourages the bastards. I never do it, nor do I own a car TV computer radio iPod cellphone or chip implanted in my skull. I don't answer mail that comes in envelopes with windows. If I were younger and more apt I'd happily move right off the grid and learn to enjoy life without electricity and infernal combustion. What luxury!

As for oppressors and oppressed, I try to talk only with those few friends who are (one hopes) neither Masters nor Slaves. You can call this a paradis artificiel or Fool's Paradise, if you like: fragile and unreal. As long as I can sustain the illusion, however, I'll go on-as an Irrealist.

From the book *Heresies: Anarchist Memoirs*, Anarchist Art by Peter Lamborn Wilson

is intrinsic to humankind, but smothered by capitalist society, reappears *safely* in the zoo. Aggression, sexuality, motion, desire, play, the very impulses to freedom are trapped and displayed for the alienated enjoyment and manipulation of men, women and children. Here is the harmless spectacle in which everything desired by human beings exists only to the degree that it is separated from the reality of human existence. The cages are merely the extensions of the cages that omnipresently infest the lives of all living beings. Here the animals are placed in the unnatural habitat of a society unnatural to itself.

The incandescent speed of cheetahs, the desperate prowling of leopards, the celestial fever of black swans, the immaculate laughter of seals, the absent-minded tumbling of marmosets, the cabalistic brooding of owls: these veritable emblems of grandeur are imprisoned, severed from the past and the future and turned into empty shells of a previous joy. All that has been natural and a source of pleasure, for animals, has been converted into a performative slavery of a zoological bastille. Ability has been made the toil of suffering.

The condition of slavery automatically poses the question: *What are the prospects for liberation?* It hardly needs to be stressed that the very notion of the revolutionary transformation of the relationship between humankind and beasts is all but *unthinkable* today. And yet, in the great myths of the American Indians and ancient African cultures, in the writings of certain thinkers of rare genius (Charles Fourier, Alphonse Toussenel, John Ruskin), in the tradition of so-called "accursed" poetry and in a remarkable popular tradition that extends at least from Mother Goose to animated cartoons, from *The Musicians of Bremen* to *The Call of the Wild*, it is possible to perceive at least some faint glimmers of the immense possibilities in this domain. One must heed, too, the invulnerable signals through the flames by the animals themselves: a few years ago, for example, the polar bears at Brookfield Zoo, after heavy rains flooded their lair, swam across the moat, broke into a concession stand and frolicked about as they consumed thousands of marshmallows....

If enslavement begins with humankind, it must end with the simultaneous liberation of humans and animals from the yoke of commodity fetishism and narcissistic effusions. The brutal

confinement of animals ultimately serves only to separate men and women from their own potentialities, and to make them victims of their own insidious barbarity.

It is the reality of dreams that necessitates the reintegration of humans and animals in everyday life. In the realization of its deepest desires, humanity will achieve what it has always sought: a universe of the incredible.

**The Surrealist Group**  
*of Chicago*

Retrieved from [dialectical-delinquents.com](http://dialectical-delinquents.com)

## No Masters No Slaves

by Peter Lamborn Wilson

It seems that I incline toward not putting up either with the oppressors or the oppressed. That is: the former are only acceptable to me to the degree to which I can "expropriate" their wealth (or at least parasitize it)—and the latter only become bearable in a condition of insurrection or at least resistance. No Masters No Slaves, in other words; a plague on both their houses.

Of course I sympathize with the oppressed in their misery-but then (like Charles Fourier) I also resonate with the aristocrats in their love of luxury and culture. In fact I could even reverse the formula and say I sympathize with the rich in their misery (how many really rich people have you known who were happy?)-and at the same time I resonate with the poor and their culture-for example their folk music (if they still have any), or their lack of bourgeois hang-ups about "sin" and "excess."

What bums me out about Masters and Slaves is not their humanbeingness, but rather their failure to become fully human; by which I mean free of hegemonic psychoses, the impulses to bully and be bullied-the lure of the abyss. I hate these things if they appear in my own psyche, and I hate them in everyone else's too. Everyone except a few "saints," that is-although one might resent even the saints in their perfect freedom.

The true saints are not those who are prepared to be martyred for the Truth, but rather those who have dared to live for it. Martyrdom and murder are equally authoritarian-the true free spirit would detest both, I think.

The bourgeoisie I call those who are oppressed (on the occult level) but exoterically fancy themselves to be amongst the happy oppressors. They're mostly either wage-slaves or rentiers, but believe themselves the "educated elite" whose opinion counts. For example, they vote, under the singular delusion that we live in a "democracy" where the "majority rules"-oblivious that they've been taken in by sheer Spectacle. Every vote is a vote for the status quo-like sheep

Crown in full glory—and one goal—the downfall of Civilization. In combination: a Festival of Light.

*Readers who would like to participate in this project can reach “Anonymous” by e-mailing borealcrown@immaterial.net. Donations of used thermal underwear will also be gratefully accepted.*

Retrieved from cabinetmagazine.org

## Mega-Cities

### The Fifth Horseman of Arcology

by Bellamy Fitzpatrick

#### **Fifth Estate # 395, Winter 2016 - 50th Anniversary**

“...the city is not fitting human habitat. Architecturally, in form and function, they resemble nothing so much as endless aisles of battery hen cages.”

—Dion Workman, *Thinking Like A Forest: Towards an Agricultural Counter-Revolution*

It is pessimistically seductive to perceive a recently announced Chinese government plan to construct the apotheosis of urbanity—a mega-city centered around the capital of Beijing—as our herald of the end times.

Currently under construction, the massive city is projected to occupy an area of 82,000 square miles and house an estimated 130 million people.

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are joined here by the forgotten Fifth Horseman of Arcology (a combination of the words architecture and ecology, indicating a massive structure designed to densely contain a huge quantity of humans in a mostly or entirely self-contained and artificial environment).

But Apocalypse, like the Revolution and the Rapture, stubbornly recedes every time we think we catch a glimpse of it on the horizon. No absolution comes; we remain mired in the end of history we were promised, a perpetual decomposition for which we are too often too anxious or sick ever to be present and toward which we feel only a tenacious sense of delay, a perpetually deferred end that promises nothing but more of itself and, as yet, never fails to deliver.

The Chinese state has named its still-fetal deity Jing-Jin-Ji—a string of abbreviations for the Beijing, Tianjin, and Hebei regions to be joined—and declared it will be the governmental center of the country and “the vanguard of economic reform.” To give a sense of scale to the baffling figures above, the slated population of the mega-city would be ten percent of China’s current population.

The projected area would be a continuous urban expanse approximately the size of New England or Kansas. China's millennia-long venture of homogenizing a diversity of human beings, some famously resistant as James C. Scott highlighted in *The Art of Not Being Governed*, will frighteningly accelerate if all goes as promised.

A trope of Civilization is to have each new horror ushered in presented as necessary and appropriate through some appeal to an abstract Common Good. In this case, *The New York Times* reports the mega-city "reflects the senior leadership's views on the need for integration, innovation and environmental protection."

China's rulers promise integration, a civilized watchword meaning increased discipline and dependency in the population; innovation, a vague term meant to propagate humanist myths of moral, social, and epistemic progress; and environmental protection, a mendacious distortion implying that human isolation from most nonhumans composing the biosphere is desirable for both those humans and nonhumans.

Promises are made that the city will close the wealth gap, but there is no discussion of what underlies the concept of wealth itself—the dispossession of most human beings of their ability to create and perform basic life activities for themselves. Through rhetorical omission, the mere possibility of other ways of living is precluded.

When encountering proposals for the new and strange, science fiction and fantasy are a source of inspiration and speculation. Indeed, arcology has been imagined by diverse thinkers across various genres, such as in the bleak "41st Millennium"—the setting of a variety of non-video, tabletop games—where there is a decidedly anti-humanist tale regarding the future potential of Civilization.

In spite of a galaxy-spanning human empire possessing high technology, most humans in the 416t Millennium live poor, nasty, brutish, and short lives, many of them crammed into "hive worlds," planets consisting entirely of arcologies sitting atop ecologically devastated and polluted landscapes. With their massive populations, these hive worlds are as much production centers for armaments as they are production centers for human bodies, all of which are needed to continue prosecuting humanity's endless xenocidal wars against a variety of alien species.

Minimum. Artists and creative groups might erect sympathetic installations or perform supportive rituals, wherever they might happen to be at the appointed hour.

Our project at present calls for the further refinement of all these ideas and for their widest possible dissemination. These tasks are perhaps best carried out by many groups and individuals simultaneously and more-or-less anonymously. In order to succeed, this Festival and General Strike need to belong to everyone and anyone. Already this text is the product of a group—a group that believes that its ideas will sink or soar solely according to the degree of Attraction they radiate. The one central idea is the restoration of the Boreal Crown to its primordial coherence as Earth's aromal ray; around this center, the event must come into being spontaneously, like the mandala of a snowflake, like a true holiday, like an uprising. The event therefore, must create itself.

We might, however, speculate in more detail about our vision of the aromal device or machine for repairing the Aurora. Certain themes have already been touched on, and we expect the full structure of the device to precipitate and crystallize around these or other related themes: Magnetism, the Sun, the Earth's magnetotail, magnets (the first compass was a magnetized needle floated in water), "animal magnetism," sexual attraction, sexual fluids, aromas, perfumes, colors, lights, the North, the Arctic, hunting, gardening, the Old Stone Age, night, stars, the North Star, the Moon (measurement of time), clocks, gold, crystal, ice, rays, coherent light, curtains and ribbons of light, heraldic emblems (symbols of the events) such as flowers, colors, geometric shapes, hieroglyphs, banners, music, dance, ritual, arctic shamanism, the Millennium, the end of Civilization, restoration of Harmony, peace, brilliance, delicious food and drink, transformation, the esoteric, the clandestine, the hidden, mutation, orgy, the erotic manias, performance, opera, alchemy, the mythology and the folklore of the Northern Lights, mental energy, the visualization of coherent light as aroma, energy from the stars, orgone, blue, mirrors, maps, invocations.... Imagine a "machine" with such "moving parts," miniaturized to the size of a small box, taken to the North Pole, installed, and activated. Imagine it as a focus for the concentrated desire of a world sickened by Civilization—work, oppression—a vast desire channeled into one image—the Boreal



magnetic field. At such times the auroral oval grows both southwards and toward the pole. The greatest auroral activity occurs at the peaks of the eleven-year sunspot cycle, one of which, unfortunately, has recently passed. It should be possible, nonetheless, to determine certain times and spaces at which our chance of acting on the Boreal Crown would be optimal. Besides the questions of time and place, we also face the question of effective action. At present we believe that we should consider the probable necessity of installing one or more “aromal devices” at one or more key points connected with the auroral/magnetic activity. These aromal devices should be considered “machines” for the repair and restoration of the Boreal Crown. We are uncertain about the design of such devices, but we intend to build at least one, and to install it at the chosen time and place. We hope that other groups and individuals will work on their own theories and produce their own devices. Then, when a time and place have been determined, we will make this information public. We will proceed to carry out an expedition to the Magnetic North Pole, timed to arrive on a certain day. We hope that others will launch their own simultaneous expeditions and that we will all rendezvous at the appointed moment and location. There and then we will carry out all our planned installations, actions, rituals, etc., together, in the context of Festival.

Obviously a certain element of psychic technology enters into this project—and it is precisely on this psychic and “astral” level that many may wish to participate in the action. Energy can be added to the activities of the Arctic expeditions (and to the actual installations or aromal devices) by the thought projections and sympathetic actions of supporters and well-wishers all over the globe. We consider the possibility of a General Strike on the day of the Festival, as the vital component of the operation. Everyone who cannot be with us at the installation of the site can carry out some symbolic and/or material action against Civilization, against Work, against oppression, boredom, and alienation. This might consist of nothing more than wearing a symbol of the Festival (button, badge, flower, color, scent, etc.). Some participants might simply wish to take a day off work and loll around, thinking about the Northern Lights. Groups might want to organize actual strikes or demonstrations against the miseries of Civilization, and in favor of Attractive Labor or the Utopian

So dense are the populations, and so bleached their habitat, that they must import massive shipments of food from other planets, called agri-worlds, whose entire surface is devoted to agricultural production and whose populations consist almost entirely of viciously exploited workers. Planet Earth, called “Holy Terra,” is so developed that the entire surface is one continuous city, an ecumenopolis.

Is such a pessimistic imagining so far from the present proposal? Chinese citizens interviewed by popular media express concern, if not despair, about increased development, citing a host of already existing problems related to overcrowded urbanity. The list includes commutes lasting up to three hours within the city; overcrowded schools and hospitals without the logistical capacity to perform their services; and the regular flooding of poorly built apartments.

In no articles discussing the proposal, including the critical ones, is there even acknowledgment of the well-documented psychological findings of the correlation between urbanity and schizophrenia. Speculated to be due not only to pollutant exposure, stress, and inferior diet, but also to raw human density. There is actually a difference in urban-induced schizophrenia incidence in proportion to city population, so we can deduce that psychosis would obtain at unprecedented levels in this planned megalopolis. Zoologist Desmond Morris, in *The Human Zoo*, famously compared city life to that of caged animals, suggesting that we can observe similar tendencies toward erratic and hostile behavior in both scenarios of captivity.

Most seriously, access to water is already anticipated as a long-term problem for Jing-Jin-Ji. The massive alienation and devastation implied in the urban form is laid bare. The fundamental element of life will become a scarcity, one ostensibly to be solved through massive canals and a potential desalination plant. Here, the illogic reveals itself again.

Malthus famously considered humanity’s great failing to be its inability to understand the exponential function of population growth and thus the tendency to fall prey to overconsumption and overpopulation. But perhaps the deeper failure is the pathological insistence on deploying the same logic, existing in the same alienated relationship in which everything is objectified, regardless of

what results it yields, year after year, civilization after civilization. Thousands of years of progress have brought humanity to living in battery cages, psychotic and water-starved, toxified and lonely, slaving for money to buy bottled oxygen—and the response is to build larger, denser, and faster.

Bellamy Fitzpatrick is a co-host and co-creator of West Oakland's Free Radical Radio, a green anarchist podcast available at [freeradicalradio.net](http://freeradicalradio.net). FRR advances an anti-civilization critique informed, variously and chaotically, by anarcho-primitivism, egoism, nihilism, permaculture, and science fiction.

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remnants—can still be seen in the polar aurorae. The Northern and the Southern Lights (aurora borealis and australis) resemble torn curtains of light. No wonder! At one time they constituted coherent rays of brilliant color and scent which penetrated the yoni of the ether like an infinite lingam, and served as the pathway and vaginal gate for the infusion of subtle illumination-juices from everywhere in the multiverse. (Incidentally, this theory could be used to suggest that UFOs are not extraterrestrial, but consist in fact of local manifestations of “deadly orgone,” just as Reich feared.) Now it has occurred to us that if the downfall of Civilization and the establishment of Harmony would result in the restoration of the “Boreal Crown” (as Fourier called it) to full coherence, then perhaps the opposite might also prove true. *The restoration of the Boreal Crown might result in the downfall of Civilization and the triumph of Harmony.*

We believe it is worth trying. But the great question facing us is—obviously—how? How does one go about repairing the aurora borealis? If we knew the answer to the question, we would simply go and do it. The purpose of this text is to share our findings so far and to propose a framework for future research and action. We are convinced that this project will necessarily involve a certain amount of coordinated action by a great many people. We envision participation at many levels. Moreover, we have no intention of acting as the center of this participation. We prefer to remain anonymous, and it is possible that our specific actions will be carried out more-or-less clandestinely. We will publish no address; If you want to share ideas with us, please send texts to the publication in which this communiqué appears—or else find out who we are by word of mouth and contact us directly.

So far, we have arrived at the following understanding: The polar aurorae are connected in some way with the magnetic poles rather than the geographic poles. The North Magnetic Pole is currently the more accessible of the two, since it is now moving very slowly across northern Canada. As of this writing it is near Ellef Ringnes Island. The latitude of peak auroral activity is actually described by an oval ring whose center is a few degrees off the magnetic pole in the direction of midnight. The lights glow most intensely during magnetic storms, caused by an increase in the solar wind interacting with Earth's

abundance. Everyone will be “rich.” Everyone will eat like an 18th-century French gourmet (but the food will be healthy because it will be prepared according to the Harmonian science of Gastrosophy)—and everyone will enjoy at least the “utopian minimum” of erotic pleasure. This immense intensification of animal/animate life will soon produce beneficial mutations even of the human body: We shall need only a few hours of sleep per night, we shall grow taller and more beautiful, and within a few generations we shall each have a tail with an extra “hand” at the tip, and an extra eye in the palm of the hand. Moreover, the climate will change and the seas will turn to something like lemonade. Most of these changes will occur not through evolution and its endless eons, but almost immediately, spontaneously, virtually overnight—as soon as we abandon Civilization and institute Harmony in its stead. One reason why these changes will occur so rapidly can be explained by the fact that Civilization has literally knocked Earth out of its true position in the cosmos. Normally, since stars and planets are sexual beings, they enjoy sexual intercourse. Their sex organs—so to speak—consist of great cosmic rays (which Fourier calls “aromal rays”); celestial bodies project these rays at one another and thereby experience the bliss of fertilizing potency and erotic contact. In former times Earth also possessed an aromal ray and enjoyed its benefits—which manifested in the peace and plenty, gender harmony, and sexual freedom of the hunting/gathering (or gardening) economy of the Old Stone Age. But Civilization disrupted the aromal ray. Earth lost its orgasmic potential. As Wilhelm Reich would put it, Earth was cut off from the cosmic source of orgone energy; Civilization equals sexual repression and erotic scarcity.

Now clearly, if human society were to overcome the malign local effect of Civilization and institute the Harmonial Era, our planet would at once recover its cosmic sexuality and its aromal ray. Immediately Earth would be bathed again in the perfume or illumination or jizm of the stars. Revivifying effects would begin to appear almost at once, and the initial efforts of the first Harmonians would be rewarded a thousand-fold through the vast new reservoirs of cosmic energy now available via Earth’s aromal ray.

In *The Theory of the Four Movements* Fourier also revealed that Earth’s aromal ray—or rather its shattered fragments and dispersed

## Excerpt from Ishmael by Daniel Quinn

Ishmael selected a fresh branch from a pile at his right, examined it briefly, then began to nibble at it, gazing languidly into my eyes. At last he said, “On the basis of my history, what subject would you say I was best qualified to teach?”

I blinked and told him I didn’t know.

“Of course you do. My subject is: captivity.”

“Captivity.”

“That’s correct.”

I sat there for a minute, then I said, “I’m trying to figure out what this has to do with saving the world.”

Ishmael thought for a moment. “Among the people of your culture, which want to destroy the world?”

“Which want to destroy it? As far as I know, no one specifically wants to destroy the world.”

“And yet you do destroy it, each of you. Each of you contributes daily to the destruction of the world.”

“Yes, that’s so.”

“Why don’t you stop?”

I shrugged. “Frankly, we don’t know how.”

“You’re captives of a civilizational system that more or less compels you to go on destroying the world in order to live.”

“Yes, that’s the way it seems.”

“So. You are captives—and you have made a captive of the world itself. That’s what’s at stake, isn’t it?—your captivity and the captivity of the world.”

“Yes, that’s so. I’ve just never thought of it that way.”

“And you yourself are a captive in a personal way, are you not?”

“How so?”

Ishmael smiled, revealing a great mass of ivory-colored teeth. I hadn’t known he could, until then.

I said: “I have an impression of being a captive, but I can’t explain why I have this impression.”

“A few years ago—you must have been a child at the time, so you may not remember it—many young people of this country had the same impression. They made an ingenuous and disorganized effort to escape from captivity but ultimately failed, because they

were unable to find the bars of the cage. If you can't discover what's keeping you in, the will to get out soon becomes confused and ineffectual."

"Yes, that's the sense I have of it."

Ishmael nodded.

"But again, how does this relate to saving the world?"

"The world is not going to survive for very much longer as humanity's captive. Does that need explication?"

"No. At least not to me."

"I think there are many among you who would be glad to release the world from captivity."

"I agree."

"What prevents them from doing this?"

"I don't know."

"This is what prevents them: They're unable to find the bars of the cage."

## The Boreal Crown and the Downfall of Civilization

**Anonymous**

**Spring 2002**

In 1808 the theorist and "Utopian Socialist" Charles Fourier launched the first fully realized and consciously revolutionary attack on Civilization by publishing his *Theory of the Four Movements* in France. No one noticed—any more than anyone noticed the books of William Blake, the only thinker of the era comparable to Fourier. In this brief text we cannot attempt a full report on Fourier's brilliant utopian system of society, which he called HARMONY. But we can at least recall that his program involved the reorganization of human life into large groups, called Phalanxes, arranged in "Series" according to "Attraction"—that is, according to shared "Passions." For Fourier, Passion was the sole possible organizing principle for utopian life. In brief: If everyone were free always to do exactly what they desire, all reason for social discord would vanish. Scarcity of any good—material, spiritual, erotic—can only be artificially imposed on society by Civilization, for Nature is naturally "generous." Marriage, poverty, work, morality, loneliness, alienation, violence, boredom—these civilized miseries constitute the perverse results of a system which benefits a few at the expense of the health of Earth herself. Fourier believed not only that humans are the desiring subjects of a desirable object (i.e., Terrestrial Harmony), but also that the Earth and all other celestial bodies (planets, stars, etc.) are also living, sentient, desiring beings. The "force of attraction" that holds the universe(s) together can only be described as Passion. Erotic desire organizes not only the microcosm of human society but also the macrocosm (e.g., our solar system) in mandala of Harmony—the "lineaments of gratified desire," as Blake would say.

Thus everything, quite literally everything, is moved solely by erotic attraction. In Harmony we shall work only at that which satisfies a Passion—and we shall be free to choose "Attractive Labor"—and since humans are inherently passionate beings, Harmonian economics will replace the illusion of scarcity with the reality of super-