

**CONSPIRACY DERIVES
FROM THE LATIN WORD
CONSPIRARE , WHICH
LITERALLY MEANS TO
*BREATHE TOGETHER.***

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COMMUNITY
community

Rhizomatic Turntable

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Cursory Thoughts On Community™ by Rei Oohashi

Community to me is like conspiracy, meaning “to breathe together”. Activists who use the word “community” are mistaken about what they’re describing. That is not a community. A community lives together, has a life together, depends on each other. The people they’re thinking of do not “breathe together” in a satisfying/meaningful way.

“Building community”? To me that can’t mean using the word as an incantation at an event and then returning home that evening to again be alone. Why would you want to do that anyways?

A society is a dead organism, a crystallization into norms of behavior. An association is constantly coming back together, in a state of becoming. There is a convincing case by Georges Palante that there is no parsing, that any coming together is at the start a society. The activists who talk about how they’re building community don’t have a relationship with the people they claim to be building relationships with; at most they see each other once a week for a perpetually one sided,

Suggested Further Reading

Illegalism by Paul Z Simons

Gone to Croatan

The Unique and its Property by Max Stirner

Evasion by Mack Evasion

Possum Living by Dolly Freed

Manual for a worldwide manuke revolt by Matsumoto Hajime

Tangpingist Manifesto

Anarcho-pessimism by Laurance Labadie

Against Mass Society by Chris Wilson

Enemies of Society: An Anthology of individualist and egoist thought

An Invitation to Desertion by Bellamy Fitzpatrick

Consensus Submission Making by Jason Rodgers

books, despite Fourier's prediction that the libraries would fall. Still, reading and writing are also *passions*.

Let us begin by pointing out that in the eyes of morality all the most distinguished personality types, the truly sophisticated ones, are dangerous. (UVCF 222)

meaningless exchange. The kind of community that organizers and activists are talking about reinforces alienation and doesn't push towards anything outside of or against society. It reinforces alienation because you don't have a life together with any of these people; it reaffirms their – alienity, alienness. Clueless as to how they spend their time the other 90% of the time when you don't see them.

Survival and enjoyment is not a project activists seem to share with the people of this so called community, its not building a life together in a way that has any stakes. Your life isn't entangled in theirs. Its a simulation of a community, a temporary performance. Activists who say community have a corpse in their mouths, possessed by a fixed idea devoid of substance.

In lieu of community building, you could spread a bad attitude! Be acid on the gears of society! Or a parasite!

From Anarchism and Individualism by Georges Palante

Individualism is the sentiment of a profound, irreducible antinomy between the individual and society. The individualist is he who, by virtue of his temperament, is predisposed to feel in a particularly acute fashion the ineluctable disharmonies between his intimate being and his social milieu. At the same time, he is a man for whom life has reserved some decisive occasion to remark this disharmony. Whether through brutality, or the continuity of his experiences, for him it has become clear that for the individual society is a perpetual creator of constraints, humiliations and miseries, a kind of continuous generation of human pain. In the name of his own experience and his personal sensation of life the individualist feels he has the right to relegate to the rank of utopia any ideal of a future society where the hoped-for harmony between the individual and society will be established. Far from the development of society diminishing evil, it does nothing but intensify it by rendering the life of the individual more complicated, more laborious and more difficult in the middle of the thousand gears

government. The art he predicted indeed came into being-but not the social form which ought to support it, uplift it, surround it, and carry it on to universality. In this sense the historical avant garde became the unacknowledged legislators of a nonexistent and still totally *imaginal* world, a counterworld or utopia in the literal sense of "no place." In the alternate universe where Harmony reigns, Art has been "suppressed and realized" because every Harmonian is an "artist." In our world, however, the avant garde has actually fallen into the gulf that separates vision from actuality—the avant garde has "disappeared" into the abyss created by a *tragic* contradiction (between, for example, Surrealism and Stalinism). In the twentieth century art had to make a revolution or else die. Its revolution failed and indeed all that remains of it is an exquisite corpse. So—hey presto—Art has already been "suppressed". What remains now is its "realization"—in the free play of creative imagination outside the total area of reproduction and mediation, outside the entire dialectic in which a term like "avant garde" makes semantic sense. What form might this endeavor take? I don't know—I'm still engaged in producing

represent some effect of the human passions in the social order, and that EVERYTHING, from the atoms to the stars, constitutes a tableau of the properties of the human passions. (UVCF 397)

Paranoid Criticism

—a term invented by S. Dali—everything is alive, and even consciousness is more universal than poor Reason could ever allow—For Fourier, life and history are shaped by occult forces, specifically by the unconscious, by desire—but also by actual conspiracy, “breathing together.” Analogy—everything means something else—no “coincidences.” An aesthetic derived from this theory would of course approximate Surrealism. Fourier remained silent about the art of his time and limited himself to foretelling a future when the borders which Civilization enforces in aesthetics would fall and be replaced by (for instance) the Harmonian OPERA. Thus Surrealism is justified in considering him an ancestor; moreover Fourier himself exhibited a definite “paranoid” streak, convinced of a vast conspiracy against him and his mission, orchestrated by the philosophical establishment and its lackeys in the press and

of an increasingly tyrannical social mechanism. Science itself, by intensifying within the individual the consciousness of the vital conditions made for him by society, arrives only at darkening his intellectual and moral horizons. *Qui auget scientiam auget et dolorem.*

We see that individualism is essentially a social pessimism. Under its most moderate form it admits that if life in society is not an absolute evil and completely destructive of individuality, for the individualist is at the very least a restrictive and oppressive condition, a necessary evil and a last resort.

The individualists who respond to this description form a small morose group whose rebellious, resigned or hopeless words contrast with the fanfares for the future of optimistic sociologists. It is Vigny saying: “The social order is always bad. From time to time it is bearable. Between bad and bearable the dispute isn’t worth a drop of blood.” It’s Schopenhauer seeing social life as the supreme flowering of human pain and evil. It’s Stirner with his intellectual and moral solipsism perpetually on his guard against the duperies of social idealism and the intellectual and moral crystallization with which every

organized society threatens the individual. It is, at certain moments, an Amiel with his painful stoicism that perceives society as a limitation and a restriction of his free spiritual nature. It's a David Thoreau, the extremist disciple of Emerson, that "student of nature," deciding to stray from the ordinary paths of human activity and to become a "wanderer," worshipping independence and dreams. A "wanderer whose every minute will be filled with more work than the entire lives of many men with occupations." It's a Challemeil-Lacour with his pessimistic conception of society and progress. It is perhaps, at certain moments, a Tarde, with an individualism colored with misanthropy that he somewhere expresses: "It is possible that the flux of imitation has its banks and that, by the very effect of its excessive deployment, the need for sociability diminishes or rather alters and transforms itself into a kind of general misanthropy, very compatible, incidentally, with a moderate commercial circulation and a certain activity of industrial exchanges reduced to the strict necessary, but above all appropriate to reinforcing in each of us the distinctive traits of our inner individuality."

and exist on a higher plane of intensity than you can imagine except in fleeting moments of ecstatic realization. Our quotidian routine has the same texture as your highest adventure.

A Session in the Court of Love: the band of adventurers moves forward through a cloud of perfume and a rain of flowers. (UVCF 387)

Hieroglyph

The foul emanations of Civilization have caused the Moon to die. By the unalterable law of Passional and Aromal rays, our present Moon will be destroyed and replaced under Harmony by five different-colored satellites. So enjoy the pallid and sterile glow while you can, dupes of Civilization, for it is inexorably doomed.

The material world being in all its details hieroglyphic of the passional, God must have created emblems of the passions in all the degrees. (PHS 16)

This is to say that the properties of an animal, a vegetable, a mineral, and even a cluster of stars,

humid and cheerfully vulgar, flat and green. Corn tomatoes chickens cherries apples pears plums herbs hemp turkeys pigs cows dogs cats[4] sunflowers hollyhocks 1620 people under one roof (with outlying gazebos and cottages for allies and hermits)—like the castles of Sade’s libertines the Phalanstery is a closed space, *hortus conclusus* or artificial paradise rising originally in all its elaborate and obsessive architecture and detail out of masturbation fantasies. The one big important difference between Sade and Fourier is that in the Phalanstery everyone’s rich and happy—not just the libertines. In our modern Phalanx the “Bourse” or Exchange, the complex daily process of scheduling and book keeping, is aided by computers—otherwise, however, reproductive and mediating technologies are not very popular. We prefer to make art rather than passively consume “leisure” and “entertainment.” Our chief modes of creativity are the banquet, the “OPERA” (which Fourier already understood as the synthesis of all art forms), and the orgy. Of course in our alternate universe we expend as much energy and eros on mere work as you (in your sad reality) on the finest art and most exquisite pleasures. Our food, our art, our eroticism, receive the influx of sheer genius,

I Want Friends, Not Community / My Comrades by Apio Ludd

*Communities .. are best defined in terms of food relationships – we are asking who eats whom. –
Marston Bates*

Damn near everywhere I go, I hear talk about community.

It’s apparently something everyone needs, something to which everyone should be willing to give herself. In big cities, it’s easy to ignore these calls to *belong*, since it’s hard for the *unarmed* proponents of community* to intrude personally into other people’s lives. I now live in a rural area. It has many advantages, but its human population includes far too many liberals, activists, do-gooders, in short, busybodies for whom *community* is sacred, an impersonal deity to whom these believers want everyone to know.

These local communitarians make what they mean by “community” very clear in their complaints about those who

don't conform to community standards and their attempts to enlist others against these anti-social elements.

Indeed, it is a question of "who eats whom" – who spends their time gnawing away at the reputation of those who don't fit into their code.

Community, as an ideal, stands in opposition to individuality, because it requires in the reining in of the unique for a supposed greater whole. I recognize no greater whole to whom I am willing to give such power, so I have no interest in community.

Does this mean I want to be isolated?

Well, at times, I do I value my solitude.

But at times, I want to play with others. I simply don't want to give myself over to any "greater whole".

And "community", as its proponents use the term, is just such an imposed greater whole. These proponents use it to enforce a conformity to roles that make you and I into mere electronic bits coursing through the cybernetic social machine,

correspondences is also metaphysical or "occult." Fourier's deity, however, cannot be identified with that of Abrahamic Monotheism, since His most essential feature is His approval of all passions and forms of sexuality, indeed His virtual *identity with* the Passions. Fourier's monist pantheism invites comparison with the non-Religious spirituality of certain radical mystics and heretics (such as William Blake), and also with certain contemporary movements such as anarcho-Taoism or anarcho-paganism. (These in turn are of course updated versions of earlier heresies such as the Brook Farmers' Transcendentalism, a sort of mix of Fourier and Unitarianism. Spiritualism and Swenden-borgianism were also rife amongst nineteenth-century radicals.)

The Phalanstery

—big victorian palace, pseudo-chataeu—"the caravanserai... the temple, the tower, the telegraph, the coops for carrier pigeons, the ceremonial chimes, the observatory, and a winter courtyard adorned with resinous plants," wide verandas, oriel windows, bay windows, stained glass, all wood and shingle, an american Versailles in the midst of Jersey truckfarm fields

time in 1967; if it was not a precipitating factor of the following year's "Events," it was surely a symbolic premonition.

... in order not to have the trouble of forgetting the books of philosophy, I have never taken the trouble to read them. (PHS I 117)

The Series needs discords as much as it need harmonies. (UVCF 231)

The biggest area of difference between Fourier and Stirner/Nietzsche, and the biggest area of difference between Fourier and the whole later development of socialist anarchism, is the area of religion. Stirner/Nietzsche did not believe in "God," and neither did Proudhon or Kropotkin (who both read Fourier with "fascination" when young). But Fourier did believe in something. He attacked "Religion" as an aspect of Civilization, but he spoke without hesitation of a "God" and of "UNIVERSAL DIVINE PROVIDENCE" (as a necessary axiom to the proof that all humans should enjoy an economic and erotic "minimum," without which it would become necessary to accuse "God" of injustice). Fourier's theory of

suppressing the particularities that make you and I interesting to each other.

This increases isolation, as it becomes more and more difficult for anyone to meet each other except as these social functions. And your *function* doesn't really interest me. Your particularities, those unique properties through which you create yourself, are why I desire to know you, to interact with you, and community standards serve to suppress them.

So I have no desire for community.

I desire friends, companions, lovers, comrades and accomplices.

In other words, I desire to intentionally and passionately create relationships with specific individuals, because I see a potential for mutual enjoyment and mutual benefit. Friendships, companionships, loves comradeships and compliciters are not things to which I belong, but interactions I willfully create with another.

The origins of some of these words make this clear.

- A friend is someone you prefer to spend time with out of a love for them.
- A companion is someone with whom you are willing to share food.
- A comrade is someone with whom you would share your room.**
- An accomplice is someone with whom you would join forces for some purpose.
- And a lover is someone with whom you are able to share a mutual enjoyment and such delight in each other.

In every case, there is no greater whole, no higher power, enforcing obligations, merely two or more individuals choosing to interweave their unique particularities in order to better enjoy their lives or accomplish an endeavor mutually beneficial to them.

The *individuality*, the utter incomparable uniqueness of each one involved, provides the basis for the mutuality of these types of relationships – relationships that are never “greater

myth; in this light one might interpret the Phalanx as the “will to power” of the combined Passional Series and Groups. All three thinkers are “radical aristocrats,” disbelievers in equality and democracy. Believing in the possibility of a synthesis of these three cranky geniuses may involve the aesthetic. of the well-known mating, on operating table, of sewing machine and umbrella; but that’s old hat. Indeed, we can add a few more “impossibles” to the mix, and hope for six before breakfast. For example: a number of nineteenth-century American utopianists managed to reconcile Fourier’s theory of Attraction with Josiah Warren’s “Society of Individual Sovereigns”-particularly Stephen Pearl Andrews, founder of the UNIVERSAL PANTARCHY and of “Modern Times,” the anarchist community in Brentwood, Long Island. In fact Fourierism dovetails nicely with what might be called the “left” wing of Individualist anarchism, its labor movement-oriented side, represented by Tucker and Mackay. A similar synthesis was made in the “pleasure politics” of Situationism, which probably absorbed Fourier through Surrealism. Fourier’s *Nouveau monde amoureux*, his most overtly erotic work—which never appeared in his lifetime and was lost—finally made it into print for the first

The Phalanx can thus be seen as one possible form for the Stirnerite “Union of Egoists” (or more accurately, “unique-ones”). It has been argued (by Gustav Landauer for example) that “Ego” for Stirner still retains—despite all Stirner’s determination—a taint of the Absolute, in the same way that “Society” (or Association) does for Fourier.

**Excerpt from How the Stirner Eats Gods by
Alejandro de Acosta**

perhaps the Ego is another ghost, well on its way to being another Cause. One can, after all, take oneself too seriously.

**Now Back to Escape from the 19th Century by Peter
Lamborn Wilson**

In this case, Nietzsche appears as a positive/ambiguous third term or pivot of reconciliation between the two extreme cases, first in his image of the “free spirit”, which could stand for Stirner’s and Fourier’s ideals as well; and second, in his “perspectivalism,” which precisely puts the two extreme perspectives *in perspective*. Moreover, Nietzsche and Fourier agree on the question of the Necessary Illusion, the social

than the sum of their parts”, but rather enhance the greatness of each of the individuals taking part in them.

There are two other relationships that I may not desire or treasure as much as those I just described, but that I still prefer to the mutual tolerance and acquiescence necessary to community: enmity and contempt.

To merely tolerate others is intolerable to me.

If your projects, aims or desires conflict with mine, we will be enemies. If you are not a worthy enemy, I will scorn you.

To do otherwise - in the name of community, of “getting along” – would be an insult to *your* individuality, to *your* uniqueness, and would reinforce the lie of community.

*Of course, the *armed* enforcers of the community, the cops, are there in force to impose *community standards*. **Of course, there are imposed “comradships” in this since: the prisoner with a cell-mate or the conscript in the barracks.

My Comrades

As for me, when I want to break my solitude, I prefer to go and seek my comrades, elsewhere, among the thieves of fire, the revilers of public authority, the walking dreamers, the furious night owls, the seducers of nuns, the libertines depraved by vice, the dabblers in underground cinema, the hunters for wild strawberries, the madcaps who harangue the clouds, the hooligans of the word, the polishers of the stars, the lone wolves who feed on the Golden Fleece, the drunkards of the absolute ... and all those vagabonds of the spirit who will never bow their heads before good people.

These, and these alone, are my comrades.

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abode into a place of exile. These moments, when parties rise to the delight of the composite, are infinitely feeble pictures of the delight that the Harmonians will constantly enjoy... (PHS II 7)

Moderation is good as a channel of refinement of the pleasures, but not as a deliberate privation. (PHS II 101)

Fourier Stirner Nietzsche

We need warm Fourier to counterbalance cool Stirner and Nietzsche, and we need Stirner and Nietzsche to even out Fourier. Stirner exterminates a few spooks still rattling around in Fourier's head; for "altruism" sometimes appears in Fourier detached from the interest of individuals, floating free as an abstraction; at other times however Fourier makes it clear that self-interest alone is sufficient motivation to bring about Harmony, since the individual can only realize full individuality in a social setting where need ("work") and pleasure are nearly synonymous, and where one's own passions are complemented and fulfilled by others of the appropriate Series.

sparkling wines.” Table set with flowers. Twelve toasts, one to each Passion—and one more for the Founder. (See Appendix D.)

... the science named Gastrosophy... will place good cheer in strict alliance with honor and the love of glory. (PHS 133)

... the most clever gastrosopher will be in their lifetime promoted to saintship, of which they will have the rank and the title. (HM 94)

... when a well-assorted company can, in a short evening party, place itself in full composite by mixtures of material and spiritual pleasure—gallantry, the ball, the dainty supper, and, above all, cordiality—then everyone is enraptured with this state of delight, so rare in assemblies. Everyone says, why does not this state of festivity and intoxication always last? Why does it not revive every day? If you return after this to your dismal home, and to the routine of business and morality, you think yourself fallen, like Apollo, from the heavenly

From Escape from the 19th Century by Peter Lamborn Wilson

The Analogies

Stars and planets are sexual beings. Gravity on the physical plane serves as a metaphor for the erotic attraction which really moves the universes:—the Aromal Emanation. Each cosmic body shoots out multi-colored rays of aroma by which they copulate with each other and propagate their kind in a continual orgy of creation. These rays crisscross Space in a veritable multidimensional web of color just as Space on another level is a webwork of light. Each of the Passions corresponds to a numeral, a musical note, color, mathematical process, geometric form, alchemical metal—thus the Cabalist Passion is symbolized by an indigo silver spiral. Different kinds of love can be represented by iris, tuberose, carnation, hyacinth. Did Fourier spontaneously re-create the occult theory of analogy out of his own imagination, or had he read Paracelsus? No wonder the Martinists, Illuminists and Swedenborgians thought Fourier was one of them, an adept.

Aromal influences in the coming era of Harmony will cause the seas to turn to lemonade. *Everything* is erotic, everything yields to the influence of Passional Attraction—the only possible society is one composed entirely of lovers, therefore the only possible politics is a politics of the impossible, and even a science of the impossible, erotico-pataphysics, dada epistemology, the Passional Calculus.

... rustic altars are placed at the summit of a knoll. They are bedecked with flowers or shrubs & the statues & busts of patrons of the sect (the “Thousand Flower Series”) or of the individuals who have excelled in work & have enriched it by inventing useful methods. These individuals are the mythological demi-gods of the sect or industrial Series. A corybant opens the session by burning incense before the demi-god... (UVCF 293. For the 1000 Flower Series, see Appendix B)

A star can copulate: 1. with itself like a vegetable, the north pole copulating with the south; 2. with another star by means of outpourings emanating from contrasting poles; 3. with the help of an intermediary;

bread. Bread, except for very fine dinner rolls, seemed boring to Fourier, and the labor of raising wheat too dull; moreover, the sugar of the future will (due to aromal emanations) lose its “wormy” unhealthiness. Bread is too *Civilized*—and Harmony is the Big Rock Candy Mountain of childhood dreams. If the Fourierist banquet is to contain dishes much discussed by the Founder, then serve a stew made from a “tough old hen” (or two hens and a rooster), “marinated and served in a braising pan, or in gelatine,” in honor of one of Fourier’s famous illustrative fables, about a series of chicken-loving gourmets with extreme tastes; and served with cous-cous and slightly rancid butter, in honor of Barthes and his friend (see *Sade/Fourier/Loyola*). Omit Provençal-type dishes made with “hot oil,” garlic, saffron “and other villainies,” of which the Founder disapproved (v. PHS I 316). Also note: “How many ‘hidings’ have I endured (as a child) because I refused to swallow turnips, cabbage, barley, vermicelli, and (other) moral drugs, which occasioned my vomiting, not to mention disgust” (ibid., 344). Even if we happen to like some of these things, we’ll omit them in honor of the hero we celebrate. April 7 is his birthday. Plenty of wine and cognac, and “ices, orangeade,

Children are nature's echoes against morality; they are all in league to escape its rules. (UVCF 165)

The Fourierist Banquet

Gastrosophy—the art and science of good taste—Fourier's most beautiful and perfectly typical invention. I used to apply the term gastrosophy not only to Fourier but also to Brillat-Savarin, author of *The Physiognomy of Taste*; imagine my surprise to discover that they were related and knew each other well! True, Fourier disdained Brillat-Savarin's gourmandism as "simple" in comparison with the compound or composite complexity of cuisine in Harmony—nevertheless (as Barthes points out) it was probably Brillat-Savarin who introduced Fourier to *mirlitons*, the little spiced cakes of Paris which he loved and praised as harmonian food. Therefore a Fourierist banquet might well feature Brillat-Savarin's famous recipe for turkey, almost the only recipe contained in the *Physiognomy* (which is meditation on food, not a cookery book). Fourier also loved fruit, especially pears, melons, and apples, and fruit compotes (because they were "composite") made with sugar, which the Harmonians will eat instead of

the tuberose was engendered by three aromas emanating from the south pole of the Earth, the north pole of the planet Herschel, and the south pole of the Sun. (UCVS 401)

North American Phalanx

The longest-lived Fourierist experiment was the North American Phalanx in Monmouth County, New Jersey, 40 miles south of New York City. Between 1843 and 1858 there may have been a hundred or so phalanxes in America. In an alternate universe none of them failed ignominiously or vanished into the dustbin of lost crackpot history—they succeeded wildly, and America-prime became the cradle of universal Harmony. Our alternate selves are all living in big phalansteries and the very weather has changed, balmy and crackling with erotic energy, orgone skies and lemonade oceans, so that everything we do, even harvesting pears, gives us hard-ons or wet vaginas. We need only three and a half hours of sleep a night, eat five meals and two snacks a day, flit from task to task and pleasure to pleasure like butterflies.[2]

We're seven feet tall, live to 120, and the most advanced have tails with a hand on the end, and an eye in the palm of the hand: the *archibras*.

Money

Since Fourier took the opposite point of view to all philosophy (*l'éclat absolu*, absolute doubt and difference), and since "philosophers" invariably disdain and disparage wealth, he was for it. He recognized the erotic and "childish" purity of money as money rather than as frozen abstraction and oppression. Even if he were to consider money as "filth" he would still approve it, as he was far from ignorant of the erotic power of filth, at least for certain Series. Every pleasure condemned by the moralists of Civilization he applauds as a force for Harmony—a revaluation of all values leading not to Nietzsche's chilly loneliness but to the elegant perversity of the horde, the band, the tangle of bodies in "touch rut." [3]

The Little Hordes

at dawn, under their Little Khans, they march, barbaric banners flying, out into the still-misty fields, to rid the furrows of vermin

and serpents, to spread manure—boys attracted to danger and filth. A few girls, and adults, the Bronze/Druids, who still share these tastes, accompany them. The whole Phalanx honors them for the distasteful work and thinks of them as little knights. Who knows what mischief they're up to later out behind the barn, in the dump, the junkyard, the privy overgrown with honeysuckle—what rituals of filth?

... the mutiny of love is only the more effective for being hidden and concealed behind all sorts of masks. (UVCF 340)

I have now said enough to make it clear that this corps of children (the Little Horde), who indulge all the inclinations that morality forbids, is a device which will realize... Sweet Fraternity. [Harmony] encourages the dirty inclinations which are repressed with heavy-handed whippings by a tender morality that makes no effort to utilize the passions as God gave them to us. (UVCF 321-2)