

LIVING IN YOUR OWN WORLD?

yes

no

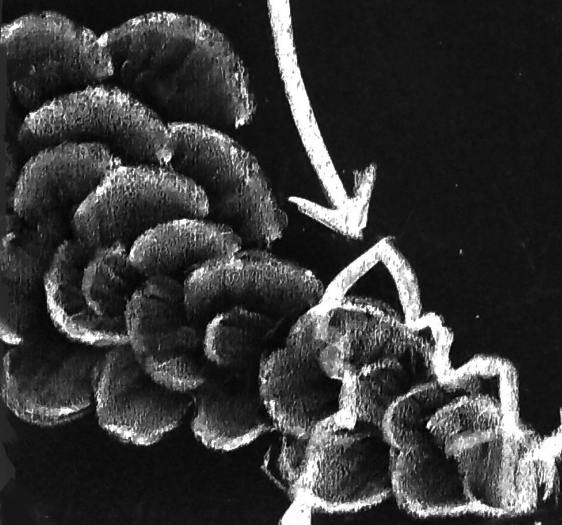
go live in your own world

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR PHILOSOPHY?

yes

no

go change your philosophy



GO FUCK YOURSELF



This zine tells the nonlinear story of the commune that existed not far from Saint-Petersburg as a temporary project, initiated by the participants and tutors of the Chto Delat School for Engaged Art. Russian armed forces were invading Ukraine, our unofficial headquarters at Rosa House of Culture had already closed, many activists and cultural workers — friends and acquaintances among them — were being detained or fleeing abroad. The commune was created in order to provide shelter for those who stayed. There, residents and occasional guests could gather their strength and thoughts, trying to work out the plan at a time when everything went to shit all at once.

Although we had many ambitious ideas for the commune, not all of them came to fruition for various reasons — miscommunication, entropy, lack of resources, both material and emotional. This zine reflects on those projects, featuring traces of our collective cognition and imagination. Due to the fact that we worked on the publication collectively, under stress and not without conflicts, it became the collage of various inputs. Here, the reader can find visual and textual contributions provided by residents and guests, sidenotes compiled from various online sources, and poetic sketches on the mundane from the collective Telegram-chat called “Language Refuge” (introduced in the text below). The overall narrative unfolds in parts, each

dedicated to a particular theme — from introduction into the commune’s habitat, through the articulation of the rift opened by the war, through the collage representing our shared language, through reports of our bodily experiences, and to the final settlement of the score.

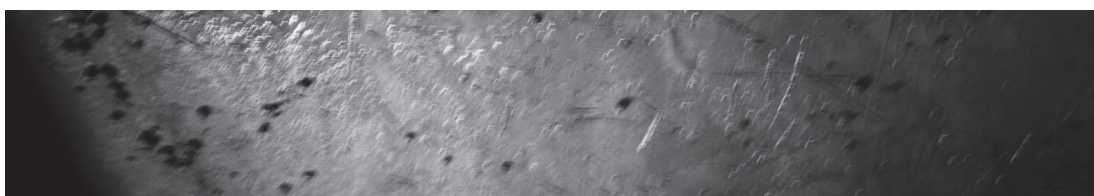
The thread helping the reader to crawl through the rabbit hole of the Siverskaya commune is the tail of our magnificent companion — Snezhana the Cat. Although originally we wanted to keep the timeline properly Gregorian and chronological, the sequence of events was skewed beyond repair in the process of editorial work. And it is fitting since such time of a cat’s twisted tail best reflects the fucked up days we have to live in. Conventional time caught up with us in the end though — the commune as a physical space of cohabitation ceased to exist at the end of summer as per original plan. This weirdly coincided with the police raid at our tutors’ dacha located at the same village. We were packing and destroying all evidence of our presence half expecting the law to come through the woods. Luckily, it didn’t happen. We managed to get back to the city safely and complete our work on this publication.

P.S. Scan this QR-code if you want to support and know more about Russian key anti-war initiatives.

Language\_refuge

by R\_O\_

The idea to create a “language refuge” came to us after one of our communal assemblies, during which we discussed our experience of writing in journals. We considered the form which could fit this purpose best and decided to create a separate chat, one that referenced the Siverskaya commune as a shelter. A safe-space, a space for intricate co-tuning, a location for self-performed therapy where we could examine the performative aspects of the everyday, maybe even one for escaping the city- and worldwide anxiety (if that is at all possible). And maybe even a “weak”, messianic space for overcoming the feeling of dread and futurelessness, one that many of us found experiencing after the 24th of February. The chat, “Language Refuge”, invited all of us to consider our understanding of the way the everyday intertwines with writing; to think about the ways one can live and write, connect the bodily with the textual, the mundane with literature. Journal entries, poetry, notes (in any shape and form), turn the everyday away from being secondary and unworthy of art and writing, but rather growing from one’s personal ethos, connecting it to one’s knowledge and practices. Those, who joined the chat, were united in their need to write, share what has been written, and/or read the writing of other commune members, interpreting and discussing it with great care. We also shared historical and contemporary examples of journaling, literature of trauma, memory, and war, that, in this current state of catastrophe, have again become relevant (and the writing and reading of which could aid us in selecting a vocabulary we could use to talk about our own feelings and senses). As a starting point, we used Ursula K. Le Guin’s carrier bag theory of fiction — the practice of collecting even the most routine stories instead of creating the character’s literary narrative — as well as Donna Haraway’s concept of “refuge”, which the American feminist philosopher understands not only as a space to take shelter in during a catastrophe, but as a space for preserving diversity, one where endangered species and spaced are revitalized in. The protocols for participation were minimal: common trust and an agreement to share the texts in the chat with non-participants only with express permission.







And so the story begins. Like ideology infests the base, lacing it with superstructure, so the communards started refurbishing the place and mutating alongside it

## OVER-MERGENCE

In an attempt to beat the technocracy, people inevitably encounter their own relationship with technology. Any tool shows its own texture, force, resistance, creates and upholds its boundaries prior to dissolving in a cyborgian dance with humans.

"Fuck me, seven thousand rubles for water delivery. Let's start paying for air, too," someone uttered during one of our routine meetings. Members of the commune split into two fractions: those who didn't mind having water delivered from the city, and those who wanted to figure out a way to get water without having to pay for it. The second fraction inevitably came out victorious, due to growing financial strains and complicated logistics.

A spring was found. The flow of the river leads almost to the doors of the house, and spring's proximity forced the commune's members to give in to the Atlantic impulse of conquering their understandable enemies: the World and the Flesh. The raft, initially consistent only of plastic

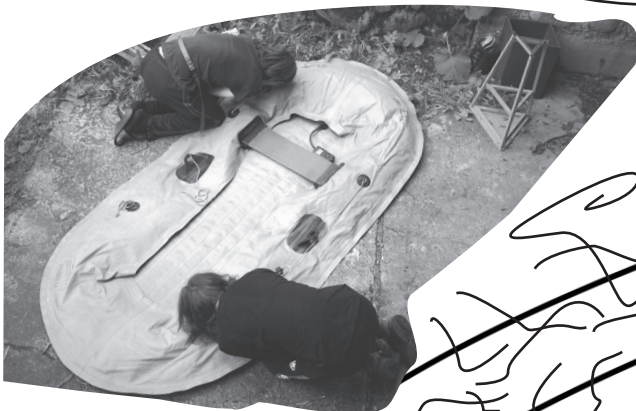
and Christian self-harm, seeming to be just an aid in navigating the noumenal, became a method of considering and reflecting upon power. The positive feedback loop of efficiency, taking roots in a need to get considerable amounts of water to the house gates, lead to the raft slowly being populated by GPS trackers, a sonar radar, and harpoons. Damned were those kayaking tourists, who were forever stuck on the river rapids, where the Spirit of the river Oredezh only saw them as feed, a source for growth.

The raft was destroyed. At least the commune members want to think so. They want to believe in it as much as they fear gazing into the horizon beyond the Gulf of

Boris Buden • • • e-flux • • • 04.22

...Does this seem too utopian? While that may be possible, we have too little time for anything else. We are doomed if we do not return to the utopian vision of radical and jarring change. We will burn in the sun -- if they don't burn us with their nuclear bombs first.

//The West at War: On the Self-Enclosure of the Liberal



## DEUS\_EX\_WALKIE-TALKIE

I.F.

Drifted off into sleep to the hum of some unknown device reaching me from some unknown place, heard only from the vicinity of my bed. Natasha and I woke up at half past seven because of the walkie-talkie's screams of LOW VOLTAGE! coming from the kitchen. None of the buttons we tried pushing turned the voice off (some turned on the alarm noise, though). The walkie-talkie was plugged into the charging dock, but the dock was not plugged into the outlet. All six outlets were occupied. Intuition led us to unplug some serious-looking power brick that wasn't connected to anything, and plug the walkie-talkie back in. It continued screaming, possibly planning on informing us of its status until it finally got enough juice, so I took it out into the deck. Out of sheer curiosity decided to inspect the other five wires and the devices connected to them: some speakers, an extension cord, a router, a DVD player (?), a mysterious box with Samsung written on it, somewhat like an old computer tower, yet lacking a power button (?). Couldn't untangle the wires. Life in the commune is dark and cryptic.





## G\_H\_

THIS SPRAWLING CREATURE  
THE HOUSE IS BECOMING A COLLECTIVE EM-BODY-MENT  
PRESENCE UNDERLINED WITH CREAKS AND VOICES  
SHIVERS OF THE FLOOR  
CHATting IN THE OTHER ROOM  
I FEEL MY THOUGHTS AND COGNITION ARE DRASTICALLY  
CHANGING AND THAT SCARES ME  
CONSTANTLY DISCOVERING SELF IN THIS BODY THINKING OF SELF  
WHERE'S LENA?  
SHOULD GET THE CAT OUT  
IS THIS MISHA KNOCKING ABOVE?  
WE WENT TO THE RIVER  
WHEN WILL WE MAKE ONION SOUP  
HEY, IS THAT MARINA HERE?  
WHEN WILL MITYA RETURN?  
SO THEN, DID THEY GET THE FILM TOGETHER?  
THE BODY IN ANXIETY TRYING NOT TO LOSE ITSELF  
TRYING TO COLLECT MENTALLY ALL THE BRANCHES AND TWIGS AND LIMBS  
WHO WHAT WHEN WHERE NOW  
WHAT IS HAPPENING  
A MODE OF INFINITE CO-PRESENCE  
THE ENCLOSED SPACE HOMING IN ON THIS ENCLOSED CO-PRESENCE  
THE EXTERNAL WORLD ROLLING INTO A TUBE  
TIME STRETCHING AND WASHING AWAY  
IT SEEMS THAT I'VE BEEN HERE FOR A WEEK  
THOUGH IT'S ONLY BEEN THREE DAYS

21/06

Anna Soz

facebook

21.07.22

### The year of radical survivance

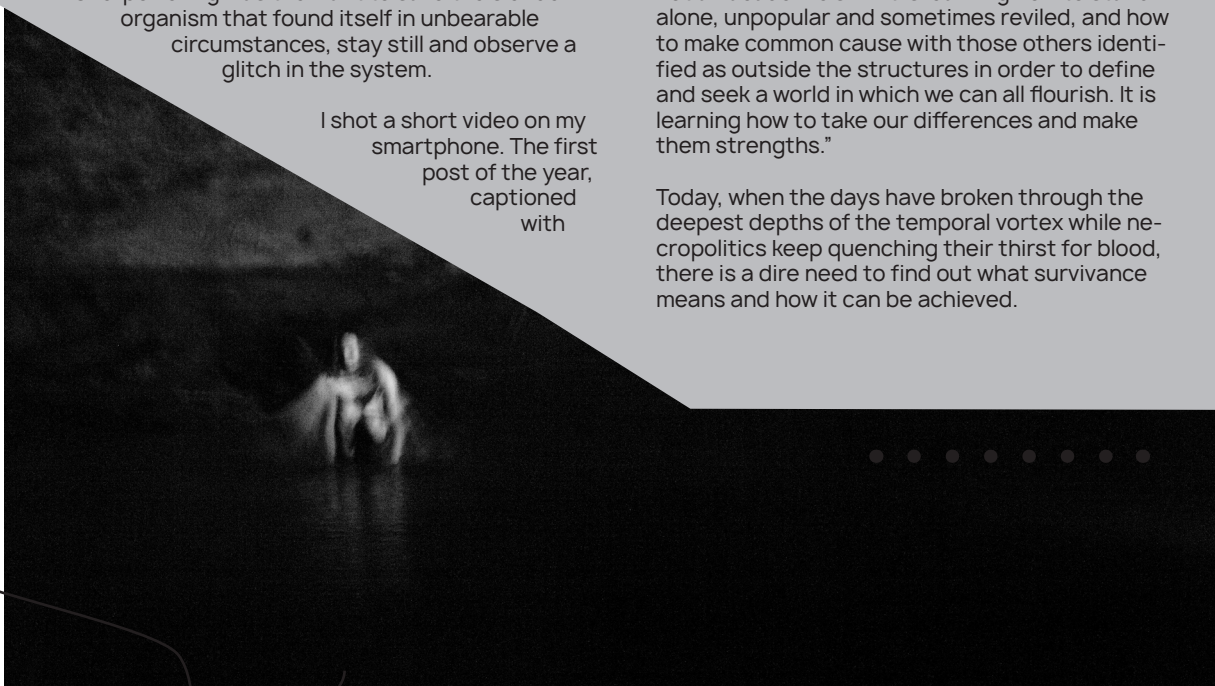
2022 began with an odd encounter. On the hood of a car parked by a country home, surrounded by an uneven crust of snow, a small creature was slowly stretching out its limbs. I think it was a mosquito of some sort.

Overpowering was the want to save the slender organism that found itself in unbearable circumstances, stay still and observe a glitch in the system.

I shot a short video on my smartphone. The first post of the year, captioned with

"2022 is for radical survivance". On January 1st, these words, for some reason, seemed hopeful. I wanted them to feel as though they were an echo of my much-loved Audre Lorde: "Survival is not an academic skill. It is learning how to stand alone, unpopular and sometimes reviled, and how to make common cause with those others identified as outside the structures in order to define and seek a world in which we can all flourish. It is learning how to take our differences and make them strengths."

Today, when the days have broken through the deepest depths of the temporal vortex while neopolitics keep quenching their thirst for blood, there is a dire need to find out what survivance means and how it can be achieved.







# "Let them live in their own world until they change their philosophy"

said Volodymyr Zelensky about Russians. I started thinking about our world and what it means to change our philosophy. As an anti-war activist based in Russia that is brutally invading Ukraine, I am witnessing a rapid fascisization of Russian society and state repression. That has led me to think about physical space a lot lately. I study philosophy of nature and anthropology, so geopolitical matters (whether it is right or wrong to ban visas and so on) do not bother me as much as habitats, places of living. So I wrote an essay about what my world has been like since the outbreak of the war.

The prevailing idea among the Russians and foreigners against the regime is that as soon as attitudes toward authority and war change, politics will change, and everything in our country will change. However, I doubt that there is a place for philosophy in Russia; the opportunity to think and speak critically is being squeezed out of the public sphere. Rather, we need to change our world to stay in our philosophy. Beyond a simple change of point of view, we need to organize a space in which these points of view can be expressed and put into practice. To change our world does not mean to change it geographically, but to transform our life form and create a niche for it.

## Departure

The map of my city is rearranged in the shape of letter Z. Streets are redirected and painted in colors of St. George ribbon. These roads do not lead anywhere, you can not really use them, but only get bogged down — just like the troops, stuck somewhere they should not be. You avoid looking people in the eyes, you only talk about the weather with an awkward smile and maneuver with euphemisms. Instead of playgrounds, you see graveyards, instead of city squares you see military recruitment offices, instead of demonstrations, you see lost hope.

There is a new border in the city now, not recognized by any state, sealed off by yellow tape with Extremism written on it. The shadow city verges on the Z-city in unexpected places, and you never know where you'll find the borders cutting a taxi or your family in half. The shadow city map is moving and changing, expanding when we hear distant voices from other parts of the country, contracting with every new police raid, arrest, denunciation, or suspicion.

I watch my step, my mouth, my digital footprint. We figured out that if we wanted to stay in our philosophy, most spaces here were no longer safe. We started drifting. The shadow streets take you to shadow homes, the former inhabitants of which left unexpectedly. Cups with leftover coffee, unfinished books, children's drawings, unrealized ideas are still there, but people are somewhere else. Sometimes even animals are left behind in these places, I met a few of them.

## First stop

I asked the drifter what the place was and to whom it belonged. It turned out it was the confrere's apartment. He had left, but no one could tell where. I was greeted by a giant white dog trying to push me off my feet. It was Sugar, whose name I had known, but to whom I had never been introduced. He shared the place with a noiseless black cat Coal, who was a shadow to the dog's active and friendly presence. They disappeared in a while just like their companion humans.

At the apartment, I felt like a guest without a host. I had many chances to visit it before the war but had never used it. This visit that could have happened if not for the war haunted me every time I would come here. I didn't know what to do with the mounting past conditionals that followed me everywhere and clung to every location I was passing by in this city.

I saw a party full of smoke, my step into the place was accompanied by hugs and loud voices, my stay — with drinks and tipsy oversharing. But it was it, the entrance without the introduction and introducer, just a step among the steps, a wagon for our trail. At first, I noticed the books, the confrere's tracks, trying to solve the puzzle of the person I might never see. Books have always mesmerized me in other people's homes. I consumed the titles as if they were artifacts of personality that I might have overlooked, while my attention was twitching from small talk to abstract discussion, from a self-conscious statement to self-righteous quibbles.

We could have done something, right?



## Second stop

The second place was a big apartment with a red cat. The place belonged to an activist whom I knew but didn't know if she knew me. The tie that we had was really weak, but I knew someone who knew her well and who did some direct actions with her. Before the war, this activist had done multiple antimilitarist performances and works of art, which now reappeared in the media, and, I guess, started to make more sense to people.

I always wanted to get to know her better, but something always got in the way. I also used to read her posts on Facebook, which made it weird to sit in her living room now. Without the host, the place became a commons for the drifters of the shadow city. There you could see in person someone you only had met before as an anonymous online. The anti-war zines were lying around waiting to be distributed.

Some of my fellow drifters wore gloves inside, because the police had taken their fingerprints during the arrest. They thought that once the police raid happened, their identities would be revealed. I had to switch my phone off before entering the place, so I circled the neighborhood twice hoping that someone would meet me and let me in. Once in the building, we had to lower our voices and walk one by one in case the neighbors were dutiful citizens of the Z-city. The habits of the shadow city are comical at times, but you never know if they are truly absurd or just precautionary.

## Third stop

Third stop was in the countryside, the most distant and most beautiful place of the shadow city. There was a white cat coming for food and petting. There, drifters could also become dwellers for a while and meet others like them. The place welcomed words you couldn't use, thoughts you couldn't say out loud, ideas you couldn't realize.

The place was a commune, and it was not an escape from the Z-city, but an alternative to it. There, you could build an anti-war tank and cook soup for people instead of riding in a real armored vehicle in the foreign land. There, you could make and watch your own films instead of propagandist bullshit. Most importantly though, there, you could look people in the eyes, agree and disagree with them, deliberate and form connections instead of mindless voiceless zigzagging in the city.

The last stop shifted the conditional. Although in the previous places we had been making new movements and communities, they were haunted by lost possibilities, much like other forms of protest after the war had started. The commune was not only a space to drift through, but also a space expressing the actual presence of possibilities. The part of the shadow city lighted by sun rays.

## The U-turn

The stories of police raids always followed me along the way. The stories of those who had left or who became hostages of the Z-city. In my dreams, I saw multiple scenarios of the police coming to my home, coming to our shadow city, to drifters' stops. From most of those dreams I woke up anxiously, trying to think how to leave, where to go, how to hide our work, discussions, artifacts of the shadow city. But there was one dream that stood out. I heard a knock on the door at the drifters' spot. When the officers came in, I transformed into a cat. I was desperate and didn't want to leave the shadow city, so I figured this was the only way to stay. I would continue to live there, and to meet other drifters, and if I couldn't be human anymore, then be it. Until they start to arrest animals, I guess.

That was the way I imagined I could stay in my philosophy, because in my dream I was left alone. However, I am not alone and we are drifting together, so I would rather stay in the shadow city by making it the only city I inhabit. The drifters need to find ways to get rooted, to conquer space around, to move art, education, books, parties, films, demonstrations, institutions from the third conditionals to first conditionals, from the unfulfilled past to possible future. The shadow city will then become the garden city in the sunshine, growing over the Z-city like the weeds devouring the streets after the apocalypse. We need to change our world to stay in our philosophy.

P.S. This text will have been published after the author has left St. Petersburg due to the risk of de-anonymization and rift in the shadow city that is likely to accompany it. She has to leave her dog and family members behind.





Now is the time of shapeshifters. The time  
of phasing out of the city bathed in the light  
of perceived glory and triumph, into the  
half-light of muffled speech, safehouses,  
and burner phones



## M\_O\_

SAT THROUGH TWO QUEUES AT THE MAIL TODAY  
WHEN I GOT TO BALTIYSKIY STATION REALIZED THAT, AS  
USUAL, MIXED UP THE TRAIN'S DIRECTION IN THE SCHEDULE  
THE TRAIN I NEEDED LEFT A MINUTE AGO  
BAGS HANGING LEFT AND RIGHT HOBBOLED OVER TO "...." OR-  
DERED A VANILLA MILKSHAKE IN THE APP... OBVIOUSLY TO A  
LOCATION ON THE OTHER END OF TOWN, BON APPETITE TO  
SOMEONE  
THE ENTIRE SPACE IS POPULATED BY THE DEAD DOING  
SQUATS AND PUSH UPS AND THEIR STUFF  
THE COLD FLAT WHITE SEEMS TO HAVE SHAME MIXED IN  
THE AIR IS HEAVY  
WAITING

## WE MADE A TANK

In the end of July a gorgeous half-abandoned  
Soviet house of culture fell victim to exalted  
parasitism of artists, DJs and bands, food  
trucks with expensive vegan burgers and rela-  
tively (not) engaged public. The members of the  
commune arrived at the scene, barging in with  
timber, cloth, and tools, ready to fuck shit up  
— and definitely not ready to pay 1k rubles for  
entrance. The «Fuck Shit Up» plan consisted  
of assembling a DIY tank with multimedia pro-  
jector, loudspeakers, and party laser, setting  
up good ol' food-not-bombs business, cooking  
up near-perfect lentil soup, and teaching vol-  
unteers how to make smoke bombs.

Everything went according to the plan except  
for the things that didn't.

## R\_O\_

TODAY'S AGENDA FOR NASTYA MYSELF  
AND THE BABY: WAKE UP AT 5 IN THE  
MORNING 5.45 FEED 6.25 BUS 7.03 LAS-  
TOCHKA TRAIN 7.54 BALI.STATION. 8.40  
AT HOME. BY 9.00 NEED FEED. 10.00.  
DOCTOR APPOINTMENT. THEN GET SHOTS!  
THEN WALK HOME WITH HERMAN - NASTYA  
GOES TO GET HER SHOTS. BY 12.00 NEED  
FEED . 15.00 FEED . AT 16.30 NASTYA  
GET TO DENTIST. 17.45 FEED. AT 18.00-  
18.15 LEAVE HOME. 19.05 LASTOCHKA  
TRAIN BACK.

24/06

28/06

18/07

## KTHULHU

NOTHING SCARIER  
THAN A CHILD IN CAMO  
WILL I PROBABLY SEE TODAY  
FRAGRANT COWS  
SCATTERED ACROSS WARM FIELDS  
FROM THEIR FLUFFY HIDES  
CAREFUL BEES  
COLLECT POLLEN  
REVERENTLY





A GIRL IS READING ORWELL ON THE TRAIN  
PUT IT AWAY AFTER READING A COUPLE  
PAGES AND GOT OUT MAUPASSANT

29/06

THE CITY REHEARSING ITS SCARLET HELL. THANK-  
FULLY I LIVE IN A MORE RESIDENTIAL AREA UP  
NORTH. ALL IN ALL, MY SINGLE BEDROOM APART-  
MENT, IN WHICH I LIVE ALONE HAS BECOME NOT  
ONLY A SHELTER, BUT A PORTAL INTO DUSTY LIM-  
BO FOR ONE; A WRINKLE OF MATTER IN BETWEEN  
SPACES, ONE WHERE I WON'T BE SUDDENLY REMEM-  
BERED, POSSIBLY FOREVER. NOW, THAT THERE IS  
AN ANONYMOUS SHELTER, FULL OF FRIENDLY FACES  
AND COMMON CARE, I DON'T WANT TO STAY WITH  
THE NON-RESPONSIBILITY OF NON-TIME FOR TOO  
LONG. I MOVE ABOUT, MINIMIZING INTERACTION WITH  
RANDOM STRANGERS, GROWING A BIGGER DISTANCE  
BETWEEN MYSELF AND THEM THEN THE ONE I HAD  
BEING AN URBAN HERMIT. THE EXPLANATION FOR  
SAID DISTANCE HAS BEEN REDUCED TO A SINGLE  
WORD.

23/06

Olexii Kuchanskyi • • transitory white • • 03.22



## It Is Not The "Ukrainian Issue"

It is absolutely inconceivable, but it seems to be the time when binary opposition is useful. See the difference, neither Russians—Ukrainians nor Russia—NATO. The opposing sides are Putinism, that is force that kills civilians and the environment in order to kill more, — and a transnational network of those, who believe in futures, which are alternatives to this creepy destructive alienated war technology.

That only book I've taken is *The Right to Truth: Conversations on Art and Feminism*, edited by Oksana Bryukhovetska and Lesia Kulchynska, published in Kyiv, 2019. In one of the conversations, artist and activist Dana Kavelina said that empathy is a means of struggle. It is a weapon, which cannot be used by Putinism. And in current conditions, it seems to be no less critical than cerebral books and con...

\*Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu\*

Siren. I should go. Not really a good time for writing.

Briefly from the shelter:

Solidarity is a way to neutralize Putinism as technology. But there is no solidarity without a clear understanding of which side you are on.

Cultural critics, leftists, feminists, eco-activists worldwide, those who read this, it is not the "Ukrainian issue". It is the issue of fighting global capitalism, patriarchy and saving the environment.

STOP COLLABORATING WITH RUSSIAN ART AND CULTURAL INSTITUTIONS, WHICH DID NOT TAKE A STANCE AGAINST WAR!  
HELP REFUGEES ON BORDERS!

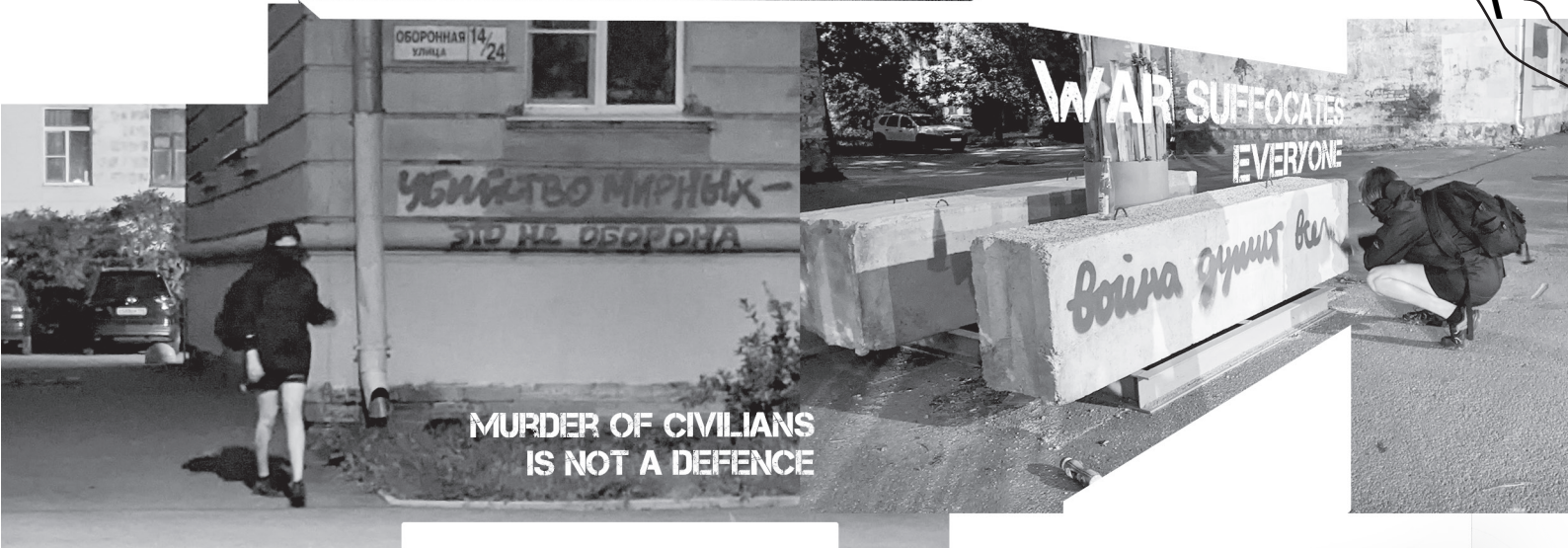
//A letter from the civil body with some observations  
on cultural production and war



Then the time comes to go rogue, go berserk,  
go all the way in



23.07



IMAGINE  
YOU'VE GOT  
NO HOME  
ANYMORE





## I WANTED TO SHARE ONE OF MY LETTERS TO THE ANALYST IT'S ABOUT MY FIRST TRIP TO SIVERSKAYA

I

insufferably tired after one of the most difficult shifts in my life (that was, above all else, 15 hours long), bursting with happiness, i rode my bike from rosa's house of culture back home, then from home to park pobedy station, then a three hour ride to gatchina, then the train, then back to riding the bike in the dark over potholes, with a giant angry dog keeping our pace right behind us for a whole minute. with icy hands

quit my job on saturday, worked one last day on sunday. they let me leave much earlier than were supposed to. texted misha Wanna ride today? in an hour a communal meeting with d and tsaplya, in two i'm on my bike, rushing home, then to park pobedy, where misha and i agreed to meet. tsaplya asked me why i would need something like this  
i said that i'd already done something like this once, when i went to vsevolozhsk and back on roller-blades at night. 60 km total. and i'm ready for this and want this now. today was my last day at work. i need something like this  
+this will be so difficult, and yet, i won't even get paid for doing it! and i think Wow. what a way of phrasing things  
when i was on my way to vsevolozhsk, thinking:

this is so difficult, and yet, i'm not getting paid for it

as i was on my way, found myself thanking god for being alive for the first time in a while. so hellishly cool to be quickly riding the bike on a road. so impossibly beautiful. impossibly cool. absolute happiness. priceless  
and i realized, that i no longer want to be paid for having a hard time. i want this instead  
+the chef's "hard time" is very social by nature. the "hard time" of sport is an individual one, and that suits me very well  
all and all, i want a well-paid job, and leave the difficulty for something else, some other time

we didn't really prepare well: no gloves, lights, food and water. and left at 8, which is too late. and i just took a stephen king novel with me instead of everything else. we made it to the last train from gatchina. rode through the dark from siverskaya station to home. Misha was later telling Misha O that he thought we'd have to start knocking on doors, look for a place to sleep if we didn't make it

II

decided to join school of interface development. found out that they are more focused on development than design. currently preparing, learning html+css and javascript

here's what i think about all this. i think that i'm a worthless piece of shit. sometimes a terribly dumb one, too. but every single time i really wanted something – i made it work. right now i really want to earn good money instead of making fucking pennies, and do it while sitting at my computer. doing difficult interesting things. the only thing left to figure out is what those difficult interesting things may be + the shortest route to making money doing those things

i have experience doing impossible things. and what i want to do now is so simple it's almost funny. if i have had more time (time = money), the problem before me could be called elementary

got my salary. fuck this. turns out, they pay 2700 for 12 hr shifts when you work your first month. just forgot to tell me. what a way to treat people. if i ever have to do this again (no!), i'd rather go work in some shawarma joint, that some fucking "fashionable" eatery.

not enough money for anything. i no longer believe in myself.  
i hate money

there is no salvation. i can't even hide in my thoughts about the possibility of cutting myself open.  
i'm beginning to think that it's not the talking about it that worked, but you telling me: you can't kill yourself

it feels like i have a lump in my throat and want to start crying because i'm unable to handle this. and a part of me wants to rot another. and a part of me regrets that i was found in the toilet that one time, i would rather just choke on my vomit there. fall off a bridge, get hit by a car on the road

god, please, teach me to make money. i'm tired of pinching pennies  
teach me or kill me

# LINUX SHELL COMMANDS, SPONTANEOUS POETIC OUTBURSTS, ENCRYPTED MESSAGES, MEMES, UNCONVENTIONAL OCCULT AND BODY PRACTICES, STENCILS, HEART TALKS...

NEW SYMBOLIC LANGUAGE ? ? ?

K\_R

Trips to the city revealed the nature of a new symbolic language, emerging out of the ongoing war. The Z's and V's found their way into outdoor advertising, marketing campaigns, apparel worn by residents. Once innocent shop signs at the St. Pete outskirts took on new sinister meanings: streets abound with "Trust" pawnshops, "Fatherland" pharmacies, "Loyal" supermarket.

kets... Russian activists have been looking for ways to oppose this discursive contamination. Most of them started bombing city walls with anti-war slogans, but subtler interventions into the domains of the visual and the linguistic were performed as well. Members of the Feminist Anti-War Resistance were sending out Easter postcards to their relatives — only instead of usual greetings, these letters contained stylized verses exposing the invasion. Artist Sasha Skochilenko is facing ten years in jail for replacing price tags in a local supermarket with similarly formatted anti-war leaflets. Communards researched and tried out some of these tactics, but real experiments within the symbolic domain unfolded naturally — and often unnoticed by us. In essence, this publication is the reflection of this new vocabulary as well as commune's chaotic past and unclear future.



23/06

'OAT  
FLAKES FOR  
THE WHOLE FAMILY'  
THIS TEXT I READ EVERY  
DAY ON A BOX

RIGHT NOW I'M BEING CORNED DOWN AND  
THAT'S ALSO A SORT OF CHOICE

LOCKED IN DISTANCE AND THE COUNTING OF TIME  
POSTS RIVERS GATEWAYS FENCES ALL THIS AN EMPTY SET WHEN  
COMPARED TO THE FIELD OF THE FINITE

IN JUNE I READ THE FINAL POSTS OF DEAD VK USERS

AND FELT MUCH LOVE AND MUCH PAIN WITHOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF NAMING NAMES

QUIET, LACK OF SOUND, LACK OF WORDS

THOUGHTS SURROUNDING THE HORIZON OF BEING UNFITTING FOR SIV  
AND IN THE HOUSE LEFT BY ALL THERE IS A LACK AND A SENSE OF MISPEAKING

POSSIBLY THIS IS THE ESSENCE OF AN INCONSISTENT NIETZSCHEAN WHERE  
THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE PRESENT, NOT ONLY AFFECT OF JOYFULNESS ACCORDING TO SPINOZA

REMINING MYSELF HOW FANTASTIC IT IS THAT WE ALL HAVE BODIES  
YES, AND I SHOULD THINK OF THOSE FAR AND NEAR THEY ARE MY ALLIES  
THE LYUBATOVO FLAKES AND OTHER PET NAMES SECRETS TREASURES  
ARCHAEOLOGY FOR ANTS

WE ARE WITH THEM I AM WITH THEM THIS AND THAT AND THE OTHER  
LIKE PEOPLE IN THE LANDSCAPE WALKING IN AN ARROW FORMATION  
STUCK IN MY POMPOON AND JUST YOU FIGURE OUT HOW THIS HAPPENED  
IF ONLY YOU'D LET YOURSELVES IN

THERE WOULD IMMEDIATELY BE LAUGHTER AND TEARS AND TENDERNESS  
FOR OUR CARELESS HUMANITY  
FOR-CE-LE-BRATED

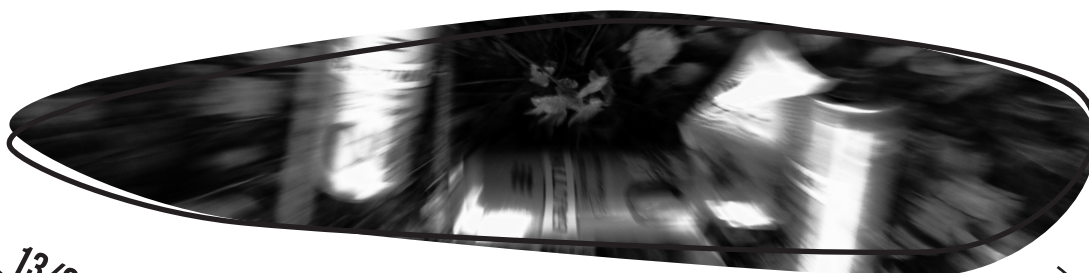


In a desperate attempt to create a new language for a new context, one member of the commune proposed a somewhat esoteric framework of politicized demonologies. They also claimed that it was actually pretty materialistic in spite of what the herd was led to believe.

The communard declared that demonization as it appeared in Christianity was one of the oldest systems of oppression — maybe aside from the patriarchy. They also insisted that while the oppressed were being dragged into the informational-spiritual warfare and were forcefully labeled as something infernal (i.e. inferior) they should acknowledge this demonization, not fight it head-on. Any narrative is capable of enforcing unwanted agencies and roles, naming this narrative a demon (i.e. partially constructing one) can create an interface for engagement with it. This operation is done to detect the sprawling of the linguistic constructs through one's thinking patterns as well as un- and subconscious processes. Thus, new protocols are created that are capable of naming, banishing, harnessing or commanding these constructs. The key to developing such

asymmetric tactics of resistance lies in the very status of the oppressed as the Infernal who can call on their demonic abilities. This was a materialistic implementation of the framework proposed by the communard, and it was designed to invoke ritualistic bodily presence in the cybernetic hellhole of social media updates, 24-hour news feeds, curated statistical data and devious psy-ops.

Members of the commune knew that theory was nothing without praxis, so some of them decided to fiddle with the demonic forces. Intense discussion about magical thinking and Will ensued and the decision was reached that each of the volunteers would construct a personal demon. The practice itself turned out to be nothing like an elitist occult ritual or an initiation into the "sacred tradition." It looked and felt more like an art-therapy workshop at a local nursing home. A few demons were produced, some of them were even given names. While a number of participating communards were silent during the whole process, others preferred to articulate the nature of their extended Will.



13/08/22

Sergey Bondarenko • • • • • holod • • • • • 04.22

James Scott, an anthropologist that studies cultures in southwest Asia, named a selection of daily protest practices "routine resistance". In his book "Weapons of the Weak", he says "...it seems important to understand this quiet and anonymous welter of peasant action. <...> These Brechtian forms of class struggle have certain features in common. They require little or no coordination or planning; they often represent a form of individual self-help; and they typically avoid any direct symbolic confrontation with authority or with elite norms." As an example, he offers the cases of Vietnamese and Burmese peasants that sabotage power structures for prolonged periods of time, find a way to voice their disagreement without any apparent displays of revolt. This is "...a struggle over the appropriation of symbols, a struggle over how the past and present shall be understood and labeled, a struggle to identify causes and assess blame, a contentious effort to give partisan meaning to local history."

// The internal desire to protest

O\_R\_



25/06 17:29

YESTERDAY I SAW TWO CONVERTIBLES AND DUST



.....Possibly this is how the two main tactics of artistic resistance (the paranoid schizophrenic practice of insanity and the depressive — auto — practice of documenting) arose. In other words — practices of depth, threading patterns with tears, and practices of community's impossibility, the archaeology of the unrealized event.

A group devoted to the tedious and a group devoted to the meticulous, a group of tears and a group of rituals, a group of autonomy and a group of parasitism, a group of remorse and a group of melancholy.....



Tanya Pinchuk   ● ● ● ●   facebook   ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●   08.22

<...>The most prominent feeling in 2022 is one of despair. Daily routine no longer consists of zoom meetings, plans and projects. It is now mostly fear, helplessness and small bursts of resistance. At first it felt like we were the passengers of a Boeing, hijacked by insane thugs, en route to an unimaginable hellish nightmare. Your personal life no longer has any meaning: you are now a hostage, the death machine you're in is controlled by a gang of psychopaths, riding through the burning remains of Ukrainian cities.

Half a year later I feel as though I am falling down a well, bursting through its bottom again and again. Falling next to me is a mess of sieg-heiling patriots, ex-colleagues, hypocritical leftists and roaring right-wingers, Mediazone news reports, donation appeals for the Ukrainian Armed Forces, volunteers, humanitarian aid, death tolls, the wounded, the convicted. Every single day there are reports of bombings, new criminal cases, some politician's fucking speech about nuclear weapons... War continually buries everyone under its rubble.

Are we the witnesses of the end of peace? Are we the witnesses of the end of life without endless restrictions? Instagram constantly sends me stories I posted last year, seemingly shot on another planet, one we collectively left, seemingly without hope of returning. And the new fucked up planet is one of remorse and tears. Take care of your loved ones while you are here. Don't let this world impose a new normal upon you. Because this is not normal.

15

Everyone knows that the Life of a commune is fueled by endless orgies. Everyone, however, remains eerily silent on the matter.



Everyone knows that the Life of a commune is fueled by endless orgies. Everyone, however, remains eerily silent on the matter.

G\_H\_

23/08

(I DON'T KNOW HOW TO CALL THIS, I DON'T LIKE ANY WORDS THAT COULD FIT, ESPECIALLY "WANK-ING" - IT SORT OF REMINDS ME OF "SPANK-ING"/"HURRY UP, BOSS-MAN-KING"/"BIG-BIG STANK-ING", BUT I'LL LET IT BE) - I ONLY WANKED HERE ONCE, AND THAT ITSELF IS A PHANTOM MEMORY, AS MY WHOLE SEXUALITY IS A PHANTOM MEMORY OF ITSELF

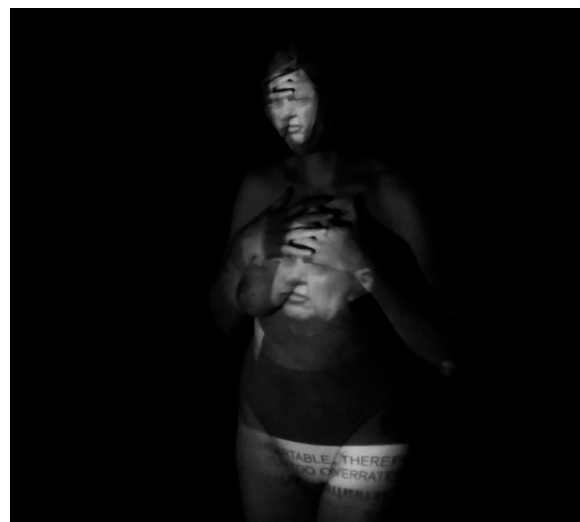
SEXUALITY AS A DISCOURSE HAS BEEN REPRESSED INTO THE CRYPTO-INTIMATE, THE SILENCED MAYBE THERE'S ALREADY SO MUCH OF THE PHYSICALITY THAT IT WOULD BE KINDA AWKWARD TO BURDEN IT WITH WORDS

YOU CAN'T JUST BRING IT UP IN A MUNDANE WAY: IF MY BREASTS WERE CUT OFF/IF ONLY I DIDN'T HAVE BREASTS [THIS SHOULD SOUND LIKE A SAD WORK SONG - OH!..], I COULD HIT SOLOVIEV BETTER MY ASEXUAL SUBPERSONALITY HAS LET THIS HOUSE SINK IN

"I LIKE SEEING BODIES AS JUST BODIES" TO BE MORE PRECISE - SEE THE BODIES AS LESHAS MARINAS MITYAS MISHAS ILYAS CYRILLS LENAS... THE SPREAD OUT SKIN LIKE A SOFT RESPONSIVE INTERFACE OF THE TENDER(INSUFFERABLE)NESS OF LIVING TOGETHER - NOTHING ELSE

BUT THE ONLY TIME WHEN YOU TOUCHED ME FIRST HAPPENED - SUDDENLY - IN A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT REGIME

AT THE END OF IT ALL I AM IN SOLIDARITY WITH MARINA'S ACCIDENTAL "ARE U HARD?" MEANING "ARE YOU HAVING A HARD TIME/ ARE YOU COMPLEX?"



Danila Dugum • • facebook • • • 08.22

Though this statement may seem disgusting, I think that I understand Russia without horror, reservation, and judgement. I understand this so-called society. For the past two weeks, I've been laying down, with a deep disdain for the thought of assuming a vertical posture. The past six months I've been trying to minimize my movement between spaces. This, I believe, has never been the case before, not when my friends were being tortured, not with the pigs tailing me, grazing in a car just outside my apartment, not when they came to the woman I love, not when my best friend jumped out the window, having been in constant anticipation of being arrested and tortured... This extreme situation has started shifting the gears in the mechanism of corresponding reactions: fight - for the desperate few, flight - for those, that still hold a balance between a sense of self-preservation and self-respect, freeze - for all the rest. And, whether I like it or not, I have found myself in solidarity with the latter. Though I do not possess the tenacity to constantly post stories, cat photos, pics, can't bring myself to talk of parties with vim and vigor, the very same energy with which we once talked about philosophy and politics, history and cinema. This resilience (with which they mumble it of it, eat it, chew it, to wipe dirt over the scream of reality) is, possibly, the main thing I cannot share with my compatriots.



the war is employed by the destructive machine that is bio-geo-politics: lines of combat plotting the boundaries between the human and territorial bodies, subduing them to the tectonic shifts of the conflict, forcing them to ooze with blood, oil, and pain. these processes infect discourses, intrude into speech, populate the everyday and mundane.

to resist the infection, one must perform a local gesture: comprehend the surrounding cognitive landscape, remember that there is a world outside of the war. turn to a mode of contiguity, collectively search for/rebuild the boundaries of the bodily, discover the Other's potential for closeness and friendliness instead of seeing them as a hostile, feel one's skin not as a border, but as a dispersed organ of attention. this is how one can see zones of contiguity not as flash-points, but as transboundary forests.

we combined the following exercises with the practices of co-living and dispersed activism. we recommend integrating bodily practices directly into the process of resistance, so they are not used as a method of escapism.

step 1. find a comfortable position. stay in this position for a while, allowing your attention to sink back into your body. close your eyes. take deep, even breaths. relax your neck, shoulders, hands, chest, thighs, calves, feet. allow your body to delegate itself to the environment that surrounds it. how is your weight spread out? where do you feel pressure? find fields of contact between your body and its surroundings. where does your body end? where does the contact begin? shift your attention to these points, concentrate yourself in

them, then spread out in your body and thoughts again. let those thoughts roam free. spread yourself out in the things happening around you. when you feel that you are ready, open your eyes. what changes can you sense?

step 2. you have completed your preparations and are now ready to come in contact with the body/ies of the other/s. try to spot each other in a shared space. if the particulars of your body imply having eyes, you can look the other/s in their eyes before closing your own. when ready, begin uninterrupted physical contact. you can live through touch while staying in an unchanged configuration and examining the slightest fluctuations or keep moving constantly. let the character of touch show you a shared temporality, possible amplitudes and direct your attention.

variations: 1) enter into an act of touch with multiple other bodies (our practice employed from three to eight other agencies) / 2) introduce sound. let the act of touch be an impulse of spontaneously producing a shared sound. what sort of sonic frequency does the body produce? listen to each other with your bodies / 3) introduce words. let the act of touch be an impulse of spontaneously producing shared speech. you can verbally scan fields of contact or simply speak the first words that come to mind. what changes when the need for verbal communication arises? / 4) come back to this practice when you find yourself in situations of forced or unwanted physical touch / 5) share this practice with a foreign body, the interaction with which implies enmity or a lack of common understanding.



On a Friday night we decided to hold a session with someone playing a video game and others watching the playthrough on a big screen. The game of choice became RimWorld by Ludeon Studios, a sci-fi simulator about a motley crew of shipwreck survivors stranded on a distant planet. The task is as simple as building a commune — you just have to establish a sustainable colony capable of surviving a hostile environment, helping refugees, fighting illnesses, giant insects, and ancient killing machines. The ultimate goal of the game is to build a new spaceship and get the hell out — the invasive thought we all probably entertained in reality.

The hard part of the game mechanics is managing relationships of randomly generated neurodivergent settlers. This was familiar too. How to reach a shaky consensus in a group consisting of a cannibal cook, a genetically engineered assassin, a lazy farm oaf, and a masochistic artist? Can a metastable constellation of new friendships, vague or explicit romantic

inclinations, and unavoidable conflicts become the foundation for a long-term and productive community? Is there a future for such a colony-commune built from scratch in a barren landscape? Should the settlers persevere through all the hardships just to watch the fruits of their labor vanish into intergalactic darkness? Should they... just leave it all behind to be consumed by time?

The colony we built in the game collapsed abruptly when a pack of mad squirrels broke through defenses and killed most of the settlers. The rest starved to death when agricultural production and logistical routine crumbled. If you think about it, they didn't stand a chance. We fell silent after all the plans we had for the colony and personal affections we held for the characters were eradicated by the malevolent AI and the whims of the chaotic order of things. Don't know what others thought, but I inwardly hoped: "Can we do better? Maybe next run?"

WORK HARD PRAY HARD



#### A\_BACKYARD\_CO-OP

We spent quite a bit of time figuring out the means by which we could have earned some money. We could brew cider, sell blueberries, build a recording studio, make dishes and utensils out of aluminum cans, fix bikes, move bathing houses, steal apples, or make cider with the stolen apples. After biding time in consideration of our business endeavors, we earned a collective neurosis.





# "IF WE ONLY HAVE PLANTED ONIONS HOW ARE THESE TOMATOES ALL GROWING?"

(BE UNBARRED, O YE GATES OF HELL BY DEERHOOF)

GROWTH \_\_\_\_\_ G\_H\_

Planted and embedded: an imaginary field of potatoes, ten tomato seedlings, peppers, a small community of cultural workers in a two-story house with a basement, the destruction of independent media and cultural institutions, more than two hundred anti-war political prisoners\*.

Grown and growing: one tomato, ten bell peppers, some greens, apples on a wild apple tree, grocery prices, some stencils, anxiety, six new names for the cat, close connections, 8 commune members changed their philosophy, questions on how to continue an artistic practice in war-time, the number of people affected by military violence.

\*according to Black February <https://blackfeb.ru/>



10/08 M\_G\_

I'D LIKE TO THANK THE COMMUNE FOR  
GIVING ME THE KNOWLEDGE THAT IF  
SOMETHING GOES WRONG IN LIFE,  
IT CAN BE PUT TOGETHER WITH  
SELF-TAPPING SCREWS



23/06

D\_G\_

"THE NON-INTENSE LOVE AND CARE PRODUCED BY THE COMMUNE IS FOR ME, QUITE POSSIBLY, IT'S MOST IMPORTANT BYPRODUCT"

I NEED WALLS SEPARATING US - AS THOUGH MY BODY WAS STRETCHING INTO A MORE COLLECTIVE ENTITY, GAINING NEW PARTS, SOME THAT HURT MORE, SOME - MORE CLEVER AND SENSITIVE, SOME - SAD AND FULL OF JOY OUT OF ORDER, SOME SPITTING IT OUT - THE COMMUNE BRINGS OUT EVERYTHING THAT IS PERSONAL AND CLOSETED, LEFT IN THE COURTYARD OF AN APARTMENT BUILDING IN THE CITY OF MOSCOW, LEFT BEHIND, LOCKED AWAY, BLOCKED OUT, IMPOSSIBLE

I AM HOLDING ON TO MY DISTANCE

I AM HOLDING ON TO MY ROOM, BED, PERSONAL, NOT COMMON OBJECTS, MY PLATE AND TOOTHBRUSH, PROTECTING MY WORLD FROM OTHERS, FALLING TOGETHER INTO THE GRINDING IMPOSSIBILITY:

RESISTING AT LEAST MY OWN FALLING APART

RESISTING

IN THE CITY I THINK OF AN OLD HOUSE IN THE WOODS, MY OWN ABSENCE FROM ITS LIFE AS WELL AS MY OWN LIFE, IN SEPARATION FALLING OFF THE ATTIC STAIRS ONTO A SCRATCHY BENCH

JUST OUT OF POLITENESS AND FRIENDLINESS: WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN OUR PRACTICES? ARE YOU HUNGRY, COULD WE DO SOMETHING TOGETHER? COULD A RADICALLY TENDER COMMUNE BE BIGGER THAN A SUBWAY CAR? CAN I TAKE CARE OF EVERYONE WITHOUT BEING DRAWN TOO CLOSE, TAKE CARE OF A WHOLE CAPITAL CITY, LIKE IT WAS POSSIBLE HERE OVER THE COURSE OF FOUR DAYS IN THIS IMPOSSIBLE SUMMER, AND WHAT COULD THAT CHANGE

