

FREEZER FILLERS

GET RID OF PESTS



Spartacist Youth League



Socialist Workers Party-Y.S.A.



Workers League



International Socialists

TRADITIONAL MINGE MEATS

Communist Party-Young Workers Liberation League

Socialist Labor Party

GET RID OF PESTS



Socialist Party - three varieties



WE'RE BANKRUPT

Everything's Gotta Go!

57 VARIETIES

For years we of the left parties have been trying to sell you on our leadership qualities. For years we fooled many with our talk of 'peoples government' and 'equality'. But now our sales are down. People, especially young workers (dread!), are beginning to realize that new leaders, new bosses and 'the vanguard party' are part and parcel of the old society. They see that hierarchy in any form has nothing to do with real socialism, and that from Sweden to China, from Yugoslavia to British Columbia; a small class runs the show by robbing the vast majority who are forced to work. Thus capitalism, this social relation of production, rules the world; and we Leninists and social democrats are merely different brands of oppression. Time and again we have revealed this in our liquidation sales, and so called



All unfit for human consumption

revolutionaries of our parties could eat the bodies of workers from Kronstadt, Cuba, China, Chile, Germany, Spain and you name it. We have slaughtered any who challenged the rule of the party, doing our best to suppress the free workers councils. But libertarian communism is appearing as a world movement and everywhere our false opposition to capitalism is being understood. It is so hard to sell our goods these days we are dropping out of our parties and selling their corpses now in our big going out of business sale! Anyway, many of us are tired of self-sacrifice and the monotony of our miserable religious lives. After all, as individuals we are not all pigs; some of us now see real life lies in total revolution based on the generalized self-management of the councils.



BONUS!

Today only: Paul Soglin, Bob Weidenbaum and a million other 'peoples democrats' representing us.

WE URGE ALL WHO SEEK AN AUTHENTIC AND LIBERATED LIFE TO IGNORE ANYTHING WE EVER SAID. FOR IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE ANYONE COULD BE SO IDIOTIC AS WE WERE.



MIXED NUTS



National Lawyers Guild



Peoples Party + Indochina Peace Campaign



N.C.L.C. + Y.A.W.F.



The Guardian Venceremo Brigade



Black Panther Party



News and Letters, and a peck of others!

FREE TURKEYS



October League



Progressive Labor Party



R. U. and children; Y.V.A.W.-W.S.O.; ex-R.S.B.; U.S.-China Friendship Association



Weather Underground Organization

FRUIT CAKE

We the People

Wisconsin Alliance



Take Over

Irish Republican Club



S.L.A. + Black Liberation Army

Daily Cardinal

The Progressive, and many others in the local herd!



New American Movement



Taste... Understanding... Integrity



Services for All Faiths

We can arrange dignified services, individually suited in each sect's ideology.

communications invited!

Aurora

p. o. box 1163
Madison, WI. 53701

YOU CAN DO IT HERE! **Beat Inflation!**

ABOLISH MONEY, WAGE LABOR AND VANGUARD PARTIES!

ON LIVING

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by Raoul Vaneigem (ed. NB)

No longer can we rest on our own delusions.
The reality changin' us is livid every day.
In 24 hours there are more truths than in philosophies.
And even philosophers climbed down from superstitions.

When bourgeois enterprise was revolutionary
It exposed the feudal mystics with its science.
But now as much as I don't want to be mystified,
I don't want to be bored by the false world of the technocrats.

No illusion can hide the poverty
of our daily actions any longer.
While constraints are weaker, there're so many more of them.
It's not the gods that make you docile any more.

Instead that's done by news and rock muzak,
municipal policy, empty sex and TV.
A million pinpricks kill as surely as a coupla blows with a club.
So what's the use of exchanging one monotony for another?

Have you met the non-adaptation to your world?
It's roaming the streets, ready to spring...
Waiting to confront you at each evasion of yourself;
It touches your elbow, and the dialog begins.



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People who talk of revolution and class struggle
without refering to our empty everyday life...
Not seeing love's subversive, and refusing constraints is positive
... such people have a corpse in their mouth.

In the ebb and flow of crowds in the streets,
there's nothing but meaningless retreats and attacks.
Remarks, gestures, glances tangle and ricochet
like random bullets, and they kill with nervous tension.

We're blinded from distress not because we think we're happy,
but because we believe in the happiness of everyone else.
So our envious lives are measured in degrees of humiliation;
We're never ourselves, living the lives of objects.

People touch without meeting, isolation grows inside.
Emptiness overcomes us as the crowd becomes more dense.
The crowd drags me out of myself and installs thousands of
little sacrifices in my empty presence.



In a gloomy bar where everyone's bored to death,
a drunken young man breaks a bottle against the wall.
He thought his gesture was clear, but no-one really cared.
He'll just have to start again, stronger... with more coherence.

Love's songs are crippled by the fear
that we'll finish up alone as before.
The boat of love breaks up in the current of everyday life
Let's smash the old world before it wrecks our desires!

To adapt to the world is a losing gamble;
Though a little small talk may help us thru the day,
But the no-man's-land of impersonal relationships
offers only a truce in the battle with isolation.

Everywhere we hear "That's the way it goes",
while joy has even disappeared from music.
Society we invented to protect ourselves from hunger;
But now we ache, trapped in our social slavery.

Remedies for suffering have become justifications;
When in their name we're told what to do.
But all our sacrifices do is increase the power held over us
by the kings, the priests, or even "radical" leaders.

The bourgeoisie said it would use its science
to end both suffering and superstition.
It anaesthetized a little pain, and gave us new false beliefs;
Then told us to suffer more, calling it "human nature".

Ah, but since they told us to believe in happiness and freedom,
we stopped believing our pain would last forever.
So now the bourgeoisie can't console us with justifications
which aren't as strong as the hope that they first gave us.

All those dead, mechanized, specialized actions
steal a bit of life a thousand times a day.
The tears and cries of childhood stay locked up in our hearts.
For ever? In you, too, emptiness is growing.

Now it must be for ourselves when we reach out for each other
We each must live according to our own desires
To joyously create on the side of authentic delight
can hardly be distinguished now from rebellion.

But what spark of humanity, of a possible creativity,
can remain alive when you're dragged out of sleep every day,
to be scrambled about in traffic, deafened by machinery, then
tossed out in the streets, where the crowd shares its boredom?

They buy our energy, turn time into money,
And make us work for things they want us to consume
But now what can I do with a nature ordered in terms of profit?
We've nothing to lose... let's demand this world be ours.

When they want us to submit, they'll say "work makes us free"
And even "communists" tell us it's our duty to produce.
But now work's become so meaningless, there's no hint of creativity.
Let's demand to live and play, refuse to be used anymore!



Up till now, tyranny has merely changed hands
Two antagonists are brothers in their love of power.
There's no way to choose between Tweedledee and Tweedledum
when they even help each other subject us to their will.

Capitalism and socialism carry on their lovers' quarrel.
While we spectators are given harmless controversies
to waste our minds taking sides over prefabricated trifles,
that stop up all the sources of everyday creativity.

So, now we must transcend the system of constraints
And we can't let power incorporate our desires
We don't want a world where the guarantee we won't starve
is bought by accepting the risk of dying of boredom.

There's a hundred ideological ways to be for power,
But power's the one thing which we have to fight
There's an energy locked up in daily life which can move mountains
We've only just joined the great gamble whose stake is freedom.

(Repeat last two lines.)

CHORDS:

Em	C	Em	Em
D ₉	D ₉	Em	Em
C	D	G, D	C
Em	D ₉	Em	Em

This song version of Vaneigem's *Traite de Living* is not intended to replace the original. A more complete version is available thru us. The reaction which many people have to most expressions of situational ideas is that they are overly witty and intellectual (some feel ideas whose goal is a world of unrestricted subjectivity). Situations or new ideas that they're getting either for other situations, or for those who need to be shown how objective conditions are furthering the cause of subjectivity. This version of the *Traite* is a small attempt to reach a different pattern. But anyone wanting to communicate or relate with this version should be aware of - & should try to avoid - the danger of it being absorbed by the spectacle & consumed as "entertainment".