

We hereby announce our unilateral secession from the Vnited States, the state of New York, Tompkins County, our own city government, and the delusion that our membership in such institutions was ever more than symbolic in the first dimension. No, you do not get a place.

We secede from democracy, from the tyranny of the majority, from false choices forced on us for no reason other than to erase possibility, and from the lie that mere popularity carries moral vote in this.





We secede from capitalism, money, and jobs, recognizing them as arbitrary impositions on the instinct towards community and mutual obligation. We insist in the face of all evidence that love is a Don't you tell us what's possible sufficient foundation. If necessary, we secede from evidence.

We secede from acceptability, respectability, polite politics, and the Overton Window; we break the glass, blow out the frame, and tear the whole damn house down.





We secede from history, a pile of rotting corpses that position us wrongly as the endpoint of someone else's story. We secede from the medieval, the Renaissance, the Enlightenment, the Industrial Revolution, the Modern, the Postmodern, the Millennium. We reject beginnings and endings in their entirety.

We secede from the future. We have been waiting for it in the rain for too long, and the show has already started. The future is not coming; we got stood up.





We secede from the heroic, from narratives that centralize us in impossible and tidy plots, from Great Men, from the hope that anyone is coming to save us. We are alone together.

We secede from technology. We are a tangent slashing through the upgrade curve. We secede from progress, from obsolescence, from networking, disrupting, programming, bootstrapping, and innovating. It's time our inventions move out of their parents' basements and start their own civilization.





We secede from binaries, from the law of excluded middle, the narrow idea that the world is made of things and their opposites, and that all must either be or not be. We secede from male and female, good and evil, friend and enemy, possible and impossible, up and down, left and right, zero and one—and all numbers—declaring our allegiance to the in-between and outside.

We secede from wholeness, wholesomeness, holiness, and holisticism, from totality, and totems.





We secede from man. We will We secede from water, earth, and evolve and become unrecognizable. sky, but we believe in the We demand gills, antlers, ink sacs, possibilities of fire. fangs, talons, udders, spores, quills, a proboscis, and a bioluminescent thorax to light the way into the glorious dark.





We secede from continuity and the illusions born of the contiguous. We embrace events without cause We secede from borders, walls, and lines on maps. We secede from maps.

We secede from time and the enslavement to sequence, chronology, dates, appointments, and causes without consequence. clocks, metronomes, meter, tempo, aging, and death itself.





We secede from entropy and the myth of a noble past. It was never better than now. We do not accept that things fall apart. We joyride the widening gyre and smile for photos that may be picked up at the concession booth afterwards. We get back in line for the ride again and again.

We secede from language. We secede from symbols and signs, the feebleness in thinking X equals Y, X equals X, or anything is anything. We secede from meaning itself, from the Romantic myth of individual esteem, personal value, and self-actualization.





We secede from metaphor. We We secede from irony. Sincerity demand to experience everything will pervade even our lies, and directly and completely—most of especially our lies. all, the ambiguous, the inexpressible, and the unimaginable.





We secede from DNA, QED, We secede from pants. Seriously, AM, PM, BC, AD, ADD, fuck pants. OCD, DIY, OMG, FBI, MTV, CNN, IBM, 123, 401K, and the VN, OK?





We secede from the body, We secede from our names, our demanding the right to exist in the twilight realms of imagination and sensing, as forever as we want to be. We secede from sickness, from sleep, from ten fingers, two eyes, and one mouth. We are polymorphous, multitentacled, pandimensional, and incorporeal strobelights of blood and supernova.

families, and all coincidences of our birth.





We secede from ourselves, our illusion of autonomy, and the walls from desire. We never wanted it in the first place.

We secede from fun. We will not be distracted from joy and terror. we build unwittingly. We secede We secede from intention. We don't mean to—we simply do. We secede from logical consistency. We embrace our paradox.





We secede from sanity, a refuge for cowards, pencilpushers, and golfers. We believe completely in every syllable of every drunkard's raving. We secede from banality. If there is war, it will be against the trite. Our weapons will be art, beauty, anti-beauty, and leaping out from behind corners yelling GOTCHA!





We secede from discourse. We will not negotiate. We will not explain. We secede from all secession that does not secede from itself.

We proclaim a new Ithaca, a shining city in a gorge, free and eternal. You are hereby granted full citizenship, wherever and whoever you are. You need not join us, for you are already here. We are already there. You did not need us to tell you, but we are happy to.



This has always already happened.

I T H A C A
PSYCHOGEOGRAPHIC
LIBERATION
F R O N T

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