

**NO ONE  
CAN TAKE  
AWAY THE  
MEMORIES  
WE'VE  
CREATED.**

**HISTORY  
BOOKS  
MAY IGNORE  
US, BUT  
OUR HEARTS  
KNOW THAT  
OUR STORIES  
WILL BE  
TOLD FOR  
CENTURIES.**

*We celebrate as every last brick and stone of this world is torn down. As every last pain of hunger slips away into the happily forgotten years of a wretched past, we rejoice. We are surrounded by our friends and neighbors, and our faces beam as we gather our tools and begin to rebuild the world as it should have been all along...*

*[www.autonome.org](http://www.autonome.org)*

**AUTONOME**



*one  
hundred  
thousand  
volunteers  
needed...*

*issue one*



TABLE OF CONTENTS

**page 3 -**  
Introduction.

**page 4 -**  
The Poverty Of Work.

**page 5 -**  
Surrender or Starvation.

**page 6 -**  
Action And Analysis.

**page 7 -**  
Starting A Revolution.

**page 8, 9 -**  
The Art Of Class War.

**page 10 -**  
Punch The Time Clock.

**page 11 -**  
Answers And Questions.

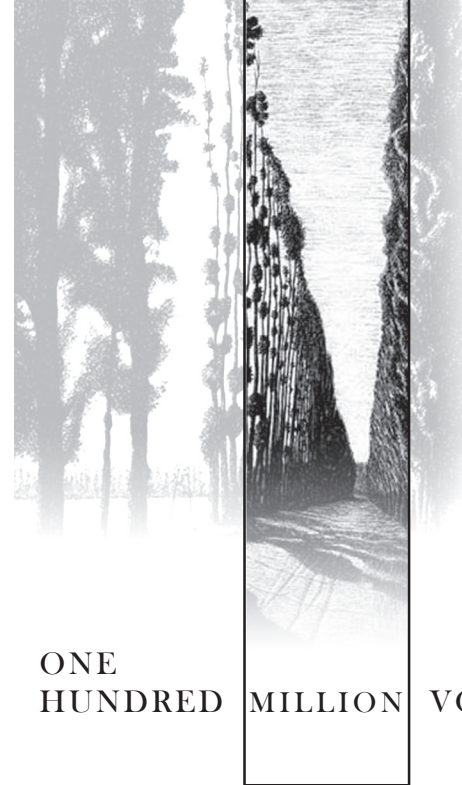
**page 12, 13 -**  
The Union In Your Head.

**page 14 -**  
A Spanish Love Affair.

**page 15 -**  
One Hundred Million  
Volunteers Needed.



100,000 VOLUNTEERS NEEDED



ONE  
HUNDRED MILLION VOLUNTEERS  
NEEDED

*That day, Atlas  
shrugged, and the  
people rejoiced  
as the captains  
of industry and  
beauracrats and  
spoiled children of  
Kings discovered  
that they knew  
nothing about  
growing their own  
food. And we all  
lived as free people,  
as the wealthy were  
starved by their own  
ignorance...*

When the day ends, and our arms fold, and the spin of the world on our shoulders winds down, we will all look back on the past as a tragic comedy, where millions of actors were slaves to a small audience. As the old history books conclude, and the new histories are written by those who live them, we watch the curtain pulled tightly shut as the last passive audience member is either brought on stage or forgotten by those who formerly danced at their request. The theaters close briefly, and the actors break apart the stage, rebuild it with their own intentions, and rewrite the script to reflect their own needs and desires. As the curtains re-open, the seats are empty, and the play is performed in a way never thought possible. *We are the actors, the world is our stage, and we will no longer be slaves to the audience.*

THIS PAMPHLET WAS PRINTED AND DISTRIBUTED BY



PLEASE CONTACT US FOR MORE INFORMATION



*When I feed the poor,  
they call me a saint.*

*When I ask why they're poor,  
they call me a communist.*

*When I rob the rich to feed the poor,  
they call me an anarchist.*



# A Spanish Love Affair

The story of Spain in 1936 plays like a movie script, one of those incredible movies that you watch wishing you could be right there. An out of control military general and his fascist troops, with the backing of the corrupt Spanish Church, attempt a brutal takeover of one of Europe's poorest countries. They start taking over cities one by one, intent on ruling with an iron fist.

That's when our heroes show up and fight back. Millions of Spanish peasants, men and women, grab their rifles and head to the front lines to give the fascists hell. And then, in the second act, they take over their factories, and start

turning their cars into tanks. They take over stretches of land and start growing food for everyone. Bosses are kicked out, and meetings are held about how to run the place without them. Nobody would go hungry and the days of taking orders from the rich, the politicians, or anyone are over. What started as defense became the spark of a revolution.

Before the credits rolled, the war was lost, and the

makings of a tragedy began, but those few years when the possibilities swelled uncontrollably continue to inspire revolutionaries to this day. This pamphlet probably wouldn't have been written if it weren't for the Spanish revolution and all the uprisings that it inspired. Of course, nothing is perfect, and nobody should ever try to recreate history when the present is much more important. That doesn't mean we can't smile everytime we see those photos of red and black buses paraded through the streets of Catalonia to celebrate the revolution and the (however temporary) defeat of the fascists.

## INTRODUCTION

This is for every peasant who ever wanted to burn the landlord's mansion to the ground, walk away, and never look back. In these pages are questions about the same conflict we've been caught up in for a thousand years now: The everlasting struggle between those of us who grow, cook, serve, and clean and those who sit at the table and wait for us to feed them. This is an ongoing war between those who have and those who ain't got, and the battlefield extends beyond all the borders and into every single home, every workplace, every playground and every street. This is our war, and conscription started a long time ago. We may not always have had a name for it, but



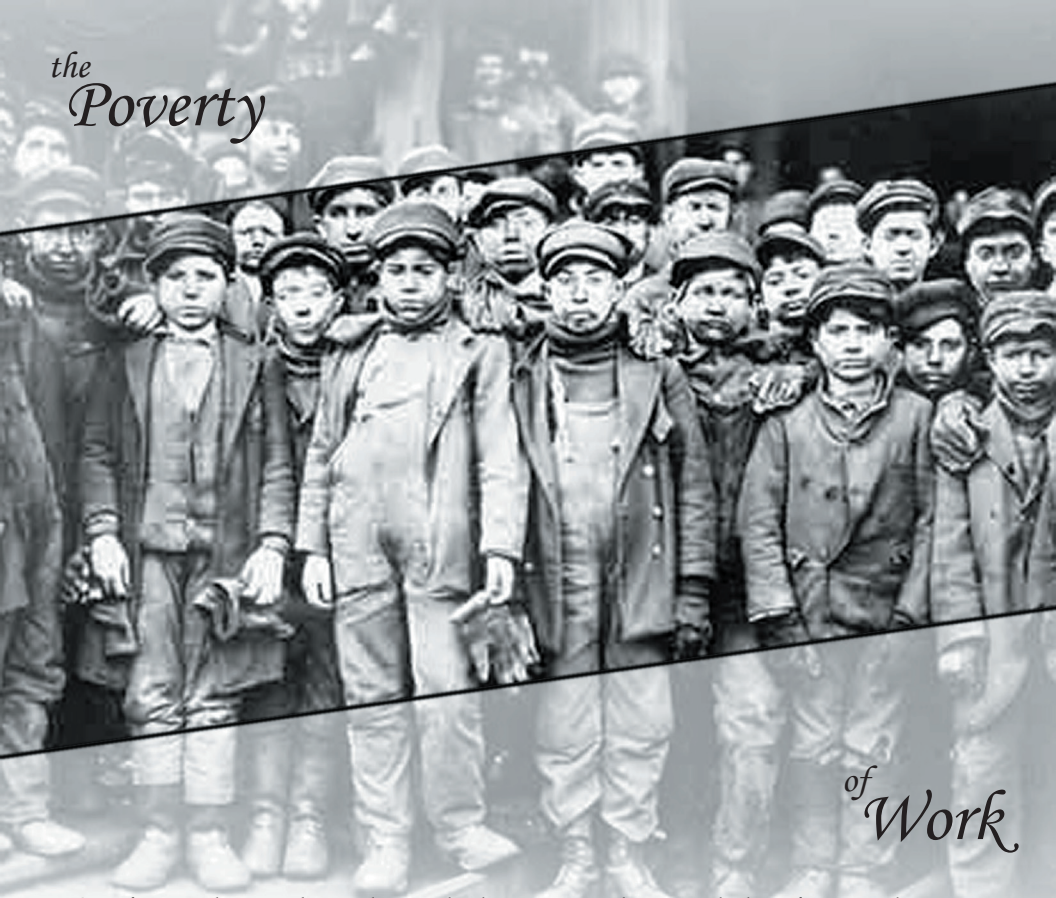
we always heard the bombs going off in the background. We may not have always known how to fight it, but we've never been alone in wanting to. *And yet, no empire crumbles on its own. Especially an empire that can trust its servants.* These are the last days of the war, for all its tragedy and longing, poverty and isolation, together we can decide if it soon comes to an end. Our side in this fight has had plenty of victims, but not enough heroes. *One hundred thousand volunteers are needed in the only war where fighting brings you back to life.*

As for us, we're **Autonome**. We aren't an organization to join, or a party to vote for, or a religion to convert to. **Autonome** is just a flare on a dark road, illuminating the way to wherever it is we're headed. And we've been waiting for you.

...



# the Poverty



## of Work

Our first task is to bury the myth that the wealthy have worked hard for their wealth. We must eliminate from our vocabulary of thought the concept that success and hard work are related in any way. *In Theory*, they say, *Success Comes To Those Who Deserve It Most*. In theory, that may be true, but our lives are not theory, and we can't survive on abstractions and ideology. The reality speaks otherwise, and no matter how many economics professors and capitalist philosophers might be presented to us, we refuse to believe in an idea that contradicts our existence.

We watch the day laborers riding their bikes before daybreak to work heavy construction for twelve hours. We watch the secretaries who manage the nuts and bolts of whole enterprises without ever being acknowledged. We watch the fast food employees who sweat over grease grills and irate customers, all the while keeping up with the pace of a society in overdrive. We watch the factory workers file in, day and day out, to work amidst the metals and plastics and heat and arthritis. We watch as the hardest working people are ignored, despised, ridiculed, and forgot-

ten, and we watch them from up close, eye to eye, because we stand next to them as they work. We are not statistics or number games played by middle managers and human resource departments. We are people, and we refuse to believe the myth that we deserve to be treated as anything less.

There are no lobster dinners with clients in our future. No paid business trips or personal health days, no stock options or summer homes.

And so this myth is more than a myth, it is a slap in the face of anyone who has been forced to waste their day under the thumb of someone who barely works, and yet enjoys a greater dignity than us. It's an insult to everything we have had to endure, and that myth ends right here.

*"The machinery of capitalism is oiled by  
the blood of the workers."*

*- Homer J. Simpson*

do aren't sure if they're worth anything anymore. That's because a *union* became The Unions, a disfiguration of its former self. Most of us have been forgotten entirely, living without any illusions that we'll ever be saved by those we never should have entrusted to save us.

And so, we come to this conclusion: The Unions, as a bureaucracy, as an institution, or as a heirarchy of the powerful, are no longer relevant. What we need is not The Unions, but a *union*, as an idea from days of struggle long past. What we need is groups of people willing to fight, willing to have each other's backs. Regular, everyday people who are ready to light the barricades aflame and raise the flags of revolt and mutiny.

What good is a union card if it sits idle in our back pockets? What good are membership fees if our strength is sapped with them? Is it better to be part of The Unions and do nothing, or to have a *union* and throw up our fists?

Who is more fit to determine the best way to fight than ourselves and those among us? We could throw away The Unions, and shake the hands of those nearest to us, and we would have the strong *union* we haven't had in decades. *The war is won when we decide to fight it, and our first step is to do away with everything that keeps us from taking up arms.*



*"We knew," said the mine worker, "that when the union  
big shots came into town it wasn't to help us!"*



# The Union In Your Head.

The powerful won't give in without a fight, so it's about time we hit back.



Our mission is simple: Strike fear in the hearts of the wealthiest men. Get them on the run, and never give them a chance to look back. Chase them out and barricade the door. We have nothing to gain but everything, and nothing to lose but our chains.

Once upon a time, we had a *union*, and we built slave revolts and neighborhood insurgencies. *Union* was a cuss word that we spoke with abandon, when we raised our fists, and promised hell to any hired vigilante or company thug who dared cross our path. Flags were flown, food was stockpiled, prisons were stormed, the divisions between us were forgotten, bonds were forged, and from behind the flaming barricades we watched the old world's stare as the new world was being built right in front of them. War was what they gave us, and war was what we gave them back. The history we built would inspire generations.

Since that time, though, we lost our way. *Union* is no longer a rousing hymn sung on the eve of battle, but an institution that ties our hands with a different kind of rope. Our strength was in our ideas, in our desires for a world we could call our own. *Union* embodied those ideas, but has become like an absentee landlord, or a superhero we expected to save us, but who decided she has better things to do. Some of us might still have our union cards, but those of us who

## SURRENDER OR STARVATION

*They sold us a dream and paid us as little as possible.*

*Capitalism.* There we are, there's our answer. We can all pack up and go home, because we found the answer to all our questions. *Capitalism.* The answer is as worthless as it gets. Everything we have to deal with: slumlords, brutal cops, lay-off crazed human resource departments, water that'll kill you if you drink it, and everything in-between, all boiled down to one single, disappointing answer.

*Capitalism.* The always present, viral idea that some of us have to work, and some of us will never have to. Those of us who work will probably work for the rest of our lives. If we're lucky, we'll retire with enough money to pay rent. Most likely, though, we'll get laid off or fired or we'll quit out of frustration. Some of us tolerate the best we can, some of us go postal, some of us file grievances with our union, some of us don't have a union, some of us quit, and some of us can't wait for the day we can

step on the backs of others ourselves. Wars are fought because of it, resources plundered, people enslaved, and neighborhoods crushed in its name.

Revolutionary organizations all over the world belt the word out as a battle cry, and a lot of times, their revolution ends there. Their revolutions end almost as weak as the response they give to those inquisitive minds who hope to understand more. The revolution hasn't happened because so many revolutionaries never realized that a lot of us aren't content with the answer they present us with. They've told us the joke a million times, and we're still all waiting for the punchline.

So, it's not much of an answer, is it? In fact, we really don't have any answers at all. What we have is an excuse to avoid asking the toughest question. And that's the question that will really get us thinking: *What now?*

*"Capitalism is the legitimate racket of the ruling class" - Al Capone*







EVERY  
DAY  
FOR  
THE  
REST  
OF  
YOUR  
LIFE

# THE TRICK TO STARTING A REVOLUTION IS FINDING THE RIGHT BALANCE BETWEEN DOING SOMETHING AND KNOWING YOUR SHIT.



Timeclocks, wagecuts,  
paychecks, layoffs,  
and lost opportunities;

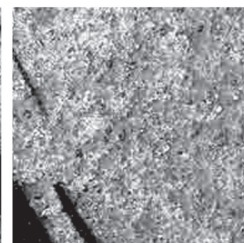
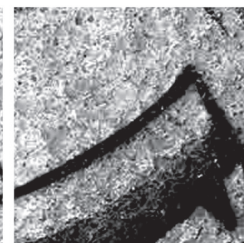
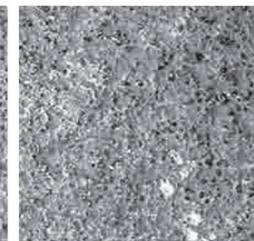
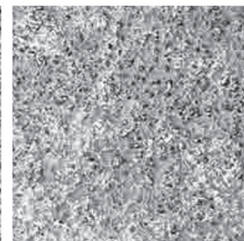
this is life, good to the last drop. It doesn't get any better than this, does it? Unemployment, foreclosure, bounced checks, we won't be homeless for long. *That's unfortunate, but at least it never happened to me.* One of these days, we're gonna make it. Maybe we'll never get rich, but at least we'll have our dignity. Someday we'll fight for an eight hour work day. Someday we'll

make decent money. Just you wait, 'cause we won't take this for much longer. *The boss wouldn't dare, he knows what would happen to him if he tried.* Sometimes

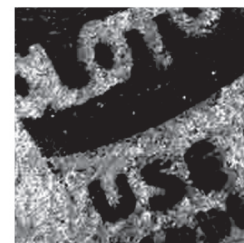
we all wonder what would have happened if we hadn't stood our ground. *Management told us that we wouldn't get paid for overtime this month. That's when our hands turned to fists.*

we  
need  
a few  
more  
intellectual  
thugs  
and a  
lot  
less  
thugs  
and  
intellectuals

A boxer enters the ring, all muscle and intimidation. He locks eyes with his opponent, and when the bell rings, and the match begins, our hero starts to swing. Wild, crazy swings, he never stops to watch his opponent, never takes the time to understand the physics and geometry of the fight, or the complexities of the situation. Our opponent never throws a single punch until the fourth round, when the wild swings slow, and the rapid movements tire. A single punch, and our hero crashes to the mat, and the title is lost.



A chess player looks at the board, with time ticking down. She could take a risk, and the whole match would be over. She thinks out the possibilities, over and over, each time with a slightly different outcomes. She starts to understand every possibility of the board, every action that she or her opponent could ever take. The bell rings, her time is up, and her turn is over. *Anyone who has ever succeeded at anything knows the importance of both understanding and taking risks..*





# ACTION WITHOUT ANALYSIS BECOMES GANGSTERISM AND THUGGERY

Throw a potato sack over your bosses head, take

him out in the alley, and let him know what's up. Light your molotovs and send the corporate offices straight to hell. Ax handles are good for showing that anti-union lawyer your company hired some straight up street justice. *But, nobody understands exactly what you're doing or why you're doing it.* Sometimes, neither do you. The jerks might deserve what they got, but how long do you think you can keep this up?

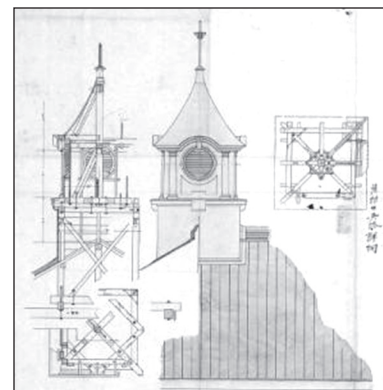
# ANALYSIS WITHOUT ACTION BECOMES ELITISM AND ALIENATION

You wrote books, manifestos, position papers, and every imaginable proclamation of your faith in revolution and the working class. You had study groups, book clubs, mailing lists, online forums, and the occasional speaking tour on your university. You argued over every meal the best way to bring about the great uprising of the masses that you were convinced would happen. If only everybody had read what you'd read, they would have understood. But, after years of discussion, debate, and self-righteous indignation, you've found yourself completely ignored and forgotten by the history books you were intent on changing. Everything you've ever written was dismissed by the same people you championed. As down as you were with the working class, with the poor and the downtrodden, with the ignored and silenced, you never took yourself out of your own head, you never rolled up your sleeves and got your hands dirty. The proletariat never listened to you, because *they were never given a good enough reason to listen.*

*So far, no answers...  
and a lot of questions...*

This is the problem:

*We're tired, broke, and pissed off, and we hate the fact that the time we spend working is wasted on somebody else's dream.*

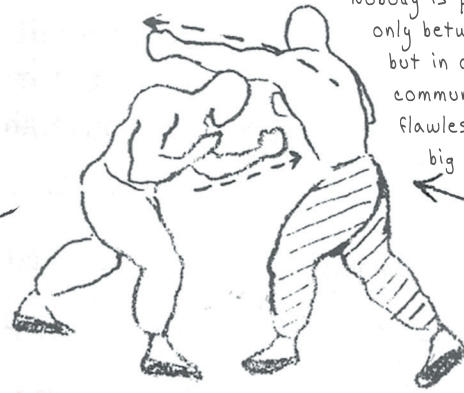


Philosophers, coal miners, guilt-ridden politicians and fast food employees all over the world have identified the problem before. This is nothing new here, and if we want to go any farther than a collection of catchy slogans and an overdose of nostalgia, we have a lot of work to do. The question now is, how do we change the situation we've found ourselves in? And how do we do it without leaving any one of us behind?

*It might take a revolution...  
so where do we start?*



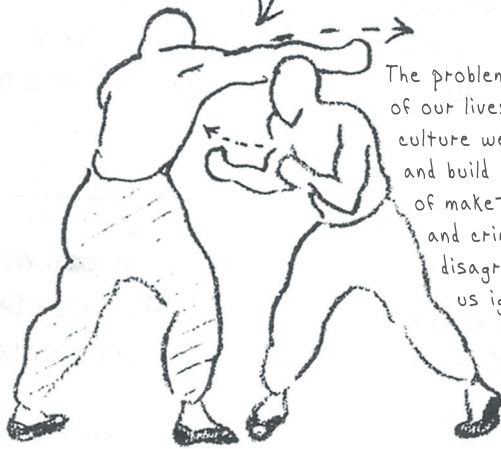
# THE TAO OF STREET POLITICS



Nobody is perfect, and this conflict isn't only between us and the powerful, but in ourselves and in our own communities. Pretending that we're flawless can only lead to fucking up big somewhere along the way.

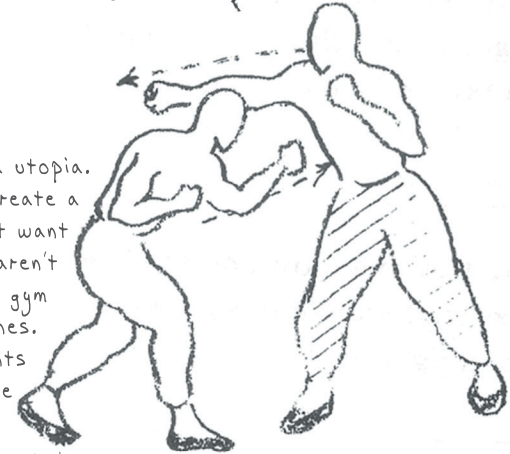
We're building a mass movement, a militia of every angry, disaffected working person willing to pick a fight. We're building an army so big, so powerful, we won't even need any weapons. This means that we'll be dealing with thousands of people all with their own ideas of how to rip this world apart and rebuild it. In order to do this, *perfection* needs to be replaced with *balance*.

What if fucking up is the only way to figure out what works?



The problems we see are a part of our lives, they're a part of the culture we live in. We can't try and build a revolution in a bubble of make-believe. Ignoring cops and criminals and people we disagree with will only make us ignored and ignorant.

But do we start with gym shoes or diamond mines?



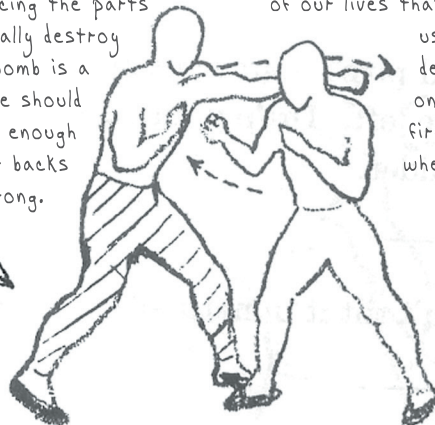
This isn't about building a utopia. We aren't trying to create a perfect world; we just want a place where people aren't getting killed for gym shoes and diamond mines. Utopias are for tyrants and dictators and those with weak imaginations.

Maybe our problems are a part of the solution.

Finding balance seems impossible. Maybe that means we're getting somewhere.

None of us are capable of managing the revolution; we would all destroy it in the process. Once we have selfishly stuck to an ideology or a plan, no matter the consequences, then our role as a revolutionary has ended. We're hated when we exploit people's love for us in order to create a revolution that never was meant to exist. This means that no matter how hard it is, sometimes we just have to *stand back and trust*.

Our problems aren't romantic, and they won't save us either. Embracing the parts of our lives that could potentially destroy us just as much as any bomb is a devil. We should deal with the only make it if we have enough firepower to cover our backs when everything goes wrong.



## AND THE ART OF CLASS WAR