



Until Our Most  
 Fantastic  
 Demands Are Met,  
 Fantasy Will  
 Always Be  
 At War With  
 Society

Our utopia is an environment that works so well we can run wild in it.

Society attempts to suppress fantasy, but fantasy springs up again and again, infecting the youth, waging urban guerrilla warfare, sabotaging the smooth functioning of bureaucracies, waylaying the typist on her way to the water-cooler, kidnapping the executive between office and home, creeping into the bedrooms of respectable families, hiding in the chambers of high office, gradually tightening its control, eventually emerging into the streets, waging pitched battles and winning (its victory is inevitable).

We are the vanguard of fantasy.

Where we live is liberated territory in which fantasy moves about freely at all hours of the day, from which it mounts its attacks on occupied territory.

Each day brings new areas under our control.

Each day a new victory is reported.

Each day fantasy discovers new forms of organization.

Each day it further consolidates its control, has less to fear, can afford to spend more time in self-discovery.

Even in the midst of battles, it plans the cities of the future.

We are full of optimism.

*We are the future.*



Text by *Up Against the Wall Motherfucker*; design by the mothers and fuckers at

