

**FORGET
YOUR LIFE**

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**CONTEMPLATE
MINE**

From *MayDay* to *PrayDay*

It comes as a big surprise to the remaining Faithful of the New Left that Rennie Davis - the clean-cut hero of Chicago '68 and Mayday '71 and other great collective sacrifices - has suddenly become a missionary for a 15-year-old charlatan who claims to be "God".

Actually, there is nothing very startling about this. The Peace Movement asked us to devote our energies, our lives in the case of its most perverse martyrs, to the Cause of the "Vietnamese People". Guru Marharaj Ji now requests us to be equally selfless in dedicating our entire existence to Him!

Through both "Anti-Imperialism" and the Divine Light Mission we are supposed to achieve "Peace". And both missionary movements reject as "sinful" and "greedy" our desires and pleasures. They allow the despair and boredom of current society to become the foundation of further self-denial.

We can achieve real joy not by rejecting material reality. On the contrary, when we exert collective sensuous control over the fantastic productive possibilities of our era, we can make our reality a world of marvels.

Rennie Davis, who once asked you to submit to hours of sore-footed marching and boring speeches, is about to demand a far more total suppression of yourself. (Not of course, that he'll ask anything of you that he won't do himself - he's been grinding his face into the dirt in the name of everyone else for years).

Rennie now wants you to undergo a kind of spiritual lobotomy, in which your particular wants and dreams - everything that makes you YOU - will be sliced away so as to welded you to some meaningless abstraction called "God". Then of course, you'll be exactly the kind of obedient zombie who best serves the huge production-consumption machine of modern capitalism - everywhere from Berkeley, by way of Delhi, to hanoi and Peking.

There are some of us who refuse to eat the shit gracefully dealt out by all perfect masters - political or spiritual. We live for ourselves. Not for God. Not for the Bach Mai. Not even for the "revolution". We demand through our actions the total transformation of our everyday existence. Our struggle is the struggle of pleasures. Revolution is a festival or it is nothing. And for us revolution is the festival of actively taking control over all aspects of life.

Anyone who sees themselves in us - who never wants to sit and listen to any more sermons in Pauley Ballroom or anywhere else, is invited to contact:

NEITHER GOD NOR MASTER

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*6 I TAKE MY DESIRES
FOR REALITIES
BECAUSE I BELIEVE
IN THE REALITY
OF MY DESIRES*7

Parisian wall in May of 1968

Lust For Life

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