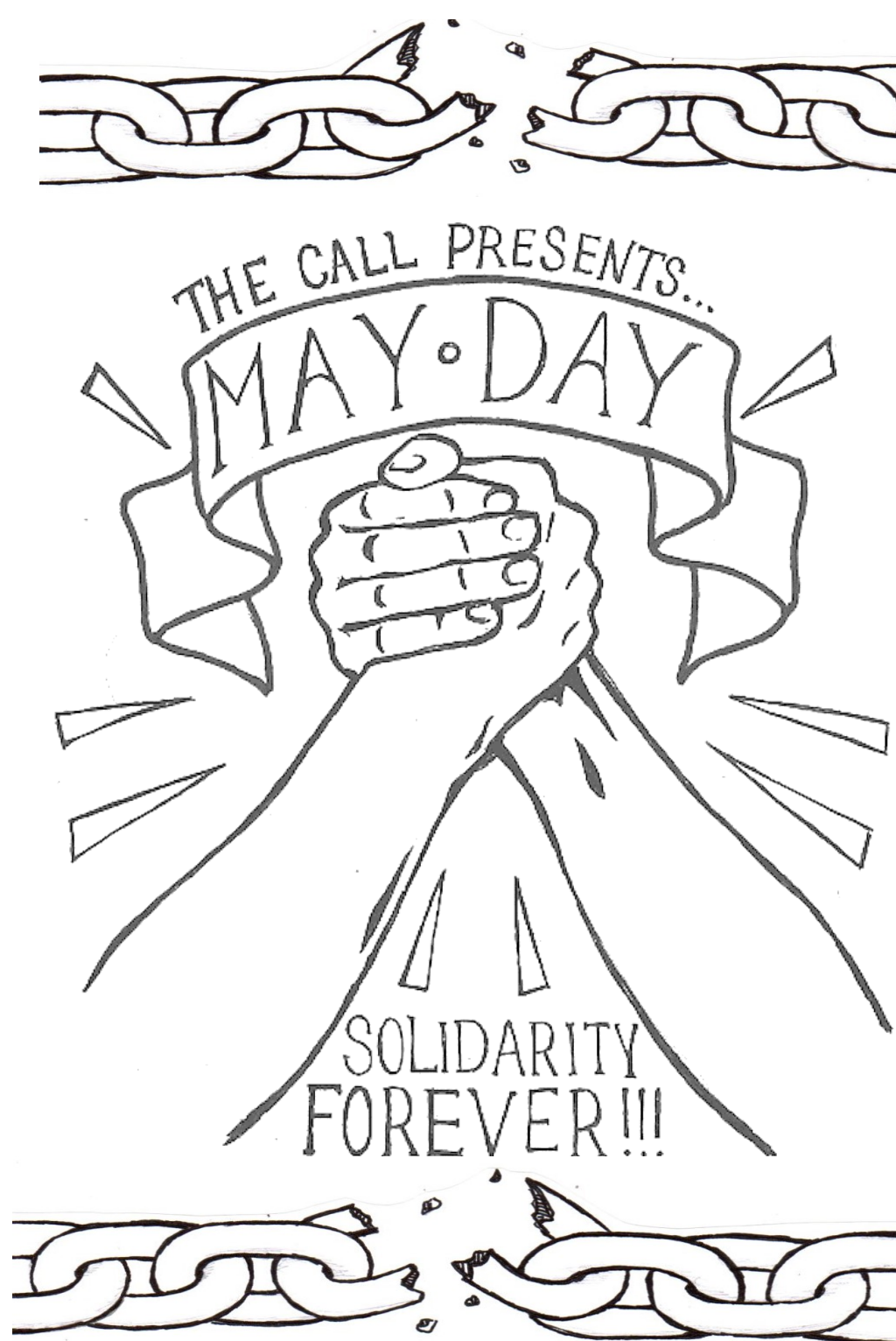


WANNA SUBMIT TO US? TELL US THAT AT
austinautonomedia@autistici.org!



this is a picture of a cat pouncing on a cop .



beautiful.



**WORKER'S
RIGHTS
WERE WON,
NOT GIVEN!**

Solidarity Forever!

“What force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?”

A revolution is the product of the combined determination of individuals. Capitalism uses isolation as a tool to steal the empowerment of the people, driving a wedge between the individual and their sense of community. The ruling class knows there exists power in unity, and in that power, a threat to their system of hierarchy and inequality.

Solidarity is the greatest weapon possessed by the people. Through solidarity and struggle, workers demanded and won their rights, and through solidarity greater obstacles will be conquered.

*“In our hands is placed the power greater than their hoarded gold
Greater than the might of armies magnified a thousandfold
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old”*

TALK TO YOUR NEIGHBORS!

May Day, also known as International Workers

Day, is a commemoration of worker's struggle throughout history. This day also has a rich history as a celebration of life and community. We hope this zine is able to illustrate how these two concepts are intertwined.

Workers' rights were gained through struggle, never simply handed over by the ruling class. That is why it the defiance toward institutions that seek to strip us of our time, community, and humanity must never cease. When we take back our daily lives, we take back our power. When we celebrate the things that unify us, we challenge the culture of alienation that benefits the ruling class.

From the Haymarket Riots to May '68 to today –
Solidarity Forever!

- ASN



“A Broken Clock is Right All the Time”

Untitled

W. B.

A few things I am certain about time- it is valuable, it is irreplaceable, and it is finite. One thing I'm not quite certain about - *is it mine?*

Between expectations to work, study, and being a productive member of society, I seem to have given all my time away. I might've taken a moment or two to pursue my own wants, only to meet a chorus of “*You're wasting your time!*”

Wasting? Can I really waste what is supposed to be mine? I am beginning to suspect my time has been made company property.

Why is my time wasted when I'm not making myself useful? Last I checked, I am a human being, not a machine. I don't exist for utility, or to turn a profit.

I am a human being, not a machine – I want to build relationships and feel something that is not mechanical and structured.

A clock, *that* is a machine. A machine that controls me, a man. I've followed its hands faithfully my whole life. It says it is time to take my life back.

I WISH OTHER FOLKS WOULD GET THEIR SHIT TOGETHER
INSTEAD OF LETTING ME WALK MY FRIENDS INTO AN
UNWINNABLE BATTLE

I WISH OTHER SELF-PROCLAIMED ANARCHISTS WOULD
STOP LOOKING AT ME (US?) WHENEVER THEY NEED
“MILITANTS”

I GUESS IN A WAY, I WISH THEY HAD THE GOOD THINGS
ABOUT YOU

THERE ARE SOME THINGS I'LL MISS

I STILL HOPE YOU DO WELL

I HOPE YOU STAY OUT OF THE CAGES

I HOPE YOU STAY SAFE

I HOPE YOU BEAT OUR COMMON ENEMIES

BUT WHEN YOU BEAT THEM, WILL YOU COME BACK TO
FINISH UP WITH US (ME?)?

I'M PROBABLY RAMBLING AT THIS POINT
THAT TENDS TO HAPPEN WHEN I THINK ABOUT YOU
ABOUT US
I'LL RAMBLE TO ANYBODY WHO LETS ME
I'VE GOT A LOT TO UNPACK.

I WISH I COULD WARN OTHER PEOPLE
BUT I'M TOO WEAK TO REVEAL THAT CONFLICT
BECAUSE SOMETIMES YOU DO GOOD THINGS & I WANNA
DEFEND YOU
YOU GET SYMPATHY & SUPPORT
AND IT FEELS BAD TO BE A KILLJOY & POP THAT BUBBLE

OR MAYBE I'M TOO AFRAID THAT NOBODY WOULD LISTEN
WHO GIVES A SHIT ABOUT OUR TINY AUDIENCE COMPARED
TO YOURS?

WHO EVEN KNOWS MY/OUR NAME?
WOULD ANYONE LISTEN TO ME?

I'D HESITATE TO AIR OUR BEEF WITH YOU
BUT ARE YOU GONNA RUN AROUND TELLING PEOPLE
YOUR BEEF WITH US?

I WISH YOU HADN'T BEEN THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN

Cutting Class: An Invitation



Counterinfo for the Ungovernable Generation

Originally published March 18, 2018 (anniversary of the Paris Commune)

“Autonomy therefore means: desertion, deserting family, deserting the office, deserting school, deserting all supervision, deserting men’s, women’s, and the citizen’s roles, deserting all the shitty relations in which THEY believe us to be held—endless desertion. With every new direction that we give to our movement, the essential thing is to increase our power...”

– Tiqqun, *This Is Not A Program*

Our truancy is not a student activist campaign.

2018 marks the passing of half a century since the global youth insurgency of 1968. Students across the world took their struggles beyond the limits of the University as an institution and began to imagine new ways of learning and living—forms

that broke the social walls between “Campus Life” and “Public Life.”

The so-called spirit of '68 survives in the insurrectional language that, to this day, can still occasionally articulate a bridge between the accounted-for and the unintelligible. *Under the paving stones, the beach*. The act of translation can only be a direct act.



Fifty years later, to speak of the reemergence of a “student movement” is to speak of the dead and not their spirit. The endless attempts to “democratize” the University, to make it “run for and by the students,” fail even when they succeed. Academia has pacified the language of the '68 uprisings within the University and its lecture halls, textbooks, and mechanisms of assimilation. This corpse of a student movement is propped up by an endless array of life support systems—non-profits, professionalized activists, student government politicians, and official channels for action—that speak the language of the old movements while ensuring that nothing resembling them could

I'M WEIRDLY GLAD YOU'RE TARGETING ME THOUGH
BECAUSE I WISH I'D INSULATED EVERYONE ELSE FROM
THIS EARLIER
SO IT FEELS LIKE A STEP TOWARDS MAKING UP FOR THAT
MAYBE I COULD HAVE STOPPED SIREN FROM FALLING
INTO YOUR TRAP

WILL YOU PUT ME AT “SWING ON SIGHT” STATUS?
I'M READY FOR IT
EVERY SURPRISE MEETING I EXPECTED A BEATING
A WEIRD FEELING WITH PEOPLE YOU USED TO FIGHT
ALONGSIDE
KINDA WISH YOU'D JUST GET IT OVER WITH ALREADY
PUT MY ANXIETY TO REST
BUT MAYBE THAT'S JUST MY SELF-HATRED & BURNOUT
TALKING
20 YARDS OF LINEN = ONE COAT. HOW MANY PUNCHES
= ONE POLEMIC?

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE THIS SCARED OF Y'ALL
ALTHOUGH IN A WAY, I GUESS I WAS ALWAYS SCARED OF
Y'ALL
FEAR WAS HALF OUR RELATIONSHIP
I DIDN'T SIGN UP FOR THIS

I WISH I HADN'T WAITED
I WISH I HADN'T BIT MY TONGUE
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN HARD FOR ME
BUT MAYBE IT COULD HAVE BEEN EASIER FOR MY
FRIENDS
I HAD SO MANY MOMENTS WHERE I COULD HAVE TAKEN A
STANCE
—WHEN YOU LET THAT ASSHOLE IN AFTER WE ASKED
YOU NOT TO
—WHEN YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE OR LISTEN TO US
BUT A FEW NICE WORDS AND SOME MEANINGFUL WORK
HAD ME RIGHT BACK AT SQUARE ONE
DESPITE ALL MY APPREHENSIONS
I LOVED BEING YOUR FAVORITE ANARCHIST
MAYBE THAT WAS SELFISH

YOU HAVE SOME GALL SHOWING UP TO OUR MEETING
IF YOU WANTED TO FIGHT ME, YOU SHOULD HAVE JUST
SAID THAT
LEFT EVERYONE ELSE OUT OF IT
WOULD YOU HAVE BEEN SATISFIED IF I JUST LEFT THE
SCENE? MAYBE I WOULD HAVE

ever truly emerge again. The University can listen to all the demands thrown at it and accomodate all the movements that claim to speak for the students—so long as we all end up going back to class the next day.



This is where Cutting Class comes in.

Cutting Class is a platform for the kids of Generation Fucked to share news, resources, tools, critiques, music, memes, radical projects... all that good shit that might make us ungovernable.

To seek out a new insurrectional language that exceeds the University, that threatens the social roles of Campus Life. To practice speaking from life and developing new capacities. To shatter academia's monopoly on historical memory. To learn new ways of deciding our friends and enemies, of recognizing accomplices and preempting those student politicians who would rather see us work to rebrand the University as

“progressive” than to destroy class & classes altogether. To transmit glimpses of possibilities and alternatives that have been suppressed and new ones emerging on the horizon. To provide tactical knowledge, memory, and tools to assist other students in their discovery of this insurrectional language, their encounter with the undercommons, and their construction of a new world.

Most succinctly, *Cutting Class* is a project that intends to inspire truancy.

Today, you can see smoke signals billowing from campuses in Santiago, Montreal, Athens, Paris, the Bay Area, London, and all across Mexico and South Africa. You may have even noticed there are kids starting to pass notes filled with incoherent prose at your school too. Truants are everywhere, and we need to find each other—whether we’re skipping class to put together a zine, masking and fighting fascists on campus, seizing or sabotaging infrastructure, or inhabiting spaces with each other instead of working on our resumes, we all share a common refusal of the University from within. We hope to elaborate a practice of insurgent truancy—a way of refusing the imperatives of schooling that takes on an active, combative position within and against the University. The truant is neither student nor dropout.

HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE ME OF WANTING TO BEEF WITH
YOU

HALF OF THE PAST YEAR I’VE BEEN WALKING ON THIN ICE
TRYING TO KEEP YOU HAPPY

NOW I FEEL A DECADE OLDER

AND I STILL CAN’T LEGALLY DRINK

I WANTED Y’ALL TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE TOWARD ANY

BREAKUP

MAYBE I WAS AFRAID OF BEING SECTARIAN

OR I WAS AFRAID THAT IF I STARTED IT, I’D BE IN THE

WRONG

BLOWING THINGS OUT OF PROPORTION

BUT IF YOU STARTED IT, I’D KNOW I WAS RIGHT

RIGHT TO FEEL LIKE I ALWAYS HAD A FOURTH SWORD

HANGING OVER MY HEAD

THAT AT THE SLIGHTEST INFRACTION YOU WOULD CUT

ME OFF

LIKE YOU DO TO EVERYONE ELSE

I STILL FEEL WEIRD THAT YOU HAVEN’T SWUNG AT ME

AFTER ALL THE CLOSE CALLS, SOMEHOW STILL AVOIDED

IT

MAYBE DEEP DOWN, YOU RESPECT WHAT WE ONCE HAD

TOO

TELLING US WHO WE COULDN'T BE AROUND
TRYING TO USE US TO BULLY OUR OTHER FRIENDS
SOME OF THOSE FRIENDS WARNED ME. I KNEW THEY
WERE RIGHT, BUT I THOUGHT WE COULD STILL WORK
OUT

I NEVER WANTED TO BREAK UP
EVEN WHEN I DID, I NEVER WANTED TO BE THE ONE TO
DO IT
IT FELT TOO MESSY AND NOT MY STYLE
BUT IT'S DEFINITELY YOUR STYLE.

...

...

MAYBE I FELT TOO INVESTED IN OUR RELATIONSHIP
BECAUSE GOD DAMN DID I INVEST
I TRIED TO APPEASE YOU AND LEARN YOUR LINGO
OF COURSE YOU'D NEVER TRY TO LEARN OURS
I TALKED PEOPLE DOWN FROM WRITING YOU OFF
COMPLETELY
WHEN THEY HAD EVERY RIGHT TO GIVEN HOW YOU
TREATED THEM
I TRIED SO HARD NOT TO BE SECTARIAN
NOT BECAUSE OF SOME "LEFT UNITY" BULLSHIT
BUT BECAUSE WE HAD A RELATIONSHIP THAT FELT
EMPOWERING



What we lack is a way to engage each other outside the apparatuses of our enemies—a way to speak to each other not mediated by the spectacle of news reports, official University statements, movement officials, and so on. *Cutting Class* aims to create, connect, compile, and circulate the knowledge of a conspiracy: a conspiracy that already stretches from coast to coast, that infiltrates new campuses every time a student, teacher, or worker finds a new way to scream “fuck school” with the sincerity of a truant. In connecting people and communicating ideas, we hope to develop a framework for counterinformation that can describe the emotional, tactical, strategic, and ideological lessons and realizations of a lived-event to comrades that are coming from widely different emotional and material experiences of struggle. Though we are separated by hundreds of miles, identities, and theories, the nuance and difference in our thought represent opportunities to challenge and diversify the struggles and give rise to a

multiplicity of fractures & conflicts within and against the University.

So this is an invitation to cut class with us. To discover what lies beyond the walls, or what latent potentials we can reclaim from the spaces within them. This is simultaneously an invitation to get organized in the spirit of '68, and to say...

Fuck '68, Fight Now!

Interested in this Invitation? Here's how you can follow us or link up:

- Check out our website at cuttingclass.noblogs.org
- Send reports, critiques, communiques, essays, shitposts, memes, and other submissions to cuttingclass@riseup.net
- Find us on
 - Facebook: fb.me/cuttingclass161
 - Twitter: [@cuttingclass161](https://twitter.com/cuttingclass161)
 - Instagram: [cutting_class161](https://www.instagram.com/cutting_class161)
 - Soundcloud: [cuttingclass161](https://soundcloud.com/cuttingclass161)
-

We hope to see you out of class...

--The Cutting Class Collective (featuring members of the Autonomous Student Network in Austin, the Filler Collective in Pittsburgh, and Revolutionary Horizon in San Antonio)

OUR REAL RELATIONSHIP MATTERED MORE TO ME THAN
POLITICAL TEXTS AND WHAT YOU WROTE

YOU'RE WELCOME BY THE WAY, ASSHOLES

BUT THEN YOU STARTED GETTING SCARY
WOULD SAYING SOMETHING EARLY HAVE MADE A
DIFFERENCE?

PROBABLY NOT. BUT MAYBE.

MORE AND MORE ARMS IN YOUR PICTURES

LIKE A RED HECATONCHEIRES

"LIFTING IS DIALECTICS."

YOU SAW FIELDS WHERE I SAW WORLDS
YOU PREPARED FOR DEATH WHILE I SOUGHT WAYS TO
LIVE

Y'ALL SAW REPLACEABLE SKILLS & ROLES, I SAW
IRREPLACEABLE RELATIONSHIPS

DID YOU EVER CARE ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP AS
MUCH AS I DID?

OR WAS I REPLACEABLE TOO?

WAS I A FRIEND OR JUST USEFUL FOR YOU?

IS THAT WHY THIS WAS SO EASY FOR YOU AND SO HARD
FOR ME?

THEN YOU STARTED FIGHTING WITH US

WHEN YOU PRAISED US (OR ME)? I'LL ADMIT I FELT
SUPER PROUD & HONORED
I NEVER NEEDED OR WANTED YOUR APPROVAL, BUT
DAMN DID IT FEEL GOOD
NOW SOMEHOW WE'RE IRRECONCILABLE
TWO REMAINS TWO, I GUESS

I LEARNED A LOT FROM Y'ALL TOO
YOU TAUGHT ME HOW TO USE A FLAG
HOW TO TAKE ON BIGGER, SCARIER ENEMIES
ALWAYS TOGETHER. SOLIDARITY AS A WEAPON
BUT YOU GOT TOO OBSESSED WITH THE WEAPON. WHEN
YOU RAN OUT OF TARGETS, YOU STARTED AIMING
RANDOMLY

AT FIRST IT WAS WEIRD BUT FINE.
TOO MANY ILLUMINATED PATHWAYS & METAL MEN
POSTMODERN BOOGEYMEN & IDENTITIES
INSTEAD OF MAY FLOWERS, A BUNCH OF COLORS AND
FISTS
SOMETIMES YOU'D CRITICIZE ANARCHISTS.
I DIDN'T CARE, AND I TRIED TO CALM A LOT OF THE PEOPLE
WHO DID

As we go marching, marching
Unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing
Their ancient cry for bread

Small art and love and beauty
Their tired spirits knew
Yes, it is bread we fight for
But we fight for roses too

As we go marching, marching
We fight for better days
The rising of the women
means the rising of the race

No more the drudge and idler
Ten that toil where one reposes
Hearts starve as well as bodies
GIVE US BREAD, BUT GIVE US ROSES

Bread for My Roses

It became evident at some point in history
working a man to *death*
was not *profitable*
Since then, capitalists have found
it is easier to give just enough reprieve
to keep a worker living
hand to mouth ,
Just above water, just starving *enough*,
asking few questions.
Far from more humane,
This feels more like enslavement
than if the worker had no freedom to speak of
For a life silently dictated by a dollar
Is an illusion of autonomy,
A deception of the spirit –
A plot to kill the humanity
while salvaging the profitable pieces of all of us

A CONVERSATION WITH Y'ALL OUTSIDE THE JAIL HELPED
ME TO COMMIT TO BECOMING A RADICAL LAWYER
WHEN Y'ALL WERE IN TROUBLE, I RAN PAST NAZIS AND
COPS TO STAND WITH YOU AND HELP YOU GET OUT
EVEN WHEN I STARTED GETTING TO FEAR/DISTRUST YOU,
I STILL WANTED TO DESTROY EVERY PIG WHO CAME FOR
YOU

WE ALWAYS HAD OUR DIFFERENCES
THEY USED TO BE FUN
A FEW IDEOLOGICAL JOKES HERE & THERE
PISSING YOU OFF BY TURNING YOUR BUZZWORDS INTO
SARCASTIC JOKES
YOU'D REMIND US THAT A LOT OF YOU USED TO BE
ANARCHISTS TOO
BUT THEN AGAIN, I WAS ALWAYS LESS SERIOUS THAN
Y'ALL
LIKE WHEN YOU HAD A MEETING 30 FEET AWAY FROM
US, VANDALIZING AN AMERIKKKAN FLAG TO USE AS A
DOORMAT
WITH OUR DIFFERENCES WE STILL KNEW
WHEN SHIT WENT DOWN, EVERYTHING ELSE MELTED
AWAY
WE KNEW WHO WOULD BE ON THE STREETS
BY OUR SIDES

Fragments of an Anarchist breakup

Nazrul Bidrohi

“MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR”—SOME FRENCH WALLS IN MAY
'68

WHERE THE FUCK DO I BEGIN WITH Y'ALL
I SHOULD HAVE STARTED WRITING MY THOUGHTS DOWN
MONTHS AGO. THAT WOULD HAVE MADE THIS EASIER.
BUT I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD HAVE ENDED UP LIKE
THIS, ALTHOUGH I SHOULD HAVE (AND OFTEN DID)

EXPECT IT

THIS HAS BEEN SUCH A ROLLERCOASTER.

I'M TIRED

I HATE THAT I'M STILL CAUGHT UP ON THIS
BUT HOW COULD I NOT BE, AFTER EVERYTHING WE DID
FUNNY ENOUGH, ONE OF YOU MADE US POSSIBLE. BET
YOU'RE STILL KICKING YOURSELF OVER THAT ONE.

YOU'VE GOTTA HAVE A LOTTA REGRETS.

I CALLED YOU *COMRADES*

WE CHASED NAZIS TOGETHER.
WE HELD LINES AGAINST RIOT COPS TOGETHER.
WE BURNED FLYERS TOGETHER
WE SPENT NIGHTS CAMPED OUTSIDE THE JAIL TOGETHER

BAKE SALE

ASIAN MALE	\$1.50
ASIAN FEMALE	\$1.25
WHITE MALE	\$1.00
WHITE FEMALE	\$.75
AFRICAN AMERICAN MALE	\$.50
AFRICAN AMERICAN FEMALE	\$.25
Hispanic MALE	\$.50
Hispanic FEMALE	\$.25

UT's Declassified School Survival Guide
a running list of abusers, harassers, racists, bigots, and others on or near campus who pose a threat to students.

ALT-RIGHT IS CODE FOR NEO-NAZI

<https://tinyurl.com/ybufhz2q>

May 1, 2017
Part of the fascists attacking a May Day March

Stratton Gaines
UT Senior in Asian Languages and Cultures

Twitter handle: @GregEPaulson
Organizes with @AustinAltRight
Keep this threat out of UT - demand a response from the university
Email fuckatxaltright@hmail.com if you have more info

You can contribute to this list by contacting Autonomous Student Defense at:
fb.me/ASNTX (719) 301-6188

Autonomous Student Defense

