

I am 33 years old; I am son of a crisis, the one of '79, which signalled the unbridled stampede of capital that would lead to neoliberalism. I grew up in the frivolous eighties and its syringes, in the outskirts of a city that says they say no longer exists. The depression of the youth in the nineties, fuelled by MTV and music videos, got inside of me as if Seattle was my home.

I believed myself to be part of the "People of Seattle" that tried to wake up in the beginning of the new millennium. I travelled, I shouted and I cried where they administered us the necessary dose of death to finish with our desire for social change.

I abandoned the desire for brands; I stopped fearing the State-War, trying to make my life an act of subversion. I entangled in hundreds of infinitesimal struggles, a fight against reality. I was reborn with a new fatherhood, that of those who didn't part for democracy, the few, the abnormal, those who opened a new way of thinking and living. I dared to undertake, thinking innocently that I could open a space to work and live amid the global mobilization, but I only sank deeper in the global mobilization of existence to (re)-produce the system. I arrive here without an horizon, without a story to mobilize fully my existence outside the State-Enterprise, accumulating failures against all my goals.

I've grown up in the midst of this new scam called debt crisis, seeing how they rob by protocol each and every one of the social achievements of the old labour movement.

Now that politics is only management, that decisions can only be taken by specialists, now that the State-Enterprise needs to exert more and more violence to maintain the widespread scam, I submit my resignation to be part of this barbarism.

I sense that there is no alternative but to give up being a citizen, having rights only if you make money, give up being part of the managers of the disaster, of the entrepreneurs of misery, give up any flag country or nation.

I assert myself in the desertion and disobedience to the social contract, I address the void, that black hole, where nothing, is nothing. I retreat to that space where perhaps, one day, for just a moment a ray of reality may come in.

I will wander in the dark waiting for that moment, when, lost and blind in the night of the XXI Century, groping, we recognize some faces with which, babbling a new language, we can speak out again and build something similar to a "we".