



TAZ: The Temporary Autonomous Zone (New Autonomy)

Hakim Bey , Peter Lamborn Wilson

Download now

Read Online 

TAZ: The Temporary Autonomous Zone (New Autonomy)

Hakim Bey , Peter Lamborn Wilson

TAZ: The Temporary Autonomous Zone (New Autonomy) Hakim Bey , Peter Lamborn Wilson
The underground cult bestseller! Essays that redefine the psychogeographical nooks of autonomy. Recipes for poetic terror, anarcho -black magic, post-situ psychotropic surgery, denunciations of spiritual addictions to vapid infotainment cults - this is the bastard classic, the watermark impressed upon our minds. Where conscience informs praxis, and action infects consciousness, T.A.Z. is beginning to worm its way into above-ground culture. This book offers inspired blasts of writing, from slogans to historical essays, on the need to insert revolutionary happiness into everyday life through poetic action, and celebrating the radical optimism present in outlaw cultures. It should appeal to alternative thinkers and punks everywhere, as it celebrates liberation, love and poetic living. The new edition contains the full text of Chaos: The Broadsheets of Ontological Anarchism, the complete communiques and flyers of the Association fo Ontological Anarchy, the long essay 'The Temporary Autonomous Zone, ' and a new preface by the author

TAZ: The Temporary Autonomous Zone (New Autonomy) Details

Date : Published January 1st 2003 by Autonomedia (first published 1991)

ISBN : 9781570271519

Author : Hakim Bey , Peter Lamborn Wilson

Format : Paperback 147 pages

Genre : Philosophy, Nonfiction, Politics, Poetry, Theory, Cultural, Art, Anarchism, Fantasy, Magic,
Counter Culture

 [Download TAZ: The Temporary Autonomous Zone \(New Autonomy\) ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online TAZ: The Temporary Autonomous Zone \(New Autonomy\) ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online TAZ: The Temporary Autonomous Zone (New Autonomy) Hakim Bey , Peter Lamborn Wilson

From Reader Review TAZ: The Temporary Autonomous Zone (New Autonomy) for online ebook

Algirdas Brukštus says

Chuliganiška knyga, bet pro t? chuliganizm? prasišvie?ia naujos epochos spinduliai. Skaitosi lengvai, labiau panašu ? poezija, visiškai nesusas k?rinys ir labai linksmas. Man patiko.

Ir vis tik anarchizmas, tai visiškai naujo žmogaus b?ties forma. Kaip rašo autorius: „Be „aukštesni? s?mon?s b?sen?“ anarchizmas nusigaluoja ir nusenka iki nykios formos, verkšlenan?io skundo“.

Tiesa, pagarba vert?jui, labai jau ne?prastas tekstas.

Visiems linkiu smagaus, ta?iau kartu ir gilaus skaitymo.

Brian says

"kidnap someone, and make them happy" embodies the general stance taken by this cultural anthropologist luddite. refreshing ideas of play as alternative modes of existence to our hyper-capitalist climate. i thoroughly enjoyed the post-revolutionary approach which reminds me of a time where i had lost my copy of t.a.z. and attempted to locate it at liberation books, downtown los angeles. after looking between the marx and mao to no avail, i asked the clerk if they had any hakim bey. the clerk asked about the subject matter, where i volunteered my post-revolutionary opinion. the clerk responded condescendingly "we only deal with the revolution here". that's unfortunate, i thought, as i walked out the door.

this is also available in a cd version of the text being read over a bill laswell soundtrack. the levels are a little muddy at times, but it is well worth it for inflection alone.

as a side note: it was interesting to see how many people were quoting "poetic terrorism" or hakim bey in general as influence during the rise of "street art" a few years back.

José Vázquez says

Aunque la he sentido más una formulación de una utopía que una teoría real y aplicable (básicamente el anarquismo), tiene pasajes interesantísimos y que permiten despegarnos del maldito aquí y ahora y pensar en posibles futuros distintos del que nos han trazado. Me pregunto qué pensará Hakim Bey del internet actual, aunque viendo los comentarios al final que aparecen en la edición que tengo yo nada bueno y desde luego, nada parecido a lo que él hubiera querido.

Graham says

Awful. I put this book here cause it is the kind of individualistic anarchist crap that has the potential to suck in otherwise bright young kids. Punks out there that are supporting Ron Paul have probably read this garbage. The worst part: hipsters read this and actually believe it has some merit. But I guess that goes without saying.

There is no love of humanity in this book, just a love of self-centered 'hipness'. Yuck!

Jeffrey says

Part of the thought cloud that contains the Church of the Subgenius, the Discordians, Fight Club, Flash mobs, Burning Man (prior to the corporate take-over), and Illuminati. This is the seamy underbelly of Western culture and what happened to the hippies that didn't sell out. In many ways the whole thing is a bizarre parody of/homage to the catch-phrase spouting dialectic of the Cold War idealists, in that jargon and obscure claims of repression replace any sort of intelligent discourse; except this guy is serious. Why am I reading it? I was hoping for something more akin to the Anarchy exemplified in Spain just prior to the Spanish Civil War. Why do I keep reading it? Well, I'm stubborn, and I would claim that the list with which I started this review isn't that far removed from my own mish-mash wannabe thought cloud of Maker, Technophile, Mormon, and Jeffersonian Democrat.

So, perhaps the best question is why is the book written the way it is? The best answer I can come up with is because he is trying to (to steal a phrase from fandom) "freak the mundanes". Something Robert Anton Wilson would call (cover your kids' eyes, folks) Mindfuck. I think he was more incomprehensible and therefore less effective than other attempts at this process and that is the failing of the book.

Jacob says

Laura, when I lent you this book I hoped that you would read it. When you returned it the other day with the Kafka book I lent you at the same time, I wondered if you had ever cracked this book open and seen the passages that I underlined in red pen.

"If rulers refuse to consider poems as crimes, then someone must commit crimes that serve the function of poetry, or texts that possess the resonance of terrorism. At any cost re-connect poetry to the body. Not crimes against bodies, but against Ideas (& Ideas-in-things) which are deadly & suffocating. Not stupid libertinage but exemplary crimes, aesthetic crimes, crimes for love."

I underlined this in my warn copy, with a twitchy hand, and a hunger for the promise of the line. Now, I am very distrustful of the phrase "At any cost". I wonder if I would still underline this with a twitchy hand and a red pen or would I tear out the page and crumple it into a ball and place it on my tongue and swallow the whole thing ...

Flint says

<http://libcom.org/library/leaving-out...>

When I first read this, I would have rated it higher. Since then, I've learned a lot more about anarchism and how out of touch Hakim Bey is with social movements. Still, it has some romantic prose that can be very appealing. If I had to describe Bey's writing methodology; it's sort of like someone who name drops at a party--instead Bey drops esoteric concepts to make himself seem both well read (which he seems to be) and wise (which is very debatable). He gets one star after I learned that a lot of his politics are ideological justification for paedophilia.

David Beavers says

First off, it would be criminal of me not to mention that you don't need to buy this book unless you're really into having books around as physical objects (and Autonomedia, the publisher, is a very worthy recipient of your 10 bucks).

But this text is freely available, at the author's request, online (just google it), and in the spirit of the book itself, you can "pirate" the text (not to mention the rest of Peter Lamborn Wilson aka Hakim Bey's insane works) from a world that asks you to pay for literature. It's not a bad system when the money goes to someone like Autonomedia, honestly, but if Random House ever issues a "Collected Works" ... well, you know your duty, matey.

My favorite (and an oft-quoted) bit of TAZ is as follows:

"THE UNIVERSE WANTS TO PLAY. Those who refuse out of dry spiritual greed & choose pure contemplation forfeit their humanity--those who refuse out of dull anguish, those who hesitate, lose their chance at divinity--those who mold themselves blind masks of Ideas & thrash around seeking some proof of their own solidity end by seeing out of dead men's eyes."

The whole book runs something like that; a genuine diatribe that feels like the sort of punk newsletter you xerox at kinkos, only with more elegant sentence structure -- Bey is achingly smart & poetic in his survey of anarchy, and not a purely political anarchy, but anarchy as a spiritual movement; anarchy as an appropriate response to a universe which is playful the way an enormous, enormous dog is playful.

This is either a very funny or a very difficult book, depending on how you feel about wildly disorganized but wildly brilliant philosophical-political rantings; it is also very enlightening if your inner pirate is awake & listening: and no disrespect to J-Depp and the legions of alleged "pirate" fans that seem to have sprung up, but I mean a REAL pirate, the kind that is living always in danger, the kind that exists always ahead of the big thumb of the State.

I think this book, which has always been quite popular with the punk-anarchist set, is "popular" for obvious & legit reasons -- it is a scathing condemnation of Empire and the State, and a celebration of the fringe cultures and societies -- the titular Temporary Autonomous Zones -- that crop up through history. For me, this is primarily a psychological text, and in many senses a proto-mystical text. It is a mess, yes, but it is

honest -- if the universe (and the inner universe) is chaos, then it has to be met on equal terms in that way.
Ontological Anarchy FTW!

Eden says

I want to say that this book is brilliant. Indeed, that was my impression upon reading it. Bey/Wilson is a unique talent - his writing is poetry: all of it hits you in the heart. I still want to say that this is an excellent book, definitely essential for anyone who wants to start up a cultural space and for anyone who likes dreaming and is inspired by the tenuous relationship between dreams, creativity and reality.

I also want to maintain that this is certainly one of the best books I've ever read, and I wholeheartedly disagree with the people who maintain that there is no love for humanity here, or that it's all self-centered. I think the ideas are a lot more utopian and important than that - to put it all down to mere self-centeredness is rather shallow. There are hints of the mystical and a utopian ideal of merging art with life, which I find an incredibly valuable contribution.

So, the problem I have with this book (and why I'm giving it a 3-star rating instead of a 5-star one) is really with the author himself. In his life and other work, his justification for pedophilia is beyond disturbing, as is his support for NAMBLA. I find this behaviour unacceptable, and important to condemn (for reasons that I think are obvious, but that I won't go into in this review).

I say read the book, take what works (and certainly there are a lot of ideas in here that could work very, very well), read up about the author and the controversy surrounding him and come to your own conclusions.

Michael says

I approach this book differently from most readers, because I've known the author since my youthful days as an anarchist punk rocker, because I read parts of it before it was published in this form, and because my own Path (or "Trip") has both paralleled and diverged from his in so many interesting ways. I still see this book as a vital introduction to antinomian thought that also transcends most of the shortcomings of other similar projects. I fall in love with the prose every time. I also see this as an important early articulation of new trends in anarchism that have influenced ideas even among those who regard themselves as being in opposition to Bey.

The book consists in three parts. The first is "Chaos: The Broadsheets of Ontological Anarchism." This is the part I had read while still in High School, when it was available in self-published Zine format. It borrows stylistically from the Discordian movement, and therefore is often confused with another post-Discordian experiment, Chaos Magic. But it goes far beyond CM or the largely "safe" Discordianism of Benares, Wilson, et al, and delves into radical territory, celebrating Chaos' liberating potential as well as its destructive power without flinching or letting up. The second section is "Communiques of the Association for Ontological Anarchism," and it may be the best part. Hakim Bey is most talented as short-and-fast propaganda artist, moreso even than as an essayist (he is in no way a writer of "books"). Each of these chapters is a quick kick in the balls of authority, a playground game for adults, or an inspired poem of suggested action. The final section, "the Temporary Autonomous Zone," is theoretically the most significant. TAZ anticipates the move away from "revolutionary" anarchism, which sought to impose freedom on

unwitting masses through the use of force to bring down the State, and toward the "insurrectionary" model, which is based on creating freedom here and now in small doses for those with the smarts and the guts to use it. Insurrections are not new, but because they rarely last (are "temporary"), they are often discounted as means of liberation. The TAZ suggests that they can also be fun and creative, not just bloody and ill-conceived.

I recommend this to everyone who feels bored by the world - Hakim Bey has the power to make it new and exciting again.

Nativeabuse says

Here is an excerpt from the book for people to judge for themselves, 90% of the book was this cut-up quasi-mystic-native-american-sorcery-voodoo mess, could someone please tell me what any of this has to do with anarchism? It reads like a cheap Burroughs imitation, and being a Burroughs fan I would normally see this as a great thing, if not for the fact that this was supposed to be a book about the history of the TAZ movement, and it reads like crappy hippie poetry.

"As guests of the Old Man of the Mountain Hassan-i Sabbah they climb rock-cut steps to the castle. Here the Day of Resurrection has already come & gone--those within live outside profane Time, which they hold at bay with daggers & poisons.

Behind crenellations & slit-windowed towers scholars & fedayeen wake in narrow monolithic cells. Starmaps, astrolabes, alembics & retorts, piles of open books in a shaft of morning sunlight--an unsheathed scimitar.

Each of those who enter the realm of the Imam-of-one's-own- being becomes a sultan of inverted revelation, a monarch of abrogation & apostasy. In a central chamber scalloped with light and hung with tapestried arabesques they lean on bolsters & smoke long chibouks of haschisch scented with opium & amber."

WHAT ON EARTH AM I READING?!?! Here are some more choice quotes I noticed before I put this book down.

"Paste up in public places a xerox flyer, photo of a beautiful twelve-year-old boy, naked and masturbating, clearly titled: THE FACE OF GOD."

"If "meat is murder!" as the Vegans like to claim, what pray tell is abortion? Those totemists who danced to the animals they hunted, who meditated to become one with their living food & share its tragedy, demonstrated values far more humane than the average claque of "pro-Choice" feminoid liberals."

So he likes little boys, but is against abortion? I am so confused.

Shawn says

As all the reviews show, pretty polarizing - I'm happy I can walk the middle line on this and got what I could out of the book. Some good stuff here, and the dubious stuff can be covered mostly under the "romantic" approach of the philosophy and writing (really, it makes all the complaints about Bey not being part of some accepted philosophical system or history of Anarchism pretty redundant, and those that claim such things

seem to have missed the point entirely - people don't storm barricades after reading dry, analytical texts. And I'm not even much of an anarchist). "Lifestyle Anarchism"? Absolutely! - as if there's anything wrong with that. Everyone preens, everyone postures, everyone's pretty much a hypocrite - no point in divvying up vituperation and blame based on the high-ground of your personal circumstances - is that moral relativism? Absolutely - as if there's anything wrong with that - a term currently slung by those who ignored it when torture was suddenly "expedient" a few years ago, or the wholesale theft of their banking masters was made obvious even more recently (job creators = thieves)... The NAMBLA stuff, yeah, troubling (I certainly don't share the predilection - I'm as straight vanilla as they come) - but at least he's honest and it might make people start to grapple with the grey area between adults attracted to 8-year-olds and adults attracted to 16-year-olds (much more accepted culturally - if still frowned upon - when it's heterosex and not homosex, our entire pop-music culture is built around "jailbait ass", for one, and anything good for the economy...). And I don't have any interest in discussing or debating that point further, so no need to comment....

Purnacandra Sivarupa says

All talk of TAZ and ontological anarchism must be contextualized: Violent, revolutionary anarchism is a perpetual failure for the very fact that it tries to destroy the structures on which it relies for its meaning. If the whole "system" were brought down, the anarchists would lose their purpose. The same can be said of any revolutionary group, which is why Communism also has never really worked. If Hakim Bey's thoughts are flawed, they are not so because they broke from anarchist orthodoxy — a thing which exists against all reason — but because they didn't quite break loose enough from the assumptions of political anarchism. Where Bey hit the nail on the head, though, is the notion that real freedom is not the direct result of systems, but is rather what individuals can create in the tiny spaces between the gears of the machine. Hakim Bey's greatest failure is to place too many constraints on the particulars of social and material manifestation; his greatest success is simply to remind us through the eyes of poetry that liberation is of consciousness and of individuals, not of abstractions such as "society" and "the collective".

In sum: What anarchists hate about Hakim Bey is what I love about him, and what anarchists like about him is what makes me shake my head with pity.

Chloe says

By turns fascinating and hilariously pretentious, this tract of high-level postmodern romanticism mixes linguistic gymnastics with hippie-child idealism and the strongest desire to be truly revolutionary. It boasts starry writing and starry-eyed naivete, sometimes reminding me of the iconoclasts of ages past and sometimes of the mentally unstable, self-proclaimed "messiah"/hobo who once gave me a link to his wordpress blog.

Reading this book reminds me of how toothless revolution can be when it doesn't risk anything, and make no mistake, this book takes no risks. It's thesis is basically the bumper sticker that says "random acts of kindness, senseless acts of beauty", if the sticker were paired with the idea to set off fireworks in order to scare people. This is about as dangerous as the book gets, and because of that I kept looking at real freedom fighters and revolutionaries, in the Middle East, in China, in South America. And I found this book really very toothless and uninteresting. It bites, but it's a gummy bite that results in a moist level of discomfort and embarrassment, but never anything else. The most controversial statements are the author's orientalist exoticism, which is simply unintentionally offensive and ignorant rather than impressive and global. The other is the author's sexual politics, which amount to some half-coherent rants about how sexuality is frowned on in media and violence is not. Never mind how much sexuality is available in all media, the

argument is basically that of a 16 year old internet user. At any rate, who is being victimized here? It all just feels like entitled whining. However, darker phrases, those mentioning children, struck me as more sinister and less revolutionary as it is a bunch of privileged men trying to sound perverse instead of realizing the very real people they use to make their own middling attempts at "shock art".

In all, I would call this book the bourgeois college student's guide to fake revolution for would-be fighters who consider sidewalk chalk revolutions and firecrackers to be the epitome of anarchist policy. This must be nice, as it poses no risks, probably sounds cool at the bar, and is very unlikely to necessitate the reading of very difficult material. (This book is many things, but certainly not difficult. Behind its style, the substance is nothing more than a few quips and slogans.) It is to revolution what suburban kids making hand signs is to being a gangster. It may unsettle your mother, but it is unlikely to seem even vaguely interesting outside of its writing to anyone else.

I recently read the wonderful and brilliant book, *The Rebel* by Albert Camus, a real intellectual giant whose work ought to be more well-known than it is. In his section on metaphysical rebellion, he discusses the dandy:

"The dandy, therefore, is always compelled to astonish. Singularity is his vocation, excess his way to perfection. Perpetually incomplete, always on the fringe of things, he compels others to create him, while denying their values. He plays at life because he is unable to live it. He plays until he dies, except for the moments when he is alone and without a mirror."

This is the image I have of Peter Lamborn Wilson. I see him as a very dull person, desperately trying not to be bourgeois, and therefore awkwardly grabbing at anything that may seem iconoclastic. He's the literary version of that boy from high school who wore Hot Topic and dyed his hair blue. He'd upset his mother, but, in the end, there are many such boys, and most either grow up or grow old enough to become caricatures of themselves.

Again in Camus' book, he mentioned the inevitability of conformity in the rebel, that once the rebel has cast off everything he must suddenly accept the legitimacy of the institutions he cast aside, simply from logical continuation. That's where I see this going. I miss the writers who risked persecution, death, imprisonment, torture, and miseries of all kind in order to write against a system. True or false, there's something admirably sharp in that, and this declawed booklet fails to meet those levels. As such, I will stick with real rebels, real risk-takers, and people who have something worth saying.

This is a very pretty bit of nothing, likely to only impress the same people who think that *The Matrix* was mind-blowing philosophy, and who wear corporate-owned Che shirts. It's for those anarchists who do not read philosophy, political writings, or history, and who have very little idea as to how anything in society really works. It's the political version of those who find *The Memory Keeper's Daughter* to be brilliant literature or *The Help* to be provocative and artistic cinema.

Even the writing, by far the only interesting part of the book, begins to feel formulaic, and I became tired of the shtick long before I was finished. The self-aware quirkiness was tired, a well-trod level of experimentation that has been done many times by greater artists, including E.E. Cummings. Those who do not read very many experimental works will probably find it mind-blowing, just as people who do not read great political writings and philosophical works will find this deep. And it wants to be. Oh, how it wants to be. It has pretensions to greatness beyond anything the world has known, but really just mimics works from the '50s and '60s, and even earlier, wishes to be a Beatnik, and falls flat on its ass.

Michelle says

Quite possibly my most favorite book, and one everyone should read! I re-read it periodically. It's insanity, but mainly about thinking outside the box, about intellectual freedom, about living creatively. I read it during my "travel the country by train and/or bike, live in caves, camp out with rock-climbing hippies, make chain mail and sell it" phase. But I still find it applicable.

