

Chapter 1 : CrimethInc. - Wikipedia

Our flagship book, Days of War, Nights of Love, is the perfect starting place for anyone seeking a life of passionate revolt. It is a visionary manifesto, a daring challenge to everything we take for granted, a riotous explosive experiment of a book.

Jan 26, Andrew rated it it was ok The first time I read this book was years and years ago. It passed me in the library and I was curious to see how I might think of it now. Far less now than before. The authors, by all means, seem very serious about practical well, so to speak changes both personal and beyond. However, this is truly a very hypocritical book. The anti-Christian rhetoric is piled on thick and narrow-sighted one of the authors suspiciously claims to be Sufi too? The call for co-operative, mutual economy is likewise tarnished by boast after boast of how they or others "cheated the system. In short, a book that asks a lot of good questions, and offers a lot of dumb answers. It thought it was cute. I mean, I thought it was juvenile in that it was written as though it was intended to show high school kids that there were better ways to rebel against society than to emulate Marilyn Manson. It is ironic that many of the people th In the Spring of , all the college age anarchists acted like this was THE book that was going to herald anarchism into the 21st Century. It is ironic that many of the people that hate this book, and CrimethInc in general, are those who were trying to live the very lifestyle it promoted. Most critics seemed to ignore the fact that the book is CrimethInc for beginners. And not even Anarchism for Beginners. Another interesting thing about the critics of this book is that I watched these same people over the years and most of them have given up and given into the society they once protested. Classic Anarchism is fine for some one who is fortunate enough to get a college education, and has the time to debate the revolution over beer. I mean, really, what young Americans raised by working class families, the poor, and minorities care about what it was like in 19th Century Russia? For beginners in any kind of subversive counterculture, you got to start with something. It would be great if there were other books with the seal of approval from the cliques of the anarchist elite that are available for people other than the followers of the cliques of the anarchist elite. So, the book is not that great and I am often annoyed by self-described CrimethInc kids, but very few of those college students have any thing better to offer people like me, who was raised by a poor single parent of color.

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Lucky wimmin get to review six course dinners or new CDs, but i get to review a fucking polish sausage. But there it is. There is no all-day sucker, only suckers. So if you know someone young trapped in the suburban box, this is pages that might get them to see life from a different doorway. It challenges the spectatorism, the viewerism of passive virtual life in middle class capitalism. Whatever each [of] us may be looking for, we all tend to pursue our desires by purchasing images: We buy leather jackets when we want rebellion and danger. When we want to live in a different world, we buy political pamphlets and bumper stickers. Somehow we assume that having all the right accessories will get us the perfect lives. And as we construct our lives, we tend to do it according to an image, a pattern that has been laid out for us At our jobs, we exchange our time, energy, and creativity for the ability to buy these symbols Rather than satisfying our needs, these products multiply them: Mined out of seventy year old dada and surrealism, but could dada defeat the nazis? You can see what I mean by checking out their heavy advocacy of shoplifting. Dumpster diving is also a big deal in the CrimethInc ideology. I think only superprivileged people talk this phony way, folks sitting on top of the rest of the human race but playing at being someone else. Hey, we should entertain the really revolutionary far-out daring novel idea of Any of you ever worked for a living at a store? Oh, I forgot, working is giving in to the corporations. Well, then, let me tell you the news that in real life millions and millions of Americans of every class, age, race and genders are shoplifting like mad weasels. And you think the oppressed should shoplift what they need? Hey, ever been in an inner city corner store with its bulletproof plexiglass inner walls, where you point out the canned soup or soap you want and the clerk hands it out to you through the revolving tray--after you slide your money in? The oppressed have been shoplifting and stealing and ripping since long before any of you were conceived of. Talk of subverting the system is cheap, but other people are being run over by the reality of it. Dying young knowing that no one is going to take care of your kids. Sometimes this book is itself a spectator sport, privileged folks having the thrill of playing at life.

Chapter 3 : CrimethInc. : Books : Days of War Nights of Love

Days of War, Nights of Love is a collection of political, social and philosophical essays written and published by anarchist collective CrimethInc. Most essays advocate the fight for personal freedom, alternate choices and lifestyles.

Four days of mourning in the New York Institute. Four days of planning the revenge on the vampires. Robert Lightwood, along with his wife, asked their Shadowhunters friends, from all over the world, for help. Everyone agreed to fight by their side, to kill the monsters that kill children. Especially since the attacks on innocent children have increased all over the world. The word was spread that Raphael Santiago and his clan had initiated all of the attacks in the past four days. And so, all Shadowhunters decided that it was about time to end this madness. They were sitting in the Library of the New York Institute, since the City had been the one mostly attacked, as well as since the attackers resided here. Maryse had an unreadable face, she was still mourning over the loss of her youngest; her blue eyes showed nothing more but sorrow and rage, yet she remained stoic. Blackthorn, from the Los Angeles Institute, was offering his condolences to Maryse, smiling ghostly at her and her husband. Jia moved her eyes towards the two youngest people in the room, Alec Lightwood and Sebastian Morgenstern. They were allowed to participate in the courting, as both of them were eighteen now. All eyes moved on him, with questions painted inside of them. The word of the death of Max, and of other children was spread, so they know we will come for them. We have to kill them first! All of them looked curiously at the red points marked in Manhattan, close to the Hotel Dumort. Valentine was pointing at them, with his dagger, as he explained. First, we may weaken them with the spray of holy water; it will disorient them for a few moments. Tonight we will be the winners. Tonight, the war will begin. His eyes were closed, as the sun rays were warming his pale face. The warm air was licking his skin, making him almost relax. Thoughts about his little brother, that caused tears in his eyes. At least now, four days after the funeral, Alec cried a little less. They were supposed to be strong, fierce, though not crying creatures. He cried strongly for three days, and it helped him a bit. Helped him stable his emotions, and understand what happened. And what will happen soon. He also thought about Magnus, and what will happen with them. After tonight, all of it may, and probably will change. All of it may end after tonight; and it was something that Alec dreaded. But it could change tonight, as the war with the Downworld will begin. Alec felt a nudge in his ribs, and it made his eyes open wide in one second. Blond hair came into his sight, followed by a very muscular body. Jace looked almost like always; stoic face, weary eyes. But today, something unreadable was in his face, and it made Alec suspicious. But on the other hand, Jace needed to accept the fact. There was nothing he could do with it. The boy looked at his phone, then at his siblings. In no time, he passed the gate of the Institute, and mingled himself into the city, and its people who were absorbed in thoughts. Just as he came to Brooklyn, the fate decided to grant him with rain, heavy rain. Alec thought, before he tried to find his keys to the apartment. And another surprise, there were no keys in his pocket. The Shadowhunter just hoped that his warlock was home at this hour, and that he was awake. He hated waking Magnus, he was always grumpy afterwards. I forgot my keys. Bane was standing in the doorway, smiling from ear to ear, with a gleam in his cat eyes, when Alec came to the door. Once in the living room, the warlock drew the boy to himself, and captured his lips in a soft, loving kiss. The once soft kiss, now turned into a hungry one, filled with desire and longing. When they pulled away, they were both equally flushed and breathless. You have to change and warm yourself. He was into everything that the older one introduced him to, starting from several positions to bondage. But today, Alec just simply wanted to have Magnus, and be taken by him in a loving way. It seemed that Magnus read his mind. Hands and mouths wandered all over their bodies; alternately, creating wonderful tingles and moans in them. Every inch of skin, on both of them, was well touched, and learned by heart once again. Every heavy breath was savored by another, when their lips connected in long, deep kisses. All of it was filled with love painted in their eyes, when they were looking at each other in the moment of ecstasy. The warlock turned his face and body as well, grabbing his hands into a tight grip. So there could be just us. We had three rounds, it should be burned out now! The old wooden clock from the living room was clearly heard by the boy, as it counted down the minutes. His phone vibrated, getting him out of his dull thoughts. Dad is looking for you.

His warlock was still sleeping safe and sound, looking so calm and innocent now. He moved his palm to the caramel, warm cheek, and stroked it slowly, lovingly. I love you, Magnus Bane. I love you more than anything. And I hope, I hope that if I survive tonight, I will find the courage inside of me, to tell you this while looking at you in the eyes. He put the note on his side of the bed, and went out. In the hallway, he found Chairman, sleeping by his boots. He stroked him on his small head, and the feline looked at him with its green eyes. Magnus had just had one of the best dream ever. The said dream involved him, his beloved hunter, naked of course, and cuffs. As if on instinct Magnus moved his right arm to reach for his hunter and show him what happened in the dream. But he was truly surprised and taken aback when his hand landed on a cold empty space. His eyes immediately opened wide, trying to locate his man. Honey, where are you? But Alec was nowhere to be seen. In the hallway, his boots were not there anymore. In the bedroom there were no longer his clothes on the floor. You promised me the next round of mind-blowing sex and I woke up without you. The said cat placed it in his hand. It was a note, a note from his beloved hunter. Please, stay hidden tonight. The words of the spell to create a portal came out of his mouth faster than usual, and soon he found himself close to his beloved. Just in time, before they barged inside the hotel Dumort. Magnus launched himself at Alec and Isabelle, pushing them both to the ground. In an instinct Isabelle hit him with her whip and Alec moved his dagger to his neck. When the Shadowhunters realized who it was, they retrieve their weapon. He killed my brother! When they opened the door, they were met with a surprising view. Then, all hell broke loose.

Chapter 4 : would you shoplift "days of war, nights of love"? | Squat the Planet

Days of War, Nights of Love has 1, ratings and reviews. Burkey said: i havent read it in a while, its funny to me, the folks who foam at the mouth.

This is a wartime love story of two young people, brought together by terror and destruction in Croatia. Their journey starts in , as the war begins to spread across the land. From the nightmare and blood being spilt, a deep love was born. For a love so right, yet so wrong, the quest for survival begins. Can they survive against all odds? That year, the war was spreading across the expanse of the former Yugoslavia. It lasted only for a short period in Slovenia, but it blazed up in its full force in Croatia. The agitators brought back from Serbia, manipulated with the local Serbian population and together with the Yugoslav National Army, triggered the beginning of destruction, devastation and murder of civil Croatian society. Croatia becomes productive territory for hundreds of newsreporters from all around the world, and from there they inform their homeland stations of the terror appearing before their eyes. She comes to Split, a town situated along the Adriatic Coast, where, right at the beginning of her journey meets a local newsreporter Mario Matovina. Although Mario was happily married father of three children and Suzane Goudin, a young widow with one child, between them, from the very first start, a chemistry and a strong sense of attraction existed. He has a stroke and becomes chained to his hospital bed. In those dramatic moments between life and death, Mario awaits in his fathers presence for the worst. Although he loves his wife, Mario has a hard time denying and resisting the feelings he feels towards Suzane. At the beginning, it was all sexual attraction, which has with time developed into something much more deeper. The terror and nightmare of the war had made them closer. A love was born. Is it possible to love two women at the same time? The southern sky of Dubrovnik was not covered in starts any longer, but by granades and mines. During the artillery attack on Dubrovnik, Mario uses all his power, his body, his mind, his soul to protect Suzane. Suzane departs for Australia, while wounded Mario goes back to his family. All over again, he starts experiencing love with his wife. In the year , Suzane dies in Frankfurt form leukemia. She wished to die in Croatia, but death was quicker and beat her to it. She was buried in her native soil along the Adriatic Coast where her mother was from. Mario did not attend the funeral. He went the next day, when he could stay peacefully goodbye to his wartime love. The war in Croatia ended, right when this deeply moving love story did. The war had brought them together, but it also ripped them apart. Find Your eBooks Here!

Chapter 5 : days of love nights of war | Download eBook PDF/EPUB

"Days and Nights succeeds not only because of its socio-political authenticity and lyrical style but because of its interweaving of anger and tenderness, elation and sorrow." --The Nation Days and Nights of Love and War is the personal testimony of one of Latin America's foremost contemporary political writers.

That has been always the biggest price of a war, to sacrifice something. To sacrifice something for the greater cause. Magnus stood standing still. He just stared at the scene unfolding in front of him. He saw him move as elegantly as a cat and as fast as an antelope. But suddenly, he saw him freeze in place. All he could see was the Shadowhunters raiding the once majestic hotel and stopping in their paths when they found no resistance upon entrance. Somewhere in his heart he felt relief. But he also knew that was too good to be true. If only you had warned us of your arrival, we would have welcomed you in our humble abode properly. He knew what was coming and he was ready for it. Thankfully, it was not close to his heart. Suddenly chaos prevented, and everyone was fighting with any enemy they could put their hands on. Alec had been looking forward to this night. They went in as silent as vampires and as fast as werewolves, but they stopped dead in their place. The hotel was empty. He concentrated hard on the sounds, he had applied all the runes he could need, so he knew, no one was there. No one other than the Shadowhunters. And not a moment later he found out why. Somehow they had heard they were coming, and somehow they had gotten out of there. What matter was his mission, nothing else. He forearmed his bow found his target and let it fly out of his hands into the air until it landed where he wanted it to. Before the arrow had even arrived at its destination, Alec was on his feet, running towards the vampire who had offended him and his family and was already holding his seraph blade, ready to strike. He found Raphael standing next to Magnus, staring at the arrow protruding out of his chest. He barely registered the fact that Magnus had joined the fight. He knew his boyfriend was more than capable to protect himself. He brought up the hand with the seraph blade, holding a dagger on the other one with carved religious symbols, fitting what he knew Raphael believed in, knowing perfectly well that his own beliefs were his worst enemy. The vampire looked surprised. He just kept on fighting. Magnus was drawn into the fight the moment a Shadowhunter had tried to strike him with his blade. The Shadowhunter was not experienced, he was not a worthy opponent, at least not worthy enough to his hundreds of years of fighting. He defeated him easily, knocking him unconscious with a little spell, but his next opponent was unexpected, if not stronger than the last one. They were not that many, but the battlefield was small and it seemed like the fight was endless. The demon tried to sting him with his tail, but Magnus was fast enough that he pushed it away with some invisible force he created by the blue sparks that came out of his fingertips. At that moment the line of vision on his right was cleared and what he came to face made his heart skip a beat. Alec had just stabbed Raphael with a dagger that obviously hurt the vampire way more than he expected. Fear crept into his body, making his mind focus on the task at hand. First, he needed to get rid of this demon. He pushed him away with the invisible force, making the demon fall on the ground. He let him burn with a coldness in his heart and turned to his beloved ones. Next step was to protect everyone he cared about. He started chanting the foreign words, feeling his magic running through his body, leaving his fingertips, and forming an invisible bubble around the ones he wished to protect. Truth was, Alexander could have killed him by now. The stab in the stomach slowed him down, making the years of experience, he bared on his shoulders not matter anymore. However, he kept on pushing. He kept on chanting the words, even after he felt the lack of energy take his toll on his own body. His nose started to bleed, but the spell was not interrupted. The bubble of safety was weaker than before, but it was better than nothing. He was determined to go on as far as he could, until darkness became his companion to protect the ones he loved. His body became stiffer, his movements became sharper. Suddenly, with a swift kick to his legs, Raphael was off balance, thrown to the ground with a seraph blade on his neck and the Shadowhunter pressing his knee to his diaphragm, not that he needed to breathe, it just made him uncomfortable. But neither of those things happened. For a moment, the sound of the blades clash against the other, the screams of battle managed to slip into this moment, but soon the emotion took over again, and every sound that did not belong in it was shut out, away from here. Somewhere far from this reality. Magnus had

told him the youngest Lightwood had died, he had told him they suspected vampires, but still he expected Alexander to be smarter than that. He only knew that he had done it and it was time to pay for it. Magnus had told him in detail about what had happened, and he knew there had been blood at the scene. He needed the Shadowhunter to see the truth by himself. What he saw behind his eyelids shocked him to his core. In fact, there was a pool of blood around him. Was that the way vampires killed? Right as the realization hit him, Alec was pushed to the ground. His beloved hunter was about to be attacked by a vampire from the Brazilian clan. The fangs of the vampire had been already out, and he was dangerously close to the boy. As if on instinct Magnus threw himself towards them. He pushed Alec to the ground, taking the attack on himself. The warlock had managed to cast a spell, and his attacker flew across the field. The vampire landed at some Raum demon, and was eaten alive in seconds. Alec, as if on an instinct, moved himself to Magnus, and grabbed him, before he hit the ground. For a moment, Magnus felt like everything stopped around them. Only him and Alec mattered in the second, them and their love. In that moment, Bane knew that if he survives tonight, he will be in a lot of trouble. The warriors on both sides were passionate about winning. They all had pent up feelings of anger and hate and misery against the other. They both wanted revenge for their personal reasons. Valentine was in his element. He was finally making his dream come true. He was finally going to rule the Shadow World and the Downworld. Everyone would remember him now. Everyone would drink in his name. Everyone would worship the ground he walked on. It was his time. With his demons by his side, those low-life servants, he went on in the battlefield killing off one monster after the other. He was cleansing the New York streets with his blade and no one was trying to stop him. Even his old friends, Maryse and Robert Lightwood were there fighting for the same cause, ridding the world of evil and a dirt. They were all fighting together like the old times. Maryse and Robert were fighting back to back and if they got closer to death than they should Valentine stepped in finishing off whoever tried to kill them. His rule was finally going to prevail, and his friends were going to join him. When he saw the little redhead, Clarissa, struggling to defeat a vampire, he immediately went to her aid. No one could hurt her and not pay for it. No one would dare to touch her if they knew the fate awaiting for them if they did. Clary was looking at the scene unfolding in front of her with wide eyes. How could he do this? She had been fighting so hard to knock out the vampire, but she never planned to kill him. She was not a murderer. She just wanted to get through this fight alive. She just wanted to protect the ones she cared about, either if they were Shadowhunters or vampires. And maybe he would have, or maybe Clarissa would have managed to kill it first. No one was going to hurt if he had a say in it, and if anyone ever did, he would kill them without hesitation.

Chapter 6 : Days of War, Nights of Love: Crimethink for Beginners by CrimethInc.

Days of War, Nights of Love may refer to: Days and Nights of Love and War, a book by Eduardo Galeano Days of War, Nights of Love (book), a collection of political, social, and philosophical essays published by CrimethInc. in

Crimethink for Beginners At heavily illustrated pages, our flagship book is the perfect size for any knapsack and the perfect reference manual for anyone seeking a life of passion and revolt. Rather than reading it from one cover to the other, casting perfunctory votes of disapproval or agreement along the way, and then putting it on the shelf as another inert possession, we hope you will use this as a tool in your own effortsâ€”not just to think about the world, but also to change it. Heaven is a different place for everyone; hell, at least this particular one, we inhabit in common. Reviews A manifesto for building a new world that should be on the bookshelf of every idealist, student, punk rocker, worker and ex-worker, poet, and lover. Glorious, even for the most cynical reader. What more can we ask from a book? Such voracious stealing from history and applying as needed becomes not just a practice, but a saving grace. By never labeling themselves punks or new Dadaists and instead stealing all manner of praxis and pranks, CrimethInc. Topics range from anarchy to hierarchy, work to sex, alienation to liberation and technology, but every page burns with a passion for a freer life. Lies, exaggerations and blatant plagiarisms mix freely with passionate arguments. Other essays walk a precarious line between arrogant and inspiring: Or a necessary critique? The books vehement insistence that living is more important than art carries the argument beyond the typical debate. When you make it to the end, the personal testimonials about not working and the closing art pieces become an aria of voices urging you to close the book and live. Whether or not you buy it probably depends on what you thought of the last Refused LPâ€”revolutionary cannibals or well-dressed poseurs? Well-read former straight-edge kids or new messiahs? This book tells a story of a future that is attainable only if we look to ourselves to create it, a life of living for the beauty of things, for living life like every day is your last. The writing is both poetic and inspiring, not only criticizing the world we live in today but also provides a broad vision of a more just and liberating world. It is broken up into various sections. Writings are on a wide variety of topics from sex to consumerism to theft to love to anarchism and hierarchy. It consists mostly of essays and writings from the free newspaper Harbinger, also put out by the CrimethInc collective. What makes it so complete is the beautiful layout and artwork that graces each page. A manifesto for building a new world that should be on the bookshelf of every idealist, student, punk rocker, worker and ex-worker, poet, and lover. Every inch screams for you to pick it up. Close to pages with new-school cut-and-paste layout. They broke it up into sections, each focusing on a different aspect of life; for example, W is for Work, G is for Gender, F is for Freedom, etc. It covers capitalism, media, love, left, death, anarchy, culture, sex, technology, history, politics, and so on. The writing is the usual CrimethInc. It holds things that everyone needs to take to heart when pondering about life. So, enough of my recommendation babbling, get that eight dollars in the mail and get ready for this. Foreword by Nietzsche Guevara I. A Short History of the CrimethInc.

Chapter 7 : Monthly Review | Days and Nights of Love and War

Days of War Nights of Love An audio book of Days of War Nights of Love, an introductory text to the American post left Anarchist group CrimethInc. The audio book was created by the group Audio Anarchy.

Chapter 8 : Days of War, Nights of Love - Wikipedia

Days and Nights of Love and War is the personal testimony of one of Latin America's foremost contemporary political writers. In this fascinating journal and eloquent history, Eduardo Galeano movingly records the lives of struggles of the Latin American people, under two decades of unimaginable violence and extreme repression.

Chapter 9 : Days and Nights of Love and War by Eduardo Galeano

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- God of All My Days (Official Lyric Video) - Duration:*