

- when you bite your tongue, you chew up (and spit out) our future... -

I love the “non-hierarchical movement” for its insistence that we don't need to obey, that we don't need to make ourselves into robots to be happy or effective.

I hate the non-hierarchical movement for its tolerance of cliques of experience and charisma, and for the febleness of its attempts at skill-share.

I love the “non-hierarchical movement” for its persistent fuck-you to liberal wank about sustainable growth and elections.

I hate the “non-hierarchical movement” for its lack of theoretical rigour and its fetishisation of 'dissidence' and its clowning around.

I love the “non-hierarchical movement” for its energy and its optimism and its humour.

I hate the “non-hierarchical movement” for its self-indulgence, its goldfish attention span and its inability to act strategically.

I love the “non-hierarchical movement” for its passion and its stamina and its audacity.

I hate the “non-hierarchical movement” for its refusal to see that time and energy are limited resources, and its inability to learn.

I love the “non-hierarchical movement” when it encourages and facilitates people to find their independence, and helps them to see and overcome the invisible power that crackles and sizzles in every meeting that proclaims “non-hierarchy.”

**Which is hardly ever.**