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A Hofi Manifesto

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hiking, as these use the body more intensely, but can be equally as healing as sitting on a cushion.

We're talking about being kind to both friends and strangers alike, because we are all human, and deserve to be treated with respect. We should be recognized as not intimate parts of everyone's life, but real beings with lives of our own. Vegetarianism/veganism should be considered as an option, because we are animals just like the ones we eat; to say we are different from them is a violation of our ideals. This seems easy, but to truly cultivate a culture of kindness is a revolutionary act, especially towards ourselves. Indeed, may all beings be happy.

These are suggestions of what a New Alternative looks like. If you're already doing these things, then may you continue on the path towards the end of suffering with unwavering determination and devotion. As long as you are working with discipline for the betterment of all beings, and you're taking care of yourself, then it doesn't matter what label you use. What is important is that we are together on this planet, taking each day at a time for one and for all.

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be a shame if we didn't use this life to explore the vast corners of our Self.

New Alternative is rooted in dharmic beliefs, mainly Zen Buddhism and Hinduism, as a focus on our duty as humans to work at our unique experience, and hold all aspects of ourselves as special. For this reason New Alternative is a sprawling philosophy (or lifestyle) that handles each part of our abilities equally, with an emphasis on our creative and mindful senses.

This is a contemporary alternative to what society prioritizes, which completely disregards our potential for activities besides work and home life. While these parts of life are important and shouldn't be ignored, it's equally important to work different muscles than the ones we are forced to focus on in our day to day lives. By taking wisdom from all parts of society, we can form new ways of living a more fulfilling life.

This is not a hypothetical spiritual movement. This is grounded work: karma yoga.

What we're talking about is creating art and promoting spaces for art, like venues and galleries where real people can display their real spirit for others looking to be inspired. These spaces can be our temples, where we meet and give offerings to our humanity and spirit. The music can sound like a combination of the freedom of jazz/noise, the rhythms of rock/electronic, and the soul of folk/ambient. The paintings can use bright colors and dynamic shapes to stand out against the pastel-washed contemporary landscape. The literature will just escape realism, by implementing dream-like aspects to create a new, higher portrayal of reality.

We're talking about yoga, both of the body and the mind, to concentrate our efforts of thought to experience peace in our ground level consciousness. Finding this state with mind-altering substances is great, but what is more important is consistently cultivating mindfulness in everyday life, and taking refuge in our own teacher, teachings, and community. This also includes physical and nature activities like lifting weights and

untouchable and unknowable so we can follow the path to liberation. What we all have in the midst of the flames...

1. Energy

The human soul has been a hot topic ever since we became conscious. What are the extents of the will to live? Where does goodness come from? We've constantly wondered where we get our ability to feel the burdens and the ecstasies of being human, and what the nature of all of this is. These are the questions that are outside the reaches of logic, forging only to areas of instinct and emotion.

The good news is we're not the only beings on this Earth with a soul. In fact, we share the same soul with every other thing on this planet. By tapping into this soul, we're able to connect with a constantly renewing source of energy that inspires the other things on this planet to get up every morning and exist. This source of energy is the World Spirit, a rhizome that is the very essence of existence on this planet. There's also the universal spirit, but because we haven't discovered life on other planets yet, we only need to deal with Earth.

For humans, inspiration is the spark that continues the creation of this spiritual energy. Inspiration can be found anywhere at any time, and can be acted on in the same circumstances, no matter what the resources at hand may be. As long as we are alive, we can tap into a natural, infinite amount of energy that is available to us all the time.

1. New Alternative

What we're suggesting is a New Alternative, a discipline of devotion to being aware of our humanity and spirit. To be a part of a new alternative is to be a rock n' roll monk; a scientist experimenting with our spirit and all of the ways it can manifest itself. It is in our nature to express ourselves, and it would

PURPLE WORDS

Rhizomic-thought free-jazz urban-revival water-fountain post-hippie avant-garde cosmopolitan psych pangea vibrations golden-chain noise post-dualist karma-yoga psychopoetics humanity communal peace connection clarity relaxation earth gender-abolition post-capitalist sky-watching experiments liberation suffering seeking soup listening memory revival alternative the end of all

Preface: The End of The End of History

Without being too redundant with the rest of what this document is about to tell you, I want to at least establish a reasoning for what we're doing in the present moment. Since, as you should know, the rest of this document was written to be timeless, but we time-beings need to understand where it is we stand.

That being: In terms of eras of human histories, a wheel has made its full rotation in the last hundred years.

It happened with the acceleration of technological development, new social attitudes, and historical dynamics. If you want to see it, go on the internet (Which only came out in the 80s), look to the baseline of human social decency (Which people only were forced to accept in the 60s), look up to towers that scrape the sky, and the multitudes of interactions happening on a global scale. All of this and yet it only happened within the last century...

This is a massive oversimplification, just so you know. If you want to see how miraculous this speed of society is, just look at Brain-Rot Tik Toks and explain to me what's happening.

For what it's worth, the ruling power of the world, the Leviathan, has believed in some way or another that these developments have led us to the end of history, that essen-

tially everything is fine: No world wars are going to break out, neoliberal-capitalist-democracy will never have to fear its end, and that all of our problems will slowly make sense to us, or at least we'll learn to live with it.

It's not for me to tell you how to deal with this end of history. However! If you look around, to the sky or otherwise, you might sense that this is not a shared opinion by the world, and that within the youth and populace in general, there's a real thirst for change to happen.

This is a broad force, both supporting the status quo that redefines itself and new rival fascist movements, but it's also found here in the company of those who would like a world free of harmless pretenses (Like the ones mentioned in 1.A of The Ten Declarations). Luckily for us, we were not the first ones to notice this, and recently it has been my personal observation that movements of all sorts are popping up everywhere to meet this force, this taste for a movement.

We wish to and will collaborate with anyone and everyone who seems to be on this common thread. However, at the same time, it's a shame to see many of these movements slide in revivalism of old trends, and an overfixation on specific human activities while overlooking the general picture. Such is our contradiction: We wish to fully support any sincere and dedicated spirit, yet find ourselves disagreeing with many. So what does a House of Friends even mean? What is this a movement for?

The "movement" is for you. For us to try to expand ourselves, and for you to get support for what you're doing. In our attempt, we are trying to forge a greater and a big tent understanding, where at least we can share a common space, using fluid and open ended perspectives. With our spirituality and craft as the mechanism by which we sustain open hearts and minds, we are cultivating the virtues of sorts needed for the harder, more radical things that will become necessary. We can do this through debate and discussion, interactions that must

sound. It's not as easy as starting a new patch, as our thoughts carry over as time progresses. This makes finding a new sound a difficult and complicated process, with intense undertaking needed to fully unroot what we considered to be ingrained in the hardware.

Our mind is constantly calling to be played with. It wants us to learn about all its different settings and possibilities, but when a certain sound suits us, we hold on to it. This is a short essay about fine tuning the frequency that we can all get on, and how to cultivate a New Alternative.

1. Leviathan

The Alternative has been infiltrated by the Leviathan. (The Leviathan standing for Capitalistic-Cis-Hetro-Normative-Imperialist-Patriarchal-Race-Society) Due to social media and our innate desire for fame, the lifestyle that was once counterculture has now become commodified. Symbols and rituals that were once signs of power are now representations of passive passion. With the creation of the movement as a product, we have also become products. Our every move, want, and desire is accounted for in this massive market, holding up a mirror to ourselves. Does this mean we're trapped? That even our exit is a door back inside?

This is an external as well as an internal problem. The issues in the way our society works has effects on our bodies and minds. When we become products we become soulless, our unique life force is taken out of us. We are now another face, another resume, another opportunity. This leaves us feeling unfulfilled and worthless, as what makes our life special is not valued anymore.

We can all agree that we have worth as human beings, or at least that the concept of worth is irrelevant. This is the core of how to defend ourselves against the pressure of the Leviathan. We need to stay in touch with the force inside of us that is

sense things like don't throw your trash in it and clean up if you have time.

Real recognizes real. Seeing you're an individual of composure they shall treat you well.

5 — *Practice Ronotog*

Find a suitable hat that won't easily, or at all, burn once you fit a stick of incense on it. Then take yourself and take a walk somewhere nice that you've been meaning to go. The burning incense stick signifies to nearby forces and spirits that you're a friend, and they shall do all in their power to help you out.

A New Alternative

1. *Synthesizers*

I got a synthesizer for Christmas this year. It's a fascinating new toy. Just imagine, to be able to create a new sound from the groundwork of basic frequencies. By turning each dial, I sort through each possible combination to find just the right amount of everything.

It would be convenient to have a dashboard like this for human consciousness; where we could turn up just a little bit of the highs, maybe a few of the lows, and oh, why not make the sustain longer than it needs to be? Instead of handy little buttons and knobs, we have a formless yet all pervasive thing known as our minds. It functions basically like a synthesizer. We experience a sound, and through interacting with different points in space and time we can morph it into perceptions, which color how we go about playing our music. Adding focus on one (Or many) of our six senses also spices up how we can experience our minds, and with it, our lives.

The hardest part about this device is often we have to work backwards from our perceptions in order to find the underlying

take place in order to cultivate pure and focused ideals. So are we forming a new government? Building new cities? Just doing our craft until the end of time? Maybe, and I hope, but hope needs cultivation.

Merry End of History everyone!

The Ten Declarations

Declarations of the Eyes

Friends, Comrades, Bodhisattvas, and Saints,

1.A. Let us not speak of good and evil, but rather of a series of wheels. One begins from ignorance in the heart and becomes greed and obsession which have formed a chain of misdeeds and grown to be the Hyper-Leviathan sitting atop of the world. At the top of the world, the Leviathan is Capitalistic-Cis-Hetro-Normative-Imperialist-Patriarchal-Race-Society.

At the moment, the Levithan poses some part in those words too.

2.A. Another wheel stems from the countless nameless saints, who were the humans who acted just but were lost by time, and remembered in symbols. The origin of this wheel is in awareness, mindfulness, compassion, and understanding, and the links of its chain are gratitude and selfless deeds. It is the redemption and art that will save this world. In short, liberation of the human condition on all of its levels, or at the very least, the collective effort towards such a thing.

3.A. Yet let us not be forgetful in being aware of the third wheel, the silent on-going universal river. It is time and space: the world spirit that sets the heavenly spheres into motion and the machinery of the universe. It is the great compiler for truth and illusion, which makes the other two wheels illuminate and hide. For its existence is why it should be noted that these words exist for people, rather than people exist for these words.

It is a reminder of our collective uncertain fate and the fumble nature of our understanding, and ability to put it to practice.

Declarations of the Arms and Legs

4.B. Let us practice revolutionary joy and sorrow, and continue the golden chain until the Leviathan is defeated. Let us band together in our common ideals to form a new organization which will be an example of social harmony and common understanding for the new country that'll arise from the turning of the wheels. Let us work for the peace of our community's souls.

5.B. This is not a new goal by any means, parties and organizations exist to promote this common goal. However, let us construct a unique social structure on the basis of already present friend groups found in our livelihoods and crafts. Let us have a Philosophical Political Socio-Spiritual Artistic movement where being a good friend is the most revolutionary thing you can do.

6.B. To share a common banner let us call our local coalitions a House of Friends which exists as parts in a whole universal House of Friends. Our folks can be called Hofis and the culture we create, Hofism.

Declarations of the Tongue

7.C. If there is a soul it is neither entirely in its existence, nor essence, but in experience. And the experience in truth is beyond words and symbols and is a tacit thing. Let us equally understand silence and sound to better grasp truth. While maintaining the practice of using a variety of languages in reality.

8.C. One language is religion and spiritually. Let us not be quick in demising spirits and forces above and below us, whatever categorization you give them. Instead let us be in communion with them in respect and understanding. Even if that

shapes. Wouldn't it be a shame if we didn't notice each other in a similar way? I believe slower walks advocate for the counter attitude.

3 – Acquaintances as an Art Form

If you're a Hofi or a sympathizer then you're probably somewhat like me, and if you're somewhat like me then you probably find times in life where you don't have many friends outside your circle, who you don't see that much anyhow. In this case, find some local restaurants or shops you like and make yourself a regular. Eventually you'll develop a familiarity and you might be able to ask questions, like how they got into their positions and what it's like to occupy their place in society. This is vital to forming an open worldview of a vast world with different people with no limit to their possibilities and combinations.

If you're in a field of some sort, there's plenty of opportunity for this sort of practice on the topic of the field. For instance, I play D.I.Y music and people you've shared bills with and musicians standing around are perfect prey. "How'd you get your band name?", "That was a really good set, where are you guys from?" are all good starts.

4 – Venerate Local Spirits

The start to any good practice is awareness, which develops into mindfulness and finally compassion. But how can we expect local spirits to treat us well if we do not first practice these states of mind towards them?

First identify local spirits in your area. I live in Chicago, so Lake Michigan and the local wind are good places to start (Also they're intertwined). Be mindful of them, embrace how they make the local area unique, if inconvenient sometimes, and practice some compassion. Obviously this means common

Five Suggestions on the Practice in the Outer World

1 – *Public Expressions*

Draw and write graffiti, sing and hum in the streets, embrace gorilla theater, climb trees or anything you safely can, and illegally busk for any art! The street is a sacred place, yet the spirit of action necessary for the liberation of a soul has left it up for good weather and commercialism to provide us with these things. This gives us a sterile environment and disguises the capacity of our species. Express and experience the essence of soulful purists on the veins of our cities.

It would be nice if there were more things to look at on my walks. Don't get me wrong, I love what I see already, but when this is how I spend most of my waking hours, I find ways to complain.

2 – *Take Slower Walks*

Personally, I used to be a speed walking addict. I used to scorn slow suburbanites (Yes I know, I lived in Skokie for five years) and their large families that take up the entirety of the sidewalk while I venerated efficient legs. However, this is no longer the case. The paths of our world are scared by the tracks of busy and unmindful people.

God bless them. I understand why.

But, consider this! When we walk with each step in a mindful attitude we leave behind a lotus with each step, even if it's speed walking. So, I don't actually have much against speed walking, I just advocate slower walks as a method to reach this initial mindfulness.

What a pity it would be if we don't embrace the smaller elements of the life we walk by. Posters and stickers unseen by the masses, populations of rocks unnoticed for their unusual

all that means in your language is a holistic relationship with one's surroundings.

9.C. Down with Demystification! In fact let us create sacred spaces and use the power of ritual to explore and benefit the human experience. Let us create practices and share them with one another to create harmonies with our bodies, minds, and spirits.

Declaration of the Soul

10.D. What remains true in light of the present? That there is suffering and the end of suffering. This is understood by nearly all. But the silent river of the world spirit has moved before, as it continues to do now. And at every moment we have the opportunity to turn the tide, for ourselves or others.

Karma, after all, is a thing shared by a community, not solely one individual. However, to guarantee the promise of a full human life to ourselves and those to come, burning of karma will need to take place. Both of the bright and the dark, to get to the truth which will help against the Leviathan sitting atop of the world and in our own hearts. This unification of the problem of the world and self, especially in correcting misunderstandings, will take hard work. Especially when so many of our own have created temporary barricades against the Leviathan, it has to be that this hard work will include an effort to create genuine trust to foster the vulnerability needed for solidarity and comradeship.

We could only do this together in a united effort, but it can be done. Let us have the courage to come out of this historical riddle as Friends, Comrades, Bodhisattvas, and Saints, even with the Leviathan.

Words of Words

The Traveler Words

Wherever the truth goes a Pureland is formed from that
country,
People in that country all become seekers
Already unknowingly, sages,
Sometimes already, knowingly.
The plants,
Buildings,
Geographies,
And Weathers,
Lay as,
Mediative onlooking seeker-sages
Teachers, true in their ways, become venerated keepers,
Students, heroes of the path,
Gods and Forces become learned too.
All participates in the golden chain,
The greater vehicle,
That, unborn, uncreated, stands alone true and unending,
A refuge,
In a sea of seeming deceit.
The sense of deceit is often strong,
This transformed country can seem far away.
Those who view the world with open eyes,
Unclouded,
Through practice,
Even a little practice,
See this transformed country.
Even if it is not known,
The greater vehicle continues with all of us,
Leading to the practice,
And to its fruit.
The ringing realization of open view will be the realized law,
Since the law,
View,
Fruit,
Vehicle,

The wanderer imagined the homes in the village, made of bricks of all different colors, with the trees and grass that grew on the lawns. They thought about the sun coming through the clouds, warming up the earth and brightening up the day.

“No, I don’t. I’m always so focused on where I’m going that I rarely pay attention to the scenery.”

“Remember this: All corners of life are beautiful even if they are not seen. There is nothing wrong with being in any place, as long as you keep your spirit from being affected. You are always in good company: You are surrounded by divine things, as you yourself are holy too.”

“I’m not worthy of beautiful things, I’m just a wanderer.”

“Yes you are, you are divine.”

“I’m not divine, I come from a small village where nothing happens.”

“Then you are holy; you are just like everything else.”

“I’m not holy, I’m not like everything else.”

“Then you are human.”

The wanderer woke up. Light came through the blinds.

They got up and opened them, and looked out the window. It was cloudy, but still bright outside. Their lawn didn’t look exactly like the place in the dream, but it was still beautiful and alive. They had their coffee and tasted how rich and warm it was. They meditated and felt the love and peace radiating through their body. They saw how everything had such vibrance to it, just in their way of being.

They had found their home.

tions between us all. The wanderer became depressed every time they tried it, and thinking about the experiences they have heard, said "I am not like them, I am not worthy." So they laid in their bed and slept.

In their sleep, they had a dream. In the dream, they were not in the village, and they were not in the settlement, nor were they in any of the lands they had visited, but a more mysterious, different place. The place looked like a small city in a wide forest. The trees were tall and had full green leaves, blossoming out of the packed dirt in the warm weather. They canopied the buildings that were made out of every material imaginable, with diamonds and emeralds packed together with weathered bricks. It felt like a real home, not like the village they were used to, but they didn't understand why it was different.

They walked through the narrow paths and gazed at the houses, and came to a tree stump surrounded by dark purple bushes. It looked like a comfy place to sit, so the wanderer sat down and meditated. Sitting up straight, they became a lightning rod to the energy that surrounded them. A presence creeped up in their psyche and sat down next to them.

"What are you?" Asked the wanderer.

"No one," said the presence.

"Then why are you here?"

"To tell you why this place is your home."

The presence placed its metaphysical hand on the wanderer's shoulder.

"As you walked along here, you noticed all of the details that made this place special. Is this true?" Asked the presence.

The wanderer thought back to the trees flowing in their canopy, and all the incredible plants that bloomed out of the ground. Even the purple bushes that enveloped them.

"Yes, I was so fascinated by how beautiful it is here," confessed the wanderer.

"Back in your home, do you ever notice the plants and buildings?"

Is not a thing to know or unknow.

Tower Words

The only reason,

Why this tower seems so tall

Is because me and you are its base.
The only reason to look up upwards,

To others,

To the top,

Is because,

They were also once here.

But this here, the base, is presently the essence of its figure.

Teacher Words

There are no teachers without students.

But I use my wisdoms far off by trees,

And wind,

And cliffs,

When there are so many students, like as of now, I teach them.

So? What I said still applies.

House of Friends Words

Sit here with me atop of our House of Friends and look,

How the seekers are walking,

From house to house,

Atop mountains,

In valleys,

Through the streets.

How the sages are sitting on truths,

Distances apart.

It gets to be a headache,

This I know.

But this ecosystem is working together,

Whether or not it knows,

Whether or not,

I,

Or it,
Or any part of it,
Knows how to agree.
Return downstairs,
Into the house of friends,
I would understand.
But if you find the folk in there tiring,
Make friends with the walls,
And ceilings,
It's their house too.

2024

People aren't chill like that
Anymore
Were they ever
We're so complicated
Leave your cold by the door
I'll need it to fucking stab you in the back with
Because that's what we want
Yeah
Ok
Of course it is
So take it out
On yourself
On anyone

Earth

The earth is pleasant today
It may be cloudy
Or the sun may come out
Either way
The earth is pleasant
It is pleasant because we are still alive
We use its powers to keep us alive
We are not powerful

The earth is
It is pleasant
Today

Village Sutra

Long ago there was a wanderer who lived in a village close to a large settlement. The wanderer was empty inside, and could not find any of the joys in life. They wandered the streets day after day, looking for a place to rest their questions of meaning. Countless times they tried to improve their situation, by moving to a far away place, or picking up work in order to get out of the village, but they always came back to the same sleepy place they were always in.

The wanderer's dream was to find a place that felt like they belonged; a place that felt like a home. There were days when the wanderer would go into the settlement to find something like this, but they were often disappointed in the results.

Sometimes they went to a monastery in the settlement, where the monks played music and wore fancy clothes to celebrate the artistry that they had in their blood. The wanderer stood and watched the ritual, but felt out of place, saying "I am not like them, I am not a monk." So they went back to the village.

Sometimes they went to a temple in the settlement, where holy people rejoiced in the words of blessed figures and meditated with fervency, drinking warm tea while speaking of their lives with each other, the words flowing easily out of their mouths. The wanderer rejoiced and drank with them, but didn't know what to say, thinking "I am not like them, I am not holy." So they went back to the village.

Sometimes the wanderer ingested herbal medicine, the kind that people take in order to understand their existence and the universe more deeply, people who deserve to see the connec-