



STORMING THE BREACH

A Guide to the 2013 Hurricane Season



READY NEW YORK?



In 2012, Hurricane Sandy laid waste to New York's veneer of invulnerability. The city's building blocks -its subway system, its financial district, and its non-stop workday- were completely paralyzed by what most experts deemed to be a relatively weak storm.

If any consensus emerged in the aftermath, it is that the catastrophe is no longer at a distance. Rather, it is here, and we are living it at every moment of our lives. Faced with such a reality, there are those who flee, those who deny, and those who get organized; we are among those who get organized, who give to the situation an immediate, strategic consistency.

What lies in your hands is a preliminary guide to inhabiting the catastrophe of the present, to laying out a strategy for the hurricanes to come, and to snatching the future from the jaws of defeat. There are many roads partisan, but only one warpath.

NOAA's 2013 ATLANTIC HURRICANE SEASON OUTLOOK

An above-normal season is most likely, with the possibility that the season could be very active.

The 2013 seasonal hurricane outlook reflects a combination of climate factors that have historically produced above-normal Atlantic hurricane seasons. The three main climate factors for this outlook are:

- 1) The ongoing set of atmospheric conditions that have been producing increased Atlantic hurricane activity since 1995, which includes
- 2) An expected continuation of above-average sea surface temperatures (SSTs) across the tropical Atlantic Ocean and Caribbean Sea, and
- 3) A likely continuation of ENSO-neutral conditions (i.e., no El Niño or La Niña); meaning El Niño is not expected to develop and suppress the hurricane season.

Based on the current and expected conditions, combined with model forecasts, we estimate a 70% probability for each of the following ranges of activity during 2013:

13-20 Named Storms
7-11 Hurricanes
3-6 Major Hurricanes
Accumulated Cyclone Energy (ACE) range of
120%-205%

HAPPY CAMPING WITH



THE NYC-OEM GO BAG

For a one-way ticket to the evacuation camp, please assemble:

- Copies of your important documents in a waterproof and portable container
- Extra set of car and house keys
- Credit and ATM cards and cash, especially in small denominations. We recommend you keep at least \$50-\$100 on hand.
- Bottled water and nonperishable food, such as energy or granola bars
- LED Flashlight
- Battery-operated AM/FM radio and extra batteries
- Keep a list of the medications each member of your household takes, why they take them, and their dosages. Medication information and other essential personal items. If you store extra medication in your Go Bag, be sure to refill it before it expires.
- First aid kit
- Contact and meeting place information for your household, and a small regional map
- Child care supplies or other special care items
- Lightweight raingear and Mylar blanket

Does it feel like something is missing?



TIME FOR A HURRICANE PARTY



hurricane party

[hur-i-keyn pahr-tee] n.

1. a group of people that in response to catastrophe, bands together, perhaps for life, building their power through the putting in common of things such as foods & growing skills, radios & technical knowledge, water & purification know-how, and everything else essential to building a life.

2. a communist adventure machine of Deep Southern origin.

“When I went to the party, I only had 2 gallons of water and a roll of toilet paper. Now we have a new flatscreen TV and an urban beach head. Let’s roll!”

-Christie Hernandez, 45 years old

During Sandy, the garden at Beach 91st in the Rockaways served as a territory for the material organization of life, of meals and meetings, encounters and growing power.

BREATHING TOGETHER



R&D DEPARTMENT



"Sometimes I eat straight out of the cans I preserved because it gets me so fucking excited."

-Eileen Chung, 21 years old



Multi-scale biointensive farming and horticulture, wildcraft, high-volume cooking equipment, etc.



Code development, walkie talkies, satellite linkups, long-range wifi theft, radio transmission equipment, secure communications, etc.



Discourse elaboration and proliferation, printers and presses, private chat rooms, partisan bars and diners, etc.

If Sandy had made landfall at high tide, Hunt's Point in the Bronx –the largest food distribution area in the world– would have been crippled by floodwaters. Who's excited about the prospect of standing in the food line for 12 hours only to find out FEMA's run out? On the other hand, if we did need hundreds of tons of food to distribute, there's at least one place to go.



MATERIAL FORCE

R&D DEPARTMENT



"I used to think of this stuff as hobbies, you know tinkering around. Now I know it's how we're going to survive all this."

Cleo Williams, 56 years old



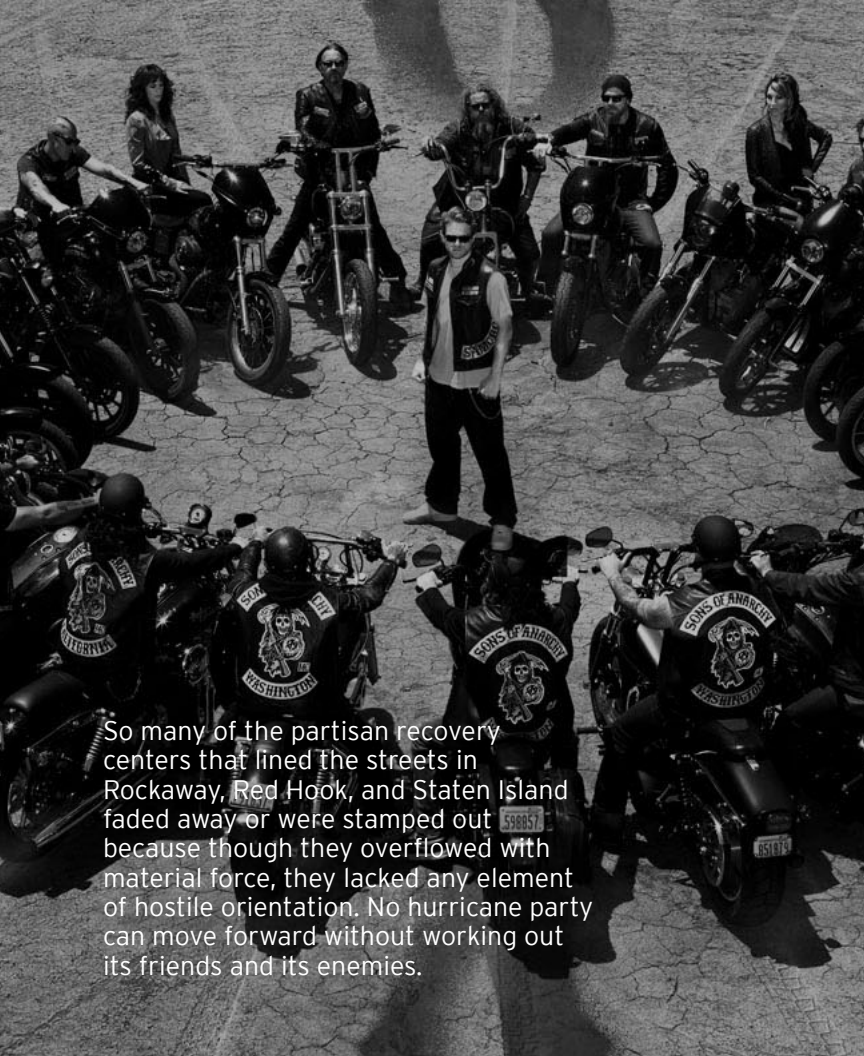
Rain water harvesting, homemade purification systems, fermentation, brewing, long-term storage, etc.



First aid, herbal remedies, kit assembly, CERT training, back country medicine, acupuncture, etc.



Gray water marshes, solar-heated showers, composting toilets, etc.



So many of the partisan recovery centers that lined the streets in Rockaway, Red Hook, and Staten Island faded away or were stamped out because though they overflowed with material force, they lacked any element of hostile orientation. No hurricane party can move forward without working out its friends and its enemies.

R&D DEPARTMENT



"It was real nice how those jerk offs built all those new marshes and oyster reefs, and then we just took it off their hands, forever."

-Maria Scalzone, 29 years old



Home construction, small-scale electricity generation, automotive repair and outfitting, demolition, etc.



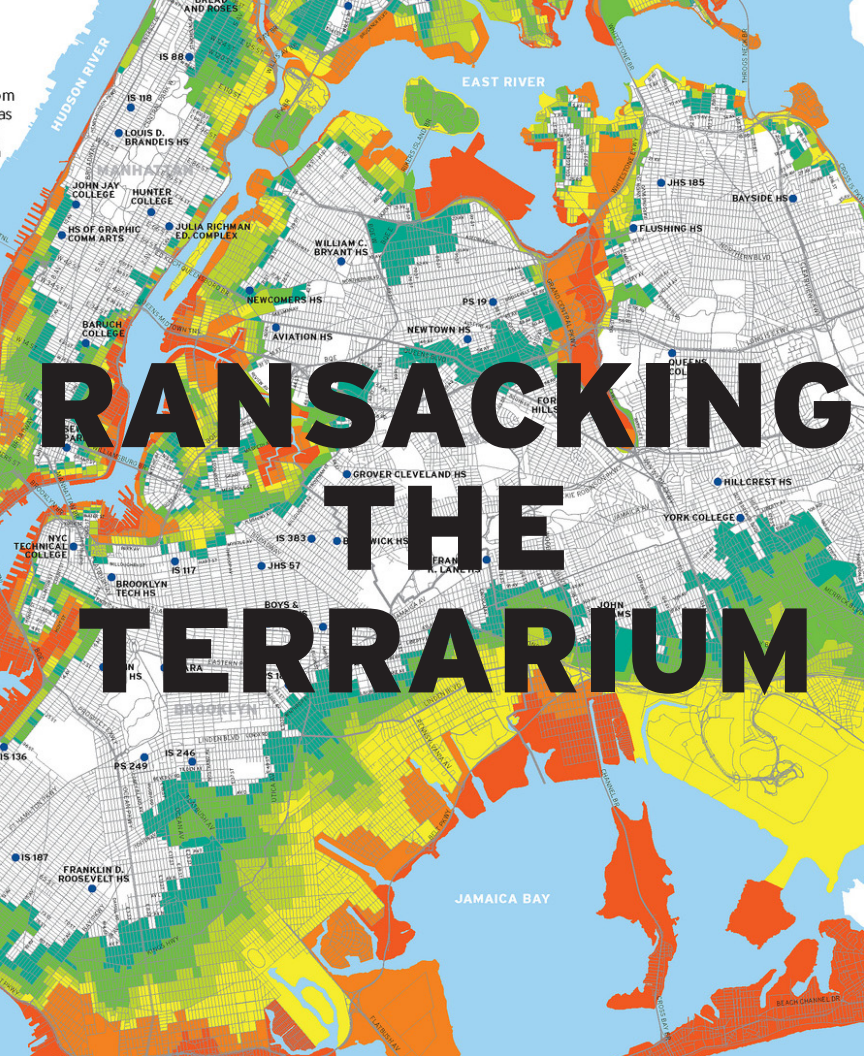
Green tax scams, shell non-profits, seduction of the willing and able, bartering networks, an anti-economy, etc.



Wikileaks of infrastructure, balance sheet of seizable means, assessment of enemy forces and strategies, etc.

Between its plants & dreams, earth & water, garages & workshops, bodies & gods, a hurricane party weaves together an entire territory. Or like Hushpuppy said, "When it all goes quiet behind my eyes, I see everything that made me flying around in invisible pieces." All that's needed now is the decision.





RANSACKING THE TERRARIUM

RESILIENCE


“Get used to it retards. The future is resilience and drones, Citibikes and fucking diets.”

-Michael Bloomberg, 71 years old

New York has become a laboratory for some of the most advanced experiments in urban resilience. Understood as the “ability of a system to withstand shocks and stresses while still maintaining its essential functions,” (*NYS2100*) resilience relies on communication between systems to mitigate threats and bounceback; in short, the greater the number of interconnected systems, the greater the resilience. After Sandy, resilience has functioned as a political narrative that draws together the diverse efforts of community groups, farm-to-table restaurants, desperate do-gooders, and vacuous art institutions like MoMa and PS1, each of which hopes to preserve the world as it is.

In the summer of 2013, the New York City government released *A Stronger, More Resilient New York*, a comprehensive plan to redesign waterfront neighborhoods, to reconstruct and retrofit the built environment’s infrastructure, and to enroll New Yorkers as a self-organized disaster cleanup crew. In essence, the city’s report is an attempt to salvage the current paradigm by remaking the city as a complex, resilient system, where everything in it is a system for preventing and delaying the inevitable: the proliferation and coming to power of hurricane parties.

DISABLING COMMUNICATION



For millions, Sandy was experienced not as a deluge of water but of communication, produced and consumed within the intimate interconnection between vital infrastructural systems, human and technological, cultural and hydrological. Such ubiquitous connectivity mitigated the hurricane's effects and facilitated emergency management, but it only delayed our inevitable exit.

HOSTILE MAKEOVER

With resilience, what is ultimately at stake is the re-creation of humans and animals, electrical grids and waterworks, and oceans and plants as a vast, interconnected, information-comprised complex, adaptive system. To create such systems, more and more of life has to be transformed into information, which renders it representable, quantifiable, and exchangeable. This is the same process by which love becomes a chemical reaction, encounters become probabilities, or your life becomes synonymous with a photostream. Up for grabs then is not just the reshaping of the coastline or new building standards, but the complete redefinition of life and existence. Meaning that we are in a war for the future, and it's time to figure out what we're made of.



A photograph of Daryl Dixon from the TV show 'The Walking Dead'. He is wearing a brown poncho with red and black geometric patterns and is holding a black crossbow. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with a car and greenery.

**OPPOSITION
FOR THE WIN**

PILLAGE & PLUNDER

Infiltrate

Worm your way into systems in order to undermine their reputations, demonstrating their weakness while gutting them of their vitals. Ransack trainings and workshops -get CERTified, learn to can, understand the city's plans, know how they'd like to compose the terrain. Pay homage to Manning and Snowden. Find each other.

Exploit

Funnel grant money, tax breaks, or work materials and tools into hurricane party material forces -gardens and compounds, trauma kits and propane. Turn every situation, large or small, into an opportunity to experiment, to test our mettle. Build your hurricane party; they're asking for it.

Takeover

When the time is right, seize control of the projects assembled under the banner of resilience such as oyster and marsh restoration, or Brooklyn Grange and Roberta's. As for those that aren't useful or that weaken us, demolish them. Don't worry, the takeover will be an inside job.



The strength of a hurricane party is measured both by the intensity of what is put in common and the level to which it brings its force to bear within the breach. There's no riding out the hurricane; there's only being there. Spring break forever bitches.



WE'RE LIVING IN A RUIN

on Hurricane Sandy

Welcome to the new normal, or whatever.

Hundreds of blocks of the world's most powerful city in the dark, patrolled by the National Guard, lit up with bonfires, and smelling of filth. Cars floating down Wall Street. The planet's economic capital underwater. Gowanus Canal sewage in your Red Hook bedroom.

@MichaelBloomberg @RockawayTaco got a motorized tie rack at sharper image <https://t.co/mF1PqNiB>
#looting

Was it just yesterday that you were jumping puddles in your 7-inch heel club shoes to grab a cab to the dinner uptown following that packed and sweaty hot art opening in Soho, wow it was like the best of the 90s in there.

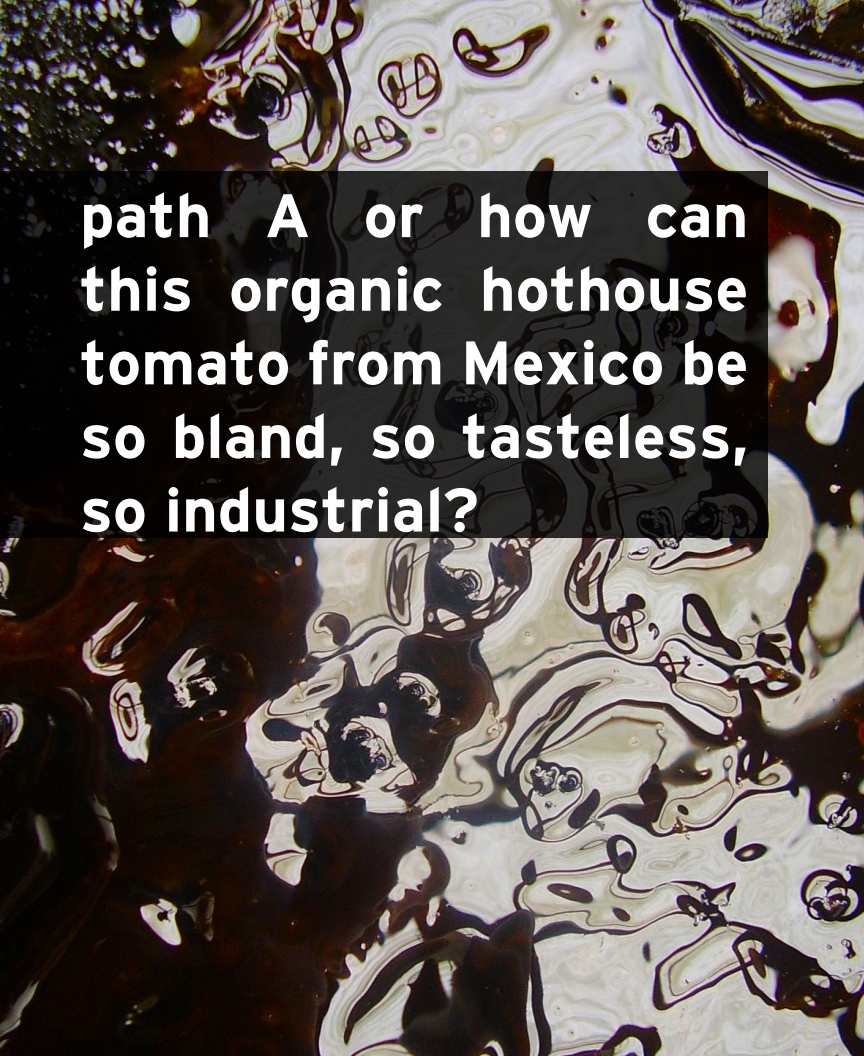
Really now, it's rather fucking cold, dark too. My phone's about to die. Nobody's answering my texts about meeting up to find some light and heat and grab a shower somewhere. I have a headache. It's 9pm. I'm tired, I just want to sleep. No internet, no TV shows. Outside it's dead, too quiet, creepy. Everyone else got out of the blackout zone. They're partying in their hotel rooms at the Marriott Times Square. I'm alone. Nobody knows when they'll get the power back. There's enough water in the tub for another birdbath and two more flushes. I've eaten one bag of potato chips too many today.

We are told the crisis is a matter of
ECOLOGY, ECONOMY, ENERGY

Too bad the real crisis doesn't come subdivided and nicely partitioned like newspaper section headers.

And sorry but the question of whether Paula Broadwell's husband asked *The Ethicist* what to do about her affair can't make us forget what the hurricane revealed: that we are living within the decline of a civilization, the implosion of its mode of managing the world. Not a crisis of the economy, but the collapse of an entire civilization. Or as the manically positive *Grist* was forced to admit in the aftermath of Sandy, "There's not much else to say. At this point, we're just doctors taking a fading pulse. Or, I suppose, tracking a rising fever."





**path A or how can
this organic hothouse
tomato from Mexico be
so bland, so tasteless,
so industrial?**

We are at a historical crossroads.

On one side there's a management machine to sustain itself in its last throes, trying to keep itself from turning into a zombie long enough to have time to cut out its sexy, sustainable, vampire, biodiesel baby. Designer oyster beds installed around Red Hook to absorb storm surge. A seawall beneath the Verazzano that would increase Rockaway storm surges by several feet. Save NYC to the edge of its oyster belt, drown the rest! Wetlands to fringe lower Manhattan. Green roofs to cool us down and soft & smart infrastructure to tie the citizen as informant to the open-source platform of trash & disaster self-management.

It's not hard to see what the climate resilient city is gearing up for, like when you know your relationship's over but you keep trying til the bitter end. Let's take a trip together, let's change things up, let's make this work! But fuck baby, it was over a long time ago. We saw it in Fukushima, the Gulf Coast oil spill, and again here in New York: 'man' and his mastery, surrounded by a landscape of objects, the edifice upon which this world has been built, is already a systematic failure.

**Or like Mr. Silva said to James Bond,
"you're living in a ruin."**

HOPE, FAITH, CHARITY, OCCUPY SANDY, SUP BITCHES! OR BE THE CHANGE THEY WANT TO SEE!

And now in the ruins of the annihilated city on Martinique a new guest arrives, unknown, never seen before – the human being. Not lords and bondsmen, not Blacks and whites, not rich and poor, not plantation owners and wage slaves – human beings have appeared on the tiny shat-tered island, human beings who feel only the pain and see only the disaster, who only want to help and succor. Old Mt. Pelee has worked a miracle! Forgotten are the days of Fashoda, forgotten the conflict over Cuba, forgotten “la Revanche” – the French and the English, the tsar and the senate of Washington, Germany and Holland donate money, send telegrams, extend the helping hand. A brotherhood of peoples against nature’s burning hatred, a resurrection of humanism on the ruins of human culture.

The key to reanimating this corpse of a society is us. All sides know this, from Chris Christie & the NYPD to Occupy and the homebrew & pickles squad.

A blight of the city’s crème de la crème, smothering rotting bodega hell holes and colonizing like mold. Here’s a name tag. Yes, Gortex. No, we already canvassed that street, like twice. Aid for residents,

entertainment for volunteers? Good karma for individual groups unified (atomized) by NGO-style logo gear? Check!



Without us, the cleanup after Sandy and the coming attempts to make the city a green dystopia won't work. If you've walked through the 15-story housing blocks where the hallways have turned into latrines and where it seems like the next logical step is to send in body bags, you got a little taste of what they have in mind for our future.



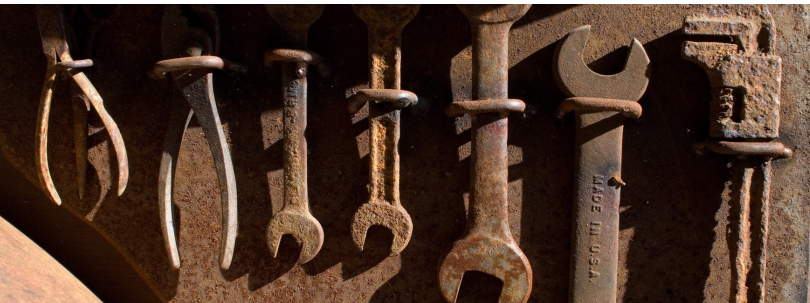
**path b (plan C?)... like
the only real option
anyways. Or, is fighting
the best of all possible
options? YES!**

There is this grid, eyes closed, I can sense it, smell it with my nostrils. It is one with you, you are nothing without it, not even a spark of life. You must feel the grid around you; here, between you, me, the tree, the rock, everywhere, yes. Even between the land and the ship. You're right, we need to just shut up and grasp ridiculous amounts of power. Seize the grid. Backyard turnip farming in the morning, skyscraper trimming in the afternoon.

So the historical crossroads. Down the second path, there's an exit strategy that doesn't shed a tear for a society whose chief accomplishments include getting us into this hell in the first place. Sandy's showed us that we need a break with this way of life that is bringing us down with it. In short, we need revolution, and we need it now.

But any 21st century revolution will have to be materially organized for survival, to make the break habitable. So when they say relocalize everything, make communities resilient, WELL THEN, let's take this to its fullest conclusion: a cutting of ties, delinking from the flows that more often than not hold us hostage. Post-Sandy we've gotten a chance to experiment with some of the material skills we're going to need to do this. Reestablishing contact. Testing out what it means to make a life together.

Just as importantly, we saw how quickly economy and government unravel. So from now on, when the Bloombergs and Obamas (especially Michelle you gullible idiot) tell us get prepared and get out there and help, they're calling us to go to war, to become partisans, to take over.



**WEAPONIZE YOUR CONSTRUCTIVE HABITS,
OR WANT TO TAKE HOME SOME TOMATOES I
PRESERVED? SURE DUDE BUT I NEED LIKE 5000
JARS. COVER ME BRO!**

The artisanal crowd, volunteer medics, DIY nerds, and occupy techies have been out in force after Sandy. In spite of Bloomberg's compliments, there's something seditious about this drive to make stuff and learn things. Whether its pickling, hacking, growing, or fighting, each unveils an ugly truth about the way we live.

Each hits the raw nerve of alienation, disarmament, and denied interconnection.

Within a certain arrangement these skilled bodies could be made counter-revolutionary, networking with the NYPD and city to get the economic and social engine of New York up and running. But the power that we have to bring things back to normal shows us that we can also do the exact opposite.

The combined power of bio-intensive rooftop farmers, small arms aficionados, maladroït weltschmerzters and hack & mod freaks is more than enough to get us through a two-week blackout, but at a more intense level it could constitute an entire offensive territory. And one that has no interest in being a spare tire for an empire in ruin.

REQUISITION/C***/THAT WHICH CANNOT BE NAMED, OH SO YOU LIKE TO COMMUNIZE THINGS DO YOU?**

Thank god we aren't going to have to build everything we need; we'll be able to take that shit. One could call it a lot of things -looting, pillaging, profaning, requisitioning, commandeering- but we think it's most appropriate to call it communizing. This means

dismantling the apparatuses that govern our lives and setting their means free. AKA we aren't going to have to burn down all of the schools. We can use the former classrooms for meetings, the ELA textbooks for fuel, and the cafeterias for feeding our block and beyond.

During and after Sandy, so many of us have communized spaces, needs, and resources. More importantly, we've communized our lives, putting in common things we only thought of as our personal property or properties. The volunteer efforts overflowed their boundaries and so many have chosen to extend the practices from the time of disaster to the post-disaster. Why? Because it was fucking better than normal existence. Better than work, better than the commute, better than the performance we call our personal life.

No wonder the city has had to force a distribution center in Staten Island off of the street and into a basement: it's a form of life that is counter to everything as it now exists.

SEE YOU AT THE CROSSROADS. A WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS NOW! ANSWER THE DOOR, KISS THESE SWEET SISTERS OF FATE YOU IDIOT!

.....You are at a crossroads, to the left is a boulder next to a deep green pasture. On top of the boulder there is a hut, sized for gnomes. To the right is a path that rises up into the mountain's clouds, a rocky path with hollow wind rustling dead branches and the distant screams of eagles. To proceed hit (L) for Left or (R) for Right.

Choice A, you side with the forces of order like the hipster cleanup crews during the London Riots and help prop up a system so obviously in shambles, drop a LOL pose beside a humvee #sandyrelief, regretting your despicableness too far after the fact to do anything about it. Or perhaps much sooner, you look at the Post and see the NYPD say, "All the volunteers [Occupy Sandy in Red Hook] were potential witnesses." Is that what we are, choice A? Snitches indicting forces more powerful than the chumps that walk a beat?

Choice B, you become party to an exit strategy from a society on the brink, building for a break, building for revolution.

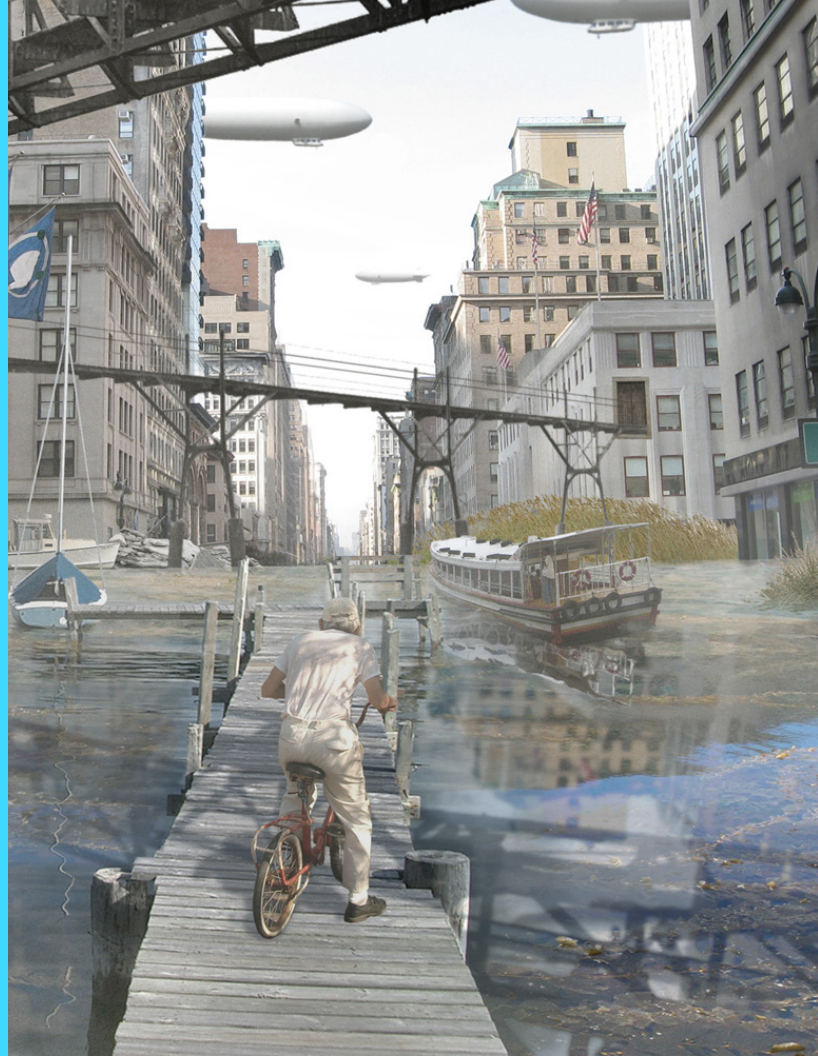
The death of contemporary civilization constitutes a fact. What we need now is to make a decision: To decide for the death of this civilization, and then to

work out how it will happen. There's nothing more to say. Everything has to be destroyed, everything is to be remade. An insurrectional process must be built from the ground up.

After scoring 48 points in a victory over the Lakers in Game One of the 2001 NBA finals, Allen Iverson was asked if it was "realistic" to think that Philadelphia could beat Los Angeles. "Yeah it's realistic," he responded, "it's real life."

You're at the crossroads partisan. Choose your own adventure.







**THERE'S A
STORM
COMING
MR. WAYNE**