

As it stands, we're all fucked. With tuition hikes and the latest cuts in the higher education budget, we are graduating only to end up in a jobless market with a shit load of debt. We're confronted everywhere with a shared incapacity to respond and fight back. We're allowed to exhaust ourselves, appealing to an administration that knows very well how to ignore us, or involving ourselves in activist groups like PIRG that exist only to quibble over details.

Look, we've been really patient. Putting up with the daily humiliations and complete isolation while we write essays and take tests to get our standardized knowledge so that we can be properly formed into the perfect white collar worker. Are these our lives? We are working shit jobs longer, harder, and cheaper to, in the end, earn an increasingly useless piece of paper, mounting debt, and, in this job market, a spot at the same service industry counter-top/bus-tub/POS we thought - *were led to believe* - we were working away from.

Last month, facing shared conditions, students all over California raised a collective middle finger and said "**Srsly, yo? FUCK this.**" University buildings were seized and occupied, Regents meetings were stormed and disrupted, and the general ennui of student life was cast off in a struggle whose aim was escalation. Cali is steppin' up, now it's our turn.

**It's
not
cheap
books
nor
high
grades,
what
we
lack
is
life.**

No contact information- we're not recruiting. We'll meet you later, in an occupied dorm, at the bar, or behind barricades built with previously useless textbooks.