

The Barbarians' Raid:

A Collection of Anti-Civilization Illegalist Writings



Selected Writings

Renzo Novatore – In the Kingdom of the Spooks

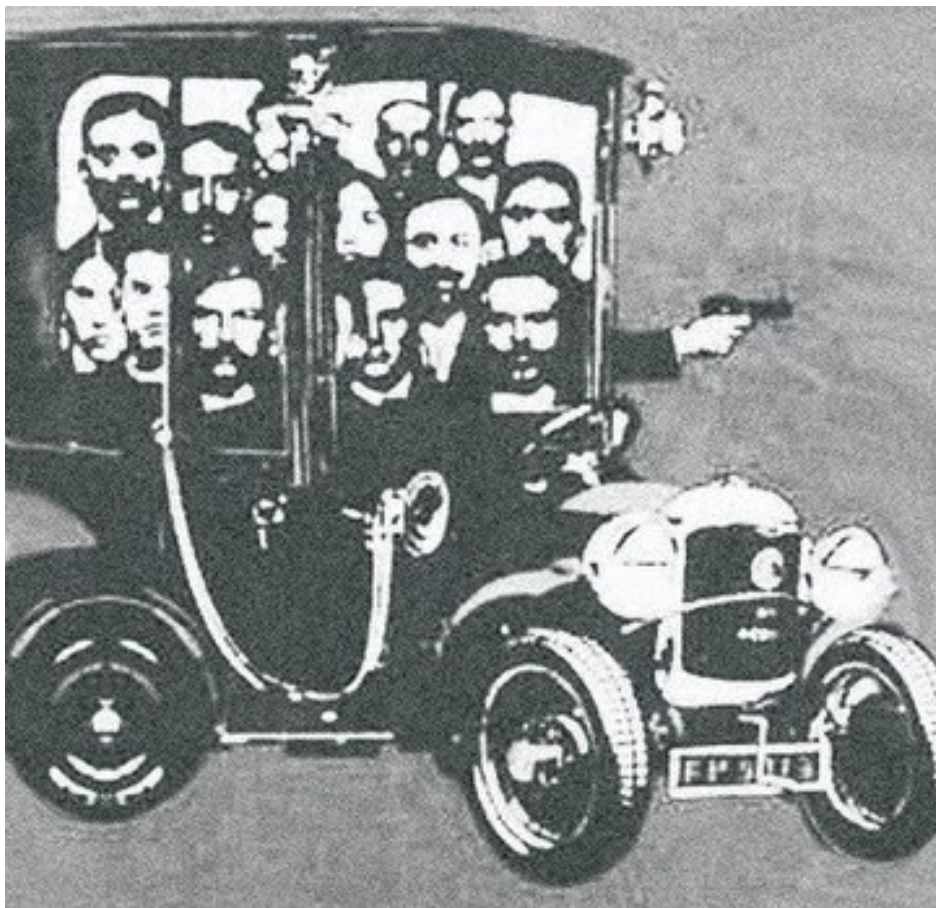
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Excerpt from "In The Kingdom of the Spooks"

Renzo Novatore

"There exist only Beauty and Force, but to hold themselves in equilibrium the brutal and the weak invented justice."

~ Raffaele Valente



Once I thought it to be only a fearful dream, but it was in fact a bloody reality.

I am surrounded and caught between a double circle of fanatics, rabble, and fools.

The world is a foul, pestiferous church where all are expected to worship an idol as if it were a fetish, and where rises an altar on which they must sacrifice themselves. Even those who light the iconoclastic pyre on which to burn the cross with its god-man, even these have yet to understand the call of life or the cry of freedom.

After the legendary Christ had spat at the face of man the most bloody of insults by urging him to deny himself so as to be nearer God, along came the French Revolution which, in savage irony, made the same appeal by proclaiming the “rights of man.”

According to Christ and the French Revolution, man is im-perfect. The cross of Christ symbolizes the possibility of becoming man; the rights of man symbolize exactly the same thing. To attain true perfection it is necessary, according to the first, to become divine, according to the second, to become human.

But Christ and the French Revolution are at one in proclaiming the imperfection of the individual man, the

real ego, by affirming that it is only by attaining the ideal that man can reach the magic peaks of perfection.

Christ tells you: “If you patiently climb up desolate Calvary and have yourself nailed upon the cross, becoming my image, the image of the man-god, you will become perfect, being fit to sit at the right hand of my father who is in heaven.”

And the French Revolution tells you: “If you enter into the symbolic cloister of human justice, in order to be sublimated and humanized by the grace of the moral rule of social life, you will become a citizen, and I will grant you your rights and proclaim you man.”

But he who dares to throw the cross and its man-god, or the clumsy tablets of the Rights of Man, into the fire and proclaim the free individual—such a man is an upstart, an evil-doer who is threatened by two sinister spooks, the Divine and the Human.

On the right the sulphurous and eternal flames of Hell, which punish sin; and on the left the dull grinding of the guillotine, which punishes crime.

The cold and spineless cowardice of human fear, produced by subjugation to mystical and morbid sentiments, has succeeded in conquering the healthy and primitive injustice which was force and beauty, youth and audacity. So-called progress, so-called civilization, so-called religion, so-called idealism have entombed life in a deadly circle where the most repugnant spooks have established their rule.



Criminal Intimacy

The Mary Nardini Gang

“Because the night belongs to lovers. Because the night belongs to us.”

— *Patti Smith*

On Deadness

To live in this culture is to be dead, bare. Deadness is the affect and the aspiration of dominant social membership. It is the social relationship wherein life is reduced to exchange and capital. It is everywhere; in those walking the streets without ever meeting the eyes of another, in the exchanges of service work, in the aisles of a department stores and the pews of church. In capital, in heteronormativity, in law, in morality—everywhere it is the logic of death.

The unthinkableability of our desires is reiterated over and again. Power and control are written on our bodies. What is passion? Desire? Adventure? Play? What, but such catchy slogans for adverts. Our love and our appetites and our very bodies are inscribed with this

culture. Capital is written on our bodies. We dare not dream. How could we conceivably want more than this?

And the agents and exertions of biopower—the boots of queerbashers, the panoptical ever-present surveillance cameras with the flashing blue lights, the sirens and guns of the police, the campaigns for gay marriage and military service, the lingering pains of monogamy, and such shapely mannequins, ad nauseum—stand everywhere erected as checkpoints guaranteeing the impossibility of anything else. Life, stripped bare, is nothing more than raw survival—banal, cold, numbing. Could it be more clear? Hetero-capitalism, this culture, this totality: It is out to destroy us.

Taking and Sharing: On Getting What's Ours

The machinery of control has rendered our very existence illegal. We've endured the criminalization and crucifixion of our bodies, our sex, our unruly genders. Raids, witch-hunts, burnings at the stake. We've occupied the space of deviants, of whores, of perverts, and abominations. This culture has rendered us criminal, and of course, in turn, we've committed our lives to crime. In the criminalization of our pleasures,

we've found the pleasure to be had in crime! In being outlawed for who we are, we've discovered that we are indeed fucking outlaws!

Many blame queers for the decline of this society—we take pride in this. Some believe that we intend to shred-to-bits this civilization and its moral fabric—they couldn't be more accurate. We're often described as depraved, decadent, and revolting—but oh, they ain't seen nothing yet.

Let's be explicit: We are criminal queer anarchists and this world is not and can never be enough for us. We want to annihilate bourgeois morality and make ruins of this world. We're here to destroy what is destroying us.

Let's be speaking of revolt. We are tracing the lineage of our queer criminality and charting the demise of the social order. And oh the nectar from which we drink: lesbian pirates raging the seas, queer rioters setting cop cars ablaze, sex parties amidst the decay of industrialism, bank robbers wearing pink triangles, mutual aid networks among sex workers and thieves, gangs of trannyfags bashing-the-fuck-back. We've been

assured that each day could be our last. As such we've chosen to live as if every day is. In turn, we promise that the existent's days are numbered.

In our revolt, we are developing a form of play. These are our experiments with autonomy, power, and force. We haven't paid for anything we're wearing and we rarely pay for food. We steal from our jobs and turn tricks to get by. We fuck in public and have never come harder. We swap tips and scams amid gossip and foreplay. We've looted the shit out of places and delight in sharing the booty.

We wreck things at night and hold hands and skip all the way home. We are ever growing our informal support structures and we'll always have each other's backs. In our orgies, riots, and heists, we are articulating the collectivity of, and deepening, these ruptures.

On Criminal Intimacy, World Making, and Becoming Whatever

The ecstasy and electricity of crime is undeniable. We've felt the sweetest adrenaline rushes as we've dashed from security and blown each other on the bus.

And nothing offers up the feeling of being alive more than the weight of a hammer through the facade of capital. Crime helps me get out of bed every morning.

We queers and other insurgents have developed what good folks might call a criminal intimacy. We are exploring the material and affective solidarity fostered between outlaws and rebels. In our obstruction of law, we've illegally discovered the beauty in one another. In revealing our desire to our partners in crime, we've come to know each other more intimately than legality could ever allow. In desire, we produce conflict. And in conflict with capital, we may have found an escape route from the deadening of our lives. Our gang's discourse is conflict.

The real power expressed in our crimes isn't in the damage caused to our enemies or even in the various improvements of our material conditions (though we take pleasure in both). The power we express is in the empowerments and relationships we're creating. In our sex and our attack—when we pull down our masks and share our cache of bricks—we are expanding the possibilities of our affinity. In our crime, we create dynamic new relationships of criminal intimacies. In

these possibilities, we are learning how we might, together, reduce this world to rubble.

We must make ourselves bodies without organs. Within each of us is contained a virtual pool of everything we are capable of becoming—our desires, affects, power, ways of acting, and infinite possibilities. To embody and activate these possibilities we must experiment with the ways our bodies act in conjunction with others. We commit crime together so we can unveil our criminal becoming.

We do not offer ‘criminal’ or ‘queer’ as identities, nor as categories. Criminality. Queerness. These are tools for revolt against identity and category. These are our lines of flight out of all restraint. We are in conflict with all that restricts every and each desire. We are becoming whatever. Our sole commonality is our hatred for everything that exists. Held in common, such a revolt of desire can never be assimilated into the state-form.

Right-wing talking-heads invoke the imagery of a ‘culture war’, waged between civil society on one side and queers on the other. We reject this model of war.

Our war is a social war. The nexus of domination and class society is everywhere. Yet everywhere, too, are ruptures and points of conflict. In these fissures we exist in rebellion—we queers, criminals, whatever.

Our dirty talk and our nighttime whispers comprise a secret language. Our language of thieves and lovers is foreign to this social order, yet carries the sweetest notes in the ears of rebels. This language reveals our potential for world making. Our conflict is space for our possible other-selves to blossom. By organizing our secret universe of shared plenty and collective-explosive possibility, we are building a new world of riot, orgy, and decadence.



Wolfi Landstreicher

The Anarchist As Outlaw

When I say I am an anarchist, I simply mean that, to the extent that I have the power, I refuse to let anyone or anything dominate me. In other words, I refuse to accept the power of any authority, any institution, any existing or would-be ruler, any ruler, etc., over me. This is why I also refuse to choose between potential rulers and rules. Doing so would express a willingness to give up my power to create my life, a willingness to surrender this power to others, and I am not willing to do this. I also am not willing to even temporarily hand my power over to any authority or institution to act for me. This is why I won't turn to cops or courts to deal with any problem or conflict in my life. To the extent of my power, I avoid dealing with these institutions altogether.

When I say I am an outlaw, I don't mean that I am some great, heroic bandit (such a claim would make my friends laugh their asses off). I mean simply that, to the extent of my power, I live alegally, that is, without regard for the law. I don't let the law determine my choices and my actions. Rather I use all my powers – my skills, my tools, my wits, my relationships – to

create my life on my own terms without getting caught. This alegality reinforces my refusal to ever voluntarily deal with cops or courts.

I speak of alegality and not illegalism, not because I am opposed to illegalism, but because I want to be precise. Originally, the term “illegalism” had a specific meaning. An illegalist was an anarchist who chose to use illegal means as the way to make her living rather than begging or taking a job. So “illegalism” referred specifically to robbery, burglary, theft, counterfeiting, etc., [1] not to propaganda of the deed, attentat, and the like, nor to such things as the refusal of military service, taxes, etc. The original debates over illegalism were therefore not about whether anarchists should take illegal actions – it was assumed that all anarchists did – but about whether individual reappropriation was a legitimate tactic – and for an egoist this is not even a question; the only question is: “What can I get away with?” In any case, anarchists, and for that matter, all free-spirited, unsubmitive individuals, will inevitably break laws. When laws exist, my choice to live on my own terms will make me an outlaw, because I will ignore law except as an obstacle to avoid.

A person could look upon these refusals – not voting, not turning to the cops, not using the courts, etc. – as a set of principles, an ethic, that I choose to live by. But I won't let them become a power over me, because I want them to remain my principles, my ethic. So I don't set them as rules to follow, but choose them in each moment, because I consider them to be the tools best suited for creating my life as I see fit. I want to live my life on my own terms immediately, here and now, not put it off to a future that is always a fiction. And every time I give my power over to an other, I lose my life here and now, which is to say more simple: I lose my life. So, for me, this so-called set of principles, this so-called ethic, is simply my practice of making my life my own here and now.

Excerpt from “An Obituary for Identity Politics”

Flower Bomb

After a 45 minute drive we finally arrive. It's been a long day of retail theft and this is the last stop. It's my turn and I plan to walk out with at least \$500+ worth of merchandise for online resell. But I'm already gettin' a bad feeling from this place. Unlike the other locations, this store is much smaller which to me means Loss Prevention will have a visual advantage watching the doors. Bigger places mean the enter and exit doors are spread further apart. In addition, the bigger the store, the more difficult it is to keep track of every shopper through the cameras. I decide to go for it anyways. Never know anything for sure until ya try.

I walk in, grab a cart and begin searching for the specific items I plan to take. I also scan the check out lanes and customer service desk. Two customer service employees busy chatting, check out lanes all blocked off except the one near the entrance and two near the exit. The entrance lane has a worker wiping down carts. One exit lane has a cashier, the lane next to it is totally empty. I take note of it as looking “too easy”, but I

decide to refocus on where my items are located in the store. After loading my cart I start my journey to the exit. For anyone who shoplifts for a living, they know this is the exciting part. Every moment up to this point I've been just a regular shopper. But now, as I walk toward the exit, I begin to shed the costume of "shopper" and prepare for the criminal experience of "shoplifter". As my heart starts to pound I feel my nerves initiate a well — developed calming response where I temporarily disassociate from the panic in order to keep my senses sharp and focused. I have to be ready for anything. And I still have to maintain my "regular shopper" face and body language. As I pass through the "too easy" lane everything looks good.

Customer service people are still chatting not paying attention, the one cashier is too busy ringing up someone to notice. I pull out my fake receipt and casually make my way through the first set of exit doors. If I was seen or caught, this is about the moment I would hear someone approach me from behind or feel someone grab my shoulder. Out the second set of doors, all is good. Time to start making my way toward the back of the parking lot — and then it happened...

Anyone who has ever shoplifted long enough knows these dreaded words: "Sir... Sir!". I hear someone

behind me yell out. I pretend to not hear it. Then I hear quick footsteps approach from behind. “Sir, I need to see your receipt” he says as he flashes me his Loss Prevention badge. Fuck. Where did this clean-cut lookin’ hipster see me? Must have been in the clothes area behind me... maybe that lane was a fucking trap? Doesn’t matter. Let go of the cart and walk away. I start to walk away and I hear “No no...sir we have to go back inside and fill out paperwork. Don’t worry you will not be arrested”. Yeah, fill out paperwork with all my information, have my picture taken for their records – fuck that. I continue walking away. Another LP runs out and is on the phone. This guy is on the phone with the police. I instantly realize the first guy was secretly stalling me till the police got there! I break out in full run. I hear them both running close behind me. I cross the street and bolt into a trailer park, zig zag between trailer homes and finally hide out in a steel shed. I force my panicked breathing to quiet deep breaths. I calm down and listen to them searching for me nearby.

Finally after not hearing them anymore I text my accomplices a rough idea of where I am. I come out of the shed, trying to tidy up a couple things that fell inside from when I stormed in there. The cops will be here any second. I see my accomplices car slowly drive by and

wave em down. I jump in and lay down and we drive off.

I should have trusted my instinct. This was a bad run. But it could have been worse. Instead of being in jail tonight, I am comfortably here writing this text. But this is the reality of shoplifting – or any crime for that matter. No matter how many times you get away with it, it is important to expect to get caught one day. Be ready for it. And when it happens, study the panic, the emotions, the physical responses... know it all well. So the next time you engage in criminal activity, you have a better understanding of the worst case scenario. For me, this is elementary, and there is no place for victimhood or or an outcry of innocence.

While Covid-19 created the conditions for state repression in the form of “stay-at-home” orders, ironically my opportunity for illegalist fun has expanded! Many businesses are left unattended for weeks at a time, meaning property damage goes longer without being reported. In the midst of the panic, supermarket Loss Prevention and security personnel are focused on the number of items people purchase in each cart without realizing the cartloads of food quietly slipping out the other door.

Before shutting down, many stores like REI, L.L Bean and other places would deactivate their security towers. I am guessing this was due to the high volume of people passing through with purchased merch with hidden tags still attached. Probably to avoid the annoyance of the alarm going off every few seconds, the towers were turned off, leaving open a grand opportunity to simply walk out with security tagged items hassle-free.

The past few weeks got me revisiting old memories of when my understanding of anarchy was that of an activity that only lasted as long as a may day march, a demonstration, or night-time fun. I remember feeling like anarchy was the moment I wore black pants, shoes, gloves and a t-shirt around my face. After these activities it was back to the “real world”. Back to wage-slavery, back to the daily routine of paying rent and penny-pinching my food stamps for groceries. Sure, there was the occasional clandestine activity along with tabling zines at punk shows or radical events. But there was this divide that always created a separation, always treating anarchy like an extra-curricular activity. Sure, my life was committed to rebellion; the very concept of a zine distro before I named it “Warzone Distro” was conceived while wasting company time on the shitter. Despite wage-slaving, my mind was always fixated on understanding how to cut corners and work the least for

the most amount of money. I was the worker who handed my extra hours over to others. Half-day at work due to light truck load? Hell yeah, I'm out!

Over time, anarchy as mere extra-curricular activity just wasn't enough. And what I mean by that is I became less and less tolerable of bosses, wage-slaving, alarm clocks, paying rent, and penny-pinching. I remembered what it was like being a kid and not having to conform to such obligations. I remembered adventuring all day outside from early morning to late at night. Everyday was a new adventure, and everyday I was learning something new about myself. Then, as a responsible adult I was learning something new about myself. I hated adultism, adulting, and the performative role and identity of "adult". But I wasn't tryin' to become a child again. Those days have come and gone. I began to wonder what an anarchist life that transcended the adult/child binary could look like.

Fast forward years later here I am, jobless but no longer penny-pinching, and older but more youthful than I have ever been. Some say I am the worst of all worlds; hedonistic, violent, and childish. Of course, what these words mean and how they are applied to me is subjective to interpretation, but one thing is for certain; I feel far more free than I have ever felt and

experienced. And I have a love affair with crime. It is an intimate experience — committing crime with a furious contempt for society and the law. Causing disruption and getting away with it compliments my desires for anarchy moment by moment. Nowadays I adventure all day outside from early morning to late at night. And with every criminal activity I am learning more and more about myself. In addition to accepting the fact that my days of joy-riding the fuck out of life will either end in prison or sudden death, I am learning to appreciate the present more than the past or future.

One thing about crime that I have come to realize is a uniqueness that comes with breaking the law, a sense of individual ability, inability, strengths and weaknesses. All are discovered within the experience of breaking the law. And it is *this* experience that I intend to expand in order to discover more about myself, becoming ungovernable in an anti-social sense.

I reflect back on my past self imprisoned by the cult of identity-politics. I remember how one reason to glorify victimhood was to gain social attention and portray the (marginalized) identities assigned to me in a positive light. “Look at me! A responsible queer person of color holding down a job as a law-abiding citizen!”. But why? So I could prove how similar I was to all those

‘white’ hard-working class heroes that America needs to uphold its colonial establishment? Another wage-slave to passively, willfully accept the conditions of my enslavement? To become another christian of color pretending there is an imaginary kingdom above for all us hoodlums that just never got a fair chance in life? Fuck all that.

The reasons for white supremacists, homophobes, patriarchs, and patriots to fear people like me is beyond identity politics; I am a sworn enemy of their control and order. The societal castle they seek to build and maintain will always be the target of my sabotage!

I think most people can see and understand that *embracing* socially assigned identities is *not* necessary for *understanding how* society utilizes them as tools for social control. I think it is equally as easy to see how identity as a tool of revolution is limited and in fact has led to internal conflict within many revolutionary projects. But what blows my mind is the fact that for so many, these identities were not immediately rejected as a primal, personal form of rebellion. But to be fair I think it is safe to say that these identities maintained the power they do because they are so frequently used by leftist organizations for moral persuasion. Through victimhood and innocence, identity

politics is used as an appeal-to-all method of creating group-think that ultimately encourages an individual to surrender independent thinking to a god-complex of morality and collectivism. I think this also plays a pretty big role in statism and the rejection of illegalist revolt.

I reject the statist, civilized binary of guilt and innocence, and therefore also reject the internalization of victimhood. I have no use for “call-out culture” or an internet lynch-mob against my enemies. On the internet, attempts to gain public support against one enemy only informs and empowers another enemy (the state) to confiscate my responsibility. And guilt and innocence is a legalistic binary that only serves to judge and divide based on moral determination. I despise the State, all its social manifestations, and it’s enforcement of repression against chaos. Therefore I am not a victim; I am a self-declared enemy in a war against it. I don’t expect pity, a pardon or charity from it, nor from its defenders.

It was the day Chicago issued its Stay-At-Home order. My partner-in-crime and I were in my home town visiting my mom. While driving home from getting my mom some groceries I notice someone sitting on a park bench alone. “Big Momma” is her name. I was surprised to see her outside in the cold and not indoors at one of the local shelters. Come to find out the

shelters had closed their doors probably related to Covid-19. I started to wonder how many others were outside in the cold...

My partner and I head over to a park that I used to do Food Not Bombs at and to my surprise there are about 20 people set up camp outside a building's air vent blowing out warm air. We walk over and ask how everyone is doing. Some people, after recognizing me from activist projects years ago, excitedly run over to greet me. They are all the unlucky ones locked out of the shelters at least for that weekend. My partner and I get back in the car and come up with a plan.

A half hour later we are at another grocery store. Unlike other times, getting out of this one with free food is going to be a little difficult. The set-up has changed due to heightened security at the door due to Covid-19 and the fear of looting. But it is still possible to get out with a full cart. We load the bottom of the cart with bottled water, multiple loaves of bread, peanut butter, jelly, over 20 bags of mixed dried fruit, fresh apples and bananas. We're ready. We make our way to the door with me leading. My role is to peer around the corner at two self-check out clerks to make sure they aren't looking. If they are, I will pull out my phone like I am making a phone call. If not, I keep walking forward. My partner

and the cart close behind, the coast is clear. First set of doors... second set of doors... all good. Finally get to the car and unload into the trunk. Success! Next stop is another grocery store, but we won't be getting food at this one: we're raiding the men's and women's bathrooms for huge rolls of toilet paper. The dispensers can be a little loud opening sometimes, but relatively easy to do with any kind of house key. Two backpacks filled with about three huge rolls each, we are all set.

Back at my moms we clean our hands thoroughly before making bags and bags of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Once we finish with that were off back to the homeless encampment. Every person gets two sandwiches, two apples, two bananas, some dried fruit and a bottle of water. In addition we wrap the toilet paper rolls in the grocery bags to keep dry and pass them out. We stick around for a bit and exchange laughs and talk shit on the cops. It was good to make new friends and catch up with old friends. It was good to see they were all maintaining and in high spirits despite the circumstances of the weather and the shelter closures. We left and decided to check other parks for people. Found a few lone wolves who happily took what we had left of the water and sandwiches. We arrive back at my mom's house and settle in for the night. I open the

*fridge and giggle while scanning over all the stolen
vegan food contemplating what to have for dinner.*



Down with Civilization

Enrico Arrigoni

They say: humanity progresses; continuous new conquests confirm its rise toward greater destinies; It chains up the lightning, tames the water, rules the air; all the elements obey humanity, to its greater satisfaction. And mechanical civilization really accomplishes marvels. What are the pyramids, the Coliseum, the Sphinx, before the colossal works of the 20th century? But the progress of mechanics is also what makes the mechanization of the individual progress.

If civilization means the sacrifice of individuality before the totality, human automation for the benefit of the abstraction that is society-that would today like to be identified with humanity-the annihilation of individual initiative and will through obedience and discipline that formalize everything for the colossal successes of society, then I cry down with civilization! As I have cried down with society!

These too are heresies, but civilization means nothing else and the sacrifice of the individual for the triumph of civilization goes against nature.

In nature, classifications, genres, species, races and families are abstractions that don't matter or matter only for the ease of scholars. What is really of value is the individual. The individual is the source of movements for the great variety of genres, species, races. At least according to the unitary concept of natural formations, The scientist experiments only on the particular, in order to go back, through statistics, to generalities that will be superb syntheses of keen and laborious deductions and will open the way to broad and daring inductions, to new discoveries that will open new problems and new paths, but the reality upon which its investigations are based will always be the particular, the individual. Only the domination of the one over the many demands the annihilation of the individual, or rather, of what the individual has that is most...individual: will.

Power has been developing on this concept, to the point of State over-development, facilitated by the fine war... revolutionary and exacerbated by the dangerous, reckless intemperance of the plebeians, who had threatened the supermen of the closed oligarchy of Croesus with the end of the world.

I recall: in 1914, praises were sung, even by poets of the revolution, to the high, visionary foresight of Henry Ford, who caressed the slaves with large, surprising wage raises, accompanied by all those provisions that serve so magnificently to find ready-made pap and prevent any intelligent effort stimulated by one's own need for devising means and remedies, And some saw a huge step toward socialism in the automobile magnate's movements, while others saw an enlightened act for distancing the slaves from union rabble-rousers. And if we pass over the original significance of socialist thought and reduce socialism to a solution to the economic problem, locating this all in the belly and adjoining organs, so that the whole essence of the social question is reduced to the presence of steak and butter on every worker's table and more trips to the theatre, football games and boxing matches, then the former are not wrong. But they stand hand-in-hand with the latter, while still pretending or actually believing that they are soldiers in opposing camps. It is absolutely true that the extremes touch.

But the isolated and revolutionary act of Henry Ford in 1914 became a common manifestation in the post-war period.

The war forced industry's hand to adopt the system of production by standardization (allow me to get past this mile-long and barbarous word), and from what had been a temporary necessity, the men of the post-war period drew the intelligent conclusion to bring the same system used in the specific field of production into the social question.

In this, at least, Uncle Sam had a lot to teach. Yesterday, education, especially of the scholastic sort, meant cramming, historical and scientific notions with a sprinkling of moral salt into the minds of the youth. One came out of school with a bit less moral coercion and a bit more physical and historical knowledge. Today, it is the rule of ignorance, enlightened by a lot of discipline and obedience, fortified by a religious upsurge and by the shrewdest moral teachings. And overall this a great dissemination of physical culture that dominates sports. So that once the brains of the young are stuffed to the liking of the rulers, they have no time to concentrate in order to formulate doubts and solutions that might get beyond these meticulous teachings. Under autocracies, when some halberds, flintlock rifles and cannons were enough to keep

malcontents in check, rulers dominated most specifically through physical violence. In democracies and in the personal tyrannies that have descended from democracies (Mussolini, for example) under the reign of dynamite, physical violence is not enough, because if this was enough for the short-lived triumph of some Mexican General Hidalgo', it also easily leads to the insurrections that overwhelm, rotating men and parties of men in power, Madero and Huerta and Carranza and Obregon. So it is necessary to create general approval, unanimous consent. The fascists express this with exquisitely Italian genius (or so Barzini? and Balbo? would elegantly call it).

And the State is reinforced by and intervenes in all the activities of its subjects. If Henry Ford can post notices on the walls of his office declaring that anyone who smells of liquor or has liquor in their home will be fired without recourse, Mussolini and his henchmen can, with an equally clear conscience, commit atrocities against anyone, no matter how devoted to the cause, whose activity diminishes the awareness of the high destinies of the duce and of fascism.*

Henry Ford has brought his iron industrial organization and his uncontrolled and indisputable domination over the human element to victorious competition on the global market. Mussolini, or the State that is permeated with his criminal will, is going to lead the subjugated people toward imperialism and the problematic triumph of the Italian race that, along the way, may run up against a difficult chasm leading to a sudden fall.

However, through a trade, the former has shown how to splendidly deflect any individual needs and remedies that people might have thought up. The latter has stopped, pardon my phrase for linguistic ease-the development of Italian plebeians, forcing them back into the 14th century with the fresh upsurge of religious demonstrations, with reforms or revolutions or involutions of state institutions.

If you investigate official democracies, you find this State supremacy equally obvious. It was here already, in embryo before the war and became powerful everywhere after the rebirth of the paradoxical hopes and appetites of the masters, so thoroughly starved during the war and after.

All to the detriment of the individual.

Nations can identify themselves, for ephemeral glory and for the convenience of excess of power, in the triumphs of Lindbergh and Chamberlin, in the failures of Nobile who triumphantly planted Christ's cross on the "summit of the world" and triumphantly abandoned his companions to a terrible fate. But what do men and women matter in this terrible rotation of conquest and domination? What does individuality matter? What is the fate of individuals?

Misery, brutalization, physical and moral degeneration. You get the picture.

Yes, eagles are eagles; poultry are content with the birdseed the master's hand chooses to give.

And they all dress up as castrati and brutes. Not as iconoclasts, not as proud individuals who have not renounced life. You find the insurgents on different paths, those who launched themselves into every adventure in the name of a vast ideal that touches everything as the social question, in their own name, in the name of their personal need for a broad life, vibrant

with every joy. And Lucetti's bomb, the anonymous bomb in Buenos Aires, the frequent explosions of restless malcontents and the revolver shots of bandits all over the world show that they rebel against enslavement, against the mechanization of the individual, and their attacks are bold, aware, audacious, spontaneous and unexpected. The only ones who assert human progress.

Because there can be no progress where the individual doesn't loom large, where there is no freedom for the expansion of everyone born of woman.

Mechanical civilization that, with the hateful industrial system of production, ends up as the labor of blind force without intelligent cooperation of the arms and the brain, can only be the death of human progress, which is the elevation from brute force to the highest degree of intellectual needs and sensations of beauty that only a practiced mind can know and enjoy.

Between social civilization, understood in this way, and human progress, there is conflict. This conflict will not end unless the individual triumphs through the

eradication of the state and of society as the organization of exploitation and robbery.

Down with society and with civilization, which affirms and reinforces domination!



Life in the Cracks

Friedrich Rural Lucifer

Can we be honest?

The present politico-economic matrix offers no possibility of a halt, reversal, or even significant “damage control” of anthropogenic climate change. The market and legal system’s interests are diametrically opposed to 350 parts per million of carbon in the atmosphere, to wild nature, to a livable ecosphere, and to the freedom of all animals, human and non-human. Those interests are enforced and maintained by a military-and-prison complex of a previously unthinkable size, strength, and capacity. Further, no possibilities of “revolution” heretofore envisioned are even remotely likely to occur in a manner that would alter the course of the present ecological crisis. While some “revolutionary anomaly” could occur, it is unlikely enough to be unwise if not outright insane to put any serious hope into.

All this is to leave out discussion on similarly damning ecological catastrophes; exponentially-increasing species extinction, increasing net deforestation, precarious and finite energy sources, increasing

population and strain on limited resources, widening oceanic dead-zones and fishery collapse, previously unthinkable topsoil depletion rates, and droughts of duration and severity happening with ever greater frequency, to name a few.

I am not asking if we can be honest rhetorically. I am asking genuinely and practically. If you accepted these notions as true or “basically true”, could you continue? Would you slip into apathy, or heroin, or suicide? Would you “go out with dignity” in a woodland commune? Would you travel the world taking photos and writing articles to store in a digital time capsule for some future society to find? Would you set fire to a refinery, or a power plant, or a biotechnology complex and accept prison time? Would you immerse yourself ever deeper in futile legislative efforts and air-conditioned shopping malls? Would you simply have a good meal and enjoy the day?

Enjoy the day?

I am writing this because I don't know what I will do. This essay is my attempt at creating some meaning in the face of this Absurd predicament, in hopes of finding others who share a similar understanding. In a culture of make-believe, to be honest is to enter a desert of solitude. If I must enter the desert, my chances of

survival are much higher with a band of nomads; I will die if I enter alone. This essay, then, might be read as a sort of nihilistic personal ad.

The views I've expressed above are put to words beautifully and clearly in the 2011 text *Desert*, found on the anarchist library website and submitted by an anonymous author. The text essentially lays out the factual basis of our predicament and draws up criticisms of radical environmental movements, their analysis, and their assumptions to form a way of thinking some have aptly called "Green Nihilism". Here I will continue to build on these assumptions. For a better understanding of my impetus for writing this essay, I recommend reading *Desert* first.

Can we inhabit the cracks in the specter?

To quote *Desert*, "there is no global future." Dominated spaces and free spaces will always exist. We can never liberate all of society, which may seem pessimistic, *but they can never fully control all of society either*. In some places at some times, people and living beings can gather in spaces that the dominant culture and its functionaries cannot see or touch. In these spaces, we are free to play by whatever rules we like. In other places, the Eye's capacity to see and inflict its own agenda is so total as to be inescapable. Spaces that fall

into this latter category may have to be left for dead, for now.

The logic of systems of domination is inherently spectacular, that is, these systems are merely widespread *beliefs*, often backed by guns, punishments, and prisons. But where there are no enforcers of these beliefs, do they exist nonetheless? Can one step outside them functionally? Can the spectacle break down in some time-spaces? As I understand it, the answer is *yes*, and it is this *yes* that can offer some sense of meaning in the face of the larger predicament. It may even offer the foundations of a limited sort of optimism for those flexible, innovative, and resilient enough to make use of these breakdowns.

To quote Renzo Novatore, Italian individualist anarchist, in a translation of a number of his essays from the early 20th century titled *Toward the Creative Nothing*,

“Anarchism is the eternal struggle of a small minority of aristocratic outsiders against all societies which follow one another on the stage of history.”

Novatore’s description of anarchism as *aristocratic* is the sort of iconoclastic hyperbole that characterizes much of Novatore’s work. He likely phrased it that way to piss off anarcho-communists, who fiercely debated

him, usually for his unhinged willingness to expose the sleepy character of their static, organizationalist dogmas. And there can be no doubts that it worked, even in his wake – these words incite rage among the stricter ranks of social anarchists even today. Yet in much the same way that Jesus’s position as “king of kings” served to destabilize the social category of “king” in a fundamentally anti-authoritarian manner, Novatore’s “aristocracy” does the same. These empowered individuals who seize upon their own freedom comprise a minority, to be sure, but unlike bourgeois aristocracy, *this minority inevitably seeks to enlarge itself* by whatever means are expedient. This conception of anarchy thrives in those reaches of the earth that the Panopticon cannot see. Those dark alleys and dirt roads are the initiation grounds of this aristocracy.

This breakdown in the state’s capacity to see and inflict its interests is not strictly physical. It is also philosophical. The hegemony of the state and of systems of domination is wrought with untruths and false assumptions, which each of us inherit and should question in the interest of honesty. The atheists have pioneered this process quite well. Their request to the theists is simple: Make as many claims as you wish,

however wild, and I will believe them when you produce the proof.

There is a classic analogy frequently used by atheists to demonstrate the point that the burden of proof, for any claim, lies on the claimant; If an individual claims there is a tiny teapot in orbit of Venus, too small for any telescope to see, am I to believe their claim outright, without proof? Of course not. Nor am I to believe the agnostic position, that there is as equal a possibility of the teapot's existence as there is of its non-existence. It is a ridiculous claim that I assume to be basically false until some evidence or suggestive proof is produced. And belief in God is no different.

Yet the atheists have usually not taken this way of thinking quite far enough. Claims to inherent or objective meaning *of any kind* lay upon similarly baseless metaphysical claims. All that is meaningful is such because we, the subject, have made it so. The question is whether our subjective process of meaning-making is, in fact, our own. Claims to objective meaning serve to mediate individuals and the meaning they create, generally for the benefit of some parasitic, external social order, class, or ideology. These claims render the subject into a servant and prisoner of that mediator. Yet this servitude ends when the subject asks

the simple question to those who claim there is objective meaning – moral, existential, political – “where is the proof?”

They can produce nothing but irritated glances or empty, self-aggrandizing bloviation in response to this question. They may come full circle and make arguments for God in secular clothing (the ‘common good’ and ‘the revolution’ being perhaps the most common). The nihilist anarchist sees this as a desperate, pitiful attempt of the powerful to keep their clothes on and their thrones intact.

And so we have murdered dialectics – fine! It is here, on a nihilistic backdrop, with a rejection of claims to meaning’s inherence, that I am free to create my own meaning from nothing. As Novatore put it, I walk Toward the Creative Nothing. The process of the anarchist aristocracy’s self-enlargement is in my mind the highest form of love, and is, for me, the greatest source of meaning. From the rogue’s position in society’s darkest corners, her beckoning hand says ‘come, self-actualize to the highest extent alongside me, let us expropriate our lives from this wretched system and sweep upon it on its foggy nights, that we may bring others into the fold!’

My death looms! It may strike any day or leave me decades more in this dying place – what would it do for me to wait to reach my highest form? Wait for what? My only certainty is in my own experience in the present! And is the same untrue for others who surround me? Should we not take the plunge together? Certainly, shackles to this self-actualization exist that are common between me and those around me; Work, rent, hunger, boredom, ignorance, inherited morals and ideals, the police, the stifled moral insistence of ideologues (‘radical’ and reformist alike), and at times, the suffering of others still.. There are many shackles to be broken and, to reclaim the old adage of the prophets of the ‘work ethic,’ many hands make for light work.

Bruno Filippi, contemporary of Renzo Novatore, in 1916:

“This evening, as usual, I was reading when a passage of the piece struck me vividly and I then stopped reading to reflect. I was just then musing when, turning my eyes absent-mindedly about the room I looked, and more, I saw myself seated on the bed. Not I, but yet it was I, because he was absolutely like me. Amazed, I gazed in silence, and he, the other I, looked at me as well, but with a certain ironic smile.

“Who are you?” I asked him. “Your shadow,” he answered. “I have come here for a bit of discussion.” “Let’s discuss, then,” I replied.

“Well: why are you an anarchist?” “Why, because currently we are exploited, trampled by rulers.”

“Rhetoric, rhetoric, my dear! Listen: you are an anarchist and you don’t even know why. I have always noticed this: that in every society there have been innovators who end up on the stake, on the cross and so on and so on. So these innovators with all their dreams and sacrifices failed miserably, because any renewal, anticipated by any individual whatsoever, occurs a long time after the death of that individual. And this is what will happen with you anarchists. You will die without seeing any one of your ideals carried out, and the generation after you, which may live in an anarchist society, will long for a higher ideal and will die in their turn without achieving anything. It’s a vicious circle, an eternal chasing after oneself.”

But enough! My interest is not to convince you of anything. Hell, throw it away and write your own paper – I am writing this for myself and those for whom it resonates with. Beyond that, you’re on your own. My interest in discoursing to “reasonably expose Truth” has atrophied. The endless, circular repartee of the

intellectuals makes me nauseous. Could I devote my whole life to discourse, as the world burns, so that I may rest in my ideological writhing for a few moments of Life in Truth before the deathbed takes me? “Debate now, friends, for the kingdom of action, of life’s enjoyment, is at hand!” I refuse – the ivory crucifix is an opium den for the infirm lizards who negate life and desecrate freedom, and I will strike blows against them at every chance!

Suddenly, “saving the world” has given us a postmortem gift. A gift that implores us not to look so hard into the future and at the whole of society that we miss ourselves in the present. From the hypertrophied corpse of Optimism crawls an optimism that looks similar, but is a dwarf with a stubborn clarity in his eyes, and a boltcutter in his hands...

He leads us onward, into the desert! Into the cracks in the stubborn specter! To Life!

A rocket takes off, heading for space – presumably loaded down with the impotent and imbecilic children of the bourgeoisie to “save the human race”, species being their only common trait with us rabble – and carries with it many fuel tanks. As the tanks are exhausted, they are dropped. One by one, they fall, until the pilots are adrift in space, in total solitude.

So too with our ideals! We find answers to the problems we see, and acquaint ourselves with the social scene of those who share our answers. We join the party, we go vegan, we go to protests. But the honest innovators find in each scene many inconsistencies, many weak-spots in the walls – a fuel-tank drops and an ‘answer’ is superseded! We push the weak-spots and find hidden entrances to new social scenes, each one smaller and more certainly fanatical than the last, and we repeat the process again and again. Eventually, all ideologies have been followed through with and abandoned, and the pilot is free to live in complete purity and... complete isolation. Having regained touch with *nihil*, we are free to drift back to the surface of the earth, where the filth and stupidity that was once so unbearable becomes a delight, possessed of a fulfilling quality the loneliness of certitude stood bereft of. And it is here that new Sisyphean dreams are born!

I have been to *nihil*, I have dwelled there in immense pain and suffering, and I have been a professional dreamer of Sisyphean dreams. What are these dreams? In the face of our meaningless predicament, what meaning do I create from nothing? What is next?

The negation of objectifying structures is paramount. Work, money, commodities, preconceived notions,

morality *in toto*, even – perhaps particularly – dictums to negate objectifying structures. The clock turns our lives into raw materials, the dollar makes the living dead dance, the factories turn individual trees into tree-shaped keychains and the slaughterhouses turn beings with personalities and desires into meat to feed the sickening masses. All such structures must be destroyed in laughing fits of rage, all our hatred for life's vulgar yoking channeled where we see fit – at the roots.

We will destroy the economy. Legions of unpaid interns, whores, debt serfs, and dumpster-divers will step to the stage, swashbuckling and violent. The stomachs of the moderates and parasites will wretch and the thief's laughter will pervade everything as we swoop upon them. The seeds of their mores that lay buried inside us will be expectorated as we sicken our most bourgeois tendencies, nastily fucking in orgiastic defiance, gobbling their buffets with reckless abandon, forcefully disrobing all morality in the name of our crews, ourselves, of all that is wild and fulfilling of our desires! Dead is the Secular Christian image of revolution, and the violence of supersession has ushered desire back to the stage.

The fringes of society's phantom offer a plethora of means by which we can subsist and even live well. The

dumpsters are often laden with more food than we can preserve. The highways are lined with the corpses of deer tragically murdered by cars and trucks – but we can make the best of it by preserving their flesh.

Loading docks sit un-secured, ripe with possibilities for those willing to step up and take them. Free seats to every thinkable location abound on most freight trains and in the cars of most highway travelers. Abandoned houses waiting to be loved exist in every rural backwater and burnt-out, dead city. Welfare programs are still heartily poured onto the dispossessed in an effort to soothe our rage. Bank security guards lay asleep in a stoned haze. All of this to quell our hunger and to warm our chills as we lay in wait and draw up tomorrow's plans of escalation and ecstasy.

All this, too, in service of work refusal. Work is the vampire of Life, the objectifier of time, the crucifixion of Desire. The conservative elements of anarchism issue workerist polemics and fatwahs, themselves no different from the reactionaries who implore those on the margins to “get a job!” Yet it is the bottom-dwellers who have fed themselves with the Hustle for time immemorial. We are there, splitting wood and picking beans, weighing dimebags, scrapping metal, sucking dick! We are there, shoplifting DVDs, shaking change cups, boosting jewelry, throwing hay, flipping dirtbikes

on craigslist, trading foodstamps for cash, powerwashing houses (burglarizing them later), selling fireworks, moonshine, assault rifles, loosies and mixtapes. Let our gangs and tribes perfect the art of the Hustle! We are filthy and wild, we are classy and sharp, we are agile and out on parole, and frankly, we are not interested in busting ass for the suits.

Free from the need for conventional work, the practice of ‘expanding the aristocratic anarchist fold’ is made more possible than ever. I seek to collectivize my hustles among free individuals I respect and struggle alongside against society and stagnation, to assemble a crew of eccentric and wild companions that bulges and splits and disagrees and destroys. From the woods, the mountains, the railyards, the ghettos, we can turn our gaze to those lodged deeper in prisons they cannot will themselves from and hatch plots to crumble walls made of concrete or illusions – and keep them well-fed in their transition to Life, to action, to desire, no matter their needs. In time, we may be able to achieve the economies of scale necessary to support families, nonhumans in recovery from domestication, differently-abled people, and all those who have less Spartan needs than some of us.

But this is not enough! Simply establishing outposts, spaces where the lucky can lay low is, by itself, a masturbatory endeavor. Instead, the creation of nomad-infrastructure and insurgent depots of expropriated goods must serve as the backbone of a much larger struggle. These are the nests where we dream and make plans, the hovels in which we make love and fraternity. Is it enough to simply live out our lives here, in the cracks?

As a young man he [Novatore] joined the Arcola group of anarcho-communists, but he was not satisfied with the harmony and limited freedom of the new society they awaited so eagerly. “I am with you in destroying the tyranny of existing society,” he said, “but when you have done this and begun to build anew, then I will oppose and go beyond you.”

For all those content to dwell simply in their communes, it must be made clear that I will go beyond you, striking like a wild vulture at the decaying innards of the system – and at you, should you stand in my way. In our tipis and squatted homes, I will gain my strength. I will ferment my hatred of this society into a potent mash. How will I distill this mash but through action?

As certainly as there are cracks in the system fit for nomadic dwelling, there are cracks in the system that

offer opportunities to strike. The abused child strikes his drunken stepfather in the testicles without remorse before darting off into the forest at night – we must fight like we've been trained! Do not be hung up on classical and heroic notions of what struggle must look like. We must fight dirty – as our oppressors do.

Everywhere there are prisoners, there are resisters on the edges of escape and insurrection, and it is these individuals we must aid. I see the destroyed faces of children in the schools and my gut turns with disgust for their captivity – what can I do for you? The slaughterhouses drop the bodies of gentle beasts for profit day and night, remorselessly driving them forward to the blade – how can I end your torment? My friends imprisoned by the state for the crime of Freedom – where are the weak points in the prison walls? The bosses, the rapists, the cops, the abusers, the dealers of hard-drugs, the polluters – what are their addresses?

Consider it: If I know a person to be planning a mass murder of innocent beings with a particular gun tomorrow night, and I know where he keeps his gun, what better way to prevent that murder than by destroying his gun? Convincing him might not work; killing him stifles his ability to change his mind. In the

same vein, I must destroy the tools of the oppressors and those who aid them. Is it the electric mainline or the gas tank? Is it the locks and fences? Is it the stun-gun and patrol car?

Deeper still, is it the secrecy in which the elites function that allows them to continue their charades? Is it the efficiency of the monogamous nuclear family that supplies them with a glut of cheap, easy-to-govern workers and consumers? Is it the comfortable numbness of the middle class that offers the status quo the support of a silent majority? What must we disrupt? It is always different. While it takes one second and a few days' planning to cut power to a slaughterhouse, it takes a lifetime to cut down the power of traditional notions of what family and love is.

Yet is even this way of thinking too optimistic? I write this from relative isolation. I write of cracks in the system but inhabit cracks in the lives of those I love – confined to whatever time is not stolen from them by vampires of Life. I am unable to shake the feeling that despite the love of all my friends, I will be alone. And today, while I have had the strength to refuse, others do not. Others do not want to refuse. Dad's belt is not his; it is "ours", as much as we criticize it, they say. I refute this claim with my entire being. It has been said that

requesting our attacker pull a knife nine inches deep in our back out to six inches is not enough – we must get the whole knife out *by any means necessary*. Is work any different? Are our subconscious drives toward power – the state’s seed in our minds – any different? People I love compromise with the society I hate and wish to destroy. Must I leave them behind? Time slips by me as I wait. I have no reason to expect them not to fall back on the comfort of their degrees, even to adopt middle-class sensibilities. Yet I hope nonetheless.

If I am lacking, I take what I need without remorse. Hunger is simple. I know dozens of ways to hustle a meal. But how do I hustle people into throwing off expectations, self-doubt, addictions to comfort? How do I hustle them into declaring open warfare on this society alongside me? How do I hustle the love of armed joy? This is a thing I cannot steal, trade, or purchase. The intellectual vagabond swears at the sun! I hate this place, I hate this society, I visit the creative nothing of *nihil* as a daily matter of course! And then, the highway, to new shores. But to leave my comrades? To leave these days and nights of love? I heave with hatred at the thought. I want it all, yet my possibility of having it all is slim. I wait.

Why do they do it? They think I am insane for having said no. Yet I was just like they are today. Writing papers, constricting myself to a schedule, heartily convinced of the usefulness of my bondage, kissing the rings of the expectation-dolers. *Impressive, Andy!* Excellent! Have another drink! Take another ridiculous course! Think of next year! Next decade! Next life! This vulgar charade insulted my soul. I scraped myself up; I took to the highway of my desires! And I walked free to do as I pleased. If it didn't work, I made it work. I forged, stole, worked, fucked, drifted, and hiked until I began to heal from a lifetime of inanity, becoming a permanent guest without accomplices, beginning my search for others!

On a foggy new moon, at the height of our struggle, the insurgent dwells in the system's cracks, carefully searching for weak points in the prison walls where incendiary devices can be installed.

Is the artist any different?

That which we cannot hustle, hack, or steal, we must carefully dismantle through a process of seduction. The artist searches for warm cracks in the psyche of the prisoner that she can enter. The prisoner allows her to come close, on the false assumption that she comes bearing a masturbatory reinforcement of the beloved

objectives of the prison walls. Rhythm hypnotizes, color dashes the eyes, concepts misdirect Stockholm Syndrome toward Desire, and in time, the individual is asking questions and glaring at walls with a glint of disbelief. The prisoner notices the Cracks in the Walls, sees a note from another resistor that the prison door is, in fact, unlocked, and that despite the jeers of his fellow prisoners to the contrary, there is no guard waiting just around the corner.

What waits around the corner of the prison corridor is instead the fledgling aristocracy. It is those free individuals with whom the escapee will sprint with into battle. Yet in translating this metaphor to real life, each of us is tasked with situating this escape geographically and culturally. When we have exited our prisons, what do we see?

From the Associated Press:

CHICAGO -- After spending most of his adult life behind bars, 73-year-old Walter Unbehaun decided to rob another bank in hopes of getting caught. He felt more comfortable in prison, court documents allege, and wanted to spend his final years there.

How can we expect to be any different? Patrice Jones, animal liberationist and intersectional feminist, writes in her essay, Stomping with the Elephants;

“How do you break a wild animal? The key can be found in the word itself: You sever connections.

To break or domesticate an animal you must first physically isolate the individual from the natural world. Then, you must cut all natural bonds to other animals by controlling sexual relations, interrupting the relationship between mother and child, and rupturing the structure of the extended family. You must alienate the animal from herself, so that she no longer expects her own will to control her own body. Finally, you must break the spirit, by humiliating and violating the animal in every possible way, including physical and sexual assault.

It's no accident that these are the same tactics used by abusive husbands to control their wives, or that analogous methods are used to bring wild plants under "cultivation." After all, "husbandry" refers to the breeding of plants and "livestock," while "grooms" are both breakers of horses and takers of brides. “

Can we be honest? Each of us has been broken. We have no millennia-old traditions or knowledge. We inherit no social or natural bonds that are un-mediated by power or the object. We have no extended familial ties or communities that are worth a damn in juxtaposition to those of undomesticated humans. We

have been alienated from our own individuality by systems of domination and control in schools, in sex, in workplaces, in family relationships, in a mass culture we have no hand in influencing or creating, in ecosystems we do not interact seriously with or live within. To think we can make a single exit from this breakage is as naïve as subscribing to Marxist-Dogmatist notions of ‘communist revolution’ occurring in a single swoop. Our revolution of self must be perpetual and situated oppositionally to the static.

Healing must occur; new bonds and ties with others must be formed. I do not seek an affinity group strictly as a means to the end of making a strike against this society. I seek this social arrangement as a survival tool, as a means of solidifying my own individuality outside the prison walls. I seek it as a means to heal and as a means in itself.

Yet this healing is not strictly regenerative. The breakage inflicted on us by systems of domination and domestication is not a clean cut. It is not a simple wound we can bandage up and heal once: It is instead a long-term process of scarification, so deep that it has rewritten the regenerative process of our bodies, minds, and world. In order to heal to the point of not winding up where we began, we must target what these systems

have written into our ‘DNA’ and destroy it. The tendency to return to our prisons is written deeply into us. We must destroy this in order to heal.

Healing such as this cannot be hustled, stolen, or hacked. The same process of seduction that was necessary to get us to question that which confines us to begin with must continue! The artistic element of the strike against society is exposed here. In this light, an attack becomes an end in itself, worth pursuing purely for its expressive, artistic qualities. “Efficacy” is irrelevant if our action serves as a reminder of our infinite power, if it stirs our self-belief and strengthens our affinity groups and crews. The dialectic is dead. It is nonetheless, to me, all the better if our action also happens to smash objectifying apparatuses that inflict suffering on individuals and build the prisons of domestication we struggle against.

To look back over one’s shoulder in a hot sprint and see flames or sparks, to see masked rioters taking a street back, to see that you made it off with the money – such is the nourishment that kills the germ of sleep that pulls us magnetically back to our posts in confinement. The feeling of handing in your resignation, of hearing what month it is and realizing you don’t remember the last time you did something you didn’t enjoy, of punching

your boss – this is the *pièce de résistance* that feeds the aristocrat's soul. Longer-term endeavors – seeing a forest come back, cultivating rich soil and productive gardens, helping a friend stabilize their mental illness, crafting long-term love with friends and partners, fighting an addiction – only serve to solidify our insurgent position and offer us fulfillment. My examples here are no match for what lies in the imaginative power of each liberated individual.

Artists and iconoclasts though we are, we must not get so caught up in the nuts-and-bolts elements of action that we fail to remain 'at large'. Because, as it has been said, "Freedom is the crime that contains all crimes", it is inevitable that the individual who rejects compromise with power and the object will stand at odds with the state in one way or another. Avoiding being suspected only goes so far, and eventually despite our best efforts, it is likely we will be sought by the panopticon. What do we do in this case?

" [...] the more nomadic a people the more independent they are likely to be. Governments know this, as can be witnessed by the widespread attempts to settle their desert nomad problems. Whether it is the obstinate survival of Aboriginal life ways in Australia, the uncompromising resistance of the Apache led by

Victorio or the recent Tuareg insurrection in the Sahara, nomads are often adept at fight and/or flight [...] That the resistant independence of nomads is often mixed with a practical disbelief in borders makes them threatening to the very ideological basis of governments.”

- Desert

Radical struggles that adhere themselves to a fixed geographical location historically have been suppressed with relative ease. The Paris Commune, the Syndicalists in the Spanish Civil War, The Magonistas in Mexico, Mahknovist Free Ukraine, and so on. Some exceptions stand to disprove the “ease” aspect of this claim, but none stand to suggest land-based struggle to be an effective means of insurrection in anything but a limited sense (I contend that the Zapatistas’ relative success in southern Mexico is a novelty unlikely to be exported elsewhere, especially the postindustrial west). From where I stand, it appears as though it is instead those who assemble themselves in a nomadic, diffuse manner who stand to resist state power and repression most effectively.

We must dispel all visions of the autonomous zone as it has been envisioned heretofore. The city commune is a sitting duck for the military and police. *El frente* in

Catalonia is over with and any fetishes we may have for the warfare of yesterday's struggles need to be let go of. Instead it is necessary that we create a loose, informal infrastructure that renders our aristocracy into an impossibly black night. Like the Underground Railroad that brought so many enslaved Africans freedom in the 19th century US, we must create a network of safehouses, resource distribution, and clandestine communication extensive and informal enough to turn state repression into a midnight game of whack-a-mole. This idea is nothing new. A warning posted to the insurgents of Moscow on December 11th, 1905 states:

Main rule: do not act en masse. Carry out actions in three or four at the most. There should be as many small groups as possible and each of them must learn to attack and disappear quickly. The police attempt to crush a crowd of thousands with one single group of a hundred cossacks.

It is easier to defeat a hundred men than one alone, especially if they strike suddenly and disappear mysteriously. The police and army will be powerless if Moscow is covered in these small unseizable detachments [...] Do not occupy strongholds. The troops will always be able to take them or simply destroy them with their artillery. Our fortresses will be internal

courtyards or any place that it is easy to strike from and leave easily. If they were to take them they would never find anyone and would lose many men. It would be impossible for them to take them all because they, to do this, would have to fill every house with cossacks.

The Lower East Side anarchist group Up Against the Wall Motherfucker (later Black Mask) famously defined the affinity group as “a street gang with an analysis.” This is precisely what our Novatorean aristocracy may consist of, albeit in a nomadic manner. It is here that we may borrow a note from the biker gangs, the crews of freight train hopping punks, and the bus-dwelling hippies that camp in deserts throughout the country. The “strike and bike” mentality will take us far as artists and insurrectionists – particularly if we become versed with multi-use, on-and-off-road motorcycles capable of ducking onto dirt roads and narrow paths in the night.

Infrastructure is needed, but on this point we must be careful. High-risk endeavors may demand infrastructure be created on an “as-needed” and occasionally, one-time-use basis.

Direct action of the classical, insurrectionist sort needn’t be the primary means of striking against the object, and our infrastructure and approach to

nomadism can reflect this in terms of security. Some endeavors do not require the cover of total anonymity, nighttime, or distance from civilized settlement. For these elements of our struggle, which may at times comprise the majority, both aboveground and semi-aboveground infrastructure is necessary. These aspects serve primarily to collectivize our means of subsistence in order to evade employment and compromise with prison society.

Already I have mentioned possible sources of subsistence that lay outside the “sell life for work, work to pay for life” paradigm, ranging from expropriation to waste reclamation. To these I may also add small-scale subsistence gardening and foraging. Fields of invasive species exist, many fit to eat (though suburbanites and city-dwellers, the most vastly omnipresent of these invasives, are generally too rife with pallor and sickness to taste good) and preserve. While the practical considerations of permaculture, foraging, and small-scale gardening are far too many to cover in this essay, these practices are worth mentioning in any discussion of living well on the fringes of the economy, and certainly should be considered in the creation of nomad infrastructure. Permaculture in particular can be configured in a “plant it, leave it, return” fashion,

already pioneered to some extent by the Tuareg and Berber peoples of northern Africa;

*Some nomad groups [in Saharan Africa] will occasionally cultivate cereals by making use of **maidars** - depressions in the surface of the desert that retain sufficient water for a meager harvest. ”*

- *Food and Farming*, a 1991 textbook

Eventually, even the most devoted and sleep-hating artists and fighters must lay their heads to rest. If we are to evade rent, where will we do this? Sleeping on the medians of interstates, on the lawns of truck-stops, in hammocks in trees in city parks, on roofs of suburban shopping malls, these are classic solutions to this question. Yet one can engage with these solutions for only so long before burning out. The police have a way of inflicting their jealousy onto sleeping tramps rather violently and generally much earlier in the morning than we'd care to awaken.

On the other end of the spectrum, buildings can be squatted with some success. (There is even a squatted castle in Barcelona I've heard of!) This means of obtaining decent shelter is not without problems as well, however, especially for those sought by the state. Evictions happen often and occasionally without warning, and occupants can face trespassing charges

and arrest – which, for those who may have information about direct actions, may lead to much more dire charges. In many cases, the squat is a glorified campsite for transients that carries many of the same issues that conventional “tramp-and-camp” means of crashing have.

While both free-camping and squatting are useful in certain contexts, my bread-and-butter is neither. What I propose to be a reasonable “in-between” is the rental of rural land without amenities for the purpose of seasonally camping on. With some certainty I can say that an individual could rent an acre of land very cheaply, in cash, even pseudonymously if need be in many ‘backwoods’ areas by simply making offers to landowners. Land can also be, in some areas, squatted upon without issue (this could be made easier by constructing shelters of sod and materials cheap enough to leave without regret in the event of eviction). Also of note are the various government lands that can be camped on indefinitely, so long as one moves camp a mile or so every couple weeks, which is often loosely enforced.

Land parcels could be rented and squatted in numerous locations throughout the country, with special attention paid to the weather. The tendency to head south for the

winter is likely. Portable shelter systems would be the likely choice – tipis, yurts, gypsy “bender tents”, canvas wall tents, travel trailers, pop-ups, vans, and busses. Each has advantages that suit particular climates better than others. Most of these can be engineered to be livable (even luxurious) in adverse conditions ranging from winter snows and cold to heavy winds and tropical rain. Do your research.

Initially, it would make sense to “leave no trace” on lands that are inhabited, until one knows in full the attitudes of locals and whomever you’re renting from. As those relationships solidify, it could make sense to invest in long-term structures, gardens, and supplies caches. One idea I’ve had for a time would be a round or perhaps eight-sided structure (portable or not) with garage-door style doors on all sides. Each occupant who passes through the camp would open one of these doors and break camp there. This could be as elaborate as a camper trailer with a specially-tailored door that pulls right into the round structure or as simple as an insulated tarp to sleep beneath. The benefit is having a common area equipped with off-grid showers and kitchens, couches, and even perhaps a free library system. In winter scenarios, this would also make heating more efficient for everyone.

Whatever fees are associated with each of these structures could be collectivized among up to a dozen or so individuals. Given that these costs are probably low enough on the outset for a single person to handle, split ten or twelve ways, it would prove to be an exponentially cheaper means of living than paying rent in a conventional single-family unit. These spaces could also serve as hubs for buyers' co-ops for bulk dry foods and depots for expropriated food, money, and supplies. Gardens and permaculture projects could be started at this point. In addition, non-material types of mutual aid could be orchestrated, such as childcare and skillsharing.

The benefits of renting in this context are numerous. Because the transaction can likely be done in cash, and even (if necessary) under a pseudonym and with a cover story, it would be unlikely your presence would arouse suspicions. Local authorities may not even know, and the landowner you rent from may care very little about what you are doing (the nomad, being free to move where they please, can be 'picky' about who they rent from, renting only from lackadaisical, uninterested types). In some cases they may hardly ever even see your camp. Next, the cost of renting raw, non-agricultural land is generally quite low. It is even thinkable to arrange a work-trade for use of this land in

some cases. Lastly, because no legal ties exist between you and the land, you can easily exit the arrangement without a trace if need be.

From these outposts, we are free to attack. Let these invisible hovels in the deserts and forests bustle with hatred for the present social order and for whatever order of tomorrow is cooking in the pots of the liberals, fascists, and forlorn revolutionaries. Our flames will be lubricants of entropy and alleviators of ennui! We are here to speed up the process of decay that rots all thrones and rusts the monuments to the usurpers of life and cartels of illusion. We will sweep down on the new moon and break the walls of all prisons, emerging as an unstoppable flash of light! Again it is made clear, *“We want this tragic social dusk to give our “I” some calm and thrilling tinder of universal light!”*

Like vagrant insects, we will swarm and immerse those who hate our art in a venom so potent it dissolves all truth or ends them. As the Futurists – despite their faults – said: *“Some people are born old; slobbering specters of the past, cryptograms swollen with poison. To them no words or ideas, but a single injunction: **the end.**”* To the fascists and who foist beatings upon innocent immigrants, we have for you our pistols! To those who scratch at this planet with blades and violate it with

noxious gasses, we have an injunction burgeoning from our heart-of-hearts to destroy your machines of death! To the progressive fools who hoodwink the young into fiendishly injecting compromise, we will expose you and disrupt your stagnant art and insipid discourse! Filippi's ghost swears from the grave again, "*What a joy to be present at the collapse of a world, to see blood, corpses, rot everywhere!*"

I am disgusted at the hiding and the pitiful displays of hope. I am made sick by the stubborn ghost of dialectics. Heartily I embrace the nothingness that surrounds me. Heartily I dive into a resonance of egos, the love that creates! My comrades, sleek rogues of absolute refusal, it is with you I ride into chemical-smog sunsets, away from the somber highway of yesterday! It is with you I will die, in freedom and in doom! Until then, to Life! *Life in the Cracks!*

Any society that you build will have its limits. And outside the limits of any society the unruly and heroic tramps will wander, with their wild & virgin thoughts—they who cannot live without planning ever new and dreadful outbursts of rebellion!

I shall be among them!

And after me, as before me, there will be those saying to their fellows: "So turn to yourselves rather than to your

*Gods or to your idols. Find what hides in yourselves;
bring it to light; show yourselves!”*

*Because every person; who, searching his own
inwardness, extracts what was mysteriously hidden
therein; is a shadow eclipsing any form of society which
can exist under the sun! All societies tremble when the
scornful aristocracy of the tramps, the inaccessible,
the uniques, the rulers over the ideal, and the
conquerors of the nothing resolutely advances.*

So, come on iconoclasts, forward!

“Already the foreboding sky grows dark and silent!”

Further Reading

Enemies of Society: An Anthology of Individualist and Egoist Thought

Towards the Creative Nothing and other Essays by Renzo Novatore

Baeden: A Journal of Queer Nihilism

Feral Revolution by Wolfi Landstreicher

The Anarchist Library with the tags “anti-civ” and “crime”

If you're a hands-on learner, your local Walmart and a face mask!

Mechanical civilization that, with the hateful industrial system of production, ends up as the labor of blind force without intelligent cooperation of the arms and the brain, can only be the death of human progress, which is the elevation from brute force to the highest degree of intellectual needs and sensations of beauty that only a practiced mind can know and enjoy.

Between social civilization, understood in this way, and human progress, there is conflict. This conflict will not end unless the individual triumphs through the eradication of the state and of society as the organization of exploitation and robbery. ~ Enrico Arrigoni

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