

issue
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WORDS and LETTERS



This publication was brought to you by anarchists residing in the midwestern united states of america in the Spring of 2009.



*A Regional Journal of
Anarchist Discourse*

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An introductory note

The first issue of this journal was compiled by a few individuals with a desire to get this project off the ground. We hope that more people will engage themselves by printing and distributing the journal, writing articles for future issues, and collectivising the editing and layout process.

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The title of this publication is up for discussion. While some of the original murmurs surrounding the idea of a regional anarchist journal came from the newly formed Prairie Fire network, some find it difficult to uncritically associate with the name 'Prairie Fire;' the connotations of which are spelled out in the article *On Networks, Names and Transparency*. While a debate over names seems like a poor use of our energy, perhaps there should be some more thought put into how (or if) we identify ourselves.

Some would prefer not to be associated with any specific organization beyond those who create this project. A main goal is to create a forum for discussion on topics relevant to anarchists. Currently, we choose 'regional' and 'anarchist' as limits for this project, but within those relatively loose boundaries do we need further restrictions?

Towards an ever-evolving project.

"We have a friend who goes to college in Lawrence, we were visiting her," Daniel said.

The officer told him he needed to get out of the car. Daniel complied. He stood out in the cold for twenty minutes while the cop ran all his information. He got a \$69 speeding ticket for going 6 over the speed limit on a desolate highway in the middle of nowhere.

I thought about what social control meant. The ability to pull a citizen over and interrogate them about what they are up to all because of a minor speeding infraction really does seem excessive if you think about it. Nobody had guns or was smuggling drugs. We didn't even look or act like criminals. It seemed more like small town extortion than protecting the peace. And for the record, Daniel hadn't received a ticket for 4 years until that one.

So it goes. And as quickly as the journey to Lawrence had started and as quickly as the marchers in Lawrence had taken to the streets we were home and back to normalcy in Omaha with the thoughts of the march lingering in our heads and beating deep in our hearts.



Some people split off their own way but a large group of the protestors walked together back to the Info Shop which is the local alternative information library where dissenting views are encouraged and accepted.

The night ended early for us and none of us thought it was a bust. We felt as if we had finally had a breath of fresh air.

We live in a society that discourages certain kinds of dissent and economically bears down on its people as they try to survive paycheck to paycheck or with even less.

Reality can seem very futile at \$150 every couple of weeks with no chance for promotion or a raise and education costs even more money. Drugs bear down on the common man tempting them like a dragon. Suicide runs through the youth and our Native population at alarming rates. Alcoholism is a killer. The word hopeless often comes to mind.

Life is hard if your parents and family don't have money, stuck in jobs that disappear like smoke, people robbing you for working at a fast food restaurant, waiting for the bus, walking because you don't have a car and trying to secure two weeks of food for \$25 or under bears down on a soul. But your government just compares you to a third world country and says, "see it ain't so bad." But it is when you go to bed hungry and take your degree to a temp agency to get some work.

We felt as if we finally had comrades. We weren't alone in our views. It took a trip to Lawrence, Kansas to understand that.

Daniel, Will, Justin and I bade farewell to everyone and got on the road back to Nebraska. On our return trip we were pulled over in Auburn, Nebraska for going 6 miles over the speed limit on the highway outside of town.

The officer asked us where we were going and where we had come from. Telling him we had just exercised free speech and come from an anarchist march that was protesting the very existence, effectiveness and motive of the police was out of the question. Nobody felt like doing a stint in county jail that late at night or had the money to bail anyone out.

On Networks, Names and Transparency

The recent anti-police march in Lawrence, Kansas seems to have been a success on many levels. From all appearances, the crowd determined its own goals and accomplished them in spite of police intimidation. A framework was developed which facilitated experiments in desire and capacity, while maintaining separate spheres of comfort. No arrests were made and momentum was carried forward. This is an example to be emulated: lessons of the past taken into account, failures avoided, successes replicated and expanded.

Less encouraging was the post-march communication, cataloged on the interweb. Three points stand out: mention of "the blossoming Prairie Fire anarchist network," a list of cities from which comrades traveled to attend the event, and to a lesser degree, the rhetoric used in advertising and explaining the event.



A single spark can start a prairie fire.

- Mao Tse Tung

Prairie Fire: The Politics of Revolutionary Anti-Imperialism

-The Weather Underground

By attaching the Prairie Fire name to the actions described in the reportback, the authors unfortunately repeat mistakes made in the past that led to very real consequences. Worse still is that those mistakes do not belong to history books but to our very lives. Some of us have lived through a mild police repression based entirely on the association of an organized body of anarchists with militant street demonstrations. It would seem that Prairie Fire is setting itself up for a similar fate.

The heat encountered by individuals associated with the Great Plains Anarchist Network pales in comparison to what we know the State has within its arsenals. Nonetheless, the FBI in joint operations with state and local law enforcement agencies were able to sow hysteria, paranoia, paralyzing fear, and disruption within our ranks. Suppose we had been the target of a more focused repressive effort. Similarly, the criminal activity mentioned in the reportback in question is limited to failure to obey, traffic violations, and minor vandalism. The FBI is probably not too worried about such things (but they may very well keep them on their radar). Imagine what would have happened had the march transformed into something a bit more potent. Essentially, the point is that if anarchists are interested in semi-public (read non-clandestine) gatherings and organizations then they should wear different hats while engaging in criminal activity.

One possible argument for the inclusion of this link between a specific group and a specific act is that one may desire to make a name for one's self (or group) – to gain publicity and theoretical interest from sympathetic outsiders. Indeed, the insistence upon placing an acronym at the masthead of relationships that comprise an expanded social network points towards a desire to get known.

The police carefully followed behind the marchers. They tried to extract information from me as I was taking pictures. I crouched down behind the marchers in an ocean of red and blue lighted sirens flashing, to capture a shot, when an officer with blond hair, a female, asked me if I knew what was going on.

"No," I lied. "I work for the Kansas City Star and I am here on assignment. I don't know any of these people."

"Well maybe you could find out who is in charge and where they are going and let us know. We just want to protect them," she said. "They might listen to you," she coaxed.

"Sure," I said and thanked them for not beating anyone up yet. I wasn't having it though. I was too busy. I had to keep up with the marchers.

The police did not react with aggression to the marchers. They merely tried to quarantine them. And the march went off without a hitch and nobody got arrested.

The cops got nervous when the marchers convened at the police station. It seemed things might get dangerous but as soon as the marchers reached the police station they once again veered, trying to shake the police or perhaps the organizer realized everyone was about to get the living day lights peppered and beat out of them.

After an hour and half of protesting and being greeted with hostility by the people of Lawrence for enacting the right to freedom of speech the marchers convened near where a black militant was shot and killed by police during the 1970's.

It was a sobering end to the march.

"We accomplished what we set out to do in solidarity today," said the march's organizer. He said that none of us should walk home alone and that everyone should shake hands with someone they have never met. Names and e-mail addresses were exchanged and friends were made in solidarity deep in the heart of the United States.

This crowd understood how unpopular they were but it didn't matter. There was conviction. There was faith. There was a hope to be heard and to confront a reality that was complacent for most. The word "shatter" comes to mind.

The speaker finished and told everyone to grab a sign, leaflet, drum or banner. He urged people to be brave and speak loudly, to stay tight, not to fight and most of all to let their voices be heard.

Two men began to beat on upside down buckets and torches were lighted. Signs with slogans like, "Stop Police Brutality" and "From Gaza to Greece" were hoisted into the air and the group walked directly into the middle of traffic blocking busses and cars.

The protestors marched from South Park to Kentucky Street in the Oread neighborhood, down Massachusetts Street and into downtown Lawrence.

The first police confrontation came quickly as squad cars surrounded the marchers and asked them to stop marching and get out of the street.

"Maybe we can talk about this?" a large, burly male cop suggested. He was met with loud angry shouts from the crowd. Nobody wanted to talk about anything with them.

The crowd began to chant, "What's the reaction? Direct Action!"
"What's the solution? Fucking revolution!"

And the police were ignored as marchers shouted "Fuck the police!"

The march went on for an hour and half and snaked through Lawrence. As soon as the police thought they had found out the route the marchers changed direction. It was sort of a cat and mouse game.

The people in downtown Lawrence were greeted with a spectacle many of them had never seen. Game day had just finished and the local Jay Hawks were victorious. The streets were a sea of blue and over the hill came a large group of angry anarchists taking to the streets, carrying torches and demanding their message be heard.

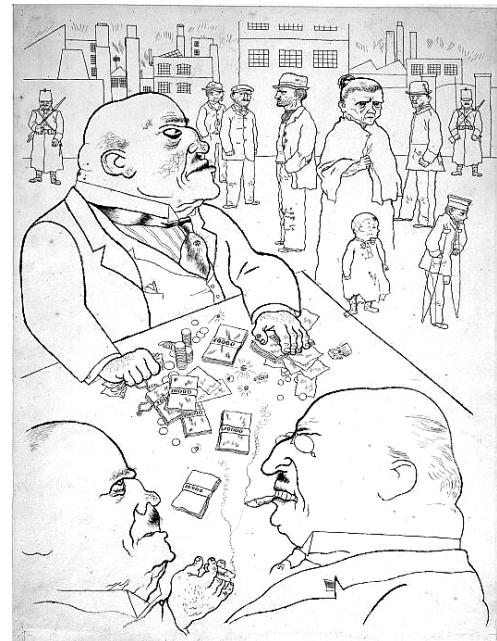
While this matter could be seen as a question of opinions, the linkage of illegality and publicity is another thing altogether. In addition to being a recipe for becoming targets of state repression, this is a possible trajectory towards the path of specialized armed struggle (the terrain of authoritarians). Usually such manifestations operate clandestinely and not openly. It is not, however, enough to merely do away with secrecy and claim an inherent distinction between 'us' and the ubiquitous armed reformists. Our ends require entirely different means.

This brings us to the last point: what separates us from the Leninist sects? If we name ourselves after their position papers and quotes from their little red books; if we uncritically repeat their language of anti-imperialism and demands directed at the state; if we fetishise their forms (rocket attacks, guerrilla warfare, unions, mass organizations); in what sense are we different? While these points may be hyperbolic, the intent is to point out some very real questions that deserve to be addressed:

What are our aims?

What methods might facilitate their realization?

What methods might inhibit them?



Please, think of this not as a personal attack, but as a friendly critique aimed at the production of a more coherent anarchist analysis and a more potent practice in revolt. We need more friends not more enemies. There's enough of the latter already.

A Three Part Strategy for Our Region

When thinking about our region (whether called the Great Plains, the Midwest, or the Heartland) it's sometimes difficult to see the potential that exists here for a thriving, well-connected and rooted anarchist or anti-authoritarian community striving towards a project of insurrection. Though some communities have struggled to maintain on-going anarchist projects and infrastructure for years, it's been isolated to a few pockets of hardworking and dedicated individuals. In this part of the country there are so many difficulties working against us, not least of which is the conservative and often hostile climate in which we find ourselves and the consistent relocation of many of our most talented and critical friends to other more "attractive" places with perceived diversity and well established communities of resistance. The lure of the "coasts" has for a long time been something to contend with.

Yet despite the odds, anarchist communities do exist, and they seem to be growing and strengthening in the last year. Both experienced and recently radicalized folks are coming together to work on new projects and there seems to be excitement and energetic fervor where it didn't exist before. The conventions last summer and various convergences have brought many new people into the fold and the creation of the network **Prairie Fire** similarly has proven to be a catalyst for many, stimulating old projects and energizing folks to start new ones.

In order to succeed in establishing and expanding long-term insurrectionary anti-authoritarian projects and communities where real affinity and trust exists, I feel an intentional strategy must be implemented. We need a well-established network of people ready to welcome newcomers with on-going projects for them to get involved in. The strategy of acquiring anti-authoritarian infrastructure, creating self-directed projects (whatever they may be) and attacking the institutions of oppression which seek to dominate and if necessary destroy us, is really quite a simple strategy but it needs to be explained and elaborated upon.

Everyone was supposed to be gathering at a park on the outside of downtown by a police station. The protest was at night and this was a serious confusion for us.

All our protests, in Omaha, had been during the day but then again all of our protests had been on the side of a street trying to get people who agreed with us to honk at us. Worthless.

We all approached the park through a field of soft green grass and saw over 50 people gathering by a large white gazebo.

They were gathered in a semi circle around a man dressed in a black hooded sweat shirt and blue jeans. He wasn't that tall but his voice boomed.

"Tonight we gather in solidarity," he said.

He spoke stirring of the violence in Gaza against Palestinians, the murder of an anarchist youth in Greece which set off rioters for nearly two weeks of confrontation with riot police and about a young man shot and killed by police in Oakland, California.

The group was a mix of people from Lawrence who had either lost their jobs or were living paycheck to paycheck and they were supported by other like-minded individuals in similar situations who traveled from Kansas City and Omaha.

Everyone prepared themselves for what was about to happen during his speech. Every single person had war faces on and some had disguised their identities with bandana's and hoods.

There was no mistaking the serious air in the park that night. Nobody was treating this as a practical joke or a good time. All of these people gathered under ideals that are unpopular and widely misunderstood by most Americans.

Years of demonizing the word anarchist and interchangeably using it with the word terrorist have skewed the understanding of citizens so far that they refuse to listen to opposing viewpoints or different ideals which are the very backbone and spine of free speech.

They all listened to the right music, had tattoos and hung out with the right people. One kid kept asking us to name our favorite bands. Will, Daniel and Justin toyed with these people. At one point somebody started making fun of Conner Oberst, an over rated native of Omaha.

Will laughed and said, "You making fun of him but your hair is cut exactly the same way." We laughed and the leather bound trendster blushed.

"Fuck it," someone thought. Will and Daniel asked if the people we were sitting with had heard about the protest. They had but said they weren't coming because they weren't anarchists. "But it's about protesting police brutality and oppressive governments," Will said "and you don't have to be an anarchist to be against that." Nobody was interested in the protest. They liked music and art.

Everyone was having a great time and we drank until the bars closed at 2 in the morning. We all drunkenly piled into cars and took off on the adventure of following Cat to her house. Somehow we kept up with her. Exhausted and soused I passed out on her floor.

The next day came on strong and quick like a migraine. A hangover plagued me all day. We went downtown and walked around, in and out of shops that were selling, selling, selling different identities.

I pulled Will to the side and said, "You know man, if this protest turns out to be bust we should just get on the road early."

He agreed. The grounds for a bust were a bunch of people with signs standing on the side of the road jumping up and down and yelling messages like lemmings falling off a goddamn cliff.

The uncertainty grew with the day and rose with the temperature which was a beautiful 45 to 50 degree day in the middle of winter in the heart of the Midwest.

After killing hours walking aimlessly around, we ended up at the RePlay again. It was time to prep and find out if this protest was going to be a bust. We all knocked back three Pabst Blue Ribbons or so and headed out to the protest.

Infrastructure

We need spaces liberated from the tentacles of the state and capital. We need places to live in, to congregare in, and to learn in. Squats, infoshops and social centers, land-based projects, owned houses and urban collectives. Spaces in which to establish the kind of world we seek, now! If the shit hit the fan tomorrow, where would you go? Is it not desirable to live communally now, for its own sake and as resistance to the forces that seek to isolate and disempower us? Divide and conquer! "The barracks, the hospital, the prison, the asylum, and the retirement home are the only forms of collective living allowed," states the French insurrectionary essay, *Call*. Collective living begins the most basic process of sharing, mutual aid, conflict resolution and community on a small intimate scale. It builds affinity and trust to share a residence with others, with many. The Black Panthers lived and worked in collectives, they organized infrastructure projects to feed and house their communities. That's something to inspire us. Likewise, the Catalans in cities like Barcelona had such well established social centers in virtually every neighborhood that social revolution and collectivization was made possible for a while during the Spanish Civil War.

It can be said that the pigs don't have far to look when everyone lives under one roof. Well, we need to expand our communities into many collectives of all sorts. And it's a risk worth taking. When nearly every square inch of our world is under the dominion of the state or capital it becomes that much more necessary to begin tipping the scales, to carve out or liberate what territory we can.

Projects

By projects I mean self-directed, unalienated projects which both strengthen anti-authoritarian movements and work toward the destruction of capitalism and hierarchy in all its manifestations. Projects that we engage in because we want to; because they make us feel alive, useful, and empowered. Those with an obvious disconnect or separation from us and the objective, often make us feel stagnant, overworked, alienated, and even disempowered. That's why activist "campaigns" often tend to leave us feeling unsatisfied even when we "win."

When I think of projects I get excited. They can be anything really, the important part is that we don't engage in them from any sort of guilt, or feelings of obligation, which characterizes much of leftist activism. Educational projects like anarchist study groups, film series, or propaganda boxes left all over the city, can be fun and fulfilling. Some folks in Lawrence and Oklahoma City have been tabling at gun shows to offer some different perspectives, which counter the right wing nationalistic perspective which tends to dominate gun culture generally in the United States. Projects can be anything from self-defense classes to journals such as the incendiary *War On Misery* from St. Louis. It's not my aim to list all the possible activities one can engage in but rather demonstrate the value of initiating creative projects, which meet your own needs and the needs of your community.

Attack

There are forces of oppression destroying our communities, our humanity and our ecosystems. In addition to both community and infrastructure building and aboveground transparent projects, we need to see more clandestine actions. There should be ceaseless attacks on the state and capitalist property. A broken bank window speaks for itself. Property damage just frustrates stability and the illusion of security, and it costs them money.

Besides nighttime activities, sabotage at work hits them where it hurts. Deliberately working slow, "misplacing" objects at work or any other number of discrete attacks hurt capitalism and should be carried out whenever possible. Attacks, which are simple, easily duplicated and highly visible inspire others to follow suit. Insurrection spreads and actions inspire, just look at Greece and the global response to it.

Though recently there have been countless solidarity actions and media stunts worldwide, that should be happening always and everywhere. And let's hope it doesn't lose steam in the months to come.

Though we strive for a total social transformation and the destruction of oppressive forces, insurrection alone won't be enough. Insurrection is a tactic, the most direct one for eliminating those institutions which are grinding us into dust.

Downtown Lawrence was a long strip of bars, lights, restaurants, music stores, book stores, people in blue, old homeless men and women panhandling in doorways and establishments that sold Kansas City Jay Hawk apparel. Lawrence is a true college town.

We spent the night in a blur of \$1.75 Pabst Blue Ribbons, \$1.00 shots of whiskey and thick cigarette smoke.

The bar we went to in Lawrence was called the RePlay. It took up the corner of an entire city block. We got to it through a series of cobblestone alleys that run through Lawrence and had to pay a \$5 cover. The bar was split up into two rooms. One half had a stage, the bar, an ATM and a huge assortment of pin ball machines. There was a band playing and I don't know who they were, but I do know they weren't talented.

Eyeless people bobbed to the music as if the fact that they were there, at that moment, in that place, stuck concretely in time with no chance for change was the right place to be. Nothing mattered but acceptance to these people. It constituted their world, cheap look-a-like music and alcohol was all they needed. Anything else wasn't cool and therefore not worth it.

The other half of the bar was an open beer garden with a few tables and behind a small wall separating the bar from the rest of the room was a huge dirt courtyard surrounded by a wooden patio that held a large number of wooden picnic tables. The setup reminded me of an ancient Greek compound where Odysseus tricked men who tried to steal his wife into a violent death of revenge for all the troubles he encountered in this foul world.

People were scattered all around the courtyard smoking, drinking and howling empty thoughts at an empty moon.

The night was a flurry of characters. Everyone wanted to know if the boys from Omaha were in a band. We laughed at them every time they asked. There were a plethora of scenesters at this place. There were people dressed in leather jackets with tight black pants, wearing handkerchiefs and converse sneakers.

Then the other woman who was short and skinny with long black hair that hung down her back said, "Don't worry about her she is tough because she's an ex-marine."

"Ex-army," the other woman corrected.

That's when Daniel chimed in and said, "We are a band and are actually called Ex- U.S. Army Marine." I don't think he could help himself. It was funny and everybody laughed.

"No smoking pot either," the short fat woman at the desk snarled.

Carol led us through the halls. They were long, white and reminded me of a hospital. The light was stale but sterile. Tan doors were proportionally placed about ten feet apart on each side of the hallway. None of the doors had any decorations on them like dorm rooms usually have except for what had to be Carol's room. There was a picture of a Red Winged bird on her door. She had the only picture on any door that I saw the whole time I was there.

Carol's room was in the heart of the concrete box. Her room was decently sized with a linoleum floor and unusually high ceilings. The one wall that had a window was painted mauve. "That's so we don't kill ourselves," Carol laughed when we asked her why only one wall was painted.

We quickly formed a plan. We needed something to do. There was no way any one of us wanted to stay in the dorms that night. After all, we weren't even allowed to.

Carol informed us that her friend Catherine might be willing to put us up. She met us in front of the Haskell dorms. She was a quiet girl and asked that we call her Cat. She was short, had long jet, black hair and a silent smile.

We struggled to follow them through town. Cat sped through yellow lights and took quick turns. Daniel did his best to keep up and it always seemed that just as we lost Cat we found her slowing down and waiting for us at the next corner.

The cliché goes, "the state won't just wither away, it must be attacked." That tactic needs accompaniment of radical infrastructure building and day-to-day effort to create *now* what we desire to see.



Notes on the Greek Insurrection

The anarchist menace residing in Greece has swelled to the point of near bursting. It is time again to speak of motion, theirs which is also ours, as a tangible entity in the process of being reborn. With their dramatic push-back against the tides of repression the Greek anarchists have made a move for an opening in which to explore possibilities. We attempt to move with them, yet we lack capacity. We desire a similar breathing room here in this place, yet we are everywhere closed in upon.

In the recent uprising, mobile phones were used to activate networks of anarchist affinity groups moments after Alexandros Grigoropoulos's death¹. It seems there was no debate over appropriate acts, only the instinct – *for this they will pay*. That within days, Greece's cities and towns played host to violent attacks on banks, police stations and commercial districts as well as barricaded thoroughfares, occupied high schools and universities speaks to the capacity for such things built by our comrades half a world away. Through years of rioting, sabotage, and practical solidarity with various dispossessed others, they have not only created a large milieu that favors confrontation, but also, they have managed to inscribe the knowledge and experience of revolt on their bodies and in their lives.

To allow Alexis's death to pass unchecked would have been fatal for others, anarchist or not. A non-response merely writes the police a blank check, one that can only be cashed with time in jail cells and graveyards. The explosive response to the death of an anarchist at the hands of the police, has ensured that the next time a police officer encounters one of us on the streets of Patras or Thessaloniki he will do so with the memory of a burned out city center and a scorched job site. *By attacking ferociously, we bind the hands of those who would presume to control us*. Yet with all bites not fully chewed comes indigestion. The creation of a more repressive and what's worse, less obviously sinister social atmosphere is one possible outcome of the recent events in Greece. Already the red butchers are chomping at the bit to wield power, as always, in the name of the people while the conservative government exposes its fascist inclinations. Fortunately our Greek comrades are ever vigilant and show no signs of malady.

They have built up precious anti-bodies over the years; fighting the fire of repression with something a bit more explosive: a meeting of violence and sociality, *a pairing of oxygen, accelerant, and spark*.

But what other collective memories have enabled the recent expressions of joyous rage? From whence does this eruption spring? And how can we share in the bounty?

¹ A significant detail that illustrates the gap between such structures there and their counterparts here, but one that at the same time provides a reasonable remedy. Digits?

Orion was above the horizon staring at an inconsequential car, speeding through time, on a long highway that stretched through the heart of the United States. His sword seemed poised to strike and visions of the world flashed through my mind.

Anarchists in Greece had taken over the T.V. and radio stations. They fought with riot police in gassed streets.

Israel reigned terror in Gaza during a two week war by using heavy handed force to take retribution for what Israel calls Hamas's "reign of terror" which is really a few hundred rockets here and there that do not take many lives.

That war of heavy handed reckoning and hatred burned thousands of miles away from the Midwest as I tossed my cigarette and wondered if it would start a fire.

The lights of Lawrence shined dimly on the horizon. All of us were tired from travelling and the work week and were relieved to see those lights.

The streets of Lawrence were bright compared to the darkness of the journey south. We made our way through two brown stone columns on the edge of town and entered a dark neighborhood. We emerged from the shadowed alley of that street and into Haskell Indian College.

It looked like a county jail. The building was square and drab. It looked like a big, sterile concrete box. This is where Carol lived.

The building lived up to its reputation as jailish. When we entered we were greeted by two women who played the good cop bad cop routine with us. One said hello and asked, "Are you guys a band?"

That caught us off guard but before we could answer the small squat woman, who was sitting down at the check in desk informed us that there was no smoking, drinking or having fun in this building at all and that we were to sign the check in book and leave a form of identification at the front desk to be retrieved upon exiting the premises'.

Wow. Welcome to Haskell I thought.

Reflections on the Gaza to Greece March

The weather in Omaha was changing as Daniel, Will, Justin and I met at the bar on a Friday afternoon in January. We had gathered for a road trip and had business to conduct. This trip was not purely recreational. We were heading south to Lawrence, Kansas for a protest we had heard about through our friend Carol who attends Haskell Indian College.

None of us knew what to expect. We were going out on limb and we wanted to find out what this Lawrence scene was about.

We weren't sure where we would stay. Carol had mentioned that the organizer of the event and the people at Solidarity Info Shop, an alternative library, might be able to find us a place to stay.

The car ride from Omaha to Lawrence is a 3 to 3 ½ hour drive through the cold wintery plains of the Midwest. The land between seems desolate at times and small towns are peppered through the brownish-white countryside. The land is lonely.

For me it was hard to tell when I left Nebraska and entered Kansas. The only immediate difference I could distinguish between the people of Nebraska and Kansas was the color of the shirts they wore on game day, blue in Kansas and red in Nebraska.

People in the Midwest are prepared for tough, bitter wind-blown winters and scorching hot summers. They believe in work ethic and have strong faith in their convictions.

I rolled down the window of the car to smoke a cigarette somewhere deep in Kansas and the dark skies, shined bright with more stars than I can ever remember seeing. There were thousands of twinkling eyes in the sky.

Clearly, social space is a key element in the mixture (from Exarchia to the Polytechnic). The occupation of public space serves not just to provide a place to rest and refuel during the upheaval itself, but also, as a common reference point for those desiring to contribute to the upturned streets and disrupted plate glass. A spot to gather when shit goes down, a focal point for the furious, a launch pad for our most ambitious of dreams; this but also a place to meet one another face to face, to converse with and to care for each other.

When considering how to build our capacity to act, not as ten but as a thousand², this seems an appropriate place to begin. Social space, whether created by confrontation itself or simply with the aid of friendship, social networks, and shared activities, is an essential element in fostering the desire and ability to get wild in other environments. If there is a potluck let the conversation include the context of our lives, the worlds we inhabit, and the ways we might shape them together to resonate with our fantasies. If there is a squat let it also be a space for social interaction – pirated movie nights, pilfered dinners, illegalist dance parties perhaps?

There is the problem of numbers, this we cannot deny, but there is also the problem of quality. 5000 rebels whose only shared experience of risk and adrenaline is hanging a sheet from the top of a building gets us no where. If we crave the rush of steel bars meeting police cruisers, bricks encountering bank windows, and flames embracing improvised blockades then we must learn how to use our bodies for such things.

In order to act in moments of heightened stress, we must practice. More, we must learn to see, think, and be in those moments. This too requires repetition. One does not attend their first demonstration confidently armed with petrol bomb and lead pipe. With this in mind, and with an eye to our current range of motion, we might consider the street march that ends on our own terms with all participants intact a small yet infectious victory.

² When talking with friends about the state of the anarchist movement in the US, our course has been conceptualized as an undulating wave, complete with crests and valleys. This framework corresponds with the idea that revolt is a constant, merely manifesting with varied frequencies and wavelengths across geographic and temporal terrain. While a thousand anarchists inhabiting one city or town, may seem unreal, in other times and places it is, was, or will be so.

To set one's immediate expectations a little lower, to not presume every demo a riot in wait, does not have to mean losing track of those visions, nor does it necessitate a lack of material preparation for those moments when more does become possible.

Sometimes, however, it *is* important to attempt the impossible, even if that means facing down the threat of failure. For if we forget how to dream expansively; if we never go beyond and dare to risk, then we will get no where new.

While we are certainly enchanted by the images of riot cops being licked by flames, we know that the true force of insurrection is *social* not military. Our capacity to transform lies in our ability to disrupt the various flows of commodity and currency and to generalize a rupture with the everyday of life under capitalism. *Revolution subverts more than it destroys*. This is true both of the relations conceived by capital and of our relationship to power and those who wield it over us.

In this vein, some of the more exemplary actions to come out of the Greek insurrection are efforts to seize *en masse* essential commodities like food, easily reproducible attacks on public transportation fare collection, the destruction of surveillance cameras, the burning of credit records and of course the various occupations of social space. And while all the street fighting and Molotov cocktails certainly kept the Greek police busy, thus creating the ideal conditions for such experiments, these acts are all ones we might reproduce here and now, if only on a different scale.

The point, however, is not to simply repeat the actions taken by others in revolt, but to act in ways that sustain us, further our endeavors *and* attack the economy all at once. What can we accomplish with our current strength that will satisfy our most unruly desires *and* create more expansive capacities?

A suggestion - humble and always open to critique - lies in the seizing and defending of space that can be used for our own ends against the designs of whomever might control it under the law. Although there are strategic implications in the ways we make a particular space use-full, the precise function of a space is not essential to the discussion.

Your stepfather calls. He also demands to know what the hell is going on, but his love for you (what little he has?) is submerged beneath competing allegiances. His tone is accusing, forceful, and I will have nothing of it.

"I think it's best that he discuss these events with you."

"Well, let me make it clear, his mother and I *aren't* paying his bail."

"That was clear from the beginning. It's okay, we're taking care of it."

And we are, we will soon. You are my friend, fellow thief, and comrade. These 10 benjamins are but a token. They will never find a price to measure our friendship, all the storms, treacherous paths, and unlikely struggles that brought us together. We spontaneously assemble to retrieve you: she offers her car, he has \$500, I have \$500, and she brings a hug and a warm smile. These are our gifts. We didn't get those fuckin mp3 players, and tonight no one plans to dine and dash.



But I will pick up your tab, get whatever strikes your fancy, and we will yet find other ways to defy this system of wage slavery. Today our enemies wanted us to repent, to feel ashamed for our rebellion, to punish us as 'petty thieves'. They have only made us stronger. We will whisper the sweet nothings of our revolt into the ears of all others they cannot quite control, and for that they will be sorry.

We found you at the barricades (where else?), two steps ahead of the choking clouds of tear gas, ten from their extended batons. And they dare write you off, call you a 'utopian'? You levied the most devastating critiques and put to shame all who count 'social theory' the property of their universities. Thanks comrade, for the dignity and grace by which you carried yourself, the brave instance of human life their news stories cannot recognize.

Twilight has arrived, and the night quickly approaches this balcony we shared with you but two weeks ago. We're crying and reminiscing and mourning and waxing poetic in the face of our sheer mortality, this fatal adventure called life. You will never know how those bullets shot through our hearts, or how long you'll linger with us. For this hunger there is no word. This kind of rage doesn't know how to make itself heard.

Anywhere USA, 1.45pm

Motherfuckers. What the hell am I going to do now? They just arrested you, carted you off to their 'adult detention center', those times after school really were a preparation for *this* society of jails and prisons. I don't know how we'll get in contact, but there's probably no point hangin around this hostile territory. I wonder what they'll do with your bike as I furiously pedal home. "Home"—a place they could raid at any time. I'm fretting, I'm waiting, I'm brainstorming like mad. With no other ideas, I call up a friend to commiserate and strategize at the coffeehouse. Another friend calls us—"What the hell is going on, what have they done to him?!" They're holding you on \$1000 bail, you're going to be charged with 'Class B Misdemeanor Stealing/Shoplifting'.

Goddamit comrade. Why didn't we do that research ahead of time? Why did we wear our backpacks into that horrific palace of commodities? But more than anything, since we didn't discuss exit strategy or what to do in case of confrontation by security or goody-two-shoes shoppers—why were we accomplices in that fuckin surveillance dungeon, that voyeur's paradise...I still remember all the stacked screens, crisp CCTV footage, the eyes of capital. Why did we betray each other with our silence? Never again, I swear to myself, and I detest their smug morality, their adulterous fidelity to private property, with every whit of this wildness that I am.

It is the qualities surrounding and inhabiting a space - an atmosphere of sociality and possibility, a premise of opposition and confrontation – that lend form. And in our purpose of building capacity we find substance.

Where there are empty houses, we can live in them. Where there are abandoned lots, we can grow our own food. When we are capable, we can blockade streets and use them for our own purposes – dancing, graffiti, bonfires, wrecking shops and abusing police cruisers. When there are enough of us, we can take over whole buildings and reconfigure their purpose to meet our needs. When we have the strength, we can occupy points of social (re)production – school, workplace, movie theater - and open them for public discussions, for uses outside their owners' intent.



When we cannot directly seize space, when we are forced to submit to the reasoning of the market, we can share what we are able to get our hands on. Namely, those items we can lift from shop and workplace, our methods and dreams, our abilities for care. Always with an eye towards expanding our activity both in time and in space.

When others find themselves confronted with the harsh realities of a world in crisis, when people push back against power, we can be there, communicate and act together against the forces that affect us all.

Where we are alone, we can search out other rebels with whom to talk, commune, care for and fight alongside.

Every rebellion, an invitation to participate.

Every revolt, an opportunity for movement.

on exclusivity and the ongoing revolution

the system of stratification in which we live is designed to undervalue the whole person and individual experience. the whole person is not what is important to the powerful. the task is what is valuable.

but valuing tasks and obedience does not mean that the aspects of a person's humanity simply dissolve. it is in the wholeness of ourselves that we interact with and know one another. it is within the wholeness of ourselves that we can form alliances that are for our good. it is within the wholeness of ourselves that we can begin to challenge the system that separates us from one another, that parcels us into aspects and capabilities and genders and races and states and nations. but it is difficult.

the need to encourage one another is not emphasized enough within revolutionary groups. too often, we use social controls over one another to influence behavior - withholding friendship or respect. when we do this, we are refusing to allow others to be their whole selves. in essence, we take a view of others as objects that should bend to our will, rather than individuals distinct from us. we have to draw the line between ourselves and our personal interests in order to acknowledge our distinctions and differences from others.

We have only each other, our cunning, our willingness to rise to the challenges of whatever happens. I am partially made up of adrenaline by now, but I am ready. We have done this before and will do it again. We are anarchists.

Kansas City, 6.22pm

You return to the auditorium from a phone call. Obviously distraught.

"It's Kirsten—she's dead. She got shot in New Orleans."

What?

"Oh my god..."

I look across the table at our friend, another friend of hers, and motion for him to come as I get up to leave. We're outside, we're all hugging, voices are cracking, eyes about to burst with dammed up tears. What the fuck! No one prepared us. There is no preparing for this. Not knowing what to do, we call our friends, mainly those who knew her—who immediately recognized in her a *compa*. Shock prevails, we don't have the words, but we already know.

No one has the exact details, so we approach a student to ask if he can log us on to a computer in the lobby. We don't really say why, none of us care right now to share this moment with a stranger. We never wanted to do this research, but there's no choice. Twenty minutes doesn't yield much further information, it's breaking news, the NOLA pigs suspect a robbery: her purse and bike are missing. Several shots to the head.

I stare out the window, silenced, and I already know that we'll never know. There will be no solace or consolation in the details, nothing to learn that would ever comfort us. This is why we fight, why we live subversively. Whether she was slain by the authorities, white supremacist thugs, or a desperate 'criminal'—all characters weaving the tragic story of New Orleans—the meaning and response is the same: social war.

Kirsten, we love you, in the present tense. You are not our martyr but our co-conspirator with the infectious grin, ornery bangs, and impeccable style.

"Excuse me..." and she turns. "Are you going to St Louis?"

"Yeah...?"

"Cool. We are too, and we have two different sets of tickets and we're not sure which is the right one for this ride. Can we look at your ticket and compare it to ours?"

"My ticket?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah, okay..."

Smooth enough I guess, but she gave a quizzical look. Sometimes you endure some awkwardness to get what you want. In this case, a free ride. Okay. 1-4-4-8. She was seat number two.

"What seat numbers should we write down?"

"I don't know...maybe 10 or 11?"

"No, there are too many people already gathering to line up—how about 35 and 36?" "That sounds good."

"Yeah, I don't think it's too high, and it's definitely not too low."

"Yeah."

We share a smile. I don't feel too much adrenaline, but it's there, beneath the surface. This still happens, maybe always will. Maybe it's just a healthy pressure, a reminder that you're alive, that you can make a difference right now, you're more than a victim of this circumstance, so—be on your toes, be ready, react swiftly and tactically. You never know what's going to happen.

The bus shows up, the M5A, digital sign broadcasting "Chicago / St Louis". A line begins to form, and we get to the front. Someone else might have seat number 35 or 36, and they might have paid for that seat. Presumably everyone else in this line has paid for their seats. Better for them to get the heat from the Megabus employee than us—we've got an alibi in case we've unfortunately duplicated another's seat number, but it might not hold up too well. Depends on a lot of things out of our immediate control, but we didn't come this far to chicken out.

We are alone, and in this moment there are no friends to 'have our backs', no parents to protect us, no gods to guarantee our ride.

doing this frees us from our own action as objectifiers. allowing others to be free brings us closer to our own freedom.

i have heard a lot of criticism lately of the term "community". this criticism mostly revolves around the idea that community implies cohesion - that all individuals within a community are alike. this has not been my experience within communities, but i have heard similar criticisms voiced about the community that i lived in and loved, and i often did feel excluded in the fact that i did not adhere completely to the values of certain individuals (this is not to say it was an intentional - or explicit- exclusion on any part).

i think that if we want to see ourselves as belonging to a community, it must be a community of interest. we are linked by what we love - be it freedom from oppression, dumpstering, whatever - and what we fight against. but these links in no way define our whole selves. instead, these interests, these pursuits, act as a string that runs through each of us, connecting us tentatively to one another, but not tying us together in a way that is permanent or all consuming.

i do not know how to address the ways in which individuals will hurt a community, the ways that accusations and rumors can deeply affect how closely linked we are willing to be, but i do think that if we refused to buy into situations that encourage social control - such as forming a unified group identity - it is less likely that a community will dissolve when that identity is challenged.

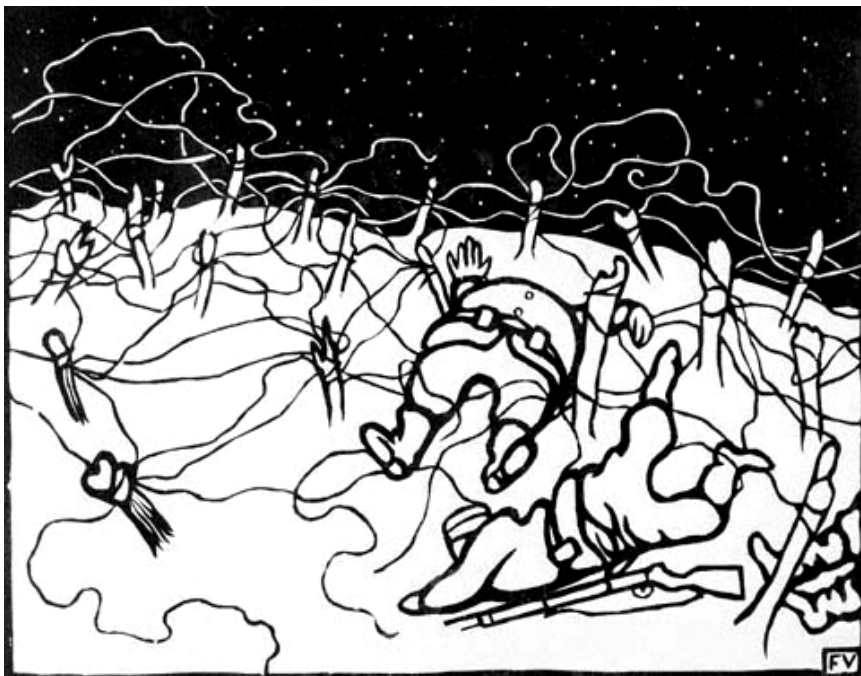
i hope, also, that it will be more likely that individual actions are directly addressed at the individual level. seeing one another as individuals separate from ourselves allows us to be more frank with them when it comes to addressing behaviors that are painful to us. seeing each person in a community as an individual makes it less likely that the collective back will be turned when one person is wronged.

writing this, i am speaking to large communities of interest- the communities that come together from various life places to work on infoshops, build anarchist networks, etc. we need to let go of one another and our desire for the world to be one way if we want to continue in revolution. we need a constant revolution, not one that ends because the things that we wanted have come to pass.

conversely, i am not speaking directly to households or peer and affinity groups. i don't have any idea of how to handle social dynamics in these contexts, and feel that it is the responsibility of each unique group to address the issue.

we have been taught to become a cohesive group, but being a cohesive group means that each individual must sacrifice a part of their uniqueness. i believe that our strength is in each person's capacity to be whole, and that this wholeness should be encouraged among us.

we should celebrate where we align, but not negate people for their dissimilarity. to do this means that we are not providing individuals the space in which to speak and be heard, that we are essentially claiming the revolution as the revolution we envision, not for all people, but only for people willing to sacrifice part of themselves in its pursuit.



Misadventures and Explorations

Chicago, 11:12am

Well, here we are again. Stranded. At least for a minute. Sometimes your scams don't quite work. It's not as if we hadn't done our homework. You just never know what's going to happen. You can have a perfect plan, excellent communication, the most cold-blooded demeanor, and it all evaporates just as you were tasting victory. We were boarding the bus, and we knew every component of the 'confirmation number' but the second set of 4 numbers. From comparing tickets, we learned that these digits changed from ride to ride, but were they all the same for any individual ride? I approached a lady, roughly our age, dressed kinda posh. She had been standing down the sidewalk from us, beside a couple pieces of luggage, obviously trying to catch a bus. One last rehearsal...and—here we go.

The starting point for us is one of extreme isolation and extreme powerlessness. Everything about the insurrectionary process still remains to be built. It may be that nothing seems more unlikely than an insurrection; but nothing is more necessary.

What does it mean to participate in the “building of an insurrectionary process?” Perhaps it is something along the lines of: collectively working out a strategy, building capacity, and creating an autonomous social force. In what ways are our current activities congruent with this project? In what ways are they divergent?

Communes come into being when people find themselves, understand each other, and decide to go forth together. The commune itself makes the decision as to when it would perhaps be useful to break it up. It's the joy of encounters, surviving its obligatory asphyxiation. It's what makes us say “we,” and what makes that an event. What's strange isn't that people who agree with each other form communes, but that they remain separated. Why shouldn't communes proliferate everywhere? In every factory, every street, every village, every school. At last the true reign of the committees of the base! We need communes that accept being what they are, where they are; a multitude of communes, replacing society's institutions: family, school, union, sports club, etc. We need communes that, outside of their specifically political activity, aren't afraid to organize themselves for the material and moral survival of all their members and all the lost ones that surround them. Communes that don't define themselves – as collectives tend to do – by what's within them and what's outside of them, but by the density of the connections at their core. Communes not defined by the persons that make them up, but by the spirit that animates them.

Long live The Commune!

Call³ and Response⁴: The Insurrection to Come

In a world where “becoming independent” is a euphemism for “finding a boss to work for” [...] the decomposition of all social forms is really a blessing. It is for us the ideal condition for a savage mass experimentation, for new arrangements, for new loyalties [...] “To become independent,” to become autonomous, can also mean to learn how to fight in the streets, to take over empty buildings, to never work, to love ourselves and each other like crazy and steal from shops.

The values we have inherited from our parents, teachers, bosses, and managers of every stripe are bankrupt. All they can give us is a meager acceptance of the way things are. In order to live according to our own designs it is necessary to reinvent our own values, our own lenses through which we interpret the world.

There is no singular truth, no final objectivity. Let us denounce those who would see our instincts for rebellion safely transformed into yet more work – charity, activism, militancy – in the name of some inherent truth – pacifism, civil rights, or guilty privilege. In their place we will find ways of communicating, languages to interpret our surroundings and experiences, that are *useful* in their subjectivity. We will find activity that has value through the fulfillment of our most subversive desires.

Those who've found less humiliation and more benefit in a life of crime than in sweeping floors will not give up their weapons, and prison won't make them love society.

³ Excerpts from ‘L’insurrection qui vient’ the full text of which is available at <http://tarnac9.wordpress.com>

⁴ Notes in response.

What are our weapons - our forms of crime that enable us to actually live?

Shoplifting of food, clothes, and entertainment. Scams and fraud for money or other things we might find useful. Squatting land and houses. Piracy of intellectual property, of utilities. Workplace theft of time, the services we provide and the commodities we produce. In a word re-appropriation.

Of what weapons could we begin to make use?

Mass looting or the *proletarian shopping* of Italian autonomia. Coordination of theft and sharing of bounty. Complicit affinities at work – a knowledge of and trust between those who know the bosses' property is always up for grabs - that might lead to more daring expropriations.

We belong to a generation ... that never expected to get anything out of our rights according to workplace law, and even less out of the right to work. A generation that's not even "precarious" as the most advanced fractions of leftist militancy like to theorize, because to be precarious is still to define yourself according to the sphere of work, in sum: according to its decomposition. We admit the necessity of getting money, regardless of the means, because it's impossible right now to do without it, but we don't admit the necessity of working. Anyway, we don't work anymore, we just go jobbing. A particular business enterprise isn't a place one exists in, but a place one passes through. We aren't cynical, we are just hesitant to be taken advantage of. All the discourses on motivation, quality, and personal investment, just slide off our backs, to the great dismay of all the human resources managers.

The present machinery of production is on the one hand a gigantic mental and physical mobilization-machine, sucking up the energy of those who have become "excess" humans, and on the other it is a sorting machine that allows conformed subjectivities to survive and lets drop any and all "risk individuals," those who incarnate a different use of life, and in that sense resist it. On the one hand they give life to ghosts, and on the other they let the living die.

Communist economies and nomadic tribes, eco-villages and temporary rendezvous - all may find their niche in a post-capitalist world.

What makes the crisis desirable is that in the crisis the environment ceases to be the environment. We are forced to reestablish contact, albeit a fatal one, with what's there, to rediscover the rhythms of reality. What surrounds us is no longer a landscape, a panorama, a theater, but rather it is what we have to inhabit, something we should be made of, something we can learn from. We won't let ourselves be robbed by those who've caused the possible content of the "catastrophe." Where the managers platonically discuss among themselves how they might reverse emissions "without breaking the bank," the only realistic option we can see is to "break the bank" as soon as possible, and make good use of each collapse of the system until then to increase our strength.

There's no more reason to expect or wait for anything – to expect that it will all blow over, that the revolution will come, a nuclear apocalypse or a social movement. To wait anymore is madness. The catastrophe isn't coming; it's here. We're already situated within a civilization's movement of collapse. And we have to take part in it.

To do "nothing" and carry on as usual is to return to one's social obligations without conspiring to rebel, without carrying treasonous thoughts into the daily routine. This "nothing" is really just a complicity with normality. It is an act which carries as much weight as the decision to cease living in submission, to once and for all exclaim, "Enough!"

To stop waiting means to enter into insurrectionary logic in one way or another. It means to begin to hear, once again, in the voices of our rulers, that trembling of terror that's never really left them. Because to govern has never meant anything but to hold back, by a thousand subterfuges, the moment when the crowd will string you up – and every act of government is nothing but another way to keep from losing control over the population.

Here's the situation: our parents were employed to destroy this world, and now they'd like to make us all work to rebuild it so that, adding insult to injury, it becomes profitable.

The recuperation of environmentalism by capitalism is a ubiquitous banality. The imperative to recycle, to build green, produce and consume locally, organically no longer contains a kernel of subversion. This is contemporary capitalism, nothing more nothing less.

Everything about the ecologists' discourse has to be turned upside down. Wherever they call the blunders of the present management system for beings and things "catastrophes," we should really only see the catastrophe of its oh-so perfect operation. [...] What presents itself everywhere as an ecological catastrophe has always been above all the manifestation of our disastrous relationship with the world. The present paradox of ecology is that on the pretext of saving the Earth, it is merely saving the foundations of what's desolated it.

There is no greater disaster than suspended dispossession – a truly global terror.

Among the signatory nations to the Kyoto Protocol, the only countries that have fulfilled their commitments, indeed in spite of themselves, are the Ukraine and Romania. Guess why. The most advanced experimentation with "organic" agriculture on a global level has taken place since 1989 on the island of Cuba. Guess why. And it's along the African highways, and not elsewhere, that automobile mechanics' work has come to be a form of popular art. Guess how.

Industrial capitalism is not consistent with life. We need not think of its downfall in terms of some nightmarish Armageddon: mass death and a miserable reality for those who survive. The end of this world creates the opportunity for the birth of a million other worlds, experiments in living, hypothesis to be tested.

To organize beyond and against work, to collectively desert the regime of motivation, and manifest the existence of a vitality and discipline in demobilization itself, is a crime that a civilization in desperate straits will never forgive us; it's in fact the only way to survive it.

Collectively being the key word here. How can we begin to approach such a desertion? Is the general strike still the only window through which we might glimpse a new world? Clearly the suspension of all social activity is still a decisive factor in any revolutionary situation, but it is just as clear that the forms this might take today are different from those of eras past.

Is it possible to conceive of conditions in and through which a minority might mutiny against the world of work yet remain a part of the greater collectivity, in essence retaining the capacity to subvert? Surely *organizing beyond and against work* does not necessitate being unemployed. But a life lived on one's own terms, without compromise, might still be a useful position from which to act.

The metropolis is a terrain of constant low intensity conflict, of which the occupations of Basra, Mogadishu, or Nablus are the culmination points. The city, for soldiers, was for a long time a place to be avoided, or perhaps to besiege; the metropolis on the other hand is perfectly compatible with war. Armed conflict is merely another episode in its constant self-reconfiguration. The battles waged by the great powers are like incessantly repeated policing tasks in the black holes of the metropolis – "whether in Burkina Faso, the south Bronx, Kamagasaki, Chiapas or the northeastern suburbs of Paris." These "interventions" aren't really so much aiming for any victory or to restore order or peace, but rather they are performed in the maintenance of the great enterprise of forced "security" that's always/already at work. War can no longer be isolated within time, but is diffracted in a series of military and police micro-operations to ensure security.

The world is always at war with our desires. To demonstrate for peace in some remote corner of the world is to ignore, or be unaffected by, the war that is waged against our bodies on a daily basis. For some this manifests with swat teams, police murders, and prison sentences. For others it is the daily grind that wears down our bodies and pulverizes our dreams. Thus no demonstration can only be in relation to a singular event – invasion of Iraq, assault on Gaza, police murder of a Greek teenager. For within our solidarity we carry the memories and emotions engendered by whatever brutalities we are exposed to every day.

Every network has its weak points, the nodes that have to be taken out to stop circulation, to implode the latticework. The last big European power outage proved it: a single incident involving a high-tension power line and the lights go out over a good chunk of the continent. To get something happening in the metropolis, to open other possibilities, the first step would have to be stopping its perpetuum mobile . The Thai rebels that knocked out the electrical relays understood that, the anti-CPE protesters that blocked the universities to then try to block the economy understood it, and the American dockworkers that struck in October 2002 to save 300 jobs, and blocked the main west coast ports for 10 days understood it too. The American economy is so dependent on influx from Asian countries that the cost of that blockage was calculated at around a million euros a day. Ten thousand people can shake the world's greatest global economic power. For certain "experts," if the movement had lasted one more month, it would have been the cause for the "return to a recession in the United States, and an economic nightmare for Southeast Asia."

There are sectors of the class that, while on the job, occupy more or less essential positions within the economy – longshoremen, truck drivers, and oil workers to name a few - and thus have an according ability for disruption. And while this may certainly be a reality, we can go further to say that each person in this society occupies a role – barista, housewife, student, or unemployed – that is in one way or another necessary for the smooth functioning of exploitation.

The “industrial proletariat” increasingly becomes yet another relic of history through mechanization, modernization, and with respect to particular localities, the export of industry. Where once we may have worked in factories or mines we now find ourselves faced with the prospects of fast food chains and retail outlets. Not that we maintain any nostalgia for the murderous occupations of generations past, but it is important to recognize that we have been separated from each other as a class. The early factories, despite all their evils, did provide a focal point for our efforts of self-negation. Throughout the modern era, class struggle led the capitalist class, with the aid of the social sciences, to design workplaces more conducive to the production of wealth than rebellion. Currently, the dispersed production of the service economy, yet another reorganization of capital, means that where we were once strong and rebellious, we are now separated and more easily controlled.

It is in our refusal to submit before the economy, that we can find our own power and recognize those who share our position. As the strikers before us shut down a city's factories, with friendly greetings or forceful blockades, we too can paralyze the economy. The resumption of a proletarian assault, depends in part upon being recognized in turn by our likes including those workers who still hold on to the more traditional industrial occupations.

