

+ THE MARY NARDINI GANG +
+ VENGEANCE +
+ AND THE IMPLAUSIBILITY
OF LIBERAL QUEERNESS +



***PDF OF THIS ZINE AND ALL TITLES IN OUR DISTRO AVAILIABLE AT:
[HTTPS://DOWNANDOUTDISTRO.NOBLOGS.ORG](https://downandoutdistro.noblogs.org)***

Contents

PG 3: 'Forward (Or Maybe Backwards?)' *by some editors of Down&Out*

PG 15: 'Mary Nardini- a Profile of a Milwaukee Anarchist' *from Total Destroy #3*

PG 19: 'Towards the Queerest Insurrection' *by Mary Nardini Gang*

PG 27: 'Appendix One: Relevant Queer Mythology' *from Queer Ultraviolence (Bash Back! An Anthology)*

PG 31: 'Criminal Intimacy' *By Gang of Criminal Queers (from Total Destroy #3)*

PG 37: 'Whore Theory' *from Queer Ultraviolence (Bash Back! An Anthology)*

PG 41: 'Interview with the Mary Nardini Gang' *from Queer Ultraviolence (Bash Back! An Anthology)*

PG 45: 'Civil War, Partisanship, Revenge' *extracts from 'A short introduction to the Politics of Cruelty' Hostis I 'A Journal of Incivility'*

PG 53: 'A Letter To the Editors' (Hostis II Beyond Recognition) *by Mary Nardini Gang.*

PG 59: 'A Cautious Reply' (Hostis II Beyond Recognition) *by the editors of Hostis.*

PG 63: 'Queer Insurrectionalism in Europe?: A Photographic Insight' *by some editors of Down&Out*



Forward

(Or Maybe Backwards)

We decided recently to embark on this project of collecting the works and texts of various queer insurrectional and nihilist formations for the purposes of proliferating and expanding a trajectory within European insurgent praxis which till now remains in the shadows of social centers, the back-rooms of libraries, and deep in the hearts of a vaguely committed few. In conversations with friends, lovers, and for want of a better word comrades, we have set out to bring into zine form a plethora of texts which till now have remained somewhat underground (even within our tiny meaningless milieu) and have passed often unnoticed between many of us. Within their own context, these texts have ignited excitement, debate, critique and action and form part of an alive and kicking queer insurrectional and nihilist milieu. In the case of this zine, we refer to a trajectory of Queer Insurrectionalism and Nihilism that has grown up in the North American context since the mid 2000's and has been responsible for many actions, texts, conflicts and engagements both with and against Liberal Queers and more traditional Anarchists-as millennial queer insurgents attempted to address the gaping false dichotomy often presented between queer critiques and insurrectional ones.

It is neither a new line, nor a new tension, but in light of recent events and communiques in London UK (the disgusting presence of liberal TERFS at the anarchist book-fair and the subsequent confrontation between them and insurrectional queers; leading to a series of eye wateringly

bullshit texts by 'some anarchists' and others, who paint all forms of queer attack as fundamentally liberal) we feel the weight of an intense call to arms.

Whilst we feel no need to defend ourselves, neither our ideas to anyone, we do want to share them; and to give aspiring queer insurgents access to ideas we found oh so hard to discover.

We are tired, very tired of being forced to choose between our queerness and our insurgent praxis. Tired of being told breaking windows or burning cars is macho and exclusionary, tired of being told that queers support the police, of demands for 'recognition' or 'protection', tired of all those trajectories that have forced us to choose between the black mask and the pink one. We are here to tell you, that those same 'identitarians' who call-out transmisogyny, organize those bullshit dance parties, apparently worry about 'safe space' and read Judith Butler, also roll deep in demos, smash windows, fight cops, do graffiti, sabotage and arson in clandestine formations you never heard of, and have also read Nietzsche, Bonanno, and every CCF communique written in the last 10 years.

We are fucking sick of being forced to make a choice between riotous anarchist and insurgent scenes which fail to look at their own defense of the existent (through supporting rapists, transphobes, and racists- all of which they claim as mere identitarian concerns) and Liberal Queer ones where 'anti oppression' ends at personal behaviors and not with shooting police.

We posit that an all out war on the existent is possible, but that this includes war on ourselves, our friends and our

scenes, which inevitably drink from the poisoned chalice of this reality.

We will steal and borrow theory and praxis from anywhere and anyone who has a stake in turning this world to ruins, forget the canonic god fathers and mothers (Bakunin, Kropotkin, Goldmann) who we uphold as some kind of purist Anarchic heroes; out there in the world beyond the milieus are vibrant traditions of anti colonial, anti racist and anti patriarchal struggles which propose kinds of destitution anarchists can only dream of! From the works of Derrida, Wilderson, and Hansen to the actions of the George Jackson Brigade/Men Against Sexism (an armed queer formation in the U.S. prison system in the 70's) and the 'Check It' "gang" ("a black gay street gang that used to wreak havoc in gentrified Chinatown and Gallery Place") we are inundated with examples of insurgent praxis that remembers and honors struggles emanating from community self defense, identity based concerns (even where the end goal the destruction of identity) and the desire for revenge.

It is the goal of this project, to give life and amplification to these ideas, struggles, and practices and to share them with queer and anarchist milieus in the hope of fueling their proliferation. With this in mind, Down and Out Distro has been chasing down texts from a wide range of trajectories and reproducing them in more easily accessible zine formats with the hope that they will reach friendly eyes.

In this particular Zine, we will focus on the Mary Nardini gang; a loose Queer and Insurrectional formation from Milwaukee, Wisconsin (USA) which first appeared publicly in the late 2000's with the text 'Towards the Queerest

Insurrection' and was active amongst what has now been come to be called the 'Bash Back!' network/milieu (A Queer and Anarchist trajectory in the North America which in 2007/08 became somewhat well known for its participations and interventions in the counter Democrat and Republican Convergence and later for the book 'Bash Back! An Anthology'). Under the interchangeable names 'Mary Nardini Gang', and 'A Gang of Criminal Queers', a number of texts have been released in various websites, books, and publications; calling for new kinds of 'criminal queer' and queer insurrectional praxis, as well as descriptions of actions and revenge, discussions on tactics, and critiques of 'identity politics' and liberal queer trajectories. We find the particular nuances of the Mary Nardini Gang interesting, since they position themselves explicitly within the desire to abolish all which makes us 'queer' whilst still acknowledging the current reality:

"We need to rediscover our riotous inheritance as queer anarchists. We need to destroy constructions of normalcy, and create instead a position based in our alienation from this normalcy, and one capable of dismantling it. We must use these positions to instigate breaks, not just from the assimilationist mainstream, but from capitalism itself. These positions can become tools of a social force ready to create a complete rupture with this world. Our bodies have been born into conflict with this social order. We need to deepen that conflict and make it spread."

Over the last years, we have also watched them struggle theoretically to develop forms of resistance and revenge to white-supremacist-cis-hetro-patriarchy which escape the all to present specter of 'policing' and 'justice' often visible in Queer and Anarchist communities, in particular when

dealing with oppressive and dominant behaviors of individuals within those communities.

We are hugely inspired by the variety and nuance they bring to topics concerning queer and insurrectional praxis, and felt it important to share some of their engagements and discussions which we think can be of great benefit to any and all insurgents currently at war with the existent.

We are of course, hesitant not to create idols; or of historicism of particular actions/struggles/formations over others and so we direct our readers to think of these texts rather as conversations than as programs; to engage with them as active and living discussion rather than as entrenched theory/dogma- For this reason, we also include a number of extracts from the Hostis Journal which engage critically with the Mary Nardini Gang and 'Bash Back!' formations and problematize some tendencies which lead to more 'identitarian' or 'recognition' based outputs.

We present the texts here, in roughly chronological order in hope of charting a movement of discourse and journeys of problematization both within the 'Mary Nardini Gang' and within the Bash Back! milieu more broadly.

The first text we present is not directly from the Gang, but offers a small dose of historical mysticism to their name and is taken from "Total Destroy: A Milwaukee Anarchist Periodical". It tells the story of the original character "Mary Nardini" an Italian American Anarchist living in the early 20th century. We found it funny to include in this collection despite not knowing whether or not this is where the Mary Nardini gang draws its name from since it is a funny tale of one badass motherfucking bitch.

The gangs premier text 'Towards the Queerest Insurrection' appeared in the late 2000's and is published in the book 'Bash Back! an Anthology' (released by Ardent Press in 2011). In this text, the Mary Nardini gang, presents its understanding of what it means to be queer from a radical and insurrectional perspective, positing that queerness is/has the potential to/should be in confrontation with the existent and presenting an ideological framework for a queer praxis of social war:

'Queer is the abnormal, the strange, the dangerous. Queer involves our sexuality and our gender, but so much more. It is our desire and fantasies and more still. Queer is the cohesion of everything in conflict with the heterosexual capitalist world. Queer is a total rejection of the regime of the Normal.'

The text was released during a moment in North American Queer and Anarchists circles, in which huge conversations regarding assimilationist or insurrectional queerness, identity politics, tactics strategies and engagements with broader sites of rupture, and many other topics were coming to the forefront of discourse and represents something of a 'seminal text/program' for many of the more radical elements within the 'Bash Back!' network as well as those currently who elect to try and carve out a queer and insurrectional praxis in the margins of anarchist milieus.

Appendix 1: Relevant Queer Mythology, which appeared shortly after 'Towards the Queerest Insurrection' as an addition to the text, offers a brief and selective history of a number of riotous, and insurrectional moments which at the time were often absent in narratives around events like 'Stonewall:

"Molotov cocktails were thrown at the bar. Riot police arrived on scene, but were unable to regain control of the situation. Drag queens danced a conga line and sang songs amidst the street fighting to mock the inability of the police to re-establish order. The rioting continued until dawn, only to be picked up again at nightfall of the subsequent days."

Although it is now true, that even in somewhat liberal Queer circles in Europe we are quite used to the maxim 'Stonewall was a Riot', it should be noted that in many queer narratives at the time, this was not a common or popular belief, and makes this appendix all the more important in arguing for current insurrectional practices.

At roughly the same moment the text "Criminal Intimacy" appears in the Milwaukee Anarchist Journal 'Total Destroy'; originally attributed to 'A Gang of Criminal Queers' and later acknowledged as also from the Mary Nardini Gang; "Criminal Intimacy" offers an uplifting sortie into the joys of criminality, the sexy 'becomings' and exchanges that occur between those embracing the subtle flows of crime and queerness whilst also steering dialectly away from the desire to create 'Identities' from these activities:

"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 restraint. We are in conflict with all that restricts every and each desire. We are becoming whatever. Our sole commodity is our hatred for everything that exists. Held in common, such a revolt of desire can never be assimilated into the state form"

Following this text, we present "Whore Theory", now attributed to the Mary Nardini Gang the text presents and

stunningly visceral analysis of the character of 'the whore' and offers an insight into the delinquent lives of 'queer insurgents', which face the world with a pure and beautiful hostility:

"The whore is a slut, yes, but she is also a bum and a young delinquent; she is a faggot, a queen, an angry dyke, an insurrectional anarchist in heels, a tyrannical tranny. She is everything and nothing, everyone and no one."

Also from around this period, is the 'Interview with the Mary Nardini Gang' which features in *Bash-Back An Anthology*. In this text, a navigation of the break from Liberal Queerness is detailed, in particular with reference to internal contradictions and conflicts amongst those in the Bash Bash Network- The Mary Nardini Gang, express their perspective which spits in the face of queer narratives of non violence:

"Bash Back! isn't about being polite, or nice. Bash Back! means challenging and destroying normalcy. This is going to be rude. It's going to be messy! If you aren't into this, then you're in the wrong place."

We then move forward some years, and direct our lense to what for many in Europe will be a little known Journal called *Hostis*. *Hostis* emerges in around 2015 in the wake of the death several years before of the Bashback movement and during an emergence in the U.S. (especially in the Bay Area) of what is now a somewhat vibrant Queer Nihilist trajectory. Shaking off 'movement' and more broad radical politics in favour of a 'pure negativity' a number of texts and journals appear focusing on an attempt to develop forms of Queer Nihilism and insurrectional praxis which are mostly or wholly focused on negation of the existent:

"This world—the police and armies that defend it, the institutions that constitute it, the architecture that gives it shape, the subjectivities that populate it, the apparatuses that administer its function, the schools that inscribe its ideology, the activism that frantically responds to its crises, the arteries of its circulation and flows, the commodities that define life within it, the communication networks that proliferate it, the information technology that surveils and records it—must be annihilated in every instance, all at once." **Baeden Volume I**

This trajectory, which clearly has influences from the more radical elements of Bash Back! proceeds today to pursue a form of insurrectional queerness that is in the totality of its project a negation of the existent and the destruction of this world.

Within this context, the writers of Hostis I offer 'An introduction to the politics of cruelty' in which they present there ideas and strategies of war and attack:

"To be clear, we do not mean partisan politicians who are still supporters of a cause. We mean the armed groups of history such as the Soviet Partisans who fought guerrilla war against the Nazis. Like their struggle, we must draw power from a surrounding milieu occupied by our enemies."

Within this introduction, some thought and space is given to a critique of Bash Back! and by extension some of the thoughts of the Mary Nardini Gang- which sparked a series of conversations, critiques and discussions within the context of the U.S. queer and anarchist milieu(s). Although this text is not directly associated to the Mary Nardini Gang we include it for these reasons. In this zine, we have made the decision to only take an extract of this text, first for the simple reason of space, and second since we felt that not all of it is relevant to the discussion we are trying

to highlight. To read the text in its entirety see incivility.org or read our phamplet 'Cruelty'.

A few years later, Hostis released a second journal entitled 'Beyond Recognition' which attempts to present a series of arguments against Identity and Recognition and to argue for a sort of radical anti humanism that rejects categorisation by civilization. Within this journal appears a letter from the Mary Nardini Gang:

"In particular, we'd like to address your engagement with the anthology Queer Ultraviolence wherein a sampling of our writing appears. Shortly after the publication of the anthology, a rather opaque and short debate played out within the anarchist milieu around the question of vengeance. If we are dissatisfied with the depth of the appraisal of the question, we are all the more grateful for your effort to raise it again."

In this letter, they problematise the question of vengeance, of creating politics or firm ideological standpoints and attempt something of an autocritique. Following their letter, is an attempt by the Hostis Journal Editors to engage with the points raised and to continue to problematize around vengeance vs policing as well as attempts at presenting possible future strategies:

"In the end , we are not worried about queer vengeance being reactionary. We think that blackmail is an underappreciated art. Perhaps queer vengeance is often not reactionary enough - lacking the strength to defeat our enemies, not deep enough to rid ourselves of their systems of oppression, and without the persistence to destroy the world that they've created."

This text is also included in our small collection, in the hope of expanding and opening some of the themes brought up.

To cite queer insurrectional praxis and the ideas from these texts in our own context, we originally set out to collect words and stories from criminal queers, insurrectional trans-feminists, and other uncontrollables on this side of the water and to present them under the title "Queer Insurrectionalism in Europe". After much outreaching, chasing ghosts and bullying our friends, we decided we were doing something wrong. Some of the beauty contained in Queer Insurrectional praxis in Europe lies in the fact that it is so subversive, underground, and refuses to communicate itself. It's not the actions aren't happening, or that the people don't exist, but rather that many of us have chosen to lurk in the shadows, to slip the noose of identification, and to let those cops who keep assuming "only men smash things" keep on assuming that- in the end maybe it's what keeps us out of jail and able to act :-)

Further, we got this impression, that words somehow imply death, that a chronology of actions or events would imply something past and not something which occupies our present. For this reason we opted instead to search out recent and historical pictures of peoples actions, or combative posturing and to display them throughout the zine with a brief description of each and its context offered in the last pages.

With all this in mind, we present our little collection "The Mary Nardini Gang, Vengeance, and the Implausability of Liberal Queerness". We hope it brings you fire in the same way these texts ignited us.

Till it all falls.

Some editors @ D&O



'Mary Nardini'

A Profile of a Milwaukee Anarchist

Mary Nardini was an Italian anarchist who lived and organized in Milwaukee's Bay View neighborhood in the early 20th century. She was revered in the Bay View's Italian anarchist community as the 'guiding light' of I Dilettanti Filodrammatici del Circolo Studi Sociali, which translates roughly as The Dramatic Lovers Social Study Circle. The Dramatic Lovers were a group of Italian anarchists who operated a space that was not unlike many contemporary infoshops. Members of the group occupied themselves distributing anarchist literature, hosting discussions, and putting on anti-state and anti-church plays as fundraisers to support anarchist political prisoners.

Bay View's Little Italy, as a community, was known for its general distaste for the church and the state. Folks in the community were deemed troublemakers by religious and pro-government Italians who lived in the Third Ward neighborhood. Among the latter was Reverend August Giuliani. In 1917 Giuliani began a campaign to convert the largely secular Bay View Italians to Christianity. He and his choir held weekly revivals, complete with singing and preaching in the streets of Bay View.

In late August of 1917, Mary Nardini and a handful of other anarchists confronted Reverend Giuliani in the streets. They declared themselves anarchists and proclaimed their hatred for the state, the church, laws, and the pope. Visibly shaken and offended, Giuliani and his band left.

He returned the next week. When he and his choir arrived, they saw Mary reading a book on her porch. As Giuliani began his sermon, several anarchists gathered nearby and began singing 'vulgar' Italian songs that announced, "we fight the government, we fight the citizens, we are for anarchy!" Soon crowds of over 75 had gathered and were heckling Giuliani.



One person in the crowd promised Giuliani, "If you return to Bay View, we'll kill you. We have the lake for people like you!" Fearing for his Life, Giuliani fled.

On September 9th, Giuliani returned again, bringing several Milwaukee Police Officers with him. As he arrived, Mary Nardini was seen yelling into the front door of a house. Within moments, she marched out of the residence with a column of over 50 anarchists following closely behind. The police began roughing up one of the anarchists, resulting in several of the folks in Nardini's crew drawing their guns. What ensued was a shootout between police and anarchists that left two anarchists dead, several people wounded on both sides, and Giuliani running for his life.

In the aftermath, Nardini and over a dozen other anarchists were arrested for rioting. Eleven people, including Nardini, were then indicted for the incident.

On November 24th, while the defendants were in jail awaiting trial, a suspicious package was delivered to Giuliani's church in the third ward. Fearing a retaliation bombing, church servants brought the package to the down-town police station. Assuredly the package was a bomb. While being inspected five days later, humorously, the bomb detonated, killing nine police officers, including several who were involved in the Bay View incident. The explosion at the police station marks the most cops killed in any incident in the history of the Milwaukee Police Department.

Though Nardini and her comrades were in police custody at the time of the explosion, the incident irreversibly tainted the jury, and at trial she was found guilty and sentenced to life in prison.



'Toward The Queerest Insurrection'

I

"Some will read "queer" as synonymous with "gay and lesbian" or "LGBT". This reading falls short. While those who would fit within the constructions of "L", "G", "B" or "T" could fall within the discursive limits of queer, queer is not a stable area to inhabit. Queer is not merely another identity that can be tacked onto a list of neat social categories, nor the quantitative sum of our identities. Rather, it is the qualitative position of opposition to presentations of stability—an identity that problematizes the manageable limits of identity. Queer is a territory of tension, defined against the dominant narrative of white hetero-monogamous-patriarchy, but also by an affinity with all who are marginalized, otherized and oppressed. Queer is the abnormal, the strange, the dangerous. Queer involves our sexuality and our gender, but so much more. It is our desire and fantasies and more still. Queer is the cohesion of everything in conflict with the heterosexual capitalist world. Queer is a total rejection of the regime of the Normal."

II

As queers we understand Normalcy. Normal, is the tyranny of our condition; reproduced in all of our relationships. Normalcy is violently reiterated in every minute of every day. We understand this Normalcy as the Totality. The Totality being the interconnection and overlapping of all oppression and misery. The Totality is the state. It is capitalism. It is civilization and empire. The totality is fence post crucifixion. It is rape and murder at the hands of police. It is "Str8 Acting" and "No Fatties or Femmes". It is Queer Eye for the Straight Guy. It is

the brutal lessons taught to those who can't achieve Normal. It is every way we've limited ourselves or learned to hate our bodies. We understand Normalcy all too well.

III

When we speak of social war, we do so because purist class analysis is not enough for us. What does a marxist economic worldview mean to a survivor of bashing? To a sex worker? To a homeless, teenage runaway? How can class analysis, alone as paradigm for a revolution, promise liberation to those of us journeying beyond our assigned genders and sexualities? The Proletariat as revolutionary subject marginalizes all whose lives don't fit in the model of heterosexual-worker. Lenin and Marx have never fucked the ways we have. We need something a bit more thorough something equipped to come with teethgnashing to all the intricacies of our misery. Simply put, we want to make ruins of domination in all of its varied and interlacing forms. This struggle inhabiting every social relationship is what we know as social war. It is both the process and the condition of a conflict with this totality.

IV

In the discourse of queer, we are talking about a space of struggle against this totality - against normalcy. By "queer", we mean "social war". And when we speak of queer as a conflict with all domination, we mean it.

V

See, we've always been the other, the alien, the criminal. The story of queers in this civilization has always been the narrative of the sexual deviant, the constitutional psychopathic inferior, the traitor, the freak, the moral imbecile. We've been excluded at the border, from labor, from familial ties. We've been forced into concentration camps, into sex slavery, into prisons. The normal, the straight, the american family has always constructed itself in opposition to the queer.

Straight is not queer. White is not of color. Healthy does not have HIV. Man is not woman. The discourses of heterosexuality, whiteness and capitalism reproduce themselves into a model of power. For the rest of us, there is death. In his work, Jean Genet [1] asserts that the life of a queer, is one of exile that all of the totality of this world is constructed to marginalize and exploit us. He posits the queer as the criminal. He glorifies homosexuality [2] and criminality as the most beautiful and lovely forms of conflict with the bourgeois world. He writes of the secret worlds of rebellion and joy inhabited by criminals and queers.

Quoth Genet, *"Excluded by my birth and tastes from the social order, I was not aware of its diversity. Nothing in the world was irrelevant: the stars on a general's sleeve, the stock-market quotations, the olive harvest, the style of the judiciary, the wheat exchange, flower beds. Nothing. This order, fearful and feared, whose details were all interrelated, had a meaning: my exile."*

VI

A fag is bashed because his gender presentation is far too femme. A poor transman can't afford his life-saving hormones. A sex worker is murdered by their client. A genderqueer persyn is raped because ze just needed to be "fucked straight". Four black lesbians are sent to prison for daring to defend themselves against a straight-male attacker. [3] Cops beat us on the streets and our bodies are being destroyed by pharmaceutical companies because we can't give them a dime. Queers experience, directly with our bodies, the violence and domination of this world. Class, Race, Gender, Sexuality, Ability; while often these interrelated and overlapping categories of oppression are lost to abstraction, queers are forced to physically understand each. We've had our bodies and desires stolen from us, mutilated and sold back to us as a model of living we can never embody.

Foucault says that:

"power must be understood in the first instance as the multiplicity of force relations immanent in the

sphere in which they operate and which constitute their own organization; as the processes which, through ceaseless struggles and confrontations, transforms, strengthens or reverses them; as the support which these force relations find in one another, thus forming a chain or system, or on the contrary, the disjunctions and contradictions which isolate them from one another; and lastly, as the strategies in which they take effect, whose general design or institutional crystallization is embodied in the state apparatus, in the formulation of the law, in the various social hegemonies."

We experience the complexity of domination and social control amplified through heterosexuality. When police kill us, we want them dead in turn. When prisons entrap our bodies and rape us because our genders aren't similarly contained, of course we want fire to them all. When borders are erected to construct a national identity absent of people of color and queers, we see only one solution: every nation and border reduced to rubble.

VII

The perspective of queers within the heteronormative world is a lens through which we can critique and attack the apparatus of capitalism. We can analyze the ways in which Medicine, the Prison System, the Church, the State, Marriage, the Media, Borders, the Military and Police are used to control and destroy us. More importantly, we can use these cases to articulate a cohesive criticism of every way that we are alienated and dominated.

Queer is a position from which to attack the normative more, a position from which to understand and attack the ways in which normal is reproduced and reiterated. In destabilizing and problematizing normalcy, we can destabilize and become a problem for the Totality.

The history of organized queers was borne out of this position. The most marginalized transfolk, people of color, sex workers - have always been the catalysts for riotous explosions of queer resistance. These explosions have been coupled with a radical

analysis wholeheartedly asserting that the liberation for queer people is intrinsically tied to the annihilation of capitalism and the state. It is no wonder, then, that the first people to publicly speak of sexual liberation in this country were anarchists, or that those in the last century who struggled for queer liberation also simultaneously struggled against capitalism, racism and patriarchy and empire. This is our history.

VIII

If history proves anything, it is that capitalism has a treacherous recuperative tendency to pacify radical social movements. It works rather simply, actually. A group gains privilege and power within a movement, and shortly thereafter sell their comrades out. Within a couple years of stonewall, affluent gay white males had thoroughly marginalized everyone that had made their movement possible and abandoned their revolution with them. It was once that to be queer was to be in direct conflict with the forces of control and domination. Now, we are faced with a condition of utter stagnation and sterility. As always, Capital recuperated brick-throwing street queens into suited politicians and activists. There are logcabin Republicans and “stonewall” refers to gay Democrats. There are gay energy drinks and a “queer” television station that wages war on the minds, bodies and esteem of impressionable youth.

The “LGBT” political establishment has become a force of assimilation, gentrification, capital and statepower. Gay identity has become both a marketable commodity and a device of withdrawal from struggle against domination. Now they don’t critique marriage, military or the state. Rather we have campaigns for queer assimilation into each. Their politics is advocacy for such grievous institutions, rather than the annihilation of them all. “Gays can kill poor people around the world as well as straight people!” “Gays can hold the reigns of the state and capital as well straight people!” “We are just like you”. Assimilationists want nothing less than to construct the homosexual as normal - white, monogamous, wealthy, 2.5 children, SUVs with a white picket fence. This construction, of course, reproduces the stability of heterosexuality, whiteness, patriarchy, the gender binary, and capitalism itself.

If we genuinely want to make ruins of this totality, we need to make a break. We don't need inclusion into marriage, the military and the state. We need to end them. No more gay politicians, CEOs and cops. We need to swiftly and immediately articulate a wide gulf between the politics of assimilation and the struggle for liberation.

We need to rediscover our riotous inheritance as queer anarchists. We need to destroy constructions of normalcy, and create instead a position based in our alienation from this normalcy, and one capable of dismantling it. We must use these positions to instigate breaks, not just from the assimilationist mainstream, but from capitalism itself. These positions can become tools of a social force ready to create a complete rupture with this world. Our bodies have been born into conflict with this social order. We need to deepen that conflict and make it spread.

IX

Susan Stryker writes that the state acts to *"regulate bodies, in ways both great and small, by enmeshing them within norms and expectations that determine what kinds of lives are deemed livable or useful and by shutting down the space of possibility and imaginative transformation where peoples' lives begin to exceed and escape the state's use for them."*

We must create space wherein it is possible for desire to flourish. This space, of course, requires conflict with this social order. To desire, in a world structured to confine desire, is a tension we live daily. We must understand this tension so that we can become powerful through it - we must understand it so that it can tear our confinement apart.

This terrain, born in rupture, must challenge oppression in its entirety. This of course, means total negation of this world. We must become bodies in revolt. We need to delve into and indulge in power. We can learn the strength of our bodies in struggle for space for our desires. In desire we'll find the power to destroy not only what destroys us, but also those who aspire to turn us

into a gay mimicry of that which destroys us. We must be in conflict with regimes of the normal. This means to be at war with everything. If we desire a world without restraint, we must tear this one to the ground. We must live beyond measure and love and desire in ways most devastating. We must come to understand the feeling of social war. We can learn to be a threat, we can become the queerest of insurrections.

X

To be clear: We've despaired that we could never be as well-dressed or cultured as the Fab Five. We found nothing in Brokeback Mountain. We've spent far too long shuffling through hallways with heads hung low. We don't give a shit about marriage or the military. But oh we've had the hottest sex everywhere in all the ways we aren't supposed to and the other boys at school definitely can't know about it.

And when I was sixteen a would be bully pushed me and called me a faggot. I hit him in the mouth. The intercourse of my fist and his face was far sexier and more liberating than anything MTV ever offered our generation. With the pre cum of desire on my lips I knew from then on that I was an anarchist. In short, this world has never been enough for us. We say to it, "we want everything, motherfucker, try to stop us!"

let's get decadent!

filth is our politics!

filth is our life!



'Appendix I: Relevant Queer Mythology'

I

Cooper's Donuts was an all night donut shop on a seedy stretch of Main Street in Los Angeles. It was a regular hangout for street queens and queer hustlers at all hours of the night. Police harassment was a regular fixture of the Cooper's, but one May night in 1959, the queers fought back. What started with customers throwing donuts at the police escalated into full-on street fighting. In the ensuing chaos, all of the donut-wielding rebels escaped into the night.

II

One weekend in August of 1966 - Compton's, a twenty four hour cafeteria in San Francisco's Tenderloin neighborhood was buzzing with its usual late-night crowd of drag queens, hustlers, slummers, cruisers, runaway teens and neighborhood regulars. The restaurant's management became annoyed by a noisy young crowd of queens at one table who seemed to be spending a lot of time without spending a lot of money, and it called the police to roust them. A surly police officer, accustomed to manhandling Compton's clientele with impunity, grabbed the arm of one of the queens and tried to drag her away. She unexpectedly threw her coffee in his face, however, and a melee erupted: Plates,

trays, cups and silverware flew through the air at the startled police who ran outside and called for backup. The customer's turned over the tables, smashed the plate-glass windows and poured onto the streets. When the police reinforcements arrived, street fighting broke out all throughout the Compton's vicinity. Drag queens beat the police with their heavy purses and kicked them with their high-heeled shoes. A police car was vandalized, a newspaper box was burnt to the ground and general havoc was raised all throughout the Tenderloin.

III

What began as an early morning raid on June 28th 1969 at New York's Stonewall Inn, escalated to four days of rioting throughout Greenwich Village. Police conducted the raid as usual; targeting people of color, transpeople and gender variants for harassment and violence. It all changed, though, when a bull-dyke resisted her arrest and several street queens began throwing bottles and rocks at the police. The police began beating folks, but soon people from all over the neighborhood rushed to the scene, swelling the rioters numbers to over 2,000. The vastly outnumbered police barricaded themselves inside the bar, while an uprooted parking meter was used as a battering ram by the crowd. Molotov cocktails were thrown at the bar. Riot police arrived on scene, but were unable to regain control of the situation. Drag queens danced a conga line and sang songs amidst the street fighting to mock the inability of the police to re-establish order. The rioting continued until dawn, only to be picked up again at nightfall of the subsequent days.

IV

On the night of May 21st 1979, in what has come to be known as the White Night Riots, the queer community of San Francisco was outraged and wanted justice for the murder of Harvey Milk. The outraged queers went to city hall where they smashed the windows and glass door of the building. The riotous crowd took to the streets, disrupting traffic, smashing storefronts and car windows, disabling buses and setting twelve San Francisco Police cruisers on fire.

The

rioting spread throughout the city as others joined in on the fun!

V

In 1970, Stonewall veterans, Marsha P. Johnson and Sylvia Rivera founded STAR Street Transvestite Action Revolutionaries. They opened the STAR house, a radical version of the “house” culture of black and latina queer communities. The house provided a safe and free place for queer and trans street kids to stay.

Marsha and Sylvia as the “House Mothers” hustled to pay rent so that the kids would not be forced to. Their “children” scavenged and stole food so that everyone in the house could eat. That’s what we call mutual aid!

VI

In the time between the Stonewall Riots and the outbreak of HIV, the queer community of New York saw the rise of a culture of public sex. Queers had orgies in squatted buildings, in abandoned semi-trucks, on the piers and in bars and clubs all along Christopher street. This is our idea of voluntary association of free individuals! Many mark this as the most sexually liberated time this country has ever seen. Though, the authors of this zine wholeheartedly believe we can outdo them.



'Criminal Intimacy'

-A Gang of Criminal Queers

*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 unthinkability 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 it's 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 laces 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 and World Making

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.

"Convicts garb is striped pink and white. Though it was at my heart's bidding that I chose the universe wherein I delight, I at least have the power of finding therein the many meanings I wish to find: there is a close relationship between flowers and convicts. The fragility and delicacy of the former are of the same nature as the brutal insensitivity of the latter. Should I have to portray a convict- or a criminal- I shall bedeck them with flowers that, as they disappear beneath them, they will themselves become a flower, a gigantic and new one. Toward what is known as evil, I lovingly pursued an adventure which led me to prison. Those doomed to evil, of their own volition, or owing to an accident which has been chosen for them, they plunge lucidly and without complaining into a reproachful, ignominious element, lie that into which love, if it is profound, hurls human beings. Erotic play discloses a nameless world which is revealed by the nocturnal language of lovers. Such language is not written down. It is whispered into the ear at night in a hoarse voice. At dawn it is forgotten. Repudiating the virtues of your world, criminals hopelessly agree to organize a forbidden universe. They agree to live in it. The air there is nauseating; they can breath it. But- criminals are remote from you- as in love, they turn awat and turn me away from the world and its laws. Theirs smells of sweat, sperm, and blood. In short, to my nody and my thirsty soul it offers devotion. It was because their world contains these erotic conditions that I was bent on evil. I do not want to conceal in this journal the other reasons which made me a thief. With fanatical care, "Jealous care," I prepared for my adventure as one arranges a couch or a room for love; I was hot for crime."

Jean Genet

-The Theifs Journal



'Whore Theory'

FOR THE WHORE, IT IS OF EXTREEME IMPORTANCE to be at all times stunning, both in appearance and intellect. As faithful deviants of femininity, we have a certain responsibility to display a well-versed hatred towards everything pristine and bland. Little boys and girls need more examples of filth in their life; crazy beautiful cunts to admire. They must learn what it is to want, to be whores incapable of holding in and repressing their emotions.

Becoming-whore does not mean anything, so put your fucking notebook down. We are strutting contradictions and we do not care. If you cross us, we will annihilate you and everything you love. If you fuck us, we will break your heart or maybe fall in love and hate you forever. We are addicted to the disgust of society, corrupted Jeune-Filles that know no restraint.

We want to destroy everything, in diamond encrusted high heels. The violence of our desire tastes unlike any other bodily fluid; it is a poisonous venom that only the most masochistic of bodies can encounter and crawl towards for a second helping. We invite men in, waiting for the degradation that will warrant vengeance and until then we just shove their cocks in our mouths and swallow. What-ever.

We gaze at our body's image in every reflection we find and can't help but fuck ourselves all day long, because we are so incredibly beautiful. Our insecurities are displayed like sparkling gold crowns on top of our pretty heads; we couldn't be more proud (or ashamed) of our many imperfections. We are horribly vain, and every whore knows that only another whore can satisfy her needs.

Whore is not a sexuality, such a thing does not exist. Our orgasms are inseparable from our hatred, from our fashion and fears; nothing makes us cum that doesn't also revolt us in some way or another. We experience this world as an ugly little playground for our fantasies, and these dirty thoughts cannot possibly be contained within any designated arena of "sex". Sex for us is turning heads, scraping knees, and pissing anywhere but in a toilet.

If you see a whore swinging her hips down a busy street, you may notice a furrowed brow while she mutters angrily under her breath. This is because you annoy her with your presence. Every insignificant body that brushes past her is at risk for her hatred. Hatred makes her erect. She wastes no time in forming assumptions about you based on what you're wearing—your shoes are not fierce enough, your walk is not sexy enough, your eyes are not burdened enough. You are nothing compared to the beautiful people that hide in the alleyway, waiting to mug you.

Politics does not interest the whore, it is the whore. Seduced by the incessant pain of living and dying and aching, she is simultaneously afraid of every little thing and fueled with the exhilaration of having nothing to lose. She thinks that to speak logically of this world is pure delusion: rationality is an unnecessary indulgence typical of mumbling pricks. Attempting to define her context or articulate her existence is utterly futile; absolutely nothing about her makes sense. The whore critically engages only with astrology, preferring the opinion of our sky's constellations over the utterance of some dying old white man.

Brilliantly bitter, the whore holds onto grief and anger like precious gems wrapping around her heart; her traumas lovingly swim and pulsate through her veins like tiny shards of glass. A part of her longs for the sadness and disappointment she knows as truth; she is full of emptiness and boredom in its absence. For her, seeing the world through sorrow is seeing in full color, feeling the sensation of life tingle through each nerve ending on her body. Without it, joy eludes her as well.

The whore is utterly exposed—a raw wound dripping sweet, deadly excrement onto each thing, each person she comes into contact with. She is naked, forever tucking what is sacred into

the crevice between her legs for none else to see. If you look too close be prepared to lose a limb, a lip, of your fucking heart because what is precious to her is untouchable to you. You worthless shit of a human race.

A proper whore knows, deep down inside of her, why this world pretends to detest her. All her life she has had an irresistible charm that, when coupled with an unbecoming volatility, has the power to reveal to those around her their most unwanted desires. Her ass makes married gentlemen (and their bored wives) fidget incessantly, and her vulgar wit causes dry academics to wet their lips with excitement. Upon her exit, entire rooms breathe a heavy sigh of relief that they are no longer forced to face their quivering perversities. Alone in their modern bedrooms they shamefully jerk off to her image, quietly hating themselves and their crass routine of living.

She is as quick to laugh as she is to cry. When Mercury is in retrograde, she knows that getting out of bed means catastrophe. But even the fucked up alignment of the planets, working hand in hand with this mundane and despicable society, cannot stop her lunacy from being cast onto her surroundings and those around her. The circumstances which make her and fellow whores weep also create potent hysterics, and islands once isolated in insanity come together for a good laugh, and maybe a little revenge.

The whore is a slut, yes, but she is also a bum and a young delinquent; she is a faggot, a queen, an angry dyke, an insurrectional monarchist in heels, a tyrannical tranny. She is everything and nothing, everyone and no one. Glamorous in her many disguises and transparent in her filthy desires. She overflows with love for those spilling over with hatred, forever enchanted with the beauty hidden beneath this sterile economy of bodies. She enjoys nothing more than spitting on the face of humanity, laughing as her stinking spittle drips down pointed chins to make a satisfying splat on the dirty pavement beneath her feet.

BITCHES BITE BACK

EVERY TIME A CDR DIES
A BUTTERFLY RISES



'Interview with The Mary Nardini Gang'

-From Vengeance 3

VENGEANCE: *Does being a proletarian change for you being a militant queer?*

MARY NARDINI: Being queer complicates the way we experience our role within capitalism. Queer bodies are often forced to sell their labor in ways that would be excluded from traditional marxist narratives of what it means to be a worker. This includes service workers and sex workers. These forms of exploitation problematize the often heteronormative and patriarchal ideas surrounding what is or isn't labor. Ultimately, the positions of queers and proles intertwine—we are the class that has no control over our bodies. This means different things in various situations. But the bosses that manage our time and the queer bashers that manage our gender are clearly all class-enemies.

V: *Why does both the Spectacle and also the mainstream gay and lesbian movement seem to only identify with the middle and upper classes, and never with working and poor people? Who benefits from such a narrative?*

MN: It is abundantly obvious that the politicians who lead the “lgbt community” are only interested in preserving power for the ruling class. Political campaigns for gay marriage, gays in the military, and hate crime legislation, only reproduce the

capitalist institutions of marriage, military, and the prison industrial complex.

And it goes much deeper than that. Representations of queers portray and capitalize on images of wealthy, affluent, white, able-bodied gays and lesbians. You only need to look as far as Will and Grace or a copy of any LGBT magazine to see the way that queer bodies and desires are shaped by capital.

V: Within anarchism, there seems to be a coming clash (or a current clash) between activists and hooligans. Why do you think this is? What are the tensions that have given rise to this division?

MN: To be cheesy and quote The Coming Insurrection: “Everyone finds herself forced to take sides; to choose between anarchy and the fear of anarchy.” The divide that is happening in the broader anarchist milieu is also happening among radical queers. I think that a lot of the tension is rooted in that a lot of people have confused radical queer struggle as a safe haven for the worst form of identity politics. They’re really sorely mistaken. This isn’t about sustaining identities, it is about destroying them.

V: Can you speak about the actions that occurred around the time of the Bash Back Conference and your disappointment with some of the people who responded to those actions?

MN: At the Bash Back! Convergence, a dance-party train occupation. The temporary occupation was an absurd mix of dancing, making-out, and a cacophony of ridiculous chants and singing. This created a situation where people caused a lot of havok, vandalizing the train and reclaiming it as a queered space. A spontaneous street march then erupted from the train. The march attacked luxury cars and pulled shit into the streets.

Someone within the march began pulling newspaper boxes out of the streets and back onto the sidewalk while yelling “this is a peaceful protest.” After the newsboxes were removed, a police cruiser literally ran over someone’s foot and officers began beating people with their telescoping batons. Four people were arrested.

The next day, all of the liberal, activist types went on a tirade to denounce the previous nights events.

A telling anecdote: Three white people stand up in a row, and denounce the occupation as racist, because there were people of color on the train. “There were people of color who actually live in Chicago on that train! They are actually part of the community! That’s racist! People were being rude!” Then, two female-bodied people of color who live in Chicago respond, saying that they find everyone disgusting. “Bash Back! isn’t about being polite, or nice. Bash Back! means challenging and destroying normalcy. This is going to be rude. It’s going to be messy! If you aren’t into this, then you’re in the wrong place.” Everyone is silent for a moment. Then the stack continues. They are ignored and more white activists continue to talk about how the action was racist and alienating to people of color. It continued as folks talked about all the “white dudes with passing privilege” who instigated the situation.

I’m really disgusted by people’s actions and sentiments that day, because of their complicity with the police and their silencing of all the bodies that weren’t white, cisgendered, and male.

V: Where would you like to see Bash Back! go in the next several years, if the network is going to continue?

MN: I would like to see groups of queer anarchists working to build autonomous power and get more conflictual. I’m really excited about the squat that BB! Memphis just opened for homeless queer/trans youth. I’m really excited about groups distributing free pepper-spray and teaching people to fight. I’m excited about queers kicking the shit out of queer bashers, and always about fighting in the streets. Whether people continue to organize under the name “Bash Back!” or not, I think that the network of wild-ass queers who hate everything is going to keep growing and building autonomous power.



'Civil War.Partisanship. Revenge.'

*-Extracts from 'A Short Introduction to the Politics of Cruelty'
Hostis I*

Civil War. We reject the whole idea of ‘the law’ that Derrida so famously problematizes.[9] He shows how the law is a text like all others – a set of fictions whose authority comes from nowhere in particular and is justified through empty absolutes. Moreover, acts executed in the name of law are arbitrary and random, for the only defense for the violence of their actions is sovereignty. There is nothing that differentiates the law from any other act of force, except that the law claims to hold the exclusive right to commit violence. To cede authority to any law, then, is to cede any potential for insurrection.

What insurrection promises is civil war, as in the indefinite suspension of the social. If there are no rules in war, then there are no identities left to affirm in civil war. There is nothing to praise in the unjustness of war, except that it lays bare the starkness of how social categories promise peace but only deliver war. Behind every claim to an identity is a history of suffering, colonialism, violence, and exploitation that renders meaningless the statements of ‘proudly’ claiming ‘our’ identity. We should not pride ourselves on the victories of our enemies, but rather pride ourselves in finally coming to terms with the freedom to have been done with any identity whatsoever. This line of thought, taken up by Dylan Rodriguez and his work on Filipino American identity, leads to only one conclusion: “there really cannot exist a Filipino or ‘Filipino-American’ subject, or collective identity...”[10] The challenge of civil war is to retain all of this statement’s polemical force and extended it to all identities. In the present society, there cannot really exist any identity category, except in recognizing how it only produces the opposite of the desired, stable, identity it promises; every identity

merely tells the story of war – wars past and wars to come – and the asymmetrical power formations that have brought bodies to their present collective moment.

Instead of appealing to the absence of divine authority, as the law does, the force of insurrection comes from a long history of distrusting such authority. It is through cruelty that feminists rightly say that we can tell our stories of becoming politicized through emotions.[11] Politics is nothing but the anger we feel at the degradation and exploitation of the global south for the benefit of the select few in the global north, the shame we feel passing beggars on the street, and the love we feel for those people who have proven to us that what is most necessary. This is our chance for taking the politics of struggle beyond a strategy of one-ups-man-ship over privileged individuals. Shared affects are the basis for an alternative, and they signal our absolute refusal to buy into the game.

If there is any doubt on the different structures of feeling that separate us from the law, look at the incredible discrepancy between the recent protests in Ferguson, Missouri (civil war) and the inanity of the student ‘riots’ in Keene, New Hampshire (social unrest). In the former case, people of color mobilized against the state and police brutality after the police shot and killed and innocent black youth. In the latter, white college students were educated in the insubordination appropriate to their career-climbing futures, upset by their frustrated entitlement to pumpkins. Unlike the people of Ferguson, the students in Keene were motivated by the mutual confidence of coddled children, protesting a state that they think should always be working to their advantage. Keene is thus the ideal image of ‘social’ unrest – the forms of contestation are over a state understood as nothing but the shared means for private appropriation. This is why insurrection is directed away from pumpkin patches and toward the organization of power, as it was done in Ferguson. Only then do we catch sight of refusal’s true meaning: civil war.

Remember these images of civil war (Ferguson) and social unrest (Keene), for the Spectacle always operates by reversing this relationship. Through the eyes of the Spectacle, the people of Ferguson represent social unrest, yet we see a multitude who refuse to be properly socialized into their present conditions.

Through the ears of the Spectacle, the students of Keene represent civil war, yet all we hear about ‘civil war’ is a temporary suspension of ‘good manners,’ and ‘orderly conduct.’ So in the face of corporate news reports, we say we are thankful for our failure to be commensurate with society. We relish any deepening of this incommensurability, with the desire to see it reach the threshold where insurrection exceeds social unrest and becomes civil war.

Partisanship. Partisanship can be contrasted with citizenship. Citizens are those who contribute, knowingly or not, to the wellbeing of the (social) state. They do not do this alone, as biopolitical governance is happy to offer loans to homeowners, educational opportunities, job training, and other things to irrigate the channels. Even unruly citizens help iron out the kinks of liberal institutions looking to ‘deal with their diversity problems’ and often end up leading the corporations charge for ‘disruptive innovation’ that rakes in profits. Those who participate in ‘civil disobedience’ are then the best citizens, and are no better than those so-called ‘white hat hackers’ who preemptively find vulnerabilities before they can become a problem. Civil disobedience draws on the power of good citizens rising above bad laws, implying of course, that citizens will publicly flaunt their own best behavior until they get the good laws that such good people deserve. Partisans, in contrast, are those who covertly fight a civil war. To be clear, we do not mean partisan politicians who are shill supporters of a cause. We mean the armed groups of history, such as the Soviet Partisans who fought a guerrilla war against the Nazis. Like their struggle, we must draw power from a surrounding milieu occupied by our enemies. While not criminal in principle, we act criminal in effect, acting in the furtive secrecy necessary to pull off sophisticated plots. This is a conspiracy, and we must learn how to act as smart, capable, and free conspirators. (That is the only version of freedom we can bear muttering: at large.) Making matters more complicated, the line between citizen and partisan zigzags through every one of us. Citizens follow the rules of the road while partisans drain the state’s capacity to rule – yet even partisans drive of the correct side of the street on their way to blow up a bank. The fantasy of always living one’s life as a partisan is a false one. The political question is how best to weave each rhythm into an eccentric counterpoint whose

crescendoing moments of intensity are expended by the partisan and not the citizen.

Fanonian decolonial partisanship among the most intense example of partisanship. In 1963, Frantz Fanon addresses the colonial question in *The Wretched of the Earth* by saying that the time for thinking is over and the time for action is now. One could understand the distinction as a dull call for urgency, but that is far from the truth. The claim that he is making is far stronger; it is a response to the question of rhetoric that Spivak will make so many years later, “can the subaltern speak?” Fanon has been largely drowned out by humanist chatter that says that the subaltern should talk of ‘our shared humanity.’ Yet a unanimously denigrated people have little to gain from the language of universality. Kwamé Ture (at the time Stockley Carmichael, Chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee), revealed how humanism leads to tactical error, arguing that “Dr. King’s policy was that nonviolence would achieve the gains for black people in the United States. His major assumption was that if you are nonviolent, if you suffer, your opponent will see your suffering and will be moved to change his heart. That’s very good. He only made one fallacious assumption: In order for nonviolence to work, your opponent must have a conscience. The United States has none.”[12] The failure of humanism should be obvious – because empires are built on reason, tearing down an empire requires a confrontation with reason itself. Such a confrontation should not be performed head-on. Disputing colonial reason reveals its hollowness, as its contradictory voice is a resonance chamber that contains no fixed propositional content. Fanon recognizes the fruitlessness of fighting for legitimacy in a courthouse where one has no standing. He understands that the power of the colonial subject resides instead in its status as an object of desire. Colonial powers are both in love with but fearful of the native, which causes anxiety, paranoia, and obsession. “We must keep our eye on them! They cannot be trusted! Do not trust their sly, duplicitous mutterings!” Fulfilling his end of the seduction, Fanon gives a definitive answer to Spivak’s question: the partisan should not speak their mind but rather voice their fury through action.

Jackie Wang’s recent article “Against Privilege” outlines the

consequences of Fanonian partisanship. She masterfully lists numerous examples of violence against people of color that never gained the notoriety of the Trayvon Martin case. The cause, she says, is that the appearance of innocence has become a precondition for public sympathy. This is why Trayvon Martin was presented as ‘just a kid,’ and we would add, why everyone emphasized Michael Brown’s ‘potential as a college student.’ Wang’s diagnosis is fairly non-controversial, as there are many humanist feminists who use it when arguing for simply expanding the frame of grievable bodies (“count more than the American deaths in the War on Terror,” they say). Wang flips the script, however, arguing that the cult of innocence has led to a politics of safety. ‘Privilege analysis,’ her target, appears obsessed with safely ‘securing’ the vulnerability of at-risk populations. Wang shows that time and again, how privilege theory is mobilized: people of color as patronized as unable to participate in actions because of the differential risks entailed (likelihood to be targeted by the police, ability to make bail, etc.), and instead either the objects of charity or subjects capable only of retreat. Wang correctly asserts that the fact of those power differentials is accurate, but the politics of safety only draws conservative conclusions. This is because more privileged actors may have ‘less to lose,’ but they also have less to gain – they engage in radical politics out of choice, either on a whim or out of a misplaced sense of guilt, and can back out at any time without much consequence. Against the politics of safety that encourages only protection or retreat, Wang proposes a militancy of the most vulnerable where “it is precisely the risk that makes militant action more urgent – liberation can only be won by risking one’s life” (10). Militancy underwritten by risk, she explains, fights with tools forged from riskiness. In principle, the same swelling of emotions that hardens into colonial “kernel of despair” becomes an essential resource for action when its direction is reversed (*Wretched of the Earth*, 293). This is the cruel capacity of partisanship, and it is exhibited when those most familiar with the territory transform their enemy’s base of operations into a source of hostility.

Revenge. We find revenge underrated and underutilized. Revenge is as easy as it is familiar. It follows a comforting, geometric logic. It avoids the silly question of justice that seems to abstract to us to hold any value. Rather, its object is the real

cause of suffering. Within intimate quarters, we may hold open the possibility for forgiveness (whatever that may be). But in approaching our enemies through the dilemma of “to punish or forgive,” there must be a different solution. Our enemies can never be forgiven. Instead, we say to punish and forget. Continue until you “destroy what destroys you.”[13]

The most satisfying form of revenge is depicted in Lars von Trier’s *Antichrist*. In it, we are shown how gender transmutes into the dark forces of nature. She is lightning. She is thunder. She is a swarm of locusts that descends like a plague on mankind.[14] The heroine does not disavow her gender but allows it to consume her, and she dissolves in it, only to emerge uncompromising hostile, operating at the edge of consciousness. By the time that “chaos reigns,” subjectivity is left behind as a mere afterthought. It shows how subjectivity is a disposable accident – a mistaken focus caused by arrogance. More importantly, her transformation demonstrates how points of trauma either sediment into a fragile self or are turned inside-out with terrifying force. Liberal feminists, most of them men, dismissed the film as misogynist tripe. What a convenient way to ignore a very real path to women’s empowerment. Von Trier himself provides this excuse, as he famously plays out his anger with his second-wave mom through his films. We hear that he is sadistic to women actors, and his misogyny is not hard to spot. The fate of women is central to his narratives, and one could read *Antichrist* as the nightmare of a misogynist. We will not argue with this interpretation but just flip it on its head: *Antichrist* is our holy ideal. Her ordainment by nature, “Satan’s church,” is not a credentialization but an increase in capacity.[15] She gives up her trembling fear for a pornographic combination of lust and desperation. The depravity of her sexuality is overshadowed only by the vengeful punishment she dishes out. Our heroine claws out of her paralyzing trauma by injuring her husband, mutilating and manipulating his impotent ‘caring’ liberalism for her own pleasure.

Afamiliar example for us is the vengeance of queers that ‘bash back.’ Explored with ferocity in *Queer Ultraviolence*, it is clear that queers do not always need ‘protection’ from the violence of society. Queer vengeance turns demands for submission into the fire that fuels criminal intimacies. Are Christian protesters

blocking the park where a Pride stage is being set up? Form a crew and roll on them hard. Did it not save the stage? So what! The newfound taste of power will awaken new appetites. The party will go on... It is easy to see why Bash Back! burned out. It is hard to live a life always consumed with white-hot rage. Do not be mistaken: we are not preaching moderation. We are concerned with something much more mundane, which is how to avoid ending up like Valerie Solanas, dying broke and alone. Bash Back!, for all its talk of criminality, merely détourned the old game of identity-based visibility politics. For evidence, consider that the majority of writing collected in their anthology are communiques meant to publicize their actions. (We promise not to say anything about Details magazine.) Though a little too close to civil disobedience for comfort, Bash Back! remains an important experiment in politics worthy of repetition in new ways, in new contexts.

[9] Jacques Derrida, *The Force of Law, the 'Mythical Foundation of Authority.'*

[10] Rodriguez, *Suspended Apocalypse: White Supremacy, Genocide, and the Filipino Condition*, 2.

[11] Mary Eagleton and Sara Ahmed, "Feminist Futures," in *A Concise Companion to Political Theory*.

[12] Speech in Stockholm, available in audio-visual format in *The Black Power Mixtape*, Olsson 2011.

[13] A 1969 song, "Macht kaputt, was euch kaputt macht," written by Rio Reiser and Norbert Krause for the play *Rita und Paul*, and later recorded in 1970s by Reiser's band Sharam.

[14] Do not take mistake this as essentialism, as we do not mean to imply that there is some natural quality to women that allows them to channel nature. This is not some half-baked ecofeminism. We take Judith Butler's "Critically Queer" as a point of departure to simply note how 'women' can mutate into the cruel power of a milieu through "a compulsory repetition of prior and subjectivating norms" (17).

[15] Earlier in this piece, we criticized theology. This should go without being said, but our claims here are wordplay and not a support of Satanism or any other theism, no matter how debauched



'A Letter to the Editors'

-By Mary Nardini Gang (Hostis II- Beyond Recognition)

Hostis,

We read your cruel little journal in a single sitting, deriving a great deal of enjoyment from the sandpaper bound pages. While the journal generated much discussion in our private reading of it, we'd like to decrypt a few points to share with you at this time. In particular, we'd like to address your engagement with the anthology *Queer Ultraviolence* wherein a sampling of our writing appears.

Shortly after the publication of the anthology, a rather opaque and short debate played out within the anarchist milieu around the question of vengeance. If we are dissatisfied with the depth of the appraisal of the question, we are all the more grateful for your effort to raise it again. Some critics of the anthology were concerned with the emergence of a 'politics of vengeance' and saw in it a repackaging of the old ideas of 'justice' and 'accountability.' We tend to see this reading as overly simplistic, willfully conflating vengeance with that which would mediate it. Perhaps much of this misreading might have to do with the shift from a 'praxis of vengeance' (as gestured toward by the texts in *Queer Ultraviolence*) and the 'politics of vengeance' feared by its critics. If we conceive of vengeance, like you, as the destruction of what destroys us, then in what way is this conception undermined by the subtle shift from 'praxis' to 'politics'? How could a praxis of vengeance evade the traps of accounting or the specter of justice? Could we enact it otherwise?

We suspect that much of the problem in this misreading lies in the attempts at visibility that you (rightfully) criticized in the introduction to volume one of *Hostis*. The tendency toward visibility politics and representation in the *Bash Back!* communiques betrays a subterranean conflict between these actions (or at least the representations of them) and the moral

order toward which they feign opposition. Your critique resonates with us because it highlights some of what was at stake in our own choice to disappear from that milieu. We, ourselves, always had more interest in the silence opened up by Bash Back!: the stolen feasts, shared weapons, and long nights of conspiracy. We could dwell in this forever, but we'd like to instead pose a question: why is the desire for visibility so omnipresent? What underlies the will to recognition?

We might contend that the strength of recognition's appeal directly correlates with the feelings of isolation and powerlessness felt by its object. No one yearns for recognition more than when they feel alone, when they fear their pains and joys might go unacknowledged by their friends, when they need co-conspirators the most. We understand these motivations all too well, but understanding isn't enough. To really grasp the dilemma of representations, we need to assess the tools we turn to when these anxieties rear their ugly heads. If we may, we'd like to contend that at our worst, we pursue a series of machines of recognition: political machines, juridical machines, and moral machines.

The juridical and political machines of recognition manifest themselves variously within our milieus, but they are perhaps most readily recognized in their archetypal forms: respectively, the accountability process and the call out/communique. These machines call upon those they encounter to present evidence for analysis, to cast judgement that elicits apologies, to opine without necessarily taking sides, to condemn and/or condone. Why? To gain power, extract apologies, or maintain social cohesion. The result is that some are lionized and others banished. Regardless of the side in which anyone falls, what remains is a toxic social world that feeds the machines with an unending supply of traumatized bodies.

Further, we could say that both these machines are expressions of a meta-machine: the moral one. The moral machine is a monster set in motion and offered to us by Christianity. While secularly coded in Western society as 'crime' or 'terrorism,' the rhetorical structure of sin –integral to the moral machine– has remained relatively untouched by progress and enlightenment. Far from rebelling against this structure, the anarchist milieu might be the most zealous

enemy of 'the bad stuff' – sin. While certainly too self-aware to name the bad stuff as sin or crime or terrorism, the anarchists call it by different names: sexual assault, white supremacy, snitching, 'fucked up shit,' etc. We've even developed a word to describe all the intertwining bad stuff: kyriarchy. Whatever it's called, the structure of the machine stays consistent. The invariant component is the Category – the psychic space of the bad stuff which must be cast out. From here, the analogy follows: certain activities (sin) fall within the categories, these activities are evidence of specific subjects (sinners), and we are born into this original sin that requires us to do penance for it. Much of the ideological basis of contemporary identity politics is rooted in the concomitant moral schema that those most oppressed and victimized by these categories are inversely the most righteous, namely that "the meek shall inherit the earth."

This shouldn't be read as an apology for any of the noxious signifiers of the category, the trauma and misery caused in our lives (and the lives of our friends) by these. State collaboration, sexual violence, white supremacy is beyond reprieve. These acts are the genesis of our thirst for vengeance. We hate them; they are what destroys us and what we'd wish to destroy in turn. And yet, we must insist that the moral machine offers us nothing in the way of realizing this destruction. We implore you to recall the details of any of the numerous social dramas playing out around us. In each, assuredly, the terms and stakes of the debates are limited by this machine. Only one question is ever posed: to what extent does an action or individual fall within the bad category, the space of sin? (Is this or isn't this transphobic? Was that sexual assault? Do we consider this snitching? Is he a fascist?) Only in the most rare cases does a discussion of a particular action or individual move beyond a flat contest over where the lines of the category are drawn, which side one is on, and who is on the other. The implication smuggled into our lives by this drama is that if something crosses the line into the category, it is bad, and that which do not cross it are good (a choir of angels until proven otherwise). We wish we could tease out the implications of these designations of good and bad, but there is nothing there to discover. The call-out always follows something like this:

Evidence ⇒ Inscription into Category (call it what you will)
⇒ [therefore, bad] ⇒ ???

even the critique of morality rarely breaks this formula, posing 'Moralism' as the name for the Category, the bad to be excised.}

Because the "therefore, bad" is bracketed – rarely spoken – the consequences of an act are never provided, let alone discussed. This is how anarchists keep morality intact. Instead of conflict or resolution, we are left with an endlessly diffusing social drama marked by resentment, guilt-by-association, distancing, desperate attempts at proving purity; in short, mediation upon mediation. While the boundaries of the category are negotiated and policed ad nauseum, we are left without the ability to handle anything. The whole process evades the more interesting questions: Why did this happen? How did it affect us? How can we ensure it doesn't happen again? How do we get vengeance? What do we want from all this? In the will to recognition, the moral machinery obscures our actual experiences and the power we might draw from them. By attempting to render our vengeful desires legible, we subliminate them into the very moral order which we'd prefer to destroy.

To address an altogether different point: you pose 'burnout' as one of the possible consequences of a praxis of vengeance. We respectfully disagree. Vengeance, in its unmediated form is nourishing. It is the machinery – juridical, political, moral – which burns out, tears apart, and breaks us down. Even still, the question remains as to how to sustain a praxis of vengeance in spite of these traps.

Years ago we wrote:

"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 world of riot, orgy and decadence."

While committing this sentiment to page may have been a youthful mistake, we still hold it to be true. If we are to sustain

a project of vengeance and enjoyment, we need to build a world in which we share and nourish that praxis. That world needs to be hidden, encrypted, ineffable, and hostile to the schemes by which others would represent it, surveil it, or render it visible. There will be betrayals and conflict in this world; how could there not be? The point is to deal with these situations without activating the machines we've detailed above.

Our proposal: direct, forceful, unmediated conflict; conflict outside of language, opaque to would-be spectators; conflict which eschews the machines of recognition; attack our enemies, but also undermine any who'd try to build political capital from those attacks. This means baseball bats to the skulls of our rapists, but without the subsequent communiques, programs, and diffuse social games.

We'll end with a story: A black trans woman was murdered in our neighborhood. Her name was Chanel, and she was turning a \$20 trick before a putrid John shot her three times in the head. He was shortly thereafter arrested, but our affective responses and desires for vengeance don't square with juridical process. A call went out for a march, we answered, and a mob set out. Torches were lit, a masked individual announced the location of his house. Silently, without slogans – not out of somberness but seething rage – the torch-lit procession moved through the cold night. Upon reaching his house, windows fell away to hammer blows and the fire was thrown inside. We can scarcely describe the feeling of seeing this all this transpire. It was cruel, cathartic, redemptive, and sublimely indifferent to the managerial solutions offered by this world. While some wild ones were still attacking we could hear the distant wail of enemy sirens and made our way home through the night. While departing, we overheard some teenagers excitedly ask – do you think this was Bash Back!? – unaware that such a formation hadn't existed in that town for years. We laughed and hurried off. No communique was ever written, only whispers of this action remain. We may never know the brilliant ones who brought fire that night, but our worlds briefly opened onto one another in that moment and we carry that warm glimpse with us still.

Best,

Mary Nardini Gang



'A Cautious Reply'

-By "The Editors" (Hostis II- Beyond Recognition)

Mary and Friends,

We were delighted to receive your reply. Vengeance is at the top of our list. We want nothing short of complete revenge against the patriarchs who brought us into the terrible world, full retribution for all of the humiliating rituals of society, and the total satisfaction of seeing our enemies defeated. You inspire us by showing just how queer our violence can be, for which we proudly call you comrades-in-arms.

In the first issue of our journal, we used Bash Back! as a cautionary tale in our defense of the politics of cruelty. Telling a modern version of the tale of Ikarus, we suggested that they could not help but fly too close to the sun and fell into the sea. We thought that they had tragically perished as a result. So you can imagine our elation at hearing that Bash Back! lives on underground –not with card-carrying members but according to the principles of an "Undying Passion for Criminality" also mentioned in the first issue.

Even with this fortunate news, we are not less concerned with the risk of burnout. We will grant them that our struggle originates in the battle against morality. Yet our anxiety about burnout remains of a metaphysical disagreement. Our original claim about Bash Back! 'burning out' must be understood against the backdrop of their vision of the world. For them, the universe is bursting at the seams with plentitude. In their world, such unending abundance is interrupted by tyrants, haters, and the repressed. The burnout walks their earth as a failure – someone who has resigned themselves to control by the forces that separate them from their own self-satisfaction.

Our biggest complaint about this worldview is its failure to realize that "a power that produces more than it represses" does not always bend in our favor. Foucault calls it disciplinary power, which was born out of the ascetic practices of priests and was quickly adopted by the military, hospitals, schools, and prisons. For us, the shining example is capitalism, as it epitomizes a social system in which the oppressors actively improve the capacities of the oppressed. The novelty of such systems is that they do not treat power as a scarce resource whereby one's gain implies an other's equal-opposite loss. In fact, capitalists enhance their own position by partially advancing the interests of those who work for them. On-the-job training, fringe benefits, and career advancement opportunities are not a lie – it is just that these forms of 'expanded reproduction' all favor the firm in the last instance.

Do not mistake our vigilance for pessimism about excess. We still believe in the old anarchist maxim that our desires are too big to fit inside their ballot boxes. That is to say, we remain partisans in the fight against economies of scarcity, the policing of bodies, and the paranoid accounting of representation. We are equally sure that excess is not enough to save us. It would be nice if all it took to live a life of resistance was to speak rudely, fuck loudly, and act with wild abandon on the path to transcending social norms of all kind. For us, a burnout is not someone who has 'forgotten' about those forms excess; rather, the burnout suffers from excessiveness. The life of the burnout active, even exhausting, because they ritualistically re-enact a defiance for any use whatsoever. They are the ultimate rebel without a cause. This is how anarchy can be a bodyspray, riots are the meaningless content of popular music videos, and communist chic appears as just another nostalgic fashion trend. Is there any potential in slick anarchist magazines, communist conceptual art, or queer dance parties? Perhaps, but only as it realizes a fundamental contradiction of our age: excess is simultaneously the condition of our liberation and the substance of our domination.

Given that power does not always favor the subjects it produces, we offer this point of contrast: Plan C remarked that we have moved from an era defined by boredom (1960's) and into an era defined by anxiety (today). The burnout as danger is only

exacerbated in a period where the generalized affective condition of individuals is an anxious one. We anxious subjects are flooded with stimuli, inundated with fragments of information from the world without the means for making those fragments meaningful. And in the era of Pharmacological control, Capital has found the means to turn a profit on the burnout. Our anxiety is turned into Xanax, our depression into Prozac. These lives are now a biochemically regulated existence that allows us to continue compromising ourselves every time we are called upon to hate ourselves – just a little bit more to get by just a little longer. In this state of affairs, the burnout is no longer simply a danger, but another site where pharmaco-capitalism exercises its control at the intimate level of bodies themselves. Given this situation, burning out does not simply mean subjective death; it is a source of value for those who oppress us. We are not chaste: do as many poppers as you please. In fact, we do not see such 'metabolic rift' as alienation from some natural long-lost existence. We want to experiment with chemistry within-against-and-beyond the value-form being written into our DNA. Such biochemical processes already bears fruit, but only as a poisoned gift for sabotaging the pharmaco-political system from the inside. So as potential burnouts ourselves, we interested in turning these bio-chemical commodities away from our own private anxieties toward their reason social causes.

In the end, we are not worried about queer vengeance being reactionary. We think that blackmail is an underappreciated art. Perhaps queer vengeance is often not reactionary enough – lacking the strength to defeat our enemies, not deep enough to rid ourselves of their systems of oppression, and without the persistence to destroy the world that they've created. Perhaps you can tell us a story where we win?

best,

The Editors,



'Queer Insurrectionalism In Europe?'

-A Photographic Insight.

- Cover Photo/Page 2:** A small group of Anarcha Feminists armed with sticks and other weapons take the streets against gendered violence, harassment and rapes in the neighborhood.
- Page 14:** Queer Anarchist Intervention at London(UK) Anarchist Bookfair.
- Page 18:** 'Armed and Ready' @summerfire_of_the_pdx"
- Page 26:** Queer femme Grafitti writer 'just stunting'"
- Page 30:** Trans Grrrl with Axe in front of 'Fag Mob' Grafitti.
- Page 36:** "Feminism or Throwdown" from a queer feminist photo shoot with weapons in Vienna (Austria) in response to crossing of feminist graffiti by men in the scene.
- Page 40:** Grafitti in a Queer Squat in London (UK)
- Page 44:** Some Queers spray ACAB in solidarity with imprisoned comrade.
- Page 52:** 'Criminal Queers' Marseille (France)
- Page 58:** 'Every day is 8th of March'
- Page 62:** Fresh Anti Cop Graffiti (Germany)
- Page 64:** Solidarity from some trans anarchists 2 others



Down & Out Distro



"It was cruel, cathartic, redemptive, and sublimely indifferent to the managerial solutions offered by this world. While some wild ones were still attacking we could hear the distant wail of enemy sirens and made our way home through the night. While departing, we overheard some teenagers excitedly ask – do you think this was Bash Back!? – unaware that such a formation hadn't existed in that town for years. We laughed and hurried off. No communique was ever written, only whispers of this action remain. We may never know the brilliant ones who brought fire that night, but our worlds briefly opened onto one another in that moment and we carry that warm glimpse with us still."