

Towards an Insurrectionary Antifascism



for a combative response to
eco-extremism, the right and the technological
apparatus sustaining the both of them...



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'Rebellion has never been merely a matter of self-defense. In itself, self-defense is probably best achieved by accepting the status quo of its reform. Rebellion is the aggressive, dangerous, playful attack by free-spirited individuals against society. Refusing a system of violence, refusing an organized, militarized form of armed struggle, allows the violence of insurgents to retain a high level of invisibility. It cannot be readily understood by the authorities and brought under their control. Its insurgent nature may even go undetected by the authorities as it eats away at the foundations of social control.'

Feral Faun, *Feral Revolution*

'The war has rendered humans more beastly and plebeian.

Coarser and uglier.

Revolution must render them better.

It must ennoble them.'

Renzo Novatore, *Toward the Creative Nothing*

After what now seem like the riotous years following 2008, a low tide seems to have swept over the world, and a familiar pattern is reappearing. Some continue the campaign of attack which those insurrectionary days delivered, while many more become scene politicians, socialists, charity workers and many more still are caught between these alternatives, without the capacity for the former, and without the hopelessness required for the latter varieties of resignation. But ultimately this is due to the fact that the world which seemed to be threatening to burst open ten years ago, even if terribly briefly and partially, is now largely carrying on as normal. This new era of social peace finds itself aided cowardly or abetted ineffectually by the participation of anarchists.

Antifascism has undergone something of a renaissance in this period, but much of its public interest appears to derive from a certain vampirism on the part of the left. From the condo to the ATM, the violence meted out against symbolic and structural targets by anarchists has historically been greeted by the left with indifference at best, disdain and dismissal at worst. But recently leftist circles have become increasingly sympathetic to the prospect of violence as a means to drive back the new confidence of openly fascist movements. This 'revelation' on the part of the left has created their perfect counter-response to alt-right activity by means of a rehabilitated violence, neatly wrapped up in the form of an antifascist militancy.

Yet it would be a mistake to think a new antifascist international, whose coming is proclaimed on various shitty Vice and Submedia documentaries, has potential to reignite any anarchic flames which have been progressively extinguished by repression, to varying degrees of success.

What passes for radical politics continues to largely be a euphemism for the cowardly and reprehensible cessation of hostilities which the European left, be they autonomist or maoist in stripe, actively orchestrated or otherwise permitted to be established at the various stages of capitalist restructuring. I would characterise one particularly proximate period, the 90s and early 2000s, as being the era of what is commonly referred to as the 'antiglobalisation movement'. For all its summit-hopping, dead-end protest camps, and saturation with new-

age spirituality, it must be remembered that on every conceivable plane of struggle, there remained – against all odds – a clandestine development of something greater. A substructure for a great conspiracy between all those for whom the tangible terror of victory, blustering activism, and subsequent draining of all the life-energy of struggle could never be sufficient. It survived despite, and defined itself against, the general climate of ‘counterpower’, ‘hacktivism’, ‘situationism’, ‘localism’, ‘civil disobedience’, and all the innumerable totally fantastical theories that attempt to reconstitute irrelevancy and nothingness into narratives of ‘good work’ leading to ‘deliverance’. The pseudo academic theories that characterised the rest of this period essentially postulated that a network of free-shops, allotments or 4chan would eventually constitute an alternative society with whose safety and unshakable reality one could pledge citizenship¹, and finally be justified and assured in taking those actions which must be carried out against technology. This technology, which everywhere created a parallel and all-too-real conspiracy, incorporating every organ of social pacification into one great net, unified only in its total dispersal. The ‘resistance as global as capital’ never materialised, never made an international force to be reckoned with out of its ineffectual and essentially unrelated parts. But the techniques of domination did continue to combine and disperse into everything around us, to strengthen and unify even as they derealised everything, including themselves, including the anti-globalisation movement. The dialectic of these two processes: on the one hand the pronouncements and theorising of a subculture, and on the other, the real and totalising development of the technology which it was mimicking, is what laid the foundations for the disaster we have inherited.

What we are looking at now is a vast wasteland, where all kinds of value, value that not so long ago there wasn't even a name for, has been gorged out of everything we interact with, out of ourselves. What has been stolen has been placed into this great network which inserts and integrates itself into every gap, harnesses every available part of life and converts it into logistics, profit, dead accumulation: no more hordes of gold, but the network itself is evidence of its power. The great interconnected stock exchanges, fibre optic cables, roads and train-tracks, patrol cars... Something was indeed building a new world where power would be forged from the bottom up in a decentralised network but it certainly wasn't the occupy movement or any of its associated ideas. But now consider that by far the craziest of these conspiracies clamouring to explain what was going on, the most far-fetched and least articulated notion of all – that a global phase of revolutionary solidarity was to actually be birthed – was in fact the only one to have an organic existence away from the imaginations of those in the pseudo-academy, the only one to seriously step outside of a Negri-esque fever dream, and into an unbelievable clash with reality. It represents a force of feeling which did lead, and remains able to, one to an impossible recognition: where the furtherance of the form of life lived at the expense of all this wretchedness, a freedom torn from the hands of technology, was something discovered accidentally by going through the motions of love, attack and antagonism. By letting their own logic, their own unspeakable language, impose its rhythm a new resilience and a new way to continue the war was forged.

It is certainly a pattern that, from the graves of revolution made half-way (or only just

1 This impulse, to create imaginary worlds of struggle, imaginary consistencies, (dare I say, ‘Imaginary Parties?’), is certainly an affect of the failure of an equally reprehensible tactic of the 60s and 70s, that is, the tendency of the Red Army Faction and so on to essentially compete for funding and protection from various ‘revolutionary’ states, in stark contrast to those whose total lack of citizenship was the terrain from which bullets flew and explosives detonated against the sickly states of western europe.

beginning), monsters emerge which continue to dominate how we are able to think or act thereafter – despite their prefigurative defeat – despite the clear inappropriateness of a form or mode of such-and-such an idea for the current clash. There is one particular monstrosity that not only lingers but is creeping forwards to embody all the addictions to capitulation, the opiate offerings of social peace threatening to absorb yet again all the vitality and possibility of freedom from our dispossession: Antifascism.

It must be recognised head-on that the dream of becoming the antifascist partisan that Woody Guthrie sang songs about is a foolish road to take, a tendency which historically turned a communistic project, an international class war, into a pledge of patriotic allegiance to Britain, France, America and the Soviet Union. We are doomed to repeat the lurches towards fascism and then back towards social democracy that characterise the last epoch again and again until we turn a struggle represented in the terms of work, economy and the state into a struggle against it and its representation as such. In short, a struggle that can be characterised as a struggle against technology. We find ourselves politically marooned in an increasingly farcical staging and re-staging of historical events of the last century, helplessly flailing to revive its objectively failed strategies to bide time against the return of its genocides. All the while the bloodthirsty military and prison industrial complexes, strategies of exploitation, processes of alienation surge into overdrive, sucking more and more of the living world into their deadly machinations.

Antifascist militancy, as an intervention, comes at the expense of a potential projectuality with dispersed targets spread throughout territory and structure, of getting closer to the enemy by way of revolutionary solidarity, of experimentation away from the consensus of mass organisation, of engaging the obstacles right in front of us in pursuit of life, of a conspiracy without firm definition, yet all the more powerful and resilient to repression precisely for this reason. Antifascism attempts to make a firm force, but only to participate in, and become entranced by, the transient, whirling political character of any particular state in any particular time.² It rouses troops (for that is what you become), to do battle with something which is necessarily designated as ‘outside’, and ‘exceptional’. Antifascism is first the naming of the enemy as the racist, corrupt and crooked manipulators of democracy, as an intruder into a presumably peaceful and harmonious social world, and then rallying as much of this world as possible to exorcise the demon. Its effects are broad coalitions which naturally favour opportunists, careerists and authoritarians (even if these people are rarely found on the streets, they take full advantage of the climate created by the conflict in their own spheres of dominance), and military style organisation, where there is one enemy and discipline is routinely demanded in pursuing this singularly important objective. The truth is that there has never been a heroic period where enthusiastic participation in the antifascist front has blazed the way for further and more sweeping insurrectionary activity. It is in fact always an admission of defeat on some level, something which stalinists and authoritarians, reactionaries and charlatans, capitalise on and rise to the top of, like scum on stagnant water. I contend that this is broadly true today, in the micro-sense of antifascist organising for individual mobilisations, as well as in this more general and historical sense.

I do not seek to issue platitudinous statements about how defeating fascism won't

2 Time is against us. Time is thoroughly and completely in the hands of the enemy. When I make reference to our tradition or our ‘approavhing’ or ‘further away’ from a particular time, I mean it only in the sense of defeat. Proximity to freedom is to be thought of as the beginning of the endless holiday - where regimentation breaks down and the vitality of the past pierces through and crumbles the grim solipsism of the clock-face.

'bring about the end of capitalism' as if I have come across some hidden formula that will. Rather I wish to give some expression to the mutilation of insurrection that follows the compromise: where making our ideas live in the here and now, and following wherever they lead, is traded in for cheap unity and a sense of approval from this rotten society: to speak the plain reality that I am seeing unfold before me. Crucially, I am not offering a step-by-step methodological guide (as if such a thing exists outside of the organic development of struggle, outside of perpetual seeking), but rather writing, as much for myself as anybody else, as a reminder of what is beautiful in pursuing that which is scorned by cowards and reformists for the sake of their sick pragmatism, which is always a euphemism for the endurance of social peace. Finally, I wish to lay bare that I am no advocate of 'starting all over again' or retreating to the mountains to build a guerrilla army or study mushrooms or whatever. I believe firmly that all the strands which can conspire to set fire to the existent are there in front of us, present in all the struggles which engage authority in combat without mediation. Struggles that contain an explosive quality which cannot be represented by pathetic reforms of any kind at all. It is to those screams of rage which do not deserve to be abandoned for any distracting calls for professionalism, urgency or unity, and to all those taken hostage by the states of the world in the furtherance of that burning spirit that I dedicate this.

On Technology, and its False Critics

A.I., in all its years of fashionability and subsequent disillusionments, its wavering fortunes within the scientific milieu, is still no closer to emulating the cognition of human beings in a meaningful way. What it does do is experiment in a mode of existence which draws out of mass data innovative predictions and forecasts – but these are in fact only predictable and determined in a way just complex enough to be beyond our comprehension. Intimately related to this is neuroscience, which performs the same operations inversely by attempting to extract from the human mind the data which combines to make up our lived experience, hence making it essentially determined and predictable. Augmented Reality and all the 'innovations' of the smart city basically simplify the world and mould it into a bleeping series of opening gates and flickering lights, with targets and tasks and games integrated across all technological platforms, from the simplicity of an electronic turnstile opened by your credit card, to the CCTV-enhanced Poundland self-checkout that wishes you a Happy Christmas. Predicated entirely on the idea of the feasibility of making a user interface which accounts for everything, it effectively shrinks the nature of that 'everything' to sit inside that which the technology is able to register. So-called 'information technology' also seeks to create a parallel world into which we pour more and more of ourselves, in much the same way as the factory producing these gadgets takes so much life out its workers that they have to install nets across balconies to prevent successful suicide attempts.

It is a common but fundamental strategic error to assume that these technologies are in any way neutral, or separable from power. The love of power, 'the very thing that dominates and exploits us',³ is the substance of fascism, and the love of power has never been so sophisticated as in its current technological form. Sophisticated in terms of its total diffusion into a network, in which new frontiers are constantly passed from the

3 Michel Foucault, Preface to *Anti-Oedipus*, 1977

technique of control implied in the economy (which enforces the necessity of that work and consumption to persist), to the technique of control that we can term 'state' whereby social peace, conformity and 'crisis management' are the principles of governance and vice versa. In terms of their functionality and conceptual trajectory, so-called 'information technology', as well as robotics, AI, and particularly augmented reality, straddle the line between social control and marketisation, in a sense because the collusion between these techniques of domination reaches a kind of singularity, where the one is essentially a euphemism for the other. Technology is first the creation of economic terrains favourable to the extraction of profit and conformity, and secondly their optimisation for these purposes, as new parts of life are hollowed out and reformed in its image.

The city for example, was always a product of technology. The factory saw the possibilities for the accumulation of capital soar to heights no one could have anticipated before the technology made it possible. The extreme poverty that the state engineered by its enclosure of the commons and destruction of any autonomy for those outside of the economy forced people into the factory, to work at the increased pace that the machines were capable of. Work has ever since been about interaction with, and operation of, the machines, with our hands and eyes or with our minds and fingers. Hours and hours flow into the churning vortex, and now even the act of simply moving around entails consuming and working, being registered and tracked, by step-counting apps, updates on social media, contactless payment for transport and so on. These operations not only allow capital to flow upwards in torrents (much of it will be reinvested in further encroachment or simply amasses in private bank accounts), but ensures that movement can be tracked through GPS and maybe soon RFID. Movement in itself becomes mediated and experienced through advertising, bleeping games and pulsating music, private and lonely, with everyone absorbed in their own device. We become stupid, anxious, cruel even, as we are separated from our powers of acting and exist entirely within prescribed channels, all the while becoming ever more dependant on the very things which dominate and exploit us. We enjoy them even as they make us utterly miserable, we make use of them even as they make much greater use of us, and after a little while it will be all we know. Rather than give ourselves to each other, we prostrate ourselves and kiss the ground before technology, which can neither reciprocate nor even enjoy our exploitation, it can only totalise infinitely in its own death-logic. It will parade the spectres of the long-buried past in front of our eyes, but like the leviathan it is, it can only adopt the costume of and appear animated by the things it has already killed and eaten.

Despite the increase of public exposés of what for antifascists has long been common knowledge, there is a growing reluctance to accept its obvious implications. Every other week we learn of the participation of another billionaire creep in the sponsorship of the right and especially the 'alt right' (think Steve Bannon, Alan Lake etc.). Even a cursory glance at the self-professed strategy of many wannabe blackshirts like Generation Identity or the odious so called 'Proud Boys', demonstrates its close allegiance to the techno-culture at the avant-garde of capitalism. They speak of the influencing public opinion, of shifting the parameters of what it is 'acceptable' to think and say. No wonder then that we hear the slogan of free speech, spluttering from the mouths of their keynote speakers, most notably after the successful incorporation of the 'Football Lads Alliance' into a pro-Tommy Robinson demonstration in July 2018. Similarly, all manner of far right internet personalities scramble over each other to blaspheme against 'political correctness' and good public manners. They claim to be the voice of the 'anti-establishment', the defenders of 'democratic values', the advocates of 'open debate'.

And so we can understand opposition to the 'fascist creep' to be currently operating on a number of levels, all of them proxy wars. Firstly at the level of techno-culture itself – the scumbags at silicon valley have wasted no time in shutting down various twitter accounts, websites, paypal accounts of groups associated with right-wing online posturing. It should be noted that by participating in this game of public condemnation and no-platforming, they are really just fleshing out the substance of the bizarre persecution narrative which is the bread and butter of this movement. Like a paranoid captive which the state situates in tightly controlled environments rigged with panoptic CCTV, the ugly narrative of the right festers and multiplies, finds its territory, in this techno-imaginary – developed in the comment sections of blogs and youtube channels whilst they are increasingly barred from its official platforms.

We would be stupid to imagine that there is any genuine panic afoot in the paypal boardroom. The resurgence of nationalisms, and indeed any ideology at all, is most likely seen from such a vantage point merely as some irritating waste product of their inventions. The colonising superficiality and emptiness at the heart of technology's project might in simpler times have been recognised as exploitation for profit – only this time it is commodification from the inside out, at the nexus of behavioural neuroscience and cybernetics, economy and social control. What the right have understood is that the cultural flattening engendered by the way we are forced to apprehend and interact with ideas (now completely limited to the appearance of products and therefore totally divorced from their natural home in struggle of class against class and of free spirits against the state) paradoxically plays very well into their hands, as it is under such conditions that Hitler and Mussolini can be fully redeemed, smuggled back into public discourse as just another 'difference of opinion in a multicultural, tolerant society'. The way this ideology is articulated is often pathetically meek, whinged out in cliched statements such as 'they are entitled to their opinion and I am entitled to mine', 'We want our country and they can have theirs'. Again this is quintessentially social media age politics, where even the act of honestly and fully assenting to a view or a universalising idea that it circulates is a kind of violation of its own terms.

In the media, the right often jump to the defence of 'racist slip ups' and 'historical tweets' politicians and celebrities make, as if their very real wish to defend this society against foreign incursion by means of extreme violence and brutality can only be articulated in mistakes and sleights of hand. Yet it is effective to some extent, because it compliments the medium on which it is transmitted even in its contradictions. However, this same advantage leads inevitably to a weakness: their subjugation to the circus of public opinion on the internet, which has only ever been so many algorithmic patterns made for the perfection of consumer profiles, so far limits their activities to the 'culture war' level, whereby they are fundamentally not useful for capital in the way they historically have been. It is still unclear how their politics fit into a state as of yet not very endangered, without need of brutal consolidation, at least from any sector outside of its own increasingly expansive and murderous tentacles. So while they may permeate governments even, in terms of the coherent application of a fascist vision, they will be forever marginalised and supplanted by the far more efficient prison, border, and military industrial complexes, which ultimately kill, hold hostage and generally 'keep in check' those whose lives are deemed expendable by the this murderous system, to a degree shithheads in white hoods could only dream of reproducing.

It is becoming platitudinous of the left to lament that the right are able to recruit the so called 'white working classes' online only due to their abandonment by the parliamentary

left. What this analysis omits is that it can just as logically be blamed on the lefts' refusal to combat the very technology in which they've built their hive of scum. Even for those whose desires are limited to the castration of the far-right, it must be acknowledged that as reliable a way as any to accomplish this is to tear this virtual ground out from under them.

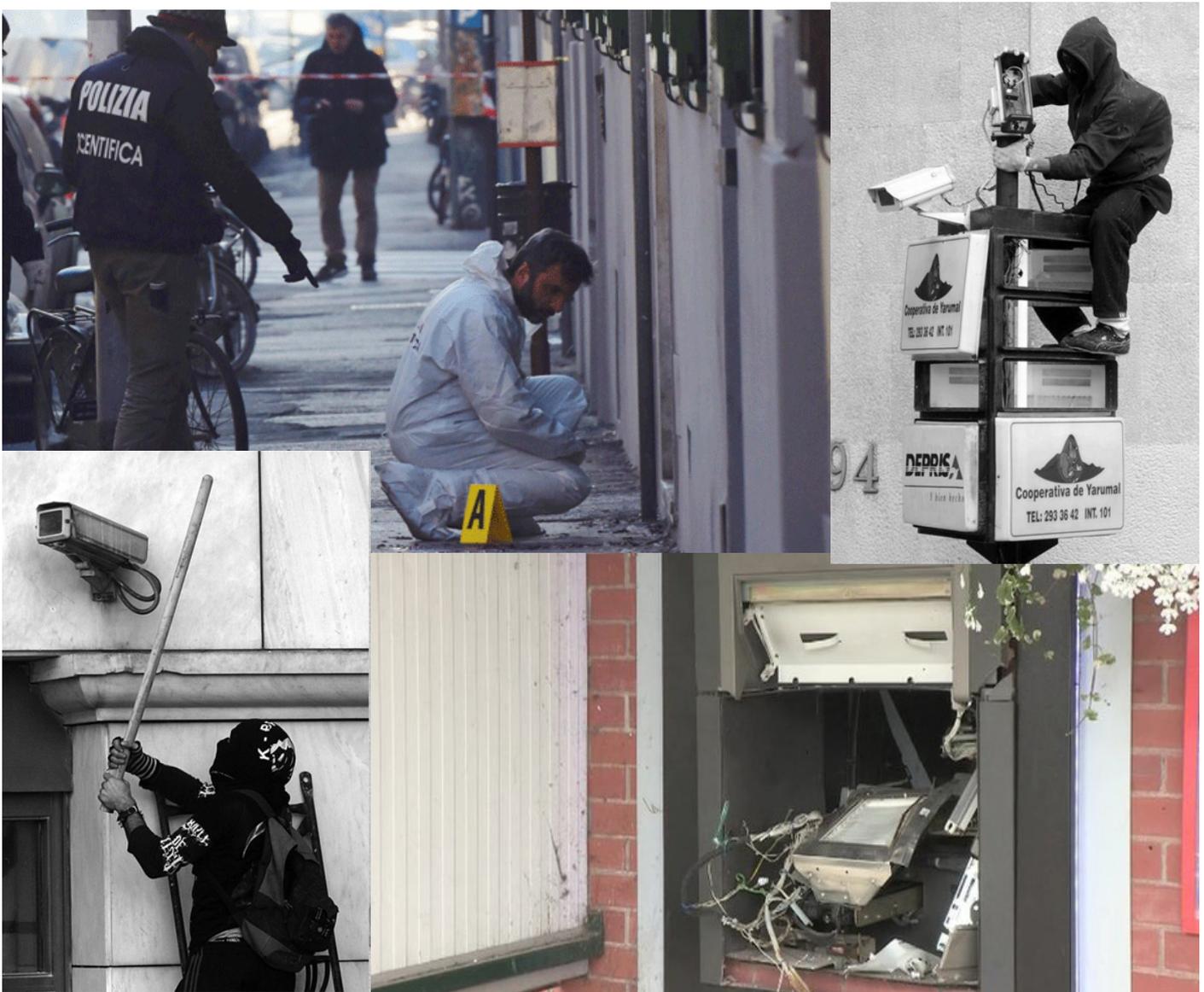
Why shouldn't racism fester when every other ideological product circulating in this augmented reality, this waking sleep, is similarly reducible to protecting this sorry state of affairs against incursions, foreign or otherwise? Think about 'environmentalism's' desperation for some great authority to manage the crisis by subjecting the world to a great restructuring right now (largely through technology, of course), only in order to preserve normal service later. Even 'migrant rights' organising appears so often to be focussed exclusively on assimilating more newcomers into this society rather than mount a challenge against it as such.⁴ In a very related way, the nature of 'migrant activism' again and again simply ignores the fundamental dynamics in its own struggle: the huge colonial wealth stockpiled through the ages by brutal and yet pale, shivering, decaying European states. People are coming now to flee its consequences, but as Bonnano recently reminded us, they may soon come for more expropriative purposes altogether. The question for us remains what our role will be when confronted with this existential challenge to our dismal, comforting way of life. Assimilation and respectability, the ability to be 'hard-working' and 'contribute to the culture and economy', the concepts of 'efficiency' and 'responsibility' – these nonsenses just won't come into the equation anymore. Even in prison abolitionist circles, many seem today to be falling over each other to come up with some sort of endless accountability process: which could one day replace mass incarceration – how wonderful these solutions appear to technological systems speeding towards new forms of totalisation and diffusion. The prison society has been showing the characteristics of dissolving the distinction between the prison and the outside world for some time. A choice must be made between what will essentially be smoothing the road for this process and an escalation of antagonism against not only the disciplinarian apparatus, but any attempt whatsoever to reform that disgusting system of death.

If we mount a defence of migration on the basis it keeps society healthy, or a refusal of the far right because it is disruptive, we risk looking like that portion of Israeli socialists bewildered and dismayed by every intifada. And yet more and more of those who recognise this are succumbing to an amnesia in the wake of totally manufactured crises. Every time a glimmer of a far-right or racist resurgence appears, everyone immediately throws down their tools and gathers together to follow them onto what people believe to be the battlefield. When we meet there - on the street, or online, or in peoples minds - we are two oppositional forces completely immersed in this mass technological apparatus, in the marketplace of ideas, in the soulless, surveilled shopping districts of gentrified and securitised cities. Right now, the thing that has everyone in a frenzied panic, the thing that is drawing people away from bolder, less reactive projectualities against these social and technological conditions and from the very realisation that such projects must emerge, is merely that the fascists are seeking to carve a place for themselves in its detestable machinery. We cannot survive long in this world, since everything about it is geared towards averting the possibility of insurgency, but the fascists can. The world of authority is not their enemy, it is ours: they are not the outsiders, we are.

4 See Negri's 'papers for all', the newfound love of the EU amongst all types of supposed radicals, and 'fully automated luxury communism', 'green new deal' and 'extinction rebellion' for more dispatches on the front of defending this way of life at literally any cost at all.

If the character of this brave new world is now appearing fascist and distasteful to the majority, to the attentive eye or boot-crushed face it is hardly surprising. The world of prisons and police, parliaments and department stores, Amazon warehouses and killer drones is not merely to be spared from the thugs baring Nordic rune flags, we must accept that it is not worth saving. We cannot claim it for ourselves; we cannot steer it on a different course. To attempt to do so will only arm its resolve against us, it will reveal our weakness, draw out and embolden our bolsheviks, snitches and collaborators. If we are truly against fascism itself, and not just fascists, we cannot avoid struggling with the more entrenched parts of domination by merely replacing it with the more widely recognised target. By casting fascists as the real saboteurs of social peace, we become its true defenders. To even believe in their extraction from society we are forced to look away from the cruelty and brutality which oils the cogs of the normality they are the pretenders to. Insofar as we are in conflict with fascism, we will always be inevitably orientated towards conflict with the productive and repressive technological apparatus itself, and not only its more immediately unpleasant symptoms. It should be remembered that this is probably what they are really afraid of. The chairmen of paypal do not buy their own fortified island retreats in case eurosceptic parties gain majorities, but rather to secure themselves and horde their wealth in case luddite insurgents storm silicon valley.

If things continue as they are, we run the risk of being pushed into camps on the orders of the very society we are foolishly trying to protect, from those it is currently in the stages of debating about whether or not to employ as its guards.



I see you behind a mask, eyes shining as always but heading straight for men with tattooed arms flying national flags, in a big metal play-pen, you're marching alongside the SWP, the RCG etc. The cops we could be running ragged on wild actions now close in on you and your chants grow fainter as theirs grow louder. And you stand there, a look of pained anger, disgust, impotence, as more bodies than you've ever seen at one of their marches swirl around huge screens blurting out racist poison. You wish you could storm the stage, cut the mic, tear the whole thing down. But you can't and you don't, you stand and watch as it starts to rain. Meanwhile immigration enforcement vans park on main roads again in Peck-ham and Whitechapel; buildings that would have made palatial squats become the rented pads of guardians; fibre-optic cables relay the latest fluctuations in price of the dollar and sterling; the areas around London get turned into construction sites for the latest mega-prison or high speed railway; A.I. and behavioural neuroscience dish out algorithmic and chemical analysis for the surveillance and commodification of our innermost feelings and needs; ATMs spit out money for city workers to spend in cocktail bars; replaced on time by G4S in the morning; boys from the elite universities burn £50 notes in front of homeless people; the police who murdered Rashan Charles and Edson Da Costa just a few months ago roll around London without obstruction; general hopelessness and desperation; often debt or loneliness induced; brings countless people to the deliverance of drugs, suicide and religious fanaticism. Everywhere a gnawing emptiness. There is no darkness; the floodlights and billboards blot out the stars at night. There is no silence; machines roar in a frenzied din that is now detectable even within the deepest mountains. Our comrades suffocate in cells, just about big enough to lie down in - some doing sentences that defy human lifetimes - and we stand behind banners saying 'No to Nazis', and go home to write posts on Facebook about how we 'outnumbered' them. The coaches roar back down the vehicular arteries of the city, the streetlights blaze onwards indefinitely.

A photograph of a radio tower on fire. The tower is a lattice structure with several antennas at the top. The base of the tower is engulfed in bright orange and yellow flames, with thick black smoke rising into the sky. The background is a clear blue sky. Overlaid on the image is the text "NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL NO PLATFORM" in large, bold, orange letters with a black outline.

**NOW THAT'S
WHAT I CALL
NO PLATFORM**

Spain and the 'Popular Front'

Our songs and selfwritten histories consist of lamentations over the deaths of fighters who perished on hillsides and boulevards. Those who screamed 'death to fascism, freedom to the people!' as rounds were loosed into their chests. We borrow much of our terminology from this legacy of resistance – our enemies, gestapo, our traitors, collaborators. And it fills us with pride when TV, school textbooks and other avenues of the general European mythology portray that story that we know our comrades were active in so beautifully, so heroically. The more astute amongst decolonial critics, especially Houria Bouteldja in her seminal work *Whites, Jews and Us*, have already established a critique of this narrative – of how the the allies' redemption, Europe's redemption, would come to rationalise the plunging of the lives of the wretched of the earth into the category of 'collateral damage' at best, and in the cities of Paris and London and in the US simply as open game for the cops.⁵ The transference and displacement of all the massacres, brutalities, racist superstitions, pernicious hierarchies away from Europe and onto the 'natives', both within and without, is detailed in cool ferocity in her work which I would strongly recommend. 'But Europe cannot be fascist, because we have defeated fascism!' This is the hidden injunction of the myth. 'Racism? Collective stupidity? Brazen generalised cruelty? Authoritarianism? You mean that thing we crushed in '45?' This is the ideological underwriting of the present misery, living in a bonafide thousand year empire, the true pretender to the eternal kingdom of petty conformity, sanitised massacre and blood-stained peace.

Giles Dauvé also contributed several texts to this unthroning of antifascist mythology. His intervention clearly emanates from a resentment for antifa jingoism at the expense of analysis which I cannot help but share. He wants to bring the question of fascism and antifascism back to the question of the state, situating fascism in particular historical moments and explaining its emergence on the scene as an answer to a particular crisis of mobilisation which states experienced in the 1930s. His contention is that fascism arrives on stage just as bourgeois/social democracy is getting pulled apart at its seams, and yet it is not the opposite of bourgeois/social democracy, but rather a different (and admittedly usually more brutal) mode of the states administration towards their shared goal of total social unification. Antifascism can be generally thought of as the attempt to force democracy to renounce its fascist elements and yet Dauvé's analysis concerns how the antifascist struggle participates in the same project as fascism: the integration of the masses into the state, initially democratically and then dictatorially. 'Both dictatorship and democracy propose to strengthen the State, the former as a matter of principle, the latter in order to protect us – ending up in the same result. Both are working towards the same goal – totalitarianism. In both cases it is a matter of making everyone participate in society: from the top down for the dictators, from the bottom up for the democrats.'⁶ Despite his communisational theses, the 'antifascist' texts provide a sufficiently critical framework through which to understand the fundamental disinterest in any sort of 'going beyond' within antifascism, as well its inevitable historical failure even to prevent such 'dictatorial mutations of society.'⁷

5 *Whites, Jews and Us, Towards a Politics of Revolutionary Love*, Houria Bouteldja, Semio-texte

6 *FASCISM/ANTIFASCISM*, Giles Dauve, Kaleidoscope (original translation- Black Cat Press, Edmonton, Canada 1982)

7 *When Insurrections Die*, Giles Dauve, ADEL, Paris, 1998

These texts demand renewed attention, not for their iteration of a communistic hypothesis, but because of their commendably vigorous interrogation of what lies behind frantic psychic investment in antifascism. The glorious partisan struggle is the graveyard of the insurrection which animates it, and as such is the socially acceptable form that insurrection takes. These texts expose the giddy excitement of young militants, drunk on the eminently *justifiable* nature of antifascism and the acclaim of joining the barricade against the right it offers to its loyal soldiers. It is an easy mobilisation for a militant cause which doesn't fight the current of technology, or even the tendency of the state towards totalitarianism, but rather participates in a tug of war over the state's matrix of legitimacy – a contradiction which is indistinguishable from its ordinary functioning - which is clearly one of the reasons why it feels so good and reassuring to be a part of it.

Where the communisation thesis falls short is in its prioritisation of communistic self-consciousness, as if the self-professed aims of the POUM militias were in any sense paramount when it comes to the insurrection of its membership. Dauvé rightly regards with disdain the idea that a state can be formed over and above a genuine insurrection (as the POUM and CNT seemed to believe about the popular front) but this concept is only troubling insofar as the struggle became an antifascist struggle. Representation, in itself, is necessarily open to a fascistic interpretation, and not to be permitted as a facet of organisation. I fail to see how doing so is distinct from the praxis maligned in both texts – the fool's project of trying to rid the state of its tyrannical aspects. By viewing the aim of any insurrectionist projectuality as forcing proletarians to organise and fight under the banner of the abolition of work, however noble such a goal might be, it is still reliant on the phantom of a 'true' revolutionary representation, an ideal both largely impossible and essentially undesirable. Insurrection, thankfully, requires no such self-consciousness as communistic or anarchistic as such, but rather these tendencies are to be stumbled across in the trajectory of insurrection itself, something qualitative, unique, informal. Antifascism stamps on this possibility not because of its renunciation (implicit or explicit) of communism without measure, but because it proscribes and establishes limitations on the chaotic situations which are the only means by which such ideas can attain meaning in the first place. Communism is discovered in the generalisation of looting and anti-systemic love/care; anarchy is discovered in explosive mutiny, never-ending strikes, the full inhabitation of our bodies and the earth. We do not need to clarify ideas beforehand, we need to clear the way for ideas to be meaningful, by which I mean, reciprocal with action, and this is precisely what antifascism stands in the way of historically.

The question is (and it is one which is most troublesome for many tendencies addicted to repeating failure as often as possible as a kind of simulation of victory, one which is always just over the horizon, incidentally): where did the fight against fascism place our comrades in the past? Where does this kind of struggle tend to lead? Let it be contended that consistently the fight against fascism is synonymous with the harnessing of revolutionary outpourings of energy and their crystallisation into an armed might, militarised and regimented, often in cooperation with or underneath a state (things which could not be further from the kind of direct and thoroughly unmediated attack on authority that were their initial constitution). In its most tragic form we have the myth of Spain, where the war of the popular front had many of the aspects of the insurrection which preceded and succeeded it fully visible and accepted within its ranks. Advancing armies would desecrate churches, collectivise land and so on...all the trappings of revolution, the acts of social war were inscribed into the activity of the war against fascism. It is at this recognition that many to

leap to denounce the betrayal of the stalinists, who suppressed this aspect in ways most duplicitous and treacherous, cowardly and cruel, and yet what responsibility can we say anarchists had for not striking first? How did anarchists with weapons allow a state to be formed over their heads? Had those comrades no knowledge of Goldman and Berkman's 'disillusionment in Russia'? What about Makhno's ill fated alliance against the white army? In truth I am not here claiming that such-and-such a period should have learned from such and such a period, what I am suggesting is that there is something in a struggle decisively against reactionary forces itself which tends to build alliances in which freedom is what is sacrificed. In the popular front, rebels give up their informality, their solidarity-propelled continuous attacks, their incivility, in order to drive out the 'real enemy'. When will we understand that *any political configuration which suppresses those aspects is the only real enemy there ever was in the first place?* We cannot trade these things in at the first sight of a popular front's superficial acceptance of our violence. They might allow us our iconoclasm today, but tomorrow we will be forced to return to normality, and mercy to any lunatic who dares to break curfew once the 'real fascists' are beat! It is no coincidence Novatore was gunned down just at the dawn of modern fascism, his disdain for the left was only matched by the intensity of his commitment to the reality of its labour struggles, those it could never adequately represent. It is in this sense that we should see the fight against fascists, that it is our love of freedom that must motivate it, and this can never compromise the integrity of the methods by which we have torn ourselves from herd morality, legality, institutional leftism, and from revolution endlessly deferred. A true love thunders out all which fails to compare to the beloved; our vessel may be revolution but our guiding light is anarchy.⁸ We must not mistake the form of violence and insurrection, which can be integrated into a force vying for power, with the way these forms can open our imaginations and propel us further into the anarchist galaxy—this latter most definitely cannot.

It may be that we want to charge a fascist demonstration, but this cannot be because we perceive it is our 'duty' as revolutionaries to do so. Such acts should come from the same affinities, schemes and laughter forged in revolt as any other kind of project against the machinery of our capture. Crucially we must not allow the circumstances in which such affinities can be created to be dropped because of a need for 'unity'. As it stands, the anti-fascist front in the UK (and from what I have seen in the rest of Europe and the US too) implies a routinisation, a consolidation; a mobilisation, it is adversarial, competitive, subcultural, in short, reactionary. At the moment this often takes the form of constantly trying to create squads who can jump in and 'save' people from racist attacks, but who most often end up bashing heads with football hooligans in the street or in the pub afterwards. This situation would be comical were it not for the monopoly it holds on how we can conceive of anti-racism or anti-fascism, and as such inherently frustrating the ideals, particularly of Black Liberation, which have always maintained the belief that oppressed people cannot be liberated by anyone but themselves. There is also an obvious nonsense in pretending that most racist oppression comes from these boneheads and not from the state anyway. It can be seen then, that the will to punch out against fascism everywhere in an immediate and unmitigated sense, is replaced by a different logic one that says 'first things first' as it proceeds to delay all possibilities of conflict which aren't reducible to running after Tommy Robinson in black bloc. If our actions were driven, not out of the fear of losing a normality which is against us anyway, or the coalition-building, competitive logic of democracy in the guise of antifascism, but rather out of the organic fury of revolutionary solidarity, we

8 *ANARCHY – Civil or Subversive?*, Dark Matter Publications

might find ourselves having the foot-soldiers of fascism on the run in a more profound sense, something unimaginable currently even for the most spectacular of antifascist mobilisations.

And before the priests of the mass movement get too upset, this may well also be the best way to reach people not buried alive in your journals and blogs. For once anarchy has been tasted it has a way of haunting the prison society in a way completely alien to the effect the rest of the left-wing components of the popular front tend to have (those for whom struggles are taken up and put down every couple of years before being completely forgotten about). Just like in the authoritarian states they send delegations of old men to, their former alliances and antagonisms have a use-by date and are almost treasonous to remember after awhile. But the betrayal of order, the nights of mischief, the smiles across the fires, the scheming and the unchained rage, these are at once painfully personal and necessarily collective experiences which form the revolutionary character of any particular struggle, and all the better if unrecognised and unsanctioned by, and even perhaps directed at, the movement managers and the guardians of social peace – those who would have us run like wild horses while behind us they clutch the reigns!

Democracy, Violence, and 'Antifa'

In light of the influence of these tendencies on the landscape of power relations in which we are situated, it can confidently be stated that in the fight against fascism, even on its own terms, an intensification of violence is not enough. This is not, in the first instance, because it will not be effective against specific right-wing groups. The problem is that it affirms and operates on the premise that fascism is something removable from the social body in the first place, something which Steve Bannon may have given us a clue to when he recently stated that 'Tommy Robinson is the backbone of the UK'. Furthermore, it is an unavoidable truth that an antifascist coalition can work as yet another apparatus to prevent insurrection. If violence is directed onto bodies which are labelled as outside of society it severs from violence the potential to penetrate deeper into the world than its original target; it becomes routinised, predictable and without insurgent possibility.

This is not a criticism of anti-fascism from the tired perspective of 'well, what will it do to bring about the revolution, the final victory?' Rather from the much more modest but potentially arresting question: what are its possibilities as far as insurrection goes, to be generalised, intensified, made multiform? I reiterate that people establish projectualities all the time which have this character of a capacity to surpass their own limits. It is only a question of opening up antifascism (what I have seen so far to be a subculture and tendency so sanctified by everybody that it has solidified into a dead weight) to the criticism and contextualising it so badly needs.

The punching of Richard Spencer may be instructive on this point. The left will take our audacity, our humour, our violence – initially debating its ethical validity, its relationship to the tenets of their beloved democracy, before celebrating it for everything sensational that it wasn't, transforming it into a talking-point. This is the example *par excellence* of the cybernetic processes of recuperation, the pushing of a gesture of violence in the war against authority into a meme-tastic cybernetic trope – something which can be assented to or dissented from *ad nauseam*, with no commitment to the spirit which might lie behind such an attack. It is a relationship to ideas where their capacity to excite or anguish their

interlocutors is blunted beyond recognition, where we apprehend violence through this filtration of consumer profiling, where it enters into a relationship of confirmation with the trends and scandals we have become sleeping participants in. It becomes just another one of those 'news items'. How can inspiration take hold under such conditions? How can one be haunted by those questions that ignite the need for further escalation? This is not a question of propaganda or even humour, the point is whether an act can stand at a distance from its reverberations within technology – whether it can be strictly unrepresentable within its platforms. We can popularise a provocative idea and yet it must not be immediately available for the rancid 'discussion' which characterises information technology. It is also irrelevant in this case as to whether the individual in question decked that sack-of-shit in the eye as part of a self-conscious insurrectionary project or not. Few and far between in the wealth of rebellious acts which proliferate wherever there is power and submission, are those which begin as self-consciously insurrectionary, and yet there are certain conditions under which these same acts are able to take on a life of their own. What does this mean 'take on a life of its own'? It means to spread, not only to become capable of being multiplied by others, although certainly this is a factor, but to be a lifting of the veil unto a stream of acts which surge far into the distance, elaborating greater targets, further possibilities: a proposition in the grammar of struggle, its lineage extending backwards and its horizon reaching forwards.

The question is how any anti-fascist act can become an act of violence against authority, go further than pre-planned fist fights at rallies, conferences and pubs? From observation it appears impossible that any such 'going beyond' will be derived from the promotion of antifascism as a trend, through the prolific sharing of memes and symbols, through mass mobilisations composed of 'affinity groups'. The sad reality is that in its current form it is of virtually no consequence that rebels should self-organise within the anti-fascist front, because so long as its constitutional principle is to treat fascism as an incursion and not something intrinsic (and therefore not limited to any far-right group or collection of groups), it will only contribute to this stagnation of bruises and flares. Whether self-organisation is simply decentralisation, which is the preferred mode of domination today anyway, rather than true autonomy and creativity with regards to remaking the struggle on our own terms, is something which must always be interrogated in such circumstances. I am by no means suggesting that every mode of attack is doomed to such a fate – far from it: when we are situated in a particular struggle but fix our eyes on the horizon there is no limit to the beautiful mischief we are capable of. However, the greatest threat to this potential in terms of the limits of individual struggles is if we forget this glimmering horizon and become pawns in a game where anarchic possibility sits at neither end of the table. In the current antifascist instance I am insistent that social peace and technology will always win. It is no coincidence that Richard Spencer's punching is widely celebrated while other comrades languish in jail (our comrades in Florence or Jock Palfreeman for example) without a stutter of solidarity, revolutionary or otherwise, from any sector of the left which make up the rest of the antifascist front. Truly, it must be stated that all of this is to be expected: it would be moronic to attempt to persuade the left of the beauty of informality, perpetual attack, and all the other the other elements it is their *raison d'être* to contain and diminish. We all have sufficient experience of this, the interminable need to represent everything about the struggle, the need for justification, 'consent', the search for something – anything – to act on behalf of, to finally have the 'freedom' of being totally bereft of responsibility. For these reasons, antifascism is merely a shockingly sophisticated form of recuperation sophisticated merely on account of the violence we are permitted to perpetrate whilst still within its limits (its sound and fury, signifying nothing). Its lack of potential for real

escalation goes unacknowledged and the movement is generally considered by most to be beyond critique, like some kind of military service for anarchists.

The Panthers were truly onto something when they used 'fascist', especially in conjunction with the word 'pig', as an all encompassing pejorative for basically any aspect of the American state or its corporate overlords, recognising as they did, the transformation of self defence into revolutionary attack as instrumental to liberation.

In the UK it is intriguing that at the related forefront of antiracist street actions is an iconoclastic impulse which would be very welcomingly extended to technological infrastructure; a fine day when West India Quay falls along with Rhodes! Perhaps is another way the insurrection of 2011 opened doors few have dared to walk through since. We must think carefully about what it is that led people into the infernal joy of expropriation and attack eight years ago, and in doing so remind ourselves of what solidarity, revenge, and other glibly bandied about concepts might really look like if acted out impiously, without illusions, and yet successfully causing a breach in the administration of the present misery which exposes every pathetic reformist for what they truly are.⁹

Everywhere the potential to intensify, expand, and free the anti-fascist project from its own limitations persists. To let it loose upon on the prison society in its entirety we need only to turn away from the mere line of 'self-defence' and instead walk the path of liberation, the path that has been scorched into the earth throughout history by every people in wild abandon of the throws of revolt.

What if instead of reacting to the activities of a racist organisation by following them to every dead town they deign to wander through, secreting a trail of lager and riot cops, we went after, with all means available, their economic sponsors; those directly or indirectly responsible for the social context in which they thrive? What about the offices of a newspaper that spreads the hatred they capitalise on? What about the social media platforms on which they endlessly chat shit? Or the numerous companies involved in the mass deportations they demand, not to mention the operation of the detention centres themselves, and even the commercial airliners and international trains which capitalise on the border? If this seems far-fetched or 'beyond capacity', I wonder if it is widely known how much effort goes into the average large counter-mobilisation, how much personal risk those people undergo already, just to beat a single nazi to a pulp? And if we are really trying to drive out fascism and not just after punch-ups with bigots, why should it be so beyond our expectations that our reaction to their activities could take any other form than the most obvious and dreary? Most importantly, the very thing stopping an anti-fascist praxis from taking off in any one of these daring directions is directly related to its organisational and ideological basis: people fear the far right, they fear their pulsating muscles and foaming jaws. They do not want to do anything which risks their development into something even more monstrous, they fear them being let off the chain. I believe it is this very same fear that makes doing away with aberrational narratives around fascism – and instead situating the terror of the far right as embedded within the heart of this society, as an irrevocable part of the casual brutality underwriting its very existence – so impossible. Furthermore, the kind of organisation that fear leads to, the popular antifascist fronts, are inevitably stifling of daring. The risk of 'alienating the masses' we are told, is too great. People turn up to these mobilisations just in order to be an oppositional presence; they fear and loathe this monster and so feel the

⁹ For more in this I strongly recommend *Anarchy: Civil or Subversive?* from Dark Matter Publications

need to witness it, to be present, to have a symbolic skirmish, all to convince themselves paradoxically, that the threat which has them so shaken, is not so great. This explains the obsession with the sometimes relatively pitiful numbers who attend the nazi rallies, or the scoreboard of beatings which 'antifa' must at all costs stay on top of. All this serves to isolate the far right from the rest of society and symbolically harass it, to never look away, lest the monster grows bigger whilst our heads are turned. The reality of the vast array of far-right parties gaining majorities in parliaments all around the world testifies to the dead end of this tactic. Fascism is taken on by states as a means to ensure social unification. The state sustains itself by a million acts of obedience and submission. The only way to destroy fascism is to destroy the state, leaving nothing for them to take over. As long as there is a way to administer, govern, and exploit, fascism will always be implicit. The misery, poverty and anger is everywhere. We should not acquiesce to a consensus where the only organisational forms these energies can be channelled into – or even imagined – spares completely the mechanised substance of our degradation from insurrectionary fury. We should at least, ourselves, not be coerced by a misplaced sense of duty. We should have no qualms about giving life to another form of organisation – one capable of transforming anti-fascism into an insurrection against this fascist society.

What I am suggesting is that the very nature of antifascism is perpetually reflected by its ubiquitous logo (and I don't use that word lightly); the great red banner nearly always obscuring the pesky black margin. The issue is that we are not marginal, we are at the front of the front. Those most furious of free spirits, those who are most daring, are the first to clash hand to hand or in whatever form the occasion demands, the so-called 'hooligans' and other such freikorps, who attend to their wealthy masters' words with racist pogroms and attacks. And so the rebels get beaten, jailed, killed, but all in the name of a defence of a left and a society that on any other day might be their target. We fight the fascists to protect 'the community', but what would those people say when the telecommunications towers are felled? What about when their banks are in flames? What about when we are facing repression? Will this community automatically continue the struggle? It must be said that this works both ways – a main obstacle to more people becoming involved in a greater variety of ways is that there is an assumption that antifascism is a kind of 'superhero' activity, undertaken by an elite squad to fight off the small number of 'baddies'. What is being described here is the real meaning of 'affinity' – what is truly absent from the organisational structures which 'antifa' presents to us. The truth is that we do not know what would happen if we lost the kind of passive but comforting support that people give us for this participation; we retreat behind the great red flag, but maybe we would find a different, more meaningful kind of knowledge and solidarity if we chose a different path of conflict with fascism? An asymmetric conflict, informal and flexible, making use of tensions in one area to escalate tensions in another- one actively hostile to routine. One based in revolutionary solidarity, in turning the apparatuses of repression and order into openings in the pacified existent, sending violence back up the chain of command in ways unintelligible, unmanageable and humiliating for the prison society of 'total policing'. Perhaps, in sending up such a signal, we would win new complicities. A different quality of affinity entirely might be presented in utilising the same ferocity we currently put into street fights and directing our efforts against the conditions which sustain the brutality and stupidity which produces fascism.

This dead marketised world is fascism's natural home, and here lies the obvious fallacy of the worst chant in the world, 'whose streets? our streets!'. These streets are absolutely not ours, they never have been, from the first moment the peasants were forced into slums –

to toil in smoggy gulags yet to become trendy shopping districts, castles and skyscrapers – towers of death, built on layers of wasted life. Fascism has always been at home in this world, and freedom has always existed in the possibility of destroying it. Hooded ones may yet appear who share a hatred for this wretched fortress, who were otherwise invisible in the ranks of those who hate only interruptions to the banal sickness of their fucked up lives.



Against Obscurantism! Forward to Obscurity! (Fire to Eco-extremism)!

The so called 'eco-extremist' tendency has attained much notoriety recently, largely due to their threats against anarchist spaces and individuals, their endorsement and (much more occasional) participation in 'indiscriminate attack', their favourable review of ISIS, their legitimisation of rape, and so on. But of course, the attention currently surrounding them can be attributed just as much to their pathetic online baiting of anarchists. Their intrinsic reliance on technology to reinforce their air of notoriety is clear. What they have in common with ISIS is that their 'indiscriminate attacks' in fact join the scores of quintessentially civilised people who blow up their colleagues or school kids randomly, mimicking the sad but unmistakably domesticated way animals in conditions of hopeless captivity turn on each other in the most ferocious ways. Indeed the zoo metaphor can perhaps go further here; in this zoo of civilisation, the spectators, or perhaps even the spectre of spectators plays an important role. Eco-extremists would claim no doubt they do not want to be a project at all, and would refuse to be measured in those terms; they would instead claim to want to dissolve the distinction between conscious projects against the existent and the random outpouring of violence against really any target whatsoever. The latter of course, is practised all the time by fascists, those in the midst of some psychotic episode, misogynist murderers etc... It would be easy to deduce from their commentary on ISIS that these disparate elements are to be valorised, consciously or not, as some kind of new proletariat whose capacities for being 'truly uncivilised' (in this case completely indistinguishable from being over-civilised) will be lauded as totally unique amongst the masses. In this sense they seek to become 'the animal', or 'embody the wild spirits' or whatever, and stop being a tendency at all. And yet, just like the zoo their acts imitate, they cannot extricate themselves from the stare of strangers. It is as if their ostensibly uncontrollable, random bursts of individual rage might actually be all merely a performance for the benefit of those they claim to revile.

It is of critical importance to understand the absolute superficiality of the apparent similarities between such a position and anarchists of informal organisation, boundless solidarity and unrelenting attack. Their mistake (one of many, in any case) is to confuse a critique of the mass movement and refusal to designate any particular identity as the absolute revolutionary subject for a meagre and adolescent general misanthropy. This couldn't be further from the truth contained in such a position, for we hate the masses' penchant for submissive grovelling because we know all too painfully well that people are not yet automata. We hate this wretched mechanised world because we are hopelessly in love with that which threatens to burst out of it at any time. This isn't to say that we are waiting for everyone to 'achieve their potential', or that they are even on such a trajectory necessarily, for this would place us in the ranks of some kind of nauseating Marxism, make us militants of a horizon always just out of reach, partisans of a clock face never striking the hour of liberation. We are not so foolish; the chaotic drive toward insurrection, that communism without measure, cannot help but exist necessarily within every dynamic of domination, however partially, however efficient its methods of recuperation. This does not require the drawing of a great diagram in which every struggle is forced into the paradigm of anarchy versus authority, but rather requires a certain attentiveness in praxis, a seeking out and interrogation of the possibilities of particular struggles, without giving a damn whether it calls itself 'anarchist' or 'against civilisation' at all, always instead relishing in the real possibilities those ideas entail for the contexts where they originally found their meaning.

It is the nightmare of authority, but crucially it is our means to gain our dignity, audacity, our liveliness – to snatch our idea of freedom from the hands of prison society. We hate reformism, leftism, and any justification of cowardice because we are painfully aware of how such stupidity fails to do justice to the rugged beauty of the sea, the infinite madness of the stars, and the improbable anarchy of our lives, haunted by the ghosts of thousands of years of crushed rebellions and unrealised desires. Everything inside us screams for insurrection, the pavement aches to be torn out, the prisons beg for fire! Eco-extremists would prefer to have it that they are individuals acting on behalf of Norse gods or wild spirits that are completely unintelligible to everybody else and that, because of this, that ‘everybody else’ represents a potential target. No wonder they now link up so easily with the world-rejecting theology of ISIS and Anders Brevik. We must embody the very opposite of that dead-end philosophy as viewed from above a keyboard. We embrace life in all its complexity and absurdity – that which has been eaten out by the miles of fiberoptic cables, metro tunnels and cobalt mines, but is nonetheless imminent and proximate to us at every moment. We embrace the beauty of friendship and love which denounces all that which runs on cybernetics or economy, that which enriches our lives and is necessarily found in struggle. Any ideology which obstructs or delays its full flourishing is our sworn enemy and the deserving recipients of attack. And eco-extremists, the obscurantists who brag on the net, will not stand in the way of the whirlwind of freedom, which, coming from nowhere, can burst out from anywhere, unconcerned as to whether the bodies in whom it finds breath are initiates in any particular creed whatsoever. To hide in our bedrooms taunting each other while the possibilities for striking out against technology shrink from our grasp would be the greatest success for fascism that archetypal ideology of death, and the real god of its eco-extremist apologists. Fuck the church of ITS, and fuck its anarcho-scene collaborators! Let’s continue to give life to an array of praxes daring and creative in their destruction; let’s keep up our contempt for technology and our love affair with life and freedom.





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