



A  
Love  
Letter  
To  
An  
Anonymous  
Stone  
Thrower



**DEAR ANONYMOUS STONE-THROWER.**

A rock left from your beautiful hand into the Pittsburgh night searching for either a bank window, a storefront, or maybe even the visor of a riot cop's helmet to embrace. In a strange turn of events, my face obstructed the stone from reaching its final destination and, instead of the intended glass being shattered, my teeth were cracked into pieces and blood sprayed from my mouth like a scene from a '70s slasher-flick. I ask you not to worry about my teeth, they are of little worth to revolutionaries; let's remember how Bakunin got along just fine with his scurvy-ridden chompers. In fact, I'd gladly lose all my teeth, have a few fingers severed, and even a leg amputated if it would ensure that stones would continue to fly at demonstrations. A simple revolutionary cost-benefit analysis like this must surely take into account the fact that teeth are just minuscule parts of the grand expression we call a smile and smiles can not blossom on our faces without riots consuming the metropolis. So, please keep hurling those bricks into the dark sky for the sake of the world's happiness rests upon this.

My dear, I write you this love letter to also ask you, better yet, to implore you to never regret what happened this past Thursday in Pittsburgh. Despite what anyone might say, your aim -or your lack thereof- is not to blame and I insist that the fault belongs solely to my face, and to my face alone, for clumsily finding its way into the rock's path. Place all the guilt on my head... Literally. And in my throbbing skull, hypotheticals squirt out of my jarred brain. What is the exact nature of friendly-fire but a combination of the two elements essential to the composition of any revolutionary: friends and fire? Yes! I can assure you that you will never hear liberal complaints about the irresponsibility of the black bloc or banal whining about the careless violence displayed in a riot come from my now disfigured lips. For I know all too well that gestures cannot be beautiful without victims.

And so, I gladly rejoice in my newfound victimhood. Because, clearly you don't have to be Octave Mirbeau to locate the uncanny semblance between pain and pleasure. Your brick toss became for me an erotic spanking par excellence. It was nothing less than a treat for me to feel your subjective will, set on battering alienated capitalist objectivity, instead rupture my class-conditioned proletarianized existence. My love, you unknowingly set into motion my own personal de-subjectification: your wild pitch broke my identity and my gum-line. Gorgeous it was, how the hard stone, your soft hand, and your sleek body coupled into a machine with a flow that caressed my lips, leaving traces of your desire around my mouth, and, at the same time, produced the strangest of Craigslist Missed Connections. I long for you, Anonymous Stone-Thrower, and I so badly want to tell you that you are my hero and also say thank you. Thank you for finally letting me experience a riot from another angle. Thank you for fulfilling this pressing need, described best by Baudelaire when he scribbled:

I would be happy not only as a victim; it would not displease me to play the hangman as well-so as to feel the revolution from both sides!

If my burning wish to someday meet you is ever granted, please ignore my hideous, scab covered lips, pretend they are casualties of sensual but nonetheless overzealous nibbling, and let us kiss like lovers' deprived from each other for too long. I anticipate this day like I yearn for the day we all storm the heavens.

Till we find each other on the barricades,

**UNDYING AFFECTION.  
BLEEDING GUMS MURPHY**