

Anarchy and Anarchism

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*What I could say of an idea . . .
what I could say of a practice . . .
what I could say of a playing field . . .
what I could say of its players . . .*

But to merely say is no longer the point.

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TO MARK a bundle of words with a similar title is to do a few things. Firstly, it is to mark oneself as a criminal of intellect, a deviant to society, a child of passionate defiance, a poetic tragedy of such passion. (Our forebears have shown this and more.) Secondly, it is to stake into the ground a mile marker from the outset of the course that law and order has laid for all the masses to hurry behind; to measure all its winding roads and horrific points of flex enclosed by conceptual permanence and internal doubt. And thirdly, it is to have come to a point with oneself and one's ideas where there can be no title for such a particular collection of words other than the object of one's creative lust, one's deepest motivation. Everything arising from that is best lived and extolled rather than made into perfect playthings for philosophers and pundits. But with word being my station, with publication being my great surging river, I look upon all the revolving compulsory and participatory nonsense upheld as *the greatest sense, the highest calling* — and know the aim of my words. I hone the outstretched arm of my

discerning past the threshold of the miasma of politics, and into the sequestered sweetness of *the real sense, the truest calling* — the victorious solitude against every state, every economy, every commandment, every thinkable concept. The common inclination toward a freedom shaped for and by the person(s) seeking everything that freedom opens way for. These are what I stand for . . . behind standing entirely for myself, sacrificing no part of myself for anything.

To set oneself down and consider the subject of my work is to place oneself before two landscapes, before two expressions of the same life our ancestors have seen change and contour to varying joys, woes, ups, downs, twists, ends and rebirths. I consider the scenery of something that is not the ideal, not the pristine, not the afterlife — but *the sensible arrangement*: The real, sustainable balance in self, in the pathways and pastures of the world around. A world, either local or at large, wherein all people who set themselves in motion shall not be denied that fruit which they suffer for, but instead see all the facets of nature and community held in common, safeguarded by free agreement. I consider in that arrangement a character of ultimate determination and definition of the individual being's "*I*". That is, that unknowable essence that stirs and moves each of us in unspeakable, irrational ways. Those passions, those inclinations, those

desperations to be whole in some way that nobody else can make sense of but that *I*. I consider, with all variables accounted, *a common peace* that can finally be real. A “peace” no longer the stuffy wish of bourgeois liberal elitism, but the reality of a baseline simplicity woven from complex struggle.

I then consider the scenery of something that seems now more imminent than the aforementioned. I consider the steaming, festering corpse of the natural world. I consider the hollowed out body of the spirit of all the recognizable. I consider the ceaseless development of unattainable homes. I consider the swamps and seas of concrete. I consider the gut-wrenching horrors of our Mother Earth at present which neither Goldman nor De Cleyre nor Parson could anticipate to warn as they did with such passion and eloquence in other pressing spheres. I am not these women. But I am the woman who grips at my own pen with the fury of having been born entirely **Me** and unapologetically **Free**, growing into disappointment, anger, and in time, creative rage: Flickers of that vital exuberance that move all things with form toward their satisfaction, toward their fill, toward their revenge. And standing askew in the fork, the herd of humanity crowds around the edges of this road, frightful of any definite decision.

We are never done with struggle. Struggle expresses the vitality we still store in us. It is not a

matter of ruled or freed. Whether we are grappling physically in some sense, or spiritually or intellectually fighting with something that ensnares our very pattern of speech and thought, we will still have plenty of struggle within a sufficient anarchy. So I ask that everyone reading this who seek self-refinement *be kind to yourselves*. Set your own intake. Select your own goals and battles. *You determine your motions through your freedom*. This is your struggle as it is mine.

I want to touch on both the *condition* and the *idea*, to touch on both *anarchy* and *anarchism*. I want it clearly understood that *neither comes to preface the other, but each arises from the same source* to lend a hand in what is said to be without resolution when looking through only the *approved channels* of thinking and acting. An ancient yet potent channel is to open as so many have before; one that welcomes the unfiltered determination of those suffering the current exceptions to life's fullness. One that contours to every need, every desire and every possible person. One that has been personified and thusly demonized in mythology. One that pious thinkers fend off with static truisms that only perform puppet shows of *truth*.

Definitions are as miserable as laws. They are prone to being revised and cemented, revised and cemented again according to whose perspective holds office, whose gun is in your face. No dictionary

will yield any helpful answers, nor will having debates about what is *the ideal* anarchy. *Anarchy*, understood simply as a situation wherein no authority or exclusive use of coercion is concentrated in any person or people over others, is actually right here and now. Anarchy exists wherever a state or other entity cannot or does not enact its power over those inhabiting that space, enabling near-perfect agency over their actions and selves. Our very **homes** are centers for anarchy! Our minds, our bodies, our friend groups, our notebooks, our hidden spaces are all receptacles for anarchy — full and perfect. The literary and theoretical framework, the making that freeness portable, translatable and adaptable to the problems in life, this is what is called “anarchism”.

I have said and say again that neither the school nor the fruit arrives before the other. They are twin realms of the same ultimate freeness that each shine through with the turns in the tides of the anarchist(s). One cannot set herself into motion without an idea, and one cannot have an idea without having been set into motion. There are times when we are studying, there are times when we are moving through the world, and there are times when we are doing both simultaneously. To recognize anarchy as *an intentional state of being* compelled to be enlarged as a mode of life rather than any perfect unifying coordination encapsulating all other

people, were anarchist practice to succeed in worldwide conflict, is to take into consideration the very anarchic vital systems that pump blood and air through living things. *We are each anarchy. We are each a seed for how life operates.*

Anarchy is more than a situation achieved through study put into practice or a social and moral imperative reached through propagating anarchist critique. It is more than a singular defiance absorbed into the whole. It is an exuberant force of will, passion, intellect, potential, possibility. It is an intentional negation of all dominant norms and decrees that have shaped life against our wills, opting to spitefully realize something bold and free. Anarchy is an explosion of life's truest matter, erupting against all the stoic, self-righteous buildings of governance and economy, sending shock waves through the citizenry, the owning class and their police. It is the unavoidable inclination of all things kept under strain. It is the bursting of what cannot be accepted any further.

I will not spend much time dwelling on the words and deeds of past anarchist authors and figures, because I see in the anarchists living right now a greater potential to make their aspirations real and relevant for all of us. Our predecessors are merely the substantial, historical reference for our current activities. They would urge us to formulate our own thoughts and actions. Yet one common

introductory author comes up from time to time for those looking for anarchist knowledge. Italian anarchist Errico Malatesta tells us — in his own *Anarchy and Anarchism* — that anarchy . . .

“ . . . is a form of social life in which men live as brothers, where nobody is in a position to oppress or exploit anyone else, and in which all the means to achieve maximum moral and material development are available to everyone; and Anarchism is the method by which to achieve anarchy through freedom and without government, that is without authoritarian organisms which, by using force, even, possibly for good ends, impose their will on others. Anarchy is society organized without authority, meaning by authority the power to impose one's own will and not the inevitable and beneficial fact that he who has greater understanding of, as well as ability to carry out, a task succeeds more easily in having his opinion accepted, and of acting as a guide on the particular question, for those less able than himself.

— *Malatesta: Life and Ideas*, pg 13-14

I see Malatesta as neither a shining representation nor a disposable antique of today's relevant thought and practice. I see him as another socialistic anarchist whose faith in labor movements would eclipse all other considerations of individuality, unique character and wit when compared to his heroic warrior-poet contender Renzo Novatore. I do not see that his most cited words can ever be definitive for anarchy as it is in our lifetimes, because we now know that anarchist aspirations are inclined to exceed notions of society and organization altogether — not simply *the specific authority of state-protected capitalism*. All authority, all Earthly orders are to be destroyed. I myself do not want a society of any kind to owe fealty to. I do not want any collective or individual master, any castle walls — even anarchistic ones, for in my heart I am a barbarian child of the open Earth, wherein all that I may care for can be a part of me and not one thing I care for not at all.

But I also find in such writings, glossing over my own distinctions, a kernel of the general principle to aim for as an anarchist: A basic ethic of common purpose through self-interest aimed at consensual cooperation between like-minded associates toward their self-determined ends. We risk losing connections and insights in becoming occupied with semantic distinctions and frivolous half-certainties that only draw up divides in our

understanding of each other. Even though some perspectives will frustrate us, a basic ethos to come back to is *individual self-determination*: Any cooperation resulting between free individuals must be kindled for the fruit of immediate anarchy and the experimentation with ideas. Everything useful that comes out of anarchic interactions is some of the most precious matter from within, and perhaps on the margins of, these walls.

As the American feminist anarchist Voltairine De Cleyre had penned: “Anarchism means freedom to the soul as to the body,— in every aspiration, every growth”. (‘Anarchism’, pg 115 *The Selected Works of Voltairine De Cleyre*)

I do myself and my associates a great disservice to dismiss all notions arising from such figures as mere liberalism under the anarchist banner. I have my own feelings about certain concepts, but I know when they are actively wielded against me and when a curious individual is simply inspecting them critically. A critical mind properly tuned into the important things in life in addition to the real interests of the person commencing the critique will doubtlessly open many doors for many different people. There must be a variety of intellectual tools to make use of while encouraging free discovery and free formulation. It is the nature of having many intermingling perspectives that is to benefit the

project against all political order and toward healthy human life, building a worthwhile contingent here and now. People worth collaborating with will know where the agreed upon idea begins and where useful spontaneity ends. A healthy measure of things always makes itself apparent in such comings together.

The citizens outside of these scarcely [want to] think of things in terms of freedom or servitude anymore. The thought of being unfree is discomfoting. “I am surely better off here rather than there!” When dealing with our everyday inconveniences of late rent, medical bills, etc., we brush them off as parts of how the same normal stays in place. To accept them bluntly as parcels of a highly advanced slavery is to accept many other things that are horrifying to suffer. And so they are reduced to simple routine defeats to maintain the “success” of keeping the tired, humdrum life — yet decorated with the manufactured grace of *accepting the uncontrollable*. Some say that this is better than being dead. But is it really?

With the advent of liberal capitalist republics, some believe that the times of serfdom and feudal barons have disappeared altogether: The state has been revised to parse all the unique characteristics of those eager to participate in its shining, fast-paced economy. So much has come out over the lifetimes of this model of civilization

cemented as *the most ideal*, rendering our bones and muscles and blood evolved for our blatant slavery. Our branded treats, our regularly-scheduled programming, our stale promises and harsh blows from elected officials. To begin to live sincerely free is to learn to shake these off. It is to invest effort and forethought into the palpable, organic joys that stay with us and need no sacrifice for renewal.

Our minds too are plagued with *necessities of governance* that seize upon all dissent. Liberal, conservative and centrist cries of “consent of the governed!” ring through the halls of the state while the subjects against their subjugation rally against the dominant nonsense, against all the hallowed symbols of that self-righteous order. This itself marks the precedent for *unrest as a correct response to the state and the economy that actively **Fail All Of Its Subjects Every Single Day***. People witnessing this begin to sincerely think — or dive headfirst into coping and seething and crying about “peaceful protest” (read: “Don’t ever *effectively do anything* about what keeps me comfortable but puts your life at risk! I have a small business to think about! I’m not a diehard wannabe oppressor!”) Either of these converging shows the distrust among the masses; not simply artificial divisions which the anarchists seek to abolish, but whole tribes within a mass that compete for power.

Inside of this environment, the bruises of rule upon our minds go on to influence how the change of tomorrow is said to be. Revolutionary organizations structure themselves in the language of militarism and submission to party lines. All the forces best suited for the worst authoritarians alive are said to be correctly wielded when in the hands of those asserting “the dictatorship of the proletariat”. Cults of various spiritual and political persuasions arise to attempt to fulfill some prophecy. These are the results of attempting to contain transformative thought in terms of “current” and “future” societies. Kingdoms to come, and so forth.

A horrible tangle of social ills, some dreamed up as antidotes to themselves, becomes apparent when living in an urgency to *persuade subjects of society* into overthrowing the existing rule as one whole revolutionary body in perfect tactical agreement. “The time is not yet ripe!” shouts the Marxist-Leninist. “Only through reform can we have a sustainable peace!” cries the Liberal. The intellectual and ritualistic comfort of the existing way of things restricts any digestible, materially effective dissent from uprooting everything we hate most. The favorite truths of different factions drain into the delusion of transitioning this global society of societies into something “better”.

No society after the societies we’ve endured can facilitate any healing *as a society*. There must be a

will to carve something distinct and based entirely on the means and the fruit of what is needed and desired. Our individual healing must come from our friends, our loved ones, our free and consenting communities, our deep inner consultations with ourselves. Any real considerable notion of “society” has to be based on these essentials and nothing more if it is to be a truly *anarchist society*, and so long as those people concerned are generally in agreement to use this term for their association. (I would not be a part of this.)

What I feel should happen is the dissolving of all sense of mass association and to view all collectivities as gatherings of unique individuals, free to disperse whenever the collectivity becomes a static, formalized regiment that duped individuals would die for. Nothing is worth dying for. Not even anarchy. It is on the individual level that real, useful connections become apparent. We can only engage to such lengths as *a mass*. Such a situation necessitates a stratified mode of handing down objectives, working within a framework of command and obedience, reducing participants to another cog in a tightly enclosed system. The most rewarding, beneficial exchanges come from between consenting persons in face-to-face relationships of trust, wherein people can resituate themselves along truly agreeable lines with truly agreeable people.

And the people who would care to join arm-

in-arm with we who recognize our stark lack of freedom will be the people who think critically, who detest the harm of this way of life, who live in the same poor/working class areas as us, who know how to be kind to one another, who know how to respect diversity of expression, who are honest about their own skills and limitations. We are to find people who restore a sense of connection with humanity, who share a conscious intent to undo and/or live against this horrendous order. These are to be our collaborators, our comrades, our accomplices. Whatever term agreed on, if any.

An anarchist does not look like any particular person. An anarchist is not a brazenly uniformed goon as the vast majority of fascists strive to be, when doing so does not inconvenience their activities. (The black bloc is a tactic, not the basis of anarchism.) An anarchist is only precisely the person holding to their own anarchy. Some anarchists are punks, some are nerds, some are teachers, lawyers, doctors, pharmacy techs. Some are programmers, hackers, artists, blue collar workers, wandering wayward spirits. An anarchist is any person who recognizes the deep need and the deep yearning for a full and sustainable freedom founded on each person's terms. Anarchists exist in many different temperaments, exercising their own anarchies through their self-informed anarchisms. But anarchists are still *persons with unique problems and*

obligations.

A life here and now has to be maintained for a life down the road to be real. One foot is in the pool of citizenship, political participation and an embrace (read: an anarchic exploitation) of rights afforded to citizens . . . and one is in something else. But that existent life can only be a stepping stone for evolving oneself toward what is genuinely preferable for each person's I. One cannot remain in the abuse, the reduction, the imprisonment, the imposed definition, the intrusive operations. And so there must be entry ramps for individuals, families, affinity groups and others to enter into anarchist activities which make sense to them. There must be wide arrays of activities that are safeguarded by trust, self-defense and verification against state intruders. Often called *a culture of resistance*, it is where conscious individuals and groups engage in creative, liberatory activities inside the walls of rule in order to cultivate potential against them. Such a culture requires a wide range of people opening this with a high degree of certain care.

Anarchists must be mindful of individuals and groups who we can understand as “anarchistic”, but may in truth subscribe to *abolitionism*, *anti-state* *anti-capitalism*, *libertarian socialism* and other descriptors in place of “anarchism” while still being vocally opposed to both state and capital. It is best to respect these self-descriptions, whatever their

reasoning. To position oneself as “one who has stepped into the light and has accepted the one true way of capital A Anarchism in pursuit of glorious, perfect capital A Anarchy” is never helpful to anything but the hubris of an ideologue. And, obviously, if any self-describing “anarchist” is advocating for an exception for ethno-nationalist identitarianism within anarchist thought, they are not an anarchist. They are a fascist intruder, the opposite of an anarchist, and need removal and dealing with as applicable. The same goes for “anarchists” advocating an exception for Marxist-Leninist states, which are inherently expansionist, imperialist and actively seek to kill anarchists. Traitors to genuine communism, which only exists in anarchic associations.

Anarchists who seek to manifest anarchy, for the sake of the wholeness of their aspirations, projects, ideas and lives, cannot simply be subscribers to an ideology, a philosophy, a school. The sum of anarchy, anarchism and anarchists must be an aqueous, divergent *thing* that stands apart from the left-wing, the right-wing, the center, from all the perimeters of politics; the anarchist intention is not a political one, nor strictly a transformative one. *It is a negative one.* It is negative in the sense of being actively opposed to every pre-existing standard of managing people and things — and to the very paradigm of being “managed” at all.

To what ends do we manage things — finding *ourselves managed* — into oblivion? It is the drive of individual owners and conglomerates to use up their slaves into death, enslaving their offspring, cementing exclusive luxury for that of the owning class forever. It is the drive of state socialists to distribute ownership and management over all *the people*, celebrating and cementing the proletarian condition — or usurping the bourgeois one among the politburo — as the only life. Anarchist negativity attacks all of these. This negativity roots itself into the fabric of existence, bursting the terrain of acceptable positions, tactics and concepts, unveiling something wonderful.

To the anarchist, there is no final goal striven for but the defiant exercise of freedom cascading in all possible directions for as long and continuously as possible. For access to wellness to be made immediate here and now, as well as down the road. One's beloved *anarchist society* may be their own project, but the nature of such defiance is necessarily antagonistic with all that refuses to budge. In the face of an irrational foe bent on controlling everything, best to depend on oneself or a small handful of trusted friends in a wide-ranging concern that allows for creative destruction in all things than to invest all one's hopes into one external avenue of religious certainty.

In sum, as an anarchist, one needs to step away from the mania of “truth”, “enlightenment”, vague ascension and step **firmly** in front of what one wants out of life, doing so with no limitations on what that is, with no ideological blinders to what may influence the winds in that endeavor. The point of anarchy is not to champion “the truth” about anarchist principles of mutual aid and free association, but to demonstrate freedom and its origin: daring audacity and self-nourished capability. One has to learn to permit oneself to become greater than allegiances, than philosophies in order to assume the entirety of their self.

Anarchism must not be made into a new church or a new party. Anarchism must not be a static set of texts and rigid ideas. Anarchism must itself be an anarchy: A fluid critique of various intellectual tools assembled in such a way that enables individual capacity to realize freedom and wellness. If that is the project in mind, if that is the goal clearly striven towards, there is the same palpable thing present that self-describing anarchists are striving toward alongside abolitionists, anti-state anti-capitalists, feminists, queer and gender non-conforming people, disabled people, people of color, indigenous peoples and every single possible line of oppression.

An anarchist must be one who understands and welcomes disparate lives and outlooks coming

together around one concern that involves the totality of our lives. There is no qualifier belonging to anything that can claim perfect ownership over freeness. In fact, it seems to me that sincere anarchy is one which finds no use for particular adjectives, but defines itself entirely by the aspirations of the participants. Anarchy can be a force of autonomous actions, a free exchange of information and essentials. It is not the only way for freedom to be — but it is the most clearly-defined compound of self-determination as a living ethos *to sustain the richest possible freedom*.

In an anarchist setting, just as one might have the capability and space to do harm, others have the same level of capability and space to defend, retaliate and tend to the injury sustained. The stability arising from this free and open capability is the purpose of every anarchy. It is the only “regulation” that needs considering: When all the sustenance produced and distributed among organisms living together can be consumed without restriction or punishment. When all can associate and part freely. This being the only “norm” generates an interlocking series of understandings and preferences for life’s smooth sailing, opposed to all that has sincerely generated injuries of profound desperation within state-protected capitalist society. We only have harm — “crime” — directed at each other, at each of us under rule, because we are

imposed on from above with terrible restrictions that create intensely dire circumstances. If we were to remove those institutions entirely from our lives, if we were to uproot everything they have stifled us with, managing to persist in life against any of their reinforcements, there would never be another reason to go and hurt our neighbor — save perhaps those unpredictable conflicts that could be resolved far, far more safely and effectively in whatever nature required than any other form of punishment or imprisonment carried out by a force that would do so to any of us.

Do anarchism and anarchy solve every possible problem? Probably not. But it does do a great deal to *enable* individuals and groups to do things with no arbitrary bounds. The only bounds are those set by all who inhabit themselves and stand to protect their loved ones and associates from whatever threat may be.

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We take a break from our curiosity. The contrast, the tension between the rich hypotheses and the current standard for everything leaves one nauseous. We need a break from the library of *all that could be*.

We return to our sequestered pauses of consideration in the so much of this dominant mode of so-called “living”. We suffer our jobs and spend time with our families after. We love them dearly,

but struggle to see in them what is drifting from us. We struggle to see in us what is drifting from each of our I.

What is pulling everything away and out from under us?

We wonder where the blissful obliviousness of early childhood went. We consider if it was ever anything truly outstanding in the sense of freedom. Our disobedience despite punishment, and so forth. Then we think of a life composed entirely of such a beautifully ephemeral mode of traveling through space and time, but with a clear direction in mind. With full maturity and awareness honed down the paths of our choosing, with no mind for any sacredness in the authorities' instrument.

We look again to something that is more than substantial. We look to ourselves and each other. We look to past and present ideas, seeing in them all that validates us now, all that is helpful to steal and use freely today. We look to a clearer, sober way of understanding life.

No part of it is easy. No part of relearning so much comes natural — unless you're like me and find ideas fascinating. The very notion of what a *social construct* is, a part of reality's fabric woven from gradual social agreement, can elude a great deal of people who would benefit most from understanding it. Many people simply believe that so-called

“reality” came with everything pre-defined in the English language for white Christian men to dictate to everyone else, and that any divergence from this “reality” is satanic witchcraft or a socio-political agenda.

Stupidity must be flushed out. Stupidity cannot simply be spoken nicely to when it is hostile — one has to **shove** *real useful information* into the faces of the stupid for them to digest on their own terms in order to banish everything that reproduces real lived oppression. If they do not better themselves, they are idiots to be banished. It cannot be tolerated. We are trying to get free; we are not going to spend hours walking a petulant 45-year-old child through what capitalism or gender dysphoria or consensus are. We will **make the information available**, but it is up to everyone to read it.

I do not feel that it is either hopeless or opportune; it is simply the fact of the matter that pressure equals lashing out. Anarchist tendency is, in truth, a product of rule. Rule inspires non-rule. And in place of rule would be all the palpable components of anarchy, including a full reconsideration of what “reality” is, a complete freedom to not be a part of *any reality* dictated to anyone. No part of getting really, completely free is easy. But it damn sure is the most rewarding thing to take up in life.

The anarchist becomes attuned to both

moving carefully through daily life and wielding anarchist critique in one forward-moving attitude, an almost aristocratic ease. Some prefer the term *jouissance* (French: “enjoyment”). This concept is best described in *baedan — journal of queer nihilism — issue one*, speaking on queer theorist Lee Edelman:

“Edelman describes *jouissance* as a supersession of the boundaries of pleasure and pain, a shattering of identity and law. We should analyze this distinction between pleasure and pain as being an inscription of the social order into our bodies. And in the same way, it is the mundane and miniscule pleasures produced through contemporary power arrangements which keep us dependent on those arrangements for our well-being. *Jouissance*, in abolishing both sides of this distinction, severs us from pain as a self-preservation instinct and from pleasure as the society’s alluring bribe. It is the process that momentarily sets us free from our fear of death (literal or figurative) which is such a powerful inhibitor.

— *baedan, Jouissance*

We each manifest what is won through anarchist negativity, its outstanding advantage against everything that pushes and plays the very games that anarchy aims to destroy. Rebellion. Mayhem. These seem like the firestorms of anarchist will, the only outcomes of persistent conflict with the state. But neither the libertarian communist workers' councils nor the affinity groups of insurrectionary nihilists can define anarchy. They may come out in all their numbers, but anarchy is a potent liquid taking and shaping the form of its container.

In a world of *too much bullshit*, an anarchism based on destruction is most useful. Of course, other anarchisms will be around to help out however needed.

It is freedom in material and spiritual form. It is the full potential to make constructive kindness with others, or to make war on all that has furthered subjugation, or all at once.

The most dastardly abhorred sin is to **dare** to digest or propagate information pertaining to the real freeness of unequivocal **freedom**. A "freedom" that no nation, no people, no caste can grant you. It is one **you** bring life into, one you *are* born with. The foulest act against the pearly towers of order is to plant a seed of **constructive doubt** into those beneath it all. To merely feel some way against what persists is to be unruly in some manner. It is to begin to abolish

the order at hand in oneself.

It is always the most spoiled children of rule who cower and cry foul most at the likes of us. At we who truly have nothing to lose. At we who have a fucking soul. We who give a fuck. We who want ourselves and our children to *actually be okay* in an environment of real freedom with liberated aspirations. Fuck them all to hell.

There is this idea among these idiots: *"If you feel a certain way with similar conviction as the 1920s-40s national socialists, not in content but in devotion, well, then you may as well just be a national socialist!"* They want you to be ashamed of being angry, of being well-read, of being critical of every ideology. They want your perspective to be just the same as fascism or state socialism. They want anarchism to be another defiled and defeated antagonist to the West's stranglehold on life. They want anarchy reduced to the fantasy of disobedient children, while running mad with their prefabricated "reality" of the worst of everything, shoving their nonsense into every conceivable corner of existence.

The self-righteous piety of liberalism, conservatism and centrism . . . they all deserve every bitter drop of scorn that is available. We are merely naughty children to them, if we are not in their maximum security prisons. Then we are something to be neutralized from the entire social equation. Something "wrong" or "bad", because the normal

flow of things was disrupted for a time. The most unforgivable sin. By disappearing persons, the state believes it can neutralize their ideas, the resonance of their deeds. To punish “wrong behavior” or “illegal activity” is to establish a wall of deterrence that also encodes an update into the society’s morality and legislation against, e.g., being queer/transgender at a young age or at all, being any different ethnic caste other than “white”, being against being ruled, and so on. Every liberal wants every order executed with “equality” in mind. Every conservative wants every order executed as it was before the 19th century. And every dimwitted fucking centrist wants nothing more than the right to say slurs and violently misgender trans people — while also supporting a higher minimum wage.

All politics are our enemy. All prisons are for burning. All notions of being controlled are what we seek to *put down* wherever they sprout.



The latin letter “A” enclosed by a solid curve forming a perfect circle . . . The circled A. Perhaps **The symbol** of unbridled freeness, alongside the black flag. What does it mean? How does it strike us so? Some see it as worse than the inverted pentagram or the cross of Peter. Some use it tongue-in-cheek. Others think it stands for something other than anarchy.

The A should be obvious. The enclosure is tricky to talk about. While some claim that it symbolizes an “O” to stand for “Order”, as in “Anarchy is Order”, some prefer the story which says that the circular enclosure is intended to show an ouroboros or a world serpent of mythology revolving around anarchy in the throes of consuming itself. This conjures images of a cosmic “order” that exceeds the knowable nature of Earthly orders. One can determine from this that anarchy creates no new Earthly order, but abides its own nature in accordance with what unknowable “order” flows through everyone. Whatever the interpretation, the circled A sprayed painted on an

alley wall means “anarchists are here”. The circled A spray painted on a bank says “The days of your world are numbered.” The circled A spray painted on a police cruiser says “We will not allow you to take or ruin anyone’s life.” The circle A spray painted on a squatted house says “You can take shelter here.”

Let our A’s cover everything. Let them be classical, and let them also be bold, beautiful, colorful. Let them preface everything good in life. Let them cover everything that stands against our own.

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In my deepest concealed weeping, in my doubts to myself of the species to which I was assigned, I allow myself a time to cry. And then I dry my eyes, pull myself together, breathe, stand on my feet and read to myself that poem De Cleyre wrote which sent thunder through my soul as a late teenager:

*What the future holds I know not,
But this faith it cannot hold,
For my thoughts are no longer the thoughts
of a child,
Nor my hopes the hopes of old.*

*Help for Earth is not in heaven,
Nor the hope of man in God,
Nor the truth that shall deliver
To be bought with another’s blood.*

*By our own blood we must purchase,
With our own feet the way;
When we search out the strength of our own
souls
No God shall say us “nay.”*

*Yes, I utter this profanation,
I proclaim it loud to the sky,
Man is more than the angels,
Jehovah is less than I.*

— ‘The New Hope’

I surpass the heavens preached to me as a child. I surpass the gender-sex caste imposed on me as a baby. I surpass all the expectations of what I was and what I am now. I surpass the age that shows in my face, my voice, my soul. I surpass the biases that have shaped the form of thought that I own for myself. I am EVERYTHING to me. And this mode of being a person and pursuing freedom belongs to all.

Anarchy allows one to separate from whatever they cannot tolerate — and I cannot tolerate the folly of other people. I do love people very much and am beyond thankful for my closest friends. I simply have trouble seeing past others’ two-sidedness leaving too much to be desired in accomplishing anything substantial. I wrote this because I love freedom and I love seeing other

people free. But freedom cannot mean putting another down. To balance an idea that involves everyone's complete freedom while enduring everything perpetuated by them which completely smothers freedom is to suffer the length of a tightrope each and every day. It is a tremendously challenging way to live, but to me it is the only honest way of seeing life, articulating its problems and possible solutions.

It is obviously harmful to be under any rule. It obviously does not do anyone under it any good other than provide what that system claims total control over at a range of high costs. That is not okay. That is not what freedom is. I simply cannot fathom a version of myself that accepts what is without objection. That is antithetical to the beating heart and the critical mind. To embrace these is to embrace oneself and those closest. But being alone is also an anarchy. Being *solitary* in oneself is also an immediate freedom, seemingly adjacent to suicide, but minus the ultimate loss and inability to further one's own. One loses only the dead weight of stupid questions and self-righteous argumentation, gaining all the unhindered clarity of one's determination, if going it alone is preferred. Otherwise, all of our friendships, partnerships and collaborations will gradually bring everything in the association into its place of usefulness for everyone's betterment.

I suppose I straddle between the lines in the sand. I simply want to embrace what is effective so that I may embrace my all.

It is enough to simply *be an anarchist*. It is enough to distinguish yourself from the lot of shallow-minded loyalists and angry puritans.

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Ah, the starlit uncertainty. Through many weary hours, I communed with you. I sought a union in you between the subjects of the decaying civilization and the wondrous audacity of anarchic uprising. I sought out seeds in your shining stars when my garden was barren. And from your boundless glimmer I found a copper and violet glow that told me that *I am perfect how I am*. And though I could have remained that person forever — I did not. I grew, I changed, I made space for which my burgeoning self would fill. I surpassed. Others too will surpass the hell we and our ancestors have endured. We will exalt their promise for our lives — surpassing even that.

WULFINNA is an anarchist poetry/prose author situating her work on green anti-politics, individualist critique, gender egoism, nihilist ataraxia and revivalist barbarism. She is her own publisher (through *Ignited In Dark*), using the Creative Commons license for her poetry and releasing most prose in the public domain, such as this pamphlet

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