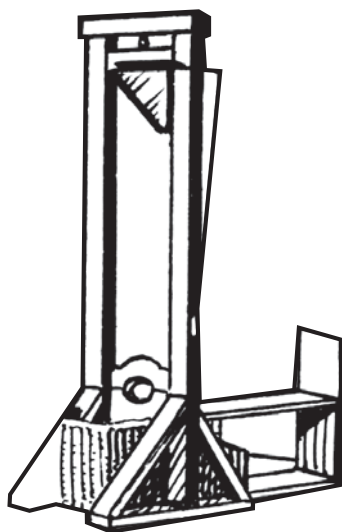


*The*  
***DICTA***  
***TORSHIP***  
*of postfeminist*  
*imagination*



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FOR EXPERIMENTAL FREEDOM

Heading set in *Archer* (a good friend of Memphis)  
and Body set in *Calson Pro*.

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two texts are paramount to the  
production of this pamphlet:

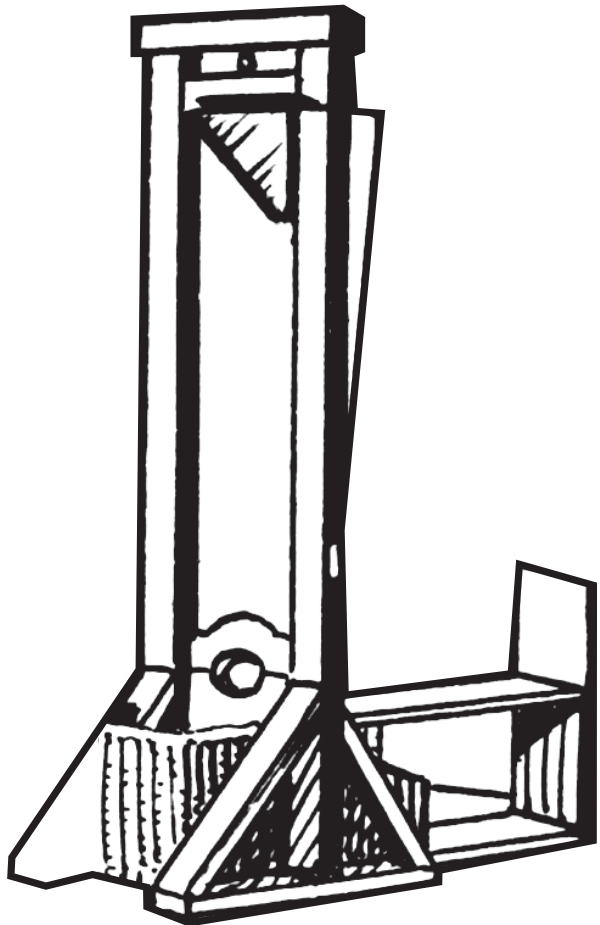
*Is the Anarchist Man Our Comrade?*

<http://www.anarchistnews.org/?q=node/10569>

*Why She Doesn't Give a Fuck  
About Your Insurrection*

<http://zinelibrary.info/>

why-she-doesnt-give-fuck-about-your-insurrection



# *preface*

**T**his text, which you hold in your hands, is a sort of meta-critique of anarchist practices of feminism. It was provoked from this editor, generally, because of a certain absence of critical feminist theory within a milieu that adopts the assumptions and imperatives of identity politics. It was provoked specifically because of the intelligence that the texts “Is the Anarchist Man Our Comrade?” and “Why She Doesn’t Give a Fuck About Your Insurrection” honed in on—of which many of us already know: the affects produced by our practices of consent, accountability, community and identity are weak. Moreover, because the forms, which mimic legal practices, that are taken up to combat internal gendered and sexualized oppression are empty of a consciousness of their historical development. Although this text is responding to particular texts and particular utterances that followed, as an ethical practice, this text refuses the limitation of the milieu that speaks to itself in a particular jargon. By revealing the discourse that is taking place and staking a claim in it, this text intends to overflow its sad boundaries.

The text has multiple voices, contradictions, seams that exist as a threshold between this idea and the next. It always does. It is assembled merely as a temporary space, which these bodies who are attached to worlds and their meanings communicate.

Although it comes from an editing process that seeks to weave an amalgamation of intelligences and sensibilities into—at the very least—the raw intellectual materials to reveal a political position, this text is also only one such rudimentary position in a long history of feminist theoretical development. And although the voices which are put to use by this assemblage may very well scoff at certain feminist writers, it would be foolish not to examine this history.

The writers, or worlds, which inhabit this text are both infantile and full of a decade of scars. We've been experimenting with our lives, our bodies, spaces, and temporalities, and we've met similar and unique pitfalls. The theory we write is an extension of the theory we inhabit. We start from the horror that we are all potential perpetrators, because we are not sure we have developed the spoken language or gestural vocabulary to articulate our experiences, and because we can't count past one in four—or was it one in ten? We love power, we even sometimes love to authorize, but we're terrified by the means through which we must encounter our power. Because we know it's often at the expense of others.

Hating the irreversible time of daily miseries  
and their repetition,

-Liam Sionnach | IEF | 2010

Hey,

*So I just reread your little guy and it goes really nicely with the anti-men sentiment we've been having these days. Some of the ideas seemed rather disjunctive at first but came together in an interesting way, so I'm curious to see if the layout will affect how each section relates to another.*

*At first the part about exclusion—related to orgies and friendship—confused me a little; I read it as exemplifying the anarchist tendency to attempt full integration of everyone's desires, sensitivities, and boundaries into one conglomerate identity (in that case regarding sexual interests). Seems like this tendency not only ignores actual differences in what we desire, but also lends itself to manipulation. Because of the desperate effort to keep everyone on the same page and comfortable, radical circles create a replicable routine of interactions, which isn't all that different from the rest of society. Maybe this incessant urge to avoid an imbalance of power is not only diluting what some of us actually want from our relationships, but is also giving anarchist men access to a mode of communication that offers them an undeserved audience and the tools to get what they want.*

*The coolest part of the whole thing to me was the suggestion that opposition to the anarchist man be "hysterical and sadistic", but also clever and*

*calculated. Lately my hesitance to say what the fuck I wanna say and allow my cruelty to surface has been insanely frustrating, because I have some weird sense of obligation to the men around me—to be empathetic and understanding of the ways they fuck up.*

*Not to rant but I have yet another example.*

*Recently I heard that \_\_\_\_ said I'm into getting beat up because of daddy issues, knowing full well all of my history; obviously that's a really fucked up thing to say. I want to kick the shit out of him and degrade him until he cries, but every time I see him I just pretend I don't know about his comment and wait for him to stop ogling me. If some bro said that or looked at me that way I'd be all over his ass, but since there is this assumed affinity I'm not able to act on what I want to do, similar to my situation with \_\_\_\_\_. I want to be frantic and unleash a manic fury onto these dumb-ass circle A dicks but I'm outnumbered 10 to 1. So scheming sounds pretty good.*

*Something I've been thinking about lately is that I don't know how to reconcile my desire to destroy the anarchist man with my desire to fuck him. This leads me to think that maybe those urges shouldn't be inherently separate... but I should probably stop before I try to make an argument for civil heart war. :)*

I'M FASCINATED BY LESBIAN SEPARATISTS, IF ONLY BECAUSE THEY BASED SO MUCH OF THEIR 'COMMUNITIES' ON THIS SPECIFIC IDENTITY (FEMALE, LESBIAN, AND TO A LESSER EXTENT, MIDDLE-CLASS AND WHITE) THAT IT BECAME IRRELEVANT WITHIN THE SCENE OR WHATEVER THAT THEIR POLITICS WERE SO BASED ON IT. ISN'T THAT THE ARGUMENT ABOUT SCANDINAVIAN SOCIAL DEMOCRACY, THAT THEY ARE SO HOMOGENEOUS THAT IT WORKS? MY QUESTION, THEN, WHAT IS THE CRITICAL MASS AT WHICH DIFFERENCE BECOMES IRRELEVANT? I'M REMINDED OF BAUDRILLARD'S MUSCLE-WOMAN WHO CAN FLEX HERSELF TO ORGASM— DIFFERENCE IS NO LONGER NECESSARY, HE SAYS.





# ***Is the Anarchist Man our comrade?***

*The answer is clearly:  
No. But what are the  
implications of answering  
this question in the  
negative? If the “our”  
we speak from is the  
feeling of ownership and  
connection to a diffuse*

*collectivity, a network of practices, bodies, spaces, which make up what could be called the anarchist milieu in the US, then the implications are civil war<sup>1</sup>. If this collectivity is better defined based on the structural positionality of women, the implications are similar, and the spheres of hostility are multiplied. If the “our” we speak from are dense nuclei, then the spheres of hostility are endless.*

1. Civil War, perhaps, but the Anarchist Man is not the only occupied figure that exists as Other than comrade, so the logical conclusion would perhaps be more like “amok,” in that creating a fortified position in opposition to the Anarchist Man leaves gaps that exists within Anarcho-Pacifism for example to still leech. If we are the “our,” we have to aim for ruptures of attacks that exceed such rational tactics to destroy any and all figures that isolate us.

# Sharpening our Fingernails in Each Other's Flesh

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**R**eading **Silver's essay**, which calls out Geoff from "From the Depths" for his shitty sexual discursive practices, is affective in a particularly disturbing way. "I am confronted everyday with the pain of what supposed friends and comrades have done to me and other female bodied people along with the daily manifestations of patriarchy that rear their head in almost every facet of life." Their anger reverses itself against me, reverberating as a certain despair that always comes with the sharp extremities of a *truth*.

There are no means of excluding practices of normality—either the civil war of gendered society or the social peace of banal sexual techniques of power and their accompanying anxieties. The bile that climbs the throat corresponds to each little betrayal; the despair is a real and deepening fracture which comes when I face this misery. Even if we could, would we want to use the means that would effectively exclude the norm from our stupid milieu?<sup>2</sup> Part of me wants to take “insurrecto-fascism” to its logical conclusion, but I don’t think my alt.bro-friends in fitteds nor the partisans of explicit verbal consent zines are ready for the blood bath. (there was this sweet Exit13 song I was really into when I was thirteen...<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0ZRa7TMJyfk>). But this is not merely a solidarity joint. I may be a partisan of anti-patriarchal force, but I have no intention of making myself and my male friends appear to be less threatening. I am gendered male and benefit from that structural position. It would be foolish to think that anyone else’s power will come from my good intentions. Until an insurrectional feminist discourse can grow around the fingernails of the identity politics which strangle its kernel of truth, the Anarchist Man remains a very seductive commodity. I will keep thinking the anarchist milieu cares about my opinion and deliver a more or less abstracted theoretical position regarding my friends’, acquaintances’ and the anarchist milieu’s stupid behavior. I stay awake fantasizing about this insurrectional feminism. I delight in its contemporary violence—the girl gangs of Virginia, Moshrogen in Massachusetts, a rapist’s face doused with menstrual blood in Oregon. But I am not its harbinger. On the contrary, Liam Sionnach stands as a parody of the Anarchist Man liberated from its guilt, being collectively put to use. Whether or not the experiments with power will resonate and give rise to mutations is unknown. What is certain, and what is constantly exposed, is the limit of identity, and the need for something else: a different basis from which to get organized.

Geoff fucked up, and I think Silver and all the other people who don’t hear about their sexual partner’s histories or risk-levels or whatever don’t deserve that. Actually, if we could generate practices of honest, guiltless communication it would be really fucking cool. It would be really fucking cool if we could face the petty horror of our stupid dying bodies, the diseases which

2. The norm is not static, therefore any attempt to capture, integrate, destroy, etc. will be a fascist act. Must act with bodies and realized desire—“Each body distributes in its own special way, without model or norm, the nonfinite and changing totality of its desires.”

infect us, and the nervousness that accompanies knowing that the integration of experimental pleasures into our habits comes with a need for endurance and collective, subtle fearlessness. It would be really fucking cool if we could return shame<sup>3</sup> to use, to interrupt the boredom of guilt<sup>4</sup>.

In our groups of friends, this is not the most difficult operation to imagine and perform, but it requires a peer pressure which comes in the way of care and seduction. A certain attention to detail, power, and desire. However, whether through a strategy of secession or communion, to take this task seriously means to enter into the logic of civil war, and to get organized.

3. Fuck shame, yr a fucking heir to judeo-christian ideology. i want option three.

4. Shame as the method of getting organized and showing the cleavage that is constantly exposed in identity politics.

# Strikes & Assaults *in the Female Gender*

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I n some ways, gendered society contains its own negation. The structural positionality of men and women can both be put to use. The subjectivation of women positions them to interrupt impoverished sexual and desiring practices through an offensive withdrawal, or through the imposition of new terms of engagement. The success of the spread of the consent discourse throughout a particular set of subcultures (despite its limitations) is testament to this fact. The subjectivized woman can offensively withdraw through a means of interrupting herself in the economy of desire—by going on strike against sexualization, care labor, or generating beauty as value. She can impose new terms of engagement simply because she has her hand on the lever<sup>5</sup>.

5. Beware of Phallic imagery and signifiers. The subjectivized woman can also exist within other modes of sexual strike.

Strategic essentialism was one particular basis of organization and strategy of attack that emerged from elements of U.S. second-wave feminism. Its logic was simple: even if there is not a coherent woman subject, the negative potential of women and similar experiences of oppression may be enough to operate *as if* there were<sup>6</sup>. Its products were both shifts in legal categories, which took place as a renaissance in women's waged-exploitation, and shifts in cultural norms, which took place at the level of critical social milieus. However, the potential for civil war that motivated the strategy of essentialism ultimately collapsed because of its *as if*. Which is to say: not because the *as if* was a lie, but because the myth could not correspond to the real differences that formed the potential war machine of becoming-women (similar things can be said about anti-imperialist nationalism in the U.S.). What followed after all life had been drained from all the consciousness raising groups was the formal integration of strategic essentialism into social critique, the development of identity politics at the level of the academy and the left, and the development of multiculturalism as the corresponding restructuring and diffusing of antagonisms. However, the limits of strategic essentialism, and by extension identity politics, still pose interesting challenges and opportunities today.

The challenges and opportunities of strategic essentialism can be found in both "Is the Anarchist Man Our Comrade?" and in "Why She Doesn't Give a Fuck About Your Insurrection." Even if unshaven legs and barricades are making quite a comeback, the Anarchist Man remains. However, both articles argue against an anonymity that is peculiar to both insurrectional approaches to self-organization and second and third-wave feminisms. What must be developed to confront a hostility must itself be hostile. Which is to say that, because ideology cannot face desire, the Anarchist Man, and by extension the system which structures his appearances and acts—patriarchy—must be attacked by foul means. Myths have their place, but their intelligence cannot be sensed without a certain faith. This faith can no longer come from a strategic essentialism that thrusts identities into dangerous territories, simply because there is no real existing safe-space. Because even receiving foot-rubs and nice gestures within our particular paradigm of patriarchy might also be an act of war.

6. It's essentialist to assume that biology is destiny, but it's also misguided to imagine that biology does not construct a material process of subjectification. The point of 'strategic essentialism' isn't to drift in and out of a discourse of essentialism but rather to recognize our collective subjectivities that we cannot break down without recognizing—why study the functioning of the state if this is not the case? Can't/shouldn't we ignore it instead?

Specifically in the radical milieu, the subjectivized woman can incorporate the limits of essentialism into her strategy and make use of the guilty conscience of radical men. The structural position of male gender allows men to restructure sexual and desiring practices with a certain ease. Through the use of the male authorizing voice (i.e., privilege), the male apparatus can be deployed against other men. This means that any Anarchist Man can also be returned to use as a male partisan of anti-patriarchal force. The shame of the radical man within patriarchy can be liberated from so-called male-guilt and directed towards the production of a neutral subject (as is effectively demonstrated by some male “anarchist-queers,”) or better yet, directed towards *self-abolition*. Whereas currently the neutral male subject can be put to use to neutralize other men acting as a faculty of patriarchy, making it cool to process, and emotively talk about their experiences of shame, he often collapses back into feeling his performances as an atonement for guilt. Perhaps this is the result of an economic view of himself or perhaps because the performances of the neutral male subject are limited and, after a while, boring. Whatever the case, this kink must be resolved if the Anarchist Man is to be neutralized.

The task of the contemporary feminist consciousness raising group—whether in the form of a reading group, ladies night, survivor aggression, or a health collective—is to elaborate the strategies of engagement and combat beyond these limits. If the neutral male subject keeps finding a way to incorporate the techniques of identity politics into his rationality, his guilt will surface and the Anarchist Man will return, softened and ever more intelligent. If strategic essentialism does not generate a force that can impose its negative potential, but rather collapses every time its boundaries are crossed, a stronger bond must be developed. If the neutral male subject, bores himself and us, then we need new hypotheses with which to experiment. The hostility of the Anarchist Man is not so elusive or solid as we think. It can be deconstructed, desecrated, demobilized, strategized and effectively destabilized. Through a force that does not limit its political sadism, the Anarchist Man’s hostility can be annihilated or even vaporized—revealing a friend or an enemy.<sup>7</sup>

7. Finally I get the relationship between these positions of friendship, enmity, and hostility... at least within this context.



# Abject Friendship: Democracy is Boring

**G**oeff and Silver are both friends of mine, constituted by the strange demand which anarchism in the U.S. enforces: all politicians are friends. Silver's gesture—which perhaps confuses someone of the internet who like, really hates the government, but doesn't know or care about our stupid milieu—exemplifies this. I cannot deny it, and I suppose it's better to be jumped-in honestly, by hearing about the sex-lives of a bunch of people you don't know, than for the transgressions to be concealed<sup>8</sup>. But, by posting on a website, with the assumption that all anarchists are friends, something is still concealed. The maxim "the personal is political"

8. That most of us secretly hate each other? That concealment? Or something else?

was an important advancement for radical thought; however, it is interpreted in strange ways by anarchists. Whereas the statement itself suggests the body is a site in a war that is contesting the citizenship of a living being, (we might say “biopolitics” and “subjectivation,”) anarchists tend through a liberal matrix to interpret the maxim as meaning the Individual’s boundaries and identity are themselves the zone of combat. This logic further vulgarizes the maxim as “the Individual’s identity is a political matter.” Thus, *political identity* forms a similar strategic-essentialist project as the latent citizenist project of second-wave feminism. Big-tent-anarchism, or so-called “anarchism without adjectives,” is the most advanced form of this logic, and, through its discursive hegemony, imposes this category as the new basis from which to get organized. This works well for particularly moralistic people, but obviously not for Silver or Geoff. Friendship cannot be assumed, I must be taken by it.

A friend who is just a tad bit older than myself mentions, “All of this drama and its accompanying melancholic alienation may just be for the young and pretty.” Who does the orgy exclude? It’s not merely the fragile images of not-hetero-white-male. It’s also people who are less confident, people who are not friends with everyone else, people who have different sexual practices, and people whose structural-power makes them creepy. How do we deal with these facts of exclusion? The democratic illusions that accompany the political method and logic of consensus attempt to resolve this dilemma through a depersonalized inclusion. When applied at this level, its poverty is revealed. Maybe I’m not attracted to you. Maybe some things don’t taste well together. Maybe you’ll have seduce me into eating something new.

This world is total shit, and if any collectivity can form through severing the ways its affects and gestures are determined by normative neutral relations, then awesome. If that happens at the expense of others, bummer. Not everyone has to be friends. And if some are excluded by others, then perhaps the excluded need to find each other *on a different basis* and get organized. Accepting this is not pretty, but it must be faced.

Alienation and betrayal perhaps take a different form for those of us who are getting up there. Some of my friends who’ve

reached their thirties with only a few scars simply opt-out of the milieu. Others who wish to at least have a presence simply stop hooking up with anyone who's not the same age as them (y'all know that's the real reason the twenty-five-plus crowd is into theory and BDSM, right? At academic conferences and in the leather scene, there's no children). This realization returns the same sadness which reverberates its *no way out* to me. Silver's article exposes how there are permeating patterns of asymmetrical power, which Geoff and many other Anarchist Men fall into. This is echoed in some of the comments on anarchistnews.org, but there is a particular moral framework through which these events are internalized that simply is not a good strategy for civil war. If our solution to the problem of celebrity status is the moral code "*people should not hook up with people who are younger than them,*" then unfortunately that too has an already existing-place, and it is just as miserable as its alternative. This position, which figures a contemporary anarcha-feminist code of conduct, communicates a particular moral position in regards to power. The contemporary moral-code—which just keeps breaking down—is a principle of symmetrical power relations and desire. But even this is quite absurd! What does a body do when another does not know exactly what it desires? Should I punish somebody by sharing *nothing* with them? If symmetry is really what we want sexually, then perhaps we should stop talking about power (even how to limit it) and begin giving workshops about "tantric breathing when you're making love."<sup>9</sup> However, perhaps this moral order is always fictitious with or without the Anarchist Man's transgressions. If this is the case, then the more interesting question is *not* how to police bodies into categorically defined relationships of symmetrical age, gender, or sexuality, but *how do we want to do power?* How can the methods of "horizontal recruitment," the single unspoken tactic of radical social reproduction, be torn from its pathetic, "Hey you should really help with this project, let's meet at my house," with which the Anarchist Man seduces the young anarchist girl, and returned to use? How can the power of age, experience, and scars be made common and desecrated?

9. Snap snap snap....  
hahaha...brilliant,  
yet not going to win  
you many friends...as  
you say, "bummer."

# *Dangerous Liaisons: STIs & the Dictatorship of Postfeminist Imagination*

**W**ar or not? The Anarchist Man is a figure within a million spheres of hostility that face us. But what is not hostile? Is the figure of The Anarchist Queer, The Anarcha-Feminist Woman, The Anarchist POC? The practices that designate the Anarchist Man a hostility are discreet and imaginary—which is, for the young anarchist woman, the force of their attraction. His practices are unknown because he forms himself into an image of whatever the other desires—

whether his knowledge of “survivor-support” techniques or his parody of rock-stardom. On the other hand, he is visible concretely, because he stands, speaks, writes journals. More specifically, because *he is always there*, harming a community with violence, abuse, deceit, stupidity, or taking care of a community with his projects he starts, garbage he brings home to eat, and processing, strategically deployed in the moment of the other’s weakness. Unfortunately, the Anarchist Queer, the Anarcha-Feminist Woman, and even the Anarchist POC can adopt any one of these practices, if given the right conditions—and does. Why then is the Anarchist Man’s treason more traumatic to us than the latter? Why does the Anarchist Queer (especially of the gender-queer variety) reveal himself to be an Anarchist Man specifically at his moment of his “fucked-upness”? Of course, patriarchy.

Patriarchy is not merely sexism. Gendered society is not merely the binary. Patriarchy is a structure that, by means of a binary gendered system, generates meaning and economic value in the subjectivation of women as the desired-object of an equally imaginary subject called Man. Patriarchy has a history; its conditions are not static. In past conditions, it was perhaps possible to distinguish between the rule of men and its negation. The rule of the *pater* over anything in its domain generated the potential of all reproductive beings to find a purely negative affinity. The force of self-organized reproductive-power, which the Medieval Inquisition in the 12-13th century targeted, and the feminized cruelty of France, 1871, which ended with the return to *paternal rule*, cannot be discounted. Currently, in the conditions of a molecular distribution of power, patriarchy cannot even be named without referencing the other ways in which power acts on bodies, unconsensual or otherwise. Today, if it’s going to survive the autonomy of capital, even patriarchy must speak equality and democracy. Thus, the nurturing practices of care, the soft voices which mimic the wisdom of “our grandmothers,” and the hand-raised to demand either consensus or autonomy is incorporated into an apparatus of patriarchal-symbols to be stretched, mashed up, and deployed against malleable corporealities and their pathetic idealism. In this way the Anarchist Man is merely a figure rhetorically and a position materially. He is a point of contact between us and patriarchy.

The Anarchist Man is of the same apparatus that links the Anarchist Queer, the Anarcha-Feminist-Woman, and The Anarchist POC. This apparatus can be best described as what remains of antagonistic subjectivities and strategic essentialism. I call this apparatus identity politics, but we could also think of it as the preconditions for the formation of the imaginary postfeminist dictatorship, which is the logical advancement of an insurrectional feminism. Identity politics is clearly a limited strategy. The safe-spaces, which were the basis of strategic essentialism, have all collapsed. Even Michigan Women's Fest, the last real-existing women's nation, has fallen to the terror of queer theory. To appropriate this apparatus is to be appropriated by it. Identity politics can either be surpassed by something far worse<sup>10</sup>, or its lines of flight can be followed to conclude with *Hope and Change*. When we are appropriated by identity politics, we become more vulnerable to queer negation (which is pretty cool), but also to the democratic illusions of anarchist consensus, community, and citizenship. There is no positive project which links my desire to suck cock<sup>11</sup> to the structural positionality of women. There is no common experience that morphs the hostility of the Anarchist Man into a political stage on which we can stand. All of this precisely because neither he, the stage, nor we (the Anarchist Queer, the Anarcha-Feminist Woman, and the Anarchist POC) have any substance. The imaginary conditions of identity within patriarchy demand a dictatorship of postfeminist imagination.

10. Tribes, Gangs, Fascism?

11. I had no idea. Is this a rhetorical device, gay street cred plea, personal desire? Doesn't really effect essay, just wondering.

*"And more urgently, women in the scene can never become 'anonymous' as long as men in the scene continue to treat them as sex objects or force them to think about sexual violence at what are supposed to be sites of liberation. We need it to be the exception, not the rule, that the woman leaves the scene when a hetero couple breaks up [...] We need folks to make accountability a priority. We need community."*

– Why She Doesn't Give a Fuck About Your Insurrection

What does have substance? The Individual, the Couple, the Family, and the Community. Each is in its own way both the real terrain of the Anarchist Man, and, thus, the real object of attack. The affinity group, the project, and the gathering are

temporary structures that we are most familiar with, but it is the above social organisms that give these temporary structures—which are home to the Anarchist Man—their content. The only way to contest the content of our affinity groups, projects, and gatherings is destroy the Individual, the Couple, the Family, and the Community. The Anarchist Man cannot be accountable without also reproducing himself as an elusive hostility. His sources of strength, his resources, and his habitats must be annihilated. If “folks make accountability a priority” as is suggested in “Why She Doesn’t Give a Fuck...,” we will more than likely have an even more intelligent Anarchist Man: one taught “how to appear unabusive when nothing [has] changed but the words coming out of their mouth,” with “Survivors and friends left wondering if said male is no longer a threat.” What opposes itself to the Anarchist Man must be hysterical and sadistic, but also sensitive to the intelligence of this hostility, and far more cruel with its offensive calculations. We cannot join the Community demanding accountability, we must advance a more interesting parody of the state or self-immolate. The borders of the Individual, the Couple, the Family, and the Community, all have cracks.<sup>12</sup>

12. The Post-Feminist Viral Infection which surely exists within a gender analysis but also weakens the arenas in which gender is created. Hysterical ruptures and Oedipal Crisis without solution.

*“I want to emphasize that this is not about herpes. It is about dishonesty and the valuing of your comfort and desires over other peoples choice and safety. And it’s primarily men asserting their control over other peoples lives.”*

– Is the Anarchist Man Our Comrade? Silver

*“OMG!!!!FIGHTING FASCISTS MAKES ME CUM!!!!!!1!”*

– A Poster in Chapel Hill

Warding off herpes *is* about comfort and safety. The Anarchist Man is, in his own way, a form of Herpes<sup>13</sup>. Past methods and strategies have adopted the citizenist project of strategic essentialism and fallen into the trap of identity politics in order to develop a clear inside and outside. We must now face the Anarchist Man, and all the STI’s, which will, one way or the other, continue to be present within patriarchy. The Anarchist Man’s weakness is precisely his *gestures of power*. When he is given the status of a pure outside, the young anarchist girl will

13. No hope of getting rid of it permanently, annoying, does not always show symptoms, outbreaks, and only existing relief, death.

keep returning to his project-laden house, and to the backstage of the show his stupid band just played. Furthermore, his more dubious practices will be adopted by every normative citizen of anarchism, who wishes to have a taste of the darkside—but just a taste. There is no means by which we can ensure his total abandonment. Rather, there are profanatory operations that will desecrate him, demobilize him, and disarm him—precisely by returning his arms to our use. The ways in which the Anarchist Queer, the Anarcha-Feminist Woman, the Anarchist POC already adopt the practices of the Anarchist Man should be carried out to their logical conclusion. In this way, the Anarchist Man—his practices, resources and habitats—can be consumed, and the anemic remains left to grow or decompose. These operations require a re-theorizing and new experiments with power. We, like Silver, can no longer side with Geoff’s desire for safety, but must also side with Herpes<sup>14</sup>.

I  
want  
you  
to put  
me  
at risk.

Perhaps this maxim comes easiest from the parody of the Anarchist Man, or perhaps the feminized male body demands this because its labor and value share zones of indistinguishability with the feminine. Either way, docile bodies can contemplate and communicate their docility. If the Anarchist Man’s weakness is in his gestures of power, then perhaps our power can be in gestures of weakness<sup>15</sup>. My structural weakness as feminized labor demands I appropriate properties and qualities that are not my own. Instead of feeling care as a relationship which shields and protects me from potential risk, I feel care as a relationship that shares risk with me—as coming from those who know that’s what I want. The imaginary postfeminist dictatorship must not merely reverse the logic of safety by revealing its own masochism, but must also carefully plan sadistic attacks on all the territories where the Anarchist Man is safe. It must be ruthless in its techniques to reveal the Anarchist Man as a friend or enemy, and it must

14. Xenobiotic  
Warriors  
motherfucker!!!!!!!!!!!!1!!

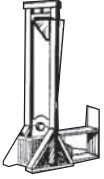
15. The weakness of  
the so-called “child,”  
“proletariat zombies”?



take pleasure in its desire for the negation of patriarchy over everyone's safety and choices. It is from this self-terror, and politically sadist and masochist strategy, that we will develop the complicities that will either emancipate us from patriarchy or scorch the earth.







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From  
inside  
the text

*The Anarchist Man is of the same apparatus which links the Anarchist Queer, the Anarcha-Feminist-Woman, and The Anarchist POC. This apparatus can be best described as what remains of antagonistic subjectivities and strategic essentialism. I call this apparatus identity politics, but we could also think of it as the preconditions for the formation of the imaginary postfeminist dictatorship, which is the logical advancement of an insurrectional feminism. Identity politics is clearly a limited strategy. The safe-spaces which were the basis of strategic essentialism, have all collapsed.*