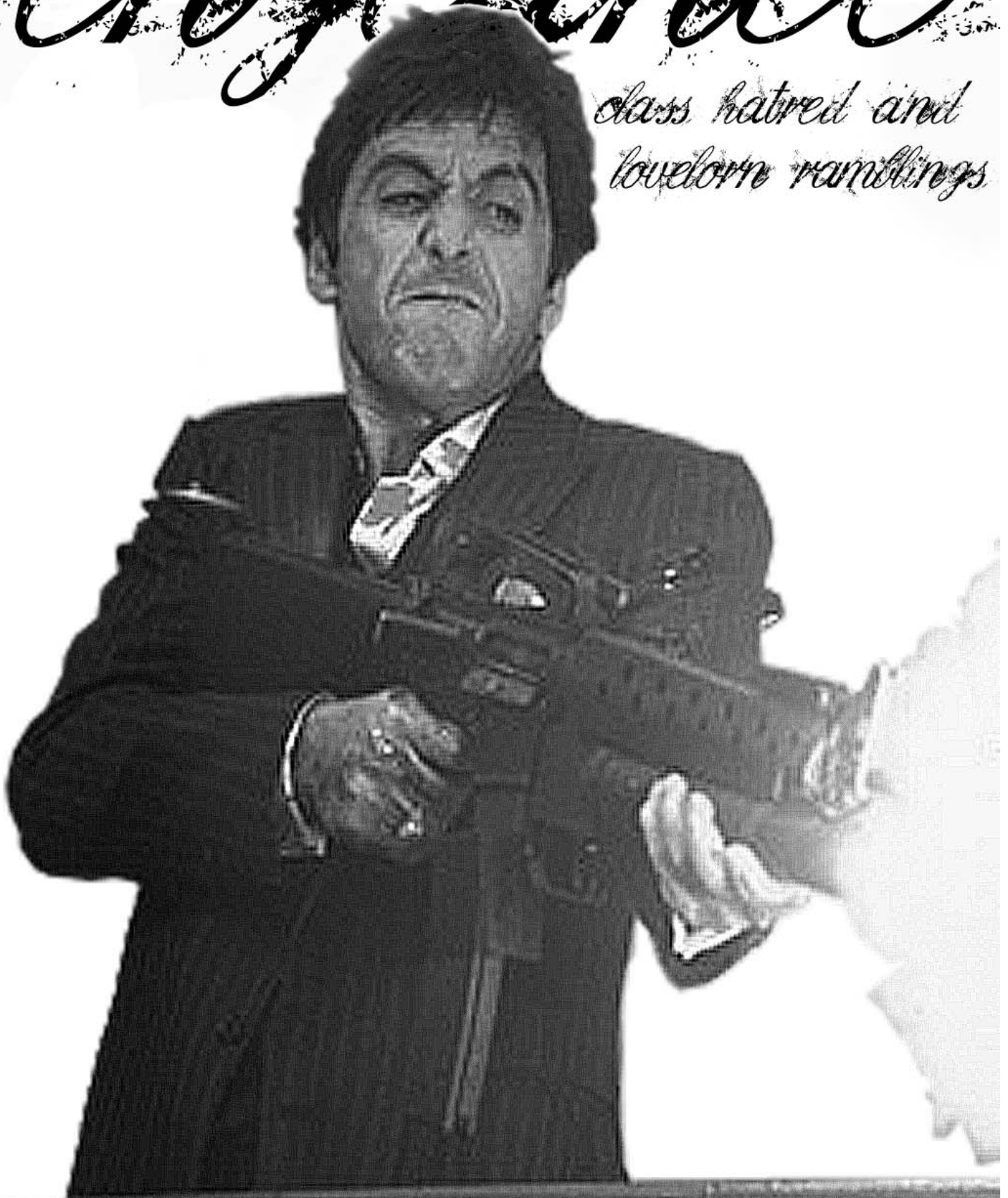


Henry James

*class hatred and
loveless ramblings*



By Orinda

Welcome, Fuckers...

I first created a "personal zine" back in 2005 (or was it 2006 - fuck me) that served as a collection of bits and pieces of writings that I was working on at the time. I entitled it, "Days of Kropotkin, Nights of Crimethinc," after a saying that we used to have during the DAAA Collective (anarchist community organizing group from Modesto CA) years. Basically the zine was comprised of shit from flyers or the internet that I had wrote and enjoyed or thought others had as well. At the time, I was writing a lot of report backs from various actions, protests, and demonstrations, and it seemed like some people were digging them as well. I only made a couple of them and basically gave them to close friends and comrades. This time around, I got the desire to at first do some sort of publication that would go beyond the work that I've done with Modesto Anarcho (an insurrectionary class struggle journal from Modesto) and create something that was very much to the point of my ideas and politics. I basically wanted to create a zine that a lot of people would really hate and not like and show to their friends and say how fucked up it was. I basically wanted to piss off every leftist and activist within anarchism and fuck their shit up. I also wanted to write it in the style that my friends and I talk in, which is really to the point, crude, and with lots of cursing. This publication's language would also be my ode to my one great true love of my life, British 1980's anarchism, ala Class War Federation.

Creating a publication so that others may hate you is still something that I'd like to one day accomplish, as fucked up as that may sound. Just the idea of being known as 'that person' who is an asshole because they wrote a zine seems interesting to me, although perhaps more just in my head. But, in the end, that is not *totally* the focus of this zine. I don't want you to hate me after you read this, although if you do, please, kill yourself (no, seriously...). I wanted to create this in part to collect some of my writings and at the same time work out some personal shit that I've been going through. I wanted a place to collect my shitting poetry and foist it upon an unsuspecting world. Also, I wanted to explore several aspects of my evolving political ideas and expose others to them. Secretly (although not so much now I guess), I hope someone reads this and decides I'm interesting enough to get in contact with.

Quickly comrade, I use the term "the class" probably a couple times in this zine. By that I just mean the exploited and excluded as a whole (fuck do I really have to explain this shit)? I probably use a bunch of other new words in here as well - but fuck it, work the google machine you lazy asshole.

I hope you enjoy this. Feel free to make copies. I can be contacted at: modanarcho@yahoo.com or on myspace.com/crudomod (yes yes, shut the fuck up). Feel free to write via snail mail to: Modesto Anarcho, PO Box 3027, Modesto CA, 95353.

One last thing, I feel like this zine is at least in spirit, a continuation of Nachie's 'Emotional Poverty,' from which I have stolen so many of my ideas from. I also must give a nod to the Call, which was published by some French comrades a while ago and is burning up the charts of nerdy anarcho-zinesters everywhere. Both items ala hard copy can be acquired from me via snail mail.

"My only weakness is a list of crimes..."
-Morrisey

totaldestroyclasssociety
- crudo, Jan 2008

Your illustrious editor would like to remind you that he does not give a fuck.





why we should really fuck shit up

“This exploitation - based on class, is here in the present like it was in the past. History builds an image that we never look behind. Someone’s giving orders - while the rest, all get, in line!” - *Citizen Fish*

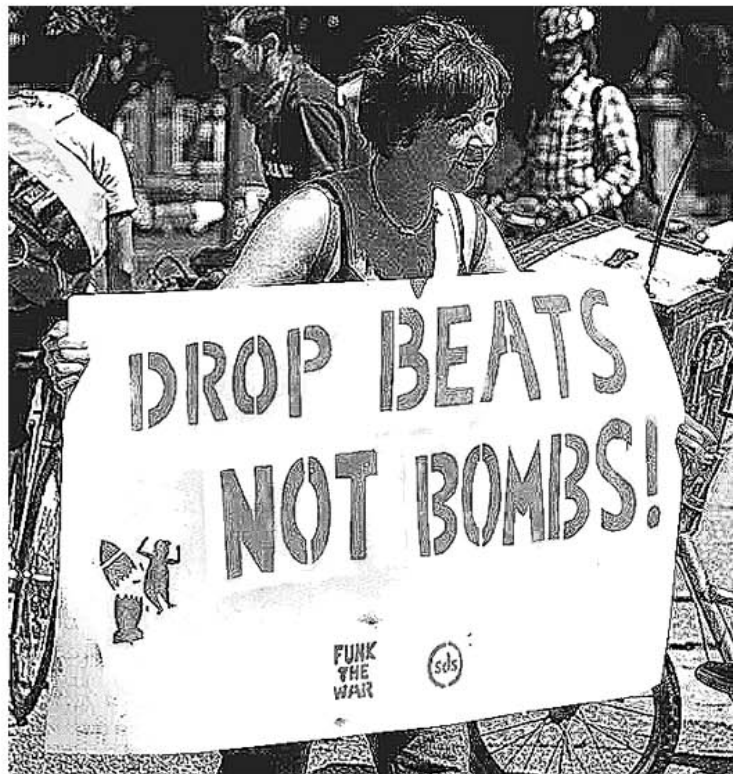
Anarchists, communists (when I speak of communists, I speak of course of true revolutionary communists - those against the state, all market relations, and Leninism in all it’s forms), and others often talk of ‘class war.’ But as I see it, class war is not something we’re going to start - it’s already been on for the last 10,000 years or so. Class. Is. War. The imposition of class is always war. Class society is not so much a class war as it is a war of class. A war of imposing itself upon people, societies, and groups. It is a constant war of divorcing people from communal activity; negating them from the means of existence, and forcing them through violence into it’s tentacles. The victory of class society is the destruction of the power of people and communities to relate to each other and to the means of their existence via communal activity. It is the stripping away of all forms of agency over our lives. Technology, development, and ‘progress’ further this process; they are non-neutral tools in the hands of the ruling class. My project is the creation of *autonomist* power within the class for the purpose of attack against our class enemies and the creation of space for ourselves. The power of the working class to create space either through violence, force, refusal, or by the threat of such means, helps us to

manifest ourselves as a social force against society. Autonomy gives us the power to launch attacks. Autonomy gives us the power to suppress and destroy class society. This process is non-democratic. I do not seek to sit down with my enemies - I seek to destroy them. To destroy all knowledge of their existence just as they have done to me. To make their lives unlivable and unworkable - just as they have made mine.

The middle class is barrier before me. They act as a civilizing force upon my actions and desires through the Left and through the cultural and social management of my life. The ruling class (or ‘the rich’ if you like) is the enemy and needs to be destroyed. As a people they need to be suppressed and power stripped from them. The working class is the revolutionary agent in society. When I speak of the working class, I do not speak of it in the traditional sense of just the factory worker, the unionized labor force, or the ‘industrial proletariat.’ Being working class does not mean that you just like ‘Larry the Cable Guy’ a lot, wear certain kinds of shirts, work outside, or anything like that. Being working class is not a cultural option - it is a social reality. It is based around your relationship to the means of production and your agency within the society of Capital. We have been taught by the Spectacle over and over again that the ‘working class’ is a lifestyle choice, it is a way that you talk, a way that people choose to live their lives, not an

social condition that is imposed on the vast majority of people. Now, more than ever, as we have middle class values and ideas rammed down our throats - we need proletarian revolutionary culture. We need ways of communicating and recognizing each other that speaks to our experiences, hatreds, loves, and desires. This zine is a bullet in the gun of such a proletarian culture.

I seek allies against my enemies. I know that the vast majority of people in the United States are working class - those that survive by selling their labor for wages and those who's 'work' reproduces this system in similar ways (the homeless, housewives, etc), even though they often consider themselves 'middle class.' Many think that because they have a iPod and a laptop that they are not working class, that they have risen above the lowly shit workers. But they are wrong. We can be a social force within society, as opposed to just being another consumer market or voting block to pander to. We can be the ungovernable mob. The unpacified horde. We can storm the gates and burn down their mansions. Their ideas and property should mean nothing to us. Their values should mean nothing to us. Their morality should mean nothing to us. Their laws and police are simply obstacles in our way. Let us take joy in destroying them. They are our enemies - they have been for thousands of years. We don't want a return to the old class hatred - we want the start of a new class war. Let the slave master remember what it is like to have their throat slit. These fuckers have had it good for too long. Let us make the rich and powerful remember just why they should fear us.



make the total destroy on middle class anarchism

I hope this article pisses you off and you tell your friends halfway through Food Not Bombs about this stupid zine you read by this fucking asshole. Why? Because I hate a lot of stuff, especially a lot of things that comes out of the 'anarchist movement.' Not the people per say, the people are great, even if I disagree with them. What I really hate are a lot of the ideas and values that people share within the 'anarchist movement,' if such a thing really even exists. I find myself alienated by the larger milieu. Not just because I have a job, rent a house, where I live, and where I grew up, but because most anarchists' ideas on how to change the world and more importantly how to relate with other people differ greatly from mine. When I talk to a lot of anarchists about my desires, many of them are taken aback. Many of them don't get it. Many of them are really down right opposed to what I have to say. I think that's stupid. Why? Because, they're really fucking liberals, that's why.

This article is aimed at other anarchists, so it's an intervention into the anarchist movement itself. Thus, I'm taking a lot of potshots at my own 'movement' per say. I want to piss you off. I want you to hate everything I fucking have to say and make you hate me. At least the lines are fucking drawn you piece of shit. I've had to sit through enough meetings with you fuckers talking about how eating trash is going to bring down capitalism or how we should organize around electoral politics to the point where I just want to fucking kill myself - and this is my retort. I don't know how intelligible it will be, or how much it will actually make sense, I really don't care. I just want to draw the line in the fucking sand.

working class anarchists are cooler

I've Got a Bone to Pick with Liberals and Activists...And a Few to Break:

1.) The point of any organization or action should be to maximize the power of the class as a whole. Since we live in a society devoid of agency and control over our lives, our organizations and ways that we relate to each other and the ways we choose to act against class society should maximize what we don't have: power and agency. We do this by giving our enemies nothing (dialog, information, anything) and ourselves everything. Violence, sabotage, and confrontation for the sake of claiming, creating, and keeping space for ourselves are our greatest tools. This is the opposite of activism.

2.) Most anarcho-activist projects are the opposite of this. They are based on the idea not of fostering agency from the self-organization of themselves and those that they are acting with - but instead in 'bringing fire to the savages.' By this I mean, being the 'shining example' to the people as many a Food Not Bombs, shitty collective houses, and Really Really Free Market group have sought to 'educate' the dumb masses. Those pesky poor people will know what mutual aid is once the anarchists show them how! Imagine if you organized a Critical Mass and no one came - they were too busy rioting? That would be nice. Seriously though, most anarchist projects are fucking stupid. I've groaned on about how much I hate anarcho-activist projects such as Critical Mass, Food Not Bombs, Really Really Free Markets, but I think I'll launch into it again just to make more people angry and solidify my points to those that can't comprehend what I'm saying. These projects often have some good qualities; so get ready for the short list. Ahem...they are a social space for people to meet. They also get people interested in other things. That's basically about it. Creating a social space is good. It also allows people to get to know each other and create affinity with one another. It unites them in a shared project and gets them used to working with one another. But so does lots of other stuff such as graffiti, putting up posters, breaking windows, learning how to fight together, taking over a squat, beating up Nazis in groups, etc. Anarcho-charity projects don't increase power and agency within the class, they just provide a project that is generally divorced from the direct needs of those organizing the FNB or RRFM program. It's a middle class line of thought - one that assumes that people will learn something when they are shown, as opposed to something that is fostered among comrades and through class struggle.

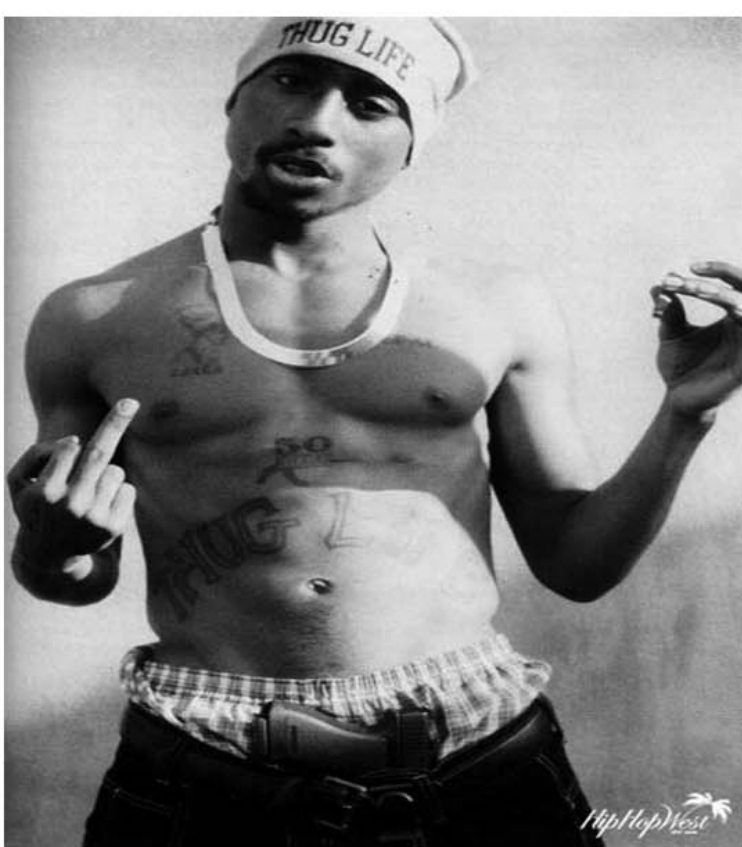
3.) The anarchist movement has a bunch of shitty cultural identifiers that basically ensure that our movement is full of annoying douche bags. Seriously. If people want to be down with us what do they have to do? Dress liking fucking choo

choo train operators or dumb indie kids (I hate it so much I miss the anarcho-punks!), eat vegan food, ride and talk about bikes all the time, and basically be a total fucking dumb ass. This basically creates a movement that will probably always be made up of white middle class kids. Sure, you can be working class and be into all that other shit, but probably not. Instead of having the meet up points for the cool kid club being veganbikeveganbike, why aren't we instead basing it on shared experiences of being fucked over by class society and a common hatred towards our enemies?

4.) Middle class people will always dominate our movement unless we suppress them. They'll be the ones who claim that we're being fucked up for promoting violence even though we know that our communities are more violent than anything that they've ever experienced. They'll talk to us about being sensitive and why single mothers can't squat buildings even though your homie at work is squatting with their family because they just got foreclosed on. Middle class people are boring and don't know that much because they haven't experienced that much. Sure we might talk like idiots, get fucked up before meetings, and smoke crack once in a while, but at least we're real, got our ears to the street, not look like fucking douche bags when we talk to people, and plus, our problems are cooler.

5.) Working class anarchists have to start being cooler. We have to take back not only anarchism from the mostly middle class activists who dominate it, but also the class struggle ideas of the mostly totally boring and lame 'class struggle anarchists.' By doing this we must not only denounce the petit bourgeoisie influences within our movement but also much more importantly make our presence known within the milieu much more and be loud and proud. We should take from the existing proletarian culture all that we already know and enjoy. We should throw anarchist parties and get fucked up while talking about weapons and killing cops, possibly ending the night by burning or destroying something, even if symbolic; thus creating a feeling of unity within our crews. We should create gang signs for our crews and flash them to each other. While out in public we should create t-shirts and hats for our crews and create things to yell at each other while in public that announces our presence. We should start tagging crews to write graffiti. We should steal as much as possible and share it with each other; this should be done in groups. All illegal activity should be encouraged in large group settings, with crews egging each other on and watching out for each other. Since we have a closer relationship to violence than most middle class people -

have cooler friends and can probably beat the shit out of you



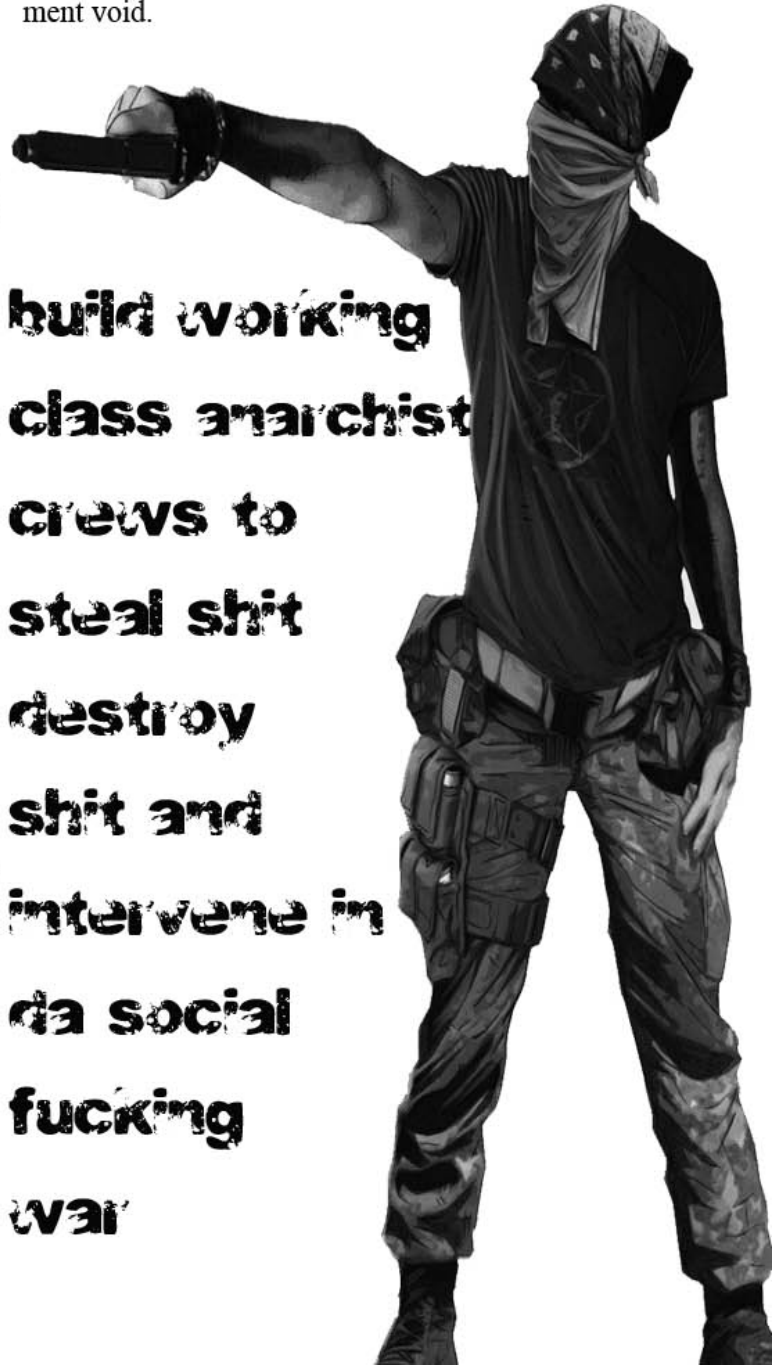
rapists in our neighborhoods, lack of money, etc. Thus, we should expand these activities into projects and programs, linking up with other people like ourselves that are facing the same problems. Realizing the structures that stand in the way of these projects, we should then begin attacking them, in groups if possible, but at least as individuals. Our activity should always be rooted in what we want, what will spread insurrection and action against class society, and what will give us the most power. We have to realize our own self-worth and needs before we can start linking up with others who also are being fucked.

Above all we must build crews that can not only provide for the growth and survival of it's membership - but also intervene and respond to social struggle and various situations. We must constantly seek to build our crews up - becoming more powerful, more dangerous, and better organized. This street presence will give us more power where we live and work and will also make the arguments against us by the middle class elements within the movement void.

we should take advantage of this and use it when needed. We should use violence, sabotage, and property destruction as vehicles for releasing tension and stress within our lives. Instead of just getting drunk or hitting each other (or hurting ourselves) we should instead manifest a culture where we hit back and hurt them instead. We should also use our contacts with the proletarian underworld to our advantage. Drug dealers, graffiti artists, prisoners, prostitutes: these are people that most activists don't see or talk to, but we do. These people are individuals that we can bump ideas off of and talk to - honing theory and praxis.

6.) Working class anarchists should first base their activity on their own needs and those around them. Any successful anarchist movement will have to provide for the survival of it's membership; thus allowing staying power within the movement and fostering the drive for people to stay involved. We should base our activity first to meet our needs and link up with those around us. This means basing practical activity around things like ensuring enough to eat, shelter, enough funds, etc. Why not organize a Food Not Bombs type program for yourself and your neighbors if you're really watching your budget? Or start a community garden to grow food (or better yet knock that fence down and squat that shit across the street). Take over buildings to have parties, keggers, and places to stay. Start community forums so you don't have to call the pigs. Organize shoplifting crews to steal shit and sell online. Organize dumpster diving teams to collect food stuffs. Throw anti-pig or landlord block parties and pass out anarchist literature and free stolen shit. But these are projects that we can respond with to just day to day realities that we face. We then most more importantly dive into the things that are really fucking us over, be they foreclosure, eviction, racism,

**build working
class anarchist
crews to
steal shit
destroy
shit and
intervene in
da social
fucking
war**



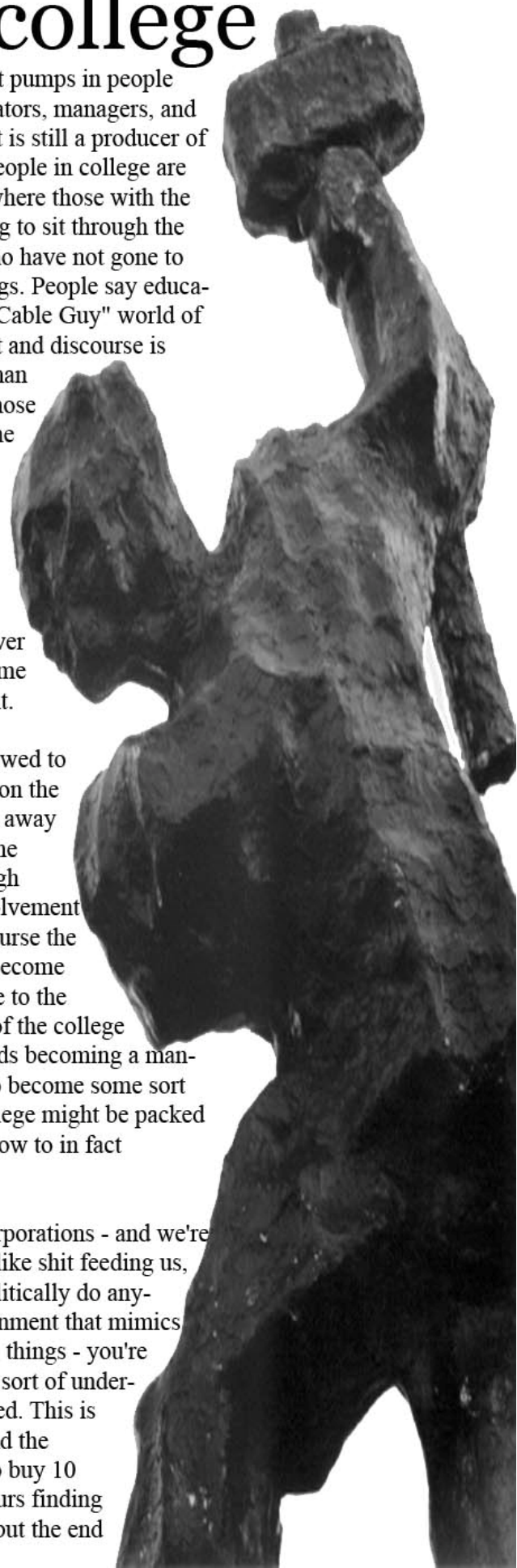
I'd rather be high than learning: Some thoughts on college

One thing has to be made clear - college is a social fucking factory. It pumps in people and pumps out specialists that will fill roles in the economy as administrators, managers, and technicians. CSU Stanislaus largely pumps out nurses and teachers, but it is still a producer of social capital that is integral to the economy and capitalism in general. People in college are needed to manage those below them. Our society has created a system where those with the money (or those willing to rack up debt via student loans) who are willing to sit through the classes, are awarded the task of becoming social managers over those who have not gone to school. There are always exceptions, but this is generally the way of things. People say education is power, but it's also a social force within society. In the "Larry the Cable Guy" world of the working class that so many of us find ourselves apart, critical thought and discourse is looked down upon while 'fag' and 'titty' jokes are seen as the apex of human accomplishment. We often do this in part to distinguish ourselves from those of the middle class we find ourselves so often budding heads with (aka the social workers, doctors, lawyers, DA's, pigs, etc).

On the other hand, I find college discourse equally as disappointing. They can throw all the Liberal and 'Marxist' professors they want at me - they're still a bunch of fucking douche bags. Over and over again our Leftist do gooder teachers ask us to choose between coke and pepsi (and don't you know, coke has done some very, very bad things), but we're never asked if we should drink the fucking soda in the first place. I say pour some fucking salt water in that fucker, get the money and burn that piece of shit.

Like that one kid in *The Giver*, college is the place where we are allowed to learn of the sins of our country. What was once part of the class struggle on the streets and in the literature of the working class, has now been squirreled away in the ivory tower of academia. We take that class on what happened to the indigenous people (or at least spend a day [as opposed to 5 minutes in high school] talking about it). We learn about slavery in detail. About US involvement in regimes in Latin American (that's hot right now). On it goes. But of course the discourse that comes out of these discussions is always weak. Go vote. Become part of the political process. Show your rage in ways that are constructive to the system. This is a middle class discourse. This of course is the extension of the college logic. If the economic and societal push of higher education is one towards becoming a manager over social and economic life, then the political push of college is to become some sort of a manager - or better a 'representative' in the field of politics. Sure college might be packed with liberals, but who cares when they're running around excited about how to in fact 'strengthen' the system of the state and capital itself.

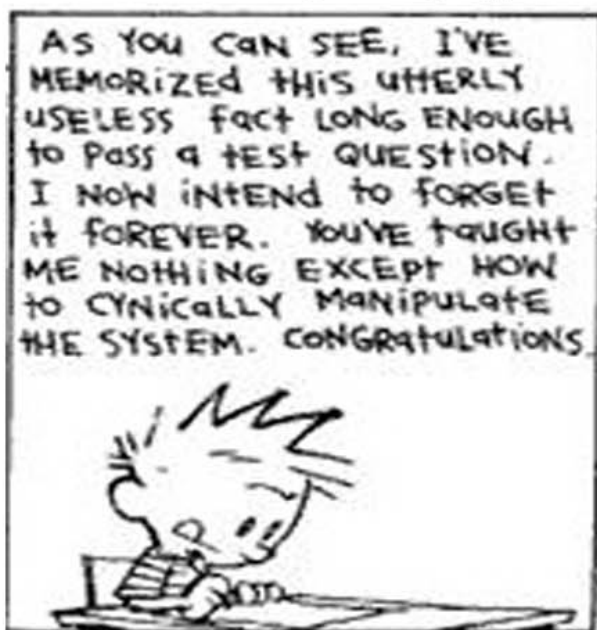
And it almost goes without saying that colleges in themselves are corporations - and we're the fucking office workers. From the food service workers who get paid like shit feeding us, to the professors who really don't get paid that much and are afraid to politically do anything if they don't have tenure, to the students who are stuck in an environment that mimics work. School is another job. You aren't discovering yourself and learning things - you're working. To mean, learning is an act of creative play that produces some sort of understanding or knowledge for oneself. Work, is not voluntary at all, but forced. This is why anarchists have historically raised the call for the freeing of labor and the destruction of work (wage slavery, class society, etc). When I'm forced to buy 10 books for one class (don't get me started on that shit as well...), spend hours finding certain articles, etc, it's work. I might learn something from the process, but the end



desire is to finish the work so I won't have to do it anymore. More energy is directed towards tasks that are not of my choosing - thus the person engaging in the work will always be alienated from their labor. They will always hold at a distance what they are doing because the task is in contradiction to their desires. This is why students cheat, skip class, and get drunk the night before a test. The results may hurt us - but the thought of submitting to the routine of the production line is perhaps more degrading.

There's really no way to reform the university. You can't reform something that provides a basic function within class society. While I totally support and sometimes participate in movements that fight against student fee hikes and would love to see the broadening of student aid and the lowering of costs for books, etc, I support these reformist struggles because they 'fight' attacks on the working class. Fee Hikes are fucked because they seek to squeeze us dry even more and get us to pay more for doing shitty school work in a society that basically demands we have a degree or be stuck in a minimum wage job the rest of our lives. This of course is also a problem with the lack of class struggle in the US, and the result of certain segments of the population who live in fear of being attacked (and possibly deported) due to organizing and resisting - or those who work in the service sector and likewise have few opportunities to fight back or are very transient. In the end, the university just like the rest of class society, and needs to be abolished.

For myself and the rest of those at school who don't come from a wealthy background, college seems like one big fucking head ache. It's fucking work. Universities are corporations. The discourse is all based around the system's logic. Schools are counting on us to be the middle class of tomorrow via social managers and technicians. I'm not offering an alternative other than rah rah social revolution, up the class war, and burn it all down - but at the least lets drop our illusions about school as this magnificent place where all our dreams come true and where all these good things happen.



Not So Hot (Internet) Sex

"If love is some burger from a fast food chain, if love is some stone on a fat gold chain, then what I feel for you must be this thing called hate. And it's not, so what the fuck?" - *Promoe*

I think a social push of capitalism now is to totally deform us and make us incapable of having any sort of healthy romantic or sexual relationships with each other; it creates such a good market to sell us our desires. The elites are counting on us to be social douche bags, basically. It's good for business.

Every time I log onto this fuckin' thing (myspace) I'm hit by about 5 different websites trying to get me to visit a site if I, "need a girlfriend." I then am showed the picture of a woman in a bikini. The message of course, that if I, "need a girlfriend," it's just one click away! Not only that, but she'll be fucking hot! It's just like going down to the grocery store to buy any other product. The idea of reducing finding a romantic and or sexual partner down to just clicking on a website seems pretty silly - although so many of us seem hooked on hooking up via online. I guess in a world that is so alienating, for many social networking sites like this one present a way to "weed through," and find people.

But it seems like a strange way to economize love, don't you think? Who cares if someone likes 2pac or the Shawshank Redemption as much as me, does that mean that we'd be perfect together? No. In the movie High Fidelity, the narrator states that "books, music, and movies, these things are important," and I guess I would agree. They are important to us. But to make them the sole basis for finding love or romance seems strange to me. Seems like we're just socially reproducing ourselves around likes and dislikes that the capitalist marketplace provides, whether its KISS or Noam Chomsky books.

Another site add that really pissed me off is the one based on locality. That's the one that says, "single girls from Modesto," on it, or where ever you happen to be from. Of course, all the shots are of girls in revealing clothing, but the one that pissed me off was one of just some woman's ass. I don't think I really have to go into that one...

I think the internet is a place where many people, but it seems like mostly men, go to wallow in their depression and lack of sex life. Perhaps that's because we spend so much time online. The internet seems more than willing to sell us desires that it destroys back to us, as well as the lie that true love or a quick orgasm is just one click away and after that monthly website bill of course. It reminds me of when I see nicotine patches next to cigarettes. One product needs the other.

In the words of Le Tigre, "get off the internet," which is what I'm doing right now.

P O E M S

Father

Father.

I remember when,
you unionized your work place,
told me how you brought water to 'illegals' in Texas,
while your white friends beat them up.
your boxes in our living room when you got laid off,
how you helped me go to labor court,
and how you used to hang out in peace cafes during the army.

I also remember the blood in my mouth and the black on my eyes.

Sometimes you are my best friend.

Other times I wished that you would have turned your fists
and voice,
more against those who really deserved it.

Father.

Mother (on Strike)

Mother.

I remember when you used to cry,
when your co-workers would talk about you,
behind your back.

Doubting your worth,
because of what,
is between your legs.

I know how your wrists hurt from typing so much.
The bastards have crushed them.
Now you sleep with casts.

Now the rich say that they will cut your pay.
And how will you hold picket signs and throw bricks?

Even if you can't,
I can.
And I will be there.
With picket sign in one hand,
and a brick in the other.

Strike!

Can You Keep a Secret?

Can you Keep a Secret?

I have a desire.
They say it is a perversion,
a delinquency,
a sin.

This society that retards passion,
and puts crutches on love.

But if you can keep a secret,
kiss me,
and let us tell the world.

It is the Best Thing

When I first met you,
you were vegan.
Soon we were dumpstering anything,
and fishing in the creeks by our homes.

When I would talk of destruction,
you would balk.
But soon our rage unleashed itself,
like teenagers left alone without parents.

Together we came to see,
the trailer parks,
our workplaces,
and the pesticide laden fields,
as where the enemy had always wanted us to be.

We fell in love,
but also grew to hate,
our enemies.

Now we are not in love.
But we still hate,
our enemies.

Perhaps that is more important.

That is the best thing,
the best.

I cherish it.
Comrade.

Things That I Have Never Done Before

For you I've stolen things,
that I have never stolen before.
Maliciously caressing items,
that before had no worth to me.

For you I've written words,
that I have never written before.
Quoting Negri in a context,
that before had no meaning to me.

For you I've created things,
that I have never created before.
Using the moon for light with paint in hand,
creating a face on an old ugly one.

The jail cell beckons,
but I would gladly go,
with a smile on my face.

And even if,
in the end,
these things mean nothing.

I am all the better,
for I did them.

These are things that I have never done before.

My Best Friend

We can't stop laughing.
I think we even cracked a smile,
amazingly,
at the funeral.

What a horrible,
two headed monster,
we are.

Remember how the radio,
always plays the songs that ring true,
when love is lost?

You spend more time beating yourself up,
for the shit that the rich are dumping on you,
than you do realizing your own worth.

But that's okay.
You are,
my best friend.

All the Young Anarchists

You think I'm cool,

cause you know my crew.
And you have read some of my shit.

You come up,
to tell me your plans about,
fire and brimstone.

But I don't want to hear about it.
I'd rather you be around in five years than in prison,
or totally burned out.

I've had friends go to prison,
seen houses raided,
people fucked over,
or worse.

The pigs are real and they have guns.
They own the courts,
and the prisons.

If you're really serious,
be in this for the long haul.

If you're still down,
I'm still here,
let us begin.

Tell the City

tell the city
we can go to war.
go to war
against foreclosure
and racism
against meth
and the pigs.
we'll go to war
against low pay
and no one
watching your kids.
i'll ride on this city
with paint, rocks, and slings.
i'll bust my shit off in this piece
until the city is mine
again.

so tell the chief and the da
to start packing their shit.
cause when i'm fucking done
they're be nothing left
but
ashes and sticks.

NEW INTERVENTIONS IN ART AND GEOGRAPHY

First Communiqué of the Wall Liberation Front (WLF):

Dear xoxoxox,

We wish to bring to your attention that tomorrow, ..if you so desire.., you may see something very ..*beautiful*...It is not necessary for you to go outside of your 'normal' routine; the break in the spectacle will be along your way towards the factory of social capital known to many as Modesto Junior College, or MJC. If by chance you should care to share a moment with our attack on boredom and the mundane, please feast your eyes on the electrical box that is located on what is now called Stoddard Ave. Our agents in the field predict that our action will occur either on the side of the box facing Stoddard Ave. or perhaps the side facing College Ave. While at this moment, the point of our intervention into the psychogeography of this city is unclear, our method, drive, and determination is not. If by some strange stroke of luck tomorrow the box is clean, then assume the worst. We have either been neutralized, our work has been already recuperated or destroyed by the apparatus of the elites, or perhaps worse, we simply have failed. We do not wish to fail however – our desire matches our hatred of the blank walls that make up this enclosed environment. Because the forces of order can move quickly, the earlier in the morning you can visit the box, perhaps the better.

We wish to thank you for taking the time to read our first message to the outside world. In the future our attacks will occur without such contact.

Because the world needs more beauty.

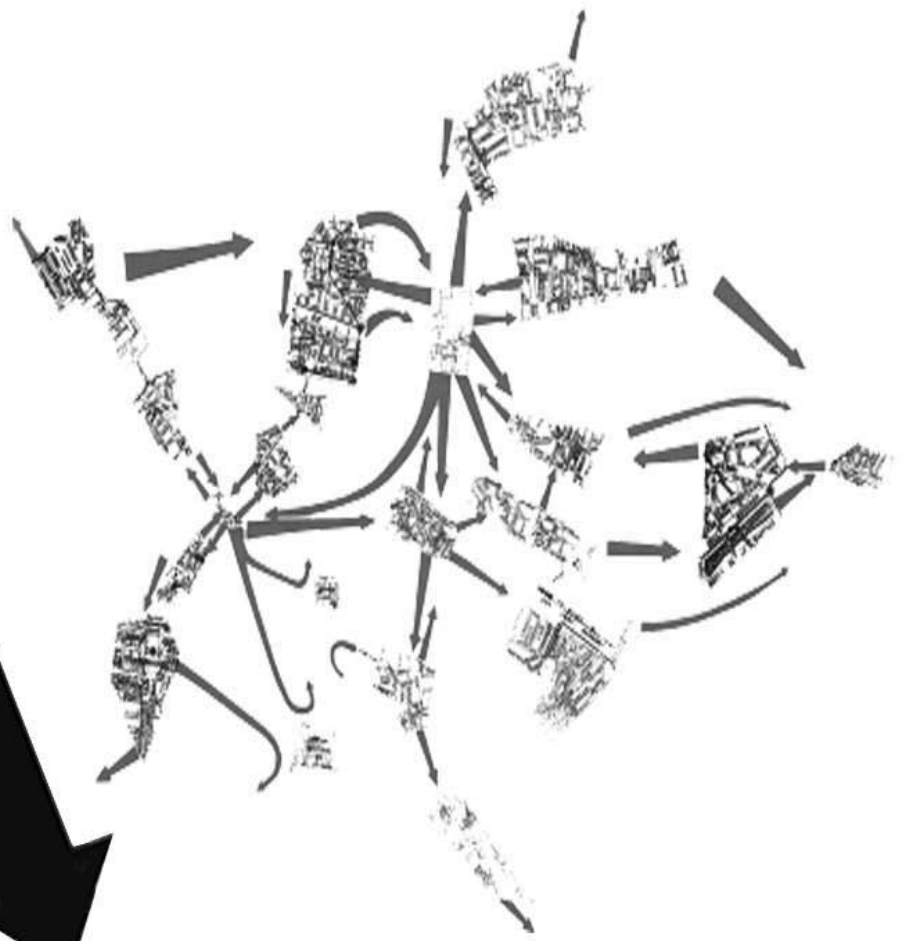
The WLF

Let us not become so serious we forget how to play; to gleefully destroy. Let us not resign our communicate skills only to posts on indymedia. Let us play around with destruction for friends and loved ones. Give the gift of revolt to everyone.

*The passion to destroy
is a creative passion as
well.*

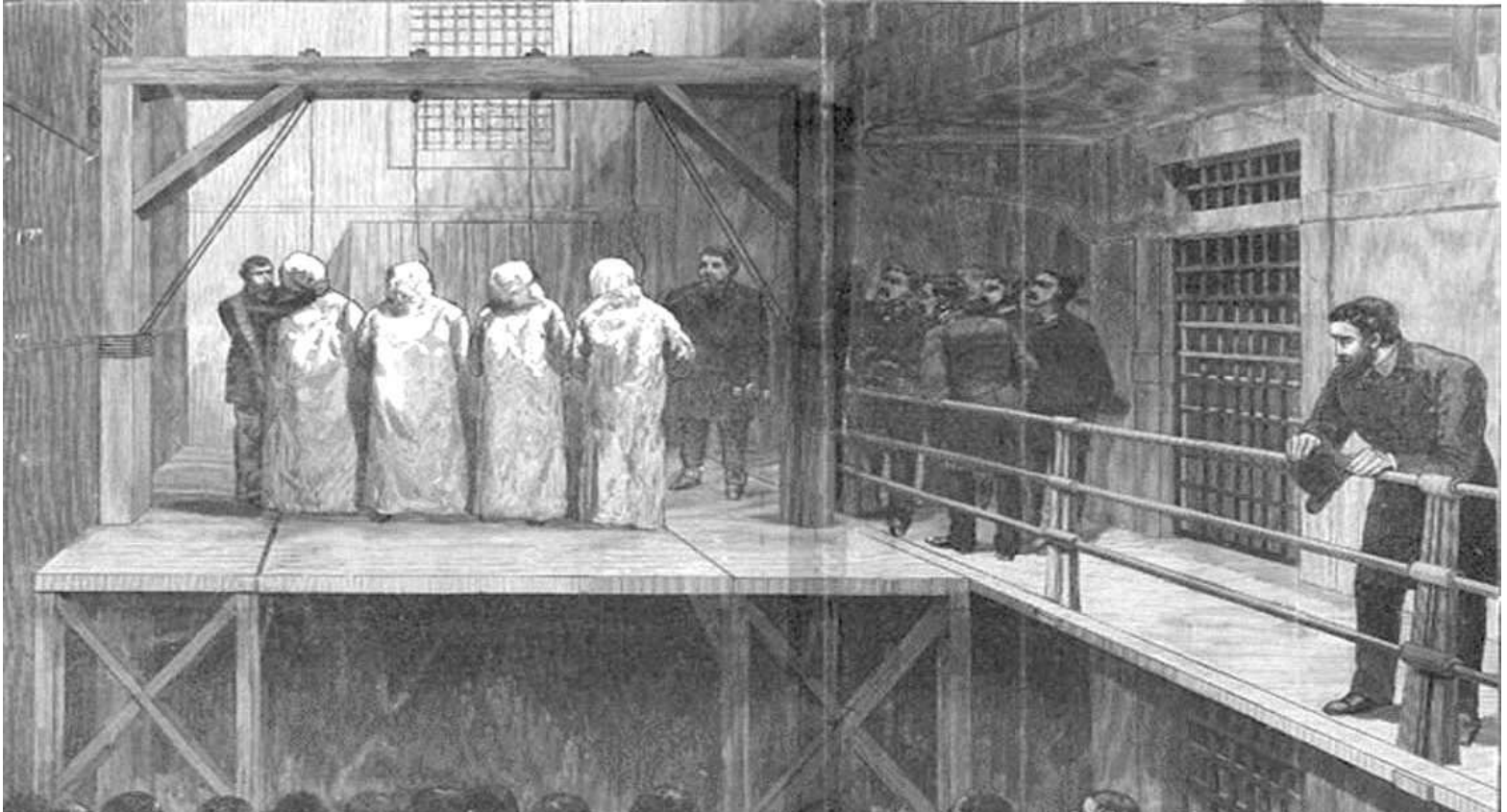
-Bakunin





**All space
is
occupied
by the
enemy. We
are living
under a
permanent
curfew.
Not just
the cops -
the
geometry."
- Vaneigem**





I FEEL THE WEIGHT OF CLASS SOCIETY AND EVERY DAY I DIE A LITTLE MORE

I feel the weight of class society upon me - and it depress me and it is killing me. I think about what is “my future.” Getting student aid. Going to school and finishing a master’s degree. Working basically full time while I do this. Renting a shitty house. Inching along. Then, in a few years, becoming a “real teacher,” or perhaps even a professor. Is this why I enjoy being with someone so much? Is this why I was sad when my friend from out of town left to go home? I feel like I enjoy having someone in my home, man or woman, when I return from a day at work where generally I sit around and read Derrick Jensen or the SI and fall asleep. Perhaps waking up just long enough to masturbate in the bathroom or check the news on infoshop. So what does this mean? Have I simply been suckered into reproducing society? Is it a bad thing that I have day dreams about having someone in my life that will be around when I get off work; who will ask me how my day went? Or perhaps this society is just so alienating that the idea of spending a life working and slaving away all by yourself seems unbearable. This summer, when I got out of an intense relationship with someone after about two years, I don’t think I was prepared to experience how very alone I felt all the time. I felt as if I was stuck in a sensory deprivation chamber; denied human contact. I still had contact with my friends and that’s probably the only thing that got me through it. But still, it is so easy to be alone in this society. Having genuine human relationships with others is not required in the world of Capital.

Work really gets to me. I find it pretty horrible how it’s

logic and values can make me act in certain ways. I remember a few years ago when I was fired from a job, I started crying in the office when they told me. There was really no reason for me to do this. I was a substitute for a basic job at a school, and very quickly got another job lined up in a matter of days. It is just that I allowed them to devalue me to the point of making me feel like shit, that I feel the most shame. I was also out of work and participating in the May Day actions in 2006 that year and was also involved in the push to unionize my workplace at the time (perhaps that is why I got fired...) so it shouldn’t have surprised me that I was ‘let go.’ What angers me more is that I allowed myself to break down in front of those pieces of shit. With all their degrees and fancy diplomas they prance around like they know everything - and I just played into their delusions of power and superiority. I should have told them to go fuck themselves and fucked some shit up or something. Now, I work as a substitute teacher and I’m always really surprised when I act like a dick when kids do shit I would probably do. I send kids outside or to the office sometimes. I tell kids to be quiet and make them do work. This isn’t something that I want to do, but I also have to think about things on my end. If I don’t do my job, I don’t have money, and then I’m fucked. Sometimes my anarchist friends tell me just to drop out and go live in the woods or something. This is tempting, but usually they depend on people like me with jobs and houses when it gets cold or when they get tired of living

outside. I don't think you can really run from Capital; it is already all powerful.

Things really bring me down. When I hear about a friend's car getting reposed or someone being out of work because of the economy, I feel a lot of empathy. Not because of some sort of misdirected pity for everyone, but because I really see the gears of class society working and all of us being fucked. It really is sad to think of everyone without health insurance, the immigrants slaving away in the fields to make what I'm going to be stealing for food tonight, the kids I'm teaching in continuation school that in a year will probably be in prison... When I read about the worker's, proletarian, and radical 60's-70's movements, it just makes me sad because it reminds me of how powerful our class once was. We have been divorced from our own history and our own idea and concept of ourselves as proles. Harry Cleaver once said that the working class is only the working class when it struggles against itself and the imposed conditions which make it the contradiction within society. If that is so, then there is hardly a working class left.

I think about these things and I become more depressed. I think about these things and sometimes don't know what the point of going on is. I often feel like I am pushing a boulder up a hill waiting to hit the top and see it come crashing down. Often though, I feel that if I stopped pushing, it wouldn't make a difference at all. Still, I'd rather push than sit on my ass.



perhaps we will never know how powerful we are until we are out there actually doing it. taking over space and burning pig cars. setting fire to prisons and squatting buildings. but that goes on already, so perhaps we have more power than we already know. perhaps what is really important is how powerful we actually feel, which is problematic, because hardly any of us actually feel powerful. this is why the events in greece and the riots at the rnc delight me. not because they will have a big impact on my life, but because they make me feel powerful. just as the graffiti pen and the stolen food item does. the broken window and the dead pig. proletarian health is a state of mind.

life. class. crew.



So I'm almost done with my second beer and I should probably go to sleep soon. I really have to make a flyer for an event that is coming up in a couple weeks and I should really start working on *Modesto Anarcho* #10. Working on this project for the past couple of days straight has been great, I've hardly thought about anything else. I really can't wait to start making copies and showing them to friends. I'm excited about the possibility of feedback. I really don't think any of my articles or rants were in depth enough to really get people to sway in their thoughts, but then again, I was mostly going for just pissing people off or trying to make them feel good about ideas that they already had.

I truly feel that anarchism can be a working class, street level movement that is based on practical collective activity and that can have a strong reverberation within the larger class as a whole. I think working class anarchists need to step up to the plate and use their skills and background to really create a strong and powerful revolutionary proletarian culture that really kicks the shit out of the middle class crap that counts as anarchism today. We need to find each other and get past the bullshit activist approach that so many out there get sucked into. We were not meant for such things - we were bred for social conflict and class war. We were made to have fun and look good doing it. We deserve our vengeance on this world that has fucked us so bad - in the end, we can call it revolution.

As stated earlier, the events in Greece have shown the way forward. No longer are we haunted by the ghosts of the CNT and the Spanish Anarchists, as wonderful ghosts as they were. The spectacle of anarchist leftism and anarcho-activism no longer interests many. We would rather riot than 'Funk the War,' and we would rather form workers councils and take over factories like they did in Chicago than get a job working for the SIEU. It is a new day out there comrades. The environment is hanging in the balance, capitalism is shaky, and most of all, people everywhere are looking for answers. As people who have been fighting for a long time, lets show them how pretty we can be.

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"Nothing reveals the immense historical positivity of the workers' self-valorization more completely than sabotage, this continual activity of the sniper, the saboteur, the absentee, the deviant, the criminal that I find myself living. I immediately feel the warmth of the workers' and proletarian community every time I don the ski mask...Nor does the happiness of the result escape me: every act of destruction and sabotage redounds upon me as a sign of class fellowship. Nor does the probable risk disturb me: on the contrary, it fills me with feverish emotion, like waiting for a lover. Nor does the suffering of the adversary affect me: proletarian justice has the very same productive force of self-valorization and the very same faculty of logical conviction."

-Sabotage and Domination, Negri

last night we kicked in the door behind my house. the next night we had to run away from

some guy coming up on us while we were trying to get back into another squat. for two days now we've been going to Mervyn's, the latest victim of the recession - taking advantage of their policy of not checking items before going into the dressing room.

perhaps tonight we'll stay in...but there's so much to do, and the night is calling. we drive around listening to 2pac and Morrissey, smoking too much and talking about drugs.

we need better jobs and more money. there are few lights at the end of our tunnels.