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**Burning Bridges # 3 y'all!**

possible contributions to the social war in Oklahoma

## Intro to the End

This will be the last, and probably the shortest issue of the B.B for a while. I didn't bother to edit much of it or do anything special. Soon I will be traveling and B.B will be on an indefinite hiatus. Maybe forever, who knows—unless someone wants to take it up? Eh? Eh?? I am traveling for a quite a long time in Europe.

I've been getting in the travel mindset for the last few weeks. Dumpster diving, going on late night building adventures, drinking, eating cheap food, biking all over all night, camping, skinning animal hides, chilling by the river, getting poison ivy, building huts, seriously considering hopping trains—but never doing it because I'm always busy, trying to make wool hats, and thinking about places to squat. It's been pretty fun. I feel very happy thinking like that. I feel much freer and feel like I have a lot of adventures ahead of me.

I've learned how to sit for hours doing nothing and be fine. I can stare at the sky or a wall for hours. Traveling is really a whole lot of nothing. I feel like that type of attitude has been taken away from us with the fast paced world we inhabit. Sitting still and staring at the same thing for hours is just not entertaining. Reading is not entertaining either. There are very few scene changes—much, much less than the scene changes on TV. "If" we could all just slow the fuck down, a lot of problems would stop—but, you know, capitalism thrives on expansion and fast change, one moment the "economy" is great, the next it is dead.

My life has been pretty odd for the past year and a half. I feel like I've just started to bloom and that I'm learning a lot of things really fast. I spent the first part of the year being a heart broken cry baby full of depressed thoughts. I can look back on myself and see a person who used to be a lot quieter (I still am pretty quiet) and extremely insecure, and laugh because I have changed so much. During my stage of depression, I spontaneously decided to go travel and have been waiting for what seems like an eternity for my departure date. I wanted to leave Tulsa as soon as possible then because I was tired of my drama. After I got the ticket, I got more involved in the scene around here and I have come to love my friends so, so much. I have come to love the river and all the free play I can engage in if I do it myself! Almost so much that I wouldn't mind staying here.

I don't know what to expect really in Europe. I'm sure eight months of traveling will change a lot of the way I view the world, as well as challenge my stamina and creativity. Sounds like fun. See ya later.

Burning Bridges is overly militant and sometimes obscene, so much so that it should be taken with utmost insincerity. All the militancy is joyful like a thrown brick from someone's hand:—I just put it out there hopping it hits the target and does damage.

It (or rather, me) is pretty influenced by surrealism, Dadaism—movements that existed in 1920s and expressed a desire to go beyond the conscious and give all power to the imagination—and drugs. I sometimes believe every word in this, and then sometimes I don't. Sometimes I'm drunk when I write it, sometimes sober. I don't really care, I just like to write. I'm sure contradictions, horrible grammar, lack of good research, lack of clarity and a lack of staying on topic are throughout BB, but that just opens the doors for other interpretations. I'm not really interested in "Reality" a lot of the time. The Reality in this world is shit, and I want something more. I want to playfully destroy it...

## Polis Drowning in a Sea of Fragments

Everything is true, but nothing is permitted. All opinions are valid, but none of them are better than the other. This is the sad world we inhabit, a competing chaotic sea of shitty sound bites about the world. We live in a place full of problems that are “debated,” “talked” about, “thought” about and never solved—all often on our TV sets. In this culture, everyone talks about the *issues* (race, gender, ecology, hunger, the elections, etc), but never the cause that creates them, never issue that creates them all, never the *totality*. We talk in Fragments, in Issues, in Politics. Never the essence of the problem: capitalism (and civilization!). It is the capitalist system, in its systematic desire to turn life into sellable commodities, that makes people poor, that kills the earth or that causes people to starve to death. It is not God, not politicians, or aliens, nor greedy corporations, for these are just tools (except for aliens!). Knowing the cause of problems is good, but how to get out of this is another story. One which I have no big solution.

Resistance to this usually often just reinforces the same shit again and again. Those who resist go about following the tool of the State: the *polis*. Politics is the means the State uses to solve or mediate problems. “Politics” comes from the Greek root *polis*, which means *city-state*. A city is historically a way of holding a mass of people in one area. Cities centralize the workforce, they are environmentally destructive, and they make us powerless just by their sheer size. Politics was brought about to control the ebb and flow of human desires in cities, to mediate the problems the city and its hierarchy creates.

Politics maintains the state. It is an extremely alienating and time consuming way to go about solving problems. It usually involves spending years and years persuading a representative (who comes from a different background than you: rich and white/black) to stop killing you and your family. And you have to hold back your real self. You have to dress in a nice suit and talk the language of your masters. The Greeks used democratic politics to mediate their problems, but slaves and women were excluded. Sounds familiar? Well, duh, because it’s the same story now.

There are ambitious politicians who claim to be the voice of the masses, who hold “progressive” ideas. They come out and tell us that they care about our lives; they care about how so many of us have to struggle to get by and that they will do anything in their power to get us lower gas prices and more money (i.e not a revolution, just more of the same shit to prolong the horrible shit we have in store!). But, they never ultimately challenge

## Voting is for suckers!

The presidential elections are coming up! Everyone should get out and vote, cuz if you don’t you are worse than the terrorists who hate our freedoms! If you don’t vote, you will burn in an ever lasting fire. IF you don’t vote, you have no right to complain, to cry or do *anything!* You will be un-bourgeois, you will be uncool. Vote or die!

Shit, how many times have I heard this shit from people? When people tell me that since I am not voting and have no intention to ever vote, they say that I am digging my own grave, and that I should just kill myself—I laugh really loud. As an anarchist, I do not identify with the State like the liberals or the conservatives. Politicos believe in the rubbish that such bourgeoisie philosophers like Plato and Hobbes told us, that they state is the embodiment of the “people.” No, the state embodies those who believe in, those who are part of the ruling classes. It does not ask me what I want, does not care. To blame me for the problems because I don’t vote is insulting. The recuperaters, the leftists and the rightists who tell me to vote or else I’ll be culpable for the problems a candidate creates have nothing but scorn from me. By their logic, if you vote, you have no right to complain. But that’s bullshit as well.

The state is my enemy solely for the fact that it represents authority that is held above me. The state is the bastion of the bourgeoisie. It starts wars, beats its own “people.” The state enslaves, it rapes the world and supports the current economic system that does the same. They have a monopoly of force and they will no matter who is president. So to me, it is fucking insulting to vote. I am not a voluntary citizen of any state and I refuse to speak the language of the citizen. I am a barbarian—or at least I try to be.

Fuck Obama, and double fuck McCain. Though they talk about reform, they cannot reform what they are: preservers of the current social order.

# Technology and Relationships

I get so depressed and shocked when looking at my generation. We are gang of apathetic, depressed, and spoiled people. We suck at the tit of technology. We care of nothing except for the next product, and we do not even bother to read a book. We are bored, sick and self destructive. And most of us are service workers, hating every moment. It's often feels like a war.

Every person who has grown up within the womb of digital communication (cell phones, computers, I-pods, whatever) seems to have become slaves and our deep relations have diminished. Where before one could have a just called a friend on a landline to *plan* a get together in the next few days and rely on that, now such situations are hard to rely on. If you have a cell phone, you can be any where at anytime. You plans can change fast. I can't tell you how many plans have been changed or cancelled because people are more mobile.

And cell phones are like a fucking tit people suck at. Every ten fucking seconds people take them out of their pockets and hold them like they are possessed by them. So many people I see just text message hours of their lives away. Maybe psychoanalytically, people are so addicted because they are scared of loosing their social life—the cell phone is their mother's tit they suckle, and they don't want to lose that connection. They are afraid of being lonely. How fucking hollow. Your cell phone is a hollow replacement for the loving womb of your mother.

For a long time I refused to have a cell phone or car or facebook/myspace (I *do* still refuse facebook and myspace), and so did many of my friends. Those times were easy, but after awhile my friends and everyone else I met got sucked into it. Soon calling my friends houses and getting them to answer was harder and harder. I would spend hours waiting by my parent's home phone for a friend to call me. But they usually never did. If they did, they were out somewhere in their car far away driving. I'd have to ride my bike all they way over there and then they'd usually leave shortly after I got there, leaving me to ride back home. Those were lonely times.

I involuntarily got a car and a cell phone because this technological world makes face to face connection harder and harder every decade. I was tired of being so god damn lonely and pissed. I've met a lot of cool people through the use of a cell phone, and after I have met them I try to get to know them with out the use of a car or a cell. We should break this cycle, or else our relations will continue to be full of pettiness and be short lived.

the State or the Free Market (Something your Barack Obama has no qualms about maintaining), because they are the embodiment of the State and the Free Market—politicians believe in the city-state. A progressive politician will still seek oil, will still help corporations exploit because capitalism inherently exploits and expands. *Global* conflict will never go away as long as capitalism and the state exist (of course conflict itself will *never* go away no matter what). We will never gain *any* self-determination from these progressive politicians, just as we will never gain any from authoritarian ones. They can't destroy what they represent, because they are part of the problem. Eat them... if you can get past their fat...

## Yuppies, the BOK Center and Psycho-Geography

Don't let downtown Tulsa become another downtown Oklahoma City! Don't let the cops overrun the unprotected playground that those who are not bored love. We who love its quiet roads at night, swimming in the



fountains, tagging, the abandoned buildings, the melody of the train tracks, its fun home bums! Why should we submit to this shit? Once the yuppies move downtown, the cops will stay to protect their money, and enforce their bourgeois-yuppie snobbery. Those of us who hate capital and believe in ourselves, should be pissed with all the yuppie entertainment coming into this town!

A Yuppie is a young professional. S/he has a relatively high paying management job, or damn near. She may even be your boss. It should go

with out saying that Yuppies can't entertain themselves because they have no souls! (I'm not kidding, they are Descartes' machines, cut them open and all you see are gears!) Their only method of entertainment is mediated by the tentacles of capital. The ones in Tulsa are no different. They don't know what to do with their money, it seems. Their affluence breeds their boredom, and that is why they usually leave here. They miss the beauty of life and replace it with mindless and expensive entertainment.

Capital is their way of relating to others. They buy shitty art to deck out in their homes; they gentrify our neighborhoods with their loft style apartments; they eat at boring all white paint post modern restaurants; they go to the popular corporate concerts. They want someone else to do things for them. They want the homeless/hobos/bums gone because they ruin their image and profits. And they want you, the worker, to work in their restaurants in downtown Tulsa. They hate or are indifferent to everyone who doesn't stay in their role; they'd rather the riff raff stay in ghettos and the workers stay in the kitchen. They hate you first, so hate 'em back!

### Psycho-geography

The study of how our bodies and minds are affected by our

## Lovin' Tulsa

It's really tragic that so many authentic expressions are being co-opted by this commodity society. Capital doesn't always just destroy its enemies, it can also befriend them. This is because capital is a method of relating amongst people, not a system totally outside of us. In our consumerist culture, capitalism democratizes everything—makes everything sellable. It takes something rebellious and fun and sells it to everyone! Thus it gets rid of any real individuality (but of course, companies make sure people feel like they are unique when they buy their product).

“Being down with T-Town,” or with the “918,” or “hearting” Tulsa is becoming trendy amongst the yuppies. There are even shirts. Lots of people wear them. But I can't imagine what their reasons are other than just pure novelty and irony. I didn't see near as much people in to “Tulsa” three or four years ago. I don't even know what Tulsa they are talking about.

I don't necessarily “like” Tulsa. I like where ever I feel familiar. I like smallish-biggish towns. I like the quietness, the lack of commerce. I like the woods that surround us. I like the river, and I like the quietness of the river.



## More Musings

I've had writers block for a while. I really haven't had much desire to write. I feel like much of what I fill these pages is just the same repetitive shit over and over. I've gotten pretty burnt out with all of the stuff I believe. I'm also pretty hopeless and feel like we are in dark times, that a real insurrection will never happen.

I feel like my dreams will never be fulfilled but I'm ok with that. Mostly I just don't want to

give in to the shit around me. I want to die on my feet, not my knees. I want to have fun. I want to fuck shit up. I want to dance, dance, dance and go on mis/adventures. I want to take part in other people's joy, misery, etc. I want to share my joy and misery with whoever cares.

surroundings is termed *psycho-geography*. Being that we are sentient and cultural beings, the world around us is a reflection of our values and our psychology. Nothing is neutral; everything has some kind of value. We are no different than "prehistoric" people who valued totems or drew pictures on walls. What we make, we make for its use and its value. For instance, roads and cars do not represent the value of walking or localism, they discourage it. Tall buildings may make us feel small. Cameras on the streets may make us paranoid when we have a desire to do something illegal, as well as give people a false sense of security...since they really don't stop people from doing illegal things. All human made objects have values they embody. The city is not excluded from this and a Yuppie city would fuck with our psycho-geographic minds!

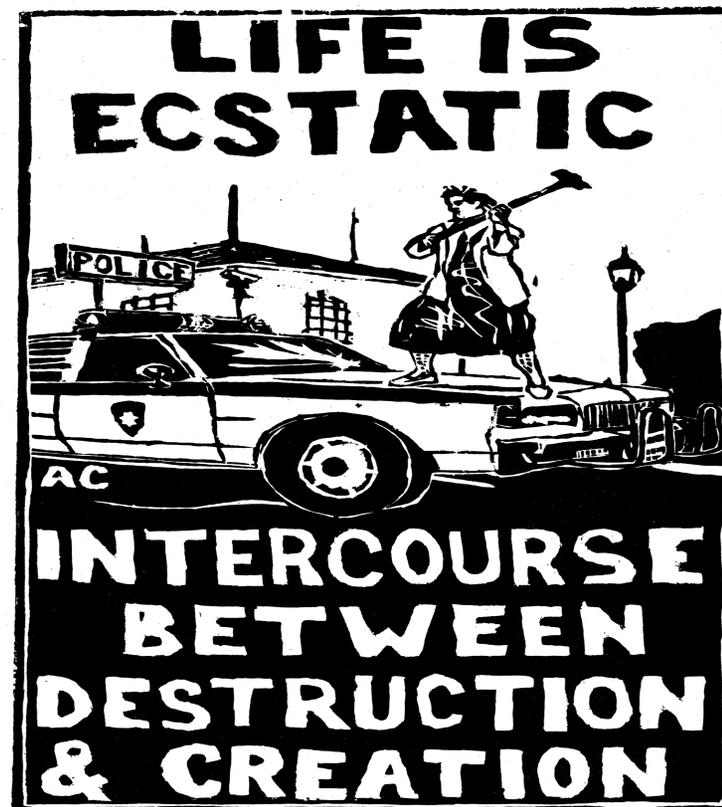
In capitalistic-civilization, geography is heavily influenced by one's social and class status. It is enlightening to look at our surroundings in this light. The buildings we see are symbolic of such and such values, not just objects we inhabit. They have an affect on us, socially and politically. For instance, what economic and social values does the BOK Center portray? To me the BOK is just a horrid representation of the outrageousness of our society. The BOK represents the value that Entertainment (a commodity) is more important than the world around us. This place was built so that people would like "downtown" and the way to make people like things is Entertainment. It seems more of an indictment of the lack of will and creativity people have. Entertainment is a sick mimic of joyous collectivity that turns us all into spectators, not enactors. We watch everything fun and joyous, but never take part in it. It's calculated, not authentic, joy. It is also priced very highly, leaving me wondering if the only way to get in to the BOK is for me to sneak or break in. What does it represent to you, dear reader? And what does the yuppification of downtown mean to those who can't afford it? How will it affect *you*?

I want to transcend the constraints of our current psycho-geography. Part of doing that would involve reevaluating our surroundings or destroying the current order of it. Right now our surroundings are held in the sway of capital. Many of the actions people take are influenced by the money they have or the money they don't have.

Some examples of reevaluating your surroundings: Why not make use of something that is normally used for something else? Take something with rational uses and make it irrational. A light pole: you can swing on, climb on, make a game out of, or write on. A sidewalk you can sit on and have a picnic or busk on. Or you could climb the roof of the BOK. Or hijack abandoned buildings. Why now take advantage of the world and the

movement of life? Yuppies and their “capitalism” produces excess, so why not exploit it? Why not fuck with the yuppies and the rich? Why not stop being bored and just make things happen with out the State or corporate entertainment? It’s easy, and the secret is to begin doing it! But don’t let people (politicians in disguise, yuppies, etc) get in your way or co-op your desires. The yuppie scum will try for sure! Eat them.....

rocks at them; they may confront them, but its all ritual for them if it is done on *pig turf* and on *pig time*. For instance, if it is done at a political summit (like the DNC or RNC), it’s mostly bunk and worthless as far as I am concerned. They know the ins and outs of it all. Hitting them where it hurts in unfamiliar territory is much more effective. Being unpredictable and effective in your choice of targets is a good idea. It’d be nice if we could win for once! Happy hunting!



## Cops!

I always wonder how cops and non-cop-abusers can be so manipulative and piggish. They can insult you, belittle you and make you feel like you're in big trouble. They escalate a situation really fast; make things more serious than they are. Is it because we let them or because most people don't know how to handle assholes? I don't think we let them, I think most of us are just ill equipped to handle cops. How do they know how to burst your bubble, break your balls (or ovaries)? Is it conscious? Do they see our fear and exploit it? So how do *we* inspire fear in pigs and abusive people? How do we make our hate known?

I've only dealt with a few pigs and abusers in my life, but they have never been good experiences. There have been a few times when cops have been singled me out for the way I look and there was one time when I was actually "detained" for no reason (they did know I was an anarchist... so it wasn't that surprising), then handcuffed and put in a police car while they searched the car I was driving in. I've never been arrested or sent to jail. I dealt with one abuser (rather stupidly I now realize) and it ended horribly (me getting choked and punched by the anti-war fucker at an anti-war peace rally. Heh). Plus I have heard even worst stories from other people.

I think cops and abusers love to escalate the situation, because when they escalate a situation, it gets very confusing for the victim. You may think its all your fault that the situation went sour and that you should have just complied, and this is what they want: they want you to blindly conform. It's a power trip. Everyone knows that pigs are assholes, but everyone also knows that pigs and abusers own us. They have the power to fuck us over—and they fuck 1 and 100 of us every year by sending us to jail according to statistics.

The times I got fucked with were tense situations. I learned a lot about them. I learned how to deal with crazy people whose goal was to make piss me off. I know in some of them, I let my bravado get in the way of survival. I had rather got my two cents in than bow down to their shit. I reacted to their actions thinking I was being a bad ass but I really was just playing their game. Yelling at cops is useless, stopping them and getting away isn't.

Yeah, it is fun to yell at or hurt assholes that hurt you and others and get away with it. But it's not fun when you are out numbered and not on the strategic higher ground. There is an element of strategy to this. Pigs and abusers usually win because we resist them when in their territory and they confuse us. They are also usually the ones arresting us, so there is little we

## Musings

Every day I switch from extreme nihilism where I feel little regard for my life, to being extremely happy about life. Nihilism, to me, is an attitude that nothing really *truly* matters on the universal scale and that *all* of society should be destroyed till we get to nothing but ourselves. I think both of these are healthy in a way. Being nihilistic, I am able to numb myself to the bullshit people throw at me and I'm more willing to just jump into things that I would consider dangerous normally.

I also can be a very strong egoist. I like put myself before any sacrificial ideology, law, or etiquette. I do not think this means that I have little regard for others. I think this attitude strengthens my love (as well as hate) of the world and also of my friends. I want to be who I am and if I am confident in myself, I will be happy with others. Ideology, laws, etc all get in the way of this. They tell me how to relate to others, they stand outside of me and say what to do. They don't allow me to explore. They mediate my relations, make them predictable and stale.

The patriot is like a religious zealot. He believes in the motherland, the government, and acts as though it is his father, his God or something from God. According to the patriot, the father, the government, the motherland, "provides" for him, gives him "freedom," gives him his "rights," and helps others in other nations by saving them, selling them propaganda, bombing them, beating them, killing them, raping them, civilizing them, etc. These entities give him everything he lives for. Like any zealot, he does

not like his patriotism to be questioned. When he hears bad things about his god, government or family, he may tell those who say is that if they do not like "freedom," they can go "somewhere else." All evidence showing that his freedom is a farce is totally ignored. It is bad to talk bad about your Father, your country, or your company, because, he may say, they only hurt us for our own good.

Patriotism is a social disease. Like all diseases, it seeks to expand. Patriots hate anyone who lives life to the fullest without regard for national rights or the law of the land. They want individuality to die and make all people become followers of the particular gospel that preaches a total end of the self. Anything or anyone who is

in any way autonomous or thinks for themselves is destroyed. They hate difference, and they will stop anything that does not conform to their beliefs. Indigenous cultures that were/are state-less, egalitarian, are destroyed. The survivors are enticed to give up their culture for capitalism, all in the name of patriotic Civilization. Iraqis who just want to live by their own means are bombed in the name of patriotic Democracy. The ultimate goal of patriotism is to make everything the same, it is to blank out any kind of living.



## God is a Tough Kill and—to the initiated, his death is just another reason to believe.

As I swung my daggers, as I screamed with fury and wrath that no devil could pull off, I asked myself if I had any second thoughts. I had only a millisecond to decide and I decided right. I quickly realized that God never fights back. He makes other people do that for him, and he makes them do it in his name. He commands and watches the results from his throne. But, everyone, everything that he could use against me was too scared or too weak to stop me. And this coward, this murderer of worlds, cultures, individuality, was dead as quickly as I sprang.

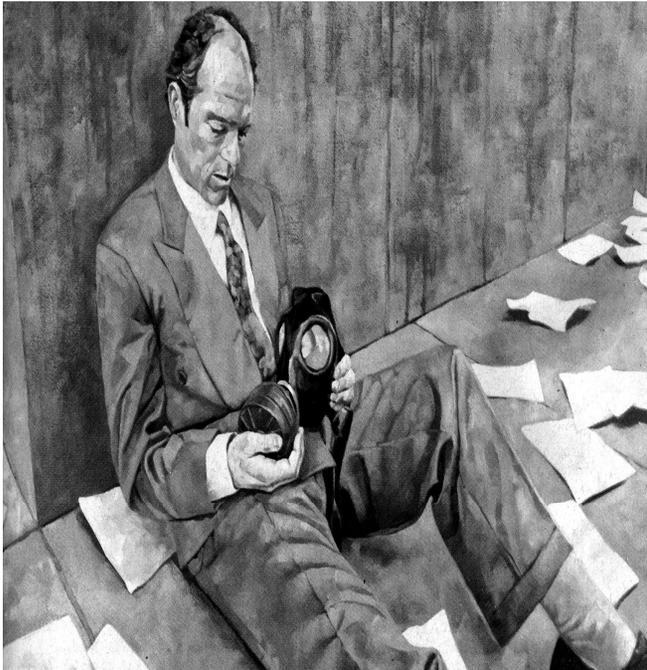
He lay in two pieces like a piece of meat, bloody as hell. Both halves of his body stare at each other like mirror images. And, soon enough, he was crying to his mother, Humanity. His mother screamed at me and told me to put my sword away and that I would be in time out for the rest of my life. This whole time she didn't think I was serious, thought my dagger was plastic. She screamed that I'd sit in a dark, cold and moldy cell for the rest of my life. That I'd be judged in a court of law. His mother told me that his son was all that gave her meaning. That even when people used him to kill millions upon millions of people, she still loved him. He was her knight, the protector, the one who allowed her to deny responsibility for all the pain she inflicted upon herself and those millions. All she had to do, she said, was please him and his spokespeople on earth. Whatever happened was right. The killing, the raping, the genocide, it was all right because it all followed a divine plan that she was not responsible for.

"Why is that so hard for you get? You kill my son, now I can only kill myself, because I have no meaning. I know not what to do with myself. Heaven and hell, poor and rich, mean nothing to me now. God, my son, made it all easy, all very black and white for me. Now you have killed the thing that unifies us all, you have made everything complicated."

"But, now, madam, the earth exists. It exists! The trees grow, the wind blows, water runs through your body giving you strength!

"And there are multitudes of people who do not love your Godly God. Nothing unifies the human race except that we all breathe, feel and think. We are all the same, yet we are all very different. We live in different places, and thus we believe and do different things. We are not a mass of people, we are multitudes of people.

Why not embrace the differences and the similarities? You believe that we must all be unified under the weight of your God, your son, but this misses so many things. You kill in the name of unity; you kill because you are afraid of differences. And look what you have done! All the wars in the world are started over your sick, sick creation. All those who have struggled to be human, to breathe, have only been stomped upon. Don't get me wrong, people who can be different can be violent towards you and if they are, you will fight them back.



But, why waste your time using your son, God, as justification for fighting back? Why not fight for yourself and those you love?"

With the weight of the world on her shoulders, Humanity snaps at me. "I am already dead! I am ready to protest this monstrosity, to kill myself, to martyrize myself in the name of our now dead God. And if no one listens, my brothers and sisters will continue on after me. We will con-

tinue until this Godless world is completely dead. We will blow everything up until we have paid for your sins. God is my martyr! And anyone who fights in the name of his death is a martyr. He may be dead, but he will live on in my heart."

And then my dream ends.

## Patriotism!!!

Patriotism is an act of believing in someone or something above you that hurts you. A patriot can concentrate his/her patriotism on his/her job, country, father, political ideology, or any authority that stands above. This acceptance of authority comes warmly and easy to the patriot. The patriot is often a person who has no critical thought, no real feelings, except thoughts given to him or her from above. Behind every patriot is someone who been beaten into submission; someone who does not think for his or herself and wishes everyone else would believe his or her way, and seeks to force his or her lifestyle on everyone who does not follow it. The ultimate goal of patriotism is homogenization and submission.

There is little to no difference between the progressive patriotism (those who just feel that we need better non-corrupt leaders and that the State is not the problem) and conservative patriots (those who currently hold the power). They both subsume their individuality and communities to the mythical Nation. If the progressives had their chance, they'd continue down the same path. They are just losing right now. They should both be looked at with utmost scorn.

Patriots believe that their country, their company, family, etc, is the best, freest, and all other countries or companies, families, are either evil or just backward. This is because all the information he gets about his country, family, company, etc, is from those very things. And people often do not like to talk bad about themselves, so they fill the patriot with delusions. Therefore, the patriot has little understanding of the actual world or even his own problems, but, he often acts as if he does. He assumes that his country or his boss is the one who will solve all the problems. He does not believe in any kind of personal power, he would rather let those "above" him act in his name and control his life.

If the authoritative person or governing body above tells the patriot to do something, she does it. If they tell her to drop a nuclear bomb that will kill half a million people, she does it. If they tell her to go to war and die, she does it. If her company tells her to not care about pollution or ecological destruction, because the betterment of the company is more important, she does it without question. If they tell her to sell her time to work an exploitive job, she does it. And she does it with irrational love, with no thought to herself. She does not make her own decisions, because she does not believe in herself, but those above her.