

Commune Against Civilization

“...This was the commune. The private hells of our individual menagerie-worlds, with their neat placards and dull reference points and traumatized repetitions, were momentarily superseded by the shared hell of a jungle-world, of chances taken and laws flouted. When the spell of this Kingdom of Falsehood was broken, our moving chosen family with all of its dysfunction and all its mistakes was given something to believe in and work toward, a reason to get up extra early or stay up all night. We reached out and seized a new and vital reference point for our struggles, both internal and external. We seized another chance. A new star in our constellation blazed into life.

Imagine what we could do with more than just that shabby little plot of downtown...”

This pamphlet compiles a series of communications from one of the participants in the Olympia rail blockade of November 2017. Part newsletter of the blockade, part anguished outcry against the calamity of the modern world, part rebuttal to the various and competing tropes of false opposition, these essays range in subject matter from Northwest ecology to American history, from Standing Rock to Trump’s election, from a synoptic overview of the birth of modern capitalism (the Enlightenment, the European witch trials, the Industrial Revolution, the colonization of the “New World”) to a lengthy detour debunking anarcho-syndicalism (the most in-depth from a US anarchist in recent memory), from an analysis of “post-industrial” society to a perhaps too-faithful recapitulation of Italian insurrectionary anarchism. This collection serves as a modest set of preliminary notes on the prospects for the social antagonist movement in the US, and should help prompt a new generation of ecological anti-authoritarians to take up the ongoing debate about the visions, goals, strategy, and tactics of anarchy in a dying world.

Dispatches from the Olympia
Blockade 2017

By an Uninvited Guest on Coast
Salish Territory, Squaxin and
Nisqually Land

COMMUNE AGAINST CIVILIZATION

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Vol. 1 (Issues #1 – #4)

Dedicated to the Iron Column, and to everybody without a warm place to stay this winter.

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by David Watson

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Down with the Empire, Up with the Spring! by Do or Die

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Anarchist Organization and the Insurrectional Project by the Tension Collective

Autonomous Self-Organization and Anarchist Intervention: a tension in practice by Wolfi Landstreicher

Power is Logistic. Block Everything! by the Invisible Committee

Land and Liberty and ***Of Martial Traditions and the Art of Rebellion*** by Seaweed

Revolutionary Solidarity by Pierleone Porcu, Daniela Carmignani,

“And the bourgeoisie— there are many kinds of bourgeois individuals and they are in many places— wove ceaselessly with the threads of calumny the evil slanders with which we have been regaled, because they, and they alone, have been injured and are capable of being injured by our activities, by our rebelliousness, and by the wildly irrepressible desires we carry in our hearts to be free like the eagles on the highest mountain peaks, like the lions in the jungle.”

—from *A Day Mournful and Overcast*, by an “Uncontrollable” of the Iron Column.

An Introduction—

These dispatches come from the days of the Olympia, WA railroad blockade of November 2017, a 12-day long illegal occupation of a stretch of railroad tracks in the downtown area servicing the Port of Olympia. The recently-ended blockade was undertaken by an assortment of autonomous radicals, anti-capitalists, wingnuts, and friends in order to block the port’s shipment of materials (called “proppants” or “fracking sand”) which are used in the industrial process known as *fracking*. The destination of these fracking components is the Bakken oil fields of North Dakota where in 2016 a months-long and thousands-strong social movement near the Standing Rock Indian Reservation (Lakota: *Ūŋŋay Wóslál Háŋ*) failed to stop the construction of of the Dakota Access Pipeline (DAPL). The DAPL now runs from western North Dakota to Illinois, crossing beneath the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, and under part of Lake Oahe near the reservation. The pipeline constitutes a brazen attack and ongoing threat to the region’s water and to ancient indigenous burial grounds.

These words were written in haste between shifts at the barricade, shifts doing childcare, and few-hour blocks of sleep and errand-running snatched amid the excitement and irritation, the expectancy and fear, the laughter and joy, the outrage. The four issues of the publication appeared intermittently throughout the nearly two weeks of events, both as a series of print-outs passed from hand to hand in Olympia, and as internet posts on the Puget Sound Anarchists and It’s Going Down websites. Here, the text

has been only minimally touched up, appearing without footnotes as in the originals. Curious readers are encouraged to follow up the recommended readings and to fact-check the less familiar references and controversial claims. A separate text on the blockade, “A Letter of Solidarity from the Year 3017,” has been reproduced here as an appendix.

This was the second time a blockade materialized in the same exact spot in Olympia, Washington’s state capitol, with this year’s offensive kicking off on the anniversary of the first and lasting nearly twice as long. While the majority of normal families were eating their “Thanksgiving” dinner across this so-called nation, finding ways to mitigate the latest familial traumas and oppressive chit-chat, dissociating from the flare-ups and remembrances of grave wrongs past, participating in the perpetuation of the Great Lie of this culture... the co-conspirators at the barricades in Olympia were re-stocking hand warmers and herbal medicine, laughing and crying and bristling with their chosen families, enthusiastically scouting the port, the capitol campus, and elsewhere to ascertain the enemy’s position, finding concrete ways to deal with the diffusion of the nightmare within and among us, and calling one another “comrade” across ideological (and many other) lines, wondering if tonight would be the night that the troopers showed their lost, entitled, and pathetic faces.

Last year (2016), the blockade erupted just a few nights after the election of Donald Trump to the presidency of the United States and directly on the heels of a resultant anti-Trump demonstration in Olympia. As the Standing Rock camp half a continent away was gradually losing steam in the face of plummeting temperatures, the mobilization of massive government repression, and the manipulations of self-appointed pacifist leaders of social struggle, the first Olympia blockade was daily wracked with arguments and conflicts over the nature and meaning of “direct action,” “solidarity,” and “violence,” with recently-crestfallen Hillary and Bernie liberals attempting to un-mask, de-fang, and pacify all potential resistance. The efforts of these half-dead skills to push the blockade into befriending the police and port commissioners and even into taking down the barricade were thwarted by anarchists ever more stridently and successfully asserting themselves and their time-tested ideas in the heterogenous space. While the treachery of the capital’s recuperative force was being met head-on in little Olympia, the Red Warrior Camp of Standing Rock and others farther afield were making their own overt displays of disavowal, of recalcitrance from any attempt to impose a strict line of adherence to ideological “non-violence.” The first blockade ended in a vicious pre-dawn street confrontation with the Olympia Police Department (OPD), and several arrests followed by a tense multi-hour standoff.

This new tradition of blocking the tracks is far from unprecedented, however, at least in its flagrant contempt for the law and business-as-usual, in its joyous ferocity. Just two-and-a-half years ago, in May and June of

Recommended Reading—

Night-Vision: Illuminating War and Class on the Neo-Colonial Terrain by Butch Lee and Red Rover

Settlers: the Mythology of the White Proletariat by J. Sakai

Dixie Be Damned: 300 years of Insurrection in the American South by Neal Shirley and Saralee Stafford

Dynamite: the story of class violence in america by Louis Adamic

Sacco and Vanzetti: the anarchist background by Paul Avrich

Short Circuit: a counterlogistics reader by No New Ideas press

A Crime Called Freedom by Os Cangaceiros

From Riot to Insurrection: analysis for an anarchist perspective against post-industrial capitalism by Alfredo Bonanno

Armed Joy by Alfredo Bonanno

Let’s Destroy Work, Let’s Destroy the Economy by Alfredo Bonanno

A Critique of Syndicalist Methods by Alfredo Bonanno

The Undesirables: class struggle at the turn of the 21st century

Tame Words from a Wild Heart by Jean Weir

Unions Against Revolution by G. Munis and J. Zerzan

Outside and Against the Unions by Wildcat

Elements of Refusal (particularly, the chapters “Industrialism and Domestication” and “Who Killed Ned Ludd?”) by John Zerzan

Caliban and the Witch: women, the body, and primitive accumulation by Silvia Federici

Witchcraft and the Gay Counterculture by Arthur Evans

The Many-Headed Hydra: sailors, slaves, commoners, and the hidden history of the revolutionary atlantic by Peter Linebaugh and Marcus Rediker

Against Democracy by Grupos Anarquistas Coordinados

This is What Democracy Looks Like by Venomous Butterfly publications

Because, really, it all began with us and can only end with us. Human oppression began with the erosion of the indigenous communal societies and men's ownership of women and 'his' children that we reproduced. That was their first captive labor force, which by sacred male custom even the poorest man is supposed to be entitled to. Women were the first subject people categorized by biology, the first oppressed race, it all leads back to us.

Which is why in any social upheaval, any cracks in the patriarchal order, women break out, begin being 'crazy' and changing themselves. Oppressors are thrown into confusion when this happens, but soon recognize it with hatred as the most fundamental challenge to their being.

-Butch Lee and Red Rover, *Night-Vision*

"The Hate U Give Little Infants Fucks Everybody"

-Tupac, explaining THUG LIFE

2015, Olympia saw paroxysms of collective street violence in a conflict with white nationalist forces and the police, after OPD officer Ryan Donald shot in the back and nearly killed two black brothers- Andre Thompson and Bryson Chaplin- accused of jacking a little beer from a well-known warehouse of lies and commodified suffering. In the fallout from this event, several huge demonstrations of support for Andre and Bryson were met by police antagonism and by several dramatic run-ins with the local Hammerskins neo-nazi gang. The Hammerskins and their friends in the local car club known as "Black Top Demon" repeatedly amassed a force of over a dozen people to violently and/or threateningly confront the support for Andre and Bryson. In the weeks-long cycle of events, anarchists several times put their own bodies in between the neo-nazis and their intended targets, only to be derided by the vocal middle class progressives of the town as "violent" and "no better than the nazis" (even when the progressives themselves had summoned the anarchists for protection). Eventually, the Hammerskins were summarily smashed and driven from town by an angry mob of upwards of 200 angry anti-fascists of all descriptions, while the police, content to let the crowd drain its rage on these comparably easy targets, didn't want none either. Later, in the autumn of that year, a minor coda of this struggle against the police and fascists transpired in which Olympia's city hall was smashed.

Years before, on Valentine's Day 2008, a rowdy mob of exuberant fans of the revolutionary hip-hop duo (and friends to the anarchists) Dead Prez smashed, graffitied, and flipped upside-down one of the cruisers of the Evergreen State College police force after the group played a blazing set about the violence and brutality done to Black people by their enemies in blue. At the height of the disturbance, a couple ascended the upturned car and shared a Valentine's kiss. A year after hearing about this, I moved to Olympia, where it seemed that the Westside police substation was a veritable punching bag for anarchists and other enemies of the current social order.

But perhaps more than these last couple episodes (just a few jewels in the crown of Olympia's illustrious history of anarchist intervention), it was the advent of Port Militarization Resistance (PMR) that formed a solid lineage with the present blockades, a trajectory of antagonism and war *against the port and its world*.

PMR was an anti-war movement with chapters in Olympia, Tacoma, and Gray's Harbor, WA, as well as in the mid-Atlantic region. Between 2006 and 2009, those who grew tired of attempting to convince elected officials to abandon the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan took to planning high-profile and combative demonstrations aimed at ending US military use of port infrastructure. The result was a cycle of events that crescendoed into the erection of barricades and roving street battles with police in downtown Olympia. Tales of this saga and the almost unbelievable heart

and honesty of the fight, told around fires and candlelight, helped launch many of the current generation of Pacific Northwest anarchists and anti-authoritarians.

This year, a couple days after the camp was raided, I stood in the freezing rain of early December with a couple friends and family next to McLane creek in the deep Westside of Olympia. We were giving the baby a first glimpse and experience of an event that should have been much more iconic and quintessentially “olympian” than any social upheaval. This upheaval is seasonal, cyclical, yearly. This upheaval is nourishment for which there is no substitute.

What we beheld (and smelled) was the dead and rotting bodies of salmon deposited on the banks of either side of the stream. Too late to see the run in its full glory, the fish had spent the past several weeks swimming from the Pacific Ocean, where they’d passed most of their lives, back inland to spawn just before— or more accurately, *while*— dying. This cycle of salmon life and death represents perhaps the biggest transfer of biomass and nutrients from one region to another, and in any other culture (human or otherwise) besides the overarching, toxic, abusive excuse for a culture in which we were reared, it is recognized as a world-forming event. The death and life of the salmon— these zombified, pre-historic-looking tubes of muscle running themselves ragged in the shallow streams— feeds everyone. Bears, wolves, coyotes, eagles, hawks, raccoons, humans, plants, soils, waters, mountains, dreams... Nothing is untouched. Nothing is left out.

The salmon-people, our scale-clad relatives, are fewer and fewer. They are not long for this world. They are host to new and horrid diseases. Diseases of civilization. The “humans” who live in Olympia now mostly don’t even know when the salmon run happens, or that in a time before the dams— a heartbreakingly recent time, a time inseparable from the present— these fish would work their way fully a third of the distance into the heart of Turtle Island, feeding nearly its whole body.

Some of us get out to the woods to look at this event, as scenery, for a few minutes before returning to our electronic tethers. It’s nice, this little outing. It is not world-forming. The world we know is a patchwork of the cancerous, neon flows and optics of a depression- and anxiety- inducing monster, a machine that runs on blood and oil and, increasingly after the visions of the “environmentalists,” on bird populations decimated by wind turbines and rare earth metals lost forever in plastic encasements that capture the sun’s rays for further industrial and colonial use.

The dispatches that follow took shape in response to their stimuli: the affinities, ideas, bodies, and clashes taking place on the ground, a dynamic and contentious inter-weaving of various forces at play, not only between the blockaders and their societal enemies, but within and between blockaders themselves. For readers outside of the Olympian context this

could continue, though each moment seemed to bring new horrors and the Normals hunted, repressed and imprisoned the free mutants almost into extinction. There is no such thing as a lost act of rebellion.

WITH ENDLESS LOVE,
SOME OF THE UNBORN CHILDREN OF THE ATOM

the desperation of your present moment, and the courage it takes to resist its onslaught. It is no coincidence that your media culture is already filled with films and books and other works of art which dream of the Leviathan's destruction – some of them, such as *The Road Warrior*, *28 Days Later*, *12 Monkeys*, *The Matrix*, and *Nausicaä of the Valley of the Wind* survived the centuries of ruin and are still shown often in our villages to remind us of what it was like in your time...

We did not craft this message, however, to tell you that all is lost. In a sense, nothing is lost. EVERYTHING IS ALWAYS BEGINNING. All events and entities have their place in the Cycles and occur for a reason. Those of you who believe in and act for the planetary lifeforce, known as Gaia, Nature, Pan, and many other names, must know in your hearts that even the mass extinction and cruel materialism of your age would not exist if they did not serve the evolution of the grand Saga of the Worlds. Many of the enemies of freedom and wildness of your time – like the Police, the Technocrats, the Patriarchs, and the Consumers – will be wiped out in the centuries that follow your own, though they will continue lashing out until their annihilation point. Take heart. We cannot say how, and we cannot reveal much more than we already have, or else the Balance may curve and warp and our times may be severed from one another. The powers we freely possess and their art are already known to you, and in some senses have been with your species since long before the Change – the Normals of your age often derisively called them Spiritual Technology, or Magic. Their lessons are few but powerful: all that can be imagined is already real; true power arises from the Earth and the other Spheres; other Worlds are possible; laughter is the true safeguard of sanity; Belief is the secret key. There is so much more to say but our link is becoming frayed – the presence of Police and Tech-Normals thickens the Veil and can temporarily erase the time-rifts we use to reach you – we will try to share more from when we can rest and re-cast our circle...

Many will approach your rebel bases and claim that the hour is too late, that the megamachine can't be stopped, that one train won't tip the scales, that it's already over. From our perspective one thousand years in the future, however, sitting as we do among the massive trees and fungal gardens and meteor scars and stone shrines which now overlay this train track you are blocking, nothing could be further from the truth. Every single action mattered. We remember you, the blockade on the railroad you have bravely created, and the adventure you all lived together as one of the first of many acts of the Long Uprising, when the Earth called the last of her warriors to protect the life that remained so that the Cycles

will explain, among other things, the effort at a rebuttal to syndicalism and the somewhat simplistic “just read Bonanno” tenor of certain passages. As surely as insurrection cannot be the end-all be-all of anarchism, so also its utility cannot be overstated in the face of the appearance of anarchists who feel like they came straight out of 2004, for whom the lessons of the Greek December, the Oakland commune, Ferguson, and other upheavals seem almost totally lost.

Because *the blockade itself was a microcosm of a more totalizing rupture in the offering, of a coming life without law*, the stimuli in question emanated from and touched upon nearly every topic you would care to enumerate, and it is my hope that more conversations, projects, and writings by others should appear to address them. But here, I'll list just a few of the bones of contention found throughout the present collection which animate this and every other infrastructure- and resource-related struggle here at the End of the World. Here are some items for which the defenders of civilization nearest to the anarchists have offered no adequate response, save to cast their lot, implicitly or explicitly, with the World-Destroyers:

– that civilization– the culture that gives rise to, and is reinforced by, cities, based inherently upon regimes of totalitarian control over other species and the corresponding alienation of a repressed and exploited domestic sphere of life– is inherently dependent upon an extreme and unfathomable alienation from the sources of all life, creativity, social cohesion, and perhaps most evidently dire of all: personal psychological satisfaction and health; that civilization as we know it is irrevocably based upon disenchantment, hierarchy, patriarchy, colonization, exploitation, domination, specialization, slavery, ecocide, and oppression of every kind. Every evil that an anti-capitalist would attribute to capitalism, calling stridently for its abolition and damn the consequences, every alleged muted impulse toward flippant barbarity or genocidal longings attributed to being a “primitivist,” is an evil that actually, currently and historically belongs to and has been enacted by the institutions of civilization. The accusations against the anti-civ critique (however certainly they apply to some of its apparent advocates) are in the main both deflection and projection.

– that all industrial projects (including industrial agriculture) are basically reprehensible or irredeemable to *the same extent and magnitude* as the DAPL, and for similar reasons. This cannot be otherwise, since the DAPL and these other projects are all outgrowths or excrescences of the same system, the same black magic of the economy, and operate in the same logic. Those who would condemn the DAPL without condemning all industrial pursuits are kidding themselves. If there is hope for life on earth to recover, the lowest common denominator for the realization of that hope is *the immediate cessation of all industrial activity*. As usual, being

almost totally ignorant of the history and consequences of one's lifeway does not nullify one's culpability, or that of the system. Denial does not make something go away, as we all shall see.

– that the most progressive and green capitalist city or town you can name– and Olympia is high in the running– is dependent for its daily reproduction and functioning on massive and never-ending brutal violence, social control, and coercion (in addition to the soft methods of Power). Non-violence and social peace are lies and privileges of the colonizer.

– that the typical unionist, municipalist, reformist, progressive, and strictly “red” versions of anarchism and/or communism are predicated on an almost complete lack of knowledge or conscience in regards to the costs and effects (externalized and otherwise) of various technologies, and in particular the long chapter of social war and capital-accumulation known as “The Industrial Revolution” and, after it, the restructuring of capital euphemistically referred to as *post-industrial society*, or other innovations of “late modernity.”; that a staggering ignorance of what things were like before, during, and after these “transformations” underlies a complete disorientation toward the questions of *what is at stake*, *what is a life well-lived*, and *who loses*. This profound idiocy also underlies the mystical idea that the sciences, technologies, and pedagogies dreamt up, bought, and paid for by war criminals, millionaires and billionaires, white supremacist techie bros, and white-coated functionaries (who think that the phenomena of life can be forcibly ripped from their contexts, isolated, “controlled for,” and then “studied” and “learned from” in this state) could ever achieve anything other than the ends for which they were designed.

– that in privileged societies, all substantial resistance to the onslaught of the planetary megamachine will be opposed first and most stridently by the loyal opposition to Capital and the State, those recently- or long-included into some package of benefits; that fear- and shame-mongering, hyper-puritanical, fucking control freaks educated in the institutions of Empire, speaking in the name of monolithic capitalist identity structures and erasing and silencing all who do not fit into their Plan, will do everything in their power to stop the insurrection. Despite all rhetoric, these liberals and “radicals” and “anarchists” plainly give their consent and allegiance to the current state of affairs and the smooth operation of classrooms and meetings and quirky radical college towns more than they do the possibility of transcending or destroying the forcible rule of the State, Capital, Hetero-Patriarchy and the other tentacles and circuitry of the un-living monster. They love the police and their order more than they love the anarchists or anarchy. It shows now, and it will show again. And again.

– in short, that any anti-capitalism which seeks to be more than a

so many of you, created by your society's massive reliance on antibiotic medicine; some will be grotesquely perfect or specialized, genetically engineered during the years before the Blackout to fill some absurd role in the collapsing capitalist economy, like pesticide-tolerant corn, ultra-docile cows, and gene-designed humans, all of whom, we know, will pass away into the Dust after their host corporations stop constantly producing them because they lack the Life-Spark, the true will to survive which cannot be lab-produced; a precious few of the new Forms will be purely miraculous, like the mutagenic Fungi which will help you and other mammals survive the waves of radiation released by your collapsing nuclear plants, the algae which evolved to break down the fuels and plastics your peers carelessly released into the wondrous Oceans of your age, and even you yourselves.

Your species is already transforming and evolving, developing wildly complex psychic and aetheric powers like those of your ancient ancestors which are in our time completely normal, although many who herald the Change during your years will be cast out, medicated into submission, imprisoned, punished, lulled into the Humming Quiet by your digital devices or just ignored as dreamers and magicians. The devastating wars, pogroms, concentration camps, refugee crises, rural extermination and urban pacification programs your world has been experiencing for so long will continue for more generations, and many of your kind will lose all hope. So much will be lost forever during the years you have yet to live. Across your time-space, the Police and the Normals they guard and control will continue to ravage our homeworld, trying to continue feeding the Leviathan, taking more ore and oil from the Earth's body, filling more stores with useless and expendable garbage, taking increasingly desperate measures to avoid the truth that their death-trip is coming to an end. Ironically, before we found these thin zones in the space-time membrane – where we can directly observe and contact the past and future – much of what we knew of the 21st century was gleaned from excavations by wandering seekers of those great warehouses of abandoned merchandise which belonged to the god-corporations of your time such as Wal-Mart, Best Buy, and Safeway. There are vast, ruinous museums in our world where the amassed detritus of your aeon is laid out in chronological sequence, from the undecayed ammunition casings of the World Wars to the infinitely preserved snack pastries and candy bars of the late 20th to the titanic piles of small rectangular screen-devices your people seem to worship, and which will domesticate you better than any whip or cage. When we look back through our circles in these rift-places, however, where we can use the Sight to watch you and our other ancestors, we understand

writing to you, our ancestors, from our ritual circle at the exact place of your blockade on the tracks except we are from the future you have helped to safeguard.

You made your Stand in an area we know as one of the ancient First Places of Resistance, where your global civilization, enslaved by an increasingly self-aware and demented industrial megamachine – known to us and a few of you as Leviathan – began its final phase of annihilation. In our time we remember your blockade as one of the many great sites of creative rebellion against the accelerating death-drive of your civilization, and as an attempt to move beyond both the joyless, often cynical fatalism of the so-called “environmental” consciousness of your time and the sickening passivity of your “normal, law-abiding” peers. The anti-fracking barricades you helped to maintain are one of the marker-events of what we call the Years of Understanding, when many humans began to realize there would be no escape from the world they and their ancestors had seriously damaged – not into space, as many will desperately and foolishly hope, not into a clean, “green” technological version of the capitalist hell-world as it was at the beginning of the 21st century, as Normals and even some “radicals” will blindly believe, and certainly not into the celestial heaven hoped for by the followers of the Dead God, whom you know as Christians – although many of their souls will finally be removed from the Cycles of Rebirth during the Years of Awakening about 150 years from your current time.

You can't know it yet, and in order to maintain the Balance we cannot reveal too much, but the century following your action will be harder on your human race and our shared god-planet than any your people have yet seen – suffice to say that the projections of mass die-offs, self-destructive warfare and industrial collapse, and increasing climate catastrophe are all in some way going to come to pass. Although many of the Normals of your age refuse to admit it, the process of mass bio-death and transformation begun during the 20th century set the stage for what we now know was a great phase-shift in the lifewave of our planet, a time beginning around your own when many Forms perished in order to teach humanity the consequences for breaking its ancient pact with the Earth. The coming years will reveal so much to you, though much of it will be painful. All lifeforms will continue their processes of mutation in response to the toxins, radiations, electrical pollutions and extreme climate conditions of the post-industrial and digital centuries, creating many new species and Forms: some will be hideously nightmarish, like the acid-blind rats of your massive landfills and the super-powerful bacteria which will wipe out

pretension would at least have to grapple and reckon fiercely with the proposal that *a world without the accumulation of capital as one of its features would be feral. It would a wild world in the ruins of the present.*

From our current vantage with its entanglements, you may not like what these things portend. I don't know anyone who does.

An inquiry for the doubtful: Do you really think anything even remotely resembling the world we've inherited could have ever been assembled or could now be maintained without the forced labor and colonization of centuries? Do you really think, in some linear progressive logic, that this all could somehow be the prelude to (much less the product) of an anti-authoritarian and egalitarian culture?

Do you consider yourself to be against borders, nation-states, police and policing, prisons, war, economic exploitation, intimate violence, abuse, hierarchical government, and ecological destruction but still feel compelled to defend the enterprise of civilization against its detractors?

After “the revolution” are *you* going to initiate industrial projects at an integral and horrific expense to the land and its original inhabitants? Are *you* going to work in cancerous mines and factories or subjugate the Congo so that we can have cell phones? Are *you* really going to force others to do the work that *nobody at all would do if someone didn't force them to do it*? Ask yourself: what do you really think a world would look like in which no one hoards a surplus, no one accumulates profits, no one colonizes anyone else, patriarchy has been burned to the ground, no hierarchy or domination and nothing even approaching a State would be tolerated?

Increasingly, it is not even questioned that the end of the physical, habitable world is drawing near, and that virtually All Men have long since been reduced to complicit slime, and yet there are those who persist in denying that civilization is the problem.

In a piece of writing called “Fascism & Anti-Fascism,” Don Hamerquist once wrote, “The left had better begin to deal with the fact that issues that are regarded a part of our movement; ‘globalization,’ working class economic demands, ‘green’ questions, resistance to police repression, etc., are now being organized by explicit fascists and others who might as well be. Nor do we have a patent on decentralized direct action. That is exactly what the fascist debate around “leaderless resistance” is about. Finally, the question of who and what, exactly, is anti-capitalist remains very much unsettled. Some of the fascists take positions that at least appear to be much more categorically oppositional than those of most of the left.”

Elsewhere in the same essay Hamerquist writes: “The real danger presented by the emerging fascist movements and organizations is that they might gain a mass following among potentially insurgent workers and declassed strata through an historic default of the left. This default is more than a possibility, it is a probability, and if it happens it will cause

massive damage to the potential for a liberatory anti-capitalist insurgency.” I submit for your consideration (in a line of thinking perhaps at odds with Hamerquist’s original intentions) that if “the Left” or its erstwhile and ill-behaved children do not resolve the contradictions involved in the above inquiries about the nature of *mass society* and *industry*, the “historic default” which leads to the swelling of folk nationalism and its gallery of horrors will be assured.

Somewhere in the following writings, the reader is invited to consider the phrase *commune against civilization* not primarily as a discrete political entity, but as a strategic consideration. For us to reach out and grab the lines along which Power flows that are nearest to us, arresting or re-routing their currents. Relatedly, another comrade has written, “The short life span of an occupation should not be construed as defeat. What we are winning is not a space or part of the infrastructure, but the capacity to take over a space, to destroy or transform the infrastructure, and we take this capacity with us when we leave the occupation, ahead of the political encirclement, and go on to the next battle. We are a moving commune.” [from *Here... at the Center of a World in Revolt*]

So, perhaps there is something, if not of the discrete entity, than a prefiguration of things to come, a kind of *nomadology*. The retainment of the prerogative for action in a perspective that doesn’t become bogged down in the political encirclement of one spot, but expands across the whole social terrain, and to the stars.

In a sense we have failed. Nothing in recent years seems to have ignited the political imagination of the non-fascist youth in the USA more than last year’s struggle against the DAPL. On the coattails of its defeat, the seeming fall into the era of Trump and the nascent but increasingly definite contours of a bonafide, recharged, and activist white nationalist movement in this country is really more like the end of a too-merciful sleep. The dreams of years past have evaporated before a stark, waking nightmare. As it turns out, it was there all along. [on this point, see the recent *It’s Going Down* essay, “The Landing: Fascist without Fascism.”]

We march to the DAPL’s drum now like good little citizen-subjects. Last month, one of its sibling pipelines leaked 200,000 gallons of oil, and things hum along as before. The banality of it all conceals a truth: that our entire lives are built as an edifice on a foundation, slab after slab, of such defeat. The battles of yesteryear are forgotten in a colossal fraud of social amnesia, and we fight merely to tinker with the controls of the resulting apparatuses, or to divvy up its spoils in slightly altered configurations.

The UN is now opening investigations into the reality of extreme poverty in the Unites States, the most affluent country in the world. As is felt by all but admitted by none, we are living through a Depression greater than any on record for this Empire. Our own lives practically match or overshadow the depth of privation and suffering once held out to us as



Appendix—

A LETTER OF SOLIDARITY FROM THE YEAR 3017

This transmission appeared simultaneously with the raid of the olympia blockade

This is a message of love and support for the earth liberation fighters who held down the 2017 Olympia anti-fracking rail blockade, from a collective of free mutants located – not in space, as are the origin points of most gestures of solidarity, but in time. We can’t be certain but most in our world are sure that it is just over one thousand years since the date of your magnificent action. The events you took part in are located at a polyphasic rift in the skein of space-time – a thin, partially torn zone where different points on multiple, concurrent dimensional timelines can co-exist – and in fact your blockade actually helped widen the time-rift to the point that we could get this communication back to you. This is far from the first message we’ve been able to get back to your age – in fact we have gotten millions back, but our powers of communication are usually weakened by the immense distance and are often location-specific, to the point that many who have and will receive our urgent messages of support, advice and warning are considered insane in your time, or in left-leaning small towns are known as extremely weird writers or artists. In fact most of those to whom we have made contact had to make recourse to psychedelic visions, trance states, or dreams to receive and relay our messages. We are

are the co-terms of our departure must not be halted, but continually reassessed and reconstituted in a broadening and deepening perspective of liberation.

All the rest is living death.

With love and rage,

/// a few communards against the nightmare

Incendiary Greetings to Cyntoia Brown, the targets of the Charlottesville grand jury, and the J20 defendants!

Love to all anarchist, anti-fascist, and anti-development prisoners worldwide!

Freedom for all Indigenous, Black, Brown, Queer, Women, and Trans liberation prisoners!

Shout out the Anarchist Black Cross.

Solidarity Means Attack.

Fire to the Prisons.

NOTHING IS OVER.

I repeat here: as Anarchists, we cannot and we do not desire to employ violence, except in the defense of ourselves and others against oppression. But we claim this right of defense - entire, real, and efficacious. That is, we wish to be able to go behind the material instrument which wounds us, and to attack the hand which wields the instrument, and the head which directs it. And we wish to choose our own hour and field of battle, so as to attack the enemy under conditions as favorable as possible: whether it be when he is actually attacking and provoking us, or at times when he slumbers, and relaxes his hand, counting on popular submission. For as a fact, the bourgeoisie is in a permanent state of war against the proletariat, since it never for one moment ceases to exploit the latter, and grind it down.

– *Anarchy and Violence*, by Errico Malatesta

Next issue to include a dialogue about the potentials and limitations of the insurrectionary approach laid out in the issue #3. Send correspondence/letters to noloveallowed@riseup.net for possible inclusion in future issues/re-launch.

a vision of misery transcended forever by an economic boom. The Dust Bowl was just a preview of coming attractions, as the marginal voices (for now) implore us to brace ourselves for the *collapse of food*. Simultaneously, one of the largest tax cuts ever for the wealthy is being sought by the GOP, again. Everyone looks at their tiny screens. Everyone keeps scrolling. The glitter, the confetti, and the anaesthetic of memes can't cover it up or dull the sensation forever: shit is sadder and more fucked than a classic Russian novel in mid-winter.

In the 2nd dispatch collected here, the beginnings of the labor movement in America, before the union domestication of revolt, are discussed as *a criminal conspiracy*, a series of plots to expropriate, sabotage, and kill those who have nothing to offer but misery, a desperate bid to retain some sort of autonomous control over the time and space of our lives. On the real terrain of such a pursuit, no negotiation is possible or desirable. What we need is a return to this, to what the french anarchist group Os Cangaceiros in their illuminating writings on our prison-society referred to as *the initial ferocity*. But a ferocity updated for our moment of information technology, drones, social media, and cupcake fascism.

It's no surprise that the syndicalists, the Bookchinists, the marxist-leninists and tankies fault the insurrectionaries for all the same reasons that mayors, police, port commissioners, bosses, and liberal entrepreneurs fault us. It's no surprise that they tell some of the very same lies. It's no surprise that the jailers speak of freedom.

The short list of our egregious sins is topped by that oldest of anti-capitalist transgressions: being *unrealistic*. For loving poetry (the poetry of words or of acts), for loving and wanting beautiful things, for whimsy and idleness, for the taste for "senseless violence," for not playing the hardball of "politics" and presenting coherent demands... For all these and more, when the next restructuring of capital (details refined by the avant-garde of socialist civilization) is thrust upon us, should we be so unlucky to live to see it, they will attempt to simply and structurally define us out of existence. They don't even pretend to want otherwise. Along with the backwards hordes of the *excluded*, the *disloyal among the included*, the barbarians *inside* the gates, those *other* "babblers" who only half-speak the language of Empire (and half talk some other shit), this fucking *flash mob* of the stylish and naive and precious unwanted children of capital will be gone with the wind, replaced by cyborgs mining asteroids for drops of water (still, it's life). The revolutionary municipalists, the "social ecologists," and the socialists will remain, however irrelevant, their orderly demonstrations endorsed by dour identity politicians, their Kronstadts and Holocausts and Holodomors flushed down the memory hole.

Ninety-five percent of the world has been chewed up and spit out. But, as the editors of that impeccable shooting star of an anarchist magazine called *A Murder of Crows* once wrote, we are unwilling to lie down and eat

shit while we are around. Land defense is possible. Healing is possible. Vengeance on our captors and abusers, the obstruction of their further designs, is possible. The little bit of life left to us is worth fighting for. What do we have to lose? *Why would we let them get away with it?* If it is true that everything that crawls upon the earth is subject to government by blows, it is also true that everything that crawls upon the earth will die someday. The question is not how to avoid the unavoidable, but how to do it well.

The construction of dozens of new or expanded fossil fuel terminals has been proposed or is being carried out all through the greater Northwest region of “North America,” and beyond. Choke points for capitalism are everywhere. They are more vulnerable than they would hope to appear. If a certain *collective intelligence of demolition* combined with the ingenuity and resourcefulness of human animals is not enough to avert the privation and suffering that may result from the battles ahead, then I don’t see why we would feel entitled or even expect to avoid it when our great-grandparents either perpetrated or succumbed (or both) to the original colonization of this land, when our grandparents remember concentration camps, when our contemporaries half a world away or in the very next city are being fucking annihilated with bombs and bullets deployed in our name, when every clearcut is unforgivable, and when every animal in a cage and every white-hot stream of tears down every face of all the millions of abused and gaslighted children each represent an implacable roaring of the reason to tear all of this down.

What was once an unbelievable folk tale— that once upon a time street battles with the police actually touched no less wholesome a place than Olympia, this “all-america city”— is now becoming a commonplace, a simple eventuality assumed for the realization of the bare minimum of our dreams. The brightest among the activists and unionists even accept this as a premise now.

In a sense, of course, the Olympia rail blockade acted as a percolator for all of the stewing and stagnant refuse in the souls of moderns, the crud we are all inevitably carrying with us. In moments it brought the ongoing pathologies, emergencies, and the uneven distribution of prestige and safety in our various lives to a fever pitch which needs processing *right now*.

But the event of the barricade’s return truly did bring out the best in people. As they said about Greece in the wake of December 2008: obedience stopped. Life is magical.

This was the commune. The private hells of our individual menagerie-worlds, with their neat placards and dull reference points and traumatized repetitions, were momentarily superseded by the shared hell of a jungle-world, of chances taken and laws flouted. When the spell of this Kingdom of Falsehood was broken, our moving chosen family with all of its dysfunction and all its mistakes was given something to believe in and work toward, a reason to get up extra early or stay up all night. We

serving as they do as conduits for all the marvel, courage, and adeptness denied expression and circulation in daily life. The return of the repressed will not always prove graceful, especially in sudden, public, and high-pressure situations. On the ground, we will have as much to learn as we have to unlearn.

In this context, as surely as we can count on the need to examine our own behaviors and assumptions, we can count on the continual re-appearance of capitalism’s first— and often best— line of defense. Liberals, pacifists, self-appointed “community leaders” claiming to speak for monolithic identity blocks, and their good little “allies” will claim to share in our desire for liberation *while tirelessly working for its utter defeat or neutralization*.

Power lies in the infrastructure of this world, and when confronted with threats to that infrastructure, those with their hands on the reins of government can be counted upon to come at us with their own “diversity of tactics.” In this light, we may discern the reason that schools, colleges, and universities are funded by the enemy. The institutional Left, its academic settings and sensibilities, is bottom lined by capitalists and managed by the State so that they may, in turn, define and circumscribe their own potential enemies, turning them into little helpers instead. These helpers can plausibly see themselves and their refinements of speech and ideology as the foils to the “backward” and “ignorant” expressions of the uneducated, and certainly as the dead opposite of reaction and Trumpism. But propose the burning— or even the immediate and total autonomous takeover— of all the educational institutions of this sick and abusive culture, and see which of the dogs snap at you, loyal to the master.

The collegiate and middle class “opposition” to this culture will exploit every insecurity and every intra-movement tension/conflict to defuse social tension/conflict as a whole. History has shown that any and all effective activity against the State and Capital is beset on all sides by the deluded scum who would smother its appeal before it ignites.

Those who come forth in bad faith, first with salutations, then with doubts and hand-wringing, next with the moral certitude and shame-mongering befitting spokespeople, and finally with the shrill insistence on the return to normality and the full force of the law behind them, deserve the very worst. This is something we are not always willing or able to give to them, given the precise vicissitudes of particular situations. But their agenda must be unmasked and ridiculed at the every opportunity. Our crews, cliques, and affinity groups must continue the work of inoculating ourselves to their deceptions represented by texts like “With Allies like These: reflections on privilege reductionism,” and “Revolutionary Solidarity: a critical reader for accomplices.”

As we take steps onto the unknown terrain of terrible freedom, or maybe just our last stands, the experimentation and learning curves which

who oversaw the federal investigation into the May Day 2012 protest and who is responsible, among many other things, for putting several anarchists behind bars for 4 - 6 months, recently won the mayoral election of Seattle. Oh, what's that? I'm receiving word that she was just now ambushed by protesters at an otherwise well-scripted news conference.

Meanwhile, J20 prosecutor Jennifer KerkHoff is hoping to send 197 anti-inauguration protesters to prison for 60 years, and yet has seen fit to admit, "I'll be very clear. We don't believe any of the defendants personally engaged in property destruction." Such brazen swine, these. So confident that their enemies will never look down their snout.

The borders continue their disgusting operations and the bombs continue to fall. Untold masses of people are confined in the panoptical tombs of Power's most brutal expression— the prisons and detention centers— while in this very moment millions of children face the smiley-faced repression of their pedagogical training— being filtered and sorted, admonished and punished, rewarded and molded— funneled into the appropriate boxes for their future roles as prisoners, workers, and vagrants... or else managers, slave catchers, and owners.

For our own lives and those of our contemporaries, the stakes are as high as they have ever been. No arrests for the Olympia blockaders yesterday doesn't mean that we have nothing to worry about or fight for. Our comrades face charges or are locked up. We ourselves will face the same. The very nature and consequences of dissent, assembly, expression, and association are being renegotiated as you read this.

There is nothing for it but to increase the stakes for our enemies, to extend to them the courtesies they lavish so readily upon us. To take the initiative, with the full knowledge of what they have in store.

Peace Police ARE the Police... and the Police are the Absolute Enemy

Right now, the FBI is keeping an eye on what websites you browse, on what your neighbors are saying in chat rooms. Right now, folks are sitting in prison for talking about Illegal acts. Right now, the military is restructuring for domestic deployment. Right now, a million people are plotting the overthrow of the United States government, and these people may one day become your best friends and greatest allies.

We want to explain why.

— *The People Vs. The United States*, by The Conspiracy to Incite a Riot

In the face of the resounding social defeat that is our increasingly common condition, the waves of resistance indicated by things like the Olympia blockade are bound not only to be fierce but also fumbling,

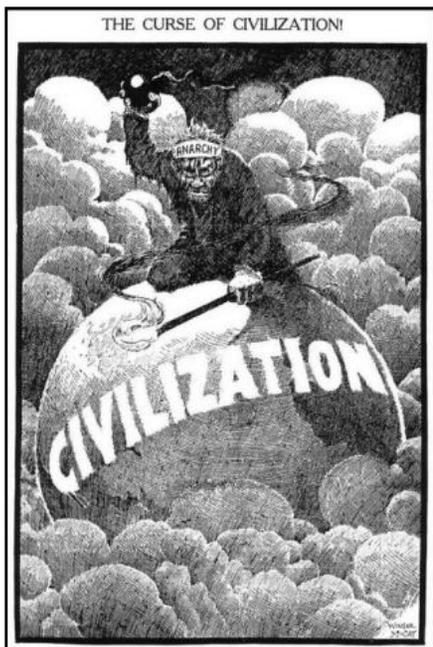
reached out and seized a new and vital reference point for our struggles, both internal and external. We seized another chance. A new star in our constellation blazed into life.

Imagine what we could do with more than just that shabby little plot of downtown. Imagine the circumstance in which it is more than crumbs which we fight over, and what it would take to get there. Imagine the rage and refusal swelling not only in response to fracking, but for the constant traffic in crystallized death and ecocide facilitated by the port and its world. Imagine all the splintered and refracted single-issues of our lives being rejoined, reborn in the total context of the only world we've got.

Imagine new points of correspondence for the commune, the party of disorder. Now: listen to what the world is telling you, read the signs, choose your objectives, and get going.

In the words of "A Letter of Solidarity from the Year 3017": there is no such thing as a lost act of rebellion. A thousand years from now, may whatever is left of life be blessed with visions of the commune on the tracks, the uprooted apes by the Salish Sea.

The ones who said *it stops here, hit the brakes.*



1.

It's been one year since the Olympia railroad blockade of 2016 found itself growing for 7 rainy days and nights, prompted by solidarity actions with Standing Rock and eventually culminating in a fierce street fight with the police, while the baleful sound of the train whistle announced the resumption of business as usual. One year after this rupture, one revolution around the sun later, an assortment of the brave and the heartbroken, the tender and the enraged, are at it again. The hot, communal mess splayed across the train tracks has been resurrected, appearing again like a recurrent dream. Immediately, it feels like it never left us. Immediately we know that it never did.

This year, the festivity and rage happened to kick off on Nov. 17th, at the same exact moment that the streets of Athens, Greece were erupting 6,000 miles away in fiery combat against the police, as anarchists and their friends observed (with riots) the 44th anniversary of the Athens Polytechnic university uprising that shook the Greek military dictatorship of 1967-1974, further catalyzing its decline. That upheaval, nearly half a century away now, saw a tank crash through the gates of the school, its drivers and their superiors perhaps knowing but not wanting to believe that their time had come. It was this cycle of events launched the Greek anarchist movement—pride and inspiration of anti-capitalist rebels the world over—into the contemporary era, swelling and bursting again in the generalized Greek insurrection of December, 2008 after 15-year-old

the tentacles of the Leviathan.

The absurdity of the enemy is laid more and more bare. Olympia Port Commissioner Bill McGregor thinks that the Danse Macabre of the apocalypse commune shouldn't include mirthful feasts or immodest demands. Eating pizza, dancing, and having a good time is unconscionable to the 21st century Puritans of "left," "right," and "center." Their lineage is plainly that of every extinguisher of festivity who ever counseled forbearance and security over the gambles of life and love. They are praying that their house of cards doesn't collapse around them.

On the other hand, *we* have less and less to lose. And we *really* want to see "city manager" Steve Hall fight a bear.

We Must Make Their Attempts at Repression into Their Undoing

Solidarity lies in action. Action that sinks its roots in one's own project that is carried on coherently and proudly too, especially in times when it might be dangerous even to express one's ideas publicly. A project that expresses solidarity with joy in the game of life that above all makes us free ourselves, destroys alienation, exploitation, mental poverty, opening up infinite spaces devoted to experimentation and the continual activity of one's mind in a project aimed at realising itself in insurrection.

— introduction to the pamphlet *Revolutionary Solidarity*, by Daniela Carmignani

The blockade, and then the raid, unfolded amidst the story of Cyntoia Brown— who has been imprisoned for more than 10 years— going viral on social media. Cyntoia is locked up for the 2004 self-defense killing of 43-year-old man who purchased her services as a sex slave when she was 16. Cyntoia had been drugged and repeatedly raped at the behest of her pimp, before being bought by the man who she would end up killing. Cyntoia is serving a life sentence. *This case is just one travesty among the myriad upon which this culture is based.*

Simultaneously, a grand jury has been convened in the state of Virginia and at least 2 people subpoenaed to investigate the events surrounding August 12th in Charlottesville, where anti-racist and anti-fascist activist Heather Heyer was murdered by white supremacists at a demonstration. As if the death of Heather, the serious injuries of many others, and the mere existence of white supremacists were not enough, you can bet that grand jury is not being used to repress the murderers, but to increase the costs of taking a stand against them. Pacific Northwest anarchists are no strangers to the repressive tool of the grand jury, nor the need for solidarity against its implementation. Jenny Durkan, the attorney

messes of its own making allowed the blockade to last almost twice as long as last year, and we had fun imagining their shaky hands putting on their gear, psyching themselves up only to find an empty camp. All the better to steel ourselves for our next date, at a time and place of our choosing.

Extractive Industry / Struggle for the Land

The blockade is gone, *but the blockaders have retained the upper hand*. Spirits are high. Next moves are imagined, and then plotted. The energy of the commune is now freed up for diffusion through the social terrain and for further joyous subversion through this holiday season.

It's easy to imagine such a flagrantly illegal and anarchistic event as the blockade having had the consensus of the broader society arrayed against it, but times change. Consensus in the broader society is far from clear, and among the usual droves of people outwardly hostile to the blockade we find what seems to us a greater-than-usual number of sympathizers, a wearing-off of the anesthetic of capitalist "hope" when it comes to the prospect of going through the usual political channels to achieve anything at all, a proliferation of actions and expressions of solidarity, the potential beginnings of the conditions for a generalized insurrection.

The chimerical abomination known as "technology" is not now, and has never been, "neutral." How could it be? In fact, the term does not denote one discrete entity but is a code phrase for an entire ensemble of means of mass resource extraction/production/consumption and the social relations and ecological consequences that they engender. Belief in the neutrality of capital's science and technology is every bit as mystical as the opposition to it could ever hope to be. The popular adherence or loyalty to these overarching concepts is the State religion of our age, and there are more and more people willing to hear out the heretics.

Studies show that even in a best case scenario, alternative energy sources cannot hope to smoothly take over from the fossil fuel economy or supply more than a large fraction of the total energy expended year after year in the current global set-up. Studies show that climate change is unfolding much, much more rapidly than previously revealed by the priests in white coats. Studies show that *what the studies of yesteryear showed were embarrassingly optimistic lies and obfuscations*. Cascading energy failures will be the echo of the cascading ecological catastrophes.

A different sensibility is beginning to assail the iron trap of civilized decorum, eroding the edges of its illusory social "peace." There isn't much time left to stop the establishment of the newest extractive processes and defend the last wild places. To complement the urban insurrections to come, let us consider that the wild and wooded places that remain may represent some of the terrain on which free people can still outmaneuver

Alexandros Grigoropoulos was murdered in cold blood by police in the Exarchia neighborhood. We send warm greetings to the comrades on Greek territory. These nights still belong to Alexis.

Speaking of territory, this alleged place known as "Olympia" is nothing other than a fictional geopolitical entity. It's a cover. The spot was taken from its original inhabitants through a combination of lies and brute, genocidal force, its use denied to them or strictly regulated ever after through state machination and cynical capitalist maneuvering. Its non-human inhabitants silenced, exploited, and exterminated to the point of an eradication that is ongoing (while even among the privileged and pale-skinned of our own species the rates of cancer and every other malady continue to climb). Its operations of surplus accumulation were achieved through the imposed grinding misery and racism of immigrant labor and the customs of sundown towns. Like all the cities and towns of the Empire, it is an unliving monster, an aggregate of production and consumption whose perpetuation of its version of life is incidental to the continued mass extraction of resources and profit.

Contrary to the admonitions of those who would much rather see everything return to "normal," none of this is ancient history. In light of current events, and every new attack on the dispossessed, this past isn't so very long gone at all. As we learned from Asheville, NC on May Day a few years ago and in innumerable clashes ever since, the past doesn't pass.

Industrial Infrastructure, White Supremacy, and You

Once again, there will be lies uttered on all sides about the anarchists, anti-authoritarians, anti-fascists, queers, and indigenous militants and activists who constitute the blockade, the array of those who love and support it. The liberals (even the "anarchist" ones!), conservatives, fascists, police, port commissioners, local progressive politicians, and shoppers will take turns casting doubts, condemnations, and fretful worries all over the thing. This does not necessarily trouble us, at least not any more than living through the terminal phase of terrestrial life on the earth troubles us, with its profound and rotten malaise in all hearts, its blood on all hands. Just as we don't necessarily mind having the same debates and discussions year after year in the meetings and general assemblies. After all, even the most intransigent among us started somewhere.

Aside from the cascading catalogue of horrors, what is most troublesome during this—possibly the most critical moment in our own lives so far regarding the prospects for life and freedom in this world—are those who, while calling us "comrade," would split and mutilate the full social and ecological context of the catastrophe.

Of course, politicians will select the issue of fracking or of "hate

groups” or anything else and isolate them from the rest of the nightmare in order to drum up votes for their campaign. And it’s no surprise anymore either when fascists commandeer the increasingly pressing concerns of ecology, community, or autonomy for their own twisted agenda, refracting valid and resonant issues through the prism of their narrow, poisonous, sad, and deeply mistaken answer to the apocalypse. And centrists? Who knows or cares what they even think?

But it’s time (once again) that we make ourselves clear to our would-be accomplices: *there are no industrial projects that are any more redeemable than fracking*. Fracking, divorced from the greater context, is a side issue.

Civilization itself is the equivalent of an ongoing fracking operation. Every single day that elapses while the industrial infrastructure stands yields an amount of toxifying waste which is the same as an Exxon-Valdez oil spill. And that’s not from “accidents” or “disasters.” That’s the normal, non-disastrous functioning of the system. If the syndicalists and social ecologists among us (some of whom have indeed made valiant contributions to holding down anarchist spaces and bolstering blockades) have the stomach to look—and look deeply—into the basis for any of the structures of capital, be they railroads, ports, mines, factories, solar panels, or co-operative grocery stores... it’s hard to imagine they would like what they would find.

The railroad feeds the Port of Olympia, and moves fracking materials out to the Bakken oil fields. But why don’t we hear more or care more about the fact that it also continuously ships the massified, butchered bodies of old growth trees to far-flung places, all in order to line the pockets of timber barons? Or that it also feeds the enterprises that produce plastic bottles and soda (I invite you to research what plastic is, research the effects of even a miniscule amount of plastic on living bodies. If you do, you might realize that recycling is more a cruel and hilarious con job than a solution).

But it doesn’t stop there. Without railroads and the infantile, Europeanized artifice of a world that needs them, there would have been no impetus for the near-total annihilation of the American Bison. That ruthless, mechanized slaughter was not only undertaken to complete the railroads (with the coerced help of the broken, brutalized bodies of immigrant Asian laborers), but to disrupt the ancient and symbiotic relationship between the grass-eating fauna of this land and its human inhabitants. Go to the Midwest and behold the cracked, dry, desertifying remnants that pass for soil, the once-ecstatic skin of the earth which took thousands of years to build up, inch by inch, but took only a few generations to wipe out utterly. Look at the “corn” that sits in place of the prairie, growing only because of its genetically-modified nature and the millions of gallons of synthetic, oil-based fertilizer dumped on it year after miserable year. Learn for yourself about the “Green Revolution” in agriculture between the 30’s and the 60’s, about it’s furtherance of the

In Europe people talk a great deal of the wilds of America, but the Americans themselves never think about them; they are insensible to the wonders of inanimate [sic] nature. Their eyes are fired with another sight; they march across these wilds, clearing swamps, turning the course of rivers....

— *Democracy in America*, by Alexis de Tocqueville

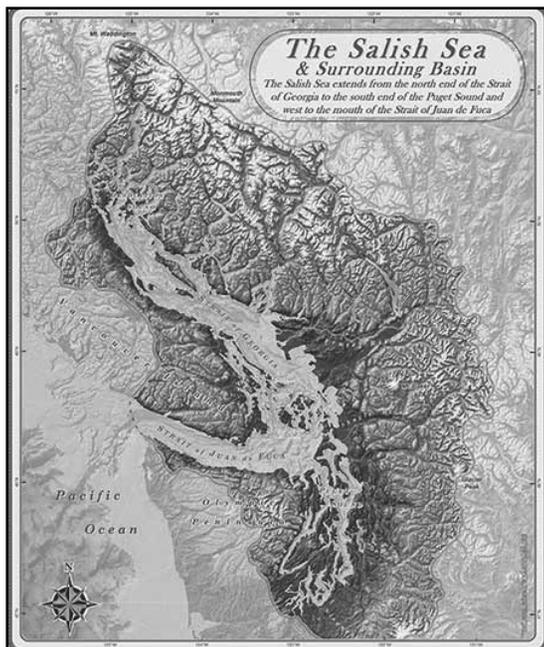
The Raid Comes Down

ON THE 12TH DAY, the police raid on the Olympia Commune Blockade finally came. For a span of several hours something like martial law was imposed on little downtown Olympia. Like last year’s eviction from the same spot, multiple dozens of police officers from several agencies were deployed in the middle of the night to do their dirt at the hour when most people are in their deepest sleep, and when no throngs of shoppers, tech yuppies, and pacified liberals are around to witness the violence that props up their privileges, the American way of “life.”

Olympia was (and is) crawling with filth from the Olympia Police Department (OPD), Washington State Patrol (WSP), the Union Pacific Railroad police, Thurston County sheriffs, and whatever other ghouls have been summoned for the job. As the communards suited up at 5:00 AM on November 29th for a little game of cat-and-mouse, the streets were covered in marked and unmarked police cruisers and SUVs, snatch squads in mini-vans, multiple detachments of bicycle police, cops on foot in full riot gear, a SWAT team and bomb squad, and an MRAP (an armored military vehicle that looks like a little tank), and about 4 heavy pieces of equipment (backhoes, bulldozers, cranes) for demolishing the encampment, and a single engine aircraft turning tight circles above town, taking thermal images like last year. The operation to clean and repair the tracks went on for several hours, and groups of pigs remain in the area.

During last year’s raid, at least a couple officers of OPD were seen to have tears in their eyes and a quiver on their lips as a fierce and venomous black bloc engaged them in the tense pre-dawn moments before the train came through. Superiors on the force were repeatedly seen murmuring reassurances in the ears of the rookies and the conscientious on their side. Whether this was out of fear or out of shame for the things they know they are enabling, these murderers, rapists, and foot soldiers for the foulers of the water knew they’d rather be almost anywhere else on that morning a year ago.

This year, the engagement was of a lower intensity, as the commune elected mainly to vanish from the site ahead of the raid and avoid arrests for now. Among other considerations, the reluctance of OPD to face the formidable rage of members of their own “community” or to clean up the



4.

All the reasons for making a revolution are there. Not one is lacking. The shipwreck of politics, the arrogance of the powerful, the reign of falsehood, the vulgarity of the wealthy, the cataclysms of industry, galloping misery, naked exploitation, ecological apocalypse— we are spared nothing, not even being informed about it all. “Climate: 2016 breaks a heat record,” *Le Monde* announces, the same as almost every year now. All the reasons are there together, but it’s not reasons that make revolutions, it’s bodies. And the bodies are in front of screens.”

—*Now*, by the Invisible Committee

In America in the eighteenth century Cotton Mather and other Puritan ministers preached against wilderness as an insult to the Lord, as a challenge to man to show the proof of his religious conviction by destroying it. Mather, and others, urged the colonists to make of the “howling wilderness” a “fruitful field.” In 1756 John Adams wrote that when the colonists arrived in America, “the whole continent was one continued dismal wilderness, the haunt of wolves and bears and more savage men. Now the forests removed, the land covered with fields of corn, orchards bending with fruit and the magnificent habitations of rational and civilized people.”

— *Of Wolves and Men*, by Barry Lopez

iron-fisted subjugation of the so-called Third World, about the prelude to neo-colonialism that it represents, and then see if you can tell the enemies of civilization that they, somehow, are the “genocidists.”

A question: If you, yourself, are not willing to go clear the land of its original inhabitants, dig a mine, forcibly shovel carcinogenic filth down each and every one of their throats, force native children into schools to “learn,” split communal structures into the atomized boxes of private-property-based nuclear families, then why on earth would you feel entitled to the products of a mine? Solar panels?

Probe into the hellish annals of His-story long or far enough and realize: Genocide is inseparable from patriarchy is inseparable from ecocide. Tug on one strand or sinew of the web of domination and watch the others stretch and yawn, before reaching out for you.

The technologies dreamt up, designed, bought and paid for by millionaires, military scientists, and white supremacist techie gentrifiers cannot but do what they have been brought into existence to do. Text groups are not a community. Our “communities” are not even communities. Until the machinery grinds to a halt and we really decide who feels entitled to its fruits, until we determine whether or not *everyone* (near and far, human and otherwise) affected by them can live and die in a dignified manner with their operation, we are not a community. As long as a single cop shop remains, as long as they lock food up in stores and charge us ransom to get it out of there, then we will not have realized even a paltry vision of freedom.

The Beginning of the End

A walk through camp this morning yielded these primary sounds: laughter, song, a few puppies at play giving out the occasional slight growl or yip followed by the coos or the gentle reproaches of the doting people at their side, old friends catching up, new friends being made, the rustling of food containers and some chomping from the kitchen, the crackle of wood coals in the metal drum mingling with the smell of wood smoke in my nostrils, reminding me of the aroma of my grandmother’s hearth in the earliest days I can remember on the other side of this Turtle Island, on the other side of a life that, for all its pain and failure, has been worth the living.

In camp, even those few who have little affinity or liking for each other begin to cooperate, the notes sounded between them soften. Arguments occasionally boil or simmer, tempers flare, but when they cool again understanding has deepened. Relationships take effort, but also time and space. Healing and truth sink into us only gradually, but our patience is rewarded. At long last, we let that which is petty truly slide. There is

not much else to do in the face of our shared goal as it finally shimmers momentarily on the horizon: *life in common*.

Who cares that we must neutralize yet another troll this morning, or initiate more accountability proceedings for those lost in a cycle of abusiveness, or even eject the incorrigible? What matter that there are apparently napalm-wielding fascists who live in that tunnel over there? So what if the climax of this chapter is another pitched battle? Chances are that everyone you know is having a hard time. We are all hurt, scared, fed up, anxious to the point of despair and rage. This way of life suits not one of us, and we don't want to perpetuate it anymore.

Most everyone can feel it, but I will give it a name for you: **Life in the blockade is a small step away from the life of civilization.** Let the most aghast and scandalized of the Leftists riot and curse our names if they don't want to come to grips with this fact. But just think, if we all leave our homes in the cold, rainy nights of November in order to go live together outside, to split up responsibilities in an egalitarian fashion and share in our joys and pains in the open air, if we develop autonomous and effective communal structures and customs of communication, decision-making, and conflict resolution, if we care for the young and vulnerable together and blur lines of ownership, if the goal increasingly being enunciated by the communards is not the attainment of this or that concession from those in power but instead *for this to never end...* if we **stop this fucking train** in favor of a life where we only take from the land that which we can eventually give back, in a continuation of the dance that has existed since time immemorial... then why shy away from the implications of our project? Why recoil from the next steps? This is objectively a de-civilizing trajectory, and *we couldn't be more pleased*.

The continued existence of the Port of Olympia offers us next to nothing. Its abuses and injuries far, far outweigh any potential benefit. The furred, feathered, and scale-clad denizens of our only home, the plants and mountains and seas, have never needed infrastructure such as this, and human people are no different. Those who insist that we are— that without the structures of bosses, cops, scientists, and rapists that we would collapse into a heap— have a particularly deep-seated case of Stockholm Syndrome. They are in love with their captors.

We must hurry to wipe the port off the map before another manipulator convinces us that to do so is madness. We must do the same with all the rest of the colonizer's fictions. Finally, we must tear *the map itself* to ribbons and scatter it to the four winds. There is a world whose heart still beats, however faintly, waiting for us to live inside it.

Others have said it before us: expand the terrain of struggle, communize everything, demand nothing. If those in power don't know what they can possibly do to placate you, then power will begin to slip like sand through their fingers and flow to you and yours. Give nothing and

they take towards total control brings them closer to their fear. Each new "victory" with which they flatter themselves spreads a little further the desire to see them defeated in their turn. Each maneuver that they figure comforts their power ends up rendering it detestable. In other words: *the situation is excellent. This isn't the moment to lose courage.*"

<3 /// those kids

11/27/17

these terms have seen their share of liberatory manifestations and their share of farcical, domesticated nonsense.

Individuality can only flourish where equality of access to the conditions of existence is the social reality. This equality of access is communism; what individuals do with that access is up to them and those around them. Thus there is no equality or identity of individuals implied in true communism. What forces us into an identity or an equality of being are the social roles laid upon us by our present system. There is no contradiction between individuality and communism.

Insurrection, Not One-Dimensional Militancy, Not a Revolution Waiting to Be Recuperated—

The force of an insurrection is social, not military. Its success is to be found in the extent and depth of the interruption of the economy, of normality.

In addition to the other differences between the strategy advocated by insurrectionaries and those of the formal organizations and managed struggles of revolution, *we must abandon the idea of a mass movement that is supposed to grow to infinity and come to dominate and control everything*. When such ideas come from “anarchists” it is, in fact, the words of Leviathan spilling out of our mouths.

There is much to be learned from the strategic and tactical history of militant movements, elements that may be incorporated in our struggle, but ultimately militancy leads to a cult of specialization, representation, toxic hyper-masculinity, and vanguardism. It leads to overly-moralistic proclivities toward self-sacrifice, and to the joyless, duty-bound martial discipline that belongs to cogs or gears in a machine.

In place of the civilized conceptions of duty and sacrifice, we posit a proactive deployment of egalitarian desire with its own customs and accords, its own etiquette and commitments.

In place of managed and centralized struggles which prefigure the rise of an alternative juggernaut of state power, again, we posit *decentralization, self-activity, uncontrollability, and permanent conflictuality* until the goal is met or abandoned.

Insurrections are insurrections because they are not militaristic, because they are *generalized*.

Well, that’s all for now. Hopefully, we see some more dope anarchy out of this. The enemy is gearing up, but the magic hat of anarchy is a bottomless well of bizarre and irrepressible rabbits, products and practitioners of an alchemy that comes up big just when you think the last card is played.

In the words of a french comrade accused of blocking infrastructure a few years ago, speaking of the captors of this world: “Each step that

expect even less from the aspiring managers of social struggle. Mercilessly mock and cut down those who would assume a leadership based on anything other than the confidence and consent of their peers, or who would pacify the legitimate rage of the exploited.

FRIENDS, NEAR AND FAR, hear the cries of the comrades of the Grey Coast cluster: We are not going back to normal. Solidarity actions must proliferate everywhere. Autonomous blockades and actions (unconnected with any government, political party, trade union, top-down federation, or advocacy group) must roar into life. Form affinity groups or act alone and spread the revolt horizontally (by the multiplication of easy reproducibility, not by the addition of membership lists).

If we can do it, so can you. Strike, occupy, sabotage, disrupt, take over. Sever the tentacles of the unliving beast and open up space for the holiday without end.

It was true back then and it’s true now: we are an image from the future. *Get going.*

With love and free shit for the comrades,
With egalitarian desire gone feral,

From the weirdest little town in “the West,”
/// some catastrophic commune kids

P.S. DROP J20 OR WE’LL DROP MORE ON YOU

NO PEACE WHILE THE BLACK SNAKE STILL WRITHES

EXQUISITE VENOM IN DARK ALLEYWAYS FOR ABE CABRERA, THE “ECO-EXTREMISTS,” AND THE RAPE-PLATFORM ALT-RIGHTERS-IN-WAITING AT LBC

SHOUT OUT OTHERWORLDS



2.

“The institution of Slavery is the principal cause of civilization. Perhaps nothing can be more evident than that it is the sole cause... Without it, there can be no accumulation of property, no providence for the future, no taste for comforts and elegancies, which are the characteristics and essentials of civilization... Servitude is the condition of civilization.”

—South Carolina Senator William Harper, 1837

“Civilization originates in conquest abroad and repression at home. Each is an aspect of the other.”

—Stanley Diamond

“Hear ye, Dakotas! When the Great Father at Washington sent us his chief soldier to ask for a path through our hunting grounds, a way for his iron road to the mountains and the western sea, we were told that they wished merely to pass through our country, not to tarry among us, but to seek for gold in the far west. Our old chiefs thought to show their friendship and goodwill, when they allowed this dangerous snake in our midst...”

Yet before the ashes of the council fire are cold the Great Father is building his forts among us. You have heard the sound of the white soldier’s axe upon the Little Piney. His presence here is an insult and a

Autonomy—

The aforementioned term *autonomy* loosely refers to the condition of acting independently of governments, political parties, labor unions, top-down or centralized federation structures, or any advocacy group which acts as an organ of integration into the schemes of state and capital. Individuals and affinity groups may be seen as the smallest manifestations of autonomous force, but larger informal or semi-formal organizations may be considered autonomous as well: decentralized networks (see the history of Anti-Racist Action, or ARA, and Bash Back! in the US), or larger groups constituted for the express purpose of *attacking* or *negating* some project of capitalism. (for example, Olympia Stand, or the “autonomous base nuclei” or “leagues” that arose in Comiso Sicily in the 80’s to expand direct action in opposition to the construction of a missile base there... a struggle out of which emerged Jean Weir’s impeccable journal *Insurrection*).

The term *autonomy* is inherited from the European autonomous social movements that sprung up from the end of the 60’s until the late 90’s (and which can be seen as the unsung bridge between the countercultural upheavals that crescendoed in the worldwide uprisings of 1968, and the WTO riots in Seattle ‘99 that kicked off our contemporary era of anti-globalization and anarchist organizing). These movements were the originators of the black bloc tactic and embraced militant feminism, anti-capitalist student struggles, massive factory occupations (look up the Days of Lead in the late 70’s in Italy) squatting movements, anti-fascist street organizing and culture, confrontational demonstrations that turned into battles with police, Reclaim the Streets and land struggles, along with any number of counter-cultural projects like pirate radio stations.

Individualism vs. Communism: A False Problem—

It’s been said before us: *We embrace what is best in individualism and what is best in communism*. At the crux of modern alienation is the artificially-imposed divorce between the individual and the social. If anarchy is possible, it will be the result of the collapse of this artificial divide, the likes of which many of us have experienced during fleeting moments like this here blockade. Anarchism has always been more concerned with the individual than other philosophies because modern alienation— in the form of capitalism and in its supposed opposition— has, on a certain level, taken on more and more collectivist forms despite the ostensible “rugged individualism” attributed to it.

In truth, *capitalism has its individualism as well as its soulless collectivism and faceless bureaucracy*, just as anarchy includes a special regard for the individual *as well as* a nuanced approach to social or communal relations. The ongoing pageant of modern alienation has led to this schizoid or split nature in almost every isolatable element of life such as “individualism” and “communism.” Just as with “freedom,” “ecology,” or “feminism,”

Affinity groups are not formal membership organizations. They are also not the same as a gang or a crew, though these may overlap with it. They are not intended to be permanent. Affinity groups are convened for the sake of some practical task. The relationships of affinity may outlast the specific tasks, and the individuals may work together again in an affinity group-style structure, but the informal organization dissolves as soon as the goal is reached or abandoned.

Affinity means more than good feeling about another. It actually refers to a deep reciprocal knowledge of one another. How the other person or people think(s) about social problems, how they think they can or should intervene in social struggles. Differences are just as crucial as similarities when developing affinity with a comrade or a potential comrade.

Means and Ends—

Affinity groups are an attempt by anarchists to ensure that *the means employed in struggle accord with the ends sought after*. We insist upon relatively unalienated means to achieve our ends. No meaningful victory in the quest for freedom can be won if we become what we hate in the process of fighting. Enough of our ends must be contained within the means for us to not to lose track of who we are and succumb to capitalism's recuperative force. However, ensconced as we are in circumstances beyond our control, it is impossible to attain means that are completely in keeping with our principles. Thus, there is a tension between means and ends which inspires anarchists always to question what are the best means available, and to use any increase in our power to enact means that are more in keeping with our principles and desires.

Quality vs. Quantity—

Along with the tension between means and ends, there is a tension between the anarchist (or anti-authoritarian) tendency toward *quality* of struggle and its self-organization, and the authoritarian tendency toward *quantity* and centralization. Four or five trusted friends decided upon the lightning of action together are more worthwhile than a hundred paper pushers. Rather than trying to build a mass movement and manipulating it from above into action later, insurrectionaries *rely on the quality of their projects to attract others who insist upon the same or similar quality*, or to inspire others further afield to initiate their own projects with their own trusted friends.

This can be seen as prefiguring a state of affairs in which leadership is by example and persuasion, rather than force and coercion. The social force of an insurrection grows by a kind of *multiplication*, a flowering from rhizomatic connections, rather than by addition or agglomeration in a central organization.

threat. It is an insult to the spirits of our ancestors. Are we then to give up their sacred graves to be plowed for corn? Dakotas, I am for war!

—Red Cloud (Lakota)

IT SEEMS a minor furor has followed the appearance of the first issue of *Commune Against Civ*. The liberals, activists, and union enthusiasts who would prefer a blockade with unified “messaging” broadcast to “the public” seem eager to speak for the entire affair, with a definite tendency wanting to present a discrete list of demands to be met by the City of Olympia as a condition for the cessation of hostilities and the resumption of rail traffic. Among the sought after reforms that we hear about time and again are “democratic control” of the Port of Olympia and a “just transition” for port and rail workers to “good, green jobs” and even for the economy of Thurston County as a whole to transition (a la Bookchin) to a “cooperative, fair and sustainable economy.” Furthermore, we are seeing the ceremonious re-appearance of non-violent direct action and civil disobedience as guiding principles for a centralized movement that wishes to put its best face forward for consumption by a fickle population, or perhaps a potential constituency.

Some participants in current affairs who do not share in these concerns may find it necessary to address some common themes and (mis)conceptions operating beneath the surface of things in Olympia. For the present writing, from among the flurry of terms above, let's start with one of the most enduring and spell-binding figments of the Leftist/revolutionary imagination...

The Syndicalist Recuperation/ The Workerist Fallacy/ The Union Con

For the sake of convenience and brevity, we can say that two great reservoirs of thought, feeling, and action inform the long tradition of critiques and attacks on syndicalism (or unionism) and its world. These many expressions flow, in a word, from:

1) *the critique of civilization* in its many aspects and in its totality (including its regimes of domestication, patriarchy, and the globalizing division of labor, of work itself and its abuses of life, creativity, and health, of ecological devastation and madness, of the profound and massively consequential derangement of the ecological, psychological, social, physical, emotional and mental needs of the human animal, etc.), and 2) *the critique from a strategic and tactical standpoint*, informed by an analysis of the transformations in capitalist/statist economies and by relatively recent

historic events, boding for an *insurrectionary perspective*.

While the former set of concerns (the critique of civ) is inestimably more immediate and important, let's start with the more circumscribed but complementary latter set of concerns (the strategic/tactical/historic/insurrectionary) in order to better confront the workerist nonsense on its own terrain and avoid (at least at first) the immediate leap to bad faith, knee jerk accusations (of mysticism, romanticism, obscurantism, tokenization, proto-fascistic affinities etc.) that are often elicited by *any* critique of industrial society and its imperatives. From there, we may dovetail into a brief discussion of the first set of concerns, working our way backward through of the detritus of ages.

What is Anarcho-Syndicalism?

The term *anarcho-syndicalism* denotes a conjunction of two traditions in the history of modernity, reflected in the name itself. The late-nineteenth century philosophical tradition of *anarchism* represented in the industrializing European register as the belief in *the abolition of all government and the organization of society on a voluntary, cooperative basis without recourse to force or compulsion* (represented initially and largely, but by no means solely, by the “grand old men” of anarchy with the beards: Bakunin and Kropotkin).

For many, and with far-reaching consequence in anarchist history, this tradition met its match in *syndicalism* (from the French word for union: *syndicat*), the theory for a type of economic system, considered a replacement for capitalism, in which workers, industries, and organisations be systematized into confederations or syndicates, achieving collective ownership through direct action in the workplace, whose culmination would be the *general strike*. In this manner, labor aristocracy would be circumvented and society instead run in the interest of informed and skilled majorities, through union democracy (this tendency was notably theorized by anarchist and anti-semitic Proudhon, as well as French social philosopher and, incidentally (?), inspiration to the early fascists, Georges Sorel, author of *Reflections on Violence*).

The overt marriage of these two ideological and activist denizens of the modernizing world— with its carriage of secularization, liberalism, individualism, rationalization, bureaucracy, urbanization, industrialization, class upheavals, imperial expansion, colonialism, the advance of ever more powerful technology and technocracy, and a generalized deepening of domination and exploitation, malaise and atrocity— meant for its advocates that direct action on the job could be used to eventually topple all hierarchical economic power, sabotaging and striking until the whole works were taken and the State summarily abolished.

The term *anarcho-syndicalism* was not in wide usage until the 1920's,

Instead of a Union, By Someone too Buck to Join Another One: A Few Proposals

You know your time is up when the insurrectionaries AND the wobblies are going against the leadership of unions and self-appointed managers of social struggle, going full *wildcat* for the sake of the earth.

In issue #2 of this publication, we went on a detour through some of the major qualms to be had with the typical syndicalist orientation. What follows is a follow-up, a resultant brief and tentative set of guidelines for action undertaken in another logic, through which we hopefully will find *the lines along which our power grows*, and the cutting edge of revolutionary solidarity for our own time *sharpened*:

Formal and Informal Organization—

Following the analysis of the passing of the old class antagonism between the *working* and *owning* classes with the advent of the *included* and *excluded* of post-industrial global capitalism, we elaborate the difference between *formal* and *informal* organization.

Formal organizations or, as the Italian insurrectionary anarchists of a couple decades ago might call them, *structures of synthesis*, are those organizations with official membership lists, who engage in periodic congresses for the purpose of establishing elaborate programmatic agendas, by-laws and/or codes of conduct, and positive demands to be granted or denied by those in power. These organizations attempt to synthesize (or create) and manage the entirety of struggle from within their own ranks, to represent or act in the name of some constituency or monolithic identity block, and to swell their ranks with mass recruiting efforts undertaken in a *quantitative* logic. For them, organization is primarily for the *defense* of certain interests.

The *informal anarchist organization* is a definite organization, but one that seeks to find the social and ecological struggles already in course, and to expand the terrain and purview of such struggles by *autonomous* action and revolutionary solidarity. In place of centralization, compromise, and accommodation to the enemy, it posits *decentralization*, *self-activity*, *uncontrollability*, and *permanent conflictuality*. For these structures, organization is primarily for the *attack* on certain interests.

The Affinity Group—

The basic unit of the informal anarchist organization (after the individual) is *the affinity group*. Affinity groups are somewhat well-known outside of insurrectionary circles, having gained attention in the anti-globalization era of protest, but few activists know that the affinity group was first proposed as a vehicle for action by insurrectionaries, and there are many misconceptions about it.

access to otherness, compressed in the central symbol of the goddess. When the subsistence base erodes this morality changes. Fanaticism about virginity, women as pawns in games of power, and their control by men as the touchstone of honor and vengeance has been clearly shown to be the destiny of sub-equatorial and Mediterranean agriculture. [...] there are reasons to wonder whether the metaphors that mirror agriculture are not infantile. (For hunter-gatherers the living metaphor is other species, for farmers it is mother, for pastoralists the father, for urban peoples it has become the machine.)”

—*A Posthistoric Primitivism*, by Paul Shepard

The phrase *commune against civilization* is not to be understood as a party program or an attempt to represent a movement or organization, or even as the name of a political organ. It is a proposal for meditation and action. *Commune* as verb. *Civilization* as site and target.

In the mid-19th century, as the European revolutions of 1848 raged and then failed, setting the stage for the final chapters of *The Worst Story Ever Told*, the colonizers of what would come to be called “Olympia” wanted a couple acres for their gardens and livestock. They wanted to found their public squares and schools and customs houses on this beautiful and “empty” land, this virgin wilderness. You can bet they wanted to enjoy the fresh Pacific Northwest air and the occasional outing to the mountains as they went about their tasks. We are sorely mistaken if we think that even the most radical visions of today’s agrarian romanticists and renewable energy advocates are enough to stem the tide of alienation, exploitation, and domination.

If we think that NOW is not the time that white people must take epic risks in the establishment of a new Underground Railroad— risks to life and limb, risks to family, friends, and reputation— then we have another thing coming entirely. If we hope to avoid looking back and realizing that our lives have been a reprise of the good little Germans, just following orders and believing that *work makes us free*, then we need to run off the rails that would carry us to that place, with its peace of the graveyard.

To the consternation of all of us born during its last hurrah, the bubble of the post-war economic boom has popped and its ill-gotten gains are ebbing away along with all of its illusions. It’s time to make material preparations for a landing, soft or otherwise.

when it was applied as a pejorative by authoritarian communists to any syndicalists (including the more reformist- or economically-minded, i.e. non-anarchist syndicalists) who resisted the increased control of labor movements by communist parties, whose machinations were resisted by anarchists at most every turn.

However, years before this, the idea found one of its most beloved and enduring manifestations springing into life at the 1905 founding convention in Chicago of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) a scrappy collection of anarchists, socialists, communists, and footloose rebels with aspirations of an all-inclusive, international, and industrially-based labor union that would transcend the narrow and elitist trade-based organizations predominating in the labor movement of the time. Their motto was “an injury to one is an injury to all.” The IWW (nicknamed “the Wobblies”) played a significant and dramatic part in a large handful of labor disputes and massive strikes, as well as participating in the infamous “free speech fights” in the towns of the American west and northwest in the first part of the 20th century. Massacres and murders in which Wobbly blood was shed occurred as close to Olympia as Everett and Centralia WA, where animosity between Wobblies and the fascistic American Legion directly after the First World War led to some of the emblematic events associated with the first Red Scare of 1919-1920 (which, contrary to popular impressions, was mobilized primarily to stop anarchist insurrectionaries associated with Luigi Galleani, the same milieu that the distinctly anti-syndicalist Sacco and Vanzetti called their own).

The larger-than-life personalities involved in the union, the constant tramping and vagabondage, the proclivities of its members toward drink, song, violence, sabotage of the bosses’ property, and the insistence of many on just *not fucking working*, earned the Wobblies a permanent place in the heart of radical folklore in the United States, and paints a picture that has no analogue in contemporary radical scenes, even the ones bearing its name.

After the fortunes and then the membership of the IWW drastically ebbed away in the 20’s, the next major episode of note to the history of syndicalism is encapsulated by the breakout of the Spanish Civil War, that most lauded of sagas in all of classical anarchist history, representing for many the high point of libertarian struggle. Spain in the 30’s saw one of the most starkly dichotomized struggles between the political Left and Right to be found in any national context of the interwar years, and is popularly represented as an out-and-out struggle between democracy and fascism (although Franco and his forces were in fact traditional conservatives and monarchists, and his military dictatorship did not possess the populist thrust and obsession with national rebirth typical of fascist movements).

The explicitly anarcho-syndicalist confederation of unions called the CNT (*Confederación Nacional del Trabajo*, or “National Confederation

of Labour”) was founded in 1910 and dramatically expanded the role of anarchism in Spain, and eventually tagged up with the FAI (*Federación Anarquista Ibérica*, or “Iberian Anarchist Federation) to play an integral role in the Leftist popular front and Republican forces who mounted the ultimately and tragically doomed armed resistance to the forcible takeover of Spain by Franco after he lost the 1936 elections by a narrow margin. The bank robberies and valiant battles of anarcho-syndicalist militant, hero, and homophobe Buenaventura Durruti, as well as the post-Civil War clandestine exploits of the likes of guerrilla extraordinaire Francesc Sabaté Llopart (both of them dying in the conflicts), are perhaps better known than the sacrifices of the Iron Column, an all-volunteer and horizontally-organized militia in the war consisting of around 6,000 men and women, which drew its members not from the ranks of political groups or unions but from the recently liberated prisoners of the several penitentiaries that were broken open in the portions of Spain under anarchist control.

The Iron Column were among the most tenacious fighters in the attempted social revolution, engaging the right-wing forces on many fronts, always pushing things further and expanding the insurrectionary purview of the conflict. All the while its members suffered the slanders and manipulations of the more staid political militants of the Republican forces, their supposed anti-fascist “comrades.” Long before the Civil War was lost to Franco, the revolution was lost to the power-consolidation, imposition of hierarchy, and military discipline of the Stalinists and their collaborators. The blood of the Iron Column still cries out to us from the soil where it was spilled.

The high-water mark of anarcho-syndicalist theory came in 1938 with the publication of Rudolf Rocker’s *Anarchosyndicalism: Theory and Practice* (subtitle: *An Introduction to a Subject Which the Spanish War Has Brought into Overwhelming Prominence.*) With this book, Rocker, a self-professed “anarchist without adjectives,” (a term spearheaded by Voltairine de Cleyre) of German origin and contemporary of Emma Goldman, can easily and probably accurately be seen to have delivered one of the most lucid and succinct expressions of the tendency, and a sort of apex for Left-anarchism in general, one whose contours would go on in certain times and places to inspire action for decades to come. For a handful of years in what seems like another life, I was its staunch advocate.

Why is Syndicalism Inadequate to Our Struggles?

Syndicalism came to prominence and achieved such relevance as we might attribute to it during *a phase of capitalist civilization that has come to a close*, yielding more and more to a qualitatively different state of affairs which calls for its own perspectives and methods of anarchist action.

inmates, can doubt it. We here in “olympia” live in one of the most progressive nodes of the open-air prison which continually exports its unsightly violence, sweeping it under the rug. Bio-political engineers and well-meaning imbeciles— all these functionaries and little Eichmanns newly bent on transparency and dialogue and horizontal relations between colonists— expect us to submit with enthusiasm to every new scheme of *managing the disaster...* while the stacks of bodies grow skyward.

The truth ignored, misunderstood, or intentionally hidden by the Left and Right wings of capital alike is that repression is not solely, or even predominantly, a political phenomenon. The political manifestations of state repression that we have experienced these past several years, and which we can expect to experiencing, are a kind of superstructure that is built on a bedrock of constant and diffuse repression that marks our whole lives and has metabolized in our bodies and our psyches. In fact, we could not even bring ourselves to submit to the attempted terror of riot cops, grand juries, fascist gangs, or any other of the more extreme tools of repression were it not for the thousand little humiliations that make up daily life in this society. The very sophisticated lesson learned by power in its struggle with generations of rebellious bodies is that the ground of our being must be rendered fertile for this kind of overt domination. This is done by subtle degrees, by normalizing domination in our ordinary acts and institutions of life. Then, when the inevitable excesses of the “police state” (a redundancy in terms) rear their head, we see the liberals and the loyal opposition beg for a return to this normalcy. This is the one-two punch of repression and recuperation. This is how they work in tandem. This is how good intentions pave the road to hell.

“The transition from a relatively free, diverse, gentle subsistence to suppressed peasantry yoked to the metropole is a matter of record. The subsistence people clearly long for genuine contact with the non-human world, independence from the market and the basic satisfaction of a livelihood gained by their own hands. But this distinction among agricultures has its limits and was not apparently in mind when Chief Washakie of the Shoshones said, ‘God damn a potato.’ Sooner or later you get just what the Irish got after they thought they had rediscovered Eden in a spud skin.

We may ask whether there are not hidden imperatives in the books of [deep ecologist and agrarian romantic] Wendell Berry obscured by the portrayal of the moral quality, stewardship syndrome, and natural satisfactions of farm life. He seems to make the garden and barnyard equivalent to morality and esthetics and to relate it to monotheism and sexual monogamy, as though conjugal loyalty, husbandry; and a metaphysical principle were all one. And he is right. This identity of the woman with the land is the agricultural monument, where the environment is genderized and she becomes the means of productivity, reciprocity, and

alleged rail sabotage happening that day in the area of Oakland, CA in solidarity with the Olympia blockade. Later on, after the general assembly (or “GA”), “Black Snake Killaz,” the new documentary about resistance to the DAPL, is shown to great satisfaction in camp, prefaced with a group reading of the Invisible Committee’s text “Power is Logistic. Block Everything!”. Pictures are surfacing of black bloc anarchists with flares and a banner which reads, “OLYMPIA–UNIST’OT’EN–GASPESIE–SECWEPEMCUL’ECW, DECOLONIZE TURTLE ISLAND.

Big Trouble in Little Oly

The blockade– the gash in the handsome little face of gentrifying Olympia– is a vortex leading to another world. The forces of social control and brutally-imposed mediocrity are beginning to buzz around camp with greater frequency, and the imminency of an attempt at eviction is felt by many.

Simultaneously, a velvet glove is stretched over this iron fist, and it extends toward us: pathetic little Port Commissioners show up to camp in the morning with free coffees– trojan horses in miniature– with invitations for the “protesters” to come “make their voices heard” at their Port Commission and city meetings. They assure us in plaintive and faux-sympathetic tones that fossil fuels cannot be done away with in a day. And we think: *well, not with an attitude like that.*

In between these late-November nights that feel like summer (so warm and so dry that to call them “unseasonable” would prove to be a euphemism or a bad joke) and GAs transpiring during downpours and gusts of wind so violent that it feels like we are meeting on the deck of a sinking pirate ship, we understand that our strength and effectiveness lies precisely in our *illegibility* and *opacity* in regards to these port pigs. When they even offer these mere pretenses of leaning toward us, it is only because we have so-far refused a seat at their table, filthy with blood. Last year, no less an enemy of freedom than Ronnie Roberts, the chief olympian slave patroller himself, made statements imbued with his crocodile tears about regretting the use of force to evict the first blockade, and his supposed opposition to “unsustainable energy.” What ensued was a full year of business-as-usual, with all the grisly horror that it entails.

The green capitalists and their servants in the City can never understand, but let their unwitting collaborators among the ranks of “radicals” hear it once again: any attempt to make their system run “sustainably” must be destroyed with all the hate and implacability due the most brazen expressions of state and capitalist power.

The apocalypse is nine-tenths over with, and only the most alienated from the real world, the most privileged among civilization’s

The societal transformation from an *industrial* culture to a *post-industrial* culture (at least in the broad swaths of the Empire which constitute the centers of relative privilege and where cutting-edge technologies predominate) has informed and conditioned *insurrectionary* analysis to a vast extent. However, talk of the transition to *post-industrial capitalism* is not meant to suggest that industry has been done away with, or that it isn’t important. In fact, it has more to do with the fact that the number of workers employed by industry and agriculture is decreasing while productivity remains the same, or even improves, *rendering the human being increasingly superfluous, redundant.*

Underway for the past several decades, and *concurrent with the post-war transition from outright colonialism to a regimen of neo-colonialism* (see the book *Night-Vision* by Butch Lee and Red Rover for more on this), there has been a vast change wrought in the process of production. The introduction of information technology, computerization, and automation has accelerated the globalization of capital, and lead to a radical decentralization of the productive process. It has deepened the global division of labor and opened up competition between work forces the world over.

But much more is at stake than what we’re accustomed to hearing about in the activist broadsides against globalization.

The transformation under discussion first affected the advanced industrial states like the US, and the other countries of the so-called “first world,” although it increasingly affects the furthest corners reached by capital, the frontiers that it must attain in order to survive. *In the former centers of industry, the factories, docks, and mines of classical capitalism have now mostly disappeared, and with them, an entire culture and set of values related to work.* The worker, once imagined by authoritarian revolutionaries and many anarchists to be the revolutionary subject of history, occupying a privileged position in their theories, has been ejected by a long, slow process from a situation where he or she had relative job security for life, a steady wage, maybe a skill if they’re lucky (but more likely some dull, mind- and body-destroying repetitive task on an assembly line)... and now faces something with which many of us are quite familiar: *precarity.*

Among other things, the new situation has fundamentally altered the nature of class struggle, recommending the analysis of insurrectionaries: in place of the old clearly demarcated classes in conflict with each other, two molar heaps who are to fight it out for control of the machinery, there are now two reservoirs of rebellion: the *included* and the *excluded*. Each of these camps is subject to the capricious whims of the modern administration of power, both in qualitatively different ways than the sheer brutality of yesteryear. The carrots as well as the sticks of modern capitalism’s opening industrial phase have ceded the ground to new schemes of recuperation and repression.

On an increasingly massive scale, relatively privileged people shuffle back and forth through the revolving doors of unemployment, part-time

or underemployment in predominantly service sector jobs which have proliferated profusely, the dead end of student debt and having a degree but no prospects. Flexibility is the new watchword above all. The *included*, the mostly white and/or assimilated citizen-subjects of Empire whose lot corresponds with “the Workers” of yore, must now be prepared to be re-trained, relocated, re-certified, etc.

For the *excluded*— those who exist *below the bottom* of capitalism’s alleged lowest rungs, the heirs to the history of colonization, chattel and prison slavery, and forcibly imposed *social death*, the situation is different. Denied access to the tools, training, and even the language of the included, their exclusion isn’t solely marked by their annihilation in the outlands of the Empire or their confinement to the stereotypical ghetto here at home, a geographically circumscribed area, but by their very lack of access to the new processes of capitalism, their lack of an ability to communicate with the rest of society in a coherent way.

Basically, the ground has fallen out of the terrain on which reforms and all the utopian aspirations inherited from the history of industrial radicalism used to be launched, and there is no viable arena for the energies that used to be put toward winning them. The figments over which to quibble are less convincing, exercising less of a pull on the imagination. This is part of the reason for the increase in the frequency and intensity of acts of irrational violence, like riots.

The development of technology has superseded the old situation where the working class opposed the owning class for a share of the wealth and power in society, for *a piece of the pie*. The antagonists in the old struggles shared a common scale of values, and despite appearances were ultimately united by similar priorities. This is less and less the case. Those excluded from the benefits of post-industrial capital form something like a reprise of the old barbarians outside the gates of civilization, while the most disenchanting among the included, the Romans themselves, succumb just as readily to a violence which demands nothing, and is dismissed on all sides as “senseless,” regardless of just how sensual the experience can be.

The architects of this new world order **have nothing to offer the undesirables** but more control and alienation. With the closing of the geographical frontiers of the planet, and with capitalism still possessed as ever of its need to expand to new markets or die, it is increasingly the internal frontiers which are colonized— new aspects of daily life come into the purview of commodity and spectacle, new services which before were unneeded and undreamt of, the mapping of the human genome, the commandeering of our very imaginations and most intimate faculties. Yet the geographical outer frontier still exists as well, in the form of a blatant continuation of Manifest Destiny: the “exploration” and colonization of outer space. (This frontier, as long as civilization remains online, could prove even more crucial in the long run than the internal ones in securing

considerable numbers in the immediate neighborhood of the town.”

– “What Happened to the Steh-class People,” by Pat Rasmussen

Another End of the World is Possible

—graffiti near the site of the Olympia railroad blockade

TODAY, the railroad blockade preventing the shipment of fracking materials in downtown Olympia, WA is entering its 11th day. The front wall of the barricade is reinforced, and adorned by more and more splashes of decoration. Gradually, more and more of the surrounding area is brought into use and enjoyment by the aspiring commune. In our spacious “backyard,” a femmes auxiliary tent and a quiet zone have been set up. More beds and medical materials arrive. The back staircase now has a sturdy looking meet-and-greet platform to bolster the spirits and effectiveness of our sentinels. Surrounding buildings look like a teenage graffiti artist’s dream, and a ton of hay bales from who-knows-where have appeared out front, strung with rope lights to create a charming enclosure for our second kitchen, for use as a sports rink and show space, and for our pups and little ones to play within.

It was already a few days ago that we surpassed the duration of last year’s blockade, which lasted barely a week on the very same spot. One of the communards calculated the exact moment of the breaking of our old record to be 4:17am, and it was celebrated in grand style with a New Year’s Eve-style countdown and raging late night dance party, complete with driving rains, a steady trickle of free beer and pizza, a very respectable sound system, and one large group of people who give zero fucks. Around that time, someone was heard saying that this is “the 2nd longest railroad blockade in US history,” and yesterday, someone drops the “2nd” when repeating the phrase. A quick and dirty search for the stats on this count doesn’t turn up anything conclusive, but what we do know is that the idea itself has only increased our resolve to make this last as long as possible and, whether at this corner of 7th and Jefferson or elsewhere, to make this commune outlive the colossal fraud of the United States, to help set off the chain of events that will hasten its inevitable downfall.

As a result of last year’s blockade, Halliburton ceased doing business with the Port of Olympia, and we wonder who’s getting cold feet now that we’re poised to last twice as long, now that it’s clear that nothing here will remain stable for them.

Events at camp are proliferating and diversifying. Multiple visits from Nisqually folks— their prayers, songs, encouragements, and company— continue to bolster the spirits of blockaders. Last night, a handful of punk bands played blistering sets in the pouring rain to a motley little rabble who raucously cheered when an announcement was made over the mic about



3.

“In the winter of 1846, Levi Smith and Edmund Sylvester arrived at the Bus-chut-hwud village (centered at today’s 4th Avenue and Columbia Street) and staked a joint claim of 320 acres, taking over the Indian village and the entire peninsula comprising Olympia and the State Capitol of today. Smith built a cabin among the Indians [sic], trading with them on a daily basis, and enclosed two acres for a garden and livestock near the current intersection of Capitol Way and Olympia Avenue.

When Smith drowned in 1848, Sylvester alone held the claim. January 12, 1850, Sylvester platted the town, named it Olympia after the Olympic Mountains, and donated blocks for a public square, a school, a customs house and 12 acres for the Capitol grounds. The area around Chinook Street (Columbia Street today), which once housed a thriving Coastal Salish community, was now dotted with cabins and a few store fronts.

By 1855, the Indian [sic] village had disappeared, the past residents of Bus-shut-hwud no longer called the peninsula their home. A massive stockade had been built along 4th Avenue where their village was located and most tribal people were living in internment camps on Squaxin and Fox islands where many became sick and died. In early fall of 1855, Michael T. Simmons had interned 460 Indians [sic] on Squaxin Island and 1,200 on Fox Island.

After the stockade, Indians [sic] never returned to settle in any

returns on new investments and keeping the whole shit show going.)

It is in this context that we must understand other new technologies like genetic engineering, bio-technology and cell phones as *deliberate acts of war* on the rebelling human body, itself having lost its prior corral: the beloved workplace. This is just as sure as factories were introduced in a prior era as an intentional campaign of counter-insurgency against the craftspeople of the directly pre-industrial era of capitalist life.

With the shift from an economy based on massive, centralized fortresses of production to an economy predicated primarily on consumption and commodity flows, the locus of rebellious strategy and tactics has shifted from the workplace strike to riots, looting, theft, sabotage (another old Wobbly strong suit), and to occupations and blockades. It has shifted to interrupting the flows of capital and contests over the meaning and use of space.

All of this is why anarchists increasingly talk about “no future” and “demand nothing.” This is why they advocate for a greater frequency and intensity of the riots that are becoming a mainstay of our era, but also for pushing the explosions of irrational violence in a more anti-authoritarian direction, for attacking the symbols of power directly, attempting to further the de-legitimization of government and capitalism in a bid for egalitarian relations.

And all of this is only the barest perspective on why syndicalism cannot deliver us from the un-living monster.

Let’s Destroy Work, Let’s Destroy the Economy

The open secret of life and history in the sickening wasteland of the United States is just beginning to be declared again, louder and louder since Ferguson, Baltimore, Oakland, Milwaukee... as the bodies of hundreds of black people continue to slam into the pavement, the lifeblood ebbing away after the bullets from the guns of officer after officer after officer. 880 people have been killed by police so far this year.

The open secret is this: the “Workers”—the white working class—did not build America. Slaves built America. The secret is that slavery never went away.

It wasn’t the exploitation of wage workers that primarily enabled the initiation of the exploratory ventures of the European empires who proceeded to relieve their bowels all over the world. It wasn’t the plight of workers that definitively launched the transatlantic trade or the brutal subjugation and ongoing attempted genocide of the First Peoples of Turtle Island, the punching through of the first iron and steel snakes from one end of this continent to the other, all of which will be joyously celebrated throughout the white hell of *civil society* on this farce of a holiday known as

“Thanksgiving.”

What enabled the assembly of this white hell was the forcible, terroristic domination, the criminalization, the endless living death imposed on black and brown bodies. It was chattel slavery, later transformed and enshrined in the 13th Amendment to the US Constitution as prison-slavery, as provision was made for the imposition of forced labor as punishment for crimes.

Beneath the ostensible bottom floor of the “pyramid of capitalist society”— beneath its exploited workers— lies another complex of layers entirely, a catacombs of never ending loss hidden from our vantage. It includes all those silently and automatically tasked with the reproductive and emotional labors which act as grease for the megamachine, soaring up from the bedrock of the patriarchy, those earmarked for the brutality of gendered disposability. It includes the brown women and children throughout the neo-colonized nations of the global South who work on plantations and in mines and sweatshops, slaving in unimaginably horrific conditions so that we can have coffee and metals and garments that fall apart after a year. It includes the other-than-human relatives who are exterminated for the coltan in our cell-phones, and the new, literal *continent of plastic garbage* in the ocean, the one for which we traded away living coral reefs and seas teeming with fish. It includes every voice of every numinous presence that populated our world that has been choked out for the continued extraction of profit and maintenance of control.

On this road to hell, an injury to one should have been an injury to all, but it wasn't. Not even close. Despite the best of intentions, the labor movement made sure of that.

The Industrial Revolution is a Bourgeois Lie/ Early Labor was a Criminal Conspiracy

This first thing to understand is that *unions essentially exist to pimp labor to capital*. This is their undeniable function. I'm not sure what is supposed to be so radical about it. It's a truth that no labor radical I've known likes to attempt to address. Unions exist to communicate with the enemy and negotiate the terms of the surrender of your life and energy to a pre-existing capitalist enterprise that was erected on stolen land. They negotiate the end of hostilities,. They are organs of integration for the capitalist system and its settler state. This is why unions have been used to great effect in the pacification and domestication of revolt, and played a crucial and racist role in the imposition of colonization.

Unions are capitalist structures that helped usher the Irish into whiteness and americanism, with devastating consequences for Black populations and all people of color. Unions helped crush the aspirations to a better life for untold droves of asian immigrants. And on and on. They

“Thanksgiving” 2017

Against the hallucinations of false opposition wherever they are found.

**For War on the Death Machinery.
Decolonize means NO industrial infrastructure.
Power is logistic, block everything!**

**SHOOT THE CLOCKS
PULL THE EMERGENCY BRAKE
BENEATH THE PORT, THE BEACH
ALL OUT FOR BLOC FRIDAY**

and invite heaps of invective from people who somehow have trouble believing, or even entertaining, the idea that our liberation will have to be found in a trajectory that leads outside and away from all of the established institutions of the world of fluorescent lights, parking lots, and prisons we have inherited.

Anyone with so colonial an outlook and so exorbitant a sense of entitlement that they declare “space communism will prevail!” without realizing it as a slogan of the avant-garde of capital and white supremacy has a corpse in their mouth when they sing Solidarity Forever. Anyone who insists that overpopulation is not now and could never be a problem (as we reach 7 billion, and then 8 billion, and then 9... as global temperatures go up and up and up) have eyes closed and fingers plugged in their ears while they sing. Would they— and could we— begin a dialogue with extant indigenous people living in traditional or semi-traditional ways, or those on the frontlines of resisting the latest vistas of assimilation and incursions onto their lands, and ask them what they think? Syndicalists consider **any** insistence on preserving or returning to an ecologically-sound lifeway to be tantamount to conservatism or proto-fascism, or an anomalous eruption of the barbarity of the past into the otherwise forward march of Progress.

Amidst smoldering ruins and tepid empty seas, amidst the floods and droughts, amidst the mass die-offs that are *already happening year after year*, we are those partisans for a life in common that leaves nothing out, that incurs its own costs, that suffers its own losses and mortalities with dignity and grace, without multiplying and offsetting them onto others like fucking bastards and *guaranteeing* a grid crash that we will blame on any messenger bold enough to name it, anyone with the honesty of a child who points out, once again, that the Emperor still wears no clothes.

For some of us, our own day mournful and overcast has come and gone, and we half-live as ghosts in the fallout. For some, there is something of that day in each day of our lives, lived on the far side of the apocalypse. All heirs to the intransigence of the Iron Column live inside of this day, and know that a time approaches when its treachery will once again be writ large.

Those who have no beef with democracy, industry, and work have no beef with the State. And the State is what differentiates civil societies from un-civil ones. It is only a matter of time before they betray us. They will do their level best to stop the insurrection, to arrest our hands reaching for the emergency brake.

As always, those for whom the horizon of life and struggle is circumscribed by the quantitative delusion have a price, and when it is paid they will make the trains run on time again.

Because, strangers to themselves, they never really hated the system.

///some catastrophic commune kids

are the loyal opposition to this culture.

Where, then, might the prospects for true opposition be found?

The repression and alienation of our animal selves didn't start with the modern capitalism that we know from the tracts of european anarchists and socialists of the past couple hundred years, although it accelerated and deepened the aggregate of prior alienations. If hierarchical society and ecological catastrophe made their first appearances between six and ten thousand years ago then it stands to reason that some of the dynamics of the enemy we face played out in that time as they do in our own. The seeds of this ongoing repression and alienation were sown in the societal transformation that occurred when agricultural domestication of plants and the husbandry of animals (with their built-in guarantees of ecocide and forced servitude) became the sole subsistence basis for society, humans became sedentary, surpluses of food were stored and certain kinds of knowledge and spiritual practice were guarded jealously for the first time by new strata of specialists, namely, when the artificially separated spheres of life called class society and patriarchy themselves were inaugurated, and with them, a struggle between freedom and servitude that has continued from that time till this.

A hundred centuries of struggle as old as the appearance of the first patriarch, the first fence erected to keep out the wild, the first campaign to dehumanize some foreign enemy. It is reiterated in every bashing of someone who uses their body as they please, or refuses to use their body as prescribed. In fact, this ever-growing monster, the nightmare vessel called His-story, is the cesspool from which springs every system of oppression, every bigotry that we are accustomed to hearing and talking about in their reduced, specific dimensions. This runs contrary to the narrative of Progress shared by syndicalism and all of its closest relatives.

Later, in the Middle Ages of european history, the desert deepened incredibly with the mind/body split— the subordination of the passions to a disembodied reason— *agreed upon and imposed by religion, science and civil society alike*, and by the proto-capitalist enclosures of the Commons, communally held lands where gathering, hunting, and fishing could be engaged in by anyone. In school, where we “learned” about it briefly and in the most boring way possible if we learned about it at all, that time was called the Dark Ages, a drab and motionless time from which Progress supposedly delivered us. But what they didn't tell us was that the new regime of repression called the Enlightenment triggered waves of upheaval across Europe and the “New World” so massive, so quaking and terrible, that we can scarcely imagine from our extremely degraded social vantage point their scope and significance. It gave rise to a culture of resistance so rich and so beautiful that it took the burning and breaking of *millions of heretic and witch bodies* to reorder the world for the emergent capitalist scheme.

The advent of clock time being forced upon human beings in order to

synchronize their activity for the sake of productivity or war foreshadowed this holocaust of the witches, as well as the most dramatic change since agriculture: the birth of industry. The mechanical discipline required to make the new capitalist work machine go was resisted fiercely everywhere it was introduced with daggers, poison, guns, riots, arson, and cursing. There were fucking murders. The new soaring structures, the pride of the latest applied sciences, were burned to the ground. This toll was exacted on the bosses, the architects of a new world order, for attempting to make proud and skilled people into dull workers and automatons, but vagabondage, drunkenness, a grueling, poison work week, and the first prisons were the price the rebels paid for defeat.

It is well-documented but not well-known that factories, contrary to the contemporary popular conception of them, were not the natural result of human ingenuity and curiosity, not the spontaneous outgrowth of some innate will to dominate or the inevitable outcome of the forward march of time, but were introduced by the new ruling classes as a deliberate, targeted means of social control and conditioning for a population still too recalcitrant, too unruly, too free to be subjects even after all the abuses and losses of centuries. Factories were a weapon of social control against recalcitrant populations. (At its birth, industrial capitalism modelled its factories on the earliest prisons. In its twilight, prisons are modelled on factories.)

*Concurrent with the defeat of the exploited was the rise of both **political parties** and **labor unions**, the original recuperators of the modern era, pale and deranged caricatures of the threat that once menaced capital and the state.*

In England, not only the first but also the flagship case of the industrialization of a great power, the entire territory of that nation was convulsing in disgust and rage and despair. At the climax of the upheavals that included the Luddite conspiracy, the British government deployed more troops domestically to stop machine-breaking than they deployed in the whole Iberian theater of the Napoleonic Wars that were then wrapping up. **Soon, union membership would be encouraged by those who possessed or sought political power. Breaking a loom, on the other hand, was made a capital offense.**

The very earliest workers' movement— before the unions as we would come to know them— was a *criminal conspiracy* to expropriate and kill the bosses and sabotage their machinery. The bosses thanked their lucky stars when unions made their appearance and began their task of domesticating labor unrest and manufacturing consent for industrialization, and when, in tandem, modern mass political parties attracted the gaze of the discontent. It must be mentioned here, that democracy is the form of government which was developed to correspond to this industrial slavery. It is the spoonful of sugar that the bourgeois revolution and the modern nation-state brought along with them to make the poison go down. For this

plants all around from our many trips. I'll tell you what though, I'll let off the accelerator a tiny bit for just a minute before resuming. When we get back to the garage, I'll think about tuning up the engine.

He then accelerates. There is a copy of Lenin's *The State and Revolution* on the dash, and a copy of Bookchin's *Social Anarchism Vs. Lifestyle Anarchism* in his breast pocket (left side). He goes on to tell you that if you do fly off the mountain, *it will most assuredly be your fault.* End scene.

The passenger and the driver do not understand each other. They are speaking in two different registers, about two different “realities.” They have incompatible visions of what it means to live well, to be free.

What we ask of the syndicalists is the removal, even just for a moment, of a veil from their eyes. What the syndicalists ask of the anti-civ anarchists is for us to un-see what we have seen, and to un-feel what is felt. And although we condemn syndicalism all on its own demerits, without equating it, one-for-one, with something like all of the atrocities of the USSR, the most faithful of the syndicalists, on the other hand, never part with their one favorite rhetorical flourish: that the critique of civilization is “genocidal.”

But if you think an attack on industrial infrastructure is genocidal, *how do you justify your own participation in a railroad blockade? Why are you blocking infrastructure?* Do you really believe that you are the one primarily responsible for any uptick in the privation that might ensue when these proppants don't make it to their destination? When the blood of the earth is ripped from its bowels and a trail of broken lives and lands are left behind so that we can flick on a light switch?

The syndicalists' refusal to make any adequate response to anti-civ discourse, their refusal to engage honestly with what we are putting forth at all, means that they have no idea and apparently wouldn't care if it were indeed a fully voluntary transition away from civilized life— a soft landing— that we aim for. Why not start now? Take everything offline, piece by piece, starting with the biggest offenders and bullies, taking away the toys and superfluous comforts of white people and gradually taking it all down, while curtailing human consumption, having smaller families or abstaining from having kids, temporarily using less destructive technologies on the way to full sustainability...

Of course, this isn't the way mass society and its technology work. ***They are not and have never been voluntary, consensual, or chosen by the vast majority of people.*** And in 200 years, all life on earth will likely be extinct because of them. Go ahead and read the latest science on the topic if that's what you need to rubberstamp the analysis. The above “soft landing” scenario is almost as ridiculous as the idea of electing anti-civ politicians to gradually implement de-civilizing policy. But the point stands: the critique of civilization is an assessment. What we do with it is up to us. It is bound to appear as a sheerly negative program

you want, and watch the comrades come through with it, watch yourself come through with it. Demand spraypaint and a never ending supply of free pizza and an impromptu hockey game out front, just because. The flow of bodies, ideas, materials, and affinities must continue, must thicken, clogging the steel and electric veins of the Monster eating away at us when we are outside the orbit of blockade-life, commune-life, battle-life, and kill that fucker off.

There is no way that our animal dreams could ever fit into their organization. Furthermore, we have no delusions that these bodies, these forms we inhabit now— whether coddled by the abusive hands and stolen spoils of the civilized or not— could ever last more than a handful of years, the blink of an eye in an eternal cosmos where all difference is an illusion, and every end is a beginning.

As I sat still in that spot that I'd hurriedly hustled past hundreds of times before, now staring northward down the corridor of Jefferson in the general direction of the Port of Olympia, seeing the street as I'd never had the time or inclination to see it before, my friend suddenly piped up, "Oh, look! Look!" I whipped around in the direction of the Post Office to see two coyotes trotting off toward the library. My friend and I looked to each other as she murmured, "this is such a good sign."

If I had told the coyotes, "You can't go back!" they probably would have laughed at me. Go back to where? You don't have to go back to what you never left. You can't cease to be the kind of creature that you are, here and now.

It is the admirers of civilization, with its comforts and elegancies, the products of domestication and slavery, who continually insist on "going back," diving head first back into the increasingly bloody and ceaseless wandering of humanity, away from the only straits in which it has been known to thrive, its humble place among all the other-than-humans that people all of creation.

Imagine: you are a passenger in a vehicle on a long trip, speeding around winding mountain passes. The stock of food in the vehicle has almost run down to nothing, and it's starting to smell strange and acrid inside. Smoke starts to issue from the control panel. Your head is getting dizzy. Moreover, the vehicle keeps accelerating, and each winding pass around the mountain feels more and more treacherous, more and more like you are going to fly off the cliff. The anxiety is mounting. Finally, you can't take it anymore, you turn to the driver and demand to be let out. The air outside seems inviting and a stroll through the brush along the side of the road might restore you. Then you'll reconsider if you want to keep going along with this.

The driver turns to you and says: *Oh no. We can't go back. And we can't go out there. It doesn't look like there is much to live on out there. It looks very inhospitable to me. There are too many broken down car parts and roadkill animals and oil slicked*

and other reasons democracy is just as devoid of liberatory prospects as Progress or syndicalism, and it doesn't behoove anarchists to meddle with these.

The profound pessimism about the experience of black, brown, and indigenous people on this continent— a pessimism born of the hidden material and structural realities of the system— *is the key to the downfall of the American Empire*, more than any workerist identity or workplace campaign ever could be. These endlessly obfuscated matters of race and colonization are not separable from the technologies and social forms themselves of the colonizing culture, and none of these are separable from the increasingly grievous matters of ecology, subsistence, and resource extraction, the question of the land and our relationship to it, or our increasingly evident mal-adaptation to this state of affairs which manifests in generalized and intense mental illness and misery. The two reservoirs that I mention in the beginning of this dispatch— the critique of civilization *as such* and the critique of its recent historical turns— are intimately bound together, and they pass through the crucible of the European subjugation of Africa and conquest of the Americas. A revolution of the Workers conceived along syndicalist lines is incapable of substantially touching any of this.

The logic of Progress favored by the syndicalist, as well as the Bookchinist and the authoritarian "communist," is consonant with the logic of colonization. For them, feudalism and capitalism represent sadly necessary phases that must be passed through on the way to a technologically-enabled libertarian communism of one sort or another. Uncivilized cultures are lumped onto the back end of this linear continuum and, of course, considered all the more barbaric for it. It's no longer savvy for progressives to admit that they think peoples who have remained practitioners of a primitive or traditional subsistence strategy for their culture are, in the words of Murray Bookchin, "lacking in evolutionary promise," but each time an advocate for an anti-civilization perspective is smeared as an advocate for "genocide," this is the implication. In fact, it is the advocates of civilization whose hearts lie so much closer to Social Darwinism, however mystified this fact may be by contemporary sophists.

Like all visions that reach no further and dream no deeper than a tinkering and accounting of the economy, the awareness of the costs which lie outside of their blueprint is pre-emptively snuffed out. Genocide is now. Ecocide is now. Omnicide is now. And it is the world of work and factories and agricultural domestication that has birthed this state of affairs. The mayhem of civilized way of "life" is undeniably, factually horrendous. The mayhem attributed to the enemies of civilization is wholly conjectural.

The lives and dreams of coral reefs and orcas, the aspirations of wolves and salmon and dragonflies and fungus and prairies, the health and well-being of the traditional indigenous peoples of the world... these all are intimately connected to the fate of human society as a whole, and

they figure not at all in the workerist vision. Some slapdash scheme of a collectively-run post-industrial society somehow accommodating these is laughably implausible.

Like the “Pilgrims” being toasted on this day, the true “barbarism” has always lain with the civilized. The ideal society of the Left-anarchists, the capitalism of Marx’s day, and the feudalism, pastoralism, and simple agrarian civilizations of yore and yonder— all of these have more in common with each other than any one of them has in common with the untrammled life of the foragers, of the social hunters, of those who remain or aspire to be truly at home in the world, if only through the realization that they are its honored guests and not its masters. The spectrum of lifeways that obtained for over 99% of human existence, before civilization came along in the last couple of seconds, geologically speaking, and murdered almost the entire biosphere. The cast of historical characters who are smitten with the accumulation of surplus capital in one form or another are distinct from those who insist on the *society against the state*. What’s more is that their two modes being, perception, and subsistence cannot coexist for long. They are absolutely incompatible. As we see.

Such a lengthy rebuttal to syndicalism may seem redundant in an unfolding situation which seems bound to render the One Big Union more and more irrelevant. The tendency may be enjoying something of a resurgence in some anarchist circles (prompting the present dispatch), but not in the society where factories don’t even exist for us anymore. One would hope that a tendency whose apotheosis and ultimate legacy is represented by the fact of the “anarcho-” syndicalists of Spain ***becoming the government*** would be transparently absurd enough to be avoided. But when we also hear people around this town in their Che Guevara t-shirts pining for a “strong, centralized socialist state” in order to “avert the ecological disaster,” along with a spate of silly, skewed, and reductionist garbage like “joining the union *is* anti-fascist action!” then we cannot hope for the realization that joining the union *is not even anti-capitalist action*. We cannot convey the height of naivete involved in believing that statecraft is capable of adequately addressing the problems inherent to its functioning.

Syndicalism isn’t a threat to shit. Nothing could be clearer from the chuckles that occasionally issue forth from its advocates in response not only to the security concerns but also to the *ambitious and expansive ferocity of the communal aspirations of the insurrectionary anarchists*. Not only will they definitely not succeed in unionizing Jimmy Johns or Starbucks (especially not with such loose lips in such a small town), but even if they did, it would leave in place all of the structures that colonize, toxify, disenchant, and butcher life. After all, why do away with the structures of which you are enamored? No need to answer or even take the question seriously when it’s not you who faces the brunt of the state’s response, when the ax continues to fall on the others, near and far.

Syndicalism, in sum, is a colossal anachronism, but one that even in its prime was always mistaken. And yet, another rivulet in this cascade of irony is that anti-civilization anarchists are the ones accused *ad nauseum* of being lost in a dewy-eyed nostalgia, wayward children ignorant of the fact that we “can’t go back.” This charge rolls most readily and with most relish off the tongues of college kids who have basically formed a historical re-enactment society so that they can LARP as “fellow workers.” Nostalgia is nostalgia no matter which way you cast it, so you may as well dream big.

“Marx says that revolutions are the locomotive of world history. But perhaps it is quite otherwise. Perhaps revolutions are an attempt by the passengers on this train – namely, the human race – to activate the emergency brake.”

–Walter Benjamin

“But what does the tradition of the oppressed consist in, if not in the discontinuous series of rare moments in which the chain of domination has been broken?”

–Michael Lowy

A couple nights ago, I was taking a shift in the wee hours, doing a security lookout with a couple friends at the top of the staircase that leads down a hill to the railroad blockade: our nascent commune. Under the prettiness of the peach, light-polluted night sky, in that stretch of cold quiet night whose peace is spiked with the anxiety or excitement of any movement of vehicles, any strange sound, any false move, we spoke of all these things and more.

We felt in our bodies that the *danger* inherent in the blockade was an aspect of *the freedom and community attained in the act of seceding from everyday life*. There is no way to test the mettle of our visions without beginning to fight. The time is never right, so it may as well be right now. This is why it’s not any union campaign or membership organization that set things alight, but a multifarious and messy blockade and, dare I say it, a voluntaristic change in lifestyle that has breathed life back into the commune and threatened to derail Time. This is why despite all differences in the camp we are strong in the face of our enemies. The shabby collection of tarps, tents, and fire barrels on the tracks were nothing a week ago, but now they are *a tear in the bio-political fabric*, a hole ripped in the expanse of the society of property out of which continually springs all manner of righteous things denied to us in our compartmentalized boxes of normality. Shout into the void for what