

# Introduction: The Incendiary Stylus

*“Our willful soul is multiform...  
The fiery throbbing of the sun and the tremulous shudders  
of the stars pass through it!  
We are rebel poets and philosophers of destruction.  
We are anarchists.  
Iconoclasts!  
Individualists,  
atheists,  
nihilists!  
We are the carriers of black flags.”*

— Renzo Novatore, *Black Flags*, 1922

FROM THE MOMENT our ancestors accepted rule — we have lost ourselves.

From the moment “peace” became synonymous with **normal brutality**, we have been denied the *peace of natural harmony, the resilience of casual deviations and the glory of free evolutions*.

From the moment the immortal barbarian heart of the anarchist had been conquered by the eager delusions of the liberal, we have been cornered into our places without legitimate chance of new scenery.

From the moment bigotry of all stripes became a debatable political stance, we have been at the mercy of opinion, perception and fanatical team sports without sincere critical thought levied at everything around oneself.

From the moment grand lies came to hypnotize our progenitors, such as *Consent Of The Governed, The Social Contract* and *Equal Protection Under The Law*, the age of the wild and dignified human has come and gone in a flash.

*We are held hostage by abusive assurances.* Whether they are social obligations, cultural conventions, or off-hand “facts” about so-called life, we are swarmed in every aspect of every day with bullshit that attempts, and by societal imposition, succeeds, to justify and perpetuate our universal slavery.

We are each expected to be just as ignorant and absorbed as our coworkers, our bosses, our parents, our most detested public figures.

We are so depressed, so lost, so resigned. We grow older day by day. Life on Earth decays little by little. A heart quietly breaks every millisecond. Truth be told — we are dying. We *will* die. But sooner or later, before then, we will rise.

“Hope” is not waited for nor submitted to. *True Hope* is in each of us: It calls to us in the moments before stepping once more into the myriad situations. The mockery of *hope* lies in the toothless masturbation to its fantastical possibility without ever *enlivening* and *pursuing* that possibility. The realities of life,

of people, need to be accepted and worked with (or around) in order to realize the fruits of our hope.

This project is a practice of a new hope. This project is a black flag hoisted in a new sunlight in order to extend its hand to all.

Our black flags symbolize negation of every false promise. This is the root of the *nihilism* that so many fear. But we know this negation to be the implement of untainted freedom. To reject and fight against every lie, every orthodox creed, every puritanical demand, every authoritarian regime is to situate oneself as a conscious, ungovernable, uncharted entity in the face of the powerful and the duped.

We do not stop at new hopes and new promises. *We create, we agitate, we enunciate, we assert.* We take the time to gather our thoughts, navigate our intentions, apply our skills, our passions and speak clearly when the time comes.

We dedicate what portions of our effort we each may to a wide constellation of focuses and projects that all arrive at the same basic principle: “Things are not okay” Ideally, this is followed up with: “And we have a responsibility to refine our skills, share the knowledge we have with our collaborators, promote joy, promote peace won through struggle, and share the light of living with others to help them foster their own.”

For seasoned organizers, we know the learned skepticism that builds with every endeavor trustingly taken up at different social and political flare-ups. We begin to see the

necessity for an entirely new strategy of tackling our problems, in order to skirt around the cults of personality, the ideological camps, the debate circles that only stir more doubt, the legislators that truly Do Not Care, the cops that would sooner kill us all and go home to their steak dinners than consider quitting and being worthy people.

**We want an anarchistic return to our roots, so to speak. We want an *unruliness* that is based on a clear need for it, orchestrated in such a way to amplify that need.** The contents of this journal will elaborate, artistically or directly, on our urgent need to be alive now and act accordingly. To celebrate living, thinking, feeling, processing, becoming.

The project at hand is a practice of bringing something fresh, insightful, striking and audacious into the world through a lens, **at minimum**, of anti-state anti-capitalism. It is to *reclaim “Freedom”* from its capture by so-called American rationale. It is to compile creativity when freed from the concrete pastures it's allowed to roam within in order to generate profitable concepts. The project hopes to allow readers to gaze into the often overlooked crevices of our urban sprawls, of our rural terrains soaked in blood and history, of all in between, to see what lives absorb and describe in their contemplative, outraged states, and to walk away with the knowledge of why people are compelled to destroy what destroys them. The project hopes to foster content attainable through a DIY effort of self-publishing and self-circulating.

There will be no non-profits, no big media buyouts. We do everything ourselves. And when the project dies, it dies. And from its corpse new matter will flourish. We will rediscover the one true promise generated in each of us at birth. A promise of a *true life* won through our honest potential. **Our birthright.**

We welcome all who despise what they suffer and where it comes from to submit their work through the channels mentioned below.

LET THE ENGRAVING TOOLS OF PLEASURE AND POTENCY CURSE THE FALSE INNOCENCE OF ALL THE SURFACES OF THIS HELL-WORLD. LET THE SINCERE BRIGHT MINDS, THE TRUEST FREE INDIVIDUALS, RISE TO THEIR OWN CALL.

— The *Effrenatum* core editing/publishing team (Contact info at the end.)

Are You **New To Actual Freedom?** Here Are Some...

## Human-Scale Notes On Anarchy

WHAT IS CALLED *Anarchism* by westerners is a conscious synthesis of existential and political variables. It is the body of theory, action and impulse that results from any rule existing.

As a school of thought distinct from but not unrelated to varieties of socialism, *anarchism is against both state and private control over the facets of life*. Anarchist thought became formally compiled some time after the so-called “Age of Enlightenment”, but anarchistic ideas, impulses and activities have permeated living beings since the first social systems of control, exploitation and domination began.

One early term for an anarchist was “Libertarian”, which sadly appears lost to the slew of American minarchist capitalists who have hijacked the term.

Beginning at the individual level, building to include associates – if any – its practice is called *anarchy*, also considered *the pursuit* of anarchy through anarchist thought. (An adage exists stating that the “New World” is contained in the actions one carries out in the present one.) Yet both the existence of anarchist thought and its fruitful application can both aptly be called *anarchy*, because anarchy simply means a

specific situation without social hierarchy or coercion wherein people can truly think for themselves and directly shape the contents of their lives. It is the tendency toward *the living matter of freedom*, against every force of the bald-faced lie of “Freedom™” to be a slave to malicious morons who have no true importance to you. To serve their riches, to only *survive quietly*.

Anarchists generally feel that all the affairs of being alive and among other living beings, currently contained inside of global capitalist state society, can be much preferably managed from the ground-up – without specialization, hierarchy or malicious technologies – insofar as there are things to tend to which are directly connected to what matters in life instead of doing busywork for capitalists to merely survive and cope within a strained, undignified shell of a life.

*Anarchists want the joy of being alive and thriving — not the threat of starvation or exposure — to be the central motivation for any individual or collaborative activity that sustains those involved.*

Anarchist existence is defined by tension, razor-sharp critical thought, constant observation of the dominant world and contemplation of ways to undo, on any scale, the harm that persists under the prevailing configurations. Anarchists feel that every moment alive is a moment to act however is best. Every impulse to self-destroy is truly an impulse to undo the Hell thrust upon us in this short time here.

If nothing else, to act is to finally sever the tension

between the individual boiling under pressure and the society politely staring, waiting to ensnare some motion of theirs into a product, trend or identifiable pattern for surveillance/exploitation. The anarchist exists and persists under this (or outside and around this) because it seems to be the most interesting challenge humanity has ever taken up: To scale the prison walls as a lone individual or in small clusters of friends and finally bask in the sunlight of defiant resolution. To speak through action that all people are inclined to live without paternalist excuses for misery and obedience to people we hate; to follow through with our own desires and determinations for who we are and how we are to live, completely and wholeheartedly against the entire basic logical conception of the need for state paternalism or capitalist dictate that steers the former. The anarchist knows that before the proper metrics of civilization, there was near perfect autonomy and innate dignity in being alive. There were indeed forms of brutality, but the space to resist them and even **kill them** in one’s own life was far, far better than it is now.

The anarchist wants all cruelty removed from power by any means necessary. The anarchist does not need to call themselves any economic qualifier to be an anarchist. All they require is a critical mind and heart for well-being and complete agency for all who live.

— Also The *Effrenatum* core editing/publishing team



Paris 1968

## Against The Fuckers

Our “betters” don’t conceive of their subjects’ woe. We are not a problem to them, which is the problem. We’re only a variable of usefulness: Of whether we will show up to work on time, of whether we will destroy everything and what the powder keg is to be, of whether the units of usefulness who assumed the roles of protectors of this way of existence can sufficiently genocide everyone who stands up for their own lives quickly and cleanly enough to get the economy back and running the next month. We are the wheels of their project. To pretend like we have a say on the matter inside its operation is ludicrous. The modes and manners by which what we have known persists was won by the *consent of the governed*, that is, the *silent consent* to have one’s life shuffled around by a cluster of fat-headed assholes only interested in further enriching their dynasties, their agendas, their exclusive rule over power, pleasure and wellness while we among the many go without. A multitude of this in perpetuity is sure to win the hearts of those plentiful morons who are convinced of a “normal life” within this very real and present **hell on Earth**. Such morons conceive of any *unrest* as merely a necessary audit of and response to liberal society’s management of other people’s lives. The very worst can be protested all day and night with little bearing on its actual coming to pass. What then? Beautiful art lamenting our impossible conundrum? Clever and witty summations stacked

in the zines of our decades? Dramatic showings of ultimately symbolic counter-spectacle? I praise all who have said what needed saying... but now we reach a point **where we know**. We know the next thing to be said after our long, friendly back-and-forths about our predicament being as old as writing. *Where is the rupture? Where is the firelight that grows and grows with the anxieties of the stupid and the powerful? When may it finally engulf the dead hearts of those who adore fascism and worship fallen empires and masturbate to their aesthetics and customs so they may wallow in the despair of knowing their forfeited human goodness and live their remaining seconds in dread of our blades and guns?* For there are varmints in the terrains of life: Not a second thought of mercy ought be paid to those who pay not a thought of mercy to those merely living their best, advocating only the same. Advocating something better than this rotten, soulless shit.

—Jim

They grab us by our snouts...



Let's grab them by their guns.



# Two Poems in Prose

## 'In The Bedlam Of Sense'

i .

EXILED FROM LIFE in fanatical desperation  
to maintain the hell-world — I sing  
the swan song of living joy.  
I watch, every waking day, the droves  
who deserve better — and the drones  
who deserve nothing at all.  
The steps along this way are the same  
as those who suffered the march  
through a different paradigm  
of chiseling away at the block laid atop them.  
There are those born into that struggle —  
and those born into imposing it.  
A glance of the face of the learned one  
sinking into the dismay of realization  
tells me that things are not well:—  
It could tell of wicked cupidity,  
of the normal evils of life.  
It could tell of birds nesting  
beside the lynched scapegoats  
and regular market functions

staged during total collapse.  
It could tell of age-old ends of the world . . .  
but it tells of the worst vital decline.  
Of a severance between life & humanity.  
As if a godless covenant had been dropped,  
one that enriches the works of good hearts;  
one that is sustained by a balanced nature,  
and this balance finds itself under siege.  
O good fight, become better soon  
than we endure you now. Be narrow  
enough to center our sights.  
Be plain enough to tell our way.  
All seek through grand certainties,  
defined paths, the selfsame resolution  
that lies bare, innate in life untamed.  
A different line of considerations  
is more than imminent to our wellness.  
Grand announcements from cloaked sources  
seemingly don the office that determines  
what the chain of days are to be;  
what the breadth of energy is to be sapped  
for the sterile bases of the world economy.  
Somehow they run to trust them.  
They make us ashamed to be human,  
running face-first into the suite of delusions.  
The church, the bible, the cross.

These are tools for facilitating  
the actual religion of economy at play.  
Just as life untamed, life tamed  
into insanity lies bare its drive.  
The interwoven stations of accumulating,  
tallying and monopolizing have rendered  
the worst out of us; the failure of heart;  
the collapse of the truly critical mind.  
The fair bird that came last in spring  
has flown away to rekindle in the moon.  
Our statues, our castles, our holy texts  
have not made up for our blood, our tears.  
The wings of joy abandon us . . . and rightly so.

**ii .**

Now we lift a broken hearted head  
to the rising stars with candle lit.  
The aching wonder of being a child  
bleeds into the present point in life.  
All the sense we accumulated since:  
The undying drive to be who we are.  
The air, the sky, the openness  
of space on Earth signals both calm  
and determination. Let it hang there . . .  
be at ease this moment.  
Be in the tempered light

that warms the hands before directing  
the life your vital keeper gave.  
The breath we draw is the promise  
gifted to us, knowingly or not,  
by those who spawned and fostered us.  
All you allow in you to define you  
is suspended in your pallet to apply  
at the whim of your being alive.  
Where to with this knowledge?  
How to traverse the terrible landscape?  
We simply become the new age.  
We are not beholden to the morals  
intended to destroy our criticality;  
we do not halt our lives  
for the feelings and demands of morons.  
This is the simple mode of doing things.  
The age of apologizing to fundamentalists  
dies with the words I write. The age  
of denying who our hearts tell that we are  
burns into ash and is blown away by a gust  
made by the stampede of the free.  
I seek to make good sustenance  
from bitter embraces of the edge:  
We cannot stand upon our mounts  
without knowing the valley below.  
We cannot raise a tattered flag



without stitching the rags of our history  
into the proud tapestry of vital resurrection,  
of a new rise toward self-determination.  
Let the hell-world be made gone once and for all,  
and the wings of joy evolved back in their place.

— Wulfinna

## ‘Repeat, Persist’

A wordless commiseration  
bleeds into thin streams of air.

*“Oh, it’s nothing . . .*

*it’s just everything*

*that actually matters.”*

And there it wafts, hanging  
on for someone to say the word . . .

but there is no phrase for it.

It is said in the passing by,  
in the going about the day  
like nothing is on fire.

Like no lives are being  
rounded up and attacked.

*“Okay then.”*

I just want, seeing others want,  
everything stuck on repeat  
to die, so everything worth  
living for can take the place  
of our central hell. I am  
the anti-citizen for this.

I know this. I do not care.

A soul must rise to say it.

A life must come about

to live the example.

I am the principal traitor  
to the christian god's order—  
**And I love it.** I love  
to love life freely. I love  
to taste the sweet illegality  
of sincere joy unabated;  
I love to disobey, to ruin,  
to burn the order;  
I love to undo the nonsense  
the world trained into me.  
How I do *adore sin*, loathing all  
who call it so.  
The nonsense, it can't stop  
saying, doesn't want anything  
"shoved down its throat —"  
doing only precisely that  
to all outside their fold.  
We shake our heads . . .  
these morons rule over everything.  
They ruin nearly everything for us,  
but they do not ruin the pursuit  
to be every bit of happy.  
Sure, they make arbitrary laws  
to make our lives difficult.  
They legislate where I can piss,  
they try to make my dress illegal.

This difficulty is our lineage of struggle,  
of flourishing audacious creativity.  
I will not listen to their false law.  
I will not bow to an insane order.  
Because I don't live life  
on repeat: I grow. I change . . .  
I walk the shores of this quiet mind  
suddenly engulfed with napalm,  
I question the intentions, motivations  
of everything peddled to me.  
I engage with myself  
in ways that make me,  
I engage with others  
in ways that change me —  
And no fascist ever wants to.  
They have no ambition, no happiness,  
content with brutality and stupidity.  
The burning of books, the burning  
of valid ideas not rooted  
in weeding out a humanity . . .  
you are wrong, you are invalid  
to be so stupid, so hateful  
toward me, toward my sisters.  
You don't define us. You have  
*zero authority* to have final say  
on who or what I am. **That is me.**

Your 'white race', your 'messiah',  
your 'Führer', your binaries  
**will all fucking die.** We are done  
respecting what spits on us.  
I am done working around  
fantastical real-world demands  
that sap the essence from every  
sphere of being alive.  
Go to hell. Go drown in your  
coping tears. I am better  
because I challenge everything  
around me - and you do not.  
You lick the soles of the shit heap  
of ideas and sensations.  
You default to the dreary basics  
you never bothered to challenge.  
You renounce your all  
for a fragile fervor.  
**Your faith, your creed  
limit only you, your fold.  
It affects me not at all.  
I scoff at it and spit  
just as you scoff  
and spit on me  
but with actual validity.**  
I summon the whole self . . .

The nice girl has left.  
The sweet gestures  
and the kind carefulness  
have all been scattered  
to the sea. Therefrom arises  
what is potent, true and free.  
The nerve to say, to be, to fulfill  
the birthright to sober bliss.

— Wulfinna



*At the end of life you may close your eyes saying: "I have not been dominated by the Dominant Idea of my Age; I have chosen mine own allegiance, and served it. I have proved by a lifetime that there is that in man which saves him from the absolute tyranny of Circumstance, which in the end conquers and remolds Circumstance, the immortal fire of Individual Will, which is the salvation of the Future"*

— Voltairine De Cleyre,  
*The Dominant Idea*



The Blood We Taste Draws Near

## Opinion Dies With Me

Every opinion is a barb on the wire of social enclosure. Every opinion is cloaked in a special innocence in order to coax out the self-indictment of one within society. Opinions originating before you, labeled as more noble, informed and divinely inspired than yours, determine how valid your opinions are *now*, what role they will play in the act of “best opinions” winning out, always with the brutal phallus of liberal democracy raping our asses deeper and deeper. And for this reason it is preferable to do away with the boundaries of acceptable and unacceptable opinions and charge to make a present reality where nobody can think for you; where nobody’s lack of deep critical thought can win out against your obviously and solely correct critical judgment on something specific. It isn’t possible to *not* be caught by opinion, but it is possible to become a terrorist *against the paradigm of certain opinions most effecting what individual lives will go through*. Fascists want one opinion to rule them all; liberals want a tyranny of majority opinion; conservatives want a puppet show of opinion where conservatives pull the strings; socialists want everyone to own the means of opinion-making and communists want a post-scarcity situation where opinion is ubiquitous. Our position is therefore to be: “Opinions do not actually exist. They do not exist as anything whole or substantial; they remain a specter of political trickery among too many.” Our thesis will

be: “If I asked you to show me an ‘opinion,’ everything you would point to that is not a bombed out school for the deaf, a row of homes raided and set ablaze or an infant lying dead from gunfire or worse, it would not be close to the substance and consequence of ‘opinion.’” What I have just made is *a judgment*, which is not up for debate. A judgment, ripped from the bloody paws of Christianity, is a remark that contains a reflection of the real and perceivable. An opinion must remain trivial and only deflect the real if it is not to be a danger. Opinions are simply petty value judgments that, in their very pettiness, affect more than we can imagine. (Just turn on Fox “News” or go on 4chan if you need a perfect example of this dominating everything. These losers successfully make up an entire identity around being oppressed and downtrodden, i.e., “white genocide”, incels, etc., while in actuality still ruling the world and working to expand their rule and dominance even deeper.) Opinions can be about anything, which is simultaneously amusing and the most horrible thing ever. Everything from certain condiments on certain food to the humanity of certain people, opinions determine convention and acceptability. They drive domestic and foreign policy, they worm their ways up through chains of command to target and murder certain people, they destroy families and brutalize children on every mental/emotional/physical field. Opinions ruin us because they are what is valued most above sensible judgments. There are no “opinions” to be had about climate

collapse because it is here and now right in front of us, and to question its dire emergency is to merely advocate prolonged suicide. There are no “opinions” to be had about queer and gender non-conforming people, because we have existed since divisions were made between people on every unmentionable scale. We are the consequence of a desperate cult of normalcy. No. ***It is not up for discussion that certain people should be murdered for their opinions because an opinion can tell a great deal about someone’s judgment and therefore someone’s inclination.*** If that person cannot remove themselves from someone or some association that wants them gone, then they can only be killed if they will not fuck off. Fascists and the whole lot of carefully opinionated morons can only be killed because their opinions intrude on our own determination for our lives. They necessarily are invasive opinions that are the predominant and thus societally validated positions to impose on others. Opinions about whether it’s compulsory to produce children make so many people objects of ire for the fact of the matter that they are free from ruining their lives with crotch-fruit. The sacred holy bullshit of baby-shitting seeks to rape everyone into agreeing with and structuring their lives around the opinion that the Abrahamic god is real and demands us to reproduce and carry on white protestant notions of the cishet nuclear family. Opinions like this still dominate the mostly white Christian world, the Islamic world and sections of the Jewish world. All of these religions are shit, and every social

system they produce should be murdered. No self-determining individual gives a fuck about opinions, or cares if they or anyone holds an opinion. **What matters is the mobility of someone making their life wholly independent from any social scrutiny or political sanction.** When a person's life can weigh in the balance of "is she human? Is she worthy of life?" that is terrorism. And the actual terrorism of all existing power in all settings of living beings needs to be met with a harsher terror in order for life to be worth living. The only goal, the only objective in sight should be the complete freedom from others' opinions. It is not okay to me, and it should not be okay to anyone, that a matter of living breath – an entire life or collection of lives – can be taken by an opinion. It is not okay to me that these sorts of opinions are allowed to be held by anyone; it is not a question of freedom or free thought when the content of a thought, a word, an advocacy endeavors on harm done unto innocents. We saw in 2014-18 with the hideous rise of Daesh (Islamic State of Iraq and the Levant) a beautiful global surge of those passionate against all creeds of cruel fundamentalist control flowed into the embattled areas to fight alongside those driving the fascist scum back into their miserable holes. A wonderful international confederation of brigades organized themselves against the reign of tyrannical zealots; it was not "opinion" that brought those brave fighters in from their corners of the world. It was the recognition that Daesh was then and remains now Islamic fascism. It was with

the understanding that "the opinion" of fascism is unacceptable and cannot be allowed to live. We need now, in occupied Turtle Island, a great confederation of fighters to come together and apply those same strategies against Daesh to the Christian fundamentalist version of Daesh in Turtle Island. **Christian ISIS Needs Killing. Christian Daesh Needs Wiping From Existence. All Of Abrahamism Needs To Die.** Live life moment to moment. In each moment, everything should be different for you, because *everything is different.* Everything shapes itself with the free flowing motion called *the present.* Be in the present. Act in the present. Do Everything You Can to begin murdering this unwanted world before opinion stalls our victory and kills us all. — "Fuck You, That's Who!"

Towards A Complete  
Dignified And Free Life



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