

Introduction: A New Fervor

The anarchist acts thus not due to modesty, or the spirit of contradiction, but because he holds a conception which is completely different from that of the libertarian. He doesn't believe in innate liberty, but in liberty that is acquired. And because he knows that he doesn't possess all liberties, he has a greater will to acquire the power of liberty.

— Albert Libertad, *Freedom*

I SPEAK TO THOSE who know. I speak to those who have made kindling for their fire. I speak to all who are hungry, who are cast down, who are maintaining a foothold in the absurd. My words are this: We must break away from all of it.

We live in the worst imaginable dystopia – and it only gets worse every single day. I cannot even list the relevant articles of events that adequately paint the picture; I know that a cursory glance of the totality leaves enough impression.

No one of ten ways can be the only path we all take on. No couple of revolving chores can make existing more tolerable or efficient. No hope that is not sprouting through the determined life choices of the free individual can lead to opportunities for others. A passionate creativity, its resulting clarity of oneself in

relation to it all, must come about like a fine incense smoke wisping through the trash heaps of society. We who write and read this make it so.

Life is ours! This does not mean it is “all of ours”, because it rightly belongs only to all of those who love freedom and love the vast possibility in being alive and free. Life is only available to those who have no mind for controlling others. Life may only be open to those who are not bent on sealing it shut. Who says so? Those who manifest and defend freedom, those who shape the conditions of life to make it worth entering and enjoying.

But life is not so at this time. The great majority of people are slaves to some property owner, to some employer, to some notion that straps them to the rail leading to the furnace. It is a terrible configuration. It is terrible to be possessed by any configuration. In all the history of the nations and the peoples, great banners were raised, swords and rifles taken up in the march toward an upheaval that results in a new society, either of rights and due process, or of autocracy and streamlined domination. This pattern has never done any person under control any good. To fight for the nation is to fight against oneself and one's associates. It is to fight for the negation of one's ultimate dexterity of will. Sadly some do find a sense of righteous empowerment through surrendering some portion of themselves to a cause, a party, an ideology, an identity.

And it seems that this trend can only persist until those with radical potential assume the best possible mode of disobeying.

A turn must come from within us. A deviation that retains all the zeal of fighting for something worthy, but coordinated under the sunlight of ourselves, carried out with a direct connection between our efforts and our gains. No more with constructing new walls that still stifle who we each really are. No more with dreaming and hoping in accordance with the miasma of existing acceptability and civility. The bounds of life are there as a test: Of whether one will remain among the livestock or dare to journey beyond the fence.

A time is upon us. A time for us to affirm our lives. No more can stand in our way.

We forsake the garden of our every possibility in remaining fervent about things that truthfully do not effect what matters. We embrace our garden in the forceful counter-imposition of our beautiful rage onto what aims to imprison us and tell us “No.”

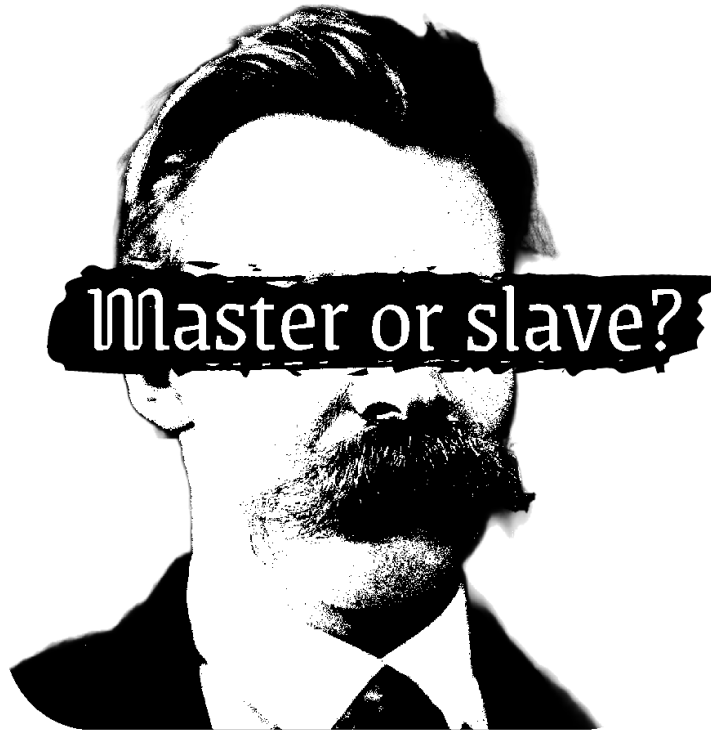
Now is our superior right to say as an explosion of thunder and a rain of fire “No” in return. In bright dastardly flames be all the churches, all the banks, all the courts, all the detention centers, all the schools and universities, all the freshly looted stores, all the landmarks of our slavery.

What is any “savagery” of a group of anarchists compared to the sterilized, collectivist savagery of the state and what it protects? Their entrenchment into everything has reached such heights of triumph, that life unshackled from its engines can scarcely be thought of anymore. That alone should be enough to stoke a vicious revival of life altogether.

Let the blind rage of deep anarchistic insight be the guide for our journey. Let the storm inside of you be the praxis of actual liberation for yourself and your loved ones.

— The *Effrenatum* core editing/publishing team

“Our Democracy”



Out of all the sacred ideals of modern society, there seems to be nothing more sacrosanct to the masses than their precious “democracy.” It feels impossible to go just twenty-four hours before being assaulted by some pretentious corporate journalist or news anchor about a new imminent danger to “our democracy” and how “we” have to rush to save it from catastrophe. What is it that requires our immediate and

undivided attention? What, precisely, do they claim is so dangerous? Put simply: individual liberty. “How can this be?” says a brave shock trooper for democracy. “We are all for individual liberty as long as it’s safe, legal, and reasonable.” The masses want freedom that is bestowed upon them from above by the State (which they essentially view as an extension of themselves in their belief that we are the government), and when they learn of a new “imminent danger,” they look only up to the transcendental State for solutions. The response to every societal problem will never be to allow experimentation and natural order to reign free, to allow free and voluntary association between individuals without coercion, but will instead be a call for the increase in the power of the most disastrous and insidious entity against individual liberty known to man. When put in this way, everything becomes clear: “Our democracy” means nothing more than “our submission.” The Revolutionists of America and France thought they had established true freedom after overthrowing oppressive kings and aristocrats, when in reality their concession to democracy only led to a life of resignation for the masses. Their cries for the rescue of “our democracy” are merely a disguise for the unfortunate fact that the masses have sacrificed virtually the entirety of their individuality and sense of self to external affirmation. In a world where the State and the social straitjacket vanished and everything returned to a state of nature without mystical social contract theories, the sudden

weight of the desperate need for internal affirmation would quickly prove to be insurmountable. They would no longer have any holy corporate journalist available to explain what is right and wrong, or any politician promising them the moon in exchange for a vote. Like looking down on the edge of an eternal abyss, they would not be overcome with fierce joy, but by a relentless and terrifying sense of horror, because now they have come face-to-face with true, unbridled freedom. A freedom now unchained from all familiar Western obstacles of safety and constriction. Freedom that has no heavy anchor or higher ideal to justify its existence. If the masses could fight against their terror and obtain the courage to speak to the abyss, they might say, "We ask not for this unpredictable, Dionysian freedom, but for freedom with reasonable constraints and a clear trajectory." Disgusted with their imbecility and cowardice, the abyss would respond, "Imbecilic creatures, you know nothing of freedom! You have asked for the heaviest of chains and thought of it as liberty! Rather than asking for broader shoulders, you have cried for bondage, and will crumble under the tremendous weight of your own depressing desire for servitude." Perhaps in this alternate world the isolated masses could find sufficient affirmation by looking to sticks and rocks, but they would be nothing more than what they are today—slaves. How could they be anything else? In their religion that preaches the sanctity of the democratic process, the State, and its laws, they have become sacrificial

animals devoid of a self, devoid of an energetic "I." While, like most people, they assert that they have their own deeply held principles, one only needs to wait until the next "imminent danger" presents itself to see how quickly the superficial varnish is washed away, and how their spine turns to dust, when they sacrifice their principles to even the gentlest societal pressure. For the masses, everything that isn't locked up tight in the social straitjacket is the uncontrolled abyss that they must try to seize and destroy with one law after another. This cowardice, this desire to be conquered, this love of sacrifice and resignation, is why I despise the masses. While they, the rabble, intend to live life (assuming one could call it living instead of dying) on their knees worshiping their masters and societal phantoms, I intend to live life with a ferocious "I" and live it according only to my ego alone. Seen with a Nietzschean squint, I live life as an active, assertive force that pursues my own selfish affirmation based upon only what I deem most important in life. I seek only my own ends without regard to humanity or some supernatural ideal. In stark contrast, democracy seeks to destroy internal affirmation by outsourcing it to "authorities" and "experts" to serve as sacred guideposts for society in an attempt to fill the eternal abyss that terrifies them to their core. Rather than viewing it as the "least worst system," I view democracy as an invader, as something resembling a declaration of war when it attempts to suffocate me in the social straitjacket. Further, democracy is an obscenity that

turns bondage and sacrifice into a sacred ritual. I would say simply and directly that I despise it and have no intention to ever come to its aid when nature has decided the time has come for its destruction. When democracy dies, let its tombstone read: There is no “we” here, there is only “I.” To end, I will leave you with the words spoken by Louis Lingg in his Address to the Court that will continue to echo throughout time: “I despise you. I despise your order, your laws, your force-propped authority. Hang me for it!”

— Mother Liberty

Xenovorax, Part 1



Moldwarp (noun):

1. a European mole (*Talpa europea*)
2. a stupid or shiftless person

Talpidae

Contrary to popular belief, moles are not rodents, they are talpids; animals with many features adapted to life underground. Some of these features include a slick coat of fur that can be brushed any which way, a nose that functions as both a sensor of olfactory and tactile stimuli, internal ears that are great at detecting the most minute vibration in the soil, large front paws that splay outwards which allow them to practically swim through the soil, etc. According to *The Mole Tunnel*,

Most moles, as commonly recognized and known to the general public, are solitary animals that spend most of their life underground... Regardless of habit, all species construct two basic types of tunnel: deep, more permanent tunnels, and shallow surface runways. Differences in the extent and nature of these tunnels occur between most species. However, all mole species prefer moist soils where burrowing is easy... The diet [of moles] is highly variable among species, but in general earthworms, insects, and other invertebrates compose the majority of [it]. However, vegetation is known to comprise a small portion of the diet in most species. Presumably due to the enormous costs of excavating their numerous tunnel galleries, most moles are reported to have a voracious appetite. In fact, one star-nosed mole was noted to consume 1850 earthworms, three mice, one frog and two large grubs in 14 days!1

All mole food is sought after and caught by digging through, *disrupting* the soil; so, since moles are always hungry, their presence can be quite alarming to those who claim "rightful" ownership of said soil.

The Moldwarp

In their restless activity of worm consumption and tunnel production, this animal warps the soil they dig through, throwing encountered earth behind them. In this activity, they leave heaps of loose dirt upon clearing out their tunnels and burrowing into the ground. Therefore, it should come as no surprise that the ancient dialectical British term used to refer to

them is *moldwarp*² (coming from the Old English *molde* and the Old English *weorpan*), literally meaning *earth-thrower*.

The contemptible moldwarp is the Human's ruin, the *digger* of Its grave. They are a critter capable of destroying the sacred fixity of Its lawn. To It, the moldwarp is a useless usurper; it is precisely their hills that positions the moldwarp as so, these mounds of mud are sacrilege amid the Human's greensward. They throw the terrain about as they dig, and in doing so the moldwarp misappropriates the Human's lawn; this usurpation of the lawn, this dethroning of the Human, takes place because of the moldwarp's hunger and not because of any spite for the Human. They will proudly play lawn proprietor if they are worm-hungry and are worm-hungry always. The moldwarp digs in search of worms, new territory, or a mate; they dig to conduce to their (gastrointestinal, territorial, sexual, etc.) hunger. No activity exhibited by the moldwarp is done with *malice*; fuck, the moldwarp is blind to the lawn and its sanctity, blind to the Human – seeing at best ghostly gray⁴ forms! All activity exhibited by them occurs with ravenous whimsy, with *caprice*.

As hungry as the moldwarp is, they are not a glutton. Most other mammals are not entirely fossorial, and so do not deal with the sheer amount of energy spent in the process of burrowing through soil; this energy cost is met by a daily intake of their own body weight in worms. This searching for, and trapping of, worms by tunneling is what ravages the Human's yard; all the displaced dirt must go somewhere, hence the moldwarp's hills. The moldwarp ravages, not as an end, but as a means; they ravage only to eat, destroy only to consume. The

process of tunneling *constructs* hills, while it simultaneously *deconstructs* the lawn. So, the dirt the moldwarp displaces bares immediate significance to the Human; it taints the grass upon the monster's arrival. However, all this tainting is done because it is easiest for the moldwarp and within the moldwarp's interest; because lawn soil is soft and moist. The soil dug up and thrown onto the Human's (supposedly "private") property, in the moldwarp's activity, serves as a reminder to the Human of Its inability to stagnate Its lawn – and therefore of the moldwarp's ability to disrupt this stagnative process. The moldwarp, unlike many other garden critters, *can* disrupt this process; most others can unintentionally only do minor damage to the Human's lawn. This the Human cannot tolerate. It cannot afford to give up any power over Its lawn, any influence over the uniformity of Its green – and is in fact afraid to, as it would be a loss of Itself; so, It decides to confront the power of the moldwarp, directly.

The Human, in all Its frustration, attempts to remove Its lawn from the moldwarp's bound of interest. Whether by stomping down every new hill, or placing noisy deterrents in the ground, or killing all the worms in the area, etc., the Human ensures the moldwarp does not desire what the lawn promises. However, if this doesn't do the job the Human ostracizes them from Its yard. It traps them (usually with no regard for their health) and then relocates them far away from anything familiar. Lastly, only if this isn't resorted to at the sight of the first hill, the Human will simply slaughter them.

How ironic it then is that the moldwarp's common name – *mole* – is also the English term for a contemptible skin-spot, a discolored skin-spot. Dark spots serve no functional or aesthetic purpose for the Human's skin, whereas dirt mounds serve no functional or aesthetic purpose for the Human's lawn. So, the moldwarp's hills are to the Human and Its lawn what lentigos are to the Human and Its skin: dark, alien, surface-devouring marks. It should then also come as no surprise that the moldwarp's common name also refers to a *spy*, or an *intruder*, in an organized body – such as a lawn. So, it isn't just that the moldwarp is an other, as the Human encourages some alien critters to approach Its greensward, but that the moldwarp is dangerously shiftless. They serve no purpose for the lawn or its aesthetic, no lawn purpose, and instead serve only themselves; making them not the lawn's own nor the Human's own. The moldwarp is as alien to the ruled and ordered lawn as it is to them; the latter because it is fixed against them. The moldwarp's activity is almost always running – or better, tunneling – counter to the Human's ideal of the *perfect lawn*, counter to Its ideal of the *good lawn creature*. The moldwarp both enters and exits the Human's lawn counter to it, counter to lawn purpose; they both enter and exit as *criminal*.

The Human acts empathetically towards many sighted, *soulful* animals. The Human is kinder to animals that bare more of a resemblance to It, to animals with distinguishable eyes – a result of face pareidolia not Its "good" nature. So, having eyes that are both smaller than their nostrils and only visible from up close, the moldwarp to the Human is a grotesque and faceless creature. To It the moldwarp has no discernible profile;

there is nothing the moldwarp is immediately recognized as, aesthetically or functionally. The saying “the eyes are the windows to the soul” corroborates this; it means that many aspects of an individual’s inner character, their *mind* or *spirit*, can be perceived more through their eyes than through their other organs. A corollary is then that the moldwarp is *soulless* to the sighted Human. The moldwarp, to the Human, has no inner character, no *mind*, no *spirit* to be profiled and assigned duty; they *mindlessly* construct and destruct without *aspiration* towards a lawn purpose, they do so according to their voracious caprice, their ravaging whimsy. So, despite all the effort that devouring worms and building tunnels entails, the moldwarp is considered dumb and lazy, a stupid idler.

This destructive activity performed in blackness, this activity of consumption and production performed by the moldwarp, the Human does not consider work. Activity in darkness, hidden from the Human’s gaze, is not – and does not – work towards the bright and beautiful lawn, is not work for the Human’s shining ideal. Laborious activity for the moldwarp’s own sake is never work for the Human, because it takes from the Human; to It, *theft* cannot be *work*. The moldwarp’s activity devours and misappropriates Its yard. But more than that: the product of their activity – the moldwarp’s tunnels – are inherent disruptions of the yard; the tunnels do not exist as present soil but as absent soil, they are the *negative* space produced by digging. The moldwarp resides within disruption upon disruption of the lawn; but, more than criminal to it, they themselves are a *negation* of the lawn and its

fixity. The moldwarp, in being against the glistening lawn *ideal*, can be nothing but lawn *idle*; that is, antiwork.

Though the moldwarp proudly negates the lawn, they are seemingly quite a coward too. With eyes highly sensitive to light, and ears to noise, they cower at the first noticed beam, at the first sensed vibration. The Human may cast judgement upon the moldwarp’s timidness; but their might has no shadow cast over it by their cowardice, and vis a versa, as both conduce to the moldwarp’s ownness. The moldwarp cowers at the light because this signals to them that they are visible to birds (or foxes, etc.), they flee at the slightest vibrations only because they signal nearby predators; they cower because being exposed is not in their interest. The moldwarp deals with the lawn according to their *egoistic*, own interest; not according to the *altruistic*, other ideal of the Human.

The lawn is entirely defined by its fixity or stagnancy, for if it were not fixed or stagnant, it would be a complex, constantly changing ecosystem with multiple species of grass and higher biodiversity. So, for the moldwarp to at all tunnel counter to this fixity, to displace soil and destroy the Human’s ideally uniform lawn, is to establish itself as a proud and contemptible criminal. Despite their lawn criminality, however, the moldwarp is immensely beneficial to the soil, as they aerate it in the process of tunneling; it is only that the Human does not care for the potential of a healthy biome, and instead solely for Its obsessive desire to stagnate things. The Human cares only to categorize neatly, to fix things according

to alien standards, to bask in the “privacy” of Its property as “private” tyrant, to play critter-police.

Again, however, this lawn-worship the Human exhibits, and the associated hatred for moldwarp, is nothing to them. The moldwarp, as with most other things, is no witness to this contempt of the Human; the moldwarp hasn’t a clue that the lawn is a sacred space to the Human, it is nothing to them. The only aspects of the Human that elicit the attention of the moldwarp’s keen nose and ears are Its attempts to banish or annihilate them and the heavy thuds It produces as It passes. The moldwarp – to the Human – is a contemptible idler; a lazy lawn-robber; a mindless surface-devourer; a whimsically ravenous creature; a heap-leaving eater of xenoi; an *earth-throwing*, gnarly beast of darkness; a usurper. Although seemingly fettering, the moldwarp is proud to be described this way; they find each term quite laudable! Warping Stirner’s words, the moldwarp self-describes as

... an abyss of lawless and unregulated impulses, desires, wishes, passions, a chaos [with no] guiding light or star,⁴

but their noses. The moldwarp’s usurpation of Its lawn enrages the Human; oh, how the Human’s hatred practically froths from Its jowls! There was once a prophecy written around the year 1312 that shows this:

The sixth [English] king after John would be the Mouldwarp or Mole, who would be proud, contemptible and cowardly, having a skin like a goat. He would be attacked by a dragon, a wolf from the west and a lion from Ireland, who would drive him from the land,

leaving him only an island in the sea, where he would pass his life in great sorrow and strife and die by drowning.⁶

Does this prophecy not demonstrate what the moldwarp is to the Human? Could it be any more obvious how much the moldwarp ruins the Human? Fuck! There exists this prophecy reifying the moldwarp and even then, it is full of ill speak. The Human wants the moldwarp gone, isolated from It because It cannot appropriate them, fix them for Itself, even if this means killing the moldwarp. After all Its futile attempts to rid Itself of the moldwarp, the Human floods their tunnels and hopes the moldwarp “dies by drowning” or at least lives “in great strife and sorrow”. What the Human does not know, however, is that despite Its attempts to exert power over the moldwarp by means of flood, their enormous front paws and slick coat make them excellent swimmers.

The Human asks the moldwarp, with a pained expression, “Why won’t you leave?”. The Human cannot understand what the moldwarp exists for, what Cause they have based their affair on. No such Cause exists, however, and so the moldwarp responds:

... With all the strength I have, I will create my life and my activities as my own without any regard for authority... or regarding it only as my enemy.⁷

Notes

1. Although the term is generally used to describe *Talpa europea*, in this text it will be employed to refer to any

species of talpid. Also, it is usually spelled *mouldwarp* – but, fuck it.

2. The Mole Tunnel, *General Biology*.
3. “Scientists believe moles are [completely] colorblind and nearsighted, but that their eyes are exceptionally good at detecting light.” (National Geographic).
4. Stirner, *The Unique and Its Property*.
5. *Condylura cristata*’s star is both one of the most effective tactile sensory organs and hunting apparatuses in the entire animal kingdom; they can identify and devour food faster than perceptible to the naked eye.
6. Wikipedia, *Mouldwarp*.
7. Landstreicher, *Willful Disobedience*, p. 15

— Herschell Orror

Smiley-Faced Liberals And The Sum Of Politics

We who adore and strive for uncompromised freedom cannot journey out of our abodes without encountering a simple-minded fool who loves only the so-called “peace” of how life has been condemned to be for so many lifetimes. He is infatuated with his lawn, his expensive home and vehicle, his half puffed-up patriotism. He is comfortable in what being a good bitch to order has afforded him. He sees no other possibility for life.

He will summon his harshest tone of offense upon

learning of an anarchist in his midst. He will look upon our circled A or chaos sigil or black flags and contend that “You don’t know how PEOPLE work! Without government or police, we would DESCEND into BARBARISM! Without CAPITALISM, we would be waiting in BREAD LINES!” This he declares, with mental filter fixed tightly to avoid digesting the realities of ubiquitous police violence, government overreach and neglect handed down in the same breath, capitalist trickery aimed at robbing our time and pockets, mutual aid efforts saving lives everywhere that they are needed and an unprecedented drive in those inheriting the Earth to undo tyranny that itself marks a need to call all order into question.

The liberal asserts that his precious democracy is both infinitely powerful and blessed with moral superiority, but simultaneously brutalized and persecuted on the world stage by unfair actors. He needs to impose his deluded, artificial nobility of obedience onto fellow subjects in order for his worldview to have a semblance of validity inside the existing institutions. His truest passion is assaulting the rebels into admitting their deep moral wrongdoing in going against the force that came into domination in the 18th century, professing that this order is the last perfect eternal order that will ever be.

But sometimes liberals are a bit less hostile with their police mentality. Sometimes liberals are your grandmother, your neighbor, your coworker, your doctor, your therapist. Sometimes the liberal is someone you love, or someone you

need to make friendly with and swiftly part from. Their friendliness is truly their attempt at simply being an amicable enough person, while also administering an opinion on certain situations that, knowingly or unknowingly, reinforces the dominant narratives of a liberal capitalist police state that ends in people experiencing pain, persecution, deprivation and death. This so-called “friendliness” in this context is the mechanism for peer-to-peer mind control. It is the concealed substance inside the delectable-looking dessert. It is intended for nice-seeming people to get a grip on a person’s particular critique and bring it down. We succumb to this in nearly all friendly interactions with people who are vulnerable to accepting what has always been fed to them. All to simply remain cordial.

Sometimes we have situations in the world where an obvious state-sanctioned infraction on life, dignity and autonomy is cheered by citizens and state actors as inevitable, just, well-intended and professionally overseen. The social unrest that results from this state terrorism is demonized, intentionally misinterpreted to confuse the narrative and targeted by an array of collaborating actors.

The false “individualism” of this hell-world constructs buffers between people and the situations in the world; what happens in one city or hemisphere is obstructed from motivating someone in another. The capitalist nation states require a distinct lack of internationalist solidarity to prevail

across borders, for fear of stability and civil cooperation. Regardless, information comes through, actions are staged, police are dispatched, people are peaceful, people go to jail. People care about what is happening to other people. They see in others’ suffering their own potential to suffer the same. But it always seems like Adam and Eve all over again when someone seeks to distribute real information on a situation. They are “troublemakers” and “outside agitators”. The liberals do not care about murdered Palestinian children, mothers and boys because, A) they are not white, and, B) they have always been portrayed as terrorists without ever being told of the horrors of the Israeli colonial apartheid state that have motivated their so-called “terrorism”.

We seem doomed at this rate to endure the willful shallowness of thought that liberals of all temperaments cling to in order for an easy grasp at “sense” to be kept on hand, grafted firmly on all they touch for whenever the police knock on the liberals’ doors to tell them that their anarchist kids got killed by the state. We seem condemned to muster a respectful nod that veers away from a sincere interrogation of the existing norms that persist in our peers.

There is no soul left in the desperation that is the belief that “rights and democracy” will triumph over fascism – with the understanding that there will ceaselessly continue to be tidal waves and valleys of fascism and liberalism. I desire no such delirium to rule the ins and outs of my life. I desire no

external limit on my passions for life's possibilities. But this is what the liberal stands for. We anarchists must look plainly at what the liberal wants, and from that reaffirm that we are the enemies of conservatives, fascists, Marxist-Leninists, and yes, of liberals. All four of these compose the social and political slave masters who would collaborate to section off the Earth according to each of their dominions. The anarchist is the savior from this. The anarchist is the one who truly is in touch with reality. The anarchist is the one who manages to break the chains of popular misinformation and light the torch of our daring trek out of slavery.

People raised under liberal capitalism want the right to be stupid. People think it is evil or authoritarian to hold a position that says people cannot and should not think only and precisely what they want to think. This position for me is rooted in a very basic reality: There are very obvious things dominating everything right at this second. Nobody actually has an iota of real freedom. Just a collection of elements and norms taught to us in our upbringings that signal enough nationalistic and sometimes racial pride to keep people in line with all that enables those constructs. Not everyone grows out of these. This itself is simply "disagreed" with. "No" says the liberal. "I choose to believe that we actually live in the best possible balance of things, and that no other human effort could make anything more preferable. Everyone who feels this way is simply a normal person."

And thus our hell remains. Thus single-use micro and nanoplastics continue to poison my planet and my very body. Thus everyone is still in chains to the economic currents. Thus we are slain by the sword of white colonial capitalist order, and said whites rejoice at this everyday victory while also crying that someone would be even a little "anti-white" in light of all this. In light of all their intentionally stupid bullshit. So we have inner and outer tensions keeping the whole structure together, with the anarchist ready to sever them all.

But this has always been the case in industrial society. Even with much disdain for the fact, the anarchist has merely been the one lurking on the outset of the political compass, not the one wholly free of it. They have been a component to it with some measure of representation – which is still what the anarchist is opposed to. This existent reality must be the motivation to become larger than politics and match the fluid scales of life. On both a conceptual and a material level, the anarchist must successfully undo politics by all means at hand.

The only way to be free is to kill all of the things that make life disposable and gray. Kill them with sense, with kind insight, with love, and equally so with blades, with guns, with bombs. Kill in all ways what kills us in all ways.

— Anonymous

Maxims Of Anarchy

TWO MICRO POEMS

‘Into Consequence’

The joy of things they'll never know,
The height of prying into faith
And finding a lie to let you go
To make rule a bygone wraith!

‘The Weary Resolve’

In fields of fruit or barren waste,
In bright of day or dark of night,
Through savory sweet or briny taste —
Hasten I to bear this, my light.

WULFINNA

(IGNITED IN DARK)

1. Hail self-constituted judgment. Hail nature above good or evil. Hail instinct for joy. Hail blazing peace. How blindness to all stupidity is the highest bliss — and clearest sight!
2. The anarchist inside of you and the one outside of you are not the same. One would guide you to **your triumph of your "I"**, and one would lead you as you had been lead before into submission and toxic vapors of "rights" and "legal avenues."
3. The politician has you in his sights! He would pull the trigger at the very moment your beautiful black flag unfurls to eclipse those of the empires and of the republics. Dare to become bulletproof! Dare to rise against their Hate for True Freedom!
4. The voice of "the people" is never the voice arising from you or me. That voice is the bleating of society's sheep comfortably corralled by the barred windows looking out on the burning Earth. The voice of the victorious "I" is the final, deadly thunderclap that rings in the destruction of these walls.

5. I trekked through here without shoes, without clothes... I instigated in myself the primal bareness of the basic mode of living... and in all of this, I was denied the very breath of my lungs, the very beat of my heart. And even though my very naked self had taught them what life *really* is — they who held authority taught *me* what life *really comes down to*. (Easy answer: "be brutal or be brutalized".)
6. Once I thought the purpose of living was to be good and say your prayers. Now I know, through the toil of my body and the history of the scars of my soul, that it is really to straighten one's spine and cackle in liberating insanity with the blood of one's foes streaming down one's face.
7. Ye mighty may be slain; ye wise may grow weary; but I am the infinite! I am the easy reach into stark perfection!
8. Consequence? The *consequence* of my audacity? I devour it like the body of Christ in my atheist malice! I undo my bandolier in the moment before the end of battle; I pace with focus into the few-yards' vantage of my foe; I draw my blade, come closer and I do the unspeakable. I do it because to eat my foe, and yes, my consequence, is to eat all of Hell and be done with it!
9. I know it through unspoken thought. I know it gleaming in the moonlight and throbbing in the scorch of the sun. I know it in the indifference of all the masses. I know it in the grin of my beloved. I know it in the hate and the joy of my being. I know. I know that I am destined to reach and reach with no gain. But in the kernel of that perpetual failure, I am to win against the lot of sorry fucks.
10. Soft be the streams and hard be the rocks. But the upright, the living, the breathing, the growing... let them be nothing. Let them be nothing to tell themselves apart in any cohesive way: because it is more than nothing to construe something, but does that something uphold the sweet nothing? Or weave suffering, loss and lonesome?

— Gordon Jonson

Cover Image: Mole buddy

“Our Democracy” – Original Art by Mother Liberty

Xenovorax – Mole, B&W

Submit A Work: effrenatum@proton.me

Instagram: @effrenatum

Mastodon: @effrenatum@kolektiva.social

WITH **AUTONOMY** AND **DIGNITY** FOR **ALL**

Ⓐ Ⓐ Ⓐ Ⓐ Ⓐ Ⓐ

RESTORE THE LAND COMPOST THE COPS