



But vengeance? Never! And yet we crave it.  
Industrialists, princes, senators: die!  
Power, justice, history: kneel! We're *due*.  
We want blood. Blood, and golden flames.

My soul wants war; vengeance; terror! To war!  
We writhe in its Bite: Enough republics!  
We've had enough: of emperors,  
Regiments, colonists, peoples—enough!

Who will stir the fiery whirlwinds' fury  
If not ourselves and those we call our brothers?  
It's our turn! Romantic friends: our fun begins.  
O waves of fire, we'll never work again!

— *Blankets of Blood*, Arthur Rimbaud, 1872

## Introduction: What Is Unruly?

AS ONE LOOKS with an even-tempered curiosity at life's simple occurrences bound up the way that they are, one finds that we are all only trying to feel joy and fulfillment however we may before we turn to ashen corpses. There is a particular innocence to this, but a thoroughly terrorized one: terrorized by this very drive for sustaining oneself seized by those who successfully navigated existing power, using themselves to oppress others for a paycheck. It is all too commonplace to get hit with the fallout of people doing their jobs, obeying the social creed's demand, reproducing human beings (murdering their uniqueness with an assigned gender/sex category, a name, an institutional schooling, etc.), betting on politicians in elections... everything seems so orderly while producing so much compressed chaos. The one who is looking with curious eyes at all of this must eventually find their mind and hands forming into obliterating tools if they will not simply fall in line, but selfishly realize their own freedom, shared with their loved ones or not.

We remain curious of what an active endurance for the absurd can yield in the determined pursuit of something better. Something outside of the hamster wheel. Everything that troubles us comes back to the totalizing configuration, not any one root but the broad urge to be a part of the powerful class and have everyone else be among the subject class. We know we are held hostage, even

during our emotional embrace of certain radicalisms, by the moralism disseminated from power, by the myriad threats of acting out, by the known avenues of making change, by the imminent obligations in people's lives. Such stunting anxieties are either resolved or allowed to condemn lives to miserable, slow suicides. Curiosity only endures because of this simple constant.

By curiosity we begin to study, and by studying we come to a clear understanding; we map our terrain and mark our points of action. Alas, upon gathering our gear and making our march, we find the pikes of law & order raised against our paths of direct resolution. "You have to pay up to do that," "You have to be a politician to do that," "You have to have a permit to do that," "You have to have approval to do that."

There was once a general situation wherein people under subjugation would simply arise and kill their direct oppressors, and do so successfully according to a few straightforward variables. It is from this situation that the goal of establishing a new, independent nation state persisted. But now, with new developments and critical analysis, under the stifling weight of surveillance, militarized police, "revolutionary" nationalisms that simply construct new corrupt institutions, the eternal goal of un-establishing what has been put down against our wellness and autonomy remains a suppressed, barbaric urge that the good citizens of all empires are entrusted with vanquishing. The liberal republics have woven a new sense of sanctity coming from its generations of subjects out of the antiquated revolts of mere

national independence — now they think of their "freedom" only on its terms. Now they impose that brand of "freedom" on all who dare to speak out against systematized cruelty. They refuse to consider the very existence and profoundness of prisons, of the cost of living, of the descent into ritual escapism. They run from sorrow's *real* cause: persisting with mandates claiming "*We need* the glorious nation! *We need* the magnificent godly yet man-manuevered order! *We need* denial of self-truth in favor of *God's Truth!*"

The only realistic solution to sorrow is the intentional embrace of well-cultivated potential against all that creates it. In the throes of willful delusion, willful disregard for deeper learning, willful perpetuating of the cruel and unreasonable, those who are conscious to the toxicity of the nonsense become learned on what they are up against, coming to know that one has to think and act carefully, especially in trusting others.

The simple argument (for simple people) against a sudden rupture of this order rests in the fact that many individuals are simply content with (or resigned to) their menial, distorted lives while other "delinquent types" are thoroughly discontent in what makes the former temporarily satisfied. (This is evoked by those trying to save politics and civilization when they need to cower in fear of critique, but also look like *the sensible ones* for easy sympathy from idiots.)

The more substantive argument is to point out that the generations that have lived under the dominant, ever-evolving

order have become reliant in some way on what only a technique of that order can presently provide. This is very true: some require diabetes medication. Some require seizure medication. Some require hormone replacement medication. There are a great deal of unique needs and desires facing the oasis of certain components of relief in life that have unfortunately been devoured by the millennia of power and caste.

But these arguments do not help get away from the issue that is really plaguing us. We are not capable of being authentically well and joyful under any regime; we do not have genuine access to the things we need without sacrificing some aspect of ourselves. We do not yet know our own fullest capacity, and yet *information* is simply dirt cheap nowadays, if “dirt cheap” could be any cheaper. The variables for refining skills and knowhow are easily put together by those with a will to succeed. This is precisely what has generated such projects as Four Thieves Vinegar collective, who have taken it upon themselves to pursue “harm reduction for the living,” providing solutions as an “anarchist collective dedicated to enabling access to medicines and medical technologies to those who need them but don’t have them,” to name but one collaboration. These projects are the direct, accessible solutions to what the dominant order has claimed total jurisdiction over. These applications of knowledge are what begin to build new components for a new life, and demonstrate that it is *individuals* who accomplish things — not exclusive power-holders.

To engage with reality in this way is an act of getting beyond

the barrier, of getting outside the confines of the acceptable, of exiting the hamster wheel. Reality held in static captivity has always been challenged in order for people to have free play with conceptual and material matter. For every rule, there has been *un-rule*. Un-rule had been the necessary step beyond the suffocating limitations of church and crown in order to move what liberals call “progress” in a direction some consider “forward.” The transition from abject feudalism to liberal capitalism is one malignant example of what they praise, while besmirching the anarchists for pursuing *the whole* of freedom.

We are not unruly *up to a point*. Our unruliness has nothing to do with “progress.” We are not humble participants in any history written by the chroniclers of the ruling order. We do not seek to be The Bad Guys in the annals of Bad People — but we know there is little choice. We know we are so very much more. We are agents of selfish desire transmuted into loving fruits. We are innovators of solutions. We are wild organisms demonstrating the cultivation of freedom, of a desirable existence beyond merely *existing* in the society so many are resigned to. Our wisdom is expressed by anarchist scientists, anarchist poets, anarchist shamans, anarchist healers, anarchist warriors. The content of our wisdom is this: I am the most important person to me, who I refine and use to assist those whom I see a part of myself in, which is why I am not sacred even to myself. My importance transcends the sacred, and is revealed as something completely *unique*. The same goes for those whom I see myself in. Our “dastardly selfishness” is

only the impulse to be unconstrained in one's intentions. If one's intention is to do baseless harm, then substantive harm will come unto them without scruple with any authority over "legitimate punishment." But if one's intention is well-deserved kindness, participation and aid, then only the desired fruits of coming together will find them. If one's intention is to be isolated and rid of all people's opinions and associations affecting them, so it shall be.

For a long time, it was the anarchists who gave unruliness many names and portrayals. It was anarchists wrestling with the worst desperations of humankind who mapped the distinct regions of social life in which to apply anarchist methods of interaction and solution in order to harness the fruits of unruly endeavors. Now it must no longer be a *requirement* to be an anarchist in order to understand and embrace unruliness. The unruly must be all former subjects, regardless of their philosophical or political interests — so long as they have a yearning for untainted freedom in their hearts. The unruly come to be so by their recognition of their castes and their willful deviation from their conventional characteristics, by their hostility toward all that has given them caste. They have no unifying model but that which arises from joint agreement and personal judgment. The method is unruliness, and the end is unruliness. Unruliness that amplifies the sublime, unnameable substance in all with breath and form against all that contains and suppresses it.

We do not need to fixate on any perfection of anarchism or

anarchy. We do not need a flawless theory when the practice is simply nonexistent. (The two have always been preached to be in balance, but many like to simply make a hobby out of theory with total rejection of practice.) We need an anarchism arising from the soil in our souls that sufficiently realizes the unruly dream, that fleshes the smiles on the individual persons newly marveling their freshly planted freedom. This means definitions determined from real, palpable content — not from epistemological scripture. Unruliness means libraries looted of their precious gems and all their trim used for kindling.

Anarchism and anarchy as concepts are worthless without sincere development seen and felt in the material realm which translates to unruliness. Anarchy must be no more than the vehicle for that matter. It cannot be the defining condition that people consciously mandate. It must be the transparent container for each person's transcendence of all imposed conditions, including *anarchist conditions*. The anarchist condition is *descriptive* for the better, yes. But what it points to cannot actually *be described*. It can only be discovered and lived.

Are we stagnated subjects of order, its philosophy, its toothless herd? Or are we unknowable organisms with self-created purpose *still waiting* to be enacted? We ought to have a curiosity freed from victimhood, one that simply brings things into being where they are wanted, not where they are obligations of the here and now. This *unruly curiosity* is the primal intent to make use of oneself and one's surroundings. To lift oneself up out of one's filth,

imprinting on the ground the steps out of servitude and into self-alignment with one's deepest desires.

If we are to live unfree for all our days, we might as well die now to rush toward the freedom from All. But if there is any will to dissolve the intolerable specter of heaven for the obedient and hell for the freethinkers, we need to act like it.

The innocent yearning for a comfortable and stable life must become an intentional and resolute project against rule, against what denies our very nature, against what makes life hell.

— The *Effrenatum* core editing/publishing team



# Toward Primal Fires

Hovering in the minds of those who toil, tend the gears and muster a convincing smile is the pulsating notion of passionate upset. Of everything failing, of everything coming to a halt, of going home early, possibly to be out of work completely. Teeming just below the facade of civility is the solitary rationale behind setting fires and drawing blades. That flickering, hateful urge for change amidst crushing monotony, amidst horrendous norms will become the lifeblood of persistence against stupefying odds.

Poetic anticipation for the dawn has failed us. We ourselves must become the daybreak. We ourselves must find the strength to raise up our own stars, to act in the light of our revolutionary unique for self-glory, for self-illumination, for the sweet tinge of having delivered a heartfelt blow to everything before and since.

What stands now, what has stood for millenia, can only ferment deeper into a more nauseating brine for all of us to wake up each day and inhale. The empires play their same old games with new toys. The sweat on their brow comes only from the stress of maintaining excuses for war and slavery.

If you do nothing, or do more of the same, nothing new will sprout to nourish you.

We learned this quickly when first envisioning life without parents, and later without masters. We are the children who sifted through tatters of forgotten, forbidden thought and came to assemble our own minds. We are the bitter students who found

vast intellectual tools reduced to their employment in the existing, sacred power structures. We are the elders who recount heroic, nameless strikes against the organs of everyday business. We are the succeeding inevitability of the free individual.

Proudly godless, proudly wild, proudly defective to every metric of economy and collective symmetry, every outraged accusation is absorbed with an affirming stoicism:

"Yes, we are infatuated with life. Yes, we are self-centered and orient relations accordingly. Yes, we endure towards the abolition of every system, of every righteous decree, of every political section. Yes, our enemies are the 'god' of Abraham, society, dogma, morals, prisons, police. Yes, our ends are boundless prairies by means of unthinkable subversions, relentless upsets and mercilessness for universal mercy."

No system of thought can come close. No school of philosophy — even one belonging to anarchism — can articulate the violent impulse to overcome and weave for oneself their own peace. Anarchism may issue its various claims; the substantive anarchy of the individual is all that those -isms truly point to.

Nothing can be greater, nothing can be more real than the lone individual who has gripped the rod bearing the black flag — and rammed it into the eye of god himself.

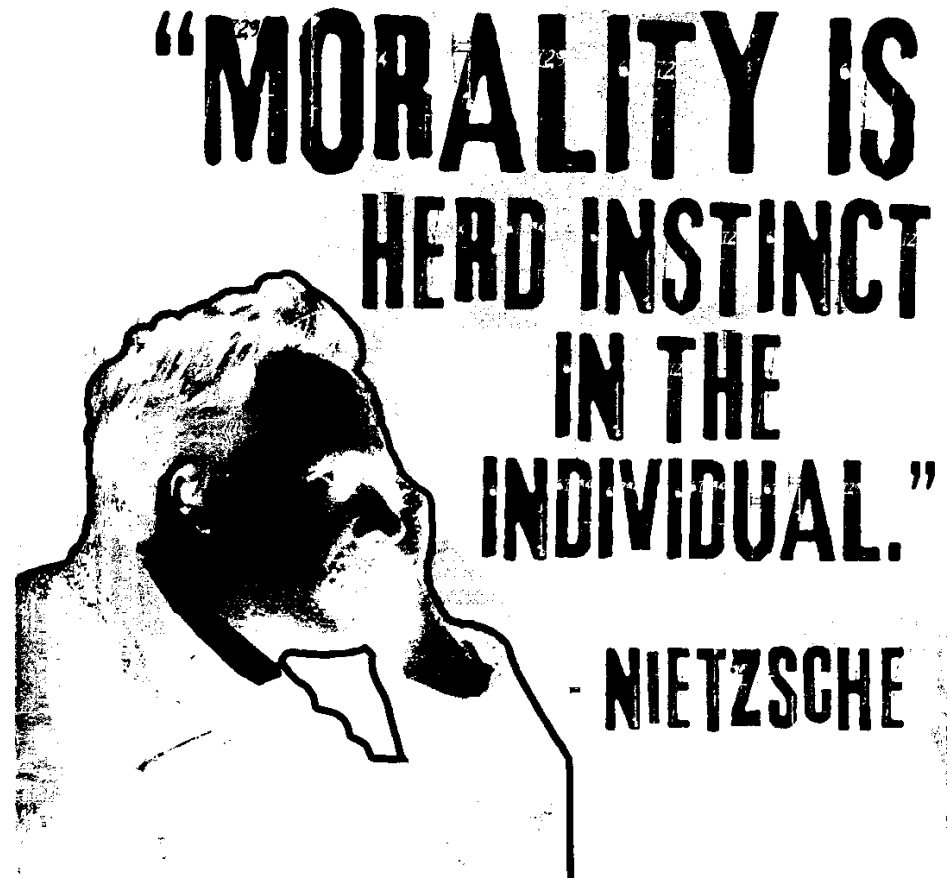
Nothing can be stronger, nothing can be more durable than the silent contemplation of the daring anarchist who carries a sovereign universe and territory within them.

Nothing can sound the last whimper of archy like the sharp blade of self-realization against its every stagnating appendage.

Anarchy is the black vessel in which freedom's fire consumes the old and leaves a welcoming aura 'round the new.

Brilliant fires, unnameable hues and intoxicating vapors impress upon the young rebel and her band of merry life-lovers. They with other cells will raise the dead skull of the unified logic of all archy and plunge it into the ocean. They will fertilize their gardens with the ashes of old masters. And they will surpass all notion of heaven with immediate life made greater than any divine.

— Anonymous



# Eternal Renewal

The new society established, we will return to its margins to live our lives dangerously as noble criminals and audacious sinners! Because the anarchist individualist still means eternal renewal in the field of art, thought and action. Anarchist individualism still means eternal revolt against eternal sorrow, the eternal search for new springs of life, joy and beauty. And we will still be such in Anarchy.

— Renzo Novatore, *Anarchist Individualism in the Social Revolution*, 1919

Art, thought and action's renewal, their consistent evolution out of static orthodoxy, rests on the will of the living to depose the cruel conservatism of the ruling death cult, to incinerate their every spore thereafter.

Those who presently annul the possibilities of the body moved by the free spirit, instead declaring that the body will work and be without spirit, shall feel the counter-cruelty, the amplified inertia of all they have struck us with. Let them be cruel now — ours will be ten, a hundredfold.

There is no *sooner or later* about it.

Our blood is black with negative impulse.

Our minds are throbbing with intellectual armament.

We are renewal. We are anarchy.

But we shall never know the cleansing rays of sunlight until the smog of order is cleared *forcefully*. Until the instinct of the soul is audaciously lifted above the stale moralism of all who pursue authority over others.

Until the most sacred is attacked, erased and prevented from ever being made again.

Until the sacred is no longer conceived of.

Until the real lives that create useful or enlivening matter exceed the corpse of the sacred and realize their own uniqueness.

Speak nothing of "order—" to be ordered is the piecemeal death. To take on being ordered — or giving orders — as one's *noble calling* in life is the certain surrender worse than any death.

To worship an *orderly* existence is to celebrate sorrow, limitation and retrograde ideals murdering joy. Such well-regarded delusions of *a certain order* being inevitable, calling everything with vibrancy *a delusion!*

What has one's precious order brought!? Poisoned salmon, undrinkable streams, gutted mountains, concrete drowning everything . . .

Such preoccupation with damming the rivers, clearing the forests, saving the jobs — all for *your bosses' profit!* Or, on the other hand, all *for socialism! The sacred new order!* All for a vocally "progressive" yet truthfully conservative idea of "the society to-be," of "the good economy," of "the exalted collective."



How often has the ruling class — socialist or capitalist — envisioned their new panopticons, their new subjects, their new territory. Every generation sees a new frontier for the rich or the politburo to conquer, brutalize and exploit.

How often has the intrusive mass of idiots called “The People” approved and encouraged further encroachments on the crevices of breathing room.

Nobody asked for these things. They asked only for what they were told is all that matters: One's right to be left alone in the liberalism that allows only a passive life unconcerned with death encroaching on all joy.

Soon that tepid deal will come loose; the disposable luxuries will cost more, the power will go out, the fires will be ignited, and it will be time.

It will be time to make yourself sufficient for yourself, to become a destructive monster for your own selfish want. In selfish intercourse, we find something to pursue together — without any sacred togetherness.

We meet them in the fields, in the hollers. We ready our rifles, secure our perches, plant ourselves. But we do not fight fair. Fairness given to those who have only known unfair advantage is giving oneself defeat.

We become truly ungovernable.

We raise ourselves up as lives larger than the mountains.

Our deeds as victors and martyrs ring louder than any sorry drivel at any desperate podium.

Our lives are now. What seeks to end them is rule. What shall move us?

There is no *Doctrine of Renewal* in me or any anarchist who knows what I mean; this would only be a more spiritual progressivism. Our renewal is done not for the satisfaction of any necessity, but by a will to seize joy.

It is done by every child of horrid parents (slave masters,) it is done by every student of stuffy, rigid instructors, it is done by every fem and gender non-conforming person in their constant confrontation with patriarchy and so-called "normality," it is done by every organism pushing against all crushing weight.

Our renewal is one of spaces presently occupied by unhelpful *stuff* made open to those thoughtful, precious lives who mean only positive development for themselves and negative transformation of society into ash — the greatest creation of new space!

Reader, let the paradigm of Now be your testbed in which experiments with life can breach and fracture the enclosures that disallow growth in all important fields of living and creating.

When we assert our living contents, when we mind the present world with creative wit, conspiring in ourselves as individuals, melding ideas with those in whom substance is found — life, joy and beauty will be grown and harvested at the

intersections of our abodes, in the gathering spaces of wholly untamed lives.

That is our renewal. A life of adaptability and ease, a life of space and fresh air, a life of richness and friendly intercourse.

— Wulfinna

## Untitled

1.

Fairy faggot,  
Growing tits and wings  
and fangs.

I sharpened my pocket knife on the real thing this time  
replaced a scream with the glass shattering  
positioned my feet in the fire  
scribbled it on the walls  
first burn the museums,  
then kill the public.

all it takes is a little bit of ket  
and an ate pussy and suddenly  
the sky is blue and the grass is green.  
this is the real herstory.  
I don't tuck, I fuck,  
Bitch.

2.

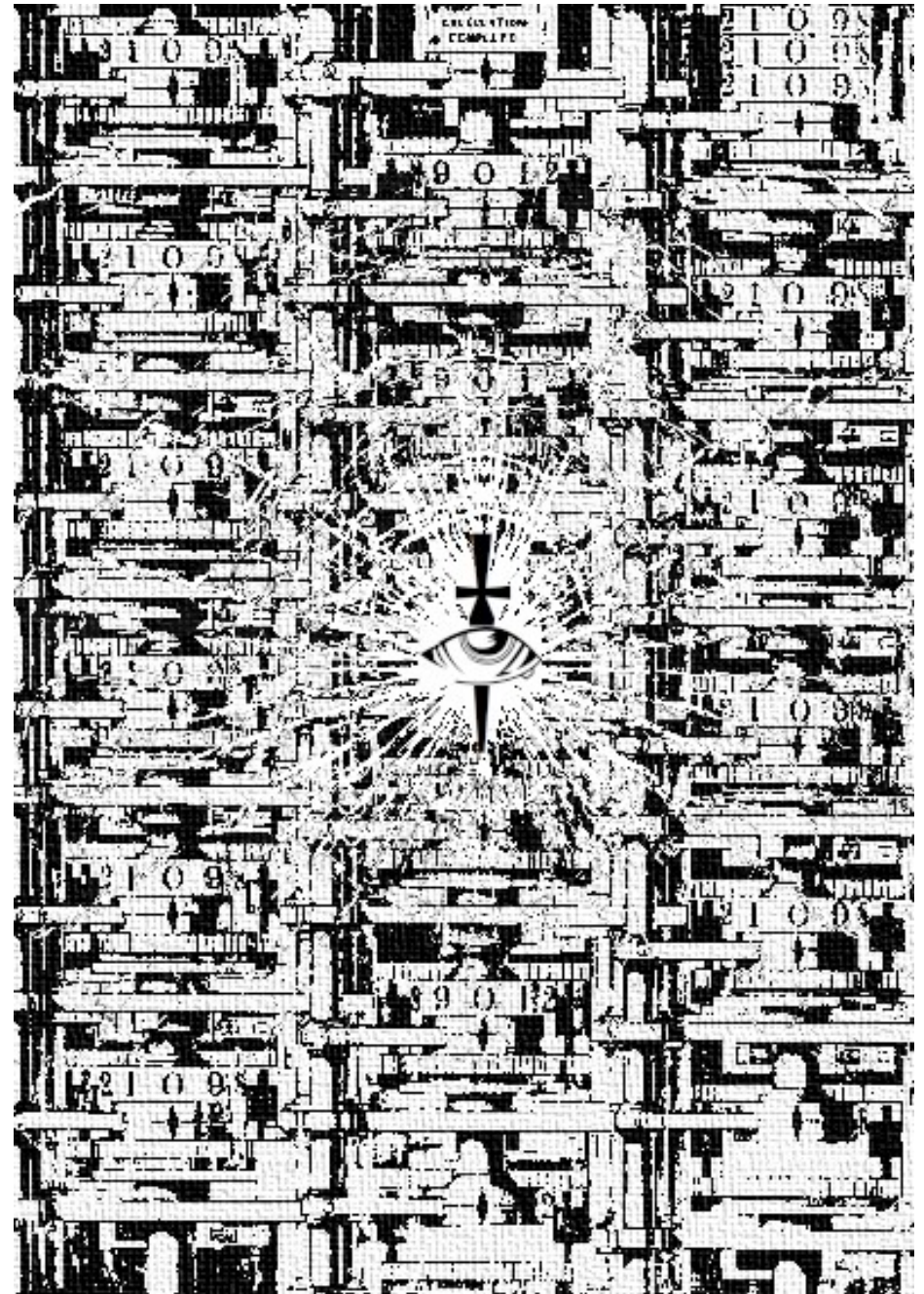
what a way to make music  
smash glass against the wall  
my discontent blisters  
another wound, another tragedy



I invert despair into absurdity  
grasp at my body  
and move to act

the song resounds so clearly  
filtering thru industrial noise  
the static destroying me  
and cicadas fill the air

— Anonymous



“  
You transformed me into a wolf, and a wolf I shall remain. But up to now, I have only clawed my chest; tomorrow I will want other blood. Don't beg for mercy then. You have written on my brain: 'carnage.' And carnage it is.

– 'The Federation Of Sorrow'

“  
I watched the sun die. The sky looked like a huge splotch of blood, a monstrous wound opened in the belly of infinity. And the earth spoke to me. It whispered sweet words of encouragement. Dare... it said. And the wind repeated Dare and the leaves rustled dare. And even the final bugle blast seemed to say, triumphantly: Dare, dare! Whenever I will know how to dare!



– 'A Day Off'  
Bruno Filippi



“  
But no one grants me my property. If anyone grants me my property, if anyone grants me my freedom, this freedom makes me an emancipated slave, a liberated slave, i.e., a slave who continues to be a slave under changed conditions of the management of my slavery. So freedom is conquered, property is conquered. In order to conquer it, might is necessary. The force of the will is needed, the force of decision is needed, the might that can smash the moral obstacles, the spooks, the sanctifications, the sacredness that keep us bound.



– Alfredo M Bonanno,

'The Theory of the Individual:  
Stirner's Savage Thought'



Cover Image: [Stolen from copies of *My Own*]

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