



Writings for Outcasts

and other essays by Hybachi LeMar



To The Outcasts of Society

To you who are a mockery of the party - whether you're present in it or not...

To the intellectual lepers alienated in institutions, and to the pariah of conversations you self-excuse yourself from with an unreturned wave...

To you who slip into your dreams with liberation on your lips, and who long to be relieved from the agony of regrets with the kind of redemption you find in the renunciation of your condemner's religion...

To you- yes, *you* - the alienated ones of the world who exist as an undomesticated Desire writhing lawlessly in a maggot orgy of neglected needs:

Be outgoing when turning in-ward!

The Message: **Know Thyself.**

What's the purpose of living if one is living without a Purpose?

Of what use is it to own a mind if it's not a mind of your own?

Reflecting on these questions reveal enlightening revelations that become apparent to Truth-seekers as through a fresh pair of eyes that discover contradictions in the society that has shaped us.

We've been brainwashed into believing that wrong is right & that right is wrong. That it's ethical to submit to demands that demoralize us.

We've been indoctrinated to have faith in others instead of ourselves; conditioned to think that calling ourselves wise is **stupid** and that to call ourselves stupid is **wise**.

We've been maneuvered into accepting the notion that to think for ourselves isn't as smart as having someone else doing the thinking for us. That it's in our best interest to pledge allegiance to a government that exploits us & to obediently bow to what we must rebelliously rise against!

Truly, autonomous (self-governing) minds find liberation from a tormented existence through a relative degree of detachment; and, in walking unfrequented paths in pursuit of the deeper truths, discover our liberating ability to relieve ourselves from self-hate by replacing it with the daily practice of self-love.

No Love-hater or Hate-lover; no door-knocking demoralizer; no warden or judge has jurisdiction in a mind that's declared Autonomy from their reach, where an abiding sense of serenity is discovered, ironically in going out of one's mind rather than being stuck inside it in the most insufferable ways.

Should they look diagonally at us for looking squarely into the eye of what once oppressed us...

Whether or not they make the sign of the cross when we pass them...

We can rest assured in the Freedom found in the inapprehensible reaches of Self-Awareness; and what can be more liberating to the confined of the world than being outgoing when turning in-ward?

Disposable Outcasts

There is something momentarily relieving that comes in the burn that sizzles in the concentrated, patient ripping apart of the skin.

In the ignoble glide of the razor's edge as it quietly slits its way across the belly-side of the unflexed wrist while it lay across the cap of the knee.

With breath-heaving anticipation, this cool, slow, searing burn is enough to make one gulp (and even gasp) with unpalatable pleasure when licked - where, tormented behind the door of an undelivered desire cower ones who hold themselves with their very arms while rocking back & forth in isolatory darkness.

Enough to draw one to tilt back their head in closed-eye gratification as endorphins in dance to this ceremonial spilling of blood in Bacchanalian bliss.

Overwhelming feelings of guilt and Poverty - temporarily suspended.

The sense of not-belonging and of social rejection - remedially released!

There's an alleviation which is even longer - living for the terminally marginalized in the shadow of the day and darkness of night; who suffer as a product of the deplorable conditions which have razed society into such a degree of depravity; a depravity the most deprived among us crave deliverance from.

This alleviation is in the historic call to the oppressed & impoverished communities torn by despair; and who hear the unexpected "hiss" in the inhaling huff of anticipation.

It beckons to you, who acche within your rebellion, whom this social order has abandoned and discarded.

Disposable outcast, join the anarchist revolution!

What it means to be different

What it means to be different in a world where you're not seen as the same as everyone else? To relate with the feeling of not fitting in; like a beast in search of meaning in a field of flowers and bloom, To feel closed in... empty... like a seashell inside.

To be the only quiet one in the class, and to wonder, Why am I here?

To read the posthumous writings of truth-seekers who distance themselves in the alleyway of deep thought they mysteriously disappeared through.

It's relevant in giving serious thought to the destruction of western civilization, all the while knowing how high chances are that sharing these thoughts to whoever listens to it to circle their finger around their ear; especially if you elaborate how every ghetto groomed in civilized insanity will find redemption in the ranks of the uncivilizably sane. It's to intimately understand the feeling of a moth lost in the most celebrated season of butterflies, is to wonder if there's a place in this world to fit in, why you're not like everyone else, and to seek wisdom to alleviate yourself from the loneliness in the parting of ways.

But in parting ways with others, we get closer to finding ourself. To be different, to be unique. Not being like the others means you're *exceptional*, and *remarkably rare*.

It's the moth that devotes itself to the nature of light that's fortunate to find something worthy

unto the sacrifice of its wings.

If being “civilized” is to mean anything, may it be to situate yourself against the domestic colonialism that’s been so *savagely* pitted against you.

These are pages, beyond the veil of night, for future generations who wander along the same alleys in search for similar truths, where once discovered, become *yours* to treasure.

As Pythagorus directed, declining from the public ways, walk in unfrequented paths.

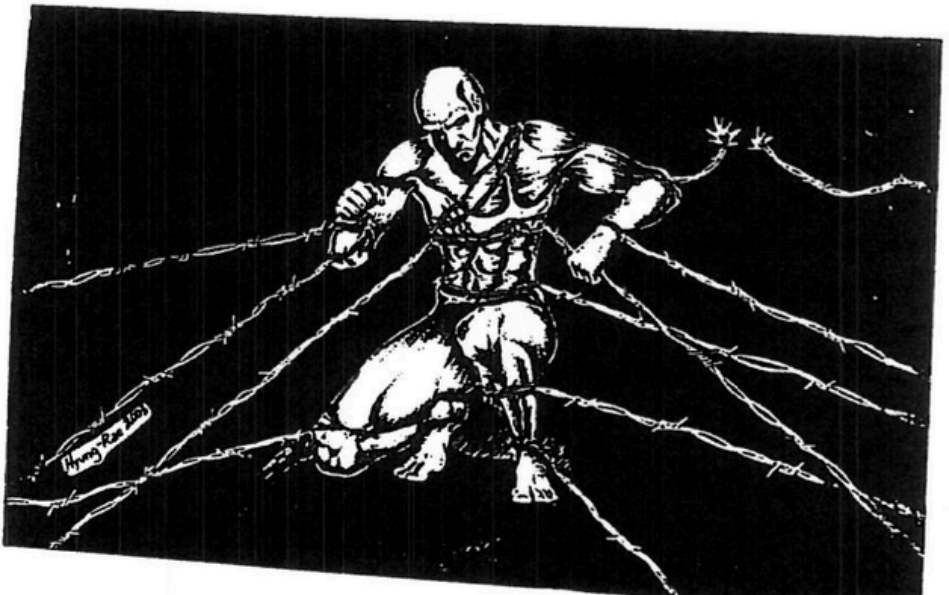
When your mouth is closed, no one can see inside of your head.

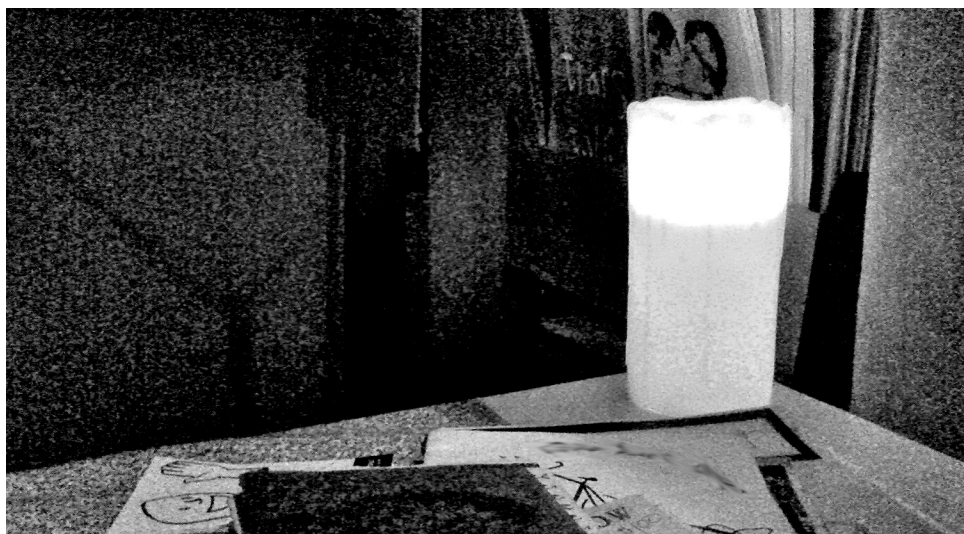
The emptiness in the seashell contains the soundness of the depths from which it was drawn.

Everything on Earth lives in space.

Turning inward is the direction to finding peace.

The beauty of the flower can be found in the development of the beast.





To You Who Touch These Writings

The impact of the underground zine is relatable to the way that the flame of a single candle can light the wicks of all that it touches.

They're made of souls which the System cements beyond the walls of obscurity. For those who've been consumed in the absence of light. They produce an incendiary reaction!

The publishing logo of So. Chicago ABC - diagonally stamped by another on the back of an Anarchist zine on Venezuela from the El Libertario organization in Caracas - closes a work on conscious-kindling views & Freedom Fighters arrested who you most likely have never heard nor seen nothing of from neither your tube or the web.

Autobiographies (ones not found in bookstores) like Lisa Savage's "*Zero to Anarchist in 1.2 Seconds*" which documents her life as a survivor of rape, drug abuse & her evolution as an Anarchist are explosively lit underground *classics*!

These reveal intimate truths to the audience of one confined in the recesses of systemic alienation.

They glow with the overstanding that one of the most empowering things for people to know is to know that they're not alone, and underground zines confirm that you're not alone when you resist so much so that they're banned as threats to the government and its tactic of Divide & Conquer, implemented strategically for calculated control. The paradox, however, lies in the fact that the cold repression against anti-authoritarian thinkers makes the 'inflammatory nature' of Anarchist writings all the more hard to extinguish. It also reveals that, as literary carriers of the light of Resistance, the zine is a vital element needed to intercontinentally ignite a revolution against that which deprives us of power.

In the dark places of life — where so many are beaten down by enemies outside, as well as the enemy within one's own mind—the zine can also illuminate parts of the Self that the Self has been waiting to see. An enlightening passage from the Each One Teach One (Interview Series #3) is sure to empower even the most disempowered engaging in quiet reflection.

In this moth-attracting writing, Anthony Rayson relates how Talib Y. Rasheed made *“a strongly explicated case that self-analysis is the way to attain self-love, self-respect, self-correcting behaviors, etc. Once we 'forgive' ourselves and 'go from there,' our natural inclinations of solidarity, mutual aid, freeskoool education, direct action — our innate basic Anarchist principles—take shape and guide our work.”*

This is transformational teaching!

Field-organizer manuals like “Let's Organize the 'Hood”- a zine put together by BAF firebrands who share over a combined 100 years of experience in Peoples' struggles, imparts knowledge to those inclined to igniting the revolution across the unlit streets of amerika and are as resourceful as sulfur!

“Organizing is not just about identifying an issue and mobilizing people around that alone; it instructs. It is about building organizations that can wield collective power for the people. We come to build a community base that can make that happen.”

In conclusion: the amerikan government in violating its own 1st Amendment guarantee of Free Speech, is breeding a decentralized underground of pyro-ziniacs with unprecedented potential. It's an early-21st century "zine-scare," and the U.S. government's clamping down on them from being received by prisoners across the country. Out of sight Out of mind. To become extirpated from memory's view.

But one only needs to gaze unflinchingly at a flame resting on the wick of a candlestick for no more than a minute, before the image of that flame inevitably begins to appear behind the lids of the eyes when they're covered. It appears erect alit and unmoved in its stamina regardless of how heavy the hands are that try to repress it!

If you're anything like me, then you've probably been fighting and struggling all of your life, now is the time for you to take that struggle to another level... Zines are our real weapons, this is how we get powerful, dangerous, this is how we cut through the bars, tear down the walls, and defend ourselves from our enemies, with the knowledge we obtain from these zines.

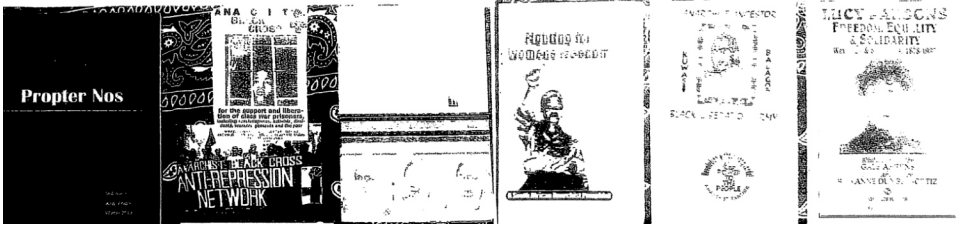
“Zines are like grenades, or bombs, because when you read them your mind explodes, something goes off in your brain, and once that fire has been lit, there's no extinguishing it. It is through these zines that we get our real revolutionary education.”

-Coyote

To you who feel consumed in unacknowledged holes:
Beam rebelliously amid the dusk of a despotic existence!

Possess a mind that attracts the moth!

To all considering stepping foot into the threshold of the underground zine world, the light of Truth beckons you to stand up, reach out and get lit!



Reading While Squatting

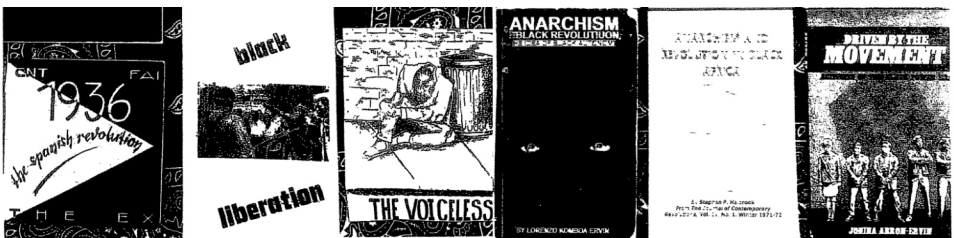
From my Chicago squat, few things kindle the curiosity of our incendiary potential than underground zines, etched from behind the barricades of intercontinental resistance! Sometimes I keep a favorite in my jacket to read in an alley. Sometimes I sleep with them besides my pillow, and I admit, it helps me feel like I'm not alone.

In the Black ghetto, we see it all: the ins and outs, left and right; eyes that lack an outlook, and the look-outs around the way. An alcoholic getting his pocket picked on the train by someone less privileged.

"Doors now opening." Dinnng Donnnng

The 4th floor curtain that closes the moment your intuition tells you to look upward and to the right... The hustler shifting his toothpick in his mouth with his tongue watching your every move. The experience of alienation, like you don't want to live any more... The spell of hopelessness momentarily broken by fingers snapping in a dice game.

I never finished high school and pirated most of my education from libraries, self-help books from used bookstores, and Each One Teach One zines. The non-verbal communication that becomes second-nature to many of us with nothing to



lose is really a reflection of the emptiness we embody: where the newscast appears emotionally deaf while reporting a string of shootings & murders over the weekend before moving onto the weather. The flash of sirens turn everything blue and red when it's dark. High grade weed wafting from a car window helps people get by, and somewhere there's a six year old who can see through you.

Depending on whether or not your energy's good, the black cat under the alley dumpster you suddenly make eye-to-eye contact with could be your walkie part way through the night.

The first few steps - you look back. It looks the other way. You keep walking. You smile - noticing it's not far behind, trotting to keep up.

It takes the edge off.

From my South Side squat, where resistance is fundamental to my survival, zines like "Zabalaza" and "Tokologo" - a newsletter from the Tokologo Afrikan Anarchist Collective - add perspective to the reality that I'm far from alone, neither in the everyday struggle that comes with being black in the ghetto, nor in the revolutionary ideals that I've adopted & study from the edge of my mattress beside my piece.

From this side of the Atlantic, I reflect on deep-rooted affinities by candlelight with pan-African appreciation to Mompe and Mtetwa. The legacy of segregation Black folk endured here in amerika and the apartheid in South Africa are not far removed from the gentrification and post-apartheid capitalist governments we're simultaneously resisting against!



Lekhetho Mtetwa, expressing in a 2014 issue of Tokologo that "*The System of Voting For Leaders is Killing Us*," is relevant to us struggling for survival in the amerikan ghettos today. His rationale that "*we know ... that real majority rule doesn't exist*," and that "*it is clear the Constitution is used to blind us into believing we have real democracy*," is as precise as Anarchist ancestor Lucy Parson's instruction to "*never be deceived*

that the rich will let you vote away their wealth”.

Our Struggle is global. Nowhere is this shown better than in zines - our intercontinental and intercommunal underground press.

As recently as 2008, Pitso Mompe analyzed in his call to *“Stop Evictions, Stop the State, Defend the Working Class and Poor”* the findings from the International Alliance of Inhabitants, which reported that *“between 30 and 50 million people in 70 countries worldwide live(d) under constant threat of being forcibly evicted.”*

Mtsetwa wrote that *“we need to bear in mind that our brothers and sisters fought the previous apartheid government due to its brutality towards our people. And even today we are still fighting the government, and in the same way they fought the previous one.”*

W.E.B. DeBois wrote of reading’s power of giving *“leisure for reflection and self-examination”*, it’s legacy of liberating youth with *“dawning self-consciousness, self-realization, and self-respect”*; and in this intimate encounter - in this process of self-discovery, consider their mission, and that *“if living doesn’t give value, wisdom, and meaning to life, then there is no sense of living at all”*.

T. W. Thibedi - a South African militant, virtually unknown outside the Continent & a contemporary of DuBois, is noted in Zabalaza’s section *“Black Stars of Anarchism”* as writing to the *“Workers of the Bantu races”*: *“(T)he sun has arisen: the day is breaking, for a long time you were asleep”*.



Around the world, we’re rising with the eye-opening reminder that the gains of the capitalist class makes at the expense of the dispossessed are accumulated in the absence of our autonomy.

In the words of Bongani Maponyane: *“We want a world based on freedom, liberation, anti-authoritarianism and anti-statism. A world free from all forms of domination; capitalism and the state.”*



Reflections From The Wretched of the Earth

(A Response to Study Materials Sent from True Leap Press)

James Yaki Sayles reflected on how “revolutionary thinking begins with a series of illuminations. It is a result of both long preparation and a profoundly new - a profoundly original beginning. Without a long preparation, no profound change can take place. But every profound change is at the same time a sharp break with the past.”

Who better can relate to a need for a break than the dispossessed, whose sense of powerlessness is due to the course of their lives being in the hands of those that exploit them; who react when their buttons are pushed, who have nothing to lose; who'd think of more reasons to die than to live for; who'd rather say 'Good-Nite' to this world than waking instead inside it.

*“What would it matter anyway, if I left the world?
Who'd even care to think of it tomorrow if I leave it tonight?
I don't want to ache inside it anymore”*



These are the feelings of the repressed, who look faithlessly to the future after a lifetime of doors being slammed in their faces!

In the opening of radical books, they read in private the teachings of marginalized intellectuals cast in their mold... They hold a memorial in the hearts for the martyrs... for Malcolm, for Lolita, for Tortuguita. They pour libations for Lumumba. In their solitary study, they find sanctuary: some develop step by step from a city staircase; others, on their lunch break in the cafeteria corner. It fills them with the sense of self when traveling by train; from solitary confinement, with conscientious consideration by candlelight in the abandoned building they squat.

Suddenly, with a semiautomatic beside an underground zine, they don't feel so alone anymore, when they read in Lorenzo: *"Although we recognize the importance of paramilitary violence and even guerilla attacks, we do not depend on war to achieve liberation alone; for our struggle cannot be won by force alone."* And that, *"the people must be armed beforehand with understanding and agreement of our objectives, as well as trust and love of the revolution."*

They know Fanon is speaking for them when they read *"these vagrants, these second class citizens... these children who seem not to belong to anyone, the hopeless cases, all those who fluctuate between madness and suicide"*. It touches them. It touches a part no public school teacher has been able to reach. A part of themselves no government-paid guidance counselor could ever grasp. In this intimate moment of clarity, they become illuminated in the awareness that their pencils were moved to kindle the fire in the consciousness of the miseducated and lost.

"These jobless, these species of subhumans," Fanon referred to, *"feel the flame of affinity being fanned in the innermost parts of their being. They redeem themselves in their own eyes and before history."* They're awakened by the epiphany that *"Each generation must, out of relative obscurity, discover its mission, and fulfill it or betray it."*

In our study session, we shifted “Wretched” diagonally between us, as X guided his reading finger and paused at the word ‘proletariat.’ ‘What does that mean?’ ‘It means broken worker. The working class, whether we have a job or not. It’s referring to us, the part of society who makes our living working ourselves to death and are lashed to the dollar throughout the world’. We continued: *“The lumpenproletariat constitutes a serious threat to the security of the town, and signifies the irreversible rot and the gangrene eating into the hearts of colonial domination. So the pimps, the hooligans, the unemployed, and the petty criminals, when approached, give the liberation struggle all they have got, devoting themselves to the cause like valiant workers.”*

We followed where Fanon was coming from when he spelled out how *“Whereas the colonist or the police officer can beat the colonized subject day in and day out, insult him and shove him to his knees: it’s not uncommon to see the colonized subject draw his knife at the slightest hostile or aggressive look from another colonized subject.”* To progress, the ghetto streets and lockdown units must reflect on how *“the oppressor, who never misses an opportunity to let the blacks tear at each other’s throats, is only too willing to exploit those characteristic flaws of the lumpenproletariat’s ignorance and lack of political consciousness”*. Comprehending this puts us at a tactical advantage in achieving our aims.

The reason we rise when we feel the system’s knee on our neck is because *“Deep down the colonized subject acknowledges no authority. He is dominated but not domesticated. He is made to feel inferior but is by no means convinced of his inferiority.”*

We don’t study like this for certificates, we study for our survival. To build a new psychology in the shell of the old. To arm ourselves with knowledge before institutions attempt to ideologically disarm us by taking our books. We’re drawn to develop our character - to experience the presence of mind that comes with a genuine sense of understanding. In the process of putting revolutionary ideals into practice, we see it’s nature itself that rewards us around the world, who radically develop in the light of the teachings, who transform when with patient consideration, reflects on the relevance of our existence.



Maria Nikiforova

Zines are more than thoughts from the left, and ways to connect; they're also repositories of culture and revolution resistance from our sector, the class of the have-nots.

One of my favorite underground zines is on the life of Maria Nikiforova a.k.a. Marusya. She was an anarchist from the Ukraine who was virtually expunged from the Soviet histories during the time of the Russian Revolution in 1917. Born in poverty, she left home at 16: she emerged a terrorist in defense of the people and spent most of the years of her life underground.

Born in 1885 in Alexandrovsk, a city experiencing rapid

industrial growth at the time with a large and militant working-class population. She made ends meet by babysitting, working as a sales clerk, and then from washing bottles at a vodka distillery at the turn of the 19th century.

She began doing factory work, and it was around this time she joined a local group of anarchist-communist revolutionaries who actively advanced the “*philosophy of class struggle, an end to capitalism, and all forms of oppression*”, as brother Lorenzo Kom’boa Ervin aptly defines it. Based largely on the theories of Russian anarchist Peter Kropotkin, anarchist communism advocates for community and worker councils being in control of the means of production and distribution instead of the private owners who profit off the sweat of working-class labor. It’s not to be confused with communism based on state ownership of the economy, control of production and distribution, or on party dictatorship. It has no support or connection with Lenin or Stalin or Trotsky. Essentially speaking, it’s a revolutionary tendency where communities benefit fully from the working-class production instead of bosses or any other exploiter.

While the ideas of anarcho-communism developed in the 1870s Russia, it began spreading and reaching the Ukraine in 1903, becoming so dynamic a force that there were as many as 90 anarcho-communist groups organized there between 1905 and 1907. During this time in 1906, around the world in Philadelphia Pennsylvania, a list of principles were being signed for a new Jewish-Anarchist paper *Broyt Un Frayheytt* (“Bread and Freedom”), which included:

- 1. Immediately awaken the degraded and depressed to struggle against all that degrades and oppresses humanity;*
- 2. Encourage and develop the anarchist and revolutionary movement among all people and nations;*
- 3. Educate and lighten the labor movement everywhere especially in America;*
- 4. Maintain and further develop the militancy and fighting spirit in which our young comrades brought from cold Russia and their contempt for the dismissive indifference*

of the bourgeois and the slavish patience of the workers.

The members of the anarchy-communists in Ukraine being even stronger and more organized than in Russia provides a glimpse in just how far advanced Maria Nikiforova aka Marusya was in the cause.

Whereas political tyrants were targets of earlier Russian terrorists, Maria belonged to a group that engaged in “*motiveless terror*”, which advocated the necessities of attacking agents of economic oppression based solely on the class position they occupy.

The pent-up frustrations of the Russian empire’s lower classes subjected to an existence run by a monarch who is an honorary member of the Union of the Russian People, an organization roughly equivalent to the Ku Klux Klan, permeated the atmosphere.

After a series of bombing attacks, including on an agricultural plant that killed a chief cashier and guard, she was arrested when the bomb she tried to blow herself up with to avoid capture failed to explode. She was sentenced to death, but then she was underage; not yet 21. She was sentenced to 20 years of hard labor Siberia after her transfer from the Peter and Paul Fortress.

Not long after she escaped, reaching as far as Japan, finding refuge by anarchists in New York and Chicago, she published articles under various aliases in the Russian language press.

Around 1912, she settled in Paris, after being wounded in an anarchist bank robbery in Barcelona, being treated clandestinely in a clinic in France. She liked painting and sculpture, and attended school for art; met other artists and poets, hung out at cafes upon her arrival in France in 1913. She married Witold Brzostek, a Polish anarchist, before rear riving in Russia in 1917 where she threw herself into the Revolution in Petrograd. There, Marusya went to the famous Kronstadt Rebellion giving speeches on Anchor Square with crowds numbering between 8,000 and 10,000 sailors. The provisional government nearing collapse was due partly with thousands of Kronstadt

sailors to unite with the fighters in Petrograd. And when the government began hunting them down, hunting down the Bolsheviks and anarchists, she made her way back to Alexandrovsk in July 1917, eight years after her escape as an outlaw.

Chudnov, a former Makhnovist, physically described Marusya as “32-35, medium height, with an emaciated, prematurely-aged face in which there was something of a eunuch or hermaphrodite. Her hair was cropped short in a circle.” After meeting her in 1919, Kiselev, the Bolshevik agitator, described Marisa as “around 30 years old. Thin with an emaciated face, she produced the impression of an old maid type. Narrow nose. Sunken cheeks. She wore a blouse and skirt and a small revolver hung from her belt”

Malcolm Archibold wrote that “generally physical descriptions fall into two camps; one emphasizing attractiveness, the other repulsiveness”.

Marusya was well loved. As a militant anarchist organizer, she robbed from the rich, gave to the poor, and cared for her class. Once, after being traded from prison for a Soviet chairman who was kidnapped by worker delegates, Marusya was carried over the head of her comrades. She showed the legendary Mr. Makhno around to the workers group, and escaped death on several occasions.

Her final trial was held September 16, 1919, in what represented a field court marshal, where she defiantly swore at the court after being sentenced; breaking down only when saying goodbye to her husband before they were shot.

Marusya gave impassioned speeches calling for workers to struggle against the government, and for a free society. She made it clear on several occasions that the anarchists are not promoting anything to anyone. The anarchists only want people to be conscious of their own situation, and to seize freedom for themselves.

It was with a revolutionary spirit that she repeated: “the workers and peasants must as quickly as possible seize everything that was created by them over many centuries

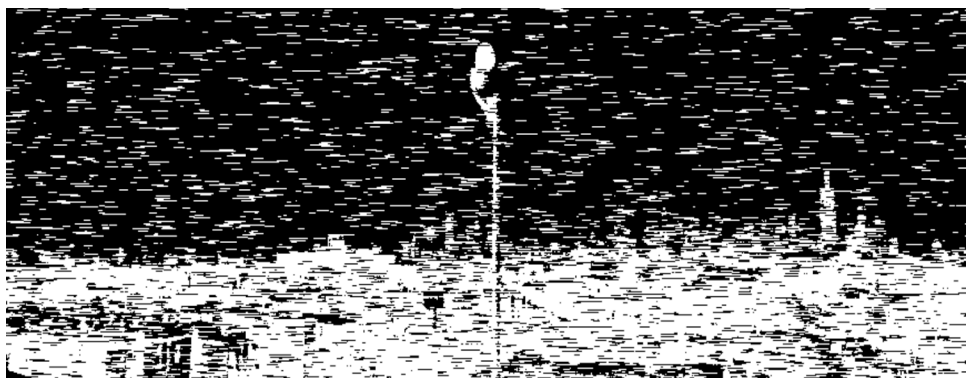
and use it for their own interest” that led to the overthrow of the government in the Ukrainian anarchist revolution.

As Malcolm Archibald captures inside of this sensational underground zine, at a 1913 Russian anarch-communist conference in London, where Maria Nikiforova signed in as Marusya, one of the main concerns was the lack of anarchist education and agitational tracks.

It's estimated that 700,000 people commit suicide every year. Imagine if these oppressed hundreds of thousands discovered they're able to find redemption in the revolution against depression. I myself understand what it feels like, with many others, becoming radicalized with exposure to revolutionary knowledge, who find it worthier what brief moment we have in this world to help liberate those who unnecessarily suffer under our collective oppressions.

How could they blame us? How could they blame us after a life of so much oppression and being our people suffer? Who could blame us for resolving, with a gulp of sincerity in our throats, to devoting our lives to uplifting the people and be willing to lay down our lives for the oppressed?





The Mind, Technology, and their Implications in the Revolution

[The nature of warfare & conquest is psychological as well as social, and there's more than what threatens the expansion of our consciousness that's at stake.

The neocolonial psychoses destroying the minds of so many suffering in the streets is a political symptom that can be cured, and must be, for our mental & social survival.]

The cemeteries of neocolonial civilization are alive with their contemporary cadavers, and it's "creepy": (smartphones that finish your sentences for you; the inability to determine whether the telemarketer on the other end of the phone is a human or a "computer")...

We don't need self-driven vehicles to direct our movements anymore than we need Artificial Intelligence to correct our messages when we text in Ebonics; and those who've fallen prey to feeling worthless in a system that's based on the value of profits instead of the profit of values find reason enough to become disillusioned from its predatory society.

While modern technology's had a hand in surgeries & other scientific advances day after day, its foot hold on social control and military operations descends deeper into decadence by the hour.

Our autonomy as Human Beings face being compromised by government-sanctioned synthetic psychology, systemically engineered.

"Programming" is a precondition for parole. How far a country has "advanced" is measured by the yardstick of "1st World"'s rulers, in search of two more feet to progress. And it takes stepping back to see just how much society's been geared to march in intellectual lock-step for those who control it.

Christian Anarchist, Jaques Ellul observed the way that *"social and intellectual movements of the 20th century...have been successful in pulling the teeth of aggressive instincts and in integrating them into the technical society."* It was natural genius that invented Artificial Intelligence. It's stronghold on society's operations jeopardizes the ingenuity of our nature & is used as a tactical instrument of technological warfare.

It's no coincidence that the Global Positioning System - initially used as a military system - can be found in phones, laptops, cars, on the ankles of migrants & millions of parolees throughout the country; and technically speaking, it's getting creepier by the moment!

A Carnegie Mellon analysis proved that in the beginning of the Covid pandemic, 82% percent of the 200 million Tweets advocating for *"reopening America"* were bots, in what became *"the worst public health crisis in a century."* It was dubbed a *"targeted propaganda machine,"* by Suleyman and Bhaskar.

In an advance copy of *"The Coming Wave: Technology, Power, And the 21st Century's Greatest Dilemma,"* Mustafa Suleyman, co-founder of DEEPMIND and INFLECTION AI, asks us to *"imagine a world where robots with the dexterity of human beings that can be 'programmed' in plain English are available at the price of a microwave."* Autonomous vehicles are able to drive themselves with little to no assistance from the driver.

He asks us to consider how *"military and paramilitary planners react when no humans be seen in combat."*

This tactic is already being implemented.

For example, the human-authorized assassination of Iran's leading scientist, Mohsen Fakhrizadeh, in 2020 was successfully carried out by a computerized sharp-shooting robotic weapon, inconspicuously mounted on a pick-up truck.

Adjusting its aim, the Iran Revolutionary Guards who failed to protect him seeing no human in sight, were perplexed until the truck exploded, from which the only thing they found remaining inside was a gun.

Autonomous systems are able to "self-replicate," & "self-improve."

In his chapter, "Four Features Of the Coming Wave", Suleyman further emphasizes their ability to *"interact with their surroundings and take actions without the immediate approval of humans."*

Vocal and voice recognition - two forms of artificial surveillance developed in China - advances for scene understanding, rapidly mass tracking & bio-data.

In more ways than one, our autonomy as individuals and what freedom we have is threatened and undermined with the weaponization of government-sanctioned automated technology.

Concerning the targeted genocide of Natives for continental conquest, Patrick Wolfe - respected theorist of settler colonialism - examined what he called the *"logic of elimination."* He used this phrase to describe *"settler colonialism as an inclusive land-centered project that mobilizes a diverse assemblage of agendas with a program of destroying Native nations in order that they may be replaced"* Rowland Robinson reflected in "Fascism and Anti-Fascism: A Decolonial Perspective."

When looked at closely, this also relates to the targeted destruction & conquest of the autonomous *mind*.

"(S)ettler invasion," Wolfe examined, *"typically combines a shifting balance of official and unofficial strategies, initially to seize native territory [like the mind] and subsequently to consolidate its expropriation. Rather than something separate*

from or running counter to the colonial state, the irregular activities of the frontier rabble constitute its principal means of expansion [like a monopoly on the use of our minds]." (Emphasis mines.)

"States do not always have to kill; its citizens can do that for them," wrote Audra Simpson.

We see this truth sensationalized in gangland; in the eyes of the addict; in these patriotically programmed to salute & serve a government that exploits them: Society's been substantially, psychologically colonized.

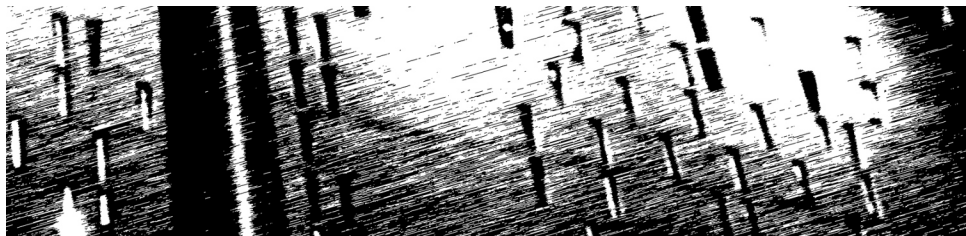
We're confronted with the threat of what can be referred to as "*intellectually indigenous elimination*": a circumstance where cognitive autonomy is targeted and replaced with the agendas of an exploitive system that programmatically manipulates it.

AI's ability to self-replicate & autonomously self-improve are already raising concerns of containment problems beyond anything else we've encountered;" Suleyman expresses in "The Coming Wave." He warns that "*Humans dominate our environment because of our intelligence. A more intelligent entity could, it follows, dominate us.*"

Mind-Reclamation is essential.

In addition, many Anarchists are brilliant scientists. The formation of conscientious Affinity Groups and Collectives functioning clandestinely in the field of Dual Power on technological operations can circumvent capitalistic catastrophe. Revolutionary reliance in gathering data (by canvassing, etc.) to counter technological mis/disinformation has the insurrectionary potential to simultaneously operate as a creative tech counter-culture, strategically used against capitalism.

Kultural integrity & the free development of our character requires a de-colonization of consciousness; and in the words of Robert Allen, "*(T)he revolutionary spirit of the people is more effective than the enemy's technology...(I)t's a principle which is fundamental to guerrilla struggles everywhere.*"



Running Down The Walls

Thanks everyone for coming out!

I want you all to take a moment to picture a dream that you have, a goal that you can see in your mind.

It could be free healthcare, free housing for the folks sleeping under a viaduct.

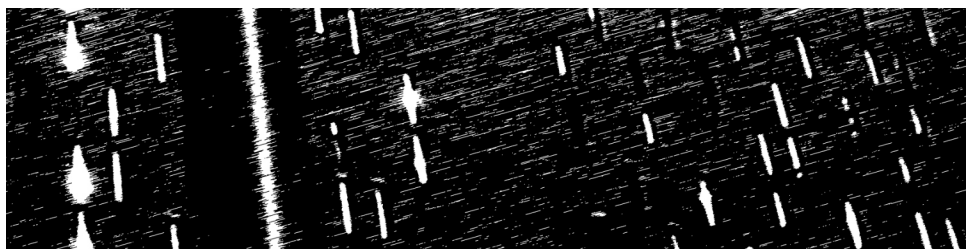
Maybe you can hear yourself effectively speak without fear, or society's prisons within as well as without, become obsolete.

Now think of the barrier standing between you and that dream. It could be a barrier of submitting to authority with blind obedience all of your life. It could be a wall of fear.

Imagine how satisfying the crunch of those walls turned into rubble would feel under your shoes as you run them down.

You're a gift. To rid yourself and the world from oppression is priceless: let nothing stop you from breaking whatever barriers stand in the way.

From your anarchist compaz confined at Jacksonville Correctional Center, to you, and the abolitionists around the world tonight:
Unite, Incite, and Run Down the Walls!



A high-contrast, black and white image of a cluttered desk. The desk is covered with various papers, some of which are open and show text. A pen is visible in the lower left corner. The overall aesthetic is grainy and high-contrast, emphasizing the textures of the paper and the chaotic arrangement of the desk.

***“Twenty-volume folios will never
make a revolution. It’s the little
pocket pamphlets that are to be
feared.”***

- Voltaire