



FUGITIVE THOUGHTS

ESSAYS ON POLITICAL VIOLENCE BY SEAN SWAIN

A12M FRAME UP

In September 2012 Sean was framed for leading a guerilla rebellion inside Mansfield Correctional, solely on the grounds that he's an "ideological match" with the propaganda put out by the rebels. The rebels called themselves the Army of the 12 Monkeys (A12M). We don't know a lot about what actually happened in September 2012, we've only heard rumors of various kinds of sabotage and massive quantities of flyers and "guerilla manuals" appeared in the prison.

Sean was shaken down immediately, they found nothing but an angry article he had written about the privatization of inmate commissary accounts. What followed was a truly bizarre internal disciplinary process where ManCI investigator cobbled together a bullshit case against Sean to justify his transfer to super-max. The crux of her argument was that Sean's political views (anarchism) are aligned with those espoused by the A12M. Interested parties can do the comparison themselves by checking out the manuals (which were later anonymously linked to in the comments section of AnarchistNews.org.) at SeanSwain.org.

Sean fought the transfer to the bitter end, spending most of a year getting "special treatment" including a starvation diet, showers of toilet water, and many other dirty tricks in seg at ManCI. The initial decision was reversed when we found a lawyer willing to help us sue the ODRC over the matter. Then ODRC legal counsel Trevor Clark got involved and manufactured an even sillier case against Sean, alleging that he was guilty in Sept of 2012 based on things that others did in April of 2013.

After Sean and his cellmate refused to cuff up and leave their cell, fighting back against the cell-extraction goon squad, they expedited his transfer to supermax, where the "special treatment" mostly stopped, until the day Sean got a new lawyer, named Rick Kerger, who would actually actively pursue the case.

Sean and Rick are suing the ODRC on grounds of civil rights due to their ideological targetting of Sean throughout this process. Trevor Clark has openly admitted that this targetting was inappropriate, while continuing it.

CONTENTS

Armchair Anarchists Suck...	1
Days of Teargas Blood and Vomit...	4
Violence! Violence! Violence!...	14
Pacifists Suck: How Arresting Revolution Maintains a Violent World...	25
Distinguishing Freedom From Recognized Political Rights...	30
A Vision of the Future: Where All the Roberto Adinolfis Walk with a Limp...	32
De-Mystifying Political Violence: Toward a Rational Framework for Analyzing Violent Armed Struggle in the U.S....	35
Response to the Anarcho-Trolls...	42

Everything in this zine can be found online at SeanSwain.org. *Days of Teargas, Blood and Vomit* was re-printed by Crimethinc in issue #11 of *Rolling Thunder*. *A Vision of the Future...* was originally published at 325nostate.net and reprinted in *Dark Nights* issue #39.

ARMCHAIR ANARCHISTS SUCK

Written in response to some persistent insurrecto-trolls on anarchistnew.org.

Irony of ironies- some mush-brained, liberal, state-worshipping hack wrote an online article slamming me as an “oddball” because, like all real anarchists, I want to abolish the state... and who is it that agrees with that state-worshipping hack? Other so-called anarchists.

Un-fucking-believable.

I ran for governor in Ohio – from prison – on the promise that, if elected, I would employ a number of radical steps that, foresee-ably, would cause the cataclysmic collapse of the state government. It doesn’t surprise me that the state-worshipping hack, his mind mismanaged and pickled in corporate slime, couldn’t comprehend why my campaign was funny. It also doesn’t surprise me that he couldn’t understand why my campaign was also potentially dangerous. So, he dogged me.

Still, I never thought I’d have to explain myself to anarchists. But, it appears that I do. So-called anarchists are now taking shots at me and continuing the smear work of a reformist, state-worshipping hack, making it necessary for me to explain myself and justify my actions to armchair anarchists whose only “action” involves a jar of peanut butter and the family dog. Here goes:

Reasons my campaign was funny:

- I ran for governor from prison. From prison.
- I ran for governor in Ohio, a conservative, republican, backwater shithole, a veritable zombie apocalypse that elected and re-elected George Dubya, arguably the most

dangerous sociopath to be president, and Bob Taft, arguably the most dangerous fuckweasel to serve as a governor in the history of fuckweaselry.

- I was proposing to utterly destroy the oppressive state that this lemming population utterly idolizes, and I was promising to burn down their beloved capitalist system with a can of gasoline and a book of matches.

In short, I was saying everything I could possibly say to not get elected. But the campaign was also potentially dangerous because:

- It was funny and it was a mockery of the electoral and political system – and nothing is more dangerous to “authority” and “prestige” than laughter.
- This stunt got regional and even national media coverage, which created the chance for people to read my writings and perhaps begin to actually question the legitimacy of the state.
- It drove the prison fascists absolutely ape-shit.

Other prisoners knew why it was funny. It made me a minor celebrity. Whereas, before my campaign, I was “that anarchist guy” and nobody quite understood what anarchy was, my campaign made prisoners curious and before long, young black prisoners from the inner-city and from conflicting gang backgrounds were reading Berkman, Kropotkin, Proudhon, Sterner, Goldman, Bakunin, Parsons, and DeCleyre. They had a prison-wide revolution library. Some of them began a writing collective called The Conditions Factory (from a quote by George Jackson, “where the conditions for revolution are not present, they must be manufactured”). None of these prisoners have gone back to sleep. None of them have resumed their assigned seats.

So here I am, years later, still in direct conflict with the fascist fuckweasels. I’ve got the scars to prove it. I’m kicking and punching and drawing blood – fighting for your liberation and mine, fighting so fucking long now that I’m fighting because I

don't remember how to do anything else; I've been pegged as the creator of the Army of the 12 Monkeys because, out of 50,000 Ohio prisoners, the fascist fuckweasels concluded that I am the only one who could have done this to them.

I'm not telling you that I'm the most dangerous revolutionary locked up in the State of Ohio...

The State of Ohio is.

So do I get a unified anarchist army coming to my defense, organizing in solidarity, rising up to defy the mind-fuck machine? No. I get sniped by so-called anarchists who want to help a hierarch propagandist throw me under the bus... and they're doing it now, when I'm more in need of solidarity from real anarchists than ever before.

I have to cut this short because here on the former death row, toilet water is pouring down the walls from the cells above us; Blackjack is strapping a plastic food tray to his arm with a sheet for use as a shield. It's hard to see through the fog of tear gas. We still have to barricade the door because the fascists with their helmets and shields and weapons are about to march into the special management unit, and all we've got are bars of soap in socks and our bare hands to fight back. I can hear 30 raging fists pounding on steel doors, awaiting the clash, toilet water ankle deep on the storm troopers' jackboots.

Happy Fourth of July.

Not trying to offend anyone here, but to all the armchair anarchists out there who aren't surviving on a steady diet of teargas and blood: why don't you stop typing that witty punchline, wipe the peanut butter off your balls, shove the dog to the side, and do something... just an idea. If I live through this, I'll write more later. The state will get tired of killing us before we get tired of dying.

DAYS
OF
TEARGAS
BLOOD
AND
VOMIT

How prisoners overwhelmed fascist forces in the July 4th rebellion at ManCI. A participant's account from inside the special manglement unit.

Ghandi would not approve.

It's 11 July 13, 8 days since my last dispatch when Blackjack was strapping the plastic lunch tray to his arm. Since then, it's been a rough-and-tumble bucket-o-blood back here in the Special Manglement Unit of Mansfield Corruptional Institution. Blackjack's missing 3 teeth (that he really doesn't use much back here anyway) and my stomach injuries had me puking for a time (no blood, a good sign), but as of today, neither of us are leaking fluids and the fascist fuckweasels have now moved us to the veritable suburbs of the SMU.

This is the whole story, and most of it is true.

July 4 began with emergency lockdown, the fascists all hopped up on adrenaline, coffee, and the news of the escape that happened the previous night. Turns out, a prisoner escaped the old-fashioned way. He leaned a steel ladder against the fence and left. No shit.

But as with any other situation where popular forces strike a successful blow against the fuckweasel control system, those of us still locked in the shoEbox take the full brunt of it. Breakfast was shit and there was no recreation. So even before Warden Terry Tibbals, a.k.a, BLACK LIGHTNING, arrived at his

office with his bag of donuts and cup of decaf, all hell had already broke loose in the Special Mangement Unit.

Forty steel doors banging, busted sprinkler heads pounding thousands of gallons of rusty water down the stairs and cascading over the top range, the nazis jacking cans of pepper spray and running for the exit.

Fuck them. It's not like they planned to have a barbecue anyway.

So, if you've been locked in the shoebox for any length of time, you know what's coming. A captain or a major will soon be on-station to announce his own importance, only to find every fucking cell-door window blocked and barricaded, whereupon he will slosh with wet socks and shoes back to an office to call in the Extraction Team- a crew of genetic oddities on brain-entrancing drugs, clad in jackboots and helmets, shields and flak vests. Their whole reason to exist is to crush human skulls and reckless abandon, cell-to-cell, breaking bones and spirits, but from the rumbling of the steel doors, we knew they'd better get some chips and beer because they were gonna be there a while.

In SMU4B, Blackjack and I occupied the cell closest to the entrance so by dumb luck and a twist of fate, we were the front line of the very first battle, ground zero in the struggle between the rebellion and the goddamn stormtroopers goose-stepping in mechanical unison, hopped up on their innate hatred of humanity and the echoes of unhappy childhoods.

It would be seven on two, close quarters blind fighting, the hierarch machine coming to exterminate the anarchist tendency once and for all, and for our part, the possibility that we would fight and die, not for some inglorious cause, but driven by the simple sad reality that it's better to fight and perhaps die than to live as slaves.

Blackjack and I took a quick inventory and came up with an impromptu battle plan. They might kill us, might pound us to death, but they were going to know we were here. The least we could do on the way out, with the snapping of bones and growls of rage, is scar these fascist fuckweasels for life so they wake up

from sweaty nightmares decades from now and realize that yet against they've shit the bed, screaming my name, "SWAIN!", since no one knows who to pronounce Blackjack's (Blackjack included).

WELCOME TO WACO

We know how it goes down. The Extraction Team opens the food slot and sprays an industrial sized can of outdoor-use-only pepper spray into the cell, a space the size of a bathroom, blasting some napalm-death that peels off skin and lights the lungs on fire. So we had to prepare for that. Then, they'd key the door and bullrush in, a phalanx behind riot shields and helmets, pounding ahead and crushing anything organic in their way. At least 7 of them, taming, breaking, punishing.

We had to stop that too.

The fascist fuckweasels had the latest technology for violence and brutality. We had a plastic bag, styrofoam cups, shampoo, toothpaste, sheets, blankets, a broom, socks, soap, 2 lunch trays, a razor blade and a stapler.

I don't know where the fuck we got the stapler but it was brand new and had a full compliment of staples. We quickly concluded that the stapler, while convenient for all our segregation office needs, really proved quite irrelevant in a violent struggle for liberation against the forces of fuckweaselry. But all that other shit could kick a fucking dent in their machinery.

By the time those goose-stepping goons arrived, we were prepared- and the fascists would wish they could trade places with ATF agents crawling across the roof of some half-baked cult leader clinging to his bibles and guns in a podunk Texas town. Welcome to Waco.

THE STANDOFF - NO SCRATCH THAT: THE EPIC MOTHERFUCKING STAND-OFF TO END ALL STAND-OFFS

If you're reading this on your I-phone in study hall, don't try this at home.

Well, unless you really, really hate your parents.

Unable to see into the cell because the window in the cell door was blocked, the fascists opened the food slot, only to find a bed sheet hanging in front of the door. They still couldn't see. On top of that, a blanket was wedged in the 4 inch frame of the outside window with a roll of toilet paper to block the light from the sun, making the cell pitch dark. The lead fuckweasel reached his hand into the food slot to grab the sheet and yank it down, only to take a bar of soap in a sock across the knuckles, quickly withdrawing his hand in a stream of obscenities.

I was a pitcher in little league. I can swing the shit out of a sock.

Angered, they went straight to the pepper-spray, letting loose with about a gallon of it. What they didn't know is that we used a whole tube of toothpaste, minty fresh and approved by the American Dental Association, to adhere a plastic bag over the food slot. That bag caught every bit of the pepper spray and when I hit that bag with the soap-in-a-sock, it coughed its contents right back at the fuckweasels who unleashed it.

That sent them running and sprawling into the cascading toilet water, coughing and cussing with gallons of snot pouring down the flesh of their inflamed faces.

Cancel the family outing with the fireworks. You're not gonna be feeling very festive.

So as they splashed in the toilet water and rinsed their faces, the door rattling reached a savage pitch and I knew the maniacs and wildmen behind those steel doors were chewing on the inside of their own mouths just to get the taste of blood.

And here's an abject lesson for all the forces of fascism from the colonizer troops in the oil wars to the pigs firing rubber bullets into occupy encampments to the fuckweasel prison guards imposing the program at the hot end of a can of pepper spray: It's all fun and games until someone loses and eye. And then it's just FUN.

They formed up, fueled on rage and pain, a seething hate machine, and keyed the door. It swung wide open and they came in behind the shield, into the dark unknown. They still could not

see because the sheet wasn't fastened to the door; it didn't move when the door moved. It remained in the doorway because we hung the sheet from a curtain rod we created out of styrofoam cups- a lot of styrofoam cups, stacked, like 50 of them, and then wedged them into the door frame. So when they came marching into the battle dome, they came in blind with the sheet draped in front of their faces.

They didn't see the shampoo on the floor or the plastic cup lids floating in the shampoo. The shield-man's jackboots slid on the cup lids and we went hydro-planing forward, shoved from behind by the six-man phalanx that followed.

Keep in mind, there's a steel bunkbed 3 feet in from the door and it's bolted to the floor, creating a bottle-neck, a 3 foot square killing-floor where the goons must come in single-file across shampoo and cup lids sliding under their feet, as they follow a blinded shield-man into a dark room, a sheet hanging in his face.

The shield-man didn't see me in the shower, pulling the trip line tight. It caught his foot and he fell forward, his fuckweasel friends piling up behind him. Blackjack and I both began yelling, "I got him! I got him!" and "Stop resisting! Stop resisting!" giving the impression that the shield-man hadn't fallen, but had instead tackled one of us.

I let go of the trip line and pulled the strip of sheet we had cut with the razor blade to hook into the sprinkler. I yanked it hard, unleashing thousands of gallons of black gunk fire suppressant pushed by tens of thousands of gallons of water. It was cold and disorienting and blinding, immediately blasting the pile of fuckweasels like a fire-hose from the ceiling.

That was Blackjack's cue. They hadn't seen him under the mattress on the top bunk. He sprang to his feet, all possible pepper-spray neutralized by the water filling the air, and with his half of the broomstick secured to his wrist with a strip of bedsheet (just in case he might drop it, he could recall it to his hand with a flick of the wrist) he leaped down from the top rack onto the fuckweasel heap, swinging like a madman. From the

opposite side, out of the shower, I rushed into the maelstrom with my half of the broomstick tied to my wrist, and the soap-in-a-sock in my other hand screaming and snarling like a savage. In no time, we were behind the bewildered pile of drenched muscle and heavy equipment, and we bolted for the door.

Fuck everything else. If we got through the open cell door and out into the block, we faced one guard with a cell phone taking video and another guard with a handful of keys.

Yeah. Keys. The great equalizer. We had 2 primitive clubs in our fists, rags wrapped round our faces, and as many as 78 other comrades trapped behind steel doors – doors that could be opened with those keys. We only had to get out of the cell and lock the extraction team inside. But, as we reached the door, the fuckweasels outside the cell dropped everything and threw themselves against the closing door. Blackjack got his club wedged in to keep it from closing as he struggled against the door, I swung on the extraction team trying to regain their feet, and a helmet flew against the wall.

Unfortunately, there was no head inside it.

Maybe next time.

Blackjack thrust against the door and it gave, knocking down the guards on the outside, and we tumbled out of the cell and into the block, the rattling doors and cheers completely deafening. We crawled forward in the ice-cold water and gunk, clawing at the fallen guards, but before we gained purchase, the extraction team had us by the legs, dragging us back into the containment of the cell, our nails dragging on the concrete, one pig's tasteful yet understated loafer still gripped in my left hand, pepper spray firing from every direction.

Strange, but they didn't beat us to death. Sure, they got their random kicks and punches in as they held us down and confiscated our weapons, but then they bolted, leaving us sprawled, broken and bloody in a flood of toilet water on the concrete floor.

It was surprisingly comfortable, but I still had all my teeth. As amazing as this is, with all the damage the fascist

fuckweasels have inflicted over the decades, the dentist tells me that my teeth are in fantastic shape. Blackjack's missing 3 teeth. We couldn't find them. And, even if we could, they had been floating in toilet water.

I pulled something in my abdomen that caused me to puke from the pain for a few days and we both have scorch marks from random pepper-spray blasts, but no broken bones. Our eyes are still firmly in their sockets, and neither of us appear to be leaking any vital fluids.

It took a long time for the fascists to regain control of SMU 4, as they faced inspired and courageous resistance in every fucking cell. The extraction team left the unit at the end of their shift dispirited and haunted by their experience.

Brave new world, shitbags. Brave new motherfuckin' world.

THE AFTERMATH

We should be dead right now. I mean, several prisoners died here in Terry "Black Lightning" Tibbals' mismanaged care for a hell of a lot less. Our survival seems a complete absurdity. But here we are.

The official story is that the video of events was lost when the pig dropped the cell phone in his effort to contain us in Cell 1019. I suspect that's bullshit. I suspect that nobody wants to explain why we had a broomstick in the first place (general incompetence by the pigs on cell-cleaning day), or why the extraction team marched into a cell without visual capacity, or how to starved-out captives out-maneuvred and out-fought their best fuckweasel fighting force. Whatever their motive, I've been told that these events didn't happen... not the way they happened, anyway.

HELLA HELLA OCCUPY

Four days later, we remained in a burned out shell of a cell, paint peeled from the walls, chunks of concrete missing out of the ceiling. So on July 8, as Pelican Bay revolutionaries

undertook a monumental, historic hunger-strike, Blackjack and I were cuffed and escorted out to the outdoor recreation cage. No shit.

Beginning at 6:30 in the morning, we announced to the fuckweasel establishment that we were occupying the recreation cage and not giving it back until our demands were met. Inside the block, the rest of the SMU4 prisoners were again off the chain, rattling doors and flooding the unit. By dinner, they sent in a negotiator to use his “interpersonal communication” training to talk us out of the cage. When that failed, they called the extraction team... who simply did not show up.

Officer Miller, a shitbag of the highest order and a regular feature on SMU4 (who can be reached by calling ManCI and then dialing 806 and extension 6101), took a cell phone video of our demands for coming out of the recreation cage. When told all demands would be met, we surrendered, only to be dragged, handcuffed, back to our burned-out cave to find our food in the toilet and most of our property destroyed. Miller and Bradshaw had taken all of our soap, toilet paper and pens. As if we needed them.

Amazingly, the stapler we hid under the steel sink and toilet combo remained there, and was in perfect working condition.

Very durable.

Officer Miller threatened to put his dick and balls in our food, so- as a natural consequence, Blackjack and I went without food the entire day, right along with the heroes of Pelican Bay and the thousands of hunger strikers across the country and around the world. Miller’s threats sparked a night of mayhem, leading the Gestapo High Command to conclude that Blackjack and I are a dangerous influence, and they moved us out of that stagnant cave in SMU 4 to the veritable zombie suburbs of SMU2- a comfortable peaceful corner of the special manglement unit where we are surrounded by prisoners incapable of action if you lit their asses on fire and chased them with a super-soaker filled with gasoline. The mentality of the entire unit revolves around a

betting ticket put out by a prisoner called Vegas, and daily discussions of professional sports events. No revolution here.

Though we've been put out to pasture, the situation has greatly improved. Our food portions are back to standard; the laundry service has resumed; the cells are clean and dry, without toilet water pouring from the ceiling; and Blackjack and I are now in a cell where we can sleep without steel doors 3 feet away, banging us awake every ½ hour.

Some kind of disciplinary action was taken against us, but we don't know what it was since we refuse to answer any more conduct reports. When the officer who came to shackle us heard we refused to go, he asked, "Are we gonna have to do this the hard way?" We responded, "you better go ask the extraction team." He left, never returned.

So, there's a lesson to derive from all this: the only effective answer to state terror in any form is equal and opposite revolutionary violence. Plain and simple. It's the only thing the fascist fuckweasels understand.

I think of the last 9 and a half months that Blackjack and I foolishly tried to go along with the fascist program, to appeal to reason, to employ the non-violent processes made available to us – while our captors reduced us to conditions that were inhumane and intolerable, starving us out. If only we had undertaken this path nine months earlier, and maintained it, we might be drinking martinis by an olympic-sized swimming pool right now.

A point Derrick Jensen made in Endgame applies here: more prisoners of the Nazi concentration camps survived by resisting than by going along with the program.

So I think about the events of these last 8 days and consider how the world would be different if this approach had been undertaken by the occupy encampments across the US and around the world, undertaken by everyone rejecting the global concentration camp imposed on us all. Imagine if the skull-bashing and finger snapping pigs of the State-terror machine, instead of being met with passive resistance to the dismantling of

the encampments, had been met with molotov cocktails and bowling balls raining from roof tops; and resisters sporting helmets shoulder pads, and baseball bats appropriated from Dick's sporting goods; or had faced man-hole covers blasting into the sky and streets collapsing under them from improvised explosive devices in the sewers – perhaps the trajectory of history would be quite different today.

All I'm saying is, if a former gas station attendant and a former sandwich station tech at Wendy's can nearly defeat the hyper-fascist forces inside the State's mind-fuck control unit by employing styrofoam cups, a tube of toothpaste, and a broken broomstick, what hope exists for the crapitalist pigs and their fuckweasel enforcers? If only a small fraction of so-called anarchists, revolutionaries, freedom-fighters, libertarians, tea-partiers or occupy supporters got serious for a moment, all the world's officer Millers would have to remove their balls from our instant potatoes and run naked, screaming for their miserable and worthless lives, chased by angry hordes carrying pitchforks and torches, demanding a reckoning. I don't want to impress you. I don't even want to inspire you. I just want to wake you up. The state is a can of pepper-spray and there's no reasoning with it. Freedom means destroying it.

We don't need Gandhi's approval. This is reality, however it is we feel about it. We need Gandhi to pass that tube of toothpaste and get that lunch tray strapped to his arm.

This is how you take back the future.

Brave new motherfucking world, Mohandas. Brave new motherfucking world.

VIOLENCE!
VIOLENCE!
VIOLENCE!

An open letter to ODRC Legal Counsel Trevor Matthew Clark, Esquire, on his favorite topic—my unapologetic advocacy of political violence (written in the hopes of inspiring others to adopt my position and engage in revolutionary action).

Dear Trevor:

In the interests of full transparency, I'd like to begin this letter by making my aims clear. I advocate political violence. I contend that political violence is absolutely necessary for the success of a revolutionary project, and I defend its morality as well as its practicality. I write this in the admitted hope that my reasonable and articulate arguments will reach rational people who will embrace the position I advocate, and that they will take back the future from oppressors and tyrants by engaging in effective revolutionary action.

I present all of this as a letter to you for a few reasons. First, your written positions related to my prison disciplinary situation provide a pretty good representation of the State's position, or at least can be used for extrapolating authority's position on political violence. Second, you are an attorney, which makes you an expert at law and at argument, so if and when I can dispose of *your* stated positions and reduce *your* claims to nonsense, that will then demonstrate the superiority of my position to yours, and will prove pretty conclusively that political violence makes sense. And third, I know that once this is posted, given your emotional instability, the presence of this letter online will drive you completely bonkers for the rest of *your* life—which I will find personally satisfying, given your role in the State's efforts to destroy *my* life; as listening to my disciplinary

proceedings made you feel like “shooting [your]self in the face,” I imagine this will too. By all means, do *not* let me dissuade you.

I think that takes care of the disclosure and transparency, so we should proceed to the topic of political violence. Typically, I will predicate a work like this with a few relevant quotes. I think that approach appropriate here.

So we begin.

“We are anarchists specifically because we do not water down our critique of social ills. We seek to strike the system at its roots.”

–Crimethink,

After the Crest III: Barcelona at Low Tide

“The revolutionary project of anarchists is to struggle along with the exploited and push them to rebel against all abuse and repression, so also against prison. What moves them is a desire for a better world, a better life with dignity and ethic, where economy and politics have been destroyed. There can be no place for prison in that world”

“That is why anarchists scare power.”

“That is why they are locked up in prison.”

–Alfredo Bonanno,

“Introductory Note,” Locked Up

“Men [sic] will never be free until the last king is strangled with the entrails of the last pope.”

–Denis Diderot

Defining “Political Violence”

What is violence? No one can reasonably adopt a position on something before we define what it is. My dictionary gives five definitions, but the first one, I think, is more than adequate for our purposes here: “physical force exerted so as to cause damage, abuse, or injury.” By this definition, “violence” would include property damage and sabotage, though most purists would object

to this definition and assert that “violence” is only “violence” when directed at living beings. I’m inclined to accept the definition that property damage is also violence because that’s more consistent with the position you’ve put forward on behalf of the State when you argued that I advocated violence against “people,” “destruction of property,” and “harassment,” and I would prefer not to quibble over the smaller details. So, for our purposes, we can accept that property damage is violence.

I think it’s important, though, that we point out that the definition of violence doesn’t include any qualifiers. What I mean is, by our definition, it matters not whether I’m punching you in the face or whether you are punching me in the face; a punch in the face is “physical force exerted so as to cause damage, abuse or injury,” no matter who the actor is. Violence is violence.

I know, that’s kind of self-evident as far as observations go. Kind of a no-brainer. I just wanted to point it out though, for future reference, for when we get to the point where you want to shoot yourself in the face.

But we don’t want to talk about just *any* violence. Interpersonal violence isn’t our topic. I don’t think either one of us is, for instance, advocating “domestic violence.” The question before us is whether or not we advocate *political* violence. Again we consult a dictionary and the first definition for “political” is, “of or relating to the affairs of government, politics, or the state.” I think that’s workable for the definition of “political.” If we put that together with our definition of violence, we create our working definition of political violence: “Physical force exerted so as to cause damage, abuse, or injury...of or related to the affairs of government, politics, or the state.”

I suppose we could go further and ask what the State is, particularly in this age where the State is so inextricably linked with the management of the economy and in the affairs of large corporations, but that’s really a whole other discussion unto itself, isn’t it? Our topic here is already ambitious enough, I think. So we can forego the question of, “What is the State?,” at least for purposes of identity, and we’ll suffice to say that the State is “the

government,” the incorporated entity that exercises its assumed powers and authority, by and through its agents—like you. You qualify as an agent of the State.

Belief in Political Violence, Part I

Having defined political violence, we now address the question of whether or not I “believe in it.” If by “believe in it” we mean, “do I *believe* that political violence is *real*, then I would have to say, no, I do *not* believe in political violence. I *know* that political violence is real.

Political violence—“physical force exerted so as to cause damage, abuse, or injury...of or related to the affairs of government, politics, or the state”—is a fact of reality. It is happening at all times. It is ubiquitous.

The reality of political violence cannot rationally be questioned.

Belief in Political Violence, Part II

If by “belief in political violence” you mean to ask, “Do I believe political violence is practical?,” I would again have to answer, no. I do *not* believe that political violence is practical. I *know* that it is.

The reason I know political violence is practical is, I took a sociology class with Ashland University. I read the textbook. In it, the writers pointed out that movements like the Irish Republican Army that employed violence achieved at least partial success an overwhelming majority of the time, as opposed to strictly nonviolent movements where just the opposite held true.

So, we can say objectively and without a doubt that, as a practical matter, political violence *works*.

And, I think I need to point out here, I’m not yet making an argument for political violence. Nothing so far related to how I “feel” about political violence or whether I “like” political violence or not. Political violence is real and it works, however we “feel” about it, the same way that the planet is round, gravity persists, and the earth goes around the sun, all independent of

the question of whether we “believe” in the planet’s roundness, or gravity’s legitimacy, or the earth’s trajectory.

Gravity does not seek our consent. Neither does the efficacy of political violence.

Belief in Political Violence, Part III

If you ask, “Do you believe in political violence?” and by “believe in” you mean, “Do you think political violence *should* be employed?” I would answer with an emphatic yes. But if you were being honest, Trevor, you would also answer with an emphatic yes. You accept political violence as moral and legitimate, and I can prove it to you.

You work as ODRC Counsel—as an attorney for the Ohio Department of Rehabilitation and Correction. The ODRC is an agency of the State of Ohio, established by the Ohio Constitution of 1803. Ohio is the 17th state of the United States; the United States gained its independence from the British crown with the signing of the Treaty of Paris in 1787.

By calling yourself “ODRC Counsel,” you are implicitly stipulating to the truth of all of those facts. You have to be. If any one of those statements above are untrue, you aren’t ODRC Counsel. You’re just a dude in skinny jeans with a lot of college debt and the FBI on speed-dial. If the ODRC is *not* an agency of the State of Ohio, then you have no claim to exercise authority on behalf of the State. If the Treaty of Paris didn’t provide the United States independence from the British crown, then the United States is not a sovereign nation, Ohio isn’t part of its confederation, and Ohio is not a state. Again, that leaves you in your skinny jeans chatting with the fascists and wondering how you’ll pay off all that college debt since you don’t have a job.

So, in Trevor Clark’s world, the Treaty of Paris is valid. The revolutionaries in the colonies who engaged in open, *violent rebellion* against the rightful authorities—rightful authorities under existing international law—were not criminals, traitors, offenders against the peace and dignity of the British crown, but were instead signatories to a treaty, the proper representatives of

a nation whose independence was gained through the means of *political violence*.

You're an attorney, Trevor. Do you practice British law in British courts? Are you a member of the British bar? When you introduced yourself to me on 27 March 2013, did you refer to yourself as Counsel for the British Crown?

I guess that means you accept the legitimacy of the political violence employed by Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, Patrick Henry, and the rest. I guess that means that you, like every other U.S. citizen, have to concede and stipulate to the acceptance of political violence and its validity.

So much for your categorical rejection of political violence, huh?

This is an important point because it proves that you and I have more in common in our thinking than we have uncommon. We both know that political violence exists. We both know that, as a practical matter, it works. And we both accept that recourse to political violence is legitimate. We only argue, potentially, over the questions of *when* political violence should be employed, by whom, to what end, and against whom.

So let's shift gears for a moment. Let's stop talking about *my* advocacy of political violence and start talking about *yours*.

Back to our Definition of "Political Violence"

You'll recall that earlier I made the point that "violence" as it is defined, has no qualifiers, that it matters not whether *I'm* punching you in the face or whether you are punching *me* in the face. A punch in the face is violence no matter who the actor is. Violence is violence. And so we get to the point I foreshadowed, where you want to shoot yourself in the face.

On 19 September 2012, without any justification at all—and admittedly so, because everything I was accused of related to my apprehension was dismissed—you, the State, removed me from the prison population. You put me in cuffs. You "exerted" "physical force...so as to cause damage, abuse, or injury," forcibly taking me into custody and putting me in a torture cell for days.

That's violence. And it's violence "related to the affairs of...the state," as it's violence employed by the State in the (mis)management of its affairs. I was then subjected to conditions that the CIA described as "the simple torture situation" in its *KUBARK Counterintelligence and Interrogation Manual*, an insidious how-to manual for torturers and state-terrorists like yourself.

It was also on 19 September 2012 that you, the State, "seized" my typewriter and then destroyed it in retaliation for me calling the ODRC director a "sock puppet" for the JPay corporation. You'll recall, by our definition, when you "exert" "physical force...so as to cause damage...," that's violence. And in this case, the violence, destroying my typewriter, is directly "related to the affairs of...the State," as "the State" is the entity destroying my typewriter for its own political agenda.

See the problem you have here, Trevor? It's very, very difficult to hear your indignant and self-righteous condemnations of "political violence" because every time you try to speak, more and more corpses fall out of the mass grave we know as your mouth.

But while we're on the topic, let's also analyze the larger context of your political violence. In my own case, I've been held without a legitimate legal justification according to your own laws, for twenty-three years. That means I'm not a prisoner; I'm a kidnap victim.¹

Kidnapping is a violent crime, Trevor. *Violence*. State violence, and State violence is, de facto, political violence. When you continually *employ* political violence against someone, it seems more than a little bit irrational and hypocritical for you to assert that the victims of *your* political violence do not so much as have the right to "advocate" its use *against* you.

¹ I was kidnapped by the State in 1991 after defending my own life in my own home. Erie County Case No. 91-CR-253. My false conviction was reversed, Sixth District Case No. E-91-80. On remand, the trial court refused to follow the mandate of the Court of Appeals. I remain imprisoned for 23 years, still awaiting the fair trial ordered in 1993. To avoid having to recognize my innocence and the illegality of my captivity, the Erie County Court of Common Pleas simply refuses to file anything I present.

And, of course, the ultimate irony is, if you had not abducted me and tortured me and mounted an all-out assault on every aspect of my life in flagrant violation of your own written laws (not that anyone, particularly you, pays any attention to those), I never would have been provoked to “advocate” a politically-violent response.

You will recall that you wrote to my attorneys, “The types of violence and intimidation that are advocated for [sic] in his writings fall clearly within the legal exceptions to that right [of free speech].”²

ODRC will not tolerate threats, harassment and attempts at intimidation.” That’s what you wrote.

See your problem? If the State will not tolerate “threats,” perhaps *the State* should get out of the “threat” business. If the State won’t tolerate “harassment,” whatever that means, perhaps *it* should cease its torture and state-terror operations. If the State won’t tolerate “intimidation,” maybe *it* should stop using its machinery of violence to silence, neutralize, and destroy its

2 You have asserted that the First Amendment does not protect speech that “advocates violence.” If that’s the case, it was illegal to support the bombing of Iraq or the invasion of Afghanistan. Bombs are violence, Trevor. It would also be illegal to advocate the executions of the Lucasville Uprising leaders. Killing people is violence, Trevor.

So, clearly, the question of whether speech advocates or does not advocate violence is perfectly irrelevant to whether it enjoys First Amendment protections. In fact, if you read all of the U.S. Supreme Court cases that delineate prisoner free speech rights, the question of “advocating violence” is no part of the calculus. The question isn’t related to content, but to the forum and the purpose—in this case, a public forum, and the purpose is political speech; so, the speech in question is afforded the *most* protection according to *your* highest court’s decisions. See, *Jones v. NCPLU*, 433 US119 (1977); *Pell v. Procunier*, 417 US 817 (1974); *Thornburgh v. Abbott*, 490 US 401 (1989); *Turner v. Safley*, 482 US 78 (1987); *Procunier v. Martinez*, 416 US 396 (1974; and *Simon & Schuster Inc v. Members of the New York State Crime Victims Board, et. al*, 502 US 105 (1991). *Simon & Schuster* stands for the proposition that the State cannot create a “disincentive” for prisoner speech in a public forum...like, say, sending me to super-duper-uber-mega-ultra-max for my communicated ideas to a website.

critics, whistleblowers, and political opponents.

Just an idea. Otherwise, if the State is going to be in the threat, harassment and intimidation business, as it clearly is now, then the State is going to be turning a lot of people into enemies, the same way you have made a lifelong enemy of me, and you will soon have to confront thousands of Sean Swains...all of us recognizing that we have no other recourse but *political violence*. Not all of us can easily be tucked away at super-duper-uber-mega-ultramax.

You're got something like *twelve million* people in Ohio. And lots and lots of guns.

I read somewhere that estimated gun ownership in the U.S. is more than 200 million. That's a lot of guns. If you divide that evenly among all 50 states, which is unrealistic since only 12 people live in Montana, the people of Ohio alone have at least 4 million guns. That's a gun for every third person.

I suppose for the remainder of this, I can address my arguments directly to *those* people. The literary device of directing my arguments to you has served its purpose. So, by all means, don't let me hold you from any important business. Feel free to shoot yourself in the face at any time.

12 million People, 4 million guns, and 1 Common Enemy
Subjecting Everyone to Political Violence...Arrogantly Assuming
We Won't Do Something About It...

The Trevor Clarks who run the State of Ohio will not tolerate your "threats" or "harassment" or "intimidation." They will, however, take *your* money without *your* consent to pay their own salaries. They tax you, supposedly for your own good. Supposedly to provide you "services," like roads, schools, and protection.

But you're reasonable. You'd voluntarily *pay for services*. You voluntarily pay for services every day. If the State really offered services, you would gladly pay for the value of those services.

The State doesn't give you that option. Instead, the State

“exerts” “force” to fund “the affairs of government,” to your loss, to your “injury.” The State engages in political violence in your every transaction. The State knows that reasonable people like you would never pay outrageous sums for shoddy services, and so it resorts to political violence to keep itself going, not *for your own good*, but *at your expense*.

The Trevor Clarks who steal your money from you make a good salary. You pay them generously, not for roads, schools, and protections, but for chuck-holes, illiteracy, and political repression. You pay for the government hackers who are reading your e-mails and listening in on your phone calls. You pay for the miseducation system that convinces a new generation that they cannot possibly handle ruling themselves, that they *need* the government’s “services” of chuck-holes, illiteracy, and political repression. You pay for the Apache attack helicopters the government buys to “protect” you... and then points the helicopter *at you*.

The State will *not* tolerate your “threats” or “harassment” or “intimidation.” The Trevor Clarks have spoken. You 12 million people with at least 4 million guns will do what you are told and you will pay the bill... *or else*.

Does that sound like “freedom”? I could be wrong, but I think real freedom doesn’t involve your government constantly employing *political violence* against you and intimidating you if you start talking about freedom.

Not that it matters because we have no duty to defer to the documents of the Trevor Clarks who are sticking it to us, but the Ohio Constitution expressly provides that we have the “right” to “abolish” the government. Article I, Section 2. We can do it whenever we “deem it necessary.”

I don’t know about you, but I deem it necessary. I don’t want to die at super-duper-uber-mega-ultra-max because I defended my own life and then told the truth about the prison directors’ crimes. And, more importantly, I don’t want others to die for what *they* believe, locked away or shot by agents of an

irrational State.³ So, that means the State has to go.

We deserve better.

Something to consider. There's us... There's them... We have 12 million people and at least 4 million guns.⁴ Any questions?

Just a quick reminder to any remaining pacifists out there—your choice is *not* between “violence” or “peace.” If it was, we would all choose peace. But if we do not choose to engage in violence, that does *not* create a situation of peace; that creates a situation of *unilateral violence* where the State continues to “exert” its “force” to your “injury.” So, an absence of action, on your part, facilitates State violence. In fact, the longer you refrain from acting, the more lives are devastated. Objectively, anyone who is really, truly for *peace* will struggle—by *any means necessary*—to *destroy* the State completely and as quickly as possible so that the principle cause of State violence will cease and we will then finally have the option of choosing peace.

You can't choose “peace” with a loaded shotgun in your face. Once you address the issue of that loaded shotgun in your face, you have the option of choosing peace.

And personally, I cannot wait to choose peace.

The State and its political violence are an obstacle to that peace. Let's remove it. Completely. Immediately.

As someone else who confronted terrorists at the controls once said, “Let's roll.”

We own the future. It starts now... if only we have the will.

3 The Cleveland Police reserve the right to shoot unarmed people 137 times. “To Protect and Serve” looks a lot like “To Enslave and Oppress.”

4 Some excellent resources: Computer Security: crypto.com anonymizer.com colt.org/crypto c4m.net fbi.gov/hq/lab/carnivore/carnivore.htm netsol.com/cgi-bin/whois/whois Special Training: nasta.ws operationaltactics.org bad-boys.net swattraining.com specialoperations.com Ohio Militia: oomaac.com I have no idea about the politics of any of these groups, but I suspect they are armed. That's a start. Whatever your politics, they can teach you how to shoot. That's a start. Or, apart from firearms, you could descend on the Ohio Statehouse in ski masks with cans of gasoline and books of matches. That's a start too. Article I, Section 2 of the Ohio Constitution affirms your right to do it.

PACIFISTS SUCK:

How Arresting Revolution Maintains a Violent World

When a guy kicked in my door in 1991, I panicked and stabbed him to death. I didn't own a gun. I didn't believe in guns. I always ascribed to the wisdom that if somebody wanted to come to my home and shoot me, he would have to bring his own gun. So, in the years that followed, perhaps in part motivated by a need to make sense out of this tragedy, I encountered Gandhi. I read everything I could find and became a veritable Gandhi expert, even consuming everything by and about his students—Martin Luther King, Cesar Chavez, Gene Sharp (who wrote the exhaustive *Politics of Nonviolent Action*), and other fellow travelers like Archbishop Oscar Romero in El Salvador.

I became convinced that only nonviolent direct action—and exclusively-nonviolent direct action—held the solution for changing the world in any constructive way. As a member of CURE-Ohio's prisoner advisory board, I successfully advocated for that organization to develop a policy for supporting prisoner nonviolent direct action. In 2002, I was recognized by no less than Rosa Parks herself for my public advocacy of nonviolent action, and the co-chair of the Southern Poverty Law Center's National Campaign for Tolerance added my name to the Wall of Tolerance.

I share all of that to demonstrate that I am fully versed in the theory and practice of nonviolent direct action and that I used to be among those who insisted on exclusive nonviolence as the only solution. But I am no longer under the influence of that powerful delusion and I recognize, reasonably and practically, that political violence is a necessary feature for any successful effort at social transformation.

Exclusive nonviolence doesn't cut it. It never did, it never will. In fact, those who insist on exclusive nonviolence and thereby hold all social movements hostage, demanding that all

tactics employed by all participants meet the nonviolence litmus, are the biggest impediment to social transformation that currently exists. “Pacifists,” the idealist followers of Gandhi and MLK, are the most culpable accomplices to the continuing violence of our current status quo.

Principled pacifists, threatening withdrawal from social movements if violent tactics are considered, doom every social movement to which they are a part. They limit resistance to only those tactics that will inevitably fail. This proves true in the most glaring recent example of the Occupy movement, when police employed brutal and violent repression to push resisters out of the public space. The resistance ultimately dissolved in the face of State terror because pacifists’ limitations prevented Occupy from preparing effectively to meet violence with violence, precluded any plan to deploy violent offensives that would diminish the State’s capacity to confront Occupy with such overwhelming force, and ultimately foreclosed upon even the consideration of tactics that may have altered history.

Reality: Cops are violent.

Reality: Cops are going to employ violence to impose “order.”

Reality: If those who truly desire to challenge the-world-as-it-is want to be successful, they will have to develop strategies for meeting, countering, and overcoming State violence.

Reality: Violent revolutionary action is the solution.

Of course, principled pacifists are unwilling to participate in any social movement that contemplates violence and/or property damage, not even in a nonviolent or noncombatant role, thereby diminishing the potential numbers of the resistance and dooming it stillborn before it ever emerges.

But what is it, exactly, that principled pacifists are opposing? Is their opposition reasonable? Just how “violent” is violent revolution, and does it result in more violence than a continuation of the existing order of things?

Let’s take an analytical look at violent revolution, the solution that principled pacifists oppose and ultimately prevent:

We can get an idea of what happens during a revolution by considering the data from previous revolutions. We know, for instance, that in the English, American, French, and Russian revolutions, only a maximum of 5% of those country's populations—at peak participation—were involved in the resistance. So that means that 95% of any given population does not participate in a revolution.

This is important for us to consider as we weigh the violence that principled pacifists oppose, and the violence that principled pacifists ultimately choose to perpetuate—the State violence of the current order. The violent revolution that pacifists prevent would foreseeably involve 5% of the population at most. That means pacifists prevent 5% of the population from successfully liberating 100% of the population through recourse to bullets and bombs.

This ratio is also borne out by more recent struggles, including the Cuban revolution. In Cuba, rebels never numbered more than 5,000 in a population of roughly 11 million people. This puts max participation at 4.5% against a regime materially-supported by the United States.

In that armed struggle, the rebels killed something like 300 of the regime's forces.

Using those numbers, an armed struggle in the U.S. that would successfully topple the existing order would involve 13.5 million people, a mere fraction of the number of the currently unemployed. So, by all accounts, principled pacifists aren't opposing a wild orgy of violence that engulfs 300 million people and plunges the U.S. unto absolute madness, they oppose an armed struggle that, at most, would involve 13.5 million rebels.

But, that's still not a fair presentation. While 13.5 million would be involved in the rebellion, not all would be involved in direct armed struggle as combatants. We have to consider that many of those people would be medics and cooks and logistical support. You've also got large numbers of rebels who would engage exclusively in nonviolent forms of resistance like hacking, intelligence gathering, promotion, and recruitment, not to

mention those who specialize in sabotage exclusively against property.

It is important to remember that just because a rebellion incorporates the strategies of violence, not all rebels necessarily participate in the violent components of rebellion. Normally, just a fraction of any given force ever engages in actual combat, fighting, shooting, and dying. So that we cannot be accused of under-estimates, let's say half of the rebels would be involved in direct violence, although this ratio is likely very high.

In an armed struggle in the U.S., that would put the number of rebels engaged in actual direct fighting at less than 7 million.

I read somewhere that we have 200 million guns in the U.S. We could arm every combatant of a successful revolution by distributing just 3.5% of the guns we own. In so doing, we could end the current order and all the suffering and death it causes globally, year after year. It would take 7 million people, at peak participation, willing to pull a trigger to bring about a future we deserve.

With 7 million armed rebels in a revolutionary engagement involving a maximum of 13.5 million, we could reasonably expect a number of deaths as high as 810,000. And that's if the government forces continue fighting until the rebels can reach the doorstep of those calling the shots.

That's if the U.S. military is willing to side with the government, against the people.

More people than that will be killed by drunk drivers.

More people than that will kill themselves, because the current order relegates them to lives that are intolerable.

Consider: If principled pacifists willingly played nonviolent roles in a violent revolution, 300 million people would be liberated with less than 1 million casualties and the foreseeable end result would be a net gain rather than a loss when we consider all of the lives that this current system will inevitably chew up if it isn't taken down. And that isn't even factoring in people all over the world who suffer and die as a

result of U.S. Actions.

Consider: If, prior to the U.S. invasion of Iraq, principled pacifists participated nonviolently in a violent revolution, millions of lives would have been saved at a cost of fewer than 1 million. That means if we act now, and pacifists allow the revolution to take its course, we can save millions of lives in preventing the next U.S. invasion and bombing of some defenseless country before it even happens.

To be a principled pacifist is to foreclose upon a revolution that would save lives. That means, in the final analysis, pacifists are against the preservation of life. They are so enraptured with their delusional, fast construct and their narrow, unrealistic definition of violence, that their “principled” inaction obstructs what would transform the world and preserve countless lives long into the future. Their principles matter more than we do.

Consider the next drone strike.

Consider the unarmed Black men killed by police.

Principled pacifists are the unwitting shovel that the ruling elite uses to dig its mass graves. Their complicity in crimes against humanity is inexcusable. Let's hope that, for the rest of us who do not share their Kumbayah delusions, they stop obstructing the real solution before it's too late.

Recommended reading:

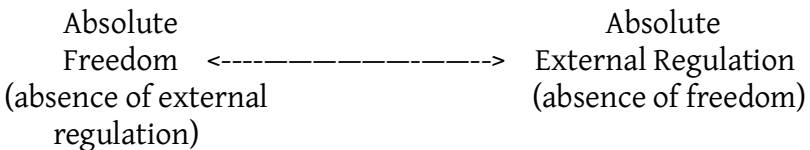
Anatomy of Revolution, by Crane Brinton *War of the Flea*, by Robert Taber *Politics of Nonviolent Action*, by Gene Sharp *The Logic of Political Violence*, by Craig Rosebraugh.

DISTINGUISHING FREEDOM FROM POLITICAL RIGHTS

Submitted for Ohio State Penitentiary's Black History Month
Writing Contest, 2014 (500 words or less)

Any discussion of rights must distinguish real freedom—the absence of external regulation—from the concept of “recognized rights” arising as it does from theories of constitutional authority and law. To contrast, real freedom is a condition of existential reality, while “recognized rights” are paper fictions.

To understand real freedom, one must imagine two points at either end of a continuum. The first point, “freedom,” is “the absolute absence of external regulation.” At the opposite end of the continuum is complete external regulation, the absence of freedom. Thus, where freedom exists, there is an absence of external regulation, and vice-versa. The line connecting these two points represents interplay between the two opposing forces, varying degrees of freedom and regulation:



Importantly, implicit in this analytical framework,

freedom cannot coexist with government, because government's purpose is to govern. To govern is to regulate, and where regulation exists, as already established, freedom is absent. Thus, governments by their very character are the antithesis of freedom.

To have absolute freedom there must be an absence of regulation. Because no government has ever peacefully accepted eviction, eradicating government requires political violence. So, real freedom can only be achieved through political violence.

This is an incontrovertible, logical conclusion, however one may feel about its implications. Malcolm X, Assata Shakur, and Huey P. Newton all recognized this truth (which is why the U.S. developed COINTELPRO, a covert program to destroy them.)

The idea of "rights," on the other hand, is government's contrived and substance-less alternative for real freedom. "Rights" are government's promises to its subjects, such as the right to free speech (in free speech zones), or to a fair trial (narrowly defined by the government), or to vote (for corrupt sock puppets of corporate machines.) These so called "rights" are virtually meaningless because government reserves the unilateral authority to define rights and to set the limits of those rights. Further, in an asymmetrical power-relationship where government guarantees rights but government owns an Apache attack helicopter, subjects exercise conditional privileges at the whim of government until government no longer tolerates it (as at Kent State and Occupy.)

Exercising conditional privileges under the threat of armed surveillance and control is typically called "slavery." Thus, those accepting "rights" afforded by a government with an Apache attack helicopter are slaves mesmerized by the illusion of freedom in relative creature comfort, incapable of mounting resistance that real freedom requires.

Real freedom is never given. It is taken. Real freedom is obtained as Malcolm X so famously phrased it, "by any means necessary." It manifests from the barrel of a gun.

A
VISION
OF
THE
FUTURE:

Where All the Roberto Adinolfis Walk With a Limp

Originally published at 325nostate.net and reprinted in Dark Nights issue #39.

Back in May 2012, Roberto Adinolfi managed Ansaldo Nucleare, constructing nuclear power plants all over Europe, including the one in Kroko, Slovenia, and Cernadova, Romania. Adinolfi had power, money, prestige, and influence. To him, the suffering and death in Fukushima, Japan wasn't nearly as real as his spacious, air-conditioned office or his luxurious Genoa home or his expensive suits.

Sometimes, you have to crack a few eggs to make an omelet. And besides, none of his death-traps had melted down yet.

Yet. Key word. Yet.

Roberto Adinolfi with his power, money, prestige, and influence never noticed that vehicle following him home. He suspected arrogantly that he would spend an entire career raking in money hand over fist by rolling the radioactive dice and betting millions of other people's lives, and he would never have to answer to anyone at any time, anywhere.

So one the morning of May 7, Adinolfi left his luxurious Genoa home on his way to his spacious, air-conditioned office – and that's when an anarchist's bullet knee-capped him. He bled

and screamed.

His expensive suit was ruined.

Alfredo Cospito and Nicola Gai were credited with this humanitarian public service of delivering a clear message to Adinolfi from the millions of his future nuclear holocaust victims. They were not provided awards or accolades, but 10 years 8 months, and 9 years 4 months respectively.

It would appear that the Italian government values Adinolfi's soiled suit more than the millions of lives trembling in the shadows of a nuclear nightmare. Given the long track record of deluded hierarchs, this probably comes as no surprise.

The inspiring and unrepentant statements of both Alfredo Cospito and Nicola Gai are available at Act For Freedom Now.

On 30 October, when Cospito attempted to read his statement in the courtroom, the judges interrupted and then called upon the cop enforcers to drag the two anarchists from the courtroom.

By all published accounts, the judge's home address is still unknown. The judge does not appear to walk with a limp.

Prosecutors Nicola Piacente and Silvio Franz, who argued for more time and a million euro award (to pay for Adinolfi's suit, no doubt) also appear to walk with carefree and symmetrical gaits.

Those court officials have clearly not been shot in the kneecaps yet.

Yet. Key word. Yet.

Beyond the real, penetrating, exit-wound justice that's pretty obvious, there's also some poetic justice in all of this. It's not just the poor and powerless who wake up in fear every day – not anymore. Just like the folks who dread the thought of that siren from the nearby power plant, officials in Italy now hold their breath when stepping out of their front doors on their way to commit the day's quota of mundane atrocities.

When cars back-fire close by, they pee just a little, and they speed up, and they spill their coffee. In that moment of panic and terror, they glimpse a flash from the future, a snapshot

of a vision, where corporate executives and lawmakers, bankers and oil tycoons, military advisors and heads of state, all hobbling up and down the sidewalks leaning on canes or swinging along on crutches, smile and nod to one another as they pass, but with dreadful smiles and haunted eyes.

I suspect that moment feels very real to them, and they shudder when they contemplate all of those carefully-aimed gunshots, directly specifically not to kill... because the shooters want them alive.

If you kill them, they won't learn anything.

There are parking lots all over the world, with smug and oblivious Adinolfis cruising home after a work-day spent murdering the future. They chat on their cell phones with their spouses while texting their lovers and planning the mass graves they will orchestrate tomorrow.

They never notice the cars behind them. They never suspect anything.

How many Alfredo Cospitos and Nicola Gais could there be?

How many indeed.

DE-MYSTIFYING POLITICAL VIOLENCE:

Toward a Rational Framework for
Analyzing Violent Armed Struggle in the U.S.

In *Pacifists Suck*, I attempted to point out the fundamentally delusional worldview and the internal inconsistency of exclusivist nonviolence proponents. I hope this provides a useful framework for analysis and leads to an effective rejection of exclusivist nonviolence from any future, revolutionary effort. However, this is only part of the intellectual process that needs to be undertaken before a real and effective revolution could be sustained.

We also need to de-mystify violence.

If we consider the question of what violence is, and by that I mean what it really is and not what it has been conveniently re-defined to mean by those who wish to keep us in our assigned seats, we have to recognize that violence is pervasive in life.

Lions eat gazelles. That's violence. It's ultimately violence of a non-moral quality because we don't ascribe concepts of "right" or "wrong" to life in the wild, but violence is violence. Likewise, we eat organic things.

The burger we eat wasn't delivered by the burger-stork. Somebody hit a living creature in the head and killed it and harvested its meat as a resource to meet your demand for physiological re-fueling. Those carrots and potatoes were living and, if we believe the fascinating research recounted in *Language Older Than Words* by Derrick Jensen, plant life is also sentient.

Your stomach is a graveyard.

Your very existence demands violence—lethal violence—

in order to be maintained. That's a simple reality. A fact.

If you oppose all violence, the only course of action open for you, to put your money where your mouth is, is to stop eating all together...which leads to the extermination of your own biological machinery.

Violence.

Catch-22. Your choices are to (A) kill other living things to continue your life, or (B) preserve other living things by killing yourself. Your choices are violence or violence.

An inherently “nonviolent” existence is composed of the same materials as farie dust and magical beans.

Then, of course, if we confine ourselves to the specifically human world, recourse to “pacifism,” as I argued in “Pacifists Suck,” is really a reality-denying delusion where adherents simply ignore the fundamentally-violent social and political situation that continues if we decide not to shoot the state agents that shoot us. Again, violence is violence. The default situation we all face is one of violence and the “moral-choice” of “nonviolence” only ensures that the situation of political violence will remain unilateral rather than bilateral.

So now, if we accept the legitimacy of political violence in the form of armed resistance, there are questions that confront us—such as, what kind of numbers would be needed for a successful revolution in the United States? How bloody would it be? Would success be worth the costs.

Often, when contemplating this, we have the natural tendency to consider the civil war as the model of Americans fighting Americans, and we therefore anticipate astronomical body counts and gruesome violence—huge, desolate expanses of moonscape littered with corpses and disembodied limbs; whole cities laid waste with rockets and bombs.

But can we anticipate that rebels would face military troops in regular warfare, forming battle lines? That is the civil war model, and I cannot imagine it implemented in any future armed struggle. Rather, the model is probably something more like the irregular warfare employed in the Cuban revolution,

where much smaller numbers of rebels relied upon the strategy and tactics of irregular warfare, ambushing government forces at their weakest points, yielding ground, harassing, avoiding encirclement or direct fighting. This, combined with a campaign of sabotage, would serve as a much more effective model than the civil war and its battle lines.

So let's consider what we know of the Cuban Revolution.

At the time of the revolution, Cuba had a population of roughly 11 million. Its military consisted of about 80,000 troops. The rebels never numbered more than 5,000 and inflicted somewhere in the vicinity of 300 casualties. Fighting spanned two years before the existing regime toppled and the rebels claimed victory.

These are the kinds of historical facts that are useful for our own analysis, and we're fortunate that there exists a wealth of information on the Cuban revolutionaries' experience. We can attempt to use those numbers to make a very general prediction about what might happen if the rebels in the U.S. took up arms in irregular warfare to topple the government. To be clear, I'm not presenting that we will end up with some laser-accurate predictions, but I would argue that this gives us a kind of analytical framework as opposed to simply imagining how such a rebellion would look based upon video games or Hollywood movies. Granted, we could list a million factors that distinguish Cuba 1958 from the U.S. 2014, some that would mitigate for the resistance and some that would mitigate against (for example—the prevalence of privately-owned weapons in the U.S. mitigating for resistance, while technological advances used by government troops mitigating against. So, what we undertake here is an exercise, not an exhaustive treatment.)

Let's first get a sense of the size of the resistance. In Cuba, the resistance numbered 5,000 guerillas at its peak, from a population of 11 million. That's a percentage of .045%. For the U.S. in 2014, where the population is 300 million, that would equate to 135,000 rebels.

So, by the Cuban standard, for what it's worth, a successful

armed resistance in the U.S. would require only 135,000. That means 299,865,000 Americans would not participate in revolutionary violence.

We're talking about a group one-third the size of the audience of Woodstock. A population segment roughly the size of the crowd that will attend the next Michigan-OSU football match-up.

There's your rebel forces for toppling the U.S. Government.

In Cuba, the rebels faced a military 16 times the size of the rebellion. For the U.S. in 2014, that would equate to a military of 2.16 million.

I don't know, but I have some serious doubts that the U.S. government could muster the political will to deploy 2.16 million troops domestically to quell a grassroots rebellion. I don't have facts or figures, so I have no idea the current size of the U.S. military, but I believe at the height of the Operation Iraqi Liberation (OIL) the U.S. didn't deploy even a million troops. Deploying more than 2 million would be quite a feat...and by the Cuban example, the U.S. would lose. The 135,000 rebels would win.

Now, to the question of casualties. Again, using the Cuban Revolution as a guide, in the U.S. in 2014, in two years of combat between 135,000 rebels and 2.16 million U.S. troops, we would expect 8,100 casualties.

Nope, you read that right. That's not a typo. Toppling the U.S. government after 2 years of guerrilla warfare would cost 8,100 lives, based upon the casualty rates of the Cuban example.

Again, I don't have statistics here, so I challenge you to look and see. How many kids will drown this year in swimming pool drain accidents? How many people will be killed by drunk drivers within 5 miles of their own houses? I suspect more than 8,100 people. So, that would mean toppling the government is less deadly than swimming in the suburbs or driving to the local McDonalds.

The point I'm attempting to make is that the violence of

revolutionary violence is not quite what we likely imagine it to be. If we had to conceive of a body count required for taking down the government of the United States, we'd likely guess in the millions, and even the optimists among us would likely estimate hundreds of thousands.

But...less than ten thousand casualties? To remove the greatest military powerhouse in the history of the world?

Consider: a government cannot carpet bomb its own population; it cannot nuke its own food supply. It has to put reluctant boots on the ground that likely sympathize to no small degree with the rebel cause.

8,100 casualties. By the Cuban example, anyway.

That means if just 135,000 of the protestors against the Iraq war has taken up arms, after toppling the government and removing George Dubya from office (and possibly from existence) the rebels would have saved a net total of thousands of American lives that were otherwise flushed down oil wells for Halliburton profit margins.

More U.S. soldiers died because we didn't rebel than would have been killed if we had rebelled.

Show that math to the pacifists who made such a rebellion impossible. The blood of tens of thousands is dripping from the heights of their moral high ground, and continues to drip on all of us.

My point here is, given a historical precedent which may be something of a predictor of expectations for armed struggles in the future, we could anticipate just over 1% of the population taking up arms. There would be casualties—.00073% of the population, less than the number of suicides among military veterans this year.

The ultimate point being that bloody revolutions aren't so bloody. There are rational, logical reasons for this. I'll expound on just a few factors that serve as "limiters" to violence in a revolutionary conflict.

POLITICAL LIMITS. A government must proceed cautiously when ordering troops to fire upon their own people. There exists

a threshold where the fighting forces become disillusioned and turn their weapons another way. To avoid that, governments generally err on the side of caution and avoid presentations of force that would engender hostility toward the government. This would be particularly true in a nation where the population's gun ownership exceeds 200 million firearms.

PSYCHOLOGICAL/EMOTIONAL/"TOLERATION" LIMITS. For the rebel focus, the psychological and emotional capacities of the rebels serve as a limiter to violence. Prolonged combat or particularly intense combat has psychologically- and emotionally-traumatic impacts on the fighters. Thus, any volunteer force has a kind of "toleration" limit that, when exceeded, begins the process of abandonment by the fighters.

LOGISTICAL LIMITS. Rebels must develop systems for transporting food, clothing, ammunition, and medical supplies to a variety of different fighting groups. Without any one of the four of those, fighting comes to a standstill. Frequent interruption of supply acquisition leads to a lot of down time.

CONDITIONS/CLIMACTIC LIMITS. In irregular combat, guerilla forces use the element of surprise to overwhelm a weak spot in state forces. By this strategy, every engagement is extremely abbreviated, as guerrillas must disengage before reinforcements arrive.

This limits each engagement to just a few minutes. Also, to strike under conditions most advantageous to the rebel, guerrilla strategists typically advise ambushes at sunrise and sunset, when there is a limited light and the enemy forces are either waking or preparing to retire. If a guerrilla column fought at dawn and dusk, they would still be limited to about an hour of fighting, per day.

We must also consider that any given fighting force today –say 135,000 rebels—would require 50% of their personnel to engage in noncombat support. So, a fighting force of 135,000 at peak would amount to 67,500 rifles pointed at the enemy. And those fighters would spend a great deal of their time in nonviolent activities.

Let's not forget, guerilla fighters have to sleep, eat, take care of personal hygiene, clean and maintain their weapons and gear; after an offensive they must treat the wounded, pack-up, and travel to a new location; before the next engagement they must arrive at the new location, unpack plan the offensive, train, and prepare the attack.

That, of course, is in addition to the predictable “waiting around” and bullshitting.

The point here being that even the guerilla fighter taking up arms for violent resistance spends almost the entirety of his or her day completely occupied in essentially nonviolent activities. In the final analysis, a guerilla probably spends more time moving his or her bowels in the course of a guerilla campaign than in actually firing a weapon.

Considering all of this, it should come as no surprise than in analyzing the data from the Cuban revolution, less than 6% of the guerrilla force actually killed anybody. Of the 80,000 government troops, roughly 79,700 of them were still alive when the guerillas claimed victory and the government, toppled.

This, then, serves to also expose the false assumption that a political victory requires a military victory. It doesn't. In fact, according to the information the U.S. government relies upon in its counterinsurgency manuals for the School of the Americas, military outcomes are largely irrelevant to the rebellion's success or failure. The guerilla does not fight to exterminate the military—the military is only a tool of the real enemy, the existing regime—but to inspire the populace to recognize the illegitimacy of the political powers.

All of this reinforces the idea that we get from crunching the numbers that the U.S. government would be toppled with fewer than ten thousand casualties.

RESPONSE

to the Trolls and Commenters on Anarchist News.

A couple of important points that need responses. In “*De-Mystifying*” I concluded the US would not carpet bomb its own cities, not because the government is beneficent—it isn’t. I believe US pilots ordered to bomb a US city where the pilots family lives, would be more likely to bomb the White House instead. Also, based on the fear of that being true, the government would never roll those dice.

A second issue is the irrational premise that irregular warfare can only be employed by specifically Marxist-Leninists. Spartacus led a guerrilla war against the Roman Empire, using strategies learned from the “barbarian slaves.” It was the greatest slave revolt in history and Spartacus was not a Marxist-Leninist. Also the Shawnee organized a federation of tribes that employed strategies and tactics of guerrilla warfare with great success until the federation unraveled for reasons NOT related to efficacy of their approach.

Later, the Lakota defeated the US Army in 3 consecutive engagements using guerrilla strategies and tactics, something the Vietcong (who were Marxist-Leninists) could not do. Later still, the Chihuahua Apache waged a decades-long guerrilla war against the colonizer.

If you have to be an authoritarian and a Marxist-Leninist to be an effective guerrilla, clearly Tecumseh, Crazy Horse and Geronimo never got the memo. Marx never so much as mentioned guerrilla warfare. Lenin never used it. The strategy preceded both of them.

Never forget, contrary to the official story, Lakota women killed General Custer with frying pans. Emulate them.

Freedom.

Sean Swain (the fucking “wingnut” who believes rifles will still fire even if it’s not a Marxist-Leninist pulling the trigger.)

ABOUT SEAN SWAIN

Sean Swain is a hostage held by a lawless rogue-state calling itself "the State of Ohio." He has been held without legal conviction or sentence since 1991 for the self-defense killing of a court official's relative who broke into Sean's home and threatened his life. In fall of 2012, prisoners calling themselves the Army of the 12 Monkeys (A12M) got rowdy at Mansfield Correctional, and the prison authorities assumed "that anarchist" Sean Swain must have been behind it and threw him in supermax isolation. Sean denies any involvement or affiliation with the A12M and is in the process of suing the ODRC for targetting him based exclusively on his ideology and political speech.

Sean is the only son of a retired auto worker and stay-home mom. He has renounced his high school diploma, his college degree, and his honorable discharge from the U.S. military. Before being taken hostage, Sean worked as a newspaper columnist and as a union organizer.

Sean is mounting his third run for Governor of Ohio in 2014. If elected, he promises to decommission the Ohio National Guard, empty Ohio's prisons and turn them into squats, recognize Native American land rights as set forth by the Treaty of Greenville, arm the tribes with national guard weaponry, to include tanks and attack helicopters, refuse to sign any budget causing the government to shut down, and sign an Executive Order making it legal to assassinate him if he remains in office longer than 90 days.

Though innocent of any crime, and though he is held without legal conviction or sentence, Sean will only be liberated when the illegitimate power of the lawless rogue state holding him hostage is abolished once and for all.

The State started the war. Sean Swain intends to finish it.

To get up to date info about Sean, send an email to seanswain-subscribe@lists.riseup.net and you'll be added to his email notification list. Thank you!

The distant treeline beyond the yard
Stirs yearnings too intense
My thoughts often escape me
And take a blind run for the fence

Sometimes the tower shoots them
Sometimes the dogs attack
They're always butchered bloody
By the time I get them back

Sometimes they're dead and dangling
Sometimes they get away
Just to find no place to go
But that's the price they pay

You too may see this window view
Or face the gallows' pole
So if you harbor my fugitive thoughts
Don't ever tell a soul.