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Destroy Race, Destroy Society
Another Diary of Mayhem and Race Nihilism
2022

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Destroy Race, Destroy Society

Another Diary of Mayhem and Race Nihilism

Flower Bomb

2022

I dedicate this writing to my childhood homies: Jose and Carlos N., Marcus B.,Mark and Sam D., Barry M., and Eric N. RIP to those who caught an early grave. I got nostalgic as fuck writing this…

In 2017 I wrote a text called Really Though, Not All "Black" People Give aFuck About "White" Dreads. It was the first text I wrote under the name 'FlowerBomb' — a moniker for an animal of both gentle love and armed fury. I had written that text with no purpose other than to vent and lash out at identity politicians and their internet lynch-mob allies. So I have decided to write an extended version of that text to include my personal history and experiences which led to my critique of Race. Everyone has a story — a unique, personal history that shapes their individuality. Some stories are glorified by Society, and some are buried beneath an anvil of disapproval and censorship. This is my story – however unpopular of a perspective it may be…

Word on the street was that the city put a call out to residents to come help push a large casino boat into the river. Even though it

was only about two blocks from the street I lived on, I wasn't interested because I already had resentful feelings toward this project. Long before the casino was built, there was low-income housing along the river. Eventually, these old buildings went to shit, became abandoned, and were demolished. All those open lots in the immediate area became available for street vendors and summer pop-up carnivals. As kids, we would spend all day at the carnival tryin' to steal shit from vendors who tried to overcharge for petty trinkets. Sometimes we all just sat on the edge of the river eatin' Flamin' Hot Cheetos. We didn't have much, and neither did the area. But we made the best of it. After a few years, the city started up-charging vendors to use the lots. And a little later after that, even the pop-up carnival stopped coming. That's about the time we saw the construction trucks start movin' in. After a mass of residents helped push the boat into the water, the casino opened its doors October 6, 1994. This casino was attached to a pavilion that included an all-you-can-eat buffet and a movie theater. Not gonna lie, that was one thing many of us kids were excited about. But it didn't take long for me to understand what the city had done and further planned to do. I soon discovered a hidden truth behind all the bright lights and excitement. I realized that for every outtatown rich guy who walked in there, there were about three broke ass parents from the hood walking in as well. Understandably, people from my hood saw the casino as a place for employment- as well as a place to "hit it big". Imagine a casino — selling alcohol the sameway it advertises itself as a beacon of hope and riches — settin' up in an areaalready dominated by intoxication and poverty. We all knew the local pawnshops and liquor stores capitalized on the frequent breaking-and-entering incidents and armed robberies in the hood. But the casino came along and showed us the after-effects of alcoholism and gambling addiction combined.

In my teens, I watched my hood rapidly descend into a new level of poverty. As gangs became more violent in competition for control over territory and drug distribution, the death toll in the area

tinues to be just one of many phantoms woven into the fabric of social control and domination. My same desire to destroy white supremacy extends toward any and all racialized supremacist ideologies that attempt to take its place. So whether people call it "Post-Race Anarchy" or "Race Nihilism", a

critique of Race could be understood as a necessary re-wilding toward the rejection of civilized identity. It is my belief that Race can never represent anything more than an instrument

of social control. Therefore, I find it useless in regards to my liberation, and limited at best in its capacity to accurately represent others. I reject any and all worldviews that assert the mythical perception of individual people as color-coded, static beings – a colonial narrative re-branded and regurgitated by the many forms of racial nationalism. My nihilism is a sphere of arrows aimed in every direction toward all that which attempts to impede the wild will of my ego. I advocate nothing less than total mayhem within the castle of white supremacist america.

This text, written in the winter of 2022, is dedicated to those who — rather than rewrite the lines of Race and identity – set fire to the map!

> *Racial preservation depends upon the development of a conservationist ethic for race, or human nature... It requires an ethic, a morality, of racial affirmation and conservation to replace the current ethic of racial denial and destruction, a morality with a positive view of race as a good to be appreciated, cherished, valued, loved and preserved rather than the current negative view of race as an evil to be discarded, rejected and destroyed. Such an ethic or morality is the essential foundation of the Racial Compact.*
>
> — Richard McCulloch — a white separatist author of several white nationalist books advocating for the maintenance of "racial purity".

To this day, many liberals and radicals alike continue to make use of their racial identity for a victimist narrative. This victimist narrative is used in more ways than I care to list. More commonly I have seen it used to exploit (white) guilt, influence mainstream politics, and shut down critical dialogue. But in terms of destroying Society, Race-based internalized victimhood is as useless as vote-begging for freedom. My assigned identity as "POC" or "Black" or "Mulatto" or "White" only has influence on those who place value in the social and institutional manifestations of Race. So the same way that government can never give me freedom, the governance of racial constructs will never set me free. My personality escapes the fixed imprisonment of racial and ethnic categorization as I continue to live, experience, and grow.

One will probably ask: what becomes of an individual beyond a racialized construction? Is it an anti-capital life of exploration, travel, and adventuring? Bathing in the timelessness of days without work and nights without a curfew? Is it the conspiring and subsequent attack against the plantation known as industrial Society? The possibilities are endless. To each their own…

With a Society full of career identity politicians who refuse to see life beyond social constructs, individuals will continue to be pressured into categories, and their uniqueness exchanged for uniform membership.

But despite this, there are rebels who remain undeterred — enemies of Society who refuse to surrender to the assimilating virtue of racial identity. Some speak with writing — others prefer to speak only through daily crime against Society. Some enjoy both.

I am sure there will be some who will find this text redundant – another critique of identity. Fair enough. But allow me to be clear: I write this with the intent of further agitating identity politics by confronting the idea that Race is sacred and/or above criticism. My anti-fascist, anti-racist views recognize Race as nothing more than a social construct used to govern individuality. Despite attempts to personalize it with glory, cultural value, and meaning, Race con-

increased. The casino continued to expand its operation and subsequently the number of gambling addicts increased – along with an increased desperation for lost rent money. Muggings near the immediate area of the casino became a regular occurrence. Soon, nobody knew who was really mugged, and who was simply using the police report of a mugging as a cover for gambling away rent money.

As more people lost their homes to gambling debt and struggles with addiction, I noticed more white people coming in and buyin' up property. Now don't get me wrong, there were a few white people already in my hood. They were just as broke as the rest of us. The new white people I started seein' drove through with brand new cars, happy looking families — and I remember first assuming they were lost. The only other white people we ever really saw who looked out of place were the Jehovah's Witnesses.

Over time, my mom and I were pushed from apartment to apartment as property value increased. Every kid I grew up with that survived and wasn't locked up ended up movin' somewhere miles away. Today, luxury condos now line the river, next to the casino in the exact same place all those vendors would set up along with the yearly pop-up carnival. From the capitalist perspective, it's all a success story. For me growing up, it was a first hand lesson on capitalism, and how race and class contribute to its overall functioning.

But real quick before I go any further, I should bring a deeper history of this area to light.

The passing of the Indian Removal Act in 1830 served as a declaration of eternal war on all Indigenous people. Two years later during the Black Hawk Indian War, six different Indigenous tribes (Kickapoo, Peoria, Potawatom, Myaami, Ho-Chunk/Winnebago, and the Ochethi Sakowig) living in the same general area

I was raised in were slaughtered and the remainder permanently displaced. The same river we sat on the edge of as kids was used by militiamen to carry out this genocidal attack. In 1835, two brothers from New York established a city directly over burial mounds and whatever was left of the Indigenous peoples' homes.

In 1862, the first black people known as 'Contrabands' arrived in this new city by train in two boxcars. They were called 'Contrabands' because they had escaped slave owners in the confederate states and either enlisted in the army to fight in the Civil War or found work elsewhere. A large number of these individuals had been slaves on the Newsome, Oates, and Pride plantations located near Cherokee, Franklin County, Alabama.

Due to unexpected hostility from the majority of the local residents, (including self-proclaimed slavery abolitionists) these newly freed black folks were forced to live in a three block area which was known as 'The Settlement'. This specific location was a couple blocks from the street I grew up on. The housing consisted of rugged shacks next to a small swamp that was used by the rest of the city as a dump. Over the years, police frequently brutalized people in this area in addition to all the shit done by the newly established KKK, who tarred and feathered people there as well.

Black people were forced to remain confined within the miserable conditions of 'The Settlement' for over 80 years. Whenever there was an attempt to move from this place, the KKK would make their presence known by protesting the sale of any homes to black people. Over time, the rumored connection between the local police and the KKK became public when Klan members attended an officer's funeral.

Fast forward to the year 1967. Even though there was slight improvement in housing, the conditions were still cramped and substandard. Two uprisings took place during that summer within 'The Settlement' (the cover picture on this zine is of the intersection where this all began). Tension between police and the people living there had been building for years. The first uprising occurred on

I also recognize the domesticating bond between Race and human. Like the variety of racial constructs, the species construct of "human" is also forced upon the individual by industrial society.

My abandonment of the "Human" identity and role has everything to do with my contempt for industrial civilization and its anthropocentric goal of dominion over all living beings. For example, my vegan relationship with non-human animals is intimately connected to my hostility toward the same human supremacy that encourages the ignorance and hypocrisy found within speciesist

"anti-authoritarians". In addition to the horror of slaughterhouses and their environmental impact, today non-human animals continue to be viewed as raw resources for hunting and consumption rather than complex, self-determined individuals. So the same way that I reject the racist expectation of POC being subordinate to this white supremacist order, I reject the speciesist expectation of non-human animal subordination to human supremacy.

Whether it is race or species, supremacist ideology draws strength from participation on an individual level. Industrial Society is the end result of this participation collectivized by an expanding population.

I have no use for claiming membership to any particular Race. And just as my personality can't be fully represented by ethnicity or cultural identification, my physical traits only lead people to make assumptions about "what" I am. My speech patterns only lead people to make assumptions about where I grew up. But both are irrelevant. It seems that only my enemies seriously care to

microscopically examine my socially assigned identity – either to establish my placement in Society or to, in a pathetic attempt, politically invalidate my views. My experiences go beyond the simplicity of race, gender, my non-existing bank account, or my location of birth. My personality is as nomadic as my physical being. My home is located at the center of a chaos sphere where only infinite, unknown possibilities lay ahead in every direction.

poison pushers tryna subdue my sobriety,
race tryna imprison me with another identity,
an animal against the civility of herd mentality,
witness as my rage takes aim at Society.

Capitalism and white supremacy are both violent by design due to the fact that they both accelerate the social engineering of hierarchy between people — ultimately impacting personal survival. The mere existence of anyone not fitting the criteria of "white" is considered a threat to the white supremacist establishment, and therefore treated like an eternal enemy. Born into this existential warzone, an individual is bombarded with assigned identities, and raised with the expectation to fulfil the role of becoming a lifelong wage-slave of Society. And as history showcases capitalist violence and horrifying, racist brutality — which continues today without a pause — an individual is confronted by the decision to either assimilate or fight back.

When I say anarchy beyond Race, I am referring to a transformational mindset driven by a desire to reclaim life and create experience ungoverned by time and history. For example, a lifestyle of becoming spontaneous and fluid with one's own desires and impulses through abandoning loyalty to social constructs and their web of expectations. To destroy Race and Society is to self-immolate and storm through years of social conditioning toward an emancipatory nothingness.

From this perspective, individualized attack is carried out against the racialized law and order that subjugates the mind. I don't just encourage the pursuit of life beyond racial limitations but live it by interacting with the social realm as an infinite variety of personalities. From here, attack could be defined as a material confrontation with Society – a rebellious creation of destruction that finds expression through the art of fire and sabotage.

the night of July 29 th , when black youth began throwing rocks at a police car. At the same time, gasoline was poured on the street and ignited. Soon a crowd of more than a hundred black youth gathered and threw bricks and other objects at additional police cars that arrived on the scene.

When the street was eventually cleared and after physical confrontation with police, many of the rebels broke up into smaller groups and headed downtown towards the city hall armed with molotov cocktails. The black youth took the streets again on the night of August 4 th , throwing fire bombs and causing about $150,000 in damage. Police from nearby cities had to be called in for backup.

Those who were arrested were said to have been beaten bloody in holding cells and squad cars by the police. In response to this, those who were still in the streets fought with police viciously into the early morning of August 5th.

The rebellion was eventually repressed and brought under police control. The local NAACP denounced the uprisings as a means of achieving social change and also refuted charges of police brutality in the arrest and booking of the rebels.

But unlike the common assumptions made about riots today, the fire bombings and street rebellion were acknowledged by many back then as not the work of "outside agitators" nor the "opportunist misguidance" of "young delinquents", but rather the accumulated anger and frustration stemming from years of poverty and racial abuse.

With all that said, I remember the day I got a phone call from the casino. They reviewed my job application and asked me to come in for an interview. A couple weeks later I was makin' the most money I had ever made. My job title was "Porter" which basically meant cleaning toilets, bathrooms, cleaning ashtrays, and other mainte-

nance related shit. But the longer I worked there, the more I felt overwhelmed by internal conflict. I was makin' bank, but I was working for a place that economically devastated the area I lived in. I once went to go get supplies from the storage room (which oddly enough was located at the center of the parking garage). While walking past a few cars I noticed one with what looked like almost three inches of dust on it. After askin' around I was informed that the car belonged to a man who — as a result of a severe gambling addiction — lost his house and everything he owned, and began residing in the casino as a 'wanderer', searching the floor for loose change. When the casino closed for two hours so us porters could vacuum the floor, this guy just moved over to the pavilion until it opened back up. He and his car never left.

After eventually losing that job, I revisited some thoughts I had about the casino, capitalism, and Race. I started down memory lane to compare what I experienced growing up to what I had come to learn over time…

I never fucked with slangin' dope or participating in intoxication culture as a teen — mostly because I saw the devastating effects it had on the area I lived in, as well as the effects it had on those closest to me. So rather than profiting from other peoples addiction, I chose retail theft among a few other things. And while it's not necessary to mention the specific gangs I was loosely affiliated with throughout my teens, I will say I learned a few things from those experiences.

Most of the gangs in my hood started in middle school with the intention of providing protection from older, more established gangs. Mostly just groups of friends who looked out for each other.

But as the number of members grew, so did the realization that numbers meant power. And with that power came the ability to make money through extortion, robberies, or sellin' dope. But since

yond just the objective of white supremacy, this is the project of control and domination over a population of subjugated individuals.

Ironically, most physical manifestations of Society – cities, highways and so on – are owned by wealthy white people, but built and maintained largely by the people racially assigned inferior value. This irony is similar to my ass having been a wage-slave at a casino that guaranteed the demise of my own neighborhood – all so I had the money to pay bills and eat. But that's precisely

the operation of Society isn't it? A large population of subordinate individuals, reproducing the imprisoning effect of their identity, by building and maintaining the physical framework that ultimately enslaves them. Society is identity politics materialized, and capitalism is death by design.

However, Society is only fully functional as long as individuals continue to collectively build and maintain it. Society – the collectivized power that ultimately dominates each individual born into it — is nevertheless a collection of individual participants. Racialized constructs that govern the existing reality are only empowered by those who personally embrace the powerlessness of assimilation. I might just be one person in an ocean of many others, but nevertheless I remain hopelessly defiant. Because if our lives are merely just manufactured identities, "Porters" for industrial Society, I would much rather have fun sabotaging this ship than spend my life polishing the brass…

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feral mind, army of one, I am my own infantry,
one hand full of mischief, the other — black powder poetry,
cities cut the sky like razor blade confetti,
globalized capital, eco-catastrophe,

The problem of identity is further complicated by the fact that identity assignments and their expected roles of an individual are *institutionally backed* as well. I can yell "fuck racial identity" all day and night but that won't alter the wall of power represented by the material manifestations of white supremacist ideology. Society is a social and institutional arrangement that upholds white supremacist order. So as long as individuals categorized as "white" surrender to the delusion of racial superiority, and individuals identified by Society as "non- white" continue to embrace an identity which, by colonial design, is the embodiment of inferiority, subservience, and defeat, Society will continue to reproduce itself and expand through social and institutional power.

In my opinion, and to be blunt, the delusion of racial superiority stems from the same delusion that invented the concept of Race in the first place. It's almost as if someone, who originally had nothing to fear, created something to fear, and then created an ideology (white supremacy) in response to that fear. And, as a result, separatism is carried out as the logical response to an imaginary difference.

In capitalist Society, the subjugation of one group of people is used to effectively subjugate another. The poverty of a racially oppressed group is used to motivate the wage-slavery of those considered racially superior. Individuals assigned with "white" identity are subjected to stressful social and institutional pressures, high expectations, and racial conformity. A "white" individual is expected to continue the values and traditions of workerist pride, success, and prosperity in order to secure a "white" future. This is why the inevitable overlap of different races living in poverty poses a threat to the establishment. Any instances where class fails to uphold racial division opens up the possibility of individuals transcending the fear of one another — interacting as unique individuals rather than mere subjects of polarized assigned identities.

At the end of the day, both groups of people, despite class or racial differences, are enslaved by identity and by capitalism. Be-

most people in the hood had very little to steal from in the first place, more people stuck with profiting from addiction. And so some of my friends were dealers and a few others developed addictions. Some people stayed solo and became 'stickup kids' but as more gangs developed and competed for territory, more people carried guns. So stickin' up drug dealers became harder than just forming a gang and gettin' in on the competition.

The conditions for this type of environment aren't essential to having a casino right next door. Any impoverished area where people are desperate to survive will have these conditions. And this is the type of desperation that comes from years of internalized powerlessness as a direct result of racism, sexism, and poverty. My neighborhood had these elements long before the casino. But I could see how the casino contributed to an escalation of these elements; as people lost their money to gambling (in addition to the gentrification already in effect in the area) people simply became more desperate and backed into a corner. Understandably, this kind of poverty-based desperation opens the door to more violent, opportunistic ways of making money.

Around 1997, landlords began selling their apartment buildings to outside investors faster than tenants could find new homes. The desperation to afford rising rent continued to fuel gang wars and social tension. After a few years of this, people from my childhood started disappearing from my life. Either lost to gang-related deaths, locked up doin' time, or having moved away. Because people were displaced so quickly, there was little to no time to exchange numbers. Staying in touch became more difficult as everyone was forced to move further and further away from the gentrified areas.

As I was reflecting on all this, I paused for a moment, realizing how nostalgic I had become. This was interesting to me because I didn't know one could have nostalgia for such miserable conditions. I started hearing the music that was popular at that time. I have encountered people who seem to have difficulty understand-

ing the fact that, while much of the music we listened to was not 'politically correct' and considered repulsive by social justice standards, it was a validating reflection of the environment we lived in. Even today as I write out this text, I recognize that just the familiarity alone is enough to draw me into music from my past. When I listen to the music I listened to back then, of course there are things that I hear that are cringy as fuck. But I also hear and relate to the emotions expressed by people directly impacted by their own miserable surroundings. And while I reject the myriad of oppressive views expressed in music I listened to, I can't help but continue to feel subdued by a sense of comfort and nostalgia associated with it. I believe this is because despite all the violence, memorable personal bonds can still be made in those environments. Sometimes listening to music from a past period of time refreshesthe memory of those bonds and the people involved.

I continued reflecting and thinking about the relationship between race and class. In all of my experience from childhood to my late teens, I had seen how capitalism uses Race as a tool of division to separate a marginalized group of people from a perceived superior group of people. I could see how capitalism uses Race to methodically discourage personal bonds between people of different Races and people within the same Race. I felt that this was done meticulously by conditioning individuals to view complex living beings as mere resources to exploit or obstacles to overcome in order to survive. When my friends would talk about bein' rich, I would respond by pointing out how money has a deadening effect on all facets of life. I thought about how capitalism complicates racial unity with class divisions. And as insult to injury, racial stereotypes end up being created based on the most extreme responses to poverty. I could see how this made it easier for people to become fearful of one another after associating a particular Race with a plethora of crimes or behavior — rather than viewing the complex, impoverished conditions that trigger those responses in the first place.

reformist – reinforcing racial identity through assimilation, rather than abolishing identity along with the Society that upholds its intended purpose.

Similar to this is the prideful celebration of wage-slavery exclaimed by workers who declare unity with others around the world. This same collectivist perspective convinces an individual that through unity, wage-slavery can somehow be more liberated and perhaps revolutionary when unified to overthrow the bosses.

In both instances, an identity — originally constructed for control and domination — is uplifted and embraced as if to somehow liberate people en masse from the misery that accompanies it. But as demonstrated by capitalism's ever-expanding continuation, working class pride and black empowerment do little to liberate anyone. Since neither category represents people who all want the same thing, internal differences are forever destined to complicate any potential for consistent unity. Ultimately, movements or organizations that originate as genuine threats to the establishment become watered-down and manageable by the State. Frustrated with this compromise, the most radical elements of the movement or organization break off and form smaller groups that become specialized by militancy, carrying out clandestine attacks until they dissipate within the current of history.

The limitations of every identity-based movement or organization becomes apparent when, at the core of its analysis, the individual is absolved of their personal responsibility in contributing to the collective reinforcement of such ideological power, institutions, governments – industrial Society. In order for identity to be functional, an individual not only must accept assigned identity

but become the identity by socially performing the corresponding roles attributed to it. Industrial civilization masters the art of engineering warfare in a controlled manner. Race and all other socially constructed identities are arranged in a hierarchy to encourage mental and physical civil warfare.

or being a drug dealer. Just as whiteness is not inherently essential to superiority, prosperity, or law-obedience.

My own illegal activities, for example, are not essential to my racially assigned identity. What I do just happens to be the most practical way of expropriating my freedom, regardless of how others racially perceive me. In addition to instinctual survivalism, my illegalism could be understood as a personal expression of intentional sabotage and disgust for law and order. These very

same views can be — and as encountered in my experiences with others, are actively — shared by people racially perceived as "white' as well. And let's be honest, I am sure there are some black cops, judges, and prosecutors out there itchin' to lock my ass up!

Through years of interacting with different people from different places, I have come to realize how limiting identity politics, privilege theory, and other contemporary anti-oppression theories really are.

The idea of 'identity as solidarity' fails to consider the liberation and desires of the individual which gets trampled by the eminent domain of a desperately collectivist worldview. Guided by victimist ideologies intended to homogenize and represent people of color as a monolith, leftism treats non-white individuals who reject this worldview as trivial or non-existent. I personally believe this is a product of democratic 'majority rules' thinking. For example, if there is more writing from one brand of political ideology – especially one that uses lowest common denominator politics – then that ideology is (often) considered the standard by which all others are measured. It seems to me that the leftist objective is to popularize and celebrate marginalized, racial identities from a collectivist ideological perspective (the zombified remains of Marxism), creating a dominant narrative that ultimately suppresses the perspective of any anti-left anarchist of color. By having more writing from this perspective, the collectivist ideology maintains the persuasive illusion of an irreproachable position of superiority. This dominant narrative is ultimately

Today, while writing this, I can add on to that. I have come to understand that when a large portion of Society is positioned against any particular group of people, there will be a bonding within that marginalized group – but only to a degree. In accordance with the binary worldview of identity politics, the assumption of a superior Race necessitates an opposing inferior one. Same thing with an upper class necessitating an opposing lower class of people. So understandably, one will assume the lower class and marginalized Race will bond. And for years, leftists have been tirelessly working to encourage this bond in the name of a unified, revolutionary uprising. But if the depth of this bond is as shallow as racial and class-based social constructs, there is still quite a bit of room for a variety of conflicting opinions and personal choices – including those that are fundamentally opposed to any anti-authoritarian project.

Despite sharing the common class experience of being broke as fuck, people I knew in and out of gangs had very different ideas, solutions, and responses to it. As a result, everyone grew up building different relationships to power, control, and authority. For example while many hated the police, only a few preferred a world without police. And while many hated poverty, even fewer called capitalism into question. And the explanation for this wasn't as simple as people just not havin' access to anti-capitalist information. While it is the least favorable topic to discuss (probably because it challenges the leftist, "unified front" narrative) it is not a new phenomenon. Social tension related to conflicting interests has always existed between groups and individuals in the hood. Historically, black revolutionary groups like the Black Panther Party and Black Liberation Army encountered this tension with gangs and drug dealers frequently — sometimes leading to armed violence.

Personally, I didn't encounter any radical or even liberal information until many years after I had already started questioning things. Ever since I was a kid I have had an obsession with trying

to understand the world around me. For example, if I wasn't curiously following stray cats around, I was venturing a few miles outta the hood alone into the small forest preserves and wooded areas. There I could climb trees and enjoy the breeze up top without having to deal with childhood bullies or police hassling me. I was also obsessed with trying to understand the complex horror I was growin' up in. The first two important things I learned as a kid were: not all killer cops were white, and the enemy of my enemy was *not* always my friend.

Almost every black and brown friend I grew up with took up positions of violent, authoritarian power. Internalizing the stereotype of the 'prosperous, white entrepreneur', drug dealing POC would roll by in luxury cars, flashy clothes and taunt the rest of us the same way other classists once ridiculed them. Friendships were devastated by drug addictions and money issues.

During my memory lane reflection I had taken mental note of how most gangs glorified something similar to a colonial mindset which included government, territorial control, and domination. For example when gangs or crews were formed to facilitate drug dealing, they would take up territory, leading to bloody wars with rivals. Whoever was left standing would establish power and control through violence and intimidation of everyone living in the area. Anyone who threatened the manufacturing and distribution of drugs in that area was subject to vicious consequences.

It seems to me that capitalism doesn't see Race only when it comes to its reproduction. When I say 'reproduction' I mean, for example, proliferating the idea that money is more valuable than life, and that life without money is no life at all. By this logic, people of any assigned Race will use any means necessary to compete with one another for capital in the name of survival. And since addiction is one of the most reliable forms of long-term profitability, the drug game tends to be the hustle of choice. And since the greater colonized america operates within the identity politics of white supremacy, people of color often live in impoverished areas

where adopting this ruthless mindset becomes a viable option for survival.

In addition to this conditioned mindset, Society constructs racial identity with physical elements as well. Those with dark complexion are subject to any and all negative stereotypes associated with racial identity. Quite frequently, when approaching someone outside with a question I am immediately met with hesitation and unease. Basic social interaction was, and continues to be

complicated by the fear that I possess ulterior motives when being polite. My mannerisms and behavior will never reform the external perception of myself due to the colorism associated with Race. Despite having a white mom, I am still too dark to escape black (and often times brown) identity labelling. So what options does identity provide for someone like myself? I could obey the law, get a job, and become a hard worker to show Society that my identity is nothing to fear. Or I could sell drugs and survive on exploiting the addiction of others, further perpetuating a well-known and circulated racial stereotype.

Capitalism has carved out a place in Society for both the drug dealer and the law-abiding wage-slave. Both options involve assimilating into the mental worship of capital. And, regardless of Race, both options involve power dynamics that ultimately produce authoritarian relations.

So today one might understand why it's difficult for me, as an anti-authoritarian, to place value in identity as a reliable, prideful, unifying means of liberation — especially since authoritarianism is capable of exerting power from within any racial category.

Rather than making Race or class-based assumptions about people, I prefer to see and treat each individual as a brand new experience. And rather than perpetuating the same generalizations that reinforce race-based stereotypes, I recognize every individual as complex. Blackness is not inherently essential to slavery, poverty