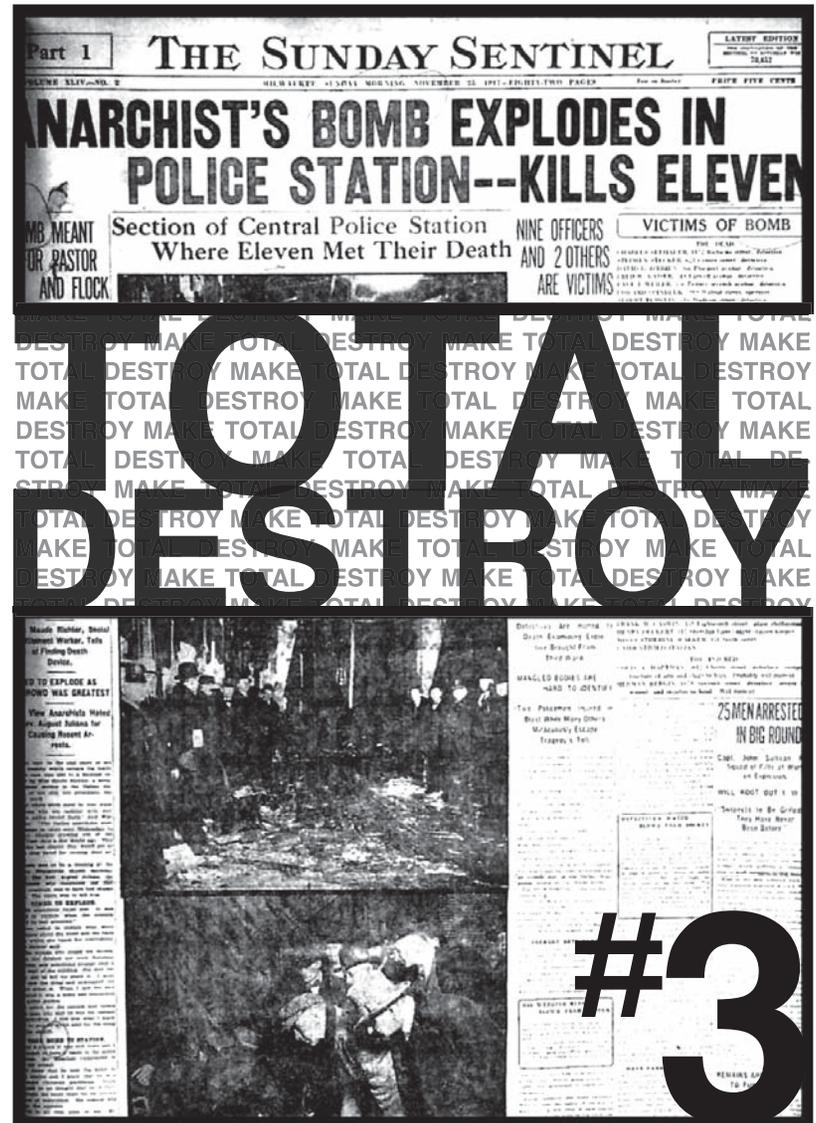


how is it to be doing being?

In a police report describing a black bloc at the Republican National Convention, one ever-so eloquent officer claimed that he observed a group of over one hundred anarchists “**doing being totally out of control**”. While we certainly are flattered by the sentiment, what the clever officer witnessed was neither *doing* nor *being*. It was not *the performance of an act* or even *a state or quality of having existence*. He bore witness not to us in a certain state of existing, nor embodying any stable identity. Dumbfounded, his inability to identify any particular mode is, in fact, illustrative of what he stumbled upon. He witnessed an opening of a space in the policed grid of desire and action - an invention of new trajectories, possible bodies and unheard-of futures. He observed us mapping a new virtual landscape of otherworldly affects - a zone of indeterminacy, an autonomous zone, as it were. It was the actualization of our potential; a widening of the virtual-actual circuit tracing the flows between *who we are* and *what we can be*. He witnessed, but failed to really see, our bodies in a perpetual and intensifying dance of annihilation and genesis of our selves. He’d be wrong to say we were either *doing* or *being*. What he desperately termed our *doing-being* was in actuality *a becoming* - **our becoming totally out of control.**



a Milwaukee anarchist periodical

Introduction: Something flammable, something to be broken down, made into weapons, turned into resources and shared.

December 6th: Greek police shot and killed 15-year-old anarchist Alexandros Girgoropoulos in the Exarchia district of Athens. In minutes word of his death had spread throughout Greece. Within hours Athens was, quiet literally, on fire. Soon thereafter, concrete was torn up and smoke reached for the sky in all the metropolises, and from spaces in between. The metropolis was no longer merely an apparatus of control, it was something flammable, something to be broken down, made into weapons, turned into resources and shared. His death was a call to war; one not justified because of a new revelation of horror in police misconduct, but in the way it made blatant the precarity of those who willfully find themselves in conflict with the conditions of state and capital. What conflict had become ritual and normalized in Greece over the last years exceeded its boundaries. The unrest sustained for seventeen days, finding power in the generalization of conflict through the spread of autonomous occupied spaces and a re-territorialization of geographies hostile to the police.

Some indefinite, yet recent time before these events, a woman crashed her car in Exarchia and wanted to file a police report. She called the police, but because of where she was, they simply refused to come. She pleaded a compromise offering to move her car just a block away slightly outside of the border of the neighborhood. After much haggling, with resignation the police officers finally agreed. She moved her car and soon the police arrived. As the car doors opened and they stepped out, two masked individuals appeared and beat the officers unconscious.

mke.indymedia.org
infoshop.org/inews
bombsandshields.blogspot.com
it-est-futurum.blogspot.com
socialrupture.blogspot.com
bashbacknews.wordpress.com
anarchiststrategy.blogspot.com
mkeanarchy.bravehost.com

Holler at us:
blowedupwisconsin@gmail.com

Police do not come to Exarchia “the anarchist stronghold” without pains of knowing the reality of this war; of stepping into a territory that has entered into resistance. They walk these streets nervously only with overwhelming displays of force expecting at the very least to be lit on fire. Residents of Exarchia, from senior citizens to families, throw their hatreds at the police, spit in their faces, and openly refuse cooperation, forming a geography of hostility.

Significance lies here in viewing these events not as a static model. Rather it is in pursuing questions relating to the creation of autonomy through the production of territories in which control as a totality is less total, where a commune as a network of anti-capitalist anti-state forms proliferate through which the metropolis becomes something flammable, something to be broken down, made into weapons, turned into resources and shared. We can become our own riot porn production machine, but this is less important than “creating the conditions where an offensive can sustain itself without fading, of establishing the material solidarities that allow us to hold on.”

The word of this issue of **TOTAL DESTROY** is *crime*, its collective generalization, laws relation to it, morality and social deviance, our friends’ relation to what the state deems crime (update on the RNC felony cases of Dave, Karen and Christina), transcending legality and illegality, and some crimes committed over the last year in the Milwaukee area, as well as a few guttural howls for the real state of exception.

Recommended Readings

Books and Magazines:

Letters of Insurgents by Sophia Nochalo Yarostan Voček
Against History Against Leviathan by Fredy Perlman
A Crime Called Freedom by Os Cangacieros
Society of the Spectacle by Guy Debord
Killing King Abacus #1 and *#2*
Capitalism and Schizophrenia by Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari
The Thief’s Journal by Jean Genet
Means without End by Giorgio Agamben
A Murder of Crows #1 and *#2*
Bukaka Spat Here by Alexander Brener and Barbara Schurz

Zines:

(all of these texts are available for free online at mkeanarchy.bravehost.com)

Nights of Rage
Call
At Daggers Drawn
How is it to be Done
the Reproduction of Daily Life
Toward the Queerest Insurrection
Jane
Against the Logic of Submission
Armed Joy
Feral Revolution

cannot lie with her partner for an eternity. That bird kills the mystery and profound silence of the darkness and reminds anyone that isn't watching, "Wake up. Your reprieve has ended, reality beckons. Begin the cycle anew."

Should I have run away? Should I have risked the monster's bite to become like him? Is it better to know that pure surge of freedom for only a few hours than to never know it at all? To only dream that one day someone will come shatter the windows of your office building and pull you out, surely that cannot be better than taking hold of your existence for one night and embracing the world without consequence. Perhaps there is no sorrow the next morning. Maybe there is relief, a cathartic release, as tension and sickness have built up in your body, waiting for the full moon, and on that night every internal stress is completely destroyed. The beast can begin again, renewed.



Table of Contents

- Page 1 - Introduction
- Page 4 - Some Shit got Wrecked
- Page 6 - Criminal Intimacy
- Page 12 - Ruckus in the streets of St. Paul
- Page 15 - Wrecking you Again For the Very First Time
- Page 20 - (RNC) Aftermath
- Page 21 - MK3 Legal Update
- Page 22 - Notes on Solidarity
- Page 26 - Bash Back!
- Page 32 - Milwaukee Network for Social War
- Page 35 - Mary Nardini
- Page 39 - As Thick As Thieves
- Page 42 - Anti-Hipster Hooligans
- Page 44 - Yes, We are Ninjas
- Page 46 - Concerning Werewolves
- Page 51 - Recommended Readings

Some Shit Got Wrecked

June 7th: Bash Back Milwaukee and Anti-Racists throw water balloons filled with glitter at Nazis protesting outside Pridefest grounds.

July 4th: Army Recruiting Center vandalized with “get the fuck out” as well as a circle A and circle e sprayed on the front of the building.

July 5th: Four Milwaukee area Starbucks had their locks glued and were therefore closed for prime hours of business as part of an action for an international day of action against Starbucks.

August 14th: “A gang of anti-hipster hooligans trashed an Urban Outfitters in Milwaukee.” Displays were flipped over and merchandise strewn into the street outside.

September 1-4: Many autonomous actions from blockades to smashed police cars throughout the city of St. Paul and Minneapolis, in attempts to “crash the convention” or otherwise experiment with wildin’ out.

November 5th: Police car shot at with slingshots at Riverview dorms in Riverwest

November 5th: ATM attacked and vandalized in solidarity with people facing state repression

November 5th: USA Today newspapers throughout the city were wrapped with a false cover the claimed “capitalism wins at the polls” and “anarchy brewing in the streets.”

lines of silence and domestication; he would no longer carelessly howl wherever he chose. The gravity of his curse was the weight of dreams crushed by a mechanical society.

I began to cry as I realized his pain, my lack of freedom, and uncertainty as to where this situation would take me. He edged closer and I ran. I ran as quickly as I could and hoped that he would not follow me, that he would not consume me. For whatever reason I did not want to become the werewolf. I would never be capable of finally achieving true freedom only for it to be taken away within the night, my hopelessness and despair for humanity worse each time. I could never stand to have my mind and body freed only to be left further crippled than when I started.

The panic finally left my body underneath a bridge. I laid down on the bare ground, my entire being gasping for breathe. The wolf was nowhere in sight, and the sun’s rays were beginning to reach their tendrils across the sky. I knew that each tentacle tearing through the calm dark ocean stole the beast of his happiness; his body was collapsing at the same time that mine recovered. The world was beginning to wake. A single, solitary bird chirped in the distance, and a few cars began to surge across the bridge above me. That one bird, it always ends the celebration, ends the hope that the night will never end and the lover realizes she





We stood there in silence for eternity. I couldn't look away, I could not stop myself from staring at something that so few would ever witness in their entire lives. He watched me, his muzzle twitching and his claws dangling in the air. Our eyes remained locked, and I began to realize the pain that the monster felt along with his absolute hunger, freedom, lust, and anger. Of course his blessing, his escape from our tightening world, came with a price. Somewhere deep inside of his consciousness he knew that the sun would rise. He knew that however fast he ran, however savagely he destroyed the safety and delusions of the civilized, Apollo would always catch him. There was no way to escape the scalding rays of endless, suffocating sunlight. Vulnerability would always reach him. Self doubt would always weaken his muscles and mentality while cages would stifle his screaming soul. After every full moon the man would fall victim to continuous noise, a noise that would destroy the animal within him and his connection with the night and the natural world. He would forget the feeling of mud against his bare skin and the sound of owls singing just for the sake of singing. Even as wild werewolf he knew deep down that his time was running out and soon there would be no freedom. All cameras would watch him, his speed no longer fast enough to evade the ever watchful. As a man he would be pressured into long

December 13th: Two banner drops in solidarity with RNC Arrestees and Greek Rioters that read "Solidarity means attack: this is global social war" and "Burn Greece Burn: Alex was here"

December 13th: "At least 21 ATMs, banks, and businesses had their locks glued or were otherwise vandalized all across Milwaukee" in solidarity with RNC arrestees.

December 20th: Chase bank in Oshkosh had its locks glued and paint thrown at it claimed in support of the Greek Insurrection.

December 20th: "Vandalism claiming solidarity with Greek anarchists, and denouncing police officers" reported to be seen all over Milwaukee.

January 20th: Many windows and ATMs smashed and vandalized at the US bank on North Avenue.



All information was found and compiled from posts to www.mke.indymedia.org and www.infoshop.org

Criminal Intimacy

- a gang of criminal queers

*Because the night belongs to lovers.
Because the night belongs to us.*
-Patti Smith

On deadness

To live in this culture is to be dead, bare. Deadness is the affect and the aspiration of dominant social membership. It is the social relationship wherein life is reduced to exchange and capital. It is everywhere; in those walking the streets without ever meeting the eyes of another, in the exchanges of service work, in the aisles of a department stores and the pews of church. In capital, in heteronormativity, in law, in morality - everywhere it is the logic of death.

The unthinkability of our desires is reiterated over and again. Power and control are written on our bodies. What is passion? Desire? Adventure? Play? What, but such catchy slogans for adverts. Our love and our appetites and our very bodies are inscribed with this culture. Capital is written on our bodies. We dare not dream. How could we conceivably want more than this?

And the agents and exertions of biopower - the boots of queerbashers, the panoptical ever-present surveillance cameras with the flashing blue lights, the sirens and guns of the police, the campaigns for gay marriage and military service, the lingering pains of monogamy, and such shapely mannequins, ad nauseum - stand everywhere erected as checkpoints guaranteeing the impossibility of anything else. Life, stripped bare, is nothing more than raw survival - banal, cold, numbing. Could it be more clear? Hetero-capitalism, this culture, this totality: It is out to destroy us.

howled in homage to the freedom that the great white orb had bestowed onto me while I relished the touch of each bead of sweat rolling down my skin, the feeling of my temples pulsing, the rush of adrenaline surging through my altered veins. I knew this creature's pure emotions, I knew how he ran through the wilderness without restraint. No law or weapon could ever contain such power, such a ferocious will to live.

For one night he could exist in a completely pure and primal state, all at once he could throw off every stress and pressure his world pressed into him. As long as the moon shined he forgot every inhibition and lived with a completely free mind. For a few hours the offices were forsaken for the sight of tree branches set against the backdrop of a star speckled sky, wealth abandoned for the sound of a bat's wings gliding along the breeze, and nervous courtship forgotten in the face of ecstatic eroticism.

For the short time our eyes met I knew such freedom. I shook as I realized the perfection in this demon's belligerence, and I had no idea how to react. Should I continue to stare into those intense raging pools, should I beg for mercy, or should I accept my fate and wait to be devoured by this enlightened wolf-man?





Four nights ago I came face to face with a werewolf. He came stumbling out of his cave with a great crash, his bones snapping and twisting with the hideous weight of a grotesque transformation. His shoulders bent and warped while he twisted his body attempting to find comfort, his jaw cracked back into place. His eyes glowed yellow in the nocturnal darkness with a ravenous violence, all glazed over and shining with an inhuman spirit. This devil that I met, this demon, the number six blazed across his heaving chest three times. He fearlessly and boastfully brandished the mark of the beast to all who would dare lay their eyes upon it, yet I felt no fear. His voice carried an immense ferality, an energy that would not be contained. This monster's spirit could never be controlled, and he was beautiful.

The depth of the wolf's primality struck me further when I heard a girl's exuberant laughter emerge from his chamber; the deep blue frenzy of his lust flashed before my eyes. In one split second I could travel within this monster's mind; I could see from his perspective and experience each one of his fevered memories.

In one second I ran unbridled through forests, my only companions the sound of branches breaking beneath me and the full moon hanging overhead. I

Taking and sharing: on getting what's ours

The machinery of control has rendered our very existence illegal. We've endured the criminalization and crucifixion of our bodies, our sex, our unruly genders. Raids, witch-hunts, burnings at the stake. We've occupied the space of deviants, of whores, of perverts, and abominations. This culture has rendered us criminal, and of course, in turn, we've committed our lives to crime. In the criminalization of our pleasures, we've found the pleasure to be had in crime! In being outlawed for who we are, we've discovered that we are indeed fucking outlaws!

Many blame queers for the decline of this society - we take pride in this. Some believe that we intend to shred-to-bits this civilization and it's moral fabric - they couldn't be more accurate. We're often described as depraved, decadent and revolting - but oh, they ain't seen nothing yet.

Let's be explicit: We are criminal queer anarchists and this world is not and can never be enough for us. We want to annihilate bourgeois morality and make ruins of this world. We're here to destroy what is destroying us.

Let's be speaking of revolt. We are tracing the lineage of our queer criminality and charting the demise of the social order. And oh the nectar from which we drink: lesbian pirates raging the seas, queer rioters setting cop cars ablaze, sex parties amidst the decay of industrialism, bank robbers wearing pink triangles, mutual aid networks among sex workers and thieves, gangs of trannyfags bashing-the-fuck-back. We've been assured that each day could be our last. As such we've chosen to live as if every day is. In turn, we promise that the existent's days are numbered.

In our revolt, we are developing a form of play. These are our experiments with autonomy, power, and force. We haven't paid for anything we're wearing and we rarely pay for food. We steal from our jobs and turn tricks to get by. We fuck in public and have never come harder. We swap tips and scams amid gossip and foreplay. We've looted the shit out of places and delight in sharing the booty. We wreck things at

night and hold hands and skip all the way home. We are ever growing our informal support structures and we'll always have each other's backs. In our orgies, riots and heists, we are articulating the collectivity of and deepening these ruptures.

On criminal intimacy and world making

The ecstasy and electricity of crime is undeniable. We've felt the sweetest adrenaline rushes as we've dashed from security and blown each other on the bus. And nothing offers up the feeling of being alive more than the weight of a hammer through the facade of capital. Crime helps me get out of bed every morning.

We queers and other insurgents have developed, what good folks might call, a criminal intimacy. We are exploring the material and affective solidarity fostered between outlaws and rebels. In our obstruction of law, we've illegally discovered the beauty in one another. In revealing our desire to our partners in crime, we've come to know each other more intimately than legality could ever allow. In desire, we produce conflict. And in conflict with capital, we may have found an escape route from the deadening of our lives. Our gang's discourse is conflict.

The real power expressed in our crimes isn't in the damage caused to our enemies or even in the various improvements of our material conditions (though we take pleasure in both). The power we express is in the empowerments and relationships we're creating. In our sex and our attack - when we pull down our masks and share our cache of bricks - we are expanding the possibilities of our affinity. In our crime, we create dynamic new relationships of criminal intimacies. In these possibilities, we are learning how we might, together, reduce this world to rubble.

We must make ourselves bodies without organs. Within each of us is contained a virtual pool of everything we are capable of becoming - our desires, affects, power, ways of acting, and infinite possibilities. To embody and activate these possibilities we must experiment with the ways our bodies act in conjunction with others. We commit crime together so we can unveil our criminal becoming.



Yes, we are Ninjas

“Nearing bar close Monday morning the 19th of January, as we walked a few wandering drunks asked us if we were ninjas. One of us quickly replied “Yes, We ARE ninjas” and then seconds later the group continued on forward and proceeded to smash both ATMs, smash at least 9 windows (some of them bullet proof), destroy one camera and spraypaint “This is war” on the drive up window facade of a US bank building in Milwaukee. The group then seemingly disappeared. Our laundry list of solidarity is far too long. We recognize that what we are up against is not a series of mishaps, corrupt and evil corporations, the good gone bad, but a system of control, and to act in solidarity is to work toward the annihilation of this control through acts of willed connectedness (as well as the fracture of what separates us).

This broken bank is but one contribution toward the discourse we are building.

We would like to contribute that we start believing again in the myth that we are a force not to be reckoned with.”

taken from Milwaukee Indymedia

We do not offer ‘criminal’ or ‘queer’ as identities, nor as categories. Criminality. Queerness. These are tools for revolt against identity and category. These are our lines of flight out of all restraint. We are in conflict with all that restricts every and each desire. We are becoming whatever. Our sole commonality is our hatred for everything that exists. Held in common, such a revolt of desire can never be assimilated into the state-form.

Right-wing talking-heads invoke the imagery of a ‘culture war’, waged between civil society on one side and queers on the other. We reject this model of war. Our war is a social war. The nexus of domination and class society is everywhere. Yet everywhere, too, are ruptures and points of conflict. In these fissures we exist in rebellion - we queers, criminals, whatever.

Our dirty talk and our nighttime whispers comprise a secret language. Our language of thieves and lovers is foreign to this social order, yet carries the sweetest notes in the ears of rebels. This language reveals our potential for world making. Our conflict is space for our possible other - selves to blossom. By organizing our secret universe of shared plenty and collective-explosive possibility, we are building a new world of riot, orgy and decadence.

*Convicts garb is striped pink and white. Though it was at my heart's bidding that I chose the universe wherein I delight, I at least have the power of finding therein the many meanings I wish to find: there is a close relationship between flowers and convicts. The fragility and delicacy of the former are of the same nature as the brutal insensitivity of the latter. Should I have to portray a convict - or a criminal - I shall bedeck them with flowers that, as they disappear beneath them, they will themselves become a flower, a gigantic and new one. Toward what is known as evil, I lovingly pursued an adventure which led me to prison. Those doomed to evil, of their own volition, or owing to an accident which has been chosen for them, they plunge lucidly and without complaining into a reproachful, ignominious element, lie that into which love, if it is profound, hurls human beings. Erotic play discloses a nameless world which is revealed by the nocturnal language of lovers. Such language is not written down. It is whispered into the ear at night in a hoarse voice. At dawn it is forgotten. Repudiating the virtues of your world, criminals hopelessly agree to organize a forbidden universe. They agree to live in it. The air there is nauseating; they can breath it. But - criminals are remote from you - as in love, they turn away and turn me away from the world and its laws. Theirs smells of sweat, sperm, and blood. In short, to my body and my thirsty soul it offers devotion. It was because their world contains these erotic conditions that I was bent on evil. I do not want to conceal in this journal the other reasons which made me a thief. With fanatical care, "jealous care," I prepared for my adventure as one arranges a couch or a room for love;
I was hot for crime.*

- Jean Genet
the Thief's Journal

Let it be known, hipsters, your time has come. No longer will we sit by idly while you appropriate symbols of the working class, queer culture or revolutionary struggle while creating no cool of your own. We'll meet you on the front lines of gentrification and cultural erasure and fight you at each encounter. And Richard Hayne, don't think we've forgotten about the disgusting amounts of money you've donated to Focus on the Family and Rick Santorum, and all their anti-queer crusades.

Today we hit one of your stores. Tomorrow it might be one of your clubs, your cafes or maybe even your condos.

Put down the polaroids and V-necks; take up the rocks and bottles.

Love,
Some fans of stores in shambles"

taken from Milwaukee Indymedia

We are living in the ridiculous carcass of law, the old pang of social norms. We didn't want to listen to the schoolmarm, nor our parents, and certainly not some dead ideologues banter. This is from the center, it is a starting point between the logic of domination and that of submission—illegalism is the anti-want, an acquiescence to intense desires. We make expensive materials flux like our lives, and within our communities usufruct transfers items of need like osmosis in a tree. Between rhizome and arborescence is our merry band of thieves, a neighborhood like a pirate island.

*sincerely yours,
the cat burgler*

Anti-Hipster Hooligans Trash an Urban Outfitters

“On Thursday August 14th, a gang of anti-hipster hooligans trashed an Urban Outfitters store in Milwaukee.

Around eleven in the morning, the group infiltrated the store, one-by-one. Then, when the moment was right, they made their presence known.

A person juggled eggs (all over the merchandise) while informing the customers that the circus was in town, but they were the freak show. Displays were broken, tables were flipped, merchandise was scattered all over the store, and piles of shameless Obama gear was looted and destroyed.



A Ruckus in the Streets of St. Paul

For over a year prior to the Republican National Convention, anarchists throughout the midwest and the country spent a great deal of time building networks and readying themselves for the ruckus to come. In September of 2007, a year before the convention, anarchists in the Twin Cities invited trouble-makers from all corners of the country to strategize for the RNC. Anarchists from Milwaukee travelled to the Twin Cities for two such “pReNC” strategizing sessions, hosted a great lakes anti-RNC consulta, and formed the group MKEtoRNC, with the intent of making total destroy in September of 2008.

A substantial contingent of anarchists and anti-authoritarians represented Milwaukee in the ensuing chaos that was the beginning of September.

The protests opened Monday with a large permitted march, while autonomous actions were carried out all over the city, with numerous black blocs, lock downs, blockades and a roving anarchist march that clashed with the police and left a trail of smashed storefront windows, overturned dumpsters, and trashed police cars in its wake.

Police attempted to intimidate protests by preemptively arresting anarchist organizers and raiding their homes and a protest welcome / convergence center. Law enforcement officers and their informants also infiltrated activist groups and spaces more than a year prior to the convention. Eight of the arrested organizers affiliated with the RNC Welcoming Committee, and anarchist / anti-authoritarian organizing body, now face conspiracy charges under Minnesota’s Patriot Act.

world that replaces law and bureaucracy with relationships and community. Sometimes we steal for fun, sometimes for subversion, and sometimes we cannot afford to live in squalor and deprivation—so we climb into the shopping centers out of necessity. Referring to the communiqué:

We disrupted your peaceful leisure because you are an abuser. Your leisure is at the cost of the efforts of dying communities. You who perpetuates useless productions of dead waste and convinces people that it is necessary to consume, consume, and consume; until, there is nothing left to swallow and our mouths are agape--hollow like our souls. It is our job as hooded robbers to play the part of robinhoods. I eat for free because i am able to provide a need for someone else through illegal means. This is not consumption, this is contribution. Something you know nothing about, a concept children often learn in the playground, the simplicities of sharing as codependence.

Nothing can be sacred in the bloodstains of wealthy accumulation, as illustrated by the vehement movement towards panopticon. But, showing them that their security is a new mousetrap for an ever evolving mouse makes uneasy their innards. Leisure remains only a concept so long as the ulcer of insecurity eats them from the inside. This is their own payment for widening a desert on the world. Last of the letter:

Everytime I’m in a place I shouldn’t be, taking something someone else claims their property, I know it is freeing more than myself— it is balding the elite with worry. The only ones who stand in the way are those who manage the interests of the wealthy, they believe that the property of those for whom they work is theirs as well. Bah, fools. I’ll steal from them as well.

Lock your doors, it won’t matter. You instilled the conditions for this war when you took the love from my community and replaced it with useless landfill and alienated us from eachother.

A well-dressed criminal blends in; conversely a situation may arise where hoods are pulled up, tattoos covered, bandanas pulled over faces, and tools of exploration transformed into extensions of the human muscle. The masks worn are the same security in which we take confidence when talking about our latest endeavors without law; we are not ashamed to cover ourselves up. Had we fear, we wouldn't risk so much to free ourselves. The public is turned private when surveillance is present, every movement is recorded and processed toward a database — another storage unit to compartmentalize our existence. A world of storage units, until our heads are turned into storage units—full of criminal thoughts, feigning for freedoms. Sometimes the only privacy we maintain is under the dark of night — protected by invisible cloaks. Illegal activity leaves ruins of potential-want and replaces infinite possibilities with tangible actualities. If solidarity and security of fellow anarchist criminals replaced the surveillance of purity within ideology, an autonomous neighborhood would no longer be but a possibility.

This, of course, is all the evidence you'll receive, as it is all I choose to show of myself. I am a multiplicity, I am a we. This is a secure network of individuals borne from war on hierarchy—we did not invent this war, but we choose to fight it. If you have enough to pay for the services to come and collect, monitor, and store your sentimental immaterial belongings: I have nothing. However, I have a plan while you're on vacation somewhere nice.

If a precarious life courses through us (mediated, banal, toilsome etc.), and we are led to believe that a system based on inequality can foster a positive competitive climb to a better quality of life, from where does that stale bitterness of deprivation stem? Furthermore, why is law created if not for the bureaucratic management of social inequalities? This is not to say that crime isn't anything more than a survival technique within a mechanized lawfulness, or that it is an escape route from completely regimented and controlled existence. There is more. There is a poetic existence awaiting. An existence on the fringe, beyond work—a

On the streets, thousands of National Guard troops and police, some of whom came from as far away as Texas, Arizona, New York, Florida, and California used tear-gas, tasers, rubber bullets, batons and pepper spray on demonstrators. A friend of ours was continuously tortured by police after being arrested. In all 816 people were arrested around the convention.

While most of those arrested are not being charged, the state is pursuing felonies against several of our closest friends, including three people involved with Milwaukee's anarchist community.

More important than the havoc wreaked throughout St. Paul, are the lasting and growing networks of friendship and affinity that exist because of the anti-RNC organizing. Thanks to the work that went into the convention, anarchists in Milwaukee have countless friends throughout the upper-midwest (in Minneapolis, Chicago, Oshkosh, Winona, Lansing, Madison) and elsewhere throughout the country.

In the following pages we have included an account from one of the several black blocs that manifested themselves on September 1st, as well an anecdote detailing a day in Milwaukee five months after the convention. After that, is information regarding the legal situations of Christina, Karen and Dave.



as Thick as Thieves

There's two kinds of prisons some say one where you're locked up and everything's outside and another where you're outside and everything is locked away. restless.
—the broadways

The bureaucracy that engulfs our daily gauntlet - grinding our souls to dust - would have us believe that the only elation expectant of us is to wake up and smell fresh coffee, or pull our clothes from the sterile washing machines and huff the odorous poisons of civilization. Crime, contrarily has its foci at the networks of trust, affinity. There is (and should unquestionably be) a strata of security and mutual aid within subcultures of illegal activity, because it engages in the antithesis of capital. If a whole community can feed itself off looted affluence, it can supply itself with the insurrectionary means of decadent gaiety. The gratification of a commune that uses illegal praxis for a mutually shared anti-economy is overwhelming. The taste of crime is a deviant sensation on the tongue, a gratifying warmth where sustenance is subverting a torturous hegemony. Crime is not just an escape from the reproduction of daily debts and forced labor, it is the taboo of desire to strike against the emptiness of always dry wanting.

A letter from a crime scene:

I've just been somewhere illegal, somewhere I shouldn't have gone. I took something that wasn't mine. This wasn't re-appropriation of wealth, we live in a post-scarcity world — a world of surplus - a surplus of junk, garbage, filthy nothingness we all know as 'consumer goods.

I stole; left the caves of consumption. I broke through locks, jumped through windows, and if necessary I'll burrow underneath all security...

**A nothing stares back at us
from a blur of passing cars,
from estranged slow erecting
structures, of a distance
coming closer, to the tick of
the clock, from forever, for
forever.**

Wrecking you Again for the Very First Time

A haze still hangs over the events surrounding the first day of the RNC. What is certain: broken windows, smashed cop cars, blockades, and cops and right-wing vigilantes beaten to the ground by black-clad thugs. We took part in these events on September 1st, when at least two black blocs flooded into the streets, shutting down roadways and wrecking parts of downtown St. Paul. Such intense conflict hasn't been observed at demonstrations in the US since at least the start of the anti-war mobilizations or possibly since the mythologized Seattle black bloc. We refuse to let the actions that defined that day be erased or mystified by the media.

A large group leaves the state capitol equipped with PA systems and led by the colorful coeds of "Funk the War." The crowd walks straight into a line of bike cops; it is still weak. They are hosed in pepper spray and stripped of their dignity. We are separated from our comrades and left to wander the surreal territories of a city where the state has materialized. Every block a squad of riot cops — some tense and shaking, others confused and afraid. We find our friends; we are powerful again. Soon after, a black bloc emerges from the crowd, ready to unleash its hate. With physical barriers present we continue to move — within the confines we find mobility.

It's been far too long since the black mask has corresponded to rioting in this country. Our tried and true tactic, our insidious uniform, has been co-opted by capital, regurgitated as a mere fashion symbol. Something for today's disempowered youth to splay across the internet in their false communities as a false declaration of rage. That day when our festive button down shirts disappeared to reveal the

classic team color of the anti-everything squad, the kid's eyes blinked in confusion. The black mask is not something to play dress up in. To take back the mask means to actualize our desires, blood and glass and a street filled with us.

A hammer cracks two windows, and a good citizen dashes from the sidewalk in pursuit. He grabs the young man with his right hand, a "Let Our Soldiers Win!" sign in the other. He wants to be a cop, a hero, but he's made a mistake. This isn't a peace march; this is the thrashing body of a wrecking machine. The man is rushed from behind, knocking him off balance just long enough for someone to slide their arms around him. He receives a swift kick to the side, and his do-gooder momentum is redirected into the pavement, dropping him like a dead weight.

There are those who speak of property damage as a tactic, as an implement in the activist's toolbox. We are not among them. They'd like to coerce us into this utilitarian relationship through the edifice of politics; we'd prefer not to. The rioting on Monday, despite its limitations, materialized our inclinations as exploited and alienated individuals to gouge at the eyes of both capital and politics. We make these attacks because we wish to improve our conditions immediately and to do so in way that violates the peace treaty signed by the managers of politics.

Our joy and malice intertwine as another crowd fuses with us and becomes-rioting. Desire moves our appendages, and objects are released through the imaginary field constructed between law and order. Someone runs on top of a moving police car and exposes that the state too is made of sinew and fiber. In moments a lonely police car is located, and with force a body stomps a perfect "pop" through its windshield. Each of us sheds our polite veneer, and we reveal the social conflict that is the shared experience of our conditions.

We stress that no one has felt a comparable pleasure in America in the last five years. No amount of bodily fluid, mixed with syzulp, swirled together to the sound of Lil' Wayne's "A Milli" could concentrate the joy felt when

In the aftermath, Nardini and over a dozen other anarchists were arrested for rioting. Eleven people, including Nardini, were then indicted for the incident.

On November 24th, while the defendants were in jail awaiting trial, a suspicious package was delivered to Giuliani's church in the third ward. Fearing a retaliation bombing, church servants brought the package to the downtown police station. Assuredly the package was a bomb. While being inspected five days later, humorously, the bomb detonated, killing nine police officers, including several who were involved in the Bay View incident. The explosion at the police station marks the most cops killed in any incident in the history of the Milwaukee Police Department.

Though Nardini and her comrades were in police custody at the time of the explosion, the incident irreversibly tainted the jury, and at trial she was found guilty and sentenced to life in prison.



by and began singing 'vulgar' Italian songs that announced, "we fight the government, we fight the citizens, we are for anarchy!" Soon crowds of over 75 had gathered and were heckling Giuliani. One person in the crowd promised Giuliani, "If you return to Bay View, we'll kill you. We have the lake for people like you!" Fearing for his Life, Giuliani fled.

On September 9th, Giuliani returned again, bringing several Milwaukee Police Officers with him. As he arrived, Mary Nardini was seen yelling into the front door of a house. Within moments, she marched out of the residence with a column of over 50 anarchists following closely behind. The police began roughing up one of the anarchists, resulting in several of the folks in Nardini's crew drawing their guns. What ensued was a shootout between police and anarchists that left two anarchists dead, several people wounded on both sides, and Giuliani running for his life.

stones collapsed bank windows. Ecstasy was the vandalized cop car. Music was the hissing tire punctures. Glee was the foot inserted into the gendarme's paunch. Like we freed our companions from the police's grip, our collective force will rip words from restrictive reference. From here on, beauty, decadence, and orgy can only connote immediate destruction.

The management of Funk the War begins to recognize our intentions of commandeering their decomposing endeavor. Our momentum necessarily severs from any objectives outlined in any spokes council. Aspiring bureaucrats shed tears for their failure to regulate, and the politics of impotency reveals an impotency of politics. With unabashed sincerity and intensity, the dead weight is cast aside, holding only its precarious career and a falsified notion of failure within its palms. The corpse of activism begs for rejuvenation, but to no avail.

The blockades were never enough for us, and judging them solely on their own terms, they were a failure. The delegates weren't blocked and the convention occurred with little disruption. But to even accept the goal of shutting down the convention requires accepting the discourse of power the RNC itself represents. It is a gathering of figureheads, nothing more. It is not a strike against the heart of the system; at best it is a site where we can manifest social war. The overt objective of the mobilization was always a bit banal, and luckily most saw through this thin veneer and prepared for street conflict instead.

Cameras surround us on all sides, independent, corporate, freelance, whatever. They're all there, snapping away, reducing beautiful moments to trite representations for use by the police or for sale to newspapers and magazines. The joy of vicarious violence is what they seek, either for their own careers or for the public they sedate. After broken windows, smashed cars, and burning residue, like lapdogs they ask, "But what do you want?" The media finds us interesting, but we find them disgusting.

What those in a protest march want: a clear message, written on signs, to be transmitted to the media, which then represents it to the public vis-à-vis the news. What those in a blockade want: a collective message, performed through an action, captured by the media, which then represents it to the public. In both these cases, whether they are symbolic or concrete actions, whether the medium is the transparent screen or whether it is the message itself, the logic of the media is unquestioned. The media is but one weapon in the democratic arsenal of repression. It promises us the ability to “get the message out,” to communicate. But this is an illusion. Stuck somewhere between clips from Iraq, quirky news anchors, and human interest stories, our “message” lingers momentarily as merely another piece of information to form an opinion about. To act as a social force in the street is not to give the media a clear message, rather it is to purposefully disrupt the chain of messaging that is embodied in the protest-media-audience script. Our message is a code hidden within our form, pressed against the media itself, subverting its smooth capture of our desires. We have neither words nor deeds to be represented, only representations themselves to be corrupted. When the medium destroys the message, our message can only work by destroying its medium.

One lone cop, albeit a large one, has the gall to grab one of us. One of them and fifty of us. After countless experiences of being on the defensive at demonstrations or simply on the streets of our hometowns, we will take advantage of any opening we find. A hooligan sneaks up behind the cop catching him with a well-placed kick between the legs and runs back into the loving arms of the mob. As the cop releases a shower of pepper spray into the crowd, another person surges forth, body checking the cop with a flying leap. The pig hits the ground, and our comrade is freed.

Our milieu has always found ways to provide material and legal support for comrades imprisoned by the state. Support in this manner is always commendable, but by itself fails to capture the true nature of solidarity. This is because solidarity cannot be narrowly defined within the legal sphere. When any comrade in struggle is arrested, their capture must be seen as a strategy of state repression to inhibit the wide scope of social revolution. Thus, the

Mary Nardini

a profile of a Milwaukee anarchist

Mary Nardini was an Italian anarchist who lived and organized in Milwaukee's Bay View neighborhood in the early 20th century. She was revered in the Bay View's Italian anarchist community as the 'guiding light' of I Dilettanti Filodrammatici del Circolo Studi Sociali, which translates roughly as The Dramatic Lovers Social Study Circle. The Dramatic Lovers were a group of Italian anarchists who operated a space that was not unlike many contemporary infoshops. Members of the group occupied themselves distributing anarchist literature, hosting discussions, and putting on anti-state and anti-church plays as fundraisers to support anarchist political prisoners.

Bay View's Little Italy, as a community, was known for its general distaste for the church and the state. Folks in the community were deemed troublemakers by religious and pro-government Italians who lived in the Third Ward neighborhood. Among the latter was Reverend August Giuliani. In 1917 Giuliani began a campaign to convert the largely secular Bay View Italians to Christianity. He and his choir held weekly revivals, complete with singing and preaching in the streets of Bay View.

In late August of 1917, Mary Nardini and a handful of other anarchists confronted Reverend Giuliani in the streets. They declared themselves anarchists and proclaimed their hatred for the state, the church, laws, and the pope. Visibly shaken and offended, Giuliani and his band left.

He returned the next week. When he and his choir arrived, they saw Mary reading a book on her porch. As Giuliani began his sermon, several anarchists gathered near-

categories, the predominance of the former is evidence of a lack of critical engagement with either conceptions.

However provocative, this communique attempted to state that certain practices, regardless of intent for “change” (another concept that along with “hope” has been dead and void of all meaning; rendered unsalvageable long before the Obama campaign inaugurated its funeral), reproduce the same alienation inherent in the social relation of capital. At best these are effectively impotent means of challenging anything that incline themselves toward falling apart. At worst these means allow for the smooth functioning of capital by way of managing irreconcilable antagonisms into identities and issues that can be categorized and accommodated for.

Activism distinguishes itself as separate and therefore reproduces separateness. This is nothing new. Social stratification is as old as civilization itself. It is its categorization, organization and identity that it hoards and sells. It accumulates its separateness as cultural capital. In its own attempt at the commodity form, the left spirals into fractals in an endless string of acronyms and atomizing apparatuses forming the basis for its own permanent failure. “Welcome to revolutionary politics...”

This is all part of this world, not of its negation.

The end of the text hinted briefly at the communicability of conflictual means, of building a shared language where one does not otherwise exist through shared struggle. Whereas “change” fails to communicate anything desirable, stealing and sharing our lives has the desired affect of communicating means as gesture without end. Recognized loosely as a network of communizing forms, these means could be but are not limited to: working as little as possible, as stealing everything we can, as growing gardens, as attempting to articulate and understanding the shit we live in, as a realization of the social, as a forming we that becomes the antidote for our unified separation. The development of this is called social war.

closer we come to complete societal transformation, the more the state will use draconian laws, like anti-terrorism legislation, to imprison us all. The only way to break this violent cycle is to continue our jailed comrade’s struggle to its end. Hence, solidarity means attack, attacking every vestige of the system that collaborated to lock our friends behind bars. These attacks are to continue until everyone is liberated from their cages, whether cubicle or cell. From this perspective, providing the sledgehammers to turn banks into debris is equivalent to filling a commissary with chainsaws for penitentiary revolt. Just like the greatest possible gift to a friend is the destruction of all authority, the best support for a comrade in jail is the destruction of every prison.

On Monday, we catapulted off of expensive cars that propelled us through department store windows. When we finally landed, sneakers-first onto a police officer’s frown, the state’s precautionary plans were overturned like the dumpsters that crowded the streets of St. Paul. We aren’t passive victims, nor are their tactics surprising to us. The forces of order prepared quite well for this engagement, arming themselves with every technique at their disposal. The state of exception came to bear as the National Guard was deployed to work in tandem with the police, guarding the jail and attacking demonstrators. But naked force was also complemented by juridical repression. The “conspiracy to riot in furtherance of terrorism” charges are no haphazard application or abuse of the law; they are its logical extension.

Many would like to use the events of September 1st to gain credibility for or to invigorate their historical reenactivist societies, be it recreating the ‘60s or the anti-globalization protests. It’s time to bury the myths of Chicago and Seattle once and for all. The demonstration form is a suffocating cocoon from which we need to break free. We were not in St. Paul for the illusory goals some had swallowed wholesale. We don’t give a fuck about a summit, but we can use it as a springboard, parasitically sucking life and leaving behind anemic remains. We were there this time because we do not yet have the force to manifest such conflict outside of the context of mass mobilizations. One of our goals is to take all of the force directed against false epicenters of power and

redirect it into social conflicts that have the actual potential to disrupt the flows of this system. We are abandoning the vapid discourse of protest towards a concrete offensive in the social war. We refuse to run in circles anymore.

To my left there is a swarm of bodies destroying a police cruiser, and to my right, others completely ruining the exterior of a bank. Magically, bricks are removed from one side of the building and returned through another.

Aftermath

Five months had passed since the convention and I was sitting down for a pancake breakfast at the local anarchist community space in Milwaukee. Along with the local anarchist crew, dozens of folks from other cities had joined us, perhaps for a weekend of play and mischief. Many folks in the room I'd met because of the organizing and network building in the lead-up to the conventions. While enjoying the food and one another's company, a friend's phone rang and in the course of a minute they were cursing and slammed the table. They hung up and informed the room that warrants had been issued for two of our closest friends. Amidst the gasps and disbelief, my heart dropped. How many times now had I felt this since the RNC; that realization and the dread that people I love could be going to prison?

Folks immediately went into crisis mode and folks went into motion. We were devastated to inform our friends about their warrants. We arranged their rides to Minneapolis and for lawyers and loved ones to meet them. We raised their bail within hours. And of course we cried, held each other, and we cried more.

It amazes me that one day in September continues to shape and inform our lives. In the year before the convention, we declared the goal of building relationships and infrastructure that would live beyond the first of September. That morning five months later proves to me that we won on that front. Despite the state's continuing efforts to imprison our friends and lovers, the friendships and affinities that formed around anti-RNC organizing continue to

Always there is that feeling of unreality, estrangement, otherness, that stinking fucking smell underneath the stairs of our everyday lives.

To the pathetic calls for unity, mediation, compromise, restraint, in our discourse with our conditions, our reply is "we'd rather not."

Our conditions are a social war.

Our social war is discourse.

-Milwaukee Network for Social War

Postscript:

This text first appeared as a post to Milwaukee's Indymedia Center, where many took the extent of its message to be contained within its title. Many believed that the authors were opposed to the Milwaukee based group Milwaukee Network for Social Change (MNSC) in exchanging the word change for war. Many were angered by the title, which was what they perceived to be a personal attack on the individuals within MNSC.

The ideology and practice of activism is not essential to the individuals within MNSC, nor is it limited to this organization. Dialog, although it did happen, did not move beyond clarifying the title. This is the second time we've banged our heads against this wall.

Activism as it is used in this communiqué is described as a practice of specialization and management of conflict within social struggles. Rather than act for themselves - with their desires as a basis for conflictuality against what inhibits them - and among others who share these proletarianized conditions, most often the activist "organizes" others based upon essential social groupings of un-active masses. Activism is also defined vaguely as an attempt to change the world in some progressive direction. It becomes necessary to demystify its social function by contributing a critique of its practice. As most who self-define as such fall into both

Milwaukee Network for Social War

Communique #1

This is critique as attack from those who attack as critique. It is an attempt to make apparent what is evident to us: a separation between the ideology and practice of activism and those who seek a complete destruction of this world (domination in its totality) in search of the unknown world of possibilities that lie only in its ruin. Recent conversations have shown it to become more and more necessary to articulate this divide, for ourselves and others still open to possibility.

As capital has accumulated and thus reproduced the world, so have good intentions.

The ever constant activity of the activist in their efforts to petition this, reform that, vote, educate the masses and always with the guidance of them and others as experts, perpetuate the logic of alienation. Theirs' is a relationship managed and on the terms of the state, whose goal is always the maintenance of dominance by whatever means. And while they may have good intentions in their reactions to an always-expanding set of outrageous issues, the many contradictions within capitalist social relations, they merely assimilate themselves into the disease from which no cure can be found. To the extent that they adopt and perpetuate this ideology, they spread disease.

This disease is the same disease we've been building for thousands of years, dead yet alive in its spread of social decomposition and society as prison. It is the corpse of our social relations, conditioning the reproduction of the expert. This corpse in the mouth of the activist vomits out not only how life should be lived, but also how it should change, effectively changing nothing.

deepen, while our infrastructure for dealing with state repression (and attacking the state) is stronger than ever. So many of our folks are currently in the grips of our enemies, but what has become increasingly clear is that we are all in this together.

MK3 Legal Update

September 4th, 2008 Dave Mahoney was arrested and subsequently charged with six felonies. Five months later, Christina Vana and Karen Meissner found an article written by the Associated Press explaining warrants had been issued for their arrest in Minnesota. Both Christina and Karen are being charged with 'assault in the second degree' and Dave is being charged similarly including terroristic threats. These three friends have decided to stand and fight their charges together. They hope, similar to the RNC 8 and other friends and arrestees, their solidarity with one another can be an inspiration over the stories of police infiltration, informants and cooperation stemming from the RNC.

Besides putting their lives on hold to move to Minneapolis, separating them from family, close friends and new projects, they face a combined sentence of over 30 years in prison and an estimated \$40,000 in court and legal fees. Yes, they have each other, but they need our help and support to continue fighting. Christina, Karen and Dave are all just entering the pre-trial portion of their hearings. Dave's trial is scheduled for June 1st while Karen and Christina's trial are scheduled to for August 31st. They are in need of friendly faces in the courtroom, monetary funds to pay their kind and patient lawyers and even in the wake of intense repression during the RNC, continued discussion and work towards tearing this system apart. Continuing the fight while they are unable to focus on much besides their own legal trouble is the most inspiring form of solidarity (that and dolla bills). So, mask up and host a secret café, or rob a bank - we won't judge. All we want is to end domination in all forms and keep our friends free!

For more information: helpmkethree.blogspot.com, or email: helpmkegirls@gmail.com

Notes on Solidarity

ATM attacked and vandalized

“We know that the more we talk, we make our enemies work easier, so we’ll keep this short.

Last night on November 4th, we attacked an ATM machine on Auer and Holton in the Riverwest neighborhood of Milwaukee. It was targeted because it was an ATM. It has no specific ties to any major issues other than in its contribution to our continued domination.

As we continue to act, our actions convey their necessary revolutionary solidarity with the RNC8 and other arrested in the Twin Cities, as well as Denver during the DNC, and all facing state repression.

This action only took 15 seconds, was very easy, and reproducible.

Find some friends and break things at night.”

Two banner drops in solidarity with RNC Arrestees and Greek Rioters

“This action happens on a declared day of solidarity with those who were arrested at the Republican National Convention in St. Paul, as well as marking the 8th day of an ongoing historic uprising spreading throughout Greece, opening up our futures with their tangible present. Last week Greek police murdered 15 year old Alexandros Grigoropoulos whose death symbolized both the entire repressive apparatus of the state and also the courage of those who find themselves in conflict with it willfully. The situation forced upon the hundreds of RNC arrestees, who find themselves at the merciless whim of the state can be viewed similarly. Thusly the conditions

shot. At the hospital, others snuck into the emergency room to chant that the shooting was vengeance made actual upon the police. People rallied to honor the memory of Oakland’s newest folk-hero. Oakland, reterritorialized as a terrain of war against the social order.

In 1959, we fought the street-battles with the police as they harassed queers at a donut shop in Los Angeles. In 1966, police brutality against street queens in the Tenderloin mutated into queens beating cops with their purses. In 1969, a seemingly-ordinary police raid on a queer bar in new york, erupted into four days of sustained rioting. In 1979 we burnt cop cars in the streets of San Francisco. We meet queer-bashers with bricks, mace and batons.

To bash back, is to reverse the flows of power and violence; to explode the hyper-normal into situations of previously-unthinkable revolt. We thus find the deepest affinity with all who fight back against the affective poverty and oppression of this world.

As the police and media work to defame and slander Lovelle Mixon, we express our total solidarity.

Until every queerbasher is beaten to a pulp and police are but a memory.

Yours for the social war,

-an unknowable cell of Bash Back!

On March 26th, a banner was dropped from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee Union. The banner read only: “We (heart) Lovelle Mixon”.

R.I.P. Lovelle Mixon

The demonstration drew a majority of Mount Hope's security staff outside to watch them. Meanwhile, with the guards pre-occupied by the distraction, over a dozen queers had put on their Sunday-best and infiltrated the church's congregation. At the signal that the guards had been lured outside, the infiltrators sprung into action.

A group stood up, declared themselves fags, and began screaming loudly. Upon hearing the loud interruption, other affinity groups went into action. A team that had been hiding under the pews in the closed-off balcony dropped a banner and pulled back the curtains to reveal "IT'S OKAY TO BE GAY! BASH BACK!"

Another group threw over a thousand fliers to the entirety of the congregation. The fire alarm was pulled. Queers began making out in front of the pastor. And within a matter of minutes, everyone had evaded the guards and made their escapes.

Bash Back! operatives, still hidden among the congregation observed a person screaming that Satan had come to Mount Hope, that the end was here, that the queers were everywhere. She then began speaking tongues. The dumbfounded pastor, after regaining his composure, went on to speak of the of decadent, depraved wolves that menace his flock of sheep.

Let it be known: So long as bigots kill us in the streets, this pack of wolves will continue to BASH BACK!

We are everywhere.

Solidarity with all Cop Killers

On March 21st, Lovelle Mixon shot five police officers, killing four before dying in the gunfire. In Oakland we see the fabric of capitalist normalcy being ripped to shreds. Daily instances of racist police violence are transformed into rupture and thrown back in the faces of our oppressors. In January, days of rioting followed the police-murder of Oscar Grant. This week, people danced in the streets as cops were

responsible for forcing it upon them should be dealt no less mercy.

If we are to view solidarity as a direct and continuous conflict with the walls and prison guards that enforce the prison of our conditions, then the developing situation in Greece and the current generalization of their social struggle provide us with invaluable lessons. Their lesson plan has been taught with burning cities, not as a means of securing demands or reacting to certain systematic injustices, but as a realization that the only way to ensure that not another 15 year old boy will be shot dead by police is through the elimination of their means to do so.

Our incendiary device is the generalization of our struggles, it is to connect out of our collective isolation as an ungovernable multiplicity ensuring with our own weathered hands that one day our friends, some now facing potential prison time for their alleged actions during the RNC, will never again go to prison, because there will be no more prisons.

Our friendship is a weapon.

SOLIDARITY WITH RNC ARRESTEES

SOLIDARITY WITH THE CIVIL WAR IN GREECE"

21 Attacks for 21 Felonies

"At least 21 ATMs, banks, and businesses had their locks glued or were otherwise vandalized all across Milwaukee county last Saturday night as part of a regional day of solidarity with all those facing charges stemming from the 2008 republican national convention. Targets were hit to correspond with the number of ongoing felony cases being pursued by the state.

The state cannot escape the consequences of a permanent state of repression. Targets are everywhere, and so are we.

DROP ALL THE CHARGES!"

From Wisconsin to Greece, Destroy all Banks

“Walking down the street some paint and some glue
wished to see about some banks troubles
if there was anything they could do.

When they walked near
they found the capitalists were filled with fear.

So they decided to, with Christmas cheer,
cover the motherfuckers windows
and glue up their locks.

So the bankers would be safe
from the public bashing back.

Just after midnight, the beginning of Staurday, December
20th, in Oshkosh, WI a Chase Bank was attacked by some
glue and some paint. Burn Greece; Burn Prisons; Burn
States.”

all texts taken from Milwaukee Indymedia



Bash Back! Raises Hell at Anti-Queer Mega Church

The Mount Hope Church is a deplorable, anti-queer mega-church in Lansing, Michigan. The church works to institutionalize transphobia and homophobia through several repulsive projects including organized “ex-gay” conferences and so-called “hell houses”, which depict queers, trannies and womyn who seek abortions as the horrors. Mt. Hope is complicit in the repression of queers in Michigan and beyond. Bash Back! ain’t down with that. And so on Sunday November 9th, about thirty radical queers from Lansing, Chicago, Memphis and Milwaukee disrupted the church’s most well-attended sermon.

At noon, a small group of folks dressed in pink and black, equipped with a megaphone, black flags, picket signs and an upside-down pink cross began demonstrating outside the church. The group was extremely loud and wildly offensive.

Bash Back! Confronts Neo-Nazis at Milwaukee's Pridefest

In the afternoon of Saturday, June 7th. Bash Back! and other anti-fascists confronted the neo-Nazi group, the National Socialist Movement, who had come to protest Milwaukee's Pridefest. The leaders of the LGBT Community asked that people simply ignore the Nazi threat to our communities. These same leaders ensured that police would be in full force to defend the NSM and to arrest and assault those who came to oppose the Nazis.

In short, the organizers of Pridefest and the "leaders" of the LGBT community sold out all of us. Neo-Nazis are not a group of passive Christians who want only to condemn our abstract souls to hell. These people want us dead. If given the chance, they will kill us. Nazis (uniformed and otherwise) have murdered thousands upon thousands of trans and queer people, and millions of others. We haven't forgotten their intentions. We haven't forgotten of what they are capable. We will never allow their tyranny again. We will never accept any threat to our bodies and our community.

The same people who ask us to ignore these thugs, demand our composure and complacency when our friends and lovers are murdered. The "leaders" of this community have shown they will never stand with those they claim to serve. They would rather see well-protected neo-nazis than a well-defended queer and trans community. Nobody will protect us if not ourselves.

In the last year, reported violence against us had risen by 25%. One queer or trans person is murdered every eight days in this country. Nazis move freely into our neighborhoods to terrorize us on the streets. Police brutalize queer and trans people on a regular basis. Yet still, the supposed leaders and politicians of the LGBT community do nothing and ask us to do the same. When will we bash back?



Bash Back!

Trans and Queer Insurrection

At the Milwaukee anti-RNC consulta, in November of 2007, a breakout group of radical queers met to discuss their desires for a militant trans and queer force at the conventions. From this discussion, the group Bash Back! was formed. Starting in Chicago and Milwaukee, there are now also Bash Back! groups in Lansing, Memphis, Denver, the Twin Cities, New York, Olympia, Philly, DC, Baltimore, Portland, the East Bay, Florida and Seattle. Though it formed in preparation for the conventions, the Bash Back! network has continued to grow and cause trouble throughout the country.

In Milwaukee, Bash Back! confronted neo-Nazis who came to protest Pridefest. In Denver and DC, Bash Back! confronted the assimilationist and transphobic HRC. In Chicago, Bash Back! took the streets in the largest unpermitted radical queer march in years and went on to cause a ruckus at the Pride parade. Bash Back! Memphis is working to avenge Duanna Johnson, a trans-woman beaten and ultimately murdered by the police. At the RNC, Bash Back! blockaded delegate buses, fought with police, and attacked the Westboro Baptist Church (god-hatesfags.com). In Lansing, Bash Back! hooligans from all over the midwest invaded the notoriously anti-queer Mount Hope megachurch, making headlines across the country.

In the following pages, we've included information about Bash Back! Milwaukee, as well as communiques from three Bash Back! actions. Bash Back! is currently working to host a national radical queer convergence in Chicago this May. For more information on that and what radical queers are doing throughout the country, check out bashbacknews.wordpress.com.

**Keep your marriage,
fuck the military,
we want liberation!**

Bash Back! Milwaukee is a raging hoard of radical queers and transfolk. Bash Back! is a gang! Through means of direct action, we aim to oppose all forces of oppression, and assimilation and to dismantle systems of control and repressive social constructs. We intend to work towards queer empowerment, the liberation of desire, deconstruction of gender, and relationships without measure or restraint!

For more information, email:

bashbackmke@gmail.com

