

We Feel It

Inside us all, exist smothered embers, embers smothered from years of socialization, domestication, and pacification. Years of being told to be quiet, to get back in line, to go back to work. To cook, clean, and smile for those we serve. On our knees, on our feet, however we are still we are angry. We can see it in our own eyes when facing the mirror, and we can see it in the eyes of those who struggle alongside us in the same miserable conditions. Friends, co-workers, and mere strangers at a bar. Wherever we are, however we feel, we see it. We see the smothered embers. Sometimes we have scandalous thoughts, day dreams at best, of the embers turning into flames! Unfortunately, we are faced with talk of “reality” like it is something we all experience together. “Ground yourself” the politician says, “Check yourself” the officer says. Constantly telling you what to do, how to feel think breathe and intake.

We all have these flirtatious day dreams of not working, of not selling our bodies and our minds to a constant reproduction of death and despair. We all dream of lighting that math, or flicking that cigarette into the puddle of gasoline that lies waiting to be lit in our workplace. Scandalous and flirtatious thoughts indeed, but not allowed. Repressed and strangled these feelings of revolt by the confines of the totality and spectacle. These very dreams are spectacle in of themselves, the only allowance of these acts is to dream! They want us to release in these petty, minor, and isolated ways so we can wake up the next morning ready and accepting for the continuous torment of tedium and boredom that awaits. It is our own mental form of pain relievers, a natural opiate if you will.

If such actions reside solely in our minds, then why do we feel a coming storm? Why do we feel as if the box of matches to light and a can of petrol are actualizing in front of our smothered embers, in front of our very eyes! Perhaps it's almost as if we know this storm is coming, and it can strike at any time. Indiscriminate and ruthless this storm will be. A storm of fire, anger, and love. A ferocious blow to finally destroy the totality that dominates our minds, our bodies, and our souls. A swift strike, a beautiful strike, a personal strike. The end all be all, and whatever poetic phrases we use to describe that bleeding moment of total freedom.

Yet, we have felt this way for years. Hundreds of years! Like Bruno said, A hundred years before me; A reaction is surely coming. When though? When will this reaction strike? 9 years ago we were told the insurrection is coming, yet I don't see it. I feel it every second of everyday, but no actualization of this insurrection can be seen, besides the various isolated incidents that are quickly pacified and vilified. From Ferguson to Palestine, I see attempts. I see attempts that are hastily judged and pacified by the old and the puppets of the social.

Yet, we still feel it, like an orgasm that hasn't quit reached climax. It tingles our bodies.

We feel it because of desire. We don't see it because of hope.

Hope and desire, two seemingly similar concepts, yet dichotomized in the face of everyday life. Separated but dependant on each other to ensure we sit still. Hope without desire seems so impossible. How can one be optimistic about a possibility if they do not desire it? What a loaded question and impossible to answer!

Hope, wether in the form of optimism or prayer, cannot exist without a desire for. Hope is simply the belief ones desire will be actualized. Wether that desire is material or social, a dream or a wish, the feeling of hope is dependant on the initial desire. When we pray, we do not pray out of pure desire to do so, but from the hope that this prayer will grant us access to the exploits of heaven and save us from eternal fire. When we protest, we may desire the condition of victory, but we hope the cops do not beat us before.

In both situations, the matter of hope is dependant on the initial desire, however, in both situations the feeling of hope locks away the actualization of desire. When we pray, we do not pray out of desire to be closer to god, only to hope he grants us that special spot in heaven, and not subject us to hell for our "sins." When we protest, we desire victory, but we do not actualize the condition for which will grant us this feeling, rather we get distracted by the hope of police joining us. Both situations are utterly futile, but what if hope was not involved? What would the outcome be if we had only desired?

If we were to pray out of desire to become closer to god, we would not pray at all. We would acknowledge the fleeting feeling that god cannot listen when god is not present, and that hell is not after death, but the curse for living. When we protest without hope, we would not protest at all. We would ensure our desires are met, because without hope we have no fear of failure, as it is the norm. Without the persistence of hope we would have the actualization of desire.

Such a claim I have made, still makes me scratch my head. Hope makes us live for something, and to value our life as if a new world is in-fact possible. With this value comes an overarching feeling of self preservation, a protection of ones self. A need to see ones desire come through, with the idea that it is possible, is when we begin to smother our flames. Pretending as if we WILL see through this insurrection, so why aim down our sights if we are going to be alive? So begins the pacification of our self, and the return to the vicious cycle of pacification and day dreams. When we hope we will live to see our desires all sacrifice and acceptance of failure is thrown out the window, and without the willingness to fail we see only dreams and the lack of actualization. When we hope, we lose sight of what we desire, and slowly let it fade into but another dream.

This question of hope is easy to talk about however, but to actually feel no hope is another obstacle to tackle. To me, it is yet another monster to slay, a ghost to hunt, and a spook to ignore. A constant battle against a creeping lie of social order. Yet another lie to resist, but how?

Kill the dream in your head, and realize the dream in front of your very eyes. Simple sounding, but difficult actualizing. It took me forever to even understand how to kill ones sense

of hope, but I feel as if I have figured out the secret. It all lies within your engagement with activism, action, and attack. Burnout is one of the most severe threats to any anarchist individual and/or collective, and burnout is one of two paths to take when faced at the cross-section of hopelessness. Do you give up and accept “defeat” and fall victim to hopelessness, or do you embrace hopelessness as your driving force?

We are all going to die. Young or old, sober or an alcoholic junkie. Death is but a fact of life. There is no guarantee you will be a jimmy “Burke” Conway, no promise to be remembered by anyone other than your family. Even then they will eventually forget you, as has everyone else. Death happens when we are truly forgotten, and let Giuseppe Ciancabilla tell you, everyone dies at some point. In the future, proudhon who?

With this acceptance, you can go two ways. You can give up, or you can get up. You can chose to live a boring life of misery, and allow the logic of submission, and the shadow of totality swallow you whole. Such an overwhelming force this shadow is. Patriarchy, white supremacy, civilization, colonialism, all the apparatuses that dominate our lives and dictate our role in society. So much to destroy, so much to hate, and so little time. Death is certain.

It makes sense to not be able to cope with this thought, and to drop out and abandon anarchy forever. It makes complete sense. You can attend so many boring marches, so many boring meetings, and so many smelly punk shows before you feel the creeping hopelessness whisper in your ear telling you its all for nothing. You can only donate so much money to the monthly bail fund, the need for hormones, or even the help with rent. Simply put, we live in a fucked up world, a world with no mercy. We put so much energy into the idea of anarchy that we forget one simple truth; this isn't anarchy. We can't expect ourselves to attend every pointless march, every boring meeting, and every smelly punk show. We can't expect ourselves to donate to every bail fund, to every need for hormones, and to every person needing a little extra help to keep a roof over their head. We simply can't

And so we come to the cross-section of hopelessness. Do we give up or get up? How do we proceed when we feel so weak and helpless, as if everything we have ever done in the name of anarchy was for nothing. The activist and direct actioner weep together, realizing it's over. No more of anything. They might read an article or two every now and then, or maybe donate to a bail fund. They will not however, attend the next riot, for it is for nothing! They will just sit in their posh home, with their two children, and laugh about their “rebel days”

I care not for those too weak to understand life will always be struggle. To those who imagined anarchy was possible in their life time. If you were so naive to begin with, I have no love for you. You left, you gave up. You took the easy road out, and now you dream of days when you weren't the anarchist form of a sellout. I'm not the only one that laughs however.

You can either give up, or get up. Those getting up will laugh with me.

So the iconoclast sits in the tree, giggling to themselves as you walk by with your

newborn in the stroller. They chose a different path, a better path. They were faced at the same cross-section, the cross-section of hopelessness. They stared down the overwhelming shadow of totality, and they laughed. They walked onto the second path, the most dangerous path. Howls of wolves, and screeches of monsters echoed through this path, yet our iconoclast came out alive, with a sudden realization; I am going to die anyways, why not die for my desire? Why not accept my fate and try anyways, because what is left to lose? My life? HA!

Unafraid of death, our iconoclast marches on, with a bomb resting in the satchel over their shoulder. This bomb is meant for their enemies, and it is primed just for them. Bona petite, bourgeoisie. Your final dine, black powder special, with a side of petrol. The iconoclast might die before the bomb reaches the intended guest, or they could be caught afterwards and executed. They do not care however, because why should I? I am going to die, I might as well die happy.

Of course that is a tale of hyperbole and imagination, but a possibility none the less. You see, the other side of hopelessness is that of no worry, no fear. The side that allows you to accept the inevitability of death and embrace it, and allow it not to limit you, but inspire you. Some will tell you life has value, but are we truly living? One cannot speak of value, while urging you to save your work for after “the revolution.” Your life has no value, and I would argue you are already dead. You go to work, go to school, and proceed to do boring activities solely so this society can continue to function. Consistent (re)production, an endless cycle of repetition and despair. If you give up you are quickly replaced by a younger, and healthier worker who has no understanding of the reality that is their “life”

So no, you only live a “life” with the only value of that of (re)production. That is all you mean to the totality, and all you mean to the sophist. So why hope? Why stifle the actualization of your desire when there is no guarantee of it being actualized? Someone will argue “because it is my driving force!” so I respond with “So why aren’t you free yet?!” No response, other than the boring regurgitation of an old prince, claiming we have to wait. There is no waiting, only denying. Denying the nothing, which is what we all create.

This is the reason we cannot except hopelessness, because we refuse to admit our desire is nothing. We aren’t for anything. We want a better world, but we aren’t for a specific organization of that world. We have dreams and desires, not programmes and organizations. We refuse the delegates, and reject the diplomats. We were never for something to begin with.

So now, all we have is nothing, nothing to look forward to and nothing to desire. Only a facade of desire, and the smog of dreams clinging to reality.

We are not slaves, we are dynamite. We are explosive beings with unpredictable reactions

And Oh, a reaction is surely coming. We all feel it.

It’s time to get up