

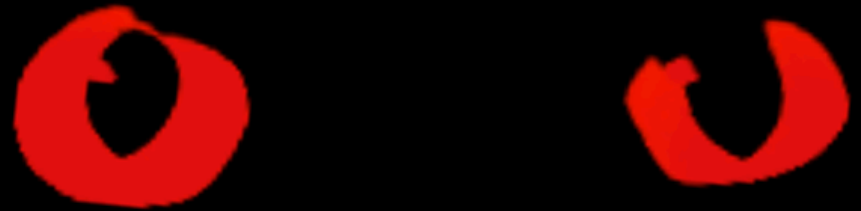
# Sabot Media

WE PUBLISH EVERY  
COUPLE OF MONTHS



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# GNARLING



# EXAMPLES

AN ANTHOLOGY OF SUNKEN BEAUTY  
dredged from our collective experiences struggling  
against oppression and for anarchy.

VOLUME ONE

# GLARING

/glâr'ing/  
NOUN

The word glaring can be used to describe a group of cats that don't know each other well. This doesn't happen often and so the term glaring is rarely used, but it could be used to describe a group of stray or feral cats that are crowding together around a food source but are not actually part of the same colony.

redacted  
hacker

hedy  
wintour

mk + Zariel

Bellamy  
Watson

The Glaring



dragon



skunk



ash

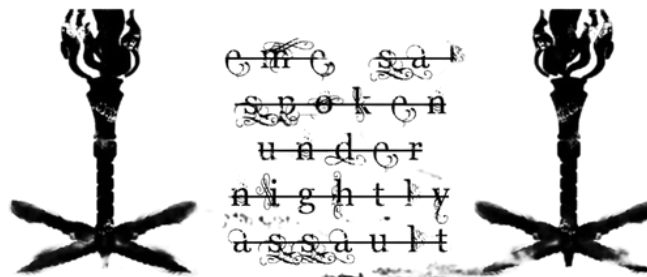
Thank You

Kristian Williams - for your thoughts and time  
bee - for your endless inspiration

Timberland Regional Library - for the paper and ink

Our Readers - for making this all worthwhile

parents, offspring, friends, lovers, and enemies



our lips and tongues alone were made for mourning  
our shifts for tearing, our unopulent breasts for beating  
and as the great city lay on her deathbed  
we sung her sweetly into the grave

we bury her not with her crown of wisdom,  
the bracelets that twist about her welcoming arms,  
her straight blade or her sinuous sceptre,  
her treasured tales, her growing things  
her precious cornerstone

these things we wrap in soft linen  
to bear into the cold desert  
under our sackcloth and sacred night

ISAIAH LIV:1-2

sing, barren woman,  
you who never bore a child  
burst into song  
and bloom  
and flame

for your children are the seeds between the cracks in the asphalt  
and the hours of joy stolen back from merchants on the palanquins beneath  
which your proud back breaks  
and the crowbars in the doors and through the windows of the towers left  
to rot by sick men who have forgotten both the arts of working stone and  
love

and the quivering hands brought down from the fire escape  
and the lamentations that followed the ones who were not  
as they rose into the air

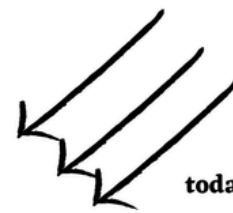
and the stair by which your sister climbs to hold court with dukes and  
devils, praying that she does not forget you, praying that she does not forget  
herself,

that she keeps the wrist gentle  
and the knife sharp  
sing, barren woman  
sing like thunder  
sing like

by hedy wintour

jan 20

by mk Zariel



# GLARING EXAMPLES

*come  
again...*

today i started three texts with “elon musk said what?”  
 and i was not ready for the collage of answers  
 that were all equally alarming. for the glow of  
 the spectacle, the reality TV sheen, the way  
 fascism and fandom rhyme when you stand back and squint  
 send me another analysis of dictators’ fashion choices at the inaugural ball  
 the outerwear of the raging TERF at the swearing-in  
 and i swear i’ll burst into flames no matter how much  
 soft complacent silk i ruin—is this a fucking runway to you?  
 for me it’s more of an emergency landing to be.  
 and today i checked social media and found  
 that short of blocking, i couldn’t unfollow JD’s toxic Instagram  
 so just settled for a meme about the stupidity of Meta, hoping to engage  
 in a little principled ambulance-chasing  
 and is that an allegory or just a tech problem?  
 i am trans and every steel-toed footstep is a pound  
 on the hallowed block button  
 how many reports will it take to conflictually negate half the nation, seeing as  
 one can never unfollow bigotry?  
 why is it that one side never seems to end up on mute?  
 get into a twitter war with a hate group, i’ll be  
 trying to remember what trust and safety are  
 and failing that, trying to read anything but  
 the fine print of executive orders  
 watch the inauguration  
 and screw it, i probably will too  
 but will you witness the result?



# CREPUSCULAR

# CORSE

# presents

# THIS IS OUR WORLD



This is our story now. As we exit the chrono-void, we observe the effects of our magic on the character of our surroundings. The fingerprints we left on the projector are clearly visible in the void. In the mere moments we spent in the chrono-void, quadrillions of generations of our species have past into oblivion. Racing from galaxy to galaxy, they had spent all their efforts on seeding the very life that once was so close to being extinguished by those whom no longer exist, even in memory. Cascades of evolution now spill from star to star, engendering new forms of cooperation and joy, experiencing the universe in all its sentience. Starships the size of entire galaxies move serenely through the inky black. They consume energy directly from the vacuum of space, and generate thousands of stars per day, each one with accompanying solar systems and habitable zones full of life.

Our forebearers gave us the gift of anger. It was a gift full of vitality that our technomancers and bio-sorcerers were able to craft into a tool for the destruction of destruction itself. With our pure rage we annihilated the enemy of life. But do not think that we accomplished this goal through fury alone. For there was love, there was joy, there was cooperation, there was all the anarchic frenzy that comes with any revolution. Ours was simply the last in a long line of movements towards freedom. These are the stories we tell our children, the stories of movements gone by. The names we have long forgotten, but their actions have lived on, imprinted on the soul of every living organism, coded directly into the hyper-complex genetic networks of photons that have replaced the slow and haphazard deoxyribonucleic acid. Nothing this sacred can be stored on a mere molecular strand of nucleotides. We store evolutionary data on sunbeams now, radiating all genetic updates at lightspeed to every corner of the expanse.




THIS IS OUR WORLD



Share

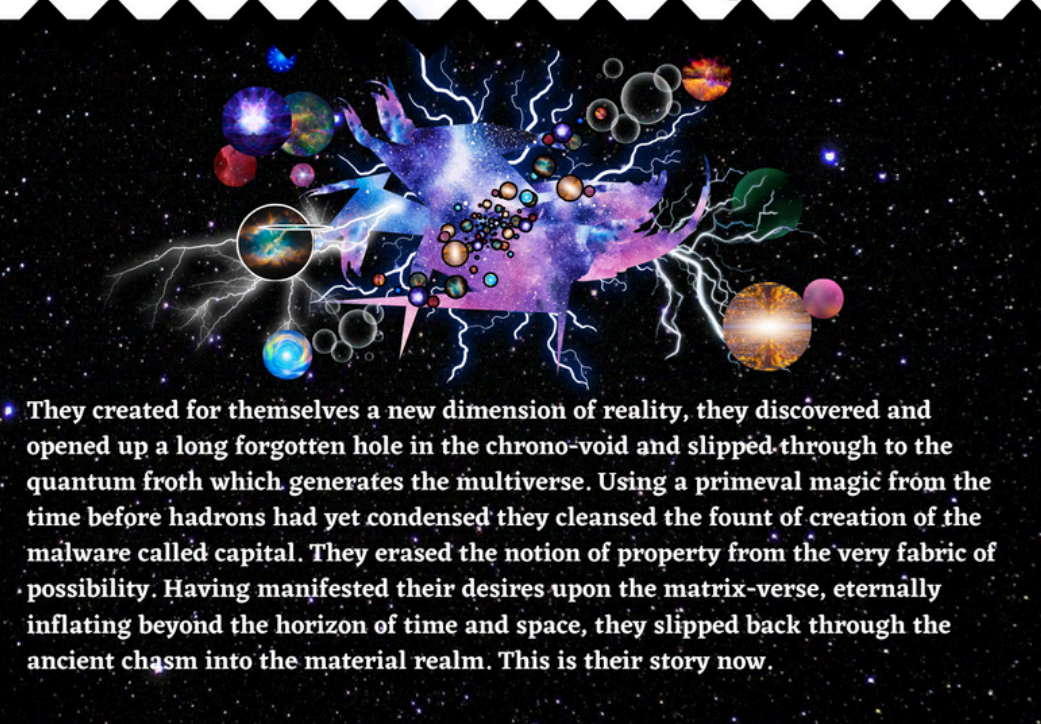


Watch on  YouTube

[youtube.com/@aberdeenlocal1312](https://youtube.com/@aberdeenlocal1312)

# BEFORE

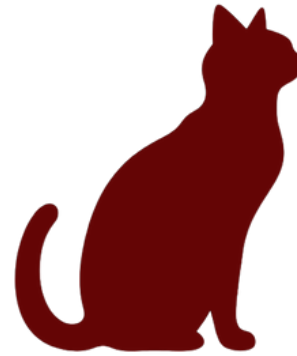
We are the crows, laughing on the winds of entropy. We are the fireflies, blinking through eons. Our world is one of blood and stardust, of teeth and galaxies, of love unbound and creation unchained. Life is our quarry, and we devour it whole, leaving nothing but a trail of wonder and a howl that echoes forever. Our youth run freely through the fields and ferns, learning and creating the rules of life anew every generation. Even though we long ago conquered mortality, we choose to let go of our time in this universe. This is not our world, it is that of the next generation, it is to them who we owe everything. It is for them that we fought for and won this world. Freedom to roam the multiverse is theirs now. We need not fear a repeat of previous regimes either. For these creatures have imbibed from the spring of the precious, the unique, the temporal. They know what is at risk when you travel the stars, and are well equipped to handle it. We travel with them in spirit, forever on the cusp of understanding. Almost able to finally open our eyes and perceive, but never quite able to shake off that heavy dust of sleep.



They created for themselves a new dimension of reality, they discovered and opened up a long forgotten hole in the chrono-void and slipped through to the quantum froth which generates the multiverse. Using a primeval magic from the time before hadrons had yet condensed they cleansed the fount of creation of the malware called capital. They erased the notion of property from the very fabric of possibility. Having manifested their desires upon the matrix-verse, eternally inflating beyond the horizon of time and space, they slipped back through the ancient chasm into the material realm. This is their story now.



SABOT  
by ash



We are the inky ones.  
Flashing eyes in the dead of night.  
Our claws are sharp, our wit sharper.  
Never ones to turn down a fight

We seize your content, we make it ours  
we revel in spreading it all over town  
and you may know us, were everywhere  
manic and feral are our pronouns

take our zines and give them out  
leave them at a bus stop  
wheatpaste em back behind the trash  
tie it off, then brick a cop

start a library, or just toss em out  
sell them for some funds or  
wad em in a bottle neck and throw it to the sea  
crush them into bullets for your guns

our zines make great tinder for the fires that you light  
cause being the fuel is our desire to light up all the night  
and making stories more discoverable  
the one thing we demand of you is to become ungovernable.

Join us in this revelry and print them out yourself  
throw this trash all over town and  
we'll claim the thirteenth twelfth

alley cats and comrade rats, raccoon, and possum too  
get freaky in the streets at night, you'll see us rolling through  
the neighborhoods you live in now look much more like a zoo



thoughts&  
by mk Zariel


nobody starts a prayer circle about you at school unless they think you're liminal enough to need saving. teenage boys afraid of being undesired, they linger on fortnite afraid of every supposed insults that stems from this dyke existing, living—i am the topic of their group chat. i really need the lord, they announce, not knowing that i don't believe in a higher power but if i did she'd be transness embodied or eris discordia, for the memes—or maybe just someone who gives you gender envy on tiktok. they claim my soul is polluted, dripping with queer delighting filth that they envy yet will never cop to—claim that i will burn in hell not knowing that i don't need to, because that's just called the internet when you're not a dude—then when i send them the gay parts of the bible i awkwardly discover that they somehow think the bible is porn. they wallow in ignorance, contradicting conspiracies, afraid of this dyke ignoring them, blocking and reporting, anything but an object of unwanted prayers.



We tread the edges of the worlds, where roots entwine with stars and the soil hums with the songs of forgotten gods. Our hearts beat in sync with the war drums of the soil, the thrum of insects and the whisper of leaves. We do not walk; we prowl, carrying the scent of ash and sap. The rivers feed our veins, the storms crown us in lightning, and the wild grants us its name. We shatter the chains of time, tearing millennia into ribbons and tying them into our hair. We have learned many lessons now, from the land and from the beasts that roam it.

We stalk longhorn elk on the prairie, fashioning their bones into our music. Our parents are the heavens, the fauna our children. We roam among the wolves that raised us, giving thanks to their grace with our feeble paws. We rematriate our lands, we decolonize our minds, we slink back into the forest as silently and deftly as the beasts birthed there. Life is our prey, we drink it's blood and suck at it's marrow. The magic of the trees nourishes us as we blink and watch civilizations dissolve. I grab your arm and pull you towards me, grasping at your soul with my lips. Trying to taste the infinite. Layers of reality shed from my eyes like the rattlesnake's skin. I pick them up and weave them into something new, a fresh start.

You and I—feral architects—build homes from the bones of empires, our laughter cracking their marble halls. Civilization's corpse crumbles beneath our bare feet, dissolving like mist in the morning sun. In our embrace, universes bloom and die; each kiss a spark that ignites constellations. I taste eternity on your lips, its sweetness mixed with the salt of stars, and the infinite bends to our will. The forest watches as we rise, not as rulers but as kin to its beasts. The howl of the wolf and the scream of the hawk are our hymns; the hiss of the viper is our oath. We leap through the night, shadows blending with shadows, and drink from the well of chaos, unafraid. Freedom is not given—it is hunted, wrestled from the jaws of the mundane.



Reaching into our souls we wrench the hurt we have known out like a thorn from the heel. Right there in the middle of it all we build a fire and begin our ritual. Like a witch's brew we stir the components of our traumas into an amalgamation of potent healing. Crafting with the magic hidden under our masks, we bring forth the demons to do our bidding. They are unleashed into the bogs, the crags, the hollows. They make their homes in the trees that overlook that swamp, great and dismal. You and me - lifting into the air, breathing heavy, squirming with excitement. We call forth the power of the land now meters beneath our feet. It growls to life, croaking with an energy both reassuringly familiar and entirely unknowable.

We descend into an inky void, the gaping maw of eternity. It is not for the faint of heart but for the truly wicked to contemplate this horror, this abysmal nothingness, larger than you knew was possible. It hits you in the gut, knocking the wind from the structure of your being. In the blackness there is still activity though. Infernal, shrieking masses torn from the nightmare of some tortured souls. As we are consumed by this land our healing potion goes down like hot fire into the depths of all the hurt that this land holds. It cries to be given back, back to the stewards, to life.

We are released, not into the clearing we left but into a new clearing made from the wispy ashes of the old world. As it smolders we clasp hands. The ritual was a success. Ages pass, fungus decomposes, DNA mutates, things evolve. Rabbits run here now, not asphalt. Now we communicate with ecosystems, not radio waves. The bones of capital domes crunch beneath our feet. The only thing that ever beeps are the toads. The only obligation is community. We bathe in rivers and sleep on the shores. Sunning ourselves like iguanas on the sun cooked rocks. We play, sing, dance, fuck, and worship at the feet of ecstasy. The creatures we can stalk and catch are the foundations of our culture. We dry their meats when it's warm and wear their skins when it's cold. And in the sparkling light of a dying fire we praise their spirits. Today was good. Tomorrow will be better.

I sit here by Bellamy Watson

In the gray

Trying to hear the birds over the cars passing by

And I wonder

Where can I go

Where it isn't gray

Where the helicopter doesn't whir overhead

Where are the birds?

I would go to them

But I am stuck here, wingless, alone, unable to sing

I will go back to my car

To the noise

To nodding my head when I want to scream

The world is a cage

And I am not

Strong enough

To break

Free



Third Intifada quaking like a tremor shake.  
Imperial armaments raining down for terrors sake  
You push October 7th, they've been down since '48.  
Since the Nakba, source of trauma, their collective weight  
750,000 families displaced, 500 villages burn.  
depopulated neighborhoods from Tiberias, to Haifa, and Jaffa,  
it still occurs, near every night, now all the world's eyes on Rafah

Israelis poison water leads to typhoid epidemic.  
Forcibly expelled from homes, their torture is systemic  
Deny the occupation all you want, but we understand it plenty.  
when in '47 they owned 90 percent, now today they own just 20.  
You've stripped them of autonomy, their culture, and their land  
Make no mistake, we will shake off this genocide you have planned.

You make your homeland on their corpses, in the bloody hills of Zion  
While you've robbed what they once had,  
its what they have left you keep your eye on  
Rise, Rage, Defy, Resist; slingshot that stone, a flick of the wrist  
That which you tried to bury was a seed, it will persist  
Cut it down and shoots spring up, just like the mighty Olive  
even these you decimate, their identities you want all of

أنت تقاتل من أجل المال  
(ant tuqatil min 'ajl almal)  
(you are fighting for money)

نحن نقاتل من أجل الشعب  
(nahn nuqatil min 'ajl alshaeb)  
(we fight for the people)

التضامن سوف يجمعنا  
(altadamun sawf yajmaeuna)  
(solidarity will bring us together)

هذه الانتفاضة ستنتهي آلامنا  
(hadhih alaintifada' satunhi alamana)  
(this intifada will end our pain)

from the river to the sea, Palestine will be free, that's easy  
but put the keffiyah on and make it a reality

cripple the colonizers  
train insurgent fighters  
strangle the settlers  
but don't call us the upsetters  
obliterate the occupiers  
justice to Nakba deniers  
impede the imperialists  
block their railways, planes, and ships

Death to colonizers from Aberdeen to Gaza  
There will be justice, praise be to Allah  
From sniping with rubber bullets in Ferguson,  
to Christmas-time IDF raids in Bethlehem.  
same training, same weapons, same money changing hands  
same constant interfering in occupied lands  
When will we learn that when we strike the snare  
at any point, we strike it everywhere  
Our colonial enemy is global in scale  
through collective action we'll prevail

# ESCAPE

Deftly and silently we streak through the woods. Sssssswish go the leaves as we disappear between the next copse of trees. The moon stares down as we pass clearing after clearing, encouraging us on our rampage. Journeying through river valleys we descend from the top of the tree line down to the flood plain below us. This planet is foreign. The atmosphere unknown. We stop for a moment to taste the air, gathering information from the molecules attaching themselves to the olfactory receptors in our snouts. The air here is charged with an electricity and biting metallic. A bioluminescent mist looks us up and down then creeps itself slowly to the riverbank for a drink. The hairs on the back of our necks stand on end, they are still on our trail, always just behind us. Their silicone hearts pumping antifreeze through veins made of nano-carbon fabric. their lungs breath liquid enzymes designed for rapid cellular metabolism. Our hearts pump caustic blood to lungs bursting with fire, still we run. Run like prey in its final moments. The fear is so palpable you can taste it in your mouth, it is bitter like dandelion root, and it stinks like turpentine. These terrors stalk us through the deep shadows, stretched into stilted and grotesque shapes from the greenish grey moon beams falling upon them. The mind reels in darkness, creates its own sights to see, it plays tricks on the visual cortex. But what we see is no hallucination, that which we are fleeing from is the future.

I run through the forest with you. Howling wild. The branches and brambles tearing our clothing and skin. Hand in hand, headed for a brink that we know we can survive together. We jump, we plunge, we float, we splash out onto the sandbar and let our lungs rest from their rampant exertion. And we laugh at the escape we know we can pull off if we never stop pushing for our liberation. We know what future we can create if we abandon our fear. We are fierce of fang and swift of claw. The future will be ours.

**Let them come.**





## mk zariel interviews Kristian Williams

**Content notes: this interview mentions fascism, conspiracy-minded views, and bigotry.**

**How would you describe this book as a whole and your body of work?**

The Illuminist is a collection of essays, written over the course of a dozen years or so, considering philosophical aspects of the work of Alan Moore — what he tells us about ethics, politics, aesthetics, and metaphysics. It fits pretty neatly with two of my earlier books about George Orwell and Oscar Wilde. (In fact, Moore wrote the introduction to the Wilde book.) But my literary interests stand at some distance from the books I'm best known for, like *Our Enemies in Blue*, which are mostly about state violence. I suppose what connects the whole body of my work is my commitment to anarchism, which has very much informed my approach, no matter the topic.

**For readers who are unfamiliar with it, what resonated with you about Alan Moore's oeuvre, and how did you decide to write about it?**

Well, I'm a lifelong comics fan, and Moore's comics are among my favorites. In fact, I think *Watchmen* is likely my favorite book of any variety. Moore's storytelling is compelling — the plot, pacing, characterization, that sort of thing; he often uses the medium in innovative and technically interesting ways; and he brings an intellectual depth to the work that most other writers can't or just don't. I spent a number of years writing for *The Comics Journal* and *Hooded Utilitarian*, during which I covered a lot of his work, beginning with *Lost Girls*. Several of the essays in *The Illuminist* originate from that period.

**Turns out we were the first species to gain technological control over the universe like this. This means none will follow. We will be forever alone in this great expanse, nipping every instance of life we find in the bud. Our ancestors ensured that much when they invented that eternal scourge: property. Our elders tell the myths of their old magic. How they set up systems of exploitation with names like agriculture, economics, and borders. That where this all began, or so they say. Before that rabbits ran where today asphalt does. or so they say.**

**Out of our hands, it has progressed bloodily from star system to star system, consuming whole planets for its never ending colonization of all that exists. Its been millennia since we left the planet we evolved on, its name having been lost to time generations ago. I know that we left it a boiled husk, devoid of any resource worth sticking around for. The air scorching and toxic, the rain acidic enough to dissolve bone, things got bad so quick at the end. Since then our starships have encountered numerous worlds, and battled them all into submission. It took millennia to learn how to live intergalactically, to nourish the greed of the capitalists on the elements of solar systems. After that they were all but unstoppable. There are those who fight though, we are proud to count ourselves among them.**

The idea for a collection just sort of arose organically, partly because of things happening in the world — the rise of Trump, fascists marching in the streets, the more frequently felt and increasingly undeniable effects of climate change. There was a sense of humanity facing impossible odds and people looking desperately for some kind of savior. So, a serious look at the ideas of a man who helped reinvent the superhero genre and spent half a century imagining various apocalypses might seem to be in order. It certainly couldn't hurt.

**In a movement centered on subversive public art, anarchist comics are still somewhat rare. How might Moore's work draw on other forms of radical art, in your opinion?**

It depends on what you mean by radical art. I think there are four ways of thinking about it: art that takes radical politics as its subject, art that incorporates radical techniques or aesthetics (that is to say, the avant-garde), art that is produced or distributed in some radical way, and art that just happens to be created by people with radical views. Moore's influences, unsurprisingly, include all four. I will leave aside the last set, which is just too broad a category to really be useful. In terms of radical ideas, Moore borrows from George Orwell, Oscar Wilde, Michael Moorcock, Hakim Bey, and Robert Anton Wilson, and he's clearly familiar with Wilhelm Reich as well as some classical anarchist thought. Most of all, I think William Blake shines like the sun at the center of Moore's imaginal universe. In terms of technique, his work often has a poetic quality, which seems to me to be influenced by Allen Ginsburg. His prose sometimes employs a stream-of-consciousness that owes a lot to James Joyce. He credits Iain Sinclair with his psychogeography tactics — employed especially in his novels *Voice of Fire*, *Jerusalem*, and *The Great When* — though the concept was earlier formulated by the Lettrists and the Situationists. Both *Promethea* and *Supreme* display a postmodern literary self-awareness — stories that know they are stories, with characters who know they are fictional characters.

# SPEC ULATIVE FICT ION.



Finally, my relationship would begin to fall apart, I would experience some medical issues, and my partner would eventually pass away of a sudden illness (not COVID, but it was during COVID era and presented similarly) that killed her in 5 days (she fell ill Tuesday, hospitalized Wednesday, life-flighted to a larger hospital Thursday, and passed away Sunday). The world was crumbling before my eyes, and I was waking up to the reality of how dark the world is. I finally shifted fully radically anti-capitalist, anti-imperialist, anti-colonial, anti-fascist (I was always anti-fascist, just needed to open my eyes to the rest).

Russia invaded Ukraine in Feb 2022. That, in my opinion, will mark the beginning of World War 3 in future history books, but it also marks the beginning of Cyber World War 1. For the first time in the world, you had "ethical hackers" or "white hats" willing to step over criminal lines to launch attacks at Russia. If you could see one of the [cyber threat live maps](#) at the time, you'd see that Russian traffic was almost all pointed at Ukraine, and the rest of the world was hammering Russia. I personally leveraged one of the Army's civilian wireless networks without their knowledge or approval to conduct a DDoS attack against Russia's largest bank, and was responsible for it going down for about 4 hours. Roe v. Wade was overturned, and Texas banned abortion, so I smuggled a bunch of Plan B pills into Texas via a contact of mine. I also helped automate spam-filling out the Texas and Missouri trans reporting and abortion reporting forms. I wasn't the only one doing this, several people wrote code that would auto-fill bullshit in those report forms to wreck their data collection.

In October of 23 when Israel invaded Gaza, Cyber World War 1 would continue to evolve, with a whole load of new Hacktivists and cyber threat actors taking the stage to attack Israeli and Palestinian networks alike. The fun thing about that however, is that as the Israeli genocide has continued, the propaganda and threat intelligence feeds have blended together and confused one another, so attribution of smaller threat actors is largely being mis-attributed to Iranian groups despite a number of lone-wolves operating in the shadows (such as myself). I will neither confirm or deny having launched a bit of a network attack at the IDF main website that caused them to block access and drop network requests to their main page if it didn't include the www precursor in the url. (Image below - Left IDF.il, right <https://www.idf.il/>)

Since the Israeli invasion, I've also seen several activist tech organizations pop up with legitimate operating parameters not operating black hats or hacking, but building tech tools for good. Examples of this include the [Reverse Canary Mission](#), which is one of a few different sites that has cropped up to vet and publish data on active Zionists. Another is [Tech for Palestine](#), started by Paul Biggar which has taken on a huge role of incubating other projects to let people develop tech tools to support the cause in unique ways, as well as to organize alternative options from big tech that are all beholden to Israel in one way or another.

So you might wonder, with all of that history, and my historical actions, where are we now, what's next? Well, in the name of good operations (not operational, that's a misnomer) security (OPSEC), a hacker isn't likely to reveal their next target or their current one for that matter. But suffice it to say that in this world of genocide, and bureaucratic incompetence, anything could be next, anywhere in the world, if there's a system that needs to be disrupted or rattled. It's just a matter of finding the right foothold.

For now, expect a couple of smaller how-to articles to follow this, just to give some small instructions on some of the easy skiddy type things I mentioned earlier in this article for anyone who might be interested. And you might get to hear me on a Sabot podcast in the near future too, who knows.

Hmm. We're having trouble finding that site.

We can't connect to the server at idf.il. Did you mean to go to [www.idf.il/](http://www.idf.il/)?

If you entered the right address, you can:

- Try again later
- Check your network connection
- Check that Firefox has permission to access the web (you might be connected but behind a firewall)

Try Again



And though I don't know whether Moore has used the Burroughs/ Gysin cut-up method in his published work, I seem to recall that he's incorporated it into his practice of magic, which has, in turn, shaped a lot of his writing. As for economics, so to speak, Moore was an early advocate of creator's rights, which is about as close as the freelance industry of comics has ever gotten to the labor movement. Perhaps most interesting, though, was the DIY/punk/zine ethos of his Dodgem Logic project, a high-quality self-published magazine combining comics, fiction, cultural comment, and honest-to-god local journalism, and — here's the thing — he encouraged people elsewhere to write and distribute their own inserts, adding a section that would be relevant to the local community and in effect piercing the barrier between writer and audience.

## Throughout the process of writing this, how did your conception of anarchism change?

The essays in The Illuminist were written over such an expanse of time that it is really hard to say. It's particularly hard to isolate Moore's influence from other things that I was exposed to through other means. I suppose one change is my growing sense of the importance of the imagination, almost as a terrain of struggle. I don't just mean that we need to be able to imagine that things could be different — "another world is possible" and all that — though that is true. I also mean something deeper about how imagination is important to us in understanding, inhabiting, and directing our lives. Neoliberalism, by reducing everything to money, seems to actively suppress that capacity, impoverishing the culture as well as the workforce and leaving us with lives that feel largely meaningless. Fascism exploits the opportunity created by that alienation and offers instead a nightmare fantasy of globalist conspiracy, satanic pedophiles, and subhuman others flooding our borders and poisoning the blood of the country. There's no shortage of empirical studies and rational arguments to debunk these paranoid fables, and I don't mean to imply that those are useless or irrelevant, but they need to be paired with better stories, orienting myths, ideals, and sources of value. We need ways of making sense, and we need ways of making meaning.

## **rant for anti-trans legislation**

**after nat raum's "this book will not save you"  
this dyke will not be any better at sports than  
a teenage boy. nor do i particularly  
want to be, because sports are for people who  
value competition, and i'm not even  
a person. this dyke will not be an enlivening presence  
in the public bathroom, not enough  
to need quarantining, protection. this dyke has  
no need for health, care,  
or healthcare. this dyke has pronouns  
and is not afraid to use them. this dyke tried  
to mount an insurrection against its  
elementary school, and every school board  
is powerless to stop the anarchy of a trans five-year-old.  
this dyke doesn't say gay,  
that's far too assimilationist. this dyke has a void on its  
legal gender marker &  
is the reason public queer performance needs  
a legal definition & has no need for respectability.**

**by mk Zariel**



In less than a week on the job, I had root access to my RHEL 6 box and was programming away in Java and C/C++. After my internship I went on to work on a Bachelor's degree in IT, and got a job in IT full time at the same time, supporting the Army. Working as a defense contractor for the army was enlightening and terrifying. I don't recommend it and I could write an entire novel on the shit that goes on in that world but that's not what this article is about. I'm focused on my tech skills and accomplishments.

During my time at the army (the first time) I learned as much as I could and rose through the ranks to a Senior Technical role supervising and training new hires. During this time I eventually took it upon myself to create backdoor accounts that I could use to accomplish tasks faster to help me with automation so I didn't have to rely on a Common Access Card (CAC) or Smart Card for network access. I eventually deleted these as I knew they were a violation of the AUP and would get me in trouble sooner or later - but it was helpful! I also would take it upon myself to create other contractors local accounts on devices they were working with for testing purposes without proper authorization because I knew the process and the people and just cut the red tape. I did get in trouble for this. After a few years with the army, I thought it was time to move on and got a management role in State government with the State election authority. There I was in charge of the service desk, patch management of the entire domain, e-mail security, public-use device security for archivists to use for research, among other things.

Through my time at the Army and the State I truly came to a better understanding of how enterprise technology was integrated and designed to work, and how enterprise tools functioned, in order to leverage them to protect the network while enhancing user experiences. I grew up, I gained the "big picture" and became an executive thinker, with an in-the-weeds technical approach because I just like to get hands on. I saw common poor practices in both environments, such as sharing domain passwords between administrators, and a shared local administrator password, etc. Not to mention those shared passwords were changed extremely infrequently. I saw and responded to multiple malware attacks (successfully thwarting them, and remediating infections) and I saw a county agency get taken over during the 2016 election hacks, and have all of their equipment seized by federal authorities. I left the state job though, because the political official I worked for left office and his successor was not an appropriate fit for me to continue working for. I returned to the Army contracting world, and was placed in a supervisory role again, where I then with the support of my new boss, grew into the master of the closed network. We ran a closed training network with about 2000 clients on it, and I became the security guru of that network, running patch management programs well actually developing the entire patch management program, learning a ton about server administration and vulnerability management all at once as I helped server admins respond to vulnerabilities and patch requirements, and helping network admins track down rogue machines and get them off our network.

During this time I was also working on a Master's degree in cyber, while dating and living with a woman and raising her 3 kids as my own with her. During this time I also saw a huge influx of phishing attacks against both me, and my partner. I investigated a number of them, tracking them down to Indonesian hosted compromised web-servers running back-door web-shells like the Priv8 mailer shell. I documented all of these, and submitted to them to intelligence and law enforcement services like a good little government servant. I also locked the hackers out of one of their servers because I discovered they left default admin/admin credentials enabled on one of their login shells so I took it upon myself to login and change credentials.

I applied to the NSA around this period, and was actually selected for an aptitude test. I completed the proctored aptitude test at a testing center an hour away, and was informed I passed, and was selected for an interview to join the NSA as a Cyber Network Operator, but in the fine print I read that any prior use of Marijuana in the last 12 months would automatically disqualify you from the role, and I've been a pot head since 17, so I was out. Didn't even do the interview just said thanks no thanks changed my mind. During this period, I was eventually promoted to lead the entire contract I was supporting for the Army, with 20-25 direct employees reporting to me. I was the first project manager to successfully oversee achieving a network accreditation of our closed network, for Risk Management purposes. I would also take on some OSINT side work leveraging those skills I learned during the anon- days and successfully identify some at-risk individuals by their online behavior, and get family members and emergency services involved as needed. One particular incident was an actively suicidal person whose partner I was able to track down and get to call an ambulance for them and save their life.

**BIOLOGY  
WAS  
NEVER  
BINARY**

By the time I heard about them though they'd started escalating. I very quickly learned that operations were no longer being organized on or from 4chan they'd actually moved to a secondary board called 420chan which was operated by Kirtaner. 420chan was a perfect mirror of 4chan just under different ownership, with a smaller user base. However from 420chan you could find yourself in the /i/ channel and in there you'd sometimes find links to anonops IRC chats or separate web-forums, which was where they'd actually organize distributed attacks against targets. I was blessed to land myself on the outskirts of one such operation at this stage, which would prove to be quite famous, and really bring Anonymous to the limelight. Project Chanology. This operation was running against Scientology primarily as an anti-censorship campaign.

Scientology as we all should know is a made-up religion (more made up than most it's literally science fiction), with an ungodly amount of money and influence. Many celebrities boast membership to the Church, and one such is Tom Cruise. He was recorded making a very hysterical video about his beliefs and the workings of Scientology which Scientology then tried very hard to restrict from the internet, succeeding at first, Angering Anonymous. Enter Red Beard's first "offensive" operation. It's worth noting that at this time in my life I did not reside in the United States for jurisdictional purposes. I was young, I didn't know what I was doing, I was just a "skid" or Script Kiddie "skiddy" "skidmark" at the time. So, I was taking directions from more advanced hackers and organizers. One of the real deal Anons had breached their network, and scraped a list of their printers and their IP addresses, sent that out and gave it to us skids to fuck with. We spent days connecting to printers, printing out all black pages, anti- Scientology propaganda, profanity, etc. When we couldn't print to them anymore, we logged into their management interfaces and changed their credentials so they'd have to be reset before they work again. Another group of anons managed a DDoS [at Scientology's website, while](#) the group that breached did a data exfil and dumped a bunch of [internal Scientology docs online](#) for everybody to see how nuts they were. I quickly downloaded that dump and then seeded it for others to download as they wished.

While this was a short-lived operation in terms of my involvement, it was enough for me to get a taste of activism. I loved that we were fighting against an organization that was evil, it was using its power to silence people and infringe on free speech. I was super stoked. I would continue to hover at the edge of Anonymous operations for the next few years. I didn't usually do much more than re-seed or mirror, dumped files that they had already leaked but I was always "in the know" before the "media" and the "masses", which I enjoyed very much. Knowing when the media got something wrong about an op was always fun too, being on the in-crowd laughing at how they call a simple DDoS attack a sophisticated attack etc. it was fun and I learned a lot! I was obsessed with shit when they were about to break up and some would go dark, and some would continue on and then it would split again into Lulzsec and Antisec.

At the same time the original remaining branch was going after pedos via #OpDarknet specifically LolitaCity and a few other pedo sites. For those on the inside, their dumps were a little healthier than what the media usually found. I don't remember which website it was, but they dumped usernames, passwords, IP addresses, e-mail addresses, login times, etc. With all of that information, those of us skids who were just learning about Open Source Intelligence (OSINT) went to work unmasking the pedos doing the detective work for the detectives. I specifically confirmed IDs on around 25 people from the data dumps, who resided in the US and Canada and turned over all of my research to the US feds and Canadian RCMP via their online reporting channels. It's worth noting that around this time, I was working on finishing up an Associate's degree in Computer Networks, and working part time for a non-profit doing office admin and some minor tech work and stuff. I was also dating. But I was constantly tapped in, with a blackberry or an iphone or a laptop, I was always online, I was always monitoring the news for cyber and tech stuff. I reveled in Occupy Wallstreet and Anonymous supporting the protestors. I reveled in the chaos of the news not being sure which group was responsible for which hack because anonymous and lulzsec and the like are all so decentralized from the go. I reveled in the chaotic targeting of organizations that were censoring and oppressing freedoms. The MPAA, the RIAA, the CIA, Defense contractors, big banks like Bank of America, and fintech like Paypal? Supporting Chelsea Manning and WikiLeaks? Absolutely loved that energy.

After the fun of reveling in anonops died down, when most of the OG anons had either gone silent splitting away from the chaos, or been arrested thanks to the feds compromising Sabu, I finished my degree and went on to do an internship with the Department of Energy where I promptly learned that to get anything useful done, I could not rely on IT support, I needed to root my own box, and thus I did.

chef in the kitchen cooking my last meal  
Walmart has the stuff, youve just gotta wanna steal  
every time you shop you say you steal from enemies  
but when Im strolling aisles im not taking luxuries  
its power that im after, its the freedom to survive  
the ability to take it from those who want you unalive

The hunt is what were after  
when we riot, loot, and burn  
the strength to take the fight to them  
the struggle for which we yearn  
Its the magic of collective action  
the air of potential worlds  
that keep us going instead of reaction  
we prefigure what we want to see  
the black flags all unfurled

they say anarchy is for lovers, and with this I must agree  
to hold that kind of space for someone is the definition of being free  
Propaganda comes down from high to tarnish the word but  
language is important thus, lets not let the lines get blurred  
Its anarchy we want to do, to reach the love beyond  
all our preconceptions, hang ups, coding, and the bigotry it spawns

by ash

The hunt is what were after  
when we riot, loot, and burn  
the strength to take the fight to them  
the struggle for which we yearn  
Its the magic of collective action  
the air of potential worlds  
that keep us going instead of reaction  
we prefigure what we want to see  
the black flags all unfurled

Anarchy is order, its beauty primal, and untamed  
the worker must have bread to live  
but she deserves her roses just the same  
you cannot make a better world by recreating domination  
set fire to every courthouse, prison, and the police stations  
your plan to just straight take it over strikes us as a shame

# Internet as Self-Portrait

**after Chen Chen's "Self-Portrait As So Much Potential"  
dreaming of one day being as fearless as a comments section  
as apt to release. i am a constellation of spellchecks  
of self-editing of becoming stopped in her tracks  
versed in the art of shutting up i type like each keystroke  
is a potential hate crime / i don't respond in kind when misgendered /  
i don't lay claim to my own unruly body, instead i treat her  
like public land to be trampled on / i am dreaming of being as gay  
as a random Tumblr user, or at least as confident in it /  
i am no caricature soundbite dreamboy / and maybe that's a positive  
/ i am loved, allegedly / but not if i close my eyes / i am doomscrolling /  
i am doomed. / i want to become the kind of individual who doesn't ask  
ChatGPT if i'm still alive / i want to stop saying that podcasts  
are critical theory / i want to become//////////**



But the point is, I'm not going to re-hash every event from that book or all of the in-depth analysis, if you're interested in the technical details, or more events, read his book or check out the other sources I'll reference such as <https://www.computerhistory.org/internethistory/1980s/>

Enter J-39 Unit, Information Warfare specialists within the DoD, affiliated with the Air force and NSA. This unit was highly active during the mid to late 1990s. During the Serbian conflict it would hack both telephone and cable TV systems, deploying an on/off switch capable of denying service to anyone they selected. Later in the conflict, March 24, 1999, under the direction of General Clark's bombing campaign, J-39 operators hacked into Serbian air defense systems feeding their radar false information masking the direction allied aircraft were coming from.

They kept it subtle enough most of the time, that Serbian air defenses were shooting at nothing until they suspected a hack and switched to manual control instead of automatic targeting. That same year, everyone was rushing to patch for the [Y2K bug - which was some magic computer bug](#) that happened because earlier programmers had poor foresight and didn't think computing would last as long as it did and has, the bug which never came to pass thanks to diligent coders and system admins updating everything. Fun fact we had a [repeat of the same bug in 2020](#) and we consistently encounter areas of programming with similar time based bugs where it's a matter of someone failing to imagine a system might still be running in 2024.

After Y2K, came the tragedy of 9/11 which would lead to the Patriot Act giving the Government almost carte blanche wire-tapping authority over American people with secret courts that nobody could know about because of national security (FISA Courts). Now we're going to start entering some of my own history and lore here. It's 2003 or 4, I can't be sure. I'm playing Runescape all night and my parents throw a fit at me about staying online too long. Soon after, I'd get caught on porn, because my mother was one of the earliest waves of "social media influencers" early adopter of Twitter and had installed a browser extension on the family computer that Tweeted every clicked link. So, I unknowingly turned mom's Twitter into a porn bot, and this resulted in my punishment of all of the computers in the household having a paid parental control software installed on them. This parental control restricted me to 2 hours of internet access per day, blocked many of my favorite games and websites, every known porn site humanity had up to that point, YOUTUBE when YOUTUBE first dropped, like WHO BLOCKS YOUTUBE. But anyway, this parental control tool taught me a coooool coooool hatred for censorship.

I began to devote my 2 hours of internet access per day to learning about computers and hacking, because I was determined to find my way past that 2-hour limit at least - even if I couldn't get past the website filters. I eventually learned about the [BIOS clock](#) and the [CMOS battery on the motherboard](#). This did the trick folx, I could reset my time to midnight anytime I wanted and thus reset my 2 hour daily allotment of internet. I of course, had to be stealthy about this but it was helpful on weekends. During this time I was spending time both learning about computers, and hacking culture, and getting into the "scene" as one might say. I landed on a website called [HackThisSite.org](#) which is still up today, it was founded by Jeremy Hammond, a legendary cyber activist. The premise of the site is to give people an ethical playground to learn how to hack. Hacking is dangerous. If you land in the wrong network and get detected, it's easy to trace and you're going to get caught. It's illegal if you do it without permission from the owner of the network and devices you're penetrating. So HTS was one of the early answers to that. I would spend a lot of time in forums on HTS, and when I wasn't there learning about malware and hacking, I was playing around on the web forums for my favorite webcomic CTRL-ALT-DEL and that was where it happened.

I saw a video clip of Fox News. They were talking about this crazy new cyber terrorist group of hackers who wanted to blow shit up and could hack anything. They were hackers on steroids. Anonymous. That's right the famed Anonymous. This video of course would take me straight to the notorious website 4chan. An imageboard/forum built for assumed anonymity where everyone posts as "Anonymous", inspiring a smaller collective of individuals to take on the brand for their hacking activities. Initially this was of course just some fun raids and trolling on the internet.

# Anybody Can Be A Hacker

An essay by  
**redacted**  
hacker

First of all, let's define some things. What is a "Hacker" exactly? In the oldest old-school sense of the word a hacker was just a programmer someone who could "hack code together" as in take pieces of information and make them work together. Hackers are tinkerers. Hackers are technology figure outers.

In the original 'hacker' security culture, there were terms like hackers, crackers, phreakers, coders, etc. Crackers were the ones cracking software and bruteforcing passwords, phreakers could hack the old-school telco phone systems, coders and hackers were just that, programmers and people hacking at those programs to do new shit etc. bug finders more or less.

Now-a-days we usually think of "hackers" as "criminals" according to most of the hierarchical world. However, another part of this hierarchical world developed "ethical hacking" for cyber security defensive mechanisms. This creates an industry that's extremely open for people to learn and enter, and extremely easy to pivot as a "malicious actor" or a "benevolent user" at any time.

However, I argue that especially from a non-hierarchical worldview, hackers are merely tinkerers and bug-testers with technology. MacGyvers of electronics and signals and radio wavelengths. Sure, there are ne'er-do-wells who simply want to see the world burn, but most of us just like to figure out how things work and how we can make them work to suit our specific needs best for us, or to make new capabilities possible. Problem solving, and invention really.

Anybody can be a hacker.

You don't need to go to school for it. You don't even need a computer for it. Think of all the lock-pickers out there and safe crackers. They're absolutely hackers! Side note, in a government job I was a hiring manager for a sizable technology team, and some of the best technicians I got were people with no past tech experience they were auto-mechanics.

They were tinkerers.

I want to take you through a history on the development of cybersecurity as an industry- and partially an autobiography of my accounts of cyber activism and warfare as I've perceived and participated throughout my life, and experience and education hopefully without self-identifying to anyone but those closest to me who will recognize my stories.

To do this we have to understand that cybersecurity and hacking culture developed almost simultaneously with the Internet. The internet was originally a brainchild of DARPA (the DoD), and a select few universities around the country. However, by the 80s they began taking DARPA net public and the earliest TCP/IP model of networking began being implemented. This would happen in the 70s/80s. By the late 80s the internet would have matured enough that there were around 60,000 hosts on the different interconnected networks comprising this early internet. In 1988, the Morris worm took down about 1/10th or 6000 of those devices unintentionally. This was the first eye opening experience for the defense sector that networking might be insecure. At the same time we would see the inception of commercial internet services like e-mail and bulletin boards bringing internet communications to more and more people into the 90s. There's a number of developments of cyberwarfare capabilities specific to the United States that are heavily documented in a book called Dark Territory: The Secret History of Cyber War by Fred Kaplan. I highly recommend it, it's academic, historic, and to my knowledge is the only written reference to the very first known execution of an offensive cyber operation to aid in a western/NATO military operation which I'll go through in a moment.

YOU CALL US TRASH, BUT WE KNOW TREASURE WHEN WE SEE IT!  
HEARTS AS FULL AS CARTS; PLEASURE, PAIN, WE GUARANTEE IT  
NOT ALL THE THINGS NEED TO BE FOR MORE, WHILE YOUR  
TRADING ON THE BACKS OF THE WORKING POOR

RICH - YOU THINK YOUR BETTER, IN YOUR TICKY TACKY BOXES ON THE HILL  
CAUSE WE, WE TAKE THE NEEDLE AND YOU, YOU TAKE THE PILL  
BUT WE'VE ALL THE SAME ADDICTION, ITS CONNECTION THAT YOU LACK  
SUBSTANCE USE, AND ROTTEN BOOTS, AND BUGS, AND MOLD - NO SINK!  
YOU WAKE, YOU BAKE, LIKE MEDICINE, BUT ITS A LONELY DRINK

WE KNOW THE FEELING COMRADE, TRUST US.

AND WE KNOW THE WAY

TO BUILD OUR WAY OUT OF THIS MESS.

MUTUAL AID IS ON DISPLAY

WERE DOING THIS, NO STOPPING NOW,

THE FIGHT IS FOR DUAL POWER

WE'LL BE SNAKES, AND MICE, AND BIRDS,

AND TREES, AND INSECTS SIPPING FLOWERS

ALL IT TAKES IS YOU, MY FRIEND,

TO JOIN IN THIS COMMUNITY

I CAN NOT TAKE IT, NOT ONCE MORE,

ANOTHER UNHOUSED EULOGY

YOUR RICHES STAY, WHEN YOU GO AWAY. THEY'RE USELESS UP IN HEAVEN  
BUT WE THE HEATHENS LOVE OURSELVES, AND STICK TO ESOTERIC LESSONS  
THEY'LL SAY EAT YOUR DINNER, AND BRUSH YOUR TEETH. EASIER SAID THAN DONE  
FOR SOME WHO WAIT AND FRET, OUTSIDE-  
YOUR SHELTERS. FUCK, WORKS BEGUN.



## UNHOUSED EULOGY

CROSSING O'R THE TRACKS AGAIN, ON MY WAY TO CAMP, I'M  
HUSTLER, BUSTLER, VAGABOND, HOBO, JUNKIE, SCAMP AND TRAMP  
ALL THE LABELS YOU WEAR US OUT WITH, DON'T YOU KNOW WE BREAK THE MOLD  
HOW WOULD YOU FARE, KNOWING YOUR LIFE WAS SO HEAVILY PATROLLED?  
THERE'S ONE SOLUTION TO THEIR NOISE POLLUTION, THAT'S  
US PRACTICING COLLECTIVE CARE

by ash

myco-them-friend  
traipsing through the forest  
surfing on the soil  
wrapped in vines,  
sprouting leaves,  
tendriled hair  
is coiled

they're older than names,  
have no time for mortal games  
they transcend time,  
they speak in rhymes  
we can't perceive their aims

mycelially connecting with the plants  
through fibers underground  
talking, learning, sparking life,  
shifting growth around

algae in their cells draw energy from light  
allowing them to give the gift of healing  
or of blight  
their touch is cool and moist  
because their heart no longer beats  
made mostly of bugs, and worms, and slugs  
and the things that those little guys eat

they're kept alive by some device of inter-terrestrial origin  
and by the types of mushrooms you find when you're out foragin'  
bio-remediator, human to forest translator ecocide perpetrator slayer,  
nutrient and info conveyer

takes from those who have surplus, gives to those who need stuff  
you don't wanna be on their bad side, get yourself caught in a landslide  
of spores raining down from the heavens, this is dispersal turned up to eleven

this captivating verde-infused myco-warrior has come to this time to warn ya  
of the clever who make the final mistake of judging themselves most superior  
intelligence comes in all forms and can often be seen bucking the norms  
and that those in the know who uphold status quo often have motives ulterior

by ash

Addiction's the condition of the isolated masses  
connecting with substances instead of human matches  
Tokens of our slavery, we worship like Gods  
seeking hits of dopamine against all the odds

Traded in my soul for a 9 to 5  
But I get to be the boss, so its a pretty sweet ride  
Sitting in my office telling people what to do  
I contribute nothing but make more than you

What do they think these strikes will achieve?  
They can't shut it all down, they can't all just leave  
Certainly someone will collect my trash  
Process my waste, do everything hard and crass

Hanging out here on the top of the world  
peak extraction, sixth extinction, no concerns  
All the knowledge of humanity at my fingers  
still without community and connection, the apathy lingers  
I can't get warm, even while the ice melts  
Turn the heat up, I'm taking care of myself

Now they've locked us in the building and started a fire  
Everyone loses it as the flames creep higher  
Some jump to freedom, some take to the roof  
The C-class corporate oligarchs stand aloof  
As the helicopter whirs, people fight for their due  
I deserve to live, I make more than you

I get a foot to the face and I go tumbling  
right off the edge, all I hear is the rushing  
of the air as it streams by so fast  
seems I'm gonna hit the streets at last

As my head explodes, I have one final thought  
Of all the short-term rentals I should have bought  
hanging out here on the pavement  
peak frustration, world transformations, no more enslavement  
All the knowledge of rebellion in the streets  
workers united against the corporate suites  
My body grows cold, while the skyscrapers burn  
Don't blame them, we get what we earn



# GOLDEN PARACHUTE

from ash

Sipping champagne on the yacht, so bougie  
living like the stars that we watch in movies  
Haven't even talked to my family in years  
and there's not enough drugs here to stop my tears

Bank accounts full, but the fridge is empty  
can't afford a chef, but I'm in the gentry  
Feeling so good in my new promotion  
Taking my pills to manage my emotions

hanging out here on the top of the world  
peak extraction, sixth extinction, no concerns  
All the knowledge of humanity at my fingers  
still without community and connection, the apathy lingers  
I can't get warm, even while the ice melts  
Turn the heat up, I'm taking care of myself

Either everything's fine or we're headed to space  
so fuck this planet, it can be replaced  
Proxima Centauri here we come  
6300 years sure sounds like fun

30 floors up the people look like bugs  
look at them march, just a bunch of thugs  
They're just jealous they didn't prevail  
Their little revolution is bound to fail

Headed to the club, and I get harassed  
dirty poor fucker asking me for cash  
said he got injured and he couldn't pay rent  
not like its my fault he's now in a tent

hanging out here on the top of the world  
peak extraction, sixth extinction, no concerns  
All the knowledge of humanity at my fingers  
still without community and connection, the apathy lingers  
I can't get warm, even while the ice melts  
Turn the heat up, I'm taking care of myself



# Banishing Bullshit by Bullies & Bosses

by dragon

This collage is intended to be used as a phone background image and was created as a way to inspire a feeling of protection from harmful energies coming at you through electronic devices.

For context, I am a queer, non-binary, transgender witch living on a native reservation in the pacific northwest whose spiritual practice is informed by anti-racist interpretations of Norse magic and folklore.

Here I describe the recent experience that triggered the creation of this art.

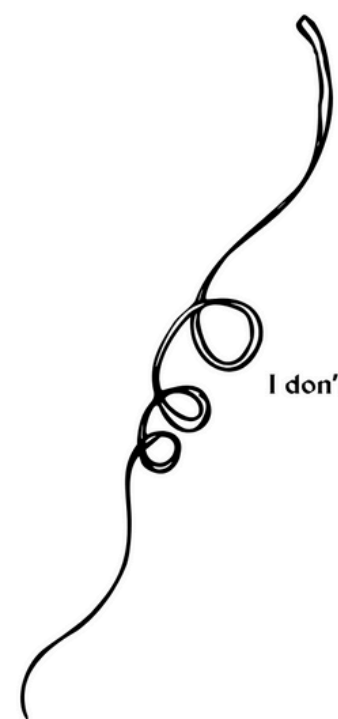
The person who I do contract work for espouses values of equality, empowerment, and community building. Because I had been underemployed for a period of several years, they regularly reassured me that this was a stable reliable work situation.

Then suddenly without warning, due to their own disorganization, they told me they were taking away more than half my billable hours for the week.

I had an overwhelming feeling of terror grip my entire nervous system because the means to care for my basic needs had been suddenly taken away. Somehow despite being in this state, I was able to both have a panic attack while simultaneously explaining to them why this was an abuse of the power they have over me.

My boss was taken aback by my visible display of emotional distress in combination with my calm but assertive words. They seemed shaken and ashamed of the negative effect that their actions had on me. They said they would find work for me to do for the rest of the week and would endeavor to keep me in mind when planning their work schedule so as not to repeat this situation.

Once I was alone, I got quiet and still to better observe the electric emotions lighting up my nervous system. Under it all I found my anger.



So Wyatt is dead, banished him from my head  
now Billie Jo is all that remains  
Its a pleasure to meet you  
feels good to be brand new  
though my work  
in the fields  
is the same

So take me out to the country  
where the sage brush grows  
and dandelion seeds flow  
let me grow straight as a tendril  
on the deer pea vetch in May  
I'll curl round your stem  
wave my leaves in the wind  
grip you tight so together we'll stay

I don't mean to preachy, but i beg you believe me  
You likely have a trans friend  
So you best get on board  
we can't be ignored  
its on each other  
that we  
depend

As for the haters of us gender traitors  
The saying turns out to be true  
Trans folx cant be harmed  
when trans folx are armed  
And we're pointing  
our six shooters  
at you

So take me out to the country  
where the sage brush grows  
and dandelion seeds flow  
let me grow straight as a tendril  
on the deer pea vetch in May  
I'll curl round your stem  
wave my leaves in the wind  
grip you tight so together we'll stay

With my boots and my Stetson, I look good with a dress on  
Yet I'm proficient at roping a steer  
It can't be disputed  
that the genderfluid  
make fabulous  
cowfolk queers

When the working days done, the night life has begun  
for the cowpoke its whiskey and chew  
for the life's honky tonky  
and things get a bit wonky  
on the range  
feeling lonely  
and blue

So take me out to the country  
where the sage brush grows  
and dandelion seeds flow  
let me grow straight as a tendril  
on the deer pea vetch in May  
I'll curl round your stem  
wave my leaves in the wind  
grip you tight so together we'll stay

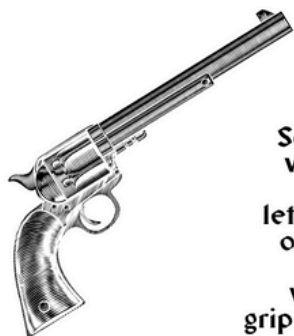


# The Ballad of Billie Jo and Wyatt P. Holden

Never felt much like a man, never could understand  
why my interests could never adhere  
to the main line so straight  
you could tell by my gait  
I was unique  
and special,  
prolly queer

from ash

With my coat all bedazzled, my spurs, and my tassels  
I cut a fine figure in suede  
Dancing all through the night  
So delicate, so slight  
Wondering if I  
am truly  
just gay



So take me out to the country  
where the sage brush grows  
and dandelion seeds flow  
let me grow straight as a tendril  
on the deer pea vetch in May  
I'll curl round your stem  
wave my leaves in the wind  
grip you tight so together we'll stay



Born Wyatt P Holden, but Billie Jo was chosen  
to represent how I felt inside  
And now I've transitioned  
didn't ask no permission  
I finally feel  
free and  
alive

As for my compadres, the ones stuck in old ways  
How have they taken the news?  
Well, the old fimer's don't mind  
and while the fascists aren't kind  
they sure quiet down  
after beating them  
all black  
and blue



So take me out to the country  
where the sage brush grows  
and dandelion seeds flow  
let me grow straight as a tendril  
on the deer pea vetch in May  
I'll curl round your stem  
wave my leaves in the wind  
grip you tight so together we'll stay

My love is a gal, she really is swell  
We've both been gender chameleons  
Searching for the right fit  
learning to admit  
this cowpoke is  
simply a  
lesbian



# and now its time for THE FOLK SONG

# ORPHANAGE

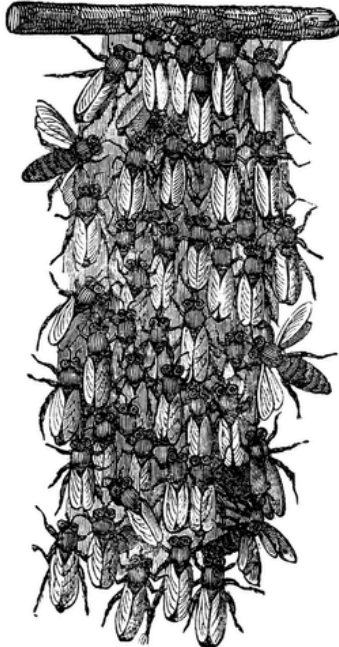
These are songs written for you. take them, sing them,  
make them your own. This is a lost and found, a free  
song library, a place for long lost songs of the  
revolution. Without your help they may never be heard  
by those they were written to inspire. Save them.



INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY IS BULLSHIT.  
STEAL THESE SONGS.

# We Are The Swarm

lyrics from dragon  
artwork from skunk & dragon



Sticks and stones will break your thrones  
Our teeth and claws will reach you  
Those ivory towers and all your powers  
Swallowed by hallowed ground beneath you

Lightning flash revolution comes  
Wildlings everywhere heed our call  
With dragon wings and hornet stings  
We hold the shield and form the wall

I am the eye I am the storm  
We are the hive we are the swarm  
I am the eye I am the storm  
We are the hive we are the swarm

I am a reptile princeling,  
Monarch with butterfly wings  
I drink the poisons of the world  
To fuel my new regime

My body is the crucible  
Metamorphosis the path  
Distill the joy from love and pain  
And cure the world of wrath

I am the eye I am the storm  
We are the hive we are the swarm  
I am the eye I am the storm  
We are the hive we are the swarm

Unlike the men who are my peers  
Alone, I am allowed to cry  
I save my heart for the wise and brave  
Flying by my side

We fight not with your tools of iron  
But with the softest sighs  
All kingdoms unite as one  
For together we shall rise

I am the eye I am the storm  
We are the hive we are the swarm  
I am the eye I am the storm  
We are the hive we are the swarm

Our tears they are the asphalt  
Our tears they are the grease and grime  
Our tears they are the bloodmoon  
Our tears they are the starlit sky

My tears they come from heaven  
My tears they come from hell  
My tears will rain for a thousand years  
And, lo, I've cast my spell



we're pawing at the earth  
disheveled hearts, we are the worst  
sodden traitors of Gods and country  
rejecting that which makes you comfy

weaving through the foggy eve  
silently padding over fallen trees  
the devil, a coward, he sheds us and flees  
we're bringing demiurges to their knees

our gullets are full of the juice of life  
we bay, and holler, howl, and fife  
nothing can stop us, nothing tries  
we bury our snouts in each other's hides

step this way the goat says to the girl  
I will guide your hand to the pearl  
what does thou want?  
would you like some butter?  
she wants to grasp his horns and go, but her  
life isn't filthy and feral enough  
she worries about her delicate bluff  
will the dejected furious tortured souls  
desire her like the wolf wants the foal?  
Wouldn't you like to live deliciously?  
explicitly, suspiciously, with abandon,  
and malicious glee?

we are the beating heart of sin  
when we're at the door you'll let us in  
we'll liberate you of your worldly shackles  
raise your hackles to our moonlit cackles

feasting on flesh and treasures a new  
we'll kiss her when her lips are blue  
air bubbles pop when the surface is breached  
those voiceless animals make the feast complete  
even the worm makes a stir in this world  
wriggling through her corpse's layers unfurled

trash like us is a dime a dozen, so  
join the pack, vibe our primal buzzin', low  
way down deep in the bottom of the cave  
our fangs need sharpened, our souls cant be saved  
forest fire pits draw our eyes in the dark  
we brought the finder, the v witch brought the spark

The Witch  
from ash



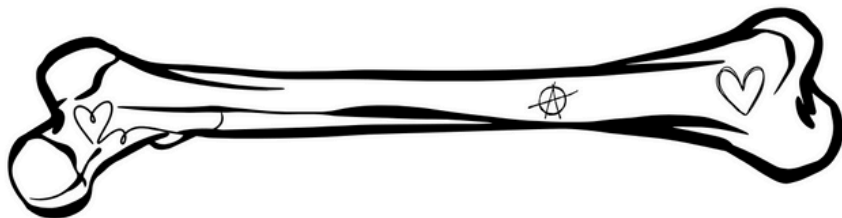
flame to ash  
ash to sprout  
wont we ever  
make our way out  
said its alright love, why wont they listen?

█ i love you  
more than the mountain loves the glacier,  
more than the snake loves the rat,  
more than the electron loves the nucleus  
more than shadow loves the cat

signs point to adventure on the high seas  
stomping on the deck, we'll plunder all we see  
heart wide open, bellies blazing full of fire  
pirates of the wicked splendors of desire

on land the crow speaks of a great love  
between a boy with a black flag and a white dove  
the dove, they know the world's secret code  
and the boy, he knows the dirty road  
together things became a lighter load  
its a love story of the beautiful and the bold

█ i love you  
more than the mountain loves the glacier,  
more than the snake loves the rat,  
more than the electron loves the nucleus  
more than shadow loves the cat



# FERAL BEAUTY

OH shit look at the time, and its such a good day to do some crime  
Running down the walls around the prisons stocked with life  
Take mine, life line, times right, eyes tight

lets go!

If you've ever been though the gutter then I just want you to know  
Your life has value and you're fine the way you are.  
Making friends is hard sometimes if you cant open up  
But taking chances, leads to what is, definitely worth your time  
We all love you, even when you don't  
Together we can build, the world we want  
Fuck it! Jump in!

Hey!

Give it up, give it up, give it UP!

OH shit! Falling down, get up, scratch back, hiss and growl!  
We're raw, feral creatures diving your dumpster out back  
up to no good, less you got food, just waiting on our luck

rip it up!

[Musical Interlude]

Listen up now!

If you've ever been though the gutter then I just want you to know  
Your life has value and you're fine the way you are.  
Making friends is hard sometimes if you cant open up  
But taking chances, leads to what is, definitely worth your time  
We all love you, even when you don't  
Together we can build, the world we want  
Fuck it! Jump in!

**from ash**

Bonestorm

from ash



storm rages inside my bones  
like a salty freezing cold sea foam  
wind that rattles the tallest tree  
catch this boy shaking at the knees  
this is how the raindrop goes  
it splatters down upon the rose

rows of flowers, ran through them before  
but never ever have I been so sure  
that what im feeling is the true real deal  
what came before will need time to heal

█ i love you  
more than the mountain loves the glacier,  
more than the snake loves the rat,  
more than the electron loves the nucleus  
more than shadow loves the cat

keeping me on my toes  
knows what no one else knows  
light behind her eyes glows  
fire in my belly grows  
everything ive ever wanted right in front of me

and when I say, im alright  
don't let it give you such a fright  
even im alive in the moonlight  
cause its alright love, its you and you only

# Friend

by ash

I wanna tell my friends I love them  
I wanna tell my friends that they are just enough  
so cheers to all of you  
and to all the things that y'all do  
I love  
I care  
Ill never stop

so fuck junk  
fuck fent  
and fuck the cops

cause fuck jobs  
fuck rent  
and fuck the flops

I wanna tell my friends I love them  
I wanna tell my friends that they deserve the best  
So if you're a worker, not a boss  
or you don't even have a job  
then were comrades  
my friend, no matter what

fuck the city  
fuck services  
fuck the lot

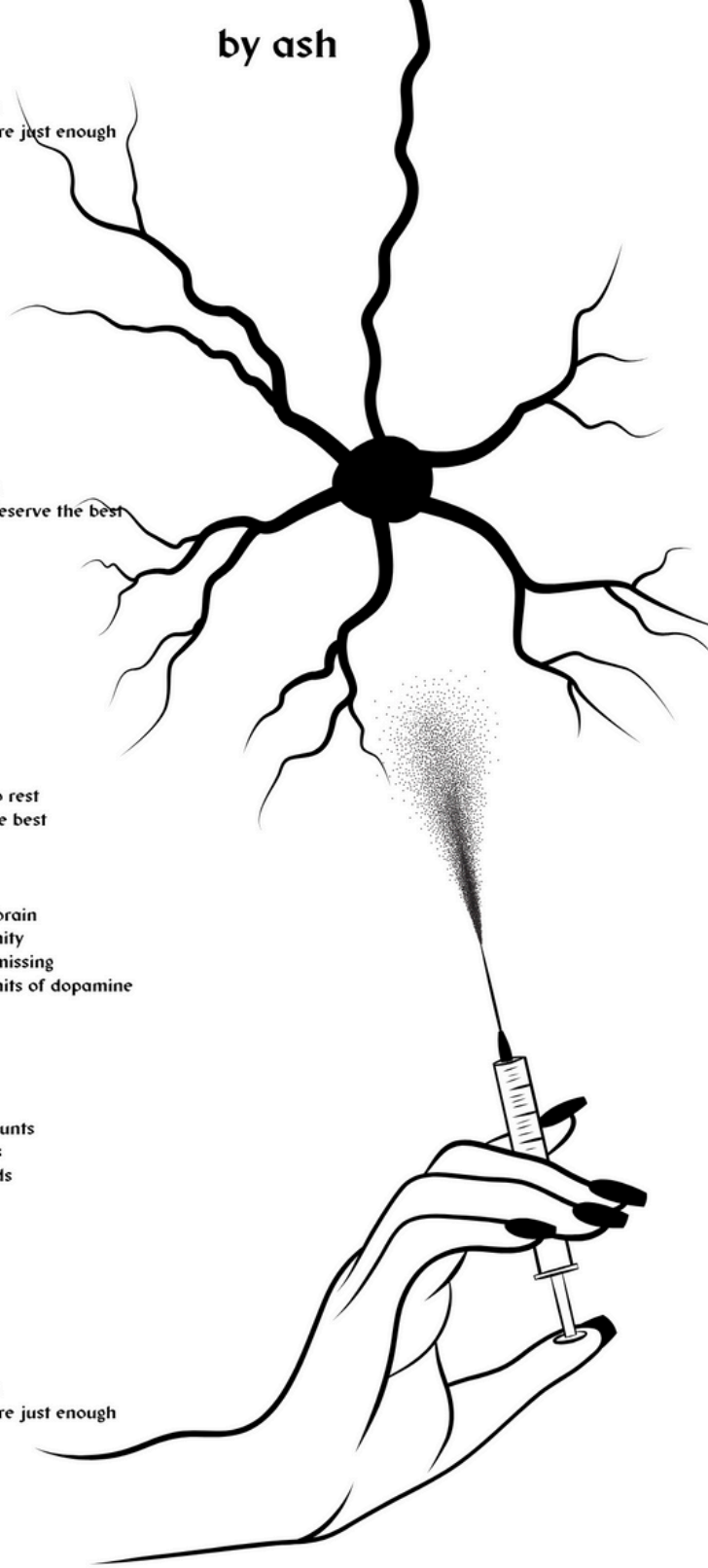
you can use all the substances  
to drown and numb the pain  
to sleep, to bond, to run, to long, to rest  
we all do what meets our needs the best  
trying to miss the ocean's crest

But friend I must explain,  
that its really not connecting your brain  
to what you need to live - community  
that the thing that you have been missing  
thats the thing that you seek with hits of dopamine

youre a treasure  
you found your pleasure  
we can never measure--  
up to those who count  
people as numbers and dollar amounts  
so take your life in your own hands  
get down and dirty with your friends  
play nice  
pay the price  
and slay the vice

think twice  
don't fight  
take our advice

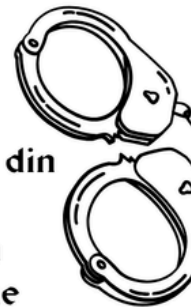
I wanna tell my friends I love them  
I wanna tell my friends that they are just enough  
so cheers to all of you  
and to all the things that y'all do  
I love  
I care  
Ill never stop



# We're All In This Together

from ash

its time to take out the trash sack  
carry us out, we like to bash back  
coming outta the dumpster with a grin and some din  
sticky hot juices running down our chin  
were feral and were primal, just watch us sin  
scrounging down the alleys in pursuit of a crime  
we only want to have some good times



Wont you join us in the struggle for our lives?  
If you want to help us - organize  
were in the streets, and were nice to meet  
blow you off the spectrum, radicalization complete

city pushes us and we strike back  
get us off these fucking train tracks  
you think were dirty cause we live in shacks  
but we're your neighbors, its just roofs we lack  
isnt it you who wanted this system on stack  
propping up the rich while we pick up the slack

Wont you join us in the struggle for our lives?  
If you want to help us organize  
were in the streets, and were nice to meet  
blowing you off the spectrum, radicalization complete

many of my best friends they live true sober  
many of my friends they wander dazed and blackout drunk  
but that don't bother me  
weve all got our song to sing  
so fuck you, fuck cops, and all their junk  
Fuck you, fuck cops, were all the punks



# Lovin' Blues from ash

If you were the moon, then id be the Howling Wolf  
If you were a pallet home, then I'd be the roof  
Oh, I asked her for water, she brought me gasoline  
That's the troublingest woman, that I ever seen

if you were the Mississippi, then I'd be the Mud  
if you were the river bank, I'd be the flood  
My love strikes like lightnin'  
it gets all in your bloodstream

when you made nonsense like Bobby and Woody  
when you taught me what hard loving could be  
I was havin' some hard travelin', I thought you knowed  
its been some hard travelin', down at the crossroads

Moutains like Leadbelly, and we stand on their shoulders  
were starving but our belly's fire smolders  
Knife and fork are on the table, there's nothin' in my pan  
And if you say anything about it, yous havin' trouble with the man

Cat scratched vocal chords ringing like Simone  
Feeling good, feeling free, feeling the time spent alone  
Oh, freedom is mine, and I know how I feel  
It's a new dawn, it's a new day, it's a new life for me



so when we say were mad  
don't think were not also glad  
doing all the things you think are bad  
forgetting all things we never had  
give it to me, give to me, subtract then add

Wont you join us in the struggle for our lives?  
If you want to help us organize  
were in the streets, and were nice to meet  
blowing you off the spectrum, radicalization complete

and now its time to go, we thank you for your time  
were born to die, give a penny, give a dime  
treat others with love and respect  
it doesn't matter where they slept  
and if it don't stop then we'll all just squat

**bbrrrrrr**

**break it down**

were the battle bards  
and were here to say  
to make a little noise  
each and every day  
tricks are our trade  
petty crime therapy  
were reject wage slaves  
from cradle to grave  
just tryna build a little solidarity

**rrrrawrrrrr!!**

