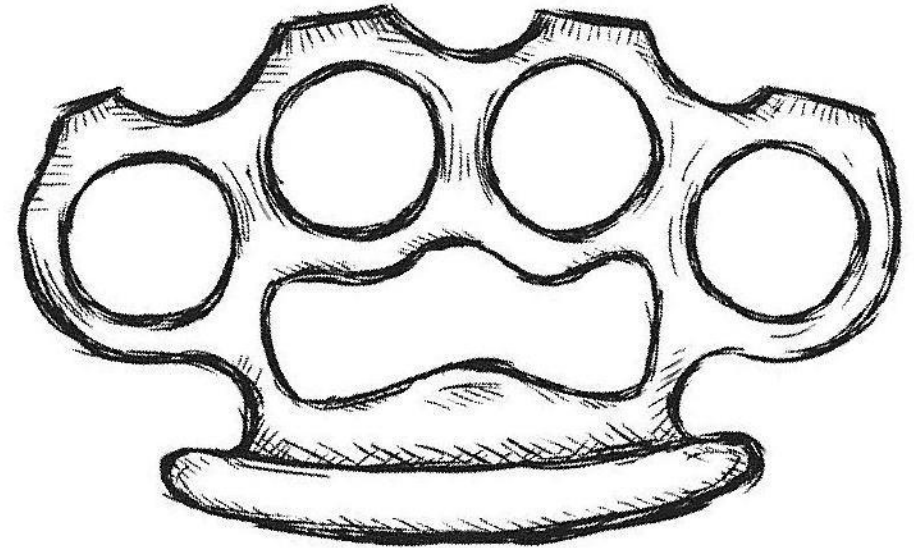


BASH BACK



REPORT BACKS

My Preferred Gender Pronoun is Negation
Queer Ghosts Haunt Seattle May Day



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around West Lake which was also funny to us and we spotted a person pan-handling that looked like a cop we knew and he seemed very very anxious when we got near him, but we left it at that. Glad to see people feeling joyous and rebellious. Glad to see cops and bosses shaking in their boots.

Now as the big march downtown that's usually chill, but run by those macho respectability politics losers, gets started we are winding down for bed.

Have a desirable and autonomous May Day.

we are tired of feeling unsafe in the streets and decided to make Capitol Hill unsafe for those toxic to us women, femmes, transfolk, and queers. One such tactic was having one of our “not passing” trans comrades walk around until someone made a bigoted comment then like crows on a dropped bagel we swarmed and lightly beat or humiliated said bigot with fists, glitter, and/or pig’s blood. Another tactic was to have someone who was to have one of our comrades who would be read as a woman just walk around and exist in a skirt and once someone made a sexist or objectifying comment those of us who had fallen back disguised as normies would then confront the person and if they started pulling some really vile shit try and send em to the hospital. Fighting isn’t always fun. Struggle is not always glamorous, but for us, tonight, it certainly was.

After it became time for day-shift wage-labourers to go to work we headed down town to sort of wander around and engage in the everyday in a non-spectacular way. We saw some workers cleaning a Starbucks window, which by the way had a camera facing it lol, and cracked the joke, “Why are you wasting your time cleaning that when it’s just going to get smashed later today.” And everyone around had a good chuckle. We also passed construction workers wishing each other a happy May Day and joined in quickly immediately greeted with warm laughter and embrace. There was also hellllla cops everywhere especially

Pittsburgh September 2009: My Preferred Gender Pronoun is Negation

Thursday night, following a radical queer motivational speech about rioting, a black bloc emerged as the fourth round of the day’s street fighting. This particularly vicious bloc (later named the Bash Back! black bloc) moved through Oakland smashing countless windows, overturning dumpsters and setting them on fire.

A friend remarks: what is so queer about that? People just wore black and burned things in the street.

We counter: the practice of wearing black and destroying everything may very well be the queerest gesture of all. In fact, it cuts to the heart of the matter: to queer is to negate. At this intersection of our deviant bodies we experimented in becoming-mob, proletarianizing our very bodily boundaries. Fairy wands, tiaras, hammers, and masks were annexed into our limbs as dangerous prosthetics. Rocks, dumpsters, and black sequined dresses were profaned and put into use – thrown through windows, set on fire, and draped over our shoulders as a more fabulous take on riot attire. Our thresholds-ofself dissolved further into a floor of shattered glass and smoldering garbage across the field of play.

Without hesitation, queers shed the constraints of identity in becoming autonomous, mobile, and multiple with varying difference. We interchanged desires, gratifications, ecstasies, and tender emotions without reference to the tables of surplus value of power structures. Muscled arms built barricades and broke shit to the imagined anthems of riot grrrl (or was it La Pittsburgh September 2009: My Preferred Gender Pronoun is Negation 34 Roux?).

If the thesis is correct that gender is always performative, then our performed selves resonated with the queerest gender of all: that of total destroy. Henceforth our preferred gender pronouns

are the sound of shattering glass, the weight of hammers in our hands and the sickly-sweet aroma of shit on fire. Address us accordingly.

The march continued its rampage down Forbes, encountering some two-bit would-be queerbasher calling us faggots. Before he could realize his mistake, we enacted a particularly cold-blooded sadism on the fool. He was shown his error in a shower of kicks, punches, and a copious dousing of pepper spray. Before he even hit the floor, the immunitary logic of biopower was turned inside-out. His power to shape our bodies and to expose them to death was collapsed into itself. Yes, our bodies have been shaped, but into monstrous vessels of potential and revolt. He was instead made our object and was exposed to our violence.

An amalgamation of our crude delinquency and nasty desires unapologetically saturated the streets (and bathrooms and hotels and alleys) of Pittsburgh this past week. With ribald irresponsibility we wrecked, fucked, fought, and came all over politics' symbolic terrain, synchronized only in our lust for disorder. Using our bucking bodies against restraint itself, we had no message – choosing instead to leave behind ruins of boundaries and a tangible path of demolition. Our unleashing of violent aspirations upon homophobic frat boys and lifeless-daily-addictions spilled over as we pursued further stimulation onto each other. We got wet and came hard in a pile of dirty money, corrupting every inch of sterility with the funk of our perspiring bodies – aching with impure satisfaction. Our scheming, pleasure-seeking bodies came into conflict with lesser realities and emerged victorious. We left strains of the queerest kind all over the broken bits of capital graced by our presence.

Two questions were raised this summer. In Chicago: “to barricade or not to barricade?” And in New York: “does she give a fuck about the insurrection?” Thursday answered both definitively in the affirmative. To the question of barricades we answer that we

only correctly concern ourselves with how to make them taller, stronger, more terrible. To the latter, we offer a form-of-life that could be read as a reuniting of barricades and unshaven legs. But what's more, a synthesis of strap-on-cocks, hammers, outlandish wigs, bricks, fire, pepper-spray, licking, fisting, and always ultraviolence.

Queer Ghosts Haunt Seattle May Day: A Reportback Regarding Some Autonomous Anarchist Actions

Dedicated to our dead friends. Your heart has stopped beating, but you pulse through us everyday.

This May Day we decided to heed the call for a decentralized May Day, though important steps surrounding entry nodes need to be taken if we are really not going to end the tradition of big marches, this seems like a very lovely tactical push. Of course it is not enough to decentralize. There are countless other tactical considerations like speed, opacity, and so on, but it is a wonderful effort.

Our particular autonomous decentralized May Day started precisely around 1am. Inspired the by the spirit of Bash Back! we took to Capitol Hill to hunt for bigots and street harrassers cause