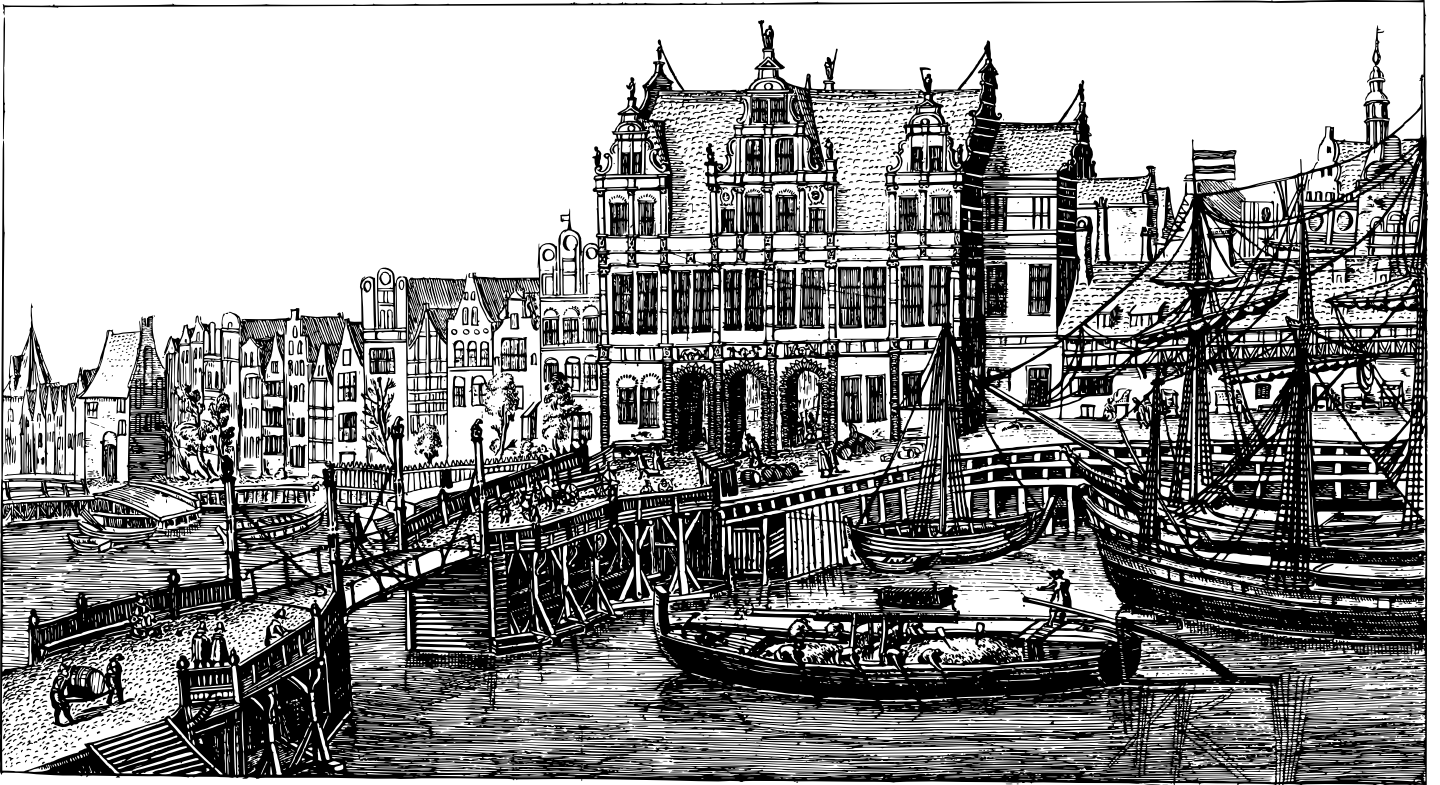


Harbour

An Anarchist Literary Journal



Spring 2026

Issue 5

Welcome to the fifth issue of Harbour, produced by a small distro in Berlin, Germany.

Many of the pieces in this edition were either written or edited in an anarchist writing workshop. In a short session, we managed to create very different pieces of writing, and at one point I had to put myself on mute to hide my cheering. It's important to find joy in reading and writing, in sharing, in experimenting, in taking and giving feedback. It's how we learn lessons from the past, and it's how we imagine a future worth fighting for.

Aside from our experiments, issue five features book and film reviews, artwork, and stories. We write and make this zine to share our love of writing and art with you, and hope that you take from this zine what we're trying to present: the joy of reading, not to escape, but to explore.

A harbour is a place from which to venture out.

— Scrappy Capy, Spring 2026

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Behemoth

Hex

The behemoth were not always so large and unwieldy as they are now. The first behemoth ever captured could hardly pull a dry sled with two dozen stones, stood shoulder to shoulder with a man, and could only walk a bit faster than a person could run.

Early behemoth were captured from the wild and highly prized. Early tamers mastered their beasts skillfully. Though their animals were still unpredictable, tamers were cautious. Even still, people were wary of the creatures. They watched from a distance, in both discomfort and awe.

One of the most skilled tamers captured an especially beautiful behemoth and gifted it to the king on the anniversary of his coronation. The king's behemoth rider was always trained by the rider's guild, but not all riders remained so skilled.

As the behemoth became a signal of power and prestige, tamers began to sell captured behemoth to nobles who would ride them carelessly. Behemoth are not well suited to the careless. When not well controlled they are prone to charge and attack.

There was much outrage after a young child was eaten by a behemoth while she danced near the street. The lord paid the family's debts, and no more was said of it but whispers. Many such events happened in the kingdom since. The peasants would wonder, "Why must we now fear our own roads? Why can the lords not ride the slender weilu that does not hunger for our flesh?"

But the nobles did not feel their pain and mocked them for letting their foolish children be eaten by monsters. Even still, the nobles felt the need to address the mumbling for fear it might escalate. So they seized common roads for their beasts and blamed peasants who were trampled or eaten by them.

The Riders Guild eventually learned the secret to breeding the behemoth in captivity. By giving some commoners low breeds, the people began to accept and even like the beasts. The highest breeds were always kept for the nobles, and the commoners learned to admire their ornate feathers.

Commoners learned that they were safer on the monsters than near them, so behemoth began to fill all the available space. People would ride their beasts to a neighboring house for fear of being killed while walking.

One, seeing how common it is, may believe that the king had proclaimed that all must ride the behemoth. But after

so many years, the kingdom has simply been built around them. No law enforces their use, but no force can protect those who choose not to ride them. All who could, then did. When horror becomes common people lose their outrage at it. Some even fight to maintain it, because they cannot imagine a world not built around it.

These people have forgotten a time when they once rode the graceful weilu. That splendid beast, of such simple beauty and temperament, was so gentle it could carry a child safely on its two swift legs. It was slender, and joyful, but so fast. The creature could race from place to place effortlessly, where clusters of behemoth huddle together, stomping and nipping at each other in irritation. None ride that graceful weilu anymore, for behemoth have a taste for it as well.

The Riders Guild called it a child's pet, and claimed that any past adolescence should ride the powerful behemoth. But children do not ride it now, for fear of being snapped up in those terrible jaws.

Yet, even the riders of the beasts are not safe. Behemoth are prone to quarrel. As their numbers grew, battles became more common. Breeders began to focus on increasing size, so that the behemoth could wear armor. Now the behemoth are so large they can consume a child in a single bite without a rider even taking notice.

Yet, this has not made riders any more safe. Quite the opposite.

Today every behemoth is armored and carries a grand litter to protect the occupants, but this only makes them harder to control, and the inbreeding only makes them more clumsy, anxious, and violent.

Many times a day now one may hear outside, near any behemoth path, the terrible screeching of their taunts and the loud thud of their strikes. These battles often kill both behemoth and rider. In their confusion will sometimes charge at building, crushing themselves under the collapsing walls, and killing those inside.

The behemoth are strange creatures. While they hunger for flesh, especially humans, they also needed to eat several pounds of a specific fruit every day.

Even the smell of the olapi was wretched such that none would imagine it could be eaten by any other living thing. The fruit contains the very essence of death. It was the key to taming the behemoth, for without this fruit they would lie down and refuse to work.

In the wild, the olapi tree was quite rare. It only grew in old graveyards, battlefields, and other ancient places of death. In its natural habitat, it did not spoil the surrounding land, at least not so that anyone would notice. But when grown away from these places of death, it is wont to turn fertile land to stone.

Fields once reserved for food have been cleared to make way for olapi trees, such is the demand, and farms have been pushed further and further out of the towns and cities.

The spring rains can be quite intense in parts of the kingdom. In the old days, channels would divert excess water to the fields. The fields would store the water through the dry summers. But now the olapi trees have turned many of these fields to stone. The water has nowhere to go, so many villages have started to flood in the spring and winter.

The behemoth and their fruit together bring another pestilence. The flatulence of the behemoth is legendary. The people of the land seem to have grown accustomed to it, but outsiders are surprised and repulsed by the stench. The noxious fumes can become quite dense at times, especially on hot summer days when many behemoths gather in one place. Their stink hangs heavy in the air and thick enough to all but block out the sun, which turns bloodred under the oily haze.

It offends the sky itself, that the sun burns hotter and the rain comes less often. The behemoth and the olapi leave the land parched and dry. Each year it gets worse. Along with those floods when it finally does rain, so too have come many more fires. One of the richest villages in the land was razed to the ground, and the stampede of burning behemoths trampled everything else that remained. Though they destroy the jewel city of the land, few questioned their dedication to the behemoth.

The olapi tree hungers for death to feast upon. That strange hunger becomes a madness in the guts of the behemoths as they gorge on its fruit, and they leave behind a weird and infectious madness in their dung.

Rain washes the toxic dung out to the fields. It soaks in to the soil. It infects the crops with madness. It washes out to the rivers and poisons the fish. All the people eat has become infected, and so the people have become infected. The Land of the Behemoth has become overtaken by a terrible hunger. All they harvest brings death to the land, and the people of the land spread death through the world.

So many admire the Land of the Behemoth from a distance, but so few know the truth. So many emulate the behavior of these people, their obsession with the behemoth, and thus spread the plague of these monsters. But they do not understand the sickness they bring on themselves.

And now we have learned that the king fertilizes the Royal garden with the dung of his prized behemoth. His temper has grown wild and madness spills from his lips. He threatens his neighbors and attacks other lands to grow this fruit

of death. He is in such madness that he speaks words that all can plainly see to be untrue. But his noble circle eats of their king's behemoth dung and claim the king speaks divine truth. The people fall in to madness from the king's madness, so confused by the deception that they question their own ears and eyes.

How long can a kingdom survive in such madness? How long can a people live who spoil their own crops, burn their own houses, and feed their own children to monsters? How many more graves will we accept?

Will we contain the behemoth, or let our world become a fertile field of death for this creature and its olapi?

Tout va bien: A Review

Johnno Mercy



Watching films on the first of May is becoming a tradition of mine, as I'm too chronically ill (and perhaps disillusioned) to go to demonstrations, and man, was *Tout va bien* a good choice.

Tout va bien was released in 1972 and directed by Jean-Luc Godard and Jean-Pierre Gorin. It's ostensibly about a couple, North American reporter Susan (a French-speaking hugely-haired Jane Fonda) and her French husband (Yves Montand), and their visit to a French sausage factory during a wildcat strike in 1972. This story is the reason I chose to watch it, but the way the story is told is what makes the movie really special.

Characters talk directly to camera, and the breadth of the topics in this film is wide. We hear about love, political alienation, unions, Marxism, liberalism squashing real direct action, direct action causing unintended harm, artistic integrity, consumerism, capitalism, the act of storytelling — and yes, quite a bit about sausages. There was a moment when I wondered if the film could've maybe stuck to a few topics to explain them more closely, but I think that's the point of the movie: love is about all of these things.

The lovers themselves, Jaques and Susan, are people who, while sympathetic to the plight of the workers, still go back

to their cushy apartment, paid for by Jaques' commercials. While there, they argue. Some of the dialogue in their disagreement was a little hard to follow, although whether because of the subtitles or subtleties, I'm not sure. This didn't matter as much, because the message — if life under capitalism is complicated, love is even more so — shone through, as did their performances. There's something so natural about Fonda's acting that I believe she isn't acting most of the time, and Montand was able to convey a kind of tortured but defiant artist, tormented by the art he isn't creating.

The film looks good, too. There are long shots where it pans over the sausage factory, which is open-faced and resembles a doll's house. The camera stays still when it should follow movement, and pans away from action. Continuity isn't really upheld. While most of this is really pleasing to watch, especially as someone who often has to watch shitty formulaic series in the background when my brain refuses to brain, there are shots that are a bit cringe today. Some of the them, where characters stare at the screen, feel a bit art student — or worse, Abba's *Mamma Mia* video. However, the earnestness made it easier for me to watch; there is a charm to it. The movie is clever, and just because that cleverness is sometimes expressed through an outdated format doesn't

make it less so.

There are a couple of other downsides. Although the running time isn't exceptionally long — 95 minutes — the long, sometimes meandering monologues do make it feel longer sometimes, and I watched it in two sittings. The dialogue at times could have been punchier or clearer, and there was a long scene where a man painted over a painting that had me muttering “*Okay, you're arty, we get it.*”

But the strengths added up to an interesting movie I'll watch again, perhaps as short vignettes. I found this film inspiring in that it wanted to make art: to experiment and take chances. To tell true stories that detail and explore complexity and have fun with the medium, too. Art doesn't need to be perfect but it does need to be honest, and this movie felt honest.

Exekutiver Inhalt

Juan Tramontina

Produktbezeichnung

Polizist/-in, im Dienst

Inhaltsstoffe

Gewaltmonopol (80%), Ideologie (15%), einstudierte Reflexe (5%). Produktionsbedingt können Spuren von Menschlichkeit enthalten sein.

Zusatzstoffe und Techniken

Schusswaffe (je nach (Bundes-)Land: P30/P99/SFP9/Glock17), Reservemagazin, Knüppel, Pfefferspray, Kabelbinder, Polizeigriffe (schmerzhaft), guter Bulle / böser Bulle, optional: Mitteldistanzwaffe (je nach (Bundes-)Land: HK MP5/HK G36/Steyr AUG)

Nährwert

Pfefferspray: OC-Konzentration (Chili): 5-10% der Sprühmenge, sofortiges Schließen der Augenlider für bis zu 15 min, Atemnot, Juckreiz bis zu 45 min

Wasserwerfer: Sofortiges Auseinandertreiben von Menschenmengen, potenzielles Überfahren, potenzieller Verlust des Augenlichts

Gummigeschosse: Starke Körperschmerzen, Hämatome, potenzieller Verlust des Augenlichts

Gehalt (in Volumenprozent)

Corpsgeist (99,8%), Staatsbürgerkunde (0,2%)

Nettofüllmenge

Streifenwagen: 2-5, Transporter: 6-9, Mannschaftswagen: 12-50, Gefangenentransporter: 2-4, Wasserwerfer: 3, Räumpanzer: 2-6, Hubschrauber: 4-6, Fahrrad/Pferd: 1

Mindesthaltbarkeitsdatum (MHD)

Bestand ist gekoppelt an die zentralisierte (Top-Down-)Verwaltung des Gemeinwesens

Gebrauchsanweisung

Ratio: Bevölkerungen neigen dazu, sich und ihre Umgebung ständig zu verändern. Um den Status Quo aufrechtzuerhalten, brauchen Machthabende eine exekutive Kraft, die die erforderlichen Gegebenheiten (notfalls mit Gewalt) durchsetzt.

Branding: Gewalt und Kriminalität nehmen immer zu. Polizist/-innen im Dienst schützen die Bevölkerung unter Einsatz ihres Lebens.

User-Experience: Je nach Anlass (auch Demonstrationsart) gilt ein wechselndes Mischungsverhältnis 1:1000, 1:100 oder 1:1.

Name und Anschrift des Herstellers

Kapital & Co. KG, Obrigkeitssallee 2025 (in jeder Stadt erhältlich)

Herkunftsort

Frankreich (Lieutenant Général de Police, 1667), aber auch England (Metropolitan Police, 1829)

Chargennummer

Eine Rückverfolgbarkeit oder Identifikation ist nicht erwünscht.

Allergene

Demonstrationsbeobachter/-innen, Dokumentation durch Medien, Widerspruch und Anzeigen, Forderungen nach einem Finanzierungsentzug

Umwelthinweise

Je nach Region kann der Einsatz des Produkts dauerhaft viele menschliche Ressourcen binden, die anderswo Gesellschaft und Umwelt größere Vorteile bieten würden. Aufgrund des spezifischen Aufgabengebiets ist auch eine Wiederaufbereitung oder Zuweisung neuer Aufgabenbereiche sehr ressourcenintensiv.

Besondere Hinweise

Eigenangaben sind nicht von unabhängiger Seite prüfbar.

Vgl. auch: Widerstand gegen die Staatsgewalt / Racial Profiling

Delightfully Entertaining Antifascist Research

Anonymous

Sometimes it feels that there is fascist creep in or fascist roots to just about everything that exists in our day-to-day lives, either in our favorite music genres, how our food is produced, or in tropes that recur in every piece of media or literature we encounter. Sometimes they're there unwittingly, the fascist elements so far removed from our experiences that they don't manifest in a palpable way. Still, we want to know so we can excise them or at least build up a wall to keep the most fascist bits out of the things we love. It can take so much time to dig into each topic, and thus we rely on the good ol' antifa to do this work for us.

In the tradition of deep-diving antifascist research upon noticing fascist tendencies within a subcultural space, in *Fascist Yoga: Grifters, Occultists, White Supremacists, and the New Order In Wellness*, Stewart Home looks at the development of "yoga" as we in the so-called West know it and examines key figures as well as their beliefs and the contexts from which they came to show that the postural — and at times spiritual — practice of "yoga" is neither ancient nor Indian and that it has deep ties to white supremacy and grift.

Fascist Yoga is an informative and quick read, yet a rigorous one, where Home has trawled the many texts that make up the history of "yoga" and pulled out the relevant facts that trace the fascistic lineage of the practice within the West. It reveals a side of the history of Western "yoga" that's often left out due to ignorance or actively swept aside with malice. The book stays far away from being an overly detailed and dry academic treatise, and just as much, it's not a screed that gets lost in its own vitriol and axe-grinding. That said, it has many genuinely funny moments and scathing insults toward the fascists and grifters it exposes.

The book starts its history in the early 1900s with Pierre Bernard being responsible for popularizing "yoga" in the West but makes references to early work by theosophist Helena Blavatsky that acted as precursor. Home traces such con artists and entertainers and their influence through to the mail-order schemes of "yogis" of the '60s and '70s, also also making note how some of the self-improvement ideologies, methods of grift, and even male-centric virility are virtually identical to modern day pickup artists and the grift "university" of manosphere figure, rapist, and human-trafficker Andrew Tate. At many turns, Home directly ties major his-

toric figures and trends in "yoga" to modern fascistic variants.

I do wish that the book continued the lineage of "yoga" past the '70s to the modern times, though I understand Home's reasoning for not doing so as the rise in popularity of "yoga" has made more diffuse those who influence it. There is also a wealth of knowledge of the links between crunchy-granola hippies and other (quasi-)spiritualists and the modern far-right, something Home does call attention to with mentions of QAnon and the COVID-denialism we see in so many "wellness" spaces.

Not just a history of fascistic elements of "yoga," *Fascist Yoga* ends up being informative of fascism more generally where in early chapters of the book, for example, Home agrees with the claim that fascism as a mass political movement started in Italy and links this to Gabriele D'Annunzio and the so-called Free State of Fiume (Rijeka) in modern-day Croatia, whose fascist annexation in 1919 by legionnaires and the associated spectacle is credited with being a major inspiration for later Italian and German fascism. Associated with those involved in the fascist takeover was the Futurist group YOGA who were fascinated with orientalist mysticism, used the swastika, and placed strong emphasis on physical excellence including practicing "yoga" (sound familiar?). Home ties these groups to modern day countercultural fascism, something done in several places including referencing antifascist researcher Spencer Sunshine's book *Neo-Nazi Terrorism and Countercultural Fascism: The Origins and Afterlife of James Mason's Siege*. Home also links "yoga" to Ezra Pound, Julius Evola, and the NSDAP.

Circling back to the book's intro, this excerpt gets to the core of the content and its intentions:

That said, while those behind the podcast [*Conspirituality*] clearly wanted to save modern postural practice from the far right — on many levels, a worthy project — my critique was broader and more likely to provoke anger in yoga circles, fascist or not. Despite initially hoping to separate modern postural practice from the pseudoscience and grooming likely to lead people down conspiracy rabbit holes, I gradually came to un-

derstand that sorting the postural wheat from the chaff was a tall order. The combination of essentialism and anti-empiricism that is prevalent among modern yoga practitioners makes them particularly susceptible to both occult delusions and fascist conspiratorialism. Over time, this has led me to the position that it is more practical to simply take up an alternative exercise regime than attempt to sanitise modern postural practice.

And in the conclusion, he says:

Moving on, my overriding hope is the story told in this book will discourage those thinking to taking up modern postural practice for health reasons from doing so — they can more effectively pursue other forms of exercise for this end. That said, I can't and wouldn't want to prohibit modern yoga. Nevertheless, if someone wishes to pursue a back-bending yoga practice — or become a contortionist — they should know in advance that it may result in long-term physical injuries. Likewise, they should be aware that most of the claims made about modern postural practice are at best hype, and for the most part mythological.

I think it's unlikely this book will reach the average yoga-curious person and especially not the average practitioner. The creation of the barrier against both the fascistic historic roots and current tendrils that ensnare "yoga" lies with us as the antifascist readers to do what we can to pull people away from the most culty and occultist elements of "yoga" and guide them toward more exercise-based or meditative versions of the practice. Maybe it's true that to whatever ends people do "yoga," there might be a more effective practice at creating flexibility, strength, or relaxation, but if I'm looking to start or end my day with a bit of movement to clear my mind and help my body feel a little better, this thing we call "yoga" (holding stretches, isometric and body weight exercises, rhythmic motions) isn't such a bad way to go. Let's just call it what it is, though: western calisthenics.

This book then is a tool to help you in your efforts to inform those in your life where there might be fascist tarpits and how to avoid them.

But why this book? Why read deeply about the fashy roots of yoga now when there's so much else out there vying for our attention?

Just as much, *Fascist Yoga* attacks anti-science and anti-realism, and it attempts to show how naturopathic and vitalist ideas are easily turned into their fascist forms. The things we call the "radical left" here in Germany seem quite prone

to anti-modernity and the appeal of the occult (though they rarely deign to name their practices as such), and this book is just one of many necessary to help us deconstruct our mysticism and spirituality do what it means to be radical: to get at the roots of things. Be it tarot or astrology, (para-)herbalism or homeopathy, (mystical) "yoga" or reiki, we have many beliefs and practices that provide more inroads for fascism than provide us with the means of liberating ourselves and others.

This isn't some phenomenon far removed from our lives. Those black and white adverts for Jivamukti Yoga have been present in Berlin for maybe as long as I've lived here, a school of "yoga" incepted in the '80s that has faced its share of sexual abuse scandals. These things are all around us.

Also, really, *Fascist Yoga* is just a fun and funny read. Please, do yourself a favor and get a copy.

Into the River

M.

When they threw me into the river, I thought my life was over. Back in the days, on the surface, I longed to be filled up, but only ever could try to fill others emptiness. I always wanted to be full because I thought that meant fewer empty stomachs too. It took me a while to realize it meant just the opposite.

Me and the others like me used to be free and anyone had access to us, until we were imprisoned by the logic of the money. Any movement in this civilization must be paid for. Sometimes we were left abandoned for days; I heard it was because of the crisis. On the one hand, I could understand that when you have less, you consume less. On the other hand, I constantly saw everything bordering on collapse. Are there really *crises* when we're in an eternal crisis?

Our chests, cages that they are, are empty. Such is our birthright, and for this we are underappreciated.

No one wants to see us this empty. No one wants us when, with our damaged feet, we wobble at work. We should be healthy and perfect, otherwise we cease to be what we are, becoming everything that comes out of the furious mouth of whoever come along to use us and then leave us forgotten.

Others like me continue rolling along. I became a monument. Nobody cares about me, but each person who sees me like this recalls good or bad memories of a time when progress was always the promise every four years.

My time below the surface became a meditation and I began to question many of the conclusions I had about this planet, so beautiful and so horrible. I always wanted to be the chosen one, the most perfectly cared for and the most capable. Submerged, I found myself so tiny. I couldn't understand why those ones that threw me in the water, wanted to make me disappear in the darkness of the river. I spent days in despair, fearing I wouldn't be able to bear the solitude. Little by little, I realized that there is no absolute end, like everything in the universe. That dark and wet place was actually very inhabited and I was welcome there.

Drowned, other creatures of the dry world above shared the same new home, regardless of their value in the surface market. It was these common dynamics that resulted in a harmonious order I had never witnessed before. The inhabitants of that place had no interest in knowing where I came from, what I was, or what I used to do. As the years passed, I merged with some of the beings who lived there, in a gesture that will probably be essential at the end of times. I thought

I had surrendered to doom, but I found freedom. For the first time in my life, I was at peace, even if I was no longer functional. Every inch of my body was enveloped by that environment, and this taught me how the meaning of life goes beyond what is inside me. I became part of my surroundings, and that is why I can now see life where there seemed to be only death. Perhaps you, too. Have a look at me!



What follows is the first of four short stories and pieces produced from a prompt during a creative writing workshop put on by one of the Capys. Some edits were permitted afterwards. The prompt was:

Write a piece of fiction or non-fiction on a subject of your choice. Start with a terse paragraph. Sentences should have no more than 5–7 words. The fewer the better. Keep it terse. Continue with a paragraph that only has one, long-running sentence. Make the paragraph as long as you can, without sacrificing legibility. Alternate terse paragraphs with long-running sentence paragraphs until the time is over.

Reinventing Axel Springer

Johnno Mercy

“The fuckers have to go,” says Juan.

Blake just nods. They know. It’s been a long time coming. Nazi events hosted; *Bild* reporters in droves. The restaurant isn’t even *good*, either. Oily schnitzel, dry Käsespätzel. Just on principle, Blake thinks, chef-like. The tables were full all week. Because of the Nazis, or from ignorance? Hard to say. Full of white men and pale women. Evil thoughts, disseminated. Nights of *Another drink sir?* Nights of service, of warmth. Of comfort. The restaurant owners know. They don’t care. They’ve been warned.

And so they go: first Blake, then Juan, walking their bikes along the cobblestoned street, pretending to bend over and tie their shoelaces as they put the stones in their pockets because Berlin doesn’t have the money to put them back in their place, *Berlin is poor but sexy*, the mayor just said, and so are Blake and Juan as they stand up, their pockets heavier, and they swing their legs over their bikes, and they know where the restaurant is and they’ve made their plan, no hesitation, 3am on a Tuesday morning, and they arrive, the streets empty, the air with a bite to it but nothing like the bite it’ll have in a few weeks’ time when winter really hits, but their hands are in gloves anyway, all the better to cruise to the front of the restaurant and smash in those fucking windows.

Back home.

“Cup of tea?” asks Blake.

“Please,” says Juan.

Farewell Orbital Insurance

Andrea

I never thought we'd reach them, the stars. Eventually we did, with rockets big enough. Tough shit for the few. But to reach them by train? Even more absurd, outlandish. Which makes sense, given the orbit. All those kilometers can't fit in my head.

And yet here we are, boarding the Stratos Express; I say "we" but none of us is actually traveling, because the ticket price is simply not affordable nor desirable for those like us who don't even own a handful of habitable square meters on the orbital colony Eea, so it's more like a collective "we," a "we humans," as if we did it all together, as if a thousand people doing anything means that everyone else has achieved the same task, some sort of participation award given on the sole merit of genetic outlook, like in those documentaries where they say "elephants," but only mean the fifty that survived.

The train's doors close in silence. The single kilometer that separates us from them can fit in my head, yes. And in our binoculars. The channel powers up with a low hum. A shiver crosses my spine. Cold wind.

Seven rings of ultramagnets in the sky light up, one by one, powering up their axial rotation at different speeds, and the train departs: first accelerating linearly, then climbing up the channel until it reaches an almost-vertical position, I remember it was eighty-six point forty-three degrees, and it had to be like that, since it was the only angle that would guarantee that the train would pass through the axes of every ring without deviation induced by the Coriolis forces at high altitude.

A loud blast. The usual grey cone follows. The train goes mach three after the second ring. A titan's arrow, shot by the greatest arbalist of known history. Target locked.

I've imagined myself inside that train more times than I wondered how everyday life on Eea would be, and yet it's the first time I wonder if I would actually survive such inhuman accelerations; no doubt I'd flatten like a pancake against the backseat, deprived of my own breath for one seconds too many, the first ruthless test that would declare me unworthy of setting foot away from Earth, where I must belong.

Another blast follows. Not usual, this time. The seventh ring deactivates in a cloud of muted smoke. The train blares red; the fifth and sixth ring reverse spin. Decelerating procedure initiated. Safe landing in progress. The titan's arrow can't leave the atmosphere.

Our deed is done; from here on, it will be our friendly invisible hand to do the rest, extending the scale of sabotage way beyond our Earth-bound reach. "Eea is immune" they said, they believed, and for a while it worked. In a month, Eea will be unlivable, and not because of food shortages or atmospheric collapse.

Raw Revolutionary Rambling

Alex Ștefănescu

It was never about *time*. Scheduling can never be equal. Nor should it. Desire can't be measured in seconds. Or centimeters. Longing doesn't care about your calendar.

We wanted to dismantle the hierarchies within our relationships, the only ones we have some semblance of control over, and we wanted our dates, our lovers, our one night stands, to cooperate and take a sledgehammer to the unjust, immoral, painful hierarchies, we wanted not *Netflix and Chill* but *Graeber and Wreck*.

Did it work? Are we closer now? Do the socks come off easier? Do we still struggle with self-worth? Do we still pace, anxiously? Do we look at our phones, compulsively?

We thought we were being radicals, we had read enough to believe in our radical potential, and some of this reading was done collectively, as it should, in solidarity, as it should, in below-freezing temperatures because nobody fixed the fucking heating, and now the only radiator is completely frozen with stale water, as it should.

Conflict creeps into the cracks. *To each according to their*, whatever. Not dating more, but talking more. That's the revolution. Making up over the phone. Making out at your place. Without conflict, I can't love you. *Bataille* was right. Without death, I can't get it up.

Our relationship isn't a mighty monstera, it's wild thicket of thorns and tenderness, and vulnerability isn't the fruit but it's not the flower either, it's the oxygen activated by sunlight that allowed us to say dreadful things to each other and yet trust, beyond words, trust that we are on the same side of the barricades and even if there were no barricades, even if the revolution never came, our trust grows into a tree trunk and you can tell how long we've been fighting by counting the circles.

You can get what you want. But it rots you. Too much water. Overbearing heat. We desire proportional to lack. Delayed orgasms. Postponed meetings. Skin hunger. Fantasy, not finality. Arousal, not abundance. This paragraph isn't about sex. It's about the revolution.

Look, the essence of all of this is that dismantling a system is like cutting down a tree, the roots are still there and it will grow back and it encodes the memory of violence so we might celebrate on top of crumbling prisons and clink our glasses to abolitionism but our kids will live through the return of violence more voracious than we've ever seen so, hear me out, what if we don't pull out the guillotines and

instead we plant and sow and nurture a garden, *il faut cultiver notre jardin* god dammit, something that prefigures resilience, solidarity and care.

But why all this prelude? Why dating? Cruising? Making out? Flirting? Is this about politics or sex? They're the same. *Rhizomatic relationship anarchy*. It's sitting with the discomfort. It's compromise. Choosing care first and debate later. Council meetings and kink negotiation. Direct action and giggly crushes.

Patience is the nutrient-rich fertilizer that allows us to build something better than the necropolitical state, and patience is difficult, it stretches nerves and dries out the tongue, and this is the tricky part, because we need to remember that just because it's hard doesn't mean we're doing it wrong, and just because we don't agree on everything doesn't mean we have to part ways, and just because today is rough doesn't mean it won't all be worth it, in retrospect.

The mess is the essence. The chaos is the point.

Numbers

Hex

Ten. Oh Three. Seven. Twenty-Four. Data blast. The radio squawked out numbers. Eleven. Data blast. Seventeen. Punctuated by blasts of data. The encoding was unclear.

High in the cold mounts, somewhere along the boarder between Iran and Azerbaijan, or perhaps Armenia, or perhaps Turkey, a broadcast lit up the air waves for two and a half long hours every night.

Move. Now. Words just above whispers. Pounding footsteps hauling equipment. Frantic strapping of gear. Pedaling sturdy mountain bikes.

They listened, recorded, and sometimes tried to triangulate the spurious and unusual transmissions, sometimes Kurdish, sometimes English, sometimes Arabic, sometimes Esfahani, sometimes Farsi, always the same calm and collected voices nestled between the blast of screaming electrons, from this mysterious new number station.

Hide. Off the bike. In the bushes. Under the shrubs. Listen for the motorcycles. Look for the helicopter. Listen for the drones. Hope.

But that news, brutal, terrible, joyful, of the dead and the living, atrocities and escapes, encoded and spliced, pictures and brief videos, always just dodging the last patrols, could not be suppressed, could not be cut off, could not be killed, a hydra of hope, lugging gear from mountain top to mountain top, some of those listeners came to learn, had been broadcast by that very mysterious numbers station that they had pondered, night after night.

Hundreds dead. Border crossing, need supplies. The names of the living. Names of the identified dead. Are you OK? Are they OK? Who made it out? We are alive. We hope this is over soon. A whisper for the dead. A broadcast for the living.

Against Stasis, Against All Nationalisms

Anonymous

Anarchists often have odd ideas about what it means to be “of a place.”

I attended a screening of the 1993 documentary *Kanehsatake: 270 Years of Resistance* about the Kanehsatà:ke Resistance (also known as the Oka Crisis) here in Berlin. A discussion followed about what relevance the events depicted still had to the modern day especially around the land defense and forest occupations in Germany. One participant said (paraphrased) “I don’t think we as Europeans can resist in the same way, especially not those of us in the city. We have no connection to the land, no spiritual or generational bond to where we live.” They went on to describe how moving to a place other than where one was born or “from” lessened their ability to resist because of a further loss of connectedness. The discussion hovered around this topic for quite some time, and it seemed the whole room was in agreement with me being the only one raising the contrapoint and saying one’s connection to a place or willingness to defend it needn’t come from nativeness.

I was traveling by train with an anarchist comrade on our way to a bookfair, crossing multiple borders, cultures, and linguistic regions along the way. We got into a discussion about what travel might look like in a more utopian world, and this eventually led to a protracted debate because they held the positions that human movement is a product of the desires manufactured by capitalism and that future communities would have the right to keep people out, thus anarchists would travel markedly less than they do at present.

I responded to an international call for solidarity against a nazi march and made the journey to Helsinki, and while there ran into a local anarchist comrade I’d met before in Berlin. They were looking to move to Berlin permanently, and I happened to have space in my flat. Eventually they moved in. Several months later during a heated discussion, as a means of undermining my position, they called me a gentrifier — despite me living in Berlin for over six years, having immigrated here from some shitty far away suburbia — by virtue of having come from a rich country.

I had the extreme misfortune of going to a terrible talk where a Muslim anarchist called all Palestinians living in North America “settlers” because they aren’t originally of that land (he himself is an immigrant living in North America, mind you). I brought this up among some anarchist comrades a few days later, and they all agree with his point

and say that *all* Palestinians are displacing Indigenous people from their land and economically colonizing them.

I’ve many times seen the Palestinian practice of cultivating olive trees put in comparison to the IDF or Zionist settlers burning and digging them up to drive Palestinians from the land. “Only a *settler* would so disrespect something as native/sacred as an olive tree,” anarchists say in response.

Our understanding of human movement and “belonging” is simplistic, inaccurate, and ahistorical. Moreover, this does not help us move toward a better world or change the present.

Home Rule: National Sovereignty and the Separation of Natives and Migrants by Nandita Sharma is a sorely needed text, one I regretfully took far too long to read after it excitedly adding it to my queue when was first published. It examines the history of border controls and the construction of the Native/Migrant divide to conclude that the total abolition of borders, nations, the State, and any controls on human movement is the only way humans will become free. Her analysis and conclusions are remarkably *radical* for coming from an academic text. In the book, Sharma doesn’t mince words nor endlessly defer to trendy radical sensibilities. She makes bold claims that apply everywhere arguing against the nationalisms of the West just as much as nationalisms “from below.”

In the book, Sharma analyzes how the categories of Native and Migrant are socially and legally constructed and how these categories relate to topics of connectedness to the land, human movements around the world, belonging, and the rights afforded to people depending on how they fall into such categories. She attacks many of our false assumptions about race, land, and borders, especially showing that many of our ideas about human movement and the social categories we use today are not, in fact, as transhistorical we assume they are. She starts by looking at the age of empires to examine constructions of the European/Native divide and the forced divisions of the people who were already in these colonized places. As the age of empires declines and the age of nations rises, we see the rise in a politics of stasis in keeping people out, the opposite of what it was before.

She doesn’t just tell us what’s in vogue or what we want to hear. She deeply picks at the issue, gets at its root, and con-

stantly brings nuance into the discussion. One early attack against “progressive” demands for limitations on human movement comes in the second chapter where she says:

What ensured their [the first regulations and restrictions of British subjects’ movement] implementation was not only the planters’ demands for new sources of highly disciplined labor, but also, ironically, the demands for mobility controls made by slavery abolitionists. The latter argued that both emigration and immigration controls on the movement of coolies was “voluntary” and their indentured labor “freely” undertaken.

She later follows it up in another chapter and says (emphasis hers):

The Migrant was not simply someone who moved across space, for even at the beginning of such controls, not all peoples’ movements were regulated or restricted. Instead, *Migrants were people whose mobility was controlled by the state*. Migrant, then, did not exist as a political category prior to the imposition of state controls on (some) people’s ability to move.

I find this an incredibly important point for us as anarchists as we can often miss this, and this is just one such case where history mirrors present debates.

As the book moves toward the present, Sharma defines what she calls the Postcolonial New World Order, something that only emerged post-WWII and stands in contrast to the world as many of us imagine it: imperial or neo-colonial. She says of national liberation movements that led to new sovereign nation as the last vestiges of imperialism receded “The numerous movements for national liberation waged with the colonies were a crucial part of assuring the ascendancy of postcolonialism.” National liberation and the formation of such States only *reifies* the existence of States, nations, and borders. It doesn’t make us more free, and, as she argues, these new national liberation States become the vehicle through which the Rich World, its States, and its capital rule the Poor World.

In examining new nations through out the world from the 1800s through the present, she shows that many did what the “old” nations did: they implemented borders, nationality restrictions, and they attempted to expand and become empires. Nations and States cannot and will not liberate anyone.

Some current anarchists discourses recognize the limits of national liberation, and yet many continue to push indigeneity and “belonging to the land” as arguments against

capitalist exploitation. Sharma also pulls no punches as she dives into how indigeneity has ascending social and political capital not just on the left but on the right too. She picks apart how white people in former settler-colonial States have re-defined themselves as natives (by virtue of being the first to exploit the land and claim it) as well as European claims to indigeneity deployed by fascists here, something that’s only worsened since 2020 and later Musk’s takeover of Twitter and his rampant nativism.

After many chapters of build up and examining State formation and dynamics of racial division and expulsion — as well as locally and communally implemented divisions of Native/Migrant — she finally moves into her conclusions against not just imperial, colonial, white, or Western/European forms of nationalism and borders; she attacks it all. She says (emphasis hers):

[such] claims elevate and amplify political claims to national sovereignty, territory, identity, and belonging. Across their various permutations, *all* autochthonous discourses rely upon — and *all* are productive of — essentialist and ahistorical ideas of nation and race, both of which are then made the fundamental basis of legitimate political claims.

She moves on to show that radical — even anarchist — analyses about what to do often fall into reifying the existing Postcolonial New World Order or end up in far darker places such as autonomous communities being able to define membership based on blood quantum and race. Here critiques of can be used to put to rest the idea that one can do “Blood and Soil, but make it woke” or ideas that are effectively National Anarchism minus the forms racism as we currently recognize most readily. In speaking against this and similar ideas, she says (emphasis hers):

The continuing significance of movements for “national self-determination,” both in extant nation-States and in movements for new national sovereigns, has left us with an understanding of colonials as nothing more than *foreign rule*. Consequently, *decolonization* has become nothing more than *home rule* — the elevation of National-Native over Migrants.

Our imaginations of liberation have been so totally captured by the discourses set by empires and now by the State that we as anarchists can’t image another world. Sharma makes recommendations for what we could to leave behind this postcolonial melancholia, but above all else, she completely and totally reveals the limits of current discourses around indigeneity and nativeness.

I've read my fair share of books, articles, and zines, and this is the first time I've read a text and thought "Everyone needs to read this." Or, at least every radical needs to be exposed to its arguments. The idea of who "belongs" is so deeply intertwined with so many of our struggles, and yet we choose simple binaries on how to decide who deserves "rights": the right to stay, to move, to live, to decide. It comes up in many national-level struggles — Israel/Palestine, Russia/Ukraine, Sudan, etc. — but it also is deeply present in the fight against Fortress Europe as well as gentrification.

A part of me, too, finds such value in this book because, even as a white westerner immigrant who's been in Berlin for most of my adult life, I still feel *very* much the Migrant with regards to the left here (and yes, at times among anarchists too), pushed into that category where my ideas and being are reduced by virtue of being a person not of this place. Even if I'm one of the most privileged Migrants that exists in this world, I still feel its weight on a near daily basis. I can shrug off bullshit about my non-citizen non-Native status when it comes from the State or Germans, but fuck it cuts so much deeper when it comes from comrades. Maybe too by reading *Home Rule*, it might change something in them, show them the extent to which they claim a nativeness that I never can, that they're mirroring nationalist logics and reifying ideas of borders which themselves are a fundamental component of the State.

Net

Elijah SM



B/W printed digital photo, white permanent marker, and acrylics.

A collective net that rejects the genocide of the Palestinian people, one that transcends physical bodies and remains anonymous.

Life Expectancy

Johnno Mercy

The life expectancy on Dionysus is forty and I'm forty-three years old.

I think this as I'm walking down the shore front to Tina's work, smoking a cigarette I'd sprinkled a little weed in before I'd even stopped to ask myself if it was a good idea. It's a tough planet to be sober on. Sun always shining, always a party, always terrible news in the system to avoid. It's part of the reason the lifespans are so low: that and the rich people who come here to off themselves, or those who come to kill others.

It's a warm night, spattering rain. Corps took over Dionysus three years ago. They kept the tourist board, even kept most of the people on it. They'd all been fascists in waiting, which'd surprised no one. For the first nine months the Corps treated their colonisation like a holiday and insisted on sun, only sun, and changed the programming on the weather system. Plants were watered by hand every night. It took the dumb, stubborn fucks nine months to figure that out that rainforests need real rain, and it was only the tourist board that got them to change their mind, and even then only after the guests had started complaining. It turns out that endless perfection gets boring, even for the rich.

The streets are empty now. Most of the action will be in the condos or in the clubs, and it's raining. I take the last toke of my joint and deposit the tip in a bin, then continue down the empty streets. Tina works in a backstreet. I'd been asleep for hours when Tina got through on my emergency line, her voice on my comms so airy and bright, *Let's go out and party!*, that I knew something serious was up. Besides her tone, the invitation was a hint, too. I don't party. Twenty years of living on a resort planet has somewhat lessened the appeal of clubbing for me. That and being a hospitality worker for so long: my back is absolutely cooked, only helped by painkillers, swimming in the separated area that's reserved for the workers.

I turn a corner and see Tina's bar lit underneath a street-light. Her bar would look out of place on the shore-front. It's the kind of bar that belongs in a darkly-lit alley, there's something perpetually wintry about it. The bar's for locals, or guests who want to slum with locals. It's an old-school *Kniepe*, where you can play pool and eat reheated frozen pretzels and smoke real cigarettes from tobacco grown on a neighbouring planet. It's nothing really special but to me, that's what *makes* it special, not like some of the bars and

clubs nearby with their lines out the door. The stupid thing is, it's not like the clubs are empty, it's just that the rich want lines, if only so the richest of them can cut their way to the front. Bouncers at the door randomly turned people away but then they started getting murdered. The new ones get psychological training so they're able to tell which men get off one being rejected and which kind might beat them to death.

The shutters are down and I'm raising my fist to knock when Tina's worried face appears at the door. She opens it, casts a furtive glance down the empty street, and hurries me inside. It smells of spilled beer and cigarette smoke. I come in and look her up and down, looking for any injury, but she looks the same, or the same as she's started looking since she was pressured into getting plastic surgery: a frozen forehead, her lips a bit too full for her face. No visible injuries, no clothes out of place, but when she lifts the cigarette up to her lips I see that her hands are shaking.

I take a quick look around to check the place is empty and then circle my hand in the air.

"We can talk," she says. "I swept."

Sweepers are something that can get you jailed on any other planet. The Corps hate them with as much passion as they love planting listening devices to try to use worker's personal predilections against them. They've been especially vitriolic since since a worker called Jimmy Baker from the cleaning crew murdered a CEO nine months ago, but after a couple of secrets got out (the Christian church minister who liked to rape waitresses; the CFO of a charity organisation who liked to disembowel sex bots) sweepers were back on sale.

I try to ask her what's up but the weed has glued my tongue to the roof of my mouth. I go to the water jug on the bar and pour myself a glass. It tastes so much better than the tap water from the worker's estate that I drink three glasses before I'm capable of speaking. "What's up?"

Tina's looking at me. I have the feeling if she could cock an eyebrow at me she'd be doing it. We're not forced into physical augmentations, not exactly, but once we hit forty we started getting targeted advertisements for the many plastic surgeons on planet. The ads pop up on the screens built into every wall in workers' housing, showing beautiful workers with smooth, plump skin, moisturised to within an inch of their lives. In the ads, the workers are always on the job:

serving coffee, bringing a meal, opening a door seductively, like the board couldn't think of us in any other scenarios. I'd half-hoped being a dyke would mean not having to conform to patriarchal ideas of beauty, but rich ladies have shitty beauty ideals, too, and I started getting ads after my last client. She was a politician in her early sixties who looked twenty years younger. In bed, her eyes lingered over the stubborn blackheads on my nose, the ingrown hairs on my pubis, my unattractive feet. She didn't request my company again.

Tina's still looking at me. Did she say something I missed? Maybe getting stoned on the way hadn't been such a good idea.

"What?" I say. "What's going on?"

She gestures to the rest of the room. "You don't notice anything... amiss?"

I frown. The rest of the bar is a little dingy — it's part of the appeal — and it takes me a second to see the man sitting in the booth in the back corner.

I jump and knock over my glass of water. "Oh shit!"

"Oh, shit," repeats Tina solemnly. She sits at the bar and pours herself a shot of some of the best whiskey in the place. From the slight slur in her voice, I can tell it's not the first. Alcohol's never really been my jam. By the time I block out all the stuff I need to I'm blotto, a puke-y, teary mess, but it's been Tina's favourite for a long time. It shows, too, and was one of the reasons she had to get plastic surgery before me. I went with her. The sight of her going in, looking like she always had, and coming out an hour later with a smooth but different face disgusted me. They're erasing us, bit by bit.

"Go look at him," she says now.

I frown. "Look at him? Why?"

"Just go, would you?" And she actually *shoos* me with her hand, a little sweeping gesture that leaves cigarette ash on the floor.

She knows it irks me; I think it's why she does it. Tina can piss me off better than anyone. We're not related but we refer to each other as siblings, a term we use to signify our closeness and, when I'm being negative and she's annoyed me somehow with her directness or bullheadedness, to refer to the pact that our bond doesn't feel like a choice. We grew up on Hephaestus, a little mining planet on the edge of the system. We weren't friends. Tina's a couple of years older than me, and we didn't have much to do with each other until we were two of the small group of people naturally immune to the epidemic that killed all our families before it was contained. It was handled so badly by the Corps that they offered us the spots on Dionysus if we promised not to tell anyone, back in the good old days, when they wouldn't just murder a couple of young girls to keep their secret.

I go over to the booth. Even in the dim light of the orange

lamp and under a baseball cap, the old dude looks *real* dead. His white skin is paler than pale and his jaw's hanging open. One eye's at half-mast and the other stares. I'm turning back to Tina, about to tell her I don't recognise him, when I pause. Something about him grosses me out. Not the fact that he's dead — I saw a lot more death on my home planet, most of it more gruesome — but *him*. He's repellent, despite probably having been good-looking in life. My eyes keep going back to his widow's peak, the cupid-shape of his lips. His face is swimming in my mind but I can't place him. A movie star? A politician?

"Who is it?" I say without turning away.

"I don't want to lead you," Tina says.

Okay, it's no-one famous. Tina wouldn't be trying to make a lesson about that. It's someone I know, or someone I should know. The widow's peak doesn't mean anything to me but the bee-stung lips get me. I remember looking at a photo of him and thinking *How can a war criminal have such kissable lips?*

"That's fucking Aloysius von Chrysler," I say.

Tina exhales a cloud of smoke. "Yeah, that's what I thought," says Tina.

I look back at the guy. He's Corps. Two years ago he took aim at a shuttle over-full of refugees from Exadia headed towards Dionysus. Their little planet, a rebel stronghold, was being decimated. Chrysler said he'd only meant to shoot near them, to get them to change course, but his accidental hit had managed to take out the shuttle's life support. It came out later that out that one of the passengers on the ship had been responsible for a guerrilla attack that wounded three Corps members. That was deemed enough reason to have killed the other five thousand, three hundred and four guests, a third of them children.

I turn slowly to her. "Did you...?"

Tina's lighting a cigarette at the bar. "No," she says. She blows out smoke like she's annoyed at it. "I didn't recognise him until I tried to kick him out and found out he'd already kicked the bucket."

She already sounds so annoyed at herself for not recognising him that I don't say anything, just move over to her and take a seat at the bar next to her.

"Do you think someone else...?"

She shakes her head. "I didn't see anything weird. He just came in towards the end of the shift, ordered a drink. Must've been a heart attack or embolism or something."

I nod, and then start laughing. Tina's nostril's flare. I think if she could, she'd be frowning.

"What could you possibly be laughing about?" she says.

"That fucker comes in here... and dies of natural causes."

Tina doesn't laugh. She's not much of a laugher in tense situations. "What would you have done? If he came into your cafe, and you recognised him?"

I look over at him and try to imagine it. If I pictured the faces of all the people killed on the shuttle I might be able to work myself up to — what? Pour boiling water on him? Gut him with a butter knife? Try to rustle up some poison for his coffee?

“I’d have called you,” I say.

Tina smiles, a genuine smile that used to make her eyes crinkle.

“Give me a drink,” I say.

“Really?”

“Yeah.” She pours me a shot and I drink it slowly, then gag.

“That whiskey costs more than you make in six months,” she says.

“Still tastes like shit,” I say dismissively.

Tina takes a sip of the whiskey and smacks her mouth in obvious approval, as if to show how wrong I am. It makes me smile and also makes me want to smack her at the same time.

“When’s the last time you dealt with the Corps?” I say, lighting a cigarette to cover the taste in my mouth.

“Susie,” she says. “They came around to ask questions. I got the impression they were just trying to check it wasn’t catching.”

Susie had worked with Tina for eight years before she jumped off the roof of their estate. I touch Tina’s leg briefly with my own. “I’m sorry,” I say.

Tina nods and finishes the rest of her whiskey. “What about you?”

“They beat one of my workers. Some old fuck accused him of stealing his wife’s comm. Turns out it was in her pocket the whole time. They blinded him.”

“Fuckers,” says Tina.

“Yeah.” I turn around. One of the corpse’s eyes regards us. I hope he was aware that he was dying, even for a second, and that he was scared.

I know our options. We call the Corps, we get in trouble anyway. We’ll both get done for negligence, or just Tina will, if she somehow manages to convince me to leave. Negligence is bad: we’ll get locked down, or forced into grunt work, or given more training; our homes will get searched and our friends will get questioned. We might get booted to the old folks’ home on the other side of the mountain, or that might just be what our friends are told.

“I shouldn’t have called you,” says Tina suddenly. “I just panicked.”

“Hey. Of course you should’ve called me,” I say. “We’re in this together.”

I said that when we got on the shuttle to bring us to Dionysus, holding hands. When we found out that sex work wasn’t mandatory, of *course* not, but refusing meant that we would get moved to sewage or drug production. When we found out

that workers never leave Dionysus. Even the idea is mocked: prisoners being mocked for wanting to leave their luxurious prisoner.

“I don’t want to report this,” says Tina.

“Me either,” I say.

We look at each other and then look away. I get the feeling Tina and I are testing each other, playing a little game, but like she didn’t want to lead me to identify the dead fuck, I don’t want to lead her to what I’m thinking of, so we just sit in silence, listening to the rain. We hear the noises of some partiers, probably workers, on their way home. Partying is encouraged on Dionysus, especially for the workers. They like us to take drugs that make it easy to party and hard to think.

Tina takes another sip of her whiskey and I drink some of my water. I want to smoke more weed — the effects are already wearing off, I’d made it light — or take a pill, but I’m worried if I do I’ll lose the idea in my head, that I’ll get doped out again, horrified by the atrocities but somehow removed from them, too.

I pour another shot and drink it down even though it’s awful. “I’m going to do something now, before I chicken out,” I say. I feel excitement, real excitement, for the first time in a long time. More excitement than the amount of credits left in my account after being set up with an oil-magnate, better than the new drugs coming out, even better, maybe, than seeing the images of Jimmy Baker before he got shot: I picture his big, goofy smile; his fist in the air.

I move before my brain takes over, in a short series of actions: deep breath, get up, walk over, switchblade out, picture the babies’ faces from the shuttle, stab the fucker in the heart.

It’s not as poetic as I think it’ll be. The blade slides along a rib and I have to do it again and again until the switchblade slips from my hands and Tina’s behind me, turning me around and hugging me. I shake in her arms until the whiskey turns on me and I have to go over to the little sink to throw up.

“That wasn’t fun,” I say, spitting into the sink, trying to stop feeling the blade skidding off his ribs.

“That’s good,” says Tina. “I don’t want you to get used to it.” She brings me another glass of water and I sip it slowly until my stomach settles.

“Better?”

“A little.”

She leads me to one of the booths. The adrenaline has taken the away the glorious cotton-wool feeling from my high and everything has sharp edges, even the light. I’m tired and hungry and when I reach to touch my eyes I’m surprised to find that I’m crying. “What’s this going to change? They’ll just find out that he died of natural causes.”

“Not before we make a broadcast,” says Tina. “Not be-

fore people know about Hephaestus. Not before we reference Jimmy, see if can't pass on the motivation." She has her comms out. "Shall we say you did it, or I did it, or we did it together?"

I take a deep breath. I don't know what I'm feeling; or rather, I'm feeling everything at once and I can't tell which emotion is in control. Fear, sorrow, grief, excitement, joy? Maybe the cacophony doesn't matter, maybe it's more important that I'm feeling. "I can't take you down with me," I say, wiping at my eyes, trying to remember the last time I cried.

"I can say it was me," says Tina, reaching out to take my hand.

"Nah," I say. I squeeze her hand. "I'm not going to let you have all the fun. Besides, it's time these fuckers stopped dying of old age."

I am Trash Man

Hex

I rip his helmet off and beat him with it. Everyone remains frozen, staring, empty. I scream, “Why didn’t you do anything?? Why didn’t you stop this? Why did you let this happen?” The blood runs down my chest. The other cops remain frozen. I throw him to the ground and jump on him. He stares, like a mannequin, vacant.

I pull a brick from the ground and smash his face, again and again and again, until the blood sprays on my face washes the bricks behind him. The blood from my chest drips on him and I scream, “What the fuck is wrong with you?! Why are you like this???”

I jump up and grab another cop and throw him, and then throw another, ripping off helmets, ripping off limbs. I beat one cop with the head of another. I continue, smashing and screaming, before collapsing to the ground and crying, “Why are you like this? Why the fuck are you like this?”

“You had armor. You could have stopped this. Why didn’t you do something,” my voice gives out as I scream, “WHAT THE FUUUUUUUUCCK?!!!”

No one moves. The crowd just stands frozen among the bodies of hundreds of dead cops. They can’t fight back. They don’t try. There would be nothing they could do.

“Are you still there?”

The therapist’s voice is distant at first. I don’t know how many times he repeated this question before I was able to actually process it.

“I asked you to rewrite this memory. You told me you would confront one of the cops who watched you get shot. What do you do with your anger? Remember, you are in control now. What do you do when you confront that cop who watched you? What do you do in this new memory?”

I speak slowly, carefully, quietly.

“I rip his helmet off... and beat him with it.”

Bios

Alex Ștefănescu circles around ideas about prefigurating a future of livable anarchy by having the kinds of connections between people that they want to see in the world. Or, at least, they try.

Andrea is a failed theoretical physicist trying to teach and write speculative fiction, jumping between Neolithic and Italian solarpunk. Started in the vineyards of Monferato and ended up among Finnish pines. He's a founding member of Novilunio Edizioni and undaunted mastodonian (sociale.network/@clockwoork). Born too late to be a No Global and too early for utopia, but just in time to try to make a difference.

Elijah SM is an interdisciplinary artist based in Berlin. Their artistic practice in recent years has focused on documenting experience and memory. An inward gaze that does not overlook the need to question the devastating socio-political reality. momiamanartist.com

Hex is an anarchist, hacker, parent, and occasional ham radio nerd, who writes fiction and non-fiction about conflict, trauma, technology, and hope.

Johnno Mercy (they/them) is an anarchist writer living in Berlin. When they're not writing stories, they can be found watching horror, patting dogs, and looking at bugs. Reach out if you want to talk horror, disability, birds, anarchist theory, or bullshit. @jnm@kolektiva.social

Juan Tramontina (er/ihm) wuchs auf verschiedenen Kontinenten auf und landete schließlich wieder in Deutschland. Frühe Schreibexperimente zerschellten zunächst am hereinbrechenden Leben. Heute verdingt er sich als Übersetzer. Und nebenher schreibt er auch. Er ist manchmal auf Mastodon unter literatur.social/@JuanTramontina zu finden.

M. (he/him) is an anarchist, baker, and part of Meiocerto Edições. meiocerto@riseup.net

Call for Submissions

For those who are already motivated, our Fall 2026 issue will be accepting submissions from **September 1st until the 30th** in both English and German. Like this issue, we will be accepting prose, poetry, art, and literary and artistic reviews of fiction, non-fiction, and other media such as films or artworks. Full details about the nature of the submissions and the guidelines can be found on our website. We hope to hear from you.

*a harbour is a place
from which to venture out*



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