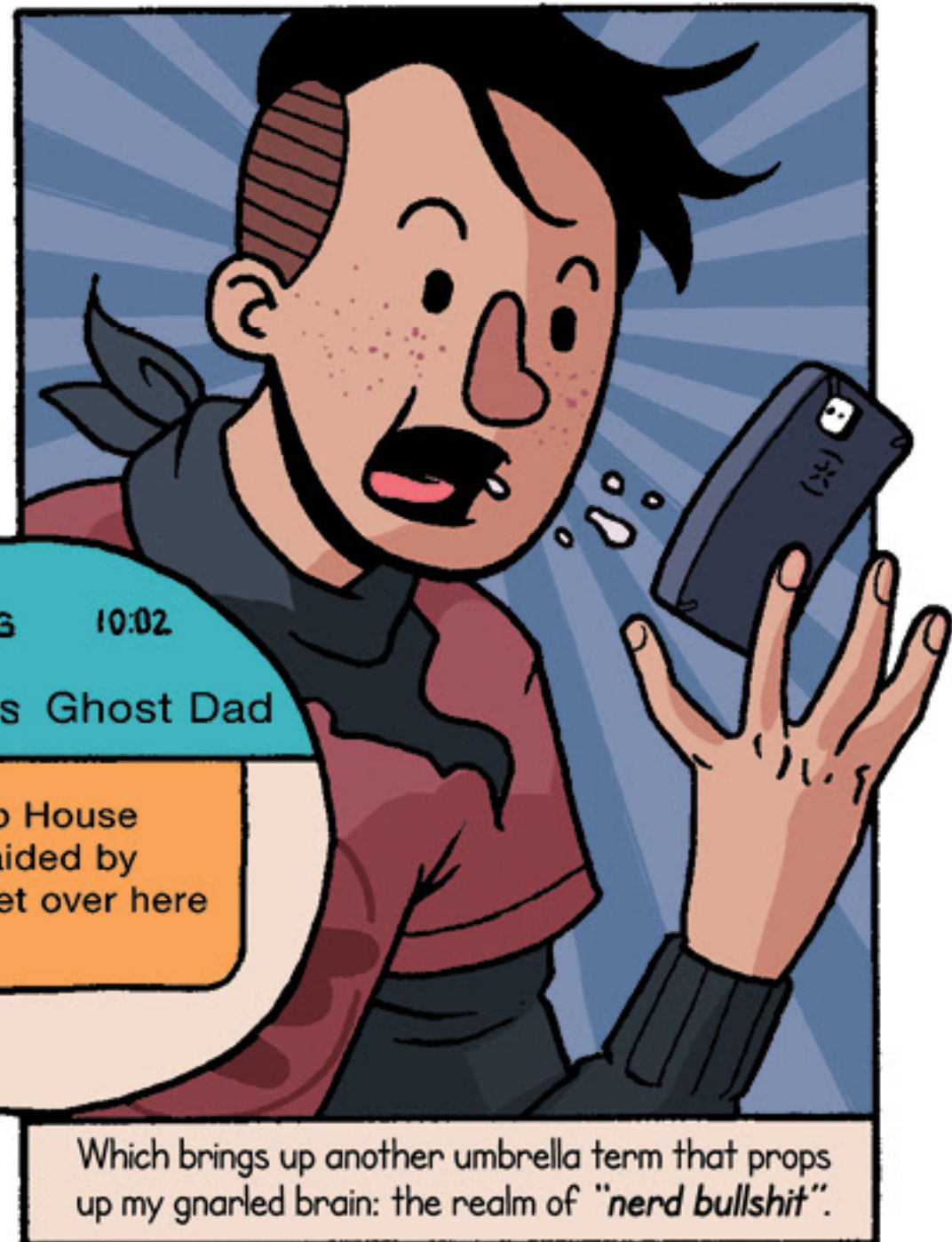


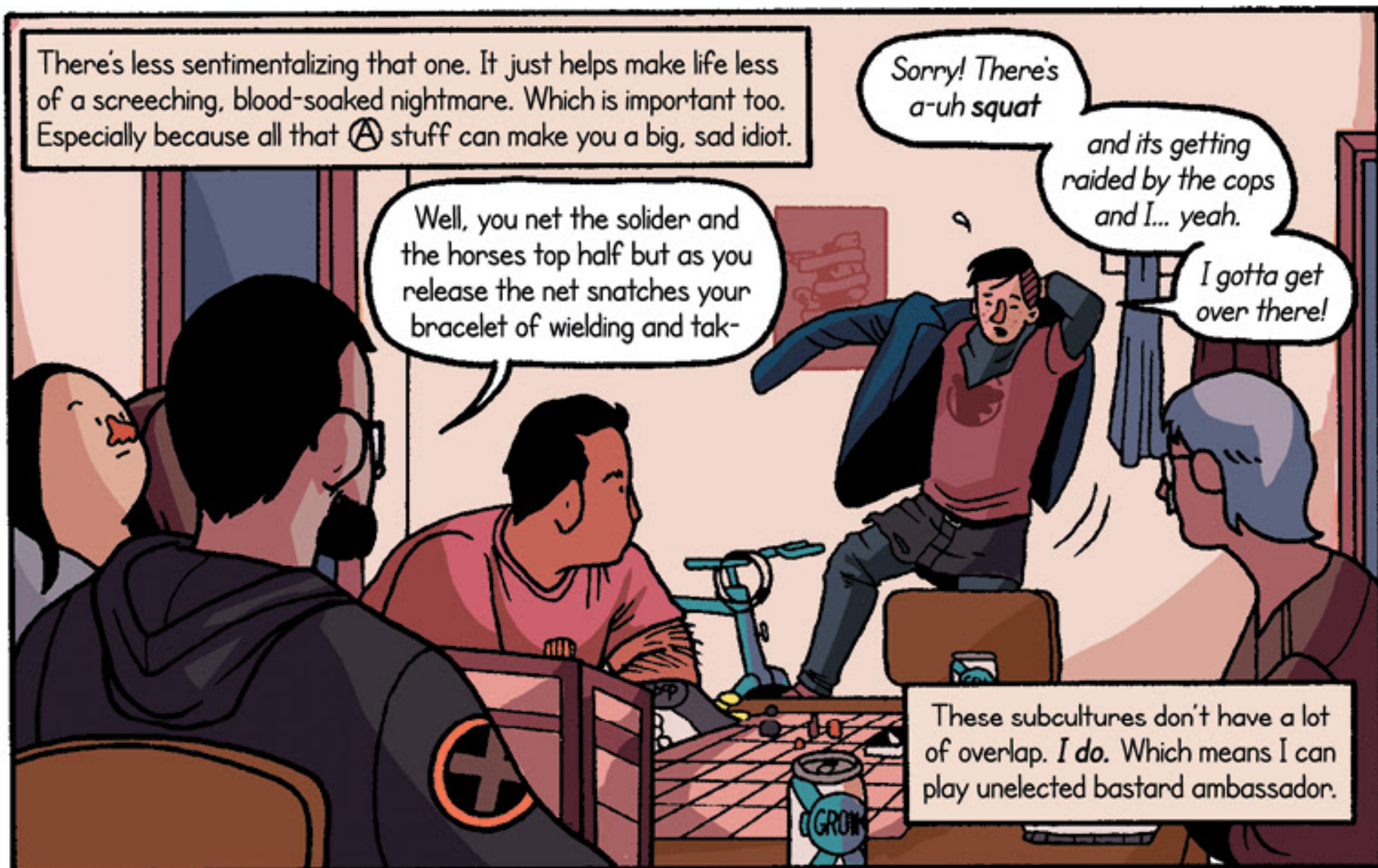
From babies first CrimethInc book to learning "Queer" is that word I've been looking for, Anarchist theory and its neighbors really helped me, for better or worse, with this "continue to be alive" thing. Encouraging the romantic notions I have about life, the universe, and everything, to coexisted with the doomed feeling there's something wrong that I need to avoid helping. Inspiring ideas about empathy that terrible past versions of me sorely needed.



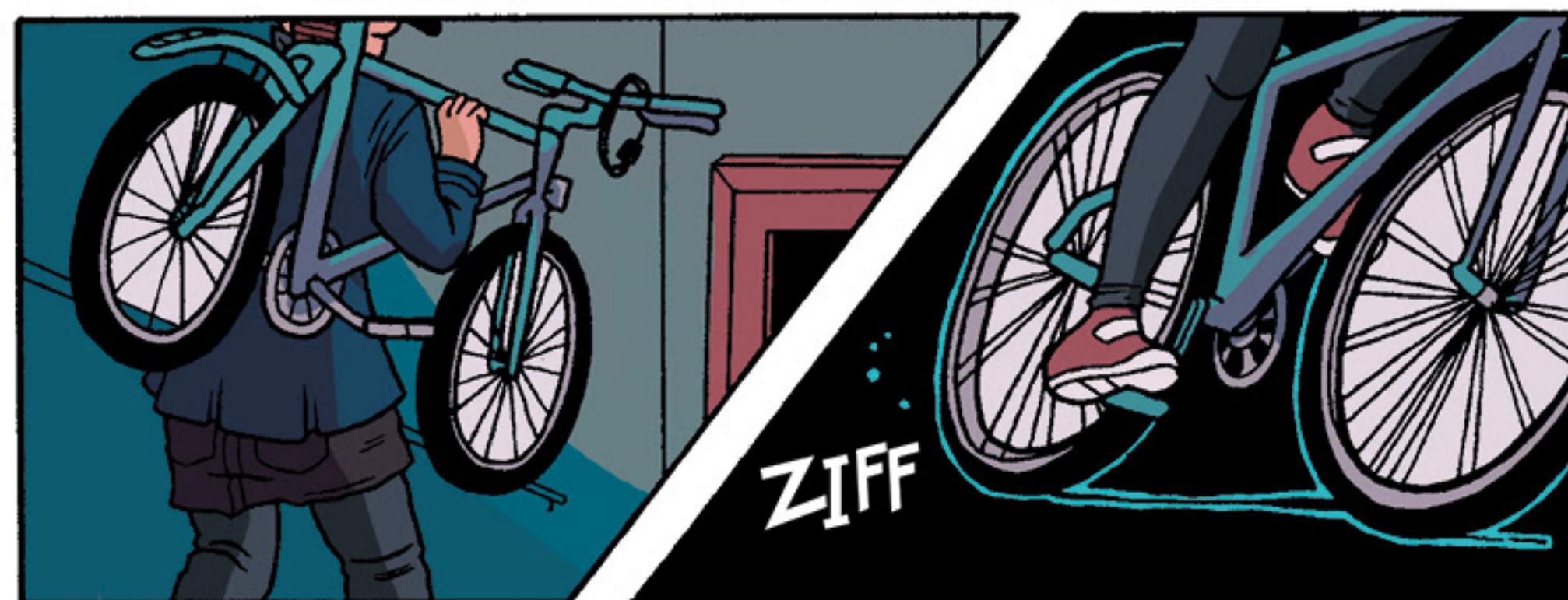
Which doesn't mean much. Titles are just there to save time. I could consider myself an *anarchist* in the same way I consider myself a *level ten wild mage**.



*More than you'd think



No, I'm more like a spy. The big saboteur fish in several small, unsuspecting ponds.
Bringing my kooky ideas about right and wrong with me. Making a mess.



If these are two big ingredients melting together in my brain's Subculture Crock Pot why don't I feel at home in either? Is there cross-section? Could I start my own sub-scene with some regicide themed RPGs or a militant queer star gazing group?

No. I, uh, said astronomy not astrology...

I like the moon too... Just... different than you.

We would meet at the observatory to talk outer-space then, when the bars let out, go throw punk bros into swamps? Lemme know if you're in.

Meh. It was kinda boring.

The Dispossessed
Ursula K. Le Guin
a novel

I mean considering: zine culture, the great saboteur feminist comics, dystopian sci-fi's unavoidable commentaries, and the great fantasy recommendations I have gotten from Anarchists; its pretty obvious that radicals make for prime turbo-nerds.

Which makes sense. If there's one group that could appreciate the concepts of chaotic good vs. lawful evil, epic struggles, suspension of disbelief, and (of course) pageantry: it's anarchists.



