

The Anarchist Library (Mirror)

Anti-Copyright



anonymous

'Wearing the Scars Inside'

2018

<https://325.nostate.net/2018/10/12/pdf-step-into-the-unknown-zine-uk>

Taken from Return Fire vol.6 chap.1, a U.K.-based green anarchist zine. PDFs of Return Fire and related publications can be read, downloaded and printed by visiting [[returnfire.noblogs.org](https://returnfire.noblogs.org)][<https://returnfire.noblogs.org>] or emailing [returnfire@riseup.net](mailto:returnfire@riseup.net)

Ed. – Extracted from the art collage zine 'Step into the Unknown', which you can see in its full glory at [325.nostate.net/2018/10/12/pdf-step-into-the-unknown-zine-uk](https://325.nostate.net/2018/10/12/pdf-step-into-the-unknown-zine-uk) (printing to read is recommended). Our apologies to the author for any changes from the original spelling that occurred during our transcription.

[usa.anarchistlibraries.net](http://usa.anarchistlibraries.net)

## 'Wearing the Scars Inside'

anonymous

2018

As an anarchist my feelings are not of detachment, I don't think with the politics that I have that I can easily divorce them from the personal, our emotional make-ups are going to be different depending on our life experiences, we may share some goals but carry different baggage, so how we go forward & jump hurdles in life will differ so it would be easier if politically close friends would find the patience to see that maybe we can't all be one happy family – some of us never had the faith, the social skill set in the first place to ever believe the tribe was the best team-spirit & all that!

Where we feel most alive is on the edge of anarchism, the edge of society, in the margins, lonely but true.

**I'm not in any position (if there is) to say that my brand of freedom that I'm reaching for is any better than the next guy's, but even with my narrow glimpse view back into history I find it easy to relate to those who were prepared to shove to better their lot**, but some fluke I've become someone who is unable to swallow passively like some hand-reared lamb, if this offends others then that's just tough, if you're left with a bad taste in your mouth you're just gunna have to get used to it.

I suppose it depends on whether you wear a badge or a scar to define who you are, when it comes to the crunch & things get tough all the tattoos in the world ain't gonna save you, of course if you stay real cool you can change or ditch the badge or even have a skin-graft, but this option is not open to those wearing the scars inside.

If you get me wrong & don't understand then the fault belongs with me, my inability to communicate effectively, I can find it difficult to talk to people especially when I can't see their teeth, do they have any bite, are they prepared to push?, are they a different breed? Have they evolved into something pliable & tame, accustomed to being shat on?!

[...] No-one's going to particularly like what I'm about to write, but here goes! (What the fuck.) I'm cynical but also optimistic, I have a gut feeling that people who very much would like to save their own asses are dressing it up as the new cutting edge & at the frontline of conflict, subsistence-farming, back to the land romanticizing the good life: Richard Briars & Penelope Keith, the idea the economy is going to crash and in 3 weeks there will be no food on the shelves of the supermarkets but these people's mind-sets keep them a million miles away from the millions who can't achieve off-grid living, I like the idea of independence, **I recognize the importance of constructing a kind of mental infrastructure to fall back on in times of hardship, but not a single treasure that could be held to ransom**, but some of these home-steaders seem to like surrounding themselves with expensive bespoke gizmo's of a bygone-age & hiding away from the common plebs, the nearest they've got to a social revolution was 10 years ago when they chucked a petrol-bomb in a wet-dream, what they cum in their pants about nowadays is the possibility of a weekend away lodging in a refurbished windmill, roll out the sourdough!

[...] I dance on other people's shattered dreams to the sound of ram-raiding cars reversing, the sound of my unheard words fall on the graves of unsung heroes.

Over time I've learned not to give a shit so to be able to travel forward, the buildings crumbling due to the expanding roots of invasive plants give me the inspiration to seed-bomb.

I've kissed my ass goodbye because continuously guarding it became such a bind[...] Allocation of time, breaking out of what is comfortable, living on the edge of your comfort-zone, seeing with your own eyes what is possible, being brave enough to push stigma aside, fight dirty.

The smaller groups makes you aware as there is no crowd to hide behind or in, it becomes acutely obvious to you where your limitations and weaknesses lie, any short-comings are far quicker exposed, you are relied upon so you have to be responsible & stay honest & solid.

[...] **When I was a teenager the government taught me how to cut down trees with health & safety in mind, I used this skill to take down advertising boards in my 20's.** Recently I visited the part of the country I grew-up in, like a lot of places it's being developed, I saw the new roads where industry might take root, but then I saw opportunities from a different angle, unheaval where weeds flourish – faster growers than cultivated plants, survivors shooting up from surprising places, stop-over gaps in concrete landscape, holes that the new infrastructure unintentionally made, shelter for fugitives.