

Eris: An Anarchist Zine Vol I.

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“Good girl” Democracy, “Bad boy” Anarchism.

What comes to mind when someone says “Democracy”. The Greeks. America. The political epitome of liberty, of justice. Human rights. Everyone participates. Everyone has a voice. Each vote counts.

Great. No one can argue against that, right? You’d be some kind of, freedom-hating Disney villain if you did.

Let’s imagine this: you’re walking on a nice prairie, full of radiant grass, sunshine and love. Your beautiful hair reflects the light in a silvery-golden kind of way. There’s you and 9 other peeps.

Suddenly, you all come to a cliff. One looks down: “There’s a 100 meter cliff to the sea!”. Indeed, all walk and hey, its there. Someone says: “I think we should all jump!”. You think “what a fucking retard!” He goes on to say, “let’s call on a vote!” Fair enough.

Everyone casts their vote. Some random peep counts.....:

6 in favour...

4 against.

Ok then... honest truth swear to god... Are you gonna fucking JUMP?

Well, you should. These are the rules of the game. IF more than half want to do something, the less than half have to do it as well. You lost. Die, for Democracy.

What comes to mind when someone says “Anarchy” *gasps and covers mouth.

Hm... bombs. Teenagers dressed in black and covering their face with a bandana throwing stones at the riot police. Everyone murdering and raping everyone around them. Going fucking bananas.

Of course. Anarchism is for rebels who are just lazy, have nothing to lose, and would just like to see the world burn.

Let’s imagine this now: you are in your bed. You just finished Game of Thrones saga for the third time, and are calling it a day. You pat yourself in the back. You payed your bills, you hugged your Ma. Good good. Set the alarms to... ZAAAAP! You’re on a fucking alien ship. There’s other 99 people on board, you can see they’re from different ethnicities/backgrounds. Some start speaking in Mandarin. You are puzzled, to say the least. A hot alien chic comes to the spaceship hall, and says: “We are a species from Alpha Centauri who evolved to LOVE randomness. We love playing dices all day long. We toss coins for every decision we make.” You look at her, and fair deal, you too have spent some crazy nights at the casino with your mates.

She goes on to explain your fate: “Out of pure fucking randomness, we decided to grab 100 of your species, fly them to the edge of the Universe to an earth-like planet that is hidden even from the most advanced intergalactic beings, and FUCKING LEAVE YOU THERE! Hahahahaha, she bursts into laughter.

And lo and behold, they drop you there.

Wind starts blowing, the Chinese folks start talking to each other. There is a frightened little girl. You all look at each other.

What happens next?

1. LET THE MASSACRE BEGIN!!!!!!
2. Hey, is everyone alright?

3. What the fuck should we do!?
4. I'm gonna go check if there's water and food around
5. I'm gonna go my own way
6. ...
7. ...
8. ...
9. ...

There you go. Anarchy.

So jokes aside. Let's break it down.

Democracy: Each of the 10 people walking in the field gets to vote. They seem to be following some kind of game rule. And that downright says something: We are respecting something above us. A set of laws. And, it also says: Everyone's will counts. We are respecting each other as individuals. We are all equal, ie. no one is better than the other. But hey, when the votes add up, even if you really **STRONGLY** feel for or against what is being decided by the group, your vote always counts for 1. Fair deal, who am I to have a greater say in the group? But now... now you need to jump off a cliff. The group has reached that decision democratically. You are part of the group. And you agreed to the rules of the game.

So, it would seem that democracy is fine... so long as it's working for you. So long as they don't touch on something that you value deeply as an individual. For how long will you compromise, and adapt? Ok, sometimes my vote wins, sometimes it loses. It's the game, you might say. But one day sooner than later, they're gonna count votes on something that is very important to you, and if and when you lose, you will realize that you have signed a contract without reading the small letters.

To sum up, "good girl" democracy: I respect your individuality, as I let you participate in my game regardless of what I think of you. However, when things get intense, and your little bead does not add up to a greater pile, then you lose that precious thing you've got... Individuality :)

Anarchy: You are alone with 99 other strangers. You might never return home. Aliens will most likely never come back, unless they randomly decide to. There is no government. No institutions. No laws nor law enforcement. Only you and 99 other human beings, in the far corner of the Universe. Well, that downright says: you are free to do what you want or feel like. There are no game rules. What does that mean? Well... A) B) C) D) E) ... and so on. Individual freedom of choice. Hey, that sounds dangerous. What if one of the group decides to attack me to get more food? Or for no reason at all? I don't know him. Who will protect me? What are his/her values? I don't know what they are made of. Suddenly you see all as individuals. No group cohesion, unless voluntary by each of the group's parts. There could be an initial "Oh shit", is this the Wild wild west? Should I reach for my gun? Should I trust him, her. Should I trust myself? And then comes choice.

To sum up, "bad boy" anarchism: I see you are an individual, because I know I am one. I don't know if you are good or bad. I don't know whether to trust you. I also really don't truly know what I am made of, as I have never been free in this way. Deep breath... and, choose.

Hey, let's bring in two feline companions to join us just for fun:

The (?) "Idealist Lioness":

"Guys, look, lets ALL pluck out our teeth and claws, so that we make sure that no one can hurt each other or themselves, okay?"

And, the (?) "Noble Tiger":

"I'm gonna go around and pluck out everyone's teeth and claws, this way no one can hurt each other or themselves. I'll keep mine just in case you need protection from bad boy Anarchism."

A children's story

Once upon a time, there was a Lion, who wanted to be like the Sun.

Everyday, he would wake up at dawn, and he would sit and gaze at the horizon, waiting for the Sun to rise.

As soon as he saw the bright disk surface above the ground, he would start running towards it.

And so he would chase the Sun, hoping to arrive to the place where He was born. Sometimes he could not help but tire, yet he would keep walking, and he would sprint again as soon as he could gather strength. The giraffes looked down on him, whispering mean comments to each other about how eccentric he was. The hyenas laughed away hysterically. His heart hurt. Yet he would not give away his dream.

One day, he became very thirsty. He had been so hopeful that he was about to arrive to meet the Sun, that he had forgotten to drink for days. He looked around, and he found there was nothing, no one to be seen. He could not go back, and the night was falling upon him.

He lay on the ground, looking at the many stars that slowly begun to appear in the sky. There was a constellation that looked like serpent eyes. He looked into them, they were striking. For some reason he asked those eyes, when would he find the Sun? He felt a fool, of course, as nothing replied. He sighed, and closed his eyes, falling fast asleep.

He dreamt he was in a forest. As he walked, not knowing where he was, he saw many beings of colours, dark and bright, talking and laughing and having a good time. He thought they were beautiful, yet he could not understand their language. There was an old man sitting on a large stone, his head was covered with a hood, and he held a torch on his right hand. As the Lion approached him, he saw he was wearing a golden ring. The sight brought back to him a long forgotten memory, which filled him with joy. He begun to laugh, and as he laughed, he begun to shrink, until he turned into a Bunny. He leaped away into the forest, where a Dove welcomed him. They became friends. The dream never faded away, and each day the Dove flies to the sky, and back in the forest she recites to the Bunny, poems written by the Sun.

Entering the Deep, Dark Web: Part I

So you want to browse sensitive information? Maybe you have chemical skills and are looking for a recipe to cook a "new product" (think Breaking Bad). Or maybe you have some tough enemies... you might like to learn how to make an incendiary (AKA molotov) cocktail, just to watch the world burn. Or, how about getting your hands on some of that extremely pure Goblin's

Den 3.0, or Aztec LSD that's going around? Whatever your "special needs" are, you are going to want to stay anonymous online; you don't want the LE (Law Enforcement) getting your network I.P and raiding your cellar to catch you red-handed with a newly bought 9mm Glock, a key of speed, 2K counterfeit euros, and a couple of fake ID's.

Quick info:

Deep web: internet content that is not indexed by search engines such as Google. So you either have to know the website address, or have had been granted access to this content by the parent site.

Dark web: part of the Deep web devoted to illegal activities

Tor: an open source program that allows you to navigate and communicate online anonymously. This happens because the Tor network relays your data through many independent nodes that are run by voluntaries, so if anyone (say LE) wants to look at any given point of the network, they will not know where that data is coming from.

Darknet markets: markets such as Empire, or Cryptonia where you can buy anything from drugs, counterfeit money, malicious software, weapons, etc. Most sellers send goods with stealth in mail (letters, etc)

Bitcoin: This is the most used anonymous currency on the Darknet. Bitcoin is not emitted or approved by any government, it is an independent online global currency. You can register on sites such as Coinbase.com and make a purchase with a credit card, or find a bitcoin ATM or a seller on Localbitcoins.com to buy some with cash.

Bitcoin wallet: This is a software (such as Electrum) where you will store and send your bitcoins.

Dreaddit: A Tor hidden forum much like Reddit devoted to the darknet. Keep yourself updated on markets status, scams, etc

Onion.live: A website where you can find most market's onions (hidden addresses), Dreaddit's, and more

PGP: You might want to use a software such as Kleopatra to create your personal key, so that you can encrypt your communication with sellers or other people online without risking a leak. You'll have a key pair, one is public (you give it to seller or friends), the other is private. You decrypt messages with your private key.

Escrow: When choosing a seller on a market, chose one with many confirmed sales and good reputation. You also want to choose one that offers Escrow. Escrow means that until you don't receive the product, the bitcoins remain with a third-party.

Legal notes: browsing darknet markets is not illegal. Making a purchase might be, but its nearly impossible for someone to prove you did. Once you get something prohibited in your mail, and/or take it inside your house, that becomes much more blurry.

So say that, for example, you want to buy some magic. This is the simplest way to do it (there are safer ways, but for relatively small quantities of drugs (some grams) I wouldn't worry. For more hardcore shit, I'd recommend more precautions (wait Part II)):

1. Download and install Tor
2. Open Tor. Go to onion.live. Search market "Empire". Register. Write down your password and PIN somewhere safe.

3. Search “Mescaline” and look for the offers. Choose one with highest reputation, and best someone who mails from the EU. Write down the price.
4. Download Electrum wallet. Save your mnemonic key somewhere safe.
5. Buy bitcoins via Coinbase.com. You will have to provide your ID (no problem, buying bitcoins is legal, and they won't be able to track you down when you send bitcoins to a seller). Buy more bitcoins than the price of the mescaline, because coinbase.com takes a cut, and some is lost when you transfer to and from your wallet
6. Log in to Empire market (Note: Empire might be down by the time you read this, search for an active market!). Transfer bitcoins to your Empire wallet. Wallet addresses look something like this: ajaKG21Pajlrjbg29Sxa32jghKapw2Lajwo44Az....
7. Go to the mescaline listing. Press buy. Write down your name (or a made up name, unless you think this would raise suspicion) and real physical mail (home or other) address. Make sure to (in Empire's case) check the “encrypt message using seller's PGP” box. If you are on another market you may have to encrypt it yourself using Kleopatra.
8. Wait for mail to arrive, don't throw any letter as sometimes they have good stealth and you might confuse it for some utility bill, advertising pamphlet etc.
9. Once received, test or try the product to see its legit. Log in to Empire and release the funds to the seller and rate their service from 1–5 stars and comment. This helps the community know who are the real deal and who are doing a lousy job.
10. Enjoy, repeat, and share.

Myth, Biology

Everyone's dancing at the party. Question comes to mind: Why are we all not making love? Why are we, the youth, not going out into the streets to claim the city? Why are we not heroes and heroines? Why don't we take over, *now*, and paint the world in colours?

It's the body, the biology, in which the myth is embedded, that becomes our prison. Evolution. Survival of the fittest. No one wants to make love with the crippled. So we differentiate. This woman, this man, her/him I want to love. A stranger passes by. Strange feels bad... Maybe I want to kill him. Cast him or her out, so that it's just “us” left. Maybe we should form a militia, and strike down all “the others”. Why spread love, when we can spread bullets? Let's arm ourselves, and shoot the old down, so the young can be. But let's not stand in between, doing fuck nil.

Because there's the way of courage, of the original myth, and there's the way of violence and hate, biology's thirst for dominance. And then there's ego. That inner fire, our personality (persona = mask in greek), our politeness to avoid direct violence, and our grace to win affection and allies. It's our desire to shoot to the stars. Cause, why love? Why hate? When we can ego-trip; feel cosy inside our minds, and detach ourselves from body and myth? Live our own lives, free from the god and beast that reside in the deep. So we dance, side by side, facing towards the DJ, and no one loves, and no one hates. We all trip.

But, not everyone can shine. Not everyone can wear golden tiaras and feel like kings or queens forever. We're building pressure. Someone is gonna break. Someone will eventually subside and let the love out...
or the hate.

Dove & Bunny

We ALL *know* that anarchists LOVE to have unprotected sex, and get us all pregnant. But, is there more to Anarchism than love-making? Let's see.

Google!

Yes Dove?

What is Anarchism!

Anarchism is an anti-authoritarian political and social philosophy that rejects hierarchies deemed unjust and advocates their replacement with self-managed, self-governed societies based on voluntary, cooperative institutions

Well, that just about explains everything. I'm lost, are you lost?

Bunny, jump in.

Ehm... y-y-yeah.

^don't stutter

OK. ANARCHISM

^lower your voice

Anarchism, is.. Why the fuck do we have police? Why are they telling us what the fuck to do?!

Oh. Excuse us, he turned into big cat now.

(drags Lion to corner. *slap)

He needs time to think. Hey, that's a lovely sweater. Is everyone here from Ljubljana? *blushes shyly

Bunny?

Yes, sorry

^don't apologize

When you are within a group

^easier words

When you are with your friends, who decides what to do? You

^wait for someone to answer

*guy at the back coughs.

We decide together

Good

^don't patronize him

If someone wants to do something else, what do you do?

*girl raises hand

We try to convince her

If you can't convince her

^less questions. Actually, let me finish

She agrees to because she wants to *be* with you. She *likes* you. So she goes to the rollercoaster, even if she is afraid, because she wants to spend time with her friends, and that's what her friends want to do.

Google!

Yes Dove?

How many people in the world!

7.7 billion people in the world.

*looks at Bunny

Yes, according to research we can have meaningful relationships with around 150 people.

^where did you get that fact?

I Googled it.

^hey, I Google

And what do I do?!

^Are you getting angry? *looks at him coldly

No.

^Then why have you turned into a big fat cat?

Why have you turned into a fucking bitch?

Ok, cigarette break.

*Lion and Snake exit stage and stare at each other

Why are we even doing this?

I don't know, because you want to *be* like the SUN, remember?

And what do you want?

I'm just here to help *looks away and puffs her cigar

I find that hard to swallow.

I've got everything I need.

So you have no desires, yet you are here to help me with mine...

Isn't that what friends do?

I would like to have a friend who shares my dream

But your dream is *yours*, and isn't that what Anarchy is ALL about? Setting *dreams* free?

Yes, it is. Do you love me?

Do you love *me*?

I love Dove.

I love *Bunny*.

Let's go on, then.

*Dove and Bunny re-enter stage

Guns, Why don't I have one?

I've got some knives at home. Knives are useful, I cut my garlic with sleek precision. No one would be naïve enough to propose that knives should be made illegal, even though I could also use them to cut someone's throat.

What about guns? I guess I could use one to shatter a lock if I close the door and forget my keys inside. Other than that, guns are for shooting. For shooting people, more specifically. So, it makes sense then; guns are illegal. Fair enough.

But wait, why does the po-po wear guns in their cool leather straps? I feel disarmed when I see them approaching me in their dark uniform. I feel powerless. *We* are powerless. Because some get to bear guns, and some, don't. What do you do if someone who has a 9mm glock tells you to kneel? You kneel. What do you do if someone who has a 9mm glock, tells you to kneel, but this time, you got a desert eagle stuffed in your pants? That's a whole different story now.

Guns, are what sets us apart from the police, and the stiff institutions that back them, and give them their payroll to be obedient mercenaries, and make us kneel in turn. They get a nice hard-on enforcing the law on disarmed, eunuch noobs. Yeah... How about we *all* bear arms? Yes, some drunkards will shoot each other at the end of their pub crawl. Some lowlives will form mean gangs and maybe even shoot a real man who is walking hand by hand with a real woman, in the face, to feel they are alpha after all. But come a street dog trynna rape a girl, and she's bearing a nice berretta, he'll think about it two-time.

Come the LE trynna evict a squat, they'll show adequate respect. Men without guns are but kids, if other men are bearing guns around them, be them police, military, security, and so on. Either no one has guns, and we peace the fuck out, or we ALL have guns, and then comes respect, regardless. Because when you know a man or woman can kill you with a quick draw of the gun, you treat them like Man, and Woman, with capital M & W.

Guns for all will spice sexual lives up. Think about it; a man approaches a woman at a techno party, she's dancing and has two replicas on straps at the sides of her hip, he's got an uzi showing out from the front of his maroon jeans; they don't even need to talk, the love is already happening.

So either we remain kids, doing only whats allowed by the armed men in uniform, or we Man-up ourselves, and GET US SOME *fuckin* GUNS!

Animal Rights

Go to any country, and ask whats their typical food. Some respect cows as sacred. Some don't eat pigs because they are impure. But all traditional dishes will have meat, or dairy products in them.

Why ask them to go vegan, to stop eating meat? You cannot take a persons' culture away, even if you think that culture is diseased. Men and women need an identity, however false it would be. Take football away, take fashion away, take national flags away, take TVs away. What do they have left?

No one likes to suffer. Cows have a nervous system, and an amygdala in their brain that processes emotions, much like us. When they are separated from their offspring's, they suffer. When they are milked with no break, they suffer. They collapse on the floor due to the stress. They don't get to walk on the grass, they are confined to artificial spaces where they can barely move. They are injected hormones to accelerate their growth and fed low grade grains with antibiotics that sterilize their gut. They are imprisoned from birth to death, their only role is not to live, but to give us their milk and meat. Then we go and buy an ice-cream to enjoy on a summer day. It costs us 2 euros. It costs the cow a humiliating life of misery.

So, why care? Its not happening to us. No one cares about suffering until he or she learns what suffering is. And even then, he or she only thinks about stopping that pain. Once it stops, few go back to help others get out from theirs, because hey, we only got one life, yolo, fuck everything, I'm just gonna go my way, right?

Feeling empathy and compassion for others is weakness. It doesn't feel good. No one wants to help the psychotic beggar on the street, though its obvious he must be in the definition of hell. What can one do anyway? Bring him home, make him take a hot shower, give him clothes, maybe even pay him a doctors visit to prescribe some antipsychotics. Then what? He's just going to re-collapse if we don't follow up on our good Samaritan experiment.

And what about the cow? Well, we can stop eating cheese. We can lower our meat intake. We can organize a raid to an intensive farm and free the cows, go to jail and achieve nothing. We can go around telling people to go vegan. "Fuck your culture, what you are doing is wrong..."

But no one likes to be told they are immoral. So now what? We're going to eat soy-bean butter, and tofu, and hope everyone will eventually come to the realization that vegan is better?

Vegan is shit. Even the word sounds like some kind of futuristic androgynous alien cult. No one will "go Vegan", because Veganism right now is a fad. Its like trying for everyone to "go Crossfit", or go "Paleo". The moment someone decided to label the "movement", to put a word to the respect for animals, they fucked it good. So if I care for animals I'm a vegan? No, I just care for animals. I care for suffering. That doesn't make me a vegan, that makes me a human being. So instead of inviting people to a fucking club, we could say "lets try eating less meat", "lets try giving cattle a more dignified life", "lets stop the use of antibiotics because its affecting our own health", "lets not cut cows horns because they are a part of their identity", "lets give them more space", "lets give them breaks and not milk them constantly", "lets allow them to spend more time with their offspring". Asking the world to stop eating meat and milk is unrealistic. Veganism as a movement does more wrong than good. It separates us: There's the people who care for animals and us who don't. Why the fuck am I going to convert? When they are saying that what Im doing and what I have been doing all my life is wrong. Even if they agree, they will never "convert", because for that they would need to swallow their pride, and admit that "vegans were right". When someone says "I'm a vegan", they are taking the moral high ground, they're saying: "I'm better than you". No one likes that, I don't like that, you probably don't even like that I'm saying this because I'm taking the "intellectual high ground" or whatnot. However, egos and dicks aside, we need to rethink strategy.

In the end, its just food. Lets make our food industry more healthy and fair, that's it. Wanna eat meat? Go for it, but don't torture the cow while she's alive. Actually, wouldn't it be nice if everyone who ate meat was required to slaughter a fucking cow with a big knife at least once in their lives? Oooh, you don't wanna do it? That's cute, then stop hiring hitmen to do it for you?

I would do it by the way :(Or at least grab the knife, look her in the eyes, and make a decision for good.

A riddle:

If she kills, she'll go to jail.
If she loves, she'll go where they keep the insane.
If she does neither, she's in pain.
If she says the truth,
They'll see the cards with which she plays.
If she lies,
She won't be herself.

A poem:

I'd gift you flowers,
Though I rather gift you a gun,
Because there is no rose
without spines.
I'd wait for that rose to grow
but I don't have much time,
When you gift your rose to the one,
Will you remember it was me,
who gave you your spines?

A Haiku:

A beautiful girl...
She is afraid of freedom;
Am I to free her?

Crazy

Everyone LOVES being the *opposite* of crazy. How do you call that Bunny?
Sane... Though, was the man who dropped _ on Hiroshima crazy or sane? He wasn't sent to a madhouse when he returned home. But he pushed a button that destroyed a whole city and made it radioactive till today.

^Did you double-check your facts?

Yeah-yeah

Ok. That *man*... wait, let's find a name! Google!

Yes Dove?

Who dropped the atomic bomb on.. Was it Hi-ro-shima baby?

Yeah.

"So many had, in an instant, lost those dearest to them. Eiko Taoka, then 21-years-old, was carrying her 1-year-old **infant** son in her arms aboard a streetcar"

Oh. *looks around shocked. Thanks Google.. you can go now. Bunny?

It doesn't really matter who dropped it Dove. It could have been any of us. Thing is, we are living in a world where some people get to decide what is normal, and what is crazy to do.

*guy at the front raises hand

Yeah. I'm getting tired of Dove and Bunny, just give us the fucking facts mate.

Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that honey... *Looks to Bunny

Just give us a sec. So, take someone who is actually declared "crazy", and locked in a looney-bin for "his own good". What if he or she suffers and got out of control because the world we built around them would not let them be themselves?

*some more patient guy:

What do you mean?

Why are roads straight? Why do we buy our food from supermarkets? Why do we ignore strangers? Why do we work shifts?

Because that's reality. Straight roads are more effective. Supermarkets exist because there's too many of us. We don't know strangers. We work shifts because we need money to buy stuff.

I think what Bunny is trying to say is, we *assume* things should be this way, because it's the only thing we have ever *known*.

*girl sitting on a chair at the side clears her throat

What else could there be? If we ended up living like this, it's because this is our nature.

Bunny: If you walk down a path you have never walked before, you take some turns and you arrive somewhere. Do you stay there forever?

If you like it there, yes, why go somewhere else?

Dove: Do we *really like* it here?

*guy at the back shifts in his chair

I'm fine with the way things are. Why change everything and risk losing what we have built?

Bunny: Remember that girl who went to the rollercoaster with her friends, even though she didn't like it, because she wanted to be with them? How long have we been on this rollercoaster?

Didn't you say we can only have meaningful relationships with 150 persons? Not to be a dick but, as he said, not everyone around me is my friend, and my friends are doing Ok. It's life.

Bunny: What about your friend's friends? 150x150, *pulls calculator... you've got 22.500 persons, minus the ones you and they share in common. There's probably many who are not enjoying the way things are.

Yes, fair enough. Say we change the ride. What if *I* don't enjoy it? Or some of my friends, or some of my friend's friends?

*Another girl adds:

He's right, what if we just make a whole mess trying to change things in the first place? And what if it's really not up to us anyway...

Dove: Baby I *know*. I don't think anyone has the answer to that.

^Did you try Google?

^Ha-ha. That's *mean*.

Well, it's true. We don't know what would happen if we try changing the game rules. But if we keep doing only what is accepted as "normal", we will just have that; normal lives. There will always be that lingering feeling: That we could have shot to the stars.

So, Bunny and Dove get outta stage. Are they in love with each other? Can a guy be friends with a girl? That's not the scope of this zine.

But hey, since we're talking about insanity, let's branch off a bit and talk about Medusa's eyes.

Everyone likes to hallucinate, psychedelics are fun, so you take LSD, mescaline or whatnot. But few go and eat a Belladonna berry. You hallucinate, yes, but it's not all that fluffy... you become trapped in time loops, you have conversations with people and beings that are not there, time breaks apart, you dream wide awake. And those dreams, well, they take you low, they take you high, and there's always something quite off about them: you are never truly yourself. And of course, in contrast to most hallucinogens like psilocybin, you don't even remember you took the plant. You are hardcore inside this dream, and the dream morphs, it changes, sometimes it falls back, it evolves, but it never actually moves forward. You are stuck in .. Wonderland? More like... You know that typical scene in fantasy movies when Frodo or some colourful folk tells his friend "Don't look into that flower!", and the dumb fuck looks into it, and opens his eyes

wide and leans forward slowly, and sound becomes muffled, as if that flower had just caught, hypnotised, sucked, captured his fucking soul inside? Well, that's what happens when you take these plants. You enter delirium. Devil's horn (Datura), Atropa Belladonna. Devil, Beautiful Lady of Death. That's my Medusa right there. And the odd thing about Medusa, is... she is a pretty gal. I would say, she is insanely beautiful. She is deep. She is intense. She knows quite a bit, things I never found in books, in conversations. She has a million masks. And sometimes she lends me one of her masks, just for a few minutes, maybe an hour, or a day. And so, I morph with her. But hey, she is Medusa after all. Those are snakes, mate. Poisonous snakes. And they bite away. She feeds me with new dreams every minute, every hour, and as soon as I slay a snake, a hundred more spawn in its place. But I'm in love with the Devil, Medusa's got my heart, those pretty eyes...

And the thing about insanity is... I don't believe sanity is a statistical thing. If 999 people see reality as red, and someone sees it as blue. Is the latter insane? So what, reality is also a democracy? The majority get to say they are normal and "sane", and the others get to go to the looney-bin?

*slow clap.. only one guy left in the audience

Oh so you decided to stay after all, that's nice of you.

Yeah, stop doing drugs, you dickhead! You think anyone is gonna believe shit you write if you tell them you like what, delirium?

Good point. But you are also not getting my point. I *am* a madman. A *functional* one, though.

Pff, and your goal is what, be an undercover lunatic and drive us all insane? Heard the saying "Misery loves company"?

Yeah, I quite like that one. Have you heard that thing that goes: "Takes one to know one"?

Ha, what are you implying?

Why do people fear the insane?

Because it's dangerous, it makes no sense.

Ah. Look around you. Does the world make sense to you?

I don't know mate, I just came to the theatre. I'm off to the pub.

Oh no, you can't leave.

Pff, what are you on about mate?

Well, I'm the one writing this script...

Ok, that got a bit dark hahaha. Maybe back to Bunny and Dove soon? Stick around after these commercials:

DRINK COCACOLA

EVER FIND YOURSELF ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT THINGS AROUND YOU?
DON'T BE A FUCKING DOWNER! Hit the local pub with (*slow clap guy)!!!

- Yeah, I put you on a fucking ad... happy now?
- Mate...

- Actually, I'm heading your way
- I'm getting a pint, what you want?
- If you were me, what would you order?*

*And that's how you temporarily steal someone's mask. Make them put themselves in your place. You'll see you will temporarily gain part of their personality. Or not.

Let's get Mystical

So, rewind a couple of millenia. Romans conquer the known world. One of their conquered provinces is Judea. Romans and magnanimous, they stick to their Paganism; worship of Venus, Mars, Jupiter... yet they allow their conquered nations to keep their gods. Little do they know, Jews are worshipping one of the gods of their own pantheon, though exclusively.

Who do the Jews worship? Yahwe. In Genesis, Yahwe creates Adam and Eve, and forbids them to eat the fruit from the tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. But the "Tempter", the Snake, tells them "the reason He is forbidding you to eat from this fruit is that if you do, you will become like Gods yourselves". Fair enough, they eat and are cast out from Eden. Who is this Snake? Lucifer, the fallen angel. Lucifer is "the morning star", according to the Bible. Which star first rises in the morning? Venus. So Venus, the Roman Goddess of Love, is telling the children of an overprotective God, to eat from the fruit of Knowledge, disobeying their Father. Why? Because she is a fucking whore-snake?

Let's see. Which day is sacred for Jews. Saturday. Sabbath. The seven days of the week are named after the 7 main celestial bodies (seen in the night sky back then). Monday (Moon-day), Tuesday (in Latin languages like Italian, Martedì; Mars-day), etc. Venerdì (Venus-day). Saturday (Saturn-day). Who is Saturn? The God of restriction, of limits, of structures, of boundaries, and, of physics, of Matter. Everyone jokes about Jews coveting gold, material things. Well, one could argue it's their birth right as children of Saturn. Saturn is also benevolent, he is the Great King. But what happens when you have a Father who is imparting strict, unbreakable laws. You get protection but, how can you ever grow?

And so, Here comes the "Snake". Venus. Goddess of sensuality, of sex, of love, of beauty.

So Venus sparks Desire in Eve. Adam follows. How can you have free Desire, if everything is given to you, if everything is set by Law. So by biting the fruit of the tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, Eve and Adam acquire free will, and are able to understand the consequences of their actions.

Fast forward some ton of years, the descendants of Adam and Eve are all over the place, they are worshipping forces of nature, having massive orgies, sacrificing bulls, going to heroic wars all over the place. Saturn says. "Venus, you foolish Woman, look what freedom has done to humankind". What does he do. He sends his son, who is actually, Himself, to Earth. The god of Matter becomes incarnated in matter. What a feat!

So Jesus is born, out of a Virgin Mother (of course, sex was more like the realm of Venus), and goes on to preach about well... FUCK PAGANISM! You are worshipping goats? Piss-off!

Well actually, he came to redeem our sins. The consequences of our own free willed decisions. I would say that, given his nature, he didn't actually come to "redeem" our sins. He came to,

“correct” them. How do you “correct” the behaviour of a child that has used a toy to harm others? You take that toy away. And, being the prototypical old-school father Saturn is, you give him/her a good *beating!* A HARSH punishment.

But hey, Romans were enjoying their free will. They were having fun. They had an empire. They had their own culture now. Lose it all? AND, be punished? NO-NO-NO-NO! So Pontius Pilatus, committed the most atrocious crime: Patricide. He nailed Christ, Saturn, to the cross, to the four elements of matter. Everyone went silent. Man had become so obsessed about the freedom and knowledge Venus had given them, that when Father came to take it all away, they killed him. Nice Oedipus complex twist.

So, of course, there was some repent. Constantine quickly adopted Christianity, and so fell Rome, and Paganism. All hail the one True God: Saturn. Christ, a dead God on a cross.

Fast forward some time. What do we see now? Science. Physics. Technology. The coveting of money and material things worldwide. Big governments and Law. Now even Christianity is giving way to atheism (no-god/s). Everything is made of atoms, cells, evolution, big bang. There is no room for gods, for spirit. So, it seems that our self-inflicted punishment has begun: we are stripping away spirit from matter, until all there is left are bodies, law, restriction, limit, oppression. Our collective psyche is so ashamed of having committed patricide, that not only are we slowly giving away the gift of Venus; love, affection, beauty, free will; everything that makes us humans. We seem determined to, like Oedipus after realizing he had loved his own Mother and killed his own Father, reap out our own eyes to blind ourselves, and be left in the dark...

Eris

Little pony tail girl dancing upfront. She must be 16. Black boots, electropunk, sleeveless white tshirt and blonde hair with magenta-dyed locks. Is this shitt techno, cause im entering a trance. But nah, wait, what am I thinking? I’m twice old. I’ve seen shit, this girl’s a teen.

Not sure what’s the law here, but I’m not gonna google-check. I walk towards the front, she’s stomping in front of the woofer. I’m not the “Hi, what’s your name” or some-witty-comment-about-her-Alice-in-Videoland-shirt type. I aint have much skills, I let the facts speak: I pull out a small velvet bag from my leather jacket pocket. I don’t look around, I don’t look at my girl; I take three. Not one. Not two. Three pink butterflies, and after a quick but intended looking thru and shuffling them on my left hand, I pick one and put it in my mouth. I put the other two back in, and as I reach for my pocket something stops me mid-air. She grabbed my wrist. I immediately grab hers with my other hand, stopping her in turn. We look at each other. We have interlocked ourselves. And all we can do now is glare into our pupils that have suddenly burst wide open, before one of us breaks the silence or softens our grip. The techno grows intense; she breathes slow. A tall, black haired girl with vivid eyes approaches us, and placing her hands around our shoulders, looks at her and then at me: “Heey Eris, who is your friend?”. Eris loosens her grip. After a small delay, she smiles at her. She is wearing a black choker with a silver moon. Now she’s looking at Eris with a wide, inquisitive look. “No one”, says Eris abruptly, as if coming back to life.

They leave together, towards the bar. She doesn’t look back.

Well, now Im going to roll alone. I fucking scramble, I don’t even like this shit party. I guess that’s what I deserve for getting a hard on for a teen. I sit outside, the bass resonates through

the metallic door and walls. There's your regular dodgy motherfuckers hanging about, circling around like fucking crows in silver bicycles and shady clothes, selling fake fluffy coke and all. I sit against a poorly graffitied wall, and light a cigarette. I spend a good hour doing fuck nil. I'm not going back home. And this is Beauty and the Beast. Best this way, innit? I'd ruin her life good, I'm a fucking monster. You'd think by now I'd be all loved up and euphoric. But my ecstasy honeymoon was long over, I just felt high and pissed off at the same time. I felt like destroying the fucking world.

Moon was full. Suddenly, music stopped. I look at the door. Some seconds later it was wide open, and people were coming out. And there I heard the sirens and the blue light approaching in the distance. Police was fucking raiding the place. How did they know they were coming? Everyone fucking split, I could see the party organizers loading their systems and generator into a truck, like if they were in the middle of a fucking war, and beat it just before the first patrol arrived. I stood up and was about to leave, and then a thought came to mind: Where's Eris? I looked around. I didn't remember seeing her coming out the door, though I could swear I saw her friend. Police were entering the squat, torches on. I ran behind trees and bushes, ducking, all around the hangar, to the back door. It was fucking locked with chains. And then I heard a sob. It was coming from the girls bathroom. I sprinted towards the window, opened it and jumped inside. It was complete dark.

"Eris?". The girl continued sobbing. I opened the toilet's door. And there she was, lying on the floor, her head resting on her arms which she had placed on top of the toilet lid. Her face was covered in tears, but she was calm. "Eris, we need to go. Police are here, ok?" She looked at me and said nothing. "Come on" I reached out to her, and she grabbed my hand so I could pull her up. I helped her climb through the window, and she jumped down. Just as it was my turn I heard the bathroom door being kicked open: "Police!". I startled. I looked into a blinding light. "Stay right there!". Those were the magical words that woke me up. I climbed the window in a split second, jumped down, grabbed Eris forearm and we began to run. We run through a wide open field, and we could hear police shouting, engines starting, and the torches were pointed right at us. We entered a park, and there were trees all around. We followed a moonlit path.

We must have walked and sprinted for half an hour. Then we suddenly came unto a stone, white fountain, in the middle of an opening which was surrounded by trees. We sat on the border of the marble circle. Eris placed her hand on the water, and then looked at me. Now I couldn't leave. But I didn't dare to love her, and I was not going to make small talk, not back at the party, and especially not now. She reached out and held my hand. I started crying. She hugged me fast and strongly. I hugged her back.

(Don't look into) The eyes of a stranger

You are at a bar, there's 10 of you, sipping your coffees, or beers at night. Jokes here, laughter there, some looks in the eye. Shoulder taps. This cute girl has just touched your knee during her sentence. Have you ever doubted who you are talking to? Who's looking from those pretty eyes?

Let's take 100 random human beings in a city, like Ljubljana.

- 1 will be psychotic.
- 3 will be psychopaths.
- 2 will be narcissists.

4 will be sociopaths.
90 will be “normal”.

So, 10 out of 100 (or 1 out of 10) persons in Ljubljana, 10 out of 100 people you meet, or walk across, and also 10 out of 100 people in your Facebook, or even your family and friends, will be... let's call them special.

These are just extremes, things with a diagnosis. But brains and psychology are never black or white, there's greys. But for now, let's focus on the *clinically* special, and spare the remaining 90% as “the good guys”. Cause, normal is good, right?

1. What's psychosis? Common lore will tell that anything that starts with “psycho” means: she/he's gonna fucking murder me in my shower.

Actually, psychotics are kind of fun. They are hallucinating. They are “crazy”. Some are very functional, they can have decent conversation. Maybe you won't be able to spot there's something off about them.

Should you be worried? Well... the media always tries to portray the insane as unpredictable criminals. But they're just that, slightly more unpredictable, because they interpret reality in a different way.

Statistics show, however, that psychotic persons have about the same % rate of criminality as any other human being. So, nothing very special, as danger goes, when you look into the eyes of the moon.

2. Who's a Psychopath? This one... this one IS going to choke me with his expensive leather gloves and charming smile.

Wrong again. We've seen those movies. Fake news, fear-mongering. Portraying people who cannot feel empathy, as cold blooded killers. That's actually it: Psychopaths cannot, physically, neurologically, feel empathy for others. Hey, that sounds dangerous. But, while they could never feel things like trust, love, compassion, friendship etc. They also cannot feel, and will never feel things such as hatred. So, will she be mean with you? Maybe. Maybe not. Depends on whether they have an interest in you. What are psychopaths interested in? Survival, of course, just like us. Bodily pleasures. They can have many interests, intellectual and so. As they grow up in their families, psychopaths realize that hey, this woman that is my mother smiles at me, she is showing “affection”, whatever that is. She says she loves me. Then she also gets angry. She, and my father and siblings, are displaying all these sets of emotions. They look like they are acting out a play. Are they for real? I don't know. But something tells me it's better for me to act out as well, even though I feel nothing. So they start crafting a faked personality, a mask. Poor souls, you might think. But no, they also don't feel sadness, nor anxiety. They definitely don't feel ashamed. So, psychopaths can learn to be very bubbly, confident, colourful. Anything they want to be. You can definitely fall in love with them.

Criminal rate: about same % as your average joe, though if they do decide to go that way, I'm guessing they'll do quite a good job.

3. Sociopaths. This one's easy. He or she gets pleasure from inflicting suffering on others or looking at someone inflict pain on their victims. Part of their brain's pleasure centres actually lights up when they do so.

Are they dangerous? Ehm. Yeah.

4. Narcissists. These guys or gals have let's say, an abnormally high self esteem. They think they are akin to a god. And you, are but toys, inferior servants, slaves. They will go to great

extents to use you, to manipulate you, anyway they think will make them feel superior. They will go great ways to try to convince you they are good, they love you, just to play with you, to stab you in the back.

Criminal rate?: hm.. not sure about this one, and fuck google right now. But you bet that you'll find lots of these in positions of power, and that they get a nice kick watching you suffer as well.

SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO, are you fucking scared? Paranoid? Did I just burst any bubble? Are you gonna distrust people now? Like uhm, where the Nazis, Pol-pot regime and so on all psychos, sociopaths and narcissists? No, they were good boys and girls like you and I. They liked art, they fell in love. Life has biodiversity. Humans too. Some have more of this, some have more of that, but we all share one thing in common: we're all FUCKED in a globalized world, with nowhere to hide, and nowhere to run (except Elon Musk who will live the good life on Mars), unless who knows, we start looking around us, learning who we are, who we are surrounded with, and what are we truly capable of, both nice and mean. In any way, I like to give as much antidote as I give poison, so here's your cheat-sheet ;)

Sociopaths are shit at disguising they are fucking thugs. So you'll find them in street gangs, dressed like proper criminals and all. They want instant action, baseball bat kind of thing. They won't seduce you or play mind games. You'll see it coming.

Psychopaths hm.. why would you want to know if someone is a psychopath? Oh of course, no one wants to fall in love with someone who can't feel. Actually, they might. But I think they should know. Sorry psychopaths out there, ima gonna have to give the good folks at least a clue, right? So, psychopaths have a bullet proof mask. A life of practice. Some are better than others. So, facial expressions, up to 10 points. Body posture and gestures, up to 10 points. But, most can't fake crying. You need tears for that. If they are acting fearful, but their hairs are not on end, maybe they aren't. These little things, they can't replicate. Also, they are great at acting. But they are shit at telling when someone else is acting themselves. So... how about you give a shit performance of being sad and distressed. Most will realize you are faking it, a psychopath won't. He or she may "try to comfort you" as part of their role. Then again, is not having feelings something what, disgusting? Am I better because I get nervous, or shy, or sad, or happy, or angry? Yeah they want to fit in. And to fit in, they pretend. Is that something too unfamiliar to us regular folks?

Psychotics Why you wanna know? They might probably tell you themselves, if they feel you are not a judging prejudiced bitch/dickhead. But yes, they'll probably be a bit odd. Trying to spot a psychotic person is akin to trying to find out if the person who's sitting right next to you has asthma. But hey, maybe you don't want to befriend or fall in love with someone who has an illness... or with someone who does not perceive the world in a similar way to you. So, ask away.

Narcissists: "Hey baby, I love you so much". Look into their eyes. Pupils dilated? They like what they are seeing. Pupils constricted, maybe not so much. You of course need to gauge for the light hitting their eyes... as light constricts, darkness dilates. So why do you dilate your pupils when you love someone? Because you want more of their light to come in, you want to appreciate their beauty in full detail <3

Hey, lets give us a round of applause!! That shit was intense. Should I even write about this stuff? I don't know. I just like to point at things.

Retarded Anti-Anarchist Camel

Hey guys, we have a new friend joining us today; the anti-anarchist retarded camel.

“Anarchists want to rape and kill everyone without having to go to jail”

Wait for your fucking turn to speak. Ehm * Snake clears throat

So tell us retarded anti-anarchist camel, why is Anarchy BAD?

“Because they uh want to rape and kill everyone”

*Snake rolls her eyes. OK, why do you think that?

“Because if there was no government, people will do what they want”.

Ah, so you are implying that what we really want, including you, is to rape and kill everyone.

“Yes”.

So, let me try to get inside your mind then... *Snake looks into Camel’s eyes, and hypnotises him with her gaze.

Ah I see, so you are afraid to do what you want.

“Eh, yes. I don’t want to rape and kill people, its BAD”

AH, so you DON’T want to rape and kill people.

“uhm., no, it’s bad. But if there is no government...”

What? Your desire will change?

“Maybe”.

So you are afraid that, if you were given true freedom, you would do naughty things?

Yes. Camel cries. Snake looks to the side.. here here, grab this tissue.

“Thank you”

You’re welcome.

So... if im not mistaken. You don’t want to be violent, because you think its bad. But, if there was no repercussion, no laws, no punishment, you think you might actually truly desire it.

“Yes”

Well. You are a fucking hypocrite im going to fucking poison you and murder you right now!!!

Snake no!!

Lion jumps in.

Let **me** kill him. I mean let me talk to him.

Listen here you little cunt. Why are you anti-anarchist when you actually truly desire anarchy?!?! Are you afraid people will fucking kill you first? What a fucking cunt. Listen... have you even considered that you might desire other things than raping and murdering if you could get away with it?

“Uhm yeah I want to make love on the streets”

Ooh, naughty *smiles Snake

So... you want to love, or you want to kill???

Both

And what are you doing now under laws and governments?

Neither.

There you go. We are afraid of freedom because freedom implies we can do as we please, which includes “negative” things such as violence.

BUT, the hidden catch is. While there will be no government in the anarchist future, that doesn’t mean that violence will go un-punished. Hey, you raped my daughter, I will fucking murder you. No police or judges, but still you will get what you fucking deserve.

Hm ok, so it won't be chaos after all, people will keep order by executing their own justice.
Of course.

But how can we all agree on what is a crime and what is not?

We cant. Maybe you look me in the wrong way, and I kill you. Maybe your brother doesn't like that, and kills me. Maybe. Maybe we all collaborate peacefully. There is uncertainty. But uncertainty is better than the established order, where we have a façade of justice and civilization, when in fact we are being enslaved, never expressing our true selves. Are you willing to sacrifice a chance to truly love and be free because of the fear that you might also, at some point, desire violence and dark things? Will you surrender your freedom to governments and faceless institutions, because you are afraid of what you could be capable of? Its as if an imprisoned animal thought: hey, if they let me out of this cage, I might hurt someone in the wild, better stay fucking put. Well... its true, you might hurt someone out there in liberty, yet you might also love. Regardless of what you do, positive or negative (from your current standpoint), you will always have the bonus of being free, of being yourself.

You can't sacrifice your Good so that you don't have to express your Bad. Like this, you are dead in life, you are a prisoner who does not want to be free because he does not trust himself.

Welcome to the jungle (Come and dance with me).

"Under the thin veneer of culture, the wild beast lurks" C.G. Jung

What's the first thing you think when you meet or see someone new?

I like him. Ooh, nice hair. Love that dress. Look at that stuck up bitch. I used to have that tshirt. This guy is buffed. Look at that fucking weirdo. Aw, she's so sweet...

List could go on and on. Aren't these just words with which we sugar-coat our two very raw biological questions of:

Can I fuck her/him?

Can I kill him/her?

Of course not! Haha :) I'm just fooling around

Hey! I like your shirt.

So yeah, year 1987, Guns and Roses release their song "Welcome to the Jungle". I like to think of this song as a big, warm welcoming to the world to everyone born late 80's to mid 90's, and even later why not.

You know where you are?

You're in the jungle baby

You're gonna die

Welcome to the jungle, it gets worse here every day

You learn to live like an animal in the jungle where we play

If you got hunger for what you see, you'll take it eventually

You can have everything you want but you better not take it from me

I love that last sentence. Neatly summarizes the extent of our friendliness to others.

Cause hey, we live in cities, not in the jungle. We evolved. We think. We dress. We laugh. We make jokes. We buy food at McDonald's. We listen to music.

But *sniff *sniff *SNIFF. What does the city smell like? I smell.....

Let's pause that feeling for a moment.

Year 2018, around what 31 years after Guns n' Roses released Welcome to the Jungle, a very bright girl, Tash Sultana, released her audacious reply in her song "Jungle".

And well, being a woman she is better at showing than telling. It's the feeling and mood of her song that is weary, beautiful and magical. Still, here is a small fragment:

"Welcome to the jungle
Are you gonna dance with me
Welcome to the jungle
You got to close your eyes and see"

So, bear with me. We are in the jungle. Literally, imagine yourself in the Amazons. Big fish eating smaller fish, piranhas even eating the flesh of mammals who swim across, fifteen meter long anacondas that can strangle you with a slow, crushing hug, venomous hypnotic serpents, wild ferocious jaguars, bullet-ants that devour everything they see, tarantulas, scorpions, black widows, yellow fever mosquitoes, poisonous frogs. A constant chirping of insects, loud and deep yells from monkeys, sounds of every nature made by birds of the most exotic colours, everywhere around you there is lush trees and canopy. First reaction: I don't like this. This is fucking dangerous. Let's go back to... where? Nah nah nah. This is the jungle, girl. You think the city is any different? Cause we have... what? An army? Clean streets? Bactericidal soap? Go back to the jungle, its not safe, no. But maybe someone, or something, will come and dance with you. You just got to close your eyes and see.

Oh yeah, I smell danger.

Thanks for reading!

For Love-Hate mail, potential collaborations and whatnot write to enneasvittoria@protonmail.com

Written while in Ljubljana, Slovenia 2020

Feel free to share.

Enneas Vittoria

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Enneas Vittoria (J.J.)
Eris: An Anarchist Zine Vol I.
Eris Pulcherrima
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Published in a zine.

I wrote this zine while visiting Ljubljana, Slovenia. There's short articles on social psychology, politics, gun rights, animal rights, and some creative writing

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