

Pissed.

As much as it torments, twists and demands, anger inspires. It incites people, gets them off their asses. Sure, some people start a band or a zine because they are bored, but some folks start one because they're mad. Which zine would you rather read? Which band would you rather hear? No one starts a revolution because they're bored (although that's an increasing possibility nowadays) and no one starts one because they're content. The world won't change unless you're pissed.

Rage!

You have plenty of reason; look around. Almost everything in this country and this world fucking sucks. Now is no time to be placid.

Fucking get pissed!

Venom and vice, no need to be nice. I'm fucking sick of these happy-hippy-do-gooder-vote Democrat-ticket types

who've read two quotes by Gandhi and three by King and then try to tell me that this world would be better without all the anger and hate and that I should mellow out and vote if I "really wanted to change things." Fuck you!

They tell me anger is destructive. They're wrong. What's destructive is the inertia they perpetuate with their stance of absolute passivity tacked on a placard pleading "peace™."

Anger is not synonymous with hate. Stop telling me that. Change doesn't happen if you ask politely. Change will only if you take it, force it, demand it. This is true at the individual and social level. If you have a co-worker, a roommate or a partner who does something that bothers you, do you think s/he will change by his/herself? Not likely. You must confront the person, and the spark that ignites you anger is inevitably anger, whether it's anger at his/her racist slurs or the way s/he leaves dirty underwear in the tub. Likewise, the Civil Rights movement would have never happened if African Americans politely asked for Jim Crow laws and apartheid in America to be removed (at the white man's convenience of course). African Americans had to demand their freedom; they had to fight for it. They're still fighting for it, as the rebellions in Los Angeles and across the continent should tell you. Their anger drove them to react to injustice, and only because they were angry did they see any results.

The biggest problem with the Civil Rights movement was that it wasn't angry enough. It allowed itself to be co-opted by white liberals

willing to make concessions because they were petrified of Malcom X and the Black Panthers. Shit, to be angry means to go all the way. Don't stop for a day-old loaf of bleached white (very white) bread when you can have the whole goddamn bakery (and the wheatfields, too!)

One of the best things about intense anger, the kind that makes you shudder, is that through the prism created by the teared, squinting eyes of righteous indignation, things are often seen more clearly. Connections are made. Some people are pissed about racism, others about sexism. Some folk seethe at the sight of an animal being tortured; others reel and froth when they hear the rumble of big trucks heading from a logging camp with a load of two thousand-year old redwoods. A good many people are pissed off about all of these things and more. Tears burn, fists clench, bodies tremble, larynx's explode at high decibels, and yet things are suddenly sensed more clearly.

It's about fucking time.

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It's clear that the an-

ger people feel over specific oppressions — racism, homophobia, sexism, ecological destruction, animal abuse, domestic violence, religious comatoses — is the same anger, the same frustration. The same struggle, requiring lots of different kinds of resistance. I'm not going to spit all of my venom at one specific injustice, because I realize that all injustices are related, and so I instead exercise it against the system of injustices, which manifests itself as hierarchy and oppressive power relations. Through anger emerges anarchy, a revolutionary awareness and resistance to this fucked, up, beaten-down, spit-out, sucked in façade of an existence.

Yeah.

Anger is orgasmic. It makes you tremble, moan and shudder, and it feels soooo good to release it. Don't deny yourself an orgasm. The poverty of everyday existence is fucking you and loving it; fuck it back and love it more. Actualize your anger, bring it to life, use it to *smash*. Then, through clenched teeth, grin.

Those fuckers will never have you.