

*A reluctant history of Indigenous Anarchism, telephoned-in*

It is written in barely-legible spray paint. It is Indigenous urban youth raised in punk scenes. It was fed a steady diet of zines and food, not bombs. It sat through endless study groups and occasionally volunteered at infoshops.

It sewed patches with dental floss. It drank itself to death. It played yoyo. It said “fuck you and your white dreadlock-wearing banjo-playing dogma.” It wore nihilism on its sleeve. It played with Stirner. It laughed at Marxists. It stole enough to satisfy youthful reparations. It dumpster dived. It locked down and got arrested. It fought cops and neo-Nazis. It wrote a regrettable letter to Kaczynsky. It painted banners. It overstayed its welcome. It rabidly celebrated autonomy while dreaming dreams of ancestors. It didn’t work. It talked about consensus and debated voting. It organized benefit concerts. It laughed at the folly of dismissive white anarchists who thought their lame critiques of nationalism could be imposed on Indigenous life ways. It dropped out. It slept on couches and under bridges. It hitchhiked across Turtle Island. It didn’t name itself. It didn’t need to.

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