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What I love about Luigi

Madeline Silver

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Imagine, if you will, a thought experiment, in Minecraft, many miles away. Let's imagine I wanted to write an article in support of Luigi Mangione, the assassin of health insurance CEO Brian Thompson. Wouldn't that be strange? How would I do that?

By telling you – it's not about him.

The real attraction of the CEO killer, however handsome he may be, is not him: it's us. The last few days have seen our misery laid bare, but above all they have seen our glorious rage rise to the surface and cover the world like lava. These have been amazing days, because of what beautiful connection I've seen in your eyes.

You who write on social media, you who shout from prison, you who refuse to talk to the cops. We've all realised we have the same pain and the same struggle. Even people and voices I'd never expect, have sounded out loud: fuck those guys who are hurting them, and fuck anyone who defends them. That's what's hot, that's what I love. It's us.

This killing, this individual act of war, would mean nothing, and get no support, if it wasn't a shot fired in a war that was al-

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ready ongoing. Millions of us are already dying—the difference was that someone shot back.

And no, he isn't perfect, Luigi Mangione. People suffering in misery don't care about checking whether someone is perfect when they see one of their tormentors go down. We cheer because, for a brief moment, the boot stamping on our face was not unstoppable, and we realised, or remembered, that we are the many and they are the few.

It's been building for years, decades. The reason we humans put up with others ruling over us are many. For one thing, we hate violence, we just want to be happy, get along and fart around. For another, we are taught to believe that society is just, that those with more power have earned it somehow.

The last few decades have taken a machete to that illusion. The supposed social contract between the government and the governed, the rich and the rest, has been whittled away, getting weaker and weaker.

The sound of the shot in New York was just the sound of those illusions finally snapping. Like I already told you: it's not him, it's us. The real glory that I would want to praise—if I was going to write this kind of article, miles away in Minecraft—is the glory of our rage, our common unstoppable rage, and the wonderful realisation that in this rage, we are very definitely not alone.