

The Anarchist Library
Anti-Copyright



Prolle Stroll

Anonymous

March 29, 2010

Tonight was the night we fought. Nothing could stop us. We are proles on our stroll. Fighting our conditions. we are workers-in-combat. Rent signs, kicked. Garbage, in the street. The moment we drank John Zerzans cum was the same moment-in-time that we became human again. We are the barbarians at the gates of capitalist hell. Destroying the world again and again.

The forms-of-life that make possible the transformation of everything took the streets once again tonight. Tonight was our night. The night we doing being like always. The totality of our existance became nothing more than a moneky on our collective backs as proles, which we threw off like bottles broken in front of the precinct. Tonight was a prole stroll. Its the new form by which we destroy the world as it is. Nothing will stop a crew of 60 something proles on their stroll. Nothing can get me higher than the rush of kicking a fucking rent sign underneath a stupid truck. Communism prevailed once again. We share the feeling of riot with our neighbors whom joyfully joined in as we went besererk. The ghost of lenin showed his face as he warned: "Don't fuck with time". The proles on their strol only respond with, "we detroy time like eggs under out collective boots".

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We swing on the monkey bars of bio-politics, and thus make it irrelevant, like pizza (social contract). We got the phone call, "Agamben and Heidegger and are rioting in the park and need solidarity". We respond like hawks on a hunt. Vultures looking for cracks in the moral fabrics of society to rip and tear at. We arrive. We destroy. We prole it the fuck up. We move past our Species-being and finally achieve Species-Blingin, at least for a couple hours. The cops arrive, they are destroyed. They are nothing and they can do nothing when proles begin to stroll. In our everyday lives, we walk, we run, we talk, we buy, but we are too afraid to stroll. This was different. To stroll is to achieve your Species-Blingin and negate Crimethinc. When we negate crimethinc, we negate our being-as-such. We Stroll and chant "time is crimethinc" and "communism for cougars", and "green capitalism is for sissies".

Garbage lay in our wake as good citizens yell and try to argue. They receive nothing more than the gift of our violence. We kick them in the hats. They fall hard. We take the hats. They try to be Lenin. Try again. Fucker. We desire nothing more than the proliferation of infoshops and then their destruction. We build them and then destroy them like our stupid lives. We build we build we build, and then we burn burn burn. Crimethinc is our conditions. We must negate it as such. Tonight we felt the reality of the war-machine channel through our arms and legs as we pushed dumpsters onto the sidewalks and streets, stopping the flow of stupidity and commodities. Drunken frat boys can't walk down this sidewalk without having to walk around a flaming dumpster or two. Same with trucks and cars. Feel our wrath. People remark "sweet black eye bitch" which we respond to with black eyes to them.

We are the most prole of animals, humans. We will sick our mind dogs on cops and local stores alike. And while bossy f. emails amazon.com, we roam the street looking for trouble and garbage to throw in the street. This is all we desire. Mo' Garbaggio. Add some matches, and you got rev. solidarity. We realized that our collective forms-of-life cannot create a real challenge to what capitalism of-

fers (beef jerky), but that we can at least throw garbage in the street some more which is a whole lot of fun.

Identity politics is not a molotov cocktail. It is the opposite, a empty milk jug. We are not looking for some stupid jug to fill with water. We want more garbage. Keep throwing shit away proles. Don't get tricked. We don't need empty jugs. We need the prole cocktail (you know!). Work never. Garbage always. Love it love it.

Love,
Proles on da strollz