



WORKS

anarchy we strive for is rooted in Afrikan-centeredness/Pan-Africanism, rooted in concrete Black histories and concrete practices and concrete material struggles, it will not resonate and it will not change anything.

It was disabled, mentally ill Black queer and trans women and nonmen who really felt this most viscerally during the last decade. Our communities were forced to choose between “identity” or “anarchy” as if there was ever really a way to have one without the other while living at the “bottom of the lowerarchy” as Assata once called it. As radicals, these communities on the margins and front lines of violence already had to fight for each other independent of dominant channels, autonomously. So we spent the 2010s re-observing as much revolutionary theory as possible and studying Black history and culture and spirituality and struggle and kept being reminded that anarchy was oozing all through it and that we needed to just carefully, in a dedicated, organized fashion, go out and concretely nurture those fires until the plantation was set ablaze. Anarchy, the death of hierarchy, is at hand, we were sure. Black History Month of 2019 came; 2019, the year some faiths prophesied we’d get free; 2019, the year of global uprisings, “the Year of Revolt,” as the Ready for Revolution crew called it — and Anarkata announced itself like a cat that had already been prowling, deciding to make its presence known. Quite simply, Anarkata meant we would just work to synthesize the things about Black liberation that already tend toward anarchy, while struggling to remove impediments (the forces of domination) by building our power and fighting to undermine and overthrow the structures in our way.

We’d have hurdles to face, and the tide of reaction from our adversaries to deal with and suppress at all costs, including our own internalized oppressive b.s. But we would also have the will of the masses and our ancestors helping us push back and unleash what has been stirring here upon the world. It is this whirlwind of Black life that got us to make an Anarkata Turn and that would keep us turning and spinning in the circle and cypher of revolution: the ballrooms and other alternative homeplaces that Black trans and queer folk create; the grandparents’ living rooms in which every family member across generations has lived in or slept in while on hard times; the “two dollar ride, two dollar ride” finesse in the subway as fares go up and kiosks fail us, and the various informal group/cooperative economic practices by which we done taken care our hair, watched our kids, schooled each other, protected each other, cleaned up for each other, raised rent and medical expenses for each other; the “five finger discount” and underground railroads and other illegal means to which we’ve sought our basic needs and our freedom; the “text me when you get home” check-ins because you know it’s real on these streets and some man or pig or fascist could kill or disappear one of our siblings for no reason at all; the “say hi to the elders you know when you see them” unctions from

