

*Writings  
of the  
Mary Nardini Gang*



*Interview with the Mary Nardini Gang  
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The essays in this zine were written by the Mary Nardini Gang/A Gang of Criminal Queers. These texts come from Bash Back!. Bash Back! was a queer anarchist tendency that started in the Midwest. It aimed to be a network for queer anarchists to connect and to confront the pitiful normality of capital, the state, and heterosexuality. To read more texts like these go steal a copy of “Queer Ultraviolet: Bash Back! Anthology” or look around online.

# Interview With The Mary Nardini Gang

## *From Vengeance 3*

VENGEANCE: *Does being a proletarian change for you being a militant queer?*

MARY NARDINI: Being queer complicates the way we experience our role within capitalism. Queer bodies are often forced to sell their labor in ways that would be excluded from traditional marxist narratives of what it means to be a worker. This includes service workers and sex workers. These forms of exploitation problematize the often heteronormative and patriarchal ideas surrounding what is or isn't labor. Ultimately, the positions of queers and proles intertwine—we are the class that has no control over our bodies. This means different things in various situations. But the bosses that manage our time and the queer bashers that manage our gender are clearly all class-enemies.

V: *Why does both the Spectacle and also the mainstream gay and lesbian movement seem to only identify with the middle and upper classes, and never with working and poor people? Who benefits from such a narrative?*

MN: It is abundantly obvious that the politicians who lead the “lgbt community” are only interested in preserving power for the ruling class. Political campaigns for gay marriage, gays in the military, and hate crime legislation, only reproduce the capitalist institutions of marriage, military, and the prison industrial complex.

And it goes much deeper than that. Representations of queers portray and capitalize on images of wealthy, affluent, white, able-bodied gays and lesbians. You only need to look as far as Will and Grace or a copy of any LGBT magazine to see the way that queer bodies and desires are shaped by capital.

V: *Within anarchism, there seems to be a coming clash (or a current clash) between activists and hooligans. Why do you think this is? What are the tensions that have given rise to this division?*

MN: To be cheesy and quote The Coming Insurrection: “Everyone finds herself forced to take sides; to choose between anarchy and the fear of anarchy.” The divide that is happening in the broader anarchist milieu is also happening among

radical queers. I think that a lot of the tension is rooted in that a lot of people have confused radical queer struggle as a safe haven for the worst form of identity politics. They're really sorely mistaken. This isn't about sustaining identities, it is about destroying them.

*V: Can you speak about the actions that occurred around the time of the Bash Back Conference and your disappointment with some of the people who responded to those actions?*

MN: At the Bash Back! Convergence, a dance-party train occupation. The temporary occupation was an absurd mix of dancing, making-out, and a cacophony of ridiculous chants and singing. This created a situation where people caused a lot of havoc, vandalizing the train and reclaiming it as a queered space. A spontaneous street march then erupted from the train. The march attacked luxury cars and pulled shit into the streets.

Someone within the march began pulling newspaper boxes out of the streets and back onto the sidewalk while yelling "this is a peaceful protest." After the newsboxes were removed, a police cruiser literally ran over someone's foot and officers began beating people with their telescoping batons. Four people were arrested.

The next day, all of the liberal, activist types went on a tirade to denounce the previous nights events. A telling anecdote: Three white people stand up in a row, and denounce the occupation as racist, because there were people of color on the train. "There were people of color who actually live in Chicago on that train! They are actually part of the community! That's racist! People were being rude!" Then, two female-bodied people of color who live in Chicago respond, saying that they find everyone disgusting. "Bash Back! isn't about being polite, or nice. Bash Back! means challenging and destroying normalcy. This is going to be rude. It's going to be messy! If you aren't into this, then you're in the wrong place." Everyone is silent for a moment. Then the stack continues. They are ignored and more white activists continue to talk about how the action was racist and alienating to people of color. It continued as folks talked about all the "white dudes with passing privilege" who instigated the situation.

I'm really disgusted by people's actions and sentiments that day, because of their complicity with the police and their silencing of all the bodies that weren't white, cisgendered, and male.

*V: Where would you like to see Bash Back! go in the next several years, if the*

*network is going to continue?*

MN: I would like to see groups of queer anarchists working to build autonomous power and get more conflictual. I'm really excited about the squat that BB! Memphis just opened for homeless queer/trans youth. I'm really excited about groups distributing free pepper-spray and teaching people to fight. I'm excited about queers kicking the shit out of queer bashers, and always about fighting in the streets. Whether people continue to organize under the name "Bash Back!" or not, I think that the network of wild-ass queers who hate everything is going to keep growing and building autonomous power.

## Whore Theory

**For the whore, it is of extreme importance** to be at all times stunning, both in appearance and intellect. As faithful deviants of femininity, we have a certain responsibility to display a well-versed hatred towards everything pristine and bland. Little boys and girls need more examples of filth in their life; crazy beautiful cunts to admire. They must learn what it is to want, to be whores incapable of holding in and repressing their emotions.

Becoming-whore does not mean anything, so put your fucking notebook down. We are strutting contradictions and we do not care. If you cross us, we will annihilate you and everything you love. If you fuck us, we will break your heart or maybe fall in love and hate you forever. We are addicted to the disgust of society, corrupted Jeune-Filles that know no restraint.

We want to destroy everything, in diamond encrusted high heels. The violence of our desire tastes unlike any other bodily fluid; it is a poisonous venom that only the most masochistic of bodies can encounter and crawl towards for a second helping. We invite men in, waiting for the degradation that will warrant vengeance and until then we just shove their cocks in our mouths and swallow. What-ever.

We gaze at our body's image in every reflection we find and can't help but fuck ourselves all day long, because we are so incredibly beautiful. Our insecurities are displayed like sparkling gold crowns on top of our pretty heads; we couldn't be more proud (or ashamed) of our many imperfections. We are horribly vain, and every whore knows that only another whore can satisfy her needs.

Whore is not a sexuality, such a thing does not exist. Our orgasms are inseparable from our hatred, from our fashion and fears; nothing makes us cum that doesn't also revolt us in some way or another. We experience this world as an ugly little playground for our fantasies, and these dirty thoughts cannot possibly be contained within any designated arena of "sex". Sex for us is turning heads, scraping knees, and pissing anywhere but in a toilet.

If you see a whore swinging her hips down a busy street, you may notice a furrowed brow while she mutters angrily under her breath. This is because you annoy her with your presence. Every insignificant body that brushes past her is at risk for her hatred. Hatred makes her erect. She wastes no time in forming assumptions about you based on what you're wearing—your shoes are not fierce enough, your walk is not sexy enough, your eyes are not burdened enough. You are nothing compared to the beautiful people that hide in the alleyway, waiting to mug you.

Politics does not interest the whore, it is the whore. Seduced by the incessant pain of living and dying and aching, she is simultaneously afraid of every little thing and fueled with the exhilaration of having nothing to lose. She thinks that to speak logically of this world is pure delusion: rationality is an unnecessary indulgence typical of mumbling pricks. Attempting to define her context or articulate her existence is utterly futile; absolutely nothing about her makes sense. The whore critically engages only with astrology, preferring the opinion of our sky's constellations over the utterance of some dying old white man.

Brilliantly bitter, the whore holds onto grief and anger like precious gems wrapping around her heart; her traumas lovingly swim and pulsate through her veins like tiny shards of glass. A part of her longs for the sadness and disappointment she knows as truth; she is full of emptiness and boredom in its absence. For her, seeing the world through sorrow is seeing in full color, feeling the sensation of life tingle through each nerve ending on her body. Without it, joy eludes her as well.

The whore is utterly exposed—a raw wound dripping sweet, deadly excrement onto each thing, each person she comes into contact with. She is naked, forever tucking what is sacred into the crevice between her legs for no one else to see. If you look too close, be prepared to lose a limb, a lip, a piece of your fucking heart because what is precious to her is untouchable to you. You worthless shit of a human race.

A proper whore knows, deep down inside of her, why this world pretends to detest her. All her life she has had an irresistible charm that, when coupled with an unbecoming volatility, has the power to reveal to those around her their most unwanted desires. Her ass makes married gentlemen (and their bored wives) fidget incessantly, and her vulgar wit causes dry academics to wet their lips with excitement. Upon her exit, entire rooms breathe a heavy sigh of relief that they are no longer forced to face their quivering perversities. Alone in their modern bedrooms they shamefully jerk off to her image, quietly hating themselves and their crass routine of living.

She is as quick to laugh as she is to cry. When Mercury is in retrograde, she knows that getting out of bed means catastrophe. But even the fucked up alignment of the planets, working hand in hand with this mundane and despicable society, cannot stop her lunacy from being cast onto her surroundings and those around her. The circumstances which make her and fellow whores weep also create potent hysterics, and islands once isolated in insanity come together for a good laugh, and maybe a little revenge.

The whore is a slut, yes, but she is also a bum and a young delinquent; she is a faggot, a queen, an angry dyke, an insurrectional anarchist in heels, a tyrannical tranny. She is everything and nothing, everyone and no one. Glamorous in her many disguises and transparent in her filthy desires. She overflows with love for those spilling over with hatred, forever enchanted with the beauty hidden beneath this sterile economy of bodies. She enjoys nothing more than spitting on the face of humanity, laughing as her stinking spittle drips down pointed chins to make a satisfying splat on the dirty pavement beneath her feet.

## What Is It To Become Beautiful?

*In June 2010 people in Oakland, Ca revolted, even if only for a few hours. This resulted in the trashing and mass looting of a beauty supply store. The owner of the shop was quoted as saying. "There were tons of them! Not just a few. And they went for the most expensive wigs I had!"*

*No Justice, No Peace for the hoarders of beauty.*

**Despite the kindergarten notion that all people are beautiful,** most are not. There are many heinous, despicable, and horrifically ugly people in this world. If

society views someone as peaceful, honorable, and gorgeous, a Beauty in Becoming must assume the enshrined subject is exactly the opposite. Those seen positively by the ugly at large are most often trying to rip off your snatch, steal from you, or doom your life to misery (See Ghandi-child rapist/state collaborator, Mother Teresa-that anticondom bitch was responsible for the rapid spread of HIV, and FDR—a fucker who ordered japanese americans to concentration camps). To become beautiful is to constantly challenge colonialism and oppression internally and in creative ways externally. Should any person not take up these challenges then they most certainly are not beautiful. In fact they arent even average. They are fucking ugly.

For those seeking beauty, accept your mind and sex for what it is, in addition to what you want it to be. The desire to modify one's features to conform to the "beauty" of the public pupil is worthlessness instilled. Beauty is not the fraudulent norm. Conversely the desire to fuck who you please or to swap out that tired cock with a brand new pussy is pricelessness willed. Modify your body to complement your soul. Ravish yourself in brilliance. Beauty is the violent and persistent confrontation between your body and Cosmo.

Crave it.

Unfortunately becoming beautiful is more complicated than it may seem. Truth be told a total makeover may not be possible at all. Our exterior beauty has been so rudely taken hostage by patriarchal greed. This Commodification of Beauty may be one of our deadliest enemies. We all feel the need to be fake-pretty. To vomit here, lift weights there, to purchase mascara, or eat practically nothing. Commodified beauty negatively effects every person, anyone who says otherwise is a liar. As long as we chase commodified beauty, and not beauty in actuality, we are cursed to depression, illness, and weakness. No one can pay to become beautiful, only to accentuate their becoming.

Becoming beautiful is the most precious tool in combating liberal extremism. Liberals are ugly, fucking ugly, or fugly. The liberal is terrified of a beauty in becoming. They will lie, cheat, and steal to maintain their dominance over oppressed public relations. Real beauty lies in the truthful. The established liberal fears the truth and the tactics that real change requires. Beauty shits on the hypocritical and foul idea that is the respect for a diversity of tactics. Never respect the tactics of a liberal and do not conflate "liberal" with those actually at higher risk of state repression. Have no patience for those who do. Ultimately, the beautiful threaten the established liberal's class, privilege, and racial superiority.

The beautiful are the only true enemies of fascism. Barack Obama could never successfully wage a war against corporate fascism. He is corporate fascism. He is hideous. The right does not fear the “left” in American politics. Scratch the surface of their pale-dry skin and you will find Nancy Pelosi and Ron Paul dry humping in the back rooms of Congress. Beautiful means targeting everything Hetero in nature. Devote your lives to committing Straight Crime after Straight Crime. Understand that Straight does not mean One Man and One Woman, Gays and Lesbians straddle the upmost rungs on the Ladder to heterosuperiority. Straightness is the product of Patriarchy and Assimilation. It is the white picket fence in the suburbs, the Gays on television blaming Trannies for their unsuccessful bids at marriage, No Fats No Femmes, rape, and English Only education. Straight Crimes are the beautiful’s physical manifestation in our war on Straightness and towards our ultimate goal of creating a dictatorship of the beautiful.

Fucking-Uglies will claim to be allies of the pretty; they are not. Straightness will stop at nothing to thwart a confrontation between the Queer and a fellow Hetero. Straights may even use peace and protection as fog to hide their real intentions, maintaining their status quo. Truth be told the queer does not require (and should not desire) the protection or the peace that the straight offers. The same is true for all other oppressed that comprise the beautiful.

Becoming beautiful means becoming fearless. Do not associate this beautiful fearlessness with the common definition. Accept all emotions as legitimate and powerful. To the beautiful, fearlessness does not mean without fear but fear without the possibility of stagnancy and paralysis induced by possible consequences of revolt. Instead the beautiful would Allow fear to signal caution, thought, and wisdom prior to any altercation with the Ugly. This type of fearlessness will insure a stable and safe route of travel for Beauties in Becoming.

The queer or whore or native or person of color is the sword of those on the road to Beauty. Oppression has given a resentment to these particular factions that the pimp—or—whitey—or—straighty will never know. An advantageous position to hold. If the oppressed embraced the rage that only they know, and used it as the most powerful weapon that it is, then nothing ugly could ever truly stop the beautiful. This rage is what ensures survival. It is why, regardless of millennia of colonization, the native, the whore, the person of color, the tranny, and the queer still exist.

The Beautiful know liberation is as fictitious as god in heaven. Liberation w/ could only be achieved if time, as understood by the mentally inferior ugly, was

rewound. Upon completion of such a strenuous feat, the guns would have to be dispersed evenly amongst the beautiful and the ugly would have all limbs disposed of. Being that time travel, at this point, is unfortunately an impossibility there will never be liberation. A partial and superficial liberation could come from a round up of all the uglies; to be tortured in re-education camps. This hypothetical yet equally unattainable situation might in fact turn beautiful people on and dispose of the ugly. Revenge of this type is still not complete liberation. Complete liberation is a condition only occupy-able by people, animals, or things that have never been subject to commodification. In this terrible world of the ugly ass fascists, everything beautiful has been used as a pawn for too long to ever be absolutely out-of-play. Becoming beautiful means fighting a liberatory struggle without a utopian illusion of liberation.

Revolution is as fictitious as Jesus on the cross. The Ugly has perfected the art of cooptation and recuperation. At this point ugliness is able to connaturalize itself with most emotional or philosophical states. Consequently, the beautiful are left with a non-war but certainly not a peaceful desire. All there is to be embraced by Beauties in Becoming is a debauched nihilism, a collective hedonism; not to be confused with an apathetic debauchery. It is rage that ought to be harnessed, if not gorgeously abused, to ensure survival and happiness.

Under the thumb of an omnipotent yet hidden in-plain-sight fascism, utmost stealth is something to be considered by Beauties in Becoming. Travel down the yellow brick road of struggling beauty is sometimes only accomplished by donning the master's clothes. This is true for whores of all types, whether assimilationist or counter-cultural, whether corporate or street, whether on the path of fraudulent beauty or pounding the yellow brick. We all sacrifice ourselves to manipulate the enemy. The mirror is a weapon, smash it only after the black flag has burned. To this end, nothing is more important than keeping goals set high and consciences guarded. Discover your beauty. Keep your beauty close to your heart. Have faith in your beauty. Hold onto your beauty. Feel your beauty. Know your beauty. Caress your beauty. Finger your beauty. Eat your beauty. Fuck your beauty. Beauty is your only secret. Parade it as you must. Become as beautiful as you can. Above all, be your beauty.

Those deserving of beauty know that one day the world will belong to the beautiful. Becoming beautiful is the youth's only hope. Becoming beautiful is an extreme measure, sure, but it is the only path to happiness, love, self fulfillment, and revolt. The war may not be here, it may never come, but the beautiful have almost arrived.

Although sharpening the sword's blade while living in the non-war is essential; Becoming Beauties must dust off time's old layers of illusion. The illusionary layers being: Revolutionary War against ugly people resulting in ultimate liberation of transies and queers. So, illuminate rage and resentment. These distinct emotional logics are the only weapons accessible to pretty people that can never be incorporated into the army of ugly pricks. Dispel your illusions for the sake of beauty. Revolutionary War is impossible. Liberation is unattainable. QueerUltraViolence is beauty.

# Criminal Intimacy

*By A Gang Of Criminal Queers*

*Because the night belongs to lovers. Because the night belongs to us.*

-Patti Smith

## ON DEADNESS

To live in this culture is to be dead, bare. Deadness is the affect and the aspiration of dominant social membership. It is the social relationship wherein life is reduced to exchange and capital. It is everywhere; in those walking the streets without ever meeting the eyes of another, in the exchanges of service work, in the aisles of a department stores and the pews of church. In capital, in heteronormativity, in law, in morality—everywhere it is the logic of death.

The unthinkable of our desires is reiterated over and again. Power and control are written on our bodies. What is passion? Desire? Adventure? Play? What, but such catchy slogans for adverts. Our love and our appetites and our very bodies are inscribed with this culture. Capital is written on our bodies. We dare not dream. How could we conceivably want more than this?

And the agents and exertions of biopower—the boots of queerbashers, the pan-optical ever-present surveillance cameras with the flashing blue lights, the sirens and guns of the police, the campaigns for gay marriage and military service, the lingering pains of monogamy, and such shapely mannequins, ad nauseum—stand everywhere erected as checkpoints guaranteeing the impossibility of anything else. Life, stripped bare, is nothing more than raw survival—banal, cold, numbing. Could it be more clear? Hetero-capitalism, this culture, this totality: It is out

to destroy us.

## **TAKING AND SHARING: ON GETTING WHAT'S OURS**

The machinery of control has rendered our very existence illegal. We've endured the criminalization and crucifixion of our bodies, our sex, our unruly genders. Raids, witch-hunts, burnings at the stake. We've occupied the space of deviants, of whores, of perverts, and abominations. This culture has rendered us criminal, and of course, in turn, we've committed our lives to crime. In the criminalization of our pleasures, we've found the pleasure to be had in crime! In being outlawed for who we are, we've discovered that we are indeed fucking outlaws!

Many blame queers for the decline of this society—we take pride in this. Some believe that we intend to shred-to-bits this civilization and its moral fabric—they couldn't be more accurate. We're often described as depraved, decadent, and revolting—but oh, they ain't seen nothing yet.

Let's be explicit: We are criminal queer anarchists and this world is not and can never be enough for us. We want to annihilate bourgeois morality and make ruins of this world. We're here to destroy what is destroying us.

Let's be speaking of revolt. We are tracing the lineage of our queer criminality and charting the demise of the social order. And oh the nectar from which we drink: lesbian pirates raging the seas, queer rioters setting cop cars ablaze, sex parties amidst the decay of industrialism, bank robbers wearing pink triangles, mutual aid networks among sex workers and thieves, gangs of trannyfags bashing-the-fuck-back. We've been assured that each day could be our last. As such we've chosen to live as if every day is. In turn, we promise that the existent's days are numbered.

In our revolt, we are developing a form of play. These are our experiments with autonomy, power, and force. We haven't paid for anything we're wearing and we rarely pay for food. We steal from our jobs and turn tricks to get by. We fuck in public and have never come harder. We swap tips and scams amid gossip and foreplay. We've looted the shit out of places and delight in sharing the booty. We wreck things at night and hold hands and skip all the way home. We are ever growing our informal support structures and we'll always have each other's backs. In our orgies, riots, and heists, we are articulating the collectivity of, and deepening, these ruptures.

## **ON CRIMINAL INTIMACY, WORLD MAKING, AND BECOMING WHATEVER**

The ecstasy and electricity of crime is undeniable. We've felt the sweetest adrenaline rushes as we've dashed from security and blown each other on the bus. And nothing offers up the feeling of being alive more than the weight of a hammer through the facade of capital. Crime helps me get out of bed every morning.

We queers and other insurgents have developed what good folks might call a criminal intimacy. We are exploring the material and affective solidarity fostered between outlaws and rebels. In our obstruction of law, we've illegally discovered the beauty in one another. In revealing our desire to our partners in crime, we've come to know each other more intimately than legality could ever allow. In desire, we produce conflict. And in conflict with capital, we may have found an escape route from the deadening of our lives. Our gang's discourse is conflict.

The real power expressed in our crimes isn't in the damage caused to our enemies or even in the various improvements of our material conditions (though we take pleasure in both). The power we express is in the empowerments and relationships we're creating. In our sex and our attack—when we pull down our masks and share our cache of bricks—we are expanding the possibilities of our affinity. In our crime, we create dynamic new relationships of criminal intimacies. In these possibilities, we are learning how we might, together, reduce this world to rubble.

We must make ourselves bodies without organs. Within each of us is contained a virtual pool of everything we are capable of becoming—our desires, affects, power, ways of acting, and infinite possibilities. To embody and activate these possibilities we must experiment with the ways our bodies act in conjunction with others. We commit crime together so we can unveil our criminal becoming.

We do not offer 'criminal' or 'queer' as identities, nor as categories. Criminality. Queerness. These are tools for revolt against identity and category. These are our lines of flight out of all restraint. We are in conflict with all that restricts every and each desire. We are becoming whatever. Our sole commonality is our hatred for everything that exists. Held in common, such a revolt of desire can never be assimilated into the state-form.

Right-wing talking-heads invoke the imagery of a ‘culture war’, waged between civil society on one side and queers on the other. We reject this model of war. Our war is a social war. The nexus of domination and class society is everywhere. Yet everywhere, too, are ruptures and points of conflict. In these fissures we exist in rebellion—we queers, criminals, whatever.

Our dirty talk and our nighttime whispers comprise a secret language. Our language of thieves and lovers is foreign to this social order, yet carries the sweetest notes in the ears of rebels. This language reveals our potential for world making. Our conflict is space for our possible other-selves to blossom. By organizing our secret universe of shared plenty and collective-explosive possibility, we are building a new world of riot, orgy, and decadence.

*Convicts' garb is striped pink and white. Though it was at my heart's bidding that I chose the universe wherein I delight, I at least have the power of finding therein the many meanings I wish to find: there is a close relationship between flowers and convicts. The fragility and delicacy of the former are of the same nature as the brutal insensitivity of the latter. Should I have to portray a convict—or a criminal—I shall bedeck them with flowers that, as they disappear beneath them, they will themselves become a flower, a gigantic and new one. Toward what is known as evil, I lovingly pursued an adventure which led me to prison. Those doomed to evil, of their own volition, or owing to an accident which has been chosen for them, they plunge lucidly and without complaining into a reproachful, ignominious element, lie that into which love, if it is profound, hurls human beings. Erotic play discloses a nameless world which is revealed by the nocturnal language of lovers. Such language is not written down. It is whispered into the ear at night in a hoarse voice. At dawn it is forgotten. Repudiating the virtues of your world, criminals hopelessly agree to organize a forbidden universe. They agree to live in it. The air there is nauseating; they can breath it. But—criminals are remote from you—as in love, they turn away and turn me away from the world and its laws. Theirs smells of sweat, sperm, and blood. In short, to my body and my thirsty soul it offers devotion. It was because their world contains these erotic conditions that I was bent on evil. I do not want to conceal in this journal the other reasons which made me a thief. With fanatical care, “jealous care,” I prepared for my adventure as one arranges a couch or a room for love; I was hot for crime.*

Jean Genet in “The Thief’s Journal”

**BE  
GAY**



**DO  
CRIME**