

To Those Who Shake the Gates of Hell at Delaney Hall and Beyond

I write to you as a prodigal child of the Garden State, one who grew up in a town nobody (outside of that town) knows the name of at the foot of a mountain range few associate with their extrapolated experience of driving the I-95 corridor between two cities whose shadows dominate the common understanding of our home.

I write as one who left, believing this place had nothing for me but military recruiters and overdoses. It is only in my leaving that I have learned how deeply I misjudged, imposed my own extrapolations onto parts of this awful and beautiful place I never took the time to know.

I write to you, those who now shake the gates of hell, because you have stirred within me a pride I did not know I had, entangled within a rage that has long been fueling years of shaking the gates of my present locale.

I write to you, now, in the spirit of Luigi Galleani, your adopted and exiled brother, to implore you to push so much further than you may believe possible. You stand at the entrance of a concentration camp, one of many that have been built and filled in the name of enforcing the borders of this settler colonial leviathan known as the US, be they the borders between states or the borders between capital and those whose lives are sacrificed in pursuit of its accumulation.

Remember that as you stand before the gates of hell, others are burning inside its mouth and belly. Remember the forces you stare down, with their riot shields and batons and tear gas and bullets, are merely the outermost layer of a machine whose primary function is to burn human beings alive. Remember that every inch of physical or rhetorical ground ceded to that machine only ensures that people continue to burn.

I implore you, in a world of genocide abroad and at home, offer no quarter to those who call for peace or who demand only peaceful resistance to the human-burning-machine. Those who wield this machine would love nothing more than for you to exhaust yourself through marches to nowhere, waving signs in designated "free speech" zones, or by allowing yourselves to be arrested without a fight as though their jails do not hunger for fresh blood.

Do not feed the liberal myth of the outside agitator. The border regime is everywhere and all who desire an end to its brutality are part of the same struggle, regardless of where they presently reside. The very issue at hand is the delineation of human beings as legitimate or illegitimate based on the location of their birth. The very concept of the "outside agitator" reinforces this delineation.

Do not paint those who take direct action against the human-burning-machine as *agent provocateurs* or *adventurists* or *bad actors*. It is **FAR** more likely that a person with the same beliefs as you has simply decided that they no longer wish to shout at the death machine and instead would rather attack the machine directly than it is for the state to risk encouraging meaningful attacks against itself. I promise you, the police (be they ICE, state troopers, homeland security) do not want you to fight back. They want to defend the concentration camps, they want to defend the human-burning-machine and they do not want you to interfere. The police do not need justification for their violence, their very presence is, and always has been, a promise that violence will be wrought.

Remember that you are not alone, that there are countless others fighting against the violence of the border and of police more broadly. We fight in the daylight, we fight in the shadows. Remember that courage is contagious, that we can inspire one another to be brave, that we are all capable of so much more than we allow ourselves to believe. The fight is long, our enemies are powerful and numerous, but so long as there exists some contingent who refuse to accept this world of death machines the struggle lives on. Until every cage is empty, until every person is free, I hold you with love and with rage in my heart as we fight these death machines together.

Finally, the fight against the concentration camps, by any means necessary, never needs to justify itself no matter how much the politicians and talking heads wring their hands. As you age, you will never regret throwing a brick against those who would burn human beings alive, but you will regret the brick you did not throw while people screamed for your aid from inside the oven.

Be brave, fight hard, fight on.