

# MANIFESTO AGAINST SCHOOLS

*Learn, Love, DESTROY*

by Armeanio Lewis

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## Learn, Love, DESTROY

I feel as if a preface, and some context is needed to understand why this piece was written, and what it was meant for. This essay came from the pure urge of freedom, something I still do not know to this day. In Portland at the time, there was a lot of disagreement of where to proceed with the student strikes, and student unionization. At the end of the year in 2012, high school students from several high schools created a student union. The purpose of this union was to create dual power, and a voice for those who could not speak. It was intended to build power so we can one day know freedom. This was merely an intention however, and never a reality.

On November 3rd we bravely fought the police. They attempted to not let us continue on the path of our march, so we pushed back. Without banners we charged their line. We prepared days for this moment, yet no preparation could prepare you for what felt like a war zone. The police employed pepper spray, and you could hear the cries of everyone. Pepper spray hurts, oh does it fucking hurt. My group only had flags, we didn't even have banners yet we stood there the longest, and swung hard. I broke my flag defending myself, and luckily I was never arrested. Even after the initial standoff cries were begging for a medic to alleviate the pain of pepper spray. I was one of those criers, and I feel no shame in it. That was the last moment of bravery the student union ever saw.

The aftermath was harsh. We couldn't deal with our feelings, and we lashed out on each other. I was angry, I wanted revenge, and so did others. We wanted to continue the momentum, and see this through to the end. The leadership, for which I was a part of, did not approve in the slightest. They went so far as to spread rumors around that we were violent and crazy. They told others to not associate with us, and to not even look at us. The union was split between action and politics. I was quickly kicked out after I proposed we not only oppose standardized testing, but school itself.

After being expelled I rushed home to write this essay. I didn't think, I just wrote. I wrote how I was feeling, what I was thinking. I was nothing but a pure-being of anger and hatred. Arguably, I still am, but for this essay to really make sense, you must know this information. It may seem like the ramblings of an angry teenager, and technically it is. However, this essay caused a ruckus. Shortly after the publishing of this essay, 15 ARMATARK Trucks, the company that supplies school lunches and prison lunches, were sabotaged. Their tires slashed, and bleach poured into their engines. No news reported this, other than a communique found around schools in Portland. Shortly after that, an entire condo complex was burned to the



Armeanio Lewis (June 26<sup>th</sup> 1996 - October 12<sup>th</sup> 2019) was a nihilist, anarchist individualist who, with fiery passion, expropriated life through waging war on authority.

off our knees and let our emotions spew from our mouth and our hands. Let our words echo in the night as our enemies lie in fear.

Lets not waste any more time sulking and waiting for someone else to cast the first stone. Lets cast our own stones, together. Independent we stand, united we fall. We all die anyway, and we will be miserable somehow and somewhere, so why sit by when you can burn?

Why sit in your room, dreading going to school?

You need not have to, especially when you can BLOW IT UP OR BURN IT DOWN



ground. This fire was the biggest fire seen in Portland, and everything was torched. A claim was made, by Students For Insurrection (SFI for short). They declared they would not stop, and they didn't.

Shortly after bomb threats were made to local schools. Nothing happened, but some were scared

## INTRO

As I look out my window, around eight in the morning, I see the same thing everyday. I see children laughing and running. They have their backpack in hand, ready to learn. They always shun others who ask the famous question; "Did you do your homework last night?" SILENCE the kids yell. They do not wish to hear questions that which remind them of the boring day and defeating day they are about to experience. They pretend as if it does not exist until they reach the door steps. Everything up to that moment is joyful and fun. Not a care in the world, just play. Just a heart warming experience with friends.

When they enter the hall of hell, a sinking feeling envelopes their body, mind, and soul. This feeling of fear and resentment. Instead of feeling joy that they get to play with friends and build relationships with new souls. Instead of feeling positive, they feel only negative. This is the reality of living a life under a brute authority. This is life in a world where memorization and obedience is rewarded, while rebellion and critical thinking are punishable by death. Instead of our children learning, loving, and playing they are memorizing, hating, and dying.

Our children are taught not to even be children but to be workers, obedient and dull-minded. Boring drones who's only goal is to put money in the pockets of the same people who fund these abusive institutions. It's the circle of work. From before we are born, we are assigned a role based upon what is in between our nearly non existent legs. Both serve the purpose to continue the current social order. From day one begins the process of socialization to become these good drones. Instead of experiencing and learning what we want, we are put into the crib and told to shut up.

This goes on and on and on, never stops. Today as adults we try and rebel and are also put into a crib, one with a roof. When we say no to this, asylum, we are subjected to the brute hand of our parents belt. Everything is similar to when we are kids, so why do we think we are better, or more enlightened than children? Because we can't handle them. They are too rebellious for us to control. We try, oh do we try, but they always win. We tell them to turn in their homework, and then they miss the next 2 assignments. We tell them to

not go to that party, so they go to 5more. We tell them to not have sex, so they become the school slut. They refuse to accept our authority!

Instead of attempting to realize this, and accept this truth, we try even hard to subjugate them. If they go to that party, fine, we call the cops! If they want to have sex in the back of a car you bought, fine, we will cutoff their money! If they don't want to do homework, then they can live on the street! This is how society reacts to their rebellion. This is how we parents react to this rebellion. We have yet to realize, that as much power that we think we have, we have none. We can do nothing to stop their reckless "endangerment." How many times growing up did you yourself partake in blind joy, not caring what the consequences are? I can name MANY times for myself. SO why do we continue what our parents have done to us? Why must we rob our spawn of their imagination and creativity and replace it with layers of abuse and subjugatory memorization? Because we are afraid. Afraid of the unknown. Imagine the horrors that could happen if children discovered their own autonomy. It would be beautiful!

Because of this children rebel everyday, no matter how old. Because of the subjugation and paternal abuse we subject them to they say no to this asylum we call "Education" and undermine it however they can. Be it talking in class, or playing pranks, to skipping. Youth are a creative bunch in their negation and insurgency. They may not be planting bombs, or burning down their schools but my oh my are they true insurgents. Hiding in plain sight, but instead of killing the politician, they take a fat hit from that bong they bought with their allowance.

This is the reality of subjugation. In every child's heart is a manifesto of a special kind of liberation. This liberation is only one that children and other youth can experience to its fullest extent. It is not liberation carried out by mass movements, organizations, or even organizing, no. It is the liberation of the soul. It is creative destruction, spontaneous revolt, and above all, poetic flames. Flames of anger and hatred, the very flames that cover their aching and dying heart. The very flames we created because we were not brave enough to say no ourselves. We will be standing alone, amidst smouldering ruins yelling "But it wasn't my fault!"

We are too righteous and prideful to recognize our mistakes as parents and adults to accept that our parents have failed, and so have we. We failed our children, we have merely created microcosms of ourselves, well, we tried so. Some of us have succeeded as parents. Some of us did not subjugate our children to the extent we were suppose to. We have failed in the eyes of society and spoiled to mind of a dull worker and let them become whatever

Some say violence begets violence. They tell us to "be the better person." Well I say to them, I AM THE BETTER PERSON. I refuse to stand by idly while my life is being stolen from me, and I refuse to watch others be exploited as I have. Taking up arms and screaming "NO!" to this hell is being the better person. Refusing to sit by and have your individuality stolen from you. Those who stand and fall, are better than those who stay on their knees, cupping their hands begging for more bread crumbs. Why beg when you can steal? Why hide, when you can DESTROY

Destruction is the only reality that is possible. There is no way millions of people will spontaneously rise up in the blink of an eye and "peacefully" shutdown society with their sign sand chants. Be real with yourself if you think that's possible. Rebellion does not just happen on an amass scale, no. It starts with the individual, with you. Everything starts with you. You have a choice to make. Be controlled by your parents and other adults in your life and attempt to be their good child, or you can say no. What is it? Because you have no time to choose. We are in the present. War is here!

You can craft your own destruction. Be it burning down a school, smashing a banks window, or merely breaking down false sense of emotions and building real genuine relationships with people. There is so much to destroy, and so much for you to choose. Not everyone is willing to face life in prison for arson, but everyone wants to breakdown tiny false relations. We all have different desires.

We are human, we are individuals. We are all different and unique. Ones choice of weapons and targets are not everyone else's, and those that think one shoe fits all, might not even be wearing a shoe at all. We are at the point in our lives that we feel no hope, that we are alone and perpetually fucked. That thing will eventually get better once we leave this hellhole called school. We lie to ourselves, our friends, our family. At dinner we bat fake smiles, hiding our stress and depression. In our room we take another hit from our bong, or do another line of aderall, just to quell this emptiness inside. We do so much to mask our true feelings of rebellion, hatred, and love. We put more effort into lying to ourselves than in the very environment that causes all this pain.

How much more will it take for you to realize that you are better than this? How much more must I say to convince you that something better is possible. How many more tears must I drop before you rise with me and scream "NO!" at the top of our lungs? How much longer must we all feel alone; how much longer must we cry? I say no more. Whether we live in a big city, small country town, or are not even born yet. I say we all standup

## DESTROY

*“...To the cries of rebellion, to freedom”*

Tell me, how long do you think you can continue repressing your destructive and loving feelings? How long until you explode in revengeful fury and individualistic joy? How long do you have before they call your bluff and admit you to this, mental asylum they call “work ethic”? Some tell you to sit tight because the revolution is years away. Others tell you rebellion is futile and you will lose. Both are wrong, and both are right, and both are neither. We will never know if a revolution is going to happen, when it will happen, or how it will happen. We don't exist in the future, we exist in the present. Society may grasp our throats and bind our legs to its ever-evolving body, but we can free ourselves. The revolution is here, it is now. I asked you earlier, if you wanted war. Well the time has come. There is no middle ground, no idly standing by as a revolution takes place in front of your eyes. You won't be able to say “Meh, I'll see what happens”.

No, it's time to pick a side. It's time to get off your knees, unclasp your begging hands and pick a weapon, because those on the other side have already done so. My side, hopefully our side, has so many weapons to choose from. Be it the power of a pen, the strength of a rock, or the power of a gun. I will not lie to you and say everything is calm, and we will all hold hands and sing “Power to the people” and whatever useless chants sophists use to quell loving and heart felt rebellion. No, we attack with vengeful fury. We do not hold back, nor take things too far. We merely aim to destroy what destroys us, and unleash our love amongst society, to destroy society.

Why repeat the same pattern day after day? All you do is sit, and sit, and walk, and walk, and study, and study. You do the same thing for years and for what? College? If you are lucky enough to get a scholarship sure, but what if you can't what then? You have nothing, and you are treated as nothing. You are merely a slave to be exploited. Why would you do this to yourself or others? Why waste your life striving for fake happiness? Why sit in a classroom and memorize, when you can BLOW IT UP AND BURN IT DOWN.

You can cast out your anger with others, and strive for real goals that will make you happy. The freedom of yourself and others. The freedom to experience love, learning, and real experiences without outside influences. The freedom to express your fucked up self freely without social stigma. The freedom to exist as you and not some copy of your parents. You are an individual, strive to be that individual!

it is they desire to be. Those of you who did might have done so on purpose, but probably didn't. You may think you have failed but I think you have won.

What is failure and what is not, cannot be defined by us. As I have stated before, we have no power. We only have a job, the job of reproductive labor. Parenting, instead of being a joyous and bumpy experience, is treated like an internship. Something you do, so someone else can succeed. Wage-less, and something we are told to regret.

What comes next is something we should be proud of though, because I feel it in my bones, in my soul and heart. I feel a tension amongst the youth. A burning sensation to say no, and to reject all these lies and pathetic sophistry. I feel it, because I am apart of that tension. I am no adult, nor am I a student. I am a youth who has been robbed of experience because of these institutions that subjugate my individual uniqueness and douse my flames of rebellion.

Amongst my peers I feel, and see, a collective roar. It's a silent roar, to adults. It's a roar only other youth can hear. It's the signal that something is coming. Something so big that it will shake the very pillars that support this world. An event, so loud and ferocious. The waking of a volcano is coming, and it is closer to its eruption than ever. This volcano has been dormant for many years. Angry that it has been locked up and kept secret from the world. It wants to explode in righteous fury, but we fail to let it happen.

This world has failed us, and everyone in it. Why memorize, hate, and build when you can learn, love, and DESTROY the very institutions which limit our potential and our ability to fulfil our desires and dreams? Why sit in classrooms and memorize tedious words and equations when you can BLOW IT UP AND BURN IT DOWN

Right now youth are trying to destroy the gate that locks this eruption shut. They attack in the night, hoping their actions will at least weaken the structure. Youth, like me, who realize that war is here and now. Rare as we maybe, we will win someday. When that day comes the world will pray, they will ask themselves “What could we have done?” and before the flames engulf them they will scream “BUT IT'S NOT MY FAULT!!”

So I tip my bottle to you, lonely soul reading this. This piece is meant for you, and you only. I pose a question for you though...

War is here, do you want it?

## School

School, like everything else about this society, is a microcosm. It's a training ground for our adult life of being a healthy worker. School was created to do so. The very early version of education were created so potential politicians learn to be politicians. Even within Socratic circles in ancient Greece this was the case. School has always been known as a training ground to transform children who are rebellious by nature, into whatever trade their parents wished for them to take up.

All schools operate to serve the current social order. The world we live in depends on resources. Workers are a resource, because without them how will things be produced? More importantly, how will we make any money? The meaning of life is death, and by that I mean we all die. Nobody lives forever, and that is exactly why schools are a necessary part of civilization. Without them, who will produce? Who will own? Who will rule?

All of these factors go into how we school youth today. Capitalist, well, any economist really, need workers. They need others to take the place of older workers who cannot meet their quotas. This requires training though, pathological training at that. There is no way we can learn how to be a good worker in one day, no. It's a process of socialization. From birth we are molded and trained to become the good workers this world wants us to be.

From before birth we are assigned a role. This role is determined by what adults perceive to be in-between our barely formed legs. They label us either a boy, or a girl. We are not allowed to even make a decision about our gender, let alone what we want to call that thing between our legs. We are given these labels and socially placed based upon social constructs that we have no say in. Those social constructs include race, ethnicity, sex, and gender. Based upon those labels, they place us socially into these pre-established social groups that we can never leave within this horrible world, and if we try we are punished.

This continues throughout our youth. As we grow we are taught that authority must never be questioned and that age dictates wisdom and knowledge, and that objectivity exist. We are not allowed to make any decisions for ourselves, or experience what we want to experience. Even IF our parents allowed us to be free, we would still be limited based upon their income. We are attached to our parents, without any say. We have no power.

Naturally this continues. To school, the main topic of this piece. School is a replica of society. The younger we are "less experience in a trade" the less

When sitting in a dry, muggy, and most of the time crowded classroom we do not experience true love. We may slightly enjoy whatever we are doing, be it writing down ferociously whatever spews from the teachers mouth, or secretly texting friends in another classroom. You may claim to love this, but I will tell you it is not love. There is no love found in duty, in tedium, in classrooms. No, love can not exist there. It is banned from school and society itself. We are told love manifest itself within material objects and practices. Those who say this are not wrong per se, but blinded by the love of love.

Who doesn't love love? Who doesn't enjoy that warm sensation when you do something, or someone, you love? Feeling tender in the soul, aching for more. We attempt to justify this ache with false theories and realities of love's manifestation. Love can only exist completely when we are free, free from the chains of individual limitations. When we can choose to study what we want, learn what we want, and Love what we want. We are told that we must love school, and even if we can't we must fake it because school will make us "free." It's the great lie. You will not find love through the lack of love, but only through the struggle of freedom. To cast your chains into the erupting volcano and spew your flames amongst society. You can only find love, through the struggle of love.

We are at that point, we have always been at that point. I see it in your eyes. When I pass by schools, no matter how old you are, I see your pain. I see the love locked away inside your soul, clawing and praying to come out, to see the world and fulfil it's self. Your love wants free, and you can free it! Not through school, or through hiding behind a computer screen, re-blogging more porn from your favorite tumblr blog, or that silly cat picture. You are hiding your pain away from society and it breaks my heart. My heart aches for you to free yourself because I love you.

I do not love you in a way of that of a lover, no. I love you as another individual, as someone who aches the like me, who sings the same lonely song as I do. I love you as an iconoclast and a rebel. I love your struggle that you have not yet realized. I know you wish to feel the love I do. You think there is nobody else like you, and you are all alone. WE ARE ALL ALONE. Each and every one of us. Be it the poor student who must rob convenience stores to feed their family, or the rich kid who feels money does not satisfy them and creates inequalities. From the feminist, to the closeted patriarchal jock. We all feel alone, but we don't have to anymore have so much potential. Maybe not with schools, or with jobs, but with love. We can truly love what we do, and those around us. Only through the struggle of love. Only through destruction.

guiding you to these new discoveries. This is what we need, this is what we want, but why don't we take it?

Everyday we go through the same process. We wake up, cram in some time to finish that homework assignment due in 3 hours. Sometimes we don't even eat! We then take the bus, or get a ride (or even drive). We socialize for a little bit, then go to class. We are fed lies and misunderstandings, but punished if we do not memorize them. They threaten our future, and our present with harsh consequences. Fail a class? Well goodbye college! Oh, you're grounded as well? TOUGH LUCK. Instead of being free to learn as we please, we are chained to subjugation.

I picture a world of iconoclastic study. A world where youth and adults can learn whatever they want, seek the help they need, and feel satisfied with what they discovered. I see it, clawing at the gates. It is the fire in our hearts, the love in our soul. It is the need to be free in our brains. Behave so much potential with this gigantic brain of ours, so much that we don't even know its full potential! There is a world of possibilities for learning, but we fail to discover it.

Learning helps us grow, in fact, it is growth. We learn not to walk in front of cars, to not smoke cigarettes or shoot up dope. We learn everything, so why limit your learning to an institution, to a system that breeds your very self and limits your desires?

We all desire to learn, it is why you are reading this is it not? You are wondering "What possibly does this angry rebellious teenager have to say about school?" SO you read and read and the conclusions you come up with are yours, and yours only. You learn whether I am right or wrong, or both. You grow in your theoretical analysis of struggle, or of preventing struggle. You accept this information for the sake of discovery. So again I ask, why partake in this system of schooling? Why not learn? Why not love? Why not Destroy

### **Love**

*"He decided to move as fast as the wind, with a heart full of love..."*

We all experience love. Be it our mothers holding our small selves, singing lullabies to calm our beating hearts, or our lover getting lost in our eyes. Love is the most powerful emotion, something that creates as much as it destroys. Love breeds peace, war breeds war. Love guides us, and leads us down the darkest and hardest paths of our lives. It can blind us or it can show us the way. We are all capable of love, even in our darkest times, but we fail to fully experience it.

rights we have. We are forced to do the tedious and boring work forced by a tyrannical authority, just so we can advance to the establishments liking. From asking to go to the bathroom, to walking on the right side of the hallway in a straight line and as my teacher called it "orderly fashion." Rules everywhere, but freedom nowhere. No ability to express ourselves, to grow as we wish. Nothing but a forced hand that claims to feed us when in reality we have no choice whether to swallow or not!

This continues and continues throughout our elementary (primary) schooling. This continues as we reach higher models of education. When we reach middle school we are thrust into a thunder dome of hormones and socialization. It's there where we are hit the hardest by the current social order. Boys learning how to be men, girls learning how to be women. Queers and trans\* youth repressing their burning desires to express themselves freely. It's a cluster-fuck of everything. Tack that on to the raging hormone and new discoveries of pubic hair and masturbation and you quite literally have hell.

This is where oppressive institutions manifest the most, and begin to take hold. It is designed in a manner that we socialize ourselves because this socialization is all we have ever known. We continue the process ourselves, or resist it. Those that resist it are a microcosm of where they come from. The poor kids are always the ones getting in trouble, and getting caught partaking in hedonist debauchery behind the gym, or wherever it is youth fulfill their desires. The poor kids are taught they will go nowhere, unless they assimilate and accept middle class values of work ethic and authoritative appealment. This is where poor kids either become proles, or lumpen proles.

With school being a microcosm, new options are available to pay for the means of survival. Some kids don't have lunch money, but with this abundance of money, all centered in one location they do have lunch money. It creates a structuring for social placement that guides youth to their pre-determined economic placement. They never decided if they wanted to be thieves or not, they had to, because money is what owns the means of survival in this society. School is but a replica. A microcosm if you will.

Middle school is structured with more "freedom" in the sense you have more responsibility. You have a break between classes, multiple classrooms, and if you're lucky a locker. Growing up my middle school had no lockers for anyone, because we couldn't afford them. I remember it being more stressful than elementary school though. What they call freedom is really personal responsibility. You are in charge of your own schooling the poorer you are.

With that comes the obvious failing of the poorer students, and the success of richer students. The more money you have, the more you can focus on school yourself. The less you have, the less time you have to focus on school because survival is oh so more important.

Everything about it is designed to indoctrinate youth into the situations they were born in and continue the way society is structured. They tell us education opens doors, when in reality it closes those doors and locks them shut. It has never been about education and it never will be about education. It is only about socialization and social placement, and that is all it will ever be about.

Of course this continues to high school, but becomes even more of a microcosm. High school is the epitome of socialization and subjugation. It is where we put into practice our social placement and our pre-determined destinies. You have the poor kids standing across the street, smoking whatever they can. You have the richer kids participating in sports, clubs, the social activities that are treated as gateways to college and scholarships. It is the final training stage for everyone.

With this comes the need for rebellion. Just like in the adult world, some people get tired of feeling constrained and locked away from their potential. This leads to different materialization of rebellion, depending on the students social background and goals. Some rebel by rejecting going to class, others by forming a “union” to protect their oh so dear “education.” Either way, rebellion exist, and it will always exist for as long schools exist.

This is because there is a tension, a conflict that is neither escalating or de-escalating without attack. This tension exist between the ones giving the orders, and the ones receiving them. Between the students, and the teachers, the principals, and the administration. Remember in high school how there were teachers you despised because you felt they wronged you somehow? You would undermine their attempts at subjugating you and ordering your brain around like a grunt on a battlefield. You would talk in class (or still do), pull pranks, or even just not go. You would do whatever you felt like you could get away with, just so you wouldn’t have to feel wronged.

Then there is the teacher you like, the one that you enjoy listening to. The one where you actually pay attention in class and make an effort to go. You ignore your friends when they interrupt your attentive listening. You respect this teacher, you love this teacher. You feel like this teacher is on your side. Because of this tension we find comrades amongst our masters. There are those that support us and wish to see change. I can think of a few off the top

of my head. No tall teachers, more so most, are NOT comrades in this struggle against schools. They benefit, and enjoy this authoritative role. They became teachers because they feel like they know best for you. Why defend them? Why come to their aid when the administration hinders their efforts in whatever goal they wish to achieve? Because we have drawn lines to this struggle, lines that do not resist but reform. Lines that do not push, but hold. The current student movement, and educational reform is not pushing back. We are stuck in being a microcosm.

In the adult world, unions are seen as a necessity for resistance. They think that if we all join together, hold meetings, pay dues, and resist as one unified force our experiences will be better. Instead of destroying what gives us misery, they act to make it more tolerable and keep the tension in place. The same is happening now. With the rise of student unions we are merely attempting to make this bastardization of education and subjugation more tolerable. Instead of breaking our chains, and removing the hand from our throats, we loosen the chains and weaken their grip.

We are still slaves to a system of indoctrination and subjugation. We are still stuck in an overcrowded classroom. We will still get hand cramps, feel boredom. We will still pop our last couple doses of Aderall and whatever drugs will help us finish that essay due tomorrow. We will still be miserable, so why, tell me why are we still repeating the mistakes of our parents. When they come home they are still miserable, tired, grumpy, and hateful. Why leave ourselves to the same fate as them? Why continue the never-ending system, when we can destroy it.

### **Learn**

*“I’d rather teach myself, than be told what to memorize”*

Learning is a need and want we all desire. When new information arises we aim to learn as much as we can. Be it through action, analysis, or study, we all possess this desire to discover. This desire is a beautiful thing. Without it, well, we would have destroyed the planet years ago with nuclear warheads. Our grandfathers learned that using such devastating weapons would be silly, so they did all they could to make sure such an event did not occur. They learned through action. After the two UNNEEDED bombings of Japan, they knew how much power they held.

We cannot learn with school though, because we are not free to do so. In order to learn you must be free of outside coercion and authority in general. You must be able to discover what you want, and follow freely along your desired course towards said discovery. No guidance, only your individuality