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To pay attention to the real world – green buds on the bare branches as equally as the fury of the protester whose brother is locked in ICE detention. Clearheaded noticing – a compass that doesn't fail me. In Masafer Yatta, people speak the name of the man tasked with demolishing homes. He shuts his ears to the sound. In the hospital where we work, we close our ears to suffering to survive the repetition of it. But then my friend says, "Tell me about it. What does it ask of you?" We huddle under awnings out of the rain, sharing dreams of free clinics and folk schools. Real-world interventions, not fantastical escapes. Driving home, I hear a Swainson's thrush, its song loudly cascading over the woods.

-syp

29

Many years ago, I'd never have imagined that my friend, one of the most caring, smart, radical troublemakers I'd ever known, could die so young. Goddamn if I don't do him right by fighting as best as I can. In 2020, I'd never have imagined kissing behind a burning barricade, until it happened, and goddamn we're going to do that again. Until this year, I'd never have imagined helping to raise a kid in the midst of this apocalypse – and then she was born. I'm scared as hell for her future, but goddamnit, I'm going to try to carve out some joy for her in it.

-Muffin



ANARCHIST COMPASS

29 Offerings for
Navigating
Christofascism

NOTE

"Anarchist Compass: 29 Offerings for Navigating Christofascism" is an act of love and solidarity. It is intended for everyone who sees themselves on the side of antifascism, including those who've newly had their eyes opened. It's especially dedicated to those who, in myriad ways, rebelliously, collectively, and bravely care for each other. Please share this zine freely and widely.

Thanks to Chanaleh for the cover art, Sorrel for editing aid on the intro, and Casandra for turning the zine into PDFs.

April 2025

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I take some soil and plant some seeds. For me, nothing disrupts the hegemony, the reactivity and anxiety, like DIY food production. I seek out – in the hyperlocal sense – a youngster who's struggling and spend time with them, using food growing as a container to provide agency, smash hierarchies, and allow us to fully unmask. Our fingernails are full of dirt. The sun warms our smiles. Other neighbors stop and chat. This is my calling, transmitting wisdom intentionally and accidentally as relationships unfold with others and the earth. I can breathe again and face another day.

-Abby

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While this fascist counterrevolution isn't what I would have wished for, I try to see it as a rupture for possible action too, offering opportunities for care and rebellion. Instead of a top-down view of our lives determined by the state, I'm taking inspiration from the networks of mutual aid that give us life regardless of regimes. I'm drawing strength from the increasingly frequent uprisings, teaching youths to resist in the streets. So I look to ways we can ramp up the militancy and prepare for a future where we know how to fight and create together.

-Shuli

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My motto of late: Say "no" more. What in your life are you consenting to? What are you doing without your consent?

-Reed

22

Compassion is a kind of strength. That means care for comrades, not only fighting against repression, but fighting for a world where we are kinder to each other. There's too much irony in the zeitgeist, and we've forgotten that we owe each other a lot: grace, understanding, and the support that's taken from us each day by systems of domination. That's easy to say, but so hard to act on. All I can do is be vulnerable and pour my heart out like water, no matter how painful. The rewards are sweeter.

-Anastasia

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There's a feeling I get sometimes - like my body has a white-hot core anchoring me to the earth, like I have fire smoldering in both palms, like I'm breathing flames with every word I speak. That's the feeling I return to when I need guidance in times like these. I know who I am and where I'm rooted. I know that how I show up can be terrifying to the forces of fascism, but also a warm and inviting fireplace for the people who are feeling cold and isolated by political turmoil.

-Ransom

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In my mind, empire is the Borg. Every time we repeat a tactic, the empire acclimates and adapts, and the tactic's impact is lessened. Our creativity is our greatest strength, and I choose to believe that our diverse thinking is more powerful than its violence. There is no single right answer, no best choice. Empire forecloses options. I ask myself, What imperfect ones do we still have? What beauty can we find in them?

-Sky

Shortly after the US presidential election of 2024, I asked numerous Jewish anarchists to send me their succinct ideas for inspiring people to think and act for themselves against Christofascism. Those snippets became the basis of the zine "Don't Just Do Nothing: 20 Things You Can Do to Counter Fascism."* To my surprise and delight, the zine was read, downloaded, printed, and freely distributed by tens of thousands of people. It seemed to strike a chord at just the right time, when encouragement to engage was much needed.

Some three months after January 20, 2025, the shock and awe of the Trump+Musk regime has left many of us reeling - and hurting. Powerfully, many of us are throwing ourselves into diverse forms of self-organizing, resistance, and collective care, while also reflecting on our strategies and tactics. Yet there's a palpable difference between "doing" + "thinking," and the feelings produced in our bodies and thus daily lives by the rapid consolidation of fascism.

We can barely keep up with the onslaught of horrific news and losses, much less process them. We can barely keep up with each new twist and turn of the authoritarian knife, much less muster the capacity to fight all of

* For readable and print-ready PDFs of "Don't Just Do Nothing," and/or to read the text online, see <https://itsgoingdown.org/dont-just-do-nothing-20-things-you-can-do-to-counter-fascism/>, with gratitude to Its Going Down for hosting the zine on its website.

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its brutal manifestations. Crucially, we can barely keep ourselves from falling apart, and often feel adrift or alone. Witness the sudden upticks in, for example, mental and physical health crises, breakups, suicidal ideation and suicides, and lashing out horizontally at one another.

It seemed high time, then, to curate another zine, but now with the modest aim of helping more of us get through another day – with our ethics intact and our arms open to each other. So I put out word in anarchist circles, asking for short and personal thoughts related to these questions:

- What's helping you find direction and/or heart these days?
- What ethical compass keeps you steadily steering toward freedom for all, particularly given all the sociopolitical pressure to abandon that path?
- What polestar aids you in determining what practices to embrace while fighting and/or surviving fascism, especially in collective ways?
- Where do you find inspiration at the moment?

This zine contains some of the many responses I received – intimate, loving gifts from numerous voices. Thanks to all who sent in submissions, and special gratitude to those whose words appear on these pages.

May these “29 ways of navigating Christofascism” supply an anarchist compass to ground, guide, and hold you.

–Cindy

I remind myself about the ripples. Every time I push back, every time I teeter off the status quo – especially while on the clock – every time I carry through the insipid, obligatory, rudimentary debate with the family bigot, there are ripples. They permeate the consciousness of individual people, and sometimes they catch a current and ripple even wider – and with enough of them, wider still. I remind myself that even if it feels like all may be lost, there are always sneaky ripples, waiting to become waves!

–Sophia

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Against the narrowing of horizons, against this upside-down world, I hang on ever tighter to the expansiveness of the liberatory periscope called anarchism. Carrying that in my heart, I walk, noticing cracks, however small, in the practices around me. I pause often to listen to ancestors, to mourn, to stay present and clear-eyed. To take comfort from eons of thriving as embodied in birdsong, trees, flowers, and weeds, as offered up in rituals and all we defend as sacred. I linger to commune, reciprocally, with any and all ecosystems of care. Then I toss whatever fragments of possibilities I stumble across into the ether, toward the moon, as “messages in a bottle” for others who still remember – now and in the future – that we are on the side of life.

–Cindy

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The fascism of the moment is nothing I haven't known and experienced my whole life living in the US South. Growing my kinship relations, queer and asynchronous, has taught me that I am part of a long legacy of people and communities fighting evil shit under so many different names. I focus on being a rock thrown into time that later generations will need to draw strength and direction from. To fight fascists now I pull from the past and project into tomorrow - not with passivity and pessimism, but with principled action and a deep love for freedom, my community, and humanity.

-Shawn

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When asked to genuflect, to worship authority, I instead turn away from the altars presented or those hidden in plain sight. Instead, I strive to ignore the insistence of singularity in the face of what I know to be real and true: community. Or I try to worship differently, worship without kneeling, worship the diffuse (the ever and always creating). Worship the communal, the narrative, the textual, the chorus. If it relates to the earth, then I worship earth; if it is solidarity, then I worship solidarity. If it is action, then action; if it is dissent, then dissent. I turn and aspire to dismantle every thought, every gesture, that upholds authority. I begin there.

-Lucinda

1

It's the little things that sustain me. Smile. Touch. Humanizing each other. The validation that under capitalism, all of us suffer, but that suffering need not be made invisible. I ground myself by concentrating on the small, seemingly inconsequential acts of interpersonal resistance that make a terrifying world feel a little less hostile.

-Nils

2

I keep my head in the clouds and my feet on the ground, not letting anything limit my imagination - our greatest strength. I ask myself, "What legacy will we leave for the political imagination?" while learning from and rooting in the traditions of those who have come before. If fascism seeks to find meaning with stories of hatred and fear, we will outstory it with love, joy, connection, passion, comedy, and revelry. If fascism is trying to kill us, we must commit our hearts to living. Every breath a promise.

-Krystal

3

I was getting super depressed about how fascism keeps coming back in cycles. Then I realized that I would never go back in time to 1930 and tell people that there's no point in fighting fascism; that it will only come back. So I shouldn't feel like there's no point now. That's what keeps me going these days.

-Ellie

4

I'm finding direction by applying an ethic of mutual aid, not just to the basic needs we might associate with it (such as food distros, shelters, jail support, and so on), but to emotional needs as well. When people I don't know well share that they're having a mental health crisis or feeling socially isolated, I've been working on pushing through the awkwardness of meeting people and directly reaching out, whether with support or resources, or to hold space. For myself, staying focused on the aim of building networks of care that can provide us emotional support in a noncarceral and mutualistic way, especially in our queer and trans spaces, is what grounds me.

-MK

5

It feels like everything and everyone is hurting right now - myself included - and most of us are doing our best with the (imperfect) tools that we have. Every day we survive is a victory. So I remind myself daily that we ensure our survival by forging and strengthening bonds of connection with one another. Loving on people. Being kind to comrades, friends, family (blood and/or chosen), and most of all, ourselves. Letting people know they are loved, valued, and seen. Being mindful of what we put out into a world already on fire. I continually ask myself, "Which flames need more fuel? Which ones need our loving discernment to be put out?" Both are forms of care.

-Scott

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A friend from Spain once told me that when he was young, people would yell at him and call him a Republican (antifascist) when he went jogging simply because he was using public space. I've been feeling so weighed down that it's sometimes hard to leave the house, but I've made a personal commitment to spend more time in public. All the copwatch trainings in the world don't do much good if I'm sitting inside all day.

-Badger

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My compass is: showing up. For people, for land, for the ones who can't ask. I check on elders. I trade food and labor. I back people when they're targeted. I say what needs to be said in rooms where no one wants to hear it. Christofascism grows when we give up on each other. So I don't. I stay close. I stay useful. I don't need to feel hopeful; I just need to do my part. That's what keeps me going. Not big ideas. Just relationships, accountability, and doing the work, even when no one's watching. Especially then.

-Emsenn

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I feel grateful to have come up in punk-adjacent subcultures, and that zines have been my main mode of engaging with art for many years. I am most at home in spaces that recognize no distinction between the person who makes things and the person who reads, watches, or listens to them - and within a context of relationship. This has instilled in me a stubborn, deep sense of my own worth and agency, and that of everyone around me. I'm leaning heavily on that sensibility.

-Lee

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The atmosphere of working with other anarchists day in and day out teaches me that small things add up if you collaborate with others to strike at the heart of a struggle. I love this world and the magic it holds, so the bigger the threats, the tighter my grasp is on fighting for what's good and beautiful, and now I never feel alone in this fight. Learning to trust and love means knowing there is room to rest without losing my drive. As I continue to survive (to my surprise), and I see nature recover with the smallest human efforts, I know some beings will make it through this era, so when there are hard days, I continue for the bugs and birds and my friends' children.

-Celeste

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Fascism found me, and I survived. They tore my name, they dragged my profession, they hung my body out to dry. Here I am anyway. My wife wakes me up in the morning with a smile and a Danish. The birds sing outside, and I overhear a neighbor exclaim with pleasure over the roses spilling from my garden, and their child screeches in delight at finding a Frog and Toad book in my Little Free Library. Later, I'll go open up the anarchist bookshop where I volunteer and meet new people, who I'll love for their laughter and their fight as they pick out their written weapons of choice. I will do anything to keep the small joys alive. What else is it all for?

-Arantzazú

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I'm trying to remain determined and hopeful and not get depressed. I started experimenting with new vegan recipes, diggin' into new books, looking at baby opossums, making posters of an ICE vehicle on fire, and spending time with my loved ones, while simultaneously catching up on bills and trying to get all of my legal documents in order to prepare in case of emergency. As a PoC anarchist and immigrant, there's always a possibility of getting incarcerated and deported just for existing, but the chances are higher than usual. I can't help feeling like DHS/ICE is gonna show up at my door or at work and take me! I keep trying to focus on what I can control, and remind myself that they want us to be isolated and in fear. So I keep sending out love to all of my relations and rage against the state!

-Des

7

Rage, grief, fear, worry, despair. Even for those of us who don't live inside the so-called United States, the blitzkrieg of fascism touches us. So it feels even more important to take good care of myself and my loved ones. I'm making space for simple things that give me solace, but also moments of collective celebration that give me energy. For instance, I just went to an antifascist carnival in Lausanne, Switzerland, during which 3,000 people danced through the streets in wild costumes in a parade framed as a ritual to counter fascism. Such rituals of care - small and larger - are the small breaks that prepare me for the assault of bad news.

-Anti

8

Most of my days are spent as a spiritual care provider at a free food café. Recently, after a tough shift, I ran into a volunteer stretching in the parking lot. He said that the day before, he'd gotten a massage from a practitioner who set up a chair in the café and volunteered their time. "I actually asked for a massage and let my body relax enough for the guy to work out the knots! I can't always do that. But stuff is available. Care has to be pursued, you know?" I think about this statement daily. How can I pursue the care I need today? How can I offer the care someone else is looking for? How can I make the pursuit of care more joyful for myself and others as the systems that claimed to provide support are whittled away?

-Hill

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Funnily enough, while local efforts of mutual aid and queer friendship sustain me in the everyday, I'm finding solace right now in the historical scale. One of our greatest enemies - the US constitutional republic - has been destroyed by its own favorite sons. While this patricide is centuries in the making, they are also responding directly to the George Floyd Rebellion and Palestinian resistance. They are so terrified of us, they are ripping apart their own systems in a frenzy. I know far too much history to pretend that things can't get worse. But uprisings are once again exploding across the globe, in Serbia, Turkey, and Indonesia. I'm feeling what I felt in the summer of 2020 even stronger: "Anything and everything is possible."

-Vicky

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I wake up in the morning with my mental list: What will I do today? I ask myself, How is today different from the todays of two decades ago? Same struggle, same fight. I still balance both my joy and grief on my fingertips. I read some Diane di Prima to remind me that no one way works, that the war against imagination does matter. The possibilities are endless. I am committed to fighting back and building up. So I dream with my eyes wide open.

-Sera

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When I feel most alone and misunderstood, I find solace in like-minded individuals beyond borders, space, and time - some through online spaces, and others through history. Some of us are not so lucky to have a safe(r) community within reach, and many of us have been hurt by our communities. Expanding the concept to include my online comrades and ideological ancestors has given me new sources of strength. No matter where you are, you have centuries' worth of antifascists sharing their wisdom and rooting for you!

-morena

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I keep myself grounded by asking of each action I could take, Will this diminish the suffering or increase the joy in the life of any living being on any scale, including my own? If the answer is yes, then it's worth doing. I don't seek hope in the belief that things will get better but rather in the ongoing practice of finding meaning and beauty regardless of whether they do or not.

-Andy