

Feral Life:
Meditations on Rewilding and
Anarchy

“I want crystal clear air and water everywhere on Earth.” President Donald Trump

“Langer is a bag floating in the wind” Kevin
Tucker

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Anarchy

Written by Julian Langer

Edited by Emma Kathryn

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Other Books By The Author

Feral Consciousness: Deconstruction of the
Modern Myth and Return to the Woods

Feral Iconoclasm: Anarchy as Rising and Dying

Mesodma

“I rebel, therefore we exist,” Camus, The Rebel

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Also, if it were not for the love Katie has continually provided, throughout continued personal health concerns I have been attempting to heal from, this book would not likely have happened. My love and gratitude for her remains a continual presence in my life.

This book is dedicated to all those rebelling against Leviathan – human and non-human.

Introduction

This is a work of appreciation and critique. It has been motivated by personal thought and honest feeling. Everything seems both impossible and inevitable. In some parts, this is an unreasonable collection of ideas. In other parts, I have sought to be fairer.

This started though as a singular thought. The thought was deconstructed and each piece considered and complexified, as far as I ventured. Some of these led to further explorations and some to points where I could only go back, or stay still. I could have attempted to venture further and some might think I went too far, but this is my wandering.

The thought was – “what does it mean to live a feral life, right here and right now”.

Unlike my other Feral books, I have not approached this in an analytic sense, which might be more preferable to many readers than the approach I have taken. Embracing instinct and intuition through my meditations, I have approached this from the position of an animal immersed in a forest, who might climb a tree to see further, but knows that they cannot know the ground from this position, or the other side of the tree. And when venturing to the ground, to

see the other side of the tree, knows that the treetop has changed and that they do not know it. By keeping this more personal, I have embraced a similar form of egoism to that of individuals like Nietzsche and Muir, and assumed an interest “in me” on the part of the reader.

I have attempted to explore this as what Camus called metaphysical rebellion, though I prefer the term ontological anarchy. Metaphysical rebellion is a refusal to obey the Reality of the humanised condition. Rejecting History and totalitarianism, ontological anarchy is a mad space of becoming-animal – of primal anarchy.

This is an embrace of *free play* – the event(s) where Humanity is no longer the centre of the universe.

As with the other books in my Feral collection, I have written this in a some-what schizophrenic manner. In many ways, the thinking here is within that unacceptable realm of the excluded middle. Here is also multiple different places, like how when I subscend my body I find that I am a multiplicity of living entities, all of whom are different places. In a schizoanalytic sense, this is a work of intensifying differentiation and unity.

There are here 146 meditations, which are reflections on points of the deconstruction/complexification of the thought that this started with. These have been written as aphorisms, rather than as essays – I couldn't have written this as essays, given the way I have approached this project – as a non-holistic presence.

I have included 130 exercises, maybe games, to think upon. I am not encouraging anyone to do anything that might put them at risk. They are intended as images for any reader to reflect upon and to consider whether or not this is actually happening in the world – in a similar way to how *The Little Book of Chaos* is not actually a series of recommendations, but an opportunity for someone reading to imagine doing “this”.

Now, destroy Reality!

Part 1: Meditations and Exercises

“Quotations are useful in periods of ignorance or obscurantist beliefs.” Guy Debord

Desire For Growth

“Stop acting so small. You are the universe in ecstatic motion.” Rumi

I find myself in this present moment undergoing a visceral desire to grow. Where the roots of this desire are located, if that even is of any significance, or could even be signified, do not matter to me. I doubt that the oaks that grow near my small house on Briton question why they are growing, or why they desire the light of the sun. They just become-as-they-desire.

My growth is a manifestation of my desire and I find my desire, as a process thrown into the world, is pulled by something-akin-to gravity towards growth. I feel my desire emerge from within myself, as myself, like a fire bursting from my chest and out of my mouth. By the thrownness of my desire, I mean my desire is unbound to any logical machinery – it is a primal, authentic desire that is gravitationally

pulled towards earth. That desire is non-political, a-moral, unrepressed and entirely selfish. These desires are primal and do not fit the mechanics of monetary quantifiability, nor any other reductionist means of consuming and quenching this sensation.

By my growth, I do not mean only in embodied strength and wellbeing of the body-I-am, though that is definitely included within the multiplicity of desires I am meaning by growth here. The strength of my muscles, while valuable and something I wish to grow, is not enough on their own for me to reach where I want to-Be. Skills, knowledge, emotional wellbeing and psychic strength are also included in this sense of growth I desire. My desire is to learn ways of living, of rebelling, of creating, of destroying. The manifestation of this growth is power.

What I mean by power is not to-dominate, i.e. authority, as is often assumed when discussing the desire for power. This will-to-power is will-to-life, as the overcoming of conditions that lead to death. It is power as the energy of life, flowing through the world, as the manifestation of actuality. Power as energy-within, not authority-over.

The dissipation of energy that is death is, of course, inevitable. It is inevitable that all that is

will be impossible, as the motion of flux changes what is now into what is-now – impossibility is the only certainty. Life has always been the possible, manifest from worldly potential. This worldly potential becomes actualised-as-possible through the processes of free, living beings creating the world that they are. This is true of ants creating colonies, just as much as it is of rhinos fertilising the nitrogen-depleted soils they live upon, of rivers shaping the landscape with their dances and far more examples that we can ever hope to know.

That worldly potential inevitably will-Be impossible in what now-is from this actualisation of the possible. What manifests as potential, from the now-impossible, is regrowth – the wild will-to-life, striving for power-as-becoming. Forests are created where the body of the impossible, the dead, lies within the earth. Predator's power comes from the impossibility of their prey's survival. Herbivores power comes from the impossibility of the flora they consume still being.

The transformation of impossibility into possibility is the actualisation of worldly potential. All the ecosystems and communities of living beings are part of these processes of worldly potential. From the death of what is, manifests the life of what is.

As a process we are all immersed in, we will become whatever is possible, as the potential of the impossible. How this space manifests will be the freedom of the will-to-life, through will-to-power, of those who take action to transform spaces into impossibilities via destruction, that manifest the creation of new possible spaces.

As for my desire, I wish to create impossibilities through the destruction of what is possible, so my will-to-power acts as the manifestation of the potential of will-to-life. I want my growth to be the growth of possibility, as what is impossible dissipates into Nothingness, that is more than negation, as the affirmation of worldly potential.

[Ex1: Plant a tree in a public park, somewhere that local authorities won't want to remove straight away.]

Smash The Jam Jar

“When all is said and done, it’s with an entire anthropology that we are at war. With the very idea of man.” Invisible Committee, The Coming Insurrection

It would seem to me not surprising to say that everything is in every present moment engaged in the process of becoming. Whether it is becoming hungry, becoming tired, becoming (as a) dancer, becoming (as a) nihilist insurrectionary, or becoming through any other process that amounts to the actualisation of worldly potential, all that is seems part of processes of becoming.

Becoming is not necessarily a process that is desirable. But it appears to be inescapable. As much as we might wish, through romance and sentiment, to conserve much of the world-as-it-is-in-this-present-moment, or worse as-it-was-but-no-longer-is, we are like someone who is trying to hold water in their fists. Ultimately, no matter how tightly we might squeeze, it seeps through our grasp, until nothing but tiny microscopic traces remain, that will eventually dissipate too, no longer remaining as they were within our grasp.

The will-to-conserve has uglinesses to it, behind its sentiment and romance. As to-conserve means to deny the impossibility of a present situation, will-to-conserve brings with it the denial of the possible as the manifestation of worldly potential. This brings with it the need to restrict worldly potential, as life-denial. Through denying life, will-to-conserve exists as

life-renunciation, as denying Being-as-becoming. If Being-is-becoming, which is my experience of Being-in-the-world, then will-to-serve, as life-denial, is to build a corruption, as to attempt incompleteness through trying to tear the being-served from the integrity of existence.

Leviathan, as civilisation/(bio-)politics/states/etc., is driven by will-to-serve, even within the guise of revolution-as-becoming. The conservatism of aristocracies, royalists, fascists, liberals, conservatives, socialists and others who seek to preserve Leviathan and deny world potential, through the retention of life-denial, is obvious. Conservationism, while on all appearances seem like an embrace of life, manifests as life-denial, as it is always done alongside of conserving Leviathan as-restriction-of-worldly-potential-as-integrity. Conservationism requires the alienated space of that-over-there, where the space being-served exists as a space that is separate from the progression that is Leviathan's restriction-of-worldly-potential and the becoming that is will-to-life-as-power.

That alienated space is the myth of civilisation, whereby there is "nature" and there is what is outside of nature. That becoming's manifest through possibility and impossibility is an

iconoclastic force within semio-space, rupturing the repressed energy of will-to-serve as life-denial, through changes in physical space, is one of the reasons why will-to-serve, as part of the alienation of “nature” is ultimately futile, as will-to-serve ultimately cannot. The mould seeps in, as life defies all efforts to be held back. The earth shakes underneath, in tectonic dances, bringing down buildings and splitting roads. The wind and the rain beat down on your house and, as the tree branch comes crashing down, smashing through your window, they flow through as far as the worldly potential of their possibility can reach.

We know becoming usually as wildness – *wild-Being* (as I have previously described it) – and will-to-serve, as in to-serve-Leviathan-as-progression, as domestication. The returning of the primitive is the rupture, whereby the becoming of *wild-Being collapses* the will-to-serve of Leviathan. The will-to-serve of many primitivists, by all appearances, is the result of a perspective towards the world that has been thoroughly caught in-between domestication and a desire for the will-to-life of wildness.

As far as post-primitivist (as in beyond-traditional-primitivism, rather than after primitivism-in-progress) praxis follows from

this, it becomes apparent to me that will-to-
conserve will amount to nothing more than
operations in futility. We cannot preserve the
parts of the world we wish to preserve in jam
jars, ready for our consumption when we wish.
A forest is not a pot of honey, (a “natural”
preserve,) to be left within the tombs of our
pharaohs so that future archaeologists might
“discover it”.

Eco-anarchist praxis, rather than will-to-
conserve of those wishing to save this culture –
liberals, greens, leftists, etc., – becomes part of a
process of accelerating the becoming-
impossible – ruination/collapse – it is constantly
undergoing, through creating ruptures within the
space. This isn't necessarily as part of some
grand-narrative, or attempt for total systemic
annihilation of the machine (though it might be
part of an effort oriented towards this). Rather,
for the most part, it is simply an attempt to
embrace the freedom our sense of integrity
brings us, as we find ourselves as manifestations
of worldly-potential – possibilities-becoming-
impossible-as-becoming-possible.

[Ex2: leave food out for wild boar in a city in
Europe and make sure it is tasty.]

I Have My Will

“My anarchy is a feral rejection of a deadening capitalist society in which life is converted to a culture of spectacles and high-def imagery commodified for consumption.” Blitz Molotov, Weaponising Sobriety: Feral Anarchy Against Intoxication Culture

My first encounter with the concept of *will* was through the Christianised morality of my mother’s family, regarding God’s will. I was told that some events that occurred were the will-of-God, and others were not. I/my-choices could be part of God’s will, though often this wasn’t the case.

Along with God’s will, there was my-will and my will either had to be part of God’s will or conform to it, if I wanted to not be “bad”. Should I not find myself within the process of God’s will, I would find myself in hell, as punishment for my transgressions. This could easily be avoided though, as God’s will had been codified into rules and laws that all I had to do was follow.

What I found though was that my-will and God’s will would very often collide, as forces impacting within the world, affecting the space

the collision was located within. These collisions have become more and more, as God's will became school's will, society's will and so on.

God's will, as society's will – the will of science, technology, progress, Man-kind's manifest destiny – collides in other spaces, than just my will. The will of forests, flowers and other flora to live and grow has been forced to break before the will of God. The will of indigenous cultures, colonised tribes and other peoples who have had domestication imposed upon them, has had to break before the will of God. The will of women who have sought to live as themselves and not by society's dictation, has been violated to break before the will of God. The will of men who have attempted to live lives not as part of the machine Leviathan have been forced to break before God's will. The will of birds, beasts, fish and other animals to run, fly, climb and swim freely within the world, have been exterminated, as they collide against the will of God.

I realised that God's will is a violent imposition on the wills-of-the-world that is the world. God's will is a process of actualising. The wills-of-the-world are processes of actualising. What becomes actualised from these processes are situations and spaces that we live in.

As I live more and more in the world that is actualised from God's will, the more I think – “fuck God's will”. The more I think this, the more I desire the actualisation of wills that are not of God's – the will of forests, flowers, flora, tribes, birds, beasts, fish, men and women. The more I desire this, the more I find beauty in the collapse of society, the destruction of God's will.

The greatest threat to society and God's will is the very ecological collapse that is the actualisation of the collision of God's will and the wills-of-the-world impacting upon each other. There is a tragic beauty to this.

My desire is that the wills-of-the-world escalate the collision, to accelerate the existential threat God's will faces, as it finds itself as No-thing – a phantasm before the beauty of *wild-Being*.

[Ex3: slip nihilist poetry into bibles in evangelic churches, as bookmarks to be found on a Sunday.]

The World Never Stops Moving

“Beyond our immediate ends, man’s activity in fact pursues the useless and infinite fulfilment of the universe.” Bataille, The Accursed Share

What might be said of process ecology?

As the actualisation of the will of worldly-potential, process ecology is the liberation of living possibility from what it *has-been* to what *is* as *becoming*. If social ecology signifies the relationalities that occur between organisms within a society; if deep ecology signifies the depth of relationality that is actual between living organisms; and if dark ecology signifies the Uncanny *weirdness* that occurs in the relationalities between living organisms; process ecology signifies that manifestation of flux that is change within the world.

Processes such as the moving of tectonic plates; the shifting of seasons; evolutionary organismic change; the movements of night-to-day-to-night-today and so on; all manifestations of worldly-potential. As geo-spatial topographies change, relationalities change and who we are becomes something totally different. There can be no fixed identity here. There is no eternal nation.

This is neither a signifier for optimism or despair. Just the awareness that nothing is ever the same. There is no eternity.

All relationalities between all organisms become and end. Existing conditions never remain – no matter how much the will-to- conserve might attempt to halt flux.

This must include the habit(at)ual relationalities we are most familiar with. Though it might seem ridiculous to conceive of, the absurdity of our situation includes the possibility that processes will lead to the impossibility of the sun-rising, as we know it to. The moon might one day escape earth's gravitational pull and drift off into space, forever impossible to us – my astrophysicist friend (a committed veganarchist and communist) would do a far better job at articulating the physics behind these possibilities.

What might happen should these potentials become actual? I cannot say. Perhaps animate life might have to evolve to survive in such conditions, in ways that are inconceivable to any of us. Perhaps all that will be left will be bacteria, feasting on the scraps of available sustenance. I don't know, and I'm inclined to

disregard the opinions of any who would claim to know.

How can we conceive of ecological relationalities we have never experienced anything similar to?

The more I think of what a process ecology might signify, the more it seems to me to be an ecology directed towards what is entirely out-of-our-ability-to-conceive-control-of-or-know-of (assuming “we” have ever controlled or known anything). This might be an uncomfortable concept for many who are ecologically-minded. Ecologically-minded individuals often like to view the landscape of organismic relationalities as a situation that they can know, understand and map out. This is perhaps one of the reasons why mainstream ecological thought fits nicely within the ideologies of revolutionary theories, that also likes to assume the view of knowing the world in its entirety and believing that it is an object open to manipulation, positively or negatively.

Perhaps, rather than the presumptions of social ecology, or even a revolutionary deep ecology, process ecology might be a space for opening up the potential for worldly freedom as-our-complete-lack-of-control-or-authority-over-the-world. It is unlikely that this conception of

anarchy would appeal to the majority of those who are ecologically-minded, revolutionarily-minded, or otherwise. But perhaps it is a spatial-topography of relationalities we are going to find our-Selfs immersed within – regardless of what any of us want.

[Ex4: dig holes underneath fences, deep enough for friends to crawl under.]

Existence Never Stops Moving

“There is nothing and no one to wait for.”
Anonymous, To The Deranged

If the actualisation of what is Real is an ontological process, it seems to me that the conservation, or preservation, of a Reality – i.e. ideology – is an attempt to be non-ontological, as not-in-process. That is, Reality appears to be the conception and reification of *definite-space*.

The indefiniteness of Being has a quality to it, that I find only fits a description of spaces where all that is ontological, which is *all* – as much as there is any-Thing, which in all likelihood is no-Thing – as process. That would be *all* is process.

[Ex5: drink a glass of water in a garden,
focusing on the experience of the space and of
drinking.]

What The Fuck Is Rewilding?

*“Through darkness to light
And through higher darkness again.” Okri.
Mental Fight*

What sort of process could it be to rewild?
Though it might often be framed this way,
rewilding does not seem to me, as I currently
understand it, to be a going-back to any state of
Being. Rewilding could not be a going back, as,
in much the same way that a tree does not have
a true front or back, or the sea doesn't have a
front or back, Being-as-wild-Being cannot be an
object with a front or a back.

But if not going back to some previous, perhaps
“primitive” state of conditions, what could a
process such as rewilding Be, or even just
signify linguistically?

If to re-member requires a state of membering –
being part of a complex structure or having a
sense of “belonging” to a community of
organismic relationalities – it might be said that

remember is not to “go back” to that state of membering, but perhaps to find your state of membering as relational to that state of membering and find yourself, if only psychically, there again. If this is the case, it seems to me that rewilding could well be a process of wilding, that is relational to a different state of wilding and to find yourself in that space again, neither back, nor forward – there as *here*.

If when rewilding we are engaged in a process of membering, we seemingly come into contact with the space of social-identity and group-think. Suddenly society, the domesticated herd and Leviathan become immediate objects of perception. I suddenly find my thoughts turning to that biomechanical entity I find myself repulsed by – the collective – and my thoughts turn to individualism.

When I return to my body and the space my body *is*, *is* immersed *in*, *is* an Extension of, and *is in* relation to, I’m drawn into an affirmation of membering, that is entirely desirable, in a gravitational pull that is maddening – or wild. Suddenly I find my sensation of membering to be that of being a singularity, as a unique individual, within a multiplicity – not the mechanical collective – that is entirely

pluralistic, in the way that no society can ever permit and continually seeks to eradicate.

This sensation is weirdly beautiful and horrifying!

Suddenly I'm caught in an apparent contradiction that only escalates the madness. The question of who I am becomes an inescapable unsolvable conundrum. Day-by-day I operate as an individual within this collective, but when I feel where I am and who I am, I find my membering as a singularity within a multiplicity that the collective is immersed within – regardless of how much it seeks to deny this.

When I've recoiled from the sense of symbiotic beauty and horror, a sense of ridiculousness manifests within me. The absurdity of who I am, where I am, and the entirety of the fucked up situation becomes laughable, in a *dark-ecological* humour. And rewilding becomes the membering of, perhaps a pessimistic, cosmological joke – but perhaps the most desirable joke within the entire spectrum of humours; more than blood, bile and phlegm.

[Ex6: befriend a squirrel and plan an attack on Too-Fucking-Late-Kapitalism together, keep the

plan a secret and be sure to arrange to meet up again.]

Change Happens Right Now

*“I’ve been kicked in the biosphere.” Morton,
Dark Ecology*

It might seem a strange contradiction to think of processes within a presentist onto-cosmic perception of time. To deny the existence of either the past or the future would seem to necessitate the denial of temporality/flux/transience/change.

This to my mind would only make sense though, if time were the theo-cosmic mover that moved all substance and produced change. Time and change would be the Same entity, and movement would be some event that was distanced from the moved. The bad faith within this line of reasoning is similar to that of dogmatic ideologues, who seek to claim that they are subjected to the world as its victims, and not manifest Extensions of the world-itself.

(Even if it is a contradiction, why follow Aristotle’s laws on non-contradiction and excluded middles or embrace the Hegelian renunciation of freedom in reconciling

contradictions? I am revolted – as an absurdist – by this logicist absolutist totalitarianism.)

If we take presentism to be an transient-egoist rejection of the encoded calendrical/monumental Historical time – time that begins and ends with Leviathan – a presentist account of process-metaphysics can be considered an embrace of the sensation of a now, which consciousness brings memory and expectation to. This sense of previous nows and nows to come, rather than objects to consume within a cosmic-narrative of progressive manifest-destiny, is the re-membling of relationalities. Re-membling, in this presentist account of processes, is the event of manifesting this current situation.

Re-membling, as a presentist-process, manifests as a rejection of the calendar, the clock, History, eternity and conceptualisations of the past and future. From this, the process seemingly must include an affirmation of the egoistic-now, transience and world that can be considered pre-Historic.

I have termed this process in another work as the *feral iconoclasm* that manifests with *feral consciousness*. This is where History no longer becomes the priority for radicals, anarchists or environmentalists, and we find ourselves as

antinomians to the laws of meliorism and hauntology. The inhuman, abhuman and non-human becomes far more desirable, than the anthropocentric ideologies that dominate discourse and praxis. We cease caring about the progress of History, or its conservation, and turn our gaze to the non-societal, what is called animal, and find ourselves as saboteurs.

This manifestation of presentist accelerationism is not an ideology or a movement, but something I have found as psychic-energy within radical space, which manifests into action. *Feral iconoclasm* has no design, as it emerges as a spontaneous eruption of absurd freedom, with no past mechanics and no future plans.

[Ex7: scream with a tree at 3am, ideally close to a farm, with a dog who will bark in response and wake the farmer.]

Never Trust Systematisers

“Language disguises thought.” Wittgenstein, Tractatus Logico Philosophicus

“The system” is often the term used to refer to the anthropological-machinery of this culture – the will of God. “The system” is usually spoken

of, in this way, when someone is unhappy with it, feels it is broken, or is attempting to convince someone who is unhappy with it that it does in fact work. The failings of the machine are where we mostly become aware of it as a system.

That “the system” is recognised as a force within the world is nothing unusual. It is typically recognised as the way of culture, progress, God. We recognise this as a process that we are in, with our individual wills having to respond to it either favourably or unfavourably.

Most within the world of radical projects and discussions see “the system” as something broken, which needs fixing. With this, there is a way that the machinery that is “the system” ought to be, which it currently is not. The way that it ought to be is knowledge they have of the world, and using this knowledge they seek to reorient the machinery, fixing it, to the way it ought to be. They are, ultimately, allied to “the system”, to the machinery that is History, ecocide and colonisation.

Nietzsche advised not to trust systematisers – I believe it was in the sense I just described that he intended this to be taken. I too advise not trusting systematisers.

[Ex8: play mind games with an anarcho-capitalist, nationalist or social ecologist, operation mind fuck style.]

History Is Totalitarian

“From an anti-civilisation perspective, “collapse” refers to the total shutdown of the institutions that make civilised life possible.”
Ainle, Civilisation and Collapse

History is a system. It is a framework for anthropological-hauntological apparatus.

History is a system of systems, with one aim – totalisation. The history of systems and the systems of History go side by side, though they are not the same. Both though are inherently totalitarian.

The history of systems is totalitarian in multiple ways. It is totalitarian in that it is the narrative of totalitarian systems colliding or bringing non-totalitarian systems under their machinery. It is totalitarian in that to be permitted to exist any being/system must become part of the machinery of History. It is totalitarian in that it takes the same reconcilary-contradictory form all totalitarian systems take of being both additionalist and reductionist in equal measure.

The systems of History can be described in the same way as the history of systems, though they are different. I have had people tell me to be “on the right side of history” – meaning that I ought to be part of the system that makes “the system” the way it ought to be. The dogmatic totalitarianism this line presents is obvious and revolting. And while it is usually said in a friendly manner, as an invitation, there is an obvious threat within the concept – equally as much a threat as that of fascists and monarchs and others who have sought to bring the world under their design.

[Ex9: deface a history book with paint, ink and scissors.]

Against Constructivists

“Most people tend to justify their choices and acts by some appeal to ideas and ideals - and first of all, to justify these acts to themselves.”
Peter Lamborn Wilson, Pirate Utopias Moorish Corsairs and European Renegades

The system of the anthropological-machine Leviathan is the practice of sets of rituals, all aimed towards appeasing God(‘s) – as the system itself. It is the practice of theurgic

conjurings, in an attempt of *causa sui* – the self-caused manifestation of itself. To appease itself, the system must ritualistically cause its own construction, through systems of science, construction, politics and so on.

The alchemist seeks to change the world that they call *basic*, through their systems, into substances that are considered valuable to Leviathan. The sands, which must be made concrete. The rainforests, which must be made paper. The oil, which must be made plastic.

Leviathan's alchemists, like the good Platoists they are serving the republic, would seek to tell us that what is *basic* – outside of the control and manipulation of civilisation, or in one word, wild – must have its true form brought out through theurgic rituals, aimed at appeasing God. Agriculturalists, industrialists and other “producers”, whether or not the structure of the rituals is capitalistic or socialistic, all embrace this practice of seeking to violate and manipulate what is *basic*, so that it may be controlled.

The constructivism of the attempt to activate the divine through rituals strikes me as a phenomenon, particularly in radical circles. The Marxist who must make themselves equal to all else through the rituals of Vanguardist revolutionary practice, not realising that their

attachment to number is, to borrow from Wittgenstein, ultimately Symbolic-fictionalism – we are all already equal as no-Thing. The anarchist who must make themselves free, through the rituals of fetishized solidarity practice and illegalism, psychically chain themselves to Leviathan through denying the unspoken freedom of their flesh. This list repeats with each faction/cult/ideology.

My instinctual distrust of the narratives of these rituals is why I cannot embrace theurgic practice – in the same way that I distrust exhibitionism as mysticism. The world doesn't seem like something I can control and manipulate, or would want to. My experience of Life, before Leviathan, is of an ineffable and paradoxical process of systems that defy systemisation, no matter what the alchemists want.

Perhaps the Taoist concept of *wu wei* would fit the non-theurgic mystical experience I have had, in spaces that have been *feral* – though I couldn't really say that this would be definite.

[Ex10: bring up the voting rights of seagulls at a local activist meeting – if anyone calls this nonsense declare them speciesist anthropocentrists.]

Ecosystems Are Systems But Are Also Not Systems

*“There is no one right way to live.” Quinn,
Ishmael*

An ecosystem is a system, but not in a reductive or machinic sense. An ecosystem is a system of relationalities in process. At no point is an ecosystem under any (real) control, though the system continually seeks to manipulate ecosystems. Ecosystems do not manipulate though, as there is no design to their processes.

The system and ecosystems are similar, in that they are both processes within which relationships exist. They are different both in quality and in body.

The idea that the system and ecosystems are the in anyway same, rather than simply similar, follows the same linguistic close-up magic that the psychic-illusionists of Leviathan would use to make the claim that a computer and a brain are the same, or that robotic bees are the same as biological bees.

A visceral sensual awareness of the intensive and extensive differences between the system

and the ecosystems, the robotic and the organismic, what is wild and what is domesticated, is enough to collapse that Reality.

[Ex11: take a piss off of the edge of a cliff – be sure to position yourself to avoid it being blown back on to you.]

Fuck Political Systematising

“Technianity already has the earmarks of an apocalyptic millenarian cult ...” Kaczynski, Anti-Tech Revolution: Why and How

The system seeks to control the world, through violation and manipulation. The politician and their disciples – even anarchist disciples of (bio-)politics – seeks to control the system, thereby controlling the machinery of the violation and manipulation of the world.

Emile Armand wrote of how the individualist is no ally to the revolutionary, as the revolutionary is not interested in the emancipation of the individual. My instinct is similar. As I find Leviathan to be my enemy, regardless of who is driving the machine – while being entirely driven by it – I cannot ally myself with the political, save for in those occasions when it

serves my benefit, by means of undermining political processes.

The city, urbanised space, agriculture is the system whose affairs is the central concern of (bio-)politics.

My revolt, my life, is not political. Who I am is not political.

They say that the personal is political, but I cannot embrace this concept. My identity might be political, but the person who I am, this flesh, this body, this will, this power, is not political and refuses politics.

To the political it is often considered worse to be against all politics, than to be of the wrong politics – it doesn't matter who it is you vote for, but that you vote. The unconscious reveal here is that the system, regardless of who is attempting to control it, comes before anything else, and is unquestionably the primary ideological concern.

To rebel by creating an art gallery in a public toilet, or by liberating caged animals, are acts with no value to the political. Poetry is lost on the most serious of revolutionaries, and street theatre is only valuable if it is profitable to marketeers.

The political are the most serious of realists, as the system Leviathan is the most serious of realities. Pan-erotic joy for life; the earthly eros of gravity; the playful anarchic delight for creation – in the name of progress, civility and propriety, these must be silenced, repressed, obliterated and ultimately consumed by this culture.

[Ex12: set up an art exhibit in a public toilet, with a title and a note stating that this is a new reality.]

Absurd Rebellion Against Machines

“The organisation incarnating the Thought turns on the world.” Fredy Perlman, 10 Theses on the Proliferation of Egocrats

The destruction of the system is the destruction of machines that violate the earth, and the destruction of technologies that construct the reality of Leviathan.

The system is built from machines and technologies. To rebel against the machine and technology, in this reality where the system dominates the world and all aspects of day-to-day activity, is to be in constant conflict and

confrontation with every-Thing; every house, every computer, every item of clothing, every car, every smartphone, every skyscraper, every cage. To resist Leviathan and the violation of earth, is not simply to resist specific aspects that might be disagreeable at one time or another – police, the army, business men, the president or prime minister, etc., – but involves an ontological refusal and cosmic-defiance against reification, repression and recuperation.

The absurdity and impossibility of this is obvious. We live in the built-space of the reality they built, through the violation of earth. My life, and almost certainly yours too, involves being part of their reality, this system, despite my state of defiance towards it. But from this revolt, this feral space of absurd ecological-consciousness and rebellion, worldly potential manifests as the becoming of desire.

This revolt holds no place in the “future”, that space in History that meliorism is building towards, as it is entirely the attempt at abandoning that(/all) narrative. In truth, as I have stated in multiple spaces, the future looks little more than ruination to me – and with its ruin, time ceases.

From absurd acts of creation, we become what we desire in acts of rebellion. I have found

freedom in these spaces, where the machine has become meaningless, where technology is stripped away and the world becomes bare.

[Ex13: stand by a road with a cardboard sign stating “Satanists for driving cars” – if anyone hassles you tell them that you’ll get a car demon to possess them and ensure they crash.]

Art Is Not Salvation

“Was he an animal, that music could move him so?” Kafka, Metamorphosis

I believe that the most immediate space to refuse systemisation, if becoming part of a “subculture” can be avoided, is art/aesthetics.

Art, whether it is through drawings, paintings, theatre (though I am less convinced by staged projects), poetry, music, story telling, and other similar mediums, affects psychic-space, in a way where realities can crumble to rubble and dust. This can be joyful. This can be horrific. The potential within artistic revolt, as refusal to be systematised, is entirely open.

Art is not salvation though. We are not going to save orangutans from bulldozers through poetry. Poachers are not going to stop hunting rhinos

because of a painting or a story. The ecological collapse, which will (as far as I can interpret) bring systemic collapse and ruination to this culture, will not be fixed through song.

The idea that we can save the world, that we can fix this apparently broken piece of machinery that we are engineers of, comes from the same rank arrogance that follows the notion that the world is our property to control and manipulate. It is the idea that we are on earth, as conquerors, and not immersed in earth, as earth. The idea that we are somehow separate from nature, and not part of its processes and having to respond to the wills of other beings and processes.

No, art is not salvation.

This refusal is the dark ecological laughter that follows from knowing that there is no salvation. Rather than the renunciationist pessimism of tears or sleep, or the optimism of salvationists and revolutionaries, this absurd Dionysian pessimism is a refusal whose revolt is embodied by hilarity and horror.

[Ex14: create zines on anti-art and animal liberation and distribute them disguised as badgers.]

Resurgency

“When we have but the will to do it, that very moment will justice be done: that very instant the tyrants of the earth shall bite the dust.”
Kropotkin, An Appeal to the Young

It is really difficult to talk about regrowth. While I am talking about processes that are continually underway, I am also talking about processes I expect to happen – though all writing is really just speculative fiction.

The reduction of life to the most concentrated form imaginable has left space open to the potential for growth in those areas now depleted. What becomes from this regrowth remains unknown and basically unknowable.

Doubtless, scientists, politicians and other spatial and psychic tyrants will attempt to tame/control this process, so as to meet the needs of agrarianism and markets. But they will be attempting to repress what is beyond anyone of their ability to know. This has been the main issue with techno-salvationist and other scientific methods of responding to the processes of the world, which are basically rejecting this culture. They are attempting to reduce the world as the world resists reduction.

Regrowth, or resurgence if you rather, in this way, is manifesting as uncanny space colliding with what is known. Like weeds pushing their way into the gardens of the rich, foxes finding their way into the hen house, and like the mouldy food at the back of the office fridge, which no one wants to remove out of horror; the resurgence of wild untamed space is the world resisting reduction, by insisting on becoming and living.

The weeds, the foxes, the mould in the fridges, you, me; if we participate in the untaming of space, as resisters of authority/domestication/politics/Leviathan, perhaps the rebellion of our insurgency could be considered that of resurgents. The Dionysian-flavour of being-a-resurgent requires the honest pessimism that comes with dealing with the cataclysmic reduction that has coincided with the abstractification and reification this realism and hyper-realism has forced upon the world. The situation is undoubtedly pretty shit, as humanist-normalisation/universalism has done a pretty decent job of ruining this space that we live in.

Resurgent action, as an ecological defiance towards the normalisation of the world of agri-logistics and architectural-construction, seems to be as much reweirding as it is rewilding,

though this may just be a tautology on my part. The difference between these terms, which may refer to the same process, seems to me to be in that all (if you'll forgive the Yoda like speaking) is difference, even to itself – the Derridean philosophy nerd in me wants to insert a joke about all is difference here, but it feels too constructed.

All becomings are regrowth and decline. All dies and rises. The eternal return of impermanence continually resists eternity. Creation and destruction are the same process, though different, as all is difference.

The pessimism this sense of futility inspires in me is not an unhappy one. I feel an excited sense of doom towards the potential becoming and regrowth. The death that life brings with it brings with it a certainty that knowledge seeks to abandon and consistently fails, as knowledge always fails. Leviathan can only die and is dying.

What mysteries, monsters and lives will rise from the death of Leviathan remains unknowable, like an adventure with no map to follow.

[Ex15: hide food around the office and encourage mould's growth – if you're asked about it, deny all knowledge.]

Some Thoughts Against Permaculture

“Hence domestication and repressive consciousness have left our minds fossilised more or less to the point of senility; our actions have become rigidified and our thoughts stereotyped.” Jacques Camatte, Against Domestication

It is no secret that cities rely on agriculture and that agriculture relies on (bio-)politics. Agriculture both enables and necessitates sedentary culture, which necessitates the need to control/police all lived activity within the boundaries of assumed territory, in order for the machinery to function smoothly. As agriculture's totalitarian spirit requires constant expansion, the progress of development is the highest priority for the policing/controlling of space.

This simple truth has been the basis of every tyranny and of the ruination of the world. The ruination of the world, through the totalitarian tyrannical practices of civilisation/Leviathan, and mass violation, through the policing and

caging, are necessary for the continuation of agriculture/sedentary culture/this culture. This is why, despite all attempts to improve this culture and provide salvation through technologies and policies that appeal to the sentiments of greens and like-minded individuals, the situation has only worsened – perhaps it would have been better to have let things go to ruin at some earlier point in History, but we can never know.

This culture cannot really control the world – the arrogance that it can is truly ridiculous. Global warming cannot be policed. No one can cage rising oceans or encroaching deserts. A wild fire will obey no laws and respect no rights. Civilisation, by whatever name you prefer, cannot fix this. Earth/*wild-Being* is not a machine that is broken, there is no mathematical solution that we can use to solve this problem.

The world is a wounded space, infected with the cancer of civilisation, which is attempting to heal itself through rejecting this culture.

Peter Lamborn Wilson (Hakim Bey), within his writings on ontological anarchy and the rewilding of earth, has advocated horticulture as a means of providing healing for earth – as a means of human-culture. Horticulture is neither wild nor totalitarian domestication, and undoubtedly a far less violating means of

“humanity” living, compared to civilisation/agriculture. Perhaps he is right. Wilson has consistently retained a support for the revolutionary dialectic – a political position that assumes the ability of social-architects/civilizational-engineers to control the world and make things “right”. I’d worry about any “new-horticultural revolution”, should such a movement occur, as a means of providing salvation from ruin, give how much violation and death comes with human-interventionist manipulation and attempts to control.

One of the most popular concepts within radical-environmentalist, deep ecology and primitivist conversations is that of permaculture. Permaculture refers to the idea of permanent-agriculture, through a type of ecological-engineering. The 12 design principles of permaculture are intended as a means of caring for earth, by caring for people – an undoubtedly beautiful notion.

I have little doubt that, like horticulture, permaculture presents as a far more desirable way of “humanity” living than the ruin and violation that agriculture has built.

My issues with permaculture are primarily due to the perceptual and metaphysical aspects of it that my instinctual drive is to reject. The first of

these is the idea of permanent agriculture, or even just permanent culture (as some primitivists might claim permaculture really is intended to be) – everything is temporary, and the idea of a way of life that is eternal appears to me to be the one that launched this 10,000 year experiment in self abuse. The second is that permaculture comes from a design whose axioms assume that the world functions like a machine for “humans” to engineer and manipulate, and that functions in a way that is mathematically reducible, thus fitting the logic of civilisation. Along with my pessimistic scepticism towards the claims I have seen be made by advocates of the green-Marxist ideology of social-ecology advocating permacultural revolutions – their possibility and desirability – this is why I doubt the ability of permaculture to be anything other than a well intentioned idea.

If not horticulture or permaculture – or if not just horticulture or permaculture – then what? How do we rewild or regrow without a method to grow?

The term feral refers to what has become untamed from having been domesticated and held in captivity, rewilded. In the 2 previous Feral books I have written I have focused on the untaming of consciousness through

deconstruction and the untaming of space through destruction. What emerges from this is the emergence of feralculture – which I will touch upon here and go into greater detail at another point in this text.

To be untamed is to be out of control, disordered – well out of “their” control and order. To be out of control is often called being wild or free. I have continually felt that control and order are phantasms/spooks, constructed to bring a sense of peace and safety for weak willed people. With this has equally come the sense that everything is (actually) wild/free, despite appearances, and that we realise this during mystical ineffable experiences.

Feralculture is what grows out of spaces where domestication/control collapses. It is an everyday psychic, social and ecological phenomenon, which requires little to no effort, just the playful anarchic joy of rebellion against order. Usually when events “go wrong”, like when a house floods and mould starts growing everywhere, or when individuals start talking honestly and quit bullshitting in that way that nice polite civilised people do, feralculture is the pessimistic affirmation of life playing out as it will – like a kiss of death, an act of love that acknowledges ruination.

What has been untamed and what has not been tamed is what is unordinary, what is unusual. Technology requires normalisation, in order to be used to fit the design. Commons require the conventions of what is common. The weirdness of rewilding and non-domesticated spaces is an aesthetic that ecological discourse rarely succeeds in embracing – save for some pagans and dark-ecology folk. It is an aesthetic that this culture is having to acknowledge, as processes slip further and further out of control. Weirdness escapes knowledge, while being an inescapable affirmation.

What will grow out of the emergence of feralculture, as processes slip further and further out of any perceived control, cannot be planned and cannot be known. This is the anarchy I desire and what my pessimism is inclined to believe will emerge, as the human ultimately collapses into the inhuman.

[Ex16: question permaculture around permaculturists and watch them lose their shit!]

A ThunderStorm Is A Symphony

“Even with the most perfect reproduction, one thing stands out: The here and now of the work of art - its unique existence in the place where it

is at this moment” Walter Benjamin, The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction

Regrowth is a creative process – this much seems obvious, as it doesn’t require the greatest ecological understanding to be aware that to grow/become is to be part of creation.

This is one of the reasons why I have always favoured the aesthetic over the political.

Wild flowers need no laws to become and be beautiful.

Painters and musicians are greater allies to entropy and disorder than renegade politicians, political-terrorists and revolutionaries.

The aesthetic is the medium of anti-political action because there is no mechanical need for the aesthetic within politics. Sure aesthetics can be purposed, but there is no need for them.

A broken cage is a work of art.

A riot is a dance.

A thunderstorm is a symphony.

I'm drawn towards zenarchy, as the active pursuit of failing to provide political rulers, in place of searching for a king I would feel happy to kneel before. Like dada poetry, this creativity resists both conventional language and the language of convention.

[Ex17: meditate during a thunderstorm, outside if you are happy to get wet, but not under trees.]

Fecundity, Fertiliser And Anarcho-Primitivism

“The teachers I’m used to don’t ask what you’re looking for. They just teach what they teach.”
Quinn, My Ishmael

The greatest insight of anarcho-primitivism, in particular the anarcho-primitivist insights provided by Kevin Tucker, is that, really, the anarchist revolt is not in search of anarchism – even anti-civ anarchism – but is the manifestation of primal anarchy.

What is often missed regarding *primal-anarchy* (noticeably often by John Zerzan) is what *primal-anarchy* actually means for anarchist praxis.

Rather than reconstructing anthropological histories – including contemporary histories – *primal-anarchy* can only be the foundational freedom that is prior to domestication – an ontological state, even if Zerzan wants to alienate anarcho-primitivism from philosophy, as a discourse.

Peter Lamborn Wilson articulated what *primal-anarchy* is well when he repositioned the primitivist notion of a return TO the primitive, to that of the return OF the primitive. *Primal-anarchy* is here, both as here and as Here. It is space/place/location, and what emerges from the world as life resists repression.

Leviathan's body has become too enormous in size for it to consume anything other than itself, through acts of self-cannibalisation. As the mouth eats the feet, what comes out of its arsehole is fertiliser for *primal-anarchy*.

The fecundity of our present situation becomes more intense as civilisation decays into ruination. The anarchy that manifests from this exists not in some utopia to get TO, technological or primitive, but in the Being of states of affairs here and now.

What we become in many ways will be what we are – though we will be entirely different.

[Ex18: lie in a field of tall grass reading poetry
– if you read any out loud to the grass, be sure
that it is decent.]

Thoughts On Urban Scout And Kevin Tucker

“The world has always been in movement.”
Massumi, The Principle of Unrest

Rewilding is a becoming, in that it is change.
Unlike revolutionary changes, rewilding is not a
coercive becoming, but is the release from and
abandonment of coercion.

This becoming cannot be forced, in the same
way that no conservationist or gardener can
really force anything to grow that does not want
to. A lynx, wolf or deer that does not want to
become rewilded into the environment it is in
will simply not.

Rewilding is what happens when Life resists
Death, the refusal of a suicidal existence, in
undoubtedly absurd conditions. If it weren't that
rewilding more often than not happens in
entirely sober spaces, it would be an entirely
stupid phenomenon – perhaps idiotic(?).

Whether it is sober or stupid, rewilding is an irrational, Dionysian process. It will not compute to the mathematical logistics of problems = solutions, and it will not make sense to those who have never sensed it.

Rewilding is rarely something you do, but is a happening that you are a part of. Like the ineffable mystical beauty of the northern lights, or the horror and trauma of a flash flood, rewilding emerges when the human collapses into the unhuman, the non-human and the inhuman. The beauty and pain that comes with rewilding is something that is rarely acknowledged within primitivist and similar circles.

No one (I imagine) started their rewilding journey by reading Urban Scout's blog, or copies of Black and Green Review (or even books with Feral in the title). Everyone who finds themselves immersed within a process of rewilding, will have found rewilding happening to them, in moments of hurt, when the machine's abuse could no longer be denied, and in moments of wonder, where the insignificance of civilisation fades into the mysterious beauty of the world.

This is ultimately a pessimistic process, where humanity's abilities and desirabilities fade into

No-thingness, leaving the abyss of a kind of universality-of-pure-difference – Guattari’s chaomosis, as recreation of the self in both aesthetic and ontological forms. This is one of the reasons why primitivism has failed so colossally in articulating what rewilding actually involves, outside of a few blueprints for wild-craft activities – anthropology can only see with a humanistic-gaze.

[Ex19: take a friend to a river or the beach while they are experiencing a period of distress and care for them.]

Medicine And Heaps

“When we are in love we feel a weird indifference towards our moral obligations with regards to our parents, children - even if we continue to meet them, we do it in a mechanical way, in a condition of ‘as if’; everything pales with regards to our passionate attachment.”
Zizek, Event philosophy in transit

It can seem difficult to find space for rewilding, while living within the colonised territories – particularly when we limit our idea of rewilding to specifically wild-craft skills and permaculture projects. You can’t possibly be a good anarcho-

primitivist while you are driving to work your day job in a shop, so you can pay your rent and electricity bill, to power your TV and laptop, and listen to Anarchy Radio before you go to bed to rest before doing the same. The tendency then appears to be one of self-hatred and judgement for not rewilding the right way.

I used to organise with a guy who was very much like this, who lived in Bristol. After a prolonged period of hating his life, because he felt like a bad rewilder – working from 3am-10am, so he could organise activist projects from 11am-3pm, and then find time to rest (maybe gardening in the evening) – he and his partner converted their van into a small mobile home and set off to escape the grind of civilisation (only to find himself hating the new life he had made for himself). He saw wildness as something that lies outside of civilisation, as somewhere else, not here/present.

But at what point does a domesticated territory become civilised? At what intensity of extensive conditions do we say “now there is no wildness here – this is totally tame”?

The problem of *heaps* is one that anti-civilisational discourse (again, especially anarcho-primitivist discourse), has been thoroughly overlooked, in both directions you

can look at it through. What I mean by this is; if we consider a forest to be a *heap* of trees, and an agriculturalist cuts down trees to make space to plough, we do not consider after the first 2 or 3 trees the forest to have ceased being a forest; but when we are down to the last 2 or 3 trees we do. At what point did it stop being a forest? At what intensity did the extensive properties cause a qualitative shift that was so totalising that the forest stopped Being? At what point did this space cease to be wild, and become tamed into domestication?

The problem of *heaps* is a mereological problem, as it is about the relationship of parts to wholes. I find with this notion another strange thought. This thought goes along the lines of “if this is no longer this, as this is now that; is that still part of this or is that now part of that?”. What I mean is, if it is true that the forests that once existed where I type this are gone, does that necessarily mean that this space is no longer part of processes that are wild and untamed, as in outside of the control of domesticators, or is this entirely under the total authority of Leviathan?

The answer is obvious to me when I ask the question – Leviathan has no say when it rains; the birds who sing by my window are not caged; I manage to happily play games of psychic-

warfare through transgressing the norms of social-interaction that keep civilisation going; bacteria will stubbornly refuse eradication wherever this culture tries to eradicate them; and so on. Wildness, as a process and as spaces between and through spaces, is entirely here and is immediate.

As far as parts to wholes go, there is a lot less wildness in the world, as Leviathan has violated much of these processes. But it is not lost. Like the tragic rebellion of resistors within German concentration camps, whose nihilistic acts of revenge acknowledged that their basic existential freedom had not left them, the freedom of wildness is something that is basic and has not disappeared – which is something I have a desperate person desire for environmentalists and anarchists to find.

As wildness is here, and does not require travel to get to or rituals to be summoned, this immediate arrival back into the forest means that there are far less excuses for rewilders to justify their tameness. While we are undoubtedly becoming-animal, we were never not animal – we are becoming ourselves, as who we are (not some socially constructed identity).

Rewilding is, and has always been (to disappoint purist Zerzanites), an ontological

activity, not (just) an anthropological one. Our lives can be wild right here, within the cages, because we are only caged in part.

The whole is not domestication – Leviathan could never have that much power. While we are partially tamed, as this space is partially tamed, the whole is not. Our lives all find wild spaces to dance in.

A life of rewilding can of course include cycling through forests, learning how to make fire through wild-craft skill, etc., and, of course, will undoubtedly involve restoration projects that seek to revitalise violated spaces.

John Moore’s anarcho-primitivism centres around medicine, like Peter Lamborn Wilson’s Endarkenment Manifesto, as part of his *green-hermeticist* ontological-anarchy. Medicine is a very embodied notion, and one that signifies a defiant refusal – the refusal to passively accept death. A body can resist many ills that threaten it. Our immune systems and white blood cells (or rather the ones in these bodies we call “ours”) kill what threatens us. Having been a cancer patient though, I know medicine is often needed to kill what is killing you, and allow for healing – there is a strangeness to my relationship with cancer killing technologies and drugs, as an anti-technology anarchist.

As far as the problem (maybe not problem – maybe question) of *heaps* goes, the discussion of medicine, and subsequently what being-a-medicine-person is (without appropriating shamanism like Communist-internet personalities), brings my attention to the wild world/*wild-Being* not being dead-here and needing to be found-there. Instead, I find it here/now, in the body I am and the body-I-am-immersed-in.

This is both liberating and horrifying.

The obvious absurdity of this isn't lost on me. Of course, no medicine can prevent death – cancer treatment won't "save" me from dying. Everything decays and collapses.

The absurdity is also liberating and horrifying.

[Ex20: practice herbalism and provide free healthcare for those within your tribe – charge ridiculous amounts to enemies.]

A Fence Is A Fucking Challenge!

“Anarchy, for me, means individual negation to laws, order and systems.” Flower Bomb What Savages We Must Be: Vegans Without Morality

Today I am feeling a savage intensity that refuses to be tamed.

I will not be tame. I will not live by their laws. I will respect no fence.

Today is a day to dig under fences, and to knock down ones that cannot be dug under.

I have opened the doors to cages.

I have dug under mine.

[Ex21: collapse a fence and liberate the encaged – probably best done at night.]

Art For Primal War

“For each of them, the most important thing in living was to reach out and touch perfection in that which they most love to do, and that was to fly.” Richard Bach, Jonathan Livingston Seagull

The-art-of-rewilding/the-rewilding-of-art is a subject that I often think about. My explorations into this have been a quiet joy for me.

I find a great sense of freedom in creativity.

This freedom is most intense when I am entirely distancing my creativity from the market of human activity and production of human society – which for the most part are the same thing (in the same way as that there is no real difference between socialism and capitalism, save for the fact that everything is different).

In the ontological anarchist refusal to embrace the Reality constructed/built by Leviathan, and the Nietzschean embrace of returning to the flesh/Real, I agree with Nietzsche that we have art so that we don't die of Reality.

This creativity is not a form of salvation though, in the way that iconographers will seek to earn their way into heaven through erecting monuments to their God, be it theological, political, celebrity etc.

I'd rather die of something Real than this fucking Reality

[Ex22: create cave art on a pavement.]

Suffering As The First Step To Liberation

“He who never says anything cannot keep silent at any given moment.” Heidegger Being and Time

Trauma is what first enabled me to doubt the tame sanity of a tame existence.

My becoming has/is manifested from the becoming that comes with learning to heal and learning to live with what happened to me – which is undoubtedly how many of us who resist Leviathan and who wish to destroy this culture that destroys us/the-world-we-are come to the experience we share (to whatever degree it is possible to share in experience).

The untame madness that arises from this becoming is what follows from the wounds that affected us.

The violation is awful. The violation of earth, of our lives is revolting – in that it inspires revolt in those who have felt this violation.

[Ex23: write down all the traumas you remember experiencing and how they have strengthened you.]

Daily Life Is Strange

“A free man thinks of nothing less than of death, and his wisdom is a meditation, not on death, but on life.” Spinoza, Ethics

I am in conflict with most that I encounter within my life.

Tame behaviours.

Tame work.

Tame fun.

Tame aesthetics.

Tame people.

This world that my life is within, that has been thoroughly tamed – though still contains wild space – is one that I am constantly in conflict with.

Fuck them. Fuck them and their oppressive ideologies – even the so-called anarchists, who push to tame anyone who doesn't fit their idea of what anarchist praxis should be.

Tameness revolts me.

[Ex24: challenge someone in a position of authority in front of as many people as possible.]

Neither Atheist Or Spiritual

“There are as many His-stories as there are Leviathans.” Perlman, Against His-story, Against Leviathan!

The mystical currents within anarchist praxis have remained something of a dirty secret. The cultish aspects of *mystical-traditions* and the sectarianism that can follow from those spaces can be off-putting for many. If not that, mystical practice would seem to go against the anti-theism of anarchist slogans like “No Gods, No Masters” and Bakunite-purists.

Regardless though, the apparent mysticism within the praxis of individuals like Chulkov and Bey, within tendencies like zenarchy and pagan-anarchism – and to some extent even in Situationist approaches, like Vaneigm’s revolution of everyday life – remains.

This makes sense to me. If the mystical is what is ineffable and the ineffable is what defies being included within symbolic-culture – is outside of “their” control – then mystical phenomenon has an untame quality, which denies any authority over it.

Covens and cults don’t need to be part of a mystical practice. Neither does rituals or adherence to traditions. If the mystical is untame, as outside of the control of Leviathan, then it is already a process that is outside of any construction – no one is an authority on this process.

My mystical experience inclines me towards a *hylozoic* perspective towards life and substance. I’d like to call myself an animist, as part of my psychic-nomadic praxis, but that feels inauthentic to me – in the same way that western liberal-leftists claiming to be shamanistic practitioners seems insincere. I can’t know the experience of primitivists, anarchists and pagans who have appealed to animism, so I can’t know if they are appealing to anything more than romantic notions.

I know my own experience of mystical/untamed processes/spaces. When I read Elani, Tucker, or Bey appeal to animism, I am drawn towards their love of the beauty of the untame,

regardless of thoughts I have towards cultural appropriation.

[Ex25: whirl solo in a shopping centre – if more than 5 people join you, walk away.]

They Fear Uncaged Animals

“If the system sucks, create something yourself, something different, something better, or at least something more fun.” Do or Die, Cracks in a Grey Sky

They fear the untame animal. Bears, badgers, snakes, tigers, elephants, hippos, foxes, wasps, orcas, sharks and komodo dragons; the list goes on and on. Radicals, anarchists, insurrectionaries, rioters and the mad; the list goes on and on. This culture fears what it cannot control. This culture fears untame animals. A fox in the hen house means no eggs for breakfast. They hate the untame animal, because the untame animal reminds them that the world isn't as stable as they want it to be.

I would lie if I said that I cared as much about tame animals that I do untame animals. The lives of domesticated cattle, poultry, salmon, Californians etc., do not matter to me as the

lives of sparrows, wild bees, pine martens and those who live on North Sentinel Island. This is not out of any cruelty or unkindness. I'd love to be able to care for domesticated creatures as much as I do wildlife, as they are violated by Leviathan too. I just don't.

Rewilding has involved me shifting my value from the human, including slaves to humanity, to the unhuman/wild. I love untame animals.

[Ex26: take a walk in the countryside, opening gates as you go – obviously not on to any roads that pose a risk to non-humans.]

You Cannot Control Brilliant Art

“Nothingness lies coiled in the heart of Being - like a worm.” Sartre Being and Nothingness

Enrico Baj's painting “Fire! Fire!” contains the image of a (non-)humanoid animal with crazed eyes, seemingly running through woods away from flames that are outside of the boundaries of the canvas.

Ibdes in Aragon by Andre Masson shows 2 roosters blended into the landscape of a land that appears both full of fire and blood.

Robinson Jeffers inhumanist poetry takes the non-human to be the focus of his words, as he casts humanity almost completely aside.

Queercore band Gay For Johnny Depp's music has a savage fury throughout it – the album *The Politics of Cruelty* being a particularly anarchistic non-anarcho-punk collection of songs.

Untame aesthetics seem to be aesthetics that either appeal to humanity's inability to adequately control, or aesthetics that refuse being controlled.

[Ex27: organise an art and music festival dedicated to unrestrained creativity.]

Untame Creation

“In Western Civilization, our elders are books.”
Snyder, The Practice of the Wild

A man and a woman fuck all night long. It is passionate. It is loving. It is sensual. It is everything good sex is.

Skin on skin.

Lips touching lips.

Moving across the bed in exquisite ecstasy.

They aren't being-Human.
They are animals being-Animal.
This isn't a civilised act.
This is free love.

9 months later, they hold a child in their arms.

This is a type of untame creativity.

Acts of life that defy domestication are untame
creativity.

The regrowth after a forest fire.

A woman who spray paints “smash the
patriarchy”, where she knows it will not be
missed.

Untame creativity is a creativity or refusal and
of love – maybe even a love of refusal!

[Ex28: parent a baby and send a photo to a
morally enraged anti-natalist, with a note
detailing that you have rejected their pathetic
hedonist morality.]

Bird Song Rebellion

“For me, individuality is a weapon.” Flower Bomb, Decomposing the Masses: Towards Armed Individuality

Every day I hear birds singing directly outside of my house. Mostly sparrows, some great and blue tits, pigeons, blackbirds, chaffinches and robins, and occasionally I hear crows. Their music is an untame symphony, an anarchist melody.

We do not (really) know what their songs are saying, or telling us.

I like to think that they are screaming at the earth ruiners, in revulsion, while in the same moment playing some kind of game.

Whatever the case, they sound beautiful.

[Ex29: play guitar, banjo, mandolin or sitar and join a symphony of birds.]

Poetic Abandonment

*“There, where trees flower, and springs flow,
for there is nothing again.” T.S. Eliot, Ash-
Wednesday*

What reason do anarchists have to care about poetry?

What could poetry have to do with environmentalism?

How does poetry have anything to do with radical praxis?

Historical answers aside, and avoiding writing out a list of poets, poetry’s role in the struggle to resist this culture seems obvious to me.

Activist friends, especially those who have ties to political parties or who identify as Marxists, have told me (through words to this effect – though very politely) that poetry is a waste of time. My response is usually to point out how epically a disaster every Marxist revolution has been, or how meaningless voting is – which has not yet been refuted.

Poetry isn’t useful, in the sense that we think of cars, laptops and ploughs being useful. If all the poets died, this culture would keep on going.

There is a quality to poetry that is entirely decadent, or even degenerative. Even the most bourgeois of poets signify something of cultural decline, of having lost something considered normal to the moral sensitivities of the culture at large. The debauchery of poetry stands at a distance to culture.

Poets are abandoned and abandon. Poets depart from society and society exiles poets, even if it is only to the pages of books or theatres.

Oscar Wilde – a hero figure of mine since I was 17 – knew what it was to be abandoned, after his abandonment of Victorian civilisation, as a homosexual, became discovered - (ok, perhaps a bit of history). I wonder what Wilde would write of if he were here with us, sharing the experience – the name given to a mistake, according to Wilde – of the collapse of the biosphere, as we lie in the gutter of techno-industrialism.

To me, Wilde exemplifies what is valuable in poetry and poets – while remaining a failure in many ways.

Poetry reminds us of what lies behind and underneath our masks. Poets remind us of pointless actions – that is actions that are inconsequential to the running of this machine.

Which is why poets both abandon and are abandoned.

If abandoning this way of life and seeking to be abandoned by this culture holds no relevance to anarchists, environmentalists and radical action, then what fucking does?

[Ex30: join the night forest cell of radical poets and write raw savage poetry.]

I Love What I Cannot Say

“Desire, not specifically homosexual, is the tendency within society which also figures its undoing.” Baedan #1

I am in love with the ineffable.

I just am.

The beauty of the paradoxical brings feelings I just cannot describe.

I love the gentle destruction of the rain.

I love the brutal creativity of the parental songbirds, as they bring their babies food that they have hunted.

[Ex31: stare into the eyes of a wild goat - if it stares back you will be visited by Pan.]

Rituals Make Me Cringe

“The plague of domestication has reached into every wild space, and the lines of colonisation have crossed us more times than we can count.”
Serafinski, Blessed is the Flame

I have an instinctual distrust towards theurgic practices, and am continually perplexed as to why those interested in mystical experience turn to them. Why would specific rituals, recipes and performances bring you any closer to the ineffable? That they can be encoded into the doctrines that lovers of the occult fetishize negates their status as mystical experiences.

Chaos magic, as an approach to radical semiotics, is undoubtedly fun. But theurgic (re-)constructionism taken seriously strikes me as a means of further alienating yourself from the immediatist mystical pursuit of primordial anarchy – the pursuit of absolute liberation, which might be an absurd pursuit (as equally absurd as any other), but is still at the core of my feral desire.

[Ex32: consult tarot cards while reviewing the news, being sure to use your findings in debates.]

I Am No-Thing And Free

“Fighting for this, we attack the average, deny the universal, and nurture the anomalous.”
Crimethinc, Expect Resistance

When I encounter myself in the space that is the world I am immersed in, I find myself caught in a dramatic paradox. The paradox is characterised by absence and presence.

The absence is the Nothingness that Sartre found leaves open the space for radical freedom. In this absence, there is nothing to restrict me. I am an unbound aperion. There are no boundaries to the world.

The absence is liberating. There is no state, no market, no cages – it is anarchy.

Presence, while I have contrasted it with absence-as-freedom, is not restriction, control, or authority. Presence is the affection Spinoza wrote about in his advocacy of radical monism.

Affection impacts what Spinoza called “passions” (desire).

My desires are impacted by the presence of the world. They are impacted by trees, bird song, television, advertising, smells, tastes, flowers, the news, books and everything else that I encounter within the world. My desires shape my relationship to the world as I encounter it.

The presence of the world is strange to encounter. I am left horrified and inspired by this world that I encounter. Horrified by clear cuts, caged animals, cities with unbreathable air, starving children, brutalised women and other ugly faces of this culture. Inspired by the wild beauty I encounter, by the will to revolt I see, and by simple everyday moments of joy I experience and other aspects of life not caged by this culture.

There is a paradoxical anguish that goes with this first paradox.

Radically free, yet caught in the presence of this culture whose presence affects my desires. This anguish is what undoubtedly most anarchists experience, when they find themselves encountering the state. But it goes further than politics – which anarchism rarely(/never-basically) goes further than.

There is a further liberation that goes with embracing this anguish. It is an absurd liberation that defies language, rationality and explanation. It is one of those experiences that, if you haven't experienced it, you simply will have nothing to draw from to understand.

Real presence is right here and now. As far as the privileging of the metaphysics of presence over that of absence goes, for anarchist and other radical discourses; the overlooking of metaphysics of absence – the absence of the state, the market, the father, the patriarch and so on – has perhaps been the greatest limit to liberatory endeavour.

The authority which seems to me to hold most presence seems to be that of technology, as you can hardly turn your head anywhere right now without encountering some technological apparatus.

Most of us can only share in the experience of presences that have been brought to us by the spectacle of hyper-reality, brought by the advanced technologies of this culture. People are brought together by technology. Socialists and greens struggle principally to keep technological production going, as they desire it.

Experience of the world is very much directed by this culture – the Machine that is Leviathan. That technology mediates experience has been repeatedly acknowledged by philosophical tendencies like existentialism, as well as by radical tendencies like naturism and primitivism.

Philosopher and sociologist of technology Ellul stated that where you find technology you lose the mystical. My experience is that this is true.

Technology limits my experience; mystical phenomenon takes me to the limits of my experience. Technology feels like death; mystical experience feels like life.

[Ex33: attack something horrific and defend something beautiful – keep it simple.]

Animal Liberation As Mystical Experience

“Rather than adhering to these strict rules, we felt free to communicate our individual desires ...” Baba Yaga, From Identity to Individuality

During my mid-teen exploration of pagan thought, through a very neo-pagan wiccan practice – probably entirely different from what Elani or Wildermuth would consider to be actual pagan practice, but whatever – I was always perplexed by the idea of a familiar. The idea that a rat, cat or raven could aid a practitioner in their metaphysical magickal activities seemed bizarre.

It wasn't until many years after I had abandoned this practice that I came to realise what a familiar signifies within the theatre of the ritual. A familiar is like a rope that you've tied one end to a tree and held on to the other end as you have gone wandering away from the tree. Familiars bring us back to our animal selves, reminding us of the non-human aspect of personhood.

Midway through my venture into wicca a “white witch” told me my spirit animal. If you were to ask me today what I'd imagine my spirit animal to be, it wouldn't be what she said. When discussing my becoming-animal I almost always state that I am becoming-badger, due to my love of the species. But if I were to state what animal would be my current spirit animal, I'd likely say goldfinch, sparrow or maybe a house martin. She, unsurprisingly, gave me the neo-pagan cliché that every teenage wicca would hope for

– the wolf, whose obvious symbolic significance of being the non-domesticated version of Man’s best friend.

Spirit animals signify that part of our Being that members of this culture repress, to follow laws of normalised behaviours, and other supposed limits and boundaries that come under the phantasm of “order” – the illusion of “chaos” as the other side of this bullshit dualism. This contains both the spectre of liberation – to use Stirner’s term – as well as the trace of liberation – what Wilson/Bey calls the utopian trace.

Personal liberation, the reclamation of our lives, is a form of animal liberation – you are an animal (sorry humanists)! And animal liberation is a form of personal liberation.

My lone-wolf hunt sabotaging and ALF type-activities have been a source of personal liberation, as each act of revolt immerses me within my primordial anarchic-freedom. I do not document these acts further than acknowledging that I am engaged in this type of action, as propaganda. Individualist eco-radicalism requires obvious personal safety measures, but regardless; the danger of these actions is a release; the rebellion they involve is liberating; and the playfulness they involve is fun!

[Ex34: deliver previously captured factory farmed chickens to sanctuaries that can care for them – or care for them yourself, if you have the means to do so.]

If You Meet Max Stirner On The Road, Kill Him!

“We need the tonic of wildness...At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be indefinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of nature.” Henry David Thoreau, Walden

Egoism, or rather my-egoism – and that of many Stirnerite-purists (who Stirner would likely hate) – is based in a radical-monist perception of the world. How I frame this is usually in the hylozoism of Ancient Greek Ionian physicalism – Heraclitus, Anaximander etc., - and Nietzsche’s return to the flesh.

Radical monism is not a new concept to anarchist discourse – Bey/Wilson has used the term when discussing various subjects, including in his meditations on quantum theory.

Radical monism's relevance to egoist-anarchist praxis, or at least my praxis, is that it destroys both morality and immorality – there is no good or evil, just what is. The monist Shiva devotees' known as the Aghori – famed for their cannibalism (which I neither endorse nor condemn) – base their practice in embracing the world in its entirety, as everything is Shiva. I am not convinced though that, when you destroy morality/God, Dostoevsky is correct that this means everything is permitted. Shiva's feminine form is Kali, whose divine rage embodies the full power of creative-destruction.

Rage is an entirely subjective and personal experience. Fury and anger, like love and joy, are sensory-emotional valuations that reside in the bodies that we are. In other words, they are tastes/judgements that are called aesthetics.

Aesthetics is the way in which the world affects us, and how we affect the world – this is usually limited in conversation to just art, but we all know the beauty of a sunset and have all been beautiful to someone. Radicalism involves embracing that the world affects us and is an attempt to affect the world – I'm immediately reminded of Camus's call to “create dangerously”.

Anarchist radical monism is embodied in the Immediatist project – another term gifted to us by Bey/Wilson. Immediate revolt. Immediate experience. Immediate freedom. Immediate affection.

In our actual day-to-day lives, I am sure that we are all practicing immediatists. My meditations on immediatism are drawn towards anti-technology praxis – my aesthetics are my uniqueness – my property, in Stirner's sense – but you might share in this. How you affect the world as it affects you is your process.

[Ex35: set up a shrine to Shiva, Eris, Dionysus or Tiamat, in a bank or post office, using forms and biro pens.]

They Won't "Get It"

*"Most people do not really want freedom, because freedom involves responsibility, and most people are frightened of responsibility."
Freud, Civilisation and its Discontents*

The mystical is ineffable, because language sets limits through demarcating boundaries.

Mystical experience is both the limit of experience and limitless experience.

Post-anarchist and primitivist anarchist conversation is an attempt to talk about what is beyond this culture's limits and boundaries – where power resides and subscends authority.

Don't be surprised if those who don't "get it" "don't get it" – their language limits their world (as Wittgenstein said).

[Ex36: let a conversation end with you not explaining yourself – be sure to have suitably frustrated the other participant when doing this.]

There Is Nowhere Else To Go

“Everything dissipates into ether and weightless rains. In the submerged quiet kelp-like crystals wordlessly emerge. Seas of indifference.”
Thacker, Cosmic Pessimism

We are taught to believe in a great cosmic dualism of the natural and the unnatural – the idea that humanity has succeeded in separating itself from the rest of the world.

Global warming and the existential threat from ecological collapse collapses this notion – one

of the reasons why the subjects are kept as an open dirty little secret.

Environmentalism, in forms that aren't politically reductive – the tragic awfulness of Green politics and techno-salvationism – at the very least suggests monism.

This is why environmentalism so often lends itself to spiritual, religious and mystical traditions, which seek some form of cosmic-“oneness”.

[Ex37: create a map of ecological violation, on top of an atlas, using felt tip pens and crayons.]

I'll Only Vote For Trees And Badgers

*“What had to remain in the collective unconscious as a monstrous hybrid of human and animal, divided between the forest and the city – the werewolf – is, therefore, in its origin the figure of the man who has been banned from the city. That such a man is defined as a wolf-man and not simply as a wolf (the expression *caput lupinum* has the form of a juridical statute) is decisive here. The life of the bandit, like that of the sacred man, is not a piece of animal nature without any relation to law and the city. It is, rather, a threshold of indistinction*

and of passage between animal and man, physis and nomos, exclusion and inclusion: the life of the bandit is the life of the loup garou, the werewolf, who is precisely neither man nor beast, and who dwells paradoxically within both while belonging to neither.” Agamben, Homo Sacer

There is an environment to the *polis*, in the same way that there is a body to a cancer cell. But the cancer cell is not of-the-body-it-occupies, in the same way that the *polis*, the city/urban space of (bio-)politics is not of the environment. As such, authentic environmentalism can only be anti-politics, in the same way that our bodies fight against cancer. Anti-politics is not non-politics.

[Ex38: buy a bunch of SIM cards, call the police once with each, informing them of various fictional criminal activities, as a means of ensuring they do not stumble across your ELF and ALF friends, while they go to investigate.]

Subscendance And Collapse

“Folk anarchy is more than a dream, it is a way to describe what we are already doing today: how our projects and passions fit together...”

warts and all.” *Crimethinc, Anarchy in the Age of the Dinosaurs*

Everything dies. That is just it; everything ends. Everything falls back to the earth – the gravitational eros, subsending into the earth, as our bodies collapse into the primordial abyss.

All attempts to transcend the world have brought us to ruin – capitalism, socialism, religions, industry, techno-progression, etc.

Transcendence is collapsing into subsending, as the shit-show of politics, the affairs of the city who is married to no one, spirals into the gutter of its own ruination.

Environments are collapsing; the world is spiralling into an abyss, subsending into primordial anarchy. This culture can only be brought within the collapse – transcendence has continually failed, so why should it succeed now?

The collapse of the biosphere, which this culture never *really* left, is the collapse of this culture – cancer dies with its host.

[Ex39: write obituaries for extinct species and send them to local newspapers, under the alias David Attenborough.]

There Are Not Enough Words

“Man stands face to face with the irrational. He feels within him his longing for happiness and for reason. The absurd is born of this confrontation between the human need and the unreasonable silence of the world.” Camus, Myth of Sisyphus

An environment is too huge to talk about. An ocean could never be reduced to a conversation. What can really be said about the beauty of a forest?

Environmental writing is always inevitably a failure, because no matter how much is said, what you have written will always be insufficient.

Environments have to be felt, touched, smelt, heard, tasted, walked on, swam through, explored, sat in, cried with, danced upon, to be known.

If you have never stood at the edge of a cliff, with the sea crashing against the rocks beneath

you, you would not be able to know what that experience is – don't settle for a description.

Environmentalism as a community, movement and ideology has far too many who can say a lot, but who have explored and danced nowhere.

[Ex40: cry without shame, for the loss of someone you love, either alone or with a trusted friend.]

Inclusive Capture And Burning Theatres

“Unquestioned beliefs are the real authorities of any culture.” Jensen, The Myth of Human Supremacy

The perspectival movement environmentalism requires is not only of bringing the background of history into the foreground, but of recognising that we are, and have always been, both the background and in the background. Environments, lands, seas, skies, woods, deserts, grasslands, swamps, mountains, glaciers and so on, have been the canvas from which civilisation has staged the tragi-comedy that has been that past 10,000, or so, years.

Now the stage, the backdrop, the scenery, is on fire, and the actors have few places to run, if any – as the flames spread out into the theatre, consuming the audience. There is no background anymore, and there is only background.

This is the point at which the illusion of interiors and exteriors dissolves. There never was an inside civilisation and outside nature – though I admit I do use this rhetoric device. The idea that we are safe from the “outside” while “inside” our houses has been a very comfortable bullshit, but it remains bullshit.

The space we are immersed within is an incomprehensibly limitless exteriority, which includes our bodies, organs and psychic worlds.

My anarchy finds this joyous. I am not (just) “inside” civilisation/the-state/etc., but part of an expanded field that is actually unlimited. My environmentalism finds this conflictuality wonderful and awful, as this opens up “everything” and because this opens up “everything” – how can we have any idea what is going on and what needs to be done when we are talking about “everything”.

History’s interiority – its *inclusive capture* – might contain environments inside it, but

History is within environments. When captured we are still outside, and when outside we are still captured.

There is plastic at the bottom of the ocean and there is wildlife living in cities (non-human and human). Kaczynski never escaped the industrialised cities he despises, even when living in his cabin, and failed to realise that within the university that violated him so abusively – captured into inclusivity – he was still outside, amongst the trees he loves, free (and remains so while in prison).

[Ex41: go for a hike somewhere close to you, being sure to walk off of the beaten path.]

Fuck God's Will, What Does A River Will?

“There is a war to be waged against society, alongside the non-human animals who refuse domesticated subservience, and who are evicted from their homes due to mass deforestation, human development and technology.” Flower Bomb, Vegan Means Attack

Onto-genesis.

Onto as Being.

Genesis as creation.

Onto-genesis is the will of environments.

Love of onto-genesis is the phenomenon that inspires environmental/ecological wonderings, wanderings and action.

[Ex42: plant wildflowers in a neighbour's garden when they have gone away on holiday.]

Erupting Animality

*“It is contrary to the nature of technique to be compatible with anarchy in any sense of the world.” Ellul, *The Technological Society**

I have sat and watched dragonflies dance above the river near where I live, listening to the sparrows sing, stacked stones and seen squirrels run around searching for food. I have felt the water move, as I have sat on the tree roots at the edge of the bank, with the cool breeze moving around me. My activity here is “pointless”, in that it has no function for the machine of Leviathan. It is egoistically beneficial to me though.

I am animal with them, sharing this space, part of this moment.

The freedom of moments like this is not revolutionary or civil. It is an eruption, where I, as earth, find myself exploding through the space where I am. It is an eruption of animality.

[Ex43: stack stones on a sunny day, somewhere beautiful.]

Your Conversations Suck!

“The authors of these accounts are clearly uneasy with the truth, which is that these civilisations were all destroyed and abandoned by the very people who built them.” Quinn, Beyond Civilisation

“That is just metaphysics – we’re talking about a mass extinction event”.

You cannot discuss the ecological collapse we are experiencing without discussing the Reality that this culture has built/constructed. To talk about a mass extinction event involves talking about the non-existence of living beings who used to Be. Pollution is an existential crisis to those threatened by pollution.

Individuals and groups, whether radical, liberal, scientific or whatever, who don't acknowledge the relevance of metaphysics to the discussion of environmental situations don't leave the logic of environmental violation – regardless of how “green” their politics/social-ecology is.

My anarchy is ontological. I will destroy what I can of this Reality.

Environmentalism is a love of Being, both in death and life.

[Ex44: use operation-mind-fuck as a means of attacking global warming deniers – “ancient aliens are using global warming as a means to cover up 9/11” could be a potential fuckery.]

Suicide Is No Escape

“A man recovers best from his exceptional nature - his intellectuality - by giving his instincts a chance.” Nietzsche, Twilight of the Idols

I find myself continually caught between the choice of to live or to not.

Camus stated that the only true philosophical question is whether or not to commit suicide. What would you choose?

To me the answer is instinctually immediatist – live! I only ever arrive at the alternative when encountering some kind of mediation, and as soon as I return to my flesh I find myself revolted by the idea of renouncing my life.

Suicide seems pointless to me though. If there is no dualism, and I am the flesh that I am, then there is nowhere else for me to go. The idea of transcendence through life renunciation only makes sense to me, if I adopt some dualist separation from my body.

If it is not a straight *spiritualism*, then it is an over-identification with cognition, which I've never been able to accept as the basis of any notion of *self*.

Existence is a (weird) freedom and, to rephrase Sartre, we are condemned to existence (as we are condemned to freedom). Perhaps it is the epitome of pessimism and absurdism to state that suicide is futile. Perhaps it is cruel to deny anyone the idea of transcending their suffering through abandoning their life, in how we usually think of life – as cognition. Regardless, I

have a visceral desire to seek to destroy the idea of finding hope in suicide.

Suicide is a denial of freedom – it is bad faith. It is self-enforced repression and only supports the violators of earth.

My Dionysian pessimism, my Nietzschean madness, my rejection of Buddhism and other hedonist moralisms, finds suffering to be weirdly of greater value than happiness. Not that I don't desire or enjoy spaces where I am happy or pleased. I love the joy I get from good music, food and company. But the experiences of pain that I have had have brought me greater power and freedom than happiness and pleasure.

I am yet to find any reason, other than to escape from suffering, for suicide. As such, I can only conclude that suicide is a denial of power and freedom.

[Ex45: support a friend who is struggling with their suffering.]

Not Not-Human, Unhuman

“Our resistance, like our potential to survive the collapse of this civilisation, lies in grounding.

It lies in reclaiming the refusal of authority that was innate in societies without a state. It lies within the heart of primal anarchy: by returning to the world of face-to-face existence.” Tucker, Black and Green Review 4

My experience of life is of being this animal that I am.

I do not find myself as a “human”, whatever the fuck that means now.

I know that in many ways, I am part of “humanity”, biologically, spatially, linguistically, etc., and that my life, for now, depends on “humanity” in lots of ways.

But I do not find myself as a “human”. Instead I find myself as unhuman, inhuman, abhuman and just me.

“Human” is an ugly category in many ways, to me at least, but more than this, it is too large a term. I am simply not that big.

I do not find who-I-am in the crowds of “humanity”, but in tribal spaces of small-scale community, clans of friends and other spaces where we are not being part-of-the-society-of-humans, but are the animals we are. We are not

not-human or non-human, but unhuman,
inhuman and abhuman. Not humanised animals,
but unhumanised animals.

This is my experience of being a feral animal.

[Ex46: cook with friends a meal that you all
share in – something exotic, full of flavour and
decadent.]

Life And Dark Precursors – Limitless Potential

*“No hope, no future: let the adventures begin!”
Flower Bomb No Hope, No Future: Let The
Adventures Begin!*

Life is limitless potential. It is potential not
limited by laws or bound to any hauntological-
technological History or ideology.

Civilisation in all forms it takes, socialist,
capitalist, theocratic etc., requires limits to
potentiality, to ensure that everything fits within
its machinery. The machine of this culture is
limited by potentiality, so it limits emergent
potentiality to remove any limits to its
consumption – think of techno-salvationists,

liberal-capitalist, luxury space-communist or anarcho-transhumanist, whose sole answer for responding to the collapse to the biosphere is for “humanity” to go to outer space and refuse to open up the space of conversation (or even the space of the world) to less “humanist” ideas; by limiting the potentiality of their discourse, they free themselves to limitless violation of earth to reach their goals (and limitless stupidity).

The anarchist rebellion, or at least my anarchist rebellion, is a fight against the imposition of limits on potentiality – the reduction of existence to “this”.

I find that potentiality exists in what Deleuze called the *dark precursor* – the strange cosmic-meteorological processes that occur in the clouds before a thunderstorm, which through processes of intensification (like Man-made global warming) becomes one of the hurricanes that destroys huge sections of Florida and the Caribbean. What I mean by this is that potential emerges in dark, as in weird or strange, spaces and, seemingly out of nothing, arrive and are *here*.

The stability of the machine of this culture is dependent on its ability to repress *dark precursors*, either by having everything under its “light”/control, or by having eradicated

anything that undermines the stability of its construction – clear cutting forests to make stable space to lay roads and build towns and cities.

An authentic anarchist is a *dark precursor* and actualised potentiality embodied – I am including here groups and individuals not usually considered anarchist, but whose life processes embody what I would call anarchy (of some kind or another). They are emergent instability to the machine. Their anarchy refuses to be limited by anyone's laws.

[Ex47: Luddite smash! Destroy machine!]

Thoughts On Silence

“The life of every individual, viewed as a whole and in general, and when only its most significant features are emphasized, is really a tragedy; but gone through in detail it has the character of a comedy.” Schopenhauer, The World as Will and Representation

Is silence ever enough?

Where is there silence, apart from in spaces who have experienced total oblivion?

I cannot meditate in silence, it just feels wrong.

What is ineffable is not silent, and silence is full of words, when one is too many to begin with.

[Ex48: make a noise about ecological collapse, during a boring conversation on economics.]

Animal Life, Inclusive and Exclusionary Capture

“I think that simply staying alive, holding to one’s individuality and keeping one’s spirit - and head - high is in itself a form of rebellion in the context of an institution that is deliberately built to put people down and humiliate them.”
Jean Weir, Tame Words From a Wild Heart

My life is as this particular animal that I am – particular and peculiar, in my individualist rebellion against convention (what the cynics called their ponoi). The pigeon outside my window lives its life as the particular animal it is. You will probably (somewhat) do the same.

Our lives involve all the joys and struggles that life involves, in our activities to prevent our deaths, until such a time that death takes us, and we cease to be the animals that we are. In the

situation we find ourselves in, this inevitably means confronting this culture, Leviathan. But animals we remain, while this culture is (seemingly) everywhere.

The degree to which we are part of this culture or as animals living authentic lives depends on the intensity of the *inclusive capture* we experience. A cow who is confined to a factory farm, never feeling the sun on its back, or an inmate serving a 15 year prison sentence, or anyone else who finds that they are trapped in an abusive, exploitative, relationship that alienates them from their animal freedom experiences a high intensity of *inclusive capture*. Whereas any anarchist, fox, oak tree, or other “outsider”, who might be considered weird, freaky, or anyone otherwise outside of the normal *inclusive capture*, experiences a low intensity.

My experience of *inclusive capture* fluctuates from day to day, and within days. Some days I am trapped in time, governed by laws of Leviathan, and subjugated to the authority of technologies I despise. Others, I am dancing wild dances of anarchist madness, under trees, by the sea, while destroying the equipment of specicidal abusers, or while engaged in guerrilla ontological art and Situationist pranks. My becoming-animal is an experience that is most

intense when the *inclusive capture* I undergo is low intensity.

Those individuals and groups, human animals and non-human animals, who find themselves being hunted in order to be removed from this culture – which is now, basically, everywhere (so removed via oblivion) – experience *exclusionary capture*. This form of capture is generally saved for those considered to be too dangerous to be allowed to exist – bacteria, particular wild flora or fauna, particular radical individuals and groups, and (“their”) terrorists (rather than “our”).

Exclusionary capture does not have the same intensive differences as *inclusive capture*. This is because *exclusionary capture* is practiced based on the illusion of the separation of civilisation and nature. The practice attempts to remove those captured from the Reality of civilisation.

[Ex49: prank a local or national politician or business – whoopee cushions are acceptable, but more creativity is desirable.]

My Anarchy: My Life – Fuck You!

“Why is self control, autonomy, such a threat to authority? Because the person who controls himself, who is his own master, has no need for authority to be his master.” Thomas S. Szasz, Questioning the Authority of Psychiatry

My life is my power.

My power, my will, my freedom, is located within the life that I am, that I experience, that I have.

My life is an individualist anarchist dance of destruction and eco-anarchist creation – ontological anarchy.

Tiny, minimal, insignificant, perhaps! I cannot prevent Leviathan from doing what it is doing.

Regardless though, this is my life, my power, my will, my anarchy. Fuck anyone who would try to stop me.

[Ex50: lift weights, go running, go swimming, or do any other type of strength building, to empower your rebellion.]

Towards, Direction, Becoming, Transformation, Oblivion And Death

“You will then find your feet playing a tune, and quickly discover the music and poetry of these magnificent rock piles - a fine lesson; and all of nature’s wildness tells the same story - the shocks and outbursts of earthquakes, volcanoes, geysers, roaring, thundering waves and floods, the silent uprush of sap in plants, storms of every sort - each and all are the orderly beauty-making love-beats of nature’s heart.” Muir, The Wild Muir

It is more than cliché for someone interested in philosophy, meaning and the experience of freedom, to bring up death. Perhaps it is unavoidable. Lurking in the depths of our unconscious awareness, behind everything we say, and at the limit of experience; death’s shadow clings to life, like one of those climbing plants who are desperate to feed on the sun.

I’m sorry, I “should” apologise for this angsty road I have taken us down – I’m sure that after one sentence of my bringing up death, you have suddenly started to question everything about your existence, to smoke and drink wine inside coffee shops, and quote lengthy sections of

Nausea to strangers. This got too philosophical too quickly didn't it?!

Of course, I'm joking (though am probably being unfunny). I find most of the conversation around death absurd – while remaining a lover of angsty existentialist works, which have largely collapsed into cliché.

If I can circle back from this (self) mockery, we can continue.

Life is a becoming that is directed towards death. But what the actual fuck is death?

It is easy to say that death is the cessation of life, but every time I have encountered death, life continues. When my grandmother's cat caught and ate mice, the world and life didn't stop – the life of the mouse just became part of the cat. Rather than the ending of life, death, as I immediately encounter it, seems to be the transformation of life. This is not a good, happy, bad or sad idea, when I confront it. It is confusing though. I'm struck again by the strange feeling that there might be 2 *types* of death (if we overlook that each death is unique in its form, shape, taste, smell, sound and context).

If life is becoming directed towards transformation through death, what of the utter oblivion we witness through Leviathan? What of the ocean dead-zones, toxified lakes and all the fucking bees who aren't buzzing in my garden! Where is the transformation within this oblivion?

Obviously, with the transference of energy from one form to another, there is a type of transformation within the oblivion we are witnessing. There are microscopic processes going on, which I will never be aware of – including micro-political ones. But the sheer intensity of the oblivion we face is why I find that there is a definite, qualitative, difference between death as transformation and Death as oblivion.

But anyway, I've stayed on death and Death more than I intended to here. Really I jumped in at the end of this thought of life being becoming directed towards death. That meant that I missed out on *towards*, *directed* and *becoming*, which are all more interesting to me than some cosmic known-unknown of consciousness, potentiality and experience.

If I'm *towards* something then I am in a space, with some distance between me and where I am going. Being *towards* something means I know

that I am somewhere, but not where it is that I am going.

Going *towards* something means that I am moving in a *direction*. If I am following a path, spiritual or other, or a road, concrete or other, then I am allowing myself to travel a somewhat determined route. Regardless of whether or not I follow a road or path, or if I am venturing off into the wild, I am affected by my experiences, whatever *direction* I go. But the journey is mine, consciously and unconsciously, as I walk, run or crawl towards wherever I am going.

Becoming involves changing. I am yet to experience a journey that I have not changed by, whatever the *direction* I am going in. Everything constantly seems to be changing, which is both exciting and terrifying – and one of my greatest sources for inspiration when confronting this culture, which is dedicated to the normalisation of everything, even if under the guise of change and non-conformity through innovation, inventiveness and supernormalisation. Different becomings, through wild processes outside of *their* control, open up new routes to explore, new games and dances to enjoy, and other anarchic potentials. Innovation and inventiveness would only restrict the amount of available options to those

provided by the supernormal – a rather boring route to oblivion.

As much as I am a lover of angsty existentialist and nihilist thoughts, writings and discussions, my absurdism is far more interested in the space that I find between me and my death – whether that be a transformation or oblivion. The changes, routes and locations, I experience, as I push my rocks up my hills, are my egoist property, as my life. I have no conclusion on the matter, because I am not concluded.

[Ex51: go on a field trip, somewhere that you have never been, and search for somewhere never before found.]

Powerful Animals

“Individuals must become more united and increasingly different.” Guattari, The Three Ecologies

They fear powerful animals. But we all know this. The wolf must be turned into a dog. If a beast cannot be turned over to *their* authority, if the beast is too powerful for them, then they annihilate it, or at least seek to.

The bears, wolves, lynxes, deer, foxes, badgers and falcons of this island that I live on (Briton), who have been sacrifices to kings, nobility, agriculture, the market and the state, were too powerful to be bent under *their* authority – so they were annihilated under violation.

Authoritarianism is at its most intense when it holds the least amount of power. Powerful creatures don't need authority, or want it. As *their* authority collapses into the abyss of wild nothingness, I am sure that powerful animals will reclaim this island, along with the flowers, trees, and less powerful animals, who are beautiful and free in their own ways.

[Ex52: use mockery as a means of disempowering a public figure.]

Becoming Dangerous

“Technology claims to be neutral, merely a tool, its value or meaning completely dependent on how it is used. In this way it hides its ends by cloaking its means.” Zerzan, Running on Emptiness: The Pathology of Civilisation

Becoming powerful.
Becoming dangerous.

What does becoming powerful mean to you? If it means becoming an authority, why does it? Isn't authority an attempt to repress power and an (unconscious) admittance of powerlessness?

Anarchists are too quick to relinquish their power, when identifying with systems of authority. I do not find that I am so powerless though.

Are you powerless? Really?

Can you fight, fuck, dance, sing, create, destroy, love, explore, or are you eternally under the eye of the government?

You might be more dangerous than you think, or that you've been told you are.

[Ex53: give free hugs to strangers and tell them that we're living in an apocalypse.]

Man Is Dead – Let Marxism Go With Him

“As an anarchist, I live my life in ways that undermine systems of domination and work towards the liberation of all.” Anonymous, Biocentric Anarchy

Often when discussing Nietzsche and the notion of will-to-power, with Marxists and other leftists, they turn to the authoritarianism of the Nazi's as a supposed example of why he and the notion are unacceptable and evil. They usually also know about the distortions – and never reject Darwin for the Nazi's social Darwinism, but whatever.

Marxist rejection of power might be why they are so quick to embrace authority, when authority panders to their ideology. Marxists would seek to deny the will of the world its power, if it fitted the ideology of the herd.

Marxism holds lots of authority – China proves this – but holds no power, as it has entirely been amalgamated in neoliberal too-fucking-late-capitalism – again, China is a perfect example of this.

Eco-radicals, environmentalists and nature-freaks would do well to learn from Marxian failures. Greens too quickly, like Marxists, relinquish their power for greater authority. Our will-to-power, for earthly resurgency, the collapse of capture and Leviathan's death, is not the ideology of the herd. The herd will try to repress our power, under the authority of their ideology.

Our rejection of anthropocentrism is like Nietzsche's rejection of Christ/God. So go to the markets you know and cry out "Man is dead, and the worshipers of machines have killed him". Of course, you will seem absurd, but Man's normality has ruined the earth – so fuck it!

[Ex54: deface the image of a Marxist idol – psychically or visually.]

Power Is Ineffable

"As it is the uniqueness of individual experience that gets lost in the homogenising formations of identity politics." Flower Bomb, Arming Negativity: Towards the Queerest Attack

There is an unspoken power found in mystical experience, which is where the power in eco-aesthetics manifests from. The beauty in wildness is ineffable and paradoxical.

Wildness denies encoding, as encoding sets limits on the world. Encoding authorises.

With Time/History's beginning there were logos-words. John stated that "in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and

the Word was God". God's authority, which is ultimately powerless, is an encoding put on the world, for all to read and be told.

The ineffable power of *wild-Being* holds no authority in the world. The weird, mysterious, mystical, uncanny space that civilisation has mediated itself from is devoid of rules, rulers, laws and government.

Authority is spoken. Power is ineffable.

[Ex55: meditate in a public space, ideally without anyone realising you are meditating.]

Will-to-Anarchy

"Moreover, Immediatism is not condemned to powerlessness in the world, simply because it avoids the publicity of the marketplace. "Poetic terrorism" and "art sabotage" are quite logical manifestations of immediatism." Hakim Bey, Immediatism

Anarchy is energy directed to life, primal, wild and out of the control of civilisation.

The intensity of anarchy fluctuates between spaces and situations, with how much power the energy of the experience and actions have.

Will-to-anarchy as will-to-power might seem an absurd paradox to many, but fuck it – lets live an anarcho-absurdist will-to-power, knowing that entropy and decay will dissipate our power into the cosmic wild abyss of the world.

Our rebellion and revolt as being out of the control of civilisation - the power of being out of control.

I am not in-control of myself, because I am myself, this body that is the source of my power.

The authority of control-over is the same phantasmic Reality that global warming, and politics inability to find a solution via controlling, is destroying through the processes of *feral iconoclasm*.

The power of *wild-Being* is the anarchic release of repressed energies of life.

[Ex56: flip off strangers, buildings and mannequins, dressed in a ridiculously flamboyant outfit that is unnecessarily complicated.]

Animal Life and Multi-Formality

“For them there is no city in here, no wilderness out there, no split between humans who exploit and a resource base to be exploited.” Jensen, Strangely Like War

Animal life is flesh life, non-dualistic. But animal life is brought into the dualisms of domesticated-thought – natural/unnatural, sovereign power/bare life.

As animals, anarchists, becoming-animal means confronting an immediate force of mediation, where the bifurcation and territorialisation has corrupted and mutated the space that is the world, the geography, biomatter, existential life, etc., from a multiformity, or even omniformity potentially, to a totalitarian conformity of uniformity – civilisation – that is so monolithic in structure that we find ourselves as biformal in our descriptions, potentially unintentionally, though I have always found that, as the Real is pre-symbolic, this apparent biformality is mostly due to the finite and limited capabilities of language.

Biformality can appear like duality, as they/we alienate the (pseudo-)totality of conformist-uniform inclusive capture from the space of

multiformal monism=pluralism of ecological thinking. Almost as a reversal of Agamben's notion of *bare life* within the polis as inclusive exclusion, *animal life*, as becoming-animal, enacts exclusive inclusion towards the sovereigns, authorities, technics, etc., of the polis. It is not that rewilding and radical-ecological thought is dualistic, supposing 2 worlds, one good and the other evil, but that it necessarily includes the world of civilisation within the world of Earth, but excludes it from a monist, flesh-based, aesthetic and visceral revulsion, which finds it revolting, and so desires revolt.

While psychoanalysts and social-contractarians (even "anarchist" ones) might celebrate the illusionary dualism that is part of humanization, I do not.

I desire *animal life*, not uniformity and conformity.

[Ex57: become an independent sociologist for a day and have a daylong breaching experiment – record your findings as poems and publish them publicly.]

Animal Aesthetic Liberation

“It's only after we've lost everything that we're free to do anything.” Chuck Palahniuk, Fight Club Club

The beauty of animals, other animals, is a fundamental aspect of our aesthetic appreciation of the world. Appreciating what is animal, in a perceptual sense, is aligning thought to the world of *animal life*.

When I encounter animal aesthetics I encounter with them a perceptual rewilding. This is mirrored in how when I have engaged in rewilding activities I have experienced an aesthetic appreciation of *animal life*. But this isn't the only dimension to this experience. In a kaleidoscopic fashion, animal liberation has been an aesthetic liberation for me – an act of rebellion against the machinery of this culture, a release of the individuals once captures, and a perceptual attack against the normalised life of abuse towards non-human animals.

As much as there is an aesthetic liberation in animal liberation, is there an animal liberation in aesthetic liberation? My desire is to write yes, as this has been my experience of individualistic artistic praxis. I cannot say for you. At the very

least, others who are involved in the *feral* tendency of green anarchist discourse, such as Flower Bomb, Feral Faun and Blitz Molotov, show an appreciation for the perceptual aspects of rewilding – so at the very least I am not the only person with this inclination.

To the more orthodox rewilders, who embrace a very conservative approach to a primitivist praxis, artistic praxis is often spoken about as something that is invalid and largely not worthy of consideration. It is a shame that many primitivists do not appreciate the value of perceptual attacks. While he has criticised art (from a very narrow window) and has shown a disregard of the hermeneutic and semiotic aspects of radical discourse and action, Zerzan's critique of symbolic culture would seem to be a good place for primitivists to locate an aesthetic liberation within their resistance.

[Ex58: leave kaleidoscopes in inappropriate places or give kaleidoscopes to bird watchers and/or train spotters.]

Animality of Excess

“I’ve always assumed that “good manners” equals hypocritical bullshit, unworthy of an individualist and conscious rebel.” Peter

Lamborn Wilson, Spiritual Journeys of an Anarchist

The will of animals appears to me to be directed towards enjoyment. This makes intuitive sense to me, as I basically have a desire to experience enjoyment throughout my life and the activities that are everyday, as well as the ones that are rare.

Enjoyment has an anarchistic quality to it, as enjoyment is for the most part amoral, often guilty of transgressing norms and customs, and is more rebellious than happiness. Happiness has a hedonistic and utilitarian teleological aspect to it in discourse. Happiness is futural, something to pursue through progress, development and expansion.

The anarchist embrace of immediate enjoyment is not a new idea. *Jouissance*, a term I first encountered through Lacan, has been embraced as a concept by Serafinski and Baedan, amongst other anarchists, which basically means intense enjoyment. I'm using the word enjoyment rather than pleasure, as pleasure is often intended to refer to something immoral.

I see nothing moral or immoral when I watch deer, songbirds or the cat I live with, do as they

desire, acting upon their instincts without repression. I see lives dedicated to their immediate survival and enjoyment.

Unlike most everyday moral conceptions of happiness, enjoyment retains the open possibility of suffering. Enjoyment holds no promises. It arrives as something that manifests from activity, not as the purpose of the action, as an excessive quality – kind of like Bataille’s accursed share. What I mean by this is that enjoyment is more than necessary – decadent.

Anarchy is more than necessary. *Animal life* is more than necessary.

[Ex59: cook a meal as part of an immediatist party – make sure you cook more than you need and give the extra to people who are sleeping rough.]

Primordialism and Tribalism

“Much as biological species are not general categories of which animals and plants are members, but larger-scale individual entities of which organisms are component parts, so larger social assemblages should be given the ontological status of individual entities....”
Manuel De Landa A New Philosophy of Society

Let's take primordial discourse back from the perennialists and universalism – not join them, as Fitzpatrick has done.

Primordial experience does not strike me as spiritual and esoteric, but located in flesh at the limits of experience.

Destroy the transcendentalist-humanism of Evolians, national-anarchism, Southgate and traditionalists.

The tribalism I desire and see manifesting through authentic relationships involves a revolt against nationalism.

Tribal experience's anti-state and nomadic – psychic and geographic – qualities appear to me to better fit the analyses of Kevin Tucker and Pierre Clastres.

This might be at the limits of potential experience in the constructed Reality this culture has built, but – in perhaps a potentially utopia cliché, though one that is absurdist in its pessimism – “be realistic, demand the impossible”.

[Ex60: burn a national flag and/or a copy of Tradition & Revolution.]

Cathartic Warfare

*“We’re getting closer.” The Angry Brigade,
Communique 4*

The becoming-animal of rewilding, radicalisation and praxis of *feral life* inevitably involves encountering the primal wound of our individual having been-violated, as earth violation, as our being-earth. Encountering this abuse means recognising an existential trauma, the repression of which is the basis for all production-narratives of this culture – socialist, capitalist, or any other.

Like in the practices of Primal Therapy, when we encounter this experience, healing requires a cathartic release with the intensity of a primal scream, drawn from our experience of this pain, rather than rationalised sublimation.

Any primal war, which seeks to collapse civilization, and the repressive pathology it requires, involves encountering this sense of pain and suffering. We are taught that pain and suffering are “bad”/to-be-avoided, as there is a primal phenomenologically-Real quality to the experience, which is immediate and cannot truly

be deferred – just repressed, sublimated, distracted from and avoided.

Primal war also requires bringing others closer to their primal wounds, because wherever we go in the world we encounter others. This is certainly my experience. Any thought I voice or action I do that includes aspects of primal warfare obviously triggers most who encounter this. This is why I find that primal warfare includes with it psychic-warfare.

Psychic-warfare, as encountering our primal wounds, the existential trauma of this culture, has an anti-humanist quality to it, in the rejection of the essentialist ideal of humanity, and in the anti-speciesism this requires and revulsion towards human-supremacy. Animal-self-liberation, an act of species betrayal, is the first step towards reconciling and healing from the abuse of this culture's violation.

Animal liberation, art projects, ecotage and other forms of rebellion become means of catharsis. In the attempt to be medicine people and provide healing for earth, by resisting and destroying Leviathan, we attempt to heal ourselves, and those we love.

[Ex61: stand next to a river and throw stones in, each representing a different individual or group who abused you.]

Population – not an answer, an instinct

*“Opening is an essential feature of univocity. The nomadic distributions or crowned anarchies in the univocal stand opposed to the sedentary distribution of analogy. Only there does the cry resound: ‘Everything is equal!’ and ‘Everything returns!’. However, this ‘Everything is equal!’ and ‘Everything returns!’ can be said only at the point in which the extremity of difference is reached. A single and same voice for the whole thousand-voiced multiple, a single and same Ocean for all the drops, a single clamour of Being for all beings: on the condition that each being, each drop, and each voice has reached the state of excess – in other words, the difference which displaces and disguises them and, in turning upon the mobile cusp, causes them to return.” Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition**

Animal ecology is usually focused on the discussion of populations of species within ecosystems. Talking about population is a sensitive matter for many. Environmentalist comments on human populations are often

quickly named as being racist, neo-Malthusian, or similar labels.

I am not an expert on the subject of population and I do not feel any blame towards “humanity” (whatever that means outside of a stereotypical biological category) for overpopulating the world – the situation seems more to be due to the impact of technological-expansionist colonial narratives, than the desire of individuals to reproduce (whatever those desires have been produced by).

My instinct is both that the earth is overpopulated by humans – this is something I first felt as a child when travelling through central London, noticing that there were no other animals, save for a few pigeons. As such, I believe that a reduction in the number of humans is desirable, for the welfare of the earth that we are. This brings me to a difficult and uncomfortable belief I hold, regarding the impact that systemic and ecological collapse will have on human populations in the coming years – I hate future planners who try to be architects of History’s progressions, but if I have any futural beliefs, it is that an impending population collapse will likely see something closer to the medieval pre-industrial levels of 500 million biological humans in the not too-far future – not due to fascists, environmentalists or

any other human will, but due to earth's rejection of civilisation.

Despite my beliefs on overpopulation, that there are too many humans and that the amount is likely to crash very soon (in geological senses of time); I do not find that this is any reason to embrace anti-natalism. Death/decay opens space for regrowth and new life, new potentialities and so much that I have an instinctual desire for. I do not believe that any children I might father have a right to not experience lives that include love, beauty, pain, sorrow and the suffering that I believe this culture is collapsing into. During every other mass extinction event parents have reproduced, because Life is all there is, so there is no fucking point in stopping.

[Ex62: write a children's book on surviving the apocalypse – ensure that all illustrations are not unnecessarily traumatic.]

Destroy The Will of History

“I dream of summoning up an array of acts I denominate as seductive.” Alejandro De Acosta

What is the will of History?

Progress.

Expansion.
Conserve.
Meliorism.
Humanism.
Colonisation.
Normalisation.
Exception.

The will of History I rebel against.

The will of History I destroy.

[Ex63: swim naked in the sea – somewhere free from sewage.]

What Does It Matter How Long You Have To Live?

*“The way is empty, yet use will not drain it.”
Lao Tzu, Tao Te Ching*

How long do we have left? Will the world end in 2 years? Will it end in 10 years? Perhaps 20 years? 100 years? Who knows – probably nobody?

When writing *Feral Consciousness*, I held a belief that runaway global warming would be in process in the early 2020s – a belief informed

by researching scientific opinions, with scepticism towards scientific knowledge. But, as I articulated in *Feral Iconoclasm*, I have a deep scepticism towards the concept of time and find that ecological-thought/rewilding is a presentist collapse and destruction of time/History, which is entirely here and now.

Okay, if not when will the world end, when will civilisation collapse? We're several years past 2012 already, in the Historic-realm known as 2020. How do we know how long until global civilisation collapses?

Often when discussing the idea of civilizational collapse I am asked questions to the effect of "when?". Even to the non-believer (that we are living through collapse), when seems more important than how, as there seems to be an instinctual assumption between us that civilisations do all eventually collapse – even in non-belief, there is some kind of belief.

While thinking about both of these questions – "when will the world end" and "when will civilisation collapse" – there seems to be something about these processes missed in both questions.

As a cancer patient who very nearly died at a young age (by modern standards), I encountered

the immediate potentiality of my world ending, in a way that is far more perceptually brutal than hypothetical apocalypses. When my mother died when I was 7, because the doctors failed to save her, and my father ended up in rehab for crack and heroin addiction, I felt civilisation collapse around me and the basic instability of society/politics, as family attempted to fix things for my sister and I.

To those living in forests being cut down by agri-industrialists, or rivers being polluted into toxic nightmares, the polar bears who have less and less ice to live on, and more, their worlds are ending, or have ended. For people who are surviving in spaces where war or brutal industrial extraction has ruined civilisation, as they have known it, civilisation has collapsed.

Civilizational collapse and apocalypses are everyday occurrences. The optical illusion that is the anthropological machine fails continually. They are so ordinary, to someone with no empathy, they could be considered banal.

What keeps survivors going seems to be a primordial and elemental will-to-life, which is timeless.

Cosmology suggests that beginnings necessitate endings – the universe began so it must

eventually end. While I am not convinced that a collection of relatively intelligent animals, with finite brains and technologies that have been designed to produce certain specific forms of data that is quantifiably measurable and fits the ideological paradigm of those using it, is actually capable of ascertaining knowledge on such a vast a notion as “the beginning and end of the universe”; I do find that life involves change, most noticeable from Being into non-Being. With this, civilizational collapse and the end of the world (which is likely the end of the world as we have known it, for now) seem like basically inevitable processes.

[Ex64: talk to people on palliative care wards and make sure you are not boring – someone’s last conversation should be interesting at the very least.]

The World Is Not Silent

“If nature has survived until our “conquest”, it is because of this biological diversity.”

Anonymous, Reclaim Your Mind: Manifesto

The ineffable will of the world passes through and around and in-between everything I have

ever encountered. That does not mean that it is silent.

There is an elemental scream reverberating through the world, where earth's pain is erupting into the catalysing processes of a will-to-destroy through cataclysmic events. The intensive events of searing heat across the globe, wildfires, flash flooding, etc, - all ineffable processes, pre-linguistic in their immediacy, pre-Symbolic in their manifestation, and none of them silent.

It is not that there is not enough voiced. They're not listening – either because they do not know how to, or they are ignoring the sound of the world's will-to-life, will-to-destroy this culture and its abusive violation.

[Ex65: take a walk up a hill or a mountain, then scream when at the top, in the direction of the closest town, village or city.]

A Thought On Eating Nietzsche

“No, total liberation is an immediate process.”
Anonymous, Total Liberation

The Birth of Tragedy, where he articulates his thoughts on the Dionysian and the Apollonian, remains my favourite work by Nietzsche. The section where I find most resonance with him is where he writes “it is only as an aesthetic phenomenon that existence and the world are eternally justified”.

I have been told that Nietzsche’s philosophy of art is in contradiction with his return to the flesh – claiming that Nietzsche appeals to a need for illusions. But I do not find this when I read him – if the world, which is flesh, is an aesthetic encounter, why would the experience of beauty, poetry or music, by creating them or by experiencing someone else’s creativity, be illusionary rather than flesh?

In Nietzsche’s philosophy I find an appeal to art, as an anarchistic-individualist’s means of rebelling against God, the herd, the cold monster, Leviathan – in a similar way to that found by Novatore, Camus and others who appreciate Nietzsche. This has been invaluable to my individualist-anarchist praxis.

Of course, like the Buddha, if you meet Nietzsche on the road you are best killing him – but there is flesh worth eating, so cook him well (you are what you eat).

[Ex66: run to a market and proclaim that God is dead, and Nietzsche is dead – then climb a mountain and hang out in a cave with various animals.]

Poetry and No-thing Else

“Thus we shall never experience our relationship to the essence of technology so long as we merely conceive and push forward the technological, put up with it, or evade it. Everywhere we remain unfree and chained to technology, whether we passionately affirm or deny it. But we are delivered over to it in the worst possible way when we regard it as something neutral” Heidegger, The Question Concerning Technology

Poetry contains within it a refusal to be anything other than what it is. Poetry is an impression that refuses to be fact. Poetry contains no objects, universal or local – egos and subjectivities it is full of. Poetry’s will is to be what it is.

[Ex67: write a poem for a friend and give it to them as an act of care.]

Will and Music and Absurdity

“A light without shadow generates an emotion without reserve.” Barthes, Mythologies

The mystic Rumi is quoted as having said, “when I am silent, I fall into the place where everything is music”.

Spinoza’s Ethics contains a section where he argues that music is not in-itself ever good or evil, but is both or neither depending on how it affects the space it is resonating through.

If it weren’t for his years as a musician before he was a philosopher, Nietzsche might never have found his perspectival return to the flesh.

As I write this, I am sitting on my front lawn, with my back against the tree in front of my house, listening to sparrow, goldfinches and blue tits sing. I live within a collection of barn conversions in the British South West. Around my house there are several large trees, which the wind moves through, creating a rippling sound. There is also the sound of farm vehicles at work, which I cannot see, but cannot be unaware of. Across a little pathway in front of my house is our “studio”, where about half of my books live, and most of my instruments.

I am surrounded by music, and I love it. Music is a point of experience and immersion within the world, where I find myself amidst processes of motion and change, without being aware of it.

I disagree with Schopenhauer, that music is a means of transcending existence, suffering etc., not just because I don't believe in transcendence, but because with music I find an experience of subsistence (an experience I do believe in, as the destruction of transcendence-as-a-phantasm). With musical-experience, I collapse from the experience of objects, identity and hierarchy, into an experience of processes, flux, nominalism, nihilism and absurdity – music subsends into absurdity.

Music dies quickly. Why did that sparrow sing then, knowing it would not last? Music is directly related to entropy. To defeat death and become immortal, humanity would need to defeat entropy. Life, death and entropy all have musical qualities to them – as well as Shaivistic radical-monist qualities (everything is song/everything is Shiva/Shiva is song).

As the sound of Machine Gun Kelly's "I Think I'm Okay" – a song about anxiety and the inability of drugs to save yourself from pain –

dissipates into nothingness, (like every other song of its type) there is an immediate angst that follows, with the pointless absurdity of the song and of listening to it. No one was saved and now the music is gone with no noticeable trace. But the song remains beautiful to listen to (even if you don't like it, I do).

Music is beautiful and absurd. It achieves nothing outside of itself. Music cannot save the world – sorry punks and hippies.

When I was going through cancer treatment, I would play guitar for several hours a day. At points I didn't know if I'd survive the brain tumour, and even if I did I would still die from something else eventually. Regardless, I practiced because I wanted to play as beautifully as I could. Absurd perhaps, but I do not regret it.

[Ex68: learn a new instrument – by “new instrument” I mean “old” instrument that you do not currently know, not geeps or the holophone.]

Smashing Clocks

“Ontological anarchism never came back from its last fishing trip.” Hakim Bey, T.A.Z

Is History anything other than the attempted domination of the machinery of the

technosphere – from symbolic-culture, agriculture and architecture, all the way to smartphones, nano-technology and television – over earth?

Heidegger argued that technology enframes and reduces Being to non-Being, through corruption and abandonment.

Ellul argued that technological society requires domination and normalisation, where humanity is subservient to the machinery it has built and subordinates the world to it.

My new luddist philosophy contains a rejection of these aspects of technology, but also a rejection of technology as the means of configuring time, as History. Carey's account of how the telegraph impacted ideology and perceptions of time highlights this phenomenon, but doesn't go far enough. From usurping the sun and moon into a means of enframing Being by the first time keepers, the earliest sun dials, water clocks, candle clocks, hour glasses, to the development of clocks; time as a technology and technologies of time serve as means of enframing, normalising and dominating.

Zerzan's critiques of time, like his critiques of technology, are excellent. However, his inability to bring them together and recognise that

History, as time and technology, is a singular mode of alienation and domination, is his most significant failure in thought – as he bases his thought in archaeological and anthropological(-machine) histories.

Like how the technologies of smart phones, televisions and computers support the technological virtual field of the internet, which enframes and normalises the world under digital globalisation, technologies like clocks, calendars, hour glasses etc., support the virtual technology of time/History.

The ruination of machinery is the ending of History and the release of timeless Being.

My new luddite rebellion desires the destruction of the clock and all devices of time.

Horological anarchist revolt is the acceleration towards the present, through the collapse of History as time.

[Ex69: destroy a clock – a big grandfather if possible, or Big Ben.]

Politics Is The Machine

“This is the age of disembodiment, when our sense of separateness from the Earth grows and we are meant to forget our animality.” Zerzan, Why Hope

Humans, who are controlled by machines, controlling machines that are controlled by humans and are controlling other humans; politics is a tragic state of affairs.

Politics – the affairs of the city – is dictated by the requirements of the machinery that compromise the city, the technological apparatus of production. The majority of humans who live within the sphere of politics, for the most part, have little to no understanding or appreciation of this, as I encounter them. Their lives are dedicated to maintaining machinery that they are slaves to and politics is a machine attempting to ensure that the other machines, at various points of production, are being operated “correctly”.

Politicians, whether left oriented, right oriented, radical or mainstream, do not control the anthropological-machine of politics, but are controlled by the anthropological-machine of politics. This is obvious to most I have met who

take no interest in or reject politics, as they recognise that there is no real difference between the left and the right, between The Labour Party or The Conservative Party, a Democratic warmonger or a Republican warmonger.

The democratic state arose because of the requirements of national-machines with complexities that monarchist states couldn't meet. Fascistic forms of state (including Franco's, Hitler's, Stalin's and other more absolutist forms of advanced civilisation) were not the products of the needs or will of individuals living within the machine of society, but because the narrative of technological development and expansion, in that time and in that place, required that form of state.

History is the phantasmic hauntological trace of the simulacra of technology. History marks the progression of militarist machinery (not Deleuze's war-machine), the expansion of architectural technologies, the advancement of scientific-devices and other technological developments. The assemblage this forms is civilisation, whose needs are ideologically greater than the needs of everything else – the reason why Greens will place sustaining this techno-culture before the living biosphere of earth.

The central concern of politics will always be the machinery of civilisation, can only be the technology that comprises the Reality of Leviathan that History has built.

The individual, the wild animal, the rebellious flora that refuse to not seek the sunlight; politics attempts to subdue everything under the theocratic rule of deus ex machina – inevitably it fails, in the way that History and politics always just is a tragic failure, when processes play out until points of collapse.

A luddite rebellion can only be anti-political, in the sense of an iconoclastic refusal to be dictated to.

[Ex70: publically mock a local politician and mock any and all responses – being as *childish* as possible is preferable, i.e. “you’re a big poopy face”.]

A Thought For Vandalism

“The disciple must break the glass, or better the mirror, the reflection, his infinite speculation on the master. And start to speak.” Derrida, Writing and Difference

The vandalism of art is generally appreciated more than the art of vandalism. Is there not a “moral” acceptance of anti-art political acts of destruction, pushing particular ideologies? Vandalism is most usually accepted in the form of graffiti, whose impact is generally minimal and usually only psychic.

Acts of vandalism that include slashing, smashing and shattering of Things that vandalising constitutes “property destruction” are omitted from the sphere of artistic acceptability, even by many supposed anarchists and eco-radicals (who limit their idea of acceptable vandalism to propaganda of the deed type actions). But there is a beauty in slashed tires and in smashed windows, not just for the perspectival impact, but for the impact they have directly on the functioning of the machine. Arson is appreciated by insurrectionary anarchists, but is this for the aesthetic beauty or for the political message it delivers (or doesn't)?

Moving past the exciting dangerous situations of many forms of vandalism, there is a comedic beauty in gluing locks or in intentional flooding. The degree of escalation of any praxis of vandalism is up to any individual to decide for themselves.

My anarchist practice includes a commitment to vandalism wherever desirable.

[Ex71: clog sinks and toilets flood the office, “accidentally” inform the wrong party to deal with the situation and provide them incorrect information.]

Captured By God – Living In Leviathan

“Since we're all going to die, it's obvious that when and how don't matter.” Camus, The Outsider

Civilisation is an onto-theocracy, built from an intensified level of *inclusive capture* of phenomenon, which become reduced to resources, capital, slaves etc., that are assembled into the machine that is constructed as Reality. This includes cities, but is not limited just to cities, as this process of intensification does not end at the city gates. The enframing and violation of Leviathan continually needs energy to be brought in – included in the sphere of capture. Reality must spread and all brought under it, or else there would be anarchy (a terrifying notion to most)!

[Ex72: go camping alone, being sure to bring good reading material and to have excellent food to eat.]

There Is No Anti-Civilisational Politics

“All things are Nothing to Me” Stirner, The Ego and His Own

There is no anti-civilisation politics or anti-political civilisation.

Politics is civilizational.

Deep Green Resistance’s attempt at a politics of anti-civilisation spirals between liberation and authoritarianism, decolonisation and sectarianism, and so on, because of the oxymoron they attempt to make a singular linear narrative. This movement spirals, rather than circles, because it is continually moving towards its obliteration.

Their prophet, Derrick Jensen, has equally spiralled between the diametrically opposed positions of revolutionary politics and anti-civilisation aesthetics. He looks into his mirror, sees his face in the world reversed and believes the mirror world to be true.

I have appreciated Jensen and DGR for their promotion of radical environmentalist thought and action. I am revolted though by their push to control, manipulated and demarcate territories of moral acceptability, in ways that fit within their Marxian-left type framework. If they manage to bring about a revolutionary movement to the scale they talk about, I am sure that, after they had destroyed techno-industrial society, they would seek to rebuild civilisation under their image – obviously this is an exploration of fantasy and phantasms, but it is a point worth noting.

[Ex73: go camping with friends, bring instruments and cook a feast together.]

Your Conversations Are Boring

“He decided in favour of life out of sheer spite and malice.” Patrick Suskind, Perfume Story of a Murderer

I am sick of politics, the push to cage, control, violate, abuse, manipulate, repress, enslave, dominate, dictate, authorise and territorialise. It is revolting, boring and vile.

The politics of politics, the policing of politics, political discourse and so on, is just as detestable. Regulators continue the notion that intervention will produce the morally “right” outcome.

Fuck politics (including anarchist politics)! Let the temple machinery of the political burn, with deep dark forests growing in its place!

[Ex74: hand out anti-voting pamphlets in the lead up to an election, outside of the offices of political party offices.]

Get Out Of The Opera Old Man

“How much nobler are the customs of so-called “barbarous countries” where the hungry man simply stops by the side of those who eat.”
Reclus, Anarchy by an anarchist

Music is not, as Schopenhauer stated, a copy of the will of the world, a mirror of the primal force of Life. Music is the phonic manifestation of the will-to-live.

Rather than his asceticism of humanisation, his Buddhistic renunciation of life, I desire a far more Nietzschean subsidence into the animal instinctual world, where music arises from.

Music doesn't detach me from the world – only devices for playing music that is recorded alienate me in any way. When creating music or listening to it, as it spontaneously erupts as manifestation of the will-to-life and power, I find myself immersed in temporality and process, instinctual desire and beauty, and space/situation.

[Ex75: sing to yourself when you are feeling miserable.]

On Creating Dangerously

“What do we mean by saying that existence precedes essence? We mean that man first of all exists, encounters himself, surges up in the world-and defines himself afterward.” Sartre, Existentialism and Humanism

So much of what artists (of varying mediums) create are acts of self-torment. They chain themselves to markets, galleries and their audience's pockets, and end up building/constructing, rather than creating. With their instincts turned, forced backwards, by their own repression, most artists either produce works of moral sanctification and/or works of confessional guilt – this is perhaps less obvious, but still the case I find, for many abstract and

postmodern pieces of art and artists. Take for example Olafur Eliasson's Ice Watch 2018 piece, where blocks of ice from Greenland were brought to London to be a visual display of the impact of manmade global warming – Eliasson succeeds in constructing both the image of reverence towards the machine of humanisations ability to violate and manipulate wild authentic phenomenon, by removing the colossal pieces of ice in the first place, and equally the confessional moral guilt of what Nietzsche called bad conscience. There is no primal, animal, wild, instinctual, desire in this very Green construction, but humanised moral rationalisations.

There is nothing “wrong” with Eliasson's art, like how there is nothing “wrong” with Emin's bed or with any plastic statue of the Buddha you can buy on Amazon. It just perpetuates domestication, inauthentic consciousness and enslavement to Leviathan – as does Emin's bed and crappy plastic Buddha statues that you can buy on Amazon.

Albert Camus stated that “(t)o create today is to create dangerously”. Creativity is dangerous, in the sense that authentic creativity is wild animal passion, born from instinct allowed to actualise. Built constructions provide a framework for safety and little more.

[Ex76: play the didgeridoo in a library, gallery or museum.]

The Powerless Have All The Authority

“Anarchy can not be experienced through history books, the reformation of work nor the confines of a new social system.” Flower Bomb, The Life and Joy of Insubordination

Poetry has the least authority of all the arts, but the greatest power.

Authoritarianism is the powerless striving to dominate.

The powerful don't need authority to live as they please.

Humanisation is a relinquishing of power.

[Ex77: write a collection of anti-authoritarian poems and publish it so people can read for free.]

Church Roofs

“Recognition chastely reassures the State of its powers.” Hostis #2

Why do church roofs collapse, and not the roofs of galleries and museums? I would love to see the roof of The National Gallery collapse.

When Notre Dame caught fire there was a part of me that grew happy for the idea of The Tate Modern catching on fire.

[Ex78: send anonymous communiqués to various media outlets and publish digitally on radical websites, announcing the destruction of buildings with social semio-capital.]

Humanised Gaze

*“Nevertheless, the current obsession with “buying green” is uniquely absurd.”
Anonymous, The False Promise of Green Technology*

As the oldest discovered works of human art date over 300,000 years into pre-History, it

seems obvious to me that there is nothing innately civilised about art – this is obviously assuming an archaeological realist epistemology.

Primitivists might show little regard for art – noticeably Zerzan’s case against art – but this seems to be because their worldview only encompasses the realm of human-discovery. They focus too greatly on the spectator and not enough on the artist. They also limit their conception of art to human-artists. Is a beehive in no way a work of art? Are the courtship displays made by many species of bird not works of art? It seems clear to me that artistry is not innately human.

Primitivism’s view on art reflects an ontologically anthropocentric-privilege and a humanised gaze. Can the ideology allow the inhuman, unhuman and abhuman into its perspective? Are they species traitors or rigorous loyalists?

[Ex79: send a primitivist automatic drawings – if you don’t know any primitivists personally contact John Zerzan.]

Unspeakable Art

“One will live. To live is the rarest thing in the world.” Oscar Wilde, The Soul of a Man Under Socialism

Music, paintings, sculptures, dance and other non-linguistic mediums of art can communicate the pre-linguistic, pre-Symbolic, in ways that subscend logic. There are pains and joys that are encountered as primal sensations, which the logics of language cannot translate. Art is of course not a perfect medium of expression, by any means. But it is better, in that art is not bound to the same rules and structures of language.

A dancer, especially when not tied to any choreography, can articulate through their body realms of (not necessarily conscious) desire, experience and emotion. So much of face-to-face communication is body language and other paralinguistic means of communication anyway, perhaps dance is the most honest means of communication – springing directly from the body, as a body immersed in space.

As an art approach/theory trying to articulate the non-logical flows of the unconscious mind and unrepressed animal desire, surrealism

immediately springs to my mind. What would surrealist dance be though? How could I write or we talk about something that would be a direct rebellion against writing and dialogue(– a revolt against the treachery of images)?

I don't know. Just fucking dance (I guess)!

[Ex80: Just Fucking Dance!]

You Cannot Buy Beauty

“My desire is to live joyfully, and to live freely - which involves, as far as I can, to live free from domination.” Shahin, Nietzsche and Anarchy

Today creativity is sublimated into construction, for mass production.

Today aesthetics are manipulated and coerced into fetishized commodity worship.

Both are sacrificed to become part of the socius, as sacrifice is inclusion.

But you cannot buy beauty. Beauty can only be encountered, both as encountering yourself and in encountering a friend. Regardless of whether or not anarchy is taken to be an “ideal”, as described by Emma Goldman, or as what is

immediately Real before all laws or encoding (wild life); anarchy is beautiful.

[Ex81: gift a friend a plant – something low maintenance or floral and colourful.]

Against Perfection

“The domination of machines over our lives is nearing perfection.” Baedan, Identity in Crisis

The push to be perfect has a theurgic quality to it, in that it is ritualistic and is seeking some form of divinity. God is perfection, so to reach perfection we must build the conditions for God.

All states seek to produce perfection, in one form or another and to varying degrees. The perfect race, perfect church, perfect order, etc., is the aim of any state.

To the Capitalist state, the commodity is the image of perfection, where all must aspire to be the perfect object of production. This ultimately leads to the image of the perfect individual citizen of the capitalist collective, whose body, job and lifestyle best embodies this image of commodity.

To the Socialist, society (the machine of production) is the image of perfection, where all must fit within the image of the idealised perfect machine. The individual must become perfect under the image of the machine.

Capitalist and Socialist rituals really differ only in that for one perfection is sought in the commodity the machine produces and for the other perfection is sought in the machine producing commodities. Both are manifestations of perfectionism, which aims at constructing God/goodness through ritual design.

[Ex82: write a list of imperfections you value within your life – keep it somewhere close.]

A Thought On Chaos Magick

“Nothing in the community lives in isolation from the rest, not even the queens of the social insects. Nothing lives only in itself, needing nothing from the community. Nothing lives only for itself, owing nothing to the community. Nothing is untouchable or untouched. Every life is on loan from the community from birth and without fail is paid back to the community in death. The community is a web of life, and every strand of the web is a path to all the other strands. Nothing is exempt or excused. Nothing

is special. Nothing lives on a strand by itself, unconnected to the rest. As you saw yesterday, nothing is wasted, not a drop of water or a molecule of protein—or the egg of a fly. This is the sweetness and the miracle of it all, Jared. Everything that lives is food for another. Everything that feeds is ultimately itself fed upon or in death returns its substance to the community.” Quinn, The Story of B

You cannot design a ritual to build wild space. You cannot summon a living biosphere. There is nothing perfect in primal anarchy.

[Ex83: do whatever the fuck you want to do right now – if you want to not do this, do that and don't do it.]

I Am Alive Now

“However, the weakness, sadness and alienation, are where we spend most of our time and where most of the human population spends its time too.” Liam Sionnach, Earth First means Social War

The ineffable “self”, the self of non-self or rather the body before identity, is entirely presentist, in that it is here and now, and exists.

The motion of transience, change (elemental, ecological, radical etc.), is only speakable when inauthentic – when we change, it is unspoken.

Egoism ceases when an individual adopts an identity within History. The egoist I, of my uniqueness, is present and a-Historic.

Ideology/politics is not broken free from through the logic of the revolutionary or the spiritual, which can be spoken, but through the ineffable ego, which is not a describable ideal to be reached, but something (that is no-Thing) that can only be experienced (as becoming-imperceptible). What is translated in Stirner as “property” is self-creation – the creative ineffable of wild life.

The Marxists, nationalists and traditionalists who attempt to chain egoism to their ideologies of identity are of course ridiculously inauthentic and dishonest. Their ideologies are not presentist, but adhere to doctrines of their histories.

Egoism can only be the wild emergence of the authentic unique self.

[Ex84: set up an infoshop dedicated to eco-egoist materials, exclusively for eco-egoist zines and books that you have written yourself.]

Endarkening

*“Once that belief begins to crumble, the collapse of civilisation may become unstoppable.” Paul Kingsnorth, *Uncivilisation**

Enlightenment philosophies of science, industrialism, Socialism and so on seek to illuminate the objects Wittgenstein called “facts”. Enlightenment loses the mystical quality to the world, which Wittgenstein stated must be passed over in silence. The ideologies of illuminating through enlightenment can only reduce the world to objects, to be reified into commodities and machines. The dark is what must be passed over in silence.

Dark matter is what scientists call what in the universe they cannot illuminate and in all probability accounts for the majority of all substance. But they cannot talk about it, because it eludes them, in the same way that nocturnal animals elude mankind in the dark.

Darkness, unlike the enlightened, which is easily seen in a state of illumination, is a space for exploration, to wander and of wonder. But with all the artificial lights around us, we encounter very little darkness.

Hakim Bey, in *The Endarkenment Manifesto*, calls for a form of magical guerrilla warfare, to re-enchant Nature, as a means of resisting civilisation as we encounter it today. While I do not share in the aesthetics of magical realism, as a means of endarkenment, I think that an aesthetic of magical anti-realism (guerrilla ontology using magical thought as a means of destruction rather than construction) is a potential means of endarkening.

Of course, this cannot be said, in the sense that it cannot be illuminated. It can only not say and say not. Endarkening would cast shadows to be explored and nothing more.

As the system collapses and global warming destroys the enlightened humanised spaces of human construction and understanding, the world is becoming-dark. The brightness of bright green ideology cannot illuminate a future that is anything more than fantasy.

[Ex85: draw sigils in a science textbook, donate the textbook to a school.]

You Cannot Say Who You Are: Can You?

*“Either way, darkness seems unavoidable.”
Florin Flueraș, Elpis*

My experience of the fluidity of gender has a quality of Cratylism, where the constant motion leaves any solid truth without base. Then, like a mudflow or a landslide that destroys the topography of the landscape due to the fluid debris flow, I encounter a state of nihilism, where, despite being biologically male, any meaning of the social concept of a Man slips into nothingness. And I am not a Woman. I am genderless, or rather genderfree.

With this, I do not feel any desire to conform to consumable fashions of gender stereotypes. My genderlessness is naked and pre-linguistic. Who I am is ineffable and unique.

Who is that person though? Why do they adorn themselves with the clothing they do? Do they really feel free for their flesh being covered? Or do they simply fear persecution less for being “decent” and “unexposed”?

[Ex86: say your pronoun has been cancelled when asked and refuse to be reified by semiocapitalists.]

Solarpunks And Authoritarianism

*“Hegelian fullness immediately passes into the nothingness of absence.” Simone De Beauvoir
The Ethics of Ambiguity*

In the introduction of his book *The Ecology of Freedom*, Murray Bookchin uses the term “ineffable authoritarianism”. This is of course, as is pretty much always the case with Bookchin, nonsense – authority always has a name, an identity, to be spoken. Ecological presence has no name, outside of humanizing anthropological-machines. A tree is only a tree in name as spoken by those who would make it one. A river has no authority, while being powerful, and no name, until those who would assume authority over it name it.

Bookchin’s attempt to tie ineffable experience with authoritarianism is an obvious extension of his prejudice towards *mystical* discussions that are biocentric. In his critique of deep ecology, “Deep Ecology, Anarcho Syndicalism and the Future of Anarchist Thought”, Bookchin articulates a deeply human-supremacist

speciesism – noticeably when he rejects Reclus’s description of cats as anarchists. As such, the humanized world is the central concern of Bookchin and Bookchinite ideologies of social ecology and libertarian municipalism – the “eco-utopianism” of supposed solarpunk-anarchists (who are basically anarchist Bookchinites) is basically a totalitarian technosphere, fully under the domain of humanity.

There is no aspect of ineffable experience that I experience as authoritarian, and the human society Bookchinites love seems to be a space of *inclusive capture*, with varying intensities of authoritarianism. The optimism of Bookchinite solarpunk nonsense extends the authoritarian optimism of Hegelian-type progressive ideologies, like Marxism and Fascism, with little more than a friendlier face – the push to control the world to fit their improved design of the machine of civilisation. Pessimism, as the human collapsing into the inhuman, speech ending with (the) death (of the humanised self) into ineffability, is where I find liberation. The death of the humanised world of Leviathan/civilisation, its ruin, is my liberation. Bookchin, and the disciples who now preach his gospel since his death, will collapse into the wild musicality of ineffability.

[Ex87: befriend a cat and bring them into your anarchist tribe, provide them with all the cuddles they need and if questioned by outsiders tell them that Reclus was a greater thinker than Bookchin.]

Against Talking Change

“Domination and hierarchy are built into the very structure of many of our societies, argued for ideologically by conservatives and the right-wing, and often adopted by the left-wing as well.” Kevin Watkinson, From Animals to Anarchism

My experience of changes, becomings, morphogenesis and transience is that they are unspeakable as they emerge into the world. You only talk about them after they have happened.

This is likely why revolutionary talk is basically just that – talk! When I encounter any left-anarchist, Marxist or nationalist talk about revolution, alongside my revulsion and amusement, I experience extreme feelings of doubt that their project will amount to anything substantially more than words. With Deep Green Resistance’s pantomime revolution the conversation is so one sided that they are basically talking to themselves (and the conversation is shit).

What is laughable (when not utterly depressing) is that there are people, like the writers of *The Talking Revolution* Canfor-Dumas and Osborn, who believe that change occurs in what is spoken and how it is spoken. Of course, when words can affect they can be aspects of processes of becoming. But the idea that words and talking can change the world stems from the same logic that assumed that laws, on their own, would be a means of destroying racism, sexism, homophobia and so on. Of course, the talk only holds authority with the violence of the police, so holds no substantial power.

Becoming occurs through ineffable, authentic experiences. The world we are changes in ways that are unspoken, until suddenly you realise that you are changed and that the world is changed, everything is strange and confusing, but intriguing and a desire to explore overcomes. Like when you suddenly realise that the world no longer feels like spring and that it must be summer, becomings are ineffable – so revolutionaries shut up!

[Ex88: don't talk about it – do something. Change something that you want to change. Tell no one though!]

Radical Monist Rebellion

“There is not one path forward out of this mess, but many possible options, and we’ll have to make up a lot of it as we go.” Witch Hazel, Against Agriculture and in defence of cultivation

I am a radical monist.

Like Bey, I contend that all is one, that time never started and that we are neither slaves to the past or hostages to the future. Like Deleuze, I contend that monism is (in a paradoxical state of being) pluralism, in that everything is perpetually different. Like Stirner, I find that prior to conceptualisation, in this monist state, everything is unique and ineffable. Like Nietzsche, my monism rises from my flesh, the sensual experience of being my body, out into the world I am.

The experience this comes with is one where language ceases to be able to say enough, as there is always more to say, because all extends out so much further than my gaze. Any attempt to say anything is rendered absurd. Perhaps it is better to fight, fuck, hug, put a hand on a shoulder or any other means of touching, to express anything. This is of course impossible

through virtual technologies and less direct through technologies like clothing, that keeps a distance between who we are as animal bodies.

My rebellion is non-dual.

[Ex89: hug someone, as an act of rebellion and solidarity.]

There Is No Species, Just Us

“We are at the end of our understanding, we are not therefore optimistic, we see that objective events are beyond our, and any group or individual’s capacity to influence them.”
Monsieur Dupont, Nihilist Communism

A species is only a concept, an ideal, a phantasm. There are no true giraffes, rhinos, foxes or bees, as each individual living Being is uniquely its-self. Of course similarities, solidarity through mutual aid and other bio-evolutionary factors will bring individuals together, in the way that those individuals we call ants, or dolphins, or lions, will come together to live together. But there is nothing, outside of stereotypes, that bind these creatures, or any other, on an ontological level.

Because of this, when a conservationist talks about preserving a species, they are talking about preserving a concept of an entity. Equally, when we environmentalists talk about 200 species being lost each day, within this mass extinction event we are living within, we are talking about the loss of stereotyped concepts, which this culture uses to codify living beings, as much as we are talking about the loss of biomass.

As I write this I can imagine Zerzan or any similar individual accusing me of being a postmodernist. A conservation worker who I used to work with once told me that he thought that this argument of mine is a quick way of encouraging people not to care about the loss in biodiversity that is happening, as civilisation expands and obliterates everything. I do not see why this would be the case though. If I view what we call an ant colony as a collective of multiple ants, whose quantity is immeasurably vast, would not my sense of value towards them would be that they are each essentially worthless, as there are so many? However, if I look on each ant as uniquely its-self, with their own life, desires and experiences, I experience a sense of care and appreciation for them and their unique beauty.

If we take this line of thought through to the conclusion that makes the most sense, then mass extinction is ontological depreciation. Ecological appreciation becomes caring for each unique living being as ontologically singular, alive and experiencing in ways that subscend the quantitative valuations of conservationist species measurement.

[Ex90: befriend a non-human without essentialising and stereotyping, and do something to support their tribe.]

No Respect For Evola

*“The body is a place where clouds, earthworms, guitars, clucking hens and clear-cut hillsides all converge, forging alliances, mergers and metamorphoses.” Abram, *Becoming Animal An Earthly Cosmology**

I do not take seriously the radical traditionalism of Evolian perennialists, whose “revolt against the modern world” surmounts to the “magical idealism” of pure fantasy. Like a game of Dungeons and Dragons taken far too seriously, their pagan reconstructionism is frankly laughable.

Why reconstruct temples that failed to stand before the weight of this culture? Why rebuild mythic structures that have no Real presence here and now?

As far as a primordial school of philosophical thought, I find so much of the language of humanisation within individuals and tendencies that ascribe to these ideological-theologies, that I cannot consider them primordial in the slightest. Take for example the Tyr journal, which advocates “natural social hierarchy” and (human) “stewardship of the earth” – continuing the perspective that earth is space for humanity to control. Is it any wonder that Evolian perennialist “magical idealism” is so popular amongst fascists, whose ideology commands complete humanisation?

I find nothing desirable in reconstructing old ruins, but in collapsing new ones.

[Ex91: plant flowers somewhere that is rewilding – an abandoned car park or farm.]

Darkness

“Time remains motionless, like an enclosed space.” Debord, Society of the Spectacle

Before God, civilisation, illuminated the world – with his cosmic torch of penis flame – there was the erotic exploration of darkness. Liberate the world by cutting off God’s cosmic enlightened cock, so that we may dance as lovers in the dark! Let this be a philosophy of broken candles, smashed light bulbs and destroyed screens.

[Ex92: break a candle, smash a light bulb or break a screen – collect the broken pieces and use them for weaponry.]

Primordial Innocence

*“Deep in the forest a call was sounding, and as often as he heard this call, mysteriously thrilling and luring, he felt compelled to turn his back upon the fire and the beaten earth around it, and to plunge into the forest, and on and on, he knew not where or why; nor did he wonder where or why, the call sounding imperiously, deep in the forest.” Jack London, *The Call of the Wild**

Immediatism, as an effort/project, is a call for the primal anarchy of *primordial innocence*. This innocence doesn’t mean performing to the

script of law and order – we are neither guilty nor guiltless. By innocence I mean not-corrupted-by-violation. This does not mean pure, which would be moral, but not corrupted as in made cancerous, as civilised, by this culture.

Primal anarchy is *primordially innocent*, in the way that a coyote or a sparrow is innocent, when free to travel the world and live according to their instinct and will. Only during capture does the trap of moral guilt catch an individual. The *intensity of capture* will, of course, impact on someone's *primordial innocence* – anarchists who have experienced greater intensities of repression are likely more inclined towards moralism and/or immoralism more than those who have experienced less intense repression.

Primordial innocence is, in the way that innocence always is, playful. The best anarchist activities are playful – I'm thinking especially of Soma Therapy's rebellion through play, as well as post-left anti-work sentiments and artistic attacks. Immediatist guerrilla warfare would seem to me to be the ambush attack of the unplanned game, or irreverent comedy that creates uncontrollable laughter.

[Ex93: instigate a spontaneous radical stand up comedy event, with dada automatic poetry and collaborative painting.]

Innocent Anarchy

“I am a forest, and a night of dark trees: but he who is not afraid of my darkness, will find banks full of roses under my cypresses.” Nietzsche, Thus Spoke Zarathustra

The ideologies of anarchism that advocate some form of morality that an individual can be judged by, within society’s courts, are prisons of bad faith. This much is obvious to individualists, egoists, nihilists and many rewilders.

When market anarchists (capitalist or anti-capitalist) attempt to articulate some notion of a private “anarchist” police force, does anyone take the idea to be more than stupefying fantasy? Novatore, in his attack against social anarchism, *Between Two Anarchies*, describes the tendency as an anarchy of reason, and favours the individualist approach that he describes as anarchy of instinct – he buys into the dualism of good and evil here, in his immoralism, but I’d consider anarchy of instinct

as being *primordially innocent*. Armand also makes an appeal to a state of *primordial innocence* in his piece To Feel Alive, where he also critiques moralist advocates of anarchism.

I cannot imagine an authentically anarchist court, or an anarchy that could include the notion of anyone being guilty before laws. Of course I can regret, when I do not desire the affects of my actions to do harm and empathise with someone I might have hurt – but I am *primordially innocent*, only ever a criminal within the courts of society.

[Ex94: defend a friend or several, when they are being judged by the courts (state and radical.)]

Amoral Life

“We who proceed out of the Unknown of eternity and go toward the eternity of the Unknown have learned to look upon Death like any moment of our Life. And this is our most beautiful, our most sublime mystery! This is the final word of knowledge. The unknowable!”
Filippi, The Rebel’s Dark Laughter

Primordially innocent is the basic condition of the ecological space this culture calls “nature”.

The mosquito who infects a child with malaria is not guilty of transgressing any moral laws. Neither is the Japanese knotweed who destroys property through its growth. There is nothing immoral in a wildfire, hurricane or a river who bursts its banks and floods a town. Coronavirus is not an immoral agent. When an animal attacks someone who is attempting to capture it, they are not assaulting the attacker. An urban fox or seagull, who tears apart a bin bag in search of food, flinging rubbish across the street, is guilty of no crime.

They are all *primordially innocent*. It is only when humanisation brings in the moral (technological) enframing of law and order that they become conceptualised as immoral, unlawful and chaotic.

When William Gillis (supposedly in a playful reduction of his politics) states through his Twitter account that rocks are fascist (making Earth, as a giant lump of rock in space, fascist), he is attempting to place some kind of primordial evil to existence, which (following from his general ideology) I would assume humanity would be liberated from through some kind technological-salvation. This is basically the same position as anti-natalists, whose negative hedonism leads them to argue that

because life includes suffering life must be “evil” – a position I’ve always found to be disgustingly weak and pathetic. I reject both of these positions that embrace life renunciation, as I find the world to be *primordially innocent* and beautiful, in the way that innocence is beautiful. The verdicts of these courts of domesticated reasoning are worth nothing to me.

We will see, as primordial forces escalate and ecological collapse intensifies the existential crisis of civilisation, how much appreciation for the *primordially innocent* this culture has – I’m particularly thinking about Socialists, liberal “animal-rights” enthusiasts and Greens.

[Ex95: befriend a rock and send William Gillis a rock to befriend.]

Neither Guilty Or Guiltless

“The civitas was thus not merely the city-state as a structure or as a population of citizens, but also the shared idea of the civic community, the mutually created and reinforced psychosocial construction of the city-state.” Fitzpatrick, An Invitation to Desertion

Considering my egoism and *primordial innocence*, who I am before culture, concept and

capture is *primordially innocent* and experiences a sense of care for *primordial innocence*.

Like Stirner – all Things are no-Thing to me. But this does not mean that, as I find myself within the world, I do not encounter beings who matter to me. The idea of an egoist who cares for no one and finds no part of the world that matters to them is fantasy – an individual who states that they care for no one and that nowhere matters to them is insincere and inauthentic.

Desire involves experiencing the world as an expanse that includes our-selves; as a field of potential, where we live and experience life as a myriad of experiences. With this, my egoism is only possible with a world for it to encounter. When I encounter what matters to me, what I desire, I experience a sense of care, which is an aspect of my liberation from capture, my empowerment. Through caring for what I desire in the world, I embrace my ability to affect through my individual action – my power.

How does this relate to my sense of *primordial innocence*? It is simple – I desire innocence; I do not wish to be either guilty or guiltless. I prefer the presence of innocence over the

guiltless or guilty. I trust that which is outside of morality over the moral and the immoral.

[Ex96: care for someone who you selfishly want to care for – if it is yourself paint a self portrait and donate it to a local art gallery.]

Fear And Appreciation

Accepting neither bias nor absolutism, we recognize, however, — and propagate on occasion — any tendency toward the Simple Life manifesting itself, from wherever and whomever it issues. Zisly, What the Naturians Are, Precisely

My main thought on what a primal anarchist relationship to ecological processes, such as the changing of the seasons, the movement and migration of different animals and less obvious processes, which emerge from the wild like unconscious thoughts until they have appeared before you consciously anticipate they're coming, is that Being-in-the-world involves mutual sensations of fear and appreciation. Take as an example places that experience monsoons – they (the animals and flora living in the area) appreciate the rainfall that follows the dry phase, providing the hydration they need to

survive; but fear the devastating destruction a monsoon can bring.

This is at the root of environmentalist thought and ecosophy – fear and appreciation. Fear of ecological obliteration, of global warming and extinction. Appreciation of wild living beings, of the processes our lives and ability to actualise our desires are dependent on, and of the direct immediate beauty that the world expresses.

These 2 aspects of primal anarchy and ecology (wild life) are what I am exploring through my thoughts on paneroticism (appreciation) and aesthetic-terrorism (fear).

[Ex97: create aesthetic terrorist and panerotic art.]

Exploring Bewilderness

“Politics is the conversation of violence and power, and for anarchists, how to fight it, decentralize it, absolve it.” Dixon, Liquid Anarchism

One of the concepts from anarcho-primitivism that I find the most resonance with is John Moore’s “bewilderness”. This idea and practice

is largely based in self-willedness, pathless adventuring and perplexed-amazement.

The idea of “bewilderness” resonates deeply with my perspectives on absurdity and ontological anarchy, to the point that I find they harmonise quite beautifully. My deepest disappointments with the ideology anarcho-primitivism seemingly has become is the degree to which it is such a mapped out journey, with a few cartographers setting the course of direction.

Experience convinces me that primal anarchy can only emerge from a state of “bewilderness”, which anarcho-primitivism is seemingly losing, through rationalised stratagems that must be followed.

There seems to me to be 2 main factors to this apparent loss of “bewilderness” within this tendency. The first is that, whenever I explore the writings of primitivists like Zerzan, Tucker, Jacobi and many others, I am struck by how much of their thoughts and theories are directed away from themselves, towards what other people think, feel or do – they’re always starting from a position of referring elsewhere. This has, by all appearances, turned primitivism into a project for mapping out other individuals and groups adventures – an endeavour that does not

fit my experience of anarchy. The second factor to this is that, while primitivism might be the most famous of the anarchist tendencies that place value in the idea of civilizational collapse, they are in no way appreciative of the processes of destabilisation that are aspects of collapse. Gender-nihilists who embrace the praxis of accelerationism have a better understanding of the way systemic processes are best destroyed – to paraphrase Vikky Storm, civilisation dies through eating its own tail! An overworked machine, that is poorly maintained and subject to the weather and other environmental factors, will eventually break. Where I ask is primitivism’s celebration of the intensification of civilisation’s autocannibalism? The answer seems to be nowhere, as primitivists lament the processes of civilizational collapse!

[Ex98: take a walk and wander off the beaten path, be sure to get lost and never return.]

Right Here, Right Now

“Humans were free before the word freedom became necessary.” Abbey, Theory of Anarchy

What is Real is right here, right now.

My anarchy is a celebration of what is here and now.

Where is your anarchism? Have you built it yet? When will it be built? Where will it be built?

Where is your freest of markets? Where is your collectivised means of production? Where is your revolution? If they are no-where, when will they be there?

[Ex99: sit under a tree in the rain until the rain stops.]

Against The Church Of Logicism

"Speaking of humanity, we must also consider that, subject to the law of constant movement, like any other product of nature, humanity too underwent various and lucky transformations, as long as it remained in that natural state; and so, because of these transformations, it would not be possible to demand a return to the primitive state of man, but only to the natural conditions that would allow him, as he did in the primitive state, to follow the normal course of development he had so luckily begun, which had assured him not only strength and health, but physical development which has now come to a stop, and even a decline, during the so-

called Civilization periods.” Zisly, The Natural and Primitive State

We (still still) live under the reign of logic, to paraphrase Breton. The all pervading church of logicism, with its cosmic-mathematical-reduction of the world to what fits this nightmarish rationalism, is the Reality this culture has built.

In response to the tragedy of the logic of totalitarian logic, surrealists have attempted to actualise the primal, animal unconscious aspects of the minds. By opening up repressed flows of desires, surrealists attempt to disrupt logic’s oppressive machinery.

Rebellion against the logic of the anthropological-machine is surrealist psychic luddism. Smash the calculator in your head! Your mind is not a computer, that can be digitised and connected to other machines. Weapons from the surrealist arsenal that I have found valuable are the practice of radical games and automatism.

[Ex100: employing automatic writing, write a manifesto, publish it online and title it with the 9th, 12th and 45th words spelt backwards.]

Change Is Here

“Given our current reality, how can we begin to live differently? What could a less mediated, less technologically-dependent world look like for us here and now? Can we regain direct contact with our world? Does it just mean escape and isolation? How do we avoid post-modern complacency? Can there be a transition? These are all vital questions to ask ourselves, as we embark on a critique of, resistance to, and departure from this technologic nightmare that is worsening with each micro-second. While simply “going back” is not a possibility, the virus has been released and the techno-logic is everywhere, it is still encouraging that for most of our time on this planet, humans lived in direct connection with our world, without the mediating factors of technology and instrumental thinking. Perhaps our most significant lessons are here. Despite the bleak outlook, our future is still unwritten, and while I still maintain an ounce of strength and free will, while I am still of flesh and blood and can still discover and connect to my passions and dreams, I am sure that I am not a Machine, I am a human being.” Mia X Kursions, I Am No A Machine, I Am A Human Being

Don't wait for change. Don't try to produce change.

Everything is change. Everything is different. The world is constantly moving. You change every moment.

The attempt to keep everything the same, normalisation, is the domestication I despise.

[Ex101: sabotage an attempt at normalisation, by encouraging diversity – this would ideally be done in non-anthropocentric ways.]

Weird And Different

“A revolutionary critique of civilization needs to reject the mystification inherent in the idea of Progress, not create a counter-myth based on a moral judgment of Progress.” Wolfi Landstreicher, *Barbaric Thoughts: On A Revolutionary Critique of Civilisation*

In his essay *The Three Ecologies*, Guattari makes a case for not separating “nature” from culture (environmental ecology from social ecology – not as Bookchin’s ideology), alongside an argument for intense deterritorialisation and resingularisation. The ecosophical praxis Guattari articulates from this

follows from his anti-authoritarian schizoanalytic approach, in that he looks to resist ethical-aesthetic structuralisation through an environmentalism of heterogenesis – individuals becoming more united and increasingly different.

Guattari's ideas are very similar to Morton's ideas around dark ecology, given the appreciation for the aesthetic aspects of environmental thought. The weird realism Morton describes draws from the idea of the uncanny – the strange but familiar. With this, ecological thought becomes not (just) about understanding ecosystems from a scientific perspective, but about appreciating the world as, at the very least, taboo and confusing.

My eco-anarchist praxis is based in a similar ontological and aesthetic embrace of strangeness. My resistance towards the machine is drawn towards a united familiarity, based in confusion, difference and embrace of taboo.

[Ex102: confuse a stranger, by breaking a taboo without any obvious reason for you to do so.]

A “Spiritual” Anarchist

“Negotiation implies the anarchist principles of choice, autonomy, and personal responsibility

while simultaneously acknowledging the coercive barriers that condition our lives. It is only through vigilantly scrutinizing and sensitizing ourselves to these barriers that we can move from experiencing ourselves as passive victims of civilization's processes to active participants in negotiation for our exit."
Cricket, Bloodlust: a feminist journal against civilisation

I am often suspicious of the "spiritual". That Dr Bones turned out to be an abusive and cowardly asshole did not surprise me. My scepticism towards the internet personality – I do not consider him a journalist or a thinker of any description, but he certainly was a personality – started when I realised how many words it took him to write absolutely nothing, while claiming an absolute understanding. His book, *Curse Your Boss, Hex The State, Take Back The World*, and the "magical renaissance" he appeals to, with his supposed "voodoo shamanist" spirituality, is 13 chapters of absolute nothing – the image of an object with no content – masked as a revolutionary theory that can illuminate the world with its spiritual understanding. The emptiness of Dr Bones is obvious, given how quickly he vanished and how he did nothing to overcome the situation that led to his disrepute.

I am drawn towards a practice of the *unknowing* of dark-mystical-experience.

[Ex103: write your own book of shadows.]

Unknowing

“Antihumanism is a cornerstone which holds gender nihilist analysis together. It is the point from which we begin to understand our present situation; it is crucial. By antihumanism, we mean a rejection of essentialism. There is no essential human. There is no human nature. There is no transcendent self. To be a subject is not to share in common a metaphysical state of being (ontology) with other subjects.” Alyson Escalante, Gender Nihilism

Dealing with the ecological situation we are immersed within, because of the Reality Leviathan has built, with any authentic honesty, means diving into the unknown and the unknowable. All understanding can only be honestly treated as something absurd and confused. This includes Green politicians, renewable technology designers and engineers, conservationists, environmental consultants, natural resource managers and professional ecologists – regardless of their specialisms

within the field (which might well make them some of the least able to admit their confusion).

Eco-anarchist praxis is part of the process of cosmic-unknowing – destroying parts of the technosphere of God’s body destroys its omnipotence and omniscience. When animals are liberated through ALF type activities, the captor’s knowledge of their whereabouts is destroyed. Activists occupying forests resisting the activities of loggers are seeking to disrupt the planned future that logging companies “know” they will get.

We do not know. My desire is to explore what I do not know.

[Ex104: spread unknowing through direct action – propaganda/poetry of the deed never died.]

Anti-Social Anarchy

“This spectre of God-Man has yet to be exorcized from our midst.” Saul Newman, Philosophy and Social Criticism, vol 27, no3.

The ecology of anarchy is anti-social.

Any society built has to attempt to dominate, repress and mechanise the living wild, in order to produce. Social anarchism is always directed towards work – the work of maintaining the anthropological-machine of society. This is why advocates of social anarchism, like Noam Chomsky, continually seek to justify the claim that a society that was run through social anarchist principles would be more efficient and run mechanically better.

As eco-anarchy is anti-social through its embrace of wild-life, I find greater resonance with individualist-anarchist approaches – I am not including the market-anarchist traditions within this. The anti-social individualist anarchists I find the greatest amount of resonance with are those to whom anarchy is a passionate embrace of life. Emile Armand's nudism and embrace of the "primordial instinct" of will to life was an early influence on my anarchist praxis. Albert Libertad's disgust towards resignation and suicide, with his claim that "(r)evolt is life" and call to love life, has also been a profound influence on my thoughts.

Ecology is life. Ecology is the process of living beings relating to each other. So an ecological-anarchist practice is an embrace of life. As society is the resignation of life to work and

production; eco-anarchy is individualistic and anti-social.

The practices of hiking, free love, nudism, intentional eating (usually in the form of vegetarian diets) and biocentric anarchist activities, are the basis for the individualist movement of anarcho-naturism, which are all aspects of what I see in eco-anarchist living – the intensity of these activities might be greater for those more skilled in rewilding. Alongside sabotaging machinery (psychic and non-psychic), forms of intentional activity that orient life away from the machine and towards authentic living are individualist anarchist means of embracing eco-anarchy.

[Ex105: meditate on your intentionality – if you can, do this unintentionally, by meditating on something else and become distracted.]

Unconscious Anarchy

“Zen is Meditation. Archy is Social Order. Zenarchy is the Social Order which springs from Meditation.” Kerry Thornley, Zenarchy

What is an anarcho-surrealist?

Anarcho-surrealism is not an anarchism of human-rationality, but the emergence of anarchy through the release of repressed unconscious desire.

The unconscious mind is just as much an aspect of the living beings we are than the conscious mind. The idea that an unconsciously chosen action isn't chosen by the individual is bad faith and denial.

Anarchy of desire, instinct and automatic action – surrealist attacks do not fit the rationality of planned and organised anarchist actions.

Surrealist-anarchist actions don't usually happen by individuals claiming to be surrealist anarchists, but by individuals who give up their civility and act out of their automatic, instinctual desires.

[Ex106: Do something without thinking about it – stop thinking about it!]

The Insincerity Of Anarchism

“The revolt against time is nothing if it is not a revolt against the domination of time in one's daily life. It calls for a transformation of the ways in which one moves through the spaces

one encounters. Time dominates our motion through space by means of “necessary” destinations, schedules and appointments.”
Feral Faun, Feral Revolution

It is poetically beautiful and hilariously tragic that Russell Brand is today the most culturally significant voice for the ideology of anarchism. He is the embodiment of all anarchism signifies today, on the scale to which advocates of anarchism tend to try to talk about – mass-culture. Through the spectacle of hyper-Realist virtual-technologies, this advocate of perennial-universalist (totalitarian) spiritual revolution, fused with a left-anarchist political backdrop, articulates more of what that ideology means, right here and now, than Chomsky, Reid-Ross or other contemporary advocates of the ideology.

Brand’s revolutionary anarchism is of course an “upset no one” pacifist-liberal version of the ideology, which is very much what the movement has become, on the mass scale of its advocates and supporters. He, of course, flirts with politicians, much like Gandhi, whose “anarchist” philosophy Brand no doubt models himself on – a sexually abusive reformer, who experimented on individuals he could manipulate through his position of authority, a

violent husband and a racist. That Russell's own marriage has left his wife in the "old fashioned" position of his wife having to do all the parenting of their children, while he does his "revolutionary" work, embodying the traditional gender roles that advocates of anarchism have continually critiqued, speaks volumes. But that is the point really.

Russell Brand embodies the authentic inauthenticity and insincere sincerity of anarchism today – an ideology that is what it isn't and is not what it is. Revolutionary reformers and authoritarians of liberation, whose progressivism is caught by traditions.

This is much of why I have little interest in anarchism today. My anarchy is, like anarchism, confused and caught between liberation and capture, but I will not attempt to manipulate others, to build some totality. I am also not appealing to the masses of humanised citizens.

[Ex107: destroy something that is intolerable to you – if anyone voices pacifist disapproval, remind them how shitty Brand and Gandhi is/was.]

There Are No Anarchist Politicians

“An anarchy without a road map or adjectives does not ignore difference but instead places it in the context that it belongs in. When we are faced with a moment of extreme tension, when everything that we know appears about to change, then we may choose different forks in the road. Until that time anarchists should approach each other with the naïvete that we approach the world with.” Aragorn!, Anarchy Without Roadmaps or Adjectives

There is no political anarchy.

“Anarchists” trying to be politicians walk willingly into the trap designed to catch them.

Anarchy is not order, and it is not chaos.

An authentic anarchist is a political pessimist, who knows that politics can only continually produce inequality; that progress only leads to further ruination; that civility, culture and technology alienates us from what is Real; and that rebellion can only be anti-political and personal.

Destroy the city. Kill the machine. Do not walk willingly into traps.

[Ex108: spend a week or more away from all news outlets, disengaged with all politics (especially radical)!]

Civilisation Collapses Right Now

“Every Englishman strangely symbolizes his country.” Zo d’Aza, La Revue Blanche

Most people don’t get what civilizational collapse is. Why? Because civilizational collapse is usually thought of as an absolute paradigmatic shift that is, as the undoing of a totality, totalitarian itself.

It goes without saying that civilisations always collapse into anarchy – as inauthenticity and dishonesty always collapses into authenticity and honesty.

Jensenites and anarcho-primitivists, who seek to be agents of the collapse of civilisation, make this mistake continually. Rapid absolute change of a cosmic-Undoing is ultimately what they seek, and is, for the most part, impossible, as we cannot undo what has been done to us and Earth – of course, we are earth. Equally, nihilists who claim that civilizational collapse is impossible miss what civilizational collapse is.

Civilisation collapses all the time, in every now, through involutory events, that I call the process of *feral iconoclasm*. Civilisation collapses when a fire burns down a house, leaving a family without all the possessions they had accumulated over the years and only each other for comfort. It collapses when a kid finds that they have no home and no bed, with nowhere to go, and have to find food through whatever means possible for them. Civilisation collapses when lovers abandon their domesticated selves and enjoy the ecstasy of their bodies. It collapses when a piece of abusive machinery is broken or destroyed, whether that be through age and weather, or by radical action.

My first civilizational collapse was when I saw the machines that were designed to save her fail to keep my mother alive, when I was 7. It was an event where Reality slipped away, and what was primally Real, in a brutal and traumatic sense, was undeniable.

The intensity to which this occurs appears to be rising; with the de-stabilisation of political infrastructure and the turmoil ecological collapse is escalating. The potential for less intense capture comes with the responsibility that freedom holds. It is a strange and confusing

idea, but one I find interesting and have a desire to explore spaces that emerge out of the ruins.

This is not an Undoing though, or a regression into what once was. Civilisational collapse is not going back in time/History, but the destruction of History. Earth will still be scarred by roads, the air sickened with pollution, oceans left with the toxic waste of this culture, and landscapes infected by the presence of cities. The impact of civilisation attempting to harness nuclear power, for electricity and weapons, will take (for lack of a better word) time to heal, regardless of wars, meltdowns or how people attempt to deal with the storage of nuclear waste.

The world is changed, not only in the ways that the world always changes. Like a body, that was always going to experiences changes that life processes bring, but is changed through being infected with cancer and whatever forms of treatment are required, the world is changed to an intensity that will take a lot of suffering, struggle and resilience to heal from.

Scientists believe that it took 4 million years for biodiversity to reach what they consider to be healthy levels, after the K-T impact and subsequent mass extinction event. While I am not a believer in future planning or that anyone

has any powers to predict the scale to which it will take earth to recover from the cancer of civilisation, I imagine it will take no less of the will-to-life and power that it took those living beings to fight through the impact of the K-T collision and survive.

I have a sense that earth is rewilding and healing itself, fighting the cancerous civilisation that has grown within it, and that civilizational collapses are part of that process. *Feral Iconoclasm* is being part of that process.

[Ex109: destabilise a space, allow civilisation to collapse and care for those you are with.]

Chomsky: Anarchism And Grammar

“The path of a warrior is that of upholding a tribal ideal with the therapeutic aim of bringing a strengthened ego into direct and open communication with the tribal mind, which dissolves the false self (and its punishment mechanism).” Glenn Parton, Green Anarchist Summer 1997

There are no anarchist civilisations – sorry Chomsky!

anarchy is what happens when

Civilisation holds no authority.

Civilisation is an attempt to
capture
anarchy.

There is no universal grammar to bring the cosmic-anarchist-civilised order. Your human supremacy is a shallow theory of anarchism.

You succeed only in providing a shallow critique of the most obvious structures of authority, that appeal to the herd of inauthentic advocates of anarchism.

Noam Chomsky you are a tamed animal.

[Ex110: find a copy of any Chomsky book in a library and fill the pages with drawings.]

Regrowth, Not Development

“To demand the freedom to live naked, to get naked, to walk around naked, to associate with other nudists without having any preoccupations upon discovering the body besides its resistance to temperature; it is to demand the right to totally determine for

ourselves the disposition of our bodily individuality.” Armand, Anarchist Individualism and Amorous Comradeship

Not a revolution, but regrowth.

Not the machine revolving again, rotating to another point in History that attempts to maintain sameness.

A process of growing again. Growth as empowerment.

Not going back, or going forwards. A return to here.

This is the anarchy I desire.

Not the development of a machine. The emergence of living beings, actualising their lives as their liberation from the repression of this culture.

[Ex111: do something to care for wherever you are right now – it doesn't matter what you do, just that you do.]

Considering Creative Nothingness

“Unsatisfied, therefore, with the world of men, I develop the desire for a life that I have not lived and that perhaps no one could live.” Novatore, Black Roses

My anarchy is that of a creative nothing – self creation through will. The individual who self-creates is an artist – human or non-human.

The rebel artist, whose art is an attack against their captors. The buddleia, whose flowers bloom to empower its presence. The spider who spins a web from their body. The creative primal anarchy of life is what creative nothing means to me – creation towards the destruction of death, which is the nothing that leads to life.

Unlike many other contemporary egoist-communists, I do not see the creative nothing as a process of deterritorialisation, to be reterritorialised – deconceptualising the self only to reconceptualise it, as an act of consumption and construction. There is little to no creativity within that ideology. They are a group largely comprised of “personalities”, like Dr Bones, with no noticeable thinkers or individuals engaged in any action. I wonder if any of their declarations of class war have been

voiced with any serious intent behind it. D.Z. Rowan's description of egoist-communism includes no creative passions, nothing of the unique self, but is centred around constructing communist-type infrastructure, glazed with a dressing of egoist rhetoric, but nothing of authentic self-actualisation.

The creative nothing of egoism is best found outside of humanised spaces, where primal anarchy and *primordial innocence* are not repressed – or at least in spaces of lesser *intensities of capture*, with less repression.

[Ex112: paint a picture of nothing and leave it in the window of a trendy shop.]

Not For A Cause

“You resigned, look: I spit on your idols. I spit on God, the Fatherland, I spit on Christ, I spit on the flag, I spit on capital and the golden calf; I spit on laws and Codes, on the symbols of religion; they are baubles, I could care less about them, I laugh at them...” Libertad, To the Resigned

Politics is dictated by the machine, not by politicians, lobbyists, The Illuminati, or the proletariat. The supporters of anarchism who

rescind their lives to the domain of politics
chain themselves to technology, rarely to
escape.

Alejandro De Acosta describes the way in
which anarchists chain themselves to politics,
through his egoist critique of the Cause. With
this, the Cause is an invisible nth party between
as many people – who exists like the big Other
of language, law and the symbolic. The Cause is
God, the shepherd who brings his flock
together, to be slaughtered. God is the
anthropological-machine – the ontotheology of
the technosphere, that provides salvation to the
domesticated chosen.

The politics of anarchism is an act of religious
servitude more than anything. Anarchists who
seek the experience and life of anarchy are anti-
political, as their lives are rebellion against
being captured by the repressive Cause of the
machine.

This of course does not mean that these
anarchists do not play games that are
destructive, or rebel in ways that they wish to.
But these are not done for progress,
development or country, but out of the
immediate desire for the actions themselves.

[Ex113: indulge in a luxury – something decadent.]

Fictional Revolutions

“The pirates have disappeared from the Oceans, the bandits have disappeared from the forests... The virile instincts and vigorous feeling of humanity — distant memories... The hero is dead...” Martucci, Heroic Spring

The revolutionary Cause is not of my liberation. It is not the liberation of the wind from pollutants. It is not the liberation of the land from the plough. It is not the liberation of the badger from the cage.

The revolution is the Cause of the machine. The revolution is the politics of intensified humanisation. The agricultural revolution, the industrial revolution, the digital revolution, and so on. History progressing, to the further ruination of earth and the taming of those animals brought into domestication. Marxists, social-ecologists and Left-Anarchists, who would all sacrifice *primordial innocent* primal anarchists to the icons of humanisation.

What of the supposed revolutionary luddite-environmentalists? Kaczynski’s “coming anti-

tech revolution” is filled with humanised reductionist logic, which is the type of reasoning that no doubt served him well as a brilliant mathematician, but is fictionalism in a tragically empty sense. His Cause chained him to the logic of servitude and sacrifice, that he has become a living martyr to. He is not just human, but all too human.

[Ex114: write a ridiculous fiction about anti-tech revolutionaries and publish it under a pseudonym as intended seriously.]

They Construct Ruins

“Why are there various tendencies in anarchism? Because of the diversity of temperaments. And it seems logical that individuals imbued with anarchist-communist principles would not accept the scientific part contained in those very principles when it is revealed in a manner contrary to their particular way of life, to their temperament, and as one cannot transform a temperament — assuming the thing possible at all — from one day to the next, we must accept them among the people of elevated conceptions; and since they stray from anarchist-communist principles by setting aside science somewhat — a good amount, at least — and as they are not totally anarchist, as their anarchism finds itself slightly

modified, they will thus be libertarians (a term designating the moderate anarchist), but anti-scientific libertarians. In this case, Libertarian Naturism has its well indicated place in the anarchist movement.” Zisly, A Question of Temperaments

Politics does not create.

Politics builds and constructs.

This world that politics has built, is ruins.

[Ex115: ruin something, a conversation, a file at work, whatever – be the acceleration of collapse.]

End Politics

*“Let us be eager to know all experiences, all happiness, all sensations. Let us not be resigned to any diminution of our “me”. Let us be champions of life, so that desires may arise out of our turpitude and weakness; let us assimilate the earth to our own concept of beauty.”
Libertad, The Joy of Life*

Politics is history and history is politics.

It is a narrative of resignation, renunciation and repression.

It will all be destroyed by *feral iconoclasm*, as civilisation collapses into primal anarchy.

[Ex116: write a collection of jokes about the end of the world and try them out on unsuspecting individuals.]

Why I Love The Individual Wilde

“Since the beginning of civilization, organized societies have had to put pressures on human beings for the sake of the functioning of the social organism.” Kaczynski, Industrial Society and its Future

Politics will always attempt to repress the creative, to try to make them civil. The uncivilised individual is dangerous to the political.

Oscar Wilde’s individualism as an irreverent poet, his aestheticism of decadence, and his homosexuality, threatened the sphere of politics so much that the British establishment imprisoned and exiled him. I see Wilde as one

of the most brilliant of individualists, to have been captured by History. His creativity destroyed the illusions that Victorian Britain has built to facilitate the structure of normality and for this he was both loved and hated. Hated by those who saw him undermine their sense of civil-decency. Loved by those who found beauty in the authenticity he appealed to.

Great individuals will inspire both hatred and love, as long as there are those who will seek authority to tame them. Great individuals do not shy away from what is taboo, in their commitment to authenticity. There is no individuality in inauthenticity, just the attempt to leech off of the body of society.

The anarchist that Oscar Wilde was could not be considered a political one – his one political essay (that I am aware of), *The Soul of Man Under ~~Socialism~~ Anarchy*, as an appeal to individualist-aesthetic-socialism, is more an appeal for the individual to fight for neither pleasure or pain, but for an intense, full and beautiful life. For this reason, I consider the essay to be an entirely anti-political treatise.

[Ex117: distribute pamphlets of *The Soul of Man Under ~~Socialism~~ Anarchy* outside of the offices of conservative political organisations and businesses.]

Human Auto-Cannibalism

“Everywhere I have seen enormous potential let itself be crushed by ineptitude, and meagre capacity blossom in the sun of constancy and commitment. But as long as the opening towards what is different flourishes, the receptiveness to let oneself be penetrated and to penetrate to the point that there is not a fear of the other, but rather an awareness of one’s limitations and capabilities—and so also of the limits and capabilities of the other—affinity is possible; it is possible to dream of a common, perpetual undertaking beyond the contingent, human approach.” Bonanno, Dissonances

Just as everything human eventually collapses into the inhuman and unhuman; every state is an eventual failed state; every society eventually collapses into nothingness; civilisation is ultimately the building of ruins. None of what humanity has built will survive, regardless of all human action.

As the intensification of denuding the earth of life reaches a point of singularity, that qualitatively changes the state of play in ways to which we largely have no comprehension of, it could not possibly matter what any human did or didn’t do. Whether or not such an intensity of

violation is needed to escalate the sphere of politics collapsing into the unhuman is a different matter – I would like to think not! It seems like auto-cannibalist attempts to preserve the machine, escalated through accelerating tensions (psychic and embodied), would be a more desirable route out of the nightmarish Reality this culture has caged itself within.

But, ultimately, the human will collapse into the inhuman and unhuman.

[Ex118: collapse – into someone’s arms, onto a bed or into the water of a sea or lake.]

An Appeal To Brilliance

“Dance and sing, laugh and play, feast on the fruits of the earth, the delights of my body, make music and love — for all acts of pleasure are my rituals. And I am that which you find in the fulfilment of desire.” Moore, Anarchy and Ecstasy: Visions of Halcyon Days

Anarcho-primitivism is at its most beautiful when it is at its least political. By this I mean, anarcho-primitivists who take their praxis to be something not limited to the boundaries of politics, radical or mainstream, are those I have found to be most beautiful and most valuable.

Layla AbdelRahim's work is some of the most beautiful I have found within the body of anarcho-primitivist thought, given the authenticity with which she thinks and writes. Likewise, Mia X. Kursion's essay on technology, Mae Bee's thoughts around freedom and love, and Glenn Parton's critique of the machine in our heads are all similarly beautiful works, not attempting to be perfect (in the way that politics manipulates to be perfect), authentic works desiring lives of less *intensive capture* and more primal anarchy.

Zerzan and Tucker, as the main voices for the ideology, are also both at their most beautiful when they are at their least political.

I am continually saddened when reading Jacobi, the most political anarcho-primitivist I have ever encountered. He writes with all the rationality and logic of a well designed machine, brilliant and undeniably clever, but dead. There is no wild passionate love and desire within his thought, no primal rage and terrible fury, or even the slightest hint of uncivilised madness. His book, *Repent to the Primitive*, is an extremely insightful, yet thoroughly humanised work of anarcho-primitivist thought – political to the core, with the human revolution it seeks to Cause.

Anarcho-primitivism's brilliance is in its madness, wild passions and desires, and in its willingness to (when it is willing to) unhumanise its thought, not be political machines, and be authentic animals.

[Ex119: write a work of irrational-primitivism.]

Spitting On Bookchin

"Since I don't have the Correct Answer, I don't know which of these systems would work best in practice." Robert Anton Wilson, Left and Right: A Non-Euclidean Perspective

The politics of Bookchinite social ecology starts with the ontological concept he created "dialectical naturalism", as an attempt to clean up some of the issues with Hegel's and Marx's concepts of dialectics – a failed attempt. With this concept, Bookchin attempts to claim that there is no end to History, and so there is no end to dialectical development – all of nature apparently bound together by the Cause of reconciling differences and choices into monocultures. So the politics of social ecology starts from a foundation of unrelenting humanisation, human supremacy and the world made in Man's (as God) image.

The optimism within this claim is revolting, in its totalitarian historicism. I doubt if there are any true believers of Bookchin's gospel, as I am convinced that instinctually there is a primal anxiety towards the collapse of development that is death within all who read his ideas – the human will always collapse into the inhuman and the unhuman.

I also fail to see how chaining ourselves to the machines of social ecology will be any more a means of liberation than remaining chained to this one. If within his libertarian socialist utopia all Men are rich, as equals, then it would become entirely necessary to spit in each other's faces continually (in Diogenean style).

[Ex120: spit in the face of a rich man or woman.]

A Critique Of The Eco-Extremist Vanguard

“It has been known for ages that the master uses the slave as a means to appropriate the objective world, that the tool only alienates the worker as long as it belongs to a master.”
Vaneigem, The Revolution of Everyday Life

Of all the radical environmentalist schools of thought, groups, movements, or whatever you want to call them, is there any more Leninist than that of eco-extremism? Their Vanguardism of the earth and critiques of the infantile disorder of anarchism are so similar to Lenin's ideas that it is hard to believe sometimes that the eco-extremist movement came out of disenfranchised anarchists and is not a collective of green-Maoists!

The main flaws with the anarchist approach to critiquing this tendency have been mostly due to two factors. The first of these is the intensity to which eco-extremism has been critiqued outside of its own terms – like trying to argue a white nationalist by accusing them of being a racist, arguing outside the sphere of the terms they care about is going to achieve less than nothing (you have to undermine their own arguments). The second is that anarchists, from a position of Euro-American moral anarchism, have assumed a position of judge and jury, and succeeded in raising eco-extremists to a position of authority and influence that they never would have achieved if they hadn't been so severely demonised; in the same way that the spectacle of media coverage surrounding the activities of Islamist terrorists succeeds in granting them psychic authority.

As far as critiquing eco-extremism on its own terms, it isn't very difficult to do. Take Abe Cabrera's attempt to use The Creek War, where the indigenous people of America used guns and other weapons of their colonial enemies, while thoroughly hating the culture that produced the technology, in their attempt to resist civilisation, as a means of likening eco-extremist praxis to those warriors. The dishonesty in this likening is obvious, when looking at the intensity to which eco-extremism exists and flourishes as a virtual entity, and, like the authoritarianism of Kaczynski's praxis, relishes their ability to manipulate and abuse through their technologically advanced weapons – a thoroughly civilised form of praxis.

Another similar example, taken from the Atassa series of ideas around eco-extremism, is Elani's attempt to liken eco-extremists to tribal warriors. The obvious difference between groups like ITS and the type of community and individual Elani used as examples, through Clastres, is that eco-extremists are not tribal warriors. They have no tribal presence and they are not warriors. A warrior is a brave individual who fights – there is no bravery or fight in a bombing, only violation and inauthenticity. Eco-extremists are soldiers, in a mostly virtual army – perhaps skilled soldiers, but not tribal

warriors. Soldiers, as parts of machines of militarism, are domesticated to a greater intensity than most of us – one of the reasons why I have felt a degree of scepticism towards eco-extremist wildness for as long as I've encountered the tendency.

The laziness of anarchists whose criticisms have only gone as far as to say “we think they're immoral because ...” has ultimately played into the hands of eco-extremists, as their morality is the immoralist inversion of Christian morality. It would offend an eco-extremist far more to accuse them of being exactly what they are – extremely insecure moralists (in the way that moralists are insecure about their ideas, hence the need to force everyone else to think like them). Like the Islamists and Nazis who are also sure of their moral purity, as immoralists to those they hate and who hate them, eco-extremists position themselves as an absolute moral authority – an authority, unfortunately, granted to them by anarchists and other lazy critics.

Perhaps what is most noticeably inauthentic about eco-extremist ideology is the notion that their attacks in any way embody the wild indiscriminate destructive processes that flow freely. Their attacks involve an intensity of planning and machinic design, which are

entirely humanised – there is no morphogenic de-humanising within the tendency. That anarchist critics of this movement (or those anarchists who have been willing to engage with their ideas) haven't named them for what they are in this respect – a tendency that embraces the logic of this culture entirely (like Kaczynski) – is a disappointment to say the least.

What is of value to be taken from the eco-extremist tendency is undeniably their bringing existentiality, the threat to our lives as the animals we are, that ecological oblivion brings more prominently into the conversation. With this, and I mean this only and entirely to the aesthetic/perceptual level, eco-extremism is most valuable for bringing existential terror into the sphere of discourse.

With this movement of Vanguardist soldiers, who wage an immoralist religious war, while I do not desire seeing them raised to the stature of either saints or demons, I do not believe that they should be excluded from discourse, by individuals and groups who see themselves as moral authority to dictate the terms of discussion. Rather I think it better to critique them on the terms that they value.

[Ex121: write a critique of eco-extremism that includes no culturally supremacist racist moral bullshit.]

The Axiom Of Human Supremacy

“Coming to terms with the collapse means we have to remember that life is about something bigger than ourselves. We are a part of the world around us and are inseparable from it.”
Tucker, Species Traitor 4

Human, speciesial and technological supremacism is the unquestioned axiom that keeps basically any and all advocates of Bookchin’s social ecology from collapsing into the untame, feral abyss of anti-civilisational desire for primal anarchy. Once those concepts are destroyed, it is possible to be liberated from their repressive domination.

[Ex122: go caving and meditate on the rocks.]

They Are Marxists

“The governments of the world, knowing each other’s interests, do not invade each other. They have learned that they can gain much more by international arbitration of disputes than by war

and conquest.” Goldman, Anarchy and Other Essays

The striking similarity of social ecology and eco-extremism, as ideologies who would like to retain the notion of distance between them, is how Marxist-Leninist they both are in thought and practice. My individualist eco-anarchist revolt rejects both tendencies, as my rebellion is life, not the anthropological-machine of Vanguardist dialectical-soldiers.

[Ex123: prank a Marxist – if they complain, tell them it is part of the revolutionary struggle.]

Why So Acceptable?

“Let us see now what unites them. It is the out and out cult of the State.” Bakunin, Marxism, Freedom and the State

John Zerzan and Kevin Tucker’s inability to present decent critiques of eco-extremism, nor anyone else within the anarcho-primitivist movement’s ability to critique eco-extremism outside of the non-critique of “they’re immoral”, is depressing to say the least.

I fear that anarcho-primitivism is ceasing to be a philosophy of the living primitive here and now,

and has entered History, now turned into tradition-as-dead. I desire a philosophy and practice of living primal anarchy, which is what I attempt to create through my individualist eco-anarchist praxis of ontological anarchy.

If primitivist anarchists can revitalise their thoughts, with the fire and destruction of anarchist refusal of the Reality civilisation has built, and stop attempting to place themselves further and further within the Reality, they might be able to protect their thought from being usurped within the market place of Too-Fucking-Late-Capitalism. Perhaps then, other disenfranchised anti-civilisational anarchists won't look to the Vanguardists of eco-extremism.

[Ex124: take quotes from Zerzan and Tucker's essays and books, arrange them into a folk song or a rap track.]

I Am Not A Revolutionary

“Let us hope that the toilers of every country may draw the necessary conclusions and, in turn, finish with the Bolsheviks, those exponents of the idea of slavery and oppressors of Labor.”
Makhno, The Idea of Equality and the Bolsheviks

Fuck revolution – both as progress and regress!
This attempt at humanisation I reject.

The earthly will-to-life, the process of *feral iconoclasm*, is one of collapsing civilisation through involution – and is what I desire.

[Ex125: take a revolutionary to the woods, climb a tree and sing from the branches.]

It Has Always Been Revolution

“The tragedy is correspondingly greater as a person's individuality is more richly endowed, is stronger in its own particular nature.” Gross, Overcoming Cultural Crisis

The revolution is History and History is the revolution. The mechanics of History maintain its revolution. The engineers of History and construction workers of History build the revolution. The architects of History design the revolution. Politicians and police throughout History serve its needs and attempt to control the living.

Marxism is not a rebellion against the totalitarianism of the world-eating anthropological-machine of Leviathan, but is an effort in structural maintenance – an

architecturally designed effort to make its perpetual (permanent) revolutions work with the greatest amount of efficiency. The same is largely true for left-anarchism, though to a significantly lesser intensity, but perhaps more disastrous a potential future, should a less intense abuse be sustained for longer.

[Ex126: present a seminar on anarchist architecture, comprised entirely of descriptions of abandoned cities/civilisations.]

Intensifying Acceleration

“In reality, the primary function of the left has historically been to recuperate every social struggle capable of confronting capital and state directly, such that at best only an ersatz representation of victory has ever been achieved, always concealing the public secret of continuing capital accumulation, continuing wage-slavery, and continuing hierarchical, statist politics as usual, but under an insubstantial rhetoric of resistance and revolution, freedom and social justice.”
McQuinn, Post Left Anarchy?

The machine of History progressed and developed at varying intensities for much of its

existence. With industrialisation and the rise of advanced digital technological equipment, History has accelerated this intensity of progress and development, with ever more abusive means of violation. This has not yet been totally normalised, given how quickly these technologies have become totalitarian – part of the reason why many people who will call themselves anti-technology are more sympathetic to pre-industrial agri-cultural technological apparatus, or even just pre-digital technological equipment.

The acceleration of History has escalated the loss of biodiversity and the colonisation of the world, under humanisation (within the image of human as envisioned by colonists). This has been an extremely violent force within the world, but its design and implementation has done exactly what it was intended to do – build the Reality we live in and generally consider acceptance as the normal way things ought to be.

With this situation I have described, people now take acceleration itself to be normal and the way things ought to be. There ought to be greater control, abuse, violation, colonisation etc., so long as it is done in the name of development and progress. The rank privilege of human

supremacy within this narrative is revolting and revoltingly normal.

[Ex127: spray paint “toy dinosaurs are made from dead dinosaurs” on the sign outside a church.]

Accelerating Auto-Cannibalism

“The “human being,” as a concept or an attribute, does not exhaust you, because it has a conceptual content of its own, because it says what is human and what a human being is, i.e., because it is capable of being defined so that you can remain completely out of play.” Stirner, Stirner’s Critics

Zerzan’s book *Why Hope?* is brilliant in many ways, though misses something between his prejudice towards concepts he does not approve of. This is most noticeable when he writes about acceleration and hopelessness.

When it comes to hopelessness, while I share Zerzan’s dislike for the book *Desert*, which has (un)inspired many nihilist-anarchists, Zerzan misses the entire fucking point. He briefly comments on egoism, but misses that “pure egoism”, as we are always situated ecologically-phenomenologically as individuals immersed,

non-dualistically, immediately within the world, as Extensions of the world – pure egoism, utter selfishness, is ecologically motivated. Selfishness is beyond hope and hopelessness, as love/desire is beyond hope and hopelessness, and remains between them. Anyone who has loved knows this primal force of desire.

Hope places agency in authority outside of our individual power. Hopelessness renounces the world, out of weakness. I accept neither within my anarchy.

What I desire, beyond and between both hope and hopelessness, is collapse. When Zerzan writes about collapse and acceleration, as he misses that History/Leviathan/civilisation's totalitarian presence has rendered it auto-cannibalistic, he misses that accelerating ruptures and mechanical points of breakdown are anarchists best means of attacking the system and escalating collapse.

Have you ever accelerated a car to its top speed? Without some kind of limiter installed, the engine will become strained. Do this consistently and the car will break down.

With the machine of this culture accelerating perpetually, it is becoming increasingly strained.

Intensifying the strain is how you accelerate collapse.

It is messy and involves unhumanising, deterritorialising and decolonising our minds. What would motivate you to attempt to accelerate collapse, with neither hope or hopelessness, beyond and between both? Desire for a rewilded, decolonised and uncivilised earth, not born from logic and humanised rationality, but from authentic, savage, ineffable love. Love then subscends morality and immorality. Love that is wild and free, manifesting from will to life and power that is animal.

[Ex128: spend a day being a prophet of mad wisdom in a public space, crying out that everything is devoid of hope, so we must be selfish and indulge in absurd courage.]

Presentist Acceleration

“Whether clearly stated or not, that is what comes through in the explorers’ chronicles and the work of researchers alike: society is inconceivable without the State; the State is the destiny of every society.” Clastres, Society Against the State

Accelerating History's collapse, the ending of Leviathan/civilisation, happens through intensifying the present – by living intensely now. Civilisation collapses not in the future or in the past, but now, by intensifying now through wild experiences/living.

Becoming-animal, a feral life, means living intensely, as an individual who embraces creativity and destruction, now! I refuse to be a machine, to cage myself within History.

[Ex129: commit an act of cultural sabotage, thereby destroying civilisation, right here, right now.]

Anarchist Re-Creation

“As a key component to the perpetuation of oppression, all alienation must be destroyed.”
Dominick, Animal Liberation and Social Revolution

Civilisation, God, does not create – it builds and constructs.

Creation is wild and destructive.

The anarchist who refuses civilisation; refuses colonisation; refuses speciesism; refuses the

prison and the cage; refuses the market and the state; refuses the optimism of normalised humanisation for the pessimism of unhumanisation; is an artist of creativity – life.

To be uncivilised now is to create dangerously, with an iconoclastic energy, waging primal war through guerrilla ontology against the Reality they built; and to desire *primordial innocence* because you think with a *feral consciousness*.

[Ex130: bake a cake, go swimming, read a pointless fiction or some intensely abstract work of philosophy, dance with a stranger, have amazing sex, play fight a friend, do some gardening, go cycling through the countryside, climb a mountain; do something to take care of yourself – caring for the world that is dying at the hands of Leviathan involves caring for yourself, because you are the world.]

Section 2: More Meditations

Feralculture

It is flattering when someone acknowledges something you have created and affirms it as something that they personally value. Compliments can be wonderful and revolting, as much as insults, but both compliments and insults are usually best treated as nothing. When someone you love and is dying affirms your creativity and advises that you take it further, a desire to honour what they have said fills you.

This has been the case for me.

I have a dislike for designs for futures, cartographies for ideal societies and choreographies for radicals. This is the main reason why I have never written out any attempts for structural practice – just made suggestions that any individual could take and make their own.

What I am going to attempt to lay out here is an attempt at a (non-)practice for eco-anarchists, for psychic, rebellion and ecological rewilding. It is a practice, in that it is a map for eco-anarchy, but it is a map with no roads, paths or

signs to point someone in the “right” direction, with the geography constantly changing. It is not a practice because we are alive now, there are no first attempts, and I am not a guru offering a road to salvation.

This is not a fixing of a machine or machines, but an attempt to heal ourselves, and the earth that we are Extensions of. It is an attempt to unleash our animality, to destroy cages and dehumanise this world, starting with unhumanising our minds, our means of rebellion and ecological restoration attempts. It can be done with people who are part of your tribe, or as a solitary process.

This is self help – self help as an individual singularity, who is an Extension of the multiplicity of Being that is ecological, as alive.

Grounding:

While this is not a linear process, the medium of text requires a starting place, so here we will start.

Grounding begins by finding yourself in the world, immersed in the world. You find yourself as a tiny creature, whose life is finite, pointless and largely tragic. In a deep ecological and existential sense, our individual lives are utterly

meaningless – in the same way that it doesn't really matter if one badger, one giant red wood, one bumblebee, one koala, one otter, or one Chilean crocus dies.

This nihilism can be thought of as rock bottom. Not rock bottom as being beneath anyone or anything on a social hierarchy. Rock bottom as being able to feel the hard stone Real of existence/life, as an immediate personally subjective experience, that is individual to who you/I are/am.

Sensuality then moves into the sensation of what eco-phenomenologist David Abram's has described as the gravitational Earthly eros, where we experience a strange love for the world we are Extensions of. This is a part of the experience of *paneroticism*(, which I will go into in more detail in another section of this book). There is a strange, uncanny, tug that doesn't fit any rationality, but is authentically your own sense of desiring Being-in-the-world – will-to-life/will-to-power. An absurd refusal to give in to the despair that would fit a humanistic logic courses through your body and you go on.

Hiking, meditation, gardening, swimming, nudism, cooking, learning wild-craft skills and sex, are all activities that can be part of the

process of grounding – of course it is not a process that is limited to these.

Primal Trauma:

This is where the grounding you have done enables and empowers you to honestly face the wounds that you have experienced, which scar your body, as scars cover the body of the world Earth we are immersed within. You find how you've been castrated, caged, conditioned, placed into slavery to work machines that abuse other animals (human and non-human) and violate earth.

There is a fury that comes with encountering primal trauma, born from an energetic will to life. It is the anger of revolt, the sensation of revulsion. This is a personal encounter – as suffering is a personal sensual experience – that we share with others who have experienced abuse and violation. While it often becomes rationalised into ideologies and theories, when we honestly face it Uniquely, there is a quality to it that cannot be spoken about as a Real phenomenon – but, of course, we cannot be silent. An eruption will be needed, as a primal, anarchist, animal scream

Primal trauma is a space for consciousness raising, research and personal meditation and

reflection. Conversations with those who are part of our personal tribes – family, lovers, friends, co-conspirators and so on – are ways of exploring and being supported through our individual sensations of primal trauma.

The aspect of primal trauma that is most paradoxical and difficult to reconcile is that this is a process that is personal and earthly, singularly monist and entirely plural, individual and collective.

Deconstructing Machines:

Deconstructing machines is neither work or play, but entirely both. It is most of what I wrote about in my first book and is the space of *feral consciousness*.

The first machine that is deconstructed is that of the technologically constructed and mediated identity of the *self*. Not the Unique I, the *self* of experience, the primal anarchist animal grounded by earthly eros, experiencing a primal trauma, of having been violated by Leviathan to be made human. Instead the conceptualised *self* that binds, chains and encages us to this machine. The *self* of the obedient wife who has to obey her husband; of national identity that ties you patriotically and demands you sacrifice yourself as a soldier; of a worker who is defined

by their job; and so on. This gets dismantled piece by piece, through persistent deconstruction.

After this, political and productive machines start being deconstructed. Political parties, lobbyists, organisations, big corporate businesses, industrial machines, digital machines, media machines and agricultural machines (and more), all become targets for deconstruction. Challenging cultural and systemic narratives is central to this aspect of deconstructing machines, which is why deconstructing machines is the centre of focus for much of what activists seek to do – the difference in the case of feralculture praxis being that there would be no attempt to reconstruct the machines, unlike revolutionaries and liberal activists (why many people don't go further than this).

The deconstruction of machines is different for different machines. Taking apart racist structures within a community is a process that involves a degree of collaborative effort and is most effective when the collaborators have the trust and friendship that comes with tribal familiarity. Dismantling a trap or cage can be done individually with little issues. Culture jamming and Operation Mind Fuck type (social)

media projects can be fun ways of dismantling media and informational machines.

Deconstructing the machine of the *self* can be done individually with meditative exploration, artistic experiments and other means of individualisation and personal empowerment.

This all works towards individual self-empowerment, as being able to affect the world and take responsibility for yourself; as well as being means of challenging and resisting the activities that are abusing earth.

Somatic Games:

After deconstruction, there is the body – your body, my body, the earth, us and we. Somatic experience can be both traumatic and empowering, like how eco-radicalism can be traumatic and empowering. So any game is probably best done when you feel ready to do it, by being true to your needs.

The anarchist play therapy developed by Roberto Freire, Somatherapy, has lots of somatic games that nurture healing and support rebellion. Somatherapy empowers those involved in the group work, by empowering each other through providing mutual support, sharing experiences, preparing each other to

fight oppressors and various immediatist exercises. There is very little material available in English about Somatherapy, as formulated by Freire – probably something we should be pleased for, as it removes pressure to conform to Freire’s design. So the challenge then becomes to create your own games, with those you are.

Exercise, self defence and combat sports are other forms of somatic play that can directly empower individuals, both psychically and in their rebellions. They both require a certain amount of co-working/co-play, particularly in learning how to train and not hurt yourself, but they can be practiced individually once an intensity of skill is attained. The strength gained through these activities can be invaluable to vulnerable and oppressed individuals and groups, like women who are at risk from rapists, or ethnic minorities at risk from racially motivated violence – The Black Panther Party for Self Defence was formed for self defence and worked to empower black people, while fighting for liberation.

A somatic game that I enjoy is standing on streets with Free Hugs signs and, during the chats that always follow hugs, talking about ecological collapse, the destruction of Reality and existential crisis. There is a double impact

of having a bodily affect and a psychic effect of breaking the expected thought pattern.

The mental health and bodily health benefits of somatic work/play are obvious and immediate. As well as what practical and personal growth these can bring, these types of activities can just be fun – an experience we all can probably share in a desire for more of. There is no need for any mediators within these activities, as they are best done when self-motivated and not facilitated by groups or organisations.

Growing complexities:

Civilisation is simple and an attempt to reduce and simplify the world to what is normalisable, making it manageable. Wild-life, primal anarchy and biodiversity is immeasurably complex. Agriculture simplifies to produce industrial monocultures. A scientist attempts to mathematically reduce the world to what is quantifiably knowable, within the sphere of their equipment's ability to measure.

Technology simplifies activity and life, to remove the need to actually do anything, or try to create, and to make you more dependent on, chained to and dictated by the needs of technology, as you increasingly renounce your freedom to it.

The schizoanalytic approach to discourse, action and psychotherapy seeks to nurture the growth of complexes, through heterogenetic ontological differentiation, by opening up processual flows – releasing repressed energies, such as desire. This was the approach that inspired my thoughts in the book and while exploring my concept of *feral iconoclasm*. What growing complexities means in the context of *feralculture* is limited only by the imagination and individual personal desire.

One of the aspects of growing complexities that matters most to me is attempting the destruction of the means of human authoritarian management of living beings, such as agriculture, horticulture, arboriculture, viticulture, hydroculture, floriculture, fruiticulture and also permaculture. All of these systems attempt to assert human control over the authentic flows of living beings, with the differences between them being the intensity to which they spatially attempt to dominate. This is undoubtedly an idea and activity that doesn't follow the same ideological narratives of many radical environmentalists, primitivists and others who advocate less intense means of humanisation, like permaculture and horticulture. Many point to Historical(-captured) horticulturalists, permaculturists or even subsistence agriculturalists, as approaches to

rewilding, which might in a dehumanised world, with total civilizational collapse, present potential means of living for “humans” – perhaps less intensive means of humanised machinic-control, though still retaining the logic of human authoritarian supremacism. We do not live there, in total civilizational collapse, and here is so intensely humanised and simplified that the greatest potential intensity of complexifying would be the best way to rewild - hence why I am not advocating here these less intensive means of human control. Intensifying humanity’s lack of control will be uncomfortable for many, but is part of the primal anarchy I desire – a world rewilded, full of life, free from authoritarian totalitarian domination.

Growing psychic complexities, through psychic-nomadism and guerrilla ontology, is a means of individual self-empowerment and of psychological warfare, which are immediate ways of attacking this culture. This is where reweirding, endarkening, unknowing and bewilderness become most relevant, as described in earlier meditations within this book. The Situationist prank is the most well known approach to this type of activity – so potentially not as effective as methods created individually, as means of destruction. Chaos magick is another way of creating psychic-

complexities – but, like the Situationist prank, has a weakness, in that the practice is very closely tied to occult-cultures (which have always struck me as weak).

The type of creative destruction that works towards the growth of complexities, which is most familiar to eco-anarchists is property destruction. Earth First!, Earth Liberation Front, Animal Liberation Front, Movement for the Emancipation of the Niger Delta, Hunt Saboteurs and similar other groups/organisations have all used property destruction as means of resisting domestication. What you or I choose to do as acts of property destruction – the destruction of technologies that construct the Reality that violates earth and dominates life – is up to us, as all our situations are different, we are all unique and we are all free to different intensities. My personal engagement in this type of activity has been focused on lone-wolf/individualist hunt saboteur and ALF type rebellion. Through destroying technologies that provide mediation, the immediate becomes perceptually more apparent, with the focus of concentration not being Historically out there, but right here, right now, in a presentist sense of Being; like in the moment after you've smashed a cup or a plate the movement of the world is less mechanical and weirdly here. There is no waiting for a

revolution with this, or anything else.
Resistance is right here, right now. Liberation
requires no mediation.

Wandering:

Like how we needed a beginning to this, we
need an ending, But we are beginning entirely at
an end and ending at a beginning.

Wandering is similar to grounding, but
different. You might even go back to grounding
from here. It is like the eternal return of the
flesh/now that Nietzsche wrote about, or the
repetition of difference that Deleuze described.
It is *becoming-animal*, as overcoming
humanisation.

As a practice, I have found that wandering is
most like Shinrin Yoku, non-dualist mystic
forms of mediation, near death limit-experience,
and the experience of making love. All
mediation dissolves away and you encounter the
world in a way that is totally unspeakable. You
become both one with everything and collapse
into the monstrous abyss of no-Thingness.

Of course, you might find it (and will find it) as
you encounter it. I cannot tell you how to do it
and wouldn't want to. You will not be able to
produce the experience, but will encounter it,

like the calm quiet after a plate shatters, beyond being able to fix.

Wandering involves the experience of freedom and liberation in an animal sense that is ineffable and knowable only through sensation. It is voidwork.

In both *Feral Consciousness* and *Feral Iconoclasm* I failed to articulate this experience, as I will fail to do so here. It is a dark mystical experience of primal anarchy that is not rational and has no laws – so any argument regarding it is ultimately pointless, you cannot find it through dialectics and God hates it. Alejandro De Acosta described a mystic as someone who succeeds by failing, so I am pleased to continually fail in my attempt to articulate this.

Paneroticism

Paneroticism is a term I have stolen from Feral Faun's work *Feral Revolution and Other Essays*, which he described as "the dance of life". It, as well as many other ideas of Feral Faun's (Wolfgang Landstreicher), has inspired much of my thought.

Paneroticism follows from the earthly gravitational eros that brings us crashing down

to the nihilistic rock bottom of the immediate flesh, and finds the wild world of rocks, trees, rivers, seas, raptors, deer and snails, not just as alive, but alive in a way that the domesticating machine of humanisation/civilisation, and those who live within it, has little experience of and actively avoids, represses and violates.

Machines, even sex toys, dildos, artificial vaginas and robots with AI designed to manufacture orgasms, are asexual. You can engender a machine and make it simulate and stimulate, and eventually you might have an orgasm. But sexuality is sensual and passionate, animal, involves feeling attractions and of being attractive to a lover. Technology mediates and creates distance between you and authentic sensual experience – watching a lion chase and kill buffalo on TV is not watching a lion chase and kill buffalo, but is watching a simulation of an event that has been captured by History, to stimulate your visual and phonic senses in a way that produces an illusion.

Paneroticism is sexual, as it pertains to the life energy of eros, not just as a return to flesh, but also as love of flesh. Love of the individual flesh and the flesh of others who share the wild life energy of primal anarchy. It is ecological motivated, as flesh is ecological, and I do not believe that authentic eco-radicalism can

manifest without the experience of
paneroticism.

Green Abjectionism

When talking about environmental issues there is a type of rationality that will often follow after the “ah shit” moment that happens in all of those conversations. This is that the conversation moves into “how can human’s, whether it is through governments, corporations, technology, recycling or any other machine that follows the rationality of humanisation, control the situation in order to fix this broken machine that is earth, so that we may keep the machine of civilisation going”. What is noticeable within this very politically Green tendency within these sorts of conversations is that it assumes that humans can and should control earth, and that earth is a broken machine that needs fixing under humanity’s design, and not a living being that we live within, like the bacteria who lives within your body, who needs to and is capable of healing itself.

If you upset the logic of techno-salvationism, humanisation and Green-optimism, by expressing scepticism towards the ability of solar panels, states or activists and revolutionaries, or by arguing anything that does not fit within what is called rationality and

logic, an unconscious ideology emerges within the discussion. This ideology is what I call Green-abjectionism – the tendency among supporters of Green politics to cast off anything that doesn't fit within the reductive logic of their ideology.

My experience of Green-abjectionists is that they are usually groups and individuals who have a desire to sustain the violence of this culture, because they have experienced little to nothing of the *primordial innocence of primal anarchy*. There is no love of climbing trees, swimming in the sea, watching deer run across the countryside or other systemically pointless experiences. Everything must be humanistically rational, following the logic of the machine, to support the sustainability of this culture. They are repulsed by the beast and by the savage; anything that is uncivilised must be made tame and domesticated – the Amazon is not desirable for its own life, or bees, or the Arctic ice, but so that it does not impact on the progress of the machine Leviathan. Green-abjectionists only value clean air so that it does not impact on the health of those working within the machine.

The movement Extinction Rebellion, which has vacuumed followers from social media into the empty abyss of politics, is full of Green-abjectionists. Urbanites, who once a year take a

trip to the countryside and watch lots of documentaries narrated by David Attenborough, but would never destroy a cage because they could never break a law, fill that movement. They would sustain the violence of this culture indefinitely, to continue the development of humanisation, as commanded by their moral encoding, authorised by God.

Green abjections are keen to reject everything that they find disturbing, so succeed primarily in disturbing nothing. The unhuman and inhuman spaces that are untame and not domesticated cannot be undisturbing, because by not fitting within the production narratives of Leviathan they can only disturb, interrupt, get in the way and disrupt this culture.

Eco-Absurdism

As much as my anarchy is the *green-nihilism*, of destroying all that is civilised (or at least attempting to), my philosophy is rooted in absurdism. Absurdism denies the idea of purpose that civilisation attempts to encode the world with. Having purpose means having a moral/logical justification, a machinic-functionality and a Cause to be chained to – absurdism is an acceptance of the meaninglessness of everything, that there is no reason or Cause. Far from being a descent into

hopelessness – like many nihilists and weak-pessimists who embrace resignation and renunciation – an absurdist embraces being-pointless as to live a rebellion that is life, though without hope in salvation or meaning. This is not a moral rebellion, but a rebellion born from integrity and honest desire.

Eco-absurdism starts from pessimism, with limits being the basis for integrity in ecological discourse (or any other really). The purposelessness of all that is wild and untame is the freedom of absurdity. An optimist designates purpose in everything, all life, so that everything can fuel the machine of progress – political movements inspired by Hegel (Marxism, Fascism, etc.,) are all examples of how purpose is totalitarian and authoritarian. For the optimist, everything has a purpose, as a use, for the Cause of the future.

Eco-absurdism is a rebellion against this rationality, an amoralist refusal to have a reason or a function. You might ask, what is the point in this? But there is no point, there is no reason or justification for any of this. Absurdist do not need a reason or rationality for their rebellion – integrity compels their authentic desire for life. Eco-absurdist revolt is an irrational revolt against this culture of attempting to escape

absurdity – of attempting to enframe absurdity with the technology of God.

Absurdist philosophy is rooted in the question of “why live?”. For Camus the question was ultimately expressed as “should I commit suicide” – I agree with Camus, though feel the real philosophical question whether or not to commit to life. My thought has been committed to exploring what it means, in the context of ecological collapse and mass extinction, to commit to life – following from the same conclusion of Camus, that it is better to accept the limits of reason, embrace the absurdity of pointless *wild-Being* and not commit suicide. Suicide, with its renunciation of life, is civilisation epitomised, as civilisation is a form of suicide.

Aesthetic terrorism

It is a wholly ugly thing that integrity compels me to say, but if we are honest and sincere about the state of the world today, we have to admit that radical groups have lost their semiotic stature to terrorists. It is not entirely the fault of radicals, as the intensification of violence against Westernised Too-Fucking-Late-Capitalism has for the most part simply corresponded with the intensification of violation from semio-capital necro-statism. But

attempting to repeat Historic failures, like a poorly acted pantomime that is no longer amusing, has succeeded only in disempowering radical practice.

What political terrorism has achieved, which radicals haven't, is that it has brought the immediacy of existential crisis, something that is unique and personal (as death is an individual experience), to the scale of mass discourse. Bombings, knife attacks and vehicle-rammings are intimate and bring the Real of our individual temporality to the Reality of this culture's macro-political narrative in a way that is fundamentally disruptive; of course the machine re-territorialises terrorism and uses it to intensify its authoritarian presence – films about terrorist attacks, news papers and websites profiting from terrorism, and “anti-terror” wars for profit that cement imperialism and colonialism throughout the world.

Political terrorism, as a blatant disregard for life and wanton violation, is logically “completed” with suicide-terrorism. In following the logic of suicide/civilisation, political-terrorism achieves an intensity of domestication, with its rejection of living, that is obviously revolting from instinct, with no need for rational justification – of course there are rational justifications for rejecting political-terrorism as well.

So what can be taken from terrorism for radical purposes? Specifically the immediate perspectival attack, which has an aesthetic-psycho-psyche intensity of a Real encounter, by collapsing the optical illusion of this anthropological-machine Reality. Aesthetic terrorism can be artistic or poetic (as described by Bey), but of course doesn't need to be – it can be any encounter that achieves an intensity of sensation and emotion that collapses Reality's structural stability. This is of course a form of dangerous destructive creativity, so I question whether radical/activist groups/organisations have the authentic fire of *wild-Being* required for this type of activity, when by their very function they are supposed to provide safety through structure. Only by being disturbing can you disturb. Aesthetic terrorism would seem to be a weapon for the radical individualist, the anarchist lone-wolf, the Unique; a weapon that is personal, as existential crisis is personal; and an existential crisis that is ecological, as each individual is ecological, and ecologically you are fucked!

My mysticism

What does mystic mean, when not being used as a noun to refer to someone engaged with the mythical, spiritual and religious? What I mean

by mystical is a collapsing of the conceptual *self* of identity, from the Reality of “normal” consciousness, into a Real that is paradoxical, weird and pre-linguistically ineffable.

There are similarities between my mystical anarchy praxis and the meditation practices of Krishnamurti. Like Krishnamurti, I reject the notion that there are authorities, gurus, teachers, politicians and so on, who know the true right path for you or I to travel – that we have to individually wander our own journeys. Also, like his meditation style, mystical experience and anarchy are not activities to be done strictly in pockets outside of everyday life, but are processes that flow through the moment that is the living present. And equally, I ascribe to no tradition – Krishnamurti practiced meditation because he meditated, not because he embraced a meditation tradition, and I am an anarchist because I practice anarchy, not because I subscribe to any tradition/ideology (or don’t).

Rather than being based in stories or teachings, I base my practice of mysticism in spaces that are places of anarchy. Best known mystical spaces are often elevated culturally, in the way that Uluru, Mount Kailash, Mount Sinai, the standing stones of Brittany and Adam’s peak have been culturally designated as spaces of special significance. I have found however that

mystical experience is not found exclusively in sanctified spaces, or in spaces that are “out there”, across seas, in foreign lands.

Being right here, right now – immediatist in praxis – liberation is not something to gain or achieve. I(/you/we) have always been free – anarchy is here, in this moment that (we/you/I) am alive in.

Civilisation, as an attempt to escape death, suffering and change, is an attempt in transcendence. The descent into nonduality that I am describing here is subsending into the wild-anarchic living of an untamed life.

Similar to the radical monism of Hindu nonduality, as I find myself and the world as I encounter it, this state of connectivity, relationship or “Oneness” (which is non-numerical and so No-thing and non-holistic), is an embrace of radical diversity and a celebration of unending difference. To quote the philosopher Deleuze, “monism = pluralism” – the subsendence I have referred to is collapsing out of the illusion of transcendence into what Deleuze called “the plane of immanence”; where creation and death happen on the plane of existence.

As I described in *Feral Iconoclasm*, my experience of the world where life and death as processes of becoming that are not separate have lead me to a perspective that is panpsychist/hylozoic – where death is an illusion and suicide is pointless, because all matter contains life/mindedness and there is no other plane of existence to reach. When you talk about the life within a rock, many people will look at you as if you are ridiculous. Bring up the notion of the matter that a car is comprised of being minded and you’ll have many environmentalists (who may celebrate the idea of animism) disapproving of your position. What is the difference between the life or mindedness of a rock, or a tree, or a pigeon or you? Like how differing states of matter have different properties, due to differing intensities – steam, ice and liquid water all experience differing intensities of heat – differing intensities of mindedness/life emerge from differing intensive properties.

An oceanic “dead” zone, a clear-cut forest, a murdered woman, a paradise paved over with a parking lot; they’re not dead, but are alive to an intensity that is not desirable. Nothing is gone. Nothing has left us. What has supposedly been lost is not lost, but has been moved elsewhere, into something else – living at a different intensity.

In strictly environmentalist terms, this is as inviting a notion, as it is horrifying.

As an individualist – this is sheer joy. As death is an illusion, my wild animal freedom, that is my life, cannot be killed – I have never-not been alive. I live at varying intensities, am free at varying intensities – some of which are more desirable than others. The individualising of morphogenesis, perhaps Kafkaesque metamorphosis, is a place of dark, weird, mysticism – a becoming-animal, where rewilding is akin to lycanthropy and nahualism. The philosopher Agameben described the werewolf of being between the forest and the city, belonging to neither – feral. My individuality is caught between the city and the forest, in a state of perpetual becoming-animal, where freedom arises at varying intensities, nondual and unendingly different.

This lycanthropy is subsending into the flesh of the body of the world that I am. What animal I am becoming is this one (individual/singular), immersed in the environmental-world that is the space I am alive in. This process of dehumanising is deterritorialising the boundary between the Reality of civilisation and the world it attempts to transcend. I am a decolonised space, a Temporary Autonomous Zone perhaps

– as I may be reterritorialised in death (but that is a future History, and I am free right now).

As this is an immediatist/presentist experience, based in here and now, this is in no way tied to old age traditions or new age spirituality. There is no new awakening or ancient wisdom that can teach you or me anything of great value than the body that we are and occupy, which is immediately present.

I am less interested in the results-based-magic of Chaos Magick, with all the productive quality it entails – both in that it is seeking to produce some-Thing, as a mode-of-production, and that it is a highly theatrical endeavour. I am not uninterested in Chaos Magick, like how there are aspects of History that interest me, for my personal use. But I'm not willing to hold on to them, like sacred idols that must never be destroyed.

Dionysian Intoxication

My pessimism is Dionysian, like Nietzsche's – as I have made clear through my other *feral* books. What I mean by this is that it is not rooted in an Apollonian rationality of a world enlightened by the sun god's light. I am like Dionysus's companions, the satyr; half man, half beast hybrid, inhabiting woodlands and

other wild spaces, constantly aroused, in a yes saying to a world that is constantly changing and tragic.

Unlike pessimists who cry (Schopenhauer) and sleep (Cioran), Dionysian pessimism is a laughing pessimism. Laughter is intoxicating, in that it is exhilarating, emotional and is an abandonment of civilised behaviours of control. Laughter is a realisation of incongruity – this is in many ways what Morton means in his concept of *dark laughter* as part of *dark ecology*; the hilarious realisation that civilisation has been an absurd attempt to live in a way that is simply incompatible with life.

Eco-absurdism and pan-eroticism, like the horny satyr with their perverse and transgressive desires that are (at the very least) funny, are Dionysian intoxication, as being stupefied by life to the extent that you do not behave “properly”. The refusal to renounce life, as an act of metaphysical rebellion, is a refusal to behave with propriety – as it is proper within this culture to continually re-enact acts of reproducing the death-machine of Leviathan. An experience of crazy wisdom, something similar to divine madness, Dionysian intoxication is always comedic, in the same way that madness and comedy continually walk side by side.

If I were to embrace the notion that there is no value in absurd, ridiculous, stupid, and hilarious endeavours, then I would renounce environmentalist and anarchist activities. It is because I embrace these, in my life-embracing Dionysian pessimism, that I am an environmentalist and anarchist.

Of course, most discussions on anarchist and environmentalist praxis, desires and so on, are presented as entirely rational, logical, empirically grounded arguments – Apollonian illumination. There is a great deal that is useful with the ideas they contain. In *Feral Consciousness*, I attempted to hyper-exploit Apollonian reason, to arrive somewhere Dionysian. Why would Apollonian reason be a route to Dionysian desire? The same reason why accelerating History's auto-cannibalism is a route to collapse and rewilding.

Apollo is the sun, illumination and enlightenment. A star/sun reaches a particular intensity and it will undergo a gravitational collapse, like the gravitational collapse of *earthly eros*, as pan-eroticism. A hypernova explosion occurs and it becomes a blackhole – an endarkened wild abyss of gravity that is so intense it escapes all understanding. So, intensify the Apollonian to the point that

dialectics and contradictions breakdown – deconstruct and complexify everything until it all collapses with gravitational eros. Baudrillard and other similar postmodernists were wrong to think that the lost world is lost – the lights blind, but breakdown, with an eternal return to earthly, Dionysian, wildness. Postmodernism is a weapon for accelerating collapse – Deleuze’s becoming-animal, Derrida’s *free play*, Agamben’s the open etc.

Quantum Anarchy

If macro-politics is politics that is considered greater than the interactions between individuals and micro-politics is politics that is at the level of interactions between individuals, then there is an entirely unconsidered sphere, scale and level, to our spectrum of politics (and so also our rebellions). This unconsidered scale I am calling the scale of quantum politics – the politics that is at the level of less than the individual, of the self that is schizophrenic, a body with organs, i.e. fractional.

When I use the term individual here I am referring to the individual person, like my individual self as a singularity. But, like how I am my individual self and also a world as an environment, containing more living beings than I am in usual terms, I am also referring to

the individual forest, individual sea, individual world, individual solar system, individual universe, and so on. It is a non-humanistic way of considering the individual.

By fractional, I mean reductive – quantum politics is the politics of reductionism, the ideology of mass extinction, totalitarianism and agriculture. And as for this politics, (like all others) I desire anarchistic rebellion.

Quantum anarchy would be a rebellion against quantum supremacism – the supremacy of reductionism. As for praxis, 2 concepts from quantum mechanics immediately seem highly relevant – the uncertainty principle and the observer effect. Put simply, the uncertainty principle holds that it is possible to be certain of the position of something or the speed at which it is moving, but neither at the same time; and the observer effect is the process by which observing phenomenon changes it. Through accelerating uncertainty, it becomes impossible for reductive quantum supremacists to know where we are and the speed at which we are enacting movement in any given moment. Through intensifying observation, collapses, like wave-function collapses that create discontinuous changes – the non-deterministic anarchy than is why quantum mechanics is so uncomfortable for many – manifest as

fundamental physical phenomenon more easily, which we experience as anarchy. Any praxis of uncertainty should be deliberately confusing, to prevent detection, so authorities and oppressors cannot know where you are or how fast you are moving. The practice of intensifying observation is informational and aesthetic forms of rebellion – perceptual attacks – whereby reality collapses in ways that manifest discontinuous changes

Quantum anarchy, as a concept and practice, is intended as a weapon for ontological anarchy, as a means of locating freedom and liberation as immediately accessible, physically experiential phenomenon and processes.

Einstein hated quantum mechanics and claimed that God does not play dice with the universe, as he wanted to maintain a determinist-ontology – God's mastery being controlled. Quantum supremacists likewise want to suppress the indeterminist, non-determinist freedom that we/the world are/is. A quantum anarchist desires taking back the dice that they are, giving themselves a shake, and then rolling them, taking a chance to see what the fuck they get.

Basically –

$$\mathbf{P} = (\mathbf{E}/c) = \mathbf{h}(\boldsymbol{\omega}/c, \mathbf{k}) = @!$$

and

$$\Delta p \times \Delta x \geq h/4\pi = @!$$

(equations can be graffiti – did you know?)

Freedom

Determinist philosophy is (ultimately) a theistic doctrine that seeks to resurrect God's will with the law of causation. It facilitates belief in cosmic order and continuity. Determinists hold that we were always fated to the world we live in now, with destiny awaiting us in the future.

Determinists try to place faith in the rational logical order, which will ensure that everything turns out the (inevitable) Right way. The Right way is the way things ought to be. This serves the moralist drive to construct a Reality that is foundationally good. This Reality is, according to the determinist, the best world we could ever be, as it is the only possible world. As such, everything is good, has been good and will be good. Any effort to confront something in the world - change the world - is also good, as it is simply the manifestation of God's will.

This determinist Reality portrays the world as being karmically just - as transcendental forces

keep the world in balance. As such, all the angst inducing existential questions are answered. Why am I here? Is there a reason for all of this? Questions like these become nullified - and existential dread repressed, as I will inevitably die as I was always going to. The purpose for my life is, as is the purpose of everything, the manifestation of destiny set out by the fates. Death no longer needs to be considered, really - of course most determinists will go to the doctors when sick - and there is no need to consider how you want to live your life, as you are always living your life the only way possible, regardless of personal changes you might make throughout - a logic that serves oppressors well. We are all slaves to the Cause of cause, which is entirely totalitarian.

The bad faith that follows with the determinist Cause serves as a moral appeal for quietist self-renunciation and cowardly weakness. We never were free and this is the only way the world can be; we never can be free and can only progress the manifestation of destiny. The position of the determinist is one of an inescapable slave morality, which seeks to chain the entirety of Being to the manifestation of destiny (as God's will).

The Cause of cause only seems to hold value in representation – as people seek to place reasons

for events. However, the unreasonableness of the world would seem to rebel against this conformity, with its formlessness. The Cause of causality seems to be an attempt to clothe the unreasonableness of will-to-life with some structural order, to try and escape it – like Schopenhauer fleeing to the opera in bad faith.

My experience of the world is not that I am immersed within any kind of Real order. I do not see any karmic forces directing us towards a destiny set out by the fates. Being condemned to the freedom to choose what I do is something I could only deny through self-deception.

The world seems in many ways overdetermined, but even more intensely underdetermined and indeterminate. Of course I experience affect and can affect - I have a direct sensation of this. But even within monistic processes I have encountered nothing that convinces me that we do not encounter continually independent instances of singularities emerging as presentist free events.

The determinist gaze is always directed away from the living present. They look either towards the dead past at causes, or towards the never to be reached future of effects - in the name of the Cause we are supposedly fated to. There is nothing of the here and now in

determinism, which is where the experience of affect resides. There is also no potentiality within their vision, as their effects towards the future are determined by the cause of the past - potentiality being found in choices that are very much here and now.

I find that behind events there is the flowing of differing intensities of potentiality - Deleuze's dark precursor - that encounter a dramatic absence of counter forces (remembering that most of the known universe is comprised by the lack of matter that scientists call dark matter) and, because we are neither past nor future, emerges out as freedom - Sartre's Nothingness and bad conscientiousness. Rather than the a world of objects dictated by what Sartre called "the look", so subject to be ruled by Cause, I am convinced that the world is the experience of a radical subjectivity, where consciousness and freedom are basic aspects of all physicality - hylozoic-panpsychism.

Absence, as a positive affirmation of Nothingness, is not a conceptual abstraction, as negation is usually conceived as, but is a concrete Being-with that is experienced directly - Zafer Aracagok's thoughts on non-conceptual negativity, as a non-dialectical anti-Hegelian weapon against nano-fascism's "perfected" incorporation of the entire universe, is an

example of a physicalist presence of nothingness. The form is always absent, as everything is becoming, so everything is no-Thing. There's always an absence of authority, of control and of a determining presence. Freedom lingers undetectable by their instruments of measurement, like dark matter - a presence that they don't know the intensity to which it affects us.

There are, undeniably, attempts to repress, restrict and ultimately erase freedom, by those who view themselves as the conductors of God's will - the determiners of destiny's manifest destiny. The vehicle of determination continually comes down to technology. Directions are determined by roads, paths and streets. Individual will and desire is repressed under the requirements of the machine. Reality has been built as an attempt to construct a technologically determinist space - which makes ordered uniform regularity a functional requirement.

I could by all means choose to conform to the constructed deterministic technological pathways, which are becoming increasingly totalitarian - and in all honesty often do, as it is often the easiest way to navigate through this culture. When I do choose this, it remains my choice, as I am always free to rebel, to not

conform, to not allow myself to be determined by their Reality. The anarcho-nihilist book *Blessed is the Flame*, which is an account of rebellions from within concentration camps, is perhaps the strongest argument for radical freedom/ontological anarchy.

Any authentic embrace of freedom, as a refusal to be determined, includes a rejection of technological Reality. As technologically determinist Reality becomes increasingly totalitarian, with more and more people renouncing their lives and freedom to it, rebellion becomes attacking the Reality itself, through acts of destruction. I am favouring the term destruction over negation, as the negative would usually be a dual plane of Being for the negated to reside, whereas destruction is a positive and creative (think Heidegger and Bakunin) affirmation of non-dual concrete nothingness - the created absence of the technological determiner.

Even if I presupposed that existence is deterministic, I would be inclined to rebel against such an existence, so as to live as if I were free. And while I am not an advocate of scientism, I enjoy examples of indeterministic processes from quantum physics, as they are beautifully confusing and upsetting for those

who'd rather deny their freedom than live authentic lives.

As Sartre, Freud, Nietzsche and Stirner all stated, freedom involves responsibility – not responsibility because by our freedom we cause anything that we can be blamed for, but responsible because we affect the world through our freedom and because, in being free, we cannot fall back on to anyone else. The anarchist pursuit to dismantle forms of repression seems to me to be a desire to take and claim responsibility for our lives, by not being determined.

Tribalism and Leaders

My appreciation for tribalism, as a concept for the process of creating relationships and for sharing spaces, came initially from Quinn's concept of new tribalism. The idea is impeccably simple and beautiful in an entirely basic sense – invisible relationships, in the sense of being without any manufactured program, based in desire rather than obligation or salvation.

Society, family and organisations are examples of programmed relationships that civilisation constructs to facilitate a Cause to be chained to - these have all been continually critiqued by

radicals and anarchists, given the repressive structures these support. A tribe is not the product of a Cause – though of course many indigenous tribal cultures are now included in anti-colonial and environmentalist Causes. Tribes are relationships that manifest out of egoistic desire, mutual gain, love and friendship.

Being without a program means being pre-encoded, pre-civilised, and now simultaneously post-encoded, post-civilised. Caught between *before* and *after*, tribes are presentist events, right here and right now. It is a form of relationship that I believe we all experience, as relationships that are prima(l-)rily non-conceptual.

Tribal leaders are non-hierarchical, as they do not come from programs that are encoded with authoritarian structures. By leader, I do not mean ruler, politician, or sovereign. By leader, I mean someone who has the skill, experience and wisdom required to be a guide to those they are sharing tribal relationships with. They aren't planned or organised, but happen spontaneously out of trust and shared desire. While my favourite example of tribal leaders are elephant matriarchs, my most significant experience of a tribal leader was during my first year hunt sabbing during the badger cull – the woman who guided our affinity group is one of the most

powerful individuals I've ever met and is someone I have continual trust and respect for.

Anarchists who are chained by their programs and ideological encoding will always be uncomfortable with the idea of non-hierarchical leaders. There is no doubt a value in direct-democracy for decisions that are shared – my experience of consensus based groups is that they are often stifled and become prey to the tyranny of the minority. But the wisdom a tribal leader brings is often far more valuable than the programming anarchists will attempt to construct.

Tribal-anarchist praxis isn't something that is programmed. It just happens, as a spontaneous authentic relationship, through anarchy. Leaders emerge when we trust the wisdom someone has and their ability to guide/lead us through a situation. Tribes are fluidic and nomadic, psychically and geographically, with clans and bands emerging as singularities and extensions of the multiplicity. They are T.A.Z.s emerging in the lived present, where joy, horror, love, despair and laughter are shared – temporary, in that all life is impermanent in the process of becoming-No-Thing, but right-fucking-here!

I am not attempting to reproduce what anthropologists have claimed from their

research, in the way that primitivist and eco-extremist theorists, like Tucker and Elani, have done. I am describing relationships I have experienced as immediatist forms of anarchist praxis.

Acceleration and Collapse

I have embraced the ideas and praxis of accelerationism and collapse, as these are the modes of anarchist activity which best reflect my experience of liberation and what actual anarchists do. What each of these terms mean to me might in many ways be different to what other individuals using these terms mean, but it is not so different that I feel the need to use entirely different terms. By collapse I mean, when the machine Leviathan becomes de-structured in some or another way that provides greater space for liberated flows of living energy to occur. My relationship to the term accelerate is more different to that used by other anarchists than my relationship to the term collapse. This is principally due to my rejection of narrative-politics/History and embrace of presentism and immediatism. Acceleration does not mean to me an increasing of speed, so that something happens sooner. Rather, acceleration seems to me, before it is encoded with machine-functionality, an intensification of energy. What

I am referring to with the acceleration of collapse is the intensification of the energies of destruction(/creation), to create(/destroy) spaces for liberated flows of life to occur.

That these terms are also occasionally used by arseholes within the realms of political discourse doesn't inspire so much fear in me to overcome my desire for honesty and integrity. So I'm not shying away in the face of prejudices.

I reject the revolutionary approach for the most part because I see this culture as always having been a revolution, which I have no desire to sustain, as it seems to me to be the spread of totalitarianism, slavery, inclusive capture, abuse and violation, of all living beings under the rule of the technosphere. This is also in many ways why I reject also the next most prominent position within anarchist discourse, of building a new society within the shell of the old, as this would simply involve replacing the engineers of society with others, while the machine does the same as it always has. These might be uncomfortable thoughts for many within anarchist traditions to embrace, if any anarchist reading this is prepared to consider it seriously without simply rejecting the thought without consideration. If you find yourself resonating, even if only in part, with what I have put here, I

would invite you to meditate on this further and explore the texture of the thought throughout your experience.

The approach of quietism has continually struck me as the most revolting passivity imaginable for an anarchist practice to be based in. “Ethical consumerists” and “spiritual anarchists” populate this lifestylist exalted plateau of “hands never dirty” moral cultural currency. They are not really cut off from involvement with this culture and usually (actually) facilitate roles of construction-workers. My distain for quietism manifests from a similar place to my distain for desertion/secession type ideologies of anarchism, which by all appearances grow out of the same embrace of cowardice and life renunciation. Run and hide all you want – my day will be better for the lack of presence of your ugliness.

If you think that my rejection of desertion in any way is incompatible with my embrace of T.A.Z.s, through tribalist relationships, then you have misunderstood one, or the other, or both. The T.A.Z. of a pirate enclave has not sought to wash its hands of the world of Leviathan through mere escapism, but has located a less-intensively-captured space to position itself for attack.

Consider the epic failure of Kaczynski, whose project of quietist desertion didn't last for obvious reasons – he couldn't ever get far enough to escape – and out of the same cowardice he used the most pathetically passive method of technologically constructed attack. Since that project of his succeeded only in improving the machinery of totalitarianism and, with that, Kaczynski captured, his subsequent ideology of anti-technology revolution seems like a desperate grasp for the comfort of the most familiar, as this culture has always been one revolution, from the same energy of cowardice. While once he hid behind the walls of his cabin, his revolution positions him behind the mass of revolutionaries, who serve as technological apparatus for the construction of his desired world (and who will liberate him from the prison he now resides in(?)), remaining hidden at all hosts.

I have found that those anarchists who I find the most inspiration from – non-human anarchists and unhuman anarchists – do not perform the constructive theatres of revolution and building new societies out of the shell of the old, or hide away in quietism or desertion. When they come into contact with the machine of Leviathan, they accelerate the intensification of de-structuring, collapsing the Reality where they go. This occurs not as ideology, in the sense that they are

not building a Reality, but as lived experiences that subscend this Reality as Real encounters with the world.

Heroes

I have a fondness for heroes. Brilliant individuals who struggle and fight towards overcoming this Reality are beautiful to reflect upon. While I encounter them as some-what fictional entities, a hero, due to their imperfections and individualities, is not an ideal or an idol to be revered. Heroes fuck up. They are very much animal-beings (as in not-super). Heroic individuals also embrace their freedom, by taking responsibility for their actions and refusing to bend to pressures.

Some of the individuals I consider heroes of mine I will state here -

John Africa – Africa was the founding member of the green anarchist group MOVE, who was eventually murdered by police. His commitments to fighting against racism, cruelty towards animals and for environmentalist praxis, are reasons why I appreciate him (or at least the idea of him, as I encounter him through information I have access to). While I prefer individualist praxis to organisational, my instinct is that John Africa was a brilliant

individual, acting as a leader for an organisation doing beautiful work.

Pemulwuy – a “lone-leader” (individualist) indigenous Australian anti-colonial resistance fighter, Pemulwuy is a particularly significant hero of mine. The main tactic of the lone-leaders resisting colonisation by the British was psychic-warfare, in the forms of intimidation and mockery – something I have consistently brought into my praxis as an individualist anarchist. So powerful was Pemulwuy, people believed that he possessed supernatural powers – it is noticeable the intensity to which his decapitated head has served as a means of destroying that illusion.

Diogenes of Sinope – Diogenes has interested me since I first read Han Ryner’s Old Man Diogenes in my mid-teens. His rejection of all levels of society, honest disregard for manners, animalistic philosophy and simply for the fact that the idea of him is funny, drew in my interest (which has not lessened). Diogenes signifies, as far as anarchist praxis goes, someone engages in an everyday immediatist practice, whose rebellion is one of subsending into his untamed instincts.

Zisly – Henri Zisly has somewhat of a mysterious quality for me, because I do not

speak or read French, so am limited to a few translations of his writings for any sense of who this individual was. Of all the eco-anarchist “traditions” – green, primitivist, naturist, social(ist), etc., – the tradition he is associated with, naturist/naturian, is the one I find greatest resonance with, due to its basis in individualism and how uninfected with Marxism it has always seemed to me. I do not know that, should more of his writings be translated into English (or I learn French), I won’t eventually find that I am revolted by some aspect of who he was. Nevertheless, what I know of him now inspires me.

Thoreau – my love for Thoreau and appreciation for much of his philosophy is definitely somewhat romantic. Civil Disobedience’s influence within radical praxis is not something I am entirely pleased about – Walden’s influence is obviously substantial, but I am continually disappointed that Walking hasn’t impacted as intensely as Civil Disobedience. But it is definitely the case that Thoreau’s impact on my personal philosophy and practice is part of why I live in a tiny house, near some woodlands, about as “in the wild” as it is possible to live on Briton now.

Erik Mongrain – a different kind of hero, Mongrain is a musical hero of mine, while

someone I consider to be a beautiful individualist. A self-taught lap-tap guitarist Mongrain's creativity is dark and inviting, in ways that are intoxicating. There is something anarchic in his disregard for the conventional means of playing the guitar – and as an anarchist with a love of music, I'd love to experience anarchists creating music of this intensity of brilliance, rather than just more crust and folk punk.

You Are What You Eat

Why does anyone eat what they eat? Well, the first aspect is what is available to them. While corporate globalisation has brought foods from one place in the world to another, and foods from this place to others; people eat what is available to them. I can only eat apples if there are apples that I have access to. It would be ridiculous to expect those people living somewhere like Cape Verde's island of Sal, where very little vegetation grows, to not eat a fish based diet and live vegan lives.

Availability is the initial affect on any individual's diet. This is an environmental factor, as much as it is an ontological one - and an ontological factor as much as it is an environmental one.

Then there is the individual themselves. Each individual is a body with unique needs. For myself, given how cancer treatment has impacted my body, I am careful with my consumption of caffeine and eat a vegetarian diet. The environment that any individual is will flourish better with nutrition that meets its unique and individual needs.

Of course, environmental reasons alone are often why certain dietary choices are made - as mostly lifestylist attempts at personal purity. This is often a confusing terrain to attempt to navigate, without being trapped by herdism appeals for passive morality. These traps take the form of carefully laid out roads, painted green, but covered in concrete reasoning, each with their own route to salvation. If you travel the road northwards, you can go with Lierre Keith, DGR, bodybuilding meatheads and (most) primitivists, where meat is the focal point of your diet. If you follow the southward road, you can journey with Ria Del Montana, veganarchists and the new multitudes of left-liberal vegans (going vegan because there are more vegan products available at the supermarket).

There are obviously those who passively travel the roads laid out by industrial-agriculture, never giving any significant consideration to

what they eat or don't eat. For them food is just something to stop you feeling hungry, between working and sleeping. Eating without intentionality means you've abandoned your body/self to become an embodied passivity.

I have appreciation for those who eat with intentionality, pretty much regardless of their diet. If you are actively engaged in what you are eating, then you are engaged in who you are becoming. Eating with intentionality involves an intensity of care and agency that is basic to environmentalist and anarchist praxis.

The idea that there's a specific diet must be adhered to as law comes from the same reductive thinking that is agriculture and mass extinction. Anarchy is pluralistic and nurtures the growth of complexes. There is no one right way to live, and living involves eating.

Regarding the anarchist struggle to resist and rebel against oppression, food production and distribution has a persistent connection to tyranny - I'm thinking of ancient monarchs hoarding grain, as well as more recent examples, like the Bengal famine, where British oppression was part of mass starvation and suffering. So it is for the environmentalist struggle, as the production of food via totalitarian agriculture has been and continues to

be the central justification for the violation of earth - the Cause of God/Leviathan, continually demanding sacrifices. As such, the will and desire to take agency in my diet is tied to my personal praxis, and I find it beautiful when I see it within the praxis of others seeking to rebel against this culture.

What I hate about food debates - especially in radical conversations – besides the rank consumerist-lifestylist logic, is how much they encourage division and groupthink, through reductionism. Rather than encouraging differentiation, plurality and diversity, debates regarding food more often than not end up being attempts in monocultural uniformity - the logic of agriculture, as totalitarianism. So individuals end up being alienated through exclusion and alienated through inclusion, in the way that identity succeeds in this paradox of alienation. I have come to a place where I will often say I'm a conscientious cannibal, when people try to bring me into food debate conversations, for the most part as an attempt to make the idea of continuing the conversation too uncomfortable.

I know my diet is not the right diet, as I know that there is no right diet, in the same way that I know that a cat's diet would not be right for a squid and a rattlesnake's diet would not be right for a hummingbird; and I know that this cat's

diet might not be right for that cat (as we are playing the game of species being).

Individualist Attack

Individualism is often considered a dirty word. Today it screams “hipster”, “neo-liberal”, “greedy” and so on.

When I was a teenager and first delving into individualist anarchist theory and history, reading Emile Armand, Albert Libertad and Han Ryner, one of the two men who ran the local activist group (each members of opposing Marxist parties) warned me that individualism is dangerous – a few weeks earlier the other Socialist, who enjoyed being more equal than everyone else, had told me that I should read Lenin after quoting Emma Goldman’s “If I cannot dance ...” line. This, in the way that a teenager who is tragically “punk rock” does, only intensified my interest in the idea of this dangerous philosophy, which worried the old Bolshevik.

It was clear from their warnings that individualism held power. At the time, I was trying to bring together Buddhist practice with anarchism. My praxis was almost entirely pacifist – devoted to joining anti-war activist

demos local to me – and “spiritual freedom”, through a practice of detachment, became the rest of my “activities”, anarchist praxis wise.

The experience of being a cancer patient made Buddhist practice revolting to me, with detachment feeling increasingly like life renunciation – I didn’t desire happiness or non-suffering, wanting authentic experience. The extremes of experience that cancer and treatment involved were the closest I have ever been to Being-impossible and, as limit-experiences, were some of the most intensely authentic life experiences I have ever had.

Individualism to me first and foremost is a practice of active embrace of my individual life, as this singular body that I am.

Individualism, as a positive affirmation of life, seems to me to be a rhyme of non-conceptual negativity, as Zafer Aracagök – who stated that they(/the totalitarian logic of society) will come to an end “when everyone except them starts speaking a bird language” – puts forth as a rejection of the Cotard delusion running rampant within this culture. Aracagök identifies *suicide-bomberism* as an unconscious aspect of this culture’s ideology, with Trump, Erodogan and Putin being the bloodiest suicide bombers of today. My personal revulsion towards

suicide-bomberism and Cotard-culture, is much of the fuel for my personal absurdist individualist ontological anarchy. This aspect of individuality was also beautifully articulated by Libertad in *The Joy of Life and To The Resigned*, as well.

My individualism follows from my immediate experience of being this body. I am an individual in the world as my experience of the world is of how the world affects this body that I am. My experiences, which are my life, sensually arrive as my body comes into contact with other bodies. My body is also the world coming into me, through sight, breath, sound, scent and consuming food, as my body equally flows into the world through excretions, exhalations, sounds, and so on, until eventual decay.

Much of my personal individualist mode of attack is split between what can be split into three different activities, though I'd locate them within one radically monist process of *feral iconoclasm*. Sabotage, as a lone-wolf hunt saboteur/ALFer, is the most "traditional" eco-radical aspect of my praxis. Art, predominantly through poetry, music and creating art exhibits in public toilets, is the most public part of my praxis (as I do not document, photograph or write anything resembling a communiqué for

direct acts of destruction). Psychological-warfare is the most everyday part of my praxis, as a chaos-magick type ideas-and-concepts-as-weapons form of warfare, continually intrajected into moments of everyday normal life. They are not split though, really. Sabotage is an art and is a means of enacting psychic warfare. Art is cultural sabotage and a means of enacting psychic warfare. Psychic warfare is an art and behavioural sabotage.

The approach I take is non-localisable, because I use confusion and playfulness as means of avoiding detection, but also extremely localist. I live inside the badger cull zone, so will attack traps right here, but make my activities non-localisable as often as possible if caught – people are rarely angry about “lost tourists” wandering a little off of public footpaths. Equally, playing with truisms while not working, as a means of distracting colleagues and being wilfully incompetent, rarely is met with hostility while done playfully and pleasantly.

My individualist praxis contains with it a rejection of the revolutionary practice. I’ve never seen why anyone would need to wait for the right “historical conditions” to attack this culture – super glue in a lock works well right now. Why does showing support, kindness and

solidarity have to be tied to ideology (when I was actively involved in groups local to me supporting rough sleepers, the people I helped never gave a shit what my politics were – other than one extremely woke young man)? Deep Green Resistance and the social ecologists, who wait for the right historical conditions, as much as those crying-pessimists who assert that the historical conditions have been lost and wait for sleep, disgust me; their need for organisations, masses and subservience of the Other that is History/God/Leviathan is nothing but weakness to my eyes – we are always right here and right now, so there is no-where to reach!

Lifestylism seems equally weak and ugly to me – I do not mean this in the Bookchinite sense, but primarily in the sense of “green consumerism”, which is limited largely to the individual house. In his two essays *The House of Cold Rain and Land, Home and the Gods*, Ramon Elani advocates quietism and a focus on the-home that is remarkably similar to the 12 Rules of Jordan Peterson, as a form of lifestylism. How someone who wrote of the “return of the warrior” can be resigned to such renunciation is remarkable. Return of the warrior seems more like a soldier’s returning home, away from the field of battle, to banality – the tragic condition of the vast bulk of pagan writing.

Individualism is certainly a means of living, but is only limited to the realm of lifestyle when it is a term used to denote style, as in fashion. The tragedy of fashionable lifestylism is not just something limited to supposedly “individualist” radical praxis, as most “revolutionary” work today surmounts to posturing. Max Wilbert might talk about the “need” for a revolution, but how much decisive ecological warfare has he actually engaged in – outside of training activists who are going to be the overground force that leads the revolutionary charge (apparently) and inspires the underground forces to action (again, apparently)? Has Lierre Keith’s contribution to the revolution to resist global civilisation gone further than lifestylist critiques of dietary lifestylism? Right here, right now, those who call for revolution are seemingly the worst of the lifestylists!

Individualist praxis is a way of life and appears to be the best means of not falling into the traps of quietism and revolutionary posturing.

One of the most significant strengths of individualist praxis is *nomadity*. *Nomadity* encompasses many aspects. There is the *nomadity* of non-localisable localist tribalism as nomadic warfare – primal anarchy. *Nomadity* also encompasses nomadology, as sociological,

and psychic nomadism, as psychological, praxes, as weapons for nomadic warfare. *Nomadity* is not fixed and non-cyclical, as nomads travel through different spaces.

The immediate issue that primitivist nomad-work holds is that, with its intensely anthropological basis, it is incredibly anthropocentric – chained to the ideology it would supposedly reject (of the anthropological-machine). Individualist *nomadity*, as a process that includes intense dehumanisation and becoming-animal as part of the mode of attack, is not bound to the ideal *human* object, as the individualist is not human, but unhuman.

Primitivism also succeeds in building localisable non-localism, which is one of its greatest weaknesses. It is localisable, in that it is so easy to locate, and non-localist, in that it is so intensely orientalist, with its romantic essentialism. Being so easy to locate, it is so easy to attack it. Being intensely orientalist, primitivism is never really here, always seeking to be somewhere else, unable to really attack now. Individualist attacks work the other way round – non-localisable localism – attacking right here, right now, in ways that are not easily locatable.

Individualist *nomadity* is similar to the Situationist *dérive* soloist. It requires, first and foremost, each individual's playful experimentation with the locality they are living in. Less and more than driftwork, *nomadity* is voidwork, travelling through the excluded middle, in the either/or, between the urban city and wild woods.

Neo-Masmians

Masma was an Andean civilisation, which collapsed into endarkenment and unknowing, never to be captured by History, which generally considers the Norte Chico South American civilisation to be the oldest from that area. Unlike other Andean civilisation's ontological anarchist rewilding, the Masmians managed to totally destroy almost all of the remnants of this Leviathan, that was seemingly stopped in its colonialism, with the Marcahuasi ruins being the only remaining evidence of its existence.

Of course, as the Masmians managed to escape History, it is impossible to say *we* "know" anything about them. And that is ENTIRELY the point! The deconstruction, the deterritorialisation, the destruction achieved such an intense state of non-duality that their

feral iconoclasm has rendered their nihilism a completely successful affirmation of the world their civilisation violated. How this civilisation was brought totally into the void is not important – the means of rebellion and destruction is not the point, but that this rebellion brought down this colonialist civilisation in a way that can seem impossible (and why it is impossible to bring them into the symbolic realm of factual knowledge). Daniel Ruzo's research might be useless, in the sense of how even radical environmentalists and anarchists still only consider something valuable as long it serves as a technology to produce something. But Ruzo's finding of Masma has an aesthetic value that is entirely beautiful and terrible – beautiful as inspiring and terrible as we cannot use Masmians as anthropological projections of how we ought to live and resist civilisation, placing responsibility and creativity immediately on you and me.

We are not Masmians, but perhaps we can be Neo-Masmians – an identity based in nothingness, that has abandoned History – seeking what the Masmians achieved. Neo-Masmianism would be a project seeking the most intense unknowability, endarkenment and bewilderment. As the Masmian rebellion that collapsed the Masmian civilisation brought the human entirely into the non-human, rendering

all of the technological development they achieved entirely wasted energy, this is an example of eco-absurdist destruction of the iconography of an onto-theological Reality – an intensely beautiful anarchist victory.

Ontological anarchy outside of the nutshell

Ontological anarchy holds that there is no authority over how the world should be.

Ontological anarchy holds that there is no authority over how the world is.

Ontological anarchy is a rebellion against all realities.

Ontological anarchy is the deconstruction and destruction of all realities.

Ontological anarchy knows that there is a real that it cannot know, but that can be played in.

Ontological anarchy is guerrilla philosophy.

Ontological anarchy is epistemological warfare.

Ontological anarchy is an existential revolt against the conditions of an existence that seeks to hold authority over the world.

Ontological anarchy subscends History.

Ontological anarchy ~~trans~~sub-valued this Reality and found it to be worthless.

Ontological anarchy cliff dives, climbs trees, plays pranks, is naked (even when clothed) and engages in continual voidwork.

Ontological anarchy asserts that everything is god, everything is no-Thing, god is no-Thing, no-Thing is god and that we are at our best when we are playful agnostics, as anything would be to hold an authority.

Ontological anarchy is immediate freedom and revolt.

Ontological anarchy doesn't originate in Proudhon and doesn't end at the final full stop.

Ontological anarchy was alive before the pyramids, before the dinosaurs, and will live on after the tallest skyscrapers have collapsed into ruins – while being timeless.

Ontological anarchy is *feral consciousness* and *feral iconoclasm* as *feral life*.

Ontological anarchy is what it isn't and isn't what it isn't, while being what it is.

Ontological anarchy is seriously playful and playfully serious.

Ontological anarchy is where *primitivity* and *post-modernity* collapse into nothingness - not synthesised into dialectic absolution – (har)monised as non-dual Being/becoming.

Ontological anarchy is palaeo-ontological, meteorological, topological, biological, ecological, psychological, sociological, ego-logical and anti-political.

Ontological anarchy happens when you shit in the woods.

Part 3: Another Mediation

Meditations are best, I find, when they occur as anarchy. No design, no structure and immediate.

Reality collapses and you have a presentist experience of authenticity and freedom. Like when you choose not to listen to your boss and find yourself listening to your breath, meditation

has a rebellious aspect to it – a refusal to engage in activity that presently is part of Leviathan and supports production. It can be an entirely individualist practice, but it doesn't have to be – dancing, sex and riots are just a few examples of spaces for meditation to flower.

Anarchist meditations are a means of seizing the no-politics of timelessness – Kerry Thornley, the dharma bums, Alejandro De Acosta, Krishnamurti and Hakim Bey, killed Karl Marx, Buddha and Donald Trump on the road, before burning down the city and walking into the woods, to sit naked under oak trees and breathe with primal anarchists.

Subscental meditation is as much an aspect of acts of individualist rebellion, as individualist rebellion is an aspect of anarchist praxis. It is the *dark precursor* of freedom from which thunderbolts and earthquakes erupt. Rejecting anarchist meditation as part of anarchist praxis holds as much value as rejecting individual acts of rebellion – to quote Luigi Galleani on the rejection of individual acts of rebellion “(y)ou may as well reject a thunderbolt, an earthquake, or an unlucky meteor; for they originate from causes acting beyond the will and power of man”.

The individual meditates and acts. The meditation is as much part of the event of rebellion as any other

Part 4 One Final Meditation

This is a meditation for you to try. It is one that I practice during times of stress or despair.

Start, as many meditations do, by breathing in through your nose and out through your mouth. Breathe into your diaphragm rather than your chest, and be sure to breathe at a gentle pace. Notice where you are; the feel of where you are sitting or standing; the temperature of the air; or anything else that comes to you, without dwelling on it.

The first time you do this meditation, it would be better to do this somewhere more wild, that you find beautiful, free or safe in, as when using this meditation in other spaces you will look to draw from your memory of this space. Listen to whatever sounds draw your attention. What smells can you distinguish on the air? Bring as much of this space into yourself, so you remember it when in spaces that are less agreeable. If you are doing this meditation for the first time at work, on the bus, or somewhere similar, try to draw from whatever memories you have of a wild space that brought you

intense beauty – a forest, beach, desert, mountain or somewhere similar.

Once you have reached a space that is calm and your body feels settled, feel which leg is taking most of your weight. Visualise earthly energy flowing through all the layers of the planet and up this leg with each breath in. Then hold the energy for a moment at the base of your spine, before sending it back towards the core of earth with your exhale. Keep doing this until the rhythm doesn't need your attention.

Once this process requires no effort or concentration to keep going, try to notice the free movements of the world all around you. Does the air feel free, or controlled by authorities seeking to repress its flow? Are animals able to move without prevention? Try to identify your immediate freedom in the moment you are situated within right now – the absence of any obstacle or means of repression. If you locate obstacles, consider what choices you have, and how your choice still involves your freedom to decide for yourself in this moment. If you find that your breath has become more rapid, or that you are no longer feeling the visualised flow of energy between yourself and earth, simply return your attention to these parts of the meditation.

This meditation can go on for 10, 5, 30 minutes, an hour, 4 hours, or a few seconds, if that is all you need. When coming out of the meditation – especially if you are somewhere where coming out of the meditation is going to involve immediately engaging with the source of your stress, anxiety and/or despair, please be sure to take a moment to notice any changes you feel in your body or in the situation, which might be dangerous or put you at risk.

Unlike other anarchist meditations, like the daydreaming and field trip that Alejandro De Acosta describes as part of his *wild styles*, this meditation is much more intentional and is intended as a more specific medicine. I find that the most personally significant meditative experiences are ones similar to the *wild styles* – really no one can teach you how to meditate, like how no one can teach you how to think, or be who you are, really. But, like how this culture pollutes the world external to us, it pollutes our internal psychic-worlds in ways that sometimes need more specific remedies – maybe this simple meditation can help you as it has helped me.

Part 5 No More Meditations

I am not a writer.

You are not a reader.

This is not a book.

What you have read has been nothing.

The most full are the most empty; and the most empty are the most full.

Every birth is a death.

Each death is rebirth.

Nothing is here and Nothing is lost.

Our lives are like raindrops, that crash down to earth, find themselves in a river and through a myriad of processes, eventually find that they are evaporating to return to the sky, only to crash back down to earth.

I could go there, but I'd still be here.

The world has already ended, a thousand, million times, and can never end, as all change happens within worlds that the change is part of.

If you have to search for what is Real, you have lost it.

You are what is Real, the world, the universe, truth, experiencing itself while constantly changing, with others, who are also you, and who are constantly changing.

We are condemned to never be alone, with ourselves.

Freedom is not something that happens to you – you ARE free.

If you were not free then you could not experience repression – being chained, caged, imprisoned, domesticated, subjugated to authority is the first confirmation of freedom.

Anarchy is like Shiva, destroyer and creator, and Shiva is everything.

Because you are the world, the first step to saving the world is saving yourself, by destroying yourSelf, as you are not yourSelf, so that you can create yourself, by creating the world you desire.

The second step to saving the world is realising that you cannot save the world, as you are always right here, with no salvation to reach –

you can still destroy yourSelf by creating yourself.

I am nothing and nothing is everything.

What non-dualist anarchist and environmentalist praxis involves is no separation between thought, action, spaces and constant metaphysical rebellion. Rewilding, resisting, attacking, healing and so on, remain who we are right here and right now, with no separation in space and time. We have lost and are lost, and equally have immediate victory and know exactly where we are. There is no dawn to await, as the sun is always setting and rising.

If you try to do this you make yourself fail – when you succeed it is effortless.

Like a river or a riot in free flow non-dual praxis cannot be planned or choreographed, really – though you might find that you, like the world around you, continually rhymes, as a repetition that is always different.

If you wait for the right time or conditions, you will always miss them, as you find their traces in front of you.

Resistance is not duality – it is movement.

Anarchy has no borders, no authorities – wild living, out of the attempted control of machines, and equally anarchy is so unknowable, despite this knowability.

Are we really aware that we are living anarchy until those moments when we renounce anarchy and find ourselves attempting to separate ourselves from the world?

All laws are nothing. All nations are nothing. All economies are nothing. All classes are nothing. All traditions are nothing. All species are nothing.

No dualisms of dialectics.

Enlightenment distorts and blinds, while in darkness the world is full of life.

What is unchanging always changes, while what changes never changes.

Be the Being you want to Be in the Being.

Afterword

Feral consciousness is an experience that people who are deconstructing myths and the machines they are immersed within.

Feral Iconoclasm is a multiplicity of processes, where the onto-theological Reality of civilisation is involuting/collapsing, with rewilded individuals rejecting this suicidal culture, to embrace their animality.

Feral life is absurd rebellion against the machine of Death, actively embracing the endarkenment of bewilderment that is the world as we find it today, amidst mass extinction, runaway global warming, increased political instability, famine, exoduses, technological-servitude and mediation, and the totalitarian push for absolution.

Feralculture is the “practice” that I created – honouring the wishes of someone who showed more appreciation for my thoughts than I ever expected – and didn’t create, as it is something that is just happening now.

The concepts and ideas within this book, like in my other 2 Feral books, are intended as both means of individual and ecological healing, and

as weapons to attack Leviathan. This has also been intended as a work that marries horror with humour – being silly and serious, comedic and tragic. The exercises are intended for the most part as immediatist activities for rebellion that are playfully serious and seriously playful – they are mostly individual means of becoming-animal and dehumanising spaces – and meditations to ponder on.

What will you do, now that you have finished this? I've not given you any suggestions for how to build a new society, blueprints for a perfect economy, or strategy for war – I have not tried or wanted to do so, as I have not wanted to construct a Reality for you to conform to.

Will you attack through direct action? Will you free captured animals? Perhaps you will perform inhumanist poetry in a public space? Maybe you will run naked through woods and fields? Is there a road that you would like to see painted with threats? Are you prepared to mock a revolutionary or fuck with a respected intellectual's ideas? Do you have friends who are part of your tribe, happy to riot with you, create immediatist parties with you, or collaborate on publishing projects that make wild and weird materials for rebels to read? Can you locate spaces in your world where you are

already feral, playfully free and rebelling against this culture? While you have been reading, have you found a tree to scream with? Are you meditating right now on your rebellion, on the world and about what you want to do? Would you conserve History, progress it, or accelerate its ruination, to fight for yourself and the living world you are an Extension of – biospheric-egalitarian-egoist-communist-anarchist mutiny to destroy the suicide-machine?

When you subscend into pan-erotic eco-absurdist mystic ontological anarchy, you find yourself caught between Reality and Real, inauthenticity and authenticity, domestication and *wild-Being* – a feral individual, becoming-animal.