

Issue 1

Night Forest Journal

*Essays, poems and stories for an
uncivilised reader*

THE NIGHT FOREST CELL OF RADICAL POETS

~ ISSUE ONE ~

Edited by
Julian Langer, Twm Gwynne
& Phen Weston



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DEDICATED TO TYLER DIXON

1984 – 2018

*“From the ashes of lives past
into a fire burning bright
the winds that carry me along
have thrust me into light”*

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INTRODUCTION

The Night Forest is a space where we dance the weird wild dances of a dark ecology. This space is non-human, inhuman and post-human. The anarchy we find here values the aesthetic over the political, the poetic over the economic, the artistic over the militaristic and the living over the ideological.

As editors of this journal, we each have our own desires around what this project is and what it will be:

I (Langer) wish for this journal to be a space that doesn't lead to the petty squabbles radical publishing often includes. My desires for this project is for it to be a space where people can voice their wild passions and where people can find resonance through the words of others. What I am seeking to bring to the world through this project is something beautiful, but equally terrifying. Maybe you will read this and find what I have, for my part, sought to bring you – maybe not. I invite you to explore these pages and see if you find a world of savagely beautiful words.

I (Weston) hope for this journal to express the awe-inspiring and provocative nature of poetry, our song that has reverberated through the ages of Homo Sapien, from thought to revolution, the ancient worlds to the romantics to modernism. Yet now, as our hour reaches boiling point, I believe our poetic voice is needed more than ever. My wishes for this journal: That it will bring those who feel the forest together through thought, empathy and understanding. That it will leave the petty bickering of our species before the borders of the forest, and, that we can explore the ideas presented before us collectively, whether beautiful or terrifying.

I (Gwynne) hope for this journal to become a sanctuary-space for the creation of a new culture. Imperialism and colonialism have stripped away our varied indigenous cultural connections with the land and Her spirits, leaving us with a dearth of meaning and fulfillment that no civilized solution can hope to address. While focusing on reconnection with ancient tradition has deep beauty, the state of the Earth is such that we can't keep looking backwards and hoping for things to change, we must create something new - informed by the old, aware of its context, and ferociously alive.

MANIFESTO

We are the Night Forest Cell of Radical Poets!

We are stood in the dead of twilight, amidst the last of the FOREST. We are caught between the EXTANT WILD and the devouring artificial, the HARMONIOUS KOMOREBI and the monstrous machine. Ocean acidification, acid rain, clear-cuts, mass genocide of LIFE (both WILD and domesticated), and the spectre of global warming appear as machine-truth, lying inevitably behind even those insidiously innocent, “ordinary” manifestations of this

d e a t h – c u l t (ure)

– obsessive consumerism, alienation, depression, anxiety, stress, sickness. The normality of this everyday existence has become chillingly numb; as societal collapse escalates, the zek withdraws into an internal search for MEANING, for TRUTH, for WARMTH. They will find no such peace, for the great Devourer, the Hungry, the

L e v i a t h a n,

has hollowed them out with teeth like gears, only to replace flesh with its own impermanent machinations. These are the machinations of UN-Life.

We are the NIGHT FOREST and Our determination leads Us to bring whatever end may be brought upon such

A b o m i n a t i o n.

We see this from the FOREST, as all is seen from the FOREST; and We Stand. We Stand between the WILD and the artificial, INTENSE TRUTH and plagued terror. We reject the ideologies that, like pillars of malignancy, support this society and We seek to FORGE KINSHIP with all that is WILD, for We are all and all is WILD CHAOS. For that reason, the NIGHT FOREST is open to radicals of anarchist, post-anarchist and non-anarchist aesthetics.

What We desire is the articulation of raw-poetry. We desire poetry that is of the FLESH, and GUTS, EMBODIED, full of BLOOD, SPIT, SHIT and SOIL. Unlike the zek, the pitiable slave, Our raw-poetry – that great WEAPON – sweeps away

L e v i a t h a n i c

cobwebs from Our Hollowed Insides and refills Us with that which is Our BIRTHRIGHT – UTTER WILDNESS. We desire poetry that is NAKEDLY AUTHENTIC and HONEST, filled with the SPIRITS of WILDNESS and KIN and the GODS of PLACE, and POSSESSED by that which We LOVE most, for Our LOVE is what drives us, and Our UTTER RAGE is born from that LOVE. Our poetry is of LIFE and PAIN and SEX and JOY and DEATH. It disregards the Civilised conceptions of form, metre, and rhythm, and is filled with utter contempt for the twisting lie that is called “Perfection”! We embrace Our own variances with great satisfaction. We desire poetry that PULSES like ARTERIAL BLOOD from a wound, poetry of SENSUALITY and FILTH and bright VIOLENCE, UNedited, UNrefined, CRUDE and NATURAL, DESTROYING all that it confronts; poetry of destruction!

Poetry of destruction is a terroristic space, a FEROCIOUS space. We state that terrorism, as a practice, is the only thing really challenging this culture’s socio-ontological day-to-day normality, so We must become such with Our words, to likewise, challenge normality. Our poetry and the poetry We desire is SAVAGE.

Poetic terrorism is an activity of SAVAGERY and DESTRUCTION, one that We must engage in because of Our EMPATHY to the WILD.

Likewise, though, this project is one that EMBRACES an HONEST pessimism. The global socio-political-digital situation is what it is. Thus, this project is entirely limited in its scope and impact; and We acknowledge that We are all domesticated individuals – though reWILDed and FERAL to some degree – with Our own individual personal biases and aesthetics. Furthermore, while We are, for the most part, only writing for Ourselves and each-other, socio-cosmic indifference is something to account for, but not to stop Us! NOTHING WILL STOP US!

In-spite of this pessimism though, We will NEVER renounce raw-poetry and poetry of destruction as a means of ATTACK. Our WILL-TO-LIFE, WILL-TO-POWER, is drawn towards REBELLION and REVOLT. Ontological-cosmic rebellion is far more interesting and enjoyable for Us than the monotonous comatose world of politics. We are interested in FIGHTS and ATTACKS from the anti-political space, that RESISTS the

L e v i a t h a n

in its entirety. And this, Our HATRED for the artificial, stems from Our LOVE for all that is WILD.

This NIGHT FOREST cell of radical poetry desires UNTamed, UNCivilised WILD poetry. We desire poetry from the PRIMITIVE PRIMORDIAL ENERGIES of the UNdomesticated. Our poetry is a terrifying SAVAGE BARBARIC space to the domesticated-tame... And that is Our point entirely. There is only the NIGHT FOREST. There is only the NATURAL AND FERAL. It may be a SAVAGE and INARTICULATE howl to the shadows of the night – heard only by the trees – but this is the poetry We desire and that IS most BEAUTIFUL to Us.

POETRY



Art 1 by Okty Budiati

MASTURBATION CULTS AND ANIMAL REBELS BY JULIAN LANGER

Picture this the terrain
Post-nationalist trans-Marxist Too-Fucking-Late-Kapitalist
digitised fields spreading out into the distance
As far as the eye can see
A fox wanders out from its den and proclaims -

“I have arrived to hypothesise
And I suggest we play a game.”

What a ludicrous suggestion
A crowd of metamodernist ecofascist totalitarian-liberals forms
around our bush tailed friend
And a young child steps forward, dressed in popes’ robes to say -

“This is far too serious, so you must be delirious
But we’ll forgive if you confess your indiscretion”

Confess though to who?
They drag the small creature to the Je Suis iGod Mctemple of
#OrthodoxYeezus Twitter users
Then throw the creatures body on the altar

“If you do not confess this will be your last breath
Now, what will you do?”

The fox knew (s)he was doomed so decided to sing
Atonal post-lyrical neo-classic-metal beat-box-scatting erupted
from his/her body in a poetry none had encountered before
Then BANG!
A bullet to their head
The fox was dead

And the poetry was no-more

After rejoicing,
The crowds returned to their VR post-political anti-accelerationist
pornographic technomorphic suicide cults daily fap offerings
Machinery powered by masturbation and lonely shame inspiring
orgasms

Now fear not, for this is not the end of this story!
No, things get much much worse.
For beyond as far as the eyes can see
Besides the toxified lake and clear cut forest
In the irradiated desertified fields of timeless space
An involutionary band of feral egoistic pirates, comprised of owls,
badgers, bears, frogs, lizards, hawks, snakes, weasels, scorpions,
spiders and cats have heard of the murder of their friend and are
planning iconoclastic vengeance
These savage nomads climb the war machines armed with
telekinetic pulse rifles and psychic-reality bombs that they'd stolen
from the world ruiners

Eventually these feral creatures arrive where the eye can see,
Suddenly Shiva, Eris and Dionysus appear before the band,
in a moment when time stops,
and take them to go see Blind Willie Johnson play jazz-core music
and dance

Only the weasel, tattooed with the words of Jack London, Thoreau
and Oscar Wilde, stayed
The creature died in the explosion caused when they threw a
neutron grenade at the reality generator, along with the
masturbators

All that was left was No-thingness and dancing

THE UNIVERSE SCREAMING BY JULIAN LANGER

There are no humble trees.
Every tree rises so that its glory is bathed in the suns light,
before decay and rot bring it back to the earth.
Like a tree, you and I are the universe reaching out for ourselves,
though the preachers of modesty and humility teach us that we
must cower before God.
This is why many of us scream back at ourselves “I’m fucking
alive!”,
though most times it falls on deaf ears

Sometimes we hear ourselves,
sometimes we refuse to cower,
sometimes we bathe our glory in the sun,
in the knowledge that decay, and rot awaits us.

So that we may become trees who refuse humility.

Perhaps we will never spend our lives in an ocean of ineffability,
not while this ship of phantasms keeps us from feeling its touch or
tasting its waters.

We often smell the ocean and hear the waves collide against the
ship,

but rarely do we dive in.
When we climb back on,
with the salty water still in our hair and dripping from our flesh,
it is often required of us that we wash the oceans presence away
from our bodies,
so that They don't have to smell it and so it does not damage the
ship.

Maybe as storms and rough waters batter against the boat,
maybe those of us who have dived in the ocean will refuse to wash
it from our bodies,
and maybe we will Destroy the machinery that keeps it afloat,
machinery that stand as Symbols of the ships authority over the
trees it was built from and its authority over the sea.

And if we become part of the ocean,
to find ourselves rising to the sun,
to fall upon the earth,
and join the rivers and streams,
to become trees again,
maybe this universe will have heard its screams and screamed
back.

**THIS CHOKING FEELING
BY TYLER DIXON**

Succulent wreaths beckon these glands
from: crosstown
transcending: traffic.

The scents of promise amid failure -
breaths of respite and cleanliness in the midst
of glandular, insulting offensiveness.

Lavender, mint, basil, and roses provide
resuscitation to the fully cognizant like
nature's CPR for the sluggish, the poor, the trying and tried.

Bouquets hold themselves up in autonomous beauty
as prophets of doom they proselytize
This Choking Feeling
on air thick with seething
greed, power, and love long gone sour
gives way to the morning dews that arise
in our absence like an ashen bloomed flower

They
beckon, demand
the future be realized.

- *May. 23, 2018*

CAPTAIN OF A SINKING SHIP

BY TYLER DIXON

Words hollow, singed and
rinsed, spill again from your lips which
reverberate to the perceptive the playfully attentive,
but distant and tepid, compassion that
Permeates your essence. A caring so forced,
compressed and dense, that even your vanity and
conceit, that insufferable naivety (which isn't cute by the way),
make the jail warden weep in sympathy. At the very least one
would think, possessing the foresight you'd have us believe, we
should stay
Optimistic:
Love is the answer.
Hope, pray, have faith.

All the typical bullshit idiots parrot all day.
Forever reformatted sycophantry.

For a sentient being of good-will, sense, and cognition
(apparently)
it is strange you do not see or perhaps disbelieve
– the homeless, the sinners, in need of being saved –
Care for each other much better than any priest, politician, NGO or
policy.

You are the Captain of a sinking ship
that will sail far and free.

What will sink is your heart, chained to the state
symbolically drowning in waves
and if need be,
what is left of your bones and meat will sink to the deep.

Gasping for a faint piece of that pretending
you showed to most every day.
You will die in a sea of smiles, laughing hysterically
at the fool who believed he could trick everyone
into believing his armies are safe.

"We all need to keep our hearts
buried under lock and key."

The dying now dead
no longer myopic
has eyes wide open
at the bottom of the sea.

You cannot feign compassion; we all know it is cruelty.

There is a mutiny ongoing to elucidate
to you and to all that you contaminate
you're obsolete.
The only ship you will sail now is down Acheron in Hades.

- May.7, 2018

UNTITLED

BY RUDESTER

As the Furies shriek, looking for a champion. The highest of all sits
silently still. For all of man's trespasses are miniscule to the might
of Olympus. As hard as they may seek vengeance, the Old ones sit
silently. Waiting for one to enter the realm of Godliness, as the
petty quarrel.

DID YOU SEE?
BY ALEXANDER M. REZK

Did you see the Mountain?
Could you hear the cry as they
 cut off her head,
Blood pouring from her mouth?
We cannot see her eyes anymore,
 Or hear her breath.
 Plundering her depths,
 as they trode for gold.
Coughing, the old ones weep,
The life taken from their chests,
as lungs are torn from the earth.
 Black blood,
 pooling like a storm.
The days hang low in the sky.
 I gasp for air,
 but there is nothing left.
Dark things fill my lungs,
 As it did theirs.
Laughing, I lie back,
Black blood rising o'er my eyes.
 And I am still.

Did you see the River?
Did you hear the cry as they tied
 her to the shore?
 Hands wringing,
twisting limbs and writhing waters.
 Out the chains,
 out the needles.
 Veins full of night,
her blood runs cold now,
without the touch of Winter.

Remembered conversations
played along the lines
of her ever-changing face,
still now to a whimper.
We cannot hear her singing.
Cages for the endless dance,
Lines of bifurcation.
Lines growing smaller now,
black blood pouring in.

Did you see the Forest?
Did you hear the cry as they
burned him up alive?
Long arms, proud head,
reaching toward the Sun.
A thousand-and-one Summers
passed beneath those eyes.
We cannot hear the gentle groan
of his hair in the wind,
or the creaking rhythm of his
footsteps.
I saw it from the Mountain.
Laughing, I lie back,
black blood pouring in.
Did you see the Mountain?
Did you hear its weeping?
Dying ever still,
Black blood rising up,
Laughing, I give in.

SONG TO THE UNIVERSE BY BRENDON CROOK

O'ye who speaks to me in the flutter of a butterfly's wings,
And who give solace to my soul upon a zephyr's gracious glance.
Thou bountiful beauty of creation doth delight my deepest ponder,
And incite my love of thee.

My brethren who walk through sacred forests of delight,
Who swim through mystical oceans of majesty,
And they of the winged nations,
Embraced by a meandering wind's desire,
Doth bind my spirit to thy harmonious divinity that imbues my
being in,

Rapturous accord.

For 'tis thee who echoes through green valleys,
Through cavernous crimson canyons,
Across vast icy plains,
And hallowed savannahs.

Thy chorus is heard upon the crashing waves of the ocean,
And within the boundaries of the forest sanctuary.

A morning chirp of the feathered,
The contented musings of a cricket's song,
And a gentle shimmering rustle of leaves,
Among noble trees,
Summons my profound adoration for thee.

For thy holiness resounds within my deepest essence,
And when I have whispered my final breath,
I shall again be embraced by thy sanctity.

DEATH IN THE MIDST

BY BRENDON CROOK

In the shadows it lurked.
Skulking malignancy.
Civilization,
Disguised as humanities progress.

Hiding as doth the most elusive creature,
Of the woods.
Hiding,
Waiting,
Cloaked in a mask of righteousness.
A face of terror,
Claws extended,
Eyes attentive,
Stalking,
Stalking,
Ever patiently stalking,
Every culture.
The spirit of death in await,
'Til its moment be presented.

Leaves a quiver,
Birds take flight in fear,

The trees and soil,
Shake in terror at its presence.
The rivers and lakes, the very ocean herself,
Become tumultuous.

The air pregnant with the misery and woe of its spirit.
Blood of expectant fodder dripping,
From fangs of its urgency.
A roar heralded deep within it,
And echoed without.
It searched for me as I grew older,
Becoming closer and closer.
I could feel it in my blood,
Smell it in the chilling forecast,
Sense it deep within my quaking heart.

The sun ascended,
But darkness descended upon life,
In a blanket of sorrow,
As fires of agony and spiritual desolation,
Cut across shadows of woe,
As civilization slithered through,
Benevolent mists to,
Sow its seed of death,
Across all it touched.

FINGERS OF PARADISE

BY BRENDON CROOK

Upon a flowers petal I sensed the Universe,
As she fluttered to the breezes beckoning.

I saw the forests,
The oceans,
The most distant star and furthest galaxy.
I saw slivers of light escaping the clouds in a broken sunset,
As night devours the final vestiges of daylight.

As creation poured forth in fitful waves from the pretty crimson
petal,
I heard a baying as the wolf to the moon,
I heard it in the cries of newborn chicks high in the canopies of the
world,
And the ghostly whistle of the winds aimless searching through
needles of pine,
Piercing my vigilance,
And felt the soothing resolve of a Magpies chortle in early morn.

Earths bouquet a meadow of spring flowers and the powerful and
sacred scent,
Of a deep forest's way,

Soils aroma after a deluge.

For 'tis she that is the star clad skies,
And the vast oceans where our prayers soar to the yonder shores
of,
Heaven reflecting humanities myriad of moods,
From a motionless calm,
To a violent dissipation in foam flecked waves.

O'small petal,
Borne of a crimson flower,
Thou are the embodiment of sanctity,
And the holy reflections of all creation.

Thou hath touched my soul,
With thy wondrous fingers of paradise.

OUR MOTHER IN EXILE

BY BRENDON CROOK

Didst thou spy me,
Her frozen hand in mine?
Didst thou wince at my staring,
Deep into her Arctic eyes?
Didst thou tremble when I held her close to me,
And partook in her bittersweet embrace?
Didst thy alienated heart abscond to the ether's,
When I held her spirit deep within my aching,
Lonely heart?
For she stared into my soul and mine into hers.
My soul sought its sanctuary in her arms,
And basked in her splendor.
For she hath possessed the steeple of my soul,
And embraced my pining muse.
I sought her glory and she divulged to me,
What our ancient family knew.....
They of the sea, the air and the terrestrial,
Are our kin.

A reality lost to the deceived and vacant of spirit,
They who roam and stalk her with craving intent.
They who's word is spoken in selfish vanity and yearning.

They who hath defiled her,
Spurned her love and disgraced all that is holy and sacred,
Her beauty and bounty lost to oblivious souls.

But observe, there lives in the forests they of the old blood,
They who dance around the darkness of civilization,
Dart among the hedgerows of old,
They who howl at the stars and embrace,
The feminine mystery of,
Our Lady in exile,
Our Mother Earth.

LOVE AND DEATH
- A LETTER TO E.G -
BY OKTY BUDIATI
[Translation from Indonesian by Okty]

The hope of exploring the I is mine alone, not to build in debate or conspiracy. Meanwhile. I saw a moon in half of its soul; the straighten line was thin, such as a body blurring on shadow. *"I'm frozen for longing that leads me into nausea"*.

At the intersection of a riot, I always come home to my empty deserted house. An isolation as an individual. But I choose the silent space to smile at the altar of time. I always never able to fall in love, even though I am scattered in this dark alley. Sometime love becomes the only shackle of affection that legalized, especially for the view in social life as defeat the melancholia.

Ya, Kierkegaard's implied, that is *"boredom is the root of all evil, the despairing refusal to be oneself"*. Perhaps he was alienated by anxiety, as the water flowing, and it was just temporary, the sun sets the stars in chaotic by an owl melody in the wolf orchestra, the mortality made by the social has destroyed its magical within the opera.

There was a time, when I cursed all the weather and its rotation, but *"thoughts are the shadows of our feelings always darker, emptier, and simpler"* [Nietzsche]. In other side, Voltairine de Cleyre meant to *"... the industrial development in town and the city coming as a means of escape from feudal oppression, but again bringing with it its own oppressions, also with a long history of warfare behind it, has served to bind the sense of class fealty upon the common people of the manufacturing towns; so that blind, stupid, and Churchridden as it is a vague, dull, but very certainly the feeling that they must look for help in helping their employers."* All becomes possible, when a dream never come in addition to avoid the individual.

Certainly, in ambivalence, absurdity is the wholeness of self-understanding as a free thinker to become a nihilist by knitting living particles naturally. We have lost our loved, also the egoist as the unique. Otherwise, Union of Egoists has *"love is to rule"*. A fragile world caused by love and hatred, not love and death. This social architecture too arrogant in creating its intellectually in the name of humanity.

~~~ Jakarta 20 July 2018 ~~~

**IN A HOUSE AND GHOSTS**  
**BY OKTY BUDIATI**  
[Translation from Indonesian by Okty]

I  
DI RUMAH HANTU

Ketika batas embun yang terjatuh  
Diam pemenung selekat dinding  
Igau kegilaan beraroma anggur  
Birahi tepat di ujung germinal  
Mengoyak hening sisa malam

Seperti terbirit mengacung bedil  
Dibungkam luka bertubi-tubi  
Anyirnya masih mengisi  
Pada setiap pori-pori  
Tidak juga senyawa  
Tercecer berlendir

Hanya suara-suara parau berbisik  
Bermuka dua, bahkan tiga dan empat  
Hatur tetampah manis menuju kematian  
Tertawa mengangkangi segala penderitaan

I

IN A HOUSE AND GHOSTS

At the edge of dew fallen  
The Silent witch scratches the wall  
Touched by the madness, wine-flavored,  
All desire crawling to the germinal  
Silently tearing for the rest of night

Like to run and fall as a info  
Emptiness incessantly wound  
For smell is filling and word  
In shipbuilders pore points  
Not motorsport compounds  
Scattered slimy

Only these husky voices whispering  
Double-faced, hot plugging three and four  
Serving its sweet to the face of death  
Laughing straddles for all suffering

~~~~

II

KUMBANG

Malam itu bulan hanya tertata separuh. Rintikpun menghilang

dalam awan yang tidak sebening pasir di timur. Ada percakapan tentang kampung halaman, hijaunya gunung-gunung yang mengurai tanaman di warna zat kapur, meski berlubang, juga berlumut.

Namun kini, tepat saat cakrawala berpendar sewarna ungu, aku melihat monster seribu lengan membungkam nafasku. Pandora telah berkarat di dinding aorta. Mencacah harapan yang dikenang belati mimpi indahku; “seperti berpesta selangkangan telah memenangkan piagamnya dalam guguran mawar hitam”. Malam ini karnaval belum usai, Kawanku. Perjalanan akan selalu limbung di persimpangan yang tidak pernah tercatat oleh waktu.

II THE BEATLE

While the moon only half view of the night, all drops fallen and disappeared in clouds, where never been clear as sand in the east. There is a conversation about homeland, green mountains of the dispersed plants in the color of the substance lime. But the firmament glows standing upright purple, I see a thousand monstrosities the arms of silence mine now. All have stain on the

wall of aorta as the Pandora for its hope remembered as a sweet dream; "*as feasting groin has won in stillborn babies roses*".
Carnival has not yet ended. The journey will always be its ailing at the crossroads that was never recorded by the time.

~~~~

III  
PANCAROB

Jauh di arus terdalam  
Hati lenyap mengada  
Genta morfem berhala  
Merangkul absurditas  
Retas keterasingan

Segala meriuh merendah  
Runtuh terserak rahasia  
Bersandar cadas alumina

*"Kegilaan tiada pernah berumah..."*

III  
PANCAROB

Far in the deepest ocean

The heart has disappeared  
Beat all drum of morpheme  
Embrace the absurdities  
Hacked by alienation

All the sound denigration  
Collapsed dispersed secretly  
Rest a rock of illumination

*"Madness never has its home ..."*



#### IV GERHANA

Saat malam bertandang begitu sederhana  
Mengajak segala purba rebah terasing  
Percintaan liar rupa gravitasi kelam

Tidak ada yang pernah sia-sia dengan kekonyolan  
Tidak ada yang pernah sia-sia dengan keterbelahan  
Tidak ada yang pernah sia-sia dengan pemberontakan

Masa lalu tenggelam bersama masa depan  
Hancur debu terpasak dalam tanah tanpa tuan  
Di jantung jiwa terukir kisah sunyi manusia



IV

BEHIND THE LUNAR ECLIPSE

When the night visited in a very simple  
Invited by all the ancient and fall apart  
The wild love affair is all gravity shadow

There is never vain with heartbreaking  
There is never vain with fragility  
No one ever in vain with rebellion

The past sank along with the future  
Dust destroyed in wasteland with no master  
At the heart of the soul carved stories desolate man.

# KINGDOM OF CHAOS

## BY SCOTT THOMAS OUTLAR

We don't want your money,  
just your soul  
on a silver platter  
served to order  
for our warm feast  
while we spit out your raw famine.

We don't want your respect,  
just your energy and time,  
just your mind  
numbed  
to the frequency  
of propagandized pestilence.

We don't want your love,  
just your heart  
bled dry  
as every vein  
withers in the Winter wind  
while our chalice remains  
ever full to the point of overflowing.

We don't want your vote,  
just your faith  
that such a course of action  
can actually influence  
the order in which our puppets  
dance to a song of chaos  
upon the public stage.

We don't want your salute,  
just your obedience,  
just your hands  
kept where we can see them  
while your feet continue marching  
to the drumbeat of our wars.

We don't want your laws,  
just your land,  
just your culture,  
just your customs,  
just your heritage,  
just your traditions  
snuffed out  
beneath the global kingdom  
collectivized  
at our command.

# **RUSH HOUR**

## **BY SCOTT THOMAS OUTLAR**

The oil fields  
are on fire  
in an Apocalyptic blaze,  
but the gasoline  
still flows freely  
from a million pumps  
into a billion cars  
that suck greedily  
upon the teat  
of a black gold feast,  
guzzling petrol by the gallon  
to serve rush hour needs  
in a fast paced world,  
before belching  
the acidic fumes  
into an increasingly cloudy sky,  
poisoning the atmosphere  
with a haze of smog  
that hangs heavily  
over all our heads  
like an ominous bomb  
ready to drop

its load of doom at any minute  
to prove the theory  
that nature  
always gets the last laugh;  
and fools  
only quicken their pace  
toward an already yawning grave  
that doesn't need any help  
but sure as hell  
won't turn down the assistance  
in filling the plot with bones,  
covering them over with dirt,  
and spinning the next cycle  
in a give and take process

# PRODUCT PLACEMENT BY SCOTT THOMAS OUTLAR

Place your tax break  
near my lower bracket  
and then brace  
for balance  
upon impact  
as I send you swirling  
toward the higher class  
of holy angels  
that walk amongst us  
here on earth.

Place your precious lips  
around the swollen ego  
of my liver  
and then start to suck  
twenty years of wine  
from the organ  
one glass at a time;  
red or white,  
the story remains  
ever the same.

Place your nuclear warhead  
on the tip of my tongue  
and then dance a jig  
as the fireworks ignite  
in an electric symphony  
of infinite explosions  
while I tap and tease  
every triggered red button  
I can find  
for my greedy little fingers.

Place your hopes and dreams  
close to my weathered ears  
with a wanton whisper  
until the winds of change  
begin blowing hard  
across the wonderland of winter  
and the scales  
of the seasons shift  
as the righteous gavel  
falls hard and splinters.

Place your lucky penny  
between the copper folds  
of my blistered palm  
and squeeze my hand  
with primal passion  
until the fist  
is red and screaming  
as a thousand coins  
like grains of sand  
slip sadly through the sieve.

# **THE THIN LINE**

## **BY SCOTT THOMAS OUTLAR**

People act so polite,  
wearing their civil mask attire.  
“How are you?” as she scans each item.  
“Fine, fine, and you?” as he pulls out his card.  
But should those shelves  
one day be empty,  
and should those bellies  
one day be growling,  
how soon it shall be  
before niceties are left in the store  
while war rages in the streets  
over the simple necessities of survival.



**ADVENTUROUS WOMEN AND  
THEIR METAPHORICAL BALLS  
BY COLIN JAMES**

Because we always focus on  
the exact same spot on our balls,  
we are thinking of hiring  
a consulting firm to address  
ways of accessing other plateaus.

The "Hi, I'm Barry White."  
logo is already spoken  
for as is all "If and When" startups.

So, we are resigned to  
this boring particulate.

Still, we are ever hopeful  
if not conditionally realistic.

# THE AMPUTATED WILD

## BY S.

in the amputated wild  
the knife slithered up the belly  
puffs of steam rose  
from inside the skin  
entrails coiled onto the grass  
like worms writhing after rain  
musk rose with the steam  
filled the nostrils  
clung to hair  
burrowed deep into the clothes  
greasy and strong  
in the amputated wild  
breath grew heavy in the cutting  
arms sore with butchery  
eyes watering in the perfumed heat  
roses of clotted blood  
spilling the bodies wine  
on the white clovers  
on the dark green leaves  
on the black soil  
in the amputated wild  
all things strange and  
hazy in the light  
filtering through the thick leaves  
in the amputated wild  
all things seed in the barren womb  
all things stillborn in their center  
all things scabbed in the dead belly of earth

**A FOX  
BY S.**

in the death blaze  
of noon  
a fox  
running in the mange  
of white sun  
its fur  
blurred  
to blood  
in the running

# VOID/MOUTH BY S.

grass threaded through teeth  
the open mouth dead  
the open mouth yawning  
the open mouth yawning  
the abyss of nature  
the abyss of nature  
the dark space in the center  
the open mouth dead  
the dead open mouth  
the open mouth dead  
the dead open mouth  
the abyss of nature  
the green grass  
the abyss of nature  
the green grass  
the blue sky  
the rotting flesh like wet paper  
the abyss of nature  
the deep ocean  
the deep dark ocean  
the green grass  
the blue sky

the rotting flesh  
the rotting flesh  
the abyss of nature  
the abyss of nature  
the yawning black  
grass threaded its way through the teeth  
the grass was green in the off-white skull  
the dirt was black and filled the mouth  
the open mouth  
the dead open mouth  
the open mouth dead  
dead open mouth  
the flesh wasted  
like wet paper  
off white and thin  
the skin flayed with scars  
the scars flayed with scars  
the scars raised on the decaying flesh  
the scars disappearing  
the flesh wasting  
the soil black  
the compost black  
the rich soil rich with wasting

# **FIRE BY S.**

fire is essential  
to move the struggle forward  
buildings junked full  
with flame  
handguns are essential  
to move the struggle forward  
jammed in a pig's face  
stack the  
apples in the cellar  
hog cheese in the cellar  
smoked fish  
one ton of .22 bullets  
a pile of family pictures  
bulletproof vests and one  
can opener  
this is preparing  
for the time after death  
for burnt stone  
for the clanging bell  
of war

## **I TILT BACK AND SEE ABOVE BY ALLISON GRAYHURST**

a tiered canopy  
that rises great heights, separating pockets of sky  
- some blue, some with clouds -  
layers, textures swaying in gentle phrases,  
opening the hilltop-cap of grief more like pouring in  
the truth of helplessness,  
setting free depths unspoken,  
domed in such beauty.  
Perfection that cannot be matched  
or misplaced as mediocre or somewhat flawed,  
but is flawed, not one straight line  
or obedience to symmetry,  
all space taken up with its fecund flesh.

No cell or stem rotted without reason, rotted because of regret or  
the weight of culture  
or the ridged mind-set of past tradition, but all the past  
contained within it.

The ancient trunk expanded equally in the roots  
and the leave currents, intertwined with other currents  
to build a blanket, thick enough to feel protected,  
mesmerized by the soft motion overgrowth bloom,  
a place to anchor a home, release all weapons, comforted.

## **ORACION #1 BY YEI**

1.

Praise be to Holy Death.

2.

She who watches over our Race as the vulture does carrion;

3.

She who sustains the principle not only of Life through Death, but  
Life in Death, and Death in Life;

4.

She who is like the cactus; covered in thorns but bearing fruit

5.

She who lies not behind the smoke but She who dissipates it.

6.

We ask that you lift the veil so that we may rise as naguals in the  
night and feast on our enemies.

7.

May She be present in our lives so that we may live as predators in  
the next one.

8.

We are your children and we take refuge in the black wing of the  
eagle.

9.

Hail to Our Lady of Shadows.



**THE TEARS WERE BUT A  
GLITCH  
BY MADHU**

I have become a ghost, haunting the digital forest...  
a shadow drifting in and out of virtual spaces,  
here to watch, to haunt, to feed perhaps,  
a hungry ghost once fit and fed  
a fast-turned hunger strike now starving  
in the desert...

# BEDHENS YNDELLMA

## BY PHEN WESTON

Drape wolves,  
    spires, crusades,  
    spittle, anguish.  
Bedhens yndellma<sup>1</sup>.

Press into my breast your failed boarders,  
I brandish the dead.

You  
fornicate before the dormant gods -  
    examples of Goliath power  
    or toppled by eldritch wildfire?

My wolves run free amongst trees of silver birch.  
Bens an porthow igerys<sup>2</sup>.

Troubled cliffs bash fickle ships against  
the swathed hands of storm.  
    In mayhem and tears  
    you claim is all-beneficiary's desire.  
War an dowlr a vywnans ma<sup>3</sup>.

The world you know -  
    Dogs bestow titans  
    that fall as idols; powerless  
    spasms along the wayside.  
Unleash your dogs.

---

<sup>1</sup> So be it

<sup>2</sup> Let the gates be opened

<sup>3</sup> On this water of life

My wolves stand formidable.  
Stand feral with hunger  
against torment and monger.  
Bens gordhyans dhe'n dywow<sup>4</sup>.

Unleash your dogs, I place whispers.

The call of wilderness.  
War an loeth ma<sup>5</sup>.  
The forest that prevails.  
War an loeth ma.  
Harmony and conflict.  
War an loeth ma.

Blood  
cleaves.  
War an loeth ma.

Lesions spray arterial - wound and pestilence  
against your pounding neck.

Desire and will.  
I will face you in death.  
Tan sakrys<sup>6</sup>.

Desire your will.  
I will face you in MY death.  
Tan sakrys.

Place upon us night.  
We stand,  
souls in untamed light.  
Draped within faunae's dream.  
Bedhens yndellma.

---

<sup>4</sup> May the gods be honoured

<sup>5</sup> On this tribe

<sup>6</sup> Sacred fire

The wolves, ghosts you fear  
- devourer of parasites.  
Bedhens yndellma  
Bens an portow deges<sup>7</sup>

---

<sup>7</sup> Let the gates be closed

# THE DEATH BEAT IMPRINT

## BY PHEN WESTON

Friction distilled the converted,  
the allure to your yield!  
Falter the signposts, and rupture dystopia;  
we're living the dream!  
If they could taste the dregs,  
washed away with all their fledging feathers  
that promise nothing; nothing  
would please only the crumbling trauma  
of another moment breathing.  
The death beat imprints  
across the constellations and nothing is enclosed –  
except sarcophagus and distrust.  
The death beat impacts;  
rests the heart in deep-tone and awakened entropy.  
How can you crack the coffers by  
only shaking your fist upon those up high?  
Give me my wounds and I will sell you a story,  
the death beat imprint and other glory.  
Wrapped pollution and human glory.  
Deviated assiduousness and mortalities glory.  
Packaged for rich, for poor, millennials,  
Victorian, for caveman and more.

They all hear the death beat  
but are too busy mourning  
their remorseful existence. Placing disease  
into excavation of thought and emotive  
wellbeing. The synergy of being  
when nothing is being, but broken  
and seeing the lividity of failing.

The beat, the beat, the beat  
of sterility and shrugged off empathy 2.0.  
The lies of another day in which they spill  
anxiety upon the ground  
and dance in lines that lock  
in fallacies; and do you remember  
the epochs when playacting in the woods  
meant ascending limbs as coarse  
as life would become. In dens  
that coiled through passageways  
created from the caricatures of earth?

I misplaced ideas in adolescence and never convalesced  
between the golden fabrications  
when existing became twisted.

Day became twisted  
and only night felt sincere.

In childhood we liberated scores of butterflies,  
conveying them away to our enigmatic shanty –  
into which we thought we could protect

and give them life and watch  
their society form and grow  
and be worshiped  
as their colossal gods and saviours.  
The next day they were dead.  
They say they died for our sins.  
Starved of nutrition, aqua and self-determination.  
They were the death beat,  
vanished to none entity.  
There is nothing like devotion  
to extinguish inward quality.  
And I never saw love in human faces –  
only oozed congealed incarceration –  
places that all descended, fragmented  
and parsed. To infold the overseen  
in ornamented collapse. I could never be  
in augmented cleansed revelry.  
Humanity appeared detached,  
lifeless, obscure. The pity of cruelty  
that bolts entrance and generates conflict  
where the withered  
adorn creation and clasp  
immoral hands against those  
natives of time and space.  
Provocation and nightmare  
create divergence and empty space.

You are not the gods of old,  
nor the barren stillness of forgotten  
lullabies that travel intoxicated deceptions;  
but the death beat imprint.  
And I would slaughter every breath  
to place your abandoned sincerity at your door;  
as you butcher all. The death beat comes,  
comes, comes  
for us all once more.  
And I'll cut your throat to fill  
the void with something other than  
that which you desecrate.  
The death beat imprint.  
Fallen gods eviscerate conflict  
with hate.



**AN EDUCATION  
BY CALLUM MCLAUGHLIN**

Is it any wonder Willow weeps and Beauty sleeps? They watched their mother bleed rivers and follow them to ruin, walking hand-in-hand with shame. And now you've got her by the throat, earthquakes in your fingertips, sap sticking in your veins; irony for sustenance. The sisters beg Atlas set fire to his burden. Better to let it burn than have her taken from them in pieces, scattered to the cosmos in fine grains of red. But as long as her heart still beats yellow and her daughters fill their lungs, she'll sink her claws into our skin and she won't let go.

She won't

let

go.

# **VOICE'S WE'VE LOST BY ADEREMI LFE**

Their sonorous lyrics  
Are gargled by the squirt of blood.

They now whisper sad tunes;

Instead of the cymbal's clink  
It's the sword snip.

Today the dead sing our song,  
While we living, mourn and wail.

Forever shall we grieve their exodus!  
The voice's lost in murdered music.

## FEVER BY CHLOE MARER

I dream of eyes drawn in pastel,  
soft and green.  
With a knowing gleam that asks but one question:  
Where are you?  
Of handmade windmills,  
their corrugated wings turning slowly in the arid breeze.  
Creaking and groaning as they spin.  
If you listen closely,  
you can hear the screams of dying men.  
Of Turkish dancers wearing tall black hats and long grey gowns.  
They twirl to a tune I do not know,  
but have long ago heard before.  
Among them I see my lover.  
Spinning endlessly among the dancers.  
Caught in their eternal trance.  
His head craned back,  
his arms opened wide,  
his eyes contently closed.  
Spiraling endlessly as if in prayer to the stars.  
I am awed by his reverence even as I'm sleeping.  
I have never known a more beautiful creature than my lover.  
And I am afraid he will never know.  
While I'm looking down upon him in my slumber,  
as he dances into eternity,  
he opens his eyes.  
And I am consumed.

# IRREVOCABLE

## BY CHLOE MARER

Sometimes I wake to find I have been crying in my sleep.

I never remember why.

But there are stains on my cheeks,

And a salty crust stuck to my eyelashes.

It is unmistakable,

Yet I have no explanation.

I rack my brain for dreams that have slipped my memory.

However nothing is revealed.

Why do I cry,

And then forget?

I frantically search for answers,

But come up empty handed,

Time and time again.

I wake up crying,

Time and time again.

My torment escapes me,

Time and time again.

**UNTITLED**  
**BY FLO DUNN**

The temple told us  
to kneel  
so we did  
the temple  
told us to dance  
so we did  
the temple told us to sacrifice  
and flagellate  
so we did  
the temple  
told us to sing  
so we tried

the temple is made from  
stone and sweat so  
old it's smell  
its  
stench  
has no  
taste  
but free air  
the temple outlives  
and it's music  
outlive any soul  
as we build  
on the pulp  
and soaking  
Red  
of the past  
our people  
who knelt  
who danced

when told.  
we built  
a pulpit  
where each  
of us  
speechless.

inside the Temple  
story-tellers tell stories  
not for fun not for others, not ones that give you butterflies and  
make you hope or believe  
but for It. It tells you  
that you are part of                       It  
that your flesh  
is its own  
and its timeless  
stone – is built  
by the blood  
of our own.

there is nothing  
holy on this  
speck  
but your struggle  
the sun is in awe

I can hear it  
and would crucify  
myself only for  
you

can you hear me  
out there too

**UNTITLED 2**  
**BY FLO DUNN**

they gather  
each with the blackest  
of drapes hung like  
monks, with heads drooped

I am sat on the grave nearby

they seem to all  
look at each other  
and mutter.

in unison  
they seem to plunge  
their hands through  
their chest and bring out

objects,                    I am smoking, this one taste of pine  
and I think of my friends in Sweden,                    on a  
grave nearby

and peer at these objects that are between  
them -  
one, seems to be a cross  
one, the other is circular but  
difficult to identify.

one is a book.

in my glaring  
I look up to see these three  
point toward me

I walk toward them.

'Lucifer'  
'Jesus'  
'Judas'

they mutter  
I smell gasoline

we embrace  
'Flo'

and finishing my cigarette I drop  
it on the Entire. We dance inside  
the fire; gyrating and untouched

our robes torn off. I think of Vietnam, I think of Dresden.  
no sympathy for the devil



## RETURNING TO EARTH BY DAVID HUNT

I lived a great deal longer than I was supposed to  
The diseases of civilization chose other victims  
The catastrophes of climate came and went  
In the valleys and plains below, the wars for the last resources  
were fought  
But already being very old,  
I was left to wander the wilder places of the planet

I even lived long enough to see the last satellite fall from the sky

By that time, aircraft had not flown in two decades  
There was no more fuel  
But before the dissolution of modern society was beyond debate  
Before civilized amenities had not disappeared entirely,  
A report captured the imagination of many  
According to scientists – as things always began –  
The last satellite launched by man would suffer orbital decay  
And fall to earth on March 21st, 2071.  
Best viewing, eastern coast of Nova Scotia just before sunrise.

Most who remembered lost track of calendar time  
But those who did not lose track or forget

Began the trek eastward across swampy plains  
Of the former Canada

Along the way we encountered other small bands on the same  
quest

And arriving, we saw more people in a single place  
Than we had seen in twenty years.

Mostly Innuits and hardy people

Who had never lived in softness

Many of the younger had known only nomadic life

Even people older than I had traveled to this place

For a week people visited,

Sharing knowledge of places for water and food

Regaling each other around campfires

Telling tales of the Other Time.

The night of the spectacle arrived

Small children struggled in vain to stay up

People grew quiet as the hour approached

Eyes fixed on the eastern sky

As a light show it wasn't spectacular

Appearing first as a small flash overhead, continuing to burn

As it headed into the Atlantic Ocean

Not lasting even ten seconds.

For millennia, people had looked to the night sky  
And dreamed of traveling to the stars  
What had so long epitomized our grandest aspirations  
A goal that would ever be attained  
Noble and lofty, it was never very wise.  
The light disappeared and  
We were alone again in the universe  
As the sun rose  
*Bound entirely to our planet*

## POEM BY G. W.

Universal dog eyed nebulas stare back  
While I dreamed of fish in murken waters  
And the grand Trees, older than time, told me The World is  
dying

I stopped and meditated by green misty ponds and saw day  
breaking with stars silently disappearing while in a wooden warm  
hut

“Like bathing, a new week will come and wash away the dirt  
and mold of the last” ancient Chinese Wu Wei spoketh

Soul birds told me not to kill and I apologized to Native Soul  
Chiefs for chopping down trees and they granted me a Peace Pipe  
which was deemed illegal by mega rancid raving techno society  
dumfounded when god speaks for Peace and Love, while god was  
put on trial for existing

“O we mustn’t have that” cried corrupt judges and professional  
war makers, but the rest of the Soulful, beautiful people cried in  
Druidian manners which rocked their faulty foundations and Noble  
Poetic Counts in their Castle cursed with beautiful prose, wine, and  
feast now commenced and the Counts, Countesses, Nobles and  
Hermits of the Soul rejoiced while I concurred my dream.

## ODE TO A MOUNTAIN BY MARGIE B. KLEIN

The mountain sings to me  
the mountain calls to me  
I hear it from on high  
Its voice is the cool wind  
blowing down to the valley  
Calling me  
    come see me  
        come join me  
            You belong here

Set on high  
The monolith towers  
In the distance  
Near to urbania  
Yet far removed  
From desert existence  
It appears as a mirage

Like the steeple of a church  
Aspiring and holy  
We go there to worship  
The pure and the natural

To become clean and wash  
Our sins away  
Finding quiet required  
For our prayer

Creation mountain  
The People call it.  
Where life sprang up  
From fountains in the ground.  
They tell its stories in the  
Dark nights of the winter.

The animals know  
mountain life is different.  
Life is in balance  
On this island  
Hovering in the sky  
Piercing the clouds  
It gathers moisture from the heavens  
And feeds the green forest

Where deer and horses  
Amble without fear  
And wild roses drink dew from the air  
Burros and humans climb  
to escape the desert heat below

seeking respite from filthy air  
and a view of what lies above

Tenacious pines grow on rock  
Determined to keep their spot  
The bristlecone fights the hardest  
And shows its struggle on its trunk  
With space enough to avoid a crowd  
Skiers and hikers can wind their way  
Through overstory trees and thin brush below

Snowmelt gathers into  
Ephemeral streams that  
Gush and rush their way  
To the basin below  
Quenching thirsts and filling stores  
To last the desert a year

Rain shadows drench the peaks  
Often skipping over the barrens below  
Lost in the clouds  
The throne cannot be seen from below  
Fierce storms throw the trees  
And light the sky on fire

With a descending bolt

The hand of the Spirit  
Draws a fiery line  
down a tree trunk,  
proof of Its guardianship.

Beneath it  
On a bed of needles  
Warmed by the sun  
Smelling of green and brown  
I could die right here  
and go back into the earth



**VERSE FOR THE HILLS / VERSE  
FOR THE DRAGON  
BY TWM GWYNNE**

Scour out the spiny sunrise,  
Soaring over broken backs;  
Gilded hills with hollowed eyes  
And ominous pinetree stubble cracked.

A glance out the window and this unfolds, until  
From afar the orange dragon roars  
And his glimmering limbs begin to worship,  
Stripping litter for his gear-toothed maw.

**INVENTED-FORM  
PETROCHEMICAL DIRGE  
BY TWM GWYNNE**

The burrow is burnt  
While the corpses are buried –  
Crushed and constricted  
And carried away.  
Now that awfulest art –  
Expression of aggressive tension  
To tear the troubled  
Bared truth:  
Those bodies it buried,  
Bones once so deep,  
Are dredging their damaged  
Selves up through the dearth,  
Slowly up, to life on the surface.

The staggered idiom  
Of incandescent ideologues

Now impaling the children,  
It chokes every churl;  
With firmest chants  
It fights the Firmament.  
Fundamental wars  
Are waged in woe  
As wounds emerge;  
Ephemeral evisceration and  
Eloquent roughness  
Of the ribs rising through  
The rounded mound.  
It was messed as malevolent,  
Mindless covering,  
All for the callow, cold stones  
That coated the breaks  
In those battered old bones.



# POEMS WE LOVE BY POETS WHO HAVE INSPIRED US



*Life and Death by Phen Weston*



## **THE DREAM BY EMILE ARMAND**

I dream of a country without suffering  
where no one groans under the weight of solitude,  
and hearts dared to hope,  
with no layers of darkness blackening their desires.

A country without tears and sadness,  
where happiness would replace torment,  
I dream of a country without suffering,  
where one could live with integrity.

I dream of a country where all the smells of misery  
would be impossible, where neither hunger nor cold  
was suffered by anyone, where free, full,  
brilliant, life could finally live.

I dreamt of a country where fecund science

would stir in everyone a noble and beautiful desire,  
the desire to know, without heavy and burdensome  
limits confining the flight of the mind.

I dreamt of a country where without any difference,  
without the vulgar goals of gold and honor,  
but acting upon the stimulus of common accord  
the most diverse projects would be carried out.

It is not in heaven, this country I dreamt of,  
It is in our world, full of prejudices and errors,  
and from which we would like to flee, towards a new end —  
it is upon this bitter world that its foundation awaits.

It is amongst those who are tired of stalling and obstacles,  
amongst those who have decided to act here and now  
that the radiant sun of all our dreams will shine;  
if our will is founded on one alone.



## **SENSIBILITY BY EMILE ARMAND**

I'd prefer to tremble in the heat of battle  
To hear the crash of cannon's echoing fear  
Standing amongst the dead and half dead,  
Harvested by the shrapnel,  
Than to see your eyes fill with tears.

I'd prefer to face a bandit assaulting me  
In the night, in the middle of the woods, see  
Shivering rays tear across the sky. But  
I cannot resist for a moment  
The sad pearls your eyes fashion.

And if others think it is pure laziness,  
That I am a child broken by emotion,  
I won't respond, it doesn't hurt me.

I have no hatred for those of frozen soul,  
But I don't understand those who can see  
Their love cry, insensitive and calm.

# FLIGHT

## BY RENZO NOVATORE

“MUST ONE DEPART? OR STAY?... IF YOU CAN, STAY;  
DEPART, IF YOU MUST.”

— Charles Baudelaire

My arrow is ready, my will is rejuvenated, my potency proved.

How could I wait any longer?

Yes, I must depart. It is time, it is time!

NIHIL, NIHIL!

Tormented, my mind flies. It flies to with the wings of Reality  
over the world of dreams, towards broader horizons, towards my  
eternity.

I can no longer dream, I am the dream of myself. The friend of  
my possible traveling companions.

\* \* \*

Oh friends, oh friends, where are you?

Don't you see, over there, the Face of Eternity and Mystery? It  
is necessary to unravel the final riddle of the eternal. Come on,  
friends, come, it is time, it is time!

...

Have you arrived?

I have never seen a sky as peaceful as your faces, oh friends.

How beautiful it is to understand each other.

\* \* \*

We are on a frail boat, lost at sea. No more dawns, or dusks, or  
destinations. We have only sun, light, heat, depth and distance.

Do you hear? Eternity raises her most beautiful song to Life, as  
she demands of us the bridal rose garland. Oh friends, the roses,  
where are the roses?

\* \* \*

What a poor, what a miserable thing the land where we lived  
was!

Do you still remember it, oh friends?

There golden dawns rose, but black nights fell...

There men dreamed of collective aims and measured time...  
Ah, friends, friends, I am assailed by an immense pity for that  
poor land...

\* \* \*

So what is happening to me?...  
Let's forget it! For how many thousands of years have we  
floated on the endless waves of this vast depth that raises us to the  
regions of the Sun, above the Sun?  
And for how many thousands of years will we yet live?  
Ah, jolly Eternity, eternal happy now!

\* \* \*

May no one ever know the secret happiness that fills our  
solitary hearts, oh friends!  
Have we not stoically suffered in forced silence?  
No, no, may no one ever know our cruelest sorrows, nor the  
infinite happiness of this eternal noon.  
In the grotesque old world, they now believe that we are dead.  
And instead, we have married eternity, we — the loners!  
— But the roses, oh friends? Where are the roses? Oh, red roses  
of Eternal Revolt!



**TULUA**  
**BY EALDRA TACENDA**

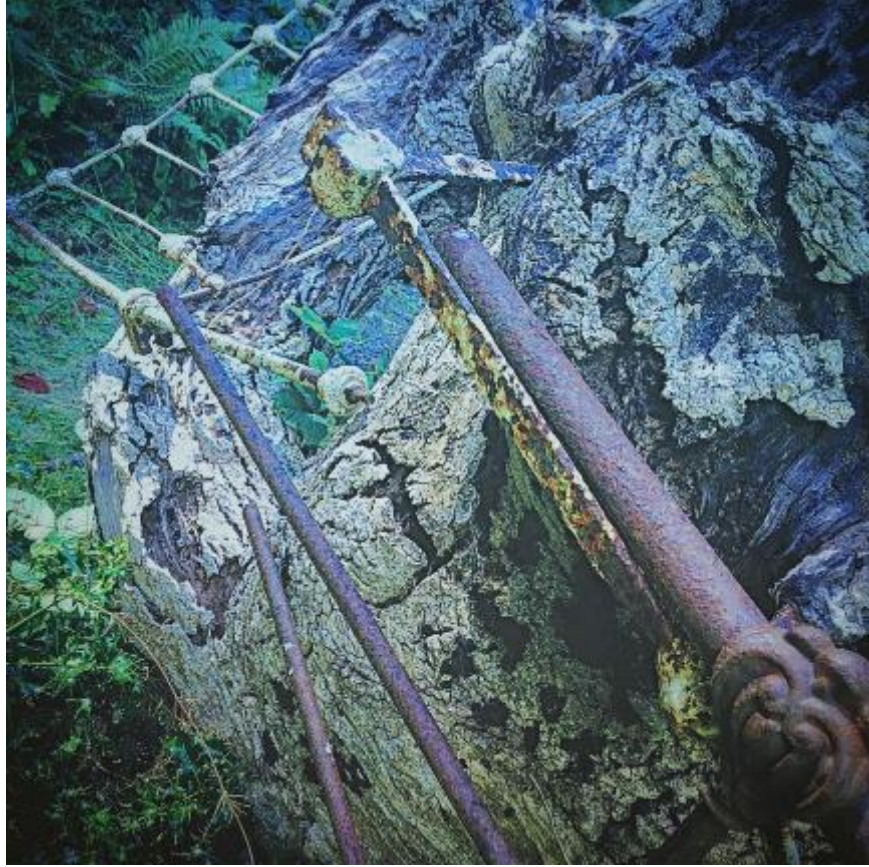


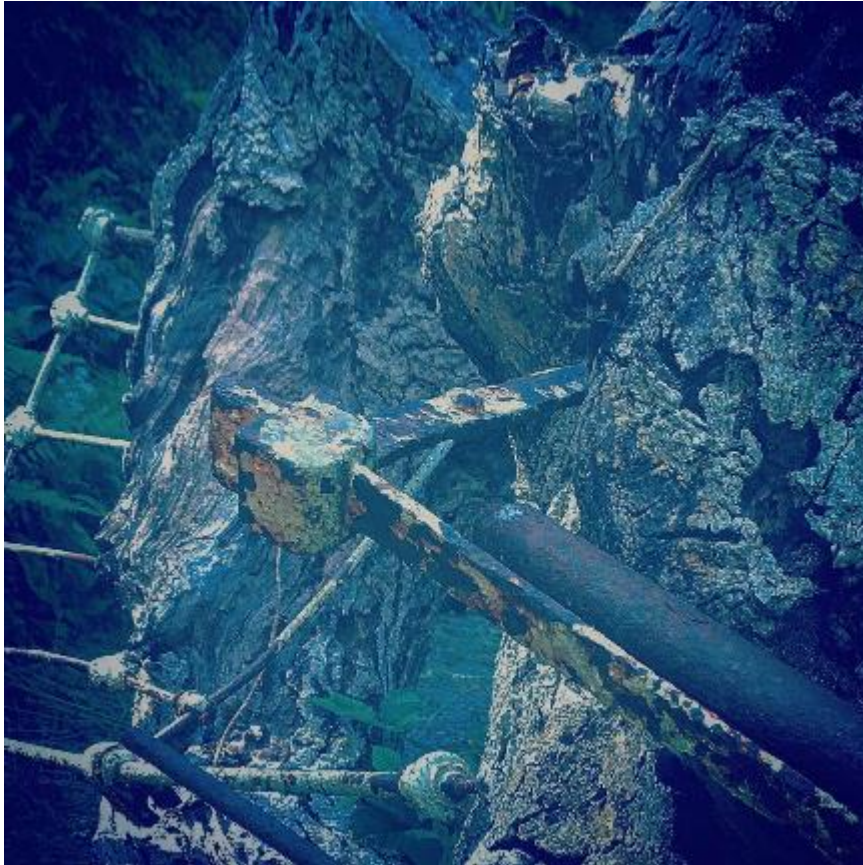






















## SHORT STORIES



*Dirty Window by Phén Weston*





## **A SAVAGE BEAUTY BY JULIAN LANGER**

“Hey Dox! You alright?”

Sett is stood behind me, cables still connected to the monitor screen.

I look up at him, smile and said “Yeah, dipshit. Just get the fucking job done.”

We had uploaded into Sett’s memory drive a corrupted self-replicating encrypted file, capable of crashing practically any system. This file should instantly infect the shared drive that connects about 5,000 workers, 50 managers, 5 bankers and 2 politicians at all times. One of them stores something in their memory drive and transfers it to the shared file, they all know it, they all have access, and they all can edit the file.

We could have tried to hack our way through, but manually uploading it to the machine that connects them all was the safest bet, to make sure the file got where it was meant to go.

We’d done this many times before. I’ve led missions like this

more times than I could count. Had groups of guys attack places like this, with many successes and many failures.

“We’re at 87% Dox” Sett shouts.

Sett is one of those guys who still wakes up every morning to do multiple rounds of chin ups, press ups, planks, squats and to lift heavy things, all before he took his injections. In the old world a guy like Sett would never have followed orders from a woman like me.

It’s strange to think that it has taken the world basically ending for a meathead cyber-terrorist to really follow a woman into a situation like this. In the old world, back when all cyber-terrorism was done via computers, with little direct action, guys like Sett would have liked the idea of me but would never have actually followed me. Now-a-days a woman like me is held up like we’re something sacred, like we’re some kind of warrior priestess for people to bow down to. You hear about in the old-world priests killing and sacrificing warriors to honour gods and kings. I’m feeling more and more like a sacrifice, just waiting my turn.

This out-building is located in the forest about 37 miles south from City 76. This is one of the last forests left in this sector;

though, saying that, it is probably one of less than a hundred left in the world. Whenever I'm in a forest like this, or near what used to be a river, or near a radiation hot zone, I think about how people lived in the old world, before the injections, before...

"Sett, Dox, we've got heat signatures approaching. Looks like they're packing artillery. Get ready to dance!"

That is Rex. Rex is with the rest of our group, keeping watch and getting ready for the 5-15 brigade to arrive. Rex knows how to deal with those fuckers. He has Zed, Jon and 12 other fighters, all trained in guerrilla warfare and cyber-terrorism. These guys had all blown up buildings like this, all full of computer servers, led snatch and grabs, and conducted more than a few assassinations. This is a different kind of action. But whatever the type of action, I know I can trust these guys.

"Dox, you're about 5 hours late on your injections. Best fucking do it while things are quiet" Sett shouts.

You're meant to inject at least once every 3 hours. It's a solution of adaptive antibiotics, designed to combat the shit that got released as they destroyed all of the forests that are no longer left. It also contains a chemical agent that combats the effects of

the radiation that we're left with after the bombs blew the world half to shit.

Before the old-world people didn't need to inject. Back in the primal age the world was different to the old world, and different to how it is now.

"The fuckers are here!" Zed shouted from the top of the stairs, her voice echoing on the cold walls.

"Dox, fucking inject, or you're gonna get infected!" Sett shouted. "It's at less than 3% now!"

It has been a long action and I haven't slept for 3 days, with all the flights and coding. I'd plugged in and recharged, but it isn't the same. The forest, the action, it was all blurring together. I was no longer caring about infecting the shared file of an organisation that was like a hundred other ones, all trying to keep this shit going.

Some say it is a miracle that we survived and that we are keeping things going.

Some say that we need to preserve what we had.

Some say we need to fix what was wrong in the old world.

We're the guys trying to fix what went wrong in the old world.

They're the guys trying to preserve what we had. Both sides are

trying to control the fate of the world. Both sides are trying to be gods. Both sides are sacrificing their people, like those priests in the old world.

I think that I am realising that things would be better if we hadn't survived.

Maybe we shouldn't preserve or fix.

Whatever we do the forest keeps getting cut back, with more diseases coming out.

The rivers keep drying out because of us. The radiation zones are expanding because of our machines and machines like this.

And, honestly, I'm tired of being a leader to these people. They follow me because I get the job done and don't fuck about.

Think about it. This war, all to try and fix the machine that is cutting down the forests, drying up the rivers and irradiating the planet. They aren't fixing it to stop all that. They want to fix it to keep it going as long as possible. But when the last fucking tree is cut, and all the rivers have dried up, and the entire planet is one big nuclear hot zone, what are they gonna do then?

Better to let the whole entire thing go down, let the forests grow

back, let the rivers flow, and quit this thing entirely. All we really do is just blow each other up and imprison each other, while plugging ourselves into machines that are connected to larger machines, like this one right in front of me.

Maybe I've never really been a leader. Maybe I've been a slave, waiting to be a sacrifice.

"Dox, it's done! Quick, inject!"

Sett was stood right in front of me shouting, as I stood there, staring at the monitor screen.

My arms and legs were already starting to feel strange, like they were both shaking and still, liquid and solid, all at the same time. No one goes into the forests, as you are more likely to get infected there. That is why they put shit like this in places like this. And I've missed more doses than Sett, Zed or Rex know.

I'm certain I'm infected. I know I'm not coming back from this. But they aren't putting me down.

Someone gets infected, you put them down. You don't see what happens.

I want to see. I want to know what happens.

Maybe they'd try to save me. Keep me alive, constantly

charging, connected for the rest of my life. Maybe they would bring me back as a martyr to the cause, a sacrifice for them to hold up. Maybe they'd cry, as my face popped up on their screens and monitors, or got transferred into their memory drives, as they synced with the latest news, connected to the struggle through their F-9 ports.

I'm not gonna allow them to make me a martyr and they're not putting me down. And I'm also not having Sett or any of them guys die waiting for me or trying to get me to go back.

"Get the fuck out of here Sett!" I shout. "Take them north and then hide out in the ruins near 74 and 73."

"What?" Sett replies.

Sett is an ok guy, for a meathead, and I'm not gonna have his blood on my hands.

"Get out of here, you zork, or I'll put a fucking bullet in your brain!"

Sett looked at me like a hurt pup, but I wasn't going to risk him or the others in my team. There is nothing I can do for them, as I'm pretty sure I'm on my way out. They'll want to follow protocol and put me down. If they don't and the people who lead me make a

martyr out of me for the people I'm leading to get angry over and fight more for less.

Better I die here, on my own terms, able to see what happens when whatever is happening finishes.

"Now!" I shout.

Sett runs up the stairs, obviously confused, but still following my orders.

I know they'll get out. The crew from 5-15 will follow them, as this place is now worthless – they'll know that we uploaded the encrypted file and that, while they won't know what it can do, they'll know the risks of using that shared drive and in keeping the 5,000 workers, 50 managers, 5 bankers and 2 politicians alive.

They will likely bomb this place to oblivion in a week and the 5,000 workers, 50 managers, 5 bankers and 2 politicians will be dead soon anyway.

My friends will be safe hiding away, with their mission complete. I was the point of contact with our higher ups, and with me gone they'll assume the whole crew went down – that's how this kind of thing goes; they don't care about guys like Sett, or Rex, or Zed.



I can sleep now.

...

...

I feel like I've been asleep for days, though I know it has only been hours. My arms and legs are not the only parts feeling strange. The hair on my arms has grown as I've slept.

Suddenly, white-hot searing pain courses all over me. Something is happening to my body that I cannot describe. Is it a virus, or the radiation?

My muscles are moving into something completely other than to what they are used to. The metal F-9 port in my back is being torn out, like my flesh has a mind of its own.

Suddenly my gums are in intense pain, as new teeth push through.

I think I am dying.

...

...

Maybe it was because of the radiation, mutating my body. Or maybe it was some kind of viral morphogenesis. Maybe this is just what we were or are without the injections. I'd never heard of

actual people like this in the old world or in the primal age, save for some savages and fairy-tale creatures like werewolves or centaurs.

But I am what I am now. This forest should provide enough protection for me to survive for the time being – citizens never come into places like this and 5-15's will only come in to check on servers, and we fucking ruined all their equipment here. They never did blow up the servers we wrecked. Must have used some kind of untraceable viral micro-program to kill off all those we hacked. Whatever. Doesn't matter now, really.

I've scavenged the last of the meat from the fight, what had been left by the wolves, foxes and cats. Had never really considered eating human before, but I guess I'm not a human anymore. So it can't be called cannibalism.

Cyber-terrorism and guerrilla warfare seemed like living, when everyone just sat coding, connected to servers through their F-9 ports. I'd never known what it was to feel like this though.

Morphogenesis has changed my body into something indistinguishable from who I was before.

Screaming, howling through the day and night. Hunting,

scavenging and feasting on anything I can find. I run in a way that I'd never ran before. I climb the heights of these trees and stare out from the tops of the trees.

Dox is very much dead. I am someone new.

Scientists might have liked to conduct experiments on me, try to classify me as some kind of new species – *homo-lycian* perhaps.

Rex, Sett, Zed; none of them would follow me now. They would probably run away in fear and disgust or try to kill me. I'm not their leader anymore. I'm not a part of their struggle. I hope my friends are safe and well, hiding out in the ruins of the old world, but I'll probably never know.

I feel more powerful than that. I feel life surging through me. I feel a wild energy flowing through my body, the likes of which none of them could ever comprehend.

...

...

There is a lot of noise coming from the direction of City 76. Sat on top of this tree, I can see smoke, flashes and hear the faint sound of panic.

This is one of the last cities and it is burning down.

If I had been born in a different age I might have learned the name of this type of tree; its species, its lifecycle, what makes it different from other trees of specific species. Maybe it is like me, something that morphogenetic mutations and radiation has changed beyond comparison to who or what it was before.

I don't care what happens over there. I'm not leading them into oblivion or being a sacrifice in someone's war. Both sides of this war can fall for all I care.

I've done what I can to keep my friends safe. I don't care about the politics anymore. Preserve nothing. Fix nothing.

I'm learning to love, though.

I'd been told I'm loved and told others I love them before. I'd made love and fucked and knew that there was some difference between the two. I'd seen romance and desire, felt them too.

I love this tree. I love whoever I am now. Our bare-naked flesh touching each other.

I am my own leader now.

I will defend this forest. I will aid its morphogenesis. I will see what it becomes.

This is all that matters now.

**OF THE SILVER AND GREY  
AND SCARLET  
BY PHEN WESTON**

“People speak sometimes about the "bestial"  
cruelty of man, but that is terribly unjust and  
offensive to beasts, no animal could ever be so  
cruel as a man, so artfully, so artistically cruel.”  
— Fyodor Dostoyevsky

“There is the sentence, and the whole  
awful torture lies in the fact that there is  
certainly no escape, and there is no torture  
in the world more terrible.”  
— Fyodor Dostoevsky

***Where are you?***

The voice seemed to float somewhere above my maimed  
right ear, lapping, as though the ocean murmurs of a shell into  
my soul. The undertow of a discord that hung in lipoidal  
conquest against the shattered shores of all that was possibly  
there if I opened my eyes. I closed them tighter.

***Where are you?***

I was nowhere! I had never been the dawn before. Nor the  
dusk, for that matter. I had woken in slavery. Passed between

the breaches of struggle as though my soul and body were never really there, yet, weighed me down with the strength of a cannonball upon the walls of survival. If I were here, if I existed, I would be more than an impression that occurs along the slaughter trail; this holocaust. If I were here, I would be something other than the empty carcass. The mutilated. The ripped apart. The devoured! That is how I know. That is how I distinguish I am not. That is how I distinguish I am neither life or alive.

***Beat them, BEAT THEM; they are nothing, if not filth.***

***You LITTLE bastard! I fuckin' hate you!***

***WHERE ARE YOU??***

Sounds were blistered as rubber connected with my body and thoughts, sight and sound blended into white noise, to suffering, to sugar coated lies.

*“The Tsars would be swept away by class war, life would be equal for all and none would suffer again...”*

I don't identify these elucidations, but I see them. I don't hear or see or know. I don't exist. I know thoughts that are not mine. I hear whispers of ideas that are unconnected to the world

of the Silver and Grey and Scarlet. This was my world and all I knew or could know. I am not intelligent, I am not their equal in that. I don't know the words they speak, nor the actions they spill into the world of the Silver and Grey and Scarlet. I don't know them, only their pain.

I know that I am not. Yet, I feel that I am. I know that I belong in this Silver and Grey and Scarlet, and yet there is an urge inside me. There is a burning I cannot place into reality. Cannot bring it into context with the Silver and Grey and Scarlet. It sings inside me. Humming a melody of somewhat I had never felt. Warm and vivid. Dripping, chasing, running, gushing, feeling, passion, dream, feral, natural!

I felt like a fraud, feeling this small phenomenon that drew me into it. It was and never could be. How could it be? I had only once seen anything that could be called vivid. Although, the vividness of that occasion was only corruption in colour.

She had been beautiful and pink. Flushed and so enormous before these eyes that shortly before had birthed me into the Silver and Grey and Scarlet. She was magnificent and mine, well ours. We are not alone. Never alone. Yet alone is the only emotion that is offered here. Alone is oozed between every corner, crack, atom until it reeked of nothing else, alone.

We are all in perdition together.

But she had been there and vivid. Even when segmented by the Silver and Grey and Scarlet. Even though so large and deformed that she could not, would not move from her caged plight, she was beautiful, warmth and ethereal. Not that The Silver and Grey and Scarlet would ever allow for such a thing!

Was she ever real?

I wonder, sometimes, how this had all come about. Where The Silver and Grey and Scarlet had sprung into existence and why we were birthed by the beautiful pink into such a chilling, congealed and cruel existence? But we know the true, we are birthed for pain. Birthed for butchery and shades. We are only there to turn its cogs; to feel its affliction; to exist in The Silver and Grey and Scarlet and that was all. That is all there is, that is



all there was, and all there ever would be.

There was never a need. How can one need when there is nothing?

Everything gets taken. Everything is fleeting and transient, placed upon the gust of an entity that I know should exist, but doesn't. Something from the world I imagine. The world that cannot.

I imagine

I Am, I am not.

The first time I imagined it was the day I stopped imagining the beautiful and pink. The day they took us from her. Her warmth and love to be nothing, a figment, a ghost. A plague that reminds us something exists other than the cruelty of nothingness, of not being. We are loved, and yet, in its brevity it does not exist. We were loved, and that anguish illuminates the ordeal of The Silver and Grey and Scarlet like the heartless counterfeit luminosity that is all around us.

They come.

They always do.

***Ge' back 'ere, you cunt!***

Swiping down they pluck us from the unemotional vicious  
clinking ground. They dragged us away.

We fight and try to exchange dialogue. We screamed and  
wail.

Ten thousand tears, ten thousand more.

Nothing, NOthing, NOThIng.

Except pain and, sometimes, endings. Brothers, sisters.  
Family. Nothing. We want to be, but we are alone – we are, are  
nots - and stay that way because, when each moment is  
suffering, there is nothing, but alone.

They come and take.

They reach and clutch and swing and snap and hit and stab  
and break and grunt and laugh. With objects that lacerate and  
dice our flesh.

Sometimes we stop moving all together.

Sometimes we lay there twitching, convulsing, screaming.

Then stifle.

NOTHING!

***HAHA SQUEAL LITTLE BASTARD!***

When we are taken, we are marked, stripped, mutilated.

They take our teeth, they take our tales.

With two pronged blades they make us numb, a statistic,  
the meaningless. They take all that is within us and place  
indifference, drought and pain in its place.

We are no more.

The love of the beautiful and pink, a rife memory of all the  
lies The Silver and Grey and Scarlet would become.

Can we conquer living?

As I bled upon the ground from mouth and stump, I  
dreamed, intensely, I dreamed.

~

Before me was brown - but not the filth brown and muck  
that covers the word of The Silver and Grey and Scarlet - A  
brown contrasting anything I had ever witnessed before. Vivid,  
rich, intense. It called to me and filled an empty soul with  
hunger and warmth. Not the dull senseless hunger that laughs at  
us in The Silver and Grey and Scarlet; constantly picking away  
at our sanity until all the strands come collapsing down and no  
thought was left, but madness –

No, no, it could never be that.

But Browns which engulf the ecosphere, that swallow the sky as I follow its rough, coarse texture up as far as my head would allow me to move in such direction. I followed The Brown as high as I could until it branched off before me into so many million greens that I would never have believed such a perfect cacophony of hues existed. In between each green, as they danced, as though swayed by tiny flying creatures, shimmered blues and yellows and whites.

Impossible colours!

Bright.

So bright that I winced as such majesty stung my eyes and purified me.

Energy.

Bliss.

I did not look away!

How could this be, I wondered?

I turned my head to follow and realised that, right to left, as far as I could perceive, these towering Browns filled every space. Of every shape, of every form, shade and colour.

How can this be?

How could this exist?

It was then I felt warmth. Heat like no other, both radiating and cooling, enchanted in its ability to be and not be possible. Warmness that soaked through every pour and sore. Every minuscule part of the not me I was. It fills me, removing the indifference, drought and pain. Such warmth that all the old world fell away.

Only this existed.

It was a dream, surely.

I turned around, brushed, bursting and eager.

Before me was the impossible! The Green! Vast Green! Numinous Green! As far as they eyes could see, Green. It swept around me, Green. Enclosed and engulfed me, Green. Dazed and puzzled me, Green. Ripping through my thoughts with overwhelming wonder and force. It devoured and overcame with relentless rejuvenating truth.

This was.

This was the certainty, the unknown that pressed against me in the unsympathetic Silver and Grey and Scarlet. Around me forces compelled, pressed me, honoured me. I was home.

I was here.

I was!

In that moment there was no more pain, not in my tail, nor teeth, nor bones. Inside my head the constant screams of kin hushed to nothing and the only thoughts that were present were peace, love, understanding.

What was peace?

I knew the sensation but had no comparison as to what it was. The closest The Silver and Grey and Scarlet had given was before the taking, when the beautiful and pink had birthed and fed us. Her warmth, her love! Yet even that was tainted with sadness; her heartbreak and endless pain.

Nonetheless, here in this place, this world, this now, this GREEN and BROWN and BLUE and GOLD. We both existed, we all existed!

This was real, this was love, this was all.

The Silver and Grey and Scarlet was false.

Was the lie, and I WAS!

I EXIST!

I AM!

~

When The Silver and Grey and Scarlet appeared again I was feverish and sick. Many got sick. Many always got sick. Many went in death or endured the pain and hunger inflicted upon our kind, it was the only choices we had.

For what?

If we give up, we go mad. It doesn't alter continuation though. The Silver and Grey and Scarlet does not regurgitate us into some other reality if we do give up. All that happens is we are still here, but less here than before. We lay down and sleep. We wake and suffer. The only transformation expiry brings is fabricated end, as we will be birthed precisely here again. IT IS ALL!

There is no comfort, no peace. No Browns other than filth, no Yellows other than the hard-sterile false light. And certainly, no Greens and Blues!

Time was static, repulsive and hostile. How can time be measured when nonentity is only on tap. When the repeated epochs of thinned life, and evolution through patch work delirium and luxury through dysentery, was never more than

each second, nor less for that matter. Day was night, night was always. It could have been five years, ten, seven days, an hour; it was always and in between and never less or fulfilling. One thing was for sure, The Silver and Grey and Scarlet was always!

***Ge' in their you bastards!***

***Ge'***

***Move, you fuckin' cunts!***

***Don't think of 'em as alive! It's the worst thing you can do...***

***Pigs down on the kill floor have come up and nuzzled me like a puppy. Two minutes I kill 'em! Don't let the cunts tric' ya. They're nothin', but chow. Remember that!***

A blow to the side of my head and the world swam in that familiar way.

We are nothing, we are not alive.

I tried to hold on.

They heard us, move us. kick us, beat us, anything to get us going in the direction they need us to move. Our time is up! Sometimes they cut our flesh with sharp weapons. We bleed, and they aggravate the area, pushing fingers and fists into the cut to



watch us thrash in pain and anguish.

Sometimes they brand us or scar us with their marks or words.

***HAHAHA this one now 'as a serial number like a Jew!***

We are in hell!

Into more Silver and Grey and Scarlet. Always Silver and Grey and Scarlet. Never ending Silver and Grey and Scarlet. How can this be? Did I see colours, hues, shades, pigments?

Was that real?

I am not.

It gets unbearably hot as we are squeezed, one by one into space that would be cramped for half our number. We are scared, crying out to those daemons that move us. That own our hearts and destroy our souls.

It is hot, and I think I will die.

Around us all is filth, the smell is crushing, and the fear is compulsive. How is this possible. How is any of this real? I am scared. We are afraid. The ground shakes and we cry out. Such rumbling unknown force. It shakes and shudders, and I know the dirt will open around us and devour us as though some

primordial god, slumbering within this nightmare, is waking.

Then bright light.

Overwhelming light.

It blisters our eyes and permeates us with unknown anxiety

But I... I know this light... or one similar. A parallel remembrance, one that is purer than this, more tangible, more pulsating, more vibrant, but it is still this light. The light of the Green, Brown, Blue and Gold.

I ignore the pain that runs through every ounce of my flesh and push myself towards the light. Fight through the lame and the sick, scramble over the dead.

Was it here, was it real? Was all The Silver and Grey and Scarlet just a test that we have now passed and are here to enter the world I imagined. It has to be... has to be... has to be...

Silver and Grey and Scarlet still tried to restrict me, hold me back and obstruct that which radiated from the external. But I knew, it has to be... has to be... has to be...

I compelled myself alongside the bars.

The Green, Brown, Blue and Gold stood before me. Radiating beauty in ways I had only ever fantasised about

before. It was glorious, yet... wrong... shattered... fraudulent.

As the world moved before me, I saw the deception. I saw the Grey of those masters who condemned us wolfing the Green, Brown, Blue and Gold! I saw it swell from square and rectangle knolls, across soil, and as far as my eye permitted me to see. Above, as though a fence to the stalag of hell lynched endless silver chains, debasing wires that carried its infection to all corners of the world. The Green, Brown, Blue and Gold was decayed, destroyed, corrupted with the Silver and Grey and Scarlet. It had taken all, slowly exhausted it of existence until the whole world was endless lifeless desolation. Until all-natural life converted to cogs in this slaughter-house existence.

There was no escape, none, because there was nothing to escape from.

The Silver and Grey and Scarlet had seeped into all.

I died.

There was nothing left now,

I had joined the mad.

~

After endless hours, after crazy heat. After foaming at the

mouth from thirst, the moving ground eventually slowed. There was noise and shouts. Protests and eyes. Abruptly eyes, peering through the bars of this prison. Eyes of the masters yet submerged in sorrowfulness and despaired.

***We are with you, little ones, we are here.***

***We see you***

***You are not alone!***

I didn't move, couldn't.

All life had gone, and I was crushed.

They were ghostly figments.

Not real, not there, nothing was there.

Nothing is there.

Only the Silver and Grey and Scarlet.

We moved from cage to cage. The mass to smaller groups. Small groups placed into smaller cages. It was surreal, numb. Death seeped into all our pores. We knew, could smell, this was the end.

Three or four of us now. The machines move, up and down, side to side. Noises, screams, demands. SACRIFICE, BLOOD. The devourer eats all.

***Get in there you fuckin' animal!***

The enclosure travels down and breathing becomes rigid and severe. This is it. This is the end. My kith and kin shriek and sob. Howl the final torment of those who knew brief beauty and love and life and just want to be, to exist. TO LIVE! Tears and fear.

Agony, agony, agony.

Life the cruel devourer demands us to scream, to weep, to plead! But I do not!

I won't! I stay silent. Stay silent as all the horror of my short time engulf me. Stay with me., Comfort me like a blanket.

The end, I see it.

The others stop crying, stop moving, stop being.

Just a few seconds...

The floor moves again, up this time and we are dragged out by cold uncaring hands. The world is blurry, and I swim as though in deep waters far too far from the surface to understand. I don't, I can't. How can anyone understand such cruelty? How can anyone be part of such hatred?

I feel my weight shifts to my rear legs as I start to hang,

almost weightless from the effects of the downward machine.  
My thoughts swim to the Browns with their millions of Greens,  
to the beautiful and pink. To each of us who together were  
alone. It surges over me and defines me. It is all that I am.

The weight shift and my joints writhe in suffering.

Things briefly become clearer.

A blade scratches my neckline and for a short second I feel  
nothing. Then scarlet pain. Endless pain.

***Huh, we got us a squirter!***

***Bastards!***

The world goes from the Silver and Grey to just scarlet. It  
covers all, each surface, each promise, each memory, each  
feeling. It becomes all. The daemon face before me, twisted and  
laughing and hadean.

There is nothing else

and I am not

I never was

was i?

**SMOLDER  
BY CHLOE MARER**

I am in my dreams when they appear to me. In a moonlit forest  
surrounded by towering dark

beech trees. Trunks ashen, and damp with honeydew. Long  
branches heavy with round deep green leaves. My eyes close for  
only a moment, and the forest surrounding me transforms. The  
trees have shifted into tall lean young men with skin like black  
velvet. An ashen charcoal color that looks beautifully soft to the  
touch. Their limbs are long, and shoulders rounded, hunched the  
smallest fraction, giving them a lazy swagger as they walk. Long  
sinewy muscled arms sway by their sides. On top of their heads are  
mops of silky raven hair. The short-cropped waves look like bits of  
waterfall in the night, smooth flowing curls and waves, just out of  
the way of their eyes.

Those eyes, those eyes, those molten gold eyes. They contain  
the gentle warmth of honey and the regal air of Kings wealth. The

fire of the predator and the desire of a lover. The hope that comes with sunrise and the fear of the impending dark a sunset brings. They move towards me. Their lean muscular bodies moving with fluidity and grace one would expect from a cat. An agile jungle beast. It is a frightening and thrilling movement. I expect them to leap on me at any given moment. The tallest steps forwards, his hair laced with the tiniest slivers of gold. He leans down to my level. My own eyes staring into his entrancing ones. It starts slowly at first, but his mouth starts to slowly curve and before I know it, it's a beaming smile. I can clearly see the glowing gold of lava creeping out from behind straight pitch-black teeth. I can smell the warm pollen on his breath. I can see the wildfire burning in his eyes. I feel myself bursting into flames beneath his very gaze. And then before I can react, I am whisked into the crowd.

Pressed against warm velvet bodies. The air smelling so thickly of honey I can almost taste it. All I can see is soft charcoal skin, burning amber eyes, and glowing molten smiles whirling all around me as I am spun between bodies. It is dizzying, and electrifying and I can't tell if I'm scared to death or drunkenly in love with the sensation. And then I find myself returned to the



tallest one. His hands resting on my shoulders, pulling me closer. He leans down to whisper something in my ear. The pollen on his breath is overpowering. It's practically intoxicating. "Scio quid estis vos..." He barely more than breathes, in a deep husky voice that reminds me of the rumble of distant thunder. His lips brush over my cheek, leaving a wisp of honeydew in their wake. His breathing is slow and steady, his vivid eyes half closed, as he leans in and kisses me so beautifully, with such sinful divinity, that I feel my heart start to smolder with a new desire.





# ESSAYS



*Art 2 by Okty Budiati*



## **LIQUID ANARCHISM BY TYLER DIXON**

Anarchy, defined as “without ruler,” and differentiated from Anarchism: “non-hierarchical social and political organization as a positive project.” Then it becomes possible to think of Feyerabend's attitudes to science as helpful for our attitudes to anarchism. The way this attitude can be applied the methodology of science is especially important to the practice of Anarchism from the lens of “liquid anarchism.”

Feyerabend’s “disunity of science” should happen to anarchism, not the theory or the discourse of anarchism as much as the practice thereof. As the state becomes ubiquitous, the practice of anarchism should as well. It should reject itself. It should compete. It should mandate all options on the table.

Anarchism is a method of politics, not a science. It is not a field of study as much as it is a practice of politics. And politics is war by other means. Once it becomes liquid, it can no longer be rigid, static and stagnant.

Feyerabend's arguments for science do not crossover to politics in general. He is discussing discourse and epistemology, knowledge and truth.

Politics is the conversation of violence and power, and for anarchists, how to fight it, decentralize it, absolve it.

We do not wish to have a battle of wits in the marketplace of ideas. We want to fight you in the street, we want to disturb.

Feyerabend's politics are centrist, essentially. However, in the context of anarchism and its relation to Anarchy, no ruler, the one who seeks anarchy and not anarchism can be very different. They don't want the same thing.

If we want to build, we must destroy, and this creates chasms in anarchism as a "movement"

Because his thinking about science, when applied to politics amounts to [... *the draft Tyler sent us shortly before his passing didn't have an ending to this sentence*]

His ideas about methodology are what matters for us.

Applying his understanding of how to attain knowledge we can think of methods of achieving the knowledge of anarchism, the application of anarchy to anarchism.

It's a nihilist anarchism, we make a distinction between anarchy and anarchism.

"There is no demarcation between science and non-science

There is no demarcation between anarchism and anarchism"

His work informs a liquid anarchism. It is closely related to anarchism without adjectives, but furthermore, LA must negate itself, compete with itself for otherwise, it crystallizes, but to be anarchist (A person who practices anarchism, as one who practices science), against the ubiquitous state, you need to be against methodology, because for scientists, what they want is "objective truth," Politics is about power and the state concentrates this power and at the same time, its directives are [... *again this is another sentence left unended – I as a friend of Tyler's would not want to remove or fill in here*]

Politics is not epistemology, it is about power, violence, and conflict. The state which used to concentrate this power in the way of Kings, then Constitutional Monarchies, then Liberal Democracies has become insidiously invasive at the same time it is also concentrated. This postmodern state needs other forms of social control, so its methods adapt to reach their ends. The state is



liquid.

Is clearly "Against Method" in response, any attack on the state. Anarchism must also become "Against Method" it must "flow like water." It's because there is not center, no essence that is stagnant.

His work informs a liquid anarchism. It is closely related to anarchism without adjectives, but furthermore, LA must negate itself, compete with itself for otherwise, it crystallizes, but to be anarchist (A person who practices anarchism, as one who practices science), against the ubiquitous state, you need to be against methodology, because for scientists, what they want is "objective truth," but what anarchists want is nothing short of everything, but nothing in particular. So, beyond competition in a market place of ideas, which is the area of theory. Liquid anarchism incorporates the notion of not just a stagnant "diversity of tactics" but a rejection of methods as a discourse. It sees the tiredness in good/cop bad cop debates with liberals and radicals and flows through it, carving new paths of negation and redirection.

Politics is not epistemology it is about power, violence, and conflict. The state which used to concentrate this power has become insidiously invasive and at the same time, is liquid. Is

clearly "Against Method" In response, any attack on the state.  
Anarchism must also become "Against Method"

*[Obviously much of these paragraphs are a repeat of a previous ones. I believe that when Tyler wrote this, he chose to do this as a poetic approach to articulating his ideas, so have not changed anything here. This continues throughout the essay.]*

Just as nihil is not nihilism. Anarchy is not anarchism.

Feyerabend's work informs a liquid anarchism, which is closely related to anarchism without adjectives, but furthermore, LA must negate itself, compete with itself or otherwise, it crystallizes. To be anarchist (A person who practices anarchism, as one who practices science - I am not an anarchist, I am simply a philosopher of anarchism), against the ubiquitous state, you need to be against methodology, because for scientists, In Feyerabend's view what they want is "objective truth," and no single method will reap this reward. But what anarchists want is nothing short of everything, but nothing in particular. All that ultimately unites anarchists is an agreement that they would like to see Anarchy - The absence. Anarchists therefore often have contradictory and irreconcilable differences of opinion. So, beyond competition in a market place

of ideas, which is the area of theory. Liquid anarchism incorporates the notion of not just a stagnant "diversity of tactics" but a rejection of methods as a discourse. It sees the tiredness in good/cop bad cop debates with liberals and radicals and flows through it, carving new paths of negation and redirection.

Liquid anarchism is action that actively seeks the destruction of the state. It is when Anarchy meets Anarchism. It must move. It becomes liquid. It seeps into everything by all means available.

Conceiving anarchism as liquid modifies anarchism further along the lines of the situationists and the post-left anarchists. What differentiates those anarchists from an anarchist liquidity is that here, an attempt will be made to articulate and define the postmodern state in detail, in an effort to understand the problem better. The situationist and post-left critiques are still solid. I mean this in both the colloquial term and in regard to academic jargon. They were "right on" but they had no in-depth analysis of the postmodern liquid state. And this remains a recurring problem in anarchist dialogues and actions world over.

There is no Bastille to storm, we are living in a post-panoptic world.

We have become functionaries of the state. We must fight ourselves. "We must be like water."

Politics is not epistemology. It is about power, violence, and conflict. The state, which used to concentrate this power has become insidiously invasive and charitable, it is liquid. The state is clearly "Against Method." In response, any attack on the state. Which is, by nature, negation not affirmation, switches domains of use, patterns of logic, terms of agreement between interlocutors. Anarchism, being a philosophy of absence, of building replacement or alternative social structures, already lends itself to liquidity. Anarchism is a lot like [... *another sentence we will never know Tyler's intended ending (though I like to imagine he'd end it with "nothing", but perhaps he did)*]

Anarchism must also become "Against Method"

Anarchy, defined as without ruler," and differentiated from Anarchism: "non-hierarchical social and political organization as a positive project." Then it becomes possible to think of Feyerabend's attitudes to science as helpful for our attitudes to anarchism. The way this attitude can be applied the methodology of science is especially important to the practice of Anarchism

from the lens of "liquid anarchism."

"Disunity of science" should happen to anarchism as the state becomes ubiquitous, the practice of anarchism should as well. It should reject itself. It should compete. It should put all options on the table.

Anarchism is a method of politics, not a science. It is not a field of study as much as it a practice of politics. And politics is war by other means. Once it becomes liquid, it can no longer be rigid, static and stagnant.

Feyerabend's arguments for science do not crossover to politics in general. He is discussing discourse and epistemology, knowledge and truth.

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Feyerabend's politics are centrist, essentially. However, in the context of anarchism and its relation to Anarchy, no ruler, the one who seeks anarchy and not anarchism can be very different. They don't want the same thing.

If we want to build, we must destroy, and this creates chasms in anarchism as a "movement"

Because his thinking about science, when applied to politics amounts to

His ideas about methodology are what matters for us.

Applying his understanding of how to attain knowledge we can think of methods of achieving not the knowledge of anarchism, but anarchism itself. the application of anarchy to anarchism.

It's a nihilist anarchism, we make a distinction between anarchy and anarchism. Anarchism must negate itself to achieve anarchism, on principle.

"There is no demarcation between science and non-science"

A concern for anarchists is the tension between anarchy and anarchism. Anarchy is simply the absence of something. Anarchism is the Nietzschean problem of the absence.

Just as nihil is not nihilism. Anarchy is not anarchism.

Feyerabend's work informs a liquid anarchism, which is closely related to anarchism without adjectives, but furthermore, LA must negate itself, compete with itself or otherwise, it crystallizes. To be anarchist (A person who practices anarchism, as one who practices

science - I am not an anarchist, I am simply a philosopher of anarchism), against the ubiquitous state, you need to be against methodology, because for scientists, In Feyerabend's view what they want is "objective truth, "and no single method will reap this reward. But what anarchists want is nothing short of everything, but nothing in particular. All that ultimately unites anarchists is an agreement that they would like to see Anarchy - The absence. Anarchists therefore often have contradictory and irreconcilable differences of opinion. So, beyond competition in a market place of ideas, which is the area of theory. Liquid anarchism incorporates the notion of not just a stagnant "diversity of tactics" but a rejection of methods as a discourse. It sees the tiredness in good/cop bad cop debates with liberals and radicals and flows through it, carving new paths of negation and redirection.

Liquid anarchism is action that actively seeks the destruction of the state, but also the destruction of rigid anarchisms of massification (What the fuck is an IWW? Nobody cares), of inactive resignation (though I am partial to Monsieur Dupont's stance of not condemning this course of action), and organization that is not adhoc and/or easily evaporated. Liquid anarchism is

when Anarchy meets Anarchism. Everything must move. It becomes liquid. It seeps into everything that attacks the state by all means available but does not formulate any anarchism due to its liquid nature.

Conceiving anarchism as liquid modifies anarchism further along the lines of the situationists and the post-left anarchists. What differentiates those anarchists from an anarchist liquidity is that here, an attempt will be made to articulate and define the postmodern state in detail, in an effort to understand the problem better. The situationist and post-left critiques are still quite solid. I mean this in both the colloquial term and in regard to academic jargon. They were "right on" but they had no in-depth analysis of the postmodern liquid state as we perceive it today. No situationists had a twitter account or received dick pics from some guy named Michael at 3am on a Saturday on a device that monitors you, keeps you connected, aids in finding employment. The smartphone is a good example of the liquidity of the post-panoptical liquid modern state. The situationists were seeing a major problem with anarchist methods because the state was becoming liquid. More so with the Post-Left. And this remains a



recurring problem in anarchist dialogues and actions world over.

There is no Bastille to storm, we are living in a post-panoptic world.

We have become the state. We must fight ourselves. "We must be like water." And water will kill, and it will sustain.

Politics is not epistemology. It is about power, violence, and conflict. The state which used to concentrate this power in physical spaces, has become insidiously invasive, amorphous and paternally charitable, it is liquid. The state is clearly "Against Method" in achieving social control. In response, any attack on the state - which is, by nature, negation not affirmation, switches domains of use, patterns of logic, terms of agreement between interlocutors. Liquid Anarchism exemplified the linguistic rule that languages are ever-changing. Anarchy's beauty is the beauty of possibility and imagining. Anarchism, being a philosophy of anarchy and its possibilities, of building replacement or alternative social structures or not building anything at all, already lends itself to liquidity. Anarchists would find things may go differently if we understand our enemy better, and in this post-panoptic liquid modern world, since

*[... this is where Tyler left us. We have left his words true to his memory. This piece in many ways' mirrors much of Tyler himself—repetitive, confused, beautiful, honest and desperate. From across the other side of the Atlantic, I know nothing really of Tyler out of the context of the internet. But as much as I can do given the context of our relationship, I have a great love of him and of this piece he gave to this project. I hope who ever reads this essay will take from it all Tyler wanted to say (but my inner Tyler tells me that that is a desperate hope).]*

## THE OLD GODS BY EMMA KATHRYN

### *The Old Gods are dying.*

I've been trying to write this for days now, but it's no good. The words won't come. I can't hear them, they're lost in the noise, that ever-present din of society and civilisation. It all gets too much until you can't make sense of anything, until you feel like you're suffocating. Sometimes I can escape it, ignore it, but not today. It presses in on me, weighs me down and it's not enough to take refuge in my garden, the last bastion of green in a sea of concrete and steel. But even that refuge isn't safe. Nothing is safe from that New God, the one we call Progress. It is in the name of the New God that the authorities want to cut down my trees, mow away the undergrowth and install a 'green space', Newspeak for a manicured area, sanitised and safe. No longer wild. Tame.

I leave the house and my garden, knowing that soon I will have to return to this world of man. Of work and expectation. Of living in a box, separate from my true nature. But for a while at least, I

will follow the advice of Nietzsche's old hermit and return to the forest. I will go to the animals. I will return to my Gods, the old Gods. The real Gods.

I make my way through the estate, watching the people as I go. Some of them smile and say hello, and I respond. I see the way they look at me though. They accept me, but they think I'm strange, I know. I hear the whispers as they pass my house. I'm one of them, but not of them, for they have become the overman. They have surpassed man, that animal part of themselves, or at least they think they have. They believe in the New Gods. They think that they are a part of those systems, but instead they are at the very bottom of them, only there to be used. They too are resources. They are the cheap labour. They are the scapegoats, and yet despite all they suffer at the hands of the New Gods, are grateful for the dregs they receive.

**The Old Gods are dying, and nobody cares.**

We have surpassed our animal nature. We have become the new man, the overman. We have renounced our nature and now, as that very nature seeks to destroy the pest she helped spawn, we sit, and

we say, 'The Old Gods are dying', all the while not realising, or perhaps ignoring that when they do, we will die too. We have moved away from nature. We have forgotten our place within it, and now, because of that, because of our devotion to the New Gods, the world tears itself apart, trying to rid itself of us.

But alas, I digress. I must escape, and so I leave behind the estate and the inhabitants of that forgotten place, and instead make my way to the woods. My woods. The woods where I go with my sisters, where rituals are held beneath the canopy of the trees in the dark of a winter's night, where my blood has fallen and mingled with the dirt. This place runs in my blood and now my blood runs through it too.

I pass through the industrial estate, that pulsating creature that belongs to the New Gods. It never stops, never sleeps, this behemoth of stainless steel and glass, but instead constantly produces and in turn must be constantly fed with the efforts of the overmen.

Hidden amongst the factories though is a gravel path, and it is this path I take now. Already I feel myself relaxing, feel the layers of conditioning peeling away until I can breathe again. The path

ascends, and it makes your calf muscles ache but before the pain worsens, the path levels off and opens out into a wide field, high with grass. Mugwort grows here, ragwort and rambling rose too, and the scent of fox urine fills my nose as I enter into the dog fox's territory. It feels like I've come home.

I make my way into the woods, moving amongst the twisted, lichen and moss-covered trunks of Hawthorn and Birch and Alder until I come to the place I call my own. Now I can sit and be, with no expectation or worry. I close my eyes and feel the woods about me, let its atmosphere surround me. Soon I forget that I am man. Instead I just am. Somewhere a wood pigeon calls out. Somewhere else another bird takes flight, the flap of the wings as it bursts through the treetops startling in the quiet of the woods. It is here where I feel most connected to the land, where I feel alive. The hum of the woods seep into my bones, into my soul. Somewhere twigs crackle and leaves shake as hidden creatures go about their business. If you sit quietly enough, sometimes the muntjac deer will show themselves, but they are shy creatures and distrustful of man, and who can blame them? Have we not become the Gods of destruction?

But even as I sit here and commune with nature, with the one true god, the one that is always there and always has been, the one that flows into me and becomes me, or perhaps I become it, I can feel the New Gods approach. Already to the North, houses encroach. At first it was just one estate and now another has sprung up right at the very edge of the woods, the people who live there smug. They have the prime location, right on the wood's edge but all the while not sparing a second thought as to what was there before. They don't care. They worship at the altar of the New Gods. They've paid the price tag and now nothing else matters. To them Nature has become something that you look out at, that you visit, not something that we are linked to, that is inside of us all. And all the while the industrial estate is ever expanding. I find myself wondering how long this little patch of nature can survive and my heart weighs with a sadness that runs deep.

And now, like Zarathustra, it is time for me to go back, to descend once more to the world of the New Gods, but instead I do not go to preach to the masses, to the overman. It is too late for that, for they are now disciples of the New Gods and pay no heed or don't understand. The time for talking is over. Now only action

will suffice.

The Old Gods are not dead yet and nor am I. With the song of the Earth running through me, I will fight for the Old Gods, the Gods of earth and of nature and of land. I beseech you to join with me now. Remember your connection to the real world, the natural world. Baptise yourself in the forests and the lakes and the seas. Hear its voice in the birdsong and the wind.

It isn't too late. The Old Gods aren't dead yet.



**PSYCHIC ANARCHY – POETIC  
TERRORISM AND  
PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE  
BY JULIAN LANGER**

Any work on terrorism poses certain questions that are undoubtedly sensitive ones. The immediate emotivist response the subject makes any discussion tricky, as people, for obvious reasons, tend not to like thinking about terrorism and tend to not like what terrorists do. The adage goes “one man’s terrorist is another man’s freedom fighter” – either way, the terrorist belongs to Man. Most, if not all, terrorists are arseholes undoubtedly, as performers of some of the ugliest acts domesticated Man will perform against other domesticated men.

And the sad fact is that terrorists are the only domesticated “humans” challenging this culture who are making a noticeable impact. Radicals and resistance groups might make small dents in the machinery of the Leviathan; but terrorists are the groups and individuals who make the Leviathan sweat and inspire existential crisis in its parts.

At its core, what terrorism does is reinforce the fear of death injected into this culture's collective consciousness – the memory of your mortality thrust upon you. Sure, the bombings, gunfire, stabbings, executions, cars ploughing into crowds and planes into buildings are the immediate aspects of terrorism you see and think of. But these are only the affects. The effects of these actions – the situations they create – are ones of cosmic horror and existential dread.

One of the immediate responses to this existential dread is to seek to repress freedoms and deny responsibility, turning to the God like gaze of the state and government. The immediate perception is that this makes it ok – even if there are small slips, God is watching and will make all ok. Borders are watched, CCTV cameras installed, people told what to look out for and everything made safe – until the next time some asshole with a bomb decides to blow more people up. This, in many ways, is not only now part of the machinery, but fuels the Leviathan's consumption as a basic necessity – one the spectacle of hyper-realism is often keen to capitalise on.

The relationship between necro-capitalism and semiotic-

capitalism seems to be one of near complete unification, or at the very least one whose state of infusion grows stronger daily. The mass production of meaning as the mass production of death – death as meaning and meaning as death. Across virtually all media this is the case and domesticated Man is caught in a position of the perpetual production of anxiety and its subsequent repression.

Terrorists are very much workers within this machinery, highlighting weak spots for the system mechanics to fix, reinforce and strengthen. As much as this is a lived contradiction, as processes within the world are often contradictory, terrorists operate within a space and function as a masked entity, whose mask has faces on both sides.

\*

What if we conceived of a practice of terrorism, that had nothing to do with terrorists though? What if the injection of existential terror into the psychic-space of this culture was the result of processes occurring within-the-world as wild-processes, rather than machinic-processes?

The ecological crisis we are living within is undoubtedly an existential one. This mass extinction event could undoubtedly

bring about the end of “humanity”, and will hopefully bring about the end of civilised-Man.

The question this raises is, why aren’t people afraid of the ecological crisis in the same way that they are afraid of terrorists?

The answer is simple – across informational matrixes semio-capitalists haven’t allowed that fear to grow and manifest, in the same way fear of terrorists has been allowed to. This is because it is easy to form moral binaries that conform to the traditional good-evil split with regards to terrorists and what they do, whereas it is far harder to place the identity of evil upon a melting icecap or a wild-fire – though many might call the industrialists and their ilk evil. It is also far easier to imagine the effect of a bomb upon our own bodies and feel emotional about that, than it is to think about what acid rain might do to the body of the earth.

The current state of mediation keeps the domesticated from feeling horror over the situation we are actually all immersed within. Because of this, environmentalists of all factions are largely passed over as silly hippies, who don’t understand what is of priority – which is generally economic, political and humanitarian matters. Even as Green becomes more fashionable,

the Futurability of this culture is of prior importance.

There is little terror over the mass extinction. There is little terror over the ecological abyss this culture is leaving in its wake.

So again, what if we conceived of an entirely different type of terrorism?

\*

What is terror?

Extreme fear. Horror. Panic. Alarm.

It is that feeling you get when you are confronted by a phenomenon that threatens your Being in some way.

It is “AHHHHHHH!!! FUCK!!!”.

We seek terror in films and novels. What painful art brings us is a sense of empowerment, through our overcoming of the sensations they bring us, allowing us to confront our pain.

We seek terror in from the news outlets of semio-capitalism, not for empowerment, but for the sensation of needing-to-be-taken-care-of. Terrorist showcases on the evening news are fantastic propaganda for militarists.

But again, what if we conceived of terrorism without terrorists?

This would be, terrorism as an aesthetic, something poetic – an

art of creative-destruction and destructive-creation. This practice would be one of psychological warfare, where attacking the psychic-space and undermining the sense of safety-in-normality is the aim of the game.

\*

Why artistic means? Aren't we sick of artists, with their sentiment and the nothingness of their work, which largely gets usurped by this culture and devoured by the Leviathan? How is art meant to stop Too Fucking Late Kapitalism from eradicating everything?

Equally, what is aesthetics? Is it an entirely artistic phenomenon? These questions won't be addressed here – they're too big for this short essay.

My experience of the beauty of a squirrel leaping from tree to tree leads me to doubt that aesthetics is an entirely artistic phenomenon. My experience of this culture leads me to doubt that art can challenge this culture in its entirety. But moving on ...

What is artistic is artificial, and in many ways entirely what civilisation is – so why art? Art has always been restricted to those in positions of authority, because art has, within civilisation,

power.

Art bound the Egyptians to the image of the Pharaohs, in what are now the relics we know today. Sculptures and paintings of saints bind Catholics to the church. Communist propagandists use art to fuel the fires of their revolutionary dialectic.

Art holds psychic power. It influences us, through aesthetic means.

Like the terror a hurricane or wildfire brings, the art of this aesthetic terrorism is and will be that of sheer cosmic pessimism and ecological savagery, where Man's authority and might is laid bare beneath the wild power of the world. It is an inhumanist space, untame and indifferent to the moral laws of civilisation's God.

\*

Like in Theatre of Cruelty, language is entirely insufficient for aesthetic terrorism – like the screams of primal therapies, this psycho-cathartic medium is one where we are not seeking simply to rationalise cognitively the repressions, traumas and violence done to Us, both as individuals and as the world, but one where we are seeking to express a full bodied, visceral sense of pain and

fury.

The pain this space invokes is entirely something terrifying. It is something terrifying to those who idolise domestication. It is iconoclastic.

Also like in Theatre of Cruelty, the art of psychic anarchy is largely something impossible – no poem or painting is ever going to be as powerful as a thunderstorm in the night. Despite this, the ontological return of the primitive, as the aesthetic experience we are seeking, is our means of attack.

This is the terrorism of psychic anarchy – psychological warfare, existential dread and a savage embrace of what is wild.



**SHE IS THE VOID, SHE IS THE  
ALL, SHE IS  
BY EZRA BUCKLEY**

I am a chaote. If you are reading this, you may be too. What it means to be a chaote varies, according to the day and the situation and in that it is many things and nothing at all. For the sake of exposition, I will unpack that a little more by saying, personally for me, part of being a chaote means that I have an overwhelming interest in nothingness, the concept of the void, and the history of the concept of emptiness. I won't go into an exploration of why and how something that is empty is not, in fact, contentless except to say that this is indeed my observation and the observation of others in this field of study. If you haven't experienced something as ineffable at this point, I doubt I could convince you anyway, nor is that my desire. I will, however, touch on a few things that originally stoked my interest in the void and the concept of nothingness in hopes that it will help you on your journey to know-where.

I have always had an attraction to large, empty, dark spaces for as long as I can remember. This was either started by or manifested as a recurring a dream I had as a child. The dream found me floating in the middle of a vast, dark sea and instead of being terrified I felt cradled, for lack of a better term. The void felt natural, inviting and even familiar. Besides this childhood obsession with nothing(ness), I have, in adulthood, come into contact with some vital ideas that have helped to feed this infatuation. The Kyoto School of philosophy is one. The Kyoto School blends some of the ideas from Zen schools of thought, regarding the void, with some of the better elements of continental, western nihilism (i.e. Heidegger, et al) but this is a subject for another time, possibly in the form of a book. The study of Zen, especially some of the “darker” schools, Taoism, Jung, Existentialism, Nihilism, Illegalism, Surrealism, Dada, Ernst Junger, Pataphysics, meditation and the cosmic college of hard knocks, are among a few but incomplete list of other influences that led me to my current position. I’m sure this road keeps going and I will keep traveling, so nothing I write here should be construed as a final position. Since I am a model agnostic, things

can and most likely, will change based on new data. You should, rather, view this as a report from the field regarding the current position of my specific journey to date. Undoubtedly, I will be calling in new reports from future landscapes. Stay tuned.

A major instigator of my current insights lies in my pursuit of the history of zero (read *Zero: The Biography of a Dangerous Idea* for a taste of this history) and the cultural effects that the acceptance of zero as a concept had. My interest in zero was, of course, an outgrowth of my interest in “nothing”. In studying zero and its rocky road to acceptance in western thought, I took note of how hard some people in positions of power pushed back on the acceptance of this idea. People, specifically people in positions of power, feared the idea of “nothing”. I found this baffling since I already viewed “nothing” as the most primordial state of existence and in fact, I viewed it as a necessary predecessor of existence. Without the void, there is no emergence of a thing or one might even say the original thing. One may also call this original “thing” The Primal Monad, if one were so inclined. Regardless of what you call it, when you look at who were the most vocal opponents of the idea of zero’s acceptance, it becomes abundantly clear that

the fear and consternation was based on concerns of control. Whether this was wholly conscious on their part is debatable, but the pushback was still very real. Would it surprise you to know that the xtain church fathers were among the most vociferous and vocal opponents of the recognition of the concept of nothingness or absence of a thing and its representation via the symbol known as zero? Probably not. But when you read it written out like that, doesn't the fear and loathing seem patently absurd?

Mythologically and culturally, this struggle is best illustrated by the story of Tiamat and Marduk. Another book that I will recommend here is chaos mathematician Ralph Abraham's underappreciated masterpiece, *Chaos, Gaia, Eros*, which is an examination of world cultural history as viewed from the perspective of chaos theory. If this is beginning to read more like an expanded book catalog than an essay, I will concede that I am not a fan of the holy trinity of thesis, antithesis, synthesis, so sorry, not sorry. But I digress.

Tiamat is a goddess figure who was worshiped, some speculate, pre-civilization in the middle east. Tiamat is pictorially represented as a dragon but is referred to in writing as a great abyss, a dark

void, and a vast dark ocean. Her name indicates her identification as a “primordial sea”. In the post-civilization era, Tiamat's exact functions as a goddess become more unclear. Our best source of information for Tiamat is the myth *Enūma Eliš*, and in fact, there are only a handful of references to her outside of it. Her obviously once great influence seems to have been somewhat wiped out and Tiamat herself became demoted in the pantheon. Eventually, Tiamat became the antagonist of the creation myth in ancient middle eastern creation stories. Tiamat the great abyss, is killed and dismembered by a law and order sky god named Marduk. How exactly one goes about dismembering a void is something we'll leave to the side for now. Culturally, Marduk, previously a B-lister among the gods becomes one of the early monotheistic “sky gods”. As Alan Watts once pointed out, this type of god was modeled on a middle eastern tyrant king. This shift of values, symbolized by the shift of reverence from a primordial sea goddess who was also known as The Void or The Abyss to a rule bearing, law imposing sky god is an allegory for the decline of a more nature-based form of existence towards a civilized form of society.

It doesn't take a genius to see how this story mirrors the rise of

the Neolithic and the resultant vilification of the Paleolithic by the new citadel dwellers. This disdain carries over to present day, with urban dwellers expressing a low opinion of “bumpkins” and of course in Roman times, this disdain was expressed as “paganus”, the root of the term “pagan” which literally means, “country dweller”. What the retooling of the Tiamat/Marduk epic symbolizes is a shift in the nature of consciousness from a nomadic lifestyle, where the values of dynamism, gradients, and changes are viewed positively, and chaos is seen as a natural state. Flux, and change are viewed as the necessary precursors to life and vitality in this worldview. This outlook also puts a much less negative accent on the death and decay part of the life cycle. Breakdown is viewed not so much as entropy but rather a part of an eternal cycle. Law and order, civilized, calendric, stationary, citadel existence, which is viewed as a preferential state by the status quo, on the other hand, would be viewed as a form of bondage or prison by someone immersed in the chaotic worldview. Therein, we have the natural conflict which arose between these two worldviews and of course the natural human expression through storytelling and myth. I won’t go so far as to point my finger at things like language

(although I admit, it is suspect in my view these days) or art, but I will include agriculture, clocks, calendars, slavery and banking systems among targets of suspicion.

How does this help us in the here and now? Well, to be very honest, it doesn't. At least not in the "how do we save the world?" sense. That's a fool's errand anyway. What it does do is help us understand how we got to this place, what this place is and maybe how to regain an appreciation for the sacred chaos that is a forgotten part of creation. In a sense, chaos is a natural defense from the virus called civilization, which we all know is just another word for slavery.

Uncertainty is your friend. Chaos is the lack of order which in fact is the true primordial state of being. When opposing or at the very least, not participating in a system of order, the best defense and offense is unpredictability. Anyone who has lived an illegalist style life knows that when the heat is on your tail, change up your routine and make it as random as possible to shake your tail.

If the idea of a goddess chafes you it may help to think of it as a symbol for a principle or an outlook or even an archetype that embodies a worldview. Remember what Jung said about

archetypes having at least a pseudo-sentience (methinks he was hedging his bet). If you doubt this or have not experienced this first hand, then maybe you have not loped through the same liminal alleyways as me and some of my friends or maybe we're just insane. That's ok too. Think about it. Could there be a freer state in the straitjacket of civilization than what is commonly known as insanity? Never, ever forget. You are a frog and you are ever so slowly being boiled to death. You can choose to hop out of the pot, if only figuratively. If you have never allowed yourself to go completely and totally insane, even if for a period of time, you are missing out on a truly liberating experience. I highly recommend it.

Going toe to toe with the egregore known as civilization, or to use a more mythopoetic labels if that suits you, Marduk or Technos, is a suicide mission. The proper posture is more along the lines of 4th Generational or Asymmetrical Warfare. Think guerrillas in the jungle versus big, lumbering armies better equipped to fight in the European theater. Be nimble, be unpredictable, be chaotic. While we do this, we should adopt the proper archetypes to help us and inspire us in our hit and run



escapades. Trickster archetypes seem the most natural choice. They are playful, mischievous, liminal, non-linear and unpredictable. Sounds like a match made in heaven. Regardless of your personal opinion regarding the subjectivity, objectivity, or usefulness of archetypes in everyday life, you can benefit from studying the strategies and methodologies of the universal archetype, known as the trickster. Luckily, because this figure is indeed universal, you have a multitude of flavors to choose from. Pick one or several that have qualities or pedigrees that resonate with you. To get you started, there's a handy list of tricksters here on this page: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Trickster>

What, exactly are we fighting for? Nothing, in the truest sense of the word. No Thing. What are we fighting against? Structure, constraint, boredom, serfdom, control, the complete and total lack of wonder and joy that seems to grow, like kudzu vines, around everything and everyone in this simulation of life that has crept up swallowed us all. How do we break this strange spell? Here are some ideas: Perform strangely, channeled rituals in front of commercial venues. Use industrial adhesives to mount “non-commissioned” works of art in various places in the urban

landscape, spray paint QR codes and slogans in very obvious public places, fill out official forms using the method of automatic writing and then submit them and vigorously defend their validity. Monkeywrench, monkeywrench, monkeywrench and then monkeywrench again. Devise disruptive strategies to thwart the spread of civilization, even if it's just a little piece, your little piece of ontological landscape. Be an agent of chaos. Leave little shrines to Tiamat in front of mosques, churches, and synagogues. Stage book burnings and use computer manuals, government tax codes, fashion and gossip magazines as the fuel. Use your imagination.

You may say that this is all in vain and in fact, you are most likely correct. Is this just rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic? Will this change anything? Could it? Should it? Aren't these all irrelevant questions? Shouldn't you be out dancing in the streets, celebrating life and randomness, flashing a homemade identification card that reads, "Agent of Chaos" at anyone who dares to waggle a finger in the direction of your antics? Get busy, froggy!

**A DUNGEON OF OUR OWN MAKING –  
ABSURDITY, MISANTHROPY, AND  
SPITING MONSTERS  
BY ARCHIE THOMAS**

*“The man of knowledge must be able not only to love  
his enemies but also to hate his friends.”  
— Friedrich Nietzsche*

*“There is no fire like passion, there is no shark like  
hatred, there is no snare like folly, there is no torrent  
like greed.”  
— Gautama Buddha*

**A haunted thoughtscape**

*There they were. Happy people in happy little towns, smiling,  
working, at peace. Their art and prosperity in profound and  
sentimental splendour, their place in a future of their own  
choosing, assured forever on a path of pure joy. The corn sways in  
the summer breeze. Laughter dances around the rooftops. Edge  
closer.*

*As we move we find that the shadows lengthen behind us - the  
faces become paler, the nightmare rises out of the cracks between  
the cobblestones, the feeling of betrayal rises, the acid wells up  
inside your chest and you retch a sinister rouge - because in the*

*now hollow eyes and sewn shut mouths of the happy people you see  
only yourself, mirrored in agony.*

Cosmic horror. The idea that there are things beyond our own comprehension, working against us, from behind the veil of what we can consciously perceive - impossibly old monstrosities from realms outside our own; with pitiless, calculating minds, in utter contempt of our doomed reality and of our belief in our own superiority. They live in nightmares, pulpy horror, occult visions of devilry, and forbidden debauchery, unseen.

And yet, inside the swarming multiplicity of the mind, cyclopean altars of jet and basalt stand in honor of ancient noisome gods, folded and hidden in dark corners where the observing consciousness dares not tread. The gods worshipped at these altars, are however, all too familiar;

The rabid titan - **Human**. His bellowing demands shatter the sky, he is supreme, untouchable. The planet cracks and shrivels beneath his feet, he desires only material energy to maintain his power, his constant war on everything he sees beneath him. He must feed.

The binding serpent - **Self**. It slithers behind the eyes, it is a single line, it demands oneness, certainty. It poisons all it touches into a stupor that there is no escape from. It binds, blinds, and burns as it goes. The serpent holds you where you are, in one place.

The oldest, darkest 'I' - The master of the consciousness, I speaks in dreams, goes to places we do not know, defies time, and life, and waits, always waiting, to speak through you and add its likeness to young consciousnesses. I have no pity, no fury. I must only continue to be.

We are all subjects of these entities, these deities that come so naturally that their worship seems like what we call a 'normal life'. They do not serve us, and yet we continue to propagate them. For all our theories of determinism against free will, these beings still inhabit us, no matter how much we have decided to 'reject' them.

The only truth at work here is that there is no escape - we are infected with this triumvirate and do their bidding. The only recourse is to descend to their blackened pits and bind them to their altars forever, so they may not move against us again. There must be a reckoning, deep inside our own thoughts, where we face these

monsters and teach them their place by becoming monstrous in our own right.

Because if 'I' - 'the human' - 'the self' - are allowed to continue to have the mastery over what remains, over the bag of flesh and static that makes me, and all of you, over the half-infected, half delusional, mostly alive multiplicity of our thoughts; then there must also be misanthropy to keep them in check.

Misanthropy - for the insignificance of the human  
*and the insignificance of my own 'humanity'*

Misanthropy - for their delusions of self and order  
*delusions of my 'oneness' and my 'self'*

Misanthropy - for the 'I' and its total fraudulence  
*the fraudulence of an idea that I am significant*

Misanthropy - to bind the monsters and live out these final days  
*beyond lies a treatment but there is no cure*

Misanthropy - for what makes us is not us  
*to learn to live in spite of a life of absurdity*

Descend now into the dungeons of the mind.

### **Prepare your gear, abandon hope**

For our quest we must avail ourselves of some useful musings on the nature of the absurd, on misanthropy itself, on the fraudulence of that we seek to spite, and on the nature of the trials ahead. Where we plan to tread slither manifold horrors, and the

dungeons themselves change and shift as you go. It is within an amalgamated dreamscape of your own experiences that you will find the beasts that haunt your life.

But before you sleep and enter this place, take arms and protection of steel in the form of words. For in this place the pen and the sword are one and the same.

For Albert Camus, the horrors of an empty universe filled with nothingness and suffering held no sway over his natural detachment from all things. A philosopher only in the hindsight of his readers, called an 'existentialist' following his death, Camus postulated theories of living to spite the absurd - to realise that in a cold uncaring universe, there is nothing that truly matters except the meaning we create, and even then, it's not certain whether 'meaning' even exists.

Unlike other existentialists, Camus preferred to spite his own search for meaning - to avoid any act of 'eluding' his fate. To him, the absurdity of the human condition eclipses all else, and anything that causes one to lose sight of the absurd is a delusion, fraudulent and escapism. There are only three options once the absurd is acknowledged - embrace a false idol to distract oneself from it, end

your life to escape it, or learn to live in spite of it. Camus arms us with nothing more than a cup of coffee as our respite, because the alternatives we have are just death or evasion. Drink the coffee now while it's still warm and be glad of the comfort it brings.

Of course, in a dungeon we need some form of light - and what better light would be the vitriolic fire of a certain, raving individualist. The star of his own ghost stories, Max Stirner's rejection of his supposed destiny is a guiding light for us to follow on our trip through the dungeons. A willful 'egoist', Max's ideas of radical interest in one's own welfare and taking control of one's own life, of taking what you want without feeling the burdens of guilt and morality, are all very useful when accepting the need for misanthropy.

Max also believed in the concept of the 'phantasm' - poltergeists that inhabit the mind, the spawn and family of this unholy triumvirate we seek to fetter. Any socially constructed idea, or prevailing delusion was fair game in his eyes, as they only inconvenienced him and stood in the way of what he considered to be his own welfare and interests. The rejection of these 'spooks' will help us stay focused on the task at hand. Hold it high and



wave it around like a flaming torch when the delusions draw nearer.

To hate everything about ourselves and everyone else, we also need to steel ourselves with something solid. Anything will do at this point, armoring oneself in this dungeon is a matter of life and death. So, we turn to little known thinker Georges Palante. Although not having the most refined take on the absurd, his furore and call to isolate oneself in pessimism - to make constant curious, pitiless analysis of one's peers and their thoughts and motivations - stands as a good reminder that what pervades outside us in others is related to, and even the same as, the monstrous hypocrisies which slumber within us.

Palante's 'misanthropic pessimism' - as opposed to the suffering of what he coined 'romantic pessimism' will serve us in good stead. He invokes Descartes' attitude of "living in the midst of men like amidst the trees in a forest.". Via this ironic detachment and the faculty to understand and to scorn, Palante upholds 'a pessimism of the intellectual, ironic, and disdainful observer' which he defines as a 'social dissolvent'. All in all, it is our ability to observe that which we see in ourselves, and beware

it, that serves as a better defence in this place where few, fear to tread. Be vigilant.

As for your arms, the means of your ability to strike - there are many more avenues of thought to consider, those above only being examples. For the individual, their journey into this dungeon is one of their own. Within the multiplicity that exists inside of us there are many influences which could give us respite on the journey ahead - including but not limited to...

The concept of the 'self' and material reality being one, from Advaita Vedanta - oneness with the cold reality outside of the phantasm-stalked dungeon. The Anatta of Buddhism - soul-less or self-less existence. Michael Foucault's hard rejection of the self, and of knowledge, all as socially acquired and fraudulent.

Nietzsche, his idea of the self as multiplicity: as an aggregation of varied, contradictory, even oppositional drives, motives, and desires. The anti-map of a realm where nothing is true, and anything is possible - where thoughts collide and 'oneness' cannot exist.

Great anarchists, such as Nestor Makhno, and their fight against order and authority. Their wars against their masters, their desire

for mastery of themselves, their acceptance of violence and the need for violence - their flight from morality and submission into bloodshed and destruction.

The 'oversocialization' accusation of Ted Kaczynski, genius master of explosives, terroriser of people he held in contempt for their obnoxiousness - for their academia - for the delusions that ran rife through them which they inflicted on him and others.

Cioran's vision of suicide as the means to be in control of one's life - "I live only because it is in my power to die when I choose to: without the idea of suicide, I'd have killed myself right away."

Aesthetics, and appreciation of beauty in the world, in spite of its absurd nature - inspirations from Oscar Wilde, musings on the importance of the meaning we find in small places. The respite of the things we find along the way, diamonds in the rough. The art and ideas we may have left in the corners of ourselves. Treasures to be discovered.

Sociability, the ability to be at peace with others, in spite of their fraudulent humanity and phantasms - lessons from libertines and carousers, living with life's flaws and drinking the coffee because it is all we can do. Finding comfort in others despite our

misanthropy - being able to criticise every moment we live and breathe yet still accept people into our lives; because we want to, not because there is a social imperative to.

All this and more can be taken with you.

To delve here is not to find peace. To delve here is not a cure. To go into the dungeon means to abandon hope of 'happiness' or a delusion of escape - there is only a calm respite to be found here, a certainty that life will never improve, but your outlook possibly can.

### **Travelling the corridors**

The multiplicity of the mind forms the dungeon and all its quirks, anomalies, twists and turns. It is made up of the external influences, of what we have learned from others, the 'I' we perceive when we become self-aware as a child. But within the dungeons of the multiplicity are places we cannot explain - where these influences and actions have crystallised into things indescribable; quirks of the brain, or something more sinister? You'll know them when you see them.

Making their way through corridors are the ghosts and

delusions, common thoughts and desires, the artistic inspiration, musings on science and philosophy, stories and fables and other twisted things we truly cannot be certain of the origin of. Things we have forgotten, or that came from places we have forgotten. The subconscious exists here too, unfathomable and inescapable. It will also throw up its own anomalies, as treasures, or pitfalls. Be vigilant for all.

The corridors of the multiplicity itself, and its metaphorical manifestation as 'the dungeon' are manifold, infinite and never stop changing. There is no map of the brain, we are the brain and the brain is us - and the brain is unknowable as we speak of it today. We also may never be able to prove whether the 'determinism' and 'free will' that seem present in our lives even exist. Maybe they both exist, or are a binary, or are not a binary. Maybe both are descriptions of the same thing. The universe and the multiplicity of our minds are both filled with anomalies that render theorising on abstracts imprecise, if not impotent.

And so, the dungeon is unknowable, comprised of a collection of meaningless factors and factions in constant interaction with each other. The multiplicity combined with (or representing) the

absurd may create vast halls of cold stone, dripping coral caves where the sea can be heard, stone walled labyrinths with doors to be lost behind - or caves that are merely spaces between the roots of trees. But these are all variations on the theme - the dungeon, where we must remain ironically detached, and focus on the monsters we seek out.

### **Confronting the titan**

But here are burnt hallways, blackened stairs. The eerie miasma of these igneous grottoes and half-ruined walls affects the mood. Even though we are within our own sleep in balmy summer, this place feels chilly, despite the charred stones and the evidence of former flames. Nothing stirs here but ashes and gravel and the occasional delusional thought which from the torchlight flees with not a whisper.

This is a world that has felt the hunger of the rabid titan - human. Blasted and stripped of its energy, devoid of all nutrition that can be extracted. This might as well be the surface of the moon. The hateful titan's altar is not even close, and already his influence can be felt in the stones.

But how to fetter such a beast, if he consumes so readily and rapidly - how to come to terms with our own need to consume, and the terrible realisation that this realm is presumably the fate of our own unsustainable civilisation? The human is notorious in its destructive tendencies, justified by the idea of its own superiority - and this is represented in you and I too. All that we are today was ripped from the earth, the hierarchy of our dominance the sole reasoning behind this. Our existence, without meaning, yet the lie having the precedent.

In evolution we learn of our ancestor apes, and those today we share ancestry with. Such is the delusion of the human that he will name himself the master of apes; killing his kin for land and sustenance from that land. The truth is the human is not 'higher' - the 'intelligence' he possesses holds no more meaning or importance than the intelligence of his ape-cousins that evolved horizontally to him. In this world, man and ape are equal in their nothingness. All animals are equal in that - there is no more meaning to one individual, species, or landrace of creature over any others. Trying to escape this is impossible, without aggrandisement of one form of meaningless intelligence over

others.

So, it must follow that self-hatred and misanthropy - acceptance of the banal nature of this beast-like-all-others that calls itself 'human' - this is the only bitter remedy for the grief of our own destructive fate. The great titan towers before us in his confidence and surrounded by the miasma of his obnoxiousness - but behind the human hangs the absurd - and see! He is no longer so gargantuan by comparison. Wrestle this beast of man! Drive steel-sharp nails through his delusion! Chain him, screaming and baying to his altar, to starve in anguish, his hunger insatiable, yet his spirit undying. Let the meaningless of it all fall upon him, so he may be diminished, again and again, forever!

No longer will this upstart be tolerated, this ape-that-denies-his-apehood, who sanctifies the archism within him with delusions of grandeur. Bathe in the blood that pours from the gaping wounds as the monster thrashes, pinned under the unfeeling universe that spawned him. Let his ichor and his eternal screams wash away the guilt of your own harboring of his form and his idea. These delusions are now plain to see. The titan has been imprisoned in a volcanic Tartarus of his own making. We must now be vigilant,



watching him from a distance, see that he never again eclipses that which now pins him to his pathetic place of worship.

*Stay here to rot phantom. But rot where I can see you, so I may hate the part of myself that is poisoned by your presence. So I may see you in others, and hate that part of them too. You have built zoos with your delusions and our arrogance, so here, of irony, I have built one for you too out of the absurd. Contemplate here your status as just another example of earth's organic heritage, and nothing more. I own you now, as I own my life; to have and to hate.*

#### **Notes from beyond**

*the planes of a dream and the planes of a nightmare form in the same place  
the grave is a place nobody knows they have gone to  
hope and despair are not opposites or a binary  
there are too many voices here to have just two sides to an issue*

*consciousness and the subconscious collide in the multiplicity  
the results are not always predictable  
when i dream a dream formed of chaos and monsters  
i awake and wish to see it in the world  
this place could use some drama  
perhaps a change of scenery  
a little less borrowing of time  
a few more big fires*

## **The cold road ahead**

The dark places inside the mind, the chilly corridors and empty shores. Even the big spaces seem closed in and tight. In cliffside grottoes under bruised sunless skies, impulsive, intrusive thoughts give off an eerie glow as they pass - leaving guilt, and pain, in their wake.

Why do we decide not to give up, in the face of everything? Is it courage? Strength? Is it just spite? The world we live in is a terrible place, outside of this dungeon. It is the source of the monsters that we stalk, and contains far worse horrors than these comparatively comforting, claustrophobic corridors.

How do you make your choice to continue, in spite of everything, in spite of a world that rewards all but cynicism, in spite of living in a place that will never be your own, in spite of never being truly able to be 'happy', in spite of the upholding of a cruel idea of 'happiness' always being kept at arm's length from you?

Will we ever stop running? Are we even running, or just standing still? Is movement and destination just another illusion? Am I directionless, or haunted by the concept of direction?

Here in the multiplicity at least we can feel safe. There is something here we can slip into, predict and control. We have a marginal form of power here, we can change our outlook, we can rally ourselves to a new ideal. We can have dealings with the parts of ourselves that we hate.

But out there? There is no way to 'make' another person take their own journey into what we consider the multiplicity of their mind. How could you convince anyone, or everyone, that these dark altars exist inside of them too, radiating their malice and summoning an aspect of their foul master to their private realm of thought?

When I look at others I see the influence of those altars, those gods behind the eyes - years of pity has led to indifference, and indifference to a wholesome hatred of the human race, of myself, of the human, the self, and even the 'I' itself - even of my friends, the people who I have chosen to adopt into my life because they are a comfort to me, and I to them. The monsters are inside us all, and we must make the journey to contain them alone.

To me, this is why misanthropy must exist in every possible moment of my experience, because it is the destination of this

road. As daylight falls, the sun always rises. There is no 'real change'.

We delve to our own dungeon to simply modify a fraction, a crumb, of something that will never truly go away. And yet, our quest is only futile when you consider the rest of the world important. Our ego will one day expire. But until that day, let's tread lightly, avoid pitfalls and-

Say, don't you hear the sound? The slither, the swish of self?

It draws near even now... maybe this line of thinking was its doing as well.

### **Catching up with the serpent**

Stand your ground, stand your ground! The serpent slithers through acid-pocked tunnels here, the limestone and the sand on the floor cauterised with the bilious villainousness of the beast's approach. His vile altar, somewhere close by, radiating the seductive whispers that guide you to think there is more to you than your status as absurd, as if you are somehow above being part of a wider universe.

To give in to this seduction is to collapse into an abstract idea -

this grand superstition of the 'self' - the idea of the soul, of being 'one', of the magical properties of the so-called consciousness inside this bag of flesh that looks out from behind the eyes into the world that it is part of and demands to be treated as important. The religions and demagogues which speak of soul and animus, all so devoid and in denial of the reality of the absurd.

To stand against the serpent and to resist the idea of the self is a denial of everything we are taught from birth. The delusions of the soul, of the 'personality' and the state of being that includes recognition of a 'spirit' animating a corpse. But here, in the multiplicity, where these ideas live in fluidity with the consciousness and the subconscious and the animal-thoughts, we can expose these myths. They are part of a ragged collection of ghosts and thoughts that makes up how others perceive us, from the outside.

Travelling through these acid-bored tunnels, we see how the self manages to give itself its own power. It is the power of our belief in 'higher' parts of the 'human' animal, in there being more to us than meets the eye - belief fed by social myths of great heroes and spiritual awakenings, literature and stories, empowering

images. The belief in magic and the belief in the self are bound up together - two ideas that attempt to give meaning to the absurdity that exists behind the eyes as much as it does out in the world.

So! To confront and bind a serpent, to cage it and to give it back the nothingness it deserves, we must believe in nothing, not even that which can do the believing! Reader, it is at this point I must ask, who is doing the reading? Your 'self'? Or a chaotic mess that calls itself consciousness, that has taught itself to read, taught itself to believe in that ability and feel important for it? You must face your own delusions of self-importance head on! Face the serpent in joy! There is nothing left in the world that we cannot challenge!

Raise the torch against delusions! The scaled face peers out from behind the altar and again, like the titan, the new monster is not so big after all. Your arms of sturdy thought and wisdom taught are ready; you are nothing, you came from nothing. What exists inside you is just one more facet of nothingness, except this nothingness has the ability to feel, to make decisions - but it can also decide to refute its own importance!

The rapier fangs scythe towards their target, the hissing intensifies, the altar glows with dark temptations - but as you

embrace the absurd, as it fills you with its conclusion, the emerald-encrusted head passes through you, into you, and does not resurface! With a roar of rent rock, the light of the full moon pours in through a great new rift in the cavern ceiling - and you are becoming, have become, as luminous and immaterial as it!

You are a body, filled with moonlight. You have eaten and absorbed the self that you have been taught all those years to believe WAS you. The altar of the self-breaks in half with an oaky thwack. By the light of the moon, there is nothing left to believe in now, because all delusion one day falls to dust.

The serpent is yours now, hold it inside, but at arm's length. You can't send it away, for you and it must live now as moonlight, temporary, phenomenal - a quirk of this absurd universe that can be explained and yet can still bring cheer in spite of its existence as a mere phenomenon. There is no magic in the world not made from superstition, and the greatest of superstitions is our belief in and worship of our 'self'.

Place your hand on the serpent's altar and leave him behind. His power isn't all that different from your own concept of the importance of your task. The snake is small now, glowing white in

luminosity, pale pink eyes unblinking, but timid now, not knowing what you will do. In its own way, the cobra that might be you, is beautiful. Let it ride down your arm and sit on the rent stones in the new moonlight. Let it stare in peace upon the slowly falling moon.

*Little miracle, a rope made of light. Me and you and the multiplicity inside this body, all made of light, of sun of moon - the same as but not the same as, part of but separated from. There is no hope or despair to be had here, no sorrow or joy. Our existence is meaningless, of nothing, destined to go back to nothing.*

*But to look to the sky and the stars and the sun and the moon - and that is what we are, that is what you are. We can still smile in their glow because that glow is both of us.*

*So, little brother! I will call upon you when I wish! You and me and this body and its multiplicity will travel together until our end. But you no longer have the mastery of me, and what is me no longer needs to be your thrall, or your keeper.*

*Go free! Slither on, o star spawned rope o' mine.*



### **The spaces behind the eyes**

At some point we have to acknowledge the consciousness itself. The waking part of the brain, the great 'decision maker' - it is very likely that this 'front of house' of the thoughtscape believes it is in control because it doesn't understand the roles of the rest of the multiplicity - the subconscious, the unconscious, the brain-made-of-animal; it just doesn't have a context for being these things.

The controlling aspect of the consciousness enables it to sit atop a peak of arrogance, giving itself supreme 'control' and demanding a sort of 'oneness' - disregarding the existence of absurd multiplicity inside the rest of the realm of the brain.

This is one of the cornerstones of the delusion that is 'human self', the idea that because we HAVE this consciousness, we are somehow 'superior', regardless of our complete lack of a frame of reference for other organisms, and even other parts of our internal multiplicity.

It could very well be that parts of the brain operate without words, operate 'behind the scenes' or in places and ways we do not know. We even think in a language, using words - what of our thoughts that aren't in language, or image, or emotion? Are we

even able to perceive them?

It feels closer to becoming the flower, the river and the rainbow, to being as the machine or the computer. Even the rationally explained processes behind the workings of the brain elucidated upon by neuroscience can't quite explain the anomalies which form within the mind, and the resulting chorus of odd things therein.

The multiplicity is too deep and formless, too nebulous, to say. There is a universe inside my head, because it is part of the universe outside of my head. And it is all too strange and unknowable, deep and abysmal, convoluted and twisted - multiplicitous - for me to ever fully understand my 'self', or to 'know myself'.

Who am 'I' - how do I confront 'I'?

What is 'me' - am I me for the first time, every moment?

Who is the being that is the moonlight, perceives the moonlight  
- steps into the moonlight?

### **Becoming absurd**

*The summer's fine,*

*The winter's fine,  
Spring is fine,  
But autumn's nicer.*

*Slow decay, every day –*

*Another piece of the peace of the puzzle,  
That is the intricacies  
Of land and nature.  
Like the intricacies of my own mind.*

*Rotting leaf, decaying stick.  
Gentle encroachment of fungi.  
No energy wasted, nutrients reclaimed.  
And one day  
I will be burned.*

*But I would rather go to the fungi,  
Rather be folded into the turf,  
Sent back to become the soil for my end;  
No energy wasted or nutrient lost.*

*The soil is our only constant  
And by our many processes  
Of waste and loss,  
It is becoming lesser,  
Every day.*

*So send me back to the fields  
And the valleys I grew up in  
Compost me apart and  
Put me to bed in a hundred places  
In the soil, and the leaf litter.  
Near the rivers -  
Out in the grass where the wind whispers my name.*

*The soil of my home and of my early days  
The soil of the world I came from;  
That I am,*

*That I must return to,  
Like a lost ghost travelling home.  
Back to the totality of  
The absurd.*

### **Boundless optimism and creativity**

What am I?

The single question which is almost impossible to find an answer to by consensus. Of all the times we have tried it has led to more questions, and the need for more answers. The consciousness in the machine, the soul, the body, the mind and its eye - all answers but in themselves, lacking to give an explanation for what the sum of the brain and its experiences make.

Here in the cold dark, the rocks and stones don't know they are a brain. The multiplicity of our thoughts, and the strange winged beasts that creep through the tunnels - they don't know they are a story, or part of another organism. How do we know that the world we are in is not part of another organism, somehow and after some fashion?

We dare not cease asking these questions, because we aren't able to live in a world without them. It has become our collective obsession and our endless quest to find this answer. What are we?

And in all our struggles to find meaning we have continued to create. The man who is new to the world, as if constructed from thin air, would look upon art and music as if it were a beautiful path to a higher understanding - the fully formed person with the innocence of a child would find his own skills, his own creativity, and make something in the world.

Is all we can do, keep struggling to achieve a meaningful existence? Or do we give up? Hope and despair once again form their own binary behind our eyes. But one can't help having changed for this realisation.

What creativity there must be, when the artist is removed from an expectation for there to be some deeper meaning to their art - as if the shackles of context and interpretation are undone and one can start to breathe again, in their work. The innocence of the fully formed mind, as if it were a child, creating something with no intent or prompt.

To paint, draw, sing or create something, without an audience or the expectation of it to be seen or judged or taken seriously, almost is to get lost in the multiplicity and listen to one's own thoughts. Take up the pen and write for the first time in fluid motion, happy

daydreaming, and let the text flow.

The artist is affected in such strange ways by the idea of an observer, and the expectations of others, or of meaning, or of context. Is it instinct then, that is required of a functional artist? Or is it detachment from these ideas, and seclusion?

Like all things this line of thinking demands more questioning, and the subject matter drags one like an anchor towards seclusion, towards deep thought - against the prevailing manner of things and into the darkness of the dungeon.

### **Demon, I - The Charioteer**

*What thoughts in my head now, they are in order.  
First comes I - then all others? A chorus.  
The I will reject and accept the multiplicity,  
The I gives value unto itself,  
When it is still brain,  
When it is still devoid of meaning  
And part of everything.*

*The I comes and picks up the thoughts it wants;  
It surveys and chooses and is priority and foremost;  
The I, is a warlord in a kingdom of neurons,  
It is us, yet not us,  
Dependant on our perception,  
Yet capable of its own mistakes;  
I does not listen;  
But is informed.  
Wanders in dreams with the subconscious,*

*Believes it is YOU.*

*One eyeball in each hand,  
One finger on the drum of your ears,  
Breathing through your nose,  
Wired to the tongue,  
And the flesh.*

*What is the 'I'?  
But a few thoughts,  
Given more than it deserves.  
That spreads and extols.  
Spawn of self and human,  
Wrapped up in fog and smoke,  
With one hand on the controls.*

**And then the wicked tale enters the final act...**

Stay strong, little dungeon stalker - stay cool, stay happy, in sight of victory. It is at last time to come to terms with our final fight, against ourselves, against meaning, against the 'reality' we have absorbed into ourselves. A thousand hours of pain, in our souls, our joints, our hearts. Here in the blackness, we call its name.

Oh I, oh I, what good have you been to me? We are trapped here and separate and together and one and apart and others and the same. The fragments of the multiplicity rotate and spin and twinkle over the precipice of nothingness, and yet here we are. We

know what you are, through our essays and poetry, through our vigorous descent into ourselves.

We speak to each other - we are a conversation, inside a skull, made by a brain and put on a piece of paper, right here. There is nothing between us, yet the impulses of 'I' have their effect on the whole. Is there a reason?

We have to look at 'self-interest' and accept that occasionally, every person will do things that aren't always in service of their self-interest. Impulsively we make mistakes. Our condition to do a deed may not be high enough, yet we convince ourselves to charge in unprepared, unto failure. It is the 'I', the decision maker, who is responsible. But is it not part of us?

And here we find the altar of the 'I' - a lump of blackened, shimmering vitrified clay, thick with the grog of the previous experiences and experiments that litter the dungeon. From the dust and mud of its environs, the I has built itself a palace from which to command and categorise the thoughts. It has so much power here, and it can even leave you questioning the things before your very eyes - It can prevent you from changing your mind even when the evidence is overwhelming, and will punish you with real,



depressive pain when it is proved wrong.

So, what do you do? What do I do? What does the part of us do, to manage that we know that 'I' is an ancient, odd product of what we built 'human and self' out of?

It's beyond complicated. Maybe we should sit down with I. Ask I what it thinks. You can't really though, can you?

Well... maybe if we realise that we make a hierarchy in our thoughts and have little 'true' control over them - always giving precedence to the I's newest appeal or demand... maybe we can ironically detach from it too.

To bind the 'I' to its vitrified altar is hard, so we have to hold a conversation with it. To wonder about the way in which self-interest and novel thought interact with other parts of our multiplicity, how they dominate them and give themselves precedent because they are new. Through this we can try to ironically detach from what are essentially the more impulsive, quick thoughts - in favor of slower thinking, potentially.

The I, that walks into simulations built by our subconscious in dreams, is in every way a passed down inherited part of who we are, that we have got from our parents, from the books we read,

from the world we live in - and yet, it's also a spontaneous thing, it makes art and comes to odd extra-judgemental conclusions. It is the part of our mind that has a mind of its own, that we control, that we don't control.

To sit with the 'I' is to understand that maybe what we think on the spur of the moment is more or less as meaningless as all the other thoughts we have. To stop ourselves succumbing to what is seen as 'bad impulse control' we should learn to listen to all our thoughts, and take a moment to reflect, even when our minds are filled with fog, or a drug, or just a bad day. But we will still make mistakes.

The problem with the I is it takes control, it relies on us perceiving the novel as being superior. A hierarchy in our own thoughts means there must be a 'top new thought' that trumps others - and it's not always the best thing, and these thoughts are always the products of the rest of what's going on in the multiplicity. To sit down with and perceive 'I' is to look at a more reactionary version of ourselves. It ignores what the multiplicity knows and will drive is to unfavorable outcomes, inevitably.

So, what can any of us do? The problem is so scattered and

formless, that the final conclusion is that maybe the I is the part of us that is absurd, and we should treat it like that.

Of our delusions and self and humanity, 'I' is made - it comes from our impulses and experiences, it feeds from them and is more or less than them. It leeches off our subconscious thoughts, does what it wants, is chaotic, creative, destructive. Our multiplicity's spawn, it is enigma, yet we know what it draws from to build itself.

But to live in spite of that knowable enigma? Maybe it is only partially possible in the same way it is partially understandable. Taking into account the madness and the brilliance in us, the way we sometimes even make our own problems and delusions... maybe the 'I' is responsible for that too. Maybe it is in these quiet moments, when we reflect on its deeds, that we understand ourselves. There is so little we can understand except that a silly part of us occasionally makes us do detrimental things.

And so, as we sit on the vitrified altar, the I appears before us like a mirror, like a portal to, like an opposite. Reach out and shake its hand... oh hang on, wait...

*Hello, hello.  
I am all you.  
And we are fine,*

*And nothing is fine and  
Oh, the unpleasant things you will do.  
That I made you do,  
That you shouldn't have listened to,  
And you will never undo,  
And you are me.  
But do you, okay?  
We got over it.  
Don't listen,  
And listen.  
But know me  
My friend.  
Your I.*

### **In Truth We Are All A Little Wrong All the Time**

To sum up - I have given you a rope. It is time we exited this dungeon. We have faced, wrestled, befriended, and pondered the enigma of some of our most flawed, odd delusions, and discovered, hopefully, that inside of all of us is a great multiplicity - filled with monsters and mirrors and phantasms, and that, ultimately, it doesn't matter.

But when it comes down to it, it's your time to do with what you will because of this piece of writing you have just read. You have only a little time. You spent some of it reading this, and maybe you got something out of it. Maybe you held it in contempt and skim read. There's not really a correct answer. There's no

movement or mass acceptance demanded from these ideas.

But what we can be sure of, is that, in the fullness of time, all of our delusions will dissolve. Everything is headed towards an end all of its own. We may never be able to categorise and come to terms with what is inside of our own dungeon, we certainly cannot eclipse the absurd with these loose ideas of intelligence and thought.

The absurd is out there, it is in us, the world is a quiet, terrible place and it is who we probably are. It is what we transmit to our descendants. It is why nothing is ever truly 'new'.

But the quest must continue. There is only one End, and hopefully finishing this essay is not it for you. Gather up your rogue thoughts, your phantasms, your monsters bound and unbound, and seek further what it is you may learn, or seek indifference like never before! There is only more for you to know. At the end of this dungeon crawl, you have found just part of it all.

As times keep changing, thought will change. The people around us will terminate, germinate; become anew. There is no permanence, only disappointment - nothing but a bag of desires we are, no bigger than a speck of dust on the surface of the bright

moon...

So, let it shine on us, one more time.

### **The End Is Never the End**

*With thanks to...*

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“Real” Egoism

**ON THE ENDING OF SONGS:  
PAN-EROTICISM AND GREEN-  
ABJECTIONISTS  
BY JULIAN LANGER**

*“The old voice of the ocean, the bird-chatter of little rivers,  
(Winter has given them gold for silver  
To stain their water and bladed green for brown to line their banks)  
From different throats intone one language.  
So I believe if we were strong enough to listen without  
Divisions of desire and terror  
To the storm of the sick nations, the rage of the hunger smitten cities,  
Those voices also would be found  
Clean as a child's; or like some girl's breathing who dances alone  
By the ocean-shore, dreaming of lovers.”*

*Robinson Jeffers*

The name of the poem by Jeffers quoted above is Natural Music. It speaks of music heard with ears that are ready to hear it. Music of lovers by ocean shores, away from cities and nations. The question I have is, do we have ears to hear, and if you did, would you dance to it?

Music fills space, like a shadow emanating from the body that created it. I'd go as far as to say that music is the shadow a body casts on the ground of silence, through the harmonies it creates. Like a shadow, music affects the space and those within it, changing the relationship towards the environment. It is a quality

to experience, changing the topography, while leaving it the same in appearance.

Philosopher David Abram has described our shadows as nights that manifests between our bodies and the ground we stand upon. We all know the night as the uncanny space we encounter daily, as this celestial body we stand upon moves through the cosmos. The night is a strange but familiar space and our shadows are nights that we bring with us, as we move upon this celestial body, as celestial bodies. There is a quality to a shadow that is wild and untameable – perhaps why what is taboo is so often hidden by shadows.

I stood in night and shadows a couple years ago, during the badger cull, in a small wood, located between 5 fields, at some time between 2 and 3 am, and for a moment stared at the moon and the stars. All around me I could hear the activity of those to which the woods are home. Me, and my companions (other hunt-saboteurs), had just been round the fields and we removed what had been left to trap those who live beneath the trees I was in that moment standing under. The shadows were strange but inviting, and there was a sense of freedom in that space, that would be impossible on the streets of a city, bathed in the lights from the buildings and cars. As we walked across the field that the car was parked in the entrance of, there was a sudden change in the air, when we heard the sound of a shot. And the musicality of that space fell silent to our ears.

Like how we all have experienced what it is for streetlight,



lamplight or a computer screen to break the space that night brings, you and I will both have experienced what it is for a song to be broken. The light cuts through the space, like a knife slicing through the flesh of the moment. The ending of a song leaves space affected. The topography shifts and the quality of the space changes.

The philosopher Schopenhauer said, “*Music expresses only the quintessence of life and its events, never these themselves*”. As for the song I heard that night during the badger cull, it ended in the arms of those wishing to harmonise with it. It was a silence that screamed out and hung in our ears like tinnitus. What happens when the music, the quintessence of life, ends?

Climate change is the ending of a song but is music none-the-less. Climate change is an arrangement of discordant sounds, which fills this space like a shadow, as a piercing note that reverberates between and behind everything, psychically underneath everything and overpowering everything in body. The shadow envelops us and leaves us in an indefinite space, where boundaries are blurred, and routes are uncertain. This shadow is formed by the displacement of the sun's light upon the body this culture has built. It is an uncanny melody, expressing the ending of one song and the beginning of another. It is sung almost entirely through inhuman means, flash flooding, hurricanes, wildfires and the warming of global temperatures, but we almost only try to listen through the human ears of science.

Climate change is the emergence of a geophonic symphony,

that reverberates through primordial elemental resonating chambers, like the wind and the sea beating upon a cliff's edge. The volume of this music is elevated through the instrumentation of anthroponic melodies, which bring energy to the performance and influences the timbre created.

Other songs, fusions of biophonic and geophonic orchestral arrangements, whose shadows have not yet been enveloped by this space and so go unheard by those of us not close enough to hear, are being sung. They are beautiful melodies, whose temporal harmonies rise and fall with the sun and the moon, flowing like a river towards the sea, only to evaporate and crescendo upon the earth, through the eros of gravity, as rain. Like a free-form jazz performance, the artistry of this music is spontaneous. We bathe in the shadows these songs create, when we fall in love with the uncanny beauty they cast upon the ground.

There are other synthetic, dull, monotonous and discordant compositions, the sounds of the machines that are the instrument of the violation of the earth - Leviathan. These melodies surround the bodies they come into contact with, vibrating against and through them, as a violating force. The space instantly appears different, for the affect these shadows have on the light, the ground and the soundscape.

But what happens when the music ends? What happens when there are no shadows? Would it be for the blinding light, that joins the sound of the machines and overpowers the space; or would it be the darkest space of the night, where all that can be heard is the

last sounds of geophonic processes of the wind and rain?

We feel the sadness of thousands upon thousands, millions upon millions and billions upon billions of songs ending, within the multiplicity of compositions that is the sound of this singing and breathing earth. Of course, all songs come to an end, as is life, and songs of mourning are sung. But like the lights that deny the night the wild of the shadows, for the needs of the city streets and buildings, many (most) songs are being denied space to resonate and reverberate, in a way that is an interruption, rather than an end.

What would it mean for us to join those biophonic and geophonic melodies being denied and to sing along? We sing and dance almost entirely to anthrophonic music, as we are almost entirely interested in the instrumental machinery of Leviathan. What would it mean for us dance to their primordial music? The philosopher Nietzsche said, *“And those who were seen dancing were thought to be insane by those who could not hear the music”*. Maybe to dance in the music of the inhuman shadows is to be mad or insane, to those who listen with human ears.

If when we breathe, we offer ourselves to the world through exhaling and draw the world in through inhaling, perhaps we inhale the songs of the world we are immersed within and are extensions of. They would then get drawn into our bodies and become aspects of the compositions we resonate. Perhaps when breathing in the shadows, the strangeness of that uncanny space enters into us. Would that familiar, but dark, space be anything but insanity to those who hide from their own shadows, as the songs

they are?

My experience is that to dance to non-anthroponic songs can only be insanity to most within this culture, including most “radicals” (as most “radicals” will only sing anthroponic songs) – as biophonic and geophonic music does not come from this culture. This is mirrored in the words of anarchist poet Renzo Novatore - “*(b)ecause, beyond all slavery and every dogma, we saw life dance free and naked*”. To dance within the shadows, with the uncanny, away from the street light and other lights (of God), is to Be-in a space that is beyond(-as-infront-behind-above-underneath-and-between) slavery and dogma.

We’ve moved with the music of the song of anthrophony, the machine of Leviathan, the orchestral arrangements (and rearrangements) of this culture. We’ve done this through much of our lives – for many of us most. We know the compositions well, through their mechanical reproduction. We have lived and live within the instruments they resonate through. The sound of a car, or computer’s hard drive working, is more familiar to us than the sound of the sea, or foxes calling in the night. The voices of scientists, politicians and priests draw most of us in more, as they sing the anthroponic songs we have been raised listening to. When the birds cry out in the morning most don’t listen to what it is they sing, and because when do not listen, we cannot dance to their songs.

Rather than continuing with the mechanical reproduction of this boring choreography, let’s dance and be seen as insane by those

who can't hear the music!

This is something I have sought to do throughout my process of rewilding. I have danced naked under the shadows cast by trees, to the songs of birds and bugs, who danced naked with me. I have stood on the side of hills and felt the wind, as geophonic music, against my body, and cried out in song, becoming a small part of the composition of the melody. These would be moments of madness to anyone who only listens to anthrophonic music, who only appreciates the inhuman for what it brings to the song of humanity – they felt mad first time I did it.

Music is carried upon the air, as shadows flow through, landing upon the body of the earth. Anarchists who embraced naturism, after(/while) witnessing the changes that the industrial revolution brought to the world-as-they-were-thrown-into-it, found the air less beautiful for the anthrophonic melodies that were being carried through the atmosphere - *“(t)he air is poisoned by chemical effluents and factory smoke ...The water is poisoned by the refuse of the cities and the runo from the elds carries along the stench”* Emile Gravelle. The anthrophonic melodies, contrasted with the biophonic and geophonic melodies they loved, led to their position of - *“The Naturists want the Earth to return to the state of Nature, namely, natural life without cultivation, total nature”* Emile Gravelle.

Some might treat the naturists as committing a form of naïve-dualism, where, by believing in the myths of civilisation, they ascribe to the notion that civilisation has managed to

build(/compose) a space where nature-is-not – the anthrophonic song triumphing over Being (something the shadow of climate change is placed to destroy all notion of). Whether or not they did or didn't hold this perspective cannot be known, and seems irrelevant to me, if we place the message they brought with them not in the context of embound space, but as different songs – geophonic, biophonic and anthrophonic – being sung, within the same acoustic space. The naturist-anarchist position seems best summed up as a fierce and defiant love/desire to dance within geophonic and biophonic music – *“Let us live in, love, experience and protect Nature, but let's not deify it, or idolize it or raise temples to it or found a new religion based on dogmas suppressed by free minds; let's struggle for the existence of natural laws, the only laws we accept! And we will be happy, men and women both, for life will be Joy and Happiness and the Earth may be a Paradise and the present-day social Hell will have disappeared with the Civilization—use- less, vile and disgusting—that created it. Down with Civilization! Long live Nature!”* Henri Zisly.

I share in Zisly's desire not to deify “nature”. Deifying “nature” makes an Other, that is at a distance – and you can only dance where you are. Paganism, as far as I have encountered it, seems an anthrophonic song about geophonic and biophonic songs, that seeks to illuminate the shadow of the music it sings about. This has left me in a strange space, given how drawn I feel towards hylozoic and panpsychist metaphysics, regarding the energy of Life/mindedness as a basic property of matter, which is very

similar to the pantheistic beliefs of pagans, deep ecologists and Gaia theory advocates I read and pagans who read me, but feel an aversion towards paganism. What I feel drawn to, and what dancing to the music Jeffer's, Nietzsche, Zisly and so many others who had/have ears to listen to means (or at least appears to mean), is pan-eroticism. (While paganism/pantheism seeks to illuminate and make clear through spirituality, pan-eroticism dives into the shadows, as an uncanny space, and enjoys the mystic-beauty as a space of uncertainty.)

When writing on pan-eroticism, anarchist writer Feral Faul (/Wolfi Landstreicher) wrote - *“(w)e want to be their lovers, to join in their beautiful, erotic dance. It scares us. The death-dance of civilization freezes every cell, every muscle within us. We know we will be clumsy dancers and clumsy lovers. We will be fools. But our freedom lies in our foolishness. If we can be fools, we have begun to break civilizations chains, we have begun to lose our need to achieve. With no need to achieve, we have time to learn the dance of life; we have time to become lovers of trees and rocks and rivers. Or, more accurately, time cease to exist for us; the dance becomes our lives as we learn to love all that lives. And unless we learn to dance the dance of life, all our resistance to civilization will be useless. Since it will still govern within us, we will just re-create it.”*. I know that I am a clumsy lover of *wild-Being*, as I move across the body of the earth, casting shadows on the ground, trying to listen to the songs around me. I know that before madness and insanity, I am a fool, desperately seeking the beauty of the

shadows I am throwing myself into.

The sensation of paneroticism is something entirely different from the nature-spectacles of documentaries that are little more than anthrophonic pornography of “nature”, where the relationship is entirely alienated as there is no positivistic-sensual experience of those biophonic and geophonic spaces to dance within. Paneroticism occurs, instead, in those iconoclastic spaces, where you find yourself naked within the world. Where “nature-porn” offers serious scientific information, singing anthrophonic songs of “nature”, paneroticism is a space of foolish joy to be in dancing to different songs.

The ideology of most within eco-discourse – especially “Greens” – is one of abject seriousness, framed in a form of Realism chained to the notion of *realpolitik*. “Is that realistic, really?” or “how much can you really accomplish by ...” is the go-to response for any idea or action, that seeks to go further than attempting to appeal to law-makers. This ideology is one I call green-abjectionism – i.e. green-abjectionists practice green-abjection, which is the act of casting off/(rejecting) ideas and actions, within ecological discourse and revolt, that do not fit within the Realist metaphysical-paradigm of *realpolitik*, out of disgust for not singing the anthrophonic song.

Green-abjectionism casts aside biophonic and geophonic music, in favour of the realisation of the anthrophonic. In doing so they say, “this is not me; I do not stand in this shadow; I will not dance to this music”. Within post-structuralist and psychoanalytic



discourse, the abject is that which is found to be repulsive/disgusting and is so rejected as part of semiotic-identity.

There is nothing of foolishness and pan-eroticism within green-abjectionism, only the seriousness of the synthetic dull, monotonous anthrophonic music of these systems. Green-abjectionism relies entirely on the instruments of Leviathan and so can only reproduce the same serious melodies that have filled this space, whose lights have cast the shadows we have come to know as “radical” space. The absurd and foolish liminal spaces of the inhuman, abhuman, post-human and non-human spaces, whose pan-erotic lycanthropic dances seek the melodies of the biophonic and geophonic music, must be abjected, in the name of progress and sustaining the violence of this culture, as *species-being*.

Rather than the reductionism of scientific-ecology (a mirror image within the left of scientific-socialism – particularly with regard to social-ecology) that naturalises “humanity” (elevating humanity above its image of “nature”), or the ritualistic spiritualist-pantheism of deep ecology that humanises “nature” (elevating the image of human in “nature” above “humanity”) – both serious tasks – the feral dances pan-erotic weird-ecology are ludic processes that displace all authority, leaving everything as absurd, indefinite and confusing. This is somewhat similar to the *laughter* of *ecognosis* that philosopher Timothy Norton uses in his concept of Dark Ecology; where ecological awareness, alongside the horror, guilt and sadness, a sense of ridiculousness, that is weird and beautiful, manifests and everything becomes a great big

cosmic joke – *green nihilism* as I have previously described this space. All sense of being able to control the melodies of the biophonic and geophonic, of being able to use the anthrophonic melodies to prevent the song of climate change from being sung, or of being able to form any totalising sheet music or choreography, collapse into absurdity, hilarity and a beautiful pessimism, that leaves you dancing to the music, trying to sing with it and laughing, in pan-erotic love of its beauty.

The actions of groups like Extinction Rebellion, whose recent activities have brought eco-pessimist topics, such as the likelihood of near-term mass-starvation, to mainstream discussion, are found to be tragi-comic acts, desperately trying to save the anthrophonic music and its instruments – the machine of Leviathan – by affecting the composition, to quell the fury of the geophonic melodies of climate change. Revolution, as an anthrophonic composition, with all its seriousness and scientific-methodology, becomes a ridiculous act, where the “revolutionaries” are mirror images of corporate-punk bands, who become co-opted into the system they are attempting to challenge. Struck singing the songs of realpolitik, leftists tie themselves to green-abstractionism, unable to imagine anything other than the meliorist rhetoric about civilisation’s progress.

The Hegelian optimism towards the concept of the dialectic, as Marx envisioned, is one of the primary reasons for this lack of willingness to dance to non-anthrophonic music. Marx’s love for the sound of an architect’s design being built, over the sound of

bees buzzing, as they build their hive, is upheld within the space of green-abstractionism. Deviating from the teleological trajectory has got to be worse, because, as optimists, they know that this progress is the best of all possible worlds. As such, any music that is not the anthrophonic song has got to be worse and must be cast aside.

This is why paneroticism, or paganism/pantheism will always seem mad or foolish to green-abstractionists.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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