

*“The immortals also die when their human contents withdraw and let the carcasses rot. The artificial worms have no life of their own” - Fredy Perlman*

Feral Iconoclasm  
Anarchy as Rising and Dying

Feral Iconoclasm: Anarchy as Rising and Dying

Julian Langer

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## **Second Edition Acknowledgements, Dedications and Foreword**

The decision to publish this second edition is one that I am making with the utmost appreciation for Little Black Cart and Aragorn! for publishing the first edition. I have not made this decision without considering the potential repercussions, rejections and so on. There is more that I could write here, but shall not.

I have kept the text the same, other than a slight edit to the dedication page. All other changes have been made to the layout of the chapters.

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*As with the first edition, this second edition is dedicated to my wife Katie, the birds who wake me up with their songs, the badgers who live in the South West of the islands of Briton, my anarchic friends and all other beings who embrace the dances of the living wild.*

*To a large extent, this book is inspired by Deleuze's idea of concepts being bricks to smash through windows, Wilson's concept of guerrilla ontology and Bey's reforming of the primitivist attempt to return TO the primitive to an ontological anarchist return OF the primitive. Because of this, this book is overly wordy, intentionally confusing and is often indulgent.*

*To an even larger extent, this book is inspired by personal experiences of love, pain, sorrow, joy, in a list that I could never complete. I hope this part of the inspiration flows throughout the text and makes up for the sections that people who aren't nerdy metaphysics fans aren't going to enjoy as much.*

One of my hopes for this book is that a reader could open it on any random page, read from there and then open another random page and read from there, in a non-linear way. Equally, I have hoped that this book is one where the chapters could be read in any order and that the book could be read “backwards”, beginning at the end and ending at the beginning. I have also imagined that someone reading this would fill the blank spaces with drawings, doodles, poems and rants.

## Introduction

This work is largely an attempt to articulate a philosophy of radical-ecological metaphysics, within a post-anarchist “framework”. The reason I have decided to do this is because most arguments for radical environmentalism, anti-capitalism, anarchist and anti-state thought that I have come across have been based in a history, as an ontological perspective. History is the encoding of the national, religious, social “progressive” development, the maintenance of systems of authority and oppression, and their being reconfigured into new forms – from kings, to dictators, to parliaments, etc. With this, history has largely become a trap and a cage, taming energies whose wild releases hold beautiful potential.

This collection of writings is an expansion and continuation of the ideas I first articulated in *Feral Consciousness: Deconstruction of the Modern Myth and Return to the Woods*. But, while it might be useful for someone not familiar with the themes of this text, it is not essential that the reader have read the previous book before reading this one. This is because the previous work is not, was not intended to be, nor will likely ever be the definitive work on becoming-feral, nor the only route to becoming-feral.

Much of this work looks to support the readers becoming-feral, as was *Feral Consciousness: Deconstruction of the Modern Myth and Return to the Woods*. Becoming-feral is the radical return to the subjectivity of the body/flesh, to instincts and the

ability to escape/free-oneself/be-liberated-from domestication.

Feral is the in-between space that lies between the theatre of civilization, governments, schools, economies and other systems of domestication, and the wild anarchy that civilization seeks to repress.

Iconoclasm is not a theory or ideology, but a process and a type of action. It is an act that is the process of creative-destructive as a single force. It is not something to be done, but something that is happening, as the wild impacts on the built space of civilization, leading to the creation of the feral in-between.

As an act performed by someone who desires to engage in this process, *feral iconoclasm* is defined by the intention in-itself, the outcome and/or the act in-itself. This is largely because what is being described here is an energy that is felt within the body, leading to an eruption that is unique every time, not trying to be something that is reproducible. It can take any form the enactor wills.

As for this particular action, it is an act of discourse and, as such, this book is not one of theory or ideology but an act of will. It is the action of philosophising with a hammer, poetry of mass destruction, guerrilla ontology.

The iconoclasm articulated within this text is a practice in anti-politics. It is warrior fury, desiring to

slay the Leviathan (or at the very least, to be one of the daggers in its side).

This work looks to destroy the trappings of History-as-eternity and the Humanized identity that it is attached to, the Leviathan. And in so doing, becoming-feral becomes a route to becoming-animal through the in-between space of living between the wild and civilisation. The self and radical struggle moves with this from being located within the cage of History, eternity and all its myths, and finds it-self located outside of encoding within a space, within an ecology, within a geography, as a geography. This is the difference between being some-where and being some-Thing. It is the difference between being static *object*, like a chair, car, bomb, British person or human, and being a situation, or a multitude of situations flowing through each other, that is undergoing *flux*, like the wind, the rain, the sea, a desert.

This geo-metaphysical return to animality returns consciousness and practice to that of being immersed within an environment, of being an Extension of the environment and of being an environment. It is an embrace of the geography of the Real and a rejection of the (psycho-)geographic Reality technologically constructed by civilisation. Which is not to say that this is simply another work of anti-tech philosophy advocating primitivist rewilding (though it does not reject this tendency either). Rather this text attempts to encourage action within the space of technology, outside of it and in those spaces in-between.

Schizoanalytic heterogenous complexification is a large part of the general strategy within this book, but, in terms of applied practice, it is mostly about art, sabotage and psychological-warfare.

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Deus ex machinia, or “God from the machine” is one the dominant themes within the narratives of this culture. This has two meanings. First, that this culture’s God and its machinery is one and the same thing. Second, that this culture believes that God is going to save this culture from ruin, maintaining its predestined teleological-Historical destination.

Deus ex machinia is best known for being a poor quality approach in theatre and film. In the sense being used here, it is a poor quality form of social ontology, whose theatricality is becoming increasingly obvious. Feral Iconoclasm is the force of destroying the theatre of deus ex machinia, that at the same time creates something living.

This culture will not be saved. There will be no salvation. God is dead. But Life can grow from its destruction.

## **Chapter -1** **Before The Beginning**

*“I begin to sing of ivy-crowned Dionysus, the loud-crying god, splendid son of Zeus and glorious Semele. The rich-haired Nymphs received him in their bosoms*

*from the lord his father and fostered and nurtured him carefully in the dells of Nysa, where by the will of his father he grew up in a sweet-smelling cave, being reckoned among the immortals. But when the goddesses had brought him up, a god oft hymned, then began he to wander continually through the woody coombes, thickly wreathed with ivy and laurel. And the Nymphs followed in his train with him for their leader; and the boundless forest was filled with their outcry. And so hail to you, Dionysus, god of abundant clusters! Grant that we may come again rejoicing to this season, and from that season onwards for many a year.” Homer*

We are in the formless void, before the gods, before the logos, before the earth. Then, they tell us, it started with a big bang – not the dull passionless sex of a marriage that is only continuing for its own sake, which brings into Being a child that further obligates the parties to each other; no, a Big Fucking Bang. Jehovah’s cosmic phallus ejaculated his holy spunk into Mother Nature’s womb 14 billion years ago – which, to be fair, sounds like a pretty big bang – and our universe came into Being.

This is before history, before time; when there wasn’t what *was* or what *will be*, but only what *is*. Unless Being surmounts to a cosmological Crunch, an eternal return of predetermined and redetermined circular-Being – but that sounds incredible boring, and wouldn’t you rather a BIG FUCKING BANG? A return requires history and time. The aforementioned cosmic love-making does not. And as there was no

time before history, we can be sure there *was* not, nor will-there-be a cosmological Crunch.

How do we know there was no time before history? Where does time come from, without organisation? And history originates in organisation, albeit a specific type of organisation. A day is an ever-changing unit of measurement, whose return is only believed in by its habitual return. But we will discuss this later.

As Being began, with giant hydrogen gas clouds, dark matter, gravity and their astrological friends finding their places in the void of space, those elemental celestial titans arose as bodies out of the womb of Mother Nature. An astrophysicist friend of mine suggested that Being could have emerged from out of a black hole, with the black hole being Mother Nature's vagina and the solar systems that enter her Jehovah's seed. But returning to her children, these celestial elemental-titans then began their dances across the fluidic abyss of Being. Their bodies corresponded to the rhythmic flows of motion in fluidic smooth space; free-flow, in ontological anarchy.

These children then found their bodies interlocking, in erotic passion, uniting to bring new bodies into Being. They entered into each other, caressing each other's forms, and after orgasmic singularities were reached, those elemental-titans continued their parent's dances and journeys into and across the abyss of Being.

After many more successions of fucking then birthing

and fucking then birthing, again and again, in new spaces and forms, two bodies found each other and embraced in erotic passions, so as to form the body of this world.

In the wake of their orgasmic eruptions, liquid rock and water flowed across their bodies, in post-coital bliss. Their elemental's broke out into the wars of Titanomachy, until Amun-Ra, along with Brahma and Shiva, quietened their rage (possibly with a large pile of weed). Amun-Ra, Brahma and Shiva then handed life on the body of the parents to Eros and Eris. Eris turned to her brother Dionysus and asked him to dance with the living beings across the bodies of the parents, in wild unfettered contortions – which he was happy to do. And that ivy-crowned, loud-crying, beautiful creature – who'd one day battle Etruscan and Tyrsenian pirates who sought to bind him, and summon lions and bears in vengeance against this act – as he danced across the face of the land, deep in the waters and up in the sky, the ecstasy of fertile lovers followed in his wake.

Other gods, in their jealousy, will try to destroy Dionysus, but as long as his heart remains he will rise again. Their idolaters might raise temples to place statues of those icons above him, but the dances of Dionysian destruction sweep them away. They might rebuild and rebuild after each sweeping, but the wild cannot be bound, Tyrsenian pirates shall be consumed by bears and lions, with their remains covered in ivy. He will die and he will rise, inside and outside of time, across the entirety of Being, where nothingness and absolutely-everything are one and the same.

Being amounts not the arrival of a uniformed body, but of a the absolute of an unmanifest becoming, perpetuated by the passions Dionysus delights in. Orpheus tells us that he is bull-faced, warlike, howling and pure, but we do not need the words of poets to know this, as he can be found dancing still, even as temples to the jealous gods stretch across the surface of the world. He will die and rise, as spring rises from winter, regardless of whether or not the jealous gods or Tyrsenian pirates try to end him, as that is how he dances.

## **Chapter 0** **The Ages Of Gods**

*“The first Leviathan revolutionizes the conditions of existence itself, and not only of human beings but of all living beings and of Mother Earth herself.” Fredy Perlman*

After countless ages of beasts on the land and in the air and waters, wild, unfettered and free, with humanity still primal, we are entering into the birth of the Leviathan. The Leviathan is the monster who the jealous gods attempt to bring about Dionysus’s ending through, to end his dying and rising as he resides in the belly of this brute.

With the arrival of the Leviathan we enter into history, into the chronology of time, into the iconography of its followers. And, from here, we feral iconoclasts, Dionysian dancers, cosmic-lovers, we

find ourselves as being immersed in both the body of the monster and in the anarchy of wildness, of dying and rising.

And the story continues.

A complete depiction of the Leviathan's birth and growth, of the birth of time and History, would be impossible, due to the limits of language and history, nor would it be desirable, as both the attempt to depict it and the act of viewing the depiction would be lack anything remotely enjoyable – save for a few poems, books, works of art and pieces of music. So we will skip to the end. If you wish to consume a depiction please go read any academic scholarly or radical/anarchist account of the history of civilisation that you wish to read. All that need be said here is that, while other Leviathans were born before time and history, the Leviathan being referred to here is that one born in the Fertile Crescent under the Phoenician, Mesopotamian and Egyptian flags.

## **Chapter 1** **Absurd Words**

*“Of all that is written, I love only what a person has written with their own blood” Friedrich Nietzsche*

[This chapter is focused on History as a narrative, encoded in written word, and on challenging that narrative through written word.]

The intension behind the work that follows is one of complete absurdity and cosmic revolt, where all limitations, both existential and political, are accepted. This is, in many ways, a work of gallows humor. It is embracing the pessimistic assertion that this is all one great big cosmic joke, and the choice to embrace the joke. To laugh along. To be silly. To be seen as mad and ridiculous for doing so. Alongside the horror and despair regarding the present situation, there is intended, within this text, a degree of humour and rebelliousness enacted both playfully and furiously. Being both seriously playful and playfully serious. Taking the situation seriously and not allowing ourselves to become totally serious.

And with this in mind, I accept that these words will never bring down the Leviathan of globalist civilisation, they will not stop this cultures relentless consumption and if any reason or point behind these words can be found (other than the very articulation of them) then the finder of that reason/point has surely stumbled across some treasured wisdom that I have not found. These words won't bring civilization to its collapse, but they are descriptions of the processes underway that will do and are doing.

Those who believe in the power of written language to bring about revolutionary change, while perhaps being beautiful in a great many senses, are not iconoclastic, as they cling to the theology of lexicons and grammar. Language seeks to impose a space of unchanging absolutes, with fixed meanings, with grammar giving the meaning an ordered structure.

This work is, in many ways, an attempt to destroy an icon, as destroying the image of the gods within language and the grammar that seeks to organise the encodings of History into pantheons. An iconoclast does not value this civilised-beauty, nor do they place their faith in its power; rather they love the unfettered expression and the channelling of creative/destructive energies through actions.

This collection of pieces will not destroy language, grammar, or any other aspect of civilization. The words that comprise this work are not in-themselves the action they seek to create, through their arrival into Being as an assemblage. They are intended as a multiplicity of fuels to ignite a fire – a fire that might go some of the way to doing this. If they move you to destroy concepts, or windows, or anything else civilized, then these words might have created that action I am calling *feral iconoclasm*.

But the point of writing this book is not to achieve a certain aim or goal, in the way that it is for movements and ideologies. There is no plan here. There is no blueprint. All that should be found here is fuel to affect and effect. Ok, lets simplify this; movements and ideologies are machines that seek to move a narrative/story (a collection of inscribed words, bound by language and grammar), using whatever they can get their hands on for fuel. This isn't a machine and neither are you. This book is intended as fuel/nourishment to fuel your free movement, should you find yourself wishing to move, through a description of processes that are already

happening. A writer seeks to impact the reader, in so far as the reader might live impacted by what they have read, whether this is a novelist, propagandist, journalist, or whatever else.

I am, here, seeking to impact you, not destroy civilization.

Like all affects and effects, this would lead to the one inevitability of the relationship affect has with effect; towards entropy and decay. Life, as a process of free moving affects and effects, inevitably produces death and the physical transition from one form to another – the creative nothing.

The act of writing a book does not necessarily hold the same intentionality/point/reasoning as that of the words written in the acts of writing. A writer can lie, be insincere or inauthentic. In the case of journalists and propagandists, this is often the case.

In fact it seems that a lot of the time the writer had contradictory desires in them between the writing of their books and the words they used to write them. Someone who claims to be wanting to write something to bring down capitalism really wanting to sell a book to leftists to make a profit. Someone who claims to be wanting to write a work of “historical fact” really wanting to create a fictional mythology, for their own ideological gains. This is probably why so many works of philosophy and literature that are considered brilliant (in their being utterly confusing) are actually just contradictions of a confused and

tortured soul, desperately attempting to form a meaningful narrative out of the absurdity they find themselves situated within – I possibly fall within this description (whether I am or not I'll leave for you to decide).

But with words as affects to effect, we should consider these written words, for the purposes of this discussion, as a series of actions, like that of giving, stealing, hugging, feeding, punching, fucking, or any other you care to mention. They are intended as an act of decoding, deconstruction, destruction, through description. They are not an attempt to encode through inscription. So the act warrants no greater position of elevation or dismissal than any other action performed within life.

The romanticisation of the written word comes from a cultural fetishization of encoding. Encoding is civilised-man's decision to extend his memory from its authentic mental state into a technological simulacrum of representation as pictures reducing the Real into Reality. From something lived and animal, to something static and machine. From something felt, to something alien. This action renders the memories inauthentic, as they enter into the eternity of History – none of us remember the French revolution, the Black Plague or the Roman Empire.

In abandoning the embodied memory of his own subjectivity through text, civilised-man, like in all aspects of civilised life, has embraced the supposed world-of-objects in civilisations permanence-of-being

towards his memory (eternity), with words forging an absolute picture of the situation for the reader to absorb as truth. Pharaohs did this in stone on the walls of their monuments. Early Christians did this on papyrus. Both were doing this to create permanent static memories. This obviously escalates through the mediums of recorded sound and film, but we will not go into these, as it doesn't appear necessary to do so here (and because I as the writer do not wish to do so in this book).

Language fetishizers (logocentrism), spoken word fetishizers (phonocentricism), academy morality (intellectualism) and anti-academy morality (anti-intellectualism); these all vary as subject-sensitive aesthetics or they are moral positions for ideologies. As aesthetics, they are relevant to each individual and they can only be accounted for on an individual basis. You might find no beauty in sciences I find beautiful. I might find spoken word discourse extremely valuable and you might find nothing especially valuable in it.

Each individual owes nothing to the other, in terms of finding a means of conveying meaning that the other enjoys; there is no debt that is owed. No one deserves to have anything presented to them in a way that fits their needs and desires. We are entitled to nothing. There might be pragmatic reasons though why one approach might be more sensible than another for anyone wishing to convey meaning to someone else. It would seem cruel to try to convey meaning to the blind via written language or the deaf via phonetic

means. But even more so, if we are reaching out, we need to do so by meeting the needs of those we are reaching for.

Delving further into this, to assume the existence of a debt to another would be to appeal to the moralities of a dogmatic herdist social contract, which has no basis in the pre-Symbolic (pre-linguistic representation) physical/natural world and whose meaning is only relevant to the production-narratives of civilisation and its normative encoding. It would be to appeal to the myths of civilization. It requires rules and orders of Gods, states, economies and all the rest. So in the attempt to articulate any meaningful (or meaningless) thought, the thinker doesn't need to deny themselves the pleasure of their subject-sensitive aesthetics, only perhaps consider pragmatic aspects regarding their personal desire to reach someone else.

As the act of writing-to-be-read – rather than wring-to-not-be-read – is a medium that cannot account for the other individual's (the reader's) subjectivities, as the writer does not know the experiences of the other. Even when writing a letter this is the case, though it is exacerbated when writing a book or an essay. Writing is always an act that's desired affect and effect remains discreetly limited and near impossible to achieve entirely – we'll never really know what Kafka, Nietzsche, Wilde or Shakespeare meant entirely, what they actually wanted us to feel or think. This begs the question - why even both to continue writing, given the sheer absurdity of the venture?

To write is a one-sided relationship, with a blank piece of paper or a computer screen. This gap between the writer and the reader is one that stretches the vastness of all-the world. There is no touch, no immediate sensation. I do not know you as I am writing. I have no meaningful sense of who you are.

Should the writer be writing for a personal blog or diary that only they expect to read, then the gap is literally the physical distance of space and time from the point of their-writing and their-reading. The gap between you(/reader) and I(/writer) renders the achievement of my affecting you so as to produce a substantial effect nearly impossible. This pessimism should not (I hope) inspire in you, as the reader, any renunciation from this endeavour (I'm not fucking quitting) – the day we abandon impossible endeavours will be a very sad one. Rather, I hope(/intend for) it (to) inspires a cosmic humour towards this absurd affair and to treat it like another one of those jokes that the entire universe plays on you, which you find funny moments after the *event* occurs.

The space that exists between the word, the signifier, and the reader is an existential abyss that only the phenomenology of an individual's subjectivity can attempt to fill and make any meaning from the words. The sensation of wind grants *wind* meaning. The sensation of sex grants *sex* meaning. The sensation of darkness grants meaning to *darkness*. Only by locating their lived experience in the gap between the word as reference and themselves as the consumer of

the word, as an empty picture of the original experienced *event*, can a reader derive any meaning from the world they're being presented with. But this meaning is that of a long forgotten memory, brought back into conscious thought through a sign, the word, that leads to the abandonment of the present moment.

So this text, like all others, is another absurd, another emptiness that the reader will have to fill with their own Being, their own experience and memories, the dances they've have played out upon the face of the immanent-physical earth. Like all books, letters, poems, it is very much nothing. But in metaphysical revolt and ontological-anarchist defiance, we will continue. The written word is but one means of enacting feral iconoclasm, the one I am choosing to utilise in this instance. But means, weapons, opportunities are limited only by the imagination of the iconoclast in their feral-becoming and embrace of *wild-Being*.

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All philosophical writing is a theatre and has a discreetly Brechtian element to it, where the writer desires the reader, the audience, to find themselves alienated from their immediate Being, but not so immersed that they abandon critical analysis and thought. Brecht always wanted his audience to be aware they were watching a play and to never believe the performance was real or natural. A philosopher wants their readers to be drawn into the transition from word-to-word, sentence-to-sentence, proposition-to-proposition, as if immersed in the

narrative of a good work of fiction, but not so immersed that they abandon their analysis of the supposed logical progression. Philosophy is not, in this way, a “natural” space, nor is it a neutral space. Philosophy is, in a particular kind of way, theatre.

The reader of a work of philosophy is not intended to believe in the world-of-the-words, but is intended to believe they are words-of-the-world-through-a-world-of-words. That is, philosophy is not intended to be the truth, but to be about the truth. Actually, no. Philosophy is not intended to be about this truth, or that truth, but about our truth, the truth we want. But philosophy as a medium doesn't intend for truth to be found within it, but to be a picture of the truth, which is outside of it-self.

This is what distinguishes a work of philosophy from a strictly religious text, where the reader is intended to believe only in the world-of-the-words. For the religious, truth is found within the myth and then placed onto the world. Religion is a picture seeking to become the world.

Religion and philosophy are both onto-theological pictures, but different types of pictures, and like differing art-types, they can only be judged on the basis of an individual's aesthetic subjectivity. The iconoclast approaches each type of iconography as aesthetics in the same way and acts accordingly. How do they act? They destroy.

With any iconoclastic, deconstructive and/or nihilistic

work of philosophy, the task of the philosopher is taken further than that of Brechtian alienation, into a metaphysical-theatre-of-cruelty. Theatre of cruelty is impossible theatre, where language is recognized as insufficient. The task isn't just to make the reader/audience feel their alienation, but to find themselves having to confront their situation. The writer/philosopher assaults the reader – in every sense possible through the act of the written word – in such a way that is greater than traditional notions of surrealism and anti-realism. You bring the reader to the point of encountering themselves, in a tactile sense that is intimately sensual. This type of philosopher, in order to accomplish their task, will need to be cruel towards the senses of their reader.

Their task is to destroy the iconography of the onto-theology they find aesthetically undesirable-as-truth and in that action create something they find desirable-as-truth. They seek to destroy what they hate, what they find ugly. This does not mean to actively create false-truths, but to deconstruct the lies of civilisation in thought and word, as to destroy that which exists in the world that they find undesirable, be it the cage that traps a wild animal, the art that sanctifies the ugly or any other example, and to inspire that same becoming in their reader. It is to destroy a reality and create another through the act.

Just as much as the reader owes the writer nothing in their act of reading, the writer owes the reader nothing in the act of writing.

The space between the writer and the reader is as far

as the cliff edge and the surface of the sea. The sea owes the cliff nothing, nor the cliff the sea. The sea beats upon the cliff face daily, eroding away at its surface, redefining the geo-spatial field and lines upon the map. The cliff returns by plunging itself into the sea in its fall, sending the water in untraceable directions. The role of the writer is as the sea, so as the reader becomes the cliff. The writer beats upon the reader, until the reader collapses into the writer and becomes a new geo-spatial field. A cliff might be on the verge of collapse, so the task of the sea is fulfilled with ease, but the affect-to-effect is the same.

The only responsibility of the writer, like all existential responsibility, is that regarding the freedoms of the act of writing. As the writer, even in their writing, is immersed-in-the-world, their freedom is part of the flow of Being, so as to change the world through their freedom. Put another way, the writer is part of the world and condemned to it; which means they, like everyone else, are responsible for creating the world they want.

Moralists like to characterise changes through action as positive/negative or good/bad in their descriptions. Morality frames the narrative of civilization as a social force of self-subjugation of the civilized to the machine of domestication. It is a force that enframes the world into a cosmic dualism of totalizing illusion. Agents of *feral iconoclasm*, in their deconstruction through destruction, do not embrace these false truisms of the civilised world-myth of permanent moral objects as states-of-being; good as a permanent

category, bad as a permanent category, etc.

Iconoclastic writers acknowledge their-own taste and temperament regarding aesthetics. They recognize their subjectivity, their flesh, the living energy of their experience. They aren't building temples of perfection to absolutes, to God and eternity. And because of this, they judge change through freedom on the changes desirability as an aesthetic, as how they feel about it. And as such, the iconoclastic writer acknowledges the responsibility they have to themselves as-an-extension-of-the-world-they-are-immersed-in to create what they find desirable through their destruction. The responsibility of having to create what they want to live as being a part of the world. The responsibility of creating their living space.

The writer seeks to affect the reader in such a way as to produce an effect, to impact them. The effect from that affect is partially the responsibility of the writer, as the effect from any action is the responsibility of the actor. This is not to deny the freedom of the reader as-a-free-agent into determinism and to claim that writers hold such influence over readers that they can control their actions. Readers aren't slaves to the will of a writer. They aren't bound to the ideologies and morality of the writer. But they will, in some way or another, be influenced. This is because of the situated environmental factors of the readers Being as relational to the words of the writer. A writer doesn't know though the degree that any particular reader internalises the words they are reading. The sea is

partially responsible for the effects brought about through the collapse of the cliff edge, the direction of the fall, the impact of the fall etc.

This is obviously apparent when we look at the effects the writings of Marx had on his followers and their subsequent acts. Marx cannot be considered responsible for the actions of Stalinists and Maoists who have performed extreme acts of tyranny, violence, specicide, ecocide etc., in the name of communism. What Marx can be considered responsible for though, is serving as the writer who inspired the communist-revolutionary projects who enacted those actions. Through the inspiration his words provided, those revolutionaries created the conditions that led to the rise of some of the most megalomaniacal tyrants ever to take positions of authority and the brutal acts of violence they enacted. This is true of Adam Smith too. Smith's influence, while not responsible for the specific actions of capitalists, is responsible for serving as the inspiration for the actions they performed under the name of the "invisible hand" – a deity who demands daily sacrifices.

So, while any reader's interpretation and actions are their-own, the writer bears the responsibility of the effect of their words and as such should craft their words precisely. Their words should be sharp and piecing, like an arrow, aimed at the intended target with careful precision. The writer in this way should be a hunter, tracking the intended meaning, until their weapon pierces the flesh.

So all acts of cruelty through the medium of the written word should embrace this freedom authentically and in its entirety; embrace the power of their influence. Embrace their living energy as a force within the world. To not do this would mean the enactor renounces themselves to insincerity and bad faith. They castrate themselves. They hide. But they wouldn't be an iconoclast. If this was done within a work attempting iconoclasm the iconoclasm and deconstruction false – or at least incomplete – and the construction of more illusions. The iconoclastic writer who denies the power of their words is not an iconoclast, but another professor of humility before the awesome might of an Other, who they are nothing before. They are like Christians, Muslims, Buddhists, Scientists, Humanists, Satanists, Marxists, Nationalists, Capitalists, Socialists and others who renounce themselves, their agency, their power and their responsibility. They would bow their heads in the sight of their Other and kneel at their feet, as they bow their heads before God. Iconoclasts do not renounce themselves in this way – fuck renunciation, fuck humility before God!

This responsibility need not pacify the iconoclastic writer, unless they are too weak in character to follow through with the act of writing-as-iconoclasm. It should only serve to remind them of what they are doing through the act of writing. The responsibility regarding the power of the impact of the written word should be fuel for the wildfire of iconoclastic fury of feral-becoming and *wild-Being*.

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It might seem strange to transition directly from the meaninglessness of the word, straight to the power of the word, but that strangeness would come from a misunderstanding of terms. Power and meaning are not one and the same thing, though it is often presented that for something to be meaningful it must be powerful or for something to be powerful it must be meaningful. Meaning is an object; an object that is inscribed on another object. Actually, it is the illusion of an object inscribed on the illusion of another object. Power is the energy of a flow.

An iconoclastic action can be relatively powerless, but meaningful to those involved; and equally an iconoclastic action could be relatively meaningless, but powerful in its geo-spatial impact.

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The act of writing anything on feral theory, the feral revolution, nihilism and absurdity has within it an apparent contradiction, one that appears incapable of being overcome. This is writing about something ineffable, outside of language, before language and after language. It is an act of madness, caught at the edge of the space between civilization and the wild, inviting the practice of a strange and absurd mysticism. Terms like feral, nihilism and the absurd are intended to refer to aspects of Being that are beyond the meagre capabilities of language and Symbolic-culture, at the limits of language. As an absurd venture, they refer to the attempt to break free

from and transcend the mediums of civilisation, through a civilized means. As such the written word cannot be the limit of this discourse – though it is the limit of this particular project. The reason this appears impossible to overcome is entirely obvious, as we live in civilisation and communicate with predominantly civilised-humans in our discourse. We are situated somewhere where books, social media mediums, blogs, emails, letters, videos, podcasts and other mediums of communication that are civilized. Like other issues identified, this need not lead to renunciation, but simply serve as something to be considered and reflected upon.

This contradiction is no more or less severe than any other we face within life though, within the environment of civilisation as a social-ontology. Most of us within the radical milieu live the contradiction of being a participant in the very culture we detest. We work jobs to earn enough to challenge this culture that requires and creates jobs. We avoid certain crimes, so we can perform other crimes that matter to us more. We are what we are not and not what we are. We live the basic existential contradiction of surviving to die later. We live the seemingly contradictory paradox of nihilism. We live the contradiction of finding oneself embracing the anti-civilisation tradition in radical thought, yet being immersed within domestication and civilization. These are contradictions those of us who embrace the wild, through feral self-actualising, live with and try our best to survive.

This need not lead to abandonment or renunciation, as to do this would be to embrace *nihilism*, in the Nietzschean sense of the term; to embrace a living death. Renunciation means binding your entire being to the machine. It means to become part of the herd. To hide away and mask your face. Rather, this *nihilism*, as nihilists who embrace and enact feral iconoclasm, is exactly that which we want to destroy, as this *nihilism* is the defining feature of civilised-culture. (This might seem like a contradiction or paradox, but is simply just an issue within the word nihilism having multiple opposite meanings.)

The only effect this need have is one of a sincere sadness and defiant revolt. This revolt is one of an animalistic Dionysian pessimism, of a dying-and-rising becoming of the one who enacts passionate revolt. With this, in each act of revolt the *self* they were dies and they are reborn in a transient becoming. This nihilist becoming through a lived dying-and-rising is not the same as the living death of *nihilism* as renunciation. Rather it is restoration through the wildfire of *feral iconoclasm* and *wild-Being*.

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That people still want to enact the narrative of politics is something extremely disturbing and disheartening. Political culture (apparently) tried to "solve" terrorism by going to war against it and only succeeded in increasing the amount of "terrorists" (who no longer bring terror to our hearts) it now has to deal with. It tried to solve inequality in various failed states, who only succeeded in returning to the markets they

attempted to escape from, in state managed hyper-organised forms. Attempts made to manage the ecological crisis and collapse have surmounted to a meaningless abyss, with unbreathable air, dying oceans and encroaching deserts closing in around us. Economic crises haven't been solved through economic means, such as austerity, but rather they have been managed so that the impending collapse can be put off as long as possible. Deep sea mining is on the horizon for the industrialised-production of "environmentally friendly technologies". Victories in social justice struggles have surmounted to a spectacle of commodity fetishisation, where the self is an act of pure socialist-capitalist consumption. Political culture, as managing and securing the management of production, is nothing more than a theatrical performance, with a fourth wall that engages the audience in a prison of symbolic production-narratives. These narratives are channelled by and function as a technology, which enframes Being into mathematical, archeological and social stratification. But the significance of stock characters, like Trump, Corbyn, Assad, Putin, Il Dottore and the infamous Harlequin, are being lost, as what these technologies masks are being revealed, as events unfold and dissipate in transience – as politics collapses into the abyss it have built. These narratives are directed through language and other forms of social encoding – who are ultimately derivatives of language.

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Within text there is a cosmological problem regarding

beginnings and endings, origins and destinations. Text presents us with worlds-of-words with an original absolute truth, from which the entire narrative, its lies, tragedies, moments of beauty and lovers, stem from in an outward trajectory, moving forwards, expanding, covering the page and the world within the text. The original truth of a narrative functions as a singular point that is discreetly traceable in its permanency in His-story, like Eden, Hobbiton, Tatooine, and Winterfell. But environments do not bring about Becomings in this type of linear cosmological formulation, with a central point of origin, from which all being emerges. A forest does not grow in a forward manner, expanding outwards, but emerges from the living energy of multiple trees, woods and living beings finding themselves together, as an assemblage. A sea does not progress from a beginning towards a destination, but emerges as the right conditions let its waters flow – an affect to an effect.

In this way, a text can never be as sincere and authentic as the lived experience of emergence without centrality, the emergence of life from too many points to count. This is because Life is non-localisable and far messier than text allows for, as a process with no beginnings or endings.

As in theatre, the story begins before the portrayal starts on stage and continues after it, with unseen characters, most of whom the audience never hears of. Who were the Montegues and Capulets before we meet them in *Romeo and Juliet*? Was Mufasa's

friends cruel to Scar? Who gave Scar his scar? Who played with Macbeth as a child? Did Sweeny Todd have a loving uncle, who played with him in the sunshine? In this same way, all text denies the presence of these unseen characters and *events*. This is the fundamental issue with representation, especially those of mathematics and the dogmatism of the analytic-cult of “pure logic”, where reductions limit the narrative in such a way that the representation becomes a falsehood, a truism limited to the hallucination of the holder.

Phenomenological sensation is the primary reference we draw from in iconoclastic enterprises, as it doesn't contain the issues we find within text. We feel the world, ourselves immersed in the world.

The spatial dimensions of text are a still image of a scene now past, which may reflect some truths or impressions of the living present, but the original references have now dissipated into Being and are now a memory to be reflected upon. They are like paintings hung in galleries portraying mythic historic scenes. As such, text can never refer to existing things (or processes), which could be considered Real. And these memories, that the written word is intended to fill the readers consciousness with, involve an abandonment of the present to embrace the unchanging image of the world-of-words.

For the purposes of this text, we began before the beginning, as you read. While this was obviously an act of comic/fanciful theatre, it was done, seeking to

remind anyone reading that time/History has a beginning, so that the origin within this text is one that is, in many ways, obviously absurd.

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Regarding reading this text, it is both an act of absurdity and revolt for both me, as the writer, or you, as the reader, to continue this endeavour. But revolt in the face of existential absurdity is what all living beings do or have done, so why should this deter us in any way? As such, I as writer shall continue and perhaps you shall too?

## **Chapter 2** **Dancing As The Living Present**

*“The rite, the becoming-animal of the scapegoat clearly illustrates this: a first expiatory animal is sacrificed, but a second is driven away, sent out into the desert wilderness. In the signifying regime, the scapegoat represents a new form of increasing entropy in the system of signs: it is charged with everything that was "bad" in a given period, that is, everything that resisted signifying signs, everything that eluded the referral from sign to sign through the different circles; it also assumes everything that was unable to recharge the signifier as its center and carries off everything that spills beyond the outermost circle.” Gilles Deleuze*

[This chapter is focused on History as perceiving the

world as dead space, with *feral iconoclasm* being a force of living-space.]

The ontological fallacy of civilisation is manifested in the development of the onto-theological construction of the techno-sphere. The techno-sphere is the organisation of matter into form-types – chairs, glasses, buildings, cities, knives, iPhones etc, but not only this. The techno-sphere is, before these are built/constructed, a set of social-psychological relations between those immersed within its body, the civilised/domesticated, and those outside of its machinic systems and subsystems, the wild. In this way, civilisation is a way of perceiving the world – a type of aesthetics. This perception leads to a particular way of relating to the world, one that is civilized, domesticated.

This form of relationship starts with the embrace of the moral axiom that *wild-Being*, what is often called “nature”, exists so as to be brought into domestication and rendered civilised – or it cannot be allowed to exist. This is the dominion that God was said to have granted mankind. It justifies the use of the plough, the cage, the prison, chainsaw and every other technological apparatus civilisation has used to assert its dominion. Its social-psychological relations are a self-imposed state of alienation that the civilised inflict on themselves, which those of us who have developed as *feral consciousness* see through – the self imposed alienation of building a city, with walls to keep back the living wild of the jungle that

surrounds the city.

The attempt at building a break in the flow of spacio-temporal *flux* in the (dis-)organisation of organic transience state of Being, into permanence, phallocentrism (worship of the hetro-patriarchal God) and an anthropocentric(/humanist) reterritorialisation of the plane of immanence's topography, is what civilisation makes as the focus of its work. Put differently, what civilisation attempts, and ultimately fails at in an absolute sense (which the domesticated are likely to realise as conditions worsen from their already horrific state), is a disruption in the wild-authentic-flow of Being it resides within – the walls that block the path of the wind and rain as permanent breaks in the flow of forces. These disruptions involve asserting dominion over a geographical territory, through acts of violence that are used to end the creation-destruction, dying and rising flows of *wild being*, into a state of (presumed) geo-spatial permanency. The disruptions we know well: roads, cities, farms, walls, nations, dams and cages. So as to produce a single definition of civilisation, a signifier to use throughout this text to referring to an unchanging object, this will be the one used for the purposes of this text - the attempted reorganisation of *wild being*, as the natural flows of matter and energy, into the *domestication* of the land, environment, wildlife and human-consciousness (wildlife and human-life being different within the narratives of civilisation), and the authority of technological-theological culture's phallus (God) focused mythology of permanence. In a way, civilisation is inherently and always an attempt in geo/eco-

engineering.

This is the actual subject matter of any work of philosophical inquiry whose aim isn't simply to justify the ideology, dogmatism and preconceptions of this culture. Anarchists, nihilists, skeptics, cynics, environmentalists, post-structuralists and even some socialists have to varying degrees been iconoclasts of some description/degree or another, though often reframing Being into another depiction of permanence. The role of a feral iconoclast (or one of the roles) is to synthesis elements from these and other areas of thought and practice, into a depiction and practice of ontological impermanence and becoming – the anarchy of dying and rising. (Calling this a role is to acknowledge that, within this theatre, we are somewhat doomed (at least right now) to become part of History, if only as agents against History.)

The act of deconstruction, of iconoclasm, is an act of geophilosophy-psychogeography; of unbinding a supposedly bound totality. The iconoclast identifies cracks in the walls of cities and temples of civilisation, in its mythology, in all that it uses to attempt to disrupt and stop the flow of *wild Being*, and, using whatever weaponry they see fit to use, they strike with the ferocity of a man-eater on the attack. We are worsening cracks in the pavement. We are vandals. We are defacing the currency.

It is through the identification of networks and mechanics of flows transferring from system to

system that the feral iconoclast plans their attacks on civilisation. This is done through the identification of the diffusion and permeation of matter and meaning throughout the techno-sphere and outside of it. And whether it be through the voice, written word, monkey-wrench or explosive, the goal is the same; to release the repressed energies of *wild Being*, into a wild becoming. This is done so that through the death of civilisation a wild rising will emerge, like a seed breaking the earth rising towards the sun, until it too dies and makes way for the next lot of growth.

This involves a point of disconnection from the body of the techno-sphere, both psychically and non-psychically, and a return to the immediate, naked body of the iconoclast. The Leviathan will grasp on and attempt to keep the feral iconoclast in its talons and teeth, through the oppressive and repressive means it has always used – governments, states, courts, police, prisons and other means that we are intimately familiar with. So this disconnection must be done with enough force so as to detach and not be reconsumed. This can only be achieved with enough desire, will and strength to accomplish the task, a will and strength that can only be accumulated through intention. (This is not to deny the presence of immediate *wild Being* that permeates within and throughout civilisation. Rather, this is an acknowledgement of the situation-environment we are immersed within, in as sincere and honest description as possible. )

Naked, covered in the blood of jealous gods, false

deities and demons now dead, the iconoclast stands with the wind caressing their skin, with a hot sun and cold moon illuminating scene, their motion being a cosmic dance of transience in the present the iconoclast is immersed within. They become the day and night, summer and winter; all false dualisms become one within their Being. An unsanctified Dionysus, they stand in their feral-becoming, a unique Being, immersed within the world they are an extension of.

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In the western philosophical tradition, the break from the older animist conceptions of the world into the metaphysics of civilisation, most noticeably the Greek embrace of Plato's idealism and his theories regarding absolute, unchanging forms, is marked by a transitional thought. This transition in thought corresponds with the shift from wild-social-ontologies into agrarian-social-ontologies and by the development of the techno-sphere, in the ancient world. This cosmological conception was embraced by the same Ionian physicalist philosophers that great iconoclastic thinkers such as Nietzsche drew from - in his critique of western philosophers like Plato and the Renaissance modernists [1].

This thought in cosmology, known as hylozoism, is that which argues that matter is fundamentally alive. Hylozoism doesn't grant matter a spiritual essence, but physicalizes life in its description, as a force within the environment, as water, wind, fire etc. And it is from this metaphysical position that Ionian

physicalists, like Heraclitus and Anaximander, formed their subsequent arguments on Being in the early years of Ancient Greek civilisation's philosophy [2], before Plato and his appeals to phantasms.

Many meteorological features, such as rain, wind, snow, hail, meteoric stones and other natural processes, such as fire, which are often categorised as the classical-elements, define the hylozoist ontology. Through direct phenomenological sensation, the life of rain, wind and fire are apparent. They impact on naked flesh like the touch of a lover, whose caress stimulates the body – a force upon the body that transforms the moment in euphoria. A euphoria the classic-nihilist-individualist-anarchist Albert Libertad called the “joy of life”.

Unlike the pure Logocentrism of Platonism, the hylozoist ontology is phenomenologically immediatist, in its pre-linguistic basis; the wind is knowable before language, the heat of fire is knowable before language. The myths of onto-theologies, like those of the Platonists, rationalists, idealists, Christians, Buddhist and all others that appeal to the existence of language-based truisms, devoid of immediate sensation invoke a world of phantasms – a world-of-words outside the text, outside the Symbolic. Their conceptions of life and lived experience demand a virtual-ontology, a vitality the techno-sphere depends upon.

Living matter is the pre-linguistic Real of Being in a physicalist-immanent sense, phenomenologically

tangible through pure sensation to consciousness. Hylozoist cosmology does not play the same theatricalities of those that rely on phantasmic-abstract referential substitutes. There is no substitute for the physical-Real, the living world is not a theatre of Forms. The immanency is that field that spreads out across all of Being, as a living force that denies transcendence and dualisms.

In the Lacanian psychoanalytic tradition this is defined by the dichotomy between the sensations of *love*, as in romanticised images, words and all forms of idealisation, and *desire*, which is known principally through pleasures regarding breasts, faces, the voice and the gaze [3]. Within this lexicon, romantic *love* signifies the Platonist idealism and animalistic *desire* signifies the hylozoist materialism – this is not a lexicon that this text will be limited to, but it works for our current subject matter. In this sense, the feral iconoclast does not love, as they do not idealise, alienate or substitute in the theatricalities of civilisation. The feral iconoclast abandons love (in the Lacanian sense of romance) in embrace of their animalistic desires, rejecting substitutes, and delighting in the euphoria of the Real.

In the transition from the substitutive over-coding of civilisations culture of death, into a wild-becoming, through civilization being destroyed via iconoclasm, the feral embrace the living social-ontology of a hylozoist geo-spatiality. It cannot be said what onto-theological myths will or won't be written, or if humans will embrace animism again through their

immediate environmental relations. But in this present moment, the feral iconoclast embraces a hylozoist description, born out of their living on the geo-spatial and physic borders of the techno-sphere and *wild Being*.

In an article on his (now deleted) blog *Wandering Cannibals*, eco-extremist writer Abe Cabrera stated his desire to return to an animist conception of the world and advocates a methodology he terms as apophatic animism, meaning animism through negation [4]. This animism would seem to be one based in the rhetoric device of apophasis, through denying the truisms of civilised-mythologies. This is not an affirmation of animist thought, but a rejection of non-animist thought. He states that he cannot simply return to an animist conception of the world, due to his being born in civilisation and the education he has had, but utilises the act of negation as a means of arriving at the divine, or hopes to use it to reach such an end. For many anti-civilisation radicals born and raised within civilisation, internalising the myths of civilisation every-day, embracing the conception of an animist Being would involve a great degree of inauthenticity and insincerity. Apophatic animism would be an appropriate means of attacking the civilised onto-theology, if it weren't for the problems with it-itself as a means of attack.

The immediate issue with Cabrera's approach is that, within the univocal being of "pluralism = monism", as argued by Deleuze, this process of negation, on its own, would not be sufficient to account for the purely

positivist-phenomenological aspects of Being, which are essential to feral-becoming [5]. The negative, that which is denied the position of “truth”, is non-existent and the affirmation of non-existence, through a means of deconstruction, cannot be the basis for a description of what *is*. In the death of the onto-theological cosmology of civilisation, what arises through *feral iconoclasm* is the sensation of a hylozoist living *wild Being*.

Negation as a weapon, as a means of attack, has long been the means of nihilists, rebels, radicals and iconoclasts. And in this way, what Abe has sought to present to us involves changing nothing in our assault against civilisation. But this is simply not enough and falls entirely short of presenting a basis for creating personal relationships with ourselves and the world (as in pluralism = monism). We are not non-being, neither is the world. Living animal-lives involves the affirmation of phenomenological experience, in a some-what positivist(ic) sense – not the positivism of logicism and scientism, but the positivist embrace of what *is* – *is* in this specific context meaning the Real of what is in flow/flux/transience.

When we play this out, this positivity, when we find ourselves in the theatre of History and discourse, involves the nihilist deconstructive negation of the theatre, burning the stage we dance upon. But this positivity, even more so, involves embracing the phenomenology of *hylozoic-mysticism* – a mysticism devoid of theatre, naked and wild.

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The phenomenology being discussed here is one of a radically empirical phenomenalism, where we do not accept the existence of Real true *objects*, but allow for the phenomena of bundles of sensation that we experience within our lives. There are no and is no civilization, or trees, or badgers, or oceans, but we experience the phenomena of them. These are immediately tangible experiences, with true substances being aggregated by the mind, which are corporeal substances [6] (matter). We are talking about radically monist positivist-sensualism. We are talking about seeking out the sensation of immediate and wild phenomena. The passion of lovers. The rush of breaking a window. The feel of a cage breaking under your boot. The embrace of a stranger, who for a brief moment you are friends with. Insects crawling across your skin as you sit naked under a tree in the rain.

Again, not the empiricism of cultish scientism and logical-positivism, the ideological pillars of the temples to the industrial-technological-leviathan of contemporary globalist-civilisation. These temples are where tranhumanists and technophiles lay themselves down on the alters of this Leviathan as sacrifices, so as to attain salvation to escape the horror and ennui of their daily apathy.

This empirical-phenomenology is an embodied-perception of direct sensation, of the self before language, of Being before Symbolic-encoding. It is the phenomenology of the heat of fire, of the taste of fruit, of the touch of a rock under foot or a lover's

embrace. It is truth-through-experience, not truth-through-mathematical-historical-narrative. There is no ideology here, just Life.

This phenomenology of radical empiricism embraces no theatre or ritual, but only the authentic immediate moment. This is the truth feral iconoclasts embrace, in *hylozoic-mystical* environmental-relations to Being. It is living positivity and affirmation, the affirmation of lived sensation. There is no negative in this, just the transient nothingness of the absolution of Being – the dying and rising of a living anarchy, experienced in positive phenomenological affirmation.

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As philosopher and sociologist Pickering argues, the hylozoist ontology collapses the split between spirit and matter in the biological computing of living beings [7]. This is not to say that it imbues matter with spirit, but that it removes the supposed dualisms between the two. It collapses the bridges forged in the mythologies of civilisation, that theologise life into a transcendental spirit that Otherises the self outside of the human-body, and attempt to reduce the inhuman and unhuman to an empty hollow shell. We are our flesh, our bodies and our living energy is not located outside of ourselves.

This obviously destroys many myths of transhumanists and religions – there is no soul and we cannot become one with machines.

While destroying the civilised myths of dead matter and spiritual others, this hylozoic cosmology of *wild-Being* reveals the flow of living matter as an eliminative-physical truth. It is an annihilating truth, of deconstruction. Through this truth, the feral iconoclast is a force of Life as destruction against myths of civilisation, in revolt through joyful rebellion against the misery this Leviathan creates.

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Pre-empting straw-man type misrepresentations, the ontology being presented here is not that all matter is innately animal, as some suggest is the hylozoist position – this would be non-sense. A rock, while being alive, is not innately animal. But this lack of animality does not mean that the rock is not alive, but rather alive in a different sense to that of being animally alive. This difference in sense becomes apparent through the change in perception brought about through acts of *feral iconoclasm* and the *feral consciousness* that goes with it.

Matter, nature and life are one and the same, and that the conception of substance as dead, requiring some transcendental force to animate it, is an illusion of civilisation. This illusion fuels religions like Christianity, Science, Buddhism and more, as they seek to distance themselves from the living wild that they are.

The illusion manifests through the hallucinations and psychosis that civilisation, as the social ontology of the techno-sphere, cultivates and exacerbates. The

illusion builds upon narratives of death-transcended in spirit, rather than of dying-rising in physicality, as the energy of the transcendent spirit would not follow the same processes of flow and transience as the physical, in the spirit's permanence. But in death the living matter flows from one form to another in its transient motion

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The importance and relevance to this discussion regarding the hylozoist ontology of Ionian philosophers like Anaximander that differentiates it from the earlier animist metaphysics, is one, initially of category, but more importantly is one regarding relationship to Being. The distinction's importance regarding categories is limited to its importance as a reference within language, for discourse, which is fundamentally arbitrary. Its main importance regarding relationship to Being is important to both discourse and lived experience, as it involves a distinct difference in quality.

That is, unlike the animist theology of Being, the hylozoist ontology is a naturalist description of Being [8]. Unlike in theologies, this naturalist description involves no sanctification, no hierarchies, no alienation – there is no Other whose gaze stares upon Being in judgement. There is nothing above or below the immediate wild of “nature” and the idea that there is is an illusion. We are in the equality of a nothingness that surmounts to the absolute totality of Being, as all physicality in transience.

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Naturalism and nihilism as philosophical movement have often shared common ground, particularly through Nietzsche, whose naturalism is particularly critical of the simplistic reductionist model of naturalism, embraced by the scientific-naturalist [9]. Nietzsche recognised that the naturalism of his age, born out of the Enlightenment's encoding of Being under science and (supposed) reason, were little more than a secularising of previous forms of Christian dogma. He saw that the reductionism inherent to that model of naturalism as being the producer of hollow truisms, interpretations intended to continue the morality of the age.

A feral iconoclast is equally skeptical towards any model of "naturalist" thought that attempts to reduce Being in such a way that doesn't acknowledge the reduction and the effects it bares upon the description. They destroy these attempts to bind Being to the limits of civilisation's myths. They stand in cynical defiance against these conventions in thought, so as to find themselves immersed in Being, unbounded and free.

Reductive naturalism stems from the same technological reductions that define civilisation. Would we take a photograph, which reduces the moment to the limits of the camera, to be a full and accurate account of Being? Would we take a painting to be a full and accurate account of Being? A film? An audio-recording? A book? Any of these technological means of reductive representation?

Why would we take the reductive representations of this linguistic-technology then?

Obviously we wouldn't, unless you want to embrace limited geo-spatial fields as absolute truths, as to do so would be utter non-sense. This radically empirical naturalism draws from the entire scope of sensation, through the sensation of the geo-spatial field in its entirety for consciousness.

With the editing abilities of contemporary technology, this escalates drastically. Symbolic representation escalates from a spectacle, to a hyper-realism of an ideological reality so alienated from the Real its pantomime like quality would be laughable, if it weren't so horrific.

The nihilistic-naturalism of *feral iconoclasm* is one of destroying the reductive onto-theology of civilisation and is world-of-dead-objects, deconstructing and embracing decentred rhizomic multiplicities in *hylozoic-mysticism*. Immersed within the world, as Being-in-the-world, the feral iconoclast finds themselves within the environment, within geo-spatiality, with it flowing through them, breathing and eating it into their Being, exhaling and shitting it out. They deconstruct themselves, as pluralism-as-monism, as a Unique-one in transience and non-idealised form. Their frame-of-reference defies the geo-spatial and psychic boundaries of civilisation, and they become like wild animals entering the town or city – they don't care for the moral encoding of the civilised in their *feral-becoming*.

As much as I have used many words to describe this, there are no words for this. We are talking about the sensation of processes that are ineffable and deny language.

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*“The truth of materialism was in its naturalism more than in its over simplified ontology”* Sellers [10]. Materialism can often, in it’s reductionist form and the dogmatic scientism that follows from it, argue utter non-sense, in its attempt to not contradict any of its ideological axioms. It portrays a world of distinct-separate Things, disconnected from the rest of Being. The materialism of Marxism has served to disconnect Marxist thought and action from its place within the environment, and reduce the world, so as to distort Being to fit its ideological dogmatism.

This is why *feral iconoclasm* embraces a naturalist ontology, rather than a materialist one. This naturalism places *everything* within its contextual situated place in the natural world, whereas materialism attempts to reduce *everything* into the dogmatic ideology of the techno-sphere. This naturalism doesn’t need the axioms of materialist rhetoric. There is no Marxist-type disconnection from the environment, into the channels of history. In place of the non-sense of materialism, it embraces the pure-sensation of naturalism.

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Phenomenological philosophy is often critical of naturalism, for reasons that are relevant to natural-

science; reasons regarding the neutral method and the metaphysics of science. The myth of the neutrality of science goes hand in hand with that regarding that of the neutrality of technology. It stems from the same myths of dead-neutral-matter that civilisation requires for its theology to function. This dillusion of neutrality is one that seeps through the psychic fields of consciousness, like venom into the blood stream, manifesting in a normality that is venomous to the living body of the world. And the flow of this venomous perception is hardly neutral, it is laced with lies of 10,000 years of techno-fetishism.

The phenomenological critique of humanist-naturalism need not affect this discussion, as this discussion rejects the dead matter and reductions of civilised thought, its presuppositions of neutrality, its territorial encoding geo-spatial and psychic fields. This discussion is describing a different type of naturalism, one that immerses perception in the totality of the environmental geo-spatial field they are situated within.

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In his explorations in metaphysics, Spinoza uses concepts of material-Extension and immaterial-Thought, through his works on his mechanism and attributes, wherein the divide between the infinite and creative substance is collapsed, and he arrives at a physical conception of the divine [11]. From this, motion in Extension is explained by other-bodies-of-Extension-and-their-motion, so that there can be no cross-attribute causation between Extension and

Thought and they collapse in on themselves. The mind and the flesh-of-the-world become one here, not simply as the brain, but with the entirety of existence as a physical plane that our bodies are Extensions of.

This work on attributes ultimately leads to Spinoza developing a pantheistic conception of the divine and something akin to a panpsychist conception of the mind. Pantheism is a monist theology, whereby God is not considered an anthropomorphic figure, but where the Real and divine are identical.

For this endeavour a pantheistic metaphysic will not be embraced, as to not theologise the description into spiritual essences, as *feral iconoclasm* does construct idols and does not idealise – feral iconoclasts embrace the acosmism of transient becomings, rather than pantheism of absolute wholes. However, a panpsychist conception of mind warrants exploration, as a continuation of our hylozoist metaphysics.

Spinoza's key achievement was to re-materialise substance, amidst the dualist philosophies that reigned in his age; a materialism similar to the Ionian hylozoist conception of substance. While historical context rendered his achievement either rejected or ignored, it remains an achievement as an act of iconoclasm – his excommunication from Jewish society revealing the impact of his words on the status of Jewish mythology. And while a materialist account is not being presented here, as this account is a naturalist one, we will follow Spinoza and explore panpsychism.

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Panpsychism's main features that are beneficial to this discussion are that it presents a solution to the psychophysical (hard) problem of consciousness. Nihilists have been quick to embrace the eliminative materialism of reductive biological arguments regarding consciousness, viewing it as an evolutionary mistake or/and an illusion.

This is mirrored in much of the nihilism within contemporary discourse, where reductive eliminative arguments are manifesting Life renouncing philosophical praxis's. If Life and consciousness are illusions, born from evolutionary mistake, then there is nothing worth fighting for, or striving for.

Panpsychism allows for a non-dualist, monist ontology, fitting many arguments of contemporary science, without falling for the inauthentic non-sensually derived scientism-dogmatism of a vulgar eliminative-materialist theory of mind, which do not reflect immediate phenomenological experience. It allows for features of origin that are not presented within the evolutionary models, which only account for the survival of consciousness [12]. It allows for freedom and Life to be at the center of our praxis, without adding anything.

In abandoning the dogmatism of a purely biologically-reductive eliminative philosophy, the panpsychist eliminative *feral iconoclasm* further allocates *wild-Being* at the basis of substance. It

identifies within matter a radical freedom of self-actualised Becoming, in the transience of position and form. This wildness is the transient becoming and dying, dying and rising, of the tallest oaks, the badger, the wolf, the hawk, the deer, the trout, the grass, the toadstool. It is the will of life that grows from death – the matter that propels itself into Being, like thunder on a dark night, with the rain hammering so loud, it fills the geo-spatial field with kinetic energy that channels the flow in untraceable lines of direction.

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In it's reintroduction of non-determination and spontaneity into our conception of matter, panpsychism reintroduces freedom into a naturalist conception, escaping the pitfalls of the eliminative materialist determinist arguments which deny free will, that nihilists often embrace [13]. Nihilists who have embraced eliminative-materialist-determinist conceptions of Being have renounced themselves to the Bad Faith of agency denying dogmatism. They deny their presence in the geo-spatial field as an affect that produces effects, so as to embrace their self-imposed psychic-slavery. Their denial of free will becomes a law-onto-them for their self-denial. And in the void of their apathy, they become the weakest and most pathetic of creatures – flesh left to be consumed by the Leviathan; probably why no one takes notice of their rotting carcasses.

Panpsychism presents a naturalist-physicalist-monism, that does not allow for these types of Bad

Faith and self-denial. It presents only the *hylozoic-mysticism* of nihilism-of-life, which positively affirms the nothingness of the full expanse of the geo-spatial field of Being, with Being-being-life. And this nihilism-of-life places freedom as being at the centre of the living matter of *wild Being*.

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A desirable aspect of panpsychism, in Deleuze's conception, is that it makes visible the organic level of the living present, of retention and expectation through a primary vital sensibility, that synthesises the past and future into a living present [14]. This escapes many of the *spooks* (to borrow Stirner's term) of a monumental conception of time, born out of logocentric-overcoding, where time is located within History's encoding. Time no longer becomes the illusionary theatre of historicity and futurism that we know within civilisation, but an immediate moment, with organic-life located in the present. Cartesian rationalists and other idolisers of the a priori can doubt the immediate vital sensibility all they want, alienating their consciousness into the domain of phantasms in a theology of mathematics and geometric fetishisms. Feral iconoclasts do not deny their presence or renounce themselves to a Being that denies the geo-spatial field they are immersed within.

Panpsychism allows for a living present that synthesises experience and expectation, justifying trust in habits on an aesthetic level, drawn from experience. This panpsychist-synthesis transcends language and embraces the animal authenticity *feral*

*iconoclasm* reclaims in its destruction of the idols of civilisation.

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A panpsychist cosmology emphasises aspects of physicalist-subjectivism that are of crucial importance to our understanding of *nature* within the ecological collapse currently underway – through a metaphysical rehabilitation within environmental-philosophical discourse [15]. Without basing our-selves in environments and situated relationships, consciousness remains tied to a gaze mediated by the mythology of civilisation. The civilised renounce themselves to the virtual-hallucinations of (supposedly) objective permanency of the technosphere. Domesticated consciousness is unable to escape the mechanical grasp of its dead-matter and sequential *events* that are determined by the mathematics of an over-encoding that denies will.

Panpsychism places agency as a purely physical-relational aspect of Being, bringing environmental-relations to a position of Being fundamentally one of physicalist-will/agency.

In place of the dead world and words of civilisation attempting to breath life from its dead lips into the undead machine world, this cosmology burns down the cities, factories and other temples and offerings of civilisation, so that from their burnt carcasses a transformation can bring forth *wild* authenticity – like the forests that consume the ruins of abandoned cities. And in those present moments, immersed in the aftermath of ruin, life embraces its-self in a becoming

that rises from the ashes.

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Something brought to discourse through scientific research in the occurrence of quantum entanglement is the development of the ontological notion of emergence. This is emergence is one concerning the relationship between parts and wholes, where behavior of a “compound system” is independent vis-à-vis the behavior of the parts, with conceptions of supervenience failing to account for phenomenon within traditional-reductive accounts [16]. Put differently, the whole cannot be reduced to its parts and the parts cannot be reduced to the whole. Individuals cannot be reduced to collectives and collectives cannot be reduced to individuals. A forest is not reducible to the trees that are in it and a tree is not reducible to the forest it is in.

Entangled on the quantum level, matter forges fundamental ontological connections that defy separateness, but does not indicate a transcendental field of pantheistic or spiritual unity. On a basic level, everything is connected. Quantum entanglement presents an ontology of acosmic holism, befitting our “pluralism = monism” hylozoist account of Being, where matter fills the geo-spatial field as *wild Being*, a force of freedom, self-determining in the actualisation of its becoming.

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Embracing these realisms of science, we cannot separate the biological from the quantum. Biological

processes, which affect animal-bodies as biological organisms, are physical processes, which are affected by quantum indeterministic natural phenomena, such as phenotype variation [17]. Quantum indeterminist affects permeate through physical geo-spatial bodies, as fields of indeterminable potential, with freedom emerging through biological animal-bodies and out into the geo-spatial field they are immersed in and an extension of.

Quantum processes occur within our animal bodies. Freedom flows through us as a basic property of what we are.

This does not mean that biological processes are necessarily reducible to those of quantum physics, but rather that, as part of an interactive relational monistic body, these processes are linked to indeterminist physical phenomena [18]. They are interactive in the same way that the rain falling to the earth is an interaction.

These interactive relational bodies are the physical bodies of the immediate world. There is nothing deeper here than the immediate. No transcendental truth, revealing a spiritual essence to Being that can only be reached through ritual and meditation. It is simply the force of life, actualising through physical will.

What is of overall importance to this discussion is that – quantum laws are laws of nature; the physical laws which are the only laws feral beings embrace.

The social-encodings of civilisation, its laws and binding of the geo-spatial field, they are meaningless to the feral iconoclast, who embraces the laws of nature and uses them as a means of asserting their will and presence within their environment, so as to be a living-Being, unbounded, free and unfettered. With indeterminist-freedom as a natural law, there is no-where for those of Bad Faith to hide; they can only reveal themselves as the cowards they have been, as they crawl out from the caves that they have hidden themselves in for fear of day and moon light.

We are not free because we are granted freedom through states, God and machines, as privileges. We are free because it is a basic aspect of the bodies that we are.

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The growth and decay, creation and destruction, life and death; physical, biological, material actualities undergoing the same transient transformative processes at all present moments, univocal in Being and free. These present moments are located in the sensually derived living present – our sensation of the immediate moment we are. This living present is located within the geo-spatial field, as a state of physicality indetermined, but actualising into Being due to the will of living flow. Each moment is the transience of dying and rising. Each moment is a becoming, like a wildfire whose form arrives and passes before consciousness was aware of it.

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The material does not surmount to static real entities, reified objects of capital. They are entities, which constitute dynamic fields of relations, fluidic *events* happening, like the movement of a dance. Here, from the micro quantum to the macro immediate, entities actualise in a potentialistic a-determinist space [19], free and anarchic. This is neither necessarily determinist or indeterminist.

This potentialistic a-determinism does not mean we embrace Bad Faith and we turn our back on *wild Being*. No! Like a river's flow channelled by the surface of the earth, all physicality makes its travels across the geo-spatial field in relation to others; not determined, but its potential directed via other physical bodies. Their free-motion impacts upon each other in moments of energetic release, so as to destroy the body of the other, through weathering and erosion. And in these moments of destruction the flow gets re-directed, into a new potentialist geo-spatiality.

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With the collapse of the particle, within our understanding of corporeal substance, with the insertion of quantum-field-theory into the ontology suggested by contemporary science, it is apparent that, quanta are not building blocks of the quantum. That is, the quantum is not comprised of discreet objects whose quantities amass together to make larger objects. Instead, the quantum consists of *events*; aspects of materiality *represented* by means of different states of

affairs [20]. These *events* are instants with physicality arriving at a certain orientation due to the flow of energy channelling them into this make up.

*Events* are the manifestation of the world we are part of. They are the manifestation of rivers, of baby tigers and of insurrectionary warfare – of explosions, new life and of places.

The spatial-dynamics of each *event* is marked the by differential vectors of the moment, marked by intensive and extensive properties. The quality of each *event* being defined by the quantity of the particular physical bodies situated within the contextual setting.

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Our ontology of *wild Being* reveals that Being surmounts to the actualisation of *events*, free in a potentialist sense, with a non-determined panpsychist corporeal conscious, hylozoistically alive, within a monist-plurality. Our nihilism is one of active destructive annihilation and subsequent active creative regrowth. Our becoming is one of an actualisation of spatial-dynamics through willing differential vectors. The *event* is the arrival of an orientation of physical bodies, their positions on the earth, their intensities regarding certain properties. The *event* arrives as a set of extensive properties, as a physical body immersed within geo-spatiality. It arrives as water impacting upon rock, slowly destroying the rock as it was, the sediment flow channeling deposits, who arrives at the *event* in the

becoming of sedimentation.

\*

These *events* exist in-as-much-as these *events* and the *event* of the present – and all subsequent presents – exist as the present. Existence is located in the unobtainable transient moment, whose escape runs away from history in the fleeting transition from was-to-is. The present amounts to the geo-spatial-dynamics and differential vectors of what *is*. The *event* is what *is*.

Nothing other than the *event* of the present exists, in the ego-subjective immediatist physical terms [21] of *hylozoic-mysticism* – the weird ineffable space of authentic sensation.

Future and History are realms of phantasms. Like the Abrahamic heaven for the civilised to flee the Kāmadhātu of their daily lives, the future lies in wait, as a promise to be upheld by the Other. History, that is the utopia the priests of this temple sacrifice the bodies of their worshipers upon.

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Dogmatists of Marxism, conservatism and various schools of scientism might seek to deny presentist metaphysics through appeals to history, which denaturalise and encode History within their ideological language. They extend this encoding beyond themselves through language and imagination, into a virtual field of pure senseless nonsense, depicting their romanticised Future. And in this

meaningless abyss they lose themselves to their hallucinations. Empty words, devoid of a reference, fill their books, mouths and minds, so that they become a vessel unable to have life giving water flow into it, as the pressure of their emptiness pushes it out.

This is not to deny the truth of the past, as to do so would be non-sense of a similar description to their romanticisations of their virtualised future. Rather, *feral iconoclasm* allows the past to flow through them, in its transient motion, so it can lie within the unconscious mind as memory, to reveal itself authentically to the feral iconoclast, in their dying and rising, as a weapon to be unleashed upon the civilised domesticators who wish to bind them to slavery and the techno-sphere.

The failure of those idolisers of the jealous gods of History and Future is in their not being able see the transience and motion that are dynamics of any phenomenological presentist account and are immediately justified in a ego-subjective sense, that pre-linguistic [22]. This is because they abandon their bodily *self* to become a spook, a phantasm, a ghost within the geo-spatial field that passes through Being, but never enters. In their permanence, they abandon presence.

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The *event* of the present surmounts to what Nietzsche termed and Deleuze developed; *the eternal return*, where Being perpetually becomes what it is [23]. Like a song that will not stop circling consciousness,

the *eternal return* of the physical present is the situated context we cannot escape from. The Future never arrives and History has dissipated into nothingness.

Eternalist myths seek to chain Being to non-transience and the existence of a living Future and History. They attempt to bound Being into the permanence of objectivity and deny their immediate phenomenological subjectivity, the existential truths of their authenticity. Romantic-eternalism always, and ontological-eternalism sometimes, are key to the narratives of civilisations myths. The eternal-presence of the techno-sphere, of the Leviathan, of the Other, of God; their gaze watches over the domesticated, like a chimera or grotesque, to guard the territorial boundaries, whose fiery breath keeps transience at bay, retaining Form in reverence of their narcissism.

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One might question the panpsychist-hylozoist ontology being advocated here on the grounds that inanimate corporeal matter appears incapable of undergoing consciousness in any way that reflects the consciousness of mankind. This fetishization of mankind raises human to be the ideal to be realised. To be alive is to be human. Humanity itself become deified and God is made in man's image.

The absence of a brain or a token mind – in a type-physicalist conception of consciousness – would appear to raise issues, from a vulgar materialist perspective, if we were discussing the emulation of

humanity, as an idealised Form – the supposed Platonic truth behind the physical. This stems from the myths of human deification, the adoration of the civilised. Worshipers of this cult might seek to find mankind within Being, as a necessary emergence. Feral iconoclasts know different; we see humanity for what it is (at least within global-civilisation) – another animal thrashing about upon the surface of the earth, trapped in a hallucination of its making, via the techno-sphere.

Following from Nagel’s questioning of “what is it like to be a bat”, we find that we cannot ever establish in word facts regarding the subjectivity of another and can only infer similarities [24]. We are left to our own immediate subjectivity, a condition that escapes the generalising analytics of the cult of modern-science. And the knowledge we learn must be drawn from our subjectivity, with our subjectivity being an extension of Being, immersed in the geo-spatial field.

The mindedness of pure matter is something we cannot experience and cannot know. But we can know our own mindedness, as a multiplicity of matter, orientated in a particular set of spatial-dynamics and differential vectors, with present-specific intensities and extensities. And from this we can empathise relationally with other multiplicities of matter, requiring an environmentally situated phenomenology.

Our brains function as amplification for the

mindedness of our immediate embodied Being, as an individuated-singularized mass, within the pluralism that is monist, and extends out into all of Being. The neural-networks and intricate points of connection produce the sensations of human-consciousness, but the mindedness is drawn from embodied-physicality; the matter of the body, which derives human-sensations from biological-processing of the human-body. The biological-processing directs the flow of the mindedness of matter in the human-body to produce human consciousness. Consciousness cannot be reduced, only situated and deconstructed. We deconstruct consciousness's basis in pure-materiality and situate it within a naturalist conception of Being, so the embodied-animal-body is identified as the amplification of *wild Being*, as living matter.

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At no point has Being been imbued with *spirit* in this account. Rather, we have located life in physicality, irreducible, but it's geo-spatial dynamics remaining deconstructable.

At no point has Being been granted the existence of *things*. Rather, what has been stated is that Being surmounts to a multiplicity of *events* as orientations of geo-spatial assemblages, which are free and living, including the *event* of death, that consciousness arrives at phenomenologically within a naturalist ontology. This ontology is the *wild Being* that feral iconoclasts embrace in the creative destruction of their becoming, the anarchy of dying and rising. From this, they become a knife in the back of the Leviathan

as an ontic structure. They are the trickster who's pranks and thievery are acts of defiant revolt, a sky-dancing bird in song and flight, the forest that rises from the ashes of a wild moment; in each present moment of their becoming they are extensions of the forces of nature against civilization. They are filled with the same free untamed energy as the tsunamis, earthquakes and storms, flora and fauna who resist and undermine the techno-sphere. They situate themselves as living-Beings, abandoning the cults-of-permanence-and-living-death of civilisation.

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We have not arrived at the animism that primitivists and eco-extremists, like Cabrera, wish to arrive at, because we have not sought to theologise Being. This is not in-and-of-itself a rejection of animism, but an embrace of our authentic immediate subjectivity, immersed within our environment.

We have not arrived at the paganism that many within the environmentalist camp embrace. We do not romanticise Being and idealise transcendental planes of Being. Their cosmic theatre is easily usurped, as marketable social capital, like all cosmic theatres, and we do not need to embrace the markets in the belly of the Leviathan – we do not sacrifice ourselves upon the alters of the economy.

We have not arrived at the dead materialism, that nihilists of the scientism camp embrace. This deification of mathematical reductions and denial of Being-as-being-beyond-the-scope=of-the-text, the

physical turned into a phantasm, a ghost beyond life; this arrives through alienating subjectivity from the living environment, into the myths of the techno-sphere. It leads the followers of scientism to renounce themselves to the abyss of a living death, a defeatist denial of their own Being and becoming. The feral iconoclast looks upon this passivity in disgust and rejects it totally.

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We have arrived at wildness, a feral ontology. The hylozoist *wild Being* of a living geo-spatial field. An ontological anarchy of dying and rising, through transience and becoming. Of unfettered, unbound freedom, freed from the cages of domestication, both psychic and outside of consciousness. Of a defiant and rebellious revolt and resistance towards the techno-sphere.

We have arrived at a naturalism, romanticising and reducing nothing. Immersed within our environments, our geo-spatial situations are intimate aspects of our becomings – we are extensions of them and they of us.

We have arrived at the strange, non-ritual, non-theatrical *hylozoic-mystical* experiences of being caught in a paradox and immersed in the ineffable.

We have de-centred Being from the theological absolutes of history and future, into the *event* of a living present. In this, we are abandoning the projects of Marxism, anarchism, conservatism, capitalism, feudalism, theocracies, liberalism, social democracy,

fascism, naziism, socialism and all other civilisations. We become agents against them, as they seek to enchain us to their myths and their narratives – we are not actors upon a stage, but free animals arriving in actualised becomings of our own making.

We have placed freedom and spontaneity as basic aspects of corporeal-substance, a-deterministically potentialist. We have de-sacralised life in iconoclastic fury and embrace of *wild Being*. This is not a re-encoding, but an acknowledgement of what can be found through direct relationships with matter outside the techno-sphere.

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This is not the theological absolutism of a realist-truism, but a claim made that is based in a transient naturalism, where flux, spatial-temporality, is the one consistency. We find this transience through our direct perceptions, our subjectivity immersed within *wild Being*. This is no message of dogmatism, but our call to the world; our positioning ourselves within the geo-spatial field, in our becomings.

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Why has this been done? Why have I/we sought to present the picture of ontology entirely different to that encoded by civilization?

The reason why is because civilisation is the ontical construction of a Reality. This Reality has taken thousands of years of History, slaves, kings, wars, empires, and more, to reach the ruin it is at.

Civilisation has only succeeded at bringing about Death. The ontology that has been presented here is one of Life. That is, Life free from History; Life free from the machinery of the technosphere; Life that is naked and immediate; Life uncaged and untamed; Real Life.

As I/we are not seeking to simply continue the narrative of History and politics, I/we have not merely continued that narrative, in the way that is typical, even of anarchists and nihilists.

This has sought to be an account of iconoclastic forces underway in the world; to be an iconoclastic force in the world; and perhaps to fuel your iconoclastic dances, as you create the *event* of the living present.

### **Chapter 3** **Between Birth And Death**

*“The urge to destroy is also a creative urge” Mikhail Bakunin*

[This chapter is focused on History as suicide, renouncing life and power.]

Youth and alcohol are both constant sources of disappointment, as they fail to replicate sensations of wild unrepressed Life. They are used as technologies, attempting to simulate those sensations we desire the most. Both produce migraines and sensations of

sickness; consuming either in excess can be highly damaging to the liver, heart, brain and pancreas. They impact upon our flesh like an oil spill flowing into the waters of the sea, polluting and killing.

Both only serve as a temporary fix for the banality and emptiness of life within this culture. Both primarily serve as a means of distracting us from the death this culture tries to hide from, and the Death that is this culture. But they equally serve as constant reminders, like an itch that worsens as you scratch it. Youth reminds the old of their age in memory, and alcohol reminds the drunk of their mortality through sickness.

The Spectacle of modern society seeks to romanticise both into cosmic-phantasms, but anyone with a deconstructive iconoclastic perception can see them for what they are. They are the promise of a to-be-realised state of bliss, of a heaven to be consumed. Consuming either obliterates the same promise they contain. The consumption of alcohol reveals the deception within the promise it makes; the promise of salvation from the drinkers misery. The consumption of youth reveals the deception within the promises made by schools, states, parents, churches; the promises of a safe and stable future, with existential fulfilment.

Iconoclasts know also that civilization, the phallus, God, the state, the machine, hates youth more than anything else within “humanity”, as youth is the image of what civilization hates within “humanity” –

“humanity’s” wild animality. Civilisation knows that the young have no regard or respect for their laws, their social encoding, their morals – unless punished, caged or trained to repress and obey. So civilisation utilises every means it can construct to repress the young and channel their energies and behaviours into their narratives. We know the machines by which this is done well – schools, churches, youth offenders units, prisons and pharmaceuticals. And while doing this, civilisation retains its secret hatred of the young – fetishizing love for them.

This is why they must constrain and fuck the young at all times, in a totalitarian system of bondage. In this way, a classroom and porn set are the same – probably why the student teacher relationship is so dominant in porn films. Schools fetishise relationships of dominance, in the same way that pornography does. Youth, the young, must be raped; the young must be violated, like how hydroelectric dams must be built in Brazil, like how pipelines must be placed across America, like how the Bialowieza forest must be cut down, like how partridges must be caged. Youth is something to be tamed, then transformed into a part of the machine of consumption. The young must be stripped of their animality, their *wild Being*, and civilisation will use any means available to them for this violation.

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The sacred attachment to certain words and the repulsion from the immoral articulation of others reflects the internalised Symbolic narrative and

detachment from the primal Real, into the ideologies of linguistic-normativity. This is the first step in domesticating children – this culture denies the young their semiotic creativity and the sign becomes divine.

You encase a Thing, object or person, in a word and teach that it is Good, or it is Bad. You make a word a Thing, like numbers or abstract concepts such as treachery, faith or fictional bodies, and teach that it is Good, or it is Bad. Words like fuck, shit, cock and bitch are taught as Bad words, never to be uttered. Words like please, thank you and the use of honorifics is taught as Good.

Language becomes a code with a moral encoding embedded within it, layering meaning, social, political and historical, onto the naked phonetic expression. The use of an incorrect word, sign, term becomes a sin that must be made right immediately – they become sacred dances, which must be performed exactly as the choreographer had intended.

This occurrence is rampant within contemporary western civilisation. Liberals and PC-warriors value the word and the sign before everything else. And in their worship of these idols they abandon their bodies, naked phonetics and the body of the geo-spatial field they are extensions of.

Like its theological phallogentrism and anthropocentrism, logo-phono-linguistic-normativity domestication dominates all aspects of culture, to the point that daily life is an act of theatre, where

everyone is enacting a script, directed at all points. The unification of language directs expression into a totalitarian network of social-territories.

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Suicide by all appearances seems most prevalent in the young, as they start their lives, and the elderly, as they end theirs. They do it in an attempt to break from this plane of existence, in an attempt to enter into another. This might be the bliss of heaven, the torment of hell, or the silence of nothingness, not the Nothingness of Being, but the nothingness of not-Being.

But there is no heaven or hell to go to, and not-Being is a realm of illusion. There only is what is. Even after the act of suicide the body remains, turning into something else (unless chemically embalmed and preserved). It continues to exist, free as part of the world that is Life.

In many ways, suicide is a moral act of dismissal and desertion, based in a hedonist form of entitlement – “I deserve not to feel like this. It is my right to not exist”. This is based in the moral notion that there is nothing egoistically valuable in their suffering and that they shouldn’t have to suffer.

It isn’t surprising that people who are drawn to suicide feel this way. We are taught to avoid suffering at that suffering is bad from an early age, with it engrained more and more into us as our lives go on. To a young person just “starting” their life suicide

would seem an easy way “out”, and equally for an older person at the “end” it would seem a way “out” to. But this makes an ontological mistake, as there are no Real “starts” or “ends”, and there are no real “ins” or “outs”. It also misses that the overcoming of pain and suffering is a means of developing greater personal strength and subsequent personal freedom – probably why civilization often uses mediation from pain and suffering as a means of pacifying.

So, while suicide can in some sense represent radical freedom in individual self-determinism, even more so, it represents the epitome of bad faith - denial of freedom. Suicide seeks to deny the overcoming of pain and suffering and the empowerment tragedy can bring. It is a moral encoding, attempting to limit egoistic potential. It is an authoritarian act, where the enactor enforces a state of Being that totalises their will.

The enactor becomes engaged and imprisoned through the action, so that it denies the enactor potentiality in self-actualising their material, animal, natural power and reduces their being to memory, decay and logos. They become their own hunter, coloniser and executioner. Animal-life, freedom, will, *wild Being*, suicide is a state that renounces all conscious-Being to the epitome of passivity – a pathetic and cowardly weakness of will.

They then become something else within Life, full of egoistic potential and freedom, rendering the act pointless. There was nowhere else to go.

I/we are not saying that suicide is an immoral act, which must be forbidden. Rather, that suicide is an act that holds nothing egoistically desirable, which is ultimately pointless, as we are condemned to Being and freedom. Suicide denies the egoistic value in surviving, overcoming and becoming empowered through pain, suffering, torment and struggle.

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The fetishisation of psychedelics and supposed “higher consciousnesses” reflect a deeply internalised rejection of the immediate authentic phenomena of Being. This is immediately obvious when encountering hippie new-agers, whose trips have induced dualistic astral planes, where they have spoken personally to God, who in his infinite wisdom was unable to grant them either a personality or something interesting to say.

Psychodelia seeks to displace you from you, as in your immediate sensual experience from your immediate sensual experience. This is by all appearances an attempt to tear their awareness of their body, as being caught in the machinery of this culture. The rejection of immediate Being surmounts to a type of lived-suicide, where psychic-absence removes the inauthentic from their immediate sensation of the geo-spatial field, into a psychic-state of ghosts, spooks and phantasms.

This passive-nihilism is the same type that civilisation, with its temples, rituals and sacrificial

alters that the civilised offer themselves upon for slaughter, is built upon. That is, it is a type of religious-spiritual repression, making daily-life within this culture easier for those practicing psychedelia.

In socio-technological and moral ways, new-age fetishising of higher-consciousnesses and psychedelics is the same as suicide. It is a hedonist moral assertion – “I have a right to not feel like this. I deserve to feel heavenly bliss”. It is also a socio-technological act that denies the user the egoistic empowerment the immediate sensation would bring them – bad faith, renouncing their freedom. It is also ultimately pointless, as there is no dualistic astral plane to reach (really) – there is only this immediate present moment of the flesh.

This type of suicide is to be expected in a culture whose material apparatus surmounts to daily suffering and boredom, where people are rarely encouraged to rise to strength and empowerment, binding themselves to chains and cages. Of course the civilised are going to sublimate their repressed hatred through any means available to them, as their neurosis ever totalises their experience. Any means of survival will be used to will (some conception of) life. In this sense, we can forgive and love the domesticated of their ugliness, in the same way we forgive friends in their times of weakness.

These phantasms and illusions though are inadequate escapes or means of challenging the Leviathan before us. It is obvious that they don't succeed in completing

their task. None of us honestly believe the new-agers and it seems impossible for them to believe themselves. They succeed only in achieving greater passivity and more engaged within this machine. And the longer the civilised embrace and reembrace phantasms and illusions, the more the Leviathan consumes, the bigger its belly grows and its waste is spread across the body of the earth.

These phantasms speak to the child like believer in us, who fantasises fairies, unicorns, heroes, villains, gods, devils and other players within a cosmic drama in dream. In dreams all is possible and even the darkest and most horrendous nights will eventually lead to the sunrise. These cosmic fantasies are the driving force of all ideologies who promise future prosperity and existential fulfilment.

But dreams surmounts to nothing more than arbitrary signifiers, with no signification. They are empty cosmic voids within the consciousness of the dreamer. They refer to no location within the geo-spatial topography of Being, but to idealised Futures, absent from the egoistic-present of immediate phenomenological sensation.

\*

Young people commit suicide because they can't face the lies told to them through childhood. They arrive into the body of the techno-sphere to be active parts of the machinic body and contribute to production. They were promised that this would be an experience they'd find fulfilment in, only to find it an empty

existential abyss.

Adults commit suicide in the hope those same lies are true. They hope that through death they will arrive either at the peace of heaven or a state of nothingness, where they escape the geo-spatial field and enter a transcendental void. These are the promises of civilisations, theistic and atheistic – that life is dead and in death there is peace.

They put their faith in the promises of God. They put their faith in lies.

These lies are lines in the internalised script of civilisation. They serve as the basis and moral justification of all its production narratives. They keep the chained attached to their chains, the caged attached to their cages.

But, death is not a sweet release nor is it a promised land. Charon the boatman does not await to bring you to Hades, no matter how many coins are placed upon your eyes – sorry capitalists. No Valhalla or heaven awaits to bring peace or pleasure. In death, as in animal-death the *self* remains on the same geo-spatial field it was located upon within animal- life – this is equally true in botanical-death. Death, as Death, is a nothingness, a negation, an illusion – as all *objects* within the negative are; non-Being as an absence in what *is*. The nothingness of death is that there being no-where else to *be* within death, other than to transform in the transient flow of Being.

\*

Youth is an intensity of experience, of something not yet entirely civilized, Thingified into commodity through the word. Youth, as a developmental intensity signifies a differential intensity of primal beauty within the lexicalisation of Being. Like heating water from cool, to hot, to boiling transforms the liquid to gas as a shift in intensity changing the spatiality, intensifying the conditions of domestication through the production-narratives of youth transforms what we call a child into what we call an adult. Increasing the intensity of energy in certain properties is the means by which civilisation directs developmental “progression” into the lexicology of civilisations social-encoding.

None of us really are ever really adult and it is questionable if we were really children. This process surmounts to romanticising the corporeal body into a mythological abyss of empty signification. The are made into a character in this story. The young are trained to value the economy, God, identity, culture and a myriad of other phantasms that are true only within the Symbolic culture of civilisation. And in this assimilation of value the young introject these signs into their being, into their lives, into who they hold as who-they-are.

This objectifies and it elevates the young to the level of sacrificial lambs and golden calves. Into the depths of Xibalba they descend, in careerism, consumerism and other aspects of domestication. They become part of normal everyday life within this culture.

\*

A new-born is an *event*, a qualitative change in the world, through an intensity of quantitative properties, which surmount to the birth of a singularity. This *event*, this singularity is a unique moment within space and time, in that every baby, like every person and all that is is a unique moment in space and time. The introduction of this new being in the world brings a unique geometry and potentiality.

A new-born interrupts the makeup of the geospatial topology, changes the layout of the situation. In giving birth to the child, the mother creates a new spatial-mass in the world. The mother, in this way, raises a mountain into the world; they bring something that disrupts the landscape and alters it, in probably the most beautiful and natural sense possible for the human-animal to do so.

A new-born is a new space, a new situation, a new location, a new environment, a new ecosystem. To all those life-forms that are dependent upon their bodies, a new-born is a home, source of food; a world for their being to dance upon.

That people have come to see themselves not as environments and, in turn, extensions of the immediate environment they find themselves situated within can only come from a cultural narrative of agriculture and domestication. It comes from viewing the *self* as a Symbol or as truly existing in some transcendental state – a spook, a phantasm.

Quinn calls this the great forgetting, which is a nice term, but it invokes too many essentialist notions of innateness to be taken too literally. The great deception seems more appropriate, as it is more of a mask than anything else.

\*

Shit, piss and vomit is a baby's flow of exchange within the ecosystem they are actual within. These forces of cosmic release are simply examples of the transient motion of a cosmic *wild-Being*. Into their animal-body a baby consumes mothers milk and they propel this gift back into the world through their physical means of release.

Like the river to the sea, bringing rains return, shit and vomit are the baby's return to the world of physicality. And like Heraclitus's river, each shit, piss and vomit is unique in its difference and the baby is each time different. Through these physical motions the baby becomes and actualises.

Consumption is an act of annihilation and its antonym, of ejection, is an act of creation – the ejection creates a geo-spatial event in transience. These *events* of ejection allow for the annihilation of the ejected matter and the creative processes of organismic growth.

\*

Youth is not an ideal to be actualised, but a memory to despair over. The adult laments their youth, either

in its-own tragedy or in the tragedy of its absence. We were happier then, or not happy enough. We did more, or didn't do enough. We were freer then, or not free enough.

The inner child to actualise is a drama, a script; it is play acting a character who never really ever lived. This is the theatricality of psychotherapy, where the child is fetishized as the supreme object of desire. This surmounts to a narcissistic pedophilia, where the adult eroticises their historicised potential into romantic sentiment. The inner child becomes a sexualised theatre, prostituting the adult as social and financial capital for the childhood industry.

Inner-child “events” are not the *events* of our contemporary situations, they are not located in the egoistic-present. No, they are historicised and their form has dissipated through transience into the plane of immanence. They are fiction, with no value.

\*

There are those who call anarchists childish, but this mistakes what it is anarchists actually desire. A child desires safety, whereas an (honest) anarchist is sick of safety. A child desires the love of the parents, whereas an anarchist is tired of the parentalism of the state, the church, the economy, civilisation, the Leviathan. Anarchists are sick of being channelled into a permanent childhood.

Socialism, conservatism and other forms of statism are fetishisations of the phallic-Symbolic superego of

childhood repression – the repression we are socialised into during childhood in domestication. They perpetuate childhood until the end of animal-life.

\*

The anarchist writer Aragorn! has called the Russian Nihilist movement a youth movement. This movement was built upon a passionate hatred for the phallus of the tsarist regime.

While it might be the case that this movement was comprised of young people, nihilism has nothing to do with Youth. The contemporary obsession with nihilism within the cyberculture of contemporary young milieu is a reflection of the death of Youth amidst the unravelling collapse of civilisation. The fetishized childhood that this culture has drawn on in its mythological promises is dying as this culture decays in the death of the Leviathan – with dead babies televised and transformed into internet memes.

Thrust into adulthood after, decades and centuries of sucking our thumbs and playing with our feces, the abyss of an eventual death is being seen for the first time – and we know it. We know it through mediated forms of knowledge, the media, and immediate forms, conversations with friends and loved ones, and as epistemological anarchists we draw from both, as feral iconoclasts.

\*

Ontological anarchist philosopher Hakim Bey, or

Peter Lamborn Wilson (dependant on what you wish to call him), in his reverence and idealisation of children, reveals the romances and fetishisms that pollute his works. His Hermeticism surmounts, in many ways, to the reterritorialisation of the theatre of civilisation, trying to become another chapter within the dialectics of History.

Still, he is one of the most visionary and iconoclastic anarchist writers/philosophers – with his conceptualisations of the T.A.Z., the *poetic terrorist*, the *guerrilla ontologist*, ontological anarchism and immediatism (concepts worthy of further usage in anarchist, radical and iconoclastic discourses).

He doesn't need to be entirely rejected as a writer, nor should any other whose works are polluted by a single undesirable trait (or small amount of undesirable traits); but we should divorce those concepts that are useful from his writings from those aspects of his writings that are weaken his standing. Look upon Bey as a somewhat beautiful thinker and a desperate creature, grasping for what they desire while caught between two chasms – one of psychic and embodied liberation and one of a psychic and embodied prison. (The *guerrilla ontologist* can create T.A.Z.s for the immediatist acts of *poetic terrorism* they desire, without joining Bey in his less beautiful qualities.)

But the young should not be romantically deified (or demonised) and made to become sacrifices to God, like Abraham sacrificing Issac, in the way that Bey

and others do.

\*

Seedlings are extensions of the trees they fall from.  
They emerge from the body of the tree in cosmic  
becoming's into actuals.

As mammals, we raise our seedlings to survive.  
Mothers feed their young from their breasts. Both  
parents protect their young from harm, out of love of  
the child and their egoistic desire for the young's  
continuation in being.

Dreams of comfort are simply the deceptions of  
civilisation. Animal-life, outside of the mediation of  
the techno-sphere, is not one of perpetual comfort.  
This is why parents cling to means of safety for their  
young, so as to retain the comfort of their youth for as  
long as possible. They romanticise to their child with  
myths telling of promises of civilisation.

We deceive our young because the truth is too terrible  
– that they might have to feel something. To feel  
something immediate is the greatest of crimes. It  
necessitates within civilisation the introjection of  
shame and rejection of the bare flesh of nakedness,  
into humility. The entirety of the techno-sphere  
functions to mediate human-animal-consciousness  
from this truth, so for the feral iconoclast the  
cultivation of a feral consciousness is necessary.

Would feeling something be so terrible though?  
Would it really be so awful to undergo sensations of

exquisite bliss and agonising pain? In an aesthetic-cognitivist sense, sensation can serve as a means of empowerment, with the hedonists of civilisation, in their cowardice, valuing only continual pleasure.

An entire era of medicine and bio-politics has been dedicated to abandoning sensation. Psycho-pharmaceuticals, with the clinical gaze of the psychiatrist, attempts to mediate and repress all sensation, creating a passive subject, fit for the slaughter. We raise our children for the slaughter and meat spoils if it is scared.

\*

Positions of anti-natalism and certain forms of pessimism, while possibly the logical conclusion of hedonist-utilitarian moral theories that appeal to the happiness of idealised hypothetical children, whose relevance are limited to the symbology of language, do not fit the wild, nihilistic naturalism of a feral-iconoclast ontology. Animal-life propels itself into being through the ejection of forms created from matter, as an act of creation, and feral iconoclasts embrace animal-life as *wild Being* to whatever extent possible within whatever situated geo-spatial field they find themselves within the techno-sphere. And feral iconoclasts reject the pathetic weakness of the pessimistic renunciation of anti-natalists, finding it as disgusting as the nihilistic renunciations of all other aspects of civilisation.

Anti-natalists would deny the young the strength and power from the suffering their lives might entail, that

would be of egoistic value. They embrace life renunciation, as they feel betrayed by the lies of civilization.

This is because, rather than arguing from positions of egoist-welfarism, anti-natalist arguments seek to Otherise the topic into a romantic moral drama, with soap opera sentimentalities. They fetishize Being as the great cosmic-evil to be over-come or rejected. Life becomes a demonic figure within their myth, who can only be defeated through the illusionary negative of non-Being.

Like the suicidal, anti-natalists are moralists who hold that life is an evil that should not-Be. They both come from philosophies of weakness, tied to the machine that promises salvation.

If we approach the subject of whether or not to reproduce from the energy of feral animality, it appears that it is *natural* – in a *sensible* description of the term – to self-propagate through the medium of reproduction, as a means of expressing will-to-power. If nothing else, it can serve as a simple survivalist technique, where parents can raise their young as members of a tribe that stands distinct as a reclaimed autonomous space from civilisation. And if we take the anti-natalist existence = pain = bad and non-existence = no-pain = not-bad, this does not fit the wild authenticity of living beings who have struggled to survive through previous mass extinction events and reproduced amidst all the suffering that those *events* entailed. Nor does it fit what we witness

amidst our current mass extinction event, with wildlife continuing to procreate regardless of the horror they are situated within. So a feral iconoclast, though they might not self-propagate through reproduction for personal egoistic reasons, does not do so for the moral-pessimistic-renunciation of anti-natalists; being more inclined towards reproducing.

\*

*Feral iconoclasm* takes a non-fetishized vision of youth and birth, in both positive and negative senses, but an active embrace of life and Being. It treats youth and birth like any other potential *event* within the geo-spatial field. And the iconoclast might choose to reproduce for reasons of personal desire, survival or so as to raise that child to become a weapon against civilisation.

## **Chapter 4** **Crescendos Chasing the Night and Dawn**

*“Poetic Terrorism is an act in a Theater of Cruelty which has no stage, no rows of seats, no tickets & no walls ...” Hakim Bey*

[This chapter is a collection of poems intended as wild untamed poetry, clashing against History.]

### Of the Woods

Oh those woods, that realm of secrets and dark places

that the civilised fear.

Listen to their sounds and songs, the melodies of an old orchestra often forgotten.

The blackcap and blackbird, woodlark, skylark and thrush, robin and wren, vibrate through the trees, riding the waves of the wind, in a symphony which knows no bounds.

Those winds, which gnarl the trees bodies into contortions that would break the spines of man, do little to their awesome trunks, save for when hurricanes and gales rise off the sea, onto the land, and strike down upon these islands, in a violent shattering.

The elder, birch, ash and willow, the oak, maple, holly and hawthorn, the cherry and elm, they are the bones of the woods, the bones of the forests that once stood.

Their bodies stand as testament to life, giving breath to the world, through a touch so delicate its cosmic caress goes mostly unnoticed.

Their bodies stand as homes to *the wild ones*, those uncivilised beings, who live either in or under the branches of those great trees.

Those uncivilised beings, the badger, fox, deer, stoat, pine martin, mouse, door and field, the rabbits and hares, boars, goats and, perhaps one day again, the lynx, dance under these trees in their waking moments, to the songs of the birds, which ride the winds in a glorious symphony.

They dance barefoot upon the dirt of the ground, who is undeserving of that name, for what man calls dirt is the living world of the soil, where mycelium and bacterium bring about the eternal return of rot and

decay, to bring life to those same trees whose bodies are the bones of the woods.

Through the ground, the waters run down from the hills through the woods, like blood through veins, home to carp, roach and pike, lamprey, eel and chub, and birthing place of salmon.

Those rivers and streams that pierce the landscape and bring waters to the land, flowing through woods in their return to the sea, unrelenting and wonderful to the ear and eye, captivating in their awesome might and power.

These woods are a place for naked, wild, authentic and relentlessly free beauty.

They are a place for sensuous and erotic passions, human and unhuman.

A place of life and death.

These are the woods of the isles of Briton.

### The City Dwellers

Oh those city dwellers, how I weep for them and for their worshipers in the towns and villages, who view the cold metal of their machinery as a utopia to aspire to.

The black death of the air they breathe daily, from the excretions of their industrial monstrosities, flows through them and enters their bodies, so as to become part of their being.

Their bodies, their minds, muscles, lungs, bones and hearts broken by the drudgery of city-life, are no longer theirs, or rather they would be had they not shackled themselves to the chains of the machines of the technological-Leviathan they serve.

Their lives have become reduced to transferring power and energy from one point of production to another, in a story of producing that steals life from the woods, as it gives reverence to the violation of the wild.

The city is the idol the town and village give praise and sacrifice to, in ever loving servitude, towards rust and ruin.

I weep for the city and all who reside there.

Not just for those born there and through little more than the occurrence of their birth have become amalgamated into its machinery.

No!

I weep for the foxes and rats, the cats and squirrels, the pigeons and all those other truly beautiful beings who attempt to live amidst the industrial machinery that scars the body of the landscape, where woods and forests once stood upon the banks of the rivers that once fed life through their banks, but now lay in waste, unloved by those who live beside them.

Oh I weep for the city dweller and I hate the city.

I hate all that it stands for.

Those markets and halls of politics, who seek to split the world into order and chaos, and put themselves atop a hierarchy commanded by the gods of the temples they build.

Damn the city, that place of factories and industry.

The miseries of its streets knows nothing of the beauty of the wild.

All cities shall stand in ruin eventually, when they are reclaimed by the woods and forests.

I weep for the city dweller, and for the city idolater, for they will not know what to do when this time

comes, for they have learnt little of beauty.

### The Hunt

Oh that hunt, that hunt which bares no likeness to the hunts of wolves, bears, hawks, foxes and pikes.

It is a hunt practiced by the domesticated to be used against the untamed, the uncivilised, *the wild ones*.

A machinery designed to cage that which shames the farmer for spreading disease upon the land, those cages will never contain the ugliness of this hunt.

For you hunt not with the skill and precision of a huntsman or woman who tracks their prey, striking at the opportune moment and feasts upon the flesh of that which they destroy, giving living energy to their bodies in creative, cosmic return.

No, you hunt with a cage and a gun, with a cowardly deception, and with eyes not your own, but granted to you through the technology of soldiers who seek to fire in the night.

Your reverence of a history that has dissipated into nothing, of lordly gentlemen and aristocratic pomposity, reveals your shallow aesthetic, your lack of appreciation for what is beautiful.

The grouse, foxes and badgers, and many more, see your ugliness and that your eyes do not see what is truly beautiful, as you are blinded by history.

Oh that hunt.

Those cages and that hunt.

Enraged the uncivilised sabotage and thrash out in wild vengeance, defiant against this hunt.

This hunt that hates *the wild ones*.

This hunt that hides the shame of farmers and lordly

estates.

This hunt that kills the wild fire inside the false-hunter, as they chain themselves to the machinery of the city dwellers.

Its ugliness is truly intolerable.

It is the ugliness of a violating force, that same ugliness Gilgamesh revelled in when he deforested those ancient cedar forests to build his walls.

### Wild Dances

Oh wild dances, how I love them so.

The poetry of their flowing motion upon the body of the earth.

Through woodlands, in rivers and the sky, and even in cities, towns and villages, the beauty of their movements create destructive ruptures in the machinery of this technological-Leviathan.

The foxes that break down the fences of farmers and feast from the bins of those who reside in the town and city.

The rabbits who crawl under those same fences and feast upon what vegetation they find.

The birds who fear not the scarecrow and feast within the field upon the grains that infect the body of the land.

The ants, spiders, rats and mice who care not for the walls of the houses the civilised build, entering them at will and gorging themselves upon what they find.

You ask, what for those outside of civilisation?

Well the dances of the deer, the flight of the birds and the seals and dolphin who leap through the water and into the air, they too are all of exquisite beauty, as are

more scenes, situations and examples than any man could count.

The cartographies of their choreographies are boundless, with lines of flight that emerge and dissipate in instances that escape the tracings of history.

These dances, whose sensuous display transgress that last taboo, neither ends nor begins at dawn, but chases the dawn and the night in the transience of all present moments.

What for those uncivilised humans who dance these dances, the rewilded feral who stand naked before the sun and moon, in the woods upon the hillside? Do their erotic pleasures and chaosmic acts of vengeance flow with the symphony of the woods and the dances of the wild?

To these questions it can only be asked “why wouldn’t they?”, as all is of the wild and even what has been polluted can become clean.

Those uncivilised beings dance beautiful dances, as they become rivers with banks overflowing from the waters of the storm, rushing towards the sea.

### Revenge of the Storm

Oh the storm, who rages day and night, destroying indiscriminately, indifferent to the desires of those who idolise the machinery of civilisation.

The storm with the energetic fury of a wild fire and the tremendous force of an earthquake, whose winds beat down upon the land and rains wash away the unclean, the vile, the abhorrent, the ugly.

This storm is the last taboo.

This storm is what civilisation fears most.

And in their fear, the civilised build temples to and make sacrifices in reverence of gods to keep them safe from its awesome power.

The storm rages in all that is untame, all that is uncivilised.

The storm shall crash down upon the machines of the Leviathan, and does, in unrelenting fury.

The storm rages day and night, and it does not stop.

It's rage grows stronger, fiercer, creating more destruction, as that which it hates violates what is wild more and more.

In its winds, the orchestra crescendos into an intensity that vibrates through the body of the world, creating a violent shattering in its destruction.

And what for you and I?

We are the storm and we are in the storm.

We are breathing it into our bodies, as it whirls and swirls around us, and as we take our uncivilised revenge against the city, its machinery and all who idolise it, our uncivilised, untame wild dances are a beautiful sight, that only those with eyes to see will look upon and appreciate the authentic nakedness of.

## **Chapter 5** **Burning Icons And Myths**

*“For a select few, on the other hand, those enlightened by the darkness, the endgame offers the marvel of disintegrative poetics. Maggots, blow flies, pestilence, disaster, carnage – the astonishing, grotesque absurdity of it all! – isn’t just intriguing,*

*it's spiritually fulfilling. Imagine! Centuries of disintegration culminating in our time". Alan R Pratt*

[This chapter is focused on abandoning the gods and icons of History as abandoning morality.]

With the exception of God, the Devil is the most revered member of the Abrahamic pantheon. We all know this, at least all of us who have been born into cultures of this pantheon. We know it because it is the foundational truth that this culture's Reality is built upon. This truism lies at the centre of all the dogmas and narratives within the story of civilisation, history, the Leviathan.

Through the attempt at actively rejecting him, Satan (or whatever else he is being called) is held up as an icon to tremble before, in cowardice and renunciation. This iconic stature is the basis of all his authority, as without it he is just a snake in a garden.

Which is, as you might expect, exactly what he would want (should the devil be real (he isn't but whatever)). The boundary line between love and hate is always subject to spacio-temporal flux, it is constantly shifting, it is never static, it is wild. As such, we undergo corresponding topological and cartographic redefining, as ourselves, as embodied geographies, are created into something new.

It could be said that the Devil must take immense pleasure in the hatred he receives, which can so easily reterritorialise/change/transform/mutate into love. Perhaps this is the case of all devils. The communists, fascists, anarchists, liberals, Christians, homosexuals, Islamists, feminists of the world, who become sanctified as immoral atrocities, seem to take pleasure in upsetting the moral sentiments of those who hate them. And so they should – to be viewed through the eyes of God in disgust is to be seen as something alive and Life is beautiful. To revel in Life is to embrace the acosmic Nothingness of *wild-Being* and find the flow of your being immersed in creation – to look into the abyss and embrace the monsters; *hylozoic-mysticism*. The Leviathan, God, civilisation hates the monsters and the beasts, so feral iconoclasts become monsters and beasts.

But the feral don't simply embrace one mask of civilisation to disgust another, which would be Life renouncing inauthenticity – we're not communists to anger our grandfathers. No, we live as ourselves and let God's disgust occur free from any machinic design.

\*

This is seemingly true of all moral based hatred. All morality does is construct idols and icons. These idols and icons are Symbolic adornments for the civilised to wear, in the machinic production of their Self – masks to hide their nakedness. Morality is nothing more than a mask to hide our animality, our bare flesh

– it is the point at which what can be categorised as biological, Real, or wild, comes into connection with the disruption of technology, the Symbolic. In this way, all civilisation *is* is one long moral drama, with a disappointing cast and an obvious ending – ruins.

The communist makes an icon out of capital and unwittingly kneels before it in reverence. Underneath their rhetoric communist desires is capital – the dirty little secret hidden within the Marxist ideological unconsciousness. And because this is out of their reach they deny this desire to themselves and to the world. Their project then becomes one of emancipating others from capital, because if they can't have it no-one can. In this pursuit of emancipation, the communist raises capital to the stature of a supreme demonic overlord, a God to be defeated through struggle. And in this, capital becomes a cosmic Other to fear and hide from.

The capitalist makes an icon out of the state and the commune and unwittingly kneels before them in reverence. Underneath their rhetoric they desire the constructed safety of the state and commune, but as they are denied it within their present situation they demand that none should have it and that it is evil. This then becomes an evil demon to be cast out, as a cosmic Other whose gaze watches over for all to tremble before. Capitalists worship before this deity every day, so as to not anger it and face its wrath. But equally underneath this fear is a burning desire for it, like the touch of the fire that burns.

Liberals raise the politically incorrect up to be the supreme evil in our pantheon, cowering before their might. The politically incorrect are regarded as something to be expelled from the map of the face of God and to lie as something known but unseen. In this state the racists and bigots of the world exist in a state of *iconic-distance*, where the perception of separation and space magnifies their might and authority – only when seen close are they revealed as ugly and pathetic creatures. This magnified state elevates their stature and all liberals tremble before them, sacrificing their Selves to God to seek God's protection from this colossus that they fear at distance.

Homophobes sanctify those acts they fear and despise so severely, making them far more irresistible to those tempted to indulge these acts of joyous passion. Why does this make it more tempting? Because is not sinful pleasure what we all secretly crave? Do we not want to indulge in those acts the priesthood uphold as evil and forbidden? Through raising these acts to the level of icons of evil and sin, they become acts more desirable than any other.

Misanthropes raise humanity above the animal kingdom, above the ecosystem and biosphere, to be the ultimate and all-powerful evil, which must be rejected in moral purity. For to the misanthrope, be they vegan(archist), eco-extremist, nihilist or any other sect, humanity is evil in-itself – the human species (whatever that means) is evil and evil is humanity. As such, humanity is raised as an icon to

fear and feel disgust towards. Humanity signifies a cosmological force of unparalleled magnitude, whose authority is absolute, is everywhere and gazes over all. This is of course fantasy, as humanity and the myth of human supremacy is built upon illusions of cosmic dualisms and *iconic-distance*. As such, the misanthrope embraces the iconography of human supremacists, perhaps more than those they hate in their moral opposition.

\*

This is the message of moral opposition and it has been since the first moral encoding of civilisation. Sanctifying the evil Other and raising them up to be feared is the message. This message justifies the civilised's hierarchal pantheon and it's use of violence against those Others it is seeking to dominate. The good must dominate the evil; the good must dominate the world; good must win – this is the message of civilisation.

The message is – revere this icon via a ritually encoded hatred of them. This is not a hatred born out of love and desire to protect what you love from what you hate. No, this is the encoded hatred of ideological-romanticism – attachment to masks and phantasms.

So civilisation commands: “treat them as the most ugly, most vile thing in all the world(s) and turn them into a mysterious, fear inspiring big Other, to tremble

before as its gaze looks upon your naked flesh and sees you for the creature you are”. Conformity grows from following this commandment.

With all of this, the moral grants this entity virtualised (psychically and digitally) power and authority, which then turns into embodied (through the immediate animal body and through (inauthentic) machinic token-technological extensions of the animal body) power and authority. As if the moral did not hate and fear those they deem immoral the immoral would have no authority within their ontotheology.

\*

Current political-evils Donald Trump, ISIS, Le Pen, Jeremy Corbyn (and whatever contemporary-cults they stand as representative members of the priesthood of) are all sanctified through moral despoliation of them. The hyper-real Spectacle of their power in the world grants them ever increasing ideological authority. They become more dominant players in the production of this culture through their being upheld as icons of evil. This authority enables them to decide the direction of History and how civilisation constructs the geo-spatial coordinates of its cartography.

Moral-anarchists (should we accept this contradiction, given how often they reveal themselves to be secret quasi-statists) sanctify those political bodies they

despise so much, rendering “*No Gods, No Masters*” a slogan for public worship. These anarchists are in fact those most enslaved by the Leviathan. They chain themselves to the state’s power through their naming it as an authority over them and announcing that authority as an evil Other outside of their scope to face – unless the collective fights back through the mythic revolution.

Civilisation has largely surmounted to the construction of a Spectacle of fetishised marketable moral opposition. It is fetishized as it is desired not for the thing in-itself but for what it signifies within the romance of cultural ideology. Charity becomes an act of cannibalism, as it becomes an act of social capital to be consumed by the charitable. Resistance becomes purchasable through films, music and t-shirts all preaching the revolutionary product. Activism becomes a trending hashtag, the morality of the herd. And all these acts surmount to acts of public worship dominating even those aspects of life previously not consumed by this cultures mythology – while domestication has been the daily norm since the arrival of this culture, it is only very recently that we became able to share memes about national pride or about how purely politically correct you are while taking a shit (in a weird act of psycho-sexual retention).

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The iconoclast, in their egoist ethic based in their immediate embodied welfare, does not sanctify that

which afflicts them. Like a disease that infects their being, they treat that which they hate as something to be overcome and annihilate, furthering their animalistic self-empowering. There is no evil in disease, just the disease's will to Life/power – disease is only evil in it being rendered an icon through it being re-presented as a Symbol of evil. There is no evil in hating those diseases that infect you and desiring their annihilation. And to hate the disease that infects your being is not to sanctify it as an icon of evil, but to love your immediate egoistic self.

The feral do not sanctify the Leviathan, looking upon it as an evil icon to revere and hold at bay, but as a beast to be attacked in their cosmic dances across the body of the Earth. The Leviathan is not a cosmic Other, it is neither a demon nor a god. It is a disease, a plague, a cancerous corruption disrupting the flow of the body of the geo-spatial cartographic shifting of *wild-Being*. It is an interiorisation-to-construct-exteriorisation, to create the illusion of cosmic-duality that civilisation is founded upon – the origins of the realm of phantasms.

Sanctification and reverence through moral opposition stagnates and disempowers, and the combination of both stagnancy and disempowerment is not only getting boring (as fuck!) but is raising those the feral hate to the level of ritualised worship that they/(no-one) deserves. The contemporary situation is one of mass-victimisation, where the iconography of cosmic-moral melodrama has reduced resistance, revolt and rebellion to rituals of a

sanctified priesthood. The priests are liars and deceivers, who offer the bodies of their followers to the Leviathan that stands behind the mask they find irreverent.

The desire of any feral iconoclast would be for those idolaters they have means of reaching out to find themselves immersed in the world, to see past the mythologies of moralised reverence and to hear the egoistic call of the wild. So a principal activity of a feral iconoclast is to direct those they love away from the maps of civilisation, the Leviathan, God. Following this, *feral iconoclasm* involves creating new cartographies and ways of travelling across the body of the wild, through destroying those of the Leviathan.

This is the desire of feral iconoclasts and their practice. It is not born from moral iconography, but from egoistic love. We love the energetic flame of *wild-Being* coursing through the bodies of living beings and take delight in their dances. The repression of *wild-Being* within the domesticated is something that brings us sadness and we hate, as it is the repression of what we love and the embrace of disease.

## **Chapter 6** **Building A Reality**

*“We’ve heard enough about the “city” and the “country” and particularly about the ancient opposition between the two. From up close or from*

*afar, what surrounds us looks nothing like that: just one single urban cloth, without form or order, a bleak zone, endless and undefined, a global continuum of museum-like city centres and natural parks, of enormous suburban housing developments and massive agricultural projects, industrial zones and subdivisions, country inns and trendy bars: the metropolis.” The Invisible Committee*

[This chapter is focused on describing the built-space that is History, as it encroaches on the living-space of *wild-Being*.]

The Leviathan - the state, economy, agricultural and industrial production that the feral iconoclast seeks to destroy - it's body compromises particular expansive dimensions – dimensions bounded by certain geographical-geometric lines of tracing, which we generally know as a nation/country. It is an area bound by the language based encoding of agrarian culture. This distinguishes the geographic-body of the Leviathan from that of a bioregion, which is defined by extensive features, born from intensive properties – the intensity of the cold creates the defining features of the polar ice caps; the intensity of their heights, through the mass of earth they are formed by, and the cold and air pressure from their height defines mountains.

These lines of tracing, the language based encoding, surmount to the construction, not creation, of a

location - of a present situation. These locations are built structures, built for simultaneous functional and Symbolic purposes. They are both ideological and ideology. This built space constructs the social-ontology of the phantasm of forms. These locations can be mapped like any village, town, city, industrial complex, farm; whose boundaries can equally be crossed as easily as jumping a fence, knocking down a wall or engagement in free-running/parkour. And the feral see them for what they are – potential ruins, scaring the body of the earth as cancerous infections – so like the forest that consumes the ruins of abandoned cities, the feral consume these locations.

In the sense described here, the Leviathan is just another physical body in the world, another location, another situation; but of an intensity that renders it something entirely different from any other. Of course all situations, locations, are different from all others, in their uniqueness. But the Leviathan is different to such an intensity that it signifies something other than all those that can be called *natural*; in this way civilisation succeeds in creating an Other, albeit the phantasmic illusion of one.

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What makes these constructed locations of civilisation qualitatively different from those natural-locations of biospheric-ecology is the quantity of those intensive properties, which lead to extensive differences. These intensive properties are constructed through the localisation of so-called “raw

materials”, wood, stone and other building materials, which produces the extensive constructions of the buildings, streets and roads that constitute the body of the Leviathan. This intensity of “raw materials” leads to the qualitative shift of the singularity that produces the radical corruption of *wild-Being* into the machinery of the Leviathan, the technosphere.

Many radical ideologies – be they Marxist, environmentalist, anarchist etc., - attempt to Otherise those aspects of civilisation they choose to focus on into a dualistic cosmic narrative. In doing so they enter into an illusion that hides the underlying basic feature of civilisation – that civilisation is at all times the construction of one machine, which is always being added to (or at least always seeking to expand its body). The illusion is one that is drawn from the dualistic ontotheology of civilised thought – the separation of the body and Life as-spirit. Our monist ontological condition however reveals that the so-called “spirit” of civilisation, its Christianity, its communism, its capitalism, etc., is nothing more than a Symbolic-phantasmic mask, hiding the face of the monster through ideology and/as deception. But no matter what mask it is wearing, the body, the buildings, roads, streets, etc., remain the same, expanding, developing, gentrifying and modernising in order to keep the narrative of History going in the meliorist morality of progress.

This is initially a pragmatic problem for both civilisation and those who elude domestication and for different ideological masks. For those wild beings,

human and non-human, it creates a point of spiritual-as-semioideological schism between the flow of *wild-Being* and that of the technosphere, with very little initial geographical separation – little until the point that civilisation removes all those “raw materials” in its immediate vicinity and creates Dead or Dying spaces (not Death or Dying as dying and rising but as constructing-eternities). For those of different ideological masks, it alienates people from outside their movements who don't share their version of the narrative of History; leading to the formation of competing nation states under different projections of the Future. These go along side the ontological problem of civilisation not being a cosmic Other, but a cancerous entity within a monist Being, whose intensive properties are escalating to ever more horrific extensive geo-situational *events*. Regardless of certain geographic differences and slight ritualistic differences, these *events* are predominantly rhymes of each other, in the same way that badger is not a repetition of an original word badger but a rhyme as a generalised perception of the meaning of a typographic-semiotic similarity between different and entirely unique signs.

These geo-situational *events*, be they industrial monocultures, factory farms, gulags, markets, brothels, bridges, prisons, high-streets, mansions, castles or whatever other collective of geo-spatial properties a given instant has arrived at, exist not as something separate or alien. They are not demonic forms sent from a hell realm to drag Eden into the depths from whence it came. They are extensions of the

machinery of the Leviathan, mereologically indistinguishable from it and incapable of existing divorced from it. This could also be stated as: as they are extensions of the machine, both geographically and ideologically, they cannot be treated as separate from it.

They are extensions of the corruption of the organic flow of transient forms of geo-spatial dimensions – attempts to create eternities within History.

That they are often viewed as separate from the body of the Leviathan is the reason why it is so easy to naturalise capital, the state, rights, technology etc. This is because, if they exist separate from the Leviathan then they'd exist within what the civilised called the-state-of-nature. And projecting most aspects of its body as non-attached is how the Leviathan naturalises itself to the domesticated, constructing a phantasmic relationship based in distortion.

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The boundaries of this geographical corruption are well known to us all, not just because its followers and critics have often articulated their layout in books and film, but because this is the living urban-rural environment that typifies daily life. In fact no book (not even this one) can articulate its geo-historico-dimensions and bring a reader any closer relationship to this body than their daily life situated within its body.

These boundaries surmount to the technological-formation of the metropolis, a body that extends from the urban-city to the rural-village, encroaching on an ever-shrinking expanse of wilderness, as this corruption spreads across the body of the earth. It is the embodied form of History and the manifestation of History's destiny(/destination); the construction of ruins – this is the same lesson that cyber-punk science fiction tries to teach (too) late capitalist culture of technological advancement being a road to dystopia.

The metropolis is the force that has civilised, through domestication, colonisation, corporatisation and everything else that this culture does so well, the living body of the earth into a hollow shell. The hollow shell is the world we live in now. It is the world left of those “raw materials” taken by the machine. The ever-expanding desert, oceans devoid of fish, shrinking forests devoid of bird song, toxified lakes, rivers and soil, are but some aspects of the hollow shell.

We know the body of the metropolis, of civilisation, the Leviathan as office buildings, industrial complexes, cities with unbreathable air, clear cuts, supermarkets, blocks of flats and roads that stretch out like scars across the surface of the land. It is the urbanised mass, whose rural dimensions are but extensions of urbanised centres. It is a (now) globalised localised mass of materials, who's body is both the Leviathan and temples to the Leviathan.

We know it well. Even if we live outside of it, or as close to outside it as we can, we cannot be unaware of it in its present state. It has spread to near everywhere in its expansion and has claimed almost everyone.

Where there was once forests before this culture, now only exists the ever-encroaching desert of the real, whose droughts have already inspired a civil war and mass exodus, threatening to collapse European civilisation. Where there were once living communities of wild beings, now only exists the death of domestication. We know this space well. Most, if not all of us, live here.

\*

The digitising of this body was a stroke of genius by the domesticators, the civilised. This is because it created a realm within the body of the Leviathan with the appearance of pure spirit. This narrative of vitalist ontotheological myth, born from the relationship digital technology has to electricity and electromagnetic radiowaves, is one that serves to create a relationship between physical bodies and their *being-Machine*, where the energy of activity of the semiosis is directed via the will of an all seeing Master-signifier. This relationship constructs a type of Symbolic identification within which the apparent inherent lack of vitality in being, without God's breath of life, alienates living energy from the body and into the encodings powered by electricity and transmitted through electromagnetic radiowaves. This relationship has produced effectively the entirety of

all internet politics and has served as the basis for much of the rhetoric of transhumanism.

It succeeded in the formation of a simulated metropolis, a virtual cartography whose maps forge seemingly eternal pathways to be navigated through the digitised encodings of a global-world within the world, as a reduction of all space. This simulation both grants space and denies it. It both forges pathways across distances and forges distances without space. It is a means of binding social-networks to the authoritarian mega-technic, under the appearance of liberation, through the constructed image of free-space, directed and channeled at all points by the machinery it is chained to. This has brought about an entire generation of people whose iconography is the simulacrum of their own means of liberation from the gods, states, markets and social-relations they cling to.

Anti-capitalism survives today principally in internet memes and in films like *The Hunger Games* streamed via Netflix. It has become little more than the thing it hates, as an image of what it wishes to be.

People learn that “Black Lives Matter” on iPads that used African child slave labour to mine the minerals to make the device. In fact, much of the anti-racist movement has become little more than racial puritanism and bigotry of an inverted nature, whereby being oppositional to racial prejudice arrives at a form of racial stereotyping that in-itself becomes a form of prejudice.

Eco-capitalists profiteer off of the industrial-production of green-technology. What comes from this is the optical illusion of environmentalism, through a spectacle to repress the existential angst of the ecological collapse underway. This spectacle and the technology are not constructed as an attempt to divert or prevent the ecological collapse, but to save civilisation amidst the collapse.

Patriarchy is being challenged through pornography. But the sex-positive movement, through its fetishizing of sex, rendering it alienated through romance. This produces the relationship of valuing the idea/image of sex, but not sex in-itself. Patriarchy becomes upheld through this image of mutual-value, where the woman/women in the situation become upheld as sacrificial lambs before God's alter, sacrifices to the image of female-liberation.

These images are mostly portrayed as icons of progress through the image this digitised social-cartography projects as pathways of liberation. This geopsychological-geospatial relationship the domesticated have with their perception of freedom becomes the most revered aspect of the machine. Digitised freedom via digitised identity becomes the focus of their sublimated desires.

And in a seemingly endless abyss of meaningless digitised romance and sentiment, an apparent warrior emerges ...

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This apparent warrior, unlike their hipster gentrifying brethren, is a dark creature, who delights in upsetting the sentiments of their foes, behind a wall of digitised armour. They exist on the dark-web, under a veil of black, hidden from sight. Hidden from sight, they elude detection, so long as their firewalls grant them territorialised protections from those they seek to attack.

This warrior is the infamous troll; the Anonymous legion, who is in it for the lulz. The lulz is a status they achieve through rituals aimed at destroying icons through elevating others insincerely, creating psychic upset to make digitised icons of themselves.

The might of this warrior is at its best the pursuit of digitised freedom – something akin to workerist freedoms, which retain slave relations, under the guise of social-liberal-progress – and at its worst a spectacle of nothingness, whose empty victories surmount to a bad joke with all parties being the punch-line.

This is done under the encodings of the revolution and the revolutionary spirit. They place themselves as guardians of the cosmos, as they are the guardians of politics. As such, they uphold the icons of civilisation up higher than most, sanctifying the social contract and sovereignty before all else.

In their desire for complete immersion within the

machine, alongside their transhumanist bretheren, the digital warriors of the internet are the most domesticated, the most passive and the most tamed of all members of the herd.

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The digitised body is not our concern here though, as its encodings through arbitrary mathematical sequences and cyberlogical-geometric boundaries are so divorced from our immediate living bodies that they bare no actual aspect on our meaningful relationships to Being. It is a nothingness trying to encapsulate and encode Everythingness. It is a vacuum, empty and cold. It is civilisation epitomised, as the world-wide-web is the completion of the colonial-imperialist project, its social-media is the reduction of *self* into identities of pure machinery, and it survives upon the violation of the living world. But we are not concerning ourselves here with this, as we are not embracing this geo-spatial territorialisation, though we might navigate it to attack its body, as an extension of the body of the Leviathan.

Instead, we return to the desert of the real; we abandon the pure simulacrum and spectacle. This is an ever expanding desert. The temperature rises, the soil turns to waste and the desert spreads further. The feral look upon the sands in despair, for these are not the sands of a desert full of life, but a desert of death put upon Life; where none can dance. It is desert-as-black-hole, pulling all into its depths, never to be seen

again. It is what lies behind the eyes of Medusa. It is the belly of the Leviathan and what civilisation shits. It is the reality designed, constructed and built by those priests of the Leviathan called engineers, architects, scientists, developers and other iconographers, the ambience of the technosphere. It is a space whose atmosphere envelops and consumes. It chars, burns and scorches.

And in this cosmic return to the body of the Leviathan, we arrive at the geography of the metropolis, with its points of strength and fragility, points of entry and escape, points of energy input and output. We have arrived at civilisation, at towns, cities, villages, roads, factories and machines, farms, ports, harbours, monasteries, streets, alleyways, sewage-systems, fields and all the parts of the machine not listed here. We've arrived at the construction of ruins and the violation of life. This is the Reality domestication has been, its social-ontology, Gods image within its theology.

These points of energy input and output are obvious. We live within them, as we find ourselves within the body of the technosphere. As we drive our cars, buy our food, throw away our trash and all else that goes with living within these towns and cities, we who live in civilisation are the means of transitioning the energy in to energy out, the means of consumption and production.

Every day we see successes and failures, in the Leviathans attempts to maintain its immortality. We

see the car crashes and the litter on the streets; the economic crashes and failed responses; wars that collapse and cause uprisings and terrorist responses; gentrifying developments to improve urban conditions that leave more homeless; technologies designed to bring us closer and serve to alienate us; green energy that violate environments. The successes and failures of the machine all stem from its primary operation – the isolation of energies so as to reduce them to the mechanics of the machine and the entropic refusal of energy to conform to this reduction. In this way Life refuses and is an act of revolt towards the machine – the geo-spatiality of the living is seen as rebellion to be repressed by the Leviathan, so it territorialises through the colonial-agrarian narratives it constructs through its very being. This is of course a futile action, where even successes result in failure, with all roads inevitably leading to both Rome and ruin, as one and the same place. And as the domesticated are parts in this machine, the domesticated are ruinous and Romans.

The geo-spatial *events* that are points of contraction and failure are the best means of attack for feral iconoclasts. The feral, the once-domesticated allies of *wild-Being* are best served attacking at its weakest points and letting gravity serve as our friend. Through guerrilla acts of sabotage and psychic-warfare we can support the collapse, the involution of history, the eternal return of the body of the present, the death of the Leviathan. These *events* happen regardless of the actions of feral iconoclasts, as they simply are the machinic failures of the machine. We are supporters

of its destruction, aiding its collapse.

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The tragedy of this situation is that there is no deeper truth to access than that the monster is simply the very constructed reality we have been born to and are condemned to until its destruction. It is the externally built machinery that we have internalised as normal life. It is the everyday normality of schools, shops, work, driving and all else that is performed and maintained by everyday normal people. That is all.

There is no more mystery to be realised than that of what lies underneath the Symbolic signification that mediates perception from the horrors of this Reality. This makes our practice one not of spiritual un-attachment from the body, religious sanctification of icons, nor scientific reduction of Being, but of a radical, iconoclastic *hylozoist-mysticism*. This is because Mysticism is the practice of undoing concealment, into the paradoxical and the ineffable. Feral iconoclasts destroy the masks of the Leviathan, to display its body as bare-technology, as death.

That the horror of this culture is the everyday daily narrative is a tragedy to be denied at all times by its members. The enemy is told always as being external to the machine, as a different mask, a different nation, some other point in the machine not seen as part of its body due to the sheer size of its body. The enemy is always Other, cosmically alien from the immediate present, allocated to a position in History that is

antithetical to the ideological thesis of the supposed dialectic, which is in actuality entirely univocal. This must be denied. This must be concealed. This must be hidden. This is the great shame of the domesticated; that they are their own worst enemy; that they are the maintainers of the very machine that they find themselves as parts of, which ruins their lives, enslaves that and violates the very world they are actually extensions of.

A secret cabal of global conspirators, be they communists, the capitalist cult of billionaires, the Zionists, skull and bones, Rothschild, freemasons, the royals, the reptilians, or whoever else radicals want to assign responsibility for the consumption of the Leviathan, would be a far easier target – one which a mass uprising, with revolutionary vigour, could potentially conquer. An enemy who is Other makes it easier to construct myths of Good vs Evil, God vs Devils, etc., and easier to rally soldiers to into armies to fight the cosmic Other. Feral iconoclasts refuse to be soldiers of the Leviathan, but live lives navigating its machinery to survive as warrior-rogues. We do not fight phantasms of conspiracy or politics, micro or macro. We fight the machine, the Leviathan, the constructed Reality that seeks to condemn us to lives of Death. We seek the life of dying and rising, embracing our animal-flesh, enemies of politics.

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We navigate the body of the Leviathan, the metropolis, the techno-sphere, it's head, torso,

extremities, limbs, tail, claws, they are the towns, cities, villages, hamlets, factories, cultivated areas of land, political institutions, economic institutions, offices, shopping centres, supermarkets, roads, militaries, work forces that comprise all aspects of this cultures production narratives. This space constructed through architecture, engineering, colonial-expansion, agriculture and all else within History and politics, is where we find our-selves located within and our enemy. It is the stage of History's ontotheological drama. It is the stage on which domestication is enacted, where actors play their part to arrive at the conclusion of the script, the final scene of the final act – all of civilisation's myths are inherently teleological.

This conclusion is civilisations manifest destiny; the arrival of the completed techno-sphere, with full assimilation into the machine, immortal, free from work and pain, and able to cross entire galaxies. It's logic is ultimately one of humanism, machinery, humans-as-machinery and transhumanism. It is the construction of the Reality of hyper-realism. It is the revelation that brings the apocalypse.

And in the final scene of the final act, in its fat bloated form from years of over-consumption, the Leviathan is poised for utter ruin. All it has become is ruins. Its conclusion is its very destruction. This Reality will be destroyed in a wild ontological fury, with the power of earthquakes, tsunamis and wildfires.

How do we know this is the final scene of the final act in the great production of history? How do we know that this is the end? Do we trust to prophecy? How can we be sure that this is the last moments of the Leviathan's existence?

We know that this is the end of the Leviathan because we know that history is dying. The 20<sup>th</sup> century, the 20<sup>th</sup> chapter in its encoding (before that was simple the prequel in this story), saw the Leviathan start to collapse under its weight and we witnessed it as a sickly monstrosity on the verge of death. But this was not when it started dying. No, that started at the end of the 18<sup>th</sup> chapter and its body, though it became fatter and far more bloated throughout this time, succumbed to illness throughout this time. We know this not just due to its encoding within History, but for its impact on the eco-geography of the world; the ecological collapse we are witnessing. And we can be sure that History is dying, as it has poisoned itself through its very means of encoding Being and constructing Reality.

The first scene of the first act, the first chapter of the myth was located in those earliest of agriculturalists settlements, where markets and states owe their origins, where humans abandoned the rhizomic-egalitarian de-centred (or un-centred) social-ontologies of *wild-Being* and embraced the linear-hierarchal social-ontologies of civilisation. That time of abandoning primitive-communism, of leaving pure animality for humanisation, that was the birth of History and the dawn of time and ruin. It saw the

birth of the construction of space, of domestication, of totalitarianism and all its uglinesses.

From those ancient empires, through to the dark ages, the renaissance and into industrialism, the Leviathan spread from the fertile crescent across the expanse of the globe, into its current bulbous grotesque state, growing ever more disgusting with every passing year. This is the narrative of History. It is the life-story of the Leviathan. This has been encoded by that most important of priest castes, historians, and is upheld by their followers as the most sacred of laws.

Eventually though, we arrive at this present *event*, this set of geo-spatial dynamics – a body on the verge of ruin and collapse through its own over consumption. We arrive at the now of the dying Leviathan. Even now it encodes its demise within the great narrative of History, through its hyper-real mediums of encoding. Intensivities have led to this extensivity, this cartography, this situation, this space; and we are at the manifestation of the Leviathan's destiny. We are at its death and so we dance.

In the choreography of this final scene, knowing the layout of the stage, what props or pieces of set are where, where the bodies of other performers are at any given moment, knowing these things are the best means of navigating the end of the performance. This makes studying the Leviathan and its encoding of the utmost importance. It means forging intimate relationships with its weak points is the focus of our study. We train to become skilled practitioners,

furious warriors, beautiful dancers, destructive iconoclasts wild in our creativity.

So we dance. We dance in wild passion. We dance because our lives depend on it. We dance because to dance is to live. We dance and do not care for those who cannot hear the music. We take pleasure in our dances and feel no shame for our movements. We dance like the flame and the rain and the wind and we stop for no one. We dance like the birds in the sky, the shark in the sea and the deer in the forest.

But we do not follow the script or the designated choreography of civilisation. Instead we hasten the performance to its inevitable conclusion of utter ruin. We make our-selves and our dances allies to its ruin, as agents of destruction. We dance to destroy civilisation.

We dance to songs we write ourselves. These songs are the music the civilised can't hear, for their domestication has rendered them deaf to beautiful melodies. We write these songs to dance to them as melodies of destruction and ruin. These melodies become the ontic-vibrations of the fury of *feral-iconoclasm*. Greater than any orchestra or synthesised digital-composition, these melodies is heard best in pure silence behind the echoes of the machine, for outside of the machine is the beauteous melody of *wild-Being*.

And in this final scene the monster gets destroyed, not by the classic white knight, but by opportunist rogues,

thieves, saboteurs and tricksters – by warriors who war against the Leviathan, channeling the energetic fury of *feral-iconoclasm*.

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After the performance has finished, its carcass will be consumed and new geo-spatial fields will emerge from the ruins. Ruins is its destiny, the conclusion of History, as all history leads to is ruin. These new geo-spatial fields of rewilded landscapes will not be like those that came before, due to the violences of the Leviathan. They will not be what came before, but no-Thing ever lasts because the nothingness of transient acosmic Being is all that lasts.

History will have reached its ruin and Life will reclaim the expanse in *wild-Being*. As the Leviathan dies a new geo-spatial topography will rise from the ashes. This wild becoming will be the dawn of the return of agelessness, the return to the purely present, devoid of ritual, icons, God, the Devil, machines, History and all else within civilisation. Amongst the ruins the wild will rise and Life will flow freely once again.

## **Chapter 7** **Destroying A Reality**

*“The Wild still lingered in him and the wolf in him merely slept” Jack London*

[This chapter is focused on the destruction of History and non-Historic life looks like, within this culture.]

We find ourselves here, in this space. So what does life here involve for those of us who are agents of *feral iconoclasm*? The life of a feral iconoclast requires the embodiment of various types of fluctuating social-engagements – of occupying positions and engaging in activities that differ between context. But this is not an ideological-platform of structured social-modelling, with (repressed-)totalitarian intentions. This is not a theatre, designing a utopian society to be enacted by anarchists and radicals. Rather, this is a description of how those who are feral iconoclasts live and could live.

The aim here is to present a description of actual and projection of potential means embodied social engagement, so as to function as a game or leisure activity, with serious intent. Activities that channel the energy of *feral iconoclasm* are better as games rather than as work, because work plays too much into the machinic narratives of this culture. But they are entirely serious games – serious because of their serious intent and the violent response they are likely to lead to.

But regarding how the map of a feral iconoclasts life looks, we are doing something entirely different from the bulk of radical projects. Ideologues and systemisers, of both radical and non-radical

descriptions, delight in their cleverly mapped out societies, with their environments constructed with meticulous machinic-design – the sole intention being to make the environment fit within their moral theory; disrupting the flow of Being. This is true of nationalists, liberals, Marxists, anarchismists and all others. The world shall be controlled at all points, so as to fit their design.

The games the feral iconoclast delights in involve destroying the Leviathan's means of disruption, so as to allow the anarchic flow of Being to be released from the techno-sphere, which they ride like hawks riding the air currents. The games we play of artistic creation, sabotage and psychic-warfare are directed towards the destruction of the machine and systems of control – not of policing the police, but of undermining their ability to maintain their everyday normality.

The means of social-engagement follow varying layers of social-engagement, both within the narratives of the machine and outside of it. Deconstructing this leads us to finding them as rhizomic, irreducible-as-non-hierarchical in their immersion within Being, but exist as varying points of connection within the geo-spatial extensivity of the environment. These layers include, but are not limited to, the (psychic-)nomadic free-spirit (the iconoclast in their unique embodied *self*), their tribe (the rhizomic-multiplicity of social-networks the nomad forges outside of socio-normative-civilised arrangements) and their environment (the situated geo-spatial field

the nomad and tribe are immersed within, both inside and outside the techno-sphere and civilisation). (This map is obviously very loose and in-exact, but this is entirely intentional as this is in no way a totalitarian design.)

There are too many layer, points of connection, directions of flow – all of which are constantly shifting and changing their extensive and intensive forms – for an account that deconstructs all the areas of social-engagement the feral iconoclast will encounter. Towns, woods and inter-personal relationships, regardless of civilization trying to build eternal-absolutes, are always changing, never quite the same and are fundamentally transient. We are limited in this medium of text and attempting a process that could only be reached by deferring *ad infinitum* into a timeless void has no desirable qualities that attract me to the task. So only the nomad, the tribe and the environment will be addressed here, as they are the most relevant and most generalizable.

### **The (psychic-)nomad.**

As a (psychic-)nomad, the feral iconoclast wanders in and out of society, the techno-sphere – both psychically and in body. The intension of this wandering is to map out an ever-changing cartography of all aspects of the techno-sphere, as they encounter it. Their maps provide means of navigating the body at any given moment in order to find both points of attack and escape.

This nomadic wanderer is an enemy, opposed to the sedentary herd, who praises the machine-God of permanence and their moral laws, and as such lives as an Egoist. Embracing only the Egoism of their personal welfare and desire, the nomad defies moral laws that seek to deny them their being and becoming.

The *self* of this Egoist wandering is the immediate transient physical body located in the present. It is naked flesh, though this flesh might be clothed for pragmatic purposes. It is the *self* of authentic, immediate, phenomenological sensation, not of Symbolically idealised romance, of national-social-political identities. Rather it annihilates those Symbols designed to attach meaning to it, alien to its naked-being.

This *self* is one of an active identity-nihilist; an eliminativist towards the spooks, adornments and dressings of civilisation. Those technologies, psychic, gaseous, liquid and solid the civilised adorn themselves with, are nothing to the feral iconoclast; nothing but weapons to take and use as knives for the flesh of the Leviathan and spanners to sabotage the techno-sphere.

The feral iconoclast engages in their becoming wherever possible, in acts of ludic free-play and creativity. These games are direct acts of sabotage, of artist revolt and of psychological-warfare. As poetic-terrorists, in psychogeographical individualist-dérive,

the urbanised environment serves as a canvas for revealing the naked flesh of the Being.

Nomads are cosmic wanderers; survivalists in an unforgiving totalitarian machinic-geography. They survive through the strength of their will, their will to life, their will to power. They find themselves immersed in the world as a Unique one, existentially alone. Their life is one of a dying and rising, like Osiris, Tammuz and Dionysus – they emerge from death and decay, beautiful and powerful in their becoming.

### **The Tribe**

Tribes of feral iconoclasts are not societies or collectives – society, the collective, is that which they want to escape and destroy. Society, it's social encoding, behavioural-norms, psychic-modelling, slavery, rejection and violation of *wild-Being* through the techno-sphere, its means of oppression and domination of the unique individual; these are what we hate in society. But we are not misanthropes, though we might on occasion undergo feelings of misanthropy, as to be a misanthrope would be to set humanity on a romantic pedestal of being innately “evil” – an honour that the human animal is not worthy of. We can love and find beauty in that which is wild in the human-animal, while hating the human-machine.

These tribes are communities of friends, bound by love and a desire to be with each other. Societies are

machines of slavery, where individuals have to “get along” to keep the machine going.

Tribes may be comprised of any number of members. Due to geographical dispersion, a tribe might contain different clans, defined by familial bonds or other types of social-relationship. For specific actions, games and dances, a band might be formed, which would be comprised of a few tribe members. Neither clans or bands are reductions in the tribe, as they remain part of the body of the tribe. They are simply mereological extensions of the tribe.

Tribes of feral iconoclasts are communities of mutual desire/aid, egoist-unions – in Fourierian desiring, their activities involve sharing in “*utilizing the passions now condemned, just as Nature has given them to us and without in any way changing them*”[25] and directing those passions towards the machine of society. As nomadic individualist within the multiplicity of the tribe, their social orientations are rhizomic, heterarchical rather than hierarchal and decentred with non-linear, shifting (dis-)organization, able to be disconnected from and reconnected to as needed/desired.

These tribes often exist within temporary autonomous zones, though a feral iconoclast might view-themselves as an autonomous zone for the duration of their being a human-animal. These T.A.Z.s function as psychic-cultures that manifest egoist-communist relations. A camp or a squat might function as a material-culture for a T.A.Z., but this is not limited to

any list I/we could create.

Though non-hierarchally-heterarchical and egoist-communist in the tribes fluidic social orientation, for specific games, actions and activities temporary-leaders may be selected or assumed (as desired by the tribe), based off of their proficiency in certain skills and/or knowledge they have. This leadership involves no authoritarian dynamics, as there is no enforcing the other tribe members to be involved in any given action, game or activity, and these leaders do not have any social encoding that provides means of violating the will of the other group members.

## **The Environment**

Feral iconoclasts, regardless of if they are with other members of their tribe or wandering alone as a solitary nomad, focus their activities on their situated-environment, rather than a certain class or caste within the myths of civilisation. Their focus is on attacking and resisting/rebelling against the micro-environment created by civilisation, the techno-sphere – the agrarian, urbanist attempt to disrupt the flow of *wild Being*, that today is focused on maintaining the industrial-mega-technic for the continual perpetuation of hyper-real-digital-culture – the metropolis. These attacks are predominantly artistic, saboteurial and/or as psychological-warfare, but are not limited to these, as there is no prescribed ritualistic choreography here – you are free to create-destroy as you please, how you please.

In their rejection of the micro-environment that consists of the body of the Leviathan, feral iconoclasts dance upon and delight in the unbound geo-spatial field of *wild Being* – the natural macro-environment of the pre-domesticated landscape. This includes, but is not limited to, the forests, seas, caves, savannahs, (natural-)deserts, mountains, rivers, jungles, plains, lakes and tundra, and all the beings who make these ecosystems their homes, as extensions of geo-spatial fields. They find themselves naked here, wandering the cosmos, beautiful and alive.

The tribe and the nomad, in their embrace of the full expression of *wild Being*, as an extension of the geo-spatial field – with this multiplicity functioning as pluralism-as-monism – actively create egoist-communist relations with the macro-environment. They do this in their animalistic desire, as an abandonment and trans-valuation of the hierarchies of civilisation, embracing the biospheric-egalitarianism of *wild Being*. They find themselves in biospherically-egalitarian relationships with all *wild-Being*, equally No-thing, in transience and being valueless as-not-reducible-to-capital; but equally beautiful as a Being flowing Life.

## **The Involution**

Civilisation is propelled by the myth of progress – the progression of the nation through history and empire, the progression of religion through evangelism and missionaries, the progression of the techno-sphere

through science and architecture, the progression of morals through social-encoding and psychic-normativity. This progress marches forward across the surface of the earth, reshaping the geo-spatial field from the permanent point of origin and in an outward trajectory, creating more locations of permanency. It's differential geometric spatial vectors are numerically always on the increase – increased land, increased oil, more wood, more boats, more building, more planes, more slaves, more domesticated animal-bodies, more capital.

Revolutionary projects, even those of an anarchist ideological basis, are all fundamentally conservative in their seeking to retain this trajectory of outward progression. Communists in particular are especially skilled at retaining this narrative and escalating it. And because the revolution is a continuation of the march of progress; the feral iconoclast abandons the revolutionary project, favouring the involutory *event*.

The involutory *event* are points at which the march of progress is undermined, so it collapses in on itself. These *events* happen everyday, as the flow of *feral iconoclasm* is happening everyday, as *wild-Being* impacts upon the body of civilization.

These involutory *events* may be willed through the intentions of feral iconoclasts acts of attack, sabotage, resistance or revolt, or they might be due to structural problems with the techno-sphere. And, while there is a certain egoistic delight in involutory *events* that

are occurring due to the actions of feral iconoclasts, those that are the result of systemic/structural design flaws are often the most damaging blows to the Leviathan.

For feral iconoclasts, their activities take a multitude of forms, each time unique in its geo-spatial position in the transience of the present. These can be attacks, like those made by Eco-extremists, that are focused on disrupting the passive-calm of the social-field and reintroducing existential terror into the immediate perception of the civilised. They can be acts of eco-defence and eco-sabotage, such as those committed by eco-anarchists like Earth First, the Animal Liberation Front, Earth Liberation Front. They can be anarcho-situationist acts of poetic-terrorism, that disrupt the myth's narrative in metaphysic-revolt. They can be primitivist rewilding and permaculture activities, that reforge immediate geo-spatial relations to *wild Being*. The list is potentially endless, limited only by what is possible physically – and as such an attempt at a full list shall not be provided here.

All these activities are involutory *events* – points of time, located in the present, where a multitude of extensive and intensive factors lead to the release of the flow of *wild Being* that civilisation had sought to repress. They involve the abandonment of history, the dialectic, progress, the Leviathan, and engaging in the cosmic dances of creative destruction. And in each destruction/death there arises the creation of a wild becoming, manifesting new geo-spatial dimensions across the face of the earth.

Involuntary activities are all aimed towards the death of the Leviathan; they are accelerationist tactics. And while each individual act of destructive creation may not bring down the monstrosity, each wound weakens in that present moment and each blow brings exquisite joy to the enactor(s).

## **Chapter 8** **Becoming-Animal**

*“What had to remain in the collective unconscious as a monstrous hybrid of human and animal, divided between the forest and the city – the werewolf – is, therefore, in its origin the figure of the man who has been banned from the city. That such a man is defined as a wolf-man and not simply as a wolf (the expression *caput lupinum* has the form of a juridical statute) is decisive here. The life of the bandit, like that of the sacred man, is not a piece of animal nature without any relation to law and the city. It is, rather, a threshold of indistinction and of passage between animal and man, *physis* and *nomos*, exclusion and inclusion: the life of the bandit is the life of the *loup garou*, the werewolf, who is precisely neither man nor beast, and who dwells paradoxically within both while belonging to neither.” Agamben*

[This chapter is a few short words on the animal space outside of History.]

Becoming-animal cannot be encoded, as it always denies encoding. There is no step-by-step plan. You can't go on a weekend retreat and become animal. You can't go somewhere, become animal and return to your domesticated life and go on as normal. Becoming-animal is rarely entirely totalised and within those that it has been totalised they rarely are able to articulate their becoming-animal to others.

\*

Becoming-animal is a process of transvaluing human values, uncivilising, becoming a dehumanised unman. It involves the nihilistic destruction of identity within the machine, to become a wild beast, the werewolf, the return to the naked flesh of man-as-animal. It is the unseeing and unknowing of *hylozoic-mysticism*. It is the rewilding of lived experience.

\*

Becoming-animal is the greatest sin. It is the most forbidden activity under the law of the Leviathan. All that civilisation does is try to deny the feral their becoming-animal.

\*

In becoming-animal life becomes positioned between the machine and the geo-spatial fields of *wild-Being*. It is a placed in-between these locations for now, but in the present to become through transience and the destruction of the Leviathan, becoming-animal will

serve as the means of living rewilded as *living-animal*; pure authentic *wild-life* – when the mystic relationship dissolves into one of no mystery.

\*

Routes to becoming-animal cannot be mapped out by another, but are found in the phenomenology of lived experience. (This text is but a modest attempt to help any reader find their own means of creating cartographies and choreographies, through *feral iconoclasm*, to actualise animal-becoming).

**Chapter Ex Nihilo Nil:**  
**On The Words That Have Been Presented So Far**

*“Don't bend; don't water it down; don't try to make it logical; don't edit your own soul according to the fashion. Rather, follow your most intense obsessions mercilessly.” Franz Kafka*

[This chapter isn't part of this book, but is about the book, now the bulk of what the book is about has been said.]

This is not an ending. The semiotic field presented here is not complete, the meaning is not total(itarian); we've not arrived at the centre.

This text is one of those orchestral arrangements that

will dissipate into silence. It is an existential absurdity.

This is a call for a wild awakening, an embrace of anarchy as rising and dying.

*Feral Iconoclasm* is a concept not intended to signify any potential or refer to any existing political, philosophical or cultural movement/tendency/ideology. Rather it is intended to signify a force underway in the world.

In terms of political-ideological praxis, it can be considered though as a synthetic conceptual-signifier, which draws from eco-anarchist, primitivist, deep ecology, naturist, situationist, immediatist, post-structuralist, individualist, existentialist, nihilist, pessimist, eco-extremist, hylozoist, panpsychist and acosmist thought, in order to signify the idea of a certain type of lived-action/process. And, in this sense, a feral iconoclast could be anyone who actively embraces or finds resonance with these areas of thought.

In Chapter 1, where we entered the encoding of history, I stated that text intends to affect the reader to produce an effect. An idea can be an affect, whose resultant effect manifests from the picture the idea presents. Like those limitations and contradictions acknowledged within the text, that this text is intended as the presentation of an idea, a psychic-virtual concept, with that idea being eliminative towards the virtual is fully accepted, as this medium

is condemned to the limitations of language. As the writer, I do not care about this contradiction. Purity in an age of totalising-pollution is an ideal that can never become actual.

I also wrote that a writer is responsible for the resulting effects of their works – the degree of responsibility is limited but is undeniable. The affect of this text is something to be actualised through action. The idea might well, through intentionality, become real through the actions of those who find the idea beautiful. And it might not. It might just exist as something to ponder, as the Leviathan thrashes out in its demise. We will have to see. I hope to see the monster's death and for *wild Being* to reclaim what has been stolen, and if this text in any way helps this to occur I will be overjoyed.

## **Chapter 9** **Dissipating Or Tailing Off**

*“I can't go on, I'll go on.” Samuel Beckett*

[This chapter is a collection of shorter pieces, all of which relate to the focus of this book – on *wild-Being* and iconoclasm.]

### **No Movement, No Manifesto**

This text was not intended as a means of presenting any ideal to be attained by any existing political

movement or potential movement. Movements seek to channel history, so as to progress to a certain destination, which is perpetually out of reach. Their members are merely pieces on the game board and, despite Einstein's denial, God plays dice to decide the outcome, with God inevitably winning.

*Feral Iconoclasm* is not a movement. It is a process underway in the world, as *wild-Being* collides against civilization. It is an activity for us to partake in, channeling the wild untamed energies of the world.

There are no existing groups calling themselves Feral Iconoclasts, though maybe there will be.

*Feral Iconoclasm* is a type of activity that is already underway, which could potentially be done under its own name, as described here. But even if groups started engaging in Feral Iconoclasm under the name of Feral Iconoclasts, there could never be a Feral Iconoclast movement, because Feral Iconoclasm is outside of history.

Feral Iconoclasts might use movements to gain access to situations and create *events*, be they anarchist, primitivist, radical-environmentalist, situationist, naturist, eco-extremist, or whatever other "ist" really, and share in many of the values and desires of the relevant movement. But in their acts of Feral Iconoclasm, they are outside of movements, outside of manifestos and their dreams and ideals; they are (psychic-)nomads, in the environment primed for their creation of an involutory *event*. And in the

present where they are engaged in *Feral Iconoclasm*, they are no longer this “ist” or that “ist”, rather they are no longer anything, in acosmic defiance towards the Leviathan who attempts to create eternalist Things, which exist.

If I am being unclear, let me attempt to render it more obvious now. The future never arrives and we could all be dead in a second. The past is fucking gone, so leave it behind. *Feral Iconoclasm* is an action whose value is produced in the immediate present moment of the action being performed, not due to the actions potential as a means of attaining some future victory, but due to it being an act of defiance, resistance, revolt, rebellion, revenge against the Leviathan, civilisation, state, economy, technosphere that is oppressing/repressing us and the body of the Earth in this present moment.

As this culture and the ecology of the planet collapses we might well see the end of the Leviathan relatively soon – who knows?! I invite you now to return to the first section of this text and ponder these words. We can never know what another present moment will involve, but we can seek out what we desire, with passion, with fury and with love. We Feral Iconoclasts, though we may utilise movements for pragmatic purposes, are movementless, but have our friends/tribes as means of finding love and support in our activities. *Feral Iconoclasm* is performed out of a fierce egoistic love of ones cognitively-immediate self and ones self as an extension of the geo-spatial topography of the environment, situation and

multiplicity the self is immersed within.

We strike at the heart of the Leviathan and of Gilgamesh, in a violent fury born out of sincere and impassioned love. And in doing so reveal the utter failure of civilisations attempts to repress life/*wild-Being* and escape the acosmic ontology it is immersed within. Each time this is a victory worthy of celebrating.

This is not a manifesto; this is not a movement. This is wildlife releasing itself from repression and the energy of that release.

### **Aphorisms and Maxims On Wild Being**

1

In forests and rivers; storms; in the depths of passionate embrace; in the freedom of motion; in destructive creativity and creative destruction; in nakedness and playfulness, Man recovers from the scars of the domestication enacted upon by the Leviathan and the followers of the Leviathan.

2

Cosmic dualisms do not exist. There is no good, nor is there evil. There is no Other whose gaze stands in judgement.

3

The basis of desire is life and desire is the basis for determining value. As such, life is the only honest determiner of value. So what is desirable is only what supports life's flourishing.

4

Cosmic dualisms do not exist. There is no material and spiritual split. The energy allocated to spirit is physical. The energy of life, the breath of life that Yahweh and Demeter are said to have breathed into Man to imbue with spirit, is located in the physicality of the body, as an extension of the world.

5

Words written on dead trees will never be as valuable than the touch of a living tree. They will never teach the reader as much as a living tree can teach a domesticated human, should that human listen to what the tree has to teach.

6

Cosmic dualisms do not exist. There is only what is.

7

What has become the conditions by which living beings attempt to survive, within the world as-it-is, has occurred not due an oppositional cosmic force overpowering the natural forces, but by natural forces

being corrupted into something contradictory to those conditions livable to living beings on Earth.

8

In this sense, the contradiction underway is an active reversal, with life being the reverse of the active construction of the world as-it-is. This reversal is not the work of a dialectical anti-thesis that propels Being, as history, in one direction or the other, but is the result of a repressive blockage in the flow of Being.

9

To really live you have to find situations and locations where flows still move freely. If you cannot do this, you must release the flows, through whatever means necessary.

10

Life is a force. Actually, it is the force. Life is all that exists, in states of creative destructive becomings in motion.

11

Death is an absolute. Actually, it is the absolute of permanent things. Things in Life cannot permanently Be, but they can impermanently Be. Permanent things are dead things and the attempt to construct permanent things is the attempt to construct dead

things.

12

Civilisation is an attempt to create permanent environment for the civilised and domesticated, and to provide the civilised a means of attaining permanence via immortality, either through history, via the power of God and/or gods, or through technological and scientific mediums. Because of this, the only thing civilisation can create is active death, with varying degrees of comfortability for those who engage in active dying.

13

Only *wild-Being*, the free flow of flux, motion, creation, destruction and energy that often gets called “nature”, can create life. *Wild-Being* is not a creator God or gods, as this is neither the dead-unchanging absolute of a monotheism, polytheism, animism or a pantheism. Rather, *wild-Being* is the acosmic state of becoming that surmounts to the creative-destructive becoming of the flow of living energy.

14

Babies not yet walking and talking are the most honest, authentic and sincere humans you’ll ever meet. They are free in their energetic flow and embrace of Life, until their parents and society pacifies, domesticates and humanizes them. They will scream to their hearts content to attain the Life that is

their unfettered desire. They will create sounds of their own unfettered creation. They fear no judgement from any Other whose gaze stares upon them.

15

*Wild-Being* know no morality or immorality, only what is. The repression of *wild-Being* requires the embrace of categories of good and evil, moral and immoral, which are simply truisms based in ideological-realisms in language. As such, Life, *wild-Being* is amoral, indifferent to the language based categories of civilised thought.

16

Symbols are permanent fixtures within cultures, or at least they are intended to be. Symbols are intended to signify something that was and now exists within history, so is permanent in history's unchanging form. Because of this, symbols are dead, as is history.

17

Civilisation exists through narratives based in symbols, narratives designed to propel the civilised into the march of progress and history. Civilisation is not simply dead. Civilisation is more than dead – it is death.

18

*Wild-Being* contains no death within its flows – only the destructive creativity of one becoming into

another, transience of motion outside history.

19

Books, especially those that exist as part of a particular discourse, even radical ones, are the dead talking to the dying through the medium of dead trees – or in our techno-culture, with kindles and PDFs for us to consume books via, dead screens.

20

There is no Otherworldly heaven or hell, but there is an after-life, in as much as there is an afterwards to Life in this present moment. In this sense, the living-present is an after-life in-itself.

21

The cosmic dualism of this world and the Otherworld is at the root of all utopian radical theories, the myopia of which misses the death at the core of their ideals.

22

Utopian radicals seek to construct great machinic-apparatus in order to direct the flow of Life to their ideal-civilisation. As such, utopian radicals are at odds with *wild-Being*.

23

All civilisations are built upon utopian values and all utopian values are based in illusions of civilisation.

24

Utopians are Salvationists. This is because they are pessimists who seek renunciation from Life and those aspects of Life they find intolerable.

25

Those who find Life intolerable are generally those who are intolerable to be around.

26

Utopians and Salvationists are generally intolerable to be around.

27

Tolerance is a value that has no basis in *wild-Being*, as it is a dishonest, insincere and inauthentic value – the tolerant will deny themselves to remain civilised and, in their remaining civilised, will let actions that are undesirable and intolerable occur with no response.

28

Those radicals who preach absolute tolerance are not only utopian moralists; they are self-deniers and self oppressors, liars and deceivers, cowards and betrayers

of *wild-Being*.

29

The tolerant will watch the civilised construct a dead world of machinic flows, which surmount to normal life, and say and do nothing to remain polite, civilised and moral.

30

The moral will tolerate all but *wild-Being*, which surmounts to the utmost tolerance of death and dying at all points – the moral embrace the passive-nihilism of suicide at all points. To the moral, Life is a weed to be pulled out at the quickest possible opportunity.

31

Suicide is the obvious final stage of Life renunciation, the most civilised action imaginable. And because suicide is such an ugly and undesirable notion, it is the point at which civilisation collapses upon itself, falling into the abyss of its own nothingness.

32

There is a difference between nothingness and Nothingness that is often overlooked when people think about either. The Nothingness of the flow of acosmic becoming, of constant creative-destruction, is the opposite of the nothingness of the permanence and death.

How awful would it be to be something and be forced into remaining that for an eternity! To be unchanging would be both utterly boring and utterly terrifying. Better to be Nothing and to find yourself in the world as a beautiful Nothingness.

Of course I know I am beautiful! How could I doubt such a truth? I am feral. I am wild. I navigate civilisation like a feral-fox and a poetic terrorist. I play games with the civilised to tease them into moments of ontological anarchy and find myself naked in woods and rivers, beautiful and an extension of the beauty that is the creative-destructive nothingness of *wild-Being*.

Modesty and humility are moral truisms of self-denial and Life renunciation. As such, I reject them totally. Better to be honest, authentic and sincere about myself, acknowledge where I am less strong and less beautiful, while embracing those aspects of myself that are beautiful and taking exquisite joy in that beauty.

Civilisation preaches shame at all points. Morality is the encoding of shame, the legislation of shame, the

ritualization of shame, the indoctrination of shame ... (I could go on, but shan't). But this is not the shame of an animal basis for motivation to become more beautiful. No, it is the shame of a self-denying conformity, where beauty is abandoned and amalgamation into the machine is embraced in its place. It is the shame preached by the priesthood and the political – who are ultimately one and the same – and is much of the basis for the Leviathans domestication of Man.

37

Diogenes was perhaps the greatest philosopher when it comes to shame. It could also be said that those who reject civilisation's type of shame (and as such civilisation) are radical-cynics.

38

In a social-ontology whose conventions are based in the rejection of *wild-Being*, the cynic's project of breaking down and rejecting conventions is an ontological-anarchist means of attacking that social-ontology, the social-ontology of civilisation.

39

Cynicism is a philosophical naturalism and a practice of rewilding.

40

Animality can be rekindled while still in a cage, though the rewilded animal might lash out more violently than one found outside of one. This violence is a beautiful vengeance. It is the vengeance of an elephant or a bear striking out enraged by the acts of the civilised against them. It is an honest and authentic violence, with no romance or pretence behind it.

41

Wild destruction, often mistaken as violence, is a creative act, as it pertains to no violation, just rebirth. Civilised violence is an act of death, even if the one violated does not die.

42

Destruction as part of *wild-Being* is part of Life's flourishing and a dance upon the Earth.

43

Life's creativity flourishes from the bodies of what is now destroyed.

44

Through the destruction of the machinic body of civilisation, the Leviathan, *wild-Being* will rise from the undergrowth.

## Aphorisms and Maxims on Iconoclasm

1

Civilisation only produces icons, aimed at attaining immortality through prayer to the Leviathan.

2

In destroying an icon the flow of *wild-Being* becomes released from its repressed state and new geo-spatial topographies are created.

3

The most beautiful iconoclastic acts are done in the form of games, dances and works of art – perhaps books as well (though maybe not).

4

The most creative iconoclastic acts are best done at night, with as few witnesses as possible, often with explosives or hammers.

5

Generally it is far more pragmatic to be beautiful than to be creative, but iconoclastic creativity should not be rejected out of moral platitudes, sentiment and cowardice.

6

Iconoclastic actions can be a beautiful moment between two living beings, which disrupts the normative social encoding of civilisation, like hugging, sharing a surreal joke with or crying with a stranger.

7

The feral are generally at their most iconoclastic when they've been away from the civilised for a while, but all acts of iconoclasm can only be performed within the body of the Leviathan, to affect the civilised who live there.

8

Icons are everywhere within the Leviathan, as they are all that civilisation produces. So an iconoclastic act does need to be seen to be an iconoclastic act by anyone, other than the feral iconoclast. All that matters is the iconoclastic effect.

9

Laugh after an iconoclastic action and feel your beauty.

10

The domesticated, the civilised, the herd, they will almost certainly fail to find any beauty or creativity in

the actions of a feral iconoclast, but this is to be expected. In fact, more often than otherwise, it is to be desired. Moral repulsion and disgust mean that the act succeeded in disrupting the narratives of the Leviathan.

11

History knows few individual great iconoclasts, as iconoclasm is done as a disruption in history. Most of those who are called iconoclasts who are known, such as Byzantine iconoclasts like Leo III the Isaurian, are not disruptors of history but directors of history, allies of the Leviathan, and as such are not actually iconoclasts, merely dogmatists.

12

Great iconoclastic thinkers, like Stirner, Nietzsche, Wilde, Novatore, London, Kafka and Landstreicher, are known because their works and ideas arrived at the start of the great involutory *event* and as part of that *event* that is the collapse of history.

13

The few great iconoclasts known today are sadly known for getting caught and punished by the Leviathan. These individuals should be recognised as heroes, but generally not ones to emulate, since they did not manage to successfully navigate the geo-

spatial vectors of civilisation and allude capture.

14

Great iconoclasts are great cartographers and map readers.

15

The greatest of iconoclasts are unknown because they have no names, because their identity nihilism has hidden them from view, cloaked them from social encoding, like a thick fog before the eyes of God. These are generally heroes to emulate, invisible and wild!

16

Be wary of psychic iconophiles, whose dogmatism manifests as apparent iconoclasm – they would stab you and smile while doing so, promising heavenly salvation and 72 virgins.

17

Iconoclasm is the anarchist, nihilist and wild response to the semiotics of material-ideology.

18

Iconographers are artists of deception, Neo-Platonists, Marxists, futurists and ultimately all preachers of

death.

## **On Cartographies For Feral Games and Choreographies For Feral Dances**

Potential feral games and dances are limited only by physical capabilities and the imagination of the iconoclast creating them. But certain games and dances do fit certain situations more than others, so they are ideally chosen to fit the relevant situation best.

The outcome for feral games and dances needs to be one of psychogeographic and geo-spatial release of the flow of *wild-Being*. Even if this is only for a brief moment, a day, a hour, a month, a year, whatever, it is still valuable.

These games and dances might be acts of *dérive* style Situationist practices; poetic terrorism and forming T.A.Z's by guerrilla ontologists, property damage like destroying badger traps, or rail lines, or fracking equipment, or tree spiking, or any other monkey wrenching style eco-radical action; they can be riots and insurrections; they can be personal moments outside of the technosphere, immersed within the beauty of *wild-Being*, naked before the world. They are mystical, in that they reveal something concealed.

Maps and steps are best created by the user, though many exist ready to be used by anyone looking to explore. The best ones are created spontaneously, when the opportunity arises, though some obviously

need pre-planning, surveying, map drawing and other tribe members, for support.

The Games and dances are always an attack, even the ones designed to produce immediate sensations of joy and wonder. They attack the Leviathan, through bringing the civilised a little closer to *wild-Being*.

### **Cannibalistic Egoist Communism**

Rational egoism is the communism of biospheric-egalitarianism. This is no utopian moral ideal. No, it is a situation that includes cannibalism, unrepressed sexual passion and other activities the moral find unacceptable.

Tribes of feral iconoclasts can cannibalise each other and remain friends and allies. Tribe members can also, and do more often, feast upon the flesh of the civilised.

This is done in the same egoist spirit that Stirner embraced when proclaiming “Pray do what you like with what you call my property”.

This is cannibalism as a mutualist ecology-economy of egoistic union.

We consume each other as part of our mutual rising and dying, creation and destruction.

Cannibalism pre-dates history and time, and has been

part of *wild-Being* for as long as Dionysus has danced upon the body of the Earth. Living beings have always consumed each other in egoistic-solidarity and for the pleasure they derive from the act.

Cannibalism, as it is being described here, is not an act of dominance, because a dominator never see's themselves as part of the same community as the dominated, so cannot be committing an act of cannibalism. Cannibals, whether endocannibals or exocannibals, consume the bodies of those from their living community. Dominator "cannibals" are not cannibals, because they are not part of the same living community as those they consume. The bodies actual cannibals consume may not necessarily be the immediate flesh, but the geo-spatial topography of the extension to which their bodies are part of. In consuming that which I have become part of, in the transience of my creative-destruction, you consume and cannibalise me.

I invite fellow feral iconoclasts to feast upon me, cannibalise my body (though save my flesh for my departure from my cognition from my flesh – I look forward to being part of your rising).

### **Outside Of Order and Chaos**

There is no order and there is no chaos.

Chaos is the Leviathan's concept for that which does not conform to its attempts at mathematical and

geometric ordering.

Chaos and order are a cosmic dualism, like that of good and evil, and there are no dualisms – there only *is*.

Ordering is imposed on what *is* by the civilised who hate what *is*.

Chaos is imposed on what *is* by those who hate the illusion of ordering, but cannot escape the illusion of the cosmic dualism – they are like Satanists who cannot escape the illusions of the Abrahamic onto-theology.

Feral Iconoclasts are neither allies of order or chaos, but allies of what *is*.

Advocates of order may attempt to impose order on what *is* through retrospective measures and expectations of continuing habits within what *is*, trying to reduce *wild-Being* to narratives of history, trying to civilise *wild-Being*.

But all that *is* breaks through the attempts at retention into history, the Leviathan's grip on *wild-Being* inevitably fails, as roots break through concrete and tsunamis knock down walls, buildings and other geo-spatial constructions of civilisation.

## Against Gnosticism and Preachers of Transubstantiation

Gnostics preach secret knowledge that can only be attained by travelling their routes and abiding by their laws and ceremonies. Whether they be Christian Gnostics, Muslim Gnostics, Scientism Gnostics, New-Age Gnostics, Occultist Gnostics, Marxist Gnostics, Progressive Gnosticism, Fascist Gnosticism or whatever form of Gnosticism is being preached, the message of the Gnostics is always the same.

Gnostic spirituality preaches abandoning the material conditions of Being, in favour of a spiritual ideal to be attained through ritual and obeying the laws of their order. Their secret teachings surmount to a rejection of the immediate, the phenomenological embodied truth of sensation, in favor of Platonist doctrines of body-hatred and *self*-denial.

At their core all Gnostic spiritualities teach transubstantiation.

Transubstantiation is the metaphysical doctrine of change through the medium of the ritual, to be attained through obedience and adherence to secret teachings. The body becomes transformed, transcending its physicality, into the Gnostic ideal.

Their body hating philosophies are philosophies of actively renouncing Life, actively rejecting the immediate physicality of *wild-Being*.

Feral Iconoclasts reject their teachings and refuse to obey, Their gnosis can fall to the floor and be feasted upon, with the rest of the body of the Leviathan. Their bodies will lie their, untranscended, having transubstantiated nothing, having brought no heaven or utopia through their rituals.

We will not just reject them; we will destroy them.

There is no metaphysical truth that is not immediately available to any man, bird, bear, whale, badger, shark, python or locust. There is no ritual that can deliver any Real greater than *wild-Being*.

Their icons will lie in shattered pieces, to be feasted upon and be nothing more than fertiliser for the rewilding of the geo-spatial topography of the body of the Earth. Their icons will lie like ruins in the jungle. Their icons will return to the transient acosmic Nothingness of *wild-Being*'s becomings and actualising of Being.

### **Final Words**

Remember(!), this is not a manifesto! There is no movement! This is the presentation of an idea. It is an Absurd endeavour, but hopefully a beautiful one. Remember that there are no determined topologies, only potential ones. Be wild. Be beautiful. Dance your feral and iconoclastic dances. You are alive, so live fucking brilliantly.

## **Chapter 10**

### **A Potential Scene After An Event**

*“Only after disaster can we be resurrected. It's only after you've lost everything that you're free to do anything. Nothing is static, everything is evolving, everything is falling apart.” Chuck Palahniuk*

In the hollow skeleton of the Leviathan, the feral iconoclasts make their homes. Its bones are turned into knives and spear tips. They dine on the marrow and bone-broth. They make bone-meal for their gardens, in a cosmic-return. They dance through the night to melodies played through flutes carved from these remnants of its body, delighting in its death.

They feasted upon its flesh, taking delight in the succulent flavour of its meat. This flesh was shared by beasts and birds, by the flies and maggots - all that could be was feasted upon. The decaying rotten parts fell and were consumed by the earth, fertilising the great forests that grow in its place.

Skies that were once blackened daily from the smoke it bellowed, returned to the soft blue underneath blankets of white clouds. The rain falls, scarred with the traces of past fumes, but now free from the abuse.

This skeleton lies like the Khmer ruins across the surface of the earth, the last remnants of the failed project of the metropolis. Skyscrapers, shopping centres and office blocks stand crumbling with the

ravage of time, like those temples deep in the jungle, testaments to religions long dead – their alters devoid of the flesh of their sacrifices.

These days, the feral iconoclast hunts, scavenges and gathers in their playful dances upon the land. In the days before the final days of the Leviathan, the feral iconoclast was a prankster; a trickster; a thief in the night; a rogue whose knife pierces the flesh of the Leviathans belly; a saboteur; a warrior with a free heart; a metaphysical-artist who's creativity forges new spaces, situations and events; a poetic terrorist; a dying and rising spirit. As the Leviathan thrashed out in its final days the feral iconoclast became a survivalist when necessary and a conspirator in the great involutory collapse when possible. Now their days are filled with their personal ludic delights, naked in the world, free spirited like children engaged in play for its own sake.

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Poetic-art, sabotage and psychological warfare are the options for those of us who are enemies of society that embody best the wild creative-destructive flow of Being, the same iconoclastic processes as the wind, rain and fire that beat down upon the machine that is the Leviathan and the wildlife that pushes its way through the cracks.

*“We must uncenter our minds from ourselves; we must unhumanize our views a little, and become confident as the rock and ocean that we were made from.” Robinson Jeffers*