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No Hope, No Future: Let the Adventures Begin!

Flower Bomb

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2019

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“hopelessness” often associated with nihilism. For me, this is a realistic assessment of the world I currently live in.

But this reality, however dismal, motivates my desire to make my life, through fierce revolt, as joyful and fulfilling as possible! My hopelessness does not paralyze me with fear or depression; I celebrate it with hysterical laughter and ecstasy in spite of civilization’s death march. I arm my desires with the urgency to live... against the social order of monotony and peaceful enslavement, to sleep beneath the stars, to feel sunshine and a breeze with every hair on my body, to listen to the latenight conversations of the insects, to become wild...

Scattered everywhere around me are the social manifestations of domestication and control, the politics of fear that reinforce them and the individual architects who construct them. Therefore, opportunities for creative destruction (or destructive creativity) surround me! So why wait?

My Individualism, nihilistic and anarchistic, is the embodiment of both perpetual destruction and creativity. The life I want to live is the one I create here and now. Through the personal destruction of all that governs me, my freedom is experienced creativity. My life is my utopia, located here and now, defining my present as the playful insubordination that renders The Future useless.

*To black out in becoming the light of hopelessness,
to accelerate emancipation from the shackles of stagnation,
to create an exhilarating life of hedonistic rebellion against the
social conformity of self-destruction,
wild insurgency is an individualist celebration,
a reclaiming of a life society says I can’t have,
every day against stifling obedience to The Future.
- Flower Bomb 2019*

*This writing is dedicated to my dear friend Miles “Art Phoenix”
and also to the memory of:*

*15-year-old Italian individualist anarchist Anteo Zamboni,
who lost his life attempting to shoot and kill Benito Mussolini
in Bologna on 31 October 1926*

*& Japanese anarchist and nihilist Fumiko Kaneko, convicted of
plotting to assassinate members of the Japanese Imperial family
and imprisoned until she took her own life.*

The sun, moon and the stars do not wait; they bomb the sky with their presence. A tsunami does not hesitate; it announces a death rattle of destruction before dissipating. So why should I wait? And *who* am I waiting for? And who are *they* waiting for? The Future is a god obeyed at the expense of one’s immediate desires in order to secure distant membership in a nonexistent utopia.

The Future is a hologram projection of dreams and promises that get rejected by the present. For politicians and other authoritarians seeking long-term domination, The Future is often socially utilized to exploit one’s fear of living in the moment. The Future domesticates wild desire, limiting its capacity to explore spontaneous, unpredictable experiences.

Today is here, right now like a blank canvas inviting my imaginative, destructive creativity. Do I dare to dream bigger than the prison world of material wealth, fashion trends and workerism? Should I indulge in savage hedonism against the monolith of collectivized misery? Yes! Against the gospel of The Future, my anarchy is a riotous celebration of *now!*

The Future is antithetical to any feral insurgency that refuses politicized stagnation. When I say “politicized stagnation”, I am referring to the politics of “waiting for when the time is ripe”. When I say “feral insurgency”, I am referring to the prioritizing of immediate attack rooted in an individualist, unrestrained desire for freedom. The Left enjoys long-winded academic debates and discussions, attempting to redefine revolution within the limited scope of civilized society. Acting as a new consti-

tution for a future society, there is everexpanding politically correct terminology to learn and memorize, along with the everchanging methods of “educating” “the people”. And then there’s the ingroup and outgroup competition, the oppression olympics and lowestcommon denominator identity politics. I consider all of this Politicized Stagnation. More time and energy is placed on the ideological construction of a perfect future utopia than attacking the existing prison society now.

These type of (exhausting) discussions understimulate my desire for wild experimentation and illegalist adventure. When I speak of “wildness” I am referring to the unique complexities of individual experiences and emotion, which defy the politicized confinement of analytical measurement. When I speak of “illegalist adventure” I am referring to the full-flowering of individual growth and selfliberation beyond the confines of law and order.

My wildness is defined by an individualism borne of the intercourse of anarchy and nihilism; it can not be captured and confined to socially constructed identities nor the poverty of leftist ideology. The illegality of my feral revolt against industrial civilization makes me an accomplice of all wild beings who viciously reject social domestication. My wildness is an exploration into the adventurous unknown life experiences of criminal, antiworkerist anarchy. My experiences are unique,

everchanging and my own, blowing to pieces the assumption that they can be defined by identitybased affiliations with any particular group membership. I find identity politics laughable, rejecting its glorified victimhood and representation. Rather than participating in the pretentious role of identity policing, I take destructive aim at the mental prisons of my own class, race and gender assignment.

I also mock the authority of psychiatry with an assertion of negativity toward behavioral standardization. In the eyes of a neurotypical society, I am fucking crazy but in the eyes of lunatics I am alive and well! The insane/sane binary is a

manner, while displaying the courage and power one determined individual can possess. Formally organized movements that require mass mobilization and time for “education” is futile; along with formally organized militias, both play into the trap of predictability and infiltration.

Socially speaking, personal uniqueness is more often feared than accepted. If it can’t be controlled, massified, or outright eliminated it is a threat to the continuity of an established social identity. The breaking down of control and stability often induces panic in authority. An individualism that rejects the logic of submission becomes boundless in the exploration of personal potential. This ungovernable potential threatens the collectivized security of social control and predictability. Similar to the strategy of spontaneous attack, desire armed with chaos is like the wildness that civilization tries to domesticate; determined and resilient.

When I hear people say “we have a plan for a better world” in the futuristic sense, I wonder if they are considering the very real possibility that they will never see that world. And unless they are speaking for others the way politicians do, I am curious to know who is going to experience this better world. Is this “plan for a better world” a predetermined model for a future of people that the architects have no relational connection to? I have no desire to propose and enforce a preconstructed model of living upon people from afar. As I expect for myself here and now, anyone who exists beyond my own life is entitled to the same individual agency.

For me, this shit world in which I currently exist is the only world I am going to see. I have no delusions of getting old and touring colleges to give speeches on anarchy. Nor riding trains at 80 years old, or wasting away in a retirement home glued to a television or piecing together puzzles. I will most likely die young, and I don’t see a “better world” coming. Nor a mass uprising that wouldn’t impose another authoritarian regime in place of the current one. I guess some would say this is the

to be found within the personal experimentation of clandestine activities, the rush of adrenaline while fleeing the scene of a crime, or the safety in a selfplanned and secured action taking place when and where police least expect it? Why wait for the next demonstration, police shooting, presidential election or convergence? And while the aid of others can potentially enhance one's criminal experience, there is much to learn about one's personal experience with carrying out their own individualized attack. Everything from planning, to panic control and task completion are experienced differently when not split up amongst others.

With individualist attack, the actor is not alienated from the action. Everything is evaluated directly, personally, and in the moment. The attack then becomes a direct expression of the individual. Without the ideological guidance of a future utopia or greater power, nor the motivation of a collectivized identity, the individual becomes simultaneously the catalyst and creator of their anarchy. The selfdefeating worldview one holds onto is only as strong as their grip on it. The enslavement of one's existence is only as powerful as their individualized subordination.

One thing that comes to mind when speaking of creating anarchy is uniqueness. One's relationship to their action is always unique from another. From a strategic point of view, there is uniqueness in the experience of lonewolf attacks. Even "phantom cell" structured attacks carried out by small groups of trusting individuals offer a unique perspective on direct action. Compared to mass demonstration property destruction, (which unfortunately often ends with police kettling and mass arrests) it doesn't take long to research how successful ALF and ELF attacks are while utilizing the model of spontaneous and unpredictable attack. But the ALF and ELF are the more wellknown success stories. This doesn't include all the successful attacks by lonewolf individuals. These individualized attacks have the benefit of being carried out in the most random, unpredictable

socioeconomic trap that criminalizes antisocial behavior and capitalizes on emotional misery. With the experience of having been imprisoned at a psychiatric facility and rejecting their medications, I remain insubordinate: there is no cure for my depression that civilized society induces. There is no prescriptive remedy for my unruly incompatibility with collectivized subservience. I refuse to tranquilize my hatred for authority and this civilized society which maintains it.

Some would even encourage me to indulge in the intoxication culture that takes the sharp, sober edge off of reality. But it is sobriety that I weaponize against the docile, habitual comforts of toxic escapism. There is nothing this colonial establishment wants more than to subjugate my savagery with addiction or habitual inebriation. My sobriety is a feral sworn enemy of industrial civilization.

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I don't want to create new theories or more analysis to filter the world through; I want to destroy the ideological chains that prohibit me from experiencing it directly. I don't want to create a blue print for another world; I want to experience utopia, *here and now!*

What differentiates leftism from my nihilist anarchy is the desire to embrace the present as the best time for attack, waging an individualist war on all governance and social control. While adherents of leftism spend years in college classrooms attempting to make leftism palatable to "the masses", some nihilist individuals send smoke signals of sabotage in solidarity with others who embrace the night like a balaclava. With destruction, these individuals constellate an informal network of feral revolt across the globe, leaving behind the chains of fear and internalized victimhood.

Even in the era of Trump presidency “the masses” have yet to take up arms and overthrow the establishment. While anarchist organizers advertise their groups in competitive popularity contests, the violence of fascism, poverty and police orchestrated executions roll on. Individualized, spontaneous ruptures to the civilized order define a warfare that almost always undermines state infiltration and management. In the transformation of civil anarchism to feral insurgency, anarchy becomes an anti-political life of illegalism accessible to any individual with the courage to get wild and fuck shit up.

The authoritarian “revolutionaries” who carry communist bibles filled with “better futures” are a predatory bunch, discouraging individualist selfdetermination and targeting those most vulnerable to groupthink buzzwords like “hope” and “community”. One is led to believe in and choose a side within a binaryist worldview: find a future of happiness through the riches of capitalism or find a future of happiness in the communalism of communism.

For me The Future of both is as much of an apparition as the authoritarian power both require to create it; I refuse to endure years of wageslavery in hope of a future financial security under capitalism. Equally, I refuse to surrender my present days building communes in hope of a future communist utopia.

My anarchy can not be defined by either capitalism nor communism: it is the abomination of both. My activities require no future utopia for motivation only a personal obsession with a present life ungoverned by submission. My anger and contempt for this technoindustrial nightmare motivates my actions. “The Commune” requires my individualism in exchange for membership, and like a machine requires my free time and energy for its maintenance.

I mock those Tiqqunists, the Invisible Committee and their disciples for attempting to market insurrection to “the masses”. Their “manual of terrorism” is merely a biblical text that presents itself as a “truth” that people are “forced to choose”

if they desire something other than the world we have today. This oversimplification intentionally erases those who channel the power of their individualism towards emancipatory destruction rather than surrendering themselves to “recreate the conditions of another community.”

The way I see it, no one other than my self is more qualified to determine and acquire my freedom. I am responsible for my own life, freedom and the necessary attack in obtaining both. Without prioritizing this personal responsibility, I would fall into a dependency which would enable an authoritarian, social hierarchy that normalizes my own disempowerment.

For many, individualist potential is difficult to explore in the presence of an overwhelming number of mechanistic social roles and identities that demand its surrendering. So is it really surprising that many people have difficulty imagining themselves as independent, selfsufficiently armed survivalists? Much of what is propagated as “anarchism” in the US comes from a collectivist perspective that boasts more about “community”, “the movement” or “the commune” rather than individualist power. Is it really surprising that so many self-identifying anarchists struggle with not feeling motivated enough to take action unless they are affiliated with a group, organization, or movement?

The anarchist nihilist critique of organization can be summarized as a tension between the individual and the collective. Sure, I will be the first one to say that shit like the J20 black bloc that wrecked havoc in the streets was a hell of a fun time! I understand there is a power, riotous excitement and even sometimes safety in numbers. I also recognize that mutual aid and support do wonders for helping one another in more ways than I can list. But what about that same power, riotous excitement, and safety in individualized, lone wolf attacks?

Is there no power to be found in knowing everyday can be an opportunity for direct action without needing a police killing or some moral outrage for motivation? Is there no excitement