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The Otherworlds Review  
The Otherworlds Review  
2017-2018

The Otherworlds Review is a bricolage of dispatches from the end times, spiritual techniques,  
and ways of seeing, assembled each lunar month for the benefit of discerning necromancers  
and starry-eyed insurgents the world over

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## The Otherworlds Review

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2017-2018

experience, thesis,  
oracle, attentat,  
which emerged  
repeat this ritual  
as often as needed  
alone or with friends

to the anarchist dead  
to your dead friends  
especially those  
who worked magic  
who lit fires  
with whom you made pacts  
with whom you conspired  
who still fight beside you  
to any other being:  
god, star, planet, place  
plant, animal, body of water,  
with whom you have affinity  
now all together  
open up, step outside, suspend time, walk through,  
work yourself into an ecstatic state  
by whatever means, by  
dance, chant, breath, sex, entheogenic substances, meditation, a fight  
and contemplate  
the black flame  
the anarchist magic  
its weapons and its techniques  
its powers and its current limits  
and as you are called  
engage, dance, chant, listen, debate,  
speak blessings, throw curses,  
share drinks, make music, sing,  
pray, commune,  
attack  
as long as you desire  
until you are finished  
thank the powers who assisted  
snuff the candle and cleanse again  
record any  
observation, epiphany

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After a sigil is charged and cast, the operative would do well to engage in some simple practices of banishment to cleanse the mind, body, and space of working, so that you return to your normal “ground-state” consciousness and unbind any psychic “anchors” by which the sigil may remain tethered to you and hamper its effectiveness. Rituals of banishment and grounding can be exceedingly simple: the burning of sage, cedar, or other purifying incense, for example, is a pan-cultural technology of auric cleansing that seldom fails to work, as are bioenergetic practices such as qi gong. Spontaneous laughter can also profoundly aid in breaking the link between a sigil and its creator and returning the operative to the “sane” world. Even something as simple as three deep breaths can serve to calm the body and mind. The energies raised in the charging and casting phases of sigil-craft are partially bioelectric in nature; they ascend like coiling flame up the spine and tear across the firmament of the brain like lightning and can damage your nervous system if not returned to their quiet source.

#### **Suggested Readings**

*Liber Null and Psychonaut* by Peter Carroll

*Chaotopia* by Dave Lee

*Apocalyptic Witchcraft* by Peter Grey and Alkistis Dimech

*The Invisibles* by Grant Morrison

• • •

#### **Ritual Inquiry Into the Black Flame**

Assemble an altar and place upon it  
a black candle  
water  
wine  
a bowl  
pen and paper  
and anything else your spirits require

at the altar light the candle  
and cleanse with  
blessed waters  
burning herbs  
sound or candlelight

call and pour out  
offerings of  
wine and water  
word and song  
to the muses  
to anarchy itself

consequences, and these unmeant outcomes are *directly related* to the specificity of your original statement of intent. For example, a former comrade once wrote “I want to see a raccoon” and the next morning saw a dead, rotting raccoon in a ravine while walking along a road; when they more clearly wrote “I want to see a raccoon playing on an oak branch” (probably closer to their original hope) they saw a giant raccoon frolicking on a mighty oak in the woods a week later. While any event can have totally unforeseen outcomes, it is necessary to allow a time of silence and deliberation before proceeding. There can be no real quantification of this process: *this is the time of understanding*.

#### Step Three: The Scribing

Once the desire is sufficiently formed, it must be transmuted from legibility into abstraction, from the realm of known symbols to the realm of unknown icons. The methods by which one can accomplish this are as many as the the Ways of Art. Some operatives create a sigil by drawing or painting images which arise in their waking mind’s eye or dreams while meditating on their statements of intent. Another simple and proven method is to remove the vowels and repeating letters from the statement and to combine the remaining consonants via multiple re-drawings and simplifications into a single entity. The point of this step in the craft is *to lose sight of the original meaning of your statement*. It is important for the sigil to be scribed upon a sheet of paper, cloth, skin or other object which can eventually be hidden or destroyed.

#### Step Four: The Charging

A sigil, once realized, can then be filled with power from other planes of reality and released. Because Western civilization has rooted out, disembodied, or buried all cultural rituals used to reach gnosis, or “true knowledge,” this step requires some experimentation and courage. Techniques used to charge a sigil, like the arts of scribing, are manifold, numberless, highly individual. The induction of pain, deep meditation and breathing (as in the yogic practices of pranayama), physical excitation by sprinting or dancing, the use of body-altering medicines, and the experience of orgasm are all ancient practices used to raise the fire of the spirit. Any action by which your normal, reasonable self is able to reach a state of *ekstasis* – ecstasy – the place where one is altered and *one stands beside oneself as gods do*. This process essentially requires you, the operative, to induce a state of transcendental consciousness, hold the completed sigil in your mind’s eye, and imagine it filled with ecstatic power. Once this is accomplished one must move immediately to the next step...

#### Step Five: The Casting

Imbued with energy, charged with eldritch light, the sigil is released into the Void. The physical material of the sigil itself is usually then destroyed – though in certain situations it can be hidden – and *the image must be forgotten*. It is the forgetting which releases the thought-form and gives it autonomous power. It is this willful destruction of memory which gives you *plausible deniability* and allows the sigil to make it past your internal Psychic Censor: anarchists and other criminalized rebels have somewhat of a head start on this process, as we must sometimes erase or obscure people, places, events, and times in our memories to protect them in case we are caught by agents of the Law. One ritual by which the charging and casting can be easily combined is in the use of a candle: one simply draws the sigil on paper, holds it to the candle’s flame, imagines the fire burning away the image, your body, the world, the entire universe, and when the flame has consumed the paper you allow it to burn the very tips of your fingers and release the sigil with the pain.

#### Step Six: The Grounding

## Introducing the Otherworlds Review

The Otherworlds Review

September 15, 2017

September 2017 · Sun in Virgo · Full moon in Pisces

And it seems to me the struggle has to be waged  
on a number of different levels:  
they have computers to cast the I Ching for them  
but we have yarrow stalks  
and the stars  
it is a battle of energies, of force-fields,  
what the newspapers  
call a battle of ideas  
– Diane DiPrima, Revolutionary Letter #45  
Blow up the sun  
– Feral Pines

Welcome to the first issue of *The Otherworlds Review*, a monthly newsletter by and for those who walk the threshold, who attend to the openings between the worlds, who wear the mask and who look beyond the veil. In the varied lineage of the underground and anarchist press, we receive and transmit communications from places unknown to readers anon. In the tradition of the various Ranters, *Chronaca Sovversiva*, Os Cangaceiros, Black Mask, and Walter Benjamin we hold that

*the chronicler, who recounts events without distinguishing between the great and small, thereby accounts for the truth, that nothing which has ever happened is to be given as lost to history. Indeed, the past would fully befall only a resurrected humanity. Said another way: only for a resurrected humanity would its past, in each of its moments, be citable. Each of its lived moments becomes a citation a l’ordre du jour – whose day is precisely that of the Last Judgment.*

• • •

On the 186<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Nat Turner’s Rebellion, itself incited by a solar eclipse that the visionary Turner saw as a black man’s hand seizing the sun, an unmistakable omen appeared above the so-called united states. The Earth has seen many eclipses before, but this one traced a path above the territory claimed by the u.s.a., and no other country. Every eclipse is the convergence of multiple cosmic cycles: of the sun, the moon, and the earth. As above, so below.

*Just as flowers turn their heads toward the sun, so too does that which has been turn,  
by virtue of a secret kind of heliotropism, towards the sun which is dawning in the sky  
of history.*

A frenzy of iconoclasm possesses the nation: confederate and colonialist statues toppled and beheaded, monuments defaced in many different creative-destructive ways, crowds with axes and guns defending their victory. The president of the dying empire whines about a slippery slope leading even to george washington. Let them fall. The past is ever present; the recent proliferation of attacks against the shrines of whiteness merely the latest enactment of an ancestral vengeance, simmering and periodically boiling over for centuries; the latest explosion of the unrelenting wrath of the black and brown and queer dead whose bones are embedded within this land.

The more america’s metaphysical foundations weaken, the more the spirits of anarchy and insurrection are fed and strengthened. As James Baldwin prophesied back in 1972, “there will be bloody holding actions all over the world, for years to come: but the Western party is over, and the white man’s sun has set.” Even sociologists agree: the united states are doomed. Unlike “some” people<sup>1</sup>, we feel only joy at america’s death, we have never believed in the racist delusion of human progress. We would see the craft breweries and yuppie bars burn. We agree wholeheartedly with the anarchists who co-ordinated simultaneous actions in six cities and then declared: “We won’t water down our ideas for mainstream media consumption – we really do want to destroy america”<sup>2</sup>.

The two weeks since the eclipse have been marked by a series of fascist defeats at the hands of anti-fascists of all stripes, paired with an escalating and unmoored media frenzy around the spectacle of antifa. The amnesiac machine shifts effortlessly from shedding crocodile tears for Heather Heyer one week to feigned indignation for anti-fascists the next. Condemnation for those taking action to stop-at-all-costs those who would kill her a hundred times over. “Antifa” doesn’t exist, and yet the struggle continues. “The spectacle wished to make us appear dreadful. We intend to be much worse.” In San Francisco and Berkeley we saw that widespread intention bears fruit; hundreds of writers answered a call to cover the Bay Area in anti-fascist and anti-racist graffiti, medic and fight training and legal support were organized, conspiracy and hexes were laid, proud boys and boneheads were jumped at bars, a drone was knocked to the earth, weapons torn from hands and set to sky. In a moment which recalls the theft of Roman eagles and fasces by slave rebels, Joey Gibson’s stupid “Join or Die” hat was stolen before he was ushered to safety behind police lines. As put in the most recent anti-fascist spellbook by the yerbamala collective:

*WE DID NOT ASK FOR THIS WAR BUT WE BEEN PREPARING.*

<sup>1</sup> See, for example, the half-hearted populism of [thenexteclipse.wordpress.com](http://thenexteclipse.wordpress.com)

<sup>2</sup> Communique at [itsgoingdown.org/multi-city-coordinated-banner-drops-against-white-supremacy/](http://itsgoingdown.org/multi-city-coordinated-banner-drops-against-white-supremacy/)

to feel something other than bitterness and anger

I’m trying not to live in that basement furnace  
But living out in the open is getting dangerous  
and there’s a storm coming  
with my grandfather’s words  
on the wind.

• • •

### **Sigils: A Simple Primer for the Brave**

Sigils are user-crafted image-symbols charged with magical power. Magic is a body of practices which approaches the undefinable, though accepted definitions range from the traditional “*science and art of causing change in conformity with the will*” to the more anarchic “*spiritual technology of organic belief*.” The dayside reality in which we live and struggle is traversed by hidden powers, beings, entire worlds, and they contain unknown allies, untapped energies, even the spirits of our fallen comrades and ancestors. Magical techniques such as sigil-craft utilize natural forces which cannot be fully controlled by the techno-industrial Authority or its state religion – Science – and they remain potent tools of self-empowerment. No servant of order can take away these secret weapons in our great mutiny.

Sigils are a profoundly accessible form of magic and range from the exceedingly simple to the vastly complex; for the sake of brevity this small text will only cover the basic components of sigil-craft and the metaphysical powers that pertain to it. They operate by enshrouding their creators’ intentions in the shadow of the collective unconscious, and thereby smuggling those intentions through the internal checkpoint which stands between our conscious and unconscious selves, a gate guarded by the being chaos magicians call the Psychic Censor and we anarchists know as *the cop in our heads*. The materials you will need are simple: a piece of paper, a writing implement, your body, and an instrument with which to eventually destroy the sigil you have created.

#### **Step One: The Seeing**

This step may appear to be the easiest aspect of the crafting process, but it is *by far the most difficult*. Because sigils are images formulated with intent and then cast out into the collective dream-realms, the forms in which they manifest in our material world rely on unpredictable, chaotic, and chance-based forces. Sigils are simply ideas which are sent high into the formless aether and then allowed to drift down into our dense materiality, like dust which rises from the footprints of a desert wanderer and settles in a known shape. Thus in order for a sigil (or any form of magical spell or charm) to “work” the practitioner must be highly intentional and specific. Utilizing a language you are fluent in is crucial to maintain the clarity of your intention – many operatives simply write a sentence to begin.

#### **Step Two: The Grasping**

One must consider every possible effect of a hope or idea becoming real. Imagine yourself at distinct moments in as many possible futures as you can. Your original expression may go through a number of refinements before you are ready to unleash it. It can be common for desires formulated and cast as sigils to become real via unexpected means, or with unexpected

and the pride of whiteness.

He called me once

out of the blue

drunk

to complain about the sp\*cs

at least they work

not like the n\*\*\*\*\*s

he said

HAHAHA coughing, gurgled, he broke up

I started yelling

and hung up the phone.

A 2 minute rehearsal for my relationship to my bloodline

He's rotting now.

still dying

always resurfacing

being exorcised

He whispers in Charlottesville

and Charleston

and Las Vegas

everywhere

a bitter man calls his grandson with proud acid nostalgia on his tongue.

I threw out everything I was given

that survived the dusty death of that trailer

except for a framed "R"

made out of old quarters

It hides under my bed, as a reminder, I guess.

I don't know of what.

To not store the only decency I have left

far away.

to trust myself with it

to open it

The dream of abolition<sup>3</sup> continues today. America is waking up to the reality of the civil war, one which never ended, one which traces the contours of the faultlines that this country was built upon, one which resonates through the bones which build the earth upon which this country rests. This is not the civil war fantasied by europhile intellectual fraternities by way of ancient Athens and continental philosophy. We are told by the poster children of the above fanboys that "every power in our sense has three dimensions – spirit, force, and richness. Its growth depends on keeping the three of them together. As a historical power, a revolutionary movement is that deployment of a spiritual expression [...] of war-making capacity – which may be oriented towards attack or towards self-defense – and of an abundance of material means and places." They warn of the dangers of separating one of these dimensions from the other and then immediately proceed, by slight of hand, in debasing spirit into to a mere intellectualism. They speak of other lives while maintaining separation. They chant in french and carry the sickle and hammer in college towns in California.

To be truly connected to spirit, especially to the war-making capacity of spirit, in the so-called United States of America, means to be enmeshed in the inescapable reality of this country's haunting. This nation is cursed, doomed, bound by a million atrocities for which the phrases "chattel slavery" and "genocide" are paltry stand-ins. The dead remain, and only those who fight alongside them have a hope for victory. It is not enough to "mourn the dead and fight like hell for the living." We fight for the dead too, we fight as their continuation on this earth, as their embodied accomplices in an alliance piercing the veil between this world and the next. For a moment, in the scorching heat, a hundred masked fighters drummed on the soft earth to call up their dead. Heather Heyer, John Brown, Kayla Moore, Oscar Grant, Lovelle Mixon; over and over the names intoned and the spirits called to presence. All under the flags, affixed to bats, dyed black (we remember) to recall the blood of the communards.

• • •

The elements themselves express the unfolding of the cosmic and sociopolitical situation. The global water revenge plan is in full effect in Bangladesh, India, Nepal, and Texas last week, appearing as floods, hurricanes, and tornadoes. One year since the first lockdowns at Standing Rock against the Dakota Access Pipeline, the lifegiving and lifetaking power of water is clear as crystal. Across the Himalayan foothills floods affected forty million, killed twelve hundred and made aimless 1.8 million children after 1,800 school closures. In Texas, we saw forty inches of rainfall in four days and more storms approaching shore (the newest hurricane making landfall in Florida at the time of this writing, one day after the 8.1 earthquake in the states of southern Mexico).

The world ended in 2012 and we are living in its aftermath. The past year of ecological disasters, crises of civilization and resistance responses to power are the swelling wake. The earth is consuming the cancers she has been cursed with at an accelerated pace now. She's excavating civilization as we know it.

The third coast of Turtle Island is the site of so much colonial and spiritual trauma. The Port of Galveston, in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico, where all of the water from all of so-called America ultimately flows, has been forced into a wasteland ecology for five hundred years. The Port of Galveston, where all the water on this Turtle Island drains to create the unsayably energetic south coast, has been violently managed into becoming the site of the highest rate of sex trafficking in America. The Port of Galveston, in the tremendous subtropic gulf of the Atlantic Ocean, where

<sup>3</sup> See "To Our Comrades" by the Revolutionary Abolitionist Movement.

the humid bayous hold every spirit in their lungs, was a slave port. Now the earth has stepped in with pipeline decimation, petrochemical complex meltdowns, and ecological succession on an increasingly catastrophic scale.

These are gifts as anger is a gift. Anger we didn't ask for; anger which we didn't begin; anger which is ours regardless. Tragedy is opportunity, devastation is growth, death is renewal. "Voidness denotes the relative, flowing, undefinable, and ungraspable nature of all things. Philosophically it represents the illusory and dream-like phenomena; psychologically it represents liberation from all bondage."

Sandwiched between the dirt and the clouds, we are the dwindling members of the end of this world. Everything is ours to take now as the earth opens its skies and its mantle for us, what we want wants us. Compared to the visible, tangible, and psychically palpable power of elements and ancestors: money is weak, so-called american magic is frail, this reality is bankrupt. The apocalypse is happening in real time and we are nothing more or less than the most recent incarnation of resistance, taking advantage of every chance to bridge the gap between this world and the next. Where we fail to bring chaos much less justice by using mortal tactics, the earth succeeds instantly. What we struggle against for centuries in the material realm, water realizes with destruction in minutes. We told you – Water is life.

Water is also death. To the culture that seeks to steal and poison it. We are feeling the reciprocal relationship of water within and without. And here our promise comes true, since how or whether we sublunary ones can manage to bring about the end of abuse to life, earth, sky, and water is irrelevant. Our time here is up. We and the wild are the source of each other and create each other. Our dreams are fated to be ours, for better or worse. There is nowhere to go but on. We breathe with a prayer, we breathe with gratitude to be granted a reprieve from the clutching misery of oil, of gas, of capitalism and of the cosmically bankrupt temporality of white supremacy.

Already solar flares interrupt the reporting on the next storm, which will be bigger. And so on and so on.

*Reverence to water,  
we invite cleansing,  
we honor the earth as she takes measures to heal herself.  
Fire too,  
ash rains from the sky and the full moon is red tonight.  
Respect to those before and those beyond, pulling us sometimes quickly  
sometimes slowly through these ruptures into our heaven.  
Strength to the brave, the undocumented, the looters and rioters the world over.  
To those with nothing who were born into nothing and who will die with  
nothing, the stars see you and grant your wishes.  
Your ghosts are welcome here.*

•••

Fields of yarrow bloom; a strong ally for healing wounds sustained in the fighting to come. Get organized while the sun remains in Virgo. Remember to take the armor off. Be kind and sweet to yourself and your friends.

## APPENDICES

We receive and transmit the following submissions from our readers:

### I Am Named After My Grandfather

On a very small peanut farm  
outside of Montgomery, AL  
there is a dusty trailer  
full of memories  
belonging to my grandfather

They are dead, like him.

Forgotten by time, apathy, estate lawyers, jealous second wife, dust

plaid cloth  
drawings of trees  
filing cabinets  
carefully typed diary entries no one wants to read  
mercury dimes  
pictures of my grandmother  
so many pictures of her  
pictures of me before I left the family  
aerial bombing photos from World War 2  
little toy trucks  
Alabama Trucking Association coasters

When she died, everything good of his died too.

Anything good that survived the basement furnace in Tennessee

where he worked as an orphan

died with that cancer.

I guess he didn't trust himself with it.

old before he was old  
looking back forever  
spotted and cantankerous  
a scots irish callous  
swollen by whiskey, pipe smoke,

Mere survival is as insufficient as it is unlikely. We will have no meaning but what we weave ourselves. The most dangerous among our enemies already consciously employ ritual forms. We invite you to arm your desire that you may fight back on all levels.

We have never fought alone. This is an invocation. A call, yes, but not in the way the word has come to signify – within some corners of the anarchist galaxy – a particular aesthetic. Our gesture aligns more with the ancestral and experimental ritual techniques by which humans call to presence the polyvalent divine.

We call, to this place and this moment, the anarchist spirit. We make this invocation only by the grace of the multiple currents of insurrectionary tradition which tend in this direction and we offer thanks to those spirits who brought us to this point. We call to all those ancestors of path whose lives and struggles lend us language and means amidst the low key apocalypse of this decaying social order. Lend us your wisdom so we might learn from your mistakes. Walk with us to heal these generations worth of trauma. Hold us so that we might hold on in turn.

Blessings to the original inhabitants of this land and to the war for survival waged on this continent for more than five hundred years.

Blessings to those spirits brought to these shores as chattel, included only as the outside, whose descendants foment slave insurgencies and tend subterranean lines of flight, evading capture and slaying masters in order to build worlds inside the void left by the two fifths of humanity stolen in the foundational document of this so-called nation.

Blessings to the immigrant anarchist currents which have crisscrossed this continent for generations – the conspirators, assassins, translators, underground printers, forgers, propagandists by the deed, teachers of the peoples' chemistry, devotees of the Idea who've endured waves of deportation to live without borders.

Blessings to the abolitionists, destroyers of the apparatuses of capture, dreamers of negation against the prison world.

Blessings to the mystics, the queers, the ranters, the animists, the walkers between veils, denizens of the liminal, the freaks – exiles from all but the worlds built between us.

Blessings to the flesh, which provides the ground for revolutions that will have occurred but remain imperceptible. Blessings to the forgotten.

Blessings to the wild and those who fight on its side. Blessings to all that blooms and crawls and flies. Blessings to the waters and the flames, to the stones and the stars and the trees that stretch between them.

As this project draws to its close, we pray for the loving complicity of all assembled spirits. As we speak, secret associations convene in the name of spirit war. The collapse continues, may we meet it together and joyously. Our enemies have stayed in power by appearing as, to quote James Baldwin, “disenchanted, and in this, also lay the authority of their curses.” The curse is lifted; their authority refused. Everything is on the table. We do not lack for ways.

As penned by one of our high priestesses in her revolutionary letters:

ALL POWER

TO JOY, which will remake the world.

Written in blood and ash, our last words echo those spoken by countless martyrs before us:  
LONG LIVE ANARCHY!

• • •

Acknowledge the heat, fall is still far. Lights and shadows make diversions and amusements. Lay low as a cold-blooded creature if that stillness keeps you collected. Emerge as needed, be blown by the wind, savor the dreamy briefness between moon-set and sun-rise.

<https://itsgoingdown.org/otherworlds-review-1/>

Golden Age in which humanity had no need for agriculture because “the fruitful earth, unforced, bore them fruit abundantly and without stint,” followed by the Silver Age and then the Bronze Age, each epoch inferior to the previous one. There is a primitivist memory of Eden embedded within this text, but in the valuation of these metals and the pessimism about the possibility of a different sequence of events, we see King Abacus rear its ugly head. As anarchists and animists, we reject that imposition of value and that determinism, but we can still see, following astrological correspondences, that a Golden Age is a solar age and a Silver Age a lunar one. Anarchy too has had its alternating solar and lunar phases: solar when our orators and communards and propagandists of the deed bring the blazing light of the Beautiful Idea to the world as a freely given gift; lunar when we retreat into magic, mysticism, introspection, and the reflective and nurturing aspects of our subterranean networks and cultures. While we eschew periodization and progressivism, we posit that the next aeon is naturally and necessarily a Stellar one, an age of many suns.

Looking again at the six and one issues of this project, we see that the full moon issues are Solar, and the dark moon issue Lunar. The end of *Otherworlds Review* and the publication and dissemination of this book is the beginning of the Stellar phase of the greater spiritual anarchist project, an explosive and expansive leap into the multiplicitous unknown. We quoted Feral Pines in our first issue: “Blow up the sun.” Like all good insurrectionaries, we want to see our attacks reproduced and generalized. Anyone can write and speak and act in the name of the Otherworlds. We’re just “some anarchists,” after all. Nameless, masked, collective, ethereal, everywhere. Like the FAI, CCF, ELF, and ALF before us, among others.

*Otherworlds Review* is over, but the Otherworlds themselves are always (t)here, and our texts contain keys and clues to the doors and guides by which you might find us within. Just as the moon is a mirror, so too is the word “Review” which we chose for our title. We wrote from the perspective of the Otherworlds, gazing upon and analyzing the news and events of the so-called material world, this chess-playing automaton of yours. We looked back, we “re-viewed,” like the Angel of History, like Epimetheus, like 2Pac “starin’ at the world through my rearview.” And in doing so we held up a mirror by which you, the readers, might see yourselves for the starry and Otherworldly insurgents you are. As we now re-view the project itself, we offer you the invitation to participate in an “Otherworlds Pre-view,” to direct your own gaze into the Otherworlds and see what they have to offer for yourselves, to leap into your Promethean and Luciferian potential. Just remember that the Otherworlds will gaze back into you as well.

In seven stars you could glimpse a constellation. The most successful strategies of war. You, the smudged rendering in these mirrors with your claws and fangs, be free in your anarchist visioning and trajectory. Autonomous magic, armored, spills freely into the fortified containers of the vast heart of insurgent action, tended by the bright guides, dark shadows, and burning black flames who reside in the throneless ruins at the eternally obscured and readily revealed location of the Otherworlds.

If you’ve followed us this far, allow us to speak freely in these final words:

Our transmissions have lead us, like all previous anarcho-spiritist endeavors, to a chasm spreading out below us between the written word and that which cannot be spoken. Now is the time to jump. Suffice to say, the anarchists need magic and the magicians need anarchy. We must equip ourselves with the songs of the green ones and the stars and stones. Our situation demands the means to open onto other worlds. This one will not be saved. The horizon of revolution has been metabolized by a varied apocalypse spread throughout all layers of existence.

such nocturnal conjuration. In their press conference, the mouthpieces of the State begged the public's assistance in identifying a yet unknown twenty-three others believed to have conspired with the seven under arrest. 23 others. 23 masked ones. 23 in clandestinity. Here the State falls into its own trap. For generations, chaos magicians (those committed to finding the ways of magic) and Discordians (those devoted to Eris, goddess of chaos) have studied the numerological mysteries and weirdness of the number 23. This ritual inquiry permeated the work of several groups, including the Temple of Psychic Youth:

*What the central TOPY ritual consisted of, at least structurally, was that on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of each month, at 2300 hours, the dedicated adepts would perform a sigilising ritual in and/or on an artwork designed by themselves specifically for the desired goal. This piece of highly charged talismanic art was then sent in to a TOPY "station" (bigger and more administrative headquarters than the Access Points). The idea was to "impose" or inspire self discipline and regularity, to unite with other adepts in time, to initiate personal empirical research about ritual magick and, not forgetting, to honor the weird synchronistic concept of the number 23, as "inherited" from TOPY mentors William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin. The augmented level of 23 consecutive sent-in "23-sigils" was reached by very few individuals connected to the TOPY EUROPE headquarters. Usually, however, that level of commitment to an experimental (yet communal) goal manifested itself in other ways too and thus quite a few people were able to achieve quite a lot.*

In this method, we see the diffuse and subversive potential of the anarchist methodology applied to magic, the joining of forces together for a particular effort and the subsequent diffusion of those forces again when the aims have been achieved. We assume the incompetency of the State and thus the radiant innocence of everyone they've ever accused. All power to the ineffable 23 who evade capture, and what's more, understanding. The State claims to have identified seven but can never capture 23, for that number belongs to the otherworlds. Sacrifice opens a doorway between one world and another. We relinquish our ownership of these seven stars – sacrifice them to the otherworlds – in pious yearning for the twenty-three unwritten. This doorway is the narrow gate, a state of exception, an inversion inflected upon reality, a sun in the underworld, a black flame in ours.

A rare and anomalous stone, found only in a specific cave near Thunder Bay, Ontario, was discovered in recent years – a chevron amethyst (a stone itself born out of Dionysos' regret following an episode of killing rage against human civilization), similar to the "super seven" stone of Brazil, but with inclusions of twenty-three metals and minerals – known curiously as Auralite 23. This combination of elements is found nowhere else in the world, and has lead some to theorize that the ancient stone was formed either from the flux of creation early in the earth's creation or by a meteoric impact which brought the specific combination of metals and minerals from the heavens and forged them into a purple stone of primordial and otherworldly energy. The stone, like the orphic initiates, is thus a child of earth and starry sky. Its frequency, like the 23 appended to its name, is harmonized with the anarchic frequency and nothing short of initiatory. During the solar eclipse which inaugurated this project, we arranged eight of these stones as a chaosphere pointing in all directions to the limits of this world.

Birthed in eclipse, six issues were published under the full moon, one under the dark moon. Six under the mirror of the sun, one when the moon was fully masked up. In Hesiod one reads of the

## Otherworlds Review #2: Ghosts

The Otherworlds Review

October 6, 2017

October 2017 · Sun in Libra · Full moon in Aries

Hurl me into the next existence, the descent into hell won't turn me. I'll crawl back to dog his trail forever. They won't defeat my revenge, never, never. I'm part of a righteous people who anger slowly, but rage undammed. We'll gather at his door in such a number that the rumbling of our feet will make the earth tremble. – George Jackson

Say, "I am a child of Earth and starry Heaven;

But I descend from Heaven alone. This ye know yourselves.

But I am parched with thirst and I perish. Give me quickly

The cold water flowing forth from the Lake of Memory."

The sun in justice is perfectly balanced by its mirror in the sign of insurrectionary attack. The feather is weighed against the heart by the jackal, and the devourer waits to see the results. Is your heart light? "One must still have chaos in oneself to be able to give birth to a dancing star."

•••

In Ancient Greece, the word "hero" referred to a person who had done extraordinary deeds in life or died in unusually violent circumstances, and therefore possessed an exceptionally great amount of power after death. Heroes were worshiped with nocturnal libations and annual chthonic sacrifices at the site of their tombs, and if properly propitiated in this way, served as protectors of the town in which they were buried. If neglected, an angry ghost could make their posthumous power known by terrorizing the city until acknowledged as a hero and appeased with offerings.

In Greece today, hero cultus is still practiced. Four years after the murder of anti-fascist rapper Pavlos Fyssas (Killah P) by a neo-nazi Golden Dawn follower, two thousand people marched in Athens in his memory, explicitly honoring Heather Heyer as well. Dozens of hooded warriors attacked the police protecting Golden Dawn's offices with Molotov cocktails, chanting "Pavlos is alive! Crush the Nazis!" Their incantation reveals the unique nature of the antifascist and anarchist hero: the offering is the attack, the attack is the offering. The attack is the posthumous

demonstration of power, the posthumous demonstration of power is the attack. The anarchist martyr negates the transitional period between suffering as a haunting ghost and thriving as an honored hero. For the rest of society, our dead are eternally vengeful ghosts, their worst nightmares realized. For us, our fallen comrades are venerated through immediate action and attack.

The ancients sacrificed pigs to Demeter and Persephone, Goddesses of Earth and Underearth, by burning them whole. Demeter who single-handedly held all life on earth ransom and forced Zeus to accede to Her demands, Persephone who sends the souls of heroes back to the surface of the earth. The swine is still the most appropriate victim for the Powers Below, all-consuming fire the best method, nightfall the most auspicious time. The golden dawn is no match for the black dusk, and the annual firestorms for Pavlos, a self-described “spawn of Achilles”<sup>4</sup>, in the nights leading to the autumnal equinox are proof. “Pavlos is alive! Crush the Nazis!” The affirmation of glorious life after death and the statement of implacable hostility towards the fascists.

Simultaneous to Pavlos’s hero-festival in Athens, Saint Louis avenges the murder of Anthony Lamar Smith at the hands of a cop, taking the war to the very homes of the enemy. A thousand people surrounded the mayor’s house and smashed her windows. In the glass shards, we scry both past and future, the all-too-timely words of Lucy Parsons, anarchist of Black and Mexican and indigenous descent, widow of the Haymarket Martyr Albert Parsons: “Let every dirty, lousy tramp arm himself with a revolver or knife on the steps of the palace of the rich and stab or shoot their owners as they come out. Let us kill them without mercy, and let it be a war of extermination and without pity.” Or, as 2Pac Shakur said, “The ground is gonna open up and swallow the evil ... the poor people is gonna open up this whole world and swallow up the rich people.” At the time of writing, the demonstrations have continued every day for a fortnight, specifically targeting rich white neighborhoods and malls, making the name of Anthony Lamar Smith unforgettable even in the palaces of the rich.

With trash can lids and bricks thrown through shop windows and at cops, a promising beginning was made towards spiritually cleansing the deep-set miasma of Delmar Boulevard, the dividing line between the Black and white neighborhoods of Saint Louis. Every border, however well fortified and guarded, is a crossroads, a liminal place, where the Man in Black or some other way-opening spirit might appear to offer sorcerous power. The inside and the outside are not static places, but exist only in relationship with one another. The shattered windows at the mayor’s house and on Delmar Boulevard demonstrate what happens when this ancient relationship is subordinated to the egregores of class and race, the false hopes of white men who fear death and would stop at nothing to cling to their paltry and fleeting secular power. Neither their homes nor their borders are impermeable. Through every broken window, a portal to the Otherworlds is opened, through which the Dead return to the earth, through which wild and inhuman spirits enter, through which the Gods make manifest Their blessings.

• • •

The night of September 16<sup>th</sup>, police officers on the Georgia Tech campus murdered 21-year-old Scout Schultz, a queer anarchist loved by many. Following a mourning rite two nights later, some who loved them struck back against the forces responsible for Scout’s death: hospitalizing a couple police officers and setting one of their vehicles ablaze. The days to follow saw the predictable

<sup>4</sup> <http://www.aljazeera.com/indepth/features/2017/09/greece-mourns-slain-antifascist-rapper-pavlos-fyssas-170911080142110.html>

## Otherworlds Review: Afterwords

### The Otherworlds Review

October 31, 2018

The Orphic initiators of antiquity, the *Orpheotelestai*, were said to travel from city-state to city-state healing ancestral curses, performing initiations, offering deliverance by way of sacrifice, and distributing piles of magical books. One such book, the *Orphic Hymns*, contains ritual technology for the invocation of the gods in nocturnal rites. Another, the lesser known *Orphic Lithica*, functions as a handbook on the magical uses of stones by the ritual practitioner. Stones figure prominently in the reemergent magical traditions of the present, and these traditions are beginning to wake up to the danger posed by the commodification of sacred stone and plant allies. This danger is nowhere more evidenced than in the aesthetic-extraction frenzy of crystal addiction. Crystals are traded en masse, entirely divorced from the worlds and cosmologies of meaning from which they emerge. Millions of stone beings stand locked up in the museums, storefront display cases and collections of stone hoarders spread throughout the empire; millions waiting to be liberated by the illegalist arts and put into circulation through the web of conspiracy between friends and accomplices as gifts. Gift economics: the ancient anarchist tradition of passing talismans from hand to hand to be mobilized in the process of co-creating free lives. The Dionysian occultist Georges Bataille recognized that the act of gifting imbued an object with otherworldly force and forged a powerful bond between the recipient and the giver.

We submit these seven transmissions, now bound together as another sacred book, as a gift to the anarchist galaxy. In this, we recall that Dionysos marked Ariadne’s apotheosis by placing a circlet upon her head and thereafter raising it to the heavens as a constellation of seven stars. This book is our crown. It hangs in the heavens challenging us – as with the mystery cultists and theurgists – to uncover, following Kirsten Brydum’s *Spiritual Anarchism*, the divinity within ourselves. In a sense, this has always been the path of the anarchist: to realize our capacity to engage the world at the level of story, to weave with meaning itself, to actualize the miraculous. Among the higher anarchist epiphanies we find the capacity to conjure – seemingly from nowhere – a black clad group to lay ruin to the avenues where the powerful live. Like the Harii, the shadow army who painted themselves black and ambushed the Roman legions under the dark moon, the anarchists employ this magic to interrupt (even momentarily) the ceaseless skyward piling of carnage euphemized as development. This leap into the void has been debated, refined and put into praxis by the practitioners of anarchist magic around the world.

Shortly after the publication of our final communique, the repressive apparatus of the occupied territory known as Ontario arrested seven anarchists under suspicion of having taken part in one

response from the powers that be – calls for order, criminal charges, intimidations, interrogations, expulsions – so many efforts to erase Scout’s memory and the fire lit in their honor. In a subtle response, a poster circulated reprising the infamous image of a burning police cruiser with the text “no apologies,” with the date altered to read Sept 18<sup>th</sup>, 2017 – Georgia Tech. This poster originally emerged after the largest queer uprising in US history, San Francisco’s White Night Riot of 1979, and depicted one of several SFPD cruisers burnt that night.

The queer struggle remains, as always, the struggle to respond when one of us dies. The history books remember the White Night as a stepping stone in the progressive path toward gay political careerism. We understand it instead as a collective moment of response to another faggot death; a death – this time – affecting more than just a small circle of friends and lovers. And yet visible or not, we continue responding: another bashing, another dead on the streets, another shooting, another mass shooting, four dozen in a night club, three dozen in an underground venue, millions of AIDS deaths, countless suicides – by cop or not, privately or not, planned or not, always because of this society, always because of its enforced isolation, its scarcity and its industrialization of care.

Whatever story the cybernetic media says about Scout, we see through to the center of the matter: another queer death. We are aware of our own mortality – yes, we will die, just as all that draws breath must someday cease – but more, we hold a certain proximity to death. Especially the transfemme among us, the dark-skinned among us, the indigenous among us, the hustlers among us, the houseless among us, the mad ones among us, We walk with a closeness and a certainty toward death. We walk with an ambiguity too: who will remember, who will know, who survives us? We aren’t guaranteed the unbroken line of heteronormative transmission afforded our cousins. And so we find other ways, build other kinship structures, weave other webs of affinities and promiscuities, carnivals and households, love and hate, friendship and enmity in such complex and crystalline formations so that we can’t tell the dichotomy and we are left, vast and varied, subterranean, broken yet ever-necessary, extended family.

Queers, anarchists, extended, through time and space yet hyper-specifically etched into places: bars, alleyways, apartment complexes, relational memory. The great paradoxical queer ancestral current – straddling on the one hand the desire of each generation for the betterment of the next, and on the other our traditional proximity and orientation toward death – transmits to each of us an inheritance, affirming and negating all at once. And so to honor the ancestors of the tradition, while staying alive long enough to do so, we devise novel strategies of survival, techniques to walk the tightrope across the abyss of lost generations. We weave those ropes into tapestries and quilts telling stories which enable us to keep fighting. We hold to the possibility that we may choose, all of us together, to give up neither our lives nor our different-ways-of-life. We can choose to continue, because we fight for continuance and so do the dead.

Our deaths are not the end. We die, but the web remains. By means of collective grief the web is woven and rewoven, never the same but possibly fiercer, possibly more resilient, all wrapped up in the spirits of ones we loved and ones we never met. The rituals of mourning – the candles, the songs, the teary ecstasy, the storytelling, the art of memorial, the healing work, the offerings – these strengthen the web and strengthen our ghosts. (Milo dead-named our friend and then the storm swallowed his home.) And so we grieve, together and alone, all dancewoven up together, the dead like paper skeletons above us fluttering on our breath as we exhale their stories.

• • •

In September 1923, during the Showa period of violent Imperial Japan, a 7.9 magnitude earthquake broke off the coast of Tokyo. The imperial government and vigilantes used the pretext of civil unrest to murder tens of thousands of Ethnic Koreans, with the help of the city's police. The imperial army took the same opportunity to repress political dissidents.

Kaneko Fumiko, a Japanese nihilist, and her anarchist friends were locked up, accused of precipitating the earthquake, intending to use the confusion to start a rebellion against imperial fascism. These now-ancestors were convicted of high treason for an assassination attempt on the emperor. Whether their plans truly had that aim, whether they were rounded up in the postquake chaos in the same style as we have seen after J20 and now after Scout Schultz's murder, whether these treasonous types had merely dreamed of freedom in their meager beds and burning hearts is irrelevant. The rebellious spirit is enough of a threat to any emperor, colonial force, or police force. Kaneko Fumiko's words from jail before she refused the emperor's pardon: "It does not matter whether our activities produce meaningful results or not ... [they] enable us to bring our lives immediately into harmony with our existence."

There is something to be said for tradition, though, unsurprisingly, our enemies say it wrong. "One important aspect of tradition is the consciousness of possessing the tradition – a grasp of revolutionary methods, a knowledge of what to do in a revolutionary situation." Likewise we the living possess the voices and imaginations of those before, of Kaneko Fumiko, of Scout Schultz, of the entire heavenly island of Puerto Rico.

The Ojibwa story of the constellation commonly called the Big Dipper tells of a mink who ascends to the heavens escaping greedy villagers. The selfish cousin of the mink was keeping the birds of summer locked in tiny cages to steal the warmth of spring for himself and his faithful people. The mink, along with his animal friends, determined to set summer free for all, fought his cousin and released the birds. The last of the cages of hummingbirds was smashed, but the mink came up against the angry villagers as he escaped. The stars whispered to him "Brave mink! You are one of us!" He climbed into the heavens, joining the stars. His earthly form now gratefully immortalized in clear winter skies.

This ancestor of some is an ancestor to all when the stories are told. We descend from the stars themselves. When we yell "Pavlos is alive! Crush the Nazis!" and when we're on the steps of the mayor's house without mercy, we are giving life to our own rebellious spirits by blessing our attacks with the sacred spirits of those new and old constellations we greet in our skies. Tradition is not power over another.

*The tradition of the oppressed teaches us that the "emergency situation" in which we live is the rule. We must arrive at a concept of history which corresponds to this. Then it will become clear that the task before us is the introduction of a real state of emergency; and our position in the struggle against Fascism will thereby improve.*

Those who seek to subdue and cage – the seekers of supremacy and the makers of solitude as torture – will meet the bright mink, emptying the cages. They'll see Scout again, and Pavlos, in us on their doorstep. Those lost and taken return to us, and return to the descendants of fascists, cops, to the thieves who take life by taking away the sky. Our enemy's failure of vision will in turn fail them spectacularly when they meet the returning, strengthened ghosts of our beloved dead. The jailers didn't account for solitude being a type of freedom, even when applied with force. They didn't account for George Jackson. Or Michael Kimble. Or Assata. The Saint Louis

of the lunar month  
we clean our altars  
and bring out our dead  
to join the tomb spirits reveling  
at the threeway crossroads  
marked by three masks  
and offer generously  
and walk away  
without looking back

*now is the time for cleansing  
now is the time of silence  
now is the time to remember*

...

**Hail Kirsten Brydum! We welcome and honor you as an ancestor of the spiritual anarchist tradition.**

**Rise in Power Adolpho "Doph" Delgado, Mmame Mbage, Santo Hilario Garcia, Marcelina Garcia Profecto, and all those who have lost their lives to police violence! May you have justice and vengeance!**

**Strength and liberation and protection for the rebels in the prisons from Yuma, Arizona, to Santa Cruz, Bolivia! May the fallen Rise in Power!**

**Strength and solidarity and protection for the communities and the fighters of Afrin! Martyrs are immortal: Şehîd Namirin!**

<https://itsgoingdown.org/otherworlds-review-7-spiritual-anarchism/>

When asked “Who are you?” an anarchist, sitting alongside other practitioners of Resistance answers “I’m an insurgent.” There, in the identification, is an emptying. The most successful among the protectors of the sacred, among the initiated warriors for freedom, are the guided ones: those adept at ridding the self of the self, of the past, the future, the fear.

Anarchists must understand every interaction as an act of social war. That there is Between in the distance between what is communicated and the landing. Exchanges, in varying timbres, spelled by casting into the Air, will meet Many before the fall. Where each’s Otherworlds collide, there in the liminal drift, is Anotherworld entirely. Like how a ball both spins and rolls, there is layered energy; like how a wheel both turns and flips, there is infinite dimension.

The space between thought is the immortal hearth of the anarchist’s Guides. It is also a colonized space that must be kept cleansed and ritually decolonized. Like how sacred timbres are colonized to become LRADs. The insurgent’s identification is a moveable altar. Fed by the insurgent’s Ghosts and Guides to promote moves always in the direction of their divine suggestion.

Up where words hang between Otherworlds, identification is determined with Pause (not Hesitation). The guided practitioner of insurgent resistance floats in the Pause to be emptied. There Instant meets Infinite. Bellowing and roaring come the ancestors and gods. The anarchist’s myths unfold in the airs of Anotherworld, ruled by Aether, who is the offspring of Inevitability and Time.

Brightness is an entity, did you know? Birthed by Night, of course. Day is an entity as well and maybe more clearly. Chaos we know as a powerful deity, but do we respect the power carried by the entity Betrayal? Do we know Willingness as intimately as Doom? We might recognize Night from its regular appearance but what about Darkness, our closer consort? Risk, our eternal conspirator, must surely conspire with Courage. Comfort together with Vulnerability are destined to create Purpose. In Anotherworld, we can say, in the house of Day or Night or Shadow, Fear encounters Acceptance. Faith pours over the protected insurgent when Fear first appears. Gift is an entity, did you know? Make offerings to Focus, pray that the will of the Insurgent’s Hearth be done, at the very least. And Focus will appear.

Anotherworld is the lush container of Blessing and Grace. If the only thing that we can truly give another is information, then the urgency of care that needs to be faithfully reproduced (this time) is our constant decision to make offerings to Pause, not Hesitation. The insurgent, as the altar of the gods, is tasked to let the mouths of the already orphaned descendants of our world have the first word, to make the first divine move. By the blessed union of Reception and Transmission, Action is born into Brightness who is birthed by Night, of course.

• • •

After the war  
between the Titans and the Gods  
primordial Hekate  
three-formed dread goddess  
was given dominion  
over all three realms  
and so under  
darkest Night

PD didn’t account for the will of the mourning to approach the mayor’s house. The fascists will reckon with the curses heaped upon them by the living and the dead they helped kill, the heroes they helped make, the hummingbirds from whom they stole flight.

In the exposed cracks we’ve always seen the light; in the paths our friends journeyed bravely and stubbornly, we see how their dedication to freedom brightly colored all their living moments until their last. They live now everywhere, but can be called to for guidance, for validation, for power in moments where winning comes on the wings of our ancestors in resistance. The hearts of those dead are ours to keep richly lit and dressed with fresh flowers and tokens of memory in the form of attack. The spirit of rebellion meets the spirit of tradition. Revenge makes friends with joy.

Some spirits need light, some need vengeance; Scout got both from a burning SUV and in the voice of our ancestors we say again: “No Apologies!” To this society we offer and accept none. This is an old war and we – queers, anarchic, anti-fascistic, uncontrollable, other – have been fighting for lifetimes. This conflict has many sides. Over the same weekend, cowards from Identity Evropa tweeted cellphone pictures of a lackluster ‘vigil’ for the “victims of anarcho-terrorism.” Let McKinley’s bloated corpse have Twitter posts and tealights and his name over dreadful middle schools. Our dead have May Day and plazas and entire uprisings. We can laugh at their sad attempt at ancestor veneration, but we would do well to keep an eye attending to the spiritual techniques of our enemies; attending specifically toward how we might undercut their relations and embolden ours.

For every president honored by the cynical fascists, may the millions genocided and imprisoned and enslaved under his regime rise up to swallow his memory in waves of judgement and fury.

For every anarchist executed, may new festivals of fire be born. For all of our dead may new rituals slowly impose a new shape to time, a new history.

**Long life to Heather Heyer and Killah P, as long as there are walls we will write your names upon them.**

**Long life to Scout Schultz, may the fires give you warmth.**

**Long life to Anthony Lamar Smith, for whom the streets still writhe.**

**Long life to Leon Czolgosz, who fought for love.**

**Long life to Kaneko Fumiko, and all the treacherous women.**

**All power to the gay and anarchist ghosts.**

**Strength to those fighting, those imprisoned and those on the run.**

**Let us bring our lives immediately into harmony with our existence.**

under a moonless sky  
dig a pit  
and set in it a fire  
and with a stick  
tap a rhythm upon the ground  
to wake the dead  
circumambulate the pit

pouring in libations  
of water and wine  
burn offerings to  
your beloved departed  
say their names  
over and over  
until you're screaming  
singing their songs  
dancing alongside them  
tell them about your struggles  
name your enemies  
ask for their help  
they're all waiting  
to play their part

<https://itsgoingdown.org/otherworlds-review-2-ghosts/>

territory to the ancestral enemy without firing a shot. There is never an excuse for anarchists betraying their comrades and switching sides, but if there is no explicitly anarchist spirituality, then unfortunately it comes as no surprise when weak-willed and spineless spiritual seekers do indeed fall into the trap of crypto-fascism. This disgusting tendency can and should be combated. What is needed is a uniquely anarchist occultism to strengthen our existing practices, to occupy and defend territory, and to attack on all levels, including the spiritual. The stakes are high: this world, and the others.

The unbreakable continuity between material and spiritual struggle is eloquently expressed by the antifascist prophet Walter Benjamin:

*The class struggle...is a fight for the crude and material things without which no refined and spritual things could exist. But these latter things, which are present in class struggle, are not present as a vision of spoils that fall to the victor. They are alive in this struggle as confidence, courage, humor, cunning, and fortitude, and have effects that reach far back into the past. They constantly call into question every victory, past and present, of the rulers.*

The process of bringing out the refined and spiritual from the crude and material is called sacrifice, and it is through sacrifice that we will contest the supposed victories of the enemy. The word "sacrifice," in addition to its colloquial sense "to give something up," originally meant "to make something sacred." Anarchists already do this subconsciously. For example, when we give up our ideological ties with work or school or the nuclear family (even if we continue to operate within those institutions for reasons of survival), what we are really doing is taking the concepts of "activity" and "learning" and "home" out of the profane context of capitalism and making them sacred to Anarchy. What would it look like to sacrifice occultism, to sacrifice the very concept of "sacrifice," to Anarchy? We aim to find out. We invite you to join us.

•••

*What can a witch do when Nazis march proudly in the streets? When laws are made attacking immigrants, people of color, and LGBTQ people? When religious minorities face daily violence and vandalism? When cities are left to burn or drown due to unchecked climate change? What are a witch's capabilities and responsibilities in a time of injustice, from the courts to the streets to our own homes, from protecting vulnerable communities to public advocacy to anti-fascist hex campaigns? Join an experienced, dedicated panel of activist magic-workers for a discussion of what we can – and must – bravely do together.*

*My initial understanding of timbre grew intuitively from a Platonic idea elaborated in Timaeus that vibration is, at essence, all-encompassing creative license for the imaginary. Recast as sonopoietic space, it is the vessel, the sphere that invisibly holds materialization.*

*The Long Range Acoustic Device (LRAD) is an acoustic hailing device developed by LRAD Corporation to send messages and warning tones over longer distances or at higher volume than normal loudspeakers.*

in others and oneself. It means viewing all eco-systems as part of an intricate web of interdependent being. It means understanding ourselves, not as separate entities but as connected. Therefore, we might see that our self-interests are intrinsically linked to the interests of others, both human and non.”

The Way does not begin with us, but we are still called to recognition. May we live in ways which anticipate the coming of spiritual anarchism. Its arrival is not deferred, but is immanent. “This is happening already and has always been happening.”

Kirsten understood her text as a rough beginning. To quote her once more: “much work is still to be done.”

•••

*Saint Peter will not open the doors of Paradise and I will be sent to Hell with Ravachol, Henry and Vaillant, and there, among the four, we will organize a revolution among the damned, we will stab the devil and we will tear down the doors of Paradise.*

– *Sante Geronimo Caserio, anarchist assassin*

Ten years later, spiritual anarchism remains necessary as always, especially in the struggle against fascism.

We all know that many fascists at least superficially incorporate religion and spirituality into their politics, and that some pursue occult and esoteric studies. Many of them do this poorly: they confuse the paradoxical and monolithic thought-form of whiteness with the inherently complex and interwoven web of ancestry, they practice with inconsistent or insincere theology, they do not actually believe in or respect gods and spirits. Identity Europa recently staged a photo-op outside the Parthenon in Nashville, though they surely did not actually make any offerings to Pallas Athena. And still, even a poorly-thrown curse can be dangerous. And the ones who do know what they are doing are a genuine threat: witness, for example, the rise of the alt-right through chaos magic involving frogs and memes.

Even if you haven’t yet had direct experience of spirits and are agnostic to their existence, the themes and social forces that fascist occultists engage with should not be taken lightly. They paint their most sinister symbols upon their shields. Fascists recruit by telling stories, by offering meaning in a world where meaning is increasingly hard to find. The collapse of secular liberalism is their recruiting ground. Alienation, nihilism, and despair feed fascism, which claims to offer a solution, but which is in fact an agent of those forces, especially in its extremist underground manifestations.

With fascists experiencing setbacks to public organizing such as Richard Spencer cancelling future speeches and excommunicated phyletist heretic Matthew Heimbach getting arrested for domestic violence after having an affair with his mother-in-law, we can expect underground formations such as Atomwaffen Division, the Rise Above Movement (aka DIY Division), and the Wolves of Vinland to gain further traction. These groups are more dangerous than their aboveground, movement-building counterparts. The traditional antifascist whack-a-mole tactics of doxxing and opposing public organizing whenever fascists rear their ugly heads from the underground are good, but something more is needed when they choose to scuttle back to the underground. Spiritually speaking, the nest of the fascist insect needs to be burned out.

To fight fascism without understanding its spiritual dimensions is to go into battle with poor intelligence. To reject all spirituality and occultism as crypto-fascist is even worse: it is ceding

## Otherworlds Review #3: Masks

### The Otherworlds Review

November 9, 2017

#### November 2017 · Sun in Scorpio · Full moon in Taurus

We might describe the lunar month leading to this moment, when the moon radiates in the company of the starry bull, as the time of the mask. Children disguise themselves as faeries and goblins and show up on doorsteps demanding tricks and treats; descendants paint skulls upon their faces in honor of the ancestors; faces are carved into fruit and left at thresholds as offerings for the restless trouping spirits; nocturnal mischief and masses are held in the streets. Masquerade, carnivalesque processions, fantasies and grotesqueries.

And also the death throes of empire persist. Toxic waters brewed from a century of industrial abuse continues to drown those lives left behind in poisons. Hellfire eviscerates vineyards and trailer parks. The accumulated capital and cheap commodities of thousands turns to ash and smoke blanketing entire regions in generational miasma. The apocalypse now takes the form of an interruptive cacophony settling back into an amnesiac status quo ever more nauseating, ever more dizzying, ever more malignant. The sun burns red in the hazy skyline – a rose tinted light falls on each selfie and the palette shifts on a collective moment in the timelines – and yet the carcinogens remain after the attention has shifted to next week’s unimaginable catastrophe. In all of this, the mask becomes more potent and necessary: to breathe, to venture into the world, to respond to each crisis.

The social crises necessitate the mask too. Our enemies use “less lethal” toxins and cameras against us, fill the streets with teargas and livestreamers. A slight error and a single picture can be weaponized, used to mobilize years of self-promotion and self-surveillance into a case or some other tragedy. We anonymize ourselves as harm reduction so that we can act regardless. To be known, named, doxxed, is to be captured. In the cybernetic swamp, the mask generates the possibility of action and evasion.

Masks have always been among the most powerful psychological and spiritual tools at our disposal. They figure into our rituals and our devotions, our revelry and our warfare. Even in the anthropomorphized iconographic age of classical antiquity we can locate the specific exceptions where the mask persisted as representation of the divine. In the case of ancient Greece, according to Vernant and Vidal-Naquet, three entities alone were primarily associated with masks:

*The first is a power who is nothing but a mask, and who operates in and through it: Gorgo, the gorgon. The second is a goddess who is never herself represented by a mask*

*but in whose cult masks and disguises are particularly important: Artemis. The third is the deity whose relationship with the mask is so close that in the Greek pantheon he is known as the god of masks: Dionysos.*

Gorgo demonstrates the apotropaic potential of the mask. The gorgon, whether depicted on a doorway or shield, neutralizes her enemy. “Exposed to the Gorgon’s gaze, man faces the powers of the beyond in their most radical and alien form, that of death, night, and nothingness.” The Gorgon disrupts the binaries of young-old, beautiful-ugly, masculine-feminine, human-beast, mortal-immortal. Her queer disruption adds force to our attacks, cloaks us in the protection afforded by her onlooking gaze. We strengthen our relation to monstrosity while the fascists call each other gay on the internet and debate about which class segment of ‘normal, white, americans’ they assimilate into. If we must be monsters, which kind will we choose to become?

Artemis stalks the liminal places, the zones in between, the shorelines and boundary-lands. Into her domain we venture wearing masks in initiatory ceremonies. This practice survived into christendom as pacts made under the moon at the crossroads with the dread-queen of witches. Her name continues to hold protective and guiding force for those crossing between identities and worlds. The mask continues its initiatory agreement with humanity; continues to reveal the mysteries which only become visible in carnivalesque co-mingling of extremes.

Dionysos, the god of the mask, is also the one who “exerts his powers, introducing the unpredictable dimension of the elsewhere into the very heart of daily life.” He is the stranger, the other, xenos perpetually arriving from beyond the sea. Like Gorgo, we encounter him face to face. Or as Euripides put it: “I saw him see me.” The mask functions as a focal point, an attempt to fix the elusive presence into time and space. The mask, the crown of flowers and vines, the pinecone-tipped spear, each a tool for achieving immediate contact with otherness, for becoming other ourselves.

*What the mask rendered possible through what was brought to life when the actor donned it, was an eruption into the heart of public life of a dimension of existence totally alien to the quotidian world [...] Possession afforded access to a world of joy where the confining limitations of the human condition disappeared. [...] Dionysos introduces into the heart of human life an otherness so complete that it has the power, as does Gorgo, to propel its enemies toward horror, chaos, and death, just as it can also raise its devotees to a state of ecstasy, a full and joyous communion.*

The state of emergency has become the norm. The outside has come in. Each day is painted with liminal stripes. Consensus reality is no longer consensed upon. To do more than survive we’ll need to don disguises into which all three functions – apotropaic, initiatory, communizing – are woven. There is no need for hope or despair, only for new masks.

North Carolina jails, from a report at the end of October, recovering from blows made to the rigid and relentless walls of US prisons during the September 2016 prison strike, are levying bureaucratic retaliations against inmates. The “rebellious, conscious, and disruptive prisoners, as well as mentally disabled prisoners ... face many times the amount of months in isolation than they would have before.” Prison rebels, so unmasked as to be exclusively surveilled.

In a parallel and simultaneous universe, billionaires increased their combined global wealth last year to a record of \$6 trillion. “140 of the world’s top sports teams are owned by just 109

And her story is not over. The same day that we learned of her murderer’s confession, a day amidst several weeks of fecund and frenzied anarchist spirit work, a parcel was passed to the editors of this newsletter containing a copy of a paper written by Kirsten during her travels: a paper titled “Spiritual Anarchism.”

In this humble and brilliant work Kirsten blends a bricolage of influences – the Situationists, Taoism, Ursula K. Le Guin, Crimethinc, Hakim Bey, Emma Goldman, and her own childhood heresies – in order to present a case for the necessary cultivation of a specifically anarchist spirituality. She cites theories of the social necessity of religion, not to apologize for any of the intrinsically colonial and authoritarian expressions of religion in this society, but to emphasize the importance of the spirit to the creation of another. Departing from the necessity of religion to so-called society, we might insist on more: the worldly necessity of cosmology. If anarchists are to dream and unleash new worlds, we must understand and engage with the cosmos into which those worlds are to be born.

Kirsten’s text opposes enlightenment thinking and secularization, which was always already a continuation of the Christian project of excising the divine from the world. It differentiates between traditions that describe an absent transcendental God from those that understand the divine as immanent. In doing so, she combats the theological reification of the logic of subordination to an external authority. Instead she lays the foundations to conjure an anarchist tradition of spiritism which views all the world, including ourselves, as divine beings. She calls this tradition “spiritual anarchism, which recognizes God as the self.”

Spiritual anarchism, as laid out in the text, takes this contradiction between transcendence and immanence as its point of departure. It argues that the Church, the State and the Workplace function to alienate us from our divinity and from one another’s. From there Kirsten encodes the crucial elements for the emergence of a robust and thriving tradition to remediate this core alienation. She names that such a tradition needs techniques for collectivizing energy and conducting power, journeying, methods of self-discovery and self-healing, divinatory methods of interpreting nature-based reasoning. In short, Ways. Citing Crimethinc’s most influential pamphlet, she transmits: “Anarchy is a mode of being, a manner of responding to conditions and relating to others... This isn’t a utopian vision, or a program or ideal to serve; it’s simply a way of proceeding, of approaching relationships, of dealing with problems now...” She understands this Way as being the Tao, which like anarchy, she describes as water eroding the material and spiritual edifice of domination.

Or as Ursula K. LeGuin renders the *Tao Te Ching*:

Nothing in the world  
is as soft, as weak, as water;  
nothing else can wear away  
the hard, the strong,  
and remain unaltered.  
Soft overcomes hard,  
weak overcomes strong.

Kirsten tells us that while we cannot know an anarchist spirituality before it arrives, we can begin the work of recognizing its arrival. “Spiritual recognition means acknowledging the divinity

ghost. Jake Stratton-Kent elaborates essential types of spirits in this class: “those denied proper funeral rites, ... those who had died before their time, who wandered for the intended period of their earthly life, those who had suffered a violent death, and the unburied. Murder victims and executed criminals belong essentially to the same class. Since none of these can cross the River Styx, they are restless spirits. As a result, they can and will haunt of their own volition, or through magical manipulation.” Especially included in this cosmology were the spirits of women who were denied the fulfillment of their dreams and ambitions in their lifetimes.

Kirsten certainly received funeral rites and has been held in loving memory by many throughout the anarchist galaxy, but still she hits many of the marks of the ancient standards of haunting. She was a wanderer who died violently before her time. Her dreams were only just entering our world, and her ambition was surely otherworldly. By way of a theory of a multiplicity of soul-parts we can assume that she remained, there in New Orleans, at least in part, for most of the last decade. Skilled in evasion and adept in matters of spirit, we know that she was not “stuck” in the classical sense. Rather, while she waited for the fullness of her story to be told, she remained and learned from the veritable spiritual ecosystem of the city where she died.

We can only imagine the adventures she led and the mysteries she uncovered there. New Orleans is a modern day necropolis, swarming with spirits and strangers. The ancestors of countless traditions – indigenous, colonial, and diasporic – have passed through that delta and left their marks. The Gods and the dead are celebrated in revelrous rites of death and rebirth. Practitioners of magical systems forged as means of survival and escape still offer their services on the streets and in the storefronts, for a price. New Orleans is a crossroads of travelers, traditions and ancestral lines.

As part of a contribution to a volume of recent explorations of traditions which meet at such crossroads, Stratton-Kent again emphasizes the importance of the dead in any living tradition. He contends that the role of the dead, which was prominent in the magical workings of antiquity, has largely been excised and alienated from the western magical tradition. He says that, “once western magic acknowledges and reconnects with the central neglected aspect of its origins, occultism becomes more nourishing and meaningful for practitioners and aspirants, but also potentially for the wider community.” Stratton-Kent’s work swims within a school of studied magicians and occultists who are beginning the work of reprising and restoring this crucial necromantic element.

We’d wager this centrality of the spirits surfaced in the course of Kirsten’s inquiry. New Orleans would surely be the place where it would. The anarchist tradition continued to re-learn this key throughout that same winter, as all of Greece burned in haunting by Alexis Grigoropoulos’s ghost. We say re-learn because we re-member that our color is black for the blood of the communards. Over the course of the following decade, wave after wave of struggle against the murderous police and the attempted desecration of sacred places have continued to drive this point home. As practitioners of anarchist magic we delight in the simultaneous efforts to return the dead to their rightful place within both anarchist and magical traditions.

Situated as we are at this crossroads, the *Otherworlds Review* is honored to welcome Kirsten Brydum as an ancestor of tradition.

In February of 2018, after a decade shrouded in mystery, her murder was solved: a man named Joseph Brant confessed to killing her and three others in the surrounding year. Though we place no stock or faith in the farcical justice system, we know Kirsten’s spirit rests easier for this latter chapter of her story being told.

billionaires, with two-thirds of NBA and NFL teams owned by billionaires.” So few with so much that they clamor to own teams of athletes, collections of stolen art, stale museums. Last week, a certain billionaire took care to remind the black players whose team he owns that he “can’t have the inmates running the prison” when they refused to stand, hand over heart, for an anthem crafted for the plight of the robber baron. The millionaires beneath those billionaires, who aspire to that status, are the same in wine country, in the background of relief efforts, when effort is only exerted for their own. The millionaires who populate the San Francisco Bay area at thirty percent.

There are emblematic enemies who we pass on the street now. The enemy with the \$60 ventilator mask, the casually violent landlords and managers, proud boys of every tacky stripe. The wet-eyed, sappy bourgeois fundraiser class of enemies appears on front lines and news clips. Lamenting a precious commodity damaged here, silent about a prisoner forced to work saving property she will never access otherwise there... As the structures fall away, the old terms on which enemies were met go too. They burned to a crisp, blew away as ash. The landscape is scorched, new earth raw and exposed. The clarity of the emergency gives us new maps. Suddenly, there’s nobody in charge; suddenly, more things are up for grabs.

Eduardo Galeano said “the fog is the ski mask of the jungle.” During the first days of 1994, heartened and blessed rebels masked up, took cover in the misty jungle, among the mountains. When members of the indigenous autonomous militia and community of Zapatistas in Chiapas made their global debut, they had been at work long before their unveiling, of course. Developing and living their “extraordinary novel way of ‘subject construction.’” They chose no longer to react, but to ask and live the answer to their question: “My life, why should I want you if you are not dignified?” They worked to recover the deep historical and spiritual identity of rebellion and peaceful freedom (by any means necessary) which wove its way into and through the emerging armed indigenous population of the EZLN. “This was the recognition of the potential existence of a new civilizing matrix out of an indigenous worldview and in its interaction with the ‘rest of the world,’ a process that has begun to define a planetary revolutionary proposal.”

The knot of the shifting veil loosens from over the painful collective dysfunction of this reality. The masks of ego fall away from the sacred ones who seek not the top of the mountain, but to become the valley of the universe through affinity for freedom, through commitment to attack. New masks come into the hands of those with a readiness for shifting their construction of self to destruction of selves-separate. New affinity arises, “being singular plural,” existence beyond laws, commandments, borders. Always, a clear mirror is held up to the masked ones. And the reflection remains constant as long as the seed smolders.

There is a power in the nature of proximity. Nearness to a catastrophe, spacial closeness but material remoteness to the millions of dollars funneled directly back to the richest people from their rich counterparts in the corporate world of Managing Images. We were never unaware of them, but they might be blissfully miscalculating the madness of the desperate and righteous. The post-disaster situation bubbles power and violence to the top. In Haiti an earthquake in 2010 has left in its wake ongoing widespread corruption, cholera outbreak, and enthusiastic resistance to the regimes that scramble to replace chaos with disorder of another color. In October, a Haitian protester forecasted “The revolution has just started ... this is a warning because the next phase can be very violent.” Rebels the world over, the galaxy over, enter bravely into these new meetings with the next class of police and presidents. “My life, why should I want you if you are not dignified?”

There is fresh ground and what takes root now will thrive later. When the questions asked by western subjectivities are empty, there is no filling them with meaning, let them desiccate. There is a moment to move. Into the dense fogs, into the nights, into the deep beating heart breathing hot into the black mask, in the segregation cell, up from below. The galvanized commit to dignity, shedding every self from before and cloaking every future self in a revolutionary planetarity.

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The mask is one of the *materia magica* of our craft, the black clothing another. There are those who would have us abandon our ability to *act* in an anonymous mass, settling for mere personal concealment in the so-called “gray block.” Individual disguises may be tactically useful at times, but they are just that: individual rather than collective, tactical rather than strategic. Whether they are motivated by the mirage of a mass movement or just by fear of success, those who consistently talk shit on attack are the same aspiring politicians who build coalitions with leftists and liberals, who have entered the popular front once again, who worry about “optics.” Let them leave the black flags for us and wave the gray flag instead, half-white with surrender, a fitting compromise.

Have they forgotten Spain, the uncontrollables of the Iron Column, our eternal shame when supposed anarchists became ministers in the republican State? Our battle-standard is black for the Dead, for our refusal of surrender, for our refusal of politics. We are more than autonomous, more than self-managed, we antinomians bring the destruction of all Law. *That* is what the black flag embodies and carries with it.

*There is a secret pact between the generations of the past and that of our own. For we have been expected upon this earth. For it has been given us to know, just like every generation before us, a weak messianic power, on which the past has a claim. This claim is not to be settled lightly.*

There have always been two currents within anarchism: when accused of participating in the Haymarket bombing, Louis Lingg was perfectly candid that his apartment was full of bombs, simply clarifying that he had not made the ones thrown at Haymarket.

*I am in favor of using force. I have told Captain Schaack, and I stand by it, “if you cannonade us, we shall dynamite you.” You laugh! Perhaps you think, “you’ll throw no more bombs;” but let me assure you I die happy on the gallows, so confident am I that the hundreds and thousands to whom I have spoken will remember my words; and when you shall have hanged us, then – mark my words – they will do the bombthrowing! In this hope do I say to you: I despise you. I despise your order, your laws, your force-propped authority. Hang me for it!*

Committing jailbreak-suicide by means of a blasting cap, he inscribed “hoch die anarchie!” in his own blood on the cell wall.

Our current has always been the minority, but its black flame burns bright and pure, emitting refreshing air instead of suffocating smoke. August Spies, too, spoke prophecy before he ascended: “We are the birds of the coming storm.” A mob of crows attacking the eagle, a whirlwind of black wings and beaks and talons, a conspiracy of ravens. Some say that “color coordination is not conspiracy.” We say that it is, in both the colloquial and the original senses of the word: our black masks allow us to breathe together.

## Otherworlds Review #7: Spiritual Anarchism

The Otherworlds Review

March 19, 2018

### Sun in Pisces · New Moon in Pisces

The puppet, called “historical materialism,” is to win all the time. It can easily be a match for anyone if it enlists the services of theology, which today, as we know, is small and ugly and has to keep out of sight.

– Walter Benjamin

The new moon has always been the ally of runaways, anarchists, and insurgents. In the darkness, guided only by the stars, we make our escapes, we hide from our enemies, we attack. The doors to these possibilities are especially open during Pisces, the watery sign of all things hidden and the last sign before the cycle begins once again with fire. A Piscean origin story tells of Aphrodite and Eros leaping into the Euphrates and taking the form of fish in order to evade the Leviathanic monster Typhon. And like love and desire, anarchy always finds a way to elude its would-be captors, shapeshift, and survive.

Pisces is the sign of the spiritual and the occult. The word “occult” simply means “hidden,” after all. The anarchist tradition, with its black masks and clandestine associations, has always had a strong affinity for the hidden. For some anarchists, the spiritual world is a refuge and a sanctuary and a place to receive and transmit knowledge that is necessary to keep encrypted. But it is also a disputed territory.

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A decade ago, an anarchist named Kirsten Brydum, left San Francisco – itself a city with a more than century long unbroken continuum of anarchist tradition stretching from the present back through the counterculture to the Galleanists and other immigrant insurgents – to travel the country in search of manifestations of the dream of collective autonomy. She took up the sacred art of wandering to weave connections and share visions with fellow travelers and schemers of the anarchist way. She visited occupied gardens and blockades, anarchist houses and social spaces. Her journey ended in the ninth ward of New Orleans where she was fatefully murdered, shot to death while biking home from a night of dancing, sending waves of shock through the network she had only just begun to trace.

The ancient Greeks understood that certain factors could prevent a spirit from entering the underworld after its death. Such a spirit, whatever the reason its departure is barred, becomes a

One of the first black blocs in north america was in san francisco in 1992, against the 500 year commemoration of columbus. Our lineage demands that our presence upon this stolen continent be anti-colonial, not just in rhetoric, but as a spiritual orientation. We must reject the insidious logic of our enemies, embracing the irrational and ecstatic core of our tradition, our magic, our holy communion. Those who decry the black bloc as “ritual” and “tradition” reveal their euro-centric enlightenment biases, for it is precisely the ritual and the tradition that are our source of strength. All that said, the outward appearances may very well change. But the inner essence must become ever more dangerous, more distilled, more beautiful.

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### **The Black Mask**

*First published in the 2<sup>nd</sup> issue of the journal Baedan*

The black mask is the most visible symbol of the anarchist. Its existence is known to the novice even before he is contacted, but its ritual symbolism is unknown to him until his initiation.

At the time of the initiation, a time unrecognized until it has happened, the novice finds himself alone with a bag. He has found himself here by a strange and forgotten path, a series of subtle maneuvers and unmemorable gestures. In truth, he has been brought here, led along by an unshakable sense of discomfort with the social game. There are ways this discomfort is manifested: talking about it, doing it differently, doing it wrong, sometimes refusing to do it at all. And these little refusals, with the scorn they earn from most and the interest they elicit in others, draw him into a band. The band has its own social games, its bad manners and inverted fashions, its parodies of social norms. It is when he has tired of these, when he contemplates with a similar sense of cynicism the macrocosm and microcosm; the verse, inverse, reverse, and perverse; the loyal subjects and the loyal opposition; it is then that he turns from the company and finds himself alone. Alone, that is, but for the bag.

Novice and bag are alone in a place. The place is a room, or it is a car, or a patch of earth or some other spot. The bag is unremarkable but familiar, and seems to vaguely offer relief of the present circumstance. The novice opens the bag with an anticipation diluted by cynicism: he half expects to find some secret message, and half to uncover nothing of interest. In the bag there is a small bundle of cloth, neatly folded, black as night. He withdraws it and he recognizes it as the mask of the anarchist.

He feels almost as if he could laugh. Faced with the fabric, he wonders that he has never before contemplated why the black mask is the face of anarchy. He has worn the mask before, thinking only of the practical imperative of anonymity. Now it has come to him as a strange answer to his question, not at all what he was looking for, but an answer nonetheless. The mask is a gift given by no one and carrying, like all gifts, its silent question. The anonymity it offers is not the cold anonymity of social nicety, but a warm embrace from something that cares about him not at all. It is not the nicest gift. It does not affirm. All it offers is a reminder to relax because, to the universe, he is nothing but a kink of its unfolding. With a deep sigh and a feeling strangely like being tickled, he accepts the gift.

As he walks back from the place where he was alone to the place where the group is, his steps seem only the fulfillment of inevitability, as if pulled by no force other than time’s weird passage.

The initiate does not speak of the ritual. The mark of the initiation may be witnessed in how he wears the social mask (a bit less rigid, a little less important, as if seeking to amuse and be amused). He can still feel, with a certain sadness, its weight, and remember, with a certain nostalgia, how

it disappeared into the black cotton. But he hears someone calling, and, recognizing an invitation to pass the time, he joins in.

*Young salmon swimming downriver  
and the old upstream to breed and die  
are yours, and the fog-drinking forests.  
yours are the scattered emerald half-circles  
of islands, the lost islands. Yours  
are the sunken warships of the Emperor  
and the slow swirl of pelagic polymers.  
The moon is your hand-mirror.  
Mother of Time and daughter of Destruction,  
your feet are light upon the waters.  
Death your dog follows you down the beaches  
whining to see the breakers break  
into blossoms, into immortal  
foam-flowers, where you have left  
the bright track of your passing.  
pity your fearful, foolish children,  
O Aphrodite of Fukushima.*

<https://itsgoingdown.org/otherworlds-review-3-masks/>

<https://itsgoingdown.org/otherworlds-review-6-always-coming-home/>

of power. I sense the multiplicity of selves that I embody. I feel the fear of scarcity creep into the dreams of abundance that I cherish. I am willing to engage with life from the angle of freedom.”

The galaxy is composed of recovered memory, it is living, dead and circular. Spheres of celestial mysteries are dense and constantly deepened. For example, a death of a comrade temporarily slices through the carefully woven web. Next, we find our visions possessed, our ancestors in even closer conversation. Reflections of reflections of generations of generations of fights for freedom through time emerge alive in this time: memories begging to be met.

Fated connections are guided by as many dead hands as live ones. Through the various dimensions and manifestations, imagination also flows through the galaxy, mending where holes erupt. Opening doors, barricading others, getting our attention, tripping the fuses, alerting and possessing, showing the way.

To belong is unrelated to “rightfulness” in the context of the galaxy. To belong is predicated only on the daily decision to commit. To belong is to be welcomed and nourished. To belong is to ask “Do I welcome? Do I nourish?” The networks we keep will thrive or dissolve along these questions and answers, the commitments to commitment. To belong is to answer “I am welcomed, I am nourished here.” The anarchist galaxy is always celebrating a birthday.

Don’t be mistaken. Where there is no rule, no law, no leader there are as many warriors for freedom on as many planes willing to defend the galactic power of our circular-eternal comrades. We are without time but keep close watch. There are certain enemies. The slave traders, the missionaries, the soldiers’ soldiers.

It’s the same old theme. Violently, capital corrupts the calm. Happily, capital demands unwelcome, confusing warmth with performance of warmth. Beware the long arms of misdeed, greedy ego steeped in routine, beware sameness, stagnancy, stories. Beware the police, the presidents, but also the slow death of reactionary compulsion, of colonial poisons, of worshipping powers who are higher than human but from a sketchy species of god, borne of fanatic accumulation, of false and empty, liberal ritual.

Galactic anarchism honors overlapping constellations. Lasting anarchist tradition honors difference and radiates wealth beyond measure. There is always more. We know the free life as hard won and won and won again. The free life is a threat, caged and robbed of the expansive galaxy. However, the attempts to eradicate the fires of freedom are as vain as the captors and their jealous gods. Once the way is opened, it is only choices along the way that keep the path clear and bright. As anarchists we choose to live. We commit to purging the occupation of our blood. We see death as a myth. We find cages empty. We recognize borders as fiction. We know life as an ongoing vessel for all the power in the universe. And we know our power to manifest as total freedom. “Your life is your life. Know it while you have it. You are marvelous. The gods wait to delight in you.”

### *Hymn to Aphrodite*

*Ursula K. Le Guin*

*Venus solis occasus orientisque, Dea pacifica,  
foam-borne, implacable, tender:  
war and storm serve you, and you wear  
the fiery tiara of the volcanoes.*

## Otherworlds Review #4: Snakes

The Otherworlds Review

December 8, 2017

December 2017 · Sun in Sagittarius · Full moon in Gemini

*The avenger that completes the task of liberation in the name of generations of the downtrodden. This conviction, which had a brief resurgence in the Spartacus League, has always been objectionable to Social Democrats. Within three decades they managed to erase the name of Blanqui almost entirely, though at the distant thunder of that name the preceding century had quaked.*

– Benjamin, “On the Concept of History”

*Let us finally conclude the immanence of the smallest scraps of matter. Although their lifespan is of one second, their rebirth is boundless. The infinity of time and space is not the exclusive privilege of the universe as whole. It also belongs to every form of matter, down to the infusoria and grains of sand... Therefore every one of us has lived, lives, and shall live endlessly under the form of billions of alter egos... The stellar systems carry us along within their immortality. Being the only organization of matter, they possess its fixity and its mobility all at once. Each of them is but a strike of lightning, but such strikes illuminate space eternally.*

– Blanqui, “Eternity by the Stars”

On the 17<sup>th</sup> of november, when the new moon met the sun in Scorpio – the sign of desire and careful attack – rebels in Olympia, WA began a blockade of the railroad leading to and from the dreadful port of Olympia. This auspicious night for new beginnings also marked a year since the eviction of a blockade of the same line, a blockade erected in solidarity with the struggle of indigenous water protectors and their accomplices against the DAPL pipeline – the Black Snake.

In spiritism, as in other necromantic traditions, it is held that it takes a certain amount of time after death before a spirit can fully take its place among the ancestors. In many traditions, one must wait a year before calling on an individual spirit, as an ancestor, for strength and guidance. It is thought that it takes that much time for the spirit to work through the pain and confusion of their own death, to adjust to the otherworlds and to their new existence in them. When a year has passed, and the departed has joined its ancestral house (or wherever other collective or place it is joining), then and only then can we begin to speak of conjuration.

Yes, the world is full of wandering and lost spirits, those stuck and incapable of moving on. And yes, anyone with a ouija board or tarot cards can get one of those spirits on the line, but to conjure real otherworldly strength means to act in partnership with and to call forth the spirits of a given tradition who form an ancestral line onto themselves. When the state ended last year's blockade, sent it to the otherworlds, they unknowingly set it on the path that all spirits walk: the labyrinthine meander of the worlds beyond, of the chthonic.

The golden tablets buried with the Orphic initiates tell us that in the underworld we are given the choice to drink from the waters of forgetting or the waters of memory. Those who've seen the mysteries know to resist the temptation of forgetting and to ask for the cool waters flowing from the Lake of Memory. When the dis-membered spirit re-members and is re-membered, they gain the strength to join the others of their lineage. Last year's blockade drank the waters of memory and in doing so joined the collective of spirits hereafter referred to as "the Commune."

With initiation comes the powers, goetic and mantic, to invoke and truly conjure the Commune. The Commune, a composite being – one and many wolves – comes when called by those who know the way to call it forth. That so many "call" to each other, without ever calling the spirits, explains why their so-called communes look more like everyday life than its interruption. When the spirits who compose the Commune (and the spirit of the Commune itself) assert themselves, they make their presence unmistakably known. Time moves differently, old divisions fall away, new roads open, there is an immanence to spirit and potential. Then, and only then, can a moment of space-time be named the Commune. That presence requires a break, a fissure, a doorway between this world and the others. To build the Commune one must open the door and call the spirits through it. To do one without the other (the break and the remembrance) risks fascism and worse.

The anarchists, indigenous activists, punks, queers and other communards in Olympia proved their adeptness in summoning the Commune to full force. For twelve days the spirits flooded to the site of interruption and made it spread. There was dancing, streetfighting, a punk show, coyotes, workshops and discussions, plant medicine, prayer, a piano on the tracks. For twelve days, now-time was given material space. For twelve days, the doors stood wide open.

Yes, the police destroyed the Olympia Commune. They tore its encampment apart, scattered its children, severed its spirit from this world, dis-membered it. But we arm ourselves with Memory – anamnesis, not-forgetting. We sing the mourning songs of the goetes and in our singing send the Commune on its way, strengthen it for its journey to the waters of memory and forgetting, where it too will make its choice. Our remembering it can only help it to remember as well. It too, if we all do our part, will find its way to the weblike assemblage of ancestral communes, the Commune itself. And when the moment is right, those who know its name can call it back to the Earth.

Over the Oakland Commune hung a banner – Paris 1871, Oakland 2011 – to which we joyously now add Olympia 2017. We mourn the commune, tend to the void it has left in the hearts of those who knew it, but we know it shall return. Just as the wine from the grapes grown on Montmartre hill is pressed and opened and drunk as the blood of the communards; as a sacrament of the Commune – the interruption in space-time – which died there with them. We too drink the wine, the waters of memory, and vow to live in the time-between-Communes in ways which anticipate the return.

The Olympia Commune remembered other spirits as well, other stories. It remembered the encampments at Standing Rock which in turn remembered the Lakota prophecy of the terri-

River Devora writes:

*Hearth-keepers are revolutionary. Hearth-keepers create and maintain community, including for those of us who may have been barred or expelled from more mainstream communities or from our own families of origin. Hearth-keepers weave together and lovingly maintain identity, around all manner of axes. There are mythic (and sometimes literal) hearths at the heart of queer communities, punk communities, pagan and polytheist communities, and all manner of communities of fringe and outcast folks – wherever there is a strong and maintained felt sense of shared identity and belonging, there is a hearth. And hearth-keepers are at the front lines of keeping our people alive. Hearth-keepers check in on friends going through rough times, provide crash space for at-risk community members, organize fundraisers for needed services, and do the emotional labor of a community. Hearth-keepers provide physical, emotional, and spiritual healing for the wounds of living in a world that isn't always safe for "our kind of folks." Hearth-keepers keep our loved ones from losing hope; hearth-keepers hold hope for our communities. In pooling resources and holding hope, we keep one another alive.*

We cannot emphasize enough the need for balance and containment. Our very survival demands that we find ways of being comfortable without recourse to space heaters or the couple-form. Old wiring can be overloaded. An untended fire can burn it all down. Sometimes burning it all down is the last defense. This is the lesson of the Petroleuse: the hearth keeper with nothing to lose.

*Prayer Candles,  
House Spirits,  
Hospitality,  
Boundaries,  
Conspiracy,  
Intention,  
in all things.*

•••

The ace of wands, the essence of fire, at once the flowering branch and also the torch in the night. Warmth and light. Creation and destruction. The first and the last.

•••

What does it mean to belong to the anarchist galaxy? A pack of wolves and eternal life. First, you should know it's a galaxy of miracles overall. There is nothing unmiraculous about the gifts we tend to. The gifts we are given as dreams and visions of freedom, the gift of intensity. The dream of freedom is a gift that has been put in our care. It's a galaxy of miracles. Action as well as stillness. Conflict and calm. Belonging to vast possibility as well as belonging freely, serenely to oneself. It is, daily decided, commitment to commitment. "Today, I choose to be as free as possible. I am open to the sensory relationship I have with freedom and unfreedom alike. I smell the beach. I taste chemicals. I recognize you, the other self orbiting me. I notice the hollow call

*I have built a house in Time,  
my home province. Up in the hills  
not far from the city, it looks west  
over fields, vineyards, wild lands  
to the shore of the Eternal. Many years  
went to building it as I wanted it to be,  
the sleeping porches, the shady rooms,  
the inner gardens with their fountains.  
Above the front door, a word in a language  
as yet unknown may perhaps mean Praise.  
Windows are open to the summer air.  
In winter rain patters in the courtyards  
and in the basins of the fountains  
and gathers to drip from the deep eaves.*

Anarchism, like other immigrant currents which have survived under this civilization, is a home-based tradition. Yes, we have a discreet exoskeleton of bookstores and social spaces and other brick and mortar hustles, but the real heart of the anarchist current is in the home. Taking the feminist commonsense about the personal and the political as a point of departure, we understand all the spaces we cultivate as containers for unfolding potentials. If even the invisibilized aspects of our lives are up for contest, then the home remains crucial toward our survival and the transmission of the lessons we have learned over the passing decades of experimentation with wielding the anarchist fire.

In the freakishly cold winter of this empire, the black flame is more necessary than ever. It warms our sense of belonging and our capacity to dream. And yet a fire alone, unprotected, uncontained, is a dangerous thing. For it to grow and endure; for it to be the precondition of a way of living, the flame must be held in a hearth. A tended flame can do tremendous things, can fill a home with the warmth to provide refuge and shelter to those in need of healing and desiring new schemes. The revolutionary art of hearth-keeping opens the door to an archipelago of little worlds wherein the anarchists practice for the cataclysm that is already here.

Where do we eat? Where do we release? Where do we create? Where do we conflict? Where do we build trust? Where do we detox? Where do we confide?

Many have commented that the struggle for space is the horizon of the coming social contestations, (a quick survey of the socio-spiritual desertification of the gentrified cities or the climactic shifts heralded by the extraction economy confirms this) but space is only worth struggling for if we have the life force to fill it; if we have the social-energetic-emotional-spiritual capacity to really hold it. Whether squatted or rented, owned or occupied, forested or in the cities, the anarchist homes are testing grounds for our experimental praxis. Projects and techniques perfected for years therein can be brought out to other ruptures in the accepted uses of space. Any comunard can tell you that the kitchen is the heart of any occupation; that a strength of a camp is in its sacred fire.

ble Black Snake which would come bearing destruction. The awareness of this prophecy was a weapon in the hands of those who were called to wield it.

Snakes, especially where they involve themselves in matters of apocalypse and prophecy, are found in mythologies and eschatologies the world over. Norse lore tells that when the serpent wrapped around the world releases its grasp on its own tail, it will do so in order to fight the Gods at Ragnarok. But the Orphics also knew that a snake was also there at the beginning, wrapped around the world egg, waiting for the hermaphroditic god Phanes – the light bringer; all genders and species manifest together – to crack its shell wide open with its dancing and thereby bringing the cosmos into existence. Before he could build his oracular temple at Delphi, Apollon first had to slay the serpent which already held court at that gate to the otherworlds. That his prophetesses thereafter took the name pythia – pythoness – bears this memory. The transgendered shaman Tiresias and the animistic prophet Melampous slew and saved snakes respectively and each gained the true sight by way of their encounters. Snakes unnerve us because of their ambivalence and alienness, their force of interruption. And yet they always come bearing the gift of knowledge. Lucifer too was a light bringer who offered knowledge as an apple from the Tree.

The Black Snake has arrived as the interruption of the sacred waters and the ways of life which depend on them. It arrives as apocalypse and poison and empire. But empire too can be interrupted. It was, after all, a nocturnal vision of a snake coiled around Spartacus' face which revealed to his wife, a prophetess subject to the Dionysiac frenzy, that he would catalyze the largest slave revolt the Roman Empire had ever seen. They led a years-long interruption of that Empire's hold over hundreds of thousands of lives, and they did so moved by the illumination of that vision. We live under the reign of the true descendant of that Empire and thus share common cause with the spirits who fought to destroy it. Such remembrance requires knowledge: the knowledge to open the door and to call the spirits through it.

Some within the Olympia Commune responded to the tired call for demands by issuing twenty of them:

- make the port a beach again
- blow up the sun
- the complete destruction of time itself
- a brick for every window
- a wrecking ball
- that, while science still exists, one of us be endowed with an Adamantium laced skeleton
- a swift and brutal end to the exploitation commonly referred to as "science"
- the destruction of all dams, and the return of the salmon
- no motor boats ever again
- that fascists and politicians spontaneously combust
- compost the police
- release of all prisoners and the Total Destruction of prison, in all of its forms

cessation of all space exploration

the return of the Tasmanian wolf, the aurochs, the dodo bird, the coral reefs, and all other creatures and habitats that have ceased to be

the wilderness

total freedom

the liquidation of Pacific Union's assets, to be equally distributed among all children

mandatory clown uniforms for all Olympia parking employees

that Steve Hall fight a bear

From the very first they emphasize their commitment to memory, but we call your attention, dear reader, to the seventeenth.

17. [ ]

This is the door, situated there between freedom and liquidation, thrown open by the Olympia communards. The door is the refusal to play the game of the state's discourse; the refusal to forget its betrayals and false promises. May we always remember that door that we may call it to presence again. Let us commit its passphrases to memory that we may recall them when we meet again.

Nothing is over; everything continues.

•••

17.

"Every second was the narrow gate, through which the Messiah could enter." The anarchists of the Golden Age would have understood – they do understand, for our ancestors are always with us – when we speak of devotion. In the Roman battlefield ritual of *devotio*, a general promised himself and all of the enemy legions to the divine dead and the earth in exchange for victory. A self-sacrifice, but not a Christian one: no forgiveness for foes here, no renunciation of the earth. But the Roman *devotio* served the State, ours seeks to ruin it. Nor is the Revolution to be forever in the future, to be earned through wretched asceticism, the Protestant-capitalist work ethic, and crawling progress.

"Liquidating the lie of the transitional period means making the revolt itself a different way of conceiving relations." When we speak of devotion, we speak of the insurrectionary imminence and immanence of our gods, their fiery and shining presence in our lives, the bolt of lightning that consumed Semele when she asked to see Zeus in his true form, the torches of the Battle Crow blazing from the skull of Cú Chulainn. We speak of "the Idea," of "the faith," of Anarchy! Our incendiary goddess, for whom Elia Corti and so many others gave their lives. For it is our lives that we offer, not our deaths. We speak of the hearth fires around which we gather, around which we have always gathered, which have kept the continuity of our communities and our struggles alive even in the bleakest of times. We fight for that which we are already a part of, even – especially – when the war demands negation. At the same time, we fight for the unknown – that is, for our relationship to it, for that which is familiar only through *déjà vu*. How can the Gods meet us face to face till we have faces?

From the hearth fires of devotion, the torches of liberatory fanaticism are kindled. In a world that has seen so much horror perpetrated by religious and rationalist authoritarians alike, we

*i*

*Whiteness crossed the continent  
a poison fog and where it went  
villages were vacant  
hearths and ways forsaken*

*Whiteness with greed and iron  
makes the deep seas barren  
Great migrations fly daylong  
into whiteness and are gone*

*ii*

*Whiteness in its righteousness  
bleaches creatures colorless  
tolerates no  
shadow*

*iii*

*People walk unseeing unseen  
staring at a little screen  
where the whiteness plays  
an imitation of their days*

*Plugged in their ears white noise  
drowns an ancient voice  
murmuring to bless  
darkness*

We cannot fight the hopelessness head on. But we can keep on re-weaving meaning into our lives, even and especially as what was woven before frays, we can reach out to the spirit worlds for allies, we can honor our ancestors, we can tend our hearths, we can keep the black flame burning, we can keep on doing what needs to be done, we can keep on putting one foot in front of the other, we can keep on beginning. Anarchism is still, somehow, a spiritual practice of hope even when the future promises none.

•••

*My House*

*Ursula K. Le Guin*

golden feline kingship of Leo. A herald to the fall of wicked kings and the apotheosis of revolution, the turning of the wheel, always coming home.

• • •

On January 22, 2018, Ursula K. Le Guin passed into the spirit worlds. But as a writer, she had always held the key to those worlds and more, and had brought many little glimpses of those worlds through those doorways into ours, each a tiny mirror. Although she did not name herself an anarchist, she said that she would be honored for us to bestow that name upon her, she named anarchists such as Goldman and Berkman among her ancestors of inspiration, and, most importantly, she understood and respected and gave voice to the first and foremost of our mysteries: “What is an anarchist? One who, choosing, accepts the responsibility of choice.” A simple idea, but it contains profound and beautiful multitudes within it.

First, “the secret is to really begin,” as the authors of *At Daggers Drawn* once wrote. Choosing is an action, a beginning, an opening, the acceptance of the invitation of insurrection. Like most animist and polytheist traditions and in contrast to modern religions and ideologies, anarchism places more emphasis upon correct practice than upon creedal belief. And one can only truly learn and cultivate relationship through experience, which requires action.

Second, the ends are contained within the means. Classical anarchism has always been based upon the proposition that to achieve a stateless society, one must use stateless means. That is the core of our tradition. It is an ethical position rather than an ideology, a recognition that each of our actions is and must be a microcosm, that our deeds embody our desires. It is the operative principle of sympathetic magic, the same principle that makes it possible to stab a poppet with a needle and cause someone to fall sick, and to pull out that needle and heal them.

Le Guin put it well in *The Dispossessed*:

*We know that there is no help for us but from one another, that no hand will save us if we do not reach out our hand. And the hand that you reach out is empty, as mine is. You have nothing. You possess nothing. You own nothing. You are free. All you have is what you are, and what you give. You cannot take what you have not given, and you must give yourself. You cannot buy the Revolution. You cannot make the Revolution. You can only be the Revolution. It is in your spirit, or it is nowhere.*

The Revolution is a spiritual process of becoming, not an object, not a thing. It is alive, because we give it life. Every rock thrown is an empty hand reaching out for another hand to meet it, every rock a tiny sphere containing our inner worlds inside it and manifesting them into the outer world, a child of the earth and a new earth in miniature. The very heavens send pieces of themselves hurtling through the window of our atmosphere, blazing as meteors. We are but their mirrors below.

And last but not least, we accept responsibility for our actions, our choices, and the work ahead of us. The *Otherworlds Review* is not trying to write propaganda or platitudes, but mysticism. We see the abyssal crisis of hopelessness and nihilism that is consuming the world, we feel it too.

**Whiteness**

**Ursula K. Le Guin**

*Meditations on Melville*

recognize the danger of this language, but we do not shy from embracing it. Our lineages, our kin: the Boxers, the Ghost Dancers, Carlota Lukumi and the rebels of Triunvirato, the Vouduisants at Bois Caïman, the Yellow Turbans, the black-clad firebrand-throwing women of the Isle of Mona, the maenads – those Dionysian fanatics of old. All those who rejected the armor of Leviathan and sought protection from the spirits through dance, through possession. Fanatic: from Latin fanum, “temple, shrine, consecrated place” – spoken in an ecstatic state; spoken while possessed by spirit. We who have consecrated ourselves as sacer are above all man-made law, partaking only in the sovereignty of the Otherworlds. We are outlaws, wargs, wolves – one and many. We are the affinity group, the gang, the pack. Our informal organizations exist unto themselves, but in relation to civilized society, we are always a threat. And our forms of organization are mirrored in the spirit world, our accomplices are found in all the realms. Wolves on the surface of the earth, snakes descending into the subterranean depths and back again, corvids in the heavens. Always shapeshifting, always mediating between life and death, always accompanied by the howling and hissing multitudes of our collective ancestors.

• • •

*Our world is going through a rather peculiar moment of dread and confusion – one for which there does not seem to be a ‘proper name’ yet. And yet naming our time is part of what is at stake. In this regard one thing at least is clear – ours is a time of planetary entanglement. But the planetarity of our predicament is not all there is. As it happens, times of planetary entanglement are propitious for all kinds of accelerations or escalations. They are propitious for the renewed production of things, forms and imaginaries both baroque, grotesque and dystopian if only because such forms/things/and imaginaries generally strive to generate their own actuality through sheer excess and stupefaction.*

– Achilles Mbembe, January 2017

*The duality of our relationship with reality can also carry us towards armed struggle, especially after so many years of disorientation. We want to see practical results, we think it’s possible to go beyond the abstraction of round-table politics, we want to see some concrete action. The urge to construct forms of action for ourselves is sometimes very strong, since we’ve had to put up with so many years of empty speeches. And imagination? It helps us to bear the clash with reality; in this case it helps us to avoid seeing what we don’t want to see. Certainly it slips into and supports fanaticism. But men become fanatical under the yoke of their ideological schemas while we, more often than not, are driven by the violence of our dreams.*

– Anonymous, Italy, 1991

*The virtual and the actual together make up two mutually exclusive sides of the real. The actual is a given states of affairs that is populated by bodies. The virtual is a ‘pure past’ of incorporeal events and singularities that have never been present, which have ‘the capacity to bring about x, without (in being actualized) ever coming to coincide or identify itself with x, or to be depleted and exhausted in x’ while ‘without being or resembling an actual x.’ In this sense, the virtual includes all potential worlds, everything*

*that inhabits them, all of their really-existing potentials, and their every potential to differ that coexists with the actual.*

– Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*

Twin existences play out more openly when the twins of Gemini find their full moon in the sky of December. Under and over, within and without. There is a blend of the known, unknown, familiar and strange, blessed and cursed. Cold gets colder. The earth spun this way before and the body starts to know this air. The communal web of consciousness takes the breath. The philosophical inheritance of Sagittarius howls.

One labyrinth of solitude might reveal that “the predominance of the closed over the open manifests itself not only as impassivity and distrust, irony and suspicion, but also as love of Form.”

EVOCATION: Earth, 114 million years ago, one morning just after sunrise: the first flower ever to appear on the planet opens up to receive the rays of the sun. Prior to this momentous event that heralds an evolutionary transformation in the life of plants, the planet had already been covered in vegetation for millions of years. The first flower probably did not survive for long, and flowers must have remained rare and isolated phenomena, since conditions were most likely not yet favorable for a widespread flowering to occur.

One day, however, a critical threshold was reached, and suddenly there would have been an explosion of color and scent all over the planet – if a perceiving consciousness had been there to witness it. Without our fully realizing it, flowers would become for us an expression in form of that which is most high, most sacred, and ultimately formless within ourselves. Flowers, more fleeting, more ethereal and more delicate than the plants out of which they emerged, would become like messengers from another realm, like a bridge between the world of physical forms and the formless. Palpable tenets of gaseous sentience, sense perceptions, dial into the spaceless space found at the Olympia Commune, at the Ghost Ship, at the walls of the prison. The spaces are bridges to cross. The spaceless is the “new quality [that] emerges in a leap as the slow accumulation of quantitative changes, long resisted by a stable system, finally forces it rapidly from one state into another.” The doors opened by every act of rebellion, by every spirit of refusal, by the ancestors of freedom are our passages through protected thresholds.

**Blessings to Feral Pines and all who passed at Ghost Ship!**

**Blessings to Robîn Agiri: Şehîd Namirin!**

**Santiago Maldonado Presente!**

<https://itsgoingdown.org/otherworlds-review-4-snakes/>

## Otherworlds Review #6: Always Coming Home

The Otherworlds Review

February 9, 2018

February 2018 · Sun in Aquarius · Full moon and total lunar eclipse in Leo

*I am not a progressive. I think the idea of progress an invidious and generally harmful mistake. I am interested in change, which is an entirely different matter.*

– Ursula K. Le Guin

*I approached the confines of death, and having trod on the threshold of Proserpine, I returned therefrom, being borne through all the elements. At midnight I saw the sun shining with its brilliant light; and I approached the presence of the Gods beneath, and the Gods of heaven, and stood near, and worshiped them.*

– Apuleius, *Metamorphoses*

*But as always we refuse to despair. We are aware that many comrades are searching for possibilities to attack the enemy and forge ties with other rebels through the spreading of anarchist ideas and struggle proposals, in a time and space that abandons all political spectacle. It is probably the most difficult path, because it will never be rewarded. Not by the enemy, not by the masses and most probably not by other comrades and revolutionaries. But we carry a history inside of us, a history that connects us to all anarchists and which will obstinately continue to refuse to be enclosed, either within the ‘official’ anarchist movement, or in the armed-struggle-ist reflection of it. Those who continue to refuse to spread ideas separately from the ways in which we spread them, thus trying to exile all political mediation, including the claim. Those who don’t care much about who did this or that, but connect it to their own revolt, their own projectuality which expands in the only conspiracy we want: the one of rebellious individualities for the subversion of the existent.*

– Letter to the Anarchist Galaxy

January ended as it began, with a full moon, a so-called “blue moon,” a luni-solar calendrical anomaly. But this time there was also a total lunar eclipse, with the nocturnal Sun in the sign of the divinized wheel-turning, water-bearing youth Ganymede and the blood-red Moon in the

hear us, sacred cave:  
We come to awaken your conscience.  
We come to awaken your heart,  
that you may shoot your rifle,  
that you may fire your cannon,  
that you may close the road to those men.  
Though they come at night.  
Though they come at dawn.  
Though they come bearing arms.  
May they not come to beat us.  
May they not come to torture us.  
May they not come to rape us  
in our houses, in our homes.  
Father of Huitepec hill, mother of Huitepec hill,  
Father of the white cave, mother of the white cave,  
Father of San Cristóbal hill, mother of San Cristóbal hill:  
May they not enter your lands, great lord.  
May their rifles cool, may their pistols cool.  
Kajval, accept this bouquet of flowers.  
Accept this offering of leaves, accept this offering of smoke,  
Sacred father of Chaklajún, sacred mother of Chaklajún.

<https://itsgoingdown.org/otherworlds-review-5-calendars/>

## Otherworlds Review #5: Calendars

The Otherworlds Review

January 10, 2018

January 2018 · Sun in Capricorn · Full moon in Cancer · Saturn in Capricorn

*What characterizes revolutionary classes at their moment of action is the awareness that they are about to make the continuum of history explode. The Great Revolution introduced a new calendar. The initial day of a calendar presents history in time-lapse mode. And basically it is this same day that keeps recurring in the guise of holidays, which are days of remembrance. Thus, calendars do not measure time the way clocks do; they are monuments of a historical consciousness of which not the slightest trace has been apparent in Europe, it would seem, for the past hundred years. In the July Revolution an incident occurred in which this consciousness came into its own. On the first evening of fighting, it so happened that the dials on clocktowers were being fired at simultaneously and independently from several locations in Paris. An eyewitness, who may have owed his insight to the rhyme, wrote as follows:*

*Who would've thought! As though*

*Angered by time's way*

*The new Joshuas*

*Beneath each tower, they say*

*Fired at the dials*

*To stop the day.*

*– Walter Benjamin*

The year 2018 begins with a full moon on New Year's Day, with an overlap of two cosmic cycles: the lunar cycle at its point of greatest fulfillment, the solar cycle at its very beginning. In orthodox Maitreyan Buddhism, the Maitreya comes at the apex of a golden age far off in the future. But certain heretics in China turned this idea on its head and declared that the Maitreya would come when things were at their worst (ie right now) and unleashed a storm of insurrectionary violence against the State and the clergy. If the revolution is the messiah, we are faced with the same question of when it will come: at a high point, a low point ... or both, when two different cycles coincide.

Saturn, the astrological ruler of time and inescapable limitations and reality checks, has just entered its home sign of Capricorn, a sign associated with ruthlessness and material success. Capitalism is always in crisis, but thus far it has turned every crisis into an opportunity for further expansion and accumulation of wealth. Even as apocalyptic civil wars and climate disasters ravage the face of the earth, the capitalist class seeks to escape earthly and human limitations by turning dystopian science fiction into reality. In Canada, 42% of the workforce is at risk of losing their jobs to automation in the next twenty years. Techie scum have founded a church for the worship and proselytization of AI. Private corporations plot to subject the moon and Mars to the same sacrilegious mining that has desecrated and poisoned so much of the earth.

The future is terrifying, and the prospects for widespread liberatory social change are bleak. But every empire must eventually collapse, every hubristic fool who tries to forcibly climb up to the stars while still living must fall, men who seek immortality through machines are doomed to die. As the prophet Fredy Perlman wrote:

*In ancient Anatolia people danced on the earth-covered ruins of the Hittite Leviathan and built their lodges with stones which contained the records of the vanished empire's great deeds. The cycle has come round again. America is where Anatolia was. It is a place where human beings, just to stay alive, have to jump, to dance, and by dancing revive the rhythms, recover cyclical time.*

The technological transhumanists and space-colonizers are enemies of the earth and the heavens alike, and despite their pretensions, they are human, all-too-human. But we are heirs to the true transhumanism, to the ancient traditions of animism and initiation, to spiritual technologies tens of thousands of years older than the aberration of so-called civilization. Animism connects us to all which is truly more-than-human, to the true worldwide web, to the spider-woven tapestry of relationships between the life force embodied in each and every animal, plant, rock, river, wind, forest, landscape, sea, star, and being in the world. Initiation promises us true immortality among the stars of the night sky below the daytime earth, among the stars whence we originally came, among the constellations of our beloved ancestors and blessed heroes.

Two irreconcilable worlds – one full of spirit and life, one lifeless but undead – are locked in battle for the heavens, for the earth, for the hearts and souls of the living and the dead alike. One world experiences and knows the ouroboros of eternal recurrence, the other believes in the impossibility of endless progress. As 2018 begins, it is not only the cycles of the moon and sun which collide, but the two worlds, the worlds of the calendar and the clock. Well into the Christian era, the Kalends of January was a day when both pagans and baptized Christians “deliberately transformed themselves into the state of wild beasts” by donning animal hides and men dressed as women, omens were observed, and feasts were laid out to bring prosperity for the coming year.

For this new year, then, a transformation, an omen, a feast. May Saturn's sickle cut the throat of Leviathan for good, imposing a final limitation on the cancer before it metastasizes to other planets. May a new Luddism arise, a new Boxer Rebellion, to break the machines of the capitalist class and herald a new sacral sovereignty: “down with all kings but King Ludd,” wrote Byron. May the Angel of History at long last be granted a reprieve from the storm of progress and be allowed to “awaken the dead and to piece together what has been smashed.”

Merry crisis and a happy new fear; to 2018, an other planetary rotation within rotation. To 2018, the smoldering seed in the deep freeze, the rising tides, the accelerating apparatuses. To

2018, when visions immaterial congeal materially again. To seeing pieces of dreams in everyday life, to bridging the gap between ours and other worlds.

• • •

The new year renews dedication to the lines of attack and resistance that don't abide time, but crawl through the centuries as long as it takes to break the spell, burn the cage, free the prisoners.

*Between the fourteenth and the nineteenth centuries, the spatial horizon of Europe expanded considerably. The Atlantic gradually became the epicenter of a new concatenation of worlds, the locus of a new planetary consciousness. The ships into the Atlantic followed European attempts at expansion in the Canaries, Madeira, the Azores, and the islands of Cape Verde and culminated in the establishment of a plantation economy dependent on African slave labor.*

To 2018, the end of the American plantation.

To the flowing nature of time as water, renewed blessings and respect in 2018 to the water, boiling, freezing, and flooding. The concatenation continues by the tens of millions trapped in servitude the world over: in the human-drug industrial complex of the Bakken oil fields of sacred North Dakota, in the hell of gender, the terror of white supremacy, the violence of colonialism, trafficked by the worshipers of greed, ego, power. The planetary consciousness continues, the strong hearts of prisoners across time weave and breathe life and death and we welcome them.

Other worlds overlay ours and we hail the presence of those who arrive by our side to bolster our bravery, to guide our sight. To 2018, to strengthening our bonds to ancestors of insurrectionary action. “While some citadels have collapsed, other walls have been strengthened. As has long been the case, the contemporary world is deeply shaped and conditioned by the ancestral forms of religious, legal, and political life built around fences, enclosures, walls, camps, circles, and, above all, borders.” To 2018, the collapse of the nation, cataclysms of empire, the destruction of what binds us to unfreedom at all levels, an end to enclosures.

*Think of this: When they present you with a watch they are gifting you with a tiny flowering hell, a wreath of roses, a dungeon of air.*

To time on our own terms, to healed memories, mended lapses, trauma that comes to a close. To openings, slow and old growth alike. Webs of our own spinning, encrypted, intimate, to the security of true commitment, depth for the roots, purchase without capital, multiplicity without commodification. Seeing that “thinking is not necessarily circumscribed by language, the symbolic, or the human,” to representation left to ruin in 2018. To the growing affinity of ranters, dreamers, and augurs, undoing the material and spiritual existent.

***that the Army not come***

***Xuaka' Utz'utz' Ni'***

*Hear us, sacred lightning,*

*hear us, holy hill,*

*hear us, sacred thunder,*