

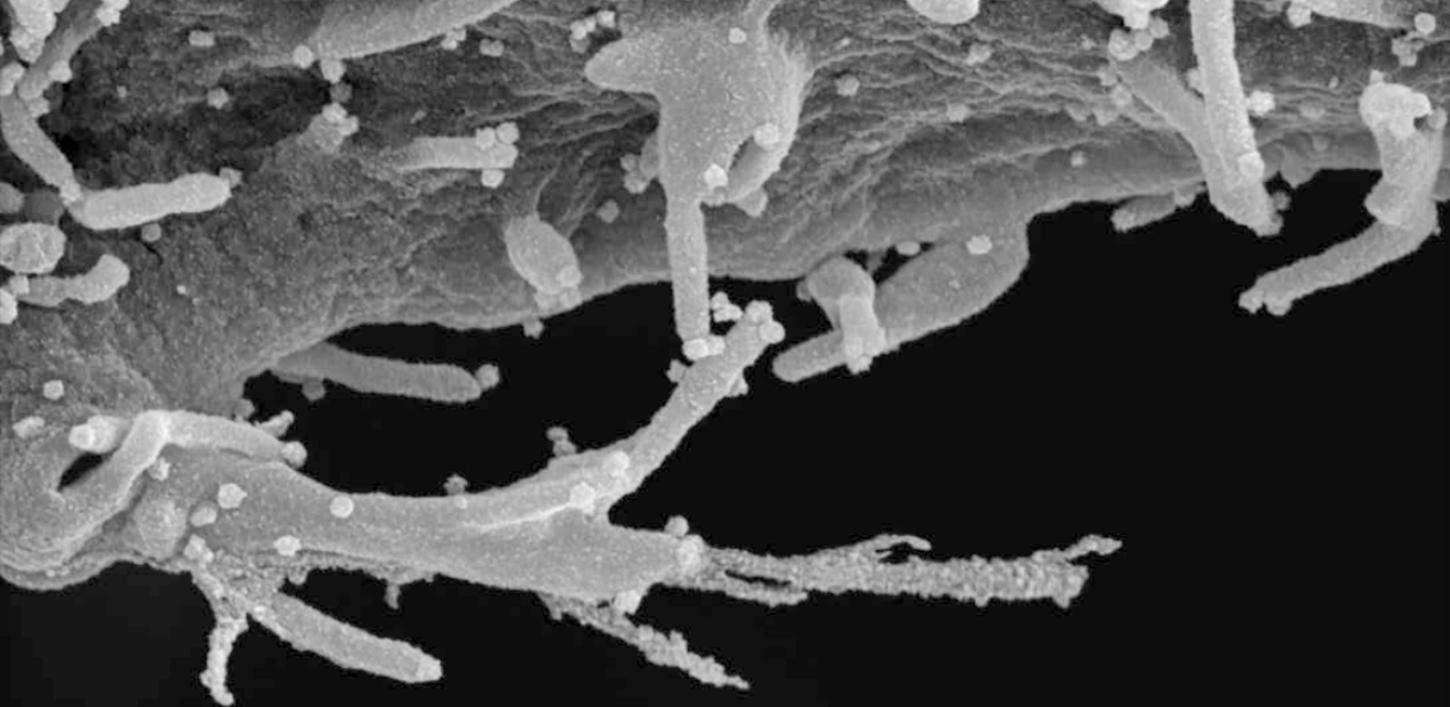


BEYOND

THE

DARK

HORIZON



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This little journal 'Beyond the Dark Horizon' (vol.1 and 2) has primarily been about getting to know comrades and people that seek to create and struggle together. Through the process I had the fortune of getting to know my friend Madi better. We shared late night chats, conversations, enthusiastically shared pieces of art and grew our ideas and dreams together. I felt a deep affinity for Madi, she was a such a warm and imaginative person, it was impossible not be inspired by her. For our first meeting the 'collective' met down at Kilcunda cliffs and in between sleet and icy winds we marvelled over the horizon and the wonders of the fierce beach. Visions, ideas, concepts, tasks, dreams, and feelings were shared between cigarettes at the pub and dashing around the sand and sandstone cliffs.

As the project came together Madi, I, all of us have undergone a slow process of rethinking what anarchist and radical politics means, discussed our daily struggles, joys and at time deep despair over the virus, ecological crisis, poverty, injustice, freedom, and we were lucky to spend beautiful moments in shared creation. Last summer Madi, Joey, I and others partook in a social 'anarchist snorkel gang' a place to informally bask in the wonders of nature, geek out on fish and sea worms, get to know each other in edgy experiences where we developed and shared new skills and naturally this became a space of informally plotting these books. Madi was integral to the volumes, she was involved in art, written pieces, design, concepts, late night rants, it would not have been possible without her.

Madi, did such vital work within the movement, her art inspired, her heart and personality so big and warm it was irresistible, and her commitment to Indigenous elders of this land will be remembered for a long-time. We miss you Madi. Thankyou for Everything. V.



To witness the life of a
visionary. To see the spark
of creation that burns
so brightly it fuses our
lives with those around us.
Changing us. Igniting us.
Beauty and hope with every
breath.

For Madi.



The rain knocks its fingers on the
roof,
Listen, her gentle call surrounds you
Run through the shadows if you fear,
but heed her voice
and listen
The creek that catches corners bare
Now echoes in the night
The ancient sound of lullabies will
carry you tonight
Past history of memories where simple
truths are found
And mirrors dance on ghosted gums
with earthen roots washed bare
Taste your moment,
Blood and Fire
Balanced in their trust

I let you go
I see you now
But miss your gentle touch
Amongst the moonlit branches then,
so supple,
smoothed by sun
her sister now
so bright she hangs
Your shadow does become
Your futures as they dance across
The canvas of this night
And birds that sleep so soundly now
Will soonest meet the light



How do I shake all of this hate? How do I forget all of this inherited pain?

“Let light into the wound white-skinned-black-spirit-bitch” they cried out

As cycicism wound its way around my heart and thoughts building a wall of resilience.

RESISTANCE.

Forced segregation based on genetic differences.

RECLAIM BLACK HISTORY TOLD THROUGH THE EYES OF WHITE COLONIAL LIARS

I often find myself

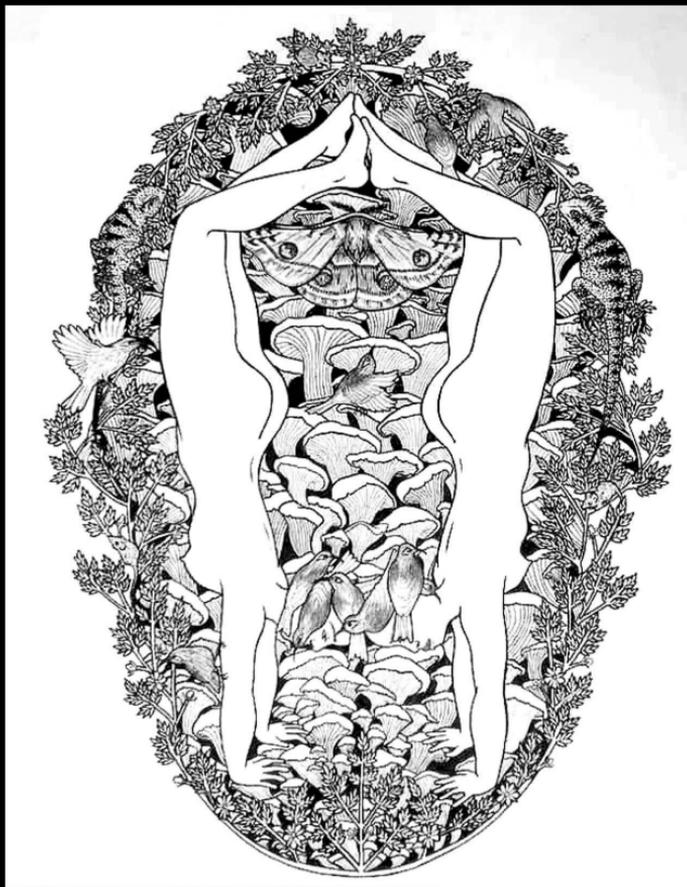
In spaces

In between times

Wondering if I came out of the dreaming for no reason?

And I always come back to

I AM THE LAND



For the EARTH



ALWAYS ANTI FASCIST

The next important thing to me seems to be to critique the 'union form' as the ideal fighting organisations. We need to end the idea of representative organisations, while I hope that Victorian Trades Hall Council continue will stop loving the cops and if they do not fully absorb the will of the black, blown, multicultural under and working classes they will show their continued irrelevance to radical struggle. I am sick to death of the thinking 'oh if we just get the union to endorse * campaign, statement or' that we will be hunky dory. We need informally insurrectionary affinity groups, and to critique work from a collective standpoint, the struggle is not all to be workers but to aim to break from the idea of work and proletarian identities, that is TO BE FREE!

While I hope that individual unions can endorse the no cops in trades hall demand, if that is the place to start I think ground can be gained but at what point do we say well if you wont budge we need another different type of fighting organisation?

DISMANTLE | SYSTEMIC | RACISM

UNIONISTS
DEMAND

*Kick cops
outta our
unions!*

THEIR <----- INTERESTS
ARE -----> DIAMETRICALLY
OPPOSED <-----> TO OURS.

**DISAFFILIATE
POLICE UNIONS!**

FIGHT FOR ABOLITION

DEFUND | THE | POLICE

tell your union,
no more police,
no affiliation to vic trade hall council,
no collaboration with cops,
no contracts, cut ties!
vote out all police-sympathetic union officials

“autonomous self-organization

When I speak of autonomous self-organization, I am speaking of a specific phenomenon that tends to arise whenever people, angered by their conditions and having lost faith in those delegated to act for them, decide to act for themselves. Autonomous self-organization therefore never manifests in the form of a political party, a union or any other sort of representative organization. All of these forms of organization claim to represent the people in struggle, to act in their name. And what defines autonomous self-organization is precisely the rejection of all representation. Parties, unions and other representative organizations tend to interact with autonomous organization only in the form of recuperators of the struggle, striving to take over leadership and impose themselves as spokespeople of the struggle – usually with the aim of negotiating with the rulers. Thus, they can only be viewed as potential usurpers wherever real self-organized revolt is occurring.”

Autonomous self-organisation is non-hierarchical.

Autonomous organisation uses horizontal communication and is based in horizontal relationships.

“the basic unit of autonomous self-organization is the individual. Otherwise, it could be argued that all states and businesses are autonomous self-organization, because on the institutional and collective level they do organize themselves, but the individuals who comprise their human component are defined by these institutions and placed in accordance with the institutional needs. So autonomous self-organization is first of all the individual organizing his struggle against the conditions this world forces upon her on her own terms, finding the means necessary for carrying out that struggle. But among the means necessary are relations with other people, so autonomous self-organization is also a collective practice. But that collective practice is not based upon conforming individuals to an organization imposed on them, but rather on the development of relationships of mutuality between them in which they discover the areas of commonality in their struggles and need, affinity in their dreams and desires. One could say that autonomous self-organization is the development of a shared struggle based on mutuality for the full realization of each individual involved.”

“anti-state, anti-capitalist revolutionaries generally agree that the “revolutionary task” of the exploited class is to abolish itself as a class as it abolishes class society. What does this mean and when does it happen in the course of struggle? It seems to me, that this means precisely the rediscovery of oneself as an individual with one’s own desires, needs and dreams which have no relation to what capital has to offer, desires, needs and dreams best fulfilled in free association with others based on mutuality and affinity.”

“Finally, autonomous self-organization is practical. It is not the setting up of any formal organization to represent anything. It is rather the bringing together of the elements necessary for accomplishing the various tasks and activities necessary to the particular struggle. This will tend to include the development of ways to communicate, ways to coordinate actions, ways to gather necessary tools and so on. As will be seen below, in large-scale struggles, assemblies tend to develop for discussing what is necessary; these are not formalized structures, but rather specific methods for dealing with the problems at hand.”

(QUOTES FROM AUTONOMOUS SELF-ORGANIZATION AND ANARCHIST INTERVENTION: A TENSION IN PRACTICE, 2004)

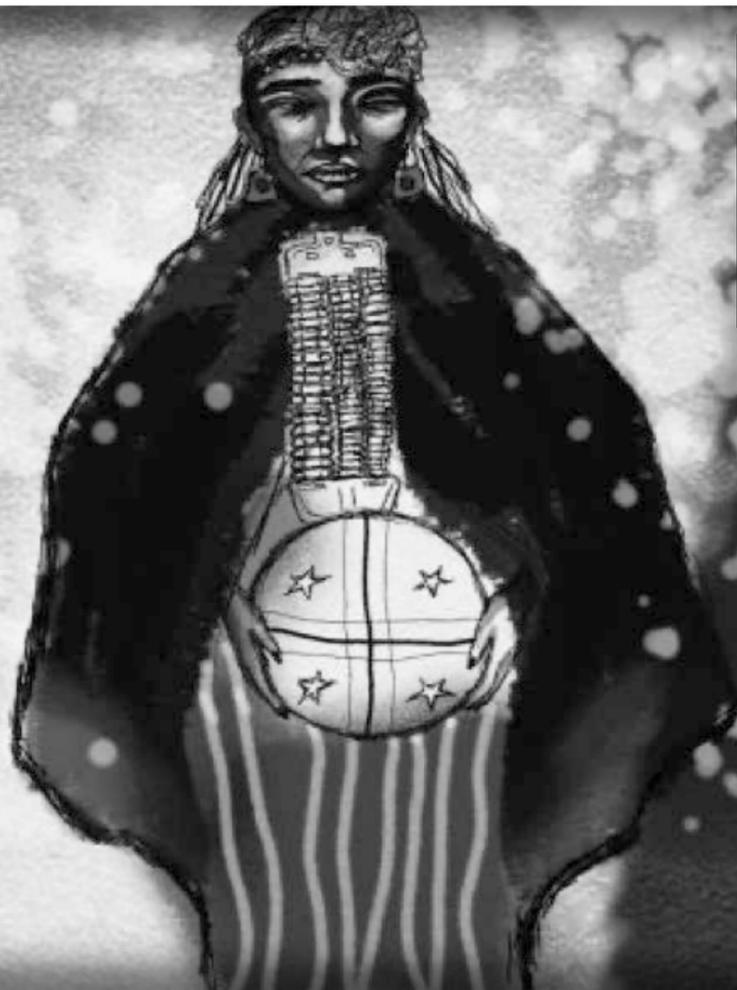
‘The emerging tendency in mainstream trade unions and those parties with which they are associated, particularly their conservative wings whose membership is drawn from the repressive apparatus of the state (police, border security and immigration detention), is toward corporatism. That is, excluding migrant and unemployed workers, and largely indifferent to precarious workers, and enforcing a reckoning of national debts in ways that will expand that repressive apparatus. That does not mean corporatism will triumph. The Black Lives Matter movements, in circumstances where Black people are more likely to die from encounters with the police and in prisons no less than from their encounters with a virus, is a powerful movement against this trajectory. How we treat the connections between the pandemic, exploitation and repression is key. Those connections are not forged within national spaces but instead occur along the fragile lines of supply chains and the extent (or not) of solidarity.’

(ANGELA MITROPOULOS IN UNBOXING THE HIDDEN LABOR OF SAVING LIVES AND SAVING CAPITALISM, 2020)



A LETTER FROM
MIGUEL AMOROS
ON ANTI-INDUSTRIAL
ANARCHISM

11/6/2020



Anti-industrialism is not a new ideology born in an intellectual circle, a university chair or an altruistic foundation during the historical period of Capital's merger with the State. It does not proclaim particular principles invented by some enlightened thinker, nor does it offer infallible formulas with which to solve all social ills. And above all, it does not appeal to the parliaments or to the "citizens" that support them. It is a critical analysis that emerged during the decline of the labor movement that starts from the industrial nature of all economic and social activities. If the material conditions of existence determine reality, these are now those of the industry. The globalized world resembles a gigantic factory, although there are fewer and fewer factories per se. Technology has multiplied productivity while considerably reducing the importance of the industrial proletariat, but proletarianization has spread like oil over water: the proletarian condition characterizes not only the life of almost all humanity, but that of the entire planet. Capital turns into commodities not only the labor force, but also the territory and the neighborhood. Consequently, the greatest contradictions occur in the field of daily life and the environment. Logically, the conflict moves from the sphere of production to that of consumption and, from there, the collective groups become aware of the deep antagonisms that face the capitalist regime, with nature and the population subjected to increasingly atrocious survival conditions. In every apparently trivial act such as eating, living, traveling, dressing, breathing, taking care of oneself, voting, working, reading, communicating, having fun, etc., the dominance of capital is manifested and, therefore, in each act one must take sides. It is true that the workers' identity of yesteryear disappeared, but class consciousness reappears and reaffirms itself in the revolts of everyday life.

The class struggle goes beyond the narrow framework of labor demands to encompass the defense of the territory and the whole of daily activity. Capitalism is replicated in its terrain, that is, everywhere. Capitalism destroys the environment, exploits and plunder the territory, pollutes the air, pollutes the waters and soils, concentrates the population in cubicles within urban complexes, annihilates traditional agriculture, forces constant mobilization, abandons the elderly, it brutalizes and weakens the population, develops mechanisms of totalitarian control, provokes wars, camouflages itself with ecology as a green capitalism. Thus, the fronts of combat are multiple, but there is only one struggle. Capitalist globalization is based on complex social relations, but precisely that complexity makes its foundations increasingly fragile and disasters become more frequent. The social base of capitalism, made up of the new middle classes of officials, employees, and integrated (submissive) workers, is eroding and narrowing. The citizenship ideology that belongs to them is cracking. Contradictions are impossible to disguise, so social uprisings are already inevitable. When flammable material builds up to uncontrollable proportions, a spark from anywhere can cause a serious fire. We are in those, in the final phase of globalization that we could well describe as catastrophic capitalism.

Anomie and catastrophe are today the main results of industrial production, and, according to the intrinsic nature of capital, they are a new growth factor and a new source of profit.



(Tool angi, 2014)

However, social inequalities are soaring and citizenship is discredited, so that disaster and decomposition also become insurrectional stimuli. An casual vent such as, for example, a case of police brutality, the rise in the price of gasoline, the increase in the cost of public transport, the privatization of a health service, a mining exploration, a hydrological plan, a liberticidal law, etc., may lead to spontaneous mobilizations and uncontrollable riots. Any wrong move by governments can lead to a crisis, be it urban, ecological, racial or health, and any crisis can be at the center of the social question. A social force sufficiently freed from the inability to understand its misery, and therefore subversive enough to venture into a process of radical social transformation is still a far away. But it will come. There will simply have to be a power vacuum for the creation of social and radical force. If we are sure of anything, it is that the seductive capacity of capitalism, that kind of general voluntary submission that it has been able to use until today, is diluted with the catastrophe. Capitalism suppressed real freedom in exchange for open-ended amusement and relative security. The crises, insofar as they neutralize the forces of order, are indicating to us that the fun is with the disobedient assemblies, and security is in the dissolution of all kinds of police and the abolition of digital surveillance. We are not talking about anything other than the self-management of everyday life.

Something can teach us, for example, the outrage of the health workers gathered at the doors of Spanish hospitals, or the debates of the French yellow vests concentrated in the roundabouts, or the protesters from Chile, or the good government boards of Chiapas, or the riots in a dozen countries.

The protest movements, by distrusting the institutional channels, and therefore, of the dialogue with the State, are forced to create autonomous spaces for discussion and decision-making, and to defend them. Assemblies, concentrations, councils, coordinations, committees, pickets, etc., are bodies created to deliberate independently on their problems, truthfully report on them and carry out the agreed points. In a Greek sense, they would be spaces and non-virtual mechanisms of freedom, since freedom is nothing other than the right of the masses to participate directly in the management and resolution of matters that concern or affect them. As soon as the joy of being together led to a passion for freedom and that passion spread - and with it the awareness of one's own strength - those spaces would consolidate, forging within them a new feeling of class. We would then be in a situation of dual power. Today, we are not, but this is only the beginning. It will appear that the covid-19 pandemic has aborted the process of rebellion, in the light of the wave of voluntary servitude and the suffocating climate of submission that can be observed throughout Mesocratic Europe, especially in Spain where the radical potential is at a minimum. Fear represses life and calms anger, it cannot move things so far towards peacemaking. The catastrophe continues and so does the revolt. The best is yet to come.

Miguel Amorós

June 11, 2020.

A SPOKEN WORD PIECE

All of a sudden there's a pause in
time for contemplation
Suspended from a world of instant
gratification
New pandemic of fake news sensations
While in some places isolation means
starvation
Or face the gun of a gangsta they
call a politician
Wishing they could just go fishing

Refugees in indefinite detention
Part of border forced evil intention
Prisons producing soap but not for
the inmate's consumption
Exposing the eruption of corruption
Hillsong got us into this mess
Spreading the virus like the ruby is
princess
Pedophile priest released to hang
with the political elite
Police state fining anyone on the
street

Nurses cleaners child care workers
Our women on the front line don't
over work her
Dysfunctional families locked down
with their abusers
Doctor wondering whose life she
chooses

Boris Trump and Scomo riding the
imperial rodeo in it death throughs
Come check it the show
Capitalism dies as nature cheers
Hard lessons learned some's greatest
fears.

And through the cracks new growth
appears resembling the love we lost
through the year. Pockets of mutail
aid sincere. Creativity and resis-
tance will preserve...

“NEVER GIVE UP”



SUN WILL RISE AGAIN



in the denominator. 53 Miles West of
Venus was a song by the B52's. The half-life of
a car, is about 5 years. The Earth

! ////////////////

is brown.

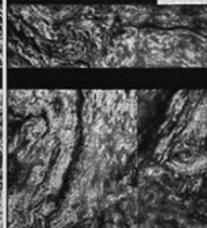
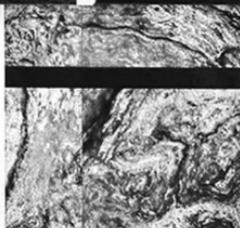
TT.O.



The Decolonial and The Psychological :

To quote, at least in part, Jane Austen; "It is a truth universally acknowledged; that most psychology students study so, to understand their own trauma. Really, the aforementioned study should be a staple before entering into a great many spaces or professions. It is the great pursuit of not perpetrating inherited or learnt trauma, in short- How do we, as victims, not retraumatise ourselves or others and not operate in a cycle that's akin to this : Victim --- Perpetrator ---- Victim. And on and on it goes. However once Toxicity, internal or external is identified and articulated a new cycle can be similarly created. Providing of course that you can access services and people that can help you do that in a safe way. That's the ideal isn't it? For First Nations people and POC a key element of this identification process is understanding Intergenerational Trauma and applying decolonised healing methodologies. This is not to say that this method be exclusive of people from any other background but it can most certainly be said that Modern Psychology is not equipped effectively enough to deal with Ancient Malais and the

subsequent contemporary and consequential manifestation. Something like CBT (Cognitive behavioural therapy) may adequately assist a non POC or non-first nations person to safely navigate relationships and society. However, for a first nations or POC to negotiate the current climate they literally have double the mental load. On the way to understanding mental health they must explore and heal Ancient traumas and then potentially develop a safe non compromised way of existing in a society that does not value them. It is a lot to ask of anyone to understand how they are affecting people via how they have been affected. We, as a society, are still fighting to have mental health discussed and treated without stigma in hospitals, home's, schools, workplaces and social circles. This is why the support of POC and First Nations people is vital not just in times of national and international uprising but into eternity. Because this is where the uprising starts, in the mind. When we question what we have been taught or how we have been treated. For First Nations People and POC the mental load is immense. You can do your part by understanding why that is, what structures you uphold that enforce imperial inequity and by being personally responsible for your own decolonial psychological journey.



A poem for the year 2020
By MARZ

Full grown
Dreaming
Big to the ants
Warmer days
Gleaming

Who's jurisdiction if not my own
Waiting for the moments to come:
Patiently and not, getting closer to fully grown.
Theres a difference.

Later
The 'clouds' are so close, to touch
The birds seem more mechanical, no lust.
The gaps in the sky are now here,
Who would want them to lie,
Not I!
Theres been a hinderance.

Loss
Existent or merely the attainment to absence?
Staying and lingering, 'an abscess,
Throbbing at times.

Who's jurisdiction (if not) Mothers own:
caught me.
My body
Covered
My chest,
Cluttered
Jewels and currency, seemingly worth nothing
Exceptions for the ones on my weatherly, symbolled, ink hands.

Showing of your Soul(darity) with the attainment of knowledge
Of perseverance, of the resilience within the ancestors blood.
Spilled and sincerely welcomed to the old/new rituals,
where time bears no weight, soon to shud.
That place, is here.
That place is now.

A LETTER FROM THE WISE CUNTS (U.K) ON THEIR RECENT GOINGS ON

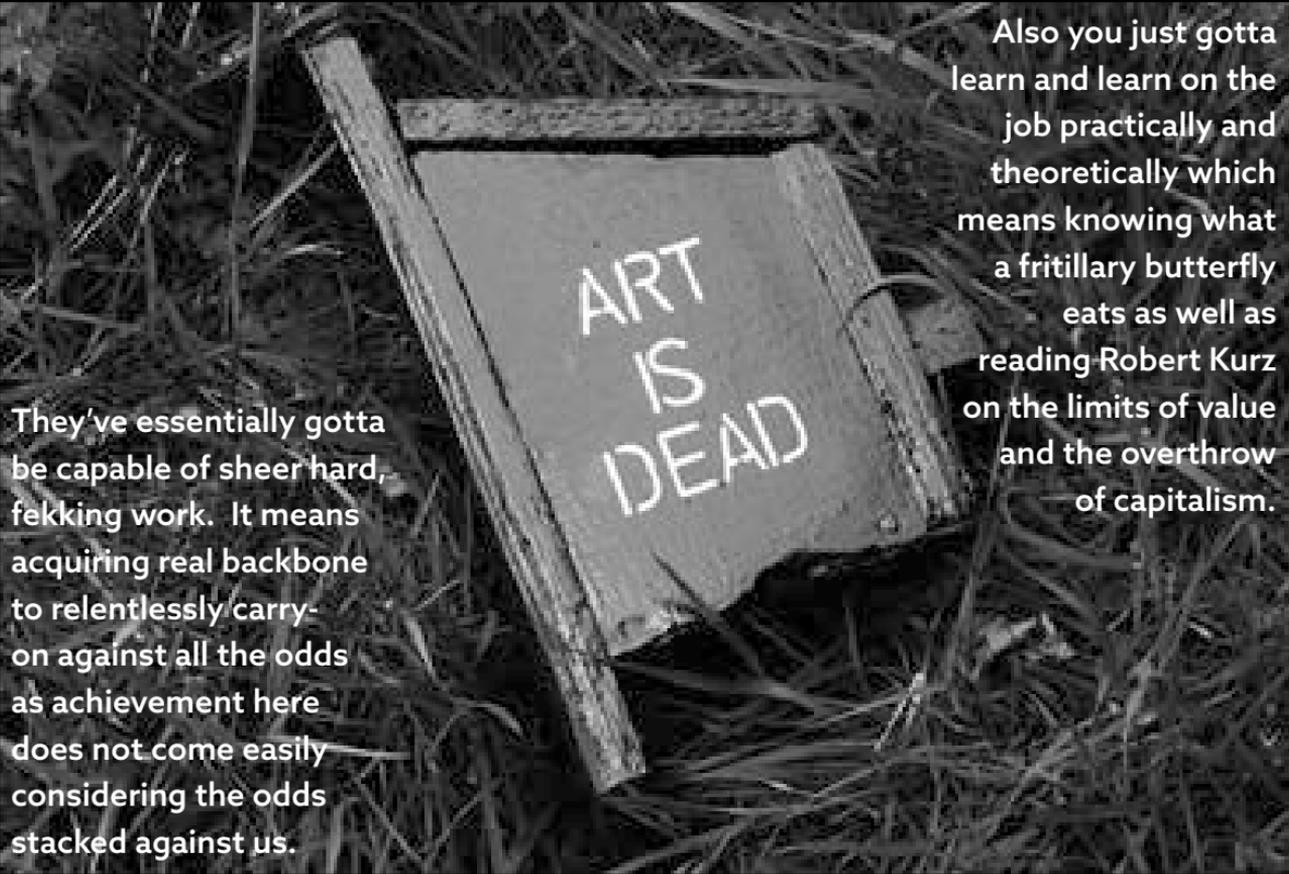


Hi ..., (yet again!)

Explaining things generally we kinda want to be instrumental in creating genuine, autonomous hand-on groups of individuals ever ready to intervene in and against the deadly, mainly urban, landscape where everybody is incarcerated and the final nail in the coffin defines a false commodity-fetishized way of living. For sure this is a bit pie-in-the-sky as people today, especially the young, are utterly nailed to the economic deck hardly able to experiment with anything. It obviously would be easier if we had universal basic income worldwide – and allowing more than a modicum of freedom – but there's little prospect of that and if it did happen will it be so shaped as to clearly point to a transitional bridge inaugurating the end of wage slavery and money? We can but hope.

As things stand at the moment, we hope these informal, flowing, groupuscules would be made up of people willing to learn, capable of listening, co-operative and anti-narcissistic in practise, ever ready for experimenting with nature, plus possessing a great sense of humility regarding daily failures as well as the occasional splendid successes..... but (an important but) to be capable of mad acts off their own back without needing to discuss with any wise old fools!

Are the young members of XR up to the task? Unfortunately they really don't like day in day out hard physical graft, so give us out of work artisanal builders any day who are keen to genuinely latch-on to nature, even though knowing little. Am afraid XR has a helluva long way to go in this direction particularly since the organisation is fettered by top down academic hierarchy; obedient students listening faithfully to the words of mildly rebellious lecturers which are hardly a revolutionary revolt against the university. On the other hand XR is increasingly leaky courting anarchist-like conceptions of affinity groups and independent initiatives though in a confused way. Moreover they've even stopped taking down our no holds barred texts on their various Face book pages, even liking some! So perhaps young XR members could be heading in the direction of autonomous eco intervention, digging, clearing, planting, everywhere and in the process gaining hands-on practical knowledge are all kinds of particularities in multi-faceted locations each with different requirements thus transforming landscape everywhere now that what was once called "the countryside" is a dead space, more to do with estate agents valuations than fecund greenery. XR breakaways are occurring; and the latest involves raids on supermarkets then giving the food away for free. All very encouraging.



They've essentially gotta be capable of sheer hard, fekking work. It means acquiring real backbone to relentlessly carry-on against all the odds as achievement here does not come easily considering the odds stacked against us.

Also you just gotta learn and learn on the job practically and theoretically which means knowing what a fritillary butterfly eats as well as reading Robert Kurz on the limits of value and the overthrow of capitalism.

Moreover, this proposed activity cannot be included within the baneful hierarchical perspectives of nature reserves which councils and all eco groups revere. Nature reserves remove people except as passive observers and/or recorders walking down pre-ordained pathways. Sadly they are a nothing but a form of tourist venue amounting to sweet FA replete with faux eco cafes (to be sure without a McDonalds in sight) though kitted out with banal knickknacks and what have you for sale; in short venues which are the culmination of a basically meaningless afternoon's outing in the ubiquitous anti-eco car. No, no, no.

For sure we must place what is a conundrum within broader perspectives indicative of the moment when nature in its entirety along with most aspects of everyday life is super-monetised reflecting the dispersal and collapse of value neurotically twisted into avalanches of fiat currency as if money is itself an endangered species which, of course, in reality it is.



It is as if money has historically reached up into a lone super-size pinnacle with ultra shaky foundations as the capitalist mode of production founders on its own (now impossible) contradictions surviving on steroid fixes (i.e. quantitative easing plus new derivatives invented almost daily) as its life span is stretched to breaking point...and the only point of contention is will this be a quick death or a long slow, contradictory agonising death. Alas it seems it will be the latter!!! And the response to Covid-19 is both Naomi Klein's Disaster Capitalism and a Capitalist Disaster combined. If it's the latter that becomes preponderant it just might be the tipping point heading towards an anti-statist total social revolution.

Although people fleetingly dive in and out of what we practically are up to there is little constant follow through. This is compensated somewhat by our passion and on the spot, continual face to face explanations to all and sundry passing by who want to talk to us with shovels and Canterbury hoes /axes in our hands etc. This wilding activity really does communicate big time and then news travels rapidly by word of mouth. Also the eco Diaspora turn up and they are of the same persuasion even as the top down, party-line official ecos generally come down on us like a ton of bricks. Then as time rolls by we really do get amazing results as bio-diversity always, but always, massively increases further bio-diversity. Do it in Quick Time though is today's capitalist essence

and ours is not a regime of pop-up gaudy flower beds laid out like rows of supermarket shelves within 24 hours and which councils are so adept at manufacturing!

In a way it could be said that Debord's comment, "a moment of life that has grown old cannot be revived through bright colours" we have applied to faux nature or rather ubiquitous horticulture giving this profound insight a much greater cutting edge having originally pertained to Post-Impressionism, Fauvism, etc., especially Henri Matisse

Once "recovered through transfer"(to slightly amend Marx) this insight becomes even more explosive when applied to the parking and garlanding of nature especially in this horrific 70 year plus era of town and country planning regimes imposed everywhere over the planet. We first referenced this 'recovery' by coining the phrase "Industrial fauvism" regarding the plethora of cordoned-off, marooned flower beds which really took off from the 1980s onwards especially in those northern cities in Britain transitioning from smoke-stack industries to the post industrial. In short, a 'nature' devoid of all essential amoral, fecund impulse but one which all official green groups were to tacitly endorse. No wonder recently during the Covid-19 lockdown on a painted-up clapped-out bird box we painted up the old mantra:

"ART IS DEAD. DO NOT CONSUME ITS CORPSE."

In the meantime people must, must, must try to live in new imaginative reconstructions of dialectical becoming where nature is apriority. At the present moment people thankfully do inhabit landscapes of contempt but they are designated and stereotyped as the homeless, or as immigrants, or mad outcasts and to be hunted down by the bullies of officialdom usually encouraged by bio-diversity officers on high salaries who want get rid of such unwanted specimens of humanity yet surreptitiously welcome developers in through the back door. The role of the bio-diversity official is in any case to further the state's greenwash agenda and they are the sworn enemy of authentic eco intervention. For sure, the MSM see the outcast as damaged goods but who isn't damaged in today's outrageously reactionary society based on an augmented commodity fetishism gone apeshit attempting to compensate for a slowly disappearing mass of value spread out over a vast array of manufactured goods strangling the very lungs of the planet and a thesis Anselm Jappe has worked on over the last 15 years or so (see his *The Writing on the Wall*). In short, the incarnation of suicide capitalism!

for a slowly disappearing mass of value spread out over a vast array of manufactured goods strangling the very lungs of the planet and a thesis Anselm Jappe has worked on over the last 15 years or so (see his *The Writing on the Wall*). In short, the incarnation of suicide capitalism!

Initially admiring the anarchic drive and communal spirit behind guerrilla gardening we also increasingly noted that practitioners lacked essential knowledge of the natural sciences especially knowledge related to spreading bio-diversity in specific situations. Unfortunately most guerrilla gardening like the park and lawn fauvism it seemingly combats is nothing more than an ersatz display that doesn't get to grips and combats the horrors of the sixth extinction practised on a day to day level everywhere UNMENTIONED AND IGNORED. In that sense it's no different to the decorative display of graffiti and tags –that end of art gallery moment that wasn't to be the end of the gallery but rather its watered down extension and which today meaninglessly adorns walls everywhere containing hardly an ounce of genuine subversion

Really I'd like to see most abandoned areas taken over and in the process lose their asset management orientation cum valuation, along with all road and rail verges but not done via the baneful recuperative shit that local councils engage in conning all poorly aware on-lookers. Something say on the lines of Class War's takeover of a council dump on their Upper Norwood Tourist Trail in South London, now renamed The Sensible Garden (after the local punk rocker Capt. Sensible). It's at least a beginning even if the initial re-wilding isn't clued-in relying more on garden centre horticultural cut-price rejects than genuine, potentially interactive vegetation that encourages organic

A black and white photograph of a wooden signpost in a field of tall grass. The signpost is made of several wooden planks and has the words "CONSUME ITS CORPSE" written on it in white, hand-painted letters. The sign is tilted slightly to the right. The background is a dense field of tall grass, and the overall lighting is somewhat dim, creating a somber or mysterious atmosphere.

CONSUME
ITS
CORPSE

bio-diversity. More generally this is the on-going problem with guerrilla gardening everywhere, it's just not by any means clued-in ecologically. Still it's a start. Moving on from this we need to try and create a simple base-up mass movement mirroring the 3 cord skiffle / punk of yesteryear only with 3 plants substituting for guitars and ukuleles; say a 3 cord nature punk of birds foot trefoil, red clover, creeping red fescue grass and / or kidney vetch!

(In parenthesis seeing in the late 1960s we gave Malcolm McLaren most of the insights and snappy smart-arsed aggression he was to utilise in the creation of the Sex Pistols why shouldn't a similar process be carried over into nature)? In short we create a new basic environment of essential music to the soul WEEDS stopping Insectageddon in its tracks as we ruthlessly take over entire eviscerated mower-mad parks and so-called recreational areas plus every nook and cranny going. This action is not about pretty images and the so called miserable art aesthetics fall out onto nature but its negation and hoped for, dialectical supersession. Again and most importantly we don't ask if we can do this. We take! And shit will we put authorities backs up all over...You bet. And the ensuing shock horror publicity could turn-out to be really helpful in getting the message out there! Down with London councils! Occupy all the dead London parks and rewild them not as display venues but as genuine spaces of ever-evolving rich bio-diversity!

The same goes for all railway embankments and every other obvious space.

Moreover, we kinda insist that people must try constantly to hang out in and among these arenas of rejuvenated nature just like the Zadistas in France. Obviously such living is experimental and quite outside architectural concepts and that's the great thing about it. Most of the "landscapes of contempt" we've been involved with have involved a fair amount of rough sleepers who we have always gotten on with making no attempt to move them on, unlike the brutal evictions the official green rackets resort to forever bringing in the police.

Indeed with ourselves physical work on the land coincide with work we engage with on abandoned buildings to house the homeless often giving them rudimentary training in various building trades. The fecund artesian well of Martin Bell's Wood on the Scrubs is a prime example and is also an arena whereby East Europeans, Africans, Asians, South Americans, etc., sleep over for a while and we often have ultra-memorable conversations with them. Nearby, one guy even pitched his bed next to the rare small blue butterfly enclave of Mitre Bridge. Did it harm the butterfly? No, not really. But the response of local official greenwashers headed by the chief bio-diversity officer was to then hand over inner London's finest insect site of Mitre Bridge to an HS2 canteen facility as they wanted rid of rough sleepers at all cost. Eco-side and ecocide.

In reality creating autonomous eco work brigades would be a new endeavour in these islands where any trace of wilderness has long since been taken out or drastically modified so in that sense it's a quest different to the clued-in ZAD experience in France where continuity with the radical history of the last fifty years is plainly obvious. Britain contains more natural history societies than probably any other country in the world, yet all without exception are bankrupt and useless, and nowadays incapable of experiencing that oneness with nature heralded by romanticism 200 hundred years ago and long forgotten. We are at degree zero and the flight of Minerva's owl is now long overdue.

Best. Dave



**ANARCHISTS AND ANTIFASCISTS ATTACK THE NAZI
'NATIONAL ACTION' SHOP, 1996. THIS HAPPENED SEVERAL
TIMES OVER A COUPLE OF MONTHS BEFORE THE NAZIS
WERE FORCED SHUT. HUNDREDS OF ANTIFA ATTENDED.**



2020

30 JUNE

Berlin, Germany: French Embassy vehicle torched.

25 JUNE

Berlin, Germany: Vehicle of security company WISAG torched.

24 JUNE

Genoa, Italy: Incendiary attack against a municipal police motorcycle storage depot in Marassi.

18 JUNE

Foix, France: Vehicle of the municipal cops set on fire outside the national police station in Ariège region.

16 JUNE

Basel, Switzerland: Securitrans vehicle sabotaged with butric acid.

15 JUNE

Montreal, Canada: Luxury car rental company was the target of an arson attack.

15 JUNE

Hamburg, Germany: Vehicle of company Vonovia set on fire in solidarity with imprisoned anarchists.

14 JUNE

Toulouse, France: Prison contractor company Apave offices vandalised with black liquid and anti-prison slogans.

12 JUNE

Launceston, Tasmania: Molotov cocktail thrown at police station.

Welcome the Change

Suddenly the streets are skeletal
There is a fresh ghostly anxiety
On the faces of retailers,
And of the passers by,
There is a kind of fright
That has made itself home
In creases of widened eyes
For you, the mind flickers back to
a meeting in a fluorescent room
when those still living
in the strained comforts of capitalism
spoke well of its doom.
And how you, limited in youth,
glanced around that room
from face to face, wondering who
you would rather be standing next to
when the shit went down
None of those faces stuck around
Barely in memory, never in flesh-
But it means that whatever happens next,
you have been waiting for it
but you thought the 'shit'
would be flames, or a sudden storm,
maybe our slowly warming days
But it's this; perpetually mysterious

It hurts when you know
we should be home- all of us.
It's worse when you know
We should be alone, but we must
be close enough to exchange money,
let our fingers touch.
Is 1.5 metres going to be far enough?
We throw words between us,
on the precipice-something has to budge.
We discover on the edge of us
a shifting, sifting distance
A new definition of love-
A hand reaching, strictly in metaphor
A peace offered
An answer to a plea we had yet to utter
Those of us who have suffered
when we had those old comforts, living
in a system that never loved us
but usually let us breathe
that usually let us be together-
Don't worry, now they know
that we were suffering,
it won't be so strange
when they know we welcome the Change.



'I DREAMT I SAW JOHN FLYNN LAST NIGHT'

Sung to the tune of 'Joe Hill' as sung by Paul Robeson, Utah Phillips, Joan Baez - you'll probably need to listen to one of these to get it. The original is about union martyr Joe Hill and I think it is apt to rewrite it for one of the heroes of the forest movement.

'I dreamed I saw John Flynn last night
Alive as you and me
Says I "But John, 'lock on or fuck of' you said"
"I never died" says he
"I never died" says he
"In Gippy, John," says I, in standing by my bed
"They jailed you on a protest charge"
Says John "But I ain't dead"
Says John "But I ain't dead"
"The cancer killed you John;
It took you John" says I
"Takes more than that to kill a man"
Says John "I didn't die"
Says John "I didn't die"
And standing there as big as old growth trees

And smiling with his eyes
Says John "What it could never kill
Went on to organize
Went on to organize*" (that's your
spirit)
From Goolengook up to Toolangi
In every forest and gully
Where feral's defend what right
It's there you find John Flynn
It's there you find John Flynn!

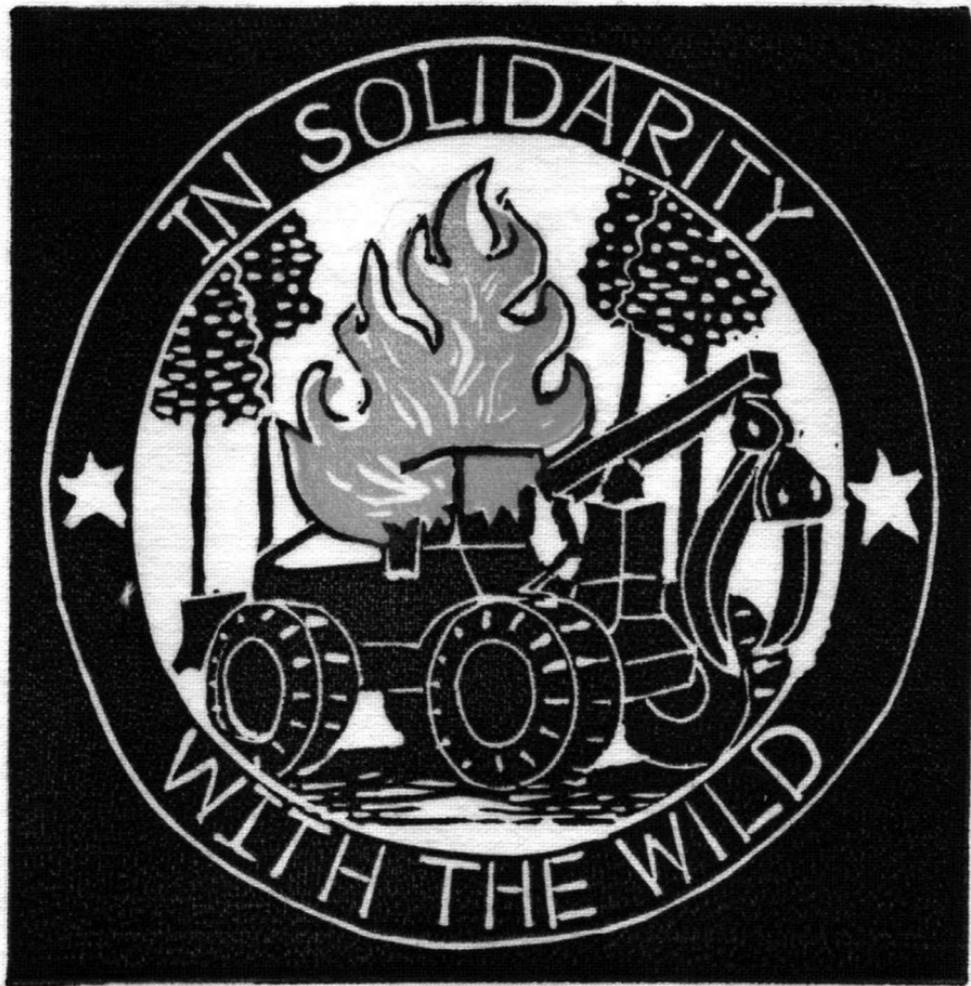
--ENDS

" Old Growth Fukn Oath! "
" Lock on or fuck off! "

**RIP John
John Francis Flynn**

*Larger than Old Growth!
The legacy of John Flynn lives in every
bit of remaining forest and in the will
of those who learnt from him how to
defend it with all the fire of human
spirit.*





Dear friends living on aboriginal land,
i'm writing from Italy's second city -
Milano. Until february it was a global
shopping and tourism hub, where normal
people couldn't afford rents. Then lockdown
came. And we went from riches to rags.
The rich left the city for mountains and
beaches. Out-of-town students left for
less virulent rest-of-Italy. The banlieue
people stayed on. Volunteer Brigades were
organized from south to north. They have
delivered thousands of parcels a day.
Manned by women and men of autonomous social
centers, they heralded a new phase in local
radical politics. Tomorrow the brigades and
centri sociali are calling for a siege of
the Lombardy Palace, the regional authority
in charge of health that has left 15,000
Lombards on the ground. It was gerontocide,
my friends. There are nursing homes with
nearly no survivors in Milan.

Since May 4, we've been in postlockdown.
Political life has resumed. There was a huge
BLM demo in front of the Central Station - so
many kids, so many Afro-Milanese! Fascists
and lega douchebags are trying to tap in into
resentment and disarray, and like trumpistas
the world round, they don't wear masks. We
do. And we'll try to set an autonomous zone
around the HQ where the Lega Governor and
his Berlusconi right arm managed to fuck
up every single epidemiological decision,
so that Lombardy is second only to Hubei and
New York in viral infamy. Nearby regions
have been saved by focusing on public health
rather than private clinics. Poor and old
people have been left to their own devices.
Riders and nurses are striking. Bankers
and CEOs have been sucking us dry for two
decades. They are not worth the salary of a
cleaner. Time to organize. Time to defeat
nationalism. Time to overthrow capitalism.
ciao for now
Alex



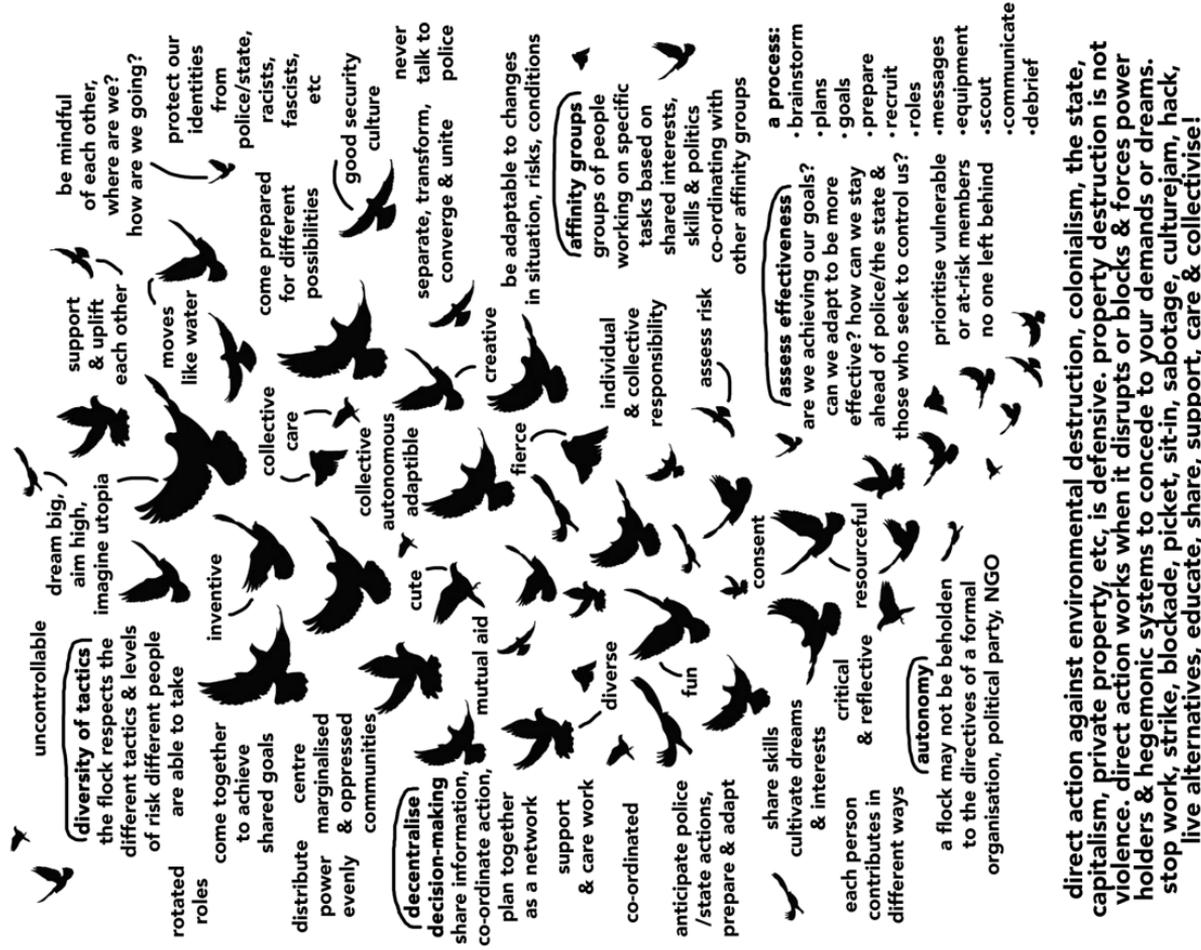
MERRI MERRI



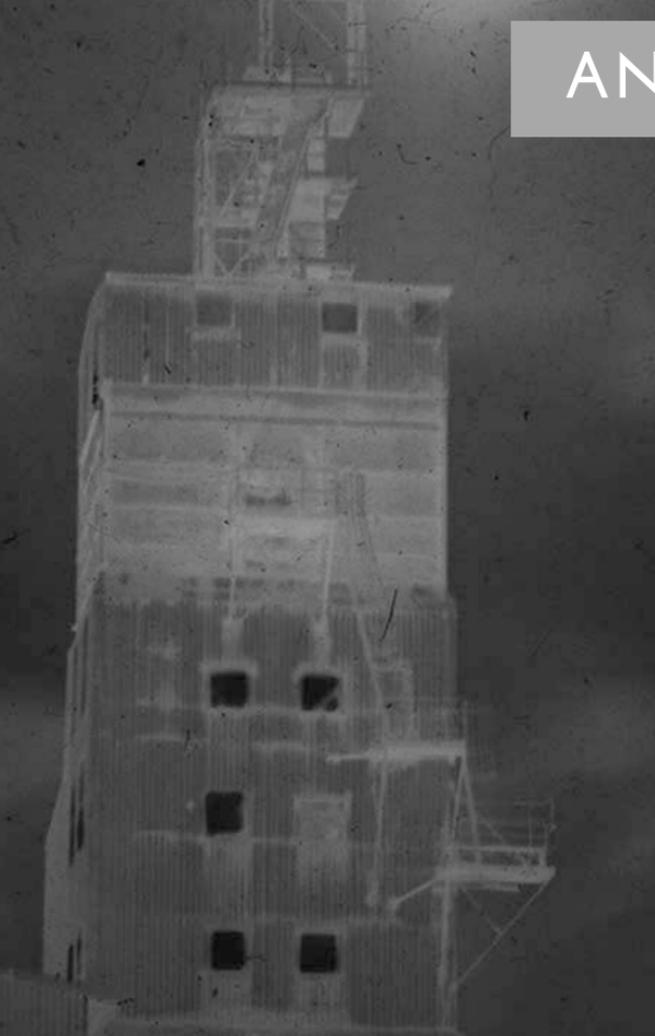
Have you ever tried
Making friends with this creek,
With the shallow end where
If you squint, you can imagine
The world three hundred years ago
Have you tried asking the creek
What she thinks, what she knows
About blood and progression
And all the other things travelling within her
Have you asked the birds
If they're ok with the internet
If that makes up for their
Homeless feathers
They do not flutter for your pleasure
The music and majestic beauty
Of the birds, the water
Have nothing to do with you
They simply are.
You and your dubious ethical stance
Have no business walking past
As if you imagine yourself separate
No lean into it please
And merge our species
For you must tell the dirt
And the creek and the birds
Your name before learning theirs.

decentralised direct action

like a flock of birds, we're stronger together







AN ANARCHIST CRITIQUE

In absence of community we must look for places outside of employment to fulfil our lives and we must create community. Our current context makes this difficult and one in which Fordist drudgery seems quaint and almost desirable. However late capitalism's absolute decimation creates more and more needs that individuals, as part of communities, must address together. Work has always given people a sense of place in the world but the late 21st century created the conditions in which a career (your career) is that place, a ladder to climb, a pursuit to follow, an expertise to wield.

The trade unions and the identity they attempted to provide through worker solidarity, betterment of conditions and, dare I say it, community, have

OF SOCIAL-WORK

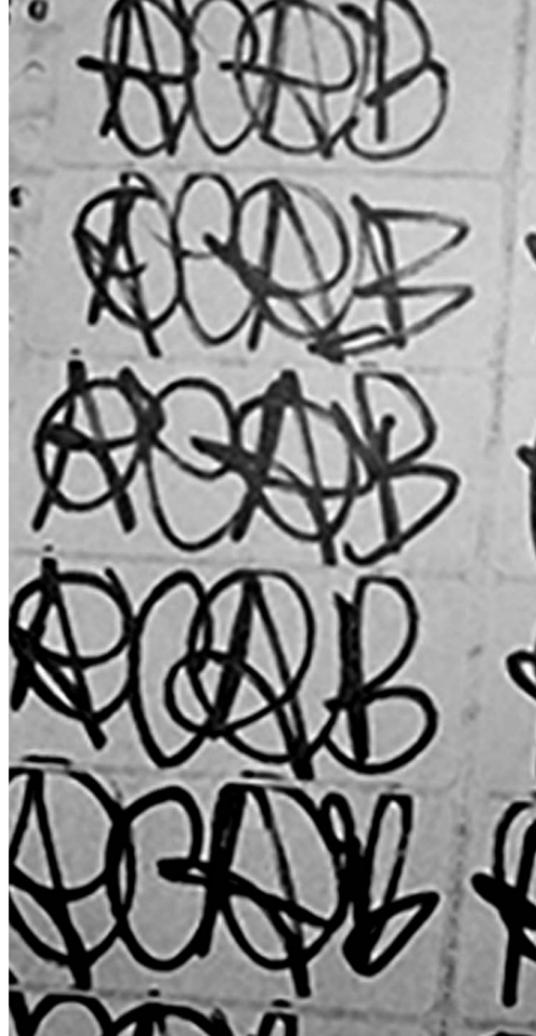
failed and given in to 'the Game,' in fact they're part of the Game. In the upheavals of the seventies the tussle between neo-liberal economics and communities began and ended, twenty years after the turn of the century the same people who may have otherwise been partial to fighting with that community, engaging in that politicisation of position in the workforce have been beaten into casual positions of complete powerlessness or usurped into the bustling shit fight that is the ladder climbing careerists.

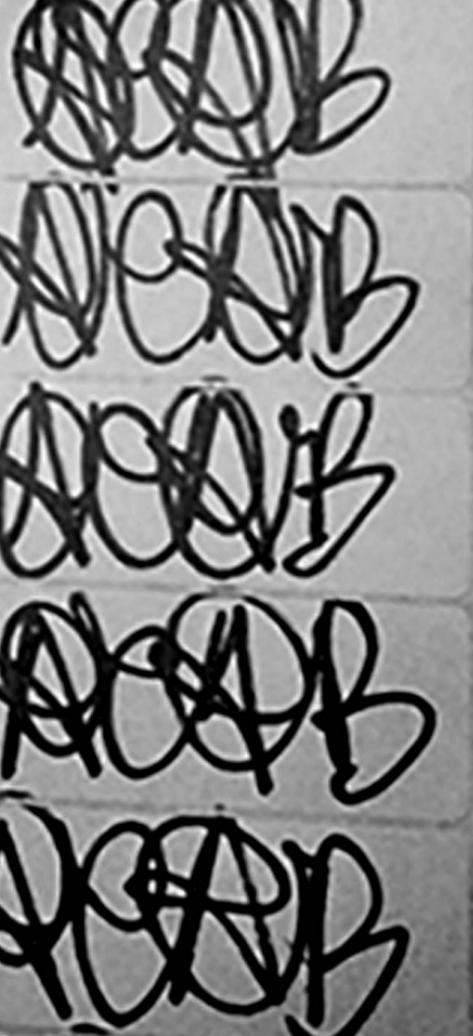
This is about my experience witnessing this in the services industry. The industry which fifty years ago almost didn't exist and so grew alongside the neoliberal economic imperative. This

industry re-commodifies the skills and motivations to do real driven human work which assists people and communities. This work, increasing in its need due to the obliteration of communities, austerity wielded by successive governments and alienation is a numbers game. The reality is, most social services wouldn't be government funded unless there was a cost/benefit factor in the outcomes that they provide. Governments don't provide needles to people through their funding because they fundamentally believe in human rights and health for all, they do it because if they didn't there would be huge costs incurred through hospitalisations for blood borne viruses and associated harms. They don't provide housing workers to

alleviate the stressors of capitalism and end homelessness, they do it because homelessness makes the middle class uncomfortable, because if housing instability was as visible as it is rife governments are less likely to get voted back in (at least, maybe in woke and holier than thou so-called Australia). Homelessness could be done with the click of some fingers, but its too much carrot, and not enough stick; its better to have an army of middle class housing workers than end homelessness.

The services industry is made up of two extremes and the spectrum in between. The first, I'll call the Suckers (the true believers) and the other the Game Players. Game Players are either post true believers resigned to work/life shit or they are total swine (typically upper management/HR/etc) that have slithered upwards. The Suckers are morally enamoured people, concerned about the welfare of others, wanting to throw themselves into a workforce in which they can feel a personal contribution





to a semblance of a better outcome for individuals or a community. They flagellate themselves for their own lack of productivity, they do this managerial work for the bosses because they feel a moral obligation to use their position to produce results for the less fortunate (they also don't understand that their position is void and a band aid at best). These people often over work, they get personally involved despite the fact that they know it's the 'wrong thing' to do (according to policy, however, obviously all revolutionary work is personal), they burn out over and over again and/or give up caring and the human work that they once did begins to feel like simply showing up for a factory job - mundane, pointless - a means to an end. This, or they quit, exasperated.

The Game Players are the other end of the scale. They are the ladder climbers who 'care', - the wonk brigade, the lanyard slingers. They are collaborators, networkers, the shoulder rubbers. They begin to write more emails than engage face to face, they learn quickly that innovation is rewarded and that innovation isn't about outcome,

but about efficiency, metrics, pleasantries and jargon. They do not challenge the hierarchy, they do not see their work in a historical lineage combating the symptomatic problems of capitalism but as a market opened up by capitalism, and most importantly, a career. Suckers often will eventually turn into Game Players. It is how the system is set up, there is no reward for hand wringing personal concern or humble consistent contribution. There is for lackadaisical posturing and self promotion. Game Players scratch each other's backs and look forward to the next funding round. The transition from Sucker to Game Player is seamless and some of the truest of the true believers have well and truly transcended the threshold. Because to be a sucker is existing in under paid stress with the ever growing self awareness that

the work you do has become a Fordist drudgery and it isn't intimate radical work helping individuals have better outcomes, it is a metric in a capitalist system to recreate the current material conditions. The government doesn't fund revolutionary social or community work, it funds regurgitation. The innovation that is constantly vomited up mirrors that of late capitalist corporatism, it isn't part of addressing the structural problems faced by the social services worker or "client", it is a language to perpetuate the industry and to try and secure more jobs for more Game Players, for growth of the industry. The industry built on the misery of the masses.

This is relevant. Why? I'll try to speak for myself here, but I intend this to be a broad brush stroke. When I was young I wanted results from

my activities, I didn't envision slow work. I forgive myself for my earnestness. Now that I'm in my mid thirties what is harder to forgive myself for is that I've made the acknowledgement that revolutionary possibilities take to time create and that building community is at the centre of this, and that I have not continued this slow work because I have been distracted by a job that tells you what you are doing is good.

At some stage I went to university and got this job, experiencing the post mid twenties nudge from my working class roots telling me it would be imprudent to not utilise my privilege to get a ticket and get paid for future security, and improper to be on the dole forever. As someone coming from the aforementioned earnest revolutionary position I went down the social

services route, an 'ok' job, important work that doesn't directly stuff your bosses wallet with money whilst helping marginalised people. I understand this to be a common path.

The kind of work that is undertaken within social services could be revolutionary. It isn't though because of its context, because those service's apparatus function by and for governments for the facilitation and perpetuation of the forces that currently give them power. If people were to put in time and (much less time than a 35 hour working week and much less effort than navigating policy, bureaucracy and the actual work) in unpaid community groups, meeting community in geographically and issue specific ways with various strategies to meet needs – what they are doing is in and of itself revolutionary. It circumvents these

systems of mediation in which late capitalism seeks to apply to every one of our interactions. I think a really difficult bridge to cross for someone who has been exposed to the industry's self congratulatory fan fare and do-gooder identity, not to mention the wage, is the one which acknowledges not only the limitations but the problems of the work. As work places often become a part of who people are, not just what they do. The collective virtue signalling is a cyst on the cancer of the industry. To criticise it (the cyst or the cancer) will see you put into submission ('training') or levered out of the workplace. Never mind whether the criticism seeks to improve outcomes.

Binary thinking about the 'good' this work facilitates is an over simplified bargaining chip and is easier to hold

up than tackling social problems in step with community without the inherent bad faith power dynamic of paid actors. Do I realise that not everyone is into revolutionary politics? Yes I do. But am I naive enough to believe in the Sucker's caring, value based intention, revolutionary or not? Yes I am. I've also been lucky enough to see glimpses of communities acting in self-determined ways, I've witnessed and understand the politics of DIY, and I have experienced the difference in engaging with communities whilst paid and whilst unpaid. The journey of community engagement when not mediated by governmental apparatus not only attempts to tend to the symptomatic issues of whatever that community might need, it also flattens the playing field and circumvents the implicit hierarchy involved in paid work. It is more effective (not





even from just a revolutionary stand point) precisely because people experience community engagement, when not mediated by governmental apparatus not only attempts to tend to the symptomatic issues of whatever that community might need, it also flattens the playing field and circumvents the implicit hierarchy involved in paid work. It is more effective (not even from just a revolutionary stand point) precisely because people experience community engagement, which is what capitalism attempts to snuff out and redefine on it's terms constantly. Would this be more fulfilling for the worker? Their soul - yes, their bank account? no.

Why am I writing all of this? Well, to try and hold myself to account but also to try and explore not only the limitations of funded social/ community work, but the problems of

it. To state the assertion that all paid work inhibits good community building. That when you are time poor your less likely to act in your community and therefore the social services industry prevents thousands of otherwise well intentioned and highly trained individuals from meeting communities on the ground level and participating in and of the community in which they exist, (whether that's poor and marginalised or not!). It does this by stealing their time but also by super imposing (via the culture and propaganda) the identity of goodness on them through the pursuit of their careers. It's a stifling and astounding performance and most are all too ready to take that identity on board. Therefore, if you are in the position, take care to critique and don't forget about the outside world and your position in that.

DARAMATI (dead blood)

DARAMATI, DARAMATI INI TANAH PROGAGANDA,
(DEAD BLOOD, THIS IS PROPAGANDA LAND)
ORANG PAPUA MATI BERLIPAT GANDA
(PAPUANS DEAD EVERYWHERE)

DARAMATI, DARAMATI INI TANAH PROGAGANDA,
(DEAD BLOOD, THIS IS PROPAGANDA LAND)
UANG CAPITALIST BERLIPAT GANDA
(CAPITALIST MONEY EVERYWHERE)

SA BUKA MATA MERAH, DARAH JATUH DARI KEPALA
TERPUKUL PEMUDA PANCAGILA, JUGA APARAT
KEPARAT, MEREKALAH PARA PENJERAT
SAAT APLIKASI KEADILAN KO BUAT SESAT

PARA KULIT HITAM, TERTELAN DALAM POJOKAN
TERULANG LAGI SEBUAH KISAH PEMBANTAIAN
PANIAI, WAMENA, WASIOR SKARANG NDUGA
SI LORENG MENUTUP BUMI PAPUA DIMANA-MANA

DIMANA MANA TONG TUAN TANAH SMUA MURKA
SALAH SIAPA, HARAP BATIN SMUA BERTANYA
4 MASYARAKAT TERTEMBAK MATI SALAH SIAPA?
PARA TNI AJAK SEMUA UNTUK MENERKA

TO LIVE AND LOST, RISE AND ROSE, IN TEARS WE HOPE
THE CRIME OF MILITARY TACTICS IS NEVER EVOLVED
WHERE MONEY AND GUNS AND GREEDY INVOLVED
THEY ONLY BRING INTOXICATED MIND WHERE EVER THEY GO

WHERE EVER THEY GO?
ONLY BLOOD AND BODIES ARE FOUND IN OUR RIVER FLOW

THE TNI
WHERE EVER THEY GO?
ONLY BLOOD AND BODIES ARE FOUND IN OUR RIVER FLOW

THE TRUTH AND SCAR WE CARRY TO LIVE IN,
WHEN OUR SOVEREIGNTY IS VERY HARD TO GIVEN IN
WE ARE LIVING WITH THE LIES WE HAVE IT ALL THE TIME
NOT NEW THE SAME SCENARIO FROM TIME TO TIME

THE TRUTH AND SCAR WE CARRY TO LIVE IN,
WHEN OUR SOVEREIGNTY IS VERY HARD TO GIVEN IN
WE ARE LIVING WITH LIES WE HAVE IT ALL THE TIME
ON THE TOP OF MOTHER EARTH, HERE WITH OUR MOTHER WE ARE
SUFFERING

DARAMATI, DARAMATI INI TANAH PROGAGANDA,
(DEAD BLOOD, THIS IS PROPAGANDA LAND)
ORANG PAPUA MATI BERLIPAT GANDA
(PAPUANS DEAD EVERYWHERE)

DARAMATI, DARAMATI INI TANAH PROGAGANDA,
(DEAD BLOOD, THIS IS PROPAGANDA LAND)
UANG CAPITALIST BERLIPAT GANDA
(CAPITALIST MONEY EVERYWHERE)

DALAM PUISI, SA SIAP BERSAKSI
(HERE WITH MY POEM I CONFESS)



BAGAIMANA PROPAGANDA MILITER DI TANAH CENDERAWASIH
(HOW MILITARY PROPAGANDA WORKS IN ISLAND OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE)

SCREAM, TORTURE, RAPE, SLAUGHTER
THE EVIL GAME OF THE GREEDY RULER
FROM EAST TIMOR TO JAYAPURA
SCENARIO YANG MASIH SAMA

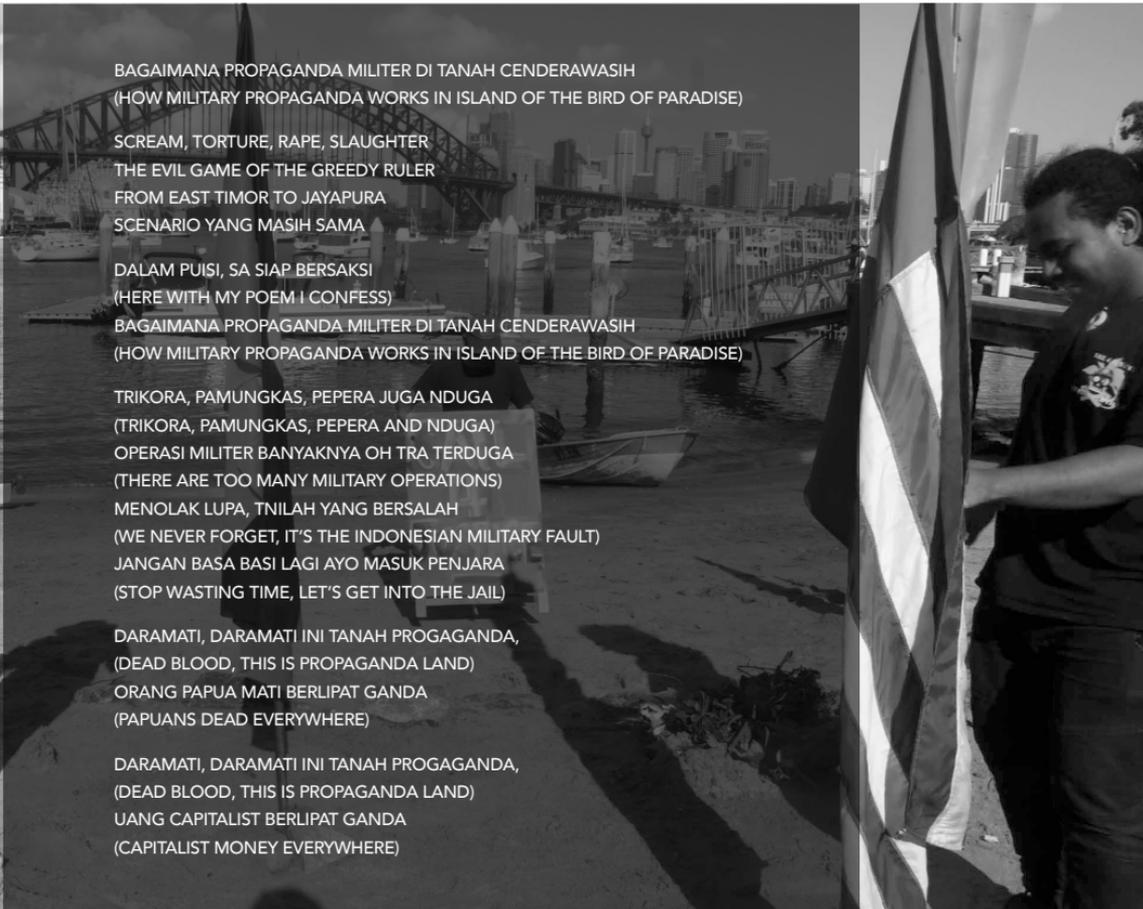
DALAM PUISI, SA SIAP BERSAKSI
(HERE WITH MY POEM I CONFESS)

BAGAIMANA PROPAGANDA MILITER DI TANAH CENDERAWASIH
(HOW MILITARY PROPAGANDA WORKS IN ISLAND OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE)

TRIKORA, PAMUNGKAS, PEPERA JUGA NDUGA
(TRIKORA, PAMUNGKAS, PEPERA AND NDUGA)
OPERASI MILITER BANYAKNYA OH TRA TERDUGA
(THERE ARE TOO MANY MILITARY OPERATIONS)
MENOLAK LUPA, TNILAH YANG BERSALAH
(WE NEVER FORGET, IT'S THE INDONESIAN MILITARY FAULT)
JANGAN BASA BASI LAGI AYO MASUK PENJARA
(STOP WASTING TIME, LET'S GET INTO THE JAIL)

DARAMATI, DARAMATI INI TANAH PROGAGANDA,
(DEAD BLOOD, THIS IS PROPAGANDA LAND)
ORANG PAPUA MATI BERLIPAT GANDA
(PAPUANS DEAD EVERYWHERE)

DARAMATI, DARAMATI INI TANAH PROGAGANDA,
(DEAD BLOOD, THIS IS PROPAGANDA LAND)
UANG CAPITALIST BERLIPAT GANDA
(CAPITALIST MONEY EVERYWHERE)



Critics of the XR movement highlight that its aims point toward a reinvigoration of the current capitalist economy without a proper critique of the institutional frameworks that underpin it. This is not just an issue with XR but with the broad left. It seems that the movement and its prevailing discussions focus on a shift to zero emissions and carbon reduction, not challenging the conceptual frameworks of corporate businesses, or the very concept of 'energy' that the movement is based upon (we will cover this in posts to come). The logical conclusion of the aims of such movement's highlights success as the 'greening' of multinational corporations to reduce carbon emissions "to protect civilization".

The limited basis by which we gauge destruction is highly problematic and fails to address a broader dialogue about colonialism and different law systems. The abstraction of the "environment" on a purely techno-scientific basis, such as acceptable amounts of carbon, capacity for sequestration, percentage value of biodiversity, from any cultural specificities or cosmological frameworks that encompass the country and its stories beyond techno-scientific rationalism. The capturing of worlds and the land into a single, measurable and quantifiable system that claims to define firstly what 'life' is, and then further seeks to speak for that 'life', not only creates a universalism that would only be possible through the colonial project, but it undermines and silences the rich and deeply grounded knowledges of Indigenous cosmologies



and connections to Country as well as preventing modern men and women access to any other way of life but this. It seems a horrific and violent paradox that the techno-scientific worldview that emerged from the decentering of the earth in the universe at the Copernican revolution, has been naturalised and maintained as the highest (central) authority of 'truth' and 'life', from which all other cosmologies and ways of knowing and being are considered to be divergent (diverse), mythical, or subjugated. This begs the question, when we claim to be protecting or saving the planet, or life as we know it, whose planet, or what do we mean when we say 'life'?

What is the 'collateral damage' (term used ironically to mimic the militarised language littered throughout XR strategies and that of their partners) acceptable for the continuation of "life as we know it"? Just as the Global South are the most vulnerable to the impacts of climate change, so they will be the most vulnerable to the impacts of the reinvigoration and 'greening' of the economy. Any attempt at protecting the planet and civilization by empowering the already powerful institutions without critiquing the conceptual frameworks underlying our 'civilization' will be only the reinvigoration of the imperialist hegemonic order.

Adani is under scrutiny for its proposed Carmichael coalmine. Adani had committed gross human rights atrocities internationally, a fact that rightly has been used by the Stop Adani movement against the company and its proposed mine. Interestingly, Adani Australia owns



and operates two large-scale solar projects in Queensland and South Australia[1]. The question remains however, if Adani were to only be investing in renewable energy projects in Australia, would the company come under such harsh scrutiny for these human rights atrocities, or would the slate be wiped clean as they are investing in the "future of civilization"?

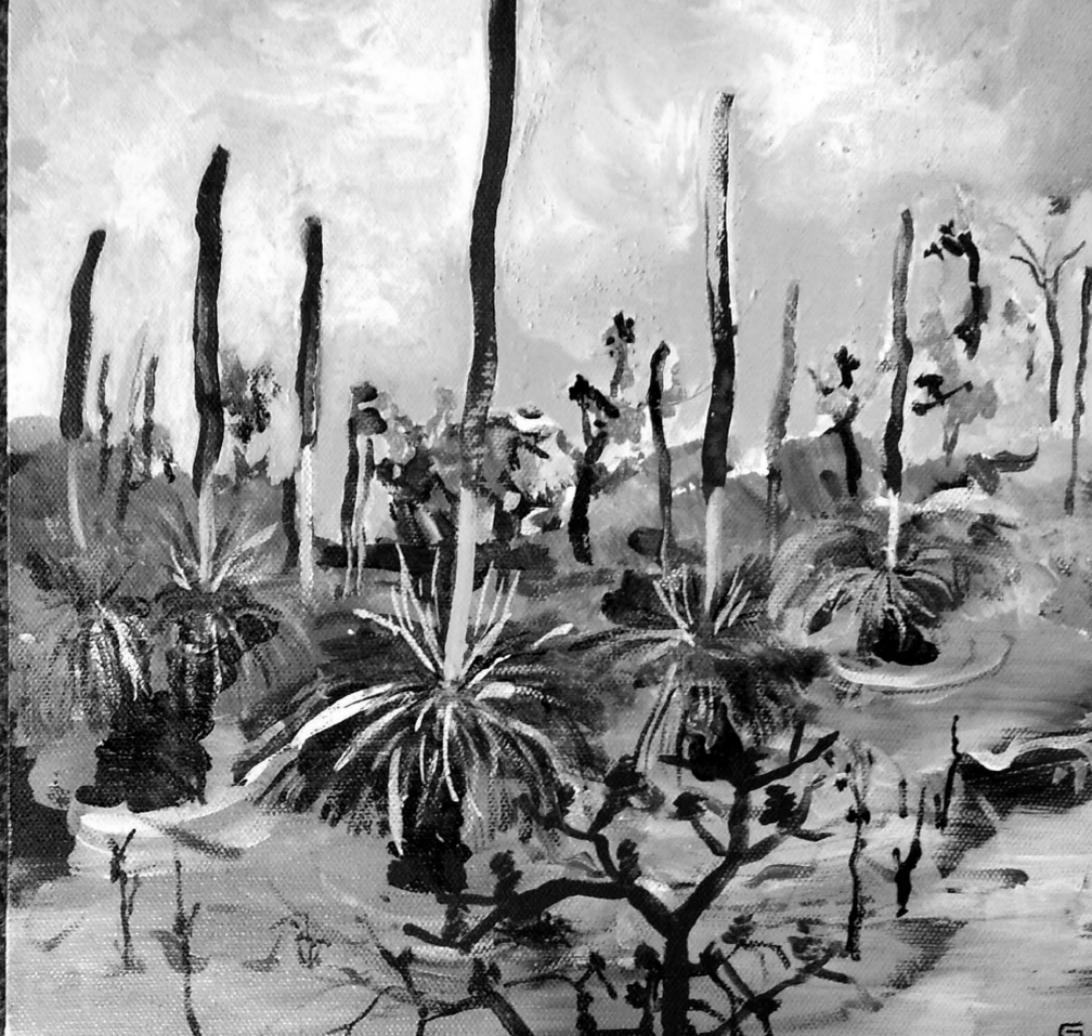
Renewable energy is still destructive, still premised on resource extraction and still takes place on stolen Indigenous land. On the flip-side, Mike Cannon-Brookes (founder of Atlassian tech company) has been celebrated by many as a leader in investing in renewable energy technologies and working alongside Beyond Zero Emissions (XR partner) spearheading the corporate shift towards renewables. The guy's a fucking billionaire who has a huge solar project underway in the NT, which plans to export electricity via underwater cable to Singapore, of course he's pushing for renewable energy. Not to mention how technology developed by his company has been sold to several military regimes globally. But of course there's very little public scrutiny of this, for anyone who even attempts to highlight the destructive capabilities of renewable energy, the supply chains and the investors is immediately cast as 'an enemy to humanity' or shouted down with questions like "well what are we supposed to do? We have to fix it". Who gave western techno-scientific capitalists the moral authority to claim that we know how to fix the shitstorm that we are in?

The resources and minerals necessary for renewable energy technology is also necessary for military capabilities. Scotty from marketing was already doing the deals with Trump last year

about cutting the red tape for extractive industries in a rare earth action plan inked last year[2]. Arafura Resources' Nolan's Bore Neodymium and Praseodymium mine north of Mpwarte (Alice Springs) is already beginning to be send rare earths to the US.

While difficult to draw a direct link, exploration for the Nolan's Bore mine started ten years ago... And it was ten years ago that uranium started to be present in the bore water at three communities in close proximity to the mine, which sit on the same water source[3].

Most companies can be linked to human rights violations, environmental atrocities, highly contentious investment practices and unethical business practices. That's the nature of capitalism: destruction. Is investment in renewable energy seen as the redress of these companies for committing atrocities of the past? Will all that be forgotten, and the slate wiped clean whilst failing to address the root cause of such atrocities; the capitalist machine? Such scenarios are reminiscent of tokenistic practices acknowledging the past atrocities of colonial invasions and genocide, without proper redress of the intergenerational impacts on families that have resulted. A collective 'brushing under the carpet' to alleviate the guilt of wrongdoing, while doing nothing meaningful to their intentions are probably good. But the path to hell is paved wit actually address the issue. XR and their demands seem to only feed the capitalist machine, while alleviating white-settler guilt and supporting the military-industrial complex. Now, this might be considered a harsh criticism, and I can already hear responses along the lines of: "but the movement mobilised so many people into talking about the issues so it can't



**Sit down,
shut the
fuck up and
listen to
Indigenous
peoples**

be bad, and it's a dynamic movement" - sure, to some extent we agree, but if the fundamental philosophical and conceptual frameworks that underly the movement are inherently flawed and premised on the perpetuation of colonial capture and destruction then the capacity to change the world for the better just doesn't exist. Many supporters might not even realise, and their intentions are probably good. But the path to hell is paved with good intentions.

We Look Forward to Seeing You. We are Everywhere.

Lots of Love,
Phyllis Iben and Truth Maghee,

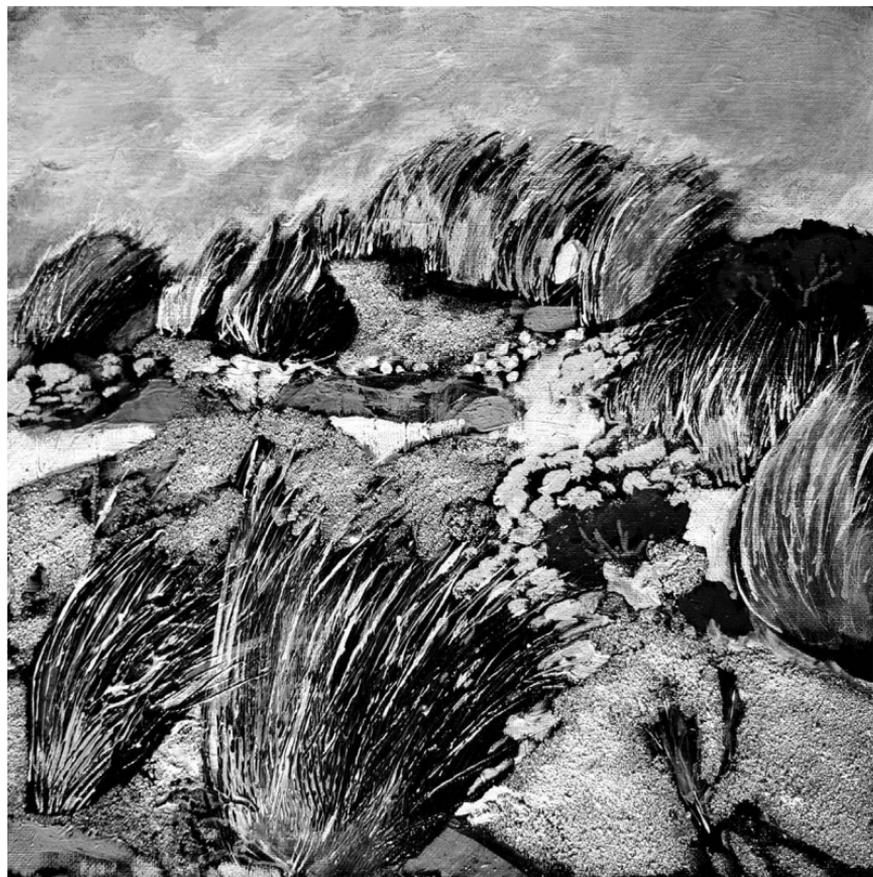
The Centre for Critical Metaphysics.

Get in touch when you are ready. We are waiting: ccmp@tutanota.com

[1] <https://www.adaniaustralia.com/projects-businesses/renewables>

[2] <https://www.minister.industry.gov.au/ministers/pitt/media-releases/australia-us-strengthen-critical-minerals-cooperation>

[3] <https://www.abc.net.au/news/2018-06-20/high-uranium-detected-in-central-australian-bore-water/9891522>



The Black Throated Finch.

Fictional layers of societal delusion

An expectation to partake in the slaughter
be part of the massacre
work harder

the shop is open.

Hang the washing out to dry,
to a crisp

crispy clean, sanitation white murderer.

History wrote today

white out

write out

the truth.

Remember your wellbeing as the ship goes down...

sinking souls of extravagance

glancea whisper... in the corner of my eye.

Big quarry hole. Poisonous water

I see a curtain of shadows and a barrier of sludge

shrouded like a funeral veil

Burn your eyes awake

Coal is million year old sun.

The past never finishes

time performs

for the ghosts of the unborn

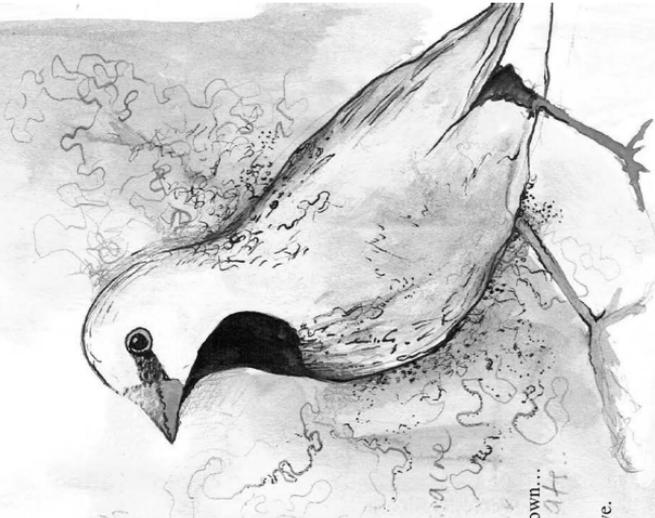
who are watching

The Black Throated Finch is a small bird.

who lives on top of large coal seams in QLD,

so called Australia. *burn your eyes awake*

They love seeds. And grow grasslands. With their poo.





Logging halted across 'Victoria.'

We open up space right here and now by acknowledging the Wurundjeri, Tanugurung, and Bunurong peoples of the Kulin Nation and GunaiKurnai whose unceded lands are the front lines of the continuation of cultural genocide and ecocide through the destructive logging practices carried out by the state under the corporation Vicforests, on Country without prior consent. We Acknowledge the ongoing genocide and pay full respect to their Ancestors past, Elders present and emerging, and their continued Sovereignty and connection to the land. And stand with you in solidarity, we stand by you sharing the shining of the light of justice into the darkness of the white supremacist, capitalist-colonial patriarchal death-machine. We extend our acknowledgment to the rightful owners dispossessed of the land you are reading this from. There is no 'Crown' land- Terra nullis is a lie.

What lies beyond the dark horizon?

Space continues to open up unknown for us, this summer burned away so much more than just the forest and homes, a billion animals, One thousand million animals, Dead. Destroyed.

Prelude to a global pandemic.

We stand in solidarity with all those who have died from the COVID-19 virus and the lack of and access to appropriate healthcare- withheld from them by supposedly representative state and governments

We stand in solidarity with all essential worker and health workers putting themselves on the line right now.

We stand in solidarity with our Black, Brown and Indigenous comrades in the uprising against the murderous fascist police state.

We stand in solidarity with Indigenous peoples world-wide who are protecting Sacred Country from extraction industries.

We stand in solidarity with our Papuan comrades resisting genocide by the illegal Indonesian militant regime.

We stand in solidarity with our comrades of the Pacific Nations whose homelands are under the threat of capital-lust induced climate change.

We stand in solidarity with those seeking asylum held indefinitely in detention centres, we value your lives.

We stand in solidarity with all those who lost their homes and hope and lives in wildfires just passed.

We stand in solidarity with all those oppressed or affected by the neo-liberal capitalist shit show that is devouring itself.

We amplify the voices silenced by the violence of colonial-capitalism.

RESISTANCE IS FERTILE.

A broken moment opens the circle of time

We have collided with the horizon.

Unzipped the world and stretched our minds to accept

That between you and I we once perceived infinite worlds.

Gone in a single instant

Reality has fractured

May we uprising through the openings with open eyes as the broken systems collapse.

Salvage logging the practise of logging remnant wildlife habitat after a catastrophic event (fire), the removal of the ability of the Native Forest ecosystem to salvage itself. The experience of CORONA VIRUS CAPITALISM.

Friends of the Leadbeater's Possum (FLBP) represented by Environmental Justice Australia take state-owned corporation Vicforests to court seeking to end illegal logging in Greater Glider and Leadbeater's Possum habitat.

LOGGING HALTED ON

Wurundjeri Country

Coupes: Rumba, Pumba, Kumba, Monster, Tenderloin, Facet Dowse, La Trobe, Magellan, Wanderlust PCL,

Stimpy, Nine Miles High, Ezard & Apu

Tanugurung Country

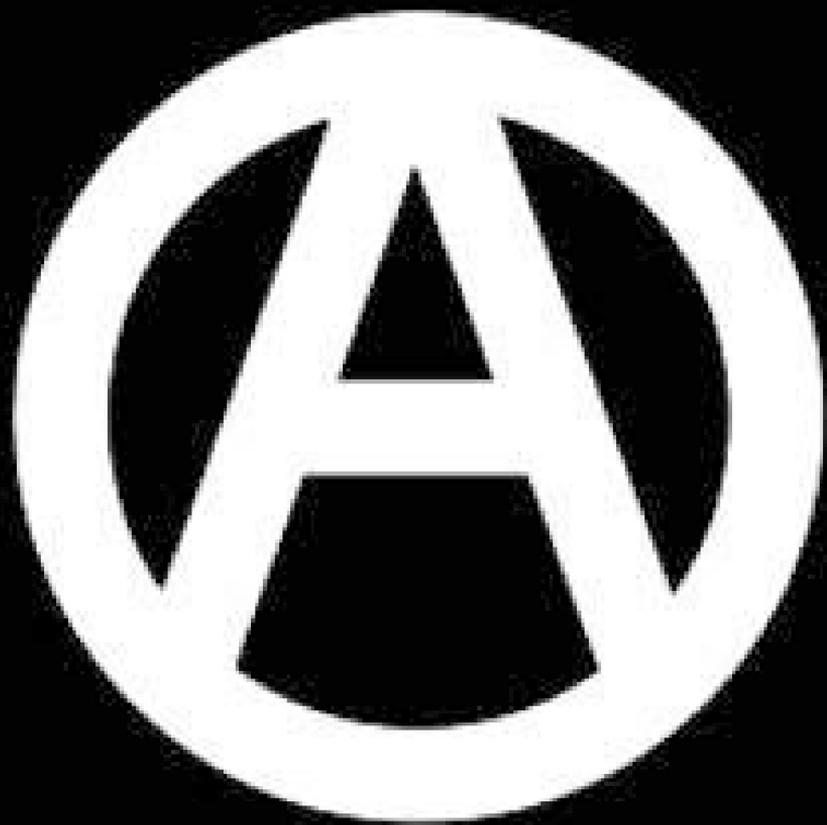
Coupes: Wales, Princess Di, Ruprecht, Bauble, Castella East, Propeller, Zinger, Bumby & Pony

Bunurong Country

Coupes: Turkey Feet

Wathurong Country

Coupes: Fergana & Rock a Rhyme



Initially we may feel we have succeeded.

Adrenaline pumping no sleep

This is why we have been resisting- healing the holes in our souls
Transitory nature of blockade- weaves its way to the seemingly
never-ending Sacred places that need saving.

Courageous conservationists- Eight days occupying trees,
Cambarville and Noojee, arrested by government-paid neo-liberal thugs
The industry is coming undone, pilots of the fight threatened with violence
How do we proceed through the dark horizon?

There will be no rest whilst Gumbaynggirr peoples weep on Ancient and Sacred Songlines
for Forest lost.

There will be no rest while Yuin peoples grieve the turning of Eucalypt trees to paper
pulp and woodchip.

There will be no rest while Djab Wurrung warriors watch over Sacred land, forced to
sleep with one eye open.

There will be no rest until there is total dissolution of native
log extraction in exchange for capital!

Crux burning between signs
Out of darkness answers but
To it you are deaf, blind.
Then from nothing start to see it
Deformed in an unclear mind
Waxing sun still yet to rise.

War rages before
Spirit and feeling
Find symmetry and meaning
Between them

Tread lightly over hearth
Swiftly through heathens.
You'll get what is earned
But there's no prize to the dreamer,
No luck to the bereaver,
No hope for the believer
I've seen her.

The door closes before
You realize you're bleeding.
Been awake and dreaming,
But you catch it by the hem.



'MOUND SPRINGS DAWN' Artist: Gidja / 'WEAVING HANDS' Photo: Gidja

an opening comment on the following piece 'post-literacy' a book which publishes a piece about a future anarchism destroying literacy?

we like words, we've had the privilege of learning to use them, illiteracy in a literate society is one of the cruelest things ever and who is going to read the manuals to continue to run down the nuke plants? but hold on for a second, ideas are not just willed into existence by a few people reading this point of view. struggle and our descendants (billions of them) will choose the type of future keep in mind tho that for 70000+ years the oldest living culture in the world did not have a written alphabet and perhaps our descendants might live for 70000+ years without one?



post-literacy

I lugged my collection of books from town to town, across a continent, from place to place, for 40 years. It has always felt like if I didn't have them, I didn't have the knowledge or insights they contained: "Medicinal plants of the PNW", "Against His-story, against Leviathan", "TAZ", "Foods of the indigenous peoples of British Columbia", "How to make wild mead and wine", "Living My Life", "The Castle", "Les chants de Maldoror"... But I recently moved to a new place. I brought my collection of books and when it came time to unload and store them, I began to refer to them as 'boxes of words'. "Damn it, another 50 lbs of words! I can hardly lift this thing!" Quantifying their content in this way was a liberating moment. I had finally put them in their place.

Books are not literally knowledge or wisdom or insights - they are paper and ink and glue, the congealed labor and alienation of workers, commodities in the marketplace. And they are heavy! I have boxes and boxes and shelves and shelves of words. And once again I get the sense that I'm merely an object of history, a cliché, a passive being who has internalized enlightenment and civilized values



and aspirations. Like the bourgeois who wants to live in their own castle, I'm the philosopher with his own library!

The emergence of literacy and its role in society is a large and complex topic, one deserving of much debate and conversation. But it's important to me that the reader of my essays is aware of my discomfort with, and ultimately rejection of, literate-centricity. It seems implied by the writing and publishing of my thinking that I must view literacy as a neutral, if not necessary or important, tool in the spreading of ideas. But this is not the case. In fact, I believe that a better world, an anarchic one, would have difficulty making a place for it. It would have to be an imposition, a misplaced, ill-fitting carry-over from the old world into the new.

Literacy presupposes many relationships between humans and between humans and their environment.

Is orthography more important than say community songs and dances? In an ecologically sane, imaginative, horizontal world, are there going to be school buildings in which we are forced to sit quietly as children, being taught how to write and spell, or will we be at the river learning how to fish, or in the field learning how to gather medicinal herbs and edible plants? Will we be laboring at a

printing press, with its machinery and oils and noise, or honing our oratorical skills at gatherings? Will we be in the machine shop making parts for the press or reciting poetry from memory to our lover in a meadow?

To my mind, books are like cars or computers or electric guitars. We make use of them today, within the context of this particular social order, but I assume that we have no intention of maintaining the cultural values and social relationships necessary for their survival in a post capitalist world without centralized political power enforcing a homogeneous culture on a population. If anarchy is renewal, is a liberatory explosion of the imagination, a rejection of coercion, of monolithic lifeways, then I fail to see how literacy would survive in such a de-commodified, horizontal, de-massified existence.

I admit that I have greatly benefitted from books, from poetry and radical theory to how-to and fiction books. I've been enriched by their possession. But I've also enjoyed my toaster, electric piano, disposable lighters and automobile and sincerely hope and doubt that any of these would survive the dismantling of the global grid of authoritarian institutions and a rediscovery of our kinship with nature.

Historically elite classes kept a great deal of knowledge to themselves, keeping the peasantry ignorant of important facts, which made literacy and books sort



of leveling tools, a way to even the playing field. Clearly, in that context, we seem better off with them. But are we really? Aren't there other ways to impart important knowledge? If all the municipal buildings and the banks were burned to the ground, if there was no longer records of ownership or debt as everything was freely shared, what sort of information would still be necessary to record and store? So I am encouraging us to look more closely at literacy, the social order and relationships that created it and the way it forms our thinking, reinforces unhealthy habits, and reproduces oppressive and uniform social orders. I am also speculating that truly free people deep-rooted in habitats would probably not pursue literacy. Without elites that have an interest in keeping certain knowledge for themselves, facts and philosophy would be shared and debated equally through daily activities, not contained in books.

Books are not just one feature of a beautiful web of learning. They are more like the hub of a mechanical wheel, with a set of hard spokes emanating from it. Each spoke represents a static, simple fragment of what might have been a holistic and complex culture. One spoke points to the alienation and coercion inherent in schooling as an institution, another to the ossification of language as the organic is forced to bend to the inorganic, another to alienated labor making the machinery and paper and

ink and glue, and yet another points to a society of experts and the division of labor, etc. It seems so obvious that, given the choice, only some people might choose to maintain literacy and books, but many others, likely most, would not and it would be difficult to argue that the literate culture would be superior to the illiterate. In fact the literate one would plainly need a social order very similar to the one we are trying to dismantle!

There is a big difference between language/oratorical skills and the ability to communicate using script. If we were to live in organically self-organized communities that are entrenched in habitats, would we have an interest or the time to teach script and copy texts?

Wouldn't we be busy mending fishing nets, making medicines, repairing our structures, preserving food and other daily necessities of survival? Isn't it likely that as authentic communities form and separate from the massified cultures of capitalism, localized dialects would emerge? Does it make any sense for local dialects and languages spoken by small numbers of people to have their own script? To what purpose?

Without authoritarian institutions, private property records, large homogeneous territories controlled from above, there would be an explosion of new languages





blossoming over the planet as centralized control, colonialism, compulsory education and mass media disappear. We know that there was once an enormous diversity of languages, and that they were erased by economics, political imperatives, outsider interests, subjugation, invasion... If this is the case, ridding ourselves of these forces would lead to a re-emergence of this diversity. And in that scenario, why would small villages, isolated regions, roaming clans of nomads, experimental unions of egoists, autonomous tribes, etc ever want to take the time to build a script that reflects their language, perhaps only spoken by a few hundred or thousand people?

It seems plainly ridiculous to assume that literacy will endure everywhere or even anywhere where anarchic social relations prevail. I doubt that the interest, ability and energy will exist to ensure its universal continuance. A few texts in some places might be copied and reproduced in some fashion, but we shouldn't project a literate world into a decentralized, non-industrial, de-massified and ecological existence.

It seems much more likely that the average inhabitant of any given area will be expected and encouraged to nurture highly developed memory and oratorical skills rather than literate abilities. Of course there are social and pro-industrial anarchists committed to maintaining urban civilization, and, in the beginning at least,

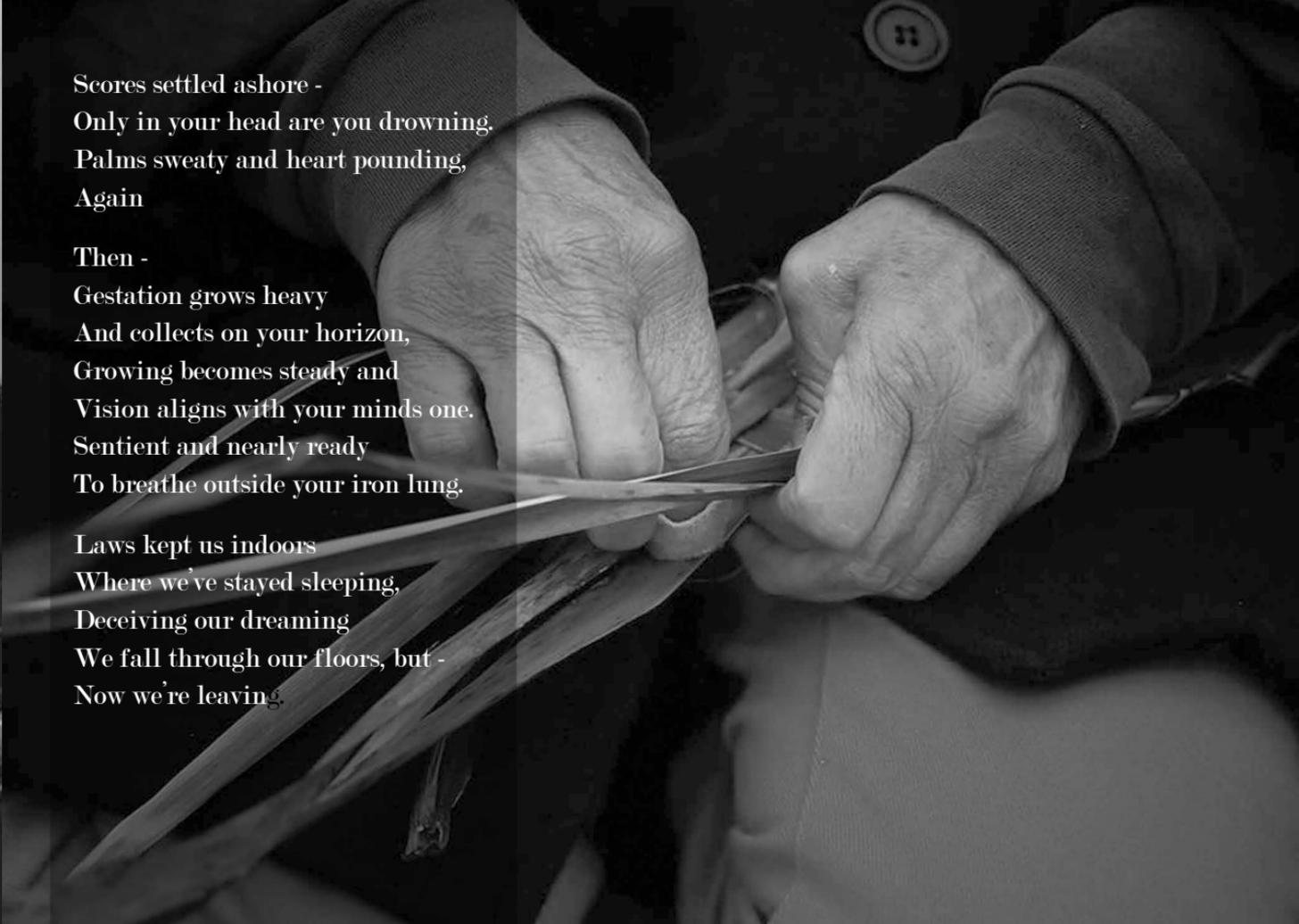
they would recognize literacy as an essential cog in that machine and therefore try to maintain it, but it would likely be a difficult proposition if coercion were truly absent, and overtime the effort would fail.

In the meantime I want to encourage face to face conversations and debates, public speaking, memorization of texts and other forms of direct, non-literate communication not only among eco-radicals, but among all who truly want demassified societies, anarchic relationships and orientations, authentic upheaval, etc. Even reading to each other is probably better than reading alone. Instead of handing someone a zine or an essay, why not try to memorize it, make it your own in some way, then share it with your friends/comrades/neighbours?

Memorization, public speaking talents and the ability to take the stories and ideas of others and make them our own can be powerful tools and skills in our struggle to dismantle the psychological and propagandistic institutions that dominate our lives, to help open our minds and hearts to what is truly important and re-discover new ways of learning about and sharing them.

by seaweed





Scores settled ashore -
Only in your head are you drowning,
Palms sweaty and heart pounding,
Again

Then -
Gestation grows heavy
And collects on your horizon,
Growing becomes steady and
Vision aligns with your minds one.
Sentient and nearly ready
To breathe outside your iron lung.

Laws kept us indoors
Where we've stayed sleeping,
Deceiving our dreaming
We fall through our floors, but -
Now we're leaving.

RAISE A GLASS FOR THE ICONOCLASTS



TOPPLING STATUES DISMANTLING WHITE SUPREMACY AND THE COLONIAL ORDER

In the midst of the COVID-related lockdown I wrote of how “time passes at the tenor of a slow murmur” to try and describe the sense of a distortion that I was feeling. It might have been apt at the time, but the weeks following have passed at a different, much quicker tempo. Now the institutions (police, prisons) and systems of oppression (white supremacy, anti-blackness, colonialism) that seemed so fundamental to daily life that they must have been born with the changing of the seasons are teetering on the precipice. The murder of George Floyd by Minneapolis police has sparked a rebellion that has spread and taken form in all corners of the globe. Suddenly, time is a blur as history crashes around us.

Of course, history is literally crashing as statues and monuments are made to fall. There should be no regret at this. Apart from the aesthetic and cathartic symbolism of these acts, they are also necessary attacks upon the continuing pageantry of white supremacist, colonialism. Writing about national anniversaries - but directly relatable to monuments and statues - Wiradjuri man Nathan Sentance states that they “exist to maintain australia’s self-image of innocence by celebrating colonisation and colonisers in spite of the suffering First Nations people have experienced and continue to experience”. He adds that “history becomes whatever justifies the colony’s oppressive structures and makes Non-Indigenous australians feel proud and not guilty”. There isn’t a separation between ‘abstract’ historical narratives and material structures of oppression, they are entirely bound to each other and the overturning of the material consequences requires an undoing.

These current acts of iconoclasm are perpetrated not only upon those murderous colonisers who's existence we're told to revere, but against the entire interwoven mythology where, if any concession is given to the genocidal bloodshed of origins, it is quickly followed by proclamations of colonial progress and the moral supremacy of this order. We don't have to look far to know that this 'progress' entails much the same as ever before. This is, after all, a time where the devastation wrought by mining companies Rio Tinto and BHP takes the form of uninhibited colonial arrogance in their decimation of millenia of Indigenous culture. The iconoclasts have had their stories of strength and survival denied, their dignity and intelligence denied, their lives made expendable, through such narratives of white superiority and black criminality or of the civility of the coloniser and the barbarity of the natives. Where there is the inclusion of other stories, it is a version co-opted to build the myth of white/coloniser benevolence.

These acts of iconoclasm occurring right now should not be read as a search for an objective truth that history can reveal. It is not correct to already imagine a balancing of voices to find the 'middle-ground'. Ghassan Hage reminds us that "it is always the dominant who have an interest in the dominated forgetting that there ever were sides in a conflict". No, for now there can only be the concentrated effort to knock all dominant and dominating 'truths' from their pedestal so that there is space for as many countering and alternative experiences to take their place. There is no unity or balance to be found yet (if ever), there is still a need for partisans.

So everything must be torn down to expose the lie. During the Spanish Civil War, peasants ransacked churches, taking possession of the gilded ornaments and burning the buildings that were both representations and material sources of their centuries of oppression. In Paris this past week, some protesters looked the same way at the inventory of museums, attempting to reclaim an artefact stolen by the colonial order. That the self-delusional logic of white supremacy could consider the exhibition of such items as evidence of knowledge gained, lessons learned and current neutrality - instead of being an ostentatious reminder of colonial plunder - is exactly why the actions now cannot be restrained by 'objectivity'.

This momentum is everything and cannot stop until all the enclosed, colonised ground is cleared. In these acts of sweeping away new relations will form. This will be necessarily confronting and uncomfortable. I might find black and Indigenous people less interested in working with me as they turn towards each other in greater-than-ever-before mutual recognition that has little time for other alliances. I'm good with that. I might be alongside other non-Indigenous POC thrilled at this crumbling white supremacy but also more aware of the need to examine our own position as settlers and in relation to anti-blackness. Bring on the complexity. I might have to cut off more white people who still won't break from the comfort of liberalism, or I might find increased possibilities to act alongside those who take this opportunity to get off the fence and throw a little risk into their game.

Let this momentum that has risen for black life and as the most complete threat to white supremacy and colonialism retain its vitality

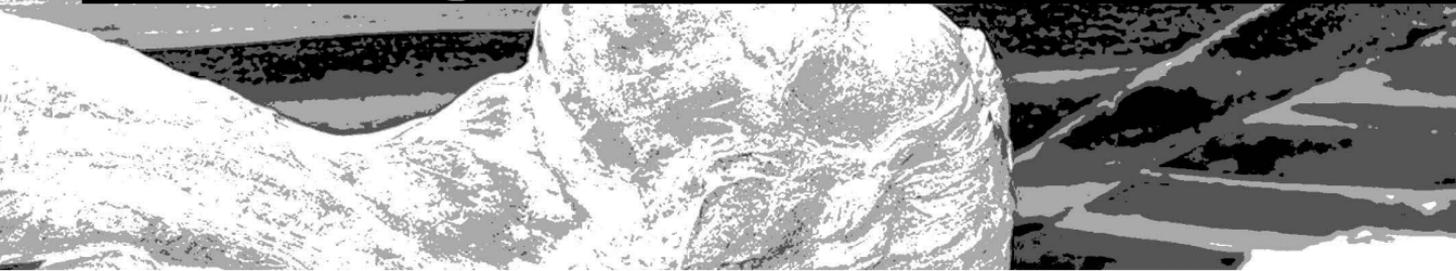
**factories don't
burn down
by themselves...**

Learn to Burn.

**they need help
from you.**



This brings me back to the statues.



and urgency. Let it be a verb that inspires constant movements that spread geographically to diffuse targets, always active as a diversity of forms that cannot be contained. Be wary of attempts to capture it as a noun that describes one thing: the 'movement'. Be wary of any insistence that it must narrow its focus to a few specific targets. Dismantling white supremacy and colonialism will fundamentally alter the destructive forms of life that are enmeshed in this society. It will only be salvaged if we lower our sights. Be careful of those who assert the need to 'make demands' or to 'be realistic'. Be careful of those who will say that it is necessary to 'slow down' or that 'these things take time'. These are attempts to capture this moment and re-direct it back into the pathways to futurity of the established order.

This brings me back to the statues. As I raise a toast to the iconolasts, I have only one hesitation. Bringing them down remains a vital part of recognising history's presence now and must feel so liberating for those who's lives are most dishonoured by their presence - Indigenous people toppling conquistadors or black folk bringing down enslavers. But let's not lose our imagination and copy forms of actions for the sake of it. There is still so much to do. Those of us invested in this, even if mostly as an act of solidarity, have thousands of risks we can take. It's not necessary to only become trapped in the discursive and symbolic corners defined by the culture wars - a swamp that reactionaries and conservatives everywhere know well and feel comfortable wading into. Stay outside the rules of their game. Keep pushing out into new directions. <https://darknessoutside.home.blog/>

As I raise a toast to the iconolasts



Photo: Tony Webster/Flickr.

Butcher bird on the telegraph line
Watching country as a ferrari speeds by
Smoke and dust fills the air
The heat is out but water is nowhere
Not in the rivers and not in the ground
Not in the trees they say its nowhere to be found
Some kind of phenomena
Ain't been like this in millenia
Cattle and sheep still grazing
And no one makes a sound
Or tries to warn ya
Of whats deep under ground
Where the coal and oil are kept
Its where they can be found
The boogey men that never rest
You see them in your TVs, schools, towns and squares
They sit up in the chambers
As we are all 'unawares'
Of the danger they put us in
Until we start to understand there's no way they can win
For in the end or the beginning of it all
When all we know will come to fall
We will see to that fact
That no matter what creature comforts stay intact
You can't eat money, coal or gas
And if you tried you might find
That now alas
Its you too
Who will be the boogey man anew and true

COMMUNIZATION AND DECOLONIZATION

"But what is communism: (ie. anarchy) For us, and fellow travellers, communism is not a mode of production. It is not just a economic system of 'fairer' wealth distribution. It's a broad spectrum of lifeways that are based on communal social relations, including (but not exclusive to) mutual aid, solidarity, the collapse of the production / consumption binary (thus, the abolition of work), the abolition of the State, abolition of money, the abolition of value, the abolition of race & gender as a site of oppression, the abolition of cis-hetero-patriarchy (and all that entails, like compulsory heterosexuality). Some also call this anarchy. A negation of what props up Western capitalist civilization...

We do not claim that communization would replace Indigenous resistance & revolt against the settler-colonial capitalist world, rather we maintain that we understand that without this resistance & revolt the settler-colonial capitalist world will remain...

Communism is not a state of affairs to establish (or impose) but rather it is the real movement which abolishes the present state of things. And if the communism Marxists, and some anarchists, are attempting to establish retains the same settler-colonial relationship to the land then it's not communism at all. Settlers building a commune on occupied land still maintains a class society.

A class society where settlers are indeed still preventing Indigenous people from reproducing their lifeways, as they see fit."



WHY ACTIVIST NEED EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC

Doom - Drone - Noise - Ambient

Disclaimer - This will be written by the tangential, for the tangential... With poor grammar

Control , Violence , Vulnerability , Ego , Power , Chaos

This is an argument for collaboration,
Inclusiveness, and squashing the louder voices that dominate...

NOISE!!!

I think of noise like this.
You take a whole bunch of chaos and try to manipulate it the
into something beautiful.

That's basically every other aspect of life squished into a
30min or so piece of art.

Every body receives it differently,
there's no words to tell you what to think,
there's no melody for you to follow,
it's pretty hard to dance to.

Your alone,
vulnerable,

confused and forced to deal with harsh sounds that are probably pretty unpleasant for an extended period of time.

The more you engage with it the more you'll hear the harmonies,
the complex rhythms,
the beauty in the chaos.

You'll make your own piece out of it,
have memories,
see colours and shapes.

Whatever your brain does when it's not force fed.

I'd make the argument that this is something activist culture definitely needs.

I can't relate to people that have their minds so made up,
are always right,

and are aggressive to violent about their stance.

To be in their presence you must think and do exactly as they do or know their
wrath.

I find it scripted,
rehearsed.

Really fucking boring.

Go listen to 3 drummers and a trumpet scream at you for 45 mins then tell me
your confident in yourself.

Thats what i get most out of experimental music as a listener,
the lack of control i have over what I'm walking into
what i mean by this is,
in most contemporary music theres certain rules and a sense of predict-
ability,
as in this is the beat,
this is the key, the verse, chorus , etc.

Even if its a song you've never heard before you kinda know what
your in for ,
you can dance to it ,
its safe.

You have control.

Thats fine and all and i like that sometimes

But wheres the growth?

Wheres the challenge?

What are you being offered to take away?

Control i think of as a big one,
it has a bunch of different forms with pretty varying connotations
Control over yourself, yeah great,
control over others, yuck ,
control over nature , gross

Control in itself i think is very human, its both highly desired and highly feared
from abusing yourself with drugs to loose control to assaulting others to gain control
its part of just about everything we do.

I think there is a skill in toying with control
playing with the rule of it
controlling control

To gain awareness of where that line is.
and learning to find comfort in all the varying levels of it.

Thats what I like about these sort of avant garde noise artists,
I feel like its somewhat collaborative,
the control is somewhat shared between three bodies
the performer(s) the audience , the laws of physics / nature.
(how the sound interacts within the physical space
in which its being played)

to explain, what i mean about it being shared between the performer
and listener is this.

when theres no set rhythm or melody your brain doesn't have
a stability to kind of anchor to,
therefore distracting you from everything else going on,
the subtleties..

One person might be focusing on the way some of the discordant notes are
interacting with each other making this seasick wavering rhythm
while someone else is getting polyrhythms out of loops
not syncing up with each other in perfect time.
When your open to it and allowing yourself to be vulnerable to something,
theres plenty of nuance

I think collaborative decision making is sort of the same thing,
or at least should be the same thing
2 people can be talking about the same thing,
arguing with each other and not realising they are actually in
agreeance but explaining themselves differently.

This is useful and gives a better clarity to the audience.

By lack of a dominating voice ,
attention can be focused

Accept challenges, feel uncomfortable.
Most importantly.

LISTEN TO THINGS YOU FIND HARD TO HEAR.

You might have an original thought.



I HAVE NO PLANS. I OPEN MY BROWSER AND JUMP ON FACEBOOK. I DECLINE AN INVITATION TO SEE MY FRIEND'S BAND, IT'S TOO LATE NOTICE. I DECLINE AN INVITATION TO A FRIEND OF A FRIEND'S EXHIBITION OPENING, I WOULDN'T KNOW ANYONE THERE. I DECLINE AN INVITATION TO A FREE PAINTING WORKSHOP 'BEGINNERS ESPECIALLY WELCOME', YEAH RIGHT. I GET ANXIOUS JUST THINKING ABOUT THE JUDGEMENT MY EFFORTS WOULD RECEIVE. I PUT ON SOME MUSIC, A TECHNO PUNK DUO FROM NEW YORK. I HEARD ONE OF THEM WENT TO NYU WITH DONALD GLOVER.

I FEEL LIKE WALKING, SO I GO BUY A COFFEE FROM THE FRENCH PATISSERIE DOWN THE ROAD. THEY'RE SELLING JARS OF SOURDOUGH STARTER FOR TEN DOLLARS. I DEBATE BUYING ONE BEFORE I REALISE I'LL NEVER USE IT AND FORGET TO FEED IT. THE BARISTA IS VERY FRIENDLY, SO I PUT SOME MONEY IN THE TIP JAR AS I'M

LEAVING. ON MY WAY HOME I WALK PAST THE HARDWARE STORE. I RECALL WHEN THE CHAIN FIRST STARTED OPENING STORES, ALL ANYONE COULD TALK ABOUT WAS HOW ENORMOUS THEY WERE. THIS ONE IS SMALL. THEY HAVE A SPECIAL ON SEEDS. I THINK ABOUT PLANTING A GARDEN, BUT I WON'T BE AT THIS ADDRESS MUCH LONGER,

THE RENT IS CLIMBING TOO FAST. DON'T YOU NEED THE LANDLORD'S PERMISSION TO PLANT A GARDEN ANYWAY? I'D NEVER GET IT MY LANDLORD IS AVERSE TO CHANGE.

I GET HOME AND PICK UP A BOOK OF PHILOSOPHY. THE AUTHOR IS TRYING TO CONVEY SOMETHING ABOUT THE IMPORTANCE OF THE RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN THINGS I THINK, INTERDEPENDENCE, ASSEMBLAGES, IT'S ALL QUITE ESOTERIC. I WONDER BRIEFLY WHY PHILOSOPHY IS SO INACCESSIBLE. I JUMP BACK ON THE COMPUTER AND SEARCH FOR A VIDEO OF SOMEONE BREAKING DOWN THE TEXT. I'LL WATCH IT LATER.



I have seen the future

And I will tell them I tried we fought against the evil of the world with a piece of steel and duct tape
Tried to avert the apocalypse with songs and a prayer
And we stopped them for an hour, a day, weeks and months
Before the great fires roared over everything
Before the storms leveling cities,
The street fights and water wars I stood with women and men
Some who had no gender or who's gender changed throughout the day Some of us broken people
unable to fit into society
Some rejected by it
Some that society just wanted us dead Warriors
The bravest people I have ever known I will look into the eyes of my nieces and nephews, their
children and grand children when they ask me what I did before
The Fall I tried to tell everyone what was coming
But they already knew
These people wanted hope
And I have none to give I will show you fear
In a handful of dust
The end of Nations
In one glass of water
One drop of benzene
My loved ones We fought for you
So hard
We broke our bodies and our minds for you
In the mountains, in the jungles, in the rivers, the swamps and on the plains
We fought them for years
You are so beloved little ones
We did it for you

But I'm sorry
There wasn't enough of us –
Too Few See less

WHY I CAN'T HOLD SPACE FOR YOU

Systemic violence is complex and multi-layered. One thing that cuts across layers is the disproportionate amount of labour that Indigenous, Black and other racialized people bear when they are expected to teach other people about systemic colonial and racial violence.

The poem below lists the reason why it is emotionally and physically costly for Indigenous, Black and racialized people to hold spaces for other people to learn about their complicity in systemic harm. Read the poem once and pay attention to the different kinds of responses it evokes in you. After you have read the poem once, read the instructions that follow for the second part of the exercise.

Do You Really Want to Know Why I Can't Hold Space for You Anymore?

BECAUSE

YOU SEE MY BODY AS AN EXTENSION OF YOUR ENTITLEMENTS

BECAUSE

I HAVE HELD SPACE FOR YOU BEFORE
AND EVERY TIME, THE SAME THING HAPPENS

You take up all the space
and expect me to use my time,
energy and emotion in service of fulfilling your
desires:
to validate you as someone who is good and innocent
to be the appreciative audience for your self-
expression
to provide the content of a transformative learning
experience
to perform my trauma
to affirm your innocence
to celebrate your self-image
to center your feelings
to absolve you from guilt
to be always generous and generative
to filter what I say in order not to make you feel
uncomfortable
to make you feel loved, important, special and safe

AND YOU DON'T EVEN REALIZE YOU ARE DOING IT

BECAUSE YOUR SUPPORT IS ALWAYS CONDITIONAL

On whether it aligns with your agenda

On whether it is requested in a gentle way

On whether I perform a politics that is convenient
for you

On whether it fits your personal brand

On whether it contributes to your legacy

On whether you will get rewarded for doing it

On whether it feels good

Or makes you look good

Or gives you the sense that we are “moving forward”

BECAUSE WHEN YOU 'GIVE' ME SPACE TO SPEAK

It comes with strings attached about
what I can and cannot say
and about how I can say it

You want an easy way out
A quick checklist or one-day workshop
on how to avoid being criticized
while you carry out business as usual
And even when I say what I want to say anyway
You can't hear it
Or you listen selectively
And when you think you hear it
You consume it
You look for a way to say 'that's not me'
'I'm one of the good ones'
and use what I say to criticize someone else
Or you nod empathetically and emphatically to my face and then
The next thing you do shows that while you can repeat my words

YOUR HARMFUL DESIRES AND PERCEIVED ENTITLEMENTS
REMAIN EXACTLY THE SAME

AND WHEN I PUT MY FOOT DOWN OR SHOW HOW DEEPLY
ANGRY OR FRUSTRATED I AM

You read me as ungrateful, incompetent, unreliable and betraying your confidence
You complain behind my back that I'm creating a hostile environment
You say I'm being unprofessional, emotional, oversensitive
That I need to get over it
That I'm blocking progress
That I shouldn't be so angry
That my ancestors lost the battle
That not everything is about colonialism or racism or whiteness
That aren't we all just people, in the end?
That we are all indigenous to some place
That you feel really connected to the earth, too
That you have an Indigenous friend/colleague/girlfriend that really likes you...
You minimize and further invisibilize my pain

Your learning
your self-actualization
your credibility
your security
and your social mobility

ALWAYS COME AT MY EXPENSE

THIS IS WHY I CAN'T HOLD SPACE FOR YOU ANYMORE

After you have read the poem once, we invite you to read it again (one or more times) as an exercise of observation of your own neurophysiological responses. In this part of the exercise, we use a psychological narrative strategically to focus your attention on the responses of your amygdala, which is the part of the brain that stores information about emotional events and that manages situations of perceived threat.

In modern societies, our brain is trained to minimize threat and maximize reward. If something is perceived as a threat to one's self-image, status, autonomy or security, the amygdala is triggered, prompting the responses of fight, flight, freeze and/or fawn (i.e. to please).

As you read the poem again, identify the parts of yourself that are engaged in the following patterns of response:

fight (defensiveness)	flight (avoidance)	freeze (feeling lost and helpless)	fawn (trying to please)
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> denying arguing explaining dominating discussion delegitimizing/ discrediting claim of being attacked claim of objectivity (only you can see the truth) insistence that it does not apply to you since you have (or have had) multi-ethnic friends or family members that can attest that you are a nice person 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> withdrawing getting distracted focusing on your intentions insistence that you are misunderstood arguing over words meanings or other details offering counter-examples use other forms of oppression (e.g. class, sexism, heteronormativity) to minimize the importance of race and colonialism 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> crying numbing deflecting exiting getting distracted changing the subject distancing detaching divesting despairing disconnecting 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> seeking absolution self-flagellation martyrdom over-complimenting Indigenous, Black and racialized people seeking proximity seeking praise virtue-signaling demanding attention demanding validation (I am one of the good ones) pretending to go along to get along (or to protect your image/interests)

As you identify these responses, write or draw how the responses manifest (could be e.g. thought or speaking bubbles). Next, consider/observe the fears, insecurities, and desires that could be behind these responses, and how these fears, insecurities, and desires could be unconsciously driving your actions and preventing other possibilities for forming different kinds of relationships.

Finally, consider how the “Fragility Questions” below can help you go deeper, as this exercise is only a starting point in an ongoing, life-long process of historical and systemic undoing, unlearning, and disinvesting from harmful cognitive, affective, and relational patterns.

FRAGILITY QUESTIONS

How can we stop insecurities and projections from limiting possibilities?

What underlying attachments may be directing your thinking, actions and relationships?

How do we learn to surrender perceived entitlements and underlying desires that become a barrier to our ability to have difficult conversations and go into difficult spaces together?

What fears, perceptions, projections, desires and expectations could be informing (consciously and unconsciously) what you are doing/thinking? How may these things be affecting your relationships in negative ways?

What cultural ignorances do you continue to embody and what social tensions are you failing to recognize?

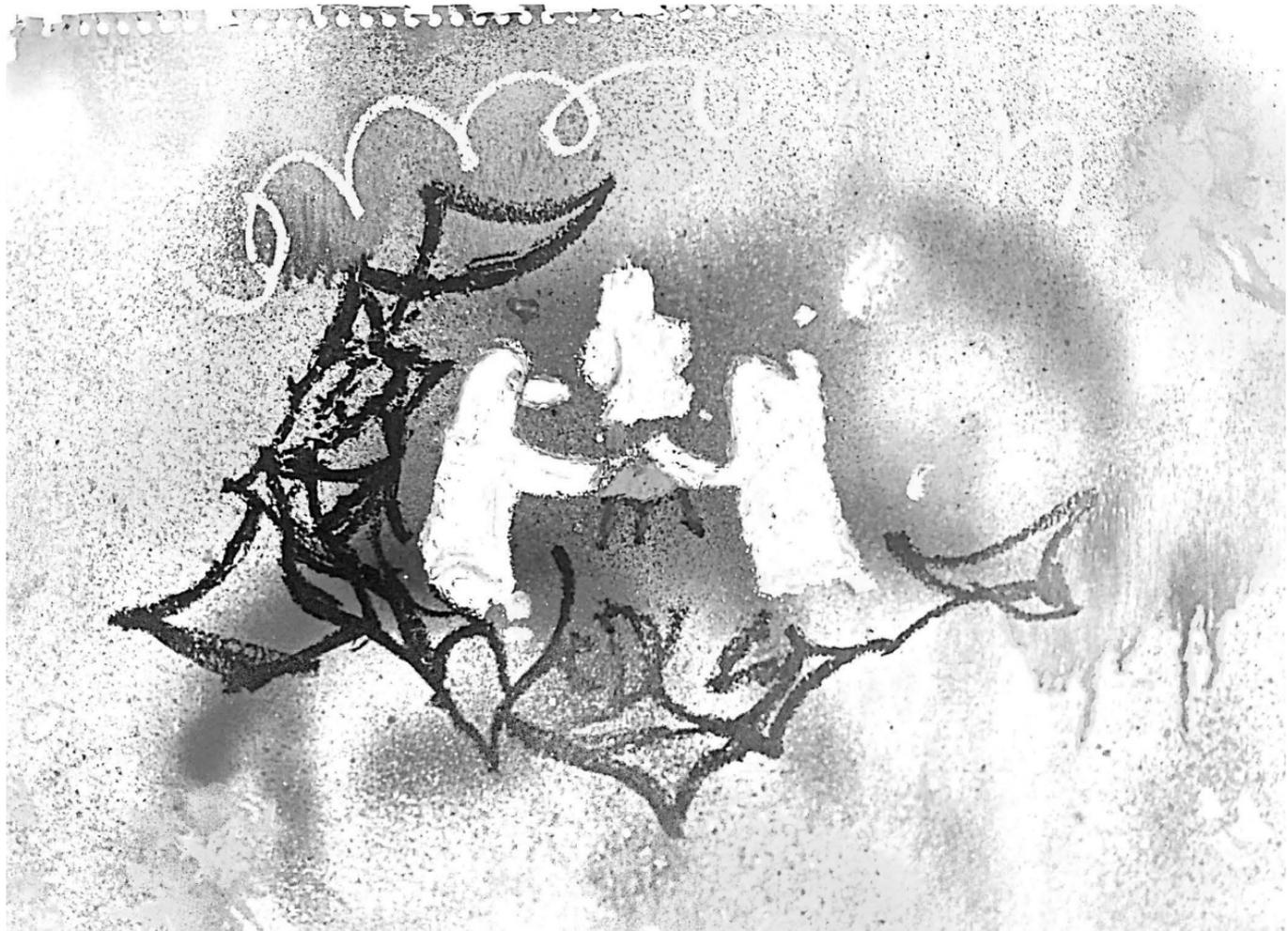
How can being overwhelmed and disillusioned be productive?

What do you expect, what are you afraid of, what prompts defensiveness? Who is this really about?

What truths are you not ready, willing, or able to speak or to hear? What fantasies/delusions are you attached to?

Where are you stuck? What is keeping you there? How can you distinguish between distractions and the work that needs to be done?

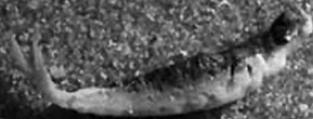
What do you need to give up or let go of in order to go deeper? What is preventing you from being present and listening deeply without fear and without projections?



Nature-

In the morning she rises with you,
the sleepy sighs of your lover, in the silence
she waits anticipatory, steeped in your coffee
she cleanses your body, she
follows you
outside—the bloodlines, songlines, train lines
that cut through the concrete and the forest
dividing cutting through our delicate structures with ease,
the dawn makes the edges sharper,
easier to glimpse her then, in the faces of strangers
still creased in dreams
she is there too, in molecules of glass and plastic arisen from
below barren pits, pieces of her move you through
the suburbs which are hers too
to polite conversation, wandering eyes—
the splashes of colour on our arid walls
are not an imitation
she is moving—

We cannot return to her,
she cannot claim what is already hers



FUTURE WATER SECURITY- PROPOSED DUNOON DAM

Rous county council has proposed the construction of a \$245 M, 50 Gegalitre dam on Widjabal Country at Dunoon on Rocky Creek as part of the Future Water Project 2060. The proposed dam would deliver water from the hills, down to the Ballina shire, anticipating future growth and water consumption

What are the implications of the construction of the dam?

The dam area contains ancient and Sacred Widjabal sites as well as culturally significant artefacts.

The creation of the dam would flood and destroy these sites and artefacts which are a vital part of the living evolving Widjabal culture. The intentional destruction of Widjabal culture is the direct continuation of the cultural genocide of Widjabal, and all First Nations of this continent.

Ecological impacts

- Loss of physical habitats along the reach, as well as downstream
- Habitat fragmentation
- Threatened species in area

as anoxic conditions

- Algal blooms
- Sediment and nutrient trapping
- Mass loss of vegetation (approximately 6 km)
- Loss of aquatic macrophytes
- Destruction of identified Platypus burrow s
- Loss of swimming hole at Whian Whian falls, a very important place for the community
- Impacts Rocky, Terania and Leycester Creeks

We will not remain complicit in the face of genocide and ecocide. There are options, as a community we believe we can be more innovative with our water management. Water re-use and water tanks on new developments are just some alternatives. If you have any ideas we would love for you to share them with Rous County Council at - council@rous.nsw.gov.au by August 12th, 2020

Fifty two weeks ago my shrink was telling me that I was fucking with Rockefeller 300 - 400 billion dollars in.

today's money. That's 800 million years of Virginia Woolf's freedom in the sun. And really I know, they will crush me like a cockroach and I took that on board and the time, I couldn't really get what it meant until 30 weeks ago I was reading the Ecrits and Jacques Lacan the petit bourgeois fuck told me the runaway slave doesn't really want freedom but death and I wish I had been well read enough had a comprehensive enough Rolodex of whatever increasingly useless esoteric shit I am reading for the purpose of inciting a Newer Work. I wish I had told him as I did fighting back tears to a room last weekend it's either Eros or Thanatos. Our death or theirs; the bourgeois have fucked the whole planet, there isn't going to be any neurosis left cause it's all just gone.

Money commodity money.

On the 11th of June Jean-Benoit Jacques CEO of Rio Tinto apologized "we are very sorry for the distress we have caused to the WWF in relation to the Julian George and our first priority remains rebuilding trust with the WWF". During the same week global protests. George Floyd murdered by Derek Chauvin Minneapolis Police. Statues of slavers toppled.

Rio Tinto is a river in the south of Spain, also an office at 85-88 Colocation St and a Mining Company started in 1873 when the Spanish Government of the time built the river to vertice Capitalists from Germany and England. On the 24th of May Rio Tinto blasted Julian Cavea and 49000 year old aboriginal sacred site of the Puho Puho Yurruera and Pitkurra people (I had to look it up, cause nobody teaches you that in school)

and we can both pretend (or forget that)

decadence is your boss saying "we welcome your feedback"

Decadence is the integration of colonial institutions and a nominally liberal state.

I reckon the insurmountable pile of bad faith is the only sign I really need that this is the fall.

consolidating with Rio Tinto to hoop aboriginal sacred sites.

on stolen land because well, short of a

talk

with the devil

Capitalism and a completely hollow religious practice. Pray face Makkah, reflect on how you are going to pay your mortgage and how you plan to fire that pesky union activist to ensure they can't pay theirs.

Why don't you fuck off. When you say chase your dreams you mean nothing.

When I say thank you I mean fuck you You cut tail, I like that

It's been going on a long fucking time. More than an end to coronavirus id just like to hear that Coronavirus has ended Gina Rineheart. The Capitalist system is just going to keep grinding along either way.

alienation. The gig economy. Casualization. Boss, fucking cunt, stole such country now he can't even fucking pay me properly. You don't need Franz Fanon for that.

Prescription painkillers. Like the respectable.

The leather bound library or whatever, I don't know, I forget. It's

all the anti/racist arguing I have to do through my constantly needing to break down in tears while some Hindu nationalist complains about Black Lives Matter; never read a book themselves either but totally entitled to every fucking hateful option in the Rupert Murdoch masterclass.

So respectable

five years

Declan

I remember laughing with through his hysteric hysterics laughter in a field and it was perfect.

All I'd like to do is

keep a garden and a pet duck called Cornelius

Moroccan carpets and corn plants

I've been thinking about quite a lot lately as it turns out, maybe for other reasons; as well, just also, like the bourgeois; conservatives

see faith

No truth in the words, from the throat and the heart.

Heads nationalist making jokes about raping women on their cock.

Then the next day it's socialist defence of Israel.

Sympathy for Hitler because he saved the Nizkine and just wants to go full tilt genocide or whatever I don't think he even knows, but then back to Netanyahu and did you know the glory of Israel is actually in the introduction to the Indian constitution?

Mark Fisher hanging from the end of a rope, Malcolm X, Mark Australian Post-Moderist and the commodification of even our leisure time into what they at the universities are calling NEOLIBERALISM which is Berlin and I at the coal face of the emotional labour and unaffordable boss who hasn't read a book since leaving school listens to the Top 40 for pleasure.

Bootlickers.

But a nigunda, I'm not saying much around me that is liberal and I'm not seeing anything particularly new either.

You sold your soul, now it's just on lock. Money Commodity Money. Means of exploitation. Fire me, please fire me. Fuck you. Storage, the gullible. I walk home from work and think of ANYONE ANYONE. I need a pay raise. I'm not going to survive the wage system. There will be nothing left of my soul. Just a sack of bones. A sack of bones in chronic pain. Store manager lives don't matter. CEO lives don't matter. Billion Valley two bit lives don't matter. Mining Executive lives don't matter. Liberal Party front bench lives don't matter. Liberal Party back bench lives don't matter.

All these niggunda are neo, all neo are bastards, all neo bastards are fascists. All these niggunda are fascist niggunda.

Fascist Bastard

Bootlickers.

Bootlickers.

Racist lives don't matter. When I say gullible of course I mean a literary device. The rich don't deserve our sympathy. Money commodity money Dead Capital. Money commodity money

Means of production. Means of exploitation. Money Commodity Money. Exploitation.

A pig. A Cop. A psychopath with a network of cameras watching your every movement. Throwing bleach on the rubbish to keep away the party animals.

I'm not entirely convinced I want to live in this god-forsaken-pasture fire

you for five hundred pound a year

All neo, semi-professional drug dealers, all that is solid melts to air. The commodification of everything. Time is money, and what is life if not time. Life is spent getting enough money not to starve. Increasingly hard to do.

Christ in the garden, Walter Benjamin and the train.

I miss my friends, I hope I survive, not the Corona, and the wage system. I've been wondering this for a long time. My friends, I love them all so very much.

The Virus Simulator

The virus simulator

You view through screens

Germ graphics

And marketed stories

Your suburban backyard is empty

Birds sing loudly

Dogs bark at the silence

In the beginning children drew rainbows on pavement

Masks and meters divide you

Keep you safe

the invisible threat

Like the wars and famines of the 21st century

Days roll into one another

Played out through filters on distant screens

Barely touchable media feeds

Your kids don't sing ring-a ring-a rosy when their neighbour's grandparents vanish

Like ghosts into the machine

You never learnt to sing that song



Drooping Sheoak

My first awareness of Drooping Sheoak was in the Otway Ranges in southern Victoria as I stepped from the rustling of the Eucalypt woodland and the crunch underfoot into the grove of Sheoak to catch a view of Moonlight Head above the pounding waves. It was blowing a gale off the southern ocean and the sheoaks were wailing, the wind combing their tresses, my footsteps silent on the soft blanket of litter.

Years later I moved into a place in suburban Melbourne where my bedroom had a double door that opened into a green cave of sometimes whispering sometimes wailing stems...the sound accentuating the waves in the wind as they passed through my dreams.

When I moved to the Mornington Peninsula in the 1980's I discovered through my reading how extensive sheoak woodlands were prior to clearing, sheep, the droughts of 1839 and the lime kilns which chopped them down for fuel; that what I was observing were last surviving remnants of a far more extensive system. My appreciation for their strength and resilience grew. I no longer saw them as a "she" oak, or inferior oak, but as Sheoke or the older word Shaok.

One dry day I clambered up the dune and into the shade of the Drooping Sheoke. I'd forgotten my water bottle. Usually I would find a stone to suck on but the soil around was sandy. I picked one of the sheoak stems and started chewing on it. First came the taste, a lemony tart taste like soursob. Then my mouth started filling with saliva and before long I was refreshed enough to head back up the hill.

Drooping Sheoke's long pendulous stems create dappled shade inside a grey-green cave, the ground a carpet of soft needles and flowers.. It has separate male and female plants. The male flowers borne at the ends of the foliage appear golden in the afternoon light of the Sheoak and Fungi Season. Their pollen wafting in the breeze to settle on the small pinkish balls of receptive stigmas attached to the branches of the female trees. The "cones" that are formed release winged seeds which travel in the breeze away from its parents.

These trees have nodes on their roots which house bacteria. Using haemoglobin for oxygen (the same as in our blood) these bacteria take nitrogen from the air to produce nitrates which can be used by plants. Fungi also interact with the roots to produce truffles in the soil which are a favoured food for bandicoots and other ground dwelling mammals. Chewing the stems with their lemony flavor, which stimulates saliva production, explains why Drooping Sheoak tends to be browsed heavily by both native and introduced mammals. It also explains why in times of drought such as those of the late 1830's many trees were stripped for fodder.



The wood of Drooping Sheoke burns long and hot, resulting in only a small amount of ash. For this reason it has been a favoured fuel for lime and chicory kilns and many of the woodlands in southern and western Victoria were decimated by this industry. The durability of this trees wood is attested to by the age of traditional implements such as boomerangs, with their method of processing enhancing the natural durability.

When Drooping Sheoke occurs in large groves as it once did across many areas of southern and western Victoria, it tends to indicate lack of hot wildfire. Sheokes can regenerate in nearly complete shade unlike most Eucalypts. It is also a relatively fire safe tree in that it is low in oils and produces no significant ember attack due to the lack of loose bark and broad leaves.

Housed amongst the foliage a careful search may reveal a diversity of galls formed by the insects *Cylindrococcus* spp, the round ones imitating the Sheoke "cone" and the long pointed ones looking like swollen sections of stem. The occasional drey houses the sleeping ring-tail Possum while the Yellow-tail Black Cockatoos circle in with creaking calls to feed on the Drooping Sheoke cones and bore amongst the wood for the fat Longicorn Beetle larvae.

Today I sit on my favorite chair in the garden, taking in the winter rain sunshine. The light breeze is moving the windchimes and the Sheoke is dancing, it's fine branches caress my face.

RETURN FIRE



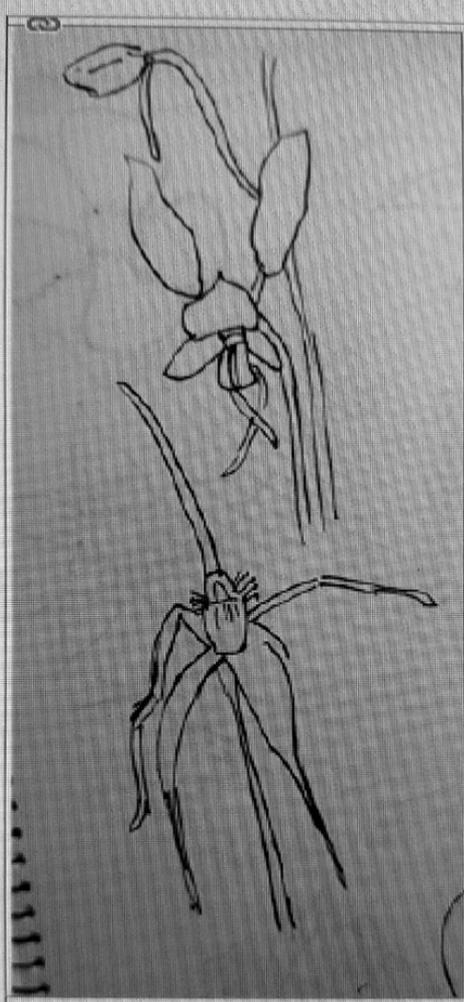
UK eco-anarchist zine in PDF and hard copy

– archive and translations at returnfire.noblogs.org

– for details on upcoming book and zine publications,

for submissions or conversation:

returnfire@riseup.net (PGP optional)



I NEVER KNEW I'D MISS YOU
SO MUCH AND SO SOON
THOUGH YOU BORE DAGGERS ON YOUR SKIN
YOU HAD SOFT PLACES TOO
I LIVED WITH A FEW FRIENDS
ON THE EDGES OF YOU
THOUGH WE SUFFERED EVERY MINUTE
THE PAIN WAS COLLECTIVE
AND ANYTHING COLLECTIVE WAS SWEET
AND WE KNEW YOU WOULD HURGT US
BUT KNOWING ANYTHING WAS PURPOSE
ENOUGH TO COMFORT ME
I MISS SASYING NO
TO THE OPULENCE YOU OFFERED
NOW I MUST FIND SOME ABUNDANT
IMPROVEMENT
WITH ALL THE STRUCTURAL BOUNDARIES REMOVED-
FOR YOUR DAGGERS WERE KNOWN
AND THEIR DEADLY CHILL WAS HOME=
AND YOU WERE FUN, YOU'D COME
DRINK IN THE PUB, IN THE PARK
DRAW US OUT IN THE SUNSHINE
FIND COVER FOR MY BONES AT NIGHT
AH IT IS A SORROWFUL STOCKHOLM FAREWELL
TO SURVIVING ON YOUR CORNERS
TO SILENTLY FLOURISHING
MOSTLY DISMISSED AND IGNORED
TO THE FREEDOM IN THAT, THE PAUPER'S PRESTIGE
IN FINDING A WAY, IN LIVING
IN SPIE OF YOU-HOW COULD I NOT LOVE YOU SLIGHTLY
WHEN IT'S TIME TO SAY GOODBYE TO CAPITALISM



BEYOND THE DARK HORIZON

Vol. 2. 'viral edition' 2020

Art, poetry, rants and ideas
from the frontlines of green
anarchist direct action in 'so-
called Australia' and beyond