

Civic Annihilation

This spaceship is ready to take off.

I got tired of the feeling in my gut – like the world is going to end. Life has not come to this so much as it has always been this. My one reprieve was the nomadic way, and this I could only watch get stripped away bit by tattered bit. Why do they do so with a smile on their face?

They call it mental illness, but I cannot help but see the great beast underneath all the pretense – as if *anyone* could be mentally healthy in this environment. Such acculturated cluelessness must be the result of generations weaned onto the idea of treating land and everything which rests on it – their very lives – like some commodity. To them it is the individual not the environment that is the problem – you don't need change you need a pill. The average guy is now the average consumer, and he is the shining picture of what it means to be mentally healthy.

Some thought I was naively trying for a peaceful coexistence, but lo and behold my prediction has already begun to prove true; creating any humane place for a nomads to exist only gets used as an excuse to strip the god given rights of those remaining outside. They do so under the perfectly psychotic pretense that forcing their 'services' onto the 'mentally ill' who don't want them is the civil thing to do. Their only wish is to paint whatever picture allows them to continue to abuse the land.

Peace was never my goal so much as it was resolution. But first things first. The messy middle ground we find ourselves in currently is we have need to work our way past the pretense and bullshit to expose the cultural conflict for what it is

So many enemies attacking in the subtlest of ways. My only wish is someone would shoot me down in an honest fashion so I can once and for all throw in the towel on this domestic life and pursue a new one as a free bird. I got two signs ready for my new life; one reads 'digging or demo but no customer service' and the other reads 'land is not a commodity'. I wasn't sure if they'd understand that last one, but it was better than 'fuck all of you'.

There is no place for me; no scholarship for those who do not pander for it; no decent wage job for those who unwilling to change their personality to get it. I don't have a job; I have a mission. I don't have a political ideology; I have a way of life. Failure is not a thing to be feared so much as it is chased, as it is peace of mind that is my currency not green paper; if a man can walk the path laid before him, and if he becomes wholly absorbed in his actions rather than obsess over the fruits of his actions, then peace – what no money or label could ever grant – awaits. And if not, then at least I can say it can't get any worse and that I am free of fear.

Freedom alone is worth working oneself to death for.

So, I wanted a fight; someone to shoot me down in some honest fashion, but I know this much of the domestic man; he does not attack in any honest fashion. If you ask him to fight you may get a hoorah, but if you ask of him something worth fighting over, he's liable to stutter. Nevertheless, he'll castigate those who try to extricate themselves from his war of cooperation and he'll justify it with whatever corny epithet serves his purpose. He'll force others to 'choose' to either re-assimilate or live life on the run from him. 'When the going gets tough the tough get going' to him is a phrase with only one meaning.

Some say I'm using homelessness like a crutch, but if the streets taught me one thing first and foremost; fuck you.

I tried boxing but it only made the anger worse. Besides it turns out that domestic fighting – like everything else in this incredibly organized world – is ultimately nothing more than a social relation. While some domestic fighters like to conflate successfully navigating a world of socially selective boy-toy hang out clubs with being tough, I find myself wondering if and when it'll occur to them that nature did not give us tough; she gave us survival; she gave us fight or flight, not hurry up and wait; she gave us freedom, not being scheduled by some third party manager. The abominable grey zone that a domestic fighter allows his mind to rest in on a daily basis is simultaneously a sad attempt to cure his social networks and an admittedly beautiful refusal to accept the death of his tribal instinct.

And were one to care to do so, they could just as easily said the same for the military – domestic society has reached the point where their social contracts have been so ran through by division of labor,

convoluted intellectualism, financial usury, and shameless commodification of the land that finding a purpose actually worth fighting over has become a relic of the past. At best they simply find a way to disguise the selfish ideals of the masses with the good of their people. It is clear that if ever civilized society did stand for such a thing as 'good' it has fallen. All that remains is a shell in which people organize for little more than the sake of organization – the domestic race is one of habit, and it is excessive order which precedes the fall not chaos.

I hear a sweet tune, but I don't know if they do. Don't be fooled by the peasant's silly games of exclusion; he has music, and he is hiding it. He who ears let him hear; his music got me tippin' my hat – nay, flipping my hat!

It is the seeds of this simple happiness I wish to plant, and then sit back and observe; the entity that has been sabotaging our lives from the shadows will reveal themselves, for nothing flushes an enemy out like creating healthy and functioning communities of freedom. Then the human race will see; we are not one species but two, and that one is trying to destroy the other. Only then are we warranted in giving free reign to our heart's deepest desires of utter violence.

In the process of exposing the conflict of acculturation that permeates all of society, the middle class will shake off centuries worth of acculturation only to accept the plain truth that they've been duped into acting against their own interests. Just as surely there will come a time when all the outside-in attempts to organize human-kind will make undeniable the fact that domestication was never a sustainable thing. There will come one with just the right words to make people open their eyes to what has been building up to a tipping point right in front of them, but which they have been slow to accept – the beast that is our tribal instincts will reawaken at the trigger word.

Then they too will hear the music.

Long has this spell of mass insanity laid dormant in mankind, and deliberate are the forces acting to catalyze the final reaction. Like the eye of the storm is an age of progressive social correctness in which we currently abide. There is sure to come a point in which peoples need for meaningful activity becomes impossible to satisfy, and a day in which the youth can no longer deny how perverse the trade-off between

generations has become. They then will accept that a species in which people think first and foremost of themselves is not a thing made to last. When their tribal instincts are completely transformed into commodities this will be the final catalyst – they will lose their minds and break lose a storm seen only once every hundred thousand years in mankind.

Such is the fate of a species who forget how to use their own two hands to make do on the land; a basic skill which reminds one of basic principles – principles that will elude even the most adept intellectual. Outside-in methods of organizing humans might suppress the instincts given to us by the land, but these systems will implode before such instincts ever atrophy

For now, while their senses are nullified in the synthetic safety of their four walls, they think because they legalized weed, they are liberal. I'll tell you what the liberal economists dances around; no market is truly free unless the natural way of fighting over our rights to inhabit land is restored.

I tried to tell the domestic classes that there is an acculturation effect they've been subjected to – that a scruffier and less well-groomed but more creative, free, and genuine side to themselves is just below the surface awaiting its release, but that they might need to let go of their precious property to meet this person. I told them sleeping indoors is not healthy for you.

They did not take too well to this.

Even the hobos hated me for trying to take their tents away, so I am back at square one where no one likes me – to say we were all friends to begin with is a lie. But it is a war, and war simply creates a need for shared interests.

Don't they understand; I'm not trying to destroy humanity; I'm trying to *heal* it. This disease will run its course, and it is be my mission to aid in this process by exposing the cultural conflict in any way I can. That the only and best way I can fathom to accomplish this happens to be a peaceful one – through the creation of healthy and self-regulated communities – is more a testament to nature's mysteries than to my benevolence

It is better to lose a limb than that the whole body be caste to hell – we must survive, and there comes a definite point beyond which one

must distinguish between what is civil and what is survival. The cooperative force humankind exerts on one another is simply not compatible with the idea of a hundred billion people trying to inhabit the planet; we will force one another to assimilate into one hegemony, even when it has gone far beyond being a self-directed thing. A breakdown in civil structure is eminent on future generations. All we need to do is expose the belly of the system so that the truth of what it really is comes out – then all the civilized lies will come to an end.

Educational institutions would have us preoccupied on climate change while ignoring the most obvious ways in which we've violated the most inviolable of nature's laws when we divided ourselves. Such institutions make small ideals sound large, they provide a platform for small minds to feel big, and they serve as a means for the weak of heart, mind, and body to gain precedence over the strong who have led us through a hundred million and more years of evolution. These places only serve to distract us from the real serpent at our feet, and they are testament that one need not forcibly enslave the human race as we'll willingly do it to ourselves.

While financial institutions have decimated our concept of meaningful work, to this previous generations have naught to say to the youth but, 'be sure to pay your bills'. They would have us bending over to change our very personality, forsaking our natural right to remain in the land we call home, and to be among those we call our people just to find suitable employment. This is what we inherited.

I will plant the seeds of destruction to these parasitic institutions they have so carefully built up to help them reinforce their atrophying ideals onto future generations.

One need not look but to those before them to see the survival instincts of the human species is no longer operating on a group scale, but only on an individual one, and these instincts boil down to this; self-interest thinly disguised as equalitarianism; they use future generations like fodder to support themselves under the premise that they did this or that so we should to – as though things are what they were thirty even years ago. It is an economy of cowardice in which people justify making fear-based decisions by the fact that everyone else is doing it, and in this fashion everyone manages to dismiss accountability for the fact they took far more than they passed on.

We are their *products*, for which they aim to create a quality product. They consider it doing us a favor when they grant us opportunities to enhance our qualifications while they neatly have dodged the question of preserving our leverage. It is a fine line between being granted opportunities and having them forced upon you as part of some ultimatum; assimilate or live life on the run.

Most who have spent a lifetime letting our leverage be sold out from under us have preoccupied themselves first and foremost with how they can solidify their spot in this system, and so they cannot even register that it has come to this.

When one breathes in the molecules of the fresh air, when they learn to inhabit land using their own two hands, it is the *leverage* to make ones way in this world in a natural and self-determined fashion which becomes the preeminent question in their mind, but one who spent their entire life hiding behind four walls and navigating educational institutions is liable to let the concern of how to fit into these places rather than shape them take control of him.

There will on occasion who goes so far as to devote himself heart and soul to hiding behind these institutions – like some shield which allows them a safe space from the outside world. He'll accumulate certificates of leadership rather than experiences which might prepare him for the real thing. He thinks in terms of qualification rather than leverage, and to him it is the individual which must be underqualified when they fail to live a life of accumulating all the prestigious labels that characterize his precious institutions. He sees them as a calling for the underqualified to rise above the masses so that he might fancy himself a teacher or perhaps even become a 'leaders', though he might have absolutely no ability to affect the innermost dispositions of the crowd as he's learned of the world through books or the carefully crafted social bubbles of high schools and universities. Yet he will excel at one of two things; pandering to their wants of the crowd or – when such a thing inevitably backfires – excessive currently. Intellectuals such as this are first and foremost not a member of a species so much as a member of an institution, and they will act accordingly.

Let those who want nothing more than to have their influence confined to some atomic level event so they may continue to hide from the world and get paid to think for a living, and who will hold the whole of

the human race hostage to their feeble attempts to measure intellectual merit by man-made examinations – let such individuals sink only themselves, and let them not drag us all down.

It must be understood that these educational institutions deprive the human species of the very qualities which allowed us to survive as long as we have.

While a commanding officer knows well the entire squadron would be in eminent danger should he or she expect troops to execute a thing they themselves could not set a clear expectation of nor prepare the troops for, when a teacher fails in this regard it is simply called 'academic freedom'. Having the luxury of such a convenience, it is no wonder why the very morals of such teachers will then come to revolve around the institution; while everything it rests on might be a lie, it is only when someone violate its arbitrary standards that they are considered to be a cheater.

The mark of such teachers who place the institution above free thought is typically that he has allowed his body to atrophy. A healthy mind can only exist in a healthy body, and whereas we once entrusted our well-being to the wisdom born of discipline and life experience, we now appoint decaying bookworms as the bearers of our knowledge. Their greatest qualifications might be that they spent a decade or more being judged on their ability to digest information rather than on how they guide or inspire others. Beginning around the time they first feel a shot of dopamine flood their brain when the teacher throws them a bone, they'll steadily lose their ability to differentiate between free thought and following instructions. One can practically see them inflate upon receiving a flattering examination score – their posture changes and they more willingly subject the class to their ridiculous belief that there is any truth to be had in science or that they know what it is. The compulsive energy which brought them to science begins to manifest as a compulsive need to shove their multitude of worthless thoughts onto others. If left unchecked, there is sure to come a point where one is hard pressed to get in so much as a word without triggering another avalanche of explanations by a mind that has been decimated by the habit of reducing things to their most redundant parts. They use science like a shield that covers all the insecurities they never wanted to face up to, and they lead a life of viciously accumulating labels which help compensate for his overall lack of qualities.

Before my own eyes a 'teacher' was born.

He projects the aura of genius onto the masses in hopes they forget the truth we all know in our hearts; rarely is an idea conceptualized in the mind of those who take credit for it. The reductionist intellectual being utterly devoid of creativity, he requires a muse to whisper into his ear. Though he might have graduated MIT, his overriding skill is playing stupid; how to conflate coldly calculated miscommunications to be a matter of the students ineptitudes becomes a means for him to weed out those who look too much like the guy who got the girl he never could get in high school. To him it is the highest sign of retribution to simply ignore an email. With sweat running down his face and his eyes unnaturally dilated, I thought it strange he tried to make an example of me in such an awkward manner, and when he began vociferously spinning in circles with his arms in full extension to demonstrate the mechanics of the tippy-top I thought perhaps I had it all wrong – maybe he was just heartbroken that his true calling of ballet never came to much. But when three whole minutes passed, he was still spinning – it was only then I came to the conclusion that methamphetamines and physics do not mix.

I am confident of this; only the nomadic system of organization is free of rigid organization which facilitates such opportunism and outright weirdness; a system that liberates generations instead chaining them to one another's weaknesses. Only then can knowledge be said to be willingly shared instead of forced upon one another. And only then – when knowledge is not treated as some commodity around which we find employment at the expense of others – can true creativity flourish. So too will the ridiculous practice of labelling everything come to an end, and the notion of a genius will fall to the wisdom of the muse who knows it is better to be forgotten than to be remembered, and he or she will accomplish their means by whispering into the ears of mankind from the lowest of places where imagination is free to transcend human expectations rather than lecturing them from some pedestal in a university that is defined by them.

Dried up is the innate creativity of a mind which spent its prime years rigorously honing itself on routine problems regurgitated to us by previous generations. It is but a repository for the mistakes of all those who came before us. While the academician might know well the flaws of using artificial tasks as some means to judge the merits of the individual, they'll do anything to hold on – even if it means running the entire human species to destruction.

Before any intelligible path along which the human race might progress can be agreed upon it is necessary to first free people of the compulsion to make fear based decisions; they must learn to let go before a single word they speak can be trusted to be born of anything but self-preservation.

There does come a point when the up and coming must realize how wrong things have gone, and when it comes to this, yet those before them are only reinforcing the lopsided system they worked so hard to be on the winning end of, the youth must accept that the survival of the species hinges on annihilating the chains which bind them to the selfish ideals of their elders – whatever the cost. Freedom is a thing to be fought for, not patiently stood in line for in good faith that it eventually will all work out. A good death is a thing to be earned while a life of passively denying one's enslavement is a far worse fate.

Were the domestic person actually capable of weighing the trade-offs involved to uphold their carefully contrived reality they'd quickly comprehend that they live in an age of slavery, albeit it is one which they've been duped into casting upon themselves. Non-stop and endless work – day after day, week after week, and our cultural opportunities only become more deprived for it, our ability to taste the land only more constricted, our job opportunities only become more unsuitable, and our choices of where we might pursue these things only more constrained. Were we any smarter than mice surely we'd quickly deduce that a life spent chasing lights at the end of tunnel after tunnel is indicative we've been put in a cage, and these tunnels are but to keep us preoccupied.

They say future tripping is the playground of bad spirits. All I know is that at times it feels life has lost its meaning beyond seeing an end to their plastic buildings and the smiles wiped off their faces. Then there are the domestic dogs – soulless creatures they are.

What has grown in me?

A pair of baggy jeans t-shirt and a baseball cap is a sure way to my heart, but all these domestic women and their Smurf pants made keeping it in my pants easy – besides, the wind smelled better than they do.

I needed a god-damn mental health day, but after this I knew I'd be right back to square one; assimilate into a life of mental unhealthiness or 'choose' a life on the run from domestic folk.

I am however reminded there is yet hope – hope of flushing my enemy out.

I could say I'm a mass shooter, and to this they'd think I mean a gun. But if I am anything, I am a civilized person. With every word I spoke I planted the seeds of suggestibility and the bodies continued to pile up, but they couldn't figure how I did it. It's because they were living in the now while my mind was firmly fixed in the glorious future.

Were I to wield a gun or train a militia they'd call me uncivil, and when another mentally ill person mows down children by the dozens I'll tell them that treating land like a commodity is a profound social disease that is decimating communities and deteriorating our tribal instincts – that this seemingly far removed thing is nearer the root of what is killing your children – that it is the furthest thing from any concept of civility. To this I am sure to be accused of being a socialist. But I am only a naturalist calling out simple truths in a plethora of ways with the useless convoluted adjectives of an intellectual who's mind is burnt beyond repair; land and the right to inhabit it are not commodities, cooperation is not synonymous with merit, and no man-made organizational concept can outsmart the simple truth that if you keep people separate they will act separate. Even though their way of life may atrophy their tribal instincts, and though this eventually may cause them to lose their minds, they'll only invent new ways to dance around it; new scapegoats to explain why it in fact is not their fault.

Maybe I am an evil spirit. This would explain much. Maybe you fancy yourself a creature of good. But I've seen the domestic animal that hides behind the thinly veiled mask. He is a horrendous addict of the most potent substance to have every plagued mankind – private property. Entire wars are fought in his name, numerous are the cultures that have been forcefully assimilated into his progressively stale hegemony, and countless are the people dehumanized every day so that he may continue to live in his synthetic bubble where he believe he earned his right to inhabit land instead of needing to fight over it – as though mother nature bent on her knee just because he paid some taxes. Yet if he can remain meekly in his home, he is sure to equate having done nothing to pure righteousness. Evil to him is not a particularly convoluted ideal to be carefully traced back to its source, but only the end effect – whoever pulls the trigger on his behalf is the evil doer.

There are people who take more than they give in this world. The more land and the lives of those who inhabit it are treated like commodities the more such persons seem to thrive. One can see their false sense of confidence grow when the freedoms of others to define their own reality is constrained. Yet when the people stand up and they fall down, only then it will then be clear that they made their house on the backs of others. And I do look forward to the day they have to endure the terrible inconvenience of standing on equal ground and seeing eye to eye with us.

But for now, it has come to this; the cooperative force outweighs my life. My strategy is to put a stumbling block in man's path; if there is any one facet of man I am confident of it is this – he cannot abide his neighbors happiness without feeling an urge to either join it or see it demolished.

So, I pursue this simple happiness, confident that anything good which comes from it is sure to end in disaster. I learn to bathe in the selfishness of generations past. In the subtlest of ways, I act to help the day come to pass in which the beast that has lain dormant in man for a thousand and more years will be unleashed. Domiciled dogma would have us label this thing pure evil, but it is a thing of beauty when man caste off his ridiculous practice of treating everything in life as a marketable product. When he is tired of having his tribal instincts boxed up and sold to him; when he is tired of looking to some light at the end of a tunnel in lieu of possessing the real freedoms he was born to possess; when he can no longer conflate allowing his inner experiences to be mapped onto his outer ones so that he may successfully lead a life of accumulating labels which allow him to avoid shame more than they allow him to live; come the day he accept life is an intangible quantity which he has been duped into trading in for mere survival – come this day he'll be on my side.

Until this day, and with unspeakable patience, your worst enemy abides – civilly.

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