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The An-Archist

Comrade Candle

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The An-Archist
8/23/23

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8/23/23

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12 Our existence is but a momentary lapse in our blissful non-existence. You, who would demand I use my will, my being, to your end: fuck you.

13 Part of desire can be neglected introspection, the careful result of one's inclinations.

14 Life could be more than slavery to capital.

15 My goal is to see the creation of anarchy. I do not particularly care how — the State has had little regard for the trauma it inflicts; what do I gain by ascribing to my ruler's morals, morals that even they ignore? "The high ground", they say — yet I see no virtue upon this vantage.

16 Rough in the brush, spicy in the oven.

17 Perhaps life is never well lived; always?

18 The Uroboros of Creation — My power wills — my creation — and I create what-is; consumption.

19 Land of the powerful — Power — aesthetes — relate to what is valued, what is given meaning. Why? Power creates, whether itself or an aesthetic one may orchestrate upon, within, or utilizing.

20 God forsaken prison, worst of all afforded — existence.

21 Telling time proves harder the more one attempts to do so.

Apothegms

1 My present — ever. My future is untold. The morning noontide is ahead, so what will come? Nothing substantive.

2 Tyrants deprive all of their right; all authority is — tyrannical.

3 When I love, I do so wholly. I am unsurprised at the pain I have brought myself. I won't change, I will love again. Love will one day last.

4 My desire never diminishes, even at my most-fettered. Desire for — love; freedom; power.

5 “Give me cause, give me meaning, or I see no use in living” — Life is its utility? With no meaning, no purpose, I am liberated.

6 Ghosts Around Us — Everything is fixed and sacred, supposedly! 0, how foolish our world seems when one affirms that nothing is innate, everything is meaningless, purposes I stand surrounded by ghosts and my power has saved me from the haunt.

7 With your power, won't you take my hand? My life?

8 I am tired of being powerless, with the whole earth deprived to me. I would rather own worlds than know of no power.

9 My life is mine, so long as I have power. My will? Strong, as much as it can be; powerful. I will — act in my self-interest.

10 Being queer has exposed me to quite a bit of harm. The question of anarchy has presented itself as more than a matter of total liberty; as a matter of survival — The State hates faggots. I desire anarchy, I will it. Will it be?

11 My True Freedom — Part of freedom is not freedom. Rights are not liberty. I am done with asking: I am worthy of total control over my life.

Author's Forward

I have decided to preface this work, given the poetic style I have opted to employ, with a more mundanely worded segment so as to lend a hand over any pitfalls I could see as existent while traversing my inquiry.

According with my identity as a transgender woman of mixed ethnicity, one who unconditionally recognizes the various social strata observably present within the world I navigate: immanent of my writing is transfeminism, anarchism. I am far from the usual “power to the people”, “get down with the collective” sort of thinker: these tactics have continually failed, in numerous regards. I seek more than a change of masters, than a ruling of myself “by the people”. As such, I question the aims of any seeking to impose anything above me and thereby others — a collective will never succeed in representing a marginalized class such as myself, nor should representation thereby be my aim.

Let all — not wish to be ruled; to become ungovernable.

My Stirnerian and Nietzschean influence should be apparent. What has come to surface, through prolonged meditation, has been a conception of egoism, and selfishness, that accomplishes what Epicurus did for pleasure, namely that long term, selfish, benefit is worthy of short term, immediate, selflessness — at times. Power accords with creation and therefore to accomplish one's continued self-creation one should seek to attain a degree of power that is sustained in the long term and that affords self-creation in perpetuity.

In my defiance of the State, as example, I saw it within my prolonged self-interest to not rob individuals: I robbed stores. As such,

I benefited while actively robbing, fearing only the State's wrath, not individual's; now in custody where I don't have such a reputation to atone for, I am very rarely, if ever, stolen from.

In existent anarchy, I will see it within my self-interest to not infringe upon others self-creation if, and only if, they do not seek to infringe upon mine and others. In plainer words: halting gods and masters is as important as stating no gods and no masters and, being generous, living a life of no gods and masters.

Rather than, of course, merely asserting some dogmatic conceptualization of the individual a priori, giving it little or no thought, and "moving on" in attempting to immediately tackle the more complex task of collectivity, I stood upon the shoulders of Stirner's *der Einzige* and Nietzsche's free spirit, his concept of the world's becoming as an aesthetic process (see: *The Dionysian Vision of the World*), and, to a lesser extent, his *Übermensch*. Working constructively from these ideas, I observed both ideas never fully explored and developed ideas only immanently defined, discussed. What is present in this work thereby proves something more than mere synthesis, than mere heuristic study. It is — my own.

Power as a recursive phenomenon and, hopefully, aesthetic applied to (the entirety of) metaphysics are the most observable examples to this, though I invite anyone familiar with my roots, and the field of philosophy more broadly, to contrast.

Most importantly observed by myself is that, unlike Nietzsche the aristocrat and Stirner the milk salesman, I am transgender and decidedly "less white" (whatever that means). I am a black bloc anarchist, one serving a somewhat lengthy prison sentence, who has come from economic privilege. I am willing, more than willing, to wield my identity as what it is: for all its faults and benefits, toward aiding my cause. I am cognizant of the era I write within, where identity politik is wielded like a bludgeon, determining what is worthy of one's time to read in a very heavy-handed manner. For whatever hate, or love, I harbor: so be it. Were it my will, I'd have had more power.

One can see the way of heaven
The further one goes
The less one knows.
Therefore the sage knows without having to stir,
Identifies without having to see,
Accomplishes without having to act."
—Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*

“PROPOSITION 4 – In a given triangle to inscribe a circle.”

Euclid, *Elements*, Book IV

18 An equilateral triangle’s incenter can be found by bisecting each of its 3 angles with a line – these 3 lines will thereby bisect the lines of each side of the triangle. Each side of this triangle is perfectly divided into two, in addition to each angle of the triangle. All internal triangles created have an equal. Using this incenter as epicenter, one can thereby inscribe a circle within a triangle. This circle is the largest such able to be inscribed in the triangle, with its radius length being the shortest distance between the incenter and a side of the triangle.

“PROPOSITION 1 – The area of any circle is equal to a right-angled triangle in which one of the sides about the right angle is equal to the radius, and the other to the circumference of the circle.”

Archimedes, *Measurement of a Circle*

19 Inscribed Circle – Should any two lines tangent to a circle’s arc prove to be perpendicular – say the lines $y=-r$ and $x=-r$ I or, given the circle, $y=-1$ and $x=-1$ – then there exists a segment of the circle’s arc of $= >$ length –the interval $(0, = Zi$ in this example¹ – whereby an infinite amount of points allows a line, tangent to said point, to complete the right triangle, thereby inscribing the circle.

“Without stirring abroad
One can know the whole world;
Without looking out the window

¹ This interval is open as at its endpoints will create a tangent line whose slope is identical, thereby parallel, to one of our initial two lines

Alas, I can only invite one to – voluntarily read my work?

As a collection of aphorisms, this work can be read however one so chooses. I have ordered it as reads best to my own eyes. That is, it very largely stands in chronological order, with only the odd reordering or inserted aphorism, mostly towards the end of this work.

You could just as well skim through it, read it backwards, or jump between sections as you please. There exists a continual building upon of ideas – my inquiry began with the question of power – yet most words can be understood through immanent usage without a care for my initial inquiry.

I strove for accessibility, a critical usage of English, as I, in creating this work, was often discussing my ideas, or living them, amongst peoples of all gradations of intellectual prowess. Thus, what I understood without language was then accessible to impart in whatever manner proved readily understandable to my audience. Poetry, and aphorism, serve as my means of recording this in a way that still retains some aire of how my neurodivergent brain functions.

I wrote this for myself and share it for any free thinker who cares to borrow anything to aid their own defiance of any higher power seeking to impose itself upon them. Philosophy is a transformative process, beginning with an inquiry in a search for truth. Along the way, and perhaps after, one finds that they were some mix of right or wrong.

I tried to create something beautiful.

To me, it is – yet you?

“What have we in common with the rose-bud, which trembleth because a drop of dew hath formed upon it? It is true we love life; not because we are wont to live, but because we are wont to love. There is always some madness in love. But there is always, also, some method in madness.”

13 Following from this, we can envision the will as a vector where power is the underlying force and aesthetic comprises the direction — traversing through time. This further illustrates the so-called coterminous aesthetic; harmony, dissonance.

14 One can imagine self-power as a limit imposed upon power, whereby one's power does not thereby increase beyond the extent where one would thereby command more than their person.

15 What of my subservience to a dissonant power — a will whose use of a dissonant aesthetic results in power whose effect on my will is one of coercion or control? To attain an amount of control over my own life, my own creation — my power — I must no longer be subject to this dissonant power or overcome it in magnitude. If we envision the triangle AABC, then lines AB and BC share a point B — which we may reference as powers of varying magnitude, willows of varying power, converging upon a single aspect of our temporal space. The line AC thus exists as a direct connection between the origins of these convergent wills — a way to subvert the dissonant power, to act upon the dissonant will, to utilize my own power. Can my power not serve two ends — to exhaust the power of a dissonant power while freeing me of said constraint? Ultimately, as the degree of difference between these aesthetes decreases, as it approaches 0, my needed power decreases — as does the power expended by the dissonant power. As my power increases, the triangle converges into a straight line — all that exists is my will, my power, my aesthetic. And should my will act unto another — we may suppose the same such Pythagorean relationship.

16 Harmony — Rather than imagining harmonious power as parallel lines, wills acting upon different temporal spatiality, we understand these wills to still relate, to interact, to — harmonize.

17 Circle — A circle is a collection of all points equidistant from its (epi)center. No beginning, no end, a circle seamlessly starts and ends, begins and finishes. All points are harmonious, in their equidistance from the epicenter — a connection of will as such?

reality, of the world. To air that no perfect lines, let alone circles, exist is trite and of no real consequence. Calculating unto a state of perfection yields results adequately able to account for nature's "imperfect" state. For those with an eye for detail, with a love for knowing — and with knowing how to know — math is a gift. Why should metaphysics be afraid to strive towards a state of demonstrable Truth? What is it of my all-too human limits that cannot be overcome? Why have the search for Truth end on this dreary path smeared with the blood and excrement of authority's reign? To reduce all metaphysics to perspective, one sees to it that a billion-and-more truths will come yet never a Truth. How boring. I seek — Apollo's dream.

"I should only believe in a God that would know how to dance."

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

11 If there does exist some operant Truth, beyond mere seeming, then I have sufficient interest in this pursuit — from physics to metaphysics. Truth is not God, yet I certainly enjoy poking fun at those who critique the Will to Truth as such. May Apollo shine light upon our metaphysics, that we may know more — collectively, individually, privately, horizontally. The will to knowledge is one which is best pursued unfettered, as the fetter mind babbles today as yesterday — while the fettered spirit is not afforded proper ability to surpass their humanity.

12 Coterminal angles approach the same destination, having completed a full, if not more, rotation (of a circle) to arrive at an identical direction. If we are to judge aesthetic by their end, then one could draw comparison between two aesthetic sharing an end and coterminal angles. One may consume more time to achieve an end — say voting contrasted with divine right — yet should the ends prove identical — being ruled — they function the same. The will to subservience assumes many forms.

Introduction

This is as I've learned life to be: cold, cruel, uncaring. Seeming to be no more than power posturing as — love. O, Apollo, let us rise! I wish to wake from my dreaming, my appearance. Suffer another day for love's sake, lose command of my own. To what end must our existence be beholden to power; power detriment.

I rise in the morning from my eternal noontide, intoxicated with the taste of my dream. The musical orchestration of power is all that my mind's eye can see. I am punished to merely exist, I am perpetually a creation — punishment. Will I ever know of more?

Dreaming, seeming — Truth, light.

I want to know. I want to dream.

Characteristics of Power

“A living thing seeks above all to DISCHARGE its strength — life itself is WILL TO POWER; self-preservation is only one of the indirect and most frequent RESULTS thereof.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*

1 What is Power? Power is force — of will. Creating necessitates power, lest one merely create as another dictates: I am always creating; I am — power. Power overcomes itself and is. Power changes the present, constantly. Every force, from my tongue to my athleticism, comprises my power; all of my attributes, characteristics, my ownness or property, are my power, are mine by my power. Power is my ability to change the world, my existence, the space around me, my very life — my self-creation. One lives a tired life rid of power; everything within reach yet nothing to grasp. Should one limit another's power? If you want to limit your own, I will gladly help you to it. One must want power, much like one must want freedom. In seizing hold of one's own power, they are then that much closer to freedom.

Power is freedom, rather its absence is subordination — a hierarchy. Through my power, I will tear down the church our lords have erected, or possibly the State's power will lay claim to my person.

Where lies your power?

“In the world even the best things are worthless without those who represent them: those representers, the people call great men.”

capable of achieving different conclusions within the realm of Un-Truth. Perhaps even should Truth be known, Apollo's light may shine to varying effect — or reduce reason to some streamlined procedure whereby all arrive at similar, or identical, conclusions, such as the absolutely dreadful outcome of our discovering of gravity and inertia. While the former is preferable to my taste — a descriptive Truth, one able to shine light upon the metaphysical — I am able to grasp the fright some experience at the idea of an authoritative Truth, a logical formulation that encompasses all nounomena. To not merely exist as descriptive utility, such as mathematical theorems, but as a sort of assertive claim as to how one is to continue to understand metaphysics, such as Newton's laws; an authoritative assertion as to how one is, or remains, Truthful. To know that one has never truly seen Apollo's light despite being surrounded by it; yet many oft choose to stay blind among the blind.

9 That a reasonable actor could achieve a differing conclusion from oneself — reason to what end? Must we admit one, or the other, is unreasonable? Products of aesthetic, products of power, creations resultant from — power and aesthetic. Trained to dehumanize, to the end of production of capital, groomed into killers, for the glory of the nation, with the barrel aimed at: school children, civilians. Abroad or at home, an exertion of POWER must come about to — the aesthetic imposed upon a populace. “He should have gone overseas to slaughter terrorists” — never heard, never uttered, unspoken, yet ear-shattering. One a hero, another a blight — society creates both. Power creates — a killer.

10 Although I know it to be oft hated, I find it easy to admit my love for math: mathematics presents itself as the discipline capable of discovering objective truths. What is discoverable from the present mathematical framework is intriguing, astounding, and most importantly can be — true. Not yet exists such a language to describe much else in the exactness afforded to, say, physics — by means of measurement and logic, one can seemingly explain large portions of the natural and contrived operations of phenomenal

to act as it so demands — always existent, I will merely know of it when I enter Apollo's light. A description, an explanation — not a demand nor command. Be wary of those who claim Truth when all that is still amounts to naught more than jackboot upon neck; the tyrannical are the unruliest mob.

7: Who is it, at present, that may undertake the quest for Truth? If we may: adequately? Who is afforded the fullness of humanity's gains, denied access to little-to-no-knowledge, given hands and bodies as they so choose to use them? A minority — the powerful, the wealthy, the rich. This minority is presented with this potentiality: to make use of a plethora of powers, wills, to pursue their end, an end that may or may not be Truth, an end that still may yet be presented as Truth. Where is my potentiality to pursue Truth? The present disorder lends me no power, no wealth, no servants; nor do I seek them. I seek Truth, and my defiance of our present disorder is a means toward equity: a communal accumulation of knowledge, a communal struggle toward Truthfulness.

8 How peculiar it can be that two opposing, conflicting, even irreconcilable views can claim to have reason on their side — a peculiarity that, if one is to continue utilizing and appealing to reason, must certainly be grappled with. I can certainly assert the simplistic, perhaps reductionist, that those reasons which, to my reason, appear, and possibly are, unreasonable are unreasonable. Acting under the best of circumstances, it is still possible that the unreasonable can be arrived at through reason, and further that those whose reason has arrived at them will see, think, them to be reasonable. The easiest answer to this conundrum is that one who has been deceived, one who is operating under false pretense or lacking in knowledge, will reason in accord with such ability — thereby allowing one to see their reason as truthful reason and all else as unreasonable, untruthful. I don't see this to be satisfactory, as two sufficiently learned persons can arrive at reasonable positions that vastly differ. It is not merely by a matter of amount of knowledge that one arrives at reasonableness, truthfulness. Reason remains

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

2 Collective power: government, law, ideology, morality, religion, etc. A collective, a grouping in other words, exists as both the total of its sum, each-and-every-part, and the abstract idea of this grouping, the group as only sum. Of the totality, of its parts? Every part commands its own, in part. As only sum, the sum is shaped by its part: A group of fascists would differ greatly from one comprised of antifascists, by strict result of the parts. Does a collective not strictly share common ground to group as sum? Sure — otherwise, our power would other the different; dissonant individuals. This difference is provided with an exit from the group, should its difference, dissonance, other it enough, or is subdued by collective power, its will, power, made to align with that of the sum as only sum — dissonance made harmonious. Whose hand wields collective power? All and none, the individual in short: when the individuals will aligns with collective right — might. Before the collective, the individual is oft powerless; the power difference can be sharp. Yet the sum as only sum acts through its individual parts, no? The collective has no hand, yet it wields its power. The individual, as collective, as a part-of, uses collective power. It's not the same as my own power: I am the fulcrum rather than the lever. Still, I wield power, collective power, and this would not be realized without my support. Without the individual's hand, a collective has but commonality, the calling to which one, or idealistically any, may make use of all — the collective as sum. Until the idea of our power takes hold, it is no more than idea. Under one idea, many unite. The collective knows of its right and can be called to it by its parts. Am I to feel safe within a collective? "So long as it is safe." — Then I shall remain powerful. I will only be fulcrum so long as I, too, am lever. Yet with all my care, I am still a part of the sum, creator of the sum as only sum. "Why do I care?" — I do not wish my person to be used for anything I do not voluntarily will. My conquest against authority begins with insuring I retain power over my being. That

I would allow myself to contribute to a greater, something beyond my grasp, even as it uses me? Sparingly and begrudgingly, essentially insofar as I, as individual, am not — dissonant. I strive towards harmony in the orchestration of power; in my associations.

“Art thou pure air and solitude and bread and medicine to thy friend? Many a one cannot loosen his own fetters, but is nevertheless his friend’s emancipator.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

3 While my life becomes, in near-perpetuity, power shapes and distorts all of the earth around it. Is power Truth? To that I cannot say, merely that power is all that I know, see, experience. Is money Truth, for being as ever-present in my life? Hardly. How much power do I have over my life, my earth, my surrounding? As much as I am willing to have. I can wage war against all that is or I can allow the powers that be to control how my life is used, what happen to my earth; my existence. I can choose to exist as dissonance or as harmony in relation to what-is — quite the dilemma to be born into. Will I have power or have life ruled by chance? I will be — powerful. If that accords as dissonance or harmony, so be it. Do I control more than my person? Even to control myself, only myself: only with enough power. I can starve, powerless; I can eat, by my power. Why should my life amount to making another powerful? Ridding myself of my own? Should my power be dissonant with regard to my own self-interest? To many, that is right; many powerless; dissonance as right. I do not see a powerless, spineless life as a virtue. Why would I? I love myself too much to trust, plead and beg in other words, that what I want to happen will without being the product of my will to power. I will be — dissonant, if need be. Isn’t the power I relinquish being used to another end? There lies a problem: I, powerless, another with my power. I can cause nothing to occur; what the powerful will is — right. My dissonance will exist. ’

using the same language so-as to overcome itself. Can we forego language — can we dream?

“Could ye CONCEIVE a God? — But let this mean Will to Truth unto you, that everything will be transformed into the humanly conceivable, the humanly visible, the humanly sensible. Your own discernment will ye follow out to the end!”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

4 Apollo’s Dream; Apollo’s Light — O, how soon it can be that light can burn, that dream may be no more than nightmare. To pain all that is in Apollo’s light, to — dream. I admire the caution; caution till denial; fright. How oft has a claim to Truth existed? — yet knowing of Truth?

5 How will Truth be distinguishable from any other assertion to its effect, from Un-Truth? Apollo’s dream will be — immanent Truth. Knowing of Truth requires no more than that it be known, that one sees what has always been lighting the realm of metaphysics — that we did not yet know.

6 How do Truth and anarchy relate? Am I alleging anarchy as Truth? Worse yet — do I seek to allude to Truth for my own end of anarchy? I seek Truth and know anarchy to aid my cause; the will to Truth is crossed with the will to anarchy. Why aught I stay shackled to the demands of an authority that may only speak of Un-Truth? How long has the plight of the philosopher been subservient to the desires, needs, demands of the powerful? That our cause, our thoughts, our will, give rise to that which is desired of — the will to rule. Worse, that our inquiry is influenced much by these unquestioned, unchallenged assumptions. Not Truth, not even our own inclination, but that which our rulers, the powerful, find palatable. “Now we are free — authority makes us free from the mob!” — Free to act, do, and say that which is agreeable to authority’s continuation. Apollo’s dream will not enslave me, shackle my being

Apollo's Dream

“And I never thought your announcements
Could give you — a mere human being —
Power to trample the god's unfailing
Unwritten laws. These laws weren't made now
Or yesterday. They live for all time,
And no one knows when they came into the light.”
Sophocles, *Antigone*

1 Must we discard the quest for Truth — that we can never dream as Apollo does? Should my humanity limit me or shall I surpass it? The ability to reason, to imagine, to learn, to change: what gives fuel to the fire asserting Truth as impossibility until time's death; that I must stare forever at shadows?— by God's vantage — yet I am human.

“Ye would still create a world before which ye can bow
the knee: such is your ultimate hope and ecstasy.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

2 Reducing my reason to perspective, thereby all are incapable of objectivity. My capacity to theorize need not necessarily be constrained by perspective — I think of mathematics. Else — does nothing exist beyond mere seeming? “How would I ever know?”

3 Language presents a constraint in navigating complex thought. Has language been created to this end, like the language of math serving its end? What end? I see as the norm that complex thought often leads to — a new language, a new manner of

4 Can one speak truth to all that have power, to all power of any magnitude? We are ready to accept that individuals wield power, whether it be their own or born of collective right. One holds the scepter, the gavel, the sword — their right. All power acts indifferent and independent to what it is exerted upon, so much as the target does not itself exert its power in opposition (dissonance). If I kill your king and toss his crown into the ocean, I have done so — indifferently. If I work to free my comrade from the slam of your gavel, the former, much like the latter, occurs — independent. The swords of our wills may someday clash. Perhaps they are? I will learn of the orchestration our powers create as it comes into existence. My power may be dissonant, harmonious — musical.

“Towards the throne they all strive: it is their madness
— as if happiness sat on the throne! Ofttimes sitteth
filth on the throne. — and ofttimes also the throne on
filth.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

5, My power may lend me more power — recursive. When I will a creation into being, what would prevent my power from remaining, my creation itself being — power; my power can be harmonious with my power itself. In being mere concept, power is truly a limitless figment. Power is abstract, a metaphysical explanation, exploration, of causality. We are all too familiar with those who thirst tirelessly to acquire even the tiniest morsel of power. How many use their life to climb the ladder, with no question of why the ladder leads to a throne? “I am your superior” — You think yourself superior, yourself right. No one is greater than me — any power that attempts to alienate me from myself will be solely understood as dissonance. Yet with power constantly used to place others beneath, the powerful chisel away their own throne, to rest upon the satisfactory amount of power beholden to them by those above. The all-powerful, the rulers of those with paltry power, are

extolled by those beneath, those fighting for a chance to be trifling about with measly power. In this way, hierarchy constructs an arrangement of power wherein all is harmonious towards the hierarchy itself. Oh, but we need the right rulers! Bah! They will always be right, as long as power is used to rule. Give me power, and I will only desire — my own power; harmony of powers.

“483. THE ENEMIES OF TRUTH — Convictions are more dangerous enemies of truth than lies.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Human, All-Too Human*

6 How is power used, exerted? Coldly and deliberately, mostly, yes? It is true one can act opportunistically, hastily, or in any number of combination of ways. Say, however, I have great power and would be decimated to relinquish it: I would need great cause to not calculate every act to the minutest detail. I would, undoubtedly, act with cold deliberation; I am right. My acts may very well be multi-pronged — say I not only prevent my usurpation, but make it wrong to do so. You are a traitor, I cry! Then, I need not challenge the right to my throne, my appointed office — that matter never comes to question,¹ we are busy preventing evil. My rule is Truth, and God have mercy on those who challenge it; Truth has become no more than right. What agony. Law, policy, order, etc. are tools of the powerful, wherein their sole justification lie in the existing powers asserting them as such. Do not overthrow me, it is — illegal, evil, wrong, unjust, etc. In a phrase, the powerful desire we obey; all that would oppose their power is dissonance; obedience is harmony. However much power that exhausts is of little consequence: I will serve as example for the meek and complacent. Of what matter is the harm done unto me? I was not obeying orders, you should.

¹ This is more commonly discussed as the idea of ‘permissible discourse’; the ideas and words allowed to enter discourse.”

of — fettered minds. Not only is one not afforded the most trivial of things, and at times the most necessary of things, but those similarly held captive by the yoke will indignantly demand things be as such! Criminals are deserving of their punishment, of whatever that accords therein.

4 The criminal is dominated — or an attempt at domination is thereby made. Neigh-all, if not all, means justify this end. Justice and good is the criminal’s dominated state. Else, danger presents itself until the criminal is fittingly “put away”.

Prison Phenomenon

1 As I write this in prison, I, the metaphysician, cannot help but look to my immediate surrounding as an example to explore in my inquiry. What a dreary terrain. I am at first observant of my lack of control, my lack of power, over my continued being-in-prison-presently; carceral noontide. My door is held shut through a hydraulic press, affording one the power to open or close it as they so choose — and while I could choose to open it, by some sort of engineered explosive, demonstrating my power, I am reminded of the force that would thereby be exerted upon me. Every aspect of my existence is surveilled; much of my life is controlled to accord this as such. My surveillance, and confinement, is — aesthetic creation; the State's.

2 Prison's Dawning Human Face — As prison becomes, ever-so slowly, more humane through gradual reform the result is an adoption of a new aesthetic, one still strikingly similar in effect, differing slightly in affect. That criminality must be punished, the individual coerced by the hand of the State is of no question. Of mere redress is how, when, and why — and for what duration of time? There is no question of statist's love of guardians — how else could their governments (tyranny) exist? — yet a common people's opinions on guardians are swayed, heavily, by the operant role the guardians have on said populace. How much power is bestowed, wielded, or utilized — and what aesthetic accords with this creation? Does this creation create consonance — unto me? Perhaps, should I desire rule of law: to be ruled or to rule another.

3 The sheer disregard for a prisoner's humanity becomes so normalized within a prison that this aesthetic seeps into the worldview

“582. MARTYRS. — The disciples of a martyr suffer more than the martyr.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Human, All-Too Human*

7 Anarchy and power — what of anarchy, its relation to power? We have touched on a lot, or maybe not much: what of an existence with no authority? I must command myself, solely myself. Is this not self-power? Don't I want power to prevent any else from commanding, controlling, correcting me? I want to dissolve power, to have its use against me, and likewise anyone's use of power on another, to be nullified, null — power exerted upon any else is dissonance; dissonant enough to nullify; power understands itself. Were I to entrust self-power, insurance of mine, to any other, would this relationship not equivocate to a new lord, authority? Power should lie in my hand, a statement equivocal to the assertion that we should hold our power. Power will set me free, yes! — And protect me. So let us take it that, at immediate onset of or throughout, anarchists will be at once powerful. Anarchy will arrange for harmony, a harmony of individual power, self-power. Further, in abolishing all tyranny of government, of law, in short, of rule, any and all possesses the total sum of freedom and liberty afforded to their person by nature, by circumstance: one cannot suddenly sprout wings and fly,² but may do and say as they see fit within the limits of their body and imagination — true freedom. Well, my true freedom is only afforded insofar as no ruler exists, none so powerful as to enslave many like me — without power, authority reigns. Anything I will, powerless, is dissonant to that which the powerful will. I see it in my own self-interest to thwart the attempts of each and every ruler, anyone who would limit mine or another's freedom. I must “nip it in the bud”, must prevent the creation of hierarchy through any and all exertions of power. All that is dissonant to anarchy is a will to rule? What a mighty task. Am I to tackle this task

² “Gravity, that brutal mistress.”

alone? I may not need to: Is it not in any-an-all's own interest to undertake this same task, the dissolution of power? As we remake our lives, finally rid of the modern aristocracy, will our collective power not align with this aim: create, only so may any try to rule they will be foiled? Anarchy will be harmonious with the individual's true freedom. We, individually, all have our own power, with true freedom as to what we will into creation, with complete control over our ability to face power with power should new tyrants grow brave. Can you truthfully not imagine a world without rulers? I will form an egoistic association with those who can, for all I care you may discard your freedom to the next king like a spoiled child — right? I take it you want to obey, see no use in a fight — maybe you are weak and deceived. Of no fault of your own, our future tyrant has encroached on our collective liberty, used you as mere target for the aim of claiming a throne. That was how they chose to use their true freedom, should I thereby encroach upon their life's aim? Should I prove powerful enough, I will pull the lever and unleash, as individual, my power, our collective will; to know of no rule; to be absolutely, truly free. Anarchy will be harmonious unto itself, dissonant with the — will to rule; my power creates my will to anarchy.

“I conclude, therefore, that no principality is secure without having its own forces; on the contrary, it is entirely dependent on good fortune, not having the valour which in adversity would defend it. And it has always been the opinion and judgement of wise men that nothing can be so certain or unstable as fame or power not founded on its own strength.”

Niccolo Machiavelli, *The Prince*

8 Let us take true freedom, total liberty. Any action is permitted, with none seated higher to deny this ability. This is anarchy, the absence of authority. Now, let us maintain a negative, pessimistic

3 The fascist exists as the individual whose power is the will to fascism.

4 What is Fascism — the will to? Fascism is an aesthetic characterized by tyrannical rule, typically aided by exploitative capitalist economics and an extreme sense of nationalism which tends toward an assumptive superiority; the trains may run on time yet genocide is afoot.

5 Is the fascist merely ensnared within this aesthetic? Can they be — turned, saved, persuaded? Likely, no. Through a deliberate exertion of their power, the fascist employs said aesthetic, ready to defend their creation with the resultant, existent power. What is to be done? One desires my death, enslavement, or worse, and I must seek to convince them otherwise? “Resorting to violence makes you just as bad!” — I hear so often, yet all social relations ultimately accord into some degree of coercion, some degree of violence to attain said coercion. Face might with might, lest the trains run on time.

Fettered Fascist

1 The Fascist — lacks consonance. “Are Fascists not necessarily united against the foreign, the impure, the repugnant — in choice words: those degenerate?” and yet this united front still serves to alienate the many from their own self-interest. What serves the individual by erecting tyrannical rule? — “That the inferior sort may not intrude upon a more superior form of life — us blonde brutes” — a gross form of resentment. Your fellows whom you seek to exert your power upon are — of a superior sort. The supposed affirmation of life is, itself, a degeneration. That the many will — fascism — does not serve to sing harmony unto life; many can be commanded, deceived, misled, indoctrinated, instilled with the will to fascism; many will towards their strikingly similar state of subservience. The will to fascism is — dissonant unto itself, unto those who — will. Dissonance rings out to a higher decibel, still naught more than dissonant. Disgusting.

2 Fascism as Aesthetic — Most imagine the fascist aesthetic in its most literal sense, as its phenomenal appearance. Our analysis has sought to encompass an aesthetic beyond mere seeming — nous. Of the look and feel of fascism, of those whose will is forever utilizing the fascist aesthetic as its — power? The will to fascisms creates more than fascism; a fascist is born; first fascist then fascism, perhaps resultant in more fascists. I will not go as far to label the will to anarchy an opposite of the will to fascism — my musical orchestration has sought to rid our discourse of as much binary, dichotomous verbiage as possible, in embracing life as flow — though they are severely, drastically dissonant and irreconcilable.

outlook on anarchy to entertain the argument: with nothing to halt evil, what prevents anarchy descending into resource hoarding, into new nations, states, forming, into vigilante justice, or worse? Allow me to turn this on its head: with nothing to rid me of self-power, with nothing to prevent my ability to halt evil, with nothing to curtail all within my ability that would prevent the cessation of anarchy, what makes this assertion that our supposed order, our supposed peace, exists by “grace of the king” any more than incessant bootlicking? Sure, total liberty allows any to, say, take beyond their need, or take others as servant to their throne — it gives me, too, the ability to stop this matter, in a way previously not afforded. All that is dissonant to my self-interest may be faced with my power, a dissonant — power. Humans, individuals, are far from perfect — of authority? I have much greater freedom, true freedom, to enact whatever conception of justice I hold when free from my serfdom. As things stand, the powerful do just as much as right, by design of the seat they take in our order. My ability to halt things is — beg. Give me my freedom, my life, and to all. What comes will be superior to what-is, what-was, regardless of if we must fight to protect it. A king rarely hands over his crown, let alone smashes his very throne and all that it stands for. Should I hold the rebel in contempt for not trying the king by his own court, slander the revolutionary as vigilante for beheading the crowned? Please. Our existence, anarchy, may require one to reimagine their convictions, their beliefs, their — life.

“Le roi est mort, vive le roi!”

Luigi Galleani, *The End of Anarchism?*

9 Through violence, those wishing to rule will rid others of their self-power — or die trying. Violence is dissonance. The dissolving of power may well come to death, that only be means of death do some halt their quest to command, subordinate, others. Beyond this, if we may call it as such, extreme, what means exist to dis-

solve power over others, involuntary power? Clearly, we must radically transform our world to dissuade, even prevent, this sort: as-is, involuntary Hone is right, Slag in all manner. Coercion is harmonious with the present capitalist disorder.³ I propose: all are owe — over themselves. Should my liberty, total liberty, come into question, then it follows that yours does too, in that my involuntary servitude challenges the rulerless order — insofar as I am threatened with enslavement, this power remains dissonant to your total liberty. Ideally, it proves no more difficult for my power to quash this would-be tyrant than it is to smash a bothersome mosquito. Should that not be, for any reason, then it is within any-and-all's interest to aid in my liberation — even the most selfish person should act to aid the continuation of anarchy. Your conquest to rule does not end with surmounting my self-power, likely a manageable task, but the self-power of each-and-every anarchist, in short my collective power. I have weaknesses, my self-power has limits — so do you, yours. Will the next tyrant possess, as individual, “more power than anarchy”? I am willing to test the waters, take that chance — anarchy is right.

“Art thou a slave? Then thou canst not be a friend. Art thou a tyrant? Then thou canst not have friends.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

10 Can you abdicate the unwilling without greater power? Power would have to be renounced, which would conversely make it willful. If I convince another to relinquish power, what more is my tongue than power? Should external factors created by others, say the social or political climate, influence one into renunciation, we are again aware that power plays part and that, further, they have decided to be willful; of weak will. If one wishes to remain powerful, they will. All that would relinquish them of their power

³ I use disorder in opposition, refutation, of order — not in a medical sense.

4 Tragedy — What is renounced at the sword? What is lost in my submission as mere object? I am overpowered — shall I die? Lose my ways, adorn my conqueror's aesthetic? Perhaps I will grow powerful and rebel. More likely it seems I shall exist as an adornment to my conqueror's power, that I shall make my new ruler more powerful by means of being, staying, conquered. My servility is harmonious with another's will to rule, my power cannot afford me my own freedom. Tragedy — my loss of my freedom, of my natural state; my existence beholden to rule rather than my own self-power.

“The rivers of blood spilt by Bellona are, as far as Apollo and those chaste sisters are concerned, the real Hippocrene.”

Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, *War and Peace*

slaved. Price: that which is lost, given, taken, exacted towards an end; more commonly, a toll or tax to achieve what is desired or to prevent what is undesired. What is the price of war? Death unto those who fight, yet so often not those who command. My cause, my nation, my religion is worth even death to protect. What a sacred aesthetic, to volunteer one's life into its service! These creations that seek to rule me, these contrived creations, are of the paper dog sort: meaningful at times, namely when necessary to subvert my own will insofar as this is still seen as good; meaningless to my own self-creation, as I discard aesthetic contrary to my self-creation. These aesthetes are necessary, desirable, as is your subservience to them — State, God, Property — until one no longer desires their self-enslavement; until one wishes to know of freedom; until one wishes to create solely in accord with their will, their power. May we yet know aesthetic's death.

“Dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?”

Virgil, *The Aeneid*

3 Power forms the Nation; the national aesthetic; nationalism as aesthetic. Why? Power seeks to control — many. The dirty sash of nationalism grabs hold of an individual, guiding their thoughts and self-creation: I'm of the Nation; I exist by the Nation; I serve the Nation; the Nation subverts my will; the interest of the Nation is my self-interest; I love my Nation. The Nation's war is thus — my war. The enemy of the Nation, my enemy. I will do as the Nation does; I will as makes the Nation powerful. And of the State?

“There is not even any exception made for holy things, and none of the enemies, goods and chattels can possibly be deemed sacrosanct as far as the victor is concerned: The Digest adds, [When a place is captured by an enemy, it always ceases to be religious or sacred.]”

Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, *War and Peace*

is no more than dissonance, dissonant powers. The only way to deprive another of power is — power.

“All warfare is based on deception.”

Sun Tzu, *The Art of War*

11 What about negating the use of power that, similarly, would negate one's self-power? Say I was to deprive you of your needs by coining a currency, one that becomes quite common within territory holding favorable views of me. This currency is then required to attain food, water, shelter, ergo I force you to exchange something for my otherwise valueless currency, then to spend said currency for what would otherwise be yours. Well, minting a new coin isn't enacting power over you in-and-of-itself, rather power is born from its use as a means of controlling goods, services, its valuing in short. My currency exists as dissonance to your self-interest. As I begin to value my very existence, time, by currency: my life loses value to me, it delves beyond my control as another holds power over my life's value; I am alienated from my own. Money has no innate value, should someone create currency beyond its abolition, I need merely give it no thought, take what is within my power. My will to power is thus dissonant to money and it's — power. Suppose currency becomes a stand-in for the right to enact violence, by those whom hold it in esteem. Well, clearly power has made right, is set to assume itself as truthful. Violence begets violence, there is no way around the powerful's own violence than to simply be — more powerful. I hold all capitalists in contempt, even those who would claim anarchy.

“And on the rulers turned I my back, when I saw what they now call ruling: to traffic and bargain for power — with the rabble!”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

12 Do you see yourself as powerful, or are you scared to hold onto your own? Even in my most fettered, I am more powerful than my tyrants would want me to believe; I am more than this human being, I am my power. Lock me up, strip me down, deprive me of all worldly possessions: So long as I live and breathe, and in truth perhaps sometime after, I will have my own power and all that is harmonious unto it.

“When Zarathustra was alone, however, he said to his heart: ‘Could it be possible! This old saint in the forest hath not yet heard of it, that GOD IS DEAD!’ ”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

13 God’s death granted all power to me, this unique: not humanity, not society, but I command — myself; I have robbed God of my own. All coercive forces exerted upon my will, the power of law and government, are all naught more than violence posturing as right, infringing upon my autonomy, denying me the voluntary forming of my own will. The good are powerful, the good are right, thus I will say simply: good, evil, morality in short, are means of secreting power from those who have it. Power has, in the sense of all-power or rule, changed hands from conqueror-to-conqueror, usually swiftly or immediately affixing to a new set of morals. What is good will be — the good citizen — while the violence enacted on the evil will be good, right. What is my good? My good is my power, that which I would have my power affirm, create, serve as right; my good is harmonious with my power; anarchy is good.

“An idea made this pale man pale. Adequate was he for his deed when he did it, but the idea of it, he could not endure when it was done.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

14 My power creates anarchy; as I am powerful enough to create it: anarchy will be. I won’t see my rulers unseated without my own

God and My Sword

“War is divine right in its artistic expression: God and my Sword”

Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, *War and Peace*

1 God’s Death and Nihilism’s Sword — My hand holds my power and I pray to no God. The battle I commend upon lay siege to any foreign power that act unto me. Your religion is mere aesthetic, underneath the meta-structure of its delusion; what is Faith? — to a skeptic? The religious man thinks his existence too important to recognize his religion as mere aesthetic, faith in the unprovable as subversion to a greater power. Yes, greater, not higher, power — a stronger will to shape the weaker. To be religious accords strength in conviction, yet of will? Will one of strong will babble today as yesterday, or perhaps not be led astray from the will to truth? “Divine Truth” — never before has such an enemy to truthfulness existed. How the religious will bend over backwards to assert their faith as truthful — by any means. I choose to exert little power in shattering the delusion: all emperors wear no clothes, yes, and even those divine. Should I accept the powerful, authority, as the only creator of right, then I will remain unconvinced; I will not enslave myself; I defy your dead God, which I may more aptly describe as the aesthetic that ensnares your being.

2 Freedom Comes at No Price? — One’s natural state is freedom. Ridding my existence of the fetters placed upon me may exact a heavy toll; ridding me of my freedom has come at a grave price. One might rather assert that rule, the will to rule, enacts a heavy price upon those ruled, governed, or more precisely, en-

greater powers, different desires. Thus, while the creation of aesthetic through power can certainly occur were a truly vacuous setting to exist, in reality this created aesthetic will exist in relation to others; will. The will births aesthetic, in accord with its power, and is. Thus is the foundation for all manner of social relation — will matched against will, in harmony or dissonance.

power to make it so; I create anarchy, my true freedom, my total liberty. What is born of power, power that isn't held by me — that which is dissonant to anarchy. I will have power, my self-power, power enough to create anarchy. Anarchy's absence is a perpetual threat to my life: I can't settle for some half-measure, some hopeful reform. I want to be free, truly, wholly. Don't you? I will not find freedom amongst rulers.

“And when they call themselves the ‘good and just,’ forget not, that for them to be Pharisees, nothing is lacking but — power!”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

15 I desire to be a powerful individual, as should you, and make no mistake — I desire power over no one, no one aside from myself. What I desire is harmony with all other individual's power. The rulers we know of are powerful and that power comes at expense of neigh-all. Yet the power I demand we all know asserts as right that none shall live as such again, that there should again be no right than one's own. Is there right if each-and-every decide it, if it lies at the feet of any to declare their right? If right is decided by power, and we are each beholden to our own, then we know only of our right. Our right, my right, then exists only as my will. I create my right in my present — I am. My will, my right, becomes as I do. I am not beholden to *idée fixe*, rather I create as I so choose. Within my power, I am able to create; my power creates; I create. My power gives me my own — creation.

“Good and evil, and joy and woe, and I and thou — colored vapours did they seem to me before creative eyes. The creator wished to look away from [themselves], — thereupon [they] created the world.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

16 Your power is your own; mine. How is one rid of their power? I possess it, then I am left powerless — your power is gone! You have exerted it, I have relinquished it, another greater power has overcome mine; one is powerless; one can no longer attain power. I may still be, yet in absence of power my life likely serves another. A life of servility is not my life, it is one my owner commands; my owner's property. Deprived of a method of obtaining power, even so much as to lay claim to my bodily right, my person, I can certainly still claim I am, but I am not my own. I have no power; I am not my property; I exist for another; I do not act according to my will and only my will; I obey, just as any who does not command, eh? I am only myself, unique, so long as I have sufficient power. I strive to become my own owner, owner of myself — owner.

“But sure enough there are those to whom virtue meaneth writhing under the lash: and ye have hearkened too much unto their crying!”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

17 Snuffed like a candle, am I to remain — powerless? Perhaps unless I'd rather not be. My power is not fixed, from moment to moment I can garner more power. In one moment, say my present, as my power is exerted, I may be powerless, consumed, but from this nothingness I will, again, create myself. I will be, so do I not have power enough to claim “I” as my 1? I am my property; should I relinquish ownership of myself, should I become nothing, I will again lay claim to my ownness; my property will become mine; I will be my own. Power becomes and I am, by my power.

18 Love of power, love of myself, love for others. When I love myself, I love power; my love for power creates my love for others. To each — power. I love you enough not to infringe upon you, your right to your own person, your power. Won't you love me, associate with me, to increase our power? We will create what we desire,

abstract, arbitrarily assigned values that serve only to facilitate trade. I will surely miss the plethora of ways I could starve to death; freeze in the winter with no home — “But don't you understand! You could be rich one day too!” — at cost of my humanity.

5 Money fetishism — through whatever means, one attains a vast sum of coin and this sum is seen as beautiful, its attainment as elegant design of the will. How ugly. In that others still largely ascribe to the aesthetic where “all has a price”, large sums of wealth represent large material potential. What makes this potential to influence material reality so beautiful? That one may create what they so choose, whether through the purchase of commodities or the labor time of others — that one may create the aesthetic they so choose. Power over others is seen as beautiful — “It is voluntary.” Voluntary hardly describes the exchange of coin entirely, as one's needs are as such valued via coin and one's ability to otherwise service their bodily needs is reduced, if not made impossible, through the control granted via coin over the earth's land, what is permitted on that land and by who.

6 Mercantile Exchange — When I choose — will — to exchange a product of human labor for another's, my will is used toward this aesthetic. That my labor is an equal of another form of labor — or that the abstraction of a coin is as such — accords with an aesthetic. Thus, the leveraging of commodities as a means of amassing power is an aesthetic that will forever remain dissonant to that by which anarchists foster mutual respect, dissolution of power, an abolition of rule.

7 Social Relation of Will as Aesthetic — In that the will necessarily functions within the shared spatial temporality as other wills, it is a social figment. The atomic will is by-and-large absent from our applied analysis, as the atomic individual who would have power through this will can be assumed non-existent — when have individuals existed totally isolated from all else? While each individual holds their will, their power, the utilization of this power is not rid of all that which is present in social relations: coercion, command,

Canonical Coin

1 Let us consider a currency, any idea of currency, using the shorthand of coin as term. When a coin is used, the recipient must readily accept this coin as worthy of what one is exchanging it for. Else, the coin is not accepted and cannot be exchanged voluntarily. The willingness to exchange commodities, or one's finite time during their wake, for this coin appeals to an aesthetic-sense — or is imposed upon them by a more powerful will. Coins cease to hold dominance over valuation when a new aesthetic is ascribed to; or coerced upon a peoples. As they say, in either sense, — “Your money is no good here!”

2 Properly understood, all forms of coin are equally worthless — in exchange. Every physical currency is worthy of only its physicality, that physicality worthy only of what one is willing to forfeit for it. Gold, silver, turquoise — have no intrinsic worth or value, use-value aside.

3 Crypto Currency — that the labor-time of a processor, in solving an arbitrarily difficult mathematical computation, has generated value —absurd. What a true waste of time and finite resources. The sacred worth of a hashing algorithm — “But the blockchain” is heard, a cry off in the distance.

4 Mutual exchange, Mutual aid — What of my refusal to place arbitrary value upon anything, a willingness to aid my fellow humans according to their needs — and of my needs? Am I not utilizing my power to aid the formation of, or an already existent, aesthetic whereby human life is seen as innately worthy of its own? Sure, and ridding myself of the vast possibilities afforded via the recognition of commodities that satisfy human needs as mere ab-

won't we? Our power will be — harmonious. Our harmony will be anarchy.

“But thus do I counsel you, my friends: distrust all in whom the desire to punish is powerful”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

19 Other individuals, other owners, those with power — fill me with desire. Oh bother, I desire power! My freedom cannot be given to me, as to allow freedom to be granted and revoked would demand my subservience to a higher seated power. Only in having power am I free, truly free, totally, absolutely. I am truly sorry that requires I be powerful. Dissonant powers bring my desire for power, harmonious power, to a louder state. Why would I not wish to command myself? Disgust for power is hatred for oneself.

20 If I am deprived of all power, am I not reduced to a slave? I lose ownership of “I”, I have no self, I am merely as the power that has me, as property, demands. My self, its existence, is dissonant to the power that controls me. When I claim love for your power, I wish for your — self-ownership. I do not desire anything other than power for myself, power of myself, to control my will as I alone see fit. I make right, my right. As we understand it, perhaps forgive the constraints of language, there is no Right, no absolute right, even no right in-and-of-itself. What-is is power, that from my power I can create, that I can relinquish my power and all that it claims — my own, myself, my property, my power itself. Where lie right? Before power creates, there is none. Power — unto all. “For me, nothing is greater than me.”

“There never was an absolute justice, but only an agreement made in reciprocal association in whatever localities now and again from time to time, providing against the infliction or suffering of harm.”

Epicurus

21 What is mine to have, to hold? That which I lack power to acquire or that which I choose to not exert my power to acquire. The child's toy is not mine, as I would seldom weigh my command of such trivial commodity as worth more than the child's joy. The whip, gun, baton, or whatnot remains not mine through the exertion of — power. Often, my role as mere subject rids me of the requisite power to attain ownership of the tool of my oppression — or leads to attainment of as a will to ruin, by means of a then-greater exertion of power. Revolts do fail, consistent with the non-fatalist view of our progression through time. I may well disarm a cop, yet what am I to do when the State's response drastically overpowers my newfound power? To defeat the police to crumble to the State's military — thus was the fate of many recent uprisings. Some do, by virtue, enjoy taking toys from children. Let our power mature.

“And when one goeth through fire for [their] teaching — what doth that prove? Verily, it is more when one's teaching cometh out of one's own burning!”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

22 Do I truly matter? Perhaps at times I do. To me, a thing matters so much as it serves my end: at times, nothing does. My care for the world exists wherein it is my property. And to all? As it should exist — as alienated property? I would know of nothing that should rule me, the world is — meaningless. Power can have no meaning, can serve no purpose. Why would I want to be my own, to be an owner — the Unique? Do I need cause, or is it more apt to ask to what end I would relinquish control of my being to another? Why allow myself to be ruled, governed, etc.? Servility is not my desire — I am my own.

“No one who sees what is bad chooses it willingly; instead he is lured into seeing it as good compared to what is even worse, and thus he is trapped.”

commenceth the song of the necessary ones, the single and irreplaceable melody. There, where the state CEASETH — pray look thither, my brethren! Do ye not see it, the rainbow and the bridges of the Superman?—”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

12 The Moral Life — I demand that life as I perceive it conform to my aesthetic — that as I live, I create as my morals dictate; that as others create, should their creation displease my morality, my power wills that others create in accord with my aesthetic. You, too, must be moral — I detest the immoral and their creation. Lord help the immoral, may they find their salvation.

13 Spectacular aesthetic — the spectacular phenomenon does more than appease my vision, it supposes an aesthetic onto my self-creation. That I witness it, that I do so rather than engage in it, is a matter that my defiance would be met with rightful violence — from the power that has created this particular aesthetic?

“The spectacle, like modern society, is at once unified and divided. Like society, it builds its unity on the disjunction. But the contradiction, when it emerges in the spectacle, is in turn contradicted by a reversal of its meaning, so that the demonstrated division is unitary, while the demonstrated unity is divided.”

Guy Debord, *Society of the Spectacle*

14 Beauty Standards — My aesthetic is how I determine what it is I am to create — how I dress, how my commodities look, what is done to or with my body — to the degree afforded by my power — my wealth, my confidence, my willingness. What else? My desire.

10 Dissonant Aesthetic — I find myself in prison, where many vocally defend their debauchery as how prisoners act. Clearly, prisoners do not necessarily act a particular way. I find this phenomenon described appropriately as an aesthetic, one dissonant to their self-interest, that shapes how their power is used to aid their creation. Should they discover a new way to act, or create such a way themselves, they will have utilized a new aesthetic to guide their creation. Thus a prisoner — one expected to act like a prisoner, whatever that means — acts more agreeable to their self-interest by fostering communal struggle, collective power. Being kinder, less aggravating, more cognizant of one's position in relation to other prisoners — What is self-interest? An aesthetic-sense?

“Culture, they call it; it distinguisheth them from the goatherds.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

11 Overcoming Power — I have no say! I am physically coerced by the State's police to behave in a particular way — a greater will consumes mine. In being mere object, utilized as said power dictates, I have been forced to utilize said power's aesthetic in my creation. My will to defy likely risks the wrath of the hand-upon-handgun, while the institutionalized weaponization of violence results in strikingly similar results, mouthing off or whatnot aside. To truly shatter the resultant aesthetic process, the look-and-feel of so-called justice, would require my de-arrest or rescue — incumbent upon greater power, of said greater power's disregard for said aesthetic. Some sort of will to liberty, forever birthing the required aesthetic to foster power's creation of freedom — a will to anarchy?

“There, where the state ceaseth — there only commenceth the man who is not superfluous: there

Aire of aesthetic

“Looking back, one may almost ask one’s self with reason if it was not actually an aesthetic sense that kept [humans] blind so long: what they demanded of the truth was picturesque effectiveness, and of the learned a strong appeal to their senses.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Anti-Christ*

1 What is aesthetic? How things ought be; a things appearance; seeming. Life is an aesthetic process, an aesthetic creation: what I create, I may well do so because it simply seems right; I may well create in accordance with aesthetic; what is beautiful will be?; beauty is right? I want my own — aesthetic to be. Aesthetic is and is not fixity, can be a sacred thing to control my power, my creating, an authority insofar as it is dissonant to my own desires, my own actualized power. Aesthetic is created in accord with dissonance, harmony — power; aesthetic is created and is.

“But what is beauty? — ‘The rose is beautiful’ means only: the rose has a nice appearance; it has something appealingly luminous about it. Nothing about its essence is meant to be communicated thereby. It appeals, it awakens pleasure as seeming: that is, through its appearing, the Will is gratified; pleasure in existence is fostered therein. The rose is — according to its seeming — a faithful likeness of its Will; or, identical to this formulation, in its seeming, it corresponds to the definition of the genus. The better it does so, the

5 The Good Worker — To be seen as good on the job, I behave. I create as so befits the good worker.

“‘Thou-shalt,’ lieth in its path, sparkling with gold — a scale-covered beast; and on every scale glittereth, golden, ‘Thou shalt!’”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

6 Life a particular way — I live, create, according to aesthetic. I act, I choose, as my aesthetic dictates. My power is used toward the end of aesthetic — whether aesthetic describes material or idea, a type or a particular. What else is to be understood of the fettered?

7 I must have a family, must own property, must strive to realize these as more than ideas, and many more, through my continued coercion — my power accords with aesthetic, this aesthetic accords with how, perhaps as well why, I choose to create my life as I so choose.

8 We have agreeably asserted power is observable to various gradations — and thus one can see a multitude of ways power has created individual lives yet also institutional structures that shall coerce, guide, other’s power. Aesthetic is effective upon individual’s power — resultant of the will. One will shapes many; my will is guided by aesthetic; what is beautiful to my will?

9 Suppose I live free of present constraints imposed upon me by coercive apparatus such as the State. If I then decide to plant a flower, to nurture it, is it not my choice, solely, to do as such? Do I not thereby find this aesthetic deserving of my power? Well — what has power influenced as regards my perceptions of flowers, of planting them, of nurturing them, and so forth? What of opting to use my life to never plant even a single seed?

“I tell you: one must still have chaos in one, to give birth to a dancing star. I tell you: ye have still chaos in you.”

my exploited labor affording me its product. I work, sell my time, and ergo life's activity, to afford my basic life's necessities — while generating profit, in excess, that I will never behold. My power is used to another's end — my exploiter's — and I have been duped as this aesthetic — being servile — being worthwhile, useful. I own little of my life's time, to be rewarded little monetarily as result. I ascribe to an aesthetic — the sale of my labor, as though it were not my life activity but some abstract, separate entity — that guides my life creation so as to be both unfulfilling and cyclical. My power, in being guided through this aesthetic sense, has alienated me from myself. I do as another bids rather than my life fulfilling its own desire — “But I want to work!”

“Let thy virtue be too high for the familiarity of names, and if thou must speak of it, be not ashamed to stammer about it.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

4 You will retort that “that is not aesthetic” and “aesthetic does not make the lowly worker do such and such” or “Isn't power ultimately what makes the lowly worker do as such”. Suppose I work: is my work not behaving, acting, being, in a particular way? — “I work to make money.” And is seeing the exchange of labor, my labor's exploitation, my loss of life activity, as merely my own acquisition of money not serving to appease my present aesthetic-sense? I make money to live as I see, nay, experience the social consequence of money — that power has created an aesthetic to coerce neigh-all's creation.

“Man is something that hath to be surpassed: and therefore shalt thou love thy virtues, — for thou wilt succumb by them. —”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

more beautiful it is; if in its very being it corresponds to that definition, then it is 'good.'”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Dionysian Vision of the World*

2 Aesthetic as authority — my power, my creation, is to be; aesthetic. To create in accord with my aesthetic, my creation is to create in accord with my power. My aesthetic, the aesthetic of my creation; I create — aesthetic. Is aesthetic solely the result of power? Life is aesthetic. Power creates all I see, all I will. Aesthetic's role in being — aesthetical.

“But beauty's voice speaketh gently: it appealeth only to the most awakened souls.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

3 Aesthetic as right — what is normal, right — do they exist as mere aesthetic? My power creates right, aesthetically. Right may will be dissonant to my aesthetic; right is right. Power creates all; my aesthetic is. My aesthetic is — right. Harmony, dissonance, to aesthetic determine how right my creation is. Whether an aesthetic, or mine, exist as right depends upon power, what power has created.

“And thus do almost all think they participate in virtue; and at least everyone claimeth to be an authority on 'good' and 'evil.'”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

4 Aesthetic as grouping — a collective aesthetic, the aesthetic of many (creations). This, these, creations are — aesthetic — will accord with aesthetic (harmony); dissonant to aesthetic? Aesthetic is harmony. The aesthetic of a collective, its — grouping. The moral, the lawful, the religious, the right — the aesthetic. Am I alienated by aesthetic, a collective aesthetic? My dissonance forms a new

aesthetic. The aesthetic of my creation is my creation's aesthetic, distinct from an aesthetic of my creation (a created aesthetic). Aesthetic describes — my creation. What-is? Seeming, that of an aesthetic.

5 I dream of aesthetic, aesthetic torn from — asunder. Go to great lengths and rid aesthetic of power. Seeming is to be, power made to rest. Power's dream? Aesthetic. How power reminisces at its loss — its own. Brought forth from nothing to be, power will once again — dream; aesthetic.

6 Aesthetic, aesthetic as descriptor, describes what power creates — an aesthetic. Power, through aesthetic, behaves as dissonance to overcome existence aesthetic, power functioning through said aesthetic, or as harmonious realization of aesthetic, a harmony of power. Power; aesthetic is and becomes.

7 All of this is aesthetic! My creation, my will, my power accord with mere aesthetic, create and form aesthetical creations; an aesthetic becomes as I will; aesthetic lies dissonant, harmonious, to my will, my creation — and my creation. Power accords in relation to power and aesthetic, what will be orchestrated from power? Aesthetically, more power will be — and aesthetic.

8 I have aesthetic — I am aesthetic? I may be harmonious to my aesthetic¹ may will in accord with my aesthetic. Am I thus my aesthetic? My aesthetic is descriptive of me; my aesthetic is actively assertive unto my will, my power (acting as power). I am dissonant, harmonious, to aesthetic — I am in accord with aesthetic. I am more than aesthetic — I am. My power? My power is.

9 Is my aesthetic in accord with any other; power and aesthetic? Power will be a result of my aesthetic, my will in accord with aesthetic. My aesthetic accords with my power; my creation as a result of my will in harmony with my aesthetic. I will in accord with an aesthetic, my power used towards this end. I create: aesthetic is.

¹ It may be apparent by now this work is largely in the 1st person, and as such terms like my can be *my* to also speak of an.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

2 First, let me say that I have struggled to characterize a 2d plane¹ representing power and a related concept to no avail — not to contain values, per se, but to visualize relations. The most fitting of those I could possibly have selected, creation, felt constrained by more than just power, or its absence. As we have discussed at length, aesthetic can play a role in how one's power is utilized — and the resulting degree of creation afforded therein. So, let us not entertain representing aesthetic in such a sense, as it will not fit neatly onto a line given the diverse nature of this construct of power. Perhaps the closest graphical representation I can postulate, while remaining easy to grasp, utilizes 3-axes — creation, total power, and coercive aesthetic. Creation is ergo a function of both total power — whereby total power is the sum of one's power versus dissonant powers — and coercive aesthetic, aesthetic that coerces one's power, to whatever affect, away from desired creation. This alone did not feel perfect, as what about the will being something only observable over time (being)? Given most are unfamiliar with 3-axes functions, I am unmotivated to continue this effort — as it seems to continue I will likely need adapt this to matrixes, to include four, possibly five, quantities. So let this — what I would rather — serve as our bridge into a simplistic materialist section.

“Lo, I am a herald of the lightning, and a heavy drop out of the cloud: the lightning, however, is the SUPER-MAN.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

3 Let us propose I work 8 hours per day, 5 days a week. Further, that I have little say in how I work, what my work accomplishes, and am paid hourly — or a salary, if you'd rather — rather than

¹ The Cartesian plane.

Not Quite Dionysian

“The hour when ye say: ‘What good is my reason! Doth it long for knowledge as the lion for his food? It is poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency!’”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

1 Let us consider the type who loathes the metaphysical, who would demand of my work a

component appropriately catering to their aesthetic sense — a materialist. I had not wanted this work to include such a section, though I also do not wish for my metaphysics to suffer as so many other metaphysical theories do — “It is too abstract, thereby useless!” cries the materialist. While I am of firm belief materialist critique is necessarily shallowed — envision I painstakingly calculate a square’s area by laying down sticks of known area, rather than merely formulating how the square’s area is determined and computing it thereby — it is, for all its faults, demanded nonetheless. For that reason, I find it a noble effort to attempt to present a materialist component. I do worry that it will needlessly muddy my critique; narrow gaze. Ultimately, I write out of passion, lust, and had desired to introduce a theory that aided the free spirit in understanding our phenomenal, and perhaps noumenal, reality — so will this hamper that end? ’

“I love him who liveth in order to know, and seeketh to know in order that the Superman may hereafter live. Thus seeketh he his own down-going.”

Power forms an aesthetic only insofar as one wills. Were my will to exist in harmony to another power, another aesthetic, would they be equivocal? That aesthetic thus my aesthetic — an aesthetic? Harmonious aesthetes — distinctly similar.

“Free, dost thou call thyself? Thy ruling thought would I hear of, and not that thou hast escaped from a yoke.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

10 Order is mere aesthetic: what appears orderly. That we must understand an authoritative existence as order, supposed order, is consequence of — right. I must do as I am told to maintain order; order comes about only as I obey. My order? No, order as a supposed thing-in-itself; disorder. My servility is the order my rulers demand, my power dissonant to the demands that I obey; my order is self-power, anarchy. Why aught I desire servitude, subservience, a life controlled by another — as order? My aesthetic exists as my own self-power; my order; orderly. Subservience is rule, naught more. I will — aesthetic. Aesthetic creates order in harmony with power. Power and aesthetic — are.

11 What is justice? What aught be, the response to wrong, crime, evil, etc.. Does justice exist as mere aesthetic, as a creation in direct relation with the presently understood idea of right, the moral good — a product of power? This is certainly justice because it is aesthetical. It is just in accord with right, with power — the aesthetical creation of justice, of order, of right. Power creates justice, the idea of, the aesthetic.

12 While power may be realized through aesthetic, may realize aesthetic, power is not equivocal with aesthetic. What accords from aesthetic is a type-of creation. Power itself creates — I create, by my power. Before my power, aesthetic may or may not be and certainly will not create of its own accord. Power becomes and is, as does aesthetic. When my power becomes: I create — aesthetic.

13 My aesthetic — is. I know of my aesthetic, am to will in defiance of what is aesthetical. Thus, my aesthetic becomes, my new aesthetic, my dissonant — aesthetic. Now my power, my continued creation, is harmonious to one aesthetic, dissonant to another. Aesthetic simply is, and as I continue my creation I may yet again find my power, my creation, to be dissonant unto all — a new aesthetic is, ad nauseum.

“New paths do I tread, a new speech cometh unto me; tired have I become — like all creators — of the old tongues. No longer will my spirit walk on worn-out soles.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

14 I may will dissonantly to an unknown aesthetic — or harmoniously. What my power creates is and aesthetic merely exists, still unbeknown. My aesthetic is, other aesthetics are, and my creation becomes indifferently. I will — indifferent. My indifference may still be seen as dissonance, harmony — but to me? My creation is.

“Let your spirit and your virtue be devoted to the sense of the heart, my brethren: let the value of everything be determined anew by you! Therefore shall ye be fighters! Therefore shall ye be creators!”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

15 Aesthetic and power are world creation;² the world created so-as to accord with aesthetic; all that is and may well be. An aesthetic, the world’s — aesthetic. The world may yet awaken from its dream. Should it wake, we will hear — the world’s dream. Joy, to know where my power lies in accord with — world aesthetic.

² Stirner doesn’t define this term beyond merely using it. Nietzsche does, more so, in his *The Dionysian Vision of the World* — andpresumably elsewhere.

“Speaking freely in my study of what is natural, I prefer to prophesize about what is good for all people, even if no one will understand me, rather than to accept common opinions and thereby reap the showers of praise that fall so freely from the great mass of men.”

Epicurus, *Vatican Sayings*

7 I am Human — My cause is limited by my human physicality? Should I limit my will, my power, to only my person, the human being I know as mine. Why ought I only seek to liberate my own person? It proves easier, its reward is immediate, and it involves only that I, and I alone, have sufficient — force of will. For every other included within my union, I must inevitably fathom what is to be done with their power. Likely to my detriment, I do not seek the freedom, temporary and evasive, I could afford myself — I desire everyone be free.

“But bad men cannot be unanimous except to a small extent, any more than they can be friends, since they aim at getting more than their share of advantages, while in labor and public service they fall short of their share; and each man wishing for advantage to himself criticizes his neighbor and stands in his way; for if people do not watch it carefully the common weal is soon destroyed. The result is that they are in a state of faction, putting compulsion on each other but unwilling themselves to do what is just.”

Aristotle, *Nico Ethics*

5 O, to be truly free! How could I not long for even a taste of life? I wish to see what is beautiful brought forth — life. I witness serenity of neigh-all and know my self-power eludes me. Why must we be ruled? Must I grow accustomed to my fetters, to my self-alienation? I see no beauty in disorder, in authority. This disorder is all that I know of, this ugliness.

6 Self-creation is determined through the degree of power afforded to the individual. With adequate power, I am able to self-create as opposed to self-enslavement, or, in failing to distance myself adequately from dissonant aesthetic, self-alienation. There are certainly gradations of power, my creation, wherein I may characterize my creation as more characteristic of self-creation yet not quite so — on the cusp of the threshold of what I have so aptly labeled self-power — or in possessing merely enough power to afford paltry, symbolic choice, I may characterize this creation more as self-alienation. Thus, if one wishes for a crude visualization: a line of fixed length with two opposing points, self-enslavement would exist on one extreme and self-creation on the other — with self-alienation equidistant between these two opposites. I would title this line the gradation of power, with respect to my will. This is no appeal to the golden mean, that I must seek self-alienation rather than to self-create. This merely serves as a way to visualize these nounomenal in a simple manner. Self-power places one's will squarely at one extreme, that of self-creation — with the caveat that, of course, this power affords one this sort of self-creation that is incumbent upon allowing me no power to coerce another away from self-power, self-creation. I see it as useful to describe self-power, in that given self-creation's reliance upon one's own power it is possible to form an analysis that merely seeks to maximize an individual's power and be damned all else. Though I see myself as Unique — and superior to humanity — I avoid fostering hatred for humanity.

16 Defiance exists as dissonance, dissonant to aesthetic, to power — harmony unto defiance itself. Aesthetic exists, as the aesthetic of what-is and the defiant, dissonant, aesthetic. Power, aesthetic, serve to work together in harmony within their orchestration; my defiance is dissonant towards all that is harmonious with what-is. Towards a higher intensity, my defiance, dissonance, continues.

17 I will ownership of myself, when all that surrounds me demands subservience. Ever-present aesthetic — subservience. I will be dissonant, will defy — tyranny. Aesthetical tyranny, the aesthetic of tyranny, all that is harmonious unto rule. Aesthetic is not power, as dissonant as my power towards it may be: it is a product of power, not power itself. As my power becomes more intensely dissonant, forms its dissonant aesthetic, my power becomes harmonious with its aesthetic. To create in accord with my aesthetic, my power's aesthetic, is to create a harmonious defiance, a defiance of tyranny's aesthetic. Let's defy aesthetically, harmoniously.

18 Presently, an aesthetic, my aesthetic, is existent. My power, in creating myself, perpetually creates aesthetic. I am a candle, forever burning as I consume my life — my power forever creating aesthetic; my power creates and — aesthetic is. Is aesthetic an active, willful, conscious creation? At times, probably. Insofar as I create dissonantly, I create new aesthetic — else, I will in accord with harmonious aesthetic, ascribe to existent aesthetic, succumb to the aesthetic of what-is, etc. etc. I know of my power, yet of my aesthetic? My aesthetic may yet become, or not. My power will be, my will, until naught.

19 Painfully, I elect to ignore existent aesthetic. Power is exerted upon my dissonance and I become as I am able. Should my will prove strong, my aesthetic may yet be, my power overcoming that which is existent — what-is. Willing until my aesthetic is, my power proves strong; my power intensifies. Punishment looms over the dissonance of my aesthetic, my power, insofar as what-is proves — more intense. More intense in power, in harmony of pow-

ers; aesthetical harmony garners more intense power; power is. I will overcome what-is, painstakingly.

“149. THE SLOW ARROW OF BEAUTY — The noblest kind of beauty is that which does not transport us suddenly, which does not make stormy and intoxicating impressions (such a kind easily arouses disgust), but that which slowly filters into our minds, which we take away with us almost unnoticed, and which we encounter again in our dreams; but which, however, after having long lain modestly on our hearts, takes entire possession of us, fills our eyes with tears and our hearts with longing. What is it that we long for at the sight of beauty? We long to be beautiful, we fancy it must bring much happiness with it. But that is a mistake.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Human, All-Too Human*

even, I say nay. I alone will create; my self-creation. Let life become beautiful. Let life be — as each so wishes.

3 Towards the same end, the many will — leaderless. Perhaps we merely ascribe to the same aesthetic, see our own self-power as a beautiful dream to aspire toward. My self-creation creates anarchy; through my power, I experience anarchy; anarchy in existence. Let us wake from the dream, to see life in accord with our own individual self-creation. I may not have power to know, to create, to experience as I will alone — so let life become beautiful, shall we? I grasp hold of the aesthetic I’ve torn from asunder, to bring about my beautiful self-creation.

“Ye look aloft when ye long for exaltation; and I look downward because I am exalted. Who among you can at the same time laugh and be exalted?”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

4 What brings about the desire to see servility as beautiful, to seek to control naught of one’s own life? We are taught that there is no alternative to servility, that our humanity necessitates rulers to subvert individual’s own supposed irrational desires. Power need not be violent to coerce an individual’s will — though it may be existent as threat of violence, or actualized violence, should an individual’s will prove dissonant enough to our ruler’s desires, servility. Dream of more to life, more than mere servility to another human, their end, their aesthetic, their power. I am human, as my rulers are: what is denied to me is to bolster that which my rulers demand as just, right. Why aught I not have my own self-power?

“So that I am ruled” — I will not be.

“I love not your festivals either: too many actors found I there, and even the spectators often behaved like actors.”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

Seldom Self-Creating.

“What objectives, what plans, what lives, what adventures are there when the illusions are set aside and we walk into the world not disabled by disillusionment but unburdened by it?”

Anonymous, *Desert*

1 Why aught I not control myself? To create solely in accord with — my will? Subsistence is ugly. I will take control of my own life — and to all, their self-power, their self-creation. To not know of my own self-power, my self-creation serves another: can I call this self-creation, existence, life? An ugly life, at best. Power exerted upon me coerces, guides, creates — for me — as right, just. My own control of my life is beautiful. Else, I cannot claim to be doing more than ascribing to norm at best, existing as a fettered disgrace more oft. Perhaps I aught live a good life? Self-power would be good — self-creation. As a fettered disgrace, life can seldom be good.

2 Ascending towards the “next progression” in our social order — self-governance, anarchy, true freedom, total liberty, order, etc. — is a task that cannot be accomplished through hierarchical, archaic, authoritative means. Us individuals must strip off the veil our rulers have placed before our eyes, to see our present disorder as self-alienation in perpetuity. I will wield my power, self-power — and you? Were I to do as another commands, as another dictates, with the supposed promise of a new, superior, order: even to live materially better off, I would accomplish naught more than a change of masters. To the authoritarian, the proletarian dictator

Oh joy! Nothing matters.

1 Recursive Nihilism — the nihilistic gaze, the destroyer of all values, all morals, all purpose, all — meaning. To turn this gaze inwards, resultant is —positive, affirming, creative. Of the Nihilist, most oft is thought that their Nihilistic views must arrive with certainty at depressive life negating destruction of all possible values and meanings. Yet with but a glance, one is saved from such fate: of the value or meaning to be had in assigning value or meaning; in negation? Why does Nihilism need halt at a mere critique of the present values and meanings? What of the refusal to ascribe value, or the act of? Does that have meaning? Then — what is to be done? *Abyssus abyssum invocat.*

2 What am I worth? To me, everything. I am my life. I am me — I am. Before I was, I wasn't. I am worth as much as I choose to be, I'd be a fool to undersell the gift of the only existence I am afforded. I can't live a second life — as it has been, it will forever be. As human as I am, I cherish myself and know my worth to be immeasurable. My immeasurable worth is my own valuing, my own life's value — to me.

“Death is nothing to us; for the body, when it has been resolved into its elements, has no feeling, and that which has no feeling is nothing to us.”

Epicurus

3 Everything is meaningless; I foresee no purpose from life, death even. No value is to be had until I ascribe to the belief, and why would I? Because it's always been? Our world is eternally

coldly indifferent to our existence, and traditions change nothing of it. I want what I want, be damned all authority or Geists¹ in my path. The world is mine to relinquish, and of course I ask — “To what purpose?” — to what meaning is our society, civilization, where I would be asked to sacrifice myself to uphold it? You will not lay claim to my own, my world. My “1” is no one else’s. Why should “I will” be the property of any other, “I want” be the wants of another? It is not selfish to think through the lens of the self, but certainly the only way to know I am acting for myself. Selfishness — bad for who? Certainly it can be just as much of a Geist as altruism: I will create in accord with my own power, my own desires, my — own. I will not be servile, subservient to you or any other.

“The man looked up distrustfully. ‘If thou speakest the truth,’ said he, ‘I lose nothing when I lose my life. I am not much more than an animal which hath been taught to dance by blows and scanty fare.’”

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

“If war did not exist, poetry would invent it.”

Pierre J. Proudhon, *War & Peace*

¹ I say instead of “spook”

Part 2 introduction

“[They] that writeth in blood and proverbs doth not want to be read, but learnt by heart.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

Property, God, the State, the Law, are — ugly. You cannot convince me of their objective beauty, the aesthetic you exalt is one of servility; self-alienated power; loss of one’s own. What makes me powerful?

What is beautiful is self-ownership.

Then — I may think, feel, love.

Then I am free.