

*the connection of subversive  
living and honest fighting*

**AROUND  
THE  
CAMP  
FIRE**

anarchy, life alive every moment, life refusing to be undead, freedom in its most intense and honest form, the enveloping state of possibility, a life enabling world of autonomy and free association, a world of desire found and embraced in the depth of one's heart, a world of revolutionary subjectivity, where there is no truth only the self-realization to come to one's own conclusions, the lively dance one will find as we break the glaciation of survival and enter a life where we refuse to submit to any truth or any way but the conclusions we find ourselves, it is a complete connection with not represented life but presented life, to clarify that statement, it is without domestication, it is free from a life of watching a spectacle of coercive economy and fear, it has no need for displacing one's wildness into weak behavior and domesticated actions, it is without systems of submission and acceptance, it is without institutions of wounding repression or hurtful captivation of our passions, desires, dreams, or the essential needs to create a life of a pumping heart, it is a freedom no civilization could endure, it is a freedom only found through the dreams of our wildness and our connection with the surreal society that the earth provides, yet this is one dream, this is my theory of anarchy or freedom with mama earth, this is one desire to destroy civilization, create anarchy, a world of worlds, destroy civilization and embrace a new world where dreams no longer have to be dreams, but if this concept is seducing, or desire is contagious you may ask yourself, how are we to bring this about, how is one to create anarchy beyond the book, create anarchy in a way that one would find it, that in itself i feel is an adventure, an adventure into the strength of one's heart, or adventure into the discovery of one's passions which find a world on the run to escape, there is of course this beautiful fight found in the visions of change and presented in the frontlines of outreach, this instinctual insurrection which sees life and moves to steal it back from the system which commodified our desires and sold them back to us in an empty opium of item, the fight that when i feel its possibility or primal presence i feel warmth and hope, there is the physical manifestations of this essential in creating anarchy, the attack against the symbols of this system or civilized society, the lively dance of violent resistance and language of joyous rage, there is doing what will provide a feeling of starting a fire which burns in a direction of possibility for collapse and the complete liquidation of the state or other institutions which wound our hearts with a coldness of survival, i see this fight when i read the obscure yet clear strength of pure hatred to patriarchy from the scum collective, the energy of the insurrectionists in greece, or the wholeness of desire and action brought forth by the symbolic gestures of the earth liberation front, i see this fight, or i expect this fight to be fought without patience, ought by those whom have dedicated their lives to stealing them back from the captivation of constraint, fought by those impatient and dedicated to moving in a direction of refusal to wait for this fence to give an opening, and decide to violently climb over and beyond, never looking back without fire or intent to ruin, but this fight comes from a realization of one's dreams and desires, one's love and strength, or one's potential for real autonomy, it is found through a subversive introspection, insurgent realization and transformation of an individual's perceptions, ways, or everyday life, to abandon this system, it is essential to abandon

brought us to the pathological modern experience of ultimate control of all life, including its genetic structures-to put it simply civilization is a war on life, we are fighting for our lives, therefore we declare war on civilization, T.H.U.G., tree huggin urban guerillas

Get rid of civilization? I can hear you say, that's your solution? The hatred that characterizes so much of our system, the hatred I've described and analyzed in this book-is not a product of biology. People are not fundamentally hateful. Our hatred is not a result of several billion years of natural selection. Its a result of the framing conditions under each of us are raised. Its a result of unquestioned assumptions that inform us. If we want to stop the hate, we need to get rid of the framing conditions. Until we do that, were bound to fail. So, yes, that is precisely my solution, we need to get rid of civilization. Maybe that seems absurd to you, it doesn't to me. It just seems like a lot of work, done by a lot of people in a lot of different places in a lot of different ways. But ill tell you something that does seem absurd to me, the possibility of allowing this inhumane system to continue -derrick jensen

We are also fed up with those who have written off green anarchists as misanthropes. The essence of being against civilization is entirely pro-human. To be against civilization makes a very clear statement that goes against one of the primary principles of civilization (be is fascistic, communist, capitalist, feudal, etc.) that is that humans are not inherently evil. As anarchists we oppose all moral understanding, but we feel that the issue goes beyond this. The idea of the inherently evil human has bee a justification for state power (we have prisons to locks up the bad seeds, cops keep order, organization keeps things running), but state power has only meant the enslavement and exploitation of all life -species traitor, an insurrectional anarchist, primitivist journal

**subversion >insurrection> revolution> autonomy> anarchy**

## *Around the Campfire*

...if the passion which motivates this compromise is felt,  
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the impoverished heart which has enveloped our lives with emptiness, it is to break out of acceptance and find a self-determination to want to fight for ones life or dreams, this is an insurrection in itself, this shares the same passion which one may feel when taking action without concern for law, without fear of consequence, something that inevitably must be done in the exploration of reconnecting to life, just as kindness and mutuality in everyday human to human relation creates a contagious spirit against social alienation, the same spirit may be found in attacking machinery or electrical lines, this is an example of how the personal transformation of ourselves is an essential to providing a direction or feeling which motivates strong and aggressive action in smashing the state, taking out industrialism, destroying capitalism, or whatever your fight is directed to, as well as an example of the type of social outreach lacking in this resistance, an outreach with depth, honesty, connection, and affection, an outreach of collective resistance built on mutual aid and friendship rather :hen the alienation of organization, to be clear this is an example of the insurrection of ones heart and the subversion of everyday life, something i feel must be focused on or embraced of find this fight, to create anarchy, i know that an insurgent individual must leave the emptiness of this society through the transformation of their everyday life relation with the system we are trying to destroy, in this dissent will be practiced beyond the book, dissent will be found and journeyed through in each moment of life, this fight is found when we start to go beyond the meeting and know what it is that we are fighting for through direct experience and connection, through creating anarchy in our everyday lives, when this is found one finds insurrection, one begins to be without concern for those whom impede on these dreams of freedom, one refuses to submit to those whom repress, i do not feel that civilization will collapse only through personal transformation and the subversion of living in itself, but i feel that it is an essential for every insurgent individual to constantly be exploring her or his heart with an intent to honestly connect with the insurgent desires which motivate them, through his, the essential action to take out civilization or create anarchy through pushing its collapse with direction will be found, not through book or organization, but an individuals desire and will, as the coalition against civilization says, "destroying civilization, rewilding our lives", in the creation of anarchy, or the fight for freedom, one must always present the needs for consistent and strong physical resistance, but an individual must never forget to ot only live their lives, but to understand the inevitable importance of connecting personal transformation with the external fight for anarchy, this is dedicated to every leftist and exclusive collectivist whom yells at people for living their lives, this is also dedicated to the spirit of those whom live beyond it all ...

**feeling in the world of the undead is subversive,  
living in the world of the undead is insurrectionary!**

## .love letter.

i was thinking about our day of freedom and connection right by that window, as we glance through this window in holding arms and vulnerable but strong bodies, connecting eyes of wildness, and burning hearts of fire, we see and in a fight, endure this manifestation of truth, and this clandestine world of hope, i see with instinctual animosity, bodies moving, but by my own primal spirit, and own passionate heart, bodies only standing still, still by repression, still in the coldness of fear and survival, hope is forgotten by buildings and electrical lines, stealing the sun we have embraced in our fight, and the moon that we dance beside in our dreams, taking an energy of self-realization and forming it into power, taking an energy of earth and land and utilizing into domestication, stealing the land from land and utilizing it into property, i see no desire or possibility of life, i see no life or graceful strength, only dreamers without questions and dreams, survivors undead and life lost through the acceptance of the forgotten forgotten, a darkening metal paves the lives into a denial of the sun, and the grace of life itself, it wounds the community with alienation and spectacle, it wounds the heart of earth with this pavement blocking blood and pumping only cancerous iron and repressive steel, desires continue to run but are lost on a path of submission to this spectacle, their eyes are open to a spectacle of instituted adventure and captivated passions, but we soar beyond, like the strength and darkness of two black hawks, flying with and in love, with a contagious affection and violent desire, with a contagious joy, and an insurrectional rage, throwing bombs from the air of a new world, throwing bombs from their wings of clandestine hope and boiling blood, bombs of boiling blood with the strength of gasoline and stench of a violent river, we soar out of this world, like hawks we abandon the constraint, like hawks we fly at our own approach, like hawks we are feared, like black hawks we are feared, but like these black hawks we soar together, holding arms and wearing nothing but the graceful nakedness of one another, we have stolen our lives back with the mutuality and kindness of one another, we have taken back our hearts and gave them a beat to dance to, a beat to pump of passion and honest love, we have found something so strong, the spirit has yet to stop flying, it has found its way beyond buildings, it has found the hope in the sun, and burnt the buildings down, it has stolen the energy from the wires and embraced them again in each others veins, and the spirit we share, the spirit that is ours, and only ours, in this world of love and lust, strength and beauty, will never be forgotten, we have kept a spirit alive, a guerilla love insurgency, a spirit that is systematically repressed, a spirit domesticated for so long, a spirit that is in our heart waiting to be thrown into these bodies by the spectacle of ourselves setting Fire to the spectacle, waiting to not be presented in that spectacle, but in the desires once lost, we have found this, we will continue to fly, like hawks we will continue to fly into no direction but the sun of our fight, and into no world, but the moon or night of our dreams, i miss you ....  
yours sincerely with no pain

but a yell I felt like dancing to, this was a fight I knew to fight, I thought of my friends when I looked at the sky, those friends whom make me smile with hope, I found that hope start to turn into a joyous rage, a motivating frustration against these symbols and searching for those people, and that fire, I found myself wearing a mask, dressed in a shadow, I was lighting a fire, in this dream it was a building burning, and when I watched in burned, I turned my back to face the sun, I walked towards her with the hope my friends give me, but the hope was no longer needed, it was satisfied, I was walking a path that was open to approaching life from any direction, it was wild, passionate, true, not new, but no longer repressed, and lost for many, I could not see any symbols, we boiled the cold plague of civilization, with the warm blood of our hearts, we all need to burn down a building, find ourselves deep in ecology, we all need to find our own direction rather than one of a road sign, we need to build a playground for fighting, I hope we can find hope in the morning, whether it be in the sunrise of a face or the sun itself, I hope we find hope, take it to the streets and use the dream it creates to fight with passion, to fuck shit up we are coming alive, breaking free, moving onward and beyond!

## Anti-civilization statements I found inspiring

thus the revolutionary process of re-appropriating our lives, is a process of decivilizing ourselves, throwing off our domestication, this does not mean becoming passive slaves to our instincts (if such even exist) or dissolving ourselves into the alleged oneness of nature. It means becoming uncontrollable individuals capable of making and carrying out decisions that affect our lives in free association with others. So indeed lets destroy civilization, this network of domination, but not in the name of a model of an ascetic morality or sacrifice of a mystical disintegration into a supposedly unalienated oneness with nature, but rather because the reappropriation of our lives, the collective, re-creation of ourselves as uncontrollable and unique individuals is the destruction of civilization-of this ten-thousand year old network of domination that has spread itself over the globe- and the initiation of a marvelous and frightening journey into the unknown, that is freedom, in other words, a civilized society is one made up of the state, property, religion (or in modern society, ideology) law, the patriarchal family, commodity exchange, class rule, everything, we as anarchist resist-to kill king abacus

Civilizations main mechanism of control is domestication. It is the controlling, taming, breeding, and modification of life fore human benefit (usually those in power, or those striving for power). The domesticating process to shift humans from a nomadic way of life, to a more sedentary and settled existence, which created points of power (taking on a much different Dynamic than the more temporal and organic territorial ground) later to be called property. Domestication creates a totalitarian relationship with plants and animals, and eventually other humans. This mindset sees other life, including other humans, as separate from the domesticator. And is the rationalization for the subjugation of women, children, and for slavery. Domestication is a colonizing force on non-domesticated life, which has

cracks of a sidewalk, when someone just starts screaming, when someone can't see anything but buildings, then looks up at the sky finding hope, when someone says fuck you, over and over again, while dancing the noise of traffic, this world is not lost, it is domesticated and repressed, it is seen but attacked, we must violently fight for it, but not by their games, their ways, we must be at the root of the things they fear, my target is civilization, the raked leaves and mowed lawns, every part of that world, my dream is rooted from losing control, losing control, not through the acceptance of external constraint, not through submission of a life of wounding survival, but losing control, through the gaining of the individual in our hearts, the desires of our life, the personal strength and autonomy we all possess, but this transformation is just a beginning, an honest find our insurgent desires, our rebellious impulses, our wild spirit, and our graceful bodies, we must take it to the streets, we must fight, our lives can't be asked for, our lives can't be bought back, to receive again the overwhelming grace of life, we must steal our lives back, take it back aggressively, this fight is in our communities of the moon and night, we must break the fear to get there, to live, to fight, to completely be whole with this spirit

### among the cobblestones- I come alive

the symbols of domestication must be burnt with the wild fire of our primal heart or insurrectional project, but domestication itself must be torn to shreds through rewilding our hearts and being whole with nature, I was in a car looking out the window, though I was in a car, I was deep in ecology, I saw road signs and refused to accept them as anything but metal constraint, it was dark but beautiful, far away and beyond from where and whom I was with, but somehow sat mother earth and freedom gracefully beside me, I refused to accept these symbols because my reaction was created through submission, and when I look at the forest on the side of the highway and the sun of hope above me, I had no mediated reaction, but more of a strong reconnection, where I felt my beliefs or interests turn in passions and desires, my body was warm because it was being moved outside of a cold world, I was with the life symbols do nothing but represent, a state where life was no longer watched, but presented with open arms, and as I began to listen to the land, this band dystopia started to play, I heard screams with the screams my mother made, screams of passionate animosity, and these loud and intense symbols felt like a request to fight, mother earth asking me to declare war and steal back the wild, they were screams of life, then I began to scream, I yelled at the road signs, I was as loud as dystopia and as aggressive as the tears of earth, I saw pictures in my head of thieves and pirates taking back the treasure of life, they were drop outs to the movement and began wearing masks, I saw them by themselves, but holding hands in solidarity with the affection of lovers and the hope we find from an intimate friend, burning buildings, smashing windows, pulling down electrical lines, dismantling sidewalks, looking for the earth wounded beneath, the free lives desperately in need of being reawakened, these were pictures of taking it all back, then I saw them sitting in the middle of the street crying, running to the forest in a dream, screaming not an animosity,

### Retrospect of loss, and desire for growth

losing friends is like losing limbs, maiming the spirit of joy, weakening the strength of your love with a fear of upcoming hurt, over and over again I try to water the roots of solidarity and embrace the potential of friendship, through symbols in language, through touch and honest feeling, I only want affections peak, but apparently fear is repression, a domesticating force spitting boundaries on the connection that another person provides, I'm tired of this connection though, as a result of that domesticating force, that lingering freezing saliva, I sit here not knowing of friendship, not understanding why my heart feels this, and where it wants to go, love was once an outlaw of this superficial and systematic world, building a world of its own, running with laughter and smiles, passion and impulse, a feral sense of connection, and the touch of sex to hugging, but I don't know if anyone besides me still stands in this world (at least to my side), I don't know if anyone I have told that I love feels the way I do, patterns repeat themselves, and the romantic or emo tendencies of the insurrectionary green anarchist I am fucks himself over and over again, patterns repeat themselves, and I have yet to be patient enough to learn from those patterns, why do I ignore implications I hear and see, all it does is fuck with me, this is what I want, someone where every time we see each other, it's been as if we haven't seen or touched each other for years, where periods of time without communication or face to face distance, does not affect where the relationship is, you know what, maybe I just need a domesticating force to become dependent through, a relationship with a woman or man that I fall in love with (that really isn't very domesticating though), hopefully so strong that the desire to fuck someone else is for the most part rare, but strong enough that if that happens we know where the home of this intimate of intimate love really is, arnhh, my heart screams like a pirate losing his treasure, fuck!, my heart sings for this, you know, I always look forward to have sex and cuddle, placing the lust of my palm upon the side of someone's face and let my thumb touch their warm lips, or screaming with someone not in the volume of our volume, but the volume of our communicated feral or personal desires, and when this happens, when I see myself in this, no sadness or discontent spells onto my life, only happiness, I fall into the time that the sun and the moon provides, not seeing anything but the eyes of this person, not hearing anything but breathe of joy, and not feeling anything but the touch of each other's bodies or the touch of each other's passions, this world is outlawed, this world is not lost, but criminal in the ways of those who fear, immoral in the eyes of those whom are blinded with obligation and hurt, and lost by those whom are lost in this social alienation, we use excuses to manifest the truth of our hearts, having to get drunk or fucked up on some gift of mother earth to describe the love for another person, to experience the sensation of someone else, but when we come down, wake up, come out of it, or take a shower, we once again feel shame, become passive, and filled with fear, we don't jump back in, but are pulled back into the world which outlaws this world of smiles and laughter, the world that builds a fence around the vagina, and throne of invisible barbed wire around the penis, and only letting them kiss behind closed doors and through directions of crippling process, lovers are sluts,

friends are idealists, insurgents are hooligans, and anarchists are dangerous, more barbed wire onto the world I try to speak of, but I know who I am, I know what I want, it includes you in my life, you being the women of my dreams, you being the goddess of my hope, you being the flower of my insurrection, you being the world I want to plant, I am fucked, fucked over by believing that love still exists even in a world of

civilization and industrial capitalism, or in a world of coercion and fear, I am fucked over by not only believing this, but by knowing this, I want someone that is not like me, but is always besides me, I don't care if this person has an identity of the status quo, an identity built on products of civilization, capitalism or anthropocentrism, I just want to see them smile besides me forever and know that I help at least one of those muscles to form, I am probably in the wrong location, so maybe ill journey, I'm probably still holding onto things, so maybe ill let go, But I know that the people that I love will never leave my life, their bodies might be rotting away somewhere, but their spirit of inspiration and emotional aid will never leave the strength of my life, the paths I take are a result of them pointing in a direction, whether it be a sign on the road of our affection pointing me to green anarchy or the woods, or showing me a new way of loving, a new way of living (which in many ways would be in green anarchy, but you understand, not everyone I want to be friends with is an insurrectionary green anarchist, or proclaimed anarchist at all), this tangent is a result of feeling a large collapse or dent in the relationship of what I felt was a good friend, a collapse like if every electrical plant and corporate window in industrial civilization was smashed or blown up, it would inspire the insurrection the way this friendship was hurt, I cant become reactionary though, lose trust, become a lover whom fears, but i'm finding certain concepts of intimate cynicism inevitable as I begin to let go and find new people on the path of my life, who knows, there is the possibility that someone I know right now, i'm in love with, or there is someone behind prison walls and in the p.o.w section of green anarchy or info-shop that feels what I feel and wants what I want, touches the way I touch and fucks the way I fuck, there could be a homeless artist squatting on the streets of berkely, or beautiful hobo cold around the campfire, wondering where her life will be taken next, maybe there is someone with warm skin that would warm my heart whom is sitting in the class of some college or superficial discussion at some bourgeise coffee shop in retrospect the way I sit right now (in retrospect), maybe there are ends I cant meet due to their cage, and people I cant fall in love with due to their fear, maybe there are people whom I haven't met yet that will be the resistance of my cynicism, the sensual wisdom to my nave tendencies to completely pour out my heart into the witch potion friendship (witches rock the fuck out, there should be more of them), one day I could find myself sleeping in the bed or backseat of the car with you the reader, maybe I will catch myself in some sing along band with you the reader, maybe well meet in prison for making porn with petrol bombs and running onward into the riots of a new sunrise, maybe ill meet you the streets, maybe ill meet you around a campfire, maybe ill meet you telepathically if you like these words, and I hope that they are enjoyed,

maybe this will be the printed communiqué to the upcoming violent cell called the lovers solidarity front, or an annual meeting each year where we all party and tell stories, and say the shit we had to get drunk to say (even though I don't drink, people whom know me, well.), let the reasons I wrote this maybe teach you what I've learned, whether I was even able to describe what I wanted to describe or say what I wanted to say, I fuckin feel better, more and more I know where to go, and what to do, more and more I begin to feel this emotion called love, a life now lived. onward to insurrection, onward to love, onward to the outlawed world of nature, onward to anarchy. yours sincerely with no pain-

**a couple of poems i hope are felt and embraced ...**  
law is the breeder of distrust and alienation, there is a natural world, a hidden world, possessing the essential implications of insurrection and love, crime outside power, and rebellious through impulse, may show this world, this world has no duty or obligation, but a desire of autonomous strength which keeps the honesty of living alive, the insurgency of dance shaking, and the feral energy of humanity awake, in this world mother earth is our mother, this world is in the compassion found in the depth of our hearts, and beyond all this apathy and fear, we may not ever get to this so called no-state state of anarchy, this freedom consisting only of autonomy, choice, and desire, a world of worlds, of possibility and the subjective or individual approach to life, but this world is in our hearts, by our actions, our ways, we will keep this spirit alive, we will continue this spirit that is responsible for planting clandestine seeds of hope behind prison bars, in a subversive existence, the wrench in their gears, the untamed roaring in their cages, the attack that sets fires to the all the littering concrete and bulldozers with the fire in our hearts and petrol bombs, a spirit with a world of fearless passion, a journey which frees desire, felt in the wild of sex, and an anthem of a screaming orgasm, when an earthly anarchist plants a violent garden of resistance in the streets, that feeling held right before a party is raided, and the feeling felt when we decide to run from the pigs, this world is seen when some capitalist or pig makes a comment on the beauty of the night, or when for a moment we make a wish to the stars, to be with them, to be free, when some crusty squatter kid gives me some of the last of his money in donations to my zine, when I see the eyes of a destined never, and cannot see the identity or role they must submit to, but only feel that secret and true contact, we hug beyond the social alienation, we hug through a language older than words, when children wrestle, illegally and violently in their neighbors garden, honestly playing, exploring their impulse, an impulse beyond domestication, an impulse acknowledged through no system, an impulse of violence in our nature, that provides us with an aggressive love rather than goes to fuckin war, when we are taken from the ones we love, and for the first time know why they are the ones we love, when we are presented with life through adventure, rather than feel a symbol of life through watching some instituted spectacle, when we forget fear, when we run from law, and start to live through the attack of survival in capitalism, live through by embracing the anarchy of life, this playground of desire, and home of never ending land, the relief of a weed hiding in the