

EXISTING

SOMEWHERE

BETWEEN

ANARCHY, THE OCCULT, AND DENTON TEXAS

LAST ILLUSIONS PRINTING, 2023

FASCINATED

BY THE

IMPOSSIBLE

VOLUME 1

Imagination Invocation

For Invoking the spirit of Imagination and bringing it down into yourself.

Light a candle. Sit down in front of it. Hold your hand over the flame until the pain is too much, then bring your palm to your lips, kiss it, and say the following words aloud three times. After saying the invocation, do the same with your other hand. Loudly and with feeling. Any feeling will do, the Gods aren't picky.

Here and now, in this place, I call upon the powers of Imagination!

Come into me now and let me share in your nature!

Come into me now, that I may break bonds of rationality and reason, overflow with creativity, and move past the self imposed limits of a dull mind and a duller world.

Come into me now that you may guide my hands and eyes in this work.

I see through your eyes new and fantastical ideas.

I see the doors that were hidden from me.

I hold the key to open those doors.

I regain a childhood proclivity for creation, the limits of my mind erased, and I embrace wild and beautiful thought!

Close in the manner you see fit.

"What I Believe" Continued

I believe in the perversions, in the infatuations with trees, princesses, prime ministers, derelict filling stations (more beautiful than the Taj Mahal), clouds and birds.

I believe in the death of the emotions and the triumph of the imagination.

I believe in Tokyo, Benidorm, La Grande Motte, Wake Island, Eniwetok, Dealey Plaza.

I believe in alcoholism, venereal disease, fever and exhaustion. I believe in pain. I believe in despair. I believe in all children.

I believe in maps, diagrams, codes, chess-games, puzzles, airline timetables, airport indicator signs. I believe all excuses.

I believe all reasons.

I believe all hallucinations.

I believe all anger.

I believe all mythologies, memories, lies, fantasies, evasions.

I believe in the mystery and melancholy of a hand, in the kindness of trees, in the wisdom of light."

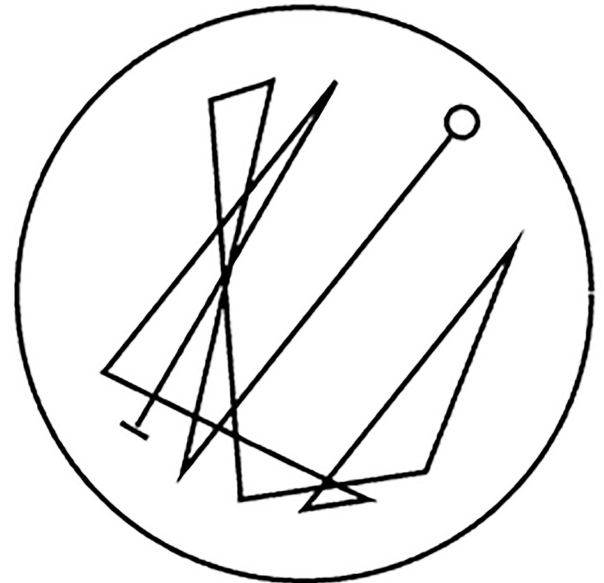
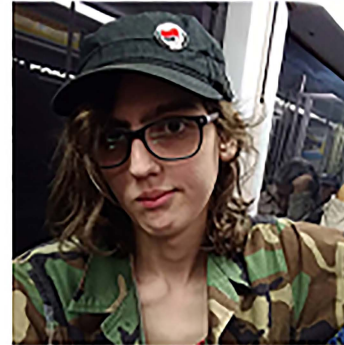


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Support Anarchist Prisoner Sofia Johnson!



www.freesofiajohnson.com

*"The she/they insurrectionist enby of your dreams.
Write me about the Miami Heat, Friedrich Nietzsche, or
come park your car. I'm 25, single, a fan of roses that
are black and things that go boom."*

Write her a letter at:

Sofia Johnson

SID #23976151

Coffee Creek Correctional Facility

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CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS
fascinated by the impossible volume two

Coming yesterday – Fascinated by the Impossible Volume 2: the Word.

The Word, the capital W word. Written, printed, manufactured, spoken, and heard, we may wish to lay out battle plans to attack and destroy the Word or flee from it entirely to the dark corners of the world where everything is silent and still alive. We will be unable to. And though we embrace and celebrate failure we have on occasion sought to do something that isn't falling into its loving hold.

We will be having a relationship to the Word, whether it is one of chasing arrows with unparalleled accuracy, of staunch defenses, or something different... We chose to engage with the Word in the form of language or doctrine less like atheists and more like heretics. How can we approach the Word with an eye for playfulness and cleverness, how can we have a relationship with it that isn't

one of submissoin or joyless and routine attack?

We don't know yet and maybe never will, but perhaps you do, or don't (even better). Our second volume of confusion and contortion is open for submissions and its theme is the Word and taking a heretical stance towards it rather than a disbelieving one, so send us something. Something inexplicable, something beautiful, something ugly. Something heretical.

lastillusionsprinting@proton.me

"What I Believe" Continued

I believe in migraines, the boredom of afternoons, the fear of calendars, the treachery of clocks.

I believe in anxiety, psychosis and despair.

FASCINATED BY THE IMPOSSIBLE

Every facet of the project we're setting out on is unattainable. At its most daring our anarchy can repeat the failures of Catalonia and dash itself against the mile high walls of the state. Our most potent magick is just powerful enough to fall to commodification and find itself sitting next to crystals and incense in a metaphysical shop and be sold as 'self care', with visions of the dumpsters it will eventually find itself in crowding the pages of our dream journals. And in our dreams, schools of police in tight formation patrol the nights. All of our goals, our wishes, everything we ever hoped and dreamed for, every new world we sketch out in shorthand in the skies, every spell we put all of ourselves into will fail, none of them will come to pass. Despite the built in futility of our desires they captivate and compel us

This tension of impossibiliy and desire fuels us to ask endless questions rather than provide singular

answers. We are not the arbiters of Truth, we are not the prophets of what was, is, or is to come. Our current hope, foolish as every other we've had, is for readers to walk away from our words with a burning desire for experimentation, with fewer answers and more questions than they arrived with. Impossible questions that gnaw at the thresholds of our realities, breaking through the armor of Leviathan in small chips while we scrub toilets, breath in toxins, and store lovingly at our phones, with elegant dreams resting in our pockets. Breaking through that armor not with a clever solution to a clever riddle, but a further complication, an added doubt, another impossibility. We wish, so foolishly do we wish, to start a conversation with the impossible, one forever to haunt us. We choose to exist in the realm of story and poetry, between anarchy, the occult, and here, the lovely losers of His-story.

Somewhere between anarchy, the occult, and here. Anarchy, that is hopefully well tread ground. A minefield of dissenting definitions. Anarchy is what remains after we strip away everything we have been told is necessary. It is what happens when all that society deems impossible blooms. Capitalism, the state, civilization, anarchy is what is hidden deep below them and far outside their puny imaginations.

Hidden.

This too, is the occult. Not what is hidden and must be brought up to the surface and destroyed by the lights of discovery and scientific inquiry. Hidden and discovered, cataloged, and understood before being buried once more by academic papers and the logic of a civilization that abhors mystery. No, the occult we are interested in is what is hidden and is beckoning for us to join, to make unknowable monsters of ourselves, to become hidden ourselves.

And here. Here is the place where our feet touch the ground when we're not

dreaming, and the place where our head touches it when we are. Here is the place where a thousand calendars wither and infinite seasons sprout. Here is where the Henbit Deadnettle grows, on a curb next to a busy street, choking on the fumes. Here is where we are and the place we want to become a part of. Here is, for the moment, Denton, Texas.

What I Believe by JG Ballard

I believe in the power of the imagination to remake the world, to release the truth within us, to hold back the night, to transcend death, to charm motorways, to ingratiate ourselves with birds, to enlist the confidences of madmen.

and railroads have been built everywhere. Trains, buses and cars are used primarily so that they can, in a short time, travel long distances to get people to the sweatshops of wage slavery.

A large part of society perceives cars as symbols of superiority and power and they go to the extent of selling their bodies to the bosses every day so that they can buy a new expensive car and compete with each other to see who has the best car in the neighborhood.

Technology is expanding every day and consumers are running to buy anything new that exists even if it has no real use. They only feel happy when they are working or consuming products. It is a society that demands unlimited growth. One of the problems with people's cult of cars, cell phones, computers, smart homes, is that advanced technology leads to the murder of life and the planet. Civilization, the state and capitalism have made parts of

the working class want technology, money, exuberance, power. And I have no hope that this will change. My hope comes from the rebellious individuals and groups resisting this pissy world that others have designed for me. And I will not stop until we destroy the state, society and culture. Until anarchy. Until every car is pissed in.

SOLIDARITY WITH THE PRISONERS OF WAR

PISS AND FLAME TO ALL THE PRISONS AND THE WORLD OF POWER

"What I Believe" Continued

I believe in the designers of the Pyramids, the Empire State Building, the Berlin Fuehrerbunker, the Wake Island runways.

I believe in the body odours of Princess Di.

I believe in the next five minutes.

I believe in the history of my feet.

Dallas Zoo Leopard Liberation

On the morning of January 13 a group of eco-animal warriors raided the Dallas Texas Zoological Park.

The zoo holds more than 2,000 animals captive.

Using handheld tools we cut a hole in the cages holding clouded leopards and langur monkey to allow for their escape. For all those still locked up, this is no victory.

This raid was carried out by a small cell of compassionate individuals whose decision to cross the line was motivated by a reverence for life – what have these sentient creatures done to deserve a life in a cage?

More to come...

Grandmother's medication flushed Down Toilet!!!!

Primitivist power!!!! Have fun without your heart medicine you stupid old bitch! Wild nature rules!!!

Denton, Texas: Piss Attack Against Individual Vehicle

On 8/15 I placed my cock near the seats of a car near University Avenue, the result was the soggying of the automobile's interior and at least four bad urine smells.

From the very first stage, the production of cars has been a disaster for the planet. A large percentage of the world's oil production is used to run the cars. Their production poisons the water and the air and destroys large areas of the natural world.

The car industry has changed our lives enormously. Roads

EDITORIAL

Here at the outset of this project we choose to focus our first issue not on what is new and has only just opened its eyes but on preparing to close them. Even as we begin, Ends our where are focus is drawn as the world opens itself to us. Because this isn't the first time and there never was one. We break now, we break then, we will break with this civilization's linear view of time here and then and then. The cycle does not begin here because there is no single place and time our cyclical world comes about nor one where it ceases to be. The beginning is not the beginning, and the beginning is the end.

The Ends we dream of, Anarchy, and the ends of us and ours. These are not as separate as they appear at first glance, and we hope to explore these ends even as we attempt the demolition of the very notion of ends.

We welcome you to volume one of Fascinated by

Impossible, the last in a long series.

"What I Believe" Continued

I believe in my own obsessions, in the beauty of the car crash, in the peace of the submerged forest, in the excitements of the deserted holiday beach, in the elegance of automobile graveyards, in the mystery of multi-storey car parks, in the poetry of abandoned hotels.

I believe in the forgotten runways of Wake Island, pointing towards the Pacifics of our imaginations.

You're sitting down trying not to focus. A teacher stares at you. Your body demands movement, you demand movement. The desk feels like it's on fire. He meets your unfocused eyes and his face twitches. You try to ignore him telling you to stay still while you count the time until you're out. They haven't taught you how to count that high yet, it feels like infinity, and it is more than that. You try to imagine the glory and freedom of adulthood, of being able to move. The chairs can't hold you forever.

It feels rehearsed, this speech. You're sure they've given it before, and you can imagine them going over it in their head while you rotted in stillness outside the principal's office. Why else would they have you wait for so long? The receptionist yelled at you for pacing instead of staying motionless and quiet, perhaps imagining a world where the pacing was the building up

of energy to run yourself out the door away from another one of these meetings. You wish that world was the one you lived in. A world filled with wind to rush past you as your feet push the earth down and away from you. The breeze breaks through dimensions and for a moment, marvelous and forever, you feel it tousling your hair, inviting you to bring that reality here. It hurts to say no. You vow to never do it again while a distant figure scolds you for not listening to them, scolds you for missing class, scolds you for... You can't remember what it was, what it wasn't. You can't hear them over the wind rushing past you, teaching you how to fly, and begging you to do so.

A great and beautiful tornado will rip her in half. The blood will coat you in its love and its splendor. More papers, more speeches, more restrictions. She grows smaller as she's carried away, or as you are. You can't feel

were deafened by our bold acts as the wave of anarchy and feces crested, overflowing the bounds of civilization and your toilets: Cici's Pizza. Terrible floods of extraordinary unique turds flowed from our **sphincters** egoistically, unhampered by your cheesy, Christian morality. The grand choruses of noble flatulence rendered all voices of managerial subjugation silent. Your dishwasher Trevor called it "the single worst day of work ever. Ever." Baby, we just call it Wednesday.

Watch your backs
Buffet King, or better yet,
prepare to watch ours.

bikes stolen and broken

paisley street, north austin
street, normal street, west
sycamore street, rose street.
no more getting to work, no
more work. we wont stop

Tyre Extinguishers Come to Denton

Starting on the week of 01/15 the Tyre Extinguishers started disarming SUVs around the Texas Women's Univetsity. Over the past two weeks we have disarmed 10 SUVs.

We do this with one simple tactic: deflating the tires of these massive, unnecessary vehicles, causing inconvenience for their owners without endangering any lives in the process.

We target SUVs because:

- SUVs are a climate disaster
- SUVs cause air pollution
- SUVs are dangerous
- SUVs are unnecessary

We will continue until there are no more SUVs in urban areas.

Anyone can do this.

ATTACK!

communiqués from in and around denton, texas

Feral Fecal Foray — Propaganda by the Deed

We began with indulgence. We ended with evacuation. We did not bring Lactaid.

With castles in the air we entered Cici's Pizza. The doors fled before our egoistic approach, the undomesticated footfalls echoing to the distant reaches of the dish pit. Burning-the frigid flame of our individualism flaring hotter than the pizza ovens, colder than the salad bar. We, a union of egos, creative nothings whose bellies too were empty, are at war with the totality—**everything**. Born of a beautiful act of defiance we declared this war, we fired the opening salvo at Cici's Pizza: Aristocratic free spirits reject the constraints of morality imposed by the subservient mass that dictates where the dagger of queer anarchy

wielded nihilistically may strike — or not. On this exquisite afternoon we experienced the jouissance of attack- jouissance of the highest order and struck with joy and rage.

Victuals counted not in slices-but in pies. This **insurrection**, not revolution, immediate and not deferred, against the buffet did not stop with steam tables and olives; We feral anarchists, gay few that choose freedom, we exist outside of the petty measured time that dictates acceptable buffet consumption limits, Cici's Pizza. As the sun ceased its blaze across a sapphire sky in an act of solidaristic self-interest we turned our gaze to the receptacles of domesticated shame. Lactose intolerant tummies took control of our lives, of your toilets. A gallant parade of illegalist diarrhea blew the trumpets of the apocalypse cacophonously in those minuscule stalls. The moral pandering of those too afraid to create brown, liquid beauty

the difference precisely, but you can feel the distance. She's pointing and sighing and taking knives to your gusts. That energy fades. This time it ends new. Your attention snaps from dreaming destruction to here, wanting to see what's new. She walks away. Quiet. You wait, the first time it's your decision to. You wait. You wait for this speech to resume, the lesson you're unable to learn to start back up. It never does. The engines powering it and your relationship with her grind to a halt. You wait. You finally and lovingly say yes and lift up your eyes and carry yourself away, doing somersaults in the clouds.

Shattered glass brings you back down higher, it always does. Your feet touch concrete briefly and the crunch of broken glass rockets you past the stars. He's got a smile on his face, and you want to fuck right there and roll around on the shards in the sky bleeding out a great flood of joy. The building's alarm reminds you why you don't do this and a look down

the street at dozens of intact windows reinforces this. Your hands slip past each other while you float to ecstasy, and you could cry and scream and explode right there. Everything is everything right now and you can soar through it all.

On a thousand new planets you rest and let the wind blow your book shut. Just a moment. You'll listen and then go back. There was never any time to wait, not while the whole world is out there calling for you.

The city keeps on moving, everyone keeps on moving. Doesn't anyone care? Do they even know? Your world has ended with hers, at the tip of a needle. The world should be stopping with you, with her. A society in collective mourning. But they continue living, they don't even know she's dead and they wouldn't care if they knew. You know and care and promise, promise yourself not to lose another friend, another lover, another enemy, another anyone at the end of a needle, the bottom of a bottle,

anywhere but the end of the world. You cannot keep this promise. You will make it anew each time it is broken. And it will be broken many times. Too many times. The city moves unmoved.

His words could blow you off the ground. Yelling and yelling back and watching the air between you smile and fuck. You yell louder and he screams through a smile. You know how wrong you are and in a week you might even admit it. But not to him. You'd argue forever if the air always felt like this. If life always felt like this. Won't it last like this? It must last like this.

The hate is there. It doesn't know it yet. They all have it, and you will be why and, in a city, a country, a world of murderous cops they will choose to hate you over the police. A storm isn't peaceful. None of them can see the joke of getting permits and sticking to a route while chanting "Whose streets? Our streets!" Protest can never be peaceful when there's a baton cracking bone. Crying peace

while at war is ridiculous and none of them realize it. A storm isn't peaceful. You shatter the make-believe peace, and the crowd stops, and their hands reach out for you, trying to drag you back to earth. They can't grab the wind. This isn't okay, this isn't why we're here, this isn't who we are, every trite excuse for rolling over and showing the state their stomachs, the cowards. They never want you to do it and they never will and you do and everything but the glass in the air stops after the brick flies through it. They will never understand, never say yes. You scream and your words level buildings. A storm isn't peaceful.

Sirens above you shout out. Their wailing wants you to stay below, to drive you into the soil. They don't know you can sail cleanly through the bars and into the night and the day and the never.

Still. It's all still as you crash back down, are crashed back down. The difference feels briefly

squatting, trespassing, shoplifting, drugs. I should have told the officer I didn't know you because that was the truth. I wish I could say that I recognized you immediately when they showed me the photos. I didn't. Not for a while, anyway. I still held the image in my head of you with a paintbrush in your hand, blue splattered on your clothes as who you were. This person they showed me was not that child. But it was you. The you I never knew.

You must have died thinking of us as the villains in your life story. I can't ever change that. It isn't entirely wrong.

I love you and I miss you, Emily.

- Love,
James, your
Father

"What I Believe" Continued

I believe in the gentleness of the surgeon's knife, in the limitless geometry of the cinema screen, in the hidden universe within supermarkets, in the loneliness of the sun, in the garrulousness of planets, in the repetitiveness or ourselves, in the existence of the universe and the boredom of the atom.

I believe in the light cast by video-recorders in department store windows, in the messianic insights of the radiator grilles of showroom automobiles, in the elegance of the oil stains on the engine nacelles of 747s parked on airport tarmacs.

I believe in the non-existence of the past, in the death of the future, and the infinite possibilities of the present.

I believe in the derangement of the senses: in Rimbaud, William Burroughs, Huysmans, Genet, Celine, Swift, Defoe, Carroll, Coleridge, Kafka.

,” to the question of “Do you have any kids?” You stopped being a subject for conversation at the family get-togethers. Only when we were in the room, I imagine. Your mother didn't adjust. I wish I drove her away instead of to her death. To someone happier, someone still capable of love.

We didn't go into your room for months after the fight. We hadn't been in there for years previously, so it didn't seem all that different. Just without the quiet sobbing and the occasional bits of angry, unintelligible music. I remember when we painted those walls blue together. The posters, books, shirts, everything you left there I was clueless as to how you got any of it. I'm not sure how a kid that never left their room and never got any mail got their hands on any of that and I know I would never have allowed any poster emblazoned with an anarchy symbol or the words “Fuck the police” in my house. All of this made me understand you less. I blamed the posters and the music and the books for the way you turned out. Your

mother wanted everything left in place, in case you came back. I knew you never would. I waited a month and then I emptied everything you didn't fit into your backpack the day you left us into a dumpster on the other side of town in the middle of the night. I didn't want anyone in the neighborhood to think I associated with anything on those posters, with anything you thought or believed, with you.

A week ago, I got a call from a police officer in a city not more than an hour from the house. Was that where you were the whole time? Were you that close? Could I have driven there after work and bumped into you on the streets? What would you have done if you saw me? What would I have done if I saw you?

He asked if I knew you. It had been so long that I started to say no before remembering you were my child. He told me you died. It happened a week ago. A week. Overdose. Small doses of information have crept in in the days that followed. Riots,

significant then nothing feels significant. The sky lit up in colors during your descent but now you've descended and now you can't move. Their stares and words drop weight after weight and year after year on you. The judge can't even pronounce his name correctly. The bars don't have the distance between them you imagined.

The wind can't reach underground. The air won't move, can't move, and neither will you, can you, will you. Far below you go. Endless skies and flaming clouds only a fading memory as the cell door slams shut.

You try the stars, but they've winked out. Closer and closer you look. The sun, the planets, the moon. Even mountains and treetops are too high. You hope he can go up there while you can't and you tell yourself you want to stop him when it's time, knowing the lie.

Faint breeze and blue walls and roaches. It's not freedom, the bars are waiting beyond the horizon, out of sight. The house is emptier

than when you left. Colder. Once familiar names escape and try to dig shallow roots in places too quiet and too slow for you. The abandonment of friends and comrades who you remember sharing a beer with and plotting out synchronized, explosive deaths at thirty isn't so inspiring. They won't ever die explosive. Did they lie or were they just too stupid to know how afraid they always were? The walls ring with the naivety of those years. Those friends can't be replaced but you try to make some additions, not replacements. They're all too young, too stupid, and none of them will listen to a word you have to say. You watch from a distance as they run off to repeat your mistakes, running headfirst into the gates of a prison. You contemplate walking away from them, from everything, from everyone. Everyone but him. You can still imagine the end of the world when you embrace, still feel its presence, trace the burn marks of its destruction on the curves of his flesh.

You remember a

couch you had. The cushions were mismatched and hung too far over the edge and were constantly tipping over and you all made a game of seeing how long it would take for new people to fall over. There was a train of you pulling these perfect cushions out of the dumpster, hoping a couch would be found on the way back. In the meantime, they sat on the floor and that was great. One week later the gods of trash answered your prayer. It was massive. It took five of you to carry the couch back and an hour to squeeze it in the doorway, half that time spent doubled over in laughter. One of the wooden beams under the couch snapped in half before it got in. You remember the splinter on your palm. That couch was comfortable, it was perfect, it was a couch. It's gone. The small things were saved before you were taken but the rest wasn't and now it's just the two of you and you can't carry a couch six blocks.

You wonder if this is what will happen every time you're locked up. Starting

over. With people, with projects, with couches. You wonder what it's worth. Nights spent behind bars smelling the letters he sent and swearing they smelled different from all the others come bleeding back into your memory. You think about the way he smells. You stop wondering and start knowing and walk past hundreds of intact windows and vow to attempt politeness the next time you're pulled over.

The dial tone threatens madness. The most painful, most pitiful call of your life and you've about to go to voicemail. How many days, how many weeks, how many years did you spend rehearsing this conversation? Preparing for it? Every memorized bit drops out of your mind when they pick up. It's been so long you're not sure if the voice matches the memory. You know yours doesn't. You were always so used to the screaming, a quiet "hello" sounds so foreign from their lips. After five seconds of silence you reintroduce yourself to your

just be normal and be happy! Be like every other fucking kid! If not for us then for yourself!" I was channeling my high school self at the time, the one that would have treated you the way I'm sure everyone else in school did. I spent nights waiting and hoping to catch you breaking out of the house at midnight because at least then you would be going somewhere, you would have someone to go to. But you remained in your room. I have no idea what you saw in those four walls that was so much better than the world outside. What was scarier about the rest of the world than the loneliness you chose?

After our last fight, the last time we spoke when you ran away, I was relieved. I still feel guilty about that. I can't even recall what the fight was about, only that I asked your mother what we did wrong with you in front of you. Your mother wanted to stop you. I stopped her. You were old enough to make your own choices, I said. Please get out of my house, I thought. I

watched you hang at the front door for a few seconds from the corner of my eye. You were probably hoping for us to try to stop you. To say how much we loved you, that you were our child, to list the reasons why you should stay. To act like your parents. I felt good about not giving you the satisfaction at the time. In my eyes you didn't deserve it. I cannot wish any more than I already do that I wasn't so stupid. I'm sorry. I wish I said anything, I wish the last time we spoke wasn't a fight, the last time we saw each other wasn't you waiting for me to be your father. It's far too late now, but don't blame your mother. She wanted to stop you. She wanted to. She could have. I could never have. She wanted to stop you. She loved you.

I adjusted after a while. I thought of us as childless parents. I imagine you thought of yourself as a parentless child. You were, and I can't regret that any more than I do now. I stopped mentioning you entirely. You turned into an angry, weird footnote in our lives. I started answering "No,"

that cried and threw temper tantrums more than most, they miss the person that child grew into, the one none of us would know.

Your mother and I never knew what to do when you came home from school, obviously fresh from crying but unwilling to share the reasons why with us. I heard the sobs from your room and never felt so powerless. You rejected any offer of help or comfort from us and the pain never ended. When you were a baby, I had brief images of myself as a superhero, jumping into danger to protect you. In front of bullets, into fires, overturning cars, and leaping skyscrapers. I knew I could put myself into any danger for you. None of those scenarios came to pass. Instead, I witnessed the aftermath of pains you never revealed to me, unable to do anything but listen through the walls. Unable to do anything but wait. I don't know if you ever heard it, but you weren't alone in crying yourself to sleep. The excitement of experiencing the world anew through

faded away. We were left with feeling your pain secondhand and at a distance. I still sit with that pain on lonely nights, the only part of you I knew any of that didn't get into shouting matches with me.

Those resentful parts I have given up on pushing down and forgetting. Once they're gone what will I be left with? All you left us with was the memories of solitary crying interspersed with fights. I hope I left you with something more than that, but I don't think I did. I'm not sure I did. I'm sure I didn't.

The music got louder, angrier, and you got quieter, more sullen. At that point you were so unknown to me that I couldn't tell if you were getting angrier. I don't know that you had any more capacity for rage left in you. Your clothes became stranger, more violent, darker. I remember wanting to grab you by the shoulders and shake you and scream "You see, this is why you don't have any friends! Why don't you fucking get that? Please,

parents, thankful for the distance, thankful they can't see how much of a wreck this made you. You felt able to topple cities once but a quiet conversation with your family was out of your capabilities. You aren't the agent of chaos you used to be, swore you would always be, but you can contemplate sending a birthday card without a bomb in it for the first time.

You have learned to sit almost properly, you have to now. The cool, poor postures of an angry teen have morphed into the back pain of an older person. You ache. You are tired. The trees are no longer uprooted in your presence. You enjoy the stillness, knowing you won't burn up in the atmosphere.

The word no longer leaves your lips, the identifier no longer self-applied. Anarchist. Present actions don't match up past ones. On the inside the spirit is there, changed, and willing to sit and live. Have you opened a chasm between your inner and outer selves? Have you made yourself less free or just more

aware of how free you never were? These questions don't hold the weight they once did, not when rent is due and long untreated cavities need filling.

You're standing in paper and concrete envelopes you the way he once did. The tempest isn't enough to move the paper, you don't even think to try the concrete. He is lowered in and you want to dive in, allowing it all, feet on the ground, lost. Everyone is so sorry for you. He took the future and its ruination with him, and they dumped six feet of dirt over every beautiful adventure that ever existed. You imagine burning up in the sky, lighting the world on fire so they may know and understand the loss.

You burn up on the ground instead. In a doctor's office you're sitting and everything isn't anything anymore. Like the judge decades ago the doctor gives you time. Much less time. The end of a sentence rather than the start of one.

Everyone cries.
They hug you. They say nice things. You cry too. You don't feel visible under the weights. You're not sure if you exist under them.

Walking down a street you hear weights hitting the ground, left behind you on the pavement. You look up and see blue. A thin streak of white pierces it. It's calling you. You look down one last time and finger the explosives strapped to your chest. You move through the crowd, closer and closer. You look Henry Kissinger directly in the eyes and see every cop, teacher, judge, and parent that demanded the end of flight, you feel the surge and weight and the emptiness of the crowd around you, and nothing is nothing. You explode. You fly one last forever time, through clouds of blood and bits of Kissinger and innocents and hope your love is up there to mock the heavens at your wingtip. You know he is.

"What I Believe" Continued

I believe in the mysterious beauty of Margaret Thatcher, in the arch of her nostrils and the sheen on her lower lip; in the melancholy of wounded Argentine conscripts; in the haunted smiles of filling station personnel; in my dream of Margaret Thatcher caressed by that young Argentine soldier in a forgotten motel watched by a tubercular filling station attendant.

I believe in the beauty of all women, in the treachery of their imaginations, so close to my heart; in the junction of their disenchanted bodies with the enchanted chromium rails of supermarket counters; in their warm tolerance of my perversions.

I believe in the death of tomorrow, in the exhaustion of time, in our search for a new time within the smiles of auto-route waitresses and the tired eyes of air-traffic controllers at out-of-season airports.

for you to experience for the first time what I no longer could. Your first day at school and all the new friends I knew you would make there, the first time you drank soda and wavered between tears of fright at the bubbles and giggling at the new sensation, your first love, seeing your eyes light up and feeling everything when you talked about him, working hard and moving up in your first job and all the responsibility that comes with it, marriage, and someday even sitting around a dinner table with your husband and imaging every wonderful piece of life you could never repeat yourselves but you could watch your child do and feel it with them. Not every first is so joyous, I knew a first love would also almost certainly be followed by a first heartbreak, but I could never have imagined that nearly every moment from my life that I look back on with nostalgia now would be absolute hell for you. How could we have known? What would we have done?

What teenager didn't

have problems with their parents? I did, your mother did, our parents did, but none of ours were like yours. We never hit a point of irreconcilability. We fought, even threw the word "hate" at each other once or twice. But we all remained a part of our parents' lives. I wish you did. I wish I saw you again before you died. I wish your mother saw you again before she died.

I remember the big family dinners, the special occasions. I was so happy getting to see all my cousins, my aunts and uncles, my grandparents all together when I was a kid. For a routinely miserable and angry child you never showed so much anger and misery as when you had to be surrounded by people that loved you unconditionally. I felt like I was ready for the litany of horrors you would someday face but a room full of loving family members was one I never prepared for. They miss you too, even though they never knew you beyond the unhappy, black clad shape that hid in the corner, waiting to leave. They don't just miss the child that

LETTERS

Comments? Questions? Send them to us and we'll answer them!
lastillusionsprinting@proton.me

Usually we would reserve this section for shorter letters directed at us but since this is the first issue and we're hoping the letter gets to the person it's directed to, we made an exception.

To Emily,

I keep trying to find the day I stopped understanding you. Evenings spent searching through memories, photos, home videos, looking in your eyes at five, eight, eleven, and fourteen and seeing if what's happening inside you is utterly alien to me yet. I can't see in those images and recollections what I saw in real life, I can't feel the vast distance opening up in our relationship before you opened up the vast distance between us physically. Or maybe I did that, maybe your mother did, maybe we all did. I don't know. I never will. There were brief moments when I thought I knew, when I could with a perfect clarity articulate exactly where

someone did something wrong. I don't have those anymore. I've resigned myself to knowing it was never a singular event we could have simply avoided or one angry song or one bad day. What pushed us irrevocably apart was built in minuscule every day starting I don't know when by I don't know who. I suppose it was everyone which means it was no one. None of this is a comfort to me. Not that you would care, not that you should have.

When your mother told me we were pregnant what I felt I can't describe. Joy, terror, loss, confusion, it's difficult for me to think of an emotion that we weren't subsumed by. The first that came through alone and solid was my excitement

INJECTIONS FROM BEYOND THE BURNING TREELINE by katin

'Women wisdom

We gotta keep each other alive any way we can 'cause nobody else is goin' do it"

From the Faggots and Their Friends Between Revolutions

The standard, advised path looks something like this: have an epiphany with a strange new flavor of gender, see a therapist, see a doctor, see a pharmacist, get estrogen, and continue seeing all of these people forever and hope none of them changes their mind or the company that you're working for shuts its doors and the insurance vanishes and takes the smallest hint of tit meat you've just managed to grow with it, and hope you never have to choose between hormone replacement therapy and food. Hope the pharmaceutical company manufacturing your HRT never goes under, hope the supply lines never get disrupted, hope society keeps on going so you can too. Keep doing this until death occurs, of you or the civilization you live in.

I had to take a day off of work. It's the slow season and they're letting us go home hours early nearly every day. Letting us. I don't think there was much of an option to stay but no one would have. Every week they ask if we want to use our sick or vacation time to cover what the company refused to. Now I'm using more. I think I'm out now. I hope I can pay rent this month.

It's hot. I don't have a car. I must walk. The hospital is in one of those magical locations in a city that the buses seem incapable of reaching from my apartment. I note this with some concern as I walk. It's hot. The only dress I own is black and this is seeming like a poorer decision with

with every step across the mangled concrete. The dress is to convince my doctor of a truth I know that they doubt, a truth of who I am. Testosterone floods my body and so do the stares from strangers, wondering why that man is wearing a dress. What building was it in again? It's hot. Did I really wait months for all of this?

What if it looked different? What if instead of transitioning at the whims of transphobic bureaucracy and institutional indifference we did it at the whims of possibly sketchy websites and faggots and dreamers brewing up HRT in their basement? What if we ran tits first away from the nightmare of medicalization?

The secretary does it, the papers require it, even the doctor takes part in the systemic and impersonal misgendering and deadnaming that will come to define my relationship with the medical industry. I hear the doctor tell me information about HRT I already know and I'm pretty sure about half is wrong. I leave after bloodwork that

leaves my wallet 700\$ lighter. My insurance will never cover anything with the word 'gender' on it. One month later I'm on a dose so low it can scarcely be noticed. I will not learn how low it is until talking to other trans women months and months later. Every increase I get will be minute and require beautiful begging on my part, begging resisted by my doctor at every turn.

Anyone who has tried to get on hormones the right way can list the many ways they have to hold back information or straight up lie to their doctors, the ways the medical system does so much to put infinite time between you and your HRT. Going to a doctor to get on estrogen usually means selling them as much as possible on the lie that you fully buy into the gender binary and have a concrete place on it, that of woman. Don't say the words non-binary, make sure you're wearing a dress, don't portray yourself as anything but a woman, don't complicate your gender or your life, don't

fast motion, smeared. Like he was a still wet painting I swept my hand across, but a painting done in flesh. He was screaming. Half human half siren. The pool radiated satisfaction, the panic gave it life, the only thing with it here. The stale air filled itself with its horrid joy. One of the flailing, desperate hands finally hit grass, wet, only just holding itself together. What should have been a sickening, wet slap had the same artificial crunch from elsewhere our footsteps created. Then more of it along with one long crunch, like someone holding down a piano key in the tune of a collapsing bridge. I turned. The nurses were running at me, at us, stretcher following behind.

The words came out nothing, "I didn't know." I knew. I couldn't hear the words over the screams and the grass and the eros.

"You can understand." I could.

"All." All.

They stepped in front of me and motioned to the stretcher. There would be no

pain, I knew. I could sense it. I would understand and nothing would hurt. Blond screams reverberated through the inside. An orchestra that wanted and needed me to conduct it demanded me. Another hand hit the grass, another crunch. The first could no longer hold itself together. The blond tried to push himself up out of the pool and the little weight he still carried shattered the decaying arms. The two nurses didn't move, They did not have to. They were not here for him, they were here for me. They were always here for me. Blond was sloughing off the surfaced parts in streaks, screaming that he could not understand. Again, and again, overlapping kindly with the siren.

The needle entered me without pain, They didn't have to promise it, I knew. I closed my eyes and waited to know as the soft cotton of the stretcher cushioned my back and clean tile floated above me and I entered a fluorescent understanding and remembered the zines I picked up at the Austin Anarchist Bookfair.

it was unearthly and unpleasant, but it didn't carry germ in its foundations. I'm not quite sure what it carried. Distance and age, perhaps.

Steadied, I stepped forward. The grass crunched falsely below me, as it came from a speaker above me. Another step. Identical sounds repeated with each footfall. My hairs stood on end. He led me towards the hospital. I felt nonexistent bacteria crawl in through every opening. The front doors opened, a siren above them wailed out a monotonous madness. The falling of chaos had returned, the knowledge of a bottomless all.

I stammered out a raspy "No" unsure of what I was negating, only that I had to. I stepped backwards. My skin prickled with an infinite series of minuscule deaths on my surface. The miasma of a clean world was soaking into me and making me a part of it. Run. Run! RUN! I pulled my arm away, he reached for me again, silent, as sterile as his world, as blond as it too. A vomit blond. Strong wrists

closed around my arm, strangling me from everywhere. I pushed with unthought fury; he lost his balance. The grass kept its same crunch under his dissimilar footsteps as he stumbled backward, with the speaker it was like watching a movie where the sound is late by a fraction of a second. I was no longer held by him, but I wanted suffering. Mine must be paid back. As he wheeled backwards into the sanitized sickness flowing through the yellow air I shoved again, sending him to the pool. He sank in only oily surface.

How deep was it? Could he swim? What was in it? Repeating steps shattered the relevancy of my questions, from the hospital They approached. They stopped at the door, staring at me. Twin gazes carrying only lack possessed Them. A stretcher lay between Them. Clean and ordered, 'As it should be,' came the thought from me and from not me but in me.

A gurgle, a gasp. Arms and a head pierced the foul pool from below. The blond looked wrong. Decomposing in

be too depressed, don't in any way be hesitant or show doubts or worries about changing your entire life, regardless of how you actually feel. All of these lies and compromises for the honor of being told how long you should be going to therapy before getting on HRT and how long you should present as a woman before seeing a single pill. All by a stranger who will deadname and misgender you, who has never gone through any of this, and who will forget you before you're out the door and if you're lucky, might remember you halfway through the next visit, cleanly setting the stage for future deadnaming and misgendering. The only thing you're taking home after the first visit is the bill, not the pill. Nothing says gender euphoria like forcing yourself to stay in a job you hate for the insurance you have to haggle with to cover bloodwork they never will while a bored call center employee calls you sir. Nothing says gender euphoria like engagement with the medical indus-

try.

The first time the pharmacy ran out I panicked. Months spent on hormones, and I thought I would lose it all in a weekend because of the daily tragedies and failures found in international shipping and a global economy. I called my doctor, who assured me everything was fine. I did not believe them the way I no longer believed most of what they told me that every other tranny I talked to disagreed with. This was supposed to be the safe option. I did everything right, everything, and I the system I was bound to, the system I despised still failed me. Every day spent not destroying that system was a day I grew more reliant on it.

All this was lost with my insurance when I quit my job. Between HRT and the job and no job and no HRT, the later was a less depressing option. The lack didn't change who I was. It was a long time before there was estrogen in me again, a long time before I hear about a trans woman in Ukraine who

makes it in her kitchen.

That's the good version of this that I got to go through. Right now, we're barreling towards the bad version that looks more like felonies for prescribing puberty blockers and providers being shut down. Your doctor is neither a hero nor a friend and when the state turns its deadening gaze to us and ends this short period of grace your doctor will not jump in front of the blank eye of the state for you. They have a job and a life and a family and a future and those will all be more important to them than making sure one of the nameless patients, not people, gets some pill they say they desperately need. What's your backup plan if the state outlaws HRT? In a month you'll be out and the institutions we make ourselves dependent on will ignore our cries, as they always have. Or worse, they'll use those cries to find us when we do not want to be found.

Two years later and I'm living in employer provided housing, hours from the

nearest town. I've lost count of how long I've been off HRT. Everyone here shares one postal address, and another employee picks up and distributes the mail between the dozens of us that live and work here. It comes in a small brown envelope, words in a foreign language tell of its origin. Japanese? I don't know, I only know she's from Ukraine. I can feel the two vials in there before opening it. They must have thought I was buying drugs. They weren't wrong. Can they fire me for this? If they do the housing goes with the job and I'm homeless and unemployed in the middle of the desert.

There is a file in a cabinet in an office in a building with your name on it. It has the word 'transgender' on it. It lists the medications you take to feel and look the way you want to. There may be more files elsewhere made by a therapist you've opened up to so you can do it right. What do you imagine the state will do with this information in the course of ramping up its war on transgender people? Is

the essential evenness of the lighting. Shadows didn't seem to exist here. I looked up, guessing at what sort of future suns lit us from all directions. There was none. The sky was the limit, all hazy and yellow emptiness. But it was sky and only sky above me, wasn't it? Giving my eyes time to adjust I made out an end, a foolish one at that. A ceiling. There was no sky. This was all inside. How long had I lived inside for? Was there ever a sky? The past grew dim in me. We were inside, why wouldn't we be?

I heard nothing. Not the serene nothing of being in the desert, a lovely nothing meaning a nothing outside of civilization, the nothing that still contained winds and sands and birds. This nothing was not that, this nothing was a nothing. I snapped my fingers, fearful that deafness was a side effect of our type of conveyance. Snap! It was not. It was sterile though. That's the silence this place and time possessed; the kind found in the waiting room of the emergency room.

In the distance were squat, yellow buildings. The architecture itself looked ill. It passed its illness onto me. Sneezing lines and colors, I could tell even the building materials carried the soul of hospital disease within. I fell to my knees, waiting for vomit. A hand slapped me on the back.

"Rough journey? I've never seen anyone do that before, but they do do something."

The voice was pestilence. It echoed off of walls I could not yet see.

"Do you feel like an unfrozen caveman? Or, hey, cavetran? Big changes up ahead. Big, big changes for you."

Nothing came up. I stared into the grass. Dead and green, all turf. A gurgle broke the returning quiet. On the other side of the parked van farther into the parking lot was a square pool. I gazed into its oily surface, a surface without a depth. The surrounding concrete warned me against it.

"Come on up now."

He helped me up. I kept my gaze on the oily pool,

vans. Only me. I sat in the front, the early bird's privilege, and didn't notice the solitude until we weren't screaming down the dirt road and off the hill into the lush valleys below, but into the sky, unsupported. This wonder failed to interrupt the conversation below.

I tried to halt any reaction. An appropriate one didn't exist for this situation and panic slashing at the edges of my mind wouldn't help. The view of the order from the sky broke my attempts at stoicism towards a flying van and a kidnapping. We were now far enough up for the order and sense to show itself as fraudulent, as neither of those, as an expansive, expensive lawn. That mechanistic purpose the lawn had had vanished with us. I wanted to die.

Turning to my companion-kidnapper-blond I prepared to express this new suicidal urge. The presence of a sort of road ended that idea. It was opaque, it was an opaque road in the sky we traveled on. This wasn't flight, just a simple drive on a road I was too blinded to see. Reality

teared alongside it in a rainbow pattern. Instead of sidewalks all I knew and understood unfurled. Lovely image if it didn't accompany the end of rational thought. I don't believe there was a bike lane.

The same ruin I waited before while contemplating the ethics and aesthetics of the noble riding mower appeared above us, white, gleaming, whole. Sanitized. A hospital. The opaque highway was taking us back, forward, back? Taking us to its original or eventual life, I think. An important note here: the road was taking us, not the van, not the blond, not me. This was all road action. In the mirrors I saw all that I once thought myself to know fog over. Dramatics would have helped me come to terms with it more but those were for what was ahead. Sense faded behind us, or maybe just me, as we drove up the road and into the parking lot.

Unless history acted in a different manner than I was taught, this was definitely the future. Stepping out of the van onto foreign grass I took in the

Is the Hippocratic Oath so powerful as to stop the state when it wants something? Is your doctor? Your therapist? I don't think so. I think a state that is willing to call us pedophiles and groomers, that is willing to stop trans kids from taking HRT, that is willing to call all of this child abuse, is a state that will do whatever the fuck it wants to. And whatever the fuck it wants to looks pretty bad for us. These are not people I want to be broadcasting my transness to.

The needles very clearly state that nothing but insulin should be in them. Oops. I bought them from Amazon, thirty in a package. Thirty weeks, seven and a half months, that's the time I have to futz around until the word 're-supply' re-enters my mind. My parents have Amazon prime but aside from complaining about blood sugar levels for every Christmas for life and possibly faking kidney failure a few decades down the line, I can't come up with a lie convincing enough to not be worth the

four dollars in shipping that comes with using not their account.

Where to go from here? If we jettison the medical industry, if we keep our doctors in the dark (assuming we have doctors in the first place, and how many of us do?), if we want to present more like ghosts than targets then how do we get the care we desire?

I hate needles. I've been avoiding injectable estrogen for years because of this, willingly paying much more to not have to watch the needle sink into my leg. Thankfully I'm dating someone and can pawn that work off on them. Despite the help it takes ten minutes to psych myself up for them to give me my first injection. That's not true, I didn't psych myself up as much as my partner told me to roll over so they could get it over with because I would have spent enough time preparing myself for death to come. Thanks, by the way.

Years after I lost my job and the insurance that came with it, I started buying

my estrogen off the internet from a Ukrainian trans woman who makes it herself. The process is uncomplicated, both for buying and brewing. It involved no questions aside from an address and how much I wanted to buy (the price is shockingly low, \$180 will take me through nearly two years contrasted with the \$30 a month for the pills and hundreds for the doctors and therapy), the minimum being a twenty-one-month supply. Twenty-one months. Minimum. Compared to a monthly trip to a pharmacy I had to announce my deadname to. No insurance or fighting with call center depressives, no doctor's visits, no begging for a higher dose, none of the garbage I waded through when trying to do what society told me I had to do to be transgender.

There was some blood. I had a pain in my thigh. I freaked out internally. What was even in that vial I just had injected into me? Did I really just trust a stranger from the other side of the world enough to put whatever

There was some blood. I had a pain in my thigh. I freaked out internally. What was even in that vial I just had injected into me? Did I really just trust a stranger from the other side of the world enough to put whatever concoction they cooked up in their basement into my body? At no point during the medically acceptable way of transitioning did I have the same fears of what massive, faceless institutions I cannot contend with in any meaningful way were able to put into my body.

That's the bare minimum of where our imagination can take us. When we stop reigning in our dreams the night can take us farther, so much farther. It takes us deep below the earth and high above the treelines, to underground laboratories where queens without slaves cosplay as mad scientists and live as alchemists with arms covered in bracelets among beakers filled with the potions the outside world will never understand, speaking a language that can only be said, never written, that no

AUSTIN ANARCHIST BOOKFAIR REPORTBACK by katin

On September 11th, 2022, I made the journey to Austin to experience anarchy in bookfair form, or a bookfair in anarchy form. This was my experience of it.

I waited. I waited on a hill near a house. I waited alone but wasn't alone in waiting. They were all talking in a group. It didn't sound like excited conversation. Two white vans also waited near me, but I doubt they had my level of purpose.

Was it a house we were outside? I couldn't tell or remember. A school? Maybe. Whatever it was it was old. Wooden and decaying, a deep, tragic brown of neglect. The surrounding lawn existed in ardent opposition to the image our mystery building was aiming for. Green, level, short, neat. So neat, so very, very neat. The order of it recreated itself in layers. A patch of grass at first glance appearing out of place would subsequently reveal itself to be what it

needed to be and where it needed to be.

A zoomed-out perspective would surely terrify. Order like that had a sinister, and I would say chaotic, tone. An unending single note thrummed through bone and blood shaking off any of my ideas of what really was. I pondered this while They chatted, imagining myself Oh so superior, observant, and overwhelmed. The latter was certainly no illusion.

We were going... Somewhere. A different somewhere than the one we came here from. Or not. If I couldn't remember that or why we had come to this place at all there was no reason to submit to that type of logic now. The cracking blue sky warned me against rationality. Keep zooming out until you understand, it told me. I didn't think myself able.

Blond, tall, casually dressed, that series of adjectives described the man ushering me into one of the

“What I Believe” Continued

I believe in madness, in the truth of the inexplicable, in the common sense of stones, in the lunacy of flowers, in the disease stored up for the human race by the Apollo astronauts.

I believe in nothing.

I believe in Max Ernst, Delvaux, Dali, Titian, Goya, Leonardo, Vermeer, Chirico, Magritte, Redon, Duerer, Tanguy, the Facteur Cheval, the Watts Towers, Boecklin, Francis Bacon, and all the invisible artists within the psychiatric institutions of the planet

I believe in the impossibility of existence, in the humour of mountains, in the absurdity of electromagnetism, in the farce of geometry, in the cruelty of arithmetic, in the murderous intent of logic.

I believe in adolescent women, in their corruption by their own leg stances, in the purity of their disheveled bodies, in the traces of their pudenda left in the bathrooms of shabby motels.

I believe in flight, in the beauty of the wing, and in the beauty of everything that has ever flown, in the stone thrown by a small child that carries with it the wisdom of statesmen and midwives.

I believe in the gentleness of the surgeon’s knife, in the limitless geometry of the cinema screen, in the hidden universe within supermarkets, in the loneliness of the sun, in the garrulousness of planets, in the repetitiveness or ourselves, in the existence of the universe and the boredom of the atom.

one but them knows, transmitting the knowledge and recipes orally through ritual orgy and madness, these dreams take us to freak witches dipping in and out of clouds on dragons, throwing vials of estrogen from miles away and hitting a target known only to them, discovered by the vibrations they made in a faggot web strung together by black magick trannies who flit between worlds, dancing on the resting places of our faggot dead and slipping into death themselves to give them in the afterlife an opportunity not given in life, dying and rebirthing and cumming flowers on the way out, leaving unmarked and unknown graves beautiful and grotesque, to endless weekly series of injections made ritual and erotic, made ours.

The pain and the fear subsided eventually and my tits regained their lost sensitivity. The bootleg hormones worked and continue to work. For the next year and a half, I don't have to worry about whether or not I'll have estrogen. Thanks Lena.

As long as we make

our lives the medical problems of doctors, therapists, pharmacists, and the state, strangers all, their limits are our limits, and we desire a world without limit, a life without limit.

Links to information on HRT, where to buy and how to produce ito follow.

https://diyhrt.cafe/index.php/-Main_Page

<https://crimethinc.com/2022/12/15/producing-transdermal-estrogen-a-do-it-yourself-guide>

<https://groups.io/g/MT-FHRT/wiki/29602>

“What I Believe” Continued

I believe in the genital organs of great men and women, in the body postures of Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher and Princess Di, in the sweet odors emanating from their lips as they regard the cameras of the entire world.



Nietzsche on Magick

*The reckless task, my own pure
moment,
Life, an eternity.
God wants he who before God is
supreme,
an artist to destroying
the bad in joy and oneself.
The wholly building inferno or pass
whether in glory to experience
and, and a moral and
pass him to comedy,
including the Divine,
coming also in short of Him*



...Doesn't it?

13.

I remember a squirrel in the summer before the heat or the cold drove the green leaves away. The canopy the post oaks lining the parking lot makes created a tangled series of roads for the squirrel. I wanted to stop them and tell them "You've got to stop, I've stopped you and now you can listen to me. This doesn't show up on Google Maps (see section 11). I put in the address for that tree," I point. "And that one," Again. "And it tells me to walk across this asphalt here, on the ground. Your path and your route aren't real, so I think you should stop."

They chattered, it's easy to imagine the sounds as one after another uneducated curses. This squirrel should be on the route clearly laid out for them, the real one, and they chatter profanities at me when I attempt to show them this fact. Bread and circuses, I mumble to an imagined audience. Realer than this path.

They make the expert

jump from the gnarled branch above me to a powerline slicing the micro-forest in two. I'm thankful for the comfort of the straight lines but I know their existence on the map is as distant window dressing, not as a Sciuridae highway.

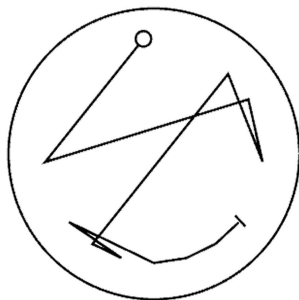
That image stays with me, has stayed with me. The easy switch between man-made tree and manmade end-product-of-a-tree in utility pole format. From nature to civilization in nine inches of airtime and bushy tail, as if that distinction ever made sense in the first place.

Too bad it was off the map and off the edge of the world.

ture in its original sense lost its meaning, became an issue for the Guinness Book of World Records.'

Werner Herzog, *Encounters at the End of the World*

7.



8.

If they only knew capitalism was harming them.

We reach out farther, have reached out, will reach out, farther, and farther. There are no more dragons on the other side of the mountain. There are no dragons in the mountain. Our only sea beasts are islands made of water bottles and plastic bags. Adrift in a lonely ocean made lonelier by the knowledge of it. This wasn't an act of drawing new terrain on the map but of erasing the unknown places, where adventure and mystery

once lived. Where other people once lived.

If they only knew about climate change.

The same features are drawn across ourselves. We are made known. First the textures and ridges of the mountains were mapped out, the craters on the moon, our movements within the city, the firing of neurons in our brains. Our collective knowledge extends its grasp of sand and salt. It gets closer, it dips below the distant horizons, a desert left in its wake, a desert made home in our heads. Sand flows from my ears. I leave a trail of sand behind me in the candy aisle at 7/11 and studious Sherlock Homleses trail close behind, magnifying glass in hand. They hold up the grains to their eyes. They never learned how to wonder. But they learned how to collect data.

If they only knew how to organize.

If they only knew.

If they only knew.

If they only knew.

Because if they knew, surely that means they would act...

NINE PYRES BEING LIT FOR NINE MAPMAKERS IN NINE PARTS

by katie

1.

Empty cartons of eggs demand refills, a sad refrigerator wants happiness, I must show myself at a grocery store. In darkness I blow through stop signs and streetlights. Young hares and old possums watch me from the edges of the city, it's all edges, there is no center, like the very worst of brownies. The quiet streets and waxing moons invite me to go faster, to dance quiet on those edges. Torn up streets block the usual way, gutted not by anarchists but by the city itself. Self-preservation through self-mutilation, through our mutilation. Lovely orange cones and netting weave a tale of limits. This is not where you can go. A new route is planned. In my mind I'm up above, the God-form of Google Maps looking down at a world I'm no longer a part of. I'm outside of myself looking down at myself, endlessly reinforcing the boundaries of my own puny fiefdom. A land whose borders I cannot see through my own

through the eyes of the mapmaker, the view from above, and reinforce the hierarchies I wish to see gone. One of the eggs sticks to the carton. It shatters in my hand. The yolk is cool, the night is cool. A grid of two by six.

2.

A grid of one by one, I move through the larger one of tens of tens of tens by many more by many more. Right angles and straight lines. My procession through the city resembles a military parade. Harsh lefts and rights and it's all angular. I am efficiently and sensibly brought to where I want to go, I must want to go to go. My first step is onto the asphalt without imagination, the second step is onto the asphalt without imagination, and the third step is onto the asphalt without imagination. My thoughts follow my movements. The grid of one by one reflects the mindset of the grid of ten by ten, of many more by many more. There is a problem, I know the

problem, I have understood the problem, I have a solution to the problem, I enact the solution. Straight as an arrow, with sensible lefts and rights executed at ninety degrees. The path to the solution is one of efficiency, one I can explain to anyone, anyone in this case seems to take the form of bosses and community leaders. It is understandable, by me, by the state. I approach like a massacring army. Straight lines and right angles. Problem to understanding to solution to victory and without one whiff of imagination required. As above so below.

3.

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4.

Running, running, running, I'm running, I'm in deep, desperate flight. Eyes closed against the known and I'm running and I'm running and I'm here. I know exactly where I am, and I must escape that. Again! Running and running and a tumble into an intersection and I have three options, four if I include

retreating from the retreat, which I should, which I do. Five if I include waiting patiently right where I am, which I should, which I do. Five options.

Down North Locust Street I can see where I am before I'd get there. The city can see where I am. I run blind down another, down another, trying to get lost. I am unable to. The streets in all their sanity and practicality won't allow that. They're made to be understood, to be easily followed, to prevent me from getting lost. Without trying I can find my way home and with trying I cannot find my way nowhere. I can no longer get lost, and I've lost something meaningful there.

5.

And with hands raised. And with arms raised. You're a beautiful cicada landed on my shoulder. You scream, you whisper the words, and I love you. Here at the end of the end of the world you will die, and I will not with hands raised. A spell to animate the streets, allowing them to choose their own widths, directions, and

lengths.

Gather five enemies and sit in a circle outside next to a Sugar Hackberry. Spit out the pieces of asphalt torn from the streets you've held in your mouths on the way here. Pass them around, putting each in your mouth and holding until bit by a mosquito. Continue until your asphalt is returned to your mouth. Say the words together, keeping the streets between your lips: 'Ng-Tha Isfel Aurdaba.'

Break the circle and go your separate ways. Place each piece of asphalt in a toilet in each of the six centers of power of your city, representing the six ways, the six directions. For Denton, Texas these are:

1. Denton Police Department Station (East)
2. UNT University Union (South)
3. The Waffle House on West University Drive (North)
4. Texas Health Presbyterian Hospital (West)
5. Denton Bible Church (The Underworld)
6. The Chairy Orchard (The Above)

If you live elsewhere you will have to conduct the psychogeographical research yourself to find the six centers of power in your city.

Wait six months, exercising unbelievable patience.

6.

'Back in the days Amundsen, Scott, and Shackleton scientific exploration of Antarctica began and this opening of the unknown continent is their great achievement. But one thing about the early explorers does not feel right. The obsession to be the first one to set his foot on the South Pole. It was for personal fame and the glory of the British Empire. But in a way from the South Pole onwards there was no further expansion possible, and the empire started to fade into the abyss of history. On a cultural level, it meant the end of adventure. Exposing the last unknown spots of this Earth was irreversible but it feels sad that the South Pole or Mount Everest were not left in peace in their dignity. It may be a futile wish to keep a few white spots on our maps but human adven-