

Y*ou've heard the clamour, I am certain.* The pain. The fear. The torment of acidic oceans rising, the sorrow of ancient forests dying. The wails of refugees fleeing resource wars, the lonely lament of the last White Rhinos and Eastern Cougars. Costs and temperatures rising as more wells are drilled to stave off droughts of water and fuel, panic masked as progress against the terror of a world that doesn't work any longer.

This is the moan of the machine, William Blake's 'satanic mill,' the gears of Capital slipping in its thirst to grind bone, stone, and soul. Forest into lumber, land into property, human into worker, art into commodity, life into profit: they found the Philosopher's Stone, and Nature has become the base metal to be transmuted into their gold.

Shelves in pale-lit store-houses sell our world back to us. Tin cans of processed bounty, plastic trinkets spun from polymeric threads, tiny windows onto the memory of community, culture, meaning. We thumb and scroll through images of friends we never see, liking what they had for dinner while eating meals we didn't have time to cook. We have become Lady of Shalott staring into enchanted mirrors, despairing to look out of our lightning-struck towers.

But despair is the shadow of hope, its amorous twin. Sorrow and joy, desire and fear, birth and death—each is nothing without its Other, and only together become something new. The mystery of the Divine Twins is the mystery of the dialectic—the Romanticists who restored the Pagan to the West fought the same war as Marx against the new occulted Authority.

As Silvia Federici has shown, the slaughter of witches made way for the enchainment of the worker—and witches don't stay dead. Bearing hammers, led by a ghostly King, the Luddites sought to sabotage the machine. Dressed in drag, the Whitboys and Molly McGuires, the Levelers and Rebeccas issued eviction notices in the name of divine queens and ancient crones. In Bois Caiman, priests bled vows to Erzulie against their imperial masters. The Haymarket Massacre is celebrated on Beltane. In the salons and bedrooms of Oscar Wilde and Edward Carpenter were the anarchists and the occultists, dreaming lustily of revolution. The pagan resurgence soaked the sweat-drenched bodies of

Everything We Already Are *An introduction*

Rhyd Wildermuth

hippies and revolutionaries in the 60's. Amongst puppets and tear gas, witches invoked circle and goddess against global capitalism.

What you hold in your hands is nothing new, and it's yours. It's what you've always held in your hands, be you witch or academic or punk, artist or mage or druid, worker or heathen or poet. *It's your inheritance.* Through one hand courses a river of power, the dreams of the poor, the revolt of the enslaved, the desire of the forests, the hope of birth. Through the other flows streams of wisdom, frantic scribbles of philosopher, guiding spirits of dying earth, crumbling leaf of herb and grimoire, echoing prayer of the tortured heretic.

We are heirs to magic. We are heirs to revolution. We are heirs to dream.

A Beautiful Resistance is a tapestry woven from threads of hope and despair, desire and fear, sorrow and joy. It's the words of 28 writers and works of three artists, a dream conceived from a longing, a search for what we've always known to be true. We are those who have always existed, initiates of a revolutionary current, citizens of an Other world we know is possible because we're from there.

Like a medieval tapestry, the works within tell a story, weaving in and out of each other with organic intent. Birthed in the dark half of the northern year, they speak of winter and death, of ending and carnival, of great manifestations of what we see best when there is little light. May the five chapters of this journal—adorned with the enchanting artwork and photography of Li Pallas, Aaron Shenewolf, Wespennest, and Lois Cordelia, remind you of everything we already are.

SINGING THE SONGS WE FORGOT

The first chapter is an incantation, a remembrance, a recollection of the melodies which create our world. Understanding how we became disenchanting, we may learn again to sing our world into being. Lia Hunter's piece, **The Enchanted**, breathes the air of hope back into lungs long-choked on despair. **Valdres Roots**, by James Lindenschmidt, tells the history of his ancestors and the echoing lament of their lost land. Poet and awenydd Lorna Smithers evokes for us the moment when the "Father of the Industrial Revolution"—Richard Arkwright—played the "**Devil's Bagpipes on**

Stoneygate." Another poet, Finnchuill, unravels the tangled knots of our disenchantment and displacement (and the men who got us there) in **Becoming Placed.**

THE WINTER OF OUR WORLD

In the Welsh Druidic tradition, the Midwinter Solstice is named Alban Arthan, "the light of the earth," and this chapter contemplates death and what is born from dark, frozen places. Druid Judith O'Grady opens with her contemplation of what will outlast the human in **Call To Cold Gods.** In **The Year Of Dark Epiphanies**, anarchist Margaret Killjoy recalls the search for God and the wisdom that comes from death. In carcass of Salmon and corpse of war-dead, Herbalist & witch Sean Donahue reminds us what cannot stay buried in

Restoring Life To Death.

But what to do in a dying world? asks Pegi Evers. Her answer, in **Contemplating the Ruins**, is to do what we've always done: tell stories. And in **Mysterium Tremendum**, poet and priest of Brigid Christopher Scott Thompson invokes our ancient inheritance from the frozen wastes.

THE MANIFESTATION OF THE UNSEEN

In magic and spirit-work, we speak of *manifestation*—making present our desires, embodying the Other. In Europe and elsewhere, a strike or protest is a manifestation, and in the spirit of throngs, rebels, and revelers gathered against the powerful, can we not see therein an in-dwelling? Is not, then, a manifesto itself a spell? In this chapter are seven works which explore what comes through our opened gates.

Druid & academic Jonathan Woolley follows the diverging transatlantic threads of Paganism in **The Matter of The Gods** to find, at their end, the weakening of Empire. In the "taming" of the old powers and thefts from goddesses in the Irish and Welsh Bardic tradition can be seen Man's arrogance over Nature; in **Response To Amergin**, poet Chris Worlow speaks the land's laughing reply. In **No Hope, No Despair**, anti-humanist Lo steals back the wisdom of Nihilism from the fatalists and offers it back to the gods. Writer and performer Heathen Chinese explores the question of a god's alliances in **Are The Gods On Our Side?** Poet, priest, and academic P. Sufenas Virius Lupus confronts the Anthropocene and the resurgence of goddess-worship in **Earth Goddesses Rising.** Professor, animist, and ceremonial magician Kadmus

unravels our modern conceptions of rights and proposes a radical—yet quite simple—framework for them in **Nature's Rights**. And academic and occultist Al Cummins leads us into the dark, desolate places in search of Saturnine revolt in **Dirt Sorcery**.

JOY AGAINST THE MACHINE

If rising seas, dying forests, authoritarian governments and wars for resources are all the death groans of Capital, then is chapter is our liberating laughter. In **Ned Ludd**, poet, academic, and author Yvonna Aburrow reminds us that, armed with hammers and the strength of the land, no machine can stand. Therapist, writer, and witch Anthony Rella gives voice to our symptoms in **The Soul Is A Site of Liberation**. In the leaps, gyres, and turns of the Witches Sabbat is an embodied truth that neither torture nor fire could still. Silvia Federici, author of *Caliban & The Witch*, celebrates the power of flesh with **In Praise Of The Dancing Body**. Mother, witch, and writer Niki Whiting reminds us that resistance can be bloody in **Our Bodies Are Not Machines**. Crippled by despair? In **Life Support Systems**, environmentalist and Lokean Fjotr Lokakvan will arm you with our greatest weapons: hope, joy, and love. And with arms outstretched in kindness, Reclaiming witch Mandrake calls you to **The Dare**.

THE END & EVERYTHING AFTER

The book which has most broken open the concrete in which the seeds of our beautiful resistance now grow is Peter Grey's *Apocalyptic Witchcraft*. Like the kind withered hands of Ceridwen, it beckoned us to see with unjudging eyes the end we all most fear—and smile.

The End & Everything After echoes this call—look upon the Apocalypse, embrace it, and see the deep roots of the worlds' forests nourished by Capital's ruin. Man's desolate dream to colonise other planets gets a sestina from dancer and poet Sajia Sultan in **Making Mars a Woman**. Max Oanad's short-story, **A Treatise On The Old Powers** is a warning from the future to those who would try to keep this system around. Priest, activist, and writer T. Thorn Coyle's poem, **The World Will End But We May Change** hears in the whistle of a kettle the sounds of Apocalypse. Virgilio Rivas turns the blade of critical theory upon our most central fear, revealing behind the question "how will we survive without all this?" and the false threat of the Katechon in **A Counter-Apocalypse For Out Time**. And regarding the 'end of civilisation,' druid Nimue Brown's poem **Natural Habitat** reminds

us that the urban—civilization—is only where we choose to look, not where we ever really are. And finally, Rhyd Wildermuth tells a tale of winter against **Apparently Impossible Problems**.

May this journal remind you what you've always been, what you always shall be, what you always are. May these works awaken again your hope. May they remind you that you're not alone, struggling against an impossible system, an omnipotent Authority, an undying machine in the world's long winter. It is never long till the next spring.

May this journal be for you a hearth, a flame, a fire by which we can reforge our souls, a seed by which by which we may rewild the cities, a song by which we may Re-enchant the world.

*In the difficulties of revolt, in the hardships of love,
we become the struggle of seed through death-black soil
reaching towards life in an unseen sun,
reforging ever what shall become
in the darkness of wet loam and dirt
unfolding an entire world
from everything we already are.*

Be well.
Dream well.
Resist Beautifully.

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bard of the Raven King, of the Hearthkeeper, of the Crown of the North, of the Bent White One, and of the Liberator

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