



*(sample chapter)*

*Pre-sale begins 18 May and ends 30 June, 2017.*

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# Anarchism For Occultniks

Empty air and silent streets, a stillness only broken by the occasional late night driver. I press onward, my legs and ankles beginning to ache. There's no need to go fast as long as I get there by midnight, and yet...I'm forced forward. Compelled. Three and a half miles of walking, some of it through foot paths on manufactured lawns, all to reach my goal. Every year it's the same thing, every year it's the same journey, the same plan, the same mission. The same anxiety.

By State law what I'm going to do is illegal, criminal trespassing. Depending on the mood of whichever "keeper of the peace" grabbed me, I could also be charged with criminal mischief, prowling, illegal loitering, littering, and desecration of a grave. I could also be forever barred from returning to the spot of my capture.

Good thing I care little for the law.

Where was the law when my sacred trees were ripped from the earth to put in a restaurant? Where was the officer to arrest the drivers of bulldozers as they disemboweled the Land Spirits I had known for years? Where was the care of the State for the web of life that had existed unbroken for decades: plants, animals, and spirits breathing as one entity on an unused and un-manned acre of woods? There was no law, no law in the sense of anything measuring justice. There was only the law of property and of profit.

I'm within eye-shot now, that tenebrous mass of darkness close to the hospital coming into view. I laugh as I think of all the patients peering out their win-

dows, clutching crosses while staring at what could indeed be their final resting place. Row upon row of polished stone and wilting flowers, old enough to house a veteran from Teddy's playtime in Cuba and new enough to bury the victims of Middle East adventurism. An unbroken chain of lives given to the service of an idea, years spent obeying commands for only faintly alluded-to goals.

There is no gate, no door, so I can't be charged with breaking and entering. There is simply an opening, wide enough to drive a car through. Only a fool, however, would think about simply walking in. There is a price to pay, signs of respect to be made.

I walk out of the shadows of the trees, crossing the street in a bold sign of intention. Here is the danger, here is where flashing lights could ruin everything, and as such my pulse quickens; I am in-between shadows, forced into the light of street lamps. The words "Melbourne Cemetery" hang in front of me like finish-line tape. I pull a dime from my pocket as I mutter calls for protection and entrance, making clear my intentions to the ones who are watching.

Payment made, I take a step in but stop. Slowly, I turn around as a cop car pulls down the road.

I'm exposed, not far enough away to be wreathed in darkness; I am a silhouette drenched in light. He slows down to get a better look, confirming my fears that I have indeed been noticed. For a moment we stare at one another, my refusal to run confirming I am no mere midnight prowler.

The Cemetery closes at dusk, and yet here I am, in clear violation of the law. Whose law? Your law or mine? I turn from him and walk inwards, a challenge: do you dare to follow? To leave the confines of your climate-controlled car and enter a world where a badge and a gun will do nothing to protect you? To play with things that obey no human hierarchy, ghostly fingers quite capable of crossing the boundary of class and race, ruler and servant? To leave the illusions that things just *are* because they *must be*?

He drives on, pretending not to have seen me. I chuckle, and six feet to the side of me something else does too.

**T**his book is not intended for everyone, though everyone will have something to gain from it. This book is intended for the sorcerous, the magical, those who regularly cross boundaries and hedges though have yet to do the same in the mundane world, the world of power and politics.

This wasn't always so. Once upon a time, when the physical and the spiritual natures of the world weren't cleft in two, the wise and the cunning were just as much a part of the discussion of how things should be run and how human lives are to be lived as whatever institutions were set in place to do the same. Merlin guided the decisions of King Arthur and Saint Colomba brokered many a peace between the Picts; the struggles of the Native Americans

against their colonial oppressors was drenched in spirituality; the Haitian Revolution was literally brokered between the Loa and their people by a houn-gan.

In all these instances, the magical used whatever powers at their disposal to summon aid in times of great crises, often identifying with the prevailing politics of the time. The libertine Crowley, for instance, used whatever magical force he could muster to defend Britain from the Nazis, but never thought to free the colonies from the yoke of Britain's Empire; the CIA under the auspices of MKOFTEN experimented with occult techniques and discarnate intelligences to ensure tranquility from its housebroken population.

Magical force is just that, a force, one that can be wielded for any manner of philosophical goal. While some spirits by nature may not stomach or stand for certain ideologies, plenty are either completely indifferent or so far beyond human sensibilities that questions like "democracy" or "voting" are as alien to them as they are to us.

Our biases are just that: our own.

What has yet to arise is an ideology--or a discussion of ideology--within the magical community on its terms, for the Witch and Wizard to get together and start talking amongst themselves about just how this whole world seems to run, or even how it should run.

That is changing. Gone forever are the days where such things had to be hidden in metaphor and allegory. We no longer need to adopt the prevailing religion of the time as a cover for our real beliefs. Traditions now have an unparalleled ability to talk to one another: whereas once, a singular magical current might be the only one for hundreds of miles, now our cities and towns are host to hundreds such currents.

This is a magical renaissance. This is our time.

And yet, we have been loathe to act outside ourselves, to truly break the false division of the spiritual and the mundane. We've failed to extend our thoughts onto the wider social sphere. We honor the Earth as sacred, yet haven't stopped the people (with very real names and addresses) who are killing it. We burn candle after candle on money jars as global finance eviscerates the middle class (though you'll never hear talk about the poor). We hold hands and Ohm at "gatherings" and "festivals" as bombs drop onto children reducing them to a fine red mist. This is hubris at its finest level.

This is changing.

Books like Peter Grey's [Apocalyptic Witchcraft](#) and websites like [Gods&Radicals](#) are beginning to question the larger artifice around us. Sorcerers are once again becoming Philosophers, Dreamers, and Revolutionaries. The tide is turning. We are getting angrier. We are starting to give a damn. The question becomes what exactly we plan to do about all this.

I'll never forget an interview during the height of the Occupy protests, a bright and idealistic youth being questioned by a female reporter for one of the large news companies. The reporter asked the youth why we was there. He listed a host of reasons: wealth inequality, lack of affordable education, lack of healthcare, a hurried and fevered critique of global capitalism. The reporter, after nodding silently, then asked the youth what exactly the protesters actually wanted to do about it. The youth was stunned and struggled for a moment, as if he hadn't actually thought of anything beyond how bad everything was, about what exactly he planned to do besides protest.

That is where we are now.

This book is many things: a lock pick to undo the shackles around your head, a flag to help find the others, and a loaded pistol with which you might steal back everything that's been taken from you. It is not a call for activism, for new parties and glib slogans. It is not here to help you get elected or run a better protest down at city hall.

This book is for wizards and witches intent on getting free through a series of mighty, reckless, shameless crimes, the unfolding of which might grant us a freedom so radical our minds can only fathom its faintest possibilities. Property will be stolen, cages burned to the ground, and many a powerful god cast bleeding beneath our own daggers.

## On Anarchism

Anarchism is the abolition of unjust hierarchies and the creation of self-governed, voluntary unions. Anarchism is the radical idea that you do not belong to anyone else and are actually quite capable of making your own decisions. It is the shocking claim that the division of society into castes of race, sex, gender, or class is oppressive, and as such must be done away with. It is the almost unheard of idea that maybe you're just fine the way you are and don't need a church, commune, State, or boss to tell you how to act.

It is also something many Witches and Wizards have already been doing for quite some time.

Let us start with what we already know, or perhaps, what we don't fully realize: that the world of global capitalism is not merely an economic order, a system, but a massive spectral cage inimical to the flowering of our souls and potentialities. Only when we realise the nature of this prison, the bars and locks that bind us, can we begin to plot our escape. And the first bar you must break is in your mind.

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