

Ontological Anarchy proclaims flatly, bluntly, & almost brainlessly: yes, the two are now one. As a single entity the anarch/king now is reborn; each of us the ruler of our own flesh, our own creations — and as much of everything else as we can grab & hold.

Our actions are justified by fiat & our relations are shaped by treaties with other autarchs. We make the law for our own domains — & the chains of the law have been broken. At present perhaps we survive as mere Pretenders — but even so we may seize a few instants, a few square feet of reality over which to impose our absolute will, *our royaume. L'état, c'est moi.*

The missing ingredient in Stirner (Nietzsche comes closer) is a working concept of *nonordinary consciousness*. The realization of the unique self (or *ubermensch*) must reverberate & expand like waves or spirals or music to embrace direct experience or intuitive perception of the uniqueness of reality itself. This realization engulfs & erases all duality, dichotomy, & dialectic. It carries with itself, like an electric charge, an intense & wordless sense of *value*: it “divinizes” the self.

Being/consciousness/bliss (*satchitananda*) cannot be dismissed as merely another Stirnerian “spook” or “wheel in the head.” It invokes no exclusively transcendent principle for which the *Einzig*e must sacrifice his/her own-ness. It simply states that intense awareness of existence itself results in “bliss” — or in less loaded language, “valuative consciousness.” The goal of the Unique after all is to *possess everything*; the radical monist attains this by identifying self with perception, like the Chinese inkbrush painter who “becomes the bamboo,” so that “it paints itself.”

Despite mysterious hints Stirner drops about a “union of Unique-ones” & despite Nietzsche’s eternal “Yea” & exaltation of life, their Individualism seems somehow shaped by a certain *coldness toward the other*. In part they cultivated a bracing, cleansing chilliness against the warm suffocation of 19th century sentimentality & altruism; in part they simply despised what someone (Mencken?) called “Homo Boobensis.”

And yet, reading behind & beneath the layer of ice, we uncover traces of a fiery doctrine — what Gaston Bachelard might have called “a Poetics of the Other.” The *Einzig*e’s relation with the Other cannot be defined or limited by any institution or idea. And yet clearly, however paradoxically, the Unique depends for completeness on the Other, & cannot & will not be realized in any bitter isolation.

From TAZ by Hakim Bey and Escape from the 19th Century by Peter Lamborn Wilson

CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM THE UNIQUE AND ITS PROPERTY BY MAX STIRNER



**Taken from 'anarcho monarchism' which is available as a free pdf
at feraldistrionoblogs.org/zines**

Excerpts from The Unique and its Property by Max Stirner

I Have Based My Affair on Nothing

What is not supposed to be my affair! Above all, the good cause, then God's cause, the cause of humanity, of truth, of freedom, of humaneness, of justice; furthermore, the cause of my people, my prince, my fatherland; finally even the cause of mind and a thousand other causes. Only my own cause is never supposed to be my affair. "Down with the egoist who only thinks of himself!"

Let's see then how they deal with their cause, those for whose cause we are supposed to work, sacrifice ourselves, and be filled with enthusiasm.

You are able to report thoroughly on God, since you have investigated "the depths of divinity" for thousands of years, and have seen into its heart, so that you can probably tell us how God himself deals with "God's cause," which we are called to serve. Nor do you conceal the Lord's activities. Now what is his cause? Does he make an alien cause, the cause of truth or love, his own, as he expects us to do? You are outraged at this misunderstanding, and you inform us that God's cause is indeed the cause of truth and love, but this cause

the prison? Of course, they can only carry on intercourse as prisoners, i.e., only as far as prison laws allow it; but that *they themselves* hold intercourse, I with you, this the prison cannot bring about; on the contrary, it must take care to prevent such egoistic, purely personal intercourse (and only as such is it actual intercourse between you and me). That we collectively perform a task, operate a machine, set something in motion, a prison will provide well for this; but that I forget that I am a prisoner, and enter into intercourse with you who equally disregard it, that puts the prison at risk, and not only cannot be brought about by it, but furthermore must not be permitted. For this reason, the saintly and morally—minded French chamber decides to introduce solitary confinement, and other saints will do the same in order to cut off "demoralizing intercourse." Imprisonment is the established and—sacred condition against which no attempt to injure is allowed. The slightest challenge of this sort is punishable, like any rebellion against a sacred thing by which the human being is supposed to be inhibited and imprisoned.

Like the room, the prison forms a society, a collective, a community (e.g., a community of labor), but no *intercourse*, no mutuality, no *association*. On the contrary, every association in prison carries within itself the dangerous seed of a "plot," which could, under favorable circumstances, sprout and bear fruit.

But one doesn't usually enter the prison voluntarily, and seldom voluntarily remains in it, but rather nurtures the egoistic desire for liberty. Thus, it's more easily understood here that personal intercourse acts with hostility against prison society and tends towards the dissolution of this society, this common imprisonment.

So let's look around for communities of the sort that we, as it seems, gladly and voluntarily remain in, without wanting to endanger them by our egoistic desires.

The word “*Gesellschaft*” (society) has its origins in the word “*Sal*” (hall, room).^[240] If many people are shut up in a room, the room causes them to be in society. They are in society and at most form a salon society, to speak in traditional salon clichés. When it comes to actual intercourse, this is to be regarded as independent of society; it may arise or be absent without altering the nature of what is called society. Those who are in the room are in society even as mute persons, or when they put each other off with mere words of courtesy. Intercourse is mutuality, it is the action, the *commercium*^[241] of individuals; society is only the commonality of the room, and even the statues in a museum room are in society, they are grouped. People customarily say: “they hold the room in common,” but it’s rather the case that the room holds us or has us in it. That’s as far as the natural meaning of the word society goes. It comes out from this that society is not generated by me and you, but by a third factor which makes us both into associates, and that it is precisely this third factor that is the creative thing,^[242] the thing that establishes^[243] society.

It’s very like a prison society or prison collective^[244] (those who enjoy^[245] the same prison). Here we get into a third factor even richer than the merely local one, the room, was. Prison no longer just means a space, but a space with express reference to its residents: it is indeed only a prison because it is intended for prisoners, without whom it would be a mere building. What gives a common stamp to the collectivity in it? Obviously, the prison, since they are prisoners only by means of the prison. So what determines the *way of life* of prison society? The prison! What determines their intercourse? Perhaps also

cannot be called alien to him, because God himself is truth and love; you are outraged at the assumption that God might resemble us poor worms by promoting an alien cause as his own. “Should God promote the cause of truth, if he is not himself truth?” He cares only for his own cause, but since he is all in all, therefore all is his affair! But we, we are not all in all, and our affair is utterly small and contemptible; therefore, we must “serve a higher cause.” —Now it is clear, God cares only for what is his, deals only with himself, thinks only of himself and looks out only for himself; woe to all that is not well-pleasing to him. He serves nothing higher and satisfies only himself. His cause is—a purely egoistic affair.

How does it stand with humanity, whose cause we should make ours? Is its cause perhaps that of another, and does humanity serve a higher cause? No, humanity sees only itself, humanity wants to promote only humanity, humanity itself is its own cause. So that it develops, it lets people struggle away in its service, and when they have accomplished what humanity needs, it throws them on the dung-heap of history in its gratitude. Isn’t humanity’s cause—a purely egoistic affair? I don’t at all need to show that everything that tries to push its cause over on us is concerned only with itself, and not with us, only with its well-being, and not with ours. Just have a look for yourselves at the rest. Do truth, freedom, humaneness, justice want anything else than that you get enthusiastic about them and serve them?

They all do exceptionally well when they are zealously revered. Take a look at the nation, which is defended by devoted patriots. The patriots fall in bloody battle or in the fight against hunger and need; what does the nation say about that? With the manure of these corpses, the nation becomes a “blossoming nation.” Individuals have died for “the great cause of the nation,” and the nation sends some words of thanks after them—and profits from it. I would call this lucrative egoism.

But just look at the Sultan who so lovingly cares for “his own.” Isn’t he pure selflessness itself, and doesn’t he sacrifice himself hour after hour for his own? Yes, of course, for “his own.” Try just once to show yourself not as his own, but as your own; for escaping his egoism, you will take a trip to his jail. The sultan has based his affair on nothing but himself; he is for himself the all in all and the only one, and tolerates no one who dares not to be his own.

And won’t you learn from these shining examples that the egoist gets on best? I, for my part, take a lesson from them, and instead of serving those great egoists unselfishly anymore, I would prefer to be the [selfish] egoist myself.

God and humanity have based their affair on nothing, on nothing but themselves. I likewise base my affair on myself, this I who just like God am the nothing of all others, this I who am my all, this I who am the Unique.

sake: the thing must serve him. It is egoistic to ascribe no value of its own, no “absolute” value to a thing, but rather to seek its value in me.

Our weakness does not consist in this, that we are in conflict with others, but rather in this, that we are not fully so, i.e., that we are not entirely *divorced* from them, or that we are looking for “community,” a “bond,” that in community we have an ideal. One Faith, One God, One Ideal, One Hat for all! If all were brought under one hat, certainly no one would still have to remove his hat before another.

The last and most resolute conflict, that of unique against unique, is at bottom beyond what is called conflict, but without having sunk back into “unity” and consensus. As unique, you no longer have anything in common with the other and therefore also nothing divisive or hostile; you don’t seek to be in the right against him before a *third* party, and stand with him neither “on the ground of right,” nor any other common ground. The conflict disappears in complete—*divergence* or uniqueness. This could indeed be considered the new common feature or parity, only the parity here consists precisely of the disparity, and is itself nothing but disparity, being on par in disparity, and that only for one who makes a “comparison.” The polemic against privilege is a trait of liberalism, which knocks “privilege,” because it itself appeals to “right.” It can’t take this further than knocking it; because privileges do not fall before rights fall, as they are only forms of right. But right disintegrates into its nothingness when it is devoured by the form, i.e., when one realizes what this means: “power goes before right.” So all right is explained as privilege, and privilege itself as power, as—*superior power*.

is the freedom of the people a “hollow word”? Because the people have no power! With a breath from the living I, I blow peoples over, whether it’s the breath of a Nero, a Chinese emperor, or a poor writer. Why then do the chambers of the G— parliament yearn in vain for freedom, and get lectured for it by the cabinet ministers? Because they are not the “powerful”! Power is a fine matter, and useful for many things; for “one goes further with a handful of power than with a bagful of right.” You long for freedom? You fools! If you took power, then freedom would come of itself. See, one who has power stands above the law. How does this view taste to you, you “law-abiding” people? But you have no taste!

The call for “freedom” rings out loudly all around. But does one feel or know what a bestowed or imposed freedom has to mean? People don’t recognize in the complete fullness of the word that all freedom is essentially—self-liberation, i.e., that I can only have as much freedom as I get through my ownness.

The friends of freedom are enraged against selfishness because in their religious striving after freedom, they cannot free themselves from the sublime “self-denial.” The anger of the liberal is aimed at egoism, because the egoist, indeed, never strives for any thing for the thing’s

If God, if humanity, as you affirm, have enough content in themselves to be all in all to themselves, then I feel that I would lack it even less, and that I would have no complaint to make about my “emptiness.” I am not nothing in the sense of emptiness, but am the creative nothing, the nothing out of which I myself create everything as creator.

Away, then, with every cause that is not completely my affair. You think that at least the “good cause” must be my affair? Which good, which bad? I am myself my own affair, and I am neither good nor bad. Neither makes any sense to me.

The divine is God’s affair; the human cause is “humanity’s.” My affair is neither the divine nor the human; it is not the good, the true, the just, the free, etc., but only my own, and it is not general, but is—unique, as I am unique.

For me, there is nothing greater than me!

Man, your head is haunted; you have bats in your belfry! You’re imagining big things and painting for yourself a whole world of gods that is there for you, a haunted realm to which you are called, an ideal that beckons to you. You have a fixed idea! Do not think that I am joking or speaking figuratively when I look upon those who cling to something higher, and, since this includes the vast majority, almost the whole human world, as veritable fools, fools in a madhouse. What, then, is called a “fixed idea”? An idea that has subjected people to

itself. When you recognize such a fixed idea as folly, you lock its slave up in an asylum. And the truth of the faith, which one is not to doubt; the majesty of the people, which one must not question (whoever does so is a—traitor to the crown); virtue, against which the censor must not let a word pass, so that morality will remain pure; aren't these "fixed ideas"? Isn't all the foolish chatter, for example, in most of our newspapers, the babble of fools, who suffer from the fixed ideas of morality, legality, Christianity, etc., and only appear to walk about freely because the madhouse in which they wander covers such a vast space? If you touch the fixed idea of such a fool, you will immediately have to guard your back against the lunatic's treachery.

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To come back to property, the lord is the property owner. Choose then whether you want to be lord, or whether society shall be lord! This will determine whether you will be an *owner* or a *pauper*! The egoist is owner, the socially conscious person a pauper. But pauperism^[395] or propertylessness is the meaning of feudalism, of the feudal system, which since the last century has only changed feudal lord, putting "the human being" in the place of God, and accepting as a fief from humanity what had earlier been a fief from the grace of God. That the pauperism of communism is led out through the humane principle to the absolute or shabbiest pauperism has been shown above; but at the same time we have also shown how only in this way can pauperism suddenly turn into ownness. The *old* feudal system was so

If something that one imagines to be quite possible is not, or does not happen, then one may rest assured that something stands in the way of the thing, and that it is—impossible. Our time has its art, science, etc.: the art may be utterly awful; but could one say that we deserve to have a better one, and "could" we have it if we only wanted it? We have just as much art as we can have. Our present-day art is the only art possible, and therefore actual, now.

I, for my part, start from an assumption in assuming *myself*; but my assumption does not struggle for its perfection, like the "human being struggling for its perfection," but only serves me to enjoy and consume it. I consume nothing but my assumption, and exist only by consuming it. But for this reason that assumption is no assumption at all; because since I am the unique, I know nothing of the duality of an assuming and an assumed *I* (an "incomplete" and a "complete" *I* or human being); but that I consume myself means only that I am. I do not assume myself, because in each moment I am really setting up or creating myself for the first time, and am only *I*, not by being assumed, but by being set up, and again set up only in the moment when I set myself up; i.e., I am creator and creature in one.

My freedom becomes complete only when it is my—*power*; but by this I cease to be merely a free person and become an own person. Why

is sacred; for example, property, the lives of others, etc.). This is the sort of civilization and culture the state is able to give me; it teaches me to be a “useful tool,” a “useful member of society.”

Around the altar a church bulges its arches, and its walls are moving further and further out. What they enclose is—*sacred*. You can no longer reach out for it, no longer touch it. Howling with a devouring hunger you wander round about these walls, searching for the little that is profane, and the circles of your path keep on extending further and further. Soon that church will embrace the whole world, and you’ll be driven out to the furthest edge; one more step, and the *world of the sacred* has triumphed: you sink into the abyss. So take courage while there is still time, stray no longer in the overgrazed profane, dare the leap, and rush in through the gates into the sanctuary itself. When you *devour the sacred*, you have made it your *own*! Digest the sacramental wafer, and you are rid of it!

If religion has put forward the proposition that we are all of us sinners, I set another against it: we are all of us perfect! Because, in each moment, we are all we can be, and never need to be more. Because no defect sticks to us, sin also has no meaning. Show me a sinner still in the world, when no one any longer needs to do what suits a higher power!

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thoroughly scrapped in the revolution that since then all reactionary cunning has remained fruitless, and will always remain fruitless, because dead—is dead; but also the resurrection had to prove itself as a truth in Christian history, and has proved itself: because feudalism has risen again in an afterlife with a transfigured body, the *new* feudalism under the suzerainty of “the human being.”

Christianity is not destroyed, but the believers are right if they have trustingly assumed up to now that every battle against it could only serve for its purification and reinforcement; because it has actually only been transfigured, and “Christianity exposed”^[396] is the—*human* Christianity. We still live wholly in the Christian age, and those who get the angriest about it are the ones who most eagerly contribute to completing it. The more human, the better feudalism has become to us; because the less that we believe that it is still feudalism, the more confidently we take it for our own and think that we have found what is “most our own” when we discover “the human.”

Liberalism wants to give me what is mine, but means to obtain it for me not under the title of mine, but under that of “the human.” As if it were to be reached under this mask! Human rights, the costly work of the revolution, have the meaning that the human being in me *entitles* me to this or that; I as an individual, as this one, am not entitled, but the human being has the right and entitles me. So as a human being I may well be entitled; but since I am more than a human being, namely, an odd human being, it could get denied to just *me*, the odd one. If, on the other hand, you hold to the value of your gift, keep it at price, don’t let yourself be forced to get rid of it below price, don’t let yourself be convinced that your product is not worth the price, don’t make yourself ridiculous by a “ridiculous bargain price,” but imitate the courageous one who says: “I will *sell* my life (property) dear, the

enemy shall not have it at a cheap *bargain*"; then you have recognized the reverse of communism as the suitable thing, and then it's not: "Give up your property!" but rather "*actualize*^[397] your property!"

Over the gateway of our time stands not the Apollonian slogan "Know thyself," but "*Actualize yourself!*"

Through the heaven of civilization, the human being seeks to isolate himself from the world, to break its hostile power. But this heavenly isolation must also be broken, and the true end of heaven-storming is the—downfall of heaven, the destruction of heaven.

Hierarchy is the rule of thoughts, the rule of the spirit!

Protestantism has actually made the human being into a "secret police state." The spy and lookout, "conscience," monitors every movement of the mind, and every thought and action is a "matter of conscience," i.e., a police matter. The Protestant consists in this fragmentation of the human being into "natural desire" and "conscience" (inner populace and inner police). Biblical reason (in the place of the Catholic "Church reason") is considered sacred, and this feeling and consciousness that the biblical word is sacred is called—conscience. With this, then, sacredness gets "shoved into one's conscience." If one doesn't free himself from conscience, the consciousness of the sacred, he can indeed act unconscientiously, but never without conscience.

Our societies and states *are* without our *making* them, are combined without our combining, are predestined and exist, or have an independent existence of their own; are the imperishable established order against us egoists. Today's global battle is, as they say, directed against the "established order." Still people are in the habit of misunderstanding this, as if the present established order should only be exchanged for another, better established order. But war might rather be declared against the established order itself, i.e., the *state* (*status*), not a particular state, nor, for instance, only the current condition of the state; people aren't aiming for another state (say, a "people's state"), but at their *association*, their combination, this ever-fluid combination of all that exists.—A state exists even without my assistance: I am born and raised in it, placed under an obligation to it, and have to "pay homage" to it. It takes me up into its "favor," and I live by its "grace." So the independent existence of the state establishes my lack of independence; its "naturalness," its organism, demands that my nature doesn't grow freely, but is cut to fit it. So that it can develop naturally, it applies the shears of "civilization" to me; it gives me an education and culture suitable to it, not me, and teaches me, for example, to respect the law, to abstain from the violation of state property (i.e., private property), to revere a divine and earthly sovereignty, etc.; in short, it teaches me to—*not be culpable*, by which I mean to "sacrifice" my ownness to "sacredness" (everything possible