

WEREWOLF DJRECTIVE



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Ah, to be an individualist. What a tragic delight it is. Such a deliciously heartbreaking endeavor. Both immense joy and immeasurable sorrow are derived from the life of the individualist. The individualist knows both infinite loneliness and constant companionship. Peculiarity and contradiction are swirling in the individualist, causing them to be an enigma that not even they know the real...what-ness...of. Those closest to them are always gazing upon them as an indecipherable puzzle, unable to be, how shall we say, "figured out". For that is the first mark of an individualist: the inability to be characterized.

What else is a tell-tale sign of the individualist? Whenever they go anywhere, they feel out of place. This way or that, amongst them or them, always, are they always struck with a feeling of being...alien. Like they do not belong. This, another mark of the individualist. For both in the presence of freaks (let's face it, all subcultures consisting of freaks crystalize into dogmatic cults of sickening, wannabe "outcasts") and humdrum conformists alike, no one seems to really make them feel at home. Even in a crowd, the individualist feels totally solitary. Only a few will ever really cause the individualist to feel truly and completely accompanied, rather than simply in-the-presence-of. The individualist has few friends, few companions. And they'd like to keep it that way. However, those very few that the individualist adores, they adore wholeheartedly, and seek to keep them around as much as possible. For the individualist, their life is enriched immeasurably for their presence. Large crowds will never be pleasant to an individualist, only small groups.

To add onto this, the individualist, consciously or unconsciously, feels above the masses. They look upon everyone else, feeling, in their depths of their being, that they have little in common with ordinary human beings. Something about their nature doesn't jive well with others. Even if the individualist walks upon the same ground and the same altitude as everyone else, spiritually, they feel as if they are leaps and bounds over all the others, standing atop the highest peaks, looking upon everyone else as lowly, to some degree. Mentally, they are always elsewhere, unconcerned with the babblings of the miserly wretches.

way. Otherwise, anything interesting would be lost. It would be a terrifyingly sterile and clean-cut existence, if all were equal. Damn equality. No equality. These are the decrees of the stout individualist.

must live out their power process vicariously, for their own is weak or botched in some manner. Let them be led astray to their own slaughterhouses, the individualist says. Anarchists and libertarians balk at the individualist, who manages to constantly irk them, for even their ideas are too shallow and dull, with their predetermined, systematic modes of thought, and logic rooted firmly in ethics, in improving the world (which the individualist has no care for, no sort of attachment to; the individualist seeks to move away from the affairs of conventional society at large, never one to be an activist, unless it suits them). Conservatives and progressives are also forever infuriated by individualists, since they are not cultural necrophiliacs or idiotic dreamers, and again, are not inclined towards ideas of “the greater good”, which both of these schools of thought hammer into the minds of their sleepwalking followers.

Pleasure-seeker, it wouldn't be inaccurate to call an individualist. However, because uniques are quite different from each other, their personalities forged within different fires, these pleasures come in a myriad of forms. That being said, the individualist wants to be the one who uses the pleasures, not become slaves to them, and thus be the one being used. Much like their attitude towards ideas. And for the individualist, some pleasures (because the individualist is always Life-affirming) may prove to be trouble than they're worth.

Equality? Bah, equality. What a miserable thing to an individualist. Throughout this entire essay, it should be made clear that individualism and equality have no common ground. Equality? An individualist, any self-respecting one, should be absolutely horrified by the mere mention of its name. To the individualist, it is the worst form of tyranny, for it seeks to level everything in its path, like some sort of out-of-control steamroller. Reduce everything to an arbitrary sameness, rendering everything a grey, amorphous mass, where nothing is differentiated, and everything is subsumed into some all-consuming black hole. I cannot stand this, cries the individualist. Defiant in the face of this demon called equality, they stand. Going so far as to smash it every turn. Spit in its face. For no thing and no one is equal, absolutely nothing. And, as far as the individualist is concerned, it is much better that

In tandem with these characteristics, the individualist is always an iconoclast, making everyone upset and causing a commotion wherever they go. Conform? Why, then they'd have to forsake their individuality, their uniqueness. Join up with the herd. And why, why would they do that? Bah, forget it. It is not worth it to them. The individualist violently shrugs away any notions of becoming like the rest, of becoming another mere face in the crowd. Non-conformity is their *modus operandi*. Whether they wish to stand out, or merely live quietly in the background, isolated away from the hordes, well, that depends. Either way, they will not stand for surrendering their soul, putting it up for sell in the marketplace, to be bought and sold willy-nilly.

Speaking of solitary, the individualist likes to be in their own company. Too much of being around others makes them feel that they may lose themselves, or it may simply prove to be exhausting. Besides, to the individualist, most are not worthy of their company. They feel like most would only taint or defile their essence, supposing the company of others was forced upon them, or even undertaken by them. Everyone keeps a distance, with some rather rare and notable exceptions. Thus, the individualist is solitary by nature, people in general can be a source of aggravation or irritation. Alone, they would rather be. Humans are generally regarded as pests, for the taint of their influence can prove to be overwhelmingly strong, at times. Relation to other people is quite hard to accomplish. One could try, but it'd be a vain attempt. They simply can't. What other people value, the individualist, for the most part, does not. Hence, individualists, historically, have been prone to bouts of misanthropic opinions and introversion, regarding humanity at large as a ball and chain that seeks to weigh them down and drag them into the depths, drowning them in a sea of greyness. A need to separate themselves from the indistinguishable ways of the crowd and crowdism bears heavily upon their minds.

Enmity is thus formed between the individualist and the crowd. The crowd envies the individualist, because the individualist has the courage, the audacity, to not live by the dead codes and morals and rules and ethics made to keep the crowd in check. An iconoclast, they are. Outside of society, they effectively live, even if they are still physically present within it, and bound

to it. However, this eventually morphs into jealousy and contempt for the individualist. Is not the crowd angered by the fact that they are all skulking, groveling children, while the individualist chooses to eschew all of that, and make their own way, even if it may lead to them being condemned as heretics and monsters, enemies of everything “good” and “true”? Of course they are. And the crowd, riled by this rage, seeks to stifle the individualist even further, out of nothing short of pure resentment. Mad as hell that they cannot take the step that this brave person made. It creates a schizophrenic combination of both admiration and hatred.

Individualists have no particular attachments to creeds or ideas. States? Hobgoblins upheld by a multitude of brainwashed jackasses, as well as a few or one who, for whatever demented reason they can manage to conjure up, wish to carry the absolute burden that is the people. Slaves enslaved to slaves. Nations? Well, bonds of blood, genetic commonality, do not exactly provide much worth to them. Someone’s complexion, hair color, gender, place of geographical origin, or what have you, doesn’t tell the individual very much about them. For some it can, but even then, it doesn’t mean that they’re of better stock, spiritually or physically, from anything else. The doctrine of Mammon, or that crimson-colored geist that is the cause of all rushing-down? Neither is attractive at all to the individualist, for they are outcries of vulgar, intestinal, digestive desires, matters that are best left to weak minds and weak hearts. What concern does an individualist have for these incestuous, feeble, utilitarian curses brought forth by conniving charlatans? Democracy? Liberalism? Solidarity? Law and order? Only vapid excuses for their continual enslavement, that’s all. Nothing else. Just another series of cobwebs to get caught in. Boots filled by different legs, yet the individualist will find their necks being stomped upon all the same. What about religion? The individualist may very well be a spiritual person, of great metaphysical learnedness and inclination, yet organized, populist, democratic gatherings consisting of churches and snake-tongued liars do not hold any weight for them. Why would they? The individualist finds nothing but political hogwash (which the individualist also cares little for) in these dens of degenerate activity. Not to mention, with all their crass moralities, their individuality would have to be subservient to something else, rather than the other way around. If the individualist likes an idea (or anything for that

matter), then they shall defend. Not because it is “just” or “right” to do so. But because they have a personal attachment to it, a sort of sentimentalism for whatever this thing is, and so may stick up for it.

Past and future? For an individualist, the past may have great substance nestled within it, a wealth of knowledge and insight, a source of bountiful treasures that the individualist delights in and wishes to partake in the enjoyment of, but the past is dead. It can never come back. To want to bring it back, to try and turn back the wheel, is an absurdity, an impossibility. It cannot succeed. As for the future, while a part of them may look to it with hopeful eyes, the individualist is usually pessimistic about the world of tomorrow, for the individualist knows that the more something exists, the more decay it must endure. And they recognize decay all around them, in everything. Optimism is pure cowardice, and whatever fate that has been assigned to them, they accept, content to abide by their true will. But they shall do their best to remain absolute, even as everything crumbles into dust before their very eyes. Unfettered and unfazed by the Kali Yuga.

The individualist has a certain taste for the real, the organic, over the artificial, mass-produced, and disdains quantity over quality. Therefore, the individualist, in many cases, is a nature-lover. Technology is an abhorrent, collectivizing Leviathan, where everything is swallowed up into the dark vacuum that is its bottomless gullet. Nay, the individualist says to these things. Individualists adore that which is beautiful, and what could possibly be more beautiful than the essence of Life itself, Nature, the cosmos at large? After all, individualists are not nihilists, who wish to make war upon Life itself, hating all that grows. In addition, what other environment, outside of Nature, affords them the opportunity to truly be themselves, in perfect solitude, able to truly think, feel, and experience? To carry out their true will? The wretched world of industrialization is a strangling demiurge that chokes the very life out of them, trying to rip out their divine spark.

As you can guess, individualists are politically homeless. Communists and fascists alike view them as antisocial freaks, for the communists and fascist