

An Essay On Green Nihilism

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“Nihilist anarchism isn’t concerned with a social revolution that adds a new chapter to an old history but the ending of history altogether.” Aragorn!

Before I really start this I want to say that, actually, it is ok and that we can be ok with that. Sure we can be horrified, enraged, hateful and so on, but it is ok that we’ve encountered those feelings and what caused them to be, in a certain sense, is ok.

No-thing was ever meant to last and nothingness is all that lasts.

Which is why my first statement regarding starting this piece is actually bullshit. This piece didn’t start when I started typing it and it won’t finish when I stop. Its beginnings are located in the nothingness of displaced origins, far too complex for any cartography to be created, and its endings will dissipate into the nothingness of transience, when all who have read it or will ever read it have forgotten it or died.

And that is ok too. No-thing was ever meant to last and nothingness is all that lasts.

The river flows, with you and I caught in its currents, both made new and destroyed in each present moment, and that is ok. It is ok that any attempt to construct a meaningful existence out of the nothingness of this acosmic condition was and is Absurd. And it is ok to keep doing it – all living beings have done this and died, their efforts rendered useless, but their wild fight/struggle to survive still beautiful the same: even if Life is a cosmic joke, with the living being the punch line, it is still ok to laugh and delight in the tragic comedy of it all.

No-thing was ever meant to last and nothingness is all that lasts.

In Feral Consciousness I use for this type of acosmic nihilist ontology the term o-nihilism and recently have taken to using the term wild-Being to encompass a broad ontological description, which includes acosmic transience. In this piece I will use wild-Being as the specific term for ontological-nihilism and try to make my meaning of the term nihilism clear in-use.

This is the fundamental issue presented when trying to discuss nihilism. How do you define nothing? Can you say what isn’t is? Does the term with all its varying context specific usages hold any pure true meaning? (The definition of any word/sign is arbitrary and subject-specific, which does render the last question irrelevant in one sense, but relevant to the phantasmic game of discourse.)

There is also the issue of when varying categories of nihilism cross over each other, making specific usages messier. Ontological, mereological and existential nihilism all cross over each other at various points, in ways that are difficult to disconnect. Epistemological nihilism – what

I term s-nihilism (nihilist-scepticism) in Feral Consciousness – also seems linked to these three usages, but at the same time doesn't. And equally, existential, moral and political nihilism seem interconnected and difficult to disconnect from each other, or epistemological nihilism.

I am not going to worry though. I will just muddle through this as best as I can. We are talking about No-thingness after all, through the medium of constructing categories of forms and locating them within meaning-maps, to describe events, locations, places, situations, geographies, etc., which have already dissipated into the abyss of transience. We are in the realm of phantasms of history, by virtue of any level of engagement within this medium.

And that is ok. Remember it is an Absurd cosmic joke and you are the punch line – so laugh arsehole! (Nietzsche called this Amor Fati)

No-thing was ever meant to last and nothingness is all that lasts.

We simply keep dancing our lives to the songs we find and create, in rebellious revolt, and embrace the responsibility we have to ourselves egoistically, as embodied selves who are extensions of the world, given the freedom we are condemned to.

“The revolt against civilization means that we must attack both internally and externally. In reality, there is no separation between the two. This attack is a response: a response to the totality we've been lulled into that seeks to destroy everything. For some that is meant literally. Their goal is to eliminate everything from concrete to Nature so that you are free to do anything or go anywhere. It's a nihilistic rage that seeks honesty only where the individual remains isolated: to remove any and all conceivable chains.” Tucker

“I would rather be ashes than dust!

I would rather that my spark should burn out in a brilliant blaze than it should be stifled by dry-rot.

I would rather be a superb meteor, every atom of me in magnificent glow, than a sleepy and permanent planet.

The function of man is to live, not to exist.

I shall not waste my days trying to prolong them.

I shall use my time.” London

The subject of nihilism has been one that anarchists have had to engage with for many years. Primal anarchy, to borrow Tucker's term, seems synonymous to nihilism, in the sense of wild-Being.

But this has not been, is not and likely will continue not to be a comfortable relationship.

This is predominantly due to the split between anarchists interested in anarchism and those interested in anarchy.

Anarchism is a moral and political systematic ideological framework, born out of the spirit of European “revolutions” in the 18th and 19th centuries and utopian socialists aesthetics. Since its earliest usages, the definition of anarchism has split into various schools of thought, whose general focus of practice has been squabbling amongst themselves over what it is that they want to do and if other anarchists will allow them to do what they want to do – anarchism tends to be incredibly boring and disappointing, so I personally generally don't engage with it.

Anarchy, as already stated, is wild-Being and something totally at odds with most categories of anarchism's aesthetics over what it is we as anarchists desire – with the exceptions to this being green anarchism and ontological anarchism (both in broad senses of the terms).

This contradiction is born out of anarchism's general desire to construct nice, civilised ways of being, which fit into Euro-American moral preferences and the meliorist progression of History;

whereas anarchy requires the release from the repression of History into cynical authenticity. (It is worth noting that many nihilist anarchists are only part of that community out of disappointment with the failure of anarchism as a movement to produce its desired ideological aims.)

Because of this contradiction, nihilist anarchists (in this context referring to political and moral nihilism) are frequently ostracised from the broader discussion, demonised and subjugated to witch-hunts. This is in many ways amusing, given that Emma Goldman, a classic of traditional anarchist discourse, was highly influenced by nihilists like Stirner and Nietzsche, and that in many ways, even if through failure, the Russian nihilist movement has had a larger effect on history, in its effect on Lenin, than anarchism ever has done. But again, anarchy cares not for history.

History is a means of encoding the territorialisation of the world into order – creating the illusionary dichotomy of order and chaos in the process. History is a realm of phantasms and spooks, and anarchists who value anarchy over the systems of anarchism know this. As such, nihilists frequently rebel in the face of history, angering its proponents. And while there is perhaps something to be said for tact, there is value in the schizm this laughter creates, as it opens up spaces for collapsing history.

And here we encounter a problem. We have a perhaps valuable schizm and yet find ourselves within History, subject to its means of enacting violent oppression.

So the questions present themselves. What do we do? How do we go on? Do we go on?

No clear answers present themselves. But we are not in an age of clear answers (if we ever were is questionable, but moving on). So I shan't try to give something clear cut and easy.

Actually I am going to give something incredibly messy and difficult, which will likely disgust many of you reading this (at least I hope it will do).

We [...] want to love because we feel love, because love pleases our hearts and our senses, and we experience a higher self-enjoyment in the love for another being. Stirner

We are perfect altogether! For we are, every moment, all that we can be; and we never need be more. Stirner

"Love, genuine passionate love, was his for the first time." London

Hippies, pacifists, liberals and romantics of varying descriptions have ruined discussions around love for the most part. So as I transition into this section, I'm aware of people's prejudices and how it might be being perceived already.

But love, like nihilism, is a term with many differing means. And love can often almost mean opposite things.

If we take it that here love is not being used to refer to romance, then we need to ask what romance is? It is easy enough to state that romance involves an idealized perception of whatever it is we are undergoing affection for. But there seems more to it than that. Romance is not affection for the thing in-itself, but rather affection for the symbolic mask the viewer is partially responsible for creating, hiding the actual face and body of the thing in-itself. (This has involved embracing the notion of things containing identities, but this is something I am willing to embrace, while trapped in this medium of language to communicate.)

Romance is actually what most of our contemporary ideologies are entirely about. Nationalists and conservative are romantic towards their nations. Liberals are romantic towards the oppressed. (Most) Anarchists and socialists are romantic towards the revolution and supposed attacks on the system. None of them love the thing in-itself. Their affections are towards the idealised mask of what it represents symbolically, within the language of discourse and its values.

Love is direct though. Love involves being a naked nothingness to embrace the naked nothingness you are loving. Love requires finding beauty in the imperfect. It requires seeing beauty behind the mask and in the maskless. Love is affection for the thing in-itself, before all language, representation and symbolisation, as something transient, Absurd and beautiful, in its cosmic revolt to Be.

Love is the only reason to value anything – be it love of one’s self or love of another. Love is the only reason to fight for anything. Love is also the only reason to hate anything, as you can only love as intensely as you can hate.

(Some (vulgar) nihilists, who cling to the dogmatism of scientism and poor quality eliminative materialism, claim that love isn’t real, but this is born out of crass inauthenticity and utter self renunciation.)

“He was a silent fury who no torment could tame.” London

Revenge. “I call it Zarathustra’s Revenge because as Nietzsche said, revenge may be second rate but it’s not nothing. One might enjoy the satisfaction of terrifying the bastards for at least a few moments. Formerly I advocated “Poetic Terrorism” rather than actual violence, the idea being that art could be wielded as a weapon. Now I’ve rather come to doubt it. But perhaps weapons might be wielded as art. From the sledgehammer of the Luddites to the black bomb of the attentat, destruction could serve as a form of creativity, for its own sake, or for purely aesthetic reasons, without any illusions about revolution. Oscar Wilde meets the acte gratuit: a dandyism of despair..... Green anarchists” & AntiCivilization Neo-primitivists seem (some of them) to be moving toward a new pole of attraction, nihilism. Perhaps neo-nihilism would serve as a better label, since this tendency is not simply replicating the nihilism of the Russian narodniks or the French attentatists of circa 1890 to 1912, however much the new nihilists look to the old ones as precursors. I share their critique—in fact I think I’ve been mirroring it to a large extent in this essay: creative despair, let’s call it. What I do not understand however is their proposal—if any. “What is to be done?” was originally a nihilist slogan, after all, before Lenin appropriated it. I presume that my option #1, passive escape, would not suit the agenda. As for Active Escapism, to use the suffix “ism” implies some form not only of ideology but also some action. What is the logical outcome of this train of thought?” Hakim Bey

“If the politics of cruelty follows from the belief that we must destroy what destroys us, the emotion of cruelty is revenge. Only this taste for revenge offers resistance to the voices of this world that tell us to put up with the daily violence done to us. To feel cruel is to know that we deserve better than this world; that our bodies are not for us to hate or to look upon with disgust; that our desires are not disastrous pathologies. To feel the burning passion of cruelty, then, is to reclaim refusal. We refuse to compromising ourselves and the million tiny compromises of patriarchy, capitalism, white-supremacy, heter/homo-normativity, and so on. As such, the subject of cruelty no longer convinces themselves to love the world or to find something in the world that redeems the whole. Simply put: the subject of cruelty learns to hate the world. The feeling of cruelty is the necessary correlate to the politics of cruelty; learning to hate the world is what correlates to the political task of destroying what destroys us all.” Hostis

Hatred is often, due to its historicised association with ugly aspects of civilisation like racism, homophobia, nationalism, etc., disregarded as something valuable or desirable. Many, if not most, religious traditions preach that hatred is something evil and must be exorcised from us, through various rituals and stages within their institutional progressions.

This repression of an authentic emotive state that serves as a means of reacting to that which inhibits our ability to live, is part of the self-denying psychosis that civilisation actively creates. It serves as a means of maintaining socio-normative every day life.

Hatred though is intimately tied to love though. I love what is wild and as such hate that which represses the wild, civilisation. A mother badger loves her cubs and as such hates the farmer who kills them. A baby rhino loves its mother and as such hates the hunter who kills her.

Hatred is a valuable energy to draw from, like love.

Many of us within the nihilist anarchist community came to feel the hatred we have for this culture out of a deep love for what is wild. It is my desire for these energies to be well directed.

The direction of the love is easy – defend what you love and resist that which seeks to harm what you love. We know this space well, though none of us within the radical world are very good at it – which is not to say that those efforts to defend and protect aren't valuable. The direction of the hatred is harder and we are, out of the moral sympathies that dominate our discourses, worse at it. But simply enough, the direction for the hatred is revenge.

Revenge is valuable as a means of cathartic release, for our psychic wellbeing. But revenge is also important, as it serves as a means of destabilising the power that those with authority have and taking it for yourself.

How anyone chooses to take revenge remains to be seen.

Hakim Bey in the quote above advocates for poetic terrorism. Eco-extremists advocate more explicitly violent means of revenge. What route eco-radicals of any community/milieu chooses is up to them.

I'm not writing a how to manual here, so will let your imagination take you to what feels like your desired course of action.

"I envy the savages. And I will cry to them in a loud voice: "Save yourselves, civilization is coming."

Of course: our dear civilization of which we are so proud. We have abandoned the free and happy life of the forests for this horrendous moral and material slavery. And we are maniacs, neurasthenics, suicides.

Why should I care that civilization has given humanity wings to fly so that it can bomb cities, why should I care if I know every star in the sky or every river on earth?" Filippi

So what is green nihilism?

It could be said that green nihilism is the energies of revenge born from love and defence born from hate. It could also be said that green nihilism is an embrace of the Absurd and defiant rebellious revolt in the face of this culture of Death.

It could also be said though that green nihilism is the naturistic becoming-animal of a feral becoming, relinquishing the adornments of civilisation, its technologies, dressings and so on, in an unromantic embrace of the wild. And in this sense, green nihilism is the practice of individualistic authentic self-actualisation, through an individualism tied to an egoism that encompasses the entire scope of the world we are extensions of and immersed within.

In this way, green nihilism is very similar to gender nihilism and is ultimately a rejection of species-being, in the sense Stirner described.

With the practice of rewilding as animal-becoming, like gender nihilist friends, green nihilists are best served practicing active rebellion, in whatever situation fits their needs and desires. This rebellion serves as a means to releasing the repression of civility. It is a space that presents a great deal of opportunity for fun for anarchists and green nihilists, and is a space to simply enjoy the beauty of being alive, with the energy of a wildfire at the core of our Being.

Again, I'm not writing a how to manual, so let your imagination and desires take you.

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An Eco-Pessimist Revolt Against Fascism

Julian Langer

4/9/19

How the fuck did we get here? Where the fuck is here? What do we do now? Questions like these are huge. They are largely unanswerable, because starting somewhere and ending somewhere else inevitably means so much space is lost during the journey. I'm not going to attempt to answer any questions here, because I don't believe I'm in a position to give any, and would only trust my answers slightly more than the answers provided by people arrogant enough to believe their own.

In the interests of businesses who experienced property destruction, in response to their violation of earth, eco-terrorism is a term that is used to smear environmental actions that challenge Leviathan. The term is used to describe groups like the ALF and ELF, as well as hunt saboteurs and other similar forms of resistance and rebellion – I've even heard eco-terrorist being used to describe liberal hippies marching in protest to laws that are obviously insufficient means of challenging ecocide, and for resolving the wounds already inflicted. The term eco-terrorist is highly effective, as far as it serves a purpose in semio-space, as it instantly triggers an emotive reaction, with the term terrorism.

We don't like terrorism, because we don't like what the term terrorism usually signifies – totalitarian groups looking to annihilate everything that doesn't fit their ideologies ideal, trying to control the world, through bombings and ploughing cars into groups of people. Terrorism as political praxis epitomises all that is ugly about politics. So eco-terrorism works as a simple way of encouraging people to think "I don't like that term, so I must not like what it is being used to refer to", because if terrorism refers to all that is ugly about politics – violation, manipulation, control – then environmentalists who do what is being called eco-terrorism, must be as unlikable as any other terrorist.

As a terrorist, Ted "The Unabomber" Kaczynski's bombing campaign is a strange and uncomfortable space for environmentalists. A brief read of his two books, with the Marxist-type revolutionary authoritarian politics he theorises throughout the pages of, and you find the push to control and dominate that underlies his actions as a terrorist. It is a shame, as much of *Industrial Society and its Future* is insightful and on point, as a neo-Luddite text critiquing industrialism and technological society. Ted Kaczynski, unfortunately, like other political folk, supporters of Leviathan and terrorists, sees the world as space to control and manipulate, under his conception of right/good.

I'm not going to comment on the post-Kaczynskian movement eco-extremism, who openly embrace and encourage the label eco-terrorist, in great detail here. I've stated elsewhere how I feel that they mistake their political/civil-violation for wild-destruction, which, like how Kaczynski's bombing activities only succeeded in greater state measures for control and dominance, will only worsen the authoritarianism of Leviathan. This movement has been sanctified too much, both through praise and through condemnation, and I'm not willing to name them either as angels or demons – as I'm not willing to grant them that amount of power. Eco-extremists as a movement are often called eco-fascist, by those trying to make demons of them – the push to demonise this tendency is undoubtedly the main reason why it has the power and influence it does.

Eco-fascism is another handy buzzword for those wishing to demonise, smear and brush away environmentalist actions and eco-radicals with a quick "I don't like that word, so I must not like that". As far as I can tell, eco-fascism started being used as a term when Murray Bookchin and other social ecology advocates started trying to demonise deep ecology.

Social ecology as a theory is based in an entirely anthropocentric perspective of value, and relies on the human-interventionism, where "nature"/the world is fair game to manipulated to serve human-societal needs. Bookchinite-Marxism is just as much dictatorship as the (fascistic) Leninist-Marxism that has treated earth as open space to violate/produce. Within Marxism there is an earth/body hatred, which spans from Marx's disregard for bees, in favour of architects, all the way through to Maoists killing sparrows.

Within both traditional Marxism and social ecology, all must be dictated by the will of History, as History's progression is totalitarian. The teleological optimism this goes with stands in complete denial of the scale violation of earth this progress requires, and the impact of the wounds – avoiding complete civilizational collapse seems impossible given the ecological collapse we are immersed in. This totalitarian Historicism undoubtedly comes from Marx's Hegelian influence – whose optimism disgusted pessimist philosopher Schopenhauer.

Hegel, a far-right statist whose politics of the absolute authority of the state was basically a justification for tyranny and violation (internalised and externalised), has been a profound influence on fascism and fascists – noticeably Giovanni Gentile and Ivan Ilyin. If you're not a fan of old philosophers, Hegel's idealist philosophy can easily be summed up as dialectical/progressive optimism.

The link between fascism and optimism doesn't end with old philosophers. Futurist art's optimism towards the artificial is a common theme within the movement. In his painting *Pessimism and Optimism*, Giacomo Balla's light blue and white optimistic space dominates the darker pessimistic space – the future dominating the primordial darkness of the wild. Balla, an Italian nationalist, had significant success in Italy's art world under the Mussolini, along with many other futurist artists.

If optimism is the unquestioning belief in the ability of civilisation to come out on top and for "humans" to win the day, pessimism is the belief that civilisation is ultimately futile and will collapse into ruination, as all returns to the unhuman with entropy and decay.

There is a particular pessimism within deep ecology, dark/black ecology and inhumanist philosophies towards humanity's ability to control/dictate the world, born out the biospheric-egalitarian rejection of human supremacy. It is a naked, tragic, and erotic pessimism, which manifests from a primal love for wild anarchy. The texture of this pessimism is entirely different from the optimism of fascism and other Historicist political bodies, who ultimately consider humanity to be on top of the Great Chain of Being, detached from the symbiotic-Real, and

somehow capable of taming an entire world that has continually resisted being tamed since History began, with the emergence of agri-urbanisation and politics.

Now, I have been accused of anthropomorphising “non-humans”, when I have spoken about biospheric-egalitarianism in conversation. This comes from the idea that to be equal to “humans” means to be raised to the same level as “humans”, within this death-cult that has succeeded only in its own ruination.

This is not something that I encounter when I am aware of my equality with the entirety of living beings. Rather than needing to add anything to “them”, my “humanity” becomes annihilated and I become as devoid of numerical value as the trees, badgers, and insects, who have not been violated into inclusion within the market places of the city. I dehumanise myself and find myself to be no-Thing, like the bird song at sun rise whose mystic-ineffable beauty defies taming – while I find greater resonance with absurdist philosophies, my absurdism contains the non-human nihilism of my own destruction (and coinciding creation).

The idea of dehumanisation is an uncomfortable one for many, due to its connotations towards racist ideologues, who support the idea of racial supremacism and ethnic nationalism. There is an obvious sensitivity required, if we/you/I desire to heal the wounds inflicted by colonial violence and the racist authoritarian structures that exist within the machinery of this culture. (How we go about this healing is something I am not arrogant enough to believe I have any answers for – though I’ll say that instinct and intuition find me feeling that it will involve many medicines from many medicine folk.)

As far as living biospheric-egalitarian lives goes, I am drawn towards the obvious spaces of indigenous, hunter-gather, and nomadic communities, who live far more authentic lives than I (and basically everyone I know of within civilisation). Don’t get me wrong, I’m not convinced of any noble-savage romanticism, (and remain bitter for the loss of mammoths). I am just yet to find any evidence or experience that convinces me of other ways of “humans” (whatever the fuck that means at this stage after I’ve dehumanised myself and the world) living that is as authentic, as biospherically egalitarian. In ‘Locating an Indigenous Anarchism’, Aragorn! describes indigenous anarchism as “an anarchism of place”. While I cannot with any honesty call myself indigenous to anywhere, as my genetic-family is entirely the result of migration, I am drawn to the idea of an anarchism of place, as I find anarchy in untamed spaces. The praxis of a Temporary Autonomous Zone is one that is often discussed within anarchist circles, which is a means of anarchist space/place. T.A.Z.s are a means of doing community for anarchists, with an obvious pessimism towards the ability to sustain such a space. As far as my individualist anarchy-of-place praxis goes, I am inspired by individuals like Thoreau and others who find freedom while living away from urban spaces, in small simple homes – and enjoy living where I do, for similar reasons.

If we are going to discuss what a biospheric-egalitarian community and anarchy-of-place is or would be, I am drawn towards what could be considered a tribalism over the social engineering of History-architects. Tribalism is another term that is highly questionable to many, given its derogatory use as a term for racialism and ethnocentrism. Within anarchist discussions, mentioning tribalism can be enough to get you accused of being a sympathiser of Troy Southgate’s crypto-fascist national-anarchism. (Of course, I reject this “tendency”, if it can be even considered one – I’m not fond of being included within the collective we call humanity and reject even more being included within any racial-collective.) What tribalism means to me is - rather than societies of mass and construction/production - open communities of individuals, families and clans of place/space, with the ecological awareness this involves. This tribalism emerges when

people form relationships out of a desire to share space together, rather than when people are forced together out of moral-authoritarianism from the law, the market, the state, or even the notion of solidarity.

*

Shortly after I started writing this piece on fascism/eco-fascism, Brenton Tarrant killed 50 people in a mosque, as an act of support for white supremacy and eco-fascism.

The ugliness of Tarrant's actions is obvious. Tarrant published a manifesto titled 'The Great Replacement', which is as ugly and as pathetic as he is. It takes an extremely cowardly and insecure person to have to pick up an automatic weapon and shoot defenceless people as a means of asserting yourself in the world. His manifesto reflects this.

The manifesto is full of victim-posturing and attempted justifications for himself, before a supposed moral authority he cowers before. He views himself as the victim of having been robbed of his position within the "natural order" – a term intimately linked to the concepts of the great chain of being, humanity's manifest destiny and the idea of human intervention being able to impose "order" on to the primordial "chaos" of the world (a rank optimism, as disgusting as civilisation itself). The ridiculousness of this victim position he asserts is obvious and requires no explanation as to why it is pure nonsense.

What is most noticeable about the manifesto is that, while the position he advocates he names eco-fascism (implying an ecological basis for his rhetoric), the bulk of the text is on economic-nationalism as his ideology – in one section he appeals for urban-reclamation for white supremacists. There is only one section where Tarrant actually vocalises anything towards eco-fascism, which is really focused on "green-nationalism". Most I have met who take a sober and serious environmentalist and ecological position have long abandoned the rhetoric of Green-politics. I am disgusted by the anthropocentrism, arrogance, and optimism of Greens. This is reflected in Tarrant's rhetoric throughout this text.

I am convinced that Tarrant is not an eco-fascist, because eco-fascism is impossible, as fascism is civilisation epitomised and ultimately hates what is ecological and wild, which resists being tamed. Tarrant is undoubtedly a fascist, and perhaps a green-nationalist, who might like the idea of white communities with houses covered by solar panels. There is no sincere environmentalism in his rhetoric. His green-washing is an attempt to filter his ugliness to an audience he obviously fears the condemnation of, who he attempts to justify himself to through the text.

Tarrant is no monster, he isn't powerful enough to be monstrous. Tarrant is a weak, cowardly, charlatan who deserves nothing more than total destruction.

I believe that anarchy is pluralism.

My disgust for civilisation/statism/Leviathan initially came with my disgust for the monocultural normalisation of racial supremacists. This came with my realising what had happened to my family and the community they are part of, as Polish Jews, having to flee where they knew as home.

My sense of inclusion within the identity of being-Jewish has always been a strained one, like it is for many with mixed family backgrounds. But more than the diversity within my family, my difficulty with Jewish identity comes with the racial supremacy that comes with Jewish identity – as being of "God's chosen people". The ethnic-nationalism that goes along with Jewish mythology and politics of Israel is something that I have struggled to reconcile alongside the identity of my family. That the community which my heritage is of could be party to the same kind of ugly acts of repression, domination, and violation as those Jewish people had to flee from horrifies me.

As I said, I believe - actually fuck belief - I find anarchy to be pluralism.

You don't need to know the experiences I have had in anti-racist activism. I'm not arrogant enough to believe that anything I have done or been part of will mean anything to those who did not share that space with me. Those friends and loved ones I have shared the space of defiance with, when confronting nationalists, fascists and racists, know how I feel towards their ugliness. I'm not going to attempt to prove myself to people with no authentic knowledge of who I am, and who have accused me of being an "eco-fascist" in attempts to silence me and/or encourage people to reject me as a writer.

I do not consider myself a friend of Green-politics, social ecology, or similar movements/ideologies, whose optimism serves as justification for their violation of earth and others who turn a blind eye to the obliteration of wild-spaces and non-domesticated beings, in service of the optimistic progression of techno-History. As far as my relationship to Marxism (state or anti-state) goes, I will always choose bees over architects, and have will play no part in their "revolution" to gain control over the machine I hate. I am the friend of no nation, ally to no machine, and respect no cage. Techno-salvationism is a church I do not sing to the hymn sheet of and whose icons I desire the destruction of.

As far as our shared disgust towards fascism, nationalism, racism, and their supporters, I have no disagreement with anyone seeking to resist these ugly faces of Leviathan. It's Going Down, their supporters and other similar organisations might not consider me an ally, and I might not consider them mine, but we are not enemies in our mutual rebellions against the political-right.

Emma Goldman described patriotism as "(t)he impliments of civilised slaughter", in *Patriotism: a Menace to Liberty*. Fascism and others who patriotically worship before the alters of Leviathan are advocates of civilised slaughter, which is my enemy.

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Becoming Animal

My Feral Individualism

Julian Langer

01/03/2019

When first considering what it is to be an anarchist, or if not to be an anarchist then to be someone embracing anarchy – which some people might call being an anarchist – my awareness is immediately drawn to my body and the space that my body occupies.

This usually begins by thinking about my feet. I find these attached to my legs. My legs are attached to my groin. After this, I find my torso, with these arms and hands attached. I cannot find my head visually until I use a mirror, and even then, I am seeing a reflected image – though of course, I can feel my head with my hands.

I have a sensually immediatist experience of being this body. My power is located in the flesh that I am, the flesh that is located here. I can use these hands to form a fist and punch anyone I wish to. My mouth can sing songs of wild beauty, or voice poetry as perception attack. These feet can stamp on badger traps – the only beautiful cages are destroyed cages.

Sartre said, “(m)an is condemned to be free; because once thrown into the world, he is responsible for everything he does”. This body that I am condemned to be – the flesh that is my immediate power – I feel as my freedom. My sensation of freedom starts somewhere within my lungs and muscles, along my skin, and throughout my brain and nervous system – though I cannot trace exactly where it starts or ends. I have felt a great sense of freedom when walking across the fields and scattered patches of woodland, across the hills on Briton where I live. With this, I have felt tremendous sorrow for how violated the world (I am immersed within and am an Extension of) is by Leviathan, as I have stared out across valleys and out into the distance. One of the most intense feelings of freedom I have ever experienced has been to remove all my clothing when accompanied only by trees, squirrels, and birds, and to dance with them, as fellow beings who are primordially free but violated by Leviathan. Kafka said “(y)ou are free, and that is why you are lost” – I agree somewhat, but I am only lost because civilisation dis-places me, as it violates the world I am.

This body, that I am condemned to, is caught though, in a perpetual paradox, which seems equally inescapable. In one desperate sense, I am alone in my unique body, singular and fundamentally me. In another sense, I am immersed within and an Extension of a multiplicity, which is the world I experience, first as the immediate body I sensually am, and second through language and the world of reified forms.

The image of this paradox is simple. I am stood naked under tree cover, unique, singular, an individual. I take a breath and the world enters into my body. I look at the sunlight as it shimmers through the leaves above me, and the world enters my Being through my visual field. The smell of the stream passes my nostrils, and as I breathe out, I become the world.

Caught in this schismatic abyss, I find myself compelled towards a practice of individualism. Why individualism, rather than collectivism? My body is often found within the machinery of Leviathan which is that collective known as society. The ultra-left collectivists and supporters of communisation would whisper in my ear that I am duty bound to the means-of-production of Leviathan and would seek to draw me into their economic-politics. But I'd say that projects, such as Tiqqun and others, which seek to synthesis communisation theory with anarchist praxis, are little more than bad faith preachers, as they locate freedom exclusively within the domain of society and deny the immediate power and freedom of their flesh.

To me society is little more than a cage seeking to cage itself within itself, building walls to keep the world out, chaining itself to these walls, masking its face to hide its ugliness, while seeking to totalise its presence. The form this cage takes is technology. Clothing, ploughs, skyscrapers, roads, televisions, computer screens and so on – all machinic totalitarian repression, as an attempt to deny the freedom of the world. To society, the beasts of the world, the rivers, the forests and even the light of the sun, must be made tame, chained to it, and (basically) collectivised.

This is all to mask a psychic-lack civilisation both preaches and attempts to hide as it tries to mask the strange schism with modes of desiring-production. We are told daily that we are cut off from God but must build icons to God to hide this. We are told that we are cut off from utopia but must seek to build utopia to hide this. We are told that the idea of what we lack is what we desire, so we must build and produce and progress, in the great meliorist sublimation of desire.

My experience of this phenomenon is that repression and sublimation of the flesh is the mode of production of the desiring-machines of Leviathan/civilisation/society. Normalisation, conformity and other forms of collectivisation are the basis of this production narrative.

Normalisation through desiring machines becomes the violation of the world, that I find my flesh in a paradoxical (non-)holism with. The wild world of tribes, beasts and forests becomes the weird, as the farm, city, politics, markets and all other aspects of the machine of Leviathan become the norm. Normalising The Earth, As The Violation Of Anarchy would seem an apt title for a history of civilisation as ecological and psychic repression.

The collective requires normalisation and for the communised machine to work, self-repression is necessary. This seems abundantly obvious to me. Freaks, homosexuals, Jews, gypsies, the mad and others who are different, all must be normalised – whether that be through brute oppression or through recuperation. Both of brute oppression and recuperation imprison the different. Spaces, social, ecological and psychic, are required to go through the totalitarian hegemonic process of forced-sameness – an obvious inevitable failure, as everything is difference and different.

Even the most autonomous of Marxist projects require normalisation for communisation to be possible. All civilisations necessitate the mechanical reproduction of the same. The collective is sameness and sameness is capital.

Buildings as far the eye can see, all built with uniformed sameness. Vast monocultures of crops infest lands, where forests of diverse communities once stood. Nations under one flag and one ideology colonise and territorialise, to bring the world under the icon of their theocracy. Markets

filled with slaves who are the same as those coins, which are all apparently identical. In the unity of the collective, normalisation is the process of becoming-the-same.

There is an unspoken authoritarian structural racism and speciesism within the majority of projects that look to promote autonomous-collectivist projects. Anglo-Americanised-European leftist moral and structural control has to be contained at all points, as they must control the narrative. All land projects must be part of the same narrative of the autonomous-revolutionary. Any groups or individuals who attempt anything else must be deemed illegitimate and cast aside. I have found this in revolutionary projects such as It's Going Down and other similar spaces.

Even non-agrarian horticulturalist and permaculture projects rely on collectivist normalisation and anthropocentric control. The appearance of polycultural diversity is kept under the hegemonic presence of repression and sublimation.

One machine. One God. One revolution. One people. One species (really). All living the same way to live.

In a world where there is good and evil, right and wrong, there can only be one right answer. As such all answers must be the same. We must all know the same answer because it is the right answer. If it is not the case that all voice the same answer then good people must correct the wrong to erase evil from the world. Even in liberal spaces that like to hold the appearance of plurality, this is only done within the goodly totalitarianism of the democratic-society – the nicest oppression is the good oppression.

The dogma of society is fundamentally that the normal answer is the good and right answer. As such, we all should be normal if we wish to be good. This keeps everything the same – or at least within the image of sameness – and keeps the machine running smoothly.

I find this continually within all politics. To the Nazi/fascist the desiring-machine of normalisation is enforced under the images of unity through flags and races. To the Communist, the desiring-machine of normalisation is enforced under the image of the proletariat worker under the image of unity in class. To the liberal, the desiring-machine of normalisation is enforced under the image of unity in rights and under the law.

All normal. All the same. Unity in identity. Identity in unity.

(While I have, for most of my life, been far closer to the identity I have attached to who I am as someone from a Jewish family, I was raised in a state of being caught between united identities – one half of my family being Catholic (but with whom I have very little connection to). When I learnt during my childhood of the ugliness of historical events, like the Holocaust, born out of nationalist identity politics, I grew to despise collectivist rhetoric more and more.)

For the sake of authenticity, and I say this from a position of anti-speciesism and rejection of species-being, it would be untrue of me to deny the connection between my disgust at the sight of Jewish people caged by the Nazis and my revulsion towards all other cages, such as farms, badger traps and zoos.)

Being good and right necessitates being perfect. If we are made in God's perfect image, as machine-made reproductions, then logically the collective and those who embrace its image are perfect. Perfection is the standard.

All the houses have to be perfect in their sameness. Everyone must have perfect manners. We must all dress perfectly. It goes on and on. Perfect normal lives in a machine that runs perfectly, so long as everyone is normal.

As cyborg culture infests our psychic space more and more, perfection becomes more and more of a cage. If it isn't perfection as a beautiful, successful, popular person, then it is perfection as

a fucked up and depressed screwup, with 2 kids, who is trying their hardest and who is oh so brave on Instagram. All must be perfect. Perfect is God's image and we must be normal, as to be perfect is to be normal. It is normal to be perfect – or at least to be bound by the image of perfection.

Whether it's through religious, political, monarchical, celebrity or wherever else within this culture you find icons to be worshipped; everywhere I look people continually seem to be bound to images of perfection. This is no less the case within radical groups and projects – probably more, if honest. Between the clashes of varying factions and projects, you find perfectionistic ideologues striving towards ideological perfection.

Really, why wouldn't they? They know the way everything ought to be. Everything ought to be perfect. Everything ought to be the same, as perfect.

This is typified by the organisationalist narrative, where all members of a group have to sing from the same perfect hymn book in cult-like unity. (I'm thinking here in particular of Marxists and Jensenites, whose plans for the world necessitate communisation and the normalisation of all life.) The organisation of radical praxis is where radicals start attempting to control the world – normalise it to their standard of perfection – and the point where personality cults and hierarchies form.

The phenomenon of normalisation, organisation, perfection, sameness, unity and the repression and sublimation that goes hand in hand with all this psychic-tyranny and ecological violation, are revolting to me. I am immediately filled with a desire to rebel when I encounter them. I experience them as attempts to cage and clothe the freedom of my flesh.

This is why I take an individualist approach to my activities. But my individualism is not reductive.

As I am caught in that strange schism, where I cannot locate entirely at one point I stop and the world begins with each passing breath, I have come to a position some might wish to frame as "spiritual" – though I'd describe it more as mystical, as I feel more drawn towards fleshy physicalist ontological pictures, which are somewhat paradoxical and that language never seems an adequate tool for articulating. This mystical experience is that which I mentioned earlier – of being a lonely singular individual within a plurality of beings and processes while being equally inescapably immersed within, connected to and an Extension of a monist Being and process. This mystical experience of life as an individual is why I find my individualism most when I abandon the collective, which seeks to renounce Life, in favour of desiring-production, and embrace Life, as the world I am immersed within. It is a horrifying, awe-inspiring and beautiful experience that is undeniably absurd, but I'd be lying if I claimed anything different.

In both of my two published books, I have sought to articulate some of this, as well as in other publishing projects. Whenever I do though I instantly find that this medium of written word fails. I am convinced that this is something that cannot be taught or shown but has to be lived. As such, when I write I am ultimately wishing to encourage whoever is reading to live.

The question I arrive at now though is – what does it mean to live at the end of History? What is life on a seemingly dying planet, which might succeed in destroying the cancerous body that occupies it, or might die of civilisation (taking the cancer with it)? How can I talk about individualism in a space where individualism largely means collectivism, by the standards of society, and where collectivism means mass-suicide?

When confronted by these questions, I am instantly reminded of how tiny I am. When I look up at the stars at night, I am confronted by so much wonder and mystery and beauty, and find

myself as a bizarre mammal, at the edge of the anthropocene. Cultivating any answer is largely an utterly absurd endeavour. But as all point of reason for any living being to continue living appears absurd, when all Life ultimately leads to death, decay and rebirth as some other singular individual being within this colossal monist process, which hasn't stopped anyone else, I figure fuck it – I'll keep on going.

Where to begin though? My instinct, when starting to think about my individualism, is, to begin with the flesh that I individually am; my arms, legs, back, chest, genitals, head, mind, and all that encompasses my body. This is the place where I initially locate my freedom, from where my power emerges.

I describe it as my body, though it is not really 'my body', as a body that I am in possession of outside of me the owner. This would be the way that anarcho-capitalists and libertarians would frame their relationship to the bodies they are – as self-owned vessels for use within the market. From this enframing, their concept of the self and individuality is reductively tied to that organ of the Leviathan that Diogenes would masturbate in. It is not necessary to comment on that area of thought here – I only mention it to state that this is not what I will be in any way aligning myself with before I go on.

From my feet, the body I am takes exquisite joy in feeling the ground underneath me. I have stood barefoot and felt the eros of gravity as my body has found itself firmly supported by the earth. This singular sensation of primordial love, where the earth is both pulling me towards it and supporting me so that I may stand with firm footing, is one where my individuality within the world is affirmed as pure presence. I know that I am stood here; this is where I stand, and the earth which I love, and which loves me, can support the weight of me. From this, I can grow and be strong, and fierce, and powerful, and feral.

As I walk through woodlands, across lands claimed by agriculture, over the roads which scar the surface of the land I find myself upon, by the edges of cliffs that signify to me the edge of my world, and through concrete expanses where the practice of wage slavery is most prevalent; my legs with my feet are the centre of my power and freedom, while walking, running and jumping. My legs have run across rocks by the coast, and have been used to climb trees. The legs and feet below my torso have, on occasion, found that they are stamping down upon badger traps, so as to destroy the revolting cages. The power I find in these aspects of my being enables me to be move, to dance, to smash, and so much more.

Then there is the core of this body that is the flesh I individually am – my torso, shoulders, arms and hands. From this core my will/Life/power manifests. If anyone were to try to attack me, here is where they would likely strike. From here, my arms can muster the power to strike back. I can take rocks in my hands, and from the power that flows through this body, propel them at any enemy I choose. My torso, arms and hands are the centre of my power when I pick up a guitar and attempt to emulate great flamenco and blues musicians. My hands are the centre of my power when I write my experience of the world for those who find that they are reading words I have written. This space is the location of so much of my creativity and destructiveness.

My head, my eyes, ears, mouth, nose, the brain that amplifies the mindedness of my body, my hair and teeth; from this space I take the world I am immersed in into the singular individual I am. I think. I breathe. I sing. I have screamed to trees whose tops could not hear me, hoping they would scream back and I would hear.

I could deconstruct this body further into various organs and would probably start to sound like I was quoting sections of Fight Club (again) – “I am Julian's lungs. Without me Julian would

not be able to breathe” or “I am Julian’s ability to care about economics. I exist only in as much as Julian is revolted by what economics is used for”. But as far as this simple schizoanalytic complexification goes, this is as far as I’m willing to describe here.

But as much as I describe it, the description is not the body. This is my body. I am my body. I am here, and you are entirely there. So how the fuck am I going to give you any meaningful sense of the individuality that is here, when you are there?!

I have caught glimpses of great individualists through the histories that surround them. Renegades, artists, rebels, writers, poets, philosophers, pirates, mystics and others whom society might call mad. While my awareness of their individuality might be through the collectivist usurpation of their creativities and destructivities, I find myself aesthetically and instinctively drawn towards the idea of these individuals. The madness they signify resonates and harmonises where my desire feels drawn to. Thoreau, Wilde, Jeffers, Novatore, Armand, Camus, Masson, Bey, Stirner and others whom I find beauty in are heroes whom I have no real connection to. All I have of their power and presence is faint images upon the backdrop of History – the ugliest narrative I am yet to come across.

I could tell you of my artistic attacks and of lone-wolf hunt sabotaging. I could tell you about the every-day acts of psychological warfare I regularly conduct around domesticated humans. I could tell you about my writings and publishing projects. I could tell you about my music and the inability to go for sustained periods without singing. I could tell you about my day job, and of driving along the roads I hate that scar the land I love and that I feel loves me.

As the collective dominates the space that surrounds me, I find the anarchic freedom of my individuality in moments where time ceases to hold any relevance or meaning. This is when every-Thing slips away, and I am immersed within the primordial now. But I would be lying if I said that I do not ever find myself caught in the cage that is the Reality of Leviathan – when I find myself trapped in time and History/progress/civilisation. Like the land I love, am an Extension of, and are immersed in, I am violated by Leviathan, and this is why I find myself engaged in mad and absurd rebellion.

Every time I breathe, I take in polluted air. The food manufactured by the industries of this culture has to be treated through all different types of alchemy to be desirable. The anthroponic sounds of the urban-space machine are all but intolerable. The agriculture and industry that violates the earth. The monetary system that seeks to chain me to the collective and its markets. The disgust and revulsion this inspires in me is a sensation that worlds will never reflect. I feel a desire to break the chains of normalisation, to not be manufactured into some object that is the same as others within its category.

If my body is the first place I find my individuality manifesting from; my revulsion for society – the herd, as Nietzsche (rightly) described – is the second place I find this sensation. My hatred for society sits beside my love for the earth, wild-Being, the land, all ecological processes and other terms that basically mean the flesh of the world.

I am saddened that nationalists, patriots and others who idolise Leviathan, and so hate that which is wild, have made it such a taboo to discuss the notion of loving the land you live upon within radical discourse. The wounds that fascism and Nazism have inflicted, as those realities sought to violate the earth with their progression, are ones that are not yet really healed. Regardless though, while I have been accused of being a reactionary eco-fascist by collectivists who cannot see past their prejudices, I feel a great love for the land underneath my feet and I apologise to no one for this.

With my love for the land, rather than agriculture, or even well-intentioned horticulture and permaculture, I desire the emergence of feralculture, that opens spaces for wild-Being. This earth that I am is screaming for it. The trees, birds, hurricanes, and countless others, whose individuality defies communisation, are screaming for the destruction of Leviathan.

As I come back to my love of the land, I find my mind turning towards the untamed, the wild and the inhuman. This is a space of dark mystical experience, where Stirner's notion of unman and Nietzsche's ubermensch feel equally relevant. The abhuman is an immediately accessible means of rebelling against the repression of normalisation and sublimation. The sensation of being an anarchist, an individualist, a rebel, feral, from this, is a weird space of becoming-animal, where freedom and individuality are untamed spaces. Like the Lycan, who is part man and part wolf, in this way, I am best suited neither to the forest nor the city but find myself drawn to, and caught between, both of them.

This is where my individualist anarchy finds itself in the now that I am here. It might be mad, absurd, or paradoxical, but this is where I am and the Where I am. I have likely, again, failed at my attempt to articulate a sensation whose immediacy to my being is ineffable. Perhaps if I had written this as a poem, or had attempted to paint it, or compose a musical arrangement, maybe then I would have succeeded – I doubt it. If you haven't experienced this – though you obviously could only experience something similar at best (not experience being the same) – I doubt any of this will resonate with you. If you have found this utter nonsense, please just disregard me as one of those mad individuals whom you pay little notice to.

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Cancer, Technology and and Ineffable Visceral Space

Julian Langer

2017

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I.

I regularly commit what might be considered a severe social faux pas, though it is not really a blunder and I do not feel shame about it. This faux pas is that I mention, often too lightly, in conversation a subject matter often deemed too taboo for everyday conversation.

The subject matter is that which goths, nihilists and existentialists love to talk about – I talk about death.

From my mother's death and my father's near death from drug addiction in my early childhood, as well the loss of other family members and loved ones; death and life have been constant themes within my thoughts. But undoubtedly the biggest influence on my relationship and perspective towards life and death has been the experiences I went through as a young cancer patient.

As I go to write about the process of being-a-cancer-patient, I'm immediately struck by how the words I turn to feel entirely inadequate. If I were to try to really communicate to you (as in you individually reading this, if we were relating one to one) something of what it feels like to be the other side of cancer treatment, I'd probably lower my stance, draw in air and release a guttural and primal scream; then grab hold of you in the tightest, fullest hug I could muster; and then play you something on the guitar. So little of that felt phenomenon can be expressed this way – as-in via text. But I'll go on.

II.

They found my tumour initially because they were trying to find out why I was developing double vision. I first noticed the double vision in its early stages when I watched seagulls fly by the river in the town I live near to. Given the state of British ecology, these birds are forced to live within the built-space this culture has constructed on top of the land. They are an extremely regular sight, and often labelled vermin by those who do not have eyes to see their beauty.

My eyes were seeing in double. It was weird. It was confusing. Corrective glasses made normal day-to-day activity easier, but why was this happening?

I had my first MRI scan, to see what was going on in my head. What an experience that was! They had to restart the scan because I'd moved too much looking around the scanner as it did its thing.

If you've never been in an MRI machine, let me paint you a picture in words of my times in MRI machines. First thing you do is you lie on this platform, positioning yourself so your head rests in the slot designed for it. Then they place this grey-thing under your knees, so your legs are slightly raised throughout. You then feel the platform rise towards the ceiling, stopping when you are level with the opening of the machine. Your head then gets put in this open-box thing, with wadding to make you more comfortable, and you are handed something to squeeze should you need the process to stop or attention for any other reason. Then you feel yourself moving backwards into the machine, into silence. This is a hideously uncomfortable silence, where you are fully aware of how uncomfortable your body feels within this colossal piece of technological construction. And it feels as if it would go on forever, but then it starts.

The first time I heard that noise I felt my heart pounding immediately. Everything about this was wrong! If you can imagine all the worst elements of drum and bass, mixed with the worst elements of industrial metal that would be the best comparison I could give. That sound pulsates

through your entire body, and it feels like it is the noise shaking the machine with your body inside it. My muscles tightened. My mouth went dry. The first time I couldn't stop looking around to see if something was going wrong – as I said, they had to restart it and begin again because my moving had meant the scans were unusable.

Not in my first time, but in the vast majority of scans after that, they'd stop halfway through, to inject this dye through a cannula I'd already had put in place, so they could track everything better; then to return to the shaking booming machine. Sometimes you're given headphones and they put music on, but I've never heard it over the mechanical thumps in the belly of those things. An energetic, visceral surge desiring escape flowed through me, which remained the case throughout every other time I found myself inside one of those machines – though I eventually learnt to get myself very Zen in them and to ignore what was going on around me.

The day after this first scan, my 19th birthday, I went in to get the results and a doctor informed me that the scan had found a pineal lesion, a brain tumour, which at this stage couldn't be confirmed as cancerous, benign, or what. What followed for the next year and a half was months of regular MRI scans, the occasional lumbar puncture and waiting for the tumour to grow large enough to get a biopsy of; because it was too small and they didn't want to risk damage when all it was doing at that stage was moving my eye.

III.

I had been practicing Buddhism since I was 17 and I turned to this heavily during this time, as well as throwing myself into creative projects. The waiting period was strange. I'd been a study-geek since I was a kid and I continued to find myself drawn to studying all I could find on philosophy, radical politics and “spiritual” stuff. Life continued as normal in many ways. It was just always there, as this ever-present thing.

A friend performed reiki on me, which was weird. Christians and Muslims who knew of me having a brain tumour prayed for me. The tumour was growing still, but at an incredibly slow rate – which meant it was still too small for the neurosurgeons to do a biopsy of it. Was this “spiritual” stuff contributing to this? I didn't know, but fuck it, I wasn't gonna knock it!

As I mentioned, I was embracing a Buddhist practice at that time in my life – though possibly a more westernised form than many of you reading this will view as true-Buddhism. I would meditate semi-regularly and occasionally chant. My recovering addict father had pushed the idea on me throughout my childhood than everyone “needs” some form of “spirituality,” and for a time I had largely internalised this notion. This conflicted though with the writers and philosophers I was finding myself drawn to; individuals like Wilde, Nietzsche, Camus and Armand; as what I was getting from their writings were words that fuelled my fire to rebel against this push from my father.

So in place of his Christianised Buddhism, I adopted a much more (indifferent-)agnostic Buddhist practice. Before my embracing a Buddhist practice I had explored Christianity, Islam, Judaism, Zoroastrianism, Taoism and Neo-Paganism (with a consistent solid interest in Hinduism, but didn't consider practicing until after treatment- and only for a short period), but none of these really stuck as long as Buddhism did and that was what I was embracing during my time as a cancer patient.

My father and I have always had a strained relationship, with him consistently pushing the idea that I should forgive him for his part of our relationship, because if I don't I will suffer, as I go to hell/have a hellish life for not forgiving him – gosh darn it, don't you just love Christian morality! With this, he asserted on multiple occasions when my treatment actually started that he believed that, because the tumour was a pineal lesion, and some “spiritual” people have called the pineal gland the gateway to the third eye, that I had the tumour because I wasn't a more spiritually-forgiving person (though I strongly suspect he was simply pushing for me to be less pissed off at him, so if I did die he would feel like at the very least we had made peace and he could feel like a decent dad).

Let me take a second to say though that, in many ways my father was a great dad during treatment, pushing to get me the best care and driving long distances to appointments and lots more. But if I'm going to write about how cancer affected my perception of the world, life and death, I have got to write about how he pushed that the tumour was basically my fault and I had to get more “spiritual”, as he saw it, in order to not die (but this piece is not about him or my relationship with him). Moving on.

IV.

Before treatment actually started I'd had this headache for 3 days. It wasn't too bad and I wasn't worrying, but worried family pushed for me get an emergency appointment to see my GP, so I did. At that stage they weren't worried about the headache. But a few days later I'm in A & E with a migraine, being given the steroid dexamethasone to reduce the pressure the tumour was putting on my brain – now the little fucker was getting interesting and starting to kill me.

Suddenly shit got different! Suddenly I was back and forth between appointments. Everyone wanted to keep Julian alive.

Julian however was mostly focused on sleeping and eating. Dexamethasone had two side effects, both of which I found near unbearable; I couldn't sleep and I was always starving hungry. Stress and having lots to think about still has an impact on my sleep patterns, but with the meds at this time I was getting three hours maximum most nights – there was lots of watching TV throughout the night, trying to fall asleep to it. And the hunger, words are entirely inadequate for describing the depth of the hunger I was feeling. This wasn't *“I've missed a meal and now am more hungry than I would normally be at this time”* hungry! This was *“I am screaming at you to put food in me or else you will fucking die arsehole”* hunger; it was a hunger that felt like there was an emptiness within my being that was going to collapse in on itself if I didn't eat something. So you better fucking well believe I ate! Salad sandwiches multiple times a day, fajitas, crisps, pasta and SO MUCH CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM YOU WOULD NOT BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU! (I owe a great deal of my mental well being throughout the months of dexamethasone and afterwards to Ben and Jerry's Half-Baked ice cream).

While so much around me was about keeping me from dying, I was consumed by the suffering this medication I had been put on to keep me alive was bringing me. It was only in the months after treatment that I started to value that experience of suffering – but I'm jumping ahead of myself.

My first night sleeping in a hospital for observations was a new experience for me, one that I did not want, but went along with because the doctor I was under the care of at that point had

insisted on it, despite my obviously finding the idea extremely upsetting. I'd seen my mother die in a hospital bed when I was 7; and I'd stood there screaming at her body for her to wake up and to be my mum again. Years later I learnt she died because the hospital made an administrative error and she could have survived what happened to her. To my mind, hospitals meant death. Those cold, sterilised walls and floors felt like lifeless expanses that something entirely visceral inside of me was rejecting, in a very primal way. But as I said, I did it. I slept there, or at least tried to, and made it through until the morning.

The next day I asked the doctor if I could start coming off the tablets, because the headaches had gone and I wanted the suffering to end. Without properly understanding what they were doing and in an utterly careless fashion, he stated yes and gave me an incredibly short weaning off period to come off them – which I accepted because, here was the professional saying what I wanted to hear. Days later I was rushed to hospital (a different one to the one I'd slept at) with an excruciatingly painful migraine and in a zombie like state of lifelessness and put straight back on the dose I'd been on, along with another steroid to help my endocrine system recover from the “crash” in hormones I had just undergone. I'd very, very nearly died and felt like death – the doctor fucked up and I never saw him again.

V.

It was a strange feeling, nearly dying, and coupled with the lack of energy, because my body was void of nearly all the testosterone, adrenaline and cortisol I usually had flowing through me, I felt like a nothingness, empty and soulless, with all my personality sucked out of me. It wasn't that I felt depressed, or sad, or anything like that. No! That would have been something – even when I felt sad and depressed I felt alive. This feeling was death.

Being back on the steroids perked me up, a bit. I was still exhausted and not-all-there, but I was more me, which was something at least. That same visceral feeling I would have with the MRI machines I had with the meds. They were entirely undesirable, but they were working and doing what I needed them to do. Taking them was a choice made for my personal welfare and I am selfish about my personal needs.

Shortly after this though came the second close brush with death. I was taking the medication, but had a mind-blowingly bad migraine. This one was more intense than the others had been. This was pain I couldn't have imagined feeling. I didn't want to move, so tried to sleep it off. This didn't work and pretty soon the paramedics were at the house and I was being carted off to the hospital.

The painkillers I had at the hospital went down an absolute treat! I was the happiest I'd been in a long time! Everyone around me was panicked and trying to work out what to do with me. Calls were being made between hospitals, my father and girl friend were terrified and loved ones were being called with updates on how I was doing. And while all that movement was going on around me, I was high and happy.

Hours later and a journey from North Devon to Bristol in an ambulance, I found myself on the neurology ward of Frenchay hospital, having my surgery plans explained to me by a lovely old hipster brain surgeon (with a brief chat about mutual music loves). I asked what general anaesthetic would be like and was told “like a good gin and tonic.” I was on the bed, about to go

into the theatre room, and told they were about to put me to sleep. There was a moment when I was aware of them administering the painkiller and then I was awaking in the recovery ward.

When I woke up there were two definite differences to my body from when I'd gone to sleep. The first I was prepared for and had expected. The surgery I had was called an endoscopic third ventriculostomy and involved them placing what is called a ventricular reservoir in my head – basically a tube in my brain and a silicone bump on my head to protect me from potential future hydrocephalus. This is something that I have in my head still 6 years on and will most likely have until the day I die. I have often joked about being a bionic human, with my body forever changed by technology. I'm not going to lie; it is very weird to think about – but I'll write more on this later. All that mattered at that point was – I am alive and this is gonna help keep me alive! The second difference, though less permanent, was far more traumatising at the time.

VI.

Soon after waking I came to discover a tube attached to my bed that had not been there before. After a brief investigation of the bed and my body, I came to realise the tube was inserted somewhere I had never EVER expected to find a tube! (If you haven't guessed already, they'd inserted a urinary catheter). THE HORROR! I don't mind telling you that my penis is something I value and treasure, for a multitude of reasons, and have degree of aesthetic preferences around its appearance and treatment, which includes not having a tube up it. There was an element to which it was apparent, the doctors had seen my naked body, in a way I had not considered before, which, given the amount of body-shame I felt at the time was a bit embarrassing. But more so, again in a very visceral, animal and primal embodied sense, I DON'T WANT A TUBE UP MY DICK!

Hours after waking up, when I felt like I had enough energy to walk a little bit and had shown I could move my legs, I asked the nurse to remove the catheter, so I could walk up and down the ward. She held my member and then moments later I felt a sensation in my dick that makes me squirm and recoil in disgust still, as I write this. After a minute to recover from what just happened, I started to get myself off the bed. A nurse from Somalia, whose kindness throughout my stay on that ward I will value for the rest of my life, held my arm as I walked the corridor from one end to the other. No one thought I'd be walking that quickly, but I was defiant and knew I was going to do it – I knew that this body that I am wasn't going to just lay in bed with a tube where no tube should be; I was going to walk, and fuck anyone who said otherwise.

After the surgery I spent several days and nights on ward and then came home for a few weeks rest, before I went up to hospital for the second and hopefully final lot of brain surgery. This was a weird time. I felt in many ways ruined, especially the day the last of the general anaesthetic wore off and I couldn't stop crying. I had my head shaved, because where they'd shaved a rectangular block out of my long fringe looked ridiculous, and that was a particularly sad moment, as I've always love my hair. I was low energy, because of my hormones and what it was taking out of my body to recover from the surgeries, and still starving hungry all of the time. I had started seeing regularly a craniosacral therapist and the holistic treatment was definitely helping me sleep, which was a plus, as well as supporting my recovery in other ways. Chocolate ice cream was continuing to be a great pick me up. But what helped me the most through those weeks was something entirely beyond words.

Between her university classes and exams, my girl friend Katie, then of 5 years (now wife), was doing all she could to be there for me and be loving and supportive. The experience of love I got from her was more than just words and deeds. There was an energy I could feel in her touch, as she held me with my head on her lap, not judging as I wept uncontrollably. Whether we were watching TV or talking to family, her arms around me communicated an intention that rendered all words as lesser. One night she washed me as I sat in the bath and the love and care I felt her hands communicate made all language slip away into an abyss that left me in bliss. Amidst all the horror that was going on around me, all the suffering and shit I was going through, here was something completely wonderful, that brought the beauty of life and experience back to me in a direct and immediate way. As much as her actions were beyond words, my descriptions are entirely inadequate. You will never be able to know the energy that was felt between us in those moments (and honestly that is something I am glad of).

The second lot of brain surgery was quicker than the first and in many ways a lot easier. I spent most of my stay on ward consuming that beautiful hyper-real spectacle that we postmodern 21st century westerners remain addicted to: TV. No catheter! And was again able to walk afterwards faster than expected. The thing that was the best part of my second brain surgery was that the biopsy had found out the type of tumour that was in my brain.

If you know anything about pineal germinomas (also know as germ cell tumours), you will know that, as far as brain tumours go, being told you have one is extremely good news! These tumours are very easy to treat; they don't often come back; and really this was confirmation that I was going to kick cancer's fucking arse and live beyond this hellish ordeal I was going through! This was the best news yet and everyone around me was glad to learn this.

I had a month between my last brain surgery and starting radiation therapy. That month involved mostly listening to music, watching TV, playing guitar, eating (LOTS), sitting in the garden and the occasional outing to shops or town, if I felt well enough to do it. I was exhausted though. It took me 3 attempts to stand up from the toilet one morning. The thing I kept saying to people was that I just wanted to go and walk outside. That primal urge to move my body across the land was something I felt deep within me, but at that time I simply couldn't. That was something deeply upsetting and frustrating. My body, the being that I am, felt like something other than myself, but equally I was consumed by this-is-me-now – and I had to deal with that.

I knew I was alive and that was valuable. I felt like death, but knew that this process was transient and I would soon be a different space and in a different space.

Radiation therapy was weird. The first thing I remember them doing was making me this mask to hold my head in place on the table – a mask I kept after treatment ended and have a solid love/hate relationship with. For a month I would go to the hospital 5 days a week every morning; lie down on this table, in front of this colossal machine that looked straight out of science fiction; have my head locked in place by the mask; have radiation beams fired at my head, which you cannot see, hear, or smell, but after the first week or so start to feel the effects of; and then go home, and spend all day resting, playing guitar, video games or watching TV. The day my hair fell out sucked! I was in the bath and it all just started to come out in clumps – it felt much more like losing a part of myself compared with when it had been shaved off 2 months earlier (that was (kind of) my choice at least). But the real impact of radiation therapy didn't start until after cancer treatment had ended, in the months immediately after – a period of time I have barely spoken about with anyone.

VII.

As I go to write about this now, I'm aware of my body tensing and I'm thinking more about my breath and what my eyes are doing in their sockets. This is very much a space where I have always found the idea of trying to put words to it something I couldn't do. This was a space of finding myself in the dark-mysticism of what philosophers like Bataille, Foucault and Lacan have called limit-experience. This space is probably the closest I've been to the impossible and probably the closest I'll get to the impossible.

If this comes across as non-sense to you, what I'm about to write, that is ok with me – if you haven't experienced this you most likely simply won't get it. This period, the months immediately after treatment, around my 21st birthday and immediately after; this was a point of falling into a schism, whose abyss seemed like it was going to consume me. I kept this very, very private at the time, as I didn't want to upset those who had supported me throughout the proceeding months and who had done all they could to keep me alive. It felt like utter madness, where I was split between contradictions and caught between monoliths. This wasn't feeling depressed or sad but something like being both caged and liberated, will also climbing and falling.

I'd thought about suicide a fair bit during my mid-teens, but mostly in a distant sense. The time I considered it most was in the months immediately following treatment. Why? Well to answer that I have to start a little before this period.

As I was going to and from between radiation therapy appointments, watching people in their cars from my seat as we drove past them, I would often think about them going to work to get money to buy food and pay for everything they needed to stay alive. I would also think about them feeling exhausted from work when home, watching TV and sitting on their smart phones playing games and tweeting crap they didn't really care about. I would think about this over and over and over again. I would think about society being made up of people distracting themselves from death and doing all they could to avoid it all day every day. The more I did the more it all appeared to be one noisy MRI machine; one giant radiation therapy machine; one catheter up everyone's dick.

Everyone was a cancer patient and everyone was--like all those people who go to cancer hospitals, have the best care in the entire fucking world and don't make it--going to die. This was an all-consuming thought. And really, what was the point of it all? Why had I bothered to go through all that, if it was just going to be a less intense version of that for the rest of my time alive? Why not just kill myself? I would never be anything of who I was before – I'd always have the tube in my brain and knew I'd never see the world the same again. The Buddhism I had embraced for years was feeling more and more like a lived suicide; a denial of my life through trying to lose my attachment to this body that I am and that I had just gone through so much to keep alive. I contemplated suicide, a lot. I thought of what it would be to just not exist.

All "spirituality" grew less and less beautiful, and seemed more like a technology of flesh renunciation, as I found myself increasingly within-my-body. For a short period I explored Hinduism, but the more I did I found myself trying to find meaning in this space that just didn't resonate with me (though perhaps was the religion that best mirrored my experience). I've always hated asshole "humanist" atheists, who are often more dogmatic than most religious people, and didn't want to reject what might be beautiful in religious stuff. But I knew that that stuff was no longer for me. It all felt like part of the same life-of-death this culture was looking increasingly like to me, and I wanted to embrace as little death as possible. (Perhaps if my father had been different

I'd have a different relationship with this stuff – but that would be a different me and a different world, so I can never know.)

Something un-worded, visceral, embodied and entirely animal kept me from doing anything like attempting suicide. During this time I was still playing a lot of guitar and writing songs, and I had lots of love and support from people around me, in particular from Katie. This gave life more beauty during this horrific time. I then started re-reading existentialist philosophers, in particular Camus and Nietzsche, and took creativity in the face of all the meaninglessness around me to be my pathway. And I began to find value in what had happened, knowing that I was in many ways stronger for what had happened, though forever changed.

I started at the same time my undergraduate degree in social psychology and philosophy, and putting myself out into the world as a singer-songwriter. As I explored these spaces I found myself within, delving both into my studies and my creativity as a musician, I found myself drawn towards the weird, the fleshy and the wild, in ways that I couldn't put to words, but that fitted this sensation I had been undergoing.

After the first year post-treatment I was doing well. I'd started exercising more and the body I am was feeling more and more like me. My degree was going very well and music was bringing me lots of joy. I was beginning to find a vocabulary to articulate something of what I was aware of but could not say, not out of taboo, but because it felt beyond the words.

I read Heidegger's *The Question Concerning Technology* and was exploring existentialist ideas on authenticity and inauthenticity, which was the closest thing yet to the feelings I had undergone and the awareness I had of myself within the world. I explored this alongside poststructuralist ideas on hyper-realism and the self as an object constructed through the technology of language. I began to explore philosophy of technology and found resonance with philosophers like Zerzan and found rekindled a visceral childlike love of what is Wild and living. And as my body grew stronger, I would walk more and more through the woods that surround me in the British countryside, listening to the birds as often as I could hear them. Aesthetically, I've always been drawn to music that conjured images of Wild "natural" spaces, with poetry of living-beings, and works of art that are of non-domesticated scenes and full of madness. I'd found a space that I shared energy with, and, though it was in so many ways horrifying, as I studied with increasing intensity the ecological situation and what that entails, I found myself increasingly energised and more passionate about living as furiously as possible.

One night, as I was starting on the first draft on *Feral Consciousness: Deconstruction of the Modern Myth and Return to the Woods*--a work that was largely me trying to put words to this sensation I had undergone--the words I had received through the studies I was engaged with at that time – I spent several hours reading articles and watching talks on "diseases of civilisation", which includes, as you might have guessed, cancer. Weirdly enough though, this didn't make me feel angrier about civilisation or about what I had gone through as a cancer patient, in any way that might immediately seem logical. That unworded, visceral, animal and entirely defiant energy within me was burning in a way that felt beautiful to me.

What became apparent to me was that civilisation is a cancer and that cancer's manifest form, as a phenomenon, is technology: the technology that is keeping people alive is also killing them. Two things can happen with cancer – either it kills you, or you kill it. If I kill it, like I had done before, then I survive and keep living. If it kills me, then my body will become something else, something the cancer has no way of affecting. This was a strange but wonderful realisation to have. It was neither hopeful, or hopeless. Whatever happens, regardless of whether you have

cancer or not, you and I are definitely going to die, which is ok, because we grow into new beings, still very much part of life.

It all felt absurd, but beautifully absurd. Horrific and ugly, but also something I wanted to grab at and bite into. That ineffable visceral energy, whose Wild burnings I'd felt throughout all that time going through treatment, like some skilled fish who lingers just below the surface ready to strike at insects or birds who come to close, that nameless energy, born out of the paradoxical dark-mysticism of the impossible limit-experience I had found myself within, I was starting to be able to articulate it, through the book project, through other writing projects and, though it was finding itself less in song and more in instrumentals, through music.

I was aware that I couldn't find another living being doing what this culture does. The badgers, birds, trees and foxes weren't living that cancer, those their lives were obviously impacted by it. And it seems to me, the more I study civilisation, that this is not a "human" phenomenon, but one specifically of this culture.

VIII.

I am still trying to find words to describe this impossible, embodied process to people who might find resonance with this experience of Being-in-the-world. I study loads and write loads, because, to a large degree, the project of my life is trying to scream at the world "YOU ARE FUCKING ALIVE" and as much of what that means, in as beautiful deconstructive, destructive and creative ways as I am able. I don't know how successfully I am doing this, or will ever do it, but it is where my passions are drawn to.

But here is the thing – we don't really have a cure for cancer (and I write that as a cancer survivor, who knows we can kill it). And all our bodies, like the earth we are manifest Extensions of, are infected with civilisation. Technologies might dull the pains and reduce the affect it has, for as long as we have the means to provide those technologies – like the painkillers and steroids I loved and hated in so many ways. Greater more powerful technologies might kill this cancer; but like how radiation therapy could have given me another tumour and still might well make me infertile as an on-going affect on my body, they could well lead to other, potentially worse, horrors. I don't know to what degree the prayers and the crystals, the juices and holistic therapies, the reiki or the meditation, did anything, but I'm not arrogant enough to claim that I know they did nothing and am glad for any part in my healing they could have provided. Getting through cancer is messy – it is shit, piss, blood, tears and involves being looked at in an entirely naked sense. To survive cancer you have got to put the image you want to have of yourself aside and simply be who the fuck you are in that moment.

We all have civilisation within our being. Many(/most) of us will die from it. It is not a nice comfortable thing to acknowledge, but it is the truth I feel within my body and am as sure of that as I am sure of my own existence within Life, as this mammal who dances mad dances in the woods of Briton. If any of us are going to survive it, it will be those of us who remove our catheters as soon as possible and summon up all the strength they have within them to walk. It is difficult, it is heart breaking, but it is also wonderful, in a weird paradoxical way.

I am not writing this expecting many of you reading this to like it. I am sure lots of you will disregard me as some hypocritical "primitivist" bashing the technology his life has depended upon, through the medium of the internet that wouldn't exist if he had his way. To those of you

who feel that way, I'm not bothered by you not getting it, because I doubt I would if I had not felt the sensations I had done and if your body has nothing similar to draw from you just won't get it. And if civilisation is what kills you too, I hope your passing is as painless as possible.

Politics has come to seem more and more to be a machine of death, that cultishly worships itself; with its varying factions being different deities within this pantheon. Though less the case than in mainstream-politics, this largely seems the case with radical-politics too, with its endless arbitrary factionalism, call-outs policing of each other and politics-as-fashion. Because I feel a visceral, animal pull of will towards life/power, rather than embracing death, for the most part, while sometimes anti-political, I have tried to keep the bulk of my projects away from politics. This is also the case for the 2 political ideologies I have been occasionally lumped in with (despite having voiced critiqued of both) – anarcho-primitivism and eco-extremism.

With this, I have tried to focus my writings, not on quietist renunciation, but on what it means to Live, while we are surrounded by this Leviathan of death, this cancer, this vile and disgusting machinery. I'd also like to put it here that I haven't embraced anti-civilisation philosophy because I read anti-civ writers like Zerzan, Kaczynski, Quinn or Jenson – though many of their ideas and arguments resonate with my experience – but because what I as-my-body has gone through, both as feeling-what-it-is-to-be-dead and as being-an-Extension-of-the-world-that-is-dying. This is something beyond words and argument; it is the space that you find yourself in after the full stop at the end of the last sentence.

Here I am, committing that faux pas again – the great cosmological-taboo. I love the work by Camus *The Myth of Sisyphus*, though my writing project has been and ones currently in process, have all been reversal of his assertion – whether or not we commit suicide is a rather boring and unimportant question; whether or not we commit Life is the philosophical question that my being feels drawn to. Sure, Life might be weird and absurd and impossible and confusing, but there is an awe inspiring mystical beauty to all of that, which I find to be a desirable place to dance in. Anti-civilisation politics and philosophy is never going to be popular within “society” and is always going to offend those who don't like and don't find resonance with it.

I'm not trying to write something people are going to like – I'm trying to communicate something honest. We are drowning in information, thanks to the internet and TV. There is very little honesty, very little authenticity. If this is a faux pas, so be it.

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Julian Langer
Cancer, Technology and and Ineffable Visceral Space
2017

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Dance Before The Day Is Lost And You Are Not Seen As Insane

Julian Langer

March 22, 2020

Two statements by Nietzsche, which I have taken quite to heart, are –

“And those who were seen dancing were thought to be insane by those who could not hear the music.”

and

“We should consider every day lost on which we have not danced at least once. And we should call every truth false which was not accompanied by at least one laugh.”

I can remember after my first round of brain surgery being sat in the hospital café, eating chips with family who had come to visit me, talking about both of them and why I didn't want to just rest in bed. An unreasonable refusal surged through my body, and I rebelled against the push for me to just be in bed.

When recovering at home from surgeries and other aspects of treatment, I would listen to music for several hours in a single go, play guitar and explore alternative tunings and techniques, when I had the energy to do so, write songs and poetry, as well as cook, again when I had the energy to do so. Of course I slept and rested when I was tired. But I made sure that I did all I could to engage in experiences that I found an experience of beauty in.

With the Covid 19/Coronavirus situation as it is, perhaps there seems like less reason to dance and like it would be madder to dance today than it would at other times. The existential anxiety is terrible to many. Businesses are failing to stand before the weight of the situation. Governments are implementing increasingly authoritarian measures, so that they might regain some perception of control.

Ecological healing might be beautiful to those of us who are earth-minded and anti-anthropocentrism. It is less joyful to those who are struggling, social distancing and experience isolation as something that is crushing.

I do not see that there are any comfortable “political” outcomes to the situation. My instinct is that, as ecological situations worsen and the political machine continues to lose what little stability it has, economies will worsen and authoritarianism will be used as means of grasping

for control, as it slips from between their fingers. My belief has been that the 2020s will include a great deal of systemic collapses, which will not be repairable or reconstructable, where most illusions around this culture really being able to control the world will fall apart. However, I don't want to play the game of future prediction or future planning.

Life is here and now.

Consider this a clichéd existentialist-type statement, but death has always been here and now too. This is a thought I've had with me throughout the Covid 19 panic. We've always carried death's shadow with us.

In this way, perhaps it has always been unreasonable and insane to dance. But the music of life sings away. The other day I sat under a tree, listening to birds sing and the wind make music through the trees, like breath flowing through a flute.

I enjoy living somewhere that already very socially isolated – in a small barn-conversion house out in the Devon countryside. My house is a T.A.Z., which fluctuates between low-intensity capture by the machine – in the paying of bills like council-taxes – and being an immediatist tribal space full of anarchist fun. Much of my anarchist praxis is based in immediatism – immediate revolt and rebellion, immediate experience. I'm not waiting for anyone else for the world I want to create and I am not relying on mediators, like organisations, to facilitate structures that provide the image of liberation.

Much of the immediatist fun that happens in this space where I live, with my wife and the chaotic cat who lives with us, is through cooking decadent flavourful food, spontaneous live music, crochet creativity, dancing, games, gardening and the enjoyment of scented candles and incense. Immediatist games and art projects are best kept out of "the media", so I do not showcase much more of this through the spectacle of social media, other than when I decide to do so to support non-immediatist projects, as I am doing here – this is not immediatism, but an image of immediatism.

I enjoy this small tribal experience of immediatist fun, joy and shared struggle, as we seek to survive Leviathan. I consider us a tribe in the sense that there is a quality to the shared experience that is prior to any encoding and consider a tribe to be individuals sharing a space out of egoistic desire to do so, which comes before any conceptualisation.

Immediatism is in many ways like dancing – even more so when it is dancing. And even when it is a form of madness – perhaps especially when it is madness, when considering what it means to be sane in a thoroughly sick culture – it would seem terrible, to me, for anyone to go a day with no immediatist experience. Much of what I wrote in *Feral Consciousness* was an attempt to deconstruct processes of mediation, as what I wrote in *Feral Iconoclasm* was an attempt to articulate processes of the destruction of mediation – in the sense that humanisation is an attempt to separate from the wild world through layers of mediation and becoming-feral is a naked embrace of animal experience.

As attempts made by governments to control the world ultimately fail, so does domestication and processes of mediation. We cannot cut the world out, because we are the world. It is right here and there is nowhere else to go, really. They can build images of and monuments to our perceived cosmic-separation, but they fall apart when the world comes flooding back in.

In many ways, immediatism happens more than anyone ever realises. It creeps up on you and takes you by surprise, like when you suddenly find yourself being hugged by a friend you hadn't expect to see, but suddenly find yourself in the arms of.

It is happening now. Even as authorities attempt to grasp out for control, through intensifying mediums of mediation, life happens immediately.

You might consider activities and experiences of immediacy within your life, even as this culture fetishizes distancing as a means of keeping the dangers of the wild world out. Are you creating live music where you live, singing to yourself and those you live with, cooking delicious foods, playing together, engaging in the craft-creativity or any other style of immediatist fun? If not, why not?

As the authorities try to repress activity and the world, now seems the perfect opportunity for secret tribal gatherings with immediatist play – as right now is always the only opportunity for immediatism to happen. Individuals sharing spaces together engaging in collaborative fun, without the presence of facilitators and mediators, as means of psychic and physical rebellion. One-person dada-style theatre performances to an audience of friends; secret music festivals created collaboratively and with no spectators; story telling that contains nothing from within the dreadful mental-prison of “news-media”; and so on, with as many potential means of insanity amidst all of “this” as you dare to try.

Stop reading this right now! Abandon this moment of mediated experience and dance. You think there is no music? I am convinced that there is. All around, coursing between and through our bodies, there is the music of life. The heartbeat is a beat, like a drum, pulsating the rhythm of your animal body.

Why are you still reading? What are you afraid of?

Sing! Scream! Dance!

There is nothing to wait for; as it is already right fucking now and you are already right fucking here.

Okay, I'm finished with this piece. I'm gonna go take a piss and then play some guitar.

Will you dance before the day is lost and you have can no longer be insane right now?

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Julian Langer
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Doomed to Deferral

A Case Against Tomorrow

Julian Langer

18/07/2019

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If I am going to write about tomorrow, maybe I should start writing this tomorrow.

The problem then becomes: tomorrow will be today, and there will be a different tomorrow, which is when I will have to start writing. The same problem is one you reading have to confront – you can only start reading this tomorrow, if you are to read it in the proper time. Ultimately, you and I will both be doomed, if we rest our hopes on reading or writing tomorrow, but perhaps being doomed is a decent enough ending to start at.

Apocalypse Fatigue

You should probably read about tomorrow, tomorrow.

Yesterday we were doomed. We were also doomed several other yesterdays ago. A doomed yesterday might be better called a noterday, given the nihilism of doom-talk and the negativity that goes with nihilism.

Even more yesterdays ago, techno-industrial civilisation was looking at the tomorrow of the Millennium. Both transcendence and disaster were promised for tomorrow then. Maybe neither were true. Perhaps both were. The dawn of a new historical epoch and all that could signify.

Throughout the 1980s and 1990s, the sociologist Baudrillard became infamous for stating that history had ended, with globalisation, hyper-realism and the totalitarian presence of progress. But, to quote the man himself, “(t)he end of history is, alas, also the ends of the dustbins of history ... (t)here are no longer any dustbins for disposing old ideologies, old regimes, old values”.

And here we are, in the dustbin, at the end of history, plagued by old values, regimes and ideologies – living the tomorrow no one hoped for in the Millennium.

“I never put off till tomorrow what I can possibly do the day after” Oscar Wilde

To mark the Millennium event, Ben Okri’s poem *Mental Fight* was published in 2 parts, by *The Times* newspaper.

Poetry is a strange form of art. It is very much something you can enjoy the day after tomorrow. Poetry does not command the same authoritarian presence in space as theatre, sculpture, film, TV, music, or most other forms of artistic work. But I’d say that poetry’s power is in its lack of authority – as authoritarianism is only embraced by the most powerless groups and individuals.

Poetry is mostly a written form of art, as we encounter it in the dustbin of history – the hyper-real totality of progress. There are of course oral traditions and poets, but these, by virtue of their (lack of) form have already succeeded in escaping being captured by history, so I won’t bring them into this thought exploration.

Written language is subject to what philosopher and semiologist Derrida termed *differance*, the deferral of meaning. Action – radical, political, basically any – is often deferred to tomorrow. Tomorrow we will deal with it. Tomorrow we will get it done. Derrida’s notion of *differance* is linked to his concept of deconstruction, which speaks to the basic instability within text (something I am attempting to play with in writing this piece, as I defer from point to point).

“At night, towards dawn, all lights of the shore have died, and the wind moves.”
Jeffers

Back to Ben Okri’s poem! (If we can get back to it.)

Rather than attempting to write a (perhaps) (anti-)postmodernist essay-interpretation of a postmodernist poem in postmodern-culture (if postmodern-culture is possible), starting from the constructed work, I think that I will start from a place of deconstruction. Most poems take a somewhat deconstructed form already, as they are written in verses or stanzas. *Mental Fight* is no different, as it is written across multiple sections, with subsequent subsections delineating lines of demarcation across the structure of his piece – my mind is, as I write this (today), instantly reminded of the logician Wittgenstein’s book *The Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* (probably the most beautiful book on logic and the driest work of poetry I have ever read). Already relatively deconstructed, some of the work is already done.

I will save writing a detailed analysis of the poem for tomorrow (and allow its deferral to mean that I never write a detailed analysis of *Mental Fight*) and will, in the spirit of experimental writings, present poetic responses to dissected deconstructions of Okri’s work.

“Human kind cannot live long timeless”

Ben Okri, you are right,
But we have no time,
There is no time.
The world is dying today.
What is the fucking point in tomorrow,
If the world dies today?

“Is nature exhausted?”

Ben Okri, nature was exhausted yesterday,
Nature will be exhausted tomorrow,
As it was exhausted today.
You wrote of “dreams” and “nightmares”,
I’m alive today.

“Humanity is at its most radioactive”

Ben Okri, would you say that is still true?
Perhaps it is,
But this culture is subject to radioactive decay.
Chernobyl rewilded might be beautiful,
But the irradiation is still a scar.

*“Look at history
See what you find”*

Ben Okri, we are caged by history,
Slaves to the dustbin.
History has set its ruins upon earth,
And doomed us all.

“We are living on the cusp”

Ben Okri, we were and are
Circling the drain.
We are teetering on the edge,
Collapsing into the unknown.

Yesterday's Tomorrow

Not my best poetic work, sure. What I attempted to do, in responding to Ben Okri's poem, was respond to some of his comments on the tomorrow of yesterday, that is now today, by juxtaposing the direction of the gaze. Okri's words are directed elsewhere, which is where tomorrow always is, deferred ad infinitum.

Ecological collapse, in the same way that ecology just always is, is here, today. We are living, breathing ecology. There is no deferral to ecology, as ecology is immediate.

"Tomorrow – whose location
The wise deceives
Though its hallucination
Is last that leaves" Emily Dickinson

Let's return to where we are today – doomed!

In his work on concentration camp resistance, *Blessed Is The Flame*, Serafini gives an anarcho-nihilist critique of futurity and "cruel optimism": "(t)he anarcho-nihilist position is essentially that we are fucked" and that "... rather than deferring our rage into the future we can finally realise that now is the time we've been waiting for". It appears reasonable to say that we are fucked. If we are fucked, rather than deferring our activities to the future, we can fight, create and live for today, right here, right now.

Right Here, Right Now

An anarchist writer and friend of mine, who writes under the name Flower Bomb, stated in his piece *No Hope, No Future: Let The Adventures Begin!* that "(t)he Future is a hologram of dreams and promises that get rejected by the present" and "(t)oday is here, right now, like a blank canvas inviting my imaginative, destructive creativity". Flower Bomb writes of feral experience across much of their work, something I have done across my books, *Feral Consciousness* and *Feral Iconoclasm*, in various essays, and sought to share some of through *The Night Forest* poetry project I am part of. Feral, in eco-anarchist discourse, is a playful term, whose applied practice is presentist, creatively destructive and destructively creative, pessimistic and adventurous, and nakedly immediate, in its desire for ecology and the ecology of its desires.

The sun might rise again, but that does not mean we will have a tomorrow. Why should we have a tomorrow, or be able to write poetry for tomorrow, when 200 species become extinct each day this culture continues?

I'm not going to provide an answer today. Maybe I will tomorrow – but then again, maybe not.

In her poem *A Better Resurrection*, Sylvia Plath wrote –

*"I have no wit, I have no words, no tears;
My heart within me like a stone;
Is numbed too much for hopes or fears;
Look left, look right, I dwell alone ..."*

The section of *Mental Fight* Ben Okri dedicates to what wounds civilisation has inflicted upon the world, he titled *The Stoney Ground*. The poet Robinson Jeffers wrote that “(w)e must un-humanize our views a little and become confident as the rocks and ocean we are made from”. Eco-phenomenologist philosopher David Abrams has written about the sensuous experience of rocks, boulders, stones and mountains, and of our experience of them.

Rocks and stones have no hopes or fears – or rather, I have no belief that they do. They are, in a day-to-day humanistic sense, timeless and ageless, outside of the dustbin of history. They are immediate and present.

Perhaps there is something to be said about being hopeless and fearless today. I might write more on this tomorrow – but I probably won’t.

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Julian Langer
Doomed to Deferral
A Case Against Tomorrow
18/07/2019

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Guerrilla Ontology

On Destruction, Violence and Direct Action

Julian Langer

19/12/2017

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We hear about violence all the time. We talk about violence all the time.

We label this violence as good and that violence as bad. This violence as necessary and that violence as unnecessary.

This violence theirs and that violence ours. And the conversation goes on and on and on.

Often we don't recognise when we are talking about violence, as violence takes so many forms, wears so many masks, and we've been raised to uphold most acts of violence as simply factors of ordinary daily life.

To the pacifist, all violence is evil and must be avoided at any cost. Pacifists believe in the great cosmic separation of forces of light from forces of darkness. They view the universe as fundamentally flawed in this way. Pacifists believe that there is such a feature of existence, which can pervade all of Being – this notion of evil and darkness – which is something that must be rejected at all points.

To say something is evil is to presuppose a moral ought, that something should or should not exist, and that each existent example of evil must be rejected and expelled from society. What evil is ultimately is that which threatens the machinery that is society.

But while we talk about violence again and again, we rarely talk about what violence is, nor what it isn't. Oh sure, we talk about their violence and even our own on occasion (though usually sanctifying its enactors, the living as heroes and the dead as martyrs who sacrificed themselves for God, the God of the machinery of the technosphere).

Rarely, if ever, do we talk about what violence is, what are violence's origins, and other questions that might be considered too abstract or conceptual for "realpolitik."

Violence seems to be a very specific type of action (again embracing generalized categories), which often gets mistaken for another. So, before giving any type of definition of violence, I will discuss what it is not: destruction.

Destruction as a phenomenon is the event of a singularity whereby, due to certain physical intensities, a new situation, space, location, Thing (etc.) is created. In this way, creation and destruction are in no way a dichotomy, but rather the monist force of the flow of motion, energy, transience in an entirely physical sense.

A hurricane and a wildfire are destructive, but they aren't violent. In their destruction they create new situations, spaces, locations; Things, from the intensity of their energetic releases. A meteor that kills most of the life on planet Earth, including the dinosaurs (arguably this planet's most successful occupants if we assume a paleontological realist epistemology), is not violent and does not enact violence upon those it has killed. The Chicxulub meteor was destructive, and its destruction led to the creation of a situation that resulted in mammals becoming more prevalent (as a generalized category of species-Being) as the dinosaurs died out.

Destruction and creation are the monist flow of Life, where life and death are one and the same thing. They are the same thing in each present, temporarily bound by the physical dimensions of embodied Being – wild-Being as I choose to term it. As such, destruction(/creation) is an aspect of what is wild (or natural, if you prefer).

VIOLENCE AS VIOLATION

Violence presents itself not as destruction, but as violation. This doesn't mean that violence is defined by the intent to violate. No, the perception of an action or event doesn't alter its physi-

cality, only the relationships of those within or towards it. As such, violence can occur with no intent to violate.

So what does it mean to violate? To violate something is to assert authority (not power) over a given space, place, moment, individual, or group, and to interrupt the wild authentic flow of living energies into the constructions (not creations) of the supposed authority, which asserts itself through violence.

Rape is an act of violence, where rapists assert themselves as an authority over whom they are raping. Rape interrupts the wild authentic flow of living energies of those raped, via usurpation of their body, and makes of them a constructed object of the rapist's pleasure resources.

This authority stems from the mythologies of civilisation, surrounding hierarchies of Others who are granted the ability to dominate and oppress through innate privileges. This is not to say that rape and other acts of violence do not occur outside of civilisation; rather, civilisation is the monopolisation of violence and a force that intensifies violence, to such a degree that it corrupts Being into something inauthentic and entirely different from what is wild.

Myths of authority (again, not power) are what violence is. Civilisation is defined by the machinery of the technosphere, the body of the metropolis, the materiality of its ideology. Its violence does not and cannot create, but rather it constructs. It constructs through language and through what civilisation deems as resources.

To civilise, to domesticate, to assert authority, to construct, to mechanise is to be violent; whereas to be destructive(/creative) is to be wild, living, natural.

This definition might feel uneasy to those who have been involved in (or have been active voices for) resistance groups whose tactics have included those generally considered violent. In fact, many have sought to justify the use of violence, and this is not just limited to groups within "western" nations, such as ALF, ELF, DGR etc., but also indigenous resistance fighters in their appeals to those "citizens" who seek to oppress them. But this is simply a misunderstanding brought about through the limitations of language as a means of conveying meaning.

The actions of these radicals aren't violent, but destructive(/creative), and as such aren't attached to the authoritarianism of violence and its ugliness. That's not to say that there aren't groups who call themselves radical, but actually just want to reconstruct the same machinery of violence they supposedly oppose. Rather, resistance/revolt/rebellion/etc., is destructive/creative, not violent.

GUERRILLA CREATION/DESTRUCTION

What does this mean for radical practice, eco-anarchist, ontological-anarchist or otherwise? Simply it means we are agent of destruction; we are the creation of destruction, we support the destruction of the violent constructions of civilisation, in machinery, language, myths, socio-normative forms of interaction and all else that encompasses the metropolis, the Leviathan, the state, the economy.

This action of destroying the reality constructed by civilisation is the activity of guerrilla ontology, which amounts to destroying civilisation's machinery and myths, and creating events, spaces, places, situations that allow for the anarchic flow of wild-Being to move freely.

Guerrilla ontology has not generally been viewed in the sense I am describing here. It was first described by Robert Anton Wilson and defined on Wikipedia as:

“The goal of guerrilla ontology is to expose an individual or individuals to radically unique ideas, thoughts, and words, in order to invoke cognitive dissonance, which can cause a degree of discomfort in some individuals as they find their belief systems challenged by new concepts.”

So with it being drawn from Wilson’s philosophy and writings, guerrilla ontology is typically associated with new-age, Discordianist spiritual practices.

Ontological anarchist Hakim Bey describes his concept of the Temporary Autonomous Zone as a practice in guerrilla ontology, and is where the term is first located within anarchist thought. We should expand the concept past mere quietism and pure lifestyle, so as to be the basis of destructive(/creative) attacks of sabotage, resisting civilisation in a revolt based in Life. But to do this we must explore what it is to be a guerrilla. Guerrilla fighters are fighters who utilise a guerrilla-based approach to conducting warfare. So what is the guerrilla mode of attack?

Che Guevara, the famous Marxist guerrilla fighter of the Cuban revolution, stated in his work *Guerrilla Warfare: A Method* that the objective of the guerrilla strategy is the seizure of power. Now obviously in the case of Che, and the Marxist project he was involved in with Castro, the seizure of power translated to the reconstruction of the Leviathan under their authority, not liberation, wild freedom or anything actually desirable. But this is an issue regarding the authenticity of the project in question, not in the approach itself. And given Che’s proficiency as a guerrilla fighter, I feel comfortable with this objective of the method, regardless of its ideological outcome.

So we will follow from this presupposition that the guerrilla mode of attack is based on the objective of seizing power, and for our purposes this seizure of power is a destructive(/creative) one, not a constructive violent one.

Guerrilla groups – such as the Taliban, Al-Qaeda, Túpac Amaru Revolutionary Movement, Khmer Rouge, The Japanese Red Army, The Ñancahuazú Guerrilla, M-19, The IRA, New Peoples Army, Movimiento Peronista Montonero, Democratic Army of Greece, Free Papua Movement, The Angry Brigade, J2M, Individualists Tending Towards the Wild, YPJ and YPG, Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, Movement for the Emancipation of the Niger Delta and other such organisations – have all taken as their approach seizing power strategies and tactics that are based in acts of sabotage, ambushes, raids, hit-and-run style approaches and other means of attacking, while avoiding large scale head on warfare of the traditional militarist approach. This is not to advocate all the specific forms of irregular warfare these groups and groups like them use or have used – bombing “civilians” (for example) just for the sake of it is ugly and only succeeds in goading civilisation to dominate through greater authoritarian means.

WHY GUERRILLA?

Why utilise tactics of irregular warfare with small-scale attacks like ambushes and sabotage? Why not attack head on? Lets look to a historical potential that led to ruin to discuss why not.

After she was beaten by the Romans and her daughters were raped, Celtic druidess and queen Boudicca led a guerrilla campaign that almost saw the Romans out of Briton. The Iceni tribes under Boudicca’s leadership enacted rebellions and ambushed cities held under Roman rule. Through their guerrilla tactics they successfully depleted the Roman position in Briton to near defeat.

Had they not ever directly engaged the Roman military, with its technologically superior weaponry and armour, the Iceni and Boudicca would likely have seen the Roman colonial invaders off, defeated in blood drenched Celtic victory. Unfortunately they did face the Romans in open battle and the Celts lost.

So it seems sensible to advocate guerrilla type tactics given the technological might of empire and our available means of attack.

One resistance fighter, within anti-civ eco-radical resistance, whose approach has utilised much of what can be considered a guerrilla approach, is Theodore Kaczynski (better known as the infamous UNABOMBER). Kaczynski's infamy comes not only from his bombing campaign and his famed manifesto, *Industrial Society and its Future*, but from his years of eluding the FBI and other institutional agents who sought to track him down.

Kaczynski's ideology has been a central aspect of the eco-extremist movement, who actively embrace narratives of violence. One of the things clear in Kaczynski's writings is that, while he presents great analytic accounts on technology, his politics remain tied to narratives of history(/civilisation). The eco-extremist movement seems equally tied to narratives of history, and they mistake their sanctified deity of Wild Nature for a violent force, when the wild is destructive(/creative) and violates nothing.

Regarding the UNABOMBER (as a political entity), Kaczynski was a failure, both in historical and anti-historical terms, who, despite his many brilliant aspects, found himself in the trappings of a far more extensively intensive prison than the one you and I find ourselves located within. The eco-extremist post-Kaczynskiist movement would do well to remember this, or maybe this is something that their pseudo-active (passive) pessimist nihilism just accepts?

Perhaps I'm being unfair to Kaczynski. It is true that both the eco-radical and anarchist milieus are colossal failures in pursuing our desired outcomes outside of some smaller personal projects. Empire has now spread across basically the entire body of the Earth and ecological collapse is basically a certainty. But the energetic fury of defiant revolt that courses through my body leads me to press on, channelling the power of the wild, to be a destructive force upon civilisation, creating untame spaces/places/locations/situations.

INDIGENOUS RESISTANCE

Lets look at other struggles, fights, and dances.

The indigenous peoples of what we now call Australia enacted a war against the settlers that has no apparent beginning or ending outside of History; a lived reality of warfare against the reality being constructed by the British mask of civilisation. This warfare was conducted by "cheeky fella" loner-leaders, whose attacks were coordinated devoid of formal organisation, usually in the form of ambush warfare. Rather than forming organisations, militias and other general categories of organised warfare, they practiced their guerrilla far more like communities/unions of egoists, working in mutual aid to resist civilisation.

What did their resistance look like? Well, many of the guerrilla fighters took to forming bands, who focused on payback, through means of inflicting unending sabotage and psychological warfare. The sabotage is basically what we call property destruction in the form that eco-radicals are very familiar with. The psychological warfare mostly took the form of mocking, humiliating and harassing the invaders, threatening and intimidating as means of psychic-attack.

The lone-leader guerrilla fighters of the indigenous Australians include famed warrior Pemulwuy, who it was believed could not be killed with firearms. Pemulwuy fought British invaders through ambush raids and killed British officials in vengeance against their violence towards his community and the land he lived upon. Like Kaczynski and similar guerrilla fighters, Pemulwuy failed and found himself at the mercy of his enemies (the approach of a lone-leader indigenous Australian attack seems to draw in something from guerrilla ontologist attacks).

Does this mean we start killing officials or supporters of Empire like Pemulwuy? Not necessarily, as there seems to be far more prudent practical means of inflicting damage to the Leviathan. These means hold more potential for actually disrupting its narratives, not just serving as a basis for the civilised to reinstate and make those same narratives more violent. I don't see the attempt to assassinate government officials, or to kill a few domesticated individuals, as an activity that has any pragmatic potential for desirable outcome, and it seems like a waste.

Guerrilla ontologist warfare seems best enacted through 2 types of ambush attack. The first, sabotage, is well known to eco-radicals. This type of attack through "property" destruction has had relative degrees of success for groups like the ELF, ALF, Earth First!, the Hunt Saboteurs, and other eco-anarchist groups (This is stated with the acknowledgement that, due to the sheer scale of Empire's authority at this point, we need an honest pessimism regarding its potential and its failings in the past).

The second form of ambush attack being advocated here is the utilisation of psychic warfare, to create sensations of wildness within the consciousnesses of the domesticated. This means to shatter the technologically induced comforts that distance the domesticated from the horror of the desert of the Real, the apocalyptic situation that stands before us, into a perception that can look at little else.

Smashing badger traps and creating psycho-geographical distress is not going to stop Empire nor the ecological collapse that is a byproduct of its violence. But this is not our task. The Real is breaking through this Reality, through hurricanes, wild fires, through rust upon the metal of the technosphere and far more examples than I could ever list. Wild-Being is ultimately inescapable; civilisation is the construction of a phantasmic illusion, and it will collapse.

Our aim as guerrilla ontologists is to be agents of destruction, poetic terrorists and involuntarily fighters, disrupting history and resisting its violence. And this is best done through ambushing via sabotaging the machinery of civilisation ("property destruction") and via psychological warfare, rather than head on assaults, which always result in increased intensities in violence from civilisation and its agents.

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Thoughts On Political Misanthropy

Julian Langer

23/01/2020

“Fifty years ago, I concluded that the best thing for the planet would be a peaceful phase-out of human existence.”

With these words, Les Knight justifies the Voluntary Human Extinction Movement in an article for The Guardian. Rather than write out the whole piece, I'd invite anyone reading this to read Les's article before going on (it is quite short).

If you cannot be bothered to read it, my brief summary would be this: the earth would be better off without humanity, which has caused all these problems, so we should work towards the extinction of humanity.

In a singular term, the ideology being pushed here is what I'd call political misanthropy. It is political in the sense that it relates to decisions being collectively made regarding the affairs of the city. It is misanthropy in the sense that the perspective views humans as at the very least “bad”, though probably more like “evil”.

Now, while I am an eco-anarchist writer writing within anti-civilisation discourse, despite what you might assume, I am not a misanthrope. I'll give you a moment to let that sink in ... yes, I desire the ending of this 10,000-year-old failed cultural experiment and a total rewilding of earth. But I do not feel hatred for humanity and I do not share in the misanthropic perspective that there is something evil about humanity.

What I call myself is an anti-humanist. Yeah, sounds like it is the same thing, doesn't it! But anti-humanism has an extremely different perspective and reasoning to misanthropy.

As an anti-humanist, my perspective has two threads to it, which twist around each other to form a single strand.

The first of these draws from post-structuralist psychological and sociological studies; the second comes from my experience of the world as an egoist who rejects species-being.

Basically, I do not believe in the existence of humanity. Or rather, I believe in humanity in the same way that I believe in juggalos, hipsters, cybergoths, steampunks and hippies – it is a stereotype.

Yes, there is a biological basis for this stereotype of habitual similarities, but really every “human” is uniquely them, in the sense that everything is different. Not believing in humanity can be a weird thing to tell someone – especially if they identify as a human! It can become an even stranger conversation when you compare people who are proud to be human (humanists) are

using the same type of identity thought as that of people who are proud to be white, and point out how similar speciesism is to racism.

Returning to Les, if he means the extinction of a stereotype, which I call dehumanisation/ becoming-animal (and he almost certainly is not), then I can embrace this call for extinction. However, if Les means attempting to remove unique living animals that are included within this stereotype (which he no doubt does mean), then I feel rejectful of this attempt. Les, as a misanthrope, is a humanist, who seemingly privileges humans in the great chain of being, in the same way that Satanists are Christians, who raise God up to be an almighty evil.

If we move past the question of “what the fuck is a human?” and just work with the stereotype, then what is the cause of all this?

I assume that we are including uncontacted tribes, such as the Sentinelese, the Batek or the Yuqui and indigenous communities who were colonised by European settlers in the last few centuries, as humans (if not, we’re surely being racist)! Are they the cause of all this? If not, are they evil, or is guilt by association enough to condemn these peoples to their end? My intuition and instinct is that you (even if that you is Les himself) will also find the idea of their extinction being necessary ridiculous at best and vile at worst.

Like many others who have similar to perspectives to mine, I am of the opinion that our present situation is mostly due to technological development – advanced technologies, industrial technologies and (yes) agricultural-architectural technologies. And like the horses who pulled ploughs for centuries (and still do in many places), humans seem more like the fuel this now global totalitarian culture/machine uses to sustain itself with. The response this often gets is that technology serves human needs and ends, but I believe that closer inspection reveals that technological development and humans serve technological needs and ends.

If there is one thing that “voluntary human extinction” is, or is intended to be, it is a solution.

There is (apparently) a problem (humanity), so there is a solution – this is what we were all taught in math class as kids. The ideology of solutionism (people who believe in the existence of solutions) stems from political optimism.

As a pessimist, I am extremely mistrusting and rejecting of optimism. Pessimism doesn’t mean sad, miserable, or defeated – which tends to be the experience of optimists who didn’t get what they thought they would do from their solutions. Pessimism is the assertion that the “human” will ultimately collapse into the inhuman/unhuman, rendering all the solutions of humanity futile (including humanity’s extinction as a solution) – we all die eventually and always will, and every “improvement” has not been worth the cost, when the payment is due and it is mass extinction, mass poverty across the world, lives typified by mass boredom and everything else that makes up normal everyday Reality of this culture.

Arriving at one of the solutions that Les suggests – martyrdom through vasectomy – I have a disgust reaction. On a personally embodied level, I do not want to abuse my body out of self-sacrifice. As an egoist, my motivations are desire based, rather than moral based, and the only reasons conceivable to me for my having a vasectomy seem like moral ones.

Basing arguments in moral logic seem to me to have been one of the greatest continual weaknesses of environmental thought, as it stinks of self-sacrifice and is highly off putting. I favour the approach that one of my literary loves, Daniel Quinn, suggests, in encouraging people to seek what they want/desire, what they really want/desire. Really, people don’t want mass extinction and most people (misanthropes are people too) don’t want the extinction of the living animals who make up the stereotype of “human”. The extinction solution is so off-putting, it seems to

only succeed in making environmental discourse appear more like bullshit self-sacrifice, than something that is actually desirable.

Relating to people on desire-based levels is terrible, because we aren't discussing what is right or wrong and we are not forming solutions to problems. We're entering into a space that is dark, animal, confusing, conflictual and so inhuman that churches have put in centuries upon centuries of effort to ensure that people weren't relating on desire based levels.

In the last mass extinction event, were the survivors the individuals who did not breed? What about the one before? What about the one before that? Any of them?

Surely a mass extinction event is more of a reason to have children?! Not to raise them to be horrible little conformist consumers, who make this Reality more revolting. If "human" is a stereotype, as an environmentalist, I encourage you to dehumanise yourself and your life and to raise little inhuman/unhuman/abhuman children, who will grow up in the nightmare that this Reality has built, but are capable of surviving it and supporting those other non-human living beings (including biologically stereotypical humans who are not humans) out of an egoist desire for their presence.

Extinction might hold a (comfortable and disgusting) promise, but promises rarely amount to much. Dehumanising the world by raising unhuman/inhuman/posthuman children, in a landscape full of ruins, in the midst of ecological collapse, to face whatever world comes after this – it is awful to imagine and far less certain a route. However terrible it might be though, I am thoroughly in favour of life!

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