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Enough! Dance!

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18/7/24

<https://ecorevoltblog.wordpress.com/2024/07/18/enough-dance/>

usa.anarchistlibraries.net

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Remembering the book
 I am writing
 Remembering Turgenev’s “enough!”
 Am I coming to an end with philosophy,
 Favouring poetry, stories, music and dance?
 Will this be my last book?
 The possibility of it being impossible for me to write
 another book of philosophy,
 Of it being no longer possible for me to try at speak
 the unspeakable as I’ve been speaking,
 Feels possible and uncertain
 Fondanean heroism is admitting spiritual defeat and
 continuing with courage regardless
 This defeat is not resignation or renunciation
 But rebellion and revolt,
 Which is life (Libertad’s affirmation)
 Metaphysical anarchy
 Speaking the unspeakable
 Impossibility is possible
 “Enough!”
 Dance!

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What is possible and what impossibilities does possibility contain, if possibility is irreducible and potentially infinite – an unspeakable and barely imaginable anarchy of creativity and freedom?

The eternal return to the present and presence and overcoming and life-preservation and freedom/choice/responsibility/anarchy

I wonder what music there is to hear out in the world
The ghost of Tom Waits singing Martha is in my ears
I am going to festival and see folk, friends, loved ones
I've not seen for years this weekend

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I walk from my house to my car,

About 100 yards,

There is bird song

Tchaikovsky is playing on the classical radio station
when I turn my car on

I prefer Chopin and Liszt I can listen to them on the
train,

Through my headphones

Dead composers

Somewhat reanimated

Through necromantic technologies

Sat at the train station

The crows cawing is a welcome sound

What unspeakable mystical awe is to be found in bodily corruptions that threaten the habitats they reside within and cannot survive without?

The awe is one of awfulness

Of violences that language cannot articulate Civilisation and its diseases

7

What madness, irrationality, absurdity and insanity it is

To consider dance,

Bespaloff's freedom from history in l' instant,

Goldman's preference over revolution,

Nietzsche's means of not losing the day,

A folk medicine practice,

Embraced by many mystics,

As cure for this disease

And how wonderful it is

If only to imagine

Babel falling with a dance of the living

8

Turgenev's ghost whispers "enough!" again

Have I written enough

Is dancing enough?

8

1

The ghost of Turgenev crying

"Enough!"

Is in my ears

My activities are glorious

While several seasons

Fighting disease

Living closely with personal existential uncertainty

My body is marked

There is a thin line

Across my left eyelid

A scar from where it was removed

I am tired of this

There is a book

Being written

The first section poems like this

I wonder if it's my last

I don't know

2

All things are possible

So say Shestov and Fondane

Yes, all things are possible

Including the impossibility

Of my writing another book after this

5

Yes, all things are possible
What is most possible though
For all life
It seems is impossibility
So says the stories found in fossils
Similar to what Camus affirmed at Tipasa
I am surrendering nothing of myself
Whilst ever learning with arduous patience how to live

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I prefer Genesis to Exodus or Revelations
Creation and preservation are more desirable to me
than salvation and gnosis
I don't want to be resurrected Carrion reanimated by
necromantic forces
But to survive and become new, become different
When Babel falls
The totality collapses
Confusion and diaspora are apparent
Babel has, again, fallen for me
And I find myself in the bewilderment

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Fondanean heroism: to admit spiritual defeat and to
take courage and persist regardless
I playfully compare myself to Odysseus

6

With every victory and seemingly easier terrain
There are new challenges, fights and mountains
And Sisyphus
Returning to the existential uncertainty
Of what might grow within me
Is a very similar mountain

5

Look at this
Athens and Jerusalem
Jerusalem and Athens
Have either really escaped Romanisation and empire?
Camus favoured Athens
Shestov Jerusalem
I can nomadically wander into and between both
Though neither feel like home
And amidst this empire I feel to wander

6

I am alive
This flesh and body
Here is where wisdom resides
And perhaps lingering disease
What wisdom does a tumour reveal?

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