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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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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

## 9

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 habi-  
tats they reside within and cannot survive  
without?

The awe is one of awfulness

Of violences that language cannot articulate Civil-  
isation and its diseases

7

What madness, irrationality, absurdity and insan-  
ity 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?

What is possible and what impossibilities does  
possibility contain, if possibility is irreducible

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 uncer-  
tainty

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

**3**

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

**4**

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 em-  
pire?  
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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