

Enough! Dance!

Julian Langer

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Contents

1	3
2	3
3	4
4	4
5	4
6	5
7	5
8	5
9	6
10	6

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

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
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?
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?
What is possible and what impossibilities does possibility contain, if possibility is irre-
ducible 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

10

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 regard-
less
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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