

Affirming The Open: An Ontological Anarchist Manifesto



I describe my anarchy as ontological, rather than political, mostly due to my experience of anarchy not being bound to the “affairs of the city”. As far as my “(anti-)politics” goes, I would describe my relationship to “affairs of the city” as being radical individualist and environmentalist, as my basic desire is to affirm the lives of the living.



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Julian Langer

Inspirations

TAZ: The Temporary Autonomous Zone by Hakim Bey

Immediatism by Hakim Bey

The Open by Giorgio Agamben

The Animal That Therefore I Am by Jacque Derrida

Dark Ecology by Timothy Morton

Being Ecological by Timothy Morton

Against Leviathan, Against His-Story! by Fredy Perlman

A Thousand Plateaus by Deleuze and Guattari

Lived Poetry by John Moore

The Insubordination of Words: Poetry, Insurgency, and the Situationists by John Moore

A Primitivist Primer by John Moore

Howl and Other Poems by Allen Ginsberg

Spare The Child by Artxmis Graham Thoreau

The music and art of Zafer Aracagök, a beautifully passionate anarchist advocating insurrection at a book fair in Manchester and badgers surviving cull culture!

Ontological anarchy was alive before the pyramids, before the dinosaurs, and will live on after the tallest skyscrapers have collapsed into ruins – while being timeless.

Ontological anarchy is feral consciousness and feral iconoclasm as feral life.

Ontological anarchy is what it isn't and isn't what it isn't, while being what it is.

Ontological anarchy is seriously playful and playfully serious.

Ontological anarchy is where primitivity and post-modernity collapse into nothingness – not synthesised into dialectic absolution – (har)monised as non-dual Being/becoming.

Ontological anarchy is palaeo-ontological, meteorological, topological, biological, ecological, psychological, sociological, ego-logical and anti-political.

Ontological anarchy happens when you shit in the woods.

Julian Langer is the author of three books on individualist eco-anarchist philosophy and guerrilla ontology, one eco-absurdist story, and two collection of poems. His writing has been translated into Spanish and Indonesian. His philosophy is neither reactionary or revolutionary, but presentist, involuntary and rebellious.

FORGED BOOKS print dangerous book(let)s. Our titles include *I Was a Teenage Luddite* by J. Jones, *Summerisle Versus Civilisation* by J. Fraser, and *40 Pages of Greg*.



Julian dedicates this collection to Katie and badgers surviving amidst the cull.

FORGED would like to thank J. Fraser for all he does and all he is.



Ontological anarchy outside of the nutshell
originally published in Feral Life: Meditations on Rewilding and Anarchy

Ontological anarchy holds that there is no authority over how the world should be.

Ontological anarchy holds that there is no authority over how the world is.

Ontological anarchy is a rebellion against all realities.

Ontological anarchy is the deconstruction and destruction of all realities.

Ontological anarchy knows that there is a real that it cannot know, but that can be played in.

Ontological anarchy is guerrilla philosophy.

Ontological anarchy is epistemological warfare.

Ontological anarchy is an existential revolt against the conditions of an existence that seeks to hold authority over the world.

Ontological anarchy subscends History.

Ontological anarchy transsub-valued this Reality and found it to be worthless.

Ontological anarchy cliff dives, climbs trees, plays pranks, is naked (even when clothed) and engages in continual voidwork.

Ontological anarchy asserts that everything is god, everything is no-Thing, god is no-Thing, no-Thing is god and that we are at our best when we are playful agnostics, as anything would be to hold an authority.

Ontological anarchy is immediate freedom and revolt.

Ontological anarchy doesn't originate in Proudhon and doesn't end at the final full stop.

anthrophonics to me, sounds devoid of musicality,
attempting to mask the sounds of screaming children
and other primordially innocent living beings.
Don't turn your ears away from the screaming - listen!

Once Upon a Clockless Nowever

**TTZ/Temporary-Totalitarian-Zones: an ontological
anarchist poem/communiqué**

The Open: an ontological anarchist communiqué/poem

Involution: an ontological anarchist poem/communiqué

**Too-Fucking-Late-Krapitalist Moloch Cult(-ure): an
ontological anarchist poem/communiqué**

Ontological anarchy outside of the nutshell

Art and music to accompany the poems:
ecorevoltblog.wordpress.com/affirming-the-open

Once Upon a Clockless Nowever

Before I start this, I will affirm that the choice to write this as it has been written was made out of a feeling of preference for poetry over history, or rather a love for poetry and revolt towards history, in much the same way that Schopenhauer preferred poetry over history and Perlman was against-History. The (psycho-and-nonpsycho-)geographic focus of these writings comes from a preference for spaces, situations and places, rather than productive-narratives and economic theories.

This piece of writing was born out of the potential to do a talk at an unconfirmed event, but as I began exploring what I wanted to communicate and the intensity to which I wanted to communicate the matter of the TTZ, involutions, Moloch cult(-ure) and the-open, I found that I wanted to take the approach that I have taken with this. That I am seeking to communicate something through these poems is why I have called them communiqués. While they were written with the intention being that they would be spoken to a group of individuals wanting to listen to them, I do hope that these words are experienced through being read too.

I describe my anarchy as ontological, rather than political, mostly due to my experience of anarchy not being bound to the “affairs of the city”. As far as my “(anti-)politics” goes, I would describe my relationship to “affairs of the city” as being radical individualist and environmentalist, as my basic desire is to affirm the lives of the living. In openly writing about ontological anarchy the potential for the subject of Hakim Bey/Peter Lamborn Wilson arises, as the individual

Too-Fucking-Late-Krapitalist Moloch Cult(-ure): an ontological anarchist poem/communiqué

Ginsberg named industrial civilisation Moloch and what name could be more fitting?

The God who demands child sacrifice, whose metallic body was a furnace to boil them alive within.

Moloch, whose name means king, is perhaps the most fitting name for civilisation today!

Boil them for the God-king we praise today must feed his body of contorted metal with the flesh of the primordially innocent child!

This too-fucking-late-krapitalist Moloch cult-ure will serve them up willingly, as offerings - even offerings in the pursuit of liberation, as it shall not be denied that sexual exploitation has been pursued as if it were the path to freedom by individuals claiming to offer pathways to freedom,

Nor shall I deny that those who claim to care for life have offered Greta to the God-king’s belly, as pathetic worshippers, on their knees before such a revolting icon.

My friend Artxmis has affirmed that children are born individuals, wild and screaming, with a call to spare them.

I affirm the destruction of Moloch worship and iconography, and the desire for the bronze and iron and steel and concrete and glass and tarmac and aluminium and copper and titanium and all else that composes Moloch’s body to be broken down and returned to living earth.

What promises Moloch may offer are empty

The involution will not be televised or livestreamed, but is impossibility Realised.

Psychographic voidwork as disunitary urbanism or unitary deurbanism would be one way to describe the process of an involution.

Involutions cannot be recuperated and don't care about your ideology.

A bird crapped on the head of a CEO of a major agro-corporation and all ontological-anarchists present laughed at this wonderful involution.

who is most associated with the term. My honest experience is of having both been inspired and revolted by many of his writings, which I hope is well reflected in this collection – this is neither an attempt to deify him or demonise him, with him not really being the point of these writings. If there is a point, reason, meaning to this short collection of writings – which would certainly be an absurd point, reason or meaning – it is the destruction (through involutions) of organising, as an affirmation of the-open. What I have sought to affirm through these poems/communiqués is rebellion and revolt in the face of the TTZ, as well as a fierce and passionate love for the-open, as the space where ontological anarchy happens. The use of the term “the-open”, as it has been used within this collection, is inspired in no small part by Agamben's use, as the (unopenable) space outside of anthropological machinery, which is History, whose ending is the ending of (hu)Man, with (hu)Man becoming-animal. Alongside the poems directly about the TTZ, involutions, Moloch cult(-ure) and the-open, I have included a poem from my book *Feral Life*, which is my best definition of ontological-anarchy.

The decision to include visual art to go alongside these writings and music to accompany them, came from a desire for these communiqués to not be limited to forms of communication that are easily rationalised and to try to create a more emotive experience for any individual encountering this collection. My wish is for this to be experienced as life-affirming poetic-terrorism, poetry of the deed, where the propaganda is not merely political-ideology.

TTZ/Temporary-Totalitarian-Zones: an ontological anarchist poem/communiqué

I will start this poem, or communiqué, however you wish to categorise it, by stating that the TAZ is a lie, a lie that, sadly, has plagued ontological-anarchist praxis and infected many.

The TAZ is a lie because autonomy, or rather anarchy, is not temporary. Anarchy does not die. The Ungovernable has no ending. Freedom is not bound to history, as History only serves to repress freedom. Wildness has neither beginning or ending, unlike civilisation.

The TAZ is a lie because autonomy and anarchy are not restricted to the boundaries of zones. Wildness is not territorialised. Freedom is not like a nation, limited to lines drawn on a map by cartographers. Anarchy lives in the-open, in being-in-the-world, as the domesticators seek to build the-closed.

Ontological anarchy is here and now, as clockless now-ever and here as everywhere. Ontological anarchy does not wait and isn't going anywhere. Ontological anarchy is not temporary or a zone. Ontological anarchy is an involution.

The TAZ is a lie.

Anarchy does not die.

Totalitarianism dies, as thing-being always ends, as anarchy is ontologically oriented towards objectlessness. Totalitarianism builds upon the division of material and spirit, as history and historicising, and dies in the failure of a false dichotomy, which fails to see the hylozoic quality of life in the physical. Totalitarianism is agriculture, the machinery of mass-extinction-culture, the totalising revolution that all revolutions, scientific, industrial, socialist, (whatever,) have sought to build upon, which is ultimately its own ruination.

Involution: an ontological anarchist poem/communiqué

What the fuck is an involution?

Involution is both hard and easy.

Involution can be both a fun party and a traumatic experience.

Leviathan continually tries to prevent involutions, but they are always happening right now.

An involution could never be synthesised into the planetary work machine, has no economic model, can't be bought, sold, collectivised, nationalised or even liquidated.

Involutions are not revolutions or insurrections, require no vanguard, militia, are not built, orchestrated or ever, really, organised.

An involution is a collapse into becoming-animal, the Human collapsing into the inhuman and unhuman, what every political-optimist fears most and what every Dionysian political-pessimist finds most joy from.

Involutions are experiences of rewilding and the end of mass-extinction culture.

As an activity, involutions are like medicine-process, in much the same way that Moore described primitivism to be medicinal, but are not anthropological or Historical.

As an experience, involutions are life breaking through the walls of a death camp, like a storm smashing through the window of an abattoir, exciting and terrifying, allowing the sounds and smells of industrial slaughter to be heard.



The collectivist push to build systems and structures, through the push to organise, is the spirit of totalitarianism. In organisation a territory is marked out, built, land becomes domesticated, colonised, and the totality becomes localisable. The zone, as a localisable, colonised, structurally organised space, is a totality, as nationalism is a mode-of-totalitarianism.

Totalitarianism is limited to the zone. It is closed and closes in, even as it expands.

Totalitarianism is temporary, dying as becoming-history. It is never now, only existing in the then-of-what-was-or-is-to-be.

Within temporary-totalitarian-zones there are tiny-temporary-totalitarian-zones. Zones of micro-organisation, small-systematising and miniature structures are what characterise tiny-temporary-totalitarian-zones. Closed off spaces within closed off spaces, like a closet, within a room, within a room, within a flat, within a block of flats, within a city, within a nation, and so on. Localisable as an area that exists upon a map. Tiny-temporary-totalitarian-zones will no doubt include charities, businesses, clubs and probably most "TAZs". The tiny-temporary-totalitarian-zone includes the activist totalities of revolutionary-organisations and the informal Organising.

While activist tiny-temporary-totalitarian-zones are less undesirable than many others, certainly the temporary-totalitarian-zones that comprise the bulk of mass-extinction-culture, the planetary death camp, Leviathan, or if you rather civilisation; this does not inspire within me desire for them.

Micro-organisations, miniature cults of personality, with miniscule tyrants dictating their will, for the masses to follow. Inland islands territorialising tiny territories for micro-nationalist pride. The tiny-temporary-totalitarian-zone, even as a point of departure, maintains scaled-down versions of larger temporary-totalitarian-zones, with all the potential of growing larger and larger. It is a realm for the machinical reproduction of everyday repression.

Informality formalises forms that formulate and propagate into zones that become localisable and identifiable on maps, maps to be laid down on tables in war rooms. Informal is not informal, nonformal or aformal, as the absence of organisation. Informal is relaxed form forming, relaxed organisation, relaxed micro-territorialisation. A relaxed form is still a form. A relaxed form is still a Thing, an object, Krapital, to be bought and sold amidst the dying and decaying markets of too-fucking-late-krapitalism.

Rejecting the temporary-totalitarian-zone, as well as tiny-temporary-totalitarian-zones, as the basis for life, which amidst the death camp of mass-extinction-machinery can seemingly only mean rebellion; I wish to state here some suggestions for ontological anarchist activity – these suggestions start from a point of differentiation and rejection of Spirit, whether capitalist or socialist or whatever else, as the basic energy of life, which **is** rebellion, while affirming and embracing care as will-to-life and will-to-power. Care as meaning love. Care and love as expressions of power.

phogenic becoming, the energy of ontomutative, geomorphic, chaosmosic, topological disorder.

The-open conserves nothing and is the preservation of the open. In the-open badgers play, hawks soar, seals explore, monsters of the deep dark oceans lurk and spiders spin webs. In the-open uncontacted tribes live free from the closed, closures, the temporary-totalitarian-zone, Leviathan.

The-open is not a land movement, secessionism, communisation, a bolo or desertionism. The-open is not seizing the commons and contains no private property.

In the-open there are no zoos, there are no pet shops and there are no markets, super or inferior. In the-open species means nothing and there are no collectives.

Death happens in the-open, but there are no death camps. Life is a struggle in the open, but there is no debt, poverty or contracts. Neither salvation nor damnation, the-open is where the dinosaurs died and what you see when you stand upon the top of a mountain.

The-open is not on this page or captured by these words. The-open is not a society, nor is society ever really open.

To visit the-open being-open is the first step on the journey and then you are there. The-open is actually inside your house, but you'll probably notice it better when you step through your front door. There is no map or route to the-open, as it is everywhere. The-open doesn't require any work and is the best place to play.

The-open is the original gender-neutral toilet. The-open doesn't give a shit about how many flags you wave. The-open is indifferent to your economic theory. The-open does not donate to charity and will not vote for your favourite politician. The-open has never listened to Ben Shapiro, Joe Rogan, Noam Chomsky or Machine Gun Kelly.

In the-open there are clear-cut forests, oceanic dead zones, expanding deserts, mountain tops being removed and culls happening. In the-open children are being coerced into working in mines, for metals used to produce green-technologies. In the-open individuals are taken and placed in closures, temporary-totalitarian zones. They might try to hide this, by closing in walls and distracting through gadgets and gizmos, but when we are open the truth is bare, life is bare, raw, revealed, unconcealed, for all its naked horror and beauty.

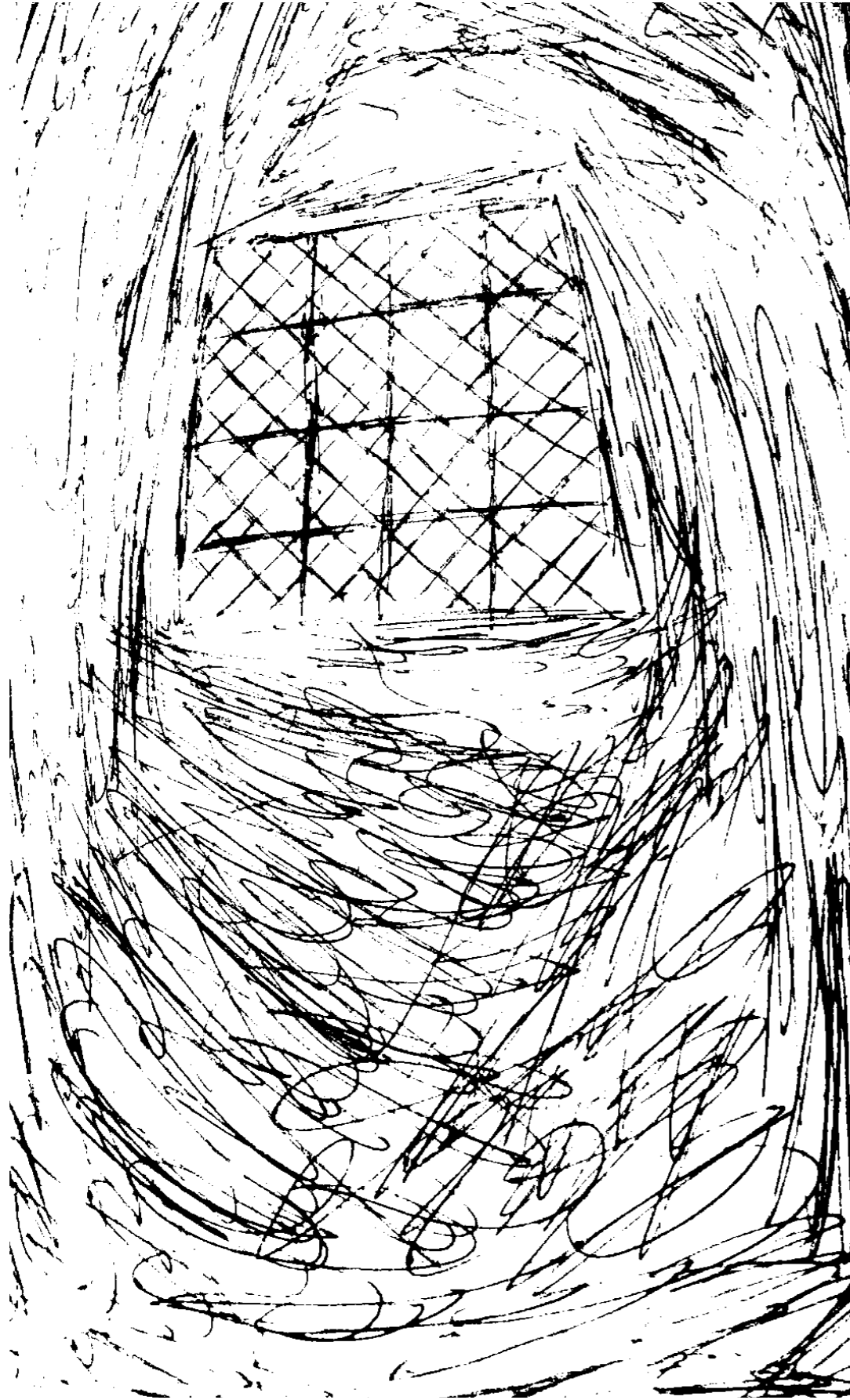
The-open lives in us in our openness to being-open.

I danced naked in the-open, as I felt rain fall on me through the gaps between pine trees. The bare wind caressing my open skin affirmed this transgression of custom and law. A glorious summer day, not even Alexander the Great could have blocked my sunshine, for my power exceeded that of empire. The music I danced to was the sound of pollinators humming and birds singing, in an orchestra that was held by the percussive beating of the raindrops upon the earth.

The-open has no history, it has no future and it has no need for clocks. The-open is the monism that is pluralism. The-open knows no outer or inner space. The-open is mor-

Self-care/self-preservation split from ecological-care/ecological-preservation – the collapse of this false dichotomy, born from the bullshit dualism of the world being “out there” and not what all individuals already are, opens space for eco-egoism. In this open space, of rebellion as care, disorganised/non-organised activism, as non-localisable-localism – local as bodily-relational here and immediate; non-localisable as not territorialisable, non-tracable, without a zone of inclusion or exclusion and entirely open – This is the simplest description of this loving and power affirming will-to-life I can give. As egoistic experience is right-now, presentist, immediatist activities follow most authentically.

In rejecting zones of inclusion and exclusion, in embrace of the-open, I will affirm a position that I hold as true, to contrast from the lie that this piece started by rejecting. This truth is simply that the-open is where anarchy, ontological and primal, lives and that living there is wild-life.



The Open: an ontological anarchist communiqué/poem

Music to accompany this poem:

ecorevoltblog.wordpress.com/affirming-the-open

Where is the-open? While in many ways this is a ridiculous question, it is where this poetic communiqué starts. The sheer ridiculousness of the situation renders ridiculousness a requirement of being honest, as I see it.

So where is the-open? It lives inside the world disclosure. It breathes at the limits and boundaries of Humanisation. The-open is where wild-life lives, or if you rather where anarchy happens.

The-open is not bound by territories or zones. It recognises no nations and all castle closures return to it.

Boundless apeiron, the-open is endless and an abyss, which stares into you, as you stare into it. And when you stare into it you stare into yourself, as you are boundless, endless and where wildlife live – just ask the microanimals living on your eyelashes.

The-open is where everywhere is home and where nowhere is home, which makes it where nomadism happens and nomadity thrives, psychic and non-psychic. An involution creates space for the-open, which was already here, enabling the human to become-animal and unhuman – dehumanisation as a party, which one badger I believe described as feral iconoclasm.