



# On The Nameless

EPISODE I



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

FORGED BOOKS print dangerous book(let)s. Our titles include *I Was a Teenage Luddite* by J. Jones, *Monster Megaprojects are Consuming the Earth!* by Alexander Dunlap, and *A John Moore Reader*.



*This short story is dedicated to Katie, our friend Simon Crow, the remaining living ancient oak trees on this archipelago and all living individuals whose lives are rebellions against the too-fucking-late-krapitalist Moloch that is the machinery of mass-extinction.*

## Simon's Introduction

"We are fucked and that's it."

Unfucking ourselves could likely be no longer on the menu, and so figuring out how to live, how to be alive in these times becomes an opportunity to reclaim something feral, beautiful and forgotten (at least here in this benighted culture) from this midden heap we call civilization, which is seemingly so hellishly intent on suffocating itself with machine-faeces.

Langer's short tale contains multitudes. For me it is a wyrdly moving, compelling absurdity. At times frenzied and cthonic, it made me ache with unknown longing, the sadness of recognition and a good measure of mirth. Take what you will from this story. I'd hope it calls to the forgotten, nameless parts of you that long to dance till dawn and sing to badgers and goats.

I'm off to weep tears and shed blood.

Berxwedan Jiyane

## **Julian's Introduction**

This short story came from a desire for eco-absurdist folk-horror and an intense love for the living, along with too many examples of revolting ecocidal and specidal projects underway on this archipelago in the North Sea. Eco-absurdist horror, as I approach it, is grounded/earthed cosmic(-pessimist)-horror, with Lovecraft and John Henri Nolette both being direct inspirations for this project. I do not feel that I have to turn towards the extraterrestrial to comprehend the matters that horror and cosmic-pessimism approach. I experience an intense feeling of absurdity and unreasonableness from the position of standing upon that ground of Earth, which is more true to me than any system of logic, politics or belief. This feeling is something like what Robinson Jeffers called inhumanism and attempting to navigate this ecologically dark and ever changing terrain, attempting to embrace will-to-life/power, feels to me what John Moore called bewilderment – a psycho-geographic encounter of a strange space that is the world.

There is also something within this story of moving through an excluded middle space that is neither believing in victory nor defeat - a liminal space, which is not passive, but active-as-alive (rather than productive). How does anyone live in this horrifying space of neither believing in the glory of victory nor the sweet relief of defeat? All answers appear as absurd as the conditions that birthed them. It seems possible to experience great joys and sadness, rage and love, in this middle space that is neither victory nor defeat. It

seems also a horrifyingly real space to live within – impossible and true. I say “seems” because I cannot speak for anyone else and, as I find myself navigating a psycho-geography of bewilderment, it is often hard to pinpoint exactly where I am – I know I feel horror, love, rage, sadness and joy though.

Finally, and this might be obvious to those familiar with the likes of Stirner and Novatore, the nameless is a creative-nothing, whose activities embody a lived individualist eco-anarchist praxis, without the trappings of ideology and movements. This is an intentional rejection of organisation, collectivity and the movements that typify mainstream environmentalism. With this radical-individualism, there is also an intense tribal appreciation for the experience of being-with others, as the presence of wildlife, within the character of the nameless. This is an intensely different praxis to the performative-egoism of the edgy-negativity-egoist – ecologically-embedded egoism, with the nothingness/no-Thingness being the-world and the creative being the-living; egoism as being alive in the world.



## **The Queen Camel Oak – Simon Crow – Soil – Tears – Blood – Departure**

It began with the felling of The Queen Camel Oak, as it was named. An ancient oak tree that was felled by National Highways, as part of a road development project. The tree had been defended and occupied and fought for by many individuals, who put themselves between the tree and those who sought to fell it. But their efforts were unable to keep the fellers back. The tree was cut down and all that The Queen Camel Oak was was destroyed.

One of the individuals who had sought to defend the tree was Simon Crow. Crow is an ageing “eco-defender”, “earth-rebel”, or whatever you would describe him as (he’d laugh off any of the labels) who had at this point in his life seen far too many living individuals who he had sought to care for be culled, felled, killed or just die amidst the narratives of the death camp that is industrialised totalitarian agriculture. Crow had, despite his dislike of heights, sat in The Queen Camel Oak and sought to defend the tree until its last moments, giving him an intensely intimate relationship with the now felled tree. The felling left Crow with a bitter and rageful sorrow, a feeling of primal and visceral pain and fury, that burst out from him as a torrent of tears, which landed on the ground where the tree once stood. He collapsed to his knees and dug his hands into the soil until his hands bled and tears and blood both fell into the hole in the earth. After this Crow stood up and remained standing, until he walked on from the wretched scene and made his way to the world away from where he was.

## **Toutatis – Fire – An Entity**

When Crow had left and the only humans close to the hole were those driving in their cars on the nearby road, who could not see the space, for the darkness of night rendered it unknowable to them, a strange occurrence happened. What occurred was an event that most who you told would not believe, but this doesn't matter – if an event occurs it doesn't matter who believes it did or did not, as that doesn't change the truth on the matter. Suddenly the hole grew deeper and from Crow's mixture of soil, blood and tears, a being was summoned. This being, who goes by the name Toutatis – or at least did a great many years ago – stood looking god-like. Toutatis is not a god though, but is far more like a guardian of the wild living world, who slumbers under the soil until called. After surveying the scene, Toutatis approached the felled wood and set it alight. The flames burned brilliant lights of all colours imaginable and some unimaginable, producing crackling and snapping music from the changing wood. Then, from the colours, heat and strange music an entity was born to that dark night. This entity, whose body appeared to be in constant metamorphosis, utterly defied description – at best, they could be said to be like solid liquid, more animal than plant or mineral, but then perhaps not. Toutatis watched this new creation as they came to be in the world, with a feeling of strange love and respect. When this creature – if they could really be called a creature – came to notice Toutatis' presence, Toutatis spoke.

## **Toutatis Speaks – The Nameless**

“Well, here you are; and what a ruined place this has become. I remember when this was a forest that I could wander and never find the same space twice. Maybe you shall come to find yourself in a great forest here one day, if such a day is possible. I choose to dream that it may be possible, no matter how absurd it may be to do so. But that is not for now and now is where we are and will forever be. Now you must be confused as to why you are here, which is something often wondered by those of us who live in this world. I cannot give you any reason as to why you are here, as there is no reason I can fathom for here to be this. Earth has always been an unreasonable place to be, but this lifeless expanse of ruined landscape seems a different unreasonableness – like the unreasonable logic of revolting reasoning, seeking to justify some suicidal endeavour. Why are you here? It does not matter. What matters is that you are here, alive. The real question is what are you to do now – do you embrace this life that you are now, or renounce it, as many of those who live upon these islands do today? This is not a question I can answer, for the choice is yours and always will be, which is why you are always free, so long as you are alive. The question I can give an answer to is that of what you are. You are a shapeshifter, a being who can will their form as they wish and to suit their need. As this is what you are, I shall offer you this advice and encourage you to take it with you as you venture out upon this archipelago. Take no name and embrace no identity. Be nameless. If you are nameless then you are in a better position to evade capture, by being unknowable.”

## **The Dark – The Morning – A Crow**

After saying this Toutatis disappeared into the night, leaving the nameless to the dark, the remaining embers, ash and the desolation that they had been born to. It is a harsh birth to be born to annihilation, but for those born today this is their birth. The nameless remained in that spot until the morning, filled with uncertainty and a sense of responsibility towards their desire to live and for life. With morning's light, the nameless came to experience an adventurous curiosity and fear at the prospect of being seen by those who had felled the tree they once were. Spotting a murder of crows close by, they took the form of a crow and took on in flight. Flying over the landscape, the nameless came to realise the ruination that Toutatis had spoken was greater than either of them knew.

## **A Gathering – Plans – Cars – A Fly**

The nameless landed when they noticed a gathering in a village not too far from where they were birthed. This gathering was of many of those who had sought to defend The Queen Camel Oak from those who felled the ancient tree – though Crow was not there.

The nameless got as close to the gathering as they could in crow form, listening to the discussions that were underway and the plans being made. It became clear that, as a response to the felling of The Queen Camel Oak, a protest of some sorts was being planned outside the National Highways building in Birmingham. The plan was that individuals would group together outside the building, chant, hold signs, make speeches and seek the attention of local media outlets.

Out of a curious interest, the nameless decided to follow those planning to travel to Birmingham to their cars, quickly becoming a fly to sneak into the vehicle and hide away, where the other travellers wouldn't see them.

## **The Journey – A Rat – Birmingham – Protest**

The journey via car was a horrific ordeal, which the nameless thoroughly regretted, feeling worse for wear after several hours in the mass-extinction-machine. When they arrived, the nameless escaped from the car and quickly became a rat and scurried to a small nook where they could hide. A sudden feeling of revolt struck them, when they quickly came to realise that the stench of industrialism was thick on the air, which felt barely breathable – the car became a less horrifying experience when compared to this one, in the same way that worse-abuse makes less-worse abuse feel more desirable (forgetting that it is still abuse).

The others who had arrived, who were far less bothered by the journey or the air quality (as they had largely gotten used to them both, after years of normalising them), were quickly getting their plans into motion, writing messages of disapproval on cardboard, chanting chants that they had spent their travelling experience making up and live streaming the affair on various social media platforms, through their smartphones. This went on for several hours. They shouted some angry words at some employees of National Highways and got retweeted by a minor celebrity, but failed to get any press attention. Many who attended expressed that they were pleased with how the day had gone, while others, who seemed far more committed to the action (in the eyes of the nameless), stated that they were going to travel, via train, to London to be part of some larger discussion and action to protect the environment.

## **A Fly – A Spider**

In order to travel with those journeying to London, the nameless took the form of a fly again, landing on the bag of one of the travellers, then became a money spider and snuck inside the bag – keeping close to the opening, but hidden from view. The journey in the bag, across the city of Birmingham and then to London, via train, was no better than the car journey they had undertaken, with the noise of the trains being particularly distressing. Scurrying away from their travelling companions, the nameless thought to themselves that they'd never again endure the like of it again, as neither train nor car had felt anything less than hellish.

## **A Pigeon – London – Extinction Rebellion**

Taking on the appearance of a pigeon, the nameless followed the individuals from the air, to the London base for an organisation that was given the name Extinction Rebellion. Perched above one of the windows and returning to the same spot for several days, the nameless listened to many discussions and debates and arguments and meetings and votes and delegations and conversations, not just on the felling of The Queen Camel Oak, but also on plans to stop global warming – as if these individuals could control the earth and control the climate, or were members of a culture that could do so. After several days of returning to the spot and listening more and more, the nameless came to feel as revolted by the seemingly empty talk of the group as they did by the stink of the city, which felt as hostile to life as it could be. Some of the more passionate members of this organisation would speak of green-revolution and others, who saw themselves as the more committed revolutionaries, threw around phrases like “decisive ecological warfare”, but the instinct of the nameless was that these were largely empty words – the nameless initially wondered why they needed a revolution to rebel against the annihilation of life, until they concluded that there was no reason for these individuals to wait for a revolution; realising that they simply lacked integrity.



## **Hinkley Point C**

There was one conversation that particularly caught the attention of the nameless – a conversation on something named Hinkley Point C.

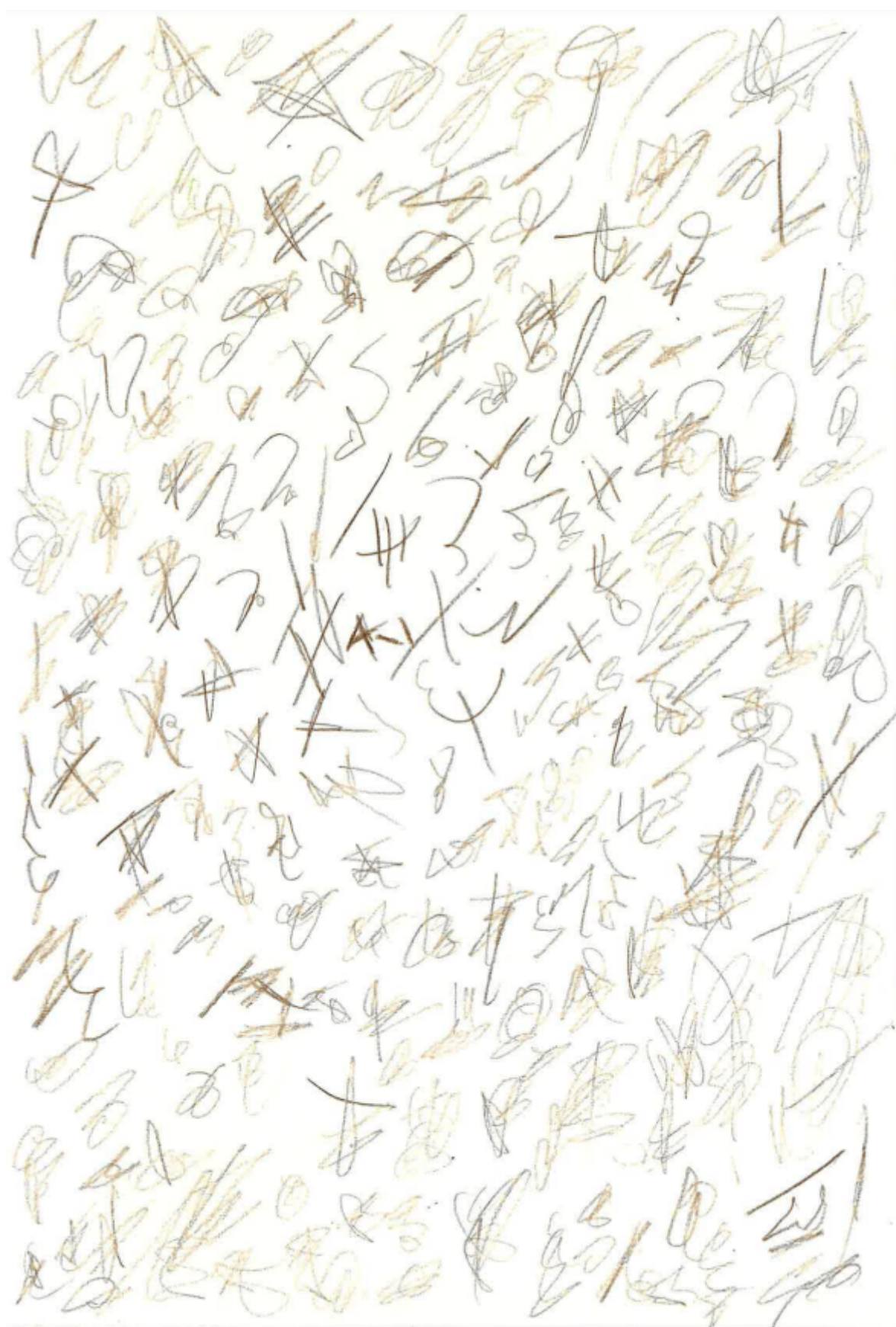
The conversation that the nameless heard, regarding Hinkley Point C, was not initially about Hinkley Point C. Earlier in the year a state called Russia had invaded a state it neighboured, called Ukraine, which had begun something of an international crisis. Russia had previously attempted an experiment called Communism, with its own empire. During this period of history there was a disaster at a nuclear power plant in an area of Ukraine called Chernobyl, which was part of the Russian-Communist empire. The war that was still waging had brought attention back to the dangers that the nuclear power plant poses. Hinkley Point C was a nuclear power plant under construction in an area of the archipelago called Somerset, which was the subject of a great deal of protest in previous years. Thinking about the risks the Chernobyl power plant was posing, decades after the disaster, had retriggered anxieties about the risks the Hinkley Point C plant would pose after construction in the minds of those the nameless was listening to. Despite their fears, the individuals conversing had no will-to-challenge the site so far into construction, which rendered the nameless experiencing a visceral revolt and will-to-destroy.

## **A Peregrine – West Somerset – A Bear**

Having no desire to return to either a train or a car, the nameless became a peregrine and flew to West Somerset, following the roads that scar the surface of the landscape. It was a bitter journey, though far better than the previous two. Witnessing the scale of industrialisation, totalitarian agriculture and ruination from the sky, fuelled the fires of revolt in the nameless. When they landed on the edge of the construction site the intensity of the wild fire that burned within their being was an inferno blazing fiercely. Their eyes, still in the form of a falcon, had the quality of lightning, like something from the sky powerfully arriving to the ground. Not knowing the inner-workings of a nuclear power facility, they didn't exactly have a plan – all the nameless knew was that their desires were oriented towards destruction. Taking the form of a rat again, they scurried in to the construction site, doing all they could to avoid being noticed by anyone there. Once they nearly were found, but they soon found a nook to hide away in until the site was quieter. When activity had died down and the nameless felt safe to do so, they exited their nook and shifted into the form of a brown bear, the like of which were culled to extinction several hundred years ago on this archipelago. This form was born from wild and primal energy coursing through their being.

## **Destruction – A Roar – A Peregrine – Absurdity**

After a momentary stillness to survey the scene, the destruction began. Any equipment that they had the strength to topple was toppled. Anything that could be broken by their bear hands was broken by their bear hands. The nameless suffered pains as breaking equipment collided with their body. They tore wiring and were burnt, but this only encouraged them further. They would have kept on going all night, but then suddenly there were men. It was a moment of utter confusion, as the men stood before this gigantic bear. In this moment, the nameless took an opportunity to push them back and give out a mighty roar, becoming a peregrine again and flying off into the night, leaving the men perplexed and utterly disoriented standing about the wreckage. They questioned how a bear got there, where the bear went, how they would explain the situation to their employers and how quickly they would find new jobs after being fired for the sheer absurdity of their explanation.









*“Well, here you are; and what a ruined place this has become. I remember when this was a forest that I could wander and never find the same space twice. Maybe you shall come to find yourself in a great forest here one day, if such a day is possible. I choose to dream that it may be possible, no matter how absurd it may be to do so. But that is not for now and now is where we are and will forever be. Now you must be confused as to why you are here, which is something often wondered by those of us who live in this world. I cannot give you any reason as to why you are here, as there is no reason I can fathom for here to be this.”*

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**May Day**

