

PEAK PANIK



185529232

gettyimages
John Lund

WORKSHOPS

with

Johannes Büttner

&

Helge Peters

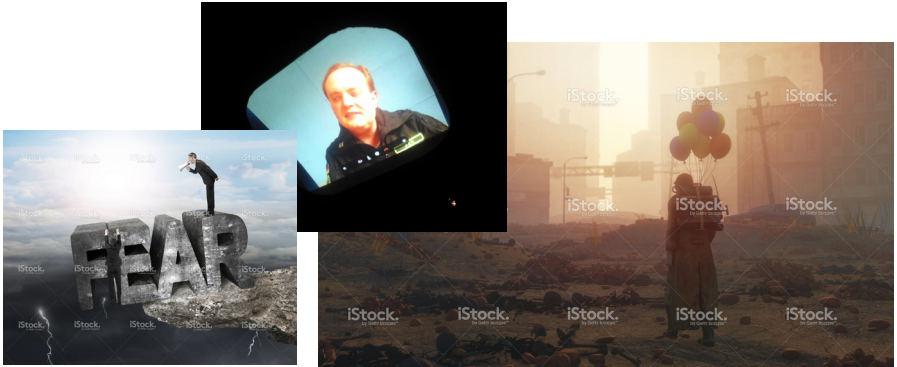


PEAK PANIK documents an ongoing series of performative workshops in Berlin and beyond. Placed in a relation of tactical dis/engagement with the institutional dispositifs of fine art and academic theory production, the gatherings tapped into a ubiquitous sense of crisis pervading our contemporary moment in what increasingly desperate-sounding voices still call Western civilisation.

Encore un effort. Not to achieve progress, but to be done with it already. To more fully inhabit this civilisation's collapse by retreating from its technologies. To elaborate techniques instead, including war, not as a reactionary lashing out against the Other, but as tactics for dissolving the apparatuses of capture still fixing our subjectivities to government in the moment of its failure. To develop pragmatic ways of reconstructing collective forms-of-life from the scrap heaps of the age of Man whilst remaining fully aware of the stabilising function of governmental discourses of emergency preparedness, disaster resilience, and individualising prepper cultures.

Peak Panik appropriates fragments salvaged from the collective écriture of our moment – manuals, manifestos, inventories, rumours – to draw partial maps, not only cognitive but material, for navigating crumbling anthropogenic landscapes precariously held in place by a metastasising techno-economy of identification, security and control. Along this journey we might just lose the Self and find each other.

ESSENTIALLY EVERYTHING IS SOLAR. Sunlight hits the earth animating the elements: water evaporates, vapor rising up, raining back to the ground, flowing into the oceans; warm air displaces cold air, wind blows; photosynthesis processes solar energy into biomass which is eaten by animals which are hunted by humans, slaughtered or yoked to a plough; plant or animal biomass, wind mill, water mill, sail, and yoke; that's how it's been for thousands of years.



But then carbon arrived on the scene. Carbon, a product of inhuman forces and timescales. Relentless geological force over millions of years compressing biomass to a high-density battery of solar energy. Until man could persuade carbon to form an alliance which elevated him to planetary power. First coal, then oil.

Coal begat urbanisation, industrialisation, railways, and solidarity. No Hegelian world spirit formed the proletariat, it was coal itself, stubbornly clinging to the coalbed, giving an example of underground resistance which empowered the proletariat who alone knew how to persuade coal to be mined. Shoulder to shoulder the proletarians went down the pit, shoulder to shoulder they shovelled the coal onto the barges, onto the trains, shoulder to shoulder they struck again and again from the nineteenth until late into the twentieth century. Their strikes blocked the energetic metabolism of industrial society, strikes of the coal workers, strikes of the railway workers, industrial workers, general strike, until everyone had health insurance and pensions and annual holidays and a television set.



Thirty years ago the coal worker struck a last time because he did not know any better. He lost both his job and his alliance with coal. His children are now baristas, web designers, and call center agents, they work and party in the abandoned industrial plants in which the machinic rhythm structuring their parent's lives can still be heard as a faint echo; they're high both on expensive drugs and cheap oil.

Oil is a class traitor. It doesn't empower the worker, but the manager and the general. Once spudded, the oil eagerly bubbles to the surface, flowing through the metastases of a global network of pipelines and tankers guarded by drones and guns. The oil worker no longer goes down a pit where he could conspire shielded from the eyes of the manager. The oil worker stays on the surface, constantly surveilled. Oil is flexible, nimble, it does not need railways, it can circumvent strikes, it organises a geography in which it flows around resistances, and if its flow is interrupted after all an aircraft carrier won't be far.

But this, too, is passing.

Some planners in the German military bureaucracy are already freaking out:

”
Peak oil is inevitable. There is a serious risk that sustained scarcity of essential commodities will initiate a time of global transformations accompanied by frictions to be taken extremely seriously from a security policy perspective. The desintegration of whole complex economic systems including their interdependent infrastructures has direct, severe consequences on many areas of life, specifically in developed countries
“

The federal office for civil protection reminds us:

„Do you know how dependent you are on electricity, gas, oil and district heating? What do you do when all of this fails? The telephone is dead, the heater won't work, there is no hot water, computer and coffee machine stay off, there is no light. You'll realise quickly how dependent you are on electrical energy. You can replace heating with warm clothes for a short while. If you have a fireplace in your house, keep a supply of coal or firewood. And always keep some candles in your house.“



THE PLAYFUL VIOLENCE



THE PLAYFUL VIOLENCE of insurgence has no room for regret. Regret weakens the force of blows and makes us cautious and timid. But regret only comes in when violence is dealt with as a moral question, and for insurgents who are fighting for the freedom to live their desires; morality is just another form of social control.

I lived about ten miles above our southern border and had frequent „guests“ on the ranch. I was never worried much until one day. I was carrying a holstered 6in 357mag Security Six, mostly for wild dogs and feral hogs. I walked around a long brush pile (about 300 yds long and 10-12ft high and was looking at one of them about 75ft away. He had an AK. That left a very cold feeling in my gut. I doubt I could have stopped him before he shot me. I never walked the place again with less than one of my rifles. Overwhelming scary fire power. That is the ticket. Second time it happened to me I was sitting on my front porch. Rifle beside me. About 12 of them walked around the corner of the house. Things remains very calm with MY AK on my lap. Get a rifle or shotgun. If something spooks the dog, go big or stay inside. But even inside, get the rifle or shotgun out and at the ready.

Wherever rebel violence has manifested playfully, regret seems absurd. There is an intense joy, even euphoria, in the release of violent passions that have been

pent up for so long. Bashing in the skull of society as we experience it on a daily basis is an intense pleasure, and one to be savored, not repudiated in shame, guilt or regret. Some may object that such an attitude could cause our violence to get out of hand, but an excess of insurgent violence is not something that we need to fear.

They will be back. No doubt about it. We live right outside of Baltimore and are starting to see issues here in our area. The growing consensus of the neighbors is that we will be keeping armed watch of our neighborhood. All of the people on our street answer bumps in the night with either, shotguns, ARs or AKs. The police just told us that if we catch them, that we can „defend ourselves“.



Unrepressed, expansive individuals squander in all things. Riots and insurrections have failed to get beyond temporary release, not because of excess, but because people hold themselves back. People have not trusted their passions. They have feared the expansiveness, the squandering excess of their own dreams and desires. But how can insurgent violence ever be truly excessive when there is no institution of social control, no aspect of authority, no icon of culture that should not be smashed to powder — and that gleefully?

Now, my wife knows to never answer the door if someone knocks. I don't even do it without my .45 in my hand. We are both versed in firearms. There are mace canisters, baseball bats, knives, guns, what have you spread throughout the house. One thing is certain, we are armed to the teeth in numbers of ways. We have a 20 pound dog that goes bonkers if he hears something strange. We will be getting a bigger dog with bigger teeth soon.

Who would want to democratize most of this? Can you imagine the drudgery of the Slurpee committee meeting at the collectivized 7-11? Surely better just to put it to the torch and be done with all illusions.

It it is better to have the mindset of total war than to be wishy washy. Maximum force, maximum violence, maximum brutality. If you are not committed to this, you will lose.

Fullness of the passions includes full and expansive expressions of hatred and rage.

Be mindful walking outside because they can see you but you can't see them...





THE SELF
IS A PRISON

THE SELF IS A PRISON wich lets you choose a new cell every morning:

AGENDER
ANDROGYNE
ANDROGYNOUS
BIGENDER
CIS
CIS FEMALE
CIS MALE
CIS MAN
CIS WOMAN
CISGENDER
CISGENDER FEMALE
CISGENDER MALE
CISGENDER MAN
CISGENDER WOMAN
FEMALE TO MALE
FTM
GENDER FLUID
GENDER NONCONFORMING
GENDER QUESTIONING
GENDER VARIANT
GENDERQUEER
INTERSEX
MALE TO FEMALE
MTF
NEITHER
NEUTROIS
NON-BINARY
OTHER

PANGENDER
TRANS
TRANS FEMALE
TRANS MALE
TRANS MAN
TRANS PERSON
TRANS WOMAN
TRANS*
TRANS* FEMALE
TRANS* MALE
TRANS* MAN
TRANS* PERSON
TRANS* WOMAN
TRANSFEMININE
TRANSGENDER
TRANSGENDER FEMALE
TRANSGENDER MALE
TRANSGENDER MAN
TRANSGENDER PERSON
TRANSGENDER WOMAN
TRANSMASCULINE
TRANSSEXUAL
TRANSSEXUAL FEMALE
TRANSSEXUAL MALE
TRANSSEXUAL MAN
TRANSSEXUAL PERSON
TRANSSEXUAL WOMAN
TWO-SPIRIT

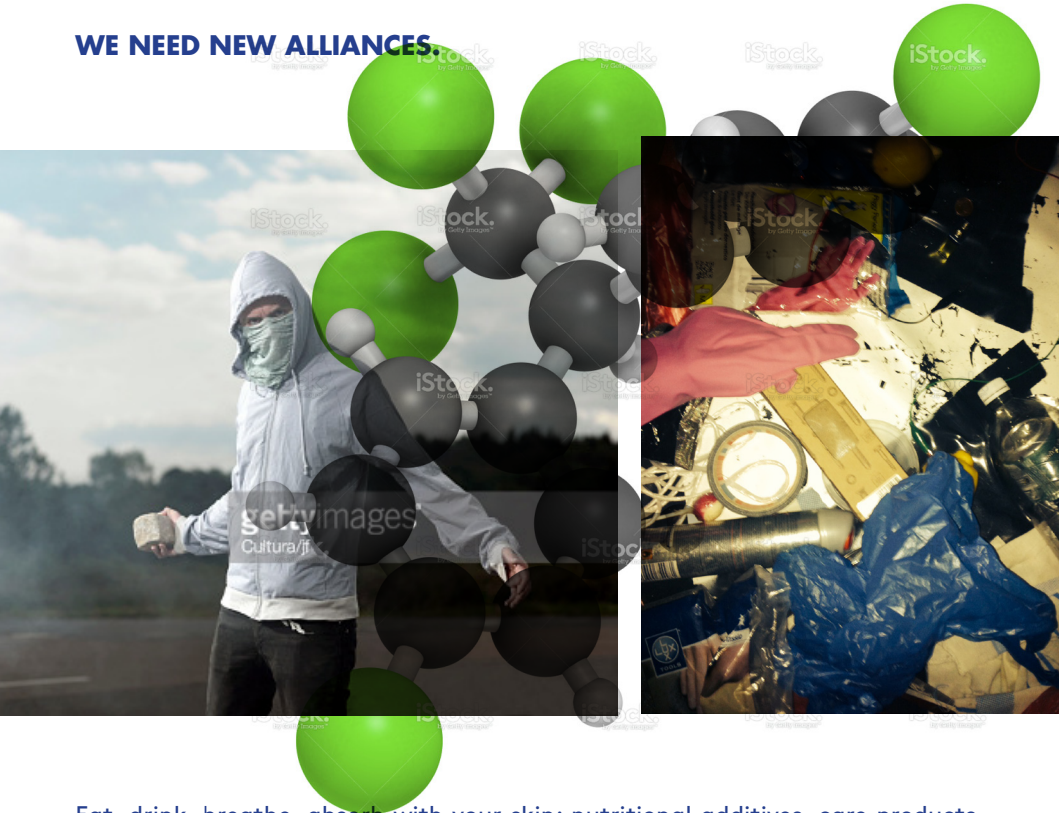
„WE WANT YOU TO FEEL COMFORTABLE BEING YOUR TRUE, AUTHENTIC SELF“ (FACEBOOK, INC.)

We have to understand the 56 gender options now offered by Facebook as an upgrade of a security dispositif in which digital and biomedical techniques co-produce governable individuals. Having long since become systemic, digital

technologies promise liberation all the more hysterically whilst weaving the web of control ever more tightly.

The division between sex and gender, nature and culture, becomes meaningless in the cybernetic enactment of the body as a communication system. Interacting tissues of the endocrinal system emit molecular signals, their media are hormones, travelling along a complex network of blood vessels in order to transmit information to distant cells.

WE NEED NEW ALLIANCES.



Eat, drink, breathe, absorb with your skin: nutritional additives, care products, plastics, textiles. The industrial milieu entangles our bodies with informational environments full of endocrine disruptors, chemically similar to the hormones of higher vertebrates, molecular spoofs deceiving hormone receptors,

reprogramming neuronal behaviour and sexual functions by simulating androgene and estrogene.

The environment becomes decidedly queer, but the database cannot deal with ambiguity.

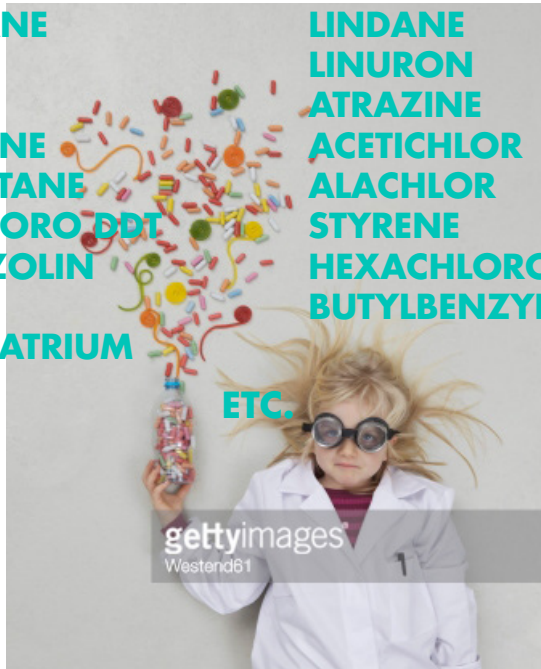
66 materials currently identified by the biopolitical apparatus, 66 environmental toxins spewn out by the industrial machine, materials to be surveilled and controlled in the effort to contain attention deficit and obesity, to defend sperm quality and cis-normativity, to produce healthy, docile fertile bodies and their unambiguous, classifiable, commodifiable identities.

Don't leave your plastic baby bottle in the hot car, the anti-vaxxers whisper, or your kids will become strange.

**CHLORDANE
CIS- UND TRANS-
CHLORDANE
KEPONE
MIREX
TOXAPHENE
CLOFENOTANE
TETRACHLORO DDT
VONCLOZOLIN
MANEB
METAM NATRIUM**

**THIRAM
ZINEB
LINDANE
LINURON
ATRAZINE
ACETICHLOR
ALACHLOR
STYRENE
HEXACHLOROBENZENE
BUTYLBENZYLPHTHALATE**

ETC.



PEAK PANIK

LEFT OVERS



THANK YOU

