

Wretching the earth

Eric Harper and Matt Lee

“The axe forgets; the tree does not forget” - Swahili and Shona proverb.

Who is the Earth

The Earth finds its life. The Earth is called to and even listened to, but too often it is given a name by an idiot who pretends they are its owner. Fanon, in the opening pages of ‘Black Skin, White Masks’, speaks of these ‘idiots’, “...*there are too many idiots in this world*” (Fanon, 1972, p.7). Here it is important, perhaps, to think of the earlier meaning of ‘idiot’.

For the Greeks and Romans, the ‘idiot’ is the private citizen, the one who thinks from their own position, the one who declines to participate in public life, political life. Today this idiot is the one who thinks political life is a private affair, a ‘matter for the individual’. One of the core tensions that can be found playing out in many political scenes, whether they are centred on climate change, on ‘black lives matter’ or in gender struggle, is that between ‘political’ analysis and ‘individual’ responsibility. Analysis of collective political conditions frequently encounters difficulties in locating sites of responsibility because such sites are commonly understood in personal, individual terms. The position of the idiot, as a major character in contemporary capitalism, is exemplified by this tension between political analysis that must deal with a collective object and political responsibility that seems impossible to locate other than at the feet of individuals, whether they be individual citizens or the personalities of specific politicians.

Resistance to being held ‘personally responsible’ produces a series of tropes that act to render political analysis impotent. We can articulate these tropes in something like the following way – ‘anthropogenic climate change might exist but I’m not responsible’; ‘institutional racism is terrible but I’m not a racist’; ‘gendered violence is deplorable but I’m not a misogynist’. This is the trope of individual innocence, a kind of absurd category mistake that is only bettered in its absurdity by the trope of individual responsibility, where the ‘agent’ takes on the burdens of the collective by

focussing on their own behaviour – from here we get the absurdities of thinking climate change can be altered by personal recycling or dietary practices, or racism destroyed by raising individual awareness or gender violence eliminated by proper etiquette. It is not that the behaviour of individuals is unimportant but rather that when politics has come to mean little more than a way of ‘coordinating individuals’ then that politics is a game of Idiots. Here we draw on Deleuze and Guattari’s idea of ‘conceptual personae’ and the Idiot is to be understood as such a character. The conceptual personae seems to have “a hazy existence halfway between concept and preconceptual plane” (Deleuze and Guattari, 1994, p.61). The conceptual persona of the Idiot is the one “who says ‘I’ and sets up the cogito but who also has the subjective presuppositions or lays out the plane” (Deleuze and Guattari, 1994, pp 61-62) The Idiot is here being transposed into the specific domain of a ‘political’ thought.

Who is the human? The starting point, our primary axiom, is that *the human is never singular*. Capitalist culture – which is a white, Western formation even whilst it claims and imposes its universality – operates not at the level of the individual as singular but collectively, transforming collectives into consumer demographics, generic flows of consumption that must be plugged into productivities to constitute reproductive cycles of exchange. Like all cultures, there is no agency evoked here, only landscape, weather, flows. Capitalist culture swamps and subsumes all around it because of its capacity to universalise its own modes of exchange, its capacity (put simply) to spread the commodity form inside the body of the human, is devastating. Yet in this capacity, we see the clue both to its dynamic and to a possible route to resistance. The clue lies in this ‘need for the body’¹.

¹ For Foucault the alignment or overlapping of taken-for-granted and dominant discourses results in networks of power which function firstly as linguistic and non-linguistic practices that operate on the body and secondly, as space that structures the habits and movements of that body. “The most intense point of lives, the one where their energy is concentrated is precisely where they clash with power, struggle with it, endeavour to utilize its forces..” (Deleuze, 2013 p 70). This resistance of the body is folding of outside forces folded back to becomes a relation to self/body/Earth.

The commodity form cannot restrict its domain to the ‘external world’ – it cannot be a neutral mode of organising human life – because it derives from the transformation of the human into a source of labour power, a transformation that can only arise from the severing of labour from its result. In the process, the human is broken in two. The connection of action to thought is attenuated. What I do now no longer reflects the result of my actions but rather a mediated, momentary distortion. Without this feedback, without response, the possibility of responsibility becomes abstracted and difficult to learn. I become the idiot, the one who believes they can own the Earth.

Who is the Earth? The Earth is that great body of which the human is a part. Yet for the Idiot this plain truth must be either impossible to grasp or irrelevant to thought. The Earth is often conceived of as little more than a passive platform, some real estate on which more important things occur. In this scenario, the Earth is simply a place, a location for their (individual) life. Yet this ‘simply a place’, this is the great foolishness, the result of the idiocy of bad separation, false distinction and failed homemaking.

Who is the Earth? The great mother. Who is the Earth? The great teacher. Who is the Earth? My body. My body, the Earth.

Wretching the Earth.

If there is to be an encounter with the assemblage that constitutes the Earth, to talk in what might loosely be called ‘schizoanalytic’ terms, then my body might be a touchstone. At this point we invoke Fanons’ ‘final prayer’ - “O my body, make of me always a man (sic) who questions!” (Fanon, 1972, p.165). It is worth noting that this is the last line, the last move, of Fanons’ text. It is a cry, this ‘make of me’ that Fanon produces – O, my body, make of me always a body that questions’. In this cry, in this call to our body, we begin to take seriously the Earth. What can be produced in the encounter between Deleuze, Guattari and Fanon - in the zones of indiscernibility constituted by the infinite and imperceptible Earth - is an *uncanny assemblage* comprised of the ‘wretched of the earth’ and the ‘wretched earth (of the Anthropocene)’. To encounter the assemblage that constitutes the

Earth, to 'overcome' the anthropic perspective, or at least to have any hope of such an encounter, we must turn to our body and call on it to move, to act. To do this, to call on our body, it is necessary to bring together or make communicate those parts of the body of the Earth that have been made wretched in a strategy we call 'wretching'. Wretching is a mode of schizoanalytic practice that might be called 'Fanonian schizoanalysis', specifically it is one where the transversal method is not some abstract non-specific application but rather where the 'planet' and the 'person'² are thought together as suffering life, exploited in an asymmetric relationship of power that is imposed by a very particular coalition of capital, property rights and drives.

Fanon might be thought to bring a 'psychological dimension' to the problematic of capitalist colonialism. His insights and focus on the way colonialism seeps into the pores and occupies the dreams of the colonised can be rendered trivial if his thesis is reduced to a truism of the form 'oppressed people feel oppressed'. Of course, oppression feels oppressive. No-one needed Fanon to articulate that. Rather, what Fanon makes vibrant is the colonisation of the drives, the mutability, ambivalence, power and catastrophe that colonisation renders on the drives. The awareness and importance of the ambivalence of the colonised drive is one of the most obvious connections between schizoanalysis and Fanon.

Despite the fertility of a connection between schizoanalysis and Fanon, a methodological tension arises because Fanon, Deleuze and Guattari are all very aware of the risks of creating new maps, only to re-find the old habits of the master-slave in the new order, the problem Fanon discusses in the chapter 'Pitfalls of National Consciousness' (Fanon, 1963)³ and which in Deleuzo-Guattarian terms can be called the 'cop within' (Deleuze and Guattari, 1983, p.346). Whilst we might like to propose a 'Fanonian schizoanalysis' as the most likely method to orientate ourselves, philosophically and politically, towards the problematics of anthropogenic global warming and 'postcoloniality', the

² Within a transversal relationship neither 'planet' nor 'person' align with non-human / human. Non-human persons and human planets abound.

³ This is the third chapter of the text and in the new translation (Fanon, 2004) it is called 'On the trials and tribulations of National Consciousness'.

possibility of such Fanonian schizoanalysis encountering the ‘tout-monde’⁴ is wrapped in the limits of languages, maps and signs with only the body to play with, my body that reaches into the infinite and imperceptible limits of the Earth.

There is something enigmatic about the Fanon (and Biko) body in that it is not an atomized individuality but one that bears witness and faces the ancestors, a body-memory that includes a sense of ubuntu. I exist because of the other and the other exists because of me, but it is not the western Big Other (of negation) but another that exists in relation to the extended family, community, ancestors, totemic animals, earth, life. I/we do not exist as a set of individual biographic stories which I account for. The concept of the body that arises from a ‘Fanon-Biko Body’ includes not only a corporeal, physical body and its psycho-social-political location, but also a collective body of human, animal, life, in a state of continually becoming something other through collective struggle. This collective struggle cannot be thought to be human but rather operates within a continuum moving from the human-yet-to-come to the-earth-yet-to-come. It is the shift to this alternate continuum of struggle, neither human nor forgetful of the human, neither Earth nor forgetful of the Earth, this de-centering from the human and re-centering towards the Earth, that constitutes what we have called ‘the strategy of wretching’.

Fanonian schizoanalysis might be thought as a congress of concepts, one where Fanons’ sociogeny⁵ can be put to work alongside Deleuze’s difference and Guattari’s asignification. Sociogeny, which Fanon places beside phylogeny and ontogeny in our understanding of the ‘human’, produces a rupture within our present knowledge system that offers – at the very least – a moment of critical reflection on the knowledge system that serves as the disciplinary structure of representation in the capitalist moment, the ‘Western present’ of the anthropocene. This ‘Fanonian schizoanalysis’ puts into question “our present culture’s purely biological definition of what it is to be, and therefore of what it is like to

⁴ What name might we use for that which we call the Earth? Edouard Glissant offers the ‘tout-monde’, an ‘all-world’ that designates a world of the co-presence of things and beings, a world of relation, a world of archipelagos.

⁵ One of the most interesting discussions of ‘sociogeny’ in Fanon is contained in (Wynters, 2001).

be, human” (Wynter, 2001, p.31) and pushes us out of our present Western/bioeconomic conception of being human in which the Self is built on the negation of an ‘other life’.

Black Lives Matter and Global Warming: the transversal line of the chokehold

It is not any singular vignette that enables us to formulate the connection between the Black Lives Matter movement and Global Warming, but rather by paying attention and responding to the acceleration of those moments of suffocation which parallel other moments, by paying attention to moments of convergence and intersection, where new assemblages form, assemblages with unforeseen consequences. These symptoms reveal the choke-hold on the Earth, at the same time constituting the Earth as a breathing machine.

The apprenticeship to the signs of the choke-hold is to be witnessed in the intersection of events such chemical warfare in Syria and Iraq, the Great Pacific Garbage Patch, nuclear holocaust, refugee bodies drowning, the globalised use of suffocation as a method of torture, the endless use of explosions in film to create special effects. All these events and more speak in imaginative ways of the contraction of the breathing cells of life, connecting in a transversal line that reveals assemblages that are invisible if we either maintain an anthropocentric perspective or attempt anti-human corrections.

“I can’t breathe!” the cry of life losing its life with its last breaths. Yet even as we see the rise of a ‘biopolitics’ it is evident that these are not words that can be heard. This cry of life has not resulted in any mass revolt or revolutionary overthrow of the suffocating forces choking the earth of its last breaths. Instead, the globalization of market forces has become the new rising sun that replaces the process called photosynthesis, in which plants revolutionize carbon back into an Earth (life) producing process. Greed and self-satisfied indifference are destroying the different organic and inorganic materials they depend on. Imagine an ocean or the world without O₂, one of the post-apocalyptic scenes that are clichés only because they are symptoms and so appear regularly, like the sneezes that reveal the presence of the cold virus, even whilst the sneeze itself is directly caused

simply by irritation to the mucous membrane. This is the point at which science fiction glances into the night sky and sees a time reflected before the existence of forefathers and conquerors of the earth, an untimely light from our beginnings, another time which we struggle to comprehend.

The anthropocentric position sees the blank sea, the desert of life, as the real problem. The critic of the anthropocentric position makes the accusation that 'life' has been equated to 'human life' and a false conclusion drawn. Yet in that blank desert, it is not only the human face that no longer appears, nor simply the absence of the cellular organism in any form that calls for mourning. It is the machine itself that slips away from its potentials, not dead but now insipid in comparison with its contemporary capacity. It is this loss of the machine that is the Earth that produces sadness. Even if the 'human' per se did not matter, what it is that the human makes happen does.

Yet all this pales in the cry of the last breath. The mass revolt of the Earth against capital has not yet occurred but the fact of its occurrence rises ever higher as the last breath slips away from the future. It is not the past that causes a revolt, although it may - as it does at present - cause a kind of mimicry of resistance. Instead, it is the loss of the future in the last breath that forces the revolt of the Earth. The overthrow of capital will come, but not it seems not from the human but from the *Earth's protests* which may or may not leave a life form called 'human' (amputation is an option).

In this revolution, we see the convergence of the struggle of the wretched of the earth and wretched earth against the choke-hold. The choke-hold is a highly articulated movement, deploying techniques that utilise leverage and positioning to employ and multiply force. It is a tool, a technics, and like all tools, it brings with it a whole framework of economic base conditions and super structures. It is a tool to ensure compliance, exemplified in the death of Eric Garner. Garner was brought to the ground by the choke-hold in an act that was displayed across the net that acts as an incipient unconscious of the Earth, a net which acts as space within which the drives of the Earth begin to gather shape and develop their asignificatory character. This choke-hold forms an invisible iron collar fixed around our necks as much as it is around the Earth, a collar that can be yanked at any moment by the capitalist war machine.

I can't breathe, I can't breathe, I can't breathe...This is the event, the provocation, a rallying cry for revulsion in the USA which found its way to the streets in revolt. This event does not exist in isolation but arises from the wider choke-hold that capital now places upon the Earth. The choke-hold is the last breath of the earth and the human and the world – the assemblage of the breathing machine that we call the Earth - making it not just a random event, but an impact event, one that will bring about planetary consequences even if the crater it leaves will be difficult to perceive. Cracks arise within the surface of the Earth as the last cry of life repeatedly calls out. This is the defining feature of our moment, this moment after which there will be no more moments, this moment after which time will return to the prolonged event of that which persists outside of this life.

In the anxiety signal of climate science there is an echo of this suffocation, a grasping for space to breathe in the face of the technics embodied in the choke-hold, the leveraging of force that brings forward the demand for compliance, a demand that insinuates itself as friend of the human before swallowing everything in its demanding. Technics offers us the dream that it can lever the Earth into place for us, but the Earth resists, the dynamics shift and that great Faustian moment arrives, the moment where we realise that the thing we thought to be our servant has become our master.

The moment of suffocation is crucial but even more important is the echoing of this moment. It is necessary to unpick this echoing vibrating affect, this suffocation of bodies both human and planetary. In the last breath of black lives, the Earth itself gasps for air. What drives this is beyond the human but it nevertheless flows through the human. It is this drive that the colonizer believes must be tracked down, that will be tracked down, relentlessly, to the last breath of the Earth itself, an Earth erected as the property of man! For the body of the Earth, just as for the body of the human, the same axiom holds true - you may do what you wish, be what you wish, and desire what you wish, providing you comply! If you fail to comply, you die! Earth, human, animal, machine, each is strictly limited by compliance to capital!

Any possibility of responding to such a situation faces a direct, immediate and inevitable fact, that the human has now marked the Earth to such an extent that any sense of 'exterior nature' is

pragmatically, as well as intellectually, incoherent. There is no 'human/nature' or 'culture/nature' divide, not because conceptually there is no real or useful distinction - although this is undoubtedly true - but rather because such a distinction is now pathologically delusional. To even think of the earth as distinct from the human is to act within a self-produced framework so self-destructive that it is akin to allowing a deliberate but disavowed holocaust. We live, barely, in our own time, as a junky overdose about to happen. We live in the time of the last breath.

The last breath unfolds in the indigenous chants when a people find that the timelines leading back to the native lands are forever erased. It is the moment of transformation when the Earth becomes a space ship sustained by capitalist technologies, the moment when the meat begins to realise that the day of slaughter is imminent, the moment when the human becomes a tool in the service of an inhuman agency that demands nothing other than compliance. This moment of violence is the shutting down of the intervals and spaces between the breaths. The violent force of the state apparatus constricts the movement of the diaphragm thereby stopping the bringing of sounds into words. No longer is there a word-filled-mouth. No longer are the sounds of the mouth addressed to an interlocutor. Instead, the flesh is isolated, bodies of war seeking asylum are washed onto the beaches.

The logic of sense cannot breathe without cracks

Capital is the modern impact event, the 'successful revolution' and great death yet to come but always imminent in its present mortification of life. Impact events are the metamorphosis of life on earth, central moments in the structuring of new assemblages, often with unforeseen and unpredictable connections. Once upon a time, around 4,500 million years ago, the moon was part of the earth, but with an impact event of collision with a large planetary body, there was a tearing away of a hefty quantity of rock. The debris cooled, producing an assemblage that was becoming-Moon. This impact event was followed by other impact events which in turn produced the becoming of water on earth and the historical evolutionary becoming of life within which we find ourselves.

It is speculated that about 550 million years ago the first known signs of animal-becoming arose, an organism called Ediacarans. This ancient life ended with yet another impact event when once again an extra-terrestrial body hit the planet producing massive climate change resulting in the largest extinction of life on earth that can be identified. This included the extinction of dinosaurs and the termination of myriad forms of life. It is approximated that it took about 10 million years for life on earth to recover. Each impact event operates as a kind of seed for a new assemblage and the most current impact event is 'man-made' in the form of the capitalist machine. The impact of the capitalist machine constitutes a revolution of the earth and the production, once again, of a new assemblage.

The animal and the earth are incessantly captured. Agamben describes a great 'anthropological machine' that lies at the heart of the animal-human divide (2004, pp.26-27) but even here, in this moment that attempts to go beyond the human, we still find the Earth is lost, forgotten. The animal-human divide is still located around the human, still formed from within the human camp. We want instead to begin to think a capitalist machinery of capture, non-human drives within which the human is plugged into the earth and life to form a new assemblage. Capital attempts to nullify, not simply capture, both the animal and the earth. Crucially, the capitalist machine is only capable of being understood by conceiving it in terms of its attempts to capture the drives that flow through both the animal and the earth, as they play out on the backdrop of the earth.

We call 'Earth' the realm of all that lives whilst the machines of capital moves to control everything on Earth, to govern and colonize every field of life so as to create docile submission in a process of domestication. The 'end of history' is this aimless motion of the machine, but the machine faces elusive elements, the uncanny, that remain ungovernable. Resistances, frictions, anomalies and chaos all push back against the ongoing dynamic of the capitalist machine. The capitalist machine, whilst an apparatus of capture, is not an optical but an *abstract machine*. Yet the 'drive' of this particular machine, the source of its dynamic, what pushes it to colonize and control, is the most difficult question.

Guattari, in the opening chapter of *The Machinic Unconscious*, focusses on this abstract machine. In that chapter, Guattari attempts to produce the concept of abstract machine as a way to counter abstract universals, as a way to think the peculiar power of 'ideas' or 'refrains' (Guattari, 2011). At the heart of the capitalist machine is the refrain that it is natural, that no other world is possible other than one regulated by buyer and seller, by market exchange, with winners and losers granted their positions as some result of a kind of natural justice. The refrain of capitalism can be found in that deadening phrase 'what else can we do?'

What is it, this 'capitalism' that we speak of, that is spoken of, that is lived? Whilst it is, without a doubt, an economic system, a mode of production, the body of which is formed by the cells of the value form of the commodity, it is also a mode of subjectivization. The crucial distinction between the labourer and their 'labour power', which sits at the heart of Marx's analysis, indicates the necessity inherent to capitalism and its alienation, that it must produce a particular type of subject, one for whom it is a 'natural fact' that they must exchange their labour power for bread *within the market*. At the heart of this is the dynamic of the enclosure, the need to remove the commons so that the only possible way to obtain bread is through the market.

The apparatus of markets, money, rent, property rights, products, commodities, wages and investments, constitute a great orchestra of machines articulated in a particular horizon of possibility. The refrain coordinates the future as it re-writes the past and in doing so captures the present. Capitalism is not an ideology or merely an economic form but a momentum of self-reproduction grounded in a limitation of the possible. It is as though the orchestra, having found a groove, reaching a moment of continuous improvisation, finds itself now trapped inside a never ending score, possessed by the haunting refrain to which they continually return. The core refrain of the capitalist machine is that there is no escape, even if you want one.

The violent force of the capitalist apparatus constricts the movement of the diaphragm thereby stopping the bringing of breath into a chant, sounds into words, a mouth addressed to an interlocutor. Isolated, flesh, no longer a face but instead meat; carcasses without breath washed up on the European

shores of indifference and invisibility. Places without retreat, the earth as camp. What is central is neither the policing element nor the technologies of power but the way these networks operate at both a linguistic and non-linguistic level, producing the largest camps and most displaced life forms in history.

The assemblage of any revolution invites unforeseen connections, evolutionary potentiality, possibilities that may or may not reframe the surface. Fanon, like Marx, sensed this. The assemblage is an intersectionality that never implies equivalence at the sites of convergence but rather articulation along the transversals. The surface of appearance is the function of molar and molecular elements, double, uncanny, moving in opposite directions. The surface can be pictured topologically as a Möbius strip, in which one ‘side’ is molar and the ‘other side’ is molecular, the molar forever traversing the molecular and vice-versa, hence repetition of a return to what appears to be the same, history repeating its differentiations. Freud intuited something of this, for as Richard Klein (2016) notes the Freudian project is a topology of surfaces.

On the one side of the Möbius strip we have the assimilated molar consciousness but on the other side there is that which refuses assimilation, the molecular “orphan unconscious” (Anti-Oedipus 1983, p.82)⁶ The *apres coup* (*nachträglichkeit*) is the twist in the Möbius strip, the bastard folding within the folds of molar and molecular life formation. Put another way, on the one side of the Möbius strip there are the foreign bodies which cannot be assimilated but at the same time this refusal, when twisted and shown as the ‘other side’ side of Möbius strip, is a resistance to that which is already assimilated. This is a battleground between the breath-words, the drives from the depths, from the earth as distinct from the heights above where the language of instruction is to be found in the form of the superego and the logic of sense that mortifies the surface. The surface of the earth is alive, that thing, *das ding*, the *it/id* that invites passwords to breathe life into the cracks.

Earth as a cracked space ship

⁶ “For the unconscious is an orphan, and produces itself within the identity of nature and man” (Deleuze and Guattari, 1983, p.49).

“Prof Chris Rapley, a climate scientist at University College London and former director of the Science Museum in London said: ‘The Anthropocene marks a new period in which our collective activities dominate the planetary machinery. Since the planet is our life support system – we are essentially the crew of a largish spaceship – interference with its functioning at this level and on this scale is highly significant. If you or I were crew on a smaller spacecraft, it would be unthinkable to interfere with the systems that provide us with air, water, food and climate control. But the shift into the Anthropocene tells us that we are playing with fire, a potentially reckless mode of behaviour which we are likely to come to regret unless we get a grip on the situation’” (Carrington, 2016).

In 1974 US ecologist Garret Hardin created the metaphor of Lifeboat earth (Gardin, 1974). Future survival for him needed to be governed by the ‘ethics of a lifeboat’ in which there is no place for the wretched of the earth. This is the ethics of the camp, which is to speak of the earth becoming a spaceship. Recycled air, a bio-cyber machine struggling with a depleted ecosphere and knowing it is only a matter of time before the air conditioning technology breaks and then the wait begins, the time limited existence. This is to be trapped as a docile body within the intervals of the wait and promise of new technologies of self, alongside the melancholic and uncanny reminder of fresh air as “the sign of their approaching death” (Deleuze and Guattari, 1983, p.173). The dead bodies washed onto the shores of Europe without breath is a repetition of the unwanted cargo and the life thrown into the sea by the slave ships of modernity to generate the insurance of profit.

The spaceship has *real* limits, negation of earth, the binary divisions of human and nature. This is the real that is impossible as opposed to a productive *real* in which there is the affirmation of the multiple interrelationships within the earth as once found in Afrikan philosophies, grounded through an ontological embrace of a body-memory which is always in relation to the community, including human and animal ancestors. Following Ali Mazrui⁷, we agree with the conclusion that the capitalist materialistic attitude has had a profound effect on many Afrikans who now simply see animals as something of economic value and laugh at the West and its attitude towards ‘pets’. Something has

⁷ Mazrui, A. (1986). *The Africans: A Triple Heritage*. London. BBC Publications.

been forgotten in this laughter, it is the same laughter (of abstraction) that the Europeans used in turning the Afrikan body into an object in a zoo, simply something exotic to be gazed upon or else seen as flesh, raw meat put to work. Europe brought about the notion of reserves - game reserves and tribal reserves (protected species) - what Mazrui calls ecological apartheid, in which certain areas are designated as explicitly human and others for animals, the native.

Deleuze calls for another kind of laughter⁸, laughter at our stupidity which speaks of anthropocentric thoughtlessness; for we are all stupid, that is, we are unable to imagine how our stupidity is in fact the wall which we need in order to create new concepts so that the earth can once again believe in man. We know that human stupidity will not be enacted as a revenge upon the earth but as a site of thoughtfulness, because stupidity is a 'transcendental condition of thought', a forcing of thought (Deleuze, 1994, p.345). "Stupidity is not animality" Deleuze argues, but is instead a "specifically human form of bestiality" (Deleuze, 1994, p.150). In particular it is from the flows of stupidity that the forcing of the imaginative capacity to conceive another world, another Earth, arises. Politics for Fanon began with this imaginative capacity, which for Deleuze and Guattari becomes the subversive potential of the body-without-organs when creating new assemblages of life, assemblages of nature-earth-man, from whence arise the emancipatory power of playful and unforeseen assemblages of art, science and philosophy.

I exist because of the earth and the Earth exists because of relation to the extended community, ancestors, totemic animals, rocks, plants, temperature gradients and collective forces, life. The Fanon Body includes not only a corporeal, physical body and its psycho-social-political location, but also a collective body of human, animal, life, in a state of continual evolution, becoming something other through collective struggle. For Deleuze and Guattari "the Earth is the great unengendered stasis, the

⁸ "Laughter, not the signifier. What springs from great books is schizo-laughter or revolutionary joy, not the anguish of our pathetic narcissism, not the terror of our guilt. Call it the 'comedy of the superhuman', or the 'clowning of God'. There is always an indescribable joy that springs from great books, even when they speak of ugly, desperate, or terrifying things. The transmutation already takes effect with every great book, and every great book constitutes the health of tomorrow. You cannot help but laugh when you mix up the codes. If you put thought in relation to the outside, Dionysian moments of laughter will erupt, and this is thinking in the clear air." (Deleuze, 2004, p.258, emphasis added)

element superior to production that conditions the common appropriation and utilization of the ground. It is the surface on which the whole process of production is inscribed, on which the forces and means of labor are recorded, and the agents and products distributed” (1983, p.141). It is this Earth that must be explored, an Earth that we argue is neither reducible to the (physical, material) Planet nor the (human, social) World, nor is it solely explicable by the process of social production. It is a revolutionary Earth that produces signs of the time that refuse the already thought symbolic system of inscription and representation, events that “cannot be thought and yet must be thought.” (Deleuze and Guattari, 1994, p. 60).

The last cries of life suggest the earth as a breathing machine, making the call for the separation of intolerable rumblings and sounds from the ‘depth’ and the transformation of the drones from the heights into the chains of life that nurture the cracks breaking apart the surface and inviting breath. Yet the last cry of life, at least of this life, arises as that death from the outside appears on the horizon. It is obvious now that the possibility of the simple and direct extinction of planetary life, at least on this planet, is no fiction told by mad scientists or strange novelists. Yet this extinction moment also contains an arrogance and denial that is shocking. This is the same self shock and impossibility experienced when attempting to engage in ‘rational’ discussions with those who will no longer gain profit in the call for imaginative alternatives to capitalism or colonisation or slavery.

The anthropocene is not merely a result of human activity, it is as much a condition of the human, the way in which ‘appropriation’ has transformed ‘adaptation’, producing a predominantly unilateral, asymmetric relation between ‘agency’ and Planet that negates the very possibility of what might be termed ‘ecosophical relations of negotiation’ and ‘porous thresholds.’ With each environmental irruption, be it flood, hurricanes, or famines, the revolution of the wretched earth intersects with the resistances of the wretched of the earth. If the anthropocene names a periodisation determined by the way in which the human ‘marks’ the planet, the question of how such marking takes place also involves where the marking takes place. Gardins’ capitalist lifeboat spaceship of the future ‘reforms’

the ship of modernity, but eternally repeats the colonisation of the wretched of the earth and the wretched earth. How different this tale is to those indigenous people, for example the Khoi and San, who adapted their needs to an environment, thereby maintaining ecological peace, as opposed to colonising the environment to meet their needs in the name of a war on want. When it comes to animals, the earth, life, are we able to think ourselves into the being of the earth and animal without a sense of possession and property - can we become animal, become Earth? The hunter gatherers adapted their needs, tools and techniques to an environment, in a shared sense of belonging, without 'property' rights on earth, animal and life. The surface of the earth for the Khoi and San is alive with possibilities which invite cohabitation, cracks which speak of timelines, songs, dances that refuse the legacies and mappings undertaken by Berlin conferences and G20 meetings!

// hapo ge // hapo tama // hapo hasib dis tamas kai bo (a dream is not a dream until shared by the whole community) – Khai Proverb⁹

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⁹ This proverb can be seen displayed at the Freedom Park Museum in South Africa.

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