

# What if

**instead of diagnosing ourselves and each other with autism, anxiety, ptsd, bpd etc.**

**we burned the structures of this society, which weakens and dispossesses all of us every day, to the ground?**

# UNEXPECTED ITEMS

*anarchist paper of beautiful inconveniences*

## Death to the Data Centres!

Data centres continue to cluster around London, their thirst for energy leading to tumours, disease, and general poisoning. Where is the fight for freedom and fresh air?

What was assembled yesterday by white-coated psychopaths in their laboratory tomorrow becomes compulsory for eating, sleeping, working, thinking. A new form of acceptance is generated which doesn't even require us to take the trouble to say 'yes'. The result is a slew of artificial shit which has replaced everything alive with petrochemicals and silicon.

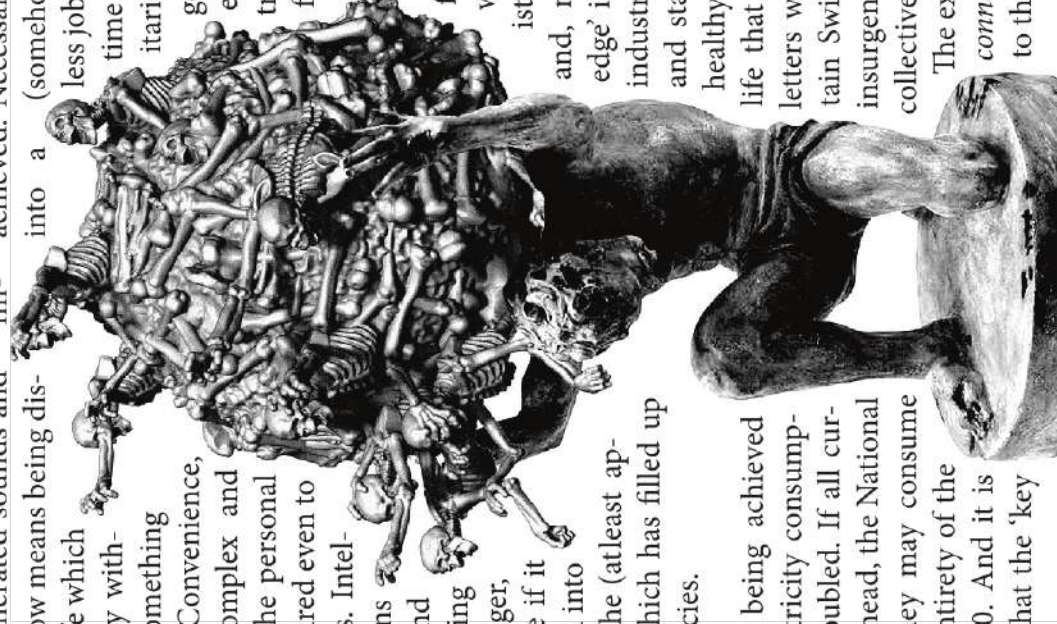
The speed with which words change meaning can be a shocking measurement. Interactivity, which now means having no interactions—which means being animated and illuminated by auto-generated sounds and images. Connected—which now means being disconnected—possessing a life which quite conveniently slides by without being snagged on something as inefficient as you are. Convenience, which now means the complex and systematic deprivation of the personal power and knowledge required even to take the most basic actions. Intelligence—which now means gazing into a smudged and grotesque mirror, summoning a six-fingered doppelganger, no longer able to recognise if it is thought which has frozen into replicable jargon or if it is the (at least appropriately named) *stop*, which has filled up the vacant heads of this species.

This breakneck pace isn't being achieved 'cleanly'. Last year the electricity consumption of UK data centres doubled. If all currently scheduled plans go ahead, the National Grid recently admitted, they may consume more electricity than the entirety of the UK does currently, by 2030. And it is in that context, as always, that the 'key

national infrastructure' plans—to saturate the land and sea with geothermal, solar, gas, tidal, oil, wind, coal, hydro, 'biomass' (wood) and rubbish-burning power stations—should be understood.

The present and immediate future are laid out in front of us as plain as day. Burn every last reserve of fossil fuel (blow up the entire middle east if we have to!), convert every available square centimetre into a power plant, pour the pollutants into the air, soil and water so that the necessary 'hyperscale' computing power can be achieved. Necessary to do what exactly? To 'upgrade', into a (somehow) more stupifying state, the brainless jobs and 'education' we are to waste our time in, to stockpile a gargantuan totalitarian police and military database, to generate virtual friends and lovers, to enumerate virtual scrolls of banking transactions, and to compose deepfake pornography, catering to all tastes.

200 years ago, all over England, a ferocious revolt broke out. Letters would arrive at the door of magistrates, church officials, politicians and, most of all, the bosses of 'cutting edge' industry. They were warned that the industrial way of life, based on poisoning and starvation for the sake of a nice and healthy bank balance, was not a way of life that many would willingly accept. The letters were signed 'General Ludd' or 'Captain Swing', mythical heroes chosen by the insurgent population as the symbol of their collective rebellion. Things didn't stop there. The exploited people had a last triumph of *connection* and *intelligence*. It's hard not to think in hindsight that they must have



somehow sensed what was at stake: that they had some awareness of the world which was being made irreversible. It was as if they could see the wreckage which production would spew out, and the monsters we would all turn into as a result of making that world our home.

They organised themselves into gangs, invaded the areas where the machines bringing misery were being constructed, and burned them to the ground. They smeared their faces with mud, they dressed in clothing of the opposite gender to become unrecognisable. They would, in this way, surround the houses of the wealthy, weapons drawn, in total silence. Often this would be enough for the bosses to scale back their progress at the earliest opportunity. Tollgates, and buildings keeping taxation records, were left in smoking ruins: anonymity became not just a disguise but a way of making total war against the enemies of freedom. The rural parts of England started to go 'dark' for the rulers. Humanity, by contrast, was enjoying its last radiant dance before the furies of modernity (law, industry, religion, science and morality) took their terrible revenge.

Here we are at the conclusion of two hundred years of the decay of human vitality and the triumph of machines. We have offered up everything, from the water we drink to the stories that put our children to bed, to the post-industrial megaliths—the data centres and the matrix of global domination they coordinate.

In Enfield a rubbish incinerator power station which has been belching out noxious fumes making the surrounding area's air quality monitors hover at 10 times what experts decide to designate as a 'safe level' is undergoing a massive expansion. It is just north of there, in

Waltham Cross, that Google established a hyperscale AI data centre which went operational in 2024.

In Slough the higher rate of 'genetic abnormalities' has been historically attributed by government scientists to 'intermarriage in some communities'. No mention has been officially made of the possible effect of the West of London being the most air-polluted place in the UK (but it is nonetheless an acknowledged fact that 6% of the population suffer from respiratory illnesses) nor that it is a site of proven high levels of PFAS forever chemicals in the drinking water. No mention either about the obvious relation between both of these facts and the reality that this is the site of one of the largest data centre clusters in the world (with more on the way).

In truth, without even taking the trouble to avert our eyes, there is no information to be discovered on, for example, how much water is released from the cooling systems of data centres directly into the atmosphere, or leaks into the local groundwater, rivers and streams. After all, only one in five data centres in the UK are even reporting anything about how much water they are swallowing, let alone what gets spit out and where, to the authorities.

Overseeing all this are the water companies and the Environment Agency. Two entities who have spent the past years, and only a recent portion of that under any popular scrutiny, releasing metric tonnes of untreated sewage into the rivers and the seas of this island. They, as it turns out, are the responsible parties when it comes to diverting water to the hyperscale data centres, managing the resultant waste, and tracking 'compliance'.



# Welcome to Hell

**Waymo robotaxis are here to collect data and train robots to one day dominate and organise the entire society. The technological destruction of beauty, quality and adventure is reason enough for us to welcome Waymo, not to London, but to hell!**

For several years every available urban surface has become overgrown with the plague of e-scooters and bicycles. In the same period servitude to an app has been effectively sold as a 'flexible employment opportunity' to all of us desperate enough to take anything going.

Moving from those with disposable lives to those with disposable income, it has been the fashion for some time for the latter to outsource every minuscule movement around the city to the optimized navigation of dynamically priced 'ride hailing apps'. And of course, it has long been in vogue among the same clique to entrust every part of the culinary process—from the sourcing of ingredients, to cooking and eating (everything short of actually placing the spoon in their mouth)—to the custody of gig-delivery platforms.

So it comes as no surprise that London has been deemed an appropriate testing site for Waymo's self-driving 'robot-taxis', anticipating their colonisation of european cities. We'll cut to the chase here.

The point of all these 'gig services', the normalisation of robots, electric-everything, connected-everything, is not to add to the cryogenically frozen convenience of the daily lives of the walking dead. Nor is it simply to make profit (which it's true, the poisoners of planetary life thirst for more than clean water).

The point (as always with the rulers of this world) is a technical one. Factories cannot jump from being de-commissioned sites, some decades after having released their employees from the production lines to become Uber drivers, to producing enough batteries to run everything on electricity (up to and including 'smart toilets'). Neither can robots, drones etc, start to organise the entire economy and activity of a concrete jungle like London without having first been 'trained in geo-spatial reasoning'.

The point of these 'services' then is to prepare the 'brighter future' which all the human filth populating the elite universities and the halls of government, passing by the financial district and the specialist laboratories, are always announcing. It is a future in which

our already useless existence is finally cut off from having even theoretical influence on our conditions and surroundings. Because in this world robots produce robots who exploit, manufacture, transport, surveil and police everything, from the barren industrial agriculture and tourist destinations of the countryside to the humming police-state of the hyper-connected ghost cities, with the effect of finally canceling any dream of a free and creative life for all.

This state of things is what experts in the field are calling 'utopia.' And the Waymo robotaxis are another brick in its wall. Right now these 'robotaxis' are stalling with the hazard lights on in front of cul-de-sacs and puddles because they are 'learning' and 'writing' the lines of digital code through which all robots and drones will be able to conduct business and keep the streets safe of the 'smart world' in which we are all fated to be the unwanted guests.

That's why, when all is said and done, I couldn't give a fuck about 'privacy concerns', whether they 'drive' safely or dangerously, whether they will replace the inherently replaceable gig work we are currently forced to perform. It is the very presence of this 'smart' shit which we are completely intolerant of. It's the very fact of forced 'progress' towards this 'utopia' which makes me more determined than ever to bring the whole thing crashing down, if needs be one robot / drone / e-whatsoever at a time.

Until pretty recently it was always notable that many people at least had the sense to break the 'lime bikes', and in most neighborhoods the tell-tale 'clack clack clack' and 'blip blip' of these little sabotages were audible all the time. In other cities much of this 'e-transport' was also simply hurled into the canals, off of precipices, or otherwise 'vandalized' in an unspecified way leading to a full 'withdrawal' from some places.

With any luck then, it's not only the 'smart' and the 'autonomous' machines which have learned something from the London streets, but also all of us captives of this society. If nothing else, then the cumulative effect of the destruction of beauty, quality and adventure on a day-to-day basis should be reason enough to welcome Waymo—not to London, but to hell. And by this, may-be we could stand a chance of giving a bad example to the other cities in Europe and America, both the tech yuppies and the rejects and outcasts of their world—both, after all, should be watching what happens here very closely.

What is significant about all this is not the infinite scandals waiting to happen, but what it says about the kinds of people we have become. We have turned ourselves into creatures who would prefer to riddle our own bodies and those of our loved ones with tumours and autoimmune diseases, turn our land and water into toxified 'sacrifice zones' and then cling to the pharmaceutical 'cures' (which in turn also pollute the water supply in horrifying quantities)—rather than stand in for freedom and fresh air.

Is it any coincidence that around London it is in some of these same hyper-polluted areas, ensnared by the tentacles of electrical expansion, where data centre clusters are proliferating, that the racist riots of 2024 reared their disgusting head? Is it not the perfect image of the present and the future: power plants belching cancerous clouds into the air while the union flag flutters proudly from a lamppost? The sickness and powerlessness which has come from giving over land and life to the processing of the death-technologies comes back in murderous rage at anyone or anything which looks different—suspected, as always in times as backward as our own, of 'taking what's ours'.

There are signs around the world of a basic clarity towards this irreparable collective shame—that it must be fought with the same fearsome determination as the Luddite and Swing insurgents of yesterday. For all the authorities know it may well have been King Ludd himself who, on the night of Monday 30<sup>th</sup> March this year, fired six shots into the door of a U.S. politician in Indianapolis and left a ziplocked note on his porch bearing only a few eloquent words written on a sheet of paper: 'NO DATA CENTERS'. What about the flaming bottle which flew over the gate of the mansion belonging to the CEO of Open AI? Or the gunfire which peppered that same property not two days later?

Without forgetting to mention the tragic hero for our times, Chamel Abdulkarim, who, with a lighter on some



packs of toilet tissue, started a fire which completely destroyed a monstrous logistics warehouse in California, filming himself saying the words 'All you had to do was pay us enough to live, but this shit doesn't come cheap, and there goes your inventory!' The flames crept up to the floodlit ceiling and the commodities, all of them on their way to the data-centre powering rubbish incinerators one way or another, were delivered to the flames at an earlier stage of their journey.

Consciousness may not be rising, but it hasn't been extinguished either. As a man interviewed by the media regarding the construction of Google's Waltham Cross data centre said:

"I cannot stand it. I cannot have my windows open. It has ruined everything. We're just pawns in a much bigger game at play here.

This is not England anymore. I was born in Britain but I do not feel this is Britain anymore. I don't mean immigration. I mean globalisation."

How much longer will it be possible to stop that clear reality from arming a new kind of war, made by the unwanted children of the present, against this dead future and its Frankenstein architects? How long before the first stirrings of a resurrected humanity start to bring death to the data centres?

*We'd like to say 'if you can read this message you are the resistance'. But spreading this paper as far and wide as we can—knowing that questions of human freedom and dignity are considered threatening by all responsible citizens and the forces of order—we acknowledge with a sigh that this isn't necessarily true.*

*But the risks of snitches notwithstanding, we prefer the chance encounter to moaning into the echo-chamber, and frankly, we're not going to cheapen the thirst for freedom by treating it as if it were a dirty secret!*

*So whether motivated by love or hate (but hopefully not indifference!) the editors can be contacted via:*

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# EDITORIAL



In these pages, our second issue of hissing vitriol to hit the streets of London, readers will find ferocious criticisms of more than a few facts which have been promoted to universal acceptance. Facts like the inevitability of scientific progress and the great efficacy of modern medicine. They will also find noisy jubilation over some limited attacks on certain (in)famous personalities and 'critical national infrastructure'.

Given that we are anarchists, it could well be asked what we think these kinds of very peripheral ideas and acts have to do with the realisation of a world without rulers or ruled? What do they have to do with a revolution which releases each one's personal powers and capacities in an unlimited way, across all the domains of life, from sexuality to food-cultivation, from philosophy to the use of weapons? After all, a profound ingratitude for the commodities and costumes we all get to choose from is not a popular position—it is difficult to map it onto an idea of revolution based on the massive withdrawal of consent from the present social arrangement. In the end, reconciliation and broad consent are the order of the day.

But there exist exceptions which do a great deal more than prove the rule. Gut-level rejections of both the

worst constraints of mass-conformity *and* its most appealing invitations may be hard to find, but these spasms of liberation still, inconveniently, exist. Although they are certainly the preserve of individuals who find themselves morally and materially isolated by such uncompromising choices, despite this no one can deny that another outbreak of this unhelpful activity might come from anywhere. If the last years have taught us anything it is that the diversity of those who will not be reconciled to this smirking, bloodless world is amply making up for what we are lacking in numbers.

This is exactly what this paper wishes to pay close attention to, the subversive remainder, the 'except for' which is left over after the list of all the horrors of voluntary servitude has finished its recital. Intentionally turning in the direction of the 'exceptions' is part of a life-choice to be alone along with all the others who deliberately turn their backs on what is realistic, in order to drink the chaotic expanse of all that is possible.

It remains possible to violate the fundamental laws which bind this least worst of all possible worlds together. This social order exhibits a confident entitlement. It considers itself invested with a divine and unquestionable power to defile every molecule of the water, air and soil, to use the sum of human culture as an advertisement slot for its vile products, to treat even the genetic structure of the organism as its little science project. To offend that grotesque and bloated entitlement is therefore not so difficult. Even tiny pinpricks which interfere with what cannot be questioned are deeply upsetting for the rhythms and morality of the present. That's because they are proof of the persistence of some who will concede *nothing* to the 'inevitability' of progress or the 'reasons' of state, not even their right to exist. Such painful demonstrations retain their subversive effect whether they are received as electrifying revelations or as hateful intermissions, because even in the act of deciding which side of that equation we fall on, we have been returned to the full consciousness of our responsibility. And our freedom.

If freedom means anything today, it's the consciousness that daily compliance is a bargain that we choose to strike, and that other choices, those which would tear up those contracts forever, are ours to make in the same way. The revolution our age so desperately thirsts for will depend on those decisions. We wish to acquaint our readers with that inescapable choice, as generous as it is stark and even disturbing, in this and future issues of *Unexpected Items*.

and participatory diagnoses) disorders whose manifestation in the individual's carefully charted decline can itself can be rendered economically useful.

Depression and anxiety, two very widespread conditions, are synonymous with forms of distress and dysfunction that are obviously mass-produced by the dominance of consumerism and work in our society, as well as being very profitable to it. Where would the economy be without all the sad, agitated, anti-social people numbing themselves with alcohol, drugs, binge eating, binge watching, gambling, porn addiction and compulsive shopping? This logic extends even further with Autism and ADHD. What are the primary characteristics these conditions are supposed to have? Compulsive consumerism and lack of social ability. In particular the contemporary discussions around "Hyperfixations" and "Special Interests" frame these conditions as inherently consumerist identities where one's hobby and excessive spending is treated almost like a medical necessity. No longer does the psychiatric system wish only to diagnose and remove unfavourable individuals, now mass diagnosis means mass enrolment into the medical system, a means of regulation and co-production of exploitable behaviours.

The psychiatric and medical industries are specialists in diverting the day-to-day misery and difficulty of life away from any thought of struggle or retaliation and into the believe that it is ourselves that need correcting. The beneficiaries of this process are all the wardens, guards and bosses of the open-plan prison of the UK, who must be grateful that their names and addresses are the last thing on the mind of those who, no longer seeing themselves as sand for the gears, have bought into seeing themselves as faulty parts in the machine. As such, we often take the initiative to correct ourselves or, in worse instances, to punish ourselves.

In the end, medicalisation is justified under any excuse—yesterday as direct repression of undesirable populations and tomorrow as self-administered 'correction'. The present mania for medicalisation must be thought of as a potent and pernicious form of self-harm.

But the infamies of this 1.4 trillion dollar industry don't end in the ruin done to the minds it targets. The Israeli multinational TEVA pharmaceuticals is the largest generic drug manufacturer in the world, and as such a major global supplier of Fluoxetine [Prozac] and ADHD amphetamines. At the point of production (much of it in occupied Palestine), their gargantuan facilities suck up

precious water from one of the driest regions on earth and pour it into their chemical processing. These notorious chemicals then saturate the oceans of the world, to the degree of changing the behaviour of fish, after being consumed by human lab rats and 'disposed of'. TEVA have also been given access to Palestinian prisoners to conduct drug testing on this captive population. They have also recently paid out a few million to US hospitals in 'compensation' for their collaboration in spreading what is euphemistically called 'the opioid crisis'—a leading producer of Fentanyl, they are one of the world's significant narco-traffickers. With this small logical key we can see how global war, environmental devastation and the addiction and pacification of humanity are all inextricably intertwined.

We must wonder if realising that we are estranged from this world, and having the courage to embrace ourselves as ones who 'do not fit in', finally terminates here: being pickled by pharmaceuticals, only capable of demanding more 'equal access' to the psychological anesthesia being dished out in billions of tiny little pills (marketed to all for all shapes and sizes of disorder)? That would be the real tragedy: the process of forgetting what made us feel ill in the first place, and forgetting the sense of ourselves as different, singular and unable to adapt to what this diseased world demands of us.

To remember this, to recover the arousal of each one's inner intensity, demands a different path. The hypocrisy of our moment consists in the assimilated acceptance of thousands of different catalogued mental 'types'. The catch is that there has never been a more feeble conformist blandness saturating a human culture. Real 'neurodiversity', when it awakens, could only be the total opposite: an unassimilable cacophony taking its sweet revenge on medicated mediocrity.



# Psychiatric Disorder

Mass diagnosis means mass enrolment into the medical system. Real 'neurodiversity' would be the complete opposite – a sweet revenge on medicated mediocrity.



anger, frustration, excitement and sexual arousal are muffled in order to make the emotional ups and downs of life a smooth, easy journey. People who are scared of feeling the harshness, fears and frustrations of life choose to take medication which hides the personal symptoms of living in the world today. Suffering is rarely caused by the sick mind and is instead often directly caused by the conditions we live in. The endless hours of our lives sacrificed to tedious work for too little pay, the financial extortion we are subjected to by the supermarkets, utility companies and landlords, the pollution we face everyday in our nose and lungs, our eyes and ears and in our minds and bodies completely. When we live in a world where poverty, imprisonment and genocide are commonplace, is depression and anger not the only appropriate response?

In the first place, the diagnoses that these medications are prescribed for are not unwaveringly objective terms describing unarguably real diseases. This flaw in the logic of psychiatry can be seen much clearer when looking at its history, most infamously with the fictional disease of Hysteria. As with all the psychological illnesses we have today, Hysteria was invented from the minds of psychiatrists based on their own flawed understanding of human behaviour and as a mode of social control. Painting women as prone to emotional and physical illness as a result of their devious womb upheld patriarchal ideas from a medical perspective and gave men the license to lock up women they deemed unstable or too emotional in psychiatric hospitals. Here they would be subject to all manner of tortures thinly veiled as treatment. The same can be said for homosexuality which was only removed from the international classification of disease in 1990, where patients would be once again subject to torture such as electrocution, chemical castration and induced comas. There are numerous other examples such as sluggish schizophrenia in Soviet Russia and many cases of false diagnoses of paranoia where the fictitious nature of diagnoses becomes apparent.

Professions of modern innocence would have us believe that all this belongs to the past—now that we live in a scientific rational society governed in the interest of everyone by experts who know best. And it's true that the passion for the eradication of unsavoury and unproductive mental types has undergone a transformation. Now it is much better to try to create (by mass

and public funding, such that researchers are paid very well to puff up their 'breakthrough' findings about 'DNA markers' and avoid the awkward underlying question of whether all life can really be reduced to a string of code. Everyone's on the runaway gravy train. So why shouldn't the little guy get his cut?

Or perhaps the miscreant who pirated the data felt a general disaffection for UK Biobank, this 'charitable' enterprise set up by the government and the Wellcome Trust, since its funding sources have notably expanded to include Eric Schmidt of Google, and venture capitalist Ken Griffin. The government was generously provided with half-price server space by Amazon Web Services in an £8 million contract. "The large datasets held by UK Biobank happen to be highly commercially valuable sources for training machine learning algorithms," it turns out.

To stop our criticism at the 'misuses' of data intended for use in the 'public interest' for 'health-related research' would mean failing to criticise the whole machinery of 'uses' that the biodata industry comprises, or the field of biotechnology, which is 'usefully' engineering all life in its own mechanistic image, irreversibly. Biotechnology is the control and manipulation of biological systems, including living cells and DNA, for the production of new commodities which humans can be sold or made dependent on. The 'public interest' that is spewed out at the end of a production-line of computational and industrial processing is wholly shaped by the owners of those means of processing. The 'future vision' of 'health' that they promise to profitably sell to us is a poor and lifeless imitation of any human concept of health.

# Laughing All the Way to the Biobank

Biotechnology is the control and manipulation of biological systems including living cells and DNA, for the production of commodities. The future vision of 'health' promised is a poor and lifeless imitation of any human concept of health.

In the worldwide empire of data and commodities, the occasional scandal among the ranks of its technicians and bosses helps to keep open avenues of 'concerned criticism' and 'principled opposition' that in no way question the basis by which all life and all matter is controlled on this planet.

Shocked commentary and sensational headlines were generated recently when the UK Biobank—a not-for-profit project that holds the full health data and genomic sequencing of 500,000 willing participants—admitted that its entire data set was found for sale on the Chinese e-commerce platform Alibaba.

The source of the leak? It could be none other than a functionary working for an institution entrusted with this dataset, provided for the purposes of 'health-related research' in the 'public interest'. Perhaps the functionary in question was feeling underpaid, greedy, or disillusioned. Disillusionment would come as no surprise given the approved uses to which the dataset has already been put: these have included research into the genetic basis for traits such as height and cognitive ability which has since been profitably applied in the screening of embryos at commercial IVF clinics. The Biobank data has also been used by insurance firms training their algorithms to increase insurance premiums based on 'genetic risk scoring'. Considerably less controversial is the routine commercial use of the data by drug companies, who fund the genomic analysis in order to get early exclusive access to the data. This means that they can get a headstart on patenting profitable treatments, with the extra marketing edge of claiming they can tell who has 'bad genes'. There's big money to be made here, since the diseases these chemicals are marketed to cure are constantly advancing in this sick and sickening society. The entire scientific field of enquiry into 'genetic predisposition to disease' is pumped full of private



# Eatherly or Eichmann?

Very early in the morning of 6<sup>th</sup> August, 1945, Claude Eatherly climbed into his aircraft. He flew for some hours, taking note of the weather conditions and reporting them to a very important plane which was to follow his route, one hour behind him. That second aircraft, getting the 'all-clear' from Eatherly, commenced its path until reaching the city of Hiroshima. About a minute later, to quote the American governments files, "one second after detonation, the fireball reaches maximum size, 900 feet (274.32m) in diameter. The mushroom cloud begins to form. As temperatures on the ground reach 7,000 degrees Fahrenheit (3871 Celsius), buildings melt and fuse together, human and animal tissue is vaporized. The blast wave travels at 984 miles per hour (1583.59 kph) in all directions, demolishing over two-thirds of Hiroshima's buildings in a massive, expanding firestorm. Eighty thousand people are instantly killed or grievously wounded. Over 100,000 more will die from the bomb's effects in the coming months."

Some decades later most of these pilots were something like minor celebrities. Paul Tibbets, the pilot of the Enola Gay, participated in a 'reenactment' of the Hiroshima flight, complete with a 'mushroom cloud', at an airshow in Texas in 1976.

Not Claude Eatherly. Coming home to a hero's welcome, hailed as one of the 'victory boys', he had a much more difficult time reconciling with the nature of his 'mission': he attempted suicide, he started haphazardly robbing banks and stores, forging checks, and trying to send the money to the victims of Hiroshima. He was incarcerated in an insane asylum not long after. There, the anti-nuclear writer and philosopher Günther Anders started a letter correspondence with him where he claimed Claude Eatherly was not insane, but rather was the first modern man with a clear head—the first person to understand, and be psychologically affected by, the massacre he was implicated in. Today the same massacre threatens the entirety of existence rather than specific populations, conducted with or without blood and screaming, made 'normal' by use of 'clean' technological means. In a broader sense, Anders believed that Eatherly's inability to accept this 'normality' is some of the only evidence available that we could all wake up to what we are consenting to every day—cohabiting as we are with the permanent and unthinkable Armageddon of modern technology. What follows is an excerpt from a letter dated 16<sup>th</sup> May 1961 from Günther Anders to Claude Eatherly.

...The fact that I am thinking of you so intensely, and that I am trying once again to reach your ear in these days, is no coincidence. For we are living in a period which—for all people who like you, have not become indifferent yet—is branded with the name of "Eichmann".

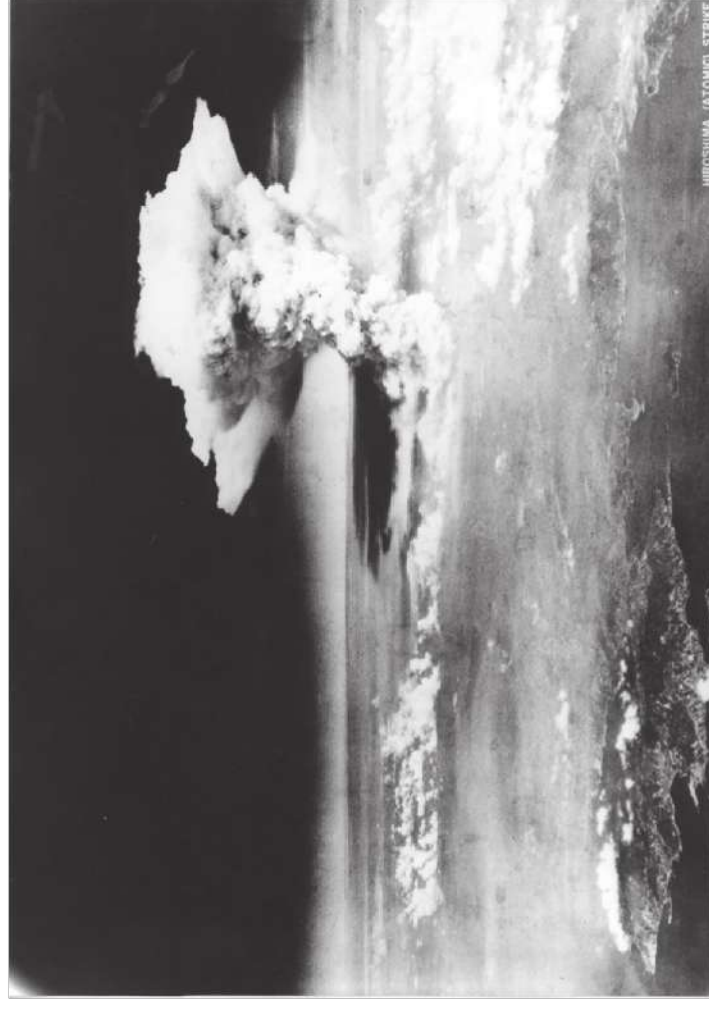
As you know, he was the man who, in the Forties, organized the extermination of millions—of Jews, Poles, Gypsies, and who, as a 'bureaucrat of annihilation' meticulously fulfilled his duties. Perhaps you, too, have seen reports about him. In that case, you will also have read that he 'honestly' declared to have been 'nothing but a tool', 'nothing but a tiny cog in the machine of the terror', and only to have been 'loyal to the oath' which he had sworn to Hitler—in short: 'not to be guilty in the sense in which he is accused'. As little as we can visualize Eichmann's activity, as little can we understand how he was able to live the 15 years prior to his capture without mentioning his guilt, without trying to clarify it to himself, without even suffering too much from it. And this although the position which he held was not as

legitimate, for his nausea didn't prevent him in the least from administering his office of annihilation and from reliably continuing his work for years.

The declarations of the mass-murderer: 'I was nothing but a tiny cog in the apparatus, I only followed orders'—are all the more dreadful as they are identical with those arguments which are being used by every one of us: by the workers who build the Polaris rockets, by the scientists who test chemical warfare methods, by your fellow-pilot Francis Powers who almost tipped off a catastrophe through his spying flight—no, more than that: for these arguments are identical with those which are stuffed into us like tranquilizers in order to calm our conscience. Let's not deceive ourselves: if we don't accept the Eichmann arguments, we are considered—even in those countries which today are actually revolted by the special case Eichmann, as being disloyal or being traitors.

Or as being insane.

If during this period in which day in day out we are horror struck by these events my thoughts are with you more intensely than ever, it is because you, Claude, are the one great [total opposite] who can console us. When you performed the task with which you, as a 'tiny cog in the machine', were charged, you knew not what you did. But after you had seen what you had done, you rose to your feet and shouted "No!" And ever since this first No, there hasn't been one single day on which you would have swallowed this word. You have not made yourself small, and you have not tried to unburden yourself by saying: I was nothing but a tiny cog, therefore not guilty, but, on the contrary, you declared: If we can become so dreadfully guilty through being cogs, then we must refuse to be transformed into such cogs. Eichmann and you—you are the two examples of our age. And if it were not for you, his [total opposite], we would have no right and no reason to hope. Don't believe, Claude, that it is artificial to compare, or rather to confront you with Eichmann. Your 'belonging together' was already clear to me for a long time when I read this morning in the paper that Eichmann's attorney, Servatius, was shameless enough to declare: a man who has stood under orders in the way Eichmann did, cannot be



made to bear responsibility, just as little as the man who released the bomb over Hiroshima.

I will not speak of the appalling senselessness of this analogy (for you and your buddies have performed two actions which you were bound to consider acts of war, while Eichmann systematically, and for years, performed the extermination of human beings whose non-existence had nothing to do with the military outcome of the war), but only about the fact that you did shoulder responsibility, that you insisted on your guilt, although you were not asked to do so, although day in day out you are being asked not to do so. Therefore the attempt to discharge Eichmann of his responsibility by making him your twin is mere nonsense. If there is one man entitled to rectify Servatius or Eichmann—it is you. And I ask you to consider doing it.

However lonely every morning may be for you, every morning you should tell yourself, Claude, that you have the unique chance to be the [total opposite], who gives consolation and hope to all of us. Compared with the importance of this role which has fallen upon you, and to which you have proven equal, the fact of your physical loneliness and of your remaining invisible to those whom you are consoling may become more bearable. We, at least, think of you full of gratitude. And if once we will see you—by 'we' I mean all those consoled by your existence—then you may have the feeling that the sacrifice which you had to bring during those years amounts to nothing [compared with the scale of the consolation you have brought us]. Let's continue working for this day.

As ever, your friend, Günther