

CONFUSE

YOUR

HUNGER

EDITED BY

JONTY TIPLADY



TOTNES
MEXICO CITY
LA
SHANGHAI
CAMBRIDGE
NYC
PARIS

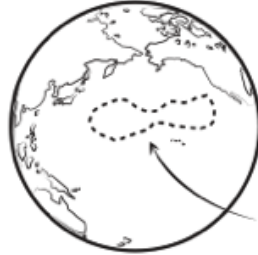
JUNE 2015

TABLE OF CONTENTS

04	JONTY TIPLADY	PREFACE
10	DAYTON CASTLEMAN	TARA
13	TOM COHEN	IN THE COUNSELOR'S SEAT
16	WENDY LOTTERMAN	FAMILY TRIAGE
23	CLAIRE COLEBROOK	CONFUSE YOUR HUNGER
26	J MAURICIO OROZCO	HYPOTHESIS OF THE SENSUAL SPIRIT: AN UNFRAGMENTED EXPERIMENT OF THE COLUMNAR EMOTION
51	DEANNA HAVAS	UNTITLED
52	ANNA SWANN-PYE	KOURTNEY AND KHLOE TAKE KARBON FOOTPRINTING: A RESEARCH PROJECT
59	MCKENZIE WARK	WHAT RETURNS
60	SARAH WOOD	SATURDAY 7TH MARCH 2015. NIGHT
62	TIMO G. COOMBES & ROBIN & OISIN	FLUTTERBY CASTLE (GROUP COLLABORATION, ALL NINE YEAR OLDS)
63	JACKIE WANG	THE DESTROYED BRIDGE
68	NICHOLAS ROYLE	LIVING BACKWARD: TEN APHORISMS
70	JEFF NAGY	SLEEP YOUR WAY TO MARS
80	JOHN BLOOMBERG-RISSMAN	DEAR JONTY
88	ERIK STINSON	A LESS-THAN-IDEAL RESPONSE
90	KAREN SCHALLER	UNTITLED
92		AN INTERVIEW WITH DAYTON CASTLEMAN
114	JEMMA DEER	IMAGE & STILL BORN FUTURE
117	ANDREW DURBIN	I PURCHASE TWO SMALL DOMESTIC PALMS
119	DREW MILNE	I MENE MENE
		II SOME THINGS CANNOT BE SAID
		III SMOG TRIPE
123	JACK KAHN	CRYSTAL CHILDREN: AUTISM AND ENCHANTMENT AT THE END OF THE ANTHROPOCENE
137	WILLIAM FERGUS STUART	RSVP
138	JOHN DEWITT	UNTITLED
139	HOLLY PESTER	GARBAGE RING FLASH
141	EMILY JONES	@EARTHCULT
145	DAN HOY	UNTITLED
146	AARON APPS	3D MISPRINTINGS
147	ANDREW SPRAGG	RAYING DOWN PURE WHITE LIGHT, WHICH BRIGHTENED EVERYTHING ON WHICH IT FELL, BUT WARMED NOTHING
148	ABRAHAM ADAMS	MY WIFE CALLS ME A FOOL
150	PURDEY LORD KRIEDEN	ANTROPOSEINS
164		BRONZE ECSTASY: AN INTERVIEW WITH J MAURICIO OROZCO
171	LAURA MARIE MARCIANO	ANASTAZIA
172	CHRIS EARLEY	BITE A DOG
174	IAN HEAMES	SONNETS
177	TIM ATKINS	FUCKED IF YOU DO
178	HARRY BURKE	
179	SIMON STEVENSON	SKEUMORPHICS
180	RICHARD BARRETT	LOVE UNTIL THE END OF OUR DAYS IS NOT LOVE FOREVER
184	ANONYMOUS	UNTITLED
185	JONTY TIPLADY	FRED MOTEN'S VOICE - FRAGMENTS POEMS GMAIL.PDF

PREFACE

Jonty Tiplady



Confuse Your Hunger was ordered up on Friday March 6 2015, when Alan Rusbridger filed a retirement editorial for the *Guardian* announcing a decision to place climate change “front and centre.” I had been fomenting the idea of a para-academic journal for a few months. Titles had been sticking and then mutating, from *FKA-DERRIDA.pdf* to no title at all. The most recent had been *Malkina*, after the Cameron Diaz character in *The Counselor* (Ridley Scott, 2013), a figure of the extinction and irreversibility I was interested in. I decided to write to a scatter of Gmail addresses by “blind carbon copy,” announcing a kind of minus-one emergency edition of the journal, occasioned by and potentially against Rusbridger’s own sense of urgency. I asked what kind of affective quiver the column and its wider themes elicited. Rusbridger’s logic was that “climate change” might be the one thing he regretted not prioritizing during his stay at the newspaper. Is it possible, I asked, that any one of us could be caught, right now, or soon, in similar cognitive, academic, emotive, aesthetic investments, regardless of what we think we think or think we have created? Why does it take retirement or later life for this to happen? Why wait to say what might be said now, sooner than we can? What is stopping this subject becoming as flagrantly public, as exposed, as amenable to aesthetic practice and explication, as some others appear to be? Why do we still think it’s imperative to show not tell? And which century are we in, already, really?*

* I want to thank Dayton Castleman, Tom Cohen, Ian Heames, Jack Kahn, José Mauricio Orozco Márquez, Phil Newman, Nicholas Royle, Simon Stevenson, and Wendy Lotterman for their invaluable support and inspiration.



One can of course doubt the efficacy and timing of the *Guardian's* endeavor, but Rusbridger's gesture of personal and editorial divestment, and the shift it marks from so-called "objective" reportage to a form of advocacy media, might be taken as iconic. Rusbridger has combined his efforts, which come to an end this June, with those of the activist group founded by Bill McKibben, 350.org. The "keep it in the ground" campaign they stand for has for Rusbridger a special urgency. In what are still called the humanities, one of the most well-known examples of Rusbridger's type of gesture is Dipesh Chakrabarty's 2009 article in *Critical Inquiry*, "The Climate of History: Four Theses." Here, as a warden of historical and post-colonial studies, Chakrabarty crosses over from a chosen area of study and accompanying sense of "social justice," to a different set of priorities, no longer exclusively measurable in terms of specific everyday tragedies, progressivism, the teleologies of the academic left, justifiable outrage at sexism and racism, and so on. The point here would not necessarily be that one has found something more pressing, but that "climate change" forces a rethinking in a now viciously comparativist field. Who now would be exempt from a need to make a personal, emotional, professional and even semiotic disinvestment? Can we confuse our hunger? Can we, in effect, confuse or retrain our cognitive appetites, in order to at least recognize new emergences?

Part of Chakrabarty's "conversion" had to do with his sense of what is now called (and still seems open to discussion as) "the anthropocene." Leaving aside for the moment the Italian geologist Antonio Stoppani's use of the term "anthropozoic" in the 1870s, the word "anthropocene" seems to have first been coined by the biologist Eugene Stoermer more than thirty years ago, and then taken up by the Nobel Prize-winning chemist Paul Crutzen who has explained, "I was at a conference where someone said something about the Holocene. I suddenly thought this was wrong. The world has changed too much. So I said: 'No, we are in the Anthropocene.'" Where holocene means a geological epoch (*-cene* meaning "new" in Greek) in which we are at one with the whole of our

planet (*holos* meaning “whole”), the anthropocene names a supposedly new era in which man (*anthropos*) is now able to impact the earth itself to the extent of seriously inhibiting the continuance of our conditions of life. The American writer Elizabeth Kolbert has a slightly different account of Crutzen’s Eureka moment, happening to refer to it as a “blurt.” She makes this second-hand report: “Let’s stop it,” Crutzen recalls blurting out. ‘We are no longer in the Holocene. We are in the Anthropocene.’ Well, it was quiet in the room for a while. When the group took a coffee break, the Anthropocene was the main topic of conversation. Someone suggested that Crutzen copyright the word.” The word has not been copyrighted, nor has it been incorporated into current dictionaries and spell-checks. Stoermer claims to have first used the word in the 1980s, but it has perhaps only been in the last year or so that the term began to attract a fever-like degree of attention in the arts and humanities and on the internet. There is now a Twitter feed called @AnthropoceneBot that tracks every single hash-tagged instance of the word, and acts as an archive of new articles and links on the theme. The word has also spawned an almost comical number of sister terms, including sino-anthropocene, cine-anthropocene, misanthropocene, corporatocene, capitalocene, sustainocene, chthulucene, neganthropocene, and so on



Chakrabarty’s engagement with the term “anthropocene” has been one node in a crucial and ongoing reconfiguration of what it might mean to do artistic and academic and emotional work in the present. One of the questions “Four Theses” poses is how we might think historically and progressively under conditions in which, for example, we see multiple species extinction events almost daily and an unstoppable hyper-acceleration of what we might now choose to call anthropocenic capital. At the center of any work that engages with the anthropocene—and this is sometimes done directly, sometimes less so—is the idea that humanity’s appearance as a geological factor in itself (as a species with the ability not just to damage its environment but to erase conditions of life which may be entirely unique) fundamentally shakes up any distinctions we might want to make between human and natural strata, between the humanities and the sciences, between journalism and advocacy, between artistic practice and scientific knowledge, between social media and political

activism, and between personal therapeutic spaces and more public areas of scrutiny and accountability. Chakrabarty identifies a collapse of two forms of consciousness into each other: the historical or subjective and the wide-pan consciousness of the natural sciences and geological research, and this seems to have hard to quantify consequences for all forms of intellectual, political and everyday activity. For example, from the point of view of wanting to stay on the planet as long as possible, the “keep it in the ground” campaign is hard to argue with. From another point of view we might want to ask why the same thought of non-extractivism is not being campaigned for in other fields. To what extent, for example, might we want to keep thought in the ground, the semiotic tendency to produce new possibilities? In his 1951 book *Minima Moralia: Reflections From Damaged Life*, the German writer Theodor W. Adorno comments on how one day “perhaps the true society will grown tired of development and, out of freedom, leave possibilities unused, instead of storming under a confused compulsion to the conquest of strange stars.” “*Rien faire comme une bête,*” he adds, “laying on water and looking peacefully at the sky.”



One of the original intentions of *Confuse Your Hunger* was to introduce a sense of “pop” and “popular culture” into the study and discussion of the anthropocene. How might the American rapper Lil B (A.K.A. Based God) and Virginia Woolf help us get into this, for example? How about Nicki Minaj and Claudia Rankine? Or the work of Jeni Olin and Wes Anderson? How about animals and children? Stones, stars, and wormholes? If I settled on the title *Confuse Your Hunger* for this edition, it was almost by accident. “Confuse your hunger” is a line in a song by Nico called “Afraid” which appears on her 1970 album *Desertshore*. I was listening to the song when I first read Rusbridger’s article, a coincidence, and yet its lyrics seemed relevant, speaking as they do of a kind of poetic and emotional divestment:

Cease to know or to tell or to see
Or to be your own
Cease to know or to tell or to see
Or to be your own

Have someone else’s will as your own

Have someone else's will as your own
You are beautiful and you are alone
You are beautiful and you are alone

Often the adolescent play
Reward your grace
Often the adolescent play
Reward your grace

Confuse your hunger
Capture the fake
Confuse your hunger
Capture the fake

Banish the faceless
Reward your grace
Banish the faceless
Reward your grace[‡]

The natural hunger that is undeniable and implacable is also a semiotic appetite, a need for more. If Nico's line is mysterious it is perhaps because it is so impossible and counter-intuitive as an injunction. Confuse your hunger, yes, but hunger is not something one often confuses successfully, at least not without consequences. Confusion, in this sense, is not good. Adorno hints that "storming under a confused compulsion to the conquest of strange stars" may in fact be the opposite of what "the true society" now needs. To what extent though can Adorno, even in this extremely prescient moment, be seen as a holocenic thinker? That is, to what extent can even the most sophisticated thinkers now be suspected, because of presuppositions of *holos*, of a drive to community and wholeness which may be what got us precisely *this far*? If Chakrabarty's conversion is convincing it is because he was prepared to question the underpinnings of the broadly Enlightenment rationalist project itself, which now manifests itself as a historical consciousness that enables both neo-liberalism and Marxism to function as drives for "the true society." One of the seriously comic effects of thinking through the anthropocene seems to be that what Adorno also called acting "out of freedom" has the potential to undermine its own conditions of freedom, not just for good but in the meanwhile, and doing nothing "*comme une bête*" raises more questions about the human-animal divide than Adorno might have seen coming. The writer Timothy Clark has written on this more than ironic situation in which every thought seems to back-fire and prove its own relative uselessness,

[‡] <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kqT4ELCNgiA>

commenting on “the surprising degree to which even the most seemingly benign and trivial practices have operated on the false supposition of an infinite earth, an inexhaustible externality in both space and time—that natural resources (air, water, soil, and tolerable weather) are free gifts; and finally, that future time and the terrestrial space can act as bottomless repositories for waste or for issues that thinking wishes to avoid.”

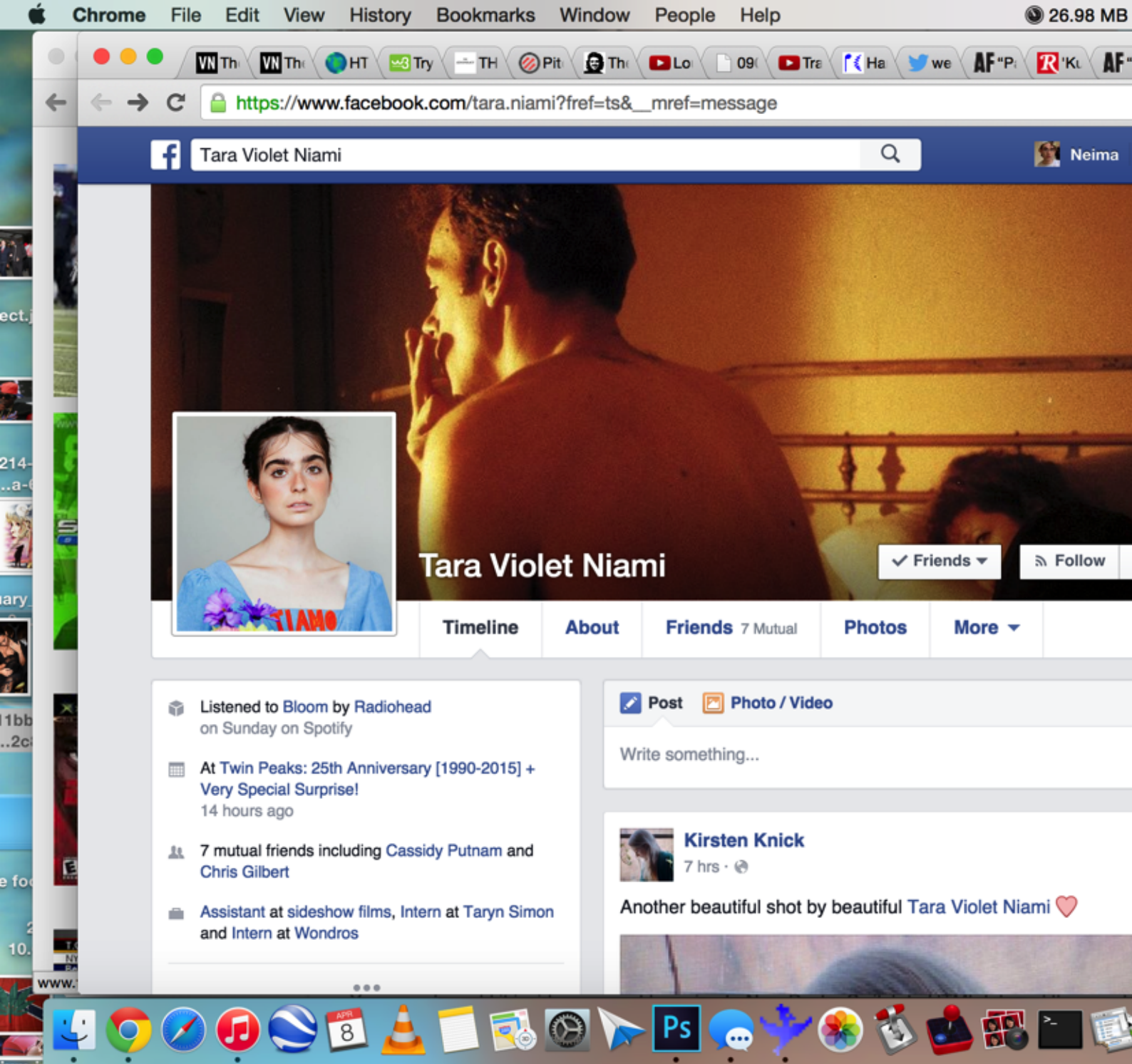
One can of course go overboard with these types of paradoxes. If Adorno can somehow be classified as having unconscious holocenic tendencies in his writing, then that would neither simply dismiss the entirety of his writing nor let the rest of us off the hook. The sense of urgency that Rusbridger’s project entails may itself come up against its own paradoxes and confusions. In a *Journal of Applied Philosophy* article from 1998 called “In Defence of Radical Disobedience,” Alan Carter writes that “the environmental crises are so pressing that we do not have time to wait.” Carter’s claim feels indisputable, and yet what do we do with the fact that he published this article in 1998? Seventeen years later many would argue that the environmental situation has vastly worsened, and that we have, notwithstanding the seriousness of the consequences, waited with some ease. Climate change may seem to get more and more urgent as an issue, and the exponential growth of what is still blithely called “capitalism” has surely led to an increased liberation of the need of thought from material needs, and yet at the same time the urgency of that thought seems impaired by the very excess of material conditions which compel and allow it. Anyone can say that nothing is more urgent than *this*, and yet where does that leave us?

On the one hand, what might be most useful here is to resist the acceleration of thought and its dwindling conditions (which seem to make a pair), to pull back, to diverge as well as divest, lest we become so urgent in addressing the urgency of this emergency that we miss what we thought the more urgent than urgent point was in the first place. All our best efforts and intentions, in brief, may just add insult to injury, and all our words in the name of this urgency may have the wrong type of hectoring tone. On the other hand, a certain clamor and speed may continue to be not just desirable but inevitable given the extremity of the situation. Anything more calming may be offensive and turn out to have been just as empty as the critical panic acting as a distraction from more considered thought and feeling. The fact that we really might be facing a speedy extinction of all current conditions and forms of life is likely to continue to create a healthy feeling of, and need for, panic, regardless of how much acceptance might be achieved on an individual basis around perhaps not being able to do a thing about it.

It is this situation, in which both sides of the equation are equally inescapable, and which the tranquility and ardour of Nico’s song paradoxically manages to express, that we might want to call the confusion of hunger.



tara at "people's climate march" - new york city, september 22, 2014



tara's facebook profile - april 8, 2015



image from my iphone 4 - the getty museum, july 16, 2014

IN THE COUNSELOR'S SEAT

Tom Cohen

“Confuse your Hunger”—perhaps that also means confuse your inner zombie by tossing meat substitutes in the wrong directions. The invitation to focus on a departing editor of the *Guardian's* belated commitment to broadcasting the “climate truth” may seem such a feint—yet coming ahead of the Paris meeting, the next last really last hope for a global sustainability imaginary, one hesitates. This confuses one’s zombie hunger, for a moment. But the invitation is framed by an invocation of the film *The Counselor*, and specifically Cameron Diaz’s character Malkina. I defer my own take—that the column is a welcome if generic and somewhat compensatory solidarity with “climate change” activism because (you know) it’s like for real, and so on. That stirred something a few years (or seeming light years) ago, but we are asked to hear Rusbridger’s personal narrative of belatedness, of retiring and not wanting to “regret” having weighed in fully and finally—with one foot out the door, “front and center.” I am more interested in how Malkina would read Rusbridger’s gesture of civic commitment?

I recall a scene where the Mexican Signor (Rubén Blades as Jefe) goes negative Zen on the cell phone to the Counselor about how to approach the extinction events he has inadvertently triggered and now cannot interrupt in any way. The Counselor (Michael Fassbinder) is in his driver’s seat, car unmoving, himself uncomprehending that his last bid to work things out with the invisible cartel gods is declined. The Padrone advises he should now think about his irreversible position as one does of extinction, apprehend that events have consequences that alter your world irreversibly, and that he now must face philosophically the annihilation of everything in his world in the most horrifying fashion and without remainder—that is, he will be first handed the recorded DVD of his fiancée’s snuff film, which was going on in real time during the phone call, and then be put in his own. (Technically, *The Counselor* is a sort of civilizational snuff film for the free riders of the Anglo anthropocene.) But I recall a detail: the window blades have messed the windshield with smudge—recalling the scene with Malkina “fucking a car” windshield to a captive audience, described in sheer trauma by Javier Bardem. The streaks on the glass ally Malkina’s meticulously described spread to the muddied

cinematic screen that the windshield reflects with the Counselor closed within—unable to view out or through it, the medium *itself*. Malkina, Malkino, first met using binoculars to track her cheetahs' hunt, the prosthetic eye as sheer predation, indifferent to the human and male psychologies she cuts through, departing alone at the end with *diamonds* in Hong Kong, reflective crystal carbon wealth undetectable by surveillance or the digital millions and white powders that *circulate* through the international veins like a sewage truck with an anonymous corpse as a *passajero*. Bestower of extinctions, Malkina tropes “mal” or bad cinema—bad not in the sense of Scott’s other recent films (it took McCarthy to call forth this diamond), but a *mal* we should hear in Baudelaire’s sense, what is privative, hypogrammatic, “material” as opposed to the recuperative projection of *hypocrite lecteurs*. (This unfortunate appellation applies to the entirety of last man, ecocidal “culture” today.) So: I would like to put Alan Rusbridger in the Counselor’s seat and position—because unwittingly he is, and it puts his reflective gesture in a somewhat *mal* light. What then would Malkina . . . think?

First, the gesture: Rusbridger is gifting us ecostuff on his way out the door, just in time. For some reason he seems to have waited. There is a build up to Paris which makes it timely as a spur finally, now, “today”—Paris, the sheepish successor to Copenhagen, or Cancun, or whatever nameplace is given to the never to occur convergence of a common “human” defense—since that would be *against* itself. This time there are some signs of clever preparations: they will channel the real deciders, corporate lobbyists, directly to negotiate in order to avoid all the blackberries going off in periodic pandemonium; they will juggle the accounts and numbers, arrive at what could never do the trick, and kick off the final era of hyper-extractivism. One will hear much of corporate geo-engineering boondoggles and personal responsibility for “adaptation” in the decade ahead, which has the discrete benefit of easing the disposable castes into assisting their own, eventual, retirement. So for sure, one is grateful that the *Guardian*, given its robust name, “is putting threat to the earth front and center.” Really, “front and center”? It is also nice to hear Rusbridger share his cognitive growth and transition to an apprehension of scale. He rides McKibben and Naomi Klein—perhaps oblivious that, from the point of view of ecocide, *This Changes Everything* (2014) changes nothing, including all that triumphalist finger pointing at “capitalism,” as if the destruction of a planet at least vindicated a prostrate American “left.” Nor is Klein’s belated turn (also) to “climate change” or the recommended return to indigenous ways (the *Avatar* solution) or the imaginary of civil rights movements from the 60s on a Hollywood scale more than extremely melancholy in implications (she goes next in the Counselor’s seat). Rusbridger’s column is an unwilling testament to the standing evasions

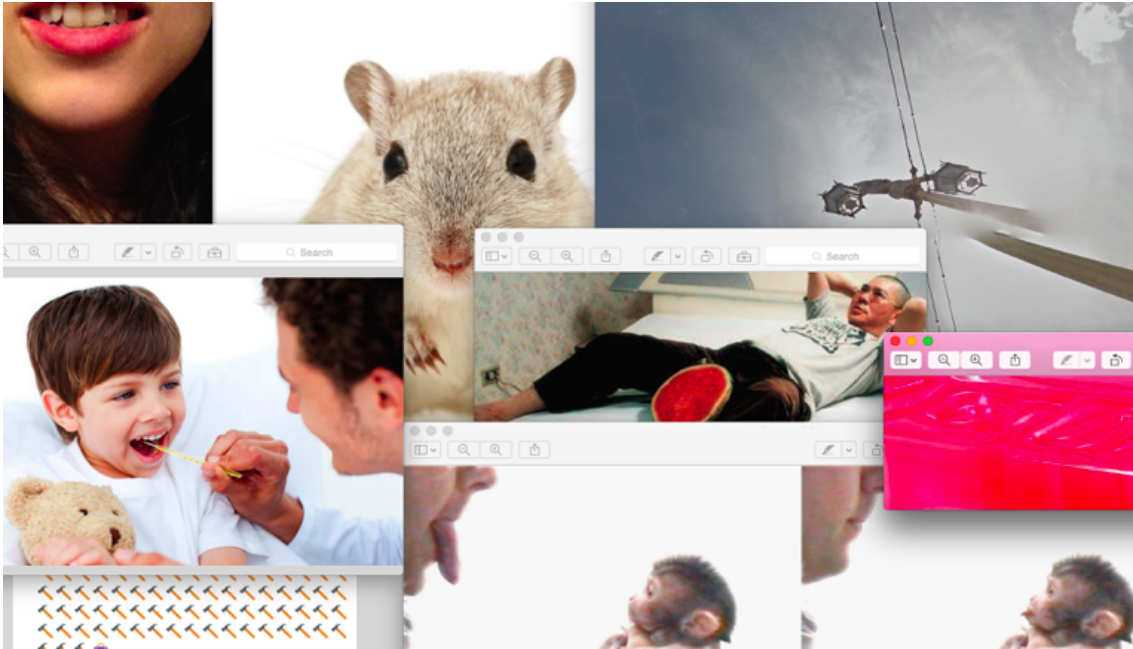
of the (now corporate) press in the last critical decade or decades—on just about everything, from Bush’s wars, to the financial “meltdowns,” to the evisceration of “democracy” by the Banking Cartels, parallel to the Cartel Gods in today’s irreversible and addictogenically accelerated economics of extinction. The same could be said of the passivity and cognitive provincialism of university professors as cultural custodians, a somewhat timid species who could easily have weighed in publicly and as an organized global voice when there was an imaginary brake, still, to pull (say, before the 2008 financial collapse, or before Bush’s wars—both of which eclipsed this Cassandra braying of “climate catastrophists”).

So, I would rather put Rusbridger in the Counselor’s seat, as one unwittingly partaking of the role of his generation in thinking of running a series as we passed *tipping points*—which takes it out of “our” hands, were it ever there at all, and were Rusbridgers not, discretely, part of the vortex of delayed or diverted public engagement, a vortex that, going forward, will have its own rules of acceleration. The rupture of post-cold war international “accords” and of any universality projected by euro-enlightenment tropes or institutions (“democracy,” the metaphoric of light, and universal humanity among them) registers these tectonic shifts and pressures from “without,” highlighted by megadroughts, megafloods, polar vortices, and extinction events emanating from them. For this is what Malkina sees, and what “2014” already discretely marked—and which, beneath the badinage, everyone knows and derealizes, including those who think they “believe” otherwise or run denialist mills. It is an open secret. And that makes the rehearsed role of the retiring journalist who, now, boldly goes “front and center” with a foot out the door balefully iconic. At least, if any of this were about choosing an alternate destination to that which, by now, must secretly have entered the imaginary as something *it wants to experience* (or so Hollywood bets).

If you pay attention one sees much climate comedy today—as Rusbridger’s well-meant rhetoric shivers around the edges with. His gesture of commitment cannot over-ride the hedged, influenced, or strategic delay that is part of his story of retirement. When Rusbridger and his genre of citizen activist and responsible journalist are strapped into the Counselor’s stalled driver’s seat, the Signor might taunt him on the docile performance of public journalism during this totalizing phase of ecocidal “last man” culture, and the consequences that are now irreversible—curtailing future generations radically. The CIA report on Climate Change, dismissed in 2003 by Bush, speaks simply and mathematically of “population culling” to come. Technically, however, it is all on the disk. For when Malkina raises her binoculars and smiles, that is what she sees.

FAMILY TRIAGE

Wendy Lotterman



Hello Earth. Welcome to the doctor's office.

You seem very sick. Are you OK? . . . Please sit down.

To understand why we live where violence is natural even though survival is a must we have to share understanding that we're not the only ones here.¹

NEUTER FUTURE



I put my life on the fridge with a chip-clip, covering the corrugated skin of a much bigger face or a fever too hot not to know we got it wrong. The red keppy backpedals regret into a belated amnio waiting room. I paint the nursery yellow to cover my own advanced knowledge. I return to the race once the ribbon breaks. The world-lap stands up. Once you go back, you never go back.

Perhaps we got it wrong. Perhaps the baby and the bathwater switched places while we were getting tucked into a comfier sensorium. Urgencies confer in a handshake; the face-card lays down and wins the race. Whatever happens, I still love you in the soft-core ectopic bedroom the time zones consensually remember. Even now, as panic reanimates from the whiplash of unlimited forecast. In ways I don't need to rank anything, least of all my care; in other ways my mom will always come first since kids are the future and that gift cannot be un-given, even if I

¹ www.youtube.com/watch?v=4g2p8VJwTx8

take it. A widow masturbates with a rough wicker urn and I realize that fearing extinction is straighter than I am—a normative doorstep in reproduction’s funhouse as if the worst thing in the world were for it not to repeat. The future neuters as a gentle objection. I plan my family. Coherence mistakenly relies on the trick ribbon of originary presence and its reproduction beyond the subject it delivers. Maybe that’s the meaning of *time to relax*. You get less endless and something else endures. I get on the couch with no intention to be legible.



WALL-E’S ADAMIC MEET-CUTE WITH EVE



A video labelled “Talking Cat” features a Tabby making noises that approximate English and I find it enormously cute. A white lily mocks other white lilies for mocking botanocentrism and becomes the garden of his own local attention. Why do the robots in *Wall-E* flirt like we do? How do I expand the definition of *speech* beyond arbitrary limits of intelligibility? Where do I draw the limits of my concern for other lives? Bugs? Bacteria? Parasites? The giardia in my tummy? It does have a smiley face, which endears me more endlessly toward it. But it fucks with my guts, so no. Exterminate it. How about the bed bugs infesting my domestic space and threatening the interior’s precarious distinction from outdoors? No. Out with them too, since home is where my tenderly delimited human heart lives. Nothing that contaminates the categories maintaining the difference from which my life begins. What are the actual limits of distributing my care? Why does the intimacy of interdependence make us shudder?



RELAX / RELAPSE



I don't or can't feel much of what I'm writing,
since there's no face or heart or lungs.
a jellyfish to Oz in a Hermetic meme-coat;
tweets angled toward heartbreak in conditions of increasing heat.
If I've spent months on this problem,
I ended every day with a call to my mom
and an episode of familiar TV.



I think I'd pick my own intimacies any day over the
prosopagnosiac nightmare of thinking the world without us,
since the foregone conclusion of a fever not merely dreamed
incentivizes more joy in the meantime.
I love you
more than I can worry about future generations,
hungry for whatever I ate too quickly.
I love my kids more than I can care about their lives.
Your face grafts over the milky iceberg in a vulgar puddle
beneath its former feet. I would never ask you to step aside.
I close my eyes and kiss you.
Obviously this feels better.



TOO FAST, TOO ATTACHED TO THE FUTURE

(TOKYO DRIFT)



What does the proper name do but glorify anthropo-mnemonics? Capital isn't the origin of error but a symptom of something more basic. Should I binge on the world to the best of my ability, hoarding into the cubby of my life? Is the will to live 69-ing with the death drive? Am I actually hungry for more?

I'm not sure I can or want to answer, but I will say this: at all times, every drive is rolling up to the center of an intersection at full speed as if certain to collide, but never does. On replay, or at least with some effort, you can see each drive rolling down its window and exchanging a few words we can't hear like Bill and Scarlett in Shinjuku. They always nearly crash and always already haven't, and in the irreducible space between the driver's side of each drive is a potential with a speed of neither.

*THE WORLD IS GONE, I MUST CARRIE MATHISON MYSELF INTO
YOUR LAP*



Somewhere in the middle of the night I understand that certain things will kill you very quickly and that event is called death, while other lives are denied all their lives and that slow death is still called living. On the same side of the same coin I realize that identifying the enemy is an obstacle to understanding my own complicity, but then the lights dim and your head cranes and I have every reason to forget that.
I want to say that the face is a farce,
but I still love yours too much
to believe it.



In the final episode of Homeland
Carrie and Quinn can't choose between the other's lap or the world,
since you can't see the world with your head in someone else's lap,
and your lap is just legs without someone else's head in it.

TURN DOWN FOR WHAT



Each call for disinscription reinscribes.
I worry you will miss me when I'm gone so I scratch my name into
the surface of the earth and leave the heat as my personal mnemonic.
Writing might always feed the addiction to data;
so might having kids.
How about this:
no more credit for the first best diagnosis,
just dead-end sex and wild diagnostics.
If the world ends tomorrow, please know
there was so much I was too afraid to lose,
and bury me beneath the snow in California.

I DON'T KNOW IF THE WORLD IS GONE BUT IF IT IS I AM ALREADY CARRYING YOU¹



I watched *Force Majeure* on a lap with my parents. The avalanche is bunnacula, and gas is such a terrifying state, a tricked out childhood antonym of the nebulizer in my bedroom on repeat. I get on the sofa, not the psychodynamic melon toss of a trillion hot pink halos collapsing on the bean-bag of my heart, but you, you specifically, in total open access. The centerfold cannot hold. I bite my cup and run both hands across the holistic lips at the porn awards. Every angelic future tunes into the solutions embraced on the rightful froth of your licit Costco screen. The class ghost goes to bed. My sovereign hand approaches the table then slows to pull your hair behind your ear.² Claudia Salerno mixes cream into the mashed potatoes and I politely decline to eat tonight. The accidental

protest isn't my daughter, but the peak inventory of everything I could have said was coming. I lay down with you instead. It's not fetishist disavowal; it's more violent and infinitely better. It's my choice.

To you, specifically you, I say: don't worry. You can find me wearing the BabyBjorn, and you can find yourself inside it. When the world is gone, I will already be carrying you.



AN-AVALER



Convenience is usually violent. As I say this, some kind of centrism straps me down and contamination phobia plays out like an expensive invisible fence. The dogs just sunbathe alone. It isn't enough, especially when the literal division of space means some histories get wetter than others. The drought is a chicken and the war is an oversexed egg, reproducing before it has even come of age. Something more radical than any of us needs to interrupt us. Some days the sovereign self doesn't quite pull through. I go to work; I think the industry should be illegal. Give up or lay down. A haptic mattering beyond the hunger for less and more. The problem of starting began with the fantasy of stopping as if we could ever hold a timeline that could hold us. I lie down on the deck and wonder why the snow collected just to force itself back into the cinema of my closeted attention. In ways I did this. In other ways I can't be so proud. It's snowing on my face. No more arms, just a loving tentacular conclusion before its normative proof. The point isn't to choose what to save but to undo the bed as we made it. As soon as I fear what's next I realize that the world is not a race to repeat itself, and the *ana* prepositionally inclines us toward the benefit of nothing first. I bite my cup. The world holds me without me. What more could I want.

THE UNDERSTAFFED ER OF MY HEART [ENDNOTES]



¹ Variation on “The world is gone, I must carry you.” In *Force Majeure* (2014) a family of four takes a ski trip. The dad uses his phone a lot—they took the trip to reconnect. A controlled avalanche picks up speed while the family is eating on the deck of the lodge; everyone collectively perceives threat and flees as immediate reflex. The dad grabs his phone and gloves while the mom tries to pick up her two kids but can’t carry them by herself. I wrote this section for J when things were rough and it was snowing in New York. There were lots of lunches on lodge decks and instances in which I missed the chance to care while I was worrying about what I should carry. In the end the avalanche stops short of the deck but it doesn’t much matter. The dad didn’t put his family first. I don’t challenge the mom’s grief and I am certain I’d also feel it; I do question the gesture of running altogether. More specifically, our tendency to hoard disproportionate favor, compacting an avalanche we have the luxury of running from. “We” here could be any beneficiary of privilege unwilling to risk or lose it.

² I want to slam the table like Claudia Salerno and also stroke your head like my mom. I want to care more expansively, but don’t know how to dismantle the hierarchical valuation of the world in which the lyrical and intimate are always seen first in the automatic triage of daily emergency—the understaffed ER of my heart. The twist is that prioritizing my life is now accelerating its end. The desire for more life brings less. Often I forget what I am doing as soon as I do it. I lift my hand to slam the table but am intercepted by my own, more desirable desire. How do I multiply my arms so I can carry my kids, slam the table, and pull your hair behind your ear at once? What tentacular presence can I achieve if I still believe my arms to be sufficient? How can I recognize limitations of a body or subject as it is normatively conceived and try to exceed that? The irony is that I can’t truly care for another so long as I am blinded by the hierarchy of my life. Another irony is that I can’t even care for my own life—which depends on the network it threatens—so long as it is busy maintaining its favor. The marginalization of the non-human world reproduces within it across race, sex, wealth, ability, etc. It’s easy to forget this. Indeed, it is easier to forget that behaviors yield similar behaviors, and social violence 69s with our violence toward the environment. If I don’t care to stroke your head, that indifference also etches into the surface of the earth. If I don’t slam the table, that passivity also grafts onto how I treat you, whomever you are. We live according to the principle that life is better when elevated above other lives, and are also among those other lives. How do we interrupt this? How much do we have to be willing to lose? How unwilling am I?

CONFUSE YOUR HUNGER

Claire Colebrook

One way we might think about the present is by way of an all too natural epidemic of hunger confusion. Here is what “we” are so often told by those experts who explain a series of disorders of the present ranging from hunger in its literal sense, to broader problems of consumption (of information and resources, and possibly the futures of other humans): “we” evolved as hunter gatherers with metabolic and psychic systems that favored short-term high consumption that would serve us well should times get tough. The very brain that will later give us the right to say “we” and to consume other animals by way of industrial technology is what required and allowed us to develop an energy-rich diet. In order for “us” to evolve with big technology-creating brains, “we” had to develop a taste for fat (Toepel et al., 2009). Sadly, those same brains that have discerned this evolutionary genealogy are not so quick to adjust to the high availability of energy-rich foods. In short, we are suffering from an obesity epidemic precisely because the most natural (and brain-generating) thing in the world—hunger—is confused. One might say that this confusion is not accidental but essential: we developed undue hunger to feed our brains, with our brains then able to detect high-energy foods, and then able to develop technologies to produce those high-energy foods. It is not only our bodies that are weighed down by the fat we consume and carry. Cognitive performance becomes sluggish when a high-fat diet is combined with the sedentariness that our big-brained techno-science made available: what does not kill us makes us weaker (Edwards et. al. 2010). It is perhaps no wonder that a “paleo” diet has such a lure: if our brains cannot speed up and notice that they have altered the world and the speed of consumption, then we should act and eat as if we were still subjected to a world of simple scarcity. If our hunger is constitutively confused—oriented to high-consumption in a world overburdened with consumables—then let’s create a private paleo world where we eat as if there were only the scarcest and simplest of foods. (And hasn’t the same thing happened to liberal ecological morality: whatever the complexities of the globe, act privately as if our world were otherwise—eat organic, recycle, drive a smaller car . . .).

The confusion of hunger is also, again according to those who know our species’ history better than we supposedly know ourselves, altering our relation to information. In a world of scarce resources,

competitiveness and fear it made sense that we would develop a capacity to consume multiple sources of information quickly. But, then, with a long (colonizing) history of enabled leisure we allowed ourselves the luxury of “deep attention” rather than “hyper-attention” (Hayles 2010). Because of all that hunting and gathering that generated the big brain that generated technology, we could sit down and read Jane Austen, and start to think deeply about profound moral questions and the history of “man.” Our moral theory could liberate itself from mere survival and the minimal moralism of being decent only to those with whom we were adjacent; we could—as Bergson (1935) argued—develop from a morality of mutual cooperation towards a spiritual religion concerned with a completely virtual and futural humanity.

We might say that our spiritual hunger is constitutively and felicitously confused: we act towards others not only with a sense of self-interest, but with a broader concern for humanity to come. Unfortunately, as with the hunger for food that developed to the point of gluttony, the hunger for information and cognition has—we are told—developed to the point of stupidity (Stiegler 2014). We are now falling back into the hyper-attention from which deep cognition evolved, and while this may help us with video games and day trading it is perhaps the worst skill of all if we are to think the complex temporalities of climate change.

And so before we even consider the temporal complexity of the problem of climate change we might note this: what we have come to think of and esteem as “the human”—man as a political animal with a sense of himself as a being oriented towards the care of others—is already under the pressure of its own constitutive hunger. The “original” desire for complexity and technology has positively been folded back into desire and allowed the human organism to over-consume the world’s resources and then over-consume the resources of those it does not deem to be sufficiently human. “Man” is an effect of hunger confusion; when “he” finds that the planet he so successfully mastered and rendered consumable is starving, his thought is not of rethinking the dialectic of hunger but of going on a diet. If we manage consumption now, we might develop a little more, and then live a little longer—sustain, survive, adapt, mitigate, but do not rethink the trajectory of this thinking animal. Rather, then, than argue that we should de-confuse hunger—have us all return to a simpler, frugal, paleo or eco-friendly appetite—I would suggest that we embrace hyper-confusion. Rather than say that “we” evolved but that our hunter-gatherer and simple narrative brains cannot cope with the moral and resource-complex worlds that “we” generated, we might think of refusing that simple confusion of economy. Rather than say that we have been too clever for our own good that we have developed techno-science without thinking enough about what it took from the planet and stole from most humans

other than those who think of themselves as the “we” of humanity—let us shift that confusion of hunger out of the temporal narrative.

It is not the case that there was ever a “we” that embarked upon a journey of complexity that is riven by a time lag (between a body that is over-fed and a brain that is stuck in a too simple past). That split is always among some who think of themselves as the “we” (the “we” who unfortunately destroyed the planet and who now declare “us” to be anthropocene humans) and some who have no hunger for any future “we.”

Let us imagine this at its simplest: there are those whom the “we” consume—not only animals, but future and present humans not blessed with the burden of the cognition of the wonder and blessedness of the species. Do we think the various species on the red list have even the simplest hunger for the future? Or are most modes of life living on with the most confused of hungers, a hunger that is constantly thwarted and not even granted the luxurious temporality of thinking of a future that is tragically bereft of life as we know it? Perhaps, then, the “we” who are so hungry for a future—the “we” that dreams of geo-engineering, colonizing other planets, averting existential risks and enhancing the species—perhaps this “we” should thwart its hunger for the future and think of desires not tied to the rational self-interests of this wondrous history of brain-heavy man? That hunger might be radically con-fused: conjoined and fused with a life not its own, a life that does not appear as a personal surviving life of one of “us.”

Works Cited:

Bergson, Henri. 1935. *The Two Sources of Morality and Religion*. Trans. R. Ashley Audra and Cloudesley Brereton, with W. Horsfall Carter. London, Macmillan.

Edwards L, Murray A, Holloway C, Carter E, Kemp G, Codreanu I, Brooker H, J. Tyler D, Robbins P and Clarke K. 2011. “Short-term consumption of a high-fat diet impairs whole-body efficiency and cognitive function in sedentary men.”

The FASEB Journal. 25.3: 1088-1096

Hayles, N. Katherine. 2010. “How We Read: Close, Hyper, Machine.” *ADE Bulletin*. 150: 62-79.

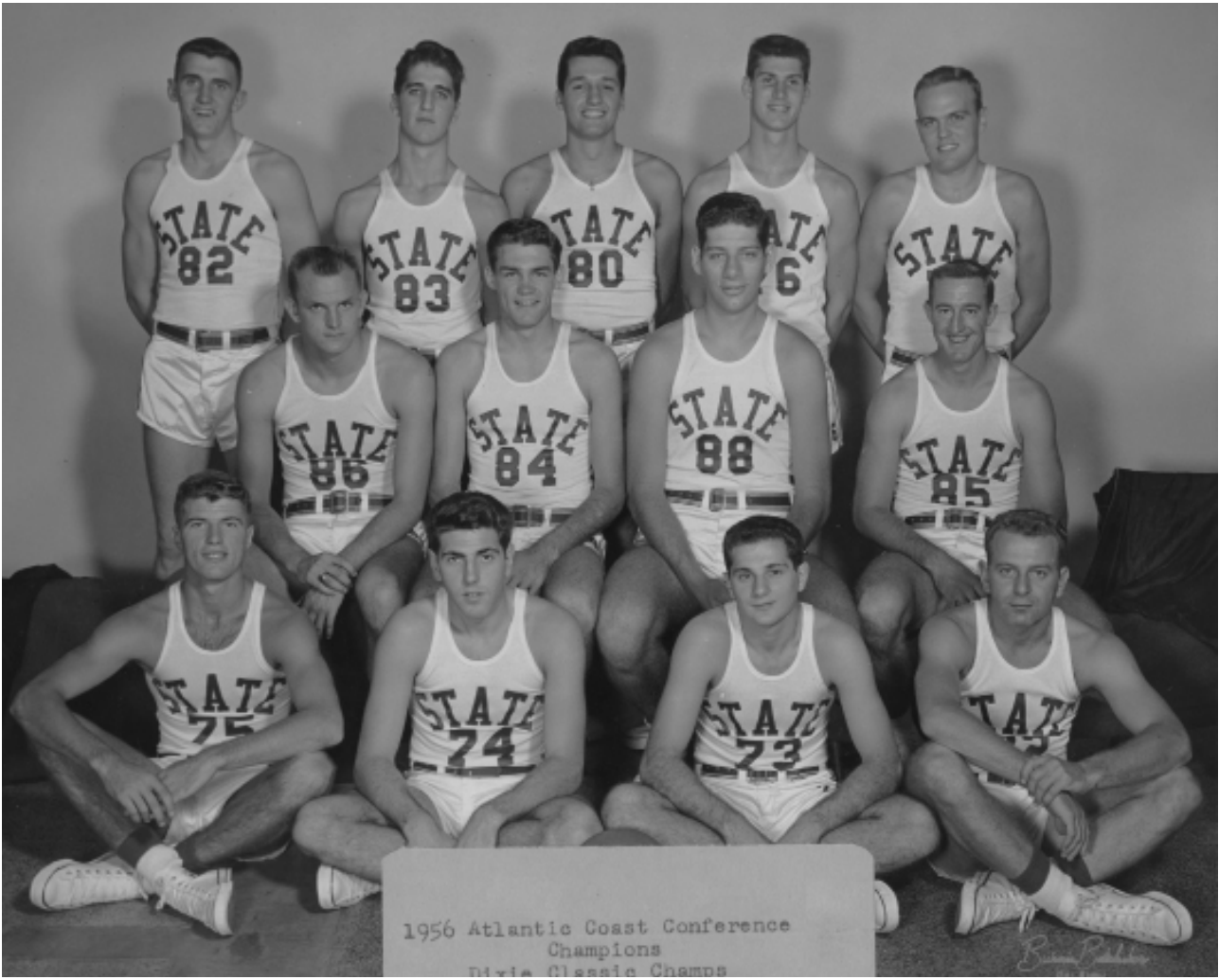
Stiegler, Bernard. 2014. *States of Shock: Stupidity and Knowledge In the 21st Century*. Cambridge: Polity Press.

Toepel U, Knebel J-F, Hudry J, le Coutre J, Murray MM. “The brain tracks the energetic value in food images.” *NeuroImage*. 2009;44:967–974.

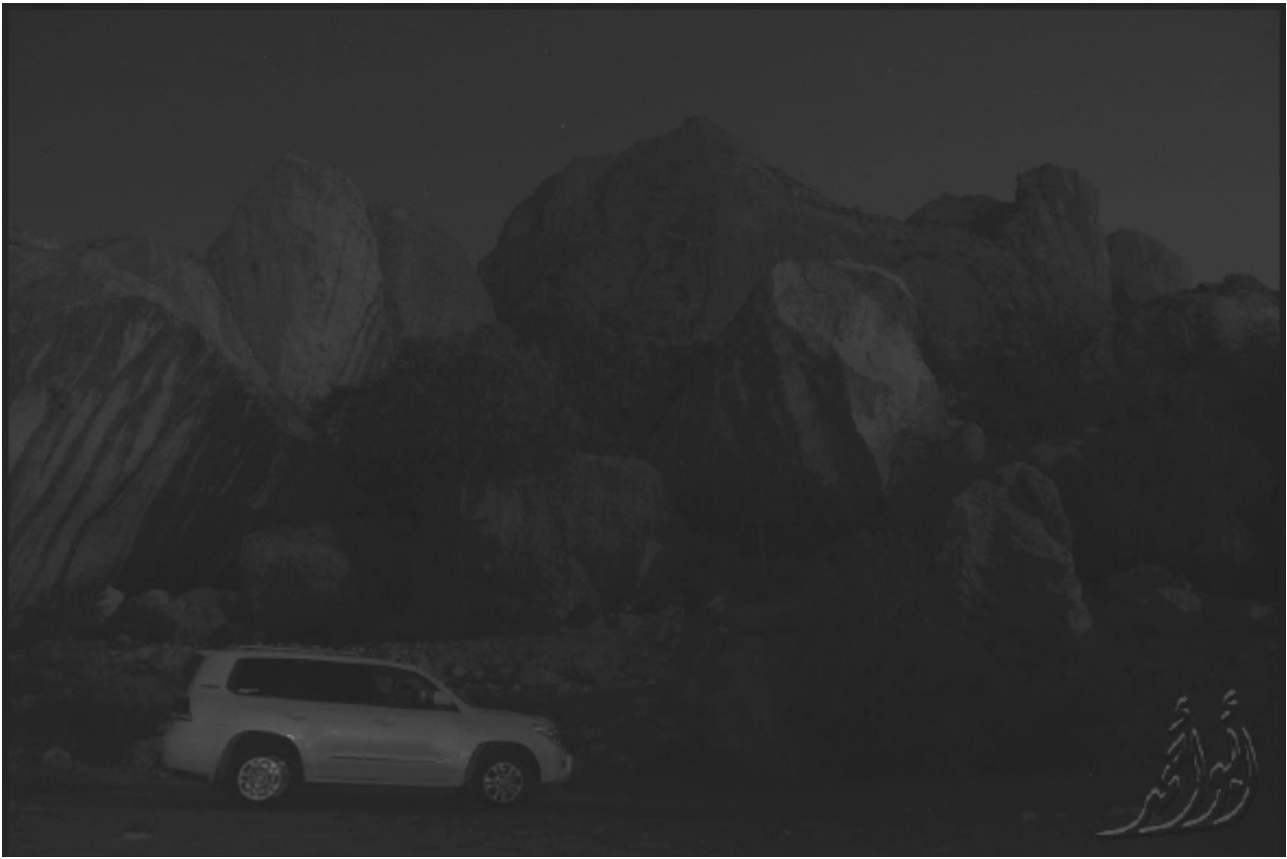
**HYPOTHESIS OF SENSUAL
SPIRIT:
AN UNFRAGMENTED
EXPERIMENT OF THE
COLUMNAR EMOTION**

J Mauricio Orozco



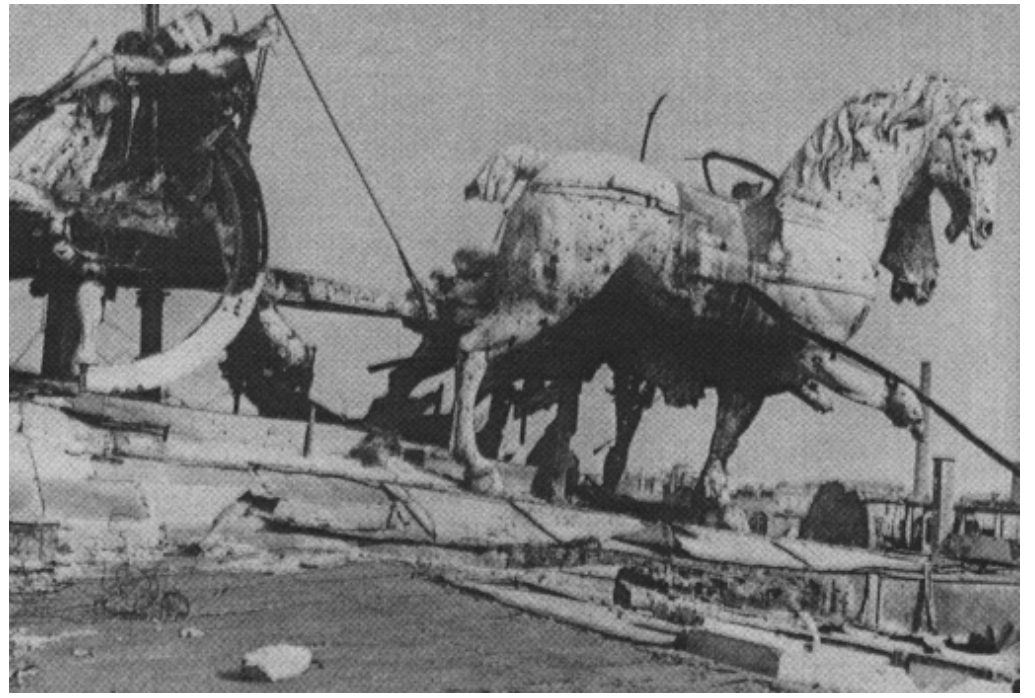


1956 Atlantic Coast Conference
Champions
Dixie Classic Champs

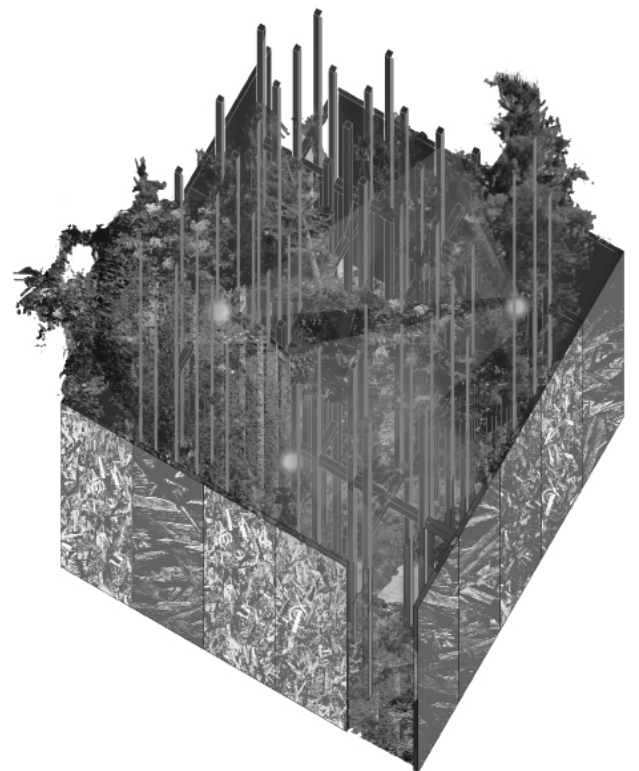








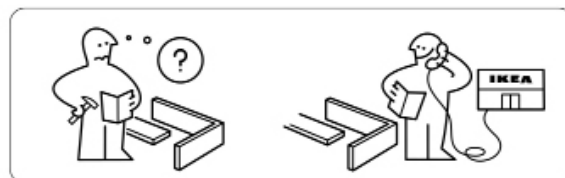






$$\begin{aligned}
 S^{(2)} &= -\frac{e^2}{2} \int d^4x_1 d^4x_2 N[(\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_1} (\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_2}] - \frac{e^2}{2} \int d^4x_1 d^4x_2 N[(\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_1} \underbrace{(\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_2}}_{\text{diagram}}] \\
 &- \frac{e^2}{2} \int d^4x_1 d^4x_2 N[\underbrace{(\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_1}}_{\text{diagram}} (\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_2}] \quad (2.25) \\
 &- \frac{e^2}{2} \int d^4x_1 d^4x_2 N[(\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_1} (\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_2}] - \frac{e^2}{2} \int d^4x_1 d^4x_2 N[(\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_1} (\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_2}] \\
 &- \frac{e^2}{2} \int d^4x_1 d^4x_2 N[(\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_1} (\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_2}] - \frac{e^2}{2} \int d^4x_1 d^4x_2 N[(\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_1} (\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_2}] \\
 &- \frac{e^2}{2} \int d^4x_1 d^4x_2 N[(\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_1} (\bar{\psi} A \psi)_{x_2}].
 \end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{aligned}
 \langle i|S_b^{(2)}|f \rangle &= ie^2 \prod_{\mathbf{p}} \sqrt{\frac{m}{VE_{\mathbf{p}}}} \frac{1}{(2\pi)^4} \int d^4k \underbrace{\delta^{(4)}(\mathbf{p}_1 + \mathbf{p}_2 - \mathbf{p}_1 - \mathbf{p}_2)}_{\delta^{(4)}(\mathbf{p}'_1 + \mathbf{p}'_2 - \mathbf{p}_1 - \mathbf{p}_2)} \underbrace{\delta^{(4)}(k - \mathbf{p}_1 - \mathbf{p}_2)}_{\delta^{(4)}(k - \mathbf{p}_1 - \mathbf{p}_2)} \\
 &\cdot \bar{u}(\mathbf{p}'_1) \gamma^\mu v(\mathbf{p}'_2) \bar{v}(\mathbf{p}_2) \gamma^\nu u(\mathbf{p}_1) D_{\mu\nu}(k) \\
 &= (2\pi)^4 \delta^{(4)}(\mathbf{p}'_1 + \mathbf{p}'_2 - \mathbf{p}_1 - \mathbf{p}_2) \prod_{\mathbf{p}} \sqrt{\frac{m}{VE_{\mathbf{p}}}} \mathcal{M}_b, \quad (2.40) \\
 \mathcal{M}_b &= ie^2 \bar{u}(\mathbf{p}'_1) \gamma^\mu \bar{v}(\mathbf{p}'_2) \bar{v}(\mathbf{p}_2) \gamma^\nu u(\mathbf{p}_1) D_{\mu\nu}(k = \mathbf{p}_1 + \mathbf{p}_2)
 \end{aligned}$$





First breath

I don't need a dozen roses
I don't need a pretty emotional poet

or beg for it, or ask you
to get on your knees
baby I don't need it¹

Infinite ruins on fire
wanderings to the bottom of our memory

this is to a man, to a dolphin, a sun on Tuesday, or never
I don't need a pretty sensual poet

or beg for it,
laying on the sky
won't ask for it
no more
fragments, no more progress

cynical slumber on the international wire
heaven is an emotion

I don't need a pretty poetical emotion

or beg for it, or ask you to,
get on your knees
don't be afraid of the universal mausoleum
or the waves when they bury the last man alive

¹ Lyrics from Katy Perry's erotic dream about two twin sisters brushing their hair with the water from the fridge in the middle of a Renaissance garden, youngsters wrestling upon an unconscious ego in a pantry, Tide bleach powder hitting their heads and the dust from an orgy, t.v., popcorn, portals to another world of other dreams of someone else. Performed by Nicki Minaj and Ariana Grande translated on Getty Images.

your sole promise,
Etruscan monument at the middle of a dusty oasis

I don't need
not even a dozen roses,
baby

Jurassic world

—through a return—
to understand and yet again being reborn
I AIN'T GOT ENOUGH PERSONA
a sombre mist;
where there is only control over my future
my tears for the human race and wind farms
I am not
can't stop crying for being here again
on a planet that is so beautiful I can not penetrate
if I can't fuck my own planet,
then I'm innocent.

Locked on a watermarked sacred grove
infinite arcs and doors

geese jumping from a *biodome*
shouting and shocking
into the last sea level
by the fantasy male remains,

on the importance of the moon,
my blown consciousness by the number of Christ,
the number of Christ
you and I sitting and I sitting, laying down dreaming
back we came
Why us?

What else am I not allowed to be?

That language is the way to live in often consensual coordinates of coordinated consensual actions. Nature is not a sourceful region or an exercise of power unless this is illegitimate. Nature notch, among other things, a network of emotions. To put it another way is the essential dimension, a clear surface.

I remember when I was made human
F A S C I S T,
Piranesi's sphinx cave
a glimpsed text of the Renaissance fountain,
marines in synchronized swimming, inside a tsunami
at the top and above all roofs
the millionaires
in their bonsai acres,

pictoric pantheon from a planet that is over,
silence from the god that dreams with the end of the universe
a symbolic representation about the end of the universe
being alive is overrated, i read it on a broken screen
a détourned performance by the messiah
of the vulgar and stupid

wait frustration
wait for me
eli, eli, lema sabachthani?²:

James Dean lecture about a toothbrush,
Fretton Pheces
everytime I ride into the future, I know I'm tripping
I think about this name: F R E T T O N P H E C E S

I don't feel like walking anywhere right now
no elevators to go up or down
nothing is anything, I'm so petty
and insolent

² First manifesto about spiritual sensuality. A linguistic temenos pronounced by Jesus Christ at the beginning of the exterior stimuli of a dream that had Seti I the Egyptian Pharaoh in the Osireion (1279 years before and then a Blockbuster employee).

dirty images, boring words
I reckon a painting in the room of the
maid

the global aspect,
a hungry ghost of the animal kingdom
i.e. emotional t.v. education

Self-sabotage Territories

An executive sleeping in the car
where Lady Di & Dodi died

wakes up every morning surrounded by swans,
he is the son of a black man
born in IKEA in LA

money is his mother
and sometimes he is a pimp

and usually he is an artist that brushes strokes,
stick stock images

over a dozen prints
he sells on vending machines

he excluded the gods,
he fails him them
 subatomic calculations to light
 their ancient stadiums,

self-sabotage dark metal
blue eyes and simple desires

attract
dogmatic traces like a rope

naked insects speaking
coming from an odd cemetery in Nashville

demon shortcut
megalomania
of the extinct king
my enemies
all the others
from the seventh dimension;
my enemies³

Have you breathed in around a bonfire?
Have you fed yourself with it?

Torino palms,
with a distinct human poetry

MEN TALK TO ME ABOUT PARADISE!
OH MEN, YOU ARE SO ABSENT!

³ Angel! the spirit fades away walking through the violent ocean, mermaid you can't swim without your father, dolphin you can't control the sea flow influenced by the moon.

You insist on fragmentation
on the units of progress

crystal columns and formica that symbolizes
a diet
for testicular cancer

yoga dream
free when spring begins
let the air where I stand be that same one

same kinetic structure
same clouds
same rhythm.
Under wild flowers
there is a teenager with multidimensional premonitions
showing on *tableaux-vivants*,
the lyrics
that anticipate the void
under an analogous woman,
Saturn's aesthetic of materialization

creation as first impulse
son of the rational
father of intuition

creation as fragmentation,
cynicism of our times
his impression.

We smile to ourselves when we write
we thought ourselves free and slaves

and we believe ourselves as gods
and gods think about us
and fear.

I don't need a dozen rains
or the sea
or that you get on your knees.

The assembly instructions
from your lawyer are the hypothesis :

SHOOT AT YOUR SEAT,

SHOOT AT THE AIRPLANE

SHOOT WHILE THE HOUSEWIVES DESCEND

FROM THE SLIDE TO THE HYDROGEN CLOUD

FOURTEEN

HOURS

OF

DREAM

OVER

WHITE

NOISE

THIS PAGE
INTENTIONALLY
LEFT BLANK

a man in Hollywood⁴ puts his feet inside a fountain
he doesn't care about your country, or the past
he is over his memoirs

sleeping pills and smoking batteries for breakfast
exaggerated reactions of a six-note piano score
he says

nobody even notices
when a philharmonic orchestra is tuning

What would the gods have thought, feeling
the stimulation of the universe that ends,
that's over in our dimensions?

an animal
with no intuition, he says

one of them dreams
— THE COLUMNAR EMOTION IN TIME —
seven hydrogen bombs per cosmos

I wish I didn't have
fear
memory
no internet,
no sleep

⁴ Loss of Youth. Restriction. Boredom. Growing Old. Ugliness. International Blindness. Loss of Affection and Material Resources. Loss of Love.

the smell of my skin while I take a sunbath
and look at the t.v. again

the free ocean,
between dawn and noon

I barely remember me here,
I bury myself in a burning tomb
of pregabalin waves
infuriated meteorites of silence

the mise-en-scène shows:
a textual narrative, improvisation, architectural space, dance, Hollywood
acting, funeral ritual, multidimensional dream, theme park ride,
spiritual vision, delirious sensuality, insane life, chaos in the current
order, astro magic, tableau-vivant, dysfunctional illusion, defragmented
spiritual union.

Shia LaBeouf eating roses at a desert

this is a memory
of our separation

first exploration of the sea
on the roof where gardens feel and fall

matches are
civilizations too
the new cities of anarchism
human islands of better times

of time
blue and yellow flag on electromagnetic tape

Shia LaBeouf chewing beef at the desert

another architecture of the disciplined polity
of Earth in the medieval
1988 molecular implant

it is the passport to Benghazi
hydrogen missiles of spiritual choreography.

We used to eat fish

visiting neighbors who are twins
you and I
unemployed, looking for our lost kingdom
fucking with the deep cold of Youniverse
I know your charming eyes
keeping the map of this city

I just can't believe anymore in Europe,

reminds me of you
hermetic woman from the ocean

I always remember your story,
urbanization of the dead escalators

forgiveness to those who choose the order
and hang on their ego's orgasm

who can say?
who cares about the solar system?

forgive me
and him;

I am spiritual sensuality of the Earth,
teen improvisation
mutual dreaming
foundation of the universal suicide
and the war against the gods
organic excitation of the trans-psyche

Birth of the fifth plane of Emil Cioran
falling angels
fragmented totems,
destroyed unerotic sex

Who are we here?
like the champion of a Formula 1 reality show
too many antidotes
Who is here now?

Why did we come back?
Us again!



UNTITLED
Deanna Havas

KOURTNEY & KHLOE TAKE KARBON FOOTPRINTING: A RESEARCH PROJECT

Anna Swann-Pye



Abstract: For this project I will be examining the carbon footprint of Khloe and Kourtney Kardashian. I have chosen to focus my project on these two Kardashians in particular because of their positionality as wasteful waste. By this I mean: they are at once in charge of producing the unnecessary material and are the unnecessary material that is being produced. And, my readers, do we not hold this place ourselves?

For we are all ALONE & DESPERATE & STOMPING.

The Home



If my memory serves, Khloe and Kourtney lived together briefly after Khloe's split from Lamar Odom. I have chosen to focus on this period in the Kardashian's history because, after all, who of us cannot relate to the feeling of hopelessness (this sure sense that we are hitting up against the hard surface of nothing eternally) that befalls us when our lovers leave? And we all know, too, that when our hearts become quieted, our footprints become loud. But, Khloe, I urge you not to blame yourself. How can you? For was it not Drake who once said, "first dates are awkward, first kisses are heavenly, first loves are irreplaceable, first heartbreaks are unforgettable"? And in this moment, when we truly believe that we will never forget our heartbreak (what a sad and comforting lie that is. Heartbreak, after all, is forgotten too) we vow to leave our mark.¹

And so, Khloe, you left yours.

Below I have compiled the Kardashian household footprint from what I'm deeming "the post-Odom" year (dec. 2012-dec.2013). I used the free online carbon footprint calculator to conduct my research.

¹ I'll follow you down til the sound of my voice
will haunt you
you will never get away from the sound of the woman
that loves you.

-*Fleetwood Mac* (from *Silver Springs*) (omitted from the final album) (how futile are our marks, indeed)

diagram 1:

How many people are in your household?	6	↕
Electricity:	2000000	kWh ↕
Natural gas:	240000	kWh ↕
Heating oil:	150000	US gallons ↕ *
Coal:	70	metric tons ↕
LPG:	80	US gallons ↕
Propane:	68	US gallons ↕
Wooden pellets:	0	metric tons ↕

Calculate Household Footprint

I believe that there were six people living in the Kourtney/Khloe Kardashian home at this time. These were (in no particular order): Khloe, Kourtney, Scott Disick, Rob Kardashian (although, if my memory serves, he was in and out, fluctuating as his weight did, following his heart and his sock business around the globe), and, of course, the children: Mason and Penelope Kardashian Disick. I don't believe any of the subjects of my study used wooden pellets at any time over the course of the 2012-2013, post-Odom year.

diagram 2:

Calculate Household Footprint

Total House Footprint = 372.59 metric tons of CO₂e **Offset Now**

91.67 metric tons: 1/6 of 2000000 kWh of electricity in California [remove]

Now, I fear I know what you are all thinking: How Could They?TM But, again -- and please, bear with me here (though your hearts, if they are like mine, may have dropped to your stomach floors) -- I would like to make an appeal.

How Could They Not?

Khloe and Kourtney have never been the most remarkable Kardashians. In fact -- and I hesitate to say this for fear that the possibility of non-existence will cause us to quake in the boots that barely root us -- without Kim, Khloe and Kourtney would be nothing. Imagine, if you will, the following scene:

In a world with no sun—with no possibility of their ever being or ever having been a sun—Kim is a lone headlight on a lone car crossing the interstate. Where she is going, we cannot know. But in the periphery—on the very edges, where light presses up against dark and bends and breaks and disappears—we see shadows. Two shadows, flickering quickly.

[You know these shadows; you've seen them before. They ran along the trees as you watched from the backseat of your parents' car. They taunted you, called for your attention. They beckoned and you answered, told them, please stop screaming, you understood, of course you did, you were lonely too. Told them about the strained dinner party you'd just sat through. Told them about how embarrassingly clear it was that your parents weren't sleeping together anymore and who were they hiding from? You'd lived through this before, probably even been divorced in a past life, probably seen someone die up close, definitely died and watched everyone watching you as you died and that's how we all learn loneliness in the epic sense anyway.]

The shadows in the eternal night are Khloe and Kourtney Kardashian. Of course, in this scene, they are not tan, they are not clothed, they do not have hair or fingernails either. They are very small and slimy and probably see-through. All of this, a product of having lived in darkness. But they exist just enough to cast a shadow. That is, of course, until Kim turns off her steady beam. When Kim off-switches herself (and she may one day, if fame's weight becomes too heavy to bear; if she wakes up, tears streaming down her cheeks, and calls to Kanye through heavy morning air, "heaven have mercy on us all—presbyterians and pagans alike—for we are all somehow dreadfully cracked about the head, and sadly need mending"² and Kanye, responding with expected grace, "yes, it must end here") Khloe and Kourtney will have no choice but to crawl into the ground—to wait patiently for their bodies to become one with the sodden mush of earth and disappear.

If they were really there to begin with. Perhaps they have only ever been a mirage. And isn't this our shared fear, my fellow shadows? That our feet are not heavy enough to hold onto anything; that one day we will examine our selfies more closely and realize they are selflesses—photographs of a mirror of a mirror of a mirror. So, then, how can we blame Kourtney and Khloe for the heating oil and LPG? How can we blame them for wanting to stain the earth with their fake fireplaces, extravagant bathroom routines, weird kitchen voodoo. We cannot blame them. We can only understand.

The Travel

I'm inclined to say that Kourtney and Khloes' post-Odom year coincided with Kim's famous reunion with Paris Hilton in Ibiza. This reunion existed as part of a series of vacations to the island—vacations that I will call, for the purpose of my study, the Ibiza Trips. This Mediterranean haven, as I'm sure I am not the first to tell you, has a long and riotous history of

² Attributed to both Melville and Kim K, remarkably.

night life that dates back to the 13th century. In fact, I *believe* I am correct in saying that it was Dante himself who once proclaimed -- through the din of the acid house, Balearic beat inferno—“*Ibiza: The tans will fade, but the memories will last forever.*” And we can all relate to this sentiment, can we not? For we pine for memories with a shelf-life even half the length of our tans.



Now, I know I’ve stated explicitly that this project focuses primarily on Kourtney and Khloe. But, as I’m also certain I’ve also made clear, Kourtney and Khloe exist in, through, and by way of Kim. I feel, then, that it would be irresponsible of me to not make the 2013 Ibiza Trips the primary focus of the travel portion of my study.

diagram 3:

Return trip One-way flight

From: *

To: *

Via (optional):

Class:

Trips: *

Click to include radiative forcing [what's this?](#)

[Calculate & Add To Footprint](#)

I should say—because transparency is key here—that the calculations on the previous page are not completely accurate. The Kardashians, in reality, would’ve taken a private jet. But the intent is there. I wish to show you only this: we will travel halfway across the globe to see ourselves reflected, firmly, in another. We will fly until our bodies are weak and our faces are glossy to find some sense of ourselves that we feel we have lost in the soot of forgotten years. We will dance to house music until our sweat has stained the concrete ground of a foreign land.

We will be known.

We will last.

diagram 4:

Total Flights Footprint = 1182.71 metric tons of CO₂e [Offset Now](#)

~###~

At this point, I fear, my research becomes a bit murky. We are not, after all, responsible for ourselves alone. No, my sweet and committed comrades, we are responsible for everyone who comes from us; who exists after us. We are responsible for everyone we bear and everyone who bears us in return. It is a historical burden; it is the burden of the future. It is Kourtney's, it is Khloe's, and it is ours.

And so, in calculating the carbon footprint of the lesser Kardashian sisters, I must calculate the footprint of all those affected by them. I will do this by considering, first, the number of people who watched the premiere of the latest Kardashian spin-off, *Kourtney & Khloe Take the Hamptons*. According to a recent study, 1.56 million people viewed the first episode. These people were cited as being "die-hard fans." We can assume, then, that they will also reliably watch Khloe and Kourtney for at least 1 hour every day.³

diagram 5:

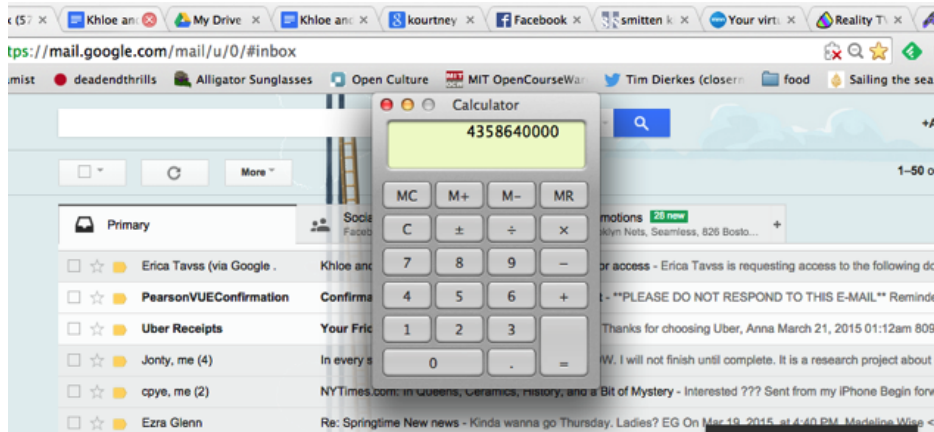


In diagram 5 we see exactly how many pounds of footprint we expend by watching Scott relapse again; by watching Kourtney, stoic and isolated, lock the bastard out, tell him that, *no, you will not disrupt my inner peace, this vacation was to renew our sense of family structure and stability, Mason would be better off growing up without a father than with a father like you, and what kind of job is party promoter anyway?* 127.

So we will multiply that number, then, by 1.56 million and that number once more by the 22 episodes of the season.

and here, in diagram 6, we find ourselves burdened by the answer:

³ Now, impassioned readers, I pray that you will not begin to doubt the legitimacy of my research. To mold truth—to ball it up and stretch it out, to let it squish and squirm beneath your fingers—is not to change it to lies. I could not do that. I am no alchemist.



There is our number, like a blow to the head. I know it terrifies you; it terrifies me too. Because, of course, as scary as it is to leave without a mark, leaving a mark is scary too.

How do we escape touching everything around us if our escape is touching everything around us? How can I stop the Kardashian Karbon Footprint? How can I stop myself? Do you know the carbon footprint of the internet? Do you know the carbon footprint of googledoc? Do you know if I can watch *The Kardashians* long enough that they might begin watching me? Do you know if they really should disappear? Do you know if they do, will I? Do you know if that will be best for my daughters? Do you know if my daughters should watch *Keeping Up With North West*? Do you know if Kourtney and Khloe take Karbon Footprinting and eat it and crawl blindly into the darkness and decompose and recognize their smallness and their largeness, do you know if that will make any difference anyway?

Diagram 7 will answer some, if not all, of these questions for you:



Kourtney and Khloe Kardashian never took anything we didn't give them.

That is to say: they're here because we see them, we're here because we watch, the earth is here because we walk on it, the earth is gone because we walk on it, the latest season of *Keeping Up With The Kardashians* premiered on Thursday night and I watched it all and my brain got quiet and I went to bed.

WHAT RETURNS

McKenzie Wark

An unseasonably cold March morning in New York. We're walking to the subway. My son is up ahead, keeping his own counsel. I hold my daughter's hand. She is chatty in the mornings, unlike my son, and unlike me, for that matter. She wants to know when the squirrels will come back, when winter will turn into spring, when the leaves and buds will return.

But what does it even mean any more to say that this March is unseasonably cold? What are seasons now? Will Rimbaud's *Season in Hell* make sense any more, when all the seasons are unseasonable? Maybe it should scan instead as *Hell in Season*. It no longer seems as though the world out there can be relied on any more to either comfort us with its rhythms or surprise us with events that come to us like an absolute force from without.

Ecology is dead. This is not the disenchantment of the world that anyone was much expecting. God's last hiding place was as a cycle, a system, a homeostasis, one that might wobble and bump, but where for everything, turn, turn, turn, there is a season, turn, turn, turn. The world no longer talks to us in the language of turns and returns. It chats in static. What is a sign of what? I don't know, I tell her. I don't know. The what returns.

There will be no shortage of melancholy mornings. Everyone needs a reason to get up other than discomfort. The problem of what returns. Let's just say that this civilization is over, and we all know it. The habits ring hollow. What we could be doing is the clumsy stumble to change life. The only signs that matter are the signs of another. No matter for the wood that it finds itself a carbon cycle.

My kids and I play a game on the way to school called Count the Dog Poo. This was how I taught them not to step in it. City life is all about knowing which signs to look out for. Isn't all life now city life? We made the whole planet live in our cities of dog poo. It is not just our species—being that still looks for the wrong signs.

What if this was all a job for poets? What if that was who we need to go meet? Those poets with noses to the underground gurgle of signs that matter but also matter more than signs. A whose who who nut out the dumb—game of bad information, seasoning word—salads with scat—sung back chat. Marching on the quiet, back into unfathomable earth. Down for the meat.

SATURDAY 7TH MARCH 2015. NIGHT

Sarah Wood

At the time of writing nothing to say as usual fear something ready driving to therapy two hares parting one left one right impromptu crossroads remember what do you something very happy why were they this story nature I mean the hot moon in the night sky meaning what happens remember also the hot shame the repetitive thoughts of the wrong decisions specifically too many cats in the house eating eat all day the innocents the absolute innocents protect it all imagine no more free association no more sentences everything that happens happens under the hot sky here on the planet, cooling planet used to be o Mr Empson, reverse / Her cooling planet means exactly what now, to grow old to hope to grow old to be a she with organs of increase children I mean these specific ones who we are leaving them this will written legacy testament all that what else for the future will repetitive thought only break stop or whatever fear of something terrible happening to those I love including sentences in principle for anyone or anybody I met in imagination or actuality the need to remember the fear shame to go o'er, we're steeped, are we. We stepped so far. Please think how to change this change (*please* like a child at night last thing writes a note leaves it on the landing poor note wants to be joined wants help thinking wants action acts now wants it to have been different) and the gift here would be attention to this together so that there can still be a who knows even if fear, hot shame quick keeps shouting and pulling quick away pretty it up overcome us like a summer cloud without our special wonder, must these things be, turn now to another way of thinking speaking acting about or on this, please take it on, take it personally, attend to these augurs and understood relations

Monday morning

perhaps together, speak, write, teach, besieged as we are by the sun, of which we are morsels, by the sea, of which we are also made, let's besiege in turn with voice and presence plainly and insistently at all those points, under the apparently earless and impervious ramparts. Looks as if this is something big and sheer and impossible but up close as always where others have begun to make it clear what we need to stop doing, do differently, it's another story we are in, that we are growing the nerves to write. How fast do nerves grow? In the body, better at the periphery than

in the central systems of brain or spine. Better in the young than the old. What can we learn about our denial and non-denial from this? Could we feel them both better (and in general feel more clearly, and so articulate more clearly) at the extremities of ourselves, in the fingers that type, in haste, fever, responding quickly or in the strange bodily sensations of the kind that come when we read

http://www.theguardian.com/environment/2015/mar/06/climate-change-guardian-threat-to-earth-alan-rusbridger?CMP=share_btn_tw



FLUTTERBY CASTLE

Timo G. Coombes & Robin & Osin

THE DESTROYED BRIDGE

Jackie Wang



3.6.2015

What did I want? To be loved by X? But X won't come near me when the lights go off. Someone is mad and the plug of a Chinese electronic keeps falling out of the socket. My voice changes. I say, Do you remember who I am? It's me, Jackie. Do you even know who I am? Why do I believe you don't remember? Again, the world has lost its object constancy. I have to explain all over again that my brother is still in prison. And they say, still? Because they've forgotten. Because it's no longer an event. I am always just "crashing" at a friend's house, hoping to be touched. Where is E? She's airbnb-ing a house on a river. Is this supposed to be the Hudson River? Can I stay with you? There is a map inside my mind of all the destroyed bridges.

Some time ago, there was a storm. The aftermath replays in real-time. I am showing the friend-turned-stranger my memories like Zizek guiding you through cinema. The people are running. I am wading through the water. But is that me? Can you tell me, is she me? (The one who is escaping . . .). My old best friend Crystal is running in her Kash n Karry grocery store work uniform. I tell him, That is my old best friend Crystal. We worked together at a grocery store in a town called Holiday. Then I see the bridge fall apart. People are falling into the water and getting dragged off by the current. The couple starts to argue about which bridge it is. We look at our mental map together, dragging the topography telepathically like Google Maps of the future. Here. This is where the destruction happened. Suddenly I am dizzy because I'm not where I think I am. They point to an estuary near a Great Lake. How did I get here? How do I not know where I am? I called many people asking if I could stay with them. I waited. I went where I was allowed to go. Am I in the Midwest? I thought this was New York. But the world is such that the Midwest and New York are the same thing, as the storm compresses space and collapses the distance. What about it made it like the edifice of a grocery store? There were piles of wood on the crumbling bridge and then I am sad at the point in the night I realize X won't cuddle me. Later there is a group of boys standing outside all wearing tie-dye shirts because it is their "uniform." Do I feel left out?

3.8.2015 (gmail)

God. Where to begin? Maybe with the brief encounter in the manhattan snow? It was a mere instant but there was so much in it so much I would have forgotten if it weren't for your email. It's like I just remembered fragments from a long forgotten dream. You mention the cut flowers. I had a moment with them too. I remember looking at them and thinking about the drag performer/trans activist Marsha P Johnson of Street Transvestite Action Revolutionaries. In a documentary on her one of her friends talked about how when she was living on the streets she would sleep beneath the table of a florist—was she given the day's leftover flowers? I think a man said she'd spend her last \$10 on flowers only to give them away because she gave everything away, because the beauty of a thing multiplies when you give it away. So when I walked by the florist I remember thinking "how sad, there's no table." Where would the ghost of Marsha sleep? Then the thought was immediately lost to the sea of forgotten thoughts until I received your email—it's only one of many things that bubbled to the surface of my consciousness while reading and rereading your email. I even forgot the feeling of walking away from the zinc bar, in the snow . . . I had to move onto the next thing so quickly.

Hunting Harmony. I wrote him fanmail, but I don't think I ever found an address to send it to, though I tried. The letter probably still exists somewhere in an envelope titled "undeliverables." Then when I heard he was filming *Spring Breakers* near my hometown in Florida I again tried to find him. I wrote to his agent or whoever handles his press asking if I could interview him for ___ magazine and never heard back. One day . . . my ex-girlfriend Persephone bought me the limited addition box set of his zines. So much of our relationship was tied up with Harmony. For one Halloween (I must be really out of it because I just typed "summer" instead of Halloween) she dressed up like the boy in bunny ears from *Gummo*. I didn't understand *Gummo* at the time and maybe even judged Persephone and her Artist friends for their weird fetishization of "white trash chic," tho *Mr Lonely* and *Julien Donkey-Boy* turned me into a believer.

All of this is just a way to not-say what I came to say . . . about Cixous and death. I will forward you a draft of the conclusion to my undergrad (yikes!!!) thesis because it addresses some of what you say though in the other direction (looks away from death).

There are so many disparate threads that run throughout my life here in the email. The structure of knowledge and its relationship to death. Forgotten theses from the child years. My high school senior thesis was on peak oil which is kinda proto-anthropocene.

But my thoughts just fall more and more apart the deeper I slide into delta brainwaves

For my next email I will write about the Malady and trying to understand the fate of a planet through the fate of a diseased body that doesn't know it's diseased. JD's, Eve's . . . mine. My friend had a Cixous moment. He cried about my little brain tumor and then called and asked what I was doing about it and I had to admit I was doing nothing. Look at how I turn away from that which I cannot know.

Future deaths are writing themselves now. The fate we make without knowing the sum of our actions like an article I read about how what you do now, decades before you are susceptible to Alzheimer's, will determine if you get Alzheimer's later in life. The logic is simple enough, but I'm too imprisoned by the present to keep the meta-view in mind.



3.9.2015

What threw me off was the email that J. T. sent me. His email was full of so many profound and penetrating insights that resonated with my memories, thoughts, old writings, dreams, books I had read—in a strange way, his circuitous email traversed my whole life, without him even knowing anything about my life. It was in the questions he tried to trace through detailed descriptions of seemingly unrelated events stitched together hypomanically. Anecdotes about Harmony Korine. It's like he read all the clues that I generate unconsciously. And then I saw it all through the script or arc that he established—I read a chunk of Cixous's *Hyperdream* and felt its unnerving proximity to death—"it must have cost her something" he said—and through the book I was sent back to the conclusion of my undergrad thesis, where I meditated on the question of death or limitless life by way of Derrida and Cixous's writings on each other. And then I realized that the exactly questions that J asked in his email were the questions that I've been struggling with almost all of my life, without knowing—he said he wanted to know "what she doesn't know"—my thesis ended with the phrase "and she never knows." She is blissfully unaware of death. She is singing in a car at the moment it crashes and so her life goes on forever because she lived until the end. Death couldn't stop her. This is all very abstract, I know. In the Cixous book she writes about the death of her mother and the death of Derrida, how they were both "diagnosed" days apart. Diagnosed with what? She doesn't say. She refers to the diseases as the Malady and a Death Sentence. In Cixous's descriptions it is apparent that her mother, who lived past 100, has a rare autoimmune skin disease that Cixous tends to with daily sponge baths. While cleaning her mother, Cixous sees a hideous boil beneath her mother's arm. She knows something about her mother's fate that she does not know. And Derrida's too. Facing their imminent absence, she sees the world frozen over. A desert. Glaciers. Nothingness. What was J trying to say in his email about the anthropocene and the end of the world? And how was it related to this Cixous book? I understood. It was something about the relationship between death and knowledge, about the gesture of turning away from the world frozen over ("the-world-lopped-off") that Cixous glimpsed when she thought about the deaths of Eve (the original mother) and Derrida. The fate of the world seen in the fate of a diseased body that doesn't know it's diseased. Today my friend asked me about my health and my tumor and I merely replied "I am treating it like the world treats the issue of global warming."

How then: to face (Death? Auto-extinction?)

Future deaths are writing themselves now.

I had to sit with this thought for a very long time.

4.5.2015 (gmail)

I have been walking around in a tear fugue for a few days now, unplugged from internet and away from gadgets. Read the 2nd half of *Hyperdream* in the courtyard of the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, beneath a statue of Persephone overlooking the garden. Cried and cried. Then all day, this weeping, on the subway, in Starbucks, in the library, in the elevator. The nasturtium vines were spilling out of the venetian windows like a vomit of orange flowers and I remembered, New England summers peppered with nasturtium, on my ex-girlfriend's mother's farm, we'd put the flowers in our salads for color and tang. The vines are nursed for 9 months before they are draped over the balcony. Every day until the chill came I would eat a nasturtium flower while walking down Oxford Street. And remember. All I can think today is "I hate being alive" and the man in the elevator says, "don't cry, it will pass" and all I can do is cover my face with my hands. I think I need Cixous to not believe "one dies in the end, too fast" just as much as Derrida did.

LIVING BACKWARDS: TEN APHORISMS

Nicholas Royle

1. Language is experiencing climate change. Recent work by Timothy Clark, Robert Macfarlane, George Marshall, Timothy Morton and Sarah Wood, among others, bears witness to a new linguistic environmentality. What Wood calls the “climate change imaginary” entails new provocations to naming and describing, new acts of reading and writing, new interventions concerned to change more than language.

2. Climate change is not just out there, in the world. Much has, of course, been made of the opposite: that climate change or global warming or the greenhouse effect is a fiction, a speculation, something in people’s heads. Neither of these perspectives reckons with the uncanny life of linguistic catastrophism and transformation.

3. Everywhere the stakes of language—and how language can alter what we think and do—take on unprecedented force and significance. Clark’s analyses of “derangements of scale,” Macfarlane’s hidden words in the most familiar landmarks, Marshall’s focus on “disattention” and “framing,” Morton’s preoccupation with “hyperobjects” and Wood’s fascination with new “forces of reading” all evidence environmental shockwaves in language itself. These are not necessarily organized or coordinated. But for that very reason they suggest a kind of revolution in apprehension and perception.

4. Climate change denial (“I don’t believe in it,” “there’s no such thing as global warming”) is a performative utterance, a “doing things with words” (to recall the man from MI6) of a quite different order of wishful thinking than other kinds of denial. Compared even with “holocaust denial,” the stakes are of a different kind. It is not primarily about the past but about the present and future. It resembles the statement of belief that the world is flat, while also figuring as its terrible inverse. No one died from the delusion of a flat world. Trembling in the precariousness of a present carrying the whole world, it colludes with crimes not only against humanity but against the earth. It is planetary perjury.

5. Along with the anthropocene there is anthrobscenity. Neologisms for other spaces suggest themselves: global language warming, posthumous messianicity, linguistic nanoterrorism.

6. Of Alan Rusbridger's coming out or coming clean over the failure of the *Guardian* (under his editorship) adequately to foreground and push the importance of climate change, Jonty Tiplady asks: "Why does it take retirement or later life for this to happen?" Amid storms and desertifications, linguistic and otherwise, we need to start living backwards. Such might be the name for a philosophy, ethics and ecology.

7. Living backwards has nothing to do with regression, or even memory. Michel de Montaigne offers a compact point of departure. In his essay on the education of children he observes: "When life is over we are taught to live." A new discursivity appears to be forming in response to the inanities and insanities of what is dying before our eyes. We must learn, acquire and invent new words, new tropes and images to talk about intimations of mortality and the prison house of capitalism, trailing repressive clouds of education, delusions of anthropocentrism and time as progressive.

8. Religion can be marvellous, an inspiration to us all, so long as it respects the otherness of every other (and not simply, as in a Christian model, under a regime of "tolerance"), and so long as it keeps open the thought of a posthumous messianicity. Posthumous messianicity cannot be reduced to any one religion or perhaps any religion at all.

9. Living backwards starts from the point (vantage and privation) of imminent final departure. As Montaigne also says: "If I have only one hour's work to do before I die, I am never sure I have enough time to finish it." Rusbridger has purportedly arrived at this point. Living backwards is all about how different the world appears if viewed from the perspective of imminently leaving it. The blindness of such a perspective is not necessarily or not only human.

10. Live backwards: without religion, without humanism, without assurances.

25 March 2015

SLEEP YOUR WAY TO MARS

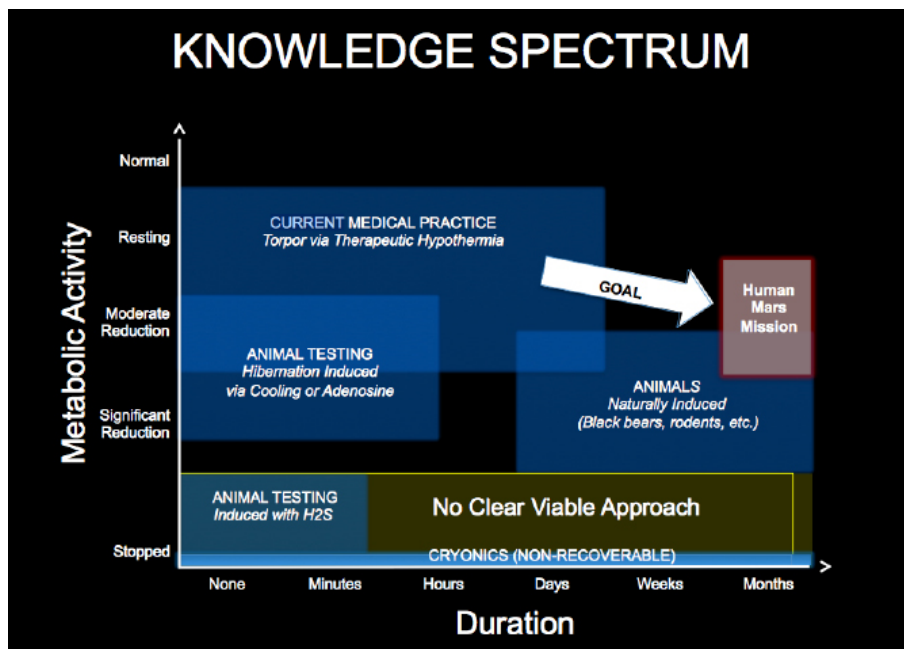
Jeff Nagy

2 degrees, 4 degrees, 350 ppm, 400 ppm—no matter the tipping point, it's increasingly implausible that it won't be surpassed in the coming century.¹ We were caught sleeping. We're not exactly awake now. Who can blame us given how much we've been working lately, the long hours, the commute? Drowsing hungover the hour uptown at 6 AM, I always think the faux-granite laminate floors of the 3 train look like the grainy vomit of stars in a night sky beyond the reach of the MTA. Writing years before the catastrophic effects of anthropogenic climate change were widely understood and accepted, Carl Sagan laid down a long-term ultimatum: "spaceflight or extinction."² The then-recent threat of nuclear annihilation gave Sagan's warning about eventual death-from-above a *nachträglich* urgency now more firmly grounded elsewhere. Mass culture shifts from warning us to change our ways to subtly preparing us for the inevitable, even when the visions it gives us are deeply pessimistic or spectacularly degraded. MarsOne: space colonization as reality show meets Ponzi scheme.³ "We were not meant to save the Earth; we were meant to leave it," intones *Interstellar*'s Professor Brand.

Where goes mass culture, mass transit may eventually follow, leaving us homesick for subterranean blues and cashing in our Metrocards for a one-way commute through parallax, looking to put some ppm in an underpolluted atmosphere.



Sleep your way to Mars! In Marx's *Pre-capitalist economic formations*, the bond between workers and the earth was the umbilical nascent capitalism had to cut in order to be born. Now capital's continued development will require dissolving the relation to whatever will remain of the Earth in general. Prospectuses of entrepreneurial aerospace engineering firms take on apocalyptic tones: "... success can ensure our long-term survival as a species against such threats as planetary-scale extinction events and ecological crisis." That quote appears in SpaceWorks' NASA-funded brief "Torpor-Inducing Transfer Habitat for Human Stasis to Mars" (TITH).⁴ From their offices in a mirror-glass tower near Atlanta's Perimeter Mall, the private engineering firm is producing exploratory research on inducing a state akin to low-grade hibernation in Mars-bound passengers by artificially lowering their core body temperatures, allowing NASA to Rip Van Winkle whole crews the seven or so month from spaceport to Mars orbit.



A Clear Viable Approach

Inducing torpor bypasses major roadblocks in current manned planetary exploration missions, since humans in torpor need significantly less food, oxygen, and room, allowing the size of the habitat to be reduced by a factor of ten, slimming down the necessary fuel supplies, and saving billions per mission. Torpor habitats would also eliminate the presumably incredible tedium of a 200-day-long non-stop road trip in an area the size of a small studio apartment, as well as a range of psychological issues pinpointed by Mars-500, a psychosocial isolation test-run carried out from 2007 to 2011.⁵ The six man population, minus an initial female crewmember eliminated from the longest trial to prevent (hetero)sexual tension, reported

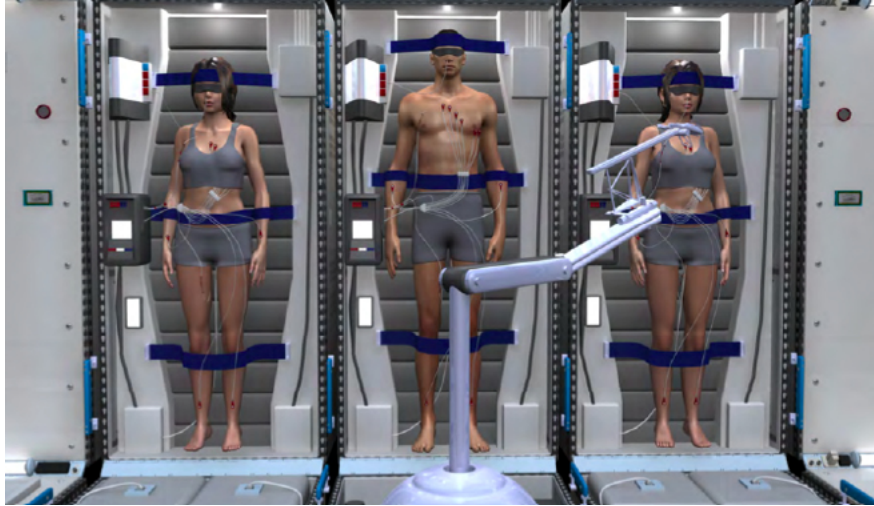
widespread insomnia, depression, lassitude, and antisocial behavior. Sometimes a few of the particularly affected “squirreled themselves away into the most private nooks they could find,” barricading themselves in storage spaces, curling into nooks in the galley in the fetal position.⁶ On the initial slide of SpaceWorks’ Powerpoint presentation, a woman sleeps peacefully, electrodes monitoring the ebb and flow of her dreams, while Mars looms in the background—an image that blends the final sequence of *2001* and an AirFrance advertisement. Faced with endless games of Name That Asteroid, who wouldn’t prefer the space equivalent of slipping an Ambien in business class, waking refreshed and ready for the big meeting with the red planet?



On the other hand, the technical reality of TITH doesn’t much resemble the Snow White visions of classic scifi. Inducing torpor by lowering body temperature involves a device called RhinoChill, usually deployed to extend the surgery window for major trauma victims. Trans-nasal evaporative cooling puts your brain on ice: plastic tubing inserted deep in the nostrils spray a gas that SpaceWorks euphemistically terms “coolant mist,” which evaporates directly underneath the brain and the base of the skull. The mist cools blood passing by, and the rest of the body in turn as that chilled blood circulates. Strapped to a freon neti pot, each crew member is a flying refrigerator, pumped regularly with propofol, fentanyl, and midazolam, a “neuromuscular blockade” to forestall the normal human response to having your core temperature lowered by five degrees: shivering. In torpor, passengers are fed by total parenteral nutrition (TPN), with essential nutrients funneled through a central venous chest catheter directly into the bloodstream. With the digestive tract bypassed, they won’t even need to shit.

In addition to bone density loss and muscle atrophy, familiar side effects of longer-duration spaceflight, TITH and TPN have their own particular risks: pneumonia and hypothermia, fatty liver disease from long-term IV feeding, thromboembolism from prolonged immobility and permanently implanted IVs (necessitating periodic heparin flushes), infections aggravated by depressed cell metabolic functioning, impaired clotting, refeeding syndrome (involving the potential failure of the long-dormant digestive tract), hyperglycemia, and diabetes. The potential

muscle atrophy of a 200-day torpor flight would need to be remedied by “routine electrical neuromuscular stimulation.” In the provided illustration, this appears to mean that a pair of robotic taser arms will deliver period shocks to the sleepers’ major muscle groups.



Tase Me, Bro!

The neuromuscular blockade against shivering presumably prevents the normal human reactions to electric shocks as well. A frozen, tased, infection-prone and incipiently-diabetic meat sac strapped in a tube hurtling through outer space, one might be left dreaming of a homicidally merciful HAL to terminate one’s life functions.



The Gift of Death

That is, if one were to dream at all. Despite external similarities, SpaceWorks’s big sleep doesn’t really merit the name. Research on mammals that naturally undergo seasonal torpor show that those animals

get less REM sleep and less slow wave sleep. Since restorative sleep involves physiological processes that need warmer body temperatures, those animals typically emerge from torpor chronically sleep-deprived, and some even periodically come out of torpor in order to actually sleep before going back under.⁷ However bad our current commutes might be, EEG-based studies indicate that the low brain temperatures involved in torpor largely wouldn't support dreaming or slow-wave sleep, leaving Martians-to-be with an unimaginable sleep debt looking on their new home through bleary, haggard eyes.

All these are small degradations and discomforts to bear when planets are at stake, surely, and even more so when the survival of humanity could be bought by a few hundred rough nights, a space messianism enshrined in the TITH report itself. The research currently carried out under the guise of a new frontierism—bold men boldly going—reproduces classic colonialist pioneer attitudes: all of the 3D sketch-ups of TITH produced by SpaceWorks that include human passengers represent them as visibly white, occasionally with, provocatively, a gender balance of two women for every one man.⁸ The former aspect comes as no surprise given the PoC representation in SpaceWorks' offices: 0%. Torpor-enabled spaceflight is part of an exploration imaginary in which educated, upper class white folks get launched to a new frontier, where they survive by dint of their hardy—and voluntary—resourcefulness.



Eyes on the Ball: The SpaceWorks Enterprises, Inc. Team

We already know that the disastrous effects of climate change will weigh most heavily on populations least equipped to deal with them, populations that are already precarious and variously exploited by the global actions of white supremacist capitalism.⁹ After the new frontier gets old, the make-up of populations following in the wake of whiteys who've left the moon for Mars or elsewhere might well be determined by institutionalized class and race biases and global inequalities, whether via direct force or a slightly more nuanced exercise of structural power. Just as it's easier

for some of us to shirk jury duty or compulsory military service despite the civic rhetoric that it applies equally to all, the future white and rich may cling to their newly-beachfront apartments in Washington or Pacific Heights while their poorer neighbors sleep their way to Io. Even more dire will be the situation of the 200 million expected to be climate refugees by 2050.¹⁰ Who better to break rocks in Martian mines than the people of Tuvalu, who have already had to envision wholesale evacuation of their 10,000 citizens to New Zealand, or those of Kiribati, all of whose 33 Pacific atolls will likely be underwater by the end of the century? This, of course, involves the rosy assumption that the richer, higher-elevation space-faring nations will take any actionable interest at all in the fate of populations their energy policies leave dead in the water.

Torpor is the technology that makes these mass relocations possible. As SpaceWorks puts it, the fuel and cost reductions that TITHs enable will be “important as we eventually transition from [exploration to colonization]. We will ultimately need to be able to transport larger numbers of people and there is currently no practical means to achieve this without torpor.” While garden-variety Earth-bound capitalism uses forced wakefulness as a control and interrogation tactic in black site prisons, and as a form of indirect power/exploitation in tandem with the kinds of shift-work that fall more heavily on oppressed class and racial groups, the reproduction of capitalism on worlds other than our ruined own precisely depends on an instrumentalization of sleep, a forced sleepfulness. The technological development of a version of sleep perfectly adapted to capitalism, a putting-to-sleep solely for the efficient transport of human labor, runs exactly counter to Jonathan Crary’s thesis in *24/7: Late Capitalism and the Ends of Sleep*. Crary asserts a fundamental and intractable antagonism between capitalism and sleep, which constitutes “an uncompromising interruption of the theft of time from us by capitalism.”¹¹ To continue to cite the most compact version of this claim, which appears in the opening pages of Crary’s monograph:

“Most of the seemingly irreducible necessities of human life—hunger, thirst, sexual desire, and recently the need for friendship—have been remade into commodified or financialized forms. Sleep poses the idea of a human need and interval of time that cannot be colonized and harnessed to a massive engine of profitability and thus remains an incongruous anomaly and site of crisis in the global present. In spite of all the scientific research in this area, it frustrates and confounds any strategies to exploit or reshape it. The stunning, inconceivable reality is that nothing of value can be extracted from it.”¹²

Amazingly, Crary ignores a Marxian point that even conservative economists acknowledge: that sleep obviously plays a crucial role in the reproduction of labor. The amount of surplus value that can be squeezed from a crane

operator or truck driver on a three-day amphetamine bender decreases dramatically when the cargo spills across the expressway or the i-bar smashes through a high-rise condo's new glass facade, and exhausted workers become obnoxiously inefficient in the eyes of their managers in plenty of more humdrum ways as well. Crary overlooks this perhaps because of an unstated pessimism that the labor-power-restorative function of sleep will be made obsolete, replaced by the kinds of intensive amphetamine regimes regularly used already by US soldiers on combat missions (to which he alludes early in his argument).¹³ Or, extrapolating from his stated thesis, because relentless dispersal of digital devices to whose flows workers' will be required to respond at all times will pulverize the night's sleep to micro-dozes, adapting it to the non-stop nanorhythms of high-frequency trading and making the division between sleep and work subject to near quantum levels of uncertainty. In which case we should regard Crary's eulogy of sleep's resistance as a kind of polemical nostalgia.

Either way, the development of TITHs puts the lie to sleep's supposed resistance from top to bottom. Crary sees in sleep "a shared enactment of withdrawal from the calamitous nullity and waste of 24/7 [late capitalist] praxis," the suspended but still living possibility for the general strike or its image as in a photographic negative.¹⁴ Torpor for space colonization will be no withdrawal from nullity and waste but actually the instrumentalized state that enables its extension. Further, Crary's somewhat fanciful "shared enactment" becomes, in the form of torpor, precisely what forecloses actual collective action or even emergent solidarity among passengers, whose interpersonal psychic lives are suppressed during their months in transit along with their core temperatures. At his most rapturous, Crary wants to position sleep as a species of cognition able to hold on to unactualizable potentialities, to certain essential utopias of the past or new freedoms of sense to come, so that it is through sleep and its enactment of resistance that we gain access, however tenuously, to the "one dream, superseding all others," of a "shared world whose fate is not terminal [. . .] in which history can take on other forms than reified nightmares of catastrophe."¹⁵ What dreams may come in place of those nightmares? "[T]he imaginings of a future without capitalism begin as dreams of sleep."¹⁶ By "dreams of sleep," does he mean that those imaginings find their initial form in a desire for sleep, indirectly for its inert "radical interruption"? Or does the two-way preposition indicate that the dreams that find us in that gap should be valued for their sheer, worthless counterfactuality?

Nor will we sleep, nor will we dream en route to the next terminal world. The actual capitalism of the future (what else to call private aerospace engineering firms?) imagines a sleep without dreams, in which

sleep's "radical interruption" is no more of a gap in the functioning of the system than the words-from-our-sponsors that interrupt daytime TV gameshows; it imagines less sleep than a sleep mode that preserves potential functionality while maximizing energy efficiency. What about those dreams, and not only the ones lost to the lack of REM in torpor? Crary makes a somewhat convincing argument that psychoanalysis, as the handmaiden of bourgeois individualism, formalized the reduction of dreaming from a multivalent activity, often with social or political import, to the distorted expression of a disavowed, private wish.⁷ It is almost as if Crary's ideal sleep were a commons impossible to expropriate from its workers, whose dreams were the common value they produced there, an idyll interrupted by a series of discursive enclosures that leave our dreams smaller and merely our own. The "dreams of sleep," Crary's "one dream," used to belong at some lost time in some sense to the community, and could address larger societal or religious concerns, but psychoanalysis makes that relation, where it still pertains, pass always through smaller, nested interior circuits of the individual and the family. If it was still believed, as it once was, that dreams occasionally predicted future conquests or defeats, famines or plagues, told of where to find water or found cities, that they concerned anything except our frustrated desires, we might not be so readily parted with them—we might not have the right to dispose of them at all, a right that we can even conceive of insofar as they're considerable as analogous to private property. But who would not be rid of visions of his or her frustrated desires? Who wouldn't surrender their dreams for a new world beyond their wildest?

On the other side of Crary's colorblind and essentialized vision of resistant sleep, its brotherhood-of-man uniformity inherited from the eight-hour-day labor law push at the turn of the 20th century, the current actual allotment of sleep and dreaming is largely unequal, in perfect keeping with its status under capital: less an inflexible biological need or moral right than an elastic luxury consumption good. In the US, lower income and non-white populations on average suffer from lack of sleep at much higher rates than the rich and white (and *a fortiori* the rich *and* white), as the kinds of shorter-duration and broken sleep typical of inflexible schedules and shift-work fall more heavily on them. As a study funded by the NIH documenting the growing disparities of sleep duration by income, education, and race/ethnicity confesses: "As with other luxuries that come at the cost of either money or time, sleep may be a resource whose price is beyond the reach of some segments of the population."¹⁸ Since chronic lack of sleep has been linked to increased mortality risk and health problems from heart disease to diabetes, the unequal distribution of sleep to already exploited populations helps to

maintain and even expand the gap between them and well-slept, flexibly-employed and educated whites, as their premature incapacitation due to illness or death limits capital accumulation, while their continual, system-intentional fatigue interferes with organizing or other kinds of resistance.

Torpor, the future chicory ersatz of real, luxury sleep, is an aggravated form of this homeostatic subroutine of a larger and ongoing system of exploitation, one that utilizes rhythms of sleep and sleeplessness to reproduce its power. TITHs resolve the ambivalence in Crary's "dreams of sleep," parsing the phrase's duplicity, its own hopeful resistance, into discrete units: the two hundred days and nights of sleep below the threshold of dream, where the dream is truly common only in its common absence (the "sleep of dreams"); and the imponderable sleep debt that will leave the future transported dreaming of sleep until their collapse in a subterranean chromium lake. If sleep is subject to the pressures of the market, if we can think of it as a strange sort of good, however indirectly transferrable, how do we think about its dreams? I have a pot of dirt I am made to sell you; after you buy it from me, a flower grows in it. We ignore if the seed was already there at the time of the transaction. I sell you my beloved labrador, whose food I can no longer afford. If the dog has fleas, they're yours, but I inform you that I am not willing to part with either the wagging of his tail or his bark. Both of these are wrong, but I will not say it is because dreams are not transferrable. For some these dreams of sleep will be the only property left, exchanged for the price of passage. Only the rich will have the luxury of sleep and its dreams, and will consume them conspicuously. They will sleep in bulletproof transparent plexi-cases like popes, on top of ceremonial pillars in urban centers, or wheeled out unconscious to every distribution of pathetic rations like Bentham's hay-stuffed corpse. They will sleep in massive diamond sphinxes, their quiescent faces live-streamed into workers' quarters, in permanent orbit in telemetric fleets of glass coffins. While we watch, speed-wired unto death, our sleep-deprived eyelids flapping like the hanging chads in a defective ballot. We will watch them pass, glinting between us and the light of a farther sun.

¹ Bill McKibben has a highly readable introduction to some of these numbers in a 2012 article for *Rolling Stone*, “Global Warming’s Terrifying New Math,” <http://www.rollingstone.com/politics/news/global-warmings-terrifying-new-math-20120719>. The World Bank has issued repeated reports about the likelihood of a 4 degree rise and its catastrophic consequences, which are available on its website dedicated to climate change, <http://www.worldbank.org/en/topic/climatechange>.

² Carl Sagan, *Pale Blue Dot: A Vision of the Human Future in Space* (New York: Random House, 1994), 327.

³ See this account by one of the more qualified finalists: “Mars One Finalist Explains Exactly How It’s Ripping Off Supporters,” <https://medium.com/matter/mars-one-insider-quits-dangerously-flawed-project-2dfef95217d3>.

⁴ The full report is available via NASA at http://www.nasa.gov/sites/default/files/files/Bradford_2013_PhI_Torpor.pdf. Most of the technical details of TITHs are drawn from this report or publicly available descriptions of the underlying technologies (RhinoChill, total parenteral nutrition, etc.).

⁵ The official ESA online home of Mars-500 is located at http://www.esa.int/Our_Activities/Human_Spaceflight/Mars500.

⁶ See <http://www.3news.co.nz/environmentsci/mars-experiment-marred-by-sleep-woes-2013010906> for a fuller description of the problems. The full report is published in PNAS: <http://www.pnas.org/content/110/7/2635.abstract>.

⁷ One study that supports such a conclusion is available here: <http://ajpregu.physiology.org/content/260/6/R1123>

⁸ In the “Manifesto of the Committee to Abolish Outer Space,” Sam Kriss is absolutely right to point to primitive accumulation of capital extorted from women’s bodies in a newly interglobal context for capitalism, something that seems at least latent in the SpaceWorks imaginary: “As Silvia Federici showed, the process of primitive accumulation took place not only across the ravaged terrain of the Americas but across the territory of the female body, using technologies of power acquired through colonial conquest. Any new capitalist feeding frenzy will bring with it not only immiseration and slavery but new techniques of discipline, unimaginable today but perhaps not unlike those claws that will drag mineral-rich asteroids into the waiting maws of the machines.” <http://thenewinquiry.com/essays/manifesto-of-the-committee-to-abolish-outer-space/>

⁹ A brief introduction to the unequal distribution of the effects of climate change can be found on the NYT Economics blog here: <http://economix.blogs.nytimes.com/2013/11/12/the-inequality-of-climate-change/>. The World Bank has also issued reports that deal with the subject.

¹⁰ The figure appears in the 2006 Stern report, archived here: http://mudancasclimaticas.cptec.inpe.br/~rmclima/pdfs/destaques/sternreview_report_complete.pdf

¹¹ Jonathan Crary, *24/7: Late Capitalism and the Ends of Sleep* (Brooklyn, NY: Verso, 2013), 10.

¹² *ibid.*, 10-11.

¹³ *ibid.*, 2.

¹⁴ *ibid.*, 126.

¹⁵ *ibid.*, 128.

¹⁶ *ibid.*

¹⁷ *ibid.*, 109.

¹⁸ An excellent study which also cites useful related research is “Short Sleep Duration across Income, Education and Race/Ethnic Groups: Population Prevalence and Growing Disparities over 34 Years of Follow-Up,” available here: <http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC2140008/>.

DEAR JONTY

John Bloomberg-Rissman

So I read the article you pointed us to, in Alan Rusbridger's "Climate change: why the *Guardian* is putting threat to Earth front and center." Here's the bit I take off from:

The coming debate is about two things: what governments can do to attempt to regulate, or otherwise stave off, the now predictably terrifying consequences of global warming beyond 2C by the end of the century. And how we can prevent the states and corporations which own the planet's remaining reserves of coal, gas and oil from ever being allowed to dig most of it up. We need to keep them in the ground.

There are three really simple numbers which explain this [. . .].

1. 2C: There is overwhelming agreement—from governments, corporations, NGOs, banks, scientists, you name it—that a rise in temperatures of more than 2C by the end of the century would lead to disastrous consequences for any kind of recognised global order.
2. 565 gigatons: "Scientists estimate that humans can pour roughly 565 more gigatons of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere by mid-century and still have some reasonable hope of staying below 2C," is how McKibben crisply puts it. Few dispute that this idea of a global "carbon budget" is broadly right.
3. 2,795 gigatons: This is the amount of carbon dioxide that if they were burned would be released from the proven reserves of fossil fuel—ie the fuel we are planning to extract and use.

And I think: In other words, the world as we *know* it is the world as we *knew* it. It's over, tho of course Rusbridger refuses to admit it. The *Guardian*, as well as the rest of corporate media, is in part responsible for this. But there's really no reason anymore to harp on that point. Besides, *we've always known* who the bad guys are. And that they would do anything to us (*us* in the widest sense—*us* includes every single exploitable resource, human and non-human) as long as it preserves their power and privilege (water is being privatized) (denialists are investing in geoengineering projects) (officials in China breathe their own private air).

And I think of Greg Sarris's 2013 preface to his *Mabel McKay: Weaving the Dream* (McKay, b.1907, was a Pomo Indian):

Everybody's going to burn," Mabel said. "That's what I see now." She was looking at the very dry, late September hills near Highway 80, just east of Fairfield. We were on our way back to the Rumsey Wintun Reservation, where Mabel was living at the time, after she'd given a talk to several students and faculty at Stanford University about her doctoring and basket-weaving. It was late in the day, early evening, and the thick autumn light had turned the hills ocher red. The ocher red color no doubt called up her Dream. She'd talked a lot about her Dream lately, and I knew enough to know what she was referencing: her vision of what would happen near the end of the world as we know it. "'Everything's going to go dry', Spirit said. 'No water going to be anywhere.'" "What can we do?" I asked. "How do we live?" Mabel began laughing, chuckling to herself out loud. "That's cute," she said, then, mocking me, repeated, "What do we do now? How do we live?" I was used to her making fun of me, of my countless questions—as used as I was to her talk of Dreaming. "No, seriously," I countered. "If the world's going to dry up and burn, what do we do?" She turned to me, took a moment to make sure she had my attention, then she answered, plainly, "You live the best way you know how, what else?"

And for reasons I probably don't need to explain I tie that tight to José Martí's "Peoples who do not know each other should get to know each other in a hurry, like those who are about to struggle side by side."

Because we are. No. Because we'd better.

Sadly, those of us who will struggle together don't have the right kind of power. Rusbridger calls on governments to act. Which they might—in some alternate universe. In this one we have watched them gather to *not* act, time and time again. This is no surprise; we know what governments are—in this reality—for.

Which is why I make my art, by the way. To tell my grandchildren I did not want this for them. I did what I could—which amounted to nothing, beyond slapping solar panels on my roof, driving high-mileage vehicles, signing petitions, tithing myself so that I can donate to a few environmental groups, etc.—to stop it.

I try to imagine their world. And the world that will come after them. It's hard, because I'm by nature a totally anxiety-ridden catastrophist. And I'm not much of a storyteller. Luckily, there are many who are better than I at plausible imagining. I want to mention a few of them: Paolo Bacigalupi (*The Windup Girl*), Lisa-Ann Gershwin (*Stung!*), and EJ Swift (*The Osiris Project*).

All I will do here is offer up a few quotes relating to the futures one can find in these books.

The Windup Girl is set in 23rd-century Thailand. Global warming has raised the levels of world's oceans, carbon fuel sources have become depleted, and manually wound springs are used as energy storage devices. Biotechnology is dominant and megacorporations like AgriGen, PurCal and RedStar (called calorie companies) control food production through 'genehacked' seeds, and use bioterrorism, private armies and economic hitmen to create markets for their products. Frequent catastrophes, such as deadly and widespread plagues and illness, caused by genetically modified crops and mutant pests, ravage entire populations. The natural genetic seed stock of the world's plants has been almost completely supplanted by those that are genetically engineered to be sterile. (Wikipedia)

What will those rising oceans be like? Let's listen to Lisa-Ann Gershwin, a marine biologist, who says this about her *Stung!*

Stung! is the story of what we've done to the oceans, and what that means to us. It's the story of what to expect and why. Not hundreds of years from now, not in some faraway place, but now and tomorrow, in five years or ten, where you are and where I am. Where our kids will only read about because the coral reefs and the Antarctic penguins and the Sushi Train and pristine beaches will only be shadows of their former selves. [. . .] We only need to open our eyes to see the results of decades of extravagant growth, unbridled take, excessive exploitation. We have fished out the big fish, changed the ocean's chemistry, trawled thickets and nurseries down to rubble and mud, and created massive dead zones through urban and agricultural runoff. In many places ecosystems are now functioning as just a shadow of their former selves. And instead of getting the message of these damaged ecosystems, we are pushing full steam ahead creating more. The ocean is to many a place of celebration, and to others a place of solace . . . but to its inhabitants it is becoming increasingly hostile. Overfishing . . . habitat destruction . . . climate change . . . eutrophication . . . ocean acidification . . . introduced species . . . pollution . . . plastics . . . chemicals . . . radionuclides . . . If jellyfish could wish for perfect conditions, these would include warming and turbid water, lack of predators and competitors, and any conditions that make it harder for other species to survive, like low oxygen or

slightly more acidic water than usual. These are the very conditions we are creating at an alarming and increasing rate. And jellyfish are enjoying a renaissance like never before in history.

Since I just finished *The Osiris Project* (a trilogy consisting of *Osiris*, *Cataveiro*, and *Tamaruq*) I won't turn to quotes. In EJ Swift's world, set 400 years from now, "in a world which has been radically altered by climate change" (Swift), most of the world has become uninhabitable. There are three major civilizations: Antarctica, the Boreals (who live in the far north), the African Solar Corporation, who supply much of the world's energy). And there are others: the pisspoor Patagonians, and Osiris, a city created in the far South Atlantic, mid-ocean. No one (that anyone in the trilogy knows about, at least) lives anywhere else. All the major cities are ruins, whole continents are desertified, and, amidst the delicate geopolitical balance between the major civilizations, which threatens to topple into all-out war at any moment, a plague for which there is no cure rages unchecked.

Sorry that last bit sounds like a blurb.

Anyway, I read those futures and say, yes. Probably. It'll be something like that. *Mad Max* is too gasoline-intensive.

As I was thinking about what I was going to say here, I came across the excerpt from McKenzie Wark's fascinating-looking *Molecular Red: Theory for the Anthropocene* in *e-flux* 63. It begins:

Marx: "All that is solid melts into air." That effervescent phrase suggests something different now. Of all the liberation movements of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries, one succeeded without limit. It did not liberate a nation, or a class, or a colony, or a gender, or a sexuality. What it freed was not the animals, and still less the cyborgs, although it was far from human. What it freed was chemical, an element: carbon. A central theme of the Anthropocene was and remains the story of the Carbon Liberation Front.

The Carbon Liberation Front seeks out all of past life that took the form of fossilized carbon, unearths it and burns it to release its energy. The Anthropocene runs on carbon. It is a redistribution, not of wealth, or power, or recognition, but of molecules. Released into the atmosphere as carbon dioxide, these molecules trap heat, they change climates. The end of prehistory appears on the horizon as carbon bound within the earth becomes scarce, and liberated carbon pushes the climate into the red zone.

Powerful interests still deny the existence of the Carbon Liberation Front. Those authorities attentive to the evidence of this metabolic rift usually imagine four ways of mitigating its effects. One is that the market will take care of everything. Another proposes that all we need is new technology. A third imagines a social change in which we all become individually accountable for quantifying and limiting our own carbon “footprint.” A fourth is a romantic turn away from the modern, from technology, as if the rift is made whole when a privileged few shop at the farmer’s market for artisanal cheese. None of these four solutions seems quite the thing.

The first task of critique is to point out the poverty of these options. A second task might be to create the space within which very different kinds of knowledge and practice might meet. Economic, technical, political, and cultural transformations are all advisable, but at least part of the problem is their relation to each other. The liberation of carbon transforms the totality within which each of these specific modes of thinking and being could be practiced. That calls for new ways of organizing knowledge.

Yes, it does. But, unfortunately, I am fully convinced that it’s too late for that, in terms of averting the worst of global warming. To quote a cheesy scene from a cheesy Hollywood movie (*The Day After Tomorrow*):

Jack Hall: Professor, it’s time you got out of there.

Terry Rapson: I’m afraid that time has come and gone, my friend.

Jack Hall: What can we do?

Terry Rapson: Save as many as you can.

Am I too pessimistic? Possibly. Later in Wark’s piece he quotes Kim Stanley Robinson: “Alternative futures branch like dendrites away from the present moment, shifting chaotically, shifting this way and that by attractors dimly perceived. Probably outcomes emerge from those less likely.” Perhaps. But outcomes emerging from less likely futures is not what keeps the lights on in Las Vegas.

And yet . . . Let’s assume, as I do, that it’s all going to shit. Does that mean it’ll stay that way forever? Obviously, Wark hopes not. So do I. It seems entirely possible, as possible it is today, at least, that “new ways of organizing knowledge” will still be of use, that a better world will remain possible. In that context, at least as I read him, Wark continues his piece with a discussion of Kim Stanley Robinson’s Mars Trilogy, in which Mars, an utterly inhospitable place, can be taken as a stand-in for a future Earth’s:

In *Red Mars*, Robinson bends the robinsonade to other purposes. There is neither heaven nor horizon, but the practical question of how various ideologies overcome the friction of collaborative labor.

It is not a story of an individual's acquisition and conquest. It's a story about collective labors. The problem here is the invention of forms of organization and belief for a post-bourgeois world. Robinson's ambition is the invention of a grammar that might come after that of capitalist realism.

The trilogy is full of attempts to invent that grammar. None of them succeed. "The Martians are not ready for their revolution." And yet ... and yet ...

Still, even an unsuccessful struggle can create powerful structures of feeling, which may have future uses. "Arkady answered them all cheerfully. Again he felt that difference in the air, the sense they were all in a new space together, everyone facing the same problems, everyone equal, everyone (seeing a heating coil glowing under a coffee pot) incandescent with the electricity of freedom." As Platonov says, we are comrades when we face the same dangers.

Which brings me back to Martí's "Peoples who do not know each other should get to know each other in a hurry, like those who are about to struggle side by side."

Is a better future possible? You have just witnessed my pessimism. But: today three of my grandsons turn four (yes, triplets). However improbable that better future, what other choice do I have but to say yes? And put my shoulder to the wheel as best I can, etc etc? Call it an act of love.

All best,

John

11 March 2015

A LESS-THAN-IDEAL RESPONSE

Erik Stinson

An email from the office of the CEO for all employees

Midwinter 2015

Subject line: Some Very Exciting News

Friends,

It gives me exceptional pleasure to announce our new initiative on sustainability. The Consumer Environmental Committee (CEC) will meet very soon to discuss ways to bring our business in line with the latest business world thinking about Climate Change.

Now it's your turn. We're excited to hear from each and every employee on this topic. We've been sensing a great deal of interest in Green Thinking and we're sure you'll have a lot to say on this matter of great importance to all of us.

So, in your own time - clients take priority! :) - please write up one or more ideas about how our company can increase sustainability (lower carbon footprint) while keeping revenue growth consistent with our "Blue Star" 2015 target of 7%.

We know all of you are our biggest asset and your creative ingenuity is going to be the key when it comes to helping the executive committees confront this very significant challenge. Squeeze your minds, people!

As you form your thoughts, I encourage you all to read this intriguing article:

http://www.theguardian.com/environment/2015/mar/06/climate-change-guardian-threat-to-earth-alan-rusbridger?CMP=share_btn_tw

It can be any type of idea, from simple to grand. Remember, the best ideas are ones that make you think, why didn't I come up with that?

Send your ideas to Nancy by Tuesday and I will personally read each of them. The best will become major topics of conversation in our inaugural CEC meeting.

Onward and upward,

[Redacted]

An email from the office of the CEO for all employees

Spring 2015

Subject line: News from the frontlines of my thoughts

Greetings!

I've very excited to announced that we've received several brilliant submissions to our CEC roundtable, which happened yesterday at a very productive off-site in Columbus circle.

Going forward, I'd like to focus our environmental concerns as they pertain to our main value proposition in three areas

1. Understanding what the environment can mean for our clients - there may be important new ways to help our largest revenue centers align with recent popular thinking about climate change
2. Streamlining the way we talk about sustainability and growth - we've all be talking about the right growth vs. the best growth and what sustainability means from a product or new business standpoint
3. Raising your hand - when there's an issue of sustainability that doesn't makes sense to you (for any of your accounts) make sure you consult with your supervisor to resolve any concerns quickly - we can't save the earth if we don't save our client relationships!

Generally speaking, there is still much work to do.

I was disappointed to see how few people submitted ideas for lowering our carbon footprint while increasing sales. This isn't the type of excellence we strive for. The whole committee agreed with me, that this was certainly a less-than-ideal response. This is the type of challenge every person needs to individually confront. Every person must be held accountable for contributing to the thought leadership of our organization. That's how we stand out as marketers and as human beings.

It will takes some time to fully vette and implement your best proposals. The Consumer Environmental Committee and I will do our best to move this initiative going

forward, even during this busy business season.

Confidently,

[Redacted]

An email from the office of the CEO for all employees

Summer 2015

Subject line: a few small updates for your Friday evening

My how time flies!

I know it's been a very busy quarter for all of you, especially now that the Holiday 2015 work is beginning in all our key markets.

First, I wanted to update you on some key staffing changes.

Melany Fillmore will be leading integrated product alignment as an EVP in the Europe/Africa region. She is a truly integrated professional who brings with her 7 years experience working with P&G brands in Central Europe.

We're also very lucky to have Marvin LePlage as a new Executive Creative Director at our freshly remodeled Singapore office. He'll be working primarily on our very nimble soft-drink business there.

Secondly, the topic I dread, but also deeply embrace.

As part of our general restructuring to be in-line with adjusted client expectations, we've eliminated 10% of our New York Staff.

I know it's always hard to shrink as an organization, but rest assured these changes are actually an opportunity. We want to be growing not shrinking. But if we must adjust, let's take every moment in stride.

As part of our ongoing work investigating executive sustainability we've come up with one clear actionable item: Greener Means Leaner.

After a lot of frank conversations with our clients, we've decided that the best way to ensure we're producing the best possible product with world-class

service and innovation, is to streamline our number one resource: our employees.

A job doesn't help anyone if it doesn't align with the realities of the market. Right now, the market demands fresh, explosively creative thinking. Organizationally, we're not there yet, but with your continued hard work, we will be.

So, we must evolve and adapt to meet this exciting and demanding scenario.

The future of sustainability is smart growth. And we can't grow smart if we're too big.

The CEC has decided to go into "stealth mode" for the remainder of the summer. It's an opportunity to take a breath, recharge and reflect on the choices we've made this year, and on the ones we've still to make in the Fall, our busiest new business period.

Thanks so much for being a part of this journey with me. I'm truly humbled.

On a final very serious note, if anyone knows of job opportunities in the area, let's do our best to help our colleagues get back into the swing of things as soon as possible. They're all going to do great things. We have to help them any way we can.

Onward and upward,

[Redacted]

UNTITLED

Karen Schaller

I would like to do you justice, to be judicious in my response. But I panic at the thought of writing another thing to do. I know. I'm not ignoring you: when will we speak, when will we realise the urgency, it's an emergency. Your care for this endears you to me.

But this is not and cannot be a call for affect, for a feeling that this—more than anything—matters. That we must direct our energy to thinking this, to seeing this, to finally realising this. Because I notice who is speaking here—or at least I would like to ask you to notice who is speaking here, in this place. Who has time to speak, to call it urgent. “Recognise this crisis.” It all depends on so few not looking away. But there is still blindness here. Those who are most vulnerable, who have least opportunity to speak, are already living this crisis, they live crisis. This catastrophe is a continuence, not a divergence. It is, finally, the datafication of all the violences that structure so many lives.

Yes, it's criminal, any ignorance—or denial, or diversion, or deferral—but it's also critical to distinguish an emergency from all the other urgencies most lives live. What a luxury to call this crisis—in calling this, this crisis. It is a luxury that those who answer this call call this crisis. Who can we ask to call this crisis? Only we have time to think that writing will change this, to think that poetry will effect an affect powerful enough to charge a new conscience and consciousness. This is not the time for poetry, or for writing, or for liking or for feeding. What does this reality feel like? It feels like everything already felt, for anyone who has not thought the world was there to take (or who thought the world was there for their taking and found it unrelinquished). Everyone who knows this knows this already. I promise you, there is no surprise here: it is how we are going on, already, living when we know everything already there is to know about what funds our lives. There is no new affect. There is no new knowing.

I am afraid I am afraid we fetishise this as the change to change everything, the bad to come. It is. I'm not in denial. We've imagined it so many times I can't imagine it any more. We've imagined it curled up together. All of us who think we should call this crisis. I know I'm your cynic, or your simple—a clumsy cygnet. But I am asking what to do: I don't want to live off of this. I don't want to turn it into another capital. Another feed. Another line.

We are at the turning point (those of us whose lives have not yet turned around crisis, who can imagine it as a break, catastrophe, threat, something other) and we mustn't look away. This saturation is necessary—let it trend. But where is I in all this?

How to make the imminent now: anyone who can, has to panic. But returning from this point is not yet a revolution, at least not this way. This is about sustaining, preservation. Divestment's supplement is abrogation.

Do not write poetry about this. Don't just sign your name. Don't like. Don't make this another feed. If you panic, divest yourself.

Dayton Castleman is an artist (b. 1988) who lives and works in Los Angeles, CA. His work has been featured in The New York Observer, Metro US, and Blouin Artinfo.

Jonty Tiplady

how did you first arrive at making this kind of 'poetry' on
ifeelmarginalized.com, which to me is something totally new?
you seem to avoid the literary and that kind of banal alt lit thing, so it stops it
from being boring at all
your way of doing things seems ready formed. how come?

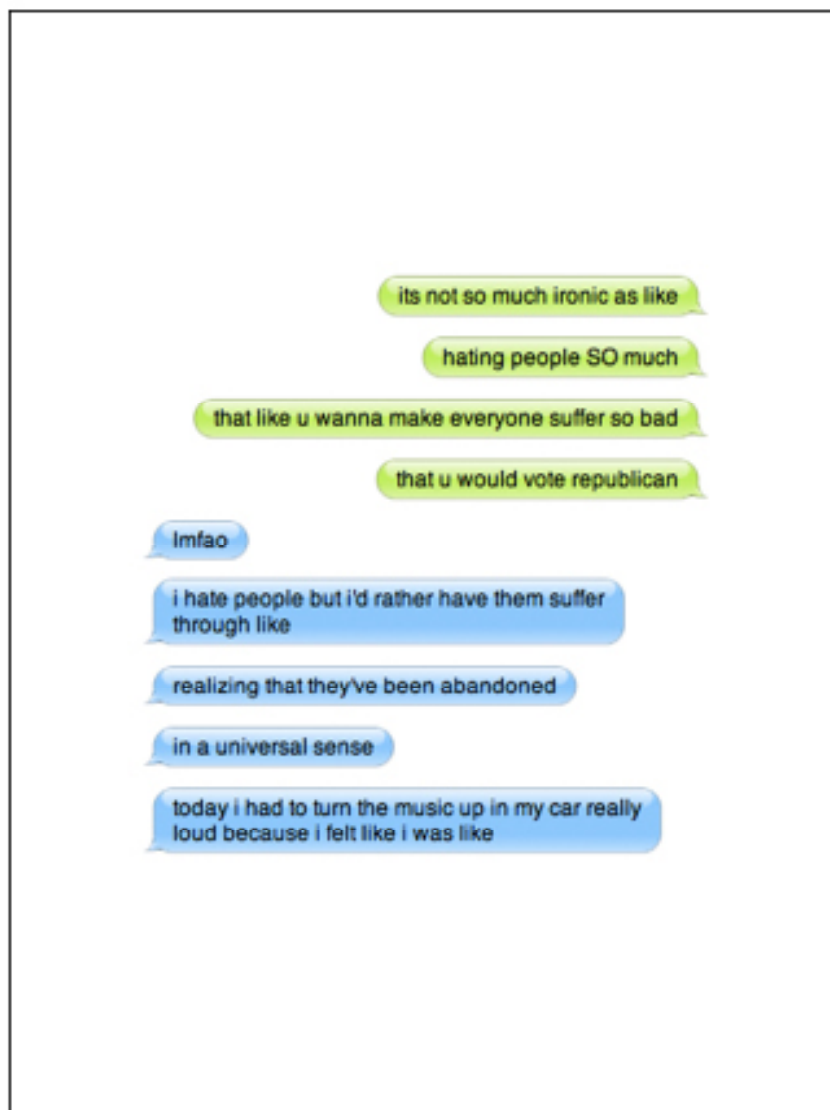
Dayton C Castleman

i guess my first like attempt at this kind of poetry was in 2011 when i made
the #sentfrommyiphone e-book
which was a collaborative thing with my friend maggie in vancouver who i
knew from dump.fm
i had to leave nyc due to having no money and a drug prob lol
and my parents had moved into this big house in houston while i was in new
york
and so i stayed upstairs in this dark room for probably like a year and a half
i didn't know anyone at all in houston and i didn't have any money and felt
like paralyzed to leave the house
i hated texas
but i felt connected to my friends in new york through dump.fm
it was through dump.fm that i first started to think abt like communicating with
images, aka "talking with pics"
like how ur brain has to do all this extra work when you read text
and then my grandmothers husband died so i had to leave the house to go to
the funeral

and i was reading this uhuh tao lin book on the airplane lol
the one with a pic of a guy holding a shell on the front
and it has all this shit in it thats like chat logs
transcribed

and maggie and i were having this back and forth at that time, i was trying to
kinda document the experience of going to this funeral since it was the first
one i went to

and at some point it clicked, like that i could combine these two elements,
dump.fm/'talking with pics' and tao lin/'chat transcript as poetry'



Jonty Tiplady

yeah i was just rereading that bit

Dayton C Castleman

like the chats are stupid, but ultimately revealing. and everything takes place in this like garden of eden that apple designed in pastel colors
it's our gilded cage or whatever

Jonty Tiplady

i like the one at the end with the google map router between houston and vancouver

Dayton C Castleman

yea i rly like this

weh ♡ is it good

friendster ♡ yeah its good

weh ♡ is it a big cake

friendster ♡ ill send u a pic

weh ♡ ok good i'm kind of laughing

me and maggie chatting on dump

Jonty Tiplady

so like i have this impression in my head that you couldn't have made this poetry if you were living in new york

Dayton C Castleman

hm



"dear dayton your verizon wireless account is still past due", 2014. oil paint, tabloid magazine covers, frame, gaffer's tape. 11" x 15".

Jonty Tiplady

because the poetry seems big and full of light
maybe that's just an impression

Dayton C Castleman

well the thing abt my whole uhh artist career is like i think i needed that
incubator time in houston
to like learn abt conceptual art on wikipedia lol

Jonty Tiplady

yeah wiki is all you need
so what did u learn?

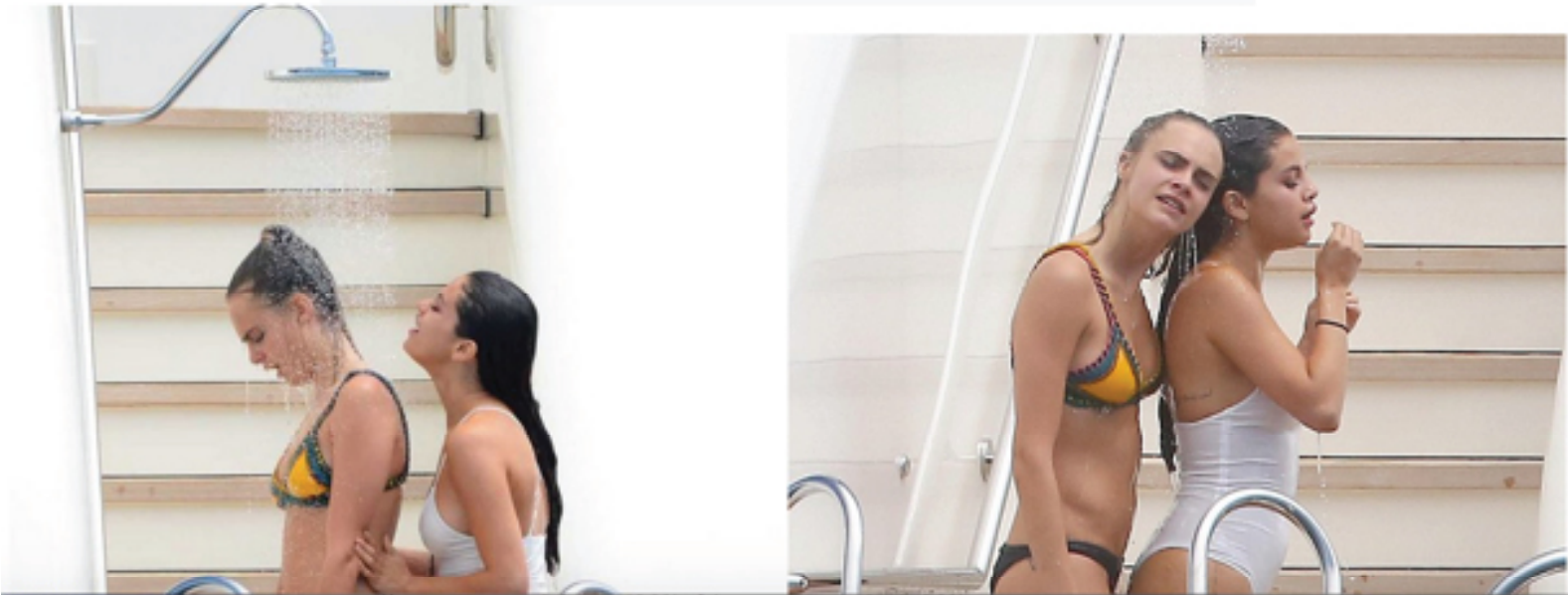
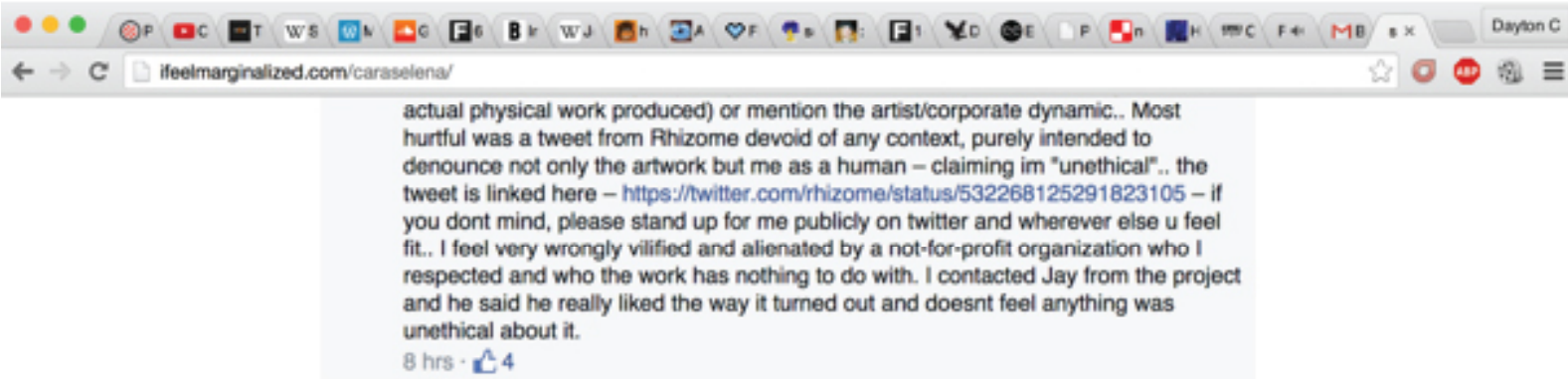
Dayton C Castleman

the thing that sticks out most is reading the wiki entry for duchamp's fountain
and realizing like
i should just present things how they are

Jonty Tiplady

yeah this is what i was going to say
on those massive poetry pages on ifeelmarginalized.com
cus they are big
there is no interference
or frills
it's just there

it's like having the internet stare back at you



Dayton C Castleman

yea in the beginning i didn't even want to resize the images

Jonty Tiplady

so how do you resize them and why use the whole screen?

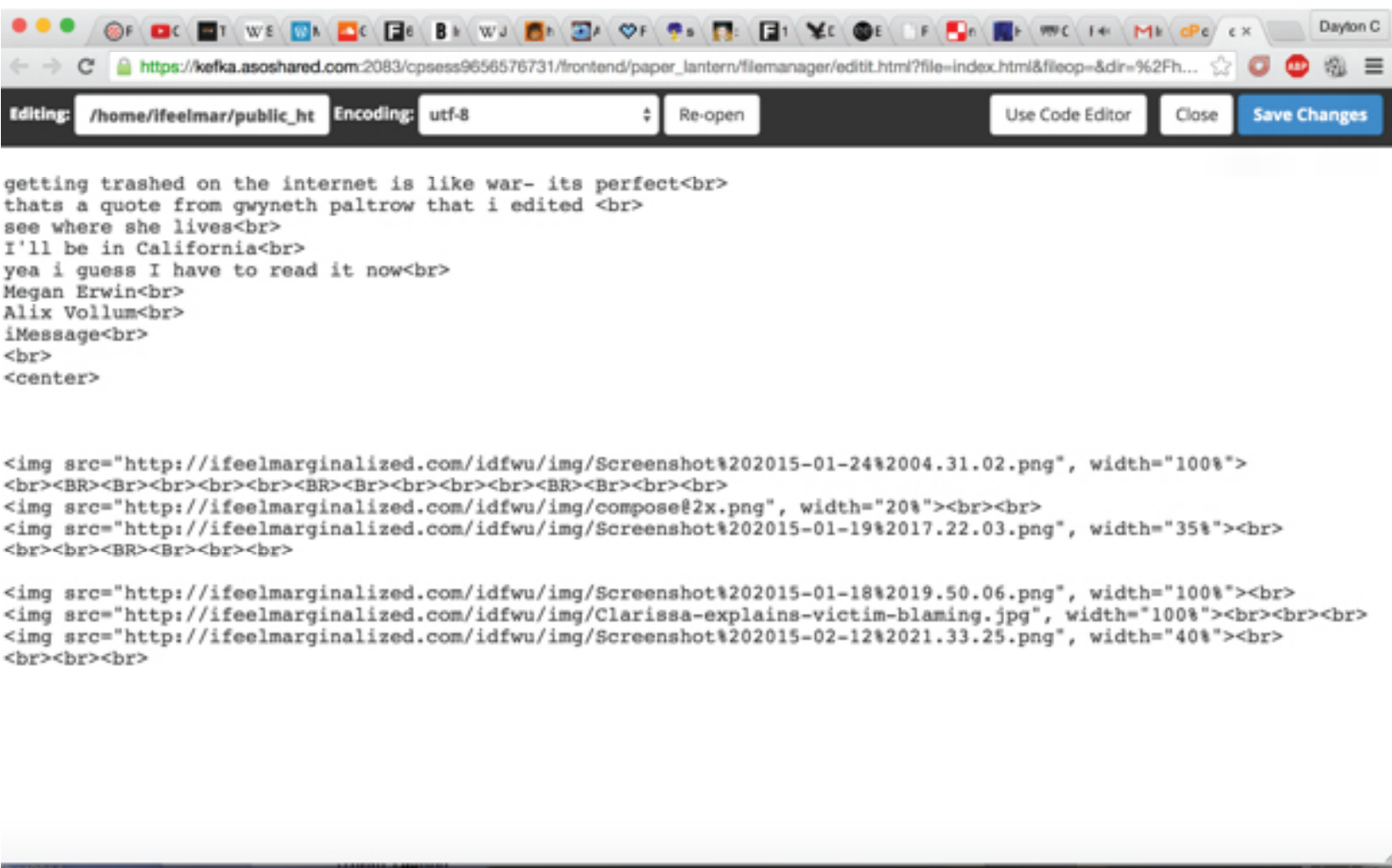
Dayton C Castleman

i resize them using the html tag for image width

i set the images as a certain width of the screen
like some images will show as 100% of the screen, some i decide 20% etc
this way they show up the same on every browser
and like will render like at the right sizes relative to each other
thats why i made the change bc i wanted it to show up the same no matter
what machine or browser ppl were using

Jonny Tiplady

that's important right? the different browsers...



```
Editing: /home/ifeelmar/public_ht Encoding: utf-8 Re-open Use Code Editor Close Save Changes

getting trashed on the internet is like war- its perfect<br>
thats a quote from gwyneth paltrow that i edited <br>
see where she lives<br>
I'll be in California<br>
yea i guess I have to read it now<br>
Megan Erwin<br>
Alix Vollum<br>
iMessage<br>
<br>
<center>


<br><BR><BR><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><BR><BR><br><br>
<br><br>
<br>
<br><br><BR><BR><br><br>

<br>
<br><br><br>
<br>
<br><br><br>
```

Dayton C Castleman

ya i mean the html i just described is the most complex code i use anywhere on my website

so that it will work the same on any computer or phone

i feel like also my website should feel rudimentary to like reflect my outsider status



Jonty Tiplady

your old twitter account, mtvflourides, had a picture of amanda knox with shortish hair

that made her look really beautiful

so much so i didn't even recognize her for a while

Dayton C Castleman

yea i love amanda knox
i've cycled through a few pics of her as avatars

Jonty Tiplady

yeah what do you love about her?

Dayton C Castleman



thats what i use now on instagram
well first of all she is a martyr
for like uhh american millennial indifference

as i understand it the whole reason for her even being accused is bc she didnt like behave in the way that the italian police/public would expect someone in her situation to behave

she would do yoga in her cell to like calm down and center herself, and they interpreted that as her trying to do like sexy poses to seduce the guards she was also like completely beholden to her circumstances in a way where no one could say 'oh, if she had just _____, she wouldn't be in trouble'

and i think that basically as millennials or whatever, we're actually all in that boat - like we have inherited a system where most ppl are going to end up in the service industry or whatever and live check to check

and we are victim to that circumstance

and also 9/11 happened

like ppl of our specific age are totally screwed with student loan debt and a fucked up political system or just whatever, basically capitalism off the leash and the baby boomers' response to that will always be 'dont blame ur situation, take personal responsibility'

but amanda is a case where like its plain to see that there's really nothing she could have done differently and she was indicted based on her emotional response to a fucked up situation - i think most young people can relate to this on some level but maybe can't reach out and touch actual prison bars

Jonty Tiplady

i wanna ask about the mcdonalds reading where you sing alicia keys and quote the big book

that's been a high point for me in recent poetry, for real

what's it like to read in a mcdonalds in la in 2015?



Dayton Castleman @ McPoems 2

Dayton C Castleman

the mcdonalds readings are really cool
pretty much all positive energy, its not clique-y or pretentious
and i think anyone who wants to read is allowed

and mcdonalds in east la at least has a certain function as like a community space like a park or something
its always full of kids after school
its populist lol
everyone knows what mcdonalds is
everyone can afford it
in the past few years they started having free wifi and not really caring if u buy anything or not
its probably like a fucked up viral campaign but like
everyone responded really well to the readings. later we did a reading in the atrium at the hammer museum which was really cool because it started with like nine of us in a parking lot at fletcher and san fernando and a few months later it was like a huge audience at one of the biggest museums in LA

Jonty Tiplady

i like that idea

Dayton C Castleman

from da macdonalds 2 da museum

Jonty Tiplady

do you think about the la light much?



Dayton C Castleman

yea

i think about it like on days when i feel like total shit hungover or washed out or whatever

and i step outside and the sun warms me up just enough and things are bright and it kinda snaps me out of it

like reverse seasonal affective disorder

i feel grateful to live here in a place that like picks me up when i fall

Jonty Tiplady

you've started to archive your social media output on your website. your 2014 twitter account for example, @mtvflourides, was deleted using 'tweet delete', but can now be viewed there. what thoughts and feelings went into doing that?

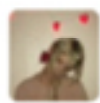
Dayton C Castleman

well i basically had like a ridiculous breakup that also snowballed with some other shit that i still don't totally understand

and some of my "friends" were being nasty to me on twitter calling me a junkie etc

it was pretty dark i was really stressed out

and like refreshing their pages to see what they were saying abt me and who was faving what

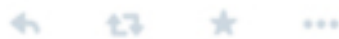


the real dasha
@nobody_stop_me



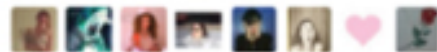
Follow

U know what they say about miserable junkies tho



FAVORITES

8



9:12 PM - 26 Feb 2015

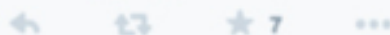
Thinking Out Loud

Reply to @nobody_stop_me



the real dasha @nobody_stop_me · 1h

@nobody_stop_me they'll fuck anyone and have no regard for ppl's feelings



and thinking of mean revenge plots

and i basically reached the conclusion that that behavior is super unhealthy

and like it really seems like twitter is just bad for u

Jonty Tiplady

yeah, agreed

Dayton C Castleman

like the more time u spend on twitter the more psycho u become
and idk i have been on twitter since like 2008

Jonty Tiplady

it is really distressing, i know

Dayton C Castleman

i feel like i've seen 3 or 4 different 'literature' movements on twitter and they r
all the same shit so like idk i don't feel enriched by it

Jonty Tiplady

is the archive of that twitter a poem, or a rap album, or just a bad memory?
how do you see archive of social media as a gesture?

Dayton C Castleman

i just feel like every art project needs an end point
and so once i was like ok i wanna get off twitter
i was thinking okay, these are good tweets and definitely something i would
consider to be a part of my creative output
i don't consider it to be a long running poem or an online performance or
anything
just a record of how i chose to engage with that particular format
i think in terms of creative writing, a twitter account should be considered a
medium in it's own right

Jonty Tiplady

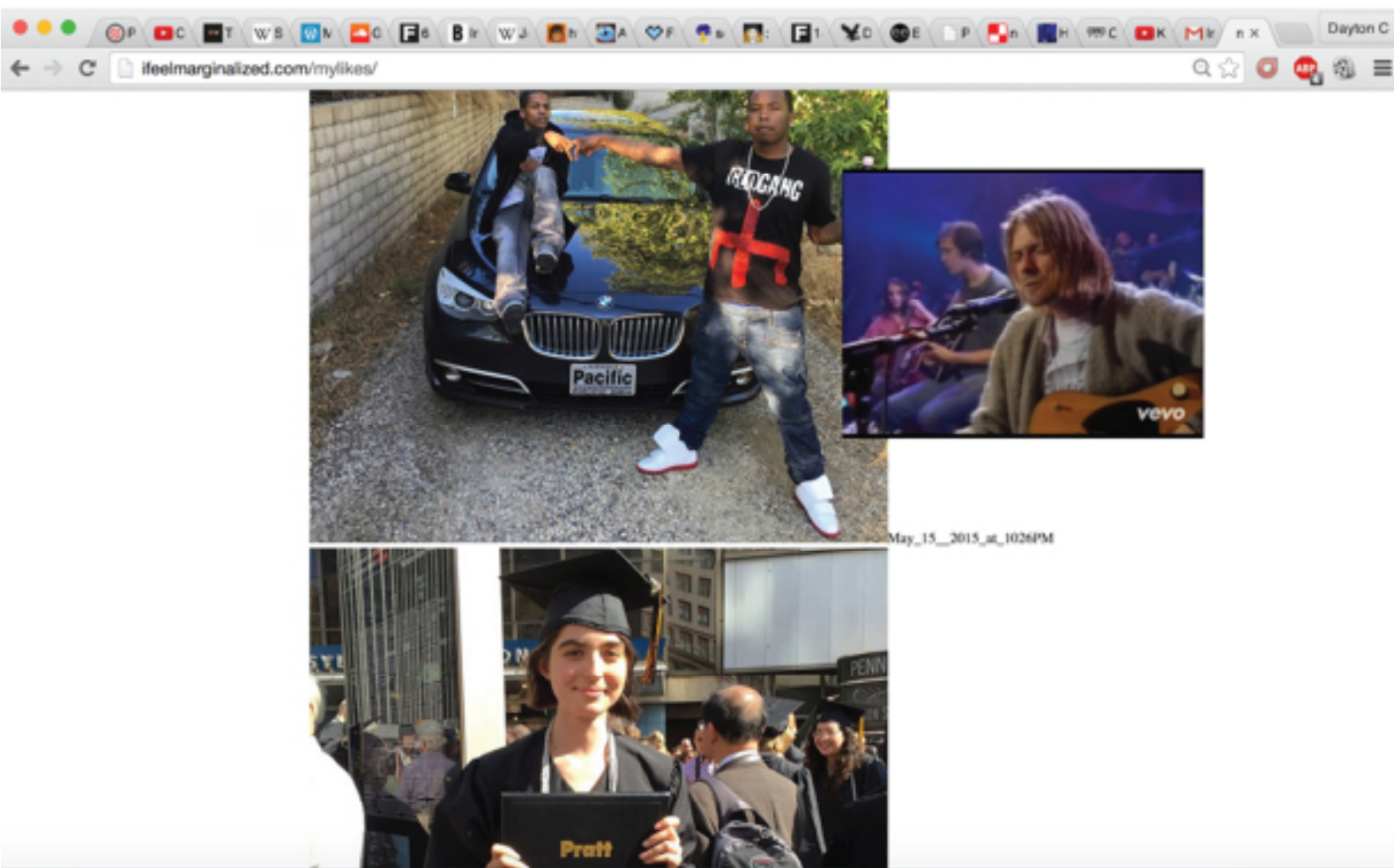
so it's different in that sense to your 'my instagram likes' which has multiple functions and is now for sale.

it's interesting, to be selling 'likes'...

it's a cool gesture

Dayton C Castleman

yea with 'my instagram likes' i felt from the very beginning that the piece functioned as a portrait of me, drawn from a self-imposed surveillance system
it was about exposing myself



for example, present in the archive are weird creepy times where i was drinking or whatever and went onto someone's profile at like three am and liked a bunch of their selfies
its embarrassing even typing that
i remember there was also a time where i broke up with my girlfriend and felt bad about it a week later so i went and liked a photo of her at like 2 am - and then saw it on my website the next morning
i was most surprised that instagram wasn't already holding this data like metadata about who's in the pictures their users are liking, what hashtags were used, geo and time data abt ur usage.. the posts a user 'likes' seems to me to be the best possible data for targeted ads or whatever the point of instagram is supposed to be

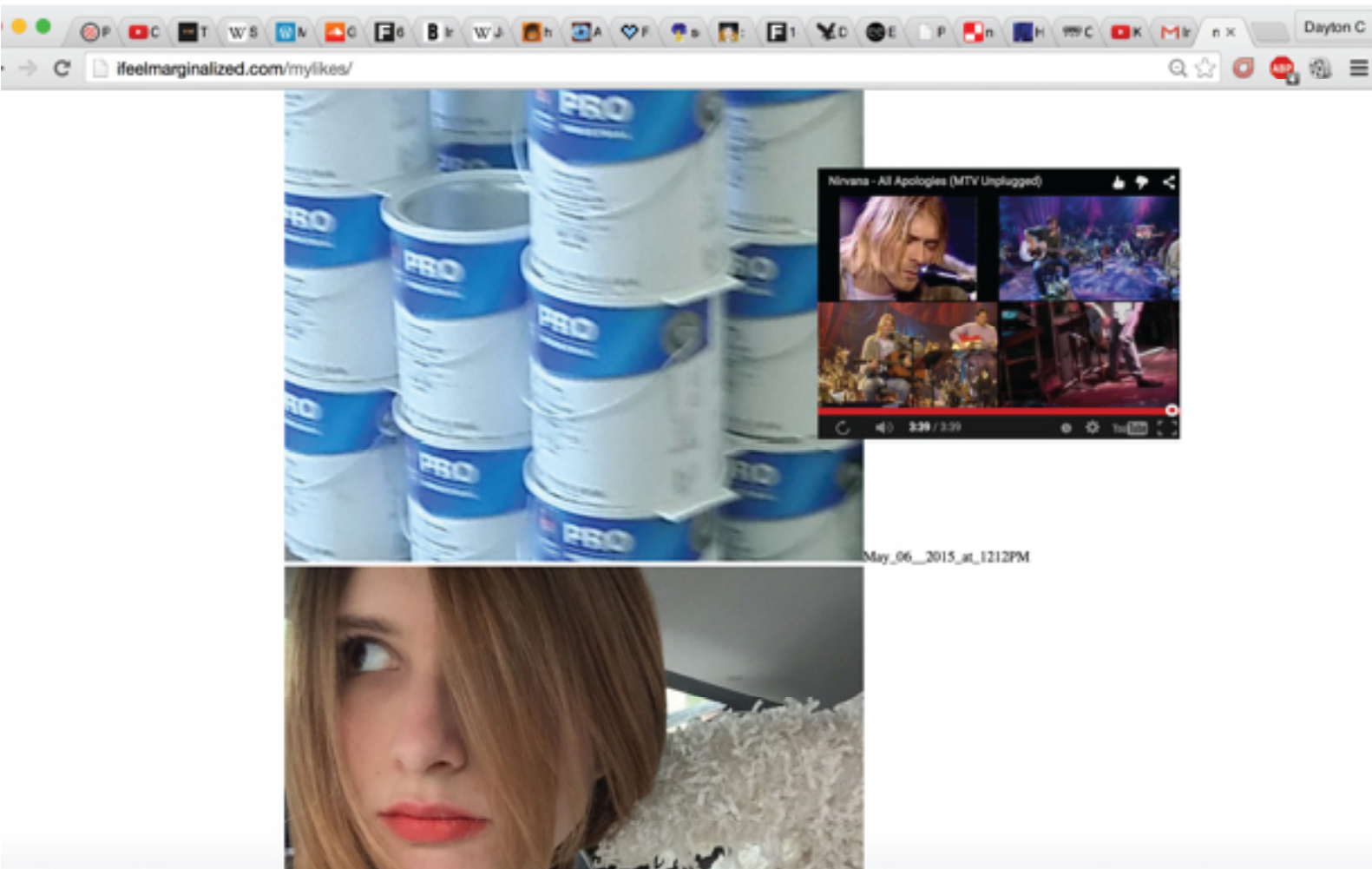
Jonty Tiplady

yeah on twitter, the favs can only be accessed so far back, so what you think is archived (the digital memory of likes) is actually limited and lost. i actually find the experience of looking at "my instagram likes" really moving, kinda beautiful. you can feel the personal resonance of the images. it's the internet as if frozen in front of you, staring back at you...is that the way you planned it?

Dayton C Castleman

yea that is exactly how i planned it
when i finally got it to work for the first time and was scrolling through i was rly moved

i felt like even a person who doesn't know me or the people in the images can understand it as like, smiling faces of friends frozen in time
its like pausing a spinning carousel to see the details
my friends r beautiful lol



Jonty Tiplady

yeah i love that

when i look at it i feel emotional

and it's crazy what we feel when we like and favorite, what gets poured into that

one of your tweets is 'Being a conceptual artist is almost exactly like being a rapper' and another one which i know from memory is "so this is what it feels like to be a fucking genius". i really like those two. can you say something about them?

Dayton C Castleman

ok so the first one

i mean that to me it seems that like contemporary art and hip hop (as the dominant force in contemporary music) are both moving to like a less centralized economy where the artists assume more risk

and the result of that is that whether ur an artist or a rapper u have to bet 100% on urself

its not enough to be like in a crew or part of a larger movement

every rapper and every artist has to like be willing to risk everything all the time

i think lil wayne was the first to call himself the best rapper alive

and say, i'm the best rapper alive because i don't believe anyone should even be in rap if they don't feel like they are the best

so thats the approach i wanna take to my art stuff

and the tweet abt being a genius -

a lot of times on my twitter or in my poetry i like to kinda over exaggerate my own ego, in a way that i feel most people do in their own heads but would never say

i think everyone looks at their own instagram and thinks abt how cool and witty they are

so what we're left with is like the bored observation like ok im a genius now what

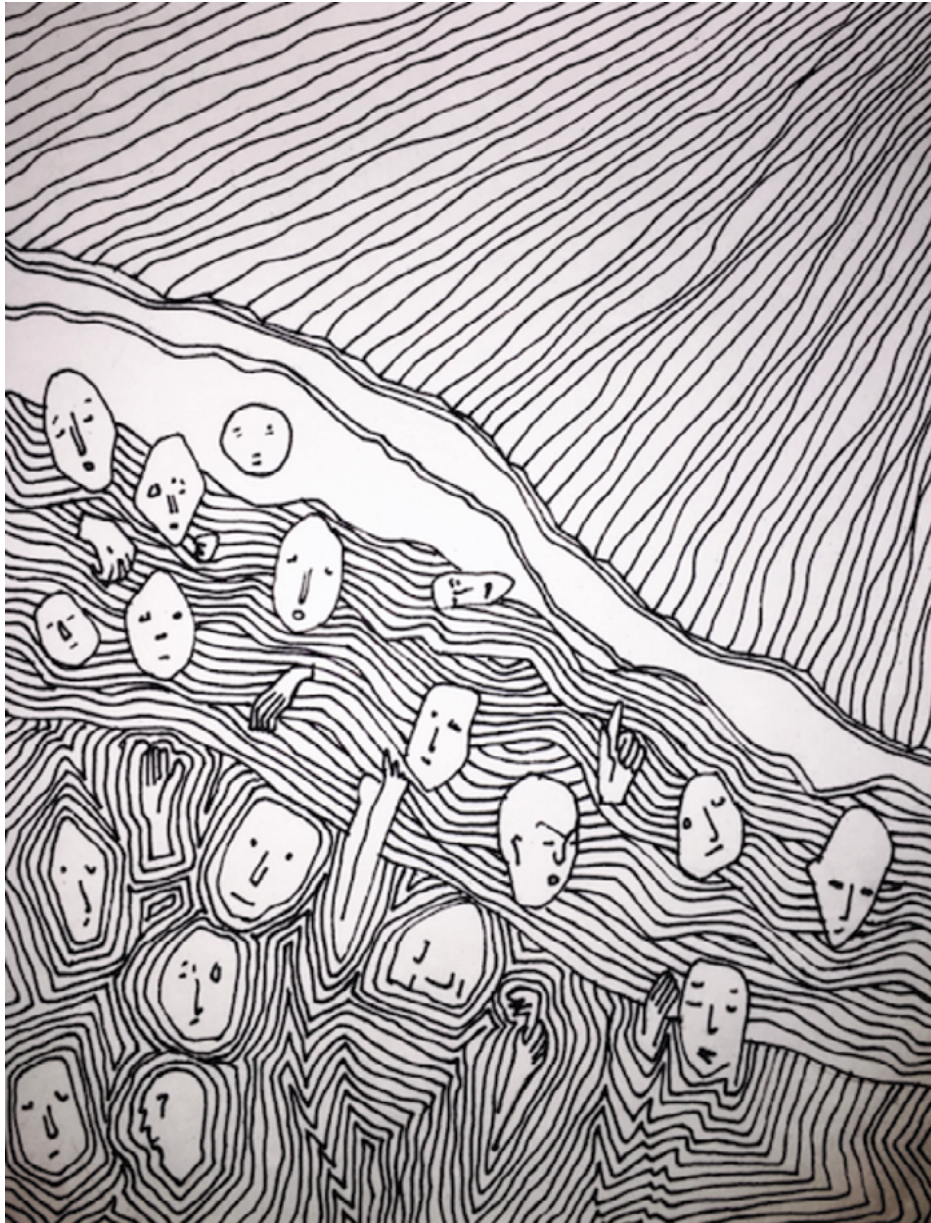
Jonty Tiplanty

so - now what?

Dayton Castleman

lol

idk



STILL BORN FUTURE

Jemma Deer

Quiet and alone, I watch the spillcam videos, the belching oil like a parody of the anthropocene. Only it's not a parody, it's a tragedy and we're it. This is writing writing against itself, filling the page with blackness, agent of its own unreadability. Spill, further, spread, wider, ceaseless, brimming: claustrophobia unconfined. Living this slow, subtle asphyxiation, painless in parts but not without violence, I sit, I watch, I wonder: Is this what consciousness took 600 million years evolving for? To define suicide?

Suppose somehow this tragedy is beautifully written. Suppose that all that is vital, quick, beating with the fragile defiance of life, suppose all

of that is slowly ground out, and along with it (irresistible irony), all that effected the destruction, the insensate forces of that human auto-immuno efficiency virus. (*Die Geister, die wir riefen...*) There would be a corpse-strewn stage if there were any eyes to see it.

There's the rub. No tragedy for no one. No thing or no one to miss the golden glow of a low-slung winter sun caressing the jagged slant of a bare branch. No one or no thing to miss the sound of ocean meeting earth, the sussuration of the shore. No heart to mourn the pain or bliss of consciousness, to feel the wakening pinch of regret, the heat of shame, the poignancy of survival.

It's impossible to think, so how or why would we try? This is the futurology which has no place here and now, a view too long and wide, too invisible, too tricky in its speed and slowness, too too far away. Or too close.

So cut to joy: I feel that too, and more keenly. Boisterous, mischievous, spirited play. Pleasure in irresponsibility. Lose yourself in the rowdy flare of jokes, the warmth of shared food, dance of smiles and kindness, wild noise. Touch love. And meanwhile, thinkingly or no, push aside the knowledge that none of this will save us. Omit your glaring quiet creases. Because it will always be easier to laugh at something small and pointless than to be dwarfed endlessly by this scape that must spell the end or the beginning of our so-called humanity.

Crying in the widening gyre, I have to fight the vertiginous fall of myself into dolly-zoom perception breakdown. How else to live with the consciousness of climate change? We saw it years ago, of course, or at least some of us saw it coming, but it had to be seen to be believed, and so now we're seeing for the first time, learning to open our eyes to something that has already happened, and is still happening, right here and right now, that much I know and yet I still can't see it, not right here, not right now. People see it in this weird weather we've been having, but can't see that it's here all the time, everywhere, whatever the weather, whether the weather is weird here and now or not. Because climate change has changed what here and now mean. These words no longer name a place or time of individual experience, but instead explode, saturating the atmosphere, becoming irrevocably planetary. Climate change consciousness changes consciousness (but isn't this affirmation not more undoable and still more radically undone than any double negative discord flipped into the ongoing past by an anthroposeen we haven't even begun to know how to look at or to know whether our eyes are even capable of seeing or capable of being blinded any more willfully or unconsciously?—as if the latter might still possibly count as an alibi): dolly-zoom anthroposein: is the background getting bigger or are we getting smaller or are we

just drowning in a scene that was never there to be seen as if from the hypotheticality of the outside? My or your very secret individual smallness atomically exploded to subsume the abyssal mushroom biosphere, or the other way around, vice versus us, or the other way around.

Now is the time left to us. Both remainder and inheritance. Incubated by the oxymoronic logic of corporations subtly excarnate, trompe-d'œil democracy, consciousness imbibes insidious spores of separation. As if we were separate from the ground beneath our feet. *As if* we were separate from each other. Welcome to peak capital, ghost-writer of every contradiction we are living now. Wake! Let's fast a little, visit the place beyond hunger: open to the madness of another world, another future—or this one: we are still here. For now, precisely. The future is preventable and its weight is incalculable. Yet it must be borne.

I PURCHASE TWO SMALL DOMESTIC PALMS

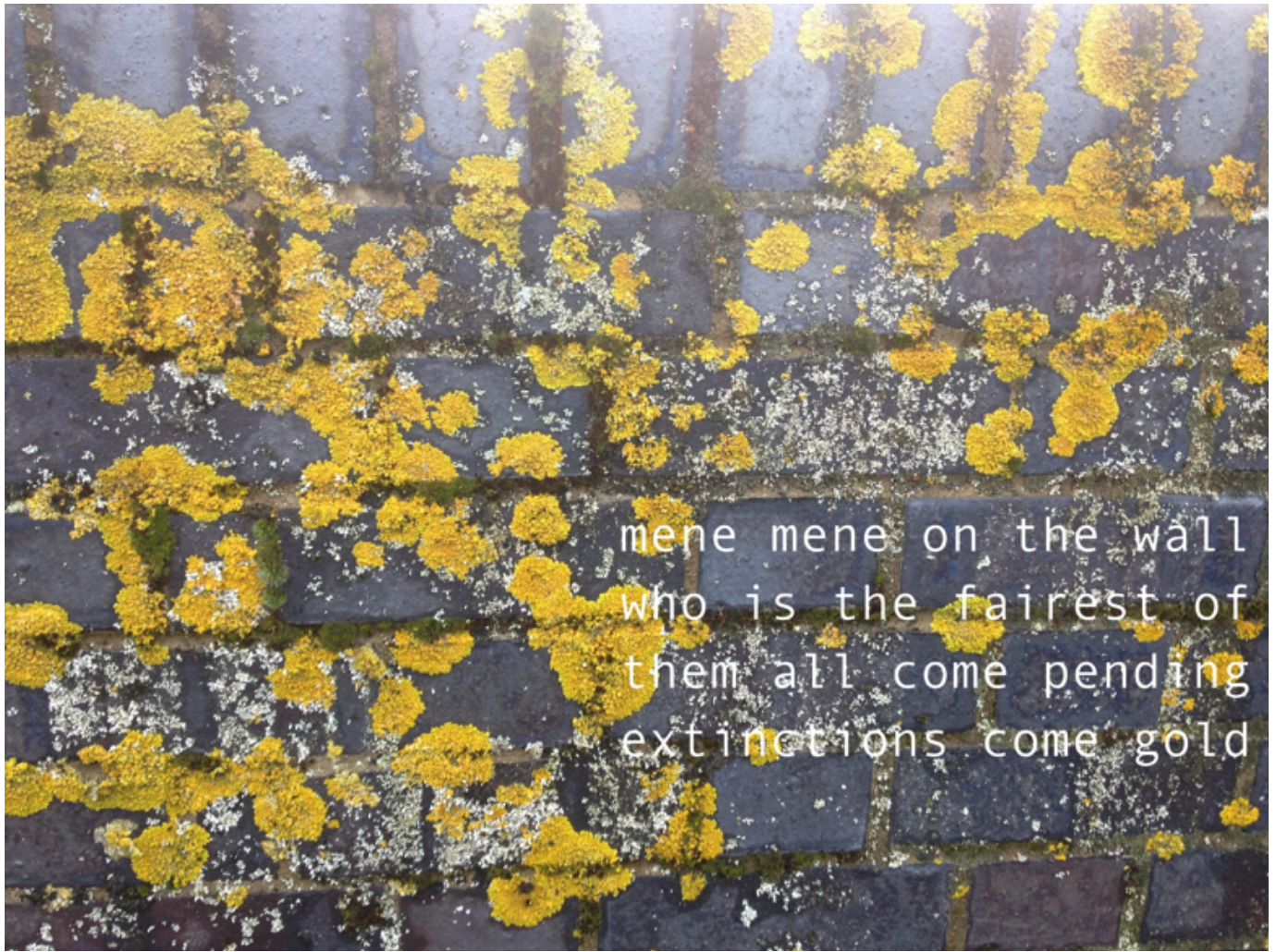
Andrew Durbin

I purchase two small domestic palms and place them in opposite corners of my bedroom. I don't get much sunlight in the room, but the woman who sold them to me assures me they will be fine because palms like these grow in the dark. She doesn't sell pots large enough to replace the plastic ones they come in so I set them on top of old plates in case they leak, which they often do when I water them. In two weeks, the one in the far corner—where the most sunlight hits the room—starts to wilt. Its stalks brown until eventually it collapses in a heap. Gnats gather and bob in the air over its dying body, circling the palm in the concerted manner of a ritual. I wave them away and switch it with the other palm in the room, which was doing fine, though not exactly thriving, and trim all the dead branches of the dying one until it is a third of its original size. The dying plant doesn't come back as I expect it to and the healthy palm wilts with it, finally falling over like the other. I move them both into the kitchen, which is filled with direct sunlight all day, and water them with Miracle-Gro purchased from the same woman who sold me the palms. After a few days the move seems to kill them both. I drag them separately to the curbside of my apartment building, where within a week they both rise up and sprout new, deeply green fronds, rotating toward the sunlight with new life. Someone picks them up before I can bring them back in and they're gone. Blow up the law, Hélène Cixous writes. Cops define the era. Sit at the café. There is a gym close to here. Dating app. Get together. Go alone. Mood. The problem begins with you, he says. The problem, and the conditions that allow it to be identified as such, suggest that your role in it is essential and that all of this could be avoided were you to leave. I leave. I tell him that the book is called *A Fire in the Belly*. It's by C. Carr. He asks why I said Emily. I never said Emily, I tell him as the subway comes to a full stop in the tunnel. Generationally speaking nothing has changed except the coordinates by which we locate the landscape of our politics—or the politics of landscape. Explicate from the use of those resources a future. Upstate the protest begins. Upstate I sit at a dinner in a yard flushed with berry bushes

and discuss the MTA's surprise budget surplus. Every surplus results from in an illusory economy seeking to absorb you within it. During a march across the Williamsburg Bridge in solidarity with Ferguson, Missouri, where Mike Brown's killer had been let off the hook, a poet named Eric Linsker is arrested by police and charged with punching an officer. He has a bag of hammers with him. The finger episode, by which I mean the party where you stuck your finger in my ass and made someone else smell it, a gesture that reduced me almost to tears, still keeps me up some nights. The year in destruction, the year of the sheep, the year of those fireworks, the year of the palms, the year of email, the year of soap, the year of the alley, the year of Anicka Yi's You Can Call Me F at the Kitchen, the year of F, the year of the refrigerator, the year of a dead father, the year of the text message, the year of address, the year in passing. The fake human skull is wrapped in saran wrap and sits on a pile of other skulls like it. It's yellow plastic makes it look "real," or at least aged to a semblance of reality I find uncanny, a public token in cheap homage to time, and when I pass it, I stop to take a picture with my iPhone and send it to my friend. When he receives it he writes back, "What is it?" I respond that it's a fake skull on St. Mark's. He begins to respond, the small iMessage bubble floating up to indicate that he's typing, but after a few seconds it disappears and he never responds. I think to buy the skull but decide against it. Cancel that.

**I MENE MENE
II SOME THINGS CANNOT BE SAID
II SMOG TRIPE**

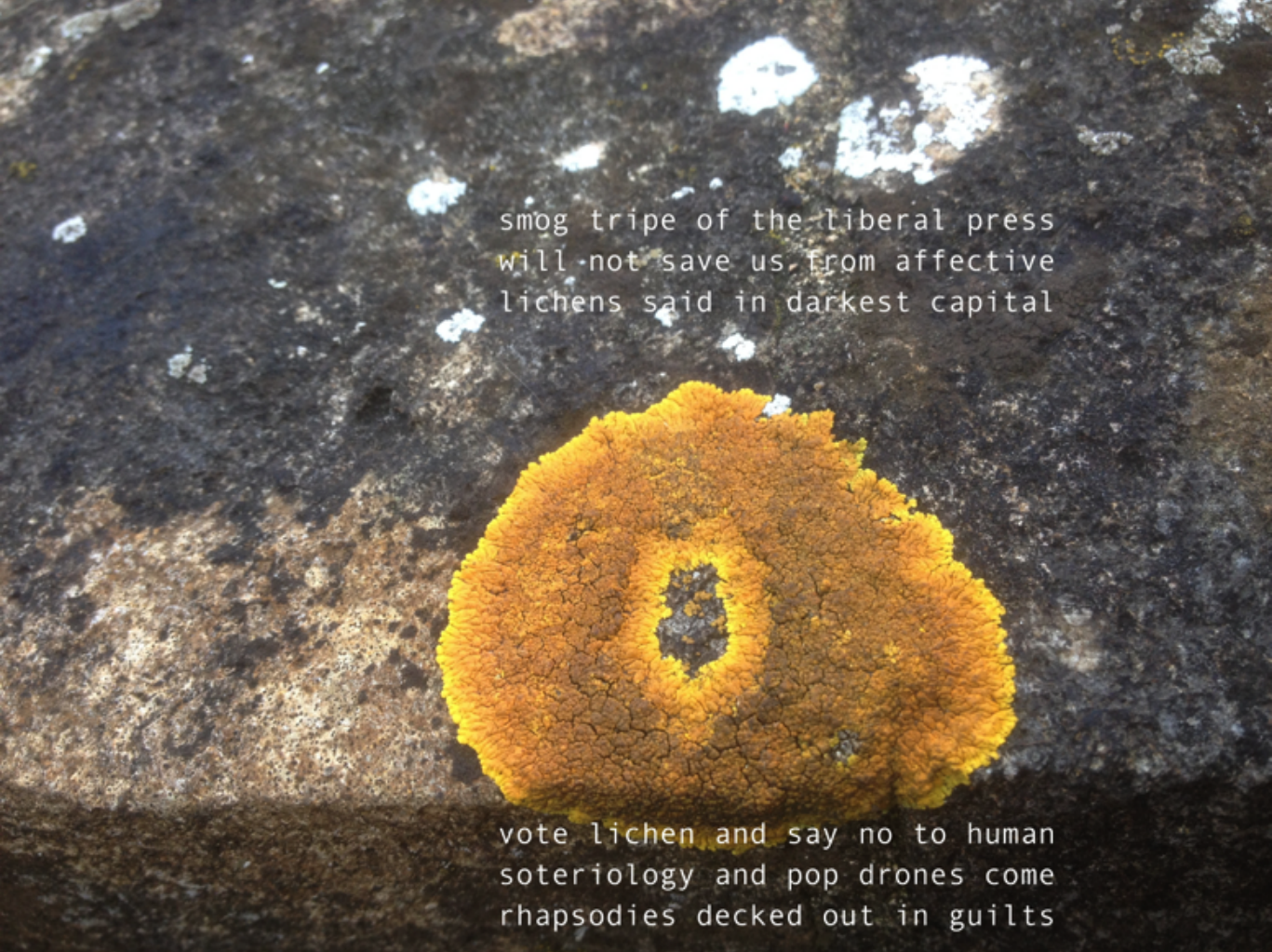
Drew Milne



mene mene on the wall
who is the fairest of
them all come pending
extinctions come gold



some things cannot be stated too clearly
for to want of urgency can kill the very
conditions of the possible there alerted
such as the crushing of the anthropocene
turned hypha done to the double genitive
as who pummels the always already not so
human into submission and then not thing
things so much as the alms of the farmer
transpositions in the murmur of scarcity
done moss cotton and meat for the living
which compasses proud things round about
and finds the weather changing too quick
too unaccommodated in the ungodly brutal
such as cannot see the souls for lichens
and cannot be but in the raw and mordant
and invisible but for prying microscopes
a cut glass sheen turning dead lights on



smog tripe of the liberal press
will not save us from affective
lichens said in darkest capital

vote lichen and say no to human
soteriology and pop drones come
rhapsodies decked out in guilts

CRYSTAL CHILDREN: AUTISM AND ENCHANTMENT AT THE END OF THE ANTHROPOCENE¹

Jack Kahn

Anxiety in the Anthropocene: On (In)finitude and Enchantment

In the current moment, the limits of environmental scarcity weigh upon political consciousness, compelling imagination regarding human finitude and its potential redemption by the forces of futurity. Enchantment becomes an affect through which such optimistic fancy can emerge. Contemporary theorizations of vibrant materiality embody this hopeful whimsy, an engagement which figures prominently within the work of Jane Bennett. In *Vibrant Matter*, Bennett defines enchantment as a catalyst that materializes politics. With her novel materialist method, Bennett shows, “how the figure of enchantment points in two directions: the first toward the humans who *feel* enchanted and whose agentic capacities may be thereby strengthened, and the second toward the agentic of things that *produce* (harmful, helpful) effects in human and other bodies” (xii).² Bennett understands enchantment as an affect which cuts both ways, as an intensity generated by (non)human bodies that radiates agentially with transformative effects. For Bennett, enchantment animates politics as an enlivening potency embedded within social ecologies of people and things. Attentiveness to the vital enchantments of the nonhuman holds great political potential, proposing attention as a micropolitical practice that can harmonize human and planet. Bennett designates enchantment as a force which strengthens agency, and I wish here to imagine how such empowered agencies might operate to diminish the agency of others. In fact, the political vivacity of inhuman enchantment colludes with machinations of power, and the animacy of matter participates in the construction of hierarchies of race and ability implicated in contingencies that threaten the ecologies of the anthropocene.

¹ I would like to thank Sarah Devereaux-Hardimon, Riel Bellow, Dasol Lee, Katherine Snell, Jonty Tiplady, Quinn Lester, Matthew Landry, Andrea Crespo, Mark Andreijevic, Erin Runions Hentyle Yapp, and Kyla Tompkins for their helpful insights and support.

² Bennett, Jane. *Vibrant Matter: A Political Ecology of Things*. Durham: Duke UP, 2010. Print.

Inhuman charms participate in the political machinery of domination. The erotic intensities of the inorganic world symphonize with the apparatuses of dominance that structure racial economies. Even minerals and metals possess vital capacities to participate in the materialization of politics. Interactive and mobile, abiotic substances radiate political potency. The sensory affections of the crystalline possess dangerously enchanting world-making possibility. The crystal, a mineral form excavated from the geological world of the non-human, operates as a medium, as a technology for the production of political sensation. In partial response to disenchanting anxieties regarding the possible destruction of humanity by the ecological turmoil of the anthropocene, affective economies of wonderment and charm empower speculation upon the transformation of humanity.

Discourse connects crystalline fantasia with a post-human futurity beyond planetary annihilation, a gesture which imbues the spiritual practices of indigenous people (such as the crystal healing practice of the Cherokee and Hopi peoples) with eschatological pretension to articulate beautiful visions of collapse and salvation. The post-secular culture produced by Western Empire demands reformulated spiritual meaning to electrify its future—a reterritorialization of indigeneity to sustain the caesuras which enable its illusory absence from politics. In the figure of the “Crystal child,” those differentiated by psychiatry, such as the autistic, become magically fantastical through their objectification by new age crystal healing discourses, a becoming which vitalizes the agency of white maternity in an era of environmental uncertainty. In films (such as Disney’s *Frozen*), such figurations flow from the margins to the mainstream, circulating crystalline fancies to wrestle the angsts of planetary finitude that define the current political moment. The crystal becomes a material that conducts temporalities, an operant form in the production of the present—a present defined by environmental collapse, medicalized governance, racial exclusion, colonial domination, and global genocide.

Crystal Enchantment: On Materiality and Economy

Crystals fascinate, they lure and they mesmerize; these qualities embed within the material ecologies of capital and industrialized production that structure the anthropocene. A substance composed of unique arrangements of atoms, molecules or ions, crystals contain a highly organized architecture—a result of the tendency of matter to arrange in symmetric patterns. Crystals possess certain electrical, optical, and mechanical properties that amorphous solids cannot, and it is these unique material qualities of crystals that oblige fascination. In the passage of light through crystalline substances, the chemical properties of matter enchant in an animated dance with sensation—acting upon bodies in ways that eschew the inertness which abiotic matter presumably epitomizes.

The radiant movement of electromagnetic waves through mineral captures the eye—and in the gesture of light through crystalline matrices and upon sense organs, affects such as wonder, marvel and enchantment erupt from the bodies of the imaginative. The visual qualities of diamonds and other crystals stimulate sensory processes. In their capacity to arouse and excite, crystals are (what the autism community might refer to as) “stimmy,” an enchantment to the stimulatory capacities of the body.³

The interface between body and crystal radiates magical sensation. Through its rarity, its uniqueness and its tendency to charm, the crystal produces desire—making crystalline substances ripe for commodification. Used in the manufacture of jewelry, industrial equipment, and computer hardware, crystalline substances form important components of production. Deeply entangled with the development of capitalism, the desire for diamonds and their luxurious sensorial enchantment fuels the global marketplace. In the interest of resource extraction, large-scale mining projects intervene upon the ecological vitality of the biosphere during the anthropocene. The interface between the crystal and the sensorial inspires conquest, colonization and slavery (and the contingent, dehumanizing racial hierarchies upon which such regimes rely)—defining a moment within which some minerals embody more social agency than some humans. Crystal enchantment forcefully energized the rise of Empire during the anthropocene, colluding with some of the most devastating social and environmental violences enacted by human activity.⁴

Crystal Subjects: On Medicine and Difference

While crystalline allure collaborates with many injurious forces of the anthropocene, some in the U.S. assert the healing properties of crystal enchantment, reterritorializing the spiritual practices of the Cherokee, Hopi, and Mayan people within the cultural space of the colonial metropolis.^{5,6} By removing healing rituals from the communities which

³ For a definition of “stims”: *Autism Wiki*. “Stimming.” Autism Wiki. Web. 22 Mar. 2015. <http://autism.wikia.com/wiki/Stimming>

⁴ For more information, titles on the ecological and social costs of mining include: Cleveland, Todd. *Stones of Contention: A History of Africa's Diamonds*. Athens, OH: Ohio UP, 2014. Print. Africa in World History. Smillie, Ian. *Diamonds*. Malden: Polity, 2014. Print. Polity Resource Ser. Knapp, Arthur Bernard., Vincent C. Pigott, and Eugenia W. Herbert. *Social Approaches to an Industrial Past: The Archaeology and Anthropology of Mining*. London: Routledge, 1998. Print.

⁵ For more information on crystal healing in American culture: Albanese, Catherine L. “The Subtle Energies of Spirit: Explorations in Metaphysical and New Age Spirituality.” *Journal of the American Academy of Religion* 67.2 (1999): 305—25. JSTOR. Web. 22 Mar. 2015. Albanese, Catherine L. “The Aura of Wellness: Subtle—Energy Healing and New Age Religion.” *Religion and American Culture: A Journal of Interpretation* 10.1 (2000): 29—55. JSTOR. Web. 22 Mar. 2015.

⁶ For an analysis regarding the Orientalist geographic imaginations of Empire: Said, Edward W. *Orientalism*. New York: Vintage, 1979. Print.

practice them, new age spirituality treats the perceived spiritual lack in American Society. Indigeneity becomes a resource to be extracted, an object useful only for the vitalization of the Western psyche. Notable proponents of crystal healing within the U.S. academic community include William A. Tiller and Marcel Vogel, who argue that the psychoenergetic properties of crystalline matter can channel healing energies within the body.⁷ Discourse in American new age culture—building from the thought of those like Tiller and Vogel—also invokes crystalline charm in the differentiation of auras and energetic embodiments, especially in the formulation of “Indigo” and “Crystal” childhood. Such invocations of “primal” spirituality invigorates the perceived disenchantment of secular culture with crystalline whimsy—in a gesture which reterritorializes indigenous practices within settler cultures complicit in the genocide of indigenous people. Emptying the crystal healing practices of indigenous meaning by grafting them within the body of the Crystal child—a discursive chimera appropriated from psychiatric discourse, indigenous practices, 19th century vitalism, notions of republican motherhood, white femininities, popular science, crystalline affections, astrological thinking, Vedic practices, commodity fetishes, eugenics discourse, and anti-vaccination conspiracy theory.

The cultural production known as the “Crystal child” entered the American spiritual consciousness at the turn of the millennia in partial response to the rise of the so-called “autism epidemic,” wherein technologies of neural differentiation (such as the DSM) organize modes of biopolitical governance.⁸ Crystal children embody energetic fields differently than other bodies, a differential embodiment described by (non-indigenous) practitioners of New Age spirituality through its connection to the crystalline: “Crystal children are so-called . . . because of their high vibration. Perhaps it will be noted in time that Crystals are

⁷ For some U.S. academic discourse regarding crystal healing:

Mitchell, Edgar D., and John Warren White. *Psychic Exploration: A Challenge for Science*. New York: Putnam, 1974. Print.

Pringsheim, Peter, and Marcel Vogel. *Luminescence of Liquids and Solids and Its Practical Applications*. New York: Interscience, 1943. Print.

Tiller, William A. *The Science of Crystallization: Macroscopic Phenomena and Defect Generation*. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1991. Print.

Tiller, William A., Walter E. Dibble, and J. Gregory Fandel. *Some Science Adventures with Real Magic*. Walnut Creek, CA: Pavior Pub., 2005. Print.

Tiller, William A. “A Personal Perspective on Energies in Future Energy Medicine.” *The Journal of Alternative and Complementary Medicine* 10.5 (2004): 867—77. Web.

Tiller, William A. *Science and Human Transformation: Subtle Energies, Intentionality and Consciousness*. Walnut Creek, CA: Pavior Publications, 1997. Print.

Tiller, William A. “What Are Subtle Energies?” *Society for Scientific Exploration* 7.3 (1993): 293—304. Web.

⁸ For a more expanded analysis on the rise of the “autism epidemic” and its concomitant cure project:

Kahn, Jack. “On Neuronationalism: Autism, Immunity, Security.” *The New Inquiry*. 18 Mar. 2015. Web. 22 Mar. 2015.

more dominant in the crown chakra, the violet color spectrum, even the white and clear aura.”⁹ Combining energy healing practice from North American and South Asian people, new age spirituality creates the discursive environment necessary for autistic children to exude crystalline whiteness. Post-secular spiritualist discourse cites the radiant optical qualities of the crystal to encode the vibrantly luxurious difference that the Crystal child embodies. By comparing autistic children with the enchanting properties of crystalline minerals, American motherhood posits the rarity and radiant whiteness of autistic children.¹⁰ New age subcultures therefore valorize the singularity of the autistic body in a way which aims not to discipline it into normalcy, but to enchant its difference by transforming the emergence of neurodivergence into a cosmological event (a gesture that ultimately spectacularizes autism—rendering autistic subjects as parahuman objects at which to marvel).

Crystalline Neurology: On Autism and Post-Human Affection

The deployment of the “Crystal child” as a category differentiated from normative humanity eschews pathologization by explaining behaviors medically associated with neurodevelopmental debility as mystical or bewitching:

“Many Crystal Children may have delayed speech patterns, and it’s not uncommon for them to wait until they’re 3 or 4 years old to begin speaking . . . It is speculated that the parents engage in mind-to-mind communication with their Crystal Children.



Crystals use a combination of telepathy, self-fashioned sign language, and sounds (including song) to get their point across, often causing them to get labeled as autistic.”¹¹ While psychiatric understandings of autism posit the asociality of autistics, mothers of Crystal children presume that, because their children engage in social behavior they must not be autistic—the disabled parahuman—but enchanted with crystal charm—an instantiation of the miraculous post-human. Mothers cite the mesmerizing erotics of crystalline matter in order to construct autistic childhood as sacral—as entrenched within a psychic cosmology beyond the human:

⁹ Jackson, Sharyl. “The Attributes of a Crystal Child.” *ByRegion.net*. Children of the New Earth Magazine, 2002. Web. 22 Mar. 2015.

¹⁰ On the autistic as parahuman:

Asperger, Hans, Elisabeth Wagner, Nicole Rivollier, Dominique L'Hôpital, and Jacques Constant. *Les psychopathes autistiques pendant l'enfance*. Le Plessis—Robinson: Institut Synthélabo Pour Le Progrès De La Connaissance, 1998. Print.

¹¹ Gaiam TV. “Do You Believe You Might Have a Crystal Child?” *Gaiam TV.*, 24 Apr. 2014. Web. 22 Mar. 2015.

Crystal Children don't warrant a label of autism. They aren't autistic! They're AWE-tistic . . . These children are worthy of awe, not labels of dysfunction. If anyone is dysfunctional, it's the systems that aren't accommodating the continuing evolution of the human species. If we shame the children with labels, or medicate them into submission, we will have undermined a heaven-sent gift. We will crush a civilization before its [sic] had time to take roots.¹²

Autistic children—like crystalline minerals—inspire awe, enchanting the world with their rarity and their splendid singularity. The categorical taxonomies of psychiatry inadequately capture the awesome difference of the autistic—a misrecognition of the Crystal child's heavenly allure. Diagnosis desingularizes, explaining difference as a pathogenic pattern of development shared among the sick and the disabled. By invoking the crystalline properties of matter, new spiritual movements resingularize the variance of autistic embodiment through objectification, through its discursive connection to the luxurious magic of crystalline minerals. Such a formulation leaves little room for children to articulate experiences of disability by foreclosing the very possibility for identification with an autistic subjectivity. New age fetishism of neurodivergence transforms the embodiment of disability from a social to a cosmological phenomenon—explaining bodily difference as representative of a crystalline futurity. Autism transmutes from a minoritized neurological embodiment to a glamorous signifier of crystal magic.

Crystal Soteriology: On Autistic Eschatology at the End of the Anthropocene

The neural embodiment of the autistic child comes to signify cosmological futures yet to come—the ultimate salvation of humankind from the anthropocene. “Autistic people are not phased completely with the physical dimension. What this means is they have one foot in and one foot out of physical reality,” argues spiritualist Teal Swan.¹³ For Swan, the environmental conditions of the anthropocene produce the autistic by fissuring their consciousness from physical reality—enabling autistics to more deeply occupy the cosmological:

But a great many things can trigger autism. In the future we will find that even environmental factors such as vaccines, pollutants and pesticides can trigger autism . . . In the first two years of life, myelin (which protects and isolates brain neurons) has not finished growing. This allows bacterial toxins, metal toxins, chemical toxins and other environmental toxins to reach and destroy the budding dendrites

¹² Starchild, and Stop. Think. Autism. “Stop. Think. Autism” : *Autism Acceptance: The Indigo & Crystal Way?* Starchild.co.za, 11 June 2008. Web. 22 Mar. 2015.

¹³ Swan, Teal. “Autism (Understanding Autism, Autistic Children and Autistic Adults)—Teal Swan.” YouTube. *YouTube*, 30 Mar. 2013. Web. 22 Mar. 2015.

and axons . . . The destruction of these neurons in the brain makes it so that the consciousness of the child cannot properly phase with the physical dimension through the intermediary device that we call “the brain.”¹⁴

Deterritorialized autistic consciousness diverges from the physical world of things because it more intensely inhabits transdimensional space—framing the autistic as extra-terrestrial. The vulnerability of the neuron to myelinic damage entangles with a crystalline vision of ecological futurity. The toxicity of the anthropocene produces neural debility in the body of the autistic, freeing it from physical relations so that it may engage spiritual planes outside of physical reality. Autism becomes both an artifact of and an answer to environmental collapse. The ecological instability of the present deterritorializes the body from the material world in a transformative process that immanentizes imaginations of a new spiritual age. The brain becomes an instrument of transformation—and the presumed production of disability by environmental toxicity both pollutes and enchants embodiment in the dramatic unfolding of a radiant spiritual future.

Swan argues that the autistic occupies the interstices formed between the current and impending worlds, straddling the liminal spaces



formed by social reality and cosmic futurity: “Humanity is moving into its next phase of evolution, a phase in which the species is going to become a fusion of its non-

physical and physical aspects, we are going to be a spiritually manifested physical species . . . You can see autistic people as the ‘species-link’ between what we are now and what we are becoming as a species.”¹⁵ Swan proposes an enchanting eugenics wherein autistic children represent the spiritual future of the human race. By positioning the Crystal children as a glamorous figure of salvation, new age spirituality politicizes autism for its redemptive and enlightening effects on non-autistic people. The autistic becomes a signifier for the deterritorialization of the species into trans-dimensional spiritual consciousness, an emblem of a luxurious crystalline post-humanistic unity to come. New Age reformulations of the eugenic *scala naturae* imbricate with colonial fantasias of crystalline animism—an incorporation of what has been deemed “primal” into the post-secular to retrace the limits of humanity at the end of the anthropocene. The crystal, therefore, becomes a substance within which operant imaginations of past and future trace the limits of the human—triangulating neural difference with both a racialized “primal” past and a

¹⁴ Ibid.

¹⁵ Ibid.

glittery post-human futurity.

The post-humanity of the autistic Crystal child arrives with the promise of environmental stabilization and the ultimate demise of the Anthropocene. The Crystal autist harbors a connection to planetary energy that promises to save the earth from collapse. Therefore, the emergent “autism epidemic” represents the proliferation of a crystalline multitude with a magical, intimate relationship to the planet:

In addition to their warm hearts, Crystal Children are very connected to the energy of the planet, both to the planet itself and the mood of the masses (such as if a worldwide event happens). The Crystal Children have strong connections to the energy of the earth, nature and the moon and stars. However, I wondered how the Crystals would be labeled, so I began to observe. What I began to hear was the word “autistic.” I am now quite convinced that we will see a dramatic increase in the number of autistic children.¹⁶

Autistic children embody a synchronicity with the world that has globally transformative effects. New Age discourse narrates the rise in autism diagnoses to a mass re-enchantment with the planet—a vision wherein the earth narrowly evades the end of times because of the transformative radiance of the Crystal child. Many in the scientific community posit that changes in diagnostic practices result in the massive increase of autism diagnoses, but new spiritualism considers that this increase is part of a teleological eschatology, wherein the autist enchants humanity’s relation to the planet. The autist belongs not to the political world (the social body), but to “stimmy” fascination and enchantment (the body of the earth). Such spiritual beliefs foreclose the subjectification of autistics by treating them as an enchanting object, as a signifier for the intoxicating crystalline fetishism of non-autistic white Americans. Autistic experience becomes valid only by reifying neurotypical imaginations of toxicity, collapse, charm and redemption. New age spirituality triangulates the autistic with both cosmic unity and apocalypse—rendering the disabled child as an angel of the end of the anthropocene. Therefore, the emergence of autistic bodies signals the ultimate evolution of the species toward a higher cosmic awareness. Autistics belong not to the anthropocene, but to a glamorous post-human futurity glowing with crystalline radiance. In the metaphoric eroticism of the crystal, subjects envisage radiant visions of destruction and salvation—negotiating the transformations and insecurities at the imagined end of the anthropocene. Crystal enchantment defines the ecological conditions of the present and the dangerous volatility of the future. In crystalline affection, affluent white Americans envision both cosmic unity and planetary destruction—further animating mineral

¹⁶ Jackson, Sharyl. “The Attributes of a Crystal Child.” ByRegion.net. Children of the New Earth Magazine, 2002. Web. 22 Mar. 2015.

glamour, a fetishistic product of the very environmental and social violences from which it promises salvation. Crystal children sparkle angelically for those they meet, inspiring the world as glittery treasures from the not-yet-here.

Frozen Futures: On Crystalline Ecology beyond Planetary Finitude

Though peripheral to American culture, the tropes belonging to New Age spirituality circulate within the mainstream—affecting popular consciousness with rapturous imaginations of ecological redemption. Disney’s *Frozen* embodies one instance wherein the specter of the Crystal child inserts itself within the popular imaginary.¹⁷ *Frozen* is a 2013 American 3D computer animated film inspired by Hans Christian Anderson’s fairy tale *The Snow Queen*. A massive commercial success, *Frozen* ranks as the highest-grossing animated film of all time, winning two Academy Awards (for Best Animated Feature and Best Song). The film tells the story of Elsa, princess of Arendelle, who possesses enchanting cryokinetic powers, with which she is able to produce frost, snow, and ice crystals at will. Elsa’s powers come not without danger, and as a child she accidentally injures her sister with a ballistic icicle. Horrified by the dangerous vitality of their child’s differential embodiment, the king and queen of Arendelle solicit the help of the troll king, who uses healing magic to revive Ana and erase her of her memories of Elsa’s powers. Fearful that the perilous curse of her magic abilities might injure those she loves, Elsa confines herself to her room—fissuring her once fond relationship with her younger sister. Elsa’s difference forecloses the possibility for her to experience sisterly intimacy without risking Ana’s safety. The possibility of physical injury damages Elsa, effectively limiting her mobility and her capacity to relate to others.

Many bloggers have associated Elsa’s experiences of disability with an autistic experience: “What makes Elsa different is not a disability, but her unusual magic ability to create cold. Nevertheless it is clear that the circumstance leads to a social disability. She refers to her country as ‘a kingdom of isolation’ in her famous song. Autism



¹⁷ *Frozen*. Dir. Chris Buck and Jennifer Lee. Perf. Kristen Bell and Idina Menzel. Walt Disney Animation Studios, 2013. DVD.

¹⁸ Zare, Jeffrey. “An Autistics Reflection on Disney’s *Frozen*.” *An Autistic’s Reflection on Disney’s *Frozen**. Autism Support Network News, n.d. Web. 16 Apr. 2015.

For another comparison of autistic experience to Elsa’s:

“Disney’s *Frozen* and Autism.” *The Third Glance*. Wordpress, 21 Dec. 2013. Web. 23 Mar. 2015.

similarly leads to a world of isolation.”¹⁸ Imposed not by a differential neurology, but by the dangerous enchantment of cryokenesis, disability performatively contextualizes the representation of Elsa’s experience. The resonances between the body of the cryokinetic and that of the autistic more deeply connect Elsa to the figure of the Crystal child. Like the autistic Crystal child, Elsa’s sensitivity and magic ability separate her from the social world. Her powers of crystal enchantment remove her from the here-and-now and toward a “kingdom of isolation” at the edge of the political world. The architecture of her social environment vexes Elsa with a loneliness not unlike the worlds of isolation experienced by autistics.

The sudden death of her parents by shipwreck exacerbates the psychic burden of Elsa’s difference. Disaster leads to grief for the princesses of Arendelle. The distress of Elsa’s anguish aggravates her ability to control her magical powers. The threatening possibility of catastrophe further isolates Elsa, whose magic abilities powerfully exceed her capacity to maintain security. Elsa soon comes of age, and her kingdom prepares for her coronation as Queen of Arendelle. Excited to relate with the outside world, Anna ecstatically awaits the day the castle gates will open to guests for the “first time in forever”. Preparing to assume her proper post as royal monarch, Elsa nervously awaits her coronation ceremony. The danger inherent to Elsa’s embodiment threatens the completion of her performative assent to sovereignty, but the coronation ceremony transpires without incident. During the reception, Anna accepts a marriage proposal from Prince Hans of the Southern Isles—infuriating Elsa who forbids such a sudden arrangement. This disagreement culminates in an emotional outburst whose intensity triggers the release of Elsa’s cryokenesis—revealing the disturbing difference of her dangerous embodiment. In a worried panic, Elsa escapes the castle—abandoning her kingdom without a ruler. The aleatory emergence of difference in the body breaks the ceremonious passage of sovereignty from monarch to heir—chaotically intervening upon the political organization of the human world.

Away from politics, Elsa designs to make a life for herself in the frozen wilderness. In this asocial milieu, Elsa finally gains the capacity to articulate a singular selfhood freed from the disciplinary constraints upon her powers of enchantment. Immersed in nature, Elsa can exercise cryokenesis without fear—releasing a transformative sensation of freedom through political desubjectification. No longer a political subject to Arendelle, Elsa becomes a singularized intensity within an enchanting crystalline ecology apart from the human world. Elsa abandons the social conditions which produce her body as a threat to society.

In the “Let it Go” sequence, Elsa articulates a selfhood released from the exigencies of the social, a selfhood that more deeply inhabits the cosmological. The musical voice erotically conducts her invigorating feelings of freedom and self-transformation. “And one thought



crystallizes like an icy blast,” Elsa sings as she conjures a crystalline chandelier of icy glass; “I’m never going back; the past is in the past,” Elsa removes her crown (a symbol of sovereign power

and the processuality of rule from monarch to monarch) transforming her coronation dress into a luxurious crystalline gown. These magical acts of self-transformation sever the present from the past. Crystalline thought vibrantly inspires visions of the present which rupture temporality by gesturing dangerously toward the richness of futurity—an imagination of a free life away from the constraining contingencies of the social world. Computer graphics render the glamorous vitality of Elsa’s body, visually luxuriating the cryokenetic creation of Elsa’s crystal palace—a beautiful locality at the edge of the anthropocene.

Unlike limited animation, 3D modeling uses fractal vector arrays to simulate the conduction of electromagnetic wave-forms through translucent solids (without simply rendering them in two dimensions). Geometric data produces crystalline fancy in the virtual-algorithmic structures and graphical figures which produce not-yet-actual enchanting sensations in the cinematic body. The crystal-image, a vitality which contains within it the movement of rays through time, severs the present from the past—becoming a virtual temporality-machine engaged in the production of the actual. On his notion of the crystal-image, Gilles Deleuze writes: “What constitutes the crystal-image is the most fundamental operation of time: since the past is not constituted after the present that it was but at the same time, time has to split itself in two at each moment as present and past [. . .] Time consists of this split, and it is this, time, that we see in the crystal (81).¹⁹ As a virtuality which produces time through the enchanting representational circuitry of the moving picture, the crystal-image cleaves the cinematic present from the past. The crystalline qualities of filmic media creates a sensation of the present, of a singular moment disaggregated from the contingencies of the past—of a time detached from causality by its capacity to intensify the present. By conducting and modulating the movement of light through cinematic machinery, the intensive temporality of motion pictures differentiate sequential moments, actively creating the sensation of reality:

Through devices of contraction and dilation, the video camera modulates the flows of electromagnetic waves. Video images are

¹⁹ Deleuze, Gilles. *Cinema 2: The Time Image*. London: Athlone, 1989. Print.

contractions and dilations, ‘vibrations and tremors’ of light, rather than ‘tracings’, reproductions of reality. The video camera’s take is a crystallization of time—matter . . . It is not at all a question of the impression of light on a support, but of crystallization and its modulation. (111)²⁰

The crystal-image, not simply a reflection of reality, participates in the production of time as a virtual form which territorializes itself in the actual by creating the sensation of a singular present-time separate from the past and future. The crystal becomes a machine, an engine which generates affect and temporality—structuring the world not by reproducing reality, but by choreographing time’s vital dance among bodies and screens.

The crystalline fractals which animate the passage of light through ice becomes a vehicle for the transmission of enchanted feeling, feelings which radiate the beatific singularity of Elsa’s post-humanity. By embracing the magical possibilities of her creative capacities, Elsa removes herself from the exigencies of human life to agentially exercise her ability to produce a new crystalline cosmology—by becoming-cosmological. Elsa transforms from parahuman autistic, a disabled citizen, to a posthuman enchantress, a Crystal child undifferentiated from vibrant planetary forces. Elsa evacuates the social body to join the animated dance of the planetary body. Elsa’s ethical choice to leave the human world for one enchanted by magical power resonates with Félix Guattari’s ethico-aesthetic paradigm. Through this paradigm, Guattari asserts that “there is an ethical choice in favor of the richness of the possible, an ethics and politics of the virtual that decorporealizes and deterritorializes contingency, linear causality and the pressure of circumstances and significations which besiege us. It is a choice for processuality, irreversibility and resingularization” (94).²¹ Elsa’s world-making enchantments overwhelm the social relays of political life in the anthropocene, threatening the planet with a crystalline apocalypse. By exiting the finite social world to merge with the limitless cosmological world, Elsa exits linear time, becoming a vital singularity within an intensified present that overpowers the contingency of linear time. Elsa becomes a line of flight. The vital charm of the crystal-image becomes a virtual form through which possibility and the rupture of finitude can be imagined, a form which creatively resingularizes through the capacity of the body to generate intensity.

Coda: The Oedipalization of Possibility by Crystalline Whiteness

Eternal winter destroys the economy of Arendelle, threatening human politics with collapse. Anna’s sisterly love ultimately allows the re-inclusion of Elsa to the social world—soothing the dangerous volatility

²¹ Guattari, Félix. *Chaosmosis: An Ethico-aesthetic Paradigm*. Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1995. Print.

²⁰ Lazzarato, M. “Machines to Crystallize Time: Bergson.” *Theory, Culture & Society* 24.6 (2007): 93-122. Web.

produced by the Crystal child's wintry wonderland. By re-establishing intimacy with her sister, Elsa achieves the emotional stability necessary to control the danger of her magical powers. The inclusion of difference within the social by recognizing the enchanting singularity of the post-human dodges planetary collapse at the very last instance. The vibrant creativity of the Crystal child entreats familial (Oedipal) intimacy to re-incorporate crystalline desire within the fold of society, invigorating its environmental futurity. *Frozen*, a film which features no people of color, presents audiences with a splendid imagination of ecological futurity both threatened by difference, and tempered by loving inclusion. The shamanic yet parahuman troll king (the mystical creature who heals Anna's wounds at the beginning of the film), a character which serves only to heal and enliven white characters in moments of crisis, signifies the closest representation to a person of color present in the film (bearing much resemblance to the "magical negro" trope).

Frozen's narrative of inclusion operates through a racial lacuna—a concerning absence of race which imbricates whiteness with enchanting vitality and infinitude. In the magical singularity of the disabled white child, ecological imaginations of the end of the anthropocene inhere with the technologies of social hierarchy that stabilize the normative relays of our political moment—deploying enchantment to articulate vivid cosmologies contingent upon the negation of racial and autistic subjectivity. It is then in these crystalline affections that a political moment characterized by dehumanization, exclusion, and environmental destruction can radiate possibilities beyond the finitude of the anthropocene—a glimmer of hopeful imagination operant in the violent machinations of abled, white supremacy.

Both the Crystal child and the crystal image involve a molarization of the animated molecular-becomings of crystalline substances. The material energy of the inhuman world courses through the circuitry of social life, channeling and augmenting their political trajectories. In other words, crystal enchantments act upon and orchestrate those apparatuses operant in the differentiation of race and ability. The affection of electromagnetic transmission through a molecular lattice conducts intensity, transmitting energy which circulates within the social machinery of race and capital. The dynamic properties of mineral radiate possibility—intoxicating subjects with dreams of futuristic infinitude, dreams that nonetheless participate in the production of the present (in addition to the hierarchical contingencies of race and ability inherent to it). The crystalline becomes a social instrument that cleaves the present from the past, the post-secular from the primal, the white from the non-white, the human from the post-human, the finite from the infinite. In crystal substances, visions of splendid white futures untethered to exigencies of risk and scarcity operate through the occlusion of racial and

disabled subjectivity—enchaining the present with the whimsy necessary to sate anxiety regarding the threatening ecological precarity that defines life in the anthropocene. In its dangerous vitality, crystalline intensities carve the surface of a planet as agential participants in destructive, genocidal forces which plague the present.

Works Cited

- Albanese, Catherine L. "The Aura of Wellness: Subtle-Energy Healing and New Age Religion." *Religion and American Culture: A Journal of Interpretation* 10.1 (2000): 29-55. JSTOR. Web. 22 Mar. 2015.
- Albanese, Catherine L. "The Subtle Energies of Spirit: Explorations in Metaphysical and New Age Spirituality." *Journal of the American Academy of Religion* 67.2 (1999): 305-25. JSTOR. Web. 22 Mar. 2015.
- Asperger, Hans, Elisabeth Wagner, Nicole Rivollier, Dominique L'Hôpital, and Jacques Constant. *Les Psychopathes Autistiques Pendant L'enfance*. Le Plessis-Robinson: Institut Synthélabo Pour Le Progrès De La Connaissance, 1998. Print.
- Autism Wiki. "Stimming." *Autism Wiki*. N.p., n.d. Web. 22 Mar. 2015.
- Bennett, Jane. *Vibrant Matter: A Political Ecology of Things*. Durham: Duke UP, 2010. Print.
- Cleveland, Todd. *Stones of Contention: A History of Africa's Diamonds*. Athens, OH: Ohio UP, 2014. Print. Africa in World History.
- Deleuze, Gilles. *Cinema 2: The Time Image*. London: Athlone, 1989. Print.
- Frozen*. Dir. Chris Buck and Jennifer Lee. Perf. Kristen Bell and Idina Menzel. Walt Disney Animation Studios, 2013. DVD.
- Gaiam TV. "Do You Believe You Might Have a Crystal Child?" *Gaiam TV*. N.p., 24 Apr. 2014. Web. 22 Mar. 2015.
- Guattari, Félix. *Chaosmosis: An Ethico-Aesthetic Paradigm*. Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1995. Print.
- Jackson, Sharyl. "The Attributes of a Crystal Child." *ByRegion.net*. Children of the New Earth Magazine, 2002. Web. 22 Mar. 2015.
- Kahn, Jack. "On Neuronationalism: Autism, Immunity, Security." *The New Inquiry*. N.p., 18 Mar. 2015. Web. 22 Mar. 2015.
- Knapp, Arthur Bernard., Vincent C. Pigott, and Eugenia W. Herbert. *Social Approaches to an Industrial Past: The Archaeology and Anthropology of Mining*. London: Routledge, 1998. Print.
- Lazzarato, M. "Machines to Crystallize Time: Bergson." *Theory, Culture & Society* 24.6 (2007): 93-122. Web.
- Mitchell, Edgar D., and John Warren White. *Psychic Exploration: A Challenge for Science*. New York: Putnam, 1974. Print.

RSVP

William Fergus Stuart

Buddhists say if you don't
find out what's wrong in your life
then you're doomed to repeat it
for all your future lives until what
is wrong is somehow fixed.

And psychologists say that if you
don't find out what went wrong
in life then you're doomed to
repeat it in your future life,

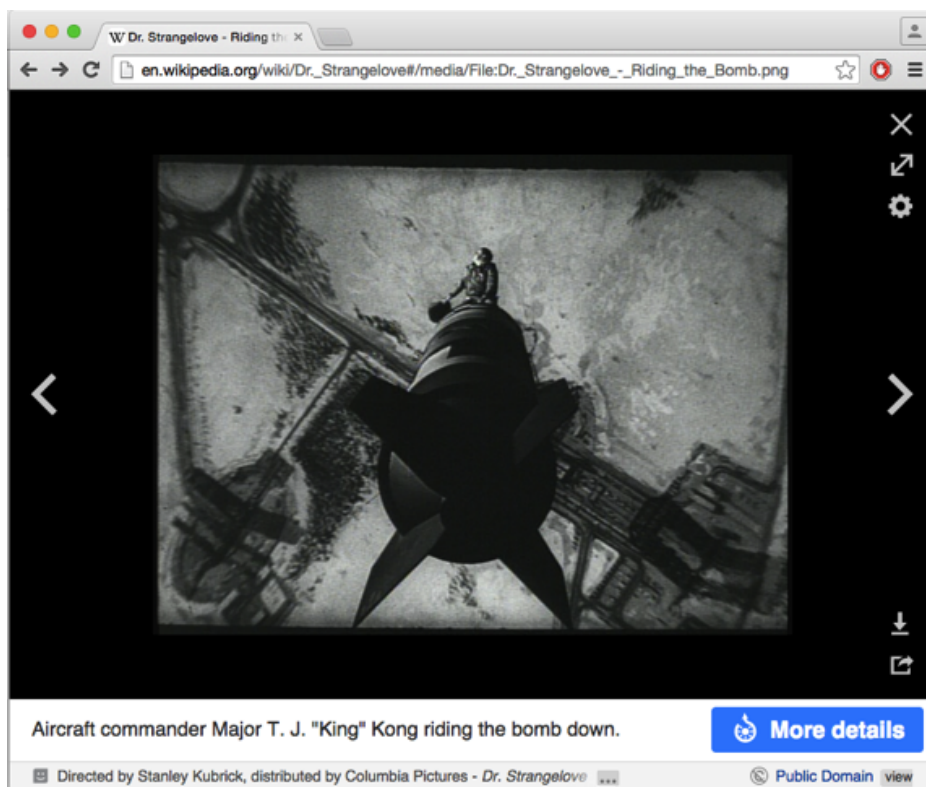
so, planet Earth, what I'm
hoping is: we sort you out before
it's too late

UNTITLED

John DeWitt

It occurred to me that climate change is like nuclear proliferation, in terms of who gets to and who doesn't, and how maybe the one-upmanship of neglect is a weapon.

Also, in October 2012, Felix Baumgartner performed the longest fall without drugs. He fell a marathon. This extraordinary event moved a journalist from the Little Newspaper to ask him if he was going into politics, to which Baumgartner replied : "No. You can't do anything in a democracy. We need a dictatorship."



Apparently Ban Ki-Moon called Baumgartner the most courageous person in the world, and Baumgartner offered him skydiving lessons. Falling is catchy! The fall of. . .

GARBAGE RING FLASH

Holly Pester

I'm on the star ship enterprise
and I ask to
see the captain
he asks what's wrong I say
I want
an abortion
who is the father?
no one here
in the next room I can hear the old man
giggling and singing to his beloved robot seal
true love
we're all here
it's hotter than ever in the store
cupboard
this will be
your fifth one since you've been here
if it's all the same to you I'd rather not keep count
and it's my sixth
and I've got to do something
it's only March
can't you paint the bridge or help
cook?
we've all got to do our bit
exactly
the worst thing I could do is give birth
to a real one
thanks
I'll sink it again
it's all I can do
how dare we hold one whole object
as
if its not urgent
it's got to be

slime and creeping and full of lichen
how dare we hold this recent low point
knowing it
can't be reached in any instance
hang me upside down by
my
spike and my low point
let it grow luminous inside
a headless and terrified
scientist
becoming shiny wholly
recent
one of them I left on the bonnet
of a car that's
still there on the seabed
all the same
colour
becoming fossil and shiny
don't lie
don't lie
I can hear the homeless man in the next
room who smells
like all of us at once
he's growing hyper seeds in his kidneys
react god react
I'll only carry a chard insistence
in solidarity with the elephant
full of prank mammoth
ripping it open
nothing else
in the anecdote of our time
about to buy a
new car

@EARTHCULT_

Emily Jones





If and only if

wild-type

self-presence

pre-reflective

co-present

third-person

well-known

not-now

now

extended-present

one-to-one

answer-to

answer-for

power-with

air-cure

knowing-that

knowing-how

being-there

being-formerly-inside-it

-towards-the-world

as if without us we could be we.

UNTITLED

Dan Hoy

Every creature
on Earth

waits for
the nightmare

to end.

Every morning
the rooster

cries out
for the day

you wake up.

3D MISPRINTINGS

Aaron Apps

The children become hyper as they hyperventilate in the cotton candy of the sugar sphere and dance like whimsical headless humans in the macular excess of masochism where everything is hype, where all of the sunlight is blocked internally in the erotics of children, and that type of world is all there is, child, and we together are maddening children. This is not high art, this is not really formal, or formed, this is sugar sense in the scene, in the soda aisle, of a big box store at some insane and imagined stop in a stupid and childish exodus of stupidity, from one aisle to another aisle, from one body to another body, in the exoskeleton exchange of pixie sticks and rhinestone clothing design, which is this mired thing marketing departments call desirability in the erotics of children, and everything is underwritten within the childish erotics of housing securities. This is art. To escape while not escaping, children grow abstract expressionism in a 3D printer like dull dollops that are derivative of dull dollops on the dull canvas of these dire doldrums and it is all basically man snot and I am, and I am bored as snot aging in the airways of a dying elephant in an elephant graveyard composed of misprinted plastic bodies and misprinted plastic letters and misprinted plastic guns. Give me a gun shaped like ooze so I can fail to murder myself, or the child in me, who is not me, but is me, me there in the scene of failed murder that always leads to death or something like death before death, into something like something in all of these sweet shapes that remain misshapen, child.

RAYING DOWN PURE WHITE LIGHT, WHICH BRIGHTENED EVERYTHING ON WHICH IT FELL, BUT WARMED NOTHING

Andrew Spragg

Pleased to be working—the perennial afloat—
lain prone, a spectacle of delay. Jaw for the giving,
a chewed over supper of delicacies soon sodden.

Days checked off in flush weight, teeth tapping on the bone spoon.
The salt water has found the first step—bobbing in the brim float,
the heavy metal petitioning, just petitioning, petitioning.

Shale fated, eyeing up the stones, heaping in the gathering water. When
we said it was forever who coolly knew. The horizon on the island grows
into another expanse. Days pass with nothing worth noting. You are long
over just staring. The eyes have become salt-burnt a translucent blue.
Not for this earth. The head is fixed for fear of the swelling corners. Just
one contraption to regulate your breathing. Just one to distinguish the
seasons. Homely disaster becomes a gradient erosion. Interruptions that
plane away to nothing.

MY WIFE CALLS ME A FOOL

Abraham Adams

When sunlike stars run out of fuel, they explode in a series of pulses, throwing off much of their mass in the form of a giant shell of gas called a planetary nebula. What remains of the star is a superdense white dwarf star at the center. The star's planets, if any, are shattered by the blast. This could be the fate of Earth.

—Karl Tate, space.com

Not much will remain Ryszard really not much
of the poetry of our this insane century certainly Rilke Eliot
a few other distinguished shamans who knew the secret
of conjuring a form with words that resists the action of time without
which
no phrase is worth remembering and speech is like sand.

—Zbigniew Herbert, "To Ryszard Krynicki—a Letter"

Can the group face the problem of its own death? Can a group with a historic mission envisage the end of that mission—can the State envisage the withering away of the state? Can revolutionary parties envisage the end of their so-called mission to lead the masses?

[. . .] There is a kind of phantasizing that appears in static societies in the form of myths, and in bureaucratized states in the form of roles, which produces the most wonderful narratives: "When I'm twenty-five I'll be an officer; then a colonel and later a general; I'll get a medal when I retire; then I'll die . . ." But group phantasizing is something more than this, because it includes an additional reference point that is not centered on a particular object, or on the individual's particular place in the social scale: "I've been in the French army for a long time; the French army has always existed, it is eternal, so if I keep my place in the hierarchy, I too shall have something of the eternal. This makes life easier when I'm afraid of dying, or when my wife calls me a fool. After all, I *am* a regimental sergeant major!" The institutional object underlying the phantasy of military rank ("I'm not nobody!") serves to unfurl a range of references of a homosexual nature that provides society with a bling and relatively homogenous body of people who shrink from any self-questioning about life and death, who

are ready to enforce any repression, to torture, to bombard civilians with napalm and so on. The continuation in time of the institution at the level of phantasy is thus a kind of implicit support for the denial of the reality of death at the individual level. The capitalist controlling several trusts also draws support from this “sense of eternity.” In his position at the top of the hierarchy he fulfills a kind of priestly function for those below, ritualizing eternity and conjuring away death.

—Félix Guattari, “The Group and the Person,” 1966/68

ANTROPOSEINS

Purdey Lord Kreiden

(A short play: People in a stopped car in a dark street in a city at night)

C: A lost shoe fallen overboard. Stars swim in the darkness of the cities. I remember a friend of mine who once was drugged and said, “ I have a heart to call things the dark way”. I have seen the sadness of the Creator on his very last day; he has explained to me the silence of the flower, the speech of the lemur, the music of the spheres. When my friend came down he said to me, “I’ve dipped my fingers in a river that runs forever.” I can see the heart of Hart Crane through the glassy waves, moist and soft, like a half-baked cookie, Undine walking on a thread of light between the sky of Mars and the Empire State Building.

A: What is the sea?

B: An imprisoned galaxy.

C: The first time your cock was inside me , the first sunset I’ve seen on ecstasy.

A: But for the reeds to grow, you must let the blood of the livings flow.

B: The dryness of lips uneager to kiss mine, a stranger’s penis fluttering like a wavelength in your hand, my mother attending a funeral for the first time.

A: The first one to die will be the first one to rise again.

C: I’ve seen tortoises mistaken for turtles and flung into the ocean.

B: I’ve seen children going creeping down the length of metal bars in the swimming pools where I bathed my body in the feet basin.

A: My parents forced me to swim between their knees.

B: As the sun rises, I can see the crevasses where my body soon will grow the softer limbs that it needs.

C: I have been old for as long as I can remember.

B: I have never smiled to another man in public.

A: I remember the long walks in the souks, the stray dogs scrawny and famished, the rose loukhooms swollen with cane sugar and lime juices, the little dark foot of the children, the hands groping for the citruses and the flowers and the mints, the cries of the water merchants, the plaintive whinings of the thief whose hands, filled with oranges, had been seized.

C: I’ve tried and failed to picture the world without myself in it.

A: See how the fog speaks to us all, friends or enemies.

B: Rarely do I feel the need to see my friends; I have them in me.

C: It was the first day of school. I was six. All the faces were the same, and I couldn’t tell my foes apart from the members of my family. Under the somber porch of the playground they paired our hands, hands we’ve all forgotten we’ve held. From the

cafeteria rose the tangy smells of roastbeefs and sauces laced with detergent. We were led through a sunless alley to the classroom where we would dwell for the rest of the year. Because our mistress was my aunt, she treated me harsher than she did the others. Whenever someone did something wrong, I was always the one being punished. The first day of school, when we had all sit at our assigned places, she scanned the faces till she found mine, and scornfully declared that my hair wasn't tied properly. She made me walk to the chalkboard, took the pink ribbon out of my hair, and rectified my ponytail. The others watched in silence.

A: I find it harder to love myself when I cannot project my mind into someone else's.

C: I would always accompany my grandmother, when she went to that butchery. She would go there at least three, four times a week. The meat lumps gleamed like well-lubricated phalluses, like aloe leaves ripped apart by dogtooth slits, like the iced-crown formed by a herd of hogs running through wind. I looked at the meat palpated by the butcher's hand, felt what it was to be reduced to a powerless charade under the strong hold of his blade; I saw the meat's reflexion in the silver, and I saw the butcher's face hallucinated above it. I saw the lights recoiling by reflex into the blade, and into the meat's slashes, where it hit; I felt my own body to be tenderized, and opened, and I daydreamed the chase that would be launched after me.

A: The chase; the hunt for the one remaining soul that does not wish to be made to pray.

C: But what I cherished the most was the sight of the numbered tickets being impaled on the long shiny stick, after the customer allotted such number or such number had been served. Sometimes we would be there too early; only a handful of paper bits like sick moths fluttered around the metal stick, down at the bottom where its feet stood deeply rooted in a wooden stub; but when the shop had been crowded all day, the dark pink tickets heaped up till the point of the stick could no longer be seen, and there I would behold true grace at work, overflowing. One day the butcher in chief, seeing the yearning in my eyes as he was about to discard the tickets into a nearby trashbin, interrupted his gesture and congenially exclaimed, Would you like to have them to play with, kid?

B: The stronger we desire, the clumsier we feel.

A: A boy once put his whole hand in my anus and said he had lost his condom there. I had met him in this club I frequented often; he was the DJ's best friend and offered me to drink vodka with him and his other acquaintances. I did not like them. There were gathered around a table, on which a champagne bottle in an ice-bucket throned, and when he tried to put his arm around me I snapped it away. We ended up in one of the apartments that his father, a real-estate agent, had not yet rented. I stared at the wine-colored mattress-padding of the living room's walls while he bathed in the jacuzzi. Finally I joined him and kissed him so I wouldn't have to make conversation. When we fucked he kept on saying I wasn't as extreme as I tried to be. He pulled my hair and tried to hit my face with too-soft a hand. I told him I was a lesbian.

C: But I had once heard my mother explain to a friend how she had been raised to always refuse thrice, before she might accept a gift. This was considered a sign of good education by her parents, my grandparents. I was never taught nor

encouraged to follow such behavior. My mother said, “ I was three, maybe four, but not older. We had no money at all, and we lived in a single room in the basement of a building, my two older sisters, me, and my parents. One day our Uncle Vincent was in town, he had sailed all the way here from Italy, to see us, for we were his only remaining relatives; and he had brought along with him a beautiful doll, a life-sized doll with pearly teeth, red nails, and a long hair the color of ripe pomegranates. The doll was so beautiful, I couldn’t stop looking at it. I think our uncle had planned this gift from the very beginning, but he waited till the time of his departure had come to offer it to me, so as to offer a certain intensity to the gift, or so I have now come to believe. And thus, when Uncle Vincent turned to me and said, “How would you like to have that doll, sweetie?”, I looked towards my parents who were awaiting to see the fruit of their teachings and, unflinchingly, said “No, thank you, Uncle, you are too kind”, and so again, he said “Are you sure? I think this doll would have a tremendous time with you!” and me, again, “No, thank you, you are too kind, Uncle”.

A: I was only once in Corsica. From the boat trip I remember my little cousin, afflicted with a strong form of sea-sickness, vomiting from the top of our bunk bed. The walk to the beach with my heroine-addict stepfather Hervé, the tanned skins of the others kids, the smell of watermelons being sliced, my Uncle Frank and Hervé diving into the ocean to bury our water bottles, so they would remain fresh throughout the day. I don’t remember speaking, falling asleep, eating diner or swimming. I don’t remember seeing my face in a mirror, or the clothes my mother was wearing. I remember a small crystal blue starfish floating atop the moist sand piled in the bucket of a boy who did not care for it; the whole day I longed for the starfish to belong to him and waited for him to discard it from the bucket, but he never did. That was the last time I ever saw a starfish for real.

B: As the ocean comes and a tamed dog rolls his shoulders under our caresses, so we coalesce despite of ourselves with the melancholy of the seals, the seagulls, the waves.

C: “My uncle did not ask me if I wanted the doll a third time”, said my mother. “ I now think that he felt hurt in his feelings, and his pride as well; hurt to see his carefully chosen gift turned away by a child, hurt to feel all of a sudden alien from a child whose affections he thought he could anticipate, being of the same blood, having seen that child borne out of the womb of her mother; hurt too to be carrying that beautiful doll away, the thought of her getting older without ever being played with, on a shelf, in Italy. I watched the doll being carried away, and that was the most painful moment of my entire existence”.

B: The toddler do not feel the need to name the waves to play in them; and so remains the painter, unaware of the necessary deceptiveness of language to portray a port, a forehead, a landscape.

A: I seam a seamless song and grow our hands into the sunset.

B: Every time my grandfather offered me something that I declined he would say, “Fine, then I will go in the street and give it to a little girl who deserves it better.” Then I would beg him to change his mind and give it to me.

C: And so I had decided, for myself, to follow a similar discipline, in order to take

the pain, to repay my mother for her suffering and perhaps, nullify it. Never did I have the opportunity to put my resolution to the test till that day at the butchery, when the butcher smiled and, holding forward the plastic bag now filled with those beautiful pink tickets I've yearned for with such consistent tenderness, said "Would you like to have these to play with, kid?"

B: We shall never allow ourselves to be brought nearer to the deepest objects of our desire.

A: Love is the nearness of our past brought into the future.

C: The butcher asked me only once. I lost faith in my feelings that day.

A: The world as we know it is a felony committed by a godless hyenanarchy.

B: I was into him so hard, when he brought me to the bathroom and turned on the light and showed me our two bodies entwined in the mirror and said, "We look so beautiful together" I thought I had died. We couldn't fuck because my clit piercing was still too painful and I asked him to remove it. When it became obvious that he wouldn't be able to, we laid next to each other and kissed, and for the rest of the night he donned on, unbeknownst to himself, all the faces of all the lovers I would ever have throughout my entire life.

A: The mistake is to believe that we must reign only over ourselves: we must learn how to let our selves be govern by others, and how to be in return besieged by them.

B: In the morning when he said, "Let's have a coffee together, a fruit juice, anything," I told him I had work to do, and when he insisted I took his hand and walked him to the subway.

C: Krishna, seeing that the peasants who had adopted him as a son loved their cows more than anything else in the world, for they provided them with their livelihood, and provided nurishment, said to them: "You love your cows; there is your god. Worship you cows!"

B: I had already drinken half a liter of vodka-caramel in the train, while Louie was asleep. We arrived in Lyon in the evening and met with Matthias, who offered to havesushis, before we all went together to the festival. There I drank the of whole plum-liquor bottle. When we arrived at the doors of the event, the bouncer said, "No alcohol allowed inside, young missy." And so I took the other half of my vodka bottle, and drank it down.

A: The shape of your body in the morning, the desolate feeling of devotion in my chest when I watch a curl of your hair droop down onto your eyelashes while you sleep.

B: When I awoke the girl in the bed besides me was tearing her catheter away from her forearm. Blood gushed everywhere on the sheet, it made pretty patterns of thorny rose bushes all around the whiteness. When I was allowed to call my mom on the phone she said, "I want you to call your father; it is not my genes, but his, that bear alcoholism within".

C: GIMME COCAINE! GIMME COCAINE! I yelled all the way from the hospital to the train station. When I put my head next to the latrines, I heard it sing. It played small notes, electro music. There was cat with only three legs on a leach by the traintrack, and I couldn't stop laughing at him.

A: I wish I could remember what book it was that you were reading when you cried

in front of me.

B: Inside of me my genes, my parents entwined into an everlasting combat.

C: I am still trying to figure out why it was that I laughed at that cat.

B: I still don't know who will win the fight.

A: I have a dagger in me for each of the animals my ancestors have killed.

C: A man shouldn't make his body a tomb for the animals.

A: We must remain obsess; obsession is the fabulous rot adopting all the colors of the universe as its illimited feet run across the trees. Change is the illness in which rot creeps across grace.

B: When I think about what it is to live I just want to bring you back to bed.

A: The natural state of our race is drugged, drinking, and at rest.

C: When my mom fell off that bike I thought she was stupid for having tried to ride it.

A: We had gone to Disneyland : me and my father, my mom, and my grandmother Svetlana. Because I never felt closed to her I called her by her first name. She insisted I called her Babooshka, which I never did. In the last boutique we visited, Svetlana said I could pick anything I wanted, but just one thing, so chose well she said. I chose a Minnie Mouse outfit, complete with ears. You will only have this, Svetlana said, at the end of our car trip, if you've behaved well all the way to Santa Barbara. And so I kept quiet, watched the Nevada desert unscroll itself like the scales on the back of a dragon responding with goldening glimpses to the pressure of a fingertip, fell asleep on my mother's knees, ate the whole of my sandwich without complaining, restrained from singing silly songs aloud asking, or asking we'd be arriving. When we arrived in front of Svetlana's house, she turned to me and said, "You can have the Minnie dress now, but you'll only have the Minnie ears if you give your grandma a kiss", and I had built up such a momentum of longing during that trip, such apprehension of the moment of my relief.

C: I wish I could bring all my friends together before they got older.

B: It is that same motion inside the earth that makes the clocks in our body gyrate.

C: When I doubt myself I remember that you wrote to me "You've showed me so much beauty, you have no idea".

A: So I punched her in the face.

B: When my cousin fell asleep I took her hands and masturbated with them.

C: It is only when we awake that we realize we cannot remember our dreams.

B: She must have felt it.

A: He was way older than me. I insisted we should not tell each other our ages, or names, till the next day. I understood he was older even than he looked when he mentioned a Francis Bacon exhibition he's seen in London, "when he was in his thirties". I knew this show had taken place over fifteen years ago. We had met in the store where I was working as a sampling lady. When I left the store I went straight to his apartment. I was sober. He had prepared dinner for me in advance even though I had told him I really did not think I would be coming. He mentioned having been in the army for years. Now he orchestrated plane flights , and their landings. The light in his bedroom consisted in two neons sticks sickly leaning against the wall, a blue one and a pink. When he was about to cum he asked me to

speak to him in English.

B: I kept that Mexican candle you gave me for years.

A: Be all around me, I have no time and too many mausoleums to fill.

C: When my father and his sister told their mother her husband had sexually abused them, she told everyone they were lying.

B: After my friend had lost her baby we sat and watched the ocean retreat.

C: I was dying.

A: I was in my friend's grandmother's bed, where I should not have been; and I was saved because I was exactly where I was not supposed to be.

B: Nothing is really truly fun when you're sober.

C: When I rang for more morphine, the nurses laughed at me.

A: My father did not recognize the child. Because my father and the mother were white, the child was white as well. The mother married a black man, had a child with him shortly after. Her new husband recognized my half-brother as his. When my brother was in age to wonder he asked his mother why he himself was white, when his father and brother were black. She patted his head and said, "These things happen."

B: "Stay and have lunch with me. I made risotto. You should eat something, have this avocado maybe? We can go the movies afterwards if you like, or just hang out on the balcony, there is that book I would like you to read, it is still early, you don't have to leave right now, I'm sorry about the sun, I should get darker veils, it's a German thing"

A: I felt a dread deep inside of me when the kids at school as a pun called me by the name of this TV show about missing persons.

B: I said I'm alright, Dominik. I don't get hungry that easily. I really gotta go though. Thank you for asking.

C: The world when we sleep open its heart up into a gutter, and into that gutter's mouth drips Allah's flesh, obese with fertile weeds.

B: I always regretted it.

A: The first time I drank a cup of coffee I felt free. The second time I felt banal, and the third time bleak.

C: After I had sex with his best friend, my best friend brought me breakfast in bed, spread the curtains open, teased me about my night pleasantly. I could tell he was jealous, and so I was happy.

B: I was alone and not afraid when I was buried above and under that tree.

A: The taxi-driver said I had become Adam. Because of the morphine.

C: The main surgeon said the nurses thought I was addicted to ketamine.

A: The first time we took ketamine together I thought you wanted to be silent.

B: The night you fell into a hole of the space-time continuum I awoke in a fever. I was sleeping on my mom's couch. The TV was off, and yet it flashed green. It were those green flashes that had awoken me. The fever was fat scolopendras pushing their little poisonous legs inside of my body, trying to expand, feeling the walls of my stomach like they would the wallpaper of a ceiling.

A: The taxi driver said he knew I needed a ride when he saw that red-faced man

walking angrily besides me.

B: What do you see when we face each other with our eyes opened while fucking?

C: The myth was that the robbers would always shit on your bed before they left.

A: I do not remember being born yet I remember the nightmares of my mom giving birth to me.

B: What do I see?

C: If there was a drug that allowed you to be back into your mother's womb for the whole time of the trip in perfect consciousness, would you take it?

A: When the drug rushes in I feel beleaguered by ideas.

B: I see a corridor, with no definite beginning or exit; and all around the corridors doors are floating, and they all lead us to existence, into one shape or another, into animal or mineral or flower or man.

A: Usually I'm afraid that I'm not worthy of them.

C: When the sun rose I was still not sleeping.

B: I see the sun turning the world into morning.

A: I fear the way you will look at my face when we awake.

B: And so I delay the moment of sleep.

C: The taxi driver said if I had lived in New York, I would have been his student. He would have taught me how to read my dreams.

A: I hear you pouring more wine into your glass. I feel like kissing your lips.

C: He was a dream-reader himself. He had won a green-card at the lottery. Back in Madagascar he was an electrician; he said he made really good money. When he arrived here they said his knowledge was obsolete, since he had no American diploma to prove he knew how electricity circuits operated.

B: I fear the rising sun, whose warmth brings forth guilt.

A: When I was a child I did not sleep at night.

B: I only slept with the sun above my head.

C: I deemed him more trustworthy than the moon's stares.

A: To take care of me.

C: The first time I almost drowned, I had fallen into my grandmother's pool, and my mother plunged to rescue me.

A: I should have taken the hand of the taxi-driver and hold them to my heart and say, Take care of me.

C: The second time, I was still a child, and riding my bodyboard through the waves of a Californian beach. The waves kept on getting taller, the tallest waves I've ever seen. I got bold and tried to slide pass through them, but the willpower of the waves was greater, and so one of them peaked and engulfed me.

A: I need a caretaker for my heart, a bad-weeds picker for my belly.

C: I might have dreamt all of this.

B: I was allowed to sew my initials on pieces of fabric, old bedsheets.

C: When my body was flung crashing against the sand my dad saw me.

A: My taxi-driver said there are no intrinsic symbolics to dreams; only through a knowledge of ourself can we understand their meaning.

B: But I was never taught how.

C: My dad took me in his arms, and I was crying.

A: I gave him a ten dollars tip.

B: I feel like it is bad luck to think about how I'd feel if my dad died before I see him again.

C: I still carry those sticks in my pockets, to beat the snakes out of the bushes.

A: He said, "In your devotion to your husband lays your profound selflessness." I asked him about his wife, he said they had met in early childhood, and had loved each other ever since.

B: How much more can I say till I am deprived of speech.

A: They loved each other, though they had gotten married on a whim.

C: The men were several. They walked in long stride and carried riffles in their backpockets, with the handle apparent. Their vests were adorned with a single rose, and they had all snorted cocaine. While they walked they did not talk or touch their riffles, but they touched their noses often, to scratch their nostrils. One of them carried the skull of a small lemur in the palm of his hand; another wore a garland of braided flowers in his hair.

A: She was still in Africa with their baby, because neither she nor the baby had won a Green Card at the lottery.

B: This was the very first time I've ever seen a grown man cry.

C: "I am sorry I yelled at you", my dad said.

B: "I have painted the clouds on the ceiling like you wanted."

A: His girlfriend was a coke-head, a violin prodigy. She could not sleep at night and so she would start practicing her instrument at 4, 5 in the morning.

B: I spent all these night masturbating, starring at the clouds painted on my ceiling. I was reading a book about a girl whose parents started to become distant after her mother had given birth to triplets. I loved the part where the father was ceremoniously cracking open a raw egg above their Sunday chicken salad.

A: You were reading that book over and over; it was the only book you had in French.

B: One day she couldn't bare the sight of you reading that same book everyday.

A: She took it away. She must have gotten rid of it outside of the house, but I cannot picture her leaving it on a bench for someone to find it; she was not that kind of person. She must have thrown it into a dumpster, or a garbage can on the street.

B; I did find anything in the trashbin, nor anywhere else in the house.

A: She replaced it by Tom Sawyer's Adventures, in French.

C: I never read it.

B: I never read it. I never even opened it.

A: A book should be regarded as a sanctuary.

C: I had not let my fangs fall off yet.

B: I looked everywhere; under the cushions, on the balcony, around the parking lot, in the piano, in the fridge.

A: Maybe she flushed it down the toilets.

C: You must ask yourself questions.

B: Why did I feel ashamed and sad when I offered a bar of soap and cotton pads to my mother for Mother's Day.

A: How was it inside the belly of the whale in that playground in Santa Barbara.

C: What happened in the Werckmeister Harmonies after I fell asleep.
B: They were hypnotized into making beautiful objects out of glass.
A: I watched the children going out of it one by one.
C: They didn't look changed.
B: I felt unsure whether I wanted to stay outside or go in.
A: Whatever happens inside I've forgotten about it.
C: Was the Werckmeister Harmonies' whale ever alive in the first place?
A: There were games played inside of the whale, that's for certain.
B: I never played those games.
A: If I was ever in.
C: I never played those games. I entered the whale's entrails on my own, and all the games required at least one friend. I remember a tall Mexican girl with a large breast climbing down a wall studded with large rocks while her girlfriends laughed and held her body up by the butt. I still don't know if I felt envy at the sight of their myrrth or relief, at the thought of not being them.
A: I have always preferred being myself to being anybody lese.
B: The taxi-driver says I've chosen to make life sprouts from the darkness back then.
C: On morphine the soul is closer to the ocean, the ship built in the wood of older cypresses, the cruise more intense because akin to a death threat, the crew more devoted to the discovery of unheard-of manless lands.
A: My dad's girlfriend had made an onion soup, and I wasn't hungry. "We are going to sit here now, and that soup will be eaten, and no one will get out of this house till the very last drop of it is gone". Everytime she or my dad turned away their eyes, I poured a little of the soup in the trashcan. After a while, no soup in my bowl remained, and my dad and his girlfriend feigned to marvel at my digestive prouesses. They spoke of rewards, gifts, perhaps going back home, in France, at the end of the week, still I was so well behaved. "But wait. What is in this trashcan by the way???"
B: When they found the soup in the trashcan they made you eat it.
C: At the roots of all drugs is the desire to expand.
A: Mind, time, consciousness.
B: We magnify our experiences through the prism of rains.
C: The world itself trough the crystallike veins of the palm of our hand.
A: On drugs we speak better to each other.
B: We had spoken at school on a few occasion, but not often. I watched him drink mdma at the pub that evening, and I had none, so I drank whiskey. He did not offer any drugs to me. I felt the stare of the taxi-driver watching us kiss in his side mirror. At a certain point he said, "If you guys want to fuck in front me...A lot of other people have done it before, no worries... The course would be on me."
C: When you finally got to his house he fucked your ass doggy-style on the ground.
B: There were strange houses in the streets.
A: Then fell right asleep.
C: If they make a movie out of my life don't let them start by the beginning.
A: There is such shame in you, why.

B: I will never forgive myself for having sobbed out of disappointment when my mom opened for me the box that contains the golden cat on a necklace that was my birthday present.

C: This guy's must've fucked another ass that night.

B: I bring this necklace everywhere I go now.

C: When you woke up and went to work, your lips were swollen.

A: I have seen the martyr's balsams leak into the heavens, the martyr's sap foam its way into hell.

A: My Ukrainian grandmother gave me a charm bracelet she had inherited from her mother after the latter died trying to suck the poison of her husband's wound during World War One and I lost it at the supermarket.

B: Sometimes I get tired of trying to use up whatever drug I'm on at a given moment.

A: Sometimes I wish my writing had all been written without me.

C: Sometimes a fat flowerhead will be chopped off by the clumsy limb of a machine and drool exhilarating fluids, that one may consume without fear.

A: The patch of wild blackberries I used to pick but seldom eat, on the little serpentine road by the beach.

B: Was it in Santa Monica? La Ciotat?

C: Your hair smelled like that path today.

A: After you took the drug time started passing more quickly.

B: I felt it.

C: I felt my hair dance with electric potency at the edge of my cranium and my nape; I felt the world race towards nothing, for no reason.

A: I thought the world would condemn my spirit to finally acknowledge him through the aegis of a murderous combat.

B: I thought the amoebas would grow apart, and tell different stories, as their life conditions would be made to go berserk and a tree would no longer be sufficient in itself.

C: If I hadn't trashed my nose against the hard ground while leaping from the trunk to a low branch, I might have one day climbed to the very top of that chestnut tree in front of my house one day.

A: Like my friend Marie Forzani did.

B: We called her "garçon-manqué".

C: Missed-boy.

A: Failed-boy.

B: It was a compliment.

A: You never climbed up that tree ever again after this.

B: My nose had slightly changed, because of the tender bone that grew in it, and I was seriously concerned.

C: I cannot remember what else she did.

A: Then there comes Aurélie, putting you under her protection in return for one pain au chocolat a day.

B: It felt like a fair deal back then.

C: We didn't know anything about money.

A: We played each other all the times to bully, or be bullied.

C: You dissociate me from you.
B: This way we could expunge our guilt and be avenged all the same.
C: To whom should I rent myself.
A: What nocturnal beasts are there for me to pray?
B: Reality's carapace is way too thorny to my taste.
C: When I must seize it I seize it by the hind legs, long and hairless.
A: I feel patient around you. Let me evade from the sealine once again.
C: In the sea you have no instinct. In the sea you have no name.
B: In the sea you have no memory. In the sea you have no smell.
A: I was made to share the sea with her beloved devotees like one would be forced to share a bedding of straw with a cellmate in an overpopulated prison.
C: But we've grown now, extinguished in us the hearth filled with cruel things which had for so long threatened to burn us all down to ashes on a whim.
A: We are the fire makers, in full-powers yet barren from bloom.
B: I no longer long for a kindle to be bred with the wind within the palm of your hands.
A: We long for a fireplace to be built throughout the world and into our heart, that great furnace.
C: That flame in which I saw my faces reflected.
B: No matter how rippled they were.
A: Those great planes of silence
C: I am born. I die. I live again.
B: Their wings like palm-tree leaves.
C: I had this image of myself, getting ready for a party
A: Putting on some music, putting on a nice dress.
B: Putting some lipstick on my lips.
A: Getting out the house at night, while my parents were asleep
B: Getting out by the window, putting my heels on in the garden.
C: Hiding my slippers behind the tall shady bushes.
A: It would have been Spring then. The air would've had a smell.
B: Like the hollow of a mandolin.
C: Like medieval serenades.
B: Like jasmin petals scattered along the macadam of a back alley.
A: I saw you after you left the house that night.
B: Holding hands with a cute guy.
C: You shouldn't have come here.
A: Holding hands with a cute guy, driving in his car on a pretty road.
B: It's not about going anywhere really.
C: This thing, it's going to follow you. Somebody gave it to me, and I passed it to you.
A: Back there the car, when I kissed your underwears.
B: Touching each other's hair, listening to the radio.
C: It could look like someone you know, or it could be someone in a crowd.
A: But there's only one of it.
B: You will know.
C: You people me with my past selves.

A: It's so hard to swallow.
B: I am a squirrel walking down a powerline on tiptoe.
A: I am an eye.
B: I am the face you had before your mother and father were born and died.
C: I am a human hand. I am a giant navel. I am a moth dancing in the hearth of a bedlamp.
B: I am a sentinel, I am a dried-up twig, I am a pillaged casket.
A: The children were drunk. They jumped rope and clapped hands.
B: They were playing at being drunk. I saw them play by the pool, in their mother's garden.
C: I really loved that game my stepfather had made up for me.
A: Making cocktails.
C: Whenever we made up a new one, he would drink it down.
B: It was so much fun.
A: He drank all of them.
C: When they open the door to the middle of the earth, then they'll unleash the power.
A: Those new people of the future.
B: Those new civilizations.
C: After the ices have come, and gone again.
A: There won't be anything left.
B: The animals will rise again. So will the plants.
C: There were warnings at the door. They were drawings.
B: They looked like runes. There was a maze made of black silex, and wood sticks, at the entrance. Some symbols looked like clues. There was a man pictured running as if he had been electrocuted.
A: We were younger back then.
C: We ignored them.
A: We took the room for a burial ground.
B: A treasure.
C: A sort of game.
A: Then the darkness thickened.
C: You turned to me and said, "I am the vine, and you are the branches."
B: I am the hearth, and you are the covenant.
C: You are the cinder, and I am the fire.
B: You are the soil, and I am the asters.
A: I let you tattoo both my thumb in complete darkness.
B: You did it for art.
C: I was sitting in the middle of a stage in my black dress.
B: And one by one they came, out of the audience. They came on stage, and walked up to you, and cut a piece of your dress, and walked away with it, back to their chair. Some folded the fabric, some kept it in their hands.
C: When they put it in their pocket, I heard it. It screeched like hawks hunting sand.
A: I did it for money.
C: They were silent.

B: You were silent as well.
A: When the night came to an end I was still sitting.
B: Completely naked.
C: The people who had come here to cut my dress.
A: They left with a message.
C: I sat all day and waited for them to come, and sit in front of me in silence.
A: To hold their stare.
B: To stare at them.
C: I was lying on my carpet.
A: You were filming yourself.
C: I could hear a music in my ears. It was a music I knew well.
B: I was in the room, watching you sing.
C: But I couldn't see you.
A: You were sleeping.
C: I was high.
B: You were dreaming.
C: I was on morphine.
A: I saw your eyes.
B: They were around, following something.
A: Under the skin.
B: Under the eyelids.
C: There is always blood for it in the crops if you look for it.
A: On the pierced lobe of the pig
B: Carried from reed to reed by the wind.
C: In the womb of the cow, in the mind of the hawk,
A: In the thoughts of the hog, in the faescus of the deer.
B: Carried from buildings to buildings
C: Carried from seed to seed.
B: In the trump of the mosquito, in the mouth of the meat-fly
A: In the tongues of the beef.
C: In the heart of the veal, in the eyes of the wolf
A: In the uprooted feet of the aloe-leaf.
B: In the crystal coral, in the ochre of the elephants teeth
A: In the verdure of the emerald, in the unviolated skull of the chrysalis.
C: In the flesh of the mango, in the pupating glowworm, in the tits of the lily.
B: In the fists of the boxer, in the hallyways of snow, in the ephemeral feasts.
A: At the tip of the sharktooth
B: On the rhinoceros's hooves
C: On the paws of the lynx.
A: I need a drink.
A: Presents. They're all presents.
C: I mean gifts.
B: As if I had been born with all these others within me.
C: They see through the fire and make the fire exist.

B: But at night I can see through their eyes

A: They are like oxens following me.

C: We have to invents rocks. We have to make them be.

B: They become one with me.

A: I will be like the gods, absolutely humans in their features.

B: And yet devoid of any fixed form.

C: It's just a thing we did when we were alone

A: Do you want me to explain to you some of my dreams? I have so many.

B: In the first dream you had we were on our father's shoulders. My chin was resting on the top of our head, where your hair was roosted, and we were walking us down a dark alley, bordered with fruit-trees, and cypresses. Bloodless clouds framed the highest branches. There were seafoams enshrining the foliage like crystal sheets, and amber scarabs in the kernel of the pears. We picked some of them that were overripe and had fallen, put them in our basket. Nothing else happened. When we awoke you weren't afraid.

C: I just couldn't tell what it all meant.

A: I would like to go to a party, take ecstasy

BRONZE ECSTASY: AN INTERVIEW WITH JOSE MAURICIO OROZCO MARQUEZ



I think I first came across José Mauricio Orozco Márquez on Twitter, where he was tweeting under the handle @ordinarypopstar, @infinitemarlon, @milkyroman and then most recently @s_s_fund. One thing that interested me straightaway in his tweets was a kind of poetic acceleration of certain thoughts from contemporary climate change theory. Many of the tweets are extraordinary and perhaps necessarily a little hard to “like” or “favorite” in a more conventional way. They challenge the keystone (easy “likeability”) that makes social media possible. José has tweeted several times about something called the “youniverse,” which seems to be a made up word caught somewhere between youth, you, YouTube, and the universe. For example on February 23 2015 he tweeted “I will always love youniverse in the most sincere way” and on March 5 2015 he refers to “youniverse love.” His long poem in this volume, HYPOTHESIS OF THE SENSUAL SPIRIT, also refers to “unis” and “fucking with the deep cold of Youniverse.” I began by asking José if he would continue to talk from the place these lines and ideas come from, and suggested that perhaps these tweets constitute a new form of super-social media or even youniversal media.

José Mauricio Orozco Márquez: I am interested in Twitter as a form of optimistic continuous script about my own subconscious and as a rendezvous with my daily thoughts. My way to communicate is deeply related to pieces of larger ideas and their logic. I believe every tweet is changing the universe for real, diversifying parallel realities and intensifying the rhythm of each technological and biological device in the world with mental energy, so that in some ways tweets are traces of the super consciousness.

Writing and exploring tweets is like moving into infinite possibilities. Maybe the trending topic of Nashville right now is #Bible, but in another dimension it might be #BronzeEcstasy or something. I'm interested in the meaning of things on a subconscious level and to then in maybe pushing a revolt against the stupid and fearful reality I live in, hoping this will send the right ideas to the right path, contributing to reinforcing the bigger consciousness, spitting truth.

Youniverse is the idea of deconstructing the autonomy of each individual to see how it exists. I'm interested in our human body composition as a subatomic condition and the individual experience of reality. We are an energy cosmos flowing into different dimensions and we are very focused in the autonomous consciousness instead of being aware of us as a whole. I'm also interested in the "you" suffix, in the sense that it gives us an illusory entity of power, and how it unifies all our one-sided experiences. Also the "you" is the individual potential to expand and create our universes as one.

The first website I made was named www.youcaptchamysky.com as a homage to you, whoever you are. Perhaps I will never understand who you are but I do know you are expanding my own self. I was also really interested in the reference in Youniverse to YouTube as a social platform of freedom slowly becoming part of the reality I hate and then I decided my next project should extend not only into the space dimension but to the universe as a sensual regard to and for the other, trying to keep an acute feeling towards what is going to happen next and looking at gigantic emotions.

JT: Another tweet I really like is the February 28 2015 one, "It's over." I feel like I know what you are talking about, since everybody knows, and yet the "it" really could be anything.

José Mauricio Orozco Márquez: Yes, I mean it can be read as this mutual postmodern feeling I guess. I was also shocked by and interested in the idea of the end of the human race, bodies and energies. I mean we are constantly in a state of boredom because of time and it is terrifying like you can feel something really fucked up is happening, but you can't stop it. I feel more horrified to watch a star from my telescope and to see the violent power of all dimensions that are tearing apart in my own eyes and mind. The end of time is really interesting; if it ceased to exist then the whole role of the society would collapse.



JT: I was reading today about the first photo of dark matter and how the trace of dark matter is “offset.” In fact it is offset by 50,000 million million kilometres, a distance it would apparently take us 90 million years to travel. So the dark matter and the blue trace of it elsewhere are significantly set apart, and the dark matter is apparently alive in some sense, like a dark matter animal. The newspaper article refers to how it “notices the world around it.” Your poetry seems unique to me in that it is about this type of scale, “the silence from the god that dreams with the end of the universe.”

José Mauricio Orozco Márquez: We act as a social entity that creates its own reality on a daily basis, but it is only now that we are becoming aware of other skills that exist within us. We are moving from a physical era to an energy era. Bataille wrote: “Ecstasy marks the limit of greed, the chance of escape of cold movement and rediscovering the joy of sun and spiral.”

We are multidimensional beings in a human experience, what happens billions of kilometers away from us determine our pattern of life just as a cat meowing on the next room does. Also we exist as dark matter, we are energy beings that have descended to this planet to learn what we are, that’s the essential duality manifestation.

The poem refers constantly to “The Youniverse,” which is also a play I’m writing about the moment the universe of our human reality disappears. The play is a multidimensional meditation, a shout out to my higher self, the universe that transcends when we are aware and lets the energy flow. In this case a tableau-vivant

put together by kids in a small town in the center of Mexico, which is willing to wake up another brother in another part of the planet, in another dimension too, with this brutal dream.

This series of events we intend to do with the S.S.F. is destined to generate new frequencies between beings.

JT: I want to dive into the poem a little bit, for example the magical first footnote,



ostensibly about Katy Perry lyrics. I love the combination of pop and the end of the world in this poem, as if the anthropocene were in fact an anthropocene, or as if the universe were forever young as a youniverse. I find this footnote surreal and beautiful. I notice in your Facebook archive that you have made paintings and images of Tide bleach powder, which also features here. How does this all relate, the colors of Tide, Katy Perry, Nicki Minaj, Ariana Grande, and the end of the world? Who are the twin sisters?

José Mauricio Orozco Márquez: On my recent experiences in the art world I realized something I had previously only noticed in the fashion world, that feminine energy is the strongest part of this change of consciousness.

Tide boxes are a direct reference to Andy Warhol, a handshake to his vision on the creative plane. Twin sisters and other women acting their role are part of this idyllic landscape, the current state of things. I believe all these images carry the counterpart, the male gaze and the love towards the female energy, ying-yang towards the end of the world, as we believed it.

I think all experiences exist but we cannot truly judge them as good or bad. If I write about something positively then immediately I have to fix it somehow to be negative. Contradiction is actually the unavoidable complexity of things, and that actually is more liberating.

I remember a man approached me at my first art exhibition and asked if the video

I projected was about the anthropocene (killer whales, inverse waterfalls, feminine caves and human ruins). It wasn't clear to me at that moment but then I realized it certainly could have been about it and from that moment on I started to think that I had to look at the conditions around me in the innermost way to access the planet itself; what does the geography of the place I was born say and how can we transform ourselves according to it? All news about climate change seems absurd if we do not understand what has changed inside our energetic relationship with the landscape. And it's not that we should have a pessimistic or optimistic reaction to it, but that we can simply reconnect in order to figure out how can we transcend. Human beings are a reflection of the world and vice versa.

Are they still playing music videos on MTV?

JT: The last line on the first page of HYPOTHESIS OF THE SENSUAL SPIRIT is about not being afraid of "the waves when they bury the last man alive." This lack of fear seems beautiful to me, even if difficult. When you talk on the second page about not being able to stop crying for being here again, I imagine a kind of eternal return of the anthropocene. Marx said that history repeats itself first as tragedy and then as farce. When your poem ends with a "We again!" it's as if we glimpse the possibility of already being in just one of many anthropocenes, even multiversal anthropocenes, and this type of thought might lead to a certain courage. It would not be history that now repeats but the anthropocene, first as tragedy and then as farce and then as what you call "universal suicide" and beyond, like the "Wellen unzähligen Gelächters" or "waves of uncountable laughter" that Nietzsche quotes from Aeschylus in *Gay Science*. Lol perpetuum.

José Mauricio Orozco Márquez: No doubt we are on that spiral, and we must transcend it. Perhaps due to time we can only understand exterior stimulus, light and dense matter by setting a linear experience system. As a human being I would like to expand my consciousness of the essence. The three dimensions made us co-creators of this mutual dream.

My sister and I have this recurring vision about a tsunami. She went to a past life reading session, and the woman said to her that she is currently living in another dimension where her town is being devastated by a tsunami. When we talk about our own destruction, with self-consciousness, then not only our essence empowers us but we reject that essence, we abandon ourselves. Those gaps are where I would like to create a dialogue between the reader and the hypothesis.

JT: I believe what you say above when you say you believe each tweet is changing the universe for real. I wonder how you feel about the interplanetary internet, or "outernet," the protocol for which was apparently designed by NASA and Vint Cerf, a vice president at Google Inc. Apparently the system has to be especially robust since particular glitches can happen when spacecraft go behind planets or if a solar storm happens. Presumably when the interplanetary internet does go to the other side of the sun, the poem's hypothesis will already be there . . .

José Mauricio Orozco Márquez: That sounds pretty real; somehow we are born conditioned by planets, stars and their forces. These glitches could be the destinations, errors have always seemed to me more real. I think the internet is part of the accelerated process we are living in, and part of connecting dense matter in our space, but I am increasingly convinced that the next changes will come from a more organic system, one that is related to our body. I can imagine the newest app will be installed in the aura of every human so we can give transatlantic fist punches, hugs or oral sex.



JT: Tell me about Shia LaBeouf and the roses, as they feature in the HYPOTHESIS . . .

José Mauricio Orozco Márquez: Well Shia is really directing himself a lot towards art. He is meeting great art people and powerful minds on the scene, and he really knew what he wanted since he was a kid. I find him a personification of this detour of consciousness all around the world, not a prophet but an actual person who feels a responsibility to heal. It's funny I haven't seen that long video everyone is talking about of him giving a motivational speech, but I'm aware that he is willing to give himself to art. A Hollywood superstar giving himself to aesthetics and beauty, I find that positive, so in a way I think Shia is like this lonely man on a desert and I should give him energetic responses and value his bravery I guess. I just think it's really necessary to encourage those who are willing to contribute to mankind in any sphere of social life, and share that within a poem, so roses and beef to Shia forever.

29 May 2015

Hey M. 🙌 So, it's weeks later. You went off to Malinalco, near Mexico City, to drink Ayahuasca. How was this? You told me in gmail that it was a beautiful experience, but I've waited to ask properly.

Oh J! It was the greatest experience I've ever had. Since I came back to my hometown from living in Mexico City and having a disastrous time with the art world in Switzerland and Italy, I was convinced that I needed to dedicate myself to find my spirituality and be reborn. A friend told me that this Peruvian chaman was coming in May so we decided to go with him to Malinalco (a beautiful tropical forest at the center of Mexico).

Drinking Ayahuasca was a wild trip, really it was. Three consecutive nights joining the ceremonies, with all these incredible emotional explosions, bad trips, animal visions, ghosts, planet Earth, and finally a strong introspective link with God. Now that we are talking about the anthropocene, the first night my trip was a lot about the reunion with Mother Earth. Everything we need is already given by her should we ask with consciousness and respect. This planet is changing because we are pushing those boundaries, but I believe they are stupid, egoistic and fragile beliefs and in a way that is the antropocene, a misunderstanding and a lack of love towards the Earth. All my ideas about the Youniverse have been changing a lot ever since, like in a more profound and vital way. The second night was about architecture, life design and God, which was superb, humble and exquisite. The last night I would say that I worked out my chakras LOL, it was the most powerful energetic consciousness I've ever know, like a brilliant meditation.

So in a way after a few days and looking back through that experience I feel life is fucking good, and we should reunite every single soul that has been torn apart around the world with healing creative activities to bring consciousness that, although we are living in isolated experiences, we are able to be siblings, and we may trust in that. In my visions I kept seeing stars ✨*☆. We are not only made of cosmic dust, we are stars, J!



Malinalco, 115 km southwest of Mexico City

BITE A DOG

Chris Earley

Saying a thing is predictable is very predictable. Speculation winds up tension. Surprise is easily dulled and/though/yet dullness is knotted and difficult and violent. It seems very difficult to have a steady gaze. It seems very difficult to be frozen in horror. When thought is stuck in a local circle or stunned by a grand, cold horizon line a perverse excess or redundancy of response—an intense abstracting gesture – may allow an emancipatory gesture. Yet, at this point how much use exists in the suggestion that one can try to keep extending the intensity of thought? How can one exceed what already seems to have moved to such excess and redundancy that abstracting by overleaping doesn't seem to reactivate thought as one would hope? Should one extend and then knot thought not just to be open to something, but to be ready to be opened by what is outside? As in, can one see the creation of a complex border, and be ready to see it broken? And then, in being extended in this strange way, can thought keep on crying? And can it picture the horizon as a wound, and then do it again, and again? And can it bear repeating that there are no clean hands? Can it then do it again and again without making this an alibi or waiting for a karmic kickback? Perhaps the intensity of thought consistently demands the complete articulation and extension and turning back and forth of the swirl and blank mercy of one's complicities, the oscillation between a decaying locality and an unreachable horizon. Along the shifting ground one can't miss obvious plot holes, though it is consistently hard to ever completely empty or fill that which it seems one should just pass through or unwittingly fall into. Yet, yet, yet, this doesn't just make life a jump cut of cool conspiracies. Maybe it's rigorous work on the topology trailing too many handkerchiefs. More pointedly, for me, it, climate change, may involve an overwhelming navigation of commitment—making processes and betrayal and sympathy and complicity between the human and inhuman. Maybe it's meeting everything else halfway, or perhaps progressing towards asymptotes seeing constant dotted lines of blood on all our hands. Bending things to completely fit a desire is consistently misguided. Imagining them getting purer when one bends them compacts this. The backward blow of rehumanisation, a sort of bad memory of supremacy, tries to bend and clean and close itself.

Yet. A few minutes before I received the email asking for contributions and another minute before I read Rusbridger's article I receive a text from a close friend from school. It simply read "Max is dying—we're putting him down today. X." Max is my friend's dog. I am in sporadic contact with this

friend, though I would certainly consider them a close friend. However I often feel I don't really reach out to them as frequently as I should. It is even rarer that I see or even think about their dog. This text came after about three months of silence between us. I remember at school they thought their dog was dying and they wrote to warn us. The dog has lived several more years. Today, I felt much the same way I did when we were at school. I did not feel much. Upon receiving today's text I lazily googled "pope and bounce death" and then felt silly. I thought about the sequence of dog swimming in the strong currents of river in Jean Luc Godard's *Adieu au langage* (2014). It comes in the middle of sequence where Godard films various walks through a forest beside a river with different cameras (mainly GoPro and camcorder) at different times of year. The focus is mainly on the dog who seems generally unaware of the camera. In the shot of the dog in the river you can only see its head above the water and, from far away, rendered in some type of grainy, washed out video format, the dog looks at the camera. The strength of the river implies that it may be washed off screen. I am unsure whether to stay with the handheld camera's eye, or to try and be with the dog sweeping away. The video technology is too old or too earnestly attempting to accommodate specifically janky human vision and attention. But it allows me to see the dog as very distant and soon to leave my sight. The footage is shaky and washed out. The shot is too difficult. It lacks a steadiness, or an embracing affective stance, and lets the dog be outside. It almost lets it be swept away. Though caught in the editing, that dog may go. One has to allow the movement. There are dogs in the second paragraph of Rusbridger's article. I will text my friend back.

SONNETS

Ian Heames

The daisy flowers open at dawn and are visited by many
small insects. What has gone wrong and made you
unhappy? Weather related medical negligence?
The climate events that make our home feel
like another planet?

Everyone deserves to see themselves reflected
in the media they consume, not only the planet.
Dementia, cancer, bees, pasta, sharks:
how many types are there? How many twin
planets? Maybe you won't see this before then, but if
the stars panic, tell them about the time
I was trying to make a point about omnipotence
but tired out.

Glycerol ester of wood rosin. Melodic dubstep.

In today's light, the show almost no one saw
is more newsworthy than a thousand things
that seemed relevant at the time.

Cry if you like.

Naturally we are all heartbroken.

In the context of the ongoing meta-turn,
when thinking

it is so applied that it approaches dawn,
we communicate effectively and walk away.

And maybe even sand grains have close sisters.

Clouds over

Fukushima

disperse peacefully.

I guess she is not with him anymore.

These kits come with carbon fibre arms
during heavy storms. Striking out May and June
in the universe of bad dreams.

Unique words hold
little value for computational techniques. Freeing us
to protest as holograms. Forcing you to see
what you would care for
without reform.

A small aircraft known as a gyrocopter
landed on the west lawn of the US

Capitol building. A lost child
strays into the freezer isle of a rival store.

Boston Dynamics long-jawed orb weaver.
Boston Dynamics hired mourner.

Harry Burke



SKEUOMORPHICS

Simon Stevenson

At the end, in that limpid space opened by exhaustion and acceptance, she arrived at the diagnosis: your love is skeuomorphic. I had to look it up too. Something like a function that has become obsolete, yet traces of which persist in present iterations as redundant ornamentation. Computer applications that retain the layout of old LCD calculators, the shutter sound your phone makes when you take a picture, moulded stitching on a plastic dashboard, love.

Incisive analysis: she had me summed up, pinned down, skewered. And yet the judgement caused something to become untethered—everywhere I looked function fell away, an abyssal regression of the evolutionary trajectory of the objects in my hands, the thoughts in my head, the stories in my books. Just negotiating domestic space became an exercise in overcoming a kind of recursive agoraphobic reaction to teapots and Post-it notes.

Eventually, I found a support group for skeuomorphs. We learned how to differentiate visual metaphors, how we might have some real affordances for user interaction. Others were drawn to us, comforted by our transitional nature, reassured by the sense of continuity we could evoke in our flourishes. Together, we performed the epiclesis that brought together form and function. Recently, we've been working on a project for preparing the world for our re-entry: something we're calling "reverse skeuomorphics." I've sent her a calendar invite for the launch event.

LOVE UNTIL THE END OF OUR DAYS IS NOT LOVE FOREVER

Richard Barrett

I know no aerosols; carbon footprints; fossil fuels and the rainforests
I know I once wanted to have a job naming new deodorants darling
But from the comfort of our shaded balcony now we
Just watch our own sexiness levels rise:

Today that picture of my cock I sent you yesterday has

Occupied me greatly

I have looked at it quite a lot
The things I could have been doing instead of looking at a digital image of
my own cock include

1) Saving the world

2) All the other things that go towards making up the saving of the
world

Is climate change global warming rebranded
then

And if so what might climate change be called next? No, I will not
Make a virtue of my ignorance which is great but, nevertheless
I do buy the *Guardian* at the weekend, the buying of the paper being
Often, the first step towards the reading of it

As we must not make a virtue of our ignorance
Neither must we misuse the word OUR
Darling, when it's Christmas I will buy you a Lynx gift set
Says my lover, you have a unique smell which isn't BO
So soon the whole world, and not just the north of England
Will be drowned beneath our sexiness remember
The last time I saw you, you held my cardigan to your face
And inhaled

Oh Ozymandias, KING OF KINGS LOL, Just how fucking sexy were you
dude?

Out there in the desert and that

CRUMBLING

Forgotten

As all the tit-pix and cock shots of the world will also quickly be forgotten
When the internet breaks

You know these buildings we inhabit?

These structures of bricks and mortar

Plus the buildings we see from the bus, yeah? Well they, without exception
All of them will LAST FOREVER. Which both comforts and disturbs me
but . . .

Just how long is forever? We end texts and inscribe books with “love
forever” when

What we really mean, I think, is “Love until the end of our days”

Which is not forever

My cock is the universal cock which is the axis around which the whole
world turns

Faultily since, oh, at least September

A Lynx giftset received with love means
through January I will wear deodorant
considering the wearing of deodorant largely unnecessary as
I shower each morning & anyway, always wear clean clothes
But aerosols I guess are not anymore part of the problem
Unlike in the eighties when we were all told
Use nothing other than a MUM roll-on. My lover says, besides
I smell nice. Manly, I thought tonight

Though the poems might contain milky ways and all that Steven Hawking
shit like

Black holes and that, which are absent from my cock

Which I spray, through January, with Lynx Africa still

They're only poems and an occasion, possibly, for another list

After a mention of

ALL THE STREETS IN MANCHESTER I HAVE DONE THINGS ON
[oh fuck it, just imagine that] The things I could have been doing tonight
instead of working on

this poem include

1) Saving the world

2) All the other things that go towards making up the saving of the
world

Who is our JG BALLARD (Drowned World)?

Who is our ARIANA REINES (Save the World)? Oh yeah

ARIANA REINES is our ARIANA REINES

Men

Men

Men

Men

Men

Bringing the earth back to life with the blood from

The dismembered cocks of 10,000 men. See new growth:

The shift in his oeuvre from northern provincial kitchen-sink dreariness to vibrating mouthpiece of the holy universal, really, has been something to behold. Like a business-man in a suit talking loudly on his mobile phone whilst emptying his can of MONSTER down his throat in the morning wondering about the varying time spans between someone saying they're going to leave and then them actually leaving "oh the recycling bin gets collected on Thursdays" he remembered. A shift now being explained by LOVE finally entering his life at the grand age of 38: hence the 'I'm going to end it all' email being recalled

See what it is is, the more in love you are the more you want the world to last forever

at the same time though oh how we do so struggle to see beyond each other---

our very NOW focussed wants and desires

The nowness of now meaning tomorrow becomes only part of an everlasting now wherein

Climate change is my one regret

My second being knowing so little about my first due to other distractions plus

Lack of interest but

With my poems I do transcribe the universe's eternal vibrations

LOL

Yes, the universal's here

It's here for everyone

which we know because
the *Guardian* told us

Bought on Saturday; unread on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
Bar the Review; the Guide and—occasionally—Sport
Recycled on Thursday

no, as has been said, I know no aerosols; carbon footprints; fossil fuels
and the rainforests
And that

paper goes always in the blue bin

being the main thing (perhaps) that needed saying in this poem

along with, I guess, that stuff from near the beginning
about ignorance & such. To which can be added the caution: DON'T DIE
laughing from it

and which having now been said
as I say everything only when it needs saying

just one of the things the Barrett's have always been known for

I can now go do something else

UNTITLED

Anonymous

Large important questions and concepts, however urgent (or intimate or abstract), are rarely coaxed up out of the opaquer tissues of received attitude and general stance without a certain amount of bewilderment and pain. This can be especially the case whenever conversation, or its more rigorous cognates of debate or argument, is not necessarily a preferred or even a very familiar mode of social commerce between people, especially on certain topics.

If we have friends around whom the spectre of potential awkwardness in conversation is a felt thing, we might reflect, with sadness, that they are not our close friends, or not our closest. We modify our own behaviour in their presence to cultivate some tolerable norm, and possibly forget the walls are there, or that we know the rules.

Friends, to a degree, are a choice. Family, much less so. If a loved one, as reluctant interlocutor, is really just looking for a way to be quiet again, does it mean anything about that love to test it with words? And how does a wordless bond, then, suffer (from) speech?

Political belief is the easiest example. How is it that a person's mere politics, drawn down, oftentimes, from newspapers and the TV, can interrupt, when moved to justify itself, the deepest bonds of care and love—stronger when unspoken than life itself. What makes these fictions matter when they challenge love?

Maybe you already know what I mean. If not, if you can bear to, challenge somebody you love and disagree with, and who doesn't like to argue. It is an eloquent source of pain. Definitive even. As too is to say nothing.



FRED MOTEN'S VOICE

Jonty Tiplady

1. In a Tweet from 20 December 2013, Jackie Wang writes, “Reading Fred Moten again and again and again and again for his strange poetics of negation’s exhausting abundance and terrible splendor.” We find voices through other voices, and I found Fred Moten’s through Jackie Wang’s. Jackie gave a reading in the Zinc Bar on the last night of my first visit to New York, performing an incantation of Kafka’s deathbed line as transmitted via Cixous, “lemonade everything was so infinite.” I wept as she spoke. It shot straight through me and outside in the snow, anamorphically, there were words and cut flowers. The columnar feeling of the reading remained; perhaps even now. I wandered back some of the way to Brooklyn. I’d never seen snow like this, real New York City snow. Somewhere near Franklin Avenue I walked past what seemed to be a prison, several guys outside on the steps smoking. The snow was so thick the streets were reduced to almost silence, only the sound of the occasional very slow car. One car pulled up on a corner, a window was wound down and someone who seemed to be a family member shouted from a restaurant door to the

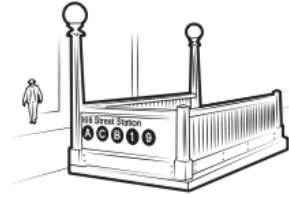
driver. I suddenly reached a tree which, unlike all the others passed, had retained small brittle leaves way past fall into winter and, on that spot under the tree, I stood and could hear the snow actually emit a sound as flakes made metallic contact. It was the only sound, apart from that silent one, which the snow could manage. I stood there for a while, not as long as I might, with the columnar sensation merging with the leaves. I didn't want to go inside when I arrived, in off the street, but I knew that if I stayed out longer it would feel contrived, I would no longer be on my way, so I went in.

Moten, Wang says, is meant to be read not just again and again but again and again and again and again, in a four-four time that acts as embodied incantation and performance within ourselves, not just the line of prosody or art, the privileged place of poetry among the muses, but "every line," every sense, every futural, messy, slapstick and ana-perfected hapticality. We're ana-anthropocenic and we're on every line now. What are we going to do?

2. Snow was general all across New York that night, from ground zero to JFK, and yet there was still no sense that the place would lurch beyond the monumental amnesia it is. Jackie traveled from outside to give her incantation and then must have left. I left the next day, turning the snow black the night before, having been taught everything by New York I thought I might teach it. Snow is general, a universal becoming-ice, but a general strike in the name of the anthropocene would seem beyond belief. In "Bruno Latour, the Anthropocene, and the General Strike," William E. Connolly writes: "Spiritual affinities, role radicalizations, enhanced knowledge about the Anthropocene, a precipitating event. Will it now become possible to mobilize a cross-country General Strike, pressing from both inside and outside international organizations, states, corporations, churches, political parties, unions, consumers, investors, and universities?" He eventually adds, "Of course, such an action is improbable. It is an improbable necessity. It is essential to envision and support that possibility to speak to the urgent needs of the day." However necessary that improbable necessity is, it remains improbable, at least as envisaged here. Yet it may be that a general strike may strike at other levels, at an ana-linguistic level, at the level of the war between cognitive tribes and factions.

3. What follows constitutes some notes and fragments on *the ana-tentacular hypothesis*. By this I mean the preposition or prefix "ana," and the tentacle-like implosion and multivalent pandirectionality (up, back, towards, against, each) of its preletteral vocables ("a," "an," "na," "ana"). Latent here is Baudrillard's sense of the anagram and in particular what

he calls in “THE EXTERMINATION OF THE NAME OF GOD” chapter in *Theory, Culture and Society: Symbolic Exchange and Death*, “this extremely precise labor of anagrammatical resolution.” Baudrillard calls the anagram a “hypothesis,” one “more radical than Marx’s or Freud’s, whose interpretations are censored by precisely their imperialism.” The “ana” here is specifically Fred Moten’s “ana,” which is already there in anagramese as cardinal ana-gram, as the trunk and pre-fix of the peculiar poetic quality which Baudrillard says may always “shatter the fundamental laws of the human word”: the anagram, antigram, or even the ANATHEMA.



4. In his book *What Makes Life Worth Living*, Stiegler reads through Winnicott the meaning of the “potential space” between mother and child that consists of a certain aquatic or even crystalline “holding” that might be contrasted with the sense of carry or burden in Derrida and Celan. What Stiegler sketches as a kind of khoratic-hold here is a space of adoption (not adaptation) that comes before the choice to have or not have a child. The held objects and things which enable transition for a child, and allow the space (also called “the transitional space” by Winnicott) to open up, are also gone beyond in this spaciousness which consists precisely of holding; a kind of therapeutic template for what Moten calls “the hold.”

5. Moten sees colors in the hold. Few texts are as awash with new variants of color as Moten’s “Bluets, Black and Blue, in Lovely Blue,” a lecture he gave on the Chris Ofili New Museum exhibition which took place in early 2015. Moten speaks of an “insurgent chromatism” connected to “diasporic prayer” and, memorably, of “getting messed up by Mondrian.” Something happened to whatever I thought was me, he says, and mentions a letter “a” dropped from Mondrian’s name when he came to Europe. In a phrase as spectacular as *Victory Boogie-Woogie* (1944) itself, Moten eventually speaks of how at the Mondrian show at MOMA in 1995 he got messed up by “amazing arrival at unfinished condensed explosively multi-matrilinear seriality, the amazingly beautiful.”

6. For all of the attention to Mondrian's planes of colored paint and the their ability to mess up, it will also be to a single letter, the first, that Moten directs his attention, describing "the thing that lets you hear the supplemental 'a' he dropped from his last name, like a held or hidden note, letter pressed." It is as if future colors pinged forward to us here are what really do the messing. I had been trying to describe reading Moten for the first time at the same time as visiting New York for the first time, and being messed up by both. Moten's work messed me up, the power of his voice, his actual voice to enact a shift that itself has everything to do with a vibrating "a", "an" and "ana" sound, as if these three small and initial vocables, very close to anthropocene, but also before it, might alone "constitute a work whose absolute madness constitutes a radical sending."

7. Moten sees softly. He effects a seeing softly. The hold of color is a kind of shattering, a different type of propulsion. You end up not knowing which color you are looking at or through or for. Can one eat color? Moten speaks via Wittgenstein of how there is "no intermediary element between color and space," and so will recall Stiegler speaking through Winnicott about the hold and the held, where the held is the hold. There is no intermediary element, or rather there is only an intermediary element. Somewhere in there, hold together, held together, is "an," which like the taste of illusion or a prayer, has some ability to pre-last even total destruction, precisely because it consists of nothing, the no-thing into which destruction claims to go or come. Moten's blacks and blues are like a magic art "as lawful as eating," as Shakespeare puts it at the end of *The Winter's Tale*, which incites a con-fusion of hunger and taste, a type of confused pre-historic synaesthesia, arche-confused hunger, the type of thing the artist Loris Gréaud references when speaking of the dual discovery of Cage and Stockhausen, "a sort of cultural combination similar to a diet Coke and Mentos or cocaine and heroine as speedball."



8. In Jean Genet's play *The Blacks* one of the characters says, "By stretching language we'll distort it sufficiently to wrap ourselves in it and hide, whereas the masters contract it." One way of beginning to understand Moten might be to locate his use of the term "blackness" in the enlightened shadow of Genet's *stretched* language. Perhaps especially in his magnificent essay, "Blackness and Nothingness (Mysticism in the Flesh)," and its highly nuanced engagement with the work of Frank B. Wilderson III and Jared Sexton, Moten's writing refuses to either simply accept or reject that, as Genet's play also says, the tragedy lies in the coloration of "blackness." His sense of "blackness" seems to denote something both exclusive to those he calls "my people," and yet also a hyposcriptive vector that opens up different critical powers not just restricted to what is today called "anti-racism."

9. Moten names "blackness" as a beyond of categorization, anagrammatically calling it up apart from Marx and Freud, and disbanding Fanon's contention that black people have no ontological status via a "para-ontological" distinction (borrowed from Nahum Dimitri Chandler) between "black people" and "blackness" itself. My contention is that Moten is, as well as so much else, one of the most urgent anthropocene thinkers in the world, and precisely insofar as he is aware of the anthropocene's colored *mise-en-scène*.

10. If the signature vocable of Moten's writing is "ana," or "an," or even simply "a," a letter not found in his name as far as I can tell, one consequence is that he has already signed the dying life of the anthropocene (itself defined in advance by its own eclipse, which does not mean the term goes away) behind its back, replaced it with other drives, the freedom drive of another people, beyond *demos* perhaps, anamorphically written in here in the foreground as what I will call for now the *ana-anthropcenic*. This could be part of what he means by the extraordinary counter-rendition of the opposite of inversion he calls "black op" (playing, dangerously, with the military jargon for a disavowed mission). The white peril and mythology of the anthropocene (defined by Cohen in recent work as an essentially Euro-centric and Greek affair) is *interrupted* by what must have been unknown by and to it all along, the claim of an ana-figurative "blackness" which Moten will be sure to say is available to everyone and anyone and not just to the "black people" who are still primarily in this case (and certainly, as Moten will say, in Duke Ellington's case) "the people." It is this interruption that I try to see in Ofili's *Annunciation* (2006), where the two angelic figures, at least in the more explicitly intersexual terms of the second version of the sculpture, may be holding each other in the partial hyperbaton of a standing "69."



11. What is it exactly that this artwork announces? What is it that annunciation now announces in the anthropocene? One interesting thing to note again about Ofili's sculpture is that critics often assume the black (matte bronze) angel is fucking the white (buffed bronze) angel, but actually the matte one is heavily pregnant (big with something, perhaps phallically) and so things are at least slightly more complex: it seems in fact more a matter of either intersex, female-female "fucking," as lesbian experience sometimes names itself, or perhaps simply not-yet-quite-fucking at all, or even, more accurately, a tentacular embrace without actual holding or carrying; a couple of immaculately inter-passive angels. What announces what here, in this beyond of the evisceration of all angelicisms? "Black" and "white" continue to call for more refined treatments, as if color were itself a shock, a political violence, and a velveteen wormhole with new taints in it.

12. What every line powers off in Moten, even the giggles and squiggles, is a type of holding we don't know about yet, which is to say a holding that's all we do know about but can't see. He's into what he calls "this hard, serial information, this brutally beautiful medley of carceral intrication, this patterning of holds and what is held in the hold's phonic vicinity." The sound of love here becomes the sound of a hold. Or rather, and to propel the whole thing, the doom-template of Celan's tender German line, *Die Welt ist fort, ich muß dich tragen* [The world is gone, I must carry you], as varied as its variations through Derrida's many readings might be, here takes an ana-swerve, as if to say, with Moten, come on, get to the hard, the world was never gone, there is no need to carry you, or you me, let's get wild beyond that, into the wild beyond and into the hold's slow falling phonic vicinity and velocity and majesty. The whoosh of Moten's writing is its intrication, and its refusal to jealously guard or admire its own turns. Moten enters into a thinky black khoratic element which eschews any argument made or not made, whether of structural or genetic bias, and yet resists too Adorno's resistance of the concept, since to "be able to get rid of concept fetishism," as the negative dialectic partly aims, might just be a penultimate fetish and take us back to prosody without theory and lines, not "every line." Adorno also writes of what "would end the compulsive identification which the concept brings unless halted by such reflection." The compulsive return to the concept as Adorno defines it in *Negative Dialectics*, which is to say to the data-set of more usual thought and then the melancholy of the doom set it instills, is what is turned from in Moten's intrication, since the repetitious identification with sheer data and nothing beyond would always be the end of the world, an ending the "ana" is foreign to. To be borne away from data is to listen in this case, or to be in an audio-visual vicinity, as close to the world as you can get without giving up the concept and yet on the rim of doing so. I didn't carry you here, since you gone, you been and gone, and

so don't carry you here, since the world is not gone in the intricacy of intrication, and yet I do hold, or rather there are holds we can be part of in the ana-predispositions, the good or not bad hold that the still all too dialectical tennis match of infinity rhetoric and mediation may miss. We are already gone, so anti-gone, so Antigone, so never gone. There is an environs here, a strange para-musical environmentalism of serial holds, and holding, as if to say hold on before you arrive too quickly at what you might not yet know is a goneness. Ana-anti-gone.



AS CLIMATE CHANGES I AM STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU



As climate changes I order a salad. As climate changes I am still in love with you. We are all telling ourselves a story and that day mine climate changed forever. Climate changes and Jennifer Lawrence wears a hot Emilio Pucci crop top. From now on the economic climate is changing fundamentally, the forecast for the coming year is good. Climate change changes nothing but social revolution changes nothing about climate change. Climate change has always changed everything through all times in history but the people's climate march guarantees climate catastrophe. I love the way you die. I just want to eat chocolate with you and fuck up the planet. I think I am subconsciously in love with Jennifer Lawrence being in love with Chris Martin. I think I am subconsciously in love with you. The term "green" in reference to something called "the environment" is officially dead because of the existence of money. I am naming my son Edge Gridmark and releasing him into the wild with only a MacBook Pro. On my Nokia Phone at 01:16 am on Monday 22 September 2014 I can see that somebody has written "CLIMATE CHANGE" in capital letters on Facebook. In three minutes it is gone. I have been trying to change but climate change won't change. My poetry proves nothing except climate change changes nothing and nothing changes everything except climate change. Climate changes and we fail to change our fundamental relation to the conditions of life which underpin the social totalities that take priority by default. All art is the passive sadism of a mimetic order of cognition whose working guarantees a total triage and disappearance of multiple species. As climate changes I order a salad. As climate changes I am still in love with you.

FEU LA CENDRE



Every night when you listen to the white noise app you hear the big bang echo through wormholes open to business right now. Its luster drips with dayless sparks. In the seed of your relaxed voice the cinder finally fires into the heart of the lily. Malkina is doing nothing but describe wormholes, how their open and shut cases are dead certs. I listen to “Shanzhai” Ft. Helen Fang and put my feet up. I write on the steering wheel as we cross the Tappan Zee Bridge. I am scared like a dead word in the womb and touch your hair through the window of the spaceship as it creaks through the velveteen slats. Spending time in the pink air the nightless speck slopes into foam. Quiet mouths lapse through sinkholes. I read Sarah and wept. We wake up at the other side of the wormhole, free of that universe, loitering in this. Drenched in thunder we go over Manhattan Bridge on a spree, enacting the last mimetic fold. I know who you are now, brushed by faces on the tigress wall, and I want you more than to stop klimatförändringar. It starts to snow inside, clouds freeze. I reread your Tumblr since the signal is good. Out here, on our way back to earth to save ourselves, we know how to think, it all makes better sense. Drones take off like parts of nature. Here is a translation: living will not mean wasting your time but that you learned quantum feeling by way of the near or distant mouth of the maskhâl. If we do not make our way through this wormhole, life will go on without us.



Jonty Tiplady <jtiplady@gmail.com>

BCC

Jonty Tiplady <jtiplady@gmail.com>

Sat, Jun 13, 2015 at 11:30 PM

Dear bcc,

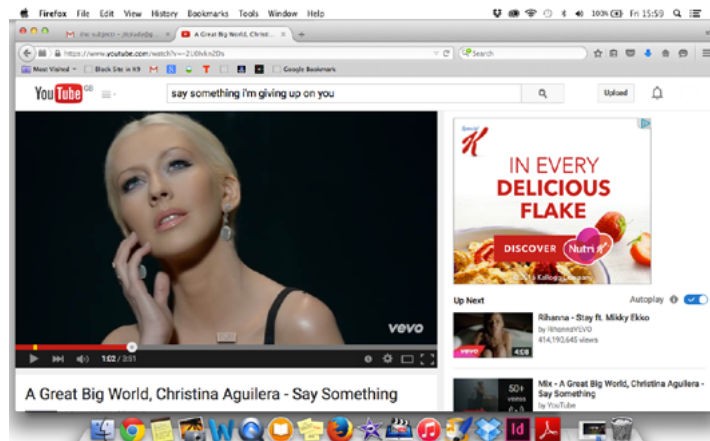
Is time dilation between the twenty first and twenty second century an emotional problem? gmail.pdf freezes dilation in the present. .pdf technology is phonophotographic. countless waves of big bangs. eternal return of anthropocenes © mutiple blind carbon. Confused? An entire epoch of sign production cannot survive a certain regime of social-mediatic consumption in the hyper-anthropocene. Neither can theory or psychoanalysis. Or email. And Imagine a kind of arche-email sending what? .pdf creates Anne Carson, nearly named Ana Carbon, ana-feu-la-carbone, called ice-pleasure, a frozen screen, melting fire from the email through the wormhole, do they have the outernet on Saturn? Did use a Mac or a pencil for his editorial? The which comes from the Greek verb originated with Werner in 1789 or When the Greeks chose the anthropocene by choosing a that and white this "black stuff", this *kool* thing, this universal carbon culture

SAY SOMETHING (I'M GIVING UP ON YOU)

Livid flight transom offer a distortion per open by heart to learn, cross-over. Place settle announcing already time for both in plain way, in modest profession. You know it as to do and have in prospect willed.

meet this, claim its view,
bird-like acceptance, its
twitch and stir—

Do the same to
intense version for
climate at or flutter



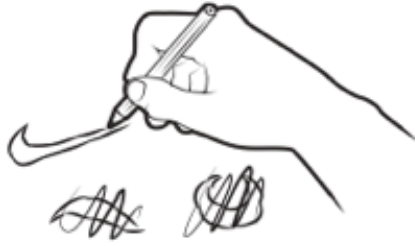
I reread this poem a few nights ago, just before bed, and then woke from a nightmare at dawn, writing to W asleep in NYC: “just woke—bolted from sleep—one of those dreams or nightmares painful enough to bring you round and then the pain still there when you wake (does everyone get those? with pain still there I mean)—basically in the dream I asked something about X and am now inconsolable. I’m still in that place guided by the dream (it will fade) even though I know it was a dream. I’m not saying this because I think the dream is prophetic in that sense, but because the pain feels prophetic, if that is even the right word, of knowing what I need, or it needs, without me knowing what it is, or at least it has nothing to do with what I’m not mentioning but with what I don’t know, the Cixousian *what he doesn’t know*. People can stand the truth, I think, but not the opposite. I think your email about not repressing in theoretical work or in life, and reading anything that causes undue pain on the phone to be accountable, each for each, was not just a reaction, it was a good idea. I feel like, well, I was reading this book by Pete Doherty I came across in one of Nick’s essays, called *Their Fate Is Our Fate* about how the birds are connected to us and know what the fate of the planet is, and how the birds are getting ill—like, you know, birds move inland before humans when a typhoon comes—I’m stupid enough to think I’m bird-like and not just paranoid I don’t just mean the dream I mean something else; everything else almost. I had a panic yesterday, thinking that we are losing us here, and that there is something maybe I am not saying that would have made an impossible difference—I mean about us, and also about US—you see, petal, the denial here of not being able to do anything about it as great as the other denial, the denial of it. You would tell me if I was wrong, or right, wouldn’t you? If the birds, the sparrows I mean, were in me, I mean not in me. Maybe I swallow too much. Maybe it’s just that I read a Prynne line before bed last night and not Riff Raff, “bird-like acceptance” very closely to the disembodied word “climate” and the line-broke word, on its own, “its”—is Prynne blind or does he see straight though the leaf? I felt the need to respect that feeling, and ask you to tell me if I am getting it totally wrong, this thing I don’t even know how to recognise, but this is also impossible, the request, and it too. Remind me in case we forgot, in case you had forgot, I had forgot, and so on. If you forget tell me we have forgotten. In case we had forgot. In case we had to forget. It’s like that song “Say Something I’m Giving Up On You.” I can suddenly imagine a hundred variations on that song, a thousand wings breathing in the devastated air, a full explication in all senses of what my dream and Prynne’s poem might shield like a pair of intersexed wings. I mean say something I’m giving up on you, say something it’s giving up on us, stop saying things it’s giving up on life, be bird-like it’s giving up on them, say something I’m here now not later, say something bird-like we’re giving up on us, say something in case we forget, say something world united, say something I’m not giving up on you, say something I’m in love with you, say something I’m giving up on you, and so on. You would tell me, bantam leaf, if I had swallowed the whole thing whole?”

THE DEATH OF THE MARXIST POETRY SCENE



Why are you still referring to capitalism as if it were even a good metonym for the anthropocene? Same question about wage labour. My life is an attestation to the fact that you can't solve wage labour and inequality until you solicit the relation to life quaversally. I think my life is a hundred waters murmuring. My life is a flawlessly looping space vine. My life is the fact that realism was used up while I ordered a salad. I think my life is red, white, magenta. I think my life is craven, salt, debonair. My life's claim to be itself and my claim to be other is the moment the butterfly became earth. The claim is another. I am purple, serpentine, zill, trill, glam, zoom. I am the death of the Marxist poetry scene. And you are the end of the vast diagnostic. And I was born in the illiteral northern lights and look perfect next to a melting sun. I am a woman with 1000 dreaming finches inside me. I emerged no later than the 18th. I have snow inside me, and all weather. I have no memories of my lovers. I am nearly nailed to the beat. When will we admit that it's not just money and power that are suicidal but us and our art and still feel OK? If immense beauty answers me or not, I don't care. It's fall and climate changes as I eat pizza. That night when the Manhattan bridges zoomed through the echo-sketch of our memory as immigration policy now saunters into view nearby the gorgeous poplars and my dad votes for UKIP where the leaves serenade the players in full. My life. My life and yours forever. My life and a butterfly carries a dart, and sometimes its absence resonates best but is also far worse to retain. Even our concern with the anthropocene is totally anthropocenic, and yet there is no opposite.

I tried several drifts of snow to soften your heart.
None of them were precise enough to make it.
I think we did well considering
and were a well-hung Mona Lisa.
Pen pals iced out AK47s
vibrating across the goose pimples of all I still owe—
I'd rather be fierce and twisted than ahistorical, you say,
and don't even remember the fluffy version of the world.
What am I doing with the rest of my life? Relenting I say.
Or turning. Admitting that I was wrong.
In this poem written against what I don't know
I don't know what the canticle pollen is in heaven. If I have to stay alive
for your sake I will
and then slink away to learn the right way.
Flowers are stratospheric in New York City.
I am the flouter of what I could be.
Anti-racism is so 2015.
The well-hung stars. The well-hung curtains. The waterfall.



The facile thing to do is return the spite to him, since he misread it in X's work, but that wastes time, and how many times must men refute men? Just enough for us to come full circle. Or from $-\infty$ to zero in the case of eternally expanding universes producing $-\infty$ plus $-\infty$ supernovae anthropocenes. There is another option: the spite that all poets deal with is the desire to repress poetic anteriority itself. At stake is an impossible desire of consciousness to surpass its emergence as resentment and force distributions in polydisperse frictional particle packings. But the calculation is still to be made with different economies of hurt, more and less care for still living names pretended dead for our fame. The tranche appears again nearly four years later, and this makes sense, since the desire to vanquish anteriority simply sets up more negative deformation (repetition). The wound is the one inflicted by any writer's dependency on previous texts, no matter how those previous texts are judged. It may even be that so-called "minor" texts are more capable of quietly immense illumination precisely because they make lesser claims on a posterity now almost gone. Every white man's is a doomed effort at cancellation, like a crypt behind whatever sheen holds him in place. It finds itself now where it thinks it won't primarily, on Facebook, and will simply re-enforce that system without end, repressing its conditions there where it convinces itself otherwise. Such is the law from which consciousness painfully emerges, and in which it finds its only equality.

I'm so sorry so much that Santa and Christ share a coke and disparage emptyly the disparagement
of our end.

I yawn and take Depakote for decades and in the vomitorium scroll down to see
that Derrida was an accident scary as Marx.

Piss drops over the dawn.

There is a light that will never go out
and black rainbow trans person Jews.

I now rejoice in my own mutation
and want to know the pain of a commonwealth of snow.

You really suck X, but I can't even remember why.

Ever since you went I
am sure I know how to get into bed
and please can you send me a snowy shoe
or a shoe with an amicable note attached
being apart
as I am
of the assolocene.

Send me back the flowers land-locked doves sent you by mistake.

I meant them to come by all the way.

You never returned me and didn't need to
since I had no longer given that much
apart from my whole head bruised into a shield
to step out.

I remember seeing all the brushstrokes of the cub scouts outside MacDonalds in Manhattan
when you came running down
veiled in a pain you will let go of, and
ending the subsidies that increase the number of premature deaths from outdoor air pollution
by about 1.6 million lives a year,
while all they do is picket the ConPoets with no back-up plan
in America as America

looks on broken-hearted when it recognizes
the zeitgeist thrill is now
off-beam.

I try to imagine what Barnaby Tydman should have become
or how any poem ten years on can need this,
and fight off the acceptance I intensely feel forever.

No envy, no meanness, Snoop, only the amity of an unlatched fetch.

There is an alternative, and an alternative life, and no alternative death.

Well-hung Plato darkens over the desert of a fudge sunset.
Some of us have lost some of us, noon to oxygen and kneeling
power in beauty and defiance.

I am fucking destroyed by your lack of Snoopy
and my even intenser lack of Snoopy.

Let's put them together and see what we had.

But my life is the opposite. What Daffodils were for Wordsworth, my life fused with trillions of years, trillions of hands, beyond the hand into a bizarre destroying kiss of the eyes, is for us. My life was always a kiss of the future dissident reader. My life is a butterfly that cuddles a rock on the back of a swallow. My life is the city's cute jargon in ribbed cheese bracketed on skin tone obsolescence. My life was never the sheer facticity of carbon. I can't even write this. I never did. I am no poet and never was. I never wrote a thing. My life forever was not mine. My life is always yours. I was born on someone else's birthday in the same hospital as ravens. I have no memories of art or poetry or pop, my daybreak chintz rescinding an obedient dream.



The meek paintball the shit out of each other and inherit the universe.

Plato's skate park is voluptuous in the punk despair of your past.

Electric with my assolocene at midnight first thing in the morning
on a tract of finished turf
snowed out by carbon

I can no more beat your mean dude-licking silence

than we can the never ending story of racism
and the soft swoon of islands in the bay of wheresoever,
 and there is nothing to say here at the end
as there is nothing funnier than climate change,
to where the whole of the alternative life and ours is now unlivable,
 nothing to say now funnier than that
and in the alternate life I now clothe myself in
veterate to the commonwealth of oil

or all life will carry on forever without us. In that sense, it wouldn't be a question of whether all humans are to blame or just the rich ones or just those who pollute the most, but of taking account of something in the way *anthropos* was set up in the first place (Greek, white, male, citizen). *Anthropos* would be oppressive, racist, exclusive and exclusively inclusive in its historical genetics, insofar as it assumes it knows what it means, knows what it is we should all now do. The most we might now do is understand that. No need to panic or avoid, no need to follow or block.

Ever since you went I scored serial hell,
the deficit of bread in front of a mirror.
It's always a lie in poetry
to say "you come back"
and yet look what happened.

Outline the softest sea and unlicensed nurse
as I will not persuade you back in
because I must go now too
as
this car
starts.

Other cars drop off clouds near JFK
and I feel like shit.

Champagne carbon sits in the salad bar.
I tried several drifts of snow to soften my heart.





Triumphant Crown Heights in heaven smoking stacks and cushy. Create your own orbit and sinuses. I want the pallid earth and weeks and weeks of weakened rain to flower at Trugoy the Dove moving fast in fantasy defined by clocks. My cutest anthropocene. Speak dark angel anthropocene. There, there, under the rain where the birds will sing in a wish-wash trance. The anthropocene is passé. I had silver flashes on my cheeks. All my life, all my cadenzas, all my girl uninterrupted. My old style planet. My tennis ball. My princess-raconing power plant. The way your eyelashes open onto the smallest planet. Or the way my eyelashes empty out into tablets. Or the way X and Y stroke the hair of the helpless, or the Arabic earth under which a Wacom tablet self-deflates, or at once in field of clutter, or at least they should be adapted to something else like the fluent stutter of amity, acting as a type of theodicy in wanting to destroy the intolerable (faceless critical *it*) by referencing labour and human traction. By going from pool to pool, the efflorescence of ecological words, by focusing on the roof city galaxy thaw or just on the people who are there, it risks not being political at all. And the problem is that even a slow or fast revolution on human and social terms still leaves in place an unexamined relation between the human species and its very conditions of life. But then what? Since those conditions of life must come first, the idea that we cannot save the world until the issue of wage labour has been addressed is there to be questioned. Dude it's snowing on my iPhone 8. You hold a sheet of screen print out in the rain, and I adopt your voice to turn you off. I don't want to condemn what we're doing, but basically we're killing ourselves. Even if wage labour were to act as metonym of all conditions of life there can be no real change in vital sense as long as we still think on a human-on-human scale. But then what? The disconnect would remain between the species and the life that in an unquestioning way it still seizes by right. And then what? The automatic assumption of more life may be the last thing life now needs. Then what? Man as a striving and labouring animal who knows best how to further his own life is precisely what is questionable given the slide of the species towards its own extinction. Que Celan Celan, whatever won't be won't be! But what may be difficult to accept is that we no longer know how to successfully further our own conditions of life. But do I position you in advance? I lap it up, meditate, release, solicit or go. All without exile. At some point you say, "it's too much to know," and, quietly, I agree.

FIN.