



#MISANTHROPOCENE 24 THESES

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EDITIONS

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24 THESES

#Misanthropocene

First of all. Fuck all y'all.

Second of all. We would all like to be violet-haired pure honey-smiling Sappho hanging out at all hours of the day and night in the air conditioned \$83200 a night Royal Penthouse Suite at the Hotel President Wilson with twelve bedrooms and twelve marble bathrooms plus a wraparound terrace with views of the Alps singing the praises of Anaktoria. The misanthropocene has proven to be a time when this is possible for some and not for others.

Third of all. It keeps busy. It makes deserts bloom. It makes luxury towers

just like it makes architects. It makes blockbusters and it makes producers to make them. It makes universities roads conceptual poets it makes oil-drum pyramids it makes ships of a size called Malaccamax. It makes endless small plastic representations of the African jungle or plains animals and fish ingest them and vomit them up or don't and there they sit in their stomachs and then they die.

Fourth of all. You know: *it*. The *it* that seems to be nothing but the doing of the world. As in *it's raining*. It's Raining Men is a moment of happiness within the misanthropocene.

Fifth of all. But then there is this other rain tilting in to soak vast acres of eurodollars and we call this west melancholy. West melancholy is related to but not the same as the misanthropocene.

Sixth of all. When we speak of time we speak of processes. Things going bad. We speak of entropy and the shedding of particles. A cold caesium fountain deep underground.

Seventh of all. The sheer scale of the misanthropocene. Our minds feel small and inert. Once every fragment seemed to bear within it the whole. Now the whole being too large for the mind to see stands before us always as a fragment.

Eighth of all. Fragments. The new Sapphic rage. Fuck Water Garden Condos Camel Garden Condos Royal Garden Sea Garden Garden City Beach and everyone who lives in condos named after gardens. One day gardens will come to get you. If they don't we will do it for them.

Ninth of all. Fuck the French Revolution the concept of the quintile Burning Man "England is a nation of shopkeepers" capital-L Literature and the citizens of Passy. Fuck Whole Foods sustainability the Piketty craze of 2014 Harvard University Press indie rock and Fight Club. Fuck community policing. Fuck poststructuralism The Universal Declaration of Human Rights the rock banjo. Fuck critiquing the rock banjo. Fuck self-reflexive meta-commentary about critiquing the rock banjo. Fuck cupcakes and/or

Park Slope fuck the martini fuck your Noguchi Coffee table fuck the crisis in the humanities Jonathan Safran Foer's Chipotle-cup literature home ownership HBO and fuck pedantically explaining that "the bourgeoisie" doesn't really apply to any part of US class structure.

Tenth of all. Fuck the propelling of sand from the bottom of the ocean floor in a high arc so as to construct new islands. Fuck that this is called rainbowing. Fuck any sort of dredge. Fuck how racehorses don't get to fuck each other but instead the stallion is trained to mount a dummy mare made of plywood and fuck a heated plastic vagina. Fuck the prince of any country ever fuck Palm Jumeirah and Palm Jebel Ali and atrazine. Fuck everyone who has bought a big bag of ant poison because ants have a social stomach and you are one selfish motherfucker if you can't let them have the very small amounts of food they want to share equally among themselves. And fuck this list with its mixture of environmental destruction and popular culture smugness and fuck every one of you that laughed at that rock banjo joke and fuck us all for writing it. And fuck not just the Google-bus but the Googledoc this poem rode in on and fuck us for sitting here reading you a rock banjo joke while the New Mexico meadow jumping mouse went extinct. Fuck that this happened two days and twenty hours ago. And fuck that next up is the Sierra Nevada yellow legged frog because we've always liked frogs their vulnerable skin our vulnerable skin.

Eleventh of all. And fuck that self-insulating move where you call yourself on your own bullshit to prove you aren't self righteous. Fuck it for just being a version of liberal "please don't hit me" politics. And srsly how did this poem come to revolve around the rock banjo?

Twelfth of all. The tempo of the misanthropocene has been measured precisely by the decay of the workers movement. Zero o'clock came and went. More west melancholy.

Fuck Robert Berger Mounir Haidar and Scott Hutchinson. They are but bit players in this misanthropocene but fuck them and everyone who has ever been nice to them. That was thirteenth of all for those of you counting. And that list is just the beginning. It ends with the names of everyone

at this reading Ben Furstenberg Natalie Cornflakes Andrew Kenower Juliana Spahr Brian Glasscock Happy Birthday but fuck you Wendy Trevino fuck Joshua Clover Jeune Fille and Ali Bektaş because those motherfuckers from the beginning of this section are still alive because we haven't killed them yet.

Fourteenth of all. Back to that banjo. If you've ever imitated that "Dueling Banjos" riff fuck you and your homophobia.

Fifteen. Unable to bear their loans the graduates and the dropouts drift off from the formal economy into student favelas cheek by jowl with the new poolings of the wage diaspora and we act as if this informalization has nothing to do with the misanthropocene but really that's just what it is.

Sixteen. And our nostalgia for when students were students and workers were workers is the formal rain in this poem. Fuck your west melancholy.

Seventeenth of all. That's what she saidn't.

Eighteenth of all. You know that moment when you realize there is nothing to be done and you just walk outside because you need to get away from the family form perhaps maybe from the home you own sort of or the bank does or maybe just the cat's constant meowing and yet whatever it is that family debt or cat stands in for comes with you and so you start to walk down the street to see if you can get away and you can't for whatever it is follows you as if it knows you in the way that your undergraduate institution know you that always knows your address to send you requests for money even if you just moved last week sort of way and it is dark out and there is a small moon so not much light and even the street light doesn't work and the street is darker than usual and you sit down on the low concrete fence that surrounds the neighbor's house and you realize there is nothing that can be done to get rid of this thing that you need to get away from and so you just sit there staring out into space getting cold thinking about the short strong legs and small ears and eyes of the yelm pocket gopher how their lips close behind their front incisors how they use their front incisors for burrowing how as they burrow their soft loose pelts en-

able them to move backwards through their tunnels as easily as they move forwards how they have two oh so soft fur-lined cheek pouches extending from the lower portion of their face to their shoulders that they use to transport food and these can be turned completely inside out and how the UC Davis website notes that gophers are nongame mammals which means that anyone can control them at any time and in any legal manner and so they recommend trapping baiting with toxic baits fumigation exclusion dogs chewing gum laxatives vibrating snakes and gas explosive devices and you think about these things with despair and Sapphic rage because you can't bear to think about whatever it is that is only realizable as the family the debt the cat and thinking about the almost extinct soft fur lined cheek pouches at least lets you feel. Fuck that moment most of all.

Fuck that moment most of all when you have to write an essay about the avant-garde and you begin filled with resentment for this essay filled with resentment for the people who asked you to write it filled with resentment for yourself filled with resentment for the idea of the avant-garde but you start writing because you exist only in the phrase *you start writing* and then halfway through you start to feel like maybe you do care about the avant-garde and would like to be part of the avant-garde and would like to arrive at a party wearing a caterpillar for a moustache and have parts of your life transpire in a subtly lit gallery in I don't know Zurich or something just a white room filled with a sweet feeling called west melancholy and you feel this even as you are completely aware that what you are writing is of the genre *studies in comparative whiteness* and the avant-garde is lower limit terrible idea upper limit totally unnecessary and even as you are aware of these things you are really moving in the essay you are listening to Pharrell and Shakira and Iggy Azalea who are not the avant-garde but you are moving you are making short paragraphs about the avant-garde and the short paragraphs make you feel empty and clean like you haven't eaten for a day or two the short paragraphs make you feel empty and clean not like you are a Zurich gallery with subtle lighting and almost nothing on the walls no you are not the gallery but you are filled with the same sort of sensation with the melancholy of the text with text melancholy and the problem is this nineteenth of all the problem is this you have friends you like and friends you don't like and you can sort of imagine the friends you

don't like milling around the gallery possibly exchanging that special kind of one-eyebrow-up glance that conveys your twitter handle directly to the minds of others but you cannot imagine the friends you like being in the gallery together and then you remember you can't imagine the friends you like being in the same room together in general and that the last year or two has been characterized by the impossibility of people being in the same room together whether you like them or not and this is so much the case that you are glad when one of your enemies moves away because fuck them but you are also glad when one of your friends moves away because even though you are in Oakland center of the universe this seems this seems like getting out and this is the truth of things not the avant-garde not the gallery not the caterpillar that is not your moustache not even the Miami blue butterfly caterpillar which is the next caterpillar to go extinct *ohhhhh Miami* but the rifts that now make up roughly seventy percent of all social life and you feel the rifts as truth because the hatred is real the hatred is an objective force like debt is an objective force and the wage and the heat and the end of the world are objective forces and the rifts are in this sense objective and you call this objectivity the misanthropocene.

Twentieth of all. This is how the misanthropocene ends. We go to war against it. My friends go to war against it. They run howling with joy and terror against it. I go with them.

Twentyone. This is how to set an oil well on fire. Rub and lean against it. Spread your front legs and swing your neck at it. The power of a blow depends on the weight of your skull and the arc of your swing. Then sparks.

Twentytwo. Here is how to take out the electrical grid. Pierce the switching protection and control equipment and transformers with hypodermic genitalia and eject into the circuit breakers so as to short circuit or overload currents. Smaller distribution stations may use recloser circuit breakers or fuses for protection of distribution circuits. These too can be pierced by the introduction of a specialized intromittent organ through an external groove overlying the pleural membrane in the fuse wall.

Twentythree. Here is how to capsize a container ship. Swim along behind

it in a train then grip with the teeth and continue to swim as you insert your claspers into the cloaca and pump.

Twentyfourth of all. Here is how to kill a policeman here is how to abolish culture here is how to knock down a Boeing AH-64D Apache Longbow here is how to loot a grocery store here is how to levitate the Pentagon. Sappho Sappho Sappho not by chanting.