

*Welcome to the Palindrome. In other words, goodbye.
I'm tired of standing on my head, kicking my blasted legs
Around the sky, the masses, the multitudinous things that look
Away from us, their attention drawn to the alien
Sound made by the combination of thinking and working*



GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG FAMILY BBQ

Jasper Bernes & Joshua Clover

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After such knowledge, what
Could count as foreshadowing? When
We were lovely robots

And young, Jack Ludd and Jack the Lad
Came skipping down the path
Our habits blazed, before the world
Scanners dissolved us in math.

This Is A Goodbye Kiss, You Dog!

The zombies got faster as the money supply expanded.
They were adjustable-rate zombies. They had blogs.
They had no income, no job or assets, but they were not
NINJAs and there was a terrible howling
From our wellness centers. “I will become an Impossibilist
Or a Jacobin,” thought Tatterdemalion.
“With my nano-avatar, I will sabotage the angel factory
On the head of a pin.” But then the police hosed down
The protesters with washed-out versions of places to be seen
And tomb-ornamental art-rock. We had gone
And got ourselves borne up by the tailings of a dying
Class: mission accomplished. It was like a genre
Like no other genre but still not itself, or “Pitchfork
Uncanny,” the kids loved it, the police loved it, it was morning
In Exarchy, the morning of the epic without any heroes,
The morning where they drop the cash from helicopters.
You know: night. There’s nothing that can stop this now
Except possibly for a DFA remix of “Too Big To Fail”
Enjoining the turntables to get up and dance, work it
While the professionals stand around affecting auto-managerial poses
Or tapping the buttons of things, lining up the organic

Composition of capital with the convolved
 Declensions of the summer ice pack,
 Track on track laid down until all you're hearing
 Is how badly your speakers suck, flooded out
 Like the quantitative easing that promised so little
 But so completely. I honestly can't see
 How the Zoroastrians are going to vanquish Mithraism
 This time especially when everybody's slogan
 Turns out to be some version of Emancipation Of the Sun
 If Google Translate is to be believed. Listen they were jerks
 But this is the future of the Futurists and we're just
 Living in it—like the Green Zone of a mildly circuitous becoming
 Where no childhood is left behind, no improvised
 Repressive device demobbed. Those demotions
 Were emotional: the disassembled docks on container ships
 Pulling in the ladder of the long century behind them.
 That's not your carbon footprint, cabrón, that's Fallujah.
 The rest is graduate school, dirty nerves, "A"-7
 Lighted by "White phosphorus." Go, Dog, Go!
 At the mortgage-backed securities desk, little dried-out
 chunks of New Orleans held in an emulsion of debt.
 Flush to the screen, the depths, they fly like paper
 Of the known unknowns. I am trying to tell you I love you,
 Straits of Malacca, Niger River Delta, wherever it turns out
 You can repaint the gunboats from Apocalypse Now
 And say it a different way, a recent theory of history
 Rummaging around in the vinyl collections for new
 Evasions: the first time as travesty, the second time as force.
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Of total transparency,
 Brains open to the screen
 Memories of one Friedrich von
 Ludwig von Mises on scene

Direct from regions Pelerin
 Where the market signals
 Refracted in the compound eye
 Of social substance, lulz

By other means, are the prayed-for
 Supersoft avalanche
 Of pure Arrow-Debreu goodness
 Pumping up the old revanche.

At the heart of the serpentine
 Data center, the eyeless beast —
 Tentacular, matte-enameled,
 Basic bitch of debased

God — knows what you did this summer,
 what role you played in the ornate
 police action of life as it gets
 lived in the total memory state.

And no description was not true,
 Sci-fi, *policier*,
 The grim villain was always us,
 Forced to confess by the school play

And its less-than-subtle portents.

Ballad

Way down at the Information
 Dominance Center
 I wave my hands back and forth
 Against the craquelure

Of facial features traced
 By recognition algorithms.
 Of stealth mode and of beast mode
 And the day we quit them

Still a few eras off I sing.
 I wandered lonely as a drone
 That floats o'er jails and landfill
 And monitors what we say on the phone.

It knows an amazing amount
 About One Direction
 And sexting with frenemies of
 The public good, who burn in the sun

Away from us, their attention drawn to the alien
 Sound made by the combination of thinking and working,
 A kind of *thwocking* that comes with global-local
 THC mojitos and crushed ice. I just want to write
 Love letters and anti-capitalist futures contracts
 From the deck of an oil tanker hijacked by Somali pirates
 Who have some use for the GPS device implanted
 In my thyroid. You just sit there and wait for the money
 To roll in. You stare out at the bounding main — remember
 The bounding main? Such are the fantasies of a boy
 From the core where we make the movies about the core
 And the periphery changing places every few minutes,
 The movies with the dances at the end intercut
 With the credits, the movies with the dances, the dances with
 The songs cut with the credit, cut that shit up one more time.

Poem (“Susan Sontag died so Valerie Plame could live...”)

Susan Sontag died so Valerie Plame could live. This is a meditation on the personal. This is a meditation on the negative, the night in which all crises are black and we take ourselves very seriously like a big pill. You can feel the value pouring out of the twitchy textures of the lifeworld, a swarm of bats. Everyone else is embossing the massacres with echolocational silences and liberal ambivalence but you’ll kick a denominator into that gassy abracadabra, theorems have childhoods too! Your vocabulary did this to me and millions like me, the vulnerability of words wanna be starting something else: rockets, rain, renegacy. Turn it upside down and set it on fire

is too a solution if you believe in emotional truth, we read Stein, we read Ginsberg, stanzas in medication — we write the post-revolutionary decrees whereby all anti-psychotics will be named after pre-Socratic philosophers, zero-gravity vegetation, no one screams in the elevator except as mating signal, which doesn’t count, not with your bespoke cynicism and Thermidorian appetizer protocols it don’t. Shhhh! Old mole at work!

I’m supposed to meet up with the Platonic voluntarists at the swap meet but I keep forgetting and logging on to E-Trade to buy Yen instead.

That sounds like a euphemism but it’s not, except for the way

Horrors that convince us we live in them
Like a rescue fantasy. Limits are internal.
The next sun comes to an end
Rearranging credit ratings as a total people,

Commander and commanded, lieutenants
In the industrial army, a picture in the moment
Of its unraveling, the vernacular of the age,
The mayfly oscillations of these rhythms

Both of and against the surrounding faces.
Nine-headed zone of freedom and exception
In this sense exclusively, there is no way to proceed.
Things of the world become visible through the failing.

For the soothing of the monotonously complex
Immediacy, its still magical ruins of the present,
Birth of the aesthetic turned on its head, “we”
In the form of a dollar colonize the hours and years.

The old dogmas float atop it, Wile E. Coyote
Churning his legs furiously over the axiomatic
Death of means to end. We wanted to damage
The final result — once, twice, a dozen times.

Rumor Upon Rumor

Like a vast library in the face, democracy
Pronounced as rictus for the remainder in whatever display
Can be repaired by many-colored contents.
The story we would tell the great predators is we agree.

We live in the face of an increasingly rebellious population,
A new fact upon the earth, worth repeating.
The mausoleum of all arises from time,
Smoothness and isometry passing across one face

Are offered as a control bunker among the commentariat.
All of the unpermitted questions given a press badge
In the face of external limits: London and Shanghai,
Haiti in ruins and Japan's lost decade

Means to destroy the idea of our children's
Children when it's most convenient. What the media
Theorists call language, in this sense,
Is often superior to an end, more or less,

that currency is always a kind of euphemism, more or less polite
depending on where you stand in the great molecule of nations:
nobody wants the Thai baht, or everyone does for a minute or two
if that much of hot hot action (by "everyone" we mean arbitrageurs,
and always have). Ephebes scavenge the mallscapes and the temple
is dark – don't call it a bad bank, you'll hurt its feelings. It's
an aggregator, like a new dead sun or the psychic self-storage facilities
behind the Jumbotron: we reject as false the choice between red wine or white
people, the gathering momentum of a blue-ribbon commission's
mild reprimand, checked by the bright, vacant rhetoric of this special
moment:

oh hope! oh pure form of sensible intuition! oops!
we once thought that there was more to life than breathing
carbon emissions through the holes in our faces and we were right
though the details have yet to be deciphered or disclosed — a gathering sense
that what keeps us from a loving and intimate knowledge of capital
aitch History is something like attorney-client privilege on a scale
that humbles the concept of scale. Who knew what when Jasper? Wait
don't answer it'll ruin the suspense, the better half of apocalypse, like
finally! a narrative worth following and it'll only cost you your neighbor's
soul, afoul again of the universal solvent of the law, what a bore.
My lover's skin is like an iPhone's screen, the primal scenes swimming
behind the cloud of links, the fissures in the heraldic orders of the day,
no way yeah way, except when you accidentally order "pizza" and then
you wake up and have to go to work. There is no telling where the taproot
of absolute knowledge will surface next, in a death metal taco truck
conference
on communist individuation, careening through the chocolate jello at
three or four miles per hour, entelechy's like that. High fructose corn
syrup, high

modernism, high finance and the hi-fi: my parents went to the Annales School and all I got was this lousy conspiracy theory. How many adults at the Wednesday matinee before you call it a crisis and the next thing you know it's a metaphor for almost everything, this untiring merry-go-round in thin air, and it's amazing that the most sentimental thing in this poem is from Rosa Luxemburg — at least so far. I among the software, hardcore as the description of the rain which either restates the obvious or levels western metaphysics, a genre not unlike the Western in its classic form — say Rio Bravo — by which we mean: involving 1) horses and 2) the hysterical assertion of Technicolor masculinity, whereas now from the clouds of dust no stud conducts the red tartan pattern of our low motivation along the lines of previous non-reproducing social orders. A bunch of vegetarians at the Götterdämmerung family BBQ, is what. I mean, well, hmmm, sure, I guess, umm, it's like the machines produce machines but then what do those machines produce? Limericks? I am I because my little bureaucrat knows me, my little Sancho who I love, and we move together, we are riding the range, we are following a sound from Cameroon to Thriller to Rihanna, it takes 35 years on the plasma pampas and they have to invent new aspect ratios just to keep us on screen, we are the universal subject of r&d, Sancho and me, when me move our metalized mouths the diagram speaks.

The way we stay together, like the Eurozone, as if possessed by rosy-cheeked love's

Debt restructuring and auto-erotic austerity measures. Is this what it amounts to, society?

An age of gold, an age of bimetallism, flying again and again into specie's

Being and one morning coming out the other side, the red army fractional reserve.

And that's the problem, the leveraging of the part, the party, relative

To the sum total of unrepaid antagonisms rolled over, year after year, since 10,000 BC

11,520 before Luther, 11,845 before Feuerbach, and then it's all theses

All the time. Again is history divided against — still nothing moves but the money

Overrunning the spent blunderbusses, the bourse, all together now as the many-

Headed jacquerie mocks the false clocks of the true gods of no choice

And time, that queer substance, begins again as if unplundered, chaste,

Purchased with the going rate for the coming insurrection, half an orange

Sun slathered along the mattering of this or that limit our averages enrage

With a list of ways they want, absent organ failure, to hurt transcendently
Without hurting themselves as their streets fill up with Bentleys

Still addicted to the internal contradiction engine that made Detroit
Alloy its enfeebled machines with garage-rock revivals and the void

Gigantism of SUVs chasing away the good jobs that also sucked
Out the feelings from the burnt core of town where motherfucking
ghettotech

Was an afterlife of the Belleville Three, faded now as Samothrace,
Supermax prison for the deracinated, immunized scraps of smug entelechy

Muttering incantations through the tracheotomy tube of absent causes
While the last GM Constellation with On*Starstellung oozes

As we used to say, anxious to end the sentence but not the century, “outta Dodge.”
We were just about to set off along the Great Western Cattle Trail when
the hitch

Between the sentences broke and killed the mood by forcing a vote
On which way was “west.” Nothing’s obvious in a democracy, right?

It’s all procedural, from the last cigarette to the first civil war called work.
Just think of all those excess therbligs squandered on wandering and stark

Despair! Search select hold, find grasp assemble, throw smash grab,
scream punch run.
I learned the combinatory lyric of labor’s maneuvers from Taylor and PlayStation
2 controllers but all work and no pay makes Jack a ludd boy, or, breaking stuff’s

Notes on Russian Toys — Manuscript Please

What blithe or semi-professional ironist would set that street on
Top of these other streets, midway in the woods of all this shit, like toys?
Many dead things are here, indices of fashion, perhaps, or the percentage
of Russian

Gangsters chasing the old, Napoleonic master manuscript
Back to its primary credit facility. Somewhere in the 10th the false notes
Gusted past us and into the metro, refreshing in their refusal to please

The well-tempered cochleas of new sybarites for whom Do As You Please
Is the only law, reformulated in late-mod tempo as Get Ur Freak On —
What if *kulturkritik* outlives *kultur* itself, and we keep making notes
Without them being about anything, like children without toys?
Some might say this has already happened and the gold manuscript
Of the king of the century is rumored blank as a 1919 map of Russian

Electrification projects in Katerynoslav, blank as the new Russian
Man and woman, a series of elemental lines and planes that please
No one save that class charged to destroy, down to the last manuscript,
All record of its terrestrial bondage. Hey, I’m just trying to go on.

We can leave it to the curators to decipher from our sex toys
Wherefrom the drive to arrest those ghosts inside a few, ruined notes.

Nothing moves but the music, you said it, *whose music?* *Notre*
Musique! and so on the tjaning goes, who here hasn't joined a soviet
Of noise just to drown out the auto factory churning out Toy
Iotas next door, two, three, many Prii, each with a cheap lease
Lend agreement falling due just fifty years after the war on
Terra exhausts itself along the lines of *The Last Man*. Stripped

Abstract, pure bill of belonging somewhere, its bloody script
Sealed inside the self-circulating duty no banknote
Can knock from orbit, except where listening to Tim on
Picasso on CD on the road to the coast the Russian
River leaps onto the windshield the picture plane it plays
The guitar and mandolin of the cars as if they were little Tolstoys

Inside the great whale of the past: Leviathan, the toy
Of God. We keep him in a drawer with our black manuscripts
And alcools, all-devouring, queerly indifferent to our pleas.
To make, blindly, what will subsume you and your friends: N
B, this is a bad fucking idea. But this all happened three Russian
Novels ago as the crow flies, and finally some switch flicks on

In Nature or Naturalism, and the man you scriveners limn from unsown oats
Lets the cops rush in to a public affair, a kind of policier principle that bears
You chez toi to banks on fire, May 5, Syntagma Square.

Superheroic

Yeah I've got a match for you: your face and my book. We'll cast the musical
From some of the minor characters left unemployed by the death of the novel.

They used to work for hedge funds. But now that we have auto-tune
On the schedule of class one consciousness-sweeteners, we find the tomb

Of the mezzanine tranche less of a come-hither. What is the it we're over?
Aren't these litterateurs tired of playing baby-sitter to a dull either/or

Encrusted with Jesuitical casuistry? Who's your enfant terrible now?
There was this idea we could hold it off with endless questions absent new

Strategies of deferral, we met death with a thimbleful of funeralbarbitol
And answered their vogueish anti-monies with The Parable

Of Seven Refusals, whose pedantic muses divide the will by labor
And so divide the world: the will is like Lycaon laid out on a table

For sacrifice then rising forth as his fifty sons, with fifty cities
Painted in the big bad shades of shame to come, facebook Hades