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The developmentalist temporality immanent to popular understandings of “transition”—that is, per the prompt, “linear, progressive, and measured”—implies (obviously) that energy transition signals a state shift; and, of course, much of our work has long focused on the fallacy of such a shift—the myth of “transition” historically obscuring artificial inducements to energy markets like that which forced the putative “shift” from wind to coal (to take one of many examples) or that of coal to petroleum (Fressoz & Bonneuil, 2016; Bakke 2016). Hence the query that follows: “what is the time of *the next*”? That is, what shall emerge *after* the inevitable and terrifying collapse of petrocapi-talism—terrifying in part, because the climactic impacts will be most severe for those communities with the fewest resources.

Answering such a question requires thinking outside of the temporal framework of normative energy histories, which is something that is quite difficult to do. Perhaps this is because, while energy humanists have labored over the dangers of an unjust transition for over a decade now, transition discourse within the blooming “energy sector” is persistently framed not merely by the “linear, progressive, and measured” march toward renewables, but also by an emboldened expansionism that imagines new extractive frontiers and ever-greater profits; indeed, every “energy” company—from BP to Tata Solar (formerly Tata Steel)—is (logically) quite eager to promote themselves as champions of something called “transition.”

For those who hope to profit handsomely from what Timothée Parrique has termed the “unicorn of green growth” (owing to the biophysical limits of Earth systems), such material paradoxes are of no concern. Nor is the reality that “transition” has long signified not a dynamic process at all so much as a political moment—the moment in which we have continued to find ourselves since at least the early 1970s when proclamations about the “limits of growth” (during which economic ecologists recognized said limits) began to hold sway in the popular imagination.

But “transition” (obviously) *ought* to signal a dynamic process—one that eschews normative understandings of “progress,” and one that acknowledges the utter impossibility of a “linear” or “measured” model in this moment of climate chaos. In Randy Schroeder’s wonderful synthesis of Allen Stoekl’s “post-sustainability” argument, we are both reminded that the “unintended consequence” (e.g., a ruptured pipeline), or the “economic externality” (e.g., the dispossession of whole communities) is a feature of an otherwise linearly mapped market logic; and we are also reminded that a “post-sustainable” world—presumably whatever comes “next”—may not be the logical consequence of a “measured” energy transition, but instead the illogical, irrational, unreasonable outcome of an absurd commitment to linearity in a global climate gone mad. Of course, if we embrace Stoekl’s argument (or Bataille’s), we might avert total disaster, but this requires a very different approach to “energy.”

Nonetheless, while the “next” must indeed be disarticulated from the developmentalist gospel of something like “progress,” and while we would do well to embrace Bataille over and against Elon Musk or Jeff Bezos, it must also engage with the urgency of infrastructural revolution in a geopolitical context such as that in which we currently find ourselves—a context in which we seem to be clinging insanely to a market model (and an outmoded energy infrastructure) that is obviously unsustainable. Thus, and per Rhys Williams in the context of their argument for the virtues of speculative imaginings (in this case, for the science fiction subgenre solarpunk), we may have to indulge the possibility of incremental shifts in the transformation of extant energy infrastructures, lest we simply follow Andreas Malm in blowing up pipelines.

While I have concerns about Malm’s approach given that such forms of material violence often work to further dispossess industry workers and not their corporate overlords, I am nonetheless interested in any potential strategy for infrastructural revolution; so too, any call to

action which recognizes that linearity and proximate causality are anthropocentric fantasies that will “cost us the Earth” (to again cite Malm). In Dominic Boyer’s recent argument regarding extant energy infrastructures as “almost necessarily a source of friction or impasse,” the anthropologist also favors a more radical approach to energy “transition”—one that further acknowledges the impossibility of any material transformation without a correlative revolution in our thinking about energy and energy futures. This is all to say that “the next” cannot follow logically from the present; “business as usual”—whereby “usual” implies the restrictive violence of the market and the teleological nature of capital—must be discarded, and immediately. But we know this and are thus asking how to proceed.

Energy humanists often talk about the dangers of “business as usual” in the context of an extractivist ethos that thrives on the violent dispossession of most of planetary life; and, pace Boyer and Schroeder, “business as usual” is also an infrastructural impossibility (given that intermittent renewables like solar and wind don’t perform like coal and thus don’t align so easily with our current grid infrastructure), and a logical impossibility given that “business as usual” implies a temporality that discounts the internal necessity of such putative *externalities* as unprecedented shifts to global climate and thus “unprecedented” shifts to markets.

But how do we transform our discussion around something like transition when the central (and ostensibly deified) actors in the energy sector subscribe to such linear notions of progress—when figures like Bezos or Musk use “transition” as seemingly nothing more than a market tactic, naught but a rhetorical trope in popular political discourse and economic policy—a discourse in which, per Cara Daggett (at Petrocultures22) we witness the substitution of something like “Renewable Masculinities” where once we contended with “Petromasculinities” and thus must continue to wrangle with the logic of the market?

It seems *almost* not to matter (but of course it does matter in terms of emissions) whether we are looking at petromodernity or renewable modernity if “both” paradigms are framed by the same sorts of violence immanent to fossil capitalism in all its guises. But we know this. This is why, after my paper (also at Petrocultures22) on solar politics and solarpunk, I was asked if there can be a fascist solarity. That is, what if we cannot achieve the “solidarity-oriented” solarity mandated by AOS2—one in which, per Oxana Timofeeva, the sun is a “comrade” (and not in the sense of Putin’s Druzhba, or “Friendship,” pipeline, but in a Bataillan framework)? What if the only possible solarity is in fact one in which populist factions mobilize the sun’s energies in the interest of fueling fascist regimes of the sort now governing the state where I live (Florida)? It certainly seems feasible, if inevitable. If ecofascists have successfully mobilized a Malthusian doctrine of population control as a response to the lifeboat ethics of young Republicans who are (belatedly) energized by the climate crisis, a new generation of climate-conscious fascists will surely look to secure the border in the interest of preserving not planetary life, but a characteristically American (read hyper-consumerist) life fueled by renewable resources like wind and solar!

Of course, Timofeeva also discusses “*fossil* fascism” (of the sort instantiated by Putin), but here too it is difficult to make any distinction between fossil or solar fascism in so far as both (do or shall) operate in a global imaginary wherein Russia or China or the U.S. or Canada or Norway or Venezuela or India will ultimately participate in the same energy market. This is all to say, and perhaps need not be said, that the “next” must reflect that Bataillan imperative for a “Copernican transformation...[that] reversal of thinking and of ethics” that we discussed at the previous After Oil school.

Thus, and following Imre Szeman and Jennifer Wenzel (who build upon Stuart Hall’s incisive argument regarding the utility of what we do—“what in god’s name is the point of [energy humanities]” to riff on Hall) I want to emphasize the critical nature of our work in the Humanities and Social Sciences in terms of succoring such an ethical transformation; but I also want to follow

Szeman and Wenzel in emphasizing the need for theoretical precision as we face the material horrors of extractivism's legacies, and thus be careful not to flatten—in our work and in our activism—the distinction between extraction and extractivism, as material process and governing logic.

Szeman and Wenzel clarify that the “ism” (in extractivism) gives the Humanities a space for thinking through extraction in terms of its governing logics; and thinking through these logics, and their relationship to energy policy, is vital for moving beyond infrastructural impasse and for realizing the “next.” This is where I want to consider the burgeoning archive of radically utopian climate fiction—solarpunk to take just one example, as opposed to the dystopian hellscape with which we have been bombarded for far too long—which I believe may help to cultivate a space for thinking precisely about the possibilities that lie beyond the restrictive logics (e.g., georacial, colonial, imperial) of extractivism. Why? Because such fictions not only speculate on “solidarity-oriented” worlds; they also engage with viable material frameworks that offer guidance for actual infrastructural change.

As a teacher and petrocritic, I am starting to look quite seriously at the virtue of such science fiction subgenres as solarpunk for imagining new worlds, particularly in the context of South Florida. One of my colleagues (also at Petrocultures22) argued that the genre eschews the material realities of the late Anthropocene, and that the dystopian alarmism of conventional cli-fi seems a more appropriate response to the climate crisis. I agree in part: surely, we ought to be alarmed; but this persistent state of alarm seems to be galvanizing a crippling political inertia for which we have precious little time. While recognizing (and agreeing with) Kyle Powys-Whyte's critical argument regarding the dangers of an “urgency” discourse—or Claire Colebrook's similar point that “we have also been post-Anthropocene” in so far as the “apocalypse” occurred for most planetary life centuries ago—I must still concede that alarmism is in fact merited and that we are in fact running out of time. That is, we do need radical and immediate change, but this must be real change; and I can't help but to wonder, pace Stephanie LeMenager's wonderful essay on Butler's *Parable of the Sower*, if solarpunk fictions might offer us a sort of “survival guide” for that radical change—for whatever becomes the “next.” Perhaps there is a contradiction here: let us be alarmed, but let us look to fiction that is less alarming.

If I sound naïve, I must say that after eighteen years of teaching a very specific student population, I would rather embrace what Brigit Dale referred to as “radical optimism” than concede to the forces of fossil capital that would otherwise seal our doom. Indeed, rather than give in to the fascists on my campus, one of whom (a self-identified Turning Point “captain”—an organization that officially sanctions the “surveillance” of “radical professors”) was wearing his “FPL 30-30” shirt (Florida Power and Light's campaign for 30% solar by 2030 in the “Sunshine State”) when informing me that I would be recorded in my “Literature and Social Movements” class, I would far prefer to consider how solar can also give rise to a collectivist ethos—one that is decentralized, inclusive, and convivial.

That is, rather than letting the fascists indulge the myth of scarcity so often associated with solar in order to marshal its energies toward building more walls, we might instead think of this proverbial “wall...as a link” (Weil). This is precisely how my students read Rokeya Hossein's wonderful novella *Sultana's Dream* this summer—a tale that imagines a radical feminist utopia powered almost exclusively by solar energy. Perhaps if coal can give rise to a particular form of worker solidarity (Mitchell), while oil can be a masterful means of alienation and division, solar can in fact help to galvanize a different ethics—one that looks more like Hossein's “Ladyland” than the violent petro-dystopia that is South Florida. Whatever the case, the critical utopian nature of a genre like solarpunk has been profoundly useful pedagogically—encouraging many of my students to

engage in a “radical optimism” rather than indulge the privileged fatalism of my Turning Point captain.

I teach in a majority minority institution in south Florida (40 miles north of a swiftly sinking Miami) where the statistical majority of our student body are first-generation college students, many of whom live in neighborhoods that are plagued by industrial toxicity (largely courtesy of “Big Sugar’s” practice of burning cane fields with formaldehyde); or they commute from largely Latinx and Haitian neighborhoods in Miami that have become infamous examples of the “two Floridas” that emerge after every hurricane. For these students, the oft-cited fact that Miami will shortly be gone (a throw-away line in a few conference papers that made me truly queezy) is a material reality that conjures profound existential despair. For them, critical utopian imaginaries like solarpunk (and perhaps most memorably this summer, Butler’s *Parable of the Sower*) are quite useful indeed. But more than this, the texture of the narratives—not all, but several that I teach—do not wreak of post-oil doom; and several engage in a sort of climate Weird so as to blur otherwise concrete categories of space and time. This too might be useful in subverting the linear paradigm of development, and instead engaging in the *unproductive* logic of a Bataillan orientation to energy and energy expenditure.

It’s quite difficult, as an English professor in the great state of Florida (where our fascist governor tirelessly campaigned in thirty local elections to turn school boards Republican so as to continue his violent campaign of censorship) to not make a simple plea for the written word here. Indeed, it would seem to me that there is no better testament to the titanic power of the written word than Trump’s heir apparent spending his every moment trying to ban it. But I am not making a conventional argument for the Humanities by any means. I genuinely see such radical politico-aesthetic movements as solarpunk (and its ilk) as viable guides for moving toward some sort of infrastructural commons where we might finally “learn to negotiate, coexist, and flourish together” (AOS2 5).