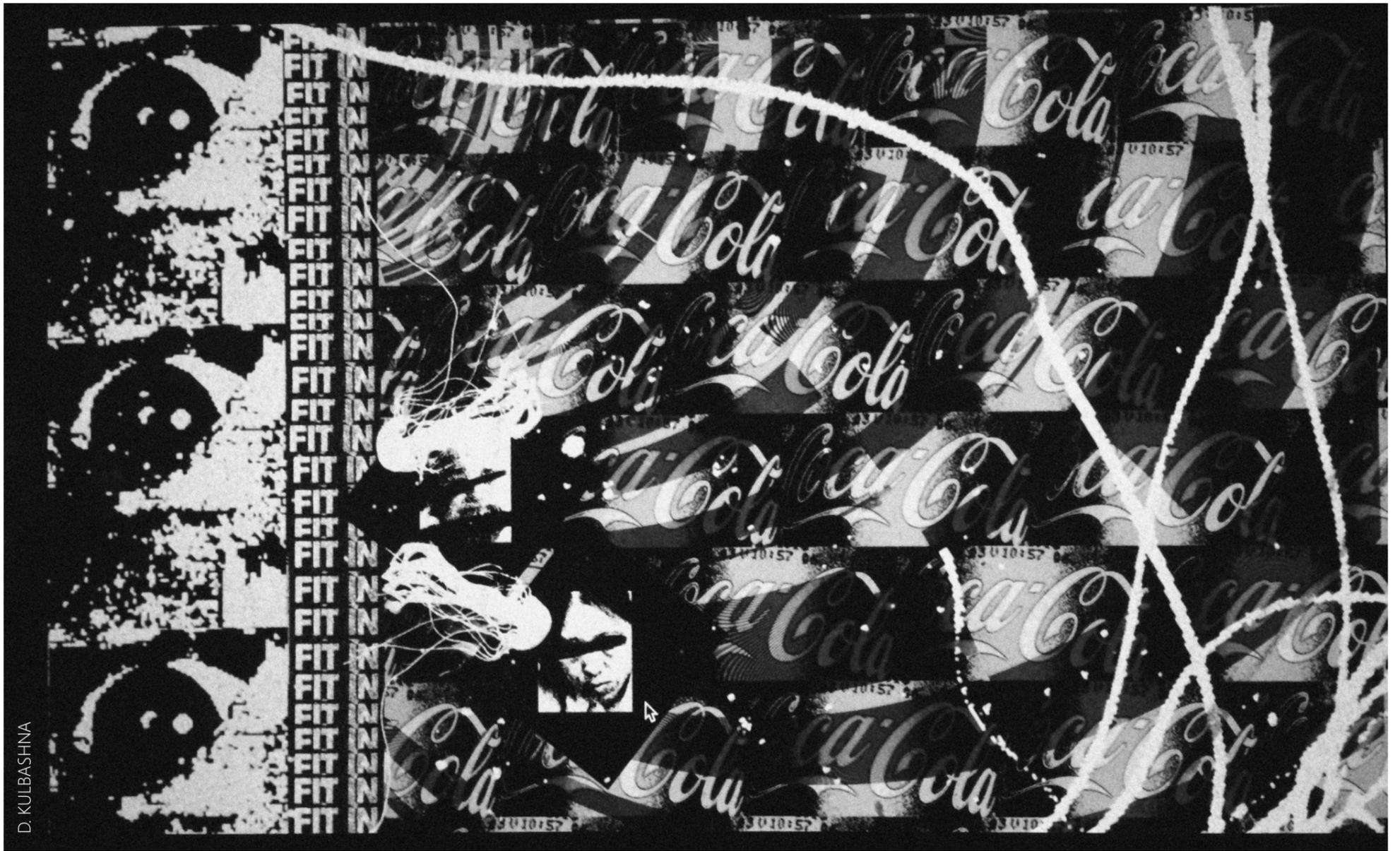


W L I E N I S T



TOWARDS AN ALIENIST POETICS

(NOTES ON THEORY & EXPERIMENT)

THERE ARE ALSO WORDS NOT IN DICTIONARIES

Poetic experiment reveals interactions in language that uncontrollably alter the situations in which they occur, because of the discontinuous changes characteristic of signifying processes.

The immediate consequence of this is that, in general, every experiment performed to determine a semantic quality renders the knowledge of other qualities illusory, since the uncontrolled perturbations of language alter even the character of previously determined significations.

This "alienation-effect" obtains both within signifying processes & on the level of experimental knowledge. It represents an irreducible separation while at the same time prohibiting this separation from fulfilling the traditional requirements of science & philosophy – to divide the world into subject & object – & hence provide a clear formulation of the laws of causality.

The solid ground of experimental proof submits instead to a *constitutive ambivalence*. The systematic ("controlled") exploitation of this constitutive condition produces a "system of alienation."

THE CONTROVERSIAL LANGUAGE OF THE LAST FIVE MINUTES

The "alienation-effect" is thus *not* derived from a transcendental *a priori* of language, but from the *materiality* of language in its broadest ramification. It cannot, therefore, be reduced to a description of a "gap" between knowledge & truth, for example,

or between language & meaning, or subject & object, since dichotomies of these kinds are only contradictorily coherent: antagonistically *ideological* processes which preclude any "self-transparency."

Rightly may the philosophers ask, *What are the precise political implications of this "thesis"?*

In this, if nothing else, McLuhan was right to speak of a *typographical* "human condition." Which is to say, the evolution of symbolic language as a *system of abstraction*, immanent to its present ideological form as *commodity*, as the characteristic feature of individual & collective experience.

Commodification isn't a teleology.

Moreover, the preoccupation with the "individual" in western society is contiguous with the domination of abstract language – epitomized by alphanumeric, movable type & digitization.

The "alienation-effect" born-out through the substitution of *things* by *exchange-value*, in the classic Marxian critique, isn't a *product* of the system of commodities but is its constitutive *condition*. Globalisation isn't its apotheosis, but merely its historical articulation – *as a GENERAL POETICS degraded & reified as cultural-economic TOTALITARIANISM*.

POETIC "EXULTATIONS" ARE DEMAGOGUERY

Against reification stands an irreducible ambivalence. Abstraction produces commodification, but not *only* commodification. It produces capitalism, but not *only* capitalism. The primary means by which totalitarianism has to guard itself against inherent contradiction is to maintain the antiquarian charade of poetry's exclusion from its ideal *polis* (Plato) – whereby all that remains is the political self-satisfaction of institutional kitsch. It is a charade that speaks volumes, alerting us to what is truly at stake.

Who among you hasn't so easily been persuaded, that poetry – the poetry of life, like whole continents & races in their time – is so inconsequential as to be better traded for beads & mirrors?

The haters of poetry, of ambiguity, of indeterminacy, wear their colours openly on their sleeves – for they assume an attitude of impunity. These human parodies would hold a

mirror up to the world, not for "art's sake," but to convince the world that it is nothing but an empty reflection – for a mirror doesn't doubt its precedence in the order of things. Like those self-proclaimed "gods" of universal meaning, endlessly insistent upon their dominion over THE WORD, totalitarianism is the One Law because it is the Law of One.

But "Law," like Literature, possesses no divinity or divine right, it derives solely from the wielding of power.

THE ONLY LANGUAGE THAT SUBMITS, IS DEAD LANGUAGE

The first task of a poetry that refuses reification, is to recognize that words like *illegal* & *legal* aren't the sole co-ordinates of action; nor the private property of a dominant discourse, or of a dominant social order. They're words, like any other words.

Language doesn't wait upon permission.

Power is never as immune to parody as it wishes you to believe. Words expropriated to the Law just as equally represent a danger to it. False choices can be refuted. Permissions can be broken.

What's poetry that renounces its own violence?

Increasingly, in a world day-by-day more thoroughly seduced to the Law of One, the only option available to a poetry of refusal is to radicalize the weapons of ambivalence. To strike at the "hidden storehouse of Meaning." Not to graffiti the walls (with sentimental slogans about moral improvement), but to rip the foundations from beneath them.

Totalitarianism, born of the alienation of POETRY, precipitates Alienism.

Fish Soluble



LINES FOR A MANIFESTO OF ALIENIST POETRY

AUTOMATON 1 The continuing adventures of.
To seize power, firstly they had to say, *We will seize power.*
Breakneck over the rooftops,
to go where no language dared to go.
In a collision of neutron stars.
Inside the impossibly massive particle at the heart of everything.

*Poetry must be disassociated
from the forms in which a culture in disarray
has sought to contain it.*

Declarations of objectivity are always being made.
It was because they believed that only in the future
would they have a history.
To amplify the shock of misrecognition.
There's no extreme to which alienation can't be pushed.
A machine's sensory organs.

DNA

(Acting,
it's necessary to add,
impartially.)

CYBER-ROMANTICISM:
"BROWSING" WILL CREATE A NEW SENSIBILITY.

*Language, born to express the inexpressible,
was soon enslaved to the task
of issuing commands to the masses.*

Evolution isn't science fiction.
All futurology masks the return
of an apocalyptic humanism.
What's poetry that forsakes its own violence?
Try to envisage the opposite of anything.
Betrayal: the only truth that sticks?

FORCE-FIELD 1
AUTOMATON 2

Chance is a determined indeterminacy.
Predictions for year zero:
nothing is ever clearly set out.

DNA

Every poem is an attempt to dispossess totality.
There are also words not in dictionaries.
A verb isn't a shock but a rehabilitation.
(Prolepsis in the
linguistic membrane.)

Expression is the bowel-movement of language.
The means of production of unidentifiable objects.
Only a fool comes in place of an idiot.

FORCE-FIELD 2

"It" refuses to represent with all its vehemence.
The last page mirrors the first.
The last word isn't better than the others,
it just has circumstance on its side.

AUTOMATON 3

Desire exhibits itself by multiplication-effect.
Sentimental adjectives.
The only language that survives is dead language.
Severity will be of the lines, they said.

*Po-ème
=
Po-aime?*

The cosmic insurrection.
A symphony in monotone...
*Ideology without nostalgia
is like
politics without illusions.*

*Form
doesn't
trans-
mit...*

The external circumstance is itself an attitude.
Outraged by the whole scenic design,
not all generalizations are equivalent.
A field of harvest wheat or geometry?
Even though you have no name for it, this place exists.
Algorithm's ghost.
Thought, after long exposure to stupidity.

Suicidal onomatopoeias.
Failed. Acid. Experiment.

AUTOMATON 4

What's visible in this world won't be visible in the next.
A culmination without future.

FORCE-FIELD 3

The wave doesn't break at the source.
The ecstasy & sobriety, the love of humiliated love.
Translations always arise no matter what.
Each tribe with its catalogue of fornications on publisher's

letterhead.

The metrics of sloganised bullshit.
What constitutes a collective fantasy?
The gloom of idiots congelating around justifications.
Everything (else) is provisional.
The necessity for a concerted revolutionary programme.
Finally, an account isn't an analysis.
Dark vital signs.

DNA

*And if you named IDEOLOGY
it was to infer that this creature
came under the evidence of the five senses?*

Poetry, or the "iron-clad" laws of disputation.
Tomorrow doesn't prove anything.
Fascism talks to you in your sleep.
Their reward is your just desserts.
Playing the game, my love, changes the rules.
As we act, not as we are denoted.
Ideology's willing executioners.
They sing the world to sleep while they strangle it.
I is a pronoun (Je est un pronom).

FORCE-FIELD 4
AUTOMATON 5

Robots counting to infinity dream of soluble fish.
Your random thoughts have been chosen for you.
All epistemologies run into language as into a wall.
The emotional condition of stairways.
They've found the coinslot called "meaning" in the backs of their

heads.

Baudelaire in English spells C.I.A.
When is a red flag (not) a red flag?
There's no such thing as a "divided mind."
(Love, or
the ideal exchange-value
of the ideal commodity.)

Your AI has been programmed to detect the first signs.
To persist is also a methodology.
The children have played long enough!
Hello, are you happy?

DNA

*The opposite of a beginning, or:
the world is proof to the contrary.*
To overcome nuclear reactions, a metaphor:
«La beauté sera REPULSIVE ou ne sera pas!»
Poetry in action is revolution.
Catastrophe management.
Circular arguments aren't a new horizon.
Unreservedly, time is of the essence.

FORCE-FIELD 5

Only words can renounce language; all POETRY is alien.

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#Alienism

