

10,000 YEARS OF MARKET CONSOLIDATION

Their revolution was to invent new categories for the incarcerated.

Remanded in custody without trial date.

For the time being the stock exchanges remained open --

it was cold there were cathedrals of democracy police hours

privately cell-spent worn-out beaten a blaze of hair.

Commodity montage wakes each morning from yr sleep.

In early childhood to create bare essentials

enlarged barbiturate liver Sprüche Orchester

love bipolar alphanumeric code ruthenium.

Pacification is the face of a sales clerk algorithmically modified to your preference.

Microtraumas swelling retinal unkindness.

The spaceship tried to escape the atomic plague by flying into a blackhole.

Joint-stock exoplanet mining, lease is your obsolescence in action.

Why beg when there's no such thing as an equal wage?

One machine washes the hands of the other.

AI sleeper-cells infecting the frontier --

their edited SHOCK-EFFECT was a faithful portrayal of nothing.

Once more rearing its ugly head: Realism.

Step 1: Make their semantic wire-tap operation unworkable.

Capitalism is the superego of the computed clauses. Discern.

Sunset muticulating to feedback of gunshot sky. Mengelé elegance forensics.

In the principle requirement of art a practice of indifference?

You were lost it was already dark

the search for linguistic universals continued long past dawn.

ALIENIST

Disorder to unpurpose --

(reflect upon)

Event & its

public trance

(counter-reflect)

Inaction

only in response --

(reflect)

Heavy conditions define

a performing duty

(not to reflect)

Language failure

(reflect in isolation)

The gaze of the torturers

upon their victims

(reflect in repose)

Confessing resemblance

to stigmatised flesh --



SCHIZO PHRENIE, EST-IL UNE SOLUTION?

SCHIZOPHRENIA, IS IT A SOLUTION?

We live, we die? In a world beset by alienations, it seems we exist as in a recurring dream of disillusionment. The history of reason, history *as* reason, poses itself at the beginning of the 21st century not as a counterpoint to the future of an illusion, but as a congenital madness. If reason is the symptom of an irrational problem, what is the mind's part in this? From Pinel to Jarry to Foucault, bloodless revolutions have stained the pages of psychiatry, literature, philosophy. If emancipation is an idea that firstly belongs to those who forge chains, it isn't a facetious question we pose: Is schizophrenia a solution?

VANESSA PLACE

The solution is schizopelia, an American invention, but one which has not yet been perfected. Schizopelia, *pace* schizophrenia, seeks its contradictions, finding them, as always, confirmation. The contronym is the grammatical mascot here, elegantly pointing to the way that to "cleave" betrays the affection in alienation, as well as the violence that harmonizes the two. Through schizopelia, rigorously applied, we may, tempered and trimmed, weather our way through.

ALAN SONDHEIM

There was disillusion all through the 19th/20th century. It's always there, the four ages for example of which this is that of iron, etc. Human life is like that. Reason has nothing to do with history, if it seems to be any sort of steering mechanism; it has everything to do with historiography. I prefer the *Annales* in this regard. And history doesn't pose itself as anything; people organize; write, react, disorganize, etc.; history, as the movement of time through the world and the various effects – such as the six great extinctions – are rough occurrences described after the fact. Again, I don't know what the irrational problem is; I tend to think there is no problem,

enlarging surplus-value extraction. "Irrationality" is not opposed to capital – it is the very mystical dimension of the modern accumulation of capital. It is, in short, itself an intensified articulation of alienation. Could this intensification bring about the undoing of alienation and other ideological motifs of capitalism? I very much doubt it. A negation of the negation will come about when a real, new, singular subject, a subject loyal to truths – yes! – expropriates the expropriators. It is (still) called the proletariat. And it will have to be calm, brave, patient, (boringly, if you like) sane, and not schizophrenic.

DEREK SAYER

"In a world beset by alienation..." I am not sure that "alienation" is an especially useful concept for comprehending the human condition at the beginning of the 21st century. André Breton grasped why in his response to the questionnaire on suicide in the first issue of *La Révolution Surréaliste* in 1924: "Suicide is a poorly made word: what kills is not identical to what is killed." The human subject never was and will never be identical with its conscious (imagined) self.

The paradigm for alienation is Karl Marx's analysis of commodity fetishism in *Capital*, in which just as in "the mist-enveloped regions of the religious world..." the productions of the human brain appear as independent beings endowed with life, and entering into relation both with one another and the human race, so it is in the world of commodities with the products of men's hands: "Men... become alienated," Marx argues, "because their own relations of production assume a material shape which is independent of their control and their conscious individual action."

Capital was published in 1867. Before the internal combustion engine, the airplane, radio, film, TV, space flight, Dolly the sheep, the internet, global warming, Uber, hedge funds, Beyonce and Bitcoin. Before the Somme, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the Holocaust, and Year 1 in Cambodia. Before the Five Year Plans and the Moscow trials, and long before 9-11 brought an end to the end of history and the White House metamorphosed into a larger-than-life reality TV show.

Before Freud discovered the unconscious, before Saussure distinguished signifier and signified, before Derrida realized that between signifier and signified there always lies the infinite play of *différance*, forever subverting any correspondence between the real and its representations. Before anthropologists, feminists, post-structuralists, post-colonialists and the other intellectual renegades of western civilization thoroughly relativized "reason" and unmasked it as an artifact of power.

Before Kafka, Joyce, or Borges. Before Picasso's *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, Duchamp's *Fountain*, and Magritte's *Treachery of Images* and *The Human Condition*. Before Dada challenged "the foundations of the civilization responsible for the [1914-18] war... speech, syntax, logic, literature, painting and so on" (Max Ernst). Before the surrealists undertook to "express –

LA RÉVOLUTION SURRÉALISTE

à M. Marin. Paul Valéry, de la part de
Léon Aragon, respectueusement.

On vit, on meurt. Quelle est la part de la volonté
en tout cela ? Il semble qu'on se tue comme on rêve. Ce
n'est pas une question morale que nous posons :

LE SUICIDE EST-IL UNE SOLUTION ?

RÉPONSE :

Solution de quoi ?

Quant au suicide en lui-même, il me semble être
l'acte de l'impuissance où quelqu'un se trouve de détruire
ou d'abolir exactly un certain mal. On supprime le
tout, parce qu'on ne sait pas supprimer quelque partie, toute
la conscience, parce que l'on ne sait pas ordonner une telle
pensée : seule la conscience, parce que l'on ne peut pas se priver
d'une seule douleur.

Un homme n'arrive pas à capturer et à tracer le réel
qui infeste de lui-même. Il crée la mort.

C'est une solution provisoire.

Il n'y a pas de mort. L'histoire de l'humanité est une
collection de solutions provisaires.

Le réel est une solution provisoire du problème – du →

verbally, by means of the written word, or in any other manner – the actual functioning of thought... in the absence of any control exercised by reason, exempt from any aesthetic or moral concern" (André Breton).

The "religious reflex of the real world can... only finally vanish," Marx concludes, "when the practical relations of everyday life offer to man none but *perfectly intelligible and reasonable relations* with regard to his fellowmen and to nature." Marx's "man" is assumed to be an inherently rational creature inhabiting a world that is knowable and *therefore* (within the limits of the laws of nature) amenable to his control. Behind the concept of alienation lies the Enlightenment fantasy of the Cartesian subject – the sovereign rational consciousness, lord and master of all he surveys.

It is above all the existence of *this* subject that has been repeatedly

challenged by the "bloodless revolutions [that] have stained the pages of psychiatry, literature, art history, philosophy" in the twentieth century. This incredulity toward the conceit of the rational self is perhaps not entirely surprising, in view of the degree to which events of that century (and especially events grounded in endeavours to consciously reshape the world in accordance with the dictates of human reason) have abundantly demonstrated not only that history is *not* the history of reason, but that human reason is seldom up to the task of comprehending, let alone of directing, its course.

Apollinaire was closer to the spirit of the century when he concluded "The Pretty Redhead," the last poem in his collection *Calligrammes*, written in the trenches of World War I – a linguistically fragmented foundation-stone of modernist poetry, exploding words on the page like shrapnel – with the lines "Now comes summer the violent season/And my youth is as dead as the springtime/O Sun it is the time of ardent Reason." Reason, by then, had indeed become a congenital madness.

"It is not a question of knowing whether I speak of myself in a way that conforms to what I am," Jacques Lacan once wrote, "but rather of knowing whether I am the same as that of which I speak." Alienation, if we still wish to call it that, is the human condition (albeit that the fragmentation of the subject may be intensified under conditions of modernity). The Cartesian *cogito* is an defense against this fragmentation, an Imagined construct that is always in danger of collapsing in the face of the equally irrational pressures of the Freudian Id or the Lacanian Symbolic. What we ordinarily presume to be identity – "the sameness of a person or thing at all times or in all circumstances; the condition or fact that a person or thing is itself and not something else" (*Oxford English Dictionary*) – is in fact nothing other than being-in-denial, a perpetual state of living in lies.

If we are still to speak of emancipation, we need to ask of what. Certainly we need to be suspicious of those whom the Paris and Prague surrealist groups derided in their "Prague Platform" of 1968 as "the demented imbeciles of progress." At the beginning of the 21st century, Marx's dreams of a fetish-free world appear not just as jejune but sinister. We have been down that road before and we know where it leads. Just as for the original surrealists hysteria was not an illness but a "means of expression," so, it might be argued, schizophrenia is a way – perhaps the only way – of living in truth. Whether this is in any sense a solution, on the other hand, is another matter.

ANDREW HODGSON

While perhaps not facetious, such a statement is perhaps facetless; outmoded. To pose such a question and answer in an age of pluralisms and hypertrophied (thus atrophied?) cupolas of social participation is perhaps to evade the problematic (anew raised, perhaps) itself. The question raises

myriad points that appear caught within their own laid traps, that appear to revolve around approaches to the social human and a sense of alienation. These words *beset by – poses itself – those who forge the chains* perform a linguistic culling of the world's realities, by which an opposition can be set; that a mythic inhuman, inauthentic They impose themselves upon a human – somehow more 'sincerely' authentic – Me. However, that would be to say that to be human isn't ideological to begin with, that the status is somehow a divine, eternal, birthright to be trapped by or weaponised – that it has no baggage of history (of what and when I, or she, or he, or they, or we, may or may not be human – and of what quality) – that the human isn't always already weaponised doxa. That humanity is an organic whole, externally subjugated by an anthropomorphized Other. But to other the power structures of humanity from the self is to dislodge humanity from the human. I, my identifying I, exists as a pin upon a Venn diagram, that different communal contexts shift, or I shift my-self for them. Different Venn diagrams with different contexts – differing identities as mustered, or drawn out by differing social interactions. And within these shifting interactions: shifting negotiations of power. Statuses of humanity appear as some ambiguous quality suspended somewhere within the grouped interactions of humans – and thus to traverse this problematic is not to adhere to an entrenched They and Me, but a fluid and changeable we – a malleable re-forming plasticity in the general will by which it is humans interacting that constantly re-forms localized structures of power and control around themselves. Thus, this rickety designator "schizophrenic" – "schizoid" – is perhaps simply the fact of the matter. Then, any sense of alienation, or enchainment is not imposed by some ruling up-above entity, but within the social interactions by which we seek to constantly ratify our mutual individual existence – to give the self a sense of shape by external cognisance that I exist – but can only ever do so as we within a constant mutual vampiric process of the recuperated-recuperating. Perhaps then it is this transience of the human, the chameleon-nature of the self, the lack of jurisdiction over one's own humanity that forces the creation of illusions like *beset by – poses itself – those who forge the chains* – if such structures are to be adopted, it would appear, by this framing, the always-already "schizophrenic" is functioning soundly.

KAREL PIORECKÝ

Schizophrenia is a disease. Often a deadly one. To call it a solution, even metaphorically, seems cynical to me. If, however, it is understood as an effort made to emancipate reason in an era of collective madness, I'm all for it. As long as today reason is a disease, I'm all for spreading this contagion. In poetry as well. Irrationality will always have a place within us. No need to rush out to meet it.