

Franco Berardi

Paal Bjelke Andersen

ART AND DYSTOPIA

a conversation

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In an exquisite sense of contagious connectivity, paranoia is one form that a felt insistence on the social and historical structuring of psychic experience can take. Paranoia “knows well” the resonant evidence suggesting that everything really is connected, the psyche and the power of the social, a small white pill and a wildly historical story.

– Jackie Orr: *Panic Diaries*

Paranoia is a form of knowledge, but it needs to be counterbalanced by irony, as Utopia has been counterbalanced and finally overthrown by dystopia in the course of the past century.

The arts of the 1900s favoured the register of utopia in two forms: the radical utopia of poets like Vladimir Majakovski, André Breton and so on, and the functional utopia of Italian Futurism and the Bauhaus.

The dystopian sensibility remained hidden in the folds of the artistic and literary imagination, in Fritz Lang expressionism, or in the bitter surrealist thread that connects Salvador Dali to Philip Dick. In the second half of the 20th Century the literary dystopia of Orwell, Burroughs,

Ballard and DeLillo flourished, parallel to the philosophy of Baudrillard. Only at the beginning of the 21st century, does dystopia take centre stage and conquers the whole field of the artistic imagination, thus drawing the narrative horizon of the century with no future. In the expression of contemporary poetry, in cinema, video-art and novels, the marks of an epidemic of psychopathology proliferate.

In the ‘80s Don De Lillo wrote *White Noise*, a novel about nuclear waste and massive mental disease. The epidemic that he is narrating is rooted in the constant flow that is surrounding us:

We’re suffering from brain fade. We need an occasional catastrophe to break up the incessant bombardment of information ... The flow is constant. Words, pictures, numbers, facts, graphics, statistics, specks, waves, particles, motes. Only a catastrophe gets our attention. We want them, we need them, we depend on them.¹

And Jackie Orr, in the book *Panic Diaries*:

In 1980, the U.S. government opens a new National Institute of Mental Health and declares the management of mental disease a public health priority,

1. De Lillo *White Noise*, p. 66

“panic disorder” emerges as a new psychiatric diagnosis. Defined by floating attacks of terror that occur without any apparent cause, panic disorder is estimated to afflict millions of people in the United States. In 1982 a drug called Xanax, manufactured by the Upjohn Company, appears on the market, quickly becoming a bestselling treatment for panic attacks and anxiety. Even when the panicky body is your own, the experience of such a disease never falls entirely outside the histories of power’s play, of power’s insistent production of panic knowledge.

In her videos, Elja Liisa Athila (*Wind, If 6 was 9, Anne Aki and God*) narrates the psychopathology of relations, the inability to touch and to be touched, very much in the same vein that Miranda July in the film *Me and you and everyone we know*.

It is the story of a video-artist who falls in love with a young man and of the difficulty of translating emotions into words and words into touch. Language is severed from affectivity. Language and sex diverge in everyday life. Sex is talked about everywhere, but sex never speaks.

If psychopower wants to control the collective terror in a burning theatre, it also wants to simulate the fire that starts it. If protecting frightened subjects from the face of death is one of the psychopower’s

goals, so is constructing a spectacular death mask to trigger an experimental terror. If calming panic disorders through prescription drugs is one of its aims, so is promoting the panic attacks that extend the market reach of a pharmaceutical cure.²

In the novel *Corrections* Jonathan Franzen speaks of the psychopharmacological adjustments used by the precarious humanity anguished by depression and anxiety in order to adapt to a social fiction where everybody is requested to show energy and efficiency, if not happiness. Corrections are the adjustments to a volatile stock market to avoid losing the money invested in private pension funds that might suddenly disappear, but also the adaptations to a form of existence that belies all the expectations promoted by advertising and by the mainstream political discourse.

Franzen recounts the old age of a father and mother, a couple of oldies from the Midwest who have gone nuts as a result of decades of hyper-labour and conformism. Corrections are the small and unstoppable slides towards the point of turn-off, the horror of old age in the civilisation of competition, the horror of sexuality in the world of puritan efficiency.

2. Jackie Orr: *Panic diaries*, p. 14

Published in 2001, *Corrections* is the novel that marks the transition to the post-psychoanalytic understanding of the Unconscious. The traumatized cerebrality, not the linguistic sexuality is the space of this post-Freudian Unconscious.

Franzen digs deep into the folds of the American psyche and describes in minute details the pulpification of the American brain, the depression and dementia resulting from a prolonged exposure to the psychic bombardment of stress from work, the apathy, paranoia, puritan hypocrisy and the pharmaceutical industry. The psychic unmaking of men who are encapsulated in the claustrophobic shell of economic hyper-protection, the infantilism of a people who pretends to believe, or perhaps really believes in the fulsome Christmas fairy tale of compassionately liberalist cruelty. At the end of the novel, as the psychopathic family happily gathers together for the long awaited Christmas dinner, the father tries to commit suicide by shooting himself in the mouth, but he does not succeed. His brain is unable to perform the final act of liberation.

Vulcano

i was preparing my bagages
 when a lady's voice told me on the mobile:
 "Mister Berardi you're cancelled
 today you cannot fly."
 "Why so?" I asked the lady.
 She kindly answered: "Because of the vulcano."

Mi lupita me espera en la tarde
 en mi ciudad lejana
 para comer together
 y dormir juntos hasta la mañana.
 Hace cuatro semanas
 ci siamo detti arrivederci presto.
 Quando sono partito
 come potevo immaginare questo?

Because I do not hope to turn again
 Because I do not hope
 Because these wings are no longer wings to fly
 But merely vans to beat the air
 The air which is now thoroughly small and dry
 Smaller and dryer than the will
 Teach us to care and not to care
 Teach us to sit still.

No one can see the ashes in the sky
 nevertheless nobody dares to fly,
 except may be the white seagulls who cry.
 Land of iron of stone and of dismay.

Not so funny Ash Thursday
 crowds of tourists and managers
 cancelled and cancelled and cancelled
 and Europe grounded.
 Eruption of an Innere Ausland,
 All the corporeality that is forgotten
 In eurodailyconnect.
 Such a huge crowd at the check in
 ch'io non credea
 che morte tanta ne avesse disfatta

White clouds in the gothic skyline
 scratched by the skeletal branches of naked trees.
 Et au de la de la mer le vulcan qui vomit
 sa poudre grise vers le haut du ciel.
 Remember that you are powder
 et in pulverem reverteris.

Perfectly colourless light
of clouds reflecting in the lake.
But the economist is never teetering
never is hesitant or is fettered by thought.
He is stubborn, inflexible indifferent
to suffering life and similar details.
So the well paid columnist persists:
“cut social spending
rise productivity
postpone retirement
make work more flexible.”

All flights are cancelled,
may be tomorrow.
All of a sudden
I've realized:
“Ash is not moving away.
the cloud will stay
in the Euro atmosphere
for days and weeks to come.
Laptops flash out emails from distant places
and brain is disconnected from the body.
And now sky is declaring
that the end of this greedy European Union
is a matter of days.

Cancelled

I'm cancelled I'm cancelled I'm cancelled.
All the flights have been cancelled until Saturday.
All the flights have been cancelled until Sunday.
All the flights have been cancelled until Monday.
All the flight have been cancelled until Tuesday.
All flights have been cancelled until Friday.
You are cancelled my dear,
and I'll not come back anymore.

Perch'io non spero di tornar giammai
Ballatetta in Toscana
Va tu leggera e piana
Dritt'a la donna mia.

I come from those southerners lands
where survival used to be easy
and daily life was lazy.
Nobody can answer the question
That sounds like an obsession:
How can we get rid eventually
Of the dull conspiracy?

Pursued by the invisible ashes
I decided to take the bus.
I overstepped Northern Europe
Sitting, sleeping and making no fuss.
At every station along the journey

Someone approached and asked me:
When do you think that the tempest
Will at the end go away?
I smiled and did not answer.
I'm not a weatherman and I might
just tell you that the atmosphere
Is nevermore
going to be bright.

Trondheim, spring 2010

I perfectly understand the state of mind of the poet the week before the Communards were slaughtered in Paris. This happened 140 years ago, and we go on repeating the same gesture again and again and again. Expectation, deception, escape.

This time should be different, after the global slaughtering that is going on worldwide after the final dissolution, after the dissolution of the Occupy movement of 2011.

A fissure is running in our perception of time, and we are trying to escape it. It is like a tectonic fault in the texture of our expectations, a deep cut in our imagination of the future.

The Modern art of politics, the rational prediction and the voluntary act of government is deprived of potency and effectiveness. For the time coming after the future we have to learn how to ride on the dynamics of an irreversible disaster with impassible soul. The art of politics has now turned into an impossible and useless exercise. We must invent a new art, the ironic art of detachment. A sceptic post-futurist ethics has to replace the modernist ethics of responsibility. Autonomous subjectivation can be only in withdrawal, desertion, abandonment.

In *The Uprising – On Poetry and Finance* Franco Berardi approach the relation between language and economy “from the unusual perspective of poetry and sensibility”. The book will be translated into Norwegian for the Audiatur festival.

Even though *The Uprising* deals with poetry, there is very few poems read and commented in the book. I used this opportunity to send Berardi some poems and works by three of the poets invited to Audiatur and ask him to write three responses. The poems/citations I send him are printed below.

Paal Bjelke Andersen

9th March 1871. a difference of opinion -
 we were nouns, a black gulf where your speech is rusting politically -
 an oracular diagram, moronic translations, music roasting -
 a strange, distant english voice, bricked up inside it -

*Hello, I'm the police. Like, you know, serious
 like deliver your purse, or I'll / with your
 red courtesans whirling, & our gross kettle
 meaningless. We have no further comment*

*Howl, dole-rust, caustic half-dead city
 scrape jet / surprise attack on human head
 & its million doors / a gap obliterate
 or oh I'm sober now. have rat will*

but this is a very crude reading -
 later we made art, it shattered nothing -
 our homicidal lives now were a form of understanding -
 our expressions were lifeless, our hatred made visible -
 the point is an absolute redistribution of all the senses -

Sean Bonney: From *Happiness – Poems after Rimbaud*, p. 39

A Conversation Series

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Art and Dystopia

Fredrik Nyberg
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Sean Bonney
You'd Be a Pig Not
to Answer

Jena Osman
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Chateaux
Omskriven genom läsning

Lisa Robertson
The Present Is Unfinished

Jason Dodge
Side by Side with What
Already Happens

Cecilia Vicuña
Where Glaciers Meet
the Sea

Tomas Espedal
Jag skriver i dina ord

Uljana Wolf
Fibel Minds

Jean-Marie Gleize
Å prøve å være så nøyaktig
som mulig

Julie-Sten Knudsen
Blåøjet