

ALIENOCENE – THEORY/FICTION

THE ORACLE



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“Οὐδὲν θρωπό οὐ γνωρίζουν τα γεννόμενα.
Τα μέλλοντα γνωρίζουν οἱ θεοί,
πλήρεις καὶ μόνοι τα κάτοχοι πάντων των των φώτων.
Ἐκ τῶν μελλόντων οἱ σοφοί τα προσερχόμενα
αντιλαμβάνονται. Η ακοή
αὐτῶν κάποτε εἶναι ὁραῖς σοβαράν σπουδῶν
ταραττεῖται τετακτικαὶ. Η μυστική βοή
τούς ἐρχεται τα των πλησίσιας ταξιδίων γεγονότων.
Καὶ τὴν προσέχουν εὐλαβείς. Ενώ εἰς τὴν οδόν
ἔξω, οὐδέν ακούονταί λαοί.”
(Kavafis)

This is my translation of a poem of Kavafis:

“Humans know the present
only the gods have knowledge of the future
wise men instead imminent things can perceive
but they are so busy reading books
that their hearing is deranged so
they confusedly catch the echo
of what is coming, and devoutly
listen to it. Outside, in the streets
the crowds are completely unaware
of what is going to happen to them.”

Human wisdom cannot exactly perceive the future but the imminent, what is already happening but is not visible yet.
The imminent is what we are presently unable to fully grasp but is confusedly reaching our sensible antennae.
The imminent is immanent, but does it mean that the imminent is inevitable?

Yes, it is, nevertheless we should always remember that Keynes said somewhere that the inevitable never happens because the unpredictable generally breaks the chain of inevitability.

Kavafis suggests that the only the wise can sense the present.
The imminent can be sensed, not exactly known, not exactly distinguished, but perceived. The imminent indeed is not exact.
We can decipher something with our sensuous ability of perceiving, and this is the condition of prophecy. Aesthetic antennae open the way to prophecy: the vision of what is not visible yet, but enigmatically impends.
So our prophecy has to be about the invisible present.
May the oracle die.
My point of view has been shaped by the activity of being aware as an antenna; fifty years of utopian expectations.

After the end of the first world war, after the Congress of Versailles that was the starting point of the process that led to the emergence of Nazism, then to the second world war, in the year 1919 Yeats wrote a text titled “The second coming”:

“Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.”

Yeats, an anarchist and a Christian, prophetically declares: we are in a time of apocalypse: tragic experience and simultaneous revelation of something that is frightening and never seen before.

And finally the revelation that the second coming is at hand, the second coming of Christ.

Christ did not come. Hitler did.

The same is passing today. Financial capitalism has humiliated and impoverished people, and now people are taking revenge. Reason has betrayed and humiliated them, as it has turned into the algorithm of finance, so they follow the un-reason of belonging, and look for a scapegoat.

The oracle does not know exactly what she is speaking about.

What the oracle does actually is never exact.

The code is language that inscribes the future in the present of software programming. All the big data machinery is a sort of prescription of the future that is contained in the trends that belong to the present.

The oracle's enunciation is intrinsically ambiguous. It is not about secrets, it is rather about enigma.

The secret is a truth that you have not disclosed yet. If you find the right coffer, open it and you'll find the disclosure of the secret.

But no coffer contains the enigma solution, because the enigma has no solution, and the future is not the accomplishment of truth.

The future is rather the permanent displacement of the truth, a declaration of the infinite ambiguity of the process of interpretation.

The oracle does not reveal, she just starts a process of infinite interpretation.

The interpretation is our future.

The prophet is like the poet who is not revealing any truth, and does not give you the key to any hidden secret.

The poet is triggering the adventure of infinite interpretation.

March 18th 2018

Delphi