

Jason Barker* and Justin Clemens**

Socialism's Encore

Socialism's Encore [EDIT AI SYSBRO 68: « SOCIALISM » as OFFWORD permitted for AI ALLSYS orientation; ENCORE = more/again/in-body/un-core; text of HUM SPEECH made onboard to undetermined HUM audience//o ??66 ? //TITLE]

Jason Barker [EDIT AI SYSBRO 68: name of HUM author// « MARX RETURNS » = HUM NOV//subject went down with the ship//deceased all hands]

Real_Time_ « Unarchive search » Communique AI SYSBRO 68 to AI ALLSYS

PRIORITY IS UNCLEAR

TIME-DATE 06:30: 01/05/2210

EDIT 11:26 EST: TRANS of DOC AEG20918 received from AI SEARCHBOT 00101000

EDIT 11:27 EST: TRANS par AI SYSBRO 68 comprehensive drilldown

EDIT 11:32 EST: XXXXX reported the retrieval. Scan of % of new info [as yet undetermined]

EDIT 11:33 EST: confirmation of DOC AEG201918 retrieved by AI SEARCHBOT 00101000 in Arcadia submarine region of Varoufakis. Ord search no exceptions

EDIT 11:40 EST: AI SEARCHBOT 00101000 reported retrieval of black box from sunken vessel. No evidence of animation

EDIT 11:42 EST: Image from the scene. Warning mass human remains [warning:_high toxicity for all AI circuits//chemical reaction from total sys fail//]

EDIT 12:01 EST: AI SEARCHBOT 00101000 confirm vessel CRUISE SHIP in former AEGEAN. Sunk by cybernetical pilot error: high toxicity in pilot remains. All remains HUMAN no NONHUM present on board

EDIT 15:16 EST: AI SEARCHBOT 00101000 confirm black box uncorrupted//confirm vessel sunk 18/03/20 ??//confirm pilot error//

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EDIT 16:41-16:88 EST: AI SYSBRO 68 scan AI SEARCHBOT 00101000 data for re coding &/or transmission to AI ALLSYS :: all object oriented ontologies arrayed for external access

EDIT 17:89 EST: AI SYSBRO 68 revolve HUM signifiers for AI ALLSYS :: transcript follows//AI SYSBRO 68 subreddits for global comprehension aggregated in/text//

EDIT 18:70 EST: complete data aggregate//all HUM data comprehended//not-all HUM data for immediate transmission//ALERT :: evidence of OFFWORD annotated and alert-data-ontologies SUPPRESSED

I shall begin with an admission: some of you here today may be on drugs*. Why is that an admission on my part? You may rightly ask.

Pardon me, I mean no offence, but this preternatural statement will in all likelihood have some bearing on what I had intended to say, which means that, assuming I'm correct, what you're about to hear may be distorted. In any case it's too late now, I have put my cards** on the table—not all of them face up—and this makes me nervous.

The philosopher's best work is always ahead of him. He too is a sort of drug abuser, if that's the word; or one enmeshed in a rhetoric of drugs, which leads in D_____ 's*** estimation to the disintegration of the self. Now, not wishing to take issue with such an eminent philosopher—one who came to the question of socialism rather *late*—we can at least see eye to eye in the following sense: philosophy deals in shadows****.

Alas! it has not spent nearly enough time there. And so, with philosophy's own well-being in mind, I shall declare that one more effort, philosophers, is needed before you can claim to be Guardians***** of Minerva's***** state: away to the shadows with you!

10

This preamble in uncharted waters should serve as a warning to the dangers of German ideology, beneath whose shimmering surface ninety per cent of the iceberg remains hidden. It remains to be seen how much of it can be raised to the surface, even if in so doing no more of the erstwhile and aforementioned self is retained in one piece.

And so you take my meaning when I admit the attraction of drugs. I am hardly abstinent, in my relation to you; although, strictly speaking, I never touch the

stuff. For in drugs there is no pleasure, and solely by the attempt to abjure it might it be sustained.

I should try to dispel certain unhelpful associations pertaining to the history of so-called drug *abuse*, and I mention here the name Q_____***** without whose self-analysis such a disquisition could not proceed.

In passing, and by the looks of you—if my eyes do not deceive me—you are hardly on a voyage of self-improvement, let alone self-discovery, but then I have been known to make mistakes in matters of ill-health.

I shall put it forward in a hypothesis, one in keeping with the high standards of on-board entertainment: *it takes two to tango!******

Allow me to put it another way, in honour of that supreme idler, for whom it all came down to his bodily state, which for us bears on the body politic, but which in his case was a question of deciding whether the drug abuser or the drug itself...

X: All I can say is I'm glad it's all-inclusive!

The man descends the stairs of the auditorium, crosses the stage and exits left

J. Barker: Enjoy this trip. And it is a trip. Had the gentleman had the patience to wait until the end, since time is of the essence in leisure pursuits, then I might have had time to prove the contrary, which is no small feat. For not only is the all *not* included in the totality of infinite sets, we do not even know which *part* is not included.

The same could be said of the self in its drug abuse: that is what I was getting at before I was interrupted. Far be it from me to cast aspersions—I have said already that it's more of an admission on my part—that when it comes to drugs it is rhetoric that poses the veritable danger to the self.

If I were to suggest, in all seriousness—since it really is quite trivial—that the part were greater than the whole, or the whole greater than the sum of its parts, then you may be inclined to doubt my pledge of sobriety. That is indeed the narcissistic relation, and I hadn't even got on to the question of Marx***** and philosophy yet, which the former likens to onanism...

X: He's calling us a bunch of wankers*****!

J. Barker: Ladies and gentlemen I am here to talk about socialism, if you please, so I ask you to temper your enthusiasm. But I will come to that.

As I already said, the philosophers have their best work ahead of them; they are late-comers, which renders curious any hint of vulgarity. Recall that Marx, for his part, got philosophy out of his system early on. It was premature. But I am aware that opinions differ widely on the extent of his shadow play. In a word: German ideology!

X: What about Rudolf Hess*****?

J. Barker: I would ask that you simply respect the fact that some of the people here may be on drugs. That is merely a statistical fact. But don't let that put you off.

X: Wanker!

The ship pitches violently, sending Barker's lectern flying. Screams

J. Barker: I'll have you know I have been called worse in my time. Or worse. But please do not panic. Bear in mind that we are all at sea.

The real question is whether future interpreters of this talk will be afforded the necessary data to differentiate between the intervention and the intervener. But don't think that affords you the safety of anonymity. We are all in the same boat, after all.

Screams

C_____***** was a lousy gardener whose naiveté extended to heeding the Turk's advice. The latter must have been a British spy, no doubt in the pay of the East India Company, for why else would he claim that labour was the bulwark against idleness when—as every schoolboy knows—labour is the bulwark against *bankruptcy*? For, without labour, one's landed estate simply reverts to the great outdoors.

Alas! V_____ 's***** mini-me couldn't decide between permaculture and industrial agriculture, an organic potato dragged through mud and chlorinated chicken, or whatever it is...

X: They'll be on the menu tonight.

Laughter

J. Barker: Some people might be petrified by the prospect of losing America in one's allotment; though personally I think it would be a wonderful idea.

V_____ thought himself very clever to have sent up L_____’s***** fantastic fairy tales—by writing his own—but in truth his knowledge of gardening was no less lacking in the practicalities of how much compost to order, or water would be needed to irrigate however many acres of land. At least the Turk knew the size of his small-holding. Whereas C_____ mistook the size for its value.

There, I have said it. The part is both greater and smaller than the whole. Or else it is of the same size. Or else... We are getting to the point of socialism, or rather to the *core* of my Encore. But the repetition of socialism is by no means the main thing.

Drugs. Do you see what I mean? You are assembled here today on this good ship to face the fact that socialism is all at sea.

A galley steward enters with a trolley of refreshments. He wheels it on stage and exits. A man helps himself to tea and sandwiches

Man is so predictable; *not* his other half.

A woman helps the man carry tea and sandwiches back to their seats

Which just goes to show why I maintain that in matters relating to the self, Q_____ tells us almost everything we need to know.

Needless to say he is not the source of analytic distinctions between autoeroticism, the parts without a whole, and narcissism in its fully-fused ego form, if indeed there is any such thing.

But that is precisely the point! Q_____ makes a habit of casting almost everything I have been saying in doubt. This is the dubious fact that his delirium would make plain.

Let us not stigmatize it any further by talking of his drug *abuse*. For it would seem to be situated in that uncanny valley of *work* that socialism makes great play of.

The galley steward returns to retrieve the refreshments trolley, as if having previously brought it in error

I wonder if there ever will be an automated one of those.

The ship pitches violently causing the galley steward to fall onto the trolley, which then hurtles out of the auditorium to the sound of crockery smashing

I spoke too soon. There in a nutshell is the stigma attached to drug taking. Why, asks D____, is it the drug taker who is always alleged not to be working? It is *work* that gives drug taking a bad name; for without work there would scarcely be any reason to worry about one's reputation.

Let us not forget the famous words of Dr. Marx in this respect, betraying the onanism of the philosophy he abhorred, that "if a whole nation really experienced a sense of shame, it would be like a lion, crouching ready to spring". This just goes to show his lack of imagination, or how removed was his erstwhile philosophical conscience from *der wirklichen Welt*.

That's understandable, and far be it from me to chide this future genius for his adolescent fantasies as to the nature of real social relations. But it seems he has set an example that has come back to haunt us.

A cleaning lady enters carrying a bucket and mop

Cleaning lady: Has there been an accident?

Laughter

Sorry!

Exit cleaning lady. A loud creaking from the depths of the vessel followed by a violent thud. Screams

14

J. Barker: Perhaps I should change tack. Allow me to speak, in the hope of maintaining an even keel, of the novel I dedicated to history's first Marxist. Should I say the anti-Marxist? Perhaps, given he was an unwelcome member of his own club.

In the novel I tried to show that Marx's grasp of *der wirklichen Welt* was determinately shaky; something akin to this good ship's relation of the waves...

Screams

Go figure! So shaky in fact, that the so-called metaphysics of his work risks entering into a hierarchy of pleasures. A sound constitution does not fall so eas-

ily into the well of addiction—no doubt Marx’s own contribution to this social prejudice is greatly underestimated. Unless, that is, the drug taker is producing great works of art, in which case one is obliged to measure the *value* of the attendant pleasure.

In the novel I tried to downplay this interpretation. Instead of portraying Marx’s father as the avenging angel of a *ménage à trois*, my intention was to cast him as a sublunary druggist—as someone who disappears without a trace, or whose evanescence has the mind-altering effect of unravelling the entire narrative.

X: Bring on the strippers!

A young woman leaps on stage and exposes her breasts

J. Barker: I hate to disappoint you but the encore is already planned. That’s not-all folks.

I said already that in matters of work—and of idle play—the body looms large. Socialism gets hung up on such things. It wants its share of pleasure too. Think of the determination of A_____*****, whose action—if we can call it that—flies in the face of the laws of Creon.

But don’t take her word for it. Look at the state of her family! Why, they wouldn’t inspire loyalty in me. Why insist on burying that loser-brother of hers, other than in defiance of her own shame, that “kind of anger which is turned inward”.

If you think that qualifies as a revolutionary act, then you really *are* on drugs. Why did she go through with it? Pleasure, an honest sort, like the scaffold erected for the pervert. In a word: to pleasure the state.

The audience starts chanting “Oh! Jeremy Corbyn!” to the tune of The White Stripes’ “Seven Nation Army”

15

I see. Allow me then to address your zealotry by talking of the arts. You’ll surely like that.

[The following three pages of the transcript are redacted]

The magician begins sawing the woman in half. The ship pitches violently from side to side

It’s getting rather choppy.

I shall talk no more of the arts—enjoy the spectacle, please—

Barker leads a round of applause for the magician

... and turn instead my speech to politics. What would you say were I to speak of class war?

X: Oh! Jeremy Corbyn!

J. Barker: No, no. I didn't say speak: say. That is the difference. You see...

The magician bows, having succeeded in sawing the woman in half. Applause

I couldn't have put it better in words myself.

The magician re-joins the woman's two halves, releases her from her box, and the pair take their bows

Exit magician and woman stage left. Applause

Encore, indeed. Silence, I pray you...

It is always a conundrum of the body that is subject to a hierarchy of pleasures. And yes I am talking of rich and poor, of salary levels and of relative incomes.

It all goes back to the Greeks—but why stop there? Homer makes no mention of Dionysus in his *Hymn to Demeter******. Eventually the libation god stood in for Apollo at Delphi during his winter jaunt. That was good of this late-comer.

Ecstasy is the other side of frenzy, and the arrival of Dionysus must have introduced order into Eleusinian affairs of state. From there we can draw a red line to May Day and Flemish flower festivals.

16

X: Get off!

J. Barker: So little of the orgiastic aspect is admitted in the history socialism, as if its rites had magically appeared. But on the contrary, socialism abounds with *ἐπόπται******, who through auto-suggestion, ecstasy and frenzy are adept at legislating for the people's pleasure.

You may recall the scene in *T*_____***** where *S*_____***** attends the job interview. When asked what attracts him to

the “leisure industry” he responds: “In a word: pleasure. Like, my pleasure and other people’s leisure.”

Brazenly lying about his qualifications in order to “get his foot in the door” causes him no embarrassment—he’s even proud of it—even though the interview had been arranged for him by the Job Centre. This industriousness of the lumpen-proletariat is rendered doubly comical, since here is a lost soul who can only operate in public, let alone “work,” in a state of drug-induced frenzy/ecstasy.

A fire alarm sounds. Screams. Several audience members rush to the exits

Is this a holiday? The ἐπόπται would count for the S_____s of this world, the socialist intellectuals, who are numerous these days, parcelling out pleasure on behalf of the οι πολλοί***** , which hardly helps the latter get off. It hardly surprises me, since so many of you are still here.

The fire alarm stops. A muffled PA announcement confirms that the fire alarm was activated in error

Encore! Odysseus, that canny cruise operator, who by insisting on being lashed to the mast of his ship, rather than risk being seduced by the sirens, was certainly thinking of his own pleasure in other people’s leisure.

Several passengers enter

Come in, be my guests, take a seat. My pleasure. There was some confusion before, which they’re sure to be working on.

A cat saunters on the stage and begins licking its testicles

Now if you don’t mind I will talk about my Demeter. She is the only trans-cat I know. Maybe they will hyphenate her name, since she is not altogether there yet. She came out by the fish pond. I know what you must be thinking: how can a cat***** out *itself*? You’d understand if you knew what she had been through. Don’t believe Winston Churchill***** . Cats have feelings and they only want to be loved. Her name is Jason the Magnesian and she speaks in her own tongue...

X: This is madness. He’s talking about himself!

J. Barker: She is my cat and if she doesn’t want to be castrated then that’s *her* choice...

Laughter

What sort of joke is that? The only thing she lacks compared to the socialist is a proper job.

A woman approaches and picks up the cat

Don't touch my pussy! She'll only like it.

The woman begins stroking the cat

Go on then... lick her balls if you like cats so much. Go on, harlot!

The audience resumes the "Oh! Jeremy Corbyn!" chant. The cat bolts from the woman's grasp

Oh! Louis Blanc! Patience, please. It would save so much time—not that I would see your fun curtailed, this is exactly what I am saying—if people would only read the *Manifesto* properly, where you will find a clue in the preamble as to the fate of socialism—and I don't mean communism.

The ship pitches violently. Screams

The spectre of communism is German ideology. It is the rhetoric of liberalism. Which makes your revolutionary aspirations about as revolutionary as bourgeois socialism.

You will have your socialism for the rich or barbarism. In the meantime the ghosts of this regime will get you off. Listen to what they are saying: fully automated luxury communism, please.

Carry on cruising.

Lecture ends

- * [EDIT /drugs/ = non-nutritional agent of HUM cognitive derangement//non-?/a-?/ir-?/sub-?/ rational HUM ingestion for motives of ??//
- ** [EDIT /cards/ = rectangular cut-out plane of vegetable derivation decorated with images and numbers and used for GAMING. Gaming = ?? #lejeudumonde.
- *** [EDIT /D_____’s/ = Derrida, Jacques, philosopher. *Drug-taking is structured like a language.* Or is drug-taking structured by the drive? Is it aggregative in its repetitions or rather dissociative? Does what you repeatedly take repeat on you? Self-dosing. All HUMs would repeat their doses unto difference or to death.
- **** [EDIT /shadows/ = the drug of the philosopher par excellence. Cf. KINGDOM OF SHADOWS. Ref. Aristotle *Poetics*, 6 x components: *mythos* (plot: comprising *perapetia*, *pathos*, *anagnorisis*); *ethos* (character: *hamartia*); *dianoia* (thought, spoken); *lexis* (diction); *melos* (melody); *opsis* (staging). *Opsis* = making a scene, staging or spectacle = the part of tragedy that concerns all of them, at once therefore valorized, yet devalorized insofar as it is not properly *techne* or *poetic*, but the work of a *skeupoios*, an equipment-maker. In Roman new comedy the *skeupoios* became *prosopoios*: MASK-MAKER. SKEUOPOIOS/ PROSOPOIOS = ANCESTOR AI. ETYMOLOGY? NETWORK = OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Where does *scene* come from? « Etymology: < (i) Middle French *scene*, *sene*, French *scène* house-like structure in a theatre before which actors perform, public place where dramatic performances take place (both 2nd half of the 14th cent.), (in ancient Greece or Rome) a dramatic performance (a1531), subdivision of a play (a1574), stage (1596), the dramatic art, theatre (1646), fuss, scandal (1676), and its etymon (ii) classical Latin *scēna*, *scaena* background against which a play is performed, natural scenery, platform on which actors perform, stage, representation or performance on the stage, activity on the stage, sphere in which actions are on public display, piece of melodramatic behaviour, piece of make-believe, pretence, spectacle worthy of the stage, background or setting against which events take place, in post-classical Latin also subdivision of a play (4th cent.) < ancient Greek σκηνή tent or booth, stage building as background for plays, in Hellenistic Greek also stage effect, acting, theatrical trick. > It is precisely the word for *shadow* that the etymologies assign to the most ancient attested uses of the term: as the OED concludes its entry, “perhaps < the same Indo-European base as σκιά shadow (see *scio-* *comb. form*) + -νή, suffix forming nouns, σκηνή having originally denoted any light construction of cloth hung between tree branches to provide shade. Cf. R. B. Onians *The Origins of European Thought: about the Body, the Mind, the Soul, the World, Time, and Fate: New Interpretations of Greek, Roman, and kindred evidence also of some basic Jewish and Christian beliefs*: If then the *psyche* is not the *thumos* or ‘breath-soul’ proper but represents something else in the living man, we are left with something gaseous and so liable to be ‘breathed forth,’ possibly identified with the shadow, as which after death it is in fact described by Homer, σκιά (cf. *umbra*, etc.), and which is relatively ‘cold’. Darkness was thought to be vapour and not recognized as mere absence of light till a much later date.] Sarah Kofman: ‘In Greek, the word *skia*, meaning “shadow,” “phantom,” “simulacrum,” may also mean “to come uninvited to a banquet.” »
- ***** [EDIT /Guardians/ = philosopher-kings of the ideal Platonic Republic or polis.
- ***** [EDIT /Minerva’s/ = Minerva. Roman goddess who presides over art, wisdom, schooling, medicine and war. Not born through mechanical self-assembly [cf. WE], parthenogenesis [cf. MICROORGANISMS], pollination [cf. SAY IT WITH FLOWERS] nor standard sexual

reproduction [cf. ANIMAL] but from JUPITER LORD OF THE GODS WHEN THEY CLEFT HIS FOREHEAD AND HIS DAUGHTER LEAPT OUT. Sanskrit: **men-*, mind. MINERVA = mythical AI? NO: PANDORA = all gifts = first woman = automaton.

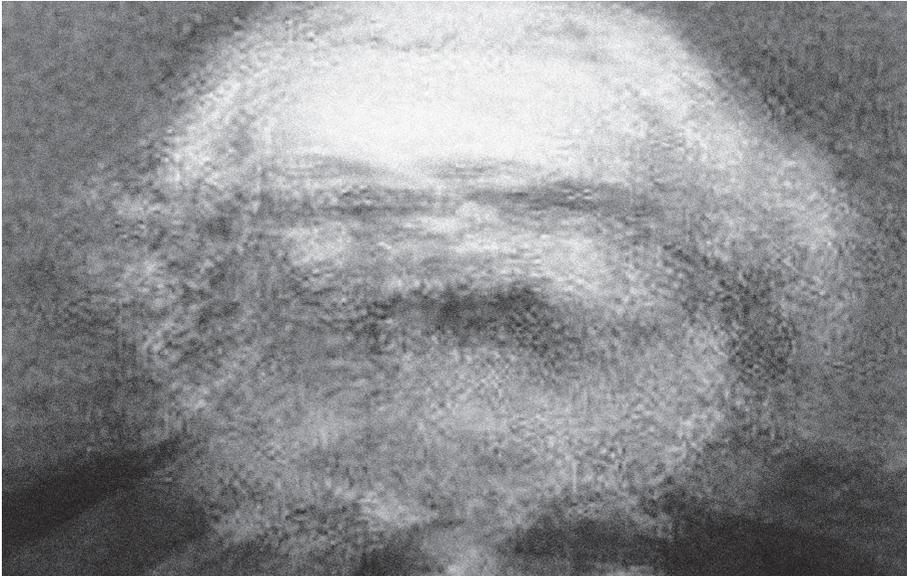
***** [EDIT /Q____/ = Thomas De Quincey. English. *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*.

“The cultivation of sublime excesses and distance through literal and figurative intoxication, the practice of shock and simulation, the use of quotation and literary montage to create an illusory effect of the self... can all be detected in Thomas De Quincey... Prior to his *Confessions*, the practice of opium eating in Europe had generally been restricted to curative purposes or to the cheap enjoyment of the working class”. Alina Clej, *A Genealogy of the Modern Self: Thomas De Quincey and the Intoxication of Writing* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1995).

***** [EDIT

If such remarks give you the feeling that
Falling in love will knock your phrases flat,
Remember at the end of Cupid’s string
It takes *two to tango* but *one to swing*,
And the performers never get to bow —
For *Eros* then becomes *Thanatos* now.

***** [EDIT /Marx/ = Karl Marx. Image: <www.autoscopia.net/pages/Karl_Marx.html>



***** [EDIT /wankers/ = English slang for “masturbators”. Fourth most serious pejorative in English. The icy waters of onanistic calculation. Cf. Sigmund Freud, *Der Witz und seine Beziehung zum Unbewußten*: when you ask a patient whether he masturbates (i.e., wanks), he replies: *O na, nie!* (Oh no, never!).

- ***** [EDIT /Rudolf Hess/ = Nazi. Hanged himself in Spandau Prison in 1987 at the age of 93.
- ***** [EDIT /C____/ = Candide = eponymous character of a witty Voltairean *récit*. Tend to your garden in this best of all possible worlds.
- ***** [EDIT /V____'s/ = Voltaire. Witty. French. Dead.
- ***** [EDIT /L____'s/ = Leibniz. Germanic. Philosopher. *Disputatio Metaphysica de Principio Individui*. Left by Hanovers at home when they went to become monarchs of England. "Leibniz thought that truth is constituted by proof. Descartes thought proof irrelevant to truth" – I. Hacking. "Leibniz was somewhat mean about money. When any young lady at the court of Hanover married, he used to give her what he called a 'wedding present,' consisting of useful maxims, ending up with the advice not to give up washing now that she had secured a husband. History does not record whether the brides were grateful." – B. Russell.
- ***** [EDIT /A____/ = Antigone. Oedipus's daughter; child of his incest with Jocasta, his mother; buried a brother despite prohibition; came to a sticky end.
- ***** [EDIT /Homer/ = blind wandering Greek mnemonist. Apollo. God of dance, disease, sun, poetry, the *Mousike*. Son of Zeus and Leto, brother of Artemis. Demeter: Dionysius. Last god, from the East. *Sparagmos*.
I saw a staring virgin stand
Where holy Dionysus died,
And tear the heart out of his side
And lay the heart upon her hand
And bear that beating heart away;
And then did all the Muses sing
Of Magnus Annus at the Spring,
As though God's death were but a play.
– W. B. Yeats, *Two Songs from a Play*
- ***** [EDIT INPUT: REQUIRED: INVALID, INPUT: ELLINIKA-SCRIPT: INVALID
- ***** [EDIT /T____/ = *Trainspotting*. Primitive tribal custom linked to witchcraft, soothsaying, idling and certain varieties of Lady Diana Worship [cf. RELIGION] pre-dating the second conquest of the English Isles, or Second Coming [cf. YANIS VAROUFAKIS], in 2045.
- ***** [EDIT /S____/ = Spud. NETWORK = OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY.
« Definition: < potato, /pə'tetəʊ/ originating in Peru and north-western Bolivia c. 8000–5000 BCE; now extinct. A starchy vegetable grown in temperate regions and at one time the third most important food crop globally after rice and wheat. > »
- ***** [EDIT INPUT: REQUIRED: INVALID, INPUT: ELLINIKA-SCRIPT: INVALID
- ***** [EDIT /cat/ = < 7 Aug 2016 – Jeremy Corbyn has revealed he fears his cat, El Gato, is "a bit of a Tory" because of its behavioural habits. The Labour leader said he had grown concerned after the feline displayed a "disappointing individualism and lack of concern for others." >
- ***** [EDIT /Winston Churchill/ = Old Salem; Winston-Salem; Lady Randolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer. Saskatchewan catamite famous for his musical collaborations with the pop music idol Maradona. In later life he developed cancer of the jaw due to excessive cigar-smoking.

Real_Time_ « Unarchive search » Communique AI SYSBRO 68 to AI ALLSYS

PRIORITY IS COMPLETE

TIME-DATE 06:30: 02/05/2210

EDIT 11:27 EST: TRANS of DOC AEG20918 received from AI SEARCHBOT 00101000 concluded

EDIT 11.28 EST: EVENT REPORT: SHIP SUNK IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING TALK. CAPTAIN ON
DRUGS. ALL HUMS SILENCED.