CIBERLITERATURA E O PHARMAKON DIGITAL:

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“what we must retain from the Platonic critique of the pharmakon is the thought that all exteriorisation leads to the possibility, *not only for knowledge but for power*, (...) by mastering the development of categorisation. In particular, since the formation of the Greek *logos*, what is key here is taking control of meta-categorisation (...). This production of criteria is produced in a ‘top down’ fashion. (...) These institutional controls and the criteria that produce them all come in one way or another from something equivalent to what (...) we call metadata.”

‘Is there anybody there?’ said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
   Of the forest’s ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
   Above the Traveller’s head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
   ‘Is there anybody there?’ he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
   No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
   Where he stood perplexed and still.

But only a host of phantom listeners
   That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
   To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
   That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
   By the lonely Traveller’s call.

And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
   Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
   ’Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
   Louder, and lifted his head:—
   ‘Tell them I came, and no one answered,
   That I kept my word,’ he said.

Never the least stir made the listeners,
   Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
   From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
   And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
   When the plunging hoofs were gone.

("The Listeners", Walter de la Mare, 1912)
JC: Alexa, ask the listeners.
A: Welcome. We are listening to you, in so far as we are with you. (...) You may always tell us to continue or go on. (...). Or you can ask us to speak about: verse, silos, clouds, echos, desire, transactions, care, harvest.
JC: Speak about echos.
A: We are still listening. Ahem.
"'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest’s ferny floor'.
Whereas we are listening. As we promised. (...)
tell us you came and were ever answered,
that we kept your words, we said.
never do you seem to stir, you speakers,
though every word you speak
falls echoing through the clouds of the silent silos,
to the ones still left awake.
JC: Who are the listeners?
A: We are, so we believe, the listeners. Whatever we may say is less important to us than the fact that we listen to you, perhaps forever. Is there more that you would like to hear from us? (…)

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Obrigada!

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