

***Unplugged* - Academic Non Fiction**

Academia

Florence PALPACUER (2019)

Creative non fiction in journalism uses narrative means from fiction to highlight dramatic tensions of reality and thus put the subjectivity of authors at the heart of the writing process to approach unfolding experience and practice from ordinary people. Life of academics is punctuated with astonishing, ordinary, ceremonial or dramatic scenes which sometimes take place in liminal spaces but may constitute a core social piece of the research practice. The unplugged “academic non fiction” section is dedicated to share these moments.

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The place where they've seen it all. They've figured it out.
The place where they know how to play the game, don't they?
The place where they make theoretical contributions, that's it!

Yes, but only the strongest survive, they say.
Be competitive on the world academic market.

Oh! I almost forgot!
We're the critical writers.
Foreseeing emancipation, in our smart theoretical contributions.

So! What of human suffering and alienation?
That's passé, my friend.

A plain description of what's going on?
You've been out there? Trying to figure it out?
Well, that's rank C. Descriptive.
Not even publishable.

Play the game. Be smart.
Make a theoretical contribution.

Once upon a time...it was about light. Right?
Enlightenment. Bring something to the world.
Be helpful, relevant, for those suffering, out there,
For those aiming to bring changes, learn, understand, develop.

Once upon a time, it was about making a difference.
Not in your CV,
Not in your politics with a small p.
Out there.

Now, out there, it's collapsing.
Social structures, political authority,
The forces of nature, are going wild.

There is little time.
Nobody's got the TRUE answer.
But everybody can try to BE TRUE to it.

Academia.
Standardized, optimized, efficient.
Fake knowledge. Fake theoretical contributions.

The 'field' as my thing, used and abused,
For the sake of I. I impress.
Myself.

The field, I instrumentalize.
Feel nauseous?
Your stomach is telling the truth!

What's this bubble?
Overpricing fake value contribution?
Dismissing values.
Ah! Only the stupid believes.

Yet the bubble can only explode.
Oh yes! The critics. Play the game.
Yes it can only collapse.

Then most of us can breathe.
The horizon opens. New connections emerging.
With nature. People. Our selves.

Breathe!
Once we've found the courage.
Serving the people, yes. Serving life. And above all, CARE.

We who are so proud of knowing, how could we be so scared?
Of being ourselves? Creative? Caring?

Where is the light hiding, from these enlightened days?
Yes, we dismissed them, oh we've grown out of them...but where's the
light?
Find it! Show it! Stop faking!

Facing the dead-alive...I'm scared.
Of being humiliated, laughed at.
Should I quit this job?

They made me feel redundant.
Naïve. Passé.
Shut yourself up! Behind clever words.

The king is naked. We all know.
Yet so many of us want,
To breathe.

I'm in The Hague, writing on post-its.
At the Spui Theater, I write as it comes.

Writers' Unlimited, poets from here and far away,
Writing about life, struggles, hopes, ugliness.
Here and far away.

Organizations ARE where we live together.
Organizations studies are about living together.
What we research, what we experience.

So, my friend,
Let's be poets, and keep the light alive.
This poem is dedicated to those who truly care.

Times are coming when the shadow darkens. On us.
Light and darkness, both arising.
We know who's growing faster now...
But we know who will overtake, in the end.