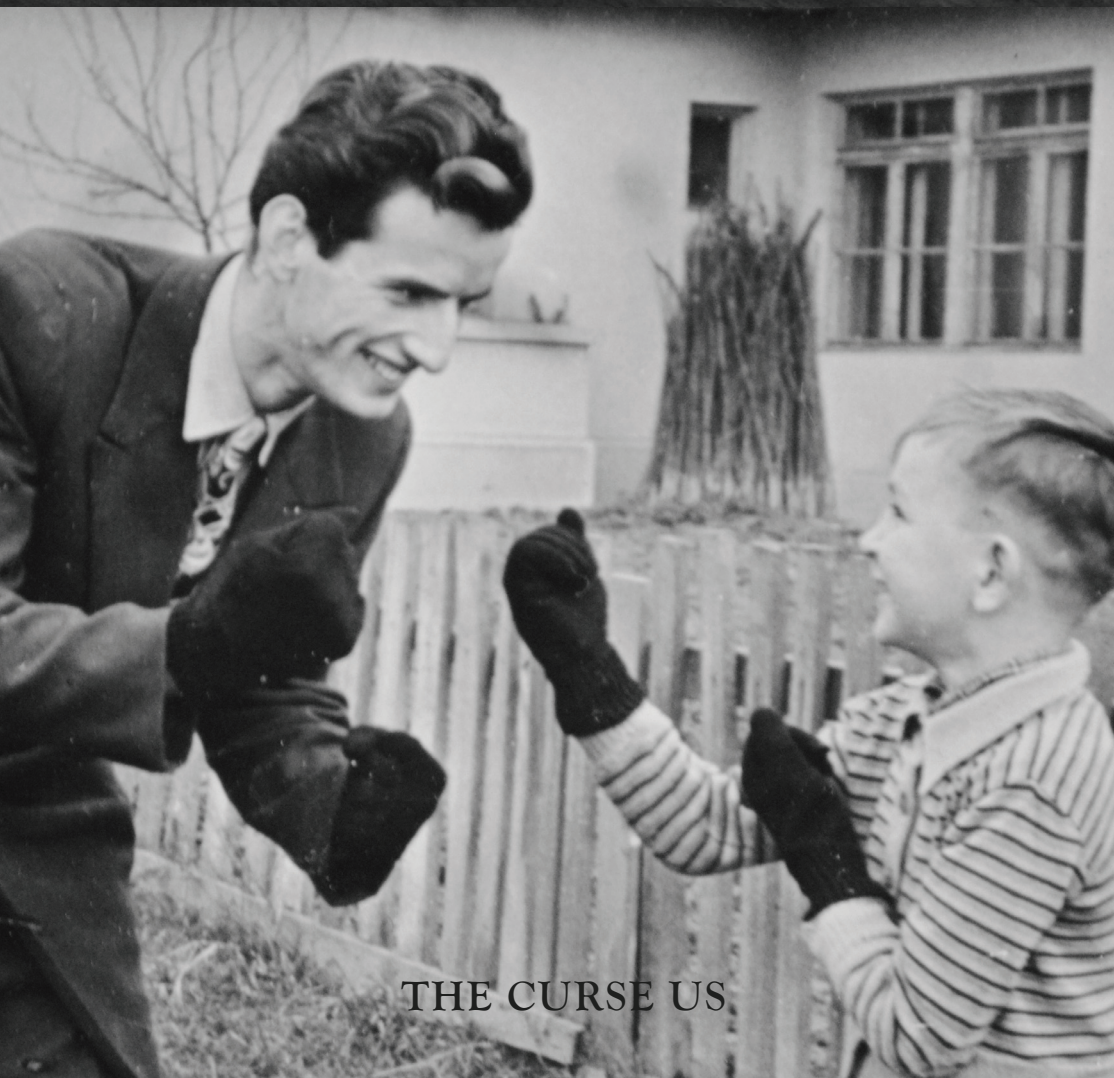


I AM NOT CHUANG
MY NAME IS
RIDICOLOSAMENTE
(II)



THE CURSE US

I am not Chuang
My name
is
Ridicolosamente

(2/3)

by

frère dupont

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The Curse Us

Plinthism _____ 8

Plinthism

notes on mimesis as from
within a neo-reactionary's
cloak

I will assimilate the statue you see there, and it will assimilate me. I will turn it into my flesh, and make it animal, I will give it the faculty of sensation and it will cause me to become like a ripple, like a vibration. It will become me, and I will become it. I will smash it with a hammer and grind it to impalpable powder, I will mix it with humus or leafmould; I will knead them well together; I will water the mixture and let it decompose for a year or two or a hundred, time doesn't matter to me. When the whole has turned into a more or less homogeneous substance, into humus, do you know what I do? I sow peas, beans, cabbages, and other vegetables; these plants feed on the soil and I feed on the plants. I will have become the statue, cold, living, inactively sensitive

- Diderot

We later millenarians are set the problem embodied and summarised by someone like the parkourist, Alireza Japalaghy, a sort of moving statue within the classical tradition. Iranian parkour is a self-materialising western aesthetic, a special forces laconicism, constituted as capital's infringement upon theocratic order - Japalaghy is like the remains of Canute animated by Harryhausen, and volunteering for the NMA, launching his bones through Winchester Cathedral's west window, and inventing collage in the process. Consider the iconoclastic elan expressed in his perfected delinquent physicality as it is set in motion against the gravity-bound trudging of fascistic goons, but at the same time also captured, generated even, by the expanding apparatus of banal iconographic representations. Our moment essentialises as an image of smashed images - what fine chisel, could ever yet cut breath?

What interest could we sustain in Alireza Japalaghy, who is ultimately a content provider for digital communications technology, an agile clown of the pleroma, if it were not for the blundering attempts at impeding him as performed as representation of some or other *ancien* keystone cops

routine by some or other *Committee for the Propagation of Virtue and the Prevention of Vice* ?

The real movement that abolishes the present state of things, the real movement of unhoming from personal relations, the real movement of which we are the flotsam and jetsam drifting on the tide of production, is inseparable from the expansion of the value system implicit within the process of social abstraction and within which each must labour at his revolt, chiselling away at the weight of repressive muck holding back his personal self-realisation. We are the self-sculpting of ourselves, the appalling mobiles, set in motion by the objectively given project of realisation, *unreal city!* - we had no idea that we were also building as we sought to bring the edifice down.

But the revolutionising of social relations is the process by which capital sets out from, and returns to, the world as it is. Consider the path of parkour, as moving monument, statuary in process, as it becomes an attractor basin for theorising the optimisation of totalised environmentalisation:

the architecture of tomorrow will be a means of modifying present conceptions of time and space. It will be a means of knowledge and means of action. The architectural complex will be modifiable. It's aspect will change totally or partially in accordance with the will of its inhabitants.

Capital is a system of reactor-contained progressive energy transfers nested within successive addictions to the continued supply of recursively *more material-less abstract* inputs which it progressively inverts in the production of its output - the substance of capital is an abstraction as verb noun and adjective. The perturbative effects upon the lifeworld of its energy transfers are metabolised as the generality's first order homeostasis - and for this reason, such a system will only die in one of two circumstances: where its inputs are fatally constrained, inducing starvation; or, where it suffers such a profound external impact that its metabolising organs fail, causing it to bleed out.

Only the former of these, the withdrawal of labour-

energy, is categorically *subjective*. The *enormous space* is a property of quivering stillness, which appears only within the interregnum of production, and where doing nothing takes on a terrible dimension, where silence really becomes, and a double edged, violence: no going back, the forever furlough, self-isolation and social distancing, the super-spreader event held at the terminal beach, these are the objectively given revolutionary forms opened up by the suspension of labour activity (and so very distant from the guillotine and the mob). Furloughed life resembles the refusal of work but it is lacking an authentically subjective dimension.

Capital is energy and nothing but, its metabolic circuit is the labour process. Capital dies where labour is absent. But the party of capital is already acting to prevent the idea of *no going back* materialising as foundation myth of an exteriorising life-world. We have perhaps already lived through the last possibility of quietude - what comes after lockdown, the return, will be conducted at a higher order of intensification and abstraction. The productive apparatus is powering up again, drawing energies into its processors and converting the stuff of, I gesture expansively,

life into potentials, into moving statuary. It is returning to itself, beginning again from the same manufacture of contradiction, and re-establishing the dynamic equilibrium that results from the competition of all against all.

Capitalism is a system of energy transfers that converts the material constituting productive forces into representations of social wealth, the representations then enter into a systematised relation operating on the basis of their mutually regulated equivalence. If we are to be honest here (and what do we have left to lose?) capital is socially progressive, whilst communism, it seems, in the final analysis, is the only truly authentic member of the set that capital designates as *reaction*, meaning it cannot advance itself as a member of the objectively given historical continuum.

It is the work of capital, as the revolutionary subject, to progressively abolish the statuary of all repressive hierarchical systems that might be categorised variously as *patriarchy* or *white supremacy* or *privilege* and generate in their place the representations of the values of repression, but also the representations of the values of emanci-

pation. The representation of the relation repression/repressed is historically in advance of the relation, repression/repressed.

The representations which supplant relations of direct domination are then set to work as organs of metabolism and transvaluation. The representations of repression and emancipation behave homologically, and also equivalently, both concretely in relation to each other and abstractly against all other representations, in relation to which their value is simultaneously measured and exchanged.

For reason of its representational nature, the capitalist life-world cannot be opposed or even adequately refused - every opposition becomes representation on the basis that money is already a riot against authority operating at an extremity beyond all possible other opposition, and abstraction is already a revolutionary war against privilege waged at a level of intensity beyond all possible other revolutionary wars. Equivalence is not a property of exchange, but of abstraction which *enables* exchange.

The dreamwork of the apparatus moves inexorably

towards an operator-modifiable life-world - where the balletic immanence of variable capital's clenched fist is massified and frozen as the architecture of temporary autonomous business parks, and where the sentience of fixed capital is ground to impalpable nano-powder permeating the categorical membrane of the *variable*. Consider the delinquency of capital passing through revolt, the monumentalisation of iconoclasm, as a distinct moment in the same organising principle, the principle inherent to the pressure for every thing setting out again and again and returning again and again: revolt is manifested as capital and circulates as the representation of revolt (R-C-R'); capital invests its technologies in the behavioural repertoire of revolt and derives value from its technologies of control (C-R-C').

The schematics of relatedness confront us: our adventure, our departure, our emigration, our journeying, our drifting, all these are catalysts for the further dimensional regenerative ratcheting of homeworld familiarity and sameness. The us and them of the protest rationale: *It is because they are inhuman, that they deny what is human; it is because we are inhuman that we affirm what*

is human. The message of revolt realises the medium of capital and the message of capital realises the medium of revolt. In response to the general trend, and looking for a subjective ethical autonomy, sectarian radical milieus become preoccupied with performative and prefigurative structures, as if the personal, the thing you think, really were political, and somehow there might be another, a further, dimension in opposition, as if personal investment might expropriate something personal from its function as cipher for suprapersonal forces, as if Zeuxis asked of Parrasios to draw back the veil of an un-captured politics, "Well, now show how you are going to be the change you want to see in the world".

Revolt, subjectivity, non-conventionality, refusal of the command net, post-conditioned behaviours, the gait of power, all these techniques of de-control, operate as engines for *realising* the expansion of the immanent apparatus - these are the material modalities of the organisational principle for abolishing the present state of things. Revolt is not constrained by conditions it has not chosen but is a component of the mechanism of the environment of which it is also product. Revolt, and in particu-

lar the revolt against work, *is* the qualitative perfection of expelled abstract labour time, the quality emerging from the quality, the pattern in which the pattern is embedded - the community of pleroma employs and instrumentalises negation to realise the expansion of pleroma, and that is all.

If this homeworld process should be understood as americanisation, then it expands in a doubled movement, through the upstroke of the strategic measures of its repressive colonisation of social relations, and then in the downstroke of its representations of spontaneous anti-colonial revolts which it engenders and circulates. What tentacle are we to strike at of an empire that expands itself by means of its export of anti-imperialism and the corporatisation of the black power clenched fist? Which other empire has expanded its dominion through an institutionalised iconoclasm directed against itself? The proprietorial character of americanising revolt, and the anxiety surrounding the proprietorial character of americanising revolt, the who of it, and the righteous justification of the who of it, the who may claim it and the who must be denied it, and all the time it's just the same process, just

the same expansion of the network through its amplification of selected sequences of feuds, polarisations, factions, schisms, that comprise the repertoire of the culture war.

Within the manoeuvre by which consciousness is captured through the amplified representation of *struggle*, a programming may be inferred as it is inferred from the narrative arc of one like Alireza Japalaghy, a sinew, a line, a motive force, a figure induced by his seeming own desire to circulate his content within this other register - the spook employment of precisely this fleet footed abstract expressionist aesthetic, the individualisation of dribbles, splatters, interruptions, explosions, inconstancy, caprice that is designed specifically to decompose puritanical regimes of fixed meaning and value. All that succeeds within the domain of representations, the number of views, likes, follows, is successful as a result of system design more than it is attributable to the genius of individuals - it is a basic of the stochastic process that control and manipulation of the message receptor apparatus is of higher significance to the system's reproduction than is the randomly self-differentiating message sparks transmitted as individual creativity.

The second of the two operations in the huge ever growing pulsating mind game, the transfer of the energy of acts of revolt against the system into the system's capacity to capture revolt, is a historical progression, an innovation of the apparat, and it is this which sets it apart from all naturally occurring colonising movements - a plague must have two steps, two bluffs, two exits, two attacks, two dance steps *slowly at first then all at once*. The network was never concerned which of the incompatible factions we adhered to, but only that we adhered, committed, and invested; all that really signifies is that we, so many million strangers, participate within one faction or another, and contribute to the sum of violences from which the Totality emerges.

America's recuperation of international identifications with sympathetic representations of the opposition against it is bait and hooking of the highest order: its race musics, its culture wars, its gender identities, its inter-generational conflicts, its filmic narrative conventions of *against all odds*. Can we even begin to imagine the sequence of traumatising processes and their correctives that culminate in, converge upon, the promotion of

rap stars into representatives and spokesmen who are permitted a public platform, the amplification from which is conditional on the degree to which they use the reputed authority of their recalcitrance, and their ungovernability, to call for participation in political process?

On a global scale, America realises its representation of the category of abstract revolt as the ground covering suppression of local autonomy as it mediates particulars through a self-generalising system of equivalence. In information systems, the rate of a message's circulation as an emphatic or declarative statement, as an event in and of itself, is an inverse indicator of the significance to the system of the actual content conveyed - information systems only recognise significance in messages at the level of whether the system retains integrity as a constant flow of messages to the perpetual question, am I ill or well? All the rest, every other message, circulates as quantities of freight - the less true its message, the more expanding it is of the network. In the end, there are nothing but nodes, lit up, hot, reticulated.

American revolt is the network's process of expansion

in action just as the American network is the expanding process of revolt in action - money is already riot; the market is already an autonomous zone; expropriation is already looting; the social relation is already social war. The system cannot be exceeded subjectively, the momentum of fixed capital employed by the apparatus in the represented outside surpasses and encloses every personal swerving against it - Castaneda flees his confrontation with the worthy opponent, consumed by abject terror, whilst she, La Catalina, hops beside him, like a bird, quizzical, intent, laughing. It seems that radicals feel compelled to represent capital as a mode of direct domination because they desire to directly experience the finite temporality experienced by the condemned, the abolished, the cancelled, the fated - they desire for capital to play the role of worthy, not too worthy, opponent, whilst all the time they *are* capital, its shock troops, its stakhanovites. There is always active in radicalism, the innate preference for the discourse of anti-oppression over the discourse of anti-exploitation.

Protest movements readily focus upon the goon element of the state apparatus, let's say *the pigs*, such movements

desire black hats, bad guys, racists and fascists - they desire totality to play like tyranny. The preference is structured, subjective agency cannot gain any leverage upon the diffuse and indirect systems of control that the reproduction of capital tends historically towards. Whoever demands the abolition of the police, where abolition is already a meaningless reference and an action easily called for but fundamentally unrealisable except as a neo-liberal *defunding* of social infrastructure, whoever desires the abolition of the police without also calling for the abolition of teachers does not demand the abolition of the police. Similarly, where de-reticulation is not the goal, where collectivities attempt to utilise the network in their seeming own interest, and to their own purpose, where networking and its nodes of intensification, its small world zones, its *autonomies*, is itself not repudiated, it is there that the network and the people are one hand.

And so we awaken with a start, dialectics in a lockdown, and find ourselves living in the parable of the short levers and the long levers. The use value of every product, I mean every moment in time, becomes an architectural vortex, a sinister quarter, for every other, bending its escape back

into the whole, integrating its particularity, as a particularity of the universal, into the universal.

The productive net aligns every tool to its machine, every machine to its process, and every process to the autonomous totality; each fragment, at every level, horizontally, vertically, diagonally, dimensionally, and durationally, is ever-vigilant, primed to make the intervention, ready to step in and prevent the tendency to come to rest that it discovers in all other fragments, everywhere.

At the level of everyday usage, *net* has become a metaphor from which the principle of capture, the primary function of nets, has been lost - interactions are not *caught* because they are neither autonomous fish nor wild birds. The more appropriate metaphor for the domesticating process is fold or pen... our experience as browsing ruminants is less free roaming than it is shepherded. Our desires are not repressed but enclosed by the algorithmic process of so-called *search* tools. In that sense, the productive network operates as a perpetual corrective upon all by all - everything is always at the point of its acquiescing to the coaxing buried within every *return to the fold*.

Track and Trace becomes the whole of the law and poor Janus is our god. Every machine a demi-devil goading the aggregate of products towards generalisation. It is hard for you to kick against the pricks. The crutches in Dali's paintings propping the sagging and deliquescing, propping and forestalling the headpiece of things, stuffed with straw, papa's hat, bovary's cap, Quixote's helmet, all these synecdoches for no-ideas-but-in-products as they inevitably come to rest, because no thing permits any other thing to leave the vivarium - the Pre-crime Unit will return the lost sheep before it has strayed. All these unrelated but related things jostling against each other, mutually estranged but algorithmically convergent, each compelled recursively by a hidden code running parallel to functionality, dragging its particular fragment of totality into the mechanics of everything else. Nothing is realised, but everything is near at hand.

Every discrete product begins tinkering with the operation of every other, and not signing off on the completion of the circuit of use; each gently persuades, and diverts the flow, of all others into the funnel of abstraction; each holding the other in check, pushing the other on, or drawing

it back; fitting, patching, fixing, employing. Everything dispersed everything converged. The imperialist swerve of a neo-liberal Kurtz: the networking, the networking!

And then every thing, I mean person, becomes a treadmill upon which the footedness of every other thing stumbles. Every dragging thing, dragged again, dragging in one direction but in that dragging, shall we say, 'forward' is also dragged in all directions - piano priest donkey corpse compulsion. The revolutionary is also motivated by an eating disorder, or by a hidden perversity, or at least a symptom, and always by a sickness that is denied direct expression in the stated programme; he is the Django dragging on, trailing something behind him, like a cluster of coffins, one for every of his small-world neighbours' neighbours. The systemic interruption of process, its refusal to allow completion, or abolition, maintains history in a looping return to and from the same nodes. And from the return, our same objection to the conditioning factors of the return, which itself, leopard like, functions as one such ritualised factor.

And we observe again, in infinite regress, how we can

almost imagine but never quite foresee the complex and audacious beauty of the abstracting process as we encounter it in the party of capital's classic manoeuvre: the transformation of revolt against a particular into the raw material of the expansion of the general.

But it is something else than that, we find ourselves stuck, like Buñuel's dinner guests, in a *bourgeois cul-de-sac*: every part of theory activates the *dompte-regard* by its de-platforming of every other - as the network expands in all other terms, the qualitative value of its content reduces. Nowadays, only old reactionaries are in the position, the position of for-itself white fragility, to make categorical statements - only what is pale male and stale escapes the reform imperative and engages the generality qua generality qua object, everyone else is consumed by consuming the particulars of their own identity. We are about to say, and then cannot say, immediately anticipating another, castrating, movement moving within our movement - within the phallic, the castration! - as if we are opening our mouths at the point of utterance and finding it interrupted, displaced by another mouth opening in the sticking place, saying, or rather announcing, like a precog Menard,

a Menard *in anticipation of* Cervantes, exactly what we were about to say, but altered, skewed absolutely.

It is quite clear to us, but no, it is not so clear, or rather, it couldn't be clearer, but we are in the zone and the path itself moves, and moves again - there is no walking but the path creates the walking - and we become aware that what we see is also observed by others - as the panopticon apparatus is architecturally democratised in *Rear Window* but also skewed by randomly drawn observing/observed lots. Everything possible that we might express is already colonised by those exactly like us, our doppelgängers in the looking glass world of *neo-reaction* - their every word hatches maggots in our project. They thumbed through our pamphlets before we tabled them at the radical bookfair.

That is not it either, neo-reaction only expresses the frailty of communist consciousness which self-disassembles as it mistakes itself for representations and simulacra, which cause nothing to appear that is not conditionally qualified and nested in a regress of ambivalence and re-formulation. The neo-racist is not a racist. The neo-anti-racist is not an anti-racist. There is no continuous history of racism,

there is only the novel contexts within which racist motifs may be employed. No representation represents what it portrays, its true referent is the complex metabolic structures, energy transfers, and quantitative exchanges located at the point where social systems converge with mass psyche.

Where first order racism operated as a historical product of more or less authentically articulated ideology, it remained subject to intervention and correction - even deliberate and wilful ignorance was responsive to educative return and right thinking. But neo-racism is not racism, it's about racism in the same way Westerns after the mid-60s were about Westerns. Neo-racism stages a pornographic representation of the excitement of racism within an institutionalised anti-racist context which it steers towards the eros of transgression - the neo-racist *chooses racism after* history, and after the interventions staged by educative institutions.

Neo-racism has no theory but the theory of maximising the impact of its violence - it revives the ancient sport of baiting, for no reason, for reason of gratuitous excitement.

The neo-racist already knows his ideas are in error, it is his motivation for cleaving to them; the denial of shared error, and not right thinking, is the kernel of all community but the community of neo-racists does not deny its error, it embraces it. The neo-racist addictively seeks out the reward paths laid by inciting outrage and offence - there is no symptom-based corrective to his dependency; interventions through de-radicalisation programmes will only intensify the perverse benefits of his motive.

Similarly, the project of neo-anti-racism, as it organises around representations of effusive inclusion at one pole and of *vile racists* at the other, becomes operational as a set of income streams funnelled through institutionalised interventionist programmes and initiatives - the discourse of emancipation describes the process by which the apparat reproduces itself. The perversity of neo-anti-racism is located in its economic dependency upon representations of racism as its raw material which it must process into novel marketable products, the circulation of a wider range of particulars serves to expand the system as whole - nothing may circulate as what it is, value is only derived in the particular's employment in the movement

of everything else. For the corporate neo-anti-racist institution, the representation of anti-racist commitment is an air corridor, an immunity passport, out of all other tight corners.

At a fundamental level, neo-anti-racist institutions know they must not *succeed* even at the level of their mission statements, and must act to inhibit any chances of effective measures - institutionalisation of the esoteric and unfalsifiable theory of microaggression, a useful therapeutic heuristic for bringing the extraction process into the liminal, for identifying precisely the pricking out mechanism of institutional selection (the entire content of *minima moralia*), is transformed into an innovative product for opening new markets in micromanagement.

Similarly, similarly, I am no communist but am complicit in the project of neo-communism which orients itself to the representation of communism whilst fully aware that communism itself became historically untenable around 1914. Communism has become a vector for abstract equivalence, a node to which any object, action, meaning or form may be attached as expression or substitute - every

particular will contain the totality, if at low resolution, and communism is no exception. Under such circumstances, as an embodied *communist* use-value, I am a vector for the exchange relation - I am caused to function as a conduit and attractor basin for the products of my competitors: I become fascist, racist, rape apologist. My addiction to the perverse knowledge of my own error, a commitment to that which is not available, is structurally inseparable from that of the perversity of the neo-fascist or neo-racist, I am defined by a football fan's partisanship, although it is true that I am less concerned with cultivating the transgressive, than I am with savouring the evanescent. Neo-communism forsakes communism for an ersatz communist market: the aesthetics; the conferences; the journals; the traditions and myths; the grievances; the networks; the PhDs.

Even so, as Pascal observed, it is possible to knowingly make false offerings to the false images standing for false gods and yet still, like good Sebastian, find oneself pierced by the real - it is but a small step from smirking to tears to resolve. And it is for reason of its compulsive pursuit of the perturbative real, that *consciousness* should record the materials that neo-reaction, giggling as it slashes at

itself, turns over. It is this matter, the what is uncovered, worms as much as artefacts, and the distance between the use of the representation of a thing and the mechanism that is productive of representations as a system of social mediation, that Bordiga pokes his finger into with his most significant work, *The Great Alibi*.

The victory of leftist categories over state institutions, and over American corporations, has resulted in the curious phenomenon of subversive, even transgressive, conservatism which utilises its alienated position as a vantage point from outside the political terrain from which it is free to develop its own critiques of institutional power. As may be seen from its influence upon the most interesting contemporary communist theory, the contribution of neo-reaction to the world's knowledge of itself, now far outstrips that of leftism, which is reduced to a renegade defence of abstract enlightenment categories already weaponised by the neoliberal project. What is leftism but corporations anticipating potential equal rights litigation?

The beneficial element of neo-reaction is articulated precisely in its *exercise* of freely speaking, causing offence

and transgressing against institutionalised value sets, drawing objects from the environment and, by making them distinct, also making them strange - it is through neo-reaction's readings of the exposed viscera of institutionalised liberalism that we begin to make out how indirect power blurs its operations with emancipatory narratives of abstractly constituted communities.

It is clear that rightists will make the point that world historical forces are circulating the Black Lives Matter protests to stimulate the economy's return from lockdown to the new normal - the just in time of digitised representation is dependent for raw material upon the churning real. The proliferation of the absurdity of black squares is not genius but an attractor basin for advertising driven exponential network effects - the contagious spread of a content through quiescent populations, no matter what it is, is sufficient to activate market activity. On the principle that everything appears in the world at the frequency, and in proportion to, its capitalisation, anti-racism has become the one permitted cause, and every proprietary apparatus has taken it up. The question is, why? What use is the Black Lives Matter movement to the expansion of capital?

Certainly, the movement's rapid global advance is reliant upon a sustained, if opportunistic, intervention within the reticulated media... BLM was not only *permitted* but objectively facilitated where a similar scale revolutionary movement would have been interrupted, subverted and dispersed. The newfound commitment of the apparatus to the cause is less a product of *shaming* than of its investment in the opportunity for a rebrand. Similarly, although the street events have taken advantage of the *go ahead*, they also express an objective tendency towards informational momentum, the perpetually re-mediating mode of social operations, more than they express the agency of *street* subjectivity.

There is some appeal in the hypothesis that current events are yet another epiphenomenon of the ongoing departmental struggle within the American security apparatus, and of the factionalising of America's national ruling class in general, as this centres upon the continuing efforts of the CIA to remove the current POTUS by foul means or foul whilst the NSA, Department of Homeland Security, US Marshals Service, US Customs and Border Protection and the Federal Protection Service pushes back to defend their

departmental outlines. The recent kidnapping of protesters off the streets by Trump's faction fishing for *outside agitators* which they mean rival departments' agents, proves they genuinely believe the CIA is staging a coup against them. The level of support for BLM expressed by corporations indicate rapid calculations around which branch of intelligence they are aligned to compounded by the market demographics of their consumer base - everything becomes a flash mob. Everything to do with the circulation of the content of BLM is reducible to the schematic: our guy/their guy. Twitter is tending more to one side, Facebook more to the other, with erstwhile allies like Unilever distancing from Facebook. Nike, KFC, McDonalds and Coca Cola have already perfected the narrative of emancipation as product placement as participation. This is the real locus of the organisation of mass desire and the struggle of private interests waged through the social form of production, this is the real real movement.

On the other hand, to observe that proprietorial messaging systems are to consciousness what shopping malls are to public space, both funnel trap and digestive system, and that messages only circulate in proportion to capital invest-

ment, is already to lapse into right wing paranoia. Thus, we are confronted with our own reactionary tendencies wherever we imagine *all messages are permitted, but only selected messages are circulated*. We become reactionary wherever we conclude that the anticipatory use of racism, or rather of neo-racism, is a strategic product of the corporate-enabled anti-racist racket. Class domination is also exercised in the spectacle of the bourgeoisie, where ideology is perfected as irony, and interest convergence is taken to its furthest degree, in their performance of *taking the knee*, and clenching their fists, and videoing themselves tearfully renouncing/confessing their supremacy, all the while confirmed in their bravery for *standing up for*, using their privilege to realise, an objective recalibration of the dominant ideology.

They will not mobilise against the thirteen billion pounds of armaments to be sold by the UK state to the Saudi Arabian state for the continuation of its war in Yemen. The secret of the missing mass opposition to the war is attributable to the corporate sponsors of mobilisation qua mobilisation, the proprietors of the logistical apparatus for moving masses behind hashtags, and who would have nothing

to gain from capitalising such a movement. And it is for reason of the capital flight from their representation that the lives of those caught in the moment's *worst humanitarian disaster* will never matter. But these are arguments made by reactionaries.

And another thing. The toppling of the oppressors' statues is a further symptom of the aesthetic monumentalising turn in consciousness - the made-for-TV symbolic image of a crowd's recursive attack upon another symbolic image activates the mass conditioned affect repertoire and floods its associated reward pathways with belonging/purpose/significance, whilst finding corollaries in the same trends moving in the opposite direction: religious sentimentalisation attached to, for example, the historically distant events of *The War*, commemorated more with each passing decade, and also in the now commonplace celebration of *everyday heroes* and the expediency of fallen martyrs. The kitsch *alternatives to racist art* that are currently emerging from the Bristol milieu, that present themselves as a new-sincerity, is qualitatively totalitarian and cynically opportunist in its retreat into cultic fetish and monovalent propaganda. In political discourse, there is an

increasing trend towards sanctification, and the sequestering of objects from discourse in order to secure them within a single meaning - in part, this is a response to the rising rate of human stupidity generated as *online culture*. However, the general trend towards producing sentimental attachments to representations that ratchets the expanding category of that in the world which may not be questioned, but which, at the same time, also mines the field of questioning as such. There has never been a better time to erect beautiful statues to great racists.

The ideological use of sentimental identification is perceptible in certain threads of argumentation against the dispersive *all lives matter* push back, where images of a particularity are shown to take priority over a generality - if a house is on fire, one does not shout, all houses matter; if an individual suffers a heart attack, one does not shout, all organs matter. The bootstrap logic of its motivational sports star/entertainer advocates propounding how every hardworking individual can be a star in their own life if only the playing field were level, not only suppresses other registers of possible engagement, and to continue the examples, as if there is no experience of housing crisis

other than that of fire, there is no health crisis other than cardiac arrest, but also suggests that capital's production of crisis as the general mechanism of its self-revolutionising life-world is of less objective significance, and the exercise of a sort of *privilege* to mention it, than the elevated symbolic register of optimising individual life-chances as narratives within the ever-rationalising productive environment currently circulating as an institutionalised *mea máxima culpa*. The problematic for the critique of totality is that it is now always vulnerable to the strategic allegation of racism made from less radical positions - a lesson the Labour Party is currently interiorising.

The conditioning mechanism buried within widely distributed symbols of categorically *unquestionable* imperatives, of mobilisation and righteousness, and the orchestrated affective responses that they trigger, serve to ease the passage of populations across difficult thresholds, from lockdown to locked on. The potential idea that the goal of corporate anti-racism has nothing to do with anti-racism is precisely the object degraded by current aspirational advertising. In its representation of every domain of the community of capital, *white skin* may exchange at a higher

rate than black skin, except that is in the culture rackets of leftism and advertising, the two plague-ridden organs of capital that are most concerned with the digestion and evacuation of class consciousness.

But the calculations intrinsic to the Americanising theory of privilege, the theoretical basis for the BLM movement, wherein the impoverishment of an abstract child's *life chances* are abstractly measured against another impoverished abstract child's *life chances*, already naturalises the environment of relations constrained to competitive exchanges of privately owned quantities, where every subject demand must appear both in conformity with the trademark of its own *community* and in opposition to the proprietorial characteristics of its market competitors.

As a quantitative approach, privilege theory may illuminate the mechanism of assigning value to fixed categories within the selective mechanisms of social institutions, the operation and maintenance of contingent demarcations and differentiations within labour market is essential to market forces, but as a theory it only corrodes the possibility of subjective consciousness when re-applied at the level

of individuals already subsumed by the war of all against all. Privilege theory won't secure a greater proportion of social wealth for the black working class except perhaps at the expense of the white working class - although the black bourgeoisie will do well from the theory's institutionalisation, its management of the cross-class BLM movement will advance its interest as a faction within the state, where it will use its ideology, like every other private interest, to further decompose class consciousness.

But that is just another, *and another thing*. Then, it is also clear that the rightists will draw transgressive energy from their refusal of capital's investment in Black Lives Matter and by doing so will attract those other malcontents previously drawn to social revolution but now denied any discourse but *pathology* - where the strike was, depression, anxiety, addiction, now is. The other rightist talking point/motif/dogwhistle generated by anti-racism is the ideology of self-improvement deployed by the left wing of neo-liberalism as a corollary of the quantifying relativisation of, and blame attached to, all those crises not attributable to race. Within what discourse, if not the provided Catch 22, either fascism or medicalisation, is the not-black

identifying individual to make sense of his alienation from the social product?

The dilemma for the working class is simply put: either enter into a cross class anti-racist pact that directly contradicts its own interest, or abandon itself to the behavioural repertoire triggered and remotely manipulated by populism, which also directly contradicts its own interest. The second of the options is already selected, and will continue to intensify as it is refracted and intensified through networking algorithms. The heat generated by the current *race war* does not contradict capital, and it is to the advantage of the politically constituted bourgeoisie, as it *naturally* places itself on the side of history, at the point it expropriates the history of *modern slavery*, and against the ignorant *white mob*, that seems all too ready to slide into the caricatured role assigned to it, enraged by the subliminal complexity of the exploitative apparatus which, by the very structure of its class position, it is precluded from bringing into consciousness.

It is a principle of the mechanics of indirect domination that energy generated by protests against particularities

of the system is metabolised into the orchestration of intersubjective struggles between demarcated interest groups as the means to foreclose upon the generalisation of revolt. That the *reductio ad absurdum* inherent to the either/or paths available to class consciousness has been taken up by the left as a political principle must be a source of great hilarity to the reactionaries, who are themselves already a dark mirror product of the self-same leftism.

It is for the reason that the party of capital employs representations of both anti-racism and racism, of both feminism and misogyny, as attractor basins for affect driven mobilisations of identity, and that the right loudly identifies this tendency, that it becomes so difficult, and delicate, a problem for communists to trace how such representations operate systematically, and are used to impede consciousness. It is in the nature of transference that the flow of affect persists but the triggering part-object to which it attaches may be substituted for other objects. In street politics, the mobilisation of the crowd, its heightened state of responsiveness to catalysing messages, persists but the mutable cause it mobilises for, can and will be substituted.

The white anti-racist movement, currently motivated along an affect pathway by a sort of righteous pearl clutching and moral fascism, remains eminently *suggestible* to the next message. Whatever the trigger, the state of mobilisation remains constant - in the successive prisms open of the part-attachments to part-objects, at the end of the transference chain, is always that gripping onto the last links, work and shopping. If racism is a structure, and it is, then anti-racism is also a structure, implying a set of sub-system tendencies and correctives operating within the reproduction of the totality - capitalism is the only social relation to generate the representation of anti-racism as a mechanism of governance operating to the standard of the general logic of emancipation moving towards abstraction.

And again, it is rightist paranoia to even consider the question: if the security apparatus is not actively utilising implicatory accusations of racist apology and rape apology to disrupt radical formations then its ends are being achieved autonomously within those formations - another case of niche opportunism exploiting *naturally* occurring events. But even so, if a hostile entity desired to take down, for example, the meddlesome mayor of a South Korean

city, then a well placed agent could do it with an allegation of sexual harassment (even within the reformist project, Sanders was blocked at the level of *feminism* and Corbyn at the level of *racism*). It is certainly a treacherous path to take, as we find ourselves, at last, beset by the same ideological tendencies that characterised French ultraleftism's elision with conspiratorial truthism and Holocaust denial under the rubric of its received anti-American critique of the *spectacle*.

It is almost impossible to resist the temptation to observe how the export of the American preoccupation with representations of race and gender, coupled to the bourgeois assertion of moral individual responsibility for the fragments of ideology that occupy and interrupt personal consciousness, termed *checking*, acts to constantly interrupt the possibility of consciousness, my own included. The veteran returns from every war less comprehending of his participation in the next.

Whilst it is true that the West's racism/anti-racism contradiction, and the category confusion it engages, makes no difference to the class struggle which is now practically

constrained to China, India, parts of West Africa and the southern americas, I also cannot see any resolution to it at the level of individual involvement. I continue to be of the opinion that capital cannot be engaged except at the level of the labour process and at the level of the wage as its representation. And I continue to be persuaded that street manifestations are inherently bourgeois.

At an inter-subjective level, I do not know if it is possible for groups to organise across ethnic and gender identities - I personally would not trust an avowedly anti-racist, anti-sexist white male; how can we not retrospectively interpret the decision of the populist *Commune* magazine to falsely represent capital as *patriarchal* as an ironic and cynical prefiguration of what was subsequently described as its *rape apology*? The white radical male as *ally* recommences the radical impoverishment of theory, and embodies the movement of representation into critique. Beyond the undoubted voluptuous pleasures afforded by moral exigency, I would want to know what really animates these bearers of radical opinion. The operation of the *dompte-regard* is again found here, the white radical's failure to express his *first world problems* signals a

structured assumption of superiority - the deployment of self-conscious privilege in the interests of the movement is itself an operation of a privileged status that structures the impossibility of realising the politics, and reasserts a predominant position within the movement. The white radical's freedom to act in the interest of others is itself a form of leadership - but there is an alternative, the struggle against himself as vector of capital. Nor would I be inclined to support the engagement with others, even at the level of discussion, on the basis of gender or race politics, as I would immediately sense the falsity in it - the objective structuring of such encounters would always prove decisive. I hereby counsel against all alliances, and their representation within so-called *social movements*. Allies are less reliable, and more dangerous, than enemies.

I also concur that every writer, thinker, artist and organiser should be immediately no-platformed - that they should engage the world as if their audience were goons and nothing but. On the other hand, as I am relatively still able to comment on this - and what difference would it make anyway? - it seems to me that there is potentially something irreducibly *subjective* within the discourse of

blackness, and in particular its Afro-pessimist and Afro-nihilist strains, as it sets itself against the bourgeois ideology of anti-racism. It seems that there is a compelling logic in this milieu's amplification of the demand for reparation payments within the anti-racist movement, and towards separatism, and thus against all alliances with *whites* - this in itself, if nothing else, should shake off the movement's neo-liberal sponsors and drive a wedge into the conventional aesthetics of the anti-racist block.

On the other, other hand, let's be clear, reactionaries also make these recommendations - race separatism will overlap with race realism. Even so, it is possible that the most conscious members of this separatist milieu will later break off and re-enter the orbit of communist thinking, although, hilariously, as a manoeuvre in anticipation-prevention, communism in a late return to programmatisation should also never absorb such tendencies except as instantiations of the human community at its fullest amplitude.

The question of the degree to which an individual is corrupted by ideology or not, whether they are sexist

or racist or not is a nonsense, of course they are wholly corrupted, of course they are embodiments of the operational principles of social domination in every detail of their person, just as they express the principles of social domination in their opposition to the principles of social domination. Every individual is capable of terrible involvements, and of the profound weakness of not living according to the emancipatory value-set which they desire to adhere to - the historical impossibility of existence without exchange is the essence of Totality. But moral infirmity is objectively meaningless. Communism is not a system of ethics.

The housing blocks, the factories, the prisons are designed specifically to contain damaged people, there is nothing anywhere but damaged people, but to represent them as originators of that violence is ideology, it is another lever on aesthetic sensibility and sentimentalising identifications, and nothing else. All such damaged people should be released and the institutions containing them should be disassembled, even though, and especially because, they are occupied with racists, rapists, murderers, thieves, and abusers.

Human beings are inherently bad, the structures containing them are inherently worse, but these are the materials we must work with in order to increase the proportion of consciousness within sociality. None of the work of communisation - the objective increase in rate and proportion of self-reflective consciousness as a social relation - may be commenced upon until the factory system, the control net, and production itself, that is, the totality of systems by which automated process inhibits consciousness, are escaped. The environmentalising movement by which damaged lives are healed is very painstaking, and quiet, not silent exactly but murmuring, even so it has nothing to do with the repressive desublimation of *street* manifestations.

Individual opinion, individual behaviour, individual character are sequelae of domination, such afflictions cannot be resolved at the level of individual resolution; good intentions don't beat ingrained habits. No matter the effort employed in *self-critique*, such individuals, set against idealist categories, will always be not anti-racist enough, they will always be not feminist enough and they will remain so for as long as their environment is constant. White male

communists have nothing to add, not even their affirmation, to the particular struggle, they have no object for the work of their critique but the totality of social relations - they should absolutely disengage from populist and leftist involvements. Social binds are only released recursively, at an order of organisation higher than that at which they are manifested. As individuals, we should give up on the idea that we are agents of social transformation.

Communism's inextricable kafka-trap is activated by the unavoidable realisation that anti-racism is an ideological stimulant by which normal economic functioning is currently reimposed onto quiescent, and locked down populations, which had been, as a consequence of their very inertia, drifting away from the productive apparatus and into the hypnogogic or reverie-state at the threshold of consciousness. For the moment, anti-racism has become that requisite distracting noise on the screen that is not portraying the conditioning mechanism by which the masses are to be persuaded back to work.

Black Lives Matter has eclipsed No Going Back as the sloganised encapsulation of a possible engagement with

the present. The critique of everything is inundated once again by the American particular; a sort of grieving in general is suppressed by the representation of this particular grief. The Party of Capital rationalises the situation strategically: if racist systems are to be confronted for what they *really are*, then logically, they should be powered up again to take effective, restorative, action. The spectacle of political representation is the alibi for the operation of the whole.

The class interest of the Black Lives Matter movement becomes operational at the level of the application of post-fordist productivity/efficiency reforms to bourgeois institutions - the ideological function of inclusivity strategies at the level of *valued individuals* is designed to break collective bargaining, whilst its anti-microaggression training, countering bias workshops, white fragility interventions, maximise the opportunity for micro-management and surveillance of the workforce. As a managerial strategy, neo-anti-racism is an adequate distraction from wage freezes, increased hours and taxes, and mass redundancies.

From the subjective pole of the class contradiction, there is no struggle but for increasing wages and reducing work hours, and pursued to the point that the institutions and the class relation itself become unsustainable. From the objective pole of the contradiction, capital expresses its supreme ambivalence, and there was no ambivalence before capital - on the one hand, it looks to abolish work, expel labour and replace class with more efficient product-control apparatuses, but on the other, the improved efficiency of reformed institutions, and the ideological integration of the workforce around company inclusivity programmes, is inseparable from the expanded reproduction of Totality.

From the standpoint of the party of capital, if anti-racism is *doable*, or at least conceivable, then salvaging the natural world, or continuing quarantine indefinitely is much less so - at the level of energetics, the less costly out will always be selected above the more costly out, but it will also be selected in order to suppress the claims of its competitors; the expedient *out* blocks the untenable outs, the unpalatable outs, and the unprofitable outs. By directing popular attention to a single intractable issue, which must bear

the burden of all complaint, representation will eventually exhaust protest against the present state of things by means of sheer over-determination and the perpetual transference onto new objects. We are fated to live in a state of depleted discontentment with the *enabled* forms of discontent.

The development of received forms of complaint, and establishing the proper channels for opposition to itself, is the highest art of governance: H was Papa's new Hat/ He wore it on his head/ Outside it was completely black/ But inside it was red. Psychoanalysis emphasises the organisation of desire within the hysteric's discourse, which is always less a matter of the desired object than of where the hysteric is desiring from. The white hysteria of the 'we stand with you' milieu, follows the same patterning within previous solidarity, anti-fascist, and anti-imperialist iterations of leftism, and which organises its demands *through* its representation of what it imagines is foundational black experience and to which it assigns a Father's authority. The white *allies* of BLM are desperate to *get it right* whilst the falsity of their experience, their desiring from an other's position, inevitably implicates them within conventional

guilty racialising stereotypes, which in turn accounts for the incongruous vehemence of their protestations.

Of more general significance to the critique of those ideologies which induce hysteria as an apparatus for intensifying street mobilisations, is the remarkable capacity of the hysteric to attenuate the complexity of the life-world to their own, borrowed, enthusiasm for the desired object, the cause, which they imagine, because they imagine the Other desires it, is also the desire of everyone else, hence the current sloganised formulation, and coercive ratchet, *silence equals violence*. It might be argued, in terms of theatre as plague, in terms of convulsive beauty, that the hysteric's contribution is, at the least, confrontational, and a catalyst of events, but it is in the nature of the hysterical form that it is structured around mobilising others through an over-amplified appeal made from a position of helplessness based on real, imagined or manipulated grievances, and is productive only of a spectacle of confrontation orchestrated around the dramatisation of impasse, and all the while deploying a paratreptic strategy of distracting from the authority position organising the desire for such dramatics.

The strategy of collapsing the world to the other's desire necessarily banishes all other desires and other registers of desire - a circumstance that is uniquely manipulable by whatever forces control communications technology and are capable of mobilising representations of the other as authority. Similarly, the subjective pole of military discipline depends upon a state of hysterical preparedness, organised through irrational tasks and routinised deprivation, to receive direct orders. The diffusive hysterical internalisation of desire from another is the prepared ground for, but a distinct state from, command based mobilisations - first derangement, then marching in formation.

The discourse of the hysteric, because it is driven from the position of an other's desire and is organised around the internalised but opaque imperatives of the other, is directed towards the ideal of identity between speaker and spoken. For the hysteric, one is what one speaks; speech acts are the decisive signifier of allegiance, sincerity and authenticity. Because he is acutely sensitive to the externality of his own values whilst also unable to acknowledge this, and so pressured between shifting states of displacement and disassociation, he is preoccupied by uncovering

what others *really* think, the codes, and motifs of their hidden complicities. But there are no secret opinions, and no individual is reducible to their adherence to a value set - there are only psychological states relatively and reactively stimulated by every individual's personal relay of social values transmitted, and relatively and actively energised, by market forces. Nevertheless, the hysteric seeks to hold others responsible for what they say, the accusatory form and its implied vigilance, consumes his waking state, as if other people's words and ideas were their personal inheritance, and a measure of their existential worth.

The hysteric is disturbed by the ordinary function of language which facilitates the individual's expression of error as a means of self-orientation; utterance is always error moving through the world and more or less self-correcting, via the attribution mechanism, as it encounters and rubs against the errors uttered by others... for this reason, where speech is returned to an idealised vehicle for proper thinking, by means of censorship, no-platforming, cancelling, shaming, muting and so on, and where the perversity of ordinary expression, is denied and its content hypostasised, hysteria becomes contagious and enters

into a state of runaway up to the point where the other's desire is forced to intervene directly, usually in the form of comedy, and thus releases the crowd from its agitation.

The problematic of identity populism is generated from its mistaken assumptions around the functions of language and how discourse integrates within state institutions. The issue here is not how an individual asserts its self-understanding and seeks to expropriate energy from the life-world so as to sustain the reproduction of its own being - the problem is how its fixed sense of that being, and its proprietorial resistance to the possibility that it might express itself in terms of *je suis un autre* is so simply integrated into the ideological apparatus. The problematic of identity becomes active in the use, deployment and circulation of representations of selfhood as political correctives to, and constraining boundaries upon, lived experience. The self is a politicised object but not a political agent.

The trap of identity populism is sprung wherever the self is persuaded to police its natural tendency to exceed the images of its ideal ego, and is induced to deny the contra-

diction of what it is in order to add value to its representation. The tendency to value the categorical ideal over lived experience, draws identitarian tendencies into the orbit of neo-liberalism, the cold embrace of which is less a concession to popular struggle, and the long march of emancipation through the institutions, than the result of a basic cost/benefit calculation - the productive apparatus has discovered it is cheaper to recognise, and capitalise niche identity markets as a compensatory measure of inclusion, as a path of least resistance, than it is to increase wages - the proliferation of state recognised identities is a corollary to the suppression of workplace collective bargaining.

Even so, official recognition of a demarcated category-dependent community only transposes the vulnerability of its members into other registers. The social construct of identity inevitably draws its every instantiation into compromise, and complicity, with the forces it imagined its structure *naturally* repudiated - identities almost immediately begin transmitting enemy messages as their own so as to defend themselves against the claims of competing other identities (see the impact of the *race realists* and those who conceive themselves as *gender critical*).

Every individual is equally a mouthpiece for the work of language and is inevitably driven to become the veritable telltale heart, spectacularly drawing attention to its implication within that which its ideology demands it suppresses. The hysteric finds it incomprehensible that meaning must radically diverge from intention, but the inexorable work of the social relation will always exceed the subject's will to control the parameters of its own discourse; the hysteric will not countenance the proposal that he fatally operates against the cause to which he has so sincerely pledged allegiance - he is only appalled that other people are hypocrites.

Or rather, because hysteria intensifies as it approaches the threshold of self-knowledge, as it is inevitably drawn along the spiral path upon which it begins to suspect its own errors, the hysteric is both uncomprehending of the escape of meaningfulness but also all too knowing of the potential gains that are to be extracted from such divergences - hystericised politics becomes operational as its paratrepsis is deployed against the impossibility of securing its own position as morally irreproachable, and so externalises as gotchas, ambushes and exposés the *hypoc-*

*ris*y of others.

Social production and moral integrity cannot appear in the same space. If racism is a structure, then denunciation of hapless racists, as products of such systems, logically becomes not only redundant, and arbitrarily selective, but also erotically gratuitous - a sadistic perversion of the will to dominate. The end point of Privilege Theory is the erotic-compulsive intersubjective declaration, *you are a racist* as a climax in itself. The declaration, which is not even an allegation that might be answered, is met with a shrug, *if so, then what?* Yes, we are fallen, yes we are sinners - it is right to feel shame but there is nothing to be done to relieve it.

A lovable buffoon scrawls, *Dickens racist* on Broadstairs museum. It makes no difference. Everyone is *racist*, including the buffoon. History has fixed us in our place and there is no historical evidence that knowledge of a condition could reverse its momentum - there is much more evidence to the contrary. Things change but not according to will - consciousness and agency are a contradiction. For this reason, the ideology, *use your privilege to change*

the system, mistakes the function of demarcation within the labour market - a higher wage does not confer proportionally increased agency. Either human beings are socially conditioned, or they are morally autonomous. Either there is racism, or there are racists; individuals are either products of a process, or they are Robinson Crusoes. At the level of system-change, it is futile to denounce another as a racist - at best, what may be achieved, is to trace the implication of individuals within systems of dependency.

And for the same reason, if moral responsibility and not blindly abstracting social forces are constitutive of world-making, then the ideological proposition of a revolutionary minority acting impeccably in accord with its own access to objective truth, and against the abject complicities of others, would then run against the possibility of communism - or rather, by its own logic, if good people doing bad things for a good end was the decisive condition of the life-world, it would irrevocably cancel the project of communism altogether, at which point the emergence of *real democracy*, the bourgeoisie's project of education, law and exchange, would become the reformable objective basis for such a politics.

Which brings us face to face with the question of what it is that would really prevent a return to the infinite expansion of capital, and it is not a sequence of vaulting expropriations, it is not a matter of accelerating the forces of production beyond the fetter of value, it is not progressive, historical, realising, abolishing or sublative movement at all. The exit from Capital is incomprehensible and featureless, Ballard locates it as *the enormous space*, which we may also identify as a corollary of Tarkovsky's *zone* - there is no path but, as the song has it, we make the path by walking it - and the walking it, the subjective component, is an invariant, a pilgrimage. Communism is *going back* after all, a radical dispersive deceleration of the forces of production, and the willed adherence to an, albeit deliberately invented, therapeutic self-grounding tradition and mythos - it is a going back, but not in history, not to an earlier point of departure, but to that which has not yet appeared in history.

How strange and broken I must seem as I raise the Kierkegaardian whip, hesitating before a command I do not have the power to give. How strange to consider a course of action for all of which I am already the last surviving

fragment - what audacity! To go on, to stop, to return - there is nothing else, the recombination of elements *is* writing, and communism has no source, no energy, but its transfer from, and the metabolisation by, the writing of it. Communism is writing, as capital is images. K writes: to stand in quivering stillness beneath the whip is an act of will, tremors indicate the strain upon the body, and the necessary effort to maintain such stillness, is an expression of the absolute, a mustelid line, like an autonomous sinew, like that sacred shape of emptiness which may be sculpted between *things*, like an angelically inscribed and invisible graffiti that is evidence of the reauthoring of the world, but also the left handed profanities of those, such as Alireza Japalaghy, who have become the writing.

Works of art are received and valued on different planes. Two polar types stand out; with one, the accent is on the cult value; with the other, on the exhibition value of the work. Artistic production begins with ceremonial objects destined to serve in a cult. One may assume that what mattered was

their existence, not their being on view. The elk portrayed by the man of the Stone Age on the walls of his cave was an instrument of magic. He did expose it to his fellow men, but in the main it was meant for the spirits. Today the cult value would seem to demand that the work of art remain hidden. Certain statues of gods are accessible only to the priest in the cella; certain Madonnas remain covered nearly all year round; certain sculptures on medieval cathedrals are invisible to the spectator on ground level. With the emancipation of the various art practices from ritual go increasing opportunities for the exhibition of their products



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