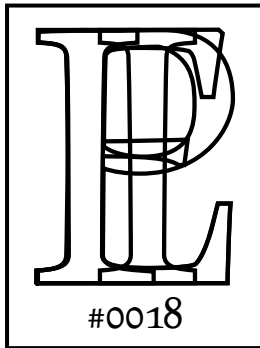


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**ART ISN'T THE MEANS OF
EMANCIPATION, BUT THE PRODUCT OF
AN EMANCIPATIVE STRUGGLE?**

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ART ISN'T THE MEANS OF EMANCIPATION, BUT THE PRODUCT OF AN EMANCIPATIVE STRUGGLE?

It's virtually impossible (despite every effort in the media to do so) to evade the awareness that we inhabit an era whose commodified politics is completely at odds both with the global consequences of its actions & with the alternative possibilities opened up by a counter-tradition of experimentation in art & technology. So called progress has come at the price of the renunciation of any mode of experimentation that doesn't immediately consolidate those socially-engineered forms of the Corporate-State Apparatus into which modernity has congealed.

Every expiation requires a sacrifice, but the first sacrifice must be of the dangerous superstitions themselves. Yet culture's like a scapegoat that only wants to die prettily.

It is a measure of its pathological condition, that a culture so impoverished is willing to believe the most flagrant lies about itself. In this we must conclude that "the society of the spectacle" is no less "the showtrial of society." Even its eruptions into protest assume the form of a self-impeachment. No sooner does it smash its imaginary idols than it hysterically rebuilds them – in an ever more elaborate & paradoxical ritual of self-abasement. Such are the funeral re-enactments of a dead politics whose spectre has never been laid to rest, cleverly caused to haunt the collective "guilty conscience."

What distinguishes the Corporate-State from those forms of totalitarianism that preceded it, is precisely this. For it's enough that a spectre be sufficiently believable to a culture desirous of belief, yet a culture that is itself of insufficient means to satisfy its desires. It's enough, in other words, for this spectre to subsist from hand-to-mouth. Not for eternity, nor even a thousand years. But from one moment to the next. One compromise to the next. One submission to the next. One distracted desperation to the next. All constellated into an infinite relay.

This frisson of precarious beliefs is the non plus ultra of an ideology that lays flowers on its own grave, while preparing of its mausoleum a veritable doomsday box. It is the highest form of a culture that perceives itself only in hologram. A fractured image reflecting itself in perpetuity. The holy cybernated corpse. The one true god of the Anthropocene.

The task of art is not to come to praise it in its house, but to bury it.