

## FOLDING THE BLACK FLAG

To Fold is to diminish, to package and reshape, to layer and reform, but also to abandon, give up, and jump ship.

We have been undertaking a series of such historical Folds and Bends, layering and doubling past and future events into a habitable world, the generate' questions reaching out from the so-called anthropocene towards a utopic nonphilosophy of objects, spaces, times and texts. To fold the idolatrous stand-in for a cultural center, the patriotic identity brand, the semiotic harbor of the impossible community, the anarchist moment, the dark nation, of blackness, of void.

The exposition we are presenting represents a collection of integral "carbon offsets" that work to disrupt an oppressive historical flow and revise data and fact. Each physical piece, as each performance acts as a weapon slicing and reforming the collective topography of domination and oppression that have been laid upon our realities. We employ a critical, almost mystical mathematics to gut, invert and displace fixed truth and fictions, and conformationally mutate the genetic shape of stories: Can the dadaists, for instance, be written onto the black panther party?

Illustrating a "pessimism of the intellect, optimism of the will" the polycephalous group is launching a series of physical interventions in the vacuous and venom-filled Miami art fairs: if not to inject a bacchanalian passion, if not to protest, if not demand accountability, or cry shame on the hoards of elite high-bourgeois "collectors" hoarding their opulence into untaxable calcifications of meaninglessness and privatized "culture," then at least to deride their own pathetic proximity to its stench, and tease and horrify the elite mass with a glimpse of free delight, to invite action, when suicide is not enough. Opera Becoming Fugue, Terrorist Becoming CEO, Death March Becoming Obscene Parade.

Our interventions and anti-celebrations effective throughout the fairs act as capstones, creases, and tears onto the folds we are suggesting in the temporal drift. Each physical item is also a crease, a move towards monistic plurality, a strata of polarized integration, melting opposite magnets together. Manifold forays into political aesthetics with varying degrees of 'authenticity' and realism highlight the acknowledgement of a politics beyond hope: what becomes of the radical when society has catapulted so far past the point of no return as to render any 'actual' political activity naive, moot and stillborn. A broken irony twisting itself pathetically inside out again and again.

The totems, inverted paintings, text combines and anti-objects that form the backbone of the exposition are relics drawn from the momentous climaxes of individual and social crises. As each body is the amalgamated reflection of its society and the contradictions inherent to it, our problems become its problems: Selling-/Out a political aesthetic as a deadly recuperated compromise, where all communication rests on translated isolation, the reiteration of shifting slogans, stiched and ripped into translucent combination, to be together is to sacrifice identity, incorporate into the cancer of a viral root: the body at war with itself against art, against meaning, against specificity, against understanding.