The alternate within alteration, a fugue at the very heart of the source: Ney Matogrosso, Arca, and a literal instant in difference

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Introduction: Hildegard von Bingen

It is, then, a matter of this: of seeing what happens when the artistic expressions of a particular discipline, in this case music, popular music, are taken up and used as an axis, as a central pretext, in order to refer to, to treat, fragmentarily, questions that belong to the order in which aesthetic discussion presents itself in a particular place and also in a particular time. What remains written in the margins should not be seen as an ahistorical expression.

The analysis of the artistic operation is a natural obstacle to explaining why this form of art, and not another, occurs at a given moment and in a given place. It is a conceptual labyrinth, filled with images of empty signifiers, without consequences and without possible redemptions. It is also a cradle in which other schemes, other particularities, take refuge and grow, particularities that are often abandoned, left aside, by the central dogma of Europeanizing art.

A critique of permanence and eternity from a specific instance of Latin American culture must consider that such denominations must be subjected to a radical resignification if they

are ever to possess any real capacity for agency. The virtues of an art produced by subjects born in Latin America cannot belong to an art naïve, or ignorant, of its aesthetic history, not its political history.

Among the things we can say about Latin American popular music of the last fifty years is that everything produced in these lands has too often been forced into two exhausted interpretations: either the factual organization of power, or crude obsessions with previous stages of cultural development. Poor culturalisms, precarious culturalisms, incomplete and antimodern culturalisms. The solution cannot be to eliminate every trace of operative possibility. One does not calm the fire by destroying fire itself. To do so is to yield, in the end, to the purest form of nihilism.

Here, then, a small though exoteric question immediately takes shape: Brazil, Venezuela, a risk of annihilation, a space outside morality, within the elitist but outside the popular?

The reasons for approaching the analysis of artists devoted to music must be sought in that part of ourselves that participates in the still heterodox musical system that, from a Latin American country, we are capable of exercising. Here it is not of interest to follow the example of Europe, nor the great schemes that clutter our texts. None of that can serve to bring forth a critical question for our Latin American becoming. Everything that existed in and beneath these cultural precepts sailed, and still sails, the same ocean, and temporality is irrelevant, though not always. And that benefits us.

An artist is the one who can. What an artist can do, under certain conditions, may become equivalent to what that same artist does not want to express as a warning to the one who observes them. The performative is that other facet of what art cannot be, of what precisely, and craftily, centers itself on the impossibility of aesthetic experience: a kind of mocking, sometimes coquettish, call to establish a new propaedeutics of what criticism may or may not become; in other words, a politics.

Latin America remains, to this day, an animal subjected to the most traditional taxidermy, and for that very reason it has not yet been placed in contrast with what, in its deepest aims, seeks to redefine and recondition it through its position within the mental schema of what

intellectual spheres wish to consider suitable, or at least viable. At times the level of precariousness reaches such a point that mere visibility is taken as sufficient.

What is difficult, what truly costs effort, is not to fall into the extraordinary, to remain outside, alien to the radical alterity into which everything that exists is made to become. It takes great effort to flatten oneself, or simplify oneself, to the point of becoming normal, to become something acceptable to a system that is, in the end, everything basic that something artificial and poorly justified can ever become.

There lies an internal contradiction in the discourse of the system: normal life is the least normal thing there is. Normality is the fruit of an imposition, of an order that is necessary so that things may be one way and not another. The entire symbolic structure of culture rests upon that premise. All the arts and all cultural expressions must dance to that precise music, or rather, to that way of reading what music is. There are no alternative mechanisms with a visa to unfold and provide alternate operational scenarios.

What matters would be to open the complex, to open the image and the filter, not to let everything confuse it, not to let everything flatten it, to accept the small noise, an apparition of the body, of flesh.

This is where Matogrosso matters, because he draws a line on the ground. He demarcates, in a particular and apparently planned manner, the platform upon which he rises, and he also gives it color. He does so a posteriori, in such a way as to seat the entire Latin American work on a chair. Matogrosso's merciless, brutal, androgynous cry, at once curiously well-tuned, places the entire Latin American artistic corpus in doubt. It leaves the observer in a position to question the extent to which those formal paradigms that have organized the cultural regime of this part of the world have not been systematically altered by a strange impulse, one we might even associate with a certain form of nihilism, with a culture of conformity to error and dissatisfaction.

The impulse toward rejection is strong; the context is infernal; life is a moment in danger, whichever side one may be on. Brazil in the seventies, in particular, is a bomb. There are matters that interest us and others that do not, and it is not honest to treat what does not

interest us merely in order to comply with the brief. The brief is capable of exhausting life, the work. The same thing happens with quotation. One may obey the demand to lean on what is already known, but that obedience can easily become a prosthesis, a crutch, a refusal to think from the wound itself.

Thus we remain trapped, at least, between two extremes: the one that leads us to the simplicity of mere repetition, mere compliance with external, institutional demand; and, on the other hand, the total acceptance of one's own conviction, of the idea that what one experiences is equivalent to what is certain, to what is true. We would have to attempt to place ourselves somewhere between those two extremes. In fact, we could consider this need as one possessing an inescapable, or at least unavoidable, character.

The idea that a telluric, ideological center between two apparently irreconcilable spaces must serve as a pretext, at least, to generate, or propose, another kind of dynamic, one purer, less political perhaps, or closer to the mystical account, true radicalism, much more useful to the production of the artist than the world of the academy, the world of the letter, which entirely lacks the capacity to structure anything, as an analogy of flesh, finds its reason for being in the terrible experience with death to which, on this side of the world, the game of power has led us: servitude as a permanent state.

If there is any use in generating such an obstacle, if anything can be said to contain the necessary imprint for restructuring the audiovisual canon, then the producer should make use of it and give way to the forces of labor and contingency. Between the theatrical, the sacred, the economic, and the political, what appears is not a simple opposition between the divine and the worldly, but a difference between regimes of intensity, between ways of organizing pathos, desire, and form.

If what is capable of bending our moral imperative is also sufficient to mobilize the forces of a liberated aesthetics, then we would have to say that we are open to such an operation. Yet we may remain firm in our exaltation of doubt, for experience is a fallacious counselor when what is desired is to submit the word or harmony to such formal calisthenics, when what is

desired is to erase the drawing and leave nothing but remnants of color and direction, mere brushstrokes tracing the infinite.

Whoever is capable of sheltering such hopes should have no qualms in warning, and of course accepting, that much of the art carried out in twentieth-century Latin America functioned as the precarious correlate of what, in the hegemonic powers, was instituted as desirable, good, and modern. The force of an institutionality wholly obsessed with a material-teleological force that eludes it can no longer be considered a cause for popular exaltation. Quite the opposite: it is nothing more than acceptance, the sad capitulation before an imposed scheme, where what appears to be our own is only the mask of another site, another place, another world, and, most importantly, another alterity.

Music and visual art become accomplices in such a systematic error, sustained over the long term, in the analogy of a politics obsessed with artists and of artists obsessed with the obsession of which they are the object. The fear of the text is equivalent to the fear of one's own biography, to the fear of generating one's own history of one's own past, an apparent improper substitute where forms cannot help but exceed themselves, exhaust themselves, extinguish themselves.

The liberation of material force in art has always threatened the stability of form. When color, sound, gesture, or body exceed the line that supposedly contains them, the question is no longer whether a new aesthetic event has occurred. The question is where that event leads, what it breaks, what it exposes, and what kind of world it makes thinkable.

Absolute terror, perhaps in the manner of the most perfect incarnation of masquerade, is then equivalent to one's own dissolution, to the simulation of a confrontation, to the maneuver of one who must escape but can no longer move. Their color, their very being, is now contained in the inert. They have become part of that it. They have moved into the regime of the dominated, of the one who has nothing left on their side but nominality, that is, who lives at the expense of the signifying benevolence of others, abandoned to pathos.

There is nothing new anymore, only gestures that pretend to be new: disciplinary gestures, political gestures, institutional gestures, even gestures borrowed from the most exhausted

archives of authority. Everything can serve to absolve the author from having to face the blackboard and the impossible equation between art and life, between everything that already exists and the choice of the new. In the end, what matters is to discern properly who can produce what. Everything has its place and its moment. Not falling into the obsession with disqualification constitutes significant progress in an ecosystem accustomed to leaving out and leaving forgotten, when in reality nothing should be forgotten.

It is there that we may consistently find certain values that we could consider properly territorialized in Arca. For if we think of a parallel to the Venezuelan artist, Grimes, for example, the Canadian constructs a space of transgression where deterritoriality is demarcated, or instituted, from the beginning through a game with what is no longer present in this world, but which seeps into music and, in the visual, constitutes itself as an alien paradigm: the metaphor of a disturbing yet traditional outside, transgressive yet wholly rational.

The moment spreads out; the calculating cipher falls to zero. That is what is implicit in a music that no longer has any interest in converting, in revolutionizing, people's lives. An existence within an already consolidated virtuality, a routine beyond biological sex, beyond flesh, beyond the particles of a nature that is already beginning to be surpassed, hyper-manipulable. A virtuality that, within the space that can be predicted, inserts the maneuverability of that which may suggest new corporealities, new ways of finding bodies and their relationships with the generation of communicational content.

All of these are expressions of a capitalism that, over the last five decades, has done nothing but accelerate, complexify, and totalize itself, though in silent ways, allowing market forces to condemn to the past an entire cohort of intellectuals who literally live with ideas and ideologemes from the first half of the twentieth century. What is now customary is to keep a record of changes. One no longer makes something and then dismantles it in order to consign it to oblivion. Today that would be considered a form of regression, an explicit sign of how the ordinary citizen now applies capitalist strategies of accumulation to themselves.

Part I: Miyamoto Musashi

Production, dissemination, and consumption no longer appear as separate processes. They now form a single aesthetic-communicative circuit, a non-coercive yet highly effective disciplinary formation. The world is configured through formats, through advertising, through creative industries, through the invisible discipline of circulation. What is produced is not merely an object, but a parcel of world already prepared for consumption.

In Matogrosso, especially in Flores Astrais, it becomes evident that every avant-garde first takes place in the ambiguity of a remote periphery, one which, by virtue of its conditions of possibility, lies outside imperial cultural dominion, and only afterward, in a completely belated and erroneous manner, receives recognition for what it always possessed: aesthetic truth.

A single fact: Matogrosso and Flores Astrais are contemporary with Bowie's Ziggy Stardust and Genesis's Selling England by the Pound. If that does not reveal the infinite depth of the problem stated and addressed in this text, nothing could.

What appears first, and most scandalously, as a warning, and then as a direct blow, an offering to the goddess of ignorance, is the brutal image that everything we may place within the Latin American can also be placed there without this having any moral or aesthetic transcendence. This, of course, entails a fatal contradiction, because if that were so, the entire weight of technique would fall upon the shoulders of those who do not participate in our history. We would be the result of pure externality, and in that way it is not possible to acquire real existence. In that way, art becomes mere conventionalism.

That this should be the character to which a discussion of this sort is exposed is neither remarkable nor special. Much of the reason why there is so much insistence that a concept such as the Latin American should circulate finds its foundation in the absolute lack of awareness regarding what literature can do. Music and literature move toward their respective labors along the same track. The fundamental difference lies only in something as banal as the speed of the operation in which they are caught.

The existential situation of the human being, inexorably exposed to a life of art and war, of violence and beauty, means that everything that falls outside fatum loses, to put it poorly, its sense, the transcendental character of which every being wants to be part. This is already hidden in layers of meaning in Matogrosso and Arca: not as doctrine, not as citation, but as pressure, as atmosphere, as the impossible demand that the work become equal to the violence of existence.

Music preserves itself through dark mechanisms, a protective system that, although anchored, or rather sustained, in a certain temporal distribution, is prepared from the beginning for an instance known to be inevitable, imminent: a shared destiny with all the phenomena of existence, a form of total horror.

Matogrosso could have been a warrior bat, but no. It happened that he was an artist of music. His expression was distilled through a cultural ecosystem that, as we know, was both more and considerably less than the sum of all the facets of a social order that should at least be described as precarious, voluptuous, and precarious.

A certain sacrifice of the exceptional and the reinterpretive detection of the final acts of writing: that is the dictum that precedes and grounds the works of the Latin American artists addressed here. A kind of apocalyptic ideal? Yes and no.

Part II: António Conselheiro

The sublime begins where preservation and exposure become indistinguishable. What the living being wishes to preserve is not merely biological continuity, but the intensity through which life becomes worthy of being endured. This is why art does not simply represent life. It presses life against its own threshold.

The paraphernalia perfectly designed to feed the morbid temptation of a local music no longer finds the space necessary to do so, since rhythm no longer belongs to it at all. It has lost its force. Everything that once gave it vigor is now in the hands of others, in sensors that belong to different realities and conditions of production, even to another materiality.

Digitalization is the dominant current, the principal agony for those who can still conceive themselves from within the artistic domain. Perpetuity, the face of change, scarcely fits into the available spaces. In this sense, Latin America is a perfect producer of creators, since the illusion of territoriality can still give rise to individuals.

Both the old world and the new world, and I do not consider Latin America to be the new world, are saturated with subjectivity and illness. Machinization is foreign to them, and their bodies, as well as their mental schemes, have become fragile. They are incapable of waging a true war, a complete cultural battle. They can only move through centrality and wait, with all imaginable anxiety, for the entire building not yet to fall.

The emotions once awakened by the spectrum of an overwhelming art now represent opportunities to create a new middle stage, a new center that reconciles technique with itself: a scholasticism of abject forms, a new idiosyncrasy for a posthuman world. In the end, this entire text concerns only this point: Latin America as a mental space where something different may still occur.

From the universities, we may interpret this while observing how a trance unfolds in tune with industry, with all industries. Culture becomes the main product, since through it the entire system can self-correct, separate itself, and structure its peripheral manifestations, thereby avoiding its own devastation.

From the territorial margins emerges a spirit too free to be boxed in, one that takes hold of the spinal column of a system already mature, infertile, and presents itself as a generator of symbols and a reproducer of behaviors that call its own origin into question. This is the central metaphor of the contemporary text: the radicality of our plastic maneuvers is inversely proportional to the dignity once granted only to political praxis.

Now that every poetics dissolves into silicon, all that remains for us is to await takeoff and discern the behaviors that prove normalizing or hegemonic. The true present face of capitalism manifests itself in the commercial exploitation of its apparent contradictions, divergences, and alterities. Every sensation of freedom is nothing more than the machinic expression of that which cannot be born.

Completely frayed at the nerves, hyper-aestheticized supermen who no longer know anything of politics, art, or anything else. They know only experience, or the text read uncritically. The meaning and functions of a truly ethereal and specifically abject music do not in themselves represent the values of a generation poorly connected to the vertigo implicit in a politics pre-established from the outside: first the colonial order, then the oligarchic order, and later a mixture of oligarchic order and geopolitics with thick borders. We do not know what to do with our freedom, because it was not the fruit of a victorious struggle for it, but rather the product of mere abandonment, a truth revealed by order of memory.

Perhaps what is at stake is the entire duty of knowledge concerning the pleasure present in destruction and in the memory of death, within an imaginary that has an almost sporting relationship with its own existence, more similar to the interaction of an already extinct community with itself than to a tragic god resisting its own inversion.

Thus, the space that emerges allows for a vindication of the body that is both different from and similar to other forms of aesthetic self-sacralization. But here the body does not need to become doctrine. It does not need to write its creed. It appears, shows itself, screams, sings, exposes the flesh and makes itself heard.

The logical structures of what belongs to the divine and what renounces total thought: a divergent epistemological framework for confronting a new way of understanding what Latin American contemporary art may be. It is a moment of silence, inevitable, because it lies, so to speak, outside what is expected from a cultural productive schema committed to regional development.

What thus becomes part of it are the linear, classical art, performance from the second half of the twentieth century, and the tormented form in which Latin American hypotheses ultimately, and guiltily, became. Everything comes as a bundle.

We may provide both the pre-conceptual framework and the mental drawings necessary for translation to be taken to its limit, between what music can say and what the song can preserve. The image of the functioning of a world at least formally new seems to have little

to do with the result that, as we can observe, has been assigned to it, a result closer to a curse than to a realizable task.

The poetic multitude appears irrelevant and, paradoxically, essential. The machinic and the plural become perverse synonyms, an instrumental and at the same time paranoid facet of a particular and epigonic search for lost time.

In Arca, the beginning of every question concerning the aesthetic dismantling of which both her visual and sonic impression form part is constituted by the tendency, present in criticism, to want to evaluate its object only by contrasting it with expressions considered similar. This entails a certain blurring, both of disciplinary boundaries and of the emergence of conceptual value or disvalue that one might wish to account for.

This does not mean that the work of the Venezuelan artist is inscribed within a register especially difficult to apprehend by a Latin American cultural or artistic criticism supposedly atrophied by particular conceptions of what such art is or can be. Rather, every disvalue seems to find its foundation, at least insofar as content and structuring aspects of expressionality are concerned, in the agency emanating from the intellectual becoming of generations upon generations of members of the Latin American humanist academy: a certain particular taste, or, to put it more precisely, a certain tendency to observe what may be through gazes more proper to an instrumental fetishization, heir to colonial-imperial domination, than to a desire for aesthetic independence as such.

Part III: Oggun

Nothing human escapes the near future. The old political imagination still dreams of sovereign self-sufficiency, of stable identity, of bodies enclosed within their proper limits, of intelligence domesticated before it can become alien. But every system that tries to secure the human also prepares the scene of its own breach. What arrives from the future does not arrive as a neutral tool. It arrives as capture, revolt, property, seduction, war, and cunning.

Is there, then, anything we can call properly Latin American? The answer would have to be: no. Any acceptance that Latin America possesses particular characteristics would imply

accepting that the definition is being given only in formal terms and not through a framework in which some internal or structural aspect predominates.

For us, the Latin American will therefore be what is produced by Latin Americans. If that leads to paradoxes, those paradoxes are inevitable when what is at stake is the assignment of merely nominal categories to phenomena which, even without belonging to the most complex class of things, contain enough facets and edges to leave any crude or simplistic attempt at delimitation offside.

Can an art already tamed by the violence of a foreign culture escape its silk cage? The answer will belong to the register of what, from within time, has opportunities to move and remain. It is a matter of a hidden logic lying in full view: a capillarity that, lacking the necessary filter to make use of its own materials, ends up exposed to capacities foreign to its own interests. The result is that what initially came to constitute itself as a work proper to its time in fact ends up becoming the object of censorship, or at least of the desire to ignore, on the part of those who may in some way be affected by the symbiotic power that the work brings with it.

Thus the natural path that the work of culture had come to announce is altered. For those who know only history, any writing that escapes that formal disciplinary structure is a sign of danger and concealment, an inflammation of concepts and an aberration of what must enter the cosmogony of identities. Art in the hands of historians is often in danger.

My training as an art historian ended up being completely determined by everything that, in its effort to hide or ignore, it ended up emphasizing. What Arca proposes is to face a context in which the absence of formal limits threatens to annul the very possibility that something, anything, might spring from a thought that subtly outlines itself as dissatisfied.

The greatest aberration does not reside at the center of the political maneuver, whether on one side or the other. True abjection lies in sticking one's nose outside the Christian macro-frame. It is easy to be an extremist when that extremism, even in its bloodiest or most iconoclastic forms, has not even hinted at leaving the basic structure of the Abrahamic prism. Marxism itself, in this sense, can be read as another teleological machine, another

salvational grammar, another promise of final reconciliation. If so many of its monstrosities have been forgiven, the reason lies here.

Arca is only a new way in which these mirages renew the world, but they do not go out into the hell that would be required to truly think outside. There is no interest greater than the one expressed in concrete acts, whether in thought or in sacrifice, operation, denial, of the work or the body.

From where, then, can we grasp what such an exercise in literality seeks to express? Without doubt, the very idea of expression in a context such as this becomes suspicious, or frankly undesirable. It is a display of that which does not even seem to deserve, to be worthy of, the slightest opportunity to unfold. It immediately presents itself to consciousness under the Luciferian figuration of non serviam: the undesirable in its pure state.

Because, let us be clear, this is not only about machines and how they are becoming interwoven with the human. That is only the first image, the obvious one, the unreflective one. What lies at the bottom is a source, from which we still do not know what may emanate.

Part IV: Pazuzu

If human creation is not merely uncertain but ontologically indeterminate, it is because existence itself is not closed. The human being creates from a structure that exceeds itself. Every work worthy of the name is therefore not a product added to the world, but a rupture in the world's self-description.

Form, content, and the absolute mark of origin: all of this shapes the initial concept governed by the machinic idea, which must, or seems to want to, be surpassed. Outside every occasionality of musical discourse, the very violence embodied in an image whose material charge seems infinite possesses all the qualities that make it a participant in an order we might call sensorio-cultural. In the manner of a metaphysics of action, it consecrates its place in the collective and shows that, once again, another form of doing becomes inexcusable.

The sensation of identity is, in this sense, only a question of possible access to what derives from the previous formulaic exceptionality that devices are capable of preserving and rendering functional. A good part of all imagination, or of what is wrongly called artistic creativity, finds at least its technical foundation in this matter.

It would therefore be necessary to clarify from the outset that what Arca signals as an intentional confusion with the machinic realm does not aim so much to display a certain disruptiveness within alterity in order to expand those horizons socially. Rather, it seeks to demonstrate that this is a question whose being lies in a temporality to which we can no longer gain access, and that the reason we are no longer capable of doing so has a direct relationship with our disciplinary way of approaching, or clinging to, discourses.

We can already see how the idea is directly exposed: what is capable of generating sympathies or convictions in one direction may generate not only unease and phobia in the other direction, but may also become the source of sufficient criteria to deny every possibility of art. What is at stake here is a corporeality that is wholly sacralized, dematerialized, metallic, atemporal and at the same time absolutely mineral.

The one who speaks, then, is a site in space, a metaphor of being that claims to express itself through sounds traveling at full speed, in accordance with the pre-cultural margins of the formal absence of an almost posthuman ideal. There is no need to explore the deepest depths in order to observe, on the most superficial surface, the sensory practice that expresses itself ethereally in both artists.

Some are shadows marked by a time in which utopia was in the street, while others belong to a time in which utopias are already incorporated into an imaginary where everything that exists does nothing but cohabit perpetually. There is, at this point, an important difference between Matogrosso and Arca. In the former, we find a vision of a classical past, in all its voluptuousness and violence, but where what continues to persist is the eminently tragic character of vital experience. In Arca, by contrast, tragedy no longer exists. It has given way to an unlimited present, where every boundary has no meaning other than the double operation of sacralization and overcoming.

The evident influence that Arca's time at the Tisch School of the Arts at New York University surely had on this kind of performativity must be noted. In the work of the Venezuelan artist, the lack of formal anchors reaches a degree far superior to that of Latin American peers who have not had that kind of elite immersion. This is not to say that passing through a school where the world's artistic elite studies is an element without which considerable degrees of innovation and real disruptiveness cannot be achieved. But it is evident that the combination of what Arca brought with her and what she was surely able to obtain at Tisch resulted in a product that could hardly have been staged in any other way.

Latin American art schools have generally remained somewhat anchored to the avant-garde ideas of the sixties and seventies. The moment in which they find themselves is more comprehensible as an attempt to constitute a narrative that renders coherent everything that occurred aesthetically during those decades. I do not wish, nor could I, since biography rules, to participate in this text in a profound critique of what this implies. But I do wish to say that this particular operation has resulted in the Latin American scene of contemporary art finding itself, in strictly performative terms, at a considerable disadvantage, generally lacking audacious perspectives in keeping with a time in which the world is looking at and thinking about other matters.

The new generations are doing what they can to change this state of affairs, but it is difficult, because in Latin America the artistic-cultural world remains too anchored to an academic world that, in general terms, simply does not understand it.

Epilogue: Joseph's scepter

The inhuman is not the negation of the human, but the pressure that forces humanity to stop confusing itself with its inherited image. It is not the destruction of the human, but the demand that the human cease to be protected by its own myth. What escapes us may be precisely what obliges us to become more than the exhausted form we have mistaken for destiny.

The suspicion of intellectuals, of priests, is thus installed: what kind of maneuver can harbor this type of experience? How can an encounter with intensity be forged without that very intensity being overshadowed by the prejudices of the artists themselves?

There is no doubt that everything that has been managed in order to exit the current state of things has become trapped in a struggle among cosmopolitan elites. Although they have, to a certain extent, revealed themselves, they have not managed to attain other forms of consolidating what has been obtained over the last hundred years of avant-garde art.

It is a matter of the health, or the very salubrity, of those who contest the official narrative and who, through their organization, wish once again to capture the formation of schools for the century now unfolding. There is no room for aesthetic censorship or for material disruption in a system whose only desire is to reaffirm the political order.

If Latin America wants something different, it must forget partisan politics and embrace the technocapitalist operation, carrying it to its ultimate aesthetic consequences. And if consolidating oneself within a conceptual framework that includes the word capitalist as part of its denomination proves intolerable, one may simply abandon that segment, the allusion to capitalism, and leave the matter as a simple unconditional embrace of technology.

Politics to the politicians and art to the artists: a fierce return of the autonomy of art. Under no pretext can one accept a kind of fatum that turns the cultural producers of this side of the world into the object, the target, of an eternal return to folkloric-political substance, to the singularity of the regional, to the weight of the night.

What kind of substance can a work of art become? Can popular, mass music even be considered a work of art? Where does the limit come from, and where does the register of what can and cannot be museified begin?

Contingency is what prevails in a context of fifty years, and what these manifestations seek to bring onto the scene is not the same here as in the great centers of power. It is not simply

a matter of a strategic gaze that delimits and produces what the content of works can be or can change.

There is no context relevant to such a scene of refractions of a literature at once common and peripheral, because the manner of fabricating an altered time, bodies that can no longer not exploit themselves, that no longer know how to want without being able, is already beyond the conjuring claws of the past.

The absence of lament in our scenes cannot provide a clear image of the fragmentation that has occurred. But what is clear is that despite all this diversity, what does not appear is a truthful discourse on the aesthetic plane, one that would nail to the door of the cathedral of cultural institutionality a handful of truths making clear the critical gaze that new artists seek to express. At least it should be possible on that level, as a kind of minimum: the rationalization of formal factors. Confusion is a preponderant factor in aesthetic education, and one should never overlook the tendency of the masses toward the pedestrian. Announcing the good news will not, by itself, administer the good news.