*Prick up your Ears* finds origins in the posthumous rehashing of a murder/suicide, and the cotton fiber tableau of an orgiastic subculture, both in commodity-form: “I’ve discovered that I look better in cheap clothes…” the t-shirt, inscribed with Ortontinged memoriam continues, “I’m from the gutter and don’t you ever forget it because I won’t.” The T-Shirt Speaks. And what started as a parody of consumption became the *real thing*, affixed to institution, the motto had emerged “art for art’s sake;” an index of autonomy built on displays of wealth and communion in commerce: this was the ontology of fake. So what do we ask in renewing this parody? A *somatechnic*, “a body of work,” a metricalized mimesis as these artworks secrete the new business style, the transnational yuppie, *no success without excess*…But this is serious too, as Doc Fanon said: “the prognosis is in the hands of those who are willing to get rid of the worm-eaten roots of the structure.”*

Is it radical to assume we *are* the ones, who rally in disgust…contest derision and deprivation? Perhaps this is the beginning of *prognosis*. This time it won’t be about refusal, but eliding the forces of consumption and commodification with *fullness*; with glee in desire and fucking joy in utopian cruising: this is about play—play imbricated in production… Really, what does art do behind the sphere of exchange? This is capital’s *hidden abode*…the new *loot*, “the forward-dawning significance of the gesture”** but not for futurity; this is radical hope—hope in *now ness* stitched in dolls and gowns and garment labels, corporate models hoping for snow crash.

Text by Esra Padgett

*Fanon, Frantz. *Black Skin, White Masks*.
**Muñoz, José Esteban. *Cruising Utopia: The Then and There of Queer Futurity*.

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