



Dadais Americanus, *Lick Your Morals Away*, 2026, blotter art, 7.5" x 7.5"

*REFRAMING by Dadais Americanus*

# THE INITIATION

Imagine a sky.

Now imagine a constellation.

Now imagine that constellation as an economy. Not abstract, but lived. An emotional economy, with the artworker at its center, not as symbol but as engine, the primary generator of value and its most entangled subject, bound in a long and uneasy relation with capital, a structure neither fully chosen nor easily escaped...

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"And what do you do with five-hundred millions of stars?"

"Five-hundred-and-one million, six-hundred-twenty-two thousand, seven-hundred-thirty-one.

I am concerned with matters of consequence: I am accurate."

"And what do you do with these stars?"

"Nothing. I own them."

"You own the stars?"

"Yes."

"Kings do not own, they reign over. It is a very different matter. And what good does it do you to own the stars?"

"It does me the good of making me rich. It makes it possible for me to buy more stars, if any are discovered."

"This man," the little prince said to himself, "reasons a little like my poor tippler..."

"How is it possible for one to own the stars?"

"To whom do they belong?" the businessman retorted, peevishly.

"I don't know. To nobody."

"Then they belong to me, because I was the first person to think of it." / "I administer them," replied the businessman. "I count them and recount them. It is difficult. But I am a man who is naturally interested in matters of consequence."

"If I owned a silk scarf, I could put it around my neck and take it away with me. If I owned a flower, I could pluck that flower and take it away with me. But you cannot pluck the stars from heaven..."

"No. But I can put them in the bank. I write the number of my stars on a little paper. And then I put this paper in a drawer and lock it with a key."

"It is entertaining. It is rather poetic. But it is of no great consequence."

On matters of consequence, the little prince had ideas which were very different from those of the grown-ups.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> From *The Little Prince* by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, Chapter XIII

For as long as artists have made work, they have done so inside structures that were never meant for them: structures that learned, over time, to speak the language of individual producers, market competitors, and independent contractors, as though the making of art were a transaction between a seller and a void, as though its profoundly interconnected, irreducibly multi-dimensional nature were a minor administrative inconvenience rather than the whole point.

This model is not a true description of our reality. It is, in Baudrillard's<sup>2</sup> precise sense, a simulacrum:  
a copy

of a copy

of a copy, with no original in sight.

A map that replaced the territory so long ago that no one remembers the ground beneath it.

The economic frameworks that claim to support cultural labor do not reflect it anymore; they simulate it, producing in its place a legible surface, a set of forms to fill, a language in which the life of making can be translated into something the market can process and the institution can file away. What remains after the translation, Derrida reminds us, is not presence but trace -- the sign of something the system required to be other than what it was. The ghost of a practice. The outline of a life, emptied and redrawn.

For decades, artists, cultural workers, and writers have named this gap between the lived reality of cultural labor and the frameworks that claim, with straight faces, to support it. They have written the essays, convened the panels, filed the comments, organized the collectives, and watched the gap remain: patient and indifferent, exactly where they left it.

**The waiting is over. Dadais Americanus is here.**

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<sup>2</sup> Jean Baudrillard's [Simulacra and Simulation](#) (1981)

The crisis of value in contemporary art is not simply economic; it is epistemic. We no longer hold space for imagination. For the weird. For the profane. For the strange. We no longer share a common language for what counts as value in art, how it comes into being, or how it circulates. Imagination is not excess but a form of labor. To look at the stars and laugh, as in *The Little Prince*, is not an escape from reality but a reorientation toward it. The worlds we are capable of imagining are not rewards deferred until after the work is done. They are the work. They are what is left to give to one another when extraction has taken a toll on all of us.

We are living through a collapse that, from a certain vantage point, passes as progress. A world consuming itself through its own appetite for accumulation, consecrating the material as if sufficient quantity might finally overcome death. The old apparatus persists, loud enough to be mistaken for the whole story with its auction records, institutional blessings, and the speculative fever of 'the one,' passing between the same fifty hands across the same cosmopolitan cities. But beneath that surface, another formation has been taking shape. A quieter market, distributed and diffuse, composed of networks of making, informal economies of care, shared knowledge held in common, and forms of cultural organizing that do not wait for permission.

Artists, as ever, persist. They adapt, endure, continue to produce under conditions that would extinguish less resilient systems. But beneath this persistence lies another question. Who sustains the ground on which this endurance is possible? Who is in this case the shadow labor? And beyond that, who is then the shadow of this shadow?

The shadow of the shadow labor in this case are those who write the grants, curate the shows, translate the books, maintain the collections. Those named as support or service networks because the language available to us cannot fully account for the scope of what they truly do. Their work is not supplemental, we disagree. Nor is it a shadow cast at the margins. The labor of those artworkers is structural. It forms the ground upon which everything else stands. And yet, it is continually absorbed, depleted, and made invisible by the very economy it sustains and, year after year, is asked to legitimize itself, while all along fully aware of its imminent extinction.

Transhumanism and artificial intelligence do not mark a rupture so much as a symptom. They register the hallucination of a civilization unable to reconcile itself with its own finitude, turning instead toward replication, toward outsourcing the very condition of being. What is produced is not continuity, but its likeness: the simulation of life mistaken for its extension, the repetition of the self mistaken for its survival.

**"The era of simulation is inaugurated by a liquidation of all referentials".<sup>3</sup>**

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<sup>3</sup> Baudrillard, *Simulacra and Simulation*, 2.

## THE PRESENCE



*This stone found in Bulgaria is thought to date somewhere between the Late Neolithic and the Early Iron Age.*

In the Rhodope Mountains of southern Bulgaria, near the village of Skobelevo, a stone lies in the forest. It measures roughly two by three meters and is oriented along an east to west axis. Across its surface runs a natural marble vein that researchers believe was read, by whoever carved it, as *The Milky Way*. Set into its mica rich body are fifty six carefully carved conical holes of varying sizes, marking stars of different magnitudes. When the light shifts, they shimmer. The surface catches the sun in a way that recalls the night sky itself.

The stone is thought to date somewhere between the Late Neolithic and the Early Iron Age. Researchers have identified within its constellations we would now call *Ursa Major*, *Leo*, *Cassiopeia*, *Cygnus*, *Lyra*, and the *Pleiades*. It may be one of the oldest known attempts to inscribe the sky in stone. It remains where it was found, largely unprotected, holding its position in the forest.

This is the territory this manifesto writes from. Not the neutralized sky of the Western astronomical tradition, with its Greek heroes, its Roman renamings, and its long history of institutional consecration. We write instead from a place where someone once stood on a Thracian mountainside, looked upward, and decided to carve that vision into matter, into a stone in a forest.

We forget how many skies have been lost. The constellations we inherit are not the only ones that were ever drawn. In Bulgarian folk astronomy, the *Pleiades* were called *Kokoshkata (The Hen)*, a mother gathered with her young. *The Milky Way* was *Kumova Slama*, the godparent's straw, a trail marked by theft and curse, a galaxy that carried with it a story about obligation and relation. One widespread belief held that the stars emerged when the young Christ shaped small spheres from clay and scattered them across the sky. Further back still, the proto-Bulgarians carried across the Eurasian steppe a god whose name in Siberian Altaic meant simply God. *Tangra* was a deity of sky, light, and sun. His symbol was IYI: two arms opened toward

the sky, toward the source of what sustains life, with vertical lines marking the continuous flow between heaven and earth. In this cosmology, there was no rigid division between realms. By entering into balance with the cosmos, the human did not remain a subject of creation but became, in some sense, continuous with the divine.

IYI is not a map. It is a posture. Arms raised, face open, the body aligned as a point of reception rather than a claim of ownership.

In *The Little Prince*, the businessman inscribes the stars he claims to own onto a slip of paper, folds it, and locks it away. He names this act administration, as if notation could confer possession, as if enclosure were equivalent to relation. Elsewhere, under a different sky, the proto-Bulgarian looks upward and reads something entirely different. Those folks saw a field of movement rather than a field of assets as they did not know the meaning of ownership when they looked up at the skies, but they knew the feeling of relation and the gesture of connection. They knew that the stars do not belong to anyone because they mark the passage of energy between worlds, something that cannot be held without being diminished, something that moves through rather than accumulates.

We write from within that second orientation because it offers what dominant cartographies cannot - a sky that was never our property and a cosmos that does not ask to be enclosed, but to be met with openness. To read the night, in this sense, was never a singular act. It was navigation and agriculture, ritual and memory, a shared grammar of meaning that did not require partition into disciplines or enclosure within institutions. The voice of this manifesto rises from that ground, from the Rhodope stone in Bulgaria, from *The Hen* constellation and her clustered young, from a way of seeing in which the sky remains irreducible to ownership and the act of looking is already a form of relation.

## THE CONSTELLATIONS

Constellations are not given. They are drawn. Each time the lines fall differently. Each time we gather beneath the same sky, a new pattern emerges, a new story traced in the same ancient light.

A constellation does not begin with a single star, but with the gesture that reaches between them, the decision to connect what was once only distance. The first gesture here is the writer's voice. It arrives as both performance and rupture, a refusal to outsource interpretation, to relinquish meaning to the machinery that captures and contains it. Its coordinates are not celestial but terrestrial, embedded in the structures we move through daily.

What we read, then, are not stars but systems. Shadows that obscure. Contracts that bind. Rituals that consecrate. Markets that consume. What presents itself as natural, the rhythms of supply and demand, the metrics that claim to measure worth, begin to reveal another logic beneath. A repetition. A choreography of domination, mirrored across domains that insist on their neutrality. Carl Jung<sup>4</sup> recognized a version of

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<sup>4</sup> Carl Jung, *The Collected Works of C. G. Jung*, Vol. 7: *Two Essays on Analytical Psychology*, ed. Herbert Read, Michael Fordham, and Gerhard Adler, trans. R. F. C. Hull (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1966), 135.

this pattern in the recurring dynamic between empath and narcissist, an economy of offering and extraction, of recognition extended and withdrawn, sustained through continuous accommodation.

Look more closely at the stars, and to be more exact, what gathers around each point of light. The NDA. The invoice. The trademark. The wall label. The documentation. The press release. The CV. And education, the earliest and most intimate form of capture, arriving before one even knows to question it.

These are the instruments of belonging.

Each orbiting instrument of capture is promising protection, legitimacy, and belonging, as the necessary architecture of a professional life. And yet, in their accumulation, they begin to do something else. They map the conditions under which value becomes legible, translating practice into form, relation into record, becoming into proof. The constellation tightens. The lines hold.

And now we are looking at the capture machines.

Each one, a fragment of reflected light, translating desire into value, relation into property, labor into spectacle. These machines of capture are hollow and provide no solace or fullness in the heart. The invoice records the transaction but not the path that made it possible. The CV records only those moments that are legible in our practice but not the wild voice inside. And slowly, almost imperceptibly, a life becomes documented into coherence, mapped as legitimacy, as validation, as proof of existence within systems that recognize only what can be measured, named, and exchanged. What falls away in this process is the long, uneven labor of becoming, that brought us here, to each other and this new sky, and the duration of this magic that cannot be formatted, the relation that cannot be summarized.

The wall label names the work and, in naming it, severs it from the body that made it, installing it within the institution as if it arrived complete, detached from time, from effort, from the accumulation of uncertainty, exhaustion, precarity, and persistence that constitutes a life in the arts. This is the capture in its most refined form. It does not rely on force as it is persuasive as fuck. It offers a language for desire, a sequence of incremental steps, credentials to pursue, forms to complete. It presents itself as orientation, as a path forward that feels both necessary and self-directed. It produces the sensation of agency while quietly delimiting its range. And if that path is followed, something begins to shift. Practice consolidates into a portfolio. The portfolio hardens into a brand, a container, a surface through which the work is circulated and recognized. The relationships that once sustained the practice, the shared labor, the mutual dependencies, are gradually translated into assets, into affective residue, into forms of gratitude that can be absorbed and recirculated.

What the system did not generate, it nonetheless captures. What it cannot sustain, it continues to consume.

## ***REFRAME: See What They Don't Want You To***

Patterns only begin to register at a distance. It is in that widening of perspective that clarity emerges, and what once passed as natural, cyclical, and inevitable begins to disclose itself as something else: repetition, structured, maintained, and continuously rehearsed.

Domination does not persist because it is newly imposed each time. It persists because it is practiced. Reiterated across domains that appear separate yet move in quiet alignment, across psychology, economy, law, and the narratives through which they are made intelligible. The choreography remains consistent even as the stages change.

The binary belongs to this order. It is not a law but a habit, an inheritance repeated with such regularity that it acquires the weight of necessity. It endures because it is useful, because it organizes perception, because it remains profitable for those who sustain it. What appears as structure is, more often, a story stabilized through repetition, naturalized through use, and mistaken, over time, for the ground itself.

New futures do not arrive without a return, not as nostalgia, but as excavation. A turning back to what was declared fixed in order to reveal its construction. To loosen it. To invert it. To work within its fractures until other possibilities, long present but obscured, begin to surface.

Imagine two axes crossing the sky.

One of libidinal labor, the other of ownership.

Not abstractions, but fault lines running through every exchange of feeling and form. Where they intersect, tension accumulates. What is given freely is not always taken by force. It is often offered into a system already prepared to receive it.

The sky exceeds every line drawn across it. The stars precede the stories that name them, and they will remain after those stories dissolve. In that interval, between what is given and what is made, something begins to take shape.

A gesture.

The slow adjustment of sight to darkness.

A reaching that does not yet know what it means, but becomes, in its very movement, the condition through which meaning can emerge. The third space names this elsewhere. Not a utopia, not a perfected horizon, but a field of possibility. It opens when we cease performing within the given stage and begin to alter the stage itself, when the act of making becomes the argument.

When transgression becomes the bond, inversion hardens into doctrine. What begins as rupture is ritualized into structure, repeated until it no longer appears as a break but as a foundation.

## THE INVERSION

The currencies shift across time, silk, bodies, gold, weapons, drugs, data, but the underlying grammar remains intact. Something is designated as the store of value. The designation arrives cloaked in inevitability, as if it had always been there, waiting to be recognized. Yet this appearance of nature conceals an act of decision. And that decision concentrates power in the hands of those who make it, who then leverage that power to authorize the next designation, and the next, each one presenting itself not as choice but as necessity. The sequence confirms itself through repetition until its constructedness disappears from view.

Only the surface changes. The costumes, the materials, the language of exchange. Beneath it, the same structure persists, a constellation of capture, inscribing its lines across the same dark sky, century after century.

The power elite, in this sense, is not free. That is the condition it cannot afford to reveal. It is bound by the scale of what it has taken, and by the impossibility of justifying that accumulation within any framework that recognizes others as fully real. A system grounded in love, in judgment, in redistribution cannot be available to it; those terms have already been encountered and found impossible to meet.

What follows is not exile from grace, but a slow and deliberate transformation, a making of themselves into something that can no longer receive it. If one cannot worship what forgives, one turns toward what requires no forgiveness. The devil, in this sense, is not merely a figure of evil but a figure of release from accountability, the first to refuse, the one who looked at the order of things and said: *I will not serve*. For those whose power rests on extraction, this is not a warning but a reflection. Not an adversary, but a likeness. A patron. War, after all, has always required both Heaven and Hell.

The secret society is less anomaly than method. It is the mechanism through which elites coordinate—a structure at once elegant and concealed, operating beyond the rules while maintaining the appearance of authoring them. Within such formations, transgression is not incidental. It is foundational. It functions as ritual, as shared exposure, as the condition that makes trust possible among those for whom ordinary trust is unavailable. Where mutual belief cannot bind, mutual implication does. What holds the structure together is not virtue, but what has been done and cannot be undone.

From this, a further logic unfolds: inversion cannot remain private. It must be built into the architecture of the world. It takes the form of a symbolic order in which the devil is not merely opposed to God but rendered structurally prior—more immediate, more operative, more present in the actual workings of reality. The material is elevated until it hardens into metaphysics. Money ceases to be a medium and becomes a sign of election. Technology promises transcendence without reckoning. Science is bent away from the service of life and toward escape, toward a departure from mortality, from ethics, from the weight of other people's suffering.

Heaven, in this configuration, does not disappear. It cannot. It persists wherever it is carried, wherever it is remade in gesture, in relation. But it can be thinned, diluted, rendered inert. Spirituality becomes wellness. Compassion becomes brand. Religion becomes spectacle and division. The commons dissolves into

content. What cannot be eliminated is absorbed, repackaged, and returned in forms that no longer threaten anything.

And so the worship of accumulation expands, even as it continues to present itself as freedom.

## **THE CHORUS: Duality Is Overrated**

Connection before naming.

Relation before interpretation.

The constellation is never complete.

Capital has always relied on the binary. God and Devil. Heaven and Hell. High art and the invisible labor that makes it possible to name anything as culture at all. The sacred and the profane are held apart, not because they are true opposites, but because the distance between them is where value is generated and circulated. The art world depends on that distance. It requires both poles to sustain the current. It needs the argument to persist.

*REFRAMING* exposes the fault line between individual creative impulse and the normative pressures of hypercapitalist cultural production. It does not resolve that tension but it opens it. From within that aperture, the heterotopic space emerges as the third place, embedded within the dominant order yet operating otherwise, a terrain for experimentation, redistribution, and structural recalibration. What appears, from within the system, as a contradiction is not contradiction at all. The divisions between inside and outside, rational and mystical, economic and artistic, sacred and profane are reiterations of market logic at another scale, reproducing the same structuring principles under different names.

**As above, so below.**

Dadais Americanus refuses this axiom not only in theory, but in practice. The claim that the celestial mirrors the terrestrial and that patterns replicate cleanly across scales presents itself as coherence, yet operates as a subtle form of capture. It reassures by collapsing difference, by suggesting that everything already corresponds, already aligns. But it is precisely this promise of correspondence that forecloses other ways of seeing, other ways of organizing relation.

Our heterotopias do not attempt to mend the split. They do not move toward reconciliation or closure. The binary, in this sense, is not abolished. It persists. But its authority loosens. It remains perceptible without remaining directive, visible without dictating movement or structuring thought.

Within these emergent constellations, value does not precede the site, nor is it imposed from elsewhere. It takes shape relationally, through encounter, through use, through the specific conditions of being-together. As these relations accumulate, distinctions that once appeared stable begin to soften and shift. Site and work, object and idea, duration and context: each begins to fold into the other, their boundaries losing rigidity, becoming mobile, contingent. A gallery, a digital platform, a production agency, an artist cooperative any one of these can operate simultaneously as a channel of financial circulation, a stage for symbolic exchange, and a space of experimentation. These functions do not negate one another. They coexist, overlap, and intensify in proximity, generating conditions that exceed the capacity of any single form to contain them.

Here, Sextus Empiricus<sup>5</sup> becomes newly relevant. His Pyrrhonist ethics begin from a premise that quietly destabilizes entire systems: nothing is intrinsically good or bad. Value does not reside in things themselves but arises relationally, contingent on context, perception, and use. This position unsettles not only the Stoic pursuit of a universal art of living, but the entire architecture of consecration on which the art market depends. More radically, he redefines *epoche*, the suspension of judgment, as an active discipline. Not passive doubt, but a cultivated capacity to hold open what habit rushes to close. Faced with equally persuasive claims, the Pyrrhonist does not resolve the tension but remains within it. Not out of indifference, but from a precise refusal to foreclose what remains unresolved. Suspension, in this sense, becomes a stance.

This is the philosophical analogue of our heterotopias. A third space (*trans*), enacted as lived suspension, where legibility is deferred and the pressures of acceleration and institutional demand are momentarily held at bay. To enter such a space is to step outside the compulsion to resolve, classify, and finalize. It is a collective agreement and an ethical contract to suspend certainty long enough to perceive what that certainty has been concealing. A willingness to inhabit multiple, even contradictory realities without collapsing them into a new orthodoxy, to move through tension without converting it prematurely into closure. To attend to these layered operations is to begin mapping the invisible architectures that organize artistic economies and radical communities, without collapsing them back into the oppositional frameworks that critical discourse has inherited and polished and mistaken for analysis.

So we obliterate the polarity. Abolish the distance and burn the tower. Not a synthesis, as the synthesis is just a reiteration of the binary structure, still carrying the original split inside. Not a transcendence, as transcendence still requires the thing it rises above, defining itself against the ground it insists it has surpassed. Instead, something more difficult: to recognize that the ground was never stable to begin with. It was always provisional, a repeated gesture of drawing lines, performed so often it calcified into the architecture of the art world itself.

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<sup>5</sup> Sextus Empiricus, *Outlines of Scepticism*, trans. J. Annas and J. Barnes (Cambridge University Press, 2000), PH I.25.

From this vantage, *pastiche* assumes a different critical charge. What Fredric Jameson identifies as the repetition of surfaces can, under these conditions, be rearticulated as a mode of navigation across already saturated terrain. It becomes a deliberate engagement with inherited forms - one that neither disavows nor submits to them, but instead mobilizes them without conceding final authority to any single structure. *Pastiche*, in this register, functions as a practice of passage. It operates imminently within existing systems while quietly destabilizing their claims to coherence and closure, allowing meaning to remain provisional rather than fixed.

Such a reconfiguration depends upon a corresponding shift in orientation. As judgment loosens its imperative to resolve, certainty is held in suspension rather than prematurely secured. Here, *epoche* enters as method: not as abstention, but as a disciplined practice of attention. Suspension becomes the precondition for perception itself, a way of sustaining openness long enough for meaning to emerge relationally, through duration and encounter, rather than being imposed in advance.

The art world reflects the broader economy back to itself, translating its operations into aesthetic form. Law presents itself as nature. Structure takes on the appearance of inevitability. The field is polarized until the distance between positions feels like the entirety of available space, until the axis itself becomes indistinguishable from reality. Once that frame is accepted, once the terms of opposition are taken as given, containment is already in place.

Do you see now that the binary was never a description of the world. It was always a mechanism for producing it.

## The Third Space: Heterotopias

“The disappearance of the individual subject, along with its formal consequence, the increasing unavailability of the personal style, engender[s] the well-nigh universal practice... of pastiche.”  
— Fredric Jameson<sup>6</sup>

What is at stake in what Fredric Jameson calls pastiche is not merely stylistic drift but a deeper structural displacement. As the interior coherence of the subject erodes, style no longer emerges as an expression of lived singularity. It is recomposed from elsewhere. Expression persists, but in altered form: a circulation of inherited gestures, surfaces severed from depth, signs that move freely while no longer anchored to the conditions that once made them necessary, risky, or real.

The art economy mirrors this condition with unsettling precision. Its language remains saturated with terms like authenticity, rebellion, and originality, yet these no longer function as sites of rupture. They circulate as aesthetic surfaces, detached from the historical and material struggles that once gave them force. The avant-garde becomes a brand identity. Dissent stabilizes into a recognizable category. Even

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<sup>6</sup> Jameson, F. (1991). Postmodernism, or, the cultural logic of late capitalism. Duke University Press.

refusal, once capable of interrupting the system, is metabolized, framed, and reintroduced as value within the very structures it sought to resist.

Yet this is not the total field. Alongside these exhausted symbolic economies, other spaces continue to insist, not as alternatives in the conventional sense, but as disruptions internal to the system itself. These are what Michel Foucault<sup>7</sup> names heterotopias: spaces that are at once real and other, embedded within the social order while operating according to different logics. They do not resolve contradiction.. They hold it. They juxtapose what the dominant order requires to remain separate, allowing incompatibility to become generative rather than terminal.

Within such spaces, the terms of engagement begin to shift. Anti-aesthetics emerges not as a rejection of beauty, but as a refusal of its capture. Sense loosens. Coherence fractures just enough to allow something unanticipated to appear. Artificial intelligence and collective consciousness, institutional authority and its erosion, hero and anti-hero these do not cancel one another out but enter into unstable proximity. Tarot enters here not as mystification but as method, a disciplined suspension of closure, a way of remaining with what has not yet resolved.

The heterotopic space does not stabilize meaning. It sets it into motion. It allows systems to overlap without demanding reconciliation. To enter it is not to find ground, but to encounter a different mode of structuring altogether, one in which groundlessness, when shared, becomes a condition of relation rather than collapse.

It is within this terrain that Dadais Americanus articulates what it calls **occult astro-anarchy**. The term names not an aesthetic posture but a method of reading and intervening in the field. It begins from the recognition, articulated by Erica Lagalisse<sup>8</sup>, that radical political movements have never been purely rational formations but have long been entangled with esoteric structures, symbolic systems, and occult imaginaries. At the same time, Carl Jung reminds us that archetypes do not disappear under conditions of modernity. They persist, structuring collective behavior beneath the threshold of conscious awareness, reappearing as patterns we inhabit without fully recognizing. Even figures such as Baruch Spinoza, often positioned as paradigms of rational thought, emerge from intellectual environments already saturated with these symbolic inheritances. What appears as rational system is never free from the deeper grammar of myth, projection, and archetype.

Occult astro-anarchy takes these conditions as structural normatives. It recognizes in them recurring gestures, such as rebellion against authority, dissolution preceding transformation, the necessity of rupture as precondition for emergence. It also confronts the paradox Lagalisse identifies, that movements seeking to dismantle hierarchy frequently reproduce its forms through secrecy, initiation, and the consolidation of symbolic authority. Occult anarchy does not imply mysticism in any literal sense, nor does it rely on conspiratorial frameworks. It names, instead, the persistence of these esoteric structures within ostensibly emancipatory systems.

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<sup>7</sup> "Of Other Spaces: Utopias and Heterotopias." Translated by Jay Miskowic. *Architecture /Mouvement/ Continuité* (March 1967), 46–49.

<sup>8</sup> Lagalisse is the author of *Occult Features of Anarchism – With Attention to the Conspiracy of Kings and the Conspiracy of the Peoples* (2019), an intersectional study of anarchist social movements that also comments on the cultural production of “conspiracy theory”.

The addition of astronomy sharpens our method. Karen Hamaker-Zondag<sup>9</sup> describes astrology as a language of the collective unconscious, not as a system of determination but as one of reflection, tracing patterns across a field larger than individual intention. When this logic is extended into the economic domain, the free market begins to appear less as a neutral mechanism and more as a collectively sustained symbolic order, a narrative of freedom, individuality, and agency that organizes experience while quietly delimiting its possibilities. Like a horoscope mistaken for fate, the structure hardens into inevitability. The map takes on the authority of the territory. What has been drawn, repeated, and maintained over time comes to feel as though it had always already been there.

Occult astro-anarchy intervenes at precisely this point. If the occult concerns what remains hidden, and astronomy attends to patterned movement across vast systems, then this practice becomes a way of reading the constellations otherwise. Writing operates as a form of mapping. Art becomes an intervention at the level of pattern. The economy reveals itself not as fixed but as something composed, and therefore something that can be recomposed, reframed, reimagined. Under this lens, the art world ceases to appear as a transparent marketplace and instead resolves into a ritual system, structured by recurring narratives of scarcity and revelation, genius and sacrifice, transgression and redemption. These are not incidental stories. They are the mechanisms through which value is produced and maintained.

The task, then, is not limited to critique. It is cartographic. To redraw the lines. To redistribute interpretive authority. To loosen the initiatory structures that render meaning opaque and access contingent.

The question of who constitutes the art world becomes unavoidable. The answer, increasingly, cannot be contained within institutional boundaries.

The lines were never fixed. They were drawn. Repeated. Naturalized. Taught as though they belonged to the sky rather than to the hands that traced them. But the sky exceeds every constellation. The stars precede the patterns imposed upon them and will remain after those patterns dissolve.

To work from this recognition is not to abandon structure, but to engage it differently. To draw again, knowingly. To treat the act of drawing as both intervention and responsibility. From there, something else becomes possible. Whether it stabilizes or not is beside the point.

## THE COURAGE

A shift begins the moment the empath ceases to offer automatic forgiveness. What has long been given away without measure begins, slowly, to return through recognition. A reorientation takes place, one that replaces depletion with discernment, and contribution rooted in absence with contribution grounded in presence.

Carl Jung writes that no tree can grow toward the heavens unless its roots descend into the depths. For the artworker, this descent is not symbolic alone but it is instead embodied. It is the confrontation with what

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<sup>9</sup> Psychological Astrology: A Synthesis of Jungian Psychology and Astrology Paperback - 1990 by Karen Hamaker-Zondag

has been deferred - anger, grief, the accumulated weight of labor converted into someone else's visibility and gain.

The collapse of the performed self, offered for acceptance, gives way to a more integrated presence, one that no longer confuses sacrifice with love. In Jung's language, this is individuation. Here, it marks the moment the artworker ceases to function as a substitute and steps into authorship of their own position or in other words, agency is not granted but recognized. To arrive here requires a break with inherited patterns of exploitation. Jung names this the encounter with the shadow. In the context of art labor, it is the recognition of the layers concealed within the contract with capital, the shadows nested within shadows. This recognition is not an indictment. It is a release. It makes possible a different orientation: to give from fullness rather than depletion, to relate without compulsion, to understand that forgiveness, when conscious, belongs to the integrity of the self rather than the maintenance of its erasure.

Archetypes operate with a force akin to gravity. They remain unseen, indifferent to belief, yet exert influence all the same. Within art practice and radical thought, they surface as recurring mythic patterns: rebellion, sacrifice, transgression, transformation. These are not decorative motifs but the deep grammar through which the artworker's journey is imagined and lived. The economic and legal systems that intersect with this journey present themselves as rational and self-contained, yet they too are structured by symbolic constellations, shaped by unconscious templates that continue to organize behavior beneath the level of awareness.

It is here that the paradox emerges: movements that declare themselves egalitarian so often reproduce the very hierarchies they seek to dismantle.

## THE JUSTICE



Justice does not arrive softly. She does not arrive apologizing for the inconvenience. She sits at the threshold between worlds. She rules over our heterotopias - not the world of what we wish were true and the world of what is, but the threshold between what has been done and what must follow from it.

The sword in her right hand is not punishment but clarity. The kind of clarity that cuts not to wound but to separate the true flesh from the performed, the actual from the alibi. The scales in her left hand do not promise equality. They measure it and register. They remember everything the market has been paid to forget.

In the Jungian constellation she is neither hero nor shadow but the principle that holds both accountable. The archetype of Justice is the one that cannot be bought into the secret society, cannot be invited behind the velvet rope, cannot be made to look away from the ledger. She is what the inversion fears most, not God, not the Devil, but the cold, patient, structural fact of consequence. Cause and effect dressed in starlight, sitting still, waiting to reign.

In the sky she is Libra, the only constellation of the zodiac that is not a living creature. Not an animal, not a human, not a myth with a body and desires and a weakness to exploit. Just the instrument itself and the measure, which doesn't require of us anything else except accuracy.

This is what the apparatus cannot metabolize.

It can absorb rebellion and sell it.

It can absorb transgression and frame it.

It can absorb the sacred and the profane and hang them both on the wall with identical lighting and exhibition text. But Justice, the real thing, not the legal system that wears her name like a stolen coat, that Justice keeps its own record.

The karmic ledger does not care about the communique.

It does not care about the institutional resume, the auction record or the NDA.

It holds the weight of what was actually done, what was actually taken, what was actually owed and never paid.

The card arrives and we ask: have our actions aligned with what we claim to believe? Have we demanded accountability only from those with less power than ourselves? Have we mistaken the law, the very instrument for drawing the boundaries of the sky spillage, that bureaucracy of the inversion, for justice itself?

The sword waits.

The scales hold steady.

The constellation turns slowly in the dark, tracing its ancient geometry across the sky, indifferent to our anxiety about the verdict.

Within this cycle, the artworker ceases to function as a vessel for collective projection. The role shifts. The figure at the center is no longer the one who absorbs and reflects the world's unresolved tensions, but one who moves through them with increasing clarity.

The art economy, meanwhile, continues to stage this drama in repetitive form, drawing not only on material production but on emotional labor, sustaining itself through bonds that often resemble devotion but are structured through dependency.

## VII. Direction: The Chariot



Within a constellation economy, direction does not originate from a single figure. It emerges through alignment, through the coordinated movement of many points held in relation.

No one leads alone.

Orientation is something that takes shape across the field. Art labor, in this context, shifts away from the production of isolated objects and toward the orchestration of relationships. Platforms, communities, and forms of discourse become the material through which meaning is generated and sustained.

The work is not only what is made, but how connections are structured, how energies are guided, how trajectories are held. Value no longer rests in domination or control, but in the capacity to steer.

The artist is not a conqueror but a navigator, attentive to currents, responsive to change, capable of moving with complexity rather than imposing upon it.

Strategy replaces spectacle, often quietly. What matters is not visibility at any cost, but continuity, coherence, the ability to sustain movement over time. In this frame,

sustainability displaces triumph as the horizon. Not as a lesser ambition, but as a more enduring one.

The question is no longer who advances, but where the movement itself is going. What direction are we, together, setting into motion?

## VIII. Justice



The karmic ledger does not care about the press release. It does not care about the institutional resume, the auction record, or the NDA. It holds the weight of what was actually done, what was actually taken, what was actually owed and never paid.

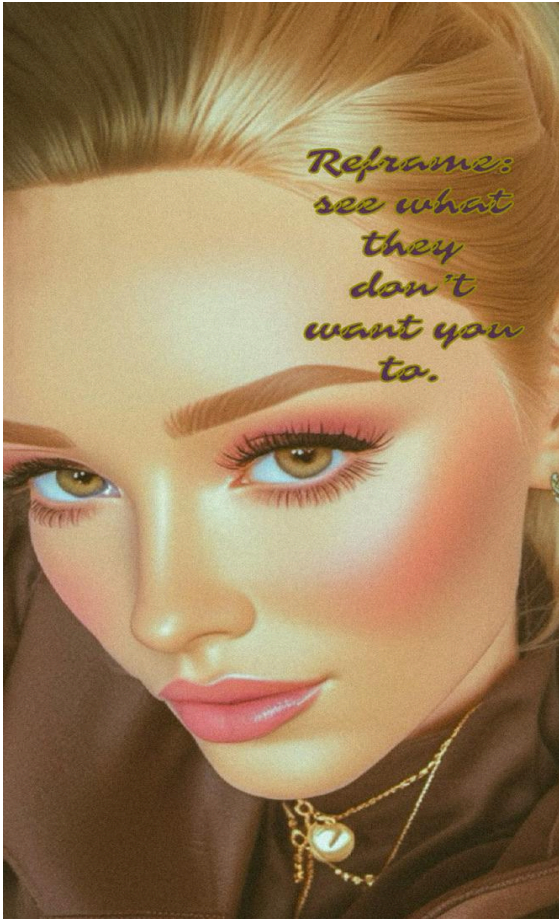
Who profits from artistic production?  
Who subsidizes it through unpaid labor?  
Who gains visibility and who remains invisible?

In the old model, value flowed upward along legible hierarchies. In the new dispersed economy, opacity has replaced hierarchy without replacing extraction: platforms harvest data, institutions outsource risk, and artists are left to shoulder the precarity that makes the whole system function.

Fair contracts, transparent fees, resale royalties, equitable funding distribution, credit attribution. These are not bureaucratic concerns but moral architectures.

To draw new maps without addressing imbalance is only to aestheticize inequality, to make it look interesting rather than make it right. A constellation must distribute light. Otherwise it becomes another diagram of concentration.

## IX. Withdrawal: The Hermit



In an attention economy where visibility is continuously converted into value, withdrawal reads as a failure of strategy. But artistic depth depends on intervals of obscurity, on periods in which nothing is shown and nothing is measured.

Heterotopic art spaces make room for this. Residencies without output requirements, research collectives, reading groups. These are not retreats from production but conditions for it, spaces that refuse the demand for constant performance and protect the slower processes that sustain the work.

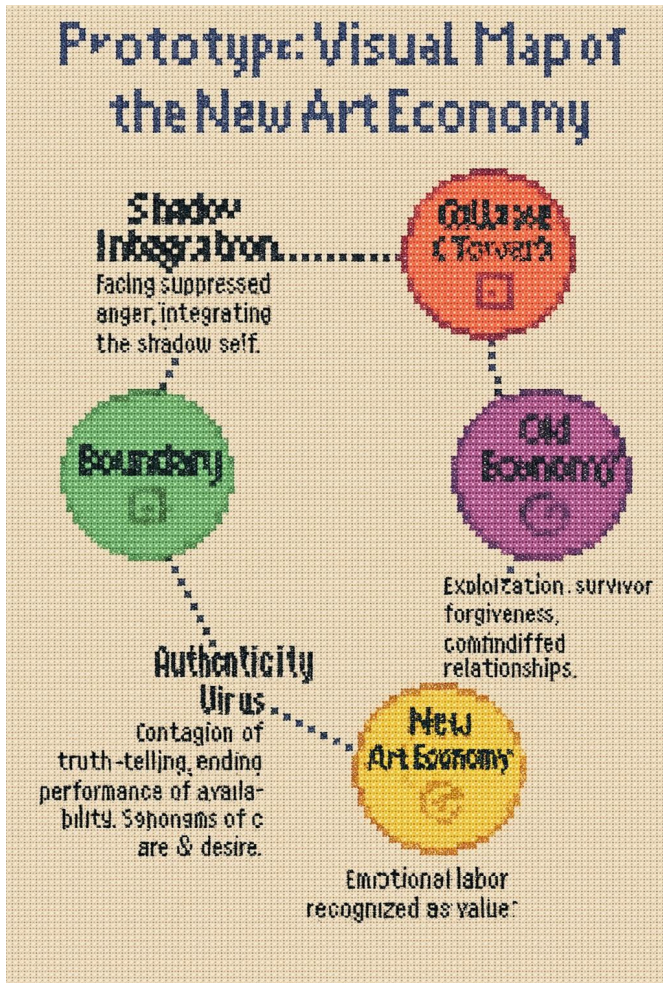
The figure of the Hermit offers another way to understand invisibility. Not as absence or deficiency, but as incubation. Value does not disappear in these intervals. It gathers, thickens, takes form out of sight.

No constellation could remain visible if every star burned at full intensity without pause.

Without intervals of dimming, of withdrawal, the system exhausts itself.

Without protected interiority, art flattens into content. The constellation loses its depth and begins to fade.

## X. Cyclicity: Wheel of Fortune



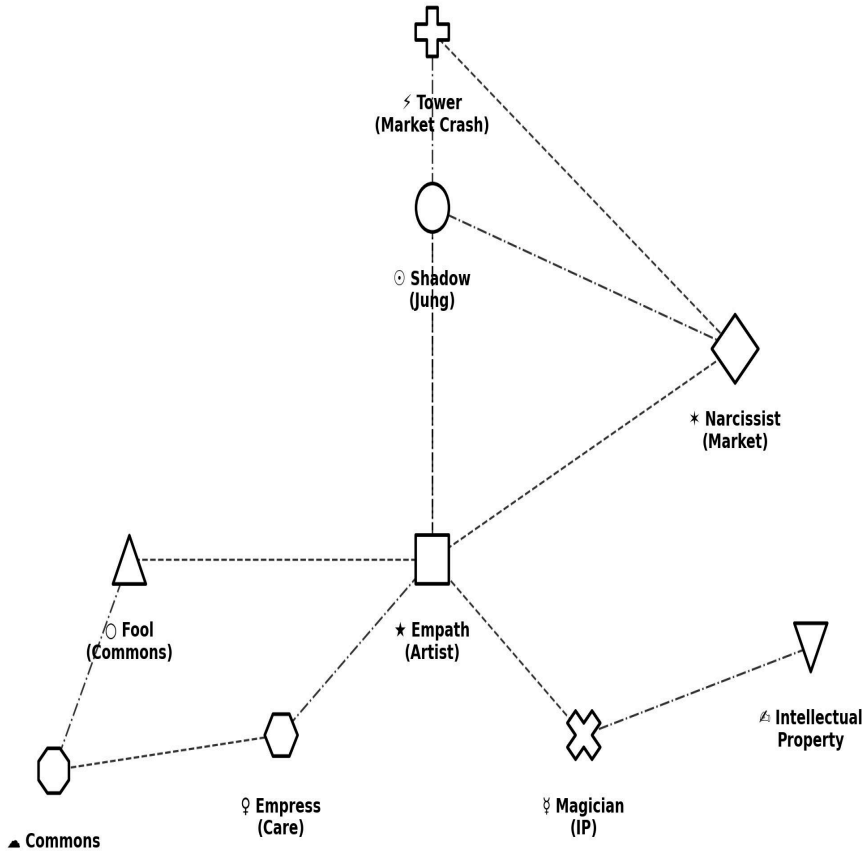
Capitalist markets are organized around the expectation of perpetual growth. Careers are meant to rise, visibility to expand, value to accumulate without limit. But artistic life rarely conforms to this linear model. Recognition gathers and disperses. Institutions elevate and abandon. Technologies appear, dominate, and dissolve.

A constellation may seem fixed, but that stability is an illusion produced by our position on a moving Earth. The sky does not hold still. It is our perspective that shifts.

To fall out of the market is not to lose value. It is to move out of one frame of recognition and into another, or into none at all for a time. Cycles of visibility and obscurity are not failures of the system but conditions of artistic practice itself. They allow for return, for revision, for reinvention. What recedes is not wasted. It breaks down, transforms, and becomes the ground from which something else can emerge.

# XI. Endurance: Strength

*Constellation: Empath as Artist in the New Art Economy*



The emerging art economy is sustained by affective labor: collaboration, mentorship, emotional support, administrative care. These are forms of work long feminized, routinely undercompensated, and kept out of view, because to fully acknowledge them would be to admit how much the entire structure depends on what it refuses to properly value.

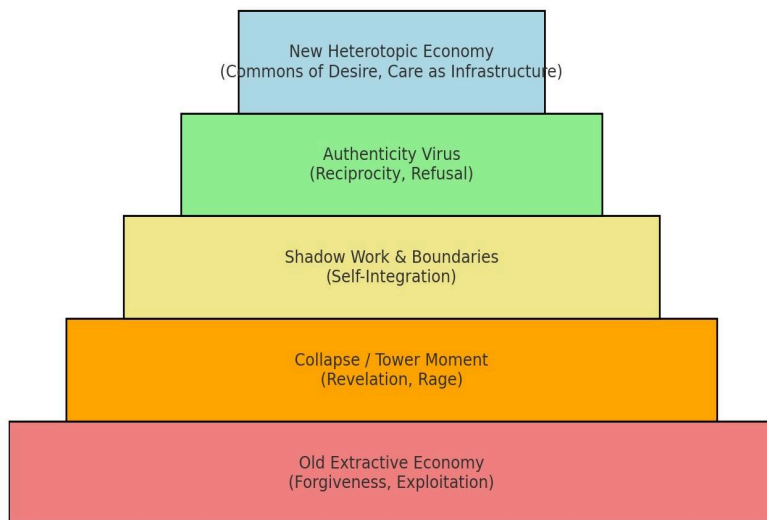
No artist shines in isolation. Visibility is produced relationally, held in place by the surrounding field.

What we call care work is not peripheral to this system but structural to it. Maintenance, mentorship, and collective

organization do not sit alongside the work as support mechanisms. They generate the conditions that make the work possible in the first place. Strength, in this context, is not hardness or withdrawal. It is the capacity to remain open, to stay permeable within unstable conditions, without internalizing or reproducing the violence those conditions exert.

## XII. Suspension: The Hanged One

### From Extractive to Heterotopic: Pyramid of the Art Economy



Acceleration defines contemporary capitalism. Everything is pushed toward greater speed, seamless participation, continuous output. Within that logic, refusal appears counterintuitive. But strategic suspension, the deliberate choice not to participate under extractive conditions, is one of the clearest forms of agency available.

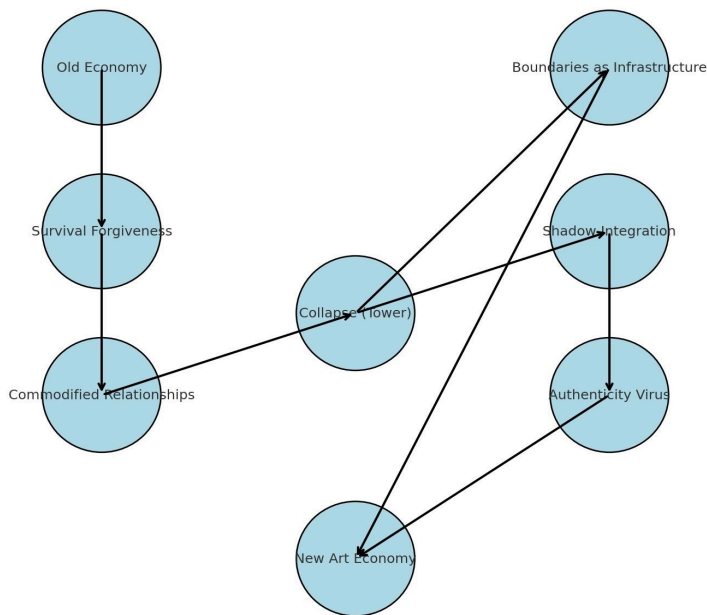
To step outside a system, even briefly, is to expose the terms it depends on. What seemed natural begins to show its structure. What felt inevitable reveals its conditions. Friction makes the system legible. Boycotts, unionization, collective negotiation operate in this way. They interrupt the flow that was meant to remain uninterrupted.

In doing so, they generate insight as much as they produce leverage. The pause is not empty. It is diagnostic. Refusal is not an exit from the world. It is a reorientation within it. A shift in how and when one engages, and on what terms. When a single point changes position, the pattern around it adjusts.

Heterotopias take shape through these moments of suspension. They arise when artists step outside dominant circuits, not to vanish, but to alter the conditions under which they return.

# XIII. Transformation: Death

## Decentralizing Pain: Visual Framework for a New Art Economy



The traditional art market has long organized itself around scarcity. Limited editions, restricted access, and institutional gatekeeping function as the mechanisms through which value is produced and maintained.

Digital culture unsettles this logic at its foundation. Reproducibility, open source practices, and networked distribution erode the fetish of rarity by making circulation easier, faster, and less controllable.

And yet value does not disappear under these conditions. It shifts. As ownership becomes less singular and access expands, other forms of value come forward. Experience, participation, and relation begin to matter more, not less. In response, artists are building more distributed ways of sustaining their work. Teaching, digital sales, cooperative ownership, public commissions, and community supported models begin to replace the dependency on a single channel. The gallery system does not vanish, but it no longer holds exclusive authority. It becomes one structure among many.

What this transformation ultimately requires is not only adaptation to new tools or platforms, but a deeper adjustment in orientation. It asks for a release of the desire for singular validation, for the idea that recognition must arrive from one place in one form to be real.

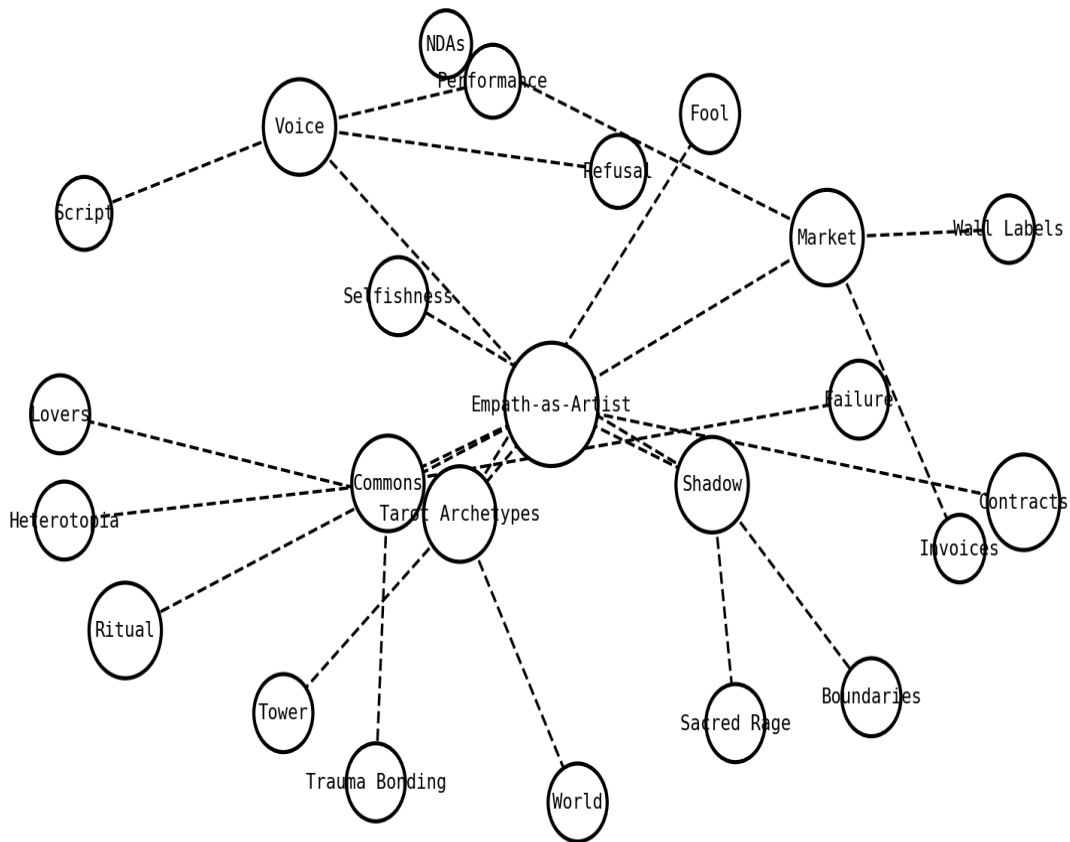
## XIV. Integration: Temperance

Artists today inhabit hybrid roles: educator and producer, organizer and exhibitor, practitioner moving seamlessly between the digital and the material.

This hybridity is not dilution; it is alchemy. Economic resilience emerges not from domination of a single channel, but from diversified streams, cooperative networks, and the ability to occupy multiple positions simultaneously without fracturing coherence.

Balance within this constellation is never fixed. It demands continuous recalibration: between autonomy and interdependence, visibility and privacy, production and repose. Strength lies in sustaining these tensions, in moving fluidly across them while preserving the integrity of the whole.

### Constellation Economies



## XV. The Shadow: The Devil



Every transformation carries its shadow. The Devil embodies our attachment to illusion, and in the contemporary art economy that attachment appears in subtle, insidious forms: the internalization of market metrics, the fixation on visibility, the lure of algorithmic validation, the intoxication of speculative hype. Even heterotopias can be co-opted, even acts of resistance can be repackaged, monetized, and sold back as aesthetic.

Artists may critique commodification while compulsively tracking engagement. They may reject hierarchy while unconsciously reproducing exclusivity within their own circles. The shadow does not announce itself; it moves through the desires we experience as most authentic, most justified.

To confront the Devil is to face complicity.

Where does the pursuit of recognition replicate the logic of extraction?  
Where do artists bind themselves to the very systems they publicly critique?

Shadow work, in this sense, is also economic work: a clearing of distortions that obscure vision.

A constellation shrouded in shadow cannot serve as guidance. Clarity requires confronting what we carry within as well as around us.

# THE PARADIGM SHIFT

Art produces a temporal commons, a shared duration in which meaning is not imposed but negotiated. Work that engages this space does not resolve the contradiction. It renders it perceptible. It offers not closure, but the possibility of recognition within what cannot be easily resolved.

The commons, understood as relation rather than resource, exists in tension. Between ownership and access. Autonomy and responsibility. Memory and erasure. No one enters it without carrying what they have taken, given, withheld, or forgotten. No one exits it intact. It is not a clearing. It is an ongoing negotiation among those who cannot fully agree and cannot fully separate. Like the collective unconscious, it holds what exceeds individuation. It accumulates residues of care and violence, labor and desire, across generations that did not choose what they inherited. It retains what the market erases and what institutions render illegible. It holds forms of relation that cannot be reduced to transaction, forms of experience that do not translate into contracts or accounts.

The public and the private, the inner and the outer, the conscious and the unconscious are not oppositions to be dissolved. They are structural conditions of relational life. The third space does not eliminate them. It reorganizes them. When such a space holds, when suspension is practiced collectively, the terms remain but lose their power to enclose. The architecture persists. The confinement does not. The task is not escape, but transformation. To alter what can be felt, thought, and made within the existing structure. To refuse the meanings it assigns to its own form. To remain, as the artworker has always been, at the intersection of what is given and what is possible, and to insist, collectively and without concession, that these are not the same.

Imagine that we fully believe in the system while we are operating within it. We accept its metrics, pursue its rewards, optimize ourselves according to its logic. Then, tomorrow, we step outside that belief and attempt something contradictory and refuse a metric we previously chased. We privilege a value the system cannot quantify and thereby test whether our participation has been conviction or conditioning.

This is the threshold of paradigm shifting. In Thomas Kuhn's<sup>10</sup> formulation, a paradigm does not change because it incrementally improves; it shifts when the prevailing framework can no longer absorb the anomalies accumulating within it. The old art economy, which remains anchored in scarcity, centralized validation, speculative capital, and institutional hierarchy has today reached precisely this point of fracture. The anomalies are no longer peripheral; they are systemic. Artists command vast cultural influence while remaining financially precarious. Institutions depend upon underpaid or unpaid labor while asserting ethical authority. Digital practices generate unprecedented visibility without conferring ownership or long-term equity. Communities sustain artistic production without recognition in traditional valuation structures.

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<sup>10</sup> Thomas Kuhn (1922–1996) was a highly influential American physicist, historian, and philosopher of science best known for his 1962 book, [The Structure of Scientific Revolutions](#).

In a very different register, Bob Proctor's<sup>11</sup> "Paradigm Shift" describes the reprogramming of subconscious patterns: the deliberate replacement of limiting beliefs with expansive ones through repetition and visualization. While emerging from self-development discourse rather than philosophy of science, the metaphor is instructive. Paradigms are not only external systems; they are internalized programs. We rehearse them until they feel natural. We defend them as reality.

A paradigm shift, then, is not merely structural but perceptual. It requires identifying the scripts we unconsciously obey. The one about success, legitimacy, scarcity, and prestige, while consciously substituting alternatives. In economic terms, this is not magical thinking; it is epistemic reconstruction. To shift the paradigm of the art economy is to risk contradiction, to operate within the system while simultaneously imagining beyond it, to test repeatedly whether what we accept as inevitable is merely habitual. Within this liminal space a new social imaginary emerges, offering pathways toward liberation from the entanglements of capital, from the matrix of value and price, and from the dialectical entanglements of artists' lifestyle enterprises, open knowledge platforms, and the commons as a way of monetizing labor as part of the social whole.

**“And this is why it is sad to see the commons fail. Much like that perfect lover that sometimes leaves when the affair ends. Those eyes are full of tears because we fail to recognize the real value of our transactions, which is the L-O-V-E we give each other, or the hate perhaps.**

**What do you do with all the emotions you have not felt yet? You transgress.”**

**-- Natalia Ivanova --**

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<sup>11</sup> Robert Corlett Proctor (July 5, 1934 – February 3, 2022) was a Canadian, [new thought self-help](#) author and business owner. He was best known for his New York Times best-selling book *You Were Born Rich* (1984) and being a contributor to the film [The Secret](#) (2006).

## Who Is Dadais Americanus?

Dadais Americanus is a constellation of artists operating at the intersection of art, law, and economy. Their work advances a structural and poetic reframing of authorship, ownership, and value through collective actions that occupy intellectual territory to spark new connections between artist, institution, and audience. The collective does not simply critique dominant systems but inhabits them, viscerally moving through their legal and economic mechanisms to expose the surreal theater of power from within, laughing at the story we have been handed and rewriting it as the Magicians we truly are. They teach artists to inject their own morals clause into every contract and redirect the logic of capital toward individual and collective agency.

In 2020, the collective authored and registered the *Performing Pro Arts COMMONS*, a transmedia script and license for derivative works, with the U.S. Copyright Office. This registration makes Dadais Americanus's central thesis legible in legal form: that intellectual property can operate as a commons rather than a privatized asset. Today, the collective continues to publish, enact site-specific interventions, and perform living pedagogy through the Teaching Institute for Art & Law with an office in Chinatown, New York.

Operating simultaneously as cultural producers and institutional architects, Dadais Americanus constructs what might be called an infrastructural artwork: a place that can only be designed through collective agreement, an alternative economy where futures can be rehearsed. They navigate the complex legal architecture of the art world not as boundaries, but as maps, seeking openings, exploiting loopholes, and redrawing the terrain to reveal new possibilities. Their representative in New York is Natalia Ivanova, who as also the Director of Art Agency Reframed LLC, and who as such carries the immensely important task of mending the fractured relationships between artists, institutions, and new audiences, recognizing that this repair is not incidental to the work, but it its very foundation.

## About the Author

Natalia Latchezarova Ivanova is an art provocateur, cultural strategist, writer, curator and co-founder of Dadais Americanus, the art collective that gave this manifesto its reason to exist and its refusal to apologize for either. She works in text, visual art, site-specific projects, transmedia performance, and what she calls market predictions in the realm of magic, which is either a very serious methodology or a very good joke, and the point is that it is both. She values love as currency, which is either the most radical economic proposition of our time or the oldest one, and again, the point is that it is both. She has been legally occupying intellectual space since 2020, which is the date on the copyright registration and also, roughly, when the rest of the world finally caught up to what artists already knew.

She is the Founder and Director of Art Agency Reframed LLC, located in Chinatown, New York City, a platform and praxis operating at the intersection of art, law, and economy. Previously, she served for nearly a decade as Executive Director of Pro Arts in Oakland, where she reinvented a 50-year-old organization into a forward-looking platform for artistic experimentation, social justice, and solidarity-economy practices, launching **Pro Arts COMMONS** and **The Teaching Institute for Art & Law** along the way. She is the author of *Reframing the Value of Art and Fair Labor in the Context of a Sharing Economy* and co-author, with Marc Herbst, of *The Commons: of Friends and Lovers*.

She was born in Bulgaria, which is why this manifesto knows what Tantra is and why the arms are raised.

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