Like Marxists

COMME des MAR✱ISTS, a fashion show, organized by Rainer Ganahl at New York's White Columns on November 3–4, 2013, begins with a telling exclamation: "If anything is certain—I, myself, am not a Marxist!" First, it is Ganahl alone who states it, then a few young men in reflective yellow vests join in. Finally, a chorus of maybe twenty actors rise to their feet, pronouncing that they, too, are not Marxists. This statement-cum-chant was pulled from the mouth of Karl Marx himself, who, as Frederick Engels recalls, was compelled to disavow a group of disciples in the French Workers' Party in 1880.[1] Ganahl and his gang of yellow-vested companions appropriate this disavowal and transform it into a collective disclaimer: *COMME des MAR✱ISTS* will enact what its title claims by staging a scenario that is not Marxist but like it, a scenario that renders Marxism as style. To my left, is the British filmmaker Isaac Julien. To my right sits Tracy Zwick from *Art in America*, notebook in hand. Across a makeshift catwalk are curator Bice Curiger and art historian Claire Bishop. Asked to join the chorus at the last minute, Bishop pairs her fuchsia blouse with a reflective construction worker's vest and faux-Mohawk wig. The crowd is composed of some of the New York art world's most powerful patrons, decision-makers, interpreters, and trendsetters, but also includes the struggling artists, studio assistants, freelance critics, unpaid interns, activists, and students who together make up what Gregory Sholette calls the art world's dark matter.[2] The crowd represents, in other words, a virtual microcosm of New York's cultural scene. Nearly half are models, members of the Chorus, volunteers, and VIPs. The rest are bystanders. Amateur models walk the runway, in pairs, alone, again, again. Ganahl's two young children, together with a cohort of preschoolers. Model felt tunics and overalls featuring slogans like "I go private/You go public" or "I get a nanny/U get a TV." Walking hand-in-hand, they animate class divisions that splinter the domains of education and child care in New York. Ganahl leads the Chorus in a chant: "Teach a man how to fish and you ruin a wonderful business opportunity." Bad education is good for business; it is central to the reproduction of class power. Young women wearing loose-fitting felt tunics and oversized Marx-themed jewelry soon take over the runway. One pendant necklace is etched with the words "Das Kapital." Another tells us that "Britney Spears admits *Working Bitch* is inspired by Karl Marx." Marx reappears in each series of garments as image, name, or logo. The series *Karl Marx Speaks Chinese* features jackets pairing plaid fabrics traditionally worn by the working class with cheap plastic bags culled from street vendors in Chinatown. *Marx Toxic* links the fashion industry to the production of environmen-

tal waste. *Marx Middle-Class Squeeze* addresses the erosionof the middle class, the increasing precarity of work, mounting student debt, and the prohibitive expense of healthcare in the United States. Graphic speech bubbles featuring confessional statements like "Just lost my job" or "Can't pay for school" are emblazoned onto ponchos produced with computer-controlled knitting technology. In *Karl Marx Visits David Zwirner on 20th Street, Early Works by Richard Serra and Blinky Palermo* show at David Zwirner in May 2013 becomes source material for a series of garments that animate a convergence between blue-chip art and investment capitalism. A group of male artists including Peter Fend and David Colman model wearable versions of Serra's *To Lift* and *Template* (both 1967), vulcanized rubber aprons with the words "working class" printed along the hem. They are followed by art advisor Thea Westrich, collector Shelley Aarons, curator Bice Curiger, Parkett cofounder Jacqueline Burckhardt, *Artforum* writer Linda Yablonsky, and other art-world insiders wearing canvas gowns screen-printed with patterns reminiscent of Palermo's abstract works. The latter models have been selected for two reasons: firstly, they are old enough to have met Palermo before he died in 1977, and secondly, they mix well with the art world's patron class. Ganahl himself wears a T-shirt from the series *Joe Fresh Benetton, Bangladesh, Rana Plaza Building Collapse, More Than Eleven Hundred People Died.* Printed with the ubiquitous "I♥NY" logo, as well as the logos of fashion companies associated with the 2013 Rana Plaza factory collapse in Dhaka, Bangladesh, the garment stages a conflict between New York's most famous ad campaign and the violence embedded in its material support: fabric produced by outsourced and exploited labor in the developing world. Ganahl bounces back and forth across the catwalk, shouting directions, flailing his arms, choreographing the fashion show as if it were free jazz. *COMME des MAR★ISTS* is a largely unrehearsed affair, built from the collective effort of Ganahl and his extended network of friends and allies. The house lights are on, exposing every crack in the event structure, every awkward pause and interrupted transition. German fashion designer Karl Lagerfeld would be appalled. Karl Marx might have appreciated the event's contempt for professional conduct. Karl Holmqvist, who struts the catwalks modeling a Joseph Beuys–inspired felt suit, looks quite pleased. He reads an excerpt from his 2009 book *What's My Name?* The Chorus joins in a chant: "There is only ONE KARL!" Another group of models finds its way onto the catwalk, wearing tattered and garish open-weave miniskirts in yellow, green, and orange. "Karl Marx SEX work," calls Ganahl. "Karl Marx SEX work," murmurs a vested trio. "Karl Marx SEX work," booms the Chorus. It is like the People's Mic of the Occupy protests, a collective form of sonic amplification that, in this case, has begun to malfunction. "Drugs!" "Drugs!" "Drugs!" "Human Traffic!" "Human Traffic!" "Human Traffic!" "Poverteeeeeeeeeeee!" "Slavereeeeeeeeeeeee!" "Human Trafficking!" The crowd seems delirious. Claire Bishop, the most vocal apologist for last decade's favored

brand of aestheticized exploitation, is in her element. "Human Trafficking!" She grins. This, one suspects, is the grin of someone who knows better, but not necessarily of class consciousness. The chants, clothing designs, and performative structure of *COMME des MAR★ISTS* combine to form a dense mass of cultural signifiers related to exploitation, state oppression, economic disparity, and the protest culture that has continued to spread in North America and abroad since the 2008 global financial crisis. Ganahl's fashion show broadcasts a cacophony of graphics, slogans, and references to recent events as if they have been scraped directly from the flows of information that spill across social media to produce outrage and entertainment in equal measure. By offering up a wide range of radical theories and political histories in their most efficient form—the logo, the familiar quote, the clichéd signifier—the event resonates with the ways in which artists, curators and critics frequently appropriate, instrumentalize, and fetishize Marxist discourse today. But *COMME des MAR★ISTS* is more than a simple commentary on the art world's use of Marxist thought: by allowing abstraction from the realities of exploitation, oppression, and poverty to proliferate, it also cleverly lures its elite guest list into the trap of cheerfully and very publicly cutting Marxism from its ties to everyday life, negating it as either an activist or analytical weapon. *COMME des MAR★ISTS* performs a ritual sacrifice of Marxist thought, an ecstatic celebration of left failure, and a carnivalesque debasement of left ideals within the laboratory of the art space. Moreover, Ganahl's fashion show acknowledges its own place within a field of production that is ostensibly financed by the same class of multimillionaires who most strongly lobby against the redistribution of wealth in the United States.[3] In other words, it includes itself in the joke it plays. *COMME des MAR★ISTS* puts on display the process by which Marxist intellectual history is expropriated and compromised by capitalist culture. It points to the fact that Marxism has been remade as a fashionable commodity and fetish object, severed from its foundation in class struggle, its refusal of capitalism, and its insistence on the ideal of universal egalitarian emancipation.[4] The Marxism performed by Ganahl's fashion show is inflected with what, following Walter Benjamin, thinkers such as Wendy Brown and Jodi Dean have called left melancholy. However, while *COMME des MAR★ISTS* offers a distorted reflection of this phenomenon as it permeates the New York art world, it strips it of its intellectual accouterments, depicting it as intolerable and grotesque. In the following pages, I struggle to isolate *COMME des MAR★ISTS* from a backdrop it can easily blend into, to consider how it functions in and against a broader tendency to remake leftist politics as fashion.

Memes and Marxist Fashions

In the wake of the 2008 global financial crisis and the subsequent waves of conflict and civil unrest, a new class consciousness emerged under the slogan "We are the 99 percent." Widening economic disparity between the rich and the poor, systematic and institutionalized

violence waged against the disenfranchised, and a growing understanding of democratic institutions' complicity in class, racial, and economic warfare fueled a popular global turn toward the left, perhaps unrivaled since the fall of the Soviet Union. This, as well as a convergence of other factors—such as the failure of the banking system, dissatisfaction with austerity measures, and technological developments in participatory journalism—created the conditions for what right-wing pundit Glenn Beck feared to be a global movement that could bring capitalism to its knees.[5] Over the course of a few short years, the very technological instruments through which communicative capitalism extends its control, including Facebook, Twitter, and other social networking platforms,[6] were wrenched from their proprietary owners and refashioned by the people as tools to broadcast corruption and organize activists in geographically dispersed locations. Social media linked on-the-ground demonstrations in Cairo, New York, Oakland, London, Montreal, Istanbul, Hong Kong, and elsewhere, making them appear as iterations of an idea gone viral, interconnected nodes in a popular global movement of the 99 percent against austerity, against inequality, and against the 1 percent.

The conditions for the working class today are, of course, much different from the ones Engels described in 1845, as are the conditions for dissent. In the age of social media, every act of civil disobedience spawns memes and hashtags, branding strategies that are not imposed from above but rather are collectively negotiated in social and virtual space. From the Arab Spring and its Twitter Revolution, to the Printemps Érable and its *carré rouge*, to the name "Occupy" that rapidly appeared in public squares across North America, the uprisings, movements, and revolutions of the recent past have been tactically designed to circulate both in public space and across media platforms. Brooklyn-based art and theory collective Not an Alternative describes how a localized event like Occupy Wall Street came to be recognized as a movement: "Just as had been done in Zuccotti, people in cities and towns throughout the US and the world appropriated the now familiar signifiers: tents in a central square, cardboard signs, hand signals, the General Assembly, and the common name 'Occupy.'"[7] Its key features were distilled into an open-source kit that could be reinstalled, elaborated upon, amended, and adapted at will. In this way, the name "Occupy"—a name in common, a brand stripped of any claim to private ownership—formed a kind of connective tissue between otherwise atomized encampments, articulating each as part of a growing counterpower infrastructure. *COMME des MAR✱ISTS* depicts this mediatized environment, constructing from its signs and symbols new juxtapositions that reformat Marxism for the present. It not only engages some of the memes and slogans that animated the social movements of the last several years, but it also appropriates their strange cultural logic, which finds left ideals expressed in the language of global communications. However, Ganahl's performace undoes the emancipatory narrative so often imposed upon the networked revolutions

of the recent past. It recognizes the flexibility of language, the means by which floating signifiers can be stretched, juxtaposed and multiplied to both aid and obstruct communication. Assembled from the detritus of last season's news and hitting its audience with more signifiers than can be processed, *COMME des MAR★ISTS* approximates the affective dimension of communicative capitalism, one that is fragmented and muddled by a surplus of content. Tangled in the networks of communicative capitalism, the new left also rises with new markets, not least of which is an expanding market for Marxist, post-Marxist, and anarchist theory. Huge tomes by Thomas Piketty (*Capital in the Twenty-First Century*), David Graeber (*Debt: The First 5000 Years*), and others have unexpectedly found themselves on international bestseller lists. For example, profiting from an awkward endorsement from Glenn Beck and a high-profile terrorism case in France, The Invisible Committee's *The Coming Insurrection* was catapulted onto Amazon's Top 10 list, where it appeared alongside self-help books and pulp fiction after its English translation was published in 2009. The meteoric rise of leftist scholars, activists, and their populist interlocutors (Naomi Klein, Owen Jones, Russell Brand) indicates a widespread fascination with leftist convergence of intellectual work and intellectual fashion. As reported by the *Guardian*, "sales of *Das Kapital*, Marx's masterpiece of political economy, have soared ever since 2008, as have those of *The Communist Manifesto and the Grundrisse*."[8] However, given the fraught political situation, even when confronted with such metrics—or the fact that, after the Bible, *The Communist Manifesto* remains the second best-selling book of all time—we are reminded time and again that book sales indicate book sales, not political power. Always quick to seize upon new markets, it is no surprise that the art world has responded in various ways to the left politics of the past decade. Under the editorial tenure of Tim Griffin (2003–2011), *Artforum* turned with frequency to Marxist and post-Marxist thought, publishing in quick succession thematic issues on revolution, protest, and the commons.[9] It staged a dialogue between contemporary art and radical politics at a time when speculation in the art market appeared nearly inseparable from the risk taking promoted in the increasingly volatile financial market, entertaining suspicions about what one disgruntled reader called its "strangely schizophrenic capitalist-Marxism."[10] More recently, the Okwui Enwezor–curated 56th Venice Biennale featured as its centerpiece *Capital: A Live Reading*, an "epic live reading of all three volumes of Das Kapital."[11] Directed by Isaac Julien, who sits beside me at *COMME des MAR★ISTS*, the seven-monthlong event was scheduled to "commence with a live reading of the four volumes of Marx's *Das Kapital* and gradually expand into recitals of work songs, librettos, readings of scripts, discussions, plenaries, and film screenings devoted to diverse theories and explorations of Capital."[12] This was an exercise in durational performance, not agitprop education. The art world's response to the popular leftward swerve has largely taken a reflexive tone. In a series of articles written

soon after Occupy, Andrea Fraser questions the very limits of the institution of art to engage the radical politics of our time. She states the issue plainly: "If our only choice is to participate in this economy or abandon the art field entirely, at least we can stop rationalizing that participation in the name of critical or political art practices or—adding insult to injury—social justice. Any claim that we represent a progressive social force while our activities are directly subsidized by the engines of inequality can only contribute to the justification of that inequality—the (not so) new legitimation function of art museums. The only 'alternative' today is to recognize our participation in that economy and confront it in a direct and immediate way in all of our institutions."[13] In the pages of *Artforum*, at events like the Venice Biennale, or in this book, Left politics are frequently coded as an intellectual trend. Left ideals do not circulate smoothly in the art world's global infrastructures. They grind against the edges of its support system, against its sites, audience, and economy. When they cross into territory traditionally occupied by the bourgeoisie, practices that appear too militant in their convictions, too romantic in their ideals, or too activist in their objectives are treated as naive. The task, as Fraser underlines above, is not to seize our institutions in pursuit of an ideal, but to soberly confront our complicities in the unjust system we depend on, and to confront the system with itself.

Left Melancholy

Charging alongside the history of the left is a parallel history of its expropriation by capital. Consider, for example, Apple's first print advertising campaign for the Macintosh personal computer, launched in 1984. Paired with the slogan, "It's about time a capitalist started a revolution," the state-of-the-art computer was placed alongside cloth-bound books by Mao, Engels, Marx, and Trotsky. Within its rhetorical logic, the Macintosh computer functioned as a kind of bookend, and by extension, affirmed the end of one era of revolutionary praxis and the beginning of another. If in 1984, the communist revolutions of the twentieth century were widely regarded in the West as failed experiments, then the images and texts that defined them in popular culture would signify failure and farce. When in 2003, Slavoj Žižek was invited to write copy for Abercrombie & Fitch's back-to-school catalogue, he was asked to adorn soft-core images of gorgeous young white models with captions characterized as "Karl Marx meets Groucho Marx."[14] Given the task of selling an ideology and analyzing it in the same breath, of producing criticism and enjoyment in equal measure, Žižek adopted a kind of self-conscious Lacan-inflected prose to cloak A&F in the robes of critical theory. He did this knowingly, probably as a joke. Like Apple's Marx, A&F's Žižek was put to work as a spokesperson for a new American lifestyle. Both reenacted moments when left ideas were warped into image and commodity by capitalist culture, moments when the left sold out. Returning to the sobriety of Fraser's prose, the pragmatism that underlines it typifies an attitude that pervades critical strands of the

art world. Like Apple's Marx or A&F's Žižek, it presupposes that capitalism is the only game in town, that, as Margaret Thatcher famously declared, "there is no alternative to economic liberalism." This attitude, which refuses to search out the limits of capitalism and resigns itself to play the game well, echoes the phenomenon Walter Benjamin described as *left-wing melancholy* in 1931. Taking German author Erich Kästner as his foil, Benjamin confronted a growing tendency in leftist intellectual circles to ignore the working class while speaking in its name. For Benjamin, Kästner's work was suspicious. It posed as radical by announcing its hatred for the petite bourgeoisie, however, written with "an all too intimate petite bourgeoisie flavor," it served to entertain, rather than antagonize, the institutions that defended bourgeois culture.[15] Benjamin called Kästner and his ilk "the decayed bourgeoisie's mimicry of the proletariat," suggesting that "their function [was] to give rise, politically speaking, not to parties but to cliques, literally speaking, not to schools but to fashions, economically speaking, not to producers but to agents."[16] For Benjamin, the central problem with Kästner's work was that it took the appearance of left-wing radicalism but liquidated it of "any corresponding political action."[17] Kästner's Left was a hollow one, emptied of political commitment and reconfigured for petit-bourgeois consumption. While Benjamin was clear about Kästner's withdrawal from commitment to left ideals, he did not sketch out even a cursory definition of left-wing melancholy, leaving much for his readers to interpret.

Numerous theorists have returned to Benjamin's brief remarks on left-wing melancholy to articulate the core challenges facing the left in recent years. In her oft-cited 1999 article "Resisting Left Melancholy," Wendy Brown describes left melancholy as an impulse to venerate dead idols and a refusal to look forward. For her, the left melancholic subject is a "revolutionary hack who is, finally, attached more to a particular political analysis or ideal—even to the failure of that ideal—than to seizing possibilities for radical change in the present."[18] Ensnared within a "structure of melancholic attachment to a certain strain of its own dead past," he becomes fixated on the failures and marginality of left struggles.[19] In other words, the left melancholic derives his purpose—reconstructs his ego—by holding onto his inadequacies. For Brown, the fundamental problem of left melancholy is that it "installs traditionalism in the very heart of its praxis, in the place where commitment to risk and upheaval belongs."[20] Jodi Dean interprets Benjamin's text differently. For her, left melancholy is problematic not because it is attached to a crushed ideal, but because it has betrayed this ideal by adapting to the demands of capitalist culture. According to Dean, melancholic practices make us "feel productive, important, radical."[21] However, the intellectual rewards we receive for calling out our own complicities in the reproduction of class power only serve to incentivize our inaction. In turn, inaction and failure provide their own forms of enjoyment, thus capturing the melancholic subject within the circuits of drive.[22] Dean's

left melancholic subject betrays his leftist commitment by commodifying "authentic revolutionary impulses already part of everyday proletarian life."[23] Certainly, the game of cataloguing our complicities and of recognizing our embeddedness within global capitalism produces weird kinds of enjoyment. There is a guilty pleasure that comes when we speak in bad faith. *COMME des MAR*ISTS* invites us to perform left melancholy, chant in bad faith, and grin at the thought of structural violence. It is an exercise in collective catharsis, a purging of responsibility. Moreover, it is a carnival expression of the hierarchies and inequalities that make up society, one that is transposed into the cultural sector and performed by its members. Perhaps such a ritual expression of bad faith is necessary for us to expel our resentments before returning to the business of political engagement after we exit the white cube. Surely, those in the audience who are committed to social justice will do just this. However, as Rancière argues, we should be wary of any game that "invites us to recognize that there is no alternative to the power of the beast and to admit that we are satisfied by it."[24] This sort of game neutralizes and sublimates every desire for an alternative world, reifying the critical gesture—the admission of guilt—as an end in itself rather than as the first step toward thinking otherwise. Ganahl's Fashion show converts Marxist culture and politics into novel memes and accessories, deliberately reflecting, animating, dramatizing, and putting on display this widespread process of recuperation. It offers a historically informed intervention that exaggerates the very condition of left melancholy that exists in the social circles it is destined for. It remakes Marxist intellectual history as a fetish object, that is, a dead object. However, in rendering left melancholy as a kind of Bakhtinian carnival—as a cathartic expression of collective guilt within an authorized space for bad behavior—Ganahl strips it of intellectual argumentation, of the critical form that typically lends it legitimacy. In *COMME des MAR*ISTS*, left melancholy is pushed to the extreme and rendered absurd. Forfeiting the possibility for art to engage in struggles that exceed its proper jurisdiction, left melancholy drives us to reflect on the economic conditions that determine our lives and work, to know our enemy but never to act. When under its spell, we recognize Marxism only as it has been compromised by capitalist culture, just as we recognize art only when it traverses institutions that legitimate it. Ganahl's performance puts us under the spell of left melancholy, providing a fleeting experience of pleasure that quickly wears off. The morning after, we are compelled to ask the following question, as Jonas Staal does in a recent article on protest art: "In what kind of world do we want to be artists? Do we dedicate our work to make 'capitalism more beautiful,' as Hito Steyerl has noted, or do we attempt to define our practice in a different political context?"[25] We cannot expect *COMME des MAR*ISTS* to emancipate the spectator or to catalyze a renewed desire for communism. This would put far too much of weight on a two-night art event in the collective

project of social emancipation. When it comes down to it, the worst *COMME des MAR✱ISTS* can do is supply a moment of delight in the circuits of drive that propel left melancholy ad infinitum. The best it can do is weaken a link in the chain.

Steve Lyons
2015

Watch the show here: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jppFTkSQqkA&feature=youtu.be

Installation view, White Columns, New York, 2013

1 *Friedrich Engels, letter to Eduard Bernstein in Zurich,* November 2–3, 1882; source: Marx and Engels, *Collected Works: Volume 46* (New York: International Publishers, 1992), 356. 2 See Gregory Sholette, *Dark Matter: Art in the Age of Enterprise Culture* (London: Pluto Press, 2011). 3 Andrea Fraser, "L'1%, c'est moi," *Texte zur Kunst* 83 (September 2011): 122. 4 Not an Alternative, "Counter Power as Common Power," *Journal of Aesthetics & Protest* 9 (2014), http://www.joaap.org/issue9/notanalternative.htm. 5 See Glenn Beck, "The One Thing: The Coming Insurrection," Fox News, video, 6:55, July 1, 2009: http://youtu.be/ZKyi2qNskJc. 6 Jodi Dean describes communicative capitalism as the new political-economic formation yielded by the internet. Addressing the fantasy of democratic participation ushered in by the Web 2.0, Dean considers how "instead of leading to more equitable distributions of wealth and influence, instead of enabling the emergence of a richer variety in modes of living and practices of freedom, the deluge of screens and spectacles undermines political opportunity and efficacy for most of the world's peoples." See Jodi Dean, *Publicity's Secret: How Technoculture Capitalizes on Democracy* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 2002), 3. See also "Communicative Capitalism: Circulation and the Foreclosure of Politics," *Cultural Politics* 1, no. 1 (March 2005): 51-74. 7 Not An Alternative, "Counter Power as Common Power." 8 Stuart Jeffries, "Why Marxism Is on the Rise Again," *Guardian*, July 4, 2012, http://www.theguardian.com/world/2012/jul/04/the-return-of-marxism. 9 See Steve Lyons, "Fashionably Late," *esse arts + opinions* 85, Autumn 2015, 12–16. 10 Quoted in Tim Griffin, "Social Realities," *Artforum*, March 2008, 73. 11 La Biennale di Venezia, "Biennale Arte 2015: All the World's Futures," *La Biennale di Venezia*, 2015, http://www.labiennale.org/en/art/news/05-03.html. 12 Okwui Enwezor, "Introduction by Okwui Enwezor," *La Biennale di Venezia*, 2015: http://www.labiennale.org/en/art/exhibition/enwezor/. 13 Fraser, "L'1%, c'est moi," 124. 14 "Savas Abadsidis, letter to Slavoj Žižek," in *Abercrombie & Fitch Quarterly* (back-to-school issue, 2003). 15 Walter Benjamin, "Left-Wing Melancholy (On Erich Kästner's New Book of Poems)" (1931), *Screen* 15, no. 2 (1974): 28. 16 Benjamin, 29. 17 Benjamin, 30. 18 Wendy Brown, "Resisting Left Melancholy," *boundary 2* 26, no. 3 (1999): 20. 19 Brown, 26. 20 Brown, 25. 21 Jodi Dean, *The Communist Horizon* (New York: Verso, 2012), 176. 22 Dean explains: "In Lacanian psychoanalysis, desire, and drive each designate a way that the subject relates to enjoyment. Desire is always a desire to desire, a desire that can never be filled, a desire for a jouissance that can never be attained. In contrast, drive attains jouissance in the repetitive process of not reaching it. Failure (or the thwarting of the aim) provides its own sort of success. [...]Because failure produces enjoyment, because the subject enjoys via repetition, drive captures the subject." Jodi Dean, *Blog Theory: Feedback and Capture in the Circuits of Drive* (Cambridge: Polity Press, 2010), 40. 23 Dean, *Communist Horizon*, 160. 24 Jacques Rancière, *The Emancipated Spectator* (New York: Verso, 2011), 40. 25 Jonas Staal, "New Art for the New University," *Krisis: Journal for Contemporary Philosophy* 2 (2015): 17.