



bloody knuckles communique #3

The growth-obsessed music industry as it currently stands cannot fathom supporting anything without stealing money from it. There has never been an easier, more exciting, and completely necessary time to manage art because everyone is so bad at it.

Unlearning political and creative convictions is a difficult and violent process. When the mother tongue you were born into and have lived every day with a complete reliance on is in active offense against the very things which make you human, every phrase spoken is a blade against the heart and our very opportunity to embolden a future in which we are in solidarity and free. Escape lies in learning new languages, seeing the echoes of that which you love by instinct reflected as fundament in a life you can only hope exists. The entrepreneurial conceit we've passively inherited as citizens of a neoliberal technofascist state seeks – to no avail – a rewiring of our communal spirit from within, a complete conquest and subsequent annihilation of our critical functions.

Two of my most oft-referenced (read: romanticized) tools of effective creative practice are translation and synthesis – it seems to me that what is always most worth fussing over and refining is the potential energy of transience, the act of becoming. This frequently leaves me in a frustrating deficit of actionable paths forward, as I find myself idling for too long at the scenic-yet-illegible overview of a liberated daydream. No matter how beautiful it is or may be, you eventually have to get back on the highway and finish the trip.

Walter Benjamin [wrote](#) “the task of the translator consists in finding the particular intention towards the target language which produces in that language the echo of the original.” What happens, then, when the original (English, per [Yoko Tawada](#), as the “language of business”) has rotted away to ineffectuality? When our de facto form of communication has been infected, to the core, by the mandates of profit and manifest destiny? Does it suggest a need for a cure, or complete abandonment after a quarantine leaves it to starve to death?

Here, I refer back to the potential of synthesis on the heels of an effective translation, rescuing any effective modes of artistic support and creative development that currently exist (of which, I opine, there are very few) and grafting them to a healthy rootstock that happily exists outside of our immediate inclination toward music as business. I will refrain from pontificating here which of these rootstocks seem viable new surrogates of art and music as we know it, in its sanctified pursuit of communion – I leave that up to us, the creative commons, to deliberate together.

- + feel free to continue the dialogue by emailing bloodyknucklesnyc@gmail.com – more than happy to publish responses / always accepting new submissions