



the words that flow from the suffering make picturesque metaphors, laughable analogies, frightening but empty threats. The audience yawns; the hustlers are nervous: they search for the right words; the sales pitch varies but the end is the same: to exchange flesh for gold: to exchange pain for success: to make the victim palatable to the king.

We can own our masks: we can dare to playback our lives to the audience of ourselves. Out of this might come a powerful and uniquely revolutionary historical narcissism: for the love of ourselves we may seize control of our destiny. Can we expect that the vipers will allow this liberation to occur? Collectivism is already an arm of the law: whole armies of parasites now tend the wounded, slain, and insane losers. The busiest hustlers will try to sell us back to ourselves. Some say that it will never change.

I am an artist: I assert: I advocate: I find the territory: I call to the settlers: what will become of the territory?

robert harding

