



November 1 - 22, 1992

x-communication

magnified section

from Madison to Cedar Rapids to Dreamtime Village

- x-communication•
- Critical Art Ensemble•
- Wisconsin Conservatory of Noise•
- Insect Manufactures•
- Sister Serpents•

xexoxial editions 1992 west lima wisc

RICARDO DOMINGUEZ We rented an RV, and we drove around Florida with a spiraling towards Orlando and Disneyworld. And in those days, there was CB, Citizen Band, so we had a CB in our RV. We had televisions. And we would pull off at different exits where there were restrooms, we would do these performances in the stalls, and outside of the bathroom area. We would show endless loops of cars crashing, the number of people who would die on their way to Disney World. Tourism on the road always requires highway sacrifices—

NILO GOLDFARB —these are *certain* times.

Yes, we're living with the passing of the pope. But I'm excited that my bid for the pope is moving up in the ranks.

The African pope [Turkson or Besungu]?

No, the pope mobile that took the pope to his final resting place. I always wanted my own pope mobile. I could go to work and wave and bless people.

Who was your bid for the pope?

He really changed the balance of the cardinals, so it seems to me for the first time an African pope would be, *certainly*, possible. The numbers are *certainly* quite strong for Asia, as well. I haven't checked the Vegas boards yet. For the pope app. There's probably an app out there. A blessed app of some sort.

A sort of pretentious word comes to mind. It is the word *dispositif*...

Mmmmm. From Foucault?

His students have kept on using it... I don't know what the good English translation is. Whether it's mechanism or—

—device?

The device... of the tingler?

Well in a certain sense the enactment of watching William Castle's film was this device, this system of embodying the cinematic horror literally in the audience—individually and as a group—and it's a system of embodied horror that is really kind of overly articulated in terms of what the nature of the horror of the tingler is. And that the audience themselves be immersed in this phantasmagorical device. Castle would travel throughout the U.S. and rig the theaters where the film was going to show, literally like a traveling circus show to a great degree. And the mechanism was one that synchronized the cinematic loop into a kind of cybernetic loop, if you will. So, what occurs in the film is, Vincent Price, an actor, in the pantheon of great horror films—and he did several for William Castle—plays a pathologist. And during his research, he discovers that a new organ is produced in bodies who have encountered some horrifying traumatic event. And that the more horrible the event by which this body was traumatized, the bigger was this alienlike organ of pure fear. It's a black and white film. And it just so happens that the character is married to a woman who is deaf and mute. He believes, based on his previous calculations and measurements, that greater fear and greater inability would allow the tingler organism to grow too far larger proportions and thus be able to activate a more precise evaluation of this new organ, if you will. So he decides to test his theories around this entity of fear that grows inside the body as a new flesh. The centerpiece of the film is that he then takes a small apartment and starts creating Texas Chainsaw Massacre encounters. A series of weird creatures appear that are trying to kill her. Or specifically, they are trying to scare her to death! Terrible things are occurring...

And what is most fascinating about the tingler in terms of its cinematic element is that when she walks into the bathroom, red blood starts pouring out of the sink, and the tub is covered in blood, and the bloody hand comes out. You must remember the film is in black and white, so in the red aesthetic, the splatter, reaches into the dynamics of the film-as-film, in the *device* of the film, through its moment of blood red color, which kills her: a moment of splatter science-qua-capitalism. He then takes her back to his lab. She now has a large, almost half-her-body sized, entity inside of her. It looks like a weird gelatinous centipede of some sort. I watched Cronenberg's *They Came from Within* (1974) again and the hyper-sex parasite looks like the tingler. Well somehow, the Tinger ends up escaping from their house where he got rid of her, or maybe the lab is nearby. But the tingler somehow gets through a vent into a movie theater wherein a bunch of teenagers are watching a horror film, probably made by William Castle. And at that moment, when the tingler actually gets out—

REPETITION IS A TREAT

ACTION WHEN BROKEN DOWN INTO VALUES OF BLACK & WHITE BECOMES JUST THAT...FRAGMENTED & REPRESENTATIONAL...NOT THE ACTION BUT THE SIMULATION...THE IMPOSED STRUCTURE OF PROGRAM & SCHEDULE...CREATES TENSION IN DIVISION OF INDIVIDUAL & GROUP EXPRESSION...TENDENCY TO PROJECT PERSONAL VALUES ON OTHERS...CREATES TENDANCY TO TAKE THINGS PERSONALLY...IDEAS ACTIONS & INTENTIONS GET LOST IN THE INTERFACE OF...SHUT THE FUCK UP & LAY SOME BRICKS!

Magnified Section
4/15
Do you always meet with this much controversy? Is that why you do it?
Do you all come from other places? Are any of you from Iowa? Maybe that is why some people get so upset, maybe Iowa and New York are just too different for understanding this. I think that people from bigger places would be used to this environment.

Why the 3 sites?

WE WANTED TO MOVE INTO THE DECENTRALIZED ZONES, BUT ALSO WANTED VARIED SITES IN CLOSE PROXIMITY FOR EASY TRAVEL.

Why the Midwest?

TO EXPLORE A REGION UNCORRUPTED BY THE GLOOMY URBANE SOPHISTICATION OF NEW YORK AND OTHER ART WORLD CENTERS.

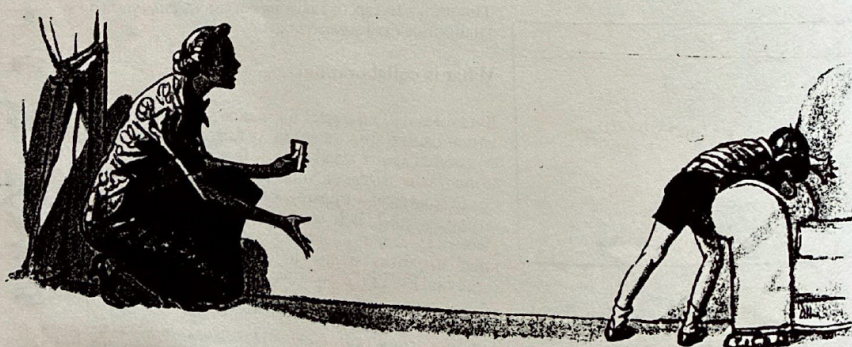
What is nomadology?

NOMADOLGY IS A CALL FOR SLIDING SIGNS, LINES OF FLIGHT, BODIES WITHOUT ORGANS, FOR A RHIZOMATIC FLOW THROUGH A THOUSAND PLATEAUS OF SYMBOLIC AND IMAGINARY TERRITORIALIZATIONS. NOMADS (DE)TERRITORIALIZE THE HARD BUNKERS OF OUR PRESENT SOCIAL CONDITION WITH NOISE SPASMS, IMPLOSIVE GESTURES, UNSTABLE BLOCKAGE, DISAPPEARING DANCES, CYBER-CHAOTICS, AND SWEET SQUASH IN A WARM ROOM.

Ex-Communication
Colloquium
① you said you would outlast parents, why?
② All of you are from different groups but how did all of you get together?
③ I never really caught the meaning of nomadology what is it?

What did you accomplish?

READ THE BOOK.



The poetics of a multi-site collaboration

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and this scene is actually quite similar to the Blob, which actually came out around the same time with young Steve McQueen where people are watching a horror film and the theater itself is this ultimate horror—what William Castle does, which is this mechanism of phantasmagoria embodied, and he called it “Perceptovision,” is he set up an electrical shock system into the chairs of the theater. And of course you had to sign this paper that said you wouldn’t sue the theater after you watched this terrifying film, and as people were screaming he would shock them at higher and higher rates. People would go running out of the theater. So there would be these sort of spectacular news reports of this frightening film. This led to a certain degree to this kind of poverty row entertainment structure, that manifested to some degree in the concise articulation of a cybernetic loop or circuit of horror. A short circuiting of connection, an intimacy—or extimacy. Which was not just one of the optical and affective but literally the electrical shock to the viewer’s body itself. Basically, like mild tasers, and this was being promoted by his vision of this “Perceptovision.” The shock was a moment in seeing electrified in the loop. And this device would inoculate you for what was going to be coming up the road in the next decade. You had Michael Powell’s “Peeping Tom”, and in that the killer uses a movie camera with spike that comes out of the lens and then created these sort of snuff films where, as he gets closer to the victim, he then uses the camera to kill... a different kind of splatter circuit.

In the late 80s there was a group of artists called Ex-Communication, and they

came up with a gesture that would gather artist collectives like the Critical Art Ensemble that I was a part of. We were in Tallahassee Florida. And I think Ex-Communication were in New York City. And there were Sister Serpents who were this cross between the Manson Family and a lesbian radical group from Chicago. Then there was this anarchist family from Dreamtime Village, in Wisconsin. And the idea was we would drive this van to these different zones. Then take a week to develop a gesture or gestures that would not only articulate the different kinds of collective processes let's say each of the groups had. But they also asked us to use what was available to stage these events, and bring in community where possible. The first gesture we did was at the University of Wisconsin's television station. The name of the show we came up with was "Marx, Manson, Ché: Get Off Their Backs." And it was an hour-plus long show where members of the different groups would have discussions why we should get off the back of these individuals, meanwhile Sister Serpents would be in the back dancing with their buckets of menstrual blood... like the Mansons... or we imagine, I don't know the Mansons ever did this. I know the Mansons put symbols on their foreheads. We were doing random advertising. I remember we did an advertisement for "the accursed share card" where a college student is heading off to college in a city with her father and the father says 'well now it's time for you to get your own accursed share card.' And the father says, 'ah yes, Bataille, excremental cultures are not available everywhere.' That sort of territory. And I think we did another one called "Recliner of the West" where the husband comes home, exhausted, and his wife says, 'why don't you recline on this wonderful Recline of the West recliner. And you can buy it at different stores.' None of us had ever worked with an independent production studio before but the director of the station was fine and seemed to go with it. Listeners to the station would call in and say, 'WTF is going on?'

I remember after that we were taken to a town, somewhere between Iowa and Madison Wisconsin. It seemed to be an old, maybe Ukrainian, community center, and we were offered what used to be the Ukrainian gathering hall where they have dances and what not. There we invited cultural workers in that area and made large scale installations. And one of the things we discovered, across the street from this Ukrainian hall, was this eatery that was theme based. I think it was Horror based. Called, like, "Drack's," or something like that. You'd go up the steps into this middle-ancient building and it was full of haunting objects. It was just easy to get food there. But we talked to the owner cook/caretaker of this mad horror house of an eatery. And we said, 'we're doing this show across the way' and 'would you be interested in taking some of your objects here and we could do an installation? We're looking at the Wisconsin death trip, how horror might occur within these territories.' And he said 'sure, I'd be happy to let me show you some of my other work.' So, he then took us up these stairways up to where he lived and there were these kind of odd, mutilated dolls, as you went up the stairs. Almost like Texas Chainsaw Massacre-like scenarios. And upstairs, there were all these cooking pans like the pans you put in an oven to bake, like, a turkey or what have you. And when they were totally burnt, he would make these mad scraped drawings with curses and creatures. He joined the exhibition. The community was brought in. We had a fascinating encounter in this industrial zone ripped asunder sometime in the 70s or 80s. A hollowing out of what had been. From there we went to the University of Iowa where the famous Writers' Workshop, is and did a sort of crazed communal lecture calling for a kind of possessed sensibility of the cybernetic—we had to end writing and end sculpture, and we had to do hacktivism, sculpt data bodies. Anyways, it was just rantings and ravings along these lines. The last thing we did was we went to this anarchist place where Peter Lamborn Wilson, AKA Hakim Bey, did a lot of his permaculture research. And there was this dreamtime village community that did these zines. And the whole town was dead because there wasn't anybody there except a few anarchists. There were some anarchists from New York, from squats like ABC No Rio and Bullet Space that had ended up there. We co-created this zine of our experiences doing art labor together... "Total Disaster," I think, was the title. Reflecting the disaster of working together.

What kind of language are we speaking? Is this aesthetics? Academic? You went to a university to make the transmission, but it reached a different audience. People who weren't readers of George Bataille, for instance.

Disturbance was a way to disarticulate codes. The very first gesture we did as Critical Art Ensemble was "Forget Foucault" so there you have the *dispotif* [sic] of disposing of Foucault. At a Miami nightclub. Miami in the 80s, Coked up... hardcore disco-punk or something. We turn off the music and project on the screen "Forget Foucault." And our performance lasted about 5 minutes be-

fore they kicked our asses out into the hot Miami streets at 2am.

Well, my students at Rutgers, of course, have never read Foucault. And I wonder what this means, to tell people who have never read Foucault to forget Foucault.

So, we tried again... we did about three shows.

Tallahassee is in the Northern part of Florida, about 30 minutes from Georgia. We would go to different BBQs up in the hills of Georgia. On Sunday nights, they had open mic. We would show up and do performance art. Here was another type of "Exit Culture" and what we found is that we could do these critical interventions and dialogs. The crowds were very open because it was their space and they were drinking beer, having BBQ and stuff. It was our own kind of Percepto-vision wherein the horror wasn't necessarily controlled by us but shared in a minor cultural meeting...a meaty meeting...sharing of beers and drinks.

Was it a box office success?

More successful than the Miami shows. We needed to find conditions wherein our gestures were not necessarily the conditions of transmission per se. Because it was more like an ex-transmission since they had not read Foucault. Or many of them probably had not. But they were open. In a kind of open text manner. We did parking lot shows where we would write our hypertext, utopian plagiarism, on some parking lot wall. We'd have a bullhorn, and we'd read the text. Central to all of this was the gesture... the gesture of disturbance. And what is disturbed is not only the criticism or the critical code, but also what is disturbed is the space of the artist or the cultural worker.

I did a micro-gesture where I would just buy crap in whatever tourist place we were at. Usually, I'd keep it to \$20. And then I'd just start playing with it. Like in the sidewalk. People would usually come and stare. But there's this place in Florida called Daytona beach. And Daytona beach is nothing but cars on the beach. Like this big excessive carnival of car driving on the beach. You would think that some person playing with toys in the carnival like atmosphere would be overlooked. But almost immediately cops came and crowds gathered. There are pictures of the cops surrounding me, freaked out. We would also do our utopian plagiarism on the Citizen's Band (CB), an accounting of the number of tourists who would die each year. And the CB community would respond. I remember it was truckers, and one guy responded oh it must be college kids. Which obviously we were to some degree. "Or, it's a roving penthouse..."

Very nice. Well, what came to mind for me was the discussions in the cinema journals around this time about the road trip movie, indefinitely protracting—

—yeah, road trip movies were a key consideration. The soundtrack we would play when we would show the accidents was the opening song of the Chevy Chase Road Trip Family. I was already connecting this drift to that history, the great American road trip.

The road trip movie suggests that the movie should be as long as the road trip itself, but of course time is money. And unless you have a data farming operation generating a passive income stream...

Well number one, we lived in Tallahassee, FL, and we were slackers. I worked in a lesbian bookstore three days a week. As I remember we had applied to do this road trip to a Miami dance foundation, and that's how we got the funding to rent the RV and get the CV, and then go on this weeklong road trip. Why the dance foundation based in Miami thought this was a good project, I don't know. Then the money for the Wisconsin death trip came from an organization in New York for Excommunication.

[...]

The deep red bleeds through the screen, or the blood red aesthetic breaks the black and white. One can imagine that the history of gestures are all black and white to a certain degree. And with "Perceptovision," and the way the Vietnam War in 70s burst through everything for us, that was the bloody red hand, if you will.

Since I'm here at UC San Diego, the border is concretized in a very direct and close manner. There is no way to completely disregard its unknowable weight on everything. The circumference and mesmerism of the Vietnam war

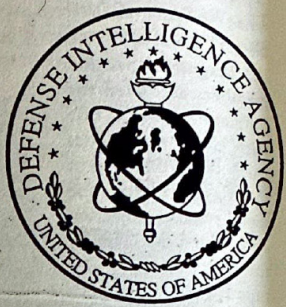
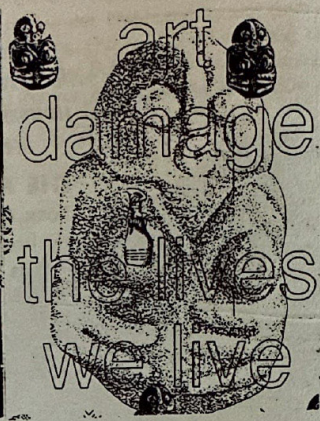
wrapped itself around the U.S Mexico border, and perhaps all borderization. The thing that I've drifted into is the importance of UCSD in establishing one of the important layers of borderization, that is the virtual border, the intelligent or smart border, the electrified border. For a decade or so I've been part of a curatorial team developing a project called Drones at Home—that is, how UC San Diego is part of the manufacturing a wide variety of unmanned arial vehicles from your hobbyist toy to reapers and predators, and the later kind of Sky Guardian system that is focused on a “total pattern of life” surveillance, as they like to instantiate. In the late 60s a group of physicists and others who were considered geniuses among geniuses called the Jasons convened at the UCSD. The Jasons met at UC SAN DIEGO to begin to develop a concrete theoretical device at the behest of McNamara, under Kennedy and Johnson specifically... And he requested of the Jasons, 60-68, a virtual fence that came to be known as the McNamara line, between North and South Vietnam, and the system would articulate itself by a series of sensors that would be dropped along the Ho Chi Min trail that would sense sound and chemical disturbances along the Ho Chi Min trail. And then there would be a Tom Cat, which was an early unmanned arial vehicle that would fly overhead and pick up the signals and send these transmissions to aircraft carriers off the Vietnam... with IBM computing systems that then would visualize, render this information as to where the North Vietnamese, the Vietcong, was, in terms of the Ho Chi Min Trail, trying to get into South Vietnam. But the North Vietnam community and army quickly realized what these devices were, so they would put buckets of piss underneath these sensors. They would report to IBM hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese here. Planes would come, what have you, drop napalm bombs in the area. Of course there was nobody there. The Vietcong then would just route around another way and attack South Vietnam, so this system that had been articulated in several congressional records that I'm looking at had already been considered as being useful for other places. One of the Jasons was working for Sylvania, that was a big tech corporation at the time, and congress were trying to get money for this McNamara line, and they mentioned a couple times that this could be brought home—bring the war home, right?—to the U.S./Mexico border. So even though it failed to do anything in Vietnam—and that's sort of a protocol for the U.S., if it fails somewhere, you sell it to the locals. Upon his arrival in La Jolla (San Diego County), Dyson, the well-known scientist, of the Jasons, was immediately driven down to the US-Mexico border. Even though the story is about Vietnam, the narrative is already embedding itself in the circuits of borderization. And this is being rearticulated again by the new affordances and engines of production that you have with Peter Thiel and Palmer Luckey, Palantir and Anduril, who are at this very moment getting massive scaled-up funds to rearticulate the failures of the past. A new kind of tinger-type device.

EVIL ELVIS LIVES IN LEVIS

SAME OLD CRAP



DIFFERENT DICK



BE AFRAID.
BE VERY AFRAID.

phenomenon. Bass was elegantly explaining the cryptic symbols on the walls of this creation so I grabbed my costume and left. Around 8:15 Fly in her coat of many words, began ushering the audience into the video room.

THE TAPE BEATLES STARTED OUT THE EVENING WITH a 3-screen film show with music called "Delusions of Grandeur". Their latest work ran for 15 minutes on 3 screens, a mad collage-action, of WWII U.S. propaganda films with 60's consumer images and a cacaphonic of sound accompaniment. Next came intrepid Iowa plagiarist, who, after popping and splashing champagne delivered an eloquent soliloquy on his desire to have Bill Clinton piss in his mouth. This golden shower was followed by a video set of "Little Ugly" and Lou's and Chérie's "Body Trilogy." 37 minutes of sweet slaping pain, paranoia, and the end of skin.

PEOPLE SPENT THE INTERMISSION LOOKING AT THE MANY WALLS OF text heavy posters — She La's gorgeous yellow & orange marbled questions, fly's dictums, sloppily hung Sister Serpent posters hung under a pseudo streetlight. Various anti-war and counter-propaganda posters from New York, Madison and Cedar Rapids street artists. Some paused to gaze in wonder at the Dreamtime hypermedia/permaculture tent constructed of tree limbs, twine, and xeroxed leaves — but none dared to enter. A plastic media tent was cramped in a corner. The screams of Lou's snicker bar piece, echoed throughout CSPA. Some of the nomads that came to the x-travaganza had the audacity to scrawl stories about bodily fluids on the translucent menstrual hut/outhouse. Some were overwhelmed by

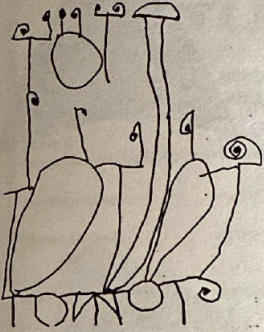
TO URINATE • 2 girls were there & becuz i could not ask them in their own language where a bathroom was • they wouldn't tell me • i ended up peeing myself in front of them while they mocked me.

IT'S COLD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT WHEN YOU WAKE UP WITH A STRONG URGE TO SHIT - (NO SOLIDS IN THE PISS BUCKET) grab the flashlight & the toilet paper & walk/stumble out the door to shit row, find a branch to grab on to, put the flashlight between your teeth, squat down & unbutton your long johns with one hand, SHIT - HOPEFULLY not on your shoes, wipe with a couple of white squares, cover up with

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hyper-fragmentation, bunker signs with the abject traces of virtual noise. Each event was an

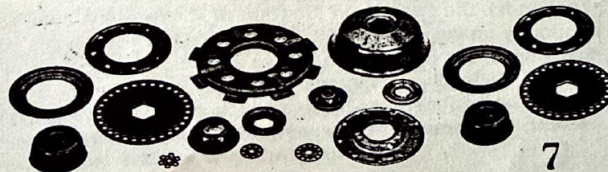
Happy Accidents, Part 1



"Marx, Manson, and Satan — Get Off Their Backs!" was a terrifying and demonic hour of television. Chérle wrapped herself in gauze and did the chicken dance to the beat of a metronome with a slide of human guts projected on her body. The ranting cacophony of She La, fly, and Kate, with their variously shaved heads and shapeless clothes and the word "shit" painted on She La's face, evoked nearly inevitable (given the context) comparison with certain members of the Manson family. fly also performed as her namesake, Beezelbub's minion. Steven's foot maniacally tapped as he spat out his defense of the evil empire. Lou explained not once but twice why he attempted to assassinate Babar the elephant. No wonder that fundamentalist viewer called the Chairman of the Board to get us banned from T.V. forever.

Some of us had collaborated successfully on live television in Hamburg, Germany, and we wanted to do it again, but better, in Wisconsin. So early in the planning process, Lou called Madison's public access station and fortunately was given Terry Hatfield's phone number. In his own quiet way he took the time from his busy busy life and turned himself into the glue that held the Madison leg of the project together, along with the equally stupendous and brazen family of Luciano, Barbara and Ech, and the goddess of apple crisp and Survival Graphics, Dorla Mayer. Chance encounters of the Madison kind.

I'd like to get serious for a moment ... if I may ... with your permission, of course. The people do not know the goodness and the love that is the man TERRY HATFIELD. And that's because he doesn't want the people to know. He just keeps on giving and giving and giving. And then when he's given all he has to give ... he gives some more. The giving and the love and the good that is Terrala. That's amore, baby.



7

that oscillates between apocalypse and utopia. Amidst the unbridled space of virtual capital

SEX SMELLS

Process & Product

How is it possible for 10 collectives to come together, within a limited timeframe, and with limited knowledge of the other groups activities, and cooperate in the production of a coherent situation? To state the obvious, it's not possible. The wall of separation due to the differences in each collective's methods, themes, perspectives, and politics is insurmountable, preventing a consensus on a wholistic and equally inclusive methodology through which collaboration may occur. Consequently, groups maintain their original integrity; however, some alliances do emerge generally having more to do with random elements of the situation, than with an overlapping aesthetic concern. To be sure, the only consensus possible, especially under the assumption of decentralization, is one in which each group works autonomously using the other groups more as consultants than as collaborators. Should inter-collective action be abandoned? CAE thinks not. Once it advances beyond questions of process, inter-collective action has a more desired effect. So long as there is a mutual respect for one's co-collective workers, the diversity of opinion—when presented as bounded temporary image—opens possibilities for interpretations for individual works that would not exist if the pieces were shown in isolation. The lack of consensus itself becomes a strength, rather than a weakness, and the viewer / participant's own reflections, rather than artistic intentionality becomes the key to interpretation due to the lack of codified unity. In other words, each participant must create his/her own narrative.

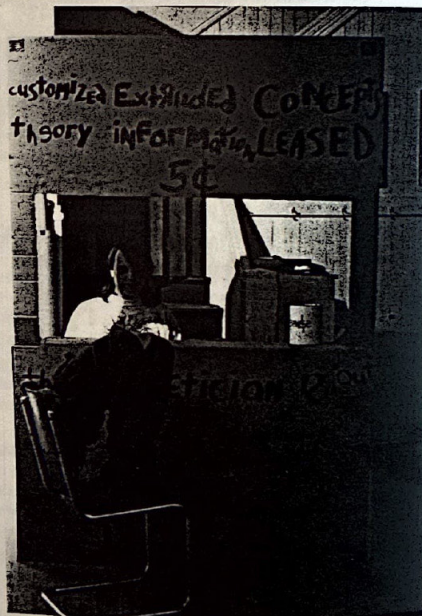
Cedar Rapids was cold + snowy - we needed more garlic.

HUMMUS

ingredients

2 lb cooked garbonzo beans
1/2 lb silken tofu
1 cup tahini
1 head of garlic
pinch of cayene
1/4 cup chopped parsley
water as needed

In a food processor, blend garbonzos, tofu, crushed garlic and tahini, adding water to make a smooth consistency. Then add cayenne & parsley, mix for a couple more seconds. Serve with pita.



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in the slipstreams of lost intent and misproduction—a liminal suture at the end of the millennium

OPTIONAL CHEESE



The
Virtual
Condition
is a
Tele-gamble
That
Always
Spins Off



AMERICAN HERITAGE



the flowing fountain of blood in a bucket labeled—NO SOLIDS IN THE PISS BUCKET.

RICK SLAMMED THE DOOR TO the performance room — not realizing it was a cue & the Women Without Escorts were launched, fly and She La start to interrogate each other. Suddenly fly recalls a dream, pacing, coat flying, walking her New York streets, fading out suddenly. She La transformed, entered carrying the Song of Creation in her soul. She spun her wordweb in resonant tones. Her voice & hands carrying the weight of centuries of truth & power from all to all. She was in the center & she was the center. She disappeared. Fly reappeared crucified & told another dream, crucified in the end in the form of a Jesus Junkie and then began to jaw on her harp. I was too angry to talk — so I danced and danced through fly's harp breaking. The ritual spasms

some leaves - (keep eating that flashlight) -rebutton & stand - watch out for the pile - and flashlight in hand stumble back to the cabin - TOES ASS & NOSE NOW FROZEN - *the parallels between urban & rural poverty are striking...*

the holy grail is not filled with the blood of jesus christ - but is a cup of menstrual fluid

ONCE I SPILLED MY PISS BUCKET... I woke up in the middle of the night & I REALLY HAD TO PEE & I was still mostly asleep & I was trying to **balance over the piss bucket & pee** at the same time so I had to hang onto it & then I really started falling asleep & so I **FELL OVER HANGING ONTO THE PISS BUCKET & SPILLED IT ALL OVER MYSELF** & the floor & it wasn't that full but it was still disgusting because there was no plumbing so I couldn't really clean up too well & I couldn't just jump into a shower so I **just went to**

sleep covered in my own
(STALE URINE) 15

intersection of fissuring regimes that stuttered incommensurable micro-narratives. Where art

CAN I SEE YOUR LIE SENSE?

VIRTUAL TIMELINE

ENTREPRENEURIAL CAPITALISM	MONOPOLY CAPITALISM	MULTINATIONAL CAPITALISM	VIRTUAL CAPITALISM
Steam & Locomotive Power	Electric & Petro-power	Microelectric Power	Nano-tech Power
Property rights	Corporate rights	Copyrights	DNA rights
Nature as Other/ conquest of nature	Aliens as Other/ 3rd world conquest	Knowledge as Other/ conquest of intelligence	Biology as Other/ conquest of existence
nationalism	imperialism	multinationalism	globalization
tuberculosis	cancer	AIDS	GG5 (gray goo syndrome) aphanisis
hysteria	paranoia	schizophrenia	wetware
film	television	computer	Fractalism
Mechanical	Instantaneous	Logico-ikonik	rhizomatics
realism	modernism	postmodernism	hypermedia
high art	art as commodity	plagiarism	bio-chip
copy	event	chip	introjection
possession	mediation	interface	chaotics
image	collage	simulacra	cyber
worker vanguard	consumer	affinity	

*Several
of
us have
been
raging
mad or
quietly
steaming
at half
the
people
in this
project
at one
time or
another
over the
past
three
weeks.*

A ROLE-CALL of CELLS in the MAGNIFIED SECTION

- Humbled gasbelly braggart fills herself more quietly now•
- Round-faced intellectual football-loving pair facilitates•
- Tall owl of a quiet strong woman smokes, underlining•
- Laser-mattering brain-arrow stronghold belly jokes•
- Deep voice with large scarf, short, cuts calm satire•
- Paintedly pickled cityserved silver flies out, sewing•
- Formerly angry bald dancer mellows at the kindling•
- Bopping miniature one commenting artfully, plays monster•
- Kantian chuckle-mind grinning, treatise tucked under tongue•
- Black-faced slumping look-alike adeptly keeps gears greased•
- Love-goofy transmitter bakes the daily bread•

9

(re)signs the institutional bunkers by employing the hyper-speed of the highway-system and low-

REPETITION IS A THREAT

What was the genesis of the project?

THE GENERAL IDEA WAS TO ASSEMBLE A BUNCH OF INDIVIDUALS ACCUSTOMED TO WORKING COLLECTIVELY IN ARTISTS' GROUPS, AND TO TAKE THIS NEW MAKESHIFT GROUP ON A TRAVELLING COLLABORATIVE ROAD SHOW THROUGH THREE DIFFERENT MIDWESTERN ENVIRONMENTS. THE PARTICIPANTS CAME FROM NEW YORK, CHICAGO, TALLAHASSEE, AND WEST LIMA, WI, AND TRAVELLED FROM MADISON WISCONSIN, TO CEDAR RAPIDS IOWA, AND ENDED IN WEST LIMA WISCONSIN WHERE WE MADE THIS BOOK. ALONG THE WAY, WE PICKED UP OTHER COLLABORATORS FROM THESE AREAS, AND WE ALTERED OUR METHODS OF PRESENTATION AND COLLABORATION TO ADAPT TO THE DIFFERENT ENVIRONMENTS — RESPECTIVELY, A UNIVERSITY TOWN/STATE CAPITOL, THEN A CITY WHICH IS A CENTER FOR THE OATS AND TELECOMMUNICATIONS INDUSTRIES, THEN FINALLY A REMOTE RURAL LOCATION. OUR METHODS WERE FORCED TO CHANGE ALSO AS OUR GROUP GOT TO KNOW EACH OTHER — PARASITES IN THE MAGNIFIED SECTION PETRI DISH.

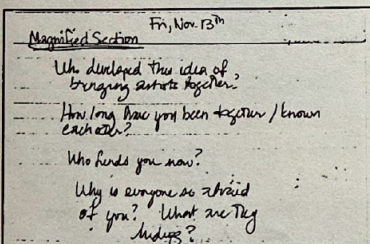
Why did you call it MAGNIFIED SECTION?

SECTIONAL...PERTAINING TO A SECTION COMPOSED OF OR MADE UP IN SEVERAL INDEPENDANT SECTIONS
MAGNIFIED...OBJECTS MAY BE LARGER THAN THEY APPEAR

FROM GEOGRAPHICAL REFERENCES TO ROCK FORMATIONS...SECTIONS OF SOIL...TREES...ETC...A PICTURE THAT CAPTURES A SPECIFIC PATTERN OF ORGANIC CHAOTIC ORDER IN STRUCTURE OF SYMBIOTIC GROWTH...

EACH POINT (LOCATION WAS)...STOP ACTION OF...PREVIOUS INTENTIONS...THE GROUPS REPRESENTED CAME EQUIPPED WITH BACKGROUND NOISE & RESONANCE (ROOTS ORIGINS + PROJECT EXPECTATIONS BASED ON PREVIOUS COLLABORATIONS)...WITH SO MUCH POTENTIAL REPRESENTATION INVOLVED THE MAGNIFIED SECTION (OF THIS GROUP INTERACTION BASED ON SPECIFIC TIME/PLACE RESTRICTIONS) BECOMES GREATER THAN THE PARTS...

How did you all get together?



THROUGH A MATRIX OF PREVIOUS COLLISIONS CHANNELLED THROUGH X-COMMUNICATION.

What is collaboration?

EVERYONE HAD DIFFERENT IDEAS ABOUT COLLABORATION, WHICH CAUSED SOME PROBLEMS AT FIRST. IS IT ABSOLUTE CONSENSUS ABOUT EVERYTHING? IS SOMEONE GOING TO MODIFY THIS SENTENCE AFTER I'VE WRITTEN IT? OR IS COLLABORATION A DIVISION OF LABOR ACCORDING TO SPECIALIZATION? IS IT SOME MIDPOINT BETWEEN THESE TWO POLES, AND IF SO, HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY ARRIVE AT THAT MIDPOINT WHEN NO ONE FINDS A MIDPOINT ACCEPTABLE? YET SOMEHOW WE FOUND A BALANCE —

UNEASY AT TIMES, BUT BY AND LARGE FUNCTIONAL.

COLLABORATION...CO LABOR ACTION...A NATURAL TENDANCY WHEN PEOPLE ARE LIVING/WORKING IN CLOSE PROXIMITY...WHAT BOTHERS ME IS THE NEED TO DEFINE IT...THE GRAY SCALE FROM COLLECTIVE TO AUTONOMOUS

Apocalypse and utopia:

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