Reflections on a Year

One year ago, we founded the Machete Group and launched Machete. To mark this point in our ongoing experiment, we decided to reprint the Manifesto that we drafted at the outset as well as a critical debate between the Machete Group members on where we currently stand. We would like to thank Jonathan Thomas for instigating this debate by inviting us to make a collective contribution to an exhibit he is organizing at 1419 in Minneapolis under the title “Shoot the Moon.” We hope that this marks a new moment in our collective experiments, and we look forward to future opportunities to intervene in new ways in our cultural milieu.

-Manifesto for a Margin of Utility

The dearth of critical voices in the current aesthetico-political matrix serves as a silent imperative to all of those who strive to articulate an alternative set of aesthetic, political and theoretical practices. The silence of this imperative resounds with increased urgency in times of a consensual progressivism intent on meager reformism, which is nothing short of a brief distraction in the obdurate apathy for the systems in place. It is the explicit goal of the Machete Group to give voice to the resounding silence of this imperative by breaking with the dominant social and political imaginary through the creation of public forums for articulating alternative collective discourses and practices. We hold these truths to be the most worthy of being put to the test of collective actualization:

- theory without practice is empty and practice without theory is blind
- the present is only a myopic mirage if it is not inscribed in history, and it is devoid of interest if it is not interrogated from the point of view of possible futures
- the facile opposition between an absolute revolution and acquiescence to the present state of affairs is a mere subterfuge that plays into the hands of revolutionary nostalgics and the corporate executors of the present
- aesthetic practice is inseparable from political stakes, and politics constructs regimes of perception that shape the world and frame its possibilities
- works of art are not autonomous instances of creativity originating in a subjective void but

One Line Labyrinth

The Degree Zero of Painting

In writing on one of Zach Rockhill’s earlier exhibitions at Crawl Space Gallery in Seattle, I had no idea that the epigraph I employed by Jorge Luis Borges would only come to bear its truth well after the exhibit had come to a close and the spectators disappeared: “I know of one Greek labyrinth which is a single straight line.”

In his exhibit at FLUXspace, everything begins with the simplicity of a line, with the return to the degree zero of painting. Yet, Rockhill reverses the traditional relationship between artist and tool by making his body into the very instrument of execution. He also seemingly reverses the traditional relationship between will and artistic practice insofar as the artist becomes the unwilling instrument of a handful of spectators (who, in turn, become the artists). These simple reversals invite us to question the role of the artist as it has been constructed in the modern era as a fountainhead of creative ingenuity who thoughtfully and willfully manipulates materials to construct an autonomous work for independent spectators.

However, Rockhill’s simple gesture of inversion is not one of an absolute break with the past. By directing the performance and establishing the minimal rules of its choreography, he still plays the role of the near-invisible Wizard behind his orchestrated Oz (an Oz in stark black and white: a clear inversion of the relation between Kansas and the phantasmagorical land beyond). More importantly, perhaps, his return to the degree zero of painting opens onto one of the labyrinthine themes of modern aesthetics: the impersonalization of the artist before the anonymous materiality of his or her resources. Does not the black sprawl against the white wall recall Mallarmé’s statement regarding the difference between the universe, which is written white on black (stellar bodies against the night sky), and humanity, which advances black on white (the materiality of the text qua image against the white page)? Doesn’t the artist’s disappearance into the black torrent of paint invoke Mallarmé’s preoccupation with becoming impersonal before the anonymous body of the text? In short, doesn’t Rockhill transform painting into poetry, as an inverted echo of Mallarmé’s transformation of poetry into painting?

Rockhill’s straight line is ultimately a point of anamorphosis, of transformative re-making, that acts as a simple portal into a labyrinth of inverted relations: simplicity complexity, artist/instrument, will/action, artist/spectator, mind/body, multimedia artist/painter, painting/poetry, I/other, white/black, inside (gallery)/outside, the political/the apolitical.

- Theodore Tucker
Considering the Alternatives

New Topographics: Photographs of a Man-Altered Landscape, SF MoMA, July 17–October 3, 2010
Sculpture Park 2010, Abington Art Center, Dates Unspecified

In 1975 the photography exhibit ‘New Topographics’ first appeared at the George Eastman House in Rochester, New York. The show, which had photographs of suburban sprawl, urban decay, abandoned factories, and so on, is often cited as a paradigm shift in American photography, as the medium went from picturesque landscapes to corroded urban scenes, and from marginal art form to grounded academic discipline. In 2009, the House represented the show and then it traveled west for exhibits at LACMA and SF MoMA.

Most reviews of the reprised show have focused on the question of its relevance – Are these photographs still startling today? Has photography achieved its proper status as art? etc. But one should first note the anachronism of the original show. After all, Ansel Adams’ photography already existed within the context of the conversation paradigm enshrined by Teddy Roosevelt and others. The ‘wild landscape’ was already man-altered by the very attempts to protect it. Moreover, as Charles Mann suggested in his synthetic account, 1491: New Revelations of the Americas before Columbus, the manufacturing of landscapes is even a pre-Colombian activity.

‘Man-altered,’ as a paradigm, then, is a difference of degree, not kind. What Frank Gohlke’s dry irrigation canal, or empty Los Angeles landscape, for example, shows, is not the tragedy of alteration, but the tragedy of a specific brand of failed intervention. This is increasingly important to recall in the present of what Yates McKee has aptly dubbed ‘eco-vanguardism,’ or the elite set of practices which ‘green’ cities at the cost of certain human residents. Sustainability is crucial, no body disagrees, but consider the case of New Orleans, where ‘greening’ was synonymous with “whiting,” as new green spaces were unabashedly planned on top of formerly black neighborhoods. Sustainability as a key word is empty without the real lives it claims to be protecting.

My sense of the value of the ‘New Topographics’ show and its second life is nicely condensed in a quote from one of the photographers, Joe Deal: “It was more of an accident that I was up on the hill and looked down and could see the houses in the context of the landscape rather than just singling out the details of the architecture.” What this formal point suggests most broadly is the set of relations made possible through the photographic lens. What Deal sees is neither architecture photography, nor a simple “new topography.” Instead, it is a photography of relation, a photography which seeks to understand the interactions of humans and their environment without passing judgment. Philadelphians are not exactly being offered a parallel experience of seeing these classic photographs,

but a corollary take on the ‘man-altered landscape’ is currently on view at the Abington Art Center, where a number of artists both local and national have altered the landscape of the nearby woods. Their ‘designs with nature’ include tree paintings in natural pigments which will dissolve over time by Richard Metz, as well as chainsaw carved faces jutting out of fallen logs by Jay Walker. Walker and Metz are no, say, Bernd and Hilla Becher, but neither are they trying to be. Their aim is less to facilitate positive artistic engagements with natural objects.

The Machete Group

Invisible Bridge
The Machete Group Discusses Theory and Practice
After One Year of an Ongoing Experiment

AK: The problem of theory and practice is often considered a question of engineering, since the engineer is the figure who is charged with the task of translating theory into practice, of producing an edifice that can resist the various contingencies that threaten its material existence. The engineer is a figure, in other words, that must attend to the difference between theoretical models and their empirical instantiation, a figure transfixed, but not paralyzed by the threat of catastrophe that haunts all attempts to place ideal structures into the contingent world. There is always the potential that the best laid plans will be laid to waste by contingencies that exceed calculation and it is the task of the engineer to take these into account. Our present seems to be enthralled with this figure, gripped by the dual obsession with security (the desire to calculate out the consequences of one’s actions) and catastrophe (the desire to be present when things fall apart). We do not want our bridges to fail, but we want to present as spectators when they do. If one of our goals is to challenge this facile, albeit classical, model of the relation between theory and practice, we might then question to what extent the critic, as another figure of the link between theory and practice, can be
In his latest film, *Trash Humpers*, Harmony Korine invents a violent, non-existent, virtually unimaginable subculture and populates it with a strange, repulsive breed of imaginary beings. It is a media-saturated world of good sense and true desire (a good sense desire.) In this world of good sense in which we are already invested, we give way on a structural desire (a common sense desire) to gratify inhuman desires and to satisfy unnecessary needs; as such they are the unnatural natural appetites are entirely unnatural, inorganic even, their desires are unquenchable and incessant, but they are always cheerful and content; their behavior can be brutally violent, but they don’t seem to possess any ill-will, nor to be capable of sustained rage; they proceed with their mayhem unhurtingly and unselfconsciously yet they possess some awareness of the nature of their existence – this is reflected in their usage of language which for the most part consists of chanting nonsensereyme mantras (‘Make it, make it, don’t fake it.’ ‘Shake it, shake it, don’t take it’ etc.), but occasionally includes rambling quasi-poetic soliloquies reflecting on their marginal status within society.

Harmony Korine Rubs Up Against The American Nightmare in *Trash Humpers*  

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Abigail D. Deville’s America

Empires can be administered only by those who have convinced themselves that they are indeed a superior people, which means all empires are racist. They can be run only on the basis of military superiority and elitism, and with a professional benevolence which is only another form of violence.

-Felix Greene

America’s fatal legacy has always been that it is the despoiler of its own ideals. And yet this deep-seated contradiction rarely imperils the confidence with which Americans feel that the “cause of all mankind,” in John F. Kennedy’s words, “is the cause of America.” It is precisely the wanton hyperbole of America’s self-image—it’s hilarious and grotesque, albeit devastatingly effective, distortion of the historical record—that engenders the desire to see it destroyed. And Hollywood has been in overdrive producing depictions that at once expose this contradiction (an America threatened by some black seed whether natural or man-made) so as to disavow it and thus successfully purge its effects (an America heroically redeemed by dispelling its nefarious internal threats). America is incessantly depicted as under threat from some imminent catastrophe (whether from within or without) and it is precisely this threat that occasions its redemption. As a result, the fantasy serves to firmly root in the American psyche the belief that the sundry failures of America to live up to its ideals are merely contingent and hardly threaten its core—a core that can always be resurrected through a heroic response to some catastrophic sequence.

The interest of Abigail D. Deville’s exhibition, Gold Mountain, at Marginal Utility Gallery, in my view, lies in her refusal to cloak her monstrous and comic fantasy of America’s imminent destruction—an America on the verge of being sucked into a black hole—in any kind of redemptive narrative. Her catastrophic vision grimly depicts an America on the brink of implosion, destitute and without the hope of resurrection. She thus forces us to consider the cost of America’s maintenance of its highest ideals.

Her installation depicts America as an ailing giant, likening the Empire in decay to a super red giant imploding through its nuclear consumption: the black hole of American excess. The very ideals of America, for which the flag stands, are perched on the event horizon, their destruction secured, but eternally suspended. The scene is presided over by a single figure—that of a pigeon-crowned woman is the one who is left standing in the prosaic halo of a lampshade when the flag and all it symbolizes get sucked into the void.

It is a strange and uncanny beast of an exhibition—a black lit fantasy that strips the magic from magic mountains of Hollywood and of political rhetoric by risking the following thesis: the collapse of the ideal is also the collapse of the logic of exclusion on which it feeds. This pigeon-crowned woman is the one who is left standing in the prosaic halo of a lampshade when the flag and all it symbolizes get sucked into the void.

-Alexi Kukuljevic

James said, there is nothing wrong with the way we think, only with the way we think we think.) Time dissolves desire only when desire is conceived of as a reflective wish which requires actualization in practice. But one must recall that desire is just another name for the thin threads of signs seen in our own lives. And desire is not wishing; it is the naming of these signs. Articulation is not the postulation of an encompassing system or enveloping discourse. It is the alignment of signs towards an understanding of true desires. To speak or write is never to abstract, it is to tumble towards a meaning that can only be known in interaction. It is not to build a bridge; it is to realize that the bridge is there but cannot be seen.

LF: Unfortunately, caution has become the critic’s lodestar. So quick to disavow the avant-garde’s taste for negation and its purportedly catastrophic implications, these last men want nothing more than to blink when confronted with the nullity of existence, to revel in their melancholia and to find solace in victimhood—all too willing to prostrate themselves before some traumatic event, to make it into a veritable transcendental before which one must kneel. Our times demand ruthlessness, not caution. We should not so quickly forget the severity of Marx’s critical adage. The ruthless criticism of everything existing seems a quaint ambition in an era buried by reams of critical drivel that fears its own conclusions and avoids at all costs conflict with the powers that be. Yet, for artists and theorists that are still gripped by this anachronistic passion it seems necessary to awaken the demon of negativity.

ED: You sound like a band of ailing nostalgics chanting the rhythmical hymns of yesteryear, which are less likely to awaken the quiescent world from its dogmatic slumber than full us all to sleep with the canonical drumbeat of Marx, Gramsci, Althusser... Marx, Gramsci, Althusser... The crucial starting point must be a critique of the tradition of critique, including Marxist critique, avant-garde criticism, and so on. In our rejection of the present dystopia, we mustn’t forget the powerful forms of recuperation that have transformed the fundamental structures of the Marxist narrative into a new teleology that is also determined in the last instance by the economic and teleology of neo-liberal capitalism to which “there is no alternative”...

TT: You are absolutely right, but the critique of the tradition of critique does not require that we throw the baby out with the bathwater. We can obviously learn from the Marxist
between our conversations, art-making, the possibility for a real connection hopeless gap, or does there remain will glean some operative nuggets of we come to rely solely on the bleak of Kant and Hegel's aesthetics? Have have a solid and working understanding to find a gathering of autodidacts that and exclusive universities? Can we hope of hard and serious work in prestigious knowledge and education that can not have the requisite accumulated in life? Or are we at times talking past history, as well as the unfair distributions and the tools and interpretive mechanisms to community in which we are entangled the gallery). Are we providing the art mention the people who live near fireworks show that often seems to be far consisted of students, professors and practicing artists. Audiences have thus arrived at through social struggle and negotiation.

HM: Machete and the Machete group consist of a highfalutin monthly art/ theory/philosophy zine, and a series of public conversations held in a small art gallery on the edge of center city Philadelphia. The projects that have been injected into the community attempt to provide bridges between academia and practicing artists. Audiences have thus far consisted of students, professors and artists that are working in Philadelphia and New York. The discussions are graduate level or higher, and at times I wonder what we hope to achieve by providing a monthly theoretical fireworks show that often seems to be incomprehensible for a sizable portion of the participants/audience (not to mention the people who live near the gallery). Are we providing the art community in which we are entangled the tools and interpretive mechanisms to make the distinctions between common sense and good sense? Are we genuinely offering guidance on the application of theory to an interpretation of art and art history, as well as the unfair distributions of rights and privileges we encounter in life? Or are we at times talking past part of our target audience that do not have the requisite accumulated knowledge and education that can only be realistically gained from years of hard and serious work in prestigious and exclusive universities? Can we hope to find a gathering of autodidacts that have a solid and working understanding of Kant and Hegel's aesthetics? Have we come to rely solely on the bleak assumption that the few stunned, intimidated, angry, or quiet participants will glean some operative nuggets of wisdom from the torrid of obscure ideas that we release onto the city? Is this a hopeless gap, or does there remain the possibility for a real connection between our conversations, art-making.

Out there in the internet ether one can find a video of good of Jack Dickson (a child that lives on a farm) pouring a bucket of cold water onto a dead pig covered with maggots. The pig covered with maggots is the Philadelphia art world, and criticism is the cold bucket of water.

'Today we are going to see what happens when you dump a whole bucket of water on maggots, with the pig'

Criticism: Something vicious has been let loose within this city. A splash of cold water in the form of lazy and mean spirited criticism has released the once dormant furies. Folks are really ripping into one another with their blogs and fake websites.

Complaining is not criticism. Bitching and moaning about the petty details of gallery management, articulating grievances such as 'there are no placards' or 'the gallery is only open on the weekends' serves the role of being a pernicious superego figure that enforces cliched commercial gallery etiquette at the cost of productive messiness and an unorthodox vitality.

Criticism has in other historical moments and situations sketched out the vague contours of what is, and what is not expressible in a given historical moment. Think of contributions of Baudelaire and Greenberg. The horizon of what can be thought, encoded and decoded in our particular place (Philadelphia) and time (now) needs to be considered and worked out. This is something that

crtiticism could work towards.

'A light. Now we gonna watch good of Jack Dickson dump a whole bucket of water on a maggoats'

Curating: Many reputable arts organizations in this city are serving as proxy avatars for the individuals that manage them. Our goal is to support a curator's studio practice, and curators need not only represent artwork that mirrors and affirms their own assigned and chosen subject positions. This becomes boring and predictable. When one scans over a curator's past projects, and the artists chosen look, act, and think like the curator (or their ego ideal), it appears to be narcissistic. We should applaud exhibitions like 'Women and Pop' where the curator stepped out of the assumptions of the prevailing doxa and provided visibility for artists who occupy different subject positions than his own. Philly needs more of this.

'Awe, look at dat, aw aw. aw-ha-ha. look at dat, aw aw. look at dat... oh ah-ha... look at dat people, that, THAT is nasty! Haha holy jesus! W00!

That's Nasty

Regionalism: Many younger and emerging artists in Philadelphia appear to be striving for a kind of practice that does not bear the marks of local and embedded considerations. These concerns are banished for a 'universal' style in the hopes that they will find a glass slipper (being represented by a New York gallery), pay their student loans and get the fuck out of town.

If one spends a pleasant Saturday afternoon gallery hopping in our fair city, one mostly faces a tepid tidal wave of work that looks like copies of installation and video art that can be found on the pages of Artforum. In many art schools, students are instructed in the dejour and de facto codes of international art world etiquette and little else. Not enough emphasis has been placed on developing a situated practice that embodies a sense of context and place. Ambitious young artists are eager to uproot themselves and collect stamps in their passports. As attractive and rewarding as this may be, it may be at the expense of finding and cultivating an intellectually and emotionally enriching community that’s rooted in a particular milieu.

Regional styles and considerations need to be supported and nourished. I don’t mean the kind of regionalism that’s associated with American Social Realists and the WPA, but one that seriously considers Philadelphia as a site for artistic production and reception. There seems to be no sense of caring for what is unique to this city. How do artists living in this city respond to the palimpsest of architectural styles found in the buildings, lampposts, signs etc. that one finds while walking through the streets and alleys? Where is the artwork and public discourse that sheds light on the racial divisions between neighborhoods and within our own art community? How do the colors found in the ever-changing trees or aging facades of the city’s row homes affect the palettes of those that live here? Where are the galleries that discuss undulating boundaries between affluent and struggling neighborhoods?

If Philadelphia is to be a internationally recognized city of home grown artistic merit, it may be helpful to isolate and identify what shared themes artists are reckoning with that address what it means to live here, as opposed to intellectually and manually copying what is in art magazines and imagined to be elsewhere.

-Holly Martins
If The War In Iraq Was A House Party

(Phone rings)
Iraq: Hello?
America: Yo son, I heard you was having a house party! Iraq: Who is this? America: America! Iraq: (silence) … I don’t know who told you that b… because I’m not having a party. America: C’mom son! Everybody knows you’re having a party tonight, I saw it on your facebook! Iraq: Are you sure you’ve got the right person? Maybe it’s Iran you’re thinking of! Or North Korea? I’m definitely not having a party tonight man. America: Why you lying for? You don’t like me or something? You got beat? Iraq: No! Not at all! It’s just that I’m not having a party! I mean, I’ve got like 2 friends over, but we’re just sitting around playing Super Mario Galaxy… I’d hardly call that a…
America: PARTY! I’m coming over! Actually, I’m outside already! Let me in!
Iraq: NO! It’s not a…
America: (looks around) Wait a sec… I thought you had some friends over here…
Iraq: Ugh! Who is it now?!
(The doorbell rings)
America: That must be America! It’s America’s party! Tell her to tell me who it is…
Iran: Whoa, what’s going on here?
Iraq: Stop being a pussy and man up!
America: Iraq, this is America you’re talking to. I know you’ve been here before.
Iraq: Well…
America: (violently shaking in silence)
Iceland: What? What the fuck does that mean?
America: Don’t tell me that! Tell her!
Iraq: That’s America…
America: (silent for a few moments.) Okay…
Iraq: (violent shaking in silence)
America: Alright, let’s give it a chance.
Iraq: Hmm…
America: Well, you’ve got to stand up for yourself anytime he wants to! You gotta stand up for yourself man!
Iraq: (Silently in disbelief as Iran and his cousins run out of the party in the Tigris River! Okay cousins! Let’s get this party started right!)
Iran’s Cousins: (indecipherable yelling)!!!
Iraq: Do it! Do something!?? What can you DO?? This is all your fucking fault! America: I know, I know… listen… let me… I can fix this Iraq. Please, trust me. Iraq: (silent for a few moments.) Okay… just do something, get them out of here, and you have to leave right afterward. You and fucking England both have to go. This is a nightmare. America: No problem. I’ll be back in 5 minutes.
Iraq: Uh, okay.

(20 minutes later. Bricks come flying in through the windows in the living room as a gang of strangers lead by Iran bursts through the door yelling at the top of their lungs)
America: Holy shit!
Iraq: WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?
America: Helping you out! America thinks his friends are the craziest lot in town, but I do decree that Iran and his cousins lay waste to Iraq’s home)
America: Dude… do you want me to do something about this? Iraq: Do it! Do something!??
America: I know, I know…
Iraq: …but America has more friends than me… what can I do??
America: Dude…
Iraq: I just want to die.
America: HOLEEE SHIT! Look at Singapore go! Singapor…
Iraq: I’m faked son… think… I’m gonna…
America: Here, puke in this.
Iraq: No! Not in my grandmother’s urn!
Singapore: BLERPHGH!!!
America: Too late!
Singapore: I feel better!
Iraq: (violently shaking in silence)
America: America, c’mon Iraq! Loosen the fuck up! Go talk to a girl! Check out Iceland. She keeps looking at you. I think she likes you.
Iraq: V. You think so?
America: Iraq, this is America you’re talking to. I know chicks, and let me tell you Iceland is all about some Iraq right now?
Iraq: Well, uh…
America: Stop being a pussy and man up!
Iraq: Well… she sure does have those wonderful blue eyes… they’re almost like crystal prisms…
America: Don’t tell me that! Tell her!
(Iraq slowly approaches Iceland and speaks)
Iran: Youhaveeyesedkeaglassprison.
Iceland: What? What the fuck does that mean?
America: (shrugging shoulders) Never mind…
(…”The doorbell rings”)
Iraq: Ugh! Who is it now?!
Iceland: What? What the fuck does that mean?
(America marches to his front door and violently pulls it open)
America: Listen motherfucker! This isn’t a par…
Iran: Hey man, calm down! America: Oh, sorry Iran… I’m having a rough night…
(…Iran looks over Iraq’s shoulder and takes notice of the crazy party in progress)
Iran: Whoa, what’s going on here?
America: Invited himself over again, and he’s totally trashing my house!
Iraq: Dude, you just can’t let America come over here anytime he wants to! You gotta stand up for yourself man!
Iran: This IS America’s party and ALL THE THUNDER THAT EXISTS IN THE SKY IS MINE BY THE GRACE OF GOD’S WILL!
America: America runs out the front door. Iraq curls up into the fetal position as Iran and his cousins tear Iraq’s home asunder.)
Iraq’s Cousins: (indecipherable yelling)!!!
America: I just want to die.

-Jayson Scott Musson
TF: Collective experiments can never predetermine their results. All of the scenarios you evoke are possibilities, and there are surely others. Unlike the teleological manifestos of yesteryear, we do not have a single goal that we are aiming to achieve by force of will. On the contrary, we are creating an alternative space—outside the academy as well as the market-driven art world—and putting forth a series of concrete propositions for collective debate and exchange. It is above all a question of carving out a margin of utility in a world in which many have claimed that there is no longer any alternative to the status quo of late capitalism and its ideological supplements (be they intellectual, cultural or artistic).

The Machete Group is an international consortium of artists and intellectuals based at Marginal Utility Gallery in Philadelphia. The Group runs the magazine Machete, offers seminars on current issues in the arts, and is invested in developing new collective forms of artistic and intellectual practice. Its members include Avi Alpert, David Dempewolf, Etienne Delet, Ludwig Fischer, Alexi Kukuljevic, Holly Martins, Gabriel Rockhill, Theodore Tucker, and Yuka Yokoyama. For more information on the Machete Group and its activities, see http://www.marginalutility.org/category/machete-group/

Super-8 & 16mm Films by
Bruce Baillie
Shirley Clarke
Richard Serra
Jonas Mekas
Jonathan Kaiser
Marie Menken
Muriel Frampton
Lawrence Jordan
International Film Bureau

Music Performances by
Daughters of the Sun
Food Pyramid
Moonstone Continuum
MAKR

Artists
Matt Bekkom
Isa Gagarin
Michael Matt
Abinadi Meza
Machete Group
David Frohlich
Reza Rahiab
Sam Hoolihan
Curtis Allen
Allegria Lockstadt
Alfredo Jaar

SHOOT THE MOON
Organised by Jonathan Thomas

JUSTIN MATHERLY

Would that You were the last of the filth which You had to remove / why does your flesh shit?

1 October - 26 November