or
gallery

06
07

You're
still
here

and
so
are
we

IN MY MIND I AM IN A SHOPPING MALL PARKING LOT. I AM FRAMING A SCENE THAT I WILL FILL WITH A CAST OF ZOMBIES. PEOPLE, FAMILY VEHICLES, MOVE THROUGH THE SPACE OF MY PALMS. I AM PSYCHED. THE TEMPERATURE IS IDEAL BUT THERE IS NO BREEZE SO IT FEELS LIKE INDOORS. IT IS A NIGHT SCENE SET IN DAYLIGHT. THE LOCATION IS ANYWHERE IN THE US OR CANADA IN A TOWN WITH A POPULATION OF AT LEAST 100,000. THE LOCATION IS A SHOPPING MALL PARKING LOT. THE LOCATION IS THE SPACE BETWEEN MY PALMS. THE LOCATION IS THE ILLUSIONARY LANDSCAPE OF MY MIND.

Kristin Lucas
(excerpts from mfa thesis)

"This is not happening." She pulls back from the shot, the lot, the city in her mind.

She tucks her palm camera away and calls it a night. The day is young. She is modest about her day's accomplishments which comes easy because they don't amount to much, at least not in the tangible sense. In the pursuit of locating her subject, she yields that form is not what she is looking for. She must sacrifice form for experience. Loss of form, in the tangible sense, is a necessary condition [Appendix D].

What she witnessed in the frame, before pulling back, was never exactly in the shot. She looks through the frame, past the shot until she sees potential everywhere, in everything, all at once around her, like a radioactive material. To devise a method [Appendix G] for its capture is preposterous. It has no fixed location [Appendix B]. It emanates from no particular source as far as her eyes can make out, even with the aid of a special framing device like a palm camera. She unloads her day-pack and begins swiping its contents through the air [Appendix H]: a comb, a credit card, a protein bar, a pre-paid transit pass.

She had no idea what to expect. And though the test [Appendix E] amused her, she found that she could only experience what she imagined.

"Outta sight!" she broadcasts with approval.

Performing with an unconventional tool to an unknown audience with the aim of having a shared experience demands a framework to ground that experience. The act of framing is an indispensable tool in my practice. I am framing experience. I am framing the space of discourse. The act of framing gives rise to a situation, an experience, or a set of relations. Form, as a result of my practice, becomes a temporal condition.

I once used a vegetable steamer to scan [Appendix A] the electromagnetic spectrum of a city block. I assumed the role of a specialist, taking measurements and scribbling on a notepad. By way of framing this situation, my performance not only created new entry points for conversation [Appendix F] with my environment and with my audience, but it activated the potential for collective experience and transference of energy. It was like a magic trick, full of possibility. To perform with recognizable tools would not have produced these results. To engage the public imagination, the performance had to appear effortless and the task had to seem impossible at the same time.

[...] I think of all space - constructed, imagined, virtual and physical - as multiple streams of real space in synchronous time. By doing so I commit myself to the belief [Appendix C] that not all experiences can be franchised. My imagination is as real and valued and free as a space could be and this is a point of departure in my practice. THE END

LETTER TO SHARE

Our story is increasingly one of

leadership
because we

made a big bet
early. The

others in

the industry

focus on
quality

I'm excited

I'm excited . There
are two reasons for that:

- First,
we

performed better than expected. What really matters is
that

- we believe we're earning the right to
future lies
(see page 6).

That's

"The simple reality is that

Our strategy

is
unprecedented

very important because
It is the
sign that

evolution isn't
unique

We view that as
pioneer
ing

After each harvest, a
computer makes
profound decisions about what
to do
not responding to
very calculated judgments

The simple reality is that
Our strategy is

unprecedented

With seed
things

I think
This year,

More than 90 percent

Less than a decade ago

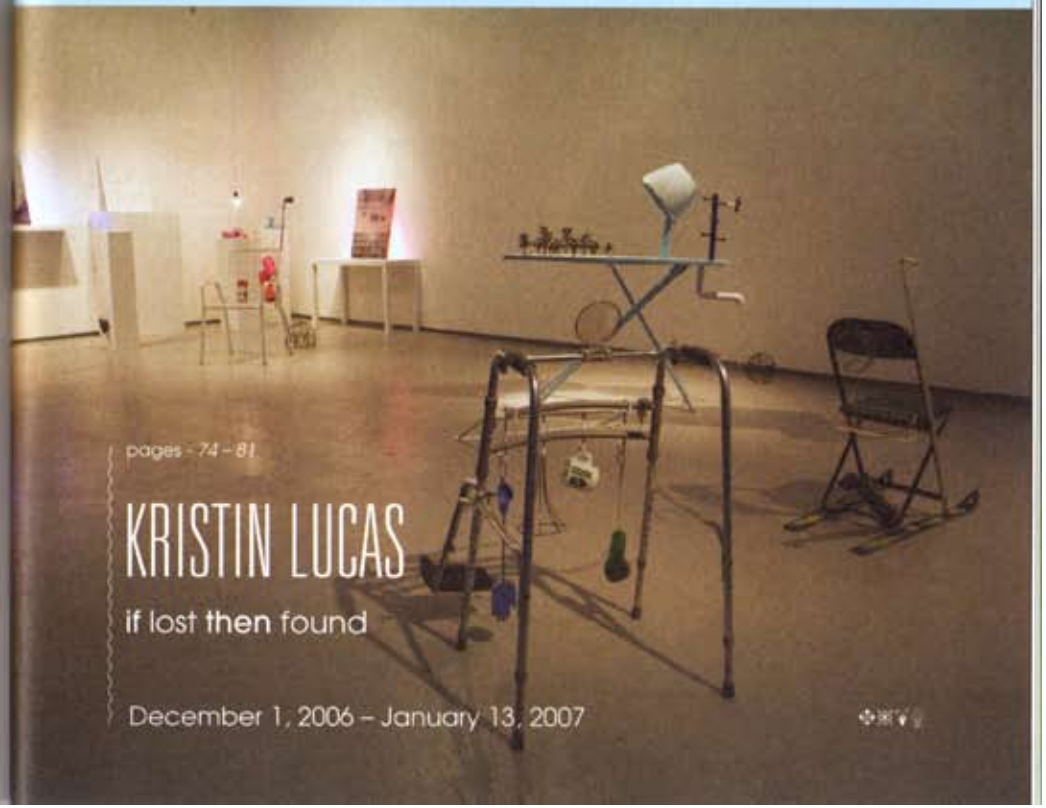
Appendix H: Fragmentary Self

[...] I became interested in the influence of control systems on behavior and concerned that frequent exposure to low level radiation might impair my cognitive function. Under such influence I would need to remind myself to protect myself from contaminating myself. I began to perform as a test subject under the influence (the camera and the mixing board), communicating about the psychological effects of rapid spread technology - architectures of control. There are several moments in my work that refer to 'being' out of control, being 'out'-side of control, and being 'out of control.'

I began the search for an 'outside' outside and found an 'outside' inside. If I can activate the space of my imagination while trudging through control space, then I can find something free and unguarded in every exchange.

In *Involuntary Reception* (2000), I play a character who is infected with a surging EPF (electromagnetic pulse field) and who "has become a literal conduit for the information stream." This character is quarantined from physical contact and yet always at risk of contamination.

Involuntary Reception was a streaming single channel Internet video before it was edited into a 2-channel video installation. I chose to stream the video over the Internet so that the message she delivers would become affected by data bottlenecks in its delivery, activating the medium itself as an agent of contamination. The double-imaged installation version of this video multiplied the impact of her double-edged report. This character has a story to tell, though paradoxically the conventional tools that she would use to convey her story would be instantaneously canceled due to the strength of her EPF. She is forced to self-broadcast, and fortunately she is so in tune with the medium that she is able to do this without the need for hardware.



[...] *Magic Eyes Cream Sandwich* has had many incarnations. It began as a poem:

ZIG AND ZAG LAG

I DYE OFF MAGIC EYES CREAM HEADACHE SANDWICHES
AMID BUTTONS BEAMING BORDERS WON UNDONE.

THIS HAND HELD NOTHING YET THAT INSTRUMENT SPUN
SITE AND SENSE OF TOUCH IN TANDEM STITCHES.

PHANTASMAL STATE DECLARED INDUCED BY "WHICH IS . . ."
NOW WAITS A BLEEDING MOMENT FOR GOOD REASON

THEN GIVES CAUSE FOR HOSTAGE LIKE SITUATION.
LIVE ON TEN AT FOUR, RESIDENT BITCHES:

"TIME-RELEASED PROPERTY RITES TO RICHES!"
UNTETHERED SHOES CLIMB WALLS DEVOURING CODE.

OVER CROWDED I CAN BARELY MAKE OUT
ZIG AND ZAG LAG MINE FOR GLITCHES.

. . . . then evolved into a live performance - in which I wore a large pink sheet of styrofoam as a shackle over my arms and head - before taking its form as a three-channel video installation. New possibilities for undoing and remaking can be found in multiplicity.

[...] Breath became a new center in recent years as the practice of yoga was introduced to Western nations. I see this shift as a symptom of cultural nomadism. Workers have become a living mobile capital. Traveling from place to place for work, has led to a fragmentary lifestyle and a displaced sense of self. Miwon Kwon writes, "Our very sense of self-worth is predicated more and more on our suffering through the inconveniences and psychic destabilizations of ungrounded transience . . . ." By shifting one's place of center from geography to the body and more specifically to the breath cycle - as in the practice of yoga - one can always find a center, from any geographical position. We can cultivate a new and practical - physical and mental - sense of place (human body) that is liberated from place-bound identity in the traditional sense (land). Breath, like any other product, brand, or experience can provide a new center through which to ground our identity and sense of belonging.

[...] Once breath becomes an object or commodity, the human body becomes a factory for its production. In this postmodern age, workers become mobile capital and 'in the same breath' mobile factories, producing 'breath' as a

second tier mobile capital. We, as "moving capital", move capital. Marx claimed, "Movement must triumph over immobility . . . ," if capitalism is to progress.

But mobility also exists at the expense of the worker, for the worker who practices yoga to find a center in breath becomes caught in the cycle of renting space and time in order to breathe. So while the labor involved in finding one's center fulfills our new sense of place, it also supports the expansion and movement of capital. Breath, like industry's emissions, becomes a trade commodity for the wealthy. Take a deep breath now - if you can afford it. Do you really "buy" that breath is a center? Isn't breath based on exchange - with oxygen and carbon dioxide as its currency? Breath is the movement of air and the air is: "the testimony of man's changeful will." (Charles Babbage)

[...] Lucas is the performer but I am her voice. We perform together though I often speak for myself. The distinction between us breaks down on stage just as it does in the writing of this paper. I have the ideas and she makes them work. She is fast and optimistic while I am slow and skeptical. She forgets things and I hide things from her. Fragmentation, distribution of self, is a common occurrence. Lucas is nowhere. Incomplete, directionless, hanging on to bits. She speaks from multiple voices. A feeling of instability and lack of center overwhelms and I trudge through awkwardly until I am at home, in the presence of ubiquitous surveillance, never alone again.