

CLAYTON CAMPBELL



PHOTOGRAPHS 2009-2019



IN THE NEW WORLD

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THE MIRACLE OF MORTADELLA

Introduction

This volume presents a number of my later series of photographs made between 2009 and 2019. It has been designed in part to accompany the Robert Bell Collection at the University of New Mexico, Highlands University, located in Las Vegas, New Mexico. A comprehensive archive of my art works and papers associated with my entire career as a visual artist and cultural producer has been established there.

Over time, as my practice developed, I worked more and more in distinct series. This volume includes what I feel are some of the most interesting images from the *Fractures* and *Tableaux Vivant* series. Since I continue to make more photographs for these series, only about 80% of each series are represented in this volume. The complete series of *Wild Kingdom*, *I Found Jesus in My Food*, *Interlopers*, *The Ring Cycle*, and *The 1% War* are in this book. It is possible I may add to some of these series in the future, particularly *Wild Kingdom*.

I feel a kinship with many of the artists I have studied, enjoyed, and been influenced by: Daumier, R. Crumb, Duchamp, Arnold Bocklin, John Heartfield, Marisol, Goya, Warhol, James Rosenquist, and William Hogarth. I look at all kinds of artists and learn so much. The photographer Sally Mann is a recent favorite, for example. As a young man I studied with Ernst Fuchs, the Fantastic Realist artist, in Vienna, Austria. He had a huge impact on me. A bit later, I worked with Kampo Harada, a Japanese "living treasure" and master calligrapher from Kyoto, Japan. He had a great influence on me. I was fortunate to meet and learn from Joseph Campbell, and Judy Chicago. The curator and writer Suzi Gablik meant a lot to me. Everyone taught me different things; how to draw and paint; how to see life in inanimate objects; how to develop and sustain discipline; to understand what the vocation of being an artist really meant to me; to discover that the social, political, and spiritual are all inter-connected.

Between 1995 and 2000 I learned how to use different digital tools, cameras, software programs that allowed me to produce hundreds of images that led up to the series in this volume. An important discovery I came upon was how to intentionally corrupt a digital file. While working on the *After Abu Ghraib* series in 2006 (included in volume 4) a set of jpg files I downloaded became corrupted. However, instead of seeing them as mistakes or 'glitches' as they became known in computer parlance, I saw them as interesting abstract photographs suggesting enormous visual possibility. They could be background layers in the Photoshop program, which I could then manipulate further. I had grown up looking at non-objective action painting, excited by the idea of controlled accidents and element of chance involved. Jackson Pollock and Wilhelm DeKooning, composers John Cage and later Phillip Glass, have influenced my work and thinking. How could I achieve those qualities of chance and process in the kind



of narrative representational work I was gravitating towards? I had been doing it somewhat with Xerox art distortions and my photo-static printmaking. How could I accomplish it with digital work?

The chance element is a tremendously fun part of corrupting digital files and just letting whatever happened, happen. Working with my long time computer partner, Christian Knudsen, we devised a methodology where I could intentionally corrupt files a decade before software came on to the market for this purpose, like *Glitches*. Basically, using older Computer Systems in the 7.0 series (it won't work on the later systems) I would change the jpg file to a txt. file. I could re-program the code in the txt. file by deleting some of and then adding new "code" in the form of text from any source. For example, I might copy and paste the Declaration of Human Rights into an Abu Ghraib photo txt. file, or drop in my own written thoughts from a Microsoft word document file, or put in the txt. code of another photo. When complete, I would save the txt. file again as a jpg file, and then re-open it in Photoshop. It would then corrupt, but you never knew how, it was all chance. Sometimes the output would be a great looking maze of fractures, colors, pixels, and parts of the original photo strewn about the picture plane. Other times, it was a blotted mess or a truncated visual image that offered little possibility of going further. It was experimentation, and if I didn't like a corrupted background, I would delete it, and do it over. Each one took a few minutes, and I might do 10-30 before I arrived at one I liked. Then, I would perhaps cut out a figure or image from another photograph and montage it into the corrupted background, and thus began a formal photograph in the *Fracture* series.

The entire *Fractures* series begins with this way, and from this field of possibility I begin to layer on images, colors, text, and effects in a non-linear narrative that became some kind of story. I would have three or four going at once, and build them by feel. Many of my works are built up this way in photoshop, from an abstracted background that begins with a standard image, usually in a 16:9 format. The final image could consist of many layers of images and effects. Other series like *I Found Jesus In My Food* also begin with corrupted backgrounds, and are complex in the development of the layers and additional elements that are surrounding the portraits of the people in the those photographs. My interpretation of Wagner's *The Ring Cycle* utilizes the same approach. The

corrupted background was something I arrived at by accident and I may have been one of the first artists working this way. I didn't see it in anyone else's work for years. I am sure there were other artists playing with it, but it didn't break out into broader art making as far as I can tell until 2017 when it did show up on social media and iPhone platforms such as Instagram where users worked with programs like *Glitché* and *Photomosh*.

In terms of technique, my use of Photoshop is perhaps casual. I leave ragged edges and imperfections, especially in the *Fractures* series, and often other images that use corruptions. I like the work to be relaxed and show some roughness. In the series that are more realistic like *Interlopers*, where it is meant to be more seamless, I am not concerned with achieving photo-realism. If I approximate a sense of it, I am satisfied. The narrative is more important, and the imperfections are my hand still in the work, giving it some personality. There are much better trained Photoshop technicians than I am and there always will be. With the series *Wild Kingdom*, half of which I printed and exhibited at the Coagula Gallery in Los Angeles in 2015, I worked with artist and printer Michael Barnard. He is a Photoshop expert. We spent time cleaning up my files, getting rid of the imperfections and mistakes and then printed them on his large printer. He also understood the calibrations needed in the printing process from computer to printer.

In this way I view the process of working with Photoshop as that of artist and master printer. My time spent working on lithographs with the master printers at Tamarind Institute of Lithography at the University of New Mexico was invaluable in developing a collaborative practice for my digital art. You can spend years trying to learn and keep up with digital software programs and still not catch up with the evolving technology. My interest is observation, conceptualizing content, devising a narrative visual structure, and putting the elements of the picture together. For the final polish or to take an image further than I know how to, I freely collaborate with experienced software and printing experts. Some of the series included in the volume that haven't been through that final collaborative polish are *Interlopers*, *The 1% War*, and *Tableaux Vivants*. Yet they are far enough along to be seen and released as realized works of art, conveying the ideas and messaging I intended them to.

Each series in this book includes an introduction by me that discusses the work, giving some insights into what I am seeking to achieve, and how the work came about. Many of my images have a personal story behind them, as I source memories, reflections, and daydreams in their conception. I share anecdotes to elaborate on certain work because it helps to illuminate some aspect of the art making involved. The seven series are grouped here because they all belong to a particular approach and their making often overlapped, with several of the series undertaken at the same time, and some of them still being added to as time goes on. All of them share the 16:9 format, the same size of the computer screen, and this is a crucial difference in the way traditional photography has been seen. I design my work on my computer screen, using its 16:9 format, shooting from my camera using the panoramic 16:9 format whenever I could, and exploiting those visual possibilities to their fullest.

These series, entitled *Fractures*, *Digital Wagner*, *Tableaux Vivants*, *Wild Kingdom*, *I Found Jesus In My Food*, *Interlopers*, and *The 1% War* comprise a significant amount of my output over a ten period. I was very productive during an intense time of my life characterized by personal and physical change, emotional upheaval, and spiritual growth. There is a well worn conversation that says tension produces creative energy, and that artists seem to thrive on this. I cannot say that this has been true for me. I look at some of my work and see the emotional states I passed through, and the work reads like a journal. But as a Maker, it does give balance at times, while at others it gave permission for transgressive and disturbing images to appear. Not everything I made is in here. Some work was edited and deleted because they were only for me, transitional images necessary to purge something I was going through. I feel as an artist I need to be responsible for what I put out in the world, and understand who my audience may be and the impact I could have on them, no matter how large or small the numbers. Images have a way of living unconsciously inside people once they see and ingest them. Art does uplift, and it can do damage. Art should challenge, try to speak truth to power. There is a fine line in how this happens. Each picture I set up with clues and visual puns that ask the viewer to study the mise en scène for something that is relatable. I have stayed in my art making with the recognizable image; a visual language that is narrative, representative, and populist, one that the most people possible can understand. It serves my egalitarian instincts.

All of my work has been shot in the jpg format. In terms of printing the later works can go up in size as large as 110 inches high by 60 wide. Very early work that were shot on smaller sized cameras are more limited in scale, although they can be re-photographed and scanned and then enlarged if I desire to do that. All of my finished fine art photographs, as well as all of the photographs I have taken, will be on a hard drive in the archives in the Robert Bell Collection.



CLAYTON CAMPBELL – THE POWER OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

December 2014, Art Voices Magazine, Los Angeles

Clayton Campbell has been making digital photographs since the mid 1990s. Campbell's works take their cues from popular culture while offering social commentary.

He has been influenced by particular art works and artists such as James Rosenquist's "F-111", the pictorial design of medieval manuscripts, photogravure artist Peter Milton, Fantastic Realist artist Ernst Fuchs, and photographers Jeff Wall and Miwa Yanagi. Campbell's works are labor intensive and are the result of a multi part process that involves photography and digital image processing. Rather than offer his works as tangible printed commodities, Campbell has devised a way to show them on flat screen monitors in continual rotation so that their luminosity is kept intact from conception through production to display; and is one of the first photographers to offer his works in this manner.

Campbell is a thoughtful artist who at times wears different hats within the arts community and draws from these myriad resources to create his work. The work is an often humorous, never didactic, commentary that stems

from acute observation of the absurd contradictions within modern culture. He uses and abuses digital effects creating controlled mistakes that appear like software glitches, although a perfectionist, the works have a casual imprecision and Campbell's laissez faire attitude toward the mechanics of their fabrication gives them a certain appeal.

Campbell tends to work on many series simultaneously. Among the latest are series entitled: *Wild Kingdom*, *Artists Amongst Us*, *I Found Jesus in my Food*, *Interloping*, *Tableaux Vivants* and *Fractures*. What differentiates these series is less the methodology than the subject matter within the images. *I Found Jesus in My Food* is a tongue and cheek satire on faith and the religiously obsessed. Campbell invites a friend or colleague out to lunch and during the meal snaps a few photographs of his companion holding up some aspect of their food. Their portrait is later composited with other images that relate to food, eating, religion, or the specifics of the personality being depicted. Campbell's compositing is intuitive and he draws from a vast archive of images to create each composition. *I Found Jesus in My Food* is the only series in which an appropriated image appears. Campbell inserts a found black and white illustration of the face of Jesus into each montage; be it sushi, tortilla chips or red wine.

In *Wild Kingdom* he montages images of people unaware of the camera who are experiencing a personal moment, taking pictures or texting and talking on their cell phones over images from museum dioramas depicting animals in the (artificial) natural landscape. Sometimes the juxtaposition is telling while other times it is absurd. *Do You Ever Feel This Way?* imposes a photograph of a girl resting her head against her arm as if taking a nap onto an image where two bears are relaxing atop jagged rocks in a receding landscape. In the distance is an image of a person holding an umbrella running away. These disparate elements coalesce in Campbell's imagination as the thought, "do you ever feel this way" bounces from girl to bear and back.

Interloping is a series of images in which Campbell explores the "sensation of not belonging where you seem to belong. Feeling the need to leave before it is discovered that you are not whom you seem to be..." In these pictures he begins by photographing exquisitely decorated neo-classical period rooms from the Thorne Miniature Collection at the Art Institute of Chicago. Isolated

individuals are montaged into these spaces. His creative titles comment on the effects of, or the reasons for the interloper's presence. In many respects this series is the most straightforward of Campbell's composites as the background image remains intact and is not modified or manipulated.

If *Interloping* is the least "Photoshopped," *Fractures* relies most heavily on digital manipulation. Here, Campbell jiggers the jpg codex to create glitches in the way the image is displayed. The resulting images have a stutter that Campbell uses as a point of departure for doubling, mirroring and distorting the elements he layers on top of the backgrounds. In this series he takes a tongue in cheek look at cultural psychodramas allowing his wit rather than his social and political consciousness to dictate the tenor of each image.

It is evident that Campbell enjoys making these images and is able to create meaning through juxtaposition of the elements he has photographed over the years. The thought process becomes one that intertwines memory with commentary, as the images are as personal as they are universal.

The universal has also been a subject Campbell has investigated, specifically in the aftermath of 9-11. In 2003 he embarked on a project where he photographed his pre-teen son with a piece of paper onto which was printed a word he learned since 9-11, as well as words that took on new meaning because of the attack. The cumulative impact of the words becomes a powerful statement about the language of terrorism and its affects on our consciousness. This project was later expanded to include participants from different communities and countries. In these other incarnations of the project, each participant was photographed with a hand-written word in their native language. These images have been presented as large grids in gallery spaces as well as banners in public sites.

When asked about his goals as an artist Campbell, replied that his aim was to educate as well as elicit smiles from his viewers. He is less interested in making overtly political work than in the power of suggestion. Because he is confident that his archives contain relevant subject matter, new meaning can be created through any juxtaposition of the various elements. Campbell believes in the power of the unconscious and lets this faith guide his aesthetic choices. Thus far he has hit the mark.

Clayton Campbell has worked in the arts for more than 30 years and has exhibited all over the world. Since 2004 his, *Words We Have Learned Since 9-11* series has been in museums, galleries and art centers including the Maison Europeenne de la Photographie, Paris; Los Angeles County Museum of Art; University of Nevada Las Vegas; Higher Bridges Art Center, Enniskillen, Northern Ireland; WYSPA Institute of Art, Gdansk, and Wroclaw, Poland; Aaran Gallery, Tehran, Iran; Museum of Mobile, Alabama; Community Media Center, Kurdistan; Unit 24 Gallery, London, UK; Nam Jun Paik Art Center, South Korea; Three Shadows Photography Art Center, Beijing, China; the International Center of Contemporary Art, Bucharest, Romania; the Wonder Institute, Santa Fe; Scope New York and Scope Basel, and the University of Capetown, South Africa. Campbell's currently represented by Coagula Curatorial in Los Angeles, CA.

Jody Zellen is a Los Angeles based artist and writer who has been published in *Artillery Magazine*, *Art Voices*, *Art Ltd.*, *Visual Art Source*, *Art Now LA*, *Fabrik*, *After Image*, *Art Papers*, and *ArtScene*.



IMPRESSARIO

FRACTURES

The Formability of Corruption

Fractures refer directly to the corruption of digital photo files in which the digital information mistakenly fractures apart. Jpeg files downloaded from cameras into computers often corrupt, meaning the digital file does not have structural integrity or formability. The photograph does not appear as expected. Rather, the image comes out (if at all) formless, fractured, broken into pieces missing coded information. Normally these pictures would be deleted as mistakes.

I had one of these accidental corruptions when downloading a series of pictures I had re-photographed of the notorious images of torture at Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq. What became apparent was the range of new visual possibilities suggested by these corrupted photographs. I experimented with the truncated images, finding that the notion of corruption fit all too well with the subject at hand, namely the corruption of U.S. soldiers to become instruments of torture. The first images I completed successfully using corrupted jpeg files were the *After Abu Ghraib* photos. They began as unexpected mistakes, yet for me showed abundant visual opportunity and the possibility of further exploration. Artists thrive on mistakes, learning from them and seeing them not as failures but simply as part of their practice that leads to the next discovery.

To continue this exploration with fractured imagery I felt I needed to be able to corrupt digital files at will and not wait for them to happen on their own. I devised a way of opening the digital file to re-program the computer code that is the numerical make-up of the digital image. The results were corrupted jpegs. My methodology became a way to establish a photographic background that was created as a controlled accident, a process I liken to that found in action painting or forms of calligraphy. I began to learn to let the computer do its own idiosyncratic work. In experimenting with this methodology, I might corrupt 20 images before I felt I had one that suggested to me the beginnings of a non-linear, representational narrative. When corrupting an image, you can never be certain what will happen. The corruption process took place by extracting code, or code of my own I could put in. This took the form of

various texts, including my own writing, pages from the human rights convention, and other existing texts. I would also copy and paste in code from one jpeg to another. The stew I made of this now scrambled code became a new jpeg file, that when re-opened would create an uncontrolled, corrupted, 'fractured' image. No two were ever the same or could be replicated, which made it exciting and occasionally frustrating. There was no way to ever repeat oneself, the starting point is therefore abstracted and pure chance. These unique files form the background images of the *Fractures* photo-montage series.

From that point to make a finished picture, I would look in my digital archive of 100's of original photographs, and select intact images that I would begin photo-collaging into the corrupted backgrounds I had saved. I would build up a pictorial narrative in layers, very much like the technique of painting I had learned in Vienna, called 'mixed technique.' This technique involved painting many alternating glazes of oil and body paint of egg tempera on canvas, similar to the use of layers in photoshop. A second approach I use, in terms of narrative visual structures, is found in medieval frescoes where the layout and combination of two and three dimensional patterns, backgrounds, and figures convey myths and biblical stories in the absence of text. It was a method of "reading" for a time when most people had yet to learn how. The composition and structure informed with visual puns and clues, and in *Fractures*, just as in the art of frescoes, it is the same strategy. Finding and reading these modern visual puns and clues in them is part of the experience and fun of viewing a *Fractures* image.

A good example of my process is the photo, *My Oh My Oh My Oh My*. The corrupted background was made from a photo of a construction site in Hong Kong. I changed the color, image contrast and brightness, and there was my start. I had photographed two young girls looking at a pageant in Los Angeles at the Veterans Memorial Hospital. Their easy intimacy was appealing. I felt they should be looking out at the background as the viewer does. Floating like an apparition across the background is an young Iranian woman photographed in Paris, who is repeated four times, a device of repetition I use to stimulate animation and movement within the picture. In the foreground is a Korean

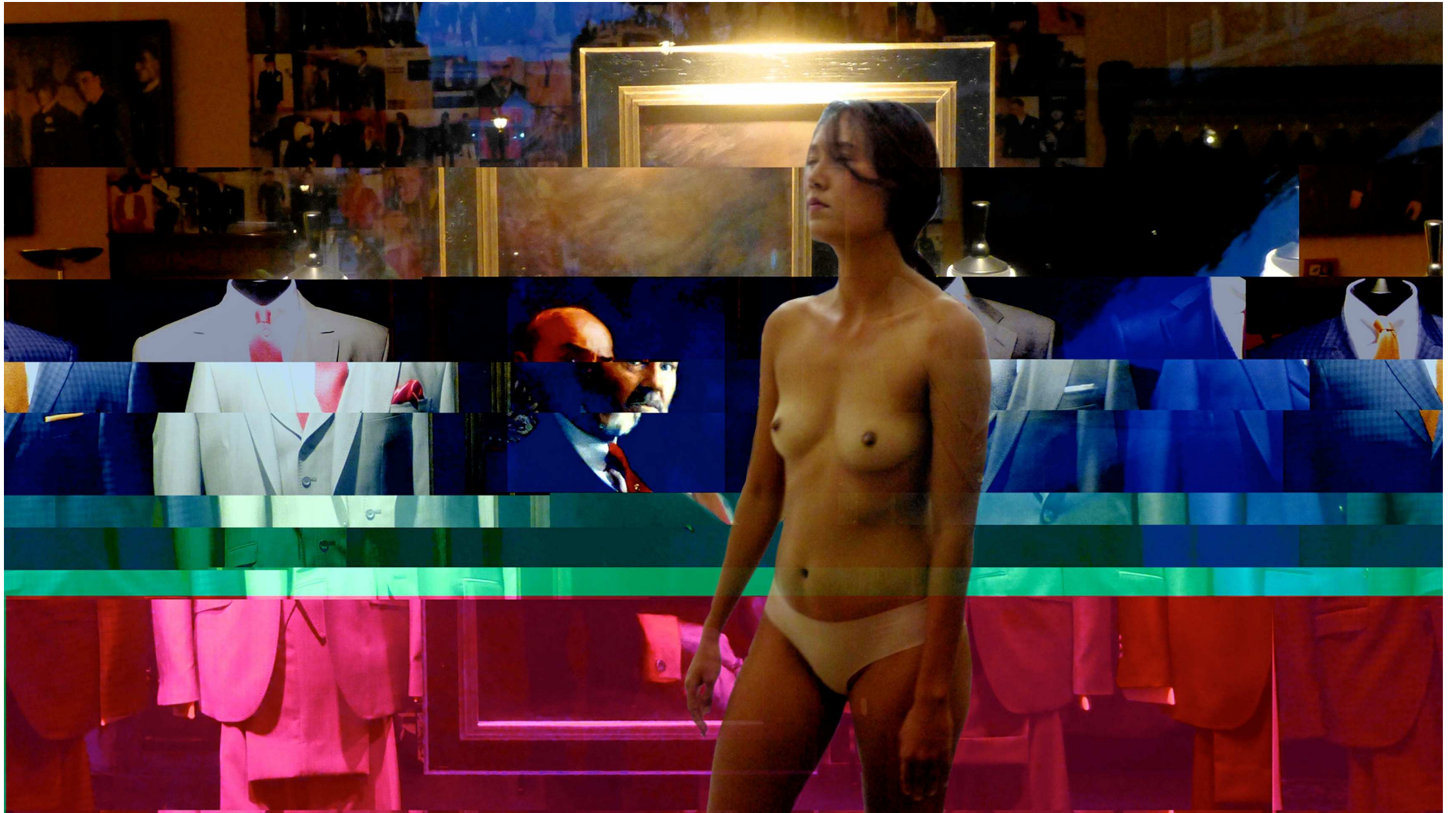
man in a Seoul marketplace who allowed me to make a portrait of him as he held up two oranges. So the picture is full of moments; why are the girls there and what are they looking at? Who is the young woman floating across the background and what do we ascertain from her backward gaze and ethereal presence? Is the Korean man with two oranges inviting us into to the experience or selling us something? What of the two oranges, do they have a symbolic meaning? The title of the picture is viewed faintly in the picture frame, perhaps suggesting we should be reacting to something that is not quite right? *Fractures* are meant to suggest a story that can take you many places if you spend the time with them.

These are the kinds of clues and puns that often make up the narratives in my

work as non-linear, representational visual narratives and commentary. We all reference our own experiences and histories when viewing an image, whether on television, film, social media device, or as a photograph. In my work the viewing experience is a different pace than in media, meant to take place over a longer time, where the viewer is slowly assimilating the images and considering feelings and questions. Experiencing my artwork this way helps the experience and meanings of the narrative to unfold as viewers develop a relationship with the image. *Fractures* is a series of photographs whose commonality is experimenting with the formability of corrupting a digital file to create a starting point. From there I followed no set formula and built a body of work informed by the poetry of life and its irregular logic, captured in the storehouse of photos I shot over two decades.



DISSOCIATION ANXIETY AT THE OPENING



THE FAMILIARITY OF THE MALE GAZE



OPINING ON A LOT OF NOTHING



STANDING JUST TO THE RIGHT SIDE OF THINGS.....



MY OH MY, OH MY OH MY!



LUNCHTIME DAYDREAMING



WHAT DO YOU MEAN WE, WHITE MAN?



DEMONS FOLLOWED HIM



AT THE SHRINE OF THE WRATHFUL DEITIES



SAINT THERESA TALKS TO GOD



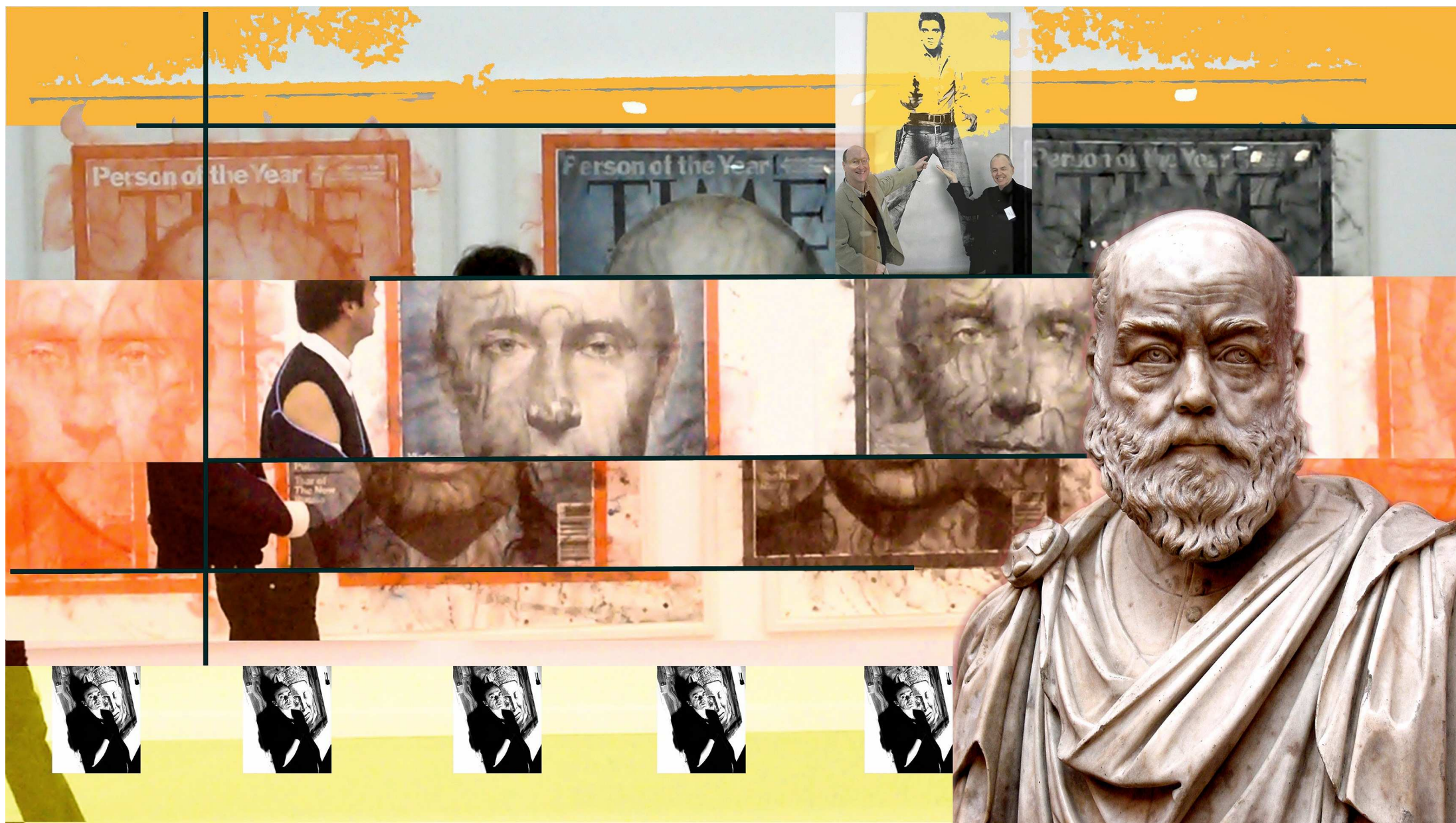
DRAWN THROUGH THE GATES OF HELL



FOURTH OF JULY



WATCH WHAT YOU SAY, DUDE!



DE-CONSTRUCTED POST MODERNIST GALLERY



HANS ULRICH OBRIST EXPLAINS HIS POST MODERN WORLD VIEW



AIR GUITAR GOT THEM NOWHERE



BEAR MARKET



MY PROSTATE IS ALL YOURS.....



CRASHING SAATCHI'S PARTY



STAR BRIGHT, WHAT I WISH TONIGHT



SINGING FOR YOUR SUPPER



SAVE ME FROM MYSELF



MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL



MEXICAN SONATA



LUCKY DOGS



I AM LEAVING LOUISIANA AND NEVER GOING BACK



GUARDIAN OF THE MYSTICAL PHILLY CHEESE STEAK



CHINESE FIRE DRILL



HEY SANTA, GIVE ME SOME BLING!



GRADUATION DAY



FRACTURES



ASH WEDNESDAY



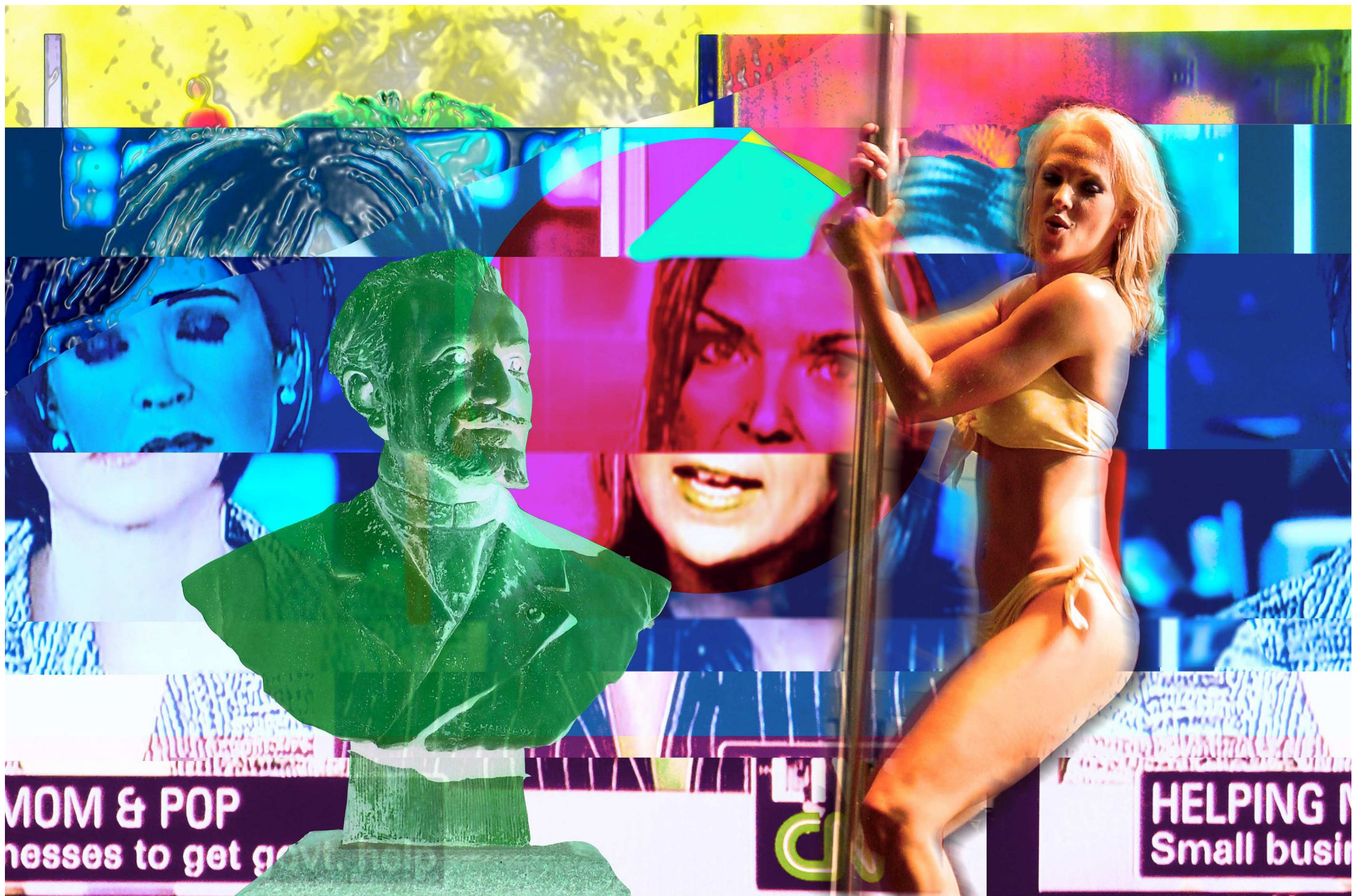
CAKEWALK



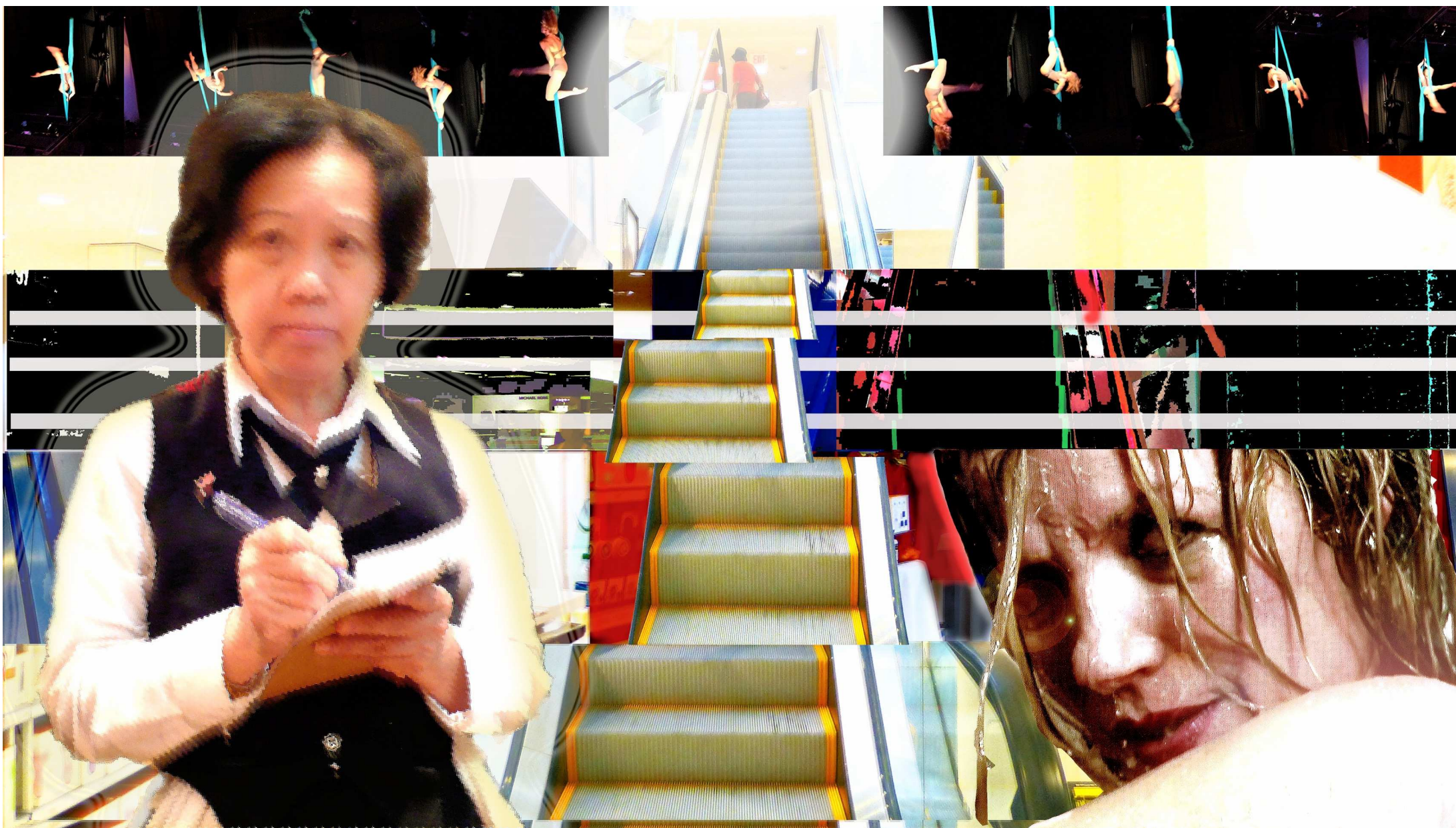
OUR MOVIE IS IN TURN AROUND...



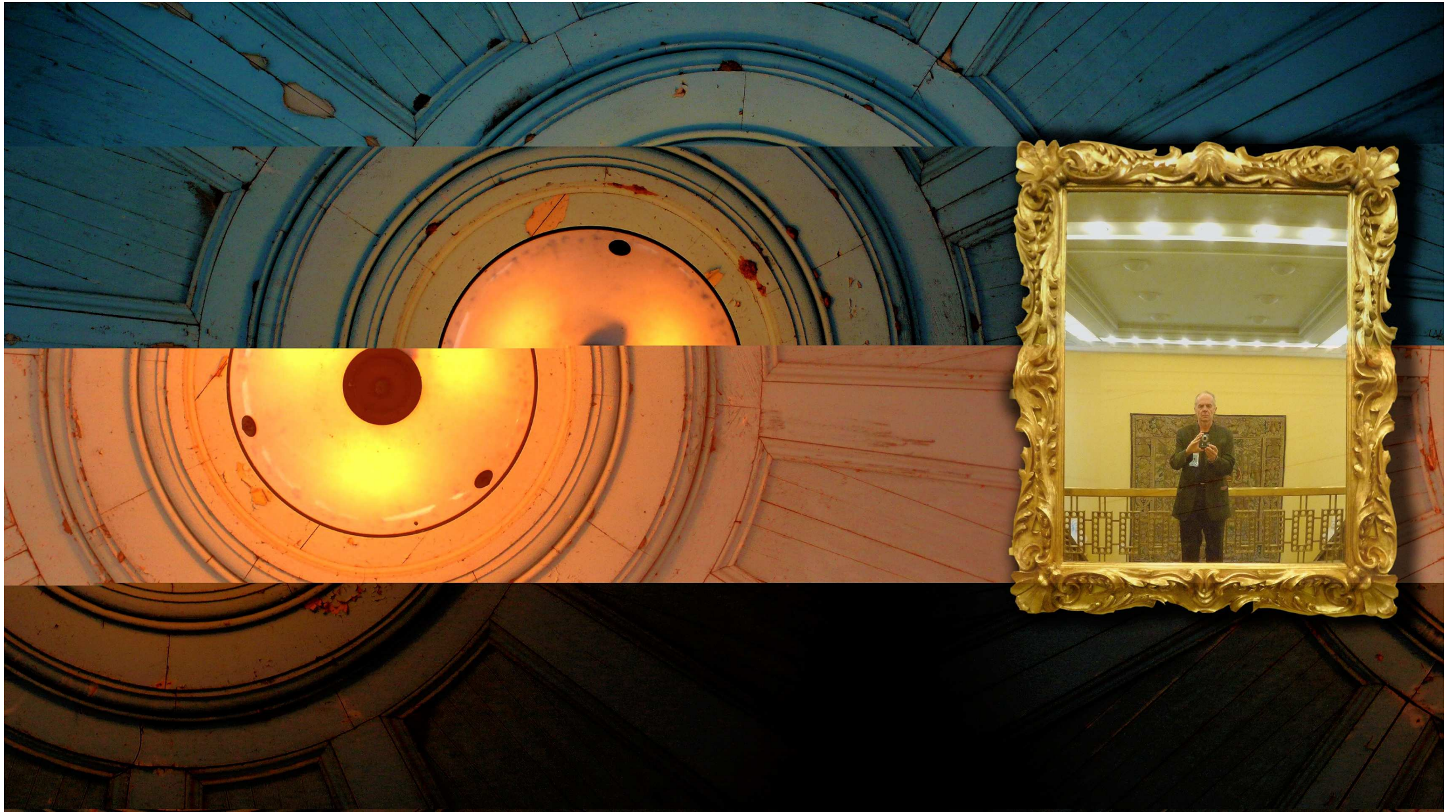
FREE ALASKA



I'M JUST A SMALL BUSINESS TRYING TO GET BY



STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN (RECOVERY)



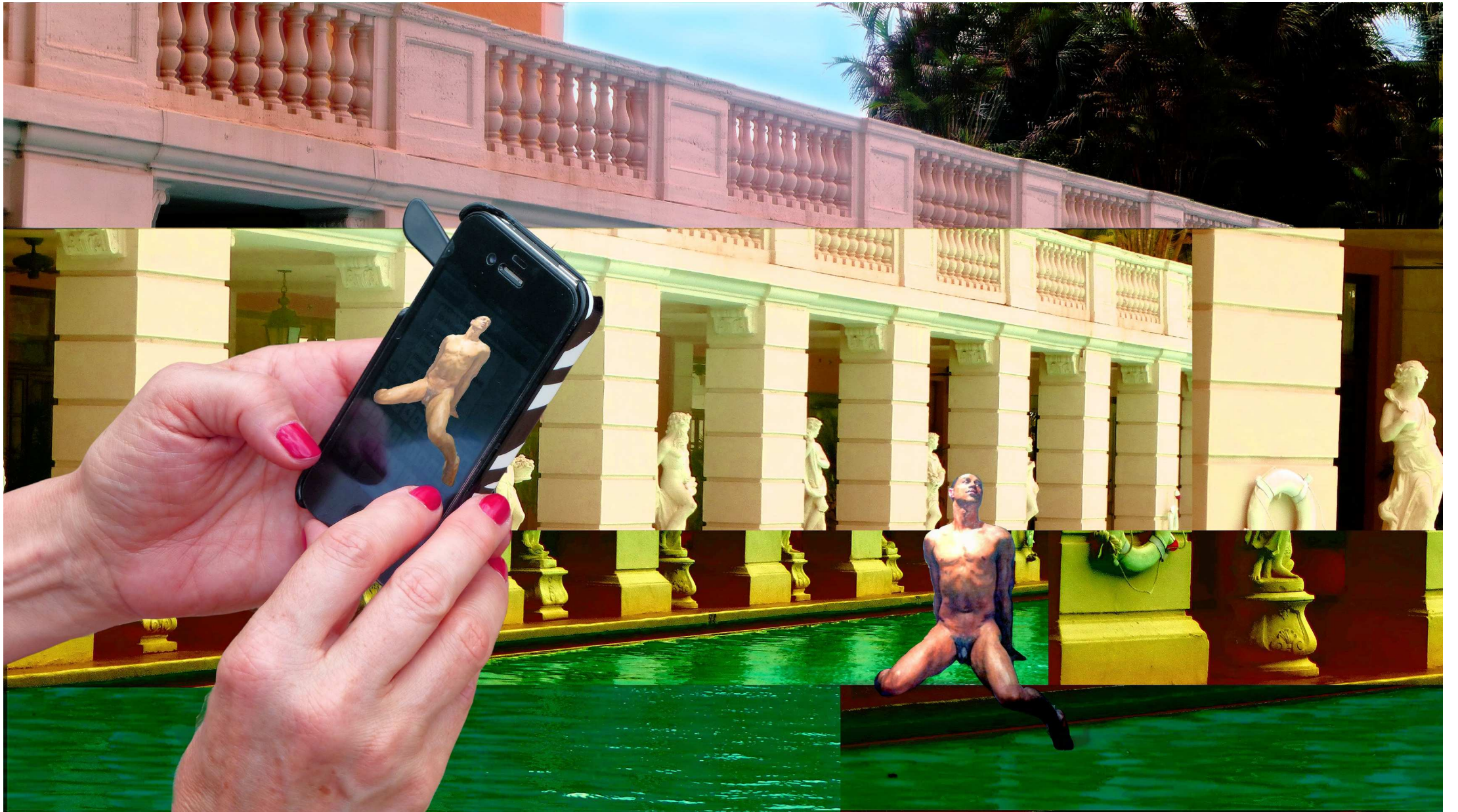
A CHAPTER AMONG MANY (FRACTURING THE GOLDEN MEAN)



ARMED, WOUNDED AND DANGEROUS



ARE YOU ON THE WAY TO AMSTERDAM?



ALIGHTING IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME

DIGITAL WAGNER

A Photographic Project Celebrating the Los Angeles Opera's 2010 Production
of Richard Wagner's
The Ring Cycle

In 2010 the Los Angeles Opera staged a new version of Richard Wagner's *The Ring Cycle* and a city wide arts festival around this seminal cultural event took place. Numerous presentations including talks, seminars, exhibitions, and concerts related to *The Ring Cycle* were scheduled. Jill Burnham, whom I originally met at 18th Street Art Center, and had since moved on to work at the Los Angeles Opera, invited me to make an exhibition of work about *The Ring Cycle*.

I took my cue for approaching *The Ring Cycle* from a passage in a 1989 book of commentaries on the operas, *Wagner's Ring: Turning the Sky Around*, by Father Owen Lee.

"*The Ring* can be thought of as taking place, not only in its natural landscape of rivers and mountains covered by fir trees (the way Wagner wanted it on the stage), and not only in nineteenth-century industrialized Europe endangered by greed and corrupting materialism (the Wagner first thought of it, and some modern productions stage it), but in that inner landscape which is mine and yours (the way Wagner eventually suggested we see it).

Seen this way, the ring is a story of a soul in crisis. The great elemental world of gods and humankind is also the private world of our inner struggle with our own destructive impulses, of our awareness of limitations and guilt, of the emergence in us of new ideas, and the dying in humankind of transforming deaths."

I first heard *The Ring Cycle* in 1970 at the Vienna Staatsopera, in a marathon 24 hour performance of all four operas. It was an overwhelming and immersive way to experience Wagner's music for the first time. The music above all

stayed with me, and when Jill Burnham invited me to create an exhibition of digital photographic impressions about *The Ring*, coinciding with their 2010 *Ring Cycle* production, that experience came flooding back.

My interest in making original imagery for this project stems from the extraordinary confluence of myth and psychology found in *The Ring Cycle*. The characters are symbolic and archetypal, yet relate directly to our own times as metaphors of socio/political realities and emotional states of being. It is not hard to project onto *The Ring Cycle* our collective journey, headed inexorably towards a momentous transformation in human consciousness, which I feel must take place for our very survival.

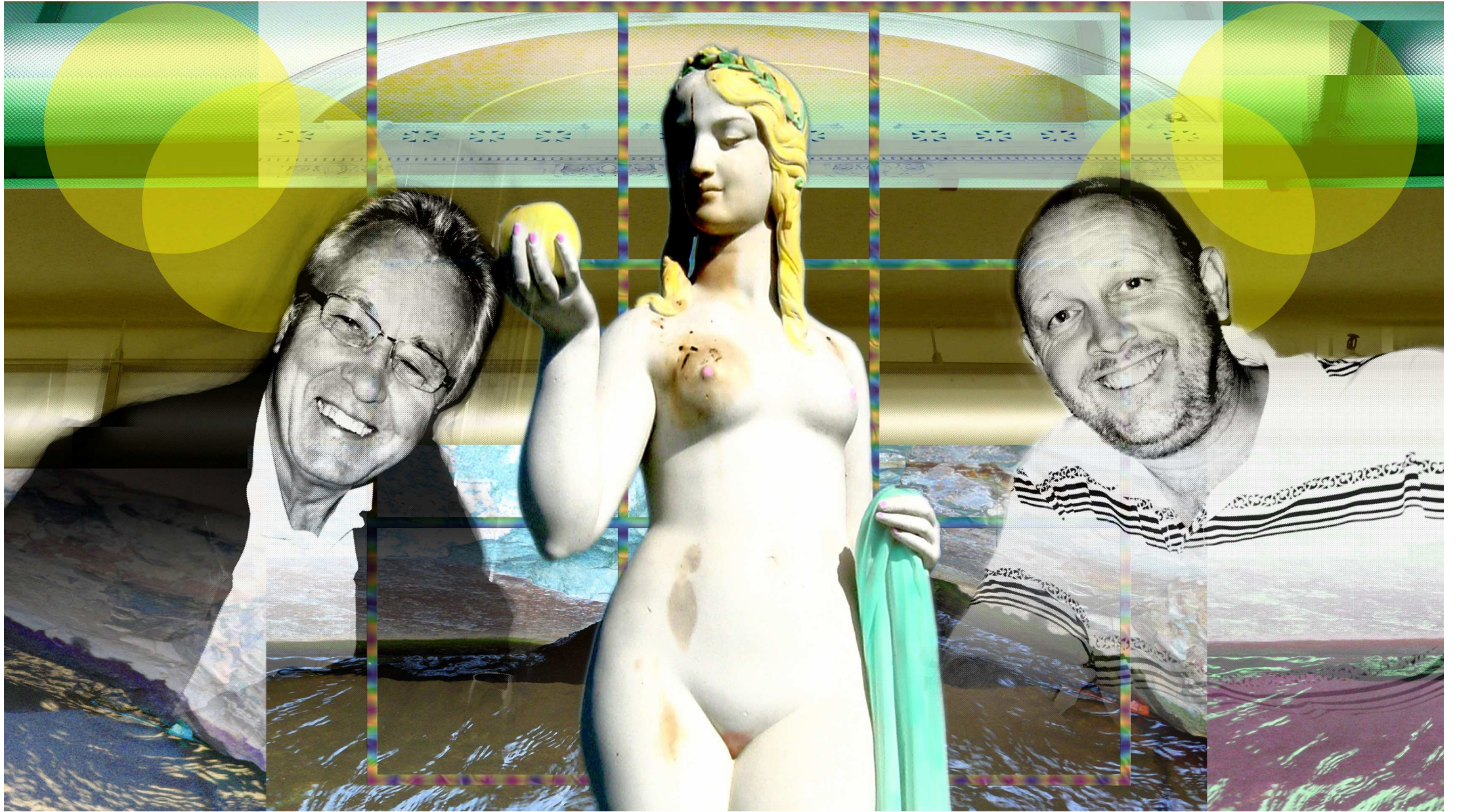
I made twenty-four new images, six for each opera, by picking out key moments I found of interest. I interpreted Wagner quite freely in real-time and included in my photographs a cast of characters, friends, acquaintances, and art world personalities as stand-ins for Wotan, Brunhilde, Siegfried, Mime, Alberich and other memorable characters from *The Ring Cycle*. My *Digital Wagner* is LA-centric, in the same spirit of experimentation reflected in the LA Opera's real-time staging of *The Ring Cycle*.

The viewer doesn't need to know *The Ring Cycle* to appreciate and enjoy the *Digital Wagner* photographs. Each picture stands on its own with layers of images creating a unique contemporary narrative. The photographs in this exhibition are hung in a grid of 24 prints on the gallery wall. In the exhibition at the 18th Street Arts Center they were experienced as cinematic projections during the opening night only, on May 1, 2010. These 9 by 16 feet projections embraced the operatic feel of the subject. The images move in and out of a slide show presentation in time to a one hour recording of excerpts from *The Ring Cycle* conducted by Loren Maazel of the Berlin Philharmonic.

DAS RHEINGOLD



ALBERICH AND THE RHINE MAIDENS



FASOLT AND FAFNER KIDNAP ERDE



THE WEARING OF THE MAGICAL TARNHELM



THE RENUNCIATION OF LOVE FOR THE LOVE OF GOLD



THE GODS ENTER VALHALLA



THE MADNESS OF THE RING

DIE WALKURE



THE HOUSE OF HUNDIG



SIEGELINDE SHOWS SIEGEMUNDE THE SWORD



FRICKA ADMONISHES WOTAN FOR HIS UNNATURAL PLAN



HUNDIG KILLS SIEGFRIED AND IN TURN IS MURDERED BY WOTAN



THE VALKYRIES COLLECT THE DEAD

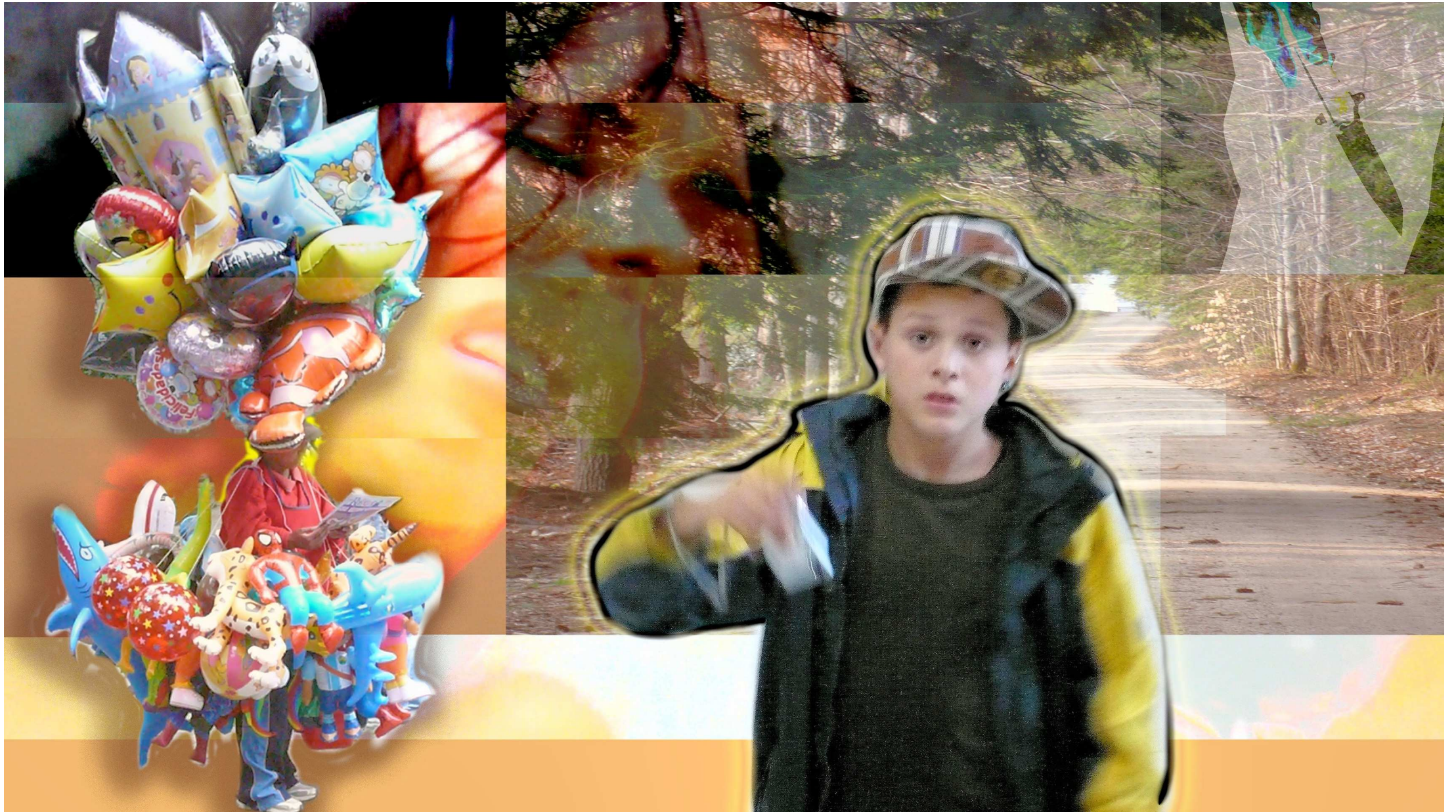


WOTAN WILLS BRUNHILDE INTO SLEEP AND MORTALITY

SIEGFRIED



MIME SCHEMES TO KILL SIEGFRIED AND CAPTURE THE GOLD



SIEGFRIED WANDERS ALONE IN THE WORLD



WOTAN AND THE GAME OF CHANCE



SIEGFRIED TASTES DRAGONS BLOOD AND SEES THE FUTURE



BRUNHILDE ENCIRCLED BY FIRE

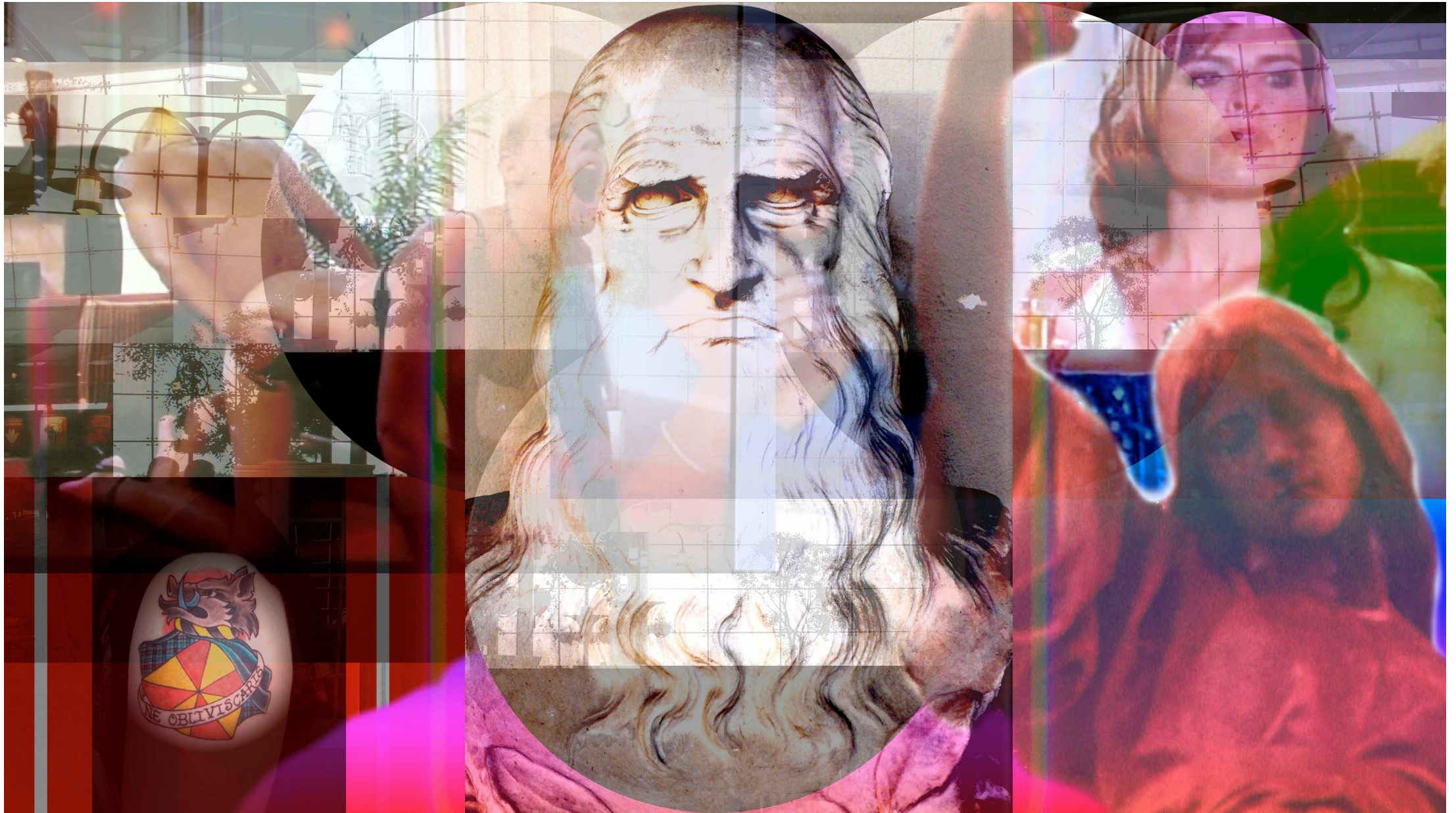


THE AWAKENING OF FEAR

GOTTERDAMMERUNG



THE NORNS BREAK THE THREAD OF VISION



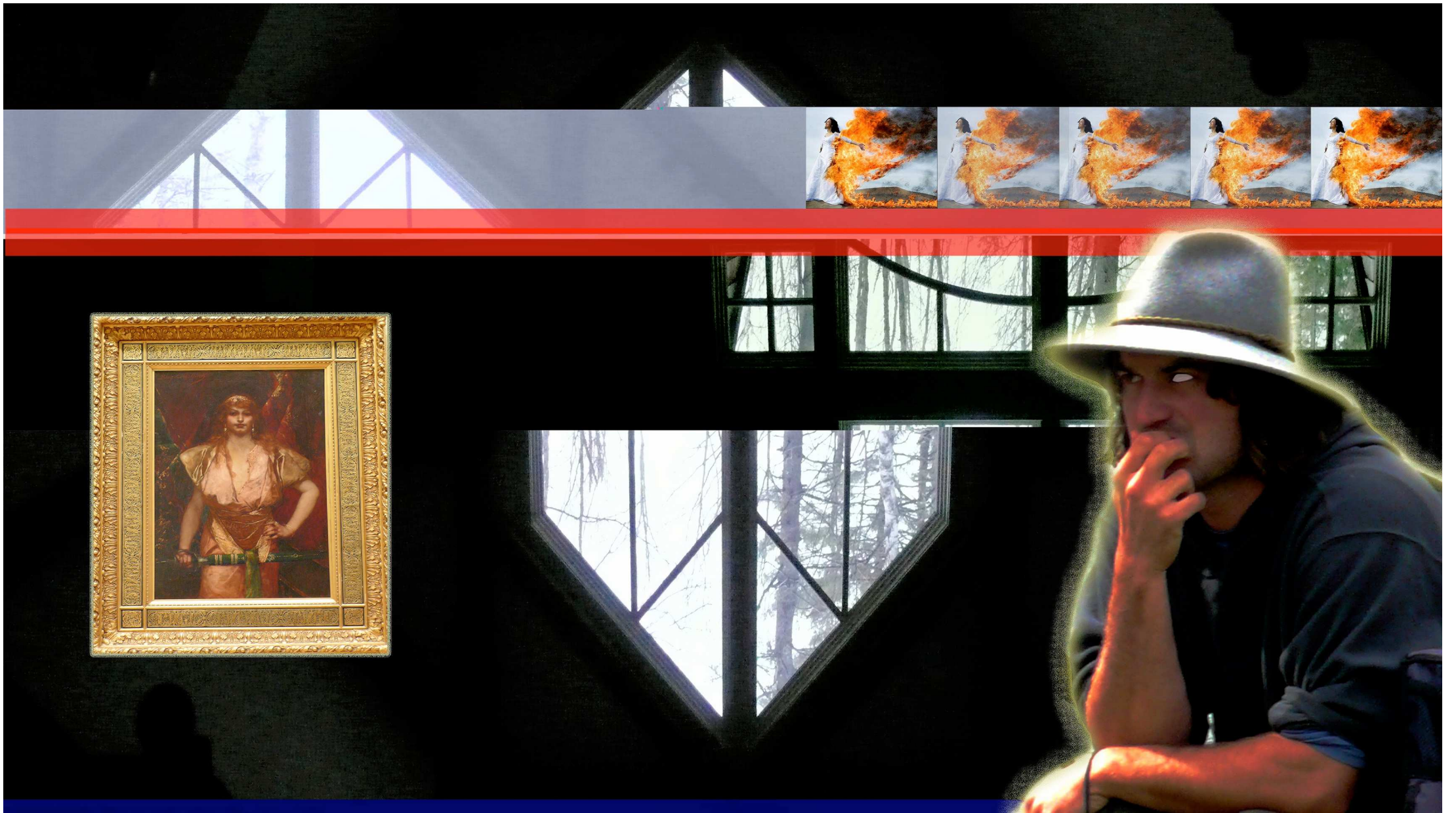
THE EVIL HAGEN SPINS HIS TREACHERY



GUNTHER AND GUTRONE DUPE SIEGFRIED



BRUNHILDE DISCOVERS SIEGFRIED'S INFIDELITY



WOTAN PONDERES THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS



THE BURNING OF VALHALLA

TABLEAUX VIVANTS



CORNER, WINSLOW, ARIZONA

Tableaux Vivants

Between 2009 and 2019 I would always have a photograph in the works that ended up in a portfolio named *Tableaux Vivants*. While the *Fractures* series is based on impressions, layered and montaged together by feel and instinct, the *Tableaux Vivant* images are more carefully constructed. When I look at them they are like pages of a journal; I can recall a personal history that informs the making of each. They cover a wide range of my story, my own form of social commentary, expressions of desire, hope, angers, anxieties, and humor, and the distillation of the times I was living through.

I'm aware of other artists who have used the words tableau vivant in the titling of their work, and I am not surprised. There is a recognized and sizable genre of tableau photography, introduced in the 1970s which encompasses many artists working in variants of what they feel tableau vivant means. I am intrigued by the history of this pictorial device. Some early examples are found in illuminated manuscripts. I spent time at the Morgan Library in New York and the Rare Book Library at the British Museum researching these. The conventional definition of tableau vivant is "a silent and motionless group of people arranged to represent a scene or incident." Tableau plays go back to emblematic medieval liturgical dramas at the end of a Catholic Mass. They include Nativity plays, and you can find tableaus painted on church walls. I've studied the tableau construction of Giotto's frescoes in Assisi and how they tell a story without words. Tableau is evident in the grand compositions of Raphael in his *School of Athens* fresco and the genre of History Paintings that came thereafter. Romantic, Aesthetic, Symbolist, Pre-Raphaelite, and Art Nouveau styles all employed tableau as a device in their picture making.

More recently tableau has been used in live performance as the "Living Picture." The 19th century with strict Victorian morality creates a new use of tableau vivant that went on for some time. Actresses were forbidden to move when nude or semi-nude on stage, but they could stand still. Simulated statuary introduces the nude to the public eye in the Victorian era. German dancer Olga Desmond appeared in *Evenings of Beauty* in which she posed in "living pictures," imitating classical works of art. Audiences packed theaters to stare at her standing silently, and naked, on stage. Now long forgotten, in her time she was

a star.

Sound and light theaters for epic paintings were popular as well, such as the largest religious painting in the world still on view at Forest Lawn Cemetery in Glendale, California. Yet the living pictures and tableau pageant tradition was dying out by the 1970s, though one remaining holdout is the annual Pageant of the Masters in Laguna Beach, California. Perhaps evidence of the tableau vivant is still on view in public parks throughout the U.S and Europe by way of the living statues; street performers dressed up in all manner of historic or fanciful costumes who can hold uncanny, frozen poses and perform for tips.

In the 1980s I created stage sets for theatrical productions and dance performances. This scenic work paralleled my interest in the art of tableau. The idea of using a fictional background and populating it with characters from moments in time crystallizing a poetic metaphor or social conundrum are at the heart of the *Tableaux Vivant* photograph, as well as those in the *Interloper* and *Wild Kingdom* series. Unlike conventional tableau, which is the replication of an historic or existing event, I use tableau as a pictorial device, as a means to create a new idea, and an entirely new, fictional image.

To arrive at the construction of a tableau photograph, I have to shoot a lot of street photography first. Street photography has been about capturing the decisive moment, especially since the 19th century French photographer Cartier Bresson spoke about it. It is about photographing an event that is ephemeral and spontaneous, where the image represents the essence of the event itself. Much of my basic, or research photography is street photography, or as I like to refer to it, stealth photography. I shoot people and scenes without permission, like street photographers, and collect these photographs into an archive from which I select images to be used in the construction of totally new tableau photographs. Many of the photographic elements are shot with an element of chance. For example, I will set up in a public space with crowds walking towards me and just shoot frame after frame without thinking about it or looking at what is happening. Later on I look at the hundreds of photos, and find I have some of the most amazing shots of people in uncanny poses and unguarded emotional states. Some of these I cut out to use in my tableau photographs. The same is true of landscapes, especially the urban landscape, where I set up and shoot indiscriminately on street corners, in airports, or

public malls. My final works are more likely an inconclusive moment, in which almost always the pictorial elements are my multiple original photographs are montaged into a tableau format to create a fictional tableau vivant in service of a narrative of my making.

Discussing a few of the pieces in this series may give some insight in my process. The frontispiece in this volume is entitled *In The New World*. It is one of my favorites. Made in 2011, I was living in New Orleans and working as the Director of the Joan Mitchell Center. The fictional background is an 18th century painting of the “New World,” looking bucolic, but actually recently invaded and colonized by Europe. In my piece the scene is interrupted by two self assured African-American women in contemporary clothes, standing in the foreground. No longer slaves, they challenge this sleepy view of what is really the Old World. A modernist skyscraper is hazily protruding into the background. A white woman is talking into a microphone to a group of Colonial soldiers, exhorting them to do who knows what? This is a commentary on colonization and false histories. I see this now representing the calm before the storm after the end of the Obama Presidency and the resurgence of white supremacy in the U.S. As social commentary, it is a cautionary tale about needing to be aware of these issues rather than an indictment or assignment of blame. Living in New Orleans and feeling African- American anger and white entitlement from the unresolved inequities of slavery and its continued aftermath, *In The New World* came into being.

The *Tableaux Vivants* section opens with *Corner, Winslow, Arizona*. It references the singer Jackson Browne’s song, *Take It Easy*, that has the lines, “Well I’m a standin’ on a corner in Winslow, Arizona, Such a fine sight to see, It’s a girl my lord in a flatbed Ford, Slowin’ down to take a look at me.”

I lived in the Southwestern, United States and drove through Winslow many times. I loved to stay at the La Posada Hotel when I was there. One of my great joys was to have dinner in their Turquoise Room Restaurant, and eat a plate of rice, black beans and carnitas, then walk around town and take photos. This picture was made all in one night. The beautiful sky on a deserted corner sums up all the longing and romance in me over the years, wishing some girl had slowed down to take a look at me. Of course it’s a fantasy, and maybe it’s about the love I never felt at home, because that truck never slowed down in

Winslow. Instead, I had found an Elvis impersonator on another street corner in Winslow that night, singing to a group of about 20 senior citizens. Quite the opposite of what the song Jackson Browne was promising. The fake Elvis had been coming there for a long time and seemed to know everyone. He turned to me, and at my request sang Jackson Browne’s song. I gave him one dollar for this shot. I cut and pasted him into a different street corner, that I photographed an hour or two later. I then photographed a sunset an hour or two after that. These are the elements that make the final composited image which sums up years of longing, desire, and inner romance that I have always felt. The image of Elvis standing on a solitary desert street, one lonely night in *Corner, Winslow, Arizona*, represents the essence of an America that I’ve known and has been lost. Feelings that are hard to convey in contemporary art are all here in this image; nostalgia, sentimentality, romance, and humor.

Walking On Water and *Lift Off* have backgrounds that are both a public park in New Orleans and were made in 2012. In the first, the Muslim couple is literally walking on water, manifesting a miracle perhaps more often associated with Christ. In the Judeo-Christian United States of 2012, that was busy profiling and discriminating against Muslims, the intimate couple standing in the beauty of this scene speaks in favor of hope and tolerance. I photographed the couple in New York at St. Patrick’s Cathedral on the anniversary of September 11th, as they were standing in front of the altar, arm in arm. It was a tender moment, and one of the few photographs I have taken in my street photographer stealth mode that made me feel like an intruder.

Lift Off is about fear of the other. Not too long ago in the U.S. if a male of color looked at a white woman the ‘wrong way’, especially in the South, he could be lynched. This is what the young black man may be doing in this picture, and the odd, floating, overweight white boy/man is weirdly ominous. The blond woman standing with her back to them strikes an ambiguous but coquettish pose. The black man is hesitant, pensive, curious. The central figure has lifted off the ground, full of hot air, perhaps in reaction to the encounter he is interrupting. This is one of my classic tableaus, a frozen moment posing questions for the viewer about what could be happening. In this charged bayou moment, the expanding body of the white man might pop like a balloon or take off and fly away from the thickness of the tension hovering in the hot, humid

Louisiana air.

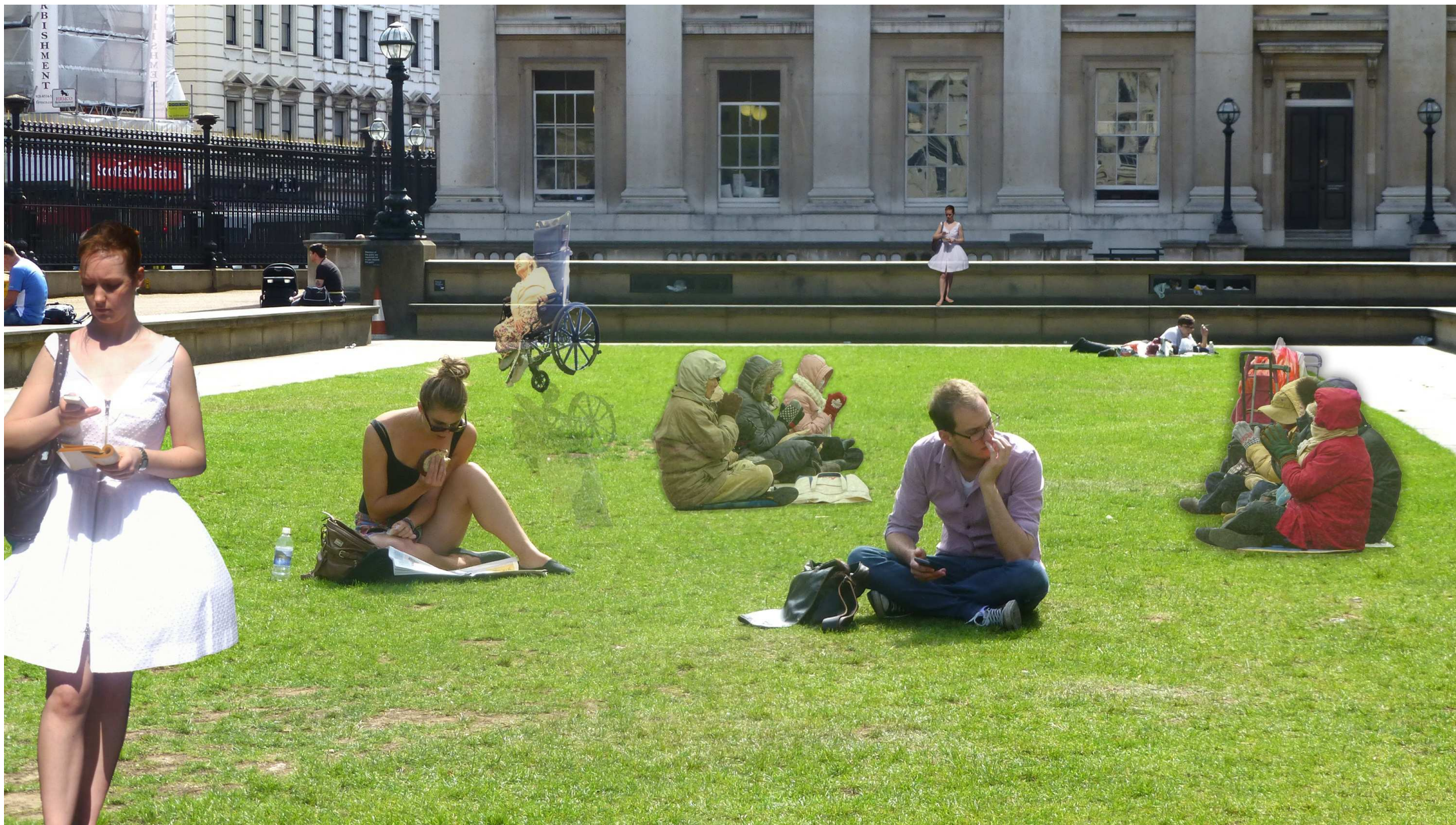
There are several grouping of my photographs in *Tableaux Vivants*. In the first, some social imbalance is called out and visualized, whether it be homelessness, racial injustice, sexual abuse by the Clergy, white entitlement, racism, ageism, income inequity, or the marginalization of some group. This group includes *Empire*, *God Has Left the Building*, *At the Scene of the Crime*, *Without Permission*, *Attention Deficit Disorder*, *An Ideology of Power*, *Jilted at the Genius Bar*, *White Slaver Market- Caucasian Mountains*, *Wealth*, *Peace Pipe*, *Look At These Appendages If You Will*, *Golden Trash of Goldman Sachs*, *Alighting In the Wrong Place At the Right Time*, and *Window Shopping*.

In the second grouping I investigate my feelings about religion and spirituality, and their meaning to me in the photographs *Flower Girls and Choirs Boys*, *The Mystical Appearance of Jesus Malverde*, *We Prayed For Mary But This Guy Showed Up Instead*, *Symptoms of Aspiration*, *Walking With You Know Who*, *Joyous Entry of the Graven Image*, *Overly Mindful Guided Meditation*, *Mystery Girls of the Golden Tunnel*, *Apparition*, *Wandering Souls of the Overwhelmed*, *It Was A Nebulous Time of Life*, *Trinidad Glorioso*, *Sylvan Glades*, and *A Sign That All Is Well*.

In the third group I am looking at my relationship to the contemporary art world where I have spent so much time and effort. This is seen in the photographs *Eric John Joins the Americana Collection At the Met*, *When Kings Walked Among Us*, *Day Gallery*, *Night Gallery*, *Auction House Dispute*, *The Apotheosis of Larry Gagosian*, *Phantom Getty Antiquity Acquisitions*, *In the Old World*, *Panic Room at LACMA*, *Cultural Tourism*, and *The Curator Is Distracted By the Art*.

As I said in the beginning, the *Tableau Vivant* series is like a journal, and each image a page. *Day Gallery* and *Night Gallery* are good examples of experiences that shaped the making of two very different images. In *Day Gallery*, we see the interior of a gallery, hung with paintings. A figure, actually a performance artist, appears in the central painting, their body distorted and face smiling oddly. It is an image of a Harlequin, or a Pierrot that first appears in my early drawings such as *Horseflesh* (1977) and the lithograph *Greenwich Hotel* (1978). I photographed the subject in Paris. They were half dressed in a slip on a freezing cold, late afternoon, and were very high on drugs, heavily made up and stumbling around in platform heels in a burned out urban lot. They were singing incoherently while followed by curious Arab teenagers who were

suspicious of this sudden and utterly surreal intrusion into their Parisian turf. I was on my way to an exhibition of South African artists opening in the diverse 18th arrondissement when I came upon this moment. And so I photographed them and they are in this piece. The setting in *Day Gallery* is eerie. It transitions to a companion photograph, *Night Gallery*, where the central painting in the image is in the process of disintegrating, and vanishing. The mystery of what has taken place in the hours the public space of the gallery has been closed is unaccounted for. The painting is unstable, de-materializing. It makes me feel that this is perhaps the resting place of all art, all civilizations and their productions. Looking back on that day in Paris, the strange performance artist, the chance encounter, seemed to suggest to me some metaphor about a mystical, comic dance of impermanence. It took me back to the first drawings I made in 1977, and I see a through line in my work, a leitmotif of impermanence, a working discipline, acceptance of who I am, and my stubborn habit of wanting to make the world a better place.



SOMETHING RUSTLED IN THE BREEZE



HAPPY TERRORISTE



WALKING ON WATER



LIFT OFF



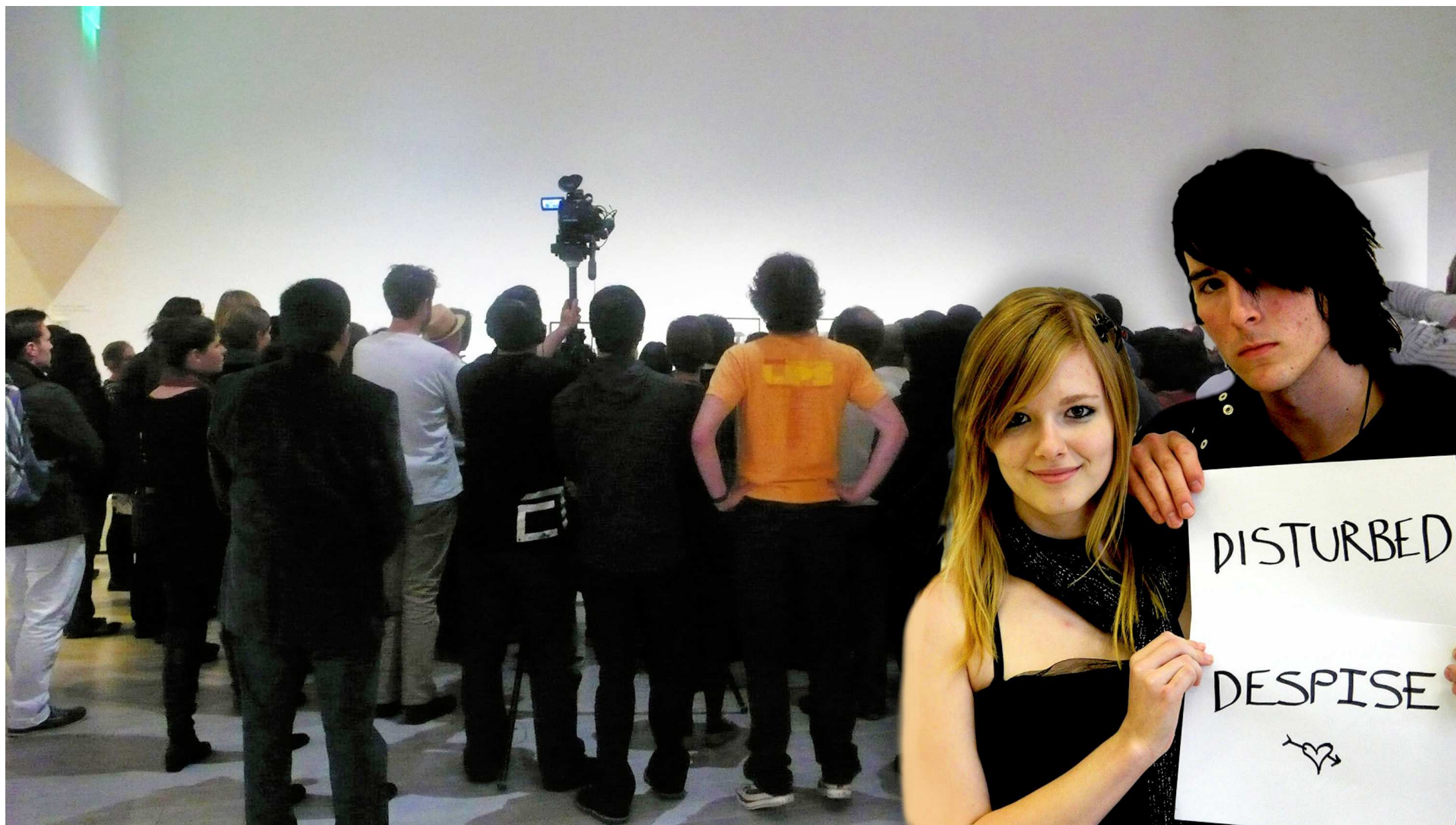
EMPIRE



GOD HAS LEFT THE BUILDING



AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME



WITHOUT PERMISSION



ATTENTION DEFICIT DISORDER



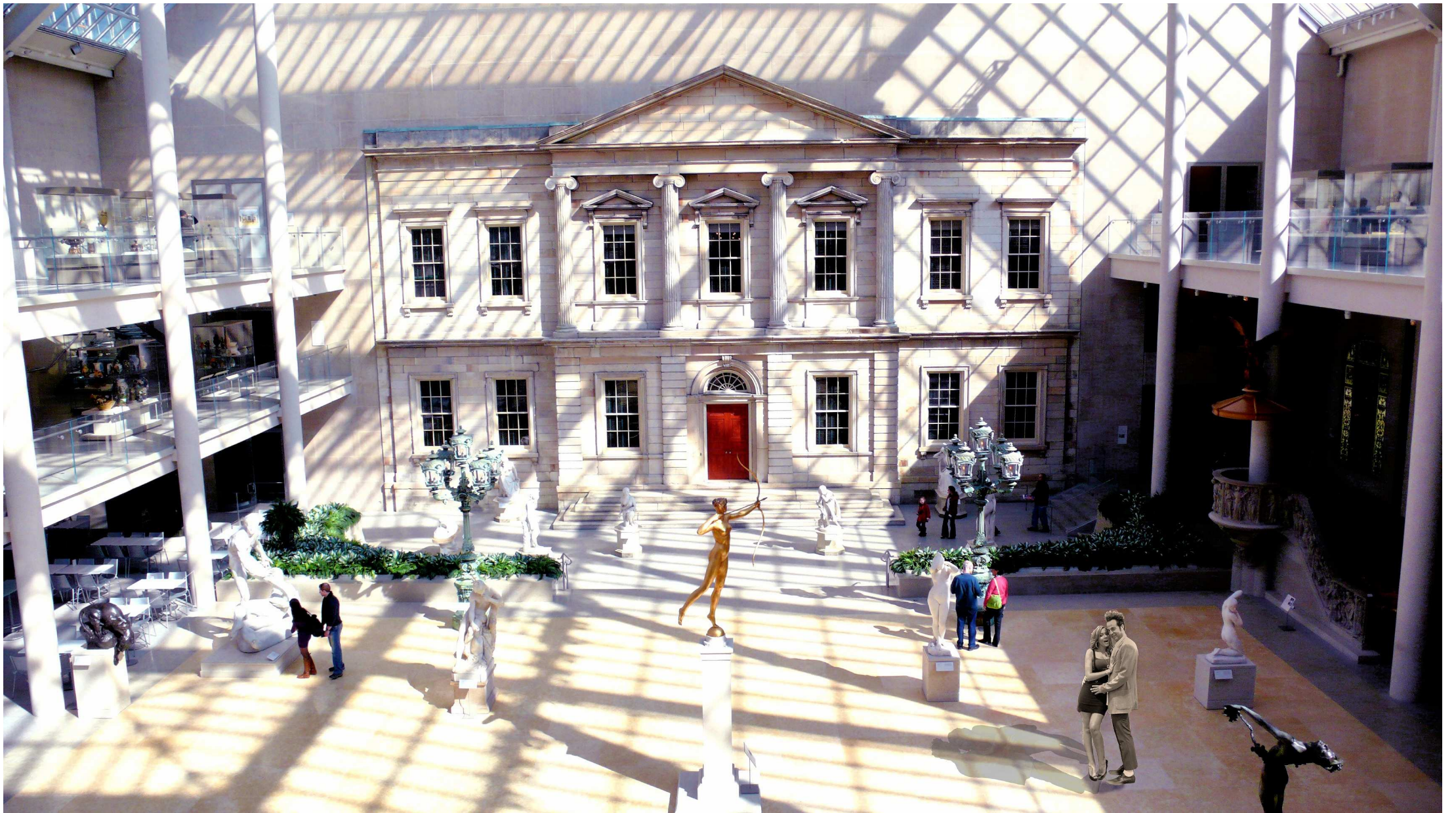
AN IDEOLOGY OF POWER



OVERLY MINDFUL GUIDED MEDITATION



FLOWERS GIRLS AND ALTAR BOYS



ERIC JOHN JOINS THE AMERICANA COLLECTION AT THE MET



WHEN KINGS WALKED AMONG US



WINDOW SHOPPING



WHITE SLAVER MARKET, CAUCASIAN MOUNTAINS



THE APOTHEOSIS OF LARRY GAGOSIAN



DAY GALLERY



NIGHT GALLERY



AUCTION HOUSE DISPUTE



THE MYSTICAL APPEARANCE OF JESUS MALVERDE



WE PRAYED FOR MARY BUT THIS GUY SHOWED UP INSTEAD



JILTED AT THE GENIUS BAR



SYMPTOMS OF ASPIRATION



JOYOUS ENTRY OF THE GRAVEN IMAGE



WALKING WITH YOU KNOW WHO



WEALTH



A SIGN THAT ALL IS WELL



MYSTERY GIRLS OF THE GOLDEN TUNNEL



APPARITION



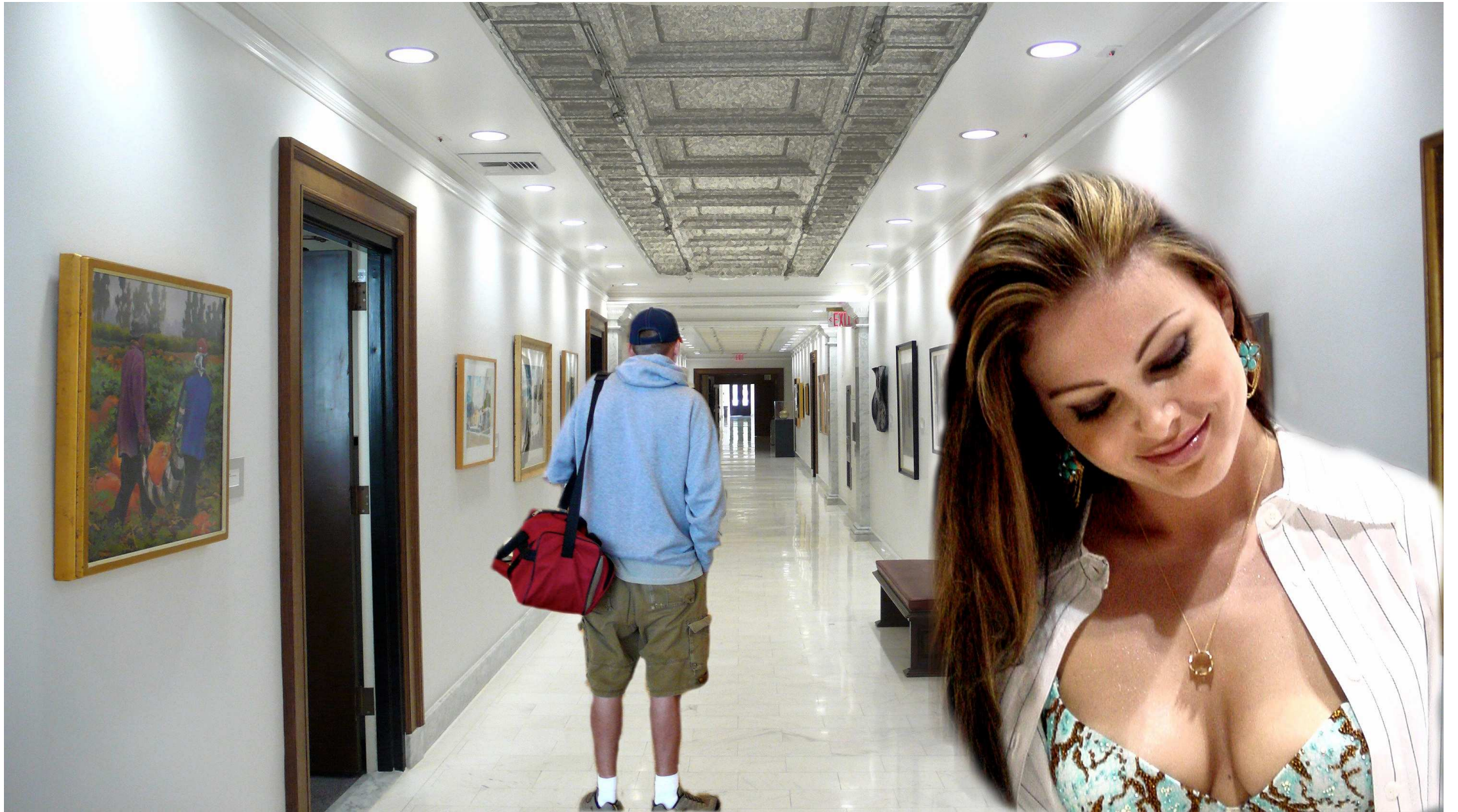
IT WAS A NEBULOUS TIME OF LIFE



ALIGHTING IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE RIGHTTIME



GATEKEEPERS DISTRACTED BY THE ART



CULTURAL TOURISM



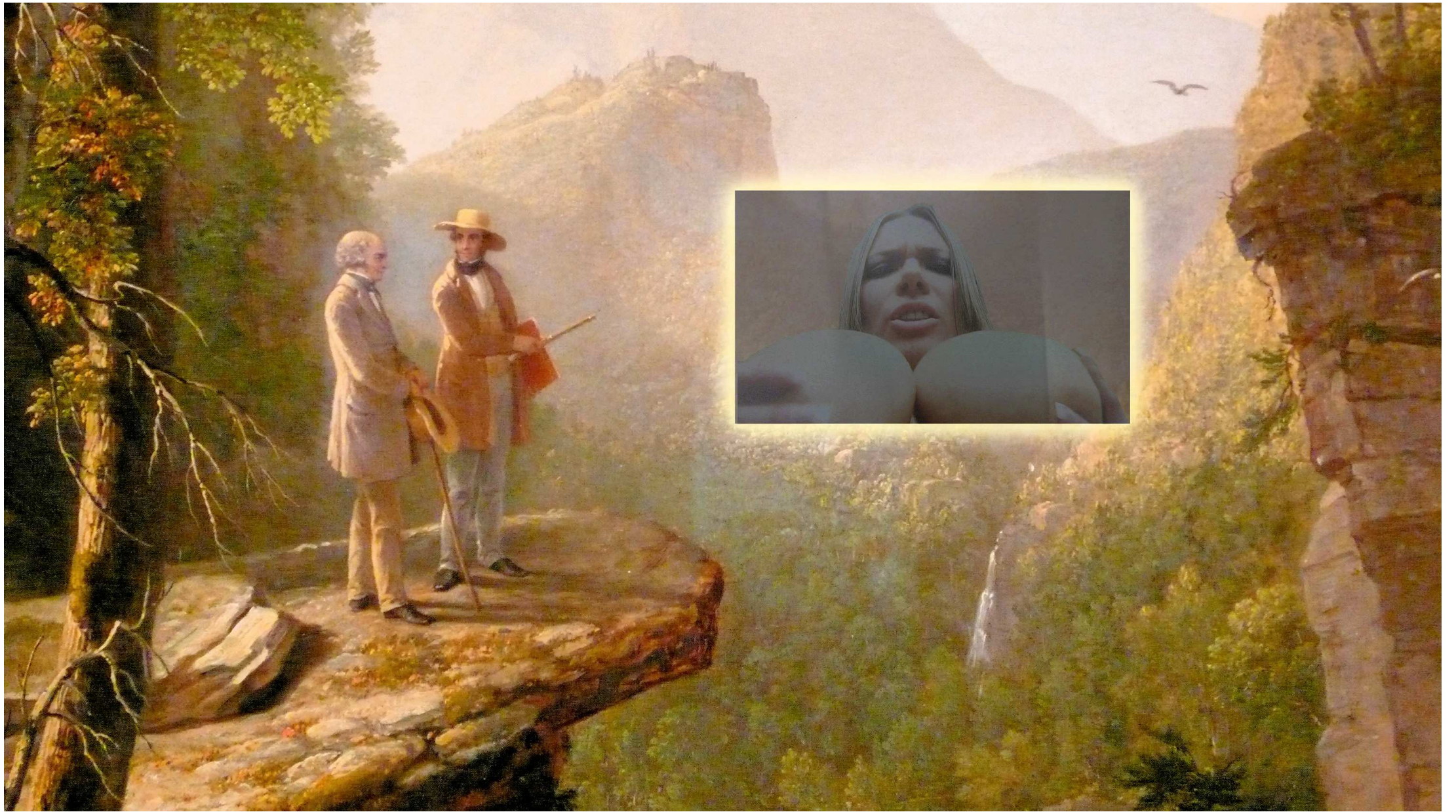
HOMELESS IN THE GREAT AMERICAN MALL



GOLDEN TRASH OF GOLDMAN SACHS



PANIC ROOM AT LACMA



NOW, EXAMINE THESE APPENDAGES CLOSELY, IF YOU WILL!



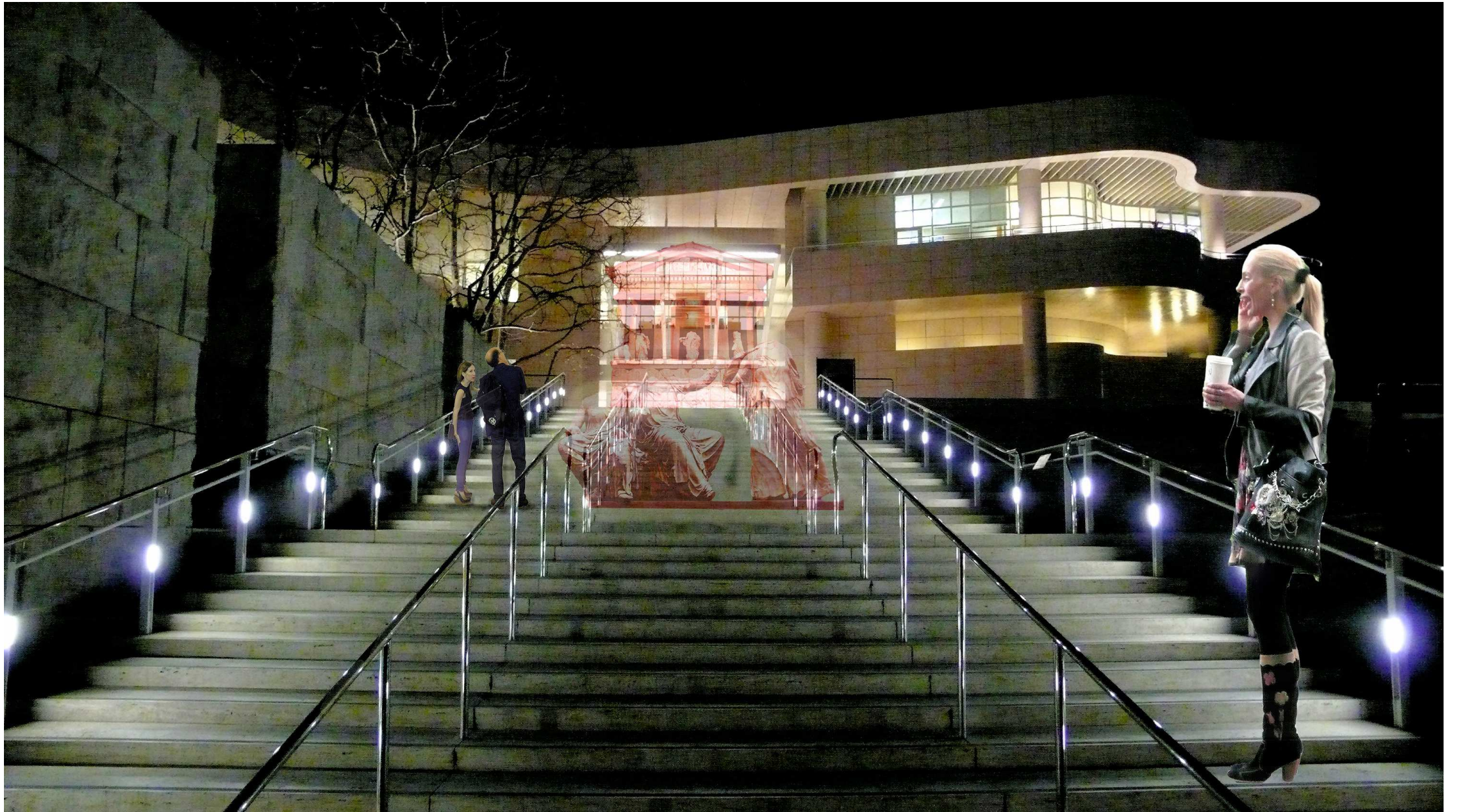
AND EXAMINE THESE APPENDAGES, PLEASE, IF YOU WILL!



SYLVAN GLADES



TRINIDAD GLORIOSO



PHANTOM GETTY ANTIQUITY ACQUISITIONS



WE LEFT A BLOODY MESS BEHIND



PEACE PIPE



IN THE OLD WORLD



WANDERING SOULS OF THE OVERWHELMED



THE MYSTERY OF MORTADELLA



POETS AMONG US



THE BIRTH OF KAREN



ALMOST ARCADIA

WILD KINGDOM

I love fictive settings and working with photo montage. It's something I appreciated in the work of miniaturists, who would populate numerous coded scenes in the backgrounds and sidebars of the hymnals and prayers books during the middle ages. I've pored over the maps that cartographers relished embellished with fantastic scenes of worlds to be explored, fancifully imagined, or supposedly discovered on distant sea voyages. Some of my early influences came from Dada and fantasy collage. I was also caught up by the Pictures Generation, known for our interest in representational imagery and references to mass media that the artists explored through processes of quotation, excerption, framing, and staging. I spent a few years experimenting with found photos, many of them culled from the New York Public Library Pictures Collection. I'd process them as Xerox art or Photostatic prints, but finally turned to original photography. Basically I wasn't satisfied with sampling what others had produced. Finding a lack of authenticity in the practice of borrowing, and just too many limits on my ideas, I tried to generate as much of my own imagery as I could. The advent of digital imaging and Photoshop made that truly possible for me, a photo based artist who never learned to use a darkroom.

Wild Kingdom is a series of images that employs backgrounds which are fictional, based on the wonderful dioramas from many different natural history museums around the United States. I grew up going to the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, and never missed visiting the dioramas there. I still go. They are some of the most creative art installation you can find anywhere. Like my *Interlopers* photographs, with its fictional backgrounds shot in the Thorne Miniature Collection at the Art institute of Chicago and the Phoenix Art Museum, I use these seemingly “real” backgrounds as a starting point for a tableau narrative. In *Wild Kingdom* I use Photoshop software to drop in a figure or figures of people who add to the mise en scene. They are surrounded by different species of animals who react to the intrusion of this new species in their midst in a variety of ways. We, as the viewer, assume the role and point of view of anthropologist, taking a third person attitude while examining ourselves in the act of disengaging from our surroundings.

In *Wild Kingdom* I explored how people struggle to be in the moment, using filters to distract themselves from an authentic engagement with their environment. Three art critics had interesting comments on the work. Christopher Knight of the LA Times said: “The signal being sent at Coagula Curatorial is sardonic – an elaborate engagement with the self-absorbed condition of worldly disengagement.” Lisa Derick of the Huffington Post wrote: “Campbell’s clear and clever observations/commentaries on society’s obsession with our smart phones and social media to the exclusion of our surroundings stand strongly on their own — but are rendered even more profound with the burnishing of current events.” Peter Frank in Artillery Magazine wrote “Campbell piles the ludicrous on the poignant, pathos on bathos, in a hall-of-mirrors satire that keeps unfolding long after you’ve looked at his artworks.” These comments point to some of the qualities in my work that reflect my artistic mission, which is how ordinary people react in extraordinary circumstances.





GOBSMACKED



NOW WE ALL KNOW GLOBAL WARMING IS A MYTH, BUT WHAT
DO YOU REALLY THINK?



CHECKING FOR DROPPED MESSAGES



THE RAPTURE



IN THE LAIR OF THE LEOPARD



THEY ARE TRYING TO SELL HIM SOME THIRD WORLD PIECE OF
CRAP PHONE AND HE ISN'T BUYING



HONEY, DO YOU HAVE THE BABY?



I'M TELLING YOU, ONE DAY SELFIE'S WILL MEAN NOTHING...



PREPPING FOR THE KILL



THEY'RE UPSET, WE HAVE ONLY ONE PHONE



THE SORRY STORY OF THE SAVAGE SAFARI



SELFIE SELF SATISFACTION DANCE



BEMUSED BUT APPRECIATED



DROPPING CALLS ALL OVER THE PLACE



RUNNING WITH THE PACK



LITTLE BIG HORN



DISINTEREST



LIVING A VICARIOUS LIFE



LOST HORIZONS



SMOOTH JAZZ AND ALPINE VISTAS



LOUNGE LIZARDS



WHAT THE FUCK?



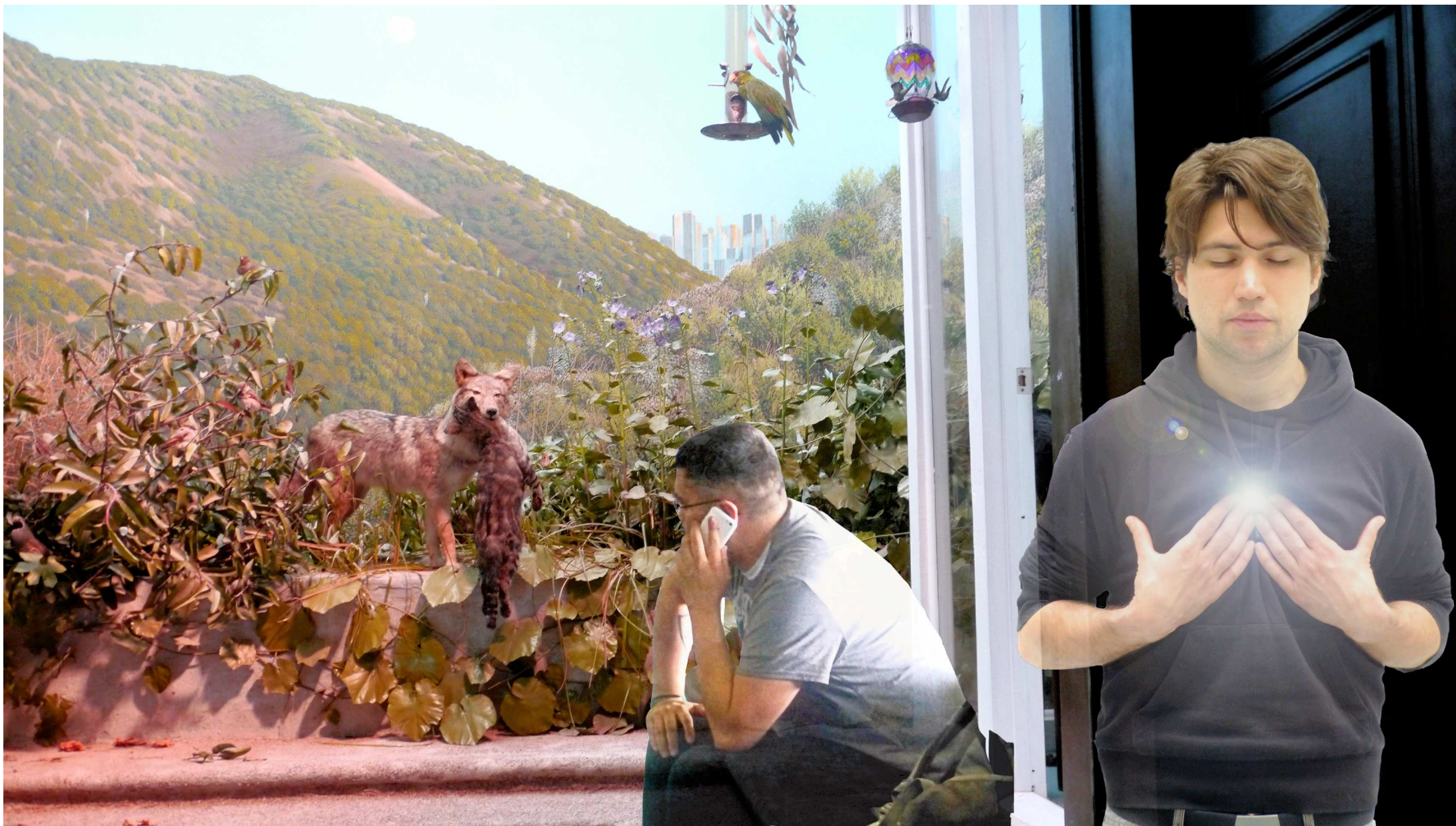
MONKEYSHINES



SERVER NOT CONNECTED, TRY AGAIN



SQUARING THE CIRCLE



WHAT THE CABLE GUY FOUND IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS



THAT TWEET WAS GOING ROUND ABOUT THE ANGEL



I WAS TRYING TO BE MINDFUL, BUT.....



BUFFALOED



SENIOR MOMENT



STAMPEDE



WHY DO YOU FEEL LIKE A FAKE?



BIG BITE

I FOUND JESUS IN MY FOOD

After visiting the famous Jesus Christ in a flour tortilla shrine in Lake Arthur, New Mexico, and meditating on the notion of Faith, I began to invite friends and acquaintances to lunch and assured them they would find Jesus in their food. But truth is stranger than fiction. What follows is the October 5, 2019 recounting from the magazine *Roadside America* of the real, true saga of Jesus in the Flour Tortilla.

“No one realized at the time, but the 1977 appearance of Jesus Christ on a flour tortilla set the international standard for miracle sightings. Once confined to obscure grotto appearances, the Tortilla was the crossover miracle that put God in the Extra Value Meal of the average American. Now, no object is too outrageous for an Almighty (or Virgin Mary) cameo. He's materialized on a Pizza Hut billboard in a plate of spaghetti; on a bowling alley chimney; reflected from a porch light onto a car bumper (until the light was turned off and the car moved); on a diner place mat; and even on a dead priest's shoe. But the Miracle Tortilla was the first to fully wrap around the collective pop subconscious.

In October of 1977, Maria Rubio was rolling up a burrito for her husband Eduardo's breakfast, when she noticed a thumb-sized configuration of skillet burns on the tortilla that resembled the face of Jesus. Needless to say, Eduardo went hungry that meal as Maria told family and neighbors of the miraculous event. It happened in the small town of Lake Arthur, New Mexico, 40 minutes south of Roswell.

Space Alien fever had yet to infect the state, and visitations were of a predominantly religious nature. NM's historic Santuario de Chimayo, with its miracle dirt pit, drew thousands of annual visitors looking for spiritual connection to the miraculous cross that burst from the hillside in 1810. Elsewhere, statues occasionally shed a tear, or passing clouds took on the shape of the Blessed Mother. Wide-eyed believers call them "signs."

Cranky skeptics ascribe them to a human faculty for delusion called "pareidolia," a perception of pattern and meaning from natural randomness. At the same time, scientists believe humans are hardwired to recognize facial patterns, our hunkered fore-apes' need to quickly identify foe, friend or mate. We'll perceive a familiar face in an unfamiliar place, before seeing, say, a locomotive or a cotton gin. Despite the braying of scientists and skeptics, the Holy Tortilla quickly developed a solid fan base. By 1979, over 35,000 people had visited, bringing flowers and photos of sick loved ones.

Mrs. Rubio quit her job as a maid to attend full-time to the hastily constructed "Shrine of the Holy Tortilla" in her home. When away, she'd leave the door unlocked so that no one would be denied access. She mounted the Tex-Mex Relic in a wooden frame under glass, a puffy wad of cotton along the bottom making it appear as if Tortilla Christ was suspended just inside the Pearly Gates.

In the wake of this first Tortilla visitation, all heaven broke loose. November 1977 -- a competing Miracle Tortilla appeared in the skillet of Phoenix housewife Ramona Barreras. It was the face of Jesus, this time accompanied by the letters K, J, C, and B, which Ramona believed stood for "King Jesus is Coming Back." According to the *Phoenix New Times* in 1997, the Barreras Miracle Tortilla "rests in a Plexiglas box in a kitchen drawer."

In March 1983, housewife Paula Rivera claimed the image of Jesus appeared on a corn tortilla she was making in Hidalgo Texas. She created her own "Shrine of the Holy Tortilla." In the meantime, the faithful still traveled to Lake Arthur to see the original. Mrs. Rubio eventually moved it to a small wooden shed in the backyard. Years of merciless southwestern heat have literally fried and refried the tortilla. The image, once recognizable even in photographs, has faded to a half dozen brown spots and a wiggly burnt blotch. There are no signs that any healings have happened recently -- no leftover crutches -- so perhaps this miracle has run its course. But Mrs. Rubio's family is perfectly happy to open up the shrine for any and all visitors.

Update: Disaster! In late 2005, Mrs. Rubio's granddaughter took the Miracle Tortilla into school for Show and Tell, and it was dropped and broken! The shed shrine has been closed and the remains retired to a drawer in the Rubio's home."

The use of the Jesus icon in my photographs comes from my long fascination with Christianity, Madonnas and Milagros, and tales of miracles appearing in all kinds of objects and unlikely situations. My use of the image of Jesus is therefore non-denominational. If I were a Buddhist, it could have been Buddha, if a Hindu, maybe Krishna. Any deity or mythological being that would inspire reverence and respect and lead to hope, meaning, and faith would suffice, for those qualities are crucial to the way we live our lives, giving them purpose. Nothing is more important to sustain us, except perhaps love, which is the underpinning of all meaning. *I Found Jesus In My Food* serves up a hefty portion of humor. Nothing pleases me more than hearing people laugh in a gallery, carrying away an experience that has made them happy. That is what happens when I show this work. Happiness is an essential outcome of experiencing art. In this series, there was a performance aspect by having a guest to a meal, and then photographing them in the epiphanous moment of finding Jesus in their food. While they may not have found faith in that moment, we certainly had fun.



I FOUND JESUS IN MY TORTILLA CHIP



I FOUND JESUS BEFORE I EVEN STARTED TO EAT



I FOUND JESUS ON MY FACE



I FOUND JESUS IN MY BROWNIE



I FOUND JESUS ON MY ORANGE SLICE



I FOUND JESUS IN MY MUSHROOM



I FOUND JESUS IN MY MINCED CHICKEN



I FOUND JESUS IN MY LOBSTER BISQUE



I FOUND JESUS IN MY HOT TAMALES



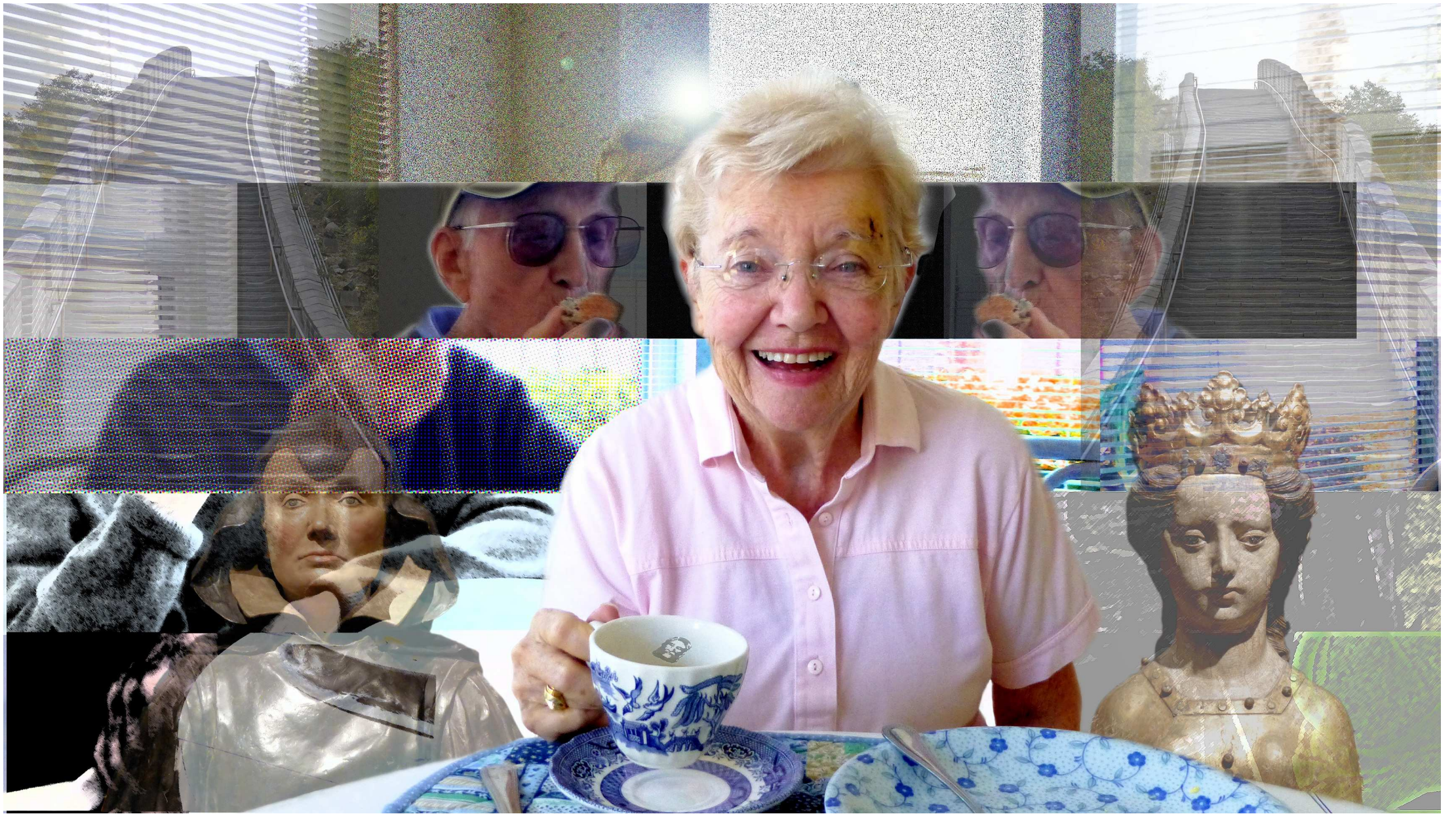
I FOUND JESUS IN MY FRIGGIN' BANGERS



I FOUND JESUS IN MY BROWN RICE



I FOUND JESUS IN MY LATTE



I FOUND JESUS IN MY TEA CUP



I FOUND JESUS IN MY CRANBERRY BREAD



I FOUND JESUS IN MY EDAMAME



I FOUND JESUS IN MY SUSHI



I FOUND JESUS IN MY SNEAKY PETE WINE



I FOUND JESUS IN MY TURKEY WING



I FOUND JESUS IN MY BIG MAC BAG



I FOUND JESUS IN MY RED PEPPER



I FOUND JESUS IN MY TATER TOT



I FOUND JESUS IN MY WONTON



I FOUND JESUS IN MY SWEET POTATO PIE



I FOUND JESUS IN MY YAMS

INTERLOPERS

The Phenomenology of Interloping

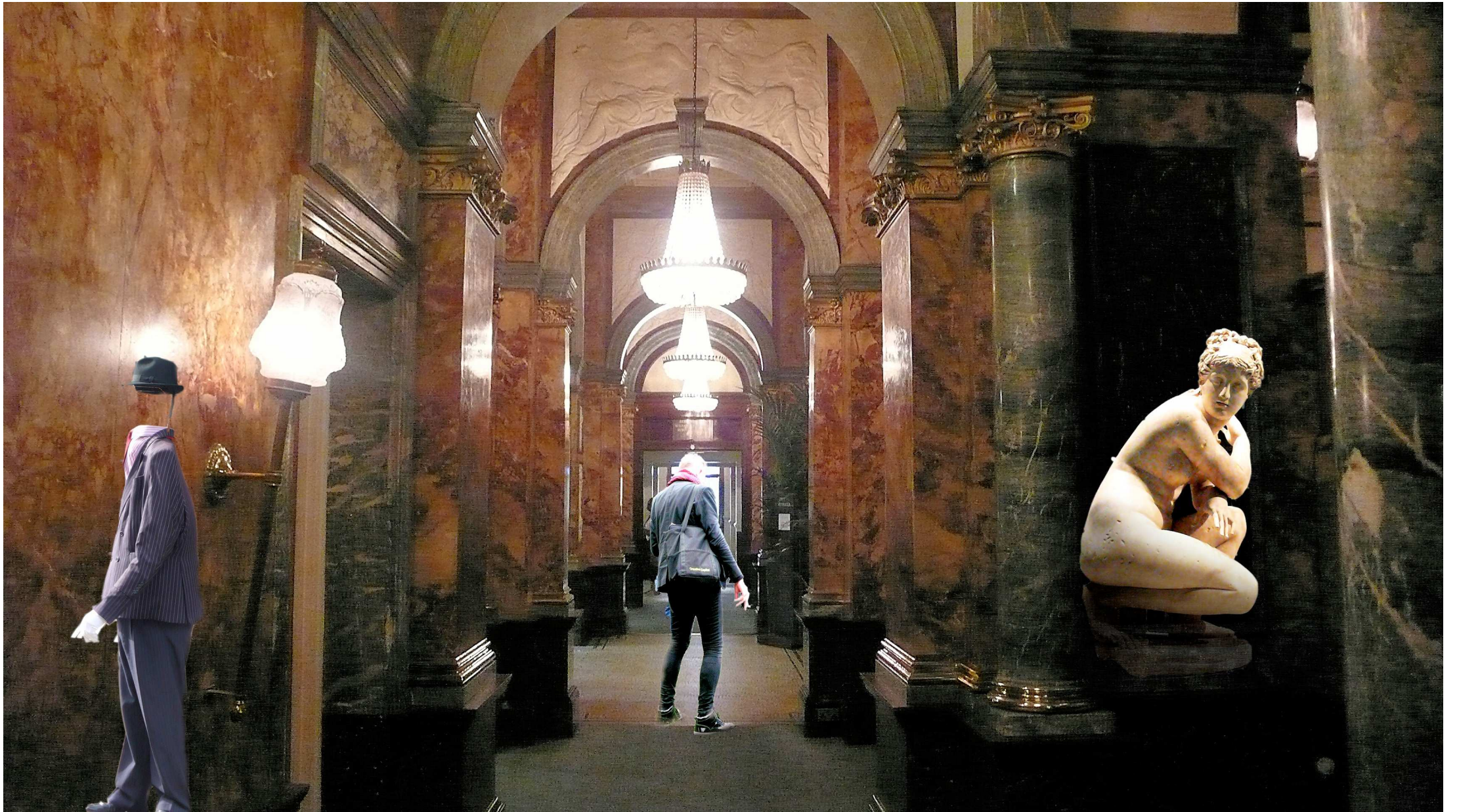
Belonging or not belonging are like leitmotifs for innumerable situations throughout a person's lifetime. Feeling you belong can be deeply satisfying, while not belonging can be horribly painful. The desire to fit in and belong can become a process of interloping. Webster's Dictionary of 1828 defines interloping as an action that is "Interfering wrongfully." More recently the on-line Free Dictionary aligns it with personal desire; " One that intrudes in a place, situation, or activity." I took it to mean a situation where one is not wanted or is considered not to belong.

Inherent in these definitions is a moral axiom that interloping is bad. Trying to fit in has an air of subtle dishonesty from the start because you want to get or be something that is not yours to have. Interloping is familiar to anyone who navigates a variety of social situations and attempts to acquire social acceptance and equity. It is often acted out in contested scenarios involving class, race, and gender. In this series I wanted to explore through visual tableau and metaphor the different emotional spaces that may occur when we are trying to fit in, and about to be unmasked as interlopers.

I look to myself as the example. I work as an artist, a profession that is generally viewed a creative, but is also associated with low income and sometimes dubious social value. I also work as a professional arts administrator who raises money from wealthy private individuals, grants makers, business leaders and government officials. I've been an Artistic Director of an arts center providing opportunities for many artists. I am a widely published arts writer reviewing artist exhibitions and commenting on culture in general. So I begin with a set of complicated identities, requiring a skillful balancing act to know which hat to wear in any given situation. I wield some influence and belong in some social situations. But I may have less influence or none in others yet am still seeking to fit in. During the course of a day I meet artists of all ethnicities and disciplines; wealthy art collectors for either personal or organizational fund raising; teachers from impoverished school systems; philanthropic foundation

directors who think of me as a supplicant; international government officials who want to do projects in the United States and think I am a conduit for their objectives; museum curators who look at my art work and judge it; and I filter countless email's that require different responses fitting the persona I have established with the sender of the email. I find myself attempting to produce the correct persona for each social situation that creates a temporary bond of identification. When the bond begins to wear off, it is time to exit the situation or be exposed as inauthentic, an intruder, worst of all, an interloper. While it is widely assumed that artists are free spirits, I believe the most successful are consummate and deliberate shape shifters, able to fit into many social situations long enough to get what they want. That to me is the quintessential interloper, involved in a relentless survival game having to move about a series of situations calling for different personas and strategies. If they are discovered then it's game over, credibility gone, and they no longer belong, cast out.

The *Interloping* series evoke the moment just before discovery might occur. This is a charged moment. The question lingers whether the interloper can get in or out in time without being revealed as an intruder. Each image sets up a pictorial tableau, staged in ornate, golden hued rooms, where the frozen moment hovers, waiting for what comes next. Almost all of these rooms were photographs of the installations from the Thorne Miniature Collection at the Art Institute of Chicago and the Phoenix Fine Art Museum. The people who I have photo-montaged into these fictive backdrops, much like the *Wild Kingdom* series, are actors within stages who become the protagonists of the visual psycho- dramas comprising the *Interloping* series.



INTERLOPING AT TEA TIME



INTERLOPING IN STYLE



INTERLOPING AS A CONDITION OF MYTH



INTERLOPING AT THE BREAK OF DAY



INTERLOPING AT THE READING OF THE WILL



INTERLOPING AT A TIME OF LETTING GO



INTERLOPING AT TRYST TIME



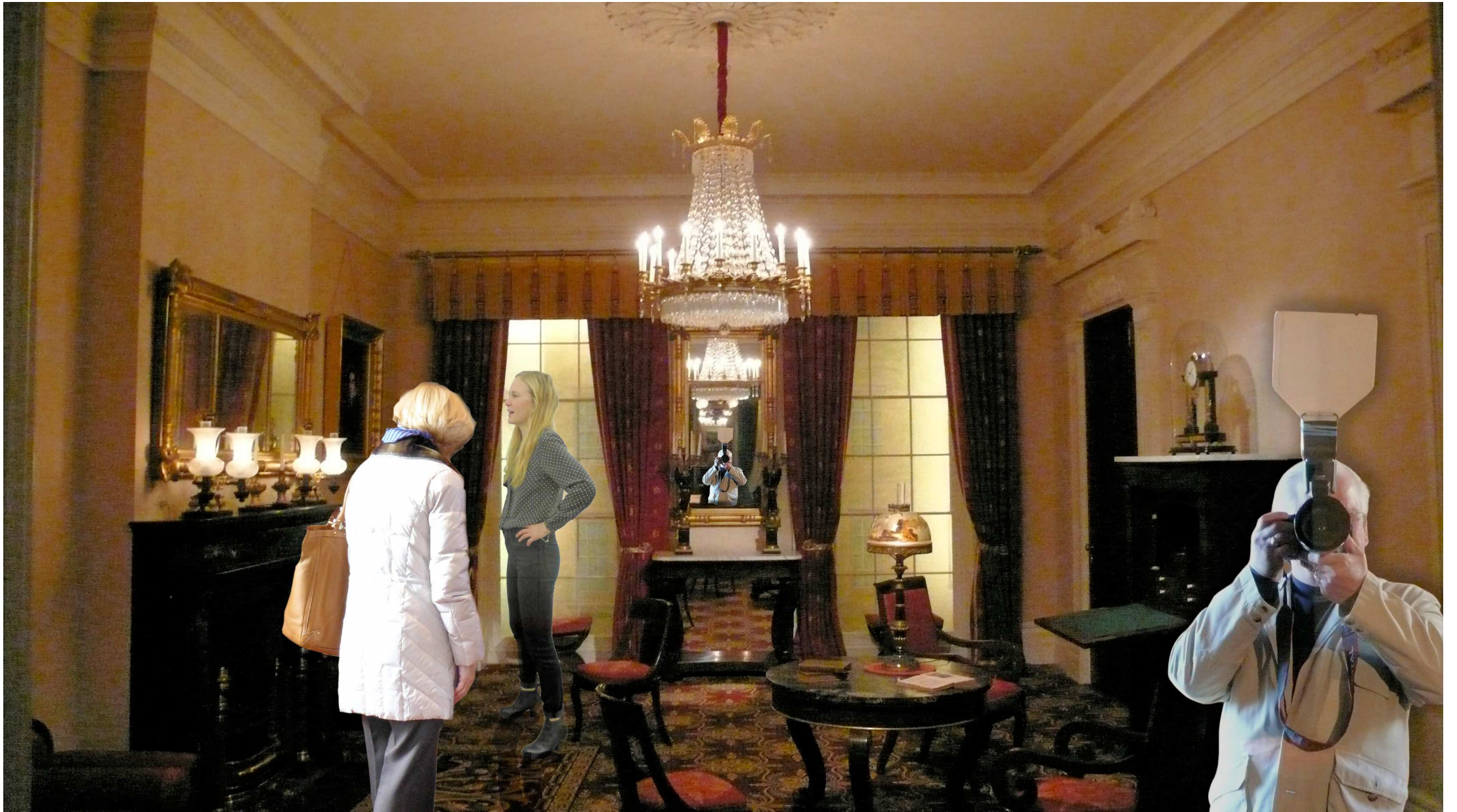
INTERLOPING BUT YOU CAN'T COME IN



INTERLOPING FOR PAY



INTERLOPING IN A CATASTROPHE



INTERLOPING IN A REFLECTIVE SPACE



INTERLOPING IN CHINA



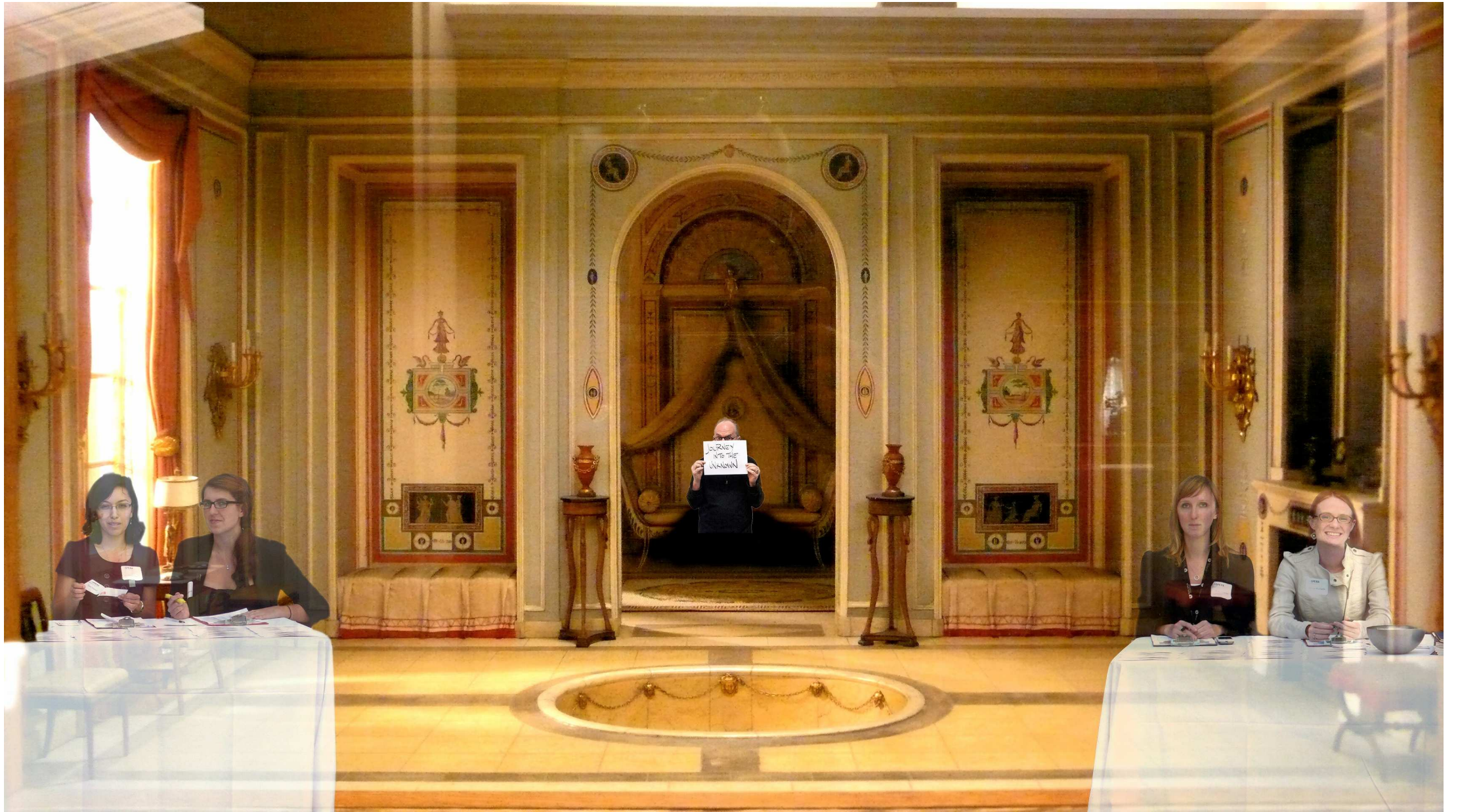
INTERLOPING IN NEW ORLEANS



INTERLOPING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S MEMORY



INTERLOPING IN THE ANTE ROOM OF LIFE



INTERLOPING WHEN IT IS BESIDE THE POINT



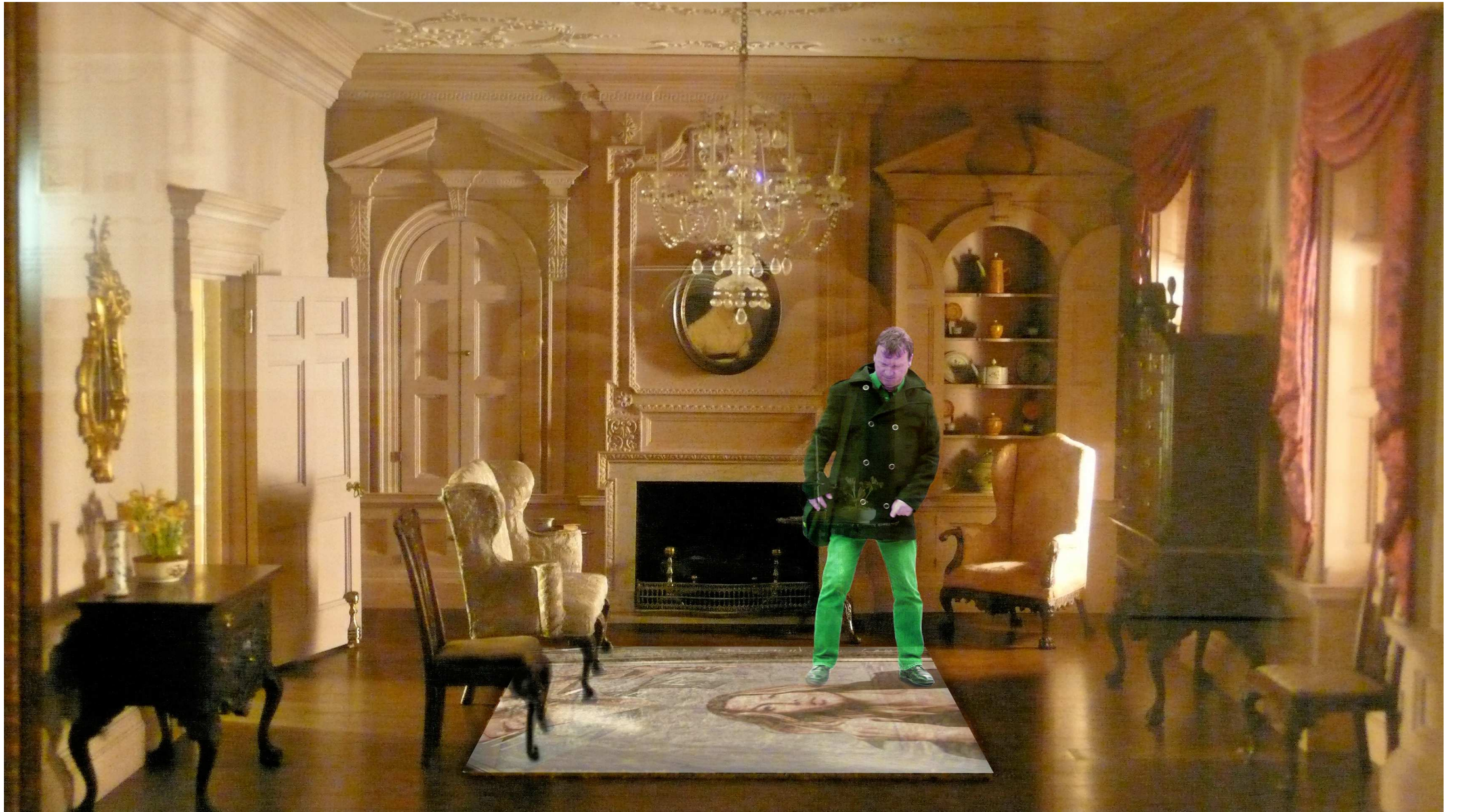
INTERLOPING WHEN NO ONE CAME



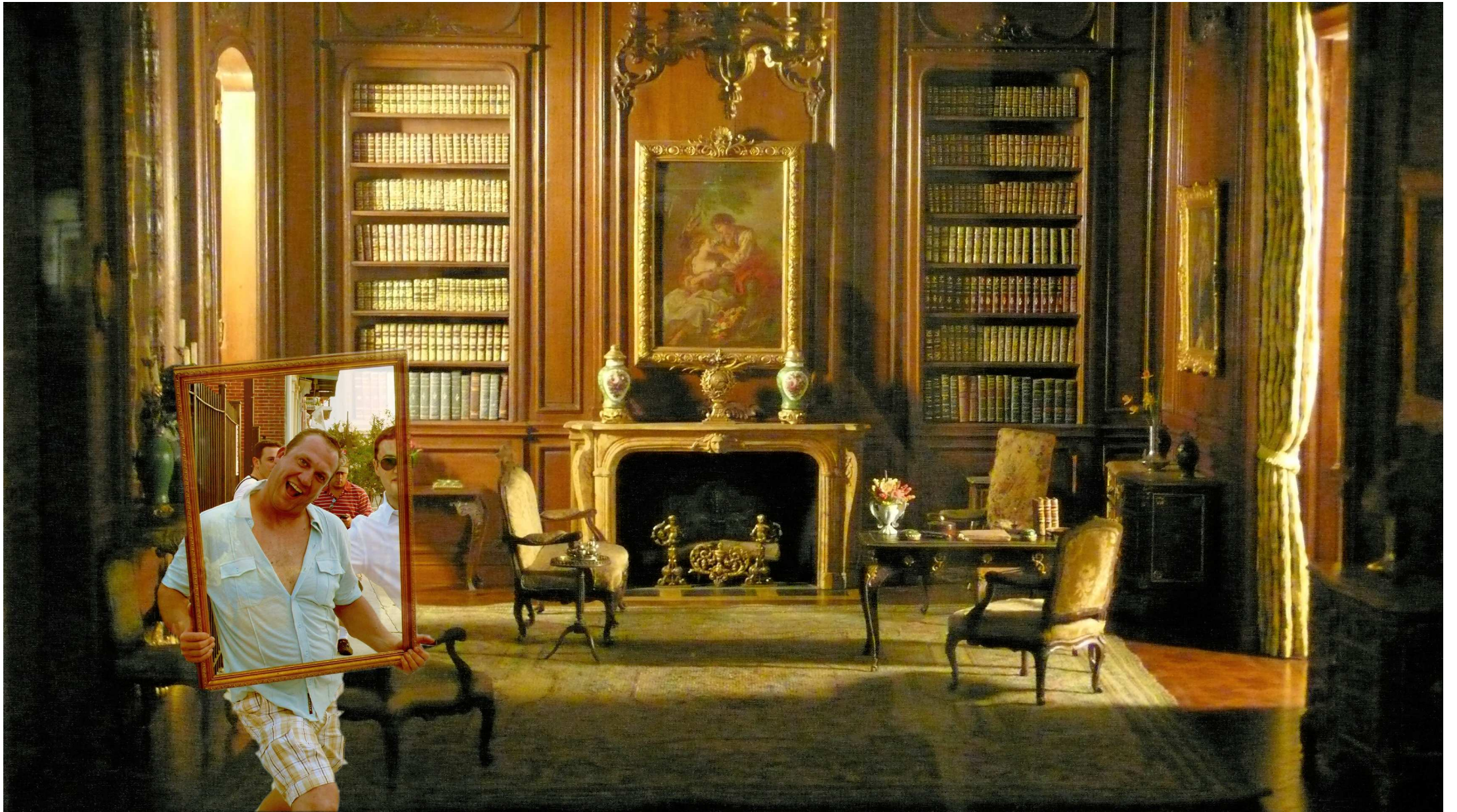
INTERLOPING WITHOUT A CARE



INTERLOPING WITH A DE-CONSTRUCTING ACQUAINTANCE



INTERLOPING WITH THE PROMISE OF SEX



INTERLOPING WITH ABSOLUTELY NO CLASS



INTERLOPING WITH ASTOUNDING NEWS



INTERLOPING WITH THE DIVINE AND SACRED MUSE

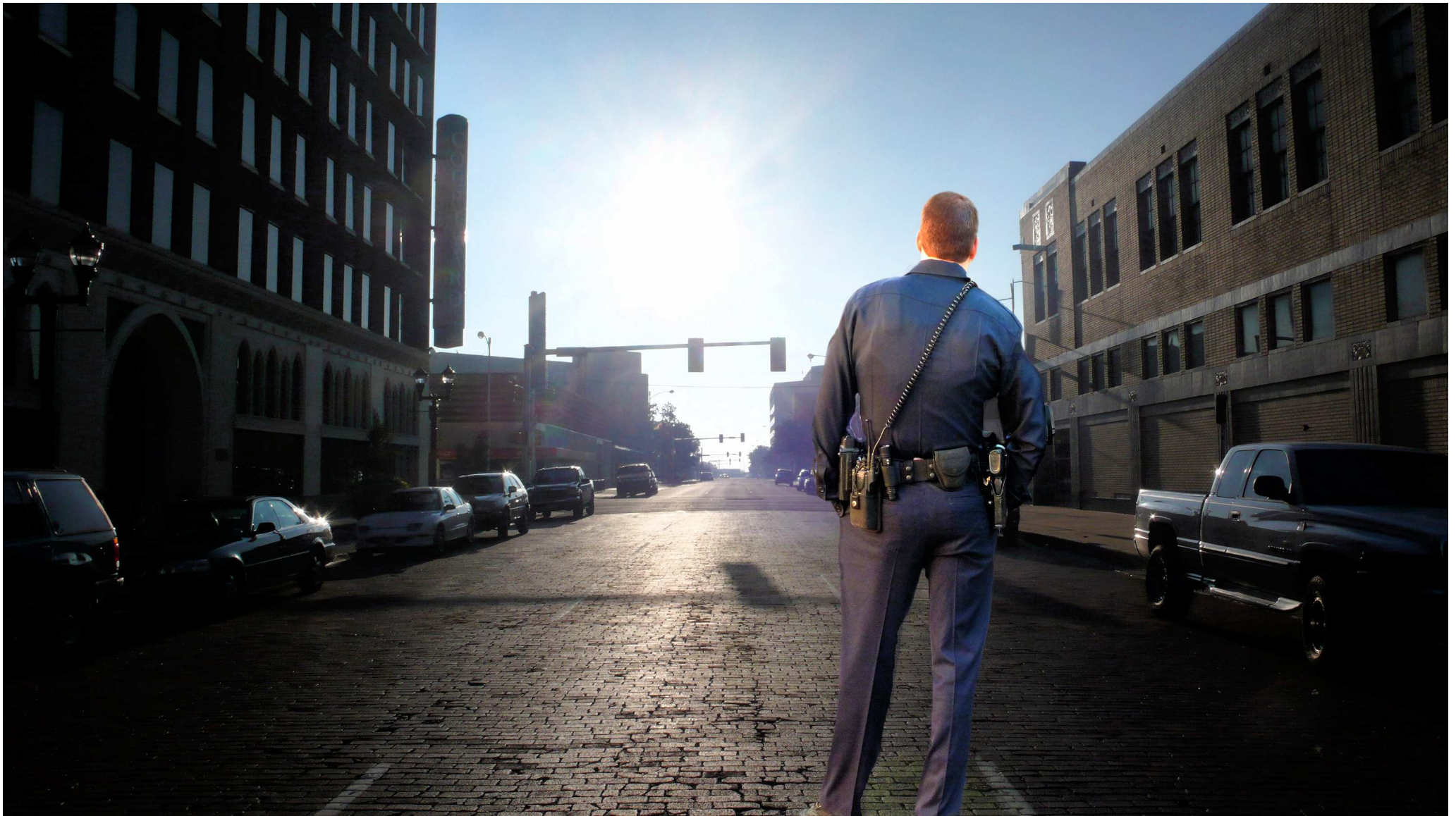


INTERLOPING AS A MARKED MAN



INTERLOPING WITH THE HEDGE FUND TRADERS

THE 1% WAR



THE RECONSTRUCTED MEMOIR OF #CHEVALIER, CELEBRATED MEDIA DRONE

EACH IMAGE REPRESENTING A CHAPTER WITH EXCERPTS, FROM THE 2015 NOVELLA WRITTEN BY THE ARTIST



As Pope Francis lingered for one final moment, he purportedly stopped and looking skyward saw an angel ascending towards the square.

He then spoke the apocryphal words, “We are all soft targets. None is safe anymore; because when love left the World, people are consumed with fear of the fear of terror as it now consumes our Cosmos. This graven and dark time will be known as the 1% War. Lord forgive us, this did not have to be.” And then the Pope left Vatican City and never returned.



THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF MCDONALD'S, WHERE IS THIS ONE? AND I LOOK LIKE ANYBODY, DON'T I? HOW DO YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T JUST SET A BOMB TO GO OFF BEHIND ME IN TEN MINUTES? THINK YOU CAN STOP ME? THINK YOU CAN STOP ANY OF US? I AM HERE AMONG YOU, I'VE BEEN HERE FOR YEARS, AND ITS YOUR TURN TO FEEL THE PAIN WE'VE BEEN FEELING. WE ARE GOING TO BRING DOWN YOUR SYSTEM, YOUR WAY OF LIFE, ONE PIECE A TIME UNTIL THERE IS NOTHING LEFT FOR YOU TO MAKE MONEY FROM, NOTHING LEFT FOR YOU TO FEEL FAT AND HAPPY ABOUT. WE ARE GOING TO TERRORIZE YOU RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR LAST BIG MAC AND SHOVE IT DOWN YOUR DISGUSTING 1% THROATS. THINK ABOUT IT THE NEXT TIME YOU GOT TO THE MALL AND LINE UP TO BUY A HAPPY MEAL, YOU PIGS.

THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF MCDONALD'S JUST LIKE THIS ONE....



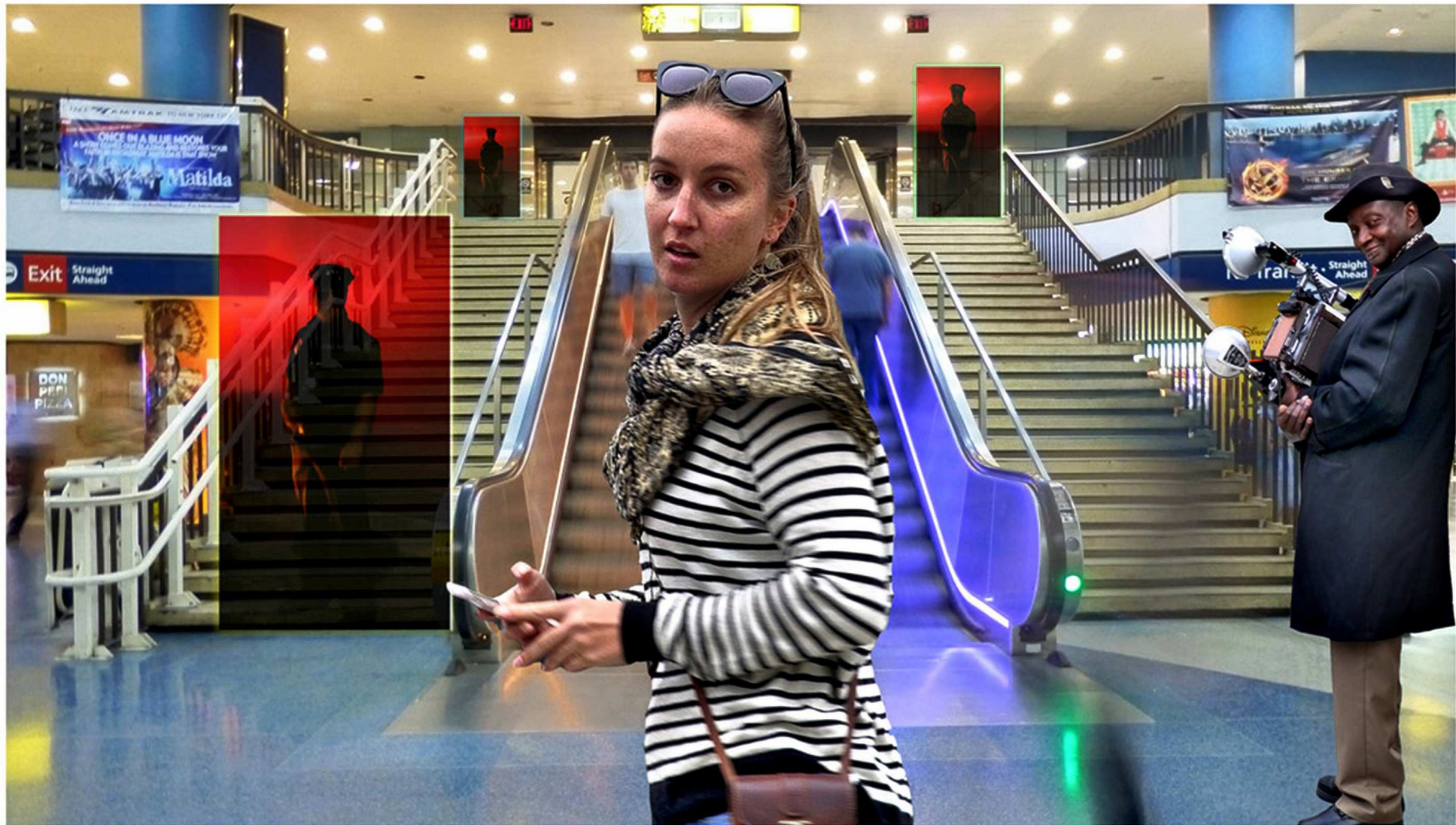
ARTISTS BEGAN MOUNTING LOUD AND IN YOUR FACE ARTSY STREET PROTESTS THINKING THEY WOULD BE UNMOLESTED THE MORE NOISE THEY MADE BUT MAN, WERE THEY WRONG. THEY BEGAN "DISAPPEARING" LIKE ARTISTS DID YEARS BEFORE IN CHILE WHEN PINOCHET KILLED THEM IN THE HUNDREDS BY DROPPING THEM OUT OF HELICOPTERS INTO THE JUNGLES TO THEIR DEATHS. ARTISTS HAD FINALLY BECOME A DANGER IN THE U.S., SO NOW THEY ARE ALL DEAD OR LOCKED UP WHERE THEY HAVE BECOME MEDICAL OR WEAPONS EXPERIMENTS WITH BROKEN BODIES AND TWISTED MINDS. THEIR INEFFECTUAL ART PROTESTS ONLY GOT THEIR NAMES ON LISTS AND DOOMED THEM.

PERFORMANCE ART PROTESTS PROVE INEFFECTUAL AND DOOM THE ARTISTS



IN THE FINAL DAYS AS THE ARTISTS WENT INTO HIDING A FEW BRAVE SOULS CONTINUED TO MOUNT SOLITARY PROTESTS AT TONY ART GALLERY OPENINGS WHERE 1%ER'S AND THEIR CONCUBINES NIBBLED CANAPES AND SIPPED ROSE WINE. IT WAS THE LAST DAYS OF THE CONTEMPORARY ART WORLD BEFORE IT WOULD ALL BE SWEEPED AWAY BY A SUSPICIOUS UNDERCLASS THAT, NEWLY MILITARIZED AND GROSSLY UNDEREDUCATED, WOULD CRUSH THE INTELLIGENTSIA AND ANYTHING THAT STANK OF LIBERALISM AND SECULAR HUMANISM. IDENTITY POLITICS AND POLITICAL CORRECTNESS VANISHED IN THE AUTHORITARIAN TSUNAMI OF MILITARY LAW. IT WOULD BE A COLD DAY IN HELL BEFORE THE WORD ART WAS UTTERED AGAIN EXCEPT AS A PEJORATIVE.

CHEESE, CRACKERS, WINE AND INDIFFERENCE IN THE DYING DAYS



AS FEAR OF TERROR INCREASED AND MORE SOFT TARGETS WERE ATTACKED, A SHORTAGE OF POLICE AND SECURITY COULD NOT SUPPLY ADEQUATE SAFETY MEASURES FOR THE GENERAL POPULATION. THE NEW HOLOGRAPHIC POLICEMEN INVENTED BY MICROSOFT WERE INTRODUCED IN PUBLIC GATHERING SPACES TO GREAT EFFECT, AND WHILE AT FIRST THEY WERE SYMBOLIC, THEY BEGAN TO TAKE ON A REAL PRESENCE AND BECAME A GREAT REASSURANCE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC. AT A TIME OF FLAGGING ECONOMIC INDICATORS MICROSOFT SAW A HUGE INCREASE IN ITS STOCK PRICES.

NEW HOLOGRAPHIC SECURITY GUARDS MAKE EVERYONE FEEL SAFER



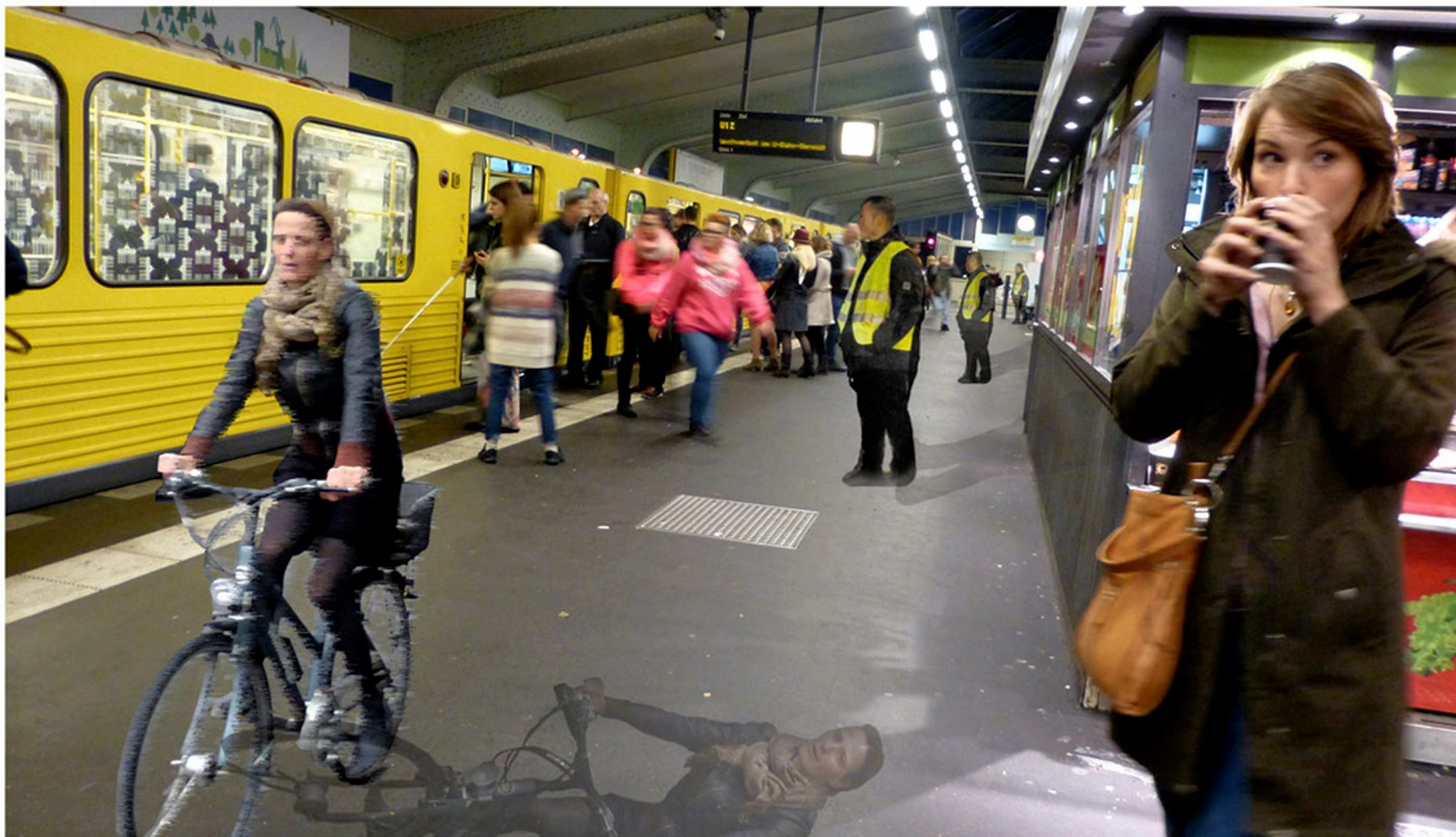
AS THE TERROR INCREASED, WEIRDLY A NUMBER OF PERSONS HAD DISAPPEARED WHILE AT ART MUSEUMS STANDING NEXT TO JEFF KOONS SCULPTURES. AS A RESULT STRICT SECURITY MEASURES WERE TAKEN AROUND ALL OF KOONS ARTWORK. NEVERTHELESS, HIS WORK BEGAN TO DISAPPEAR FROM THE GALLERIES OF MUSEUMS AND THEY SOON BECAME FORGOTTEN LUXURY ITEMS, AND HIS CAREER WENT INTO A TAILSPIN AS HE WAS FORCED TO GO INTO HIDING. SOME SAY HE HAD EXTENSIVE PLASTIC SURGERY AND MOVED TO DUBAI WHERE HE ENDED HIS DAYS LIVING AS A STOCKBROKER, ADVISING THE ROYAL FAMILY ON OFFSHORE MONEY MANAGEMENT BEFORE HE BECAME AN ALCOHOLIC AND UNABLE TO DEAL WITH THE LOSS OF FAME, SADLY TOOK HIS LIFE.

ART PRESS CONFERENCE RED ALERT



THE INEXPLICABLE MASS SLAUGHTER TOOK PLACE IN CENTRAL PARK NEW YORK ONE WINTERS AFTERNOON AND WAS CAUGHT ON TAPE BY A FRIEND AS ONE OF THE GROUP'S CHILDREN SUDDENLY TURNED AND HURLED A LIVE GRENADE AT THE FAMILIES, KILLING THEM ALL IN THE WORST EXAMPLE OF DOMESTIC TERROR BY A MINOR SINCE RECORDS HAVE BEEN KEPT OF JUVENILE TERRORISM. THIS SINGLE ACT THREW THE COUNTRY INTO A SPASM OF FEAR UNKNOWN SINCE THE IRRATIONAL RESPONSE TO SEPTEMBER 11, 2001, WHEN THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT LIED ABOUT WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION IN IRAQ AND LAUNCHED A MASSIVE WAR THAT LED TO MILLIONS DEAD AND THE BANKRUPTCY OF THE U.S. TREASURY.

CENTRAL PARK JUVENILE MASSACRE



WHEN THEY LOOKED AT THE SECURITY CAMERA JUST AS THE BOMB ON THE BICYCLE WAS GOING OFF THERE SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN A BICYCLE ON THE UBAHOF PLATFORM OR THE THREE SECURITY GUARDS LOOKING THE OTHER WAY. WE JUST COULDN'T STOP FROM WONDERING WHAT WAS IN THE MIND OF THE GIRL WHO WAS GETTING HER LAST SIP OF COFFEE BEFORE SHE WOULD NORMALLY RUSH OFF AND BEGIN HER DAY LIKE EVERY OTHER DAY? THEN WE SAW THE IMAGE ON THE GROUND, NOT A SHADOW, BUT THE IMAGE OF THE DEATH RIDER. IT STUNNED US, IT MADE NO SENSE THE WAY IT WAS SITTING THERE, BUT YET THERE IT WAS LIKE A DEMON.

AFTERMATH



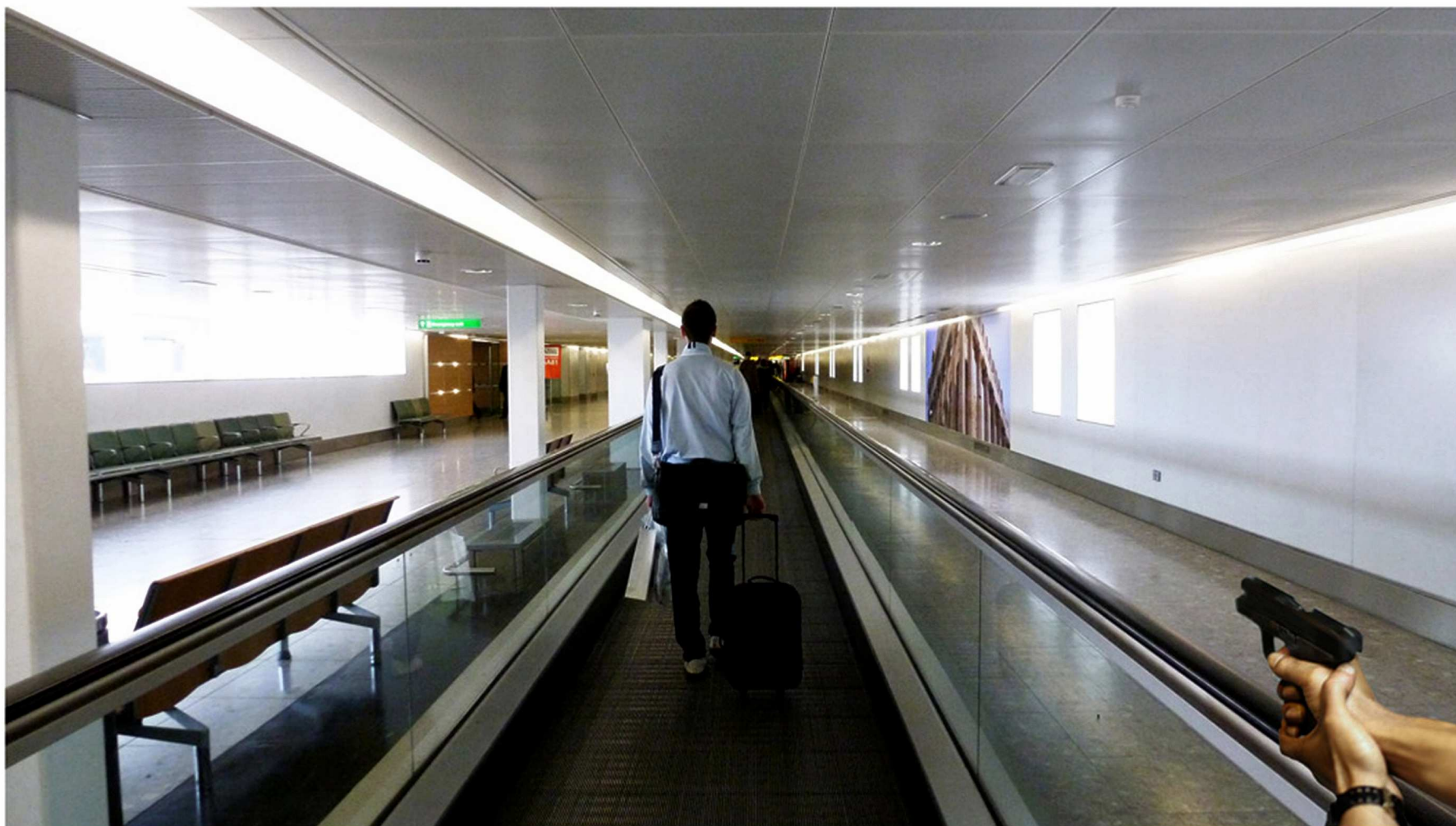
WHEN, IN 2016, LITTLE KNOWN REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE BEN CARSWELL ANNOUNCED HE FELT MUSLIMS COULDN'T BE PRESIDENT, HIS STATEMENT CAUSED A CHAIN REACTION OF RACIAL PROFILING THAT HAD ENORMOUS CONSEQUENCES. POLICE BEGAN TO SUSPECT ANY MUSLIM, OR PERSON OF COLOR SINCE THEY THOUGHT THEY MOST LIKELY WERE MUSLIM BECAUSE THEY WERE DARK SKINNED, MUST BE PLANNING SOME KIND OF TERRORIST ATTACK. IN AN EARLY INCIDENT OF COMICAL RACIAL PROFILING, THE PROVIDENCE POLICE RAIDED THE DOWNTOWN RAILROAD STATION CONVINCED THEY HAD CREDIBLE INTEL THAT IN THE NEXT FIFTEEN MINUTES A TERRORIST ON A CELL PHONE WAS GOING TO CALL IN A DRONE STRIKE ON THE RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN TO BOMB THE FINE ART STUDIOS, A HAVEN FOR PROTESTORS WHO WERE LIBERAL SECULAR HUMANISTS. WHILE THIS LOGIC LATER ESCAPED MANY, THIS PHOTO TAKEN DURING THE UTTER CONFUSION AT THE MOMENT OF THE RAID ON THE RAILWAY STATION CAPTURES THE BIZARRE NATURE OF THE BUILDING PARANOIA IN THE YEARS BEFORE THE WAR.

TRAIN SPOTTING AND TERRORISTS



DURING THE RIOTS ON WALLS STREET, EUPHEMISTICALLY KNOWN AS THE WAR OF THE 1%, NEW YORK STORM TROOPER FINANCIERS WOULD PREPARE TO BATTLE THE 99%. DONNING BLACK HOODS AND JUMP SUITS PATTERNED AFTER SOUTH AFRICAN PARA-MILITARY POLICE, THEY WOULD RUSH TO ACTION IN THE COURTYARDS OF THE MAJOR BANKS IN THE WALL STREET ENCLAVES, LOAD THEIR AK-47'S, AND VICIOUSLY CUT DOWN THE PROTESTING MOBS OUTSIDE THE BANKING HEADQUARTERS WHERE THE 1% WERE SAFELY BARRICADED INSIDE THEIR STEEL AND GLASS REDOUBTS. REPLICATING THE EARLY HISTORY OF NEW YORK WHEN THE BANKING BARONS HIRED PRIVATE MILITIAS TO GUARD THEIR FAMILIES AND ESTATES, THESE BLACK SUITED STORM TROOPERS INITIALLY STRUCK FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE CITIZENS WHO HAD COME TO PROTEST MORE OR LESS PEACEFULLY, YET THEIR SHOOT TO KILL TACTICS WERE SOON EMULATED BY THE 99% AND WITHIN A MATTER OF MONTHS THE 1% MILITIAS WERE OVERWHELMED AND SLAUGHTERED BY THE SHEER NUMBERS AND FIREPOWER OF THE NOW ORGANIZED MASSES OF RADICALIZED 99%ER'S.

NEW YORK FINANCIERS PREPARE TO BATTLE THE 99%



AS ASSASSINATIONS BECAME COMMONPLACE IN TIJUANA AND THEN SPILLED OVER INTO LOS ANGELES, AND FINALLY INTO THE HEARTLAND OF THE UNITED STATES, IT WAS AN EVERY DAY THING FOR US. OUR FAVORITE SPOTS WERE SOME OF THE AIRLINE TERMINALS, GREAT SOFT TARGETS BECAUSE THE ARCHITECTURE WAS AS IF IT HAD BEEN MADE FOR KILLING. LONG SLOW MOVING WALKWAYS IN HALF DESERTED TERMINALS WERE PERFECT BECAUSE PEOPLE WERE AFRAID TO BE OUT IN PUBLIC MAKING AN EASY IN-EASY OUT LAYOUT FOR A QUICK GUN MAN WITH HALF A BRAIN. I WOULD GET A PICTURE IN THE MORNING OF THE MARK, TRACK HIM COMING OFF THE PLANE, FOLLOW THEM AND WHEN WE REACHED ONE OF THE TERMINAL BREAK POINTS I WOULD PUT THE SILENCER ON THE PIECE, KILL THEM, AND SLIP AWAY. SOMETIMES I HAD TWO OR THREE A DAY AT LAX, THEN I WOULD GO TO LONG BEACH AND PICK OFF ONE OR TWO MORE. AT \$1000 AN ASSIGNMENT, IT WAS A GOOD LIVING WHILE IT LASTED.

CLEAN HIT ON A SOFT TARGET



AFTER THE FAILURE TO PUNISH BANKERS AND OLIGARCHS WHO CAUSED THE TOTAL COLLAPSE OF EQUITY IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH IN THE UNITED STATES, IT WAS A BAD TIME TO BE A "SUIT." AT FIRST THE 1% OR "SUITS" HAD THE UPPER HAND BUT IRONICALLY BECAUSE THEY HAD OPPOSED GUN CONTROL THEY WERE THE VERY INSTRUMENTS WHO ARMED THE REMAINING 99%. AT FIRST CHAOTIC AND UNDISCIPLINED, THE 99% BECAME EXPERT AT PICKING OFF THE 1% AND SUITS BECAME FAVORITE SOFT TARGETS. PREFERRED KILLING SITES WERE MALLS, AIRLINE TERMINALS, LONG OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAYS, ARCHITECTURE THAT LENT ITSELF TO ISOLATING THE TARGET, TAKING THEM OUT QUICKLY, AND WHERE THE ASSASSIN WOULD VANISH INTO THE CONFUSION OF THE URBAN STRUCTURE.

IT WAS A BAD TIME TO BE A SUIT



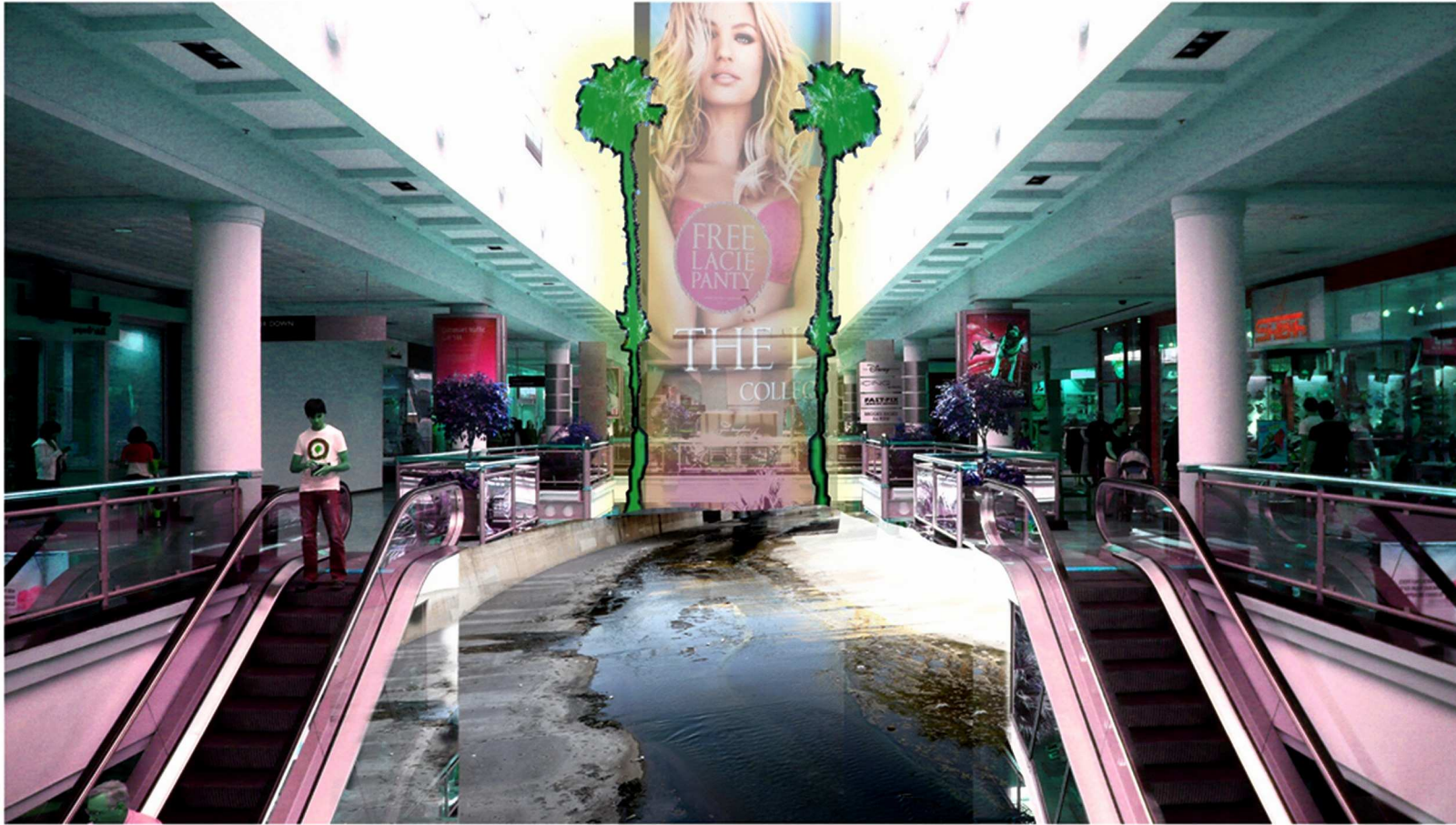
IT BECAME ROUTINE. I LIVED IN ONE OF THE MANY BURNED OUT APARTMENT BUILDINGS IN THE OLD QUATER WHERE THE MUSLIM'S HAD LIVED BUT NOW WAS INHABITED BY TRASH AND SCUM, THROWAWAYS NO ONE TRACKED. I GOT UP EVERY MORNING, PACKED MY LUNCH OF BREAD AND CHEESE, AND WENT DOWNSTAIRS TO FIND A GREEN BAG RIGGED WITH EXPLOSIVES WITH A NOTE INSIDE TELLING ME THE LOCATION OF THE SOFT TARGET FOR THAT DAY. I'D FIND THE LOCATION, LEAVE THE BAG AND GO BACK HOME AND HEAR ABOUT IT LATER ON THE NEWS; HOW BIG THE BLAST HAD BEEN, HOW MANY HAD BEEN KILLED, HOW MANY HAD BEEN WOUNDED, WHO HAD CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY. I FELT NEUTRAL ABOUT IT ALL, I MAY AS WELL HAVE BEEN DELIVERING THE MILK.

THE ROUTINE JOB OF A BAGMAN



IN A NOW INFAMOUS EVENT, AN ART ACTIVIST WAS RAILING AT A ROOM OF LEADING ARTS FUNDERS. HE WAS AFRICAN AMERICAN, THEY WERE MOSTLY WHITE, BORED LIBERALS WHO HAD HEARD HIS RAP BEFORE. AS HE WAS SAYING "THIS IS THE CHANGE. THE SHEER AMOUNT OF THE OPPRESSED THAT WE WITNESS ON A BROAD SCALE IS UNPRECEDENTED AND BY NOT FUNDING US YOU ARE COMPLICIT IN THIS ECOSYSTEM OF OPPRESSION!" AT THE WORD OPPRESSION, THE DOORS TO THE BANQUEST HALL BURST OPEN AND A BURLY AFRICAN AMERICAN SOLDIER BLEW OFF THE ACTIVISTS HEAD WITH A PISTOL. MORE MERCENARY MILITIA QUICKLY FILLED THE ROOM AND SPRAYED IT WITH BULLETS AND WIPED OUT ALL OF THE ARTS FUNDERS BEFORE THEY COULD GET THEIR DESSERT SPOONS OUT OF THEIR COMPLACENT MOUTHS. THIS MASS KILLING SIGNALLED THE MILITARY'S POLICY TO DESTROY ALL ART AND CULTURE INFRASTRUCTURE THAT FOMENTED OR SUPPORTED DISSENT AND TREASON UNDER THE AMENDED ALIEN AND SEDITION ACTS OF 2023.

HIS LAST WORD WAS COMMUNITY



The last time I saw my son, he was aloof, distant.....Perhaps he thought I had sold out and was only useful to to get him his medicine. In any event, little was spoken, and this beautiful child, who I had raised and felt such unequivocal love for, was just slipping out of my life forever. He stuffed his knapsack with the Epipen's I had risked my ass for, muttered a thank you and then stood up and took a long look at me. I rose up and returned the gaze. We held it that way for a full minute it seemed, hoping something would pass between us, but there was absolutely nothing left there, nothing left to say. My son had said goodbye and was not coming back.

MY KINGDOM FOR AN EPIPEN



BY 2020 THE WALL ON THE SOUTHERN BORDER HAD BEEN BUILT AND THE MASS DEPORTATION OF MEXICAN "ILLEGAL" WORKERS WAS WELL UNDER WAY. THOUSANDS, THEN HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE FORCIBLY REMOVED FROM THEIR WORK PLACES AND HOMES AND SENT PACKING. PEOPLE WHO WERE NOT ILLEGAL WERE PROFILED AND CAUGHT UP IN THIS DRAGNET. RIOTING AND FIGHTING BEGAN TO BREAK OUT. IN 2022 THE FIRST "SHOOT TO KILL" ORDERS WERE GIVEN FOR ANYONE RESISTING. IT WAS LATER REPORTED THAT THE WORKERS WERE MILDLY RESISTING AND TALKING BACK, BUT THE SWAT TEAM LINED THEM UP IN THE PARKING LOT AND JUST BLEW THEM THE FUCK AWAY. IT LATER WAS KNOWN AS THE WAFFLE HOUSE MASSCRE IN BRADENTON, FLORIDA, AND WOULD LIVE ON IN THE ANNALS OF THE STRUGGLE OF THE 99% AS ONE OF THE INCIDENTS WHICH EMBOLDENED THEM THROUGHOUT THE 1% WAR.

THE WAFFLE HOUSE MASSACRE



THE 1% DESPERATELY SOUGHT SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN. THEY TURNED TO MAIL ORDER PRIESTS WHO OFFERED BLOOD SACRIFICES IN ART GALLERIES CALLING IT PERFORMANCE ART WHICH WAS SOME TWISTED SPIN ON CHRISTIANITY WITH A DOLLOP OF KABBALAH. ANY LUNATIC WITH A MAIL ORDER CERTIFICATE NOW SHOWED UP AS A HOLY MAN FOR THE RICH. SO, SEQUESTERED IN THEIR ELITIST TEMPLES OF HIGH ART CULTURE, THE 1% SIPPED BLOOD CORDIALS AND WAITED FOR THE OLD WORLD TO END AND THE NEW ONE TO BEGIN, AS THE MAIL ORDER PRIESTS PROMISED THEY WOULD MAKE THE FEAR GO AWAY.

BLOOD OFFERINGS



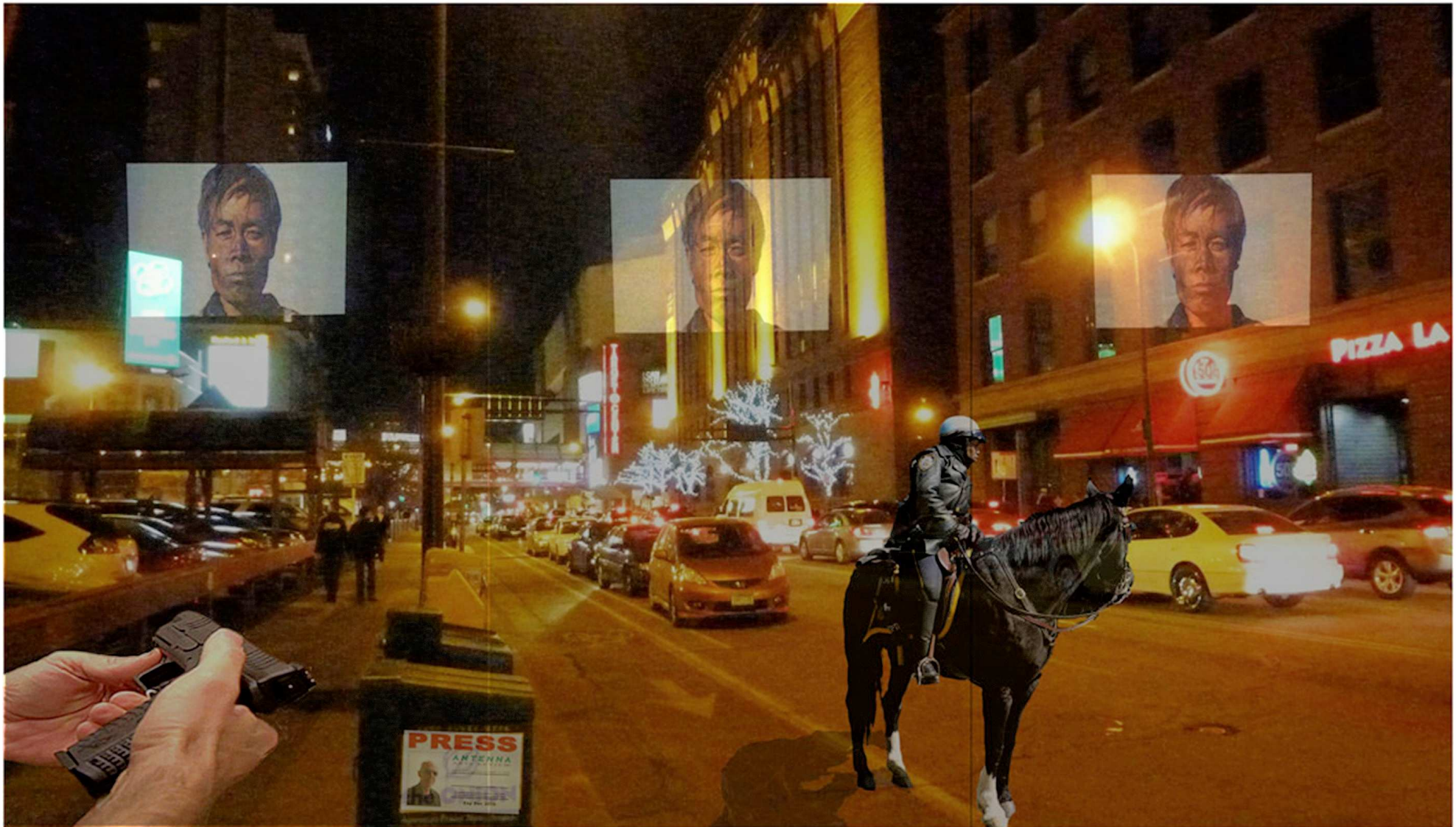
AS CONDITIONS WORSENEED VARIOUS POLICE FACTIONS , WHOSE ONLY PURPOSE WAS TO ACQUIRE CONTROL OF WHAT REMAINING RESOURCES THEY COULD, SET UP HEADQUARTERS IN FORMER CORPORATE OFFICES OF COMPANIES LIKE AIG, SYMBOLS OF POWER OF THE 1%. THEY FORTIFIED AND FENCED THEMSELVES IN, THUS RESEMBLING THE POLICE STATIONS DURING THE CIVIL WARS IN NORTHERN IRELAND WHEN THE COPS WERE FORCED TO HIDE FROM AN ENRAGED CITIZENRY IT WAS SUPPOSED TO PROTECT. MEANWHILE, CIVIL WAR RAMPAGED THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITIES OF NORTH AMERICA.

AIG FORTRESS HEADQUARTERS



BELLA MOVED FROM CAMP TO CAMP AND LIVED ON SHEER CHARISMA, AND WOULD HOOK UP WITH THE ONE POWERFUL 1% GUY WHO WOULD PROTECT HER AND THEN LAVISH HIM WITH KINDNESS AND SEX, AND THAT RAREST OF COMMODITIES IN THE WAR, FEELING. BECAUSE THERE WAS NONE, AND SHE WAS ABLE TO FLAY HIM TO THE CORE OF HIS SOUL AND STEAL HIS HEART AND EAT HIM ALIVE. AND THEN LEAVE HIM WEAKENED, DEFENSES GONE, HIS HUMANITY BACK, AND GENERALLY THESE GUYS WOULD BE KILLED IN ACTION WITHIN A FEW WEEKS, WARRIORS NO MORE. KIND OF A MODERN SUCCUBUS, A WITCH WITH THE POWERS OF THE FEMININE IN THE TRENCHES OF POST AMERICAN. OR MAYBE A VAMPIRE, FEEDING OFF THE LIFE FORCE IN A MAN, DRAINING HIM DRY FOR HIS CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY AND THEN TAKING THEM DOWN ONE AT A TIME AS A WAY OF ENDING THE INSANITY. SHE WAS AN EXPERT ASSASIN FOR THE 99%.

WAR MUSE



MY HEADACHES WERE BACK, MIGRAINES FROM BEFORE THE WAR. WEIRDLY THEY HAD GONE AWAY WHEN I HAD STOPPED CARING ABOUT EVERYTHING, BUT WITH EMOTION AND FEELING BACK IN MY LIFE THOSE FUCKING HEADACHES WERE PLAGUING ME AGAIN. I'D BE PUTTING THE 1% WAR OUT TONIGHT ON THE DARK NET, THIS WAS THE LAST SEEDY ASSASINATION I WAS GOING TO COVER BEFORE I MADE ONE LAST PHOTO, WROTE SOME FINAL LINES AND HIT THE SEND BUTTON AND SEALED MY FATE. THE FILTHY LITTLE MAN HAD BEEN THE LAST STRAW. HE HAD COME OUT OF THE NIGHT LIKE SO MANY BEFORE HIM, ANONYMOUS AND UNANNOUNCED, NODDING HIS HEAD SO I KNEW TO FOLLOW HIM TO HIS AWFUL DESTINATION. GUNS AND GREASE, THOSE ARE THE THINGS I ASSOCIATE WITH GUYS LIKE HIM, THEY NEVER COMBED THEIR HAIR BECAUSE IT ALWAYS STUCK TO THEIR HEADS SINCE THEY NEVER BATHED. YOU COULD SMELL THEM COMING.

THE FILTHY MAN



IF I GO OUT THERE TO REACTOR ROAD THAT MAY BE WHERE I GET TAKEN OUT, BECAUSE THEY WILL JUST SHOOT ME DOWN. OR MAYBE NOT. THEY MAY NOT RECOGNIZE ME YET, BUT SOMEONE IS GOING TO SOON. I REALIZE NOW I DON'T WANT TO DIE, WHEN BEFORE I DIDN'T THINK I CARED. I'M FUCKING TERRIFIED. TRUTHFULLY, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I HAVE TO LIVE FOR AFTER ALL OF THIS, WHAT I HAVE SEEN AND BEEN A PART OF BUT I AM SO HORRIBLY LONELY. I WANT TO MEET SOMEONE, FALL IN LOVE, BE GOOD TO HIM OR HER, IT DOESN'T MATTER. I WANT TO MAKE AMENDS. I AM SO SORRY, I AM SO VERY SORRY.

THE DEATH OF #CHEVALIER

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