

If some frail, consumptive equestrienne in the circus were to be urged round and round on an undulating horse for months on end without respite by a ruthless, whip-flourishing ringmaster, before an insatiable public, whizzing along on her horse, throwing kisses, swaying from the waist, and if this performance were likely to continue in the infinite perspective of a drab future to the unceasing roar of the orchestra and hum of the ventilators, accompanied by ebbing and renewed swelling ~~bursts~~ bursts of applause which are really steam hammers--then, perhaps, a young ~~xxxxxx~~ visitor to the gallery might race down the long stairs through all ~~xxxx~~ of the circles, rush into the ring, and yell; Stop! against the fanfares of the orchestra still playing the appropriate music. probably a problem, a problem, probably

PROBLEMY

BILLY BLAISE DUFALA
STEVEN DUFALA

Jane Smith
Bennett Holloway

But since that is not so; a lovely lady, pink and white, floats in between the curtains, which proud lackeys open before her; the ringmaster, deferentially catching her eye, comes towards her breathing animal devotion; tenderly lifts her up on the dapple-gray, as if she were his own ~~xxxxxxxx~~ most precious granddaughter about to start on a dangerous journey; cannot make up his mind to give the signal with his whip, finally masters himself enough to ~~xxxxxx~~ crack the hip loudly; runs ~~alongside~~ along beside the horse, open-mouthed; follows with a sharp ~~xxxx~~ eye the leaps taken by its rider; finds her artistic skill almost beyond belief; calls to her with English shouts of warning; angrily exhorts the grooms who hold the hoops to be most closely attentive; before the great somersault lifts up his arms and implores the orchestra to be silent; finally lifts the little one down from her trembling horse, kisses her on both cheeks and finds that all the ovation she gets from the audience is barely sufficient; while she herself, supported by him, right up on the tips of ~~xxxx~~ her toes, in a cloud of dust, with out stretched arms and small head thrown back, invites the whole circus to share her triumph--since that is so, the visitor to the gallery lays his face on the rail before him, and, sinking into the closing march as into a heavy dream, weeps without knowing it.

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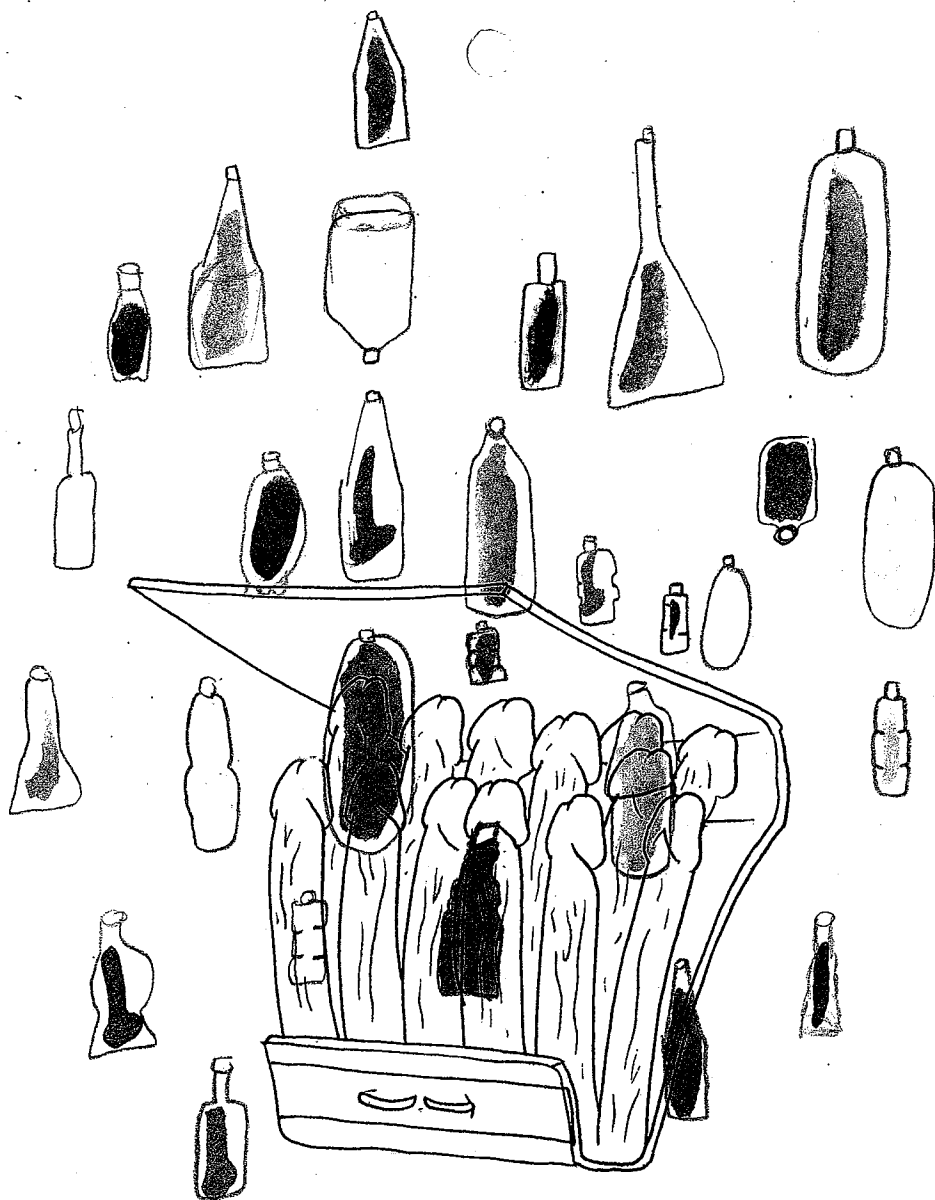
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The Art of Computing
By
Benjamin Siqueiros and Milap Dixit

Steven said that "*people respond differently to something made by hand.*" What does it mean to make something by hand? All the objects in the collection, including the air handler and the chainlink house, can be considered "hand-made", with the possible exception of the shoe images. Most people would say the shoes are computer-made and not hand-made, even if their computer-production involves the hand in some way. We know that the computer-method of creating an image of the shoe is, to an extent, operatively similar to the method of actually constructing it. It consists of a similar sequence of manual operations. Of course the artist is separated from the materiality of the "object", but this separation turns out to be more of a programmatic mediation. And the production of the image on the computer is mediated by certain parameters in the computer hardware and software, just as an actual production of the object is mediated by certain physical parameters. The programmatic mediation may mean that the artist's relation to the "object" is no longer haptic or even manual, but there are still necessarily haptic and manual processes at work. But what matters is whether this new configuration in relation to "matter" opens up new possibilities of production. Even if there was a computer program that self-generated the image of the shoe, the parameters would still correspond to those of actually constructing the shoe by hand. But the use of computer programs can also alter the parameters of the producible. By this we are not referring to the fact that the computer can create representations of physically impossible forms. The aim is not merely to create new and unexpected forms, whether by manually cutting and pasting or by using some kind of algorithm. We are more interested in the process of production opened up by the use of a computer program.

Mediation by a computer, then, speaks to something about the shoe images in the context of the Problemy exhibit. The image produced by hands mediated by machines of a product also produced by hands mediated by machines; the process could go on and on forever, repeated by a multiplicity of hands and machines. This does not degrade the value of the image, but instead makes us wonder what the image is doing. An actual curled, elongated shoe would be a work of art, but its meaning would be much different from the image of the shoe. The image of the shoe immediately makes itself transcendent in one's thoughts: *Is that a picture of an actual shoe?* It looks like one, but no one could ever wear it, and no one ever will, because this is just a computer-edited image of a regular shoe.

The shoe images are of something that was once handmade, and yet they have been reterritorialized into the multiplicity of assemblages in a machine, the Problemy machine. This machine is not the hardware or software of the computer, but a composition or assemblage, composed not only of the works themselves (and the thought that went into preparing and producing them), but of the reactions to the works, the connections and cognitions and recognitions spurred by art. The production of an image on a computer produces a different composition than might have been produced by putting together the rubber, leather, and string—something that would not have been too surprising, given the past work of the Dufala brothers.

and the other pieces in the exhibit. What is the difference between these two mediums, or any medium of art? There are photos, drawings, paintings, and sculptures, and at the same time the same works are clippings, appliances, toys, furniture, tools; knick-knacks pinned up on a wall or put behind glass.

We know that the computer is separate from the signs of cloth, rubber, leather, and string that compose the shoe. The question is whether using the computer can get us any closer to a nonhuman partnership with matter itself. This seems unlikely, since the computer seemingly partakes in "immaterial" processes, removing the artist ever further from matter. But could this movement of separation of the artist from matter also function to liberate matter from the intentionality of the artist? Something independent of the artist is generated in the specifically computational processes of programmatic mediation. Computer programs consist of scripts that, programmed a certain way, can take on a genetic capacity. Does this mean that the computer too can take flight on a morphogenetic line that would free the weight of history, the eye, and the hand? Breaking away from the hand doesn't mean excluding the hand from the process, but releasing the hand from a position of mere mastery to a position more like a throw of the dice. All programming and algorithms can be traced back to the technique of the hand, and hand is where the line between intentionality and chaos originates in a work of art. But there is an aleatory aspect to the computer in the multiplicity of elements that compose the machine- not the electric computing machine, but the abstract machine bringing together a multiplicity of fonts, colors, programs, and other assemblages. It is both aleatory and also programmatic in some way, mediated by the technique of the hands.

Deterritorializing Trashed Ideas: Problemy and the Intangible Possibilities of Recycling
Joseph Carpenter and Caila Heyison

Problemy surrounds the viewer with piles of re-appropriated trash. The trash now functions to educate the viewer on the danger of uncontrolled consumption. The artists create trash with a meaning. The free wall gives a distinctly different resonance from the rest of the show in that it is art that is meant to be consumed and not preserved. Its not trash, its bad art. The Dufala brothers' ideas that never made it off of the drawing board now are "sold" to us as art for our personal enjoyment. This initially seems problematic in the context of the rest of the show, which offers a perspective on the waste and pointlessness of the consumption by which our society is defined.

The experience of the free wall itself mirrors the experience of entering a store and jostling with others to buy yet another object. We enter the show and learn that there is something free to be taken. When we hear this, we flock to the wall to take. We want a piece of the show. We want an obscene print of a penis. We want to bring our image home and put it on the wall as a badge of our artistic appreciation, alternative style, overall hipness. We go up to the wall and are confronted with dozens of images. We jostle with others trying to get the picture we like best, hoping no one else will take it. Its stressful, we can't reach the picture, somebody is in the way, we have to find someone to grab it for us. We realize that we like another one better, but we have already selected our image and put it in our envelope. We really like two images, but we can only take one, will someone notice if we take two? What if its for a friend? We want both, we need both, we will be happiest if we have both. Then we won't become obsessed with the one we didn't get.

But imagine where these scraps end up—anywhere from crumpled up at the bottom of a backpack to being framed and placed on one's dresser drawer, to littering the sidewalk, to being a scrap of paper used to write a phone number down. We'll find it a year later, wonder why we have this obscene picture and throw it away with the recycling, because we wouldn't want to waste paper. There is just as much possibility for the prints to end up as useless junk as the thousands of plastic bottles drawn in a mass in one of the exhibit's pieces.

Does Problemy then contradict itself? Unknowingly encouraging consumption within the context of criticizing it? The Dufala brothers, perhaps unintentionally, construct the wall in a way that provides space for the same tendencies that propel capitalism and the consumer culture which traps us. However, this is an alternative consumption, for the wall is free. Anyone can take. Consumption is not dependent upon the class divisions that capitalism creates. We can only take one, so consumption is limited to choosing the one that means the most to us, not simply taking as many as we can in order to simply possess them.

Furthermore, each of the drawings on the wall are part of a recycling process. More than just pieces of paper, each print is an idea that never came to fruition. Rather than letting these ideas be thrown out to simply rot away like the out of style clothing we throw in the trash or hide in the attic never to be seen again, these ideas are given an afterlife. Like the rolodex or typewriter that probably never would have been used again had not they become a part of the exhibit, the artists have given these ideas a continued existence allowing for further germination. The free wall works as a counter to trash as it embodies the concept of recycling and reusing, of seeing the infinite possibilities or lines of flight contained in anything that might be discarded. Thus even if it is going to be consumed in some way, each individual paper is not just an object

for potential consumption, it is an expression that has the potential to resonate in a meaningful way with anyone who might walk out with it in his or her hand.

Even if the images don't lead directly to a new idea, having been to the exhibit the viewer may see the piece of paper differently. The experience of going to the exhibit and taking something from the free wall can represent a salvaging of what otherwise might be considered trash. The viewer continues the theme of Problemy, taking what someone doesn't want and giving it a new use, framing it above the mantel, forgetting about it in a drawer, or even throwing it away and making it real trash. Its recycling. The viewer deterritorializes the image, taking it away from the context of the free wall, and giving it new meaning in the context of a new locale. Individually within the exhibit, each drawing might be without a particular function, but taken outside a drawing can find itself in an infinite number of positions, any of which might illuminate combinations of interior impulses and exterior circumstances that shape the expression of the drawing.

It might seem problematic that this concept of recycling is so intertwined with the desire to consume and take a picture. Ideas are communicated in a material form. Does this indicate how trapped we are by a capitalistic axiomatic based on personal ownership and materiality? Perhaps, but it also illuminates the potential immanent to such materiality. The material and consumable quality that causes it to be trash also allows it to be deterritorialized as it moves to a different context outside the exhibit. It gives something concrete for the intangible ideas conveyed by the Problemy show to be contained in and jump off from. Yes, perhaps the picture will be thrown out and end up in a landfill somewhere, but it also might resonate with someone in a way that inspires them to take advantage of a portion of the immense potentiality contained within a crude drawing on a small sheet of paper. Perhaps the problem is not so much that its

material form lends to consumption and waste, but that our attitudes toward consumption limit us to consuming that which is new, rather than recycling and seeing the possibilities that lie within our "waste."

That art is problematic is essential. More intrinsic to the significance or effectiveness of a particular piece of art concerns the process through which an artist engages an object, and on what conceptual grounds the operation stands. I call it an operation specifically in the context of the Dufala Brothers' project, *Problemy*, as run-down, stamped, taken-for-granted, pre-conceptualized objects undergo a transformation, a re-figuration, a deterritorialization which jostles the art-perceiver. The *Problemy* art show presents just these objects that, after having undergone a line of escape facilitated by the Dufala Brothers' focus and thought, are no longer objects per se, but more ideas, more nebulous and more effective. This is why a philosophical entrance to art bolsters the effectiveness of interpreting the piece itself in the course of mapping the artist's process of thought and creation.

Thus, Steven Dufala enters the room and the very first thing I notice is the degree to which his person constitutes a contradiction, a deterritorialization. He is petite and his stature slight, but I know already that he is a craftsman. He has graying hair, but it is thick and tied back in a loose ponytail. He has large glasses, the kind seen more often in the nineties than in the new millennium, but he has a keen eye for detail in a modern world. He has a subtle and reserved disposition and a soft voice, yet his artwork is loud and provocative. And he dons tightly-fitting contemporary clothing that wouldn't be out of place on a twenty-year-old – a sweater and button-down, skinny jeans – but the play of his wardrobe against his hair and body frame impels a second-look from me. In a sense, he defies expectations of what the artist should look like.

To illuminate this notion that as objects become less familiar they become more effective, the conceptual process and engagement through which their deterritorialization occurs must be analyzed. An appropriate entrance into this issue is to bring to the surface the underlying concepts behind a philosophical stance of art as posing problems, especially in *Problemy's* deterritorialization of every day objects. In "On Truth and Lying in a Non-Moral Sense" Nietzsche, a crucial influence of the philosophical stance from which this analysis of *Problemy* stems, famously describes truths as "illusions of which we have forgotten that they are illusions, metaphors which have become worn by frequent use and have lost all sensuous vigor, coins which, having

lost their stamp, are now regarded as metal and no longer as coins.” Whether the Dufala brothers realized the philosophical implications of their art or not, what persists is this Nietzschean call for re-valuation, a creation through destruction, as they take these worn-down “truths” and re-stamp them. In discussing the process of creating the art, Steven Dufala emphasized that one must get the point of a thing to make pointlessness out of it and to redirect the reiterative conversation of the physical world. For instance, the warped shoe picture in *Problemy* began as an old shoe, but what became of it was a pointlessness that arose from a grasping of this passively regarded notion of “old shoe”, having lost all its “sensuous vigor”, and turned it into something problematic and provocative. It is in this sense that these formed substances in *Problemy* are deterritorialized, abstracted from their formed milieu in a line of escape.

That art can be truly meaningful and provocative only within key interrelations is preeminent to the project, *Problemy*. To put this in other words, the spectator has to make several essential conjectures, totally irrespective of the end object of the art, in order to gaze at the art as the artist originally envisioned. For instance, a multitude of spectators unsuccessfully made sense of the outside works (raw material harvested from old air ducts and re-figured to read FRESH; and a cottage-like formation assembled of wire fencing) as genuine works of art, since the medium consisted in normal things assembled in a comparatively natural environment. In similar fashion, arguably none of the mediums employed by the Dufalas to produce the objects within the interior of the *Problemy* gallery were extra-ordinary; none could be said to have been abnormal, regardless of whether the final product were itself unorthodox. To a magnanimous extent, Steven and Billy Blaise Dufala were dependent on the final framing of their art, as solo objects at odds with white walls and hard-wood flooring, to propagate a general message of excess, questioning, and uncertainty. Because when the craftsman detaches his craft from its typical environment and inserts it against the white wall, immediately the craft, having been detached from its usefulness, becomes an aesthetic encounter for the spectator. They are the fundamentals of our new Nietzschean metaphors, or the deterritorialization and reterritorialization of Deleuze and Guattari on the line of escape.

To better illuminate the work done in *Problemy* from the stance of this deterritorialization, I call upon the work of another artist. The modernist poet Marianne Moore presents the crux of the *Problemy*-pursuit in her poem aptly titled “Poetry” when she calls for poets, our artists in this case, to create “imaginary gardens with real toads.” *Problemy* is essentially an imaginary garden, its objects of focus being the real toads. But these toads, once re-territorialized into the imaginary garden, take on a different light. They are the multiplicity, the differentiated and repeated concepts thrust into a neutral space, a plane of immanence where their meaning dissolves and they take part in a veritable becoming-animal from their worn-down, pre-conceived selves. For the Dufalas, once an object stops making sense is when it starts being productive.

Yet, the objects that comprise the *Problemy* project are not immediately senseless. To state this differently, the objects have had to derive from a plane in which they make sense (the running shoe, the typewriter, etc.; all make sense in isolation); what the Dufalas have done is not to annihilate what sense the objects have but to re-configure it. For instance, I gaze at the swollen hammer and perceive a hammer – “a tool with a heavy metal head mounted at right angles at the end of a handle, used for jobs such as breaking things and driving in nails.” The conception of the pointlessness of the hammer arrives secondarily to the primary experience of conceiving a textbook-definition hammer; the deterritorialization takes place only after the spectator has achieved the first state of recognition. Thus, the productivity to which the Dufalas refer consists in a forced re-figuring of pre-conceptions: “it’s hard to punch someone in the face without offering ice,” they say. When it comes to *Problemy*, the ice is the familiarity of the object as against the slap of the deterritorialization.

Tim Schoch & Angela Field

12.07.10

The object is similar enough to be recognized as a type-writer, but it is not exactly a type-writer, just as Francis Bacon's painting is figural enough to recognize that it is a figure, but it is not exactly a figure. This is neither abstract art nor abstract expressionism of bodily art, since the only visible work done to the type-writer is the key board. This simulacrum of the type-writer, what does it mean? We could read this art as a criticism of modern technology. This type-writer has a Blackberry keyboard. The Blackberry's keyboard is inconvenient. We accept this, however, because Blackberry brings us a greater convenience, to be connected all the time, and we almost forget about the sacrifice we are making. But the simulacrum of the type-writer reminds us this, and suggests, is it worth it to be connected all the time? This is a possible answer to the question we asked, "what does it mean," but a Deleuzian would rather ask, how does it work? How does Dufala brothers' art work, if we generalize this? They select two things that belong to different realms of the world together (they're all somewhat strange) and make it an art, and it is the viewer's task to see the problems of one realm. The art is not didactic, but it is suggestive in a multiplicity of ways.

PROBLEM. Probably a problem. a problem. probably

The Blackberry/type-writer fuses two sleek, mass-produced pieces of machinery. Two communication devices, each made the object of a degree of consumer fetishism in their time. Each had their turn as the hot new model on the market. Efficiency has been hot as long as speed has. Efficiency is speed and power combined. See a typewriter and our generation, of course, thinks antique shop, first of all. Heavy, bulky, stationary. Not sexy. But the smartphone generation has enough memory for a multi-tiered complex of sexual hang-ups. We also do retro better than anyone's ever done it before. We take it seriously. We award points for *Mad Men*'s historical accuracy rather than for any pretty, obfuscating nostalgia-mist. We can see a typewriter and think rows of pert blondes all click-clicking away, all for the boss. And heavy, bulky, stationary is sexy again because a typewriter free desk in a typewriter free corner office on a typewriter filled floor of click-clicking blondes that work for you is expensive. And money didn't have to work so hard back then. Money had class. It had style. It didn't squint at its smartphone in the middle of its meeting with you. It paid people to do its squinting. It said pull up a chair, I've got all the time in the world for you. It spread out. It had presence. You had meetings in offices, not "sent from my iPhone" one-line answers. We look at the typewriter and our sexy category cracks down the middle, but we keep looking and we laugh like a schiz when we see that what we're looking at is just desire. Because the Blackberry/type-writer doesn't "work" the way it should, not even as a fetish object. Desire deterritorialized to the point of self-critique?

**One day,
Jessica and
Maki
encountered
a
Typewriter...**



The type-writer seems to have acquired value because of the memory it brings of the old days. That is, we do not desire the type-writer as the machine for typing. We desire the type-writer for the memory of the age of the type-writer. The memory, however, is not the actual memory. It is a synthesized nostalgic memory. The type-writer, then, has transformed from an identical mass-produced piece of machinery into a projection of different individuals' memory. Its primary function is not to type but to recall, synthesize and create. Recall something that we believe nowhere to be found anymore, except perhaps in the reminiscent objects, and synthesize our past and present, and create the image of the past. The smartphone keyboard, however, reminds us that the memory is not in the past but it is with us in the present. The art reminds us of the problematic relationship of the past and present, and the synthesized memory.

When it comes to art, the question of necessity becomes a different one. Did we need Dufala brothers' art to live our ordinary lives? For people who live without knowing the brothers, apparently not. What about art in general? Is art necessary? If we think of necessity and utility the same thing, maybe not. However, humanity was always with art, and in art there must be something fundamental to our lives. In fact, Dufala brothers raise this question of necessity through art. The art points to the fact that in our capitalist society we are unconsciously made to desire things we might not even be able to fully use. If you just wanted to type, the type-writer is enough. If you just wanted a phone, you have your old cell phone. Why would you need the newest smart-phone which has some additional function you don't even know. Because everybody else has it. This desire that we want something that everyone else wants without even thinking about its necessity. Then we realize even though the necessity of art is so fundamental to us, we are never conscious of it, because our capitalist society cherishes the quality of utility so much even if it's fake. We choose things only superficially needed over art. And you spend your time whining to your friend on the phone, while you could uplift yourself by expressing yourself more productively, through creating art.



And as you look, you can't do the things we're supposed to do in an ordinary, consumption-oriented life. When you "just have to" have the latest model. People don't say that they have to have the new smart phone because they get a rush from riding on the crest of the wave of desire. They parrot the marketing materials that tell you that only with this device will you truly have the world at your fingertips. It's not just useful. You need it. If you don't have it, you are somehow being denied full participation in this great world of possibilities. In the typewriter/blackberry we see that this utility story we tell ourselves is just falling back on to a less de-territorialized plane. Go deeper. Go beyond. You love the "pure" signification of the object. Doesn't ultimately refer to anything but your desire. Just how we love that the objects we fetishize now haven't got any content to them. We want slicker and slicker desire-vessels, portals to the world (read internet), which is so far from body of the earth that the world we really care about having unfettered access to is just a bundle of connections, connections that only connect to other connections. Molecular. You get down to the subatomic level, and those particles are just buzzing, vibrating next to each other, at a distance imposed by the electricity they're generating. But you drop a particle into the formation and it slips through, easily, to the other side. There's no matter holding the thing together. We get off on that, and only when we don't want to say so do we slip back to the utility justification. I need my GPS. I need my phone-satellite-map so I can know where I am at all times. Nope, just the opposite. What you love is being lost all the time. Just riding the flow of desire without a clue where it's taking you.

But then those additional functions, those extras, the things we never would have thought we "needed" our cell phones to do before are suddenly available to us, and we use them, and they become the new normal, a new necessity. Because they change our lives. We change the way we live, communicate, interact with others on a daily basis as a result of these new, "superfluous" functions. So then those functions really are functioning. They are actual because they act. And this is desiring-production. The Dufalas both enact their own process of desiring-production by bringing this sculpture into being, and critique the desiring-production that yields the myriad innovations of capitalism. There was no need for this sculpture, no market for this sculpture before it existed, as there was no market, no need for a communication device with the features of the Blackberry before it existed. But desire is productive and production produces new desires which produce new products, which produce new desires, which produce new products... and the fact that the Dufalas' art object was produced in order to function as an object of contemplation makes it only ever so slightly different from the products of capitalism they take as the objects of their subjective art-making process. Because it expands or intensifies the space in which we can join them in a new deterritorialized thought-space in a way that reflects/refracts the intensification of desire in a world where the operating mythology of infinitely increasing capital reigns.

Erin and Eric

Problemey

The Dream of the Other

One ought not approach *Problemey* and think “What do these pieces mean? What story is trying to tell itself?” because at this level all significant, destructive, chaotic and *crucial* meaning is lost. Instead one queries “How does this show function?” Specifically, here, we ask *how does the chain link rancher function?*

The chain link rancher was an exceptionally memorable constituent of Billy and Stephen Dufala’s exhibition, *Problemey*. The rancher was—and we say *was* because it has been deconstructed absolutely as a physical machine—a bare-bones construction; it was a ‘rancher’ insofar as the average observer would immediately see the outline of a house in chain-link.

On a clear, brisk fall day, the rancher underwent three image-projected moltings, each one directed by a distinct student-machine, though each student-machine was at any given point in time made up of identical components; the only difference to be discerned in the student-machine was which organ performed each function—designing, preparing and building or removing. In the course of the three stages, each organ of the student-machine performed all possible functions, and each organ only followed instructions it agreed upon internal to itself. The molting of the house consisted of the addition, removal and manipulation of trash-picked or otherwise discarded items.

Deleuze writes that visual art always implies, first of all, an encounter with music. The intensity of the rancher can be felt as an essentially musical enterprise;

just as a jazz or folk musician begins with a basic tune, rhythm, chord progression or relation of chords, the artists who gathered to direct the molting of the 'house' worked from the chain-link skeleton: a canvas for expressing function as much as tonality and genre are mediums with which the musician works. Just like the saxophonist, who within *A Love Supreme* takes it to be his own production through unique variations in tuning, toning, pacing and even structure, the student-machine ornamented the chain-link structure and created something entirely independent to what was first referred to as the 'chain link rancher.'

A particular result of student-machine's toiling efforts that captured the musicality of the project was a suspended ball-of-something in the air off to the side of the concentrated center of the presentation. The zygotic intensity emerging on the outskirts of the 'chain link rancher's' frame functions as does the virtuosity of the musician in birthing a reinterpretation of a beloved but well-worn ballad. It is, in a crude sense, the same sonorous compilation that has played for eternity, but holistically it is something new, something divine, something only now coming to life; it is the student of Coltrane, imitating and making love to *A Love Supreme*. The prenatal point of intensity fertilized a new zone in the project, forcing a chaos in the mind of the observer—it functioned as the crucial aspect of the becoming-rancher or becoming-not-rancher, becoming-art, becoming-chaos, becoming-what? in its ostentatious imposition of the screaming, unavoidable thought *WHAT IS MY FUNCTION?!* It is the chord of dissonance that awakes the passive listener from slumber, unwelcome upon first falling on the ear, the street-urchin without a home, without a place where he is allowed to exist and then, his scream—reminding

everyone that he exists, he is the object of gestation of a society unaware of its own demonic pregnancy, its own allowed possession. He is the screaming reminder, the point of intensity that demands, at his most ferocious, exorcism. He demands the observers' participation.

The 'chain link rancher' and its process of becoming-house, becoming-not-house, and so on, is a shriek into the mind of the witness that which Deleuze first spoke and allowed to resonate in the chasms of society ever since:

"if you're trapped in the dream of the other, you're fucked." Break out of the dream, out of the possession, out of the pregnancy—this is what the Dufala Brothers urge us to do through *Problemy*.

. PROBLEMATIC SOLUTIONS (2010).

PROBLEMY

"The idea would be that art would become again integrated in daily life; would go out on the streets and enter the buildings; become a necessity. This should be the major aim of the museum. To make itself superfluous" – Willem Sandberg

The problematic matter of Problemy creeps its way out of the designated locus of display, *the gallery*, to "become integrated in daily life" as Sandberg, a 20th century Dutch typographer and practitioner of the syncretistic Mazdaznan movement had foreseen. Down and out to the FRESH Air Handler and then further across the street to the Chain Link Ranch House, all the way to the dozens of rooms, kitchens and bathrooms where hang the (thought-) provoking, eyebrow-raising, strange sketches of the Freewall. But as disturbing as they were on the Freewall in the gallery (art is supposed to be *beautiful*), that naked woman with an asshole on her chest (I've seen her around!), and that toilet masquerading as a tricycle (variants have been sold by the millions), the crazy thing is, they don't look one bit out of place hanging on the walls of our apartments and clinging to our dorm rooms. How long did it take for most people to realize that the FRESH vent was in fact part of the show and not some quirky hipster idea supported by our fairly liberal institution? We must ask ourselves: What crept into where?

The problematic matter of Problemy did not creep its way out of the exhibition and into the streets. Rather, it is the problematic matter of the world that invaded the gallery and channeled its commanding power of attention, the kind of attention we rarely give to anything else in our day to day, to show us what is actually *all around us, all the time*. Strange human inventions (some too functional, others not enough), distorted images and perceptions (Fox News is not telling you the truth and your body shouldn't have to look like that), all kinds of excessive behavior (where to start), dangerous commodities (bottled water, diamonds, guns), cocks and tits in the strangest of places ("the truth is that sexuality is everywhere" (Anti-Oedipus, p 293), yes, even there), over-emphasized, under-emphasized, manipulated, and mutated ... The Dufala brothers, as good as they are, had only to push the tragicomedy a bit further to reveal to us what goes on in our everyday lives.

[The interpretation is too easy and the rhetorical chiasmus overused. Not to mention the cliché quote at the beginning. Disrupt, disrupt, disrupt. How am I supposed to disrupt the dogmatic image of thought? How do I write a paper that has the shape of a problematic hammer? Deleuze's logic of sense: There are no rules for what will work, proceed by experimentation. There is no generative formula of meaning underlying the Dufalas' artistic creations. Is this working?]

The line of flight is directed towards the gallery space. The Dufala brothers count on the very fact that we are driving by the strangeness, walking past the abnormal all the way to the Whitehead Campus Center. There they leave a couple premonitory clues for us. We enter the gallery. Deterritorialization. Deterritorialization of hammers, of couches, of essences, of art, of the artist, of the gallery space itself. The Dufala brothers' art seeks to deterritorialize with no particular reterritorialized destination in mind: No solutions in the Problemy exhibition, only problems. There is no better world envisioned in their art,

no utopian alternative ("He called it 'Utopia': A Greek word for 'there is no such place'" (Borges, epigraph to "Utopia of a weary man"), only a *becoming-other* of this world ("The revolutionary knows that escape is revolutionary" (Anti-Oedipus, p 277)). The bottles are still there, but they form a different assemblage. This is where the audience is confused and captivated. We have not entirely left the world we know (we are not in an absolutely different world, where nothing is familiar), so we cling on to the rules that govern it, only to realize that they don't apply anymore. Like Alice in Wonderland: "Curiouser and curiouser, cried Alice." Some of the strangeness comes more naturally than the rest, depending on the viewers and their own schizzes, their own strangeness. No individual item in *Problem* is enough to shock us. Defects are common in mass production and abnormalities can easily be cast aside or thrown out or ignored. The objects of *Problem* become problematic when we realize that they constitute a possible world: A world in which everything is defective, not inherently so, but because it is placed in opposition to a world where norm rules despotically.

[Is this academic work or just some typed-out thoughts? But does it work? Does *this* work?]