

STATEMENT: Let me tell you a story. It's about a dad looking under a rock with his son, searching for bugs, finding microcosms of the world, finding worms, finding pill bugs, finding slugs, and finding fire ants—nasty competitors who build intricate social structures, land grabbers who protect their turf ferociously. But the story has many subplots. One is about cars—our cars—the cars that we love and hate—The extension of our feet, our home and our identity. It's about moving fluidly through space, from place to place—it's about being parked in rush hour traffic—it's about road rage. And the subplots continue. Another is about wanting to turn away from the nightly news, yet being drawn towards the spectacle of conflict—gender conflict, emotional conflict, racial conflict, financial conflict, political conflict, sexual conflict. It's not all doom and gloom though. There is a part about having fun—about friendly competition, playing catch, watching sports (tennis, football, hockey, ultimate boxing, rollerball, the lions and the Christians). Do the subplots, like the fire ant, like the automobile, like the nightly news, like sports coverage, expand infinitely and consume voraciously? Have the subplots consumed the innocence of the father and son searching for bugs as well? And is there to be a moral to the story? Or would morality just spoil the fun?