

# The Getaway

Thinking about middle class loss. About the slide into precarity many people are experiencing in the world at this time. This is about class disparity but it also about the haves becoming have nots and then the sadism of gaining and losing. Its about shifting paradigms in the west. A shift from: a sense of linear progress, a shift from: entitlement, a belief in the inevitability that hard work produces success, its smart work not rote work, a shift from: just rewards awarded to those who.....

The getaway is more than a story of the decline of the American dream. Pulling oneself up by bootstraps and the devotion of labor. The Getaway asks if the way to fulfillment of the American dream actually requires rebellion, a break away moment, destruction of hegemonic holds, killing papa, the pulling of a heist of some sort? Perhaps a rupture has always been the secret portal for those moving in moving up.

The getaway challenges notions of purity located in the narratives of American aspiration and economic betterment. Does obsessive labor produce redemption which can be found in Puritanical thought? Past American histories are invoked through my use of cast iron, rusted work bench, and a wicker love seat. I think about the repression of emotion channeled through sweat and a headache. There is no doubt that devoted work is the provider of a paycheck, of basic needs, of contemporary survival- helps give structure to a day and to some luckier ones, meaning in life. How many hard working people doing construction jobs, or house cleaning or even middle management corporate get their just rewards in the end anymore? A roof over head and broken back or oxycontin dependent middle aged house foreclosure. What is the prize of late stage capitalism?

The Getaway looks at the double bind of our desires, the embracement of formulas for success: honest labor, meritocracy, caramel lattes, sweet smelling toilet tissue, and contrasts it with the complicated reality of the dodge and jump traverse and ascension of today. What does it really entail? How does it really look? A picture of the scrappiness, resourcefulness and intangible, hugely shifting journey this traverse entails. Everyone needs a break, a leg up... No one does it alone.

Beginning with the opening sequence of the 1972 film "The Getaway", a building is shown in a pastoral bucolic setting, with deer peacefully eating fecund grass, then modern machines are busily working, the industrial production is vast and mechanically repetitious. The last segment shows both white and black men running through a guarded chain link fence breaking out.

Catch if catch can.

The Getaway uses bondage as metaphor for constriction, the stress of economic and social precarity, trying to make ends meet, the constriction of opportunity, avenues relocated, termination of jobs, revocation of promises. These objects depict held-in emotions, self imposed fear, masochistic constraint, and the inherent sadism in our current economic stratification system. Dedication to deadend jobs with pensions taken away in the home stretch. An economic system reliant on laborers doing work with the hope of just rewards for future generations alone.

Objects hold the energy of their use, the markers of wear and an embodiment of the challenges, boredom, defeats and successes the user, the wearer, the traverser carries. In the feminist tradition, I continue to bring narratives of everyday life through objects for consideration. Through expressing the body's holding of these narratives within and outward I remind us that people are the carrier of these ideas. People move their bodies to form certain gesture, certain expression, many without words, but communicating nevertheless an acute specificity of economic tension, psychological brutality and every shifting convulsion within the American way.