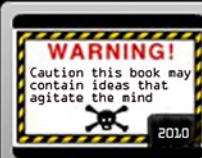




A Photo Novella
by Dwayne Carter

T O U G H T I M E S
N O M O N E Y



Search for success

MidwaytoMadness.com

Insurrection #2, 2010 © Dwayne Carter



FORECLOSURE



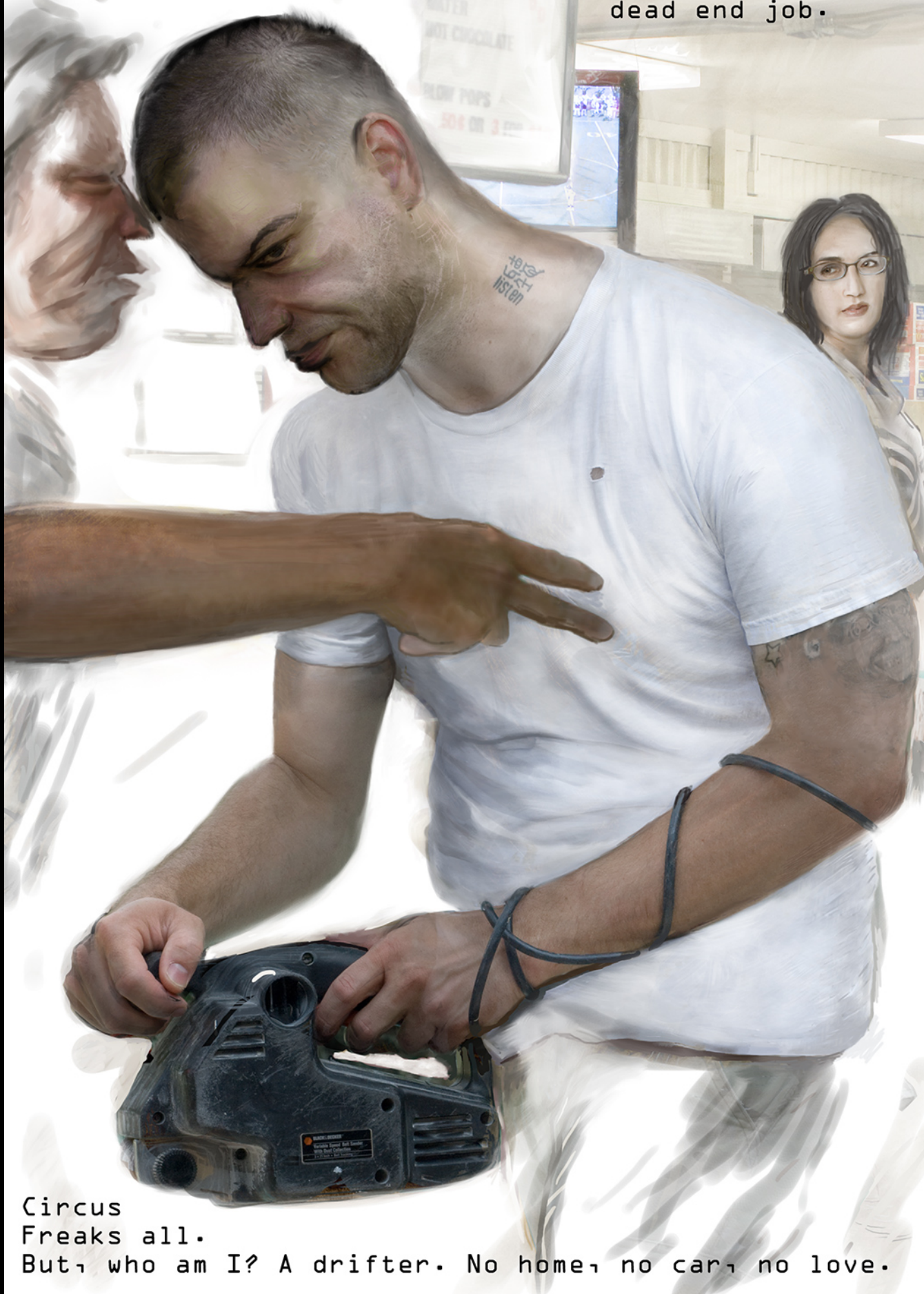
YOU VANDAL! I WILL GARNISH YOUR WAGES FOR THIS

YOUR LIFE IS A MESS. YOU MAY ASK WHERE THIS JOURNEY IS LEADING

MIDWAY TO MADNESS

When I am
Ring Master,
Anarchy
and Art rule,

My life. Layoffs
at the dot.com,
start-up failure.
Trapped in this
dead end job.



Circus
Freaks all.
But, who am I? A drifter. No home, no car, no love.



What did you do?
He is unconscious.
I'm taking him to a
better place



Yes the Land of Plenty No

YES

MY
STEP-SISTER
HAS NOTHING
TO OFFER
EXCEPT
MADNESS.

DON'T BE DECEIVED BY THE
INNOCENCE OF THINGS. AUTHENTICITY
IS DEVALUED FOR THIS HYPER POP ART.





Round up the grafitti artists,
the anarchist scum.



Good work! This is
no hypothetical construct,
but transformative action.

The Circus Freak

*must be
deposed*

**YOU COWARDS, ANARCHIST.
I YOU HEARD YOU CONSPIRE.**

Things are in a state of
Critical Exhaustion

You may not have the brains
to understand

Follow
me

Decide!
You are a participant
or an observer
in this state of
becoming.

A performance artist can't blur the line between life and
There is no distance and denial

I am a businessman and we have
common interests. We hate the same
person. We need change at the top
of the Big Top. But your Mother
is an obstacle. She is married to
Circus Freak. She's crazy



Insane!
This appeals to
me. A cell phone
call will let
them know we
are coming.

IT'S TRUE,
INSANITY RUNS
IN MY FAMILY,
MOTHER, STEP-SISTER

SHE MAY BE INSANE,
BUT...

Lets
visit
mother

MY MOTHER DIVORCED THE CIRCUS FREAK. MORE, SHE HAS ASSETS

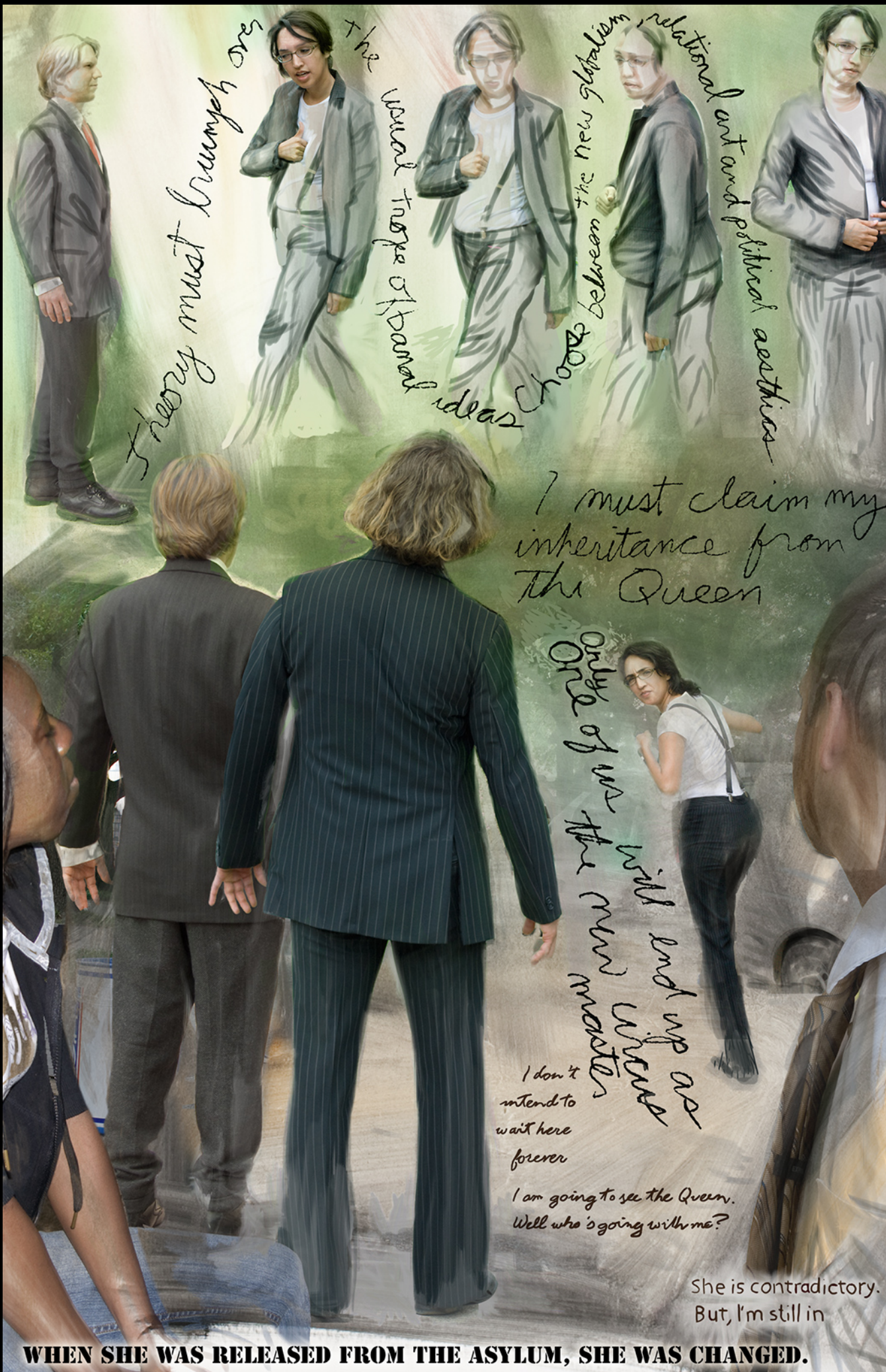


I'm in

You emasculated male
You suffer from lack of
identity



I am not just innocent eye candy.
I have a master's in education.
I can lead us to the Queen's treasure.



Theory must triumph or

The
moral trope of binary ideas

the new globalism
between
relational and political aesthetics

I must claim my inheritance from
The Queen

One of us will end up as
the number one

I don't
intend to
wait here
forever

I am going to see the Queen.
Well who's going with me?

She is contradictory.
But, I'm still in

WHEN SHE WAS RELEASED FROM THE ASYLUM, SHE WAS CHANGED.

MIDWAY TO MADNESS

*We are here to see the Queen.
We have interests to discuss.*

*We have been
expecting you.*

*This gold digger
is damaged goods.
The Circus will
be my show*

We are the biggest message since the first cell phone call was made in 1973.

MADNES

Seize the moment.

*Don't be frightened.
Show them we rate.*

**EVERYONE IS
CHEERING.**

Just go
along
Pretend to
know answers

What is happening?



*Our interests
match. I lead
the circus,
we all profit*

Who do we have here?
This is members only.
No room for pretty boy chic.

This transaction
is on.

No. This is a
dead end.
You'll see.

Only Internal thought independent of
matter leads to true memory found only
in dreams and madness

LETS CHAT, MY DEAR
LITTLE STEP DAUGHTER.
I KNOW YOUR FRIENDS
FROM THEIR
REPUTATION.

YOU
SEEK DEFENSE AGAINST
AN EXTERNAL WORLD
YOU CANNOT
CONTROL.

YOUR DILEMMA OFFERS
NO PROFOUND
MEANING,
IDEAS.

STAY HERE.
YOUR FRIEND ANARCHY
APPEALS
TO ME.

YOUR
LUST
FOR POWER AND WEALTH
IS

NOT MY PROBLEM

YOU
CANNOT EXPECT THE WORLD TO SUPPORT YOUR CONTRIVED ENTRANCE

We are concerned with the production of meaning.

Leave.
Your ideas bore me.
Kill the Circus Freak
and I will consider
your need for capital
After Freak and I
divorced, I don't
like his influence
anymore

Kill the circus owner? I can't do that!
I will never have a home, and a meaningful career.
You have betrayed me.

You are pathetic.

I'm lost.

GET USED
TO IT.

That witch is
insane. Why
do we need
her help.

We need money LStreetgirl

Otherwise, we must break this
gridlock of signifiers and find
identity uncomplicated by the
circulation of object and agency.

AW, JUST SHUT UP AND GET IN THE CAR.

IT'S CLOSE

They are
disease.
An infection.
I will stop
this contagion
before it
becomes an
epidemic.



FLY FLY




Bring the web designer. He is an instigator
and the inspiration for their hopes. I want
answers before I lobotomize him.
Then he can marry my daughter and live
with her insane mother, hahahaha



They have taken Dot.com.
Yes, I need him. I am not as strong as I pretend to be.



We must rescue the
drifter kid



Your efforts do not rise to that of disease
or a destructive contagion, but only a
pimple or a bad cold.

I know who you are.

You are a prankster graffiti artist.
A dotcom failure.

The nerve of that witch
sending you against me.

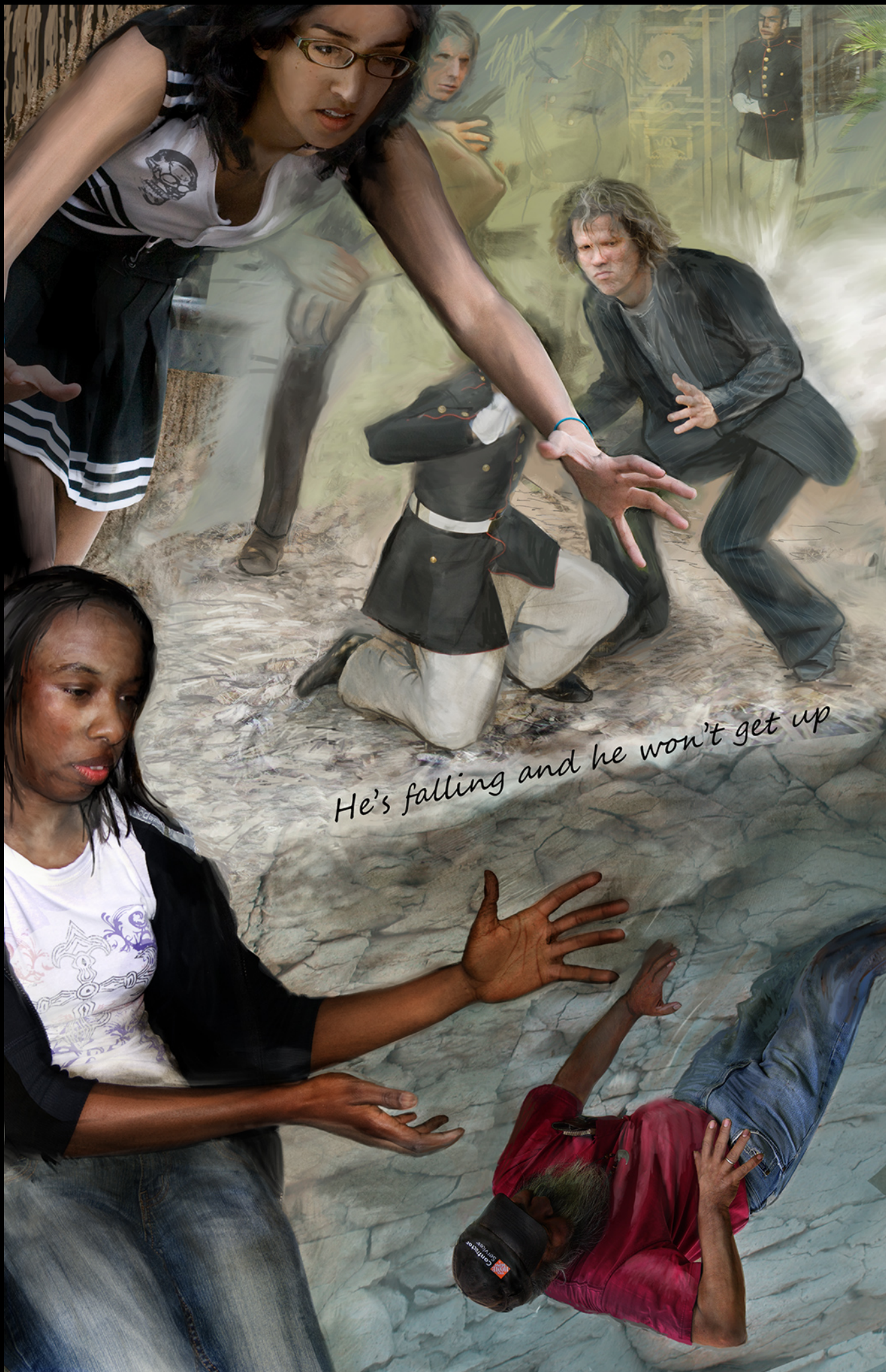
Unlike my insane ex-wife, I build meaning with monuments that will
stand the test of time. A true art built by willing subjects, not slaves
in a sweatshop. We are selling and consumers are buying. Can't you
see I am the good guy. Greater freedom is gained by giving up control
for common good. I will not be affected by this madness you serve.

YOU SHOULD FEAR ME.

**I AM THE
SLEEP OF
REASON.**







He's falling and he won't get up



Topple the sculpture. Make your own art. You are liberated. You may ask where the meaning is, but, there is no map to the joys of freedom. Everyone can perform and vote. Free expression.



I must return to the Queen's cabinet of curiosities one more time and claim my treasure. In the meantime

I leave anarchy to rule in my stead



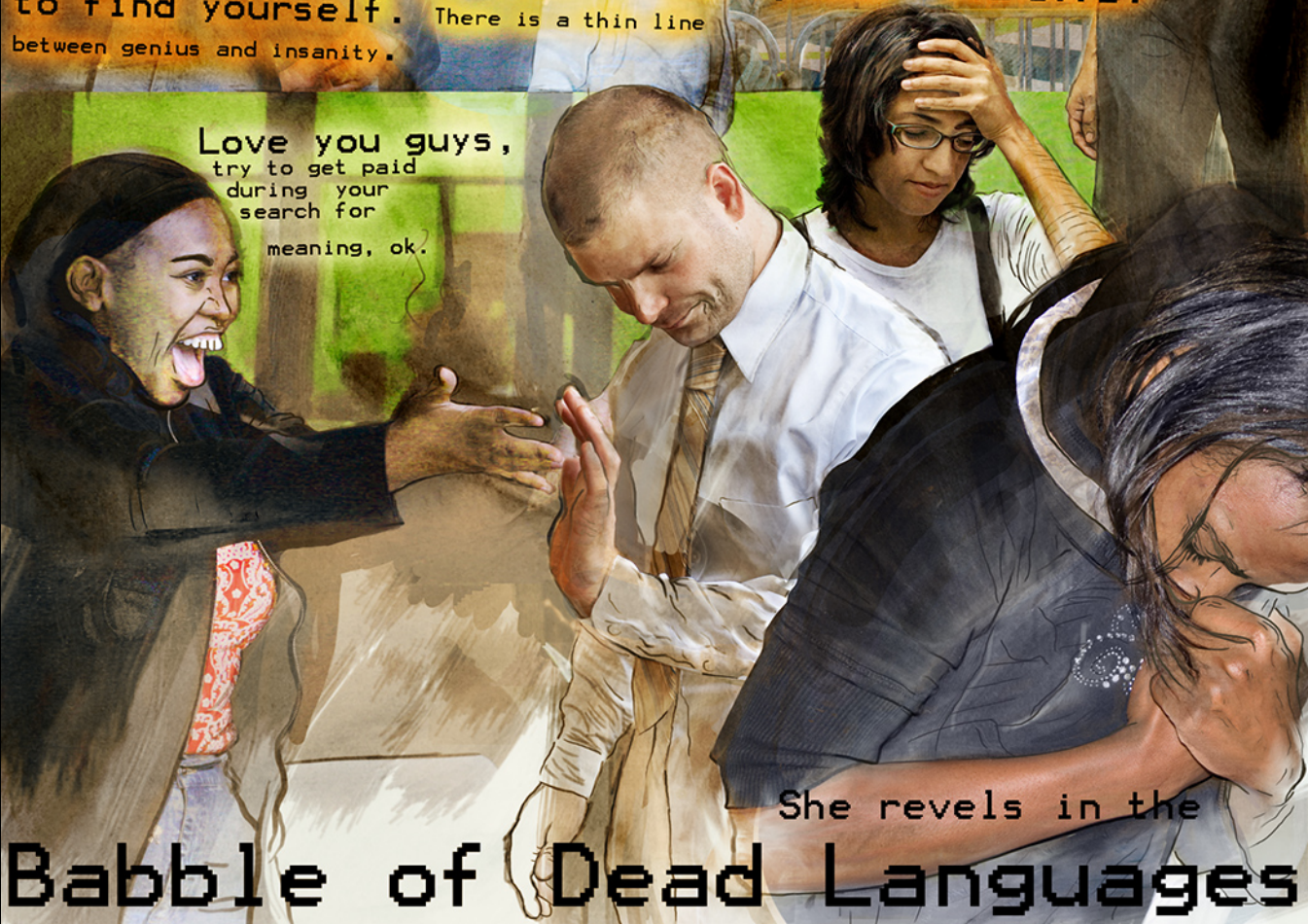
So you have returned. Looks like we all have what we want. Your brains, courage and heart have won the day along with your hopes of surviving the economic wreck you have inherited. Internal and external forces converge. Look inside. The answers have been inside you all along.

The circus will die and I will create new meaning from it's ashes.



However, It is premature in the historical dialectic for these intellectual cottage industries

There is no need to **destroy your Mother** to find yourself. There is a thin line between genius and insanity.



Love you guys,
try to get paid
during your
search for
meaning, ok.

She revels in the

Babble of Dead Languages

UIT CUP



FRITO P

*We can build capital. Now that I am in control, we are leaving
the period of extremism.*



What have I done?

Limited Choices

Choose your career wisely



dot.com



Cheerleader



Anarchist



Businessman



LStreetgirl



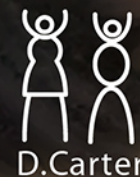
Midway Queen



Circus Freak

Things are in a state of critical exhaustion. This Circus is dying, left behind in this period of extremism. We see the threshold of impending change. Are you participant or observer?

There is no distance and denial in this insurrection. Change at the top of the Big Top will break this gridlock of signifiers



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