

MICOL ASSAËL & THOMAS BAYRLE:
MACHINES

1. What is your favorite machine?

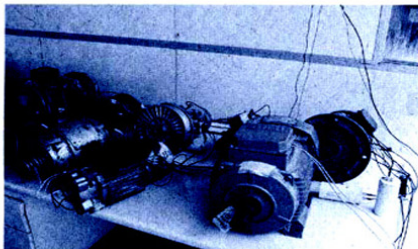
MA: My favorite machine is the arc welder. It melts the metal through a short circuit between the electrode and the piece to weld. I like the sound that it makes.

TB: Conveyorbelts / assembly-lines / bottling plants / tablet-distributors / printingmachines represent superorganisms—composed from hundreds of submachines. Like little rivers—assembly-lines—float from all sides toward the torrent main—Conveyorbelt...Depending on what they carry, each track has a different speed...Till in the end they reach the mainbelt, they already have passed an odyssey of processes... On the Mainbelt all parts reunite to big conglomerates—cars / playstations / computers / almost every complex massproduced thing. In the carproduction the moment of reunification of all tools is called “marriage”.

Often I watched this process in different production-areas. With the speed of films—running through tickling projectors—robots fill millions of bottles; mix, fix, wrap tons of tablets—produce 10 newspapers at the same time...beginning with crude paper and ending in UPS and DHL’s deliverycars...And while I was watching such meticulous precisely programmed little details... like givers / takers / cutters / perforators / counters / distributors—repeating their movements constantly—I dreamed myself away...

Mentally I sank into this wholeness of this techneternity in front of me...and rather scared I once found out: At a certain frequency these engines start to sing! Yeah, if You listen carefully they sing... like old women sang their rosary ages ago... never stopping / on and on murmuring the same words / over and over repeating the same prayers...in the middle of a dark middleaged monastery—I mistrusted myself (You are crazy, get out of here immediately) but I placed my ear directly onto the gearbox of a racing weavingmashine...and then I understood... I could here the Ladie’s whimper phrases rather clear.—Listening even more sensible I understood the words they sang: prayers for bread...prayers for blessing...prayers for rain...prayers for good harvests to come...(You don’t believe me? put Your ears on the machines...it sounds a bit like THE DEVO or early Kraftwerk even...You got to invest a little bit!)

But who locked those Ladies into this awful gearing? Was it the magic of a perverse fairytale...Was it witchcraft, which guided them into this efficient horroream? Anyway materia has changed a lot in the last 500 years. And now it serves us!—At least till it strikes back... by some boring energycrises or so...really vulgar will that be...



2. What do you wish was technologically possible that isn’t currently?

MA: I would love to have a portable radio which could be able to get the voices of the people between a hundred meters and simultaneously translate all the languages of the world, including dialects.

TB: I wish these conveyorbelts would develop into different scales...Increasingly organic—they should zoom down to the very scale of our human body...This would bare the chance, of more compatibility...

The more such cold scales would come down to organic shapes, the warmer they should behave...(hopefully—there might be the next devil waiting around the corner)...Like an ongoing massage—system...circles and rings contacting “the strength of the rosary” with the productionmethods of massproduction—in direction of a new quality/valuetechnolog (...too close to New Age ? ...but we need Utopia)

3. How has Technology changed your world?

MA: It made it more complex.

TB: It didn’t change my world too much. As I hate dishwashers / grassmowers / vacuumcleaners for leaves and the whole sector of “helpful” householdmachines / rather few of such “personal helpers” remain... the computer the car...not even the TV, which bores me too... I don’t believe in “saving time”, only in prolongation / extension of productiontime into invisible fields of our mind... I never believed, that a machine doe’s something 100% really quicker...The time which is saved, is compensated by my psyche—before and after—the product appears...(wich makes me a gigantic mental trashcan)

4. Do we use machines or do they use us?

MA: We use machines but often we become so dependent to them that we completely forget why we are using them.

TB: I do not give too much on the fetishism of machines...As a former marxist (and this fucking Marxism is still not dead yet) I still believe: They do nothing to us, which is not intended by people standing behind them! Often they represent highly sufficient beautiful conglomerates of material which carries...enough elegance and energy...to wresle me down...

5. How fast do we go?

MA: I go slow. The fact is that we can stop and we need to accelerate or decelerate depending on the situation we’re facing. Speed completely alters the perception of things.

TB: I believe in different times...

Personally—we are driven by the abilities, which our bodies and soles provide and allow...

Globally—the Super mono-conveyor-belts like stockmarkets / business / news / wars / make our environment faster go...

so...so...