

Collaboration towards Corroboration

Situating Art, providing a sense of belonging is impossible; it's awkward, at best. We can only want to place art in its best potential habitat; as the makers, we get to be with Art as broken, not-quite, just begun, hopeful, hopeless, fucked-up, interstitial...something becoming.

The drive to set something into the world or craft the conditions for its becoming with other like-minded people belies a certain kind of hope that someone else might need to see this come together, too. We want to know we're not crazy – together.

So can I get a witness?

Our collaboration, or better, our corroboration can't just be a string of compromises based on cooperative camaraderie. Otherwise, bringing something into being will leave everyone feeling like what we brought about together looks far too different from what we expected, from every angle.

If we end up delusional together, we get the opportunity to fail together, miserably, and carry forward, denying failure as a final inevitability. Surely, achievement can't just be *it*. Just because we can't do *that* or get *there*, maybe we can try getting to *this* another way...from future-fulfilled tense to present-potential. That *this* just can't be another compromise, but an adaptation.

So no, you can't step down from the stand we take together. If the ship goes down, we go down together. We have corroborating testimony and we *will not* stop being cross-examined. We won't let ourselves.

-Will Laughlin

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