

## FOR EVERYONE/ANYONE

***Please introduce yourselves. Who are you and what is your role in the band and in the film:***

My name is Matt Love, I played bass with the reformed Human Skab band. I was not part of the original enterprise. My job in general was to get in front of the camera and play bass, to provide transportation, do some back up audio and video recording, and to provide the reality TV moment. I have no mastery of concision, and since I don't know what you intend to do with these answers, I'll give you much more than you could ever want and need, and if you find any of it relevant to your purpose, it's yours to use.

***The Theme of "Unreliable Narrations" has to do with the psychic tension between the presenter and the presentee. The blurry lines reaching between creation and representation, reality and myth.***

***How do you feel this film relates to the concept?***

Even though I don't understand that fancy philosophical jibba jabba, this is the one that got me creating long internal monologues while out walking the dogs, driving to the grocery store. Now that I'm actually in front of the electric computer, it's hard for me to string the thoughts together in any sort of narrative or argument that make sense, so this may be more concise than I thought it would be.

I'll just say when we were in the middle of the experience, for a variety of reasons, but mostly relating to my paranoia - my default emotion when I'm under stress, and the reticence that seems to be a dominant personality trait at nearly all times, I felt somewhat removed from the experience. I felt that Frank and Bret had lost their perspective, and the whole thing was turning into a bit of a Lord of the Flies situation. Rituals were invented; there was enthusiastic talk of tour tattoos, and so on. When I went back home, I was convinced the film was going to be hagiography, with Travis presented as a modern-day Capra hero.

When I actually saw it, I was totally delighted. I felt that the film creates a very accurate picture of what happened, and the Travis on film is the one I experienced; smart, contrary, heroic, absurd, tragic, charismatic, adrift.

I gave a lot of thought to how this came about, and wondered if it might have something to do with Frank and Bret's training in Ethnomusicology. In that field it is necessary to get immersed in another culture, to speak the language, to participate in the day-to-day life, and then be able to go back home and transmit accurate, detached information about the culture. I wonder if this might have been a factor in the seeming ease that Frank and Bret settled into the experience (Frank had been a part of it before, but Bret had not), but when all was said and done, they stepped out of it and created a very sharply observed, but neutral presentation. I've never talked about this with them. I suspect they might balk at the idea of "objectivity" in presentation, but that is the sense I get from it - as close as you can get to a fly on the wall.

As far as I know, nobody got tour tattoos after all.

*Do you consider this film a part of the official Human Skab canon?*

This film documents the part of the Human Skab experience that I was part of; it seems like the vehicle that is most likely to result in any future involvement in the Human Skab that I might have, so of course, I'm very partial to it, and regard it as essential to the Human Skab canon! That said, my impression is that most people favor the juvenile skab to the adult one, and to me, the adult skab experience seemed like an experiment that was truncated before completion. The film makes sense of the entire story arc up to that time. It could be there will be future chapters - I would enjoy that, whether I'm involved or not.

**FOR FILMMAKERS ONLY**

*Being both the filmmakers and film subjects can lead to some moral dilemmas. There are scenes show you having unflattering breakdowns - was there an impulse to cleanse your representations during the editing process? Or showcase your side of an argument?*

This one was directed to the filmmakers - which I was not - but I'd like an opportunity to address it; as far as I can remember, I'm the only one who had an unflattering breakdown on camera.

As I mentioned before, for various reasons (most of them internal) I felt some degree of alienation during the course of the experience. I hadn't been sleeping well (though I had much more comfortable accommodations than Frank or Bret, who seemed to weather it better, I felt isolated and a little out of control of my situation.

I was growing increasingly uncomfortable with Travis' "Band of Brothers" approach, and talk of "Turning the enemy's tactics against him." For many years my feeling has been that you need to create an alternative model, one that is appealing and inviting to people, if you want them to join your movement. While I had no objection to a lot of the material and message being dark, I've grappled with the knowledge that the great majority of people during the Depression preferred "Yes, We Have No Bananas" to the Woody Guthrie catalog.

At any rate, by this point, I wasn't too sure about the product we were selling, and I just wanted to reprise my role as a punk rock bass player, so I had two basic concerns:

1. I didn't want to do compulsory drills, to be part of somebody else's military-style assault on the culture. I wanted to play my part in the way that I felt comfortable with.
2. I was out of my comfort zone, and I was afraid I'd look foolish. It reminded me of doing stupid, embarrassing "team building" exercises at work, that seemed better designed to psychologically break down the employees.

I freely admit a fat middle aged guy playing punk rock bass is in itself risible, and foolish looking - but I would be presenting myself the way I wanted, and if I looked stupid to people, tough. I didn't want to look stupid in a way that somebody else decided for me. I wasn't there to act in their play, I was just there to bring what I had to bring to the experience.

I knew that Frank was a little uncomfortable with what Travis was asking of us, but it seemed that it was a matter of some small objections that would be overcome, because of some history they had between them, Frank was obligated to do this. I didn't share that history, and didn't feel the same obligation; but I felt a lot of social pressure, and feeling as I did that everybody else was kind of in a club that I wasn't, it didn't occur to me to just say "I disagree, I won't do this and this is why" (I appeal to Milgram here). I felt I had to do something dramatic.

Afterwards, I realized that Travis was honest when he said he wasn't trying to force anybody to do anything - he just believed in his idea so powerfully, he couldn't imagine anybody else not wanting to do it. I think that sometimes it's part of Travis's makeup to believe he can will something into existence through the intensity of his desire.

I also felt foolish that in my effort to assert my individuality, I acted like a cliché reality TV prima donna. I said I would sign a waiver for this film but only if that scene was not shown. I later changed my mind, because it was the behavior I chose, nobody else did, and I could own that.

To my relief, when I saw it, I felt it was very fairly presented. I think the stuff when I was most furious and saying fuck this fuck that and fuck you, was after Frank said "Wilkerson, turn that thing off" - he was filming the whole thing very dutifully. So maybe it could have been more dramatic, but after that I really felt much more comfortable, less paranoid, and more willing to do whatever served the project - including allowing this footage to be included, rather than being so self-protective.

I don't recall signing a waiver, now that I think about it.