

**MACDO:
BARBARISM
BEGINS
AT HOME**

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Elizabeth Dexter

MACDO begins as an ostensibly placid Christmas Eve, in CDMX in the 1990s. Shot on unmistakably domestic Hi-8 video cassette tape while tapping into a vein of oneiric telenovela, it corrals its drama almost entirely within the walls of a white, Catholic, middle-class family home. Before the warmth of this scene begins to curdle. This home-movie video camera, while zooming, focusing, losing focus, and tracking cloddishly across dark shiny wood and sharp shiny glass, starts to feel like a horror film, simultaneously sordid and accusative. All this before the shift, in the film's deep soft middle, where a glitch in the image material takes us deeper still into the family home.

Racornelia made *MACDO* largely under their own steam, between jobs and across seven years, filming with what they could, filming on the bed that was their parent's for their first decades of marriage. Donning the part of mother themself. They've spoken about the process of making the film as akin to leaving germs on a petri dish and watching them grow out into unexpected forms over time. This metaphor of organic spread is interesting here, as the film functions as a striptease revealing consanguinity and social reproduction as painful interiors, or ones too easily – and too quietly – inflected by abuse.