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Ghost Dance in 31 Movements

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
University of New Orleans
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts
In
Film, Theatre and Communication Arts
Creative Writing

by

Anny Ballardini

Superior School for Translators and Interpreters, Florence, Italy, 1978

August, 2008

Dedication

I dedicate the present work to Professor Bill Lavender who has made this moment happen.

Acknowledgments

I would like to acknowledge Ubu.com ([UbuWeb: Film & Video](#)) for the enormous variety of material uploaded on the site, dislocated as I am in the Alps in Italy, it would have been impossible for me to watch some of the many films freely offered for “educational and non-commercial use.” On a more personal level, my moral debts include a long list of professors, students, friends, and family. My warmest thanks go to Professor Bill Lavender, director of the Low Residency Writing Program at the University of New Orleans, managing editor of UNO Press, operator of Lavender Ink, who accepted my request to enroll in the Low Residency Program offered by the University of New Orleans about two years ago. He has since then become my mentor, and much do I owe him for his direction in the choice of readings that have spaced along the centuries and all over the earth, and for the sensitive and understanding - which does not mean undemanding - attitude he has always kept towards us, students. My recognition reaches out to all the professors who have opened new spaces for me thanks to their knowledge, in particular Susan Schultz, Professor of English at University of Hawai'i at Mānoa, and Hank Lazer, Associate Provost for Academic Affairs at the University of Alabama, for having accepted to be on the Committee together with Bill Lavender for the discussion of this thesis. To Peter S. Thompson, Professor at Roger Williams University, translator and poet; John Gery, Research Professor of English at University of New Orleans and author, whom I am particularly grateful for his teachings on Ezra Pound. Within Pound's studies I would like to add Mary de Rachewiltz, poet and Pound's scholar, translator, and daughter, together with her family in Brunnenburg, South Tyrol, Italy; Joseph Boyden, Professor at the University of New Orleans and author; Michael Winter, author; and all the students I was fortunate to meet in Brunnenburg and in Madrid, and with whom I have shared virtual classes on the UNO interface with weekly and daily appointments on Blackboard. I would like to remember Jennifer Steward, promoted to Study Abroad Coordinator for the Low-Residency MFA and Study Abroad Programs at UNO; Katherine Durham Oldmixon, Associate Professor of English and Director of the Writing Program at Huston-Tillotson; Dale Fuchs, correspondent for The New York Times from Spain; Christina Vega-Westhoff, the poetry contest winner for UNO, 2007 Summer Study; Margaret Day, radio reporter for npr, National Public Radio; Brenda Riojas, the bilingual (Spanish-English) writer; Connie Reeder, musician, actress, singer, music teacher; Dawn Leslie Lenz, future great novelist; and Ricky Boulner, and William Bain, and many, many others.

Among my virtual friends both Joel Weishaus on the English Department faculty of Portland State University, and poet; and Jeff Harrison, refined and accomplished poet, need a particular mention for their continuous support outside my course of studies, as much as James Finnegan, poet and owner of the New Poetry List; Tad Richards, poet and artist; Skip Fox, professor at The University of Louisiana; Karl Young, editor of [Light and Dust Anthology of Poetry](#); and Mark Young, editor of [Otoliths](#), as all the poets I have featured on the Poets' Corner from whom I cannot but learn.

Last but not least I wish to thank my father for his continuous example in facing hardships and his unshakeable faith in the human being and in the possibilities our nature can develop thanks to dedication, persistence, hard work, and humility.

Moreover I need to acknowledge the following people, artists, scholars, writers, philosophers, schools, cities, the order by which they appear follows the one I contemplate in my writings: Peter Campus, René Magritte, Johann Gottfried Herder, Hollis Frampton, Marie Menken, Marcel Proust, Ludwig Wittgenstein, David Wojnarowics and Tommy Turner, Kembra Pfahler Cornelia, Viktor E. Frankl, Pierre Huyghe, Jonas Mekas, Allen Ginsberg, Hermann Nitsch, Peter Kasperak, Stephan Beyst, Silvia Levenson, Wes Craven, Bill Viola, Michael Nash, Nam June Paik, Derek Jarman, Kitasono Katue, Joseph Beuys, Terry Fox, Yoko Ono, John Lenon, New York City, Orson Wells, Toshio Matsumoto, Meredith Monk, Peter Greenaway, Fernand Leger, Man Ray, George Antheil, Alice Prin, Jean Marie Drot, Alberto Giacometti, Alan Sondheim, les artistes de Montparnasse, Jorge Luis Borges, Maria Kodama, Friedrich Nietzsche, Martin Fierro, Buenos Aires, Edgar Allan Poe, Jacques Lacan, Bioy Casares, Victoria Ocampo, the Suprematists, Alexander Rodchenko, Piet Mondrian, Jean Tinguely, György Sándor Ligeti, Samuel Beckett, Billie Whitelaw, Buster Keaton, Alan Schneider, Charlemagne Palestine, Dimitri Kirsanoff, Nadia Sibirskaia, Paris, Andy Warhol, Lou Reed, Henry David Thoreau, Ludwig van Beethoven, Johann Sebastian Bach, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Jacques Derrida, Le Corbusier, Iannis Xenakis, Edgard Varèse, Frank Zappa, Pink Floyd, Marina Rosenfeld,

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Table of Contents

Abstract	viii
Preface.....	1
1_Peter Campus.....	6
2_Hollis Frampton.....	8
3_Maria Menken.....	11
4_David Wojnarowicz & Tommy Turner.....	13
5_Kembra Pfahler Cornelia.....	15
6_Pierre Huyghe.....	17
7_Jonas Mekas.....	18
8_Hermann Nitsch.....	20
9_Bill Viola.....	22
10_Nam June Paik.....	23
11_Joseph Beuys.....	24
12_Terry Fox.....	26
13_Yoko Ono.....	28
14_Orson Wells.....	29
15_Toshio Matsumoto.....	30
16_Mareidith Monk.....	31
17_Fernand Leger.....	33
18_Jean Marie Drot.....	34
19_Jorge Luis Borges.....	36
20_György Ligeti.....	38
21_Samuel Beckett.....	39
22_Charlemagne Palestine.....	42
23_Dimitri Kirsanoff.....	43

24_Andy Warhol	44
25_Her Noise-The Making Of.....	46
26_Paul McCarthy	49
27_David Byrne	51
28_Kit Fitzgerald & David Sanborn.....	52
29_Isidore Isou.....	53
30_Piotr Kamler	57
31_Film: (3 of the) Four Films by (3 of the) Four Artists	59
References	63
Vita	65

Abstract

A kind of poetry that tries to understand contemporary social and philosophical issues as much as behaviors by rewriting in a poetic language the video artwork of some of the main representatives of modernism and postmodernism. Such poetry is deprived of confessional hues, any personal reference has to be ascribed to a mirroring effect by which the single person empathically absorbs and projects what is conveyed, be it stemming directly from the historical time of the artwork's making and inherited, or alive at the time of its actual viewing. By following a restructuring process started at the beginning of the twentieth century, the writing analyzes possible ways to outline developments or to underline breaking points. Poetry is seen as an active medium within the formation of societies characterized as it is by its highly introspective power, not restricted to the individual but open to all beings perceived as members of one entity.

Keywords

Poetry; Films; Modernism and Postmodernism; Post-structuralism; Cyber Literature; Literary Criticism; Reconstruction; Deconstruction.

Preface

(if you can, enjoy Julian Schnabel in the background while reading)

A light began to tremble on the horizon of his mind.

James Joyce , from “A Little Cloud,” *Dubliners*

The mountain is THERE (between two lakes)
I brought back a piece of its rock
Heavy dark-honey color
With a seam of crystal, some of the quartz
Stained by its matrix
Practically indestructible
A shift from opacity to brilliance
(The Zenbos say, “Lightning-flash & flint-spark”) Like the mountains where it was made

What we see of the world is the mind’s
Invention and the mind
Though stained by it, becoming
Rivers, sun, mule-dung, flies—
Can shift instantly
A dirty bird in a square time

Gone
Gone
REALLY gone
Into the cool
O MAMA!

Like they say, “Four times up,
Three times down.” I’m still on the mountain.

Philip Whalen, from “Sourdough Mountain Lookout,”

In this thesis I have sought to find a compromise between research, cyber literature, literary criticism and poetry with the aim of reconstructing a recent past, a further past, a present, and possibly a projection into the future. The same process could be a deconstruction where, in Slavoj Žižek’s words, we finally face the “primordial lie,” reconnecting with Derrida, and we will be forced to dismantle the “phantasmic construction by means of which we endeavor to conceal the inconsistency of the symbolic order in which we dwell.” To me, it would have seemed pretentious to simply collect my poetry and submit it for evaluation. I tried to treasure the subjects of my course of study and to re-propose them in the form of a poetry collection. Since it is my thesis, I also chose what most interested me. As a movie critic for a local newspaper, a self-taught artist with numerous and eclectic teachers met “on the road,” and within the context of cyber literature, I based my writing on the “film & video” section offered on ubu.com. I randomly chose a video and started reading about the author, the director, the event, the musician

or the artist, and I then rebuilt a portrait based on my impressions, a screening as John Cage would define it, in the hope that my personal rereading would add to the many competent readings already existing.

An auxiliary light
Came from my mind, which on the setting sun
Bestowed new splendor

William Wordsworth, from "The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind; An Autobiographical Poem"

The reader might feel dislocated in trying to follow the verbal collages, mental flights, risked associations, attempts at writing, at being, and at finding problems to already existing solutions. The present work can be seen as an excursus into the avant-gardes of the early Modern to the Postmodern Eras along an exploration of those who transformed our consciousness and the tools that have allowed the continuous translating process that characterizes our times.

Light and its reflections, our visual senses give life to art. Light shapes vision and, in a metaphorical and religious sense our soul, our spirit of the consistency of white, our aura colored by impressions and passions. I am referring to Benjamin's aura seizing sacredness, in the present context not only for the work of art, often reduced to the effort of less than a minute, the time for a recording or a reading, but mainly for the charisma of one person, the artist behind the work of art, and the flow of ideas s/he conveys.

Laslo Moholy-Nagy asked: "Space, time, material - are they one with light?" I am tempted to reduce his question to: " - are they light?" The same light Dante uses in his Paradise, the ineffable Light described by visionaries, defined by Emily Dickinson (XCVIII) in the following terms:

IT 'S like the light,—
A fashionless delight...

Fashionless because light is not glamorous, it is silent, all pervading, complete in its essence.

in the light of light is the *virtù*
"sunt lunina" said Erigena Scotus
as of Shun on Mt Taishan
and in the hall of the forebears
as from the beginning of wonders
the paraclete that was present in Yao, the precision
in Shun the compassionate
in Yu the guider of waters

Ezra Pound, from "LXXIV", *The Cantos*

The entire body of literature makes of light its supreme and fundamental subject, from the Promethean fire, light in the night, with the majestic world of Olympian Gods, projections of psychological fears and aspirations gathered into a corpus of social reactions in the separation of the humans from the Gods, to light and shade captured on film.

With a torch in hand which gives no trembling light, I illuminate with piercing brightness this underworld of the ideal.

Friedrich Nietzsche , from *Human, All Too Human*

When Auguste and Louis Lumières, on December 28, 1895, invited the Parisians to their first public screening at the Salon Indien du Grand Café, they could not even slightly imagine the importance of the date for the arts. Especially if we consider the fact that many thought they were diabolical, having stolen the souls from human beings since what they were seeing were ghosts, a sort of rite able to awaken the dead and to force zombies into actions. I am grateful to the Italian art critic Luigi Serravalli for having introduced me to the Silent Film Festival that has been taking place since 1982 in Pordenone (later moved to Sacile), especially because I was present at the commemoration of the Centenary of the Birth of Cinema in 1995. For several years running, I sat, for the entire week of the festival, in the crowded screening rooms every evening and in the empty ones during the day in the dark to watch silent movies: Georges Méliès. David Wark Griffith, Charlie Chaplin, Erich von Stroheim, Buster Keaton, Robert Flaherty, Da Lev Kulešov, Vsevolod Pudovkin, Sergej M. Ejženštejn, Aleksandr Dovčenko, Friedrich Wilhelm Murnau, Fritz Lang, Ernst Lubitsch, Georg Wilhelm Pabst, René Clair, Carl Theodor Dreyer, John Ford, Joseph von Sternberg, Howard Hawks, and finally the Fleischer Brothers and their Out of the Inkwell Films, Inc., and Jean Vigo, Jean Renoir, Jacques Feyder, and Marcel Carné.

Vision unto vision calleth,
While the young child dreameth on.
Fair, O dreamer, thee befalleth
With the glory thou hast won!
Darker wert thou in the garden, yestermorn, by summer sun.

We should see the spirits ringing
Round thee, -- were the clouds away.
'Tis the child-heart draws them, singing
In the silent-seeming clay --
Singing! -- Stars that seem the mutest, go in music all the way.

Elizabeth Barret Browning, from "A Child Asleep"

The visual is what we have to set ourselves, atoms with other atoms, in our fluctuating lives.

Those of us who have witnessed the world with and without the internet such as the one specifically with sites like ubu.com, the erudite pages supported by universities, such as the one I have been attending, will agree that the new medium has revolutionized our awareness of the world. Surely the quality of reading has risen dramatically, as have the possibilities of being in contact with people who are in different continents but share the same interests. Joel Weishaus recently wrote me:

I realized that intellectually and culturally, I am (we are) living in a small, specialized world. Isn't it amazing, then, that you and I, and some others, understand each other, that we have some of the same touchstones, even though we live so far apart?!

Joel Weishaus, E-mail, February 24, 2008, 6:57 PM

I am quoting Weishaus for several reasons. First, for the simple ingenuity that stems from his observation; second, for the truth of his statement. As with the Crystal Chain group, like-minded people have been able to recognize one another across great distances. A small community scattered in distant places reminding each other of the dazzling flash of true spiritual freedom. There where Light becomes too strong and, in order to be able to continue, man "initiates Sense, under the constant threat of slipping back into the rotary motion of Ground," Slavoj Žižek. The grinding Ground that engulfs all aspirations and creates limited structures.

To a child who is fond of maps and engravings
The universe is the size of his immense hunger.
Ah! how vast is the world in the light of a lamp!
In memory's eyes how small the world is!

Charles Baudelaire, trans. by William Aggeler, from "The Voyage," *The Flowers of Evil*, (Fresno, CA: Academy Library Guild, 1954)

It is probably the destiny of men, the same who invented the Olympus in their majestic projections of super-qualities onto ineffable Gods. They made them irate, irascible, all loving, metamorphic, deprived of or fueled by passions, outstanding in their very essence. It allowed men to cradle closer, to feel inferior, timorous, limited, as they had to be, in other words to gain wisdom. Offerings were made to stave off diseases, to keep enemies at bay. Icons were erected to remind humans of dangers and the perils of revenge, or of the Furies that can seize you wherever you are hidden, and to depict beauty, love, intelligence, the perfection of nature pervaded by an animistic spirit, the glory of light and our mortal delight.

Orfeo's fell, and Philomel's -
could'st Eccho's, again unacquainted with the lovéd Muses?

Eccho, look, the lovéd Muses again

Jeff Harrison , from "Eccho, look..." on Otholits

Through the centuries, with distinct inventions, and to suit different intellectual needs, the Gods changed into one God for the stability of governments that based their structure on the solid base of one family. 'I am one and trine,' arcane symbols to investigate further, to allow the all searching spirit characterizing our condition to pursue its immaterial evolutions. Currents and trends following one another up to the outbreak of the 20th century characterized by its storing / bombing of information, the numerous new technologies available detaching man

from Hardy's detached insensitive nature, the triumph of man in his dual aspect, angelic and diabolic. Again, Promethean is fire.

The artists I follow in this collection are particularly refined investigators of the 20th Century. Distant from having exhausted, better, close to having started the never-ending work of studying, *à rebours*, the human situation _being the future still deprived of light, I offer several glimpses I accessed from my desk in the center of a town in the Alps. Each artist is depicted with his/her own means, in the everlasting challenge to go beyond the limits set by previous men and women, enacting the inevitable cut with the previous generation. See the Bauhaus with their sublime thought of giving housing to all the people in an aesthetically refined environment, see their counterpart in Hermann Nitsch with his tensed orgiastic celebration and his dismembering of social respectable bondages; or Orson Wells in a polished black and white chant tied to death; or the philosophical challenge of imprinting film with anguish by Samuel Beckett; Isidore Isou's infected gangrenous film; Giacometti's attempt to populate our world with lonely silent sculptures. These are artists that belong both to modernism and post-modernism, modernist in the triggering ideal of their own beliefs, postmodernist in the acceptance of what is, of the specific way the available means are used, of what cannot be denied from observation. Observation so dear to Goethe, the same that compelled Leonardo to write backwards, frightened as he was that his notes would be stolen, manipulated, misused. By this I am implying that Leonardo, man of the Renaissance was a postmodernist, and Goethe also, Faust sells his soul to the devil. The Devil is our system, the one with which we have to compromise to survive, ourselves in the Pact we have stipulated in order to produce, to bring back our adepts, our readers to enchantment, to a certain *joie de vivre*, convinced as we are of the need to forge positivity as the means to reach our target.

The end of one man is the end of the world. The social fear of the atomic, nuclear bombs, infectious diseases, the suicide bomber, is comparable to the fear of a lethal disease afflicting one man in the moment in which this man knows he will soon die. Thus "postmodernism" is used in this context as a mortem, since modernism stemmed from modern and granted new possibilities, a longer life, better tools, food for all and every day, and forever after. In the post- era, as in postwar, man looks around and counts the dead. Stop.

Reconstruction is not part of the post. Reconstruction is the new life, the new modern, the second, third, fourth modern. The post- indicates the arrest, the hangover, the pain, the deserted plain without thoughts that allows the body to recover its energies. Our postmodernism will last for some of us forever, for our entire life. Our global village allows us to pierce through the remotest villages in the jungle, in the Arctic, in Siberia, China, anywhere. The general attitude - coming from all corners of the world - has been: we want to be postmodern, here is the new creed tolling, the everlasting song. That is why the reality portrayed by Nitsch, the horrible it was bordering on bestiality; Isidore Isou's walking monologue; the escape of Beckett's protagonist find us attentive and respectful. Our minds have recorded what is shown, and we are grateful to the authors for having made common what we have kept most hidden, sometimes terrorized by that part in us that is able to vivisect reality with such clarity in the *terra incognita* of our personal and/or social being. And with Pablo Picasso we use art which is "the lie that enables us to realize the truth."

1. Peter Campus (b. 1937)

Three Transitions

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Campus-Peter_Three-Transitions_1973.mov

http://www.ubu.com/film/campus_three.html

“obsession with the hidden” René Magritte

In a surreal setting
a man cuts longitudinally with a knife
the wallpaper in front of him
the knife cuts through his back
the man enters himself
comes out of himself
mirror front/back /side mirror
displaced reflection

*(no hands to pull his head out
as it often happens _against your will.)*

“Only thought can resemble. It resembles by being what it sees, hears, or knows; it becomes what the world offers it.” René Magritte

We, the spectators, the mirror
the man in front of us spreads cream on his face
the area he touches opens onto the vision of the image of the same face
slightly dislocated
inside _below.
Box inside a box
living entities
Magritte is made more complexly alive.

*

“The present reeks of mediocrity and the atom bomb.” René Magritte

Again Magritte
this time : a screen
a man out of field on the left (west)
holds a mirror
projected is his face
he lights it
it starts burning
& creeping with a crystal sound
thus reducing the space for his image

a burning image
we witness his effort to keep the reflected image burning
until his entire face has been burnt.

Ein Traum, ein Traum ist unser Leben
auf Erden hier.
Wie Schatten auf den Wogen schweben
und schwinden wir.
Und messen unsre trägen Tritte
nach Raum und Zeit.
Und sind - und wissen's nicht - in Mitte
der Ewigkeit.

Johann Gottfried Herder, from *Ein Traum, ein Traum is unser Leben*,

2. Hollis Frampton (1936-1984)

Zorns Lemma

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Frampton-Hollis_Zorns-Lemma_1970.avi

<http://www.ubu.com/film/frampton.html>

New York around the '60s

I was about four

someone bouncing a ball

words

neon light words written words words on paper on the screen carved etched words

windows reflecting tall buildings

right on top _a triangular blue sky

fire _wheat _sea

(the sea! the sea!)

fire burning logs fire burning by the blowing wind

field of wheat stalks swinging fragrant in the breeze

yellow light drops reflecting myriad liquidly alive

a man walking in the streets

a man painting the wall

(words) *coffee dray asbestos space ASH booze ...*

frame of a mincer mincing raw meat

(words) *police royal spark trio ...*

fire _wheat _sea

(the sea! the sea!)

fire burning logs fire burning by the blowing wind

field of wheat stalks swinging fragrant in the breeze

yellow light drops reflecting myriad liquidly alive

hands washing one another under the jet of water in a kitchen sink

hands peeling a tangerine

women talk face cut in two

splitting the tangerine

duct

a child on the swing eating

fire _wheat _sea

(the sea! the sea!)

fire burning logs fire burning by the blowing wind

field of wheat stalks swinging fragrant in the breeze

yellow light drops reflecting myriad liquidly alive

(words) *bow comedy motor rubber porcelain atomic boy...*

(words) *community dumpling mouth...*

smokestacks

(words) *auction branch company...*

man walking

mincer mincing red raw meat

bouncing the ball
eating the tangerine

fire _wheat _sea
(the sea! the sea!)

fire burning logs fire burning by the blowing wind
field of wheat stalks swinging fragrant in the breeze
yellow light drops reflecting myriad liquidly alive

(words) *municipal pound square tuba...*

(words) *fuck...*

hands turning the pages of the book

laborers shoveling in the mud

cutting out stars from a huge chocolate pudding

(words) *butter cosy...*

light yellowish-green graceful image of a stalk

fire _wheat _sea
(the sea! the sea!)

fire burning logs fire burning by the blowing wind
field of wheat stalks swinging fragrant in the breeze
yellow light drops reflecting myriad liquidly alive

face

man walking

child swinging

fire _wheat _sea
(the sea! the sea!)

fire burning logs fire burning by the blowing wind
field of wheat stalks swinging fragrant in the breeze
yellow light drops reflecting myriad liquidly alive

(words) *by cream protest strip create pub studio...*

(words) *crescent public stuff crisis pull crisp pump...*

egg frying

(words) *crown purity 5 crystal cube push curb swift ...*

(words) *custard swine...*

changing a tyre in front of the Brooklyn Bridge

lacing a corset

rhinoceros

tangerine eaten

fire _wheat _sea
(the sea! the sea!)

fire burning logs fire burning by the blowing wind
field of wheat stalks swinging fragrant in the breeze
yellow light drops reflecting myriad liquidly alive

(words) *cycle ...*

flamingo

man walking

light / of / itself / infuses / itself / in / every / direction /...
matter / is / allocated / the / nature / of / number / two /...

*Colors widened out of the black in great details of eidos: impressionistic, expressionistic, shining, muffled down, gutsy, myrtle, suspended, hollow, toffee, coiling, glossy, riggish, mystic and no other thought could take their place, they were entwined with thick powerful roots, roots digging down into the earth, but a strange earth that configured itself on top like the firmament or on all sides like infinitely tall ancient trees, like never-ending organ pipes. Plato's roots traced well defined corridors and negated the earth that nourished them by cutting through violently, by shaping, forcing and forging. Well aligned sculpted letters were tossed as if the mistral was blowing on an unstrung bow. The Alphabet, the many alphabets in their different characters, some already rusted or cracked by time, other lighter almost as if joyful, surprised to be alive. And a wild phonē whistling through, lips popping, strange sounds, coming and going and changing in waves, in surges and lows, or in unexpected solitary meanderings, and tons of words echoing words rolling and rumbling down the sides like avalanches, typhoons swirling bottom up sucking up words and casting them down again like rocks erupting from ruby red incandescent volcanoes.**

“ (part of *Colors* was taken from a paper written for my Literary Criticism Course, Professor Bill Lavender at UNO, University of New Orleans)

3. Marie Menken (1910-1970)

Glimpse of the Garden

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Menken-Marie_Glimpse-of-the-Garden_1957.avi

<http://www.ubu.com/film/menken.html>

Thanks to Dwight Ripley

For garden & romaine

Marie Menken

And so it was that, at the foot of the path which led down to this artificial lake, there might be seen, in its two tiers woven of trailing forget-me-nots below and of periwinkle flowers above, the natural, delicate, blue garland which binds the luminous, shadowed brows of water-nymphs; while the iris, its swords sweeping every way in regal profusion, stretched out over agrimony and water-growing king-cups the liliated scepters, tattered glories of yellow and purple, of the kingdom of the lake.

Marcel Proust, from Swann's way

white birds' scattered flight
birds singing correspondences
(Dvorak's violin by the river)
modulating spiraling thrills
daring trajectories escaping & filling
 nature is never void /bored
pouring _exponential offerings turgidity
voices /forms overlapping
repetitively intersecting juxtaposing
in their infinitely diverse pattern
joyful chorale
triangles in yellow delight
kyanite
pregnant stigmas
fair fragrance
our eyes (maddened magnetized sight in the uplift)
blinded by fragmented explosions _ colors
myriads of blossoms in bushes patches of pebbles
rocks
working in lower tones /deep ohms
drops of water
fluted transparencies filtering light
blue hues blue spherical shades
the lake
outstretching stems organ pipes in silent mystic growth
thick clusters absorbing light
malachite greens streaked textures
mouths of nature
primeval beauty
in perfected plastic loops
round the out/line
tall elongated oval leaves in saxophones

profound vulva ovoid womb
red of seeds of fruits
filaments like tongues
calixes in opal
virgin trembling corollas.

white birds' scattered flight
birds singing correspondences
(Dvorak's violin by the river)

...

32.

[...]

How can one know whether an action or event has the quality of goodness? And can one know the action in all of its details and not know whether it is good? That is, is its being good something that is independently experienced? Or does its being good follow from the thing's properties? If I want to know whether a rod is elastic I can find out by looking through a microscope to see the arrangement of its particles, the nature of their arrangement being a symptom of its elasticity, or inelasticity. Or I can test the rod empirically, e.g., see how far it can be pulled out. The question in ethics, about the goodness of an action, and in aesthetics, about the beauty of a face, is whether the characteristics of the action, the lines and colours of the face, are like the arrangement of particles: a *symptom* of goodness, or of beauty. Or do they constitute them? a cannot be a symptom of b unless there is a possible independent investigation of b. If no separate investigation is possible, then we mean by "beauty of face" a certain arrangement of colours and spaces. Now no arrangement is beautiful in itself. The word "beauty" is used for a thousand different things. Beauty of face is different from that of flowers and animals. That one is playing utterly different games is evident from the difference that emerges in the discussion of each. We can only ascertain the meaning of the word "beauty" by seeing how we use it.

Ludwig Wittgenstein, from *Lectures on Philosophy*

4. **David Wojnarowicz & Tommy Turner** (D.W. 1954 – 1992)

Where Evil Dwells

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Cinema.of.Transgression-12-Tommy.Turner.and.David.Wojnarowicz_1985_Where.Evil.Dwells.avi

<http://www.ubu.com/film/wojnarowicz.html>

Loosely based on the story of the “Satan” teen killer Ricky Kasso. Starring Joe Coleman, Rockets Redglare, Natz, Nancy Coleman, Baby Gregor, Scott Werner and others.

Ricky (the “Acid King”) Kasso
1967-1984

Heavy Metal
AC/DC
Black Sabbath
Judas Priest
Ozzy Osbourne

puppet speaking
man with puppet vomiting blood
the ventriloquist’s been butchered
eye bulbs falling in the thick viscous liquid

“Where evil dwells” sprayed on a transparent glass
 set between the actor &
 the view of white quiet cottages
 small green front yards

catastrophe _vandalism _

priest with chalice _upturned cross _penitent kneeling long drops of blood furrowing her face

grave diggers at night at work unearthing a skeleton mutilating its skull from the spinal column with a shovel

the new puppeteer kills the dying ventriloquist
the smiling clean puppet with a broad smile kills him with a knife

bridge with teenagers _railroad _tracks _smoke _roller coaster _mad laughter _once the sled’s reached full speed higher highest speed it lashes through like a loose metal ball

a fire
guys around the fire
it seems a game _an outgoing _the Victim _being tortured with a knife

slaying
mutilating
ritual killing
stabbing to death
ritual Death

massacred _eyes pulled out _slowly slaughtering

the puppet with the knife

man with eye-glasses and toga wearing a crown of thorns a zigzagging tight necklace around his neck
_eating _spitting _lit candle _smoking _biting fat roasted turkey legs & throwing them away _wiping his
greasy hands against the white robe

circus scene : motorcycle _smoke _muffled background screams _baby _raped young blond lady
_homosexual approach _black leather outfits _masks _a human goat _cigars _sunglasses _physical
violence _people tied _fire _smoke _scared child

plastic mask of a skull hanging on the wall _from its mouth as a long tongue the stripe is pulled back and
forth for the ending credits _a hand with a lighter sets it aflame

Pasolini's Sodom and Gomorrah
depicted the Nazis' organized criminal decadence

Wojnarowicz & Turner:

- *the anarchic folly of the single's un/predictable behavior*
- *the retaliation of the same small criminal world at the fringes with
its personification in the inanimate object: a puppet that kills its creator
through its blind and deaf strength_*

black _and black _and black _and black _and black _and black _and black _and black _
when the black side of the medal swallows the white
and men are empowered to condemn

argentina 1976-1983 military dictatorship _30,000 disappeared
las Madres de la Plaza de Mayo

5. Kembra Pfahler (b. 1961)

Cornella; The Story of a Burning Bush 1985 - 05:29

<http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Cinema-Of-Transgression-14-Kembra-Pfahler-1985-Cornella-The-Story-Of-A-Burning-Bush.avi>

http://www.ubu.com/film/campus_three.html

Film-as-performance from actress, artist, filmmaker, and co-founder of rock band **Kembra Pfahler** *The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black*.

*advertising heavy rock
meant to sell
meant to shock*

like a daisy

rounded face

thick make up _mask**

long papier-mâché petals outlining it

high half-moon painted eyebrows

small mouth protruding lower lip thick with dark lipstick

vulgar mawkish pose

sticky lasciviousness

kitsch Japanese stage with male odalisque

ambiguous lewdness

sickening _rejection /pompous show

naked vulva

a hand grabs it

televised blurred frames of beauty contests

"crap_crap" clearly audible by the singing voice

a tall woman-entertainer in a long blue dress

a young girl in a white dress _in the limelight

"crap_crap"

naked vulva in rosy tints

slightly parted V shaped legs

black gloved hand playing with it

pulling out a rose

flowers

soundtrack : Kembra Pfahler

*advertising heavy rock
meant to sell
meant to shock*

In logotherapy, love is not interpreted as a mere epiphenomenon of sexual drives and instincts in the sense of a so-called sublimation. Love is as primary a phenomenon as sex. Normally, sex is a mode of expression for love. Sex is justified, even sanctified, as soon as, but only as long as, it is a vehicle of love. Thus love is not understood as a mere side-effect of sex; rather, sex is a way of expressing the experience of that ultimate togetherness which is called love.

Viktor E. Frankl, from *Man's Search for Meaning*

"Myoe's inner struggle was to fulfill his sexuality as a male without violating the Buddhist precepts, or to use Jung's terminology, to elevate the biological anima to a spiritual anima by way of a romantic anima" S. Nagatomo, Review of Hanao Kawai's, *The Buddhist Priest Myōe: A Life of Dreams*. (Philosophy East & West, July 1994.)

Joel Weisshaus, from "Dream 4", *Myoe's Big Dream*

*When bordering coasts with multiform patois
 tropical parrots' feather-like central
 luxurious south*

America

*stretching to Argentina with La Capital _Tierra del Fuego_
 Fires, shouted the XVIth century Portuguese in the distant land
 his name honored by the Strait*

*only mariners who crossed it
 could wear one earring _as I should_
 mountains' abrupt plunge into the ocean*

*slim tall birches a small gentle town _Ushuaia
 a dead sparrow mourned by the proud chewing guanaco
 & you've reached earth at its bottom
 next step you are climbing up again*

6. **Pierre Huyghe** (b. 1962)

A Journey That Wasn't

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Hughye-Pierre_A-Journey-That-Wasnt.mp4

<http://www.ubu.com/film/huyghe.html>

black screen _voice out of field _ experience of a journey / tragic odyssey
 ice

light blue colors

intensely alive

snow _muffled padded sound of white chunks cracking in the water

lyrical songs by whales in diving black shiny skin

icy winds scratching with triangular hisses

cutting through icebergs floating on frozen surface

one mountain asymmetrically mirrored into limpid water

metallic morning light _light of the poles

dark frames N.Y. orchestra saxes

flashing back to penguins

in still white nature you meet life

warm in their colony

on the irregularly zigzagging promontory

they beat their flippers

& utter their fantastic tongues

in their flowing hopping sliding

eerie the artificial game of light

the orchestra engulfs absorbs in deeper & deeper tones

(no unknown creature to be found)

7. **Jonas Mekas** (b. 1922)

Scenes from allen's Last Three Days on Earth as a Spirit

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Mekas-Jonas_Scenes-from-Allens-Last-Three-Days_1997.avi

http://www.ubu.com/film/mekas_ginsberg.html

No more to say, and nothing to weep for but the Beings in the Dream,
trapped in its disappearance,
sighing, screaming with it, buying and selling pieces of phantom, worship-
ping each other,
worshipping the God included in it all--longing or inevitability?--while it
lasts, a Vision--anything more?

Allen Ginsberg, from "Kaddish Part I"

Great is Life, real and mystical, wherever and whoever;
Great is Death- sure as life holds all parts together, Death holds all parts together.
Has Life much ?- Ah, Death has the greatest purport.

Walt Whitman, from "Great are Myths"

April 5th 1997

*he opened his eyes
there were about eleven of us
2.40 am Friday the 4th
a peaceful death*

Tibetan Buddhist priests praying
for his soul to fly out
& reach enlightenment

ceremony _chant _ candle burning _round bowl with white milk
offerings _fruits _scrolls

Allen Ginsberg

as if he was sleeping
in his bed
his face : almost as if loving caring

for himself & for the others

three pillows under his head

among Ohms _traffic noise
the vision of death
the vision of Allen Ginsberg's death

April 6th 1997

waving good-bye

"liver cancer and other horrible things

3 months to live
Poems from the bed thinking about death
we both laughed a lot
only 3 months
to finish business
total nonsense
since we go from here to there"
 "I might sum it up as a happy conversation
 but that's Allen's special gift"

*

people
so many people

Free _
_forgive our confusion
I praise magnificence
_wisdom & power
depart from their physical lives
will be liberated
to overcome their obstacles
may the blessings of their teachers lead them in their journey
free _free _free _free _free _free _free
the red of love
the round rings of sound fading in the air
Allen Ginsberg's picture burnt

 (he was still there in the coffin
 called back by the mourners)
expressions of lost people of people having lost
after the ceremony

recurrent bush of white blossoms

April 7th 1997

forerunner /Viennese Actionism or Performance Art from the New York happening

8. Hermann Nitsch (b. 1938)

6 Tage Spiel – Das Orgien Mysterien Theater. Day 3: Day of Dionysus (Excerpt) 1998

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Nitsch-Hermann_O.M.-Theater-1998.mpg

<http://www.ubu.com/film/nitsch.html>

inter urinas et faeces nascimur

(we are born between piss and shit)

[...] Nitsch's aversion to the word as his aversion to painting

[...] The reality wherein art has dissolved, disappears in its turn in the black hole of the symbols.

[...] Baudelaire's 'hideurs de la fécondité' (ugliness of fertility)

Stephan Beyst, from "Nitsch"

accordion for the village feast of fall - the band up at the castle

oranges _guts _grapes

thrown into containers

les entrailles

intestines hearts livers lungs

slaughtering of the lamb

of the beast

survival (?) of the race

memory of the Arian Race (?) [a re-proposal]

crucifixion

Sodom & Gomorrah

naked bodies / acting _performing sexual acts

under a rain of blood

helpers / actors in white uniforms

white sheets hanging

turned into soaking blood

white skin of the crucified

striped with blood after having

been offered a cup to drink

carcasses refilled with guts

the orgiastic increases

red hands kneading swishing

sliding on the red of blood

actors similar to the same intestines

in their grouping one hanging onto the other

the actors as slaughtered beasts

lamb the woman the man

the mother the father the child

orgiastic mysteries /from the title

the black priest

the priest the nun _black

Kasperak's camera enters eyes lips juxtapositions of the skinned head of a lamb drinking blood from a living human womb

Dionysus (?) in his excesses _Nitsch

has brought man back to the primitive
Lust
the hidden the eerie the suppressed the un/wanted (?)
the sterilized uniform
the hygienic posture
a detached going along /performing
(this _is_ a performance)
with _the crucifixion
orgy as a ritual?

3rd Day

the one of Dionysus

the procession disappears in the rosy mist uphill in the sky
church bells ringing
church bells ringing
church bells ringing

where the closing line

the limit

Charles Mason's black mass

or of tolling bells in the quiet air of the tormented town

Levenson's glass knives hanging over dining tables

mothers made into cannibals

haunted families

Wes Craven's search for tribal rites

9. Bill Viola (b. 1951)

Anthem 1983, 1h3', NTSC, sound, color

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Viola-Bill_Anthem.avi

<http://www.ubu.com/film/viola.html>

One becomes what they behold.

Bill Viola in conversation with Michael Nash

McLuhan's machine: man's extension glooms in brown
as an anthem the soundtrack with Ginsberg's howl
muffled as an intermittent ocean liner's hoot in the foggy distance
by a girl dressed in white disguising anxiousness _see her hands
industrial revolution depicted by a postmodern sight
isolated deserted extended flat square working yards
iron fencing gates glimpsed at in dimmed lights
filtered through a metaphysical philosophical dimension
in meditative plastic painter's hands
fire trapped by monstrous steel presses
weights rhythmically falling and again suspended
heart eye surgery _surgeons wrapped in plastic
heart thumping heart thumping
the hooting in the background the inhuman scream
warehouses flooded crumbled chunks of walls
spectral cranes mechanically moving their beastly heads
like artificial skeletal dinosaurs

supermarket in daily life telephone boxes cars
tourists at the beach
the eye of the camera centers on their hidden hearts
a cold shower heartbeat against the necklace on a woman's throat
an underlying anxiety coupled with consciousness' depth
emotion's and not reaction's time in slow moving frames

10. Nam June Paik (1932-2006)

Fluxfilm 01: Nam June Paik – Zen For Films (1962-64)

http://www.ubu.com/film/paik_zen.html

<http://www.ubu.com/film/paik.html>

uncorrupted metaphysical screen
white on black
rectangle inside a rectangle
immobile
the screen is a screen
the screen reproduced
on the same screen

Derek Jarman's *Blue* is spoken
you can see his life unfolding
his visual voice leading
the nostalgic thickness of cobalt blue

Nam June Paik's lack of soundtrack
freezes in
expectation
an imploded Zen

forced faked effaced

Kitasono Katue's "Monotonous Space"
breaks its fixed pattern with other colors
his *monotonous* offers an emotional quality

Paik's soundless stillness is stoic even brilliant rhetoric from regret
to a callback of neglect lack of glee tight in its lack of weight
white etched in black stuck in eternal glitch caught
in the net a tent clinging in vortical twirls
blinding glitter blurring lines
a nit without whirr in
nature a twig
in ether a
white
static
wing

11. Joseph Beuys (1921 - 1986)

Filz TV

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Beuys-Joseph_Filz-TV_1970.avi

Sonne statt Reagan

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Beuys-Joseph_Sonne-Statt-Reagan_1982.mov

<http://www.ubu.com/film/beuys.html>

To make people free is the aim of art, therefore art for me is the science of freedom.

Joseph Beuys

Joseph Beuys &
his charisma
perform

his gray suit his indistinguishable hat
boxing with a television singing
with the *Disserteure*
rewriting his
past

awakening from
dictatorship
after his
death

not everybody was a Beuys _he died
too soon _as children of his
generation we mourn
him _beloved
father

man beyond death a screen covered with felt
feeding walls caressing wolfs talking
to hares honey as Steiner
said, the perfect
organization
of bees

wars & blood looming from in-between our eyes
our tongues rolled like sausages into slots
meanwhile we're a constricted
social structure suffocated
in a transparent
aquarium

where is the Sonne? You want the Sonne?
which the deviating patterns?
when giving for granted
ingenuity survives
animals teach

we should
learn

7000 oak project for Kassel
give Germany some
oxygen : 5 years
to complete
start 1982
-1987
end

garden our social organism
has not become *a work*
of art _just thieves /
yuppies left
on our

im_____possible
dreamless arid
insipid
land

Like the piano
cover it up!

In the 1970s Beuys created the Theory of Social Sculpture:
“My objects are to be seen as stimulants for the transformation of the idea of sculpture.
. . . or of art in general. They should provoke thoughts about what sculpture can be and
how the concept of sculpting can be extended to the invisible materials used by
everyone.
THINKING FORMS—how we mold our thoughts or
SPOKEN FORMS—how we shape our thoughts into words or
SOCIAL SCULPTURE—how we mold and shape the world in which we live:
SCULPTURE AS AN EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS; EVERYONE IS AN ARTIST.
That is why the nature of my sculpture is not fixed and finished, processes continue in
most of them: chemical reactions, fermentations, color changes, decay, drying up.
Everything is in a state of change.”

Joseph Beuys

12. Terry Fox (b. 1943)

Children's Tapes

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Fox-Terry_The_Childrens_Tape_1974.mp4

<http://www.ubu.com/film/fox.html>

metaphorical work
in the attentive anticipation
of children:
the four elements
earth water fire air

a tomato
a toothpick
a lid
a fly
a candle
a spoon
a fork
a bowl
iron and wood
a match
a number of drops
square angles and five
pointed star or a snowflake

attracted by
the expected
the unexpected
objects animating to life
the one of physics
slow is the time
of precise actions

the sound
of daily movements
in the kitchen
around the house

the child comes back
to mind
sees
directly again

a smile
comfort
easiness

beauty of the flame
in its dancing moving /
angry when on the wet candle

warm when on the dry one
warm the surrounding air
drops
of melted wax
density of shaded white
hypnotic light
precious hues of grey
round the pouring of water

taming the flame
sacred
are simple gestures

13. Yoko Ono (Ocean Child) (b. 1933)

Fly 1971

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Ono-Yoko_Fly_1971.avi

Eye Blink (1966)

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/fluxfilm_09_ono.mpg

One (1966)

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/fluxfilm_14_ono.mpg

Eye Blink (1966)

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/fluxfilm_15_ono.mpg

Four (1967)

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/fluxfilm_16_ono.mpg

<http://www.ubu.com/film/ono.html>

"the world's most famous unknown artist: everybody knows her name, but nobody knows what she does." John Lenon

Flies supplied by New York City

a series of numbers evolving
from 0 to 100/999 an eye blink
the life of a match:
struck by fingers _burning to smoke
bottoms _two buttocks and
two legs make four_ *gluteal*
cross – cleft and crease: an osmosis
screen divided into four
almost two fingers rubbing
one against the other
a fly of the 200 flies
on Virginia Lust's naked body
wanted the space effect
(see galactic moons craters hills
wild *enchanted* forest conundrums)
the lingering on a nipple
on her upper lip in her vagina
an unnatural soundtrack
to interpret dizziness
slightly lusty sensations
of the flying/walking animal(s)

very constructed
experimental
very
Yoko Ono
would
never like a number
like thirteen

randomly
given
as the 13th
poem written

14. Orson Wells (1915 – 1985)

The Hearts of Age (1934)

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Welles-Orson_The-Hearts-of-Age_1934avi.avi

http://www.ubu.com/film/welles_hearts.html

b/w - whiteness against blackness
sculpted bells bouncing back & forth
in brightening light blackened balls
spinning rotating _pivoting the clapper
white hand grabs the cross
a black clad woman bifocals and bonnet on a bell
black bondslave tolling
blunted globe
rounded tombstone in burial place
long b/w shades
white mister keeps on descending the same iron stair
his a *clownesque* bilious face
la la le gendarme!

befooled as a beggar
bewildered bestialized
la bête-noire hangs himself
the white shadow of a hand a white hand grabs a tombstone
not one to bemoan the man in bondage
not that any will the white
candelabrum with three candles and crystals : a piano
pianissimo
The End

15. Toshio Matsumoto (b. 1932)

The Song of Stone (1963)

[http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Toshio.Matsumoto.-.Experimental.film.works.-.1.2.-.The.Song.of.Stone.\(1963\).avi](http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Toshio.Matsumoto.-.Experimental.film.works.-.1.2.-.The.Song.of.Stone.(1963).avi)

<http://www.ubu.com/film/matsumoto.html>

white ideograms on black background
top down
words /letters as drawings /painted signs
a narrating voice
glass panels _ doors opening onto porphyry slabs
streaked stratified earth like rock
in still aerial views like bucolic postcards
terraced cultivated strata of earth
river snaking through
slabs of rock
b/w splintered still natural sculptures
electric wires like spiders' legs /knotted webs
miners as toys stilled in neat photographs
the sound of a hammer
wild nature in winter sprayed by snow
rock into angels at the cemetery
echoing iron hammers as if in caves
iron splitters following veins
precision _ bent backs _ the same men as stone
slabs and slabs trailed on a chariot by a horse
naked rock _ a silent cemetery of stones
puzzles of rocks with a man in the middle
rocks on ships
and the singing voice
joyfully dilapidating the mountain protecting them
(flute and xylophone)
doors closing /glass panels

crystals stalactite stalagmite staggering underworlds
glowing gems absorbing by reflecting luminous rays at earth perforation
chunks of mountains roaring crashing in inhuman howls terrifying gents
in spring slumping and cracking
split from their supporting core leaving naked entrails with hieroglyphs
angels and demons masks monks mermaids veins burning at sunsets
in silenced ice-leveled stillness their light blue reflections in winter
Gothic cathedrals lofty in legends in unanswered questions
earth in its eternal granite wrinkled corrugation
eroded by inclement harsh
winds

Violet her color

16. Meredith Monk (b. 1942)

Four American Composers by Peter Greenaway

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Greenaway-Peter_4-American-Composers_III_Meredith-Monk_1983.avi

<http://www.ubu.com/film/monk.html>

trilling human bird

word

theme

music

textures / instruments

vocals

deeply religious colorful jazzy rhythmic rounded vocalic waving popular pastoral refined chorale

16mm EARRINGS

16mm film with optical sound

Buñuel-like immobility

the musicality of images

explosion

jumping red feathers

yellow crystal chatty

cry

QUARRY

16mm film with no sound-track

Kandinsky's fluctuating images

almost imperceptible movement

in static frozen scenes

uncanny archeology of collective unconsciousness

piano & performance warm-up

ELLIS ISLAND

35mm film with sound-track

ahum

migrating my moving my measuring my new motherland

my measuring my people my Buñuel my three realities my language my dances my rules my breaking my rules my rigidity

hallelujah

TURTLE DREAMS

3rd world war anxiety human sirens_/ambulances
blue silver furry scintillae
hatching nonexistent eggs
white bell crossing the stage

I still have I still have I still have

17. Fernand Léger (1881-1955)

Ballet mécanique 1924

[http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Leger-Fernand Ballet Mecanique 1924.avi](http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Leger-Fernand_Ballet_Mecanique_1924.avi)

<http://www.ubu.com/film/leger.html>

Fernand Léger & Dudley Murphy directors

cinematography by **Man Ray**

music by **George Antheil**

star: Alice Prin

Ballet mécanique

le peintre Fernand Léger 1924

premier film sans scénario

présenté dans toutes les capitales d'Europe

Man Ray's hand

Fernand Léger's drawing

MR's sensuality /sexuality & cynicism

FL's mechanical insight /intersecting gears /primary colors

MR's poetic merging of fluffy/harsh visions on FL's abrupt cut repetitive shapes

- industrial pulsating forces
- the pistons era /combustion
- rotations oscillations
- disturbed screening
- swift overlapping of frames
- obstinate search for circles
- round white hat
- Parisian frivolity
- newspapers' echoes
- mass' ingenuity

mechanical mechanical mechanical mechanical says FL

SOFT violent SOFT violent SOFT violent says MR

GA interprets and subtly unifies

18. Jean Marie Drot (b.1929)

Man Amond Men: Alberto Giacometti 1963

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Drot-Jean-Marie_Un-Homme-Parmi-Les-Hommes-Alberto-Giacometti_1963.avi

<http://www.ubu.com/film/drot.html>

Alberto Giacometti: October 10, 1901 in Borgonovo (now Switzerland) – January 11, 1966 in Chur, Switzerland.

The medical model is for learning, for analogy of surface to surface. The medical model requires a (human) viewer. Any dissection into the substance of an organic body results in exposed and constructed surfaces; interiors always lie elsewhere, revealed by X-ray, MRI, and so forth.

Alan Sondheim

1945 marks his enlightenment
when people were: moving spots
him: caged behind a screen
he wanted to see

sculpture _the most unknown of arts _the one he would never know_ fear of the dark _obliged to continue_ by knowing where he _wants to go_ by reaching his aim without knowing_ he could not see an object - only details _structure of the skull _dig into forms to reach through the face the skull to see how the head behaves in space _art: nothing but means to detect the outside world _to get to personalities _to give a form to the vision he had inside _not a pretext but a way to realize /reach what he saw

he could not see_ one is all and all are one_ the same_ for five years his brother was his only model ('35-'40) followed by someone else for 3 years the entire day, finally another model for two years and a half in the evening till after midnight _ he needed to draw from models _he could not recognize his ever changing wife

Masson
Bataille
Desnos

Queneau
Breton

was interested in Aragon's political opposition
rupture with Surrealism his search unique
no groups identified with him

Impressionism _tachisme _informal art
Cézanne painted to stop time from fleeting
we are obliged to write /paint /sculpt
to narrate a reality _everybody is an artist

photography cinema devalued the outside world frozen into one static picture

___the menace of disappearing___
threatened crashed because of our fragility

as in Swann's way we are the illusion of advancing

people of clay

God The Creator
and He spat on them
and gave 'em life

waiting to be spat on

witnessing

Gothic cathedrals
craters of volcanoes
openings breaking through
voids emptiness silence

people of

isolation in stilled space

as huge and bony as spare

modeled with the imprints of Giacometti's hands

passing through wars _Montparnasse _hunger

frozen fingers thick lips uneasy in front of the camera

the tearing ingenuity

19. Jorge Luis Borges (1899-1986)

Jorge Luis Borges: The Mirror Man

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Borges-Jorge-Luis_The-Mirror-Man.avi

<http://www.ubu.com/film/borges.html>

Directed by Philippe Molins

To feel that waking is another dream
that dreams of not dreaming and that the death
we fear in our bones is the death
that every night we call a dream.

Jorge Luis Borges, from *The Art of Poetry*,

Dear Jorge,

I watched this short movie twice. It seems there is a glitch with my pc, the film stops abruptly at a certain point but then the accompanying review does not add further information which makes me think I have seen it all. I met your mother, father, paternal grandparents, your English grandmother and young grandfather, your second wife Maria Kodama. I realized you lived in Palermo, a beautiful *barrio* when I was in Argentina - many years ago by now, one of those residential *barrios* like some just outside New York, and again I compare la Capital with New York, but a New York way back in time, maybe in its '20s, when you actually lived it. Quite presumptuous of me to write you a letter, even if I remember I knew you were talking to me directly when I was reading one of your books at an airport in South America, "You reader," you wrote, and I knew it was me because you were answering my question. But then I might have been one of those myriads of faces you saw in the mirror that frightened you in the heavy shades of your childhood home. What did I write while watching your movie?

tigers & trains & transatlantic ships
1914 (too young to see the 1st World War)
1921-'22 Buenos Aires again
Fervor de Buenos Aires
El Barrio Palermo

oblivion
completeness in your "elegant hopes"
within the nurturing embrace of your family
1899 August 24

Borges: *beauty of the landscape only for cultured people / the peasants see it for its practicality* (Martin Fierro)

subtlety in analyzing the ethereal
the thin borderline in-between what we think is _what we can somehow formulate /realize through our senses
and complete unconsciousness
the master of poetic human geometrically structured (hexagonal) psychology in its repetitive patterns -a Nietzschean eternal return, in its encompassing view, repetitions included

perception to its extreme
in deciphering the infinite Library's infinite mysteries
from Poe to Lacan to Borges
when Anny finally came to take me away to join her
in a circular movement back to the screen

Borges: *poetry is dictated by the Muse or the Holy Spirit*

Bioy Casares

Victoria Ocampo: Sur founded in 1931

Working as a librarian, I also did. For me it was the torture of Tantalus, all those books and no time to read. I need a long time to read a book, and a long time to reread it, the slow reader I am. At about 60 you became blind, Beethoven deaf. Hardy's cynical nature hits without mercy.

They say Ulysses, wearied of wonders,
wept with love on seeing Ithaca,
humble and green. Art is that Ithaca,
a green eternity, not wonders.

Jorge Luis Borges, from "The Art of Poetry"

20. György Ligeti (1923-2006)

Poème Symphonique for 100 metronomes

http://www.ubu.com/film/ligeti_metro.html

<http://www.ubu.com/film/ligeti.html>

kangaroos
penguins
monads
sacred icons
unidentified immobile objects
mechanically autonomous constructivist's canvas

Malevich and Rodchenko with Suprematist fringes
in Mondrian-like patterns but grey & white
neo-plastic statues
Tinguely's
artistic freely natural moving conveyed
into an irregular iron-like
cacophony

a solitary
metronome
tick tocks and stops

the triumph of measuring and regulating instruments' tempo
micropolyphony in metaphysical terms: immanence in time _static
time as anarchic moving lines
uncoordinated beats per minute/s

the 100 metronomes one similar to the other
make individuality impossible

pulse is One
it does not matter which one

here's the notion of Ligeti's concert in 1962.

21. Samuel Beckett (1906 - 1989)

Not I (1973)

http://www.ubu.com/film/beckett_not.html

<http://www.ubu.com/film/beckett.html>

Starring and Introduced by Billie Whitelaw

existentialism turned into postmodernism & minimalism
for the Irish author
secretary of Joyce

monosyllabic anguished words
in crescendos to:

... what? ... who? ... no! ... she! ...

yelled and then a pause
in uncomfortable waves
her voice reaches out to disturb
a rounded mouth in the darkness
lipstick on pulled lips
exaggerated movement
to pronounce
to act
irregular teeth
b/w almost an anus
opening and closing
eerie the effect
maybe disgusting
an enormous tongue
in the thick lack of light
as if too much dark chocolate
had been eaten and not digested
uneasiness _physically disturbing sequence
unaesthetic
a psychological
uninterrupted excursus
into female privacy
nightmarish
love
lark
sense of being
lost
shocked

*punished for her sins
not suffering
meant to be suffering*

old Catholic Ireland
old Catholic Europe
old Catholic World
unable to make sense

laughs
in intense torment
saliva
constricted inside the screen
constricted inside her own mouth
constricted inside her part

this mad voice
galloping
inside our brains
while talking of her own brain

in the movement of the mouth
a certain stubbornness to be detected

how she survived

the mouth

later and a different mouth
will become the Rolling Stones' symbol

Film (1965)

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Beckett-Samuel-And-Scheider-Alain_Film_1965.mpg

<http://www.ubu.com/film/beckett.html>

24 minutes, black and white

Directed by Alan Schneider

Writing credits: **Samuel Beckett**

Cast

Buster Keaton The Man

Nell Harrison Passerby

James Karen Passerby

Cinematography by Boris Kaufman

Film Editing by Sidney Meyers

Art Direction by Burr Smidt

Joseph F. Coffey camera operator

But, in the process, it was exactly that faithful translation of intention we were all after.

Alan Schneider

esse est percipi" (to be is to be perceived)
quote used by Beckett at the beginning of the play

"esse est percipi aut percipere" (to be is to be perceived and to perceive)
Berkeley's original edict

perceive and being perceived
endless projection
where humor and terror meet

shot in New York
Beckett discovered he liked the town
especially the Greenwich Village
I lived in Bleeker Street
It was 1964

Keaton's back to the camera till the end

a sense of persecution
the opening E (the Eye) will gloom unseen over the scenes
its eyelid so wrinkled and fragmented
we think the following shot of the wall
belongs to the same face an owl
maybe a monster

O (the Object) _the unidentified man with hat and handkerchief on his face
runs _we assume from someone
those who see are frightened to death

at home persisting is the possible presence
of an Eye it becomes a nightmare

tension runs all the way through
no scenes are overlooked _they could contain a key
as usual with Beckett _no key is given

Keaton shows his face in the last frame
with an eye-patch on his left eye.
A man alone without a past.

The opening E will be the end of the movie
with the closing titles

22. Charlemagne Palestine (b. 1947)

Island Song (1976)

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Palestine-Charlemange_Island-Song_1976.mp4

<http://www.ubu.com/film/palestine.html>

_what a mess

the crackling engine of a motorbike
& the countertenor voice of the rider

a rippling friendly laughter for the viewer

“I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE... I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE”

a spectacular force in Charlemagne’s chanting
interrupted to utter his wish to disappear
in a mean tone
muffled by the playful attitude projected onto the spectator

houses & cars _mainly uncultivated land of the ‘70s
whatever the singer’s wish of escaping
our sight over a bare extended landscape
reflects great freedom
in a foggy grey day
on a muletrack sprinkled with puddles
bordering the sea
the horn of a ship saluting
arriving or departing
in the distance
long waves lapping on black rocks irregular inlet
an overview of the sea/ocean
in an early spring or winter day
the man sings in a duo with the horn
the tinges are of a ritual
different shades of grey : sky _ horizon, sea _ waves
the horn tooting echoing vastness
and left to the sea
the sound to end the everlasting continuous shot.

23. Dimitri Kirsanoff (1899 - 1957)

Ménilmontant

[http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Kirsanov-Dimitri Menilmontant 1924-25.avi](http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Kirsanov-Dimitri_Menilmontant_1924-25.avi)

<http://www.ubu.com/film/kirsanov.html>

1924-25, 25 minutes

Cast: Nadia Sibirskaja, Yolande Beaulieu, Guy Belmont, Jean Pasquier

Produced by Dimitri Kirsanov. Scenario by Dimitri Kirsanov. Cinematography by Dimitri Kirsanov. Edited by Dimitri Kirsanov. / Standard 35mm spherical 1.37:1 format.

25 minutes
of trepidations
heart fractures
loneliness
disappointment
rain
estrangement from daily life
her dreams destroyed with a child
night and cold
big eyes & wonderful lips
does not comb her hair any more
hungry & cold
...
melodrama

but in the poetic light
granite in
the 20th arrondissement of Ménilmontant
shivers
as the viewer who wishes to take part

Nadia Sibirskaja
Kirsanoff's wife
the beloved star
minute and perfect
is *charmante*

a document
mirroring projections of fear
in dolorous suspension

24. Andy Warhol (1928 - 1987)

WARHOL's CINEMA – A Mirror for the Sixties (1989)

<http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/WarholsCinema.mp4>

<http://www.ubu.com/film/warhol.html>

[..]

When you're growing up in a small town
and you're having a nervous breakdown
and you think that you'll never escape it
Yourself or the place that you live
Where did Picasso come from
There's no Michelangelo coming from Pittsburgh
If art is the tip of the iceberg
I'm the part sinking below

[..]

When you're growing up in a small town
You know you'll grow down in a small town
There is only one good use for a small town
You hate it and you'll know you have to leave

Lou Reed, from "Songs for Drella"

I was twenty, not even - eighteen,
nineteen... and I had been alive for a century,
a whole lifetime
consumed by the pain of the fact
that I would never be able to give my love
if not to my hand, or to the grass of ditches
or maybe to the earth of an unguarded tomb...
Twenty and, with its human history and its cycle
of poetry, a life had ended.

Pier Paolo Pasolini, from "A Desperate Vitality," trans. by Pasquale Verdecchio)

Andy Warhol's business:

fascination and investment in movies

a new attempt at seeing

models acting themselves

political :

underground dregs become stars

Pasolini-like in its basic outline: the filthy Roman suburbs

here the center _the two extremes collide and merge

Warhol _brilliantly supported in a certain way by Those Who Count

Pasolini born rich, stubbornly clashing against his caste

baroque /operatic /depraved /static with methamphetamines /insane

minimalist (par excellence) /post-modern (par excellence) /existentialist (in extreme postures)

/conceptual (if you wish) /voyeuristic (of people wasting their lives) /anthropological (of the prototype in the '60s of a man looking for pleasure and a quickly spendable success) /the transparent and talentless man /graphic & stylized in the choice of people /people made usable /iconic for beauty
In Warhol there is a certain revenge _it boomeranged back to him - somehow

Monday, August 1, 1983

Peter Sellars and Lew Allen came to lunch and they've rented an apartment for the dummy. The robot of me who'll star in *An Evening with Andy Warhol*. And the play is scheduled to go on a year from November. And all these magazines like *Life* and everything are supposed to do big things on it. And somewhere along the line Bob Colacello has a part of it – I guess we'll be linked together for life because of it.

The Vincent picked me up (cab \$6) in black tie, and we went over to the New York State Theater for the North American Watch banquet. Mr. Grinberg pushed me into General Haig and he was sweet, we talked about his interview in *Interview*. I wasn't at ex-President Ford's table, but I sat right behind him.

I ate because I was down to 121 and I got scared because when I get below 120 I lose my appetite, and you're more susceptible to things when you're that thin.

Haig made a speech about war and missiles and he's for all that, and after just hearing Gordon Liddy last week, well I guess you do need that stuff, but I don't know what I believe in, because fighting's wrong, but then if you *don't* fight...

And Ford made a speech about how he's happy being retired and how he's going to be working for Reagan's reelection, and how the economy is better and so people could buy more watches – he just about said that.

Andy Warhol, from *The Andy Warhol Diaries*

25. Her Noise - The Making Of

Authors: Electra with Emma Hedditch

http://www.ubu.com/film/her_noise.html

Men profess to be lovers of music, but for the most part they give no evidence in their opinions and lives
that they have heard it.

Henry David Thoreau

Music is the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life.

Ludwig van Beethoven

4.0141 There is a general rule by means of which the musician can obtain the symphony from the score, and which makes it possible to derive the symphony from the groove on the gramophone record, and, using the first rule, to derive the score again. That is what constitutes the inner similarity between these things which seem to be constructed in such entirely different ways. And that rule is the law of projection which projects the symphony into the language of musical notation. It is the rule for translating this language into the language of gramophone records.

Ludwig Wittgenstein, from *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*.

talking of translations of transiting mirroring tracks
the screened projection *should* depict our metaphysical environment

Selections were made

by splitting the world in two:

'HER' is the keyword

second keyword: 'noise'

questions pivot on contemporary creativity

a daring ambitious project_

unifying trends other than sex:

a wish to be part of it _of the grand televised vision

a certain shyness besides the triggering aim

a tendency to stardom _to disguise natural looks _mask & hide

make-up _black sunglasses, sometimes

particular care consecrated to outside acting

_favorite:

I wanted to have my hands on the piano keyboard Marina Rosenfeld

music is esoteric

the most extreme literature: Lydia Lunch

the un/predictability of music production

a mixture of objectified personalities /be them on the fringes or on the verge of being
and natural talent

where Bach's Beethoven's Mozart's ... life-long symphonic theatrical dedications

PR level _time to practice and grow to choral grandeur by now an optional

in the meantime: *life runs away*

the brilliant escapade _the idea _*la mise en scene*

lack of articulated structures

not speaking of virtuosity

3.141 [...] A proposition is not a blend of words. (Just as a theme in music is not a blend of notes.)
A proposition is articulate.

Ludwig Wittgenstein, from *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*.

indicative is the fact there were no violins or harps flutes
no saxophones clarinets pianos /even if Rosenfeld mentions one
drums and electric guitars _
when talking of Music
where the score _the subtext _the palimpsest _the skyscraping act?

4.011 At first sight a proposition--one set out on the printed page, for example--does not seem to be a picture of the reality with which it is concerned. But neither do written notes seem at first sight to be a picture of a piece of music, nor our phonetic notation (the alphabet) to be a picture of our speech. And yet these sign-languages prove to be pictures, even in the ordinary sense, of what they represent.

Ludwig Wittgenstein, from *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*.

improvised &/or contemporary music
a snapshot of traffic pollution degradation anxiety obstinacy anger
as if women-musicians spontaneously acted as filters _scapegoats of our suburbs
of fragmented deviating trends

five planets
five notes
the Pythagorean perfection
in the mathematical projection into space

light and shadow continues Leibniz in a binary way
the music of the spheres connecting to the Spirit
we monads of the One God

4.014 A gramophone record, the musical idea, the written notes, and the sound-waves, all stand to one another in the same internal relation of depicting that holds between language and the world. They are all constructed according to a common logical pattern. (Like the two youths in the fairy-tale, their two horses, and their lilies. They are all in a certain sense one.)

Ludwig Wittgenstein, from *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*.

Poème électronique: La Corbusier; (Iannis Xenakis); Edgard Varèse
400 speakers conveying electronic life at the 1958 World Fair
out of Varèse: Frank Zappa & the early Pink Floyd
genial in its obstinate filtering
the convolutions

26. Paul McCarthy (b. 1945)

Black and White Tapes (1972)

http://www.ubu.com/film/mccarthy_black.html

snaking through on white paint on the floor, dressed – without shoes, the length of a long grey room – till finally the human (worm) reaches the wall

Sauce (1974)

http://www.ubu.com/film/mccarthy_sauce.html

<http://www.ubu.com/film/mccarthy.html>

cup with green sponge & bottle of tomato sauce _man opens the bottle with his mouth in a sensual way _eats the cap _ starts spreading tomato sauce on his leg & genitals, rubs his face in the sauce _disgusting with erotic movements _spreads sauce on his hair on his stomach neck arms heavy breathing rubs his body against the white cloth covering the table on which he climbed _fetal position with inhuman sounds prone starts scratching his back difficult stretching movements _kneeling the effort is harsh leaves the dirty table _the film stops

NOTE.--This is one of several modern illustrations of the allotment of the Seven Letters; it is not found in the ancient copies of the "Sepher Yetzirah."

He produced Beth, and referred it to Wisdom ; He crowned it, combined and formed with it the Moon in the Universe, the first day of the week, and the right eye of man.

He produced Gimel, and referred it to Health; He crowned it, combined and joined with it Mars in the Universe, the second day of the week, and the right ear of man.

He produced Daleth, and referred it to Fertility; He crowned it, combined and formed with it the Sun in the Universe, the third day of the week, and the right nostril of man.

He produced Kaph, and referred it to Life; He crowned it, combined and formed with it Venus in the Universe, the fourth day of the week, and the left eye of man.

He produced Peh, and referred it to Power; He crowned it, combined and formed with it Mercury in the Universe, the fifth day of the week, and the left ear of man.

He produced Resh, and referred it to Peace; He crowned it, combined and formed with it Saturn in the Universe, the sixth day of the week, and the left nostril of man.

He produced Tau, and referred it to Beauty; He crowned it, combined and formed with it Jupiter in the Universe, the Seventh Day of the week, and the mouth of man.

Sepher Yetzirah

my body
suffocating
stuck in plastic

cannot breathe
 animal-like
 I need to fuck
 to masturbate
 I am heavy
 dirty
 sticky
 I feel like vomiting
 cannot walk
 detach myself from my skin
 thick skin covering me everywhere
 difficult to move
 as if I was tied down by invisible ropes
 thick unseen walls everywhere
 constricting me inside
 the urgency to hurt myself
 to force my body into the Will
 to compel it to perform unusual movements
 my genitals:
 keep the camera zoomed on them
 eliminate my face
 nobody has to see it_

In my
 European
 words _/the
 Los Angeles
 artist states
 instead:

"My work is
 more about
 being a clown
 than a
 shaman."

I don't know
 how many
 similar clowns
 we need.

after the Holocaust what art what humanity
 what angels for imagination
 thick viscous movements of bodies
 individuals?
 where? genitals guts
 eating and defecating

in computer language
 self-aware memory in disturbed memory environment
 dynamic reconfiguration in reduced & limited time/space period
 conscious representation of actual possibilities through body postures & actions
 software package mimicking hardware
 mad unit for uncoordinated processor sequencing all automated units
 black matter steering for survival

[...]

By these Seven letters were also made seven worlds, seven heavens, seven earths, seven seas,
 seven rivers, seven deserts, seven days, seven weeks from Passover to Pentecost, and every
 seventh year a Jubilee.

Mayer Lambert gives:--Beth to Saturn and the Hebrew Sabbath--that is
 Saturday; Gimel to Jupiter and Sunday; Daleth to Mars and Monday; Kaph to
 the Sun and Tuesday; Peh to Venus and Wednesday; Resh to Mercury and
 Thursday; and Tau to the Moon and Friday.

Sepher Yetzirah

27. David Byrne (b. 1952)

David Byrne "Report From L.A."

http://www.ubu.com/film/kitchen_byrne.html

<http://www.ubu.com/film/byrne.html>

Video shot by the Kitchen

for David Byrne
a Magrittean refined-pop-setting
lavender /saturated violet /grey
elegant & muffled /toned down
in a grey suit _short hair
no expression _de rigueur
anxious (contained anxiety)
hypercritical /screen freezes\mauve lightning/action continues\passages from self to outside/and
back\
ironical _detached
obsessive & repetitive
intelligent _genial
run _escape _the talking heads \back again/ _run _escape _the crowd of talking heads _\back again/
circular as Vico said _but scanned into fragments _fully aware : each one of them _the metronome of
history ticks inclemently _after Charlie Chaplin's Metropolis_
this the man: the polished mirror of my generation

(Personal anthropology:

I first met the Talking Heads in New Orleans through Kim. Kim and Ben were the Princess and the Prince of the Quarter, New Orleans. She loved to wear démodé dresses that suited her perfectly, short blond hair, a harmonious feline face, gracefully female, with diva-like sunglasses. Once we went to the Salvation Army and spent hours on end projected into all the eras since the signing of the Constitution, they let us play benevolently since we did not mess up and brought beauty to the heap of clothes hanging in their religious silence, dust, and fleas. Ben was the superb Knight, tall, blond, with elegant and discreet manners. The couple was enlightening, when they were around, you felt at ease. Kim worked as a camera girl with me at Pat O'Brians, Ben led the Quarter's guests around on horse-carriages. We were momentarily there, as we are now where we are, and we enjoyed the Talking Heads.)

28. Kit Fitzgerald & David Sanborn

Olympic Fragments (1980)

http://www.ubu.com/film/kitchen_fitz.html

<http://www.ubu.com/film/fitz.html>

the Olympics _ the best win _
the fragility of the human body
bristled against velocity _ equilibrium _
by cheating physical laws
the attempt of going beyond the human
with the solid mass of your body
the perfection of the blade
cutting the ice
of the second shattered
earned over your enemy

stereotyped: female beauty
male strength

portrayed in a couple of minutes in the present video.

I've had the good fortune of living in Japan, and I've attended nonrigorously to a few of its visual "poetries," pottery, gardening, Noh. These are crafts requiring practitioners to excel in a way of life. As models, their lives parallel those of poets. They show how normalcy is achieved by means of extraordinary pleasure and necessity. I'm leaving a lot out, but I stress pleasure, because that is what makes the work poetry.

Jack Kimball in an interview with Tom Beckett on [E-X-C-H-A-N-G-E-V-A-L-U-E-S](#)

29. Isidore Isou (1928 - 2007)

Venom and Eternity

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Isou-Isidore_Venom-And-Eternity_1951.mpg

<http://www.ubu.com/film/isou.html>

Jean Isidore Isou - born I. Goldstein in 1925 in Botosani, Romania:

Je préfère mon nouveau dégoût à l'ancien goût dégoûtant. ("I'd rather have my new distaste than the old distasteful taste.")

lettrisme

lettrisme lettrisme lettrisme lettrisme lettrisme lettrisme lettrisme lettrisme lettrism lettrisme

"The existence of a world without God seems to me less absurd than the presence of a God, existing in all his perfection, creating an imperfect man in order to make him run the risk of Hell."

Armand Salacrou, from *Certitudes et incertitudes*, 1943

"In fact it is the simplest things that are the most tricky to do well. To read, for example. To be able to read exactly what is written without omitting anything that is written and at the same time without adding anything of one's own. To be able to capture the exact context of the words one is reading. To be able to read!"

Jean-Louis Barrault, from *Reflections on the Theatre*

Isidore Isou was a teenager when WW2 broke out

Unit 731 (大日本帝国陸軍第731部隊, *Nana-san-ichi butai*[?]) was a covert biological and chemical warfare research and development unit of the Imperial Japanese Army that undertook lethal human experimentation during the Second Sino-Japanese War (1937–1945) and World War II.

Vivisection

Prisoners of war were subjected to vivisection without anesthesia. [7][6]

Vivisections were performed on prisoners after infecting them with various diseases. Scientists performed invasive surgery on prisoners, removing organs to study the effects of disease on the human body. These were conducted while the patients were alive because it was felt that the decomposition process would affect the results.[8][6] The infected and vivisected prisoners included men, women, children, and infants.^[9]

Vivisections were also performed on pregnant women, sometimes impregnated by doctors, and the fetus removed.^[10]

Prisoners had limbs amputated in order to study blood loss.^[6]

Those limbs that were removed were sometimes re-attached to the opposite sides of the body.^[6]

Some prisoners' limbs were frozen and amputated, while others had limbs frozen then thawed to study the effects of the resultant untreated gangrene and rotting.

Some prisoners had their stomachs surgically removed and the esophagus reattached to the intestines.^[6]

Parts of the brain, lungs, liver, etc. were removed from some prisoners.^{[11][7][6]}

In 2007, Doctor Ken Yuasa testified to the *Japan Times* that "I was afraid during my first vivisection, but the second time around, it was much easier. By the third time, I was willing to do it." He believes at least 1,000 persons, including surgeons, were involved in vivisections over mainland China.^[12]

Weapons testing

Human targets were used to test grenades positioned at various distances and in different positions.^[6]

Flame throwers were tested on humans.^[6]

Humans were tied to stakes and used as targets to test germ-releasing bombs, chemical weapons and explosive bombs.^[6]

Germ warfare attacks

...

since it is unsellable, let's make it totally unsellable

beginning of **notes** TAKEN during the vision of the video:

Dedication to:

Griffith, Gance, Chaplin, Clair, Eisenstein, van Stroheim, Flaherty, Buñuel, Cocteau

scratches on the film seen as revolutionary (though voluntary) touches to the character of the film

- Izu looks for progression _discovery _inventive : we have to invent our selves
- the atrocity of Erich Strönheim
- Eisenstein _his social symbolism
- Greek fatality
- "A woman of Paris" by Chaplin
- Buñuel's surrealism

"I shall run my own risks"

the big fat pig _what movies are_ will soon explode
a new manifesto: sound separated from vision _destroy picture for the WORD _image from clarity to unreality
as the Marquis de Sade slid into perversion preferring ugly toothless disgusting women
art to impressionism /cubism _poetry from Baudelaire to lettrism
FILM _the more it is infected gangrenous the more precious it will be to the film maker
like Camembert Roquefort _: the sadism of photography: the fourth dimension of photography /cinema
has to enter the evil phase _it has to eat the offal of photography as the Marquis the Sade ate the
excrements of his lovers _else it will yell into the academic pompousness known as Hollywood, U.S.S.R.,
Italy : IMBECILES OF THE WORLD UNITE _TEAR OFF THE CHAINS OF THIS FOREIGN AGENT
“You are all idiots but maybe there is only one who understands and it will be for him that I speak _I will
burn the image, scratch shots, claw at them”

films with numbers flashing
CHAPTER II THE DEVELOPMENT

amazing to find yourself alive on the following day
Marcel Achard
the long story of love stories in their cynical /development
with Catholics saying that love is disgrace _fearing rupture: the greater the fear the greater the passion
Armand Salacrou
expectancy desire ::: he installed himself in her
Jean Cocteau
the animal tamer _masochistic victim _gratitude towards the victim ____ “I love you” meant for no one
_movie-goers for a Saturday night dose of tenderness

CHAPTER III THE PROOF

the beauty of pure noise
“Art is a convention in which a work empties itself and then collapses. Lettrism has the weakness of being
a new convention, a poetry of letters which does not have behind it thousands of years of custom, as does
the poetry of words.
As a child I believed that the struggle of the innovation with matter and with difficulties was fully
understood: I have learned since, at my expense, how naïve I was[...]
François Dufresnes
abstract art (white strokes against black background _directly on the film) _lettrist poems
Schönberg and atonalists eliminated harmony
Jazz: Americanized black _primitivism white collar
Jean-Louis Barrault
André Marois

Nietzsche: I Tell You: One must still have chaos in one to give birth to a dancing star!
--

“The first circle will be my theory about the Cinema and my desire to make a picture.
Below, there will be Eve’s circle, and below, Denise’s and Remy’s, and lettrism’s [...]
The thing I have dearest [...]
My film will be a manifesto for my future films [...]
A preface for the films to come [...]

A concentration of themes, like Cocteau’s “Blood of a Poet.”
In my film of tomorrow, I shall pick up each one of these themes systematically, and I will develop them in
a clearer and purer fashion [...] a work of reconciliation, if possible.
I will never accept what they offer me [...]
Because they offer me what exists, and what exists is bad, because it is mortal.

Original length of film: four and half hours. But then one would reach Lettrism which already exists here, as invented by the author.”

August 15, 1950

May 23, 1951

end of **notes** TAKEN during the vision of the video:

Compromise yourself. Obscure your own trail.

Jean Cocteau

contaminated
document catatonic
oddment dimmed committed

tone
mended timeout
omitted emoted mind

candidate
demon autodidact
monument admittedly condemned

tie
deceit conduit
anatomic automatic dent

inducted
nonacademic den
tended attained mot

immune
doomed tune
torn tumid encomium

Il n'y a pas de preuves suffisante de la non-existence de la ville de Chronopolis.

Au contraire, le rêves et les manuscrits s'accorde à révéler que l'histoire de la cité est une histoire d'éternité et de désir. Ses habitants, hiératiques et impassibles ont pour seule occupation et pour seul plaisir de composer le temps. Malgré la monotonie de l'immortalité, ils vivent dans l'attente: un événement important doit survenir lors de la rencontre d'un instant particulier et d'un être humain. Or, cet instant attend se prepare... (Introduction to Chronopolis)

30. Piotr Kamler (b. 1936)

Chronopolis (1982)

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Kamler-Piotr_Chronopolis_1982.avi

<http://www.ubu.com/film/kamler.html>

chronologically sitting on my throne
made of stone
inside frames _rooms like beehives
computerized detectors moved by my thoughtful tired wish
distant continuous oneiric
opening hieroglyphically marked doors
exponentially increasing data banks in the immobility of time
violet purple blue hues marble-like sky on the other planet
sensitized matter in animistic statuesque forms
Aesculapius' snakes, my friends, of salt I am,
electronic muffled piano concentric sounds
isolation congregation mental stimulation divagation
automated dimension
self-generating lights
I am the Pharaoh
|
|
|
I am the climber
the puppet
atomic
I am the disrupter
an atom
bouncing
& flying around
I am nothing _of void I'm made
the universal disintegrating element
for the mere reason of having been born now
the hole _the light _the flesh _the sword of the blizzard
the dancer with a sphere _with 3 rounded plates _a merry-go-round
the one embodying life _who magnifies eternity into the present _who crumbles the past

in our present:

Coeur de secours (1973)

http://ubu.artmob.ca/video/Kamler-Piotr_Coeur-De-Secours_1973.avi

<http://www.ubu.com/film/kamler.html>

Music by François Bayle

Bosch surreal Chagall jongleurs in refined French settings on tightrope jewel-like balance Matisse for Hotel de la Tour's interior chessboard mosaics mushrooms & elephants & rounded glowing orange lights softly moving players for the happy sorts of _entertained forgetful delight

31. Film: (3 of the) Four Films by (3 of the) Four Artists

Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895 – 1946)

Lightplay: Black-White-Grey (excerpt) (1932)

javascript:Launch('../movies/qt/moholyNagy.html')

<http://www.ubu.com/asp/asp5and6/film.html>

Squares

lines

black & white

burnt spheres shades

complex moving volumes

photoplastics kinetic sculpture mechanisms lightbulbs flashing

investigating

viewers' psychology

"degenerate art"

gelatin silver prints

photograms

technology appearing with its marvels

lights and lights piercing through

magnified gears

in coordinated perfection

the Leonardo Man triumphing on an earthly stage

the Bauhaus with Moholy-Nagy as a teacher:

present are the means to create The perfectible universe

in a collaborative utopia after WWI

Wassily Kandinsky; Paul Klee; Josef Albers; Oskar Schlemmer;

together to construct the New World

[Gropius' New Objectivity (the building) through Laszlo Moholy-Nagy:

_conscious analysis + power of dynamic intuition +

measure + proportion + statics + dynamics (weight, elasticity, density)]

logical rationality + education + intelligence + research + hard work + enthusiasm + aestheticism +

sensitivity + beauty and perfection + a general improvement of average living standards

the Nazis and Hitler would subvert all ideals

for Moholy-Nagy the escape to London

then the American shores

Squares

lines

black & white

burnt spheres shades

complex moving volumes

photoplastics kinetic sculpture mechanisms lightbulbs flashing

investigating

the spectator's psychology

Hans Richter (1888 – 1976)

Rhythm 21 (1921)

javascript:Launch('../movies/qt/richter.html')

<http://www.ubu.com/aspn/aspn5and6/film.html>

His painting quality
white squares white surfaces white
on black
(Malevich's Suprematist Composition
White on White
had appeared in 1918)
___abstracting films
from contacts with the Blaue Reiter; der Sturm; cubism; dada; De Stijl
fundamentally a painter
 the sequences of the movie
 a Piet Mondrian without color
committed
digging down to elementary forms
to find everlasting matter
moving
"And yet it moves," Galileo Galilei

Robert Rauschenberg (1939 - 2008)

Linoleum (excerpt) (1967)

javascript:Launch('../movies/qt/rauschenberg.html')

<http://www.ubu.com/aspn/aspn5and6/film.html>

screening the times
blurring boundaries
through
assemblage, conceptualism, printmaking, fabric collages, sculptures, destructive reductions,
giants
humanitarians
artistic message
massaging masses
Joseph Albers' student at the Black Mountain College

somehow tied to Laszlo Moholy-Nagy / both responsible for the 'Vorkurs' (preliminary course) at the Bauhaus (Albers from 1925 to 1933 and Moholy-Nagy from 1923 to 1928 – Albers more interested in experimentation with aesthetic forms and materials; Moholy-Nagy in joining art with technology.)
from Tate Modern; Past Exhibitions

history shaping itself organically

'The picture plane... could look like some garbled conflation of controls system and city-scape, suggesting the ceaseless flow of urban message, stimulus, and impediment. To hold all this together, Rauschenberg's picture plane had to become a surface to which anything reachable-thinkable would adhere. It had to be whatever a billboard or dashboard is, and everything a projection screen is, with further affinities for anything that is flat and worked over – palimpsest, canceled plate, printer's proof, trial blank, chart, map, aerial view. Any flat documentary surface that tabulates information is a relevant analogue of his picture plane – radically different from the transparent projection plane with its optical correspondence to man's visual field. And it seemed at times that Rauschenberg's work surface stood for the mind itself – dump, reservoir, switching centre, abundant with concrete references freely associated as in an internal monologue – the outward symbol of the mind as a running transformer of the external world, constantly ingesting incoming unprocessed data to be mapped in an overcharged field.'

Leo Steinberg quoted by Ed Krcma in Rauschenberg

Rauschenberg anticipated and set up our mental attitude
towards the internet
the era of information
his works of art the layering of personal information
an *action painting* through gathering and depicting
his (as
our) personal ways of carving through the ether
from Lévy's enthusiastic approach
to a future of which we are less sure
"as usual" would say Michel Eyquem de Montaigne,
i.e.: "Que sais-je?"

Michel de Montaigne on his 38th birthday left public life and locked himself up in his library:

"1571 A. D., age 38. On Feb. 28, his birthday, Michel de Montaigne, weary of his service to the court and public duties, but still healthy, retreated to the bosom of the learned virgins [i.e. the Muses]. There he would live at peace and free of worry with respect to all things for the remainder of his life, however short that might be (it was already more than half-way run); so may the fates allow him. He dedicated this abode and secret lair, his sweet ancestral inheritance, to his own liberty, tranquility, and leisure."

Walt Whitman in *Song of myself*:

I, now thirty seven years old in perfect health

begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

healthiest pragmatic attitude
of the New Continent
bringing enthusiasm and individualism
to old decrepit and sick Europe
still surviving after the frightening shocks of the middle ages.

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Vita

Anny Ballardini was born in Cort, Montagne (TN), Italy, on July 24, 1956. She grew up in New York with American parents and holds dual citizenship. She has graduated at the Superior School for Interpreters and Translators in Florence in 1978.