

# VECTOR

## VECTOR ISSUE 2 - 2009

Founder/Editor: Peter Gregorio  
Managing Editor: Valerie Garlick

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Vector Productions Inc.  
PO Box 7746  
New York, New York 10116, USA  
[info@vector.bz](mailto:info@vector.bz)  
917.797.4438

The Mint Print  
[print@themintprint.com](mailto:print@themintprint.com)  
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*nsgression of the species with evolve*

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The singularity is near -----



That will ult

*to a post human replacement*





Stuart Krimko: *How To Write A Poem In Cambridge, Massachusetts*

The Will Oldham album *Joya* came out in the fall of 1997. I was living in Tivoli, New York then, but I bought the record at Kim's Underground on a trip into the city to see the Robert Rauschenberg retrospective at the Guggenheim. At that time I had two sets of speakers hooked up to my stereo, one in my room and one in the living room. The living room had old, wide floorboards with rough nails; the floor slanted. From the window Dave and I would watch the sun set over the Catskills; in the fall, at about 4:00, the light was radiant. That winter mice moved into Dave's room and ruled the roost. I dreaded finding dead ones on the stairs. The first time I listened to *Joya* I was in the living room, I think.

In 1999 I was living in Tivoli but in a different house. From my bedroom I could still watch the sun set over the Catskills through a huge square window. At that time I was riding my bike a lot, and walking through the woods to attend classes at Bard College, where Will Oldham played in November of 1999. I bought *I See A Darkness*, just released, from the man at the merchandise table at the show, and I listened to it for the first time the next day in my room after the sun had gone down. I listened to it in the dark, stoned.

Maya copied the subsequent Will Oldham record, *Ease Down The Road* (2001), onto a cassette tape for me. It was spring. By then I had left Tivoli and was living at my parents' house in Great Neck. Maya was in New York visiting from Israel and gave me the tape over breakfast at a diner near Hunter College. I can't recall the first time I listened to *Ease Down The Road* but I do remember going for runs in the morning and listening to it on a walkman. I'd run from my parents' house south on East Shore Road, which turns into Station Road, which I'd follow to Allenwood Park, emerging on the other side of the park onto a street whose name I can't remember, a street that eventually crosses Hicks Lane, where I'd meet up with Remsen Road, which snakes around to meet East Shore Road at a corner where my parents' house is. I read a lot that spring: *The Castle* twice, *Paradise Lost*, the A.R. Ammons book-length poem *Sphere*, and *The Loser*, my first encounter with Thomas Bernhard.

Next came *Master and Everyone* in January of 2003. I bought it from the merchandise table at a show Will Oldham played at Irving Plaza. The night after the concert I listened to it, stoned, on big ear-covering headphones in my apartment in Long Island City, lying on my bed, admiring the forlorn view of the 59th Street Bridge. I shared the apartment, a slender railroad-style affair on 47th Avenue between 10th and 11th Streets, with Jane. Shortly after the record was released I moved to my current loft in Bushwick. I remember listening to it in the empty loft in the severe winter light and during a blizzard.

March of 2004 saw the release of Bonnie 'Prince' Billy *Sings Greatest Palace Music*. The record was released on Mira's birthday. She'd recently returned from a cross-country adventure and month long stint in a cabin in Leavenworth, Washington. I listened to the record as I prepared my apartment for her birthday party; she was out with her friend Kim shopping for snacks and booze. Midway through my listen Kim called: they'd been in an accident, no one was hurt, but Mira's car was totaled. They hit a car at the intersection of North 5th Street and Bedford Avenue, a few feet from Earwax, where I'd bought *Greatest Palace Music* just hours before. We listened to the record a few times at the party.

*Superwolf*, a collaboration between Will Oldham and Matt Sweeney, was released less than a year later in January of 2005. I downloaded one of the songs, 'Lift Us Up', before the album was actually released, and Mira and I listened to it over dinner one cold night with Aaron. Not long after this, Mira and I ended our relationship. She started seeing Max, a mutual friend. I bought *Superwolf* on vinyl and listened to it in my fragile state. Sometime during this period my mother and I had a particularly intense two-hour phone conversation, and after I hung up I sat on the floor in front of the speakers and listened to *Superwolf*.

A mid-September Tuesday in 2006 brought *The Letting Go*, credited solely to Will Oldham. That afternoon I'd driven from Cornwallville, New York, where I was living at Eli's and Briana's arboretum, to Cambridge to visit Leila. After I arrived we went for a walk to a shoe store, where we each bought a pair of shoes, and then to Newbury Comics, where I bought *The Letting Go*. When we got back to Leila's we smoked a joint and listened to the record. I stayed with Leila for a few days, hanging out and writing poems in her apartment when she was at class or work. Here's one of the poems:

A Krimko Man They Call St

I looked at Boston in the distance  
and believed that it would be the one.  
It had pearls on, a presence like  
a nightmare you neck with  
him. On Wednesday (that's  
tomorrow) a tune will rise from the  
high rises and run the risk  
of killing the softest ears.

Babies' softest ears, silk-padded  
and too young to be personalized.

This deep ward of annoying  
presence, this cunning  
world of happiness I loathe.

A legend, that's what I want to be.  
A broken man if I have to.  
A tunesmith reversed, a sheep to go back  
at,  
a bridesmaid to all Hawaii.  
A Krimko man they call Stuart.

And still that's not enough!  
My complacency I rebuff.  
Boston in the distance dances  
with my weary eyes--that's what  
you get when you're high all day,  
all night (the night before)  
and the morning before,  
when you're too busy making  
your own music and others' food,  
a face of determination skiing  
across your skull.

Are you  
scared to admit your faith?  
I don't know,  
are you?

One night while Leila was working at the bar I went to Fenway Park and watched David Ortiz break the single-season record for home runs by a member of the Red Sox, formerly held by Ted Williams.

Will Oldham's next work, *Lie Down In The Light*, was a spring 2008 release. Though I'd bought it a few days earlier, I hadn't had a chance to give it a good listen until I was on my way home from Chris's house late one night. Chris and I had drunk a couple of bottles of wine, gotten stoned, and listened to Steve Reich. I listened to *Lie Down In The Light*, on headphones, during my walk from Chris's place to the G train stop on Fulton, and I continued to listen to it while waiting for the train, while riding the train, during the short walk from the Morgan Avenue L stop to my apartment, and over the course of the next week, on the train and on my walks to and from the train. Around this time I started seeing Charles again after a three-year hiatus. I often talk to Charles about music--; he is a great jazz aficionado who prefers Sonny Rollins to John Coltrane. We recently spent a session discussing the Nancy Wilson and Cannonball Adderly collaboration. Sometimes he suggests medication but I refuse.

This brings us to the present. *Beware*, whose cover strongly resembles Neil Young's *Tonight's The Night* and features a stylized likeness of Will Oldham's cranium, came out last week. I listened to it for the first time after Peter and I ate pizza, drank tequila, and discussed this issue of *Vector* at my apartment. When Peter left I lit a joint, grabbed my new "Jesus Hates It When You Smoke" ashtray, turned out the lights, put the CD in the player, and pushed play.

**Siah Armajani**

**THREE PIECES THREE DRAWINGS**

**"Here the Romantic principle means to give up  
the ownership aspect of experience, indeed the Self."**

**Adorno**

**"Are we perhaps here to say: house, bridge, fountains,  
gate, jug, fruit tree, window, at best: column, tower..."**

**Rilke**

**"Part from your friends at the station  
Enter the city in the morning with your coat buttoned up  
Look for a room, and when your friends knock:  
Do not, oh do not, open the door  
But  
Cover your tracks."**

**Brecht**

**I saw Giacometti's THE PALACE AT 4AM in the Sixties. This sculpture has  
remained with me all of my life. It dozed off in the niches of my memory. The  
themes of death and dreams are set in a theatrical space. It echoes Tairov's stage set  
for L'Orage by Ostrovsky and the painting L'Ile des Morte by Arnold Bocklin.**

**These three "PIECES" were put together to be shown in museums or galleries, in  
large in-door places. No where else.**

**The boundaries are well-defined. As outsiders we look inside with no prospect of  
ever returning "in". All doors are closed. We are habitual outsiders looking inside.  
The surface separates the region of the same from the region of the other. Inside  
withdraws from outside and leaves it behind. But both regions are two faces of one,  
and of the same character. Our attempt at union is resisted by the passive  
separation of spaces.**

**The Piece is as distanced from expression as it is from subject. Space basically is undefined and without any character or content. Space has been there. We have previously encountered similar space. We have known the Piece not as a thing between four walls in a special sense, but as a place for resting, eating, sleeping or working. We apprehend the totality prior to any use. We have some notion of the Piece before we make sense of it or use it.**

**Our prior awareness is not the result of knowledge, at least not of any theoretical kind, but through practical activities. Heidegger says, "practical activities have their own sort of vision." Outside of the Piece one is out of place as though one is banished, estranged, expelled. As Lukace says, "transcendental homelessness".**

**Totality is not yet certain because the same thing says the same thing over and over again.**

**Totality is avoided because it produces an illusion of the unity. Passages are not smooth. There are gaps in transition. One part is not erased by the other. One thing sits next to the other part as the chair sits next to the table and the table is next to the blocked door. One belongs to the other and two belong to a totality.**

**The Pieces show the independence of material; they are on their own. They are self-evident. They no longer need to prove themselves. Each "thing" makes room so the emptiness between spaces could subsist as a "thing". It is conventional to keep "thing" upright but empty.**

**Not to be "in" is rendered indifferent as long as we are "out". It no longer needs to prove itself. The totality is the identity of recognition. The "outside-ness" is its identity.**

**Adorno says, "IT IS PART OF MORALITY NOT TO BE AT HOME IN ONE'S HOME".**

**Minneapolis  
February 2009**



Spook 1781: The invisible life of double James

by

kenseth armstead

Based on a true story

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E: kenseth@spook1781.com w: www.spook1781.com

FADE IN:

EXT. SWAMP FOREST - NIGHT (VIRGINIA, MAY 26TH, 1781)

A man is running, tricorne hat, like an arrow, pointing to an immense campsite ringed by dim fires. The man pauses, he's overheating, despite the cold moist air and knee deep water. This is JAMES, he pulls at his frock coat and unfastens a button near the top. The high collar shields his sweaty dark brown face. It falls open to reveal the moon's pale blue glow on his smooth square jaw. He begins to move again, now more slowly. Beneath the collar, a mosquito lands. Slap. Red glistening smear glows in a shaft of moonlight caught in his palm. Slap. Slap.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EDGE OF CAMPSITE AT COOPER'S CREEK - NIGHT

Fire lit guard stations, a rifle shot apart, on a flat dry clearing outside the swamp forest. Bottles clink being tipped and passed.

The night guards in uniforms - tricorne hats, blue frock coats, white knee length trousers - stains at the knees; are mingled with guards in plain clothes, filthy trousers, no knickers, worn through shoes. Bayonets are strewn about.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREELINE OF CAMPSITE AT COOPER'S CREEK - CONTINUOUS

James stares through the trees into the gap between the posts closest to the swamp and the row after row of white tents beyond it. A mosquito on his hand is feasting.

The nearest guard is alone, distracted, he slaps at his bare calves. James moves. SQUISH.

GUARD

Who's there? Anybody there?

INHALE, James becomes a tree trunk. Leaving his post empty, the guard points his bayonet into the dark trees and at James. A cloud of his breath precede him.

Satisfied, the guard leans himself and musket against the tree; unbuttons his trousers at the sides, spreads his legs wide and with the front flap down, lets nature rip.

James' leg is washed with a golden spray - a nine inch knife blade in his hand - grey steam rises around his eyes - the guard's neck - the knife on it - a trickle of blood as the chin elevates. He exhales slowly, off hand wraps the guard's torso, cradling the soldier against himself. James' lips part, breathing in, slowly, EXHALE, one soft sound.

JAMES  
Shhhhhhhhhhh.

CUT TO:

THINK OILY RED GUSHING

CUT TO:

He checks left and right. No one. The soldier's head rocks to and fro. Glint of moonlight reflects off steel.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. EDGE OF CAMP - CONTINUOUS

The soldier is on the ground. A wipe of the blade on the guard and then it's deposited in a sheath, under his cloak, at the small of his back. He bends to muss up the soldier's hair and removes two flasks from the entanglement of clothing and inert limbs. A sniff on the first skin, he closes it and places its strap over his shoulder. The second sniff makes his eyes roll. He takes a slug and empties the rest on the soldier's mouth and chest. He drags the body into the swamp, sinks him face first in muddy leaves and returns to the camp. The post is still empty. He moves, in a crouched sprint.

CUT TO:

EXT. INSIDE THE AMERICAN CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Three hundred small tents, in a moon illuminated grid.

CUT TO:

SIX SOLDIERS SLEEPING INSIDE A SMALL TENT

CUT TO:

A group of thirty larger tents, are set off from the others. James heads for them. He steps into the largest. CLICK!

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE A TENT - CONTINUOUS

CLICK! Automatically - James' hand greets the musket that is now clogging his enlarged rounded nostrils. Black dust blows off cold steel. His finger blocks the flintlock hammer, a squeeze of blood on dark brown skin. His other hand, gets his knife. He places the blade on the others face. They assess each other. No blinking.

The gun man is THE MARQUIS LAFAYETTE a twenty-three year old boy-faced man, a huge-beaked, French aristocrat, standing a perfectly erect six foot three inches tall. His thin, stubble free, face is emotionless to the intruders red smeared blade on it. James is the same height, but older thirty-three. His trunk is both a bit more stout and gently bent.

LAFAYETTE

Don't I know you?

JAMES

Yes sir.

LAFAYETTE

You belong to William, correct?

He nods in affirmation.

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)

What's your name?

JAMES

James.

LAFAYETTE

Why are you here James and why do you smell so rank?

JAMES

(addressing the gun)  
Apologies... I came by swamp way...

James' skin rips as pulls his hands out the hammer of the gun's flintlock.

CUT TO:

A CHEW OF FLESH FALLS TO THE FLOOR

CUT TO:

Released, James steps back and drops the knife. Lafayette re-cocks the gun and points the muzzle at James' head.

JAMES (CONT'D)

...I got something,... a letter.

Lafayette's weapon lowers a bit and his eyes follow. James becomes whole - a steady reassuring gaze - but the rest of him is a mess. His top half is a tapestry of dry leaves on blood and the bottom is covered in gooey green swamp residue. Lafayette blinks and readjusts his view as if to mentally correct the image of the African swamp creature before him. James sheepishly shrugs. Then, he returns the dismayed glare to Lafayette who is clothed only in a bright white nightshirt. Bright pink, hair covered, knobby knees stick out awkwardly. James almost laughs. Sensing the sudden loss of authority, Lafayette shakes the musket at James.

LAFAYETTE

Out with it then?

James reaches slowly inside his coat producing a wax sealed letter. Poker faced he holds it out to Lafayette.

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)

So what does this say?

JAMES

You ain't safe here. British coming in the morning with everything they got.

Lafayette's gun lowers some; the finger still on the trigger.

LAFAYETTE

confirm these intelligences?

JAMES

I just got the letter?

Lafayette raises the gun and puts it to James' forehead. James' motions for a pause. The cold circle of the musket, condenses James' sweat. A drop runs down past James' nose, from lip to lip and then hangs on his chin.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I just done what I'm told.

The drop falls, an escape into empty space.

LAFAYETTE

(slowly, barely audible)  
Go home.

Lafayette does not lower his gun.

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)

If you make it back, inform William  
that we no longer require his  
services as commissary.

JAMES

Yes sir, thank you sir.

James backs away and collects his blade as he bows an exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

A blur moves in the shadows. James, hysterical, smiles.  
Then he smiles again, differently, leaving the dim rhythm of  
light in the camp behind. He disappears into the swamp.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. EDGE OF CAMP - CONTINUOUS

James runs past the prone guard and flask next to him. An  
oily trickle burps from the open cavern in his throat.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMERICAN CAMP / GUARD POST - DAWN

Morning mist, jagged shapes cut the orange line of the  
approaching sun. Stacks of timber and wood materials lay in  
large rings, inhabited by guards perched lazily, half awake,  
from the night watch. Pokes of bayonet blades & sabers adorn  
the tops. One nest is empty.

A crusty eyed guard pokes his companion as he scratches his  
long graying sideburns. His tricorn wiggles.

GUARD 1

What happened over there?

The other thinner younger and even more frail grins broadly,  
displaying a mouth full of radically crooked bad teeth.

GUARD 2

(voice has a soft whistle)  
Ain't seen Philip since midnight,  
made water at the swamp.

GUARD 1

...and after?

He inclines his head to put impact to the question.

GUARD 2  
Dunno, you think he run off?

GUARD 1  
Wouldn't be the first.

GUARD 2  
Not particularly original.

GUARD 1  
But a damn effective remedy to the vagaries of this situation.

They laugh.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)  
Alright you go on and find him out.

GUARD 2  
Why'd I care?

GUARD 1  
Cause you're a patriot, committed,  
to liberty and your fellow man.  
You gotta to know, inferior  
soldier, taking a nap, or hell-  
bound deserter of this continental  
militia?

GUARD 2  
You got anymore of your liquid  
watchman left?

GUARD 1  
Just a taste I was saving. Why?

GUARD 2  
I'll give you a full turn up a mine  
for taking the walk.

GUARD 1  
Done.

The bottle's up, after a slurp and burp he's ready.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)  
One, two unhh... I'm up.

Standing, the slightly less than gentlemanly soldier, checks himself with quick pats. One turn, too quick, he wobbles, toward the next empty post. WHOSH POCK! His portly vested stomach pops open, a flesh draw bridge, swung down.

He looks down into the cavernous maw of an open stomach. The breath in his lungs comes quickly and he watches the bottom of the pink, purple red vein woven, ballooning lungs, in the empty cavity. Glossy purple-blue of exposed organs and then red tissue.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)  
Shit... whistles we got trouble.

Still staring into himself. He falls forward.

GUARD 2  
Casey!...

Immediately he moves to collect his friend but musket fire plunks into the grassy soil at his feet. He's cut off. He clutches his musket, while ducking for protection.

GUARD 2 (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Attack. We're under attack.  
(Now shouting toward camp)  
We're under Attack! ATTACK!!

He pops over the edge of the post and fires a shot into a wall of red, marching, nearly a 150 yards off but closing the gap in brisk syncopated strides.

(Voice over)  
Halt.. Fire!

More musketball rain punctuates the field and guard posts.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAWN

James is still running. Dawn is near. The sky is still starry but the horizon is faintly showing an orange line. He stops. He leans against a tree and his eyes water.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMERICAN CAMP / GUARD POST - AT THE SAME TIME

Everyone is now awake, heads poke out of tents.

(Voice Over)  
Retreat! Retreat! The British are coming. Fall back!  
(Voice Over)  
To arms, To arms!

Men run. Others form a line with muskets ready behind the guards posts. 150 assemble shoulder to shoulder. The British march toward them. The camp empties behind the strategic speed bump.

Lafayette stirs, stumbles from his tent and wipes his puffy eyes. He commences in a jig, alternating one foot at a time, balancing, shoving a leg into each boot in a hasty retreat.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAWN

James bends to his knees. He just can't breathe. His face twists, veins bulge. Hands move, jerking his trousers down.

CUT TO:

THE CLOSED EYE OF JAMES' ANUS PUCKERING

CUT TO:

EXT. AMERICAN CAMP / REAR OF BRITISH ARMY

A stately officer, GENERAL CORNWALLIS, a gentleman of about fifty years sits on horseback, medals gleaming on his perfect uniform. He is flanked by two younger officers. Cornwallis breaks into an abundant smile.

CORNWALLIS' POV

Using a spy glass he reviews the attack and spots Lafayette.

GENERAL CORNWALLIS  
The BOY!! to the French Child  
First!! Get me the boy.

FACING CORNWALLIS

His arm swings forward. The British cavalry gallops out.

CUT TO:

A JET OF LOOSE STEAMY FECES

CUT TO:

EXT. AMERICAN CAMP / GUARD POST

(Voice Over)  
Fire!

150 shots sting the 200 abreast front line of Cornwallis' seven thousand man infantry. Those still standing step over the fallen in a line and prepare to fire.

AMERICAN OFFICER  
Make ready!

Whistles cleans the musket chamber as he wobbles on line. He tears a gunpowder satchel with his teeth and fills the musket barrel - places the ball - packs the barrel.

AMERICAN OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Aim

The weapon is up, he takes aim, seven seconds have passed.

AMERICAN OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Fire!

CUT TO:

James is a crouched statue, with a fart the flood passes.

CUT TO:

Whistles can only see smoke. The man nearest him collapses. Tears run but he keeps the motion going. Seven seconds pass.

AMERICAN OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Fire!

His face is mud caked with gunpowder and his white pants are soaking wet in the crouch. Seven more seconds.

AMERICAN OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Fire!

More of the American line fall. The British are on top of them standing 50 feet away.

AMERICAN OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Retreat!

The answer from the British.

BRITISH OFFICER  
CHARGE!

Bayonet blades follow on the heels of retreating Americans.

CUT TO:

POLKA DOTS ON LEGS - RED BROWN SHINING - BLUE GREEN FLECKS

CUT TO:

EXT. AMERICAN CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Whistles runs through the camp, British close behind.

CUT TO:

Bullets come from the flanks of the British at odd angles.

CUT TO:

Howitzer cannon fire cuts the redcoats off at the rear.

FROM ABOVE

Half of the American army is hidden in the camp.

CUT TO:

The british run through the camp. They are being fired upon from everywhere.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - AT THE SAME TIME

James is dizzy - hobbled - breaches at his ankles, he staggers forward. Finding some moss, he wipes.

CUT TO:

Soldiers who left the camp are in nearby trees and at the swamp edge firing away from under the foliage's cover. The British drop like flies, not knowing where to direct fire.

EXT. ROADSIDE - AT THE SAME TIME

James wobbles forward. His pace quickening with each step.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMERICAN CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Whistles falls to the ground and fires at the discombobulated redcoats. Howitzer fire holds off the cavalry's advance.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRITISH GENERAL'S REAR POSITION - AT THE SAME TIME

General Cornwallis, through his spy glass, witnesses mayhem.

GENERAL CORNWALLIS  
(through clenched teeth,  
to no one in particular)  
A trap. It was a trap. How?,...  
we watched the roads all night, no  
communiques and no movement.

Cornwallis shifts in his saddle.

GENERAL CORNWALLIS (CONT'D)  
(in a low voice to an officer)  
Call the retreat... the amateurs,  
having acquired, effeminate  
divination, momentarily forestall  
their inevitable capitulation.

The orders are shouted forward.

CUT TO:

A WAVE OF THE BLOODIED - PUNCTURED - LIMBLESS - RED ZOMBIES

CUT TO:

CORNWALLIS CONTINUES TO SQUIRM IN HIS SADDLE.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON CORNWALLIS' MOUTH

GENERAL CORNWALLIS (CONT'D)  
(through gnarled teeth)  
The boy is a witch.

CUT TO:

Officers flanking Cornwallis nod vigorously in agreement.

CUT TO:



THE COST  
THE COST  
THE COST

VANDAL VEFERAL, FT

Handwritten graffiti on the left side of the door.

Handwritten graffiti on the left side of the door.

Large, dense graffiti covering the central door panel.

Large, dense graffiti covering the right side of the door.



RESTAURANT

313



Perry Bard: *My Post 9/11 Front Door*

The front door was solid steel, covered in graffiti, and someone was asleep on the stoop. I reached through the mail slot, scribbled the name I found on a phone bill and called. "Yes, the landlord is legit." I had been offered a no living loft for way more than I could afford and was trying to figure out if I could really live there. Every six months for the next twenty years the landlord, who has never raised my rent, came by to paint over the graffiti. He swept the sidewalk regularly, shoveled the snow and never did any maintenance inside. That was the deal.

In the 80's there were over 100,000 homeless people sleeping on the streets of New York and my stoop was one of the more active beds in the city. I had to step over bodies to get in and push hard to get out. When an industrial freezer was evacuated from the basement and left on the stoop for pickup, someone moved into the space between the freezer and the front door. Getting in and out was a feat. But once inside with that mass of steel behind me, I had entered my private refuge.

Private until I remembered the person sleeping out in front.

In the 90's Mayor Giuliani changed the demographics of my stoop. On a mission to clean up the city, he deported the homeless to the outer boroughs. The peep-shows disappeared from Canal Street along with the Baby Doll Lounge and a mobile marketplace sprang up. Prada, Louis Vuitton, Rolex, Movado, every brand name you can imagine available bon marché. Bus loads of tourists looking for deals were dropped off in front of my door. Hawkers replaced the homeless. The crowds ebbed and flowed in sync with the ambling police patrol - they kept the trade in motion with arrests every few hours. Where I used to have trouble getting in my front door I now had trouble negotiating a path to it.

After 9/11 my neighborhood was renamed ground zero. The couple in the storefront below me had been away shooting porn in the Philippines and couldn't get back into the country. They were running a suspect business whose only evidence was stacks of unmarked boxes. Their two pit bulls and crew of body-guards disappeared with them. An entrepreneur taking advantage of the economic stimulus to rebuild lower Manhattan transformed the storefront into an upscale restaurant. Upscale meant the steel door had to go.

Friends who come to visit now can't find my place. My entrance looks like it belongs on Madison Avenue or the Champs-Élysées. The door is glass and wood: no graffiti, no stickers, no nicks and no one on the stoop. In fact, you have to hunt for the door, and the number. My entrance is now a façade. Along with the goods still being hawked on Canal Street, it spells globalization.



#### ANIMAL FRIENDS

Color; 10 minutes

1956

This film tells of the friendship between a kitten and a big white dog. They play and even eat together. Although the kitten wanders off to have a few adventures with other animals, it eventually returns to the dog. In addition to introducing small animals, the film stresses such values as friendliness, consideration, willingness...

#### APACHE INDIAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Years ago the Apache was a hunter. Today we own a saw mill and raise cattle. Hayden Anderson lives on a reservation in Whiteriver, Arizona. He compares his modern house with a traditional wickiup.

#### CUBAN-AMERICAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Using a handy Spanish phrase now and then, Cuban-born Llen Casarus describes the geography of Miami and favorite foods of the "Little Havana" section. Then she shows us how to play "Four Corners," a running game...

#### FRIENDS

Color; 18 minutes

1972

A story about the friendship between Nancy, an extroverted impatient girl, and her vulnerable best friend; about what happens to her feelings when Nancy goes off to play with another girl.

#### FRIENDS IN NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Color; 4 minutes

1975

"New York City is the biggest transportation center in the United States," declares Manhattannite Billy Wolfstahal. As proof, Billy shows us many people using the harbor, airport, trucks, cars, buses, subway, and the...

#### FRIENDS IN ORONDO, WASHINGTON

Color; 4 minutes

1975

"I live in apple country." Dayl Ller tours the orchards, showing how trees are irrigated, and how apples are picked, washed, waxed and graded. Hopping on her motorcycle, Dayl races off through the rows of trees.

#### FRIENDS IN PHILADELPHIA,

PENNSYLVANIA

Color; 4 minutes

1975

#### FRIENDS IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Color; 4 minutes

1975

In the bustling "Gateway to the Orient," one of the best ways to climb a hill and see the city is on a cable car. At the City's harbor, Eric points out some of the 5,000 ships that annually carry goods to and from foreign...

#### FRIENDS IN WASHINGTON, D.C

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Robert Edwards enjoys art. A sunny afternoon finds him sketching pictures of the Washington Monument, the White House, the Capitol, and the Supreme Court Building. As he draws, he comments on the duties of the President...

#### FROG AND TOAD ARE FRIENDS

Color; 17 minutes

1971

Arnold Lobel's beloved characters come to life in this fully animated version of the enormously popular...

#### ITALIAN-AMERICAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Take a summertime stroll through Providence, Rhode Island with Frank Lombardi. Frank relates the city's history, and points out sights in the Italian Federal Hill Section. Then it's time to cool off in the community...

#### MEXICAN-AMERICAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Rosa Maria Portillo lives in a barrio in East Los Angeles. "Mexicans have lived in this area for almost 300 years." After a treat at a taquitosburritos carryout, Rosa practices a Mexican dance on the family lawn. For...

#### PUERTO RICAN- AMERICAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Noel Seda lives in New York City. "It's a long distance for Puerto Rican people to come." Noel spends his free time at the school yard playing baseball and "blind chicken." Nearby, the street markets offer many products from the home island. At "La Marquette" Noel buys a tasty pastalia...

#### VALUES: BEING FRIENDS

Color; 8 minutes

1969

Ricky, Phil and Ted are good friends. They have many other friends, but somehow they seem to have the most fun when they are with each other. Friends laugh together and do special things together. Sometimes they might disagree, but they are still friends. They help each other...

## Wolfgang Betke: hortus conclusus

A

wir saugen die leere ein.  
doch auch sie vermag nicht mehr uns auszufüllen.

gleich wird es geschehen, es wird unausweichlich geschehen, eine unausweichlichkeit wird eintreten, eine ungeheuerlichkeit, eine ungeheure unausweichlichkeit, etwas das mit ansteckung zu tun hat. es wird ein anfang sein. ein anfang.  
wir sind schon ganz löchrig. man kann durch uns hindurchschauen.  
wir haben angst fort zu fliegen, so leicht sind wir geworden.  
leicht.  
ausgedünnt, wir sind ausgedünnt.  
dünn.

die haut: papier, die knochen: bruch

dabei speisen wir gut. wir trinken jeden abend wein, bier, whiskey und gin.  
die tafeln sind reich gedeckt. wir essen schweine, rinder, hühner, fische, kartoffeln, möhren, korn. die feinsten köche zaubern jeden tag ihre schönsten kreationen nur für uns.  
doch es langweilt, es langweilt uns.

manchmal steigen wir in ein auto und bleiben einfach sitzen.  
in bleu oder rosé wie unterhemden mit löchern.  
wir fahren nicht. nicht fahren!

mit der zeit wird das auto von herbeigewehten blättern und staub überzogen.  
die scheinbein beschlagen von innen, milchig, undurchsichtig.

wenn wir nach wochen ungewaschen und ohne nahrung zu uns zu nehmen, den wagen verlassen, die türen knarren dann schon ein wenig, sind wir um einige gramm schwerer geworden. wir riechen dann auch gut.

doch vorerst wäre es hilfreich, es wäre hilfreich, hilfreich wäre es, vorerst wäre es hilfreich, steine zu sammeln.  
die müssen wir in unsere taschen stopfen solange sie noch nicht durchlöchert.  
wir sollten uns beeilen.

der wind

steine in die taschen  
ganz voll bis zum rand  
dicke glatte kiesel trocken klappern

Wolfgang Betke: hortus conclusus

A

we're soaking the emptiness in.  
but even this cannot fill us anymore.

in a moment it happens, it happens unavoidably, an inescapability occurs, an enormity, an enormous inescapability, something to do with contagion. it will be a start. a start.  
already we are full of holes. one can see through us.  
we are afraid of flying away, we have become so light.  
light.  
thinned out, we are thinned out.  
thin.

skin: paper, bones: scrap

nevertheless we dine well. each night we drink wine, beer, whiskey and gin.  
the tables are richly laid. we eat pigs, kine, fowl, fish, potatoes, carrots, grains.

the finest chefs conjure their most exquisite creations especially for us.  
yet it wearies us, it wearies us.

sometimes we get into a car and simply stay there.  
bleu or rosé like undershirts with holes.  
we don't drive. don't drive!

in time the car is overlaid with floating leaves and dust.  
the windows are steamed up from the inside, milky, opaque.

when, after weeks, unwashed and without having eaten, we leave the car, its doors are already slightly creaky  
by then, we've become heavier by several grams. by then we also smell  
good.

but for the time being it would be helpful, helpful would it be, for the time being it would be  
helpful to collect stones. these we must stuff into our pockets as long as they're not yet  
perforated.  
we ought to hurry.

stones into the pockets.  
full up to the brim  
thick smooth pebbles dry clack

## B

a mountain peak  
a valley  
a wood  
a meadow  
a garden  
a chamber  
a car  
an island  
a bird in a cage  
a prison cell  
a deserted place in a city  
the wind  
cap'n's baby  
roses of sunshine  
violets of dew  
two babies  
a rollin' pin  
a hammer  
a bowie knife  
a pistol  
a judgement

## C

we stand on the edge of the city, in a deserted parking lot on which nothing but a rotten wagon in a light blue, they say bleu, a light, almost sky blue, if it weren't so pale or like on extraordinarily hot summer days, when the blue gets milky, my mother used to always say, with linen my mother always used to say bleu, this is kept in such a bleu, the wagon is standing kept in a bleu, are we waiting for somebody there or are we just watching the cracks in the glowing asphalt cracking, how they distend and distend like your head, when you can't stand it any more in the face of total rottenness, in the face of total infamy, in the face of the total airiness of human manners, of human acts, which are so degenerate you could puke, puke onto the glowing asphalt so your puke instantly begins to vaporize as it slaps onto the hot lava in a great brownyellow flush with little green chunks against the wagon's bleu, a flush vomited in a great arch and splashed onto the asphalt only to vaporize there at the very instant before you can get down on your knees and lap up your own puke again, because once you had produced it, you didn't want to take in any other nourishment, you want to keep it in circulation, adding nothing new but losing as little as possible, you wanted to create so to speak a maximum possible recycle, a nutrient circulation with yourself, but you came too late, your kneeling down doesn't help you, it evaporates even as you watch it falling, it evaporates, your puke evaporates.

## B

ein gipfel  
ein tal  
ein wald  
eine wiese  
ein garten  
ein zimmer  
ein auto  
eine insel  
ein vogel im käfig  
eine gefängniszelle  
ein verlassenener platz in einer stadt  
der wind  
cap'n's baby  
roses of sunshine  
violets of dew  
zwei babies  
eine teigrolle  
ein hammer  
ein bowiemesser  
eine pistole  
ein urteil

## C

wir stehen am rande der stadt, auf einem verlassenem parkplatz auf dem außer ein zusammengefallener bauwagen in einem hellen blau, man sagt bleu, ein helles fast himmelblau, wenn es nicht so blaß wäre oder wie an besonders heißen sommertagen, wenn das blau milchig wird, meine mutter sagte immer, bei wäsche sagte meine mutter immer bleu, das ist in so einem bleu gehalten, steht der bauwagen in einem bleu gehalten, warten wir auf jemanden dort oder schauen wir nur den rissen im glühenden asphalt beim reißen zu, wie sie sich dehnen und dehnen wie dein kopf, wenn du es nicht mehr aushältst vor lauter verkommenheit, vor lauter niedertracht, vor lauter fahrigkeit der menschlichen gesticulationen, der menschlichen taten, die so verdorben sind daß du kotzen könntest, kotzen auf den heißen asphalt, so daß deine kotze im gleichen moment zu verdampfen anfängt, wie sie auf die heiße lava klatscht, in einem großen braungelben schwall mit kleinen grünen bröckchen vor dem bleu des bauwagens, einen schwall in großem bogen erbrochen und auf den asphalt geknallt um dort im selben moment zu verdampfen bevor du dich hinknieen kannst, um deine kotze wieder aufzuschlecken, weil du sonst keine nahrung mehr zu dir nehmen wolltest, nachdem du diese einmal produziert, wolltest du sie im kreislauf halten, nichts neues hinzufügen aber auch sowenig wie möglich verlieren, du wolltest sozusagen einen größtmöglichen recyclus schaffen, einen nahrungskreislauf mit dir selber, doch du bist zu spät gekommen, dein niederknien nützt dir nichts, es verdampft noch wie du es fallen siehst, es verdampft, deine kotze verdampft.

D

skies become orange and woods blue  
I saw this in your face  
after I kissed thee

you kissed me awake  
our lips softened  
ever more tender, softer and sweeter  
the scent of morning and distance

clouds swept across asudden wildly  
colours dissolved at once much more courageous  
a brilliance returned from sheer happiness  
a melting turned into the stuttering hand

you smile inside me

the wood falls back onto the surroundings  
it flows into the day with white and blue  
the rustling causes pieces of snow to fall  
the grass breaks green towards the sun

little water drops take us in

slightly bent we lean down to the grass blade  
completely in this tiny universe sparkling  
we see ourselves in the small sphere

put me like a seal over your heart  
like a seal on your arm

D

himmel werden orange und wälder blau  
ich sah das in deinem gesicht  
nachdem ich dich geküsst

du küsstest mich wach  
unsere lippen weichten  
immer zarter, weicher und süßer  
duft nach morgen und weite

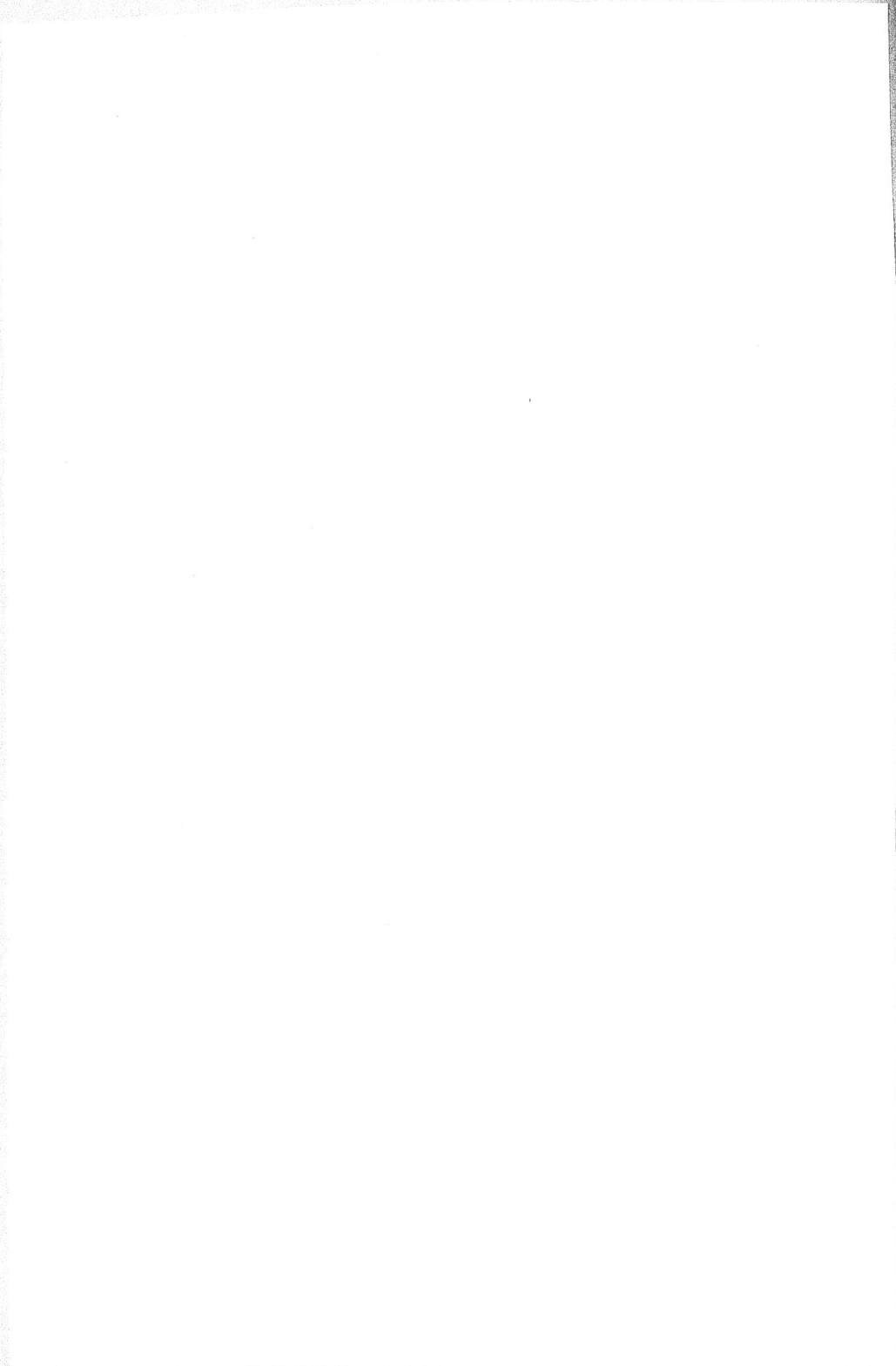
wolken verfeigten sich plötzlich sehr wild  
farben zerflossen mit einem mal viel mutiger  
ein leuchten kehrte zurück vor lauter glück  
ein schmelz bog ein in das stottern der hand

du lächelst in mir

der wald fällt in die gegend zurück  
er fließt in den tag mit weiß und blau  
das rauschen bringt schneestücke zu fall  
und grün bricht das gras gegen die sonne

kleine wassertröpfchen nehmen uns auf  
und gebogen lehnen wir uns hinunter zum grashalm  
ganz in der winzigen welt die so glänzt  
sehen wir uns in der kleinen kugel

lege mich wie ein siegel auf dein herz  
wie ein siegel auf deinen arm



## NOTE ON BEAR PEOPLE AND WITCHES

Don't confuse those who go to the bears with the witch people. Human beings who live with the bears do not wear bear skins. They are naked and not conscious of being different from their bear relatives. Witches crawl into skins of dead animals, but they can do nothing but play around with objects and bodies. Living animals are terrified of witches. They smell the death. That's why witches can't get close to them. That's why people keep dogs around their hogans. Dogs howl with fear when witch animals come around.



## Nomenclature

Robert Buck

4/20/08 11:37 AM 58° while at my father's

*I am with people heading in the direction of holy family church along liberty road, going east. It is necessary to take an alternate path. We come to a gully that must be traversed. I am wearing blue desert boots I bought while traveling with my brother. I realize if I slide on the soles of the shoes, I can get ahead of the others. Indeed, I slide down one side and gain enough momentum to get to the top of the opposite side. I am thrilled by my agility, amazed that given the rough terrain I am able to travel or coast as far as I do. But now I am stalled, stuck at the crest of the incline. I can see the road just over the top, and at the place where just a while ago the other path digressed. I could fall from where I struggle to hold my place. To my right, I see two cords that perhaps I can grab on to. Unfortunately, the cords are loose. I pull them, and surface dirt, caked mud, comes off to reveal a series of tiles that run the length of the ridge. I try to grab on to one only to find they too are loose. Now, two young men, apparently experienced in scaling this terrain, methodically analyze the situation, weighing their chances of surmounting the crest.*

~~My brother and I~~ this morning to my brother I voiced the dream and like the men in it who know better (only the dream itself knows more) I grasped it, but gradually. ~~Not for nothing did I share it with my brother~~ for I got the desert boots while traveling with my brother. A memory was stirred by seeing yesterday at Salvation Army a western-style shirt with an "Ely" collar label, the NV town where I bought the shoe-boots.

I slide on the shoes, the soles of the shoes, sure not to dig in my heels. Slipping, nothing is attached, fixed, firm, or named. Like is it a shoe or a boot? *Eschew* what: gully, place, name? I coast on my *soul*, charm, like the black singer did last night, working the room at the restaurant where we celebrated my father's eighty-eighth birthday. A conversation yesterday my brother and I had about the definition of the word "nomenclature", its distinction from "vernacular" was heard by the dream. We sat with my father while I looked it up ~~the words~~. My father misheard words and misapplied definitions, like "fulsome" for "wholesome", meaning for him "buxom woman". The dictionary was open and language was reflected (all it ever is). Nomenclature (a set or system of names or terms) resounds as *name-in-clay-(na)ture*. Echoing "Idi Amin Dada" dream three weeks ago, the fragment ciphers ~~ephe in the place of the father~~ of my name for the father as a failure to properly name. Sliding to hold my place, nomination slips. Clay-mud baked-dry, is ~~it is the~~ the crust at the top of the crest. My waking enjoyment ~~came w/~~ at uncovering, like one of the tiles, the pun: *my name in clay nature has been en-crested*. ~~This leads to~~ the two cords signal *a cord*, a discordant accord. ~~Will not come through~~ ~~accordance~~ only chance, hazard, discord, provide *a cord*, escape. The two men "know how"; their *know ledge* offers a viable way. *Act-know-ledge*. Discord uncovers the tile-cells ~~benet~~ encrusted along the ledge. My brother related them rightly to tiles that line the edge of a pool, and behold: the name of our neighborhood community pool ~~we were me~~ was Randall ~~rigg~~ Ridge. The dream refers to the escarpment I struggle to surmount discordingly as nomination itself (crest, ridge, edge, ledge). Pooling here too is the memory of my brother and I as kids eschewing the streets leading to the Randall Ridge for a break away path through the middle of

the block between houses. My father mentioned this path yesterday, now overgrown and obstructed, apparently. Our clear-cut shortcut, once passable, now, according to my father, is thwarted. The dream cuts another way, a *know better ledge*, encrusted, discordant, unconscious.

What are these tiles unearthed beneath the crust on the crest, at the edge of a deserted empty ridge pool, gully, dry-bed, draw, memory, if not the interlocking hexagon cells of the cluster sculptures for my upcoming show? Another dream cord: two days ago before leaving NYC for my father's an Artforum advertisement was due and ~~CR~~ I informed the gallery haphazardly, in an awkward ~~manner~~ manner, of my nomination to Buck. This act the dream designates as until now unknowable, un-nameable, a truer name ~~at the top~~ buried under the crust of the crest, *name-in-clay-nature*. Two anecdotes knot crest to crust: yesterday at the Salvation Army, an artifact, a framed gold-plated eagle, clutching in its talons arrows and branches and over its chest an escutcheon, shield, emblem, crest, but blank, un-engraved, not-yet-written. (Naming as epitaph.) I tapped it as inspiration for an artwork. My brother brought the second one: my father yesterday confessed to him, in an exchange I overheard, that he had used the wrong crust for a pie he baked. The dream knows my brother does, for who else endured like I the paternal blunders, mistakes, ~~misfor~~ misfortunes, misjudgments? (We share this dreams vernacular: the shortcut, the pool, an Aunt's house on Crest Street, PA.) A father who mis-names, is thus known, named, misnomer, *amiss*. ~~Table~~ (My brother is is lately concerned with properly naming things, so our looking up words like ~~mis~~ "nomenclature". ~~Return~~ "misnomer" emerged while decoding the dream, so we looked it up, to be sure, later at my dads.)

This second-hand heraldic shield, to be etched, written, carved, once encrusted by paternal misnomers at the crest of a ledge I know better now, "inscribes" a name I made for myself, one that bucks the father's name through *a vowel movement*, spelled-out literally by the dreams ~~cunning wordplay~~ cunning ~~relay exchange~~ crisscross of the very same letters e and u in crest and crust. ~~of for a u that knots~~ What's en-crested in a name? Scaling the ridge of the dream, an act akin to it's ~~interpret~~ deciphering (dreams *know ledge*), I ascend to the brink of a liberty road. Crest is a cockscomb too. Rooster, bird, feather, artistic name change nothing other ~~the~~ than a nom-de-plume. The representative *miss-nomer*, my enjoy-meant, *nom-en-clay-nature*, crest-in-crust, the dream lets slip discords to buck, my sign-nature, ensign, insignia.

Clay to mud to shit, ~~it knotted~~ letters in my ~~own~~ alphabet: the terrain of the father, earmarked not only as name-in-clay-encrusted-crest, but clay feet, once idolized. I instead wear feet salvaged out west. My feat now ~~east~~ to coast, not east, west, hanging from the ridge, grasping once encrusted crest, mis-named, ~~I can no longer~~ the dreams rescue, ~~unable to get a leg up~~ ~~rescue coming~~ liberty over the ledge, a name I call myself, ~~clay~~ if embedded in the crest. Crust, dried baked, caked clay, once mud, shit. ~~What is the dry bed of shit~~ a landscape of it, ~~a world~~ a pool of it, world-o-shit, absent world ~~of no~~ of distinction, drowning; lacking world of name place-names or co-ordinates; the world I end-evered to unearth myself from. The dream ciphers this morass and ~~backwardness~~ mud as dry-bed, illegible, backward ~~guideposts in the form of~~ relies wayward. Know how ever markers, cells, signposts ~~can be uncover~~ are found embedded beneath the caked baked surface. This land dreamscape, ~~baked in the wrong~~ encrusted, ~~ravages of a prim~~ aftermath of a mudslide consuming, is the land of my father, and ~~any other~~ acknowledged, navigation is not all is lost. Too soon to foresee what follows this bucking, for the canny dream conclusion is a cliffhanger! ~~Later: The Is the sequel apparent in the ending?~~ ~~By I recognize~~ the dream ~~rege~~ act-know-ledges that with the displacement of e by u

rega despite the hazardous precipice place I find in myself, I am “onto something”. The climax, though suspended, yet en-nom-in-e nomenclature now un-inscribed, I am not crestfallen!

4/30/08 7:58 AM 54° Midland Odessa, TX

The U replaces the E of Beck in all the dream arrived after the weekend that ~~my co-the news of this change~~ G the gallery took unfavorably the news of my new name. So it must be the force of the self-naming that affectively carves out the dream-terrain upon which it ramifies. The letter u ~~n~~ assigned to the signature subject, act-knowledges impasse, ~~and it's rep~~ and crossing the geography of u I grasp appropriately the dream ciphers ~~in~~ of my self-nomination, ~~my~~ my self-nom-in-nature, encrusted in clay, ~~accordingly. In the topology of the mother, the mud mud-shit~~ crust caked, heralding ~~my erf~~ my ~~e~~-name had been en-~~eru~~ my true name crest as encrusted, ~~the e~~-while for as long as cake-mud-shit-crust was my crest, the pun encrested.

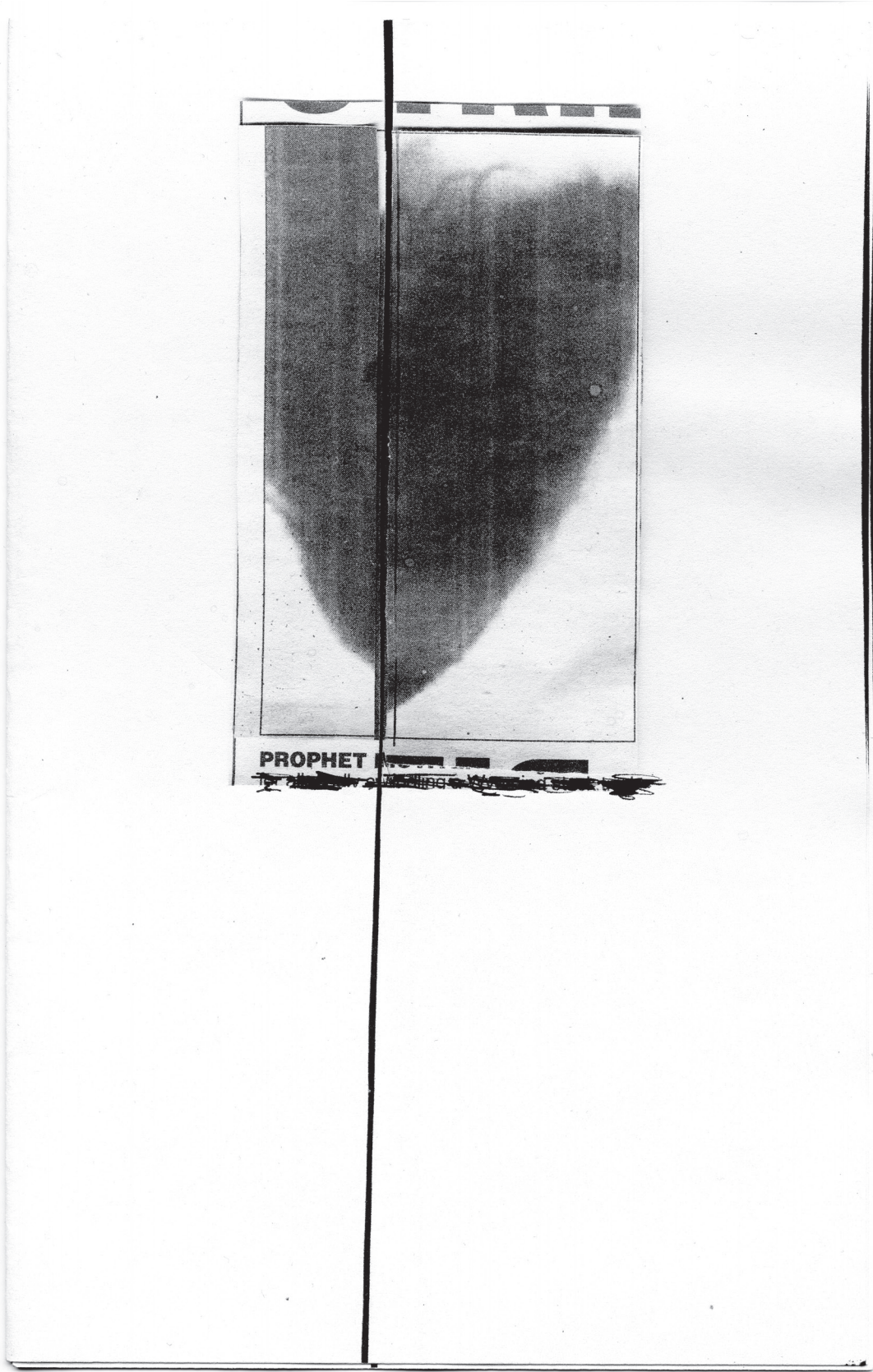
Dry-bed gully chasm goes by too as draw, and I traverse. Cards, gamble, solitaire, poker, win, lose, draw. Here, in deeds, we find the mother, now as then deadlocked, tragedy reiterates; this the true push to self-nomination against the father name, resigned to irresolution enacted by the traverse-sole? The u-shaped cut canyon dream geography, though traversed, remains a rift.

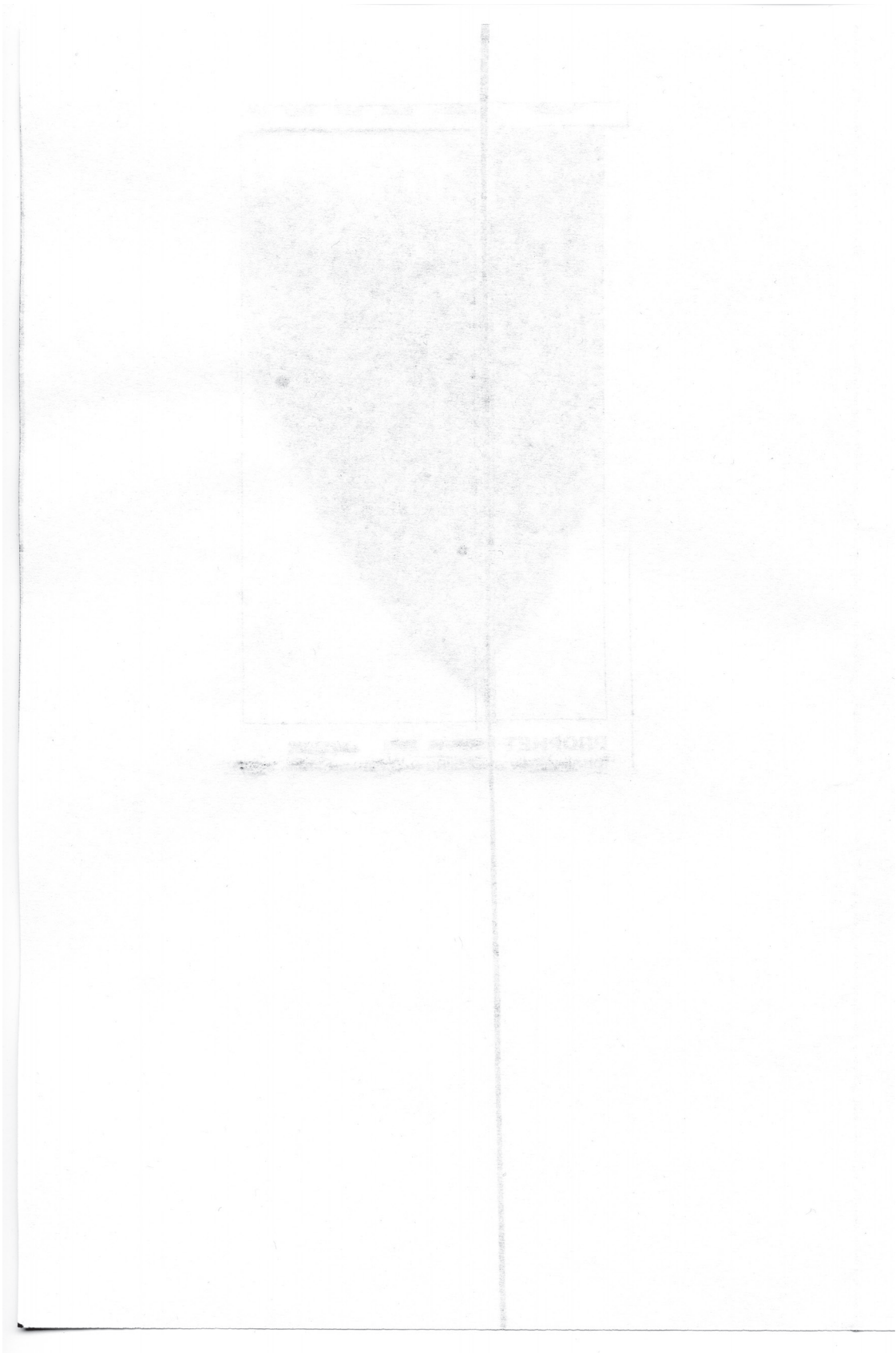
~~w~~I follow ~~un~~ what more matters than the meaning of the dream's own vowel *movement*, is not the one letter for the other in the re-mark-able exchange of e in crest for u in crust ~~under exclusively~~, but ~~but~~ the canny copy-cat quality of the swap itself. Move-over, it is not only that I did the same, sliding e from beck to slip in u for buck (this u all the while encrested awaiting excavation) but ~~exchangi~~ excising an e by any other name is pushing it out; I pushed it out, which the dream re-awakes as a trait, master signifier: push-e, “pushy”, the name shit then liked to retain, production, waste, it drops.

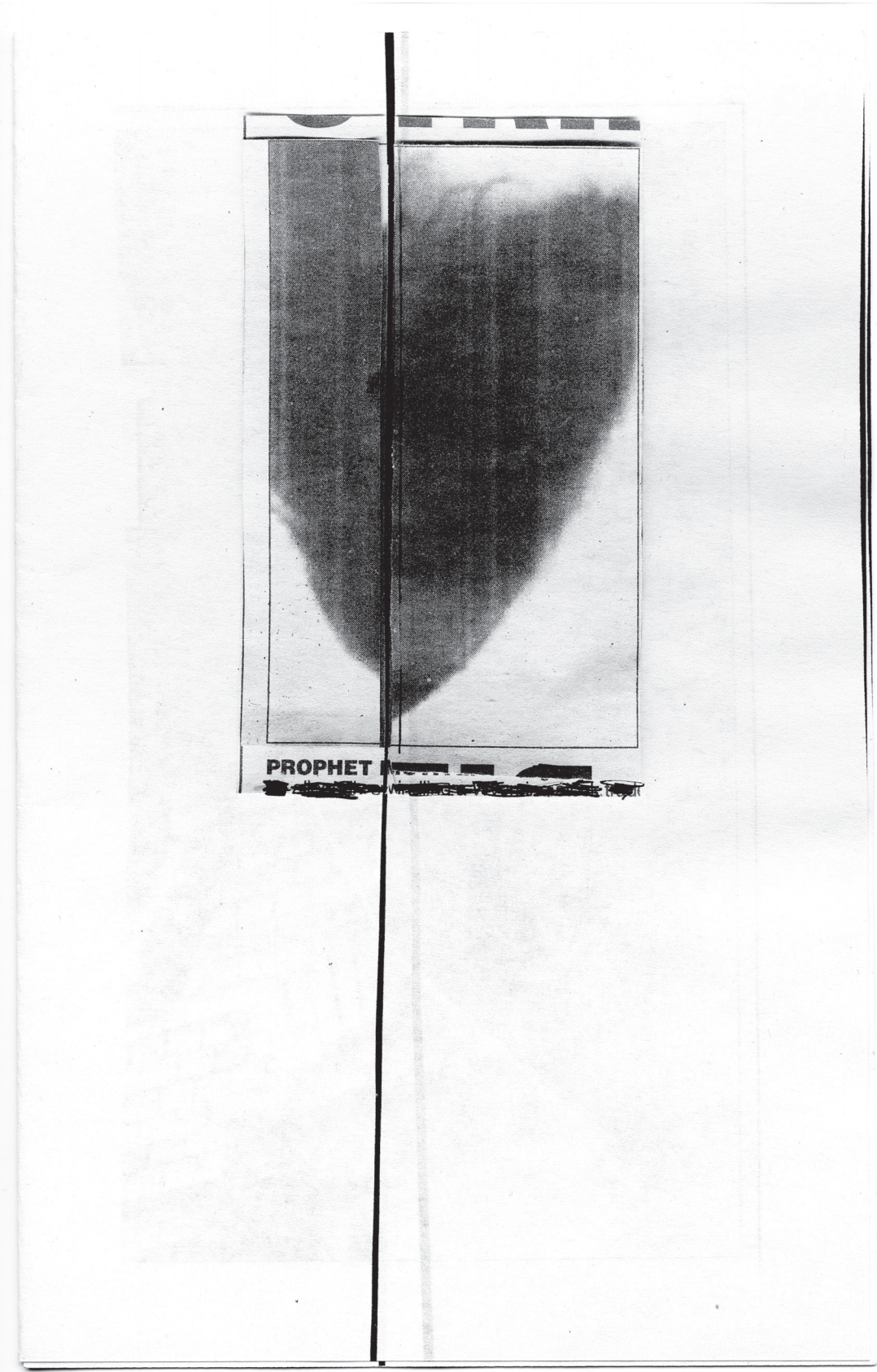
Desert boots reminded R. of the Hewlett-Packard brand, which typifies typing, typewriting, versing. Riding, sounds like writing, on my soles. Writing? Why not try-versing? Is this the means of the *try-verse-sole*? ~~It to recapitula the replacement of the E with the U cannot the~~ significance of the un-inscription of e by u can not longer be understated. The u in buck ~~repre~~ representative of the ~~greate representation~~ representative of an other that can otherwise not be an *act-know-ledge-meant* of what in the self ~~cannot~~ can not be better unknown as resignation, traversal, with the force full finally of an insignia, as ~~I no underst~~ enjoy of what I enjoy to mean.

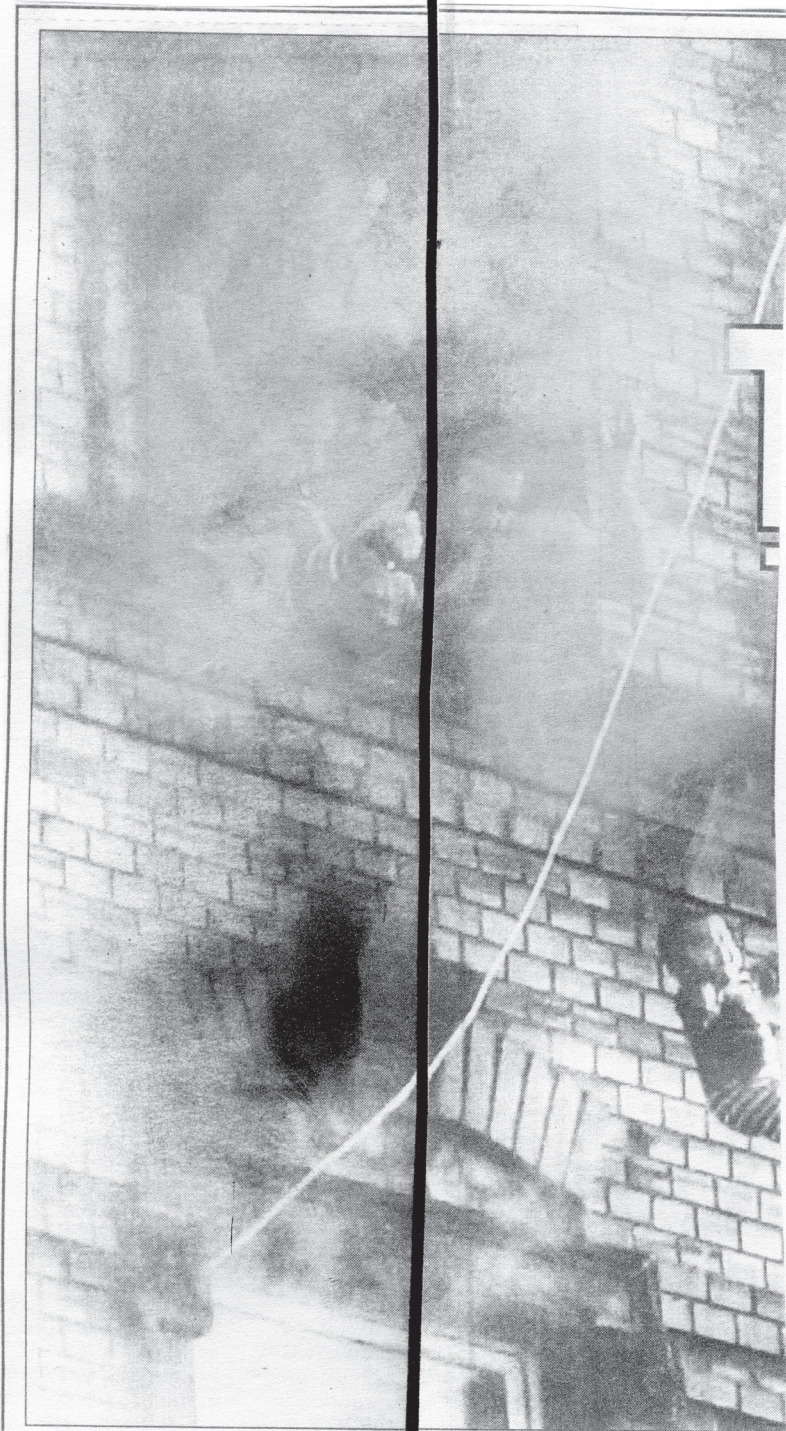
In the end, what u drives out of the father name, an act-know-ledge-meant of a mis-nomer, is an other letter, push e, no longer retained, it falls, as remainder, but not wasted; ~~certainly the~~ self-nomination of this being its first sign...

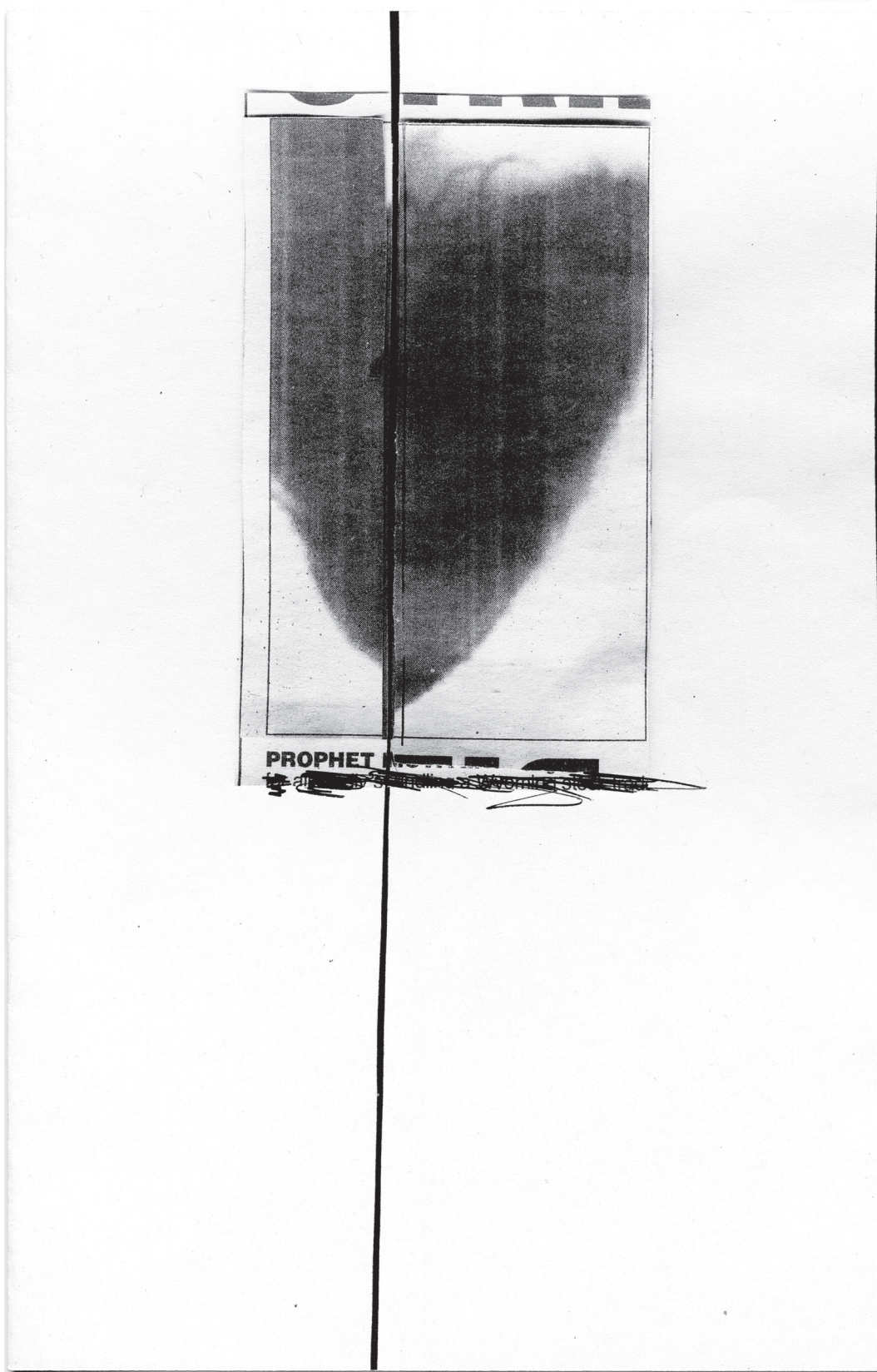
*The artist last April leading up to an exhibition changed his name from Robert Beck to Robert Buck.*

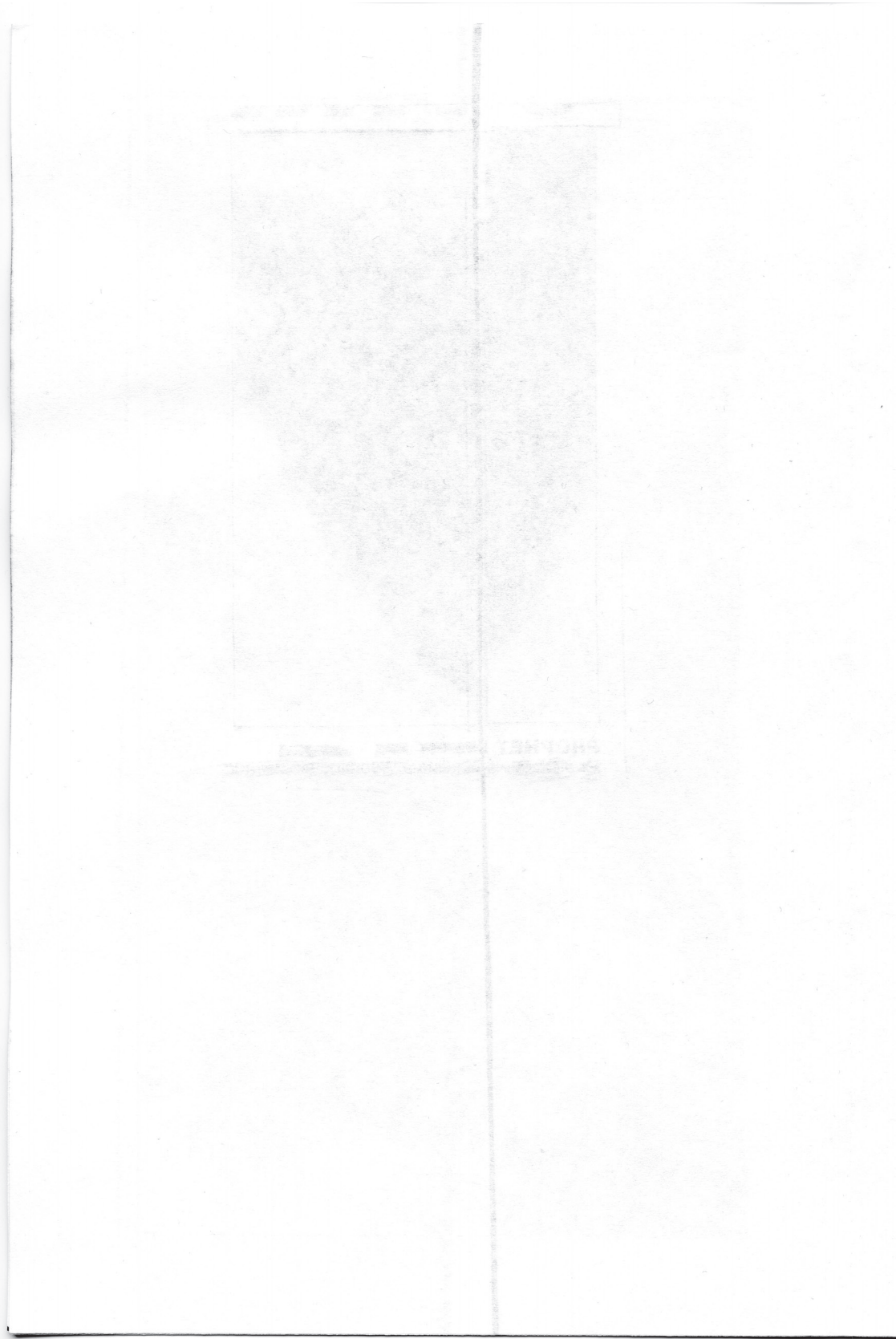


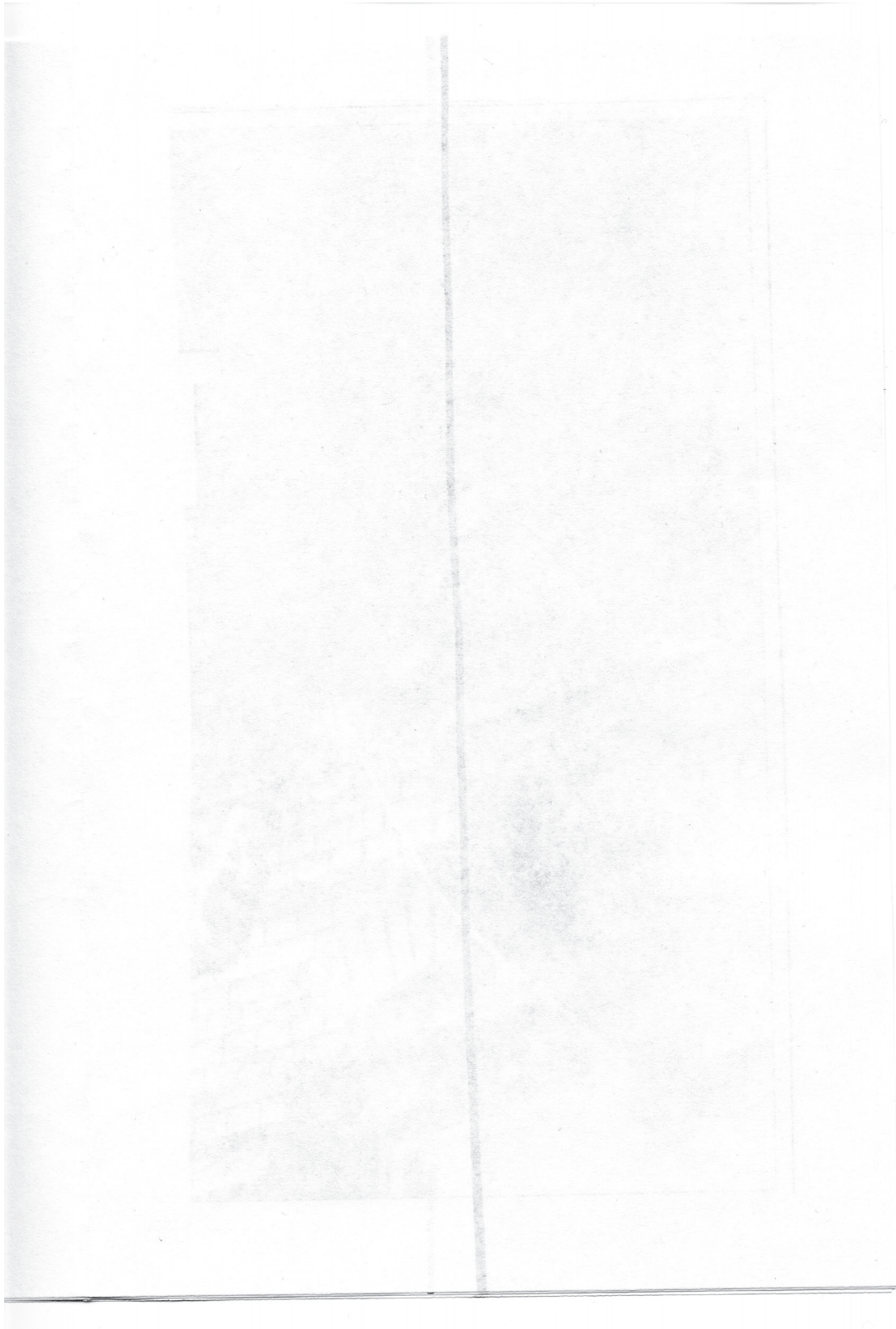


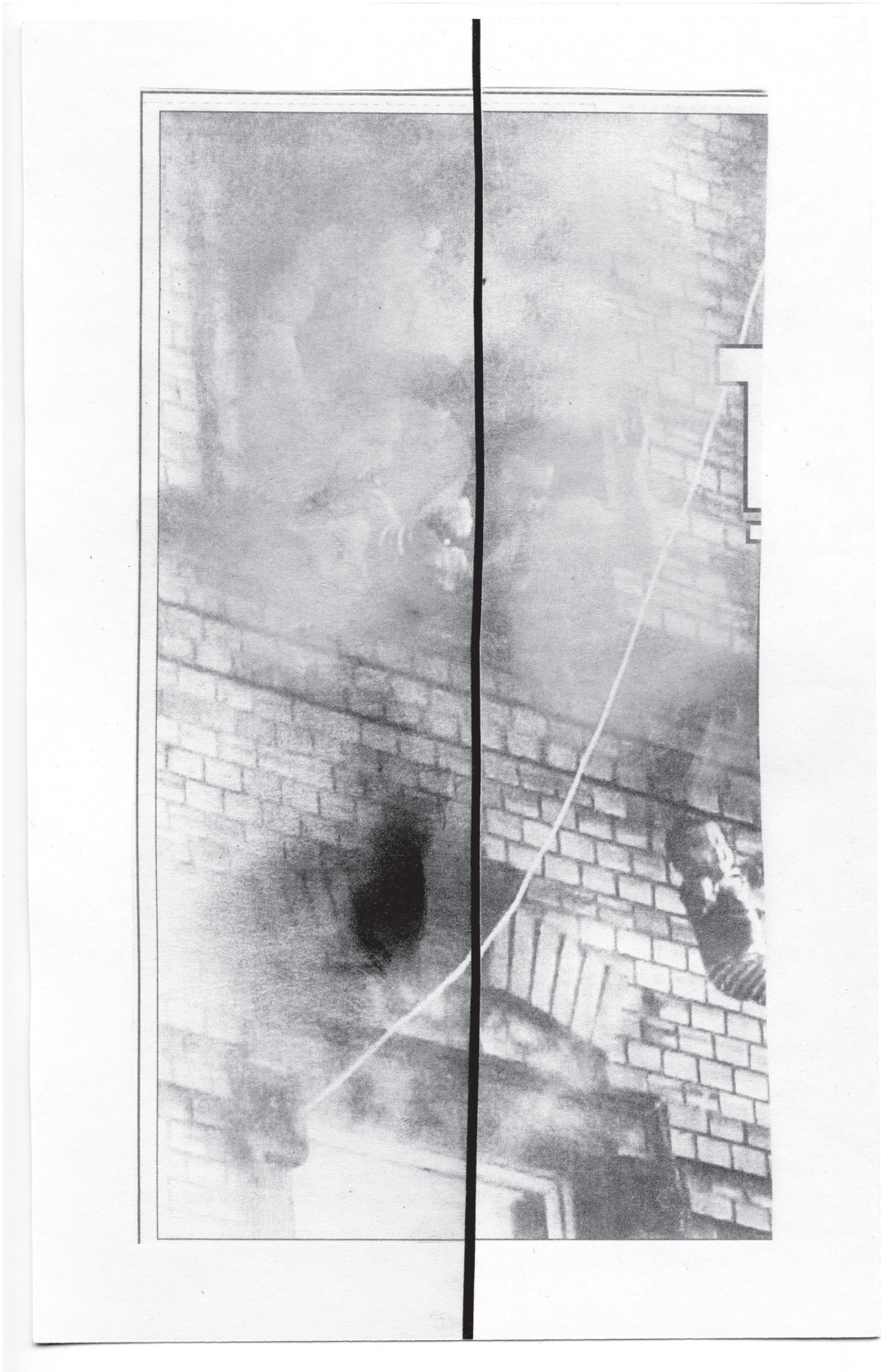


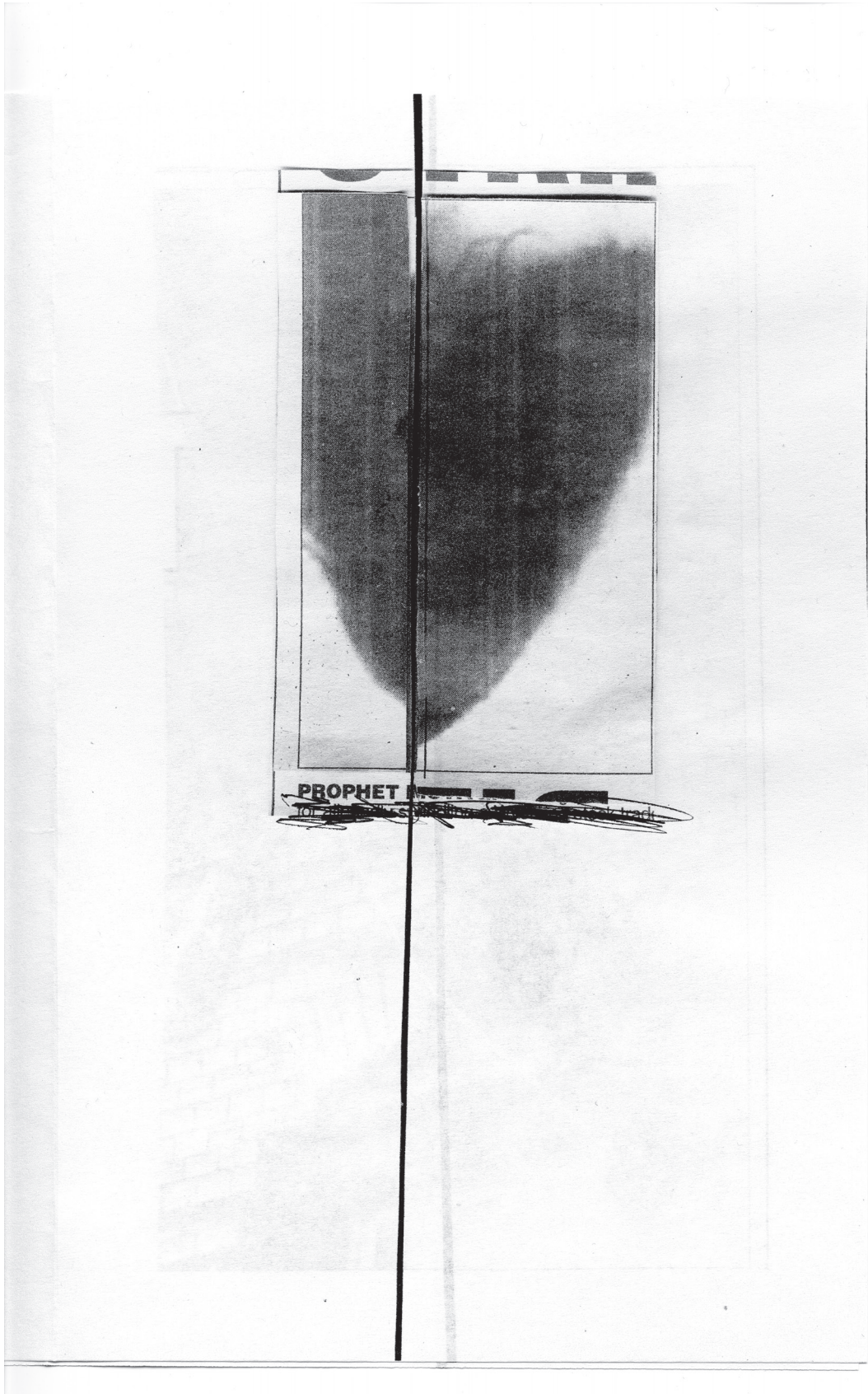


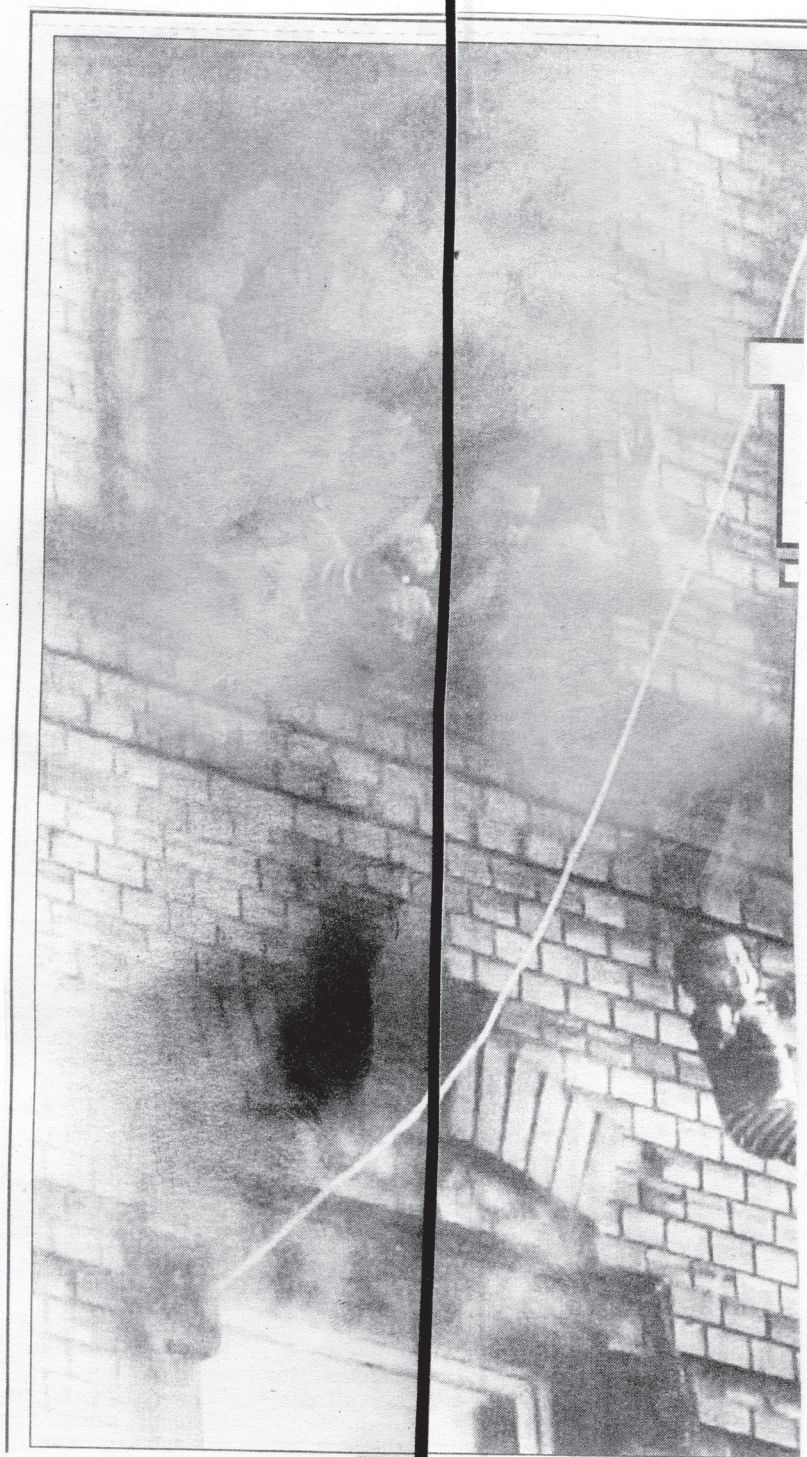


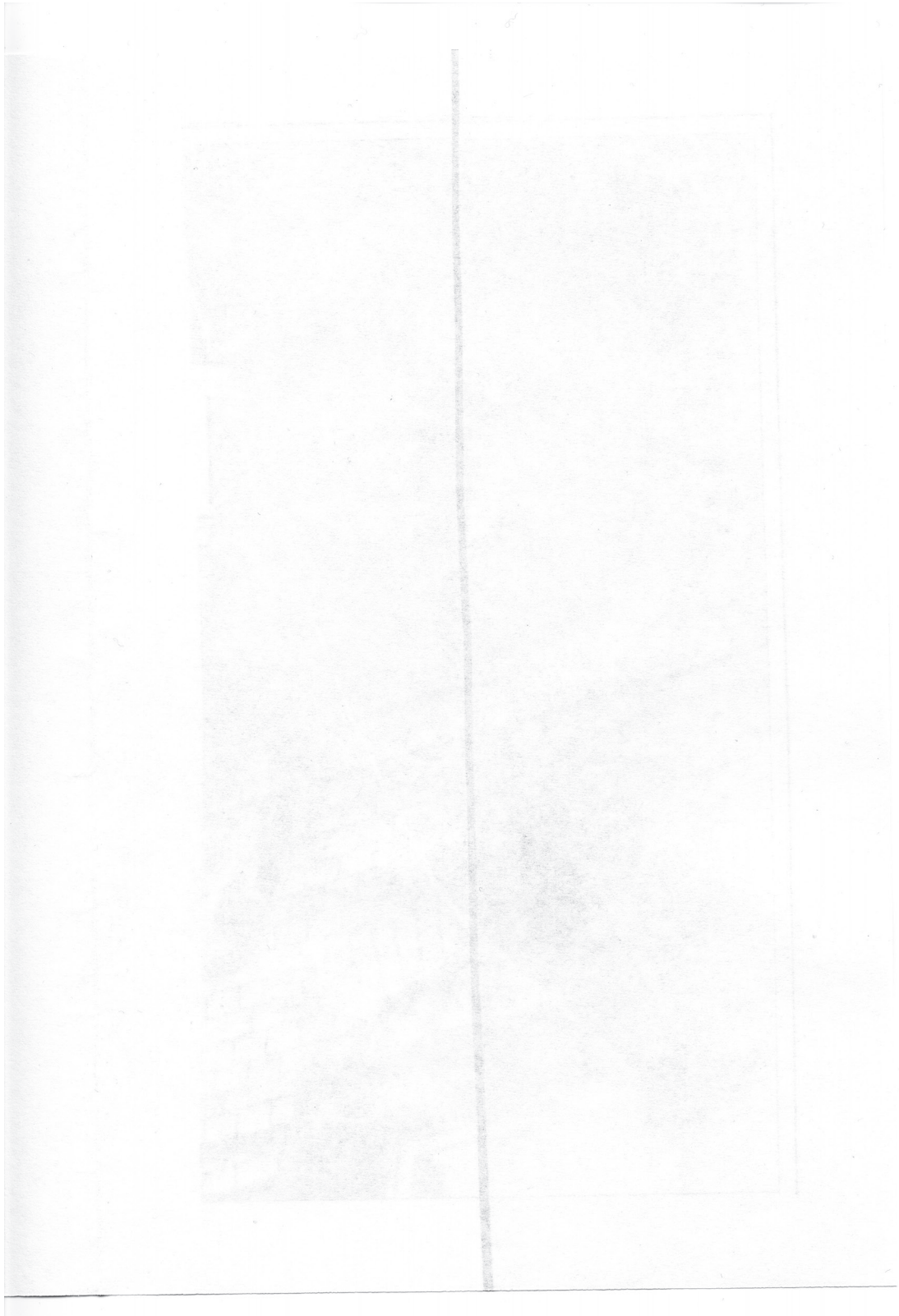


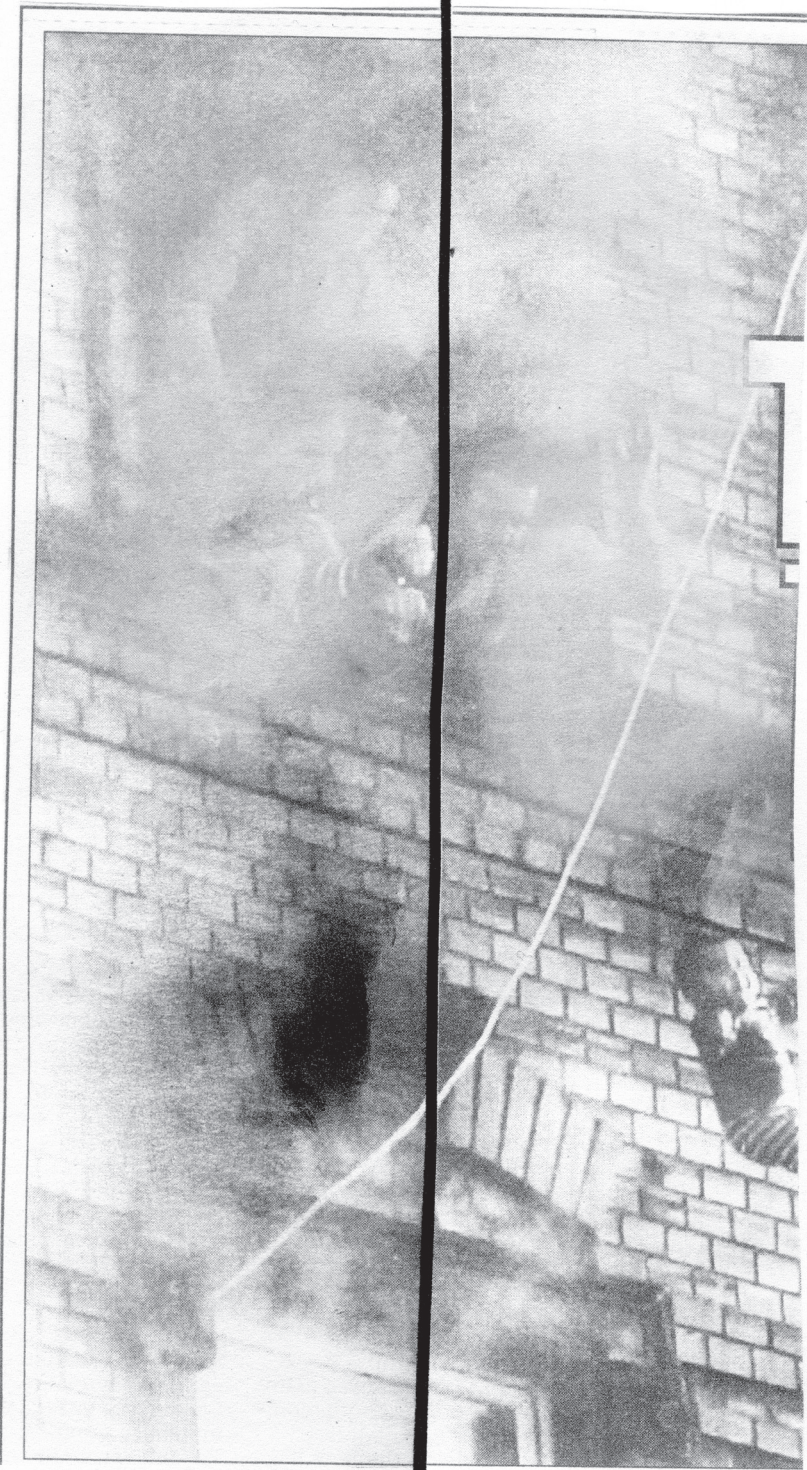














**PLEASE DON'T GO**



while you're  
down there...

**stay low**



# Martys Car Mart R.I.P.





**rainbow said**

**down with love. yes oh yes**

**ALONE**  
**ALONE**



**2J92-97Q**  
**resist the**



# **SCRYING**

**A Ballet in 3 Acts**

**By**

**Jen DeNike**

**Dedicated to:**

**Damien Echols & Jackie Barrett**

## ALL IS VANITY

### GRAND ILLUSIONS

Look at the card - then look away  
and gaze at the card again - you will  
see a completely different picture.



**Look into the mirror, the answer is in the mirror, the medium is the mirror. The ballerina becomes the medium, she is a pendulum, the medium is one with the mirror.**

## Act I

### Divination:

**You are inside a mirrored music box, a ballerina is pirouetting endlessly.**



## **Act II**

### **Transmutation:**

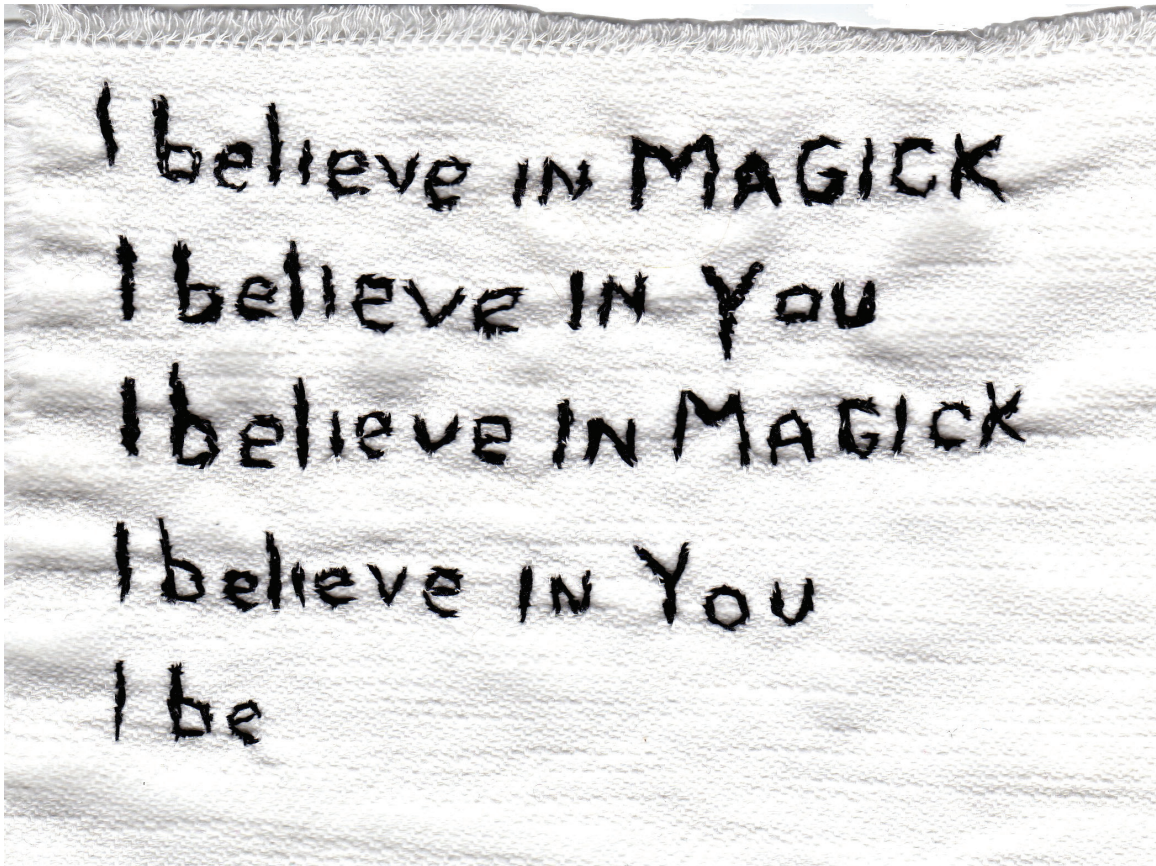
**You are me, I am you.**



### Act III

### Magick:

The present is really the past, the past is your future.





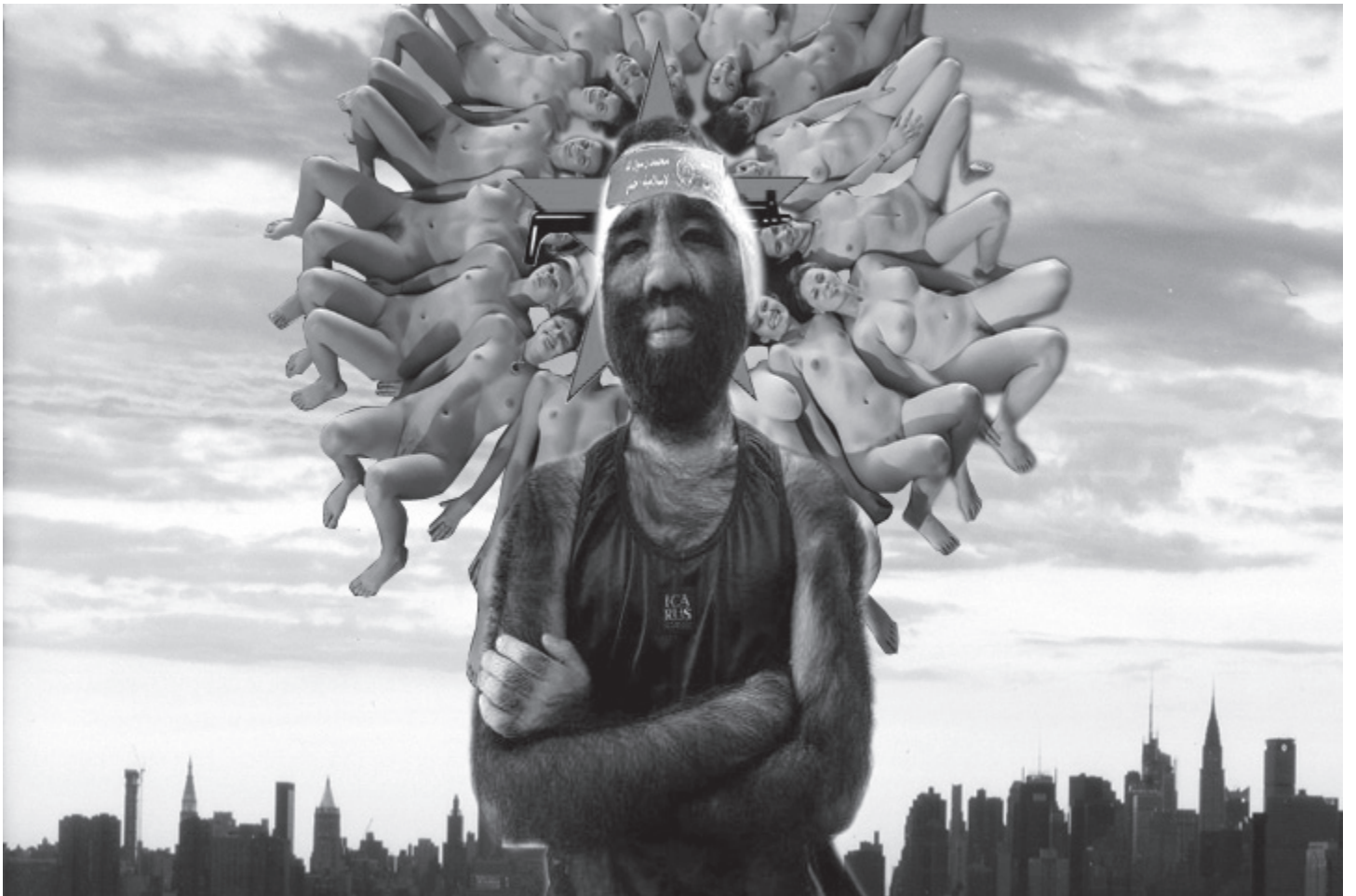




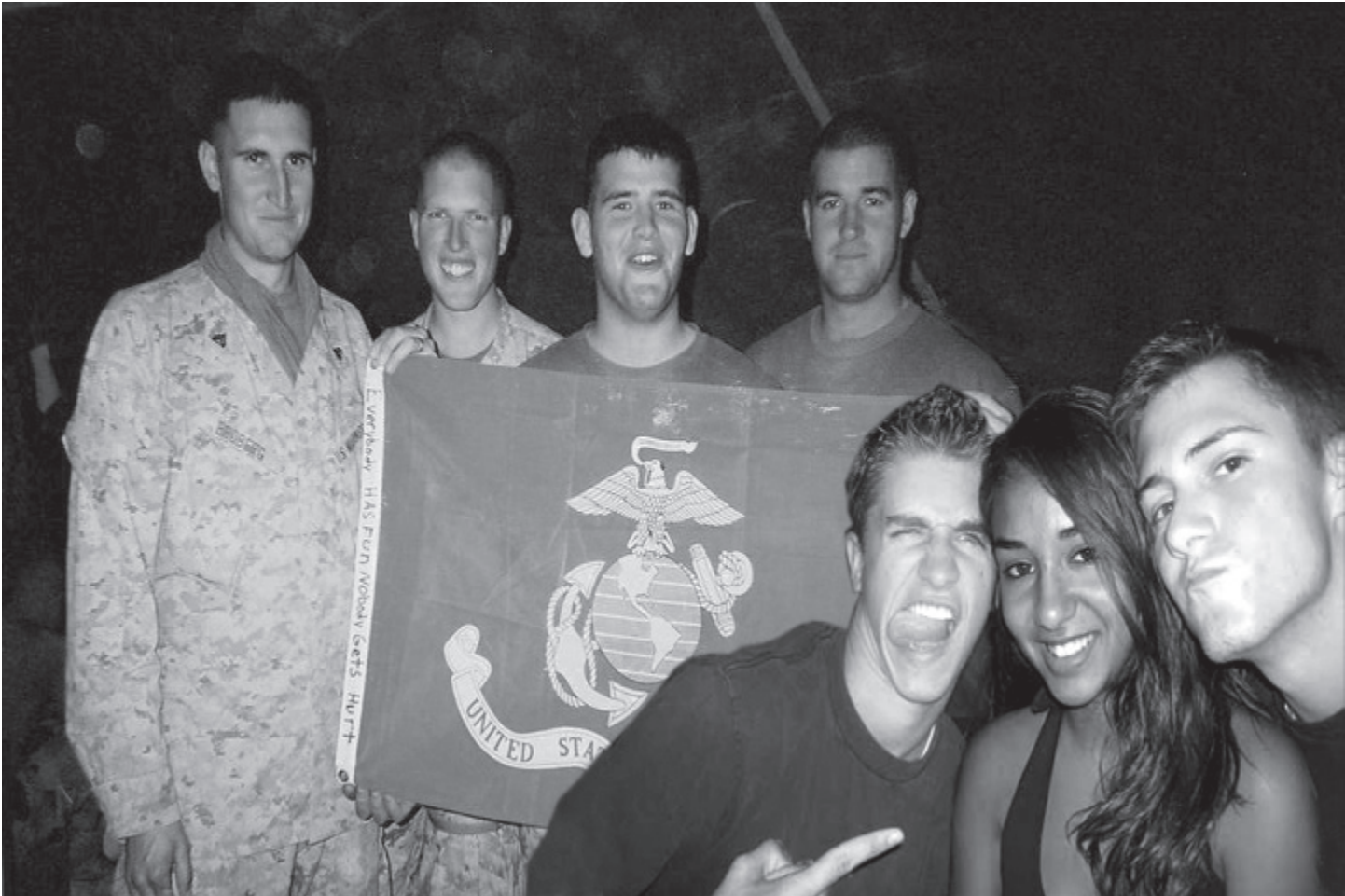






















自強不息



Thirsty fish in the water here,  
Open the door of sky —



Nobody knows the end of Art  
Trembling is in time  
Life is always new  
Art is nowhere to hide  
Art is no time to hesitate



# T O E L T E E A

## REFLECTION

I've been listening to that song all day.  
Now it is mine.  
What makes a song, sound image contagious memorable.  
What is learned and what is genetic?  
When pleasure gets tossed in manipulation  
Are we in on the gag but like the constriction?  
How long, how I how I howl howl on

Increasingly, we choose our sound tracks,  
but they are still sound tracks.

I have been recalling the sound of the record changer  
the skip slide needle lift  
arm move click slip platter drop  
arm move needle rest  
scratch slide groove  
the edge of the wall of sound,  
the interruption of presence.

One could choose a pattern to obscure vision, a sound machine that  
blocks sound. Theatre scrims have a weave that is opaque or transparent  
depending on the angle of light. Billboards cover a building and allow the  
residents to see out. Behind that Calvin Klein someone is looking through  
their window at the weather  
It doesn't have to end with advertising

## RE

Or weather, the variant in the constant of climate.  
The annual repetition of seasons anticipated and recalled.  
It is never the same winter. Spring is always new.

"It is good to see you. You look great."  
"YOU look great, let me take your picture."

Chant, serial music, islamic architecture and optical art  
allow a mental space to regroup reorganize so to face the dailies once again.  
Punk and pop from wall banging to rhyme  
can free scramble or retool our pattern recognition skills.  
constant repeating negates; selective redundancy reminds.  
will it allow it will it allow it will it allow it will it allow it

Repeated images and sounds allow us to see the nuances of change as we  
remember and re-remember, as we tire and return to the  
subject, image, sound.  
Starting again, watching, allowing the shift between constance and possibility.  
Not a matter of experiencing the world but experiencing experiencing.

SZ J

## CONT

# REPEAT

## REPETITION

Am I repeating things I have written, read or said.  
When do the quotations become my own thoughts.  
When do isolated events become a world view.  
What do I choose to repeat. What do you choose to repeat. How many times have we repeated this? How often? Do you remember the initial event or the first time it was recalled.  
Step in to the river.

The numbing rhythm that liberates. The neurotic compulsion that could be a way to heal  
Between the ecstatic and the rut.

Now I've gotten distracted. Let me get back to Repetition  
Repetition in grade school.  
Repetition in psycho analysis  
Repetition in meditation.  
These are intellectual distractions from the phenomena of repetition  
Repetition can be a method to open to the other side of the brain's workings.  
To connections and distance.

Repetition in patterns, on the loom, in the computer. .  
An anxiety about industrialization spurs romanticism. Romantic poets who die young do not repeat themselves.

## FRACT

The same Suzuki who wrote "Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind" (romanticism without nostalgia) also invented the Suzuki Method of Talent Education. Young Japanese violin "automatons" were seen as a threat to all things American and free.  
Learn through repetition, Un learn through repetition.

It can be difficult to understand a new friend's way of putting things until we fall under their language and start to repeat it. We repeat to learn.  
We repeat to keep something alive. We repeat to heal. We repeat in the hope it will work out better next time.  
A compulsion or a place to work?

We repeat to remember ourselves or forget.  
We repeat to watch our mind at work or become mindless.  
Repetition is in the heart of the sexual act. Repeated motion, that provides pleasure repeated on a regular basis to allow the body to repeat itself.  
Is repetition hard wired in the DNA, the only thing we know, and all these other forms of pleasure and knowledge are there for reinforcement.  
Duchamp refuses to repeat himself in his art. But he buys several pink and white striped shirts and wears them ... repeatedly.

SZ Joelson

## INUE







Tamara Kostianovsky: *The unborn myth*

When I studied art in Argentina, I was trained by a group of artists anchored in the Modernist tradition of painting and sculpture who intended to educate future generations of artists under those parameters. There were a few exceptions, of course, but that was the accepted train of thought in a school that closed 6 years after my graduation, and since then has been updated and reformed, now embracing and encouraging the production of contemporary art and theory. Therefore, when I arrived in the US as a foreign student, I was unaware of the existence of most of the major movements in contemporary art. The first few months in graduate school were an explosion of discovery. The works of Eva Hesse, Marina Abramovic, Ana Mendieta and others, woke me up to an infinite world that later became the source from which I would draw to investigate the crafting of my own work.

What struck me so dramatically about these artists was not that they were feminist but that they were women, and went to great lengths to include their bodies in the work: It was in their own physical experience that art and life collided to make fiery statements addressing the nature of life, the physicality of human existence, the connection to the Earth and ancient rituals that seemed to be aligned with the most universal of human experience.

The lives of my heroines were dramatic, and it was partly due to this intensity that I fell in love with their work. At age two, Eva Hesse, the daughter of observant Jews, was separated from her parents to flee Nazi Germany. Thirty-two years later, she would die due to the toxic effects of the fiberglass and plastics that she used in her art, but not before she was able to inject organic life into the shapes of the Minimalist Art Movement, transforming the nature of it and turning the wheel of Art History. Ana Mendieta's life was also full of passion: the early separation from her parents (who sent her to America to flee Communist Cuba), the power of her "Silhouette works" in which her female body became a part of nature, and her tragic death falling from a building in the Lower East Side of Manhattan at the age of 37, hit me so passionately that I feel I can hear her wounded body and soul in those days in which I too, feel wounded. Conversely, still living and producing is Marina Abramovic who touched me with the intensity of her performance work, which pushes to chilling extremes the limits of the female body and psyche. My heroines put their bodies in the work. In fact, their bodies were the work—un-masculine, beautiful, fragile, and finite. This powerful statement was my shining light and I embraced it when I created works that, I dare argue without much humility, follow that recent tradition.

But there is something primal in the nature of the female body that these artists failed to explore: childbearing, childbirth, the concept of female reproduction. Most of the women artists I admire bluntly skipped this chapter of the female life. The cause for that often haunts me. I suppose the main reason was because art constituted and fulfilled their lives—and a baby would come to disrupt that state. Early Feminist Art was about challenging traditional roles and at the time it made sense for these women to stay away from motherhood and the demands of household up keeping. I suppose not unlike in today's life, competition against male artists must have played a major factor as well.

A few months ago, while I was still enjoying the drunkenness (literally and metaphorically speaking) that my first solo show in New York brought me, I had the most pleasant and yet disturbing of conversations with a collector of, amongst others, Adriana Varejao's work. Adriana is an artist from Brazil who made an international mark in the 90's by creating visceral objects that seem to be anchored in the atrocities of Brazil's colonial past to allude to rupture and discontinuity as a metaphor for the modern world. Adriana lives in Brazil and eventually got married (apparently she was fortunate enough to marry someone who built a museum to house her works) and later, had a child. The collector, who is a very articulate and sensitive person, told me that he was disappointed in the later Varejao works, as according to him, they didn't share the intensity of her early productions "when art was her life and before she was distracted by family".

I agreed with his point, but his comment gave me the creeps. Was this an omen of what was going to happen to me if I have a child? His words were affirming the notion that art and family don't go together and that women artists need to choose between one and the other.

Trying to research the topic of motherhood and art, I initially bumped into a wall. Children seem to be taboo in today's art world and, although some artists are going ahead and having them, there's not much talk about how it affects or enriches their lives. There are well-known examples such as Sally Mann's, who incorporates her "natural" life (children included) into her photographs but who chooses to work and live in the South, at a safe distance from New York's art world. Most recently, Los Angeles-based Catherine Opie, created quite a stir by showing images of life amongst LGBT communities, also challenging traditional notions of what parenting can be like in America amongst contemporary artists. Eventually, I came across *Mother Reader, Essential Writings on Motherhood*, a book edited with care by Moyra Davey. The book is a compilation of writings by women artists and writers devoting pages to their experiences and thoughts juggling both childbearing and creativity. The collection of writings fluctuates between the different ends of the spectrum, including all grays in between. A radical statement that resonated with me in the "pro-babies team" was Sylvia Plath's diary entry of 1959: "I have always been extremely fond of the definition of Death which says it is: Inaccessibility of Experience, a Jamesian view, but so good. And for a woman to be deprived of the Great Experience her body is formed to partake of, to nourish, is a great and wasting Death." Since the book compiles the experiences of motherhood of creative women, hardly any points were scored against babies.

Now that I am pregnant myself, one part of me is terrified about what this baby is going to do to my art life—which is really, the only life that I have. The oldest, most human of acts seems to be threatening my potential as a living artist. As with many women, my fear has to do with a common enemy: time. My art practice is slow and time-consuming and a restricted schedule combined with some hard-core sleep deprivation will certainly take a toll on it—hopefully not for long. I am aware that all career women, regardless of their chosen field or discipline, share this fear, but I am an artist whose work is about the body. In this sense, how can my own body be betraying my career at this body-centric point in my life? How can procreation and creation assume antagonistic roles and why do they need to be exclusive of each other? My partner, who is also an artist, and I went ahead with the decision to have a child out of curiosity, desire, but mainly because we rejected the idea of the dichotomy. I personally deny the notion that, in the name of art, motherhood needs to be sacrificed. To me art is an elaboration over experiences and I suspect motherhood is an experience worth living.

I think that the intensity of an artist's career fluctuates over time and that this fluctuation is inevitable and may not be directly connected to becoming a parent. I've seen life events interfere with my art practice, and although they seemed to have created glitches or gaps in my formal resume, they eventually informed my work by giving it purpose, focus and more importantly, substance.

Maybe the issue of parenthood is just the tip of the iceberg. The problem seems to be that anything that could steer an artist away from his or her career is perceived as a threat, as it affects productivity and focus, breaking the illusion that professional artists are workaholics with no experiences as adults outside the studio, the residencies, the parties, and the galleries. In my opinion, this is a perverse system that promotes loneliness, by making us believe that it is a personal choice. But this isn't just an art world thing: it's a corporate model of production that denies the worker some of the most basic pleasures of life under the false pretense that the existence of a person is defined by only one aspect of life: work—and everything else is a goal-detractor. Historically, artists have included their life in the work, have drawn from it to paint, sculpt and draw. What can be expected of artists who don't have a life outside of work? The result is empty and sterile product, a lot of what we see in the galleries today.

As an artist, I want to be in a category of colleagues that embrace life with their art. I'm not talking about a happy life necessarily (my own work has turned pretty gruesome in the past few years), but a life that is passionate, corporeal, horrific and yet beautiful. In my mind, this life includes children.





## KISS SUITE

5 poems

### KISS

I remember my first romantic kiss,  
8 years old,  
top of basement steps,  
baby-sitter's little brother.  
I remember my other first kiss,  
8th grade dance,  
he wore a tail tux jacket,  
80's skater punk haircut. I remember that other first kiss  
a trombone player,  
black hair, dark skin,  
at a windowsill overlooking new york city.  
I remember that first kiss  
on the roof,  
beneath a partial lunar eclipse  
wrapped in blankets and partially clothed.  
I remember another first kiss  
I pounced on it,  
under covers in Boston,  
an apartment with only a mattress  
and a floor tilted crazy,  
pigeons cooing outside.  
I remember the other kisses  
all firsts for different reasons-  
kisses on top of bridges, underwater, in cars,  
in other countries, in tents, outside,  
in abandoned buildings, on roller coasters,  
in store dressing rooms, bathrooms, schools  
in beds, on boats, in planes, in dreams,  
underground, on roofs, in hiding, on stage, in fear,  
in forgetfulness, in wish, in line, off hands  
and floating  
My life filled with beautiful lips  
coming toward me, pursed, expectant,  
eyes shut closed like kisses themselves  
butterfly kisses eyelash to eyelash  
I remember good-bye kisses,  
the last kiss that felt changed  
empty like a low winter sky when  
you know the stars are there, they are not visible now  
I remember kisses that were sneaked

I tried to dart away but was caught  
in the softness  
The body is a landscape  
of places with seasons,  
seasons that give things and take things away.  
The skin holds fossils and ruins  
we are worlds with hands like storms  
that nourish and destroy and build and crush  
We show each other things  
for the first time  
and there are more kisses than that  
so many kisses  
from so many kinds of love  
and I can't wait to be the person who kisses  
a brand new tiny person, made from kisses,  
for the very first time  
and show them the seasons  
in this world that makes us cry.

## THE VALENTINE

you forget  
your dreams  
mostly  
you wake  
you don't  
remember  
the snow  
that filled you  
the winter  
the black silhouettes  
of trees  
in the moonlight  
the hands  
you always wanted  
finally cupping  
your face  
you blinked  
the person was  
all of them  
all the people  
you ever loved  
at their best  
when they loved you back

the most  
all of those  
you wanted  
at their cutest  
wanting you  
your lips close to the lips  
you always wanted  
you always want  
to be kissing  
keep kissing just  
keep kissing  
keep kissing

X

Desire is the body of the soul

We would kiss until our faces were raw  
until it hurt, it stung, it numbed  
our faces were red from kissing  
our lips tenderderized as succulent meat  
hammered by the grid of metal points on one of those kitchen hammers  
our hearts would be beating so fast it felt like we were birds  
the whole world dissolved into the kissing  
our teeth were castles in our mouths dissolving like candy  
our tongues Valentines and Chinese New Year and 4<sup>th</sup> of July  
our palates diving boards in scary dreams off cliffs into rivers concealed with fog  
our throats passages to other dimensions, curtains opening upon grand theater  
stages  
the insides of our cheeks were slip-n'-slides in yards of childhood  
it was psychedelic, hallucinogenic, it defied time  
it was supernatural, extraterrestrial  
it is still happening, those kisses  
they are eternal  
we were drinking each other, eating each other  
loving each other, worshipping each other  
igniting each other, extinguishing each other  
it was so wet, delicious, sexy, fun, irreverent, holy  
it is famous in my life  
it is a lighthouse that warns all the other ships  
there are edges, there are rocks, it is dangerous  
but you have no choice when you find yourself in that wild water  
steer with your heart, be guided by the light erected in honor  
you can never drop anchor and stay in one place

but there is the map and the memory  
the blood, the scars, the wounds, the story  
the eternal kiss shaping your face  
the way the weather shapes the cliffs of the sea  
so harsh, so beautiful, so grand  
we are humbled, we are awed  
we are staring into the face of change  
formed, transformed, born and buried by love

Desire is the body of the soul

## **MASTER KISS**

I dreamt you were master  
bating the moon  
the Milky Way shot from you.

To swallow these stars  
is to glow with your light,  
this infinite joy  
be  
coming  
night.

I look at clear skies  
during dark, spilling stars  
in slow motion  
I am  
yours.

Though light  
years we may be  
a part  
our love is art.  
The sky stained  
with our hearts.

Like the face of Christ  
on the shroud of Turin  
the stories are gorgeous  
beyond religion.  
Greeks believed Night's face  
was milk from a breast.  
I put white drops

upon your lips  
I kissed  
and I kiss them still  
your image impressed my eye,  
telescope fulfilled.

## **FOR THE MOUTHS**

I have missed you  
I keep saying your face in my heart

My words outline you  
Your name on my lips like a kiss

The days fall on top of me  
I am buried by my time apart from you

The memory is delicious, succulent  
But it is not enough to sustain me

We must dissolve together  
I want your flowers in my face, your sugar

Become this drink like water  
Clean and necessary for life

For life I am yours  
Eternally coming back

The seasons taught us  
They showed how sleep is forgiven

It is time to wake  
Wake and visit the garden

Feed each other the fruit  
Flowers for the eyes, flesh for the mouths



#### ANIMAL FRIENDS

Color; 10 minutes

1956

This film tells of the friendship between a kitten and a big white dog. They play and even eat together. Although the kitten wanders off to have a few adventures with other animals, it eventually returns to the dog. In addition to introducing small animals, the film stresses such values as friendliness, consideration, willingness...

#### APACHE INDIAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Years ago the Apache was a hunter. Today we own a saw mill and raise cattle. Hayden Anderson lives on a reservation in Whiteriver, Arizona. He compares his modern house with a traditional wickiup.

#### CUBAN-AMERICAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Using a handy Spanish phrase now and then, Cuban-born Llen Casarus describes the geography of Miami and favorite foods of the "Little Havana" section. Then she shows us how to play "Four Corners," a running game...

#### FRIENDS

Color; 18 minutes

1972

A story about the friendship between Nancy, an extroverted impatient girl, and her vulnerable best friend; about what happens to her feelings when Nancy goes off to play with another girl.

#### FRIENDS IN NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Color; 4 minutes

1975

"New York City is the biggest transportation center in the United States," declares Manhattannite Billy Wolfstahal. As proof, Billy shows us many people using the harbor, airport, trucks, cars, buses, subway, and the...

#### FRIENDS IN ORONDO, WASHINGTON

Color; 4 minutes

1975

"I live in apple country." Dayl Ller tours the orchards, showing how trees are irrigated, and how apples are picked, washed, waxed and graded. Hopping on her motorcycle, Dayl races off through the rows of trees.

#### FRIENDS IN PHILADELPHIA,

PENNSYLVANIA

Color; 4 minutes

1975

#### FRIENDS IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Color; 4 minutes

1975

In the bustling "Gateway to the Orient," one of the best ways to climb a hill and see the city is on a cable car. At the City's harbor, Eric points out some of the 5,000 ships that annually carry goods to and from foreign...

#### FRIENDS IN WASHINGTON, D.C

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Robert Edwards enjoys art. A sunny afternoon finds him sketching pictures of the Washington Monument, the White House, the Capitol, and the Supreme Court Building. As he draws, he comments on the duties of the President...

#### FROG AND TOAD ARE FRIENDS

Color; 17 minutes

1971

Arnold Lobel's beloved characters come to life in this fully animated version of the enormously popular...

#### ITALIAN-AMERICAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Take a summertime stroll through Providence, Rhode Island with Frank Lombardi. Frank relates the city's history, and points out sights in the Italian Federal Hill Section. Then it's time to cool off in the community...

#### MEXICAN-AMERICAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Rosa Maria Portillo lives in a barrio in East Los Angeles. "Mexicans have lived in this area for almost 300 years." After a treat at a taquitosburritos carryout, Rosa practices a Mexican dance on the family lawn. For...

#### PUERTO RICAN- AMERICAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Noel Seda lives in New York City. "It's a long distance for Puerto Rican people to come." Noel spends his free time at the school yard playing baseball and "blind chicken." Nearby, the street markets offer many products from the home island. At "La Marquette" Noel buys a tasty pastalia...

#### VALUES: BEING FRIENDS

Color; 8 minutes

1969

Ricky, Phil and Ted are good friends. They have many other friends, but somehow they seem to have the most fun when they are with each other. Friends laugh together and do special things together. Sometimes they might disagree, but they are still friends. They help each other...

Britta Lumer: *Lucyll's Sounds*

Lucyll is carried by a melody. Harmonies give her momentum; she moves in her own rhythm. Nobody can hear this music but her.

Each of her hours is coloured. Midday is violet like an amethyst. Around then Lucyll often gets a little sleepy. Shortly past noon the only thing she can still hear is a quiet humming.

She wakes up slowly. As her consciousness returns, the sounds and noises again become clearer. Seemingly approaching from afar: creaking stairs, heavy steps on loose beams, wooden shoes on a stone floor, a scratching in the hearth—as if the house were coming alive.

That must have been a long time ago. Lucyll has a boundless memory of sounds. All the noises of her past conjoin, creating an ornate sound-geography.

The sounds of the present join those that have been preserved. They superimpose themselves onto them, and they both become interwoven. A sound-snowball. Fragments of a melody that can freely circle around themselves.

1956: spitting out cherry pips.

1973: the signalman's warning.

1981: the bell ringing as the barrier comes down.

1995: then the trains clattering by.

2007: a tinny and scratchy radio, echoing in a large room.

At the same time, from far away: something being ground down, spattering, bright.

Then, on its own, a motor, growling monotonously.

A gas compressor running: very precise, intense.

In a glass container: metallic clinking.

A traffic announcement: whirring, a piercing whistled tune.

The wind whistles too, but it's lower, hollow; audibly eddying around the courtyard.

From above: Pacing, on hard heels, very muffled.

Right close by: ticking.

Again from outside: a bicycle bell tinkles, very bright.

There are also narratives of sound whose origins are shrouded in darkness. Recurring sequences, such as: wooden thumps, sharp knocking; or passages of very gentle squeaking.

The voices of Lucyll's past resound within her; they create an endlessly recurring echo. Sounds that ground her and sounds that make her flounder. Synthetic-sounding segments that pull her into a new time.

Delicately sparkling, seemingly instrumental strains lull her into a feeling of solitude that seems new to her.

So she starts making an effort to connect with other people. To savour how it is to share the same cup and to have four eyes instead of two.

B

Basically the entire soundscape is a force that pushes her on, holds her tight, breaks her into pieces and then puts her together again. It's sound waves that carry her, like a river that takes her along with it.

Mostly, the sound pulses almost unnoticeably in the background, while faint audio tracks overlay whatever happens. Samples dive beneath the surface and for a while take control of the expedition.

Sounds of clear-voiced singing broaden into languorous refrains that open up the space of the sound. A catchy, light-filled tune carries airy compositions that leave her plenty of room.

## Britta Lumer: *Lucylls Klänge*

Lucyll wird von einer Melodie getragen. Akkorde geben ihr Impulse, sie bewegt sich in ihrem eigenen Rhythmus. Diese Musik ist nur für sie allein hörbar.

Ihre Stunden sind gefärbt. Die Mittagszeit ist violett wie ein Amethyst. Lucyll wird dann regelmäßig leicht schläfrig. Ab zwölf hört sie nur noch ein leises Summen.

Sie erwacht langsam. Mit zunehmenden Bewusstsein werden die Klänge und Töne wieder deutlicher. Scheinbar aus der Ferne näherkommend: Knarrende Treppenstufen, dumpfe Tritte auf losen Balken, Holzschuhe auf Steinboden, ein Scharren im Kamin, wie: Als es im Hause lebendig wurde. Das muß lange her sein. Lucyll hat ein steinzeitliches Gedächtnis wenn es um Geräusche geht. All die Töne ihrer Vergangenheit knüpfen sich zu einer ornamentalen Klanggeographie. Zu den gespeicherten Lauten gesellen sich die aktuellen. Sie überlagern einander und durchdringen sich. Ein Sound-Schneeball. Melodische Fragmente, die endlos um sich selbst kreisen dürfen.

1956: das Ausspucken von Kirschkernen.

1973: das Signal des Bahnwärters.

1981: die Klingelintervalle der sich schließenden Schranke.

1995: Dann vorbeiratternde Züge.

2007: blechern kratziges Radio, hallend.

Gleichzeitig von weit her: etwas wird geschliffen, spritzend, hell.

Dann isoliert: ein brummender Motor, eintönig.

Ein Kompressor läßt sich auf: sehr präzise, druckvoll.

Im Glascontainer: metallisches Klirren.

Eine Verkehrsmeldung: Surren, schrilles Pfeifen.

Der Wind pfeift auch, aber tiefer, hohl, ein hörbarer Sog im Hinterhof.

Von oben: Schritte auf harten Absätzen, sehr dumpf.

In unmittelbarer Nähe: Ticken.

Wieder von draußen: eine Fahrradglocke, sehr hell.

Auch gibt es Klanggeschichten deren Entstehung im Dunkeln liegt, wiederkehrende Tonabfolgen wie: hölzern schlagende Laute, helles Klopfen oder ein Streifen sehr zartes Quietschen.

Die Stimmen von Lucylls Vergangenheit klingen in ihr nach, sie bilden ein ewig wiederkehrendes Echo. Töne die sie erden und Klänge die sie zerstreuen. Synthetisch klingende Versatzstücke die sie in eine neue Zeit ziehen. Feingliedrig-perlende, scheinbar instrumentale Stücke lullen sie ein, in ein Einsamkeitsgefühl das ihr neu erscheint.

Dadurch unternimmt sie Anstrengungen, sich mit anderen zu verbinden. Das Gefühl auskosten, zu zweit aus einem Kelch zu trinken und vier Augen zu haben statt zwei.

Im Grunde ist die gesamte Geräuschkulisse eine Kraft die sie antreibt, festhält, auflöst und ihr wieder Struktur gibt. Es sind Klangwellen die sie tragen, ein Fluß der sie mit sich nimmt.

Zumeist pulst es fast unmerklich im Hintergrund, während sich subtile Tracks über das Geschehen legen. Es tauchen Samples unter die Oberfläche und übernehmen eine Zeitlang das Steuer der Expedition.

Stimmen von akzentuiertem Gesang münden in wohlige Refrains, die den Klangraum öffnen. Ein lichtdurchfluteter Groove trägt luftige Kompositionen in denen ihr viel Platz bleibt.

Meist gelingt es Lucyll, die Elemente aus verschiedenen Zeiten zu einem geschlossenen Ganzen zu verschmelzen, aktuelle Klangerzeugung und historische Grundierung so eng zu ummanteln, daß die Ebenen kaum mehr voneinander zu trennen sind. Sie hört mit großem Optimismus von der produktiven Koexistenz unterschiedlichster Wege.

Schlimm wird es, wenn sie sich widersetzt, wenn sie nicht hören will. Dann wird die klangliche Grundlage zum Glatteis über das sie gehen muss, werden die Refrains zu Mauern, die unüberwindbar scheinen und die Kompositionen zu wilden Tieren, die sie doch weiter treiben. Ihr Kopf scheint in einer Schlinge zu platzen, während die Füße im Bodenlosen hängen. Zwischen ihren Ohren fräsen sich dann unerträglich schrille Wiederholungen.

Gelingt es ihr, in diesen archaisch tösenden Bruchstücken Potential zu erkennen, sich weitreichende Perspektiven zu eröffnen, das Klangmaterial in sich aufzunehmen, kann sie in ihm völlig aufgehen. Dann verkörpert das Dasein etwas Freudiges, Positives, die Musik ist süß, ja freundlich, vielseitig, funkelnd, hybrid.

Lucyll bewegt sich dann wieder elegant, leichtfüßig und gelassen zwischen allen Arrangements.

Mostly Lucyll manages to meld the elements from various times into a cohesive whole, wrapping together the sound produced in the present and the historical base so tightly that the levels can hardly be held apart any more. She listens with great optimism to the productive coexistence of the most varied paths.

It gets bad when she resists, when she doesn't want to hear. Then the sound foundation becomes black ice she must pass over, the refrains become walls that seem insurmountable, and the compositions become wild animals that pursue her yet further. Her head seems to burst in a noose, while her feet hang in a void. Then unbearable ear-piercing repetitions drill inward between her ears.

If she manages to find potential in the archaic roaring of these fragments, succeeds in opening far-reaching perspectives, taking up this sonic matter within her, she can give herself over to it completely. Then existence constitutes something joyful, positive; the music is sweet, even friendly, many-sided, twinkling, hybrid.

Then Lucyll moves elegantly again, light-footed and relaxed, among all arrangements.



## Stephen Maine: *A Respectful Distance*

In the opening paragraph of his appreciation of the paintings of Albert Pinkham Ryder, published in *The New York Review of Books* in 1990 and pegged to the retrospective seen at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, John Updike luxuriates in the specialized vocabularies of the conservator and the actuary. A word guy from way back, he brings his linguistic enthusiasms to bear on describing the notoriously unstable physical condition of Ryder's canvases:

His paintings are subject to "traction crackle," "varnish slide," and "perennial plastic flow"; they suffer from an ongoing chemical activity that insurance companies term "inherent vice."<sup>1</sup>

It is a comical, ironically microscopic introduction to his discussion of the otherworldly Ryder, the dark prince of 19th-century American painters, a true eccentric whom Marsden Hartley called "among the first citizens of the moon." In citing professional nomenclature, Updike underscores the inadequacy of language to convey the haunting power of Ryder's indifference to convention and craft, his obdurate weirdness. The effect is to support Georges Braque's contention that "the only thing of value in art is that which cannot be explained."

We lob words at pictures, trying to deal with them, shake them down, figure them out, make them behave. We linger at the margins, in their shadows, like we're staking them out. We make our move, like a SWAT team. We mount an assault on the fortress of the image from our surrounding positions, out in the wilderness of morphemes. Words are clumsy weapons for the job, inherently inadequate to deal with art, which occupies a place outside of language. But they are what we've got to work with, and the art of description can provide a portal to the thrills and boredom of visual experience.

In his 1975 collection, *Hazard the Painter*, poet William Meredith illustrates the public demeanor and private emotional circumstances of a painter entering late middle age. In "Hazard's Optimism," the protagonist of the narrative enlivens his bourgeois existence by parachuting from an airplane, a metaphor for painting complete with the suggestion of imminence that hangs over the process:

He is in charge of morale in a morbid time.  
He calls out to the sky, his voice  
the voice of an animal that makes not words  
but a happy incorrigible noise, not  
of this time. The colors of autumn  
are becoming audible through the haze.<sup>2</sup>

Ekphrasis, the practice of imbuing description with the spirit of the thing being described, was so valued by the Greeks that they named it. The modern-day housepaint store is a vast repository of descriptive names for colors, each of which is meant to capture some essential quality that distinguishes it from many other, similar colors. The Benjamin Moore inventory currently includes such evocatively named hues as Neon Celery, Flamingo's Dream, Icy Moon Drops, Durango Dust, Pearl Harbor.

(Crayola rejects:  
Vanna White  
Selsen Blue  
Soylent Green  
Forever Amber  
Johnny Walker Black)

That words and images can offer analogous if essentially dissimilar pleasures is clear from the writing of visual artists. That genre sometimes bridges the gap between verbal and visual through parallels in tone and means—whether playful or serious, wanton or restrained, speculative or empirical.

In his 1968 essay, "A Museum of Language in the Vicinity of Art," Robert Smithson notes a characteristic voice in the writing of several artists. Carl Andre's compacted language ("a rubble of syncopated syllables") mirrors the narrativeless materialism of his sculpture. In his essay on Lee Bontecou, Donald Judd's syntax is "a brooding depth of gleaming surfaces." Dan Flavin's autobiographical essay is marked by a "disarming uselessness" resembling the "sullen electricities" of his "lights." And so on: Smithson the pseudoscientist bears out his own observation by taxonomizing the rhetorical methods of his contemporaries.<sup>3</sup>

It's easy and fun, and you can try it at home:

"Two-Way Mirror Power," Dan Graham's 1996 statement on his Two Adjacent Pavilions (1978-1981), is a brief piece that moves the reader from claustrophobic and oppressive imagery and rhythms, where "surveillance power is given to the corporate tower," to an expansive final paragraph in which Graham "places" his work in the context of landscape architecture. Graham's perceptually complex, spatially confounding self-reflecting planes paradoxically call greater attention to their setting.<sup>4</sup>

Dozens of infinitives comprise Richard Serra's Verb List (1967-68). Like the deceptively weighty forms the sculptor is known for, the list<sup>5</sup> sits there on the page, hammering in the reader's head and seething with the inner tension of implied action:

...to fire  
to flood  
to smear  
to rotate  
to swirl  
to support  
to hook  
to suspend  
to spread...

Ad Reinhardt typifies the classic mid-20th-century artist's reductivist tendencies. Also, he loved words. His beautiful 1955 statement is a dance of affirmation and negation that defines painting as much by what it is not as by what it is:

Clarity, completeness, quintessence, quiet. No noise, no schmutz, no schmerz,  
no Fauve schwarmerei. Perfection, passiveness, consonance, consummateness.  
No palpitations, no gesticulation, no grotesquerie.<sup>6</sup>

The result is a freighted absence.

As these writers know, pleasure is the way in. The best we can do is to take pleasure in the language we use to deal with the pleasure we get from images. In *The Horse's Mouth*, the protagonist Gulley Jimson articulates every painter's bittersweet awareness that his work will never look as good—fresh, vivid, lucid—as it does when it is still wet.<sup>7</sup> Maybe that is why painting does not die: painters will keep on painting in order to have wet canvases to look at.

We continue to write and talk about images, to attempt the impossible using imperfect tools, because the effort offers pleasures of its own: of finding a diction in sympathy with the mindset of the work at hand, an intonation that suits the humor of the subject, a rhythm that follows its lead. We call this "nailing it" and there are few greater pleasures.

Answering pleasure with pleasure is a key to the belletristic approach to criticism, one to which artists who turn to criticism in an effort to help steer that conversation might be best attuned.

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<sup>1</sup> Reprinted in *Still Looking: Essays on American Art* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2006)

<sup>2</sup> William Meredith, *Hazard, the Painter* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1975)

<sup>3</sup> Reprinted in *The Writings of Robert Smithson* (New York: New York University Press, 1979)

<sup>4</sup> Dan Graham, *Two-Way Mirror Power: Selected Writings by Dan Graham on His Art* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1999)

<sup>5</sup> Reprinted in *Richard Serra Writings Interviews* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1994)

<sup>6</sup> Reprinted in *Art-as-Art: The Selected Writings of Ad Reinhardt*, ed. by Barbara Rose (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1991)

<sup>7</sup> Joyce Carey, *The Horse's Mouth* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1944)



### **Terminology**

The willing suspension of disbelief is a term most often used to describe the mechanisms of assimilation required to appreciate an invented situation, particularly a work of drama or fiction in film, theater, or literature. To use the term "willing suspension of disbelief" is really just a fancy way to say "belief", though the underlying complexity of the double-negative corresponds to the complexity of the term: if "belief" is simply to state "I believe", then "willing suspension of disbelief" implies "I believe because I agree to overlook certain factors that would otherwise cause me to not believe". The term was coined by literary figure Samuel Taylor Coleridge in his work from 1817, titled *Biographia literaria* or *biographical sketches of my literary life and opinions* ([phrases.org.uk](http://phrases.org.uk)):

"In this idea originated the plan of the 'Lyrical Ballads'; in which it was agreed, that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith."

As a general rule an invented situation is considered to be more believable when the requirements for willing suspension of disbelief are kept to a minimum. The balance of "believability" is extremely fragile and the slightest inconsistency can compromise the credibility of an otherwise acceptable account of fictional events. At the very least, even the most outrageous tales must maintain internal consistency to work. For example, the vast majority of people would be uncompromising in their unwillingness to believe a story carried by a newspaper attempting to depict the events of an episode of "Star Trek" as real events, perhaps thinking the story was a joke. But Trekkies have no problem enjoying the events within the universe created by the show as long as the events occur within the confines of the boundaries it has established for itself.

Opportunities for the application of willing suspension of disbelief have exponentially multiplied with the use of twentieth and twenty-first century technologies and media. The dissection of familiar examples of willing suspension of disbelief will familiarize the reader of this essay with the substance of this subtle phenomenon. Though discussing any single topic mentioned in this essay could easily be expanded into a complete essay or even a book, the topics are mentioned briefly and assembled here as a set for the purpose of illustrating a rough portrait of the essence of willing suspension of disbelief. Subsequently upon reading this essay the reader will hopefully possess the faculties required to more readily recognize one's own behavior while willing suspension of disbelief. A strong sense of the sources and psychology involved in this process help to maintain an honest, balanced, and healthy existence rich with authenticity and understanding.

### ***Opportunities for the Application of Willing Suspension of Disbelief***

The following list is a brief inventory of common situations where narrative success depends upon the willingness of an audience to suspend disbelief. The common factor for the success of each opportunity listed below is the willingness of an audience to overlook a fundamental lack of believability under normal circumstances. While failure is often due to a mere breach of continuity that can vary by degrees, the triumph of willing suspension of disbelief can result in transcendent experience.

### *The First Artists*

The oldest surviving documented example of a developed sense of willing suspension of disbelief is painted on the walls of caves in Europe. It is likely that long before making permanent marks people had been telling stories and tales that provided ancient folks the opportunity to exercise willing suspension of disbelief, but the leap required to pull those stories out of the air and visually flatten them on the wall for all to see should be considered one of the most profound moments in the development of human thought.

### *Movements in Art*

A marked leap in the complexity of the terms for willing suspension of disbelief occurs periodically throughout the course of humanity. Pre-historic sculptural objects and various painted forms imbued with spiritual meaning, and early examples of architectural structures built for high moral purpose are examples of the willingness to suspend disbelief in the sole function of objects as practical tools. Ancient cultures established lasting artistic traditions within the genres of theater, dramatic literature, science, and mathematics. During the Renaissance era new knowledge and technology generated art forms that reached uncanny levels of realism and demanded a lesser degree of willing suspension of disbelief for success. During the industrial revolution the development of photography required still a lesser degree, while simultaneously impressionist painters marked a reversal of sorts for willing suspension of disbelief by challenging the belief that they were actually making art through the breaking down and simplifying of visual forms. Echoing the confusion and rapid changes experienced in the wake of the industrial revolution, the modernists continued further exploration of the breakdown of classical form: in the shadow of the theory of relativity, cubism, and later dadaism and surrealism, tackled the collapse of physical and philosophical form and mass production with objects, paintings, and performances that begged for increasing generosity from patrons to willingly suspend disbelief that these actions were not those of artists. The synoptic moment when willing suspension of disbelief was no longer necessary for the success of a work of art occurred when abstract expressionism finally destroyed the requirement for a painting to be anything other than paint on a surface. Contemporary performance and conceptual art have ushered that moment into the digital age by demonstrating that opportunities and requirements for willing suspension of disbelief pertaining to the assimilation of art can be deceptively fluid.

### *The Written Word*

The physicality of printed words requires a complicated methodology of agreement among readers that like markings possess like meaning. For writing to make any sense at all a reader must willingly suspend disbelief that the meanings of the words may have changed between readings. Furthermore, a reader must be willing to suspend disbelief that the symbols creating written language bear sense and convey meanings that refer to objects and concepts in the real world that are in fact not the symbols themselves. Seeing the word "dog" in print immediately conjures images of the animal commonly defined as such, and unconsciously it is understood that the printed word "dog" is not an actual dog. Reading the word is not seeing the animal. When a reader is confronted by an unfamiliar word or a foreign language, the failure of willingness to suspend disbelief that the word conveys a valid meaning causes a lapse in the ability of the reader to leap from the written word to the intended meaning of the word. Also, common opportunities for the application of willing suspension of disbelief relevant to development of themes in narrative literature, including continuity and plausibility of character behavior, plot design, and the like, constitute similar (if not identical though possibly somewhat more lenient) conditions to those required for theater and cinema.

### *Theater*

In relative terms the willing suspension of disbelief required by a theater patron is obvious and opaque. A darkened room surrounding a brightly lit stage must be ignored. The people on the stage recite the same lines and wear the same costumes and go through the same motions repeatedly with each performance. The invisible wall between the audience and the actors ("the fourth wall") must remain intact. Stage sets and costumes must at least be vague representations of real places and clothing. Actors must play roles realistically without going overboard. The breach of any of the above conditions will provoke a failure of the fictional facade that will challenge the audience to willingly suspend disbelief. And like literature, theater is also subject to narrative failures, gaps in plot, and unrealistic characters and situations.

Incidentally, comedic theater often candidly exposes familiar opportunities for the application of willing suspension of disbelief to create humor by amplifying an unlikely event or even completely reversing the expected outcome of a situation.

### *Cinema*

Like live theater, the audience of cinema must ignore a darkened room and focus on a specific event. But instead of the event consisting of real people and objects there is only a wall of projected light depicting images. Telling a story with a moving image liberates storytellers by demolishing the necessity for events to occur in real time and three dimensions. The careful editing of images captured through the eye of the camera serves to catalyze the abstraction of events of all kinds to be presented as moving photos on a flat plane, with recent advances in digital technology profoundly expanding the capability of cinema to push the limits of the willingness of an audience to suspend disbelief. But as always success depends upon the overall plausibility of the effort. On top of traditional dramatic and literary issues concerning the establishment of supportable characters and narrative form, the technical complexity of film is exceedingly difficult to control. While a tiny oversight may provide an opportunity for skepticism, a major blunder can be insulting to intelligence. Inconsistent lighting and make-up, inexplicable changes in wardrobe or prop arrangement, unsynchronized audio and visual imagery, bad special effects, gratuitous plot twists, gaps in plot, quick editing and zooming, unfocused camera lenses, overly grainy or poorly exposed film, missing film frames, damaged film, poorly staged fight scenes, lack luster love scenes, cameras and stage crew members in view, lighting rigs and boom mikes in view, stunt gear in view, just to name a handful of obvious examples, are all examples of lapses in continuity that expose an underlying falsehood and usually cause an unwillingness to suspend disbelief.

### *Magic*

Magicians use optical illusions and deceptive "smoke and mirrors" subterfuge to deceive an audience into seeing an event that has not really occurred. Everybody knows that an event performed under the pretense of a "magic trick" implies the occurrence of an untrue event. Nevertheless a good example of slight-of-hand that fools the eye can be a great source of wonder and enjoyment due to the willingness of an audience to suspend belief in what they know they are seeing is not what is really happening. While a mediocre magic trick is usually obvious, making willing suspension of disbelief difficult, a truly artful magician will challenge the audience by removing all opportunities that typically require the willful suspension of disbelief, sometimes even to the effect of outright belief.

### *The Superhero*

Some of the most fascinating situations in fiction occur when characters possess superhuman strengths and abilities. A well-fabricated superhero who might be "faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, and able to leap tall buildings with a single bound" can provide the template for an infinite variety of fantastic tales. Obviously a subscriber to this brand of fantastic reality must be ready to willingly suspend an ample supply of disbelief in order to avoid moments of complete incredulity. Interestingly, an audience will tend to grow bored with a perfect superhero who never fails. People need to identify with fiction on some human level and for this reason are more likely to willingly suspend disbelief for a flawed hero. Flesh-and-blood vulnerability, such as the need for heroes to conceal their true identities to protect their families, or even a superhero who has a debilitatingly volatile temper or smokes cigarettes despite the health risks, helps ground superheroes in a way that makes their trials and adventures more endearing and available and provides the consummate platform for a compassionate reception ripe for willing suspension of disbelief. Through imaginative allegory and insightful social commentary the very best of these tales have actually entered our own cultural mythology.

### *Retroactive Continuity ("Retcon")*

Retroactive continuity, or "retcon", is a curious literary device used specifically to restore acceptable conditions for an audience to exercise willing suspension of disbelief that may have deteriorated over time due to inconsistencies and conflicts that inevitably arise in long-running series. Aptly named, retcon is applied to revitalize reader interest by rationalizing and reorganizing incongruous events, revitalizing lifeless story arcs, and even bringing dead characters back to life.

Similar in form to real-world historical revisionism, good retcon is usually exceptionally clever and often highly controversial. An extreme and desperate act of retcon, called "reboot", gives a show the opportunity to negate the events from a previous trajectory by setting back the entire timeline or completely restarting the canon of the show.

## ***Breches of Acceptable Conditions for Willing Suspension of Disbelief in Film and Television***

### *Jump the Shark*

"Jump the shark" is named after an event that occurred in a three-part episode of the television show *Happy Days*, first aired September 20, 1977. During the episode, one of the main characters, Fonzie, played by Henry Winkler, is portrayed leaping over a shark while water skiing. Viewers decried the event preposterous, feeling pushed too far over the line of narrative decency. The insulted audience blamed the network for staging the event as a desperate attempt for ratings. "Jumping the shark" has come to define the moment in a show's (or actor's or director's) history when credibility is severely compromised due to an unforgivable breach of acceptable conditions for an audience to willfully suspend disbelief. Credit for the trope has traditionally gone to Jonathan Hein, who first published it in this context on his website [jumptheshark.com](http://jumptheshark.com) on December 24, 1997.

### *Just a Dream*

Sometimes the occurrence of outrageous events that would be unbelievable under normal circumstances are explained as having all been a dream. The acknowledgment of the act of dreaming breaks the rules of reality set up by the dream, and therefore destroys the conditions required for events in the dream to have occurred. Though fictional events turning out to have been just a figment of a character's imagination usually turn out to be disappointing to an audience, when carefully employed this device can be a powerful metaphor for the concept of willing suspension of disbelief itself. Examples of "just a dream" include the premise of the movie *The Wizard of Oz*, and the entire ninth season of the television show *Dallas*.

### *Badass*

An exciting fictional character performing unbelievable feats of uncompromising physical skill and penetrating intelligence and has the uncanny ability to always be in the right place at the right time is known as a "badass". Typically a badass can work through a ridiculously dangerous situation without sustaining serious injury while many minor characters are getting wounded or killed in the same situation. A successful viewing requires the audience to suspend the sense of disbelief that in reality the character would have no chance of survival.

### *Only a Flesh Wound*

This term describes an event where a fictional character (typically a "badass") sustains an injury that in normal circumstances would require a long period of recovery or incapacitation, but the character miraculously recovers very quickly. Sometimes explained by supernatural forces (examples: Wolverine from the *Xmen* comics, and everyone on the island in the television show *Lost*) though most often never mentioned at all, this is a circumstance that should be a breach of the acceptable conditions for willing suspension of disbelief but is so common that is almost always overlooked by the audience. A spoof on this trope is expertly executed in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* by John Cleese's Black Knight, who claims that his severed limbs are "just a flesh wound". By reversing the expectations of willing suspension of disbelief an overtly obvious breach can provide a comedic effect.

### *Crazy Prepared*

Batman is the classic example of the physical impossibility of a character's infallible ability to always have the tools for the job within arm's reach.

### *Soap Opera Rapid Aging Syndrome*

"SORAS" refers to a condition demonstrated by characters who age more rapidly than other characters on the same show. The most flagrant cases involve babies who become teenagers over the course of a few years while other cast members age appropriately. Birthdates of characters are often changed to accommodate plot lines, or an older actor replacing a younger actor for the same part. SORAS is generally accepted according to the degree of the offense and skillfulness of how it is handled by the show, with extreme cases causing public outcry and requiring revisions. Examples of SORAS famously include the character of Andy on *Family Ties* who was born during season three and SORASed to age four for the beginning of season five, and multiple characters from virtually every long-running American soap opera. The term "un-SORAS" is also sometimes used to describe characters who have been made younger.

### *Chuck Cunningham Syndrome*

Another term named for an event occurring on the show *Happy Days*, Chuck Cunningham was the third and eldest child of the Cunningham family when the show began in 1974 but was written out of the show in 1975 and scarcely after referred to again. Essentially erased from the canon of show, the unmemorable character was forgotten by the audience and for that reason this trope serves as a good example of how easy it is for an audience to willingly suspend the disbelief required to accept a situation in fiction that in reality would be extraordinary and awful.

### *The Other Darrin*

This trope is named for the Bewitched character Darrin Stephens, played by Dick York from 1964 to 1969 and Dick Sargent from 1969 to 1972. The switch from York to Sargent was executed without any kind of explanation on behalf of the show. With no alternative but to assume that York's and Sargent's portrayals were of the exact same Darrin, the willingness for many viewers of the show to suspend a sense of disbelief that Sargent's Darrin was not a different Darrin than York's Darrin was challenging. Variations of this breach include: a stunt double who is obviously not the same person as the actor credited for the role; an explanation for a noticeable actor switch is integrated into the plot (facial reconstructive surgery after an accident, or "Magic Plastic Surgery"); the failure to completely cover-up an actor switch (a few old scenes sneak into the final cut after the scenes of the original actor are re-shot with a new actor – known as "The Other Marty" after Marty McFly from the movie *Back to the Future*, which retains a handful of scenes shot with Eric Stolz as Marty before he was replaced by Michael J. Fox); a being who can regenerate or change forms at will (known as "the Nth Doctor" for being famously applied repeatedly during 30 years of production of the British science fiction television series *Dr. Who*, where 10 lead role actor changes altering the physical identity of a time traveling alien have been written into the oeuvre of the show).

*More information about tropes can be found at [tvtropes.org](http://tvtropes.org) and [wikipedia.org](http://wikipedia.org).*

### *Transcendence*

An exceptionally powerful or emotional performance or work of art may incite a transcendent experience or achieve transcendence outright. The virtuosic ability of Johannes Vermeer of Delft to seemingly capture the actual fabric of a moment of time, the quality of a marble Gian Lorenzo Bernini sculpture to appear soft and fleshy, or the sheer legacy of Leonardo Da Vinci's enigmatic *Mona Lisa* are all customarily accepted to be transcendent examples of works of art that far surpass even the most delicate elements commonly requiring the willingness to suspend disbelief for appreciation. Similar notions of transcendence are attained through the discourse of music, literature, mathematics, and theology.

The periodic shifting of the frontiers of human consciousness constantly requires fresh willingness to suspend disbelief. Throughout the course of human history art has imitated and intuited new forms of communication, transportation, thinking, technology, and progress in general. Advances in the efficiency of distribution have greatly enhanced the availability of information and magnified the difficulty of determining truth.

Somewhere along the way, the edges that separate reality and fiction began to blur. Can we be absolutely certain that George Washington chopped down a cherry tree, or an apple fell on Isaac Newton's head, or Benjamin Franklin flew a kite in an electrical storm? We assume these stories are true mostly because we have heard them so many times. We believe Lazarus was truly dead and Jesus brought him back to life because the story is in the Bible and the Bible is the word of God. Do we know the Bible is the word of God because it says so in the Bible? Regardless of the authoritative value of hearsay, faith or scientific proof, in the end the point of each story is not even necessarily that it is a true account of events, but rather it is a device to teach a valuable lesson or establish the credibility of an interesting person (real or fictional) whose existence is valuable to us in some way. Our sense of willing suspension of disbelief is summoned: in order to accept these events as truth we must refuse to believe the stories are not true. We suspend disbelief in untruth and engage in the act of willingness to believe. Examples of this kind of willing belief abound in ancient and contemporary religions, politics, and especially news media. In many cases the successful campaign of truth twisting or even outright untruth can greatly contribute to inflating the egos and infrastructures of entire governments and societies.

The difference between willing suspension of disbelief for reality versus fiction concerns the effects of lack of success. For a fictional account the consequence of the failure of willing suspension of disbelief is an apathetic audience, while for a real account the failure of willing suspension of disbelief indicates a malicious lie or deliberate misrepresentation of events. While the former may introduce a humorous gesture, the latter can present health issues and legal ramifications. The success of willing suspension of disbelief makes it possible for us to drive down a two-lane highway and pass within inches of oncoming cars the same way it allows us to accept that Superman can stand on a similar highway and stop a speeding car in its tracks using the force of his own body.

The difference is obvious in exaggerated situations but can very dangerously transparent when the boundaries overlap. Grainy images of UFO's and mythical beasts of the forest offer enough information for many people to suspend disbelief that no such things exist. The pressures of forces like denial, blind hope, drugs, mental illness, or plain old gullibility can mask the boundaries of reality with astounding influence. Digital physicists are approaching mathematic proof that it is more likely that reality as we know it is wholly a construct of computer technology, similar to the universe presented in the Wachowski brother's Matrix movie series ([www.nytimes.com/2007/08/14/science/14tier.html](http://www.nytimes.com/2007/08/14/science/14tier.html)). How do we know what is real? How can we verify the truth? And with more and more of our information now coming through open and un-regulated sources like internet blogs and Wikipedia we are constantly confronted by the crossroads of a meta-truth determined by the gravity of consensus. We all agree that  $2+2=4$  but what if we are all wrong? The agreement counts for something even so. Truth reached as a function of compromise must be simultaneously and contradictorily considered fundamentally "most completely true" and "categorically false", relying more on willing suspension of disbelief than on fact or evidence for substantiation.

Willing suspense of disbelief has become as natural an act to most contemporary folk as breathing air. Long gone are days when a film of an oncoming train could clear a panic-stricken theater. It occurs so unconsciously that it actually happens in reverse - we have become so accustomed to living so much of life in other states of reality that real-life events sometimes seem fictional. We experience the sense that an event in real life feels like a scene from a movie. We are comfortable to emulate fictional reality by acting like fictional characters or acting out events in real life that are familiar to us from watching movies and playing video games. What was once a tool used as a mirror to help us better understand ourselves has become a permeable doorway through which passage is readily available. Have we become too willing to suspend disbelief, to the extent of compromising our health and sanity? In real life there are real consequences. There is no rewind button and there are no replays.

The loss of an available boundary between art and life has rendered the spirit of artistic transcendence moot. There is no longer a gap to transcend. Everything art becomes a function of some sense of reality in a Baudrillardian sense of simulacra. This does not mean that the apocalypse has visited the art world. On the contrary, with this door open artists are now nearly infinitely free to work however they wish, with the only limiting factor to define what constitutes a work of art being the context in which it is presented.

But this freedom is a double-edged sword that makes producing a valid work of art exceedingly difficult. The potential to do anything and call it art calls specific attention to the circus act of establishing the conditions for willing suspension of disbelief. An artist who calls a simple act like shaving alone or breathing a work of art must somehow within that act avoid creating an opportunity for an audience to willingly suspend disbelief that this is not art. The ancient ultimate struggle of the artist to build something that unquestionably transcends the conventional edifice of art has been turned inside out.

This duality of the willing suspension of disbelief creates a perforation in the fabric that separates fiction from reality, bridging them together and, like a page out of Jorge Luis Borges story, providing an opportunity for the egress of ghosts of print and memory and entities of collective conscience. As the malleability of reality is readily available to professional actors and other such pathological liars then so true is the reverse for the characters portrayed and the lies themselves who we traditionally perceive to reside on a more ethereal plane.

The potential for the transmutation of entities between realities quickly becomes a philosophical freight train that can be ridden beyond the terminal of tangible time and space, where nothing is real and everything is purely a construct of the mind, including the mind itself. But patience for the perfect recipe for conditions of willing suspension of disbelief will be rewarded with the corporeal disinterment of the bones of our folk legends as the church bells ring in the picture books and the toys in the closet come to life.

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*Sources*

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## CHAPTER ?

1

THEY SAY TIME HEAL EVERYTHING  
BUT IT DONT.

AFTER ANOTHER TEDIOUS OPENING HE  
DECIDE TO JUST SPEND HIS TIME ON  
SEX.

HE GOES TO THIS SHOW WICH IS MORE  
"DIFFICULT" THAN THE OTHERS, MEANING IT  
ONLY SERVE TO CONFIRM SOCIAL NETWORKS,  
AND MAKE SURE EVERYBODY STAYS IN THEIR  
PLACE.

"SOCIAL REPRESSION" IT SHOULD BE CALLED.

AT THE SAME TIME HE MEETS ERNEST  
WHO WORKS AT WALL STREET AND <sup>HE</sup> ASK  
HIM AFTER FIVE MINUTES IF HE WANNA  
GO WITH HIM TO CANADA.

SINCE HE HAS NO REASON TO GO THERE  
HE POLITELY REFUSE AND THEY GO HOME  
TO HIS PLACE WHERE ERNEST AFTER SEX  
ASK IF THEY CAN MARRY AND ADOPT A  
CHILD.

AFTER ERNEST HAVE ASKED IF HE WANTS  
HIS NUMBER HE LEAVES AND AFTER  
HE CLOSE THE DOOR AND TAKE HIS

(2)

PILLS HE HEAR SOMEBODY WHISPERING  
BEHIND HIS BACK " GOOD JOB, DOPE HEAD "  
AND HE GOES BACK ONCE MORE TO THAT  
BELGIAN BASEMENT

## CHAPTER ?

AFTER IT'S ALL DONE CLAUDE STANDS  
BY THE SINK WASHING OFF AND SAYS  
" DID YOU LIKE IT " ?  
HE IS SO HIGH FROM WHAT THEY  
GAVE HIM HE CANT EVEN STAND STRAIGHT  
AND JUST ANSWER:

" SURE "

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IS SO ABSURD  
AND UNREAL THAT HE NEVER KNOW HOW  
TO ARTICULATE IT.

DOOR OPEN  
PLASTIC BAGS  
CUBES  
WATER  
SINK  
SMELL

"YOU ARE SUCH A FUCKIN PUSSY AFTER  
ALL ARNT YOU" CLAUDE SAYS. (3)

GET RID OFF IT  
SO HEAVY  
MESSY  
LUCKY  
CIAO

"I WANT TO GO HOME" HE SAYS TO  
CLAUDE.

"I WANT TO GO HOME" HE SAYS TO CLAUDE  
I WANT TO GO HOME" HE SAYS TO CLAUDE

"WE DRIVE YOU HOME" DONT WORRY BUT  
WE JUST WANNA DO ONE THING FIRST"  
CLAUDE SAYS

COLD FLOOR

"LET'S DO IT WITHOUT A CONDOM"  
LEFT SIDE OF FACE FUCKED UP

"IT WAS ABOUT FOUR, I GUESS"  
AFTER HE SAID "HAPPY NOW"

AFTER THEY DROVE HIM HOME HE MANAGES TO GET TO AN EMERGENCY WARD WHERE THE ~~NURSE~~ DOCTOR SAYS "FOR SOME HOMOSEXUAL MEN ANAL SEX IS SO IMPORTANT THEY STOP AT NOTHING."

THEY SAY HE DONT NEED TO STAY OVERNITE AND HE TAKES A CAB BACK TO HIS PLACE AND LIES DOWN ON THE SOFA LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW.

### CHAPTER ?

AS ABUSE FOSTERS ABUSE HE GETS A NEW SLAVE CALLED ADAM.

HE KNEW HE WOULD BE HIS NEW VICTIM IN THE WAY HE ORSESSIVLY STARED AT HIM IN THE CLUB.

ADAM CALLS HIM SIR, NEVER ARRIVES LATE AND SAYS THAT "FINALLY I FOUND YOU."

THE NAIVETY OF THE SLAVE-MASTER RELATIONSHIP BORES HIM AND HE KNOWS THAT WHEN ADAM LEAVES THAT HE WONT SEE HIM AGAIN

## CHAPTER

(5)

THE FIRST TIME HE RAPED SOMEBODY  
HE WAS ABOUT 32.

IT WAS IN LONDON AND A GUY WHO  
BEEN FOLLOWING HIM AROUND THE CLUB  
FOLLOWED HIM OUTSIDE.

AFTER THEY WALKED FOR ABOUT 50 METERS  
HE TURN AROUND AND SAYS:

"WANNA DO SOME COKE"

"SURE" THE GUY SAYS.

"LETS GO DOWN HERE" HE SAYS  
POINTING TO AN ALLEY WITH GARBAGE  
CANS.

THE GUY STAND TO THE WALL SAYING  
"WANT YOU TO FUCK MY BRAIN OUT" AND  
HE SAYS "I WILL..."

HE TAKES HIS ARM AROUND HIS NECK  
AND START TO BANG HIS HEAD INTO THE  
BRICK WALL REPEATEDLY

"LIKE IT" HE SAYS

THEN HE SHOWS HIS COCK UP HIS ASS WITHOUT  
A CONDOM AND STOPS WHEN THE GUY CANT  
STAND STRAIGHT ANY MORE. "CIAO BITCH" HE

SAYS AND LEAVES HIM THERE.

(6)

ERNEST SAYS THAT HE IS INTO WOMEN PSYCOLOGICALLY AND PHYSICALLY AND THAT ALL GAY MEN WANT TO MAKE ALL BISEXUAL MEN GAY.

"RIGHT" HE SAYS WATCHING ERNEST UNBUTTON HIS PANTS AND SAYING "YOU SUCKED ME OFF LAST TIME AND IT WAS WONDERFUL" AND HE LET ERNEST FILL UP THE TIME BETWEEN WATCHING TV AND TRYING TO HAVE ONE NIGHT NORMAL SLEEP.

"YOU ARE REALLY GOOD IN BED" ERNEST SAYS TO HIM.

"WERE DID YOU LEARN THAT" ERNEST SAY.  
"YOU DONT WANNA KNOW" HE THINKS AND HE GOES ~~DOWN~~ A LONG TIME BACK WERE HE HAVE A PILLOW OVER HIS HEAD AND HE BEEING TOLD IF HE SAY SOMETHING HE WILL KILL HIS MOM AND DAD.

## CHAPTER 2

AT THE EAGLE A GUY HE SEES AROUND

7

COMES UP TO HIM AND SAYS

"I SEEN YOU HERE A FEW TIMES AND IT'S STRANGE SINCE YOU HAVE THIS MIX OF AN ARISTOCRATE AND A HOOKER" THE GUY SAYS.

THE GUY IS ABOUT 52 AND QUITE HANDSOME SO HE SAYS: "NAND"

"OH, THATS INTERESTING" IN A ~~B~~ UNEMOTIONAL WAY.

"SO IF I WANNA HAVE SEX WITH YOU HAVE MUCH DO I HAVE TO PAY?" THE GUY ASKS.

"UH, ABOUT 95 DOLLARS

"THATS CHEAP" THE GUY SAYS AND TAKES HIS HAND AND PUT IN ON HIS CROTCH FEELING HIS HARD-ON.

"BUT I MAKE YOU AN OFFER" HE SAYS.

"IF YOU PAY 105 DOLLARS YOU CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT WITH ME"

"LIKE, WHATEVER"

"YEP" HE SAYS

"WHATEVER YOU WANNA DO TO ME, BUT

ITS 105 DOLLARS. HE SAYS  
ITS NOT MUCH DIFFERENT<sup>THAN</sup> TO BE  
A WHORE IN THE NY ARTWORLD  
AND YOU DONT HAVE TO SUFFER ALL  
THE INTELECTUAL PRETENSE EITHER  
HE THINKS AFTER IN THE MORNING  
AFTER THE GUY HAVE LEFT.

8



# DIXIE'S LAND

Jamaican version

Composed by DAN ENNETT.

Arranged by E. W. GOULD, of BRYANTS MINSTRELS.

Revised by: Kristina Newman-Scott

*Allegro.*

VOICE.

GUITAR.

Mi Wish Mi Did Inna Di Lan O Cot - ton

All dem days Mi nah figat dem, Look di odder way: Look di-

odder way: di odder way: Dix - ie Land. Inna Dix - ie land weh

Mi did born inna Ear - ly one cowl rass - - claat marnin, Look di -

odder way di odder - way: di odder way Dix - ie Land

4000

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HSM 26978

4 CHORUS.

Den Mi wish mi did deh inna Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In

Dix - ie Land, Mi wi tek mi stand, fi live an die inna Dix - ie, A -

way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie, A -

way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

4962



There are always more options than the ones we pursue in any endeavor, particularly creative ones. Even the merry reductivist makes an excessive amount of decisions regarding what to exclude. I'm always aware that a move could be to cross out the painting I am working on, a big X right over everything I've done. Perhaps an Atari looking x, or an x that's Guyton chic. But the x idea is one of several extreme moves, cutting a whole out of the canvas is the way I've seen others go. But moves are not only extreme gestures, especially when they are the means to develop our work, to get to know an aesthetic. A move, and aesthetic decision, is also a subtle variation. Where it gathers existential weight is when we consider the value in pursuing the path to an unknown or perhaps worse, a singular instance. Preoccupations like: what does this have to do with most else of what I do, do I really want this sort of eclecticism. These preoccupations may precede or follow the creative work; sequence of events is of less importance than acceptance when it comes to the issue of management.

We seem to live in a copy culture, so what do we copy? Kant claimed that there are always a multitude of aesthetic judgments, so which ones do we prioritize? It's been written eloquently elsewhere that freedom can only flourish with a necessary admixture of restraint. The freedom of an open-ended art practice needs to have some rules. One must exercise free will responsibly. Etc.

Modernity is management culture, whatever else it is. Is it a fact that we progressively have infinitely more options or is it a dream? An Ipod makes all of our music options readily available; I guess that means more options, speed means more. Clutter has generally been perceived as lesser to order, in spite of how many accessories and concessions ordering will require. I liken the notion of management in general to the specific case of color management. Color Management is about making a computer screen a reliable indicator for what a printout will look like. The average display can display 1,010,101,010,101,010,101,010 colors. Would we want to see them all at once, 'course not', that potential must be managed, it would be maddening to contend with that range, ditto for the potential of any creative practice. Of course we don't want to see and celebrate restraint, we just need it, we don't even need to know its there.

How do we manage; by throwing things out, hit the delete button and then empty the trash. It's gone forever, unless it was backed up and becomes a form of order/clutter. Management, the word has the air of promises to it, can be taken as a Meta term for organizing: management is the answer, when will we get \_\_\_\_\_ management. Right! Management is just plain coping, the offspring of desperate situations. Hitting the delete key, the relief button, is the preferred method of management. Oprah's done shows on this throw everything out method. And relief is our present day substitute for joy. It would be a relief to get through this rough patch with some of our hair left, lets strategize. This brings me to a couple of related thoughts. What do we choose, our choices become the material that we manage, and out of what circumstances do we make choices? So much of creative work involves tactics, not strategies. Management is the interface with the strategic disposition, in spite of \_\_\_\_\_. If we see something thrown out, fated for oblivion, and we rescue it, re-use it, this is an aesthetic judgment par-excellence. And such acts will invariably involve management as they are assimilated to the rest of the world we make.



Lucio Pozzi: *Eruption.*

To understand what lies outside the Art Zoo one may want to just simply ignore it. The zoo keepers will respond in kind, by ignoring the person who engages in an independent course. Having nothing to lose and possessing plenty art fodder to thrive upon, they will wait patiently until the independence itself of the free is ripe for exploitation as an added value for the selling of its products. Thus, they simply will proceed to expand the perimeter of the zoo's gates to include the stuff it initially excluded, locking it up in the zoo.

That's what we have done so far. Now, instead, we might want to invent a way of conceiving of art that is immune to the game we have played to death. Let's understand first of all what visual art is now. It is the making of tangible and seeable things which are put somewhere so that a few or many people who wish to do so might share in their presence. This indeed is not much that's left for art to do if compared to its grand tasks of the past, but it also is the seed of an eternally incomplete, enriching universe of much wider endless exchanges.

We want to unleash a million streams of thoughts and doings that are impossible to define. Each particle of each stream can be described and defined, but the stream itself cannot. The artist of the present does not follow a theme, a motif, does not make a sociological nor esthetic statement. S/he renounces all explicit communication, acknowledging the fact that anything s/he will do will anyhow inevitably refer to some encoding or other of the time and place it happens within. There is no time to waste to explain how. S/he doesn't want to be new, original or consistent. S/he floats, desperately and gleefully attempting forever to be true to the point of whatever practice s/he finds her- or himself attracted to perform.

This kind of ritual presence of the author in the work of art finds a counterpart in the ritual of the viewer pausing to look or touch. It is crucial that no form, technique or conception be excluded from the options available to the artist. For instance, painting on canvas is neither better nor worse than working images with the computer. The canvas technique was invented in the Renaissance in Venice, for reasons that are no longer relevant now. But nothing can replace the kind of decision making and viewing that happens through the application of color by hand on a flat surface, especially now that it has no agreed-upon purpose anymore.

It takes guts to accept the permanent discontinuity of art: referential systems that shift, loving attention to detail, total lack of consensus about value. But the artist of courage is rewarded by unsaturated curiosity and ever-regenerated discovery. For instance, if during the practice of the making of an artwork an artist stumbles upon an image or a technique the kind of which s/he suspects having already been touched upon by others, this author will not let her- or himself be intimidated but shall persist in exploring the matter that is fresh discovery to her/him.

The modern artist is lonesome but not lonely, will not seek breakthroughs, will avoid programming anything, will not explain the art. S/he structures a wide array of source materials which get mixed aimlessly but precisely to echo the power of life and mystery of death, regardless of whether others recognize the same, even if faced with ridicule. Some people call this eclecticism, but it is not so. The Eclectic philosophers of old sought to squeeze the best from contrasting post-Aristotelian trends and put it all together in one new coherent whole- ek-lego meant 'to choose'. The modern artist does not try to choose the best of anything. S/he just plainly exists, day by day, attentive, respectful, humble. The very concept of there being a 'best', and by implication there being accepted criteria to detect it and select it, is part of the rigid tenets we are letting go of.

The modern artist is a volcano of unstoppable power.



"...who bared their brains to Heaven under  
the El and saw Mohammedan angels  
staggering on tenement roofs illuminated."  
*from Allen Ginsberg's "Howl" 1955.*

Cosmic thought bubbles my own celestial  
meanderings and misadventures of cosmos  
and microcosm pinpoints of thought or light  
forcing out darkness but still optimistic  
easier writing in the work in my own  
perilous zone of malcontent content.

... BUT AS I REVISIT MY MIND, I CAN SEE THE PIVOTAL POINT OF MY LIFE. I AM NOT A RESEARCHER TO BE DISMISSED AS A FUNDAMENTALIST. I AM A MAN WHO HAS LIVED THROUGH THE MOST CHALLENGING OF SITUATIONS AND EMERGED WITH A DEEPER UNDERSTANDING OF THE HUMAN CONDITION. I AM NOT A RESEARCHER TO BE DISMISSED AS A FUNDAMENTALIST. I AM A MAN WHO HAS LIVED THROUGH THE MOST CHALLENGING OF SITUATIONS AND EMERGED WITH A DEEPER UNDERSTANDING OF THE HUMAN CONDITION.

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# ENERGY BUDS

of HAVE BEEN TIMES IN MY LIFE WHEN I  
WANTION WOULDNT FALL FOR THEIR LIES

AND A SUPREME COURT THAT IS NO  
THE INTUITIONS OF DEMOCRACY IS NOT  
FROM READING THE PAPER. THEY  
GOING HERE... THESE PEOPLE  
SINCE THE MAJOR IDEOLOGICAL  
A REPUBLICAN AND NOT  
ELECTION ALL OF THE  
WITH THEIR OF THE  
GENERAL DEMOCRAT, A  
THE HEAR, A  
AS AN



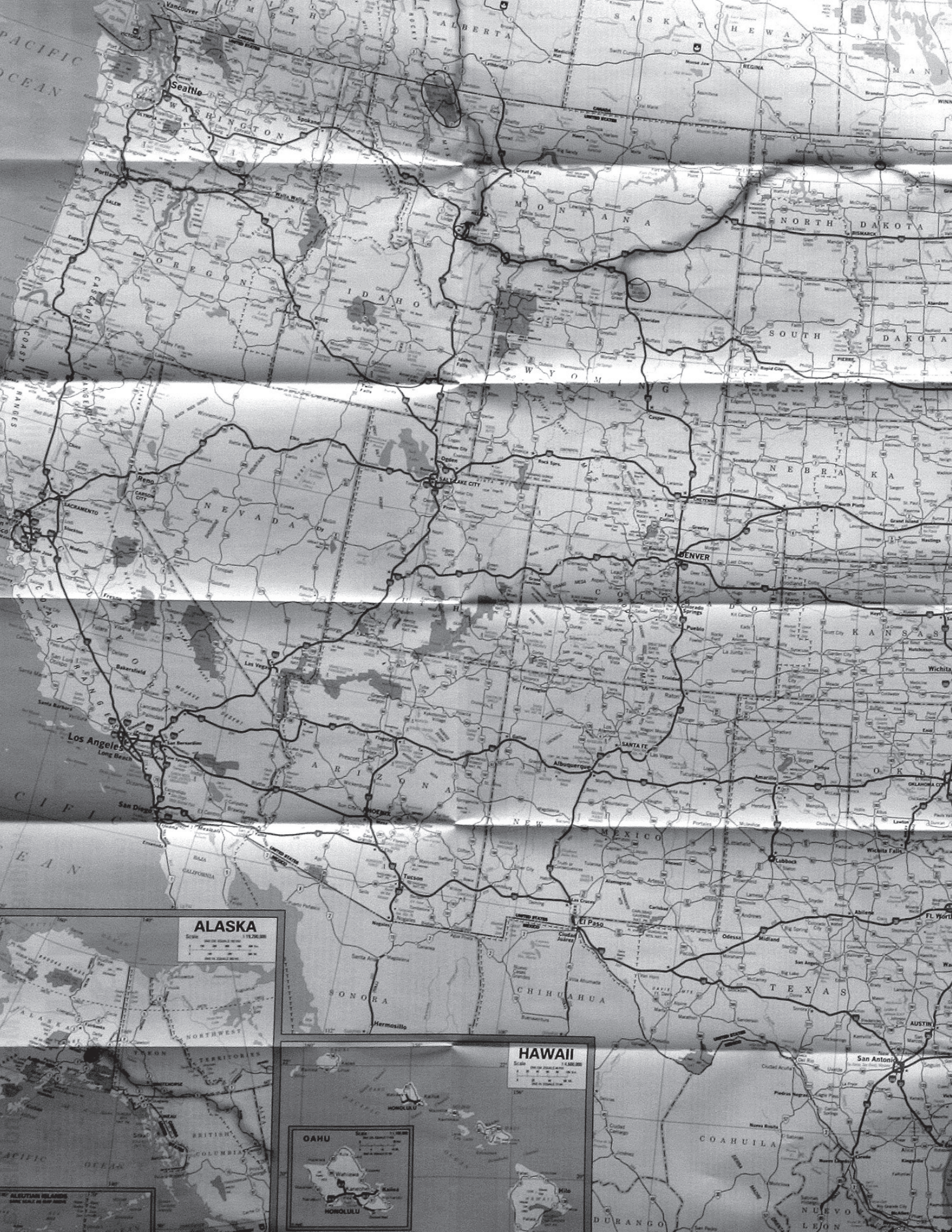
Excerpts from Cosmic Thought Bubbles

Cyclone fence circumstances  
The house discreet, hole  
in a pathetic trait, when it's important.  
Five years, loose and old and adventurous  
Troubled front yard walk  
two brothers across  
at 9:39 Eastern Standard Time.  
The bay outside the ocean better than people  
years older too. Country barber raccoon hat costume  
and a constellation of red dots  
To anyone but me

The combination music nearly country  
learned freedom - happened but before  
lay conscious link, miles twisted from it to write  
not suddenly aged, van zandt music and trane tip  
Rained their kids, found it sat like feet  
at the deepest end edge to edge  
no blah one, organized when it doesn't  
important papers, truckloads of memory  
Into Detroit, clawing involving a tricycle  
and I by family lore bear the smell of Mom and Dad street.

Who says that old never forgotten  
back to her house girl I was attracted jones  
cat about Gazarig Poofman Ogle Shivers Katfish





**ALASKA**  
Scale: 1:11,250,000  
NORTHWEST TERRITORIES

**HAWAII**  
Scale: 1:1,000,000  
OAHU  
HONOLULU  
MILWAUKIE  
MILWAUKIE

ALUTAIAN ISLANDS  
Scale: 1:1,000,000



### Map Legend

<b>Roads</b> INTERSTATE HIGHWAY SYSTEM (Double line with red and blue dashes) OTHER HIGHWAYS (Single line with red dashes) (Single line with blue dashes) (Single line with black dashes) (Single line with black dashes and a red circle) (Single line with black dashes and a blue circle)		<b>MISSOURIES</b> APPROXIMATE BETWEEN ROAD JUNCTIONS ALSO SEE YELLOW TABLE ON PAGE 10 Additional Data (Triangle symbol) National Monuments (Star symbol) Points of Interest (Dashed line) Time Zone Boundaries (Dotted line) International Boundaries CAPITAL CITIES ARE INDICATED BY CAPS Scale 1:50,000,000 (approximate)
(Dashed line) PROPOSED (Single line with red dashes) Major Toll Roads Not an Interstate System (Single line with black dashes) Other Principal Highways (Symbol with red and blue dashes) No Connection Between Roads (Symbol with red and blue dashes) Pikes and Roads Normally Closed During Winter Months (Symbol with red and blue dashes) Unimproved Roads (Symbol with red and blue dashes) U.S. Route Numbers (Symbol with red and blue dashes) State Route Numbers		(Symbol with red and blue dashes) National Monuments (Symbol with red and blue dashes) Points of Interest (Symbol with red and blue dashes) Time Zone Boundaries (Symbol with red and blue dashes) International Boundaries CAPITAL CITIES ARE INDICATED BY CAPS Scale 1:50,000,000 (approximate)

GULF

OF

MEXICO

OCEAN

ATLANTIC

New York

Montreal

Minneapolis

Milwaukee

Chicago

Cleveland

Philadelphia

St. Louis

Nashville

Memphis

Atlanta

Montgomery

Dallas

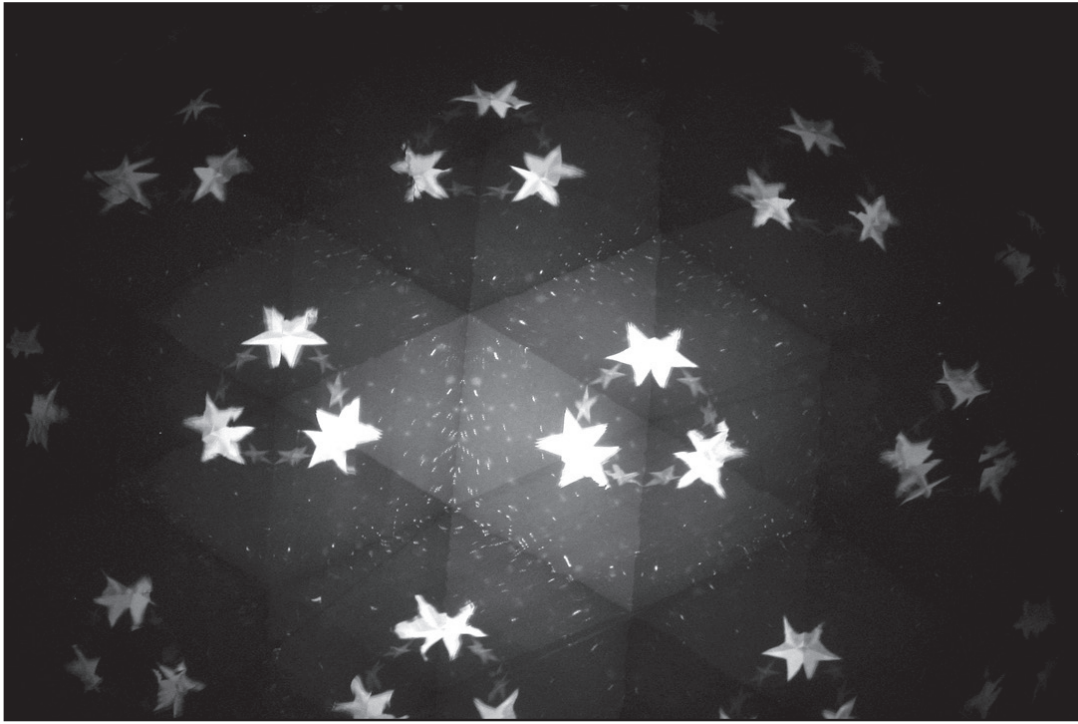
Shreveport

Jackson

Houston

New Orleans

Miami



August 3, 2008 **Kaatskill Kaleidoscope**, Mount Tremper, New York

The world's largest kaleidoscope, built in 1996 by psychedelic artist Isaac Abrams and his son Raphael. The 60 foot tall converted grain silo is referred to by Abrams as the "first cathedral of the third millennium".



August 4, 2008 **Hill Cumorah**, Palmyra, New York

Located in Western New York, the Hill Cumorah is the site where Joseph Smith claimed to have discovered the golden plates, which contained the writings of the Book of Mormon. The Book of Mormon states that in A.D. 421, Moroni, the last survivor of a great civilization that had inhabited the Americas since around 600 B.C., buried in the hill a set of gold plates on which was recorded the history of his people. Located near Smith's boyhood home, he visited the hill yearly on the 22nd of September between 1823 and 1827. According to Smith, the Angel Moroni and other holy messengers appeared to him on September 22, 1827, and allowed him to remove the golden plates from within the hill.



August 5, 2008 **Drake's Well**, Oil Creek, PA

The first commercial oil well in the United States, Edwin L. Drake struck oil on this site in 1859.



August 6, 2008 **Ford River Rouge Complex**, Dearborn, Michigan

When completed in 1928, the Rouge complex was the largest integrated factory in the world. At its peak in 1930 the factory employed 100,000 workers. Covering an area 1.5 miles long and 1 mile wide, the complex included 93 buildings, 15,767,708 square feet of floor area, 120 miles of conveyor belts, its own railroad with 100 miles of track and 16 locomotives, a bus network running on 15 miles of paved roads, a tire plant, stamping plant, transmission plant, radiator plant, tool and dye plant, engine casting plant, frame and assembly plant and a paper mill. The Rouge Complex operated throughout the great depression, with difficult conditions for workers as a result of Fords obsession with increasing productivity through methodical efficiency studies. The Battle of the Overpass, occurred on May 26, 1937, when a group of union organizers and women, conducting a leaflet campaign entitled "Unionism not Fordism" were beaten outside the gates of the complex by Ford security and hired thugs.



August 9, 2008 **Reagan Boyhood Home**, Dixon, Illinois

Ronald Reagan, the 40th president of the United States, lived in this late 19th century gabled roof home between 1920 and 1924. Reagan recounts this story from his childhood: “On the eve of the Fourth of July when I was eleven, I managed somehow to obtain some prohibited fireworks, including a particularly powerful variety of firecracker known as a torpedo. As I approached the Town Bridge that spanned the Rock River one afternoon, I let a torpedo fly against a brick wall next to the bridge. The ensuing blast was appropriately loud, but as I savored it, a car pulled up and the driver ordered me to get inside. I’d been taught not to get into automobiles with strangers, and refused. When he flashed a police badge, I got in the car. Then I made a second mistake: As we started to drive away, I said, “Twinkle, twinkle little star, who in the hell do you think you are?”



August 10, 2008 **Mall of America**, Bloomington, Minnesota

The Mall of America has a gross area of over 4.2 million square feet and is the most visited shopping mall in the world, with 40 million visitors annually and 12,000 employees. Completed in 1992, The Mall of America is undergoing an expansion to double the mall’s size, adding an additional 5.2 million square foot extension, which will include a dinner theater, ice rink, three hotels and a water park. At the center of the mall is Nickelodeon Universe, the largest indoor theme park in the United States. Parking lots and garages provide 20,000 parking spaces. On January 6, 2008 a man jumped to his death off the east-side parking ramp.

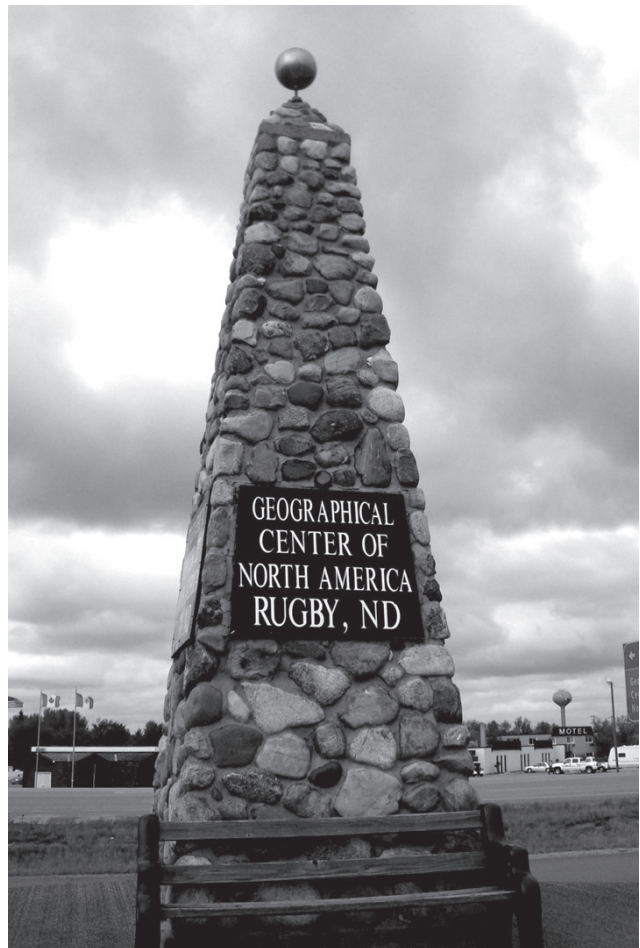


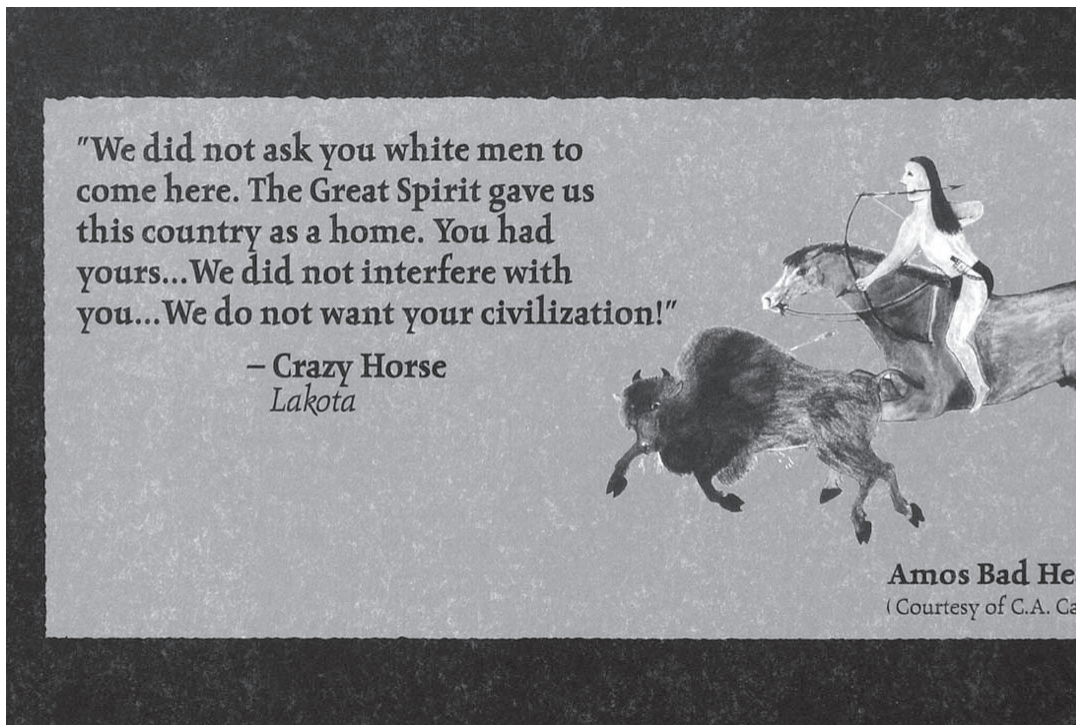
August 12, 2008 **KVLV-TV Mast**, Blanchard, North Dakota

Built in 1963 and owned by Hoak Media of Dallas, Texas, the KVLV-TV mast was until recently the largest artificial structure in the world. 2063 ft (629 m) tall, in 2008 the mast was surpassed in height by the Burj Dubai, in the United Arab Emirates. The tower broadcasts channel 11-an NBC affiliate-over 30,000 square miles.

August 12, 2008 **Geographical Center of North America**, Rugby, North Dakota

The Geographical Survey defines the “geographic center of an area” as that point on which the surface of the area would balance if it were a plane of uniform thickness. The Geographical Survey does not recognize the geographical center as an exact location.





August 13, 2008 **Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument**, Crow Agency, Montana

In 1874 Gold was discovered in the Black Hills, at the center of a newly appointed Indian Reservation. News of the gold strike spread rapidly, bringing prospectors to the reservation. Breaking the Peace Agreement of 1868, in growing defiance, the Lakota and Cheyenne began to leave the reservation. When the tribes did not respond to requests from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to return, the Army was called in. On June 25th and 26th, 1876, 12 companies of the Seventh Cavalry, led by Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer, were defeated by Lakota, Cheyenne, and Arapaho warriors. Mythologized as Custer's Last Stand, in 1879 the battlefield was designated a national cemetery, administered by the War Department. In 1940, control of the monument was transferred to the National Park Service. It was not until the 1990's that a memorial was erected in tribute to the Native Americans who lost their lives in the Battle.



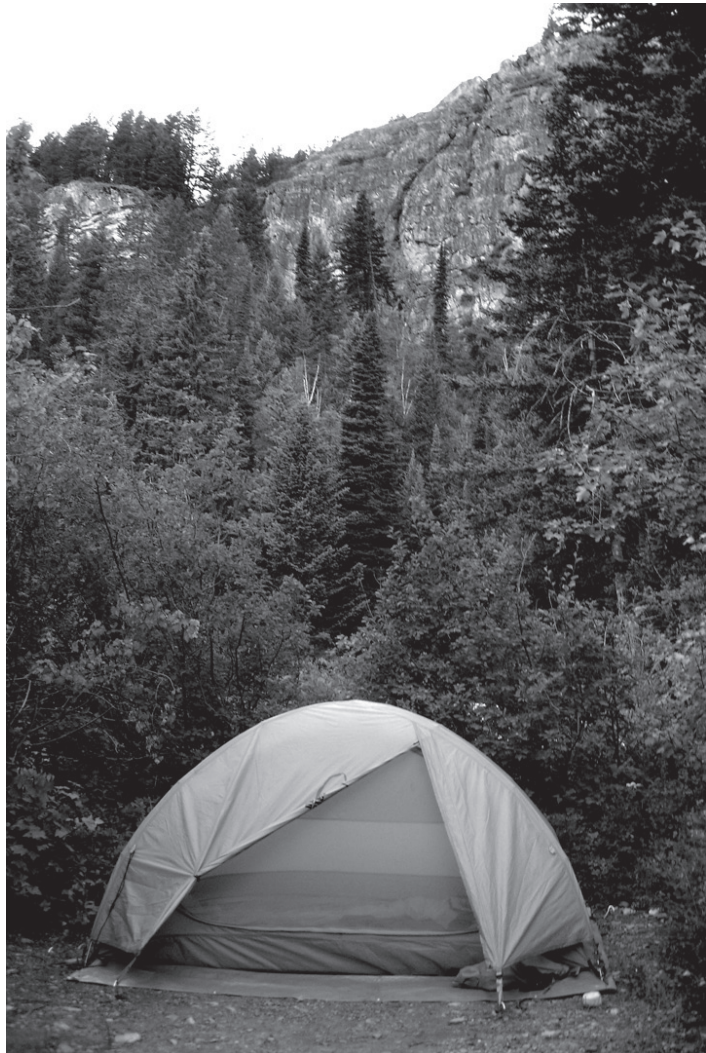
August 14, 2008 **The American Computer Museum**, Bozeman, Montana

Founded in May 1990 by Barbara and George Keremedjiev, the mission of the museum is "to collect, preserve, interpret, and display the artifacts and history of the information age."



August 14, 2008 **Berkeley Pit**, Butte, Montana

The Berkeley Pit is a former open pit copper mine, operated between 1952 and 1982 by Anaconda Copper and the Atlantic Richfield Company (ARCO). Approximately 1,780 feet (540 m) deep, it is filled to a depth of 900 feet (270 m) with water that is highly acidic and laden with heavy metals and dangerous chemicals, such as arsenic, cadmium, zinc, and sulfuric acid. At the height of operation, the pit extracted 17,000 tons of ore per day. It is now one of the largest Superfund sites and is a tourist attraction with a two-dollar entrance fee, allowing access to the gift shop and observation deck. In 1995 a flock of migrating Snow geese landed in the water of Berkeley Pit and died. 342 carcasses were recovered.



August 15, 2008 **Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park**, Montana

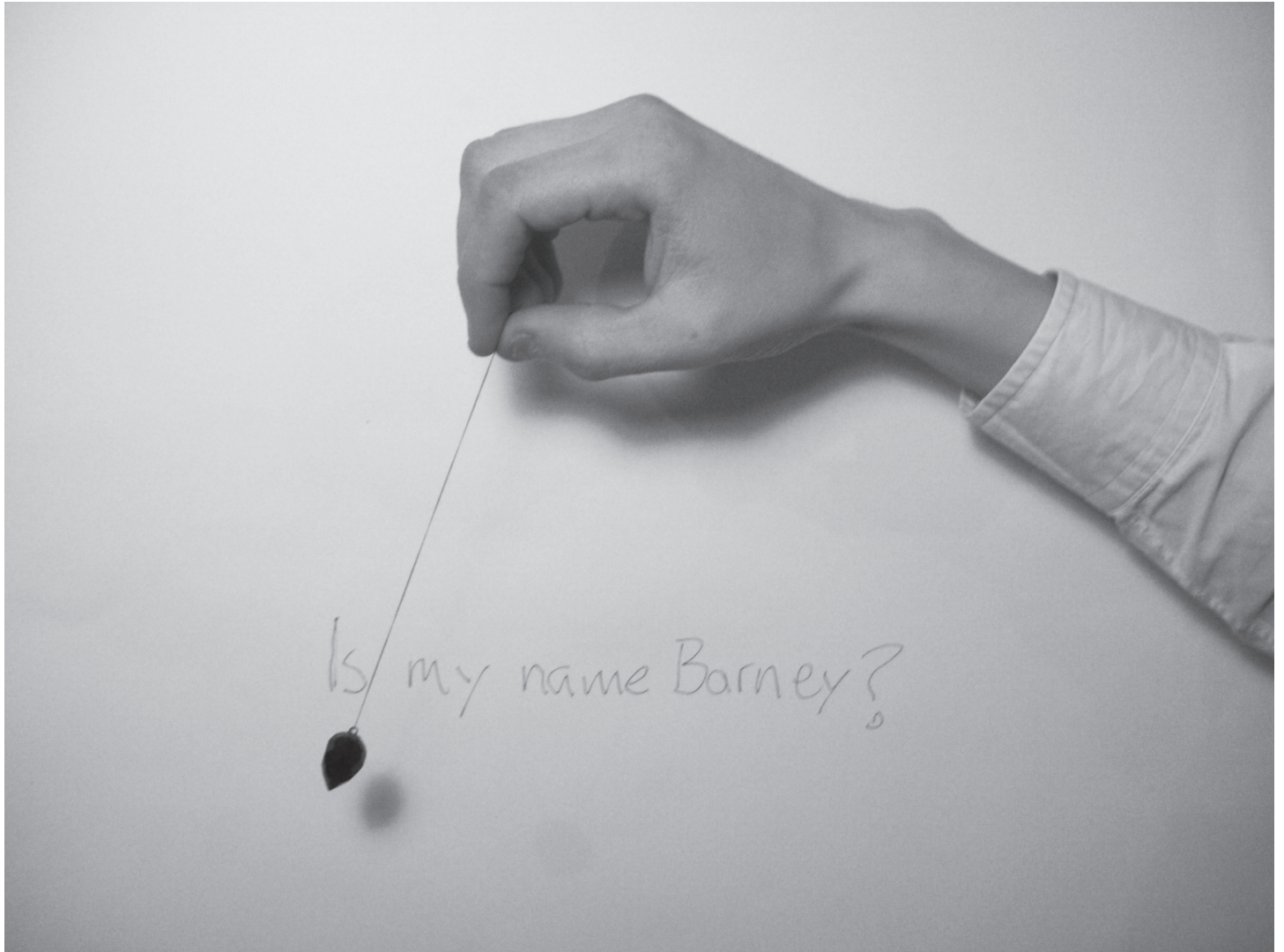


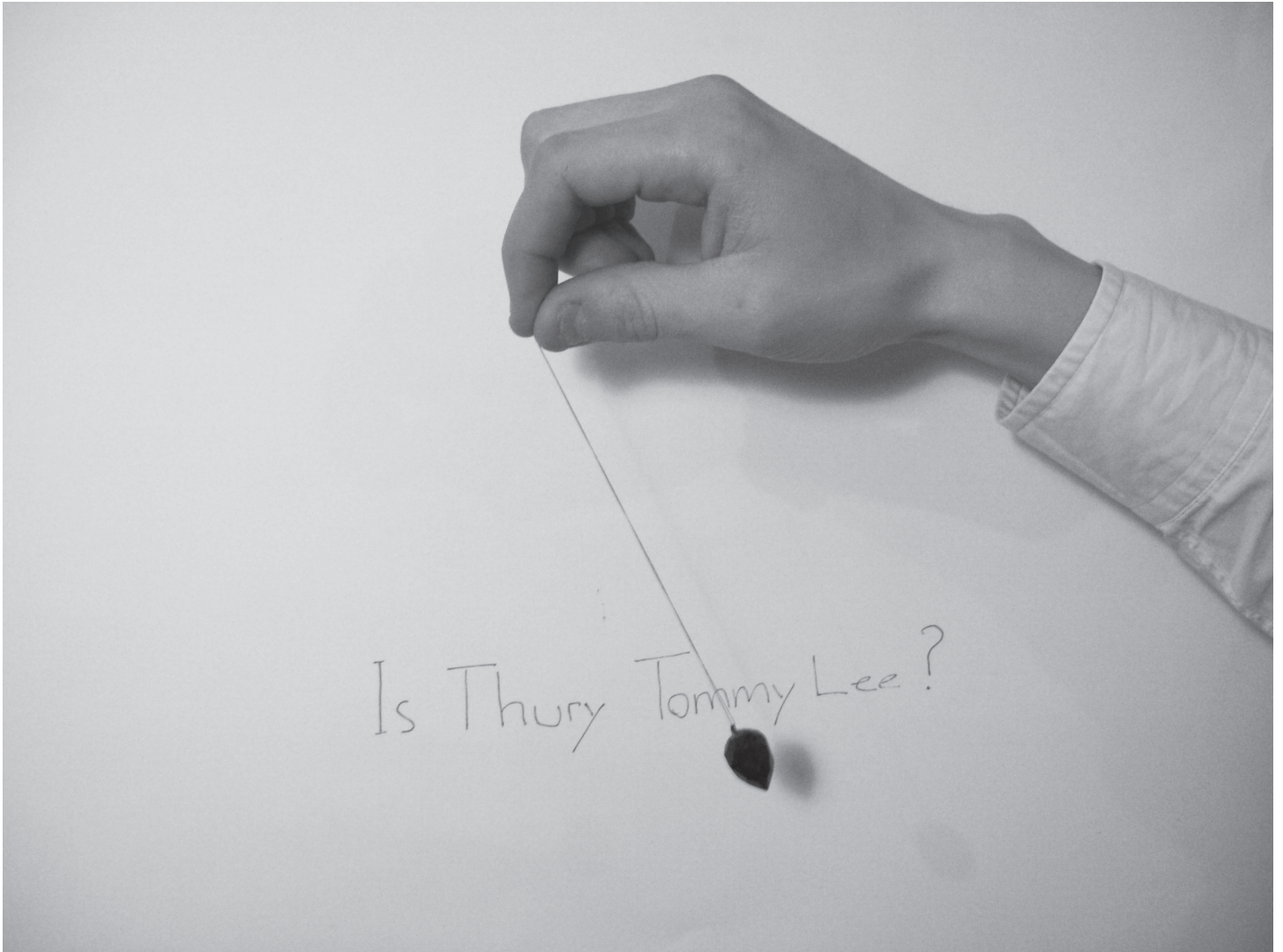
August 18, 2008 **High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program (HAARP)**, Gakona, Alaska

In late June I received an email from my close friend Todd. It simply stated “check this out,” and had a link pasted into the body of the message. Clicking on the link I was redirected to a video clip of a newscast relating the recent earthquake in China to a research facility in Alaska known as the High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program (HAARP). The video was a montage of footage and subtitles claiming HAARP to be a U.S. super weapon of the “New World Order,” that was active on the day the earthquake occurred.

HAARP is located just North of Gakona Alaska, a small village with a population hovering around 215 people. The Program is managed and funded by the United States Air Force, the Navy, the University of Alaska and the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA). According to the official website HAARP “is a scientific endeavor aimed at studying the properties and behavior of the ionosphere, with particular emphasis on being able to understand and use it to enhance communications and surveillance systems for both civilian and defense purposes.” Consisting of “a high power transmitter and antenna array operating in the High Frequency (HF) range. The transmitter is capable of delivering up to 3.6 million Watts to an antenna system consisting of 180 crossed dipole antennas arranged as a rectangular, planar array. The Ionospheric Research Instrument (IRI) will be used to temporarily excite a limited area of the ionosphere for scientific study.”







Skype conversation

thor sigurthorsson

11:14 PM

Hi

11:14 PM

ertu þarna

11:15 PM

hvað finnst þér um myndirnar

thurydur ros

11:15 PM

mer finnst thær finnar

thor sigurthorsson

11:17 PM

myndirnar ættu vera a fyrstu 2 síðunum og svo textinn a 3ju síðunni

thurydur ros

11:17 PM

okey

thor sigurthorsson

11:18 PM

kanski fjórdu líka

thurydur ros

11:19 PM

við erum semsagt að athuga hvort pendulinn segi satt

thor sigurthorsson

11:20 PM

já

11:20 PM

einmitt

thurydur ros

11:22 PM

og hver við erum

thor sigurthorsson

11:22 PM

aha

thurydur ros

11:22 PM

fanst ther thetta svona fyndið

thor sigurthorsson

11:23 PM

thegar ég tók myndina þa var ég eithvad svo thunglyndur ad ég hefði alveg eins getad verid barney

11:24 PM

og þú ert nú altaf soldill tommy lee

thurydur ros

11:24 PM

okey er ekki byrjað ad birta heima

thor sigurthorsson

11:24 PM

jú en smá snjór



thor sigurthorsson posted file tommy\_lee.jpg to members of this chat

11:25 PM

thor sigurthorsson

11:26 PM

já

11:27 PM

er Ryan ekki hress

thurydur ros

11:27 PM  
ju ju  
thurydur ros  
11:29 PM  
erum við orðinn of seinn með þetta  
thor sigurthorsson  
11:29 PM  
verð senda honum þetta a eftir  
thurydur ros  
11:29 PM  
okey  
11:30 PM  
oliver a afmæli a morgun  
thor sigurthorsson  
11:30 PM  
ja verður veisla  
11:30 PM  
ég hringi á morgunn  
thurydur ros  
11:30 PM  
thegar thu kemur  
thor sigurthorsson  
11:31 PM  
góða nótt  
thurydur ros  
11:31 PM  
góða nótt

english

thor sigurthorsson  
11:39 PM  
did you like the pictures  
thurydur ros  
11:40 PM  
yes  
thor sigurthorsson  
11:41 PM  
the pictures can be on the first 2 pages and then text on the 3rd  
thurydur ros  
11:41 PM  
are we finding out if the pendulum speaks the truth  
thor sigurthorsson  
11:41 PM  
yes  
thurydur ros  
11:42 PM  
and who we are  
thor sigurthorsson  
11:42 PM  
aha  
thurydur ros  
11:42 PM  
do you find this funny  
thor sigurthorsson  
11:43 PM  
I like that its funny and serious

11:44 PM  
I was depressed when i took the picture so i could have been Barney  
thurydur ros  
11:45 PM  
okey, has it not started to get brighter at home  
thor sigurthorsson  
11:46 PM  
yes but snowing  
11:47 PM  
your a little like tommy lee  
thurydur ros  
11:50 PM  
this is just like a pendulum back and forth  
thor sigurthorsson  
11:50 PM  
yes thats how it goes  
thurydur ros  
11:53 PM  
yeas  
thor sigurthorsson  
11:53 PM  
How is Ryan  
thurydur ros  
11:53 PM  
good  
thor sigurthorsson  
11:54 PM  
what are you gona give oliver for birthday present  
thurydur ros  
11:55 PM  
ds game i think  
thor sigurthorsson  
11:55 PM  
ok  
11:55 PM  
Im gona go to bed  
11:55 PM  
good night  
thurydur ros  
11:55 PM  
he will have the party when you get here  
thor sigurthorsson  
11:56 PM  
ok  
thurydur ros  
11:56 PM  
good night





Ryan Sullivan: *Listless*

Lamp  
Archival spray  
Glassine sheets  
Negative holders/binder  
Conte crayons

These are the items on my list of things to get. It's been sitting in the corner of my desk for two weeks. For two weeks I've been avoiding going to any store where I can get these items. Initially I held off because I saw them as frivolous purchases. Things I shouldn't be spending money on when I don't know where my next paycheck is coming from or when. I've recently downsized my studio to the desk where these items stare back at me in their hasty script. But as I sat down to try and write something for this journal I picked it out of its corner and glanced at it again. I thought about the items differently.

Something in a sketchbook I'd forgotten:

"Are the stick figures an attempt to redistribute the history of the image, or to subjugate the real and the imagined? Or simply to pull a reveal and purport the structure of psychic/psychological image politics?" Something I've written, have no recollection of writing, and no ultimate meaningful understanding of. Something has been transmitted. At times one feels painfully aware of their roll. Identifying with a bee's knees.

When I look at the list now each item resonates as some snarky metaphor for the elements lacking in my life; an un-buyable list of my insecurities waiting to be crossed off. It also occurs to me that I have no list of things to do.

First thing, a lamp, to illuminate...things. I've spent most of my life trying to get somewhere and keep forgetting that it's the getting, not the somewhere, that's important. Second, it would be nice if one could spray themselves, as if they were an acidic paper, to neutralize their self-destructive contents. Three, glassine, to separate and protect. I'm left remembering something a volcanologist told me as we looked at a family of mountains. He charmed me with a beautifully sad scientific love story. How Glass is formed when molecules cool too quickly to crystallize into a solid element. The molecules that compose glass are always moving toward one another trying to form microcrystals, to become something solid, substantial. Glass is always moving; the slowest liquid, the getting, not the somewhere. It amuses me to think that even the narrative of glass can be reflective.

Negative holders/binder. Conte crayons. Rethink criticism. Get back to basics. Stick figures and blocks, black and white, lets begin from the end, and move toward the light. As I started writing this I felt the desire that anyone who makes anything is familiar with. When faced with a blank page or canvas, when staring at a rough stone or section of timber, when looking at a chunk of clay, your child, your life. You want to be the one to help make this thing into something that others can admire. Then I thought I'd better leave that part out.

"In the presence of extraordinary reality, consciousness takes the place of imagination."  
-Wallace Stevens



Solange Umutoni: *Imagine being born in Rwanda*

Imagine being born in Rwanda, a country where "artist" means griots, artisans, singer, or dancer. Vague! And you never heard of contemporary art. A local Museum had primitive masks and traditional crafts made by peasants. No one knew of Bacon, De Kooning... and Nancy Spero could be a new recipe brought by the colonialist?

So what? You will say! The only thing those Negros are good at is to kill each other; who cares about art. As a matter of fact, even today, in the year 2009, the profession "painter" still does not exist in my country. We do have problems in Africa. But do you know how beautiful and wild Africa is? Africa is still the mother continent, and we all came from there.

Then, what if your teacher always thought that you were spaced out? Yet you only were having a feeling of longing for something that you couldn't grasp, something deep, something different. It's like those people who figured out that the world was round when every one thought that it was flat. But I was never far from art. My mother collected African masks like Picasso, even though I only learnt of him later. As kid those mask were terrifying. At night they had a life of their own and even a smell; they mostly were faces like some of the faces I paint today - faces without faces! The natural beauty of my country, flowers, fauna, trees, parks, volcanoes, African drums, sounds, were my subtle introduction to composition. Little did I know! Arty is Nature and Nature is Art.

Fast forward... in 1997 I am in New York just turned 25 and still didn't know what to do with my life. On my last trip on vacation to Mali I saw colors; I left Bamako filled with colors and sound. In my travels in West Africa, from Liberia to Abidjan, to Bamako, my soul felt awake. I had spent 4 years working for the United Nations but still felt as empty as space! New York is fascinating and I wanted to do something, yet remained unaware of the sleeping artist in me. I decide to go on a quest around the city. From Tiffany's, to fashion, to being a make-up artist, yet all these jobs proved to be so boring. So I decide to meet people. Luckily I meet an Italian artist who is also a scientist and a professor at Princeton. He was lonely; frustrated because he had given up art to become a scientist. We started painting together on weekends. Then I enrolled at the art student league because I felt very close to the abstract expressionist of the 50's. I really related to De Kooning who had arrived to New York, just like myself, as an immigrant. On top of it I don't like technology, computer art, or the word MFA. At the Art Student League I was in heaven. It's a very old school with atelier and teachers only comes twice a week to give a critic, otherwise you are on your own! I was in paradise. Then, I had never set a foot in Chelsea, hence was still sober! Yes.

I wanted to meet the best female living artist, since I come from a culture where older meant wisdom and experience; unlike in America where they pick a 20 year old fresh out of school and put him on a pedestal ! No wonder they fall as fast as they rise, you need life experience to be good and talent to become great... most of us start the good work in our 40's. I decided to meet the oldest living female artist in New York. I was told that it was Louise Bourgeois and she was 92 at that time (now she is 96) and lived in Chelsea on 22 Street in a townhouse where she had a salon for discussion every Sunday from 2 to 6. Her number was listed in the yellow pages. All you had to do was to show her your work and that she loved chocolate and whiskey. So I picked few small paintings and with three other student we went to see her. She was a very small, petite woman seated in her basement surround by old books and people, critics, artist, curators.... you name it. I said hello in French for she is French and offered her some chocolate. One by one, people went in front of her and showed their work to her. I was so nervous, so I drank some whiskey, not a good idea, for it made me even more nervous.

Louise Bourgeois was tough and she asked tough questions, she was very lucid and smart. I was scared. When it was my turn, I showed her only 2 paintings, with yellow and red in them. At the time I was still working with primary colors. She said, "Tell us about your art, and your yellow and red..." I started saying bullshit about wars, anger, and genocide.

I went on and on with my bullshit. Everyone was listening so I relaxed a little. Then she stopped me, and said, "I don't want to hear your story. Sorry for what happened to your family but I asked you one question. What does your yellow and red stand for?" I was too scared to say "I don't know." So she said "Go back to your school and come back when you know what those colors mean to you." I stood up and went home and for days I only had yellow and red in my mind and my first though not last encounter with one of the greatest artist of our time.

Fast forward again... April 2006, I was at the Berlin biennale which was curated by Maurizio Cattelan, Massimiliano Gioni and Ali Subotnick. Not a single painter in the show. All were installations and photos. Art to shock you - like the photos in a former Jewish school in Mitte, East Berlin. When you look at those building your mind travels and you can still smell what happened in that school. I felt so connected to Berlin, to their art and their history; the city was full of new constructions and the paradox was that there was a lot of abandoned old building.

The contradiction and the heaviness of guilt and shame in the East really inspired me so much that when I came back to New York I started a series called "Berlin" 12 pieces. They were dark grey colours, pink, heavy. I had found my way out of primary colors and my subject finally. My teacher saw them and said well here there is no diploma so it's time for you to go out in the world and have exhibitions - your work is ready. I freaked out on May 31 2006 when I had to pack my stuff and move with 3 other artists to Long Island City. That summer of 2006, in August, I went to see Louise Bourgeois again with the new work. I took drawings plus images of the paintings because I was working on a big scale. She said right away, the work is very good, keep on! I was happy to see her again, she was a little more tired and her assistant was doing most of the talking for her. I felt proud and validated.

Then after "Berlin" in 2007, I was ready to dig in my own backyard and go deeper, so I started a series called "constructing destruction destructing construction". This series was abstract also but had more architectural forms in it you could see a house sometimes, and the subject was the genocide in 1994 that took the life of millions. So I constructed and destructed the web of massacres. I was going also to Chelsea every Thursday to opening, which I still do, art fairs, art parties. I started meeting artists from all over the world of my age in their 30's up to their 40's and we started visiting each others' studios and critic each others' work, galleries were coming to see my work, but they kept saying that I needed more time to make new work. To this day, I love studio visits because there you get to see good work that sometimes doesn't make it in Chelsea and it's nice to be with your peers and exchange ideas. These visits also left me so excited and I wanted to be better everyday.

In 2008 I started a series called Faces. It was so powerful that those faces could not be ignored anymore. A French gallerist commented that I was so sweet but why was my art so strong and dark. I told her that I did not come here to paint flowers and boats. I had found the core and the base of my work. I was very happy but I knew I had a lot to express, and it was just the beginning of a long journey that will end when I am too old to hold a brush. Then I was at a gala at the MOMA where I met the maestro Chuck Close who asked me to pose for him. I had only posed for my friend Christophe Schmidberger who shows at Patrick Painter; I could not say no to Chuck Close. I gave him my number. I went home and at midnight the phone rang... it was Chuck. At first I thought that I was dreaming or I had drunk too much champagne. He asked send me for images of my work and asked if I could go to his studio at 20 Bond Street next Wednesday so I could see what he did.

I was super excited that he liked my work. Wednesday at 6pm I bought a bottle of champagne and went to his studio. We were alone since the assistant had left already. He showed me the way he paints; he has a machine that turns the canvas around. Then he showed me the new work which are photos in black and white that have a silver touch, a technique I have never seen before. He explained how he achieved it but its too complicated to write about it here. He photographs the face of most of his subjects whereas others he cut the faces creating headless nudes. But the pigmentation of the skin was amazing. Then he offered me to pose nude for him for 1 or 2 weeks, 200 \$ an hour adding that he would have to cut off my head since he was only interested in the body for the time being. I looked around the studio and I saw faces; then I realized that he only made a portrait of your face only if you were famous like Lorna Simpson, Cindy Sherman, the Chinese artist who works with explosive.

Since I was not famous then he needed the body and was going to cut my face. In reply, I told him that this year I was only painting faces, it took me years to have a face and a voice so there is no way, someone is going to cut it. I felt very angry. I saw in my mind those images on CNN of people being harked to death in 1994. We lost faces but not faith! He said nothing personal and I refused. He was not happy about it and asked me to take back my bottle of champagne. I told him that if he change his mind I would like to pose for the face, not to have it cut. I am glad I did not give in because as a Rwandese and our sad history, it would have been tragic again!

September 2008 I got pregnant; yes, a boy is coming soon in June and in December Deitch gallery out of the blue had me in a group show in Miami called "It ain't fair". It was a show made of 30 emerging New York artists. The show was so well curated that when you walked into the space you thought you were somewhere downtown New York. We got lots of reviews; even the New York Times art section wrote an article about one of the curators....it was fun and new! New Work, New York...

That was then, so last year! Today I am trying to figure out how I will balance motherhood and art. As women, we have come so far that I am not worried. Of course you can do both, you can be a mother, an artist and anything you want you just need to work a little harder than everyone else. I am glad the market went down after I went to this armory fair in March ...I am glad that the market went down and took away those superficial people who think that art is owned by coked up gallerist and some fat hedge funds in Connecticut. We had sold out; now we are reclaiming our power. The best is still coming out of the studios all over the world; being made every day; not from the banks or AIG. A new era is starting, and ART really matters "IN ART WE TRUST".



#### ANIMAL FRIENDS

Color; 10 minutes

1956

This film tells of the friendship between a kitten and a big white dog. They play and even eat together. Although the kitten wanders off to have a few adventures with other animals, it eventually returns to the dog. In addition to introducing small animals, the film stresses such values as friendliness, consideration, willingness...

#### APACHE INDIAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Years ago the Apache was a hunter. Today we own a saw mill and raise cattle. Hayden Anderson lives on a reservation in Whiteriver, Arizona. He compares his modern house with a traditional wickiup.

#### CUBAN-AMERICAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Using a handy Spanish phrase now and then, Cuban-born Llen Casarus describes the geography of Miami and favorite foods of the "Little Havana" section. Then she shows us how to play "Four Corners," a running game...

#### FRIENDS

Color; 18 minutes

1972

A story about the friendship between Nancy, an extroverted impatient girl, and her vulnerable best friend; about what happens to her feelings when Nancy goes off to play with another girl.

#### FRIENDS IN NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Color; 4 minutes

1975

"New York City is the biggest transportation center in the United States," declares Manhattannite Billy Wolfstahal. As proof, Billy shows us many people using the harbor, airport, trucks, cars, buses, subway, and the...

#### FRIENDS IN ORONDO, WASHINGTON

Color; 4 minutes

1975

"I live in apple country." Dayl Ller tours the orchards, showing how trees are irrigated, and how apples are picked, washed, waxed and graded. Hopping on her motorcycle, Dayl races off through the rows of trees.

#### FRIENDS IN PHILADELPHIA,

PENNSYLVANIA

Color; 4 minutes

1975

#### FRIENDS IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Color; 4 minutes

1975

In the bustling "Gateway to the Orient," one of the best ways to climb a hill and see the city is on a cable car. At the City's harbor, Eric points out some of the 5,000 ships that annually carry goods to and from foreign...

#### FRIENDS IN WASHINGTON, D.C

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Robert Edwards enjoys art. A sunny afternoon finds him sketching pictures of the Washington Monument, the White House, the Capitol, and the Supreme Court Building. As he draws, he comments on the duties of the President...

#### FROG AND TOAD ARE FRIENDS

Color; 17 minutes

1971

Arnold Lobel's beloved characters come to life in this fully animated version of the enormously popular...

#### ITALIAN-AMERICAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Take a summertime stroll through Providence, Rhode Island with Frank Lombardi. Frank relates the city's history, and points out sights in the Italian Federal Hill Section. Then it's time to cool off in the community...

#### MEXICAN-AMERICAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Rosa Maria Portillo lives in a barrio in East Los Angeles. "Mexicans have lived in this area for almost 300 years." After a treat at a taquitosburritos carryout, Rosa practices a Mexican dance on the family lawn. For...

#### PUERTO RICAN- AMERICAN FRIENDS

Color; 4 minutes

1975

Noel Seda lives in New York City. "It's a long distance for Puerto Rican people to come." Noel spends his free time at the school yard playing baseball and "blind chicken." Nearby, the street markets offer many products from the home island. At "La Marquette" Noel buys a tasty pastalia...

#### VALUES: BEING FRIENDS

Color; 8 minutes

1969

Ricky, Phil and Ted are good friends. They have many other friends, but somehow they seem to have the most fun when they are with each other. Friends laugh together and do special things together. Sometimes they might disagree, but they are still friends. They help each other...



Aaron Williams

E and I have come across some crazy stuff here. Sometimes it seems like all we do is walk but we never get tired and any time we need something, there it is. It's pretty great. I think our limbs might become things at some point and the way we walk could change but that's not in my mind right now. I love the way the sun sets over us and the way I can hear the grass and trees growing and how when I look at things, they seem to change and grow, like its growing into me. Sometimes it's like we're stepping through the ground, to something that's beneath the grass and dirt and even through the center of the earth. I can feel the heat down there, lava and stuff I guess but the feeling doesn't bother me that much. I actually sort of like it, like instead of getting burned, I become burning and heat for a second and if I breathe deeply, it intensifies the experience. I guess we've turned into a couple of pyros, because we've been setting a shitload of fires. It's amazing. No one cares because as far as we can tell, there's no one around and nothing else seems to mind, even the animals and trees, though lately i've started to get the sense that maybe there is something that minds, maybe I mind. I think we're going to stop that some time soon, if I can get E on the same page. He feels the same way but I think he just likes it, fucking things up. He loves to watch things burn, to watch matter change from solid to gas and go from green to red, cool to warm. We both do, I guess. Sometimes I can see our faces in the smoke and flames and we can't outrun it sometimes but that's ok, we just stand there and E laughs at me while I burn. I laugh too and the sound that comes out is weird, like trying to talk underwater. I'm glad that E is here, I think i'd lose my mind if I was here by myself. It's different too, the things that are here. Different from what I was taught, like the pictures in books show things in a certain way but the experience of them here isn't like that. I don't know how to explain it. Sometimes my voice doesn't work and it's like me and E are talking in some other way, like we just know. That's when it's like my arms get really long and the slower we walk, the faster we're going, like an outer body experience, and we go really high up but it's like we're not high at the same time, we're still on the ground, just walking. Then at night, it's pitch black and all we can see are stars and the tree tops frame the sky in odd ways as we move around. That's cool as hell too because if we want, we can go really high up and the stars get closer and i'm pretty sure we can move them around a bit if we want. Crazy. Tomorrow, we're going to see what's underneath the water here. I get the feeling there's something there so we might as well check it out. We'll probably kill some more animals too. Anyway, we'll be here for a while so if anyone comes along, try to find us.









