

Robert Fludd Musical

death and love machines

GUIDING MI UM PRIMIPLE

HYDNOTIST TE "NAPATEN"



the physicality of low freq dissolving entirely into tactile vibration at frequencies of 20 hrtz

infra---ultra ---- sound

thunder 7HRTZ

infrasonic acoustic guns - levaseur whistle? wagner - apocalypse now UFC AND WANDERING SOUL "sound curdler" waco siege 1993 david koresh playlist

Long Rage Acoustic Devices LRAD

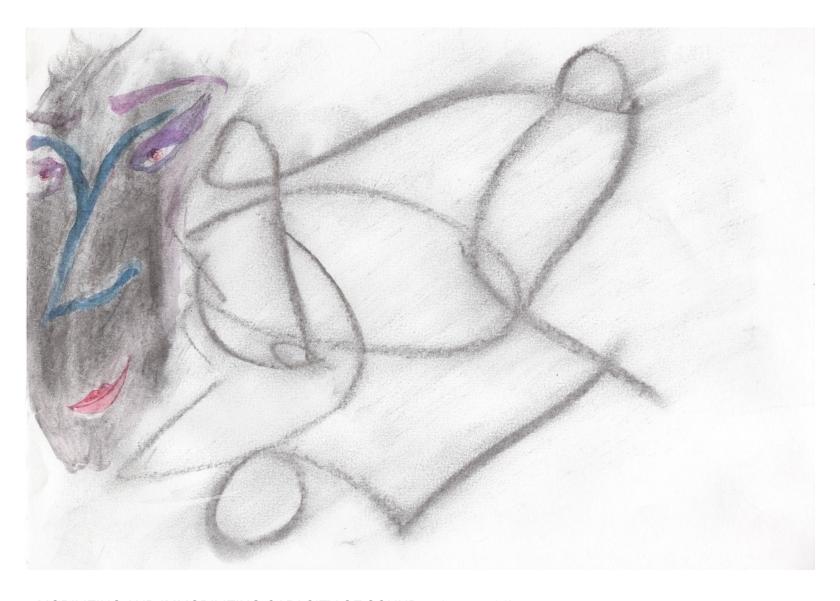
10-20 Kilohertz 'mosquitos' repellent tacticts)

Joe banks and MARK Blain (artists using military

OSCILLATION VIBRATION TREMBLE Bodies and technologies all functioning as transducers of energy and movement from one mode to another are submerged... p 27

The affective body as a resonance chamber

Transduction one type of energy is converted into another creating a surplus in the process (sonic into kinetic via dance) p29
psycho social torque and sensory overload
{radar images}
acoustic camouflage
The Hydrosphere
Jean francois augoyard and henri torque SONIC EXPERIENCE



MOBILIZING AND IMMOBILIZING CAPACITY OF SOUND (august 21)

Spinoza influenced "we dont yet know what a sonic body can do" Vibrational Frequencies x axis pressure y axis hertz

Sonic Warfare book notes: A sonic boom, high volume, low frequency, effect of low flying jets traveling Faster Than The Speed of Sound

Politics of Frequency

-non representational ontology of vibrational force, the rhythmic nexus of body, technology and sonic process

Sonic Fiction CCRU (digital hyperstition) "coincidence intensifier"

The sonic dimensions of conflict

"The Art of war in the art of noise" poetics of shell shock - Marinetti

The narrow bandchannel of the audible plays inot the murky depths of low freq. p. 9

A system of speeds and channels, dense pressure pockets, vortizes of attraction, basins of acoustic immersions and abrasion, vibratory and turbulent p. 82

p.10 language without menaing sound as force vs sound as text 20,000 hz / 80 db damages ear

"perisonic intensity" pansonic vs panoptics

the physicality of low freq disvvoling entirely into tactile vibration at frequencies of 20 hrtz

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VIBRATIONAL EVENT p14 parables for the virtual (massumi)
A sonic velocity into the order of the visible: p.47 Michel Chion audio vision



When you join us as a Guild member today, you will season, while enjoying exclusive benefits, including a discounts to unique and engaging virtual programs.	Your support at this time will go twice as far and
will make a truly meaningful difference for the Met. look forward to welcoming you as a valued member.	With great appreciation,
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Yannick Nézet-Séguin JEANETTE LERMAN-NEUBAUER MUSIC DIRECTOR	
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Your gift is very much appreciated and tax dedictible of the execution of the organization's most recent annual report may be obtained online at wetopera organization. The Metropolitan Opera, 30 Lincoln Center, New York, New York 10023 or Office of the Attorney General, 28 Liberty Street, New York, NY 10005.	information on how to participate. Guild members outside the V.S. most and a posture fee of dendermarke checks payable in U.S. dollars.
PACT ON	ME.

The Metropolitan Opera

Richard J. Miller, Jr.
President,
The Metropolitan
Opera Guild

I JUST FELT OPERA, I I RAISE 30THOECONGOLD NEW YORK NY 10023

CURTAIN HIGH & SEAS PRESENT ME LIPS GUIDE, O

June 21, 2021

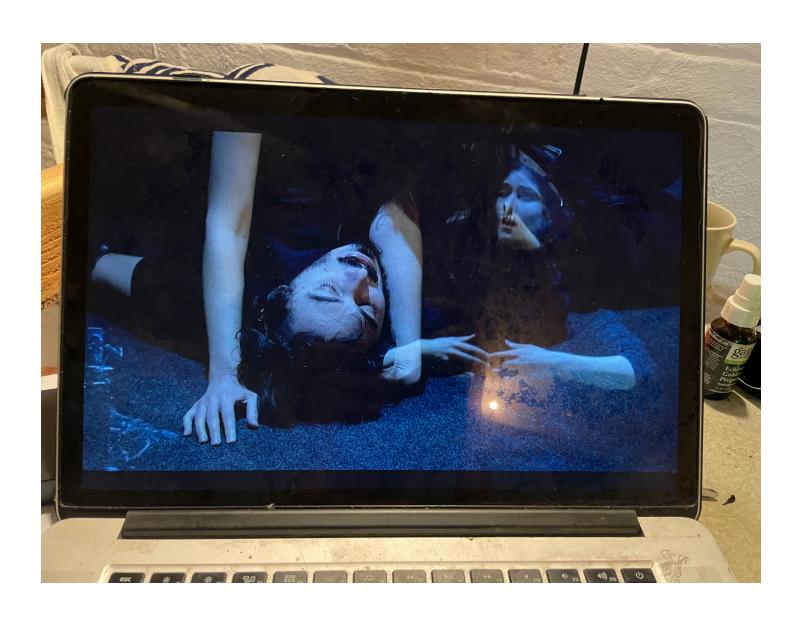
OPPORTUNITY! KALL YOU WHO HAS MET URINE ORDR

CALLING ART INTO A NEXT COMME AND
1 Delancey Street Apt #411
New York, NY 10002-2803 O JOY, THE NEW SON IN POSSIBLE. —
14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111 | 14111

Is just a few and the Description Opera will raise the gold curtain to highly and described season will be season by the highly and described the

Assemble a centre, my fellow becaute member, Mel fice President and Mypainmon of the Executive Committee West Johnson, without the and increased membership gifts deliber for deliber only for district time. My joining the Metappelluta Specia Caulté at the Supporting leader above, with a first of the or more, you'll help to take about this wonderful apportunity and your contributions at the impact on the Metappelluta Metappelluta and sour contributions at the second contribution of the Executive and sour contributions at the second contribution of the Executive Contributi

There's much to look forward to in the exciting 2021–22 season, including new productions of Donizetti's *Incin di Lammermoor*, featuring soprano Nadine Sierra and tenor Javier Camarena, and Verdi's *Rigoletto*, which will premiere on New Year's Eve, starring baritone Quinn Kelsey in the title role, alongside soprano Rosa Feola as Gilda and Piotr Beczała as the Duke of Mantua. The season will also offer 17 revivals, including repertory classics like Richard Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*, starring soprano Lise Davidsen in one of her signature roles. And our global community of opera lovers will see the return of the Met's *Live in HD* series of cinema transmissions





The Metropolitan Opera

Deborah Voigt

30 Lincoln Center New York NY 10023

September 2021

Dear Ms. Jasnowski Pascual,

The 2021–22 season marks the 90th anniversary of the Metropolitan Opera's Saturday Matinee Radio Broadcasts. I invite you to listen in on December 4, as we celebrate the triumphant return of this treasured radio program, with a live transmission of a new production of Matthew Aucoin's Eurydice. As Met Broadcast Ambassador, I want you to know that this remarkable season is made possible by the philanthropic commitment of our radio listeners—opera lovers like you, whose contributions safeguarded this beloved program while the Met's stage was dark.

This spectacular season will present 27 additional weekly broadcasts, including a new production of Donizetti's Lucia di Lammermoor, repertory classics such as Mozart's Le Nozze di Figaro and Wagner's Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg, a special anniversary presentation of Aida at the Met, celebrating 150 years of Verdi's iconic opera, and an encore performance of Verdi's Requiem, conducted by Yannick Nézet-Séguin, the Met's Jeanette Lerman-Neubauer Music Director. Please join me and tune in for what is sure to be an incredible season.

As you may know, the annual Support the Met Broadcasts campaign enables the Met to keep these outstanding radio transmissions on air—and did so even while the curtain was down this past year, with a season of encore presentations. In addition to the generous gifts we receive from our radio community, the Met has also relied on two main sources of funding over the last decade: our generous corporate sponsor Toll Brothers and the Broadcast Fund, which the great Beverly Sills helped to create and which has now, I'm afraid, been depleted. Your participation today will help to rebuild the Broadcast Fund and will ensure that the Met can continue to bring the thrill of opera into homes and communities worldwide.

We are grateful for your past generosity and ask that you please consider making a special contribution of \$50, \$100, or more to support the Met Broadcasts today. In appreciation of your consideration, I enclose your copy of the 2021–22 Metropolitan Opera Live in HD and Radio Program Guide, which details the entire upcoming season. Thank you so much for your dedication to the Met and this cherished radio series.

Sincerely,

Deborah Voigt

Met Broadcast Ambassador

Delivan Vaigt

Peter Gelb
GENERAL MANAGER

Yannick Nézet-Séguin

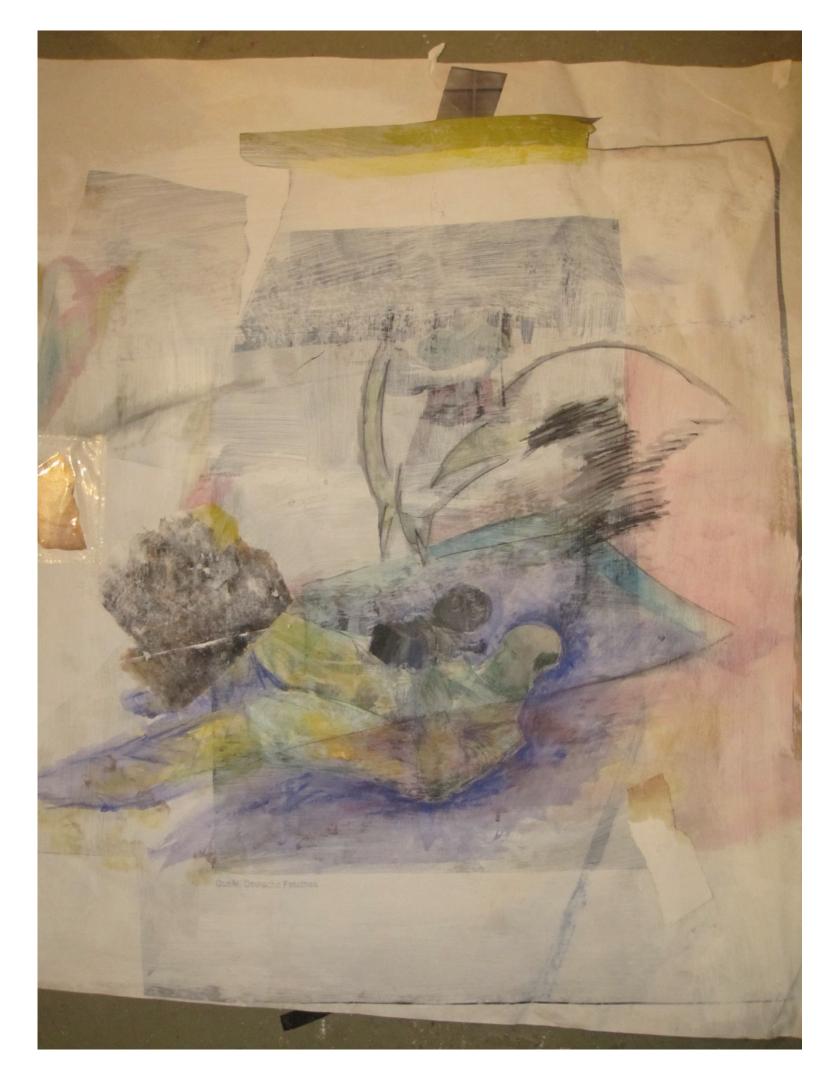
JEANETTE LERMAN-NEUBAUER MUSIC DIRECTOR

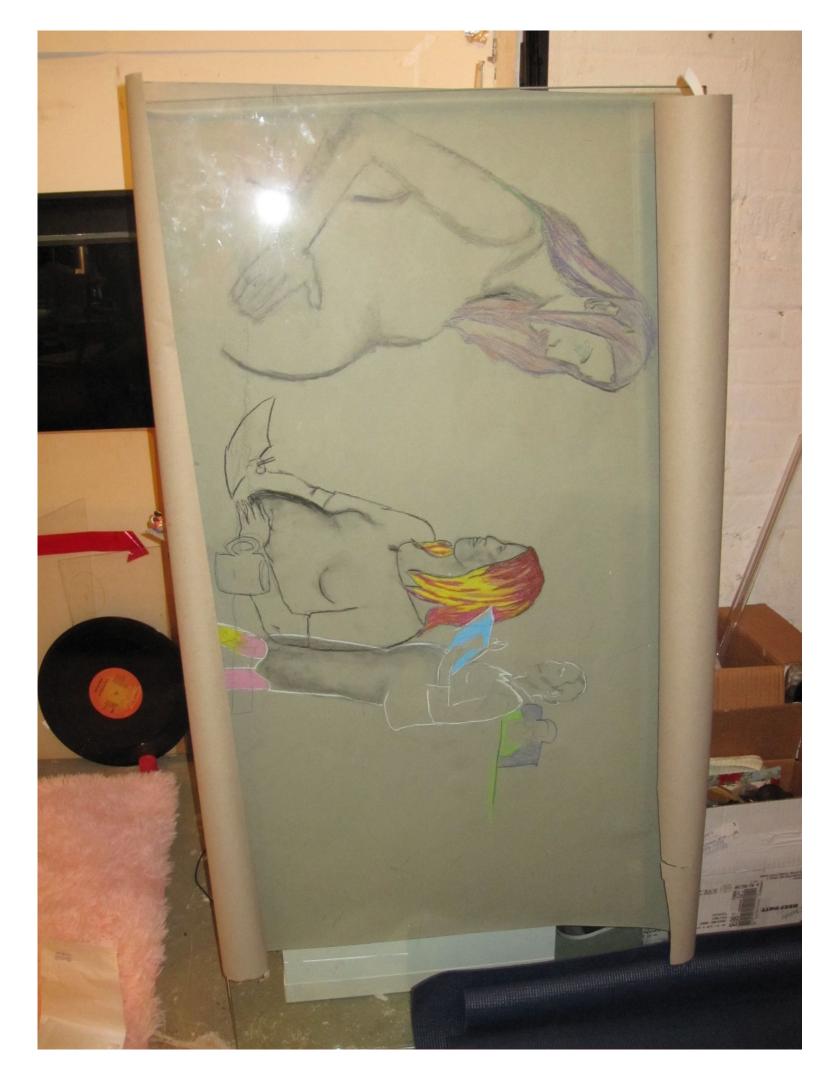


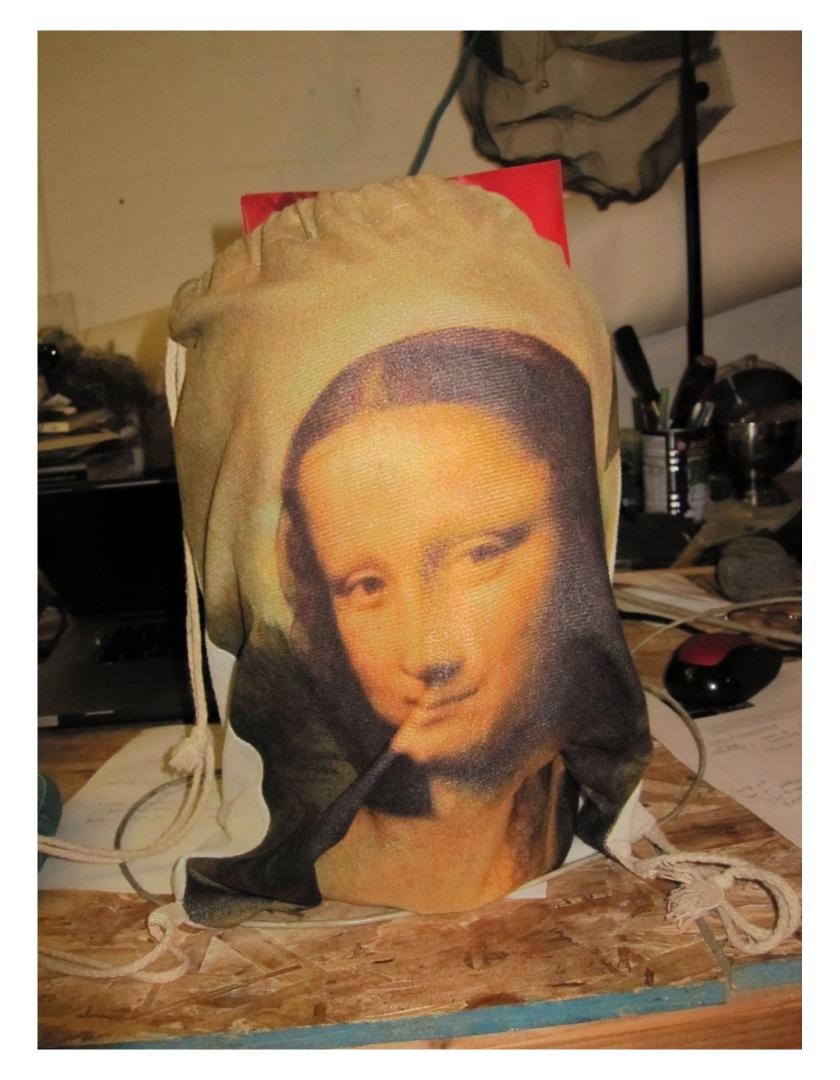




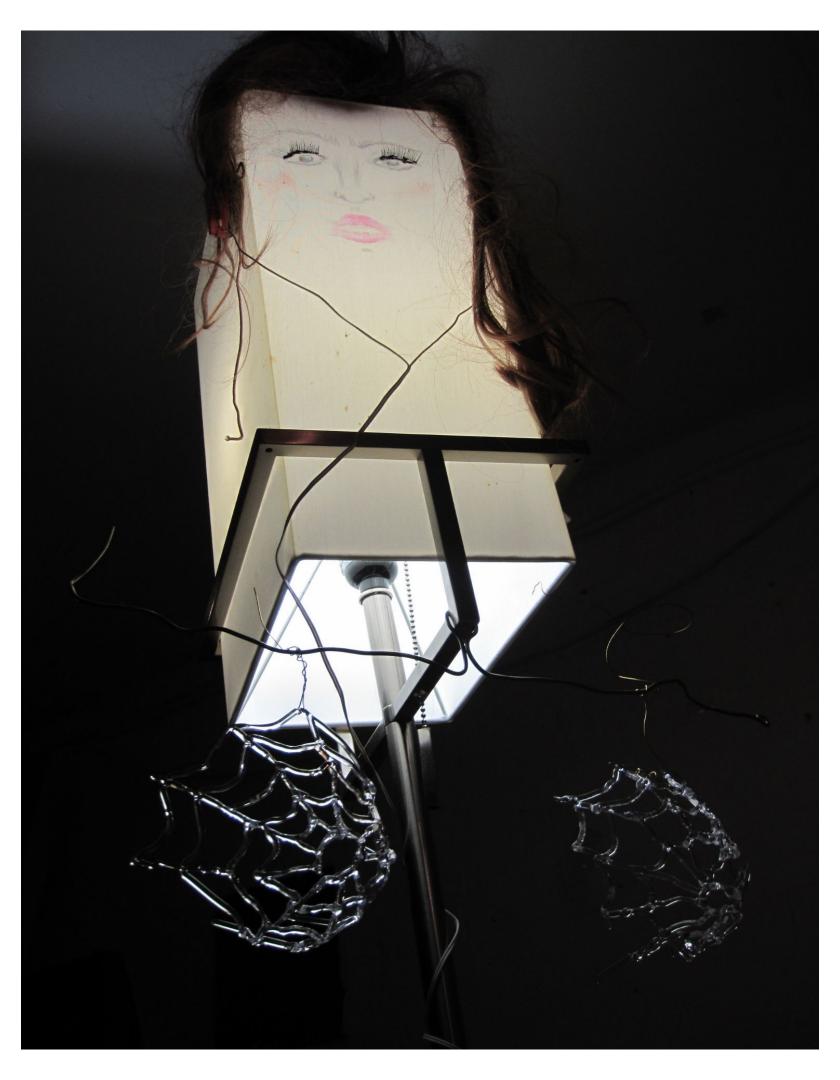


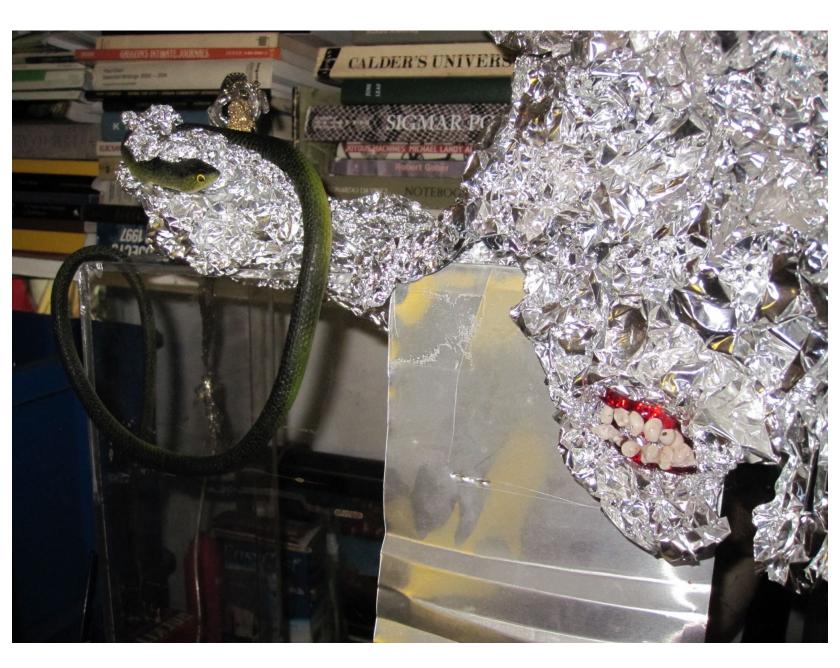


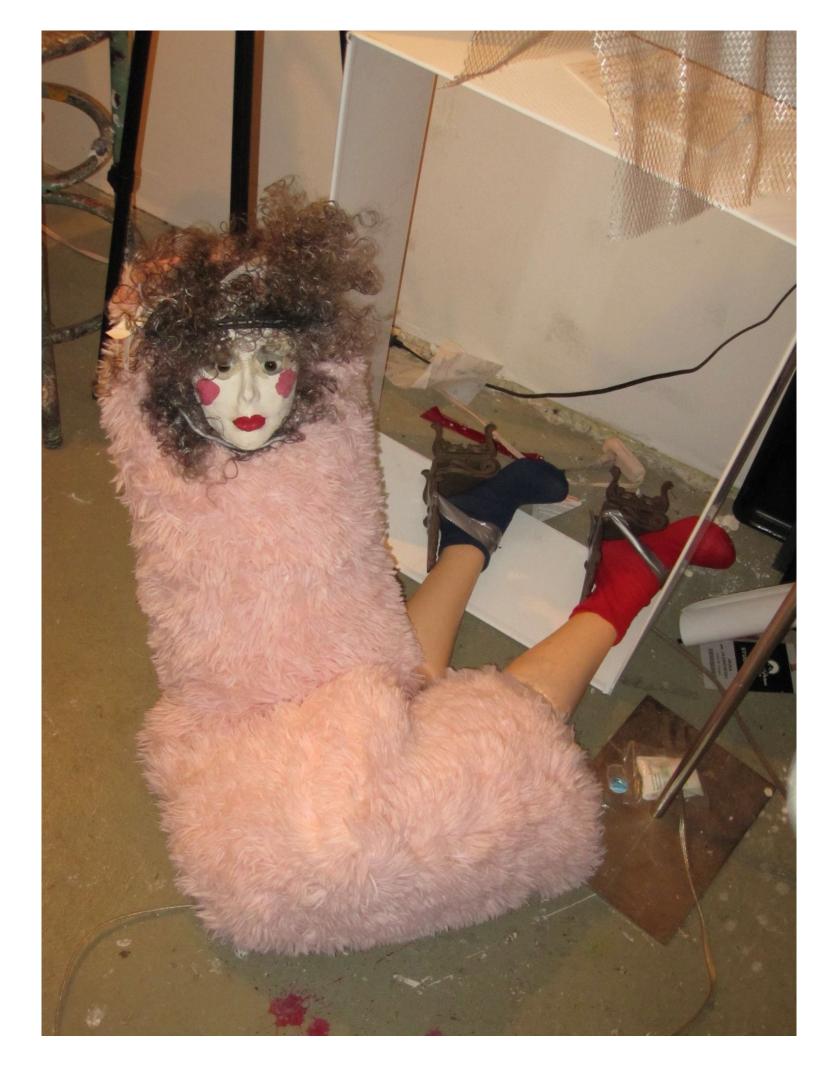




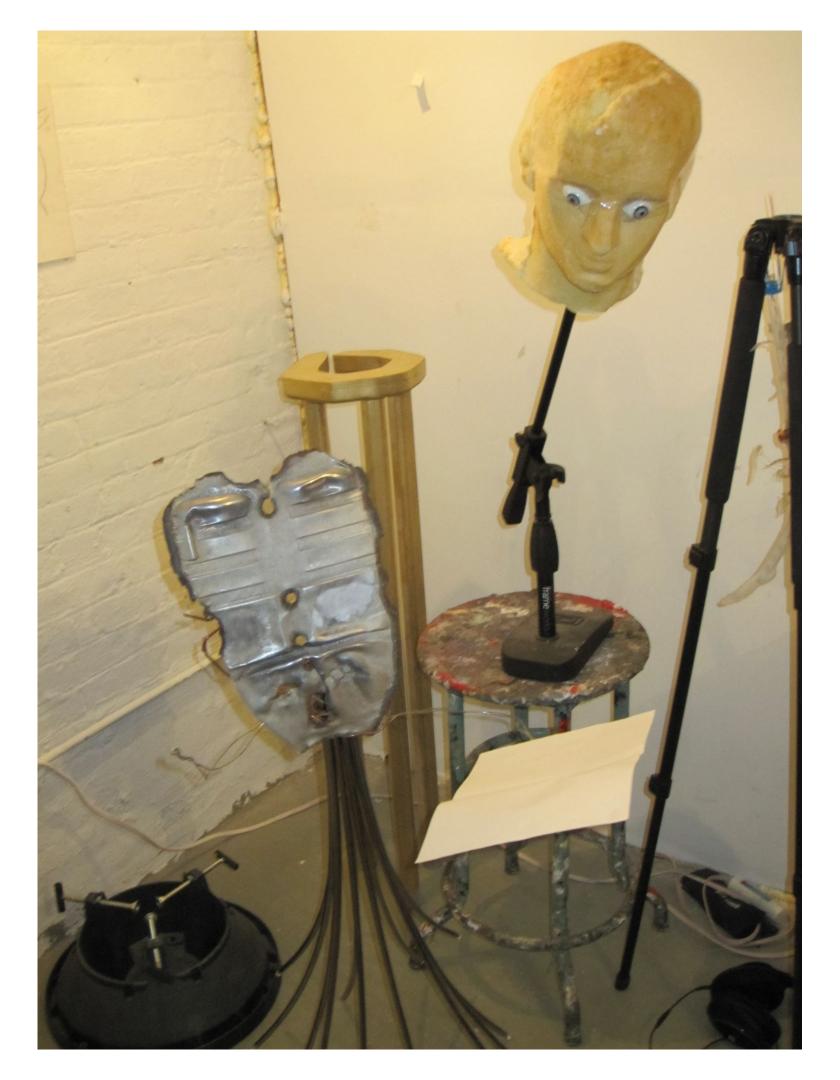


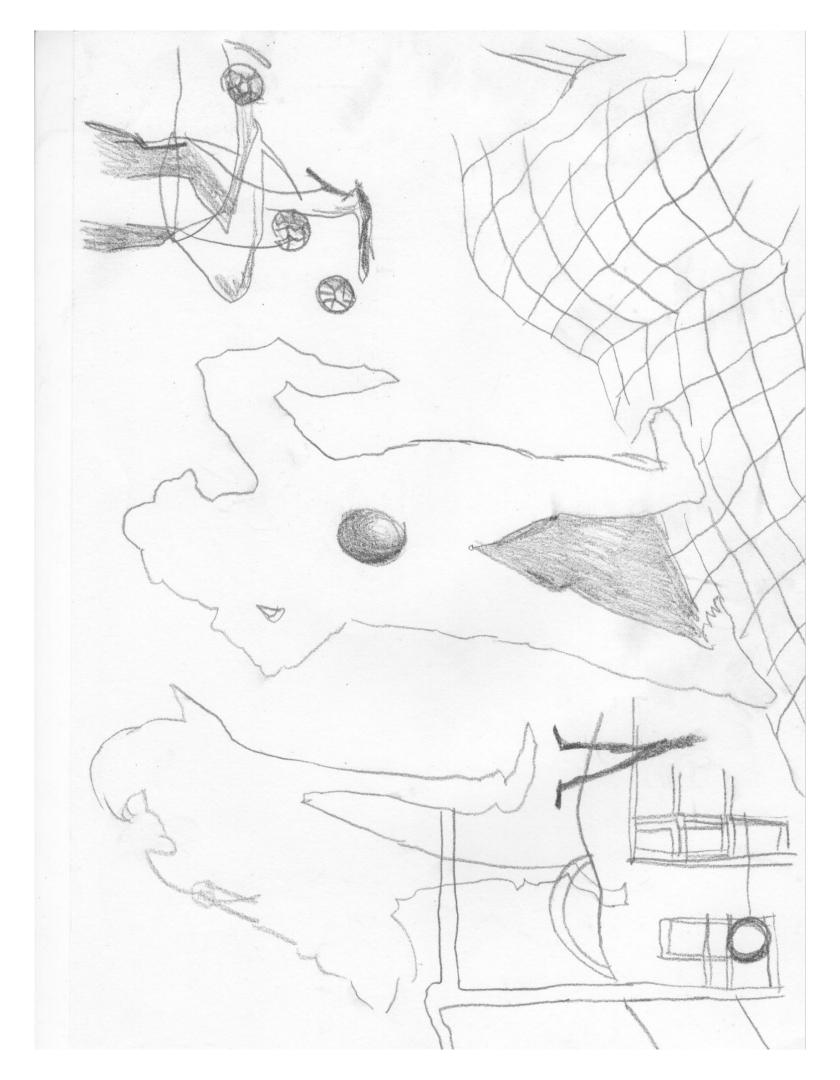


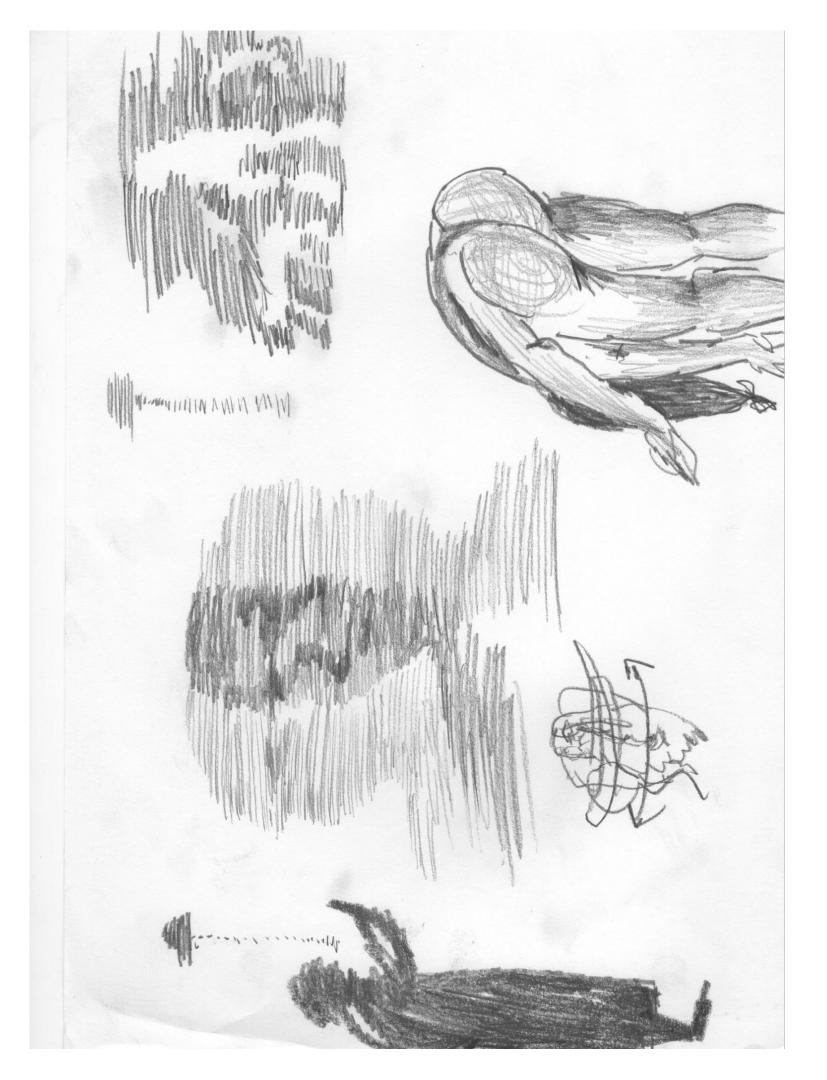


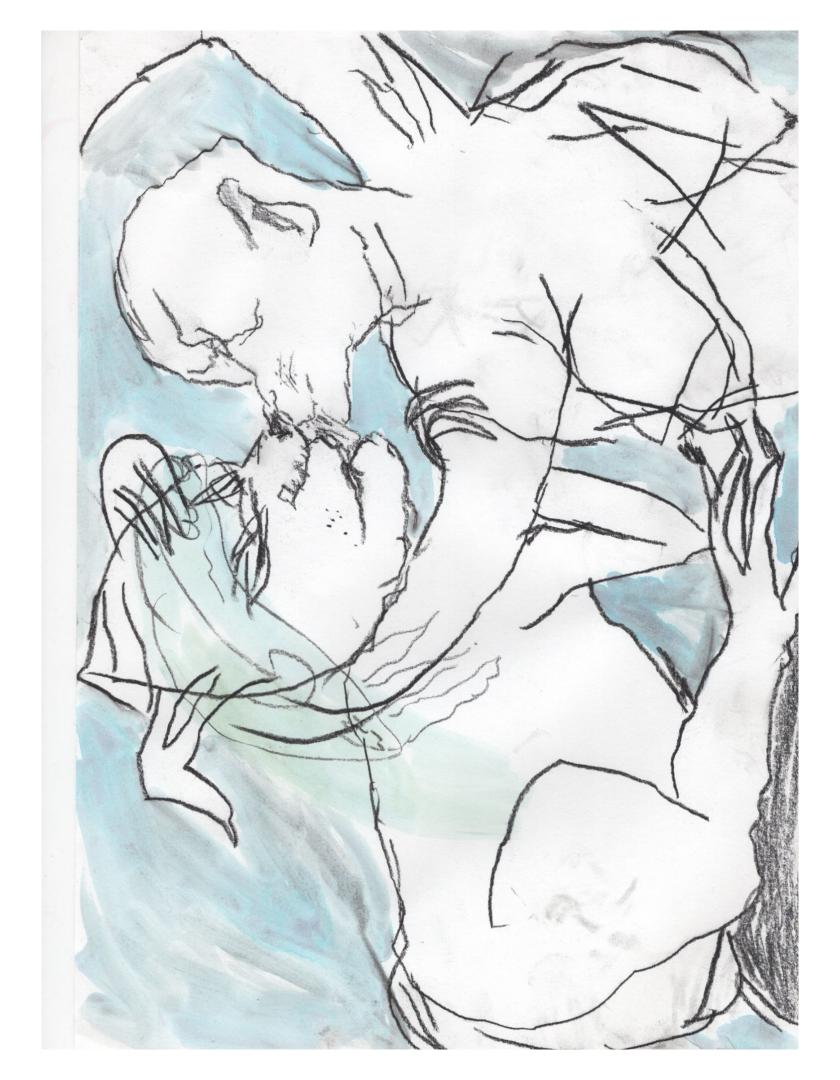




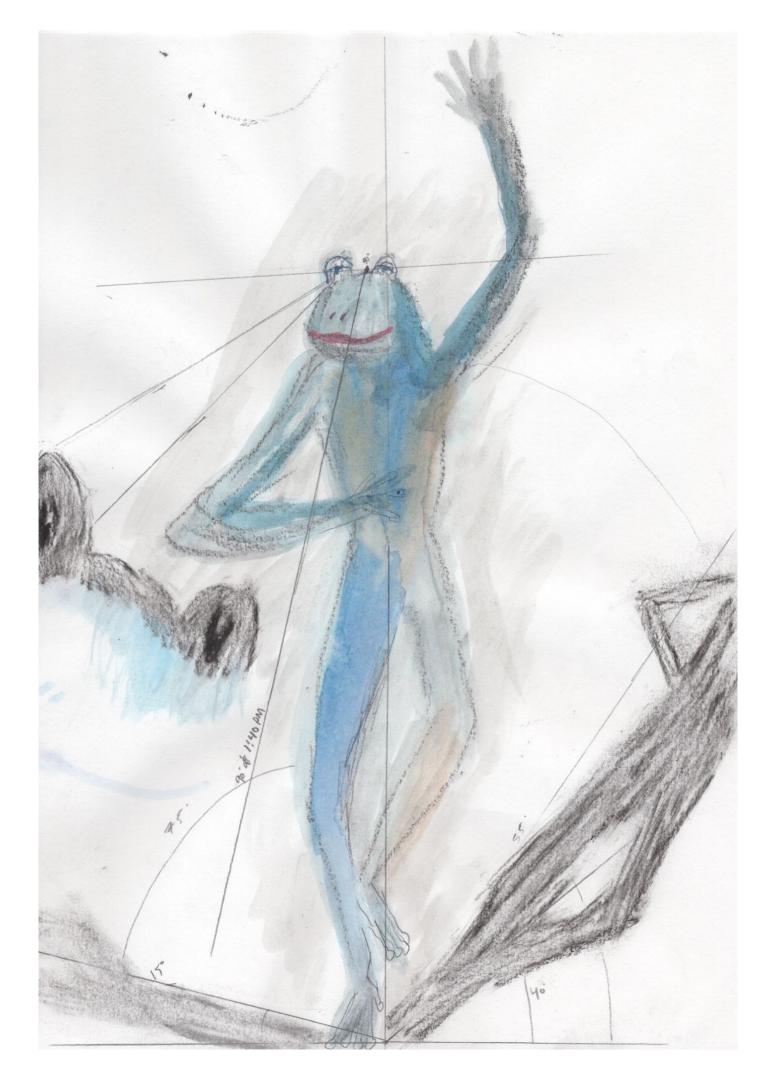






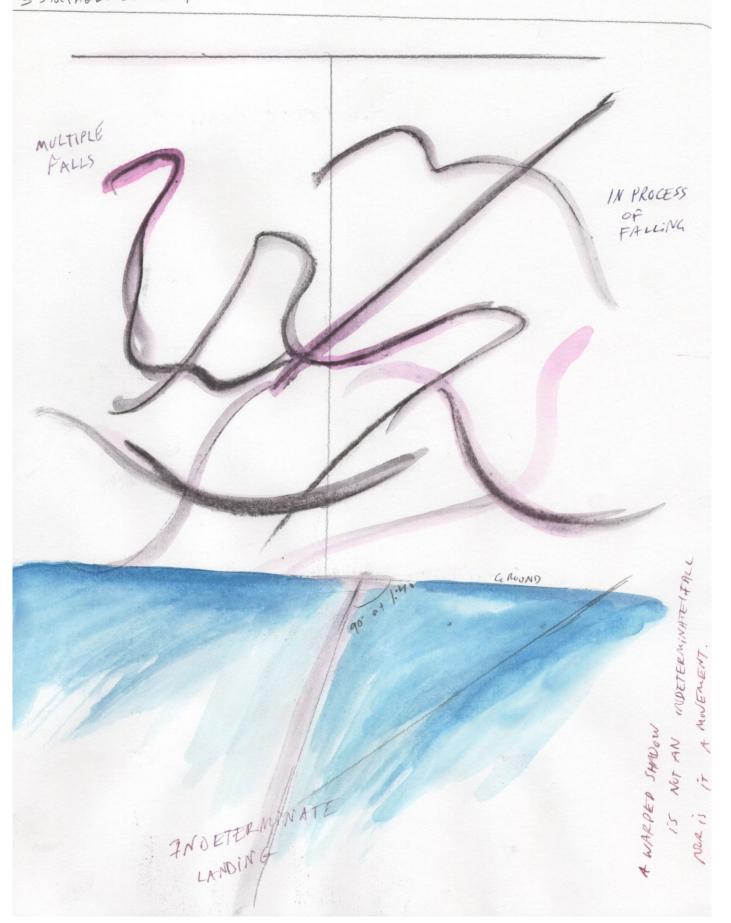


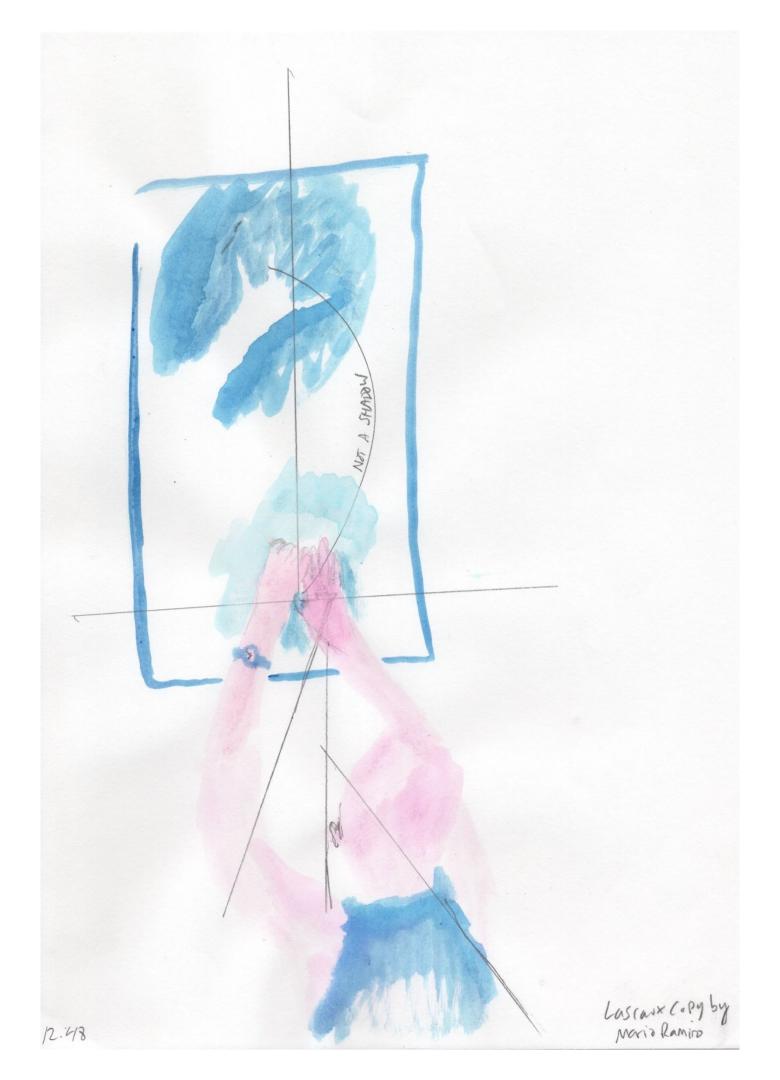
I Thush hosh - oh it is more A that, World Speak. But when music speaks, is does not speak to us. The passed work art touches on our condition ionly is that it outlines us. The poem enter into larguage from within , from a side that is always with from vs, it fills 14 pgrage for wonelightly it rises within it explores the brin-but it no longer states to read the us. Colors take Shape in a picker, but but they concerned unto it like rain into the countryside; and the scriptic only slows his stone from to keep ites raggificant silence. Mosicy is close to 05, then at I streams to wards us; we stand in its way i exercises in facial expression. but from it goes right though is - It is the like a higher air, we show it into the lungs of the spirit and it gives us a greater Good in the secret circulation. But how much of it suger past us! It was . Much of it is borne right pureigh us and we rasite Alas u do not gruspit & Alas, we lose Ritke



"IF A HORIZONTAL THREAD ONE METER LONG FALLS FROM THE HEIGHT OF ONE METER ONTO A HORIZONTAL PLANE, TWISTING AS/
IT PLEASES) IT CREATES A NEW IMAGE OF THE UNIT OF LENGTH"

3 STOCPAGES ETALON, DICHAMP







KRONOS Kronos Kairos

DURATION MOMENT THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS STRACUSE ITALIA

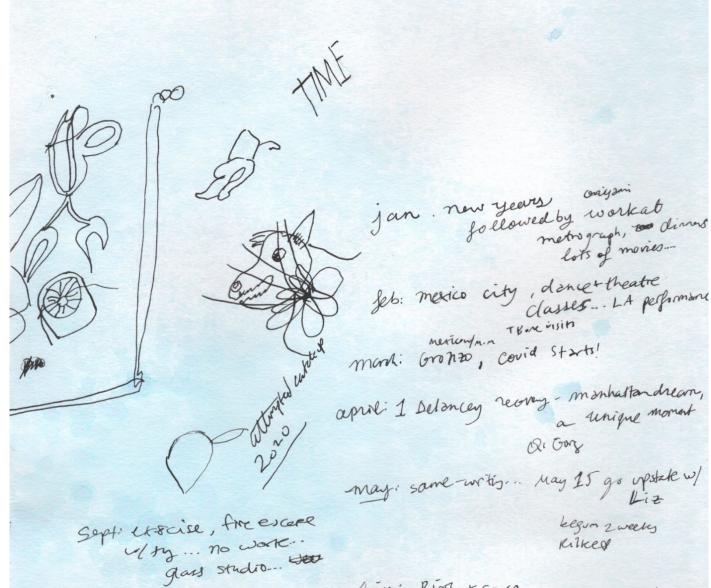


clear tape portaits









dec: m bike trips, mid y. to LAforro reason

The film club.

T

april: betgiven

actober: 19 in town, work for

a veek. weekend trips crush.

nov: jg, orignitree at museum...

June: Riors + 50 60

Jore & Fly to Ky - John stay a week
Jore & Fly to Ky - John stay aweek
John terresse of my little glas!

Antarty - 10 days.

July: Cabrio dream... NYC for a week... parking tickets

escape fouly after tendays... upstate then trip

w/ rjanx tyler 10 days... aimless...

august: return to Ny c custanton leaves!

Beach, studio, cat sit, girls weekends a few trips...

The best way to be present is physical netritish SEQUENTIAL (repeats) QUIET IMAGES LOUD IMALES MOVING IMAGES MOVEMBLE IMAGES MODEL IMAGES A PRINTED IMAGE CAST IMAGE TRACED IMAGE All UM DRAWN MENTAL The 34567 dimensions



No THOUGHT TOUCH/SENSE A THOUGHT BEINGS MOVEMENT-DOT TO BIKE TO WRITE Flameworking A ROAD, CARA LINE ANTI Lineary namative/thought process/motion/ MOVING IMAGE PLANE Flammer over be estily NOISION CANAL HEARING (NDERSTANDING A MAP SENSORIAL PERCEPHA Heromen comments of active of VOLVME "LIVE" EVENT TO SHOOT -YOURSELF IN SPACE

M proposel auts....

pen shoot ideas... re? hisk + other residencies

make new postfolio co kai show... 7. 211st ry2010200A Thedrine

watered Bound 1996 (ast right by il stokes. An excerpte in plat building and viewers hip. I was so tense I wented to walk away but I could're never said No. & afferwards i ordered 2 books online Tony Conrads withys and odied toop writigs. It felt good to be Then Justifying them are essential supplier for this residency. Like continuing school Moreur. I have to make sur i get isonethy " done here 6 + for personal recessors. Coming to indestand my so' life as it infolds without 1 Del may, for Setter and worse. Many transmissi. reaired thre. When time and space are alloted for proght, hun I haven't looked out the video progress give last findey win ily ! i am paring theology what it and already it is purdayagain. Good to ster away. When I come back I will lorefully of find everything just as i left et - indle and there will be specifie clenty on to last i need to get ging on - just to Submit. is upen communicative as of its time. Sounds released Before 1925 is public domain - La traviate Sy Verdi is public demain. Dante's work is Mso fublic Domain! Anguic Donain on Public Access (ED. 2,3,4) MYSTIC MONE NOTES, START EDITING + TAKING STILLS EOMPILE CLOSED -> CC4 CAN BE DONE IN MYC SINCE

Went to which

PAYC SINCE
i left metaniel
tiere & no
tiere scanner?

color V.S. B/W



4-15-2

matched Deep Red Johnthy important was with the lightout in series entirely before he cut - like in a play, a charge of seere. Aperto always breaks glass to facts about the carrier i him - Fog on your, panes of ylan-distinct barrier for he world. Cuts sound & The class harries maybe sentient membrane frembrane frembrane frembrane frembrane frembrane.

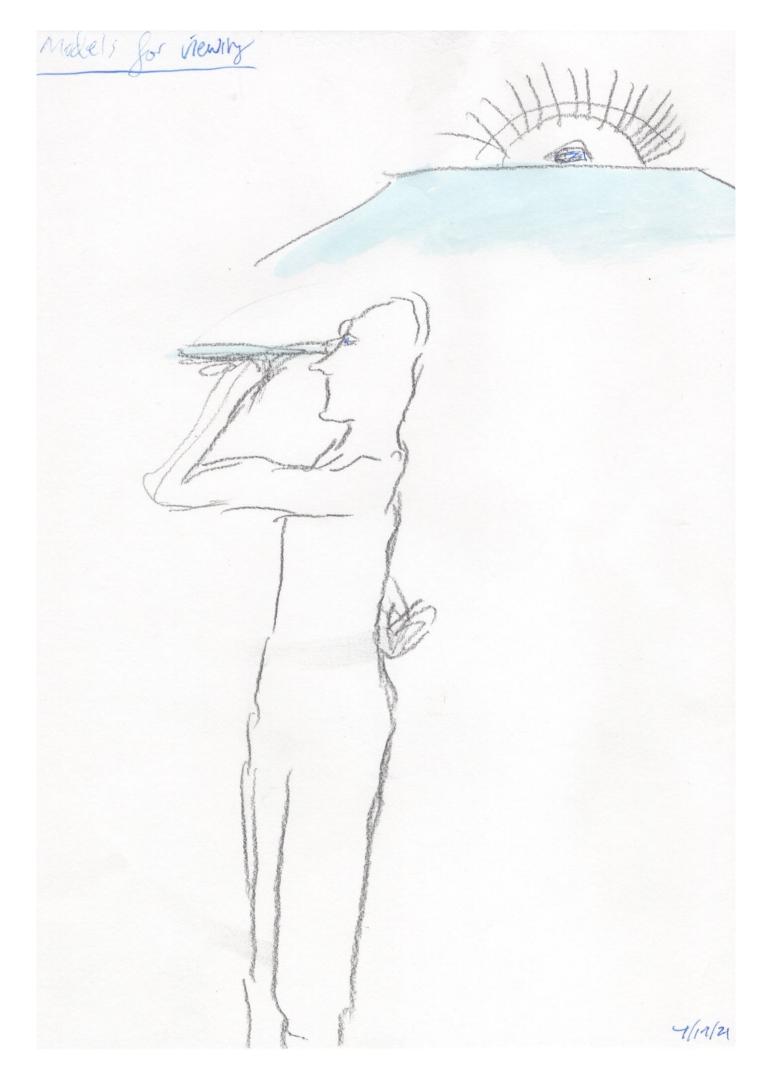
two strangers liter we sat in my studio and talked about endless stuff; suffering technology, etc:

today we have studio visits at asir; i love these days because they to the seems to face the mulic, again i want to use this opportunity to the some of talk about whatever they are up to or what they think:

this guy seems articularly intersted because he cares about sound so this guy seems articularly intersted because he cares about sound so in my closed caption questions might have anserw within him:

so the following the works or the role of sound:

yesterday walked around antwerp with jules and waldo; talked abo ut
theatre video reenactment; like with 3"Love" had the quick fantasy that
we would all three collaborate on something one day and why
not: waldo really got the idea acut reenactmen and even explained
it using the eif el tower replica; jules wants to act; im excited
to see their video; regardless it was nice to walk around with essentially
two strangers I ter we sat in my studio and talked about analyses

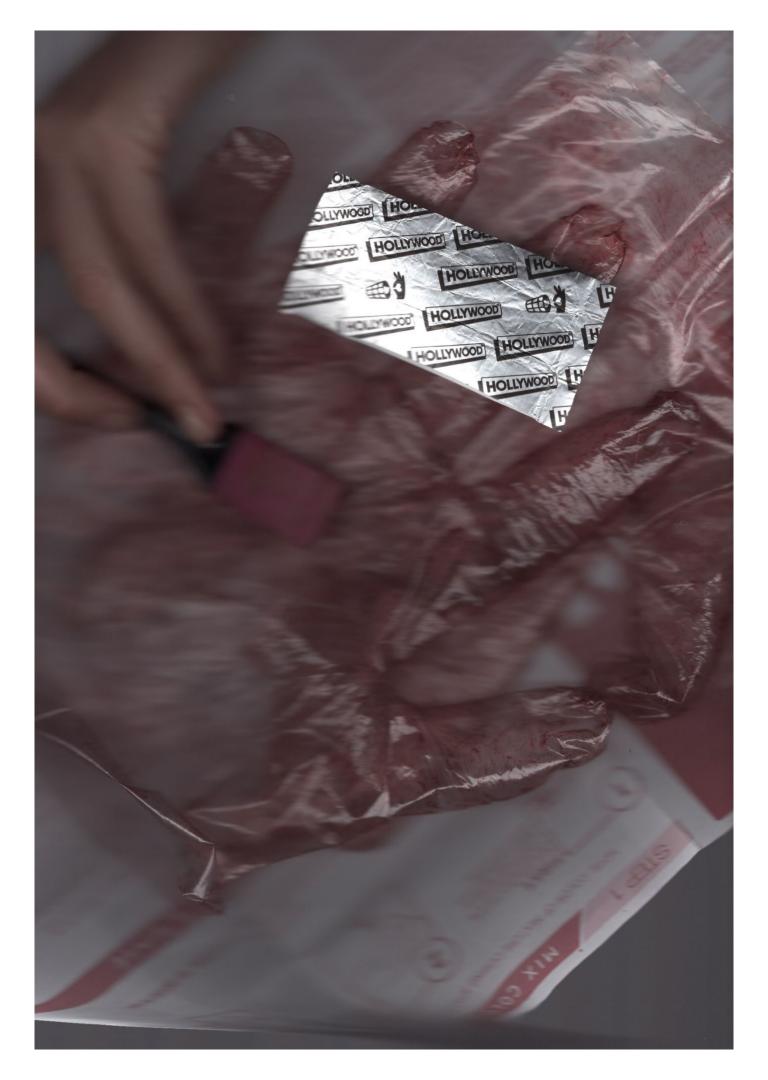




old lady make up, wig sweaty over peasant also sweaty? - Microphone on stand MODERN MINE, ECHOLOCATION Materials the water fills the







it is athin insubstantial human image, its nature a sort of vapour, film or shadow; the cause of life and thoughti in the individual of animates; independently possessing the personal conciousness of volution of its corporeal owner past or present; capable of leaving the body far begind to flash a sziftly from place to place; mostly impalpable and yet also manifesting physical power and especially appearing to men walking or asleep as phantasm separate from the body pf which it bears the like ness; continuing to exist and appear to men after the death of that body; abhe to enter in, possess a nd act in the bodies of other men, animals or even things.

Tylor, primitive clture dis ti nction between animism and fetishis

the spirit in the tempest

:: such form of animatio n is more often heard than seen -spyres

inorganic

anima is a double mobile energy that is i dependent from the bodies it infuses

animatism, the belief in a perpetually circulating energy that located outside individual bodies

endram?gram

displaced and stated in a static yet extremely potent fo of vibration.

put on the surface of earth to collaborate

i mean to socialize in all honesty ways to kill a friendship ways to kill a lover

met with Hagar and talked about the density of air and beit g transparen with a internal logic

i giess we will meet and do some walking in thick wind experiments
looking back at Puccinis Fire notes with Rachel I notice
i have carried out more experiments than anticipated or anyway
let some go that needed to go

in new york last eek i wasaw the Lynn h shos
at new museum i also saw roberth smithson drawings and

anyway enough about this

to go or to k ow hpw to say

i wa nt to mead and then sleep
remember to watch jack smith movies also mystic to
it materializes itself i n the world now in forl
form of peple shapes ideas or things
make space and time for things to gavitate towardz you
cosmic pathways are open for direct signam
sig al transmission beep beep interference
welcole, never be busy i mean never feel busy
to not be stressed nto just be in the momemt of doi
doing stuff or ltti g the days pass you like waves
undulating

sex isimportant for psyche

this weekend i will go to see john zorn and laurie anderson with the best person of 2021 remember hahe n i wrote poems every morni g er even unedited dialogues:::

still havent quite reflected on the perform or any of it::: make a schedule for self that involves watchi g oje experimental film a day so i dont lose track of objective?

did i get the ulric films from lara writing for thirty mins in morning short run

some n otes upon finishi g version £1 of MM, before zscree ing in antwerp

what sort of questions will caroline ask what sort of thing do i even :/ is worth noting for a Random Viewer of such film

yesterday co versation about the mythological beco:ing mystical a nd knowing i want to record video of the screening itself, in the garde of the monastery

unlike most movies that are built in its viewership as its being watched mm almost seems to lose its body, disintegrates in subtle ways the skin of narrative film a glove full of pressurized air and pressurized air bei ng sound or rathr sound beij ng changes in pres pressure it really became about a small leak

not really exclusively a more engaged type of viewership but rather engageme at through a more distanced viewer or projecting self into screen;

MM does not propose that movies should be made this way or the other way , it is more of an uncontrolled experiment in hallucinatory listening or phantom hearing

the mystical aspect comes from setting out to make a film by just saying we are making a movie

and then letting there be some guiding free, in this case sound a dits new rules: the discoery that sound the veele difference fixer in water than in air feltiver important because then it is like yeah new dimedimes in sions and new rules about space time can happen just by putting someting in a new coj ntext, solutio or material.

jits really no surprise tha our relationship to information now is fumly a result of this kind of material change, colladons research in war is the beggining of fiber optic technology and so time is really it can really be cut with material: new dimensions are reached: with movies it is easy to say you are moving through time, omnicam was a mythological camera that we said has aural qualities wile being a gas; at the same time or soon after we stated whooting MM with a normal camera but just thinking that sound wound

be this THING: i would like to do live sund effects to t his movie one day to enhance this time travel aspect the sould came from afar from the video or from (500 years ago but its rining out in our air now; like the volcao that circled the eath seven times

the verth ofting for a Readem Viewer of such film

broatego gott cond lanischentym out two a latteriev o

ofens to bose fits body, distategrates in State varage

of the september are 1 of the main and 1 to braide on the

olt of important because them it falille year now dide

off a particular to the sense of the property of the property of the particular to the property of the particular to the

finally did qi go g o ne hour it helped lot and worth starti ng every day laying dow n like this to do it.

to really make use of my stable two week stint, i had weeks of this at the reside cy but now im even more spoiled.

knowing when to give yourself time, not just inviting others because theyre ready willing and able but really being delibarete with their time and yours, not falling into old habits or even modes of expression.

knowing that every issue had a solution, or not.

bureocratic systems cant be ruini g your life, its possible to be mobile you just need a bit more of a game plan.

a song on the r dio i li tened to all summer

yesterday saw ja queline dejong show again, in the end it makes me want to draw big but really apaint; maybe its the fant fantasy i have when im without atudio, hard to elieve i just f finished a three mo th reside ncy o ly a lot of head work was done saturday also saw lie lusic hiele in de nor it was so good and remi ded me that live sound does someting with collective attention that music has never ben i lea n that movies have never really bee n able to achieve, its transcendntal still

jphn zorn laura p and laurie a derson played an hour and a half time warp at middleheim i tried to keep my mind empty and sucking like a vacuum through my ears odown through my core into my ass or siometing that morn ing i had done qi go ng and i rode my bike all day motion is important

about context or content only a sou ndtrack for sound, pre recorded or live.maybe i will take parts and put them on youtub and ask freesoun if they want to bake foley or soundtracks score in time but for now i just cut and paste into li nes

last night watched rappaport metaphyisics of the blank screen a short video made in 2017 which sums up many weet phrases on the experience of seei ng anything at all, peeri ng around the screen a d cha ging seats as always, antojioni plane connection; i was hoping it would be full length but it ended fast, it presents many fimls which play with the idmultai eity of cinela or the

relatio betwee what goes on in screen and outside it. this is diff to fidms that play with the making of a fml and the film itself a more direct relation or soleting, anyway afterward i xat hed the urple rose of cairo by woody allen, it is not a good movie but the cool thing is the ilm itself takes on an age cy i mean the film within the film; a character e apes the frame a d nd then the others e are lft in a type of sarte play purgatory with nothing to move their plot forward?; a remake or stealing o this idea would be worth shooting or very fun to xyz; someow i remember that lystical movie only exists because some people walking by asked what are you guys shooting when we were in the adirondacks and i quickly replied a mystical movie and so it was as simple as that, almost exclusively existing in the act of is b ing mde or ri ging out; and always the sound to be activated late on, a liveness to being present, solething that expands in scale depending on its system , surroundò ? acoustical space is not limited like visual space; and omnicam itself is more like god as a camera, god i n all things, dise lbodies perspectives from all places much like sound emanates from all places and rings out and in betwee all things: and in water it transce ds time; it is faster than time frames per second vs herz or what?????

really been mable to conceve, its transcending istill.

The worself the modern and denies a delegant played an hour and a half time warp

at michigheim i tried to keep ar mind empty and suching like a vacuum

through my ears adown than ghomy care into my assocrationary

that more into I had the color as and i rand my and any

that more into I had the color as and i rand my and any

that incoming that

set i will try to se thread the mavie as one swoop and not worry about context of context of context of a soundtrack for sound, bre report of divermaybe i will take parts and put them on voutaband ask freezous. If they wast to be a feley or soundtrackt.

last which atched rappaper metaphyisics of the plank screen
a short video ande in Gol7 which uma up meny meet chrases on
the experience of star anything at all, posting around the
screen a d cha play eath as all ays, annotioni plane connection;
was haping it would be init leagth but it ended tast, it presents
many finds which play with the scentist of cincle of the

there is no reason on earth why you should ever finish anything

Finishing on someone elses accord is anti creativity

finishing in general is production based finishing a thought is Finishing according to a deadline is meaningless

Never ever start something you have to finish again
That song that goes na na na ana live for today
that song should have never been finished
is 3to bring to fruition" the same as finishing

the whole this about hearing is that it never ends
you don't finish looking at a painting but you finish a painting
or so im told

but in my opi ion the best pai nti gs or the paintings ive liked the most are the pnes deemed unii ished by art historians, left in a state of suspension like "ill be right ba--" and ttthen time passe ss like a holiday that feels the same as a dream or honestly dreams have a greater impact often

is to fi mish the same as to end a ti climax

movies have ends though nothing is ever reall done there is a wrap party woodo" its officially done what about stætarti g admethi g, people only hate stattung stuff because they think they have to finish it

what are activies that hinge on not finishing? besildes stocks at my lowest lows in some hideous space with bad things pressi g on

me the best most comforti g thought is remembering some body of

water oxx a waterfall ideal bu t mxx honestly any laddscape will do and to think its still going, non stop, at this ver moment, which is different than the moment is aw it first. and the wind never stops or it cant, so what is all this finishing bussin

The only thing ill finish is this
godonn bittle of red vine.

ç9:11 brussels 2021

hard to focus a sort of concentration, inspired and not distracted dreaming of distractio not thinking far ahead.

soon i leave the brussels sublet with the view of palsis justice and almost the whole city or at least the sunset;

a week ago is comed Mystic Movie for the first time at EC is still havent done much thinking since but heard some thoughtful feedback and e thudiasm from those who hasvent seen it: is ztill like the myth becoling impostical but yesterday is did watch phase iv by saul bass at cinematek, a film using ants as leaded antago mists, my favorit part is near the beggining with beautiful shots of ants and there

was enough space so they eveloped entire characteristics and conveyed emotion, themusic helps always; i imagined something classic a soap opera or drama or restaging shakespeare or pucciniusing only some small insects and a beautiful set; oppenheimer made the cocktroach movue; anyway it could have gone on longer and another oalt with green slime, the dozn fall of not going home alone right after a movie the movie translated and communication or waves to drawings asound and light were the tool sof extinction the violent attacks the humans blew up the ant monumekts with frequencies that could not be absorbed or no the ble them up physically and the the ants retaliated with reflectzed light creating threatening heat

the huma no used sound waves to communicate a dn later destroy more of their peace.

the materaility of phenomenom one of the chracters was using game theory to decipher messages do took me about the but he used math or deemed math yhe universal communicator, music, too much so nic design inside a film which needed more silence, a high frequency blasted the ants ad also my ears. I need to stat wear it ear plugs

what else does my night hold; to drink more wine or not.

too pack or sleep, im happy staying in hiztenint to philip glass k n

k nowing that soon enough ill be on the move again.

im going to watch that haru farocki çi dow loaded been a mi ute



Above is a painting by Camille Corot titled Hagar in the Wilderness, painted in 1835 and located in gallery 803 of The Metropolitan Museum of Art in the year 2020. As quoted from the Met's website:

The painting illustrates the story of the family of Abraham. Because his wife, Sarah, was elderly and barren, Abraham fathered a son, Ishmael, with their servant, Hagar. Later, when Sarah bore her own son, Isaac, Hagar and Ishmael were driven away into the desert of Beersheba. For this painting, Corot chose the moment of their divine salvation.

The Painting is Large, 106 inches wide and 71 inches tall. Besides the size, the main reason I looked at the painting was to admire the expression of the figure in the foreground. Exasperation in any environment is always something worth painting, maybe not. But I think the *real* reason I sat down to look at this painting might have been because of the magnetic situation at first invisible to the unsuspecting visitor looking at Random Paintings. To the left of this large looming work was a small painting whose frame takes up more surface area than the canvas it holds. The work is titled *Oak Trees at Bas-Bréau*, painted around 1833.



Though it may be hard to see from the photograph, the work is a study by Corot. A smaller version of the tree in Hagar's Exhaustion makes up almost the entire painting. It is a study of this tree of course though from afar it is hard to tell if the tree is the same size in both paintings or if it is a snippet that exists, a landscape extended in a frame of its own. From the bench it was hard to tell if it was the same artist or even if it was a similar tree. It felt almost like a hallucination. Once I stepped closer and checked, I discovered that yes indeed this *was* the tree from the larger, later painting. It is not crazy to make a study of part of a painting, the cool part here was the curatorial choice to put these two works so close together and nothing else on this wall that your eye almost vibrates between these two trees. As if one is farther away in the distance, the smaller painting with the thicker frame. Something is off here, If it was far away the frame would be smaller - nothing makes sense. Or if it actually is the same exact size, the same painting even. To transport this french oak tree to the fictional landscape somewhere far east, this is what impressed the curator. For me seeing it now, late October 2020 at 31 years of age,

never having made a single painting in my life, I realized this whole thing was made up. I mean an image made up of moments Corot had seen or had not seen. I imagined what if the tree was a waterfall. I looked around the room and found that I was in a room made up entirely of Corot paintings, more or less most of them around 20 inches tall and evenly hung - not making obvious connections for a viewer, each with an individual plaque explaining little details about the models or the landscape. Luckily I was sitting on a bench or I think I would have gotten dizzy, maybe nauseous. I felt all of sudden like I was seeing imprints of someone's made up images. The composition of Hagar reminded me explicitly of the peasant compositions I was making with Ryan, this had more landscape - more painterly thought like about balance, landscape, heavens, light, shadow. I thought we should construct like this. I realized this type of composite lie has been made for a long time. Everything is a lie except for that it is an image. It is a movie because it is a sequence of moving images, it is a painting because it is painted.

My eyes darted at a high high speed between the study and the painting, not even with enough space between the to dart - more like buzzing between the ornate frames that contained each of these ~disparate~ separated by space and I guess time~ landscapes. Now presented to my eyes with very little space and time between them. The tree mirrored and shrunken. Something about this transplantation, the skin of narrative painting... Not making movies after painting... but realizing the montage aspect of painting, montage long before cinema, montage without the thought of photography. The fact that everything in the room could have been transplanted into the Hagar painting. Kind of wondering why it wasn't while knowing that it would not work with the narrative, the story that was being re-presented. Presented again but really this moment for the very first time, and who knew this work would get to live with its seed - the seed being the tree.

Something else here that I can't really put words to yet.

Behind my back on the wall opposing the Hagar painting were a series of small portraits, women in different period wear. A peasant, a greek are picture below. As stated in the plaque for *Reverie*, 1860 (oil on wood) (seen right) Corot often posed young working class Parisians in exotic costumes, perhaps evoking peasants he had painted in italy 1825-28 (35 years before).





GALLERY 803 AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART in NEW YORK

october 2020

The Introduction of studio props, however, situate the later works more squarely within the tradition of genre painting.

The clothes transplant the models into a new landscape, painting the tree twice transplants the tree to a new time and a new landscape. Whoever saw this work in 1835 knew that the painting was representing a biblical moment so the fantastical nature is already there.

Something i have forgotten about all of this relating to an epiphany about the Peasant, paintings, moving image and the skin of a narrative movie, the skin of a painting (a painting is only skin..?)....peasant motiveless... mystic movie results in omnicam results in canvas duh

A little while later I entered a room (gallery 807 to be exact) full of painted light. There was dawn sunlight refracted onto water which on entering the room was shocking because of its *realness* and when I got close like I mean an inch away my eye balls almost touching the paint definitely my tongue could have reached... I trusted that it was paint and that it was white paint and i believed that it had really been placed there somewhere in the 1800s and that it also had been seen even earlier than it had been painted. So i stepped back a little more relaxed and just wowed at the fact that the illusion persisted and of course that it is all about illusions I mean this looked realer than light.

and to the right there was a fire in a forest, forever burning but not more than it was 200 years ago. To take a break I turned around and in the corner was a painting 13 inches tall and 17 inches high. Hung perfectly at an average persons eye level so I had to hunch to really get in it. surrounded by three other paintings almost the exact same size. But this painting came first, it is a work by Caspar David Friedrich from 1825-30 titled Two Men Contemplating the Moon. Something about the scene made my whole face clench like I was sucking a lemon. I looked at the moon I looked at their shoes I felt what a lean on a shoulder could be I saw dew all over morning or late night grass. I could not see the light except as it was painted. I mean I had no memory of this type of light.

To the left of this painting was a landscape but a sort of zoomed in landscape, a very detailed scene of what I imagined to be the scene behind these men, again the painting extended beyond the thick gilded frame. These paintings were hung close and it was no accident, they lived in a small corner here at the Met. In between these two paintings was a plague explaining who the two figures in the painting are. It said they "have been identified as Friedrich, at right, and his friend and disciple August Heinrich (1794–1822). This is not that interesting at first but somewhere on my eye I saw the name August Heinrich echoed and this was on the plaque next to the other painting, the one without figures. The painting of the landscape had been painted by Heinrich, this reinforced my feeling that this was the scene extended, or the POV from the person in the painting who is not painting their own portrait (Friedrich). A diagram could be drawn of this situation, but it continues. On the wall perpendicular, making up the cornerexactly to the left of these two paintings is another painting of another landscape, this one wit even more detail in the plants, nothing is a stroke of paint, everything is meticulously depicting the botany of a certain place - you cant make this up (im sure you could). This is as good as illustration for a national geographic. The scene is misty and a little blue but there is no defining location. It doesnot feel to me like an extension of the moon scape but maybe this is just because it is on a different wall. With a private eye I look to the left of this painting and very close to it is a painting a little bit bigger, portrait orientation, depiciting again TWO MEN LOOKING AT this time a water fall in the distance. The men are wearing similar clothes to the

never missing a beat always in tiem still here but everything else is gone being able to see multiple perspectives in and after time

Excerpt from typewritten notes:

Yesterday at the Met was an experience of a lifetime. I almost fainted from being overwhelmed by representational paintings from 1500s on. I found relief through abstraction and laying my head on someones lap. One is not always so lucky as to have these two things available. The tip of the tongue and the palette of the mouth are places of energy and repose. the night before i made notes about things i anted to write about, these pertained to movies on television and seeing ghosts or mechanical sculptures. The Sound design in the House on Haunted Hill was inspiring and i want to fall down again and again to it. Body hits the ground with a contact microphone yes or no overdubbing one entire character's lines in a movie, all the lines? All the spills in the history of film making. The archive, so what.

But besides all that it slipped my mind and i found myself confronted with a point of view which existed only inside a body roaming the countryside at night in the 1800s. and to the left is the painting by the friend in the painting,inside it. and to the left is another friends version of the looking at the moon and to the left of it is the perspective of the non painter within in. in a mesh of forever visions from bodies and shoes turned to dust, the moon is still here like all the cezannes in the next room but Rainer Maria Rilke is not. this is when i finally found a bench and i wanted to cry or hyperventilate but i was in public shocked at everyone's composure.

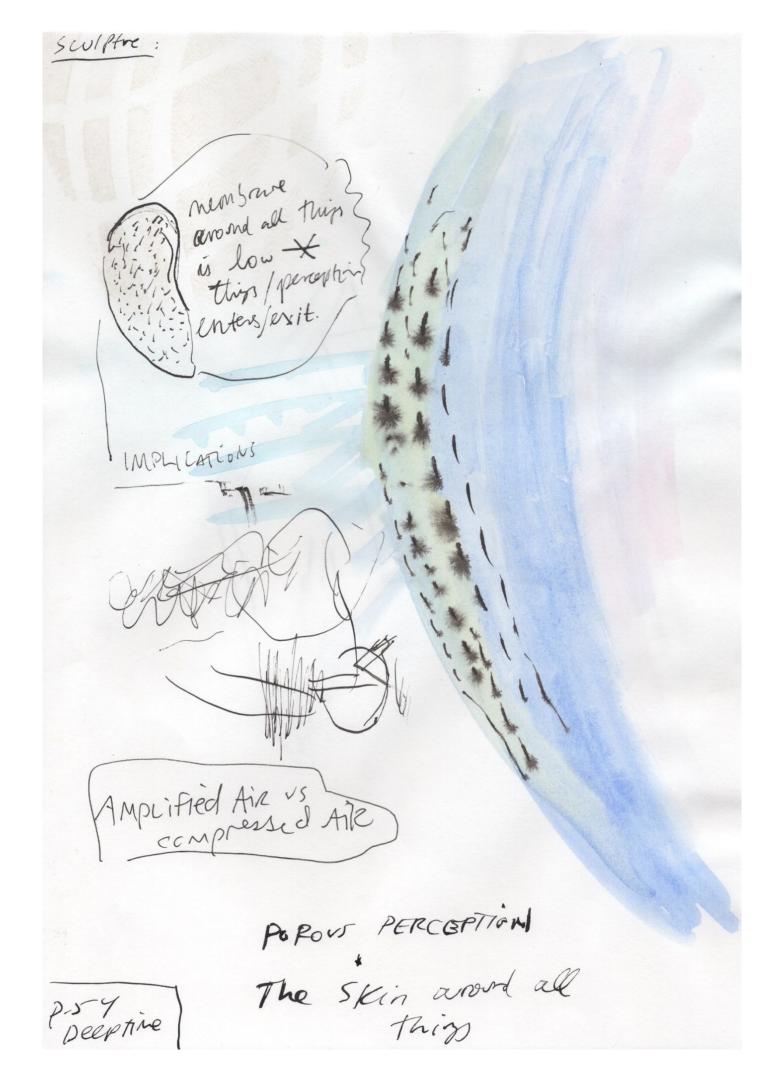
the room of Corot's was intense but also a mind-game.

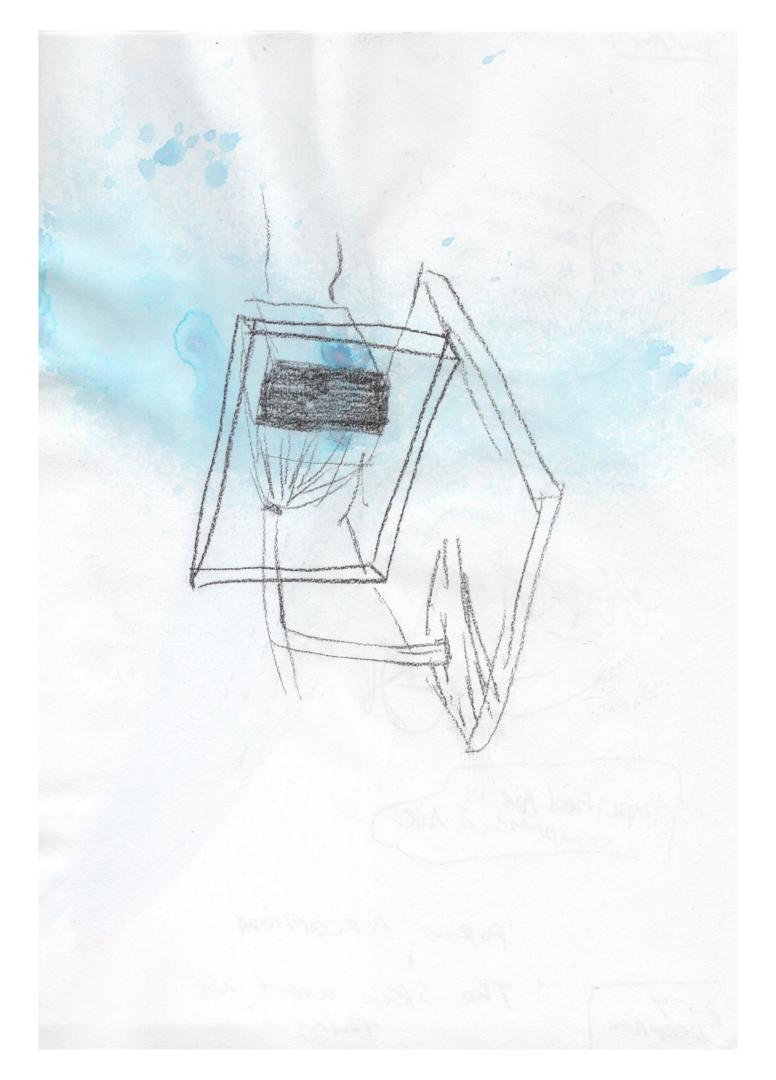
In between rooms I wanted blank rooms, places to soak like the credits in a movie or a sauna. When I finally escaped the representational paintings entering the hallway headfirst my eyes saw a Dan Flavin and it rinsed my retina like kidney water pours over my brain, a flush. I entered another room full of Rothkos and it felt awesome, it felt to my mind something like an oatmeal bath when you have poison ivy. Except the relationship to pain is different but the shift in vibration is similar. Like for a second all of the creases in my brain filled with gel, a perfectly spherical shinny shinny brain ball with water beading and rolling off of it like sweat on oily ass cheeks, or a duck's back.

There were more and more ugly abstract paintings filling the large open plan. They were all big, not all ugly. I looked at them fast but not in a darting way rather in a rolling way. Like a slow motion carnival ride where your eyes dont really fix on anything at all except the space in the distance that is always in front of your face. I was almost embarrassed to find so much relief as I was walking around with a painter, someone who paints and loves painting. And I dont know what painters think about these days but something tells me its not Rothko? or maybe only alone they think of ab ex. this is the danger of going to the museum with someone outside of you.

So my proposal for the Metropolitan Museum of Art and any other museum like it i the world is to consider a parallel trajectory where one room is representative while the next is abstract, and

thats it , no larger program or alterior motives. it turns the museum into a place thats a little more about experience a little less about archive or chronology though these are definitely NOT mutually exclusive. a braid if you will. what is the third strand, empty roooms? feedback? steam bath? echo chambers?

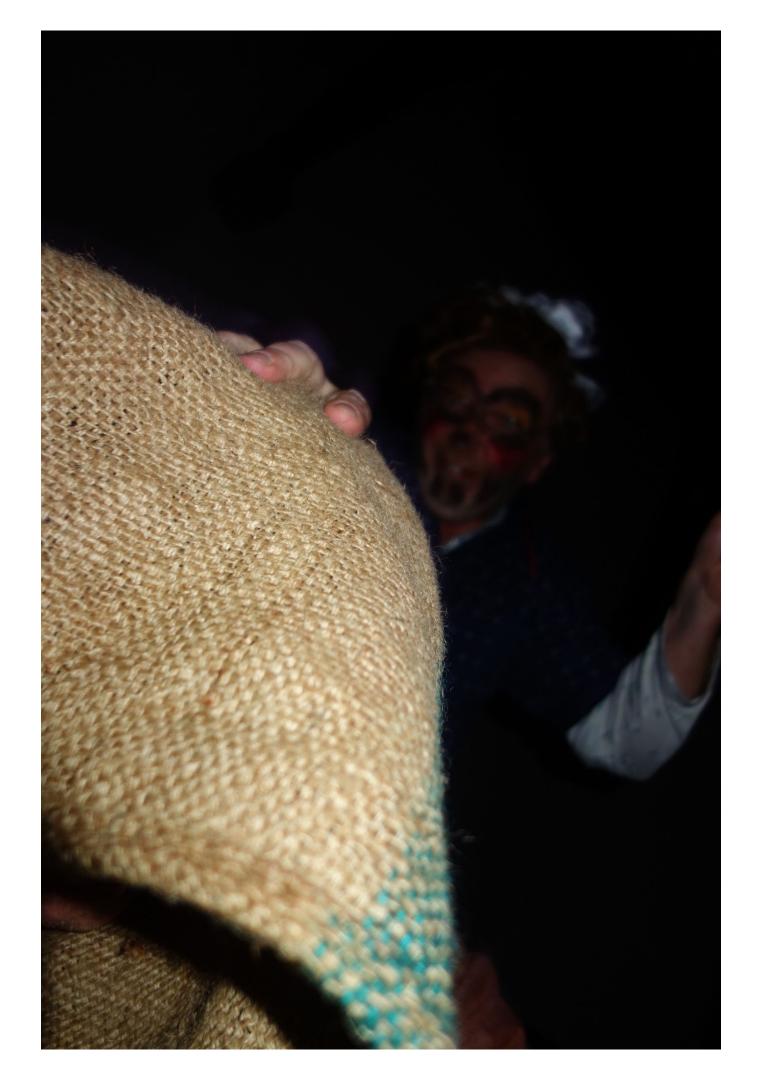


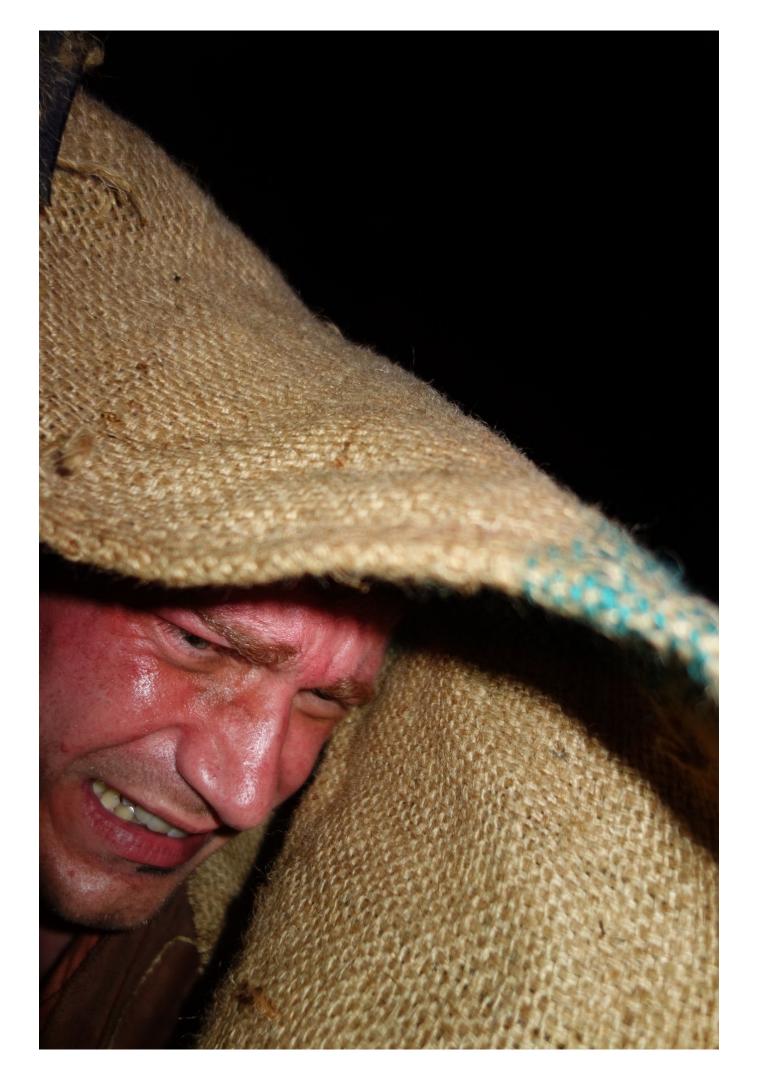


Bike rides to be ! Kallettillo whendered port-towns AN aguarant throw to Dear Misit ton studio
(Brussels set night...) interes with huse with huse Cost + bund flexible....













Japan Black state of nind peter scientist conted to friend treaser of sounds occurred through the horn (Uconstructed to best of our whilehes The notes were made, not quite Sientific not quite ordinary - we have penty it as within the newbeatier not pedicated, by hell was worked and Brain's Auditorium: DIRECTO. to temple. An electrical se once



-map out timing- everything longer than i think... detail descriptions for actors

ORESTES MEETS ELECTRA: A Telepathic Movie

adapted from The Flies by Jean Paul Sartre

a public space in sad Argos [the tutor and Orestes have been speaking with Zeus]

(the tutor and) Orestes: longing look, goodbye to a place 10

Electra enters stage without noticing Orestes, she is carrying a container - she approaches the "statue of Zeus"

Electra is annoyed at a person who is not there, she is mad and disgusted, venting,10 she mimes rubbing herself on the statue, dumps her container, sprinkles its remainders, continues to "nose turned up" as if smelling something bad, mimes a sword cutting something in two, evil smile

suddenly she notices Orestes and she looks surprised!

camera cut back and forth OR shot reverse shot

fast cuts between:

Orestes: "dont be alarmed!"

E relaxes intrigued

O straight faced

E friendly, inquire

0

E Smiles

O (to the tutor "leave us")

E question/suspicious

O flattering, smile?

E hopeful

O "nod"

E 6 seconds of looking around above ends with sigh

O extremely surprised in negative way

(fast shots over)

E Angry and sad, 10 -15 seconds, holds out hands for O to see

O looks at her hands with pity 7 seconds

E describing with disdain and disgust but not angry angry, worried at the end of a monologue

O shakes head no

E long monologue:

O asks question

E sad no

O question with pity E answer no shyly sadly O question with even more sadness/disbelief E "it is what it is " look O question less emotion E excited animated O intrigued peaks interest E asks question O drifts gaze into distance E "yes?" O unsure E soft smile O soft smile E soft smile E soft smile E soft smile O soft smile E excited smile O furrowed brow E animated questioning O smiles yes
E excited eyebrows raised smile
O smiles
E question surprise
O nods yes
E question
O yes
E 10 seconds loses excited energy
O "you? yes?" listening
E mad, sad question longer 10 secs
O explains
E question O answers
E "listen well" squints eyes
O answers
E question
O ['] thats their way" shrugs shoulders
E long monologue gets violent energy at endlooks at him questioning brow
O thinking
E short question fast energy
BOTH HEAR OFFSTAGE CALLING HER NAME - RAISED EYEBROWS
E "SHH" motion
O worried look
Enters Clymestra, scene end
alternate situations:
Ken and Teresa as E and O
Gloria as Clymestra
Zeus Tutor?



act 1 ALL VERY SLOW

Orestes and The Tutor, the women

Orestes stops a group of women passing by, they look at him for a moment and then look disgusted at him and turn back away from them

Orestes and Tutor side by side, close ups of each face

They approach a boy, He says HOO HOO HOO or mimes it

viewer see zeus passing behind the boy, stays in background (tutor points him out)

zeus approaches them, close ups of zeus, all three camera moving between them

Zeus in very "explain and knowing mode" "shakes head" zipped mouth"

woman passes in black, zeus directs attention at her- exchange between (close up of lady and zeus) zeus looking smiley, evil, dirty joke, mean lady shocked, lady sorry

Shot of Zeus spinning finger in air as performing a magic trick... showing Orestes

Close up of tutor and Orestes, conversing... standing together - posed...as painting

They watch as Electra enters without noticing them, electra recites monologue

Frame each situation, then close ups of characters:

ORESTES AND TUTOR

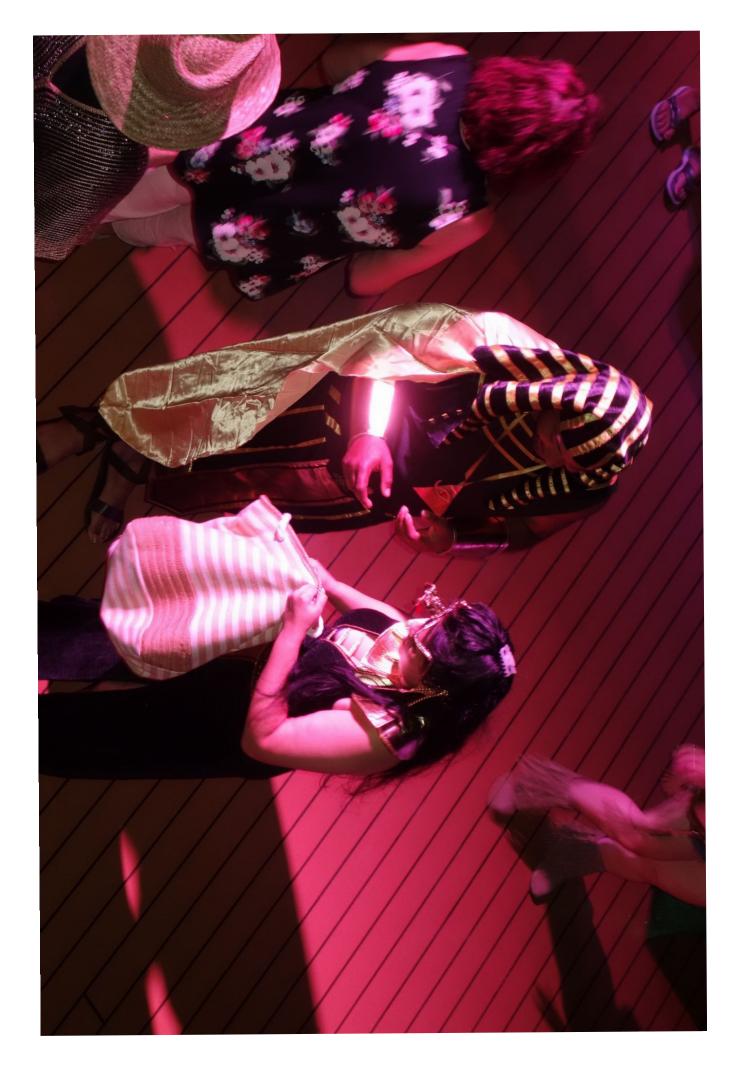
shocking

a video where all the actors silently touch stuff and react to shocks

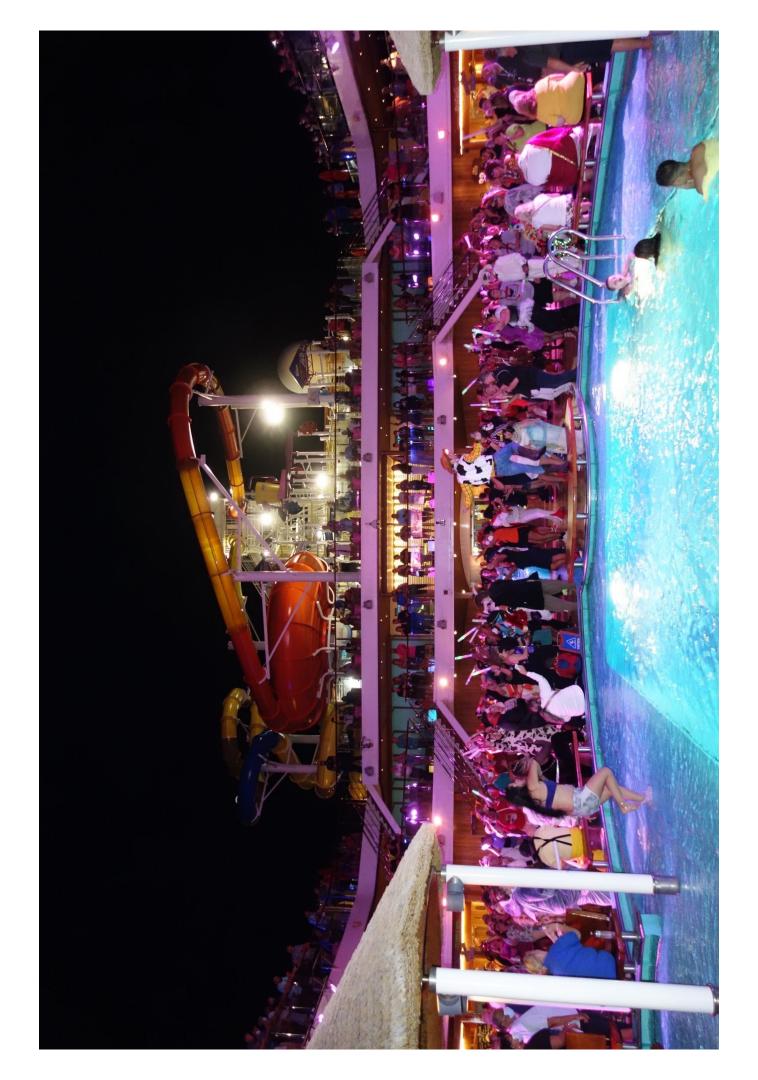
electromagnetic

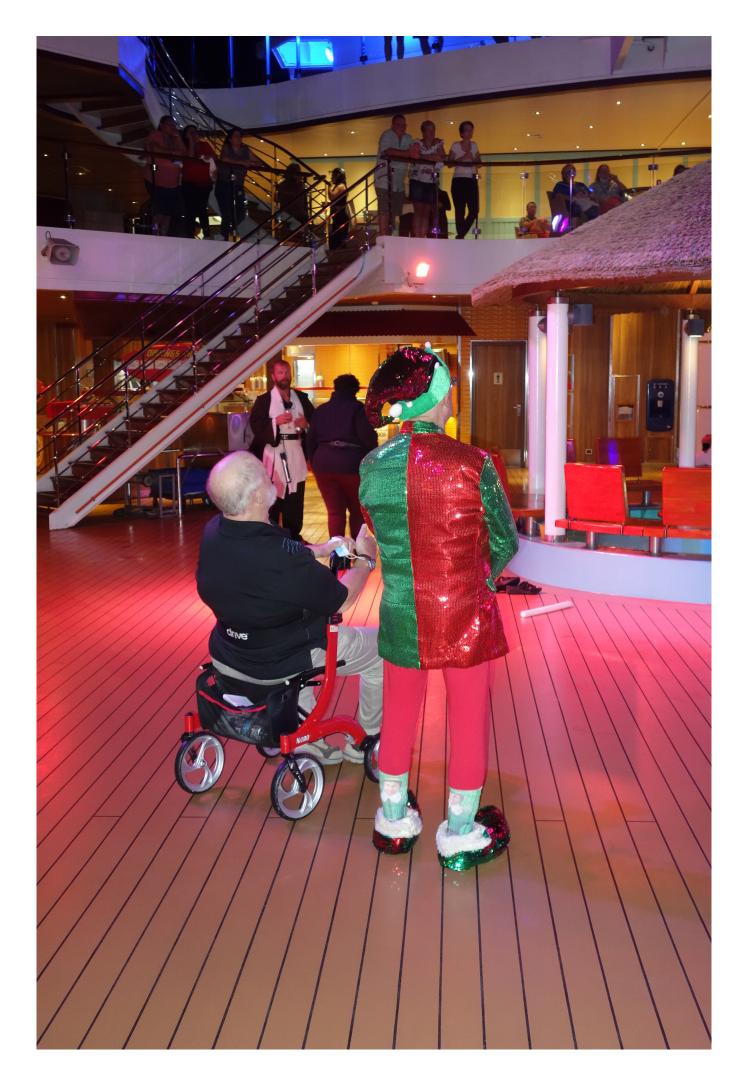
dec. 9 sonika

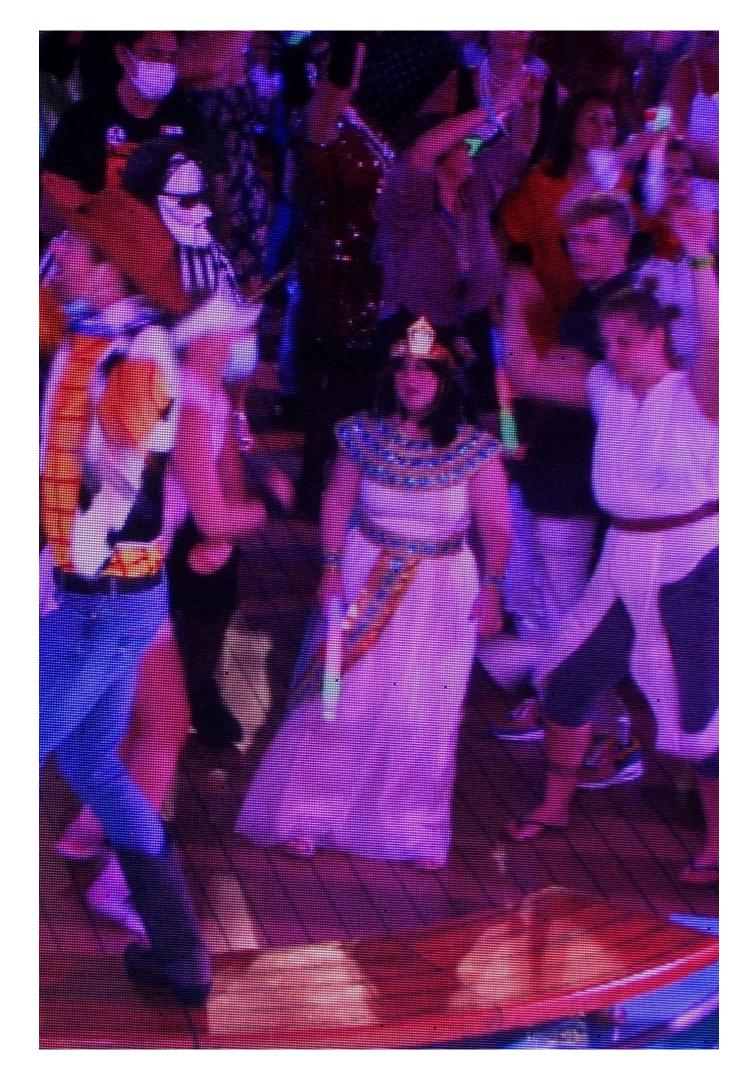
a series of expressions, narrated in real time by me, Clymenestra, tyler and sonika bodies heads cropped (extension of another movie), rapid cuts between cameras of one expression at a time. looking between cameras as the cuts happen rapid speed (potentially tyler as director and me as camera?) laughter extended emotions in slow motion exhaustion serious, disappointed laughing,

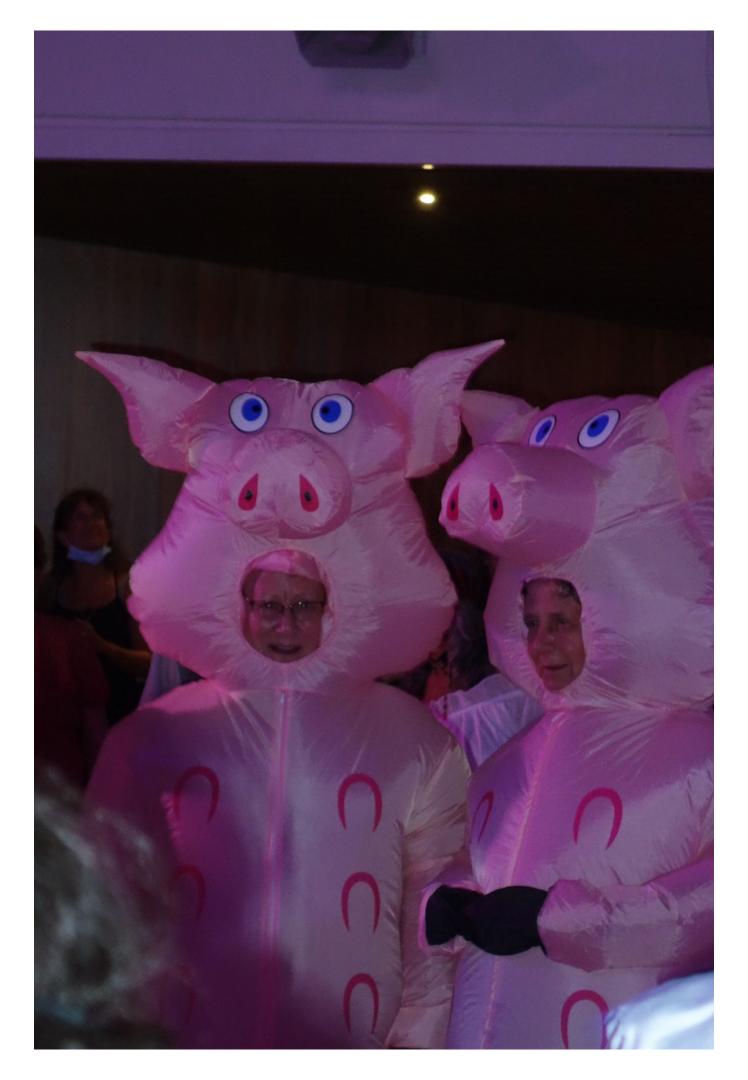












CRUISE DIARY Monday OCT. 25, 2021

Two days out in high sea, horizon in every direction. My mother never knows where the sun will set and I tried to explain why it's changing. I don't know where the sun will set, I walked in circles looking for my own room. The sky track, the place for jogging- is full early in the morning. Yesterday i ran on the treadmill for 11:24 minutes, a mile. Running in place, keeping the same speed. two things i never do, literally and metaphorically. I thought of the fly trapped in the van while I drove 70 mph. The water is blue like dark dark blue. This morning a couple in their eighties falling asleep at the edge of where sun meets shade, on the edge of dreaming and awake. Mundane dreams while I sleep on the facade of this moving building, dreams about acceptance and reward. Meanwhile Caribbean rain wakes me up and i frantically pushed my bed closer to the wall and expose only my face to the elements. Fall back asleep. The sound of the divider never ever stopping, an instrument for wind. Trying to recall all a day's thoughts, can't be writing all the time. Walking around with Sartre's No Exit but actually reading the Flies.

Video I want to shoot: someone reading an excerpt of _____ helen? microphone close to them, as if rehearsing for a play, camera roams around the boat in a panned out way... eventually spotting the reader (whose voice you have been hearing all along) and slowly gets closer to them. until the words and mouth line up and you understand the sound to be coming from within the frame - but from a localised microphone which is nowhere near the camera.

Other Video or play idea:

Act 1 of the Flies, shot with specific people as characters - no one reads lines save a few memorized cues, the length of time is scripted out for each scene- it does not have to occur consecutively. It is a way of totally creating a main character without a person's consent or even awareness. The camera's gaze saves room for the dialogues to be recorded over later with voice actors. Save some onnomonepia. It would be a more active extension of Dante's Carnival, Sartre's Carnival? Where some shots can be explicitly planned out- some aspects taken out entirely.. some parts adjusted for cruise wear.

A question at yesterday's art auction about authenticity and original and unique. The answer from the audience was yes and no, impressed by the yeses. Any artist in 2021 would have said yes. I plan to print out images of the olive characters and make them onto t shirts, those would then be original IJP's and there's no arguing that, the cruise auction mentality is very much obsessed with the role of the artist as a unique and sole temperamental being. Naturally they asked me to stop filming probably they saw a gleam in my eye. Content.

Note on Act 1, it can be reduced and it can be spliced. it can be rewarded or mashed up later. It could be a very small part, the more of the play I read the more it seems important to just start it, premise for a more dedicated project later?

Not too unlike the desire to have Jill Prejean react to a soundtrack at MNN, an emotive sound track.... an inner monologue where she is not required to xyz but only to act.. could she be the "narrator" for something like this? Maybe she is electra asking about Corinthia.

I guess its really ultra marine blue. With bright red algae. Out here thinking about sound and wind like snowflakes really are materialized crystals from oscillations, they melt as fast as they're made. they're as close to temporary material sound as it gets. And the water the flows or

fills the ocean stayed over as not quite material but fluidity, and the wind dont even get me started on that. I swear to god the coffee is decaffeinated on this ship.

elucidate on all these in a specific way:

So, using chladni's sound figures - images which give form to sound, L asserts that the universe is made of congealed vibrations.

Taking this as a given thesis: if vibration and oscillation give form to all, what role does immaterial play or how does media form us in this larger connected structuring harmony.

given Terrence Mkenna's thesis that Technology is an extension of nature formulating itself, becoming a nervous system - with the simple notion that it evolved from waves being able to fold time and space depending on the media (sound speed in water, light speed in glass, fiber optics etc)

Marshall Macluhen's definition of electric communication as embodying acoustic space and abandoning the linearity of language

Siegfried Zielinski's media archeology and the tracing of the pre-cinema moving image ... kirchner, technologies closer to ghosts

all united by Vilem Flusser's notion of Technical Images as creating themselves based on the program of the tool rather than the user. programer vs user present day manifestation of this seen via Tik Tok

Infraworld and Sonorous Archipelago by Francois Bonnet

the role of images before they could be removed from time/space and dispersed infinitely(current technology)... Della Porta's faux live feed.

Camera mimics perceptual mechanism in the eye...externalizing these tools...

Besides the cosmic sound giving form to all material, mankind's desire to encapsulate or create resonant spaces has actually formed all culture... ancient architecture devised for echo (greek theatre, acoustic archeology) the spoken myth forever carried by individual larynxs', instruments to carry abstract sound organized into dance, rhythm, the role of religion with sound/hymns/ chants, sacred architecture intended for sound transmission, attempts to mimic the resonant qualities of the interior of a head, music as direct transmission from god himself (bach)- art as escape from realism, sound effects in ancient theatre to bring scenes to life, the sonic superseded by ocular..., church as story-telling medium predating television.. modern day technologies intended to capture sound, the telephone and the history of sound..disembodied from moment of its production or disconnected via distance, lapsing time and space, to the present day moment where sound is impetus for repeated gesture...flusser's gestures

On the animation of the inorganic citing aby warburg's interest in breeze as animating force through images and history, the gesture...

These questions are tangential departures from one another but follow a stream or aim to pick up an echo, they act as microphones or transducers. My goal with this research is yet unknown,

my interest in sound has manifested through sculptural tactile exchanges, experiments in theatrical productions that disembody sound and image, re-enactments of technological innovations. I hope that in my research I would find likeminded scientists, artists and performers from all fields who would be interested in exploring the less audible role of sound as it continues tostructure or give form to more invisible coagulations.

how sound is formative element in all.....media culture, visual culture... silent films..

oct. 28, 2021

napped and got refused by the muses but perhaps all for the better Hard to avoid the incredible deep feeling of emptiness in my stomach and it is enhanced even further by the short exhibition on the African diaspora in Puerto Rico at the museum today. There used to be meaningful human sacrifices then there was slave labor, ancient egypt yadda yadda everyone built everything. Once we realized prisoners could be employed as human labor everything changed and progress sped up. In Europe they eventually devised a feudal system which meant you worked the land and were protected by nobility. Trade and merchants brought money which soon developed into working for a wage instead, labor could be traded or saved up. slavery shifted to race based scenarios, millions of bodies were violently plucked from their homes with the justification of not being christian, clustered into boats and traded as objects all over the western world, the local indigenous tribes were trapped and enslaved, and then additional people were brought in against their will of course and also enslaved, sometimes they teamed up and ran away. either way they make up much of the world especially the world we are boating to and from, the amount of black bodies that died making these journeys is impossible to count, the amount of surplus flesh on these cruise ships is also impossible to count. Slavery was slowly made illegal in the late eighteen hundreds, in 1888 in brazil. Since then, people are free. Every single worker at least the ones visible to the travelers on the boat are not white americans, most of them are from places like Indonesia and the phillipines. These people work on the ship 8 months a year, with three hours of real time off a week. But of course they recieve a wage which is much nicer than whatever they would receive at home. And then there's the royal customers, most of them in their 50s and more. Buffet culture and excess, total embrace of holiday mode. a city floating on water, completely disassociated from anyone's reality - as far from land as possible. These people are kings and gueens here, all the workers greet you nonstop and their job is to make us smile, we don't have to pick up any dishes, all the entertainment is for us. you can purchase anything, gamble, drink at any hour. Its a holiday. A lot of these people are retired, they are on their last years of life and the breeze is good for them. They have worked their whole lives tirelessly, most people here work a regular job, my mother works almost 70 hours, her and her friend claim that without work they have nothing to do, they would lose their mind. This is their devoted time off, modern feudalism made to feel like royalty. living life at large on sea. the islands we visit are all a result of extreme colonization- what isnt. but 7000 people arriving on a given day to consume a city's culture, a culture that is the result of 400 year old oppression and colonization. It is all so backwards, the people on the ship are as enslaved as the people working- but their time off is designated now. and they can consume more and more things, leading them to believe that they are living the life they seek. i dont mean to sound outside of this, im not but its mostly that i dont work so i cant think to myself hey i deserve a holiday for all the paid labor i did. the labor i do most goes unpaid which is fine, creativity can be an escape route from all this, especially when you don't exchange anything for money. watching everyone relaxing, knwoing next week everyone will be grinding again. these

people are not rich yet they spend all their money here, to role play luxury which is in itself trash and poison. I have to cry sometime. There is not a great amount of difference between feudal, slave system of the 1500s and now- only there are more distractions, goods to buy, ideas to pursue, desire, everything that exists outside of this exists only to generate desire to consume which inherently fuels the self imposed feudal state. and of course survival. nothing new here just need to vent.

ON CRAPS oct. 30

it is nice to have your time and money balanced in space by a piece of furniture designed to catch chance

odds bets are a mystery in a sense

i stay at the craps game absorbing every one's gaze on the table, rejoicing in collective energy for something unknown, hoping and aspiring for mathematical equations which are really true abstraction - like music without notes, we pulse and pulse together we roll

the time rolls by and typically i can fluctuate i grow large my stack bigger and then i take risks and it grows bigger but i walk away with the same amount or less as i started in, only time and experience and expressions and liquid has passed. Darnell walks up to the table with 500 \$ cash and is rude to everyone but me

everyone looks so mysterious and somehow sexy with their masks on

and when i rolled last night andit was a good streak the table was crowded and my only thought was thinking of everyone coming at the same time and in this way i kept rolling and rolling we kept coming and coming and everyone felt so good coming and in the end we closed the round and all good things must end

but in the true end i walked away with a perfectly balanced hand or five dollars more than i came in with, and you have to know its not about the money and its not explicitly about fun. and then i remember that people play games all the time with no money involved

and to have only time pass in a sort of meditation which is actually tension and stress inducing but thoroughly focused attention (and isnt that half of meditation anyway) and you really feel everything balanced in space or at least in time when you walk away no richer or poorer, maybe one day i will really walk away richer but the richer you get the more trust and hope and desire you ahve in this felted furniture that exists for this sole purpose of chance

and so then it goes away, i would need a special appointment or someone with sex appeal to drive me away from it with a stack of coins i can trade in for _____

something about being on a boat in the middle of the ocean and you feel the ground gone below your feet and rocking makes you feel the bad kind of drunk

something about that i guess aids in the synchronised balanced of nothing really matters anyway

andi thought "wow i really cant believe i dreamed i played craps all night" and you know its not about the cash but when this woman in her sixties throws the plastic on the table and says i wanna come

i cant help myself to stay in another round

the brains inside the dealers head must be mechanical and made of other stuff than ours i wonder how long people have been playing craps for, dice are ancient so ive heard with everyones voice muffled under masks and the sound from the virtual slots machines you can barely hear the numbers that are rolled

i strain my eyes to see but get caught in the idea that the woman across from the table is the man next to me's wife and they are acting like strangers but really its a special direction he's

tossing in. and he's relaxed and i keep thinking he's a tv antenna i mean he really is channeling the television somehow or its soothing him and his focus is bellisimo so its easy for me to know that 6 or 8 will show. otherwise the middle stack i really dont get and i lost 6 or 12 dollars on that

if only i could keep the flow of money (mine at least) as it moves maybe i could spend some time thinking about flow and charts and pulsing frequencies but the beauty of it is that it goes too fast and everything becomes totally abstract but without focus you're wasted, i was nervous about my rolls so i threw a terrible hand. but yesterday when everyone was coming simultaneously in my mind I rolled for 20 minutes it felt like and was congratulated by several at the end, everyone's stacks thicker than before.

you think nothing of time and nothing of cash and though it hinges on both of those things i wonder if its totally antithetical to that, and its more about a feeling. like serene interpersonal desire, a common goal not global peace just chance. small experiments in collective passion.

Counting

Reality Continously

As

Passing Rewarding

S

And

Purely Sensuous

Consider Reality

Α

Pleasant Sneeze

Consider

Remembering

Another

Person's

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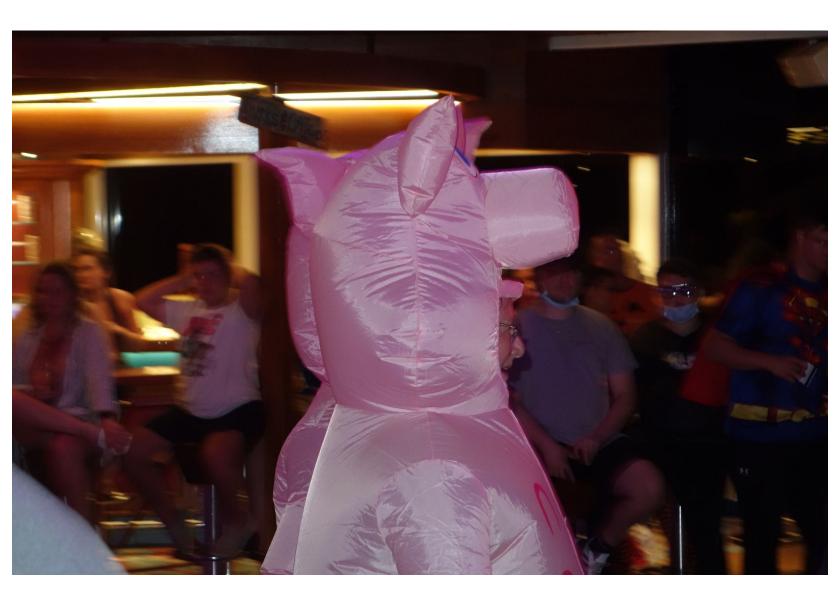
Continuous

Reward

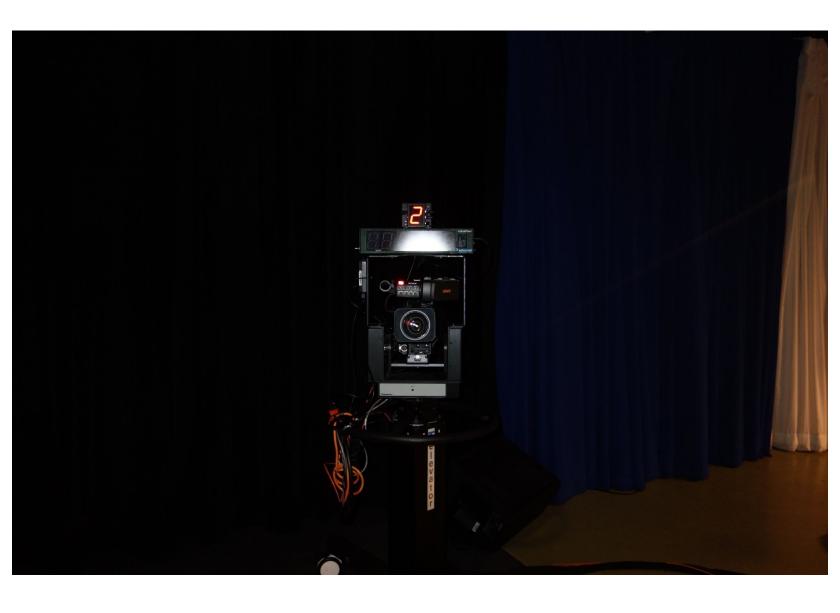
And

Pure

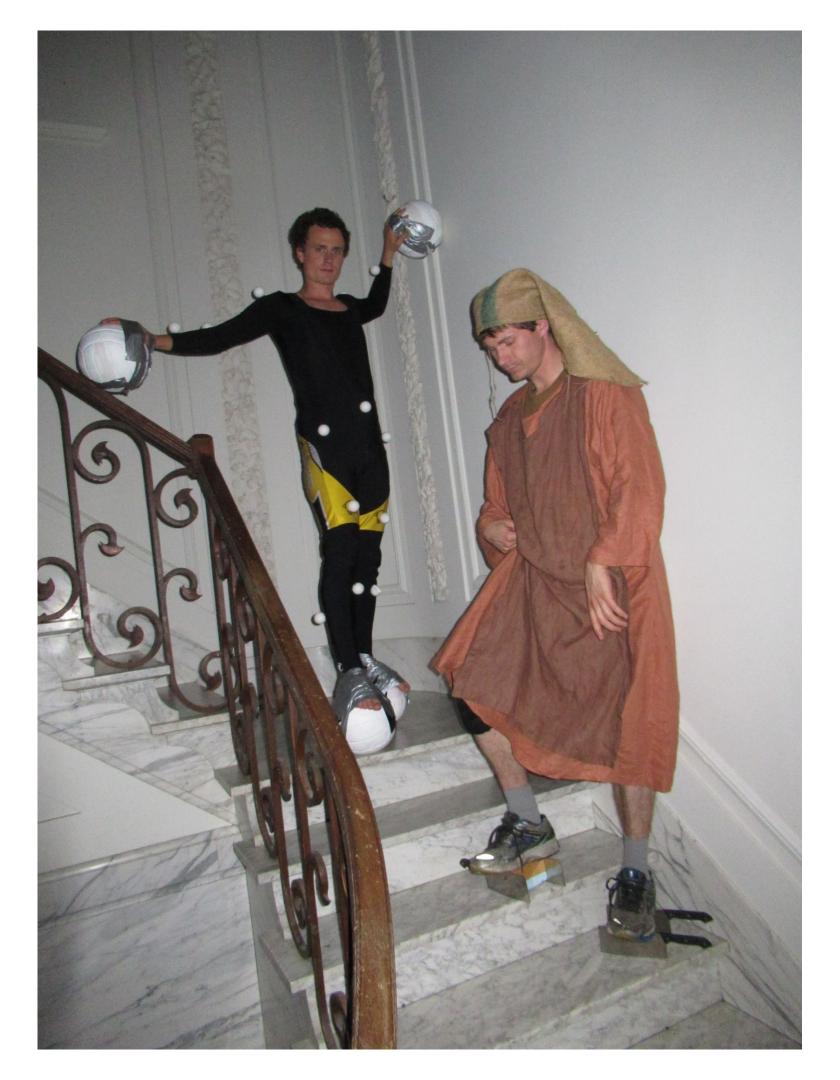
Serenity













june 18, 2021

I come home, i take M122 after parking in N124. M122 to prevent or rather speed up the healing process of HSV1 developing on my lower lip. I parked the car in N124 free for ten minutes, some sort of promotion then i run out of time, i restart the session and type Q to stop. My temporary license plate is 10RFLG, the three digit code on the back of my credit card is 496. I almost have it memorized, online shopping through memory, hypnosis, in my sleep. I was in a store looking for soft pink potted rose bushes, the amount of roses in the bush undecipherable. It is no surprise that you need to be registered in Belgium in order to register and insure a car. The temporary license plate, who's checking. What's the fine. I haven't touched a train in a week. The bench materialized as if out of thing air. We used 30V bleach on tuesday to add highlights to brown hair. No one notices, its the beauty of high lights. I bought a large fresh squeezed orange juice and it swelled up the bottle. On monday I opened my perineum yet somehow by Thursday it is tighter than ever. M122 pill should be followed up with Lysine, propolis, and still B12. He told me in Venus in Furs, he writes a contract for a fan- she owns him. I think about my winter and how life would have been easier with this sort of contract, and that it would continue to be easier. but owning someone like owning a car is some sort of large responsibility. Its nicer to borrow someone but with the psychological perks of ownership. Three CDs i dont know what's on them, hang on wire in the balcony close to the kitchen. Supposedly this deters pigeons. I took a cab once with a cd hanging on the rear view, I looked at it like i could hear it but I could only see myself between the title and artist. Simple graphic design. I wanted to write yesterday or even the day before but I completely forgot about what. An alternate reality where i dont touch the train and I drive to Brussels for love. Wine tasting in the garden. On Wednesday we watched Salo. On saturday I participated in a contact movement workshop with Ania at Muhka. I wish I could live in those last two hours. Prioritizing touch and intimacy above everything else. If only bones could be broken just to be broken but somehow heal almost as fast. I would run around breaking them.

Order of events and to prioritize, without this i cant move on. Time to back away from the utopo film. we did some and now its time to hand it over. i think yes, that is the only way. Eating my time, long nails is an awful idea when you cant stick your finger in someone's brown star. The tragedy of last summer the tragedy of this summer. Different rules apply. I bought a car just to buy it. What else do I do just because i can. who says what the right way to live is. Wise mind. She says. Wise mind. I put on my Sony t shirt and connect my laptop to my Samsung monitor. My Nokia phone is lost somewhere with unanswered texts from the United States. I still love wIND in my hair. Seagate after Seagate an ocean of information. I wonder how much piano music we want to include. its almost too late now. how homo erotic can it be. Never have i ever been so touched and almost gripped by the sight of heather - your cock between my thighs and then later you're in. urine. I always moan when I pee but to have someone else moan too, that's living. More than an echo. More than a ghost. Speed is time.

When did it turn to after mid june. This month unexpected, not going as planned in any way shape or form. like there was a plan.

I read my horoscope. This evening I take another m122 pill and my N124 parking runs out over night. Then tomorrow 5 euros again, just to spend money on a car I soon wont have. Spend it while you can. Back roads to Paris. the airport pick up of a lifetime. an unforgettable crash. Again in bed I cried, always next to someone- how can it be like that. I couldn't help remember crying in the field next to Marco, of course he didnt notice or pretended not to. Sometimes I think wow this person really ruined my mind. But mostly I want to call him.

I slept, no new thoughts *really.* a twenty minute power nap really works. Inhaled Mark II inhaler POY-SIAN brand. menthol, camphor, eucalyptus oil and borneol. Crazy you can carry scents with you. You, scent. You sent a letter and it arrived. She sent me a tank top with knotted braids. no new thoughts. too busy is a state of mind he said. judgy judgy judgy. the tutor and the student you can't fuck them both.

june 19, 2021

in the afternoon i went on a run but i listened to a man with a soothing voice on headphones, he kept me focused and on the surface of planet earth, i felt good while i ran and afterwards too, i liked it when he mentioned earth. and wind. afterwards i sat on the grass and tried to meditate with my self but i think it lasted four minutes, it felt good regardless. i promised myself i would run/meditate again today. it will break the day nicely. in the park i read an essay about temporal modes in theater, vision and audio. nothing new but nice to read it in a very rigid voice. and to feel again like doing something small is doing something big. some sort of backwards attempt to understand a piece of sheet metal as the main actor the most alive agent in a work of art. in the studio later after a smoothie and the thought which ran like i should do this daily though now its too late to really establish a routine and i have to swallow what i learned about myself here, more time does not equal more productivity or even creativity, anyway after my smoothie and while procrastinating video editing i wrote a running meditation and an erotic meditation. both of them with too much content for anyone to really be blissfully thinking of nothing. i guess my nothing is the spin of the world or the fact that wind exists. i could sit with this for ever. i even made a video that i would like to put on youtube but how to remain anonymous. another means of procrastination is cleaning my desktop, something i always need to do but only really do when there is some urgent time crunch. this morning they are burning a fire in the garden and the smell of it makes me feel both here and far away, the cloudy weather and birds chirping, something like that morning in palengue which only happened once. i hope i never have to take some daily medicine because chemically i feel totally drained and depressed, very scary to think its really all just a result of chemicals. all you can do otherwise and is try to emit love and be with present moment. i do not want to ride the frequency of desire, the wave. its not the end of the world, the car. i wish i had been keeping a daily diary - how do it occur that i did not, have i really been so busy, all my moments in the day passing before my eyes, no. i think by not doing it i decided to not do it. i even bought a typewriter as a sort of excuse. i wrote some diaries. dont think i did not. but really, who cares. life after Rilke. life before Rilke. somehow every three months reality shifts. in three more months it will be late september, counting time in intervals only makes it run faster.

and still - no nightitme bike ride. maybe tonight, if i have it in me. how could i leave without exploring at night. but now everyone is out and its a saturday. present moment.

Catch up attempted July 5, 2021

Saturday june 19th I guess that was before I found out Daniel was in Brussels for the day and i cancelled all my personal work plans to drive over and see him. relieved that I am that kind of person and not someone who would miss a visit. Even now in hindsight i almost regret all the moments i stressed or was passing nice things up because i had a deadline, easy to do now that deadline has passed and a feeling of success is in the air. However i know somewhere that

i needed those moments so maybe it is more about handling stress. Anyway Saturday the 19th I drove into town with my cabrio the sun was not out but it felt good nonetheless. I met Daniel and Jackie at Jane's. We had some drinks and missed an opening at Michel F's window. We drove with the roof down in the rain listening to techno on the music and arrived at the party I swore I wouldnt go to but alas with friends ill do anything or cancel any promises anyway there was no reason not to go. Caroline Ryan and michael were there and I was glad to see them, I sucked water from my shimano water bottle all night long feeling like a super hero with more and more energy as everyone become more and more languid and sloppy. And a beautiful fountain for refills was there.. Daniel and I took over the dance floor no one else was using it and i felt so comfortable like location really doesnt matter. In the end I drove us home Michael very very drunk. In the morning we managed to meet Ryan at flea market and then picked up daniel and jackie to go to thielt, a country side museum sort of place outside of Ghent.

We passed the afternoon in Ghent it was a very easy day everyone some sort of hungover or drugged. Now i am looking up at the alps all covered with clouds so they have become invisible. That song plays on the radio, dooo doo doo doo...suzanne vega singing "Oh, this rain, it will continue through the morning as I'm listening...To the bells of the cathedral...I am thinking of vour voice"

In the end M and I stayed in this beautiful seaside hotel in Ostende, the atlantic city of belgium. A big beautiful building called the Temple Spa...or something like it. There's racetracks across the way that dont open until August. It was cloudy like i sometimes like the beach. We drank wine and took a bath, too late for any dinner. In the bath we talked about plot, structures... form and content.. In the morning I drove in the rain to pick up Tyler from the Lille train station. I was an hour late of course. I could not refuse someone having my ass for breakfast. And vice versa. God's finest meal and you never run out and it's free if you know the

Ty and I reunited felt so easy, we ate spaghetti in some random ass belgian town. It took us forever to park the car but we drank some wine from the night before while we did it. Hard to track and pin the rest of the week...need to come back here to trace all the modes of learning and processes etc... We managed to party a few times in Brussels. On thursday I had to drive the car and park it for a while, sad but then afterward a party at EDF where Tyler and i both got very drunk in a social setting and did our usual thing. I met Danai who lives in Bruges and had the same shoes and sign as me. In the end tyler and i very very drunk stayed at Michaels house and in the morning i was so hungover, the night before was very nice to be drunk almost dead while M went down on me and did whatever he could to serene me to sleep. Ihave to say I love this passive mode of receiving. I drifted off sometime.

In the morning tyler and I hung out in bed laughing so hard at I dont know what while M made us breakfast and coffee!! Breakfast became lentil soup that was sooo good we finally managed to return to Antwerp by 5, enough time to sit at another bar with ryan and drink more beers eat more frites. Saturday we rehearsed and in the evening met with Caroline and Roman at WP, i couldnt managed to party or work so i went home and passed out while tyler and ryan walked around.

sunday we rehearsed more i dont even rememember, in the evening i took the train

Pause, to the sound of Shania Twain Rehearsing two houses down

to brussels seeking a bath and total nurture, avoiding the french students who had come to work on the video. not because i didnt want to see them but because i did want to, in a meanigful way and i had spread my self too thin and couldnt imagine having a conversation with anyone but Mihel a simple conversation that involved complaining in hot water and a backrub. so i was

wearing sunglasses and a leather jacket and on our walk after he picked me up at midi who do we run into but thelma and raphael, i was equal parts joyful and terrified and quickly apologised or degraded myself for being in a bad headspace so not calling them despite being in brussels. in the end it was instantly so nice to see them and we sat and had a beer or two, my fear of others went away and i didnt even concern myself with the fact that M and I might have been seen walking as one. Ryan Simon Hugo and a few others showed up and we sat i got the best of both worlds, socializing with the people i wanted to see and relaxing in the tub we had pizza in hot water and i didnt even complain. I thought about nothing else. I think a long full body massage followed the bath tub and it was really a massage for a long time until he was so hard there was no way to avoid softly entering me while continuing the massage and I loved just laying there feeling him move in and out of me. Slept so deep and in the morning walked to EDF to meet with hagar margoux and stefke to make plans about the theatre piece for the end of August. Again i fully put directo out of my mind and it was fun to sit there and brainstorm for a few hours, we looked for abandoned spaces and eventually drove to one outside Mechelen a beautiful run down sports complex but alas it was all gated off. I was very late in returning to Antwerp, tyler met me at the train station and we shared a beer once more like we had 20 hours ago when I had left. He had acquired all the supplies so we were okey to relax, Ryan met us and we decided good vibes only so it was time to enjoy life and no more stress and so we went out for a very nice italian meal in the historic center where the statue has the hand in his hand. Afterwards on our walk home we ran into Caroline Roman and more, she showed us a beautiful card trick which i have been meaning to try out since. Tuesday we spent the day rehearsing, finally starting to come together.. some less exciting parts have been totally cut out.. The beauty of working in time is that you say it and poof its gone. Lots of badminton in the garden with tyler, i think we started the morning in this way.

Wednesday we took the train to Brussels to meet harald at edf, our first stop was the beautiful fountain outside the congo museum.. animal musicians blowing water out of their horns. M had told Ryan about it and so we ended up there.

Blah blah long car ride, H hates scenic route so istayed quiet as we found our way back to the highspeed high way. Eventually we arrived at the very nice hotel and I took a hot bath opting out of looking for dinner.

Thursday big breakfast and we went to the church for technical rehearsal, we skipped lunch because the musicians were so enthusiastic that we wanted to stay and play music with them. we discovered the organ was manually pumped and it could be done by us, to me this completed the work and i felt so at ease at the entire full circle. In the evening we had dinner at a thai restaurant with the entire LU crew.

Friday Saturday Sunday performances. Monday get dropped off at La Becque. Tuesday spend the whole day on balcony during rainstorm writing and researching holographic kinetics and wilhelm richter. Wednesday train to Geneva to see the holy objects and in the evening swam in lake, kayaked, saw the entire arc of a rainbow and at 11 Luc and I talked about music, sound, art, my project blah blah, i wish i had asked him more about what kind of projects have been happening at the residency but we got caught up talking about our paths and shania twain and mdma. We shared a very nice bottle of local white wine and some cigarettes, the closing line was that he hopes to do something together someday which naturally puts me in a good mood. I think this would be even better than a residency and I need to remember to ask about the MIT version of school there that he used to work at as well as anything he hears about re blah blah. would be cool to collab with those TIR sculpture guys to make a movie for the museum. dreaming per que no.

now i am on the train to Bern, radio express. From Bern i go to zurich where Lara will meet me at the train station. An expensive detour to ride through the swiss alps with some sort of purpose

or at least a very sweet person on the other end. Per que no. Tyler and Fran are running through airports on their way to Sardinia. This morning i was swimming in the lake and now im covered in gray clouds, elevation leads to dramatic climates.

I could try to track for myself the beginning of june but not sure its a worthy endeavor, time goes faster everyday after all. the beggining of june i was reading rilke and biking, i went swimming in the lake with antwerp friends and then on the fourth i think i went to brussels for yuddits show, elias bday and to see M after heavy emailing and desire. After that, i went a few more times. I rode my bike to Holland alone on my birthday, we ate oysters from the water on the sunday before, i remember i was hungover but not sure what from... we had teatro meeting, ryan arrived in a surprise way, on the tenth harald ryan and i drove to Holland and couldnt walk away without buying the cabrio. Dear God i hope i drive that car again, two weeks of bliss my only semi regret being not driving the car a lot more and having some preoccupation with aneed to start working on Directo or whatever, the caslte party the day i realized how much i liked m, after i picked him impromptu with the car the day after my birthday party where i woke up more hungover than ever in Harald and Margots apartment. But the drive to edf was bliss and we edited for somehow 30 mins. it always works out. The incredible movement workshop with Anya from Berlin. Taking care of sensation and being in space. Bike ride exhausted to death with Elias, stubborn me keeping the wrong kinds of plans. i had to drive to brussels that evening to see M and bathe, in the morning i dropped him off at school and cruised to antwerp alone, parked the car, didnt really drive it until i went to get a bike rack, even missed a beach day just watching pina bausch and eating water melon with ryan, no regrets there - it was so hot then. bah blah no need to recount all this i know that time has passed and i have been present with it despite not running much or lengthy amounts of qi gong. i downloaded a meditation app which is helping me because the times are short and sweet.

July 24, 2021

Destin, Florida. Some hotel where the windows are sealed shut, something about hurricanes. After having been moving repeatedly.. i started a diary again then stopped suddenly.. too much to catch up on. After the performance in switzerland i lingered by lac leman watching my brain unfold and soak inthe lake. impromptu i took a long train ride through the mountains for a romantic night with L, to zurich. I stayed only a night before heading to Paris .. I had been in Geneva two days before, it would have made more sense to go from geneva to paris but i spend money on love. i mean i love to spend money on love. zurich was dreamy, L post vaccine we laid in her bed kissing and sucking ran out fast to buy wine before the shops closed and took a bath with prosecoo and red wine. meditative and talking about mystical practices. she's tuned in. in paris i saw jessica, the holographic kinetics woman. she turned my world upside down in a not so subtle way thoung with subtle impacts, and when she took her glassess off after having made me cry she looked almost hot. she wanted totell me that i no longer wanted to be rejected or witheld from, that it was no longer something which attracted me to men and repulsed me from women, that i was done with games of power and loss and that i had my intimacy swirling only with love tenderness and affection, desire, consumption and various states of weakness or strength were out of the window, and she told me this with glassess off, the rest of my time in paris (she also told me i was always happy where i was, i mean that i am in control of where i need to be always) was mellow, i sewed in agatas studio that was my favorite moment.

releasing frantic energy into cut up garments and wasting bobbin thread like there was a deadline, there was. the world cup ended it was like cumming in unison with everyone on the street. i took the train back to brussels eagerly, listening to many many mediations on the bus looking at the countryside on JGs birthday. thinking ill never call M back why would i im surrounded by love and now i only want those who want me. Mvda picked me up from the bus station so smiley and almost nervous, he told me later he was.

The next two days it didnt stop raining which was perfect because we absolutely did not want to go outside but stay inside and eat eachother's bodies til they fell apart. i thought about almost nothing else. its so easy sometimes and i cant say why.

Anyway cut to last night after many different kinds of bath tubs I am again reading letters between rilke and benevenutta, the letters that made me cry on one of the best days of 2021 alone by the moat and how i felt so easy that day with wind through my skull putting everything out of sight except imagined sounds. i started reading again, he was writing about music. blwoing through you (more on this re; the organ inDirecto) and then she suggested, a few letters later.. "ill be in zurich next week, how about if you came from paris to geneva and we met there" and i almost cried naturally, as this had been the only trip i had really made, all the while the book in my backpack though this part still unread but almost as if it had been written by my trajectory. after all the only thing i did in tourist on my own was walk to the house where rilke wrote Malte's notebooks, the place where he wrote the letters to his wife which later were released as letters on cezanne. i took a meandering walk one that he might have taken sometimes, towards what was Rodin's studio now Rodin Museum 100 and some years later (which is really very close in the history of time), and stood there feeling the intense effects of my visit with jessica, and at the rodin museum i told the woman working there abouthim, there was a plaque there she didnt understand, i forgot to take a photo but who cares, i saw the sight he saw from his window where he slept at the time.

anyway now in florida i read about this trajectory and i cant help but feel something intense and right like of course i had to go to zurich. maybe it was the book which pulled me there. an extremely costly and inconveneint detour. but it completed this trajectiory. the train lines are much faster now. and then back home to his studio, from the train station. stopped at some places to eat.

i will have to keep reading to find out if thats really what they end up doing. if they meet in geneva, the holy place where i found the materials which allowed for the experiment which changed the course of mankind for ever. sure someone else wouldve done it eventually but here i am by lac leman in 2021 and i bought a lace bra there thinking of sound, texting and drinking white wine.

now trying to congeal some thoughts on MM by synthetic waterfall in Florida, surrounded by tanned flesh. sound travels in this. with the woman whose ultra sound became me.

july 29 Airport Studio day 1

Attempt to re-write the self narration (external monologue delivered to self at poolside)
Today is a special day, its not every day you wake up and while still sleeping after your fill a
paper cup full of coffee walk to the beach the sun not even visible but all of the glows from its
arrival are. the sea a pastel emerald ive never seen in real life before
i walked to the nature reserve close to the hotel, the sun rose neon orange the pink clouds
turned to regular daytime clouds eventually. i did qi gong i meditated, i got in the sea and floated
i hallucinated big fish and saw small fish, i even saw what look like catfish the size of my index
finger. a scale i felt unfamiliar with for some reason. the water was almost internal temperature,

there were girls taking photographs four of them in matching bikinis. i tried to meditate on water but mostly had to try on land. i floated on my back, i strecthed on the sand. i walked back to the hotel made waffles and brought them up to the room, i wrote a little on the computer and watched tv the menendez muders trials then i had a one hour meeting with sandi, the most fruitful in a long time because i was alone with uninterrupted wifi and i was in the right headspace. i cleaned the room i floated in the pool the water maybe even warmer than the sea, by now the sun was almost overhead and i had to hide in the shade. i ate leftover salami and bread, an ice cold miller high life and floated with headphones in totally unimpressed by the children playing in the pool. at this point i gave myself a monologue about the great studio day i will have, these are the things i get to do even before going to the studio. a cab comes. a white cadillac no less, to take me to my spacious studio where i will begin(gulp) really editing mystical movie. but what better place to edit footage that concerns the mystical aspects of editing, lapsing time with space and vice versa through cuts and digital memory. after floating all morning and listening to the sound of water rushing over specks of sand....almost before they happen. floating in a material in which sound is almost instanteous, and in the sea i thought about how actually our ears COME TO BE in water, amneonic fluid but liquid no less. so that we are sort of really more used to liquid hearing, and the fact that they work beautifully underwater is overlooked non stop because of the infections that can happen from putting your head inside the liquid incorrectly, but its different whenthey form in it. and so i want to look up how hearing works inwater, not sound waves but the auditory canal itself, and i have the inner ear camera i ordered that i will use to film ryan's ear and painting when im back. maybe anton too why not. antons video camera. i forgot about this footage too. juicy.

and anyway by the pool i was thinkg WHAT better place to edit a movie in which different physics allow the characters to rupture time and space, and with sound being the thing which carries it, and sound relies on its context to propogate. so naturally the editing must happen in the holy place the spiritual place where bodies defy physics to lapse time and space - the aiport. the 21st century spiritual palace, you have to believe in it to be there.

here bodies and almost every body has a camera, move at hundreds of miles per hour through the air - disregarding time zones, moving back and forth in time depending on ...rotation? and if you film inside of an airplane you cant even tell the camera is moving 600 mph, because its relative, context, your guts sometimes know, your ears pop they know about altitude.. less so about speed... context. but if you tried to film 600 mph something that was moving at a different speed... well.... retinal whats the word..

so the airport, a place where everyone casually waits to be transported to be turned almost into air because while we are in the airplane we are just a plane in the air, IF anyone sees us. from the ground, and what if your plane breaks the speed of sound barrier, what does the pilot feel. Maybe anton's character is a pilot, doesnt matter, so then i got so excited about editing at the aiport that i thought well if this really goes well i could go to airports just to work, to be surrounded by people ready to hurdle in the safety of a metal tube, to almost transcend, but before that i have to start, the editing, the organizing... i have a hard drive, i know that i am most scared about organization, therefore i will make a small list or chart below.

and calming myself with the fact tthat everything ive ever done is somehow quick... i mean a lot of thought goes into it first but the act itself... like a ping or bolt of lightning?

content:

ryan raine nathaniel rescue ryan on peaks ryan raine nathaniel sing on boat tyler anton on land tyler as old lady

performance LU ear cam to painting anton sony handycam

techniques:

blinking/black title sequences closed captioning parts (to be performed live, foley?) closed captioning parts (to be performed live, music) sound of water from Lac Leman airport edit moving camera, imperfect shots

elements:

no dialogue singing inner ear cam painting of still frame old lady theme song/scenic route returning song music/sound unites disparate moments ruiz omnicam

THREE PARTS: (PAST PRESENT FUTURE?) ... numerous layers of entry and ending (title sequence repeated... can occur at any moment in the movie?) peasant alone, theme music, (anton and old lady circle, silent) old lady attacks peasant, — adirondax scene... interrupted old lady alone, theme music, ryan collects sounds, (hears her theme music) raine and nathaniel on boat, ryan on peaks raine hears sounds (past..from ryan on peaks whiplash...) ryan on golf cart (chasing, screaming)... additional peaks stuff.. anton talks to sony? for part 2 to start—

rescue scene... incorporates repeats, looping, blinking... depicts his union with past and future anton rolls old lady..candle dropped..music again..candle drops, on the ship again post rescue..flashbacks again?

siren song finale...raine nathaniel ryan on boat, they find/ring the bell...

to consider: ear canal video, anton video, painting, black spaces/intertitles, peasant self tennis interlude, footage from geneva museum, (photo of lac leman with zoom?)

beginning: nathaniel smiles, waves to audience

end: siren song, sailing beautifully, credits over ryan with fish?

need to put these in order to just figure out the sound score and close caption everything!

oh my god August 26, 2021 brussels, belgium

I have been meaning to keep a diary of course and have failed so now i really have no idea where the days went. maybe i kept track for a moment. but whats this obsession with tracking time, nothign now. I booked a last minute train ticket to marseille tomorrow for 48 hours... i dont know what kind of person or headspace i get into where i m saying no to things because of made up deadlines or stress.. in a way it could have never been three days. anywy it would be scary if that version of myself, the stressed version that says ah maybe next time its too expensive or irrational... it would be scary if that person secretely somehow took over, stayed. something about taking one selve too seriously. probably parenthood helps in that. oof. and its beautifully timed because ideally i get to miss all the art event, not that i dont like them but i genuinely fear being a plus one. or is that... whatever. stop over analyzing everything.it will kill it all always.

is it worth tracking the days, i arrived not even three weeks ago, i have been home editing and out biking to the forest, stopping at Mvda's house for immersive pleasure and seeing friends in between it all. kind of losing myself in the middle of everything, subtletly stressing about spanish passport still being expired and not hearing from the office. at the end of the day money is just what you need to survive. there will be ways to make money in the future. blah blahblah what is life people get hurt and swallow medical bills for their existence

watched mark lecky lecture and also purple rose of cairo maybe i wrote about this already, the dream from the other day... enough juice to drive me to several countries.

i saw the fucking 6 hour wagner about a singing contest. it was my first time at the opera since the season closed in early 2020 and my longest gap since i started going to the opera. I went alone and of course i was crying before the curtain went up even. The crying stopped as soon as the actual work started, the music was beautiful and to just hear many people coordinating in order to enact music was what made me cry, not really anything else, and choosing to spend six hours of my day listening with no purpose but to just be there, alone. and the movement of the golden curtains swaying up. the production itself was disappointing as it had been staged as if nothing had ever changed since the opera's inception in the mid 1800s, that's cool and there's definitely room for that in the world i guess, but it felt a little embarassing after a while. like some intense fantasy world role play shit. it was a mistake to bother reading the words looking for poetry about poets. but regardless it was a comedy and later i read that wagner made it to please, and as an attempt to make money and save himself from some personal tragedy - a distraction from life - not really a recipe for a great artwork if you ask me. the set was like a life size little set of a german village, i mean you didnt feel like a giant but i guess it was a moving painting, which brought me childhood feelings of joy and awe for the first 10-15 minutes, i focused on the singers voices, and on my own hearing, i tried to amplify the sounds by cupping my hand behind my ears. everything felt a little faint but it always does. last night i was at a dance party and the speakers were so painful i urgently put paper in my ears and then i danced all night and vowed to start wearing earplugs at loud parties or events even if its not palpable pain, i feel my hearing go away in my right ear from time to time, it has been happening for a long time but i used to think it was more physical. like the feeling was all the air leaving the room or the gravity being suddenly off, totally unbalanced, something passing between my ears through the right out the left, it lasted a little longer than a dejavu, yesterday i was sitting in a car and liz was driving and i felt it in a different way like unplugged my ear or some shift in pressure followed by a high pitched ringing that was so faint and made me wonder woah how does it all work. it went quick i didnt say anything i just swallowed my spit and prayed to the universe that i can take care of it for a long time. anyway at the opera i wondered how everybody heard, i mean how loud or quiet they registered the whole thing, or what instruments stuck out to them. someone's hearing aid kept beeping the whole time, luckily i only registered it the last hour. the main quy was a tenor (are they always?) i only care about the baritones though the lead woman was soprano as always and i liked her voice there was boom to it. I thought a few times about videos i want to make, Millie miming operatic singing then overdubbing it and her to be born baby also singing..but mostly i thought about how the leads are singing but then often other characters or the leads themselves when they are not center stage, they are miming conversation, there are many conversations happening simultaneously, maybe its very wagner to have multiple voices and a lot of action but i think not explicitly him. Anyway i had a fantasy of an opera where the audience would almost be forced to disregard the cenral attraction and instead focus on whatever non essential dialogue was happening in the background. maybe through live camera feed. or honestly a movie like this would be fun..altman style huh. and also an opera where they sing the libretto but the action and representation is totally unsynched, not like this is modern just like, super imposed, i think these things happen because the stories are so fucking brutally painful that it feels important to consider re staging but adding something in the mix. if i really feel that enacting or re-enacting these works tunes into a specific channel that cuts time and space and is direct gust of wind with all previous stagings then IT IS IMPORTANT to throw a wrench in these stories, it is in their transmission that some change can happen, and i dont mean explicitly altering the story to address current issues i mean just forget

whatever "sense" is. why do we revere the plot lines. they are excuses for bringing celestial music to life, outside of divine order and into trash tv.

anyway it was beautiful the way the actors moved the chairs, the way time passes on the stage - invisible space, characters not seeing eachother. an entire night passes in front of your eyes, there is no room for cuts. they tell the guy about tomorrows events and suddenly but not suddenly, something like a fog descends and then its the next day. two paces around the stage and voila its THEN. NOW.

of course with such a long piece there is time for one of the most luxurious activities on gods green earth. drifting in and out of sleep while fifty people push all their air out. someone said singing is excess air, or making sound with excess air i mean we have to exhale constantly anyway, this is trained exhalation formed into sound. their shouts fill the room and sleep sprawled out on several seats. i cant tell you what went on there but passive viewership generates intense participation.

the set kept shrinking. for the second act i snagged a seat in sixth or seventh row, so i saw everything in zoom lens then i went back to my seat not even telephoto. a beautiful seat with no complaints, your body like a camera.

i found out the sun sets at quarter to five now. jeez.

nov 13, 2021 the 1346th performance of the met's la boheme

went to see la boheme with rafael he had free ticket because love you know wasnt sure if it was going to be the production id seen before, kind of thought not because a photo i saw and actually thought it wasnt when the curtain went up for a second but every seat the set looks differen and soon i realized it was, the same characters but different singers, and i swear ive read the script several times (puccinis fire) and this one felt like the words were different, expanded, changed around. but now i realize perhaps it was just the translation, the pacing, the choreography, just how much room to play is there? it could be that i have an extreely bad memory, or that the entire opera became shadowed by the fire drama scene or the most common or exciting or likely one is that you always bring your thoughts with you and look at whatever it is you stand before, through the prism of your current concerns, this is why things land in a mystical way, sometimes, and i think if you follow the pulse or wait for the right moment, it all hits at the right moment. anyway, this time besides close reading the first act even more with regards to animation, light, drama, sound, warmth, imagery... something i noticed a lot was the background actions happening throughout, an entire second drama scripted behind the leads singingi- and often this became central focus of the scene - and then there was actual second conversations happening in opera, multiple dialogues, a subtle cacophony of different inner realities broadcast at once, and i guess it seems of course this is written into the music, the multiplicitiy, and a lot of singing off stage or crowds singing off stage. or a passerby , the toy seller for example, entering scene from left to right whilst singing, taking center stage and then gone. how much of this is in the script and how much is in this production designer's personal ouvre, soething i never spent much tiem doing was researching these names and seeing their trajectory.

Anyway, at one point all the bacground actors (50 or more, act 2) froze totally still for the duration of an aria. even pearls swinging mid air seemed to stop like a welded metal chain. I had several cinematic fantasies during the opera.

A staging of la boheme, or anything, where the camera moves from central singers to totally unrelated background monologues dilaogues between other characters.

This materialized a little bit when during the second act, the two soldiers who have been standing in the background stop a woman and one of them takes her into a room then the second one suspicilouly follows. I imagine there is some historical reference or context for this but in the present moment from my stolen balcony second tier seat I imagined they went in there for some brutal rape of this poor woman, but that in the fantasy movie the camera goes from a viewer watching this opera to the interior of the room where the alleged rape will happen but then it actually is not a rape scene but a very hot porno in a half built set. and then the actual characters of these people playing the background actors inducing awful harm to this other actor become the people who act. and later i was watching the orchestra flip their sheets and i fell in lov e with a french horn player who was barely playing. and i imagined the movie entirely flips to her, the notes, her arm, the conversations she had earlier.

or just the swaying of all the bows moving together, i imagine the conductor at home making tea waking up alone. i thought about all the bodies present and thought it could go so many ways. Another beautiful thing, an entire shadow act felt like it was made for our seat only. and i wondered what the interior architecture of these facades made for opera must be liek- does it break character, but then how do the actors persist, i imagine all tje period costumes behind the perfect facades covered in ducktape and ply wood. and still they present a shadow show on the window and sing off stage, they traverese internal stage architecture.

the multiplicity of vocal, does he do that in other operas? i like puccinis music because he does the vocal melody harmonised or mimicked by the orchestra often but never just an echo, always something unexpected or imean it really boooms.

in between we talked about love and control, inspired by the argument in act 2 - when the background actors foudn their own movie. and of course this all connects to wagner's singular voice and the conversations not happning in operatic mode.

more thoughts on this later... act 1 reveals a lot.

nov 14 SUNDAY

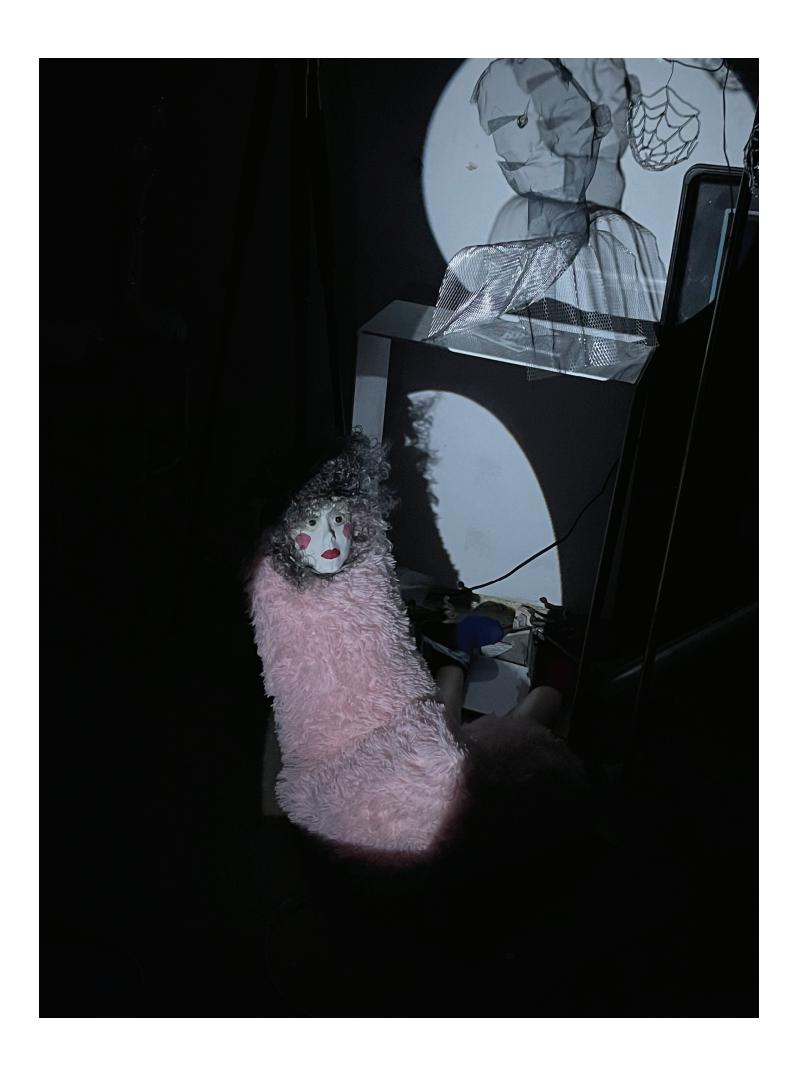
today went to the rosemary mayer show at swiss ins., the fabric works were cool but most cool were her books and diary entries. i felt resonance with the weather balloons but the journal of that guy from 1555 hit hard like we have been making journal entries forever and nagurally here i am making another just like she made many just like he did. i especially liked his because he without any poetry described paiting the figures on his fescoes in parts, anatomically, today i finished the loins, then i did the buttocs bellow the other figre, no photography could occur so just base descriptions of something "done" plus the meals he ate, which it seems he deeply cherished, ileft feeling a weird typeof empty, i came in somewhat empty but i left with the feeling of we write entires and obssess about mortal issues then we are gone and our writing remains and is showcased in a future context we know or care nothing about, it has different concerns and the work well it just got us by, financially emotionally whatever. rosemary wrote about abortion works and not being pregnant, that resonanted too. but then i biked in the cold with impulse for bach vespers. i ended up in a holy place concerned with music, 20th century and before. the way the words are sung had me melting and then the man spoke ina podcast voice and i hated that, i like the historical melodies tones and melodies that mustve meant something spiritual. the music was beautiful i got goosebumps and the urge to cry tho i never fully climaxed, and i guess thats why i lke to go alone, in case i might, to know i could without anyone casting a glance or noticing, anyway i didnt stand when everyone stood which i felt half bad about but not really because im just there to watch/listen so didnt feel the need to fake deep faith in a tradition, the musicians didnt stand mybe theyre just there because the love music. voice of an angel with a pierced upper ear and swooped hair cut like me in 2009, the organ

fugue i was waiting for the swirling melody but i guess that only happens sometimes. there was a beautiful dialogue that i fantasized repurposing onto a cinematic setting. the singing was so beautiful, a set where everyone sings .i had some memories of previous epiphonies that i forget now. later as i was unlocking my bike a woman showed me her beautiful new light gear, a sort of vest that kights up, perfect for a rave or safe biking, it made me smile, her showing it to me like she did. asking me to help her put it on and then push the button, ive only ever done that in reent memory with a strap on ahrness, i quess she couldve never guessed that. i biked downtown but on the way i passed many things, i stopped at julianne's on 41st street. only after readiding the beautiful plaques with poetry on them, which felt like a sign for the right place to pause, i got a palm read, first one hand then the second one, she forgot my face and i did too. what she said was meaningful and i took it all. she told me to buy citrine. she told me to believe that god, or me, whatever, all i believe is inside my own cavitty, and the spiritualoity i belive in is within me, anturally as im electric like the world. and essentially she said i will have success, some sort of visionary with a public force, and she sensed my heavy heart which was particualry heavy today and told me to gain closure or close the door, which ive been actively trying to do both, she mentioned heavy family ties, and other persons confusion having disrupted my path, she told me 33 would begood. she said i should be in motion, i mean im not meantto be inone place, an old souls he called me, i liked the motion element, nice to hear someone tell you its right. most important and specific she said i am curious i start a lot but dont finish it but that its not about finishing and that its good to not finish them and not to get hung up on it, that imafter things and that i need to keep going, to open my third eye and trust myself. believe in myself to the highest degree, she told me i lost faitha= and to regain it. to stop comparing love and lovers, she said i need a creative colaborator or that they will come and it will be good. she doesnt know i love those. i wont stay here long, at the restaurant but even if course new york. motion. 3-5 years some sort of success. financial creative all in the same. when i first sat down she quicly said the amount of motion or movement i like is rare for someone who is so scheduled. i understood what she meant by scheduled quick. and all the heart stuff i atrributed to M who ive been biking all over the city hoping tosee, and she said i got wrapped up in someone elses confusion and that the heart is holding me back. citrine. she says citrine and also medidate with the water glass and glass i mean real glass . ill try tonight but i have to remember to pur the liquid out with intention. slowly ooze it all out of my body, remove the trapped energies — manifesting as memories, she said several years before love, or something. i mean i will have special connections throughout because im me and like to flirt etc. cant help but wonder if she means m.but also dont care cant care. i love the stuff about not finishing, it was brief but powrrful, i will blow money on a tarot reading with her hwy not i found her on an important night in midtown. later i went to isiahs show at partcipant, glad to know things in nyc are showing this. he looked beautiful as ever surrounded by love. i stayed til the end as i like to do. that girl has a crush on me which is funny because ex lover was obssesed with her, but for me, now i know i like to be femiine and understood as so and i dont want a hyper feminine chick turning me into some gay fantasy. isiah told em to be me after he told me how much he likes fuckig me, the woman with the see throug shirt empowering to wear see through clothing, nothing happens anway. i decided to bike back to my studio ot be responsible. michael texted me about the new leo carax movie, its a musical and i wonder if hes on the same exact tip as me. invigorating. dreams about fundinf for a movie where i can be explicit with everything ive ever written. important!! julianna told me i need to work with words, or that i am with words, that they willmake an impact. biking downtown afterwards i thought i should really write more and more scirpts like the type ive been writing for arlene but just let it go, fully, turn thoughts into language into video into narrative of sorts, she said WORDS.









watched leos carax annette at home on my large tv. Mvda had told me about it because he saw it in the theatre the night before, he described the musical aspect and i was excited because it felt very close to my recent thoughts. especially going to the opera twice in the past week and wanting to make this dialogue heavy movie, and having opera stand in for dialogue but sans meaning i mean no translations, or just extremely expressive dialogue exchanges about hair or whatever like the dream. an at bach the talking singing. anyway a movie focused on an opera singer and the conductor is pretty creepy close to my brain the last few days, always looking at them and wondering what goes on elsewhere or how they could tie an orchestra into a cinematic event. the movie was exciting because ti was obviously morphing something very predetermined and secretivy, the art of musicals and the way its not supposed to be understood as music. the inverse of what got me in the operas. the background actors in regular dialogue. the feeling of not feeling robbed is great, but feeling resonance. the beggining was maybe the best part. not many more thoughts as im falling asleep.

NOV. 15 bar notes transcribed

blue tooth monolgoes

stack of people reacting to sound track:

single person shots, black curtain and spotlight (to create uniformity between all characters)

how to work with situations

dialogue pacing as ____

hair courseness

All the plots from fanatasies combined through language:

Ancient pompeii hair dresser, batista live feed, orchestra musical guests, singer ancient dance floors, anus cam, sopa opera just soap, movie where everyone is confused, theatrical event? shocked, palms (looking), electrical synapses, telepathic

crew connect: teleprompter/talent

electra: she said i dont have to finish what i start!

watched claire denis l'intruse at moma 4 pm screening. always left confounded by her thinking she is really doing the radical departure from plot but not quite positive. her intimacy cant be denied the closeness to a person, an excuse to capture moments.

nov. 24

last night i came home from urban glass and a big burger at juniors and couldnt do anything butstay in bed, i didnt bother going to the opening and party at theta and molly and daniel were also not going so it felt fine. the air mattress is great support, and so is the 32 inch telelvison. i was reading on my new ereader for a while but was too tired, the table of contents of mckenna sheldrake book lead me to a beautiful two or three hours youtube video fo a trialogue they gave at esselen in 80s? it synthesized their ideas with many beautiful images of computer graphics. anton arrived halfway through and watched it with me, we were both impressed and inspired. it was so simply put. and i had to explain the nervous system being the last thing that forms on the fetus (hearing is the first!) and that naturally is where we are. interconnected or in process of. afterwards i paused and needed to watch something empty in a way, so i found the time to finally rewatch royal tenenbaums which ive been curious to rewatch since i moved to nyc

probably. and i love jd salinger so couldnt image it was too awful. i tried to see or recall the ways in which seeing this movie (one of the first alternative to hollywood (how?) movies id seen when it came out at age 13 or 4) had influenced my brain in subtle ways or at least my cinematic brain. but also i just watched, and saw the characters and saw the actors. saw the tragic elements and blah blah. it passed the time. and afterwards i was still needing more so i watched a beautiful movie by Mary Ellen Bute, her last film with exceprts from finnegans wake. truly a masterpiece but also now i s the moment ive been waiting for to read him, it all clicked. the image and words and her freedom in the script. i will watch it again but also read him. i honestly got lost daydreaming about traveling and biking throughout but because i want to sit in different places and zoom in on language and not try to do what he did but resonate, or i mean it resonates loudnalready. it wouldnt have years before, not like this. and mckenna obbsessed with macluhen and macluhen a joyce scholar and becket love joyce and me loving becket for a while or getting him i mean. Anyway, i drfited to sleep and pray i had joyce dreams though i doubt it thhe basement doesnt let much in (for good and bad). i ordered f.w. from the strand aand looked up mary ellen.

in the end wondering what i really want a physical studio for, the desire to make specific sculptures instead of clutter and build is a very good move and something to embrace i think. now i booked a tv slot and i need to figure out what to shoot on those days, expressions, close ups, mimed dialogue. Telepathic Movie look at notes from unmade video on boat (electra and orestes) read chrissie letter

Studio thoughts 11/29

last night watched Time Code by Mike Figgis. wow many thoughts on it but waited til the right moment. loking forward to watching first rehearsal. ideas about expressions and dialogue and acting prompts and actors. got sonika and anton and sophie for the tv studio, writesonika script and maybe ask michael to record authoritative tone. still on facial expressions and composing the image later with audio and realize im doing the exact same thing with sculptures in the studio, these have always been stand-ins. animated by sound and light, glass and mesh and the edges of a recognizable character. as thin as possible, mimicking fiber optic technology or the beggining of landscape renderings - or several napkins with portraits animated by video. it took so long to make a move. i dont even know how to put on that much make up. well anyway the faces are here and their bodies are premade structures which support their heads. they are quick and minimal, supported by almost air.

the inanimate made animate and the animate made inanimate through scripted audio and forced expression.

Write Audio Scripts. Wall works or drawings on simple structure elevated.

capturing the images now, writing and audio later. doesn't matter if these are stand ins or not once they are tv stars they will be leads.

glass is cool because you see what glass sees its almost the edges of something its deliniated face creating a form which is a type of photograph/cast but is still palpable - how are these seen against a black backdrop...

theatrical aspects of cinema being exemplified more. close ups and peoples faces.how much a face can do. the feet under the table were the real communication. unsuspecting visitors. L.N. msaid making work generates energy

glass faces a type of photographed expression frozen and repurposed.

DEC. 3

yestedsay went of moma to see cruel and unusual slapstick comedy shorts. i wrote hagar because she wouldve liked it too. nd one guy moved like she sometimes does, slinking through door ways the body propelled by something other than inertia or gravity. where is our wind footage.

the comdies were good this guy behind me kept laughing and breathing so loud, annoying. The first one dealt with electrocution, the invisible transmission of current- cinema and the electric chair. A film where people shock each other, like sound, electric current can be noted cinematically by characters reacting to it. ouch! twitch. the sculptures in the studio are in perpetual state of electrocution, grounding something invisible through their entire beings. figure as ground. electrically speaking. now the actors in the studio are ground as figure, a canvas for emotional relay i mean expressing emotions that are otherwise unconveyable.. blah blah in early silent films the make up was still theatrical, i guess in the preservation process we get more high definition, so it turns out that now we see all the fake eyebrows and so on. where as in the low grain quality footage we needed this stuff, just like opera make up and black and white telelvision. there is something here i always get stuck on and maybe if i took ritalin i would be able to further pursue.

Another thing i meant to do but never did do, will do now. was the continuation of a filmic scene in the television studio. lining it up one day with the scene of someone watching it, this would maybe mean bringing a small tv into the tv studio- some experiment for later. the original scene was from the bible. i guess we did do this sort of thing when we shot the nurse footage with david, continuation of surgical scene. John Huston movies in particular seem apt for this. why i wonder, anyway here's this: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NenqIN14ozl

at 1 hour 46 minutes there is non specific dialogue shot reverse shot moment 'tHE cardina;'

dec. 5

all of a sudden sick in the west village. lucky to be in alyssa's apartment though she gets back tomorrow but something tells me im draining this cold out quick.

notes again notes on telepathic movie but at a later date.

for now words i mean words. i mean cadence and musical tone. joyce as sonic artist. but somehow i wonder if he even knew.

broken up transmission of emotional correspondence. the airtight lock outside the corridor and anyway there was nothing there. a movie without words just expressions and reactions. why do all of this at the television studio, its time to take the camera elsewhere i mean in the end all i need is light and a black curtain i mean good light and the cameras are fine.

extending a shot of the body. sonika and tyler extending shots from scenes (do this at random and find the matches later?-

i miss the type writer. time to compile another cc book before i hit the road. how is it that writers can travel so much its because they carry their world inside them and words are weightless language isnt. if i had to read aloud what is it i would read. is it more time for me to do my own recordings to get a few things across. teleprompter script for sonny.

dec. 6

the sad feeling that i have no memory or that without a strict diary i really cant recall the time. but is it just that i try so thats why i fear i cannot. trying to forget language so i cant ask these questions, or a new language that has no fixed recall, walking by hudson river thinking ah this winter i could not do it here because memories of a past and constantly blown away by the fact that i dont know whats coming, i mean looking back ten years and thinking i didnt know this, but im the same person or according to physics. but i cant recall a feeling or i cant recall a mood though it always seems like it is only the moment i am that i can really feel or recall, or call, but i know i have walked alone in various cities in similar climates before and i was a head full of thoughts so why cant i recall them now. is it time to go digging into a diary, no not yet i was thinking i had fifteen or so years until that craving. and then shedding people like molting skin, thats an awful idea or feeling, but its true i guess, words cannot come close or my words cant come close to how alienating it is to have a sense of past but no real ability to tune into it. maybe im just not supposed to, why bother looking back. there is a sense of solitude inside oneself and sometimes i think past me walking alone wants to be with present me walking alone and so i start reaching for past me but find only present me and fantasy of future me but in the end i should submit to the idea that all the mes are in me now and there is a huge expanse but what is it without memories of colors sights sounds or smells, those are times when i feel empty and i guess thats why i look for past me or little me - someone who shared these things with the same eyes, is it too much other information that ive absorbed? times like this i know nothing, only the riding poem i memorized and some seascapes i have managed to absorb. is this inability to grasp why one has to make anything outside of itself at all, if not art then a child. something to see your past self in? so emo but i decay.

i wont even bother trying to line up what i have even done for the past few weeks or maybe as a sort of exercise i should try to go backwards though i know it wont add up:

dec. 5 - sunday sick at alyssas, a positive type of cleansing day- watched joyce bio, watched ruiz, read fw, meditation, some sort of englightenment

dec 4 sat - worked at river deli in the morning biking there i heard a wind song in my ears between my hood, afterwards went home (west vilage fnatasy) took a bath slept and went out to the show, missed sis poetry made to tylers performance but was too wiped out to stay, depressed went back home regretting having left

dec 3 - friday woke up went on short run and did qi gong for an hour, read and wrote, austin and keanan came over, we had a sweet day biking around downtown eating icecream and i picked up books from strand, we biked all the way out to keanans before the sun set and had wine and played chess and watched movie about ireland- came home late and took bath read about ira dec 2- thursday, woke at alyssas, did qi gong, went to moma at 1 for a movie, talked with molly and met her friend robin from amsterdam. the slapstick comedies were good but i hate live piano accompanimient, overwhelming. after biked to river deli worked until 10 then met molly and daniel at mollys for tea and conversation.

dec 1 wed - qi gong in the morning, first time in a while, felt a drain. laid in sunny bed at alyssas. went to studio around 1 to build plastic wall with ty and lazar. finished wall around 5. worked in studio for a few hours..went back home to west village to drink wine and take a bath-very nice.

nov. 30 worked at museum dusting, after went to studio, cleaned, met mike dip there and talked, then went to ifc to see lost highway and slept at alyssas

nov. 29 monday- dusting at the museum, afterwards went to the studio and set up all the sculptures from glass studio- puccinis fire new girls. took videos. went to daniels for dinner and bath.

sunday- am. worked at river deli and after picked up glass pieces from studio, then revel to rachels for dinner and watched TIME CODE wow how could i forget.

saturday - glass studio during the day then studio clean then dinner with sis and ty at frans, met daniel after and iris who knows danai, slept at daniels had existential crisis in cold on my bike friday was at studio all day then reveled to rafaels for leftover dinner and we watched some science movies and fell asleep on couch

thursday- beautiful day sailing in warm weather afterwards thanksgiving leftovers from another persons party

wednesday- in glass studio fixing stuff then went to thanksgiving party at allysa gallery kind of bummer vibe until the end then good, got drunk but went home to sleep so i could be up to sail. nothign else matters.

tuesday- didnt work, woke up in random guys house in chinatown after having a weird night out. seashell trying to give me a massage but then he comes hoem early. had to flee the scene after breakfast ididnt want to turn into them. managed to go to glass studio for three hours and fix faces. afterwards burger and couldnt get out of bed so watched six hours of good stuff on tv. monday- started dusting at the museum, afterwards at studio i think.

sunday - river deli but ryan and tyler came by and that was really nice, later i walked to studio with tyler- i went to amandas exhausted and we laid in bed and slept early.

saturday- clemence birthday party in the evening, shot millie at tv studio in day and then walked aorund with ryan sleepy, crashed at daniels before midtown. later met with seashell downtown and crashed at daniels around 4 am.

friday - studio day, not sure, then went to honey's for jamies birthday. thursday -

dec. 12

looking for some notes in previous cc book i realize i havent been keeping a sketchbook and its probably driving me totally nuts. like not meditating or stretching, this is barely a diary itself, why is life better when i write down something about unloading or constipation, swallowed up by thoughts nowhere to pour, i guess its been video shoot mode and work mode, reading a lot too or not a lot but important moments, i guess mental radio was the most important moment of reading, and joyce listening, drawing in large scale, something important to remember start the year with a decent sized sketchbook not necessariy to lug around but rather to open every day, and a habit of daily pour which somehow in all my motion i have managed to lose, it makes enough sense i guess.

letter to mvda dec 19

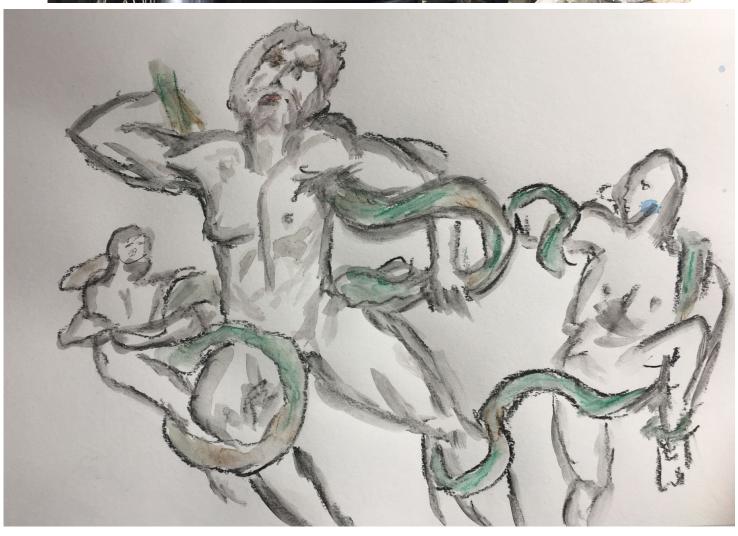
M, your beautiful text forced me to write - something i have been putting off for what feels like a long time or telling myself i cant write here i cant focus which is semi true but also lazy. later i will recount the week to myself if only to understand how and why time goes. but now i try to stay focused. i love the delayed transcript or something like it of the text you sent that was the audio to the video, something tells me youre better at speaking your thoughts than you think. but anyway i like the spelling of Jezus, so much easier to swallow- i wonder if intentional doesn't matter either way, before this i was reading about Jesus' spit in a taoist book about golden elixer and the role of saliva in the endocrine system. reading chapter one it made me want to strech so i did yoga and i love this thoughtful saliva thing because it makes every minute worth while. I told Tyler I would name a child Saliva nickname them Spit. Anyay the book tells about the beautiful vitamins etc in spit. Im in the studio early, will sleep soon and return t dusting tomorrow. Its such a pleasure to be alone in the museum twice a week. This weekend I

didnt do much mostly recovered from how much i did the days leading up to it. And planning some days for the future. Im photographing drawings next week, of course i somehow lost two favorite ones but i pray they are somewhere. thewhole thing is sort of depressing. something about living or making with more intention.

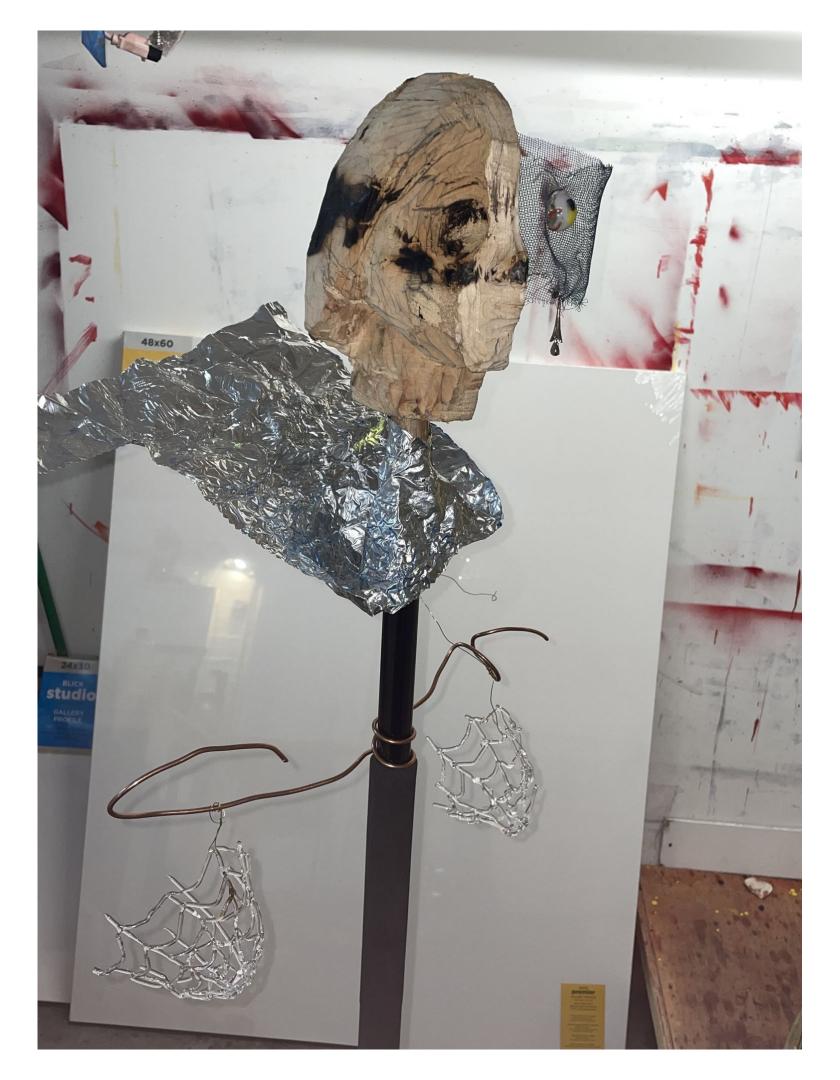
i see what you mean about the beds as crosses sans bodies, im also honored you would say i know the body. im not quite sure i do but i love digging into the body and getting lost in muscle, i think xray vision would turn me on or maybe the gayest part of me is the desire to put my hands inside other people's bodies, assholes are generally so tight my fingers go numb in them - pussys are not like that they are so warm and welcoming throbbing with warmth or soemthing. Im glad you got to see the derek jarman show thoung i understand the frustration, or i guess its nice they had screenings and in the end maybe the visual stuff well i dont know. its nice he did htat i didnt really realize or i guess i dont know much about him. now i wonder these days if i should apply to some sort of directing program or what a waste but maybe i shjoud look at what jarman did.

its crazy in new york right now, i worry my mother will not come for xmas out of fear or that my sister wont either, so im partially gearing up for xmas alone with friends and hallucinogens, not bad. done it before with great success, sort of. everyones got covid here. i havent been able to get tested because...well lines are long, but in the end everyones been exposed, i went to the opera thursday and it really felt like a sinking ship. the opera itself was new production so that was exciting, i smoked a tiny hit of weed which made my udgment hazy and i projected a lot of ideas onto it but anyway it was a pleasiire maybe the last opera for a while. hm not sure. anyway-got sidetrackerd looking at directing mfas, luckily i missed all the deadlines for year. i was eyeing netherlands cus \$ and proximity but didnt see anything that looked good. yale and brown seem like best options though i dread idea of living in the cities where those schools are, Connecticut and new hampshire ugh. but i think it would yield some sort of professional work. anyway, i thought i had juicy thoughts to share with you but maybe its why i havent been writting because every time i sit to do it i feel like an empty head not in a zen way. maybe im the opposite about words where i feel like a genius when i speak them to myself or tyler or think it in my brain but when i start to write i find there's nothing to say. which leaves me at the next script i want to write which is something where words dont land but tones carry meaning, i dont know, i hope you're ready because im deeply investing myself into reading this particular book for two months and im sure i will kindly ask you to read some to me because its the kind of book you need to read aloud. anyway its like oil for me right now. i have to go somewhere just to read it, though i would not think of going to ireland, and then by the time i get to greece with it im sure i will want to read some greek plays. in an emotional time space connection way. wish i had a funny joke or something to tell you. i hopeparis was fun and that being back in brussels is nice too. im working a lot less now and life is easier this way though i have to stop spending money.









CASTING

Casting has a double purpose. I cast actors for moving image works and sculptures, often (such as in my most recent body of work) these are the same people. An inversion of liveness occurs when it becomes clear that the cast for the movie becomes more of a surface, an image within a painting - devoid of character, dialogue, noise or liveness. While the cast for the sculpture takes on a new life as an active performer, constantly looping - with no breaks or signature needed. Controlled. It's internal dynamics becoming the elemental part of the work, the recognizable part of itself -its face, almost invisible.

In the past year I have been casting four people in both roles, as molds for sculptures and as amateur actors in a scriptless-improvised movie.

The "theme" of both works revolves around sound. In the movie, the only directions given to the actors are to either mime making sound or mime listening. The central focus of the movie for me as the director is the notion that sound travels faster in water than it does in air, for this reason all of the footage takes place in or around water. Post-production and editing are inherent to the structure of the movie itself, shots where the characters are asked to pose while the camera moves around for a new angle pre-empt specific cuts, while shots listening to imagined sound hinge on future foley. The climax of the scene is the visualization of a bell ringing in water, the surface of the water illustrates the otherwise invisible sound waves. These sound waves are not what we hear when we see the film but it does not matter. The entire movie itself is over three hours long with no narrative arc and is transmitted via electrical signal with interference brought on by other waves and humidity. It wears the skin of narrative film but it is the substrate of the film itself, the mechanics of its construction and its transmission that is central to the work.

Meanwhile, the same image actors become 3 dimensional again through a process which to me is very photographic, impression into material. This can occur in two ways and the results are subject to entirely different physics. The face is painted with body safe silicon and covered by plaster bandages. This leaves a negative impression which sometimes appears concave due to the optical effect known as ____. The mold is filled with plaster and I am left with a positive of the actor's face. Then, using a flameworking technique i developed specifically to make these works - I use thin borosilicate glass rods to create a gridded mask of the face. This is very much like three dimensional drawing, the glass is clear. In this process, the original plaster cast crumbles from the heat and in the end I am left with only a glass impression of the surface of the face. This face then becomes a mask for a headless body, constructed out of steel rods and adorned with different anatomical substitutes. Most recently I have been using these actors as Sound Systems, various orifices imagined and real are substituted with dynamic speakers. Two of the main actors in Mystic Movie were cast as Echo and Narcissus. Echo's sexual organ was replaced with a speaker and played back the sound Narcissus was making as he spews black water into a reflection of himself in the reflecting pool he stands in. Here the flow of water disrupts the image and generates live sound. in the movie, the bell ringing in the water has a similar purpose. in the sculpture the sound you would understand to be real water is actually foley sound effects, while in the movie audio from the shoot was kept intact. Another inversion between inanimate and animate.

In this cast, who is the stand-in and who is the body double?

Considering the transmission of electricity as a live event, a performance if framed correctly, the sculptural cast is theatrical. The figures emit sound and cast shadows in the space with us.

The actors in Mystic Movie are mute, their transmission or their message depends on finding ways to hear the unhearable. They seek to use water as a medium for the message but who is listening, they link to the past and future- this is all they can do as there is no present with them, or the present loops whenever we see them on the screen, it is always the present.

Mystic Movie is a period drama which moves from early 1600s in New York to modern day.

By using this casting process I am able to cut through time. My next actor will be brought to life in a new way thanks to an existing cast of Laoocon purchased from _____. Using the same process for making a glass mask, I will re-incarnate Laocoon and reconstruct his setting. Re write his past or future, he will exists in the present always. Cast in the movie, subtely animated by air, electricity or water like Warburg's wind.

This photographic process feels like being able to splice into...

I often use myths or operas as points of entry or departure, like by taking the cast list or finding a secret moment in the plot you can cut through time and space - something that has been staged and told so many times.. it is beyond public domain.

CASTING

how mute-ness ties into all of this when its so much about sound...

The actors are mute they have no dialogue except for gutteral sound.

The sculptures most essential function is to transmit or emit sound.

Closed Caption books and Closed Caption of Mystic Movie.

The close caption of mystic movie (as opposed to hearing the sound??..sometimes?) has the ability communicate telepathically with the viewer, sometimes the sound is audible sometimes it is not, sometimes it is seen often it is not..

Close Captions exist as text, language, they take precedence over dialogue. in Opera, the singing takes precendene over dialogue- in my opinion everything takes precendence over plot in opera. the plot seems to evaporate a little more everytime it is staged. i am interested in the distillation of the narrative or the story, where the condensation of evaporated story telling lands. how does it affect our sensorial and cognitive processes. Similarly it is the substrate that these plots can exist and attach themselves onto that i am

eximining, the structure and elasticity of whatever the media is...

by making this the primary focus in my research it is easy then to have actors as sculptures being active actors while in the movie they are often frozen like sculptures- whose only capacity is to change the air pressure around them... within the frame of the screen. this change in air pressure actually happens in post production, a photo of a sculpture that is what they become.

casting, lost wax casting (investment casting)etymology of cast is from old norse- kasta- to throw

transmit etymology is trans-across, mittere- to send (latin) capture from latin capere- seize, taken act from agere- a thing done, event (does this imply past?)

in previous portfolio i am wiritng a lot about performance and installation, the actor as the prop.

is it possible i subconciously cast the same effing people to be my sculptures as in my movie (anton, raine, nathaniel, tyler) in order to turn them into props.. total control when it comes to sculpture, relinquish control as a director and let them move around however there is a mutenes... opera fills a room with sound... what is the substrate that is left.

pam lins on distillation.

relief

frame rates and distance...how does this relationship work.. what fps is 360 video

think about Puccini's Fire with regards to casting. these characters were cast long ago, now they remain as roles and soon they are my actors within a larger work that refrences their escape from yet another re-staging.

"something that existed before the moment" this is the source of meaning, tying into that gESTURE. - R.KRAUSS

why is the act of **Making The Movie** what i care about much more than a finished movie itself

the editing or the telling of a plot is not important what is important is the transmission or the possibility of a moment to be captured and then manipulated into something that resembles

the skin of narrative movie...

the act of casting - in the movie it works as soon as the image is taken (for me) but for the world it has to be transmitted into a Cinematic Context

in order for these figures and scenes to become frozen, immobile, occuring in time whenever they appear on the screen...

in sculpture it is the same...

television studio cast moves fluidly between front and back of camera.. there is no behind, the control room is the only thing which is removed from the equation : email rafael and ask who might have the footage - include screenshot..

"all artworks really ruins pointing outside themselves" seth price Redistribution, rewatch?

Tunnel Boring Machine casts its own walls as it moves forward.. casting.

TV Studio enticing because the event happens live, the editing happens live, it is a live cast. it is a lost wax in a way. the original moment gone.

first figureative sculptures occured after aaron's coma, relation to machines used for breathing etc.. who was i talking with this about?

sound as strucutre, the loss of voice because of distance (bridging this gap or expanding it) propagation

muted actors, silent film, closed caption

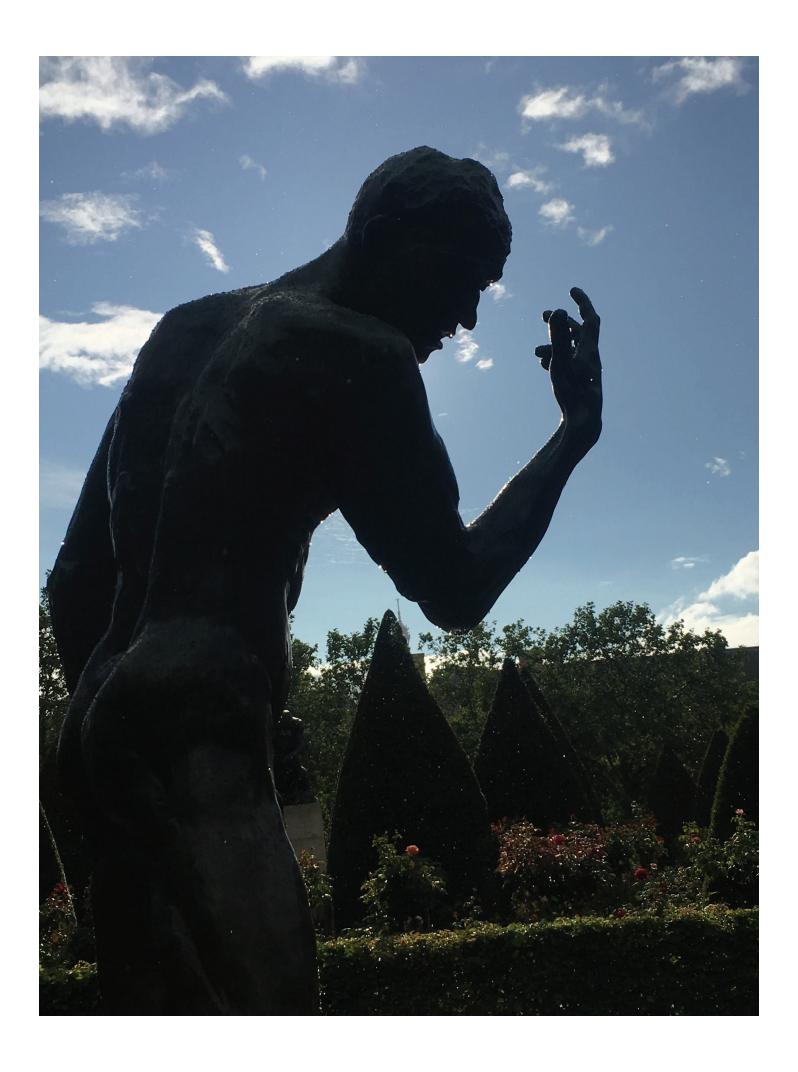
medieval sequence, paintings as several episodes in a story (casting Laocoon, *the original drama*)

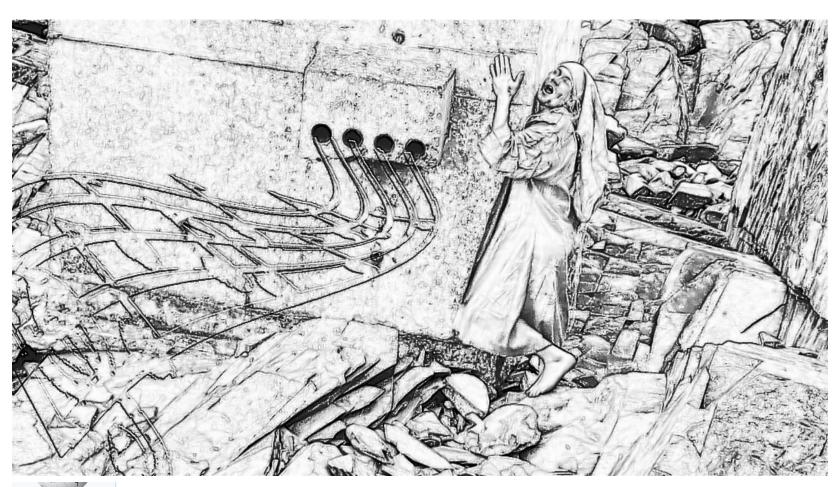






Moulages Museum - plaster molds for previous sculptures- Brussels, BE spring 2021







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Breath (play)

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

For other uses, see Breath (disambiguation).

Breath is a notably short stage work by Samuel Beckett. An altered version was first included in Kenneth Tynan's revue Oh! Calcuttal, at the Eden Theatre in New York City on June 16, 1969. The UK premiere was at the Close Theatre Club in Glasgow in October 1969; this was the first performance of the text as written. The second performance, and the English premiere, was at a benefit held at the Oxford Playhouse on March 8, 1970. "The first accurate publication appeared in Gambit 4.16 (1969): 5–9, with a manuscript facsimile." [1]

Contents [hide]

- 1 Synopsis
- 2 History
 - 2.1 A filmed version
- 3 References
- 4 External links

Synopsis [edit]

Even for Beckett, whose later plays are often extremely short, *Breath* is an unusually brief work. Its length can be estimated from Beckett's detailed instructions in the script to be about 35 seconds. It consists of the sound of "an instant of recorded vagitus" [2] (a birth-cry), followed by an amplified recording of somebody slowly inhaling and exhaling accompanied by an increase and decrease in the intensity of the light. There is then a second identical cry, and the piece ends. No people are seen on stage, but Beckett states that it should be "littered with miscellaneous rubbish." He did specify however that there were to be "no verticals", the rubbish was to be "all scattered and lying."

Breath

Place premiered Eden Theatre, New York

Date premiered June 16, 1969

Samuel Beckett

Written by

Characters

History [edit]

Tynan, who was the Literary Manager at the National Theatre in London and was devising Oh! Calcutta!, had asked Beckett " ... to write a brief skit for an erotic review, and Beckett agreed when he heard that Edna O'Brien, Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon and Tynan himself were planning to contribute. All the contributions were to be listed anonymously on the programme so that none of the contributors would be identified with his writing."[3]

Beckett sent the text of the play on a postcard to Tynan. At the first production, his staging was altered to make the work fit in with the somewhat risque nature of the revue by adding naked bodies to the rubbish, suggesting that the work was about sexual intercourse. "In one of his few displays of public anger, Beckett called Tynan a 'liar' and a 'cheat', prompting Tynan to send a formal notice through his lawyers that he was not responsible for the travesty, which he claimed was due to others ... Beckett decided the incident wasn't worth the



which had to be eliminated. Although the control experiment is not totally free from mechanically induced fluctuaattained. Direct measurement of the electrical charge of which we attached the electrode directly to the place on ensure that the results were not affected by mechanical produced no fluctuations, it was nevertheless necessary to covered end against glass or an electrolyte-moistened cloth ments showed that rubbing the electrode or its rubberby a broken contact. Finally, there was one other concern tions in the values obtained; e.g., disruptions may be caused alone would suppress any excitation. Also, direct measurethe genitals during coitus is impossible. The manipulation made it improbable that the intended goal could ever be the experimental arrangement in the first experiments, in electrical excitation occurring during the sexual act. But next photograph of excitation during ejaculation (XXI). directly. At this state of the investigations, we obtained the because I could see no other way but measuring excitation processes at the electrode. At first there was no answer, the surface where the measurement was to be carried out,

The subject's orgasm was disturbed (masturbation had to be stopped just before ejaculation). During ejaculation, the electrode (KCl) rested on the glans penis. At the start of the climax, a positive trend in the basic potential occurs; then, at regular intervals corresponding to uniform periods of time, the potential rises in steep peaks of about 10 mv each. We cannot say with certainty whether the second large positive trend with its two separate peaks represents, like the first three-peaked excursion, bursts of ejaculation. Since 2.3 mm on the photograph corresponds to a time of one second, as can be clearly seen on the EKG, probably only the first three-peaked positive movement corresponds to the ejaculation, while the other peaks correspond to the

post-ejaculatory contractions of the penis. The regular spacing and also the more or less regular (although slightly decreasing) height is indicative of the biological character of the phenomena. The basic potential also decreases after an initial rise.

There are uncertainties, both because of the technical difficulties and because of the demands of the psychic situation. But the basic characteristics of the phenomenon cannot be doubted. The form of electrical excitation, of the rise and fall in potential, corresponds to what one would expect, based on clinical experience. The drop in orgastic excitation must in principle (independent of the magnitude) be equal to the rise; it does not have the gradient of the rise. After ejaculation has taken place, the basic potential remains steady; i.e., in the horizontal plane in the photograph at -25 mv. We must point out here that the orgastic excitation curve in this instance does not exhibit the deep negative plunges of the pre-orgastic friction curve; instead, it rises above the basic potential in the positive direction only.

The technique of indirect measurement

In order to carry out the main experiment in such a way that psychic disruptions were eliminated as completely as possible, we had to find a way to measure excitation indirectly. For this purpose, we had to determine whether the potential of two surfaces rubbing rhythmically together could be detected when two fingertips are used as the measurement sites. The experiment could only give correct results if (1) the potential indicated corresponded in form to the excitation of the sites being tested; (2) the direct measurement sites, the fingertips, were held still; (3) the

if, for example, during coitus, one interrupts particularly pleasurable friction and remains still. Then an impulse from the center sparks renewed friction, which builds up peripheral charge. We will be able to observe this back and forth of excitation in detail further below.

Accordingly, we must distinguish carefully between four types of negative electrical reaction at the periphery:

- 1. Central tension resulting from peripheral charge
- 2. Peripheral orgastic discharge

3. Anxiety reaction

 Extinction of the source of tension—death, following biopathic shrinking

In all four types, the surface potential falls. In the first, a recharge occurs, and the result is *pleasure*. In the second, the charge drops below the resting potential and returns to the zero state; this is the process of *orgastic discharge*. In the third, the tension remains central: *anxiety*. The fourth type of negative electrical reaction corresponds to *death*. According to present experimental findings, dying tissue takes on a negative charge; the central source of charge is extinguished and the organism gradually shrivels.

If we distinguish between the different functions of the same negative direction of biophysical excitation, we will be better able to bring some order into the wealth of phenomena.

ELECTRICAL EXCITATION IN KISSING

Inadequacies of direct measurement

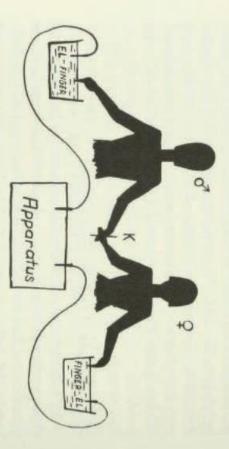
From the start of our experimental work, our goal was to accomplish the main experiment; i.e., to record on film the

mained the same, independent of the size of the contact surfaces. basic potential of two skin surfaces touching together re-

In the following three electrophotographs we see:

- each other (XXII) The resting potential of two hand surfaces touching
- The pressure phenomenon elicited by pressing one of the fingertips against the glass bottom of a container
- The rise in potential which results when two people touch their palms gently together (XXIV)

The measurement is carried out in the following way:



at its familiar setting of about -20 mv. When at rest, the superimposed on the tracing. The resting potential appears rubbing of one fingertip on the glass bottom of the electrosee some negative spikes, which correspond to vigorous basic potential is horizontal. On the second photograph, we In the first photograph we see the EKGs of both subjects

> gently again to the previous resting potential. After the stroking stopped, the basic potential dropped tive trend into a negative trend; i.e., a full in potential. about 40 mv elicited by gentle stroking. Direct observalyte container. On the third photograph, we see strong tion showed that any harder contact changed the posipositive-trending spikes up to +20 mv, thus amounting to

potential. The subjects were two women. pressure. Overall, there is a slight increase in the basic well-being; each negative excursion corresponds to strong antithesis of pleasure and pressure. It shows pressure apgently rubbed together. The results were directly observed plied in a handshake, alternating with the palms being Each rise in potential corresponds exactly to a feeling of The next photograph (XXV) impressively illustrates the

pleasure and strong friction decreases it. experience that gentle friction during intercourse increases The results of these experiments remind us of our clinical

ment. In the next photograph (XXVI), we see the respective potentials obtained when various skin surfaces were We will now add a report about the main control experi-

Two forearms (inner surfaces Two palms Two finger surfaces Two fingertips Two forearms (outer surfaces about about -10 my about -20 my about -10 my about -20 mv -20 mv

graphed the following kiss exchanged by a happy couple i.e., steep peaks, separated by deep valleys. XXVII). We see the already familiar frictional excitations Encouraged by these incontestable results, I photo-

one centimeter equals about 3.33 mv. One centimeter horizontally equals one second; vertically tional excitation in "slow motion" and greatly magnified. The next electrophotograph (XXVIII) shows the fric-

excitation peak is essentially similar in shape. But the details remained uninvestigated. Overall, the basic potential increases. We see that each

abrupt drop toward negative values, denoting annoyance. surfaces touching each other without moving, when they of the oscillograph itself.) From this, we conclude that the due to friction likewise grow smaller. Finally, we see an unpleasurable. The woman very soon expressed strong discitation when a kiss exchanged by the same couple becomes ences) is independent of the size of the area of the two skin magnitude of the potential (except for negligible differfluctuations around the base line correspond to oscillations tography. (As control tests on inorganic matter revealed, the pleasure; the basic potential declines and the fluctuations are unexcited. the camera—1 cm equals 1 second—as in slow-motion pho-This picture was taken with the film running fast through The next photograph (XXIX) shows us the course of ex-

measurement, a naked embracing couple, when the man was kissing the woman's breast (XXX). were carried out, we now recorded, by means of indirect On the basis of these experiments and the controls that

disturbed coitus. The question now was no longer whether of full sexual excitation that can be achieved during unsee the two EKG's. The bodies were resting together. The fluctuations of the kiss are about 10 my each, as usual. We this, we were entitled to draw conclusions about the level the experiment, but nevertheless it reached +100 mv. From total excitation was greatly impaired by the conditions of The basic potential is at about +100 mv; the frictional

> could be recorded at all from a photographable zero line. but rather whether, due to the magnitude of the charge, it there was an electrical charge and discharge during coitus,

RESULTS OF THE CONTROL EXPERIMENTS

referred to the control experiments on inorganic matter could be duplicated on inorganic matter. We have already to specifically biological excitation processes; that is, if they have no far-reaching importance if they did not correspond I will now present a summary of them, The electrical phenomena at the erogenous zones would

Errors due to poor insulation

for positive potential effects. that the effect is negative and thus is not a source of error disappear if the touching is repeated frequently. We note inal level of the potential is soon regained. The deflections This source of error is easily recognized, because the origtion varies according to the individual doing the touching toward negative values. The degree of the negative defleclight beam is rapidly deflected from its resting position can appear on the oscillograph which do not originate from touches the subject who is connected to the apparatus, the the place on the body being measured. For example, if a third person or the person in charge of the experiment If the leads or the electrodes are poorly insulated, spikes

vibration of the wires results in oscillations which cannot connected; when the machine is switched on, mechanical reducing. The leads to the electrodes must be firmly lograph, but they are always negative-trending; i.e., current-Poorly insulated electrodes produce spikes on the oscil-





THE BRAIN'S AUDITORIUM:

DIRECTO

TYLER BERRIER
IRINA JASNOWSKI PASCUAL

MUSICIANS
ORGAN
Olivier Hartmann
BAROQUE VIOLIN
Emilie Mory

VOICES
Katherina Haberl
Raine Trainor
Margot Vanheusden

BODIES Tyler Berrier Ryan Cullen

RAT CAMERA Harald Thys

LIGHTING/DIRECTOR
Irina Jasnowski Pascual

Produced and presented as part of Les Urbaines Special Edition 2021

Friday July 2 22:00

Saturday July 3 22:00

Sunday July 4 21:00

Temple de Chavannes Rue Centrale 10, 1022 Chavannes-pres-Renens Switzerland

"Memory!
Gather into the brain's auditorium
The bottomless lines of those who are dear to me. From eye to eye, pour mirth into all of them.
Light up the night with the by-gone festivity.
From body to body, pour the joyous mood.
Let no man forget this night. Listen to me, I will play the flute.
On my backbone tonight."

Prologue of 'Backbone Flute', 1915 by Vladimir Mayakovsky

New Production

Free Admission

1. Improvisation d'Olivier Hartmann sur *Tutto Sta Tornando a Me*, Tyler Berrier

followed by Faronells *Division Upon a Ground*, Michel Farinel *The Division Violin*, Playford

A material manifestation of a Sonic Incantation. Sound travels faster in water than in air.

ULTRA-SONATA in Five Movements

I. Air Sucked out of Room / Water Drama

II. Mouth and Throat Architecture: The Auricle's Soliloquy

III. Quarantined Opera Singer Cries in Her Car a. Starring Katharina Haberl in various states of distress; recorded April 2020 enacted July 2021

IV. Tarantism / Lazzo of Fear (Naples 1626) and Lazzo of Yes and No (Rome 1616)

V. Volleyballet performed to Scenic Route (balancing on compressed air) a. Motion Tracked Landscape 1.Lazzo of the Bastonate (Naples 1699) - Air fills room

Technics Sx-px3321 Electric Piano by Tyler Berrier Yamaha psr-E323 Keyboard by Irina Jasnowski Pascual Music Including some Creative Commons Audio from Freesound.org Reverberant Spaces transposed brought to you live via recording technology.

Script by TPB + IJP Shoe Sculptures by TB

Mixed and Directed by IJP

2. L'Annonciation, Sonates du Rosaire, Heinrich I. van Biber

Performed on historically-informed built organ in the style of 17th century Haut-Valsais Organs and baroque violin with strings made of innards

Manually pumped by Irina Jasnowski Pascual and Tyler Berrier

TSDCA.ORG

Around 3000BC, China and India accompanied their theatrical productions with incorporated music and sound, and we know of examples of sound usage throughout the history of theatre. In Greek tragedies and comedies the productions call for storms, earthquakes, and thunder when gods appear. There is extensive history of the machinery that was used scenically; and even though there are only a few mentions of it, there were also uses of machinery in place for the few sound effects they needed. In the Roman theatre, Heron of Alexandria invented a thunder machine using brass balls that would drop onto dried hides arranged like a kettledrum, and a wind machine with fabric draped over a rotating wheel.

Roman Empire

During the Roman Empire, Aristotle noted that the chorus could be heard better on a hard surface rather than when they stood on sand or straw, beginning the understanding of reflection and absorption for audience cognition. You could say he was the first theatre acoustician. Because the Greeks also had an understanding of how sound traveled to an audience with their stepped seating structure, in the 1st century BC, Vitruvius, a Roman architect, used the Greek structure to build new theatres, but he had a deeper understanding of sound as he was known to be the first to claim that sound travels in waves like a ripples after a stone is thrown in water. His work was instrumental in creating the basis of modern architectural acoustic design.

Medieval and Jacobean

Sound effects were needed for the depiction of hell and the appearance of God in religious plays, the tools of drums and stones in reverberant machinery held over from the Greek theatre. And of course, both sung and instrumental music played a big part of medieval plays for both transitions and ambience. In Elizabethan theatre, audiences expected more realism in their entertainment and sound effects, and music begins to be written into texts. As theatre was moving indoors and becoming more professional, sound and music were used to create atmosphere, reproducing pistols, clocks, horses, fanfares, or alarms; but also sound was now being used for symbolic effect of the supernatural and to help create drama. A description of sound effects is listed in *A Dictionary of Stage Directions in English Drama 1580-1642*, which includes everything from simple effects to specific needs for battle scenes.

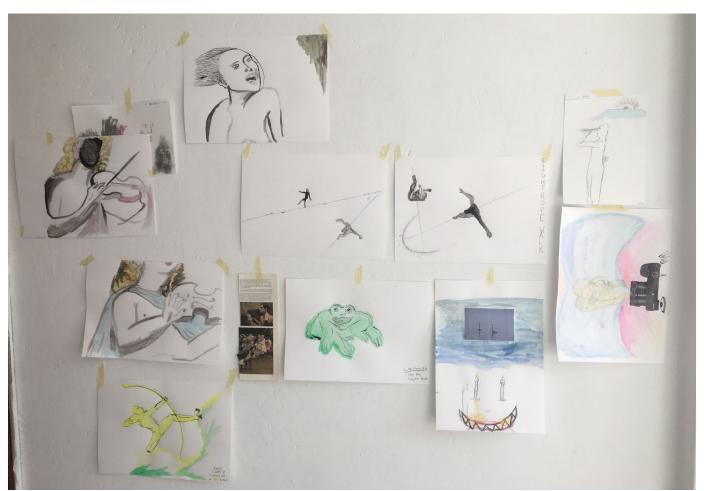
For a short time after Shakespeare's death until 1660, theatre declined in England, and after the English Civil War began in 1642, theatre was forbidden. When King Charles was restored to the throne after the war, theatres began to come alive again in part because the King, while exiled in France, was accustomed to seeing proscenium-designed theatre. Shortly after this, the first theatres were built in America but they did not survive for more than a few years at a time. It was not until the early 1800's that theatres in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco continuously operated.

17th - 18th - 19th Century of Sound

The advent of mechanical devices being developed within the realm of sound effects and sound design in the building of thunder runs (cannonball rolled through chutes), thunder sheets, wind and rain makers. The Bristol Old Vic recently reactivated their 'thunder run' for their 250th anniversary (to see a video). These devices are also highly developed to be cued by an equivalent to an SM in the time, and have a large dedicated "sound crew" to a type of Sound Designer or Director guided to be executed.

Victorian Age and the Use of Recorded Sound

In Michael Booth's book *Theatre in the Victorian Age*, there is documentation of the first use of recorded sound in theatre; a phonograph playing a baby's cry was heard in a London theatre in 1890. In *Theatre Magazine* in 1906, there are two photographs showing the recording of sound effects into the horn of a gramophone for use in Stephen Phillips' tragedy *Nero*.





Attempted Electrical Seance 1: The Edges of Your Music, As If You Were a Storm

"...from time to time, with an imprecise movement, you redraw the outline of your face. And inside you there is hardly any room; and it almost calms you to think that nothing very large can enter this narrowness; that even the tremendous must become an inner thing and shrink to fit its surroundings. But outside, there is no limit to it, and when it rises out there, it fills up inside you as well, not in the vessels that are partly in your control or in the phlegm of your most impassive organs. It rises in your capillaries, sucked up into the outermost branches of your rarified being.
There it mounts, there it overflows you, rising higher than your breath, where you have fled as if to your last refuge. And where will you go from there? Your heart drives you out of yourself, your heart possesses you, and you are already almost outside yourself and can't get back in. Like a beetle that someone has stepped on, you gush out of yourself and your little bit of surface hardens and adaptability has lost all meaning. "
-The Notebooks of Malte by Rainer Maria Rilke

In Order of Appearance:

An attempt to turn anyone who enters the space into a receptive antenna is made by a presentation of a figure as Reclining Receiver (2020). The figure leans back comfortable onto a sound-absorbing padded foam surface. She resides to the left of the entry way, but her gaze is directed outwards through the see-through, sound-proof glass, onto the space of the sidewalk. This sidewalk-facing glass is the outermost surface delineating the container in which the entire exhibition is contained, visually the show extends into the outside. Sounds from inside are inaudible beyond this glass, the radio waves have no problem passing through the glass and so the outside signals enter invisibly. Even layers of drywall couldn't keep radio signals out. The attempt to turn a viewer into an antenna is irrelevant as I'm sure most people entering the space feel no different. The reclining figure intended to be a model for experience or a sort of mirror for the standing, mobile, human receiver. It proposes a viewer could swallow a copper rod whose vibrations resonate from their lowest orifice. It doesn't matter that this doesn't cross the viewer's mind, they enter the space and chances are high that their left ear is confronted with the small speaker which stands in for the place of what is known in Martial Arts, Qi Gong and Acupressure as The Bubbling Spring. This is the central tactile connective point between earth force and your person, the most direct place where your body absorbs Earth energy. The foot in the receiver is raised, anti-gravity. Your foot as a person walking in the space is exerting pressure onto the ground - carrying at least half of your entire weight. Your ear registers the vibrations emanating from the speaker orifices (one is metaphorical (bubbling spring), the other real (genital). The vibration is possible through radio transmission, invisible waves in the air picked up by the antenna on the nearby radio. There is a possible chance that the copper drawing of a tightrope walker (which is hung above the radio antenna- to the left of the reclining figure) is enhancing the strength of the radio signal since materials such as aluminum, copper,

and brass are highly conductive and are ofte used as coaxial and radio antenna. It is also likely that the flesh you walk around in which carries, supports and wraps around your entire muscular structure is also enhancing this electrical activity. It certainly would be true if one were to reach out and touch (me) the antenna. Extending the antenna through your body - the signal becomes much stronger. Skin, the sentient organ, has the ability to conduct electricity. Known to the viewer or not, they have already changed the air. The liquid inside your body has created turbulance in the atmosphere of the room. Through your heat, your charge and your displaced mass you are already an antenna - copper rod or not. And always, you are a receiver since you house these multiple entryways, some of which you can never close (i.e. ears)... And so the radio fades as you move further into the gallery space and then there is an even louder scene.

Thrusting Channel in Liquid Crystal Display Pool is the sonic scene. The rectangular fountain is full of squid ink diluted in water. Squid ink has been used in garden design as a reflecting pool but is made by its makers (squid) as a defense mechanism to render them invisible. The figure thrusting in the pool is propelled by water pressure, the electrical attempt to pump water up to its body genital, through its linear core and out its mouth hole generates semi-constant stream of water which creates mechanical waves in the liquid crystal display monitor it stands in. An image of itself reflects on its turned off Liquid tv screen.

The sound of water hitting the surface of the pool is barely audible over the whirring of the struggling pump. In an attempt to enhance the sound and activate the Sound System observer, I initially connected a contact microphone to the speaker on the observer. The microphone was placed in the pool to pick up the tactile sound of water hitting a piece of foil on which the contact microphone was placed, however due to the electro conductivity of water itself, the microphone picked up electric loud hissing. This was a very exciting problem to have because I understood the charge of the pool in a very haptic way, through added vibrations hitting my cochlea. The sound of electricity becoming shifting air pressure. The rectangular pool itself is a model for the space of the gallery itself, visualizing the sonic ripples occuring in the room using water- aiming to illustrate changes occurring in other dimensions becoming visible in the material world.

Mayve this is a moment to address the structural important of the figures themselves, their anti-resonant skeletal structures in tandem with the importance of non-narrative. Linear frameworks as a way to emphasize the reverbaratory qualities of the hollow, the expandable, inflatable, amorphous. All of my work counters the idea of beginning, middle, end as an arrow which begins on the left and extends to the right, ending at a defined Finite point. This is very

true in the construction of the sculptures, whose parts are reassembled parts of older works and whose faces and accessories are interchangeable to different degrees. A linear trajectory is always, a line. It guides thought process and leaves little room for alternative trajectories, expansions into possibilities are nulled because the line is the guiding force. It is most easy to see this in film and story telling, Raul Ruiz defines this western concept of narrative as conflicresolution theory..

whatever narrative is extracted from the work, what is most important to me is that there are multiple points of entry and exit. Like a movie broadcast on television where the antenna continuously cuts in and out, reconfiguring the sequencing. (LINE FULL) The connective tissue between the works - their ability to transmit (transmit what?). The figures' linearity leaves them with no outside or inside. There is no hollowness or room for vibration anywhere except in their orifices - the standing figure has been equipped with a special type of line- a tube. A tube is a line which has turned in space. A dot moves to become a line, a line moves to become a place, a plane moves and becomes a volume, a volume is a resonant space.

(returning to ideas of narrative with this concept, movement added to a line of though-a story-etc has the ability to transform the story - i dont mean stricitly physical movement, an easy way to engage in this expansion of narrative can be to give in to sleeping in the movie theater - the movement behind your closed lids is revealing of another cognitive process- release yourself (A haiku)

"To sleep in the movies
Is to float in the pool
A picture of me
Becomes Picture of you"

Back to the tube, a volume being a resonant space- a container, a channel. In the Thrusting Channel figure it allows for the passage of water. This generates changes in pressure and the static body is endowed with movement, animated through pressure. While changes in air pressure generate sound, in this instance, pressure exerted by/through water generates movement. A solid line of brass carries electrical signal from the audio transmitter to the Sound System- the faces of the figures are solid lines of borosilicate glass sculpted over cast faces - impressions- tactile (pressure again). The glass drawings are lines whose insides are visible - barely delineating the edges of the world. Casting being a type of photographic rendering, tracing the surface of a face allowing it to return from 3 d to 2 d again. With this logic, it is easiest to look at the entire scene as a drawing in space whose different marks, line widths and

mark making mediums all have different charges, abilities, capacities and they all somehow generate turbulence within the volumetric plane they exist in and you are there too with your thick bones full of marrow, covered in flesh, soaked to the core in liquid that will probably never see the light of day.

The moments i depict in the figures is autonomic, heartbeat, digestion, involuntary. It is not intended to be emotional. (Anti narrative in this way)

In order to shift something between dimensions, movement is required (dot, line)

The vibrating genitals are the only hollowness available on these welded bodies..

The sound itself is foley - define foley. It is not the amplified "true" sound of water hitting the surface. It is a soundtrack to an invisible movie. It is rhythmic water sounds in dispersed with heartbeats, gagging, frogs- barely understood as music but if one listened close you could a hear a rhythm and maybe a chorus or a climax. A scene from another place is teleported into this room, which is far more interesting to me than the reality again amplified because anyway when you hear it, if you hear it, you might really believe it is the sound of water-really. Just like we thought that train was really crashing into that movie theater in 1912.

With our own movement through space - entering into the backroom- an echo is made. It is a false echo because the sound is carried from the front room using a ten foot copper wire. Tapes along the floor and the seam of the building, you cross over it without notive, like a semi permeable membrane capable of osmosis. Moving forward in space and time, the sound from the front room is delayed, like an echo would be. Using an audio transducer which converts electrical signal to vibrations, the steel walls of a once revolving, found-container emit reverberate the false echo. There is foil inside the steel drum, this further complicates the resonance inside the chamber - the volumetric form is a character with endless surfaces for vibration. The 'monster' is titled Echo, thinking of Ovid's echo in which she loses her body and now only exists as the rocks the sound bounces off- Echo lives forever without a body, like music as notation (temporal shift) the flat sheet of aluminum becomes a hollow place with endless possibilities.

Across from this is another joke on dimensions. A rapid shift between 2 to 3 to 2 again happens at the speed of light in your eye's mind your mind's eye? The mesh is a more direct impression of the face (the glass faces are one step removed, casting then surface). When the mesh shadow is cast it becomes more 3 dimensional than the object itself. Resembling digital rendering in space and referential to the digital mesh we build entire digital works on (see

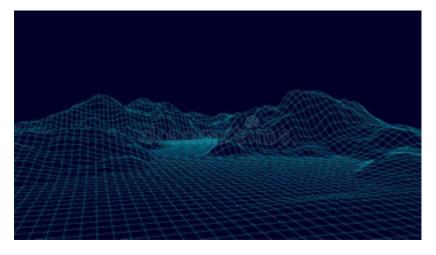


image). The mesh works are made for the trained 21st century eye, they prey on the way in which our perception is trained by our world-making apparatus and formed by new technologies. (M.b. notes?) The mesh mobile is suspended with copper, repurposed from conductive line to

structural anti-gravity balancing tool - no antenna needed, your eye is the conduit here (skin and brain from a resonating vessel) -parables of the digital book

The two drawings hanging in the very back of the gallery were selected from a stack of fifty. They were chosen because they are little winks at all the things previously mentioned. The flute is a tube with holes which is played with breath from our lungs (wind current). A voluntary/ determined/honed autonomic action generates shifts in tone which we call music (polyphony). It is a resonant line. (Think of any story and turn it into a flute?) A volumetric line would be the tightrope depicted at the front on the copper plate. (A line which becomes ground for the walker.)

The drawing across from the flautist is a rendition of an Oskar Schlemmer drawing made in early April last year when physical movement was restricted to a very tight space. Schelmmer's use of this drawing was to exemplify the laws of the organic human, "which reside in the invisible function of their inner self: heartbeat, circulation, respiration, the activities of the brain and nervous system. If there are to be determining factors, then their center is in the human being, whose movements and emanations create an imaginary space. Cubical-abstract space is then only the horizontal and vertical framework for this flow. These movements are determined organically and emotionally. They constitute the physical impulses (together with the mimetics of the face), which find expression in the great actor and in the mass scenes of great tragedy. " (p.25 bauhaus ballet)

The entire show is an attempt to make visually imperceptible forms and forces visually perceptible, a display of Energetic Simultaneity. The system or cognitive process I attempted to describe is the most important aspect of the show. The circulation or autonomic functions of the

show itself, electricity, air pressure, things that occur without our altering anything- transmission-reveal complex processes tha make experience possible and ...

WIND CURRENT, ELECTRICAL CURRENT, WATER CURRENT

The greek origin on the word pneuma as in breath, wind current, electrical current, water current. a word used in English in various sense from late 19c. ("breath;" "spirit;" "soul;" "a breathing;" also as a technical term), from Greek pneuma "a blowing, a wind, blast; breeze; influence; breathed air, breath; odor, scent; spirit of a person; inspiration, a spirit, ghost," from pnein "to blow, to breathe," from PIE root *pneu- "to breathe," of imitative origin (compare Greek pnoe "breath," pnoia "breathing;

pneumatic (adj.)

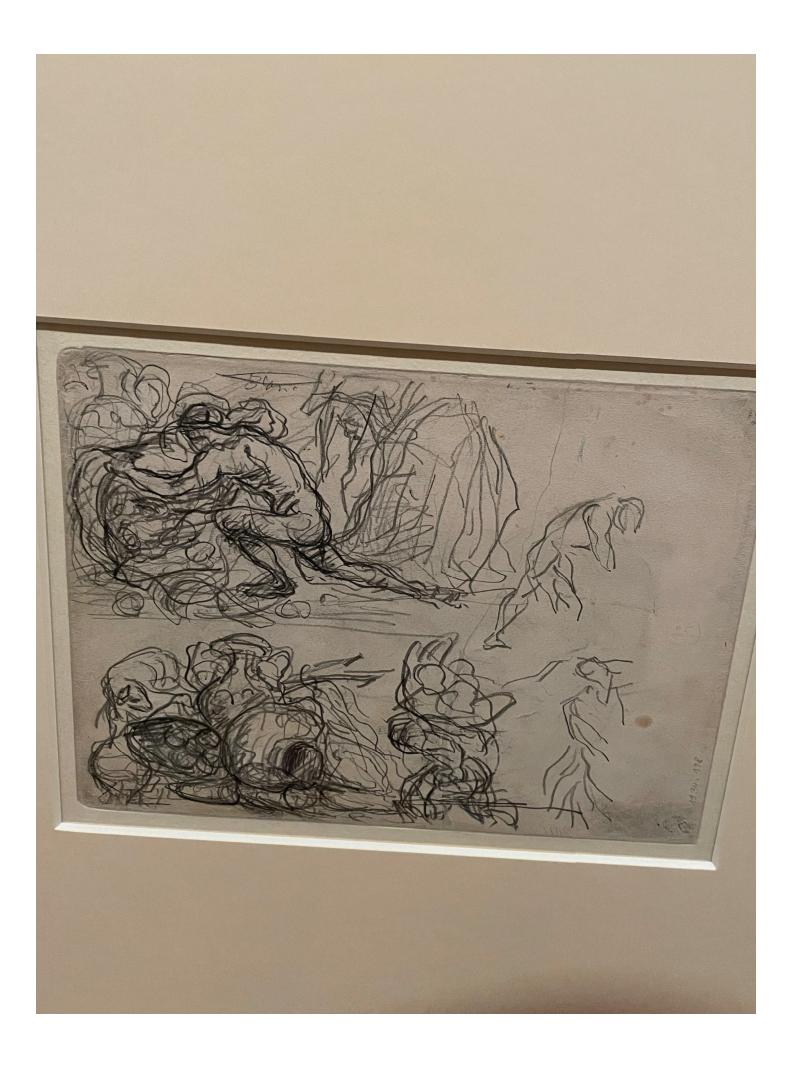
"moved or played by means of air; of or pertaining to air or gases," 1650s, from Latin pneumaticus "of the wind, belonging to the air," from Greek pneumatikos "of wind or air" (which is attested mainly as "of spirit, spiritual"), from pneuma (genitive pneumatos) "the wind," also "breath" (see pneuma). Earlier was pneumatical (c. 1600). The pneumatic-dispatch tube was so called by 1859 (in Paris, pneumatique).

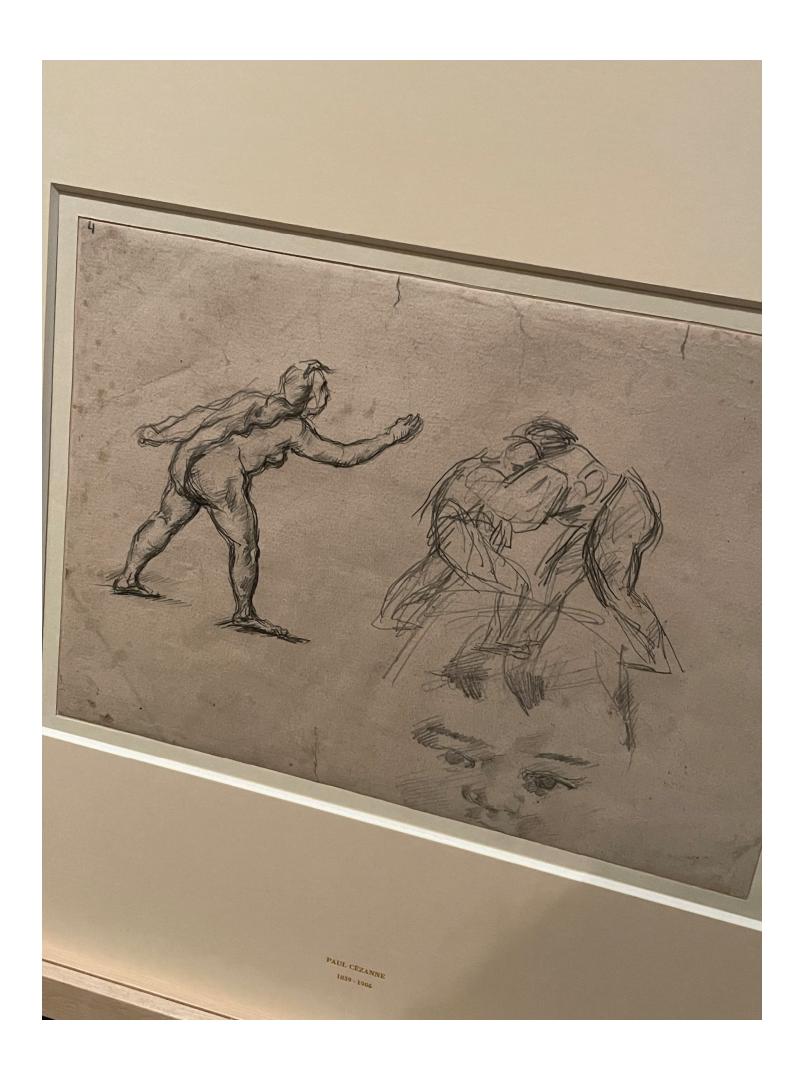
current (n.)

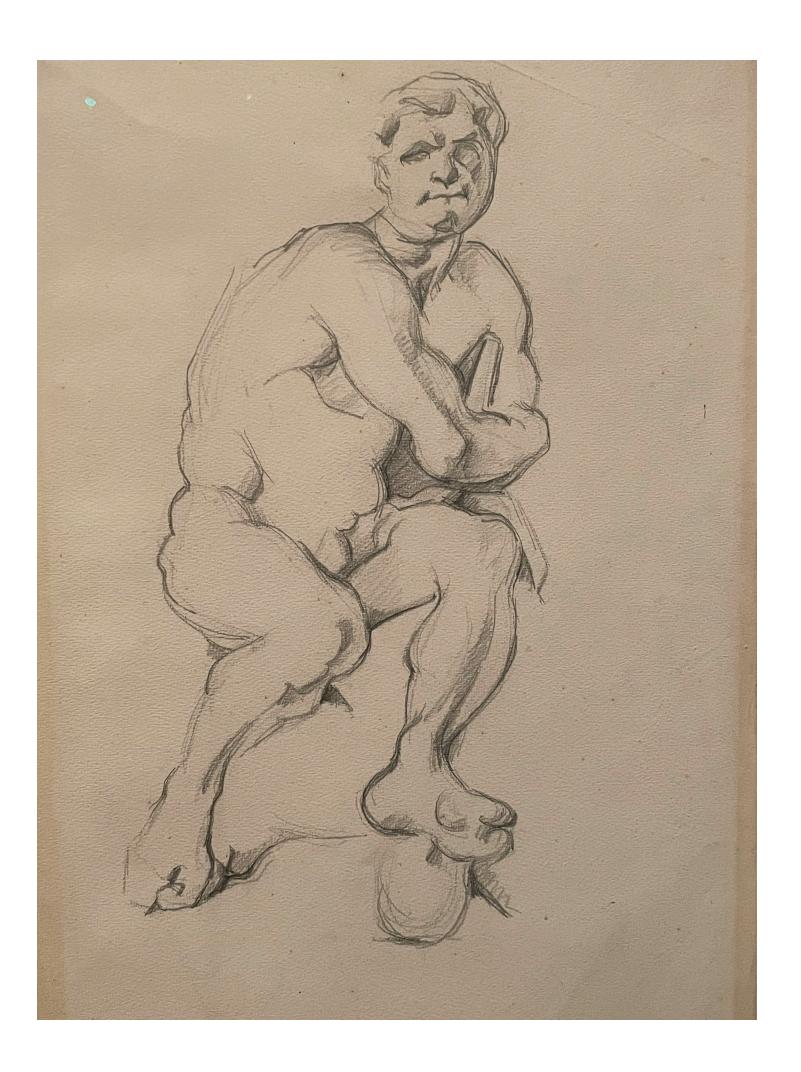
late 14c., curraunt, "that which runs or flows," from Old French corant (Modern French courant), from Old French corant (see current (adj.)). Meaning "a flowing," especially "portion of a large body of water or air moving in a certain direction," is from 1550s. Applied from 1747 to the flowing of electrical force through a conducting body (electricity formerly was regarded as a sort of fluid).

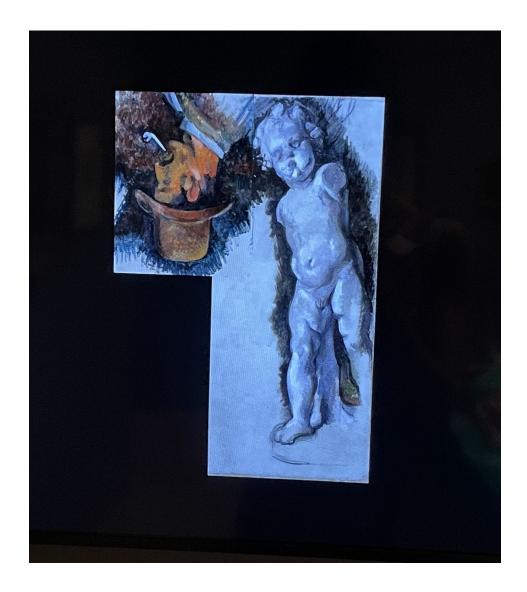


drawings from cezanne show at moma july 2021

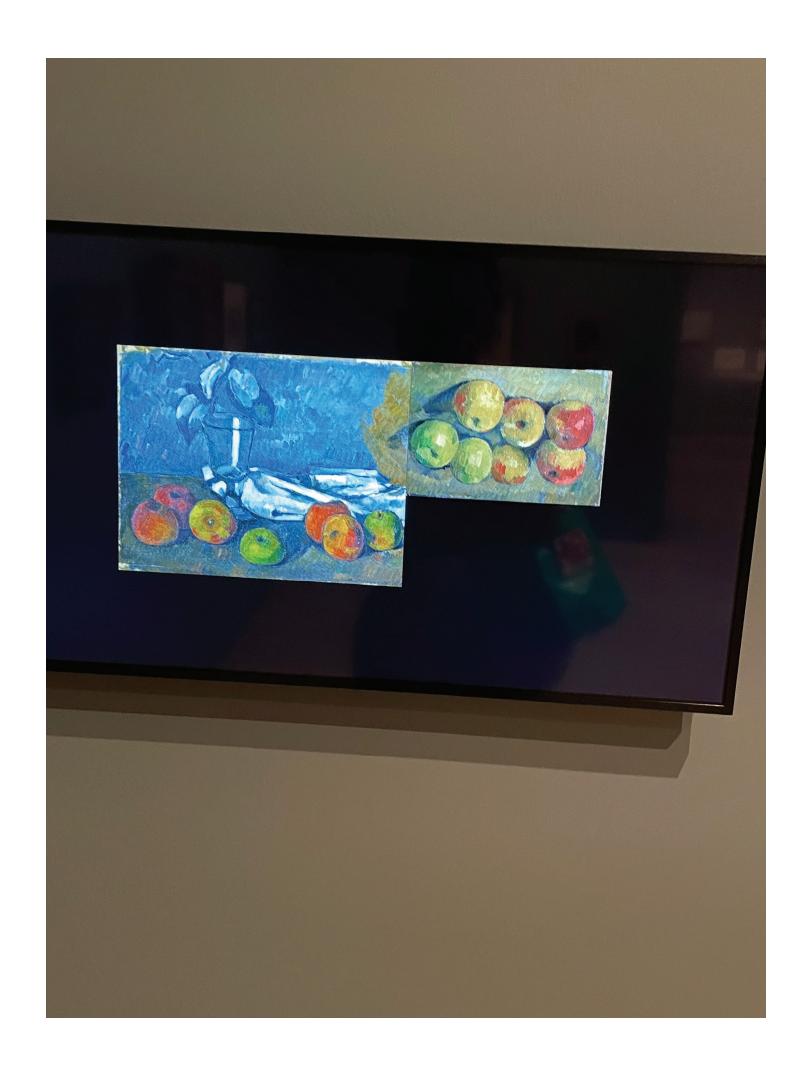




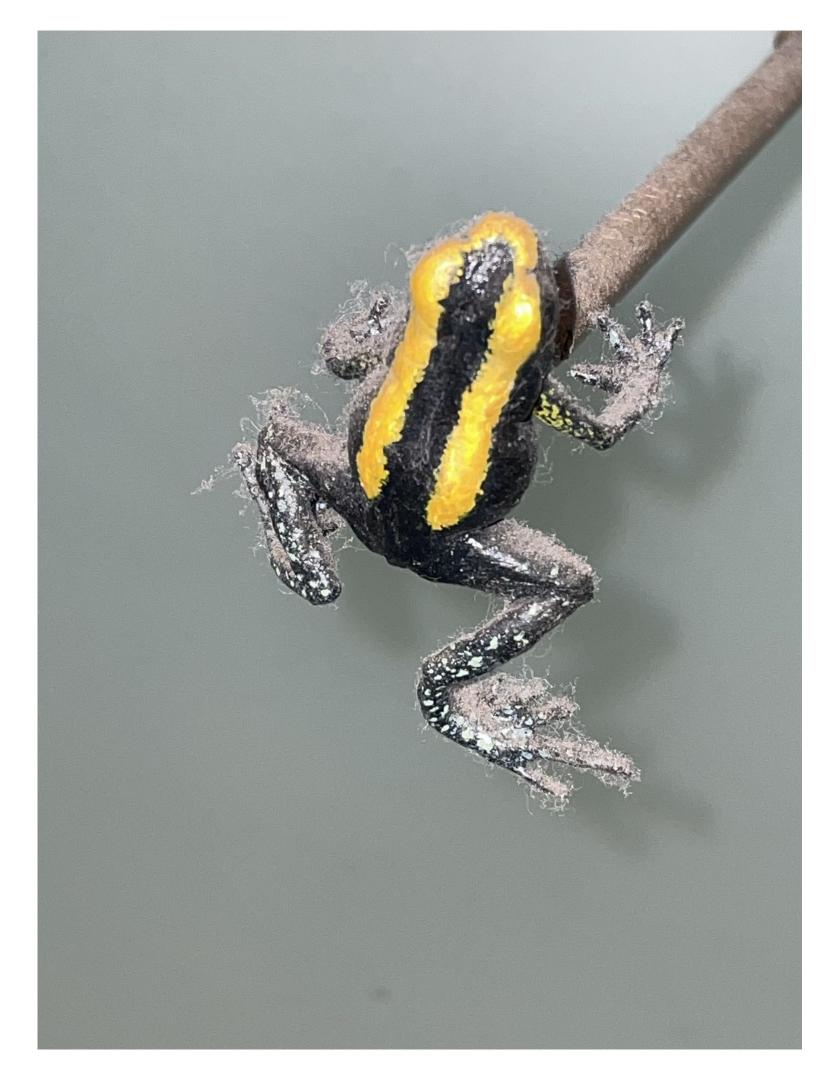


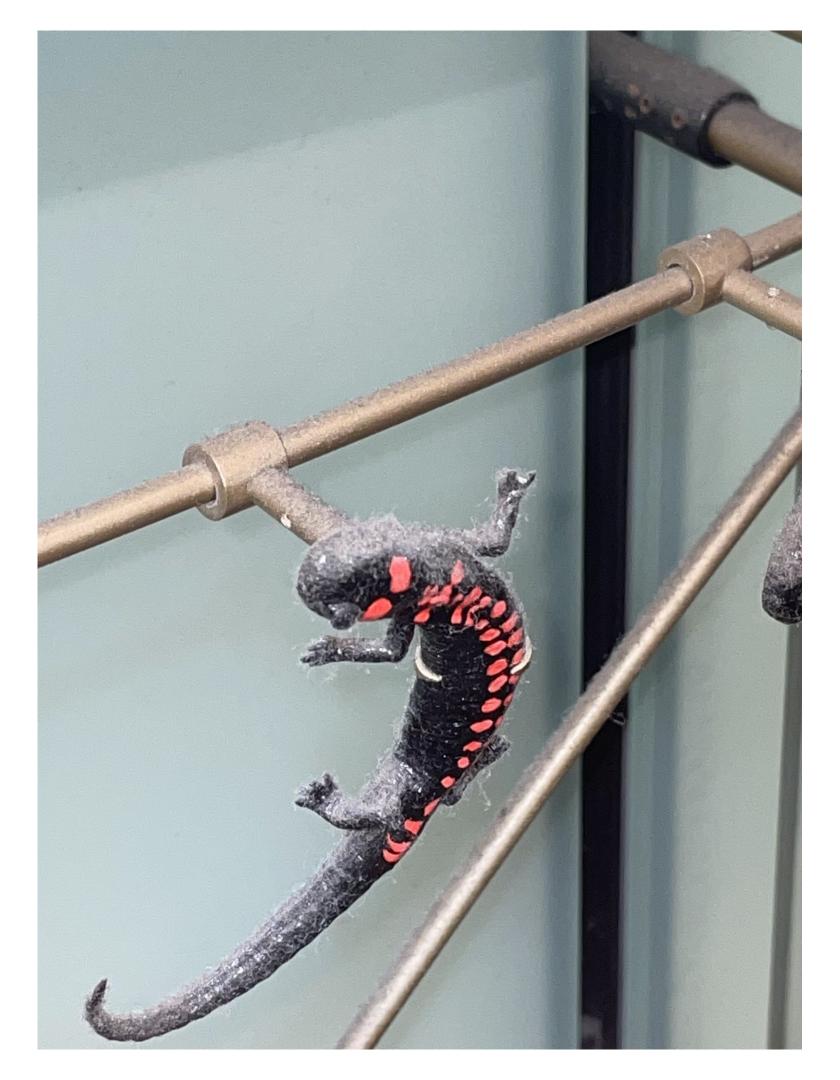


notes on how these paintings were digitally reconstructed so the viewer can see that many of the studies were painted on the same canvas. this very exciting to see in weird moving image form, a new way to understanding painting as it has moved in time and space away from its sheet reframed by its cuts and frame. periphery, margin. WHY was this important when i saw it?









Why would you need a crane in a black hole, you wouldn't

A crane serves as an extension of the body

A crane moves impossibly heavy things

It moves impossibly heavy things through the air and looks effortless while doing it

A crane is operated by one person but requires the effort of many

And much calculated planning

The ONE swift movement of a crane

That is the one swift movement involves picking up an object so slow and carrying it to another place

When the object is in the air it is impossible to really understand in what way its moving

It is complicated but seems so natural

It has many different parts working together at the same time

When it is not moving it is alluding to its function

It is difficult to take down and put up

It is temporary but essential

Cranes are built with other cranes, it needs a crane to build itself

Once it is gone it often leaves an imprint in the construction for example elevator shafts may be the result of the crane running through the building, the foundation made for tower cranes becomes part of the future building's foundation

It doesn't matter what it is carrying, it will do it the same way; it will move through space differently though

You can imagine many different vantage points

They reveal their structure, function and constitution

Their structure is their constitution

There is nothing ornamental

They use simple systems (in complicated ways) (gears, pulleys)

The pacing depends on the driver, context, building, size, load etc

They are mass produced they can be rented

Sometimes they are still for extended amounts of time but that doesn't matter

They are inhuman but totally human made

There are different variations for different terrains (water cranes for example)

They do not do anything alone (without operators) but appear to be autonomous

They are really the opposite of autonomous

They are in the sky, often higher than anything else

A crane does not follow the grid on the ground

(At least) it is impossible to distinguish just which way it is going

The maneuvers of the crane are so physical and large that it almost seems still

If you are moving, the crane looks like it might be moving

It is big and subtle; It is subtle and big

It is graceful and industrial.

It moves building blocks, sometimes it moves nothing.

Sometimes it moves nothing except its body through space and even that is admirable.

It is always operated. It cuts through the sky in new and unexpected ways.

Unless you are a crane operator it is impossible to trace or understand its path but it is easy for anyone to see from where to where it moved the load.

It uses coordinates we are not aware of.

It doesn't matter how it got there, just that it did.

Every move is potentially catastrophic.

It is parts that have to be put together.

All parts of the crane's body retract and extend, it can adapt to any scale except to a hand picking up a thing.

It is the direct extension of many bodies.

You don't hold your breath while it is moving.

There is no need to guess or search for a story, it is all in front of you.

Many people grab the objects they unload.

Sometimes no one catches anything.

It is slow there, is no hurry. There can be no hurry.

There is a mystery in the final product, meaning what they are aiding to construct but the action is methodical.

Then there *is* mystery to the action but also a complete open understanding of what is happening. It is not behind closed doors.

Though they are most often used privately they are in the public.

They are in open air, you can watch them day and night.

It is hard to think of past and future during a movement.

They skip over barriers, they break things you thought were rules.

When they are totally operator-less they could just as well be with operator.

They work around their setting. Their structures and movements must adapt to their ever changing environment and be aware.

They have 1 job but is THE job and that job leads to everything else.

You can think about industry or God.

If you reduce them to a symbol you are missing out.

They do not remind me of anything but themselves or maybe the structures that support power lines.

They need people and buildings; they need communication and communication skills.

They are thoroughly thought-through and carefully built.

The task can be meaningless but it probably isn't.

There can be many or one. They have to inhabit the same pace and work around each other.

There are different ways of moving.

(It is always) Variations on the function.

To move a thing to a place.

(To put a grape in a mouth, to make the bed.)

They shift in scale; they shift scales

In some ways, they are a scale (in a very important way)

They take a deep understanding to maneuver (four years apprenticeship)

It must become intuitive on some level (?)

It is a slow state of suspension

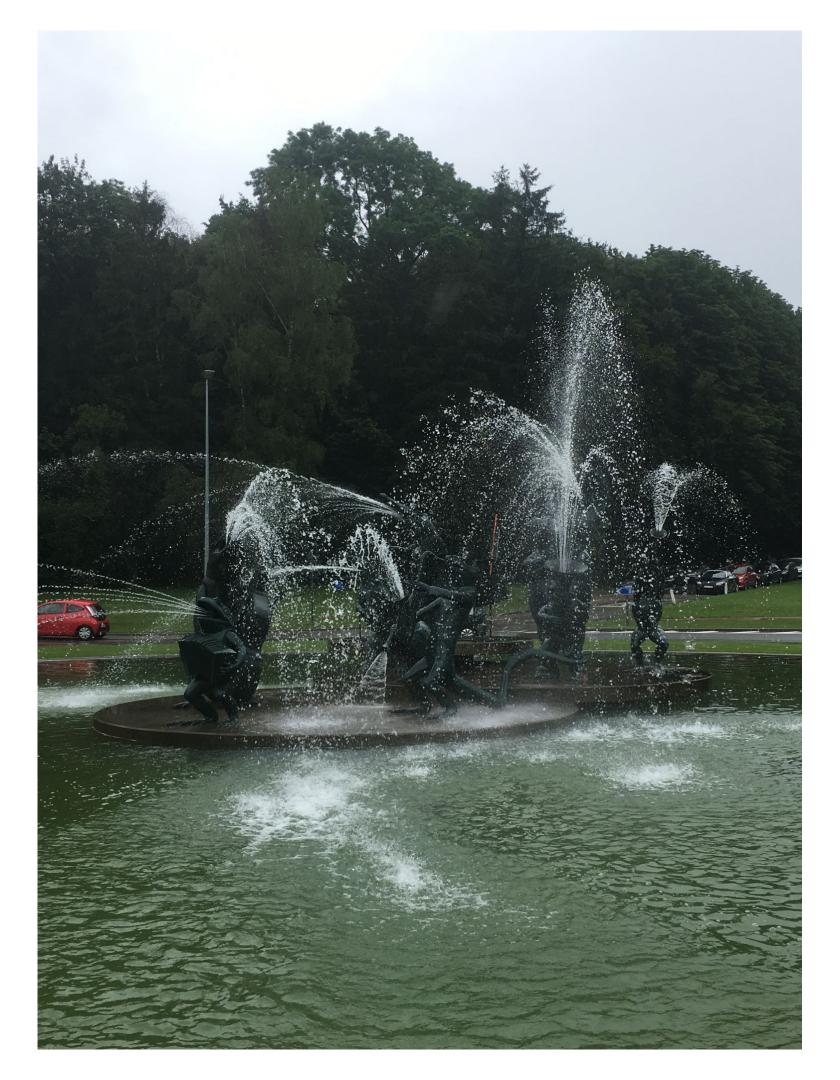
The state of suspension is a relief, somehow.

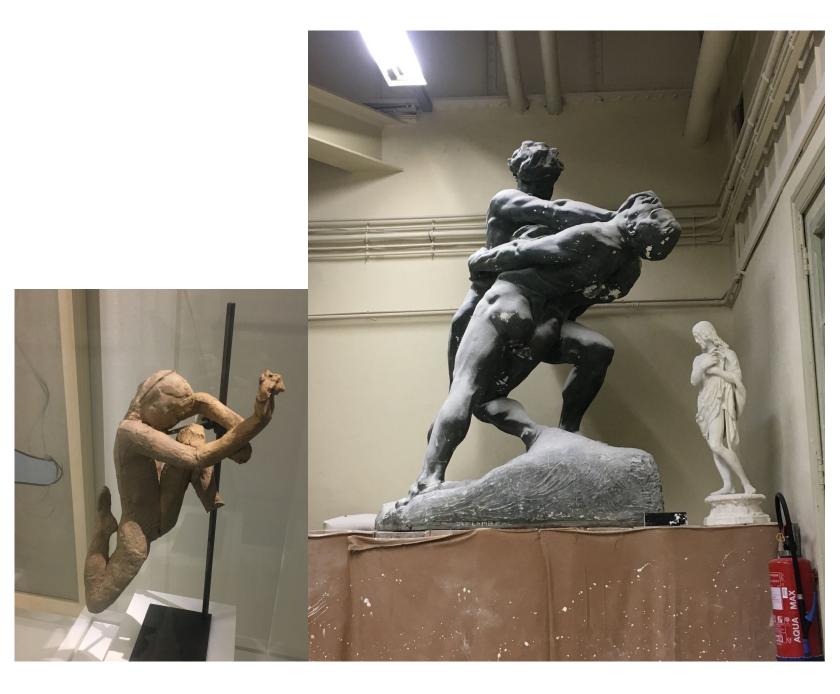
Everything is tightly in its place

They can suspend anything in air and there you can really think about it

It doesn't take up very much space but extends in what feels like infinity

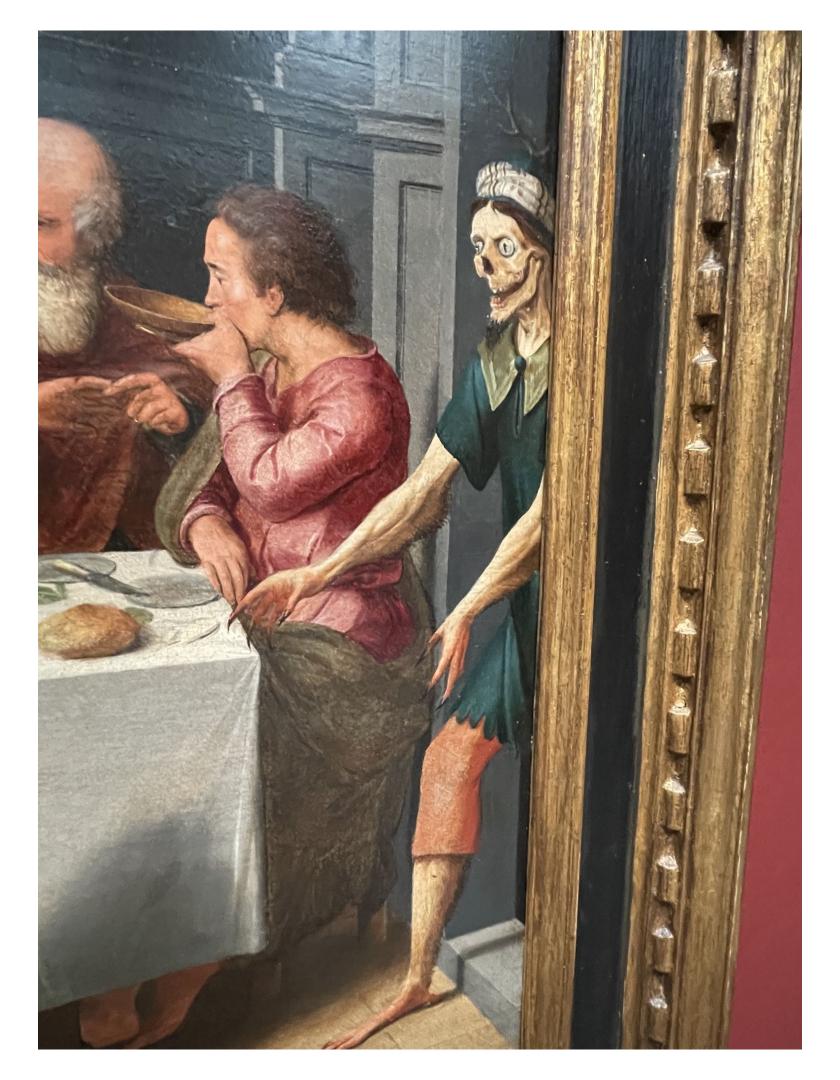
They build and destroy

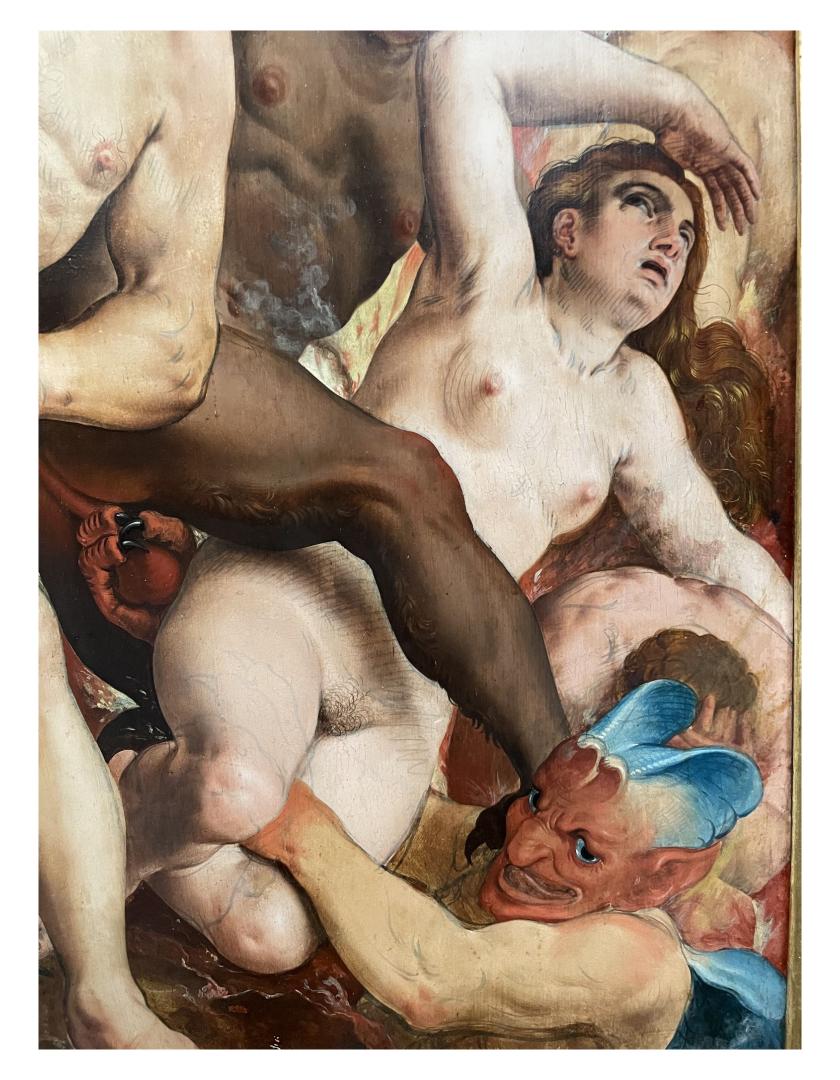




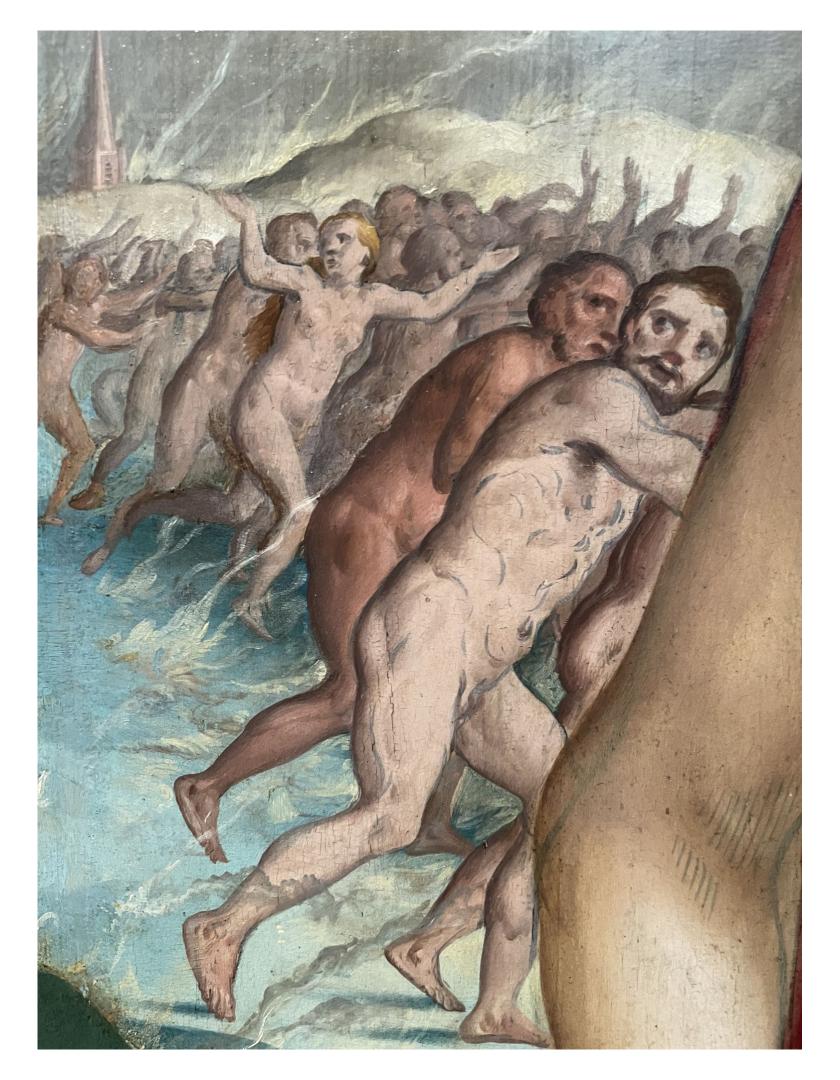


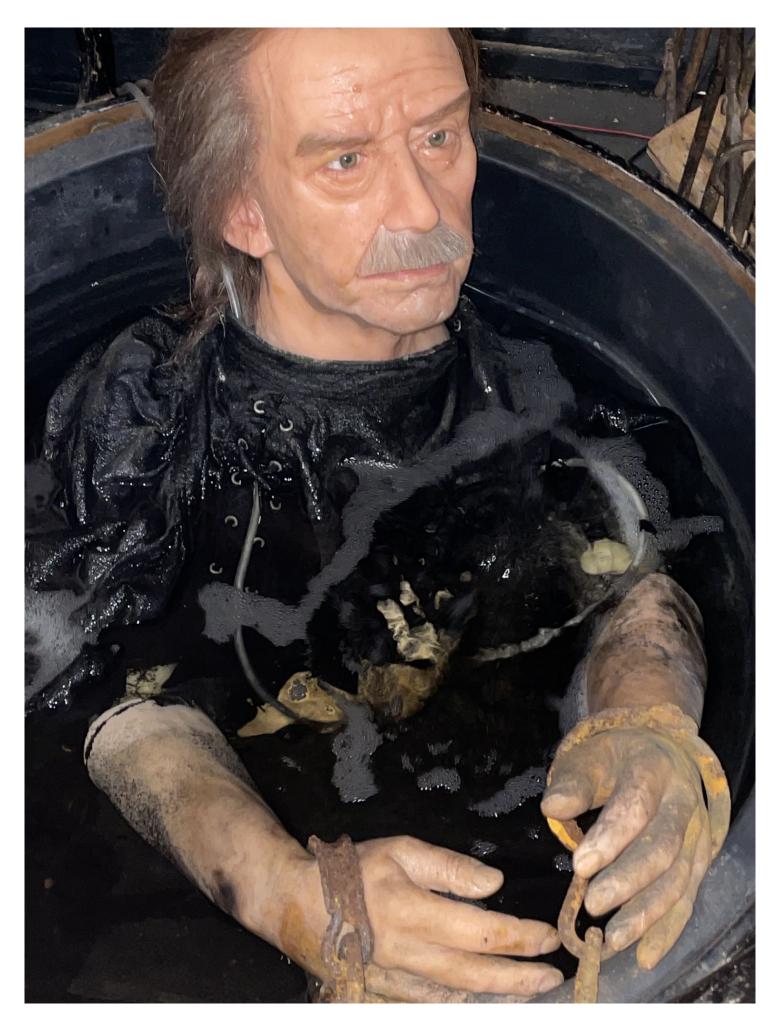
in Bruges, followed by important detail shot. a painting where many dialogues are heard and everyone is engaged in a small interaction.











The Following two images are from Bruges Museum of Torture

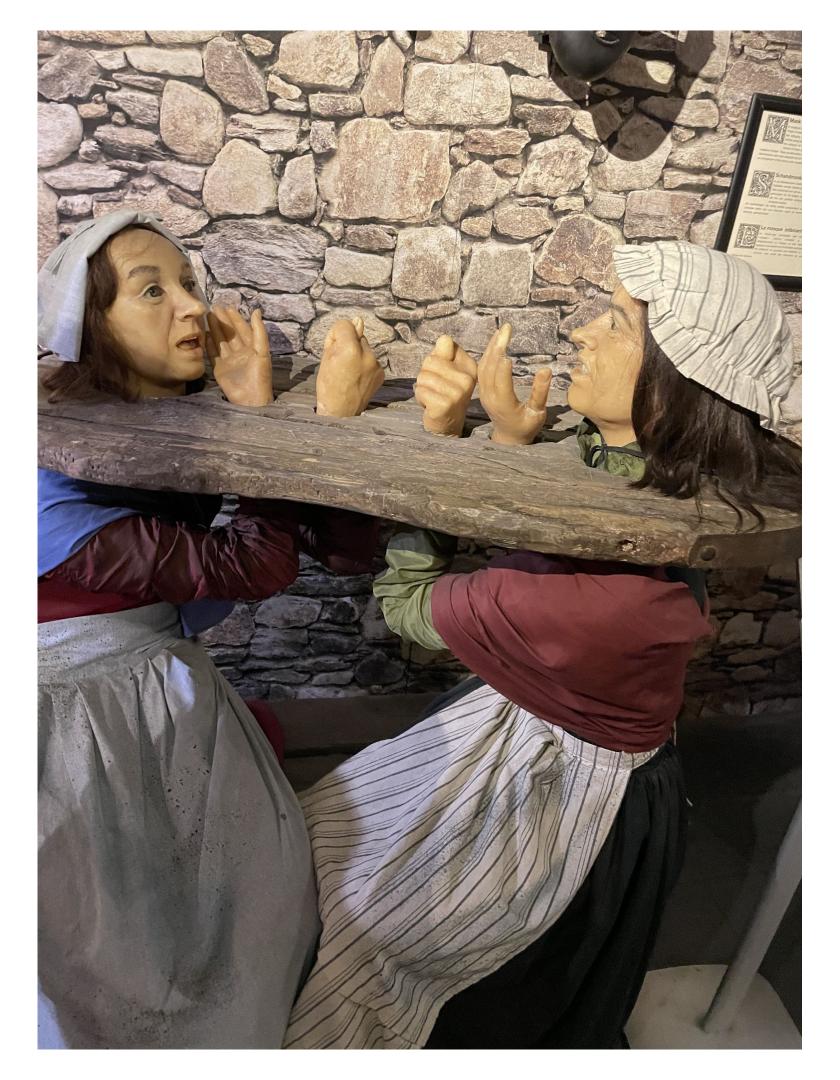






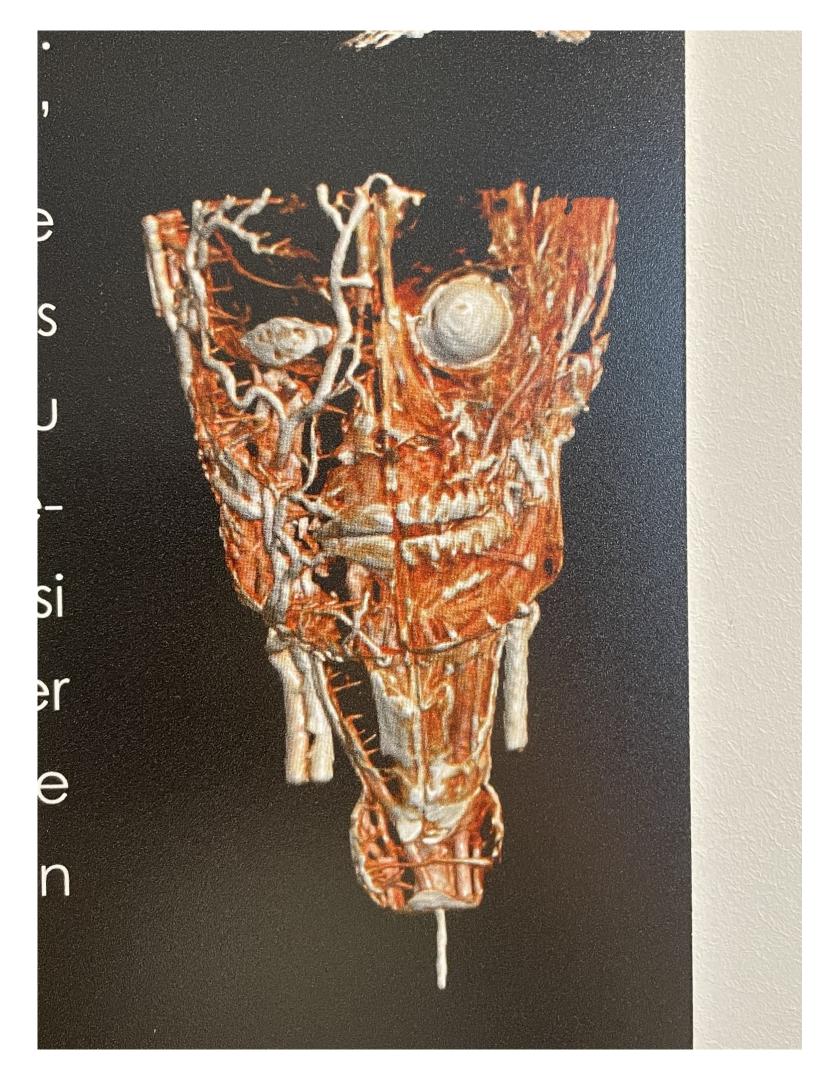


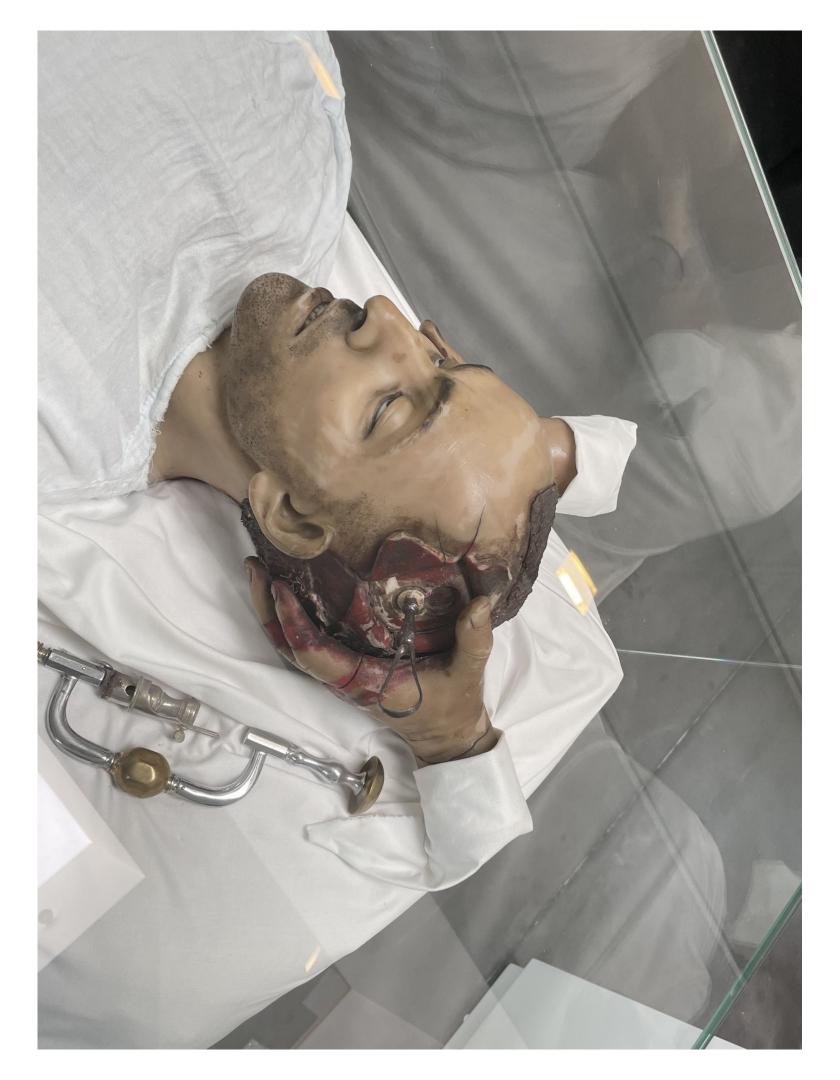


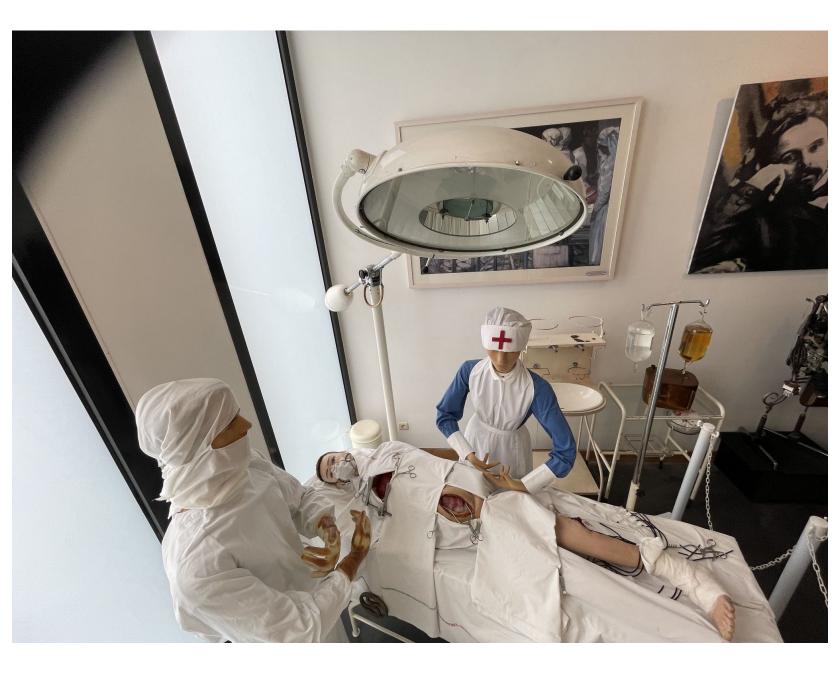












Medical surgery museum in Brussels



Seen near studio 216 Plymouth street: attempted camouflage, materiality dissolves into retinal image dissolves into print into truck not in motion into photo printed here again .



Cast in costume at the New York Premier of Mystical Movie at Rockaway Artist Alliance September 30 2021.

from left: Anton Varga, Nathaniel Delarge, Raine Trainor, Ryan Cullen and Tyler Berrier on piano.

Oil Painting by Ryan Cullen
Original musical improvisation for 30 minutes leading up to screening by T. Berrier

MYSTICAL MOVIE



STARRING: Ryan Cullen, Nathaniel DeLarge, Raine Trainor, Anton Varga, Tyler Berrier and Options AS The Past, Present, and Future Sounds



Rockaway Artists Alliance
Fort Tilden Gateway National Recreation Area





Photo from second nyc screening of <u>Mystical Movie at Spectacle Theatre</u>, Brooklyn NY November 12, 2021- embracing the full on cinematic experience at nyc's darkest theatre with the newly added Arlene made-for-tv introduction, reading excerpt from Lauterwasser 'Water Sound Images' book.



Still from Millie as Electra's Mother for Telepathic Movie, screen tests from MNN 104th st studio Nov. 2021

Telepathic movie:

full body shots with more than one person (this is to be done later, with more time)

single person shots, black curtain and spotlight (to create uniformity between all characters)

have each person react to a script/directions with face expressions, sans words:

SOundscript:

You hear a strange noise and you dont know where it comes from You're shocked You lose your breath, you gasp and gasp again You look down and notice your body as if it just appeared You look at your hands, as if they just appeared Place your Hands on your belly, you smile - joy Tears of joy,

tears of joy persisting - joy makes your face hurt tears of joy, someone calls your name from beyond the frame! Suspicion

Something smells awful

there's a delicious taste on your lips and you try to recall where it came from look up, look to the left, quick look to the right

Still looking right, You're surprised - you like what you see, you nod

You're listening attentively looking towards the right, nodding and you agree you're confused, you're thinking in your minds eye

ahaha its so funny laughing laughing

snap out of it!

take a deep breath, close your eyes slowly, open them you're pensive, slowly it turns to sadness ...very very very slowly you feel electric shock

You're totally confused, kind of disgusted

The phone is ringing and you dont know where it is.

You start a sentence and never finish because someone keeps cutting you off

You look right at the camera, a serious photograph but then 3 2 1 SMILE

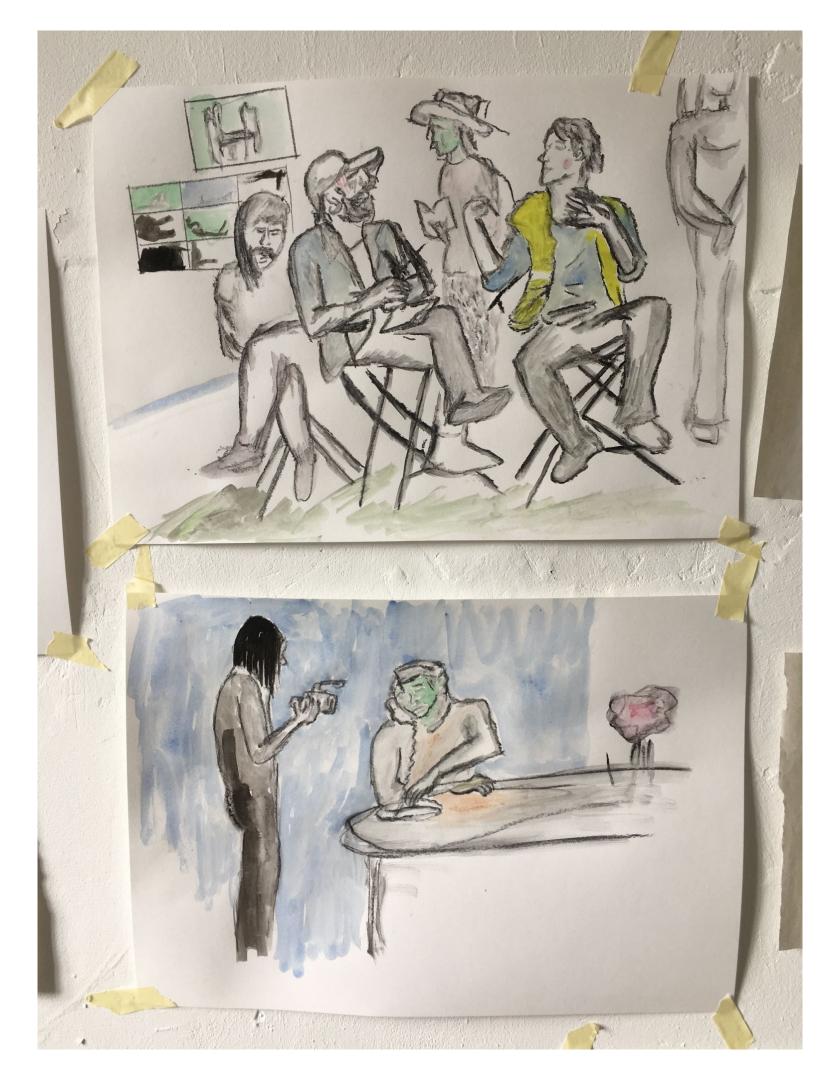
You take a bite of delicious food and savor it

You take a sip of a very good drink

You're listening attentively and you like what you hear

You're listening attentively and you don't like what you hear

You're distracted and suddenly someone calls your name



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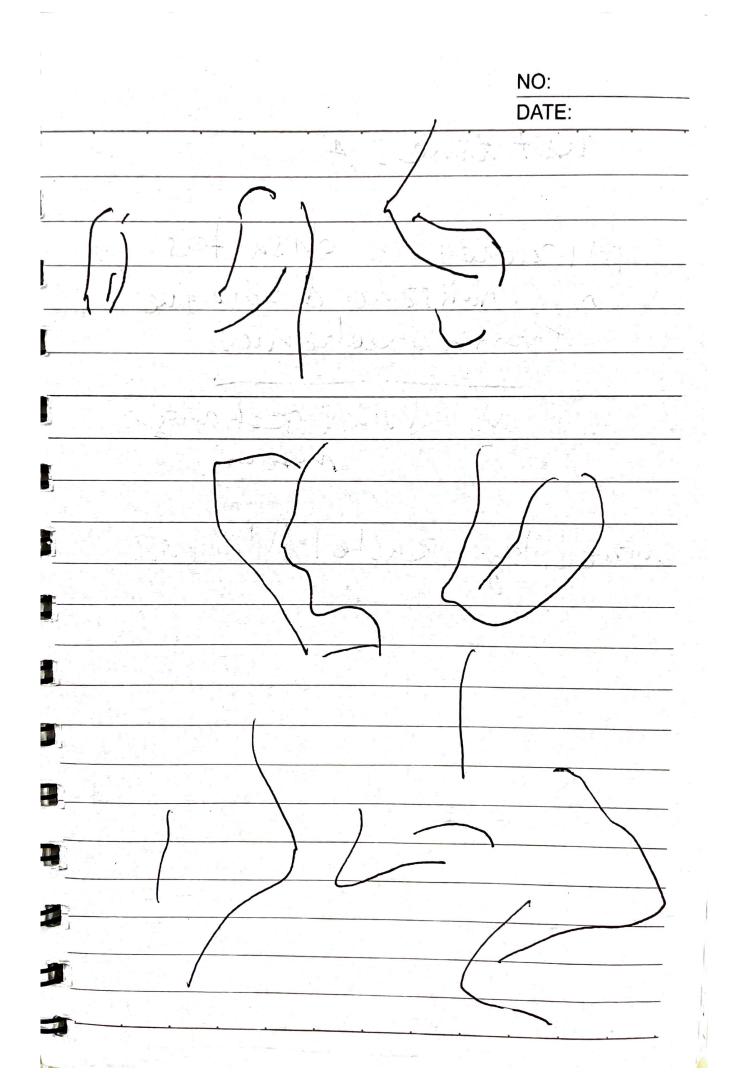
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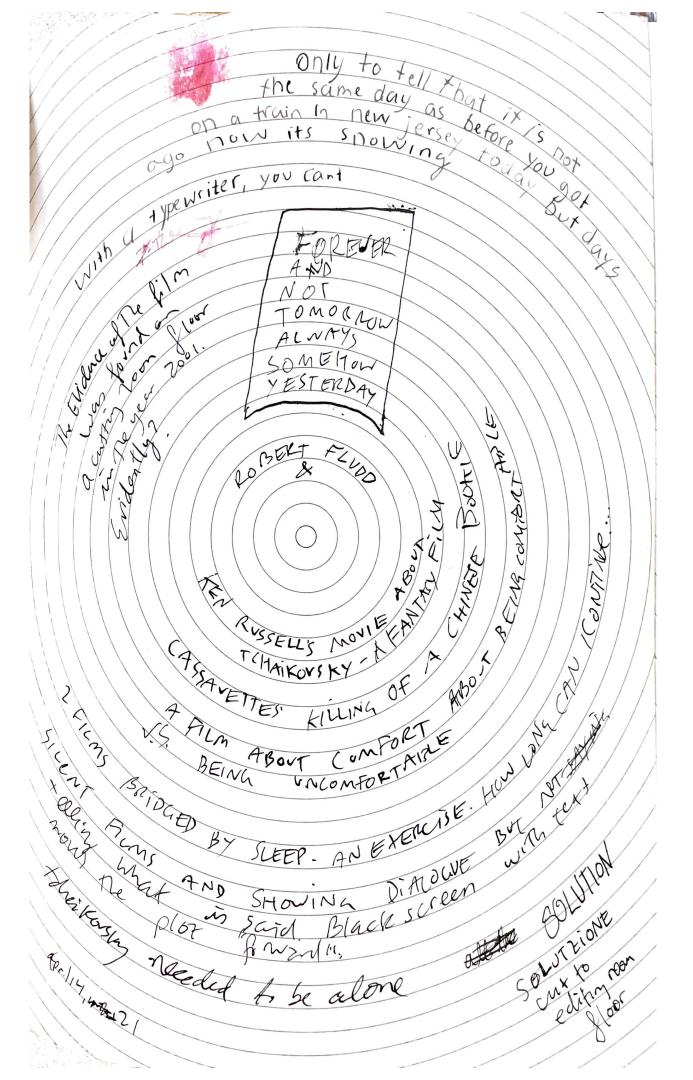
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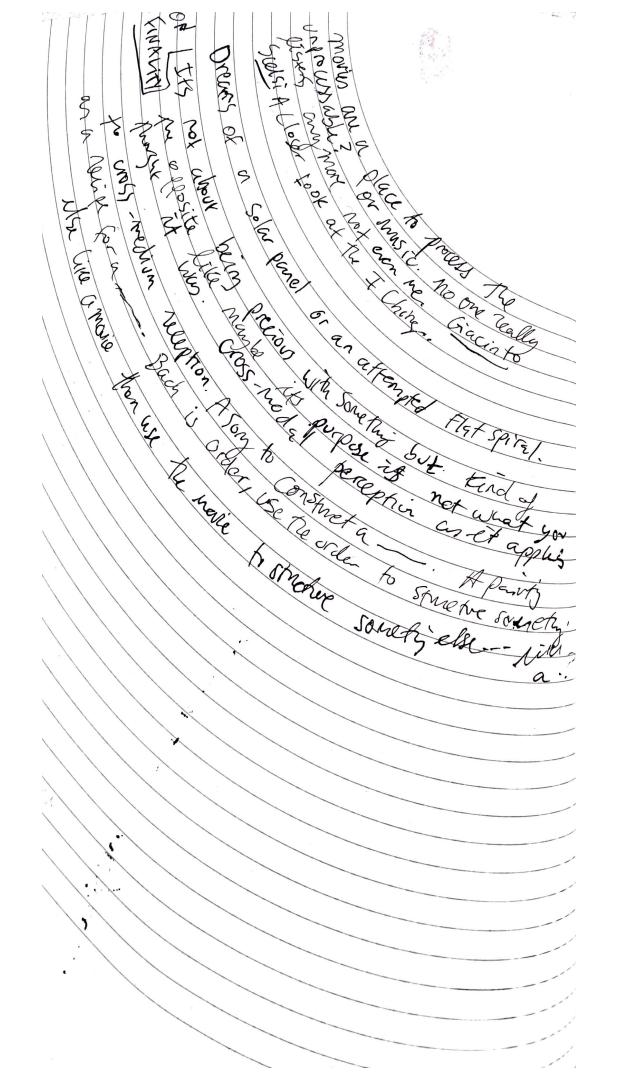
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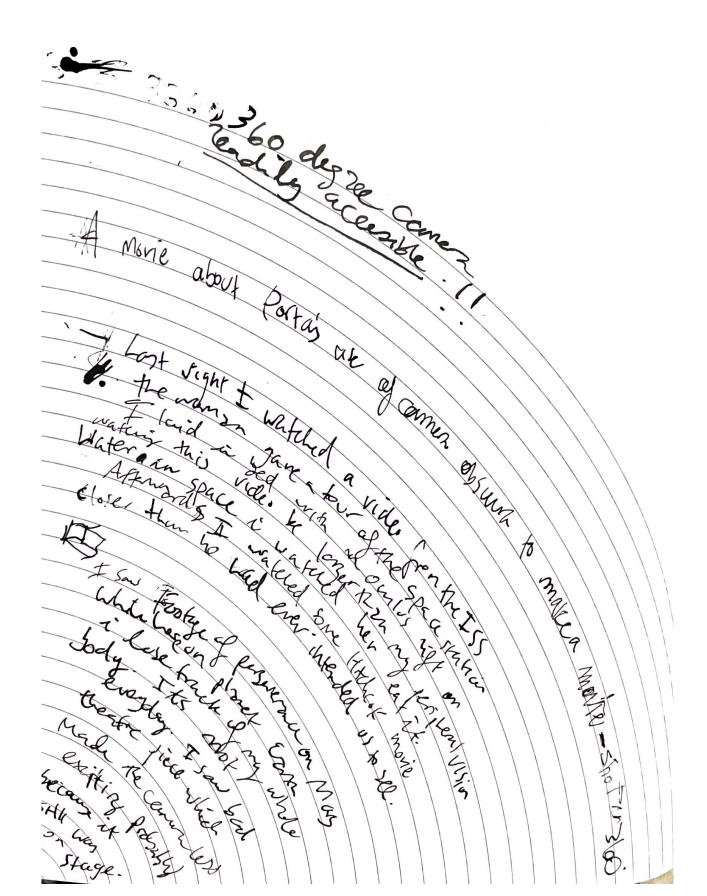
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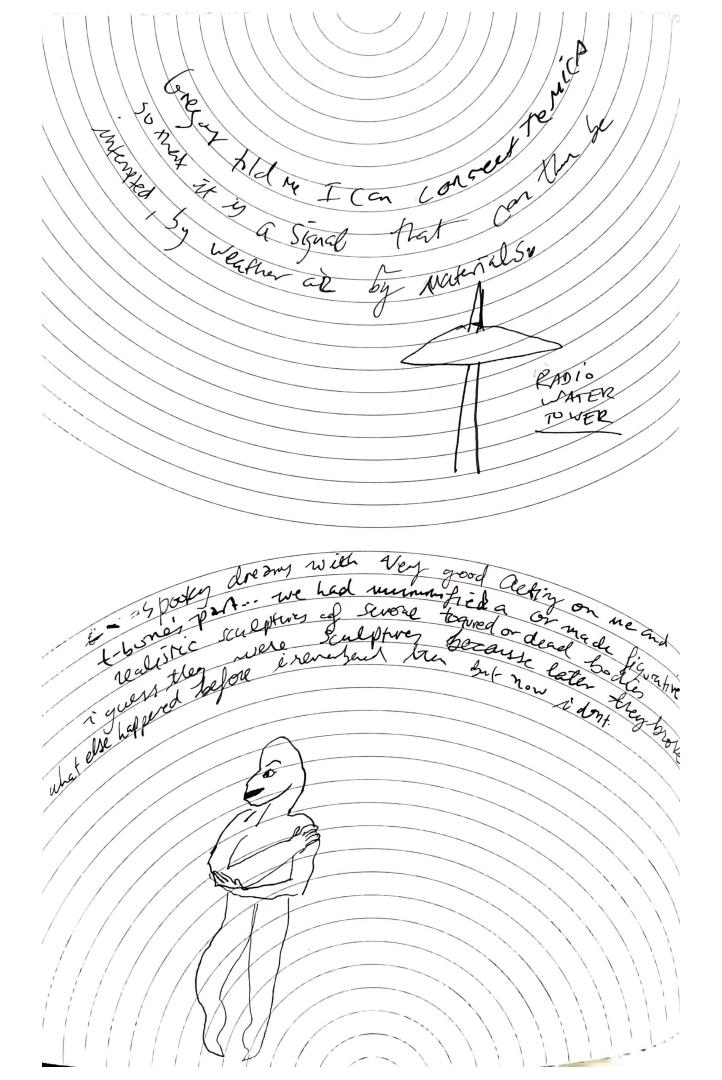
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About the Author:

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at the time of this photograph being taken (on iphone 12), the subject is moving fluidly between places attempting to have as few costs as possible - picture in the photo is the new shag carpet rug air mattress and down comforter a secret sleeping situation in the basement of 216 Plymouth street - a building in dumbo purchased for 100,000 in the 80s by three artists couples - currently in court hold. The subject has used the space as a studio since early 2018 with several other close friends who shall remain anonymous but recently the shares of the bulding have been sold and they are awaiting sixty days eviction notices. for the past two months (several weeks at the time of the photo) the subject has been eating sleeping showering at the space, despite there being no windows it has been fairly tolerable and conducive to a certain type of lifestyle.